At Home and Abroad

By YVONNE LOSH

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU

PART I

Munich is one of the gateways to the world famous village, Oberammergau. When I went to the station to purchase my ticket I found several lines of people patiently waiting while the ticket agents slowly and with unconcern sold reservations for the special Oberammergau train, to folks who had come from all parts of the globe for this occasion.

Most every one but the natives rode first or second class but I rode third class for I wanted to have the opportunity of talking with some of the peasants.

It so happened that I sat opposite a better class peasant woman. With little ado she began to tell me about herself—how she had denied herself everything but the utmost necessities in order osave up enough money to enable her to see the Passion Play, and how, because of the constant depreciation of the mark, her savings had continued to dwindle away until one day, through the generosity of an American tourist she had been able to exchange her savings for an American dollar—a dollar which would not depreciate and which would more than pay all her expenses at Oberammergau.

For three hours the little train puffed and chugged away through villages, along streams, climbing hills, winding along valleys, passing straw roofed farm houses, fields of tiny truck patches, meadows of hay in which sturdy women worked like men, and tracts of planted forests.

Suddenly there was a hustle and bustle in the train—all eyes were turned toward the windows—Oberammergau was in sight! There it lay, like a toy village, a mass of green against a background of mountains, red roofs, and a bronzed cupola peeping from among the trees, and a silvery little stream playing peek-aboo in the villagem eadows.

It seemed that all the town had come out to meet the train—guides, village folk, and tourists swarmed up to the train gates to meet the newcomers.

How quaint the natives looked!—the men and boys with their long hair, the women and little girls with their loose blouses and ruffled skirts. Many of the men and boys were dressed in the Tyrolese or Alpine style—short breeches, heavy woolen stockings, and embroidered blouse, and vest of black velvet with a cloth coat decorated with bright buttons, and as a finishing touch, the little peaked hat flaunting a gay long feather or rabbit's foot or tail or a chamois.

At the travel bureau I purchased a ticket costing sixty cents which entitled me to see the Passion Play and to stay for two days at a boarding place or "Pension", including room, board, and service. Improbable as it seems, this is true.

The rooms in the village "Pensions" were all more or less delightful and fascinating—wood carvings of Bible stories hung about on the walls and here and there stood vases of "Edelweiss," a rare and cherished mountain flower. The beds, however, were amusing affairs—gigantic old bedsteads, enormous mattresses, and then, feather pillow, under beds and over beds galore, all of which I placed on the floor before I attempted to sleep. Thus amid the drowsy murmurings of the sleepy village I spent my first night at Oberammergau.

The Passion Play was to begin at eight o'clock the next morning, but I was up at break of day. Just as the sun peeped over the peak of the Kofel, bathing the meadows with warmth and light, a musical jingling rang forth from various parts of the village—the little goatherds were driving the goats, sheep, and cows out to the village commons.

The goatherds had hardly left the streets when throngs of tourists, many of them in outlandish garbs, began to pour forth from the "Pensions" and from the frequent special trains. Different as they all were, the tourists had this in common—they had all come to see the marvelous Passion Play, and they admired the refined, simple, and cultured people of Oberammergau.

It was indeed a pleasure to walk about through the clean, winding streets of the village, shaded with trees, and bordered with flower and vegetable gardens, fruit trees trained like vines, trailed along the garden walls and fences. On the doors and gables of the spick and span houses skilful hands had carved pictures from Bible stories and on many of the house walls were painted scenes from the life of Christ. Directly over the doors of the older houses were carved the name of the owner, the name of his wife and her maiden name, the date when the house was built, and some proverb or verse from the Bible.

Anton Lang, the man who has played the part of Christ for three decades, owns the loveliest and the most popular house in the village. There seems to be a constant stream of visitors to see him or to purchase his pottery, wood carvings or the paintings and photographs made by his sons and daughters. Most of the tourists want to take with them something that has been made by Anton Lang. It is not surprising, therefore, hands have produced in the other nine years.

There is an unusual kindness and gentleness about the ways of the village folks—and I do not doubt in the least that this is a direct result of the fact that both the children and grownups are trying to live the parts of the finest characters in the Bible. The boys try hard to live such lives as to make them worthy of playing the part of Christ or of one of his Apostles, and the girls try to live up to the life of Mary or Magdalene.

In trouble smitten Europe, Oberammergau stands out like another country—serene, unspoiled, hopeful.

PART II

The Passion Play had its origin in the year 1630 when thousands of people in Bavaria were dying of the black plague. For a time the little village of Oberammergau, isolated in the mountains, had been spared. However, one of the peasants disregarded the strict quarantine of the village and went to visit with his family in one of the neighboring hamlets and shortly after his return to Oberammergau he died with the plague. Soon many of the village folk were stricken. But being a God-loving group of people, they got together and prayed that the plague might cease—and the prayer was heard—in spite of the fact that many were taken sick with the plague, none died, and in gratitude the villagers pledged themselves to perform the story of the life of Christ once every ten years. They have kept this vow and thus, with but a few exceptions during wars, the Passion Play has been given at Oberammergau every decade since 1630, and in practically the same way and with the same religious fervor.

As we find our places in the great out-of-door auditorium where the Passion Play is now given, several signs remind us of the things we must not do: "Please do not applaud! Smoking forbidden! Cameras forbidden!"

But everything about the out-of-door stage tends towards making the play realistic—olive trees are growing in the Roman courtyard, a narrow street seems to lead from the court into a garden and then away into a road that dwindles to a line as it meets the mountains. The day I saw the Passion Play the weather seemed to change with the scenes—at the start the sun beamed down from a clear sky, casting a glow over the entire stage—even birds sang and flitted about while the play was in progress, but towards the end, in the scenes of mourning, the sky began to cover with clouds, which remarkably emphasized the moods of the play.

A chorus of about forty men and women dressed in long garbs serves [illegible] scenes to follow, by means of color schemes and in the songs they chant. Besides, the chorus serves as somewhat of a relaxation after the stirring scenes, but it does become a trifle monotonous to see the chorus slowly filing on and off the stage at least seventeen times during the nine hours duration of the play.

While the chorus is entering upon the stage, beautiful music is heard, as it seems, from the air. Then one of the loveliest scenes of all is presented—Christ enters, riding upon a donkey, and then children begin the rejoicing by crying "Hosanna! Hosanna!" The multitude joins them and as Christ rides along the street, blessing children and all who come to him, all is a flutter of brilliant garments, a multitude is shouting His praise, old and young, strong and feeble, high and low, are blessing Him, and all the while palms are waved and flowers are strewn before Him wherever He passes.

As the scenes proceed they become more and more suggestive of the crucifixion to follow and the audience is more and more seized by emotions. The scenes where Christ stands humbly and yet majestically before His accusers, when He is beaten and made to bear His own cross, are so vivid that there is scarcely and undimmed eye in the audience. Many people were so touched that they could not witness Christ's crucifixion. The most sorrowful of all the scenes was the one in which Christ was hanging on the cross while the storm raged and all the elements expressed their wrath, blood flowing from His wounds where the nails seemingly pierced His hands and feet and the crown of thorns on His brow. And previous to that scene the Judas scene vividly portrays the repentant Judas—the man mad with rage against himself, tearing the bag with the pieces of silver from his belt and slinging them into the faces of those to whom he had betrayed Christ, and finally Judas' end as he hangs himself.

But the final scene, Christ's ascension, gives one a glorious feeling of hopefulness and dispels the gloom in one's thoughts and in the atmosphere. Christ, a halo hovering over His head, is seen rising into midair and soaring heavenward, with His angels escorting Him, and all the while magnificent music comes from everywhere and soft, angelic voices remind one of what a choir of angels might be like. The audience is dumbfounded—there is little to indicate that the scene before one's eyes is not an actual ascension. For a moment only the vision of the Ascension lingers, then the curtain is drawn, the vision ended and one awakens as from a dream.

ETIQUETTE by Flo

Readers desiring personal points of Etiquette or heart affairs may write Flo, care of this newspaper, enclosing a self addressed and stamped envelope.

Dear Miss Flo:

When giving a private dance, should programs be furnished? (2) At the end of a meal, where should the knife and fork be placed? Thank you.

—

Dance programs are seldom used now except at large college dances or Army and Navy dances. However, if it is a special occasion, and the hostess wishes, she may furnish them. They also serve as appropriate mementoes of the occasion. (2) The knife and fork should be placed near the center of the plate—side by side—with the handles placed a little toward the right side of the plate.

* * *

Dear Miss Flo:

Upon being presented to a lady, should a gentleman extend his hand or wait for the lady to do so? (2) If not, should she accept his hand if he offers it?

—

The lady is given the privilege of offering her hand first in acknowledging an introduction. However, to disregard anybody's outstretched hand is very bad taste.

* * *

Dear Miss Flo:

Should a young lady wear mourning for her fiance? (2) Should the wedding presents be returned? (3) When an engagement is broken, should the engagement ring be returned? Thank you. G. D.

—

A young lady does not wear mourning for her fiance as a general thing. However, if he died on the eve of the wedding it is permissable. If the date of the wedding had not been announced it is not good form to wear mourning. (2) The wedding presents should be returned with an explanation and thanks. (3) The engagement ring should always be returned.

* * *

Dear Miss Flo:

When arranging a dinner table. on what side of the plate should the napkin be placed. (2) Is it good form to place the napkin on the plate? M.S.

—

The napkin should be placed to the left of the plate when arranging the table. (2) In some cases it is placed on the plate. but it is considered better form to place it to the left of the plate.

Mother Was Right

Mother—Honestly, John, I don't know what we will do with Wilbur. He's simply going from bad to worse.

Father—What's he done now?

Mother—He traded that ukulele you gave him Christmas for a saxaphone.

It pays to advertise, and a trial will convince. Let us have that adv.

TCB

Enjoy The Advantages Of Saving Money

It is not advisable for a young man to be so busy enjoying luxuries that he has nothing left to save.

You will enjoy the many advantages of saving when you acquire the habit of weekly deposits with the Caroline County Bank.

4% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts, compounded quarterly.

THE CAROLINE COUNTY BANK
GREENSBORO, MARYLAND
F. P. ROE President T. C. HORSEY Cashier
YOUR BANK CAN HELP YOU

FIRST-CLASS SQUARE BERRY CUPS
BERRY CRATES
Trays : Boxes : Baskets

Are Manufactured and are on Sale at Reasonable Prices at Our Works

WE SELL Lumber—Rough and Dressed; Shingles, Lath, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Lime, Hair, Cement, Coal, Hay, and all kinds of

BOX SHOOKS

THE HUGHES LUMBER AND COAL CO.
Denton Maryland

This Thing Yclept Advertising

EVERYONE in business at some time or another has had someone try to sell him something on the score that "it will be a good 'ad' for you." It might be anything from a patent, non-freezing thermometer to a blooded Cheshire cat.

Then there are the gracious ladies from the church fair, the lyceum course or the fresh air ball, who bring around their programs; the energetic son of the good customer who comes with his high school paper; the insistent gentleman with many friends who sells tickets in the grand auto lottery; the congenial Kings of the Mystic Hour, who are putting on their annual circus which must be supported by all good and loyal brothers—all these, and more, make their appeal under the guise of advertising.

Time was when buying friend prospect a cigar or something stronger was "charge it up to advertising." But those hallowed days are passing into the great beyond.

The reason for much of this misunderstanding and "blue-sky" in advertising is due to the burdening of advertising with anything which was not quickly or accurately classified under any other heading, and that advertising, being of uncertain limits and covering so many sins, was never carefully defined, and all that went toward getting the order or publicizing the product, the vendor or maker was considered advertising.

Well, what is this yclept advertising?

Advertising is selling to the mass.

Salesmanship expresses the selling by personal, individual contact. Advertising embraces the MASSED SELLING by printers' ink. The salesman gets to few; the advertisement reaches many.

Advertising is silent, massed salesmanship.

Advertising partakes of all the elements of salesmanship except of personal contact. Yet advertising has, and does express, personality. Advertising may sell your organization, your ability, your personality, your merchandise—anything.

One of the biggest factors in advertising which our blue-sky friends overlook is that, while a salesman makes an oral statement concerning the thing he is selling, an advertisement puts those statements in black and white for the whole world to see and to heed! Truth is an essential of advertising, as of selling, and in a greater degree.

The time when you need to sell, when you build up your sales force, whe nyou call on them for results—that is the time you need your massed salesmen—advertising.

And that time is now!

SPECIAL LOW PRICES

Standard Model 5, $79.50

Standard Model 4, $57.50

Genuine Shipman-Ward Rebuilt
UNDERWOODS
ONLY **$3** DOWN

Let Us Tell You More About This Splendid Typewriter

A machine that looks and writes so well that even experts cannot tell it from a brand-new machine. It's the biggest, best and squarest typewriter proposition ever made.

Rebuilt Like New

Every machine is stripped right down to the frame, then fully rebuilt. All worn parts replaced by new. New type, new enamel, new nickel, new lettering, new platen, new key rings—a complete, perfect typewriter. A machine you will be proud to own.

Try It for Ten Full Days

Send for a machine. Give it every test. Examine every part. Use it for TEN FULL DAYS. Decide for yourself that it is exactly the genuine, standard Underwood fully rebuilt typewriter we claim it to be.

Easy Monthly Payments

Our easy monthly payment plan makes it possible for YOU to have this splendid machine immediately. Payments are just the same as rentals.

Don't Delay Another Minute—Act Now!

You can obtain the machine on a down payment of $3 00. That's good business. You try the machine TEN DAYS. That's good judgment. Then you'll decide to keep it. That's certain. For Full Details—Call—Phone—Write.

THE AMERICAN UNION
DENTON, MARYLAND

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