MENNONITE LIFE

July, 1960

Mennonite Folk Festival

Published in the interest
of the best
in the religious, social, and economic phases
of Mennonite culture

To Our Readers

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MENNONITE LIFE
North Newton, Kansas

COVER:
Four participants of the Mennonite Folk Festival, March 11 and 12, 1960. Left to right: Mrs. Anna Heidebrecht, Mrs. Harrison Unruh, Mrs. B. Bargen, and Mrs. Emelia Bartel.
Photography, **The Hutchinson News.**

MENNONITE LIFE

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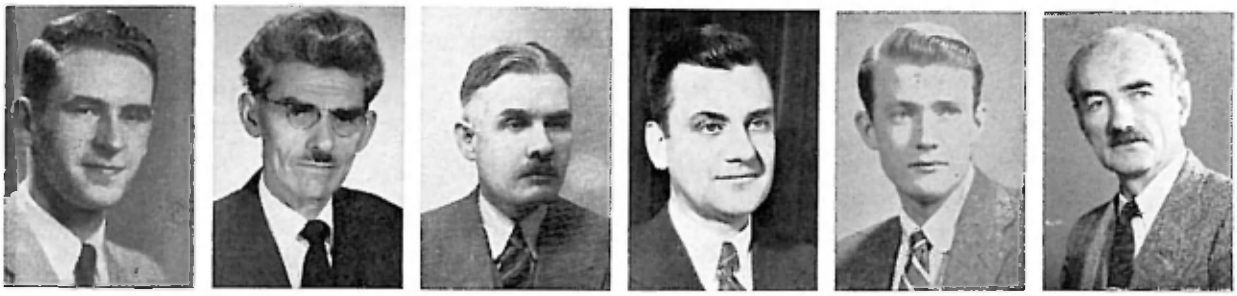
Contributors in This Issue

(From left to right)



DWIGHT PLATT taught biological sciences at Bethel College; was granted a graduate scholarship at Kansas University (p. 99).

W. H. HOHMANN, co-editor of "The Mennonite Hymnary," is doing research in the sources of tunes used in Protestant hymnology (p.107).

FERDINAND MÜLLER of the former Galician Mennonites is now active among the Mennonites resettled in Austria (p. 112).

J. MAURICE HOHLFELD, Schwenkfelder minister, is prof. of Linguistics, Kennedy School of Missions, Hartford Seminary Foundation (p. 118).

WARREN KLIEWER of Bethany College, Lindsborg, Kansas, has just published a book of poetry (See review, p. 130) (p. 124).

ARNOLD DYCK, Winnipeg, Man., continues to write popular stories and plays dealing with Mennonite themes (p. 131).

NOT SHOWN

ALFRED SIEMENS, Vancouver, B. C., is doing graduate work at the University of Wisconsin in the Department of Geography (p. 102).

ROBERT FRIEDMANN, author of many articles on the Hutterites, teaches in the Philosophy Dept., Universiy of Michigan (p. 109).

ELMER F. SUDERMAN will teach in the Department of English at Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, Minn. (p. 130).

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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A Message to America

From under the Mango Trees

By DWIGHT PLATT

HAVE you ever considered the cost before striking a match? Probably not. Yet in India and in many other parts of the world, people are careful not to waste even a match. When wages are 20 to 30 cents a day, the fraction of a cent which a match represents is important. And the Indian villager borrows live coals from his neighbor to start his fire, rather than use a match unnecessarily.

Village Life in India

I was privileged to spend three years in village India in a development project sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee. We were located in the village of Barpali in the state of Orissa. This was a unique experience—adjusting to life in a different culture. My first evening in an Indian village is still vividly in my memory. I was to live in the home of a village weaver with the village extension worker. As I sat on the earthen front porch and watched the village prepare for the night, many thoughts flashed through my mind. India was no more a dream, an imagination which I had had for months. Here I was in an Indian village and village life was so real, so intimate; life in America seemed little more than a dream. The tiny earthen huts with thatched roofs clustered together and surrounded by mango trees—the mother watering the squash vine which climbed the roof of her house—the narrow crooked streets ending in raised footpaths across the rice fields —this was an Indian village. I watched the dust clouds, raised by the returning village herd of cattle, billow up against the setting sun. Even the guttural lowing of the cows sounded different.

Just then my reveries were interrupted by Jaybola and Haribola, the weaver's sons, curious and yet timid—amused at my awkward attempts to speak to them in Oriya. As the herd of cows came down the street, each cow turned in at its house. I had to move aside as the weaver's cows climbed to the porch, in the front door, through the living room and kitchen, to the cowshed at the rear. That would have ruined a carpet or an oak floor. But there was no carpeting here, nor wallpaper either; mud floors and walls with artistic decorations served just as well. There was no refrigerator in the kitchen nor was there a gas stove—the American "necessities" of life were unheard of—but life went on, and it seemed to be a happy life.

I learned to love life in the village of Bandhamunda in the home of Gutu Meher, the weaver, where I stayed for a few months. The village extension worker and I walled in the front porch with bamboo mats and mud to serve as a kitchen. A depression in the floor in which we burned wood or cowdung served as a stove. We bought food at the village market and I ran up an expense account of 20 to 30 cents a week. And I learned to walk, think, and act more slowly.

I Learned Much

I learned much in those few months. But I know that I cannot really convey to you most of the things I learned. You cannot really understand my descriptions, unless you have had a similar experience. I know what most of you are probably thinking—"How pitiful that people must live in such poverty! How primitive such a life must be!" This is a typically American response. We cannot help measuring life in terms of its material abundance. Maybe this is good?! An Indian boy who faces the prospect of teaching in an elementary school for $6 a month would be glad to exchange his material poverty for our material abundance. But do you suppose he would be any happier, or any more creative? I don't know. Gutu Meher weaves beautiful pieces of cloth on his loom and Gutu's father writes poetry. Do you suppose they would have time to do that in America?

Of course, I know there is the other side. I could describe the beggars sleeping on the streets of Calcutta, or children sick because they do not get sufficient vitamins and proteins. But we cannot really understand such things either. We give a contribution of a few dollars to relief and feel that we have done our part. Our consciences are salved, but have we really met our Christian responsibility? Jesus told the rich young ruler to sell all his possessions and give to the poor and to follow him.

John Bernardone, better known to the Christian world as St. Francis of Assisi, was the impetuous son of a merchant. One day while out riding, he saw a leper along the road. Most men of his position would perhaps have tossed a coin to this poor wretch and passed by on the other side. But St. Francis got down from his horse and embraced the man as his brother. I imagine that was a memorable day in the leper's life. Today we remember St. Francis of Assisi because he gave up his material plenty and identified himself with the poor.

I am not trying to condemn material progress, but I do condemn our American attachment to it. We cannot understand, we cannot identify ourselves with the poor of the earth. They are unclean. They have desecrated our temple of material progress.

Paying the fee to enter the Barpali market.

Barpali weavers dying cloth in the traditional way.

America—A Vast Joyland

From under a mango tree in an Indian village, America seemed like a vast joyland—a continental Monte Carlo—in the midst of a world at grips with vital problems and issues. Oh yes, we have problems in America—payola, drug prices, rigged TV shows, or no dates, losing football games—but somehow they are on a different plane. We don't understand the real problems in our world—problems that must be solved if democracy and human dignity are to survive and if world peace is to be attained.

But how can we really understand? What can we on the Bethel College campus do to help solve these problems? We probably can do very little directly, but we can do much indirectly by cultivating the life and attitudes which embody the solution. I believe that our imperative need is to relate our lives to goals that encompass all of mankind and then we must solve all of our little day-to-day problems and organize our lives in relation to these goals. We must come to realize our privileges and opportunities and then accept the responsibility to identify ourselves with the problems of the total human family. Most of us accept our life and its conditions as our right. We accept a college teaching position or a college education as our right. Yet the majority of the human race does not enjoy these so-called "rights." These are privileges and in accepting them we are accepting the responsibility to make the best use of them in the service of God and all mankind.

It is easy to mentally realize our privileges and intellectually accept certain goals for our life. But it is much

Sareginni preparing spices on a stone slab.

A weaver of the Friends Service Committee Co-op.

A quiet village street in India.

Villagers listen to a foreign novelty—a tape recorder.

more difficult to reorganize our life to conform to these goals, for they affect all aspects of our life. They may affect the material conditions of our life. Vinoba Bhave, a well-educated Indian who has devoted the rest of his life to land reform by love, walks from village to village saying that in a world of need anyone who has more than he needs is a thief. Does this make us thieves? Do we really need all the newest gadgets and entertainment devices? What do we mean by the simple life? What do we really need? These are questions each of us must answer and we must struggle for the answer.

Examining Ourselves

We must also examine our attitudes and intellectual life to see if they fit in with our goals and responsibilities. Do we really try to identify ourselves with all persons we meet or do we treat some persons as things? Do we really try to understand another's actions and ideas? We must examine our American culture and ideas and decide what is vital and necessary to our beliefs and goals, and what is unimportant. We must realize that people who do things differently are not necessarily doing things wrong. Is eating with your fingers wrong? Or seating your guests on the floor?

And lastly we must examine the motivations for our current activities. Why are you a student seeking a college education? Why are we college teachers in a Christian liberal arts college? Vinoba Bhave is a well-educated Indian who believes deeply in education and spends a large part of each day in reading and study. And yet as a young man, after achieving his academic degrees, he burned his diplomas because he considered them to be useless scraps of paper. He had obtained what he wanted in his education. If you destroy your college diploma at the end of your college career, what will you have left? Will you have obtained what you are seeking? Are you giving your best to the opportunity which has been given you to seek knowledge and truth in a college environment? Do you feel that this experience will be helpful to you in meeting the responsibilities to which God is calling you?

God has called each of us to service in his Kingdom. The world is our field. The world's problems are our problems. Our opportunities and responsibilities are great. We can no longer feast and make merry while some are without food, shelter, and clothing.

Menno Simons Memorial Meetinghouse

A Menno Simons Memorial church is to be built in Witmarsum to which Mennonites from all countries may make spiritual pilgrimages to recall the conversion of Menno Simons and the early struggles of the followers of Menno. Since this church (architect's drawing at left) is to be a memorial for Mennonites in all the world, opportunity is being given for all to contribute toward this project. Funds raised during the giving of the Centennial pageant, "We Are Pilgrims," have already been made available. Further contributions toward this fine project should be earmarked, "Menno Memorial Church Fund" and sent to William Friesen, General Conference Mennonite Church, 722 Main St., Newton, Kansas.

The Appeal of the Western Promised Land

Mennonites in the Fraser Valley

By ALFRED SIEMENS

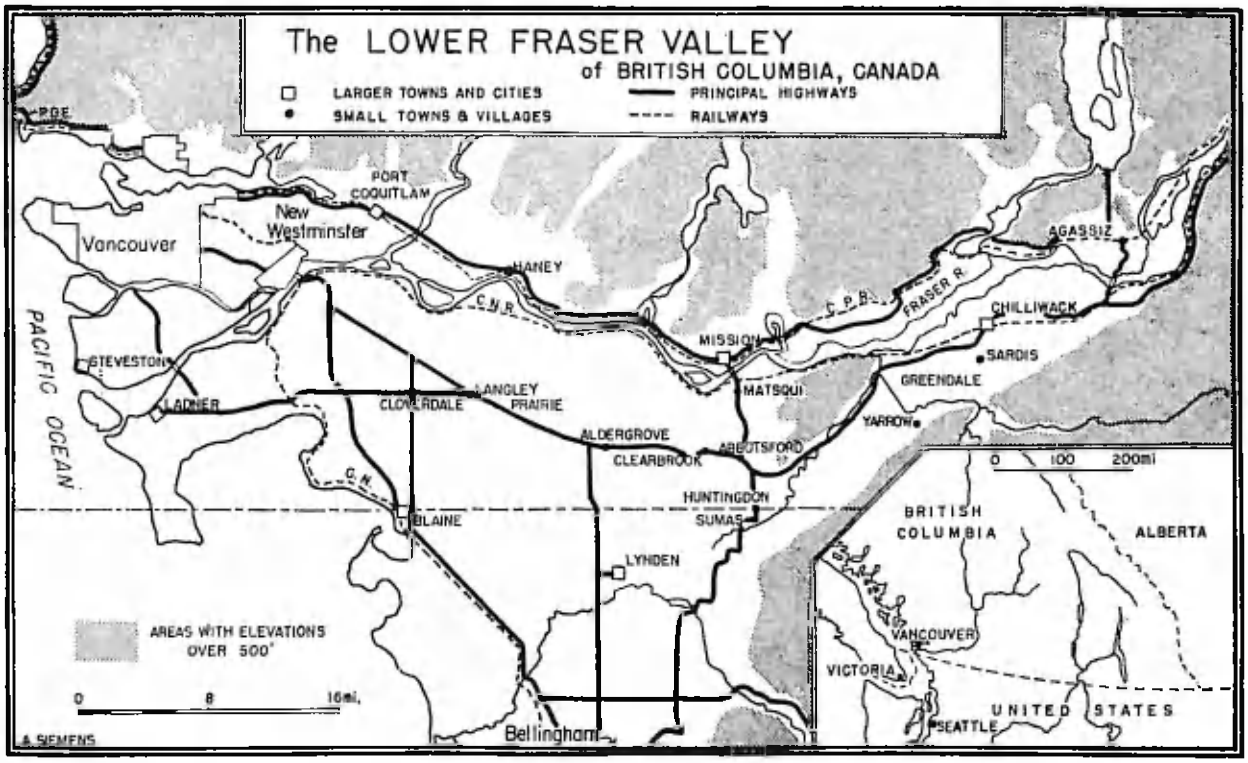
THE FIRST GROUP of Mennonites to come into the Fraser Valley of British Columbia arrived at Yarrow, a little whistle stop on the British Columbia Electric Railway, early in the spring of 1928. They came from farm lands in the prairie provinces where they had endured drought, harsh winters and all the difficulties that came with an intensifying economic depression. An advertisement of a certain Eckert in the *Free Press Prairie Farmer* of Winnipeg offered land for settlement in the Fraser Valley where winters were mild and precipitation was ample throughout the year. It was a strong attraction, and family after family decided to sell or abandon their lands if necessary and come west.

The Fraser Valley

Most of the Mennonites that came into the province in this first wave, and those coming in later years too, were of the Mennonite Brethren or General Conference group. The majority of the adults among them had been born in Russia. Within their lifetime the well-established Mennonite settlements in Russia had been subjected to policies of Russianization and finally to pillage and dispersal. Changes in the Russian government, emigration and settlement in the prairies had all required adaptation on various levels; now the move into British Columbia necessitated adaptation to a physical environment and a farm economy essentially different from their former settlement sites on plains and extensive cereal or mixed farm economies.

The history of Mennonite settlement in the Fraser Valley may be divided into three main periods—a division that seems warranted by the wave-like influx of Mennonites into the area, the ups and downs of economic expansion and recession, and by social and cultural changes that are detectable at various points. The first period is quite clearly the pioneer period; the second is that of boom during late war and post-war years; the third is the period beginning in the early 1950's, that saw the commencement of farm rationalization and urbanization on a large scale.

It is of interest to note the various ways in which the Mennonites obtained land here. The land offered for sale by Eckert in Yarrow and later in Greendale was in contiguous blocks, so the Mennonites taking it up were able to lay out their farms in close proximity to each other. Eventually Yarrow, and to a lesser extent Greendale, became Mennonite farm villages. They were more



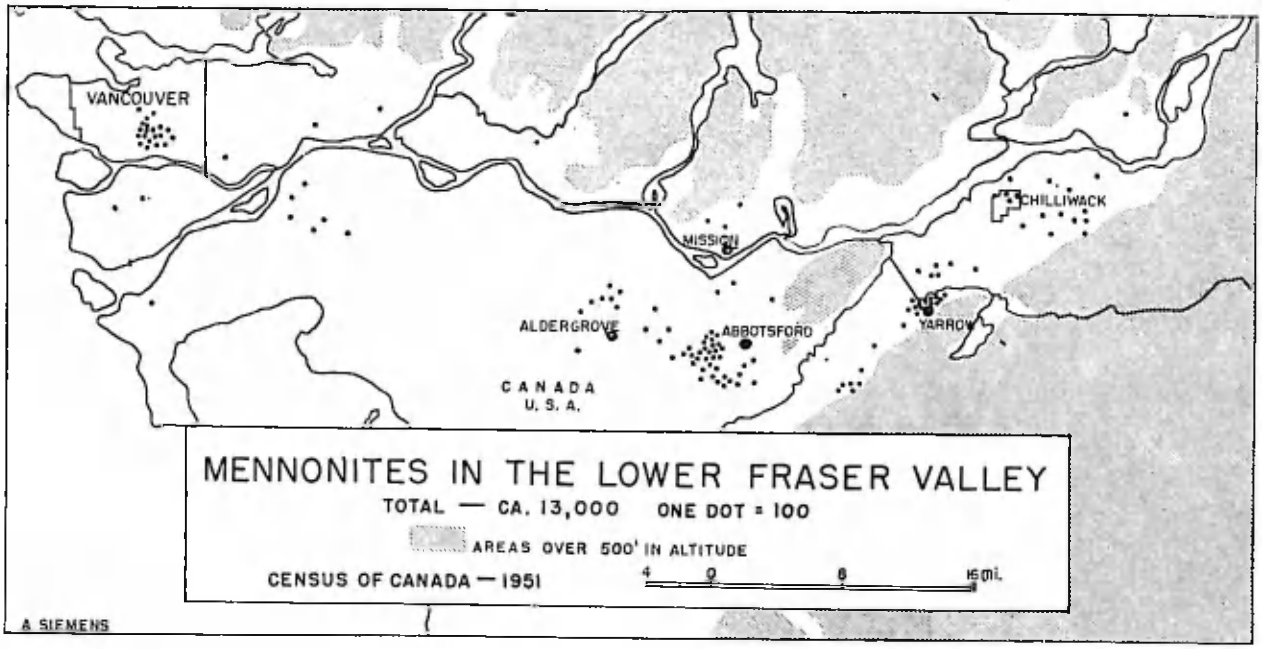
The Clearbrook Mennonite Brethren Church, the Clearbrook Mennonite (General Conference) Church, and the Matsqui Mennonite Brethren Church before 1959.

attenuated in form than the single street *Strassendörfer* of Russia, but nevertheless were made up of farms adjacent to each other along both sides of roads. Elsewhere in the Valley the acquisition of land was more a matter of buying up individual plots of land offered for sale by people who had already lived there for some time, obtaining crown land offered in individual plots by the Provincial government to anyone who cared to buy it or dealing with land speculators. Mennonites sought to live as close to other Mennonites as possible, but close settlement as in Yarrow was usually not possible. Some Mennonite families took up homesteads, too, even though these were usually granted on poorer lands.

The localities in the Fraser Valley that the Mennonites decided to occupy offered a variety of physical obstacles, even though the climate was temperate and the prospects for eventual crop production seemed good. In the rolling uplands around Abbotsford, Aldergrove and Mission second-growth forest, interspersed with the gigantic stumps of first-growth timber, had to be cleared. The bulldozer and dynamite only came into widespread use in the early 1940's, so much of the pioneer clearing had to be done with hand implements and horses. Every acre of cleared land was carefully used for crops, therefore, and as little as possible taken up for the farmyard itself. In the lowland areas of Yarrow and Greendale, fields had to be cleared of brush and drained. The soils in all areas were relatively unfamiliar, so it took considerable experimentation over a period of years before the most advantageous crops could be developed.

In order to live, meanwhile, the able-bodied men took jobs on already established non-Mennonite farms, on road gangs and in hop fields—receiving for their work the low wages current during the depression. These were difficult years, and pioneers speak of scanty nourishment, inadequate clothing and of long walks on Sundays to a modest worship service in someone's home. It was some time before they were able to build the churches they needed, organize their religious and social activities a little more elaborately and provide themselves with basic household appliances and motor vehicles.

During the war years and immediately after, the Canadian economy, only recently recovered from the great depression, was surging forward in response to demands



Old barn and fence built before Mennonites came to Fraser Valley.

A modern "hip-roof" barn with silo and milk house on a Mennonite farm.

for increased production in a wide range of fields. In agriculture all lands and facilities had to be used as efficiently as possible. Markets presented few problems, the problem being the ability to deliver.

The B. C. Fever

Since their farms were well established by now, the Mennonites of the Fraser Valley could market their produce at good prices. They began to expand their holdings and to modernize their buildings. Automobiles increased on church parking lots. Electricity and other conveniences came into more and more homes.

In other Canadian Mennonite settlements, particularly those of the prairie provinces, British Columbia came to be known as the province of new hope and prosperity. A "B. C. fever," resembling other such migrations or movements in Mennonite history, spread rapidly through many settlements. The trend in the prairies toward the liquidation of marginal farms and their consolidation into larger holdings heightened the attraction of small economic acreages in B. C. for many a Mennonite tired of the rigors of grain farm work and the climate extremes. Just as important to most prospective Mennonite migrants were the attractions of religious and private educational facilities that were now being offered by Yarrow, Abbotsford and Greendale. In addition there were always the mild winters, the lush, green summers—

Farm land south of Abbotsford with stumps still seen in background.

inexhaustible subject of conversation and unfailing attraction. In quick succession family after family sold out and moved west; in some communities this exodus swept away large parts of local congregations and often the ministers as well—a serious loss under any circumstance.

The movement of many of these families followed an interesting pattern. The head of the household came west first to buy a farm. Then he returned to dispose of his land, pack and bring his household to the new home. Very often these incoming migrants settled near relatives and friends, thus recreating in the Fraser Valley a number of former community groupings. What was more, a sort of hierarchy developed among the B. C. Mennonite settlements. The amount of money a man could realize from the disposal of his land in the prairies often determined whether he could afford a larger dairy farm in Chilliwack or only a small berry and poultry farm in Abbotsford or Clearbrook. It must be taken into account here that the economic forces that militated to bring about this movement among Mennonites also brought many non-Mennonites into British Columbia. The westward migration of a sizable segment of the population has been an important phenomenon in Canada and in the United States.

A Period of Boom

It was this period of real boom that saw the establishment of a number of new churches, no doubt the most significant index to what was happening within the group. Leadership, augmented by the movement of a number of ministers and teachers to British Columbia, was vigorous and increasingly competent. Two Mennonite private high schools, the Mennonite Educational Institute (Clearbrook) and the Sharon Mennonite Collegiate Institute (Yarrow), were established in the late war years. Both experienced a rapid increase in enrollment and an improvement of plant. The problem everywhere was how to accommodate larger and larger congregations and how to serve the spiritual and secular needs of young and old. There was movement; people sacrificed, built and organized. In less than ten years a number of rural churches were to lament a static membership and a disturbing drain of

The village of Yarrow. Farms are laid out similar to the village pattern in Russia. Fields of raspberry bushes and fruit trees are in evidence.

young people to the cities. In the same period, too, several of the Mennonite high schools and Bible schools were to experience decline and closure.

The countrywide economic recession that developed in 1948-1949 was felt in British Columbia in that prices for agricultural produce leveled off and in some cases began to fluctuate, whereas costs continued to rise. For the Yarrow settlement this brought with it a disturbing chain of events. During the preceding years the raspberry acreage had been vastly increased, making this crop the very definite specialty of the community. Elaborate receiving and processing plants had been built by the Mennonites on a co-operate basis to take advantage of this. When a sharp drop in the price and marketability of the fruit came in 1949, the stockholders of the Co-op lost confidence in the management—which had incurred heavy indebtedness to finance an expansion program. The concern was liquidated at a severe loss. Partly as the result of this economic setback the newly-built Sharon Mennonite Collegiate Institute was closed. It only opened again in another building and with a sharply reduced program in 1956.

Urbanization

The third period in the history of Mennonite settlement in the Fraser Valley began in the early 1950's and seems to be continuing now. The basic trend that has worked to alter the outward appearance, the economic orientation and the hierarchy of Mennonite settlements here is undoubtedly that of urbanization and a complex of closely related factors. This development, of course, is shared by communities throughout the length and breadth of our continent and in other parts of the world. Many farms geared to small scale production have become uneconomic since 1950. Those farms that have remained productive have had to enlarge their scale in order to remain solvent in the face of rising costs, and to improve methods and facilities in order to raise the standards of produce. Almost every new location has expanded to fill neighboring uneconomic farm land as well as larger solvent farms with housing subdivisions. The best job opportunities for young people, as well as for farmers who find operating costs excessive and the attraction of good wages irresistible, are in the urban centers, particularly Vancouver. Moreover, within the changing pattern of family relationships that has followed upon urbanization, the most advantageous and logical place for the retirement of Mennonite couples is no longer the farm of one of the sons but a lot in a town or city, close to a Mennonite church and urban amenities.

All these factors and more have tended to raise the membership figures of urban churches and keep those of the rural churches static or even send them into a decline. (These figures are rather good indicators of a number of trends within the over-all Mennonite community and may be statistically analyzed with very interesting results.) The above factors have also produced two new

Several types of houses to be found in towns of the Fraser Valley.

sizable and rapidly growing concentrations of Mennonites, the one in Clearbrook (estimated population, 3,000), which is centered around churches, Mennonite schools and a comprehensive array of commercial services; the other in Southeast Vancouver where large Mennonite churches are now established, where moderate to low cost housing is available and from where the breadwinners may go out to jobs in industries on the south side of the Fraser River, in businesses downtown and the like.

These growing concentrations pose some profound problems for Mennonites in the Fraser Valley. In Clearbrook, a community over 75 per cent Mennonite in its population, the presence of a disproportionately high percentage of retired people tends to make for conservative church polices on such issues as the use of the German language in worship services, a situation that most young people and couples with children in beginning Sunday school classes deplore.

In Vancouver the contacts of Mennonites with non-Mennonites in religious, social and economic spheres are at a maximum, and the problem seems to be not so much one of ingrowth but rather one of excessive acculturation and of loss of identity. Already at least one Vancouver Mennonite congregation is decried widely by members of the "Valley" churches, as the churches east of Vancouver are collectively called, for abandonment of traditional worship customs, for modernization of church administration and innovations in programming. It seems fairly reasonable to believe that many of these earmarks of urban Mennonite congregations are not necessarily marks of spiritual decay, as is thought, but rather are the marks of an inevitable submergence into an urban environment.

It is entirely possible that the forces operating for a loss of social and economic identity will prevail, and that this little pocket of ethnic peculiarity will eventually be merged into the cultural whole, no matter what objections may be raised. The question is, how long will it be before German is no longer spoken even by the parents of Mennonite homes and the youngsters will no longer have much of an idea what such things as Mennonite foods are. Some people are lamenting that it will be too soon, others that it will not be soon enough. The further question is, will the heretofore fairly unique Mennonite religious heritage also be lost? It is to be hoped that in this respect at least Mennonites here will be able to continue to make a distinctive contribution to the life of the surrounding community.

Mennonite farm south of Abbotsford, formerly timber land.

An old people's home in Yarrow.

The Mennonite Educational Institute of Clearbrook and the Sharon Mennonite Collegiate Institute of Yarrow.

The Yarrow Elementary School, formerly home of S.M.C.I. and the Mennonite Brethren Bible School in Clearbrook.

An Historic Melody

By WALTER H. HOHMANN

THE MELODIES we sing in our churches undoubtedly affect us rationally or intellectually, emotionally and aesthetically. The quality or mood of the melody may cause us to feel jubilant, exuberant, triumphant or grave, serious, reflective or grand, majestic, sublime or dismayed, sad, mournful or tranquil, serene, calm or gentle, tender, mild or awesome, contemplative, and reverent. Other descriptive terms could be added to such a list.

These melodies must possess those characteristics which make them pre-eminently suited for sacred use and adapted to the good of souls. They must emphasize above all else the dignity of divine worship, and at the same time be able to express pleasantly and truly the sentiments of the Christian soul. They must also be universal, answering to the needs of every people, country and age, and combine simplicity with artistic perfection.

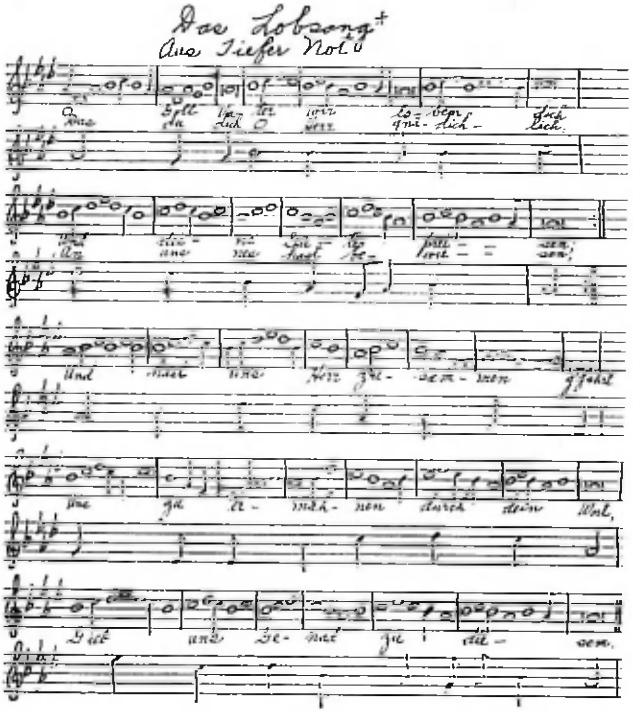
These melodies may be old or new. Some authorities think a melody, to be acceptable for use in an official church hymnbook, should have been time-tested for at least fifty to one hundred years. This view may be somewhat conservative; however, the opposite view that any new melody may be used in church is perhaps somewhat liberal.

The particular melody I wish to mention, "Aus tiefer Not," is an old one. In Protestant hymnody, it first appears in *Teutsch Kircheampt mit lobgesengen, vn göttlichen psalmen wie es die gemein zu Straszburg singt vn halt mit mer gantz Christliche gebete. . .* Getruckt by Wolff Kopphel (1525). The book is commonly known as *Strassburger Kirchenamt* of 1525. It next appears in *Psalter Das seindt alle Psalmen Davids mit jren Melodeie, sampt vil Schönen Christlichen liedern, vund Kyrche Übunge mit seynem Register,* Ad. M. D. XXXVIII. Wolff Kopphel is the name attached to the book. The melody then appears in *Wittembergisch deudsch Geistlich Gesangbüchlein. Mit vier und fünff stimmen. Durch Johan Walthern, Churfürstlichen von Sachssen Sengermeistern, auffs new mit vleis corrigirt, und mit vielen schönen Liedern gebessert und gemehret.* Gedruckt zu Wittemberg, durch Georgen Rhaw, Anno M. D. XLIIII. Its next appearance is in *Geystliche Lieder. Mit einer newen vorrhede, D. Mart. Luth. Warnung D. M. L. Viel falscher meister—trug und mord.* Leipzig. Gedruckt zu Leipzig durch Valentin Babst in der Ritterstrassen, 1545. The melody also appears in later hymnbooks of the sixteenth and following centuries.

At the present time the melody is found in such hymnbooks as the following: *Common Service Book of the Lutheran Church, The Evangelical Hymnal, The Hymnal, The Oxford American Hymnal for Schools and Colleges. The Mennonite Hymnary, Service Book and Hymnal of the Lutheran Church in America.*

This melody is the *Urton* for the *Lobsang* which the Old Order Amish sing as the second song in their worship service every Sunday (Das zweite Lied jeden Sontag). A careful examination of the Amish melody will reveal the *Urton* melody.

The melodic ornamentation, or *melisma,* in the Amish melody can be traced very directly to Gregorian chant of the Catholic church. The bar lines in the melody have nothing to do with measuring time, but are only devices to aid the eye in grouping certain words and syllables of the text to certain notes of the music. Plainsong melody, as used in the Catholic church, is not divided into measures as is our present-day music; it has no regular repetition of strong and weak beats as in measured music—the repetition of beats is irregular as in speech. This is known in plain chant as free rhythm. Chants are either syllabic, in which case only one note is set to each



syllable and the accented syllable receives the rhythmic accent, or they are melismatic, in which case more than one note is used with each syllable. These *melisma,* groups of two or more notes called *neumes,* occur over single syllables of the words. The two-note *neumes* are called *podatus* or *pes* and *clivis;* three-note *neumes* are called *torculus, scandicus, porrectus, climacus,* and *salicus. Neumes* of four notes or more are *torculus resupinus, pes subipunctis, porrectus flexus* and *climacus resupinus.*

In the history of German Protestant church music following the time of the Reformation, they spoke of *syllabischen Gesang* and *Figural-Gesang.* By the term *syllabischen Gesang* they understood the use of one tone to a syllable and the term *Figural-Gesang* meant the use of more than one tone to a syllable. In *Figural-Gesang,* we find they used *Interpunktionsmelismen, Binnenmelismen* and the *Finalmelisma. Interpunktionsmelismen* were the melodic ornamentation used before a given punctuation mark in the lyric. *Binnenmelismen* was the melodic ornamentation used during, or within, a given phrase of the lyric, and *Finalmelisma* had reference to the melodic ornamentation used on the final syllable of any given line of the lyric.

In the *Geystliche gesangk Buchleyn Wittenberg,* 1524, by Johann Walther, the use of *melismen* is indicated for some of the melodies. This book became, as it were, a model book for many other hymnbooks of the sixteenth century. Evidently the use of melismatic singing continued in the Protestant church for some time after the Reformation. Just how long this practice continued is difficult to determine.

I have carefully checked the annotated chronological list of hymnbooks in volume six of Johannes Zahn's *Die Melodien der deutschen Evangelischen Kirchlieder,* Gütersloh, 1893, and find the terms *Melismen, figurirte Melodie* and *Figural-Gesang* used rather freely and extensively in describing the structure of a melody. In thirteen hymnbooks of the sixteenth, twelve of the seventeenth, and one of the eighteenth century, these terms are employed. These terms are seemingly used in an interchangeable manner, and the exact difference of meaning between the terms, if any, is difficult to determine. I have not checked the list of hymnbooks for the nineteenth century in this respect.

In *Musikalisches Conversations-Lexicon. Eine Encyklopodie der gesammten musikalischen Wissenschaften . . .* by Hermann Mendel (1873), these terms are thus defined: *Melisma,* a process in which the principal tone in a melody is ornamented by the use of changing and neighbor tones. The principal tone is usually diminished in time value in relation to the ornamenting tones. *Figurirte Melodie* and *Figural-Gesang* (*Cantus Figuralis*), the shaping or arrangement of details of the melodic movement in all, or single voice parts. (I have translated the above from the German to the English language.)

These terms are defined in the following manner in the revised edition *Dictionary of Music* by W. S. B. Mathews and Emil Liebling: *Melisma*—a vocal grace or embellishment; several notes sung to one syllable. *Figural-Gesang*—varied and ornamented chant, as compared to plain chant.

In view of these facts, it would seem that the Old Order Amish came by the practice of singing *melismen* in their melodies in a very natural and historic way. It may be that in the singing of the Old Order Amish as they practice it today, there is a direct connection with the Gregorian chant of the Catholic church of a thousand years ago.

The title "Das Lobsang" may seem strange to some readers. Martin Luther translated the old Latin hymn "Te Deum Laudamus" into the German language. In Valentin Babst's *Gesangbuch*—of 1545 which Luther helped edit, or at least gave his approval to the edition, this hymn is titled "Der Lobsang." It seems very possible that the Anabaptist or Amish accepted this title for their hymn and somehow changed the gender from "der" to "das." I find no historical corroboration of this fact; it is only my own conjecture.

The Old-Order Amish

Vincent R. Tortora has produced a motion picture documentary in 16mm. color and sound featuring the Amish in their homes and schools, their barn raisings and other social occasions. Original art work in some of the sequences was done by Kiehl Newswanger and Valerie Seward. The film is done with taste and appreciation. For further information write to Mennonite Life, North Newton, Kansas.

Early Anabaptists in Austria

Anabaptism in the Inn Valley

By ROBERT FRIEDMANN

THE INN VALLEY in Northern Tyrol (Austria) has a singular geographic location. Through it leads one of the major thoroughfares of Europe, the road from Germany to Italy via the famous Brenner Pass. Entering Tyrol at the fortress-city of Kufstein, this road passes through the small mining cities of Rattenberg, Schwaz, and Hall, approaching Innsbruck, the provincial capital, then swinging south to the Brenner Pass it slopes down to South Tyrol, to Brixen and on. Emperors and crusaders used this road in the Middle Ages, and ever since the days of the Romans traders have used it. Here copper and also salt (Hall) are being mined, and the miners (in German called *Bergknappen*) have always been known as the most alert and open-minded section of the population. Strangely enough, in the early sixteenth century, Tyrol was less receptive to Lutheranism than to Anabaptism, and this in spite of the most ruthless methods of oppression by the imperial government of Ferdinand I who had set his mind to stamp out any form of opposition to official Catholicism.

The Beginning

Our story does not begin until 1527 when the first emissaries of the new Anabaptist movement enter Tyrol, men who had been won for this radical form of Christianity by its most successful apostle, Hans Hut (who died in the same year in an Augsburg prison). Tyrol contributed to Anabaptist leadership more than most other countries of German tongue and, alas, also more to the long roster of Anabaptist martyrs. In the city of Rattenberg alone, seventy-one believers were executed by fire and sword between 1528 and 1542, and in the nearby city of Schwaz, some twenty more, in Innsbruck there were eight in the same period, and in Kitzbühel, slightly to the east of the Inn Valley as high as sixty-eight. A local chronicler reported for 1530 that fagots were burning all along the Inn Valley, and he even claims one thousand victims for conscience' sake, grossly exaggerating to be sure, but still reflecting the eery picture of a most cruel jurisdiction reminiscent of the methods of the unholy Inquisition. It is known that judges and juries alike balked at complying with government orders to sentence these good Christians, but the provincial government in Innsbruck insisted that such orders be carried out and went so far as to dispatch secret men to watch both jury and judges regarding their behavior. It was not until late in the sixteenth century that this dedication and commitment to radical Christianity began to lessen, but that is no longer the topic of our story which rather tries to reconstruct the little known beginnings and the inner problems connected with it.

Rattenberg

As an example, we will single out the city of Rattenberg, since it was here that Anabaptism had taken deeper and earlier roots than at any other location in this general area. Strictly speaking, the place is no city in the modern sense but a small market town of a population hardly more than a thousand. To this day its picturesque main street has kept its quaint medieval appearance—small houses being squeezed between the swiftly flowing Inn River and the hill upon which one can still see the ruins of a medieval castle, once dominating the highway along the Inn River. Due to a thriving copper mining business, people were independent; the citizenry was self-conscious, proud and well educated. The nearby city of Schwaz had a Latin grammar school. Here in Rattenberg lived the family Marbeck (or Marpeck) and one of their scions, Pilgram, became a mining engineer (called *Bergrichter*) sometime in the early 1520's. In 1525 he was elected a member of the inner council of that city. Two years later he must have come into contact with Anabaptists either in Rattenberg or elsewhere (Kitzbühel ?)—no details are known about his conversion—and when subsequently he refused to obey a government order to hunt Anabaptists among the miners, he lost his position (January, 1528). Soon afterwards he had to leave his home city to begin a long and restless life of Christian witnessing.

We would know very little about the budding brotherhood of Anabaptists both in Rattenberg and Schwaz if we did not have a goodly number of Hutterite manuscript books (codices) which have preserved epistles, tracts and stories derived from these early days of Tyrolean nonconformity. Late in 1527 two men entered the Inn Valley from Bavaria, independently of each other, only to find a premature death here for the sake of their faith: Leonhard Schiemer, the "bishop" of the Rattenberg congregation, and Has Schlaffer, both converted to their new faith by the master-apostle of South Germany, Hans Hut, and both to be martyred within a few weeks of each other. Brief as their activities had been, (Schiemer even claims that he was caught on his very first night at Rattenberg) they yet left indelible imprints upon the inner life of the Inn Valley Christians, prompt-

ing them to accept martyrdom to an extent almost unknown elsewhere.

Leonhard Schiemer

We have a brief confession by Leonhard Schiemer[1] in which he tells us his life story and how he had become a "Christian." He had been a Franciscan monk for six years, but, deeply dissatisfied, he left the monastery and began a life of itinerancy, learning the tailor's trade in Nürnberg. He heard about the new movement around Hubmaier in Nikolsburg and went thither where he also met Hans Hut. In Vienna he was baptized by Oswald Glaidt and now began the work of an Anabaptist missioner (*Sendbote*). As such he came to Rattenberg to organize a congregation or brotherhood, but he had hardly entered the city when he was caught and thrown into the jail of that place. At first he was not closely supervised; visitors went in and out to get advice and support, he got paper and ink to write whatever he wanted, and his writings were distributed among his brethren. Then early in December, 1527, he tried to flee but was caught again. Now life in prison became harsher, and he knew only too well that there was no hope of ever being freed unless he would recant.

The Münzerturm of Solbad Hall, Austria.

A strange situation: a single man, hardly familier with the locale of his activities, and yet he calls the Rattenberg brotherhood his "own children" and signs a letter to the congregation as "your all humble servant and unworthy bishop elected by God and his church."[2] His wife Bärbel (Barbara) was among these brethren, and he commits her to their care. We have a goodly number of writings from his pen, all of them written in jail, and when we search for his motivation, we detect a strong leader personality of unshakable faith. Like a true shepherd, he cared for his flock and wanted to give his followers instructions in the typical fashion of early Anabaptism in which biblicism and spiritualism mingled, and also to give them regulations on how to discipline the life of an apostolic church. It is truly amazing how he was able to shape and direct the life of this brotherhood . . . the effect being their readiness to accept martyrdom rather than to recant and return to the Catholic Church. The greater chronicle of the Hutterites contains an *Ordnung der Gemein, wie ein Christ leben soll*[3] which doubtlessly originated in the Rattenberg jail. Schiemer conceived it as a church discipline for his new congregation, a document almost contemporaneous with the larger and much better known similar Schleitheim articles of 1527. It is a very brief document of twelve paragraphs—bare outlines for a life along "the narrow path" of discipleship: brotherly sharing is enjoyed (but no community of goods), and the brethren are warned to accept suffering as the unavoidable result of their stand.

Outstanding Writings

The numerous epistles and tracts sent out of jail are moving documents of the earliest phase of South German Anabaptism, this beautiful blend of biblicism and spiritualism. Space forbids any detailed analysis, but in order to convey at least a taste of these writings, we may bring here the introduction to the remarkable tract *Vom Fläschl* (Concerning a bottle)[4], a "reply to those who say that we drink something from a small bottle of which the devil himself does not know what it contains. Very well," says Schiemer, "let it be called a bottle. But the drink in it is nothing but a contrite, crushed heart pounded by the mortar of the cross. The grapes in it grew in God's vineyard and were pressed under the press of tribulation. From such a bottle Christ drank on the cross. And as the bottle is narrow at the top, but wide at the bottom, thus is also the way of salvation. Once a man has overcome all agony and tribulations, the bottle gets wide and he receives God's comfort and consolation."

The tracts deal with a multitude of themes: one interprets the Apostolic Creed, another one seems to be

a sermon on the threefold grace of God, next follows a meditation on baptism according to the New Testament (*Von dreierlei Taufe*, i.e. baptism by the Spirit, by water and by blood), then we find a confession of faith, etc. Interestingly enough, tradition also ascribes to Schiemer several other, anonymous items usually found together with the above in Hutterite codices: A catechism called *Von der Prob des Geistes,* an instruction concerning the upbringing of children, followed by an *Unterricht eines* (Gott) *wohlgefälligen Lebens,* and finally the strangest of all, a small tract entitled *Von den bösen Weibern* (concerning evil women), a warning to beware of the tricks of Eve. This is the only such tract known to come from Anabaptists. It shows the consequences of man's trust in such "seducing" women. . . . We might rightly assume that all these writings and epistles of Schiemer, produced during the seven weeks of imprisonment at Rattenberg, were carefully collected by the congregation of that place, written down most likely in a small booklet for permanent reference. When the brethren were compelled to emigrate to Moravia later on, this booklet was brought along to the Hutterite communities. That would explain how these documents ever came into Hutterite codices and (in part) into the great chronicle. Schiemer is also known as a hymn writer; at least four of his hymns have become known: one is in the *Ausbund* (number 31, where the author is called Leonhard Schöner), one is in the *Lieder der Hutterischen Brüder* (ed. 1914, 28/9), and two are found in codices elsewhere.[5]

The Witness of the Martyrs

Schiemer's end was very hard. Torture and hunger made him miserable in the flesh and the dread of death made him shudder. But he gained new strength by the thought, "If I do not place all my confidence in the Lord, I would fail. But the Lord is my comfort and my confidence, he forsakes none who trusts him."[6] On January 14, 1528, he was first beheaded and then his body was burned to ashes—this was the very first execution of an Anabaptist in Tyrol. One of the great leaders of the budding Anabaptist movement had made the supreme sacrifice.

On February 4, 1528, only nineteen days later, his brother-missioner Hans Schlaffer, likewise of the Hans Hut circle and in many regards very close to him, was for the same reason beheaded in the city of Schwaz, some eight miles west of Rattenberg. But of him we will not speak now, partly because his activities were less conspicuous in the Inn Valley than those of Schiemer. Still, Schlaffer, too, used his enforced leisure of the jail of Schwaz to write epistles and tracts (handed over to the brethren who had access to the prison cell) which now adorn innumerable Hutterite codices and also the recently discovered *Kunstbuch* (1561) of the Marbeck circle. Wiswedel, who portrayed a very sympathetic picture of Schlaffer in the second volume of his *Bilder und Führergestalten aus dem Täufertum* (1930), calls him a true "master of praying." And indeed, when one reads his long prayer written in the agony of death dur-

(Continued on page 114)

Rattenberg on the Inn, Austria, once flourishing Anabaptist center.

A scene near Kibzbühel, Austria.

Current Reminders of Past Martyrdom

Mennonites in Austria

By FERDINAND MÜLLER

IN THE Steiermark (Styria) of Austria some thirty-five miles from Graz on the river Mur in a beautiful alpine valley the little town of Bruck is located. Because of its geographical location and tourist attractions, the little town with a population of 20,000 is quite popular. The many tourists and present-day occupants hardly realize what a stormy past this town has had.

During the past centuries it was three times almost completely destroyed by fire. Some of the old architectural markers survived from the Middle Ages to the present. The Museum of Bruck also preserved many antiques from past centuries.

Lutherans Honor Anabaptist Martyrs

As far as the Mennonites are concerned, several thousand Anabaptists lived in the Steiermark during the sixteenth century. The persecution in this Catholic country was so severe that they died as martyrs or gave up their Anabaptist convictions. Some escaped to other countries.

The old hotel Bauer, "Zum schwarzen Adler," in Bruck a.d. Mur which has survived for centuries, has an interesting and historical reminder of those days. On the wall of the lobby is a well-preserved painting of execution of the Anabaptist Hans Oehl with the following inscription:

Kam einst ein Mann Hans Oehl genannt,
Als Wiedertäufer ward er erkannt,
Seinen Schriften durft man nicht glauben,
So tat man ihm den Kopf dann rauben.

A new Lutheran church was dedicated in Bruck a.d. Mur December 7, 1959. This church was dedicated to thirteen martyrs and named "Dreizehn-Märtyrer-Kirche." On a postcard produced for this purpose, we see the execution of the Anabaptist Hans Oehl referred to above. Reference is made to nine men and three women who were also put to death at this place. This postcard was used to raise the money for the building of the church.

In the lobby of this hotel is a painting of an Anabaptist execution.

Dedication of the new Evangelical Church at Bruck a.d. Mur.

An old painting showing execution of Hans Oels, Bruck a.d. Mur.

Most of these martyrs, if not all, were Anabaptists. It is interesting to note that the Lutherans built a new church in a predominantly Catholic environment honoring the memory of the Anabaptist martyrs, although they are referred to on the postcard as having died for their "evangelical faith." Anabaptists also claim to be evangelical, although not in a denominational sense. Mennonites were present at the dedication of this church.

The Galician Mennonites

After the Anabaptists and Hutterites had been dispersed, nothing was heard of Mennonites in Austria until Josef II of Austria invited some Mennonite families of the Rheinpfalz (Palatinate) to settle in the newly acquired province of Galicia, promising them religious freedom and exemption from military service. In spite of this promise, they were not granted full religious freedom. Equal to other Protestants, they were under the supervision of a Lutheran minister. Full recognition was to be given to the Mennonites when they had reached a membership of one hundred, and yet no non-Mennonite was to join their church. For these reasons and because of traditional isolations of the Mennonites, the group remained homogenous.

By 1900 the total number of five hundred had been reached. Not before November 24, 1908, one hundred and twenty years after their migration to Galicia, did the Mennonites in Austria find full recognition and religious freedom. On March 24, 1909, the Mennonites incorporated and drew up a constitution under the name "Christlich-Mennonitische Gemeinde Lemberg-Kiernica." By this time the Mennonites had become prosperous in Galicia. Of the one hundred and sixteen families, most were renters of large estates or owners of large farms. However, a number of them were physicians, lawyers, engineers and public office holders. The elder of the total congregation was Heinrich Pauls, and the chairman of the church council was Johann Müller.

The "Geselligkeitsverein Mennonit" published a paper under the name *Mennonitisches Gemeindeblatt*. This paper was also read among the Mennonites that had moved from Galicia to North America around 1880. They were located near Arlington, Kansas; Butterfield, Minnesota and other places.

This period of equality and prosperity was soon interrupted by World War I and the war between Russia and Poland which destroyed their prosperity. Many of the men were drafted and many lives were lost during this period. The result of this was that Galicia became a part of the newly established Republic of Poland.

Since elder Heinrich Pauls did not know the Polish language, he returned to Prussia, whence he had come, and was succeeded by Leopold Gesell who served the congregation until 1927. After this Arnold Bachmann studied theology and was ordained by Heinrich Pauls in 1932. A house to be used as a church was purchased in Lemberg. A children's home was added to provide dormitory space for pupils attending school in the city. The first housefather was Johann Rupp.

The conditions for the Mennonites under the new Polish government were favorable since their rights were fully respected. However, in 1939, at the beginning of the war between Germany and Poland, a new period of suffering for the Mennonites of Galicia started. Many of them lost their lives and ultimately, at the close of World War II, all fled westward. Today the Mennonites of Galicia are scattered in Germany, Sweden, Austria, the United States, Canada, Uruguay, Paraguay and Brazil.

A New Beginning in Austria

A small group of twenty-five Galician Mennonites went to Austria. Here in the heart of the former mighty empire, where their forefathers had lived in large numbers during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and where they were ultimately put to death and exiled, they wanted to find shelter. Soon the spiritual and material aid from the American Mennonites reached the Galician Mennonites in their dispersion in Austria. We are still grateful for this aid at a time when everything had been taken from us.

Today Austria is democratic, tolerant, and peace loving. It has even abolished the death penalty. Protestant churches and even American sects, such as the Jehovah's Witnesses, are spreading rapidly. One of the greatest preachers of nonresistance and peace is Johannes Ude, who is a Catholic.

The twenty-five Galician Mennonites organized a congregation in Vienna with Ernst Wyss as minister. After his return to his native Switzerland, Helmut Funck from Germany became the minister. They are meeting in the Mennonite Central Committee home in Vienna of which Irene Bishop is the director.

A few years ago the Mennonite Brethren organized a congregation in Linz under the leadership of A. J. Neufeld from Canada. The congregation consists primarily of refugees and has recently established a church building.

Bruck a.d. Mur, Austria, where Anabaptists lived in 16th Century.

EARLY ANABAPTISTS

(Continued from page 111)

ing the night preceding his execution, one cannot help but be profoundly impressed. Here is an intensity of faith, a dedication to God's way (against all frailty of the flesh which would tend otherwise), a certainty of man's sonship of God and an overflow of love and human warmth we can hardly find anywhere else. Schlaffer died not in vain; the kind of Christianity for which he suffered grew and spread further and further for the next half century.

Not too long after the death of Schiemer, another Anabaptist brother, Wolfgang Brandhuber, bishop of the congregation at Linz, Upper Austria, sent a long and moving pastoral letter to the orphaned Rattenberg brotherhood—another fine document of early Anabaptism and an illustration of the spiritual mutual relationship of all these small centers of the new way. Apparently the Linz brethren had learned all about the events in the Inn Valley, and Brandhuber became profoundly concerned about the life and discipline of the distant, now leaderless group. Thus he dispatched a brother to bring his missive to the Tyroleans,[7] admonishing his brethren (not known personally), telling them of the great law of love which requires also a sharing in worldly goods (no communion of goods, however) emphasizing the need for inner discipline in the service of the Lord, and finally pointing to unavoidable conflicts wherever the Kingdom of God is practiced in an otherwise wicked world. One year later, in 1529, Brandhuber himself had to seal his faith with his life, being burned at the stake in Linz, leaving the group in the Inn Valley leaderless again.

But Tyrol was going to produce many more men of this metal: Jacob Huter, Peter Walpot, Ulrich Stadler, Hans Mändel, and many, many more. We know of Jörg Fasser who was born in Rattenberg but had migrated to Moravia, and the same is true concerning another brother, Sigmund Schützinger, also a Rattenberger, who for a brief period had even become the bishop of the Anabaptist church in Moravia, prior to the coming of Jacob Huter. Anabaptism continued in the Inn Valley for a long time, in spite of "the raging dragon" (as the brethren nicknamed King and later Emperor Ferdinand I) and in spite of an obedient provincial government in Innsbruck. In 1541 we hear of a brother Christian Gschäl who spent a whole season at Rattenberg (apparently working there for the Lord), and the wave of Anabaptist enthusiasm flickered up again around 1558.

When life became almost unbearable in Tyrol, the brethren took to small riverboats and went down the Inn River into Bavaria and eventually entered the Danube River at Passau. On this big stream they went on as far as Lower Austria (Krems) whence they proceeded to Moravia into relative safety. The Tyrolean government enjoined a strict supervision of all waterways, but the flow of Anabaptist migrants from Tyrol to Moravia hardly lessened until the end of the sixteenth century. In 1603 we read for the last time of an Anabaptist who passed through Rattenberg, most likely on his way to the "promised land," as the brethren called Moravia. In 1622 this fine refuge also came to a tragic end, expelling all brethren for good.

FOOTNOTES

[1]Lydia Müller, *Glaubenszeugnisse Oberdeutscher Taufgesinnter*, Leipzig, 1938, 80-1.
[2]*Ibid.*, 77.
[3]Zieglschmidt, A. J. F., *Die älteste Chronik der Hutterischen Brüder*, Philadelphia, 1943, 83-85.
[4]Lydia Müller, *loc. cit.*, 72 f.
[5]*Ibid.*, 82-83.
[6]*Ibid.*, 76.
[7]*Ibid.*, 137-143.

Folk Festival Draws Crowds

The annual Mennonite Folk Festival held March 11 and 12 was the most successful in the history of this activity. The evening program featured the General Conference Centennial Pageant, "We Are Pilgrims," while daytime activities from 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. featured a variety of domestic arts, folklore films, tours of the Kauffman Museum, and the serving of traditional refreshments. Butchering of hogs was also featured.

The evening dinner on both Friday and Saturday was served by Swiss Mennonite groups from Moundridge, McPherson, Pretty Prairie and Kingman. All together 2,500 were served on the two evenings to a menu consisting of Schunkelfleisch (ham), Bohne-Biroggi, Gebrädelde Krumbeere (fried potatoes), Schmeerkees (cottage cheese), Roggebrot (ryebread), Latwerge (plum jam), Mackkuche (poppyseed roll), peaches and coffee.

The Centennial Pageant drew capacity crowds each night with an estimated 3,100 viewing the showings. In addition several hundred visited the Kauffman Museum.

Domestic arts included exhibits and demonstrations of weaving, quilting, stenciling, knitting and wood carving. Many of the participants in these activities were dressed in traditional costumes. As in former years, zwieback, schnittchen, and pummelchen were served during the day with the addition this year of shoo-fly pie. At various times during the day folklore films were shown in the Visual Aids Room of the Library. Two hogs were butchered, and the meat sold to visitors at the Festival. In charge of the arts and crafts division were Lena Waltner and John F. Schmidt; butchering activities were directed by E. J. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Schmidt. The committee serving the Swiss Mennonite dinner was headed by Mrs. P. R. Kaufman and assisted by Maxine Will. The Centennial Pageant, "We Are Pilgrims," was directed by Katharine Kaufman with the assistance of Maynard Shelly. Music for the pageant was arranged by J. Harold Moyer. Chairman of the Folk Festival Board is C. Krahn while G. F. Friesen is business manager.

Scenes from Centennial Pageant, Mennonite Folk Festival

Various persons in the North Newton community helped in the production of the pageant by giving reality to the tableau scenes. Festival visitors visited with Lena Waltner, college art department, who demonstrated art procedures and bought Pennsylvania-Dutch cards.

Mrs. Menno Schrag demonstrates the art of stenciling, while Mrs. C. D. Epp is concentrating on a quilting job.

Ben J. Stucky entertains visitors with examples of wood carving, while Mrs. Eldon Bargen shows various crocheted and knitted items.

Ed Miller (center) conducted the sale of fresh pork, while H. A. Schmidt and his crew of helpers butchered another hog.

Busy Hands

While some women demonstrated the almost lost art of knitting, others were busily engaged in serving visitors as at left and preparing to serve the crowds in the evening. (Below right) Mrs. P. R. Kaufman instructs workers in dinner procedures, while at left they are ready for the hungry visitors. The pictures below show workers preparing various dishes to be served.

Historian, Teacher, Pastor, Friend

Elmer Ellsworth Schultz Johnson

By J. MAURICE HOHLFELD

Text from Living Scripture

THE text for our memorial address is taken from living scripture written on the tablets of the heart and mind of our friend and loved one. The words were uttered on one of those delightful automobile trips which was routed through the pleasant Schoharie Valley of Central New York State. Naturally, Elmer Johnson would point out along the way all matters of reference—geographical, geological, horticultural and historical. As he gazed at the hills and mused, he spoke of a great inner urge. Said he, "I always want to climb the heights and see what is on the other side."

This was his testimony. This was the statement of a life-giving principle that motivated him ever since childhood. This was the confession of one who was brought up in the hills, who loved the hills, who traveled through the hills on his weekly trips from Hereford to Hartford. That is, from Hereford, Pennsylvania, to Hartford, Connecticut, passing through Berks County into the Lehigh Valley, across the historic Delaware and then on up into the Mountain Lakes region of New Jersey, onward to the lordly Hudson which he met at Bear Mountain. Finally, as a thirsty seeker for truth, quenching his thirst as the sun goes down on those beautiful Litchfield hills that meant so much to him. And all along the way there were friends and legends and challenges in those hills!

The Source of His Curiosity

Whence developed that innate curiosity for knowledge, for wisdom, for truth? Perhaps it began when he was a little toddler gathering around the family circle as they listened to Grandfather Isaac Johnson tell about the family name. The young Elmer was fascinated with the fact that his last name, "Johnson," was the anglicized form of the Dutch name "Jansen" (a Mennonite name).

What a thrill it was for him to learn that the Jansens came from Holland to Pennsylvania in 1684! This was the same time that William Penn was conducting his Holy Experiment in the City of Brotherly Love (known as Philadelphia), some fifty miles south of New Berlinville, Berks County, where Elmer was born on June 26, 1872.

As a child he showed interest in the family background and did not tire at the recitation of the "begats." It may be, as our religious educators now tell us, that the first three years of a child's life are the most important ones in preparing for the educative process. Who knows but that the genealogist in him had its beginning in that farmhouse where they talked about family names with respect and reverence?

Thus, he was really a true member of the Pennsylvania Dutch. After all, his name came from Holland. Yet, Elmer Johnson would be the first one to advise quickly that the common use of the words "Pennsylvania Dutch" was a corruption of the form "Pennsylvania-*Deutsch*." The Pennsylvania Dutch, as such, are not Dutch but *Deutsch*. While he did have Dutch ancestry on one side, he was also truly Pennsylvanien-*Deutch*. For on his mother's side he had a line of

forebears who came to Pennsylvania in 1734 in order to escape the religious persecutions they were experiencing in Silesia and Saxony, Germany.

A Consecrated Mother

It was at his mother's knees that he first learned the great lessons of the faith. Not only did Susanna Schultz Johnson instruct the children in the Judaeo-Christian heritage, but she also instilled in Elmer and his younger brother Jacob a firm belief in the great doctrines of the adherents. Especially did Elmer remember the salient teachings concerning the pre-eminence of Christ . . . the Christ of the Sermon on the Mount. The mother would recall the hard struggles the family had in the past in order to live. For that reason she emphasized the value of individual liberty. And the utmost scruple was taken to preserve such liberty.

Further, it was during those formative years that he first heard of Caspar von Schwenkfeld, the Silesian nobleman, who was a contemporary of Martin Luther. Schwenkfeld, the lesser known of the two, was the reformer of the Middle Way. He advocated that those of the organized Church should follow the way of pietism in order to arrive safely home in their spiritual pilgrimage.

Young Elmer heard these stories of the Reformation, which did not end there but continued on through the next two centuries when the believers, often known as the "Confessors of the Glory of Christ" (and not Schwenkfelders), had to flee the Fatherland and sail to the New World in 1734. It was his grandfather's great-grandfather, George Scholtze, who left Nieder-Harpersdorf in Lower Silesia when he was only twenty-three years of age and came with the group to continue the family line which goes on to this day in Pennsylvania and elsewhere. It was in that farmhouse setting that the future historian said he received his first lessons in church history, even before he went to school.

The Young Miller Discovers Books

Naturally, a wise mother would want her boy to grow up and "get an education." She kept that objective in her heart, but alas, she passed away when he was only eleven years old. This meant that Elmer had to leave school and go to work on his father's farm. Later, he apprenticed himself to his uncle, Joseph K. Schultz, for the purpose of learning the trade of a miller.

For three years (1890-1893) he worked hard, "driving the flour route" . . . delivering and selling flour to the housewives and then returning to the mill to sweep up the floor and make himself generally useful.

One day, after spending many hours at work, he happened to see two books on the floor of the mill. As he picked them up, he discovered they were schoolbooks. One was a geometry book, the other was a Latin book. As he read he felt that someone was watching over his shoulder. The first impulse was to hide the books in the flour bags. When he looked around, he saw one of his uncles who lived on an adjacent farm. "Elmer, do you want to study?" the uncle asked. Of course the answer was in a strong affirmative. "Well," said the uncle, "I'm afraid we've neglected you. Your mother prayed that you might go to school and you are going to go."

The upshot of the whole matter was that an uncle who lived nearby and the uncle who owned the flour mill got together and went over to consult with grandfather Amos S. Schultz. After the meeting the chairman of the self-appointed committee of three, the grandfather, came to the flour mill the next day at one o'clock to see Elmer. He had heard that his grandson was working at the mill. This he thought was all to the good. It was not time wasted because now he was mature. He knew the value of time, the value of a dollar, and also, what life meant. He would be able to study much better now, if he should start on the pathway of formal education.

Then, the patriarch uttered some words of wisdom that often mark the village seer. He said, "Here behind the wall of the hills we are still provincial. We need now one to go and bring the world back to us." No doubt those words did much to quicken the spirit of the young man who had a great yearning to climb the heights and see what was on the other side.

A Plan for Education

The educational plan was laid out by the grandfather. He suggested that Elmer think big and plan for the next ten years. There would be three years at Perkiomen Seminary . . . a college-preparatory school just opening its doors under the new sponsorship of the Schwenkfelders of Pennsylvania.

After those three years, Grandfather Amos felt it would be best to spend the next four years at Princeton University; for there he would find a "good school with good men to study under." They talked about New England and the different religious ideas that were being propagated up there. Again, the wise old man came forth with words of wisdom as he said, "Go to the Hartford Theological Seminary. You go there, you'll be safe."

Well . . . he was safe here and he made it safe for many a student-generation who can look back and call him "blessed" for having opened their minds to the great drama of the church during the Mediaeval and Reformation periods and the relationship of those times to the present day.

Thus, there would be three years at Perkiomen, four years at Princeton, and three years at Hartford. What must the young man have thought of the plan? After all, he was now twenty years of age and he hadn't started his college preparatory work. That means he

would be twenty-three before he entered college. Grandfather Amos also realized his own days were numbered. So he put all the money for the educational plan into Elmer's hands and trusted that it would be handled by a worthy steward. Handle it wisely he did. For instance, when Elmer was preparing to enroll at Princeton Junction, he rode his bicycle all the way from his home in Pennsylvania to Old Nassau, a distance of some fifty miles!

Unfortunately, Grandfather Amos did not see the lad enter into the higher institutions of learning. Still he had the satisfaction of hearing good reports coming back from Perkiomen. It was rumored that he memorized the entire volume of Barnes' *History of the United States*, a standard textbook used in many of our public schools. The grandfather died just seven weeks before the first class to complete the three-year prep course held its commencement exercises. The old man did not live to hear his grandson Elmer give one of the orations. It was entitled, "Christian Citizenship" (June 28, 1895).

On to Princeton!

The scene now shifts to Princeton. There he had many new worlds to conquer. During the summer of 1896 between his freshman and sophomore years, he was invited by O. S. Krehbiel, the principal of Perkiomen Seminary (and also pastor of the Upper District which at that time included the three meetinghouses at Kraussdale, Washington and Hosensack), to speak to the Society of Schwenkfelders and choose any text he wished. That which meant a great deal to the young Princetonian was Ephesians 3:19 . . . "And to know the love of Christ which surpasses knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

He entitled the sermon, "The Crest and Crowning of the Searching Soul." This was his first sermon. The last time he preached that sermon was just three years ago, on the last Sunday of August, 1956. This was the sixtieth anniversary of the first presentation.

The sermon began with a quotation from H. G. Wells . . . "To this day the Galilean is too great for our small hearts." Then the sophomore from Princeton said, "We do not comprehend the love there was in Jesus. Possibly it is too great a word for our minds to comprehend. It certainly surpasses knowledge." At the end he made a plea that the worshippers should pray with conviction "to be filled with the fulness of God." "Do not forget that to be filled with the fulness of God is a very rugged prayer," he said. "Study it, think of it. Remember, God is always with us."

As one reads that sermon once more, he is impressed with the wearability of the preacher. He wore well. What did rub off was not his loss but our gain. Ask any ministerial friend to repeat a sermon that was preached only ten years ago. The chances are that you will receive a reluctant answer, probably in the negative. The clergyman will answer that there seems to be little relevance of what was said a decade ago when repeated in our present times. Yet, Elmer E. S. Johnson had such a grasp on eternal truth and lasting values that what he preached in 1896 was still the same Good News in 1956, for he knew whereof he spake.

The days at Princeton were memorable ones. Ever since his freshman year he was admired and respected by all his classmates.

Matrimony—and Hartford

After graduating from Princeton in 1899, he turned northward and came to Hartford. But this time he did not come alone. That fall he experienced another graduation service. This was a graduation from bachelorhood to the blessed estate of holy matrimony. During those Princeton years it seems that absence made the heart grow fonder for a certain young lady back in Palm, Pennsylvania. She, too, was a daughter of the Society of Schwenkfelders, whose fathers had also come from Silesia in 1734. On September 7, 1899, Agnes Schultz Gerhard and Elmer E. S. Johnson were married. They lived happily for the next forty-seven years.

As he began his theological studies, not only were his classmates impressed with his depth and breadth of knowledge; but, also, the faculty began to take note. For there were giants in the land in those days. A listing of the faculty would furnish many names for Who's Who. There were Beardslee and Geer, Gillett and Hartranft, Jacobus and MacDonald, Mitchell and Nourse, Paton and Pratt. These were the men who guided him into greater fields of usefulness.

The degree of Bachelor of Divinity was granted at the commencement of 1902. Some time before this, he received a call to serve in Philadelphia, where the Society of Schwenkfelders had organized a mission in the northern part of the city. The congregation called themselves the First Schwenkfelder Church of Philadelphia and advertised that "all services would be in the English language."

Pastor and Editor

E. E. S. Johnson served as pastor from September, 1902, to July 1, 1904. Always creative, always willing to share his wealth of knowledge with even the lowliest of men, he founded and became the first editor of the denominational, monthly journal known as *The Schwenkfeldian*. In setting forth the policy of the organ, he said in the first editorial, "The spirit of liberty and independence of thought have always characterized the mind and heart of the true Schwenkfeldian disciple. The facts of our history and the fundamentals of our faith, together with the current events in all our churches, will be recorded and discussed in the columns of this journal."

Of course, being an historian at heart, there appeared a one-and-one-half page article on Schwenkfeldian history. Ever since that issue of Volume 1:1 down to the current issues, there have been one or more articles dealing with "the facts of our history." A recent series is on "Schwenkfeldian Pietistic Thought in Colonial Pennsylvania." Lest we think that the organ was aimed at the presentation of a narrow sectarianism, may we hasten to say that the periodical not only deals with the reformer of the Middle Way, but has included also other historical gems.

Research Fellow

The pastorate in Philadelphia was a busy one, gathering in the numerous unchurched residents who had moved into the new housing developments of that day. But it was a short pastorate of less than two years. A request by the young pastor for a leave of absence for one year, starting July 1, 1904, was granted by the congregation. The reason for the request . . . Elmer Johnson had received a call from the Hartford Theological Seminary to serve as Research Fellow in Reformation history.

Thereon hangs a tale that would take hours to tell. We are not only dealing with the "wall of the hills." We are now climbing the mountains. Indeed, here is one of the most stupendous projects that any institution could ever attempt to undertake. It was the task of bringing to light some understanding of the missing elements in that dynamic period of history known as the Reformation. The forwardlooking faculty of the Hartford Theological Seminary and the representatives of the Schwenkfelders (who numbered less than a thousand in those days) united their forces to give to the world the *Corpus Schwenkfeldianorum*. Here one finds the collected writings with texts, translations, documentation and analyses — linguistic, historical and theological—of Schwenkfeld . . .

Birth of the Corpus Schwenkfeldianorum

It was just seventy-five years ago this past August (1959) that the idea of the *Corpus* was initiated. Eighteen Hundred Eighty-Four was the 150th anniversary of the landing of the Schwenkfelders in Pennsylvania. Chester David Hartranft, then a professor of church history at this institution, wrote a circular letter to the community of adherents in which he said:

> Ought we not to commemorate the name of Caspar Schwenkfeld, especially at this day, when there has been such a marked restudy of his theology and when a far juster estimate of his views and character has been formed? What have we done to show our veneration for his piety, our admiration for his learning, our regard for him as the originator of a most profound religious movement, of which you, brethren, are the most direct representatives, but whose influence has reached into innumerable channels of modern thought and society? . . .

So the project got under way. Not only did the Seminary appoint Hartranft and later E. E. S. Johnson to this area of research but those in authority also sponsored the services of Otto Bernhard Schlutter to help expedite matters in getting the material into print.

We must not forget the wide circle of friends from Hartford who contributed their prayers and moral support and their substance, too. There was the gift of a trustee and benefactor, Newton Case, Esq., and Roland Mather, another trustee. . . .

It was on July 16, 1904, that Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and their baby son and only child, Rolland, sailed on the "Zeeland" of the Red Star Line for Antwerp. Elmer was now on his way to help the "Old Man." These words are used with respect to Hartranft because they are the nearest we can come to the German, "der Alte."

But "der Alte" was weakening. In fact, a few months before Elmer received his call from Hartford to serve as associate editor of the *Corpus Schwenkfeldianorum*, Hartranft, due to declining health, resigned from the Seminary which he had served since 1878, first as professor, later as president, and then assigned to research. By vote of the faculty Hartranft was made an honorary president. After Hartranft died on December 30, 1914, on the eve of World War I, Johnson became the editor-in-chief of the *Corpus;* this post he retained even after he returned to Hartford after the war.

There was never a dull moment for him during those Wolfenbüttel days. As he supervised the gathering of the manuscripts for the *Corpus,* he also found time to distribute his energies in several related areas.

From Wolfenbüttel, Germany, came an article on "The Reformation Period." To be sure, it breathes all the freshness of the research project on the *Corpus.* Indeed, the news of the progress being made by Hartranft and Johnson caused one of America's foremost Germanic scholars, Marion Dexter Learned of the University of Pennsylvania, to declare that if the editors succeeded in completing the seventeen or eighteen volumes of the *Corpus,* it would be "one of the greatest literary and scientific undertakings that America has ever known." It would "stand side by side with the great Weimar edition of Luther's works and with the great outcoming edition of Zwingli" (1911).

During this same period, Elmer Johnson became interested in Adam Reisner, the diplomat, linguist, historian and poet of Mindelheim. This versatile Christian layman was the amanuensis of Caspar Schwenkfeld. The latter, in writing to his friends, often called him "Unser Adam." The data, documentation and the presentations made by Elmer Johnson concerning Adam Reisner were considered to constitute an original contribution to the field of knowledge. Hence, the dissertation he submitted while in Germany was accepted by the faculty as partial fulfillment for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. This degree he received in 1911.

When news of the outbreak of World War I came to Wolfenbüttel, Johnson refused to leave the books he had collected for the library. He remained there during the entire war until 1919, under house-arrest. During that time he was treated with the utmost hospitality. The villagers told him that if the U.S.A. declared war on Germany, the German people would build a wall of iron around him and his material and give him all facilities which would enable him to continue his work. When this did happen, Elmer wrote, "We are accorded the greatest kindness and everyone spares no pains to comply with numerous requests." After the close of the war, the German government furnished every facility for getting the accumulated material shipped safely to the States.

The Seminary Historian

The professional period at Hartford began in 1922. He was assigned to the teaching of Medieval and Reformation history. In 1924 he was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity by Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. This was in recognition of his scholarship as well as of his contributions to the culture of the Pennsylvania Germans.

He was elevated to full professor in 1928. In 1934 the Two-Hundredth Anniversary of the landing of the Schwenkfelders, he became the Waldo Professor of Church History. He was supposed to retire in 1940, but due to difficulties of his successor, Matthew Spinka, in making arrangements to leave Chicago, Johnson stayed on the faculty until after his seventieth birthday in 1942.

The score of years from 1922 to 1943 were outstanding ones for him and for many of us. He became the seminary historian. Every week he would take a small group of students on an historical pilgrimage to East Windsor Hill, across the Connecticut River. There he would show the young neophytes the red stone marker from the original building of the Theological Institute, now imbedded in the wall of the lower entrance to the High School. The trip to East Windsor Hill would end with a walk down Main Street and the telling of tales concerning the houses in which the learned founders lived.

Again, the seminary historian would go west into the Connecticut hills. Quite often he would stop at the little cemetery in Cornwall and point out the grave and the headstone of Henry Obookiah, native of Hawaii who was educated at the first foreign mission school in America but died before he could return to his native land.

Johnson as Speaker

Johnson's chapel talks were not only addressed to the mind but also to the heart. There was bound to be a challenge that would often end up with a poem or a stanza or two from a great hymn. One of his favorites was:

> Rise up, O men of God!
> Have done with lesser things;
> Give heart and mind and soul and strength
> To serve the King of Kings.

Then to illustrate that the students should be "done with lesser things," he might repeat the time-worn anecdote of the German pastor who didn't feel like preparing the sermon for the following Sunday. The pastor felt that he would just open his mouth on Sunday and let the Holy Spirit tell him what to say. Sunday came and the minister opened his mouth. The Holy Spirit did speak to him and said, *Herr Pastor, Du bist faul gewesen* (Pastor, you have been lazy). Not only did Elmer Johnson reserve this gem for the students but he would also bring it back on alumni days. Here he would meet the students who had graduated some five, ten or more years ago. They were the ones who were facing the temptation of sitting back and taking it easy as they approached middle age.

Interpreter of Civic Charm

Every new student-generation soon came to know that Hartford not only stood for the name of the graduate institution they were attending, but it was also a most pleasant city with a great tradition. The seminary historian let this be known. As an adopted son, he seemed to know and care more about the environment surrounding the campus than many of its native sons. To Elmer Johnson, Hartford meant the bookshops, the University Club, the homes, the schools, the churches, the elm trees, the parks and the landmarks.

For example, one of our faculty members used to teach a course in the natural sciences at Hillyer College. Some years ago he felt it would be wise for his class to observe the remarkable geological formation which forms the base of Trinity College. As he walked down Zion Street, he was surprised to find another kindred spirit examining the strata of the glacial remains. "Why, Dr. Johnson, what are you doing here?" asked the instructor. He soon learned that Elmer Johnson made annual trips to that site in order to refresh himself with the wonders of creation. It would not be amiss to say that Johnson never detached the creation from the Creator.

Broad in Christian Concerns

Concerning the expression of his Christian faith, it can be said that every aspect was vitally important to him. He was the first secretary of the Schwenkfelder Board of Missions which was organized in 1895. The Schwenkfelders, realizing that their numbers were small, still wanted to take part in the world-outreach of the church. Inasmuch as each meetinghouse was a unit unto itself, the people followed the congregational pattern in matters of polity. For that reason, it was only

natural that they should consider cooperation with a larger, organized group such as the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Here is another story of ecumenical encounter over the last sixty years, as the Schwenkfelder churches work hand-in-hand with missionaries sponsored jointly by them and/or the Congregational-Christian Churches. Further, in addition to his Seminary duties, Johnson is listed in our annual catalog for many years as a member of the faculty of the Kennedy School of Missions. He taught the history of South America in the department of Latin-American studies.

While commuting from Hereford to Hartford, there were week ends to consider. The Hereford Mennonite Church at Bally, Pennsylvania, needed a pastor. He accepted the call and stayed for twenty-five years. He could have continued for another decade, but he resigned in order that his successor could be installed with proper care and decorum.

He held many posts among the Mennonites. He was chairman of the Historical and Publication Committee of the Eastern District Conference. He was also secretary and president of the Pennsylvania-German Society, a member of the Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania, as well as of our neighboring Connecticut Historical Society.

A Genius for Friendship

As our own Board of Trustees has said in appreciation of his life, "He had a genius for friendship. Wherever he went he found and made friends and his unquenchable enthusiasm for history, local, personal as well as ecclesiastical, stirred even the most prosaic."

Truly, he belonged to everybody, to Schwenkfelders and to Mennonites, to low church and to high church, to Eastern church and to Western church, to Catholic and to Jew, all of whom were God's children to him. He was ecumenical even before the word had been popularized as in these latter days.

How shall we evaluate such a rich, full life, lived so close to God? The director of the Schwenkfelder Library writes of his predecessor, Johnson, by saying, "His interests and enthusiasms touched life at so many points that a full appraisal of his influence and achievements can never be calculated. It was a life that embraced many careers and achieved eminence in them all—as teacher, pastor, scholar, educator, historian, horticulturist—and perhaps most important of all—friend of man."

It was quite a heartbreak for many of his Princeton classmates to realize that he would not be able to be with them for the Sixtieth Reunion of the Class of '99. They recalled that his "unusual experiences and colorful contacts" made every conversation an "uplifting educational experience." His sense of humor and keen awareness of the purely human phases of existence made every exchange of ideas with him diversional as well as stimulating."

There was something lovable about this man. He was a good man, a real Christian gentleman and a scholar. Indeed the words of the Indian poet might have been written for Elmer Johnson when he said, "After you left my house, I found the footprints of God" (Sir Rabindranath Tagore).

"Wenn ich Christum habe . . ."

In a little cemetery in the hills of Berks County, at Clayton, Pennsylvania, one finds a marble shaft that towers some nine feet above the ground. It was erected in 1918 on the spot formerly occupied by the pulpit of the old Washington Meetinghouse. On one side of the shaft at the base is the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of the dead whose remains repose in this consecrated ground and who worshipped God here according to the faith and teachings of Caspar Schwenkfeld." On another side, one reads in German, *Wenn ich Christum habe, bin ich nicht traurig.* This is the equivalent of the Latin motto of Schwenkfeld, *Nil Triste-Christo Recepto* (If I have Christ, I am not sad).

It was also the motto of another disciple and interpreter of Schwenkfeld—Elmer Ellsworth Schultz Johnson . . . who knew the love of God which surpasses knowledge and who was filled with all the fulness of God. For he was one who could say with the Psalmist, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." Then the question, "From whence cometh my help?" The answer, "My help cometh from the Lord." Surely, he has received his reward. He has climbed the heights and has seen what is on the other side.

The Homecoming

By WARREN KLIEWER

I.

THE rusty tracks off the main line of the Canadian National Railway ran through the silent, snow-filled flats of a larch and birch forest and then curved into the small village of Waldheim. The tiny six-wheel steam engine, pulling one passenger coach and four boxcars, squeaked and groaned as it stopped above the square depot, gray in the half-light of late afternoon. Above the door of the station hung an old holly wreath, naked where the fallen leaves had exposed the wire frame, and below the wreath was a placard on which was printed:

MERRY CHRISTMAS
FRÖHLICHE WEIHNACHTEN
JOYEUX NOEL

No one got off the passenger coach, and no one got on. But an old man stealthily hung his feet out of the boxcar, peeked around the corner and then dropped to the ground. He was short, stooped and hollow-cheeked. He wore an old brown sheepskin coat and a gray scarf wrapped tightly around his neck with the ends falling loosely down his back. His sharp forehead was almost hidden beneath his oversized black fur hat. For a few moments he stared at the wreath and the placard on the station door while his toothless mouth worked aimlesssly, and then he spit a brown wad on the white snow.

The station agent, dressed in green duck trousers and a black vest hanging open over his chambray work shirt, hovered over the telegraph key in the depot bay window. He had watched the old man climb out of the boxcar and now continued to peer at him under a green Celluloid eye shade. The old man walked into the wooden station and he stood for a few moments before the red iron stove. The station agent watched the old man open his coat and fan it wide to the heat coming from the grated door. "You get back on that train before it pulls out. We don't want any beggars in this town," he said.

The old man's small eyes looked up and down the thin angular frame of the station agent. Then he turned and spit a wad that hissed on the red hot stove. "I've got relatives here." He took off his coat and warmed his back at the stove.

The train blew a long, shrill blast on the whistle and then rumbled slowly into the cold wilderness beyond the railroad yard, and everything was silent both outside and inside the depot except for the occasional click-click of the telegraph key. The station agent jerked off his green Celluloid eye shade, and he snapped shut the roll-top desk and locked it with a tiny key. "Time to lock up," he said to the old man, jangling a handful of keys on a ring, throwing them up and catching them.

The old man did not answer. He stared at the station agent with his small gray eyes.

"Time to lock up," the station agent repeated. The hand with the keys shook and they jangled frenetically.

The old man slowly put his coat back on and shuffled to the door. He turned back at the doorway. His small, thin face was wrinkled in a question. He hesitated before he said, "Fröhliche Weihnachten."

The station agent started.

The old man repeated, "Fröhliche Weihnachten."

"Who are you?" he blurted out.

"I used to live here," the old man said. "You don't remember me?"

"What's your name?"

"I remember you. You look just like your father. The same wicked eyes. Same dirty mouth. I remember him. And I remember that idiot boy, Sam Suderman, so slow and fat and stupid. You remember him?"

The station agent did not speak. His wrinkled eyes opened wide.

"I remember the time you beat him. And when he died of pneumonia the next winter, some people said he died because you beat him. I remember that. And you never did marry that wild French girl, did you? Some people said that your old man would have killed you if you had married her, because she was French. Even when she had the baby you didn't marry her."

The station agent backed away from the old man. His hand shook as he picked up a piece of steel pipe lying in the corner.

"Ach," the old man said. "Don't kill me, too." His toothless mouth opened wide in a dry, humorless laugh. "I've done worse things than that. Much worse. Does the Devil blame the son of a man?" The old man again took off his coat and this time he hung it on the coat rack. He wearily hunched his thin shoulders. "This is Christmas Eve and I'm tired. Do you have a chair for a tired old man on Christmas Eve . . . Martin? Do you, Martin Heinrichs?"

Mechanically, as if, for now, he were powerless to resist the old man, the station agent placed his desk chair before the stove and quickly backed away. The old man flopped into the chair and breathed heavily for a few moments.

"Martin. Martin. Once you were such a handsome boy. Now look at you. Rotten teeth. Crooked hands. Gray hair. Wrinkled face." He sighed. "Once I was a handsome boy."

It was dark outside now, and the feeble station lights against the darkness made dim and distorted mirrors of the windows. For a few moments the clattering telegraph key broke the silence, and then for a few moments the distant sound of a church bell. The station agent stood silently, rigidly in the middle of the room. And for a long time the old man slumped in the chair, apparently more asleep than awake.

Finally the station agent asked his question again, but very timidly this time. "What is your name?"

Slowly the old man shook his head and frowned. "You still don't remember?" Then he smiled. "It's many, many years ago. Tell me the news. Who's dead. Who got married. Who had children. Who got rich. Who went crazy."

"If it's so many years," the station agent said, "do you really want to know? Do you really care about them?"

"I don't know. Maybe I do, more than I think. You know, when I was a young man I wanted to see all of that world out there beyond the forest." The old man waved his arm vaguely behind his shoulder. "But now I am weak and helpless. The edge of the world is as far as I can walk in an hour. That's all I care about now." Then he smiled again. "But you really wanted to know if I cared about you. You don't remember my name but you want to know if I care about you.

"I don't.

"When we were boys we played together. Maybe you've forgotten that, too. I cared about you when we broke the beaver dam on the Musk River. And I cared about you when we burned the wild rice one fall before the Indians had a chance to harvest it. That was my idea, remember? One whole family starved that winter. You never knew that, did you? But I don't care about you now."

"Jesse?' the station agent whispered.

"Yell, you finally remembered." He winked and chuckled. "The sins of your youth."

He whispered again, "Jesse." His mouth and eyes opened wide. "You have come back. After all these years. Where have you been? What have you done? How long is it you have been away? How long?"

"I have been everywhere, done everything, seen all there is to see. Now I am hungry and I want to sleep. And you can find me a place to stay."

The station agent paused and was silent for a long time. And then he simply said, "Oh!" For a few moments he had been smiling, but now his eyebrows raised.

"Why do you say 'oh' and look at me as if I was chewing on your leg?"

The station agent drummed his fingers against his thigh. "Who knows? Maybe it will be a little bit hard to find some place for you to sleep. Maybe we will have to go to a lot of trouble?"

"Trouble. Trouble," the old man grumbled. "All over the world there's trouble. In Waldheim and out."

The station agent sucked his lower lip. "There is no hotel in town. And you probably don't have money, anyway?"

The old man jerked up straight in his chair. "Oh, you want money too, for finding me the bed that somebody else is going to give me free?"

"It's not money I want from you."

The old man grumbled again. "Ach. Money-hunger. Like a disease, it spreads even to Waldheim."

The station agent continued, "And in Waldheim, we do not have, like they do in those big cities, the Salvation Army. So it may be a little trouble to find a bed. But even in the Salvation Army, it doesn't cost money, but it costs a litttle trouble, doesn't it?"

"What are you talking about the hotel or the Salvation Army? Are all my relatives dead? Do all the Germans turn the stranger away from the door?"

"No. Two of your cousins still live."

"All right. All right. Where are their farms? How far?"

The station agent silenced him with a gesture. "And you want to live with your relatives?"

"No. But I can't walk in the snow all night."

"And do your cousins want you to live with them?"

The old man was silent. His tiny eyes studied the other man's face.

The station agent's voice became very quiet. "Jesse. You were a wild boy. Have you forgotten?"

"But I'm not a boy now. I'm a man already so old that I stumble even in the spring and I fall down when I walk in the snow of winter."

"You have forgotten, I see. The church excommunicated you. You are still under the ban."

"After so many years?"

"You are still banned."

"Oh, well. And who thinks about that? Is it a sickness I can give somebody else, maybe?"

"You have forgotten. Or you want to forget. You know that if anyone feeds you they will be banned, too. Or if they give you a bed."

The old man groaned quietly, deep in his throat. "They do not forgive?"

"Did you ever ask them to forgive you?"

In a hoarse shout the old man answered. "I don't want to be forgiven."

"Come with me," the station agent said. "The preacher lives not far from here. Come. We will fall down on our knees before the Throne of God, and he will forgive you."

"No, they hated me when I was a boy, and I hated them. They hated me when I was a man. They hate me

when I'm old. I'll live with the French. The French Canadians will feed me on Christmas Eve." The old man viciously bit off a mouthful of chewing tobacco and immediately spit it out again. "My father came to Canada from the old country. 'Here,' he said 'we can love God.' And he ended up hating the French. But I will hate God and love the Frenchmen. Guillaume d'Artier will feed me. He hates God and the Germans like I do."

"d'Artier is dead."

"Dead?"

"He died drunk. What else would you expect? And to the French you are still a German. They will feed their pigs and their stray dogs and their lice. But they will not feed you."

"So I will starve and I will sleep in a snowdrift?"

"If that is God's will."

The old man stood up staggering. "Is there no one left over to love me?"

"Did you ever love anyone?"

The old man waved his arms wildly in the air. He shouted, "No. No. No."

"You do not love God?"

"No."

"And not the father that labored for you and the mother that prayed for you?"

"No."

"And not the uncles and aunts and cousins, and not any of the people who keep the German customs, generation after generation, and who prayed for you in the German church?"

"No. No."

"Why did you come back?"

The old man ran to the black window. As if it were open, as if he were shouting to someone miles away, he said, "Let me go. Let me go." And then in the window he saw only his own dim reflection.

"Why did you come back?"

The old man slumped back into the chair. For a few moments he was silent and thoughful. "This is a poor life here in Waldheim," he finally said. "But a poor way of life is better than none at all. Out there, on the other side of that forest, it is all confusion. They have no way of life. A man marries just anybody and dies just anywhere."

"Every man has committed sins, some as bad as you. But you . . . you betrayed your own people. You cannot stay here."

"When I was riding on the train, I suddenly knew why I came back. I am going to die. I have to die where my people are near."

"You betrayed your own people. You said once that your own people were not worth living with."

With tears in his eyes, in a pleading voice, the old man said, "But that's not the same."

"To us who go on living, it is the same."

The old man began crying—weeping as he had not wept for many years. "I always thought I could come back here. It was always a comfort to me. Now where shall I go? What shall I do?" He was silent for a moment. "Who am I?"

The station agent cleared his throat. "There's another train through here at midnight. It doesn't stop but it slows down through the yard."

"Nothing," the old man said, still lost in thought. "I am nothing. I am sitting on the edge of a well . . . looking down. There is no bottom."

"Did you hear me?" the station agent said.

The old man started. "Huh?"

"You can catch the train at midnight. Stay in the freight house until then, but don't tell anyone I said you could. The freight house isn't too cold when the wind is from the south."

Dumbly, submissively, the old man stood and again put on his dirty, tattered sheepskin coat. They parted at the door. They said nothing—not 'goodbye' nor 'good night' nor 'Merry Christmas.' The station agent locked the door of the depot and then tested it twice before he walked to his car. The old man hesitated briefly before the placard with the Christmas greetings, then walked toward the town.

It was less than two blocks to the town laid out in the old-fashioned German manner, a single street with all the houses crowded together on either side of it. A few empty, parked cars were standing in front of the houses, but no one besides the old man was walking in the snow. The old man stopped before a two-story gray building with a peaked roof. In the double window were displayed two bridles covered with dust, a fly net, and five rusty snaffle bits. A yellowed card in the corner of the window said:

SHOE
REPAiRiNG

For a moment the old man thought he saw a light in the back of the store, but when he shaded his eyes and peered close to the glass of the window, the light seemed to go out. He turned away and began shuffling to the other side of the street.

II.

"Pete, you want to tend store? I'll get ready the supper. No one will come in any more."

She walked slowly up the stairway leading from the back of the dark repair shop, and she leaned heavily on the old wooden railing worn to a smooth polish by many years of handling.

When she opened the door at the far end of the living room, the kitchen doorway was filled with the warm moist air and the mixed odors of the ham baking in the oven of the wood stove and the sweet cinnamon vapor of the kettle of thick soup of prunes, apricots, and raisins above the cast iron grates. For as long as Susie Kroeker

could remember, this had been their traditional Christmas dinner, though the hams had been fifty pound home-cured hog shanks when the children had all been living at home. Now she and her husband baked only a small picnic ham which lasted for three or four days after Christmas. Mrs. Kroeker's grandmother, Margareta Ratzlaff who had lived in Waldheim for thirty-one years and who had refused to learn any English words except "How much money?" and "Hello," had said that ham and plumemoos was the Christmas dinner in the old country and she didn't think much of Germans who tried to copy these Canadian foreigners with their English pudding or their turkeys. And Susie and her husband always followed the old customs.

She lit the kerosene lamp with a splinter from the woodbox beside the cookstove, and with the lamp standing in the center of the small square table, she set the table with two cups, the two plates and the two bowls—the only remnants of the blue Delft ware her grandmother had brought over on the boat and had given to Susie as a wedding present.

With long quick strokes of the bread knife, Susie cut six two-inch thick slices of bread and laid them in a blue platter in the middle of the table. She looked around the table briefly, and seeing that everything was ready, she peeked into the oven and stirred the soup once more before she sat down to wait for her husband. Her hand went up to her face, pushed back her glasses, and then rubbed slowly over her wrinkled neck.

Small traces of brown leather dye still remained under his fingernails when Pete Kroeker had scrubbed his hands with thick soapsuds, but his brown fingernails were now as much a part of his life as the shoe repair and harness shop in the little town had become, as important as the farm where he was born, surrounded by the forest, had been. It had been hard for him to live in the old way in town, hard for a farm boy to learn a new trade and to do business with the French-Canadians and the English and the Presbyterians; hard because his father had taught him when to sow the barley and rye, how to build a straight fence, how to butcher a hog in the right way so that nothing was wasted, the tongue or the guts or the feet. Things had been different on the farm. But Pete Kroeker hardly ever thought about the farm any more.

When he had finished eating, he slid the chair back from the table and walked slowly into the dark living room. Between the dark brown walnut table, on which lay a black Bible with a scuffed binding, and the worn mohair chesterfield, a window opened out onto the street. Pete stood there looking out, his hands clasped behind his back. Across the street a girl was hurrying past the Schultz's gray house, and farther down the narrow thoroughfare, under the streetlight, stood an old man in a tattered sheepskin coat, barely visible in the dim light. For a moment Pete Kroeker's eyes glanced across the street—the girl was no longer visible—and then back to the light.

When Mrs. Kroeker had finished washing the dishes, she brought the kerosene lamp into the living room. Setting it down beside the Bible, she watched her husband where he stood at the window.

She looked at the two wrapped packages lying under the four-foot Christmas tree. She picked up the smaller, the one wrapped in brown wrapping paper and tied with white cord, and shook it beside her ear. After laying it down again she picked up the other package, decorated in green holly and red wreaths, and she sat down at the far end of the chesterfield while holding the package in her lap.

"Pa?" she said.

He turned from the window, and after picking up the brown package he too sat down and held it upon his knees.

"Well," she said, "who goes first?"

"I don't know," he said.

"You want to?"

"Who gave first last year?"

"I did," Susie said.

"Then it must be my turn." He laid the brown package upon the box already in her lap. Carefully untying the knots and loosening the folds in order to save the paper and string, she found a blue apron in the box.

"Thank you," she said, smiling and nodding formally.

Not until the paper was folded and stacked on the box did she hand the red and green parcel to her husband. He looked at the bow, then at the wrappings, then turning the package upside down, at the bottom of the package. Just as carefully as she had done, Peter untied the bow and then unwrapped and folded the red and green paper. Inside he found a heavy cardboard box labeled "Jake's Hardware, Waldheim, Manitoba." A pliers wrapped in white tissue paper and marked "Merry Christmas, Pete" was in the box. Carefully placing the box on the floor, laying the pliers across his knees, and following the example of his wife's folded hands, he crossed the brown-stained palms of his hands. He noticed a flake of glue on one finger and picked it off with his thick thumbnail. His wife looked at him across the chesterfield. "Amen," she said.

"Yah, yah. Amen."

III.

Herman, he had been called so long that he himself seldom thought about his last name and the first time he had seen written on the church bulletin, "H. H. Lehn, Custodian," he hardly recognized the surname. For a moment he had been afraid that the preacher had hired someone else to do the sweeping. He snickered soon, though, when he realized how foolish he had been in forgetting his own name.

Walking up and down the pews after the Christmas Eve Sunday school program, he did the job he always did

after each church service, picking up the hymnbooks and stacking them in the little closet off the auditorium. The small room was called the library though it was hardly large enough for the hymnals, the three brooms, and the mop. Now Herman laid the shoulder-high stack of books down on the end of the pew while he rested, and he picked up the book lying on the top of the pile. Thumbing through the book, by now almost familiar, he stopped at the small section added to the back of the hymnal. There was a group of fifteen English hymns included in the appendix, and Herman shook his head while he turned one page after another. He thought, we'll be singing these too on Christmas Eve before many years. Five years. Maybe ten years. An English song once a month already. Pretty soon twice a month, then three times. They say that some of the churches over near Winnipeg have already sermons in English.

He shook his head. There was nothing wrong with those other hymnbooks. We could have patched up the torn places. Nothing wrong with them—they had all the old hymns and we didn't need these new songs anyway.

He lifted the whole stack, then changed his mind, and replacing the hymnals on the pew, carried first the top half and then the other to the closet library. After locking the door, he walked up the steps to the platform, and there behind the pulpit he found a small puddle of dirty water and mud. "Engeler," the janitor mumbled. "I bet it was that Sam Engeler again. Schultz always wipes his feet." But still to make sure, Herman looked at the floor in front of the preacher's chair. It was clean. "That's one thing they didn't teach that young thing at the Bible Institute in Chicago, how to wipe his feet. Some Sunday school superintendent. Can't wipe his feet." He shook his head.

I sure know that one standing there, but I just can't place him, the janitor thought, looking toward the door where the old man, a stranger, was hitching up his sheepskin coat. Just can't place him. His name. But I know that face. Looks just like old Heinrich Suderman looked fifty, sixty years ago. Suderman had a beard, though. And this one's awful thin. Hank got pretty thin too toward the end, and he looked almost like this lying in his casket. This one's a German all right. You can tell just by looking at him. Wonder if it could be Suderman's relation. What ever happened to Suderman's kids? Let's see now. Did they even have any?

The janitor straightened his back while he thought and stared at the floor.

Yah, there was one. Let's see now, what was his name? Can't remember. I know it just as good as my own. He was that funny-looking one, and people always said he wasn't quite right in the head. So this one standing in the door couldn't be Heinrich Suderman's boy. This here one looks all right to me, only a little hungry maybe. A little dirty too. Not crazy though. Course I don't really remember what Suderman's boy looked like.

Sam. That's what his name was. Sam. Now I remember. Sam. Yes, yes, yes. Died that one winter. Or was it in the fall? Yah, in the fall. Just a young fellow too. Now I remember all of it. His folks said he'd been kicked by one of the cows. And that's what the church board said too, and the preacher at the funeral. But some people were talking about it. One of them said . . . let's see now, who was it? Oh, yes. Abe Wiens told me this. It was on Saturday night and we were sitting on the bench in front of the hardware store. Abe said his brother-in-law had been threshing for one of those French farmers—d'Artiers it must have been: none of the others would have anything to do with the Germans. And Wiens's brother-in-law was one of those who found the kid laying there in the bottom. Clothes mostly torn off and all. And Wiens said it sure looked like a two-legged cow, or maybe a two-legged bull had been beating up on him. People were saying that Suderman's boy, Sam, had been fooling around with some French girl, and some of her relatives didn't like it one bit. Even if Suderman's wife was French and had hair as black as coal. But this girl's old man didn't like it one bit either. That's what the people said. Wiens's brother-in-law didn't say anything when they found the boy lying down there in the bottom. Not about the French people being down on young Suderman. Well, that's the way it goes. The church board said the cows kicked him, and the old Sudermans said he got kicked. And Wiens said you didn't want to talk about it too much, but it sure didn't take you long to figure that one out if you just sat down and got the picture in your mind. Because the Frenchmen were the first ones to find the boy lying there. You can never tell.

On the pulpit was lying a small sheet of white paper.

When Jesus came to earth that night,
The stars were shining all so bright.
His mother laid him down to rest
Upon his little manger bed.

His father smiled to hear the song,
The angels singing loud and long.
Like Joseph, let us smile eternally,
And like the angels sing so merrily.

Beneath the poem was a paragraph in the Sunday school superintendent's handwriting. "It has not been the custom, my brothers and sisters to have the Christmas program in English, or even to have any part of it in English. But on my authority I have included the little English verse you just heard, simply for the benefit of the younger people, some of whom know English very well. This poem was written by me when I was in the Bible Institute in Chicago."

Herman lifted the sheet hastily by one corner and laid it face down on a shelf beneath the pulpit.

Then he bent over the pulpit and squinted down at the large Gothic type of the German Bible lying open.

That young Sam Engeler will never be able to get rid of this book. That's for sure. No one here will ever let him. That's one thing I know for sure.

He patted the open page.

No sir. They're never going to put any English books up here in this place. Engeler says that's all they use down there in that Bible Institute in Chicago, English Bibles. All English Bibles. Not a single German one in the whole place. That must have been some big job translating the whole thing from German to English. Maybe they didn't do the whole thing, only part of it. The most important parts. Sounds like a lot of work for nothing when it'd be so much easier for them to learn German. People say that Engeler even owns an English one. Don't know what he'd do with it here, though. You can't always believe what you hear.

The janitor turned out the light in the front half of the church. For a few moments he stood in the darkness and listened to the wind howling and whining outside.

Sure sounds worse when the lights are out. A storm's never so bad when the lights are on. Wonder where that one standing by the door is going to stay night. He better hurry before they turn out the street light. I wouldn't want to go anyplace in this wind without the light on, and I've lived here all the time. This one must be a stranger. Wonder if I should talk to him. Sometimes I think they ought to leave that street light on all night. You never know what might happen in the dark.

The janitor found a squeaky spot in the floor as he was walking down the aisle. He walked back and forth several times, testing the loose board with the point of his heel.

Got to bring that hammer along day after tomorrow. Let's see now, that should take those small nails I've got in the blue can on the top shelf. Don't think I need anything bigger.

After he had walked a short distance down the aisle, he turned and again came back to test the squeaky board, and then he shook his head.

No, that Sam Engeler. They get away from home and then they forget all about the old customs and the German language and our people. Maybe he's right. Always saying it's more important to be a Christian than it is to be a German. He's a preacher, or almost a preacher anyway, and maybe he's right. I don't know. Sure, there's good people in all of them. There's good Frenchmen, and good ones in the English and good ones down there in Chicago. But I don't know. Saying that being a German isn't important—that they wouldn't have said fifteen, twenty years ago. That Sam Engeler. It's not good for the children to hear that. The old man Engeler wouldn't've stood for that kind of talk. He was a strict one. Would've whipped Sam even as big as he is now. Sunday school superintendent and telling that to the children, that they don't have to talk German.

When he had turned out the lights in the rear half of the church auditorium, Herman again listened to the wind, and he could now hear the shrill whistling that always tore through the town when the wind became strong enough to twist the low stand of birches lying around the village clearing. The dense, tall trees deeper into the forest would always muffle the wind, and there the snow fell quietly and slowly in the shelter. But the village and the small birch and larch trees springing up beyond the limits of the last pastures and plowed gardens, caught the brunt of the northwest wind as it dipped down from the high forest top, and the saplings whined as if in painful protest.

I hope that one leaves pretty soon. I sure can't tell him to go. Reverend Schultz said that isn't what a church is for—to send people away from. That's right too. That's right. I've got to get home pretty soon though. But that coat of his doesn't look very warm. I almost feel sorry for him. His relatives should come get him. Look after him. Somebody should. He's not in such good shape, it looks like to me. Maybe if I turn my back he'll go away.

The janitor picked the one remaining coat from the rack in the church vestibule. When he turned to the switch for the vestibule light, Herman again glanced at the large red and green sign pinned on the bulletin board.

Merry Christmas
Fröhliche Weihnachten

He read the sign while he pulled his coat on.

Look at that. No, no, that Sam Engeler. Here in the church he has to put it up in English. We can all read German. What did he want to do that for? And then he has to write it in English first. On top. In town where they aren't all Germans, that's different. French and English and all kinds. You don't want to hurt anybody's feelings. But here in the church. That's going just too far. The old people—they were happy, weren't they? They worked and got married and had children and took care of their family. They didn't need English for all that. Now that Sam Engeler has to try to bring English into Waldheim.

Herman felt a sudden blast of cold wind at his back and then heard the wheezing sound of the door slowly closing again. That one must be gone now, he thought.

After buttoning his coat up to the top and turning his collar up around his ears, the janitor snapped the two switches that turned off the lights in the vestibule and the porch in front of the church. He looked out the window to make sure that the lights were off. It was dark, so dark that not even the flying snowflakes were visible, and Herman could not see the old man.

Poor old guy. He should have talked to me. Stranger in town. I don't know if I'd care to be a stranger here.

The janitor locked the front door, but as usual he walked back through the dark church, over the loose board where he stopped and again tested the squeak with

(Continued on page 130)

Red Rose and Gray Cowl

The First Fruits of a Poet

By ELMER F. SUDERMAN

READERS OF *Mennonite Life* are familiar with the poetry of Warren Kliewer, whose Mennonite background is often transparent in his poetry. Those who have read and enjoyed his poetry as it has appeared in *Mennonite Life* will be pleased to learn that his first book of poems, *Red Rose and Gray Cowl,* has been published by Omega Books (Washington, D. C., 1960, 63 pages, $2.50).

Kliewer's poetry is not simple or pretty either in theme or in form. It requires concentration and effort. Kliewer ranges widely in his subject matter and in the sources of his thought. He writes about city and country, about nature and the machine, about youth and old age, about men and animals. He draws his themes from the stories of many cultures: American, Irish, German, Greek and Hebrew. He is, moreover, a careful observer of the life around him as well as of man's inner life. He knows the past, but he does not miss the present. He knows the outside of man, but he knows the inside too. There is an excitement in these poems, an excitement coming from the knowledge of the vast stores of the past impinging on the varied life of the present. Kliewer expresses this excitement when he has one of his characters say:

I am pleased to hear the living of myself.
At times I fancy that the aged world,
Drop by drop, has drained into my veins,
And waves of time are slapping the shores of my heart.

It is man's inner life that he seems to be most concerned with. But he has no easy answers for men in their inward struggles with what appears to be, if not a hostile, at least a mysterious, complex and inscrutable world. Kliewer wisely does not pretend to understand the world; he does attempt to present it, as nearly as possible, honestly.

Kliewer is very conscious of the unlovely truth of the human heart. He recognizes that good men are not always good and that bad men are not always bad. He is not afraid to present the scoundrel William Quantrill as a gallant southern gentleman, most considerate of a Kansas lady. On the other hand, he is aware that the patriarch Jacob, who though a mercenary man, can talk with God and the angels.

Nor is Kliewer's poetic method simple. It is as varied as his subject matter. The reader must pay careful attention to the point of view from which the poem is presented, for it is in the often unique position from which the comment is made that much of the impact of these poems lies. And these poems do indubitably have an impact on the reader, who is often startled at the effectiveness of the comment. Take for example his comment on the inanity and falsity of much modern life. In his poem "The Owl Visits Los Angeles," Kliewer has the reader see the simulated life, "the boiled-up beauty," "the tinsel-tongued men," the China-doll women through the eyes of an owl. When the poem ends with the owl seeing all this as he watches the field mice scurry, there is no doubt in the reader's mind that a forceful judgment of our false values has been made, that men are indeed like the field mice.

Not the least of the value of these poems lies in Kliewer's ability to find the apt and appropriate phrase. Prayer is "tune without melody," and "the grammar of silence"; a grain elevator is "a temple without a bell"; a graveyard is "a plot of old stories and silence." One admires his competent handling of meter and rhyme and his competent use of many kinds of poetic form.

This is a small book in the number of poems, but it is a great accomplishment. One wishes there were more poems. Yet one is glad that Kliewer has chosen carefully, and I know of no poems that should not have been included. This poetry is indeed difficult; but it is rewarding. For in this short book, which can be read in an hour, there is such compression and such complexity that the initial hour must grow into many hours of rewarding rereading, for there is much that is missed in the first reading.

The format of the book is appropriately sturdy, simple and in good taste. The paper on which the poems are printed is of a high grade; the type is simple, clear and readable. Some of the punctuation is obviously inaccurate, and there are a few disconcerting misprints.

THE HOMECOMING

(Continued from page 129)

the point of his heel, and out the back door which was just across the alley from his house.

A sudden gust stronger than the steady wind blew a stream of sharp flakes full into his face.

No, Sam Engeler. You'll never get by with it. The old customs and the old language will catch up with you. And then what do you have? Trouble. That's what you'll have, Sam, trouble. We're Germans and you can't get away from it, not as long as you live. No . . . no . . . no . . .

Nicht seine Schuld

VON ARNOLD DYCK

Es war eingetroffen, was niemand erwartet oder auch nur für möglich gehalten hätte: Weite Strecken des von den Amerikanern in Mitteldeutschland überrannten Gebiets wurden an die Russen abgetreten, und die roten Truppen waren nun dabei, auch diesen Neuerwerb zu besetzen.

Die vielen vor den sowjetischen Panzern her geflüchteten Schwarzmeerdeutschen, die sich unter den Amerikanern schon in Sicherheit gewähnt hatten, sahen sich erneut unter die Knute eines Regimes gebracht, das mehr als zwei Jahrzehnte schwer auf ihnen gelastet hatte. Die Armen machten sich keine Illusionen über ihre Zukunft. Waren sie schon seit Beginn der roten Herrschaft als Deutsche und als Kulaken den schwersten Drangsalierungen ausgesetzt gewesen, jetzt, nachdem sie mit den Deutschen mitgegangen waren, würde ihre verräterische Gesinnung als erwiesen gelten, und was nun kommen musste, liess sie in der Tiefe ihrer Seele erschauern. Widerstandslos ergaben sie sich in ihr Schicksal, und nur wenige brachten den Mut auf, den verzweifelten Versuch zu machen, sich durch Flucht dem drohenden Verhängnis zu entziehen.

Noch war der Wechsel der Besatzungstruppen nicht völlig abgeschlossen. Alles war noch in Fluss, und so brauchte es weiter nicht zu überraschen, wenn man inmitten der russischen Armeefahrzeuge, welche Truppen nach dem Westen beförderten und auf dem Rückwege unterwegs aufgegriffene Flüchtlinge in Richtung "Heimat" mitführten, hier und da auch ein amerikanisches Militärauto unbehindert des Weges ziehen sah. Eigentlich hätte das auch sonst nicht aufzufallen brauchen, denn—Russland und Amerika waren doch Verbündete.

* * * *

Es dämmert bereits.

Auf einer weniger befahrenen Nebenstrasse im südlichen Thüringer Wald, schon in der Nähe der Zonengrenze, tastet sich ein amerikanischer Jeep vorsichtig durch ein Wäldchen. Der Weg ist vom Regen aufgeweicht, tiefe, mit Wasser angefüllte Löcher gebieten äusserste Vorsicht, und nur langsam kommt der Wagen vorwärts. An einer Strassenbiegung hält er schliesslich. Der Fahrer, ein noch sehr junger, hochaufgeschossener, blonder Junge im Range eines Korporals—er ist allein auf dem Auto—legt die Unterarme auf das Lenkrad und sitzt einen Moment unbeweglich da, wie in Unschlüssigkeit, ob er auf diesem Wege bleiben, oder sich einen andern suchen soll. Dann steigt er ab, die Fahrbahn näher zu untersuchen. Immer weiter entfernt er sich vom Wagen.

Er mag fünf Minuten weggewesen sein. Als er zurückkommt, steht neben dem Jeep eine Frau. In einen alten, schon stark abgetragenen Mantel gehüllt, der unten bis an die Knie völlig durchnässt und mit Strassenkot besudelt ist, auf dem Kopf ein grosses Kopftuch, das auch ihre schmalen Schultern umschliesst, am linken Arm ein kleines Bündel, so steht sie da. Aus dem hageren Gesicht schauen zwei weitgeöffnete helle Augen dem Soldaten ängstlich-forschend entgegen.

Überrascht bleibt Jake Smith—so heisst der Korporal—vor der Frau stehen und sieht sie fragend an.

Die Frau hebt mit müder Bewegung die Hand, zeigt mit dem Finger erst nach dem amerikanischen Armeeabzeichen am Jeep dann auf die Uniform des Soldaten und fragt: "Amerika?"

"Yes."

"Ob Sie wohl Deutsch sprechen?"

"Nein," sagt der Soldat auf deutsch.

"Oh, Sie haben mich aber verstanden, so verstehen Sie wohl Deutsch, so viele von den Amerikanern tun's doch."

Und ohne eine weitere Antwort abzuwarten, und als ob sie fürchte, dass man sie nicht werde sagen lassen, was sie zu sagen hat, fängt die Frau an zu sprechen, hastig, in kurzen, abgerissenen Sätzen. Zwischendurch wendet sie immer wieder den Kopf bald rechts, bald links in Richtung der Strasse und lauscht.

Jake Smith versteht nur hier und da ein Wort. Aber irgend etwas hält ihn davon ab, es der Frau durch Zeichen zu zeigen, dass ihre ganze Mühe umsonst ist. Er schweigt und schaut nur unverwandt in die grossen, ihrerseits so eindringlich sprechenden Augen.

". . . So gelang es mir, doch wieder zu entkommen," schliesst die Frau, "und ich habe mich auf Schleichwegen bis hierher geschleppt. Es können kaum mehr als 20 km bis zu den Amerikanern sein. Aber meine Kräfte sind zu Ende. Ich kann nicht weiter."

Einen Moment schweigt sie. Als sie dann fortfährt, zittert ihre Stimme vor innerer Bewegung: "Junger Mann," sie hebt die krampfhaft gefaltenten Hände ihm entgegen und presst sie dann an ihre Brust, "Sie sind noch so jung, Sie müssen noch Mensch geblieben sein, ich flehe Sie an, nehmen Sie mich mit, nur diese 20 km! Retten Sie eine arme Frau, die einmal noch ein wenig Freiheit atmen möchte." Die letzten Worte kommen nur zaghaft von ihren Lippen, als ob Freiheit etwas wäre, das sich für sie nicht gezieme.

Als der Soldat immer noch schweigt und sich nicht regt, da erst merkt die Frau, dass ihre Worte nicht verstanden worden sind. Tränen treten in ihre Augen und schwer senkt sich ihr Kopf af die Brust. Plötzlich aber rafft sie sich wieder auf, und nun will sie es mit Gebärden sagen. Sie deutet mit dem Finger auf sich, dann auf den leeren Platz im Wagen neben dem Sitz des Lenkers, und stumm flehen ihre Augen.

Jake Smith hat verstanden, eigentlich hat er gleich von Anfang an begriffen, denn was sonst könnte ein abgehetzter Mensch von einem vorbeikommenden Auto erbitten wollen. Aber genau das, was hier von ihm erwartet wird, kann er doch nicht tun. Er darf es nicht tun. Noch vorgestern, als sein Offizier ihn mit der Depesche an die russische Kommandostelle auf den Weg schickte, hat er es ihm ausdrücklich untersagt, in dem nunmehr russischen Gebiet Privatpersonen, vor allen Dingen aber keine Flüchtlinge, mitfahren zu lassen. Das sei Befehl. Tut er es nun doch, so hat er Strafe zu gewärtigen und, was weit schlimmer ist, seine Vorgesetzten, hinauf bis zum Oberkommando, können in grosse Ungelegenheiten kommen.

Noch kämpft er mit sich, als aus der Richtung, aus der auch er kam, plötzlich ein schwerer Lastwagen heranrollt. Hastig springt er auf den Jeep, um den Weg freizugeben. Kaum ist er am Strassenrand, als der fremde Wagen auch schon um die Ecke biegt. Es ist ein Russe. Der nimmt aber keine Notiz von dem haltenden Amerikaner, und schon im nächsten Augenblick ist er wieder verschwunden.

Kurz entschlossen setzt nun auch Jake Smith seinen Wagen in Bewegung. In der Kurve blickt er schnell noch einmal rückwärts, und er sieht eben noch, wie die Frau hinter einem Baumstamm, hinter dem sie sich versteckt gehalten, hervortritt, ihm das Gesicht zuwendet, wie erstarrt stehen bleibt, dann die Hände vors Gesicht schlägt und zu Boden sinkt. Einen Moment zögert er noch, dann aber gibt er Vollgas, und wie gehetzt rast der Wagen davon.

Ohne dass ihm ein anderes Auto begegnet wäre, passiert er die Zonengrenze. Eine Grenzwache gibt es anscheinend noch nicht.

Im Dorfe K., das hart an der Grenze liegt, hält er, um hier zu übernachten. Das einzige Gasthaus des Ortes hat einige Fremdenzimmer, da hat er auch die letzte Nacht geschlafen.

Jake Smith ist zum Unfallen müde. Hastig verschlingt er die beiden Spiegeleier, die das junge Wirtstöchterlein ihm serviert. Gestern abend hat er mit dem hübschen, etwa 16 jährigen Mädchen ein wenig englisch geschnackt. Heute hat er kein Wort für sie. Und als er mit dem Essen fertig ist, begibt er sich sofort auf sein Zimmer und geht zu Bett.

Vergebens aber wälzt er sich von einer Seite auf die andere, er findet keinen Schlaf. Sobald er die Augen schliesst, sieht er die Frau dort im Walde. Er sieht die flehenden, tränenverschleierten Augen, sieht die wie zum Gebet gefalteten abgezehrten Hände sich ihm entgegenstrecken. Als Letztes sieht er die zusammenbrechende Gestalt.

Das ist zuviel für ihn, das hält er nicht länger aus.

Es ist kurz vor Mitternacht, als er von seinem Lager aufspringt, hinausrennt und sich auf den Jeep wirft. Dann steuert er zum Dorf hinaus, den Weg zurück, den er kurz zuvor kam.

Gleich hinter der Grenze verlangsamt er die Fahrt. Er schaltet die Scheinwerfer aus, denn ohne ihr Licht sieht er in der Mondhelle weiter. Er späht rechts und links, wo die Äcker liegen; denn dort irgendwo, abseits von der Strasse, würde sie ja wohl ihren Weg suchen. Immer langsamer geht die Fahrt; und als er in die Nähe des Wäldchens kommt, hält der Wagen.

Jake Smith steigt ab und geht auf den Wald zu. Und gleich an seinem Rande schon, da findet er sie. Im Unterholz, nur schlecht versteckt, an einen Baumstamm gelehnt, sitzt zusammangekauert eine menschliche Gestalt. Sie muss es sein. Das Geräusch der sich nahenden Schritte lässt die Frau zussamenfahren. Sie will sich erheben, aber kraftlos sinkt ihr Körper in seine frühere Stellung zurück.

Dann ist er bei ihr, ganz nahe. Ihre Augen sind auf ihn gerichtet. Sie muss ihn erkannt haben, aber nichts in ihrem Gesicht verrät die geringste Gefühlsregung. Alles an ihr, selbst der Blick ihrer Augen, scheint erstorben zu sein.

Dem Soldaten Jake Smith krampft sich das Herz zusammen, wie er in das leere Antlitz schaut, und seine Stimme hat einen fremden Klang, als er jetzt sagt: "You won't understand me, but nevertheless let me tell you how much I regret to have left you alone in your distress. However, here I am again, and this time I'm not going to leave you until you are safe on the other side. May I help you?" Und er legt seinen starken Arm um ihre kraftlose Gestalt, hebt sie auf die Füsse und führt sie dann langsam auf die Strasse und dort weiter zu seinem Wagen.

Noch haben sie ihn nicht ganz erreicht, als sie plötzlich in der Ferne, in Richtung Grenze, ein Scheinwerferlicht aufleuchten sehen und gleich darauf auch das Brummen eines starken Motors vernehmen. Und schon sehen sie: Ein riesiger Lastwagen saust heran.

"Die Russen!" stöhnt die Frau auf. Plötzlich strafft sich ihre Gestalt, sie packt ihr Bündel, führt mit der Rechten hinein und zieht ein kleines Päckchen daraus hervor, ein in graues Packpapier eingeschlagenes Etwas, kreuzweise verschnürt. Mit hastiger Bewegung reicht sie es ihrem Begleiter hin. Als der noch zögert, drückt sie es ihm in die Hand. "In Amerika abgeben," haucht sie kaum vernehmbar, zeigt noch einmal mit dem Finger nach dem Päckchen und wiederholt etwas lauter: "Amerika!" Dann stürzt sie davon, von der Strasse weg auf den Acker hinaus, hinter dem der Wald liegt. Sie kommt nicht weit, strauchelt plötzlich, fällt. Und ohne auch nur einen Versuch zu machen, sich zu er-

heben, streckt sie sich platt auf den Boden hin und bleibt regungslos liegen.

Und schon ist der Lastwagen da. Tatsächlich ein Russe. Es mag sogar der von gestern abend sein. Er hält, zwei Soldaten in russischer Uniform springen ab, und das Gewehr in Bereitschaft, nähern sie sich vorsichtig dem Jeep. Misstrauisch äugen sie den bewegungslos dastehenden amerikanischen Soldaten an. Fragen ihn etwas, was der aber nicht versteht, er schweigt.

In diesem Momment ruft eine Stimme aus dem Führerhaus des fremden Wagens den beiden Russen etwas zu. Die wenden die Köpfe nach dem Ackerfeld hin und gewahren dort den verdächtigen Gegenstand. Ein dritter Russe springt jetzt ab und stellt sich, mit der Maschinenpistole in Anschlag, vor dem Jeep auf. Indessen nähern sich die ersten beiden der immer noch regungslos daliegenden Frau.

Und nun hört und sieht Jake Smith, wie einer der Roten die Frau barsch anschreit, ihr dann mit dem Stiefel einen Stoss versetzt. Er sieht, wie die beiden zugreifen, ihr Opfer hochzerren und dann weg zu ihrem Wagen schleifen. Die Frau leistet keinen Widerstand, kein Laut kommt über ihre Lippen.

Beim Wagen angekommen, hebt einer der Kerle die Eisenstange vor der Doppeltür hinten an einem Ende los, die Tür öffnet sich, vier Fäuste packen derb zu, heben die Frau hoch und stossen sie in das Wageninnere. Die Tür schlägt zu, die Stange wird wieder vorgelegt und gesichert.

Nachdem alles vorüber, stehen die beiden Rohlinge noch einen Moment da, anscheinend unschlüssig, ob man diesen Amerikaner ungeschoren davonkommen lassen soll, denn ganz offensichtlich steht er in irgenwelcher Beziehung zu der Flüchtlingsfrau. "A tschort s'niem" (Hol ihn der Teufel), sagt der eine schliesslich, "kapitalist parschiwyj" (räudiger Kapitalist). Der andere lacht hässlich, dann winken sie dem Posten, alle drei steigen ein und der Wagen fährt davon.

Wie zur Bildsäule erstarrt hat Jake Smith dagestanden, während sich das Schauerliche vor seinen Augen abspielte. Selbst das Päckchen hält er noch in der Hand. Nur mit den Augen und mit dem Ohr ist er den Vorgängen gefolgt. Hat zuletzt das böse Lachen des Russen gehört. Hat kurz zuvor den letzen Blick aus den Augen der Frau aufgefangen, während man sie an ihm vorbeischleppte. Es war kein Flehen mehr in dem Blick, auch kein Vorwurf. Leer waren die Augen und wie tot.

. . . I am not going to leave you until you are safe on the other side . . . Kaume eine Viertelstunde ist es her, als er diese Worte sprach. Und dann—keinen Finger hat er gerührt, hat den Mund nicht aufgetan, der schändlichen Tat zu wehren.

Müde sind seine Bewegungen, als Jake Smith jetzt den Jeep besteigt den Motor startet und den Wagen wendet. Er schaltet auch jetzt das Licht nicht an. Langsam rollt der Jeep der Zonengrenze zu.

* * * * *

Im Dorf vor dem Gasthaus ist trotz der nächtlichen Stunde eine Menge Volks beisammen. Eine bedrückende Stille liegt über der Schar. Als der amerikanische Jeep dann plötzlich da ist und in der Nähe am Bürgersteig hält, wenden sich aller Augen nach ihm. Langsam löst sich eine Gestahlt aus der Menge und tritt an den Wagen. Jake Smith erkennt in ihr den Schullehrer des Dorfes. Gestern abend hat der für ihn gedolmetscht.

"Sind Sie einen Russen begegnet?" fragt der Lehrer mit hohler Stimme.

"Ja, ein Militärlastwagen war es. Was ist los?"

"Das wird er gewesen sein. Vor einer guten Stunde war es plötzlich da, weiss Gott woher. Die Ban . . . die Genossen schienen gewusst zu haben, dass hier gestern einige Flüchtlinge aus dem Osten eingetroffen waren. Auch wussten sie, wo sie die finden konnten. —Herr Korporal, Sie hätten den Jammer sehen sollen, als die armen Frauen und Kinder verfrachtet wurden. Sie hätten hören müssen, wie . . ." Der Lehrer bricht ab, aber sein Blick bleibt auf den Amerikaner gerichtet. Der Blick sagt das übrige: "Herr Amerikaner, die das taten, sind Ihre Waffenbrüder!" So wenigstens deutet Jake Smith den Blick, und er wiederholt und ergänzt in Gedanken: Waffenbrüder, Mitbefreier unterdrückter Menschen und Völker.

Und wieder einmal wälzt Jake Smith sich auf seinem Lager im vergeblichen Bemühen, Schlaf zu finden. Der flieht ihn jetzt erst recht. Umsonst sagt er sich: Was gehen dich diese jammernden Frauen und Kinder an! Was geht dich jene stummgewordene Frau an! Das sind ein paar unter Tausenden — Hunderttausenden! Was gehen sie dich an! Wer bist du schon, dass du dir anmassest, verantworten zu wollen, was irgendwelche "Waffenbrüder" tun. Du—eine winzige Niete in einer riesigen, gefühllosen Mordmaschine.

Dann schläft er aber doch ein.

Morgens, bei hellem Tageslicht, scheint der ganze nächtliche Spuk weg zu sein. Und als ihm das des Nachts erhaltene Päckchen unter die Augen kommt, wie, um ihm zu sagen, dass es eben doch kein Spuk gewesen, da nimmt Korporal Smith es in die Hand, wirft einen flüchtigen Blick auf die Aufschrift, stellt fest dass er sie nicht lesen kann, weil es fremde Schriftzeichen einer fremden Sprache sind, und steckt es zu seinem Gepäck, ganz zuunterst. Dort soll es bleiben, bis er mit Gepäck zusammen einmal wieder nach Amerika kommt. Dahin soll es ja wohl.

Dann macht er sich auf den Weg, seinem Truppenteil nach.

* * * *

Waffenstillstand. Bedingungslose Kapitulation. Rücktransport der Truppen über das Meer. Entlassung aus der Armee.

Auch Korporal Jake Smith ist in seine Heimat zurückgekehrt. Im Staate Washington, in der Nähe der kanadischen Grenze, dort auf der elterlichen Farm, da ist sein Zuhause.

Und hier nun, an den Gestaden des Stillen Ozeans, wo es noch so viel Natur gibt und wo er, ehe man ihn zur Sicherung von Recht, Gerechtigkeit und Freiheit für alle Völker nach drüben nahm, hier scheint sein Gemüt wieder in Gleichgewicht zu kommen. Aber—er merkt es sofort, er ist nicht mehr, der er früher war. Was er drüben gesehen, gehört, empfunden und erlebt, hat aus ihm einen anderen, einen reiferen Menschen gemacht. Und wenn er sich dann fragt: Was war es denn nun eigentlich, welches waren die besonderen Momente, die sich dir am schärfsten eingeprägt, die am nachhaltigsten auf dich eingewirkt und dich dadurch recht eigentlich neugeformt haben, so kommt er immer wieder auf das Erlebnis im Thüringer Wald in der Nähe der russischen Zonengrenze. Er weiss nicht recht warum; es hat dort drüben doch genug aufregende Momente gegeben. So wiele Male hat er dem Tode in die Augen geschaut, hat körperliche Entbehrungen und Nöte aller Art ertragen müssen, hat sie andere ertragen sehen. Aber alles das verblasst mit jedem ablaufenden Tag mehr und mehr. Der Zwischenfall aber im Wald, der verblasst nicht. Im Gegenteil, immer öfter und immer sprechender drängt er sich vor sein geistiges Auge.

Kommt das vielleicht daher, fragt er sich, dass sich im Schicksal dieser Frau als letztes Ergebnis des mörderischsten und in seinen Folgen verderblichsten aller "Befreiungskriege" das Schicksal nicht nur Abertausender von Einzelpersonen, sondern auch ganzer Völker und Länder versinnbildlicht? Ist es das, oder was sonst kann es sein?

Jake Smith's Gemüt ist durchaus nicht in Gleichgewicht. Und die Szene im Walde zieht ihn wieder mehr und mehr in ihren Bann.

Und dann, eines Abends, sucht er das Päckchen hervor, das Vermächtnis jener Flüchtlingsfrau an "Amerika." Warum er es erst jetzt tut, nachdem er schon einen ganzen Monat zu Hause its, wüsste er nicht zu sagen.

Er sieht sich noch einmal die unbekannten Schriftzeichen an. Nur die Worte Staaten und Kanada glaubt er ausmachen zu können. Dann geht er mit dem Päckchen zu seiner Mutter. Ob sie das wohl lesen könne, und was da stehe? — Ja, das könne sie schon lesen. So hätte auch sie einmal geschrieben, "Das ist die deutsche Schreibschrift von früher, jetzt benutzen auch die Deutschen wohl die Lateinschrift. — Ja, das ist Deutsch wir sprachen mit unseren Eltern noch deutsch."

Und sie sagt es ihm auf englisch, was da steht: Wem immer auch dieses Päckchen in die Hände fällt, der wolle doch so gut sein, es an einen deutschen Prediger in den Vereinigten Staaten oder in Kanada weiterzugeben. Gott wolle es dem Übermittler lohnen, — "Aber wie kommst du dazu, Jake?"

Jake antwortet nicht auf die Frage. Er hat von dem Vorfall an der russischen Zonengrenze weder zu seiner Mutter, noch zu sonst jemand gesprochen. Es hat ihm widerstrebt, das zu tun.

Jake Smith weiss jetzt, was er zu tun hat: Das Päckchen gehört in die Hände eines kanadischen deutschen Predigers. Eines solchen, der in den 20er Jahren mit den vielen Russlanddeutschen herübergekommen ist; denn ohne Zweifel ist auch die Frau eine Russlanddeutsche.

Mit dem Auto ist es nur ein Katzensprung, und in einer knappen Stunde ist Jake Smith im kanadischen Städtchen A., das ganz nahe an der Grenze liegt. Die meisten seiner Bewohner sind Russlanddeutsche, kaum zwei Jahrzehnte im Lande.

Bald sitzt er vor einem deutschen Prediger und erzählt ihm seine Geschichte, wie sie sich drüben an der Zonengrenze an einem Abend und in einer Nacht zugetragen hat. Er vergisst kein Detail. Und als er zu Ende ist, überreicht er das Päckchen.

Der Prediger, schon ein älterer Mann, dessen Blick forschend auf dem Gesicht des Erzählenden geruht hatte, liest die Aufschrift, löst die Verschnürung, entfernt die Hülle und hält dann ein schon stark abgegriffenes Katechismusbüchlein in den Händen. Als er es aufschlägt, fallen da einige zweimal gefaltete dichtbeschriebene Papierbogen heraus und aus diesen ein Bildchen, ein Liebhaberphoto. Der Prediger wirft einen kurzen Blick auf das Bild und reicht es dann dem Besucher. "Ist das etwa die Frau?"

Jake Smith nimmt das Bild in die Hand. Eine junge Frau ist es in einem fremd und altmodisch anmutenden Gewand. Auf dem Arm hält sie ein Kind, ein Jahr etwa dürfte das Bübchen alt sein. Das schmale, intelligente Gesicht der jungen Frau ist ernst, und die Augen . . . er erkennt sie sofort, diese Augen, es sind die Augen und es ist der Blick der Frau vom Walde.

Unterdessen liest der Prediger den Brief, sehr aufmerksam, Seite für Seite. Dann ist er fertig.

"Ist sie es?" fragt er noch einmal, als er jetzt die Hand nach dem Bildchen ausstreckt.

Der andere nickt stumm mit dem Kopf.

"Mein junger Freund," der Prediger faltet den Brief langsam zusammen, "was hier steht, muss auch Sie interessieren. Ehe ich Sie aber damit bekannt mache, möchte ich noch einige Erkundigungen einziehen. Könnten Sie in zwei, nein, besser in drei Wochen wieder kommen? Aber Sie müssen ganz bestimmt kommen. Geben Sie mir auch gleich mal Ihre genaue Anschrift!"

Drei Wochen später sitzt Jake Smith wieder vor dem Schreibtisch des Predigers zu A. Auf dem Tische liegt auch wieder das Katechismusbüchlein und daneben das Bild der Frau mit dem Kinde auf dem Arm.

Jake hat während der verflossenen Wochen die Angelegenheit mit dem Päckchen zwar durchaus nicht vergessen, aber sie hat ihn nicht im früheren Masse beunruhigt. Mit der Ablieferung des Päckchens—so redete er sich ein—habe er den Wunsch der Flüchtlingsfrau

erfüllt, und ihre Sache sei nun bei dem Prediger in besten Händen. Das wäre das Einzige und Letzte, das er für sie habe tun können. Und es kommt ihm nun so vor, in ihm sei heute nur noch die Neugierde geblieben, etwas Näheres über das Schicksal eines unter tausenden anderer Kriegsopfer zu erfahren.

"Ich habe," beginnt der Prediger, "an Hand der Angaben in diesen Blättern Nachforschungen angestellt und habe einiges ermitteln können, was Sie sehr nahe angeht. Mein junger Freund, diese Frau," seine Blick weist nach dem Bild auf dem Tische, "und es ist, wie ich jetzt bestimmt weiss, dieselbe, der Sie dort im Walde begegneten, diese Frau ist Ihre Mutter, und das Kind auf ihrem Arm, das sind Sie selber."

Hätte der Blitz vor ihm eingeschlagen, das hätte den jungen Menschen kaum stärker erschüttert als das, was ihm der Prediger soeben offenbarte. Es kommt ihm kein Gedanke, die Wahrheit der ihm gewordenen Kunde anzuzweifeln, als wäre sie in ihm unbewusst schon immer dagewesen. Es kommen ihm überhaupt kaum welche Gedanken: Vor seinen Augen jagen sich die Bilder jener Nacht im wirren Durcheinander. Und . . . und die, an der sich das Entsetzliche dort vollzieht, ist—seine—Mutter!

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Dann hört der ehemalige amerikanische Soldat Jake Smith Wort für Wort in Englisch, was auf den Blättern in Deutsch steht, für ihn gescrieben von der Hand —seiner Mutter:

Ich schreibe hier in grosser Eile nieder, was ich Dir, mein lieber Junge, einmal mündlich zu berichten hoffte. Es mag aber nicht sein sollen, dass ich Dich jemals seh, Dich spreche; denn die Amerikaner, unter denen wir uns schon sicher und geborgen glaubten, haben uns den Russen ausgeliefert, und die haben dem Flüchtlingsstrom kehrt geboten und treiben uns nun wieder zurück. Mich hatte man mit anderen auf einen Lastwagen gepackt. Es gelang mir aber, während der Wagen einmal kurz hielt, abzuspringen und in der Dunkelheit in den Wald zu entkommen. Ich will jetzt mit den letzten Kräften versuchen, bis zu der Zonengrenze zu gelangen und, will's Gott, auch hinüber. Es dürften schon nicht mehr als 50 km sein. Gelingt es mir nicht hinüber zu kommen, so gelingt es mir vielleicht aber durch Vermittelung guter Menschen das Päckchen, das auch diese Blätter enthalten soll, zu den Amerikanern gelangen zu lassen und durch sie nach Kanada. Dort fügt es der gütige Gott wohl so, dass diese Zeilen in Deine Hände kommen. Ich befinde mich in diesem Moment in einem deutschen Dorf bei guten Menschen, die mich für die Nacht in einem Dachraumwinkel ihres Viehstalls versteckt haben. Hier fühle ich mich soviel sicher, dass ich meine Gedanken sammeln kann, um Dir zu sagen, was es mich zu sagen drängt.

Ich hoffe nun, Du bist es, mein lieber Sohn, der dieses jetzt liest.

Mein lieber, lieber Hans, Du bist das Kind auf den Armen der Frau auf dem Bildchen. Und die Frau bin ich. Deine Mutter. Ein Nachbar hat die Aufnahme gemacht, 1923, zwei Tage, ehe ich Dich der Obhut meiner Tante anvertraute, die, obwohl Witwe, mir versprach, Dich in ihre Familie aufzunehmen, Dich mit hinüber nach Kanada zu nehmen und im weiteren für Dich zu sorgen, bis . . . bis ich es selber wieder würde tun können.

Du magst nun denken, wie konnte eine Mutter nur ihr noch so kleines Kind von sich geben und so weit wegführen lassen. Ehe Du urteilst, mein Junge, ehe Du mich verurteilst, höre mich an. Sieh mal, Dein Vater war kurz zuvor von der GPU weggeholt, zu 10 Jahren Strafarbeit verurteilt und nach Sibirien geschleppt worden. Ich war noch so jung, erst 23 Jahre alt. Ich liebte Deinen Vater mit allen Kräften meiner Seele, wie hätte ich es über mich bringen können, nicht alles dran zu setzen, ihn wieder frei zu bekommen—damals glaubte man ja noch, dass sowas möglich sei—oder anderenfalls doch wenigstens in seiner Nähe zu sein, seinen Lebenswillen zu stärken, die Hoffnung in ihm wach zu halten, doch noch einmal wieder frei zu werden! Ich konnte nicht anders, ich musste ihm nachfahren nach Sibirien, ihn dort suchen. Dich mitzunehmen wagte ich nicht, und was ich dann auf der Reise und später dort in all den Jahren erlebt habe, hat mir recht gegeben. Sibirien wäre Dein Untergang gewesen. So aber wusste ich, wussten wir beide Dich sicher in Amerika. Und wie haben wir uns in unser beider Not an dem Gedanken aufgerichtet, Dich dort einmal wiederzusehen, mit einer Kindheit hinter Dir, wie sie nur ein freies Land gewähren kann. Verstehtst Du mein Handeln jetzt, mein Junge?

Ich muss mich kurz fassen. Ich fand Deinen Vater. Frage nicht, was es mich, einer schwachen Frau, gekostet, mich bis an das Ziel durchzuschlagen. Aber alles war vergessen, und . . . ach, hättest doch auch Du sehen können, wie die Augen Deines Vaters aufleuchteten, als er mich plötzlich unter vielen anderen an der Strasse stehen sah, auf der die Sträflinge auf Arbeit getrieben wurden.

Ich habe ihn nur ganz selten einmal für wenige Minuten unter vier Augen sprechen dürfen—es gab auch unter der Wachmannschaft gute, mitfühlende Seelen. Aber 15 Jahre lang habe ich jede Gelegenheit wahrgenommen, ihn zu sehen, mich ihm zu zeigen, ihn mit einem Lächeln zu grüssen und—ihm auch Nahrungsmittel zuzustecken. Ich hatte da nämlich eine Lehrstelle bekommen und hatte ein kleines Einkommen.

Fünfzehn Jahre lang, sagte ich. Denn als die 10 Jahre Strafzeit um waren, wurden Deinem Vater nocheinmal 10 Jahre aufgelegt. Zehn Jahre! Wohl versuchte ich auch jetzt wieder die Hoffnungsvolle zu spielen, die Wundergläubige, aber Deinen Vater richete ich damit nicht mehr auf. Und mit dem Glauben an

die Zukunft siechten auch seine Körperkräfte dahin. Nur fünf Jahre noch schleppte er sich weiter, dann kam der Tod. Und nun erst bekam ich ihn wieder. Als Leiche hielt ich meinen geliebten Gerhard in meinen Armen.

Ich schaufelte ihm selber das Grab. Ich allein betete an seiner Gruft. Als ich dann vom Grabe nach Hause kam, waren auch meine Kräfte zu Ende. Ich musste die Schule aufgeben. Gute Menschen—die Eltern eines meiner Schüler waren es—nahmen mich ins Haus. Es waren Russen. Du musst nicht denken, dass es unter den Russen nicht gute Menschen gibt. Ihr dort draussen werdet Euch kaum vorstellen, wie gut die sein können. Diese alten Leute nannten mich ihre Tochter und pflegten mich gesund.

Du magst nun fragen, ob wir, Dein Vater und ich, denn nie nach Dir gefragt hätten.—Ach, mein Junge, immer warst Du in unseren Gesprächen, wenn es zu solchen kam; alle Tage aber warst Du in unseren Gedanken und alle Nächte in unseren Gebeten. Wie Kinder haben wir davon geträumt, es uns ausgemalt, wie wir zu Dir kommen würden (über China wollten wir fliehen), zu Dir im freien Kanada, am liebsten auf eine Farm . . . Doch zunächst warst Du für uns unerreichbar. Kein Brief durfte zu uns kommen, keiner von uns hinausgehen. Aber unterwegs schon nach Sibirien hatte ich erfahren, dass meine Tante mit Familie, mithin auch Du—so hiess es in der Nachricht ganz ausdrücklich—glücklich über die Grenze und weiter nach Kanada gekommen sei. Das war alles, und es musste uns genügen.

Ich wurde wieder gesund. Nahm Abschied von meinen Pflegeeltern. Weinte ein letztes Mal am Grabe Deines Vaters. Schlug mich dann durch nach meinem Heimatdorf am Dnjepr. Und hier erst erfuhr ich, dass meine Tante, Deine Pflegemutter, gleich nach Ankunft in Kanada plötzlich gestorben sei, und dass man ihre Kinder bei verschiedenen Verwandten ihres Mannes untergebracht habe. Und auch Du seiest von einer altansässigen deutschen Familie mit Namen Schmidt aufgenommen und adoptiert worden. So dürftest Du heute also nicht Johann Bergen heissen, sondern Johann Schmidt, falls man Dir nicht auch einen anderen Vornamen gegeben hat. Warum Du gerade zu diesen Schmidts gekommen warst, und was sie für Leute waren, darüber habe ich nichts erfahren können.

Dann kam der zweite Weltkrieg. Es kam das Jahr 1941, Russlands Eintritt in den Krieg. Was der Krieg für Europa, für Deutschland und Russland brachte, das wirst Du wissen.

Mein lieber Junge! Du magst nun noch einmal unwillig werden und fragen: Warum schreibst du mir das alles? Es mag schon richtig sein, dass du mich geboren hast, aber ich habe dich doch nie gekannt, und ich habe jetzt eine "richtige" Mutter. Mehr als zwanzig Jahre schon habe ich sie und habe an sie nie anders als an meine Mtuter gedacht. Und nun trittst du zwischen uns. Du bringst doch nur Unruhe und Zwiespalt in mein Herz und raubst mir letzten Endes nur die Kindesgefühle derjenigen gegenüber, die mir den genzen Reichtum, der in der Liebe eines Sohnes zu seiner Mutter liegt, erst geschenkt hat. So magst Du sagen.

Mein liebes, liebes Kind, Du mein Eingeborener! Ich möchte Dir so gerne zumuten dürfen, dass Du es in Deinem Herzen duldest, wenn eine alte Mutter, deren Leben nichts als Leid an Körper und Seele war, in der Leere und Trostlosigkeit ihres Alters den einen Lichtstrahl sucht, sich vorstellen zu dürfen, dass dort weit weg, hinter Ländern und Meeren ihr einziges Kind gelegentlich einmal an sie als seine Mutter denkt. Und dass er vielleicht einmal auch zu den eigenen Kindern von jenen spricht, durch die er und sie da sind—seinen Eltern, Vater und Mutter, die in ihnen allen sind und bleiben mit dem, was im Menschen unsterblich ist. Hast Du Verständnis für solche Selbstsucht, und willst Du sie mir nachsehen!—

Aber, mein Junge, ist da nicht auch noch etwas anderes dabei, etwas für Dich? Wirst Du im Bewusstsein dessen, dass es Dein leiblicher Vater und Deine leibliche Mutter waren, die das grauenhafte Schicksal der Millionen im Osten teilten, Dich diesem Heer von Unglücklichen nicht näher gebracht fühlen, und wird dann so viel Leid, so viel Elend Dich nicht empfinden lassen, wie klein doch und wie erbärmlich ein Glück ist, das über die Grenzen eines vom Schicksal bevorzugten Landes nicht hinauszusehen vermag! Könnte es nicht sein, dass Du dann Deine Stimme mit den Stimmen der vielen anderen Erkennenden—die doch nicht ausbleiben dürfen, O Gott, nein, die müssen doch einmal kommen!—vereinigtest, und dass Euer aller und Euer ganzer Wille zu der Kraft würde, aus der hier auf Erden Menschliches wieder menschlich wird Göttliches wieder als göttlich erkannt und empfunden wird. Würdest Du dann im Gefühl, Mitstreiter zu sein für die Menscheitserneuerung nicht ein Glück empfinden, das mehr wäre als das Glück des satten Lebens? Und hätten dann an Deinem Glück nicht auch wir, Dein Vater und Deine Mutter, mitgewirkt und nähmen daran mit teil!

Hast Du auch dieses verstanden, mein Junge? Und willst Du nun nicht doch mein Sohn sein?—Ich werde in stillen Nächten hinauslauschen in die Sternenwelt über uns und werde Gott bitten, mich Dein Ja vernehmen zu lassen.—

Ich muss abbrechen. Ich habe fast die ganze Nacht hinter diesen Blättern gesessen. Es war ja so schwer, für unsere erste und (?) letzte Begegnung, aus dem Vielen, das aus dem Herzen drängte, das Richtige zu wählen und in Worte zu kleiden. Nimm diese Blätter, nimm dieses Katechismusbüchlein—mir schenkte es mein Vater—, und nimm das Bildchen hin, empfange dieses Wenige als das Vermächtnis Deiner Mutter.

Ich glaube jetzt gefasst zu sein, was an der Grenze

auch kommen mag. Ob ich es sein werde, wenn das Schicksal erst zugreift, das weiss ich nicht.—Lass Dich küssen, mein Sohn, in Gedanken wenigstens. Wie gerne, ach wie so unsäglich gern hätte ich Dich noch einmal gesehen, Dir in die blauen Augen geschaut . . . Gott mit Dir, mein Kind! — Deine Mutter.

Früh morgens, in aller Eile: Während ich kurz eingeschlafen war, waren die Russen doch noch wieder im Dorf gewesen, hatten nach Flüchtlingen gefahndet. Meinen Schweinestall hatten sie überschlagen. Gleich mache ich mich auf den Weg. Durch den Wald. Die Bäuerin brachte mir etwas Wegzehrung, die Gute, sie haben doch selber so wenig. Ihr zwölf jähriger Sohn wird mich eine Strecke führen. Bis zur Grenze sind es 48 km.

* * * *

Mit keinem Wort hat Jake Smith den Prediger unterbrochen. Unbeweglich hat er dagesessen, und nur hier und da hat es in seinem Gesicht gezuckt:

Er hört kaum hin, als der Prediger jetzt, einen weiteren Zettel in die Hand nehmend, noch hinzufügt: "Dieses Blatt ist anscheinend schon früher fertiggemacht worden. Hier stehen die Namen von Verwandten, und Freunden, die damals, 1923, auch nach Kanada gingen, und einige Hinweise zu ihrer Auffindung. Ich habe mich an die betreffenden Stellen und Personen gewandt und habe die Aussagen Ihrer Mutter bestätigt gefunden. Es besteht kein Zweifel darüber, Ihr Vorname, mein junger Freund, ist, wie es schon im Brief an Sie heisst, Johann. Der Familienname, von den Eltern her, Bergen, der jetzige allerdings ist Smith. Bis 1917 hiessen Ihre Adoptiveltern übrigens Schmidt. Smith ist ein weitläufiger Verwandter Ihres Vaters, in den 70er Jahren waren seine Eltern von Russland nach Kanada gegangen."

Ach, Hans Bergen braucht das doch alles nicht. Die, die jene Blätter, jene Zeilen für ihn schrieb, die ist seine Mutter. Er fühlt es in der Tiefe seines Herzens, dass sie es ist, und er weiss plötzlich auch wie sehr sie ihm all die Jahre gefehlt hat. — Einmal noch hätte sie ihn sehen mögen! Und sie hat ihn doch gesehen, aber wie! O Gott!—

"Haben Sie gewusst, dass sie bei Smiths adoptiertes Kind waren?"

"Ja."

"Auch, dass Ihre Eltern Bergens geheissen haben?"

"Ja."

"Dann hätte dort im Walde . . ."

Wie wild springt Jake Smith plötzlich auf, und er schreit es fast: "Dann hätte dort im Walde die edelste aller Mütter ihren Sohn gefunden, wenn . . . wenn Mutter und Sohn miteinander nur hätten sprechen können! Verstehen Sie, — wenn sie miteinander hätten sprechen können! — Und statt dessen . . . Was habe ich nur getan, o-o-oh!!!"

Er stürzt hinaus.

Auch der Prediger ist aufgesprungen. Er will dem Erregten nach. Will ihm sagen, dass es nicht seine, sondern die Schuld anderer ist, wenn er die Sprache seiner Mutter nicht sprechen kann.

* * * *

Der Prediger in A. hat Jake Smith, alias Johann Bergen, nie wieder gesehen. Vergebens wartete er eine Woche lang, der junge Mann werde kommen, das Erbe seiner Mutter in Empfang zu nehmen. Schliesslich packte er Brief, Bild und Büchlein zusammen und schickte alles mit der Post an die angegebene Anschrift.

Es liess ihm aber auch dann noch keine Ruh, und nach weiteren acht Tagen fuhr er hinüber. Er fand die Smithfarm. Und da erfuhr er dann, dass Jake vor zwei Tagen verschwunden sei, ja, man könne es schon so nennen. Es habe in den letzten Wochen so ein sonderbares Wesen an den Tag gelegt; schliesslich habe er erklärt, er müsse jetzt gehen. Wann er zurückkomme, das wisse er nicht, denn er gehe ganz weit weg, nach Europa. — Was er denn in Europa wolle? — Er müsse da jemand suchen. Und das sei alles gewesen, was man aus ihm habe herausbekommen können. Und vorgestern nun sei er gegangen.

Nachforschungen des Predigers bei den verschiedenen Suchstellen in Deutschland ergaben, dass ein Jake Smith aus USA tatsächlich hier und da vorgesprochen habe. Seine Spur liesse sich verfolgen bis zu dem Dorfe K. im südlichen Thüringer Wald. Da höre sie auf, und es müsse angenommen werden, dass der junge Mann hier über die Grenze in die russiche Zone gegangen sei.

Weder von Mutter noch Sohn hat man je wieder gehört.

Books in Review

NEW BOOKS ON RUSSIA

An Introduction to Russian History and Culture by Ivar Spector. Second edition. Princeton, New Jersey: D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc., 1959, $6.00, 477 pages.

A History of Soviet Russia by Georg von Rauch. Second revised edition. Translated by Peter and Anette Jacobsohn. New York: Frederick A. Praeger, 1958, $6.75, 530 pages.

Russia and the Soviet Union by Warren B. Walsh. Ann Arbor, Michigan: The University of Michigan Press, 1958, $10.00, 640 pages+xxiii.

The Russian Revolution by Alan Moorehead. New York: Bantam Books, Inc., 1958, $ .50, 303 pages.

The Soviet Union After Stalin by Helene and Pierre Lazareff. New York: Philosophical Library, 1954, $6.00, 254 pages.

The Communist Party of the Soviet Union by Boris Meissner. Edited and with a chapter on the 20th party Congress by John S. Reshetar, Jr. New York: Praeger, 1956, $5.00, 276 pages.

The Mind of Modern Russia edited by Hans Kohn. New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1955, $5.50, 298 pages.

Soviet Civilization by Corliss Lamont. New York: Philosophical Library, 1952, $5.00, 433 pages.

Spector, an authority on Russian history, culture and literature, has written a number of books on this subject. This revised edition of *An Introduction to Russian History and Culture* is a considerable improvement over the first edition which appeared in 1949. The author is thoroughly familiar with both early and modern Russian history and culture and has a thorough understanding of the uniqueness of both. He is fair in his presentation of the strength and weaknesses of Tsarist and Soviet Russia. His emphasis on the cultural and literary achievements of Russia, both the classical and contemporary, are valuable contributions in this realm. The book is richly illustrated and is well suited for use as a textbook in classes, as well as for private use.

Von Rauch's *A History of Soviet Russia,* first published in German and beginning with the "Awakening of Political Thought in Russia," treats the "Revolution," "Civil War" and the following chapters in greater detail and concludes with the chapter on "The Soviet Union after the War" where Khrushchev takes over in connection with the 20th Congress of the Communist party. The book has an extensive bibliography and index and is a valuable contribution to the growing volume of literature pertaining to Soviet Russia.

Walsh, in *Russia and the Soviet Union,* treats Russia from the beginning of its history to Khrushchev's "De-Stalinization" program in 1957. The book has a wealth of footnotes and suggested readings and contains a helpful index and many maps and graphs. This "Modern History" is a valuable contribution in the study of contemporary Russia.

Moorehead has chosen to confine his study to *The Russian Revolution* starting with the presentation of the situation in 1916 and continuing up to the time the Bolsheviks seized power. The author succeeds in presenting this drama of the great change in Russia in a vivid portrayal without loosing himself in details. We see the driving forces and learn to know the leaders of the movement such as Nicholas II, Rasputin, Lenin, Trotzky, Kerensky, and many others who, in some way, shaped the destiny of Russia in its most crucial hour.

Helene and Pierre Lazareff, in *The Soviet Union After Stalin,* start their account with the introduction, "Things are better since Stalin died." This book was written in the early stage of optimism based on firsthand impressions gained by these two French traveling journalists which they obtained during a visit to Moscow and Leningrad in 1953. They relate incidents which they experienced in a vivid way under chapter headings such as "Priority for Private Homes," "Television for Everybody," "The Invasion of Foreign Films," "The Communist Aristocracy," "The Student Who Never Had Doubts," etc. This book is a well-written account of the journalist couple who understood the language of the country they visited.

Meissner, in *The Communist Party of the Soviet Union,* presents the history of the party that has been ruling Russia since the days of the Revolution. He discusses the development and significance of the Communist party, the central and local organizations, the duties and rights of the party members, and developments after Stalin's death. The appendices contain valuable information and source materials. A list of members of the Central Committee of the Communist party is added. The book has a complete index of names (25 pages). This constitutes a valuable, specialized study of the ruling class and its machinery in Soviet Russia.

Kohn, in *The Mind of Modern Russia* with the subtitle "Historical and Political Thought of Russia's Great Age," presents the development of Russian social and political thinking from the days of Chaadayev to the present, including such critics and writers as Khomyakov, Belinsky, Herzen, Solovev, Lenin, Berdyayev, and many others. His emphasis is on a tracing of the modern Soviet thinking and institutions in the promotion of the representatives mentioned. The author quotes lengthy excerpts from the writing of the thinkers featured in the book. For those who do not have the time to read big volumes, this is a helpful introduction into the making and thinking of modern Russia.

Lamont, in *Soviet Civilization,* presents chapters on "The Soviet Constitution," "The Soviet Ethnic Democracy," "Soviet Russia and Religion," and "Soviet Economic and Cultural Program." In the second part of the book, the author treats American and Soviet relations with a chapter on "Co-existence or Co-destruction." Charts illustrate the Soviet government structure. "*Soviet Civilization* steers a middle course between the views that Soviet Russia is a veritable hell on earth and the view that it has already brought into being a terrestrial paradise beyond all criticism."

As the significance of Russia is increasing in science, economic development, and as a world power, the research and publications increase accordingly. This is only a small selection of books recently received in our office from publishers. We will continue with the presentation of the publications on this subject. There is no excuse for Americans to remain ignorant in matters pertaining to Russia.

Bethel College — Cornelius Krahn

History

The Kansas Doctor, A Century of Pioneering. by Thomas Neville Bonner. Lawrence: University of Kansas Press, 1959. 334 pp., $5.00.

In several instances Kansas has led the nation in different aspects of medical practice. The work of Samuel J. Crumbine as secretary of the State Board of Health was recognized nationally as outstanding in the field of public health. The Menninger Clinic in Topeka has also received national recognition. The story of these developments, as well as the story of the difficulties encountered, are given in this book by Bonner. The contributions of individual doctors such as that of A. E. Hartzler of Halstead are also given. Readers will be reminded of the necessity for continued vigilance and increasing efforts to maintain high standards in public and private administration of medicine in Kansas. The Brinkley episode is a reminder that advances in this, as well as other fields, are always challenged.

Bethel College — John F. Schmidt

The Pageant of South American History by Anne Merriman Peck. New York: Longmans, Green and Co., 1958. 409 pp.

This is an interestingly written general account and will be enjoyed by persons wanting to acquaint themselves with the over-all historical development of the life and people of South America. The twenty-five chapters discuss the main points of interest in the history of the various regions of South America. The text is enhanced by a series of excellent photos of representative scenes.

Bethel College — J. W. Fretz

Unity Among Christians

The Christian Tradition and the Unity We Seek by Albert C. Outler. New York: Oxford University Press, 1957. 165 pp. $3.25.

The time has long since passed when Christians who take seriously Christ's headship of the church can ignore the ecumenical awakening that is currently taking place throughout Christendom. Unity and catholicity are both too deeply rooted in New Testament thought to take lightly their implications for present day churchmanship. Now that the "ecumenical honeymoon" is over, and the early successes of the movement have given way to some deeper problems, Albert C. Outler seeks to probe more deeply into the exact nature of the unity we seek.

His major thesis is that in seeking for unity and ecumenicity we must begin by acknowledging the unity we already have. That unity is referred to in the constitution of the World Council of Churches which describes itself as "a fellowship of churches which accept our Jesus Christ as God and Saviour." This common confession involves us in a common history, a common tradition and a common fellowship that cannot easily be cast aside without serious impoverishment to the life of a separate tradition or denomination. It is, therefore, only in the atmosphere of this acknowledged fellowship that we can hope to achieve the doctrinal consensus for which we yet strive. This is not to say that doctrinal formulations are not important. It is a question as to what comes first. Now again, as in the life of the early church, the Christian *koinonia* is prior to any fully systematized doctrinal consensus. Doctrinal consensus, therefore, is the goal and not the precondition of Christian community. One of the key chapters in supporting this thesis is chapter two titled, "The Christian Sense of History."

Mennonite readers will be interested that this understanding of the unity we have, as well as the unity we seek, does not leave out of account the validity of separate traditions. "What is more," he writes, "the Christian community would be much the poorer if it should lose a large diversity in its traditions—of doctrine, liturgy and polity. What matters is that it be *diversity in unity*, and that the unity of the church does not lie within the uniformity of her doctrines and rights, but in the unity of her witness to her common Lord—and to His lordship in all of life."

The insights of this book have value not only in terms of the unity of the church universal, but also in terms of the unity of the church local, at which point all striving for unity must surely begin.

Bethel College Church — Russell L. Mast

The Ecumenical Movement and the Faithful Church by John Howard Yoder. Scottdale, Pennsylvania: Herald Press, 1958. 43 pp.

This is a stimulating essay on a subject that has been all too long taboo among Mennonites. John Howard Yoder dares to take an honest look at what the ecumenical movement is and why Mennonites should or should not get better acquainted with ecumenicity. Most of us will be considerably enlightened after reading this pamphlet as to the age of the ecumenical problem in the history of Christianity. An honest reading and reflection of this article would enlarge the thinking of all of us.

Bethel College — J. W. Fretz

Co-operation without Compromise by James DeForest Murch. Grand Rapids: William B. Eerdman's Publishing Company, 1956, 220 pp., $3.50.

Under this title the former editor of *United Evangelical Action* writes an authorized history of the National Association of Evangelicals. He sees its origin against what he calls "The great apostasy." This is his version of the fundamentalist controversy with special attention given to the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Following this, he recounts the events leading up to the formation of the National Association of Evangelicals in 1942, with a description of its structure and scope. Chapters dealing with radio broadcasting, education, Sunday schools and missions follow. It is of special interest to note what is said about religious liberty and human welfare. It is well-known that on social concerns fundamentalists have not only been silent but extremely critical of Protestantism; however, it is disappointing to note that the chapter of human welfare comes off with nothing more than a few mild statements about relief work, labor relations, race relations and Sunday observance.

One is struck by the appalling fact that the National Association of Evangelicals has apparently failed to discover the peace teaching of the New Testament. Not a word is said about the ethical implications of nuclear testing, nuclear warfare, or the conditions and policies that make for war. While the fundamentalist may have an "uneasy conscience" about social concerns, it is clear that he has only begun, and there is a long, long road ahead.

As solid, objective history, this work could hardly qualify. As a call to fight the ecumenical movement in general and alleged liberalism in the National and World Council of Churches in particular, this may convince the not-too-careful reader.

It is to be expected that a history of the National Association of Evangelicals would be critical of the ecumenical movement as currently practiced by the National and World Council of Churches; however, let it be said that unlike those whom they criticize, there appears to be no serious grappling with the biblical mandates to Christian unity and the implications of these mandates for a divided Christendom. These churchmen are not weighted down by the burden of our separation. There is surely an important place for the conservative Protestant in the ecumenical movement, but in making its witness let it be completely honest and charitable and not reckless and irresponsible in its charges, and let it carry some measure of the burden of our separation.

Bethel College Church — Russell L. Mast

Christian Unity in North America. A symposium edited by J. Robert Nelson. St. Louis: Bethany Press, 1958. 208 pp. $2.50.

Any book of composite authorship has in the nature of the case certain manifest weaknesses; however, with skillful selecting and editing J. Robert Nelson has succeeded in bringing together eighteen essays on church unity in general and on the ecumenical movement in particular with a remarkable degree of coherence. This is a subject of many sides and facets and one about which there are also great differences of opinion. Nevertheless, these essays bring to the reader both depth of insight and breadth

of concern. To read these pages is to engage in what may be called true "ecumenical conversation."

Here are very concise statements concerning the history, nature and theological basis of the ecumenical movement together with a consideration of the current problems in ecumenical activity. Some of the most fruitful chapters are written by those whose denominations are not now a part of any ecumenical organization. One of these is a chapter entitled "A Historic Free Church View" by John Howard Yoder who writes from the standpoint of the Mennonites. A book of this nature serves as an excellent introduction to the vast literature that has already been produced on this subject, as well as an adequate statement of the current thinking of those who are now active in the movement.

Bethel College Church — Russell L. Mast

The Quest for Church Unity by Matthew Spinka. New York: MacMillan Company, 1960. 85 pp., $2.50.

Realism is the prevailing note that is found in this brief discussion of the ecumenical movement. Spinka writes as one who is concerned about and committed to the ecumenical ideal, but who feels that the church is yet a great way from its realization. Aside from the general interest in unity, he observes that among ecumenical leaders of our time there is widespread confusion as to the nature of the ecumenical goal, as well as to the means of obtaining it. He points out further that in actual fact there are still very many Christian bodies who are yet outside any ecumenical organization. As a part of a "realistic approach to the quest for unity" he stresses the importance of distinguishing between the church invisible and the church visible. Since no one can distinguish with certainty and accuracy the true membership of the church invisible, the church visible will be a mixture of saints, sinners and those on the way to sainthood. He is, therefore, more concerned with an abiding spiritual unity than with an external super organization.

Bethel College Church — Russell L. Mast

Fiction

Not by Bread Alone by Vladimir Dudintsev. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc. 512 pages, $4.95.

Of interest to readers desiring an insight into modern Communistic thinking, *Not by Bread Alone* dramatizes the struggle of a young Russian, the inventor of a machine for casting iron pipes by a centrifugal method, whose work is suppressed and who is imprisoned by conservative and self-interested Communist bureaucrats.

Artistically, the novel suffers from the inclusion of a subplot, a love story. To be sure the author portrays sensitively the heroine's feelings when she begins to fall in love. And the theme of the novel is underlined by the hero's choice of the self-sacrificing Nadia rather than the bourgeois Jeanne. The American reader may find it difficult to see the connection between love and foundries.

It is the main theme which is the novel's strength and, from our point of view, its weakness. Although having aroused severe Russian criticism, the novel should not be interpreted as anti-Communist in intent. The hero, Lopatkin, is dismayed at being erroneously called an individualist and argues that he is serving the collective more selflessly than those who actually are in power. And the author satirizes only the bourgeois malpractice of Communism, not the theory itself. The title of the novel, therefore, has reference not to religious values but to the stoical self-sacrifice of a state hero.

Bethany College — Warren Kliewer

Koop enn Bua en Dietschlaund by Arnold Dyck. Steinbach, Manitoba: Derksen Printers Limited, 1960, 86 pp. $1.00.

One cannot speak of a Mennonite literary tradition: there is none at the present time. By now it is a truism that Mennonites are singularly inarticulate, that they have maintained an unfortunate silence about themselves. And non-Mennonites writing about Mennonites have produced little more than the quaint stereotypes of *Papa Is All* or the sentimental nonsense of *Plain and Fancy*. But if a Mennonite literature ever does exist, we will be required to say that it began with Arnold Dyck. All others were mere precursors.

For Arnold Dyck has what no other Mennonite writer has had, a sense of humor which stems from a deep love for his people and his language and which rises at times to a high level of sophisticated wit. Dyck is able to portray affectionately the social blunders of two provincial Canadian farmers touring the homeland of their ancestors, northern Germany, and yet at the same time to comment subtly on the world at large as seen through Bua's uncorrupted eyes.

In *Koop enn Bua en Dietschlaund* we find a loose and episodic narrative, not a tightly organized plot moving toward a single and unified dramatic effect. Incident follows incident in a sequence which is chronological but not logical. Characters are introduced and dropped without development. In Chapter Seven, for example, Bua discovers that the ship steward can speak Low German. But the reader does not hear of the steward again and is not told why or how the steward learned the dialect. Thus, the book presents a fragmented rather than a unified view of the subject.

However, it is possible that we should not look for the refinements of narrative structure in the story, for the finest touches of humor lie in the language and the small details: in Bua's despairing attempts to refine Koop's manners; in Bua's Low German adulterated with English, his bungled High German, and his almost unrecognizable French; in Bua's humorous imagery:

Min Isaak sett doa, aus de verlorne Sohn en'e Wüste Sinai sett'a doa;

in Bua's soberly stating the obvious:

Enn Jriechenlaund . . . aus etj noch no School jintj, donn wea daut doa emma woa nijh wiet auf von Jerüsalem. Daut mauch doa uck noch senne;

in Bua's naive and earthy retelling of the story of Robinson Crusoe:

Weetst noch, saj etj, aus etj di emma von Krüse ärem Robinson vetald! Daut wea je uck 'ne Insel, woa de bowe saut, gaunz aulein, enn sitj'n Flitzboage moak;

and in his subsequent disappointment when he travels to an island, hoping to see some real cannibals and finding only civilized Europeans.

Lindsborg, Kansas — Warren Kliewer

Ethics

The Protestant and Politics by William Lee Miller. Philadelphia: Westminster Press, 1958. 92 pp., $1.00.

Miller passionately pleads with Christians to enter the political arena, largely on the grounds that it would fulfill the demands of democratic citizenship. This reviewer anticipated that the volume would state why the Protestant faith requires such participation, that it would describe Protestant political theory, and that it would elaborate on Christian principles of political action for Protestants. Instead of such a weighty treatment, I found a volume of attractive size and style, moving literary qualities and stimulating contents all passionately dedicated to the simple proposition of persuading Christians to participate in politics. Perhaps the key sentence in the book is the following one: "The trouble with the politics of many Christians is not that they aren't Christian enough; it's that they aren't political enough." The author has immersed himself into the political climate sufficiently to realize that politics "is a matter of rough proportions, not of pure values, of continual half loaves," yet, he unfortunately assumes that half loaves will lead to pure goals.

Following Christ in Our Work by J. Lawrence Burkholder. Scottdale, Pennsylvania: Herald Press, 1959. 72 pp.

This pamphlet divided into ten lessons is a study guide designed to accompany Guy F. Hershberger's recent book *The Way of the Cross in Human Relations*. Each lesson has scripture passage suggestions for reading, a statement of the aims of the lesson, and a set of questions at the end of each chapter which are to provide a basis of discussion of the ethical questions that confront all of us in our various areas of work.

Bethel College — J. W. Fretz

Piety, Past and Present

The Surge of Piety in America by A. Roy Eckardt. New York: Association Press, 1958. 192 pp. $3.50.

This is a penetrating analysis of what is sometimes termed, our "turn to religion," as well as a candid appraisal of the work of at least two men who have succeeded in making religion "popular"—Norman Vincent Peale and Billy Graham. Included in this study are also references to such movements as Spiritual Mobilization and International Christian Leadership. The conclusion reached is that "the surge of piety in America" does not achieve what it sets out to do, that its roots are too shallow and that it is too closely allied with the American way of life.

To some readers this will seem as too severe a judgment on religious movements that have had a wide hearing and influence in our day; yet judgment needs always to begin in the house of God. The church needs always to examine its own methods and programs, especially when they appear to be most successful. While one may not always agree with the author's interpretations and judgments, this book certainly represents the kind of thinking that we need to do in order to make the life and work of the church truly Christian in a highly organized and secularized age.

Bethel College Church — Russell L. Mast

Western Asceticism by Owen Chadwick in "Library of Christian Classics." Philadelphia: The Westminster Press, 1958, 368 pp., $5.00.

This book represents Volume XII in the well-known "Library of Christian Classics." This series of twenty-six volumes offers in the English language "a selection of the most indispensable Christian treatises written prior to the 16th century." This volume on *Western Asceticism* presents three important documents of the early Christian church. "The Sayings of the Fathers" occupies over half of this book of 340 pages. These "Sayings" arose out of and reflect the life and thought of monastic orders living on the banks of the Nile River in Egypt. They give valuable insight into the life, piety, problems, simple-hearted faith and devotion of these early hermit communities which tried to re-enact the life and spirit of the apostolic church.

The "Conferences of Cassian" comprise the second section. The author of this section, John Cassian, after a visit to these Egyptian monasteries, reproduces in this work his interviews and conversations with the monks and in so doing apparently polishes them so as to make them of greater benefit to the monasteries in the region of Gaul.

The "Rule of St. Benedict" is the third document in this volume. The earliest extant copy of this document dates back to about 700 A.D. St. Benedict apparently used the first named documents and adapted them to the needs of his time and of the monasteries in the west. The type of refinements he produces on these older documents provide an interesting study for those interested in church history.

Bethel College — Henry A. Fast

The Manual of Discipline by Wernberg-Moller. Grand Rapids, Michigan: Wm. B. Eerdman's Publishing Co., 1957, 180 pp., $6.00.

This book is described by the publishers as the first volume in a series of studies on "The Tests of the Desert of Judah" (otherwise known also as Dead Sea Scrolls). The so-called "Manual of Discipline" was part of the larger archeological discoveries of 1947.

In the introductory chapter, the author gives an interesting analysis of the problems involved in the study of these ancient manuscripts. It helps to explain the tremendous interest these manuscripts have aroused among Biblical scholars and why the interpretation of them varies widely.

His translation of the text of the Manual of Discipline offers valuable insight into the contents, but the uninitiated reader, i.e., uninitiated into ancient languages and the character of ancient documents, finds it hard to follow the meaning of the instructions of the manual. The value of the book would have been enhanced if the author in a concluding paragraph at the close of each section would have summarized what the particular section of the *Manual* covers.

Bethel College — Henry A. Fast

Devotions and Prayers of Johann Arndt selected and translated by John Joseph Stoudt. Grand Rapids, Michigan: Baker Book House, 1958, 111 pp., $1.50.

The two devotional books by Johann Arndt, *Sechs Bücher vom wahren Christentum* and the *Paradiesgärtlein*, were widely read by Mennonites on the continent and in America. Arndt was a Lutheran mystic who had an enduring influence on Mennonite piety. This small volume by Stoudt, an authority on Pennsylvania-German culture, presents fifty-two devotions and a corresponding number of prayers taken from the writings of Arndt.

Bethel College — John F. Schmidt

The Gospel of Truth by Kendrick Grobel. New York: Abingdon Press, 1960. 206 pp., $4.00.

The Gospel of Truth is "a Valentinian meditation on the Gospel" which Kendrick Grobel here offers the public in English translation and with appropriate commentary. This valuable work in the Coptic language was discovered in 1945 when some peasants digging in the upper regions of the Nile River in Egypt came upon an early Christian tomb in which they uncovered a jar containing a "veritable library of complete works," which included *The Gospel of Truth*. The discovery of these Coptic manuscripts is regarded as extremely valuable because they are believed to have been written by adherents of Gnosticism.

This is not a report of the life and teachings of Jesus. It is rather a meditation on the Gospel. Grobel believes it is the work of Valentinus and that it was written about the middle of the second century. As such, it throws valuable light on the Gnostic heresy prevalent in the early Christian century. Grobel gives a valuable introduction, explaining characteristics of the Coptic manuscript and discussing various problems related to his story. The main part of the book presents the text of *The Gospel of Truth* in English translation on one page and on the page opposite offers detailed explanations and comments on the text.

Bethel College — Henry A. Fast

Hymnology

Die Einführung des Kirchengesange in der Zürcher Kirche nace der Reformation by Hannes Reimann. Zürich: Zwingli-Verlag, 1959. 127 pp.

This book is very interesting from a purely historical point of view, giving the general reader an insight into the thinking of the sixteenth century. The influence of Zwingli and the Grossmünster church upon the Reformation are very marked and powerful. An insight is provided into Zwingli's thinking in regard to music, how his thinking changed and the introduction of congregational song in Zürich. The chapter dealing with the first official hymnbook of 1598 is especially interesting and informative, as well as the chapter dealing with the school, teachers and their responsibility in regard to congregational singing.

Bethel College — Walter H. Hohmann

Jahrbuch für Liturgik und Hymnologie by Konrad Amelin, Christhard Mahrenholz, Karl Ferdinand Müller, Band 4, 1958-59. Kassel, Germany: Johannes Stauda-Verlag, 1959, 286 pp.

It is indeed heartening and encouraging to see the varied and serious studies being made at the present time into the liturgy and hymnology of the Christian church. It is scarcely necessary to recommend the study of this book to anyone seriously interested in this type of historical study. Each contribution, or article, is interestingly written and thoroughly documented. I wish to mention only a few.

The article by Adolf Boes—"Die reformatorischen Gottesdienste in der Wittenberger Pfarrkirche von 1923 an und die 'Ordenung der gesenge der Wittembergischen Kirchen' von 1543-44" is very worthwhile reading. The article, "Die Bedeutung der XXIV Psalmen von L. Bourgeois" by Paul-Andre Gaillard, gives the reader an interesting and worthwhile glimpse into Psalmody.

It is a distinct honor to Bethel College, and to the Mennonites of America especially, to see and read a critical review of the dissertation, "Anabaptist Hymnody of the Sixteenth Century," by Rosella Reimer Duerksen (a Bethel College graduate of 1947), so ably reviewed in a European publication by Ulrich S. Leupold.

Bethel College — Walter Hohmann

Education

Toward a Christian Philosophy of Higher Education edited by John Paul von Grueningen. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press, 1957, 191 pp., $3.50.

The editor presents in a single integrated volume the substance of the main addresses of a three-day convocation held in June, 1955, under the headings of Theory, Personality, Method and Goals. Eleven prominent Protestant educators contribute their thinking to these areas. This brief volume is both a help and an inspiration to administrators and teachers in Christian colleges, as well as to pastors and board members who help guide the destinies of church colleges. In the first part of the book there is an attempt to delineate an educational theory that relates our education to the common Protestant faith. In this section Joseph Haroutunian moves a long way toward the establishment of a philosophy of Christian higher education. He brings to bear the weight of certain fundamentals in philosophy that could regulate educational theory.

Part II presents the sociological implications of Christian education. This part could easily have been named 'community in education.' Part III examines the philosophy of both curriculum and method. The problems of the administrator receive sympathetic consideration as does also the teacher-learner relationship.

For many readers Part IV on goals should have been placed at the first part of the book. Certainly the goals will determine, to a certain extent, the method and curriculum content. A concluding chapter by D. E. Trueblood on the "Marks of a Christian College" seems to sum up rather well the philosophy of the church college—especially from the point of view of the Christian philosopher. He feels that the Christian college can and must make the Christian conviction so natural and so real that it will change students' lives. This can be done only if the college will dare, in faith, to raise its sights to new heights. The book deserves careful reading.

Bethel College — Eldon W. Graber

Enjoy Your Children by Lucille E. Hein. New York: Abingdon Press, 1959, 218 pp., $3.50.

In this book the author draws on her rich experience with children, first in her own home, later in teaching and in contacts with many organizations, in church, with Camp Fire Girls, and in an Eductional Toy Shop. She emphasizes especially "recreation and activity ideas for the 7-to-12-year-olds." "Helping a child create his own fun," "What shall I do now?" "Sometimes he must stay in bed," are only a few of the chapter headings.

The book is more than an activity book. It deals with understanding parents, introducing a child to the world around, how to select gifts for a child, and how to impart such intangible gifts as "ability to live with others," "happiness built on discipline," "a sense of responsibility" and many others. Those who have used the book endorse it with enthusiasm.

North Newton, Kansas — Mrs. P. S. Goertz

Christology

The Christology of the New Testament by Oscar Cullmann, tr. S. C. Guthrie C. A. M. Hall. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press, 1959, xv + 342 pp., $6.50.

This is perhaps the most important of the numerous works of Oscar Cullmann which have been translated for the convenience of English-speaking readers. Those familiar with his previous works (*Christ and Time; Peter: Disciple, Apostle, Martyr; The Early Church,* for example) will welcome this translation of his 1957 German publication on Christology. In an era of scholarship which has shown a keen interest in biblical theology, this study of the place and importance of Christ in the New Testament is most timely.

It is the author's intention to understand the person and work of Jesus by understanding the titles ascribed to him in the New Testament. The basic interest of theologians of the past which centered in the *nature* of Christ's person (questions of humanity and divinity, for example) is not found in the New Testament. Cullmann's method is to consider in turn the several titles of Jesus and to do so on three levels: the term as used and understood in the Jewish and Hellenistic world of the time, in Jesus' own thought (in those instances where he uses them), and in the thought of the early Christians. He groups these studies into four sections, those which refer to the earthly life of Jesus (Prophet, Suffering Servant, High Priest), to the future work of Jesus (Messiah, Son of Man), to the present work of Jesus (Lord, Saviour), and to the pre-existence of Jesus (Word, Son of God, God).

The results of this study are quite gratifying. By demonstrating the "self-consciousness" of Jesus in certain of the titles and by showing the centrality of the event of Christ (life, work, death, resurrection) in all the titles ascribed to him, Cullmann rightly corrects the emphasis of R. Bultmann and others who in effect say that the Christian belief about Christ is largely the product of the early Christian church. *Heilsgeschichte* (salvation-history), as the author more completely discusses in *Christ and Time,* is the story of God's redemption of man; at its center, dividing all time into B.C. and A.D., is the event of Jesus. It was in answer to the question "Who is Jesus?" that the most accurate and definitive titles available were utilized. To understand these titles properly is to understand the Christology of the New Testament.

Bethel College — Vernon Neufeld

Israel

A History of Israel by John Bright. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press, 1959, 501 pp., $7.50.

The Old Testament has recently received its share of attention from biblical scholars. Within the last few years important works have appeared in English on introduction (B. W. Anderson), archaeology (W. F. Albright, G. E. Wright), environment (C. H. Gordon), geography (L. H. Grollenberg, G. E. Wright and F. V. Filson), theology (L. Köhler, H. H. Rowley), and history (M. Noth). To this list may now be added *A History of Israel* by John Bright.

The work represents a rather complete survey of Israel's history, from a study of the civilizations before Abraham to the Maccabean revolt in the second century B.C. The author presents the material clearly and, of necessity, concisely in six parts, which consider the major periods of Israel's development. The usefulness of the book is enhanced by the addition of a list of supplementary books in English, a chronological chart, and a group of historical maps; subject and scripture indices are also appended.

Bright in this work gives rightful consideration to the latest findings of linguistic and archaeological studies, which happily are correcting some of the extreme views held for years by many Old Testament scholars. The record of Israel's early history and tradition, for example, which frequently was shrugged off as a late creation, is now amazingly supported by investigations in archaeology and by the deciphering of ancient non-biblical texts. Bright therefore begins the history of Israel not with the Exodus (Anderson) or the Judges (Noth) but with the Patriarchs, where indeed the Bible begins.

Intended primarily for the needs of the undergraduate theological students, this history of Israel should be useful to a much larger circle of readers, in the church as well as the college, in the home as well as in the study.

Bethel College — Vernon Neufeld

Doctrines

Dispensationalism in America by C. Norman Kraus. Richmond: John Knox Press, 1958. 156 pp.

Dispensationalism has exerted a far-reaching influence among conservative Protestants including Mennonites. It succeeded in winning wide and uncritical acceptance because it was proclaimed as a recovery of orthodoxy and claimed for itself absolute fidelity to the Scriptures. It made its appearance at a time when the theological undergirding of Protestantism was unsure and theologians generally were in the process of addressing themselves to very different, although very important, issues. Now within an atmosphere of theological maturity, C. Norman Kraus of Goshen College takes a deeper look at dispensationalism.

There are doubtless many to whom the term itself has an unfamiliar sound, but who, nevertheless, have been greatly influenced by it; therefore, this book ought to be widely read and carefully studied for it deals with such questions as What is dispensationalism? Is it really as "biblical" or as "orthodox" as it claims to be? How and when did it make its appearance as an articulate view of scripture and history? In dealing with questions such as these, much of the material of the book is historical in nature. The work of men like Darby, Blackstone, Fast, Brookes and Morgen are briefly described. The origin and development of various dispensational outlines are traced and the work of the Plymouth Brethren is fully described. Considerable attention is given to a series of international prophetic Bible conferences which were held after 1878. There is a chapter also on the work of C. I. Scoffield whose Reference Bible did as much as anything to popularize dispensationalism.

The author approaches this controversial subject with careful scholarship and calm objectivity. He is critical, but his criticisms are well supported by facts. While aiming always at clearer understanding, he does not fail to point out serious dangers and obvious errors to which many have fallen victims.

Bethel College Church — Russell L. Mast

The Apocalypse Today by Thomas F. Torrance. Grand Rapids: Eerdman's Publishing Company, 1959. 155 pp., $3.00.

This is a book of exegetical sermons written for the layman. The sixteen chapters with an epilogue open with the text from the Book of Revelation and continue with a free and general interpretation of the quoted passages. The author has sought to give them the Christological interpretations and the spirit of the early church.

This book is quite readable and is helpful to an understanding of the Apocalypse of John. On the other hand, it tends to oversimplify the meaning and content of the last book in the Bible. Essentially the author writes for the reader who faces much distress and conflict and who needs to renew his hope and faith that God exerts the power of His love upon mankind and overrules the course of world history. Whereas the book by Torrance was not designed for the New Testament scholar, *The Apocalypse Today* is a book which can stimulate readers to read the Revelation in a new light, and can send the more careful student to pursue his quest of truth as hidden in John's Revelation.

Eden Mennonite Church — Arnold Nickel

Jesus and His Coming by J. A. T. Robinson. New York: Abingdon Press, 1957, 192 pp., $4.00.

In his introductory chapter this distinguished Biblical scholar of England calls attention to the increasing prominence of the doctrine of the Second Coming of Christ in theological discussion of today. The inevitable question that arises in such discussions is: "What does this doctrine mean for us today?" Robinson insists that an intelligent discussion of all the issues involved requires an answer to the prior question: "What is it that has to be interpreted?"

It is this question that guides the author in his careful, critical and detailed study of: 1) the church's expectation of Christ, and 2) Jesus' own expectation. In the chapters following, he then carefully examines the Biblical evidence and the testimony of the early church fathers in order to discover how this hope expressed itself in the thought and life of the early church. In the closing chapter, "The Christ Who Comes," Robinson brings together into a unified whole the various findings of his study. The book is written in a clear, readable style, but the scholarly character of the investigation and the complex nature of the subject requires some knowledge of Biblical backgrounds and the methods of present-day Biblical scholarship.

Bethel College — Henry A. Fast

Changing Conceptions of Original Sin, a study in American Theology since 1750, by H. Shelton Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1955, 242 pp., $3.50.

In a remarkable way Smith has succeeded in tracing the understanding of the nature of man from the federal doctrine of original sin in Puritan New England to the semi-classical contemporary formulations of Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich. Though the very nature of this undertaking demanded a somewhat reportorial approach, the book is provocative and refreshing. It is humbling as well as enlightening (and disillusioning to some, no doubt) to mark the changes in understanding of the doctrine of original sin from the time of the Westminster Confession and Cambridge Platform to the present.

The author has achieved a severe limitation of his subject matter. The book is to be highly recommended to teachers, students, ministers and interested laymen as readable and very useful in clarifying past and present understanding of the doctrine of original sin. It ought to be particularly interesting to the many who undoubtedly have an implicit but not very explicit anthropology, among whom the Anabaptist heirs must likely be counted.

Mennonite Biblical Seminary — Cornelius J. Dyck

Bible

Earliest Christianity, A History of the Period A.D. 30-150, by Johannes Weiss. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1959. Volume I, 400 pp. $1.95. Volume II, 466 pp. $2.25.

This is a monumental study by Johannes Weiss, one of the ablest New Testament scholars of the early decades of the twentieth century. Volume I is composed of Book I, "The Primitive Community" and Book II, "The Gentile Mission and Paul the Missionary." Volume II is composed of Book III, "Paul the Christian and Theologian"; Book IV, "The Missionary Congregations and the Beginnings of the Church"; and Book V, "The Separate Areas."

F. C. Grant, the editor of the English translation, in the preface speaks of the labors of Johannes Weiss and then adds: "Professor Weiss's writings were characterized not only by wide accurate knowledge and by a clear and readable style, but also by a sympathetic understanding of opposed, even alien points of view, and by genuine religious insight. . . . He makes the pages of the New Testament live for many readers as never before; and he does this because for him the New Testament has never lost its newness—there are still fresh discoveries to be made on every page."

Any student of the New Testament and of the New Testament church will find in these volumes a wealth of material to help him understand the human situation which confronted the early Christian movement.

Weiss is a good representative of critical Biblical scholarship in Germany in the early decades of the present century. Whether the facts he presents always warrant the interpretations he makes and the conclusions he draws is left to the judgment of the reader.

Bethel College — Henry A. Fast

Soldiers of the Word, by John M. Gibson. New York: Philosophical Library, Inc., 1958. 300 pp. $3.75.

This is the story of the birth and growth of the American Bible Society. It is largely through the world-wide efforts of this Society that the Bible in whole or in part has been translated into well over a thousand languages or dialects.

This is a thrilling story, interestingly told, giving the reader a real appreciation of the magnitude of the service rendered by this great organization. The story is made interesting by the use of many illustrations from actual experiences of people who with zeal and faith gave themselves to the widespread distribution of the Bible among the common people. Letters and testimonies of workers vividly portray the effect of this service on communities.

One wishes the book might have included a chapter giving the reader a new appreciation of the romance as well as the difficulties involved in Bible translation. An understanding of this would help the Bible reader to be grateful for the work of faithful and painstaking translators of the Word.

Bethel College — Henry A. Fast

Und die Bibel hat doch recht by Werner Keller. Düsseldorf, Germany: Econ-Verlag GMBH, 444 pp.

The writer of this book is not a theologian nor an archaeologist. He writes out of many years of experience as a journalist reporting results of modern scientific research. He describes how in the course of the normal pursuits of his profession he came to read the reports of the archaeological excavations and research of the French archaeologist Andre' Parrot, and the German archaeologist, C. F. A. Schaeffer. He was so fascinated by their work that he exended his studies to include reports of other archaeological excavations and discoveries. He found to his amazement that the truly astonishing and far-reaching results of these scientific activities had not been brought together for popular reading in one convenient volume. This book of 417 pages is an attempt to meet this need.

Those who read the German fluently will find this book interesting reading, especially after the first introductory chapters. The author covers Old Testament periods from the story of the Flood to the time of the Maccabees. In two concluding chapters he covers archaeological discoveries relating to the time of Jesus and onward to the destruction of Jerusalem. He describes interestingly various excavations in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley as well as those in other parts of the "fertile crescent" including Egypt.

Throughout the book the author shows commendable caution and humility in drawing conclusions from the data available. At the same time, it is refreshing to note his creative sensitivity to possible and probable relationships between historical accounts in the Old and New Testaments and the discovered data of archaeology. Interesting as the book is, it needs to be read with judicious good judgment.

Bethel College — Henry A. Fast

The Meaning of Paul for Today by C. H. Dodd. New York: Meridian Books, 1957, 190 pp., $1.25.

The book undertakes to do exactly what its title suggests. The author portrays the relevance of Paul for today by relating him to the larger issues of thought and of human life and relationships of his time. By their very nature these issues are universal and timeless and so relevant to our day.

The chapter titles are intriguing. They half reveal and half conceal his thought. Here are some of them: "A Citizen of No Mean City," "The Quest of the Divine Commonwealth," "The Ancient Wrong," "The Tyranny of an Idea," "The Decisive Battle," "The Life of the Divine Commonwealth."

The author performs an important service by taking great key words and concepts of Paul and interpreting them in terms of Paul's time as well as our time.

Bethel College — Henry A. Fast

The First Epistle General of Peter, by Alan M. Stibbs. Grand Rapids, Michigan: Wm. B. Eerdmans, 1959. 192 pp. $3.00.

This is one volume in a series of the Tyndale New Testament Commentaries. Seven of these are already published and seven more are in preparation. This volume is brief in composition yet remarkably comprehensive. Its tone is conservative but open-minded. The author appears to have a good grasp of the historical situations underlying this epistle and of the essential teaching of the letter. About seventy pages are used as an introduction dealing with various historical and critical problems related to authorship, date of writing and historical situations and to theological relationships with other New Testament writings.

The commentary section analyzes the epistle into paragraphs of thought and then explains verse by verse. A valuable addition to the book is a summary of the teaching of the epistle as a whole.

Bethel College — Henry A. Fast

The Study of Old Testament Theology Today by Edward J. Young. Westwood, New Jersey: Fleming H. Revell Co., 1959, 112 pp., $2.00.

The author of this book writes out of his rich background as professor of Old Testament at Westminster Theological Seminary, Philadelphia. To this reviewer this book did not prove as helpful as he expected it to be. This is probably due to the fact that it is composed of four separate lectures. These lack the close unity one expects of a well-reasoned argument. Another reason was probably due to the fact that the presentations appeared to be more polemical than necessary.

His four lectures are entitled: 1) Old Testament Theology and History, 2) The Nature of Old Testament Theology, 3) The Content of Old Testament Theology, and 4) The Influence of Old Testament Theology.

Bethel College — Henry A. Fast

Philemon Among the Letters of Paul by John Knox. New York: Abingdon Press, 110 pp., $2.00.

John Knox has a distinguished career as a teacher of New Testament at a number of universities and theological seminaries. He is an associate editor of *The Interpreter's Bible.* This book is a revised edition of an earlier work that appeared first in 1935. The author's detailed and imaginative analysis of the Epistle to Philemon, this most personal of all Paul's letters, together with its close relationship to the Epistle to the Colossians and the Epistle to the Ephesians lifts this letter to a level of importance far above that usually assigned to it. He stresses that the real reason for the letter was not to restore a slave to his Christian master but rather to persuade the slave owner to free Onesimus so Paul might use him as a free man for the ministry in the churches. He suggests as a strong possibility that Onesimus, famous bishop of Ephesus of 110 A.D., may be this freed slave, and that he may have had an important part in collecting the Pauline epistles and offering them in convenient form to the churches. The author's scholarly analysis sometimes gets a little involved, but no one can read this presentation without being inwardly stimulated to further study.

Bethel College — Henry A. Fast

The Parables by Gerald Kennedy. New York: Harper and Brothers. 213 pp., $3.50.

A book by Gerald Kennedy is always worth reading. He has something to say, and he says it in such a vivid and picturesque way that ideas old and new stand forth with freshness and meaning.

This is a book of sermons, not an exegetical analysis of the parables of Jesus. It was a preaching-teaching purpose Jesus had in mind as He told these stories years ago. A preaching-teaching purpose, therefore, probably offers the best approach in trying to discover the vital meaning of Jesus and in interpreting these stories with freshness and new relevance to our generation. This Kennedy has achieved with consummate skill in these twenty-four "Sermons on the stories Jesus told."

Bethel College — Henry A. Fast

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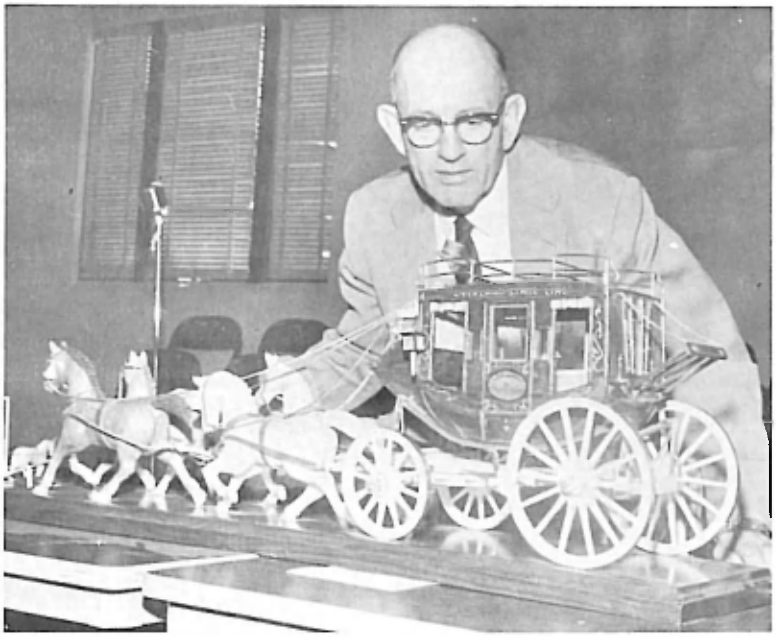

Ben J. C. Stucky, wood carver, and one of his creations, a replica of a stagecoach.

Photography, The Hutchinson News.