## Der Untergeldarte fahlt fic beren: lest einige Beilen ans Bolleblatt gu Senden. Ge ifante mander Bolleblatte Sefer benten Loban fet bon bem fiftemifden Binb bon ber Bibfice weggeblofen worben, aber bem ift nicht fo, Soban ift foger in Bladetum begrife fen. Bir batten fa guten Regen. Die Cotton bibben noch. Boliblebel bet emile für feinen Sortbeffanb | geforat, modie ibm eimab Frot tommen und feine Brut sernide Am Souries den 14 Rod. Jard frobe Socgeit bet Unb. Morbe Ratt. Bert Beiarid Artak und firt. Mark Morbe telaten fid bie Band jum Bundt bes Lebens. vollteg Bett Bafet Bafe in bet Rite de su Elben. 36 erlaube mir bem jungen Dast folgende Beilen al 12 meiten. Cott ech Cud Gild unb Rre Sa Cuten Chefanh ..... Er foll Eud immer feiten Mit feiner Barten Banb. Er get Cud Troft im Leiben Meun foldel Cud jufalt, Er fahr nad biefen Beifen Cad in die de les Bell

## Löbau

The undersigned feels obligated to send a few lines to the *Volksblatt*. Many a *Volksblatt* reader might otherwise assume that Löbau has been blown from the picture surface by stormy winds; that is however not the case, Löbau is even involved in growth at the moment. We have had good rain. Cotton is still in bloom and the boll weevil has taken care of its own continued existence, may there be frost for him, to destroy its kind.

A happy wedding took place at And. Mörbe's on Nov. 14th. Mr. Heinrich Krienke and Miss Marie Mörbe extended their hands in a pact for life. The wedding ceremony was carried out by Pastor Bahr in the Löbau church.

I will allow myself to dedicate the following lines toward congratulations.

May God grant you luck and joy
In your marriage,
He shall lead you always
With His strong hand.
He shall give you comfort in your sufferings
When such is needed,
And he will take you, in due time,
Into a better world.

M. Sohns.

Translated by John Buerfeind