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The Dutch Touch

in IRON

By EARL F. ROBACKER

It is an accepted part of today's living that the quality of what one buys is pretty largely determined by what he is willing or able to pay. He may spend five dollars for a pair of shoes—or ten or twenty—but he knows better than to rail at cheapness of merchandise if the purchase price was in keeping. Equally, if he has paid well for something, he has a right to expect the quality to be commensurate with the expenditure.

This system of quality levels and price levels was less accepted in the days of our pioneering ancestors than it is now—not that shoddiness or quality is a creation of contemporary times. In the days when timelocks were unknown, when most consumers were on the same economic level, and when most crafts were handcrafts—then a product was likely to be good. In fact, it had to be good to the point of acceptance or it would have been laughed out of existence. Fierce pride in the quality of one's own handiwork is something all but unknown in a conveyor-belt, assembly-line society, but in a day when every man's work was known to almost every other man and almost inevitably became a topic of conversation throughout the community, a slipshod performance would get exactly the attention it merited.

Few are the craftsmen, though, who are equally gifted or equally skilled. Some men will emerge from the body-general of workers as superior, whether by reason of actual talent or because of painstaking care, but the fact remains that they do emerge.

This extra, added something in craftsmanship is nowhere more evident than in the hand-wrought ironwork executed by the early Pennsylvania Dutch. For obvious reasons, little iron could be brought to the New World—little beyond the cooking pot, in most cases—but everywhere iron was in prime demand and as soon as the various industries which paved the way to the smith at the forge could possibly be established they came into existence. Up and down the seaboard and then westward the iron industry spread . . . and yet today, among a miscellaneous collection of ironwork surviving from old times, one can sort out certain pieces and say with conviction, "A Pennsylvania Dutchman made these."

Why? Simply because the extra plus-mark shows. It shows in the suitability of the piece for the work for which it was intended, in its freedom from hampering restrictions and in its ornamentation—so apt that it seems inevitable.

Illustrations accompanying this article should in themselves help to make the point clear. Let us take iron hinges for first consideration. Four examples of strap hinges are shown. The term "strap" is a general one used in the antiques fraternity to designate long, narrow hinges cut from a strip of iron and intended for use on
broad, heavy pieces of wood construction—doors, dower chest lids, and the like. Any resemblance to a leather strap or to the ordinary long hinge ceases, however, beyond the point of physical length, because of the extra plus in design; the object loses nothing of its utilitarian quality, but gains immeasurably because of its adeptly conceived proportions and finishing touches.

Tulip ornamentation was a favorite one, but seldom did the tulip in iron achieve the perfection of the example shown in Illustration No. 1. It seems obvious that the smith chalked out the pattern before he started work, renewing it as he went along when the necessary elements of fire and water obliterated it.

Hinges in the bird pattern are the *ne plus ultra* for some collectors, not only for their beauty but because of their great rarity. It should not be too surprising to non-collectors to discover that pieces of work like these are seldom put to their original use nowadays but are mounted in groups on panels or displayed singly.

Collectors who wish to put pieces on display, either in actual construction or as *objets d'art*, generally face the problem of how to clean them up first. They are almost always rusty, and sometimes rusty, greasy, covered with paint, and broken.

Soaking in kerosene will usually remove rust, if done over a period of time and with occasional light applications of steel wood. Kerosene will also remove grease in most cases, but if it does not, denatured wood alcohol will serve the purpose. A commercial paint remover will take care of an old paint encrustation, but it is advisable to wipe the object with a turpentine rag afterwards.
5. An exceptional specimen of a door hasp reflecting the fraktur work of the Ephrata sciveneres.

Restoration is another matter, and should probably be done only when a most exceptional specimen makes its appearance. The door hasp shown in Illustration No. 5 is a repaired specimen—worth restoring because it is obviously an attempt to represent in iron the “Great Lily” of fraktur work at the Ephrata Cloisters. As such, it appears to be unique. The lily itself is cut from a single sheet of iron—so thin that with neglect and abuse some of the petals were broken off and lost. The points of repair (two at the left, two at the right) show as plainly to the observer as they do in the illustration, but repair is the only way to bring out the beauty of a piece as remarkable as this. Needless to say, the sales value is less than it would be for a perfect specimen.

What should the collector do to preserve the surface of iron after it has been cleaned up and, if necessary, repaired? Linseed oil or linseed oil is one answer. Neither one will damage the article as an antique, though it must be admitted that oil is a better preservative than an enhancer of beauty. One collector, experimenting in a number of different fields at the same time, once accidentally dropped an old phonograph record into a receptacle of wood alcohol, breaking the record. When he later went to remove the pieces, he found that they were almost completely dissolved, and in a fit of inspiration he applied the blackish liquid to some old iron on which he was working. The softly shining, dull black finish so pleased him that he has used nothing else since. Another collector uses a black, quick-drying enamel, cut in equal proportions with sub-turpentine to eliminate the gloss, and follows with steel wool and furniture polish. As long as there is no attempt to conceal flaws, and as long as the iron does not look “painted” to the point where its authenticity might be questioned, there seems to be little objection to either method. The out-and-out purist, however, and the good dealer, will keep the piece just as it was found.

Incidentally, vinyl or other plastic-type phonograph records cannot be used as a darkening agent with alcohol. The proper vintage is found in the recordings of the 1920’s.

Credit for discovery of the Great Tulip hasp mentioned above should go to Mrs. Hattie Brunner, of Reinholds, Pennsylvania. It was she who first identified it and, realizing its significance in folk decoration, had it suitably repaired.

Door pulls like the twin-tulip specimen shown in Illustration No. 6 often show extraordinary skill in execution. A door pull less than completely smooth would, of course, be a cause of steady annoyance. Compare the clean lines of the lower (inverted) tulip with those of the Ephrata piece: Even allowing for the ravages of time and rust, the Great Lily depends more on its concept for distinction than upon its execution. In the door pull, it is the clean, free line which commands respect.

Ironwork reaches a high point of intricacy in keyhole escutcheons or lock plates. Usual places for such escutche-

Hearts and tulips take on many forms in iron. The turners and the fork in Illustration No. 9 show how a favorite device could be employed to good effect in even the most humble housekeeping tools. As representative of the typical flat-lobed heart, the large turner at the left is superior—but the proportions of the others are also well suited to the dimensions of the areas they adorn. Implements of this kind hark back to the days of open-hearth cookery; even though it might appear that the pancake turners shown could be used on a present-day griddle, the edges are blunt and the blades inflexible, except for the smallest specimen. Only a very thick cake could survive the operation of being turned over by one of these tools.
10. Waffle iron in heart shape.

Also intended for fireplace use is the waffle iron in Illustration No. 10. Forty-one inches in length, it weighs 18 pounds, and its use must have tested the patience of even the most long-suffering pioneer grandmother! The heart-shaped waffles it produces bear impressions of two stars in the lobes; below the stars appears the “regular” waffle design as we know it today. The baking section of the implement is of cast iron; the handles are wrought, and undoubtedly were fashioned from stock pieces, since most waffle irons of this magnitude differ only in the actual pattern of the waffle.

It is not the intention of the writer to discuss cast iron ornamentation in this article. The trivet in Illustration No. 12, however, merits attention. Its major claim to inclusion in the ranks of Pennsylvania Dutch collectibles is the whirling swastika of the handle—strong evidence, since this combination of yin and yang symbols seems to occur nowhere else in American folk art. The twelve hearts, the central floral motif, and the thistle blossom in the handle all have their counterparts in other folk art forms. One is tempted to call it the work of a Pennsylvania craftsman, but it is just as well to keep an open mind on the subject; no one has yet reported an actual place in which trivets of this kind were made. Since they were cast rather than wrought, identical specimens may be found—in theory, at least.

The wrought trivets in the same illustration tell their own story of hearts and tulips, with the specimen at the left (made in one piece) a prime example of symmetry in both motifs.

Snow birds or snow stops, those devices of an earlier year to keep snow from cascading off the roof on a day of thaw, were usually cast. The favorite and only well known design is that of the bird, probably the eagle. The heart-shaped stop in Illustration No. 11 is wrought. It is so simple and “easy” in construction that one wonders why it was not more widely used. Perhaps the fact that it was easy, and hence presented no challenge, accounts for its scarcity.

Other ironwork could be mentioned, not pictured here but worth the attention of the collector who is interested in bygone days and ways. A wrought iron shoe horn; a garden tool; a fireplace poker—any hand-forged object in such a seemingly lowly category may be redeemed from the commonplace by the touch of a craftsman who believed in the enduring worth of what he was doing and took the trouble of putting his seal of approval on it.
The Pennsylvania Dutch Village

By ALFRED L. SHOEMAKER

This past July the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center, Inc. was transferred from Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster to Bethel along U. S. Highway 22, approximately midway between Allentown and Harrisburg.

The Folklore Center has acquired three properties at Bethel: a seventy-acre farm and two adjacent one-acre plots. Here in the next decade the Folklore Center proposes to create a Pennsylvania Dutch Village, an open air museum patterned after the famous Scandinavian folk museums.

On one of the one-acre plots the Folklore Center has opened a Pennsylvania Dutch food specialties and handicraft shop. This we have called Dutchland. To show the public what the future will have in store, we have created an outdoor bake oven roofed with early tile from the Oley Valley and an eighteenth century cider press with a thatched roof. Each Sunday afternoon, in summer and fall, the staff of the Folklore Center demonstrates bread baking in the outdoor oven and cider making on the ancient press, a gift of the Berks County Historical Society. Since rye straw is required in the cider making, we flail several sheaves of rye each Sabbath. And, of course, we boil apple butter week-ends.

This summer we hope to start on the first unit of the Village—the Gay Dutch farmstead, representing the farm culture of our Lutheran and Reformed grandparents in the period around 1875. This entails, among other things, bringing to the farm an outstanding example of a stone farmhouse and barn. (The existing house and barn are not adequate and will have to be removed.)

Once the Gay Dutch farmstead is up—and we propose to run it as a living unit with all the farm and household chores being carried on as they were in 1875—we will be able to begin to charge an admission thus establishing it as a self-supporting unit.

This brings us to the financing of the Gay Dutch unit—stage one—in building the Pennsylvania Dutch Village to take its place eventually, we hope, beside the Farmer's Museum at Cooperstown, Starbridge Village in Massachusetts, and Williamsburg to our South. All of the ventures of the Folklore Center heretofore have been financed by profits from the annual Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival at Kutztown. (The paid attendance last year approached the 50,000 mark!) It is clear, however, that the Folklore Center must look beyond the Folk Festival revenue to realize the first unit of the Village.

The Folklore Center needs $30,000 to build the Gay Dutch farmstead. And we propose to raise this money among our Dutchman family by selling three-hundred Certificates of Indebtedness at $100 each. The Certificates will earn three per cent interest per annum and will be repaid ten years from the date of issuance.

This, then, is an appeal for support from you. Each one of you who has been a member of our Dutchman family for a number of years will receive a letter in this matter from the Folklore Center.

Beyond this point (given that the Folklore Center will merit the financial support in the amount indicated) the growth of the Pennsylvania Dutch Village will be dependent upon going out and raising as gifts the necessary funds. As indicated earlier it is hoped that this can all be done in a decade's time.

And what units should the Pennsylvania Dutch Village comprise eventually? An eighteenth century farmstead, a log house and barn (we have the promise of a wonderful log house) showing the Continenta architecture in contrast to the Quaker and Scotch-Irish buildings; a Plain Dutch (Amish) farmstead with the “Gross-dawy” type house and a barn with an unsupervised forebay (typical of Lancaster, Lebanon, and York Counties): a Union Church of brick (en gemeenscheijde karkies) and a Plain Dutch meeting-house; the craft shops: the Conestoga wagon shop, the blacksmith shop, the Stiegel glass works, the German-language printer, the pottery, the Pennsylvania (Kentucky) rifle shop, the carpet weaver’s shop, the joiner and undertaker’s shop; and there should be an Indian village to show the relationship between the Pennsylvania Dutch and the area’s original inhabitants.

Activity must be the very key-note of the Pennsylvania Dutch Village. In harvest time we must make a festival to show how the immigrant generations used the sickle, how later the grain cradle came into use, and then the reaper up on today’s combine; we must burn lime for the fields in a lime-kiln; burn charcoal for the blacksmith’s forge; raise flax for the weaver’s loom; and, most important of all, farm the fields as Gross-dawy did.

However, the very core of the Pennsylvania Dutch Village has not been mentioned as yet: the research library. This, obviously the costliest unit to build and maintain, is the very heart of the Folklore Center’s project. We must collect in a central place our printed and manuscript materials: we must go out after every folksong and folklore, after every traditional rhyme and proverb, after every living folk belief; we must record our dialect vocabulary: we must photograph our material culture: houses and barns, pig sties and corn cribs, and the tools of farm and shop. And most important of all, we shall at long last have to put the scholar to work, studying our spiritual and material heritage, to show what has been the overall contribution of the Dutch Country to our American way of life.

This is our dream at the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center. Whether it shall ever be more than a dream depends, initially at least, upon you, our Dutchman family.
One of the treasures of the Montgomery County Historical Society is an album entitled *Five June Days*, consisting of some seventy photographs one William H. Richardson took sixty years ago on a trip to “the wilds of Lancaster County.” The Norristown Weekly Herald of Monday, June 24, 1895, carried this account about the vacation trip:

“Two well-known young men of Norristown, Messrs. Wm. H. Richardson and Alfred W. Wright, started Wednesday afternoon on a novel vacation trip, on which they expect to be absent about ten days.

“Before starting they purchased the necessary outfit consisting of a horse, wagon and harness. This means
of conveyance enables them to take everything required by them in the way of extra clothing. Mr. Richardson’s camera and photographic appurtenances, without inconvenience. The wagon was well filled, but not heavily laden.

“Their turn-out was much admired, and when they left the Herald office at 4:30 in the afternoon, they were given a send-off in the most style, their assembled friends wishing them a safe and pleasant journey.

“When asked where they intended going it developed that they had no very definite plans formed in advance of the trip, but expected to travel about 30 miles a day and ultimately reach the wilds of Lancaster County, in which Bowmansville is located, in the meanwhile living on the country through which they travel.

“When evening comes on Mr. Wright takes on himself the task of arranging quarters for the night, while Mr. Richardson proposes to take views of the scenery with his camera.”
Grandpa with latzhossa partly unbuttoned.

A “top-o-the-morning” face in Lancaster County.

One of the two travelers trying to be helpful.

Relaxing in the “Wilds of Lancaster County”.

He probably got a peppermint stick for posing.
JUNE DAYS

A couple of shanty women finding relaxation smoking the pipe. And how did the cornstalks survive?

They have just finished their week's shopping in the country store.

An overshot millwheel along the way.
On an Amish Farm
By Jim Butterfield

This is a report of three days’ work on a Wayne County Amish farm in June, 1956. The farm is near Wooster, Ohio, in the northernmost church district of the world’s largest Amish territory. The writer is 23 and not Pennsylvania Dutch by heritage but has lived in Wayne County all his life. Fictitious names are used throughout, but the people and events are actual.

JUNE 13

Alvin Miller is late getting 22 acres of corn planted this wet spring. His fields are low, and soft even for horses. So I came this morning with my mare to help for three days.

“Go over to Noah’s and see if he has a harness we can borrow for your horse,” Alvin told me as he hitched his four big draft horses to the riding disc. “I’d like for you to use her and my driving horse to cultipack what I disc before the lumps dry too hard.” He looked at the eight o’clock sun and cloudless sky. “No telling when it’ll rain again so it’s important to keep the moisture in too.”

Noah Yoder rents the next farm east. He rents on the share, one half of his crops going to the owner who is not Amish. Alvin rents too, but for cash. He pays $1200 a year to a former Amishman who joined the Conservative Mennonite Church. This landlord looks Amish in dress and wears a beard, but he uses tractor equipment and therefore moved to a larger farm. Alvin and Noah each have less than 80 acres of plow land.

I rode by horse bareback across a pasture to Noah’s barnyard. “Hoscht un extra gshaa ich kan use?” I tried out my amateur Dutch.

“No sir,” he smiled, pointing to four sorrels already hitched abreast to his disc in the field. “I have six harness for six horses and Aden is going to use the other two.” His ten year old son already had one of the family driving horses between the shafts of a milk hack and was waiting at the yard gate for his father to load four cans of milk from the spring house. Aden would then drive out their long lane to the highway in time to meet the milk truck.

We talked about the recent wet weather while Mrs. Yoder hoed garden, nine year old Liddy carried some breakfast leftovers to the cool spring house, three younger children stood barefooted watching us, and the baby hung to the edge of his homemade crib on the porch. They all wore solid color clothing, the boys with home sewn cloth suspenders over short sleeved shirts and the girls with thin black caps over their braids. Baby is a boy but will wear a dress for mother’s convenience until he is nearly four years old.

I rode out Noah’s back lane and over to Jacob Hershberger’s nearly a mile away. Two cultivator teams were standing at rest between corn rows that show Jake and his capable teen age boys had finished their planting at least three weeks ago.

“Looking for someone?” Melvin’s voice came from the

Photographs by Charles S. Rice

An Amishman discing the field with a span of five horses.
shade of a roadside tree. I asked him and his brother Dan about borrowing a harness. "It's almost too hot to work horses today," Melvin said. "Ours are panting already just cultivating."

On the way to his barn for the harness Melvin showed me their new milk cooler. They ship six cans of milk a day and had barely been meeting the 55 degree temperature required by grade A milk processors. So they abandoned the old cement water trough and invested $1500 in a new cooling cabinet operated by a diesel compressor unit. The engine has a large battery and Melvin pressed the self-starter button to show how quickly a film of ice begins to form on the cabinet walls.

"It will pay for itself in two years," Jake Hershberger said when he came out to approve my using his spare harness. "With the amount of milk we send there is a thousand dollar a year difference between grade A and the cheese house price. Oh, if I could use an electric cooler I could get a secondhand one for a couple hundred dollars. A lot of English farmers are switching to bulk tanks, you know, and you can pick up one of their old electric coolers cheap. There just aren't any used gasoline ones."

I fitted the harness on my horse and rode back towards Alvin's. Jake's sixteen year old daughter, Mandy, was pushing a lawn mower as I left, and two younger sons were in the corn field hoeing thistles by hand as Melvin and Dan went back to the cultivators. A smaller boy and girl stood near their clean white house to watch me off.

Back at Miller's Alvin helped curry and harness his driving horse while the discing team rested. "Boy, 's house! Bell and Bess can just hardly make it." Bell and Bess are a new pair, one black and one white, which he bought earlier this spring after a bull gored one of his old horses and another suffered from heaves. Apparently the new team was not used to hard work for they always had to strain keeping up with Alvin's sorrels. Now in the sudden heat after much cool rainy weather they were breathing hard and needed long rests at each end of the field.

A cultipacker rolls easily and the two light horses I drove started out smartly with it over the warm soil. Soon they sweated but could still keep a good pace. Then one of Alvin's discing horses—the black one—collapsed and lay on the ground puffing.

"That's the first time a horse ever went down for me," he said looking glum. "I've got to get her up so she gets more air. She won't cool off down on the hot ground like that." He unhooked Bell's tug chains, took off her jockey stick, and let the other three pull the disc away. Bell tried several times to stand up before her legs finally held. After she was steady enough Alvin put her in place with the jockey stick again but did not fasten her tugs. She walked along while the other three pulled the disc by short stages back to the barn end of the field. Then we unhitched for dinner.

Alvin was careful not to let the heated horses drink more than a few swallows of water when they first came in. Last summer one of the sorrels was lame for weeks from water foundered caused by constriction of blood vessels near the hoof when too much cold water was taken at once. Albert also put a handful of loose salt in each horse's feedbox and he let them munch hay for half an hour before giving them any grain.
The Miller home was equipped with a modern bathroom by the Conservative owner before Alvin moved there last season. The big old two story house is wired for electricity and the water we drew for washing before dinner came under pressure from an electric pump. Since Alvin is a renter he is permitted to use electric lights and motors already installed. If he ever buys the farm, he would ask the power company to disconnect his buildings. He would keep the plumbing system but would change to a gasoline motor on the pump.

For mittens, we ate home canned beef, boiled potatoes, store noodles in gravy, fresh garden lettuce in cream, home canned peaches, marble cake with butterscotch frosting, and rhubarb pie. Six year old Anna had walked a half mile to the mailbox by the highway to bring three pounds of butter left there by the truck driver who hauls Alvin's milk to Wooster. The family uses milk liberally on cereal and fruit so the youngsters are content with water in their glasses.

A bench along one side of the linoleum top table seated three children. Mrs. Miller took care of two toddlers on the other side, while Alvin sat at one end and the hired girl made room for me at the other. Mrs. Miller and the hired girl keep white prayer caps on all the time and the two small daughters wore black ones at the table. All bowed silently with their hands in their laps before eating. And after the last pie crumb was gone Alvin said "Pattieunner" to announce another silent grace before anyone left the table.

The hired girl, Fannie, will stay here all summer and take full charge of the house when Mrs. Miller goes again to the maternity ward of Wooster Community Hospital. Since the children are still too small, Fannie will drive team during hay making and during the fall wheat sowing. Those are jobs Alvin must do for himself. Neighbors will come to help with the threshing and corn husking, just as Alvin will take his team and wagon to help them.

Anna also brought a letter and yesterday's Wooster newspaper from the mailbox. The letter was for Fannie from a Mennonite girl friend she stayed with recently. It contained a snapshot of Fannie taken with a flash camera in the girl friend's living room. Fannie had a broad smile as she sat on the sofa crocheting. The letter also enclosed a little jeweled heart pin with an arrow through it. Fannie often wears some small bright trinket on her best dark blue homemade coat. She can have photographs and store jewelry now because she has not yet been baptized into the Amish church.

After dinner Alvin put his driving horse in Bell's place and led me to push the lawn mower. By time for early supper (eating before chores) there was still an acre of plowed ground not disced.

"If all my horses were as good as Bert and Bob," Alvin said, "I'd be ready to plant by now. The white horse is just plenty warm now too. She's acting different than usual." In her stall Bess kept tossing her head, jerking at the halter rope, and sometimes pawed the floor. After supper we found her down and bloody from hitting her head as she threshed around. She could not get up so it was too late to walk her outside for better air.

More discing was out of the question and Alvin had me take Bert and Bob to finish cultipacking while he helped the women milk nine cows by hand. As the sun went down Fannie came out to report the white horse had died. I was supposed to go to a neighbor's telephone and call the dead stock dealer.

"But don't use Mrs. Howard's phone," Fannie warned. "She almost got sick when Albert called for them to get the horse that the bull gored." The farmer whose phone I did use said a 96 temperature had been predicted for today and he saw 100 on a thermometer in the sunshine. But the evening air was much cooler and the quarter moon good enough to see by. About ten o'clock the cultipacking was done.

A group of Amishmen.
The double bed prepared for me in a guest room upstairs has one sheet on the mattress. It is the custom in this family to use blankets without a top sheet. Each window has a single blue curtain that can be tied gracefully to one side. The bedroom floor, like all others in the house, has no rug.

JUNE 14

Alvin was very long in the face this morning wondering how he will finish corn planting after losing one horse from a team that wasn’t worth the $300 he paid for them. He sent me riding back to Hershberger’s hoping that Jake might loan him a team for the day. To finish discing that acre and then cross disc the hardest parts of the whole field would really take more than a day. And five acres for silage corn wasn’t even plowed yet!

“That kind of puts me on a spot,” Jacob thought out loud about the problem. “It’s going to be hot again today and my horses are pretty old. I’d let you borrow them tonight after it cools off, but we’re having church here Sunday and I have to use them tomorrow and Saturday to clean out our stables and mow the weeds and to go get the benches.”

Then he surprised me by adding, “I believe I’d just get a tractor to go in there and be done with it.”

“But would he be permitted to do that?”

“I don’t see where that’s any more wrong than killing a horse.”

Noah Yoder came in sight leading a cow to visit Jake’s Holstein bull. He said that if Alvin wanted to bring his remaining good team over to speed up the planting at Noah’s, then next week Noah’s horses would all be free to disc at Miller’s. But when Alvin thought this over he decided to go ahead and plant without a second discing. Another rain would put his corn too far behind. I should hitch his driving horse in place of the dead animal and start to harrow with the spring tooth.

The stock truck came and pulled its heavy load aboard with a cable winch. The driver told us that carcasses are skinned, certain parts made into a hog food called tankage, and the rest ground up for fertilizer. He also said that live horses rounded up over the state sell for five cents a pound at the Quaker Oats Company dog food plant at Marion. He once rescued a good team there for $150. Yet with surplus teams from tractor farms becoming scarce and old now, a decent pair of horses in this Amish territory commands $300 to $600 depending on age.

After dinner Mrs. Miller changed from her pale blue house dress to the black garb she usually wears in town. She had an afternoon appointment with a doctor in Wooster, so Alvin took the work harness off of their road horse and put the lighter buggy harness on. Her two small daughters put on crisp dresses and black bonnets to go along on the five mile trip. Usually it takes less than

Amish boys learn to work early in life.
an hour but on this hot afternoon the horse was pokey.

My mare filled in on the harrow and by supper time the ten or twelve acre section was half ready. Mrs. Miller and her girls trotted in the lane and as I washed my hands and face Anna asked, "Wirst du was ich in da stadt gieckt hab?"

"Candy?"

"Nay, Pink ice cream mit ephairre drin."

We also had ephairre for supper in the form of a popular cold "soup" which each person pours over a slice of buttered bread. It is simply crushed strawberries in sweetened milk. Sausage from their own butchering and young onions from the garden rounded out the meal.

As the evening air cooled Alvin asked me to see if the horses could pull the disc long enough to go over one small area of lumpy black clods. When the milking was done he walked out in the dark to take the line so I could go in and play guitar for the children. Their favorite song is one I learned at the 1934 Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival: "Schpin, Schpin, Meine Lieve Dochder."

Fannie knows many current hillbilly hits and often sings them while she milks. Tonight, though, she taught me one that has an old time ring: "Darling you can't love one; you can't love one and have any fun," etc. While we were singing Fannie combed out her long dark hair. Normally it is under her cap, but let down it reached below her shoulder blades. Amish girls and women never have their hair shortened, though sometimes they thin it.

"Isn't braiding hair a Saturday job? What are you doing it now for?"

"I don't braid it anymore, Hosecht net genoticed?" And sure enough, her hair didn't have the many little waves in it caused by constant tight braiding. I thought that women generally had braids and the only reason Mrs. Miller did not was because her hair is unusually short. But no—when Amish women are baptized into the church they change from braids to a simple knot. Fannie and five others in this district are taking instruction at each summer church service in order to be baptized at communion time this fall. She is seventeen. And from now on she must put up her hair every night instead of once a week.

JUNE 15

My morning chore while the others milked was to curry and harness all five horses. Then Mrs. Miller fried a couple eggs for me ahead of the others so that I could get out in the field by eight o'clock without waiting for all the morning work to be done.

"Can Fannie take a picture of me harrowing?" I asked Alvin. When I first knew Alvin last year and wanted to get snaps of his barn and square-top buggy he had said he didn't care what pictures I took as long as I didn't aim the camera at him or any of the children. And he never would hold my camera to take a picture of me. But now he said Fannie could if she wanted to.

When she had taken a side and a front view of the four horse team I asked if I could take a picture of her.

"I don't think so. . . . If I could be sure no one else would see it. . . ." she hesitated. I put the camera in its case and she confided that her steady boy friend had taken her picture one recent Sunday "because he knew I wouldn't dare after I am baptized." Fannie said that on the same Sunday she put on some forbidden jeans and rode her boy friend's horse bareback.

"Which do you think are more comfortable, jeans or a dress?" I asked her.

"A dress!" she exclaimed.

While I made progress harrowing with the steady sorrels, the big black, and the driving horse, Alvin used my mare in his hack to bring fertilizer and seed corn out to the field. Two children rode along on the seat beside him just for the fun of it.

For mitaung today we had young chicken sort of stewed in a pan with gravy. When Millers ordered 200 chicks last winter for their kerosene heated brooder house, they bought high quality sexed leghorns at 45 cents apiece. Then they got some of the hatchery's male birds for less than a nickel each because light weight leghorn cockerels are not in demand. Today those roosters tasted good and the children fought for giblets, especially die hotzelin.

Right after dinner Alvin took Bert and Bob for the corn planter and I continued to harrow at a slower pace with three horses. At four o'clock as my team rested Alvin asked me to go again to a neighbor's phone and tell the Kidron mill to send a truck to pick up grain for hog feed. Alvin sends corn and oats; the mill grinds it, adding special supplements, and then delivers the chop in bags. Dairy feed is made the same way.

Other modern day service to Amish farms in the neighborhood includes bread delivery to the door, kerosene delivery to the drum, coal delivery to the shed, implement delivery to the barn, livestock hauling to market, and weekly egg pickup as well as dairy milk hauling. Once last summer when there was not time to crank the hand freezer, Mrs. Miller even had three gallons of ice cream delivered to a surprise birthday party for her husband.

The harrowing was not quite finished by supper time when I took my three pulling pullers in. But now that planting was well underway much lighthearted banter
went on at the table. Suddenly Alvin had to belch.

"Excuse the hog, the pig's out walking," laughed Fannie.

"Let him go then," Alvin reached for bread but then couldn't find his knife. "Now where is my messer gee-snipped?"

"Fleicht waer es sell' sau ass da naus-glosst hosecht," said Fannie.

Then the conversation went beyond my understanding until Fannie asked, "Was is es in English?"

"Pox wow," Alvin answered.

"Has somebody been sick?" I interrupted.

"When Ruby doesn't eat and gets loose in the flesh," Mrs. Miller pinched the skin of her three year old daughter, "a pow wow doctor can take a string seven times the length of her foot and tie it in a circle. Then he puts it over her three times, so that she goes through it three times I mean. And he says something too, probably from the Bible."

Mrs. Miller also explained how to use a string for telling whether a child has stomach fever. Tie a string around the middle of a freshly laid egg. Put the egg on hot stove coals and if it cracks before the string burns off, the youngster's stomach fever is bad. This encouraged me to tell how a West Virginia man once cured warts on my finger with a string tied in mysterious knots. I buried the string and two months later as it rotted in the ground the growth on my finger disappeared!

"When we were kids," Alvin remembered, "we used to take as many corn kernels as we had warts and rub a kernel on each one. Then we'd tie the corn in a little bag and leave it somewhere without looking behind. Then whoever picked up the bag would get our warts! And it worked!" We all laughed, and not at Alvin because we were thinking about the poor person who happened to pick up the bag.

Alvin did not help milk, but went back to planting corn until dark. I finished harrowing about the same time and soon had the horses turned out to pasture. On a blanket under the lawn tree Fannie and I sang "On Top of Old Smokey" with the kids all sprawled around. Later during the Schpin song I paused a moment to think of the next verse and four year old Johnny substituted this universal Dutch lullaby:

"Schlof, bubbl, schlof;
Du duudly heet die sho,
Die mommey geht un hold die kee,
Und kompt net baim bis maiye free."

JUNE 16

"Can I use your razor," I asked Alvin first thing this morning. I was not joking because he keeps a safety razor in the bathroom mirror cabinet together with a nylon bristle brush and a tube of bay rum shaving cream. All men in this bearded sect have clean shaved upper lips—no mustache—and the check line is never shaggy. Alvin could plant the rest of the fitted ground himself and I was getting ready to go home.

The kerosene water heater in the cellar was not operating so I heated some shaving water on the kitchen stove. The stove also burns kerosene and Mrs. Miller was frying the usual breakfast eggs on it. Breakfast included cold cereal and instant cocoa. Bread was on the table, but the family has no toaster.

In fact, the Miller family uses no electrical appliances even though the rented house has plenty of electrical outlets. Alvin does not spend money for equipment they will not use in later life. An ice box keeps perishables cool. Clothes are made on a foot treadle sewing machine. The washing machine is run with a noisy gasoline motor and an exhaust tube for its fumes sticks through the wash-house wall. Their iron is a convenient gasoline model that has a small pressure tank behind the handle. Tiny blue flames heat the ironing surface from above, and there is no cord to get tangled in.

Alvin wrote me a $6.00 check for two days wages. We had agreed that the third day I worked would earn a couple nights lodging for me and my horse later on. That way I can use the Miller farm as a springboard for some leisurely visiting in this plain people's neighborhood some time soon.
It was raining when we landed at Shannon. After breakfast we drove through the dripping countryside into Count Kerry to visit the areas known as the Gaeltacht, or Gaelic-speaking sections of West Ireland. We were joined by a teacher in the Gaelic schools who told us some of the problems faced in the Irish attempt to cultivate the use of the old folk-language in the face of English. It was a full day, that first day of the "Traveling Pennsylvanians" of 1956 in Ireland. Lunching at Killarney, we took the usual jaunting-car ride through the rhododendron woods of the estates of the Earl of Kildare to the Lakes of Killarney, and then on to the Palatine Country around Limerick, where we stayed over night.

Friends of mine before the tour left had asked me what earthly connection Ireland could have for the Pennsylvania Dutch Country, and County Limerick is the answer. Queen Anne, whose generosity to the displaced Palatines of 1709-1710 had brought thousands of them into the American colonies, also offered sections of County Limerick to them. And either they came, the same sort of people as the forefathers of our Pennsylvania Dutch, settling amidst the Irish as a Protestant island. They lost their German dialect to Irish English (which they speak now with the pleasant accents of Central Ireland), and their Lutheranism they lost to Methodism when John Wesley rode through Limerick. But certain traditions and of course the family names

Traveling Pennsylvanians

By DON YODER

(Ruckle, Sparling, Shepperd and others) linger on and while some of the "Palatines" have intermarried, they are still a somewhat separate people, and have the same sort of reputation for cleanliness, tidiness, and industry as has been claimed for the "typical" Pennsylvania Dutch.

We were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Armitage, Methodist pastor at Rathkeale, towards late afternoon of our first day in Ireland, to the little country village of Ballingrane, to visit Barbara Heck's cottage. Barbara Heck was a Palatine who, emigrating with her cousin Philip Embury (Amberg) to New York in 1760, planted Methodism there—the first actual Methodism to be transferred to American soil.

When we got to the ancient two-century old Palatine cottage, we were welcomed by most of Mr. Armitage's congregation, who had prepared a delicious tea for their American visitors. And so at Barbara Heck's cottage, some inside in the warm old kitchen with its huge fire-
place and beamed interior, some outside on the lawn (the rain had stopped), where John Wesley had preached
on his visits to Ballingrane, we chatted with our Irish
Palatine hosts and hostesses, and made friends across
international lines. I thought of John Wesley’s word of
friendship to those whom he met: “If your heart is as
my heart, give me your hand.”

At Limerick on the Shannon we were joined by Cap-
tain Seamus McCall, the guide appointed for us by
the Irish Folklore Commission in Dublin, who took us, next
day, through the green Irish countryside, seeing thatched
cottages, prehistoric marked stones (finding which across
the fields we found that “a good Irish mile” is consider-
ably longer than the American mile), trained castles
and corrugated iron barns. By nightfall we reached
Emmiskillen in the Lake Country of County Fermanagh.
This was Northern Ireland, which is of course still
under the British Crown. At the hotel we were joined
very delightfully by our host for Ulster, Dr. E. Estyn
Evans of the Department of Geography, Queens Uni-
versity, Belfast, his wife, and another member of his
department, Mr. Ronald Buchanan. We discussed the
place that Ulster had in Pennsylvania backgrounds, the
continuing Scotch-Dutch influence on the Pennsylvania
English dialects (words like “red up,” for instance),
the church influence (Presbyterianism in its many
varieties), the Scotch-Irish spirit. Mr. Buchanan sang us
some unforgettable Irish songs, among them “The Lass
of the County Down” and when the party reached the
story-telling stage, the waitresses were standing about
anxious, as Dr. Evans suggested, to “red up” the room
after we adjourned.

Ireland was a real experience for the Traveling
Pennsylvanians, and the permanent friendships made
along the way, and the increased understanding of Irish
life and Irish problems added much to the purpose of
our 1956 tour. Although when the Belfast Telegram the
next morning had an article about us as “a fact-finding
tour from Pennsylvania” some of our members thought
the language was a little strong for a relaxed group of
Pennsylvania tourists in definitely holiday mood.

Our visit to Scandinavia was also a high point of
the tour. The weather was perfect, sunny summer weather,
and Oslo and Stockholm had their flags out. The Norse
Folk Museum and the Swedish Open Air Museum at
Skansen—which provide the models and some of the
motivation for the folkvillage which the Folklore Center
is constructing, were high points, as were our visits to
Sweden’s royal palaces in Stockholm and Drottningholm,
the ultra-modern Swedish and Norwegian stores, and the
delightful experience of sampling the Scandinavian
cuisine, with a kind of smorgasbord served at breakfast,
along with cereal and coffee at our Oslo hotel. The coffee,
which Scandinavians drink by the gallon (“Swedish
gasoline”, as our Midwestern Scandinavians call it),
was the best in Europe last summer.

After our stay in Amsterdam and our visit to Rotter-
dam, the Hague and Scheveningen (the Dutch beach
resort along the North Sea) we headed for Gelderland.
Holland’s national park area, toward afternoon reaching
the wooded hills above the Rhine on which the town of
Arnhem, capital of Gelderland, is situated. There we had
the pleasure of meeting the head of the local folk-dance
group, and spent the morning inspecting the Dutch Open
Air Museum, which with its perfect site, its perfectly
kept Dutch farmhouses and townhouses and barns, is, we
felt, the finest folk museum in operation in Europe.

We again had the pleasure of visiting the Palatinate,
under the always valuable leadership of Dr. Fritz Braun
and his wife Lilo of the Heimatschule Pfalz in Kaisers-
lautern. After an evening of wine-bibbling in the
Drosselgasse at Rüdesheim on the Rhine, where every
gateway beckons into a combination wine-garden and
night-club, we drove through the old-fashioned, more
contrived Palatinate where one’s “Pennsylvania Dutch”
is much at home and where there are still touches of the
19th Century past which was exchanged by our forefathers
for life in Penn’s Woods. We visited a Mennomite Hof
operated by the Hügi family (with their relatives the Stauffers) since they arrived from Switzerland
in 1707, the huge farmhouse and wellkept garden
and barns and fields reminding one of Mennonite industry
in Pennsylvania. And luncheon at the ancient Anne
Inn at Deidesheim, one of the famous Palatine wine
towns, was an experience too.

Kate Auerhahn of Heidelberg was our guide, as in
former years, for Heidelberg and the Castle Country of
Württemberg and Bavaria, to Innsbruck in the Tyrol.
Frau Auerhahn, who has translated the Heidelberg student
songs into English and is writing a Heidelberg guidebook,
made sure that we saw Cloister Ettal, where the famous
Ettal lingeur is made by the monks. Oberammergau,
and the remote castle of Ludwig II, the mad king of Bavaria,
Schloss Linderhof, a rococo gem set in the midst of
Bavarian forests.

Our group in 1956 was a very pleasant mixed group of
Pennsylvanians plus “Honorary Pennsylvanians” from
Wisconsin, Ohio, Georgia, Delaware, New Jersey, New
York, and Massachusetts. Marion Wilson of Zelienople
added to her world-famous toy and doll collection, and
got material for many new lectures. Dr. Albert Dotter
of the New York State Department of Education visited
modern European schools, Librarian Mary Louise Abra-
ham of Harrisburg visited libraries, Louis Warkirk
Word of Atlanta and Nell Morris of Stroudsburg gathered
genealogy, Max and Mabel Zitbes of Racine gathered
recipes, Edna Wescott of New Jersey added some antiques
to her collection, Ruth Till of Springfield gathered
music boxes, Attorney Miles Kahns of Dayton and Walter
Yingst of Wilmington visited ancestral homes in Ger-
many, as did Mrs. Henry Lorenz of Ohio in Switzerland,
and the rest of us absorbed culture from sidewalk cafés
and went swimming at the Lido in Venice, Castel Fusano
near Rome, and elsewhere.

In Italy we did magnificent visits to Venice, Florence,
and Rome, and for the first time our group visited Siena,
Pisa, and Milan—which proved so rewarding that they are
included on the 1957 itinerary as well.

Switzerland was again the perfect vacation spot, and we
sampled it rather fully—Lucerne, Interlaken (with
luncheon at the Steinbock in Lauterbrunnen and a trip
up the Jungfrau by cog railway), and Berne, and then on
to Paris and home, full of memories of new voices, new
landscapes, new thoughts, and possibly with some added
poundage from all the delightful wining and dining
that we enjoyed together.

As one of the group told me in a letter last fall after
everyone was safe home again, “We all looked so much
more relaxed at the end of the tour than we did when
we met in New York.” I thought it was a real compliment.
Crossing the Ontelaunee at Trenton is one of the finest and best preserved of the old stone arches.

The most photogenic. At Peter's Mill (originally Hoch's) on Bieber Creek. Built 1860.
The Trail of the Stone Arched Bridges in Berks County

By HARRY STAUFFER

The trail of the stone arched bridge is long, devious and intricate, yet exceedingly interesting to those who delight in treading the unbeaten path. It has no fixed beginning and seemingly no end. It winds and winds from Bethel to Barto, from the Allegheny to Trexlertown, from the Tulpehocken to Longswamp!

Almost every mile contains some aspect of a fast disappearing way of early rural life—stake fences and rail fences, pig sties and smoke houses, spring houses and ice houses, log houses and log barns, and red tile roofs.

It passes by many charming homesteads, stately stone houses, immense stone mills, old blacksmith shops, abandoned limekilns, and a lone up and down sawmill. Fortunately many of the beautiful old houses have not been mutilated with modern windows. The Swiss barns are not so fortunate—many are having their faces lifted with concrete blocks and steel sash!

Truly, the trail is unbeaten. Many of the remaining bridges are on side roads, unseen and unsung. Some have had their wings clipped and are passed over unnoticed. Several are on heavily traveled highways and thereby being doomed to eternal destruction.

The trail was intricate. It required checking road crossings over stream after stream in every quarter of the county, necessitating driving more than twenty-five hundred miles. Topographical maps by the United States Geological Survey were used for locating streams, road crossings and boundary lines. The photographs were made during the fall and winter of 1956-57 with a Graflex camera some forty years old!

Fifty-three stone bridges were found, also one stone four-arched aqueduct that carried the Schuylkill canal across the Allegheny creek. It now carries the water supply to the only remaining blast furnace in Berks County. Of these, fifty-one are of stone, one with two brick arches and one of concrete and stone built in 1936. Twenty-six bridges are constructed with one arch, seventeen with two arches, nine with three arches and one with four arches.

On the old road to Shamokin, at the crossing of the Tulpehocken north of Womelsdorf, Built 1832. The Union Canal passed through the northern approach, Swiss barn in background.
The finest masonry on any stone arch bridge in the county.

Interesting triple arches on Irish Creek. Built without mortar.
These stepped wing-walls are unique. Built 1861, Bieber Creek above Green Hill.

The arches generally may be classified as round arches of which three or four are slightly irregular. There is one egg-shaped and several are slightly segmental. There is one bridge with two stilled-arches on Hiesters Creek below Lorane. A study of the various applications of the stone arch in the Pennsylvania Dutch County could be leading. The arches are usually set at a right angle with the side wall; however, in five or six bridges the arches are set askew. Five of the bridges are constructed without wing walls, and on four they have been removed to permit two-way traffic.

At the turn of the nineteenth century my great great-grandfather employed a German mason to do some masonry work on his farms and limekilns. He told the German of his plans to build a stone arch across a part of the quarry to carry the farm lane, thereby permitting the extension of the quarry. The German replied, "Ich kann mauern aber Steine an die Luft heben, kann ich nicht." "I can make a wall but hang stones in the air, that I cannot do." The arch was built, as all except primitive arches are built, by erecting a plank form shaped like the arch to be built and as long as the bridge is wide. Wedge
A sturdy bridge across the Little Swatara north of Ziegler's Church of the Brethren.

Dale to Barto. This appears to be an early bridge.

Shaped stones are neatly fitted over the whole form. Stones of various length and width but of uniform thickness are so laid as to break the joints and bind the whole into a solid mass. Several of the photographs show the broken joints under the arch. No mortar was used in the arch. This required superior workmanship and permitted moisture that might seep through the road-bed to seep through the wall. This prevents damage that would be caused by the freezing of retained water. Some of the arches have
STONE ARCHED BRIDGES

- in Berks County -

(Tour Approximately 100 miles)

Beginning on Rt. 22 at cross-road 31/4 mi. west of Bethel, south 1/2 mi. to dirt road, turn left to two-arch bridge, continue to Black Bear Hotel, turn left to Frystown over a two-arch with wing wall removed, continue to concrete road (31/2 mi) past triangle intersection over creek to first dirt road, turn left to Swatara Bridge (one of the best) continue to end of road, turn right to Bethel, turn right at square, 1/2 mi. to Ziegler's Church road, turn right over three-arch bridge, continue past Ziegler's Church of the Brethren to concrete road, turn left through Renhersburg to Womelsdorf. At Rt. 422 turn right and again turn right at farm buildings to three-arch bridge, cross and turn left past brick lock-keepers house, Union Canal bed follows road on left to Rt. 422, turn right to first cross-road, turn left past cemetery, into three-arch bridge. Cross bridge (old toll-house on right) through Womelsdorf to Spring Creek, turn right at second light to Shillington, at third light straight on black-top through Grill to Rt. 122 (Morganstown Road). Turn left and turn right at Union Canal Marker to Rt. 83, bear right, 13/4 mi. to new concrete bridge. On left is stone aqueduct of the former Schuylkill Canal crossing the Allegheny, continue through Gilbertsville. A short distance after crossing railroad tracks the highway crosses Seidels Creek on a small stone arch bridge; to Birdsboro, turn left across Schuylkill River to Rt. 422 East, turn right keeping on left lane a short distance to first road, turn left. Cross over Rt. 422 West past the Daniel Boone home to Stonewall, turn right on Rt. 562 to Yellow House, turn left on Rt. 662 through Friedensburg (Olney) to Pricetown. Turn right and continue about 3 mi. to cross-road, turn right toward Pleasantville about 1/2 mi. Here is a two-arched stone bridge across Biser Creek on the right side of the highway. Continue on black-top, past Tri-town Park, turn left on first dirt road to Peter's Mill. Here is a three-arched bridge that can be photographed one side or the other anytime of the day. Turn back to main road, turn left to first cross-road, turn left toward Lobachsville, passing an old limekiln on the right side of the road. The second bridge is a three-arch stone across Pine Creek. This appears to be an old bridge. Continue to Lobachsville, turn right to Pikewilla, turn left then right to Hill Church to Bochelsville, turn left through Eshbach to Barto. Turn left to Dale. This road passes over an early three-arch bridge. Continue through Dale to Huff's Church, turn left over a two-arch bridge, continue to Honningsville, to Longswamp. This is a winding road, watch road signs carefully. Beyond the Longswamp Hotel is a long, narrow two-arch bridge. Continue to Topton, turn right on the road to Montana. Cross Rt. 222 to Grimsville, cross Rt. 22 to Albany on Rt. 143. Turn right and drive about 1 mi. to the road to Trexler. Here is one of the finest and best preserved bridges. It has the largest arches of any in Berks County. Return to Albany, turn right toward Eckville, Drive about 1 1/2 mi. to a dirt road on the left. Follow it about 1/2 mi. keeping on road to right. This is Grim's Mill bridge, the oldest dated bridge in Berks County. Continue on this road to Rt. 143, turn right to Rt. 22 at Lenhartsville, about 22 mi. east of Bethel.
been repaired by pointing the joints in the arch with mortar.

After the arch was completed, the side and wing walls were added. Mortar was generally used in the walls if they extended higher than the road-bed. Several bridges are shown in which no mortar was used. Cross ledges were placed in the top of the walls at about six-foot intervals. To these six-inch face boards were spiked, the inside board being slightly higher than the one on the outside.

A charming example of dry-wall masonry.
Wolf Creek.

A rustic arch on the Limekiln.

Oh, no! Bridges do not have chimneys nor dinner bells. On the Little Northkill at Anthony's Mill.

A perfect circle on Seidel's Creek. This little bridge carries Route 83. Below Gibraltar.

Recesses on top surface of wall held the ledges of the wooden coping. Mouth of Asylum Creek.
On Little Swatara near Strausstown.

East of Host Church.

To widen the road-way, this little bridge had its wings clipped, West of Oley Churches.

This is the fate of the only egg-shaped arch in Berks County, Schu- bert.

Short boards about a foot wide were placed across the top of the wall and nailed to the face boards and battens nailed over the joints of these short cross boards. The boards were white-washed. The purpose of this roof or coping was to protect the wall from the entrance of moisture. The bridge at the mouth of Asylum Creek (Illustration p. 26) shows where the ledges were recessed into the top of the wall. None of the wooden coping remains on any of the bridges. Most of the walls are now

On the Cacoosing at Montello.
covered with concrete. None of the bridges has stone coping. This seems to indicate that they were originally covered with wood.

In 1861 Richard Pierce and William Kinny were the builders of the Saucony bridge and Samuel Hix built the Swatara bridge near Bethel. The oldest dated bridge in Berks County is the Grimes Mill Bridge on Pine Creek, Albany Township, built in 1829. At Griesemer's Mill on the Manatawny near Spangsville is one side of a stone bridge with three arches which was replaced by a covered bridge in 1832. This would lead one to believe that stone arched bridges were built in Berks County long before any of the dated bridges. A properly constructed arch will last indefinitely.

The early bridges were built to carry heavy loads and were located on important roads. The bridge over the
In the Oley Valley at Brumbach School.

On the Allegheny Creek below Alleghenyville.

Life is waning for this long and narrow bridge at Longswamp. On the Little Lehigh, Built 1853.

Across the head-waters of Northwest Branch of Perkiomen Creek. Huff's Church.
The only stone arched aqueduct remaining of the Schuylkill Canal. It now carries the water supply across Allegheny Creek for the last of the blast furnaces of Berks County.

Tulpehocken at Womelsdorf and the Swatara bridge at Bethel were on the old Shamokin Road. This was an important trade route. The bridge north of Black Bear Hotel is on an old road that seems to lead to the Swatara Gap, bypassing the steep grades on the Shamokin Road across the Blue Mountain north of Bethel. The bridge on Pine Creek near Lobachsville carried heavy loads of iron ore and iron products to and from the furnaces and forges that rimmed the Oley Valley.

After seeing several scores of bridges, I am wondering how many of the modern bridges will survive as long as the stone arch.

Saucony is the only bridge with four arches in the county. The fourth is over the tail-race of Schubert's Mill. Built 1861. Coated with cement 1936.
A charming date-stone on a little bridge. On Bieber Creek Northeast of New Jerusalem.

Grim's Mill Bridge on Pine Creek, Albany Township, is the oldest with a date-stone in Berks County.

At the confluence of the Tulpehocken and the Millbach. The Union Canal passed through the western approach. Rieth's Mill, one of the first in Berks County, stood a short distance to the left. This community was settled in 1723 by German immigrants from the Schoharie in the state of New York. Partly rebuilt, The rick-rack is not original and is incongruous.
Displaced Dutchmen Crave

SHOO-FLIES

By EDNA EBY HELLER

In dollars and cents the wealth of America seems to belong to someone else; but in the form of heritage, there is plenty of wealth for every Pennsylvania Dutchman. Although most of these people have never given this a second thought, it is true nevertheless. Like the lost sheep and the lost coin, it sometimes needs to be lost before it is fully appreciated. While the folks in the Pennsylvania Dutch country eat their shoo-fly pies day after day, there are displaced Dutchmen who would give their right arm to find out how to make this Dutch specialty.

Apparently many people are overcome with nostalgia when reminded about food they enjoyed in childhood. Such is the feeling of many natives of Pennsylvania who have moved away, but long for her beauty, kinfolk, and cookery. Recipes of favorite dishes can be like old friends who bring a warmth of friendliness with every association. This is especially true when one has been constantly looking for recipes of the dishes grandma used to make.

To more than six thousand of these displaced persons, the search was ended this fall by a sheer streak of luck, when they chanced upon an article entitled “The Pennsylvania Dutch Love Shoo-By Pie.” For this story, however, we must go back to 1955, when the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center invited a group of food editors to the Folk Festival at Kutztown, Pennsylvania. Cookery was the theme of the festival that year and many Grange women brought food galore. With pad and pencil in hand the food editors interviewed one after another with endless questions about this regional cookery. A few of them completed their interviews in the farm kitchen at eleven o’clock at night where they could photograph the cook at work. During the next few months hundreds of people in Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and New York had traditional Pennsylvania Dutch recipes because of these reports given in newspaper columns. However, most of this publicity was confined to the Middle Atlantic section. But, in September, 1956, Clementine Paddleford’s report came out in “THIS WEEK”, the weekly magazine that is read by eleven million newspaper subscribers. This was what the displaced Dutchmen were waiting for.

In this particular chapter of “How America Eats”, Miss Paddleford reported on an interview with the food editor of The DUTCHMAN in which they discussed the similarities and differences of the dry and gooey shoo-fly pies.

Recipes for Chicken Corn Soup and Sugar Cakes were given in addition to the three recipes for this cake pie. More than seventy-one hundred letters were written in quest of more information about our people. They were warm friendly letters from men and women who were homesick for Pennsylvania Dutch Cookery. Among them were doctors, lawyers, soldiers, chefs, and housewives, all of them keenly interested in finding recipes for the dishes they once knew. Many felt very remorseful for having let such family favorites slip out of their hands. In fact, in most cases they just never bothered to learn how mother made such favorites. Suddenly, they had moved away and left behind the cooking that had not been written in books. Very little was written in books and those that were are most difficult to follow today when one is
used to today's standardized recipes. Most of the traditional cooking seems to have been lost to those who left Pennsylvania.

Some of these excerpts from letters will show how glad the writers were to find Dutch recipes.

"O for Hog Maw—haven't had any since I left Pennsylvania in 1920!"

"The article in 'THIS WEEK' recently gave me a tremendous case of homesickness."

"Was born in Middletown, Pa. Left 40 years ago and haven't had any good food since."

"Among my happiest memories was delicious chicken corn soup we once had in a Pennsylvania Dutch hotel."

"The article on Pennsylvania Dutch cooking was an answer to my prayers."

"I have lived in many places but I think Pennsylvania Dutch cooking tops all others."

"No one has any of grandma's recipes, so maybe you could help a friend in need."

"My grandmother who slept and snored in Pennsylvania Dutch made dough squares and dropped them in chicken broth. We called it pot pie. Do you suppose that you could find that recipe for me?"

"For more than 45 years I've looked for the recipe for a perfectly delectable dish grandma called 'hot pie.'"

"We are building a restaurant and would like to specialize in Pennsylvania Dutch cooking."

"I was raised in Lebanon, Pennsylvania and have several recipes. In those days it was a pinch of this and that, but, I guess I never pinched right."

"Our article from 'THIS WEEK' by Clementine Piddleford is worn out from copying."

"Please send me your cookbook. My husband (a little fat Dutchman) will love you for this."

All of these prove the value of our heritage. Food remembered for forty years must be good. By way of comparison with other regional cookery, ours can stand the test. In fact, it surpasses many, in quality and quantity. The rural folk of this area consume so much food that in this respect they live like kings and queens, a far cry from peasant fare in other countries.

Within the last five years, the name Shoo-fly has been tagged on to the Pennsylvania Dutch in mental association throughout the United States. It is recognized to be as significant of the Pennsylvania Dutch as spaghetti is of the Italian. Incidentally, even though we have adopted their spaghetti, they are unimpressed with our shoo-fly, but they are indeed very fond of our pot pie. But to the displaced Dutchmen, shoo-fly has been received with open arms. According to the letters received, shoo-fly baking is booming. Everywhere, cooks are making these cake-pies with great enthusiasm, calling in their friends and neighbors to show them the actual subject of their past savings. As always, some like them dry and some like them wet. A few like them either way, so that you too may have your choice, here are the same recipes that answered many a man and maiden's prayer!

**SHOO-FLY PIE (cake type)**

Pastry for one 8- or 9-inch pastry shell

Crumb mixture

1 1/2 cups flour

1/2 cup sugar (brown and white mixed)

1 tsp. baking powder

2 tbsp. shortening

Liquid

1/3 cup dark molasses

5/4 tsp. soda

1/2 cup boiling water

Line an 8- or 9-inch pan with pastry. Combine ingredients for liquid, pour 1/2 into pan. Add 1/2 of crumbs; continue alternating, ending with crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees F. 30 minutes.
Miss Taylor’s portrayal of life around Old Trappe Church in Pastor Muhlenberg’s time. From a Lebanon Steel Foundry Calendar.

Apple butter making has always been the occasion for a social and family gathering in the Dutch Country.
Florence Starr Taylor caught at her favorite pastime and occupation—“doing” a portrait. This one happens to be of the author of this article.

By OLIVE G. ZEHNER

Florence Starr Taylor is one of the Dutch Country’s most successful commercial artists. She has done just about everything in the field. In the past year she has been commissioned to do jobs varying from “a scratch-board of a ham” to a juvenile book jacket. Most of her advertising drawing depicts the Pennsylvania “Way of Life.” Among the most notable and most voluminous of her commissions was the series of calendars for the Lebanon Steel Foundry. The 1955 calendar, “Dramatic Moments on the Liberty Trail,” won a Freedom’s Foundation Gold Medal.

Miss Taylor was born and has always lived in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. She graduated from the Pennsylvania Museum School of Industrial Art, having majored in illustration. In 1953 she traveled in Europe, where she studied sculpture in Florence and wood-carving in the Austrian Tyrol. She is a member of the Lancaster Art Association and the Echo Valley Art Group. As a member of the latter, she teaches sketching in the evening.

It is becoming a usual thing to find Florence Taylor at many art exhibits, fairs, etc., sketching portraits in pastels. She would rather do portraits than most anything. It is not unusual to find her at a party sitting quietly in a corner sketching the other guests. Each sculpture class in Florence ended with her sketching her fellow students and instructor while they were working. After the recent war Miss Taylor traveled for the USO to Veterans’ Hospitals in Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, and various states. Here she entertained the veterans by doing their portraits at the rate of sixty a week. She said the experience boosted her morale a well as that of the boys in the hospitals.

This versatile artist was also a feature story writer and illustrator for a Lancaster paper for several years. She has done murals, depicting Amish life for a local restaurant, and also executed a gigantic Christmas display for the Hamilton Watch Company, which is set up on the factory lawn every year. She has done illustrations for our PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN
A seldom portrayed scene in the Dutch Country. The rural housewife selecting necessary and "fancy" pieces from the wares of the itinerant tinsmith or "tinker".
and TOURIST GUIDE. Her drawings for Alliene De-Chant’s “Down Oley Way” truly picture the architecture and personages of that valley.

She did sketches for six volumes on Pennsylvania history published by Penns Valley Publishers, State College, Pennsylvania. She also did some sketches for a handbook on hooked rugs.

Perhaps the two volumes that are most appealing and attractively done by this artist are “Lebanon County Through the Centuries” for the Lebanon Steel Foundry and “Industrial Berks County” for the Wyomissing Industries. Much research, planning, and thought have gone into these pictures of a “way of life” (past and present). There is a vital strength and active motion in them that make them really “live” for one.

Florence Taylor is, herself, such a vivacious and pleasant person that I am sure that her illustrating hand will find much to do in and around the Dutch Country for many years to come.

A charming little drawing done most fittingly for the page announcing the Contents of the volume on “Industrial Berks County”.

Drawing showing the early stores that were composed of iron-plates with fancy embossed designs made in many places in the Dutch Country.
Some of the rarest and most valuable folk art items surviving today are the decorated dower chests.

One of the most difficult of the blacksmith and the wheelwright’s tasks was handling the huge wheels from the famous Conestoga wagons. Here one has been brought to the wheelwright for mending.
The number of Lutheran church registers with annotations on 18th century emigrants, is small. The following list is comprised of emigrants from villages in the southern part of the Palatinate: Bellheim; Freisbach; Freimersheim, Minfeld; Niederlauter, Oberlauter, Ottersheim, Weingarten, Westheim, and Zeiskam. The sources of the references to emigration are the Lutheran church registers of Freimersheim, Freisbach, Gommersheim, Minfeld, Niederlauter, Oberlauter, Ottersheim, Weingarten, Westheim, and Zeiskam. The above-mentioned Philipp Jacob Böhler married Maria Barbara Giehl, born at Freimersheim, June 12, 1725, daughter of the citizen and master tailor Philipp Giehl (died about or before 1760) at Freimersheim and his wife Margaretha Zachelmeyer (Jagelmeier) (died in March 1770); wife and children "journeyed to Pennsylvania after obtaining manumission" (Buch von Personen aus Pennsylvanien gereinigt) (Document of April 5, 1770). Children born at Freisbach: 1. Eva Margaretha Belert, born November 14, 1733. 2. Johann Christoph Belert, born February 7, 1755. 3. Johann Michael Belert, born September 17, 1757. 4. Johann Adam Belert, born January 9, 1760. 

FEISBACH

4. KERN, JOHANN THOMAS—born at Freisbach September 19, 1700, son of Peter Kern of Freisbach; married at Freisbach, February 17, 1733, to (Anna) Maria Margaretha Jopp, daughter of Michiel Jopp of Ottersheim; "went to Pennsylvania." Children born at Freisbach: 1. Anna Elisabeth Kern, born November 20, 1733; "in Pennsylvania." 2. Johann Christoph Kern, born January 25, 1736; "in Pennsylvania." (Johann Thomas Kern, aged 36, arrived at Philadelphia, August 30, 1773, on the Ship Samuel. The family settled in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.) 5. KERN, JOHANN JOST—born at Freisbach, 1746, is buried in the old graveyard of Hassinger's Church, between Middleton and Paxtonville, Snyder County, Pennsylvania. In this cemetery many emigrants from the Upper Rhine country found their last resting place. On the tombstone of John Jost Kern his birthplace is given as "Freisbach, Germany" (i.e., Freisbach, Kreis-Germersheim). Also members of the Bayer and Ziegler families are buried here. (See Aaron Germ Gift, "The Hassinger Church," in The Pennsylvania-German, September, 1908.) (Jost Kern arrived at Philadelphia, October 13, 1766, on the Ship Chester.) One Johann Justus Kern was born at Freisbach, February 20, 1741, son of Philipp Jacob Kern and wife Sophie Margaretha. Since in the period concerned the Lutheran Church Register of Freisbach contains only the births of this Johann Justus Kern, he may be identical with the emigrant. 6. MUENCH, JOHANN PETER—married at Freisbach, September 19, 1724, to Maria Christine Oster, daughter of Leopold Oster. Cf. below his brother, Johann Simon Münch, under Gommersheim. Children, born at Freisbach: 1. Philipp Simon Münch, born August 25, 1728; "in Pennsylvania." 2. Johann Peter Münch, born January 13, 1730; in the Church Register there is no reference to his emigration and no death entry. 3. Johann Georg Münch, born September 27, 1731; "in Pennsylvania." 4. Jacob Peter Münch, born June 28, 1733; "in Pennsylvania." (Peter Münch, aged 39, arrived at Philadelphia, August 30, 1773, on the Ship Samuel.) 

GOMMERSHEIM

7. BERRY, ISAAC—shoemaker, died at Gommersheim, July 24, 1735; married at Gommersheim, February 4, 1723 to Anna Elisabethe Schwartz, born in Diirkopp, daughter of the cartwright Wendel Schwartz and wife Maria Francia. Children, born at Gommersheim: 1. Eva Christina Berry, born August 8, 1724; "in America." 2. Anna Eva Berry, born November 7, 1725; "in Georgia."
3. Maria Barbara Berry, born January 8, 1728; died at Gommersheim.
4. Johanna Ludwig Berry, born December 24, 1729; “in Pennsylvania.”
5. Anna Margaretha Berry, born March 27, 1732; “in Pennsylvania.”
6. Walther, Nicolaus—married at Gommersheim, February 21, 1735, to Anna Elisabeth Schweitzer, widow of the above-mentioned Isaac Berry, born at Speyer, 1703.
Children, born at Gommersheim:
1. Anna Elisabeth Walther, born February 5, 1736; died at Gommersheim.
The stepchildren (cf. Isaac Berry, above) would have emigrated with this couple.
7. BEYER, JOHANN NICOLAUS—born June 1667, son of the Magistrate (Gerichtsmann) Christoph Beyer and wife Kunigunde; married Maria Elisabeth —; “in Pennsylvania.”
Children, born at Gommersheim:
1. Johann Adam Beyer, born September 19, 1726; “in America.”
3. Maria Magdalena Beyer, born February 1, 1732; “in Pennsylvania.”
5. Anna Barbara Beyer, born January 27, 1739; “in Pennsylvania.”
6. BEYER, JOHANN ANDREAS—born December, 1681, brother of the preceding, married Anna Apollonia —; “in Pennsylvania.”
Children, born at Gommersheim:
1. Thomas Beyer, born December 18, 1713.
4. Eva Elisabeth Beyer, born September 27, 1725; “in Pennsylvania.”
5. Andreas Beyer (Beier, Beir, Bayer), aged 57, Johann Philipp Beyer and Martin Beyer, aged 18, arrived at Philadelphia, September 5, 1738, on the Ship Winter Garden. In the ship-list there is also listed another Johann Philipp Beyer.
6. GIESLER, JOHANN ADAM—married at Gommersheim, May 6, 1732, to Maria Magdalena Rothmayer, daughter of Johannes Rothmayer.
Children, born at Gommersheim:
1. Maria Christina Giesler, born June 23, 1733; “in Pennsylvania.”
2. Johann Michael Giesler, born February 27, 1737; “in Pennsylvania.”
3. Anna Catharina Giesler, born February 23, 1739; “in Pennsylvania.”
4. Hans Adam Giesler (Geisler, Geiser) arrived at Philadelphia, September 11, 1738, on the Ship Robert and Alice. Perhaps this was the above-mentioned, who could have emigrated alone, leaving wife and children behind.
Children, born at Gommersheim:
1. Anna Elisabeth Hochfelder, born December 10, 1735, died at Gommersheim, January 25, 1738; Catholic.
2. Johannes Hochfelder, born August 14, 1737; “in the father’s Pennsylvania.”
13. KRIEG, MARGARETHA DOROTHEA—born at Gommersheim, April 12, 1730, confirmed at Gommersheim 1745, daughter of Johann Philipp Krieg, cooper, and wife Anna Barbara; “in Pennsylvania.”
14. MUECH, JOHANN SIMON—weaver, son of the weaver Johann Philipp Muech, married at Gommersheim, August 17, 1727, to Anna Maria Katharina Schenk, daughter of the weaver Johann Jacob Schenk; “with children in Pennsylvania.” Cf. above, Johann Peter Muech, under Freibach.
Children, born at Gommersheim:
1. Maria Barbara Muech, born November 21, 1729; died at Gommersheim, March 17, 1736.
2. Maria Catharina Muech, born March 20, 1731; “in Pennsylvania.”
4. Johann Christoph Muech, born June 6, 1734; “in Pennsylvania.”
5. Maria Apollonia Muech, born February 26, 1736; “in Pennsylvania.”

John Simon Minich is buried at the Berneville Cemetery in Berks County, Pennsylvania. According to his tombstone he was born July 21, 1700, and died February 17, 1782; his wife Catharina was born in January 1, 1700, and died December 12, 1733. In the church-register of Gommersheim there are no birth-dates given for either the emigrant or his wife. In America the name is spelled Minich Minch. See tombstone inscriptions, Berneville, Pa., “in the Penn German, 1913.”

15. ROMETSCH, JOHANN CASPAR—born at Gommersheim, July 6, 1728 (after the death of his father), son of Caspar Rometsch (died at Gommersheim, May 22, 1726) and wife Anna Margaretha; “in Pennsylvania.”

Yohann Caspar Rometsch (Rometsch), aged 24, arrived at Philadelphia, September 24, 1753, on the Ship Pegge.
16. SCHOPPING, ANNA BARBARA—born at Gommersheim, October 10, 1705, daughter of the potter Johann Adam Schopping (died at Gommersheim, January 18, 1746, aged 72) and wife Maria; “in Pennsylvania.”
17. SCHREINER, JOHANN ADAM—born circa 1682, married Anna Margaretha —; “in Pennsylvania.”
Children, born at Gommersheim:
1. Johann Michael Schreiner, born 1706; no reference to emigration in the Church Register.
2. Martin Schreiner, born January 3, 1716; no reference to emigration in the Church Register.
3. Anna Maria Schreiner, born December 7, 1718; died at Gommersheim, July 5, 1727.
4. Johann Philipp Schreiner, born September 9, 1721; “in Pennsylvania.”
5. Johann Georg Heinrich Schreiner, born July 12, 1724; “in America.”

(Hans Adam Schreiner (Schreyer), aged 52, Johann Michael Schreiner, aged 29, and Martin Schreiner, aged 27, arrived at Philadelphia, September 3, 1738, on the Ship Winter Garden.
8. Walter, Johann Jakob—born at Gommersheim, January 15, 1729, son of Johann Jakob Walter and wife Anna Maria Schreiner; “in Pennsylvania.”

(Johann Jacob Walter (Walter, Walder), aged 25, arrived at Philadelphia, September 24, 1753, on the Ship Pegge. Immediately before Johann Jakob in the same list appears the name of a Johann Jakob Walter (Walter, Walter, Walter), aged 24.)
19. Wingerter, Johann Daniel—citizen and butcher, son of David Wingerter from Kleinfschendingen; married at Gommersheim, August 18, 1736, to Anna Maria Schreiner, daughter of Johann Friederich Schreiner.
Children, born at Gommersheim:
1. Anna Barbara Wingerter, born June 29, 1734; “in Pennsylvania.”
2. Johann Jakob Wingerter, born August 20, 1736; “in Pennsylvania.”
3. Anna Margaretha Wingerter, born March 8, 1738; “in Pennsylvania.”
4. Maria Wingerter, born September 24, 1740; “in Pennsylvania.”

MINEFIELD

21. Bouquet (Bocke), Rachiel (Rahel)—baptized at Minfield, October 11, 1722; daughter of the preceding, emigrated as single woman to America (“West Indies”) (Document of February 26, 1762).
22. Daub, Nisklaus—went to the New Land in 1752. Presumably he is identical with Nicholas Daub, son of Ludwig Daub, married at Minfield, February 7, 1741, to Anna Maria Kintz, baptized at Minfield, July 31, 1718, daughter of Franz Kintz and wife Rachel.
23. Fosselman, Hans Erhard—baptized at Minfield, September 25, 1704, son of Ludwig Fosselman in Minfield and wife Maria Margaretha Schaeffer; “in Pennsylvania.”
25. Gross, Anna Maria—baptized at Minfield, August 27, 1727, sister of the preceding; emigrated to the New Land about 1751.
26. Haen, Han (Hannah), Johann Jacob—widower, married at Minfield, July 2, 1740, in the parsonage there “on account of great poverty” (“Wegen gross Arnacht”), to Anna Barbara Egert, widow of Peter Egert, deceased farmer (Hoffmann) on the Runkenberger.

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27. HEINTZ, MICHAEL—emigrated from Mindfeld to America in 1753. Possibly he is identical with Johann Heinrich Heintz, son of Johann Michael Heintz, former citizen at Frohnefeld, and wife: married at Mindfeld, February 11, 1749, to Johanna Ullm, baptized at Mindfeld, January 1726, daughter of Johann Michael Ullm, citizen at Mindfeld, and wife Anna Barbara nee Dudenhauser.

28. HEINTZ, WENDEL—son of Michael Heintz (died 1752), citizen at Frohnefeld, married at Minfeld, October 30, 1732, to Eva Barbara Gross, daughter of Franz Gross and wife Susanna nee Schaffer; went to the New Land in 1767.

29. HOFFMAN, HANS GEORG—son of Lorenz Hoffman (died 1749), former citizen at Rokhrah, and wife: married at Mindfeld, April 24, 1739, to Regina Barbara Becker (Roch); baptized at Mindfeld, January 20, 1726, daughter of the citizen Abraham Bouquet and wife Elisabetha; emigrated to America presumably by his brother-in-law and sister-in-law to America (Document of February 26, 1762). Cf. above, his brother-in-law, Mathias Bouquet.

30. KAUFFMANN, JOHANNES—mason, baptized at Mindfeld, April 23, 1696, son of Mathias Kauffmann, shoemaker at Mindfeld, and wife Juliana; married at Mindfeld, August 24, 1723, to Maria Elisabetha Fosselmann, baptized at Mindfeld, May 25, 1704, daughter of (Johann) Ludwig Fosselmann, citizen at Mindfeld, and wife Maria Margaretha Schaffert; married between 1720 and about 1765, emigrated from Gutenbrunnen (Kreis St. Ingbert) to America. Cf. brother-in-law, Hans Erhard Fosselmann.

Children, born in Mindfeld:
1. Catharina Elisabetha Kauffmann, baptized July 9, 1721.
2. Maria Margaretha Kauffmann, baptized April 20, 1727.
3. Johann Jacob Kauffmann, baptized December 21, 1730.
4. Johannes Georg Kauffmann, baptized April 8, 1735.
5. Johann Georg Kauffmann, baptized September 5, 1734.
6. Maria Apollonia Kauffmann, baptized April 18, 1737.
7. Anna Kauffmann, baptized September 30, 1738.
8. Johanna Kauffmann, baptized September 24, 1740.
9. Maria Apollonia Kauffmann, baptized September 12, 1742.
10. Kauffmann Johannes (Kaufmann) at Philadelphia, October 1, 1754, on the Ship Phoenix. With him in the same ship list is named Johannes Kaufmann, Jr.

31. KOENIG, ARTHUR—baptized at Mindfeld, April 2, 1724, son of Franz König and wife Rabeh, married at Mindfeld, January 1751, to Magdalena Kauffmann, baptized at Mindfeld, March 12, 1730, daughter of the citizen and linen-weaver Christoph Kauffmann.

32. KOENIG, ANNA MARIA—baptized at Mindfeld, July 31, 1716, sister of the preceding named at Mindfeld, February 7, 1741, to Nicolaus Daub; emigrated to the New Land about 1752. Cf. above, Nicolaus Daub.

33. OTH (OTT), MCLAUS—son of Johann Michael Ott; married January 7, 1722, to Maria Margaretha Fosselmann (Fosselmann), baptized at Mindfeld, February 7, 1706, daughter of Ludwig Fosselmann and wife Maria Margaretha; emigrated about 1754 to New England or America.


NIEDERLUSTADT

34. OTT, JOHANN ANDREAS—born at Niederlustadt, September 28, 1720, son of Johann Georg Ott and wife Groh; "already gone to the New Land ten years ago" ["zoor achen jahren allschen in das neun Land gezogen"] (Document of June 20, 1760). The emigration must have taken place around 1750.

[An Andreas Ott arrived at Philadelphia, September 22, 1753, on the Ship Broders.

35. ROCH, JOHANN PETER—born at Niederlustadt, August 24, 1724, son of Peter Roch, citizen and farmer at Niederlustadt, and wife Maria (Anna) Barbara Studler; married Margaretha Lutz. See The Dutchman, Spring 1956, p. 39.

OBERLUSTADT

36. FAUT, JOHANN JACOB—born at Oberlustadt, September 7, 1728, son of Bernhard Faut (Church Register: Faith), and wife Katharina Hof, "went away to America about 15 years ago" (Document of March 18, 1738); married Lucretia Theiss, born at Oberlustadt, December 24, 1741, daughter of Johann Adam Theiss of Oberlustadt and wife Maria Franzka; "married Jacob Faut from here and likewise went to Pennsylvania" ["welche ahe Jacob Faut von dorthin verbrachhet und etbendals in Pensilvania gezogen"] (Document of December 3, 1765). Cf. also his brother-in-law, Georg Simon Hausher.

Jacob Faut arrived at Philadelphia, August 24, 1765, on the Ship Polly.

37. HAUSCHALTER, GEORG SIMON—arrived in Philadelphia on the Ship Polly, August 24, 1765, with the brothers Christian and Johann Jakob Wunder as well as Johann Jacob Faut. Since he wrote his name immediately after Faut in the ship's list and the name Hausher appears in Ober- and Niederlustadt in the period involved, we may assume that the emigrant is connected with the Hauusher family listed in the Church Register of Oberlustadt. During the time of the father Georg Simon Hausher emigrated with the family or whether the son Georg Simon Hausher emigrated alone.


39. HOFFMAN, DANIEL—born at Oberlustadt, February 17, 1727, son of Jacob Hoffman and wife Susanna Christina Brunner, "who went to the New Land" (Document of August 13, 1753).

40. HORTER, GEORG ADAM—born at Oberlustadt, May 27, 1728, son of Jacob Horter and wife Maria Margaretha (nee Scheible); "already gone to Pennsylvania 12 years ago" (Document of April 20, 1768). The emigration must therefore have taken place around 1756.

41. HORTER, ANNA BARBARA—married before 1733 to Georg Hertzer, citizen and town councillor at Oberlustadt; died before 1764. "Whereas Barbara Hertzer, widow and relict of Georg Hertz, deceased citizen and at Oberlustadt, went from here about one year ago to the so-called New England with her son Felten Hertzer, also a son of hers named Georg Jacob Hertzer, had gone there several years previously, so then both brothers and sisters and in-laws and all other relatives had come with him, and his name immediately after Faut in the ship's list and the name Hausher appears in Ober- and Niederlustadt in the period involved, we may assume that the emigrant is connected with the Hauusher family listed in the Church Register of Oberlustadt. During the time of the father Georg Simon Hausher emigrated with the family or whether the son Georg Simon Hausher emigrated alone.

42. JAHRAUS, GEORG ADAM—born at Oberlustadt, December 27, 1716, son of Andreas Jahraus and wife Anna Margaretha Schmidt; "who resides in America" (Document of October 30, 1760).

43. SCHMITT, ANNA ELISABETHA—daughter of Andreas Schmitt of Oberlustadt and wife Catharina Jahraus, "wife of Friedrich Doll, inhabitant of Pennsylvania" (Document of March 30, 1760).

44. KIRST, ANNA APOLLONA—born at Oberlustadt, February 11, 1723, daughter of Mattia Siewert (Siegereltz) and wife Catharina Bohm; "already gone to Pennsylvania 21 years ago" ['schon sechzehn in Pensilvania gezogen']. (Document of October 3, 1765). She must therefore have emigrated around 1744.

45. TEJS, GEORG ADAM—arrived at Philadelphia with Georg Simon Hausher (q.v.) on the Ship Polly, August 24, 1765, and his name is given in the ship's list immediately after the Hausher's. Perhaps he is identical with Jorg Adam Theiss, born at Ober or Niederlustadt, February 9, 1739, son of Andreas Theiss and wife Martharina Jacobson.

46. JACOB WUNDER—born at Oberlustadt, January 13, 1727, son of Sebastian Wunder and wife Anna Maria; married Anna Maria Haußer, born at Oberlustadt, July 21, 1729, daughter of Georg Haußer and wife Barbara. Cf. Anna Barbara Haußer, above. 

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Children, born at Oberlaustadt:
1. Jorg Adam Wunder, born January 7, 1753.
2. Anna Maria Wunder, born August 22, 1755.
3. Valentin Wunder, born April 21, 1756.
4. Maria Barbara Wunder, born October 21, 1760.
5. Christoph Wunder, born January 3, 1764.

Johann Adam Bauer, arrived at Philadelphia, August 24, 1765, on the Ship Polly.

47. WUNDER, CHRISTIAN, born at Oberlaustadt, July 13, 1729, brother of the preceding, married Catharine [ ]

1. Children,
   1. Maria Eva Wunder, born April 16, 1757.
   2. Andreas Wunder, born October 18, 1751; died February 4, 1763.
   3. Andreas Wunder, born December 27, 1763.

Christian Wunder arrived at Philadelphia, August 24, 1765, on the Ship Polly.

WEINGARTEN

48. BAUERSACHS, PAUL—born at Weingarten, September 29, 1744, son of Johann David Bauer, and wife Anna Maria Damian of Böbingen, settled as citizen at Freisbach and from there went to America (Document of August 5, 1784).

(Paulius Bauersachs arrived at Philadelphia, December 4, 1771, on the Ship Retzor.)

The name Bauersachs (also spelled Bauersack in the Church Register of Weingarten) is spelled Bauer, Bauersack in America. Paul Bauer, born September 29, 1744, in Weingarten Township, Pennsylvania, and is buried at the Hasinger Church Cemetery near Middleburg in Snyder County (cf. above, Johann Just Kern of Freisbach). According to family tradition in Pennsylvania, he came to America before 1751; returned to Germany on a visit, and returned to Pennsylvania in 1771. For the children of Paul Bauer, born in Pennsylvania, see Dr. Charles A. Bauer, Early Pennsylvania Baptists; see also Johann Just Kern, "The Hasinger Church," The Pennsylvania German Register, September 1908. Further information on the family can be had from the Reversal George E. Bowersack of McMurrytown, Pennsylvania.

49. BAUERSACHS, HANS NICKEL ("NICKI")—arrived at Philadelphia, August 15, 1750, on the Ship Royal Union. It is probable that this emigrant belongs to the same family as the above Paul Bauersack. However, there is in the Church Register of Weingarten no reference to the emigration of Hans Nicki Bauer, nor is his baptism recorded. Information from Pastor George E. Bowersack of McSherrystown, Pennsylvania, has cleared up the mystery:

Hans Nicki Bauersack, son of the butcher Johann Bauersack and wife Elisabetha Bierstjuder (cf. below), was, according to an entry by Pastor H. M. Mühlenberg in the Old Goshenhoppen Church Register in Pennsylvania, born November 14, 1702, in "Menselbach" and baptized there November 15, 1702. His trade was given as "Baker." According to the same entry he went in the year 1727 to "Neider...staet, 3 hours from Speyer," i.e., Niederstadt, married there Maria Elisabetha Gothe, daughter of Velem Gothe and wife Eva Elisabeth; and emigrated in 1750 with wife and two children to America.

Children, born at Oberlaustadt before the emigration:
1. Maria Elisabeth Bauersack, born April 9, 1755; died before 1763.
2. Maria Barbara Bauersack, born August 3, 1758; died June 9, 1760.
3. Johann Valentin Bauersack, born July 7, 1741; confirmed at Old Goshenhoppen; married December 27, 1764, to Barbara [ ]
4. Jorg Adam Bauersack, born February 26, 1714; confirmed at Old Goshenhoppen; married Magdalena Runzener (Runzow).

Both sons served in the Revolutionary War, and after their release from service settled in Frederick County, Maryland. References to both families appear in the records of the Lutheran Church near Hanover, Pennsylvania, on the Maryland border. The family of Georg Adam Bauersack is later named in the records of the Old Lutheran Church of Littlemore in St. Marys County, Maryland, where members of the family are buried. His own gravestone and that of his wife and his son Christian are at Uniontown, Maryland.

Georg Adam Bauersack took the oath of citizenship to Maryland on December 16, 1790.

An inquiry to Memmelsdorf, Oberfranken, revealed that the name Bauersack never appeared in the records there. In Memmelsdorf near Ebern in Unterfranken the relationship was proved through the baptism of Pastor Retzor, from the Church Register there; Johann (Hans) Bauersack, widower, married at Memmelsdorf, November 22, 1698, to Anna Elisabetha Kiefer of Memmelsdorf. Their children, born in Memmelsdorf, included 1. Johannes Bauersack, baptized August 3, 1699; and 2. Johanna Nikolaus Bauersack, baptized November 3, 1700.

Striking is the difference between the birth and baptismal dates in the Memmelsdorf and Goshenhoppen entries. But we must realize that the entry in Goshenhoppen was not made by Pastor Mühlenberg until after 1750. In Memmelsdorf for the period concerned there is no other entry to be found.

"Dignard," this writer saw in the Goshenhoppen Church Register in connection with the reference to the parents of Johann Nickel Bauersack, after the first name of the mother. Unfortunately it is a possibility that the "Dignard," which runs through Memmelsdorf area and into the Main, (Through the entry in the Old Goshenhoppen Church Register in Pennsylvania we have learned where the Bauersacks Family of the Palatinate originated. Johann Nickel Bauersack emigrated in 1750 from Niederlaustadt to Pennsylvania.

Johannes Bauersack, baptized at Memmelsdorf August 3, 1699, must likewise have settled in the Memmelsdorf area, for in the Lutheran Church Register of Weingarten, on June 9, 1716, is recorded his marriage to Anna Maria Hubin, native of Offenbach, single, and on November 27, 1718, the birth of the son Hans David Bauersack, who married 1749 at Memmelsdorf. Anna Maria Damian from Böbingen, and after her death married (2nd) at Weingarten, January 25, 1751, to Anna Maria Lubis (Lubers), from Oberlaustadt. Johannes Bauersack was therefore the grandson of the emigrant Johann Nikolaus Bauersack.

50. BRUNNEMER, JOHANN PETER—born at Weingarten, April 28, 1726, son of Johann Brunner, and wife Anna Margaretha, had "already gone away to Pennsylvania 18 years ago, without receiving permission" ["bereits vor 18 J., in Pennsylv. ohne erlaub. abgereist") (Document of March 7, 1767). According to a Power of Attorney drawn up in Augusta County, Virginia, August 15, 1766, Johann Peter Brunner was residing there at the time. Johann Peter Brunner arrived at Philadelphia, October 29, 1767, on the Ship Minuet.

51. SCHWA, GEORG ADAM—born at Weingarten, April 26, 1715, son of Andreas Schwa and wife Rosina Barbersch; "resides in Pennsylvania" (Document of March 27, 1765).

ZEISKAM

52. BAETTEGER, JOHANN VALENTIN—born at Westheim, August 27, 1739, son of Johann Peter Baetteger and wife Anna Eva (in the acts Maria Eva); "Valecent 35 years old and absent in America" (Document of March 5, 1777). Johann Valentin Baetteger arrived at Philadelphia, October 29, 1767, on the Ship Minuet.

53. SCHWA, GEORG ADAM—born at Weingarten, April 26, 1715, son of Andreas Schwa and wife Rosina Barbersch; "resides in Pennsylvania" (Document of March 27, 1765).

GEISS, PHILIPP JACOB—farmer, born at Freisbach, April 12, 1712, son of Henrich Geiss, citizen and town-council of Freisbach, and wife Anna Catharina; married at Zeisksam and settled there asfarmer and servant to the Rev. Dr. Peter Zwick, of New York. According to an official document of November 9, 1763, they had already gone 12 years ago to America, in the Province Pennsylvania. ("Pallschon kon 12 Jahre in Amerika, in dier Provinc Pennsylvania") For additional information, see Pennsylvania Dutchman, Summer 1956, page 58.

55. SCHMIDT, LORENZ—citizen, surgeon and barber at Billigheim, baptized at Billigheim, January 31, 1722, son of Abraham Schmidt, citizen and town-council at Billigheim, and wife Anna Maria Brehman; married at Zeiskam, May 17, 1748, to Maria Helena (Magdalena) Gath, daughter of Johannes Gath of Zeiskam. After his marriage he moved residence to Zeiskam. According to the Germersheim records, Lorentz Schmidt's wife, because she wanted to go to the New Land with her husband and her two small children, had her informal relationship to the Rev. Dr. Peter Zwick, in the Republic of Pennsylvania. According to the official document of February 4, 1757, it is said of Helena Schmidt, nee Gath, that she "went away to America about 6 years ago." Her son of Lorentz Schmidt appears as Maria Magdalena and as Maria Helena. In the tax Roll of Zeiskam is found only the baptism of a Maria Magdalena. At the marriage entry "Magdalena" is stricken out and "Helena" written above. At the entry of the birth of the above son it appears that "Maria Magdalena," at the second child's birth, is called "Maria Helena."

For the children see Pennsylvania Dutchman, Summer 1956, page 59.

56. SINN (SIN), SAMUEL—master-baker at Zeiskam, baptized at Zeiskam, August 28, 1710, son of Johann Peter Sinn, master-baker at Zeiskam, and wife Anna Agatha. For additional details, see Pennsylvania Dutchman, Summer 1956, page 59.

57. ZWICKER, JOHANN PETER—citizen, received confirmation at Zeiskam, arrived at Philadelphia, December 21, 1710, son of Samuel Zwick and wife Susanna Barbara. For additional details, see Pennsylvania Dutchman, Summer 1956, page 59.
COUNT ZINZENDORF’S BUSY LIFE MOLD-ED PENNSYLVANIA AS WELL AS EUROPEAN PROTESTANTISM. His motto: Nulla dies sine linea: “No day without a line.”

son’s abridged translation appeared in one volume as The Life of Nicholas Lewis Count Zinzendorf (London, 1838). Inasmuch as Weinlick’s 240 pages are vastly excelled by the Spangenberg-Jackson 511 pages, for Spangenberg was for thirty years an associate and friend of the Count with access to the original material, it seems likely that the Spangenberg opus will not be displaced by Weinlick’s popularization. An additional English biography was John Gill’s translation of Felix Bovet’s Le Comte de Zinzendorf, which appeared as The Banished Count or the Life of Nicholas Louis Zinzendorf (London, 1865).

Apart from the publisher’s myopia in claiming a “first” in English biographies of Zinzendorf, the main weakness of the Weinlick treatment is that one lays the book down without any feeling that he understands the man Zinzendorf, the fascinating complex of ideas and motives which made him into one of the key figures in 18th Century Protestant controversy. For light on the personality of Zinzendorf, one must turn elsewhere, to the recently published Muhlenberg Journals,* for example, which give an anti-Moravian estimate of the Count and his missionary program for America. In the historical novel field (which can shed light on historical periods and personalities) nothing has appeared in English comparable to Stephan Hirzel’s Der Graf und die Brüder (Witten, 1950).

1. Specialized Studies on Zinzendorf

Between Spangenberg and Weinlick there is, then, very little in English to fill in the biographical picture. German and Scandinavian scholars, anxious to thrash out their knowledge of every phase of 18th Century Pietism, have been much busier than American scholars. In doing so, they have come closer to defining the “mind” of Zinzendorf than American Moravian scholars.

For example, there have been in recent years Sigurd Neißen’s studies of Zinzendorf’s ideas on tolerance, Der Toleranzgedanke bei Zinzendorf, Ursprung, Entwicklung und Eigenart seiner Toleranz (Hamburg, 1952) and In toleranz und Toleranz bei Zinzendorf. Der theore tische Teil (Hamburg, 1956). Zinzendorf’s theology in general has been treated in Leiv Aalen’s Die Theologie des Grafen von Zinzendorf, in the Gedenkschrift für D. Werner Ehlert (Berlin, 1955), and Gösta Hök’s Zinzendorfs Begriff der Religion (Uppsala, 1943).

Zinzendorf’s relation to other thought, both of the past and the present, is the theme of Erich Beyreuther’s Zinzendorf und Pierre Bayle (Hamburg, 1953), and Friedrich Gärtner’s Karl Barth und Zinzendorf. Die bleibende Bedeutung Zinzendorfs auf Grund der Beurteilung des Pietismus durch Karl Barth (München, 1953). Zinzendorf’s place in the history of mysticism is dealt with by Otto Uttendorfer, Zinzendorf und die Mystik (Berlin, 1942).

Overall treatments of Zinzendorf’s life and significance in the history of the Christian movement include Heinz Renkewitz, Zinzendorf (Hamburg, 1948) and the Zinzen-

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Marovian Diary describes early settlements in Ohio and frontier social conditions.


The importance of the Moravian field of research is that Moravianism, like Zinzendorf himself, was a bridge between cultures, peoples, theologies, Methodism and German Pietism, even Roman Catholicism were touched by Zinzendorf's influence. His message was carried even into Russia among the German settlers of the Volga Valley, among whom it formed peculiar patterns of piety which have been brought to America by the so-called "Russian Germans" or "Volga Germans" who settled in the plain states. 

Apart from the continuing need for a definitive English biography of Zinzendorf, various areas of Moravian life need more light on them before the true relation of Moravianism to American church history becomes apparent. The part Moravian piety took in the Great Awakening has never been satisfactorily defined, despite Charles H. Maxson's *The Great Awakening in the Middle Colonies* (Chicago, 1920), nor has the relation and mutual influence of Methodism and Moravianism ever been fully analyzed.

May we express the hope that the present year, the 500th anniversary of the foundation of the *Unitas Fratrum* (1457-1557) and the bicentennial of Zinzendorf's death in 1860 will provide the motivation for a renaissance of Moravian research which will open up for American Church History the rich sources which are awaiting to be used at Bethlehem and other Moravian archives.

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7. In the period 1930-1952, only one doctoral dissertation in a Moravian topic in the field of religion was done at an American school. That was John R. Weindel's, "The Moravian Diaspora" (Columbia University, 1951), dealing with the evangelistic program of the Moravians within the Protestant state churches of Europe. See *Doctoral Dissertations in the Field of Religion* 1940-1952 (New York, 1954), published as a supplement to *The Review of Religion*, Volume XVIII.
Most farmers kept only enough sheep to shear for their own family requirements; and while most of the clothing requiring lighter material was of linen, yet a big family could easily dispose of the wool of several dozen sheep. 

Most of the old-style barns had a shed in one end of the basement, *en wagga-shop*. It was usually about sixteen feet wide and ran crossways for the width of the barn. In front were two doors made of slats about three inches wide and having the same space between the slats. This afforded ample ventilation for the sheep, for originally these sheds were sheep folds. Only when the farmers started to buy ready-made clothing, and quit keeping sheep, were the sheds used to store wagons and implements. And when they all had sheep they had no kind of wagons except heavy farm wagons, and they were usually kept on the barnfloor.

"Yes, the sheep must have fresh and healthy air," old John Deck used to tell me. He was the veteran sheep-man of western Berks County when I was a boy.

I remember how he asked me one time if I knew what was the worst enemy of a sheep when it was in the barn or stable. I said, "I guess a dog." "No, another sheep," he said, meaning that the more sheep that were confined in a stable, the unhealthier would be the air.

Old John Deck was a big man; and what he did not know about sheep wasn’t worth knowing. He would put his hand on a sheep’s back at the hips and give it a gentle but firm push with his outspread fingers; then he knew if it was in good flesh, or thin, or whatever condition it was in. He always had a cane with a crook at the upper end. He would hand it to me and tell me to slip it over a sheep’s neck and hold it; then he would feel it over, and
look into its mouth: the feet or hooves he would also examine for too long or broken hooves or foot rot. He had a very sharp knife with a long blade, and he would cut off some of the long hoof. Then he would carefully divide the wool on the sheep's back to see if they did not have any lice.

He told me one day, "Ya, dale leid maina ich wart narrisch mit maina shoje." (Yes, some folk think I am crazy keeping these sheep.) "Sie denka net draw oss see era hinner-dale jerfereda daina won's net wart jer de shoje." (They don't think of how they would freeze their rear end if it weren't for the sheep.)

I still remember the day when Dad and I went to Deck's on some errand and they were getting ready to shear the sheep. They had a dam in the creek down in the meadow, and a pen built close to it. All the sheep were in this pen. Then he and some of his helpers would catch a sheep and put in in the dam and wash it until all the dirt and chaff were out of the wool; then it was put into another pen. They looked awful and I pitied them—I surely thought they would drown. But once they were dried they looked nice and clean and as white as snow.

When all had been washed, they were driven into another pen under a big tree. Here a barn door was placed on several boxes and blocks of wood and several persons held the sheep and John cut the wool with a big shears. It was then placed on the grass in the sun to get real dry and also to evaporate some of the grease in it.

Later the wool was put into big bags and then it was taken to the woolen mill and was cleaned and woven into cloth. Some of it was only spun and was used by the women to knit stockings, caps, mittens, hoods and once in a while a "wammus." This was a knitted garment for men and boys, very much like what is nowadays called a coat-sweater.

Old Deck used to say, "Ich brauch evam ken sthengel maya: ich ferkau meiney on so un so feel s punti." (I don't need to cut weeds; I sell mine at so and so much per pound.) His sheep had the run of the farm most of the time. Once the corn was in tassel he would let the sheep in the cornfield. He said, "They will eat weeds before they touch the corn. If they eat the lower leaves it doesn't hurt. And if they bite off an ear of corn or two—we'll, they are my sheep."

I do not remember ever meeting that old shepherd that he did not have some oats in his pocket. All he needed to do was go out in the open and call "Ship, ship" and they would stop grazing and come a-running up to him. When he brought his hand out of his pocket it held a few grains, and they would crowd all over him and nibble it out of his hand.

One day when I came there, wearing a pair of brand new cowhide boots he came and gave me a parcel wrapped in a newspaper. He said, "Now if you will melt the sheeptallow and brush it on your new boots while it is hot, then you can go all day in the snow and slush and your feet will stay dry." So I melted it as he told me and put on the boots. Plenty of it, and put them back on the stove. When it wouldn't all soak in—I put too much on—I wiped off the surplus with a rag; and he surely had told me no lie.

Once it got cool towards the fall of the year, he would kill a fat ram for meat. This was cut through the middle and then it was hung up in a dark, cool cellar; and whenever they wanted to use some of it, they would cut off a piece and roast it. It will not spoil if in a cool place and dark. And the last piece will be better than the first one was; it "ripen" or tenderizes, and a roast from a sheep that had been killed a month will taste as good as the first day.

Many of the farmers used to top their corn years ago; this meant cutting off the tops above the ears of corn, and putting the fodder thus secured into small shocks. The ears were then all pulled off, husks and all, and thrown into the big blue wagon-box and hauled into the barn and put in piles on the barnfloor. Later in the season this afforded lots of fun at the old-fashioned husking bee. And the fodder was for the sheep. This was supplemented with clean oats straw, some clover hay, or the sweepings from the feed entry. Along towards spring the sheep were given some corn nubbins and some oats, so they would be sure to have a good supply of milk when the lambs were dropped.

Trying to get the tiny woolies to nurse when the mother has no milk is about the God-forsakingest job a man can tackle. The ewe will pay about as much attention to that lamb as a prima donna would to a street beggar.

I can still hear the humming of the big wheel (des wallrauel) when my Grandmother would be spinning the wool on a winter's evening. And many a time I would listen to that monotonous hum and drift off to the land of Nod. One time my Grandmother handed me a pair of long woolen stockings for a Christmas present on which she had spent many an hour, knitting, one loop at a time. She said, "Shell see mall dort ins eck." (Stand them up in the corner.) And I did; and they stood there, upright like a board—and they were almost as thick as one. Those could be washed and worn for years; and if my big toes came out to see the world, she would darn those stockings until one could not see that they had been mended. I was already full-grown when I was still wearing a pair of mittens that she had knit for me; they were lined with cotton-flannel and the palms were covered with good home-tanned callskin.

Teenage girls were knitting whenever they had spare time to do so; and when company came they proudly showed what they had knit. Many a girl of twelve was as proficient as the grand-dame that had so lovingly instructed her in the art of knitting.

Several years ago, while attending a sale of farmstock near Summit Station I met a farmer who told me how his father used to have a flock of sheep up in the mountains, years ago. He said they had no shelter except the low-hanging limbs of the pines and spruces. On Saturdays when this man and his brother were finished with the chores they would put several bags of corn-nubbins on the block-sled and pile several shocks of cornfodder on top of it and haul it up through the fields and give it to the sheep.

On one such trip they were surprised to see several small lambs creeping around under the pines. So they took several axes and cut poles and laid them with one end on the ground and the other end in the crotch of a tree; this crude framework they then proceeded to thatch with pine and spruce, starting at the lower end and overlapping the boughs like shingles. They did not tell their father about the lambs; but a few weeks later, when a whole bunch of them were scampering in the woods they asked him they had not better look after the sheep up in the mountain. So he told them the following Saturday they would all go up and look at them. He said his Dad
was so surprised when he saw all those lambs running around all over, and how they had cared for them, so he told them that if they would continue to care for them in that way the boys could have one-half of them.

"Meer hen over no shoje giekt," he said. (We got some sheep then.) There was a bunch of boys—I think he said four or five of them—and by the time all were grown and left the farm, they all had their flock housed up on the mountains.

Some of the homespun clothing was dyed and sometimes in later years the proper dye could not be obtained and some substitute would be used instead. I remember the very heavy woolen coat my father had—the sleeves were lined with a red material, resembling silk or satin. Once the coat was unfit to be worn as his Sunday best, he wore it while working during the winter. One day we were caught in a rainstorm while out in the woods. By the time we came home we were pretty well soaked and when he started to take off that coat in the kitchen we almost died laughing. The red dye was not waterproof and most of it was on his shirt sleeves, his underwear, and soon it spread a lot of it on his hands, his face, and the top of his bald head. When we almost screamed he went and looked in the looking glass on the wall and then his Pennsylvania Dutch profanity overflowed. He said, "Why, I look just as if you set a pumpkin on a barber-pole and then wrapped it up in a red-checkered tablecloth." Then I said to Dad, "Now haishi do mimmy Dieffbach, now haishi do Rodermerl." (Now your name isn't Dieffenbach anymore, but Rothermel.) Dad replied, "Do besser dooicht moofa odder see dooma dei nauuma aff en shtoy hecka." (You had better move or they will cut your name on a stone.)

Once he had most of the "steam" blown off, he told us of how the old folks used to dye the wool and how it would keep its color. I do not remember all the different ingredients he mentioned but one I do recall. He said that when the factories started to make clothing and the weaving was commercialized and cotton came to replace a lot of wool and linen for clothing—then a man would come once a year to the farms and buy dried cow-dung (gadar-ter kee-dreck). It was used as a mordant in printing calico over in Lancaster. The dung was dissolved and then mixed with something to make it stick to the fabric; it was then smeared on the rolls of a machine and was printed on the plain cloth; then when it was dyed, the cloth thus coated would absorb the dye or vice versa I am not sure which way it worked. He said that the man said that sheep manure would be much better than that from the cattle; only it had to be free of all straw. "Un wer der deyful wett donn ott de ghnna shoje-gnuttla aff-lose?" he said. (And who would want to pick up all those little dungballs!)

I'll never forget the day I came home and had a paper bag (en duit) full of sheep dung. We had been to old John Deck's for seed potatoes and while Dad and John were in the cellar getting them I snuck out to the barn and picked up several thousand of the little pellets. When we came home I gave them to Granny. I said, "Now if I get a sore throat you can make tea for me." She dropped into that big old rocker of hers that it almost broke down; she held her gingham apron to her eyes and she cried as if her very best friend had died. "I'm do don letts, Mummy?" I cried. (What is wrong, Granny?) "Ach do lever Gott. So dumma socha mocha, Shoje-gnuttla, die woza aff ma hecha-push drtna mit de woss, nauum on da girk." (Such dumb going on. Shoje-gnuttla grow on bushes down in the meadow alongside the creek.) And then it was that I realized that she wasn't crying but laughing until her old body shook and the tears came.

I have since found out that the shoje-gnuttla was the black-haw. When Granny had quieted down so she could speak she said, "Oveer de doe dort, de con ich aw goot us—a de doon ich in my blumma-heffa; sel iss woos ich do milt." (But I can use these too. I'll put them in my new flower pots, that's what I'll do.) And she did.

A fine product of a flock of sheep was der shoje-beltz (the sheep-pelt). This is a luxury to have on a wagon seat, in a car, or on your very best chair. I helped to tan many a one of them while still a boy of tender years. Old John Deck would take an old barn door and put it on several boxes so it was up off the ground. Then he would nail the pelt on this door with the skin-side up, nailing it all around with small nails or tacks, every three inches. Then he would scrape all the meat and fat off of it and this is where I helped.

When it was clean (or as clean as he wanted it to be) he got a big bottle out of an old cupboard that stood in the shed. Then he would slowly pour some of the liquid...
on the skin and I would spread it all over that skin with a swab by tying a rag to a stick of wood. He told me not to get any of the stuff in my mouth as it was poison. When the pelt was dried he would put another application on it, a second one of the same stuff; but then he would pour just a bit of it and I had to rub so much harder so as to spread it all over evenly. About a week later he would take that pelt and hang it on the clothesline out in the yard; and then he took a heavy stick of wood and he would club and pound it. This was to remove the dust, chaff and clever-hulls and other dirt.

Then he would hang up the big iron kettle and fill it with water. I'd be pumping it and he carried it over. Then he built a fire under it. When it was hot he put it in the big scalding trough and put in some powdered borax; this was to dissolve the natural grease or oil in the wool. Then he would put that sheepskin in the trough and stir it around a while with his club. When he lifted it up he grunted like a bear; and there was hardly a bucket full of water left in the trough. He would squeeze it and flop it up and down. At times he got it in the trough and jumped up and down and danced on it. This he kept up for at least an hour or until the dirt and filth were soaked through and would dissolve. Then the dark-colored liquid was poured away and a fresh batch prepared. Second washing did not take so long as the first one; but the dirt now being softened up came loose readily and soon the water again looked like weak coffee. A third washing usually completed the job and then it had to be rinsed several times. When it was dry, it was as white as snow.

Some sheep-pelts exhibited and for sale in stores and saddler shops were dyed in all the colors of the rainbow. But old John Deck told me never to buy any of them.

"See sin net souwer, fer sell dooma see selly belze; so shay farrea, so os mer der dreick net sain." (They are not clean; that's why they dye them, so one cannot see the dirt.)

There were farmers who tanned sheep-skins by rubbing them with salt and powdered alum; but the latter caused the skin to get hard and if too much of it was used it would crumble and break into little pieces.

Grandad used to tell of a farmer who had such a fine big sheeppelt, and he knew that once he had passed on, then his sons would all be arguing and quibbling about who was to get it. So he told all of his sons that as only one could have it anyway he would dispose of it in this manner. Whenever he died they were to put the sheepskin in the coffin before they put his body in it. "No lie ich watch un warrem, un deeht eit nix tsu fechtun un tsu renkla dnawaya." (Then I'll be lying soft and warm, and you will not have anything to fight or wrangle about.)

Der old John Deck hut immer eng grosse drupp shofe cot. Ich kent net sawa we feel—tsu ma glaino boa maicba undzutent gooka we eng grosse drupp. Uset Ich wase os er uff's wenechsht fuftisch bis en hennert cot hut, fun waya er hut de yungla ols by der wauga load noach Puttsville glaura. Wile nuch und onmerer John Deck war, no warr er "der Shofe-Deck." Ich bin feel he cooma mitt meina grosselbra, un mill a dawg hut der oldt kerl meer en glay shippley gevaa wella un mi grosselbraiy hut gswald os so lung os er much sei feishindt hut, cooma ken shofe uff sei hofe.

"Ferdommets febrrlatt shtufft," hut er gswald, un iss obgfaura. Un en gläiner boo hut der gomsa wake uff hame tsus gabriilt. Un s leths hut er mull so ferschnippst rouls grickt, "W-w-wauert usht, Iich grick-grick awe mugg-grundt os m-m-my iss un no gree-gree Ich my aigna sh-sh-shofe." Un seller glay boo but now shofe fun seina aigna fer fim-fun-dreisich yohr.

Doe iss was der oldt Shofe-Deck ols gswald hut, so naagscht os Ich's much was eppes sechtsich yohr shpaiter. Won de shofe oll shtaina un blarra, no gook wella wake os era nase shtaina. Sellawake nous woo era nase no weissa, dort shtarrelten en mann ch de sun unner gate.

Won de shofe de tsay ivnernoner beissa os es gnsarschellt, no gook fer unglick uff a wake, udder der onner.

Won de shofe bucka won see niss sin, udder im raya, no sin selly yunga dreekich un gnutttlich so lung os see wull uff sich hen.

Won de shofe tsviilla fressa no greea see ken warrem.

Won fun all de shofe es en bauer hut kens blarra doot, kens gnuettelt, un kens gate darrich de fees, we feel shofe hut seller bauer? De antwoordt: Kens.

Won de shofe usht der sooma (de kerna) hen fun da carrebsa, sell iss es besht os see fressa kenna waya warrem.

Won en bauer mull kens shofe may raise con wie sele londt tsu manger iss, no date er bess er bauera shtputta —s woxt nix may shunshelt. Sell maint net os de shofe des londt terhouse: see doona net—see doona's uff-bowa.

Won ol de shofe im shodda lya un see sinn om eaderichera, un no uff a mohl longa see awe tsu blarra, no coomt epper. Won see oll mit en kupp der sainame wya lya, no coomt der psch sellawake by. Won usht der buck blarrt, no coomt der porra.

Shofe lya immer oll mitt em kupp der sainame wya see im freya sin—immer uff em haischhta blots, un immer mitt de naws gaya em windt so os see der hundt, der fuchs, udder der wull fun weidem reecha kenna. Won der hundt udder der wull mull naigscht gunuks coomt, no shtaina see oll mit de kepp nous tsus un an een hinner-end in der mitt fun sellem ring, grawdt os we de shapscha in ma rawd. A ring shofe un ousa rum iss an ring kepp; un no en ring lettera leers un bay, oll bissy om shtompa fer tsom. Der hundt woo in sell ring coomt maint der deivel het ihn unner cot bis er witter haus iss.

Won de shofe mull oll goutsa we de hundt, udder der hundt dooma oll blarra os we de shofe, no mocht s nix ous welly os mer schaart.

Won oll de shofe gnutta ivver em lawfa, no geb's raya in zet in feen-un-twonsich shuntid.

Won de wull gawr ken gletta hut ivver em schaara no con mer ken warurma glayed dorsal daun mocha.

Shofe os goutsa we hundt, unnt hundt os blarra we shofe —era wull gaste in der same sock.

Won du weidt, weidt tsurik gaishs tsu sellera airshta Grishtlaw nacht, don layshut do nix fun ducker, shreiner, lawyer, udder fun aniaches ommer hond-warricks leidt os dort warra wo Yaises gabeora warra; oever ollamohl sawgts os de hirt—de mann woo de shofe keet hen—see waara dort. So, won weidt muck en mann shofe hollda doot, don brough er sich met shemna waya em wake woo er sei laiva mit mocha doot.

Dishidla sin da shofe era candy. Gift iss tsu ma shofe os we hunnich tsu em mensch. (Des maint gift woo un da fensa woxt—net des gift in ra buddle, un en pickter fun ma guacha-yoked drulff.)

De letshita fimf uvva, de cooma fun ma oldta manna by mawma Wolgemuth in Langester Konty. Sei airshter nawma is meer ferressa. Ich warf by eam ivver nacht vouhra tsurik os Ich om bame ferkawfa warf. Ich hob ken shofe cot sell zet.
Books Wanted

Color Slides
Amish and Mennonites. Beautiful Colorslides. Twenty titles available, 3 for $1.00, complete set $6.00 postpaid. Free catalog. STEL-MAR, Box 23D, Mount Joy, Pennsylvania.

OLD ORDER AMISH in all phases of their picturesque life on bright color slides by professional photographers living among them. Catalog, sample slide (30c). Photo Arts, 962 Salisbury, Lancaster, Pa.

Genealogical Queries

WARLICK—Daniel Warlick, wife Maria Barbara Schindel of Pennsylvania went to North Carolina, about 1750. Want names of parents, birth, death, where they lived, with ancestry to the emigrant and time of entry. Lucie Warlick Word, 125 Ramson Road N. E. Atlanta 5, Georgia.

Genealogical Research
Buy and sell genealogies. Also do genealogical research. Specialties—Mennonites, Amish and German families. Delbert Gratz, PhD, Bluffton, Ohio.

I will do research in Adams County families on an hourly basis or in exchange for research I desire to have done in other areas. Contact Frederick S. Weiser, Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pa.

Magazine
Dutchfolk. New magazine featuring Dutch stories (in dialect) also lore. $1.00 the year. Hazel Stick, Reamstown, Pennsylvania.

Map of Dutch Country
Amish and Dutch Country Motorists Guide. Two 17" x 22" illustrated detailed maps. Send 50c. Applied Arts, Box 837, Reading.

Pamphlets for Sale
In addition to the literature advertised on the front inside cover, the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center, Inc. Bethel, Pennsylvania, has the following publications for sale:

Songs Along the Mahantongo by Walter E. Boyer, Albert F. Buffington, and Don Yoder, 211-page anthology of Pennsylvania Dutch folk-songs. $3.75.

Conestoga Wagon Lore by H. C. Frey, $5.00.

Traditional Rhymes and Jingles by Alfred L. Shoemaker, $5.00.

Facsimile reprint of Edward H. Rauch's 1883 Rip Van Winkle. $1.00. (This is in dialect)

3 Myths about the Pennsylvania Dutch Country by Alfred L. Shoemaker. $2.50.

Check List of Pennsylvania Dutch Printed Taulscheins by Alfred L. Shoemaker. $1.00. (Well Illustrated)


Facsimile reprint of Edward H. Rauch's 1866 De Campain Broefe. $1.00. (This is in dialect)

Schnitzelbank Chart. $5.00.

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EIGHTH ANNUAL
Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival
JULY 3-4-5-6-7, 1957
Fairgrounds, Kutztown, Pennsylvania
Route 222, between Allentown and Reading
Sponsored by The Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center

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