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Pennsylvania Folklife

Autumn 1985



GRANDMOTHER'S FLOWER GARDEN

Contributors

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Aldes un Neies
(Inside back cover)

CONTRIBUTORS
(Inside front cover)

COVER:

Sadie Ida Christian Laycock: ". . . in summer she created temporal gardens of flowers; in winter she made forever gardens in her quilts."

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*Boyd and Sadie Laycock,
ca. 1950.*



*Sadie Christian Laycock,
ca. 1940.*

GRANDMOTHER'S FLOWER GARDEN: THE QUILTS OF SADIE IDA CHRISTIAN LAYCOCK

by Mary Laycock Selders and Yvonne J. Milspaw

Sadie Ida Christian was born in 1882, in the small rural community of Dutch Hill, near Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania. She was the oldest of three children born to Clark and Mable Christian. There were few notable incidents in Sadie's childhood. Once a week she and her two younger brothers walked several miles to the village of Eyer's Grove to take violin lessons. At the age of fourteen she underwent surgery for acute appendicitis on the ironing board of her family farm house. And at some time during her early years she learned the arts of tatting and quilting.

I am certain she would think it odd that it is for this last activity that she is most remembered, for she touched the lives of her family and her community in so many ways. During her late adolescence she trained with the local doctor and became a skillful midwife, attending many of the local women during labor and delivery. One would assume that with her accomplishments (in addition to having a farm of her own), she would have been a prize catch for any single man. She apparently was not.

Sadie was not pretty. She was short (about 4'8"), of stocky build, and had little interest in fashionable clothes. She hated shoes, and seldom wore them.

Her hair was cut "Buster Brown" style by her own hand. She loved the outdoors, her farm animals—especially her chickens—and her gardens. Any prospective husband would have to look beyond her surface features to find the treasure within; no one did during her early womanhood. Sadie did not marry until the age of forty-six, and then she married a widowed farmer with an eight year old son.

It is this mid-life marriage to my grandfather, Boyd C. Laycock Sr., that resulted in my interest in her skill as a quilter. This paper focuses on the quilts that remain in my family from her prolific quilting years, 1930 to 1958. Many of her finest works were given as wedding, baby, anniversary, and welcome or farewell gifts to members of the community. Only seven quilts remain in the family. Some are badly worn, as they were considered everyday quilts, destined to end their days as pads between mattresses and springs. Few of the quilts were treated with the respect they command in the family today. In fact, their young owners in particular would have preferred conventional "store bought" quilts to Grammy's finest at the time they were created.

Boyd Laycock was the third of five children born to Bradley and Mary Laycock, British immigrants who had settled in Shamokin, and later in Berwick, Pennsylvania about the turn of the century. The elder Laycock was a carpenter who also served as the chief of police and jailer. At the time, Berwick was a tough town with a large immigrant population of Italians and Poles who quickly established themselves as hard workers, hard drinkers and hard fighters. Bradley Laycock found his family growing larger and his job becoming more and more demanding. Additionally, Mary Laycock was an ardent Methodist who greatly feared the pervasive influence of the Catholic Church in Berwick. They decided to move from Berwick to rural Columbia County, Pennsylvania.

The Laycocks bought a farm outside Bloomsburg, where Bradley concentrated on carpentry, training his youngest son, Rollin, in the trade. Young Boyd was put in charge of the family farm; he apparently loved farming, for he never pursued another occupation. World War I caused a brief interruption in the family's life, for Boyd, with many other young men in the area, joined the Army. He served in Europe as an ambulance driver until Armistice. Later, when World War II created another interruption, he again left the farm briefly to work full-time at the Berwick Foundry which made railroad cars, tanks and ammunition. This time his son fought in France and Germany.

Most of the farmland surrounding the Laycock's farm belonged to one family, that of Squire Thomas E. Kester, whose ancestors were among the original settlers of Mount Pleasant Township, Columbia County. The first members of that family arrived on the second voyage of the "Welcome"—the first voyage had brought William Penn to Pennsylvania in 1682. The Kesters cleared the land for several farms in what are now Mount Pleasant and Greenwood Townships. Because their holdings were so large, they sponsored other settlers to farm the land for them. Their holdings included some of the richest and most beautiful farmland in Columbia County; land famous for its timber and inexhaustible water supply!

The Laycock farm was adjacent to the Kester properties. As a result, the Kester's only daughter, Mable, became close friends with the three Laycock daughters, Lena, May and Edna. It was through this girlhood friendship that young Boyd met and eventually married Mable Kester.

Mable Kester was the adopted daughter of Thomas A. Kester. She was born to the wife of Nathaniel Yocom, a family living on the Kester's land. She was the youngest of eight children, and her mother



The Laycocks—Boyd Sr., Mable, and Boyd Jr.—on vacation; ca. 1923.

died at her birth. Hearing of the tragedy, the Kesters visited with an offer of assistance. The Kesters were childless, and in the tragedy they saw an opportunity. They asked to adopt the infant; in return, they gave the Yocoms money to leave Pennsylvania and resettle in Ohio on the condition that they promise never to return or to try to contact the child. Because of their circumstances, they agreed. Had they not agreed, they would have been put off the farm.

The Yocom family abided by the agreement for many years. But as Mable neared maturity, her family once again returned to the area and contacted her. Mable became aware of her humble beginnings which had been so carefully kept from her.

Mable grew to young womanhood surrounded by luxury and opportunity that few girls enjoyed at the time. She attended college and was certified to teach, which she did in various one-room schools. She also attended a conservatory of music in Ithaca, New York, where she received the equivalent of a Master's degree in piano.

One can easily understand the dismay of the Kester family when this promising young woman married a local farm boy instead of the successful mortician they had chosen for her. Boyd Laycock was none of the things they had wanted in a son-in-law. He was simply a hard worker with an eighth grade education who had fallen in love with the charming and talented friend of his three sisters.



Boyd Laycock Sr., Boyd Laycock Jr., on the day of Mable Laycock's funeral in 1926.



A 1951 photograph of Eileen Laycock Wolf and author Mary Laycock Selders.

Mable obviously returned his affection, for when her parents opposed the union, the young couple eloped.

In 1920, Mable gave birth to a son. He was named Boyd Clark Laycock, Jr. At first it appeared that the boy would help to soften relations with the elder Kesters. Boyd Sr. and Mable were promised that the Kester farm and farmhouse in which they lived would be deeded over to them for Boyd, Jr. There ensued a temporary calm.

Mable had experienced a difficult delivery with her young son, and was warned not to conceive a second time. Six years after the birth of Boyd Jr., Mable was again nearing the end of pregnancy. Sometime during her seventh month, Mable went into labor. The child died shortly after delivery; Mable died a few weeks later from complications.

The day of Mable's funeral the Kester family descended upon the Laycock home and picked it clean of her belongings. They took her jewelry, clothing, books, photo albums, diplomas and her piano. Almost nothing of hers remained. And they reneged on their promise of the farm.

Boyd Sr. became an object of contempt to the Kesters, for they held him responsible for their beloved daughter's death. Nor were they drawn to their grandson, the only living reminder of Mable. Because he bore his father's name, he seemed somehow responsible as well. The next two years were lonely and difficult for the Laycocks. One had lost

the only woman he would ever love without reservation. The other lost what must have been his whole world.

Relatives say that Boyd Jr. was a quiet, dark-haired little boy with large blue eyes in a thin, serious face. He resembled his mother. He frequently suffered from colds and upset stomach; he was a child who desperately needed mothering. Relatives attempted to assist Boyd Sr. in raising young Boyd, but the father's grief was deep and tinged with bitterness. The boy withdrew in his sorrow. The two clung to each other for comfort and companionship.

This was the situation into which Sadie Christian, then forty-six years old, entered. At first she kept house; two years later, she married her employer and began the difficult task of winning the affections of her lonely little stepson.

Sadie brought to her marriage her many talents as gardener, nurse, cook, housekeeper, seamstress, tatter and quilter. On her marriage to Boyd Sr., Sadie sold her farm in the community of Dutch Hill and purchased the farm where the Laycocks had been living. In this way Sadie forfeited her independence; she would never again enjoy the prosperity she had known as the daughter of successful farming people. And in just a few short years the effects of the Depression would filter down and bring hard times to her new family and their small farm.

A single personal possession brought to the marriage has survived as a reminder of Sadie's youth. It is a beautiful quilt in a variation of the Pineapple design² (Fig. 1), pieced in bright blue and red wools around a triangular red (and in one block, a green) center. The pieced blocks cluster around grey hexagonal blocks, each about eight inches across, creating a trompe l'oeil effect of a field of magnificent bright stars. The quilt has a three inch red fabric border and blue binding. The materials may have been hand dyed. It was pieced and quilted by Sadie's mother and grandmother as part of her dowry, and was probably completed in the 1890s; it appears never to have been used. It is obviously a planned quilt rather than one made from the scrap bag. Even the bright orange and brown paisley polished cotton backing seems to have been selected just for the project.

Boyd Jr. does not recall ever seeing that quilt displayed on any bed.³ It may have been too special for utilitarian use, and was saved as a tangible reminder of familial love and caring to be passed on to Sadie's daughters or granddaughters.

But no children were born to Boyd Sr. and Sadie. Perhaps because she had no children of her own, she gave more generously of her ability as a quiltmaker to others in her family. And her gifts are treasured to this day by the children of those who received them. A Basket of Pansies quilt⁴ (Fig. 2) made for Sadie's niece (and still owned by that family) is one of the few appliqué quilts Sadie ever made. She made few, possibly because they required a more creative use of scrap material than Sadie was inclined to try. This quilt, finished sometime in the 1930s, displays Sadie's skill with embroidery as well as with appliqué. The pattern was probably ordered through a popular needlecraft magazine; possibly the entire quilt was purchased as a kit.⁵ The quilt features embroidered baskets on twelve muslin blocks, each about fifteen inches square. The baskets contain appliquéd purple and yellow pansies and a bright butterfly. Details on each block are embroidered. The blocks are set with three-and-a-half inch yellow sashes and an eight inch yellow border. The quilting is in simple diamonds on the appliquéd blocks and rows of shells in the sashes and borders.

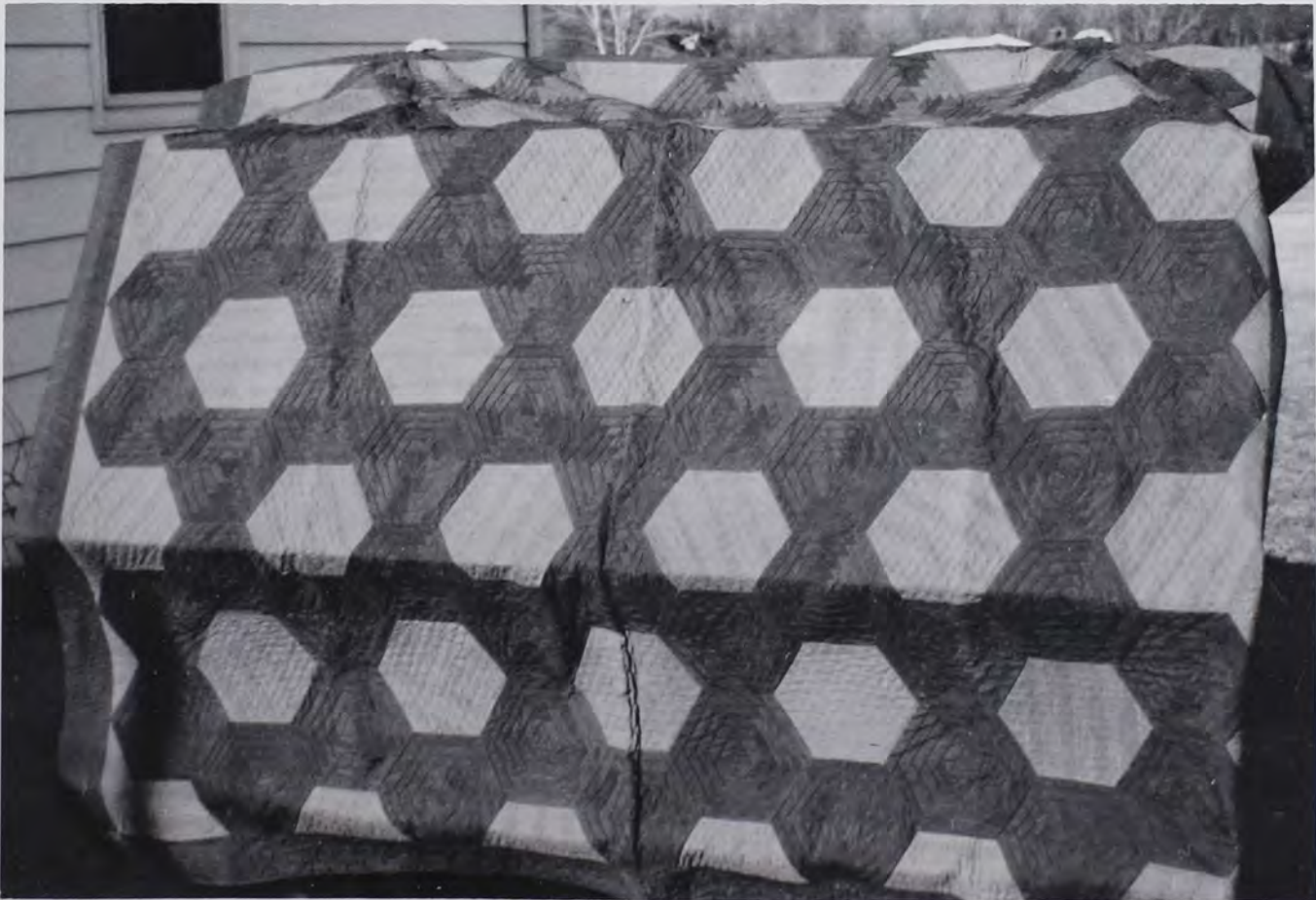


Figure 1: Pineapple-Star quilt.



Figure 2: *Basket of Pansies* quilt.

Like many other quilters, Sadie pieced and quilted both alone and collectively. Many of the quilts on which Sadie labored were quilted by the Kitchen's Methodist Church Ladies Aid Society.⁶ These quilts were donated to victims of fire, flood or poverty. Some quilts made by the church women were sold to raise money for various projects, including helping to pay the pastor's salary.

Sadie's enthusiasm for quilting was almost legendary. Zela Black, who taught in the Mt. Pleasant and Greenwood schools during the 1930s and boarded with the Laycocks, credits Sadie with the quote, "I'd rather quilt than eat."⁷ During the long, harsh winters, Sadie quilted with the same intensity she brought to her gardens during the summer. There was always a quilt on her frames and another being pieced during the winter months. Sadie preferred to work on her special quilts alone, but would sometimes invite others to join her work on winter afternoons or evenings. If someone did a sloppy job stitching, those stitches were removed once that person had returned home. Sadie had her standards.

Zela remembered that Sadie would rush through

supper to get to her quilting. After dinner Zela would prepare her lessons for school the next day, Boyd Sr. would listen to "The Lone Ranger," "Lowell Thomas," or "Amos and Andy" on the radio, Boyd Jr. would study, and Sadie would work on her latest quilt.

On one occasion, Zela recalled returning home from school to an empty house. She decided to lend a hand and start supper. Since this meal always included a substantial amount of potatoes, she began by locating and peeling a pan full. About the time she felt she had an ample amount, the Laycocks returned. Boyd informed her that she had just destroyed his seed potatoes for next spring's planting. Zela was terribly embarrassed, but Sadie made light of the situation and the moment was saved.

Zela remembered Boyd Sr. as a sometimes difficult man, but she never knew Sadie to raise her voice or show a temper. Sadie was extraordinarily generous with her worldly goods and her affection. Though she was frequently in need of material items herself, she would not hesitate to give to someone she considered in need.

Sometime in her early youth Sadie pieced two quilt tops which were not quilted until the mid-1940s. One is a simple Nine Patch⁸ (Fig. 3) in pastel calicos pulled from the scrap bag and backed with feed sack calico; the other is a pattern usually called Ohio Star⁹ (Fig. 4). The former is made of rather small (four-and-one-half inch square) blocks pieced from varied calico prints. The pieced blocks alternate with blocks of soft pink and white print cotton. The border of blue and white striped fabric is almost 4 inches wide. The quilting follows the design, even to repeating the diagonal stripes of the border fabric. The Ohio Star quilt is also pieced from soft calicos. It consists of thirty pieced blocks in reds, pinks, greys and blacks, with sashes of pink and red calico. The fine quilting follows the design of the pattern, but reverts to a complex twisted rope pattern in the sashes and border. That design was Sadie's trademark.

In a close examination of the Ohio Star quilt one finds some very large, irregular stitches obviously not done by the expert quilter who produced the rest of the fine needlework. These stitches were done by Sadie's eldest granddaughter, Eileen Laycock, when she was about four years old.¹⁰ She had spent the weekend with Grammy and Pappy Laycock and decided to try her hand at quilting. Aware that the fate of less-than-perfect stitches was removal, Eileen reminded Grammy twice before her departure for home that she wanted her stitches untouched. Returning to the quilt after her boots, coat, hat and mittens were secure, she tapped the quilt with her small finger on the block displaying her work and said, "Grammy, don't you ever take out my stitches. Promise me you won't."

Grammy smiled and replied, "Why Leenie, I could never do such a thing."

To this day the stitches of the four-year-old

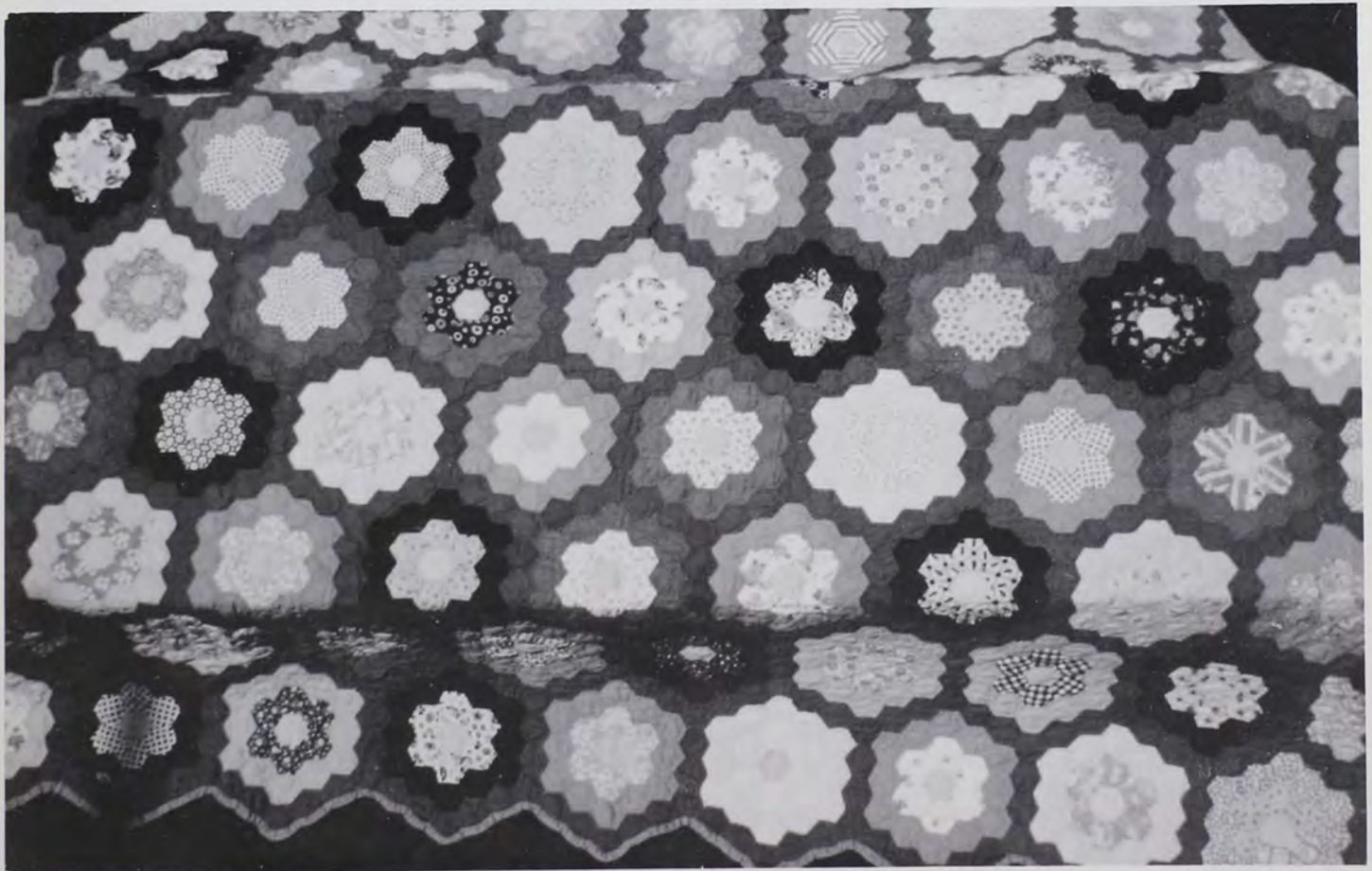


Figure 6: Grandmother's Flower Garden quilt.

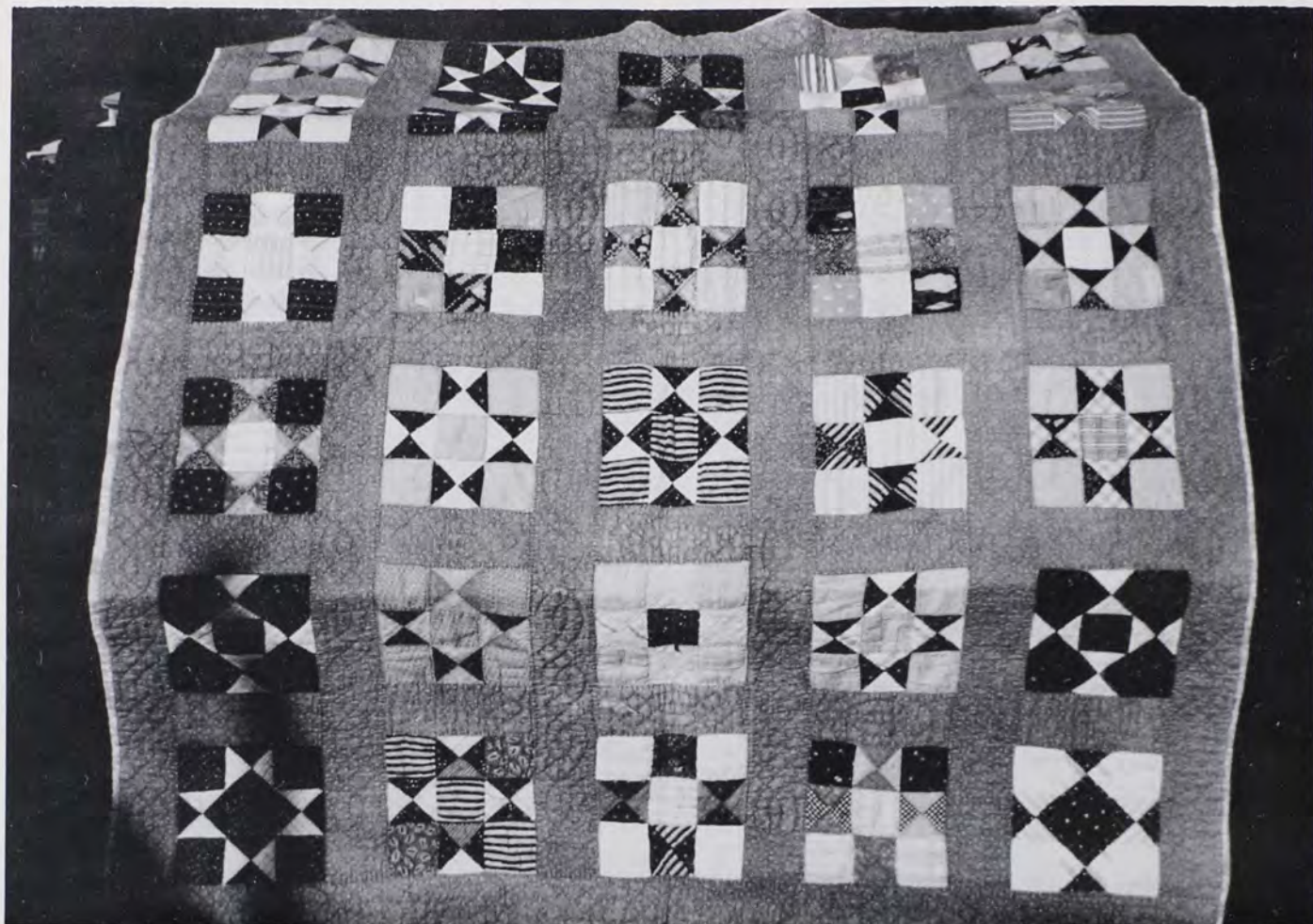


Figure 4: Ohio Star quilt.

quilter remain as a reminder that there are more important things than perfectly stitched quilts.

A fifth quilt in the collection is one made for the same little quilter when she was a bit older. In the Sunbonnet Sue pattern¹¹ (Fig. 5), it was completed about 1950. The thirty-four blocks were appliquéd and embroidered by Ethel Laycock, Eileen's mother, and set into a quilt top by Sadie, who added the borders and completed the quilting in her twisted rope design. Each sunbonneted girl has a dress of printed calico and a bonnet and apron in a coordinating plain fabric. The sashes and border are in a soft green cotton. This quilt is in poor condition from years of intense use.

Probably the least attractive quilt from a professional point of view is one that Sadie made for Boyd's younger daughter. I am that daughter, and the quilt to which I refer is one I named my Eskimo quilt. Made of blue outing flannel, it sports hundreds of little red and white Eskimo faces. The quilt has an orange and blue flowered feed sack backing and an old Army blanket for a filler. It is very simply quilted in plain diagonal lines, but to my six-year-old mind it was by far

the best quilt my grandmother ever made. I loved the Eskimo children; I didn't care for fancy patchwork or applique. Besides, I had pajamas from the same material. The pajamas have long since worn out, but my special quilt remains. It is probably the only quilt Sadie ever created in such a simple fashion.

Most of my sister's and my recollections of Grammy's quilting are different from those of the other adults who attended the quiltings.¹² Most of what we remember are incidents that occurred under the quilt as it was being quilted. For us, Grammy's quilt and frames provided a private, tent-like space where we could share Grammy's ginger or molasses cookies, tell scary stories or play dolls. It was a special place to "make believe" and dream. How interesting it was to watch the quilt vibrate as the women moved their needles through the fabric. Sometimes we listened to the gossip and news, but mostly we did little-girl things. Grown-ups were not all that interesting.

One activity that sometimes followed a quilting bee interested us very much—a belling.¹³ After a wedding, the neighborhood would give the couple a



Figure 5: Sunbonnet Sue quilt.

week to ten days to get settled in. Then one evening, hopefully after the newlyweds were in bed for the night, the neighbors would quietly converge on the grass under the couple's bedroom window. With them they brought cow bells, sleighbells, and an assortment of noisemakers including pots and pans and their lids. At a signal the noise would begin. The couple would be forced to put in an appearance, hopefully in night dress, in order to quiet things down. This accomplished, everyone would be invited inside and the socializing would begin. Food brought in by the noisy neighbors would be served, and gifts for the household presented, not the least of which would be a quilt from the Ladies Aid Society or a group of neighbors.

It was a way of welcoming the young couple to the adult community and society, a sign of acceptance and approval of the marriage. This happy beginning helped the couple through days filled with hard physical labor, short evenings spent with family, weekends of worship and visiting, and infrequent social gatherings.

The women of the community, however, did socialize more frequently by telephone.¹⁴ Until the late 1950s they made liberal use of the party-line telephone system. A party-line was shared by as many as eight households. When one person's

phone rang, all others on the line heard the ringing, and once the phone was answered, some might pick up their receiver and listen, quietly at first, to the conversation. If it was private or about themselves, the women would stay quiet. If it was a conversation they would enjoy being a part of, they joined in. In this way, women were able to visit at any time.

Another activity which provided an opportunity for women of the community to share was Secret Pals. It was a yearly pairing of two women by means of a secret drawing at the Ladies Aid Society of the church. This pairing allowed women to communicate through cards, secret gifts of food (such as cakes, pies, cookies or preserves), or small, often hand-crafted personal items (handkerchiefs with handmade lace edging, and other crocheted items were especially popular). Once a woman had her Pal, she set to work keeping her own identity unknown, for if she was discovered before the year was out, she considered herself a failure. She took care to disguise her voice on the phone, and her handwriting on cards and notes. And she had to deliver gifts for special days without being found out. This was no easy matter, for people were not often away from home. A woman might guess the identity of her Secret Pal by the items received as

gifts, though some trickery was employed here as well: a woman might give her Pal an item made by someone else. It was a pleasant way to express concern for a friend or neighbor.

Around 1955, Sadie pieced and quilted her last quilt. It was a design that had long been her favorite—the Flower Garden¹⁵ (Fig. 6). She was approaching her mid-seventies, her eyesight was failing, and her fingers were stiffened by arthritis. The pieces forming the small hexagonal blocks for the flowers were, as usual, from the piece bag, but the green cotton border and green bias tape binding were purchased especially for the project. The overall result is a beautiful statement of Sadie's ability to execute color and design. There are forty-five eight inch "flowers" with yellow centers, surrounded by a course of soft calicos, and a second course of coordinating plain-colored fabric. But a close inspection shows evidence of a not-so-steady hand at work; the stitches are not even, the pieces do not match perfectly, and the quilt has not aged as gracefully as its predecessors.

It had been her plan to make a Flower Garden quilt for each of her two granddaughters. This first one was for her eldest granddaughter, Eileen, and it was a true labor of love on the part of the quilter. Eileen was especially close to her grandparents for she had been born on the farm during World War II while her father, Boyd, Jr. served in France. During the time that Eileen and her mother, Ethel, lived with the elder Laycocks, the grandparents formed a strong bond with the little girl, and she with them. This bond remained until their deaths.

In 1957, Boyd Sr. died. One year later, Sadie was buried next to him in the family plot beside the Kitchen's Methodist Church. The year Sadie lived without Boyd was a lonely one. She moved in with Boyd Jr. and his family, and was welcomed by everyone but me, the youngest daughter, then nine years old. I had the largest bedroom, and I was asked to share it with Grammy Laycock. While there was ample room for two full-sized beds, there was not room in my heart for someone who snored. And not only was there snoring, but talking as well. Sadie tended to carry on conversations with Boyd, Sr. even after his death. It was very humiliating when a small friend, visiting for the week-end, wanted to be taken home in the middle of the night because of all the noise.

Then, too, Grammy interfered with family child raising practices. While it appeared that Eileen could do no wrong, I could do nothing that truly pleased her. It was frequently recommended by the live-in sage that "Mary just ought to be shook!" The result was open warfare: I was not about to be

"shook" by anyone, and certainly not by someone who snored and talked to dead people.

In spite of the minor undercurrent of hostility, Sadie worked to complete her plan, a quilt for each granddaughter. Once again she searched the piece bag for Flower Garden material. Again patches were being pieced together. This time the borders were to be red, not the traditional green.

On February 1, 1958, Sadie had the first in a series of strokes; she lost voluntary muscle control and her speech was seriously altered. On succeeding days she became increasingly devastated in mind and body, and at the end of one week she was taken to Bloomsburg Hospital. During her last days at home she appeared not to recognize family members, but rather talked of times long past. Shortly before she was taken away, I went to her temporary bed on the family-room sofa. Sadie came momentarily back to the present and said, "Mary, is that you? Aren't you cold?" There were several other sentences that were unintelligible.

Sadie spent ten days in the Bloomsburg Hospital. On February 18, 1958, at the height of the worst snowstorm on record in northern Pennsylvania, Sadie Ida Christian Laycock died peacefully. She was seventy-six years old. It was my tenth birthday.

Today my birthday is still tinged with sadness. The sadness is for many things—for the embarrassment her presence in my bedroom caused me, for the insult I felt in her opinion of how I should be disciplined, for the Flower Garden quilt I never got. Or perhaps it is because I didn't have time to mature enough in her lifetime to tell her I was sorry for my childish anger that was so often directed at her. I often wish I could show her the quilt I made a few years ago. I know she would be pleased to find that someone who didn't get "shook" enough sometimes improves with age. But I suspect she knew that anyway.

It has always intrigued me that someone so downright ordinary, whose home reflected so little in the way of art or other decoration, could produce something so beautiful and artistic as her Flower Garden quilts. As a child, I remember the stark, utilitarian farmhouse; only the most basic furnishings were present. There were no pictures on the wall; indeed, no decorations at all except for calendars and hunting trophies. There were no curtains on the windows, only dark green pull shades. Even the parlor had nothing to catch the eye or attract attention. And, of course, as I mentioned before, Sadie herself was not attractive; her clothing was plain, and she did little to improve her appearance. All her beauty was on the inside. Perhaps that is what Sadie's quilts were, a reflection of the lovely person inside that plain wrapper.

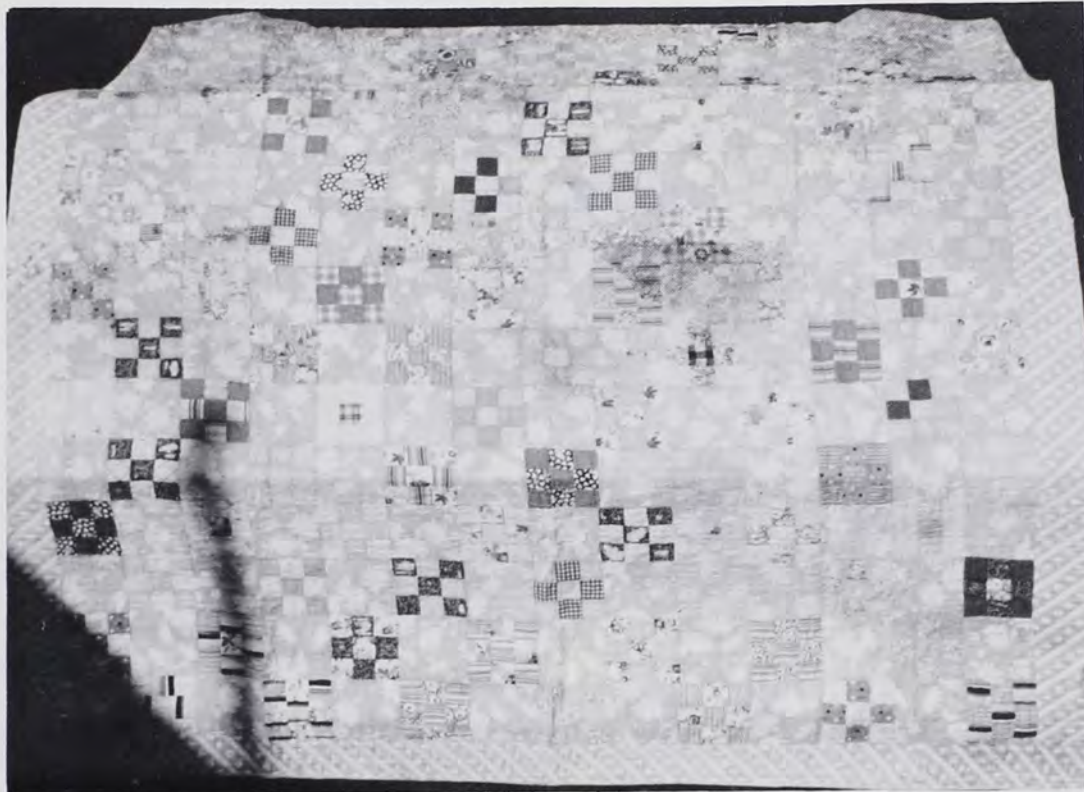


Figure 3: *Nine Patch quilt.*

AFTERWORD

Yvonne J. Milspaw

Mary Selders' analysis of her memories is special. She has, in her reminiscences, confronted subjects of profound importance and meaning. She has used the palette of her grandmother's quilts as an unconventional means of re-creating family history,¹⁶ and her sensitive retelling of family events goes beyond the usual names and dates that so often comprise the whole of family history. She uses family heirlooms to augment and expand her memory, thereby re-creating the life and times and ways that make up her own history, and by extension, the history of much of rural Pennsylvania.¹⁷

Material culture studies have done—and have attempted to do—many things, but the science of reading artifacts as human mindprints is only in its infancy. Thoreau touched an arrowhead and it yielded to him “fossil thoughts”—evocative reminders of the “mind that shaped them.”¹⁸ Selders' study of family heirlooms as a key to her spiritual and emotional ancestry touches the same chord. In traditional local history through tangible things, Sadie Laycock's quilts represent not just her presence and influence on her children, but become, like the calendars of the Plains Indians, a preserved, concrete record of the significant and insignificant events that comprise the most vital parts of regional folk

history. Each quilt preserves a memory of time and place. Each quilt cements the relationship between Sadie and her family. Time and time again, writers comment on memories and relationships evoked by quilts:

Abby Rogers, a North Country lady, sent a quilt to her granddaughter in 1925 with the message, “I am going to give you a silk patchwork quilt made by my Mother, your Great Grand-mother. As I was repairing it today, the wonderful tiny stitches, the gay bits of silk—even the lining, brought my childhood so vividly before me, all its joys and good times (I can't seem to remember any bad times), I thought with the quilt I must tell Harriet all about it and the things that made the good times in those days.”¹⁹

Quilts are personal, intimate gifts. Their significance is underscored by their place as traditional gifts for newlyweds and newborns, symbolically conferring the approval of the community upon their new members. They are consciously made to be given. Sadie “gave away” most of her quilts. Jennie Milspaw, a New York quiltmaker, gave away all but a few of the one hundred quilts she made in her lifetime, most to her children and grandchildren, most for weddings, graduations and births.²⁰ A quilt is a visual, concrete statement of intergenerational love; each quilt is a woman's hand stretching out from beyond death to gently touch her children's children. They are, Chittenden gently reminds us, “frequently one of the relatively few souvenirs of a

whole lifetime lived or even of an entire era passed."²¹

But every quilt, too, is proof of womanly competence at many levels. Each quilt proves technical skill, each establishes a woman as an artist, able to properly handle the tools and requisites thought proper to her sex;²² quilts underscore the highly esteemed twin values of thrift and generosity;²³ and each one establishes the maker as a creator of beauty from bits, a *bricoleur*, a maker of fine things from nothing.²⁴ And it is this special quality of creating loveliness from scrap that Selders notes in her grandmother's quilts. The quilts are lasting symbols of Sadie Laycock's quest for beauty and permanence in her otherwise drab life: in summer she created temporal gardens of flowers; in winter she made forever gardens in her quilts.

ENDNOTES

¹4-H Club of Mount Pleasant Township, *Mt. Pleasant History*, 1976.

²This variation of the popular Victorian Pineapple design is quite unusual. Like most quilts in the Log Cabin/Pineapple family, it is built up with narrow strips of material around a center block. But unlike other extant examples of the form, the overall effect is not that of squares (as in the Log Cabin variations) or hexagons (as in the Pineapple variations), but rather the result is a star, a stunning and complex geometric achievement. The best quilt taxonomy currently available, Carrie A. Hall and Rose Kretsinger, *The Romance of the Patchwork Quilt in America* (Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1935), does not list a variation which resembles this superb quilt.

³Interview, Boyd C. Laycock, Jr. February 13-16, 1981.

⁴This Basket of Pansies quilt is one of hundreds of variations on the very popular motif of flower baskets. The embroidered and appliquéd floral quilt enjoyed immense popularity prior to World War II, and similar patterns have been offered by quilt supply houses and ladies magazines since the early part of the century. Hall and Kretsinger note some remote variants of this pattern, p. 126.

⁵Kit quilts have been available since at least the turn of the century. Their influence on traditional quilters and their quilts has been somewhat underrated. For example, a pamphlet in the collection of the Holland Land Office Museum (Batavia, New York), "Diagrams of quilts, sofa and pincushion patterns" (Ladies Art Company, 203 Pine Street, St. Louis, 1898), offered four hundred quilt patterns (at 10 cents each) and noted that "blocks can be ordered already made up". Additionally, quilt pattern companies, ladies magazines, and quilting books, such as Ruby McKim, *101 Patchwork Patterns* (New York: Dover, 1962. Reprint of 1931 edition) often give very specific instructions on material choices and colors which were often followed by traditional quilters who were unsure of themselves when it came to "fancy" quilts.

⁶The social functions of quilting have received considerable attention from professional folklorists. Excellent works include: Mary Washington Clarke, *Kentucky Quilts and Their Makers* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1976); Joanne Farb, "Piecin' and Quiltin': Two Quilters in Southwest Arkansas," *Southern Folklore Quarterly* 39 (1975): 363-375; Joyce Ice and Judith Shulimson, "Beyond the Domestic: Women's Traditional Arts and the Creation of Community," *Southwest Folklore* 3 (1979): 37-44; Yvonne J. Milspaw, "Gossip over the Frames: the Social Function that wasn't there," *Folklore Feminists Communication* 13 (1977): 13-14; Sandra K. Dolby-Stahl, "Quilts and Quiltmakers Aesthetics," *Indiana Folklore* 11 (1978): 105-132; Susan Stewart, "Sociological Aspects of Quilting in Three Brethren Churches in South Central Pennsylvania," *Pennsylvania Folklife* 23 (1974): 15-29.

⁷Interview, Zela Black, February 15, 1981.

⁸The Nine Patch is one of the simplest of all pieced blocks. It is the quilt pattern which almost every quilter has tried, and it is traditionally the first block cut and pieced by young girls just learning to sew. Even so, it has the potential for being a lovely and effective design. See Hall and Kretsinger, p. 48, 228.

⁹The Ohio Star or Variable Star is a fairly common variation of the basic Nine Patch. A fairly simple pattern to cut and piece, it is nonetheless extremely popular, and along with the Lone Star (which is pieced with diamond shaped pieces) is the most commonly found of all of the very popular star quilts. See Hall and Kretsinger, pp. 54-63, especially Plate IV-8,9,10 (p.56).

¹⁰Interview, Ethel Laycock, February 13-16, 1981.

¹¹The variations on the Sunbonnet Sue pattern are almost too numerous to outline. Enormously popular in the 1940's, these quilts (and their companion pattern, the Farmer Boy) were apparently made for thousands of baby boom children and grandchildren. It is one of the simplest applique patterns to successfully complete, and most quilters seem to have attempted it at some point in their careers. Hall and Kretsinger (pp. 188-190) show two fairly fancy versions of this pattern. See also, Yvonne J. Milspaw, "Appalachian Crafts in Transition" *Golden-seal* 2 (1976): 14-16ff.

¹²Interview, Eileen Laycock Wolf, February 15, 1981.

¹³Interview, Boyd and Ethel Laycock, February 13-16, 1981.

¹⁴Interview, Ethel Laycock, February 13-16, 1981. See also Linda Degh and Andrew Vazsonyi, "The Hypothesis of Multi-Conduit Transmission in Folklore," in Dan Ben-Amos and Kenneth Goldstein, *Folklore: Performance and Communication* (The Hague: Mouton, 1975) pp. 207-252, especially pp. 213-214.

¹⁵The Flower Garden quilt is an especially difficult pattern to piece, and hence, it tends to be highly valued among quilters. Its popularity has steadily grown since its introduction somewhere in the mid-nineteenth century. Most standard quilt books contain references and diagrams of this quilt. See Hall and Kretsinger, p. 86, 201.

¹⁶Holly Cutting Baker, et. al. *Family Folklore* (Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian, 1976) is an excellent discussion of the meeting ground of history and folklore in family traditions. See also Margaret R. Yocom, "Family Folklore and Oral History Interviews: Strategies for Introducing a Project to One's Own Relatives," *Western Folklore* XLI:4 (1982): 251-274.

¹⁷Quilts have been used as a background for the historical interpretation of ordinary women's lives by a number of scholars. Outstanding examples include Patricia Cooper and Norma Bradley Buford, *The Quilters: Women and Domestic Art. An Oral History* (Garden City, New York: Anchor/Doubleday, 1978), and Ricky Clark, Rosemary O. Joyce and Ellen N.K. Lawson, *Quilts and Carousels: Folk Art in the Firelands* (Oberlin, Ohio: Firelands Association for the Visual Arts, 1983).

¹⁸Henry David Thoreau. *Journals: Early Spring in Massachusetts* (Boston: Houghton and Mifflin, 1881, 1893), pp. 259-260.

¹⁹Abby Rogers to her Grand-daughter. Illustrated and Printed by Joan Lyons (Rochester, New York: Visual Studies Workshop, 1976), n.p.

²⁰Yvonne J. Milspaw, "Jennie's Quilts: The Interface of Folk and Popular Tradition in the Work of a New York Quiltmaker," *New York Folklore* 8:1-2 (1982), pp. 13-14.

²¹Varick A. Chittenden, *Stitches in Time: Heirloom Quilts and Coverlets of Northern New York* (Malone, New York: Malone Arts Council, 1983), n.p.

²²Sandra K. Dolby-Stahl's interviews reported in her article, "Quiltmaker's Aesthetics," clearly established the overall importance of technical competence in quilting.

²³For a discussion of these two values in American folk culture, see my article, "The Bride Test: Reflections on changing values in America," *Keystone Folklore* 24:2 (1982): 21-33.

²⁴The notion of the woman artist as *bricoleur* is beautifully developed by Kay Turner in "Why we are so inclined . . ." *Lady-Unique-Incination-of-the-Night, Cycle 6* (Autumn, 1983): 4-18, especially pp. 9-11.

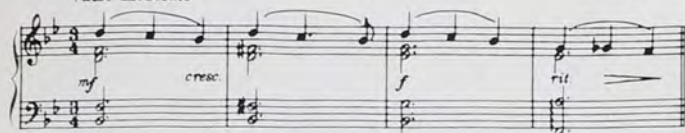
SCHOOL DAYS

(When We Were A Couple Of Kids)

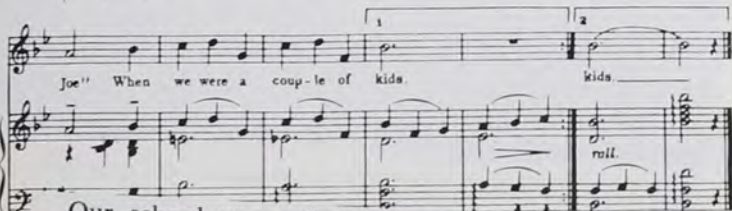
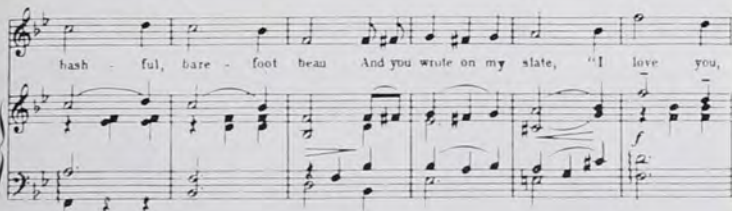
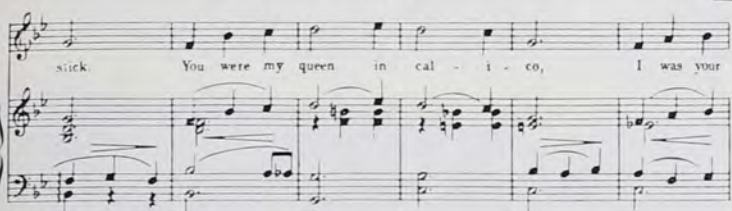
Lyric by
WILL D. COBB

Music by
GUS EDWARDS

Valse moderato



CHORUS



Pleasant Hill school as seen from the township road in the early fall of 1917.

As this old song favorite suggests, school children in the early years of the century sometimes went barefoot to school and carried their own slates.

OUR GOOD OLD ONE-ROOM SCHOOL DAYS

by Priscilla Stevenson Lockard

Our school was called Pleasant Hill. Even now, some sixty years after I last was a pupil there, the name still brings a rosy glow of memories. Pleasant Hill must have been a favorite name for rural schools a century and more ago. In my lifetime I have encountered several throughout the United States. But the one I want to tell you about is Pleasant Hill School in Nicholson Township, Fayette County, Pennsylvania, a school where total enrollment seldom rose above fourteen or fifteen in its final days during the first quarter of this century.

Until early 1984, the old one-room Pleasant Hill School still stood on a bluff above the state highway between New Geneva and Smithfield, Pennsylvania. Then, one night, a fire carried it away. The news report called it a loss of \$5,000. But how could anyone place a money value on what that school stood for?

Some days after the fire, my brother Robert and I visited the site. The stone foundation formed a rectangle among pieces of charred wood. An extra line of stones ran the length of the rectangle, once the support for the front edge of the rostrum which we so often mounted to recite. Bob picked up a handful of cut nails used when the building was erected, probably in the early 1870s. The school was gone, but the memories remained.

I remember particularly a spring morning during the years of World War I, probably 1918. My brother, younger sister, and I had arrived at school especially early. The three of us were not enough for a game of Prisoner's Base before "books took up" at nine o'clock. We needed at least a fourth—and I was standing on the high hilltop looking off down a valley into the southwest toward a farmhouse about two miles away. I wanted to see if

Florence had yet started on her way to school.

The valley over which I looked was formed by two roughly parallel ridges of open and wooded farm land. The ridge to the right was the last before the land descended sharply into the main valley of the Monongahela River. Behind me was the school and most of its acre or so of playground. Below me, nearly a hundred feet from the brow of the hill, a dusty country road bordered the front edge of the school land. From the rear of the playground you could look over another valley into the misty distance where Jacobs Creek joined the Monongahela in its northward flow to Pittsburgh.

Five sugar maples were scattered over the school ground, all giants, so old that each must have been a seedling while Indians still roamed through Western Pennsylvania. Early each year, a neighboring farmer tapped the trees and others in an adjoining grove and collected sap in metal pails hung on spikes driven into drilled holes. For us children, the trees served some of the functions of modern playground equipment. Both boys and girls climbed into low-reaching branches. The girls played "house" between the spreading, above-ground roots of one of them. One tree served as a base in the game of Prisoner's Base.

On that morning so long ago, I finally sighted Florence, still almost a speck. She would soon be near the brick farmhouse of the Springer place deep in the valley. There, two more pupils would join her—Guy and Ruth.

I knew that as the trio came up through the field Florence would be carrying her lunch in a wicker basket with a wicker lid. I have never seen a lunchbox its equal. When she opened the basket and spread out a white linen napkin, there usually was a piece of fruit pie. She ate this first. Then she would turn her attention to fried chicken, pickles, and sandwiches. Florence's matchless basket was a very special part of my school days.

The rest of us carried tin pails. These required frequent replacement because we had a habit of battering them against any handy object. Our lunch was laid, uncovered, into the pails.² To eat, we sometimes climbed atop the gently sloping roof of the coal shed located at the northeastern corner of the school. Access to the roof was easy because coal ashes from the school heater had been dumped on an ever-mounting pile just behind the low building.

I must say we did eat well, mostly of food grown on our own farm. Our lunch included sandwiches made of Mother's homemade bread, often spread with our own applebutter; a couple of the sugar cookies for which Mother was famous for miles around; and sometimes homemade doughnuts

or gingerbread. After fall butchering we could expect a cake of tasty country sausage or a piece of fried tenderloin. At other times, we almost always had cheese cut from a large wheel of cheddar down at Davenport's Store in the village of New Geneva. In season, our pails included homegrown fruit, and—oh, yes!—during the spring while our sugar camp was open we each had the finest of nature's sweets—a maple sugar cake.

Apple pie? Yes, indeed! I've left this until last because Mother's apple pie was so very special. (I've heard others of my generation make the same claim. If all such claims are true—and I really believe they are—then during the early years of this century our country must have abounded with bakers of superb apple pie.) Mother's apple pie pastry melted in your mouth. To make it she used our own lard, rendered at home after the fall butchering. For the filling, she would use nothing but Northern Spy apples, picked from our own orchard.



Boys play Tarzan in a large sugar maple at the rear of playground in the fall of 1920. At times, a rail was placed across the fence shown to become a ready-made seesaw.

During the noon hour and at mid-morning and afternoon recesses, we played many different games there at Pleasant Hill School. These included Catch, a run-and-tag pastime beloved of children for ages past, as well as the always popular Hide-and-Seek. But it seems to me now that our real favorite was Prisoner's Base. For this, one base was the maple about seventy-five feet from the eastern end of the school. The other base was the front of the coal shed. To begin, we "chose up" into approximately equal "sides." From then on, it was something like a game of tag. If caught, you were honor-bound to remain on the other side's base—unless one of your fellow players broke through the

protective runners and tagged (and freed) you. Finally, the game was down to one or two players, usually those most fleet of foot. The object then was to approach the opposite base and dare opposing players to leave its safety so one of your companions could tag him or her. It was all lots of exercise and lots of fun.

A somewhat similar game was called Ante Over or Andy Over. In this, the chosen groups went to opposite sides of the school and one of the players threw a ball over the top ridge. Anyone who caught the ball ran around the building and threw it at a competing player who, of course, ran away. Anyone hit must change sides.

We played a form of baseball too. In my earliest days of school I do not remember anyone having a real bat—just a broomstick or other homemade club. Balls were homemade, started by winding cord, saved from store packages, into a compact core. Then came a layer of strips cut from socks or stockings and wound on securely. This was sewn

track the quarry. In the meantime, the latter would circle around, hiding behind trees and shrubs, and attempt to return to the school while the hunting group was still absent, thus winning the game.

An Abraham Lincoln type rail fence wiggled along the eastern edge of the school grounds. A top rail pulled loose and placed across the still standing rails provided an instant seesaw. My brother Bob tells me he first learned some of the principles of fulcrums and levers in this play although he did not learn the words themselves until much later. Being smaller and lighter than the other boys, he always got the long end of the seesaw, which was exciting because it rose higher into the air.

Bob also tells of the embarrassment he suffered when he slipped off the end of the sharp seesaw rail, tearing a big flap from his trousers and exposing his buttocks. He immediately sidled up to the teacher, told her he was sick, and asked permission to go home. She, seeing what had happened, said



Hanging on limb of sugar maple in the fall of 1920; l. to r. are: Frank Vaslavsky, Ruth Eberhart, author Priscilla Stevenson, Florence Corder, Mary Verska, and Robert P. Stevenson.

through and through with heavy thread and the ball was ready for play. After being used and getting wet, these balls became very hard and when struck cracked like a real store-bought baseball.

A favorite game in the springtime was Run Sheep Run. This permitted us to range widely through adjoining pasture fields and woodlands. After sides had been chosen, one group left the playground and the other remained inside the school, charged not to peek. The outside group took a circuitous route of a half-mile or so to a chosen hiding place. One of this group then returned to the school and drew on the blackboard a map of the route taken. It was now up to the second group to use this map to



The main part of the school ground, showing the coal shed at the eastern end of the school. Kite flying was one of the school activities.

okay but to return to school if he felt better. Bob took the rest of the day off.

When cold days kept us inside, we sometimes played Upset-the-Fruit-Basket, a game similar to Musical Chairs. In the spring there usually was a period of marble playing, especially by the boys, a stick being used to make a circle in the grassless area near the school door. From time to time we played ring games like Drop the Handkerchief, Little Red Wagon Painted Blue, Cat and Mouse, and Farmer in the Dell, some of which are accompanied by group singing. We were most likely to play ring games when parents were visiting the school, and some of them would join us.

Last-day-of-school ceremony was always attended by parents and friends. Assembled on the schoolground in the spring of 1921 were, l. to r.: Frank Vaslavsky, Mabel Morris and daughter Ruth, Mary Eberhart, Mary Verska, Annie Morris, Robert Morris (foreground), Plezzie Corder, Ruth Eberhart, Ethel Fox, Ruth Stevenson, Nannie Fast, Florence Corder, Priscilla Stevenson, and (in foreground) Katie Verska.



Playing a ring game during morning recess in the fall of 1920.

Pleasant Hill was the shape and size of so many one-room schools of its period—a rectangular, box-like structure with a tin smokestack projecting through one corner of the gable roof. Four large windows were placed along the south side, facing the road, while the west end had two, and two more flanked the centered door on the eastern end. The north side was blank, for on the inside a blackboard of real slate ran the entire length of the wall. A rostrum perhaps eight feet wide stretched out from the blackboard.

During recess and noon hour, teachers almost always played with us but they obviously had to keep track of the time, too. The ringing of a handbell signaled the end of play. We usually lined up just outside the door and marched to our seats to the timing of one-two-three-four counted by the teacher; in later years we marched to recorded band music played on a phonograph bought for the school with the proceeds of a pie social.

As we entered the building in the morning we placed our outer clothing and caps and hats on metal wall hooks, the boys turning to the left beside the coal stove, the girls to the right. Lunch pails were stored on triangular shelves in three corners of the room. On cold mornings we all huddled around the stove until it was time to take our seats.

The combination seats and desks varied in size to suit the age and size of the child. Seats for the beginners were up front, fastened to the floor near the rostrum. The seats then progressed in ever-increasing height to the rear, where the larger and older children were seated. Pupils in the same class usually were grouped together.

Most school desks nowadays are designed for a single pupil, but ours were made for two. Because there were so few Pleasant Hill pupils, however,

many of us had a full seat and desk to ourselves. The ends of the desks were castiron, ornamentally shaped. Generations of pupils had left a variety of initials and other carvings on the edges and surfaces of the wood tops, backs, and folding seats. When raised, these seats made sweeping the floor easier.

Housekeeping chores within the schoolroom usually were done by the teacher at the end of the day. Pupils sometimes helped with one phase of this—cleaning the felt-faced blackboard erasers that were kept in the chalk receptacle below the lower edge of the slate. We took them outdoors and clapped two of them together, raising a very satisfactory cloud of dust.

I have read that in other schools of long ago teachers often boarded around among the pupils' families. I remember only one instance of this at Pleasant Hill. After her own family moved away, Violet Riley boarded with the Eberharts at the Springer place down in the valley. Another teacher, Geneva Beck, travelled back and forth in a pony cart from her home in New Geneva more than two miles away. During the noon hour we often played with the cart, several of us pulling and several riding.

In the late years of the past century I suspect that the teachers chosen for Pleasant Hill had little more education than their own eighth graders. Those I can remember in this century had at least a high school education with perhaps a semester or so of normal school. Standards later became much more exacting, of course. Geneva Beck reports that on graduating from high school, in 1916, she still "was too young to teach so I went to West Virginia University for a year; [there she took and passed] a special examination covering all elementary subjects in order to get a teacher's certificate."³ In the late years of the past century and the early years



Total enrollment was 15 in the school year of 1919-1920 — eight girls and seven boys — while Marie Lott, of New Geneva, was the teacher. In top photo, in front, l. to r., are: Florence Corder, Ruth Stevenson, Ola Riley, Esther Staley, Ruth Eberhart; at rear, Honor Riley, Dulcie Riley, Miss Lott, and Priscilla Stevenson. In bottom photo, l. to r., are: Robert P. Stevenson, Guy Eberhart, Steve Vaslavsky, John Vaslavsky. Joseph Vaslavsky was absent the day the pupils posed at a natural gas drilling derrick in the valley below the school.

of this one, some teachers themselves were graduates of Pleasant Hill, especially seven members of the Dils family.⁴

A seven-month term continued at Pleasant Hill at least until 1922-23, the year I left to attend high school. A teacher friend of mine confirms my belief that teachers at Pleasant Hill early in the century were paid only about \$60 a month.⁵ But some may have been higher. Geneva Beck says she was paid \$85 a month for teaching in 1917-1918. My own salary was \$100 when I began to teach in 1930.

All pupils normally came to Pleasant Hill afoot, their daily routes passing across fields and through woods and sometimes by road. Only a few lived less than a mile from school. May Nicholson⁶ once told me that she attended Pleasant Hill while her family lived in their farmhouse at the mouth of Jacobs Creek more than three miles away. This was before a school was built at Martin.

For the younger pupils these daily treks were especially trying during wintry weather. Yet attendance at school remained good. Deep snows and subzero temperatures apparently stopped most of us, however, on some occasions. This obviously was the case on one day when attendance was down to two pupils, Guy and Ruth Eberhart. That morning their father put them on their horse, Beauty, and they rode up across the field from the Springer place. At school, after they had gotten off, the teacher, Jacob Fast, smacked the horse on the rump and started him home.⁷ It may have been during this storm, but on a different day, that I remember our own father hitching the team to a bobsled filled with straw and hauling us to school in style.

In contrast to these wintry travels I might also tell you of playing happily along the way as we walked to and from school on sunny days. In the

fall we sometimes picked up and threw some of the green osage oranges that dropped from the hedge that bordered the road for about one hundred yards on the Gans place. I have read that Indians used wood from this shrub to make their bows.

It seems incredible to me now that at Pleasant Hill we had no illumination except daylight. That of course was the reason for the large windows, and they must have served well for I do not remember ever noticing a lack of light for study. We also had no water at the school, and at least once a day a couple of us had the much sought-after chore of taking a galvanized pail down to a well at the Springer place and carrying back drinking water. We generally chose to go right after recess so we could miss some classes. As two of us carried the heavy pail up the hill grasshoppers sometimes got into the water and grass seeds settled on the surface. But no matter. It was good drinking. Each of us usually had a collapsible drinking cup. In our later years, a fountain was obtained for the school and the pail of water was poured into its glass container. The emptied pail was set underneath to catch the overflow and this was used at the end of the day to wash the blackboard.

Back in the years of World War I we all took part in what we knew as "the war effort." Our mothers and sisters were knitting sweaters and socks for those in the military services, so we all learned to knit, too, even the boys. We were assigned to knit wash cloths. I carried my knitting back and forth to school in a big bag, for after finishing our studies we were supposed to knit. The boys also saved black-walnut shells, pounded up fine, for use in gas-mask filters. During the War, school was closed for several months because of an epidemic of influenza. How we did miss going to school then!

When the truant officer visited the school one day

and made a speech about attending regularly we all wondered what he was talking about. We had no intention at all of staying home. Some of us thought the man's eyes looked kind of red as he passed out papers telling of his duties. In about a week most of us came down with pink eye and were absent from school because of the truant officer.

A periodic visitor to the school was the county superintendent, John S. Carroll. I remember especially one of his visits. It must have been an early fall day, for he pulled the teacher's chair over by the door and sat fanning himself. A short heavy man with a red face, he looked very warm. After resting awhile, he began looking us over, and I have always felt that he noticed some of us were barefoot. His first question: Did we know the poem "The Barefoot Boy"? He then began to recite it, quite eloquently. He next asked us to recite it, line

readers where words were listed in groups such as the "at family." We learned the words by sounding them out. Among other books we used were Hamilton's *Arithmetic*, both elementary and complete; Montgomery's *American History*; and the *Progressive Speller*.

At Pleasant Hill we learned many lessons beside those that came from books. Teachers always stressed honesty, politeness, and fair play. One fall day we wandered out the road and noticed large peaches under a tree. We crept through the fence, gathered up all we could grasp, and carried them back to school. The teacher at once told us to return the fruit to where we had found it. We did, grudgingly.

Our toilet facilities were located along the fence at the western edge of the schoolground, the girls' toward the road, the boys' at the back. In my



All dressed up for school in the late fall of 1920 are, l. to r.: Ruth Stevenson, Ruth Eberhart, Florence Corder, and Priscilla Stevenson.

by line, after him. Finally, we knew all the words. Ever since then I have associated John S. Carroll with Whittier's famous poem.

A visitor at least once a month was Elmer Mallory, the township school supervisor. We could hear his Model T coupe chug up the hill and stop by the door. It was he who made out the monthly tests. My heart sank when I saw him lay these on the teacher's desk. Then he would move around the room, sitting down with some of us and watching us work. He expected steady activity.

At Pleasant Hill the school district furnished our books and supplies. I do not know how long this has been true in Pennsylvania, but I have learned that in many other states in the old days you had to buy your own books.

I remember using the *Rose Primer* and then going into the first of the Peter and Brumbaugh series of

early school days, a high board fence started at the western end of the school and ran to the schoolground edge, separating the two privies. Then, one snowy winter day, one of the wide boards from this protective fence somehow got loose and was turned into a fine toboggan.⁸ Eventually, the entire fence was removed.

The school operated on the usual one-finger and two-finger system. Several hands sometimes waved at once but the nod of course was given to one pupil at a time. I never remember ever donning either hat or coat before rushing out to the privy. On one jaunt to the outhouse, I heard a crackling from the roof of the school. I returned inside and, too shy to tell the teacher, whispered to a boy who sat near me: "The schoolhouse is on fire!" He put up his hand, went out, and returned at once. We were all soon outside and the larger boys ran

for a ladder. A neighboring farmer who had seen the smoke climbed up and used gunny sacks soaked in water to smother the blazing shingles. The fire had been set by a spark from our stove. Luckily, there was little wind that day.

During my days at Pleasant Hill, several pie and cake socials were held to raise money to buy various equipment. The first I remember was while Jacob Fast was the teacher. Lights that night were kerosene lanterns brought from neighboring farms. Enough money was raised to buy a large bell to place atop the building. When mounted in its belfry with a rope down into the school beside the door, this bell rang out loud and clear to call us to class. The bell was moved to Martin School when Pleasant Hill was closed.

A cake walk was usually a feature of these gatherings. Anyone willing to pay a fee, perhaps a nickel or dime, could join a circle that moved steadily between several pairs of adults who faced each other with hands joined overhead as a song was sung or music played. At the last note of the song, one pair of adults dipped their arms, trapping one of the walkers, who thus became the winner. Some of the pies, cakes, and box lunches were also auctioned off to the highest bidder.

While Geneva Beck was the teacher a social raised the money for a phonograph, the kind with its own tall mahogany cabinet. To the records played on this machine we marched, did calisthenics, and sang for many years. Whenever I now hear several patriotic songs, they remind me of hearing them first on 78 r.p.m. records played on our school phonograph.

The social I remember with greatest delight was an oyster fry. That night Clyde Mundell, the teacher, brought in a man who really knew how to fry oysters, a treat some of us had never had

before. Each oyster, covered with delicious batter, was almost as large as a saucer, and we gorged ourselves in the light of a large kerosene torch. Farm folks came from far and wide, and the event was a big success financially. The money went for pictures for the school wall and a small library.

While I was in grade five, Violet Riley, elder sister of several of the pupils, became our teacher. Besides what's in books, she taught us also about nature, sewing, woodworking, and many other things. She helped the boys build birdhouses, kites, and a model airplane. The latter was finished in time for display that fall at the Community Day held at the Willow Grove School. One of the day's events was a cow judging contest, held after the county agent had told us the points to look for. He used several words I had never heard before, and I managed to mix up a couple of bovine and model-airplane terms. I caused much laughter at home that night when I said I had written on my cow judging paper: "rudders too long."

At Christmastime the same year, a freshly-cut hemlock was brought in and firmly nailed to the rostrum. We decorated the tree with homemade paper ornaments, strings of popcorn, and tinsel, and placed colored candles in special holders at the ends of the branches. My, it was pretty!

On the day of our Christmas program, Miss Riley brought homemade fudge and other candy, popcorn balls, and a big bag of peanuts. We knew she also had a special gift for each of us. When we and some of our parents were settled in our seats she gave every pupil a match to light one or more of the candles. Then in came Santa and began to distribute the presents.

The next thing we knew Santa had leaned too close to the candles and his cotton-bedecked suit was afire. Flaming Santa tried to get out the door,



Stilts were lots of fun during one period in the 1920-1921 school year. Robert P. Stevenson tries them.



Christmas at school in 1920; seated l. to r.: Joseph Vaslavsky Jr., Guy Eberhart, George Riley, Robert P. Stevenson. Standing, l. to r.: Honor Riley, Ola Riley, Ruth Stevenson, Florence Corder, Ruth Eberhart, Priscilla Stevenson.



Bird-house building for the boys and knitting doll clothes for the girls were two of the varied activities introduced by teacher Violet Riley.

Only nine pupils were enrolled in 1917 while Geneva Beck was the teacher. In front, l. to r.: Priscilla Stevenson, Ruth Eberhart, Curtis Crowe, and Robert P. Stevenson; at rear, Arthur Leckey, Guy Eberhart, Florence Corder, Miss Beck, Dulcie Riley, and Honor Riley.



but one of the parents grabbed a coat from the nearby rack and beat out the flames.⁹ That was when we discovered that Santa really was one of the older and larger pupils.¹⁰ Luckily, he suffered no burns. But our party ended on a subdued note.

During the winter of that year we learned to feed the birds and when spring came we collected moths, butterflies, and beetles. We killed the beautiful insects with a drop of alcohol, then spread them on drying boards, and finally mounted them in cardboard display cases lined with protective cotton.

We got started on kites when the Fordon Tractor Company distributed kits of parts. Our rubber-band propelled model plane never did fly satisfactorily, but our kites were something else again. A long tail compensated for shoddy work and kept the kite steady in the air. Our kites flew—and we spent long hours flying them from a hilltop near the school. Some of the boys built kites carefully enough so that they were steady without a tail and mounted higher and higher until they became just a speck in the sky.

Yes, we learned a lot from the extra activities during Violet Riley's year of teaching, but my arithmetic suffered and I failed to pass. The teacher who greeted us the following fall was Clyde Mundell. He did not think a pupil should be retained in a grade because of failure in a single subject. So that year I did fifth and sixth grade work in arithmetic. In the spring, with this good teacher's encouragement, I passed on into seventh grade.

All during my school years at Pleasant Hill I had been the only one in my class. But finally, in eighth grade, I had a classmate. Florence, who actually had graduated the year before, returned to Pleasant Hill for a final year because she did not

plan to go on to high school.

While writing this article, I happened to read that one-room schools still are common in Nebraska; that, in fact, it led the country just a few years ago with about 360 one-teacher or one-room schools.¹¹ This prompted me to wonder whether Pennsylvania still had one-room schools, and I wrote to Harrisburg to find out. A reply from the Department of Education, formerly the Department of Public Instruction, said there no longer are one-room public schools operating within the state, although it still has some non-public one-room schools, particularly in the Amish region.¹²

"Definitive information about the last one-room schools in the state is not available," wrote Bradford J. Furey, Chief of the Division of Physical Plant and Construction, "but suffice it to say we understand that the last ones were closed in the early 1970s. These were located in Lancaster and Armstrong Counties."

The district from which Pleasant Hill drew pupils was a large one. It spread from near Old Frame to the outskirts of New Geneva and from almost to Georges Creek above New Geneva to Jacobs Creek to the northward. The hill on which the school stood was centrally located in the district.

Over the years, Pleasant Hill provided education for several generations of children of families long native to the region, among them the Fast, Mallory, Dils, Crowe, Riffle, Morris, Townsend, Bixler, Franks, Rhodes, Britt, Hess, Gans, Springer, Anderson, Campbell, Jackson, and Honsaker families. In the final decade of the school's existence, many native families gave up surrounding farms to new owners whose relatives had arrived from Europe to work in Southwestern Pennsylvania coal mines.



Peak enrollment at Pleasant Hill School may have come in the 1898-99 school year while 32 pupils were in attendance and R.E. Heath was the teacher. Front row, l. to r.: Sam Townsend, Cora Anderson, Minnie Long, Ross Anderson, Joseph Campbell, Jacob Fast, Charles Rhodes, Orville Crowe, Leslie Campbell, Elmer Mallory, Emma Crowe, and Goldie Riffle. Second row: Sadie Campbell, Donna Rhodes, Mary Fast, Mary Jones, Nora Jackson, Alice Crowe, R.E. Heath, Stella Fast, Essie Dils, Effie Fast, Nellie Britt, and Laura Jackson. Third row: Ivan Mallory, William Townsend, Frank Fast, Alva Jackson, Lester Fast, Ira Fast, Wiles Fast, Price Mallory, and John Fast.

These included the Vaslavsky, Verska, and Sukey families.

The school building we remember apparently dated back to the early 1870s. Other buildings must have served the district before that, but I have been unable to find records of them. However, Clarence Leckey, who attended the school from 1907 to 1915, writes: "I assume Grandmother Dils and her family attended there in an earlier building, probably a log one. Mother always referred to the latest building as the *new* building."¹³

In the years after leaving Pleasant Hill, I graduated from high school, took courses at night and during the summer while teaching, and finally obtained my college degree. I also married and became a mother. I have sometimes been asked what it was like to attend a one-room school. How did its education compare with that obtained in modern schools? Were we shortchanged—those of us who came out of one-room schools?

I have tried to answer these questions here. In my teaching career of twenty-nine years, I saw some of the best and the worst of our world. There is no doubt that in many ways modern schools come out ahead of Pleasant Hill and other schools of its period. But still, I feel no loss because fortune decreed that I should attend a one-room school. Actually, it was a very enriching experience.

I shall always be glad I had it. One-room schools like Pleasant Hill did what they were supposed to do.

They supplied a good foundation for life.

ENDNOTES

¹The accompanying list of Pleasant Hill teachers indicates that the school described here was built in 1874. It seems likely that an earlier building, perhaps built of logs, may have stood on this central and ideal spot.

²We called them "tin" pails but perhaps they were made of an aluminum alloy.

³Quoted from a letter written by Geneva Beck Post, now living in San Diego, California. Mrs. Post celebrated her 86th birthday in December, 1984. She still drives her own car. Another Pleasant Hill teacher still living when this article was written was Vada Mallory West, 91, living alone in an apartment in Uniontown, Pennsylvania.

⁴Information about the Dils family was provided by the author's schoolmate, Florence Corder, of New Geneva, Pennsylvania. Florence, whose mother, Plezzie Dils Corder, taught at Pleasant Hill in the 1890s, says that Calvin H. Dils was her mother's uncle; that Justus and Clark Dils were Calvin's half-brothers; that Grover was Calvin's nephew; that Mary Dils was a cousin; and that Essie was Plezzie's sister.

⁵Evelyn Stevenson, the author's cousin, says \$60 a month was the salary paid her uncle, Cecil Morris, when he taught six-month terms in Greene County schools from 1908 to 1914. Out of this pay, Cecil Morris at Christmastime bought and gave to each pupil a box of chocolates. Florence Corder says that at Pleasant Hill in the 1890s her mother was paid only \$20—in gold. Teaching later in Jefferson Township, near Uniontown, her mother received \$40 a month but had to pay room and board out of this.



Enrollment had dropped by 1905-06 when Pearl Manning Knepschild was the teacher. l. to r.: Jonas Campbell, Jacob Fast, Sylvia La Clair, Charles Morris, Orville Crowe (at rear), John Morris, the teacher, Goldie

Morris, Minnie Long Huhn, Nancy Fast, Blanche Campbell, Edwin E. Stevenson, Emma Crowe Berkshire, Vada Mallory West, and Bessie Stevenson Robertson.

⁶May Nicholson was a direct descendant of James W. Nicholson, Albert Gallatin's brother-in-law. Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury in President Jefferson's administration, established his home at Friendship Hill, near New Geneva.

⁷Letter from Guy F. Eberhart, a lifelong teacher, who now lives in Columbus, Ohio.

⁸The letter from Guy F. Eberhart reminded us of this play.

⁹The parent was John Corder, Florence's father. The coat he used was the author's.

¹⁰The unlucky Santa was Guy F. Eberhart, who remembers dressing in the coal shed for the occasion.

¹¹The Associated Press report from Omaha said that "the only states other than Nebraska to claim one-room schools numbering in the three digits are South Dakota and Montana, with about 100 each."

¹²Letter dated March 5, 1985.

¹³Clarence Leckey wrote from his home in Princess Anne, Maryland, March 25, 1985. A lifelong teacher, he is now 84 and "in good health." His mother was Minnie Dils.

APPENDIX

A list of teachers who had served at the Pleasant Hill School in Nicholson Township, Fayette County, Pennsylvania, was compiled in the late 1920s for a school reunion. The list was supplied to the author by Florence Corder, whose mother, Plezzie Dils Corder, taught the school for two years and part of another in the 1890s. The list indicates that classes were held in the building for at least fifty-five terms, the first term beginning in the fall of 1874 and the last ending in the spring of 1930. The teachers were:

1874—P.H. Franks
 1875—G.L. Deffenbaugh
 1876—N.P. Sturgis
 1877-78—N.A. McClain
 1879—H.J. Sturgis
 1880—N.A. McClain

1881—H.J. Sturgis
 1882—J.L. Richie
 1883—N.J. Sturgis
 1884—C.L. Bennett
 1885—O.I. Woolsey
 1886—J.W. Woolsey
 1887-88—C.H. Dils
 1889-90—N. Conn
 1891-92—Walter Deffenbaugh
 1893-94—Plezzie Dils
 1895—Plezzie Dils and
 Grace Rhodes
 1896—R.E. Heath
 1897—Justus Dils
 1898—R.E. Heath
 1899—N.C. Martin
 1900—Mary Dils
 1901-02—Clark Dils
 1903-04—Essie Dils
 1905—Pearl Manning
 1906—Grover Dils
 1907—Mary Sandusky Fast
 1908-09—Elmer Mallory
 1910—Joseph Sandusky
 1911-13—Ira Anderson
 1914—Vada Mallory
 1915—Ruth Shoaf
 1916—Jacob Fast
 1917-1918—Geneva Beck
 1919—Marie Lott
 1920—Violet Riley
 1921—Clyde Mundell
 1922-25—Vada Mallory West
 1926—Calvin Ruble and
 Mahlon Franks
 1927-29—Bernice Ross
 1930—School closed

*On parade at Nittany
Antique Machinery
Show near Centre Hall, Pa.
(All photographs by the author.)*



A PARADE FROM THE PAST

by Guy Graybill

It's a lovely nostalgic parade! Beautiful old engines, belching smoke and steam, come chugging out of the past; lumbering along like a herd of ironclad dinosaurs. The machines, despite their great age, are in superb shape. Their ancient boilers valiantly produce the power that enables them to roll on across the fairgrounds, up a slight rise and around to their starting areas. As they pass, one begins to feel that those puffing machines have a lot of spirit. Then you suddenly realize that the spirit isn't in the rugged old engines, but in the hearts of the men and women who own and care for them. And it is those men and women who occasionally gather to display, to the rest of us, the charm and wonder of antique machinery.

One impressive display of this type is held annually by the Nittany Mountain Antique Machinery Association. Thus, each year, as Labor Day slips past and central Pennsylvania edges its way into autumn, the association members tie a few loose ends and prepare to hold their antique machinery show.

It was about a dozen years ago that some antique machinery buffs from the area of Centre Hall, Pennsylvania (near State College) decided that they, too, might hold an antique machinery show similar to others which they had attended. After considerable planning and hard work, the association presented its first show. This year, on the first weekend following Labor Day, they held their eleventh show.

There is nothing cramped about this show, which sprawls over approximately fifty acres of farmland. The grounds sit near the foot of Brush Mountain, across a valley from the Nittany Mountain that provided the local association with its name. It is held on land belonging to the owners of Penns Cave, an all-water cavern that is just a two-minute walk from the grounds. No matter by which direction one arrives, the drive is through splendid countryside (my wife and I stopped to photograph ten grazing wild deer as we were leaving last year's show!). This year more than 20,000 exhibitors and visitors traveled to the fair during its three-day tenure. This large number reflects an increasing interest in antique machinery. And with steam engines now nearing their 300th birthday, it seems fitting to ask a question: How did it all begin?

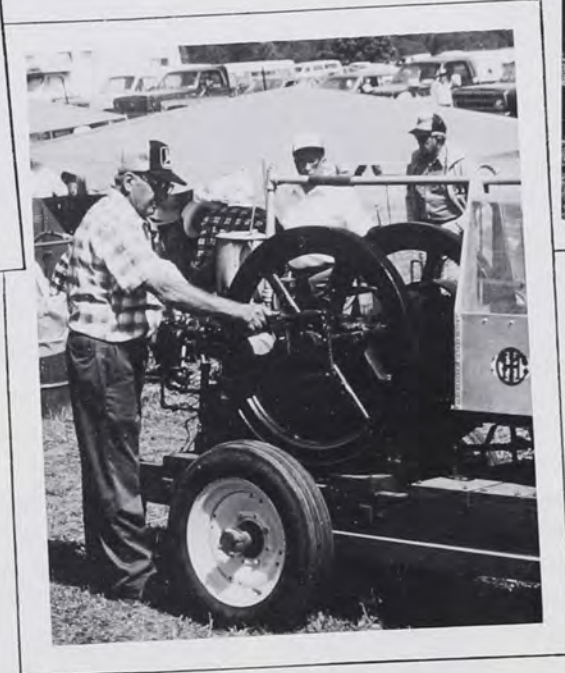
JAMES WATT AND OTHERS

Nearly 2,000 years ago, Heron of Alexandria (in Egypt) wrote skillful scientific articles about the limited technology of his time. He also showed ability as an inventor, and was likely the first person in history to harness steam. The implications of this work, however, went completely unrecognized by anyone—including Heron. He had designed an enclosed unit which held water. A metal sphere was suspended above the unit, attached to it by metal tubing, which also acted as the sphere's axis. Two shorter, open-ended tubes—angled in opposite



Admiring an antique steam engine.

Aaron Heisey, of Centre Hall, Pa., cranking a 1919 International 8-16 "Mogul" 3500 lbs.



Aaron Heisey, owner and operator of this 1907 screen-cooled I.H. "Famous" engine—battery ignition, steam-driven, no spark plug-ignitor.

directions—protruded from the sphere. A fire placed under the unit heated the water, forcing steam into the sphere and out the two angled tubes. This escaping steam thrust the sphere into a whirling action. Heron thus put a basic form of steam engine into action, perhaps sixteen centuries before James Watt's lifetime. However, Heron never developed his device into anything useful. It was simply a fascinating contrivance—a toy. Had Heron thought to enlarge his model and harness the energy for work, our entire civilization would have been radically altered!

After that false start, steam power remained unknown and unused until shortly before 1700. Then, in 1698, in England, Thomas Savery patented a steam engine developed to pump out mine seepage. In fact, James Watt, who is always identified with the invention of the true steam engine, was third in line, behind Thomas Newcomen, who had improved on Savery's design. Then why is Watt the famous one of the three? Because it was the improvements which he made that created a model that finally

performed adequately. Even then, however, engines weren't widely produced until the development of a cheaper and stronger form of iron in the 1870's.

The horses and oxen that had provided so much power to mankind for centuries couldn't compete with the power and the versatility of the steam engines. The draft animals soon became a rarely-used, but picturesque memento. The steam engine had arrived. And, once established, it was the steam engine that eased the grinding labor of humankind. Now it, in turn, has become a seldom-used but picturesque reminder of the simpler life of the past.

HORSEPOWER

Since there is an ongoing concern about how much horsepower a particular engine develops, a word should be mentioned about the term. The word "horsepower" goes all the way back to James Watt, and its use forever links the engine to its equine predecessor.

It was Watt who developed the first standards



Stephen Zuck, of Belleville, Pa., viewing antique Ford on display at the show.



Olive and Brenton Erhard, of Clearfield, Pa., admiring a 1930 Packard.

Glenn Burris, of R.D. 2, Bellefonte, Pa., state runner-up, horseshoe pitching championship. 1982 and 1983. Taken at the 1983 Nittany Antique Machinery show.

for measuring the power of an engine; and it was he who created the term, "horsepower." Watt determined, by testing strong brewery horses, that an average horse worked at the rate of 33,000 foot-pounds per minute (that is, that an average horse could raise a 150 pound weight—suspended from a pulley into a coal pit—220 feet in one minute). This was actually a conservative figure which he purposely used to be certain that he was not over-representing his engine's power to potential buyers. In reality, then, "horsepower" doesn't reflect the actual power of a horse; especially when one also considers the fact that a horse's power would be considerably diminished with time, while an engine's would remain constant. These discrepancies didn't really matter. A value was established and the term remained.

At the Nittany Antique Machinery Show, machines with a combined total of thousands of horsepower are displayed, thanks to the expenditure of considerable human-power. The displayed objects range from giant threshing engines through quaint tractors and early automobiles, and on down to miniature, steam-driven toys. They are brought to the Nittany Mountain area by owners from several eastern states and Canada. At last year's gathering, tractors alone numbered about 150, with slightly more than that many stationary gas engines. And nearly 300 flea market stands were operated and a similar number of campers settled in for the Friday, Saturday and Sunday events.

ACTIVITIES

It's easy to lose track of time with numerous activities going on; and many at the same time. All sorts of crafts are presented and the results displayed. Pony pairs strain to out-pull one another. A threshing demonstration is in progress. Children compete in a "tractor pull." There are demonstrations of broom-making, rug hooking, plowing, whittling, quilting, log-sawing and horseshoe pitching. The horseshoe competition has four matches going simultaneously, with Glenn Burris, a winner of numerous tournaments, among the players. While something seems unorthodox about Burris' style, he frequently has two iron shoes encircling the iron pin!

On the grounds is the cave, which customers tour by boat; while airplane rides are available at an airport adjoining the grounds. Should you visit one of those two features, you could return to catch the square dancing, a cake walk, a wood-chopping demonstration or a musical program, perhaps featuring a novelty band or a bluegrass group. And on Sunday morning there is a non-denominational religious service in the main tent.

Last year I told friends that I was back for a second straight year in order to take more pictures; but my expanding waistline suggests an ulterior motive. It's not just that there is a lot of good food, but that it's "my kind of food!" There are the usual offerings of pizza, submarines, hamburgers



Jay Hill, Montrose, Pa., with 8 year old pair (4200 lb.) of Devon and Durham oxen at the 1983 Nittany Antique Machinery Show.

and similar fare; but there are also the unbeatable home-made foods. Since this is an antique machinery show, the hot roasted peanuts, the apple butter and the bean soup are all cooked with steam heat (the bean soup is made in a huge container that is built on the order of a double boiler, having two walls of stainless steel with steam between, to avoid scorching). Chickens go from unsavory to succulent over huge charcoal pits; while other country-style foods include steak sandwiches and home-made french fries. One can wash it all down with numerous beverages, before closing out what *this writer* considers to be true gourmet feasting, with home-made ice cream (there are three 20 gallon freezers working continuously to meet the demand)!

WHAT IS MISSING?

What is missing from this festive gathering? As with many things, what is missing is as important as what is present. Unlike so many carnivals and fairs, here there are no rides with gaudy lights and tinny music. There are no sideshows or games of chance with their beckoning barkers. There are no pennants, balloons or stuffed animals. All this means that, perhaps unwittingly, the organizers have left us with an easy-going atmosphere where visitors are not urged to buy anything or do anything in particular. Ferris wheels . . . gaming wheels . . . cheap prizes . . . roller coasters . . . These things are missing; but they are not missed.



Jim Braden, of Springboro, Pa., with Chip (male) and Misty (female), state champions (1981, 1982, 1983) 1000 lb. (pair) pulling ponies.

CONCLUSION

If you spend the morning at a machinery show but haven't glanced at a program, you'll be startled—at exactly 12:00 noon—when all the steam engines' whistles suddenly sound off! After a few raucous seconds, they fall silent. And then the parade begins . . .

Many dozens of varied steam and gas vehicles will wind their way along a route that is lined with fascinated spectators. Don Hagginstaller, an experienced master-of-ceremonies, introduces them and says a few pleasantly chatty words about each. As they pass, one can read names that have become a permanent part of steam-engine lore: "Frick," "Eclipse," "Peerless" and so on. Early farm tractors follow. Perhaps you'll notice a "McCormick-Deering" or an "International" or a "Silver King." There's no better time-machine for transporting us into the early part of the century. The past goes by, before us, as Hagginstaller calls the roll of years: "1918," "1922," "1910" . . . until, finally, about a half-hour after the first vehicles, a colorful, horse-drawn calliope gently brings us back to the present.

When one finally decides to go home, he or she does so with reluctance. After all, it may be awhile before you find another affair that is so active and yet so relaxing. If you're looking for a delightful change-of-pace, consider attending such an event. Visiting an antique machinery show is leisure time well-filled.

The Arndt family home on North Prussian (Main) Street; Philip Arndt stands out front.



Maentel portraits of Philip and Elizabeth Arndt (1825).

THE PHILIP ARNDTS OF MANHEIM (1797-1888)

by John D. Kendig

About 1790, a Belgian family by the name of Arndt came to Manheim from Lebanon County, Pennsylvania. John Arndt I (Johannes) was the first to arrive and started a tannery. He was poor but worked hard and developed it into a business of considerable size; later he established a brickyard and gradually became quite wealthy and influential. John Arndt II succeeded his father in the tannery business and served in the War of 1812. Another son, Philip, born to Johannes and Caterina Arndt on March 1, 1800, was to live the greater part of his life in the little Pennsylvania Dutch town of Manheim in Lancaster County.

Founded by Baron Henry William Stiegel of iron and glass making fame, the town was in the center of a rich agricultural area and soon became an important trading center characterized by many small stores and craftman's shops—all a part of the development of the village into an industrial and commercial community. In 1830 there were 350

people and 60 houses; in 1851, 781 people and 80 houses; by 1888 the town's population had increased to 2,000.

Over this period in Manheim could be found hotels, confectioneries, grocery, dry goods, hardware and variety stores; shops that sold millinery, books, cigars, musical instruments, boots and shoes, harnesses and saddles, watches and clocks, and furniture; there were wheelwrights, coopers, brushmakers, pump makers, blacksmiths, tin and sheet-metal workers, dauguerrotype takers and photographers, fashionable tailors, surveyors, carpenters, builders, butchers, bakers, candlestick makers, barbers, doctors, dentists, undertakers, and tombstone providers. In addition, there were stone quarries and limekilns, potteries and brickyards, tanyards, coalyards, grist and sawmills, machine shops, a brewery, and a bank. Of course there were churches and schools and an opera house that had first been a church.



Philip Arndt's store, moved to the rear of the Market Square lot to make room for Danner's larger store and antique museum.

Manheim became a borough in 1838, and in 1841 the *Sun*, the first recorded newspaper, was published; it was followed by *The Weekly Planet and Rapho Banner*, *The Manheim Whig Sentinel*, and finally, *The Manheim Sentinel*. In 1850 stagecoaches ran from Lancaster to Lebanon by way of Manheim; in 1862 the railroad came to town. It was a busy time, and one of considerable development for the little country town; Philip Arndt was in much of this activity as an enterprising, useful citizen and churchman.

Early in life Philip had gone to Lancaster and learned tinsmithing; after putting in apprenticeship years in the city, he came back to Manheim and practiced his trade for quite awhile. Of the many tinware articles he made, his Christmas cookie cutters are of special interest; some have Arndt inscribed on the back, some simply have an "A"; a few even have dates on them. He also helped with the family tannery on South Prussian (South Main) Street, kept the Eagle hotel on North Prussian for a time, and went into the mercantile business with George Eby (and later, his brother George).

The Arndt store—in a one-and-a-half storey building on the north side of Market Square—sold “new and cheap goods”: dry goods, groceries, hardware, and the like. A few samples of goods (from which he put in his orders for cloth) and a number of colorful and attractive labels taken from bolts of cloth when they arrived, still exist today. Philip retired from this line of work in 1852. (Later, this original store building was moved to the back of the Market Street lot and used for a shoe repair shop. A three storey building that became George M. Danner's large country and department store was erected in its place. On the third floor Mr. Danner developed his famous antique museum which is now in Hershey, Pa.)

Philip had also been engaged in the lumber business at Mount Joy under the name of Arndt, Shaffner and Garber. But this, too, came to an end in the 1851-52 period, as noted by *The Manheim Sentinel* on July 16, 1852: “All persons indebted to the late firm of P. Arndt, Shaffner and Garber are requested to make immediate payments, as by the first of September, the books will be placed in the hands of a Justice of the Peace for collection without respect of person.”

Although Philip Arndt retired from his business ventures, he was extremely active throughout the following years in many town business and civic organizations, and in church and community affairs. In 1851, for example, he was listed as one of the ten engine men in the crew of the Manheim Globe Fire Engine Company. Also in that year he was on the committee for the big Fourth of July celebration at which remarks were made by the Honorable



A selection of Christmas cookie cutters made by Philip Arndt.

Cheap Fall and Winter Goods!

"Quick Sales & Small Profits!"



Dry Goods,
GROCERIES

Hollow-Ware,
HARD-WARE

Queens-ware.

Cedar-ware.

Messrs. P. & G. ARNDT,

WOULD respectfully invite the public to call at their Old Stand, in Market-st., Manheim Borough, where they constantly keep on hand a large and elegant assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Queens-ware, Hardware, &c., &c. They have just returned from the City of Philadelphia and are now opening at their store, a new and splendid Stock of FALL & WINTER GOODS which were carefully selected under their immediate supervision, and will be disposed of at a small advance upon the original cost. They consist in part of, as follows:—

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

Such as Alpacas of different qualities and colors, Mohair and Lustré Ploids, Black and Figured SILKS, Gingham, Shawls, Ladies' CLOAKING, a choice stock of Calicoes, Ribbands, of various styles &c., &c.

DOMESTIC GOODS,

Broad Cloths
Of every color and quality; a fine stock of Plain and FANCY

CASSIMERES

Satinets, Vestings, Jeans, Velvet Cords, Beavers, teens, Checks, Tickings, Muslins, &c.,

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HARD-WARE,

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James Buchanan. In 1852 Buchanan, a Democrat, was one of his party's prominent candidates for the Presidency. In a letter to Philip Arndt (sent from Lancaster and dated 5 January 1852) he wrote concerning his candidacy:

My dear Sir

I am glad to learn from Mr. Schwab and Mr. Steinman that you are friendly to me. The moment I heard this I felt confident that all was safe in Manheim. Four weeks ago, I had no hope for your Borough. The object of my enemies is to mortify me by proclaiming to the world that I am unpopular at home and they are pressing me with reckless vengeance. In this moment of my life, when I most need friends, I shall never forget your friendship. It is indeed coming to my assistance at the hour of my greatest need.

I know you believe that the [?] Committee were right and the Fordney Committee wrong; but this question no longer exists. It is now a question altogether between General Cap and myself, or rather between my enemies and myself. I again thank you for having come to the rescue. Should you consent to become a Delegate, I shall no longer have any apprehension of Manheim Borough.

With my kindest regards for your excellent lady,

I remain very respectfully your friend,

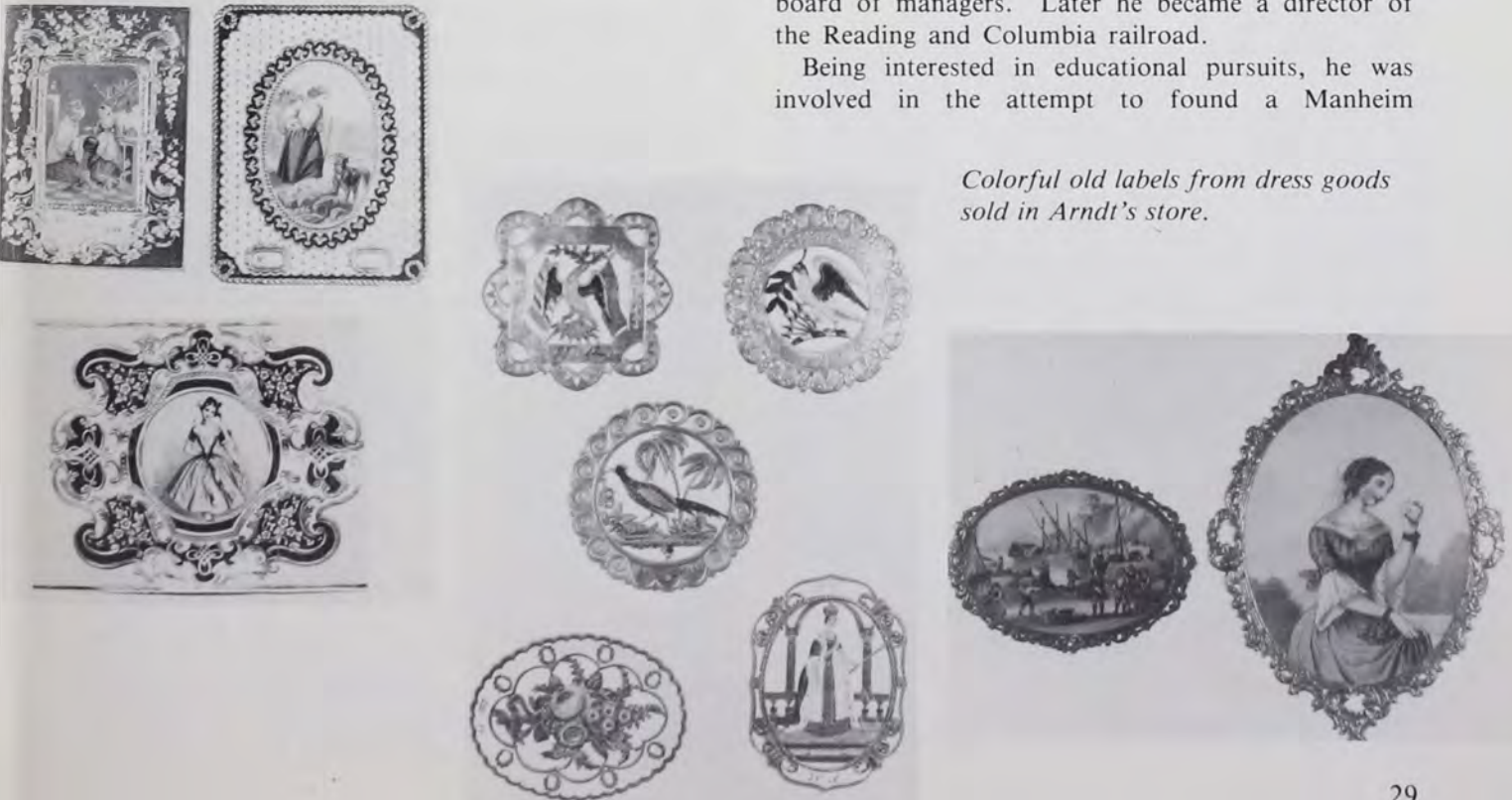
James Buchanan

Of course Buchanan's first try for the nation's highest office was unsuccessful; he was not elected President until 1856.

Another of Philip Arndt's civic concerns was with transportation. He had very likely been familiar with the old stagecoach lines, and in 1853 was a stockholder of the Manheim, Petersburg and Lancaster Turnpike or Plank Road Company, owning four shares of stock valued at twenty-five dollars a share; on November 17, 1853, he received a dividend of three dollars (three percent) as declared by the board of managers. Later he became a director of the Reading and Columbia railroad.

Being interested in educational pursuits, he was involved in the attempt to found a Manheim

Colorful old labels from dress goods sold in Arndt's store.



Academy (presumably what eventually became the Millersville Normal School). A Charter of Incorporation of The Manheim Academy was filed with the Lancaster County Court on March 30, 1854: "There is hereby to be erected and established in the Borough of Manheim, or in its immediate vicinity, in the state and county aforesaid, an Academy for the purpose of teaching the various branches of Science, Literature and the ancient and Modern Languages by the name, style and title of the Manheim Academy." Philip was one of six men appointed as trustees of the said corporation. The plan was to issue stock at \$25 a share, not to exceed \$10,000. As soon as a sufficient amount of stock was subscribed and twenty per cent paid into the trustees, they were "to erect or cause to be erected in a substantial and workmenlike manner, such building or buildings of brick, stone or other materials as they may think necessary and proper, to be located in the Borough of Manheim or in the immediate vicinity."

The first publicity was favorable as noted in this editorial in *The Manheim Whig Sentinel* on February 24, 1854: "It is with pleasure we observe that an effort is being made by a number of our most enterprising citizens for the establishment of an Academy in this Borough. It is a good idea and should have been done before. A public meeting concerning it will be held in the Central School House Saturday evening, March 4. All are invited." Furthermore, a letter to the paper on March 3 said: "We are far behind our age and need such a good school in our midst."

The public meeting on March 4 got off to a good start. Philip Arndt was one of a committee of three appointed to further work on the project and to secure Mr. John Beck of the Lititz school to talk at a meeting on March 11th. This meeting was held, but Mr. Beck was sick and unable to appear. But the business meeting was held and an extensive preamble and resolutions were drawn up; committees were appointed to obtain a charter for building an academy, to check a possible location and its cost, and to find ways to raise the funds for it. Philip Arndt was put on the charter writing committee and his descendants still have a part of the charter.

Another letter came in favor of the academy, stressing the pressing need of such a school for the area and its young people. A possible location was listed as "on the Hill" (the present Reservoir Hill or Kenridge). However fears were expressed that the project was slowing up and might be dropped as strong opposition was developing. One long letter received was very definitely against it, fearing it would spoil the young people and take them away

from their work and ruin them for the hard work they should do. A following letter took issue with the past one and was definitely for providing the young people with the best possible educational advantages, but feared the present plan was a subject of much talk but no action. It was also thought that, somewhere along the line, proper arrangements had not been made with the outside authorities responsible for locating the school in the county. Anyway, by August 18, 1854, the matter had been dropped. Manheim never got its academy.

In 1863 Philip served as chairman of the Committee on the Poor of the YMCA; he listed the contributors and what each gave to the fund—money, wood, potatoes, apple butter, etc. The total amount received from January 1862 to January 1863 was \$116.51 in cash, of which \$105.35 was distributed during that period. In March of that same year, he was nominated—at a meeting of Manheim Borough citizens (irrespective of party) held in the Central School House—for the office of auditor; he won the subsequent election.

Philip Arndt was also a very active churchman, being, for many years a member and elder of St. Paul's German Reformed Church in Manheim. A joint consistory of the congregation, which constituted the Manheim charge, was organized on April 12, 1850; Burgess David May was elected Primarius and Philip Arndt was elected Secundus; these positions gave them the authority to attend the meetings of Classis (the governing body). Philip was also on the building committee for the new church (dedicated December 28, 1852), and when, in October, 1865, Mr. Uhler resigned as superintendent of the Infant School, he was also elected to this position.

The building was renovated in 1877 and the church and Sunday school rooms were "thoroughly repaired and beautified." For the work of renovation members of the congregation had contributed liberally, but when the work was finished there remained a considerable debt. This was, however, kindly provided for through the liberality of Mr. Philip Arndt, "an old and faithful member."

In 1874, Philip took to the editor of *The Manheim Sentinel* a number of pieces of Stiegel glass that had come down to him from his father and father-in-law. These included a striped salt cellar, a striped glass powder horn, two wine glasses, and a blue glass ball—preserved in his family for nearly a hundred years; all relics of the once famous Stiegel Glassworks. Also in his possession was a piece of the original Atlantic cable laid in 1867; it had been presented to him by a gentleman in Philadelphia. He also had a cross-section of an oak log, part of the original corduroy road on North Prussian Street.



A decanter from Philip Arndt's hotel—the Eagle—and two Stiegel wine glasses handed down through the family.

As the foregoing makes clear, Philip Arndt was engaged in many activities, but possibly his most significant and important local role involved the first bank in Manheim—the Manheim National Bank. According to a contemporary newspaper account:

... a very respectable meeting of citizens of the Borough and vicinity was convened at the Borough Council Chamber, Thursday afternoon, November 19, 1864, for the purpose of taking the necessary steps toward organizing a National Bank in our midst. The meeting was called to order by appointing A. Bates Grubb, Esq., Chairman and P. Arndt, Esq., Secretary. After some discussion on the subject, papers were drawn up and 280 shares of stock at \$100.00 each amounting to \$28,000.00 was subscribed by those present and a committee was appointed to receive further subscriptions.

First attempts to get a charter from Washington failed because subscriptions totaled only \$50,000.00; twice that much was needed.

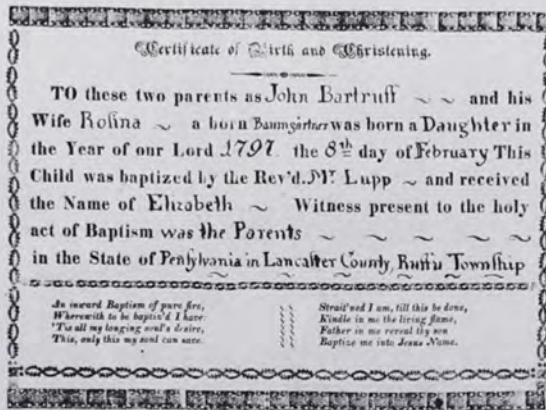
When the required amount was raised, Mr. Abraham Kauffman went to Washington, but was again turned down, this time because Manheim supposedly had enough banks in the area. But the local men did not give up; by February 3, 1865, the decision was reversed, plans for the bank were satisfactorily met, and the charter was granted. The Manheim National Bank first opened for business on March 1, 1865, with Philip Arndt on the Board of Directors. It was located in the east rooms of

Mrs. Uhler's house on the corner of Market Square and North Prussian Street, right where it is doing business today. Interest rates were then four to six per cent.

Philip Arndt married Elizabeth Bartruff, the only daughter of Colonel John Bartruff, in Harrisburg on the second of May, 1824. A year later they had their pictures painted by Jacob Maentel, a traveling portrait painter who did much of his work in the Lancaster County area. Maentel is best known for his distinctive, full-length watercolor paintings of Pennsylvania German country people. On the back of the Maentel pictures of Elizabeth and Philip are these words: "Taken in the year 1825." (Philip also signed the back of his picture.)

The Bartruffs were an old Manheim family that arrived here from Germany in 1750. Their ancestor, Andreas Bartruff, was a member of Baron Stiegel's Lutheran congregation. Stiegel gave this congregation land on which to build the first Lutheran church in the town; he charged them five shillings, and an annual rental of "One Red Rose." This rental is still paid to a Stiegel heir at Zion Lutheran Church on East High Street on each second Sunday in June. All of the Bartruffs except Elizabeth (who rests with Philip at the Manheim Fairview Cemetery) are buried in the adjoining burial ground.

Elizabeth—popularly known as "Pretty Betsy," "Lovely Betzey," or just plain Betsy Bartruff—was



The birth certificate of Elizabeth "Pretty Betsy" Bartruff Arndt (1797).

born on February 8, 1797. She was an active woman of many interests. She apparently wrote some music and poetry as found in her notebooks still existant. She was often seen riding around town on a coal-black horse. She had the first piano in Manheim and, when she played it, people would gather outside to listen and look in the window.

She was educated at Linden Hall (the second oldest girls' school in the United States, founded in 1746 by the Moravians) in nearby Lititz. At one time a painting of hers hung on the wall there; her granddaughter, Elizabeth Dunlap, saw it when she attended Linden Hall in the 1880s. Other family members had also been graduates, and long before the school was even established (likely in the 1700s), a man of the family had come to Lititz and joined the Moravian Community. He lived in the Single Brothers House and while there, met and fell in love with a girl from the Single Sisters House; they married and left the Community.

Still intact is Elizabeth's little drawing book, filled with rough watercolor sketches, mostly of flowers. She likely used these for various purposes, for some have been cut out of the book. On the back page is a verse:

O the moment was sad when my love and I parted
As I kissed of his tears I was near broken hearted
Warm was his cheek which had lain on my shoulder
Damp was his hand, no marble was colder
(I felt that I never again should behold him)

Below this were both their names—Philip and Elizabeth—in elaborate script writing and "Manheim the first day of August 1834."

Her little music and poetry book, much used, is gradually falling apart. On the front cover is her name and a date of February 17, A.D. 1819. Inside the first songs or poems are in German. The first music notes are to a song called "Lovely Betzey." The music was supposedly written by a John B. Hiester, and it is quite a nice tune. Following that are a number of poems, including "I Owe You One":

Harry came to me last week
But I bade the rogue be gone
With his lips he touched my cheek
For he said "I owe you one."
Acting then the lover's part
How the fellow's tongue ran on
Swearing he had lost his heart
And of course I owed him one.

The second song with music was "Last Week I took a Wife". Next is a special writing called "Washington," a long story on "A Wedding," a story of "The Jew Pedlar," and "The Old Maid's Prayer":

Come all you fair maidens, some older, some
younger,
You are all getting married but I must stay
longer
Some Sixteen, some Eighteen are happily married,

Alas how unequally such things are carried.
I have a sister Susan, she's crooked, ill shapen
Before she was Fifteen years old she was taken
Before she was Eighteen, a son and a daughter,
Here's the round six and thirty that ne're had
an offer.

I have a sister Sally far younger than I am
She had so many sweethearts she's forced to
deny them
I ne're will be guilty for to deny many
For the Lord above knows I'd be glad to have
any.

Chorus:

Gimme a Pensman, a Tinker, a Tailor,
A Fiddler, a Pedlar, a Ploughboy, a Sailor.
Come gentle, come simple, come foolish,
come witty
Oh, don't let me die a Maid, but take me for pity.

(Written by J. B. Hiester for the use of Old Maids)
February 17, A. D. 1819

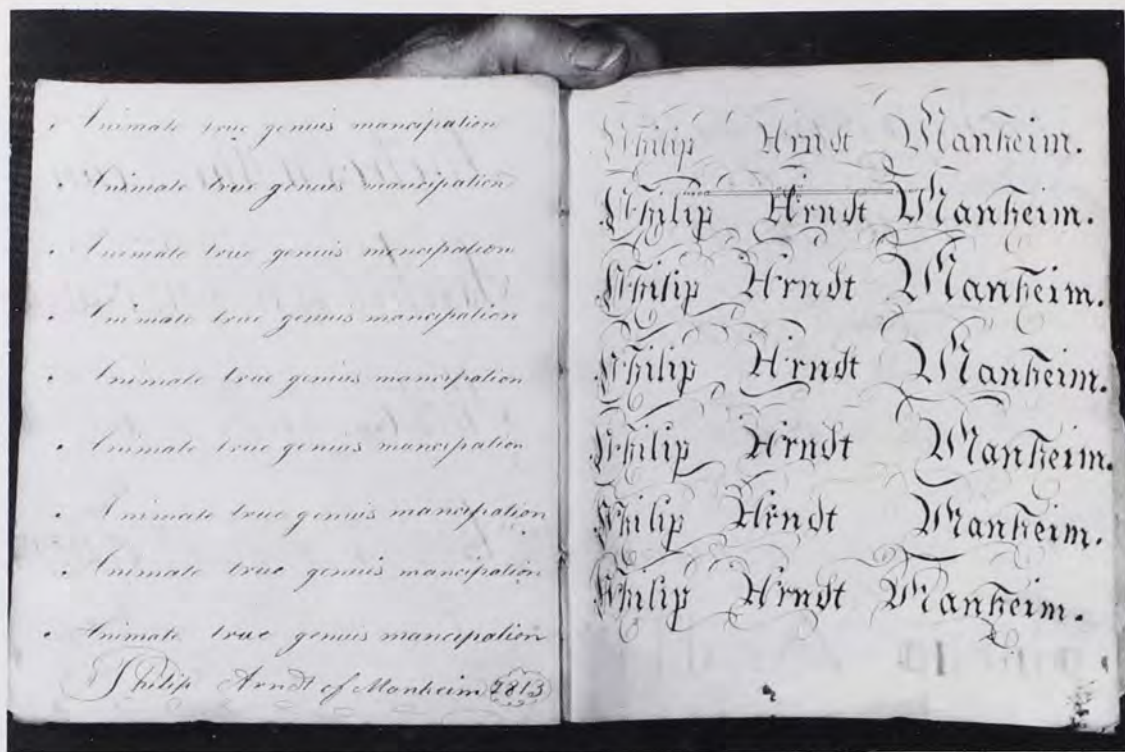
Philip and Elizabeth Arndt had three children:
Caroline, who became Mrs. Abraham Kline; Harriet
Amelia, who became the wife of Manheim's first den-
tist, Dr. James M. Dunlap; and Lavina L., who became
Mrs. Levi S. Hacker of Lititz. Philip was devoted to his
family; he was very fond of children and did fine work
in spoiling them. He especially favored one of his little

granddaughters, who thought the world of him. She
would come trooping along like a little Red Riding
Hood with a basket of cookies from her mother to take
to him; and, like as not, along the way she would skip
and run a bit too much and scatter some of the cookies
out on the ground. She might go home at a slower pace,
but on her way she could hardly wait to run into the lov-
ing arms of grandfather Philip. He would listen to her
tales, whatever they might be. If of trouble, he would
sympathize, sometimes even going to her parents to
plead her case. And when she left for home he would
give her something to take along. One time it was a
quaint little mug with German words on it that meant
"To think of me, In remembrance." Her mother
thought she should not have accepted these things, say-
ing "Grandpa is too good to you. He shouldn't favor
you so much." Later, as a grown woman, this grand-
daughter loved to pick up that little mug and remember
the happiness of those days and her beloved grand-
father.

In addition to his store and home property in
the Market Square area, Philip also owned land in
the southwestern section of Manheim. In a little
house on it there lived a relative, old Cyrus Arndt,
who was a drug addict, having been taught the use
of drugs by his mother. Philip's little granddaughter
often had the weird task of taking the drugs to old
Cyrus. As she came in the door, he would rush to
meet her and grab the little yellow envelope out of
her hands before she could give it to him. He had
the look of a demon on his face. Dr. Rosenberger



A page from Elizabeth's
song and music book,
showing music to a song
written especially for her.



Pages from Philip Arndt's copy books (ca. 1813).

had said "Cyrus is too old for the drugs to hurt him anymore than they have. He needs them. He must have them." These were experiences the little girl was never to forget—far different from the happy ones of taking a basket of cookies to her grandfather.

When she grew up, Philip entrusted his daughter Harriet with the large old Arndt family Bible. He had trained her to make the proper notations in it, keeping up the history of the family line as to births, deaths, marriages, and other happenings of special value. In that Bible there is this notation: "Betsy died February 21, 1874, Saturday morning at quarter before 4 o'clock. Burial, Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock." The funeral sermon was by J. V. Eckert, then pastor of St. Paul's Reformed Church. The text was the fifth verse of the thirty-first Psalm: "Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." Her age was seventy-seven years and thirteen days.

Shortly after six o'clock on Sunday evening, January 8, 1888, Philip Arndt died; he was one of the oldest residents of Manheim at the time. He was buried in the Manheim Fairview Cemetery the following Wednesday morning, and a large number of relatives and friends accompanied the remains to their last resting place, after which services were held in the Reformed Church. The Rev. Warren Jacob Johnson delivered an appropriate sermon from Revelation 3:12: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of God." Rev. J. Peter of the Lutheran Church followed with a few

suitable remarks and assisted at the service. The church was filled with an attentive audience. He was aged 87 years, 10 months and 7 days. It was said that "Mr. A. was a thorough, enterprising and useful citizen, and many of his works in developing our Borough will live after him."

How true this proved to be, as the Manheim National Bank and St. Paul's Reformed Church (now St. Paul's United Church of Christ) are still very active and important parts of Manheim area community life, as is the Manheim Fire Company also. Quite a few of the things he gathered through the years are still in the possession of his descendants of the present day.

The Manheim Sentinel of January 20, 1888, featured these fine tributes of respect to him: "At a meeting of the Consistory of St. Paul's Reformed Church on January 11, 1888, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: 'Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst Philip Arndt, an efficient member and faithful worker in our congregation for 60 years and who served as an elder for 40 years . . . 'Be it resolved that the congregation extend their sympathy to the afflicted children and relatives of the said deceased, praying that the hand of our Heavenly Father may sustain them in this their sad bereavement and that He may tenderly care for them in their journey through life . . . 'Be it further resolved that these sentiments shall be published in *The Manheim Sentinel* and in the *Reformed Messenger* and the *Christian World.*' "



A collection of old-time kitchen utensils.

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN COOKERY

by Elda F. Gehris

Pennsylvania German cookery—the culinary contribution of settlers who came to Pennsylvania from the Rhine Valley of Germany about 300 years ago—is recognized as a significant part of our American culture, past and present. When William Penn extended an invitation to these hard-working, industrious tillers of the soil to settle in his newly acquired province, it was gratefully accepted. They had excellent qualifications, having tilled the soil of the Palatinate for a thousand years. Much of that time they were in servitude to—or suffering deprivation at the hands of—ruling nobles and plundering invaders who coveted the fertile garden spot of central Europe created by these hard-working people.

When these oppressed Germans came to Pennsylvania in 1683, they were poorly equipped, since there were limitations on the amount of household goods they could take on board ship. For a family of six, they were allowed “one iron pot, one iron kettle, one large frying pan, one gridiron, two skillets, one spit, a platter, a few dishes and wooden spoons.”¹ With these meager cooking utensils and the inherent qualities of frugality and industry, German women created meals which have endeared them to the hearts of everyone who has since answered the call of “*koom essa*”:² come, eat.

The main feature of the Pennsylvania German homestead was the fireplace. It provided heat as



An iron kettle for use in the fireplace.

well as a place for cooking. With these functions in mind, it was built with great care and skill, using field stones which were readily available. It occupied the whole of one wall, and the size of the opening ranged in width from four to six feet, and in height, from three to four feet; the hearth extended several feet into the room. Before iron was easily obtainable, a green timber—from which cooking pots were suspended—extended across the width of the lower chimney. Frequently, this beam caught fire and eventually it was replaced with an iron crane which could be moved back and forth over the fire. A trammel and hooks were fastened to the crane. This arrangement made possible the raising and lowering of pots over the fire. A green timber shelf was built over the fireplace opening. This was called a mantle; it provided a place to store dishes, a candle, and small utensils. Weapons hung on the wall above it.

Since matches were not invented until 1820,³ it was necessary to start a fire on the hearth using flint and steel, or by the Indian method of rotating a stick back and forth with a piece of rawhide over fine kindling. (If there was a neighbor within a reasonable distance, embers could be borrowed.) Thus, of great importance to the colonial cook was the knowledge of how to bank a fire on the hearth so that the coals could be easily reignited. Of equal importance was the knowledge of which wood to use for short or long term cooking.⁴

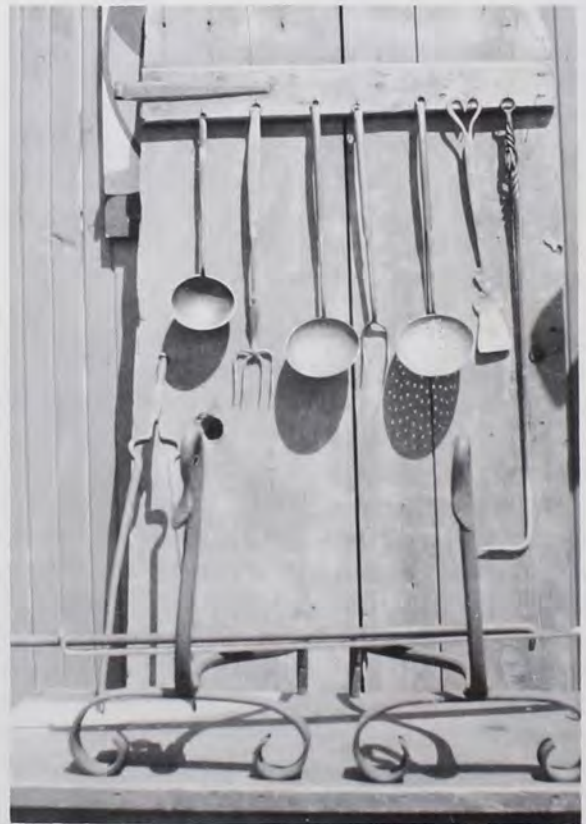
For reasons of convenience and frugality, one-pot meals were very popular. Stews were made of wild game (rabbit, squirrel, deer, pheasant) or domestic beef or mutton with potpie added as an extender; and there were numerous varieties of soup such as potato, vegetable, chicken, cabbage, bean, and rivvel. Rivvel (which means lump) soup, sometimes called "busy day" soup was always a very popular meal.⁵ It is made quickly and easily by blending two cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of salt, and

one beaten egg until the resultant mixture is crumbly. Small amounts of the crumbs are rubbed between the thumb and forefinger to make an elongated lump, and the lumps are dropped into boiling broth or milk (to which two cups of corn has been added) and simmered for ten minutes.

Another favorite meal for evening was cornmeal mush:⁶ two cups of meal moistened with cold water, then dropped into five cups of salted, boiling water, and stirred vigorously with a wooden spoon until thick. Delicious served with lumps of butter and brown sugar, cream, or milk. If cooled until stiff, it could be sliced, dipped in flour, browned in a skillet, and served for breakfast. Spread with molasses and accompanied by crisp bacon, it makes a hearty meal. Pennsylvanians call it mush, New Englanders call it "hasty pudding."⁷ From the article "Der Oldt Bauer," by Victor C. Diefenbach comes this poem describing mush:

The mush is bubbling in the pot,
I like it while it's boiling hot,
With milk that still has all the cream,
And then to bed and dream and dream.

But better yet is when it's fried,
I wonder how many times I've tried,
To slice it thin and fry it brown,
And leave the middle soft as down . . .⁸



Utensils used for the fireplace.



Mush-pot, steaming mush-bowl, milk pitcher, and molasses-pot.

Bread, the staff of life, was an important part of the Pennsylvania German diet. Baking bread was an accomplishment which required great skill and ranked high among the important duties of the housewife. Since there were no cookbooks until 1742, and since many people did not write, methods and recipes were passed from grandmother to mother and then to daughter. Flour was measured by the "fistful," butter was to be the size of "walnuts," and salt was added by the "pinch." Also, there were few clocks, and timing cooking and baking was difficult. Marks made on the kitchen floor helped determine the time of day, much like a sundial; but this, of course, required the cooperation of the sun.

The flour used in colonial days was in its natural state; nothing was removed. Oat, wheat, or rye flour—singly or in combination—was used for breadmaking. The most popular rye bread was called "Palatinate pumpernickel."⁹ It was the most nourishing, the best keeper and needed no yeast; however, it did require a longer baking time. Wheat

flour was reserved for holidays, and most of the wheat grain was sold as a cash crop.

Even very early German settlers used yeast which was made from flowers of the hop vine. Yeast was a precious commodity which required great skill and care to prepare; it was often given by one neighbor to another.¹⁰ In many households a starter yeast was kept. This was prepared by scraping the residue of dough from the dough board. These scrapings were carefully dried and stored in a cool place for future use. When yeast was not available, a substitute leavening was used. One such substitute used frequently was a preparation made from the ashes of burned corncobs soaked in warm water. When the ashes settled, the clear water contained baking soda. A similar brew was made from peach leaves. Some cooks used buttermilk for dough leavening.

The early settlers did their baking in an iron pot called a Dutch oven. Dough was placed in the pot which was hung over low embers, or placed on the hearth with embers under it. The lid was put on, and embers were placed on top of the lid. This method produced a loaf with a browned crust on top and bottom and a soft center. Some fireplaces had a small oven built into the wall with its own flue leading into the main chimney. The baking chamber was dome-shaped with a small opening which was sealed during baking with a stone; clay was used as fill around the stone. At a later date, when tin became more readily available a tin oven was introduced. This was an oblong appliance with one side open. When the dough was placed inside, the box was set close to the fire, the open side facing the embers.

When the size of the family increased and the farm prospered, a larger bake oven was constructed



Outdoor bakeoven, Berks County, Pa.



Frontispiece of Zwinger's *Herbal* (Basel: 1747). (Cassel-Brumbaugh-Swigart Collection, Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.)



Pussy Willow (Egyp-tische Weide) Zwinger, p. 207.

outside the main dwelling. With the exception of size, it was similar to the ovens built into the kitchen fireplace. It had its own chimney and draft. The door was made of heavy iron on hinges. Some of the larger ovens had an ash pit built inside so the ashes would not have to be scraped outside the oven. Tile or wooden shingle roofs were built over outside ovens.

In the wintertime, baking was done at the end of the week, on Friday or Saturday. During the summertime, bread and pies were baked twice a week because of spoilage. During planting and harvesting time, baking was also done twice a week, due to the greater demand to feed the helpers.

The ingredients for bread dough were mixed in a wooden box called a dough box or dough trough. It ranged in size from two to four feet in length, and from twelve to fourteen inches in width and depth; it had a tight-fitting lid. (Some dough troughs had legs.) When the dough was mixed the lid was put on and the box was set close to the fireplace, as a constant heat was required for the dough to rise overnight. In the morning the dough was kneaded, using the lid of the dough box for a kneading board. The dough was then divided into loaf sizes and placed in rye straw baskets to rise again, usually until double the original size.

While the dough was rising, the oven was being heated. A fire was kindled on the hearth of the bake oven, and hardwood fed onto it. After several hours the embers were raked out. The baker used several methods to check the temperature of the oven before the bread was put in: A feather might be put in the oven; if it curled, the oven was hot enough; or, flour was put on the peel; if it turned brown, the oven was ready; some bakers spit on the hearth as a way of checking the temperature. When it was done rising, the dough was carefully removed from the rye straw baskets, fresh leaves were put on the bottom of the loaves, and they were placed on the oven hearth; the long-handled peel was used for this purpose. The average baking time for an average-sized loaf was one hour.



Fennel (Fenchel), Zwinger, p. 860.



Apple (Apfel), Zwinger, p. 6.



Parsley (Peterslie), Zwinger, p. 848.

While the bread was baking, pies, cakes and cookies were being prepared to be put into the oven as soon as the bread was removed. There were always fruit-in-season pies such as rhubarb, huckleberry, peach, cherry, tomato, apple and pumpkin; and there might be custard, lemon and shoo-fly pies as well. Cookies were usually oatmeal or spice. Cornmeal bread was also popular.

The bounty of nature was a supplement to the settler's diet: fish, rabbits, deer, wild turkeys and ducks were plentiful; there were walnuts, chestnuts, and hickory nuts; wild berries such as strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, and huckleberries were found in abundance. Midsummer huckleberry picking was an adventure for the family.¹¹ Lunches were packed for the noonday meal. The pickers carried a five-quart tin bucket strapped on their backs; this was usually filled by evening. The berries were used fresh in pies and cakes, and any surplus was preserved or dried for future use.

Providing a welcome change after a long winter of salt meat, were wild spring greens such as mustard plant, tender pink stalks of pokeweed, and fresh young dandelion, all served with a hot bacon dressing.¹² Bacon was fried and kept warm while the dressing was prepared: three tablespoons of bacon drippings with three or four tablespoons of flour stirred in, and two cups water, one-quarter cup vinegar and one beaten egg added. It was cooked until thick, poured over fresh greens, and served immediately. This popular early American dish was extolled in a song sung by Robert H. Craig, Esquire, of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia:

I have lived long enough to be rarely mistaken,
And had my share of life's changeable scenes;
But my woes have been solaced by good greens and bacon,
My joys have been doubled by bacon and greens.

What a thrill of remembrance e'en now they awaken,
Of childhood's gay morning and youth's merry scenes:
When one day we had greens and a plateful of bacon,
And the next we had bacon and a plateful of greens . . .¹³



Horseradish (Meerrettich), Zwinger, p. 474.



Hops (Hopfen), Zwinger, p. 298.



Camomile (Camille), Zwinger, p. 604.



Chives (Körfel, Cheville), Zwinger, p. 695.

Every household had a fenced-in vegetable garden close to the house. The plot was carefully laid out with the usual symmetry and order, undeniable traits of these German folk. Perennial plants including rhubarb, asparagus, and horseradish were in a separate area. Bush varieties such as limas and string beans were separated by a path from the root crops which included beets, carrots, salsify, onions, and potatoes. Vine crops such as cucumbers, cantaloupes, squash, and sweet potatoes were grown close to the fence. A variety of herbs were grown for medicinal and culinary purposes. Among the medicinal were fennel, horehound, sorrel, peppermint, and camomile. Parsley, dill, thyme, sage, saffron, chives, and sweet marjoram were the mild herbs grown for cooking. The hop vine was grown outside the fence close to the gate, as were the herbs.

Some of the ashes from the bake ovens and fireplaces were spread on the soil before it was dug. Some were held in reserve to dust the plants in order to prevent insect damage. The manure from the farm animals was also spread on the garden before tilling. There were no commercial preparations used in the garden plot. One important consideration of gardening was saving some seed from each vegetable for the next season's planting. Another important consideration was the use of the almanac as a guide.



Sage (Salbey), Zwinger, p. 811.



Mustard (Senf), Zwinger, p. 483.



Pear (Birn), Zwinger, p. 12.



Marjoram (Marjoran), Zwinger, p. 826.



Lancaster County, Pa., dryhouse.

Preservation and storage of food for winter use was a continuous activity. It began early in the growing season, as soon as each fruit and vegetable reached the peak of perfection. One of the earliest methods of preservation was dehydration. This was accomplished by a number of methods. Food was put on wooden planks and placed in the sun in earlier days. The problem with this method was the sudden shower. An alternative was drying on trays in the attic. Larger vegetables and fruits were, at times, strung on thread and hung on hooks in the kitchen or attic. The quickest and most sanitary way was oven drying. As soon as the family baking was removed from the oven, the fruits or vegetables were loaded in. Depending on temperature, the food would dry in twenty-four to forty-eight hours. Some foods required a longer time.

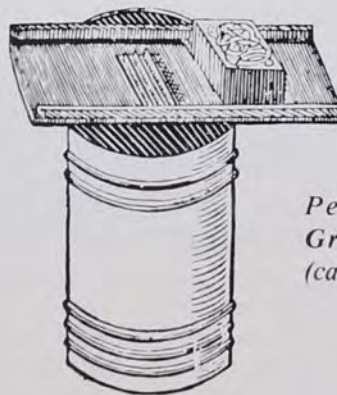
Numerous fruits and vegetables were dried. Green and yellow string beans, peas, peppers, mushrooms, pumpkins and, the most popular, sweet corn. Also, peaches, pears, apricots, cherries, elderberries, currants, and apples were dehydrated. The most versatile of all dried fruits was the apple. Dried apple slices were called *schnitz*, a very tantalizing delicacy used in a variety of desserts and main dishes, the most popular being *Schnitz un Knepp* (dried apples stewed with ham and dumplings).

All of the herbs were sun dried. The hop flowers were harvested in late August, sun dried and stored in jars or cans. Fragrant bouquets of herbs were hung from the kitchen rafters.

As time passed, the drying method was improved by the construction of a dry house or *daur haus*.¹⁴ This was a small outbuilding approximately eight feet square and eight feet high with a high-pitched roof, with allowance for ventilation around the eaves. The earlier models were of stone construction with a hearth to provide the heat necessary to process the food. Shelves were built on the side walls to support the trays. The shelves and trays had spaces between the wooden slats on the bottom to allow for the passage of warm air. During the drying process the trays were rotated from top to bottom, as the warmest air was at the top. In the mid-eighteen hundreds, when stoves were built and perfected, dry houses were built of wood. Potbelly stoves provided the heat.

Some vegetables were put into cold storage for use as needed. The cold cellar under the farmstead kitchen was ideal for root crops such as potatoes, beets, turnips, carrots, and onions; as well as for pumpkins, winter squash and apples. For long-term cold storage, a pit was dug in the yard close to the house. To prevent freezing, it was lined with straw and leaves. Barrels were placed in the pit and filled with potatoes, apples, turnips, beets, and carrots. Cabbage was stored in the barrel, head down, with the entire root system intact. After placing lids on the containers, boards were put on top of the pit, and the entire storage area covered with several feet of earth. An easy access to the pit was provided.

Some vegetables are preserved by pickling in various combinations of vinegar, salt and water. Cabbage cured in this manner is called sauerkraut. The cabbage is sliced into medium shreds and placed in layers—with salt sprinkled between—in an earthen crock. After each layer, the cabbage is pounded with a stout timber until juicy, then more layers are added, repeating the pounding until the crock is filled. It is then covered with a clean linen cloth. The contents of the crock are kept



Pennsylvania
Grout-Huvvel
(cabbage-plane).

submerged in the brine by placing a weight on top; the crock is stored in the cold cellar until fermentation is complete. The sauerkraut can then be sealed in jars or cans or used from the crock. In earlier days, children stomped the cabbage with their feet.¹⁵

Green tomatoes and peppers were pickled using vinegar, water, and salt in these amounts: Boil two quarts of water with one quart of vinegar; add three-quarters-of-a-cup of salt and boil five minutes; pour over vegetables which have been washed and placed in sterilized jars, seal, and store five weeks before using.

Eggs were preserved in sodium silicate, otherwise known as water glass, with moderate success. Boil ten quarts of fresh water, cool; add one pint of sodium silicate. Place fresh, unwashed, sound eggs (point down) in an earthen crock. Layer them until the crock is filled. Pour the water glass over the eggs and cover with a lid. Stored in this manner, eggs will keep for several months. To boil, first penetrate the shell with a needle; otherwise, these eggs can be used as fresh.

The preservation and storage of meat required more work than that of vegetables and fruits. Butchering began in late fall before the temperature dropped too far below freezing, since the salt and smoke cure cannot penetrate frozen meat and spoilage would take place. Hogs were butchered one or two at a time since this made enough work to keep all hands busy for several days. Neighbors were on hand to help and share. The front, hind-quarters, and sides were prepared for smoking; the loins and rib ends were used fresh as chops and roasts. The larger scraps were ground for sausage; the smaller scraps were ground, mixed with corn meal, spices, salt and pepper, then cooked, poured into pans, and cooled. Known to the Pennsylvania Dutch as *pan haas*,¹⁶ this mixture is better known as scrapple, one of the products that made Philadelphia famous. The intestinal casings were washed and stuffed with the sausage meat. The feet were scrubbed and boiled with savory spices and vinegar to make a delicious preparation known as souse.

Excess fat from the sides of the hog was cut into small pieces and rendered or fried in large iron kettles into an oily substance called lard. (The crispy brown pieces which remain after the lard is poured off are called cracklings; these were put into jars and immediately sealed for making the most delicious crumb topping for coffee cakes.) Boiling-hot lard was poured over fried sausage layered in earthen crocks; stored in this manner, the sausage remained fresh for several months. Lard was also sealed in jars and stored in a cool place; it made



Early stone smokehouse in Pennsylvania's Lebanon Valley.

an exceptionally good shortening for pie crusts and for general frying.

The preparation of beef was similar to that of pork with a few exceptions. Bologna was made from the scraps; there were two varieties: the smoked bologna was called Lebanon, and the cooked type was called beef bologna. The hindquarters were prepared for smoking and were known as dried beef. After being air-cooled for twenty-four to thirty-six hours the carcass was ready for the first step in the smoking process: the salt brine or dry salt cure (large pieces of meat were dry cured). For every one-hundred pounds of fresh meat, a brine was made by mixing ten pounds of salt, two pounds of brown sugar, and two ounces of salt petre with four gallons of fresh water. This was poured over the meat which had been carefully packed into earthen crocks or barrels, skin side down on the bottom layer and skin side up on the top layer. A weight was placed on top to keep the meat completely submerged in the brine. Every five days the brine was poured off, the meat rotated, and the brine poured back.

The ingredients for the dry salt cure were the same, but one pound less of salt was needed per hundred pounds of meat. The dry mixture was hand-rubbed and kneaded into the meat, which was then put on tilted planks to drain. The next day, more salt mixture was kneaded into the meat, with particular attention being paid to the joints and thick flesh; it was then packed in a wooden con-



Interior of a smokehouse; meat tree revolves for easy access to meats.

tainer. Every ten days, the process was repeated; both methods required six to eight weeks to complete. The brown sugar kept the meat from hardening and imparted a sweet flavor, the salt petre helped it retain its pink color, and the salt, of course, preserved it.

After the cure was complete, the meat was ready for the smoking process, which was the same for beef and pork. Early settlers smoked meat in the chimney of the kitchen fireplace;¹⁷ later settlers used a smokehouse. This small building might be square, round, octangular, or rectangular in shape; it usually had from thirty-six to forty-eight square feet of floor space, and it was always ten to twelve feet high. Construction materials varied according to availability: some were all stone with wooden roofs, some were combinations of wood and stone. Those with stone sides were safest, since there was always the possibility of the pit fire spreading and destroying the building.

The pit was centered in the floor of the smokehouse, and a fire was kindled in it by using corn-

cobs for a starter—they had no odor that would flavor the meat. Hickory chips were added, then knotty green stumps were put on. When the fire was fairly hot, hickory or fruit-wood sawdust was added to make it smoulder. (There were varied opinions on which wood gave the meat the best flavor, but pine was never used; it gave the meat a disagreeable flavor, as did locust wood.¹⁸) The fire had to be carefully tended: if it was too hot the fat would melt and the meat would partially cook; if it was not hot enough the meat would freeze. In either case, smoke could not penetrate the surface and spoilage would result.

A series of poles were placed at different levels from one side of the smokehouse to the other. Meat was hung on hooks on these poles—six to eight feet above the fire—where the smoke could best be utilized. It rose and passed up over the meat and out of the building through openings around the eaves of the roof, or between the shingles. The smoking process continued from twenty-four hours to a week, the smaller pieces requiring the lesser amount of time. The quarters of beef and the hams required the longest amount of time and were hung the highest to get the benefit of the denser smoke. When finished, the meat was cured in a cool spot for thirty to sixty days; a cold cellar or springhouse was the most



Victorian icehouse in Lebanon County, Pa.

ideal spot. Then it was covered with thin muslin to protect it from insects and to help it retain its flavor, and hung in the attic or kitchen for future use.

The icehouse for food storage was introduced to the colonies in the late eighteenth century.¹⁹ George Washington constructed an icehouse at Mount Vernon after the Revolutionary War, but only the wealthy had such luxury then. In the early nineteenth century, however, ice was being harvested and stored in fifteen-foot deep pits lined with logs. A twelve-inch layer of non-conductive material such as straw, chaff or leaves was held in place with boards. An allowance for water from the melting ice was provided in the bottom of the pit. Large pieces of ice were stored in layers and covered with sawdust. The pit was then covered with boards and thick layers of cornstalks and straw. Gradually, as the Pennsylvania farmer realized the improved quality of meats, vegetables and dairy products which were stored using ice, wooden icehouses began appearing along streams, and ice harvesting became a regular winter chore. If properly stored, the ice would last from one winter season until the next freeze.

Besides being used for preserving food, ice was used to cool summer drinks and to make that most popular of summer desserts, ice cream. To make ice cream, mix three-and-one-quarter cups of sweet cream with one cup of milk; add one-and-one-quarter cups of sugar, and one tablespoon of vanilla. Churn in an ice cream freezer until freezing begins, then add nuts or fruit-in-season: strawberries, cherries, peaches, or blueberries. Continue churning until freezing prevents further turning of the handle.²⁰ Philadelphia was famous for its delicious ice cream.

The springhouse was located farthest from the other outbuildings of the farmstead.²¹ This small building, constructed of field stones, was located over that source of fresh, cold water that bubbled out of the ground, called a spring. This cold water was channeled, via a fieldstone trough, through the building. Springhouses were the storage area for dairy products. Milk, butter, and cream were put into earthen crocks and set into the cold

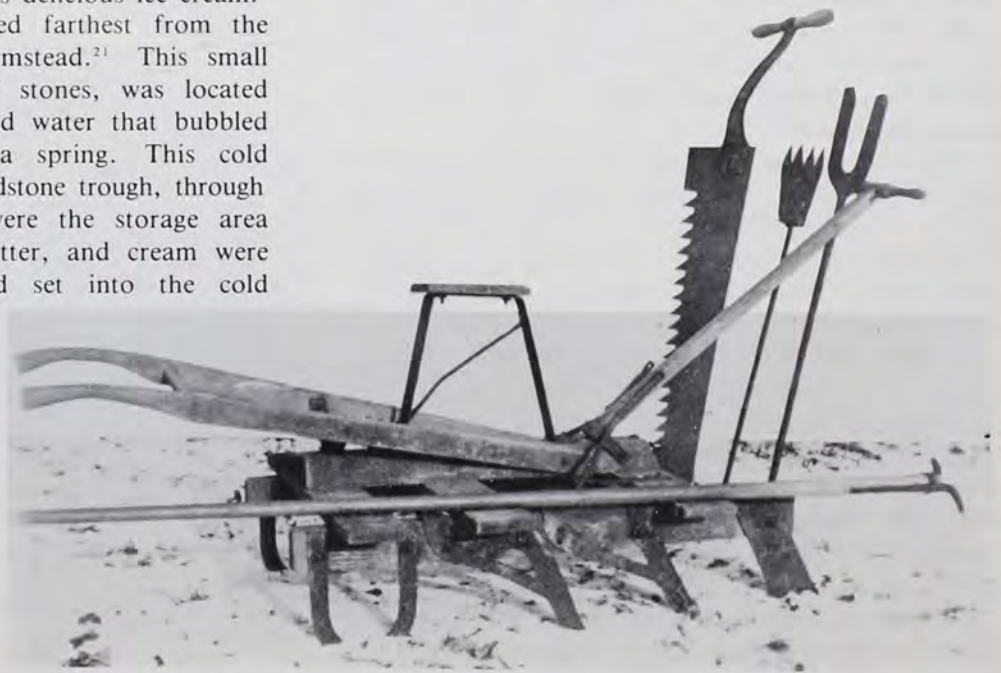
stream. Cheese and smoked meats were hung from the beams. A stone table provided an area for keeping summer vegetables cool and fresh.

Grain storage from harvest to harvest was an integral part of maintaining food supplies. Recent evidence substantiates the fact that early pioneers stored grain in the attic of the family dwelling. The Pennsylvania German brought this custom from Europe. This method of storage kept the grain dry for milling (taking grain to the mill was an excuse for a social gathering and it was taken one bag at a time), and insured a good seed supply for the next planting. The average amount of grain stored for each family member was two hundred and twenty pounds per person. Two homes still standing which had grain storage facilities in the attic in the early eighteenth century are located in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. They are Graeme Park in Horsham Township and Hope Lodge in Whitemarsh.

Also included in the activities of Pennsylvania settlers was the distillation of spirits. The most popular product was rye whiskey. From the early 1700s until about 1850, whiskey was consumed in great amounts in German homes. It was served at each family gathering: weddings, baptisms, funerals and harvest dances. When the grain crop was bountiful, more whiskey was made than was needed for family use. The excess was sold to local taverns where it was served with meals. These taverns received compliments from the traveling members of the Continental Congress.

The medicinal value of whiskey was recognized in every home: several drafts were swallowed for snake bite; for a cold, it was two ounces of whiskey mixed with four grains of quinine taken before

Ice cutting machine with two handles: one used when walking after the plow, the other used when seated.



bedtime;²² for a sore throat, a mixture of whiskey and glycerine was used;²³ the remedy for upset stomach was a swig of whiskey that had had snake-root marinated in it for a few days;²⁴ burns were treated with lily petals that had been marinated in whiskey;²⁵ a little drink of whiskey at bedtime would induce sleep;²⁶ and stomach cramps were eased with the aid of a tablespoon of rye whiskey in which wild cherries had been marinated for several months. This marinade was also given for the treatment of whooping cough. Moreover, it was common practice for the farmer to take whiskey into the fields for refreshment.

There were also birch, sassafras and wintergreen distilleries in the countryside of Pennsylvania. These oils were used for medicinal purposes as well as for making delicious teas and flavorings for candy and cooking. Birch oil was also used to make non-alcoholic birch beer, for which the Pennsylvania Dutch are famous.

When the settlers came to Pennsylvania in 1683 from the Rhine Valley of Germany—a land of vineyards—they brought with them the knowledge of wine making; but until they were able to establish farms with orchards and vineyards, the only available fruits were wild. However, talent prevailed and they were able to make delicious wines from elderberries, wild strawberries, fox grapes, cherries, blackberries, white clover, dogwood blossoms, and dandelion flowers. They also made apple cider which became a substitute for dry white Rhine wine.²⁷ Apple jack and apple brandy were made from the fermented cider. A more potent apple jack was made by adding dried fruits and additional sugar during the fermentation process. This was then poured into shallow containers and left to freeze. When the ice was removed the unfrozen remaining liquid was “special” apple jack. The use of spirits was prevalent until the beginning of the Women’s Christian Temperance Union. Then, non-use of alcoholic beverages in the White House led to others consuming them in a more discreet manner.

Among the mild drinks preferred were grape juice and fruit punches made from raspberries, cherries, strawberries, and peaches. Popular among the refreshments for the farmer’s mid-morning respite were light wines and a vinegar punch called *essich schling*.²⁸ Harvesters preferred this preparation because it helped replace excessive perspiration. The ingredients were always available: one serving consists of one-quarter cup of vinegar, three-quarters of a cup of cold water, one-quarter teaspoon of baking soda (optional), a dash of nutmeg, and sugar to taste. There were also herb teas, ginger water, and a combination vinegar-ginger drink.

Beginning the day with a hearty breakfast of meat and potatoes is a way of life for the Pennsylvania Dutch. The meat could be scrapple, bacon, ham, sausage, or fried Lebanon bologna. Potatoes might be raw fried potato cakes or potatoes from a previous meal, fried and served with a cream gravy. Eggs may be mixed with fried potatoes or served separately. Breakfast desserts include shoo-fly pie or cake, various fruit pies and, on many tables in certain regions, a raised yeast coffee cake. And there is always a dish of *Schmeirkase un Lattwerich* (cottage cheese and apple butter) to spread on homemade bread.

The noon meal is the heaviest meal of the day. There are meats in abundance: roast or fried chicken, pork roast or chops, ham, and creamed beef are served. Sweet potatoes, white potatoes, several fresh garden vegetables in season, or reconstituted dried vegetables from storage are on the table. In addition to these are bread and apple butter, plus a sweet-sour relish, pickled beets or spiced, sweet stewed pears or peaches. A dish of homemade noodles and butter are always included in the meal. Apple pies—or other fruit pies in season—along with an applesauce cake are among the desserts. Egg custards are high in popularity.

The evening meal is light by comparison. Soups and stews are favored. Apple dumplings and milk suffice at times. Hot mush and milk was evening fare for many families; the leftover mush was cooled and fried for breakfast.

During spring plowing and planting, and again at harvest time, the Pennsylvania Dutch have five-meal days. Refreshing drinks and sweet cakes and cookies are served to the workers between breakfast and lunch, and again between lunch and supper. The children take the treats to the men in the fields. The drinks served are various: light wine or lemonade, sweet teas, or a punch consisting of vinegar, molasses, ground ginger and cold water.

The festive foods of the Pennsylvania Dutch are traditional. On New Year’s Day there is always roast pork with sauerkraut. The kraut is flavored with brown sugar, apples, onions, and dry white wine. Pork is served in the belief one will make progress, since the pig roots forward.

The day before Lent is *die Fasnacht* (Shrove Tuesday), a religious holiday. The use of yeast is forbidden on this day, so baking soda is used as leavening for a special treat made only once a year: fasnachts (raised doughnuts). On Good Friday no breakfast was eaten; everyone attended church services, then went fishing to catch the main dish to be served that day. Easter is also a feast day and ham—served with fried or hard-boiled eggs—the traditional meat. Onion skins might be boiled with



A collection of Christmas cookie molds.

the eggs to color the shells.

Butchering time in the late fall or early winter was also regarded as a celebration. Neighbors offered assistance to each other and shared in the bounty. In earlier times in Germany and then in the Pennsylvania counties of Berks, York, and Lebanon, wherever Germans lived, there was a custom of sharing the "metzel soup."²⁹ This was the broth in which the meat pudding was cooked. Rye bread (in pieces) and spirits were added and everyone partook of this broth; misbehavior was sometimes the result. In time the custom changed and small amounts of sausages, spareribs and pudding were sent to neighboring families, but it was still called metzel soup. If this custom was not observed, the preacher paid the stingy farmer a visit.

Thanksgiving, the fall harvest celebration, ranks high with German farmers. This is the day to sample some of the food the womenfolk have stored. The turnips are mellow by this time and are cooked, mashed, and served with crisp bits of bacon and butter. The goose or turkey is stuffed with potato filling: freshly cooked mashed potatoes,

sautéed onions, toasted bread cubes, milk, eggs, salt and pepper. Extra filling is standing by in the oven. Fresh pumpkin pies, mince pies flavored with home-made brandy, apple schnitz pies, and custard sauce add to the fare.

Between Thanksgiving and Christmas the womenfolk are busy making fruitcake and cookies to be served during the Christmas holidays. The fruits that have been dried during the summer are marinated in brandy and added to a rich batter of eggs, butter, sugar, spices, white flour, and wild hickory nuts. Cookies made three or four weeks before Christmas were just right for "dunking" in tea or coffee during the holidays. They were made in a variety of shapes and sizes. Some were molded with home-carved wooden molds, and some were cut out with homemade tin cookie cutters, or just cut out using a water glass or cup. Cookies in the shape of animals represent the stable mates in attendance at the birth of Christ in Bethlehem. The camels of the wise men and the guiding star are included in the cookie symbols of Christmas as is the bell, of course, for tidings of great joy.

The German anise-flavored Springerle cookie which is embossed with animal representations derives from the *pagen Julfest*, during which the Germanic tribes made sacrificial offerings of their animals.³⁰ Springerle, which means "vaulting horse," also commemorates Wotan, king of Nordic Gods, and his sacred horse. As Christianity spread, the man riding a horse (*Reitermann*) became a popular Christmas cookie mold. Other favorites were gingerbread men, spicy molasses cookies, sand tarts, and a very spicy cookie, "German pfeffernusse," which would keep for many weeks. "Apees" were a special treat anytime for breakfast; some were rolled out thin, others were as large and thick as bread.

Christmas dinner is comparable to Thanksgiving. A plump goose is served, roasted and stuffed with chestnut filling. Some of the cabbage is brought from the underground storage barrel and served fresh with a hot bacon dressing. There are steamed puddings served with custard. Extra sweets were special on this day. One, called "belly guts," was fun to make. This is a molasses candy cooked to a soft ball stage, cooled in a buttered pan, then pulled. Each child takes a piece in his or her buttered hands and stretches it out again and again until it becomes firm and very light in color. Then it is cut into bite-size pieces and consumed on the spot. The name "belly guts"³¹ was given because it resembles the guts in the belly of butchered animals. A taffy pull was a delight to children as well as to grown-ups. To make old-fashioned molasses taffy, combine one cup of brown sugar, two cups of New Orleans Molasses, two tablespoons of butter, one tablespoon of vinegar, and one-third cup of water. Boil until a small amount dropped into cold water forms a brittle thread. Pour into a buttered pan. When cool enough to handle, pull.³²

Funerals were not festive events; nonetheless, an abundance of food was served. This was usually a covered dish meal, where neighbors brought favorite dishes to the bereaved family. German potato salad was a usual favorite. The potatoes were boiled, sliced, and served with a dressing of vinegar, sugar, salt, pepper and a fair amount of crispy fried bacon. Baked beans—seasoned with molasses, homemade catsup and again the old stand-by, home cured bacon—was another common dish. Rice pudding and corn pudding in redware servers were welcome additions to the table, along with apple cake, apple pie (generally made with *Schnitz*), and cider. A special dessert was funeral (raisin) pie.

As the sights and sounds of open hearth cooking gave way to the black iron cook stove in the mid-nineteenth century, the lot of Pennsylvania Ger-

man women improved. They were able to serve more of a variety of foods at each meal; one-pot soups and stews are still popular, but they are not always the only dish on the table as in years past. And, although they have lived in semi-isolation for about three hundred years—keeping to themselves and clinging tenaciously to their age-old farming customs—adaptations of elements from ethnic cultures of neighboring areas have made their contribution to Pennsylvania German cookery. Today, at its best, that cookery remains an art as distinctive and creative as Pennsylvania German folk painting, woodcarving, pottery-making, or calligraphy.

GRANDMOTHER'S FRUITCAKE

Measure out two cups of dried currants, two cups of dried peaches, and one cup of candied citrus peels. Plump the dried fruits in one pint of brandy overnight; drain and reserve the liquid. Cream two cups of brown sugar, two cups of white sugar, and one pound of butter until light and fluffy; add seven eggs, one at a time, beating batter after each addition; add one teaspoon of vanilla. Sift together four-and-one-half cups of flour, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one teaspoon of nutmeg, one-half teaspoon of mace, one teaspoon of salt, and two teaspoons of baking powder. Measure the brandy drained from the fruit, add brandy to make one cup. Alternately add the flour mixture to the batter with the brandy; mix lightly, but thoroughly. Add the drained fruit, then four cups of shelled hickory nuts which have been mixed with one-half cup of white flour. Pour into four bread pans that have been lined with oiled brown paper, or wax paper. Put into a pre-heated 300° oven and bake two-and-one-half hours. Cool. Marinate lightly with brandy. Wrap in brandy-soaked muslin, store in tight containers for three to four weeks.

PFEFFERNUSSE

Beat two eggs, one-half cup of white sugar, and one-half cup of dark sugar until light; add sifted ingredients as follows: two cups of white flour, one-half teaspoon of baking powder, one-quarter teaspoon of black pepper, one-quarter teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of cinnamon. Add one-quarter teaspoon of each: nutmeg, allspice, powdered clove, and mace. Mix well; add the grated rind of one lemon and one-quarter cup of finely ground almonds. Knead on floured board five minutes. Shape into long rolls one inch in diameter. Cut into one-half inch thick slices and place on buttered cookie sheets, one inch apart. Let dry, uncovered, over-night, at

room temperature. Pre-heat oven to 300°F and sprinkle each cookie with brandy or rum; bake twenty minutes. Store two weeks before using.

SPRINGERLE

Sift together four cups of white flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, and one-half teaspoon of salt. In a large bowl beat four whole eggs until light and fluffy. Add two cups of granulated sugar, one tablespoon at a time; continue beating after each addition until light and fluffy—at least twenty minutes. Slowly add flour mixture and one tablespoon grated lemon peel. When thoroughly mixed, cool two hours.

Lightly grease two cookie sheets. Sprinkle one tablespoon of anise seeds onto each sheet.

Remove the dough from the refrigerator; divide into two parts. Roll each part out on a board sprinkled with powdered sugar. Dough should be one-fourth inch thick. Sprinkle rolling Springerle mold with powdered sugar and roll over dough, leaving imprint of designs on dough. Using a sharp knife, cut between each cookie and place on cookie sheet. Set aside, uncovered, overnight. Then bake at 325°F fifteen minutes, or until light and golden. Store three weeks in tight containers before using.

FASNACHTS

Combine three-quarters-of-a-cup of sour cream and the same amount of sour milk with one-quarter-of-a-cup of sugar, one-and-one-half teaspoons of baking soda, one egg, and enough flour to make dough stiff enough to roll one-quarter inch thick. Cut into two inch squares and fry in deep fat. When cool, split and fill the middle with quince jam.³³

FUNERAL PIE

Cook two cups of raisins in one-and-one-half cups of hot water for five minutes; add one-half cup of sugar, two tablespoons of cornstarch, the grated rind of one lemon, and two tablespoons of lemon juice. Bake between two crusts for thirty minutes.³⁴

APEE CAKES

Cream together one cup of granulated sugar and one-half cup of butter; add three beaten eggs, one-quarter cup of cream, one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Add two to two-and-one-half cups of flour sifted with one-half teaspoon of baking soda and one-quarter teaspoon of salt. Mix thoroughly and chill until firm. Roll thin on a floured board and cut out into three-inch rounds or pat into four-inch

rounds. Mark each with the initials A.P. Thin cakes require ten minutes baking at 350°F; thick cakes, fifteen to twenty minutes.³⁵

ENDNOTES

¹Jean diMeglio, *Irons in the Fire*, (Doylestown, PA, 1973), p. 1.

²Pat Strauss, "Recollections," *The Morning Call*, (October 6, 1983), Section D, p. 1.

³Frances Vannoy, *What's Cooking in the Eighteenth Century Kitchen?* (Doylestown, PA, 1976), p. 22.

⁴*Ibid.*

⁵Edna Eby Heller, "Rivvel Soup," *The Pennsylvania Dutchman*, I (May 19, 1949), p. 4.

⁶Don Yoder, "The Pennsylvanians Called It Mush," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, XIII (Winter 1963), p. 27.

⁷*Ibid.*, p. 29.

⁸*Ibid.*, p. 49.

⁹Amos Long, Jr., "Bake Ovens in the Pennsylvania Folk-Culture," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, XIV (December 1964), p. 21.

¹⁰Vannoy, *loc. cit.*

¹¹Fay McAfee Winey, "Huckleberry Picking on Shade Mountain," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, XVII (Summer 1968), p. 48.

¹²Edna Eby Heller, *The Dutch Cookbook, Vol. II*, p. 24.

¹³Don Yoder, "Ethnic Cuisine," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, XX (Spring 1971), p. 21.

¹⁴Amos Long, Jr., "Dryhouses in Pennsylvania Folk-Culture," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, XIII (Winter 1962), p. 16.

¹⁵A. Monroe Aurand, Jr., *Cooking with the Pennsylvania Dutch*, (Harrisburg, PA, 1946), *passim*.

¹⁶Don Yoder, "Historical Sources for American Traditional Cookery: Examples from the Pennsylvania German Culture," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, XX (Spring 1971), p. 29.

¹⁷Edna Eby Heller, in "Butchering—Then and Now," *The Pennsylvania Dutchman*, V (February, 1954), p. 4, says that meat which was not smoked or eaten fresh was browned in a skillet, packed in jars, covered with water, salt, pepper and mild spices, sealed and processed three hours in a boiling water bath. Meat canned in this manner and buried in the ground would keep for a year or more.

¹⁸Amos Long, Jr., "Smokehouses in the Lebanon Valley," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, XIII (Winter 1963), p. 29.

¹⁹When Thomas Jefferson returned to America from Paris, he spoke of the delicate frozen dessert called ice cream served by the French. See Paul Rivard, *Ice Houses and Refrigeration, 1780-1860* (Cooperstown, NY, 1967), pp. 31, 32.

²⁰Heller, *Dutch Cookbook*, p. 26.

²¹Some farmsteads had springs flowing through the cold cellar. Two of these houses were the Morgan house in Lansdale, Pa., and the Wildman farm in Worcester Township, Pa.

²²Richard H. Shaner, "Distillation and Distilleries Among the Dutch," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, XIII (Winter 1962), pp. 39-42.

²³*Ibid.*

²⁴*Ibid.*

²⁵*Ibid.*

²⁶*Ibid.*

²⁷Apple cider was colored with elderberry juice. This served as an aid to correct the "Windiness" and gave it the appearance of "Clarett." See Gielielma Penn's *Penn Family Recipes*, (York, Pa., 1966), p. 6.

²⁸Heller, *Dutch Cookbook*, *op. cit.*, p. 39.

²⁹Alfred L. Schoemaker, "Metzel Soup," *The Pennsylvania Dutchman*, III (November 15, 1951), p. 3.

³⁰Alfred L. Schoemaker, "Matzabaum, Moshey, and Belly Guts," *Christmas in Pennsylvania*, (Kutztown, PA, 1959), p. 37.

³¹*Ibid.*, p. 179.

³²*Ibid.*, p. 230.

³³Raymond E. Hollenbach, "Fasnacht Kuche," *The Pennsylvania Dutchman*, V (February, 1954), p. 3.

³⁴Heller, *Dutch Cookbook*, p. 32.

³⁵Ann Hark and Preston Barba, *Pennsylvania German Cookery*, (Allentown, PA, 1950), p. 177.

Oldes un Neies



NEW AWARD PROGRAM

Among the several items of possible interest to our readers, the most refreshing is the recent announcement by the Hanry Francis du Pont Winterthur Museum of a new fellowship award. It is The Benno M. Forman Memorial fellowship, an annual award of \$1000.00 to support research at Winterthur. The first announcement stated that it is "designed to promote research at the Winterthur Museum in American material culture, particularly the history, theory, or criticism of decorative arts, household furnishings, or domestic environments." It is open to scholars in any occupation who possess a record of significant professional or scholarly accomplishment. It does require at least one month of residence at Winterthur.

Although 1985 award competition closed 1 July 1985, persons who are qualified and interested, should write or call: Office of Advanced Studies, Winterthur Museum, Winterthur, DE 19735. (302) 656-8591 extension 249.

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION

Dr. William T. Parsons, Archivist, is gathering information about emigrants from Kusel in the Westrich of the Pfalz, the favorite locale of *Volkskunstgeschichte* in the repertoire of Hans Keller, *Regierungs-Praesident*. If you have any relatives who came from Kusel, as did Parsons' Beers antecedents, or you know of any immigrant into Pennsylvania or other parts of the United States, will you please send such pertinent information to Parsons, so that he can incorporate those materials and emigrants into his intended publication, at the Archives, P.O. Box 712, Collegeville, PA 19426.

CORRECTION

Carl W. Zeigler, Sr., of Elizabethtown, Pa., an ordained minister in the Dunkard Church for fifty-four years, writes concerning Henry J. Kauffman's statement (in "Aunt Lydia" Vol. 34, No. 3) about the selection of Dunkard ministers: "What he [Mr. Kauffman] describes is *not* and *never was* the Dunkard method . . . The Dunkards appear before a committee

and suggest their choice, but names have never been placed in a Bible . . . Ours is *not by lot!*" Mr. Zeigler goes on to point out that author Kauffman has confused the Mennonite and Dunkard traditions. We thank him for bringing this to our attention, and are glad to set the record straight.

CALL FOR PAPERS— THE SWEDES IN PENNSYLVANIA

Monroe H. Fabian, curator of the Department of Painting and Sculpture in the National Portrait Gallery of the Smithsonian Institute, and editorial advisor of *Pennsylvania Folklife*, reminds us that 1988 will be the 350th anniversary of Swedish colonization in the Delaware Valley. He suggests we devote one issue that year to "things Swedish in Pennsylvania—both historic and contemporary." We consider that an excellent idea and ask for pertinent articles to be submitted to our editorial committee by 30 December, 1987. Any questions or suggestions can be directed, in writing, to managing editor Nancy K. Gaugler, P.O. Box 92, Collegeville, Pa., 19426.

CALL FOR PAPERS—THE 48ers

The Max Cade Institute of German-American Studies at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, is sponsoring an interdisciplinary symposium on the contribution of German-speaking immigrants to the USA, whose coming was directly related to their involvement in some of the events connected with the Revolution of 1848-49. The Symposium will be held 9 to 11 October, 1986, at the University of Wisconsin at 650 North Lake Street, Madison, WI.

They solicit papers which deal with the contributions of such immigrants to the social, political and cultural life of the USA. Papers shall be no longer than what can be presented in a period of fifty minutes. Papers will be published in book form.

Send an abstract of your proposed paper by 10 December, 1985, to: The Max Cade Institute, University of Wisconsin, 901 University Bay Drive, Madison, WI 53706.

37th Annual

Pennsylvania Dutch
KUTZTOWN

BETWEEN ALLENTOWN & READING, PA.

**FOLK
FESTIVAL**

June 28-29-30-July 1-
2-3-4-5-6, 1986

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

The Festival and its Sponsorship

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

FOR THE FOLK FESTIVAL BROCHURE WRITE TO:

Pennsylvania Folklife Society
College Blvd. & Vine, Kutztown, Pa. 19530

