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Dieffenbach on Cabbage, March 21, 1952

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Cabbage - as feed for live-stock.

When my dad had raised a lot of cabbage, he would use the outer leaves and trimmings to feed to the cows and young cattle. It would increase the flow of milk but if too much was fed, we could taste it in the milk. Then he would also take a head or two of the damaged cabbage and hang them up in the chicken-house; a string was fastened to a nail in an overhead beam and the cabbage was hung so the hens had to make a good jump to get a peek at it. They relished it in the winter, when they could not get any green food; and the exercise it gave them also was good for them. He used to say: "Eei, see worra shtiff wou see keu grout-kep hen fer see chumpu mocha!" (They get stiff, if they have no cabbage to make them jump!)

But he would never feed any that was rotten or moldy, as it might make them sick.

Sheep also are very fond of cabbage and it is good for them if not too much is fed at one time. I have fed it to my ewes and never had any bad results.

Another use for cabbage leaves.

About forty years ago the writer met a couple of men working in the sun on a very hot day. Noticing that two of them were sweating profusely, he inquired the cause of it. They were two brothers and both were back-ellers. One of them took off his hat and showed me a pile of big cabbage leaves in the crown of the hat; he pulled them out and unrolled them, and there was a

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to abbage. Names of different parts.
Why it bursts.

piece of ice, as big as a fist. He said it keeps the head cool and added: "Won do's muel gewaint bicht down iss es deer liever os we der glaura schuety. ya, is doot awe bisel reecher, oover is iss so shay keel!" (Once you are used to it you will prefer it to clear sweat. Yes, it does smell a bit, but its so nice and cool.) The men were Geo. and Chas. Lechner, Sheridan, Pa. and one of them is still living.

Was hut is hertz im kupp? Ei, en grout-kupp!
(What has its heart in the head? A cabbage.)

A cabbage has a head (der kupp).

Once the head is cut off there remains "der grout-shtortsa" (the stump) This has a very hard shell but the inside is more or less pithy, and once it is dried out it very much resembles a sponge. At the lower end, in the ground, there you find "wertzla" (the roots).

In a very wet season followed by several exceptionally hot days, the cabbage heads will grow so rapidly that they burst.

Grand mother would say: "Ich kent heila - my shaina grossa grout-kupp sin de helft ferschprungar!" (I could cry - my nice big cabbage-heads - one half of them are busted).

"Hap" Sheidy. (do not know his first name) was a small wiry chap, wrinkled, he had a squint and he always had a good joke or a story. One day a fellow workman told of his big cabbage heads. Hap cut in and he said:

to abbage. Unhealthy after being frozen.

Used in a barbecue. March 21, 1952

sell is mix; meiny sin feel graiser! (That is nothing - mine are much bigger.) Then he went on to tell how his old bantam hen had been missing and then he found her, hatching out a nest full of eggs on top of a big frizzled head of cabbage. One day he heard an awful racket; when he looked the sky was full of feathers. The cabbage had burst and blew the old hen sky-high.

Frank Gendall, a big Irishman from Reading was boss of a gang of linemen working for the Bell Telephone Co. some thirty years ago. One day, late in the Fall while working in a field alongside the road, he found some small cabbages that the farmer left because of their size. He cut some of them up and we ate them. The outside was partly frozen but the inside seemed to be O. K. But we all got as sick as dogs later in the afternoon. Still later a party of coon-hunters found and ate some cabbage in a cornfield one night, and they also got sick.

At the Cornwall Ore Mines, southeast from Lebanon, Pa, the writer saw a group of Mexican miners barbecuing a hog, or rather a big shoit, they were just getting it ready and they filled or stuffed it like a goose or a turkey is filled, and I am sure they put in several small heads of cabbage, cut in chunks and mixed in the rest of the filling.

Cabbage.

Buying seed

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Cabbage is an annual; it must be planted every year, i.e. it must be re-seeded. Women in the rural area in the long ago had to be resourceful. The store was too far away, or did not have any cabbage seed if she did come there one day on horseback, like a farmer's wife once did. Grandmother would tell about this almost every time she would sow "groat-soonias" (cabbage-seed).

A certain farmer's wife wanted to sow cabbage seed so she could raise some plants in boxes or pots on the window sill in her sunny kitchen. She hunted all over but she found no seed. So she told her husband to saddle Bill, her favorite riding-horse, and she would ride to town to the store and buy some cabbage-seed.

"Oh, we will go in next week with a load of 'rinna' (tan-bark) and then I'll get you some!"

"Iya, oover no iss kuu so en gooter traichu may; Ich gay! (yes, but then there is no good sign (zodiac) any more; I'll go!

And go she did. She rode seven or eight miles to Jones-town and she asked the man who kept the store for some cabbage seed. He looked at her a bit sheepish and coughed a bit, and finally said: "I am sorry - I have no cabbage seed. I had some but the mousies ate it all up - it was what I had left over from last year - 3 or 4 packs. I'm very sorry, but -"

Here that farm-woman got mad and she almost flew into his face. "I schpите dich, as do kenuer kusst? Well, is schpите mich net, won Ich awe fuftay mile garidda bin

Cabbage
Buying seed.

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fer nix - fun so ma git sicha deivel we do brist date Ich
ennicher Kenner kawfa. Nay, Ich date net. Eis, won Ich
dich waart, nu Ich het net mainer eiffer fer hisness os
do Inscht don date Ich mieh persaijer issa sei-foes!
(You are sorry that you have none? Well, I aint, even
if I did ride fifteen miles for nothing, from such a
stingy old devil like you are, I wouldn't buy some any-
way. If I had no more ambition to do business than
you have, I'd go and drown myself in the swill-barrel.)

Grandmother never told where the poor woman got
some seed, or if she never got any, but she always
wound up the story by saying: "Ich do ewwe meiner
selwert raisa!" ("I raise mine myself!") And she did.

She had a "sooma-kessel" (seed-kettle) just an
ordinary tin-kettle (Could have been originally one of
grand-father's putty-kettles) and in it she had all
kinds of seeds. Most of them were tied in a piece of
cloth with a bit of string; then she would feel and she
could tell a lot of them apart just by the feel of them.
But she had two such small "bindelcher" (small
bundles) and she could not feel is it cabbage-seed
or radish or turnip. So she opened one of them, and it
had no name in it; the next one had a small slip of
paper and on it was one word - "reddich" (radish).
And the third one had no name neither. Then she
was puzzled. The bags were of different colors, and
when she put the seeds in, in the fall she knew which

Cabbage
Grand-maw gets seeds mixed.

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was which, and could tell them apart; now in the Spring she couldnt. "Weel, is muss airis dafun sei." (Weel, its got to be one of them) she said. She put the radish seed back in the bottle, the other two she placed side by side on the table. She closed her eyes for a few seconds; whether to get an inspiration or what I don't know.

Perhaps she prayed - she was very devout. She opened her eyes and took one pack and sowed the seed into the box she had prepared. I pitied her, for I for some un-explainable reason, felt she had the wrong seed. Once it started to sprout she almost hung over it, and she watched it a dozen times a day. One day I heard her banging something around, there was only the door between her kitchen and ours. I opened the door and peeped in; I could see she was mad. Her face was all red and she kind of stamped when she walked. I said: "Mummy vos is litta?" (Granny, what is wrong?)

"Ei is sin by Gott reeva!" (Oh, by God, theyre all turnips!) I laughed right out, at the funny way she said it, but she nearly cried. Then she had to make another sowing and the plants were so much later, and by next Fall she had some nice Cabbage, only it still was later than usual.

To my knowledge, cabbage was never served in any form for breakfast. But for dinner or supper it was considered to be all right and proper. Neither would

Cabbage.When served on table

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my mother nor grand-mother boil sauer-kraut when she had company (except she knew they were very fond of it) nor on a Sunday.

When my daughter-in-law lived with me several years ago she served sauer-kraut one Sunday dinner when we had a lot of company. Hardly anybody ate any except she herself. After the company had gone she said it seemed so funny to her - she was sure that some of them liked it. I told her then, and she felt peeved. She was born and raised in Germany, and if a Penna. Dutchman is 75% for sauer-kraut, then the German is 150% for it. x x x x x x

When the neighbor's cow was sick in Winter, he came to my Dad's house one day and the poor man almost cried. He lived in a small tenant-house on the next farm. "Des waun ols es dawg-larner-haus". (This used to be the tenant-house for the day-laborer) He only had one cow and she wouldn't eat anything he gave her. He said: "If I had one head of cabbage, then I could pull her thru!"

My dad asked him what he meant by that expression. "Well," he said, "if a cow won't eat nothing else, she'll still eat cabbage!"

So we got some and Dad hooked up in a sleigh and we both got in and took old Beujy home. That cow must have smelled that cabbage, for she was

Cabbage
Good for sick cow.

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pawing and moving like crazy. Benjy (Benjamin Wolf was his name) took a cabbage head and cut it in hunks and the cow ate it three times faster than he could cut it. He only gave her a few small heads at first. I got some hay - he had nice clover hay, and she took a nibble or two, but what she now wanted was more cabbage. She drank a few swallows and moosed so Benjy gave her another head. We went home. Next week, on his way to town, he stopped at our place. We asked about the cow.

"Oh she is all O. K. again! 'Sell grout - sell huts, gados!'"
 (That cabbage - that did it.) x x x x x

An Irishman and a German were at the hotel one time in Freystown, long ago. Both were about one-half drunk. The German was arguing with the Irishman, and bragging about the big cabbage-heads that they raised in Germany. He wound up by saying: "I is kee owner blatz in des gonsa welt as see so dicka grout - kepp hut - see sin old tree dummm fer grout ten raisa!" (There is no place in all the world where they raise cabbage-heads as big as in Germany. They are all too dumb to raise it.)

"Weel, if the cabbages in Ireland were no bigger than yours said Pat, 'I'd never have had a way to come over here to America!'"

"Eei, we bicht don river cooma?" (Weel, how did you come over?) said Fritz.

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Irishman and German

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“Ei, des sawg Ich den,” (why I’ll tell you) said Pat.
 “Ich hob en luck in aine fun meina grout-kepp
 rouw-keelicht. No hooch en in des sawg geschmissa.
 Ich bin in sell luck, hob en schtrick onder grout-
 kepp, un’s owner end on so en Deitsch shteam-
 schiff gabunna, lake mich in sell luck, un due
 bin Ich.” (I took one of my big cabbages and hollowed
 out a big hole in it, then I threw it into the sea. I
 jumped into the hole, tied one end of a rope to the
 cabbage, and the other end to a big German liner,
 and here I am.)

“Waitscht do meer sawga we do sell grout raisen
 doosht,” (would you tell me how you raise those big
 cabbage heads) said Fritz.

“Ei, mitt en nicht von de Deitscha schprayen—
 (Why, with the s—t that the Germans are spraying)
 said Pat.

March 21st. 1952

Heroldt Bauer.