Correspondeng aus Deutschland!

Spremberg ben 19, Mat 1905.

Rad langer Pause will ich, wieber ein paur Zeilen einsenden. Hier ist nur auch endlich warm geworden. Der Monat Merz und April waren bedeutend lätter als Dezember und Februar. In Ostern war theilweise so viel Schnee borhanden, um einen tüchtigen Schnee wann berzustellen. Dafar ift es aber jeht im Mai schn warm. Roch zu ber merten ist, daß im April während der ganzen Kälte so viel Morcheln gewachen sind Maipitze sind gegenwäretig vordanden.

Mm Regen fehlt es aud nicht. Die leblen Swavogel tind aud bier und ber Rulut hat fic chenfalls eingeftellt, wenn aud eine Bode [pater ale anbere] Jahre und lagt feinen Ruf im Balbe ericallen Jemillenforgen tennt er] nicht, benn feine Gier legt er in frembe 1 Refter, fomit bindert ibn nidis feiner i Daupibeigeftigung ber Sellung feines nu Ctiliden Diegens nechingehen. Rein Bogel leiftet in Rahrungsaufnabme, mas ber Rufut jumege beingt, Aber feine maglofe Fregbegier macht thu ju einen ber unblidften Bogel, frift alle großen Rafer, behoarien Ranpen | und fonft foablige Rerbibiere, welche anbere Bigel im Gaftons jum grunen Baum, da fie ju groß find nicht frefen 1 lounen aber er ift fein Roftverachter und ein recht profatfoer Befelle melden bie Dichter befungen und bie Sege bet mit ewig granen Rrauje umweben. Die mertwürdige Lebensweise biejes Rogels, fein fcheues verborgenes Bes fen, fein meithin tonenber Ruf baben ! ibn mit einem fo bicten Gegensfreis amgeben, fo bag ber Aberglanbe fich nod ftute mit ihm befdaftigt. Dan fontelt ben Gelbbentel, wenn ber Aufut ruft. Die fange Banernbirne] beachtet angftlich feinen Ruf, benn fie | meig genau fo oft ffe ben Begel unnn-] lerbreden bort, fo viele Jahre bat es noch mit ber Docheit Reit. Gelbft bie junge Bauerin laufot auf ben Rufut den er oratell ihr die Babl ber Sprof. linge.

Mit Gruß an alle Befer bes Blattes,

Correspondence from Germany!

Spremberg, May 19, 1905

Esteemed Volkblatt!

After a long pause, I want to send in a few lines again. Here, it has finally gotten warm. The months of March and April were much colder than December and February. At Easter time, there was enough snow on hand to make a big snowman. But now in May it is nice and warm. I should mention that during the cold in April here there were so many morels and presently there are also many *Maipilze* mushrooms.

And there was no shortage of rain. The last *Stagvögel* are also here and the cuckoo has likewise made his appearance, although later than in other years. His call is again resounding in the forest. He has no family worries, since he lays his eggs in other bird's nests, so that he can be unhindered in his main activity, that is feeding his never satisfied stomach. No bird allows him their food, which he tries to get. But his voracious appetite makes him a useful bird, eating all the large beetles, the available Rampen and other harmful creatures, which the other birds accept in their homes in the green trees, because they are too big to eat. But his is no ignorer of food, and he is a real prosaic friend as the poets have praised him and the legends have woven an eternal green wreath around him. The noteworthy lifestyle of this bird, his shy secret way, his far sounding call have surrounded him with a circle of blessings, so that the myths about him are still active. One is to shake their money bag when the cuckoo calls. The young farm girls are anxiously aware of his call, since they know the rule that as often as they hear the bird that many years it will be before their wedding. The young farm girls listen to the cuckoo since he counts for them the number of their offspring.

With greetings to the readers of the *Volksblatt*. M. Hanschke

Translated by Ed Bernthal