

# Poems by Wittell

## Casus Belli

Ghannewaugah brave;  
Ghannewaugah strong;  
Ghannewaugah say  
White man wrong.

White man swear;  
Say bad name;  
Point his gun;  
Take good aim.

White man say  
Ghannewaugah thief.  
Ghannewaugah say  
He big chief;

Gun go "Bang!"  
Hit 'im head.  
Ghannewaugah he  
Fall down dead.

No need steal;  
Look in eye.  
White man say  
Ghannewaugah lie.

White man now  
Look at sky;  
Lock his door;  
Wonder why

White man angry;  
Grab his gun.  
Ghannewaugah brave;  
He no run.

All thing quiet;  
Smoke on hill.  
Maybe Indian  
Come to kill.

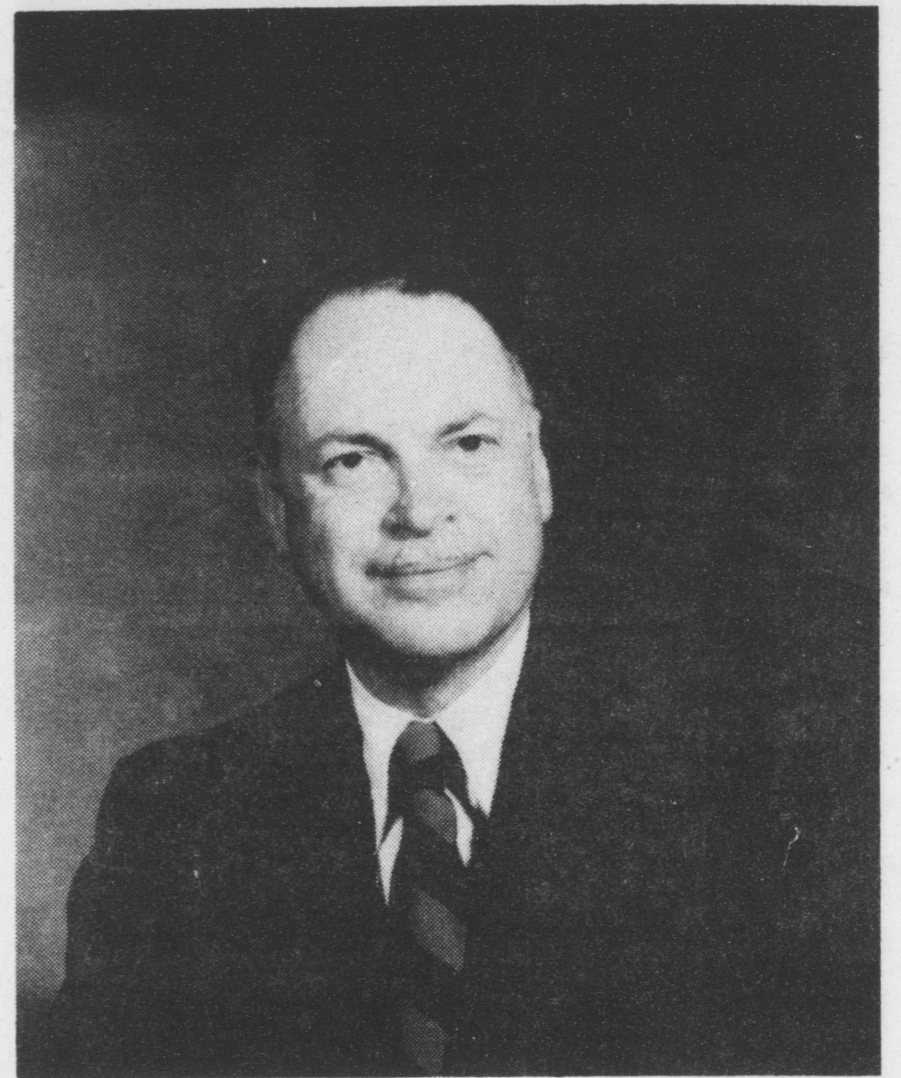
## Autumn -an Indian Legend

The Indians had a legend—so we're told—  
About a sachem who was growing old.  
Seeing his life was drawing to its close,  
And fearing lest he be forgot, he rose  
A supernatural power to invoke,  
And to his god, imploring favor, spoke:  
"O great one! from whose bow-string through the sky  
The fiery arrows of the lightening fly—  
Whose voice speaks in the thunder, and whose breath  
Impels the wind—few are the moons ere death  
Shall summon me. Vouchsafe that there may be  
Some visible memorial of me  
When I am gone—some universal sign  
Of the power and dominion that were mine  
On Earth."

Whereat the god was moved, 'tis said,  
And laid his hand upon the sachem's head,  
Saying: "So shall it be; in peace depart;  
And may faith keep thee, faithful thou who art."

Then solemnly, as godhood ever wills,  
The Great One set his seal upon the hills,  
And gave divine decree that once each year  
The mountains and the vales these hues would wear:  
Red, for the color of the sachem's skin;  
Buff, for the color of his moccasin;  
And as a sign of his devotion, gold;  
For such, intruth, most precious all men hold.

Thus was the favor of the Great One shown  
To one on earth, now nameless and unknown.



John Loose

## Jack Loose writes a history of Lancaster County

John Ward Willson Loose, President of the Lancaster County Historical Society, Vice President of the Pennsylvania Federation of Historical Societies, Secretary of the Heritage Center, etc., author of four previous historical books, etc.—in other words, our own "Jack" Loose, teacher of history and social studies at Donegal High School, has written an authoritative history of Lancaster, which will be in the bookstores on November 20.

The Lancaster Association of Commerce and Industry commissioned Jack to write the book. It will sell for \$14.95, but Jack has refused to take any royalties from its sales, which should be impressive

among history-loving Lancastrians. Jack told the Lancaster Intelligencer Journal, "I get a salary for teaching, and that's it. Everything else is free. It's my own little campaign against all the people who always have their hands out."

The book reflects Jack's professional respect for facts. It also reflects Jack's amusement at some historical facts, such as the superb counterfeiting of two Lancastrians named Kendig and Jacobs back in the Gay Nineties.

There aren't many history books that are accurate and also entertaining.

But that's Jack—objective, with a sardonic sense of humor.

## Michael Kohler to give recital



Michael Kohler

Michael Kohler, a Junior Music Major at Lebanon Valley College and a '76

Graduate of Donegal High School, will be giving a voice recital at the Blair Music Center of the college on Thursday evening, Oct. 26, at 8 p.m. The program will include the music of Bach, Purcell, Mozart, Schumann, Chabrier, Saint Saens, and Niles. There will be no admission charge. Many local residents will remember Mike's D.H.S. performances in brigadoon and CAMELOT and, recently, at the PUFA concert. Mike is the son of Rev. and Mrs. W. Richard Kohler, formerly of Mount Joy and now of Palmyra, PA.

## Manuscript unearthed in Marietta

[Ed. Note: The following manuscript, penned in a spidery hand on crumbling papyrus, was unearthed from the recently restored basement playroom of Mr. Pharos Diletannto, a New Jersey-based Kremlinologist who has spent the summer restoring an 18th century mansion on Marietta's historic Front Street.

The once-elegant edifice, often called simply "The House" by local history buffs owing to the colorful use to which it was put in the naughty old lumber boom days, is now cheerfully illuminated by flickering electric candles. The fake wood paneling and tasteless plaster have been stripped away to reveal authentic crumbling brick and the original lathe. Rustic prints of old-time slave auctions, debtor's prisons, and TB sanatoriums complete the charming decor.

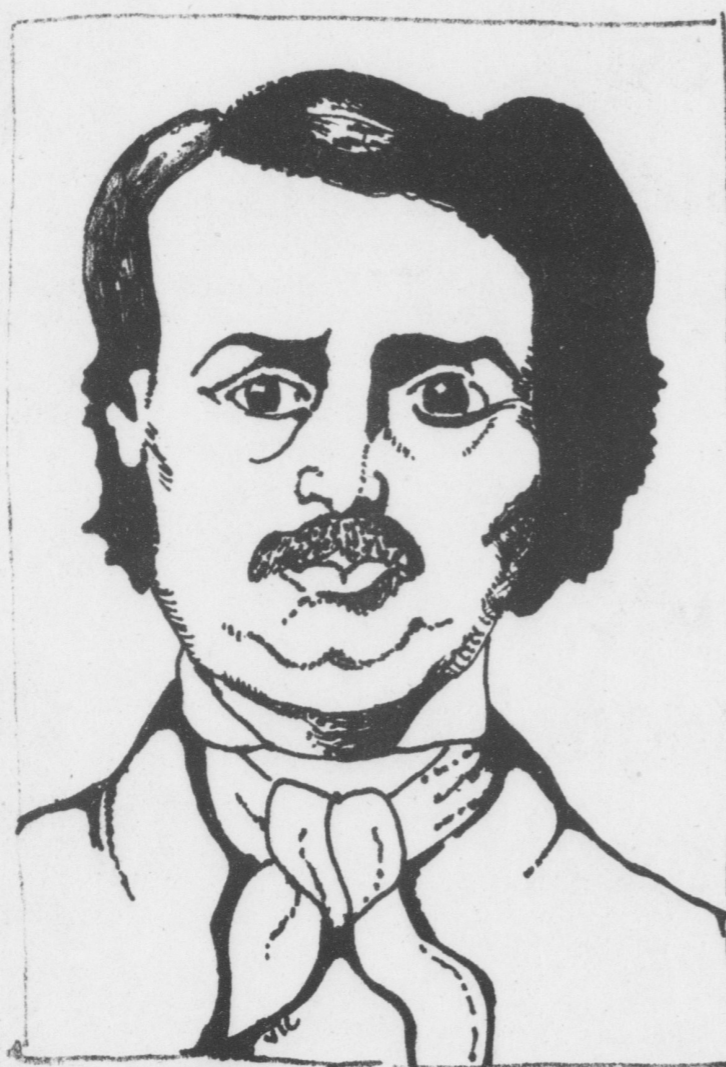
"In spite of all the work I've done," Mr. Diletannto admits, "the joint still gives me the creeps.

"Anyhow, this manuscript, which is signed by Edgar Allan Poe, proves once and for all that this place was built well before 1875, the date that some of the so-called 'experts' around here have been whispering behind my back. This place was built in 1790, just like I always claimed it was. You can quote me on that."

The manuscript follows.]

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Late one evening, finding myself in a state of the utmost funk, as I pored over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten



Pharos Z. Diletannto [drawing by Vicki Fogie]

lore, and stared deadpan out the frame of my garret window onto the lunarly illuminated and ominous mists of the Susquehanna River—while I so sat, morosely considering the crypt of my beautiful dead sister, Maybelline—my sister, who, even in death, possessed that beauty which quickens the pulse of the inquisitor into things unnatural, things uncanny and corrupt—even as I sat and gazed at the oppressive mists, I bethought me that I heard...a sound!

Yes, a sound! A sound, in whose tintinabulating timbre one might hear the iron knell of death itself—this I heard in a manner so distinct, that, at first, I imagined it came from my very inner ears.

But No! —this evil tinkling did not arise from my consciousness (for consciousness cannot produce a thing other than that which, in effect, is itself an affect effecting the mind's affections) but had come, like a lizard crawling over a window-pane, 'thro the blackened framework of my garret's portal.

This sound—this extraordinary confabulation of decay and putrescence—led me to rise with a start—with a cry of terror! Off I wrenched my tattered bath-robe, and, flinging on a seedy suit, such as is suited to one who, like myself, dwells in the blackest depths, never looking on the pallid beams of Sol—so I rushed down the stairs and into the

dampened and depressing thoroughfare.

Again! And again! That awful sound embellished the fantastic charioscuro of the shades of night. I followed its direction, oblivious to the goulsh vegetable faces that peered upon me from every window I passed, so distracted was my brain with dank humors—those leering, terrible faces cut from the native gourd, and lit with a dripping, flickering candle!

For some minutes I continued onward, till I saw the "S-bend" (a landmark in the quaint town of Marietta, wherein I resided), and not far off, a man of cadaverous demeanor approaching.

"Go back!" he cried though parched lips, "Go back! —or be prepared to lose your mind from fear!"

And yet, the sound—which I now discovered to be the terror-ridden howls of young children—so attracted me that, ignoring the entreaties of the sage stranger, like Caesar I pushed on... and on... into the very depths of the Jaycee building... until I heard that sound—that horrible, nerve-grinding cry—until I heard, not another but myself...

SCREAM IN THE DARK!

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[Editor's note: as in Poe's day, the Jaycees still hold their "Scream in the Dark" around Halloween time. It's every night at 7:30, starting on October 21st and running through the 31st. So don't miss it, kids!]