



Summer 1971

Pennsylvania Folklife Vol. 20, No. 4

Earl F. Robacker

Ada Robacker


Christian B. Newswanger

Wayne E. Homan

Robert I. Schneider

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/pafolklifemag>

 Part of the [American Art and Architecture Commons](#), [American Material Culture Commons](#), [Christian Denominations and Sects Commons](#), [Cultural History Commons](#), [Ethnic Studies Commons](#), [Fiber, Textile, and Weaving Arts Commons](#), [Folklore Commons](#), [Genealogy Commons](#), [German Language and Literature Commons](#), [Historic Preservation and Conservation Commons](#), [History of Religion Commons](#), [Linguistics Commons](#), and the [Social and Cultural Anthropology Commons](#)

Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Robacker, Earl F.; Robacker, Ada; Newswanger, Christian B.; Homan, Wayne E.; Schneider, Robert I.; Stinsmen, John E.; Best, Martha S.; Whitman, Cecelia; Heller, Edna Eby; Thompson, David W.; and Gifford, Edward S. Jr., "Pennsylvania Folklife Vol. 20, No. 4" (1971). *Pennsylvania Folklife Magazine*. 45.

<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/pafolklifemag/45>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Pennsylvania Folklife Society Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pennsylvania Folklife Magazine by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact aprock@ursinus.edu.

Authors

Earl F. Robacker, Ada Robacker, Christian B. Newswanger, Wayne E. Homan, Robert I. Schneider, John E. Stinsmen, Martha S. Best, Cecelia Whitman, Edna Eby Heller, David W. Thompson, and Edward S. Gifford Jr.

Pennsylvania **FOLKLIFE**

SUMMER 1971

Folk Festival Issue

\$1⁰⁰



CHRISTMAS IN JULY

The Country School

Folk-Cultural Questionnaire #20



School lore is presented daily in the One-Room Country Schoolhouse at the Festival.

Although the one-room country school is a thing of the past in Pennsylvania, except for a few archaic enclaves of "old order" sectarian culture, many living Pennsylvanians were educated in them and have vivid memories about them. The purpose of this questionnaire is to elicit from our readers their reminiscences of what it was like to attend country school in the heyday of the institution, the late 19th and early 20th Centuries. These schools were, in a very real sense of the word, neighborhood or community schools, shaping the community and in turn being shaped by community ideals, and we need to analyze their place in American culture. We are particularly anxious to come into correspondence with older Pennsylvanians who were once teachers in our rural schools, since they have details on school organization and teaching methods which are rapidly passing from memory. We will appreciate materials from former teachers and students in answer to the following questions:

1. *Physical Equipment of the School.* Describe the schools you remember, naming them and placing them geographically. What did they look like? What sort of equipment did they offer: desks, benches, stoves, blackboards, flags, pictures, water buckets, etc. Was there a "cloak room"? Was there a school ground? What were the "sanitary facilities"?

2. *The Students.* Describe the range of students you remember from your school days. What was the age range? How were they divided into classes? Did the classes have special names, as for example, "chart class"? Describe student dress in the country school. How many of your fellow students went on to higher forms of schooling?

3. *The Schoolteachers.* Describe your teachers, especially those that had most influence on your life. Were they local products, too, or did some of them come from outside your own community? In general where had they been educated? Can you describe personal characteristics, bywords, sayings, of the teachers after the lapse of time?

4. *School Programs, Exhibitions, and Picnics.* Describe the Friday afternoon "exhibition" or recitation which was often a feature of the country school. Describe the visits of county superintendent or school board and the exercises that were put on for them. What sort of Christmas celebration did the school have? Can you describe any "barrings-out"? Were there spelling bees during the year? Did the school have a picnic at the end of the term? Were photographs taken of the entire school on any occasion?

5. *Methods of Teaching.* Describe the methods used in teaching reading, spelling, history, geography; other

subjects. Do you recall hearing of the "singing geography" lessons earlier in the 19th Century? What sort of text books did you have? In particular describe the readers and what types of selections you remember most from them. Was "mental arithmetic" featured in your school?

6. *Pennsylvania German Students.* If you came from a Pennsylvania German community, what was the status of the dialect among you and your schoolmates? Did any children ever come to school without a knowledge of English? Was "Dutch" forbidden, as we hear, on the schoolground? Can you write down any incidents that happened in which the Dutch dialect was involved in your school? What was the attitude of teachers, superintendents, and other officials, to the dialect?

7. *Hours and Term.* What were the daily hours of the school? How many days per week was school kept? How long was the school term? What sort of excuses did one make for absence?

8. *Recess and Lunch.* What sorts of games did you play at recess time? How and where was lunch eaten? What sorts of lunch did students bring to your school?

9. *Parochial versus Public Schools.* Those of you who come from Pennsylvania German background will recall that your parents and grandparents used to talk of the parochial schools (Lutheran, Reformed, or Mennonite) that existed before the public or state schools took over. This is an important era in Pennsylvania German history. Please write down for us the details, stories, lore, etc., of the parochial school as you recall hearing them from older members of the family.

10. *Opening Exercises.* Describe the so-called "opening exercises" of the country school. What religious aspects did these exercises involve? Do you recall conflicts over religion or politics among students? For example, did children from different churches and political parties use nicknames, rhymes, and other derogatory ways of expressing their differences?

11. *Lore of the School.* Write down for us any songs, rhymes, jokes, or jests which you recall centering on country school situations. An example: the many ABC songs which Pennsylvanians still remember.

12. *Comparisons with Today.* How in your opinion did the country schools rank in comparison with the schools of today? What were the particular weaknesses, and the particular strengths of the country school?

Send your replies to:

Dr. Don Yoder
College Hall Box 36
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104

Pennsylvania FOLKLIFE



SUMMER 1971, Vol. XX, No. 4

Contents

EDITOR:

Dr. Don Yoder

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

Dr. Mac E. Barrick
LeRoy Gensler
Dr. Henry Glassie
Dr. John A. Hostetler
David J. Hufford
Dr. Phil Jack
Dr. Hilda A. Kring
Dr. Maurice A. Mook
Dr. Earl F. Robacker
Dr. Alta Schrock

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

\$6.00 a year in the United States and Canada. Single copies \$1.50.

MSS AND PHOTOGRAPHS:

The Editor will be glad to consider MSS and photographs sent with a view to publication. When unsuitable, and if accompanied by return postage, every care will be exercised toward their return, although no responsibility for their safety is assumed.

PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE, Summer 1971, Vol. 20, No. 4, published quarterly by the Pennsylvania Folklife Society, Inc., Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Subscriptions and business correspondence: Box 1053, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Editorial correspondence: Dr. Don Yoder, College Hall, Box 36, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104. Contents copyrighted.

Entered as second class matter at Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

- 2 **Flight of the Distelfink**
EARL F. and ADA F. ROBACKER
- 9 **The Newswangers, Interpreters of Amish Life**
CHRISTIAN B. NEWSWANGER
- 14 **The Sorrow Song of Susanna Cox**
WAYNE E. HOMAN
- 17 **Country Butcher: An Interview with Newton Bachman**
ROBERT I. SCHNEIDER
- 22 **"Swing Your Partner"—Folk Dancing at the Festival**
JOHN E. STINSMEN

25-28 FESTIVAL HIGHLIGHTS

29-32 **FOLK FESTIVAL PROGRAM**
Folk Festival Map on Back Cover

33-36 FESTIVAL HIGHLIGHTS

- 37 **Leaving the Festival with Thoughts of Food**
MARTHA S. BEST
- 42 **Spindrift—The Old Dog Churn**
CECELIA WHITMAN
- 44 **Candy Making in the Dutch Country**
EDNA EBY HELLER
- 47 **Gee, Haw and Geehaw**
DAVID W. THOMPSON
- 58 **The Evil Eye in Philadelphia**
EDWARD S. GIFFORD, JR.
- 60 **Contributors to this Issue**

The Country School
Folk-Cultural Questionnaire No. 20
(Inside Front Cover)

COVER:

Christmas Customs of the Pennsylvania Dutch are featured at Festival "Christmas House". Here one sees Moravian "putzes," Beltsnickel costumes, and rare antique Christmas tree decorations. Pictured is the Harvey S. Stoudt family, Sbartlesville, Berks County. See map on back cover for location of the "Christmas House" on Festival grounds.

Eagles by Wilhelm Schimmel, itinerant German wood carver of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, were fierce and forbidding in aspect. One popular use for them was to mount them on poles as a kind of outdoor decoration.



Articles shown are from the Robacker Collection.

Photography by Stephen A. Karas, Hartsdale, New York



A Dutch Country "show" towel — placed over the regular roller towel in an endeavor to create a better appearance—in red needlework on homespun. The birds here are probably peacocks, but only Elisabeth herself would know for sure. Birds almost always appear on show towels.



Blue fowl—probably a chicken—on a two-gallon pickling jar of gray stoneware. While Cowden and Wilcox pieces are popular with collectors of Pennsylvania items, only a few have birds as the decorative device.

The parrot as depicted on spatterware was an exotic red and green creature. In cookie-cutters he took on an entirely different appearance. Parrots in Pennsylvania folk decoration are not alien; the southern counties were once alive with colorful paroquets coming northward from the Carolinas. The breed is now nearly extinct.



FLIGHT of the DISTELFINK

By EARL F. and ADA F. ROBACKER

The occasion of a folk festival, it hardly needs saying, has much to do with the remembrance of things past. Most of the recall is undoubtedly pleasant; some of it is probably faintly tinged with melancholy—and a little of it certainly goes over the line of nostalgia and into the territory of regret.

Customs of the past can be revived, if only for a matter of days, and research can and does help to put the present into a new and fresh focus by clarifying our vision of what has gone. But some things have disappeared for all time, and no amount of scholarly application—and no number of folk festivals—can bring them back.

Birds, for instance

There was a time when every board fence in the Dutch Country was the home place of as many bluebirds as there were knot holes in the posts which supported the weather-beaten boards. Actually, there were more birds than knot holes, since each missing

knot left a cavity which housed an entire bluebird family. That was also the time when the Baltimore oriole built its wind-tossed pouch high in the Catherine pear tree, when the wren took up its abode just outside the door opening on the back porch, when the chimney swallows at dusk swooped down into the capacious chimneys of the summer kitchen, when the paroquets despoiling the peach crop were a vivid reality instead of an all-but-forgotten myth, and, most particularly, when the distelfink—call him salad bird or American goldfinch if you like—cut the air of every kitchen garden into ribbons of black and gold as he explored the stalks of gone-to-seed lettuce.

Where have they gone, these bright-winged creatures? One might just as well inquire as to the whereabouts of the horse and buggy, the moustache cup, or the snuff box. Not entirely extinct, they exist only marginally, largely out of sight, subject to the march of time, without regard to whether that march signifies progress,



Carved and painted bird-house with detachable birds—probably martins. This house was strictly ornamental, not utilitarian. Martins, which lived in colonies, were believed to bring good luck.



The perching parrot at the left is in "chalk" — that is, plaster-of-paris — and is a little larger than life size. In fact, he quite dwarfs the fraktur parrots on the church roof. Chalk figures are very fragile.





A pair of iron hinges wrought in the shape of an eagle—among the rarest of all the forms in the blacksmith's repertoire.



Peacocks both, though they do not look alike. The bird at left is of yellow slip on a red clay pie plate; the one at right is of sgraffito (incised) decoration on a Dutch Country plate by Jacob Medinger.

retrogression, or just a different set of circumstances.

One cannot help missing the birds of yesterday, however, if he has known any or all of them. Pert and animated, they lent color both to the countryside which supported them and, what is of equal importance here, to the artist who felt impelled to record them in his chosen medium, whatever it happened to be. Yet what can the bluebird, accustomed to centuries of knot holes, do when he is confronted with fences of woven wire on metal posts? What about the oriole, in an era when the Catherine pear is less than a memory to even the most knowledgeable orchardist? As for the distelfink, most widely publicized of all Dutch Country birds, where is there a kitchen garden filled with lettuce seeds for his delectation? There are about as many kitchen gardens as there are summer kitchens for the chimney swifts—that is, practically none.

In sheer numbers, there may be as many birds in Pennsylvania as there ever were, but in the aggregate they are different—bigger, often less tidy, noisier, and only too frequently without particular charm. The robins serve in a sense as a constant—but is it just one's imagination that makes them seem more swaggering and assured than they used to be? The high trees are full of ebullient blue jays; and the grackles, starlings, and sparrows appear to be everywhere. The vireos, whose personal habits are hardly above re-



Cut-paper birds, usually of white paper mounted against a black fabric, were popular at the time silhouettes were still being cut—long before the day of photography. Note the hearts and doves in Tamar Penn's valentine of 1800.

proach, make less acceptable back-door neighbors than the wrens once did, and who has not had the uncanny experience of being spied upon—or, phrasing it less elegantly, sneaked up on by a catbird?

Seemingly, only the Greentown (Pike County) turkey buzzards remain as they always were. For as long as anyone can remember, they have winged their way by night into the hemlock woods along the Wallenpaupack, remained there for weeks, and then as silently disappeared. For constancy, the swallows of Capistrano have nothing on them—but the artist to immortalize the sinister-looking and frequently ill-smelling turkey buzzard has apparently not yet begun to work. Perhaps such an achievement remains for members of the contemporary way-out generation.

What has all this to do with the pleasant town of Kutztown and its folk festival? Just this: Whoever dips a toe into the water of Dutch Country folklore is almost certain, sooner or later, to throw caution aside and get wet all over. This folklore, rich and varied, is heavily laden with bird lore, first of all with the birds mentioned above, but to a degree with others as well. The body of legend and belief which developed in a pre-grackle, pre-starling era—back in the days when bluebirds were still a sure sign of spring and before the distelfinks had moved from the gardens of Pennsylvania to the thistle-covered fields of abandoned farms in Connecticut—is both comprehensive and impressive. Parenthetically, though, one should observe that no matter what the bird under consideration, someone nowadays is going to call it a “distelfink”. The name has caught on and, whatever else at the Festival registers or does not register, the distelfink stands a first-rate chance of being remembered.

The illustrations on these pages will serve to show how the folk artists among our forebears immortalized



The birds of fraktur often defy identification, since the skill of the artists varied greatly. It is probably safe to say that the plump fellow at bottom right was intended to be a robin.

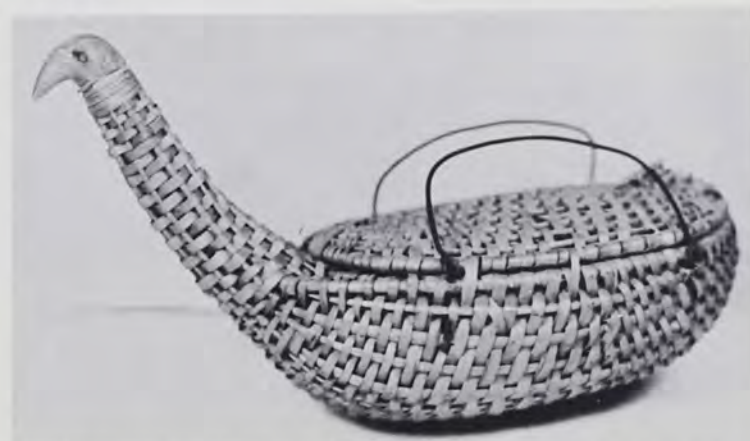
the birds they knew, but pictures can give only the most meager idea of the significance attached to birds, in the thinking of the Dutch Country. The visitor will do well to look at the exhibits of old-time Pennsylvania Dutch crafts and decoration on special display; in wood, in tin, in fabric, in pottery, and on paper the birds of the past appear over and over again as loved and understood decorative devices.

Today, one may on a clear, cool morning watch the far-off V-shaped line of wild geese in flight—if he is lucky, that is—and hear the faint honking come down the wind, but he is hardly likely to attach any special importance to the incident. Not so, our ancestors. The length of the line; the proportions of the V; the space between the individual birds; the day of the year on which they first appeared; the intensity of their cries—each factor held a special meaning for the informed observer, a meaning associated with the winter to come if the birds were headed south, or with the planting season if they were going north. As a single example: A low flight indicated cold weather ahead; a high flight, warm.

Wild geese were by no means alone in being credited with supra-human knowledge of importance to man and his affairs; the link between the avian and the human world was closer than it is ever likely to be again, and if our folklore records were complete, it is not at all inconceivable that we should discover that every bird and its doings “meant something” to the person who observed him. A city dweller taking up residence in the country may be aware that there are birds about his domain the year round, but he is an exception to the rule if he notes that there is a year-long progression—that the birds of early spring are not those of mid-summer and that by the time the September flocks have taken flight the cold-weather



Whistles of glazed redware. One filled the body with water, blew through the tail, and the bird warbled convincingly. Since such toys generally had hard usage, it is not strange that few have survived.



Dutch Country whimsy in basketry. Just what bird the maker had in mind is an open question, but the basket was undoubtedly a proud possession of some little girl.

contingent has moved in unobtrusively. The novice in the country may take his birds for granted; the veteran knows better than to take birds—or anything else—for granted.

Rain was a matter of vital importance to the farmer; it meant success or failure, well-being or ruin. Obviously the farmer could do no more to predict or control it than one can do today, though today's agriculturist, with eggs in a number of different baskets, so to speak, is less likely to win or lose all, according to what the elements decree. What the birds told the early farmer, then, was thoughtfully weighed. If the whippoorwill cried excessively, rain was due; if the woodpecker was unusually rackety at the same time, the probability became all but a certainty. Screech owls were believed to warn of coming storms, and robins gave equally pointed signals. If they spent much time on the ground or perched low on fence or shrubbery, rain was due, whereas if they steered clear of the ground the weather would be fair.

Some bird lore, to be sure, is more interesting than plausible, and some of it can be recognized as having its origin in places other than the Dutch Country. Take the kingfisher, for instance, a bird less highly regarded than many others. His lack of reliability as an indicator in the affairs of men is said to go back to the time when he was confined in the Ark. He

could, in his addle-pated way, hardly wait to get out; and when he did, he flew too near the sun, scorching his breast as he did so. He returned to the Ark, only to find that Noah refused to let him in. Thus he was compelled to sit on the roof, with fish his only food. He has been sitting on the roof of toy Noah's arks ever since. (It would seem that somewhere a slip has occurred, since the bird depicted on the roof of the usual toy Ark has an olive branch in its beak and is presumed therefore to be a dove!) The dove, nevertheless, has its place, too. Once the sign of the Greek Parcae, it grew symbolically to predict death. Changed in Christian symbolism, it has long been translated as a representation of the soul—and, hopefully, of peace.

It was the tiny wren who most needed man's protection. According to the legend, he of all birds flew closest to the sun, winning an altitude contest with the eagle by perching on the eagle's back. He stole fire from the sun for man, but unfortunately scorched himself and lost his feathers. In pity for his naked condition, all the other birds chipped in with feathers so that he might be clothed. All except the owl, that is; the owl refused, and was so scorned by the others that he has not shown his face by day since then. The poor owl actually appears to be serving two sentences concurrently. When the wren won the contest with the eagle and thereby became king for a day, he was put

on trial because the eagle disputed the achievement. The owl went to sleep at the trial and for his indifference was condemned to sleep by day throughout time and eternity.

The whippoorwill figures strongly in legend, too, and apparently had some of the owl's individualistic traits. When the Creator was teaching the fowls of the air how to build nests, the whippoorwill kept crying, "*Ich weiss, ich weiss*" ("I know, I know"), seeming to ignore the Divine precept. In consequence, whippoorwills never have learned how to build nests, but lay their eggs on the ground. The unprotected condition of the eggs may be one reason why these birds are especially sensitive to the onset of a storm, shrilling out their prophecies before the other birds do so.

Perhaps because they were so much in the farmer's eye, some barnyard fowls were highly regarded in the matter of prediction. Not everybody had peacocks, but those who did, knew that when peacocks cry there will be a storm. Turkeys and ducks appear to ignore everything but the feeding pan. Geese grow a particularly heavy set of down if the coming winter is to be long or severe. Chickens—well, the chicken family bears watching. Both roosters and hens oil their feathers before a storm, so that water will run off their backs, but roosters also have a special distinction. They are particularly hated by evil spirits because a rooster once served the Son of Man by acting as a bird of prophecy. An unexpected triumphant crowing in the henyard, therefore, might just possibly signify that an evil spirit has been frightened away. However, a crowing *hen* signifies that trouble of some kind is brewing. Whether hen or rooster, in moulting season if the bird loses feathers on its fore parts first, the winter will be severe.

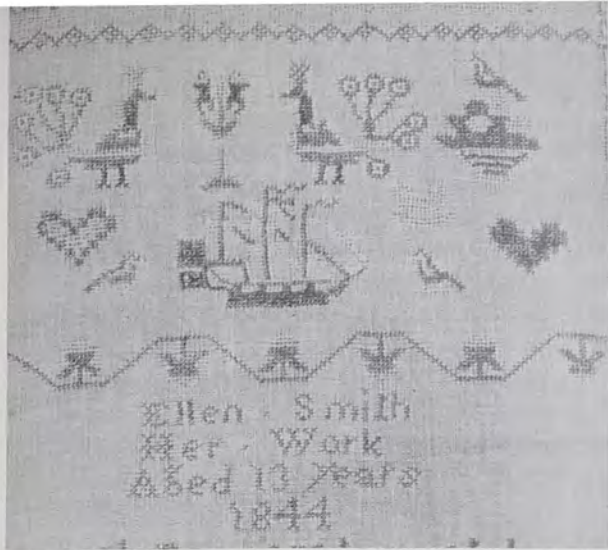
Legend, of course, is merely interesting to us, though in the dim past legends often were an attempt to account for something that could not be explained logically or by experience. Observation—and action as a result of observation—are other matters and can not really be shrugged off. Sometimes, though, there is an in-between gray territory which we are inclined to term superstition but which may at some time have had a basis in fact. A belief hard to extinguish in the Dutch Country, and perhaps elsewhere, is that a bird beating its wings at a window in an apparent attempt to enter is an omen of bad luck. If the bird is white, it is a



Bird on a Stiegel tumbler, a turkey, according to tradition. Some authorities maintain that it is only the turkey decoration, so called, which marks the difference between a Stiegel piece and one of European provenance. Turkeys were American birds.

The stylized bird of paradise on the Victorian tray at the left can hardly match in charm the distelfinks on the painted tôle pieces at the right. These black and gold birds have the shape and bearing of the true distelfink.





Needlework, only too often faded and worn, is hard to photograph, but the plumes and crests of the peacocks in Ellen Smith's sampler are easily recognizable.



A squeak toy, entirely hand made, of great popularity here as well as in Europe, where it appears to have originated. When the button which holds the door shut is released, the rooster springs forward and crows.



The gem of any collection: a plaster bluebird in a cage which may or may not have been gilded, in spite of the well known ballad, but which served its ornamental purpose just the same.



Three-inch-high painted wooden rooster by Aaron Mounts, who is believed to have learned his carving techniques from Wilhelm Schimmel. In the thinking of some, the student in time came to surpass the teacher in skill.



Some effort is demanded of the viewer, here. At left, half of a wooden candy mold which would create birds of two different species; at right, complete hinged pewter mold used to cast candy in the form of a pair of confrontal birds. Birds shown beak-to-beak, usually doves, were a very popular decorative motif.



Peacock toys in three different interpretations: beaded velvet, folded and cut paper, and a durable fabric which may be figured muslin.



Eagles looking much alike, albeit in widely different media: hand carved butter mold; woven blue and white coverlet, dated 1832; and tin cookie cutter.

certain warning of death. A wild bird in the house when there was no obvious explanation as to how it got there was once a warning of death, also. On the other hand, swallows in a barn were regarded as a favorable omen, since they protected the place against both lightning and evil spirits—and one recalls that even Shakespeare has King Duncan observe that swallows sweeten the air of their habitat.

Martins were believed to bring good luck, and many persons still endeavor to lure them to their premises. Martins live in colonies, and some of the elaborate Martin houses mounted on stilts make one think of multiple-dwelling units in a modern housing development.

And the distelfink. Other birds may have had their special natural or supernatural attributes, their place in song and story—but the distelfink, in the flesh or



Pink spatterware with three different birds popular as decoration—peafowl, rooster, and dove. Spatterware was an English Staffordshire product made for export to America. Reproductions are on sale on the Festival grounds.



Endearing squeak toys—rooster, parrot, and turkey. Colors are brilliant, but hardly faithful to nature. In fact, the parrot is an all-over brilliant vermilion red!

Each of these (unidentified) birds has his own "thing" to do. The little fellow at the left is constructed so that he can be pinned to a Christmas tree branch; he will stand on his head if his balance is disturbed. The one at the center is mounted on a wire and will swivel around at a touch. The one at the right conveys a sense of watchful waiting and is probably a catbird.

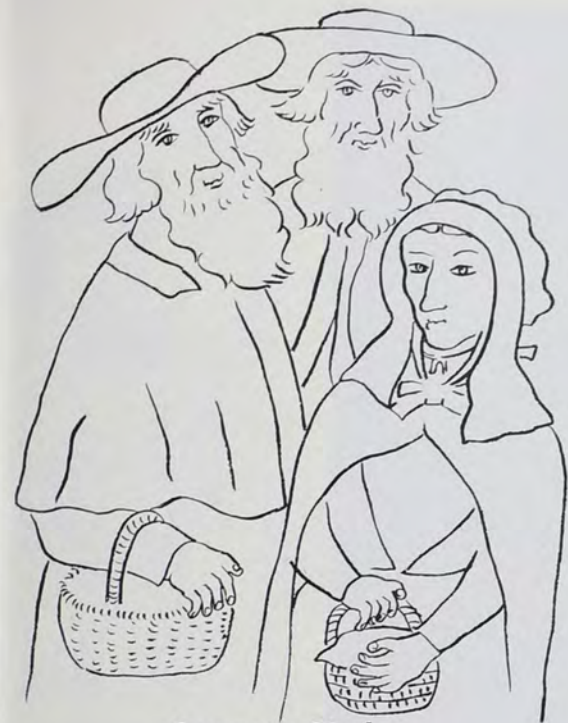


in an artistic representation, was "for pretty." Pretty he was—and is, though he is no longer so common in the Dutchland counties as he was in days gone by. In addition to his beauty, though, he has gained a new distinction—he has become a symbol for the entire Dutch Country. No longer clad in his proper dress of gold and black, he has become an artistic ornithological hybrid, a creature of fantasy, and blossoms out on posters, on quilts, on tinware, on stationery—on almost everything one can name—in reds, yellows, and sometimes most of the remaining hues of the spectrum. He may sport the wings of a dove or of an eagle, the head of a quail or a robin, the tail of a peacock or an owl—but no matter. The formula is as simple as this:

*He is a bird, isn't he?
He is a bird in the Dutch Country; right?
Very well, then; he is a distelfink!*

Perhaps the only Dutch Country bird never to be pictured, except possibly by a cartoonist, is the mythical *elbetrtsch*. This creature, somewhat suggesting a cross between a ten-pin and the celebrated comic-strip schmoo of a decade or more ago, was said to be a large, stupid bird which could be driven by men with clubs, after dark, into the open mouth of a grain bag. More than one over-credulous youth is said to have spent an entire night "holding the bag"—waiting for the beaters to drive the *elbetrtsch* his way. The beaters had, of course, long since gone home and to bed, in huge enjoyment of the joke. But hold! Is it possible that some of the less shapely forms on inexpertly made cookie cutters are representations of the *elbetrtsch*? The more one thinks about it, the more plausible the idea becomes!

Meanwhile the expatriate goldfinch appears to be on the way to establishing a new tradition in middle Westchester County, New York, and in nearby Connecticut. Once he was almost unknown there; now he is a common sight. It may be that as the climate of the temperate zone has gradually become milder he has ventured farther north. On the other hand, since he is a creature not of man but of the wild, he may simply have taken a good look at his billboard representation, listened to the fanfare, failed to recognize himself—and taken this means of getting away from it all.



Lancaster Market



Three generations of artists at the recent exhibit of their work at Germantown Academy. Left to right: Philip, Kiehl, and Christian Newswanger.

The NEWSWANGERS— Interpreters of Amish Life

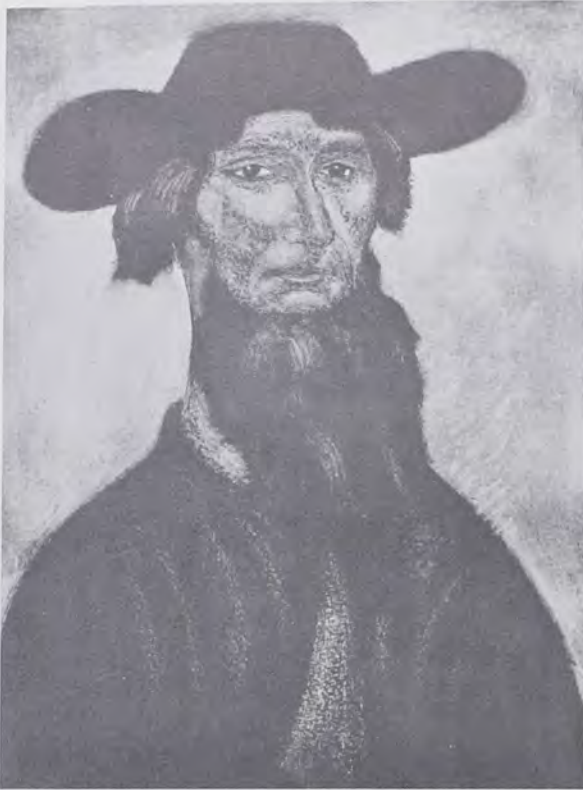
By CHRISTIAN B. NEWSWANGER

For many years this nationally known father and son artist team have been identified with the Amish- folk of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. In fact Kiehl Newswanger sketched his first Amish subject in Lancaster's Northern Market in 1920. The Newswangers are of Swiss Mennonite origin. Their ancestors settled in Southern Lancaster County in the early 18th Century on land deeded by William Penn. Born in Lancaster County, both father and son have worked there except for periods abroad studying or traveling, and their tour with the Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus' when they drew and painted circus subjects.

In 1954 the Newswangers were commissioned by Hastings House Publishers to write a book about the Amish based on their own experiences. This is the volume entitled *Amishland*. The text by Christian Newswanger and their drawings illustrating this book reveal a way of life that is fast disappearing from the American scene. Just as the artists Remington, Russell and Catlin chronicled the life of the Old West, so too



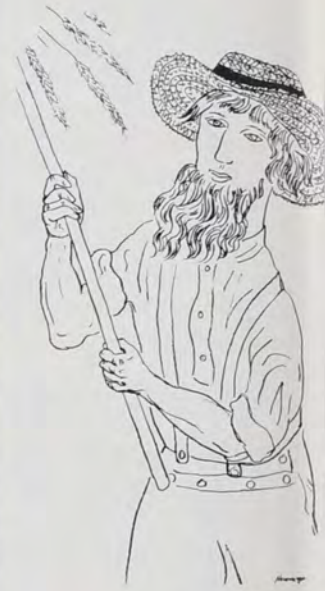
Dinner After Corn Cutting



Christian Beiler, Black Bearded Amishman



Amish Woman



David

the Newswangers are recording this facet of our American heritage.

The Newswangers have lived and worked among these quiet God-fearing people. They know and understand them and are trusted by them as are few "English" people. Kiehl in the foreword of "Amishland" says, "I made my first drawing of Samuel Petersheim Stoltzfus in 1920. It was what might be termed a naturalistic portrait, in that it was truthful imitation of the outward appearance of the subject. But it in no way satisfied the desire I then had to express the 'inner spirit' of the Amish. This present volume sums up my efforts and those of my son Christian, since that time, to interpret the Amish in a form that is visually related to their actual philosophy of life. What we have done here stems from our own experience while living among the Amish who are our friends and neighbors—people whose unique way of living demands from its interpreter a very special mode of expression. The Bible, the family and the farm are the foundation on which the Amish build their lives. In order to get a deeper insight into these elements we began to work with them—helping them cultivate their fields, plant and harvest crops, went to market with them, took part in barn-raising—and enjoyed their good food and good fellowship. Just as the Amish whose dress is patterned after their old fashions, and whose habits and customs are changeless, had withdrawn from the main current of civilization to insure survival of their beliefs and way of living, so also we found we had to withdraw from the swift, competitive and precipitous stream of

modern life, to make it possible for our art form to germinate in the only way it could—quietly and gradually".

Together the Newswangers collaborated in their art work and became known in artistic circles as the "sophisticated primitives". Christian has had no formal training except as a student at the Barnes Foundation in Merion, Pennsylvania, and when studying abroad on a Fulbright Scholarship at the famed Duesseldorf Art Academy in Germany. He is truly a primitive. The vitality and innate sense of design in his drawings and etchings as well as his ceramic sculptures attest to this fact. His larger-than-life character portraits in mixed media (charcoal and pastel) are done in the characteristic somber colors of the Amish except for the flesh tones which sparkle with life, giving the impression of robust health. He has captured the spirit of Amish quietude in vertical lines—the long, prominent nose, the oval face, and sloping shoulders of the subject.

The artists see in this group of the Old Order Amish which today numbers some four thousand persons in Lancaster County, certain definite and pronounced types that are the outcome of generations of intermarriage. One finds a somewhat similar type of facial structure among the Kings and Queens of Judea on the Portrail Royal of Chartres Cathedral—sculptures executed in the 12th Century. A kinship with these heads is also expressed in Christian's latest series of Amish portraits made in terra-cotta clay.

Two of Christian's drawings were exhibited some years ago at the large National Drawing Exhibit at



The Harvesters



Amish School Girl



Amish School Boy

New York's Metropolitan Museum. Christian first exhibited an etching at the age of 14 in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts—"Amishman Milking a Cow". Later this drawing was recreated in a large black and white (shown here) painted by astronaut Captain Peter Conrad who was a student of the older Newswanger.

Kiehl Newswanger, on the other hand, is far from a primitive, having studied in the '20's in Paris in the atelier of the famous French cubist-painter Fernand Leger where Leger introduced him to a proposition the Frenchmen called "volumes dans space" or volumes in space. Leger organized his plans on canvas to create strong contrast between them. He employed distortion of his figures to suit design and scientific use of color to emphasize the importance of planes.

The Newswangers as a painting team created a style that had a primitive quality, but was not ingenious and especially not artless. More than this, it captured the simplicity, dignity and worldlessness of these retiring folk.

In their first conception of the Amish Butcher (shown in the New Talent Exhibition in New York City in 1950) they have, to quote *Art News* editor Thomas B. Hess, created a style to fit their vision. This character, Jacob Glick, a landmark to several generations of Lancaster market-goers, is portrayed in a Gothic manner in front of the old wooden market-stalls in a style that would have pleased any early Flemish or Dutch painter. The pyramidal composition takes your eye down to the butcher block as the figure emerges from the background

in a Rembrandt-like chiaroscuro. Christian writes in *Amishland*—"On Saturday young Melinda and Barbara Stoltzfus would help Jake sell his products, not only hams and 'baluunie,' but Katie's bread and bright red winesaps which we had picked that week. Old Jake with his yellowish-white patriarchal beard, his broad-brim hat and dark blue shirt, would deftly slice thick red cuts from his home-cured hams"

The portrait studies of the Amish, done in etchings, in their characteristic rigid poses, extreme stylization of the eyes, nose and mouth, and the decorative and naively descriptive composition, all stem directly from the early American primitive portrait tradition, yet the technique of the artist is a sophisticated and discerning application of drypoint, aquatint, and etching.

In the "Amish Schoolboy," the background textures are delineated by drypoint lines and specks of aquatint ground to add weight to the tonalities of grey and white. The arrogant and stately "Black-Bearded Amishman" is a triumph of characterization. The face is etched with strong, deeply-bitten lines and aquatint is used for the background, clothes, beard and hat. The late John Taylor Arms, President of the American Etchers Society, called their work the "most spiritually moving work being done in the U.S.A. today" They received a Louis Comfort Tiffany Grant for these etchings of the Amish folk.

The older Newswanger had discarded naturalism some years after his work with Leger. Since then he and Christian created their own unique and distinctive style. The result was the stolid strength of the first



Amish Butcher (early treatment)



Amish Butcher (later style)



Gray Bearded Amishman

Amish Butcher and other subjects. They continued to work with elongated planes and figures for years. The planes were flattened but they were undisputably there.

Despite the success of this mode, the older News-wanger was discontented. There had to be a more profound way, a means to come closer to the deep meanings of the Amish. He continued to investigate color, hue, value, light, and the atmosphere and depth created by it. Picture planes, front, middle and back; horizons, high, middle and low; chiaroscuro modeled light and dark and no tan, the local values themselves. Going round in the artist's consciousness was a volume, massive in proportion, of theories, scientific realities, the means of painting (line, light and dark and color), elements of design. He pondered Leger at length and his own inner feelings about the Amish.

Recently he has been able to bring these thoughts into an order and the ideas and elements of a new way of painting have fallen into place. He believed he had found the thing he had been seeking for so many years. His interpenetrating plans were emphasized per Leger—color, light and design were refined—and the figures were still Amish. The means had been radically altered, but the depth, the dignity, and the peace of the subject are still there. His own heritage had con-



Amish Farmer



The Amish Wedding



The Quilter (later style)

tributed the large, bold, colorful designs of Pennsylvania Dutch appliquéed quilts to his pictures.

This new style of Kiehl's was exhibited for the first time this year at the Germantown Academy in Fort Washington, Pennsylvania, where Christian is Chairman of the Art Department. Also exhibited at this time was young Philip Newswanger's first primitive painting of "Amishmen Putting Away Tobacco." A student at this school, Philip hopes to go into the museum curatorship profession. He has already visited the Prado in Madrid and this past spring visited galleries in Copenhagen, Oslo and Stockholm. Philip's art training has been with his grandfather and presently his father Christian. With his grandfather he is collecting paintings and sculpture by American artists for the Lancaster Art Museum.

The Newswangers have shown their work sparingly over the years. Kiehl explains, "We are trying to be careful not to over-exhibit. The collection is, in our opinion, authentic and pure as it is. We don't want to weaken the total effect by breaking it up. We wish to keep it intact until we can find an appropriate show-place where all the pieces can be exhibited to the public." In 1959 the Newswangers did the artwork for the first documentary of the "Old Order Amish," a

16 mm 32-minute color and sound film produced over a two-year period in the heart of Lancaster County's Amish community. A number of paintings and drawings by them were included in this film and in addition to artwork, the Newswangers provided many Amish artifacts for the film and had local friends and relatives act in animated portions where Amishmen could not participate. It has won a number of top documentary film awards.

Among some of the Newswangers' various awards and credits are one man showings at the Woodmere Art Gallery of Philadelphia; the Carl Schurz Foundation; the Binet Gallery of New York City; the Sessler Gallery of Philadelphia; and the Corcoran Gallery of Washington, D.C. They have received a Cresson Traveling Scholarship from the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Louis Comfort Tiffany Award in Graphics, and a U.S. State Department Fulbright Scholarship. Their work is represented in many private and public collections both abroad and in the United States, including the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; the Boston and New York Public Libraries; and the Library of Congress permanent collection. In addition to writing and illustrating *Amishland* they have done the art work for many articles and books about the Amish. They plan to exhibit their latest work in New York City in the near future.

The SORROW SONG Of SUSANNA COX

By WAYNE E. HOMAN

Down the Oley Valley at Limekiln an historical marker points south, a guide to the home erected in 1730 by George Boone, grandfather of Daniel Boone, the trailblazer. History also beckons if a turn is made north, over the now abandoned, but still passable, old Oley Line Road.

Just a city block along this road, where a century-old stone bridge crosses the Monocacy Creek, still stands the old Snyder farmhouse built in 1767, according to its datestone. There, over a century and a half ago, was enacted the opening scenes of a drama that has become part of the folklore of Berks County—the tragedy of that unfortunate girl, Susanna Cox. Recent research of records has re-identified the house whose location had been forgotten in the decades of time.

Susanna Cox had the unenviable record of being the last woman to be executed publicly in Pennsylvania. After her death, only one other woman ever was executed in the state, a Lycoming County woman in 1881. She was accused of the same crime as Susanna . . . the slaying of her newly born child.

Susanna Cox was born, says tradition, to a family that lived in southern Berks. The family never has been identified further. But Susanna's birthdate is known; she was born in 1785, just two years after the American Revolution. At the age of 13, Susanna was "bound out" to the Snyder family to work for her board and lodging. In accordance with the customs of the time, her parents probably got a few dollars in the deal. The child was required to "work out" this payment until someone came along and married her. No one ever came.

In the intervening 11 years, Susanna saw none of the world beyond that section of the Oley Valley where she lived, the fields of the Snyder home and banks of the creek that flows through the woods and meadows. She never learned to read and write or to sign her own name. She got little religious training; the teachings of the church came only in the final weeks of her life.

Romance passed her by, except, it is now known, for a man who lived on a neighboring farm and occasionally called upon her secretly. Tradition says his name was Mertz, but no first name ever was given. Of this attention Susanna had to be careful, for Mertz was married and the father of two children.



Johnny Brendel, Pennsylvania Dutch folklorist, telling the story of Susanna Cox and her execution. The 1809 hanging is reenacted because out of it came the most popular ballad of the Dutch Country.

And then one cold and snowy Friday morning, Feb. 17, 1809, a son-in-law of the Snyder family, Jacob Gehr, came out the back door of the farmhouse and went to an outdoor cellar, known as a "cave," where food was stored. The cold cellar was built of stone against a steep bank leading to the creek. Steps led from the lawn down to the lower floor.

After what happened there the "cave" never was used again. It became a dump. Gradually the outer walls collapsed. From the Limekiln-Stony Creek road, the "cave" can be seen today. The place still is a dump, but the owner expects to remove the remaining stone wall this summer.

When Gehr reached into a closet of the cave he found there the body of a baby boy wrapped in an old coat. Later it was established that the child had been dead three days. The Snyder family was stunned. A hurried call was sent to Reading for officials to come and investigate.

The official who arrived at Limekiln was Peter Nagle, who led Reading's militia to Boston at the time of the Revolution, and who displayed there the Pennsylvania long rifles that gained distinction for accuracy. Nagle was justice of the peace of Reading at the time and a deputy coroner. With Nagle went Dr. John B. Otto,



Johnny Brendel (1910-1971) tying the knot (13 loops) in the hangman's rope. The steps to the gallows also traditionally numbered 13.

son of Dr. Bodo Otto of Reading who was surgeon-general at the army hospital at Yellow Springs during the Revolution. Dr. John, as he was known, had been his father's assistant there. Later both he and Nagle would be Reading burgesses.

Suspicion fell upon Susanna because the Gehr family testified she had been sickly lately. After a few questions, Susanna admitted the baby was hers but said it had been born dead. She said she had hidden the body in fear that she might lose her home. But Dr. John Otto's examination showed that the child had been slain.

Susanna was bundled in some warm clothes against the February snow and taken to the old jail built in 1770 at what is now 5th and Washington streets. The old jail stood until the first quarter of this century when it was torn down to make way for the Berkshire Hotel.

Susanna was placed in a cell by Sheriff Marx but soon was given the freedom of the building, became a maid to the Marx family, and had her meals at their table. Later the lock of the cell in which she was confined was sold publicly. In recent years it was donated to the Historical Society of Berks County.

The trial was not long delayed. Susanna did not go undefended. Her chief counsel was Frederick Smith, who later became a Pennsylvania Supreme Court justice.

A second attorney was Marks John Biddle, who within a few years would take Nagle's place as commander of the Reading militia and lead the local troops in the War of 1812.

A third attorney, the man who carried the greater part of the pre-trial work in the case, was a young man, recently arrived from Philadelphia, who came

to Reading to study law. He later would be remembered not for his legal ability, which was excellent, but for the fact that he founded a cemetery. His name was Charles Evans.

The trial took only a day, April 7. Dr. John C. Baum, who lived near the Snyder farm, testified he had attended Susanna, but did not know of her condition. Susanna maintained her innocence, insisting the child had been born lifeless. Judge John Spayd, who presided, called attention to the fact that mere concealment of the birth and death was a capital offense.

The unpleasant duty of sentencing Susanna, after the jury's guilty verdict, also fell to Judge Spayd. So repulsive was the task that he did not long continue on the bench. He resigned within the month.

By then, Susanna's case was before Gov. Simon Snyder, on an appeal that the death sentence be set aside. But while the petition was in the governor's hand, another girl, in Lancaster, was arrested for the same offense. This may have sealed Susanna's doom. The governor ordered she be executed June 10, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.

The day before her death, Susanna was given Communion by the Rev. Philip R. Pauli, of the First Reformed Church, who had been attending her in recent weeks. She also made her final confession, admitting being responsible for the death of the child and expressing repentance.

Public executions then were on Gallows Hill, at the head of Penn street, where, in the future, another prison would be erected. It is said 20,000 people lined the route of march up Penn street that day—the largest crowd ever assembled in the city up to that period. The parade was led by a troop of militia under Capt. Lutz. Then came the sheriff and the hangman, the latter with a hood over his head to conceal his identity. A wagon with an empty coffin followed. Last in line came Susanna, walking with the Rev. Mr. Pauli. There was a stillness among the people, except for some audible sobs. Once Susanna stopped en route for a drink of water.

On Gallows Hill, Susanna mounted the wagon and stood beside the coffin, the noose around her neck. A prayer was said and an old hymn sung. Then the executioner drove the team from beneath her. The crowd in the hollow square is said to have mumbled a protest when the executioner arranged her dress over her shoes. He would be accused later of other intentions, pulling her feet to cause quick death.

The identity of the hangman never was known. In accordance with custom he was paid in silver dollars on the scene. As he walked down Penn street, the hood still over his face, a gang of town bullies caught him at 6th street and beat him severely. It is said the silver dollars fell from his pocket. Fleeing down Penn street, he was stoned and struck time and again until he reached the ferry and crossed the Schuylkill.

Susanna's body was claimed by her sister and brother-in-law, Peter Katzenmoyer, whose farm was located northeast of the city. To confound the curious, they

A New Dirge,

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF SUSANNA COX,

who was executed at Reading for the murder of her own child.

"The story I'm going to tell you,
Forever will be new,
And who but once hath heard it,
T will break his heart in two."

All ye who feel for others' woes,
With hearts compassionate,
Oh!! listen to the woeful tale,
Of a poor damsel's fate!

Susanna Cox, a country-maid,
Young, and of beauty rare,
In Oley as a servant had
Long lived with Jacob Gehr.

Ne'er had she been instructed in
The course of human law,
Nor did she know God's Holy Word,
Which strikes the world with awe.

For, ev'ry one must be aware
Of what he daily sees,
That whom the scriptures don't restrain,
They'll do just what they please.

Her neighbor, well remember we —
MERZ was his second name —
He recklessly led her astray
By *lust's* unhallowed flame.

An instance which, from Adam's time,
The race of man defiled,
When Satan, in a serpent's garb,
His help-mate Eve beguiled.

Death followed in seduction's train,
When first the world began —
This happened to Susanna Cox
Through that unworthy man.

What in his seventh commandment God,
What sacred laws forbid,
He wantonly trod under foot
And laughed, and scoffed at it.

Though married, to seduce this girl
He did not hesitate —
He'll rue it when he's dead and gone,
But then 'twill be too late!

Fear of disgrace prevented her
From making known her state,
Which she by ev'ry means concealed
Despair did indicate.

The eighteen hundred and ninth year,
At half past four at morn,
The fourteenth day of February,
The unhappy child was born.

So far misled this sinner was,
So much bewildered she,
That she her helpless infant's soul
Sent to eternity.

As soon as rumor did at her
Point as a murderess,
Off was she hurried to the jail,
The foul deed to confess.

A jury then empanelled was
To investigate her case,
And to decide accordingly
What sentence should take place.

Although she supplicated hard
To pardon her great sin,
Of murder in the first degree
They guilty brought her in.

Ere long she in the court-house was
Arraigned before Judge Spayd,
Where, shedding many scorching tears,
She learned her awful fate.

Each one may easily conceive
What her own feelings were
To think, Oh lamentable case!
What end awaited her.

Then to the Governor was sent,
Who lived in Lancaster,
The warrant which contained her doom,
For his own signature.

A gentleman who pitied her,
Had by herself been sent
To supplicate the Executive
Law's rigor to suspend.

But she no pardon could obtain,
For she was to be hung
As early as the tenth of June,
To warn both old and young.

The warrant was returned, and read
In her dark prison-cell,
When fervently she prayed to God
To save her soul from hell.

The clergy oft did visit her
In her repentant state,
For earnestly she penance did,
Preparing for her fate.

Just as the clock did strike elev'n,
She straightways from the jail
Was led to where the gallows stood,
Oh lamentable tale!

She faithfully admonished all,
Young folks especially,
"Oh! let," said she, "my dreadful fate
To you a warning be."

She humbly knelt upon the ground,
And called in her distress
Upon the Lord to pardon all
Her sins and wickedness.

So piteous her crying was,
Her anguish and her fears so great
That ev'ry heart was moved,
And ev'ry eye shed tears.

She said: "I in an instant shall
Go to eternity;
Oh God! for my redeemer's sake,
Turn not thy face from me!"

She then was made to undergo
The punishment of death;
Scarce sev'nteen minutes had expired
When she resigned her breath.

Although without the least delay
Their skill the doctors tried,
To bring her back to life again
Was to their art denied.

He that composed this little song,
In mem'ry of the event,
Was present at the closing scene,
And did the trial attend.

Let all who live upon this earth,
By her example see,
What dire disgrace may those befall
Who're raised illiterately.

Short was, and sad, her pilgrimage,
Her youth mere drudgery,
Her age but twenty years and four,
Her exit — infamy.



The German broadside, "Das Trauerlied von Susanna Cox" (The Sorrow-Song of Susanna Cox) appeared in 1809, soon after the execution. This is one of several English translations that appeared in the 19th Century.

buried her on the farm in an isolated field in the vicinity of what is now 13th and Marion streets. The area still is known to oldtimes as Katzenmoyer's Loch, or Katzenmoyer's Hole. The term, however, may refer not to the grave, but to all the valley west of Hampden Reservoir.

Immediately after the execution, printers of the city sold a document that has become one of the rarest of local historical items. It was a printed copy of Susanna's confession, suitable for framing and in both German and English. Such items are called "broadsides."

Within a few days another "broadside" appeared. It was a 38-stanza poem, originally written in German by a Bern Township schoolmaster, named Johann Gombert. It was called "The Sorrow Song of Susanna Cox." Not long afterward the same poem was translated into 32 verses of labored English. It was titled "The New Mournful Song of Susanna Cox."

As an example of the English verse, a stanza reads:

*And he who did this song compose
And earnestly did dictate,
Did all this misery behold,
Was near the judgment seat.*

While hundreds, probably several thousand, of the four "broadsides" were printed, few remain today in private hands. None of the confession broadsides is known to exist. The Sorrow Song (German) and Mournful Song (English) occasionally turn up in old family Bibles, but not half a dozen have appeared for sale in local antique circles in the last 10 years. The English version is the more rare.

When they do appear, they bring prices more than two hundred times the original 12½ cents for which they were sold in 1809, an indication that even in this modern age the story of Susanna Cox has not been forgotten.



Newton Bachman stuffing the skins to make "Brodwarscht" (Pennsylvania Dutch farmer's sausage). Butchering and sausage-making are demonstrated daily at the Folk Festival.

COUNTRY BUTCHER: An Interview with Newton Bachman

By ROBERT I. SCHNEIDER

[Butchering was a basic task on the Pennsylvania Dutch farm, for meat products—beef, pork, and veal—formed part of the basic staple food for every farm family. For many years the Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival at Kutztown has featured butchering, sausage-making, and ponhoss (scrapple) manufacture as a demonstration, to show our festival visitors the traditional methods. For the past four years the demonstration has been carried on by Newton Bachman, Country Butcher, of Kempton, Berks County, Pennsylvania. In the Fall of 1970 one of my students, Robert I. Schneider, of Reading, interviewed Mr. Bachman, in the Pennsylvania German dialect, to record some of the butchering techniques and methods of sausage and other meat food preparation. The original tape of the interview, from which the following abridged version has been translated, is available at the Folklore and Folklife Archive of the University of Pennsylvania.—EDITOR.]

INTERVIEWER'S INTRODUCTION

I arrived at Mr. Bachman's home at about 1:30 P.M., Sunday, October 18, 1970, and was met by him at the gate of his door yard.

When I had telephoned for an appointment earlier in the week our communication had been entirely in English. Now face to face, I greeted him in Pennsylvania German and got a warm and hearty response in kind.

Mr. Bachman is a broad, solidly built man of medium height, of a ruddy complexion and with a handshake like a vise. His eyes twinkle with merriment and he is ready with good-humored talk and jests.

Aged 51, Newton Bachman and Mae, his wife of 30 years, have one child—a married daughter, 25 years of age.

The Bachmans have lived for the last ten years in the valley (no name given), near a promontory or

Lloyd DeTurk of Kutztown demonstrates historic hand-made sausage-grinder — an example of early Pennsylvania Dutch farm technology.



sugarloaf mountain known as “The Pinnacle”. In the same valley is another peak called Hog Mountain. Flowing between the Bachmans’ home and the valley road is the pleasant little stream of Pine Creek.

The road referred to above is connected at its Eastern end with Route 143. Several miles to the South on this road (143) is the borough of Lenhardtsville.

Hard by Mr. Bachman’s residence is the one sign of invading progress and change in an otherwise unspoiled countryside—a ski slope and resort.

We wasted little time on the amenities once we were inside, but started to talk about my mission at once. This was about slaughtering and butchering as it was once done in rural Pennsylvania.

It is not necessary to state here that what I collected on tape was in the Pennsylvania German dialect. The recording went on for almost an hour with interruptions on my part when asking for more detail or clarification of a point. In most cases when interrogating my informant I shut off the tape recorder.

After considerably more conversation and a short tour of Mr. Bachman’s farm buildings I departed for Reading at approximately 4 P.M.

TRANSLATION OF INTERVIEW

Q. Newt, have you worked with the apparatus for pulling up or raising slaughtered animals?

A. Yes, this was the gallows [PG: *Galje*], a three-pronged or three-legged affair on which carcasses (pigs or steers) were hung, and this was then raised or pulled up. And then the one leg was pushed forward a few inches until high enough to draw out the entrails. Now today they have the tackle, a later invention with a rope—today too there is the electric hoist and the old ways are no longer wanted. Now there is the gallows, then there is the carrier for the pigs when you roll them from the scalding trough [PG: *Briedhrok*]. You put them on the carrier and you finish cleaning them. You shave them, then you hang them on the gallows to take out the insides.

Q. Now—do they still have such butchering equipment? Do many people still have such things on the farms?

A. Well, today there is little of such things—these things have died out. The old ways are no longer used. The old ways are a bit laborious. They want to make use of the modern ways. Most people go to the nearest

butchering shop today and let them do it. They want none of the mess at home.

Q. When I phoned last night regarding this interview you said you were to help a friend or a neighbor slaughter a steer. Had they (the neighbor who is being helped) such apparatus as this?

A. At the butchering today we used the old-fashioned tackle (we did not use the electric hoist) and pulled the steer up part way from the ground, then flayed the carcass half way. Then we pulled it up to full top and removed the entrails and finished removing the hide, then sawed it (the beef carcass) in half (down the middle). This was usually done as a winter job. The carcass was left hanging in the cold, then next day later you cut up your beef (meaning into cuts, roasts, joints, chops). Then last you cut up the trimmings (scraps) from the bones for making scrapple [PG: *Pannhaas*].

Q. You said something about when it was cold they used to leave the steer hanging. It makes no difference today, what with electric refrigerators and so on?

A. Today, they do it (slaughter or butcher) summertime or anytime—this goes right on. Years ago they had no scrapple except in wintertime. A farmer butchered about two times a year and when he made his winter product, the hams [PG: *Schunke*—they were smoked and so on. They used to say that a housewife who cut a ham (from the smoke house “stockpile”) prior to Easter was not a good “manager” as a housewife. She had to hold on to the smoked meats (that is, she had to budget her stock of smoked provender) until well into the summer.

Then they also made summer sausage (bologna) [PG: *Summerwarscht*]. That was the way to keep bologna or sausage into the summer—and they called it summer bologna—like Lebanon bologna—this was called summer bologna—and the others were perhaps the winter bologna.

Q. What did you just say—a housewife wasn't a very good manager who couldn't make the smoked meats last until summer?

A. Yes, she had to use up such meats that wouldn't keep, eat the bone business and so on—serve them (the perishable meats) first. She wasn't a good housekeeper (housewife) except she didn't cut into (start) one (ham) before Easter. This was then an Easter treat—ham on Easter.

There are the backbone (short ribs) [PG: *Rickmeessel*] that was put down to cure in something which had to be or would keep for 2 or 3 months. This was packed in salt—in brine—and we made sauerkraut and used these salted meats [PG: *Pickelfleesch*] next (after the fresh meat, perishables had been used). There was no butcher to come around in the summer, you know, as they do nowadays.

Q. Before we forget this—you said before they even had tackle, before they used rope, they just had iron hooks on the tri-legger. You said they'd push each leg in a few inches (and gradually) raised the steer. How many men did this take to raise a steer—a good big one?

A. Oh - - - three good men or four poor ones.

The sausage meat (ground meat) was rendered or fried. Before they had cans (glass jars) the meat was put in stone crocks and the hot rendered fat was poured over the meat. This sealed and preserved it.

Q. What name do we give that portion or cut along the spine—what is its name?

A. In beef, I think you mean the filet mignon.

Q. No, not that, not the tenderloin.

A. Along the spine, it's called the chine [PG: *Rickmeessel*].

You can't get cuts like that in stores today—they don't cut it that way anymore. They cut it down the middle so that we now get pork chops.

Now, I know what it is. Oh, I have it—barbecued spareribs.

That comes along side. You take the ribs off—then you get bacon—and then the ribs.

Q. But they are the part from next to the spine— isn't that so?

A. So down the middle is the spine and when the ribs are removed—underneath is the bacon, you know.

Q. What is it that they have in the South? I think they call it country spareribs—all the ribs—right where we split the backbone.

I'm not asking for what they do in the South—I just don't know the name around here.

A. Well, there are the ribs, the bacon—underneath is the tenderloin and the little “fish” [PG: *der glee Fisch*—but if you cut down here on each side you have pork chops. There probably isn't a German (Pennsylvania German) word for pork chops—not that I know of.

The pork chops have become popular in the last 40 - 50 years—when freezers came in we could freeze the chops—in earlier times the part of the chops (loins)—the tenderloin was canned and the bone portions cooked and eaten at once (as fresh pork) according to their facilities.

Q. We used to take that piece which now yields chops and use it with sauerkraut.

A. Yes that part along the spine—that cartilage-like part—makes the best sauerkraut, just as an ox-tail [PG: *Ochseschwanz*] makes the best beef soup, you know. . . . Years ago they didn't believe it either. You know, years ago a farmer butchered about twice a year. Then his pigs were over a year old—their flesh was good and firm—well rounded out on grain feeding. Often farmers would say—we are ready for butchering but the pigs are not yet properly rounded out. We will need four crocks or containers of lard and just now the yield will only be three. They (the farmers) did not wish to buy anything (at stores). If they needed six containers of lard they waited until their hogs were in condition to supply that much. Today hogs are bred so as not to produce much lard—without fat [PG: *Schpeck*]. Today the kids push the fat from their plates—but earlier they used to steal it from one another.

Now, a good home-cured ham [PG: *Schunke*] was cured for so many weeks according to size and then hung for several weeks in the smoke house. But such

hams we no longer can buy today, everything is artificial and chemical. They do it in about two days—48 hours or so.

Q. That is in brine, you mean?

A. Yes, about six weeks.

Q. And what of the smoked shoulders [PG: *Vedderschunke*], as we used to call them?

A. Well, we could hang them away and they'd keep for a whole year. Now they won't keep and will spoil if not used promptly. They get slippery and —

Q. You mean the hams one buys today? They aren't smoked really, are they?

A. Well, yes, first they are in liquid and then heat is applied. The heat is to tenderize them. They're precooked really, and often they've been sticky.

Years ago we hung hams in sacks or coverings in the attic—after they'd been cured with black pepper and borax powder, I believe. This kept the flies away, etc.

They were enclosed in flour sacking or some porous cloth so they could "breathe" and would not smother.

Fritz Schneider always had good hams. He was an old one. We used to cut ice on his pond. The horse would pull an ice-marker, and we had to saw it by hand (cut the ice). One day the horse broke through the ice and fell into the water—we had a time getting him out. We'd harvest ice when it was 12 or 14 inches thick—then it was loaded on the wagon, taken home and put into the ice house—packed in saw dust. The following winter there would still be ice left from the previous year.

Q. So that's how meat was kept with ice houses and smoking and pickling? Sausage—what about sausage—can you tell me? Well, the smoking also did the bacon. What about sausage? What can you relate?

A. The thin sausage (fresh pork) we called frying sausage [PG: *Brodwarscht*]. We put these in a pan and fried them, years ago and then we put them in jars and pickled them.

They also had a lot of sausage called German sausage or summer bologna, these had very little pork—mostly beef. They were put in large sacks for casings and smoked very hard. In those days there was no pressed ham and that sort of thing.

Q. A family then, took their grain to the mill for flour, so with meat and so on they didn't have to buy much?

A. They raised enough meat and other food for the whole year except when they had too much company or perhaps special occasions in the Spring—or into the Summer when food became scarce they'd butcher a calf—so veal was used but now calves are very dear also.

Q. Question about Mr. Bachman's part at the Kutztown Festival.

A. Yes—at Kutztown at the Folk Festival the whole operation takes place. The animals are brought there alive, shot on the truck, dragged in and stuck so that the people can see it all—take pictures and so on. They are stuck and put into the scalding trough and scalded, put on the carrier, shaved off their hair and

put on the tackle, washed off thoroughly, and the insides removed (entrails drawn). (Next the public is shown) what part of the animal furnishes the pork chops, bacon, the shoulder. Then we—on the spot—make sausage every day, showing how it was done on the farm years ago. Twice a week we make scrapple, and liver pudding [PG: *Lewwerwarscht*].

Q. That liver pudding, that is the kind that is put up in crocks, isn't it?

A. Yes, in crocks and in casings. The use of casings (intestines) was better than pots, because it kept better. The intestines kept the air from the sausage better than crocks.

Q. Question to Mr. Bachman on by-products such as pig tails, pig's feet, pig's ears, etc. How were they utilized?

A. Well what we used was not just the feet but hog legs. We cooked these small things and made souse [PG: *Zitterli*—souse in English. It shook when it was cold like jelly. And then it was cold and it could be sliced. Often a little tripe [PG: *Kuddelfleck*] was also used. The hog legs were cooked—salt and pepper and vinegar added. The hide was left on in the souse—pig's foot jelly (hog's head cheese).

Q. There is an item. Tripe. Could that be kept for any time?

A. That is the stomach of an ox—cleaned, cooked in salt water and pressed. In the old days it was just cut up and pressed.

Q. There are many things now artificially made—like artificial vinegar—and it doesn't taste like things once did.

A. I don't like things cooked in vinegar. It becomes so mushy. That is, I don't like things too rare or raw or too well done. That's how I like my women too—just medium.

Q. Repeat on the poor management of housewife who has to "start" or begin to use a ham before Easter.

A. Pig ears I've never eaten any but have always meant to try them. But they are nothing but cartilage and some folks put them in their scrapple, but this turned some people's stomachs. Some people also used the lung and this also turned some people.

Q. Some mention of chitterbugs (chittlins) or small pork intestines in the South.

A. Yes, that is just muscle. That's what makes sausage keep—the intestines [PG: *Darreme*—the sausage will keep much longer in intestine (casing) than if you'd let the sausage meat remain in a dish. The intestine is air tight and keeps out the air. This can be kept for a long time in the smokehouse. I've kept some for six months. They taste fine too. But when they are once in the refrigerator overnight then they are no longer so good.

Q. Slippery, eh?

A. Yes, slippery perhaps, but they lose that good taste from just being overnight in the refrigerator.

The old ways had a lot of good (to recommend them). You can't get around it (you can't surpass the old ways)—it makes no difference. In the threshing—



Country Butcher Bachman sawing hog carcass in preparation for smoking and other steps in meat preparation.

the old type of straw with that fine small stuff (chaff and small bits of straw) soaked up the liquids and made better manure.

Q. Now they have power blowers—

A. Today they have these combines and leave the chaff on the fields—but don't get it into the barns and let it soak up the liquids.

Q. What about scrapple? We can't keep that for long, can we?

A. Years ago they kept scrapple a couple of months, but years ago they had fat hogs. They wanted lard and made their hogs purposely fat—and they filled the pans three-quarters full (with scrapple) and poured lard on top of this and it kept the scrapple a long time because the lard sealed out the air. Then you could trim (scrape or remove) the lard at a later time to find the scrapple still fresh and tasty.

They had cellars and "ground cellars" where they moved in the Summer twice. They had these ground cellars—went down the steps into the cellar which was like their refrigerator. In there they had their beets (all roots) and apples, etc. At times butchering would be postponed a week or so if the weather was not cool enough.

Q. Question about dried beef. Do you know about jerky—buffalo jerky—that the old people had, especially in the West? Had we anything such as that? Other than dried beef? What was the German name for dried beef?

A. Well, I don't rightly know. We made dried beef in one piece out of the "Gualla". Yes, we made it of that—that's the name—it lasted a whole year. I guess it was the same thing those fellows cut in small pieces and carried along in a sack.

Q. That's on the order of Indian pemmican—they dried meat and dried berries like cranberries and put it in a sack—or the intestine—whatever it was—and shoved it in.

A. They hung their meat up and the air dried (parched) it—when salt was put to it. That's like the sausage in the smoke house. The air is kept out, and the dampness—borax kept germs and such things out.

Q. This whole business we've gone over here was for much what our forefathers brought over from Germany and from Switzerland.

A. Yes—the old ways which were followed long—until recent years—machinery and so on modernized—short cuts taken and nothing kept as it once did.

Q. No, it lacks the quality.

A. No, it not only has no quality. They learn new tricks every day for short cuts.

Q. (Now, finally) How do you make scrapple? Can you give a little detail on it? Step by step?

A. Well, after butchering, you take (cook, boil) the meat from the bones—cook all the bones, pork bones, in the iron kettle—heart, liver and that stuff all comes together. When all the flesh has been cooked off the bones you cool it—grind this (in a meat chopper), add salt and pepper. Part of this is put in casings or crocks as liver pudding or liver sausage—roughly about half of it. The rest is put back in the "bone" (pot liquor) again, and seasoned until a little on the strongly seasoned side. Now bring this to a boil and when it boils stir in about a pound of flour—next stir in a pound of yellow cornmeal. Finally thicken this with buckwheat meal—and after this bring again to a boil and boil for 15 minutes. Then take from heat and after a minute or two pour to cool. Let it sit overnight. It can be sliced about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick to fry. Some people eat it with molasses—that was the old way—some use catsup. I like fried eggs with mine—sunny side up—I like that. Now there were many who years ago used applebutter or molasses on theirs. I like it either way but eggs are my favorite.

Q. Now you have talked for $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour on butchering and so on. This is not in your line perhaps, but what of mincemeat?

A. This was made by cooking meat but not too soft in the scrapple—meat—juices—then apple snitz, and put in cans, and of course whiskey was added. This was put in jars and was kept for a year or two or three. Years ago this was the common way to make it.



Pennsylvania Dutch Jiggers from Fleetwood, Berks County, led by Mrs. Emma Manwiller, perform "Swing That Girl Behind You". The Jiggers are the only professional group that presently competes in the square dance contest. They have swept the jigging category since the inception of the contest and have repeatedly placed well in the over-all competition.



"Duck the Oyster, Dig the Clam" as performed by the Virginville 4H Junior Square Dance Team, led by Mr. Lester Miller. This is one of two groups from the Virginville Grange that has garnered many trophies at our square dance contest in the last several years.

"SWING YOUR PARTNER" Folk Dancing at The Festival

By JOHN E. STINSMEN

"Thou shalt not dance" may not have been one of the original ten commandments but, according to Dutch ministers, it was certainly the eleventh. This attitude toward dancing probably accounts for the total lack of German and Swiss Folk Dances in the Pennsylvania Dutch culture. The dancing that did exist came from English and Irish sources, and was incorporated into the cultural patterns as the early Dutch pioneer became affluent and survival gave way to leisure time.

As a feature of this year's Folk Festival we have on the Square Dance stage, the fifth annual Hoedowning, Jigging, and Square Dancing Contest sponsored by the Pennsylvania Folklife Society. This contest and its related programs are an attempt to preserve and foster Folk Dancing in Pennsylvania.

To provide the reader with a background on the origins of Square Dancing, it will be necessary to digress for a moment and examine early European Folk Dancing.

The Morris, or Moorish Dance as practiced in England, Spain and Italy forms the basis of most Square Dancing as we know it today. Elements such as changing sides, forming an arch, progressive figures, and

double line dancing, can be found in the most modern of Western Square Dancing. The origin of the Morris Dance, especially in England, may have been that of a Spring Fertility Rite performed by the farmer to insure a bountiful harvest and a large family. In the case of our Dutch farmers, it must still be working its charms today.

During the late 15th Century, with the establishment of formal courts in England and France, the dancing came in from the field and onto the Throne Room floor. The nobility enjoyed such dances as the Gavotte and Gigue. The 18th Century French court gave us the Minuet, Quadrille, and Cotillion, and more important, the dancing master whose job it was to instruct fledgling nobility in the latest dance steps. We find him personified today in his direct descendant, the Square Dance Caller.

As the English and Irish settlers migrated westward in the New World they brought with them their traditions of dancing which were infused in their neighbors, the Pennsylvania Dutch. Early English schoolmasters taught dancing as a method of supplementing their income, and since this became a necessary part of

A Pennsylvania dance group of the late 19th Century. This photograph, from the Editor's Collection, came with a sale-lot of materials from Kennett Square in Chester County. Can any of our readers identify it for us?



social gatherings, the Dutch forefathers reluctantly allowed themselves to be coerced into that eleventh sin, dancing.

If we were able to transport a group of contemporary dancers back through time to a Colonial American country dance, we would find a surprising number of similarities. In fact the only differences would be that we today have forgotten quite a few of the figures and that each region has its own name for its favorite Square Dances. I have compiled a list of some of the favorites here combined with their modern counterparts:

1. *Waltz-Quadrille*, which we call *Grand Chain*: Two part dance, changing to Waltz tempo in the middle portion and back to Square Dance time at the end.
2. *Dig the Oyster, Dig the Clam* — Contemporary Dance the same: Figure used in Morris Dance, first couple out to second, circle four, first couple duck under arch of second couple.
3. *Kegel Quadrille—Swing Adam, Swing Eve—Arkansas—Honolulu Baby*: Progressive dance, where first lady of man goes out to the right, swings or balances, then back to their original partner.
4. *Miller's Star or Mill—Texas Star*: Four ladies or men join right or left hand and proceed in a clockwise or counter-clockwise direction.
5. *Casting Off*: Cut 6, Cut 4, Cut 2, Chase the Rabbit, Chase the Squirrel: Couples proceed forward and through center of opposite couple and return to original place.
6. *Sicilian Circle, Single Reel—Grand Chain*: First couple out to the second, 4 hands around, on to next, right hand across, left hand back (can be performed in a star figure), on to the fourth couple, pass through or figure eight.
7. *Forward Up Six, or Money Musk—Marching through Georgia*: First man out to second couple, circle 4 hands, leave that lady there, on to third couple 3 hand around, take the lady along to fourth couple, leave lady there and home.
8. *Patronella—Girl I Left Behind Me*: Parade Indian style (all form a circle facing person ahead of you) on call turn and swing the girl behind you.
9. *Darling Nellie Gray*—6, 4, 2.
10. *Larry O'Gaff—Chase the Rabbit, Chase the Squirrel*,

The list of dances is almost endless and it would serve no purpose to repeat them here. It should be mentioned however that in colonial times dances were much longer than our contemporary dances and may have combined as many as four of our normal Square Dance figures.

All the above dances can be referred to as "hoe-downing," which is one of the three surviving forms of Folk Dancing. The second form is much more lively, that of "Jigging". Jigging numbers are primarily those which emphasize a tap dance step rather than an intricate figure. They are descended from the Irish Jig but use a somewhat simplified step. Jigging is the

"Marching Through Georgia" as performed by the Virginville 4H Juniors during one of their two required demonstration dances which constitute the first part of the square dance competition.



The Jolly Square Dancers led by Mr. Robert M. Gebringer perform "The Texas Star". The group represents the Seipstown Grange not only in our competition but also at the Harrisburg Farm Show. This group has competed every year at Kutztown and was the over-all winner in the first contest.



The Virginville 4H seniors perform "Chase the Rabbit, Chase the Squirrel". The dancers in this set not only compete in square dancing, but are well represented in livestock competition in the area. They are a fine example of the 4H tradition and a great credit to their leader, Lester Miller.



Virginville 4H Juniors executing a "4 Hands Round" during the second part of the square dance competition. During this segment all competing groups in a particular category dance to the square dance judge without knowing what number he is going to call.





The Circle Eight Squares led by Mr. Raymond Honeycutt of Mobnton, Pennsylvania, perform "Marching Indian Style" during the Western Square Dance competition. This group represents the most sophisticated type of square dancing as practiced by clubs all over the United States.



The Ontelaunee Grange Dancers led by Mr. Marvin Heck of Leesport, Berks County, perform the traditional square dance "Larry O'Gaff", showing the high degree of skill and concentration needed in hoedown competition.



The Lykens Valley Jiggers demonstrate the championship that has won them a place in the hearts of all visitors to the Folk Festival. The group, led by Mr. Elvin Savidge of Millersburg, Pennsylvania, demonstrates the art of square dancing every hour on the hour to crowds from every corner of the United States.



most spectacular of the Folk Dances and to master its intricacies, calls for patience and a phenomenal amount of stamina. The final category in our contest is "Western Square Dancing". These dances are derived from the traditional Hoedowning but are far more complex and demanding. The dancers instead of moving in a progressing manner, one couple doing the figure, the others standing still, move simultaneously. Music for this type of dancing is more contemporary than Hoedowning and Jigging and usually a bit slower. Western Square Dancing is usually done by clubs formed for that purpose whereas Hoedowning and Jigging can be found at some rural Pennsylvania Dutch weddings, parties or dances.

A word is necessary here concerning the three types of calls used in Square Dancing. The earliest type is the "prompt" call which is used in Hoedowning and Jigging. In this type of call the only directions given are for the figure alone, such as "Swing your Partner". The second type of call is the "patter" call where additional words are added to the call to fill in time. An example of this type of call would be. "Hurry up, don't be late, Swing your Partner by the Garden Gate". The third type of call is the "singing" call which uses a particular musical number as a basis for the dance. In this case the figure is sung as a lyric of the song. All types of calling can be found in Hoedowning; however, singing calls are almost exclusively found in Western Square dancing.

The Pennsylvania Folklife Society in an effort to promote square dancing has provided for the visitor to this year's festival an entire day of recreation and demonstration on the square dance stage. The Lykens Valley Jiggers demonstrate dancing every hour on the hour from 12:00 until 4:00. In the evening from 7:30 until 9:00 the visitor is treated to square dance competition. And from 9:00 to 11:00 there is general square dancing for all who are interested. It might be noted that although most groups represented in the contest come from the surrounding area, the contest is open to any group who should choose to enter. We happily note that some groups have been specifically formed to compete in our contest such as the two groups from Conrad Weiser High School led by Mr. Lester Breininger of Robesonia, Pennsylvania.

Other groups from as far away as New York City have been represented at our competition and we hope to encourage more in the future. For this purpose we have included in this article a copy of the application form used for this year's competition. Further information can be secured by writing the Pennsylvania Folklife Society or visiting the square dance pavilion.

This year's Square Dance Contest will be the culmination of five years' work by the Folklife Society. We hope that more groups will become interested in participating in our contest as the years progress. Besides providing trophies and prize money, there is one commodity that is intrinsic in Square Dancing, "Fun," and this above all else should insure the survival of this Folk Art Form.

The Stardusters Square Dance Club from Berks County, led by Mr. Conrad Karnish, show just how much fun square dancing can be as they execute a twirl, showing off the ladies' finery.

The old Heidelberg Band, Pennsylvania Dutch equivalent of the Little German Band of urban America, furnishes music for the Festival.



Daily balloon flights by Professor Dodds Meddock recapture early American festival spirit.



"Hex Signs" used to decorate Pennsylvania Dutch barns. These are modern adaptations.

Festival Highlights



Country auctions are held daily on the main stage.



Carrie Lambert of Berks County stirs the mush.

Quilters demonstrate one of America's oldest crafts.





Mabel Snyder, Berks County hausfrau, daily demonstrates the production of homemade soap.



Pennsylvania Dutch farm women used to join their menfolk in the harvest fields. Here Lillian May Diehl of Lehigh County helps the Threshermen.

Festival Highlights



Helen Arndt of Berks County trims the Christmas Tree with traditional ornaments.

Lebanon Bologna, one of the few Pennsylvania Dutch food specialties that has made it commercially, is now sold all over the United States.



George Arold of Montgomery County and helper at the candle-dipping demonstration.



Hymn sings at the church provide authentic 19th Century Americana, as led by Lillian Kauffman of Lancaster County, gospel singer.



Martina Henry of Bucks County demonstrates glass blowing.



Evelyn Spannings of Montgomery County paints designs on antique furniture.



Winnie Brendel of Lancaster County in the Country Kitchen, serves traditional farm meals daily.



Prize quilts at the annual quilt exhibition. Dutch motifs, distelfinks and hex signs, abound.



Phares Hertzog, the "Snake Man of Lancaster County", explains snake lore to captive audience.



On the 4th of July, Dutch farmers used to hold a "Fantastical Parade."

Festival Highlights

The Dutchman is traditionally a hearty eater. Here a farm meal is served in the Festival's Country Kitchen.



The Festival and its Sponsorship

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

SEMINARS ON PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH FOLK-CULTURE

- 12:00 NOON Introduction to the Plain Dutch
- 12:30 P. M. Crafts and Craftsmen of the Dutch Country
- 1:00 P. M. Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Art
- 1:30 P. M. Almanacs, Witchcraft and Powwowing
- 2:00 P. M. Customs of the Year
- 2:30 P. M. Funeral Lore of the Dutch Country
- 3:00 P. M. Folk Architecture and House Restoration
- 3:30 P. M. Mennonite, Amish and Brethren Culture
- 4:00 P. M. Snake Lore
- 4:30 P. M. Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Music

Publication of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society

The Society publishes a profusely illustrated 48-page periodical, PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE (Fall, Winter, Spring and Summer), now in its twenty-first year, and a colorful 48-page Folk Festival issue.

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



AN INVITATION

To Become a Subscriber to the Society's Periodical,
PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE
(\$6.00 a Year)

PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE SOCIETY
Box 1053, Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17604

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

ZIP CODE _____

22nd Annual Pennsylvania Dutch



HANGING

Place—Gallows
Time—11:00 & 3:00
The hanging of Susanna Cox for infanticide, reenacting Pennsylvania's most famous execution, 1809.



BALLOON ASCENSION

Place—Balloon
Time—6:30 P.M.
Old-fashioned balloon ascension similar to those done in the Dutch Country in the 1870s.



AMISH WEDDING

Place—Green Chair
Time—1:00 & 4:30
Ruth Yoder and Amos Fisher exchange traditional Amish wedding vows.



SHEEP SHEARING

Place—Sheep Pen
Time—1:00 P.M.
Shearing of sheep and subsequent use of the wool in vegetable dyeing.



BUTCHERING

Place—Butcher shop
Time—1:00 to 6:00
Demonstration of hog-butchering including the making of ponhoss and sausage.



CHILDREN'S GAMES

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



COUNTRY AUCTION

Place—Main Stage
Time—11:00 to 12:30 & 4:15 to 6:00 P.M.
Auctioneers in action, selling a variety of articles from the Pennsylvania Dutch area.

MAIN STAGE

11:00-12:30 **COUNTRY**

12:30- 1:00 **FOOD SPE**

1:00- 2:30 **MUSIC and**
Songs by
Music by
Pennsylv
By Merrit

2:30- 4:15 **Major Folk**
"MEN OF
(See Page

4:15- 6:00 **COUNTRY**

6:00- 7:00 **Intermissio**

7:00- 7:30 **HEIDELBER**

7:30- 9:15 **Major Folk**
"MEN OF
(See Page

Starting
at NOON: **FOLK**
on the Per
(See Page

Folk Festival

KUTZTOWN, PA.
July 3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10, 1971

PROGRAM

ACTIVITIES

ACTIVITIES at the Festival

COMEDY & HUMOR:

Brooks
Delberg Polka Band
Dutch Humor
Freeman & Bertha B. Rehrig

Special Presentation:

"THE MASTER"

ACTIVITIES

POLKA BAND

Special Presentation:

"THE MASTER"

SEMINARS

Pennsylvania Dutch Culture



HOEING

Hoedown Tent
10:00 A.M.
Demonstration of
of horses as
sylvania Dutch
hoedown.



QUILTING

Place—Quilting Building
Time—9:00 to 7:00
Demonstration of the art of quilting. All quilts entered in the contest are on display and for sale.



PA. DUTCH COOKING BUTTER MAKING AND CANNING

Place—Country Kitchen
Time—10:00 to 7:00

Preparation of typical Pa. Dutch meals, including daily menus with favorite recipes.



BARN RAISING

Place—Barn
Time—12:30 & 5:30

Portraying the building of a barn by the Amish.



FARM PRODUCE

Place—Grange Building
Time—9:00 to 7:00

Eight local Grange organizations display products from Pennsylvania Dutch farms.



WITCHCRAFT TRIAL

Place—Hutch
Time—12:00 & 5:00
William Penn presides at Pennsylvania's most famous witchcraft trial—1684.



SQUARE DANCING, HOEDOWNING & JIGGING

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

Everyone Invited to Dance!

Demonstrations and Instructions furnished by championship Hoedown and Jigging Teams.

CONTEST: 7:00 to 9:00 P.M.

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

Men of One Master

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

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

Written and Directed by Brad Smoker
Music by Glen Morgan

- Scene One:** "For Today—What Does The Almanac Say?"
Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, Saturday.
"That's The Way The World Goes" Group
"Vexed With A Hex" Rainey, Yonne, Girls
"Blue Gate, Tell Me." Nancy & Aaron
- Scene Two:** A "Go-To-Meeting" Sunday.
" 's Lob g'sang" (Hymn of Praise) Group
"Where Will We Go?" Group
- Scene Three:** Europe, 1650.
"Gonna Find That Freedom Land" Men
"This Land Is God's Land" Group
- Scene Four:** Lancaster County, Sunday.
"On A Sunday Afternoon" Group
"It's A World, What A World" Cain
- Scene Five:** Market Day. One Week Later.
"Much Dutch Touch" Rainey, Yonne, Group
- Scene Six:** A Saturday Night Singing.
"Seven Sweets and Seven Sours" Group
- Scene Seven:** Wedding Day. Thursday.
"I Ain't Never Gonna Marry" Rainey and Yonne
"What Is A Man?" Aaron, Cain, Mary & Joel
- Scene Eight:** The School Question and the Courts.
"Where Will We Go?" Group

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

—Brad Smoker.

About The Authors:

Brad Smoker, author and director received an M.A. in theatre from Syracuse University and now is professor of theatre at the University of Rhode Island. Ten other scripts of his have had college and community theatre productions.

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



The Country Church is the scene daily of impromptu hymn sings accompanied on the reed organ.



The Book Store is operated by Lamar W. Bumbaugh of Berks County.

Festival Highlights



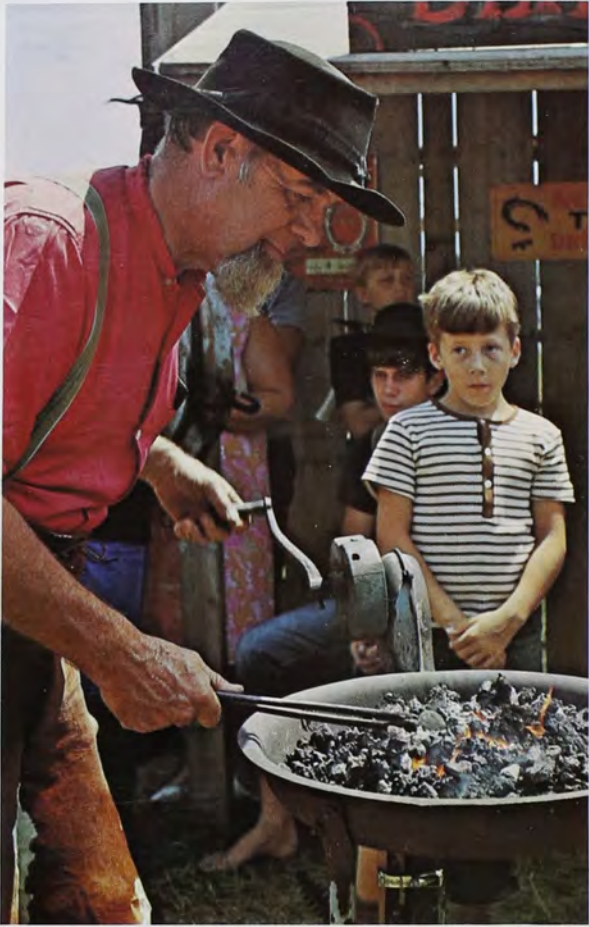
Amish Family from "Men of One Master" Pageant.



Country Schoolhouse offers a chance for America's children of today to have the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect explained.



Refreshments are sold in "Old Plow" Tavern.



Harry Haupt, blacksmith of Montgomery County, at his portable forge.



Earl Diehl of Lehigh County and George Stofflet of Berks County demonstrate threshing techniques.

Festival Highlights



Tin lamps and lanterns lighted early Pennsylvania farmhouses. Here Joseph Messersmith of Chester County demonstrates his time-honored procedure.



Robert Blanchard of Berks County makes pottery at the Festival.



Edwin Bieber of Berks County showing milling methods and equipment.



Helen Werley and helper of Northampton Co. make brooms the traditional way using home-grown broom corn fibers.



Paul Adam of Berks County boring holes in fence-posts on antique belt-driven Machinery.



The Conestoga Horses of Colonial Pennsylvania were famous throughout the East. Edgar Messerschmidt of Lebanon County, in charge of the horses, knows their history.



Charles Messner, tinsmith of Lancaster County, at work.



The animals at the Festival always have a fascination for youngsters.

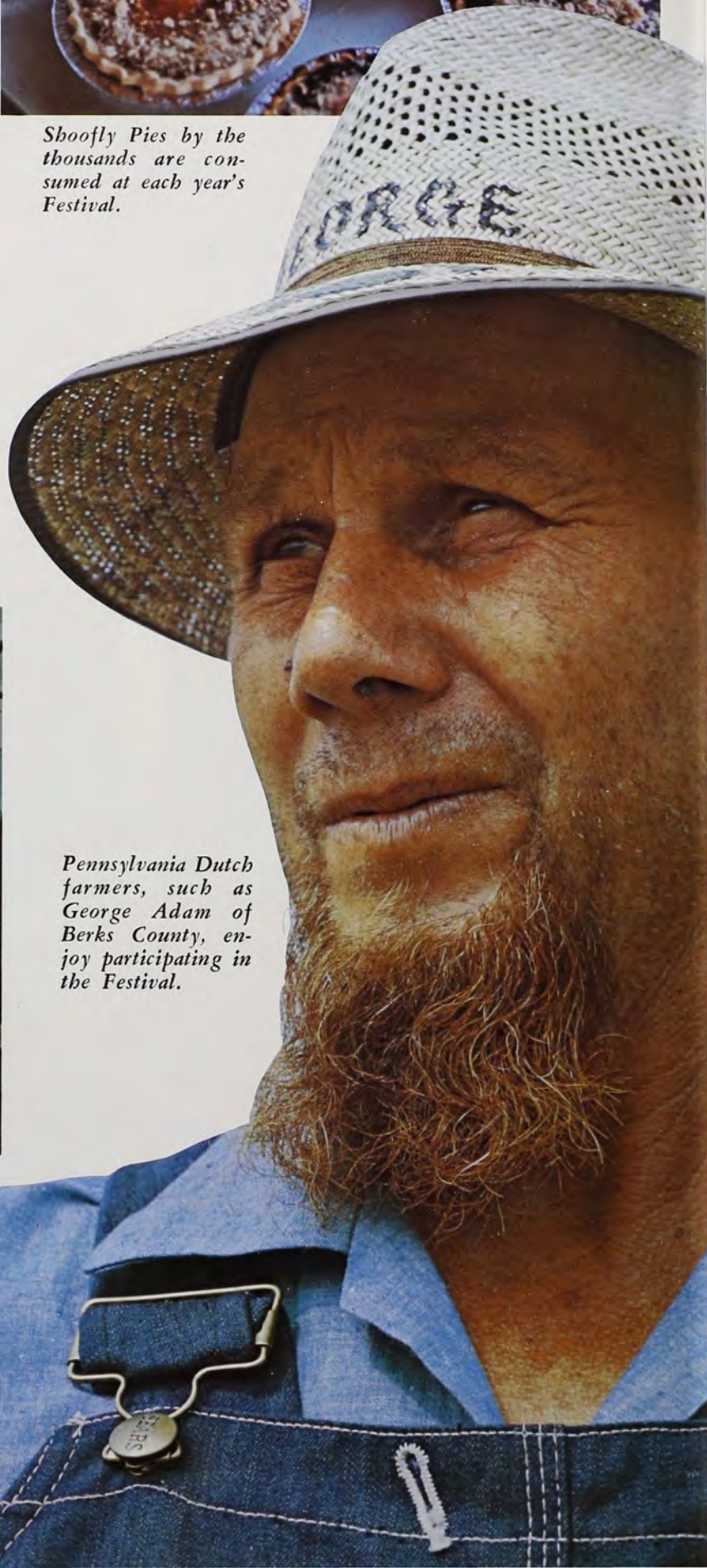


Shoofly Pies by the thousands are consumed at each year's Festival.

Festival Highlights



The Pennsylvania Dutch Jiggers of Fleetwood, Berks County, perform their favorite dance.



Pennsylvania Dutch farmers, such as George Adam of Berks County, enjoy participating in the Festival.

Leaving The Festival With Thoughts of **FOOD**

By MARTHA S. BEST



Berks County Dutch "Hausfraus" slide pans of unbaked bread-dough into bake-oven with the traditional "peel".

Now that you have eaten everything that was on the menu, now that your youngsters resemble a straw man from the fairy tales, and you have seen all the crafts in the three days you were at the Kutztown Folk Festival, you must return to your own Texas, California, or Florida. Before you climb aboard your plane, with a vow to return next year, you want to select a sample of food for the folks back home. What could be more appreciated by them than white or rye bread and apple butter, both Pennsylvania Dutch style?

RECIPES FOR HOMEMADE BREAD

Of course, you observed Mrs. Elsie Stauffer, a native of Bethel, mixing batches of bread, ten or eleven loaves to a batch. Like most Pennsylvania Dutch housewives, Mrs. Stauffer has learned the art of cooking by years of experience. She adds water to flour "until it feels just right" and seasons the food with "a pinch of salt". So it was no easy task to persuade Mrs. Stauffer to state specifically how she made bread. Finally, she listed these ingredients:

3 cups dry yeast
1 $\frac{3}{4}$ qt. warm water
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
2 tablespoons salt

Dissolve the yeast in lukewarm water. Then combine all the other ingredients, which are at room temperature. Let stand for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Add "flour to stiffen" (allow about $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour for each loaf). Knead about 15

minutes until the dough is smooth and elastic. To knead the dough, push it with the palms of the hands, with the fingers curved to prevent the dough from flattening out too much.

Set dough aside in mixing pan until it doubles in bulk; divide it into "lumps," each "lump" weighing one pound. Shape these portions into loaves in greased rectangular bread pans. Let dough rise again. Bake for about 20 minutes at 350 degrees.

HEATING THE OUTDOOR BAKEOVEN

Mr. Ray Hauer, Myerstown, explained that while the women were exchanging recipes for rye bread, he was building a fire in the outdoor bake oven. He used brushwood as a starter, then fed the flames with random lengths of dry firewood. After about an hour, the oven reached the temperature between 350 and 400 degrees. He scraped the embers from the hearth and tested the temperature of the oven by putting flour on a long-handled peel. If the flour blackened but did not ignite when the peel was inserted into the oven, the unbaked loaves were transferred from the baskets onto the peel. The peel was removed as soon as the bread reached its designated place on the hearth.

These outdoor ovens were safer than fireplaces and a greater quantity of bread could be baked at one time in the ovens. As the heat diminished, the bread and pies were replaced by trays of fruits and vegetables. Elderberries, sliced apples, sliced pears, corn, peas, and string beans might be dried in the ovens as well.

"Lattwaerrick" (apple-butter) is a staple "spread" for Pennsylvania Dutch bread, with butter and "schmierkees" (cottage cheese). Here it is being stirred, an all-day task.



RYE BREAD IN THE DUTCH COUNTRY

Mrs. Ellen Zerbe, Robesonia, claimed that wheat bread was a luxury in the Dutch Country in the early 19th Century. It was served only on very special occasions such as holidays and weddings. At all other times, rye bread was eaten by the farm families.

Ellen gave me her favorite recipe for rye bread which included:

- 2 tablespoons shortening
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup buttermilk
- 2 medium potatoes
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cake yeast
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 tablespoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
- 2 cups rye flour
- 5 cups white flour

Boil potatoes in salted water; drain and reserve one cup of the water. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cake yeast to this water. Mash the potatoes. Beat dissolved yeast, sugar, salt, and shortening into mashed potatoes. Add the buttermilk and water. Beat in white flour. Work in the rye flour. Cover and let rise for several hours until doubled in bulk. Knead for ten minutes. Place dough in a bread basket, made of coiled rye straw, on a cloth floured with corn meal. Cover and let rise again. Bake right on the hearth of the outdoor oven. Remove from oven and wrap in dampened cloth.

BREAD LORE FROM BERKS COUNTY

Mrs. Grace Zerbe, Womelsdorf, gave me the following folk beliefs concerning bread:

1. *If you lay a loaf of bread upside down on the table, the angels in heaven will weep.*
2. *A crack in bread, while baking, is a sign of death.*
3. *To determine if a sick person will get well, rub the patient's teeth with a piece of bread. Throw the bread to a dog. If the dog eats it, the patient will recover.*
4. *For a girl to serve a piece of butter bread to a young man that the family was entertaining at dinner was her way of telling him not to call again.*

"LATTWAERRICK" OR APPLEBUTTER AND ITS PREPARATION

Have you decided whether you prefer rye bread smothered with *lattwaerrick* (applebutter) and topped with *schmierkees* (cottage cheese), or are you the type who spreads his bread with cottage cheese and then hides the cheese under a layer of applebutter? While trying to defend your choice, you must stop at the Apple-Butter Tent.

Here Mrs. Marie George, Kempton, is busy peeling apples, quartering them and throwing the *schnitz* (quarters) into a bucket of water. After she and her helpers have thus prepared two bushels of tart apples, they

pour away the water and place the apples into a copper kettle with "lots of cider," which meant about seven gallons of cider. Marie warned that you must use a copper kettle, not an iron one, and be sure that the kettle had been made spotlessly clean the previous evening or it will turn green as the result of chemical reaction.

The kettle was suspended over a crackling fire and soon the cider reached the boiling point. Marie dropped in spices, enclosed in a spice bag (actually 3 tablespoons cinnamon, 3 tablespoons cloves, and a sassafras root about 6 or 8 inches long). This was boiled and stirred simultaneously for at least two hours. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kistler, Kutztown, took turns maneuvering a wooden pole twelve feet long. Fastened to the end of the pole was a criss-crossed paddle which moved back and forth in the boiling mixture.

Marie added six or seven pounds of sugar and then the boiling and stirring continued for two more hours. At last, the golden-brown concoction, now almost as thick as hasty pudding, was poured into sterilized pint jars. Because the boiling period was relatively short, the jars had to be sealed if the applebutter was not to be used immediately. In the past, when the applebutter

was cooked at least half a day, it could be stored in earthen crocks covered with circular pieces of slate or with the crock's own loosely fitting lids.

Mr. Kistler revealed the secret that water with a small proportion of vinegar may be substituted for the cider by food producers today. Since we do not make this substitution, the rich flavor of applebutter made at the Kutztown Folk Festival surpasses that of many brands made commercially.

"SCHNITZING PARTIES" IN GRANDFATHER'S DAY

Regina Kistler listened attentively as her grandfather reminisced about applebutter parties that he attended regularly. In September, a farmer would invite his neighbors, particularly young men and women, to a party at his home. Couples paired off as they *schnitzed* (cut) the apples and looked forward to the oncoming frolic. The young folks were never too involved in their task to throw the peelings from a carefully pared apple over their left shoulder. The letter formed by the peeling as it fell to the floor foretold the first initial of the name of one's future mate.

The fiddles played; dancing commenced; the host's daughter and her favorite beau and the honor of stirring the boiling apples until the end of the first jig. Another couple was asked to "man the paddle" and the festivities continued.

Perhaps you question what happened if many more apples were schnitzed than were needed for the "*lattuwaerrick*"? These schnitz were dried and stored in the attic of the farmhouse for delicious winter suppers. They might be put into schnitz pie or into "*schnitz un knepp*" (a dish of dried apples, raised dumplings, and ham).

THE DRY-HOUSE AND ITS USE

Mrs. Beulah Diehl, of Wescoesville, standing near a structure resembling a large economy-size doghouse, was drying schnitz, string beans, and corn. The wooden building is a dryhouse which has these measurements: 4 1/2 feet long, 4 1/2 feet wide, and 5 1/2 feet high. In the center of the dryhouse is a pot-bellied stove in which there is a steady wood fire. On opposite sides of the dryhouse are three drawer-like trays with access from the outside. The trays had wire mesh bottoms to hold the food.

The beans had merely been blanched. The corn on the cob had been cooked for three minutes, then it was cut off the cob, and spread on the tray. The beans and the corn had to be moved occasionally so that they would dry uniformly. Other foods frequently dried by this process were peas, carrots, squash, peppers, dandelion, peaches, grapes, and teas.

The oldest way of preserving vegetables and fruits was to dry them by the heat of the sun. Mosquito netting protected the loaded trays from insects so readily attracted by the sugar content. Summer rains would drive the housewife to use a cookstove drier.

Mrs. Diehl showed such a drier made of eight shelves. The over-all dimensions of the drier were: length, twenty inches; width, twelve inches; height, eighteen



"Offebolz" or oven-wood being prepared for the outdoor bakeoven.



Mrs. Beulah Diehl of Lehigh County checks on her dried corn (above) and string beans (below) in the dry-house. Such houses were once features of the Pennsylvania Dutch farmstead.



Butter was churned on Pennsylvania Dutch farms in a variety of churns. This is a patent crank-churn with rotating paddles. Its operator is Mrs. Evelyn Werley.

inches. The lower shelf was resting on four feet, about 2½ inches square, which raised the shelf ten inches above the stove. The arrangement allowed air to circulate in a two-inch space between each shelf. It was practical to use, as the drier rested on the back plates of the kitchen stove while the meal was cooked on the front plates.

If a smaller lot was to be dried, the housewife preferred a large enclosed pan. Through a triangular opening, water could be poured through a funnel into the pan. This occupied the complete top of the stove; the water was kept boiling and the vegetables were crisp within several hours.

In the Pennsylvania Dutch Country, frozen foods have also come to the fore, but they cannot replace the old favorites. For instance, a Thanksgiving dinner must have dried corn; no beverage refreshes like blue balsam tea; peach and apple schnitz with pretzels are chewy morsels for snowbound evenings.

BUTTERMAKING AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH

Now Mrs. Diehl's grandchildren want you to see their mother, Mrs. Evelyn Werley, demonstrate butter-making.

As the thermometers at the festival registered eighty degrees, the churn had been stored in a refrigerator;

for best results, the temperature of the churn may not be higher than sixty-five degrees. The churn is made like a barrel, with staves and hoops; the diameter is twelve inches, its height, ten inches. On the inside is a reel of four slats; each slat, five inches wide, made of four pieces of wood, so arranged that the slat looks like a miniature ladder. There is a shaft, going through the reel, which leads to the center of one end of the churn to an outside crank.

Mrs. Werley rinsed the inside of the churn with cold spring water and placed it on its saw-buck mounting. Through a round opening in the top of the churn, Mrs. Werley poured in three quarts of heavy cream. She

turned the crank, which moved the inner paddle, for twenty minutes. By this time, the contents had the same consistency as whipped cream served as a topping for strawberry shortcake. From now on, the churning took more effort as the cream formed into lumps, separating it from buttermilk. As the turning continued, the crank could hardly be moved and the mass became fairly solid. The buttermilk was poured out; cold water was put in the cask and the churn was turned again for several minutes. The butter was scooped out; it was worked back and forth with the hands to remove any remaining buttermilk, so that the butter would not turn rancid.

The butter may remain in its natural color or artificial coloring, made by cooking saffron or dandelion flowers, may be added. The butter is "salted to taste" and shaped into a roll. The buttermilk is saved for baking or for a beverage for the calorie-conscious housewife.

Mrs. Werley enlightened me with these household hints on butter:

1. *If the butter does not form, after repeated cranking, throw a new nickel into the churn. Are you wondering who gets the nickel when the butter is spread on the bread? Nobody! The nickel settles in the bottom of the churn with the buttermilk.*

2. *Unsalted butter was a home-remedy to soothe and heal burns.*

3. *The Pennsylvania Dutch make no apologies for the ample amounts of butter in their cooking: it simply makes the food more palatable!*

SOAPMAKING ON THE FARM

You must slip a piece of Mabel Snyder's soap into your luggage. Mabel makes soap in the manner that her mother and her grandmother had made it. Into an iron kettle, she puts three pounds of caustic soda, ten pounds of fat, and one bucket of water. Then she "boils the dickens out of it"; translated: she boils it for three or four hours, stirring it constantly until a brown liquid, the brine, sinks to the bottom and the soap forms on top. She adds a few handfuls of salt and cooks it some more. It stands for about twelve hours, at which time it is sliced into rectangular portions about the size of your supermarket laundry soap. However, when Mabel wants to keep up with the modern mathematical trend, she turns out geometric shapes of soap. She pours the cooked mixture into empty milk cartons cut to different sizes; after it hardens, she peels away the cardboard and she has real squares or unique bars of soap.

No matter which setting process she chooses, the finished pieces are put into a wooden tub where they harden with age. Next winter, they will be used for laundering and house cleaning. Mabel recalls how the penny-wise Pennsylvania Dutch housewife got her supply of cottons by saving flour, sugar, and feed bags. On these bags were stamped proudly such brand names as Mauser's Best, Pillsbury, or Purina. Reliable home-made soap and bleaching in the sun made the lettering disappear and the material became children's underwear, curtains, and household linens.

If the farmer and his hired hands had been clearing away poison ivy along the stone fences or if they suspected that they had come in contact with poison ivy, they washed themselves with this soap.

Mabel also makes rosin soap. She combines twenty quarts of water, three pounds of caustic soda, twelve pounds of fat, and five pounds of rosin. This is cooked for about an hour and "is good for the hands and for healing".

We have come a long way from the time when soap, like eggs, was a money exchange in the country store. We do not yearn to be transplanted back into the horse and buggy days when soap was thus traded for such luxuries as dress materials, hanging lamps, or wallpaper, which the farm could not supply. Yet as we get an insight into the perseverance and self-reliance of these rural folk, we understand their part in making Pennsylvania great.



Mabel Snyder of Berks County has demonstrated soap-making at the Festival since its beginning in 1950. One of her specialties is tar-soap—good for "garden bands".

SPINDRIFT . . .

The Old DOG CHURN

By CECELIA WHITMAN

One of my earliest memories on Grandfather's farm was the dog churn, and another memory was how I hated to churn with a dash churn. Put together I was happy when one day Grandfather drove in from a vendue (auction) with a big pile of wheels, boards, bolts and nuts in the bed of the cracky wagon. He set them up just outside the kitchen door and told me my churning days were over and now Jack, a dog, would do the work.

Churning the cream for butter was work anyway one did it, but with the dash churn I had to stand on a small stool, with Grandmother's big gingham apron tied around my neck, my hair slicked back and confined with whatever was available at the time—a shoe string or a length of cord. Grandmother would say, "If you would just take it a little easy-like, the butter would come and it would not be such hard work." But no one has ever learned how to tell a child to take churning easy-like—then or now. So I would pull the dash up through the heavy cream and set it down hard with misery in my heart. But the butter had a way of forming in spite of me.

Making butter was an art. Grandmother took great pride in the pretty rolls of butter she offered for sale at the General Store in Sheakleyville, Pennsylvania. Sometime the rolls would weigh five pounds, sometimes less, but each was a pure yellow in color and trimmed with vines and birds, and sometimes flowers. She would smile at the proprietor and ask the price for butter that day. It was usually ten cents per pound, or at its peak around fifteen cents. She put more than that amount of money in the satisfaction she presented with the butter to the store. The finished roll was kept firm and covered with a thin piece of white muslin. I thought her art work on the top of each roll was a picture of beauty.

First the cows were milked and the milk strained into flat crocks and placed on the cool pantry shelves for the cream to rise to the top. The next morning each crock was skimmed of the cream and the cream was put in a large stone crock that sat in the corner of the pantry on the floor. That corner was just right for cream, for she never wanted it kept too warm to clabber, or too cool to ripen before churning. When it was just right the big stone churn was set in the middle of the kitchen floor and I mounted my stool to do honors to it.

When the butter came to the top she would lift it from the buttermilk and put it into a large wood

butter-bowl to work down. Now this was an interesting process in itself, for every drop of something she called whey had to be worked out by digging, prodding, turning and patting, and then she would pour out the watery whey and turn it into a kind of a roll with the ladle. Then came the art of making it into a perfect roll, with a fat middle section and two smaller round ends, by turning it, rolling it, unending it, and sometimes doing it all over again.

With the ladle, which was a flat piece of wood with a small handle, she would cut in a vine across the roll, carve a bird, add a flower and a leaf or two, and presto it was ready for market.

I was always along when she went to the store, and being bashful I would cling to the side of her long skirts as she entered and walked to the counter, between rows of tobacco-chewing loafers settling the world's problems. Along with the butter there would be several dozen eggs to be counted. When the butter was weighed and the eggs counted, she was given a "due bill" to buy whatever was needed at home. There was usually credit left to her and she was given cash, of which I got my penny to spend for whatever I wanted—candy, a ribbon or some cinnamon drops. It was a happy day for me when I went to the General Store.

But on that wonderful day when Grandfather drove up close to the kitchen door in the cracky wagon I was there to greet him. So was Grandmother, but with a stern look on her face. She said in a low voice,



Dog-power treadmill for churning. Note barrel churn at right. There were many patented models in Victorian days.



Dog-Churn patented 1881 by the Enterprise Manufacturing Company, Troy, Pennsylvania. Photograph by George G. Miller.

19th Century Dog-Churn at Farmer's Museum, Coopers-town, New York. Photographed by George G. Miller.

"Another churn! And we have at least a half dozen in the wagon shed now! Let's see, there are two dash churns with a broken dash or too big to use, a barrel churn or two that leak like a sieve, and, oh, dear! Here's another one."

Grandfather jumped down over the wheel and went to the rear of the wagon. From it he coaxed a long, thin, lop-eared hound, with ribs outstanding and scared eyes. He called to me, "His name is Jack, and he will go right along with you if you say his name. Tie him to the corner of the woodshed."

I asked, "Kin it walk, Grandpapa?" I had my doubts, but I took the frayed rope he held out to me and said "Jack". Jack didn't move so I pulled on the rope and it broke and the dog came alive and ran around the corner of the house. "Let him go, kitten—he's too hungry to run far."

"Then why do you want him, Mister Byers?" Grandmother asked in a rather off-hand way as she leaned against the frame of the door.

Grandfather had known he was in "Dutch" with his wife, as the saying went, when he saw her unsmiling face. "To run this churn, Jane. You see it has a big wheel and when it is put together the dog will do the churning for you."

"I see." Grandmother's face was a study, but I could tell nothing from it.

I had to decide whether to run after the dog, or stand and watch the weird looking contraption being set up. First he took off two large wheels, about five feet high, then a pile of boards, various rods and bolts and then last a big round churn that couldn't sit up straight.

When it began to take shape I asked, "Will that thing do the churning for me, Grandpapa?"

"Sure, and your Grandmama's too. See, when I set the boards across the two wheels and hook it up to the churn then Jack will do the churning."

Grandmother was still silent, and I ran to find the dog who had crawled under the front porch to the farthest corner where about all I could see of him was his eyes. I went back to the churn and heard Grandfather explain, "This fellow up Greenwood way had to sell his farm and stuff because his wife was sick. Damn it, Jane—I bought it to help the man out!"

Maybe Grandmother smiled at that. She had heard the same story so often and the wagon shed was full of Grandfather's good intentions.

When the last bolt was in place, he raised his head and smiled at both of us, "Bring the dog, kitten."

"I can't; he's under the porch."

"The devil you say! Well, crawl under and drag him out."

I was dressed for the afternoon in my clean pinafore apron, and my hair was brushed and braided and tied with a pretty ribbon. The under part of the porch did not look inviting, but I was so happy over never having to do the churning again, that I crawled under, over chicken manure, rocks and soft dust. Then I backed out dragging the reluctant dog after me by one paw. Grandfather took the frayed end of the rope and said, "Dust yourself off, kitten, before your Grandmother sees you and I get another dirty look."

He lifted the dog onto the slats and gave the wheel a turn. Upward walked Jack, getting nowhere, but moving the dash in the churn. Bolts squeaked, the whole thing wobbled, but the dash turned.

Grandfather announced, "There, Jane, that's the best way to churn I ever saw."

Grandmother turned away, this time with a smile. "Feed that dog, George, I never could abide a dog's ribs showing."



Mrs. Verna Brown manufacturing Potato Candy, a 20th Century Dutch confection.

CANDY MAKING

In the Dutch Country

fudge, chocolate covered creams and nuts, peanut brittle, seafoam, caramels, marshmallows, puffed rice squares, popcorn candy, candied peels and marzipan. Middle-aged and older people recall those lively ice-skating parties that culminated in taffy pulls. Candy-making furnished delightful entertainment for many long winter evenings. Endless hours were spent shelling nuts for the "Molasses Moshies," the taffy that was poured into tiny metal cups called patty pans or "moshy" pans.

The following are recipes for old-time candies which have survived culinary taste changes and are still being made in Pennsylvania kitchens.

MOLASSES MOSHIES

(1½ pounds)

2 cups table syrup	½ cup walnut kernels
1 cup granulated sugar	coarsely broken
1 tablespoon vinegar	(optional)
1 tablespoon butter	

Put all the ingredients except the nuts into a large skillet. Boil slowly until candy thermometer reaches 310°, or until a little of the mixture, dripping into cold water, makes a hard thread. Butter tiny muffin pans or moshy pans and cover bottom with a layer of chopped nuts. Fill 1/3 full of boiled candy mixture. Cool in refrigerator. Note: This candy can also be poured into buttered pie-pans and broken when hard.

By EDNA EBY HELLER

The sweet tooth is surely a part of the Pennsylvania Dutch culture. Perhaps this craving for sweets was the drawing force for the makers of Hershey Chocolate Bars, Wilbur Suchard Buds, and Klein's Chocolates, all of which have been located in Lancaster and Dauphin counties for over fifty years. Long before their establishment here homemade candy receipts (recipes) had a place in our grandmothers' hand-written receipt books. Among the many smaller companies who made chocolates, marshmallows, cleartoy suckers, and coconut strips are the names of Miesse, Sheetz, Frantz, Knight, and Regennas, all recognized for their established reputations in the candy world of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

The earliest form of candy here was hard candy on stick or string. Next followed the molasses taffy. As sugar became more plentiful, the Moravians of Bethlehem began making the flat mints still known today as Moravian Mints. Since then a great variety of creamy and crystalline candies have been created in home kitchens. In addition to the aforementioned there have been varieties of mints, mashed potato candies,

POTATO CANDY

(1 pound)

1 small potato	1 pound confectioners sugar
dash of salt	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon butter	⅓ cup peanut butter

Peel potato and quarter. Cook in water until soft. Drain. In a bowl mash potato with salt and butter. Add sugar, one third at a time, beating until smooth and well blended.

Mix in the vanilla. If mixture is not stiff enough to roll, add more sugar.

Roll out between two sheets of waxed paper until candy is 1/8 inch thick. Spread with the peanut butter and roll up like a jelly roll. Chill for an hour, then slice into ¼ inch pieces. Let ripen a day.

MORAVIAN MINTS

(pound)

1 pound confectioners sugar (10X)
4 tablespoons water
7 drops oil of peppermint or spearmint

Put confectioners sugar in double boiler over boiling water. Stir in the water and allow to dissolve. Add the flavoring. When the mixture hardens slightly on top, it is ready to drop on waxed paper. Mints should be only one inch in diameter.

CANDY MAKING AS A HOBBY

Candy making is something extra special to the Shenk family in Lancaster. Almost every Pennsylvania Dutch household has some homemade confection for the Christmas and Easter holidays, but Mrs. Christian Shenk makes over a hundred pounds at Christmas, and, gives it all away! At Easter she again makes candy, but, only on a small scale: peanut butter eggs for her grandchildren and a few friends. Mrs. Shenk is well known in Lancaster County as a partner in the family business, The Ridgeway Tours, Inc. She and her husband are constant travellers from January through October but then she changes hobbies. This gigantic goodwill candy hobby developed its roots over sixty years ago when her mother, Mrs. Harry V. Rohrer, began making candy for her friends. Although as a child, Mrs. Shenk wasn't allowed to have a part in the actual cooking, beating, shaping or coating of chocolates, she sometimes cut up chocolate and regularly watched the total process. These hours of observation, she says, served her very well years later when she herself, in her own kitchen, developed the same hobby.

The fascination with this sweet hobby began when Mrs. Shenk's mother saw an advertisement for a mail order pamphlet, *The Art of Home Candy Making*, published by Home Candy Makers, Canton, Ohio, in 1909. With the book order was included a candy thermometer, a coating spoon, and a spatula that have been in use ever since. This most informative book, unfortunately, is out of print, but the following quote gives an interesting reflection on the period of its publication: "The average cost of bonbons is from six to fifteen cents a pound". Fantastic. Mrs. Shenk recalls that one year when she herself took some of her chocolates to market the price was fifty-five cents per pound or two pounds for a dollar. Granted that the ingredients cost less at that time, one certainly didn't receive much

for the labor involved. Just as in most crafts, time is the most expensive ingredient.

Each winter Mrs. Shenk cracks, shells, and picks quarts of kernels. The preparation for candy-making in December begins in January. More than two bushels of shellbarks, garnered from their own trees, will be hulled this winter. As the nuts are shelled, the kernels are separated for special uses: perfect halves for decorating, imperfect halves for coating, broken pieces for fruit-and-nut centers or for taffy. She extracts an amazing amount of perfect, unbroken kernels. All extracted kernels are packed in plastic boxes and carefully labeled before they are stored in the freezer until the following November when the candy-making begins anew.

The gift boxes that Mrs. Shenk packs are absolutely beautiful. Every box contains about twenty different kinds. For easy identification each variety has its own shape and size, according to the system she has devised. For contrast and elegance a lot of white coating is used. The perfect kernel decoration of the soft centers add further interest, as do the colored mints that are tinted so delicately in pastels. All of this in addition to that professional little twirl on top of each hand-dipped piece.

Although there are many chocolate-covered almonds, peanuts, cashews, raisins, crackers, rice krispies and dates, the prizes, I'm sure, would be awarded for the very creamy cream centers of the vanilla, chocolate, mint, and cocoanut varieties.

The Shenk residence is ideal for a project of this proportion because it has two complete kitchens, the second being in the daylight basement. Many, many clients and friends have feasted on meals prepared in this second kitchen which is next to the recreation room. To make the candy here is logical and convenient, since the adjacent garage and patio are cooling places for the cooked candy. At times it has been necessary to employ an electric fan for additional cooling effects.

From *The Art of Home Candy Making* which Mrs. Shenk still uses we list some general hints and guides that are important to the candy-maker.

There is a great desire to stir when making candy, but the less candy is disturbed the better the result.

Steps in the production of home-made cream mints.



The finished product.

Never stir syrup after it begins to boil (unless directed).

Always see that slab or platter is level before pouring syrup upon it, so that it will not run to one side and consequently cool unevenly.

The consistency of candy is really dependent on cool dry air, so keep the kitchen cool and refrain from making candy on a damp day.

Always cook candy in a large kettle (2 1/2 gallon size) for some candies boil up considerably.

A slab of marble or an eighteen-inch platter is ideal for working fondant.

An ordinary wall paper scraper is recommended for the scraping and lifting process of working air into the cooled candy on the slab or platter.

A candy thermometer is an accurate way of measuring the cooking time.

COATING CHOCOLATE CANDY

There are other suggestions for those who have never chocolate coated candy before. Coating chocolate comes in chunks and will need to be shaved or cut fine. You may prefer to use the semisweet bits which are easier but much more expensive. Mrs. Shenk likes to use the light and dark chocolate in half and half proportions. For any of these, the cut chocolate has to be partially melted over hot water (not boiling) and then beaten for 20 to 30 minutes, preferably by hand. After twenty minutes of beating, test the consistency. If it does not coat nicely beat another ten minutes. But, never, never let a drop of water get into the chocolate. When the coating gets too cold and stiff put the pan over water just seconds, then beat again. For this reason it is a good idea to keep a large shallow pan of hot water over the heat all the while you are coating. If you want to use a thermometer at this stage, heat the chocolate until it reaches 120° and then beat until it has cooled to 70°, the ideal temperature for coating. Whenever you put the chocolate over the water, keep stirring it constantly with a wooden spoon.

For dipping chocolates a coating spoon is very valuable. You can fashion one yourself with a piece of thin wire, thinner than clothes hanger wire. Fashion the wire into an open ladle a bit smaller than the size of a teaspoon bowl and make the handle longer than a teaspoon handle. Working with a wooden spoon in the left hand and the coating spoon in the right you can lift the candy onto waxed paper without surplus chocolate. As you lift the spoon, a thread of chocolate clings to it. This you can swirl in a decorative twirl on each piece. Practice and more practice will give you the professional touch. Nuts, if desired, should be placed before the chocolate hardens. Do not move until chocolate is firm. In fact, they should cool in the same room where you do the dipping, away from direct sunlight or drafts.

Candy making is no child's play. It is a time-consuming, serious business in which patience and practise bring perfection. It cannot be hurried, neither is it a process that can be learned in an hour. However, once learned it is rewarding. Many Pennsylvania

Dutch women have found as much fulfillment in candy-making as their neighbors do from quilting. Remember these two apt sayings: "Experience is a good teacher" and "Practice makes perfect." Get yourself a candy-making book and get going as Helen did.

HELEN SHENK'S CREAMY MINTS

(Yields approximately 4 1/2 pounds of coated mints)

2 1/2 pounds sugar (5 cups)	6 drops acetic acid
2 cups water	2 egg whites
1/2 teaspoon glycerine	12 drops oil of peppermint

Chill a large platter or marble slab. Mix the sugar and water in a 2 1/2 gallon kettle. Place over heat. Do not stir any more but wipe down the sides of the kettle with a clean damp cloth to prevent sugar from crystallizing there. Just before the syrup begins to boil, add the glycerine and acetic acid (glycerine as a sweetener and acetic acid as a congealer). Without stirring, put on the lid until the syrup comes to a rolling boil. Again, wipe the crystals from the side of the kettle. Put a candy thermometer into the kettle and boil until the temperature reaches 238-240 degrees.

In a cold spot, preferably out of doors, set the platter or marble slab. After wiping the platter with a cold wet cloth, pour onto it the hot syrup, without stirring or even scraping the pan. Let stand until cold, thirty to sixty minutes depending on the wind and temperature.

When the syrup is cold, you can bring it indoors to work it, but the room temperature should be no warmer than 70 degrees. Pour the beaten whites of two eggs and the twelve drops of oil of peppermint over the syrup. With a wide spatula or scraper work the egg whites and flavoring into the creamy mixture. In order to work air into the cream, periodically lift the spatula, pulling the cream 15 to 18 inches high. After 20 or 30 minutes of such "working," when the cream is rather firm and has a satiny finish, cut into 10 gobs and cool on a tray. When they seem cool enough to handle, with a bit of confectionery sugar in the palms and on finger tips, shape into small size marbles; flatten slightly and place on waxed paper. Chill again, turning once. When outside begins to feel dry to touch, it is ready for dipping. See above instructions.

HELEN SHENK'S COCOANUT CANDY

(Chocolate coated)

1 cup cocoanut milk	1/4 teaspoon salt
2 cups sugar	1/4 pound butter
1 cup light brown sugar	1 cup chopped pecans or walnuts
1 cup light corn syrup	1 pound freshly grated cocoanut

coating chocolate

Into a large 6 quart kettle, put the first six ingredients. Place kettle over low heat, stirring until all of the sugar is dissolved. Do not stir any more but wipe the crystals from the sides of the pan with a damp cloth. Place candy thermometer in syrup and boil to the hard crack stage, 300 degrees. Remove from heat and stir in nuts and cocoanut. Pour into pans to a depth of 1/2 inch. Cool. Cut into small pieces and coat with chocolate.



Conestoga Wagon with four-horse team at Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival. In the 18th and 19th Centuries, such wagons were America's most important freight vehicle, carrying goods across the Alleghenies.

GEE, HAW and GEEHAW

By DAVID W. THOMPSON

The earliest word that I recall from infancy was a self-made one, "get-up-a-dy," which I used for the fascinating creatures that constantly passed our house in Carlisle; so common were horses, and so often heard "get-up" and other cries to them. And now that draft horses and the drivers' cries have vanished in less than a life-span, the time is ripe to set down any reflections upon them, while the cries still echo in memory.

The special words used to animals, *gee*, *haw*, *sookey*, and the rest, must always have seemed outlandish to those not actually reared with them. In the earliest printed record we have of the use of *gee*, in 1628, John Earle wrote humorously of a "country-fellow" who "expostulates with his oxen, and speaks ree and gee better than English." One reason why the cries seem un-English is that they have no recognizable relatives in our speech. The word "agree," for instance, borrowed from the French, seems thoroughly English because we have also agreed, agreement, agreeable, and others. Animal cries stand alone, unless *gee* in the sense of agree—this *gees* with that—is an exception. But it is my belief, as I shall try to show, that animal-calls are thoroughly English and seem strange because tradition preserved them in use long after the original meanings were forgotten.

The cries seemed as un-English in the 20th as in the 17th Century. One summer, about 1930, I was

helping a farmer bring his oats into the barn. He drove one horse to what I would call a hay-wagon, and our work-party included two town-bred boys, who became curious. "What do you mean by *gee* and *haw*?" they asked. "Very simple," said the farmer; "*gee* to the right; *haw* to the left." "Yes," said the boys, "but what do you mean by *geehaw*?" Visibly puzzled, the farmer thought a moment, and said, "Why, no one would ever say *geehaw*; the horse wouldn't know what to do." That was that. We resumed work, and one minute later the farmer was calling loudly, "*Geehaw, geehaw,*" while driving straight ahead. And the horse seemed to know what to do.

So it is that when people are questioned regarding an unthinking conformity to some folk custom, linguistic or other, they consider the question rationally and logically and then may distort or deny the facts. I recall another illustration of this tendency. One Sunday a group of us were standing around after church and a bee-keeper was telling us how his bees were doing. I interrupted once to ask why a bee-hive should be called "he" or "him," in the masculine singular. Surprised, he politely considered the query and then said, "I don't believe I ever heard anyone speak of a hive as he or him." That was that, but one minute later he said, "I moved him from under the tree over to the fence, and he was very angry." When I repeated this, he

Amish Carriage at Festival.



laughed and said that it had not taken long to catch him out; but he had no explanation. He was the last bee-man I knew, and I have not learned whether his was traditional bee-talk or a personal peculiarity.

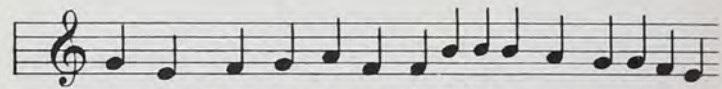
A traditional set of words for use only to animals shows the imperious power of the native language as folk-custom. Every farmer derived from tradition his knowledge of a large number of implements and crafts, and as part of his training he learned what particular words to use to particular animals for particular purposes. It is not likely that anyone has ever turned a draft animal to the left while calling out "turn left." No farmer would dare go to the meadow bars and call, "Come in, cows; it is milking time," for any farm-dweller who heard him would think him touched in the head. He must say "*sookey*" or "*come, boss*" (but not "come, cow"), so that the cow will know what to do. As the outlandish words are apparently unrelated to ordinary speech, it seems as though the farmer must share some of the supernatural wisdom of King Solomon, who, in Near-Eastern tradition, could converse with all creatures in their own speech; or as though there were a silent agreement that animals should not be spoken to in ordinary English.

From this last rule we must make exception of the dog, who has found his place on the edge of the human family. But even the dog is not expected to understand words proper to other animals. One young woman was scandalized when asked whether she would say "scat" to a dog. It was unthinkable. Scat was strictly and only for cats. To dogs one would say "go away," or "get out."

Still another word is needed to drive away animals with wings, such as birds, poultry, and flies. It is "shoo," and is probably thousands of years old, for the ancient Greeks, followed by the modern, said "soo,"

in the same sense; they had no "sh" sound in their language. Germans and Italians also say "shoo."

Children in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, sixty years ago, sang "shoo, fly" to a little tune:



Shoo fly! Don't bo-ther me, for I belong to Compa-ny G!

Company G was Carlisle's old company in the Pennsylvania, soon to be National Guard. It may be fanciful to suppose that a subtle compliment was paid here, but the verse does imply that there were no flies on Company G.

I know no word of dismissal for rats and mice, but I once knew a woman who did. In Carlisle, about 1910, a worthy householder found to her dismay that rats had suddenly infested her cellar. She wrote a note to them and put it in the cellar for the rats to read, and they promptly departed. Although interested, I was too young to investigate the case and never learned whether she threatened or entreated, or simply found the proper words in Albertus Magnus.¹

¹Another evidence of this practice, dated 1805, appeared in the Futhey and Cope *History of Chester County, Pennsylvania* (Philadelphia, 1881), p. 414: "A curious and superstitious custom formerly prevailed in the matter of exorcising rats. It was believed that if the person troubled by these pests would serve a notice upon them (perhaps after a certain form) and command them to depart, defining their course and where they were to go, they would leave the premises. A relic of this old notion was recently found in an ancient dwelling of Chester County among other antiquated papers. It read as follows:

Rats, I command you forthwith to depart my houses, barns and premises & Go to Richard Joneses a Course Lyeing Between west and southwest where you will be accommodated well & not Return to this premises on pain of Death & this shall be your sufficient pass April 2d 1805.
GIDEON WILLIAMSON.

THE COAL BLACK STEED.

AN ORIGINAL GLEE—WORDS BY

JOHN MOORE.

[COPY-RIGHT SECURED.]

The Knight is on his steed again,
To fields of war he's going,
The bride is at the castle gate,
And fast her tears are flowing;
Well may they fall, the sudden call
To arms has surely tried her;
She cries oh speed! thou coal-black steed,
Bring safely home thy rider.

Then, after many tedious days,
She hears the fight is over,
She leaves her lonely bower again,
In hopes to meet her lover.
He comes! he comes! prepare his home,
And ope the portals wider;
And speed! oh speed! thou coal-black steed,
Bring safely home thy rider.

She hears the tramp of horses feet;
Along the path she glances;
And nearer still, upon the hill,
The trampling sound advances.
She rushes forth, but fainting falls,
The page kneels down beside her;
She saw, indeed, the coal-black steed,
But he came without his rider.

THOMAS M. SCROGGY, Publisher,

No. 443 Vine Street, above Twelfth,

Where all the new songs can be obtained, wholesale and retail.

Philadelphia Broadside Song of the 19th Century.

Tradition also dictated the cries used in driving. Veterans of the walking-plow and cart-horse era are generally agreed that the cries were few and simple: *come up* and *get up*, probably *gee-up* (although I cannot actually recall this), and *geehaw*, to go ahead; *gee*, and *gee-ay*, or *gee-yay*, to the right; *haw* and *wohaw* to the left; and *ho* or *whoa*, to stop, complete the list, although a great many others were used elsewhere and in other ages. Investigating the history and possible origins of these peculiar sounds, we find that the dictionaries, especially the *Oxford* or *New English Dictionary* and *Wright's English Dialect Dictionary*, are full of information.

At once we find that "*gee* to the right and *haw* to the left" was not always the rule. We have noted that Earle in 1628 remarked that *ree* and *gee* did not sound like English. A little earlier, playwrights Heywood and Rowley wrote a comedy entitled *Fortune by Land and Sea*, in which a farm-steward says to a novice hand, "Come, Ile go teach ye hayte and ree, gee and whoe, and which is to which hand; next Ile learn you the names of all our Teems, and acquaint you with Jocke the fore-horse and Tibb the fil-horse and with all the godamercy fraternity." And the *Century Dictionary* quotes an old refrain to a harvest-supper song: "With a hait, with a ree, with a wo, with a gee," these being the 17th Century cries for left, right, stop and go. *Gee* did not then mean *gee* to the right, and in Dr. Johnson's famous dictionary of 1755 the only meaning given is to go faster. But sometime in the 18th Century *ree* gave way to *gee*, even while *gee* was in common use meaning to go forward and go faster.

Hait likewise shifted in use with the times. We meet it first as a word of incitement to go ahead, like *gee-up* or *geeho*. So Chaucer used it in his *Friar's Tale* in the *Canterbury Tales*, about 1375, where the driver of a stalled cart cries to his horses, "Hait, Brok! Hait, Scot!" to get them to move their heavy load. Then *hait* gave way to *gee-up* as a signal to go ahead, and instead, in the 17th Century, meant a turn to the left; and when, after another century, it was replaced there by *haw*, it almost disappeared. *Hait* survives, however, among shepherds as the word to a dog to go after a stray sheep and drive it in to the flock. And the *English Dialect Dictionary* says that it is used in some places to bullocks as well as dogs, to go forward; to horse to turn left; and, to complicate matters, sometimes to turn right when addressed to shaft and fill horses.

The dialect and other dictionaries provide a great number of cries, which, so far as I know, were never used in Pennsylvania. They serve to show, as we have begun to observe, that the cries are readily used in contradictory senses, if they are regarded as having a specific directional meaning, and are readily combined with one another. Among the variants of *haw* is *haw-woe*, which reminds us of the Pennsylvania *wo-haw*, for a left turn. *Wo-haw* I did not find recorded, nor the Pennsylvania *gee-haw*. The latter might be a variant of *gee-ho*, commonly used to urge a team onward, in England; or might also be simply another combination of cries.

When we turn to German usage (thinking that the Pennsylvania Dutch cries are probably similar), we discover not only a cousinly kinship between some English and German words indicating a common ancestor, but, more surprisingly, we find that the habitual usage is the same as in English. The same cry, that is, will be used for quite different purposes; and the words are frequently combined. *Gee*, to the right, and *haw*, to the left, are signalled in German by *hott*, to the right, and *hü* (replacing an earlier *har*), to the left. *Gee* and *gee-up*, to urge forward, is *hott*, or *hü*, or *hühott*, or *hotthü*, or *hotto*, or *hotteho*, or *jü*. *Hotteho*

Rules & Regulations

OF THE

7984



JEFFERSON EXPRESS COMPANY,

For the Recovery of Stolen Horses, & Detecting the Thieves.

Two Hundred Dollars Reward.
STRAYED or STOLEN from the subscriber, living at White-Marsh, in Philadelphia county, about the 9th of September last, a chestnut colored Gelding, rising 3 years old, a natural pacer, with neither brand nor earmark, near 14½ hands high, has a feather on each side of his head, and a feather on the peak of his near shoulder, one of his hind feet white fetlock high. Whoever takes up the said Gelding, and secures him, so that the owner may get him again, shall have the above reward, paid by.
 JOSEPH LUKEN



The beautiful high bred HORSE
BLACK AND ALL BLACK,
 From VIRGINIA.

FULL 16 hands high, and in great perfection, rising eight years old, will stand the ensuing season at the subscriber's in Cecil county, Maryland, and cover mares at *Two hundred and Fifty Pounds* the season. His blood is equal to any on the continent, which is properly attested by a number of the first gentlemen in Virginia; he was got by Brunswick, an imported horse; Brunswick was got by Oronoko, who was got by the Godolphin Arabian, out of the famous Miss Slamerkin; Brunswick's dam was got by Babram, from as good a stock as any in England. **BLACK AND ALL BLACK's** dam was got by Ariel, who was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Selima, his grand dam was full blooded and a fillet of Bullyrock. He is remarkable for getting as elegant and high formed colts as any horse in Virginia; his performance upon the turf has been sufficiently proved, and for near two years has publicly challenged any covering horse upon the continent. Gentlemen from a distance may depend upon good pasturage being provided and the greatest care taken of their mares; but the subscriber will not be answerable for any escapes. The money to be paid when the mares are first covered.

ELIHU HALL.

One Hundred Dollars Reward.

STOLEN out of the pasture of the subscriber, living in Lebanon township, Lancaster county, on the night of the 15th of November 1779, a black HORSE, ten years old, about 15 hands high, a natural pacer, carries lofty, brand on the near buttock with B, his mane hangs to the left side, and has a long switch tail. Whoever secures the said horse, so that the owner may have him again, shall have the above reward, and reasonable charges, paid by
 ABRAHAM SMITH.

Advertisements for horses, stolen and otherwise, from The Pennsylvania Gazette, April 5, 1780.

ARTICLE 1st. Every person upon becoming a member of this Company, shall pay into the hands of the Treasurer the sum of one dollar, for the purpose of establishing a fund for the support of the Company.

ARTICLE 2nd. The Officers of this Company shall consist of a President, a Treasurer and a Secretary; each of whom shall be elected annually on the first Saturday in January.

ARTICLE 3rd. The company shall hold their yearly meetings at the *Jefferson Hotel*, in Norriton Township, on the first Saturday of January, in every year, and the stated or special meetings at such time and place as a majority of the members may request, at a previous meeting.

ARTICLE 4th. Any member absenting himself (at roll call) from any yearly, stated, or special meeting, shall forfeit and pay to the Treasurer, the sum of *twenty-five cents*, for each such offence, unless he can give satisfactory reasons to the company for such neglect.

ARTICLE 5th. The company shall, at their yearly meeting, form a committee, who shall be styled the Committee of Pursuit, whose duty it shall be, upon being informed by the Secretary, of any horse belonging to any member of this company, being stolen or taken away without the knowledge of the owner, to pursue (within two hours after receiving said notice,) their respective routes, and to endeavour, by their best exertions, to overtake the thief, and recover the horse.

ARTICLE 6th. For the distance of every mile which any one of the committee shall have travelled for the purpose specified in Article 5th, shall be allowed out of the funds of the company, the sum of four cents, he giving a true and just account of the distance travelled, for the purpose aforesaid.

ARTICLE 7th. Any member of the committee of pursuit, not performing the duty himself, or by sufficient substitute, (specified in Article 5th) shall forfeit and pay to the Treasurer, for the use of the company, the sum of Five dollars, unless he can give satisfactory reasons to the company for such neglect.

ARTICLE 8th. Any member of this company, neglecting or refusing to pay the fines or forfeitures (specified in Article 4th and 7th) for the space of one year, shall forfeit his right as a member of this company.

ARTICLE 9th. Upon a horse belonging to a member of this company being stolen, or taken away without the knowledge of the owner, the owner shall immediately inform the Secretary of the same, and furnish him with an exact description of said horse in writing.

(Signed)

Attest—A. Markley, Secretary.

Young, printer, Philadelphia.

ARTICLE 10th. As soon as the Secretary shall receive the information specified in Article 9th, he shall immediately furnish each of the pursuing committee with a sufficient number of advertisements, containing a description of the horse stolen and offering a reward of *Forty Dollars*, for the recovery of the horse, and detection of the thief; the twenty dollars for the recovery of the horse, shall be paid out of the funds of the company, to any person or persons, who shall return said horse to the owner, provided such person or persons are not members of this company; and twenty dollars will be paid by the county treasurer, upon conviction of the thief.

ARTICLE 11th. It shall be the duty of the President, at each of the company meetings, at the hours appointed for the calling of the roll, to take the chair, and call the members to order, and he shall put all questions to the meeting, that may be proposed for the regulation and interest of the company.

ARTICLE 12th. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive and take charge of all fines and forfeitures due the company, and to pay out of said fund, (if sufficient) all the expenses necessary to promote the interests of the company, and enter said receipts, as well as the payments made, in a book, and annually to exhibit his account to a committee of three members for settlement, and when he leaves the office he shall deliver up all monies, books, and papers, belonging to the company, to his successor.

ARTICLE 13th. It shall be the duty of the Secretary, to notify the members of the time and place of meeting; he shall call the roll, keep a list of absentees, with their fines annexed; he shall collect all fines and forfeitures due the company, and pay the same over to the Treasurer; he shall keep a correct Journal of the proceedings of the company, from time to time, and when he leaves the office, he shall deliver up all monies, books, and papers belonging to the company, to his successor; he shall be exempt from serving on the committee of pursuit, during the time he is performing the duties of Secretary.

ARTICLE 14th. Any member of this company removing out of the bounds of the company, shall have a right to transfer all his right and the benefit that may be derived from said company, to any person residing within the district, and said successor to be entitled to all the privilege that the original member was entitled to.

ARTICLE 15th. The bounds of this company shall be on the East side of Schuylkil, from the Plymouth creek to the 24 mile stone on the Reading turnpike road.

ARTICLE 16th. No alterations or amendments shall be made to the foregoing rules and regulations, without the consent of a majority of the members present at a yearly meeting.

DANIEL MORGAN, President.

March 29th, 1828.

The 19th Century proliferated "Associations to Apprehend Horse Thieves". This one was from Jeffersonville, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, 1828. The woodcut is by Gilbert.



Edgar Messersmith, horseman and folksinger, at the Folk Festival.

reminds us of *gee-ho*; and to drive forward calling *hot-tehü* shows exactly the same apparent illogic as *geehaw*. *Jü* is not given in most German dictionaries, but is found, and should be noted as a possible parallel development, or German cognate, with *gee*. B. J. Schipper, in his German dictionary published in Lancaster in 1812 was alive to the similarity of sense and sound between the English and German, for in his English-German section he defines *gee* and *gee-ho* for his German readers simply by printing *jüh! wihoh!*, without other explanation.

French also provides some surprises. *Gee*, to urge forward, is *hue*, like the German *hü*, and like the English *gee* is also used for a right turn. A variant is *huhau*, formed like *geeho*, and sounding like *geeho* and *wihoh*. To the left is signalled by *dia dja, dya*, in central France, while in Brittany and French Switzerland it means to the right. The word to stop, *ho*, is thought to be the source and origin of our *ho* and *whoa*. The new lords of the land following the Norman conquest might have spread its use, and it is noticeable that German does not have *ho* or *whoa* for stop, but *halt*, *b-r-r-r* or *hü*. *Ho*, or *whoa* regarded as a variant of *ho*, as a command to stop may well have come from the old French. But the dialect dictionary gives so many *wo*-cries not meaning to stop, such as *wo-af* and *wo-hi* for a left turn; *wo-esh* and *wo-gee* for a right turn; and *wo-back*, that origin in some other old *ho* or *wo* besides the French stop-command is indicated.

Even this brief survey of driving cries warrants several conclusions not, I think, clearly stated hitherto. In the habitual usage of America, England, and Europe, the cries were freely used for various and incompatible directions and actions, and were combined to indicate still others, and to define each cry as a command for a particular direction or action results in a logical dilemma, or what I have privately called the *gee-haw* problem, in both English and German. If *gee* and *hott* mean go forward, how can they mean a right turn? *Gee* and *hott* mean turn to the right, and *haw* and *hü* to the left; how then can we have the calls *geehaw* and *hotthü*? If *gee* and *hott* mean forward, and *ho* and *hü* mean stop, how can the drivers call *geeho* and *hotthü*? To say, as everyone does, that *gee* means a turn to the right and *haw* to the left, may be true as far as it goes, but it does not go nearly far enough. To say, with most dictionaries, that *gee* is a command to a horse to go forward or go faster or turn to the right is like defining the word "march" as a command to a soldier to move to the right or left or forward or to the rear, at normal or double speed. This might serve to show how the word is often used, but it would ignore the fact that a single word meaning any of various acts cannot be used in practice at all. The most intelligent man or beast would not know what to do. And it would ignore the fact that *march* as a word does not mean any direction or speed whatever, so that if a direction is commanded it is by some additional expression not included in "march." And so it is with the cries. Command to change direction or speed is given through the jerk-line, reins, rod, or whip. One former farm-boy was telling me how he used to swing his three-horse plow-team to the left by calling out *wo-haw*, and even as he spoke his hands were out before him, tugging at the remembered reins. I do not mean to say that animals did not learn to obey *gee* and *haw*. I have heard described, by one who saw them, the driving of a huge pair of oxen, in Sullivan County, as late as 1920.² The team was driven without any line, and guided only by *gee* and *haw*; but the driver used the customary blacksnake whip now and then, when the oxen stubbornly refused to obey. A driver, working with the same team over a length of time, could train them to respond to called commands, especially in customary work, where the animals soon come to know what is expected of them; but to do this the driver would have to keep his command-calls distinct from one another, and this is just what the records, surprisingly, show us was not the rule, but the contrary. So we conclude that the chief purpose of the cries is to tell the animal that the driver is demanding some change of movement; and that the drivers knew this, or they would not have used the same cry in different situations.

If the cries are not quite the simple commands they are said to be, what are they? Indications are that

²For this and other recollections, I am indebted to the Reverend F. A. Remaley, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.



City Children admiring Dutch Country draft horses at Festival.

most of them descended from earlier, even ancient, times. If so, they may once have had meanings which were lost in later changes in the language, while the shouts were preserved by tradition. We have already noted that *gee* and *wo* were in use three hundred years ago; Chaucer's *hait*, six hundred; and *ho*, if from the Old French, a thousand years ago. And they may be much older. We have noticed the striking similarity between the manner of use in English and German, and occasional similarity in the sounds. The Angles, Jutes, Saxons and Danes emigrated to England between 400 and 900 A.D., there to form the English language and people, and they took with them their plowmen, with their cries and driving habits. After that time there were no mass movements across the separating seas, and for the ox-drivers of England to have borrowed cries used in Europe, and vice versa, was a practical impossibility. Hence, if some English cries are found to be related etymologically to others in north-western Europe, as coming from the same Germanic root, the inference is inevitable that such cries were in use before the invasion of England, about fifteen hundred years ago.

I suppose the cries to have originated in ordinary speech, and I would reject one theory of origin, the echoic; that is, that they began as echoes or imitations by men of sounds made by the animals. *Haw*, for instance, in *Webster's New World Dictionary* (1964) is suggested (with a question mark) to have come from an "echoic geehaw, as representing a horse's neigh". I cannot take this seriously. In my very limited expe-

rience with horses, none ever said anything like *geehaw*. I suppose that *gee* and *haw* were used with oxen more often than with horses. And the idea itself seems to me ridiculous, that a driver, wishing to capture the attention of his beast by yelling at him, would try to bellow like an ox or neigh like a horse. It is more likely that he would shout something that had meaning in the speech of his time.

As to the original meanings of the shouts, I can offer a few clues and some guesswork, rather as illustration of what I think must have happened, than as historical fact. In the *Century Dictionary*, published in 1889, D.C.P.G. Scott traced the origin of *haw* to Old English *hawian* and Middle English *behawen*, meaning to look or observe, and used in the imperative, *haw*, to call attention. Other dictionaries seem not to have followed this lead until the *Random House Dictionary* of 1966 revived it, adding that it was kin to the Latin *cavere*, to beware. This is the kind of meaning I would expect to find beneath the driving cries; the English driver shouting *haw* a thousand years ago was saying, Look out! Take care!

Hait, or *heit*, the *Century Dictionary* traces to Old French, where it appears in the same form, *à grant hait*, meaning "joy, pleasure, eagerness, ardor," to which D'Hautereve's dictionary adds "courage" and "good hope," while relating the word to the German *heiter*. And both English and German editors dealing with Chaucer's *hait* refer to the German *hott*, as though the common meaning implied a common ancestry. So we have dictionary authority for tracing the cry to Old

French *hait*, related to German *heiter* and impliedly to *hott*. Since we cannot imagine the drivers shouting "joy," "pleasure," or "good hope" to their animals, the cry must have commanded eagerness or ardor, or "Step lively." No origin is suggested for *hait*, *heiter*, or *hott*, but we notice that the meanings of *hait* and *heiter* are accompanied by, and might be extensions of, the idea of warmth as the common factor. A *grant hait* could have meant basically "with great warmth"; in various contexts, warmth of joy, of pleasure, of desire, of hope. Warmth suggests that we should keep in mind as source the old Germanic verb *hatan*, to warm or to become warm, which produced Middle English *hete* and *hat*, modern heat and hot; and German *heiss* and *Hitze* (possibly *hott*?). If *hait* or *hott* can be derived from *hatan*, then the English or German ox driver of a thousand years ago was shouting "Warm up!" "Warm to it!", or in current slang, "Get hot!"

All dictionaries say that the origin of *gee* is unknown, but they may have overlooked a possible source. Gothic, an East Germanic tongue recorded about 400 A.D., has *giu* or *iu*, variants of the same word, meaning "now." It appears in Old English as *geo* or *yeo*. In modern English the word should be something like, but not quite, *gee*. The ee-sound would be present, for words like tree, knee, and steer (calf) go back to the old *eo*, Gothic *iu*, vowels. But the initial g-sound defeats us, for the grammars say that the old g- or y- should remain y- in modern speech, giving *yee* instead of *gee*. Unexpected variants do occur, but I would like some better reason than wishful thinking for that supposition. I am attracted to *geo-giu*, of course, because "now" is exactly the kind of word I would expect a driver to call out when urging his beast into some change of movement.

We have already noted that German *jü* is closely equivalent to *gee* as a driving cry, and it, too, looks as though it should come from a Germanic root of Gothic *iu*, from which it differs only by the umlaut. I have little information on the sound-changes in German.

Another cry which looks as though it might have come from a Germanic *iu* or *eo*, intruded into Italic, is the *gio*, (pronounced *joe*) called to pack-animals in the Italian mountains, like *gee* in English. Against my theory is the fact that Italian *gia* from Latin *iam*, "now," is not recorded as a cry, and that *dia* (*dya*) which means either right or left according to region, is not connected by French linguists with the similar-sounding *ja*, Old French for "now." Some near-misses on the target encourage me to suggest that "now" was once the meaning of *gee*, but no amount of misses equals a hit. I can derive some comfort from the Greek. Modern Greeks urge on their animals by crying *dee*, *dee*, the present pronunciation of the classical *day*, which meant "now."

I do not suppose that every cry originally expressed some idea. In particular, *ho*, and its supposed development *wo*, are heard in many cries. The dictionaries do not assign any origin to *ho*, thinking it a natural exclamation used to call attention. Its modern equiv-

alent is *hey*. Both *ho* and *hey* are meaningless, but they belong to the ordinary vocabularies of their times, as a shout to bring attention. We have noted that in Old French *ho* was the signal to an animal to stop, and this meaning was so well established when taken into English that both Chaucer and Shakespeare used it without any reference to animals, meaning to stop or bring to an end. But *ho* and *wo* form many cries without any idea of stopping; *geeho* means to drive ahead. A variant of *ho*, also meaning to go ahead, is *hoy*, which British dictionaries say is a cry to drive beasts, especially hogs. *Ho* and *hoy* survive elsewhere as attention-callers, as in *land ho!* and *ship ahoy!*

A similar cry (perhaps, basically, the same cry) in French and German was *hu*. In Old French *huer* meant to hoot or shout after, and *hu* was the shout itself. Hence came the French driver's *hu* and *huhau* and probably the German *hü* and *hui*. Corresponding to *huer* to shout *hu* is the Icelandic *hoa* to shout *ho*. Heard in the open, one would often be indistinguishable from the other; and as both words were without real meaning, a difference would be meaningless.

The difference in sound, although without meaning, should indicate the region of origin. But the Pennsylvania cry to drive loose cattle ahead of one uses either sound, making its history puzzling. Dieffenbach's "Cow Lore" gives the cry as *hoi*, *hoi*,³ and Lambert's Dictionary says that either *hoi* or *hui* is used.⁴ Both presume a German origin. Yet it is the British dictionaries that give *hoi* as an old animal-driving cry, nowhere found in the German. *Hui*, unknown in English, is found in German dictionaries but as an exclamation unconnected with animals. From the information available it would appear that the Pennsylvania German borrowed *hoi* from his English-speaking neighbor, and already familiar with *hü*, used *hui* frequently for *hoi*. But our information may be at fault. *Hoi* and *hui*, whether German or English, like *ho* and *wo* whether Old French or English, had had long use as shouts to call attention, without originally having any specific meaning.

Not all the cries are ancient. "Come up" and "get up," the common words to start a driving horse, seem modern. They do not resemble the cries we have been discussing, for they are not meaningless monosyllables but current English; although idiomatic, yet understandable; never used in more than one sense; and never combined. Dictionaries did not notice the phrases until, compared with their former frequency, they had almost disappeared. The few examples quoted are from the latter 19th Century; they seem to be 19th Century cries. The earliest use I happen to have noticed was by Tennyson in his "Northern Farmer; New Style," written about 1860. The phrase "come up" must then have been common in England, or the poet could not have used it.

³Victor C. Dieffenbach, "Cow Lore from Berks County," *The Pennsylvania Dutchman*, June, 1952.

⁴Marcus Bachman Lambert, *A Dictionary of the Non-English Words of the Pennsylvania-German Dialect* (Lancaster, Pennsylvania, 1924), The Pennsylvania German Society, Volume XXX.

The increase in light-carriage driving may have popularized these cries, if they had come to seem correct for the single horse. On the rough roads of the 18th Century and earlier, heavy wagons and coaches with two or more horses were generally used, and *gee-ho* must have been the common urging-cry, for the vehicles themselves were called "gee-ho coaches," and double harness came in time to be called "gee-ho gear." About 1800 macadamized roads and turnpikes began to spread everywhere. After the mid-century, one-horse buggies, wagons, and sleighs thronged the roads as in Currier and Ives prints, in a way unknown to earlier ages. At the same time "come up" and "get up" became common, and "gee-ho" fell silent.

One other command remains to be considered. As common a way to start a horse as "come up" or "get up" was a cluck of the tongue, made by pressing the tongue against the roof of the mouth and suddenly withdrawing it. Breaking the vacuum produces a short, sharp sound. As this is neither a cry nor a word, and cannot be spelled, it is not in any dictionary, and I might have overlooked it entirely had I not come upon it while looking for something else. I was reluctant to accept Chaucer as the earliest writer to record a driver's cry. Plowing and the plowman's cries are as old as civilization, which followed the plow, but apparently no well-known writer before Chaucer has had any need to describe cries to domestic animals. I had in vain consulted Virgil's *Georgics*, Ovid's *Phaeton*, and Hesiod's *Works and Days*, when by good luck I happened to recall that Xenophon had written essays on horses and cavalry; and here I met with the tongue-cluck. In his essay on *Horsemanship* (IX, 10), after warning the soldier against riding a spirited or nervous horse into battle, he adds that horses are trained to become quiet at a whistle with the lips and "to be roused by a cluck with the tongue." Could this be our tongue-cluck? The dictionary cited another instance of the uncommon *klowgmos*, or a very similar word, by Plutarch, to mean the clucking of hens; and the hen's cluck sounds much like our cluck to a horse. Then I noticed the definition. Liddell and Scott, British authors writing one hundred and fifty years ago for English-speaking readers, defined it, not as a sound of the ancient Greeks, but as "the clucking sound by which we urge on a horse." They were certain of the identity of the sounds, without explanation. Finally it occurred to me to consult two fellow-citizens of Carlisle, who were born in Greece and reared there long enough to be familiar with the language. Gus Kokolis and Thomas Mazias agreed, independently, that the same cluck was used in Greece as in Pennsylvania. So on the corroborative testimony of Xenophon and Plutarch, Liddell and Scott, and Kokolis and Mazias, I conclude that the tongue-cluck has been used to start horses for the last 2,500 years, since Xenophon was a contemporary of Socrates and did not himself invent the sound. That it survived in Greece does not surprise us; Xenophon's language survives there as a whole. But it is astonishing to find it in Pennsylvania in the 20th Cen-

tury. Did it accompany the horse from the beginning? As the novel telephone spread eastward from the West, it carried into various regions the strange word "allo" as the proper way to start a telephone conversation. Did the tongue-cluck follow the novel horse westward from the East, as the proper way to start the horse? There are other possibilities. Veteran crusaders might have brought it back from the Near East.

The tongue-cluck is interesting also as a signal used only to horses in Xenophon's time, and for all I know, it may have remained so. The other cries we have encountered were used to all draft animals. In Southern Pennsylvania the horse was so exclusively the farm draft animal for the final century of use, or from 1840 to 1940, that we need to be reminded that the ox first plowed the world and still plows most of it, and threshed and hauled its grain. Some Pennsylvanians may be surprised to learn that before 1840 the ox was our own usual plow and draft animal, the horses being pack, wagon and riding horses. Along with improved roads, the coming of wheeled farm implements about 1840, says S. W. Fletcher, made the faster-moving horse desirable.⁵ In some memoirs of his youth, published in Carlisle in 1909, Charles Leeds recalled his journey with an ox-cart from Perry County, across the North Mountain, to the Carlisle market on the public square, in the late 1850's.

Friday all hands were busy picking blackberries and huckleberries; in the afternoon the wagon was loaded with, perhaps, a quarter of a cord of chestnut rails, several bundles of split pine, a few pine knots, the picked berries, a few pounds of butter, a few dozen of fresh eggs, three or four pairs of chickens and soon all was in readiness.

The start was made about half past 7 on a hot summer evening. The novelty and the anticipation dismissed all drowsiness. We all (four in the party) took turn in walking to relieve the team as much as possible (a pair of oxen), and the silence of that night ride was broken only by the distant barking of some watchful farm dog. Just as the old clock in the court house steeple struck four, and day was breaking, our patient, slow going team was "gee-hawed" up to the curb. That "over the mountain" and all night ride . . . memory has ever cherished.

Note that the oxen were gee-hawed, and that, covering a distance of about twelve miles, the pace of the oxen was no faster than one and a half miles an hour. It is no wonder that farmers used horse teams as soon as they could afford them.

Among farm animals the horse was the latest arrival, for the history of horse-use is curious. The horse came from the East, vaguely from the region of Persia, into the Mediterranean countries in the period from 2,000 to 1500 B.C. There, in Egypt, in Homer's Greece, and in Bible lands where Solomon gloried in owning more than anyone, the horse appeared as the chariot horse and so remained for a thousand years, rarely being ridden. After 500 B.C. the riders appear—Xenophon

⁵S. W. Fletcher, *Pennsylvania Agriculture and Country Life*, I: 1640-1840 (Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, 1950).



Shoeing Horses at the Festival.

and Alexander the Great and the Persians; Cæsar's cavalry and the mounted Gauls; until the Arab conquerors closed a second millennium of horse-use. In another five hundred years Europe had bred the heavy horse, perhaps to carry the knight in heavy armor, and at last the horse was put to the plow and joined the godamercy fraternity of farm work-animals. Cries used to oxen were presumably used also to horses; when we reach the records of the 17th Century we find the same cries used for both. One would like to know how horse-talk, ox-talk and mule-talk differed, and whether, as suggested, the tongue-cluck may have been restricted to the horse. In general the same cries were used to all draft animals; they were gee-hawed alike.

To conclude our thought on driving cries: It is clear that our farmers and our dictionaries alike mislead us in saying that driving cries are commands for specific acts. Too many calls mean both stop and go, both left and right, for that. I suggest instead that they are attention-callers. Most of them are quite old, descended from 500, 1,000, or 1500 years ago. Some, originally meaningless, were nevertheless habitual exclamations in ordinary speech; others have meanings which were long ago forgotten but perhaps are recoverable. I have attempted to discover the meanings of several, but cannot affirm the accuracy of my findings. I have worked with material at hand, grammars and texts of Gothic, Old and Middle English, Old French, but unfortunately no Old German. Demonstrated or not, our theory moves in the right direction, for it is consistent with the facts, and it eliminates the "gee-haw

problem," since there is nothing illogical or unnatural in crying "look out, now" while demanding of a draft animal various or opposite movements. Here I rest, for I do not expect to have time or opportunity for further exploration. I sympathize with Emily Dickinson, writing to a friend, in 1865, "Life is so fast it will run away, notwithstanding our sweetest whoa."

Our calls to farm animals form another group of words very similar to the driving cries. They are strange sounds, without meaning in ordinary speech; they are traditional, and old; some originally had meanings later forgotten, which may be recoverable; others must remain mysterious. Some, like "pig, pig, pig," are so unmythical that nothing can be said; others, in Cumberland County, where the German influence is strong on farm life although the language was not planted, are meaningless and mysterious simply because they are German.

My informants are unable to remember any horse calls in this region, around Carlisle, but I can report on one from my own recollection. I was reading Judge H. H. Brackenridge's book *Modern Chivalry*, and in the section which he wrote and published while living in Carlisle in 1805, I came upon this passage:

How do demagogues deceive the people? How do you catch a nag? You hold a bridle in your left hand, behind your back; and your hat in your right, as if there were something in it, and cry cope. What do demagogues want by deceiving the people? To ride them.

The word *cope* was meaningless to me, and being puzzled, I tried pronouncing it in two syllables, *co-pe*. This experiment had the magical effect of invoking a memory from my boyhood which I had never thought of since. The year was about 1912. Down the middle of Louth Street rode a single horseman, followed by a herd of about twenty young, unbroken horses running free, with another horseman in the rear to look out for stragglers. From time to time the leading horseman would turn in the saddle and call out "coo-py, coo-py, coo-py." So the continued use of the call for over a century enabled me to understand Brackenridge. And I was, perhaps, hearing the last times it was locally used, for none of the friends I have queried has ever heard it. There were a number of such herds in those years, which I suppose were carloads of horses from the West, unloaded at the freight yard and led through town to some place of market, probably the large stable-yard of the Thudium House hotel. Not all the leaders called *coo-py*, but repeated instead a loud, clear whistle. Some of my acquaintances recall the whistling to horses, but no horse-call.

For a long while I supposed that I had discovered Brackenridge's meaning by correcting his spelling; he should have written *co-pe*. But I think he intended a simple *cope* after all. In his article on cow-lore in Berks County, Victor Dieffenbach records *kupp-dor-dor* and *kupp-seh-seh-seh* as cow calls. This *kupp* sounds much like *cope*, or, as I heard it, *coop*. Now the new *American Heritage Dictionary* (1969) tells us

that Middle Low German *kupe* meant a tub, basket or coop, the presumed basic concept being a hollow space. So *kupp* or *coop* would be a reasonable feeding-call, indicating a feed-bucket or box, or even Judge Brackenridge's hat.

Let us note here that some cries seem to be formed of a basic monosyllable, followed by a second syllable which adds nothing to the meaning, but results simply from reshaping the mouth in order to repeat the call, while expelling the breath released after ending the call. That is, if anyone will repeat eight or ten times each such words as *sook*, *soo*, *coop*, *wutz*, or *wo*, he will probably find himself saying *sooky*, *sooey*, *coopy*, *wutsie* and *whoa*. A Perry County farmer tells me his cow-call is *sook*, *sook*; but in the field it probably sounds like the common *sookee*, *sookee*. So the single horse call that I can discover may be either *coop* or *cope*, with *coopy* as the longer form.

During the same years of the horse herds, I recall herds of cattle being driven through the residential streets of the town. These were not the large droves of an earlier time, described as usually led by a man with a bullock, who called repeatedly, "Co' boss, co' boss!" but small groups of local cattle being driven to the butchers or local market. They were never called, but driven by men, boys and dogs with sticks and shouts. The shouts did not impress my memory, so I now belatedly learn that they must have been "hoi, hoi!" The lumbering beasts would stumble over the curbs and fill both street and sidewalks, forcing pedestrians into alleyways and doorways. Similar scenes must have been enacted in all cities and towns of Pennsylvania during the 19th Century. They ceased in Carlisle, I believe, by 1915.

A word often used to the cow is *boss*; to call her, "Come, boss," shortened to "co' boss"; to quiet her in the milking stall, "so-o, boss"; and as a name in talking to her, "bossy." The history of the word is puzzling. Two sources have been suggested. The *Century Dictionary* was impressed by an Icelandic cow-call, "*bas, bas,*" to bring cattle into the stall or enclosure, which itself was called a *bass*, and thought our *boss* ultimately derived from this Germanic word for stall. *Bos* is Danish also, as well as Old English and Middle English, but is not German, so that Danes, Jutes, or other North Germans may have taken it to England. It remained for centuries. About 1250 an author wrote that "the King of heaven was born in an ass's boss." But it disappeared from modern English.

It is interesting to find it in Swedish, where the word for cattle in general is *boskap*, or stall-creatures. The Swedes must have brought the word *boskap* to the Delaware, but we do not know that the Swedes ever called *bas, bas*, or used *bos* as a single word, to be picked up by other American settlers.

Another Middle English *boss* means a rounded swelling, like the boss of a shield, applied to plants and animals as well as artifacts. It is found in *emboss* and with the same meanings in the French *bosse*. It was formerly used for the hump of humpbacked men

or cattle. On our western plains the hump of the buffalo and the animal itself were called *boss*. As *boss* in this sense in English seems rather antiquated for 19th Century America, I wonder whether the French, who were early and long in our buffalo country, may have planted the words. To the French the bison is a *boeuf bossu*, "bossy".

The idea of swollen roundness led to the use of *boss* for large, heavy animals. It was used of an elephant, and a bear, and by Lyly the dramatist as an insulting name for a fat woman: "Call her a *bosse*." This sense presumably lies beneath the use in some dialects of Southwestern England, of *buss-calf*, *bossy-calf*, and, abbreviated, *bossy*, *bosse*, *busse*, as a name for an unweaned calf. The *Century Dictionary* inferentially supposed this to mean a stall-calf, as cattle were "stall-critturs." But one quotation in Wright expressly says the *buss-calf* was unweaned because it was left to roam with its mother indefinitely (no stall), and become a great fat *bossy-calf*. While connection with either suggested source is rather tenuous, and *boss* meaning stall is intriguing, *boss* as swollen roundness seems to me the more reasonable source. *Bossy* was equivalent to an affectionate or familiar "fatty" in speaking to a calf or cow.

Bossy-calf was as far as Europe took the word in our direction. In America *boss* took on new life and meaning. It was not rare, but commonplace in the United States and Canada, and was used to cows generally rather than calves. One of the earliest American quotations, of 1843, "like a great bossy-calf," seems to echo English use. However it happened, *boss* or *bossy* evidently came, in America, to be a pet-name and call-word for the milk-cow as well as the calf. Origin in a pet-name and call-word would explain its use, for *boss* is not just another word for cow. In most cases, *boss* is used when the cow is spoken to, and *cow* when it is spoken about. It is proper American to say "so, boss," and "fetch the cow"; but we cannot say "so, cow," or "fetch the boss." As the name for any cow, it was the name for all cows, and "come, boss" summoned the family cow, or a farm herd, or a drove of cattle. The use of "Co' boss," to call huge droves of cattle over the roads from the western country to eastern markets (before Chicago and the railroads), mentioned previously, was recorded in Western Pennsylvania as between 1825 and 1840. *Boss* is not German, unless in some obscure dialect; it is not in Lambert. So the Pennsylvania Dutch "kum, boss" must have been borrowed from English-speaking neighbors.

Since someone is sure to wonder why the Latin *bos*, cow, has not been suggested as a source, we should add that this requires direct borrowing from the Latin, which is very unlikely. As usual, later languages adopted the objective form, *bovem*. Even Italian, closest to Latin, does not use *bos*. Coming through French into English, *bovem* resulted in English *beef*. And the Indo-European root, presumably *ka*, which strangely became *bo* in Latin and Greek, in Germanic and Old English was *cu*, modern *cow*. To trace *boss* to Latin *bos* we



Farm animals, the common range of Pennsylvania farm fowl and fauna, are on display each year at the Festival.

would have to suppose that English cowherds or American farmers decided to use a Latin word when speaking to their milk-cows, without any reason, precedent, or probability.

Ask any old farm-boy how to call the cows, and at once his eye will flash and his breast protrude and he will emit a loud "sookey, sookey, sookey." Wright's *English Dialect Dictionary* says that in Britain *suck* is a call-word for calves, pigs and sheep, and *sucky* a call-word and also a pet name for a calf. In the North, and Scotland, whence came our Scotch-Irish Pennsylvanians, the old pronunciation *sook* and *sookey* is retained. *Sook* comes from the Old English and Germanic verb *sucan*, to suck or suckle. *Sookey*, a pet name and call-word to the calf in Scotland, became in Pennsylvania a call to the cow, and the usual milking-time call to all the cows.

German usage paralleled the English. As *sucan* became *suck* in modern English while remaining *sook* in the North, *sucan* became *saugen* in modern German but in Low German became *sukeln* or *suggeln*. So Lambert's Pennsylvania Dutch dictionary defines *Sucki* simply as Pennsylvania Dutch for a calf. But it was also the name for a milk-cow. In York, in 1812, Peter Kurtz, wishing to reward his faithful Suckey, brought her, as a present, a bucket of molasses. Lewis Miller thought this act so preposterous that he made a colored drawing of Kurtz and Suckey facing each other over the molasses, and Kurtz is made to say, "Ich wil der auch ein mal etwas gutes geben, Suckie," or in typical Dutch, "I'll give you something good, once." Besides being a German word for calf and a pet name for a cow, *sookey* is also the Pennsylvania Dutch cow-call. Dieffenbach gives it as "suke - soo - soo - suke." Thus *sookey* developed into a common cow-call independently in both English and German, although its popularity in each tongue probably furthered its use in the other. As with other cries, the early meaning was lost, and the Pennsylvania farmer has no idea of saying suck or suckling, or that sookey is a pet name; it is simply the proper call to bring in the cows.

Sooey, the common pig-call in Pennsylvania, I did not find in dictionaries before the new *Random House Dictionary* of 1966, which suggests that it is an alteration of the word "sow." I would agree, excepting that considering the history of other cries, I think it rather a survival of an old cry than an alteration of a recent one. For *su* is the word for pig in nearly all European languages. The ancient Roman or Athenian would have shouted *su* to a pig. *Su* is Old English and German, and in spite of changing to *sow* and *sau* in both, *su* remained in Northern English and in Low German.

Those who give *sooey*, *sooey*, or *pig, pig, pig*, as their pig-call often add that they made a noise at the same time by banging the pan on the trough, or kept a stick handy to rattle on the trough or bucket, as though the call required a drum obbligato to be complete. Cry and noise together bring the pigs in a scramble to be first at the trough.

Along with *sooey* and *pig*, a widely used call is *wutzie, wutzie, wutzie*. Lambert tells us that *wutz* is a German-dialect word for pig. As usual, the pig callers are unaware that *sooey* or *wutz* had any meaning in ordinary speech; they are simply the peculiar sounds required to call pigs.

In the Cumberland Valley German was never the predominant tongue and has not been heard for more than a century, yet even here there are a number of German words, like *wutzie*, so often heard that we are surprised not to find them in the German dictionaries. Lambert again comes to our aid with the information that *hutchli*, often heard for a colt, comes from *hutsch*, a German dialect word for horse, whence *hutschel* and *hutschli* for colt; and that *hammi* for a young calf, has an origin similar to *sookey*. A Swiss-German dialect has *ammeln* instead of *sukeln*, to suck or suckle, giving a Swiss word for calf, *ammeli*. In Pennsylvania this appears a *hammelchi*, *hammeli*, and *hammi*. I have heard only *hammi* (the "a" is broad: "hommi".)

Still another word which I was surprised not to find listed is *peep* or *peepy* for the newly hatched chicken. I had to grow up and leave Carlisle before hearing any other word. *Peeps* might come from either German or English, but I rather think it German because an ordinary dictionary gives us *Piepganz* and *Piepgossel* for a gosling, while there is nothing quite so close in English. When Carlisle was a country-town many residents kept chickens in the back yard. (By my private criterion, Carlisle changed status only ten years ago. Up to that time I could stand in the Public Square and hear the roosters crowing.) In cold weather, a newly hatched brood was taken into the house for warmth, and it was an added pleasure, on visiting the neighbors, to find a brood of little peeps scurrying around in their perpetual game of cross-tag, under the kitchen range. There are no peepies running around in the dictionaries.

To recapitulate our calls to animals: *coop* may have meant feed-bucket; *boss* meant "fatty"; *sookey* meant suck, and so did *hammi*; *sooey* meant pig, and so did *wutzie*. *Peeps* (a genuinely echoic word), means peeps.

The EVIL EYE In Philadelphia

By EDWARD S. GIFFORD, JR.

Not long ago, a gentleman, whose right eye turned out at a wide angle, came to my office and asked me to prescribe a glass for his left eye.

"I know there is nothing you can do for my right eye," he said. "When I was a baby in Athens a friend of my mother's put the evil eye on it and that eye has been useless ever since."

As I soon discovered, there was indeed nothing that could be done for the right eye, and I prescribed a glass for the left eye without comment. It would be impossible to shake a belief held firmly for sixty years by explaining that fear of the evil eye is an ancient superstition whose origins are older than written history.

At some time in the earliest period of man's development, he conceived the idea that a malignant, envious mind could

project its evil wishes or resentments by merely looking, and that such a gaze could cause misfortunes, physical blemishes, illness, and death. These dangerous characters had the evil eye.

Until recent times, women, and particularly old women, were more frequently accused of having the evil eye than were men. In the 19th Century, however, the most noted instances of a reputation for having the evil eye were found among such prominent men as Lord Byron, Jacques Offenbach, the Emperor Napoleon III, and King Alfonso XIII of Spain. Yet women may still be dangerous, and Claire Booth Luce, while ambassador to Italy, won the reputation of having the evil eye. This was because Italians believe that a slender body and fair complexion are indications of the evil eye.

Elsewhere in the world, the evil eye is attributed to persons with chronically red eyes, cross-eyes, walleyes, drooping eyelids, loss of an eye, red hair, missing upper canine teeth, and heavy eyebrows meeting over the nose. In addition, anyone who pays a fulsome compliment or expresses great admiration also raises the suspicion that he may have the evil eye, for flattery may be a sign of envy.

In the early years of the present century, physicians in South Philadelphia noticed that fear of the evil eye complicated the practice of medicine. Constant yawning of a child was blamed on the look of a cross-eyed man. An attack of hiccoughs was blamed on the gaze of a jealous sister-in-law. A case of fever and vomiting was said to have been caused by the stare of a man well known to have the evil eye. Headaches were usually credited to the evil eye.

Rather than consult a doctor of medicine, the families of these afflicted persons called in an evil eye specialist who knew the appropriate prayers and incantations to counter the effect of what is known in South Philadelphia as "over-looking."

In 1939, Philadelphia police encouraged the belief in the evil eye when they investigated an organization which arranged murders for a share in the life insurance of the victims. When wives who no longer cherished their husbands, or families with older members who had become burdens, applied for relief, they were given a supply of arsenic and told how to use it. Insurance for the victim was arranged as part of the service, and a percentage of this was collected after the death as a fee.

A tailor named Paul Patrillo, executive head of the branch operating in South Philadelphia, supported his authority by means of the general belief that he had the evil eye. Paul wore spectacles, which may suggest an evil eye to those who do not wear them, and he was known to have taken lessons in witchcraft and the use of the evil eye from an old woman at fifty cents a lesson.

Edward S. Gifford Collection



Evil Eye amulets purchased in South Philadelphia in 1956. Left to right, a crescent moon, fish, and the hunchback or gobbo.

Evil Eye amulets from South America, 1956. Left to right, the mano fica, the mano cornuta, and the single horn.

Herman Patrillo, cousin of Paul and director of murder operation in North Philadelphia and Germantown, did not boast of having the evil eye. He was terrified of the evil eye of others. When questioned by the police, Herman refused to speak in the presence of his fellow conspirators for fear they would put the evil eye on him. He gave information only when interviewed alone, and identified other members of the gang from their pictures.

Beginning in 1955, I sought material about the evil eye in preparation for writing a book on the subject. From personnel and patients at the Pennsylvania Hospital, where I have worked in the out-patient clinics for many years, I learned that "overlooking" is very common in South Philadelphia; that wise women in that neighborhood know the proper prayers for countering the effects of the evil eye; and that positive proof of the cause of painful symptoms may be obtained by dropping a little olive oil into a bowl of water in the presence of the sufferer. If the oil floats on top of the water, there has been no exposure to the evil eye and a doctor of medicine should be consulted, but if the oil disperses into the water, an evil eye is the cause of the trouble and modern medicine will be helpless.

"Really, Dr. Gifford," my clinic secretary said to me, "I'm not kidding. I've seen it work."

To ward off the evil eye many Philadelphians make manual gestures which have been in constant use for this purpose since the times of ancient Greece and Rome: the *mano fica* (thumb thrust between first and second fingers with fist clenched) and the *mano cornuta* (second and third fingers enclosed by the thumb with first and fourth fingers extended).

In a store on South Broad Street I bought three amulets reputed to be protective against the evil eye. They are small gold figures representing a fish, a hunchback, and a crescent moon.

After my book was published in 1958, I spoke about the evil eye on a radio program, making plain, I thought at the time, that I was speaking of a superstition with no basis in truth. One week later a woman appeared in the eye clinic of the Pennsylvania Hospital with an unusual problem. For years she had suffered from a long succession of diseases and misfortunes because of the evil eyes of her relatives. She had consulted many doctors and a variety of quacks without obtaining any relief, but when she heard my radio talk she was sure that she had found some one who could help her.

Slowly and carefully I explained that while fear of the evil eye was certainly a cause of anxiety and mental suffering, evil eyes could not do any physical damage or influence the course of events except through the fear itself.

"Ah," she said mournfully, "so you are going to fail me too."



Edward S. Gifford Collection

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Burr, G. L. *Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases, 1648-1706*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1914.
- Gifford, E. S. Jr. *The Evil Eye: Studies in the Folklore of Vision*. New York: Macmillan Co., 1958.
- Gordon, B. L. *The Romance of Medicine*. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis, 1949.
- Greenacre, P. "The Eye Motif in Delusion and Fantasy." *American Journal of Psychiatry*, 82 (1926), 553-579.
- Holmes, Oliver Wendell. *Elsie Venner*, Chapter 15.
- Mangione, Jerre. *Mount Allegro*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1952.
- Rosenfeld, A. "Modern Medicine Where 'The Clock Walks'." *Collier's Magazine*, February 3, 1956, page 24.
- Tourney, G. and Plazak, D. J. "Evil Eye in Myth and Schizophrenia." *Psychiatric Quarterly*, 28 (1954), 478-495.

Contributors to this Issue

EARL F. ROBACKER, White Plains, New York, is the veteran antiques editor of our periodical, author of a long series of articles enlightening our readers on many facets of Pennsylvania Dutch antique and folk-art collecting. His latest book, *Touch of the Dutchland* (New York: A.S. Barnes and Company, 1965), is based on articles which originally appeared in his *Pennsylvania Folklife* series. In his article for this issue Dr. Robacker deals with the elusive "Distelfink" and other bird symbols in Pennsylvania Dutch folk art.

CHRISTIAN B. NEWSWANGER, Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania, is Chairman of the Art Department at Germantown Academy. A native of Lancaster County, he and his father, Kiehl Newswanger, have become nationally known as interpreters of Amish life in print, painting, and sculpture. We are happy to share with our readers an album of their production illustrating their changing conception of the Amish folk. The album is one of our series of artists' interpretations of Pennsylvania German culture, the latest of which is the "Amish Album" of Constantine Kermes, *Pennsylvania Folklife*, XV:4 (Summer 1966), 2-5.

WAYNE E. HOMAN, Mt. Penn, Pennsylvania, Retired Colonel, U. S. Army, is author of many historical articles which have appeared in Pennsylvania newspapers. His article in this issue, "The Sorrow Song of Susanna Cox," is reprinted from the *Sunday Eagle Magazine*, Reading, Pennsylvania, February 16, 1964. It tells the story of a Berks County hanging of 1809 and the popular ballad that it produced.

ROBERT I. SCHNEIDER, Reading, Pennsylvania, is a Berks County Dutchman born and bred, and bilingual in Dutch and English. He has recently retired from active duty in the Marine Corps, and is enrolled in the Graduate Folklore and Folklife Program of the University of Pennsylvania. His article in this issue is a translation of a dialect interview with a country butcher. It provides the reader with valuable information on the earlier methods of farm butchering and on the preparation and preservation of the Pennsylvania German meat specialties from "Brodwarscht" to "Pannhaas".

JOHN STINSMEN, Allentown, Pennsylvania, is a Philadelphian who after graduating from Kutztown State College went on to the Tyler School of Fine Arts, Temple University, where he received the M.A. in Fine Arts. He is at present teaching art in the high school system of Lehigh County. Each July he serves as Director of the Folk Dance Pavilion at the Folk Festival. For this issue he has prepared a survey of

the types of traditional dances as carried on by grange and youth groups in 20th Century Pennsylvania.

MARTHA S. BEST, Walnutport, Pennsylvania, has been associated with the Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival since its beginnings in 1950. A native of Lehigh County, she is an elementary school principal. Her article in this issue is one in a series describing the festival seminars and their personnel. The latest in the series is "The Folk Festival Seminars: Folk Art and Antique Collecting," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, XIX:4 (Summer 1970), 20-24.

CECELIA WHITMAN, New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, is a free lance writer specializing in Western Pennsylvania subjects. She writes for the *Pittsburgh Press* and other newspapers of the area. Her sketch in this issue, her first in *Pennsylvania Folklife*, will be of interest to those who know what it means to churn butter with a dasher churn.

EDNA EBY HELLER, Exton, Pennsylvania, is a Lancaster Countian, of Mennonite background. For many years she has been researching Pennsylvania Dutch cookery, from the housewife's standpoint of actual kitchen practice. Her books and articles offer therefore the authenticity of regional dishes as adapted to modern-day measurements. She has published a long series of articles on Pennsylvania foods and their preparation in *The Pennsylvania Dutchman* and *Pennsylvania Folklife*. Her latest book is *The Art of Pennsylvania Dutch Cooking* (New York: Doubleday, 1968).

DAVID W. THOMPSON, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, is known to bibliophiles as the genial proprietor of Thompson's Book Store in Carlisle. To bibliographers he has contributed the indispensable checklist of Carlisle imprints (*Early Publications of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, 1785-1835* [Carlisle, 1932]), which contains not only the detailed bibliographical data, but delightful sketches of authors and printers and samples of the subject matter of individual items. His article in this issue on directions and cries to animals, based on wide research, includes some new philological theories on their possible meanings in various cultures.

EDWARD S. GIFFORD, JR., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is in the Department of Ophthalmology in the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Gifford is one of the principal American authorities on the subject of the "evil eye," a folk belief particularly strong among Italians and other Mediterranean cultures. His article offers insight into the belief and practices associated with it in the Philadelphia area.



COME AGAIN NEXT YEAR!

23rd Annual Pennsylvania Dutch
KUTZTOWN FOLK FESTIVAL
July 1-8, 1972

Folk Festival Grounds ♦ Kutztown, Pa.

NORTHWEST GATE

DISPLAY BUILDING

- 23 ARTS and CRAFTS**
 Spinning • Pottery • Decoring Eggs
 Cookery • Silversmith • Wood Carving
 18th-Century Picking Press Demonstration
 Chair Caning • Cigar Making • Rug Making
 Hex Sign Printing • Froktur • Block Printing
 Telaware Painting and Numerous Others

SALES BUILDINGS

- 24 COUNTRY STORE**
25 ANTIQUES
26 FARMERS MARKET
27 CRAFT STALLS

46 stalls with various craftsmen from a seven-county area displaying, demonstrating and selling their wares.

SERVICES

- 17 OFFICE** **20 FIRST AID**
18 TELEPHONES **21 PRESS**
19 POLICE **22 REST ROOMS**

FOOD and DRINK

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

FOLK FESTIVAL COMMON

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

PROGRAMS and SCHEDULED ACTIVITIES

(See Pages 29-30-31-32)

- 1 MAIN STAGE
- 2 SEMINARS
- 3 COUNTRY KITCHEN
- 4 WEDDING
- 5 PUBLICATIONS & FESTIVAL PROGRAMS
- 6 HANGING
- 7 CHILDREN'S GAMES
- 8 WITCHCRAFT TRIAL
- 9 SQUARE DANCING, HOEDOWNING AND JIGGING CONTEST
- 10 FARM PRODUCE
- 11 HORSESHOEING
- 12 SHEEP SHEARING
- 13 BALLOON ASCENSION
- 14 QUILTING
- 15 BUTCHERING
- 16 BARN RAISING

PARKING

COLLEGE BLVD. GATE

14 Quilting
Old-Time Farm Equipment

13 Vegetable Drying

12 Horsehoe Picking

11 Horse Tents

10 Old-Time Farm Equipment

9 Animal Lore
Fowl & Feather Lore
Hex (Occult) Lore
Snake Lore
Leather & Harness Lore
Wood Carving Lore
Bee Lore
Washing Lore
Chaffing
Sauerkraut Making
Potato Candy Making
Mush Making
Gristmill Lore

2 Herb Garden
Herb & Dried Flower Lore
Applebutter Making

3 Doghouse
Icehouse
Dogspower & Flea Spinning
Bush Meeting
Soap Making

4 Windmill

5 Hospitality Tent

FOLK FESTIVAL COMMON

9 Animal Lore
Fowl & Feather Lore
Hex (Occult) Lore
Snake Lore
Leather & Harness Lore
Wood Carving Lore
Bee Lore
Washing Lore
Chaffing
Sauerkraut Making
Potato Candy Making
Mush Making
Gristmill Lore

8 Horshoe Picking

7 Children's Games

6 Threshing Demonstration

5 Harvesters Wagons

4 Carriages Wagons

3 Windmill

2 Herb Garden
Herb & Dried Flower Lore
Applebutter Making

1 Bake Oven

8 Pottery Making
Old-Time Engines

7 Post-Hole Drilling
Outhouse

6 Threshing Demonstration

5 Harvesters Wagons

4 Carriages Wagons

3 Windmill

2 Herb Garden
Herb & Dried Flower Lore
Applebutter Making

1 Bake Oven

15 Bake Oven

16 Bake Oven

24 Bake Oven

25 Bake Oven

26 Bake Oven

27 Bake Oven

WENZ ST. GATE

WHITE OAK ST. GATE

GATE

BIBBER