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WEB
SOLLY HULSBUCK

By Walter E. Boyer

Solly Hulsbuck, The People's Poet

By WALTER E. BOYER

Today¹ we pay tribute to the talents of Harvey Monroe Miller. The word *talents* is consciously chosen. It is plural in number, personal in connotation, and Biblical by tradition. For these reasons it should be used in connection with our understanding of Harvey M. Miller. His talents were many. He was a telegrapher on the railroad, a farmer by birth, and at his death was one of the outstanding and most respected businessmen in the community of Elizabethtown. Further, he was a writer of prose as well as of poetry. He wrote and published in English as well as in Pennsylvania German. He was not only an author but also a book binder, a book designer and illustrator, and operated *The Hawthorn Press*.

Then Harvey M. Miller identified himself with many, diverse personalities. He used such pseudonyms as *Jake Limberger*, *Rachel Wrinkles*, *Sally Miller*, and *Uncle Josh*. To a greater number of his English poems he signed his christened name, but the name by which he is best remembered, and to which his Pennsylvania German writings are ascribed, is *Solly Hulsbuck fun Bossom Deich*.

In connection with Harvey Miller's poetic gifts we are happy to ascribe the word talent because of the Biblical overtones of the word. The Bible is evident in everything that he wrote. From the many stories of Harvey's life that are still remembered by the people, one is made conscious of the Biblical nature of his aspirations and of his judgments. And when *Solly Hulsbuck fun Bossom Deich* comments on life, it is the commentary of an humble, God-fearing, and God-happy Christian.

The People's Poet

It is impossible in this paper to deal with all of these talents. There must be selection. So, as the title of the paper indicates, I shall discuss Harvey Miller as a poet, as *Solly Hulsbuck*, and as a lover of humanity. Now there is no need

¹This paper was read at the 61st annual meeting of the Pennsylvania German Society at Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, on October 20, 1951. For publication in the *Dutchman* it has been slightly revised and somewhat expanded.

THE COVER

Harvey M. Miller keenly enjoyed illustrating his poems. His commentaries on life were oftentimes composed pictorially as well as poetically. Our cover drawing is a linoleum block of *Solly Hulsbuck* as Harvey Miller visualized him. Readers who are familiar with the "gingham book," *Pennsylvania German Poems* (1906), will at once recognize that the frontispiece of that book was the inspiration and guide for our cover.

There is yet another story to this illustration. Harvey's brother Milton served as the model. "Milt" was the very antithesis of Harvey. Whereas Harvey was content to write and wait for public acclaim, "Milt" enjoyed reciting the wisdom of *Solly Hulsbuck* and went out and created audiences for Harvey's poems. And whenever he entertained, the 1906 frontispiece came to life—beard, cap, sawbuck, and all. I have tried my level-best to do likewise.—W.E.B.

to labor the point that he was a poet, nor that he is best known as *Solly Hulsbuck*, but I fear that you may hesitate to give your assent to using "the people's poet" to describe his position in the Pennsylvania German world.

Let me assure you that I have hesitated in using it. We have heard too many self-appointed spokesmen of the people, both within and without the confines of Pennsylvania German culture. Carl Sandburg and a host of lesser men resoundingly expostulate, "the people, yes, the people," speaking as if they were latter-day Thors ready to send from their Olympian mount a *dunnerwedder* of righteousness. Yet Sandburg cannot match the sympathetic studies of human beings as we find them in Edgar Lee Master's *Spoon River* or in such poems of Edwin A. Robinson as *Flammada* or *Mr. Flood's Party*. To Master and to Robinson people were not an abstraction but individuals. They were also individuals to *Solly*.

This was *Solly's* grace. For this he merits the title of being the people's poet. He never sought to speak for the Pennsylvania German people. His attitude towards them was never patronizing, nor partisan, nor domineering. Rather did he seek to give realistic pictures of them—of their failures and their successes, of their vices as well as their virtues. He gave voice to their silence and touched their life with the reverence of love. This was his intention. This is how he became preeminently our poet, retaining for us what was uniquely ourselves.

"Damn the Dutch"

The story is still told how Harvey M. Miller turned to the writing of Pennsylvania German prose and poetry. Near the turn of the century there came to live in Elizabethtown a young doctor who became a neighbor of Harvey's. This young doctor had recently been licensed to practice medicine. Undoubtedly he was well versed in the symptoms of disease but he definitely did not know the characteristics of Pennsylvania German culture. I believe that most of us can understand his difficulty, and we are not surprised to learn that there came the day when the young doctor cursed everything Dutch. "Damn and Dutch," he exclaimed to Harvey, "they have no music, no literature, no art, and even the devil can't understand them!"

Now this was more than Harvey could bear. What, if anything, he told the doctor, we do not know. But we do know that Harvey began writing less and less in English and more and more in Pennsylvania German. Much of this early English poetry remains to be collected. The fact is that Harvey himself did not know how much of it he had written and published. Somehow or other Harvey Miller did not care what *Jake Limberger*, *Rachel Wrinkles*, or *Sally Miller* had done. Fortunately some of this early English poetry was written to Miss Rose Katherine Sheetz of Philadelphia. This poetry Rose Sheetz kept and returned to Harvey when they were married. Shortly afterwards, the poems found their way into book form as *Harmonies of the Heart*. This book was a joint enterprise. Rose, or "Polly" as she was soon to be known, and Harvey printed the book on a small hand press, sewed the signatures together, bound them, and distributed the copies.

An Only Child

By 1908, three years after their only child was born, *Poems of Childhood* was published. Harvey



HARVEY M. MILLER

Harvey Monroe Miller was born on September 27, 1871, in Elizabethtown, the son of James Miller and his wife Sarah, nee Hoffman. He was baptized on the 4th of November, 1871, by the Rev. J. W. Lescher and became a member by confirmation of the Salem's Reformed Church, Elizabethtown, at the hand of the Rev. Samuel Kuhn on April 4, 1885.

On April 2, 1903, he was married to Miss Rose Katherine Sheetz of Philadelphia. To them was born an only child, Sara, the present Mrs. George Ennis of Reading.

His principal writings that were published in book form are: *Harmonies of the Heart* (1903); *Penn'a-German Poems*, 2nd edit., 1906; *Pennsylvania German Stories*, 1907; *Poems of Childhood*, 1908; and *G'shbos und Arnsht*, 1939.

Harvey Miller died in Elizabethtown on June 17, 1939, about three weeks after his last book was published. He was eagerly awaiting the reviews of it. The one that he most anxiously awaited was that of Dr. Preston Barba. He did not live to see it.

The story is told that the day after the Reading Forsommuling, where he had been an honored guest, he was walking down Penn Street in Reading. While he was walking along lost in thought, he heard the driver of a passing car shout, "Wu is die Polly?" To which he quickly replied, "Ich hop sie tsrick gelost!"

It has been our good fortune that his widow, "die gut Polly," has remained behind. She has been kind and generous to all of us who have wanted to become more familiar with the work of her husband and our *Solly*.—W.E.B.

dedicated this book to his child, Sara. In the dedicatory poem he wrote:

So for the pages of this book
Of Memory's keepsake store I took
What of childhood still endures
To mingle that with all of yours. (P. 3)

This passage expresses the genius of not only the poems of childhood but of everything that he wrote in the dialect. From memory and observation came

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the poems of the Pennsylvania Dutch expressing those human qualities that were enduring in those people who were anathema to the young doctor. Harvey was the prism that disbursed the primary light of life into the primary colours of Pennsylvania German life.

This intention to make us conscious of the enduring values of Pennsylvania German culture is seen in many of his poems, yet in no place does he mention it by name. He takes it for granted. In his poetry we see the typical Pennsylvania German village with its General Store and its characteristic *Billy Bloesroar*, the church with a long-winded parson, the farm with the domineering wife or the tired husband. We hear a marching band or a gossiping neighbor. We meet the book salesman, the politician, the man who likes to fish, or the man who would rather eat. All of these characters, and many others, are given an immortality by *Solly* that shall be a constant witness to the humor and the habits that are found among the traditionally Dutch.

The Melting Pot

I like especially the gentle satire that *Solly* gives us in the Pennsylvania German-English poem, *Der Melting Pot*. The "melting pot" concept was much in vogue in the twenties and, I suppose, referred to that cultural hash which would result if all the various cultural groups of our country were mixed together and brought to a boil. Our country was glowingly pictured as a vast pot in which all cultural differences were to be simmered down to the lowest common denominator of mediocrity. Now no anthropologist, no sociologist, no historian, or reputable folklorist has ever taken this term seriously. Yet the term could be found in all the Civics textbooks that were used in the ninth grade. It is in this place probably that *Solly* found it and was humored by its absurdity.

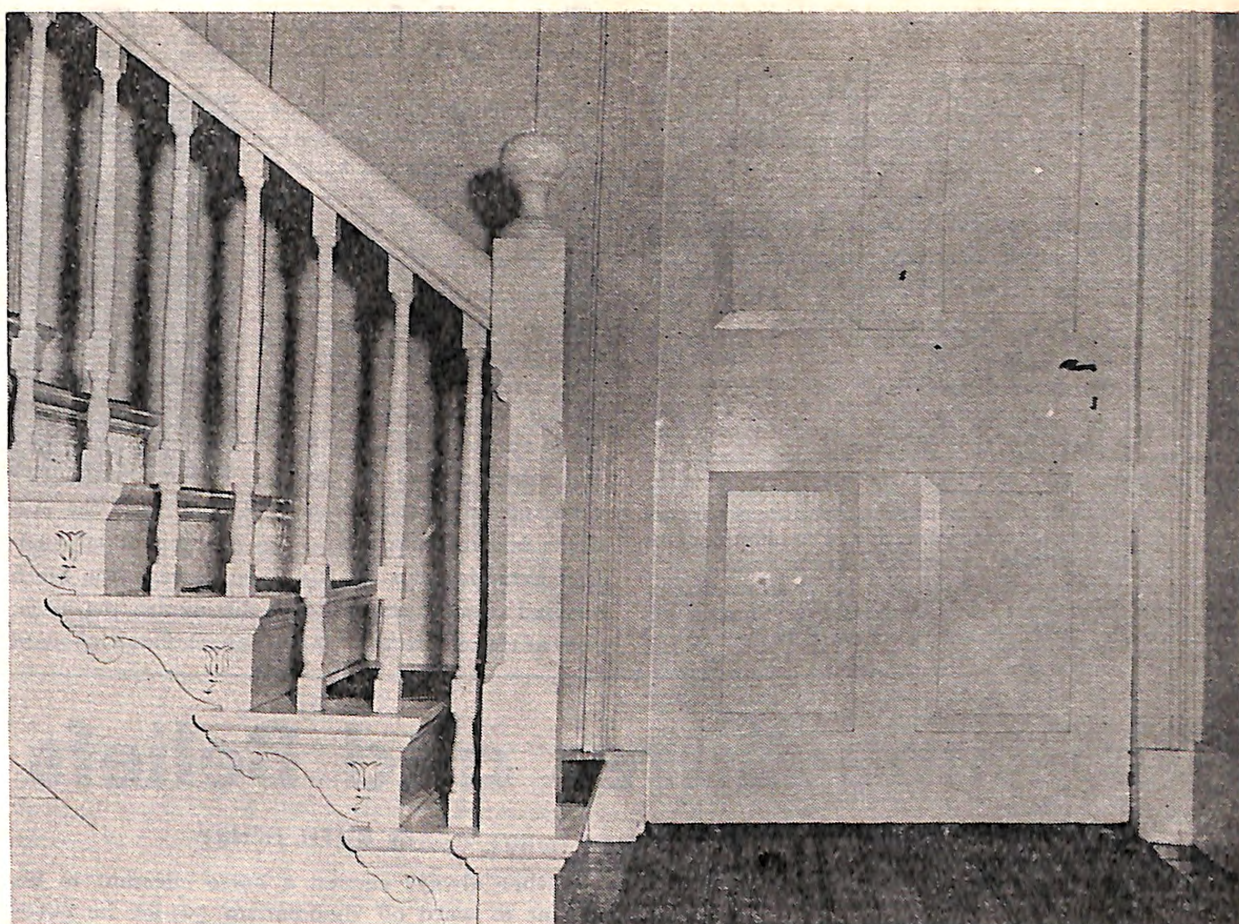
This, I believe, is the particular poem that *Solly* would want to call to the attention of the Pennsylvania German Society. From time to time the people of our tradition are urged, nay, exhorted to stop being "hyphenated Americans," to jump into the "melting pot." I do not know if any one of us has ever jumped but I am certain that *Solly* would never jump.

The poem "Der Melting Pot" portrays the plight of a Pennsylvania German boy who suffers under the precepts and pommellings of the teachers of the English public schools. These recent Pygmalions were determined to make the dumb Dutch speak the King's English. *Dis, dat, dose*, and *dem* had to go. So too such enunciations as *Chun* for John, *Chim* for Jim, *winegar* for vinegar, and how could a Dutchman make his patriotism understood if he spoke of *wictory*!

But this was not all that confused the little Dutch boy. As he studied his history, his civics, it seemed that all Americans after Columbus had come here on the *Mayflower*. Just where he had come from he was no longer so certain. Perhaps the stories that his grandfather had told him were just made-up. After all, books told the truth, didn't they?

So bit by bit the boy was fashioned anew by the myth of the melting pot that would produce a uniform group of Americans heavily spiced, of course, with the English tradition. The State Department of Public Instruction laid down the party-line and text-book writers obediently followed. And, as *Solly* says, they "pooty near about" succeeded in stamping out the Dutchness of the boy. But a part of him refused to yield.

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The Second Floor Stairway

The second-floor stairway in Harvey M. Miller's birthplace in Elizabethtown and the place to which he brought his bride brings to mind two of his English poems, "Wooden Hill" and "Hand-writing on the Wall" (*Poems of Childhood*, p. 40 and p. 121). The door at the end of the hallway, as we see it in the accompanying picture, led into Sara's room. The hand-writing on the wall may have appeared in this vicinity.

No trace can be seen today of this handwriting but one is glad that it once was there for it inspired a poem in which we may discover the fatherly heart that was the soul of Harvey Miller.

Hand-writing on the Wall

Somebody found a pencil,—now who could that somebody be?

Somebody eagerly used it where nobody else should see,

For here on the wall in the hallway, in an off-hand fashion are strung

The most curious hieroglyphics, and all in an unknown tongue.

Somebody versed in letters that nobody here understands

Left a mysterious message that some explanation demands;

What are these singular symbols, these labored inscriptions absurd,

As weird as the ancient Egyptian, I cannot decipher a word?

What do those curly creations, those fanciful flourishes mean,

Stopping abrupt in an angle like the jumping-off place in a dream?

They cannot be Greek, Latin, Hebrew, altho' they resemble them all;

Oh, who can interpret the meaning of the hand-writing here on the wall?

What should we do to somebody, if somebody taken to task

Should confess that the meaning was mischief from the first sweeping stroke to the last?

Don't you think it a proper proceeding to make an inviolate rule

That all mischievous hand-writing experts should be sent to a sound spanking school?

What? — somebody sobbing — you're sorry? The cry of repentance is heard,

And the tears of the penitent culprit efface every mischievous word;

For so the good Master disposes,—who his infinite love will entreat,

Find the chastening process is bitter, but the joy of forgiveness is sweet.

Harvey was inspired to write the poem of the "wooden hill" by his friend, the Reverend Mr. Goodman, who was pastor of the Elizabethtown United Brethren Church at the turn of the century. Like the proverbial parson's family, there were many children. Ten in fact, but all wanted and enjoyed.

When evening came and the little ones had to be put to bed, this saintly parson would tell them that it was time for them to climb the "wooden hill." Accompanied on this adventurous climb by three or four of his offspring, he regaled them with stories that were certain to people their sleep.

Harvey had but one child to carry up the "wooden hill." She was Sara to whom *Poems of Childhood* was dedicated. What all of this meant to him he related in the poem, "The Wooden Hill."

The Sandman comes on tippy-tiptoe,

At night when the sun goes down,
And the hush-a-by breezes softly blow

O'er the children in Drowsy-Town;
The By-low lady signs [sings?] sweet and low,

And the Sandman tiptoes still,
While we rub our eyes and away we go,

Away up the Wooden Hill.

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The People's Poet

(Continued from Page 3)

For this stubborn core, *Solly* was grateful and rejoiced.

It was this stubborn core, indicated by "pooty near about," that *Solly* desired to show to others and to save in his people as being a precious and purposeful heritage which would be the residual contribution of Pennsylvania German culture to the diversity-in-unity of American life. This is the lodestone of Harvey M. Miller's writings that shall prevent them from being forgotten.

Three Dominant Motifs

Thus *Solly* merits the title of *the people's poet* by what he has retained in his poetry of Pennsylvania German culture. There are at least three dominant motifs in his poetry that are expressive of our culture. They are his portrayal of the folk-consciousness of family, of life celebrated both in work and play, and by his humor that is not unacquainted with tears.

In the poetic portrayal of family life, *Solly* has had few rivals. In fact I would like to call his volume of English poems entitled, *Poems of Childhood*, the American *Child's Garden of Verses*. I know of no poet in America who has captured so humorously and so understandingly the naivete of childhood. Here is a poetic *Alice in Wonderland* that he wrote for his only child Sara. Since this poetry is so little known permit me to quote several of them. This first poem, "The Gobbler," was his daughter's favorite.

*The turkey gobbler's face is red,
He must be very warm,
And like a fan his tail is spread
About his haughty form.*

*I think it is a foolish plan
To have it in that place—
He can't keep cool to hold his fan
The wrong end from his face.* [P. 46]

My favorite is "The Moon" in which you will note an undeniable Pennsylvania German tinge.

*They say the moon is made of cheese,
It is so round and yellow,
And there's a man up in the moon,
And he's a busy fellow.*

*He cuts the cheese a quarter slice,
And sometimes half the ball,
And when the moon cannot be seen
I guess the cheese is all.* [P. 52]

The next two poems shall certainly find a responsive chord in every mother's heart since every mother is certain to have encountered similar situations.

Mamma's Mistake

*I'm sure there's only one of me,
As anyone can plainly see,
And yet of all the queerest things
I sometimes think I'm re'ly twins.*

*For I'm a "good girl" when I do
Whatever mamma tells me to,
But if some mischief I get at
I am a "naughty girl" for that.*

*I think there must be some mistake,
If mamma will in-ves-ti-gate;
A good and naughty girl to be
Is too much to expect of me.*

*For once I saw a little lass
Peep out of our looking-glass,*

*And always ready to begin
A-peeping out when I peeped in.*

*And she was looking just like me—
As near alike as twins can be,
And mamma couldn't tell for true
The difference between us two.*

*But I'M the "good girl" mamma has;
The "naughty girl" is in the glass;
And there is only one of me
As anyone can plainly see.* [Pp. 53, 54]

The Tell-Tale Birdie

*There are birds that come and swing
On our apple-tree and sing,
And fly away and never own
A spot 'at's re'ly truly home.*

*But there's a birdie I believe
'At hasn't time at all to leave,
And never sings on bush or tree,
It's just too busy watching me.*

*For once I broke my dolly's head
To see her brains, and then in dread
I told mamma. She said: "I know—
A little birdie told me so."*

*And once I took some cookies sweet
To see if they were good to eat,
But mamma, sure enough, would know—
The little birdie told her so.*

*When I upset the ink she knew—
The little birdie told her too;
No matter what I do, you see,
The little birdie tells on me.*

*It's ever' where, in ever' thing,
But I have never heard it sing,
And I can't see it's any use—
It's such a simple little goose.* [Pp. 55, 56]

Then there is in *G'shbos und Arnsht* the poem "Mei Daudy und Ich" which authentically captures the relationship of a young boy with his work-weary father.

*Mei dawdi's ungaduldich
Und hut ken zeit far mich,
Ar denkt net dos ar aw 'mol wawr
En klaner bu we Ich.
Far owet's huckd ar in seim shdool
Und won Ich froga will
Fun socha dos Ich net fershta
Don kreishd ar glei: "Sei shdil!"*

*Ich hob en g'frogt eb's wawr is,
Und eb ar's arlich glawbt,
Dos leit fun dreck gamocht sin
We unser porra sawgt;
Und eb se weiser dreck 'ghot hen
Far ol de weisa leit,
Und niks dos kumnar kol-dreck
Far shwartz a naged heid.*

*Farwos mer sawgt de oor gaid
Und bleibt duch immer doh,
Und won se shlockd eb's wae dut,
Weil se olfort kreishd derno.
Und eb de drucker drucka sin
Und aw fun shtaub gamocht,
Und eb der mon im moon sei licht
Ous-blos'd bei dunkel nocht.*

*Ware's solz so blendi g'hot hut
Und hut's wholesail in der sa;
Farwos en bis-kotz galawda is
Mit niks os kotza-ta,
Eb en warum-fens ful warum is,
Sel wil Ich wissa aw,
Und eb harn-asel harn'r hen,
Forna udder hinadraw.*

Eb's deivel's-dreck fu'm deivel is,

*'Sis selar waik gadawft,
Und won der shdor-mon widder brouch,
Wu gaid ar he und kawft.
Eb's dunar'd ola Dunarshdawg,
Sel wotch Ich uf nochdem;
Farwos mer ep'l ruppa don,
Won so duch ken fedra hen?*

*Eb ar ols karaseer'd hut,
Und gaman'd en buss shmockd gute,
Und hut de mommy gadicht gadrickd,
Und farwos ar's nimmy dut?*

*Don jumpt der dawdi uf fu'm shdool
Und yawgt mich noch da roo,
Duch wase Ich heit nuch net farwos,
Far Ich hob niks gadu.* [Pp. 14, 15]

Of course *Solly's* portrayal of family life did not end with children but included such things as "die Tillie era Tinkel" (Tillie's chickens), her Valentine, her quilting parties, or such items as the back fence that was a silent witness to the daily bits of gossip that were related there, or of house-cleaning time, or the night before Christmas, or the love-making of "*Ich und de Polly*," or the birth of a child, the return of the soldier shot in France, or the sudden spell of piety expressed in the dusting of the Bible and the instruction of the children just before the parson came. These items of family life and many others found lyrical expression in *Solly's* poetry and retain for us the woes and wonders of the Dutch home in the first third of our century.

Furthermore, *Solly* has retained for us the Pennsylvania German attitude towards work and play. *Solly*, as the typical Dutchman, believed in honest work and hated the loafer; he believed in celebrating and gave it all he had. Some of his most pointed satire he reserved for the town loafer, *Billy Bloseroar*, who complains that he has never had a chance to demonstrate his virtues but assures his cronies that he could do anything, even govern the country, if he was given the chance.

But also like the typical Dutchman, *Solly* welcomed respite from work and roguishly celebrated it. Here is a kind of 20th Century Brughel painting of a Pennsylvania German picnic. Note that it is not one of our exclusive, modern, family-reunion, or Country Club, or shop picnic, but a *celebration!* It is a picnic to which anyone and everyone was welcome usually at the church and the church people's expense.

Es Picnick Fever

*Nou is es picnick fever doh,
Mir sin aw unarshprechlich fro;
Zu long hen mir galidda mit
Dyspepsy, bouch-wa, und der grip,
Und roomadiz, und zu feel gol,
Un's picnick fever be'd se ol;
So nemt mer nou en guda zeit
Und gaid op noch da picnick heit.*

*De gons familia, und der hund,
De travla noch em picnick grund,
Dorich shtawb und ola hitz und wedder,
Bei foos und ola sorta redar;
Mer nemt de Bevvu bei surbreis
Und feert se noch dem paradeis
Wu yaders harlich is, mit "pop,"
Und eis-kream in seim hovver-sock.*

*De bandt gaid fornahar und mocht
En wunarbawra granda yocht;
Es gaid em noch em kup we wei,
Mer kon net ruich shta dabei;
Don huf Ich wart's fargevva ols,
Far seller knippel uf da drum
Shlockd shlivvera ous meim krishtendum.
Und won Ich bis'l donz und wolz*

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Om picnick grund dort sin mer ains
Und shbeela ola sorta games;
Race shpringa we en shdrawla blids
Is g'shbos in so'ra gleeidich hitz;
Und bolla shbeela bis der sheck
Em rous rin'd on da hussa-seck;
Und olsamol en maidel dricka,
Sel kart duch aw zu dem picicka.

Da porra mocht en kla address.
Den onra mocha'n hungerich g'fres.
Und eb ar naksht kumt on's gaba'd
Shpringt yaders far en bes'ra wa'd,
Und weist sei hung'r is ken sham
Und shduft sei oldar diafram
Mit hinkel, kucha, und so kusht,
Bis sei kolb-ledar belt sheer bust.

De Tillie huckd sich uf en shtumpa
In era feina seidna lumba,
Und shwartzta umensa sin dort,
De shbeela shdecklar os es bod,
Und shpringa nuf era ba!
Don shart de Till we'n hund mit fla,
Und shprengt de gallus-knep sheer op,
Und 'sis en grose ekseidmend dort.

Der dawdi hut en grose shdick pie
Und shoft's zu seina shdor-za nei,
Und dreitza micka nemma en reid
Uf sellem shdick zu awigkei!
Und keffer, shkitters, und so ding'r,
De fleega iv'rawl ivver's dinner,
Und kent mer's zala udder messa
Don het mer germs beim dousand g'fressa.

Uf "angel cake," mit ola beis,
Gan' germs der waik noch paradeis;
Und ola mouful hinkel nemt
En milyoon mikrobos shnel zu'm endt;
Und gingt mer efter 'wenich fort
Und het en picnick, nem mei wart,
Don wara germs und mikrobos rawr.
Des glawb Ich is farhoftich wawr.

Far won's em ivvel is grawd doh
Und olles sheined em shwartz und blo,
Und won mer feel'd we'n older hund,
En picnick mocht em frish und g'sund.
Mer sin, ufkors, awenich mot
Mit so feel germs in hovver-sock,
Ovver morya sin se ol digest,
Noh gooka mir om veri besht.

En picnick is en bully zeit,
Doh kuma ol de nuchbers-leit
Und sawga: "Hullo, Bill, bin fro,
B'gosh dich widder sana doh!"
Und weiver os net uft fun hame
Feel weider os de pinnick gan',
De sawga: "Ei, du lewar, ei-ei-ei,
Des is yoh de Betz! Good-bye!"

[G'shbos und Arnsht, Pp. 30-32]

Yes, it will be possible for that future folk-historian to find what life was like among the Pennsylvania German people in Solly's day if they turn to his poetry. They shall find that he has authentically retained their attitudes towards the family and the social life which they held in common. And in the expression of these he will find the humor and the pathos which was also ours.

Finally, I believe that *Solly Hulsbuck fum Bossom Deich* merits the title of *the people's poet* because of his contentions. It is not an accident that the majority of Solly's poems are filled with irony. The didactic purpose may oftentimes be hidden by the humor yet it never entirely blunts the spiritual *weltenschaan* from which this poetry grew. Aldous Huxley laments that the humor of our modern irony dies upon the lips since its origin rests not in a faith in God nor in the possi-

"Stoney Batter"

Stoney Batter is a novel of the Nineteenth Century Pennsylvania Dutch and the discovery of oil. Its author, Zoda Elizabeth Anderson, hails from Oil City, Pennsylvania. Issued last year by the Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 255 Jefferson Avenue, Grand Rapids 3, Michigan, it is now in its second edition. It is 289 pages in length and sells for three dollars.

Stoney Batter is the strange and compassionate story of Abe Fox, a tall, stark, Lincolnesque figure who transcended the extravagant bounds of his older brother's hate. Abe, a favored son in the Fox family, began his attachment to Daniel early in life, despite Daniel's sometimes vicious jealousy. Although Abe's favorable position aggravated

bilities of man but rather comes from a fatalism that despairs of man and whose God has departed. Solly's humor is not fatalistic. He could laugh at the foibles of humankind for he had faith that through man's kinship with God even the least could be first in the Kingdom. His is a healthy irony and a human humor.

Still to be published is a little illustrated book that Solly composed for his nephews. In this book he exposes all the covetousness and chicanery that is talent in all professions. The illustrations and the poetry anticipates much of the work of our liberal cartoonists and writers of the depression thirties. In all of these little poems and drawings he was contending for the preservation of the values that were embodied in the culture that he knew and which he wished to keep alive.

To be more specific, the philosophy of life that gave character and conviction to Solly's contention that Pennsylvania German culture was worthy of being preserved is found in his poem "Donkbawr." It is at once a concise statement of faith and I believe it is typical of the best in our larger cultural pattern of life.

Ich will net feel in dara weld
Fun lond und heiser ud'r geld,
Ken reichdum we en monchar hut
Wu'n dawler awgookt we en Gott;
Ken mecht os onra unardrickd
Und ol garechtichkad farshdickd,
Und mit ma wulfich hartz und hond
Nemt olles und gebt nomols donk.

Yuscht geb mer g'sundleit, ufgarull'd
In lumba be'd sel ol dei guld;
En heisli wu en weibli singt
En shlummer-leed zu era kint;
En wawrm, rein hartz, und arlich blude,
Ken groser nawma, ovver gute,
En fesht'r freind, en krusht im shonk,
Far ol des sawg Ich: "Gott sei donk!"

[G'shbos und Arnsht, P. 258]

Thus I conclude that *Solly Hulsbuck fum Bossom Deich* is our people's poet for it was his intention to speak to others and to us of ourselves, that in his poetry he has retained for us and for our children that which has been uniquely Pennsylvania German, and that those evaluations for which he contended are the same values which we in our time we find most fruitful.

Our testimony and tribute to Harvey M. Miller today bears witness that the Pennsylvania German people have taken him into their hearts. More than a dozen newspapers have published his work and the *Valley Citizen* of Valley View continues to reprint weekly his prose and poetry to the delight of the people in this region. Furthermore, there are many times that his poetry is printed or recited and credit to him is withheld. His

Daniel's surliness, Abe earnestly sought his brother's friendship, a weakness Daniel never tired exploiting.

The stirring story also relates the romantic saga of the 19th-century Pennsylvania Dutch, a rugged people who spent themselves on the soil. But when "Drake's Folly" burst among them, the land suddenly burgeoned with oil derricks, and the immigrant plowmen became rich over night.

Stoney Batter has a strong scent of the earth and a feeling for the conflicting passions in the human heart. The stark struggle against the caprices of nature and of human hate is given a transcendent meaning through the love of God in the life of one man. Here is an impressive first novel, telling with a passion and descriptive power a poignant story of elemental struggle.

Stairway

(Continued from Page 3)

The way up the Wooden Hill I know
Like a path in a posy park;
It's the place where the wall-paper roses grow
All day and all night in the dark:
Where it's all growed over with carpet flowers
To be crushed right under our feet
When the Sandman comes in the evening hours
And I climb up the Wooden Steep.

The Wooden Hill is the way to bed,
To the shore of the Slumber Sea,
Where the Dreamship carries the sleepy-head
To the foot of the dreamland tree;
An angel pilots the Dreamship true,
As we sail o'er the Slumber Deep,
And the Good Man watches the long night thro',
To the end of the voyage, Sleep.

When we reach the foot of the dreamland tree
In the beautiful garden of Nod
On a dear little isle in the Slumber Sea,
Where we travel alone with God,
The angel gently shakes the good tree
In a moment of happiest bliss,
And down falls a sweet little dream for me
As sweet as an angel's kiss.

A sweet little dream of a dolly with curls,
And pretty blue eyes that sleep,
And snowy white teeth like a string of pearls,
Where the lips at the Kissing-Place meet;
A wee dolly coach and a tiny gold ring,
A wee dolly cradle and bed,—
The sweet little dream lets fall ever'thing
And piles it all over my head.

Oh, I love to sail on the Slumber Sea
On the Dreamship to the end,
With a beautiful angel to pilot me
Safe back to the shore again;
Back to the top of the Wooden Hill,
And down o'er the carpet flowers,
Where the birds hop up on the window-sill,
And sing thro' the morning hours.

—W.E.B.

popular A-B-C poem in Pennsylvania German is more often printed without his name than with it. And if the anonymity of a poem vouches for its folk character then much of his poetry has already become folk-poetry.

The place of Pennsylvania German poetry in American literature has yet to be determined. But when that time comes and the evaluations are made then I am certain that Harvey M. Miller shall be ranked among the first of those who wrote in this genre. For it was he who tempered time with the eternal and brought to the life of many people a purpose and much pleasure.