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ANTTIQUES in Dutchland

By EARL AND ADA ROBACKER

The Pennsylvania Dutch country is as full of antique shops as it is of places to eat—and there are some very fine examples of both. In each case, however, it is not a bad idea to start with some which have an established reputation for superiority before branching out into others which may prove just as interesting but which are less well known. A reputation for excellence and quality does not come by accident!

Bear in mind that the Dutch Country is old country—nearly as old as early Virginia or early New England—and that it is as possible to acquire Eighteenth Century objects here as elsewhere along the seaboard. In some ways it is easier: Alone among the colonists, the Pennsylvania Dutch seem never to have thrown anything away and, more than that, so excellently did they make a great many objects that it was all but impossible to wear them out. As times and living conditions changed, people simply moved their out-moded household gear into the attic or the barn or the woodshed—but seldom was anything actually destroyed. What a boon to the historian or the collector.

There are three recognizable “periods” of interest to collectors of Dutchland antiques, the first of which has been labeled the “Hearts and Tulips” age—roughly, the years through the 1700’s up to about 1810. This was the time of strong pride in individual craftsmanship, the time when ironwork, pottery, furniture, dower chests, glass, and handmade documents were most competently made and lavishly adorned with hearts, tulips and other flowers, birds, stars, whirling swastikas, and human and animal forms, to name but a few.

The second period— the “Painted Period”—extends to somewhere between the 1840’s and the 1870’s, and the chances of the collector, at least the amateur collector, are better here than in the foregoing era. Fine work in punched and pierced tin, the myriad cooey cutters, woven coverlets and homespun, painted furniture with painted and stenciled decoration, elaborate show towels, and fine pieces in copper and brass characterize this period. It should be noted that periods do not have sharp lines of demarcation; there is broad overlapping. Homespun, for instance, was made both before and after the years listed for the second period. One of the best of the “early” potters was working as late as 1931.

The third period, by no means to be discounted because of its comparative recency, extends to about the time of World War I. As indicated above, an occasional “early” craftsman was still carrying on in the centuries-old tradition. Moreover, much of the best work in basketry was done during these years, as well as beautiful patch-and appliqué-work, “tramp” art, hand-made wooden toys, and a hundred offhand objects which came into being as the result of a creative urge no machine age could stifle.

Adding to the abundance of riches in Pennsylvania from earliest times are the imports which were popular chiefly in the Dutchland and which by adoption have long been considered “Dutch”: the spatterware, the various “gaudy” wares, and other Staffordshire pottery products. Then, too, there are the fine pewter of Pennsylvania provenance; the beautiful polychromed bride’s boxes which came from Berchtesgaden with the earliest settlers—and the incomparably fine grandfather clocks made all over the Dutchland; the old Bibles with hand-illuminated prefatory pages, and the painted tin or tôle ware which was as popular in Pennsylvania as it was in Maine or New York or Connecticut or Virginia.

Add the wealth of Victorian household appurtenances and furniture which slowly permeated the Dutch Country, and it is not difficult to see why the antiquer could spend a lifetime—to say nothing of a fortune—in the Pennsylvania Dutchland alone. There are those who have done it!
Some Dealers in Pennsylvania Dutch Antiques

The list below is supplied with considerable trepidation. These are experienced, knowledgeable, reliable persons; the writers have known all of them for many years and have had eminently satisfactory dealings with them. Then why the trepidation? Simply this: As any one of them will tell you, genuinely good antiques are increasingly difficult to find, and it is impossible to be sure at any given time that a visit will be rewarding, since good antiques are snapped up quickly. But the chance is worth taking!

There are many other excellent dealers in the Dutchland and out of it who also have good Pennsylvania Dutch items, men and women with whom the writers have had the most pleasant of associations. No prejudice is intended to any dealer whose name is not included in the short list given here.

Except as noted, the locations given are in Pennsylvania.

Brunner, Hattie; Reinholds (near Reading)
Burkhardt, Robert; Monterey (near Kutztown)
Meyer, Ralph; Delaware Water Gap
Pennypacker, Gus; Telford (On Route 309)
Rothermel, Walter; R. F. D. 1, Temple (near Reading)
Sittig, Edgar and Charlotte; Shavnee-on-Delaware
Stevens, Joe; Massillon, Ohio
Weller, Corra-Lee; Albertus (near Allentown)
Yeagle, Sam; Annville

Pie Cupboard with Panels of Punched Tin Designs. Folk Art in the Dutch Farmhouse.
**Some Terms the Collector of Pennsylvania Dutch Antiques Should Know**

**Bride's box:** Oval box of thin wood with over-all floral decoration made in Germany in the late 1700's. The lid frequently has figures of bride and groom, often an inscription, rarely a date.

**Dover chest:** Finely executed forerunner of the hope chest, usually made by a professional cabinet maker and often beautifully decorated either in panel or over-all style. Chests are often identified by the counties in which their makers operated—Lehigh, Berks, Centre, Montgomery, etc.

**Fraktur (or Fractur):** A general name given to certificates, documents, and family records which were hand-lettered in Gothic calligraphy and then embellished by pen- and brush-work with tulips, parrots, hearts, and a great variety of other motifs. In later years some of the records were partly printed. A fine piece of fraktur nowadays may range in price from two digits for a small bookplate to four digits for an elaborately conceived larger piece.

**Gaudyware:** A general name for brightly decorated imported English tableware especially popular in Pennsylvania. Specifically: Gaudy Dutch, Gaudy Welsh, gaudy ironstone, and gaudy Staffordshire, each category of which has many patterns. The word "gaudy," incidentally, is a modern term applied by collectors and dealers.

**Kentucky rifle:** The long rifle used and made famous in Kentucky but actually made in Lancaster County by some of the world's most highly skilled (Pennsylvania Dutch) craftsmen.
Lehnware: (Pronounced “lane-ware”) Turned wooden egg cups, saffron cups, goblets, and other small pieces made and decorated during the Nineteenth Century by Joseph Lehn. Now and then a coopered piece is found.

Pie cupboard: A pre-refrigerator safe or cupboard with sides of sheet tin pierced in various motifs. These cupboards were sometimes suspended from the cellar ceiling by means of a rope strung through the corner posts.

Pie plate: A heavy clay plate made in a great variety of sizes up to about 15 inches in diameter. There is no bottom rim; edges are often coggled; plates may be plain, or slip-decorated, or sgraffito. A good 6-inch plain plate may be had for a few dollars; a fine sgraffito plate in good condition with name and date could run in price to four digits.

Punched tin decoration: Objects made of tinmed sheet iron (coffee pots, foot warmers, lanterns, pie cupboards, mirror frames) either lightly punched or actually perforated in a variety of favorite decorative motifs.

Redware: The general name given to heavy pieces of Pennsylvania pottery, glazed or unglazed. Redware apple butter pots are favorites with many collectors.

Schimmel carving: Highly individual carvings-in-the-round of birds and animals done by one Jacob Schimmel, an itinerant, shortly after the War Between the States. Schimmel eagles are highly prized.

Sgraffito: “Show” or display pottery demonstrating the potter’s decorative powers and not often actually used. The word means “scratched”; the design was scratched into the clay before the piece was fired in the kiln. Rare, beautiful—and expensive!

Show towel: The ancestor of the guest towel, usually of linen homespun, with cross-stitch designs and drawn work. Like samplers, which the towels somewhat resemble, they often bear the name of the maker and the date.

“Slip” decoration: This term applies to pottery. “Slip” was a thin paste of clay applied to pottery for decoration in a contrasting color, in a variety of simple lines or
squiggles. A very few pieces, however, have slip decorations in more elaborate forms.

Spatterware: An English Staffordshire tableware characterized by sponge decoration and such hand-drawn motifs as peafowls, parrots, roosters, schoolhouses, and various flowers. The colors in the motifs were applied by a brush.

Springeile boards: (Pronounced “springer-ly”) Pennsylvania Dutch by adoption rather than by origin in most cases, since most appear to have come from German-speaking sections of Europe. They were boards used to impress designs on cooky dough.

Stiegel: William Henry Stiegel: legendary figure who produced clear, colored, etched, and enameled glass during the decade of the 1770’s; known also for ornately decorated cast iron stove plates. His glass is almost impossible to authenticate.

Stove plate: One of the elaborately decorated cast iron sides or the front of the early stoves produced by the ironmasters. Favorite designs were Biblical, classical, or floral-arabesque—not infrequently in combination.

Tôle: A general name for a great variety of utensils both utilitarian and ornamental (measures, cups, trays, cannisters, coffee pots, etc.) of tin plate, first japanned and then decorated by brush or stencil or both in floral, fruit, and other motifs. Tôle was generally popular along the seaboard; it is exceedingly difficult to authenticate pieces as being of Pennsylvania origin.

Tramp art: More or less elaborate whittling (and sometimes jigsaw carving) done by itinerants clever with a pocket knife. Favorite pieces, often tendered as payment for bed and board, were comb cases, wall racks of various kinds, mirror frames, and toys. Tramp art is a latecomer to the ranks of collectibles.

—Robacker Collection

Folk Art in the Kitchen—Iron Trivets with Dutch Motifs.
ANTIQUE or FOLK ART: Which?

By EARL AND ADA ROBACKER

When is an object an antique—something ancient enough to be unfamiliar to the current generation—and when does it merit the term “folk art”? The two categories indicated often overlap, but they are by no means identical.

For purposes of import duties, it is generally agreed that an object made before 1830 is considered “antique”; for commercial purposes, an age of 75 to 100 years is considered sufficient for the term. Yet an “antique” automobile may be no more than 30 years of age. In other words, antiquity is largely a relative matter.

Folk art, on the other hand, may actually be independent of age; it may be in the process of creation now, or it may have been created hundreds or even thousands of years ago. Who can say that the paintings of Grandma Moses or the water colors of Hattie Brunner of Reinholds, Pa., are not bona fide folk art? The fact that they may be executed in the 1950’s or the 1960’s has very little to do with the matter. We do need an explanation, however, because the matter of what is and what is not art is a very complicated one.

Some art forms—notably painting or sculpture—presuppose a long period of apprenticeship and study, with hoped-for mastery of accepted techniques. The process of acquiring skill is an academic one, involving teacher and student. All that can be learned on the subject must be learned before the student can hope to be recognized through his own creative efforts, and his work will be judged by traditional, accepted standards. If he chooses to be a rene-

Birth and Baptismal Certificate (1789)—Done in Loudon County, Virginia, this fraktur piece shows the migration of the Dutch folk-culture beyond the borders of Pennsylvania.
Folk Art in Needlework—Sampler, 1790.

gave, his work may never be acclaimed except by other renegades—but he is working in the field of fine art, not folk art.

Then there is another kind of art—one which is largely self-taught and which adheres to no recognized standard. The artist may be imitative or original; he may have much or little actual skill; he may have worked for the approval of others or to satisfy an urge of his own. If he works at the beginning of the folk culture to which he belongs, before any kind of standardization has taken place, he may be called a folk artist. Likewise, if he lives and works at a time when he is untouched by the influence of other workers in the same field—workers who know what is “correct” in technique and operation—then he may be called a folk artist. By this definition, the work of Grandma Moses or of Hattie Brunner may fairly be considered folk art.

There is much untutored art, in a considerable variety of media and manifestations, to be found in Pennsylvania. Some has been discovered and publicized, but evidence points to the fact that there are more treasures to unearth. They are more likely to come to light in an antique shop—or possibly at a country auction—than elsewhere, but this
Pennsylvania Dutch Fraktur of Lancaster County, 1789.
A fraktur is a hand-illuminated manuscript.

circumstance no more makes art out of an antique than it makes an antique out of a piece of art. An antique is old, whatever that word may mean, but it does not necessarily have artistic qualities.

The Pennsylvania Dutch had a strong creative streak in their makeup. They were, in a sense, exiled from a homeland in which love of beauty was strong. They were excellent craftsmen; they were industrious; they were eternally bent upon bettering themselves and their situation. Small wonder, then, that in a wilderness, a new world in which almost all the articles of daily living had to be made by hand, what they made was created not only with competence but in many cases with marked artistic qualities.

The skill shows up in numberless ways. It is present in the decorations lavished on dower chests—hearts, tulips, stars, floral sprays, birds. It is obvious on pottery—in the decorations embodying horses, riders, pomegranates, birds, and flowers executed by men who might have laughed to scorn the idea that they were artists but who took pride in their artistic ability just the same. It is found in the intricate cut-paper work which long preceded the laey valentine; in the painstakingly executed lettering of fraktur manuscripts; in the almost fantastically difficult renditions of heart, tulip, and bird in wrought iron hinges; in the intricate patterns of punched tin, of needlework, of basketry, of calligraphic “pictures,” of cooky cutters.

Beyond the category of objects which were intended first of all to be utilitarian—even though today we may shudder at the idea of putting to use, for instance, a highly polished walnut slaw cutter with a perfect heart cut-out—there were still others created “just for fancy.” Wood carvings in the round, oftenest of birds or barnyard fowls; fancifully shaped pottery whistles; “paintings” of the kind found on fraktur manuscripts but independent of lettering; tin coffee pots with nail-punch work so delicate it would have been profanation actually to use them; show towels of drawn-work and cross-stitch so elaborate that it would be unthinkable to dry one’s hands on them—all these, bought and sold by
antique dealers, add to the list of art work conceived and brought into being by the folk, according to the dictates of the individual.

To conclude: The Dutchland is full of antiques, some native, some imported. Of those which are native, some have artistic qualities and some do not. Of those which do, some were done by beauty-seeking persons with an untutored but powerful creative urge—and these we may place in the category of folk art.

At Your Library:

There are dozens of good books having to do with Pennsylvania Dutch folk art, available at public and at school and college libraries. The very brief list below should provide a starting point for those interested in the subject. For a list of smaller works, including inexpensive pamphlets, write for a list of the publications of The Pennsylvania Folk Life Society, Route 4, Lancaster, Pa.

Barber, Edwin Atlee: Tulipware of the Pennsylvania-German Potters. An early, important work on pottery, potters, and decorative techniques.

Borneman, Henry S.: Pennsylvania German Illuminated Manuscripts. Excellent explanatory text on fraktur, with magnificent illustrations in full color.

Brazer, Esther Stevens: Early American Decoration. Decorative techniques explained by one thoroughly familiar with painted wood and painted tin.


Frederick, J. George: The Pennsylvania Dutch and Their Cookery. As interesting for its reminiscent sketches as for its recipes.

Gould, Mary Earle: Early American Wooden Wares. Not solely concerned with the Pennsylvania Dutch scene, but good.

Heller, Edna Eby: The Pennsylvania Dutch Cookbook. Tops! Written by the foremost collector—and tester—of Pennsylvania Dutch recipes. Much of the best folk art is found in the articles used in the preparation of food.


Kerfoot, J. B.: American Pewter. There are other, later books on pewter, but none so interesting as this, now back in print after many years.


Lipman, Jean: American Folk Art in Wood, Metal and Stone. Good treatment and good illustrations in the fields covered.


Peto, Florence: American Quilts and Coverlets. A general treatment, not limited to the Pennsylvania Dutch. A definitive work in this field has still to be written.

Rohacker, Earl F.: Pennsylvania Dutch Stuff. The “standard” handbook or guide to the field of Pennsylvania Dutch antiques, with some emphasis on folk art.

Shelley, Donald A.: The Fraktur-Writings or Illuminated Manuscripts of the Pennsylvania Germans. Categories fraktur into types and relates them to European backgrounds.


Stoudt, John J.: Pennsylvania Folk Art. Copiously illustrated work, with considerable emphasis on the religious and mystical symbolism believed by many to be present in Pennsylvania Dutch folk art.


Fraktur
Book-Plate
of Manuscript Hymnal
Bucks County (1821)
Ve bëcht? Ve gant's? (How are you? How goes it?) That's the familiar greeting throughout the length and breadth of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. This is symbolic of the relative sameness of the Pennsylvania Dutch tongue no matter where you go in southeastern Pennsylvania or, in fact, anywhere else a Dutchman has happened to wander. This is linguistically and culturally a unique phenomenon. Travel in any European country—staying away from the large cities—and you will find almost mutually unintelligible dialects spoken from one community to the next, a mere dozen or so miles away. These wide language divergencies reflect vast cultural-historical differences, deep-rooted in tradition and folkways. But in Pennsylvania Dutchland—whether you visit the Amish on their unparalleled farms of Lancaster County and "Big Valley" in central Pennsylvania, or whether you call on the Church groups (Lutheran and Reformed) located almost directly north of Philadelphia—you will find Pennsylvania Dutch spoken and understood with only enough differences to make it interesting. In fact, there is not nearly so much difference in the pronunciation and vocabulary and idioms of one brand of Pennsylvania Dutch from another as there is, say, between the native speech of a Bostonian and that of a Charlestonian.

The uniqueness of the situation is perhaps amazing to a European, but hardly to an American. Here in the greatest melting pot culture in the world it is no new thing to find widely diversified groups leveling off their ways and their speech to form a common American denominator. In the Pennsylvania Dutch country we have by far the most widely diversified folk culture in America and at the same time a unity of language which astounds the scholars of linguistic science. There has never really been any such thing as a 'united front' among the Pennsylvania Dutch people—no nationalistic-political ties, no yearning for some once-deserted—now-idealized 'fatherland,' no dominant (or diminishing) religious body. Hence, our language has never taken on any 'standardizing' regulations, has never been given a hard and fast orthography, has never been elevated to the position of a subject in the public school curriculum, has never enjoyed the so-called dignity of great oratory, classic literature or even journalism.

It has always been and always will be only Folk Speech. As such it is the perfect oral expression of our Pennsylvania Dutch folk and their rich folk culture. But as such it has also suffered greatly—mocked and despised and branded as 'only a dialect,' 'a corrupt form of German,' 'a kind of Pennsylvania hog Latin' by all those in the past who, not appreciating nor even knowing what folk culture really is and means, could see no good in a language which according to their puny and narrow educational background 'did not even have a grammar or a dictionary.' These semi-educated and semi-literate self-appointed authorities — preachers, school teachers, politicians—were the Jekyll-Hydes of our own area who grew up on a diet of Pennsylvania Dutch, attended some formal courses at an institution of higher learning, then proceeded to do an about-face by denouncing and denying everything their own cultural background bespoke. The damage they did is still very apparent; there are still many Pennsylvania Dutchmen who are ashamed of their native tongue, still thousands of our people claiming 'it ain't no language, it ain't got no grammar,' still throngs wondering if Pennsylvania Dutch is 'low German.' Only very recently have those of us who are interested in the study of folk cultures and folk linguistics seen the real and underlying values in the language—now, at a time when it is very
rapidly dying out, when hardly any member of the new
generation speaks anything but English (though that with
often a heavy Pennsylvania Dutch savor), when the near
future will witness the almost complete disappearance of
this interesting, humorous, beloved folk speech except for its
persistent employment by the Old Order Amish in their
religious services and most of their everyday conversations.

No grammar? Every language has grammar—Pennsylva-
nia Dutch has its share to be sure. There are ten parts
of speech, three genders of nouns (and you can't hang a femi-
nine article on a masculine noun!), conjugations of verbs,
various sets of adjectival inflections for various situations,
subjective and objective cases of pronouns, various ways of
forming plurals, and all the other grammatical and syntacti-
cal paraphernalia necessary to a language to make it a
practical medium of conversational exchange. No native
speaker born into this language is conscious of a single one
of these grammatical gymnastics—he just speaks what
comes naturally. On the other hand, everyone (be he ever
so intellectual) who has tried to learn some Pennsylvania
Dutch has bogged down miserably in the process and has
found out to his disappointment that this language without
any grammar, where anything goes is just as tough to mas-
ter as French or German or Spanish or any other modern
tongue he has tackled in school.

The picturesque English speech of the Pennsylvania Dutch
stems, of course, from usage or translations from the native
tongue. Thus, to the amusement of the visitor, when the
Dutchman waters his lawn he ‘spotzes’ the grass; when he
gets up in the morning and looks at his hair in the mirror he
says it looks ‘chust plain shtravely’; if his child simply will
not sit still on mother’s lap or in a church pew he admonishes
him by saying ‘stop rootaching!’; when the potato bin is empty
the Dutch housewife announces that ‘the potatoes are all’—
in fact, anything that is depleted is simply ‘all’; to clean off
the table is to ‘redd’ it off—to ‘redd out’ a closet is not neces-
sarily to clean it but simply to rearrange the dust! (‘Redd.’
oddly enough, is not an original Dutch word but a Scotch
dialect word picked up by our Pennsylvania Dutch fore-
fathers here in America in the early days—you’ll find it in
any Webster.)
Amish Barn Raising

Photos by Vincent R. Tortora
In the pioneer days of fledgling America the spirit of social and economic inter-dependence was quite strong. Whenever any member of a community needed help, the entire community contributed unselfishly. If, for example, a barn had to be built on one of the farms, everyone within a given distance gathered to contribute time and labor in what became known as a “barn-raising.” The early Amish settlers, too, participated in these “building bees.”

As years passed and American society evolved in complexity, the Amish found their religion and social order increasingly incompatible with it. They emphasized the “community” while the rest of society de-emphasized it. Their natural reaction was to hold on tenaciously to older, time-honored institutions and practices in an effort to retain the fervor of their faith and the ties with their traditions.

The practice of “barn-raising” has continued among the Amish into the present day primarily insomuch as it seems to embody in its essence much of what these pious people believe about religion and ethics.

The concept of “stewardship” which holds that each man is his brother’s keeper is paramount with the Amishman. Moreover, he is religiously quite close to the medieval concept that any “Act of God” which destroys the property of a devout member of the Sect signals God’s wrath toward the whole group. Hence, each Amishman is bound by the strength of his religious belief to give all possible assistance to a hapless neighbor.

An Amishman makes no attempts to thwart the “Will of God” as evidenced by the fact that he refuses to put lightning rods on his house or barn. By the same token, he refuses to take out insurance on his property. Essentially, he feels the wrath of God which would prompt Him to strike down a building is best propitiated by the penance of hard work and sacrifice which inevitably attend a “barn-raising.” Moreover, Scripture exhorts against insurance in I Tim. 5:8... “But if any provide not for his own and...
especially for those of his own house, he has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel."

Whenever a new building is needed—be it a replacement of a restored building, an addition to a presently standing building, or a new building—all the Amish families in the area contribute unstintingly of their time and labor. Many of the men may devote as much as a month or so mortising, drilling and otherwise preparing the huge beams which will make up the frame. The women busy themselves preparing special foods to be served on the day of the “raising.” A week or so before the actual raising the foundation is laid by Amish farmers who are experts in this field. The last operation before the actual “raising” is the laying of the floor.

On the day of the “barn-raising” wagons converge on the farm in the early hours of the morning from a radius of eight to ten miles. By the time most city people are eating breakfast, a number of the bents have already been pushed
THE "TEN-O'CLOCK PIECE" (TSAYA-OOR SHTICK)—
MID-MORNING REFRESHMENTS SERVED THE CARPENTERS
BY THE WOMEN OF THE AMISH COMMUNITY.

COMING IN FOR LUNCH.
Among the rafters

1. Laboriously into an upright position by as many as a hundred stockade-wielding men. These will be the skeleton of the frame.

There is seldom a foreman or a group leader at an Amish “barn-raising.” Each man goes to the job he knows and does best, carrying his own tools. The Amish show respect for age by confining the oldest men to work at ground level and the middle-aged to floor level. The younger men take upon themselves the more hazardous tasks of scampering around the frame and on the rafters. The young children do a myriad of small chores, such as carrying nails, small pieces of lumber and the like.

Lunch periods are usually staggered so that the oldest men eat first; then the middle-aged, and so forth down the line. The last to eat are the women who have prepared the copious feast, and the children. It takes as many as fifty women to prepare the noon day meal for the hungry carpenters.

After only one full day of feverish building activity the barn is “raised,” and the roof put on. The task of finishing up may take four or five close neighbors and the farm owner several additional weeks.

The cost of the building materials going into the barn is sustained by the entire Amish community, with each farmer paying into a common fund according to his ability.

Besides the satisfaction of helping a neighbor the Amish derive from the “raising” the pleasure of a get-together or “frolic” which they get all too seldom on their solitary farms.
THE BARN TAKES SHAPE AND THE WEATHERBOARDING IS BEGUN
This series of photographs taken at a barn raising in northern Lancaster County circa 1905.

BUILDING A PENNSYLVANIA BARN

By VICTOR C. DIEFFENBACH

I can well remember a lovely summer morning years ago, when Dad announced at the breakfast table: "Heidt gana meyer un helfa em Hammer Aider sei shire uff-schlaggo! Do gaisth uwe mitt," he said, looking at me. (Today we will go help Henry Edris put up his barn. And you are going to come along, too.)

"Ja, un ich gag uwe mitt" (yes, and I will, too), said a gruff voice from the upper end of the table. That was Grandad, a lifetime builder of houses, barns, bridges, schoolhouses and several big churches. "Ich von als nach mañer do or we en lot younga kenna" (I can still do more than a lot of youngsters), he proudly announced; and right he was. He was then eighty years of age.

So we—my Dad, Grandad, and myself—set out on foot, as it was no more than a mile to the Edris farm. When we arrived, the old man was warmly greeted by numerous friends, as well as by the boss-carpenter who was building the barn, Elias Gearhardt, a building contractor of repute, a good and reliable man, and an excellent mechanic. Although also well advanced in years, still he was not as old as my grandsire. So, to show the respect he owed Grandad for his years as well as for his experience and expert knowledge of the craft of barn-building, the contractor asked my Grandad to take over, or to supervise the job. Grandad refused; he said that the craftsmen were new and strange to him, that Gearhardt might have ways and signs peculiar to an individual boss, and he did not want—in fact he would not accept the responsibility of such an intricate undertaking.

"But I'll help," he said. "I'll show the men which piece to carry in, and where to put the lumber, and you can supervise the erection of the barn." So said, so done.

Now, when carpenters get ready to build a new barn (not to erect it) the very first requisite is good lumber, suitable for framing it. This is either cut at a nearby sawmill, or it is bought on the open market. The contractor has a list of all the lumber required (en holzbill); on it is listed the exact dimension of each piece, viz., the length, width and
the height, and the number of each. All pieces are a trifle longer than actually needed, since all have to be squared at each end.

Once the lumber is at the building site, then the barn has to be framed, i.e. each individual piece is cut in exact length; all the mortises and tenons are marked and cut. The material for each bent is marked with a chief in Roman numerals. Corner-post No. 1, the end-wall, has a cut on it like this || close to tenon and a similar one close to the corresponding mortise. Each bent is fitted and put together out on the landing; once it fits accurately, it is taken apart and piled up separately. The second bent is marked || and so on to the other end of the barn. One barn that I helped to raise years ago—the carpenter had used lumber-craysons to mark the various parts—had all the marks missing, they having disappeared from the effect of sun and rain. Moreover, the parts had not been accurately fitted and nobody seemed to know where anything should go. The whole was a sorry mess!

First of all, in putting up a barn, all the posts are carried in—the big square ones, that go into the basement and support the middle of the superstructure; they are put on end, upright, underneath the bent that will later be placed in position. The center row of these posts, going lengthwise through the barn, are 18 inches shorter than the rest, and support the monstrous main girder. On top of this ‘big stick’ are laid the beams and then the floor.

This big timer may be in one piece, or it may be spliced (gablwelt) and held together by a wooden key. I saw one such girder, 18 inches square, 70 feet long, in one solid piece, and not one sliver of bark showing on a corner. What a tree that must have been!

Once the big girder is placed in position, its ends firmly imbedded in solid masonry, then the big sills (die scheello) are put on the stone foundation all around; they are fitted together at each corner and a mortise is made through both pieces and the corner-post has a tenon going down through the two sills, keeping them from spreading apart. The four corner-posts are thus anchored, one might say, to the foundation, thus binding the entire building together. Hence the tenon on the corner-post is called der bann-trappe or the binding pin or peg. Next come the beams, laid crosswise on top of sills and the girder; and on top of these the floor is laid.

Bank barns usually have a forebay. The forebay is achieved by having the endwalls of the barn four to six feet wider than the width of the basement. Piers of masonry
A group of farm neighbors pose to have their picture taken at the barn raising.

At an improvised table the women serve the barn-raising feast for the men.
are put up between door and window openings, and on these
piers is laid a stick of wood flush with the top edge of the
big girder. This is called *die mauer-lott*. So, you see, the
superstructure is six feet wider than the basement, and that
gives you the forebay or overshot.

The floor is oftentimes laid just temporarily so the workmen
have something to stand on while erecting the framework.
Now a group of men goes out to the pile marked No. 1. Each couple
(they are always paired off as to size) carries
a short round stick of wood, from four to five feet long, two
inches thick, preferably hickory or ash. These are used to
carry in the lumber. (*Die siu de hout-hevel jar des humber
acilrae.*) All the lumber from pile No. 1 is carried in;
one piece at a time, and all laid on the floor, each piece in
its proper place, each mortise at its corresponding tenon
in the sill, and the tops of the posts facing inwards, or
towards the center. The entire bent is now put together,
and wooden pegs driven into previously bored holes, so all
mortises and tenons are tightly locked.

Now come the pikes. These are long round poles of tough
wood, about 12 to 16 feet long, two inches thick, smooth;
they have an iron pin in the middle of one end, quite sharp.
A dozen men lift up the bent at the innermost side, and
others slide big blocks of wood under it. All now lift it up
as high as they can. Some tie a couple of ropes to the top
of the bent to keep it from going over once it is perpendi-
cular. All once more get a good grip; the pikers get a good
toehold and now: “Up-up-up-up-up, she goes!” All push;
each man at the holes holds a crowbar or digging iron so as
to guide the tenon into its hole. The ropers now guide it
and a few boards are nailed to the sill with one end, and all
look to the master carpenter, standing on the top of a pile
of logs, straddle-legged, a plumb-bob held between thumb
and index finger of the left hand. With the right hand he
waves to the man at the corner-post, his hammer poised in
mid-air. “In-in-easy-easy-now-just a bit more. There you
have it!” A man nails the brace board at the corner-post
and the post stands as solid as the pyramids and will con-
tinue to do so for a century or more to come. (Just a short
time ago I scrutinized some of Grandad’s work—the very
first barn he put up, about 120 years ago, and it is still in
very good condition as regards the general construction.)

While the first bent is being raised, a gang of men bring
in pile No. 1 and lay it in position and the operation just
described is repeated, bent by bent, until the entire frame-
work has been erected. If the framing is skillfully and
accurately done, necessitating no changes while being set up,
the work progresses very rapidly. (I remember that there
were over 100 men on the job at the Edris barn raising.)

“Now up with the roof-trees!” (*Now, alp mit da doch-
dteilt.*) These are mortised into the plates, on an angle
and slant outwards when in position, so that the weight of
the purlines, resting on the roof-tree and the roof proper,
all press down, and the roof-tree, strongly braced, keeps
firm and solid.

Well, at the Edris barn raising someone grabbed a roof-
tree, a piece of timber 6” x 6” and about 8 feet long and
carried it over and laid it on the barnfloor. Somebody with
a block and tackle hoisted it up, and another man at the
top took it and carried it to its proper place. And, right
at that moment, we heard a yell, a crash, and then more
yells, screams, curses, etc. Looking up, we saw one of
the apprentice carpenters, a young man who never in his life
had been higher up than his Dad’s *oeverden*, lying on his
belly and holding on to the top of the bent with all six legs,
or so at least it looked like to him. He had dropped the
roof-tree and it crashed down onto the barn floor, narrowly
missing several men, engaged in putting in the sidewall.
The poor fellow was trembling so that the entire structure
shook. Everything was momentarily at a standstill. Farm-
When Grandad, while in his heyday, built a monstrous barn for Titus Rank, proprietor of the Buck Hotel in Jonestown, the hotelman came out to the farm on the day of the barn raising and had a ten-gallon keg of whiskey for the men. Grandad lifted it out of the buckboard, put it in the springhouse, locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Rank said that he had brought it out for the men. Grandad said: "Yes, and they shall have every bit of it, but not a drop until the barn is up. Then we'll turn them loose on it. My men then can put on the rafters, even if the others do get dead drunk." And no drop was consumed until the job was completed.

Several years ago I helped to erect a barn that had been framed by a single carpenter, ably assisted by the farmer and his son, the regular hired hand, and a few hands hired by the carpenter, but none a real mechanic among them. That barn went up like a cat up a pole—everything a perfect fit, from start to finish.

Years ago, on the other hand, I helped where an old carpenter, who was steadily employed, was in charge of the construction. In the course of erecting the barn, one entire wall or bent had to be re-framed, needlessly holding up half a hundred men.

The writer has helped in the erection of at least a dozen barns and I still don't claim to know all there is to know about building a barn. For what can one man learn in 78 years? Just when he begins to get a slight understanding of life's values and feels he's got a grasp of things, then he usually turns up his toes.

Even at my age, once in a while I meet up with a fellow, my senior, who will tell me he has never in his life been to a barn raising. I, at least, have an edge on such a chap.
Water Witching

By ALFRED L. SHOEMAKER

The initial consideration in preparing for the first Pennsylvania Dutch Harvest Frolic at Lancaster was, of course, water.

Directly after the conclusion of the July 1-8, 1961, Kutztown Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival the Pennsylvania Folklore Society engaged the services of Paul C. Myers as well-driller. Mr. Myers' first step was to arrange to have David K. Stoltzfus, an Amish farmer from nearby Monterey, to come and smell for water.

Early Friday afternoon, July 14, Amishman Stoltzfus, Mr. Myers the well-driller, and the author, along with a motley crew—newspapermen, photographers, township sanitation officers—congregated in the field where we proposed to sink the well.

The Amishman's divining rod was a pair of pliers—a far cry from the traditional twig (apple, peach, or what have you) of yesteryear. With the pliers firmly grasped in front of himself, the handles toward his body, our water.smeller ranged across the field. After considerable bather and yea, he finally pinpointed two sites, the degree of "pull" of the underground stream having dictated the best location to drill for water.

Towards the end of the hour-long water-hunting ritual, douser Stoltzfus donned a pair of gaudy gloves—in sweltering mid-summer weather!—this for the purpose of protecting his hands from developing blisters, the subterrestrial "pull" on the pliers being at times so great that the water-finding "rod" would every so often dart from Mr. Stoltzfus' hands with arrow-speed.

After the two sites had been staked out, Amishman Stoltzfus set about to fulfill what is always the second half of a water-smeller's job: determining the depth of the underground streams. To arrive at the exact figure, the Amishman pulled his watch from the pocket in his broadfall trousers and held it at waist-level, allowing it, pendulum-like, to swing over the water site he had just previously selected. The number of swings of the watch indicated in feet the depth at which he predicted water would be found at drilling.

For his services—which took the better part of an hour—Amishian Stoltzfus asked fifteen dollars. (In case perchance a reader of this article should ever wish to seek out the services of an Amish water-smeller, David K. Stoltzfus' address is Ronks RFD, Box 26B, Pa.)

Mr. Stoltzfus, I learned, has been smelling for water some dozen years and has, according to his own estimate, located wells well over a hundred times. He reports there are two other Amishmen, besides himself, who do water witching in the Lancaster Amish community. Both of them are older, however, than he, he says.

A film was made of the whole proceedings, numerous photographs were taken—all of which are being made available to students who may want to study the Plain Dutch folk "art" of dowsing.

In twenty years of field work in Dutch Pennsylvania, I have repeatedly come upon evidences of the aliveness of water smelling. From time to time I have looked into the literature on the subject, the American and the European, including the English and German periodicals pertaining to it. At no time have I, however, collected on this particular folk practice in depth.

In these twenty-odd years of folklore collecting my interest in water smelling has passed through four stages.

The first water smeller who demonstrated the "art" for me was a frail old Dutchman in "Canada," the local place-name of a cluster of houses just south of Schaefferstown in Lebanon County. Too feeble any longer to leave the house, the old-timer "found" an underground stream directly beneath his living room where I was interviewing him.

My second encounter with water witching was in the person of the late Birdie A. Jacobs, of East Berlin, near Gettysburg. Mr. Jacobs, whom I befriended, wrote me many a manuscript tome—all now in our Folklore archives, each one checkful of Adams County lore. One of his communications was on his activities as a southeastern Pennsylvania sensor-scoocher, this being the Pennsylvania Dutch word for a water smeller. I published Mr. Jacobs' contribution in the May 15, 1950, issue of The Pennsylvania Dutchman under the title: "Am Sucha Far Wassa... Seeking Underground Water." I am reprinting it herewith:

The terms "water witching" and "water dowser," to designate the search for underground streams, are distasteful to me. There is no witchery in it and the term "dowsing" is meaningless as far as I am concerned.

I have located many wells throughout eastern Pennsylvania and Maryland, from the Delaware Water Gap to Brunswick, Maryland. Also I located one at Fort Royal, Virginia.

To the best of my knowledge I have only missed once, and in that instance the driller did not drill at the spot I designated.

In digging the old-fashioned well the way our forefathers did, say a well about six feet in diameter, you took in much more territory and you had considerable space to work on. In boring a six-inch hole, however, you must—to use plain words—hit the bull's eye.

I have often heard of locating wells by the use of the peach limb or fork, but I have never witnessed it.

Becomes Conscious of Power

Some years ago when I was burgess of East Berlin, the state authorities condemned our water supply. So the town council and I decided to bore a well at the reservoir. We kept going down until the well was nine hundred feet deep, and it was a dry hole. I visited the drillers every day and to say that I was baffled is to use a mild expression indeed. One day while the president of the town council and I were with the drillers, I saw them look me over very critically. They came to me and said, "In all our travels we found only one man that could really locate underground water, and we firmly believe that you have it, too."

I replied I didn't know the first thing about it. I began working around, however, and about seventy feet from the point they were drilling at, strange things began to happen to me.

At last the president of council and I placed a stake, ordered the rig to be moved over, and directed them to go down two hundred and fifty feet and lo! that well, by measurement, kept on delivering one hundred gallons per
minute. Of course some people ascribed it all to a streak of luck. However, many later came to enlist my aid in searching underground streams and I helped every last one of them get water.

In searching, surface water does not hinder me. I have carried veins through underground dams, even. Concrete does not hinder me either, nor do rubbers.

Source of Power

I have been asked many times, "What causes it all?" My reply is, "I am only the tool and point upward with the index finger."

In counting the dips of the stick, I must count them myself. If another person counts, it is way off.

If some one holds the stick, it does not work. I simply grasp it away from their hands with my two thumbs and two forefingers and off she starts. Likewise, if I pinch the thread below the hands of some one holding it, giving it eight or ten inches slack, off she starts. In both instances, if I but touch their hand with one little finger all action stops at once.

Often when coming to a place, I get a hunch of intuition as it were, and I hurriedly walk away and many times I have found a good vein in less than one minute. I do not understand why.

Back to East Berlin

Let us go back to the East Berlin well again. That original well kept right on producing all the water our town needed. All at once, however, it went down to almost a trickle.

The council came for me and I located another for them about a quarter mile from the original one-hundred gallon well. I told them to go down two hundred thirty-four feet and they would find water. And they found it at that depth, placed a pump that threw one hundred forty gallons a minute, but that did not even exhaust the well.

In the meantime the first well went back to its original one-hundred gallon capacity. I later learned that the Muselman Canning Company, at Biggerville, fourteen miles distant, had bored a number of deep wells; when the canning season was over and the consumption of water was at a minimum there, our well again became normal. I could only surmise that Biggerville had tapped our vein.

Manner of Searching

Now what do I do? I cut a green stick about three feet long, the thick end about the thickness of a thumb. What variety of wood do I use? Any kind! I have done it with a grape vine, a rose bush, even weeds.

I grasp the thin end of the stick with both hands, hold it about four inches above the ground and when I get near a vein, I can feel an unceasing in the stick. When I get over the vein or nearly so, the stick will start to dip up and down violently. I must count the dips until the stick seemingly of its own volition stops abruptly to dip. The number of the dips is feet to the vein.

Lost all this not be quite definite, I then take an ordinary water glass filled about three-quarters full of water and set it on the ground where the stick acted. Then I take a thread about fifteen inches long and take a half dollar, make a roose, slip the thread over the fifty-cent piece so it hangs upright. Thereupon I suspend it in the tumbler and get right over the vein. The half dollar therewith begins to swing like a pendulum. If, when I move the glass to a side the width of the base of the glass and find no resultant action any longer, I know that I was directly on the vein.
STEP THREE: DETERMINING DEPTH OF
THE WATER. Pocket watch held at nearest
level over underground stream swings like
pendulum, indicating depth in feet to which
well should be drilled.

In late 1956, on one of my Pennsylvania Dutch radio
programs, I got on the subject of dowsing—the reason I
cannot any longer recall. I asked on the air whether there
were any water smellers listening in that particular Sunday.
In the following days I received letters from four smellers.
These letters, all four of them, follow, in their original orthography:

I
[Letter from Charles D. Weigel, Kutztown, R. D. 3, Pa.]
You asked about a man concern[ing] about water local
[ing] also the depth I located a good many and not one
failed so far can also tell stream the course which way it
runs think it pay[s] any man who is inter[est] about this
matter my home is at Moselem Church Heights 1 mile east
of Willtrouts garage 222.

II
[Letter from Edgar P. Backman, New Ringgold, Pa.]
You did ask who can hunt water I done it for some sixty
years it always proved for good water vates. Lots of times
had two fellows out side my two hands I tell them hold
good back down it went sometimes it twisted off. they say
man you have power.
So they ask why can't I do it.
I got a book from U. S. On water witching they said faith
would help I believe if a man is born in a water sign? A
old fellow told me if they have A in their hand which I
have its either one or the other.

Letter from Sylvester L. Rothenberger, Oley, Pa.]
Mr. Frederick H Stauffer of Oley Pa informed me that
you would wish to know about persons who could hunt
water with a divining twig. As I am hunting water for
about 32 years but never advertised the same. I also find
the depth the stream is with a button tied at a silk thread
and a Glass.
I have hunted hundred of stream thus far and never
missed a stream same with finding the depth of the stream.
I have some history connected with finding under ground
streams which I have been very successful with.

IV
[Letter from Ira H. Becker, Bareville, R. D. 1, Pa.]
Here is one more for your list I am doing this since I
was 17 years old and it never failed that there was no water
found or Gotten I had learned it while going to school. Till
March 2 it will be 50 years of practice I use a Peach twig
to find the Place, then Half Glass of water a soldad Button
with a hair of a woman, to tell the Depth, How many[G]n
streams in well— & can tell when you will hit the first
Stream & how many feet your water Lies I was born in
the water sign [sgn] also have a W in Hand. This would
be my Pleasure to Show it to you some time I had wells
5-10-20-35 Fall Per half Glass Water Button with
Hair insted thread the hair is more flexible Every tap of
Button is counted 1 ft. one foot till it stops. Th[at's] the
Story.

From the extensive files on water witching in my folklife
index I have culled two items with which I shall close these
notes on dowsing.

The first is an entry in the diary of James L. Morris, of
Morgantown. (The original is at the Berks County
Historical Society in Reading.) Under date of Oct. 4, 1842,
Morris, who was a storekeeper on the Berks-Lancaster
county line, entered this observation:

Today Father had the famous old Dutch water smeller
from near Adamstown searching for water round about
his new house. The old man uses no rod or witch hazel
as the other water smellers do, but depends entirely on a
peculiar sensitiveness in his legs—a slight twitching of the
muscles which he feels on passing over the underground
course of a spring or stream of water. He says that he
discovered the principle or whatever else it may be called,
within his system, at the early age of ten years.

For forty years, according to his statement, he has
never failed in giving true indications of the neighbour-
hood of underground water, certain it is, he has made
some most remarkable "guesses" in this neighbourhood,
indicating the exact position and course of the water, as
well as its volume and its depth below the surface.

His charges are One dollar.
His name is Leonard Conrad.
And—finally—an extract of an article by J. B. Garber in the
Pennsylvania Farmer of October, 1852, on John Shenk
of Manor Township, Lancaster County, the developer of
the "Hosen Schenk Pear":

He was, generally speaking, a somewhat singular char-
acter. His farm was greatly neglected, barely raising grain
sufficient to supply the family, his time being almost
exclusively devoted to the raising and planting of strange
trees and plants, and dowsing water; that is, going about
the country, wherever called for, with a "twig of hazle
as a "divining rod," to discover subterranean water-courses
prior to the digging of wells. The truth or falsity of this
"science" I shall not now attempt to substantiate; suffice
it to say, that Mr. Shenk was generally successful, and
was looked upon as an oracle in this matter by the
community.
AMISH FAMILY LIFE

A Sociologist's Analysis

By JOHN ANDREW HOSTETLER

[The Amish of Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, are not so well known to the outsider or to Pennsylvanians as the Lancaster County Amish. Beginning in 1791, Amish families settled in the fertile Kishacoquillas (or Big) Valley in Central Pennsylvania. Today nine Amish religious groups maintain separate existence in Big Valley. Of these, four are "Church Amish," with meetinghouses for worship, and five are known as "House Amish," or "Old Order Amish." These latter worship in their farmhouses. "All nine groups," writes John Hostetler, "live on farms in close proximity to each other, with no geographic barriers between them, in an oval shaped valley about 30 miles long and three miles wide." The following article is from pages 28-46 of John Andrew Hostetler's M.S. thesis, The Amish Family in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, done under Professors William G. Mather and M. E. John at the Pennsylvania State College in 1951, in the Department of Agricultural Economics and Rural Sociology of the Graduate School. It is printed as given in the original dissertation except that Note §13 has been brought up to date, and the term "Pennsylvania Dutch" (Hostetler uses it most of the time) has been used uniformly instead of its variants. The author of the dissertation was born in one of the Old Order Amish groups in Big Valley, is familiar to our readers from his many contributions to our pages as well as for his Annotated Bibliography of the Amish (Scottsdale, Pennsylvania, 1951), and is at present Professor of Rural Sociology at the University of Alberta, Edmonton.—EDITOR.]

The Pattern of Authority

Authority in the Amish home is decidedly patriarchal, with varying degrees of modification. The wife may be consulted when family problems arise, and she exercises her powers in rearing children, but her husband's word is regarded as final in domestic matters. This conforms to and is based on the teaching of the Apostle Paul, "The head of the woman is the man." God created woman as a "help meet" for man; she is her husband's helper but not his equal.

In actual practice, the farm is the Amish man's kingdom, and his wife is his general manager of household affairs. If a neighbor or other visitor should arrive at an Amish home while the family is at the dinner table, it is quite likely that the husband and boys will remain seated while the mother or daughter will open the door and provide the guest with a chair.

In public affairs men are regarded as more fit for leadership than are women. Ownership of property, whether household goods or farm equipment, within the family is spoken of as "ours." In actuality, however, any transaction involving the sale or purchase of property is made through the husband, or has his approval. Farms are usually owned jointly by both husband and wife to insure legal ownership in case of the death of the husband. Banking, writing checks, and depositing money is the business of the husband, and is rarely done by the wife. Women as well as men bid for household items at public sales. Voting in state and national elections, which was more prominent among the Amish in the past than at present,

1I Corinthians 11:3.
2Genesis 2:18.
Red Paint is generally used on barns, but this one is white trimmed in red. Since dairying is the main source of cash income, most farms are equipped with silos. This white barn and its surrounding whitewashed fence make it even more attractive than the house. The large brick house accommodates two families. Note the dinner bell on roof.

was done by men but never by women." Total strangers who were entertained at a meal in an Amish home were addressed by the husband, "Now just reach and help yourselves," and not by the wife who had prepared the meal. Thus men, especially the husband and father, are expected to assume the leadership role in not only public affairs, but in semi-public contacts as well.

The patriarchal system was perhaps never more beautifully illustrated than was the case in one Amish home. The family of ten were seated about the table and when it was time for dessert the husband took the pie, cut one large piece for himself, one a bit smaller for his wife, and divided the balance among the eight children. Amish children usually are not denied adequate food, but in this instance the method of dividing the pie illustrates the pattern of authority.

With regard to the woman's role in religious services the teaching of the Apostle Paul is literally obeyed: "Let the woman learn in silence with all submission." In leadership activities the woman is not "to usurp authority over the man." At communion time men are served first, then the women. At baptismal service, boys are baptized before girls. Women never serve as church officials. Each member, including both men and women, gives his oral consent when the "rote" (counsel) is sought in the church business meeting.

Cooperation between husband and wife prevails in differing degrees, depending somewhat on the psychological makeup of the personalities and their adjustment. The line of authority is not rigid, however, as an example will indicate.

A middle-aged man and his wife called at the home of a Mennonite neighbor to see a bed which was for sale. He remained seated in the buggy while she entered the house and inspected the bed. Undecided, and not willing to commit herself without the encouragement of her husband, she called him. After both looked at the bed and pondered

\[\text{1 Timothy 2:11-12.}\]
over the price, she said, "What do you think?" He replied, "You are the boss of the house." After a few gestures which indicated that she approved of the purchase, he wrote out a check for the amount.

Relation Between Married Mates

Personal relationships between husband and wife are quiet and sober, with no apparent demonstration of affection. The relationship is strikingly different from the way sentiments are indicated and affection expressed in our society at large. Patterns of conversation vary among Amish married mates, but terms of endearment, or gestures which would indicate any expression of affection, are conspicuously absent from conversation.

The husband may address his wife by her given name, or by no name at all. He may merely begin talking to her if he wants her attention. In speaking about his wife to others he may use "her," "my wife," or her given name.

The mother of the family may in like manner address her husband by name. To others she refers to him as "my husband," or "he," or she may use his given name.

Irritation between married mates is expressed in a variety of ways. It should be said, however, that little irritation if any is observable among the Amish. Displeasure or disapproval is expressed by the tone of voice, by gesture, or by direct statement. The husband may express disapproval by complete silence at the dinner table, and the wife is left to guess what is wrong. The usual conversation may lag for several days before it is completely restored to a normal level. Harsh and boisterous talk between mates occurs infrequently and then is known to be manifest only in more or less maladjusted partners.

The bond between husband and wife tends to be one of respect rather than personal attraction based on romantic love. The role of the parents is defined in terms of traditional familial relations, and this relationship is to some degree controlled by consanguineal kinship ties. The husband and wife are not individuals connected only by personal sentiments, but they are members of a group who must maintain the standards and dignity of that group.

AN “OLD SCHOOL” (NEBRASKA) AMISH DWELLING UNIT, MIFFLIN COUNTY

In contrast to the other farm photos, here is one of the more orthodox Amish. The stone house is perhaps a century and one-half old. Intensive farming and evidences of specialized farming, such as dairying and poultry farming, are much less evident. Lack of pride in general appearance tends to be a characteristic of this particular group of farmers.
ONE-CYLINDER GASOLINE ENGINE

A survival of the past century, this engine is the only kind used by the "Old School" (Nebraska) Amish of Mifflin County. Traction engines are taboo. The huge machine is moved with horses; notice the seat and brake used when transporting it. Here on a barn bank slope it is used for grinding feed, but it is also used for threshing and for sawmill power.

This tendency toward the consanguineal system compares favorably to the findings of Thomas and Znaniecki in their discussion of the Polish peasant family in which they say, "... the marriage norm is not love, but 'respect'..." They explain further the meaning of this respect:

The norm of respect from wife to husband includes obedience, fidelity, care for the husband's comfort and health; from husband to wife, good treatment, fidelity, not letting the wife do hired work if it is not indispensable. In general, neither husband nor wife ought to do anything which could lower the social standing of the other; since this would lead to a lowering of the social standing of the other's family. Affection is not explicitly included in the norm of respect, but is desirable. As to sexual love, it is purely a personal matter, is not and ought not to be socialized in any form; the family purposely ignores it, and the slightest indecency or indiscipline with regard to sexual relations in marriage is viewed with disgust and is morally condemned.

The Polish pattern of marital relationships compares very favorably with the Amish. In addition, however, the Amish have the biblical ideal to fulfill: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord... So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies... and the wife see that she reverence her husband."*

Parent-Child Relationships

The foremost responsibility of parents is to teach the children attitudes and values which will lead them to accept the Amish way of life, as has been done by their parents, grandparents, and forefathers. The social contact necessary for the development of the child is provided almost entirely within the family unit itself. The numerous brothers and sisters become playmates, and the children serve as excellent assistants for mother and father. From the beginning of social adventure and self-expression, the child must be taught that "we are different from other people." The child must be made to understand that he cannot have clothes, bicycles, and toys like "English" people have.†

The nature of the relationship between parent and child is essentially one of learning how to perform tasks, that is,

*Ephesians 5:22, 28, 33.

†"English" is the term used by Amish to designate all non-Amish or non-Mennonite people, and "Dutch" is used by non-Amish in referring to the "Plain" people in general. For a fuller discussion of this local terminology see the section on "Conversation."
THE PEACHEY HOMESTEAD IN BIG VALLEY, MIFFLIN COUNTY

These farm buildings of a House Amish (Speicher) family show a compact arrangement along a sloping hillside. This Swiss bank barn is one of the few three-story barns which remain. The driveway leading to the second story is on the side opposite the overshot. A second bank, leading to the third floor, is on the extreme end. Threshing is done inside the barn and when there is no more space for straw it is blown outside. As an example of modern methods of farm operations, note the bales of straw in the foreground. The overshot of the barn in this case is a separate roof extending over the entrance to the stables, and not an off-set in the main structure as in the previous illustration. Note the heart-shaped arch in the barn partially made of stone.

Painted fences and stone wall embankments help make this farm attractive, and also serviceable. Note the sidewalk between house and barn. A double house provides homes for two families. The overhanging porch with banisters makes it convenient to enter the cellar from the outside. The white square structure to the right is the springhouse used for food preservation. Pear, plum, peach, and apple trees, grape arbors, the garden, shade trees, and pond reflect the Amishman's idea of a relatively self-sufficient and permanent home.
work. A child begins to assist his parents when he is four or five years old, and he is given some responsibility at the age of five or six. He soon learns to assist with the garden and with the family chores such as feeding chickens, gathering eggs, feeding the calf, etcetera. From the start, boys are introduced to farm operations, and they naturally develop an interest in farming. Girls are trained to perform small favors for mother and to learn the art of cooking and housekeeping. Nothing can please the parents more than to have the child grow up honest, industrious, and thrifty, within the religious tradition.

An Amish informant of 70 years said, “In my home there were no idle moments. Even when dinner was not quite ready, father never sat idly waiting with his hands folded. He went in to the sitting room, took a book off the shelf—Martyrs Mirror, Bible, or Prayerbook—and started to read. Believe me, there were no idle moments for us children.” Another informant said, “I learned nothing at home except work and sleep.”

In general, the attitude of the children to parents is strict obedience. Orders are usually accepted and obeyed without hesitation. The extent to which the child can deviate from the command of the parent differs from family to family. Some parents are more authoritarian and rigid in their demands than are others, as is clear from the following example.
It is reported that one family had a decided reputation for imposing restrictions on their children by denying them certain foods. If one of the girls would accidentally break a dish, she was not permitted to eat pie for one week. This seems to have been a device for teaching thrift, rather than a punishment for disobedience.

Perhaps the most frequent method of disciplining the child is by “bleshooting” (thrashting). The instrument used may be the palm of the hand, a green switch freshly cut from a tree, a razor strop, or even a buggy whip. The Amishman agrees with Solomon: “He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.”

Upon complimenting one father for his seemingly well-behaved son, he replied, “Well, it’s necessary to use the whip sometimes, but I don’t like to do it.”

Another informant, a mother of 44 with two children, said: “It’s hard enough to raise them without having more. There are so many things to influence them these days, and then we can’t raise them like we were raised. It’s a two-horse team job to raise them now-a-days.”

Resentment on the part of the child is manifested sometimes, and in much the same manner as any other child. Pouting, unresponsiveness, complete silence, or a deliberate slowness of activity are frequent demonstrations of resentment. Temper tantrums and making faces among Amish youngsters are extremely rare, as the child has learned early in life that his reward for such rebellion is a sound thrashing. Retorting, sauciness, and name calling is not permitted.

In a few cases, children have not made satisfactory adjustments. Several attempts have been made by adolescent boys to run away from home. The following incident occurred in 1950.

A young lad, age 16, disappeared very suddenly one Saturday afternoon. His hat was found one mile from home by a neighbor. The father became alarmed and late that night went to a preacher to ask for advice. The preacher said, “It is rather late for you to be out, is it not?”

“Yes,” replied the father, “But I must tell you about my son; he left home, and we don’t know where he is.”

“Perhaps an evil spirit has entered his mind, and we will need to pray for him,” replied the minister. Both knelt and the minister prayed for the lost son.

On the following day, word came by phone to the neighbor’s house that the boy was in Philadelphia waiting for someone to come and bring him home.

Upon being brought home the lad shed a few tears and went immediately to the barn. He had, during the course

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THE "GROSSDAWDY" HOUSE

On this farm is a recent addition to the main farm house. The old folks instead of moving off the farm, retire in the adjoining small house and thus are on the farm as long as they live. Large porches, often sun porches, are considered desirable.

The roller doors between the barn and implement shed serve as a windbreak. Sheds attached to the barn provide storage space for grain and implements. Machinery as well as livestock are well housed.

of his short excursion, discarded his "Dutch" clothes for "English" and had his hair cut short. Consequently he was ashamed to be seen. No amount of coaxing could get him to the house until his sister took his Amish clothes out to him.

It was discovered that the boy had been on his way to New York City. He had "thumbed" part of the way, but for the most of the night rode in the back of a trailer-truck with a load of new automobiles. Upon arriving in Philadelphia on Sunday morning, tired, hungry, and homeless, he became discouraged, and seeing a telephone he decided to "give up" and call home.

The boy had apparently played with the notion of running away from home for some time. It was an unhappy event with his father that furnished the occasion for the break. The father recalled that on the previous day he had reprimanded his son for setting a corner post without asking his advice. Thinking that he was doing his father a good deed and then being rebuked for it gave the boy an incentive to disappear without warning.

Four adolescent boys, two of which were members of the House Amish Church (one the son of a deacon), and two non-church members (brothers), disappeared during the harvest season of 1947. At one o'clock on a certain night all four walked and "thumbed" their way out of the Valley. In the morning, long hair was found in one of their bedrooms, indicating that they intended to leave the community indefinitely.

One boy terminated his journey in Ohio, one went to Mercer County, Pennsylvania, and two did not get very far from home until they became discouraged. Within two weeks all were back in the Valley, but none remained at
his parental home. The two who were church members were automatically excommunicated, and of course banned. At no time since have they indicated any desire to be reinstated. One joined a Mennonite congregation, and one left the state and married an “English” girl. A third is in the army, and the fourth is about to enlist.

Another young man who made an attempt to run away did not know east from west too well. While hitch-hiking about six miles away from home, he was picked up by a lady driver. In the course of their conversation she asked, “And where are you going, young man?”

“I’m going out to see the West,” was the reply.

“But you’re not going west, you are headed east,” said the driver.

The young Amishman decided to save face and get out of the car. He was discouraged and went home.

The above examples would seem to indicate that boys have little available experimental knowledge when confronted with a new environment. Or, it may be that their home training has not equipped them to be individuals in society at large, but rather, a part of an integrated household where decisions are made by the family head. The lack of opportunity for making personal decisions may to some extent account for the unsuccessful attempts to escape and become established away from home.

Upon asking a father, formerly Amish, why boys sometimes run away from home, he said: “Who wouldn’t? All the teaching they get at home is Ordnung (regulations) and the command ‘Du bleibst Deitsch’ (You remain Dutch).” This informant felt that some parents are far too rigid in discipline, both as to their demands and punishment. He added:

“You know my brother ran away from home last year, and I can tell you why too. Dad was awful rough with him. He gave us boys one licking right after another. Even when I was 18 he tried to lick me, but that’s when I said ‘It’s enough.’ I didn’t let him.”

These manifestations of maladjusted home life on the
part of adolescent boys are not the common thing. They are rather the exception. While Amish children must be denied modern conveniences, a lively religion, and must even be scoffed at by outsiders, there is some compensation for this sacrifice.

Obedient sons have the promise of a horse and buggy to go courting. If the boy becomes a faithful church member and marries in the church there is the promise of, perhaps a farm, at least a good start in farming, and the outlook of a quiet and contented life in a home of his own.

Miller, in reporting on the Amish in Kansas, noted that Amish children do not respect the authority of parents as in former times, and he attributes the breakdown to a decline in the family and close community structure.

Brother-Sister Relationships

Masculine dominance is evident also in brother-sister relationships. The father and boys sit down first at the table while the mother and girls bring on the food. At a family ice cream supper the boys went to the cellar to refill the big dish with ice cream, and upon returning they helped themselves first before passing the dish.

Brother-sister intimacy often prevails from ages 7 to 12. Both the boy and girl then begin to associate more with their own sex. More responsibility and work is expected of the boy, which shortens his time for play. The girl likewise must work longer hours helping in the kitchen. Boys tend to be more chummy with each other from age 12 on, and the younger fellow likes to imitate his big brother.

While it is usually the girl rather than the boy, who helps mother in the preparation of the meal, this is not an iron-bound relationship. Occasionally a boy of adolescent age may set the table, help prepare the food, and whip the potatoes. The boy also, rather than the girl, is conscripted to do the heavier work around the house, such as helping mother on washday.

Disputes between boys are perhaps as frequent in Amish as in non-Amish families. The manner of expressing dissatisfaction is mostly verbal, especially among youngsters. Profanity is not permitted, and if discovered by the parents is usually promptly treated with punishment. Respect toward a brother or sister is expressed rather mildly in the presence of older persons. Thus in the presence of parents rebellion may be expressed to a chum by silence, hesitancy, or by completely ignoring the situation.

It has been observed that boys in grade school from about ages 12 to 15 frequently chum together in cliques and share certain secrets of their own. Among some of these cliques there exists an extensive vocabulary dealing with matters pertaining to sex. One teacher said, "Amish boys sometimes ride each other like animals." This phenomenon may be due partly to the fact that the subject of sex is suppressed in the home.

Buffington has observed that profane expressions, and words pertaining to sex, are humorous in the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect. Whether this sexy conversation is more prevalent among the Amish than among the Pennsylvania Dutch people in general is open to question, and to what extent it exists in this community is not known. It is doubtful, however, whether such conversation is more marked among the Amish than among non-Amish playmates.

Pertinently, as expressed by society in general, is conspicuously absent among members of the Amish family. There are no words in the dialect that correspond to "pardon me" or "excuse me." Children who would persist in using these gestures in family relationships would not meet the approval of their associates, but would be accused of trying to be a "society" person. "Oops" is sometimes used to indicate that a certain act was not intentional. "Please" and "thank you" are not a part of the everyday conversation, but children are taught to say "dankly" (thank you) when receiving a gift from a visitor or to say "du bist wilcom" (you are welcome) when giving gifts. Absence of words in the dialect to express politeness, however, does not mean that there is little considerateness or respect among members of the family.

Acts of politeness would seem to be much more characteristic than the words to express such considerateness. The wife may brush the husband's hat on Sunday morning before he gets around to it. If the husband is thoughtful he will carry the baby, help his wife into the buggy, and tuck the blankets around her.

An Amish couple engaged an automobile to visit a sick friend. The husband got in the back seat and let his wife sit in front beside her brother (who was the driver) as a gesture of courtesy.

A young adult said to his younger brother, "Ver vass machist so wiest?" (Why do you make so ugly?) after the latter had belched. The response he received was complete silence. Belching does occur frequently around the dinner table, yet with no thought of discourtesy.

When in contact with other people, it is interesting to note that Amish persons will employ the "English" forms of showing politeness. An Amish woman, walking over the freshly washed part of a sidewalk in Belleville, said to the "English" scrub lady, "Pardon me."

Whether the conspicuous absence of politeness in conversation is distinctively Amish trait remains to be established. It would seem to be a trait characteristic of a functionally integrated household, where roles are clearly defined and individualism is at a minimum. Might it not be a phenomenon equally persistent in other areas where life is predominantly rural?

Conversation

Conversation is an especially important part of Amish life, since the Amish are very sociable and hospitable. The home, "preaching" services, funerals, weddings, sales, quilting, barn raisings, frolics of various sorts, sewings, singings, shopping in town, and Sunday visiting are all occasions for conversing at length.

It has been noted by linguistic specialists that the Amish are trilingual, that is, they can speak three somewhat distinctive yet intermixed tongues. These tongues are Pennsylvania Dutch, High German, and English.

The Pennsylvania Dutch dialect as spoken by the Amish "resembles the Palatine German folk speech despite all exterior influences that have come in contact with it since

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This black top buggy belongs to a House Amish (Speicher) married member, and the same type of vehicle is used also by the House Amish (Kemno). The "Byler's" (another House Amish division) have yellow tops, and the "Old School" (Nebraska) have white. Single seated topless buggies are used by the unmarried boys for courting.

The buggy has two seats, and there are no springs under the seats—only those attaching the cab to the axles. The front seat is collapsible to accommodate those who enter the rear seat. Blankets serve to keep the occupants warm in winter, and spreads are used to keep the road dust off in summer. Notice the whip which is held by a socket inside the dashboard. The curtains are let down when the weather is severe. The brake is applied by a floor pedal on the driver's side. A somewhat unusual feature is the rear-view mirror mounted on the left front post. Note the collar and side rein on the horse. Breast straps and check reins are taboo.

This tongue is not a "debased" form of German or "garbled English in the mouth of ignorant farmers" as some writers have asserted. It must not be supposed that the Amish are the only Pennsylvania Dutch group, or that they are representative of that group. The Amish are only a small minority of a much larger segment of the Pennsylvania Dutch speaking people in Pennsylvania and the midwestern states. The dialect is used for everyday conversation among the Amish, and even for secular announcements at religious meetings.

The English used by the Amish is employed when speaking with non-Amish persons in town, at school, or when talking to an "English" visitor or salesman. Thus Amishmen employ English on "forced" occasions. Children learn to speak the dialect first and often cannot speak English when they begin to attend public school. Frey has described the Amishman's use of English as "American English built on a framework of Pennsylvania Dutch language patterns and interjected continually with whole or part loan-translations from the dialect."34

An Amishman may shift his conversation from the dialect to English, or from English to the dialect, whichever he finds most convenient for the occasion. An outside visitor at the table of an Amish family should not be surprised if dialect chatter prevails at one end of the table, while one or two members of the family keep the general conversation going in English for his benefit.

High German is known only passively, as it is used almost exclusively for Bible reading, preaching, praying, and singing. The average layman cannot converse in German except perhaps to repeat a verse or two verbatim from the Bible. The ordained minister, on the other hand, must be well versed in the German Bible and must be able to preach sermons an hour in length.

A large number of English loan-words are used in the dialect with the German prefix and suffix sounds added, but this is not so characteristic of the High German. It is striking to note, however, that the endings that have been weakened or dropped in the dialect, are retained in the High German. The umlaut, as ö or ü, are not pronounced...
with the rounding of the lips as in modern standard German. Thus fröhlich (joyous) is pronounced "fraylich." It is clear that the German is preserved by its use in worship service. Children are given German instruction at home through Bible reading.

Having observed the general characteristics of the languages spoken, let us note some of the local terminology and its function in the patterns of conversation.

"English," as used by the Amish, means any person of non-Amish or non-Mennonite affiliation, as for instance a Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Lutheran, et cetera. When an Amishman joins one of the major Protestant churches, the expression "He went English" is used. Among the Amish, Mennonites are called "Mennische," which likely comes from "Mensch," a sixteenth century German corruption of the name early applied to Mennonites. A Catholic person is called a "katholischer," from the German "katholisch." Curiously enough, non-Amish people have deposed a name for the Amish. They are the "Dutch"—from the German "Deutsch." This meaning is synonymous with Pennsylvania Dutch. Its usage may have evolved from earlier times when Amish, as well as other German speaking sects, spoke German almost exclusively.

Directions in Kishacoquillas Valley are usually given as "Up the Valley" or "Up the Mountain," meaning to the southwest. "Down the Valley" or "Down the Mountain," means toward the opposite end of the Valley, northeast. The "Front road" is that road along Jack's Mountain—front because it is nearest to the sun. The "Back road" lies on the opposite side of the Valley, along Stone Mountain. "Tight end" is that narrow strip of land between the mountains, at the extreme southwest end of the Valley.

Another local practice is that of nicknaming. Such names, more or less universally used among the Amish-Mennonite population of the valley, are: Wild Israel, Wild Jess, Waxy Jake, Money-maker John, Gishy, Hucklebery Jonas, Big Elam, Big Moses, Smilely Joe, Red Sam, Rotten Fish, Pike Davie, Jummy, Fancy Katie, Sover John, Coldwater Dave, Little Chris, One-arm Joe, Blacksmith Sam, Whaley Ez, and Basty.

Frequently the head of the family is identified by the first name of his father, as "Sunny John Yoder" (Sunny is the father of John), or the wife may be identified by her husband's first name, as "Levi Mary," "Soyer Mattie," "Sim Susie," et cetera. A young son of a widow may be identified by both his father and mother's first name, as "Sim Susie's Stephen."

The first names of the children of Christian B. Yoder (1807-1846) and Fannie Kauffman (b. 1874) are prefixed with the word "Michigan," viz. "Michigan Sam." This name came from Clarence Milliken, the owner of the farm rented by Yoder, and the family and its offspring were so labeled because there was another Yoder family with the same identical full name. The "Michigan" has survived even though the Millikens are dead.

The reason for the existence of so many nicknames is probably due to function. A high degree of primary group relationships and contacts has created the necessity for some means of identity. There are too many persons in the same locality with the same name. There are nine Jacob Yoders, nine John Yoders, nine Sam Yoders, seven John Bylers, six John Hostetlers, five John Peachey, and five David Yoders. At least 25 additional names have three or more persons with the same name. Several have the same middle initial. The presence of so many persons with like names is confusing to the outsider, but to the average person in the community there is little or no difficulty, because this system of identification has been created.

Note that the names selected came not only from the father or mother, but also from personal traits, skills, physical characteristics, and geographic location. In a few instances, animosity as well as humor played some part in coming a nickname, nevertheless the name has functional significance. These names have life-long usage and seldom fade out.

**Differentiation Between Families**

Although there is nothing that corresponds to social class based on economic possessions among the Amish, differentiation is nevertheless present among and between families. Successful farmers are, of course, looked up to in the community. This difference in social standing, although probably not as marked as in society at large, is expressed among the Amish in various ways. One informant said: "The S—— are a sort of independent group. I guess they don't mean it, but it's just their way."

One person said a certain member of his own church group bought a horse from him more than 15 years ago and never paid for it. He added: "I wouldn't trust him very far."

In speaking of close neighbors of the same religious affiliation, an Amish woman said: "Ach, they have so many children, and they have to learn when they are so young. They have so many flies too."

An interesting phenomenon in Amish community life is how leadership is attained and how it is recognized. It would indeed be a fruitful field for further investigation. The following conversation between an Amish woman and the interviewer illustrates how a church lay member has achieved a certain amount of social status, at least in the mind of this woman.

"What he says counts pretty much in his church."
"Why? What do you mean?"
"Well, you see, his father was a bishop, and his wife is a preacher's daughter."
"How can he exercise any authority, he is not a preacher?"
"Well, anyway, the people do what he thinks pretty much."
"How does he do it?"
"Well, for instance, one time he saw one of his fellow church members drive through our plowed field instead of taking the long way home by the lane. He told my husband that he should report it to the ministers of the church."

The conduct of the individual, as illustrated by the above incident, is regulated not only by the family but also by the religion of the group. The entire life of the Amishman is controlled by religion in much more detail than in society at large.

It is believed that some family heads are more influential than others in getting the bishop to take action against a certain issue, or against another member. Thus a member, being offended because he was not invited to a wedding, retaliated by instigating bishop action against the bride's father (who had approved the invitations for the wedding) for being too "worldly." The "worldliness" in this instance consisted of ownership of a registered herd of milking cows. It was felt that the ownership of registered cattle was a violation of the doctrine of nonconformity, being "unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

---II Corinthians 6:14---
Straw Hat Making Among the Old Order Amish

By LAURA HUYETT

The process of making straw hats by the Old Order Amish is an interesting and unique process. It is all done by hand, even the sowing of the rye. These folks believe in making their men-folk's hats, dress hats (for Sunday) as well as their work hats (for everyday) and have done this for many years. They believe that to work with the hands is,
in a sense, a religious duty. The Amish people are thrifty, growing their own rye straw to make the hats as it is much more durable than any machine-made straw one can buy. They grow and cure their own rye straw, sewing the grain in autumn about the same time as the farmer sows his winter wheat. The next spring, in June when the rye is in bloom, it is harvested, or cut by hand, using a scythe (which is a half circular sharp blade or hook with a short handle).

When they cut this grain they invite a group of friends and have what they call a "rolfe" (party). The friends help cut and carry the straw from the field to the barn where a group helps to size and cut the beards or heads off. They also cut the nodes or joints off so that the straw is smooth and even to plait. After this is done they spread the straw on a barn floor or loft for a few days to shrink so as to loosen the leaf or blade, which is then stripped from the straw, by hand.

Next they size the straw. The top part of the stems is sized (or graded) into three sizes. The second part, which is coarsest, is graded into two sizes or thicknesses.

The next job is to bleach the straw. This is done by spreading the straw on the grass in thin even rows over a wide area. This takes from one to three weeks, depending on the weather. If it storms or rains they must gather it up and spread it out again when the sun shines. Sometimes they have to gather it up several times a day, as it would become moldy if it got too wet or stayed wet too long. This is quite a task until it is bleached and dried.

The folks who grow the rye do not generally have room to cure and bleach all they grow, so many of the helpers take home bundles of straw and dry and bleach it on their own lawns. In clear hot weather the straw is left out over night, as dew does not harm it, but is somewhat helpful in bleaching it, as a small amount of moisture helps to bleach it. When the straw is thoroughly bleached, it is sized again for thickness and length and bleached again in a box using a grate, with a sulphur pot put underneath. This takes from one-half to one day. After this the straw is ready for plaiting into various braids. Some braids are made with five straws, some with six or seven, also nine straws for very fine hats. A four straw plait is mostly used for a fancy braid to use on the outer edge for trim.

Before the straw can be plaited into braids it must be put into a long narrow vessel and sealed with boiling water. The water is left on until it cools, then the straw is wrapped into a heavy cloth or towel, to keep it moist while being braided. Only as much straw is wet at one time as they expect to use in one day.

The braiding or plaiting is mostly done by the elder women who do not have too many household chores. Some plait as much as six to ten or twelve yards in one day. They are paid by the yard and some steady workers do from seventy-five to one hundred yards per month.

The very fine straw is used for dress hats; the coarser, generally five-straw braids, are used for work or everyday hats. At one time some folks split the very coarse straw into two and four pieces and this was used for dress hats and they were also very light in weight. Before these braids are sewn into hats it must be dipped into water again for a few minutes so as to make it pliable enough to sew. These plaits are then run through a wringer to flatten them. Some use a clothes wringer and some a wooden wringer made for this purpose.

Next the crown is sewn and turned right side out. The inside band is sewn in, then the brim sewn on and the hat is put on a home made wooden form which fits on the edge of the table. The crown is carefully pressed with a warm iron, then it is put on the floor to dry. The brim is weighted down with glass weights so as not to rust the wet straw. These hats are ordered by their Amish customers and are not sold to anyone else outside of their church or clan.

The size of the head is generally copied from a former hat. Two pieces of wool are used, one for width and one for length of crown. They are tied together and have the name and address of the person for whom they are made written on each one, also height of crown and length of brim, on the size and type of straw. If it is for a growing boy, they must be changed from time to time the same as a pair of shoes.

This is a unique and interesting art. It takes plenty of ambition and patience to make these hats as I have learned and I fear this art is slowly dying out.

The price of these hats is judged by the number of yards, size or grade of straw and whether finished with a fancy trim or edge. It takes from six to twenty yards of straw for one hat depending on size of hat and grade of straw.

The flat hat worn by the women of the "Nebraska" Amish clan is also made from straw cured in the same way as the plain Amishmen's hats described here. This is the oldest living hat style of today as they were worn in the 18th Century by the women in France and are still worn today by the "Nebraska" Amish women and girls of the Kishacoquillas Valley of Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, in the fields and gardens. They have a very low crown, about five inches wide, and a wide brim. They are decorated with black ribbon and tied under the chin.

There are several different braids of straw used in these flat hats. The one which is most difficult to make resembles shingles on a roof. One very old hat purchased by the Pennsylvania Folklore Society from a Lancaster County family who had it handed down from the grandparents, was made of very fine straw and braided in the same way as for men's dress hats. The most interesting thing about this hat is that it was all sewn together by hand with linen thread and is as pliable perhaps as when it was made, seventy some years ago.

This is also an art that requires much work and patience to grow and cure the straw and make these hats. This I know quite well as I have made several of them through the kindness of my Amish friends.
Bread and Apple-Butter Day

By ANDREW S. BERKY

Bread, butter and apple-butter play an unusual role in Schwenkfelder culture. For the past 226 years, the Schwenkfelders have observed, on September 21, a thanksgiving service (Gedachtniss Tag) which is unique in several aspects. The only fare provided at the traditional meal consists of water, bread, butter and apple-butter. This service of thanksgiving was instituted on September 24, 1734, by the Schwenkfelder immigrants, two days after their arrival in Pennsylvania. It has been observed annually thereafter in remembrance of the safe voyage and the rescue from intolerance; as a measure of gratitude for the blessing of freedom; as a reminder of the responsibility for the preservation and extension of freedom to others; and as an expression of gratitude to God for his grace and guidance.

The simple fare served at these thanksgiving services stands in stark contrast to the bountiful meals generally associated with the giving of thanks. The intriguing question posed by all of this is: why bread, butter and apple-butter?

Unfortunately, we have no certain knowledge of the circumstances nor do we know that this traditional fare was the one that was served the first year. It may well be, as has been suggested, that this was all that the immigrants could afford only two days after their arrival in Philadelphia. But if this had been the case, why not apples instead of apple-butter? However, we do know that apples were of more than passing interest to this group of immigrants.

The Schwenkfelders started on their ocean voyage to Pennsylvania on July 29, 1734, the last European port of call being Plymouth, England. The voyage was made particularly uncomfortable by a series of storms and toward the end of the journey, the passengers and crew members had their water rations drastically reduced. Of the 216 Schwenkfelders on board, nine were buried at sea during the voyage. The diarist for this trip was Christopher Schultz, a sixteen-year-old orphan. Under date of September 21, 1734, the day before the ship docked at Philadelphia, we find this entry: “On the 21st of September it was again calm, and the anchor was dropped near New Castle, and we obtained our first fresh water out of the river today. The captain rowed over and brought back a bag of apples and shared them with the passengers. Many apples were also brought for sale, in addition to (bread) rolls.”

Here then, at the end of the voyage, are the basic ingredients for the traditional meal—fresh water, bread and apples.

Again, on the following day we find this:

“On the 22nd, thank God, we came safely into the harbor of Philadelphia; the anchor was cast and the cannons were fired, whereupon many people soon came on board ship ... George Schultz distributed many apples amongst the passengers and provided us with fresh beer.”

Thus, apples became the first fresh food enjoyed by the Schwenkfelders at the end of their voyage. This, in all probability, accounts for the inclusion of apple-butter in the annual Gedachtniss Tag meal and it would be safe to assume that the meal was limited by conscious choice rather than inability to purchase a greater variety of foodstuffs.

In any event, during the first years of observance, there were practical considerations which may have kept the confines of the menu restricted.

The Schwenkfelders did not construct meeting-houses until the 1790’s, so the annual services were held in individual homes. The difficulties attendant to serving one or two hundred people a full course meal from the “kitchen” of a log or plank house are evident. In all probability, the traditional meal was served on long plank tables set up near the house, crocks of apple-butter were brought up from the cellar or spring-house, and loaves of bread were gingerly removed from the warm bake oven.

With the construction of meeting-houses, the scene for the annual Gedachtniss Tag services shifted, and so did the method of serving. Phoebe Earle Gibbons has provided us with a vivid description of one of these “yearly meetings.” This account was taken from Pennsylvania Dutch and Other Essays, the second edition, published in 1874.

I asked a Schwenkfelder, “What are the exercises of your commemorative festival?” He answered, “It is a day of thanksgiving to God, that we live under a freed government, where we can serve him according to our conscience.”

An animated description of the day has been given by the Rev. C. Z. Weiser, in the Mercersburg Review. This article, although apparently not quite true to history, and though written in a peculiar style, has a sprightliness which interests the reader.

Mr. Weiser tells us, that whoever is not providentially prevented is bound to attend their yearly reunion. Nor has it been found necessary thus far to enter an urging statute to secure the presence of the fraternity. The “seeding” is done, the corn stands in shocks, and the farmwork of September is timely put aside, in order that all may participate in the memorial ceremonies of the 24th with a light, gay, and thankful heart. It is on
"PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH,"

AND

OTHER ESSAYS.

SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1874.

Quaker journalist Phoebe Earle Gibbons wrote first volume on the Pennsylvania Dutch.

the day and day before that you may feast your eyes on many a well-hewn carriage, the horses all in good condition, moving on towards one of the Schwenkfelder meeting-houses, selected in rotation, and one whole year in advance. The aged and infirm of both sexes stay not behind. The young men and women are similarly enough clad to be considered uniformed. So too are the mothers arrayed in a manner very like to one another, with snow-white caps and bonnets that never vary. The sons and daughters do indeed not love the habits of their elders any the less, yet only the wicked world's a little more.

The morning service opens at nine o'clock, and is filled out with singing, praying, and recitals of portions of their ancestral history. All is gone through with in the Pennsylvania German dialect, but withal reverentially, solemnly, and earnestly, just as though it were newly and for the first time done.

At twelve o'clock, the noonday feast is set. This is the feature of the day. It consists of light and newly-baked rye bread, sweet and handsomely printed butter, and the choicest apple-butter. Wheat bread is now used. (At a Schwenkfelder house I ate apple-butter, sweet, because made from sweet apples, and seasoned with fennel, of which the taste resembles amiss.) Nothing beyond these is set, but these are of the first water. The bare benches, but lately occupied by devout worshippers, serve as tables, along which the guests are lined out. Not in silence, nor in sullenness, do they eat their simple meal, but spicing it with cheerful talk, they dine with hearts full of joy. Still, you need fear no profane utterance or silly jest. They are mindful of the spirit of the occasion, of the place in which they congregate, and of the feast itself, which the singing of some familiar hymn has consecrated. If any one thirst, let him drink cold water.

And now think not that they feign simply to eat and drink—that the meal from first to last is but a poor pretense. A full and hearty dinner is "made out" there. It is a bona fide eating and drinking that is done in the meeting-house of the Schwenkfelders on their Gedächtniss Tag (anniversary). They are all hard-working men and women,—farmers and farmers' wives and farmers' children. They are sunburnt, healthy, and hungry besides. And why should they not relish the sweet bread, with their sweet butter and apple-butter, then? Even strangers who attend and are hospitably entertained by the society show that one can make a full hand, even at such a table.

At two o'clock the tables become pewless again, and the afternoon exercises are conducted according to the programme of the morning. These concluded, a general invitation is again extended to partake of the baskets of fragments gathered up and stored away in the rear of the meeting-house. A fraternal hand-shaking closes the anniversary for the year. The reflection that many part now who may never meet again on earth causes tears to trickle down some forrowed cheek, which generally proves more or less contagious, as is always the case in a company of hearts, when those tears flow in sincere channels. Hence, though all were happy all day long, they now feel sad.

To appreciate the meaning and spirit of this apparently homely scene, it is necessary to know that it is a memorial service all through. It was on this very 24th of September, 1734, that some seventy (forty) families of Schwenkfelders, who had landed on the 22d, and declared their allegiance on the 23d, held their thanksgiving service, in gratitude to God for a safe deliverance to the colony of Pennsylvania. They had arrived in the ship St. Andrew, at Philadelphia, as fugitives from Silesia.

Poor, but feeling rich in view of their long-sought liberty, they blessed God in an open assembly. We may judge their store and fare to have been scant and lean indeed; and to perpetuate the original service of their fore-fathers from generation to generation, they staledly celebrate their Gedächtniss Tag.

The poor fare before them is finely designed to impress the sore fact of their ancestors' poverty indelibly upon their minds, memories, and hearts. They eat and drink in remembrance of former days,—the days of small things. They join thereto at the same time a gladsome worship, in thankfulness for the asylum opened up for them from their former house of bondage, and which proved so fair a heritage to their people ever since.

This description by Phoebe Earle Gibbons presents a fairly accurate picture of the Gedächtniss Tag scene throughout the 19th Century. The setting for "bread and apple-butter day" changed to its present form in the early years of the present century when the Schwenkfelders closed the old meeting-houses and moved into larger church structures, equipped with kitchens.

The traditional meal is now served on tables in church social rooms, the plain garb of the 19th Century has been replaced by modern dress, the sermons and hymns are rendered in English in lieu of German, but the fare—bread and apple-butter—remains the same, as it has for the past two and a quarter centuries.
Almost disappeared from the Pennsylvania rural scene are the not uncommon 19th Century Dry Houses, used before the days of cans and jars to dry large quantities of fruits and vegetables for winter use. (Smaller quantities were dried in outdoor bake ovens or on trays set on roofs for sun-drying.) The dry houses were heated by old-time wood stoves. The trays were periodically shifted from one side to the other to assure uniform drying. The one pictured here, built in 1853 according to family tradition, is in an excellent state of preservation. Last used in the days of the depression, it is located on the Noah Getz farm, three to four miles west of Lancaster City, on the old Harrisburg Pike. A similar structure, though weatherboarded, is preserved on a Mennonite farm in the Kitchener-Waterloo section of Ontario, Canada.
In some parts of the Dutch Country, "schnitz-pie" was a Christmas season delicacy. Grandma started working on the pie in the Fall when she "schnitzed" (how else can you say it?) the apples and put them in the sun to dry.

By DON YODER

"Schnitz" (dried apples), like sauerkraut, were one of the staples of the Dutch household from the 18th Century until recently.

Like sauerkraut, too, "schnitz" were not only a favorite food in the Dutch Country, but appeared as a favorite ingredient in the nostalgic Dutch and English poetry of the 19th and 20th Centuries. Because they were so portable and marketable, occasionally "schnitz" took the place of currency, at least they could be bartered at the country store for things the farmer needed. And occasionally we hear of a Dutch couple being "married for schnitz," i.e., they paid the pastor his wedding fee—in schnitz. From its usage in the Dutch Country, the term "schnitz" and several of its offspring have come into American English. And even the map of Pennsylvania bears witness to the popularity of schnitz.

Let us look at some of these folk-cultural ramifications.

SCHNITZ: A TYPOLOGY

There were two kinds of "schnitz," basically, with differing uses in the Dutch cuisine.

"Sweet schnitz"—dried apples made of sweet apples—were used with ham and dumplings in the favorite Dutch Country dish, "Schnitz-un-Gneppe"—a native dish that was second only to sauerkraut in its popularity with Dutch stomachs. Sweet schnitz were pared, i.e., the skins were left on, so that the pieces could keep their identity in the schnitz-un-gneppe.

"Sour schnitz"—dried apples made of sour apples—were used for "schnitz pies." Sour schnitz were pared schnitz, i.e., the skins were cut off before drying, since there was no need for the apple-slices to maintain their identity within the pie-crust.

Rae Snider Maurer's poem, "Dar Appel," describes the difference between sweet schnitz and sour schnitz:

De Mom hat ae als Schnitz gadott,
De sauer werra fa Piz,
De mocht se als mit goomper Doeg
Was werra se zo fei!
De seesa werra fa Schnitz-un-Gneppe,
Gakocht zu ne Schanze-Gneppe;
Noch ma Doyg im Feld vor sell so gut,
Un hot so gut garocho!

Which can be translated: "Mom always used to dry schnitz too. The sour ones were for pie. She always made them with raised dough. How fine they were! The sweet ones were for schnitz-un-gneppe, boiled with a ham-bone. After a day in the field that was so good, and smelled so good!"

—From The Pennsylvania Dutchman, November 15, 1951.

A rhyme from Oliver R. Strausser, late of Pricetown, Berks County, Pennsylvania, gives the limits of the period when schnitz pies were eaten—from December to July. In other words, one summer's stored apples lasted till December, and the next crop of "pie apples" began in July, so schnitz were used in the interim.

Ebbel schnitz oon beena hootza.
Mocha a rechtar goodar pie.
Vom mar shannah tiz bessar hat
Foon December bis July.

Translation: Apple schnitz and dried pears make a really good pie, if you don't have anything better, from December to July. Olle Strausser prefaced his verse with the statement: "Des iss vos de olta leit als gauet hen" (This is what the old people always used to say).

THE TERM "SCHNITZ" AND ITS OFFSPRING

The term "schnitz" (dried apples) has come over into American English, at least in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, and other regions influenced by the Pennsylvania folk-culture.

Karl-Heinz Schönfelder's recent volume, Deutsches Lohm-...8

The term of course is Germanic in origin, from the verb "to cut." In the Pennsylvania dialect it is plural, in English often singular. The forced singular in the dialect, "shmoote," is used only humorously. The term "schnitz" is linguistically but not culturally related to the Dutch term "schnitzelboek"—a "carving bench" for wooden shingles. On April 7, 1954, we received a copy from the Hotel Brunswick for their three-page ad in the 1954 Tourist Guide Through the Dutch Country. The copy, prepared by Jean Mollov, public relations director, said: "You'll see a variety of early farm implements, a dough-tray, spinning wheels, a cobbler's bench, a schnitzelboek (for schnitzing' apples), a butter church, etc., etc."

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An Applebutter Boiling among the Plain Dutch—
G. W. Peters Illustration, Scribner's Monthly (1901)

gut im Amerikanischen Englisch (Halle/Saale, 1957), devotes two pages (pp. 146-147) to the words "schnitz," "schnitz pie," "to schnitz," "schnitzing," and "schnitz un knappe." According to his scholarly definition "schnitz" are "dünne, getrocknete Scheiben von Apfeln oder Birnen" (thin dried sections of apples or pears). He gives us five spellings: schnitz, schnit, schnitz, schnitz, and snitz. Of these the latter two are the more "English" forms.

Although his examples are 20th Century (Frederick, Weygandt, etc.) Schönfelder does analyze the linguistic development of the basic term "schnitz" into the transitive verb "to schnitz," meaning to cut into pieces; the substantive "schnitzing" which is short for "schnitzing party,"
a social event when apples were prepared for making applebutter. He also mentions that the term is used in the combinations "schnitz pie" and "peach snits," and naturally, in "schnitz un knepp."

Since Schonfelder depends on well-known 20th Century sources (novels, cookbooks) for his references, let us look at the references to the term from Pennsylvania dialect and newspaper notes in the Pennsylvania Folklore Society files. The earliest American-English reference to the word "schnitz" which we have discovered is a humorous one and comes from the Pennsylvania stage. A play was announced in the Lancaster Journal of January 17, 1801, entitled "The Union Dance, A Farce in Three Acts." One of the direction lines—"Enter Countess Schnitz."

The York County dialect poet Henry L. Fisher, in his three-column "Glossary" to his poem 'S Alt Marik-Haus (York, 1879), gives us the dialect word "schnitz" and its English equivalent "snits." The middle column is vacant, implying that (to Fischer at least) there was no High German equivalent.4

The term "snits"—the English usage—is documented also in 1909, in C. H. Leeds' Old Home Week Letters (N.p., 1909), "... they saw Jack helping himself to some apple snits from a barrel."

The word "schnitzer," for a machine invented in the 19th Century to aid the process of making dried apples, appears in an advertisement in the York County Star of April 29, 1858: "Something New! Patent Apple Parer, Corer, and Schnitzer, a new article which parets, cores and cuts the apple into snits, ready for drying, at one operation. For sale at S. M. Smith's Store."

SCHNITZ ON THE EMIGRANT BOATS

In the 18th Century the emigrant generations of our forefathers were well acquainted with schnitz. Many of them had brought schnitz along to feed their families on the six or eight week trip across the Atlantic on the creaking wooden ships that brought them from Rotterdam to Philadelphia.

A reference to this phase of the emigration appears in a letter from Durs Thommen, dated Philadelphia, Weimonomat (October) 19, 1736. In this letter, which the emigrant sent back to his relatives in Canton Basel, Switzerland, the Pennsylvanian warms his emigrating friends and kin to bring schnitz along on the journey. In his words: “Dann wer in das Land kommen will, der versehe sich wohl mit Butter und Speck, Schnitz und Wäschgen und Möhl, Wein und Brandenwein und dürr Brodt, Thee und Zucker” (Then whoever wants to come to this country, should provide himself well with butter and bacon, schnitz and dried plums and flour, wine and brandy and dry bread, tea and sugar)."
APPLE BUTTER—CALLED IN JEST “PENNSYLVANIA SALVE”—WAS MADE OF FOUR INGREDIENTS: “SCHNITZED” APPLES, CYDER, SUGAR, AND SPICES. The apples in this case were not dried but freshly “schnitzed.” It was an all-day process to stir the bubbling concoction until it was ready for the applebutter crocks, the farmhouse attics, or the town markets.

SCHNITZ-UN-GNIEPP

Among the regional specialties of the Dutch Country is the dish of dried apples, ham, and dumplings which is known by the dialect name—unpronounceable by “English” tongues—of Schnitz-un-Gnepp.

The word literally means “Schnitz and Dumplings” and our earliest reference to it is from the newspaper with the intriguing name, the Schamokin Canalboat (Sunbury, Pennsylvania), for August 16, 1828, which refers to “Schnitz u. Knöp.”

The earliest description of the dish comes from a humorous Dutch-English newspaper sketch from one “Yaveup de Schleeker” from Allentown, published in the Independent Balance (Philadelphia), January 31, 1819. Describing Christmas dinner, “Yaveup” tells us that “...at de onder endt of de diel vas a good fitch of paeon, amoast kiverd all ofer mit schwett schnitz, barsnips and tumplings...” The “barsnips” are no longer a usual addition to the dish, and the “fitch” has become (on most Dutch tables, at least) ham—cooked so thoroughly that it falls into shreds at the touch of a fork—but there is no doubt that “schnitz-un-gnepp” is under discussion here.

Phoebe Earl Gibbons, who helped the nation to “discover” the Pennsylvania Dutch in the 1860’s and 1870’s, through her series of articles in the national home-magazines and her book, Pennsylvania Dutch and Other Essays (Philadelphia, 1869), tells us (in 1869) that “Schnitz and kneip” is said to be made of dried apples, fat pork, and dough dumplings, cooked together.” This from her article, “Pennsylvania Dutch,” in the Atlantic Monthly, October, 1869, page 484.

W. J. Hoffman, the American anthropologist with Dutch Country roots, writing in the Journal of American Folk-Lore, 1889, page 23, is more specific. “Schnitz-un-kneip was prepared,” he writes, “by first making small dough balls, or dumplings, of flour, and adding thereto a sufficient quantity of shred, dried unpared apples, and a piece of meat. These, being deposited in a kettle, were covered with water and thoroughly boiled and then served in a large, deep plate.”

“Friday was schnitz and kneip day” on the Dutch farm, writes Elsie Smith, Berks County farmwife who prepared...
for the Pennsylvania Folklife Society a lengthy manuscript account of Dutch farm life as viewed from the distaff side. According to her description of the dish, "The schnitz were boiled to [an] end of ham, potatoes and gnepp added, and one had a very good Pennsylvania Dutch meal. The gnepp were made from bread dough and much better than the dumplings."

A folktale, from the same source, deals with the old country preacher who had had too much schnitz-un-gnepp on his rounds among his Dutch parishioners. "I just can’t resist telling a true story about an old minister who did not like schnitz and gnepp but came to a family on a Friday and had to take potluck. When the old minister sat at the table and saw what was on it, he remarked in Pennsylvania Dutch, ‘Siss meer net davoot far buids far shnitz oon gnepp.’ Translated: ‘It isn’t worth while to pray for schnitz oon gnepp.’"

"Schnitz-un-gnepp," like "sauerkraut" and "schnitz," was used occasionally by Pennsylvanians of English tongue, to make fun, affectationally, of the Dutch. For example, in 1892 the Reading Times spoke in its columns of "the sauerkraut and schnitz-un-gnepp knapper of the York Daily" (York Daily, October 29, 1892).

At any rate Schnitz-un-Gnepp became the Dutch Country’s second favorite dish, ranking close after sauerkraut in the farm cuisine. According to H. L. Fisher’s poem "Die Alte Zeit" it took its turn with schnitz on the great potter platter that stood on the Dutch farmer’s table:

Ich wees noch fon d’r alte Schiesel
G’macht fon lauter Zinn,
Recht mittes uf’m grosse Disch,
Un ghauftig toll’n guaner Wisch—
Wass denkst du nun war dirn?
Eimholis war’s Sauerkraut un Schpeck,
Un eimholis war’s a’b Schnitz un Knöp.

TRADITIONAL RHYMES

Two traditional dialect rhymes on this apple-ham regional dish have gained wide currency throughout Dutch Pennsylvania.

Schnitz oon gnepp
Mocht olde veever deck oon fett.
(Schnitz-un-gnepp makes old women stout and fat.)

Schnitz oon gnepp
De gleich ich net
Reen sin tuoo ses.
De bover boouw buss ich net
Se hen tuoo groaza fes.
(Schnitz-un-gnepp I do not like. Turnips are much too sweet. I don’t like to kiss the boys from the farm; they’ve got too big feet.)

From Norman Smith of Lenhartsville, Berks County, comes still another traditional rhyme:

Schnitz oon gnepp
Bringel oof de keppe.
(Schnitz-un-gnepp, you’ll get your head whipped.)

A variant couplet to the schnitz-un-gnepp theme is—

Schnitz oon shpeck
Iss’n godt shlceck.
(Schnitz and “speck” are “good eats.”)

*M. Fischer, op. cit., p. 124.

MARRIED FOR "SCHNITZ"

The story is even told in Lehigh County of old Pastor Johann Zulieh (Zulieh) who became pastor of the Alleghenel Charge including the Jacobs Church at Jacksonville in 1816. The Reverend J. J. Reitz of Walnutport wrote in 1941 that in 1873, as a boy, he heard the aged Pastor Zulieh “relate the incident about the couple who came many miles from across the Blue Mountains to be married, with no money but only a bag of apple Schnitz as the marriage fee.” Pastor Reitz’s dialect poem, "Der Parre Johann Zulieh," which appeared in "Pennsylvania Dutch Deitsch Eck, Morning Call" (Allentown, Pennsylvania), July 19, 1941, tells the story in verse.

En mancher Geschpess hat er verzocht:
En Daag in Steinsville var sein Haus
Schat er, hot en Gaul im Weggel geschoppt,
En Weibsmensch schteht derbi dart draus.
Der Parre wunnert was des meert,
Er geht dann an de vedderacht Dier;
Dart scholden en Mann, der snagt ihn graunt
“Mir sin hauungahre aff Hochzich Schpazer.”
Mir kumme weit von hinumm Berg,
Deen mir sin uarn, doch heikre gaurn;
Guck net noch unsre alte Führ.
Mir hen kenn Geld dart in der Fer.
"Mei Maedel hat en Sackvoll Schnitz,
Dass sie geroort hot far dei Luh;
Wann du uns trane dootacht defor,
Was saugacht du, Parre, nu deaz?"
Der Parre Zulieh, Measchesfreind,
Der hat des alles trei anschert.
Snagt dann so lieblieh zu dem Bu:
"Ich leht von eich so hoch gheht.
Ich trau euch gern far eire Schnitz,
Ihr kummt so weit—so viel schafft dann
Dei Maedel far die Schnitz zu mache;
Es manch Poir biet mir gaar niz an.
"Bring doch dei hauergt Maedel rei—"
Der Bu schadt dart in Aengchte Schnitz,
Geischt zu der Betz draus in der Schtross:
"Kumm, Betz, er dut’s graud far die Schnitz."
Dem Bu sei laud Gegrach, des macht
Dem schwelle Steinsville Wanneretz;
Die Leit sin naun un heere alsnoch
"Kumm, Betz, er traut uns far dei Schnitz."

THE MANIFOILD USES OF "SCHNITZ"

Schnitz were not only put into “schnitz pies” and “schnitz-un-gnepp.” Sometimes they were stewed and served as a “side dish” with the meal or for dessert. One Schuykill County informant said that “at home her mother cooked sour schnitz and dried black cherries together” (Mrs. Adam Brown, aged 76, Cresco, Pennsylvania, February 28, 1957).

A Dutch-English poem, “De Christmas Box—And What was in,” by H. M. K., which appeared in The Pennsylvaniaian (Lancaster, Pennsylvania), June 8, 1871, lets us know that schnitz was expected by the youngsters at Christmas time.

Schnitz as an easily portable and marketable produce
sometimes functioned in the Dutch Country in place of currency. In 1847 the “New York Store” at Allentown advertised: “... bring us your Wood, your Butter, your Potatoes, your Eggs, your Lord, your Tallow, your Rags, your Cherries, your Schnitz, yes! bring us anything in the way of Produce, in exchange for ...” (Lehigh Register, Allentown, Pennsylvania, March 9, 1847).

SCHNITZ MONEY

A Berks County farmer’s wife in a sketch of life in her grandmother’s day, tells us of the importance of schnitz in the farm economy.

Even the winter evening quiltings had a connection with the schnitz culture:

Now the evenings would be long, and grandmother would get her patches and start sewing them together in elaborate patterns for the tops of quilts. The cloth she bought with her “schnitz money” as she and grandfather used to call it.

During the late summer and fall she would have trys full of sweet and sour schnitz drying for winter use and to sell. When the sun was shining the trys would be out in the sun drying the schnitz just right. If cloudy or rain, the trys were brought in doors and the schnitz dried in oven of stove or a tray hanging over [the] stove. There was something drying all summer and fall.

Such as string beans, peaches, cherries, elderberries, plums, corn. These dried fruits were stored in bags and then in a tin can on the attic. Care had to be taken in storing or else the whole tin would get wormy or buggy and had to be thrown out.*

SCHNITZ ON THE GARRET

A favorite place for storing the schnitz was the large, dry attic of the Pennsylvania farmhouse. From Snyder County, west of the Susquehanna, comes the reference: “The family would also slice and dry a great amount of apples. They sometimes had as high as a hundred bushels of ‘snuts’ on the garret. These they could then sell at fifteen cents a pound.” (History of Beaver Springs, Pennsylvania [Beaver Springs, 1906]).

HOW TO CATCH A HUSBAND WITH “SCHNITZ-UN-GNEEP”

The humorous dialect columns which circulated in the weekly newspapers of 19th Century Dutch Pennsylvanians contain many references to "schnitz" and "schnitz-un-gnEEP." Our favorite is the following “letter” from a Northampton County Farmer’s Wife, asking advice on what dishes to serve before her daughter’s boyfriend. It appeared in the Daily Argus (Easton, Pennsylvania), February 25, 1898.

Mr. Delp: Em Somshtog hen mir schnitz-un-gnEEP katle fer middaeng. Mir hen en ausgerogen duchter, die hat en karl. Der karl wohnt in Bucks county. Er kumt noh unser house, uf die freierei, olla dree voche; er kumt Somshtog fommjiddaungs un bleidt bis Sundung ovets. Mi duchter hat hedmt en ware net polide fur demem karl schnitz-un-gnEEP hee tzu sketla fer middaeng, un hat horve wolle mir waatte en hinkel sklechtz. Ich hob die schnitz-un-gnEEP ovver gemacht. un seeller Bucks county chop hat dree dellerful gosa. Now, woan war ebbe ferletz?

En Bener’s Frau


not in de householding howva. Over die Bucks County karls sin solid, ovalamoh, uf schnitz-un-gnEEP; sie dagen lie esse even von mer sourkrout mit mixa date.

Die mogtig trip date ich sellem karl nochamohl schnitz­un-gnEEP geven, un ihm delli iwer ‘n side sketla fer lunch about holt-nocht Somshtog ovets. Noh, so hina-un-rum, date ich ihm tzu fershtela geven os mei duchter die schnitz-un-gnEEP gemacht het. Ich will vetta os es hochtich noh geve date an eer’rn house inside soon ziva wocha.

Dory Delp.

Translation: “Mr. Delp: On Saturday we had schnitz-un-gnEEP for dinner. We have a grown-up daughter, who has a beau. This beau lives in Bucks County. He comes to our house, to court, every three weeks. He comes Saturday forenoon and stays till Sunday evening. My daughter thought it wasn’t polite to serve schnitz-un-gnEEP to her boyfriend for dinner, and wanted us to kill a chicken. But I made the schnitz-un-gnEEP anyway, and that Bucks County chap ate three plates full. Now, where was anything wrong?

A Farmer’s Wife

Nowhere, nowhere (was there anything wrong), my dear woman! Schnitz-un-gnEEP, made right, is good enough to serve the preacher. A young fellow that turns his nose up at schnitz-un-gnEEP should be allowed to go hungry; and I would not have such a fellow in the family. But these Bucks County fellows are sold on schnitz-un-gnEEP; they would eat it even if we would mix sourkraut with it.

The next trip I would give that fellow schnitz-un-gnEEP again, and would offer him some for a snack about midnight Saturday evening. Then, slyly, I would give him to understand that my daughter made the schnitz-un-gnEEP. I’ll bet there will be a wedding at your house inside of seven weeks.

Dory Delp.”

SCHNITZ IN PENNSYLVANIA POESY

Schnitz, like sourkraut, was a favorite ingredient in the home-made poetry that appeared in the Dutch Country in the 19th and early 20th Centuries dealing with folk-cultural themes.

Nostalgia over Mother’s cookery is the theme of the poem, “Der Mutter Ihre Disch,” by Joseph Peter Deibert. Two of its verses contain references which are musts for our “schnitz” anthology:

Gehilcreu, Schnitz un Gnepp, Alleberand Genics, Weissgraat un Sauergraut, Rieve gut un siea, Bushchtsaule, Botahi, Nuule Siepp un Brei, Ebblsdumplings, Meerekedich, Zuriewele noch dabe, Schmierkeen un Schinknees, Was viecht er so kargos, Ebholsass un Lottauerick, Huannaich in der Rose, Quitte Jum un Ebbelschitz, Mollissich zimmlich schwarcz, Guter Butter, Tschelley noch Un Sache mit Gewarz.

He ends, characteristically, with the thought:

Restaurants un Boarding-biet, Hen Sache put un frische, Doch gab mir, wanns meeglich waer, Der Mutter ihre Disch.
The poem “Old Time Eating,” by Dr. Louis J. Livingood, which appeared in ‘Pennsylvania Dutch Eck in the Morning Call’ (Allentown, Pennsylvania), June 10, 1944, contains another tribute to schnitz pie:

She shived the apples that fell down,
And spread them out to dry;
These were Schnitz when they turned brown
And made delicious pie.

And Blanche Nevin, in her “Owld” to the Lancaster Dutch,” sings a litany of praise to the Dutch farmwife and naturally includes the drying of schnitz:

She stews and she fries,
She makes pumpkin pies,
She shives pot and pan,
She darns for her man,
She sees and she knits,
Driz cherries and snitz.

H. D. A.’s poem, “De Deutsche Bauern un de Morrick Leut,” tells us of the farmers bringing schnitz to market:

Sie bringe Eppel, Bohne, Schnitz, Un sel loot ah die Kreitzer, Un donke Lager wie der Bütz—
Die Suchow un die Schweitzer.

And Solly Hulbuck’s “Der Deitsch A-B-C,” when it arrives at the letter “S,” pays tribute to our subject:

S is for Schnitz-pie, Sour-kroost und Spork.
En shtondliefsted kocht far deitska dick-seck.”

We close our Schnitz Anthology with the most elaborate and enthusiastic of the nostalgic poems in praise of the Pennsylvania Dutch Country’s second-favorite dish, Schnitz-un-Gnepp. It is by the Reverend J. J. Reitz, M.D., of Walnutport, Pennsylvania, and appeared in ‘Pennsylvania Dutch Eck, The Morning Call’ (Allentown, Pennsylvania), February 3, 1940.

SCHNITZ UN KNEPP

Die Schnitz un Knepp waar oft die Koech,
Do in der gute alte Zeit;
Es waar noch so far fufich Yohr,
Des wisse gut viel alte Zeit.
Now waerd die Koech net doll gekocht,
Wess net waarmen sie iss so raat;
Viel Yunge wisse mix devun,
Ich wott es war noch wie es waard.
Wie waar mer doch so froh gewest,
Wann mer deheem iss in die Kich,
Un hot gerose Schnitz un Knepp,
Wie sie gekocht hen hefitlich.
Dart waard die Mamm un der,
Un hot mit Fleis ess all versorgt.
Sie hot die Knepp so gross gemacht,
En mancher Frenner waard verwargt.
So’n Esse koche iss net hart,
Wu Schnitz gedarrt sin seckvollweiss;
Wu’s Schunkelkelleesh benkt dick im Schank,
Wu’s Hols iss gheckt mit Sorg un Fleiss
Sie hen a ghat deel Grambere
Un Karruchel, des waar dunkel weiss;
Mer hot a donols net gledent,
Doss des all waer mol hoch in Preis.

Was enketsd du hen sie yschet gedlu,
Wann’s gheesse hot die Schnitz sin all?
So ebbe waer viel Leit un Kreiz,
Wann des waer heitondags der Falt;
Die Alte hen des net geacht—
“Es geht schum Schnitz,” so denke sie,
“Un wann’s mol widder Eppel hot,
Dann maacht mer ewwe Schnitzpartie.

Die Schnitzpartie, du Leeb’s Gischelt!
Was doch un guti Owetszeit!
Schna drangs zuvor, do secht die Meeum,
“Mei Jake, geh san’s de Noehbaarleit;
Land ei die Bwabe un die Meed,
Vergess yo net die Betsy Frie.
Un laad an doch die Eltre ei
Zur Mundangs Owet Schnitzpartie.”

Viel Nochbarnen hen sich gemeldt
Dart an dem Eppelschnitzgedacht;
Deel hocke un der Zuwer rum,
Wu yedes schnitzt set very Bescht;
Die ann’re hache all zugleich,
Wie manches Gutes waerd verzehnt;
Sie warre all voll G’schlass gewest—
An Cider hot es an net g’felt.

Ut emol gjelts en gross Rumor,
Die Betz, die schmeisst en Jake un Miel.
En Appelrutze far en Trick.
Der Jake schyngert uf un geht wie’n Gau.
Der Betz not in der Schubb rumhner.
Es war g’i alle gans verschatet;
Die Schieltbi sin um, die Schnitz verschatte,
Der Daadi zunkt, ’s waer zu verkhet.

Wie faerdich g’schnitzt, girlt’s lebhaft heem;
Die Buwe hen die Miel heem g’lieht —
“Now esset viel Schnitz, des macht em g’schieht,”
Waar mit ‘Gut Nacht’ recht erschet eg’lieht.
Far’n megsset Yohr Schnitzfescht hoffe se,
Doch geln deel dann un ann’rer Secht;
Die Betz iss dann em Jake se Pria.
Un koet hem oft se Schnitz un Knepp.

PROVERBIAL LORER

“Schnitz” and “Schnitz-un-gnepp” are also frequently found in the proverbial lore of the Dutch Country. Here are a few examples from the Pennsylvania Folklore Society files:

Ess schnitz—
No cosht gnuzt.
“Eat schnitz—
Then you become clever.”

This from John Mumaw’s dissertation (1931) on Dutch lore of the Ohio Mennonites.

“So hendich veen rook im harm far nochts schnitz tuchars”
—“As handy as a pocket in one’s shirt for chewing schnitz at night.” This reminds us that schnitz were “chewed,” especially by children at school, in the days before chewing gum invaded the Dutch Country.

“There was even a Pennsylvania fiddle tune, ‘Schnitz un Bree,’ mentioned in a sketch of fiddler Henry Reinert of Henningsville, among a list of old-time tunes, in the Weekly Eagle (Reading, Pennsylvania), July 20, 1905.”
In Schuylkill and Northumberland Counties the Dutch farmers used to say of a person who was not truthful—"Ar mocht schnitz oma cupel"—"He makes schnitz without apples." This from "Folklore from the Hegins and Mahanoygo Valleys," in 'S Pennsylvaniaisch Deitsch Eck, Morning Call (Allentown, Pennsylvania), November 1, 1947.

In the rural calendar on Dutch Pennsylvania "Mary goes over the mountain" in August. In September, 1940, Dr. Alfred L. Shoenaker collected a variant in which "Mary goes over the mountain to schnitz huckleberries" (De Marine galt waar dar barrick fur hucklebeer schnitz), this from Abe Yeagley, aged about 70, at the Green Dragon in Lancaster County.

Wenda Wolfinger contributed to the Folklore Society collection the proverbial statement, "Konsht du sowgy schnitz om boe gepp"? (Can you say schnitz and no gepp?). Of something of little value Berks counties say: "Sies kunde beek schnitz var (It isn't worth three peeks of schnitz.)

Another proverbial statement connects "schnitz-an-gepp." With "metzel-supp" as a preacher's dish:

Metzel-supp, un schnitz un gepp,
Macht die parre, schnupper,
schneckerer, un schmifeler.

Mrs. R. W. Fackenthal, of Springtown, Pennsylvania, informed us in a letter that more than sixty years ago at the Lehigh County Teachers' Institute the above Dutch "jingle" was given out for the teachers to translate into English.

And she adds: "...

Mrs. R. W. Fackenthal, of Springtown, Pennsylvania, informed us in a letter that more than sixty years ago at the Lehigh County Teachers' Institute the above Dutch "jingle" was given out for the teachers to translate into English. And she adds: "...

And there then is the Dutch buckster's call:

Shnitz mit da schings on,
Shnitz mit da schings off.
Hinner shanks and hunter shanks.
Fitch-fitchers.
And goodraves!

Which can be translated: "Schnitz with the skins on (i.e., sweet schnitz), Schnitz with the skins off (i.e., sour schnitz), hams and shoulders, bacon-fitch, and turkeys" (Pennsylvania Folklore Society, File 21-88).

EXPANSIVE QUALITIES OF "SCHNITZ"

The newspaper humor of 19th Century Dutch Pennsylvania included many "schnitz" items. This one appeared in The Daily City Item (Allentown, Pennsylvania), for March 20, 1878.

DRIED APPLES.
A Young Lady's First and Successful Attempt at Stewing "Schnitz."

A few days ago a young lady of this place resolved to show some of her knowledge of cooking—Dried apples, or "sniitz," came under her immediate attention—and there was a pound of them. These she emptied into a half gallow crock, poured water in upon them and placed them upon the stove. Not long after, while attending to other matters, her attention was drawn to the "sniitz." They were trying to get out of the crock, and many of them did get out. This surprised her somewhat, but, concluding that there were too many in the crock for comfort she "dipped" a lot of them out. Not long thereafter she discovered that more of them wanted to get out of "hot water." Thinking it would be unwise to let so many escape, she clapped a lid over the top of the crock and covered it with a brick. She, of course, thought she had the "sniitz" imprisoned beyond escape; but she deceived herself in giving credence to that thought. This, however, was not her fault, for she possessed no knowledge whatever respective [of] the expansive qualities of "sniitz." She thought she had things fixed, but the "sniitz" thought otherwise, and a loud noise soon announced that something had happened. The cook's ear told her quite distinctly where the noise came from, and her eyes corroborated the fact. In brief, the "sniitz" had kicked out the bottom of the crock and were crawling all over the stove in quest of dry weather. This was too much for the new cook's patience, although it was only her first effort at stewing dried apples. She didn't know what to do toward saving the lively nutritious food, and stood, hesitating. But she hesitated too long, and by the time she was able to collect her senses the "sniitz" were not only spread all over the stove, but occupied almost every square inch of the floor, thereby illustrating the fact that one pound of dried apples, well watered, can grow rapidly to an astonishing size—Ex.

THE BATTLE OF THE PIES

According to Wilson Lee Spottwood, President of the Williamsport Dickinson Seminary in the 1890's, "sniitz" pies helped the economy of the kitchen at that Methodist school. "Students sometimes think that they are victors when they are not," he writes in his autobiography. "At our school the pie was the great article of diet, prized more than any other—one student even willing to give his piece of pie to another when he expected to be absent from dinner. They bitterly complained of the little which was inside of them, and, to be truthful, their complaint was founded on fact, for green apples were very scarce and costly, and we could only afford for such a crowd of boarders to make very thin pies of that fruit. 'Do you know,' I said to my steward, 'how to make pies out of snitz'? He said: 'I don't know what 'sniitz' are.' I explained to him that they were dried apples, but he doubted the possibility, at least the feasibility of making pies out of such material. 'Go buy,' I said, 'for it can be done, a barrel of the fruit—the best in the market—and manufacture pies, not failing to put a most generous quantity of material into each pie.' So the pies—no longer thin but thick—were made, and came upon the table. The eaters were delighted, and placards were posted by them on the seminary walls, recounting the battle of the pies, and the signal victory of the students. We smiled a smile, for our fat pies of 'sniitz' were much cheaper than our lean ones of green apples."**

SCHNITZ IN THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE

Out of the country school has come the most popular and widespread of all schnitz pies. This version appears in the Lancaster Agricultural Almanac for 1870.

"A schoolmaster in a Lancaster County public school was drilling a class of youngsters in arithmetic. He said to them, 'If I cut an apple in two what will the parts be?' 'Halves!' was the answer.

"If I cut the halves in two what would you call the parts?' 'Quarters!'

"If I cut the quarters in two what would the parts be?' "Answer (unanimous) "SNIITZ!"

"W. Lee Spottwood, Brief Annals (Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 1888), pp. 266-267. Spottwood was born at Carlisle in 1822 and spent his life as a Methodist circuit-rider, presiding elder, and college president in Virginia, Maryland, and Central Pennsylvania.

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MALE SCARECROW (BOOTZAMON)

Once a common sight in the gardens of the Dutch Country, the “bootzamon” is now being replaced by “modern” techniques.
The scarecrow or Booszamoon as this effigy is known was once a familiar sight in the rural areas of Pennsylvania. It has in most instances, however, given way to more efficient and mechanical devices to guard against the depredations of crows and other marauding birds.

It consisted primarily of an upright wooden cross which was stuck or slightly dug into the ground on which was clothed a pair of old, torn overalls or trousers, a long-sleeved shirt or coat, and a battered wooden or straw hat. The cross-piece placed horizontally near the top of the vertical stick or thin pole was used to support the out-stretched sleeves. These old patched and torn clothes were then stuffed with rags, straw or hay and the end result of this quaint, old-fashioned stuffed suit was that of a man with out-stretched arms standing patiently in all kinds of weather chasing the birds. Sometimes the arms were made movable, otherwise there was no motion to stir the birds except the flapping of the sleeves and legs in the wind. His head many times consisted of an old broom or mop head or a stuffed bundle attached to the upright cross on which the hat rested or was fastened. Frequently a large red handkerchief was draped about his neck to dress him more completely.

In order to provide some company, inspiration and support for the lonely Booszamoon in his struggle to frighten away the birds, occasionally a Booszamoon was erected at the other end of the garden or patch. This more feminine specimen was also appropriately dressed with a long dress or coat and sunbonnet and then stuffed to the dimensions desired.

Generally these scarecrows were used to protect areas newly planted with grains, especially corn or where the corn had sprouted, to keep the birds from pulling out the young shoots. They were placed in berry patches, particularly strawberry beds, and in or near fruit orchards, cherry trees being visited most frequently by the birds. They were also commonly seen near shelters housing young poultry to help protect them from being attacked and carried away by crows. It was not uncommon when the mother hen was confined in a sheltered coop and the chicks were allowed to run free that many and frequently all of them were carried away by crows.

The crows do the most damage to the eggs and the young poultry after the young crows are hatched. It is then that the mother crow catches and destroys the most chicks and ducklings. Many times a crow could be seen flying away with a chick which was peeping pitifully as the bird vanished with it. When she arrived at the nest, the chick was pecked and torn to pieces so that it could easily be consumed by the young crows.

Generally those farmers whose properties were located near to or bordered wooded areas suffered the greatest losses of this kind, particularly in earlier years when chicks were given access to range earlier than they are now. When the crows persisted in carrying the young poultry away, many times the farmers would set out to the woods and destroy their nests if they could be found. Their nests are usually found in the forks of tree limbs from fifteen to seventy-five feet from the ground. The nests and eggs were destroyed by shooting them down and the young crows which survived were killed. The old crows were also shot if they were seen.

Their nests are well built consisting of a coarse structure of sticks, twigs, small roots, bark, and many times are lined with grasses, straw, wool or hair for warmth. They generally contain from four to eight eggs which are pale bluish or olive green streaked with brown or gray. Mature crows attain a length up to twenty inches and have a glossy black plumage with metallic violet and bluish-green hues. Blackbirds and grackles are not as large and attain a length of ten to twelve inches and have a similar plumage.

Fletcher in his book, Pennsylvania Agriculture and Country Life, points out that crows and blackbirds were destructive pests from the time of our first settlers. Because of the great destruction they caused to grain fields, Smith in Laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania reports that as a result of the preamble of an Act of 1700 which reads, "The innumerable quantities of blackbirds and crows that continually hunt in this province and territories, to the great prejudice, hurt and annoyance of the inhabitants thereof, being very destructive to all sorts of grain that is raised therein, so that the people's labour is much destroyed thereby," a bounty of three pence a crow and an equal sum for a dozen blackbirds was authorized. Even though this was in effect for a number of years, it brought about no material improvement.

"In 1754 the harassed farmers petitioned the General Assembly to pass a law requiring every settler to kill a..."
“BOOTZA-FRAW” OR FEMALE SCARECROW
certain number of crows and blackbirds for which he would receive compensation. A control method advanced in 1757 failed to meet general approbation. An *Act to Encourage the Killing of Squirrels and Crows* in certain counties of Pennsylvania, passed in 1807 and extended in 1811, authorized county Commissioners to pay three cents each for crow scalps. After 1750 blackbirds ceased to be very destructive but crows continued to be a major pest in spite of all efforts to circumvent them.  

Crows seem to have a habit of sampling almost everything which appears edible and they have an unending desire for stealing and hiding brightly colored objects. For that reason they are attracted to and consume great amounts of strawberries and cherries. The crow is regarded as a remarkably clever bird. It is true that they generally live off the labor of other birds or people and for that reason are regarded as rogues and thieves by many. Since they are so intelligent and display so much good sense in most instances, it becomes very difficult to deceive them. It is also extremely difficult to get close to them with a gun because it is said that they can sense the smell of gunpowder.

An article in the *Reading Eagle* of June 29, 1908, tells of suspending shingles or thin boards with gunpowder from trees. The shingle was covered with a thin coating of hard and black gunpowder. It was then suspended by a string from the limb of a tree so that it would be revolved by the wind. The smell of the powder and the revolving shingle was said to have kept the crows away.

The major vegetable food of the crow is corn. They eat it most frequently, however, when it has been softened by partial germination or decay or before it has fully matured while still in the soft or milk stage. If the farmer or gardener was shrewd enough to keep them from getting the planted corn kernels or pulling the corn sprouts, he had better prepare for them again in the late summer or fall before the ears were fully hardened to prevent them from taking their share. They do not consume hard, dry grains if anything else is available. They do not hesitate, however, to frequent newly sown fields and feed on the grains that have not been harrowed in, eating all that have been left exposed. The reason for this is because the kernels are softened by the earth's moisture, resulting in the grain becoming more palatable, as the starch of the grain is changed to sugar in the germination process.

As a flight of crows or blackbirds approach their goal, one or more guards are stationed at an appropriate position to keep the others informed of any approaching danger while the others work the outer edges or a far end of the field or on the opposite side of the hill.

One informant related that he recalled seeing crows and blackbirds in such immense flocks in his and other newly planted grain fields that from a distance they resembled heavy smoke rising from the ground.

Sometimes in order to prevent the crows and other birds from eating the kernels of corn or from pulling up the young sprouts, the seed was tarred or soaked in a tar solution.

Rupp in his book *Bird Names and Bird Lore Among the Pennsylvania Germans*, reports that some farmers soaked their corn in "coal oil" (kerosene) or "Biskotzgrauntvassor" (skunk cabbage-water) or poured some "coal oil" between a number of the rows of planted seed. Harter in

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1. Fletcher, op. cit. p. 75.

his *Boonastel*, informs us that in order for the farmer to be assured of a corn crop he had to resort to the following practice. "Fier karna tsun stuck,—oney far der jux, anye far de warren, un twee far wooy" (Four kernels to each stalk; one for the birds, one for the worms, and two to grow). Woodward in *Ploughs and Politics*, wrote, "One Method of keeping Birds from pulling ye Corn out of ye Ground is to soak ye Corn then draw a horse hair thro' with a Needle & eye this. When they get such Corn in to their Crows the hair hangs out of ye Bill and pesters them so that they often Starve or tear their Throats so as to die,"  

Baver in his article on "Corn Culture in Pennsylvania," points out that if every kernel of corn was passed through a beef bone or a knot-hole the birds would not damage it. Tarpentine was sometimes poured into the corn planter, the corn was soaked in a preparation made with "nees voted" (sneez root) or white hellobore, or shelling the corn after dark would also keep the crows away; so believed those who practiced it.

Even though the crows do have so many charges against them, they do destroy many insects which are either harmful or neutral. They also destroy many mice and other rodents and are good scavengers. Although the crow is not sought after for eating in local areas, in some of the southern states, crow meat has found favor among many of the mountain folk and its flavor is reported being equal to that of white meat of the chicken.

There are many humorous anecdotes to be told concerning the scarecrow which bring to our minds many happy thoughts and pleasant memories. Curtis Shorb who resides near Hanover tells how as a boy, he and his friends erected a scarecrow near the end of his parents' garden by the fence to which they had tied a heavy cord to a movable arm. The cord was long enough so that they were able to be inside a nearby shed and in addition to their attempt to keep the crows away from the garden they were able to have the scarecrow bid the time to the neighbors as they passed by.

Nor were these scarecrows always effective in their purpose. Many times the birds possibly by natural instinct were able to distinguish them from a human being. Charles Youse of Sunbury recalls how as a boy he helped his parents erect a scarecrow in the garden to keep the birds away and not long after it was completed, how excitedly he ran into the house to tell his mother that already a crow was sitting on the scarecrow!  

Mrs. John Light of Annville tells of a boy who was working at their farm who wanted to tell his parents when he returned home about a scarecrow that Mrs. Light's father erected. He could speak the dialect but he didn't know the name for scarecrow. In his attempt to tell them, he said, "Do Philip Miller hat helt en "fashreek groop" noof gaddo fa de fegel weck helte foon sein gorda."

Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker has collected the following information concerning the names of the fingers on the hands of the scarecrow from Dan Bender of Lebanon. They are *deinerhi, fangerhi, langa mon, Johann, and bootzammon.*

Mrs. Hannah Binner, an aged lady from near Schaefferstown,

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4. A scarecrow in the dialect is known as a *Bootzammon,* not knowing the name as such, the young lad literally translated the word "scaee," which is *fashreek* in the dialect, and "crow," which is *groop,* resulting in *fashreek groop.*
Scarecrow on Himmelberger farm between the mill and dwelling-house.

town, who still uses the scarecrow, stated that the tenant side of her house was vacant and because there were no longer any children about, she found that the blackbirds were extremely destructive to her corn and peas, particularly in the morning. The scarecrow, she said, helped to do what the children previously did by keeping the birds away until the plants had grown sufficiently as not to be destroyed.

The writer became aware of an interesting story which happened last spring relating to a scarecrow that was erected in a strawberry bed because the birds were destroying and eating so much of the fruit. A Bootza-frame was chosen because the gardener had no appropriate clothes for a Bootzmenn, so she took one of her oldest “every day” dresses and an old hat to clothe the frame. Shortly thereafter one evening just as dusk was closing in, one of the neighbors stopped by for eggs. She knocked on the door and happened to look out into the garden and saw the scarecrow which she presumed to be the one she wanted to see since it had on a dress that she had seen worn by the farmer’s wife. She proceeded to ask the scarecrow what she was doing in the garden in the dark with her hat on. About the same time the knock was being responded to by the person to whom she thought she was talking. It is not difficult to imagine her embarrassment!

John Rohrer of near Fontana related the following verse concerning crows, which he recited and sang as a small boy.

John Mummert from Hanover tells of scarecrows being used in past years in the cherry orchards in Adams County. He related that during the cherry season, scarecrows may still be seen. However, in most instances various types of mechanical devices have been adopted which send off blasts every few minutes. Where legal, many farmers are using rope firecrackers which explode at intervals in their berry beds, sweet corn patches and orchards. These are constructed by inserting the fuses of firecrackers at intervals on the rope. Fire is then set to one end and as the rope smoulders away the firecrackers explode. The time of the explosions can be varied by the distances between the firecrackers on the rope.

Luther Kleinfelder, near Annville, relates that if a dead crow is tied to a tree limb or a stake driven into the ground, the crows would not approach the area. He stated also that crows will not come near a cherry or other fruit tree if a rope or garden hose is wound around and spread through its limbs; the birds presuming it to be a snake.

The story is also told how crows were allowed to eat the mash that was poured out from making moonshine in
the earlier days. As a result the birds would become intoxicated and they could easily be caught or shot.

A pupil of mine tells how his grandfather destroyed great numbers of crows near wooded areas by fastening dead animals and other waste meats to the branches of a tree. Dynamite and a fuse were placed in a prepared area beneath or within the root structure of the tree and when the crows alighted on the tree to eat the meat, the fuse was lit and the resulting explosion killed most of them.

One informant told of using an imitation owl carved from wood and then covered it with feathers to keep the birds out of his garden. Stuffed birds, animals and plastic decoys may also be used but, like the scarecrow, they soon lose their effectiveness.

The "Agricultural Almanac" for the year 1906 suggests the following to keep the crows away. "All sorts of devices are in vogue to frighten crows from the cornfield. One of the most simple and effective is an old looking-glass. If a part of another is affixed to the back so much the better. But one side will keep the varmints guessing while the corn is getting beyond their reach. The plan is to nail a two- or three-foot arm to an upright, and from the arm suspend the glass by a bit of cord, say three feet long. The slightest disturbance in the air sets it winding up only to run down again, while flashing its peculiar light over a large area. This easily constructed inexpensive device attracted the notice of a flock twenty rods or more away. Not a crow has been seen to alight on the field since the glass was set a going."

One lady tells how she tied air-filled paper bags which contained some small pebbles or marbles to her sweet corn stalks. The rattling, she said, kept the crows and blackbirds from eating the corn and taring open the husk which allowed the corn to mold. Balloons can also be used in this manner or be suspended from wires or strings that have been stretched across stakes in the garden.

Various wind or water-motivated contraptions which will cause a sound, motion or flash have in many instances been devised. In some cases brightly colored strips of cloth or twisted aluminum foil have been fastened to a surrounding fence or to stretched wires which twirl and rustle and help discourage against damage to crops.

One old lady tells of planting bright red geraniums along the border of her garden to camouflage the strawberries. Another informant told of having his dog tethered to an overhead wire. A cat that is acclimated to a collar might do as well.

Another pupil of mine tells how his grandfather recorded the distress call of birds on a wire recorder and then played it back to keep the crows and blackbirds out of his garden. One man told of specially devised traps appropriately placed that will do the job but warns against the danger to cats and other family pets.

From the various contacts the writer has learned of other means and methods of controlling the devastation caused by these winged thieves. Placing two parallel wires which are electrically charged around the area to be protected will give the birds a hotfoot or electrocute them. Another informant told how his son went to an appropriate spot with a rifle just prior to dawn before the first birds arrived and then remained until after the flights passed over. When the birds settle in the field in the morning they generally stay around all day if feeding is good. He returned again prior to dusk just before the birds started returning to roost. Decoying to other fields perhaps where not as much damage can be done. Keeping roadside brush and trees cut to prevent them from taking shelter there may help. For large fields, a plane flying just above the corn equipped with a noise making apparatus may be used but not too effectively because the birds many times descend deeper into the corn rather than scatter. Some have resorted to tenting small crops with chicken wire which is durable but expensive or cheese or tobacco cloth which is good but not durable.

In some areas there have been community sponsored and approved light traps which are funnel-shaped and extend back into a catching cage behind which are located strong spotlights. Because of the blinding lights, the birds fly through the funnel construction and are not able to escape. They may then be disposed of as desired. Sometimes aerial sprays, itching powders, poisoning and roost bombing have been resorted to.

Even though the scarecrow has nearly passed from our rural scene and the crows remain, it is possible occasionally to come upon one as you drive along through the country during the spring of the year. In most instances, however, all that remains to remind us of his image are the frequently seen strips of cloth or foil suspended from a wire or string stretched between two stakes in the garden or the expression when someone is clad not too nicely in old, ragged, torn and patched clothes, "Doo gookht veen en Bootzamon!" (You look like a scarecrow!)

The following poem by George K. Hoffman of Neffs, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, describes him well in the dialect.

DAR BOOTZAMON
Dar bootzamon dar shiant im field,
Ar hut ken sock, oon aw ken gelt.
Ar tshawt net, oon shmokt ken peit,
Von's kolt iss var'n ken finger shtef.
Sei bookel iss net kolt oos ar tittert,
Vos iss ols so bong von's g'vittert.
Sei bay de sin net meed oon lomm,
Ar vinsht ar vair oonich em shodda bomm.
Sei hoot henkt so shepp vee'n oold gabei,
G'bout iss varra far fetta sei.
Sei ruck henkt loas, oon drickt en net,
Sei arm sin grfeld vee'n bollas bat.
Ar gookt so shhtarr darrich's grossa graws,
Vos sainnt ar don? En grossar haws.
Sei bookel beist, ar kom net grotza,
Ar vinsht far'n nesh't full ghama kotza.
Ar hut ken hoongar, ovvar grossar darsh.
Veen grossar far solmn levvar-vooht.
Ar shtait im feld far de feggel heeda,
Von's rayard hut ar roomdis in alla gleder.
Ar hut ken podfer oon ken flint,
Von ar sheessa kent, don vair's ken sint.
Oavets von de zoon ols oonar gait,
Vart sei shodda long oon brait.
No maint ar oles var'n koomarawda kooma,
G'shyetz hen so vee shtooma.
Von dar moond ols darrich de vulka foard,
Loeh ar, Now geps'en en roati kord.
The Man Who Was Buried

By ALAN G. KEYSER

The complete John Hall story is one of the most remarkable and fascinating folktales I have ever heard. Besides enduring one hundred and fifty years it has gained several aspects through the years.

First, I should like to give you a small amount of information about John Hall's life and family background. He was born probably in the 1730's, and is believed to have married Barbara Horning, a daughter of Ludwig and Catarina (Keysor) Horning. John Hall had by this marriage five children, three of whom survived him. The three who survived him were Ann, wife of Henry Fox; Sebastia, wife of Michael Alleback; and Elizabeth, wife of John Detweiler. Predeceasing him were a son Henry, and tradition says that another son died young and was buried in the same graveyard as Hall. We know nothing of his religious background, but his son, one of his daughters and his wife's parents are buried in the Lower Skippack Mennonite cemetery. Was John Hall perhaps a Mennonite? We do not know. One last word about his family. His wife died before he did because she is not mentioned in his estate papers.

According to the tax assessment records in 1785 John Hall owned 130 acres of land, a dwelling-house, 3 horses and 8 cows. This farm of 130 acres was on the Perkiomen Creek east of Collegeville, Pennsylvania, and tradition says that he also owned the land where Ursinus College now stands in Collegeville. The tax record also states that he was a farmer by occupation. For some reason from 1805 to 1811 the tax record lists his land as "John Hall's Est. 125 acres" whereas he did not die until Wednesday, January 31, 1810.

The best account of the burial of the late John Hall is a verbal one given to me by Warren K. Schlotterer of Rahns, Pennsylvania, who had in turn heard his grandmother, Hannah Kriebel (born 1819), relate it to him in his youth. It follows verbatim: "John Hall lived on the former John Fuhrman farm. At the funeral, my grandmother said, 'there were horses tied in the line-fences all around.' The grave was in the shape of a well and was about six feet deep to allow the body to stand upright. First they put a stool in the bottom of this well; it reminded her of a milk stool. They set the coffin with the bottom end on the stool. The ground came to his shoulders. This was because he wanted to be buried with his head out so he could see what would be going on."

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On his farm after he passed away. He must have been a 'voonaritz.' Of course they couldn't leave his head exposed to the elements so they built a brick mound over him so that his head was still above the ground. One of his children was buried beside his grave before he died but it was buried the usual way.

From the Edgar Schatz family, descendents of John Hall who live across the road from the grave we received some additional traditions. "John Hall wanted to be buried standing up on the highest spot on his farm so that he could look over his farm. The day he was buried, they used to say that it was so cold that they had to keep the mortar heated to lay the bricks. Mr. Schatz said that when he was courting his wife, Jake Bolton of Collegeville told him that Hall's ghost came up from the grave every Saturday night to look over his farm. "But," said Schatz, "my girl and I walked past there many a dark Saturday night and never saw his ghost."

From Mrs. Irene Borkey, the owner of the Hall farm, we heard that people used to say that he not only was buried standing up on the highest spot on his farm but that he was buried with a fifth of liquor in each hip pocket. Then from Dr. R. B. Hunsberger of Collegeville we received this apocryphal bit of lore. "People used to say that he didn't particularly want to look over his farm because it wouldn't go anywhere, but that he wanted to keep his eye on the two wives he had left behind."

The graveyard is in extreme disrepair. The mound is no longer sealed, and some years ago Hall's skull could be seen through the opening. It happened that some men
Public Sale.

WILL be exposed to Public Sale, on Friday the 9th day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the late dwelling house of John Hall, late of Lower-Providence township, Montgomery county—all his household and kitchen furniture, farming utensils, grain, &c. consisting of a large quantity of leather, walnut beards, scantling, rye and wheat by the bushel, tables, chairs, beds and bedsteads, chests, clothes-preis, empty casks, flax by the bundle, flores and a great variety of other articles too tedious to mention.

Michael Allabach,
John Dettweiler,  } Adm'rs.
Henry Fox, jun'r.
Feb. 21st, 1810.

SALE ADVERTISEMENT FOR JOHN HALL'S ESTATE. From the "Weekly Register" (Norristown, Pennsylvania), February 28, 1810.

BRICK ARCH OVER JOHN HALL'S GRAVE.

According to local tradition, he was buried standing up, with his head above the ground level, "so that he could look over his farm."

working on the road had the skull out and were tossing it around. One man missed it and they then had not a skull but a pile of dust and splinters. The small 22 by 20 foot cemetery was until recently overgrown with poison ivy, fox grapes, weeds and trees, but these I am glad to say have been removed. The cemetery wall has fallen to the ground and Hall’s brick mound is open on one end. The mound lies at about a sixty degree angle to the road and is about nine feet long, about six feet wide and about one and one-half feet high. The brick interior of the earthen mound is only about one foot high, three feet wide and nine feet long forming an arched cavity.

On Friday, March 9, 1810,1 his survivors held a public sale for all his earthly belongings, thus closing the story of John Hall. All that now remains of this man's life are several folktales about his burial and his locally famous mound. Peace to his ashes.

1An overly inquisitive person.

1It is the author's opinion that Mr. Bolton fabricated this ghost story. He was a plumber of Collegeville around the turn of the present century who was more or less noted for his imagination. To illustrate this I shall give a story which is known to be of his manufacture. "Bolton said he was traveling by horse and carriage from Rahns to Gratersford in Montgomery County. Half way between these two small villages he met a girl in the middle of the road barren of clothes. He addressed her with these words. "My young woman, what are you doing out here in the road without clothes?" She replied, "I'll have you know I have a string of pearls on!" So Bolton climbed into the carriage and drove on. He said he did this because he was afraid she would have him arrested for lying." This was told by Bolton as a true story and with a straight face.

1From the Norristown Register public sale advertisement of February 28, 1810.
SATOR-FORMULA

The Sator-Formula, including the "mystic" words SATOR AREPO TENET OPERA ROTAS, is the commonest charm for "protection" against the occult. This example, written on a piece of paper, was discovered recently in the window sill of an Allentown dwelling-house.

LIVING OCCULT PRACTICES

in Dutch Pennsylvania

By RICHARD H. SHANER

As a child living in Lehigh County I was repeatedly warned about the evil practice of hexerie, Pennsylvania Dutch dialect for "witchcraft." My parents used to tell how people who had the 6th and 7th Book of Moses turned themselves into all sorts of animals. In time as I grew older I found that hexerie was very real. For instance, I learned that my maternal grandfather was able to powwow, that my Uncle Fred had a copy of a hex book, and that my aunt, who lived in the hills of Oley, was reputed to be a witch.

I continued my interest in the occult through high school and through my years at college. Upon graduation from Kutztown State in 1960, I began a formal study of the occult practices which are part of my Pennsylvania Dutch heritage. This interest of mine attracted the attention of the Pennsylvania Folklore Society, whose offices at the time were in Kutztown. I was asked by them to arrange an exhibit at their Folk Festival which I called "Hex Lore." Because of the great public interest in this subject I was invited back to organize a more detailed exhibit for the July 1-8, 1961, Folk Festival.

At the two exhibits, the one last year and the one this year, three questions were asked most often: (1) Do powwowing and hexerie really work? (2) Can anyone practice it? and (3) Are these practices being carried on today?

In one of the folk seminars at the 1960 Folk Festival, the Rev. Thomas R. Brendle, co-author with the late Claude W. Unger of a volume on Pennsylvania Dutch folk medicine, made the claim that hexerie and brancheerei (powwowing) were a thing of the past as far as the Dutch Country is concerned today. Two types of evidence have led me to a different conclusion entirely: namely, that these things continue to be a vital part of present day Dutch folk-life.

The hundreds of people I talked to at the last two Festivals concerning these matters and the numerous letters which have come to me and the Pennsylvania Folklore Society as a result of newspaper publicity on my occult exhibits indicate to me that hexerie and powwowing are indeed far from dead!

After an article on my Kutztown exhibits on these subjects had appeared in the Allentown Morning Call last year, I was approached by phone and through the mail by at least two dozen people who wanted to know how they could get in touch with a powwow and/or a hex doctor. These many evidences that have come my way in the past two years prompt me to challenge the statement of the Reverend Mr. Brendle that hexerie and brancheerei are no longer a part of everyday Dutch life.
I

Dear Folk—

I think you's can give rest to people who are tormented from jeelo's [jealous] people my whole family are in need of help from Hex—Please do something for us I am a dutch man of the Pennsylvania.

The above letter describes a case similar to one which I encountered in July of last year. An informant of mine in Allentown told me that the wife of a neighbor of hers was ferretr—that the witch across the street from them had taken his wife's rest for several weeks. In their search for a powwow doctor they enlisted my services.

II

[A letter addressed to myself, dated June 30, 1960, Allentown, Pa.]

Dear Mr. Shaner:

Having Read about you possessing a Book of the Seventh Book of Moses, you Being familiar with the healing Power of the Seventh Book of Moses My husband is an epileptic [epileptic] and I am concerned that for My Condition Some One has taken my Rest. I am failing away to nothing I'm 37 yrs. old and I Very Recently had a terrible Nervous Break Down. I weigh only 87 lbs. and I am losing Weight all the time. You mentioned there is a cure for epilepsy Could you tell Me what to do also a cure for my condition My husband and I are Both Great Believers in the Pow Wow and Witch craft. We are also very Religious. We are very much interested in the Healing Cures classified in the Seventh Book of Moses. We would like have a 10 Page Booklet But we are Not able to Go to Kutztown. You tell us how much the Booklet cost and See that we Get One. You could help us to get Better, could you give us the cure for epilepsy. How could you figure every cross word Puzzle Out? Please let us know as we desperately [desperately] in Need of help. Would you Be able to let us know how much a Booklet cost and If You make an appointment with us either to call at Our home or if we could call at your home.

The 16-page booklet which is referred to here was printed by myself in 1960, at Kutztown, for distribution at the Folk Festival. It is now out of print.

III

[A letter addressed to Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker, the director of the Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival, dated July 17, 1969. This letter from a literate woman came from Monroe County, Pa.]

Dear Sir:

In the “Allentown Morning Call” of June 29 I read about your witchcraft display to be shown at the Penna. Folk Festival.

I did not get to the Festival and I would like very much to have the Seventh Book of Moses.

I am enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope for which please let me know how much money it costs, and I will send you a check.

I am a firm believer in powwow doctors, because about 15 yrs. ago I had arthritis in my fingers very badly. I went to several Med. Doctors and they just could not help me.

A friend took me to a powwow doctor and I got better right away. The pain in my fingers is all gone now.

About 2 yrs. ago I got such swelling in my legs, and I went to this powwow doctor again. He at once told me what my sister-in-law had done to me (she is wicked, greedy & money hungry woman) explaining all her movement to me the day she came to the house to harm me plus her full name and her Mothers [sic] name without me telling him. Everything told me was exactly as it had happened.

He told me it was Satan working within her and that her Mother is her guide.

I do not want to harm this woman but I would like to know what to do to stop her from future troublemaking. She is extremely jealous of our success and I feel she will do anything to get what she wants.

My husband does not belong to any church now, (he was Reformed) I am a Lutheran therefore he does not believe me when I tell him.

But I think just as sure as God can perform miracles, there is also the other extreme Satan trying to undo the good that God does for us.
Farewell to Ollie

By ALLIENE DeCHANT

Passing strange that Ollie, the Basket Maker (Oliver R. Strausser) died last Friday on one of the biggest days of the 1961 Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival. He was 78.

This was the first time in Festival history that he was not on the grounds. Year after year he demonstrated basket weaving not only on the platform of the folkways tent, but in the special area allotted him. He liked nothing better than to have the visitors crowd around and ask questions.

While he took genuine pride in his work, he never boasted. In fact, he kept wondering why everybody was so pleased with his baskets, particularly those he made to hold jars of milk or molasses.

Ollie also delighted Festival folks with his harmonica attached to the morning glory horn of an old gramophone. "Kutztown Reel" was his favorite, and he usually wound up with "Abide With Me," the choice of his wife Mary, "who isn't so well always."

When Arlene Francis toured the Festival, she was so fascinated by Ollie, bushy-browed, irresistible and "home-y," that I wouldn't have been surprised to see her hug him. He appeared on television in Reading and Philadelphia; but he didn't like New York: "too much noise; too many people." Nor did fame interfere with his simplicity.

When visitors from near and far, famed and "just plain," found their way to his old stone house on Fleetwood Route One, he pointed out his willow patch; straddled a snitzelbank to demonstrate how he stripped the willows for the baskets; proudly showed Mary's flowers and her vegetable garden, and spit out a hunk of "Happy Jim" when folks chuckled at the ingenious weights on the garden gate.

Sometimes he escorted them to the ground cellar: "Same temperature all the time. Wouldn't trade for the very best electric refrigerator." The night I took three German women professors to call on him, and he met us with a lantern, they exclaimed virtually in the same breath, "This, in America!" They were also amazed at the polished Prize Royal coal stove, intact since Ollie wedded Mary, and at the glistening globe on the bracket-lamp.

More than a decade ago I asked Ollie how long he'd been making baskets. He frowned, ran his right hand through his fringe of hair, and repeated, "How long? Gee Whiz! That's some hard to say—about 40 years I guess. This business is as old as the hills. I got the notion from Reuben Reifsnyder, in a basket shop near Friedensburg. He said it would take me three years to learn the trade. But I answered back, 'Heck, nochamol!' and learned it in three weeks. I had watched him many a time, so it wasn't hard to catch on. Me and Mary was married then—I was 21, and she was proud that I got the hang of it so quick."

"The biggest thing a person has," Ollie once told me, "is his health and happiness."

—Kutztown Patriot
AN OPEN LETTER
FROM THE
PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE SOCIETY
Sponsor of the 11-day Pennsylvania Dutch Harvest Frolic
August 25 through Labor Day, September 4
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

TO ALL "PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE" READERS AND FROLIC VISITORS:

The end objective of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society through the years, since its founding as the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center at Franklin and Marshall College in 1949, has been the creation of a Pennsylvania Folklife Museum.

Last year, in 1960, the Society acquired a 45-acre farm, fronting Route 30, six miles East of Lancaster City. On this property we shall be creating our museum. Three-fourths of the cost of the museum farm ($90,000) has already been paid—from proceeds of our 1960 and 1961 Folk Festivals. The final installment of $30,000 falls due after the July, 1962, Kutztown Folk Festival.

The attendance at the last two Festivals was in excess of 100,000 paid admissions, netting the Society upwards of $90,000 annually.

This coming August 25th through Labor Day, September 4th, the Folklife Society is initiating the use of our new property in sponsoring the Pennsylvania Dutch Harvest Frolic, the attendance at which, it is anticipated, will exceed that of the past two festivals at Kutztown.

The heart of any museum is its research library. Objective of the Folklife Society is the creation at the Pennsylvania Folklife Museum of a research center which will serve as a clearinghouse for information on all phases of Pennsylvania's folk-culture. Towards this objective the Society, on August 12, 1961, acquired, at $17,250, the next to the best private collection of Pennsylvania Dutch folk arts and artifacts including holdings of books, pamphlets, and broadsides—the Walter E. Boyer Collection (see the Walter E. Boyer Memorial Issue of "Pennsylvania Folklife" (Vol. XI, No. 2, Fall 1960).

To augment this our basic collection from time to time, as folk art objects and literary pieces become available, the Society is attempting to raise a fund of $25,000, to be known as the Walter E. Boyer Memorial Fund.

To create this fund of $25,000 the Society invites its readers and friends to subscribe to its Certificate of Indebtedness program (in denominations of $100 each), at 4% interest, redeemable within a 10-year period.

THE OFFICERS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE SOCIETY:
DR. ALFRED L. SHOEMAKER, President; DR. J. WILLIAM FREY, Vice President; DR. DON YODER, Secretary; DONALD M. MYLIN, Treasurer. (Mr. Mylin is the retired treasurer of Franklin and Marshall College.)

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PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE SOCIETY
P. O. BOX 1586
LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

Enclosed please find $ for Certificate(s) of Indebtedness for the Walter E. Boyer Memorial Folk Art Collection ($100 denominations), at 4% interest, redeemable within a 10-year period.

Name
Address
City    Zone    State