MENNONITE LIFE

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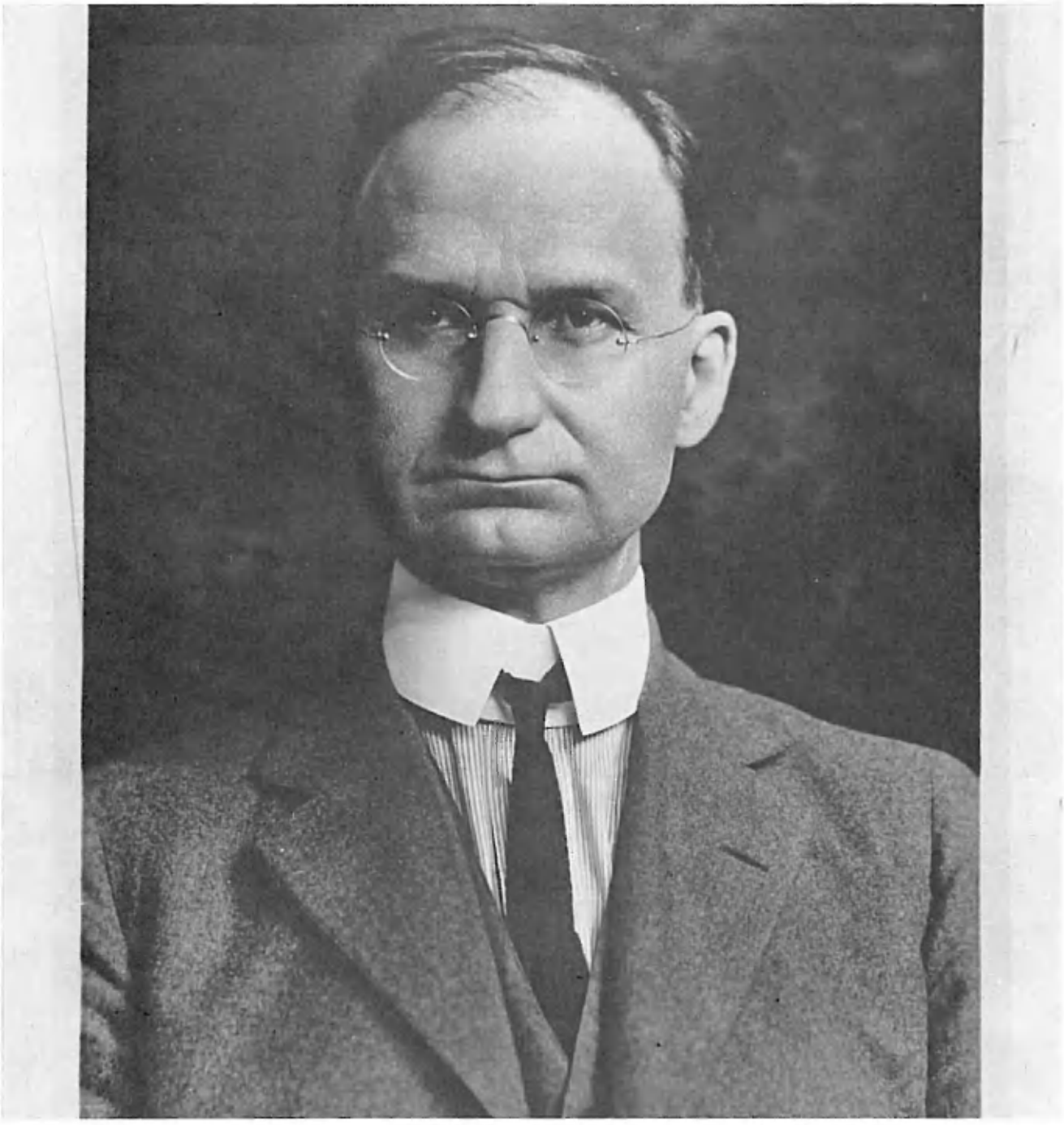

Arthur Etterbeek M.D. Ph.D. L.L.D.

IN THIS ISSUE

The articles in this issue cover varied subjects: a legendary medical doctor in a small Kansas town, who grew up as a Mennonite boy, studied in Germany and returned to his hometown to practice medicine, write books, and establish a hospital and clinic. . . . a detective story by a pastor who has affection for old organs, which he rebuilds—a detective story which reveals something of the web of spiritual relationships of eighteenth century Dutch Mennonites. . . . a widower with seven children and a young woman who responded to an invitation to be wife and mother rather than a missionary to the Indians. . . . reflections on overseas development by a young business executive who with his wife served ably in Bangladesh in planning and directing an agricultural development program. . . . the recapturing of a moment in history forty years ago when Brethren, Friends and Mennonites came to Newton, Kansas, to deliberate on the mission of the Historic Peace Churches as war approached—the meeting called and planned by a one-man committee. . . . stories of clever tactics in times of crisis which may reflect Mennonite perceptions of themselves and their neighbors. . . . reviews of several highly significant books, one—a cookbook—which is likely to become a best seller and one written by one of our editors—the reviewer a distinguished Kansas editor. . . . and, finally, a prophetic statement to the Methodists which came out of that Newton conference. The editors.

MENNONITE LIFE

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COVER

The front cover is a photograph of Dr. Arthur E. Hertzler from the Hertzler Research Foundation, Halstead, Kansas.

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The Horse and Buggy Doctor and His Friends

By John F. Schmidt

The name A. E. Hertzler lives on in the annals of Kansas medicine and particularly in the village of Halstead where the Hertzler Research Foundation, the Hertzler Clinic, the Kansas Health Museum, and the Halstead Hospital continue the work and concerns of this unusual personality.

The "Horse and Buggy Doctor" actually achieved world-wide renown with his "Hoss Book," as he called it. People who knew him remember him as a colorful and energetic figure. Some remember him for his ready and biting wit; others remember that he was kindly, generous and sympathetic.

His background was Mennonite, as he himself never forgot. Among his most intimate and loyal friends he could name such Mennonites as J. H. Langenwalter, C. E. Krehbiel and E. G. Kaufman. The former were friends of his youth while Kaufman and Walter H. Hohmann were companions of his later years.

Hertzler and C. E. Krehbiel had bicycled through Europe as students in Germany. Langenwalter struggled to get an education as did Hertzler. When the latter began his medical career in Halstead, Langenwalter had briefly worked for Hertzler. By 1925 each was following his own career: Hertzler in medicine, and Langenwalter in education.

Already in 1920 Hertzler wrote to Langenwalter, "I have been putting every minute available on my books. I sent one volume to the press Christmas Day and I have to have the other on its way by the end of the month. The publisher has to have these on the market by June 1. . . . With these finished it will make eight books and that is about all one person should inflict on the public." Writing books had already become an outlet for his tremendous energy and an escape from other frustrations.

Work had saddled him with such a demanding routine that he once declared, "I have ceased to be an individual and have become an institution. Even moments of relaxation are gone. The one exception is my guns. I hang onto 'em as a last straw."

Death of His Daughter, Agnes

By 1925 Hertzler could write, "Things have never gone so well and I expect to make a lot of noise yet." As a surgeon and an author he had tasted success. But in this year a tragedy was to enter his life which shadowed the rest of his days. His beloved daughter, Agnes, died of embolism following a gall bladder operation. She was to have become an ophthalmologist at the Hertzler Clinic.

After the funeral service Langenwalter wrote to the Doctor, "I don't know when I have sympathized so much with any one as I have with you since our little Lois came home Saturday with the news." Shortly thereafter Mrs. Hertzler wrote to thank Langenwalter saying, "Dr. cannot write yet but he wants you to know how deeply your message touched his heart. . . ." Langenwalter replied, "Thrice have the minor keys of our heart-chords been struck as we have watched the children of our hearts, as well as our flesh and blood, slip from the realms of our direct influence."

In his last book, which Hertzler dedicated to Agnes, he recalled her childhood, "As a child she was restless and inquisitive. She swallowed chunks of coal, toys and chicken bones to see if they were good to eat; took her toys apart to see what made them go; sawed her doll in two to see what made it squeak; and took the top of its head off to see why it closed its eyes. She wanted to know why things were so."

In a letter he told Langenwalter of his mausoleum under his office, "I feel a tremendous peace in this room as if we were united again to work out our

dreams. I feel that I am here with my books against the wall fighting to finish my books and make the clinic, as I have always sought to do, something that might meet her approbation when my work is finished. She lies buried in her grave and I in my work and the world has gone by and we walk again hand in hand when the hospital was but a dream. Professor Virchow (under whom Hertzler studied in Berlin) used to tell us that he who had never shed bloody tears over his work did not know what real effort is. Perhaps this joint work of ours will be served best with each of us in our separate sepulcher than if we lived together in peace and contentment."

Many years later Hertzler wrote, "I have been wondering if there were mountains at the place you wrote me you were at. I always think of Agnes being on a high mountain, dream of her being there and beckoning me to come up. Just can't get it out of my mind. If I ever get away I am going to look for a high mountain. It has a long slope toward the east. Of course I can't see the other side."

Again in 1944 Hertzler wrote to E. G .Kaufman, president of Bethel College, after a concert by the Bethel College A Cappella Choir, "What caused the young lady to sing Agnes' funeral hymn?" Kaufman replied, "I inquired and they don't know. My guess is that the suggestion came from your Agnes herself who was probably here since you were here." Hertzler answered, "I knew at once why but that you should figure it out."

The Friendship of Dr. Langenwalter

One of the reasons for the warm personal relation between the physician and the doctor of souls was Langenwalter's never-failing congratulatory notes as the anniversaries sped by. On May 1, 1930 he wrote to Hertzler, "These thirty-five years have not seen all your dreams realized but you have done remarkably well and I congratulate you on your achievements. I have long admired you for your ability to take hard knocks and for the way you have of making kicks land you on a higher rather than a lower level."

These notes were repeated at regular intervals with phrases as, "Congratulations on your forty-five years at Halstead. You have done a good job. . . . Your fearless helpfulness to suffering humanity up to the ages of three score years and ten is worthy of Magna Cum Laude!"

Birthdays were also occasions of remembrance. "Monday is your birthday if I remember correctly. In a way that is merely an incident by the calendar. On the other hand, it is a reminder among friends of what they mean to each other." And in Hertzler's final year, 1946, Langenwalter wrote, "Best wishes for the days, months, or years which may still be yours for the activities of this life."

In his replies to these congratulatory notes, Hertzler mentions his preoccupation with work. "Thanks for your well wishes. I am feeling fine and working seven days a week. Three more years of this (he was then 65) and then I am going to take a day off every week like the rest of the staff do now."

Three years later he wrote, "Got a whale of a kick out of your letter. . . . In two days I will be 69 years old and have by far the best health I have ever had. Just gotten lazy. Just finished two difficult operations and I am sure I never worked as surely in my life. One more year and then I am going to take a week off, maybe. And in five years I am going to take a couple of weeks off. Will be seeing you then."

In addition to his work in the clinic and his surgery, he taught at the University Medical College, Kansas City, later to become the University of Kansas School of Medicine and almost continually labored over the manuscript of a book. Work was his mission, his solace in time of grief and his philosophy of life.

"Last Friday," he wrote in one letter to Langenwalter, "I did ten operations and saw 57 in the clinic. At ten o'clock I had a very urgent call to go 60 miles to do an emergency operation. I had eleven operations to do on Saturday, was already so tired I was dizzy. So it simply was impossible. Yet there goes a friendship it took twenty years to build."

The Horse and Buggy Doctor

In the midst of the publication of numerous technical books, another book had been taking shape which was to bring him world-wide acclaim. He had shared the news of this new book with Langenwalter who wrote in December, 1937, "Hope your *Country Doctor* will appear soon, if it has not done so already. I am interested in a copy of that myself." Hertzler replied, "I do not know when my thirty year book will be out. The editor who had it in charge died and a new bunch are trying to find out what they want to do. I wrote them yesterday to please get off the pot. That I had some experience in writing books and meeting audiences and if they expected to make good English of it they would ruin it." Langenwalter agreed that ". . . professionalism can sometimes become a nuisance."

The following March 19, Hertzler wrote to "Dake" as he addressed Langenwalter, "I finished the galleys for the book a week ago. It's a funny book and I am at a loss to make it out. It will be exceedingly interesting to me to see what comes of it. . . . You'll be getting a book soon. Wish you would write me just what you think of it. I need not tell you I do not care for bull . . ."

The Horse and Buggy Doctor was a selection of the Book of the Month Club and became a best seller almost overnight. "The way it seems to be going

over puzzles me," he wrote to Langenwalter.

Langenwalter's reaction came in his letter of September 20. "I am mindful," he began, "of the wish you expressed in your letter of July 14, that I write my candid opinion regarding the book. I know what you mean when you say that you want no bull. That would be a reflection on your spirit and on the purpose of the book."

Langenwalter complimented Hertzler. "The depth of emotion which you portray in the book is remarkable. The inexpressible tenderness for those who cannot speak for themselves, like children and old people, on the one hand, and the wrath against the popular crimes and hypocrisies, on the other hand, show what a tremendous force feeling is in your life. I dare say that is the great reason for the popularity of the book at present. You have struck deeply into the human levels of emotional reactions. . . ."

Popular writings after the *Horse and Buggy Doctor* were rather anti-climactic. Titles published were: *The Doctor and His Patients, The Grounds of an Old Surgeon's Faith, Ventures in Science of a Country Surgeon, and Always the Child. The Doctor Speaks His Mind* was in manuscript at the time of his death.

The Friendship of E. G. Kaufman

Some books changed their content and title in the course of production as in one letter Langenwalter inquires, "How is your book on *The Home from The Doctor's Viewpoint* coming?" In the production of Hertzler's later books he consulted with his friends, Langenwalter, E. G. Kaufman, and C. E. Krehbiel. While seeming to take their advice, he probably did not change his manuscripts as they suggested. In 1939, as he was working on *The Grounds of an Old Surgeon's Faith,* he wrote to Kaufman, "I want to tell the truth as I see it but I do not want to be an iconoclast." In November, 1942 he sent the manuscript to Langenwalter with the note, "I want you to give me your reaction. It is terrible but I am trying to write the truth. Please do not allow yourself to think until you have read the last line. I seek to do but one thing, to contribute if I can to world peace."

Langenwalter replied, "May I suggest that you do not write two books in one. You can either write a philippic or a masterful message on peace based on actual service for the good of human kind." Since both men had often been on the defensive he adds, "The controversialists are not worthy of the attention you give them in your present manuscript. They have always abused anyone who dared to tell them the truth. They feed on attention and they increase in malice as they are given what they demand."

To E. G. Kaufman he had written, "The problem I want to decide is if it should be published at all. If so what good could it do, also what harm?" and when he shared the manuscript with Kaufman, "I am only trying to contribute if I can to world peace. I, as you may know, was born a Mennonite." One morning he wrote to Kaufman, "I had a bad night last night. Ruth is sending you the result. It is as written, sillies and all. Some things do not fit in well but they just came to my mind. Time: 6 hours and 4 cups of coffee."

In the letters telling of his books there is evidence that books of religious interest were often exchanged. After an exchange of this kind, Kaufman wrote, "I marvel at your religious interest, I never knew it was there . . . I assume that that is after all, the deepest and most permanent interest you have." People who knew of Hertzler's caustic criticism of the church would have been surprised to hear him as he wrote to Kaufman, "People generally do not realize that I have been religious for forty years. A doctor needs to know what causes people pain, be it disease or religion. Of course, a doctor goes out from the fundamental principle that to confess ignorance is better than believing what is not true."

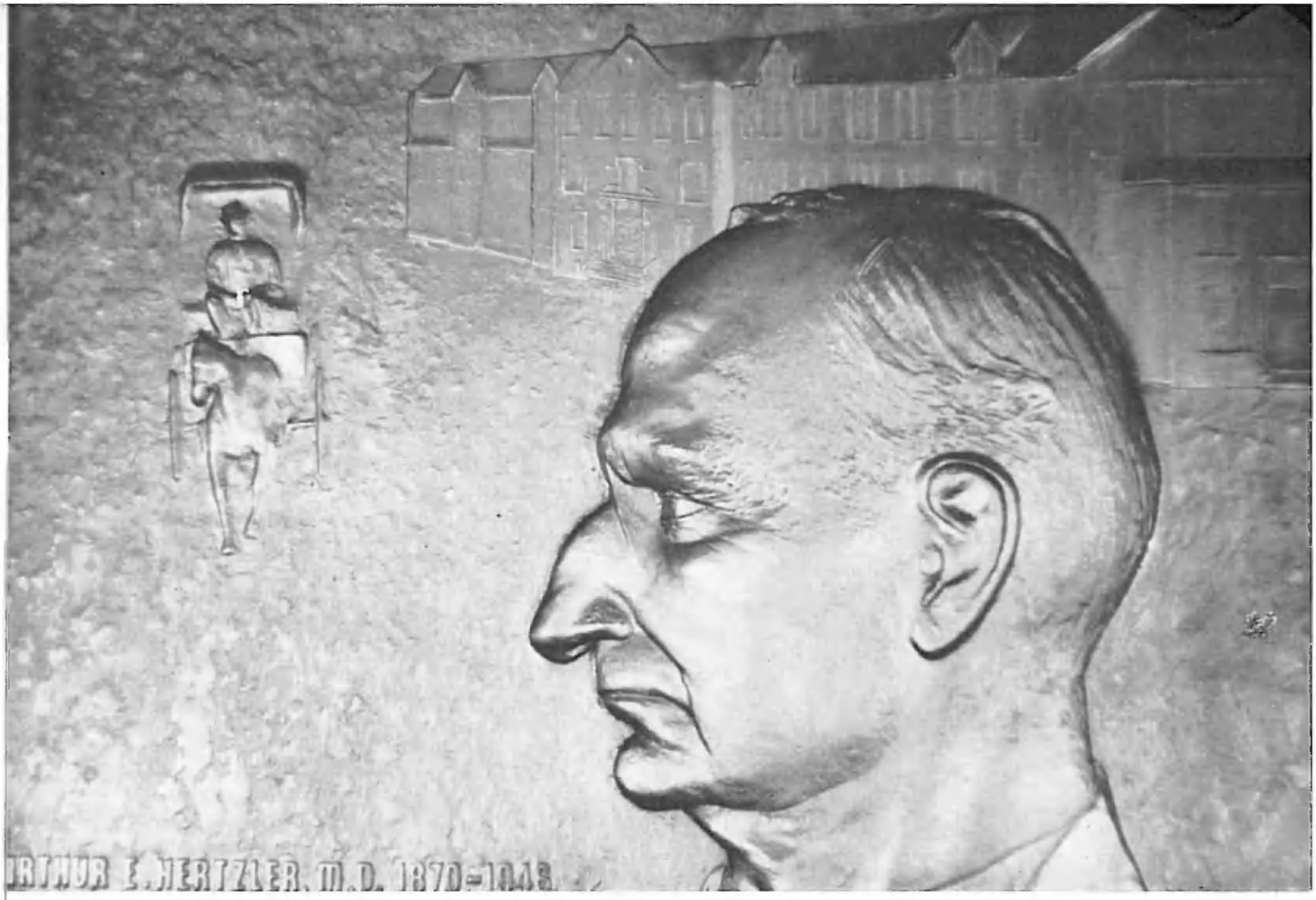
As he tells of his religious interest, he mentions another of his intimate friends. "I am trying to get our friend, J. E. Hartzler, to write a companion volume on *The Grounds of an Old Preacher's Faith.* He says he is not old. I tell him he will be before I get through with him."

After his seventy-fourth birthday anniversary he replied to a birthday greeting by Langenwalter, "Work is gradually becoming more difficult for me. I hope to hold out until after the fighting ceases." And in March of the year he died, 1946, he wrote to Kaufman, "Sending you the first part of my new book. I advise you to take four aspirin tablets before you begin." The manuscript habit was hard to break!

Kaufman had prevailed upon Hertzler to make several speaking appearances, most notable of which was the commencement address at Bethel College in 1940. In January of 1940, Kaufman reminded Hertzler to reserve May 31 to give the commencement address. Hertzler anticipated the occasion, "I get more kick out of that invitation than any honor that has come to me." Later plans included the conferring of a Doctor of Literature degree and the fact that the exercises would be held in the city auditorium.

"Hot Dawg," responded Hertzler, "a Litt.D. will be something for an old country doc to wipe his chin on . . . I thought they just had prize fights and military drills in the city auditorium. Funny place to make a Mennonite speech in. I believe you wanted something to publish. I will give you a nice speech for printing and I may slip across the line in the spiel. I just can't help being silly."

The commencement day came and passed and Kaufman no doubt expected repercussions to a speech that was critical of popular patriotic ideas. The speech



was published in the College Bulletin as submitted by Hertzler. John P. Harris of the Hutchinson *News-Herald* was complimentary, "He doesn't give his audiences what he thinks they would like to hear, but what he thinks, without apologies, compromise, or reservation."

Hertzler enjoyed the intellectual companionship of Kaufman. He confessed at one time, "I find this a lonely world. Nobody to talk to. Wish you would come oftener." To entice Kaufman to come oftener Hertzler offered tempting proposals. "I'm figuring on having those spare ribs and sauerkraut this Wednesday. . . . You may bring whoever you find loose that looks as if he or they might need a square meal."

Almost eight years later he again invited Kaufman, "I always have time to talk to anybody who knows something. Looked you up in Hoozehoo and was amazed to find that you really have been exposed to knowledge—to say the least." Later in the same year (1942) Hertzler wrote, "You have been neglecting me something awful. Haven't seen you for a year. We eat every day, except Wednesdays, at six o'clock. Better come over some evening."

As with Langenwalter, Hertzler also exchanged books with Kaufman. He liked two of the books Kaufman had loaned him so well that he ordered them for himself: *Man the Master* by Gerald Heard and *A Guide to Understanding the Bible* by Harry Emerson Fosdick. "Come over Sunday for supper," is a typical note, "I have a lot of new books."

The Friendship of Walter H. Hohmann

Another person outside of the medical field greatly appreciated by Hertzler was Walter H. Hohmann, director of the A Cappella Choir at Bethel College. Those who sang in the Bethel choir in the early forties recall making trips to the Crow's Nest and singing for Hertzler. After a concert by the A Cappella Choir he wrote to Hohmann saying, "The next to the last piece the other evening was the most eloquent sermon I ever heard. I would like to see a church without preachers. I believe you are the person to develop it. . . . I believe many people are ready for it. What we need is a religion without sex and hate."

Hohmann paid tribute to Hertzler by composing

(Continued on page 31)

The Teschemacher organ at Bethel College.

Not a Dutch but a German Cabinet Organ—a Teschemacher

By Esko Loewen

A small cabinet pipe organ built in about 1740 tells a fascinating story about the people who built it, who owned it, who cared for it, and who finally gave it to Bethel College where it is today the treasured property of Kauffman Museum. In a previous article in *Mennonite Life* (December 1972) it was called a "Dutch cabinet organ." More information reveals this not to be true. The first owner was the Dutch pastor Johannes Deknatel, shepherd of the Lammist Mennonite Church (1720-1759), today the Singel Church. He purchased it from its builder, Jacob Teschemacher of Elberfeld (now Wuppertal-Elberfeld), Germany.

No name and no identification is on the organ. Most cabinet organs of that period are marked "builder unknown." The link to the builder is to be found in the wide-ranging Pietist associations of Johannes Deknatel. He was pastor of the Lammist Mennonite Church at a time when no Mennonite church in the world used an instrument in the church. It was not until 1765 when the first organ was used in a Mennonite church—either Hamburg or Utrecht. This was six years after his death.

The Pietist Connection

This period of the eighteenth century was the time of the great development of Pietism. Count Zinzendorf and the Moravians burst on the European and American scene, coming to Holland in the 1730's. John Wesley's "heart was strangely warmed" at a Moravian meeting at Aldersgate in London in 1738. The Wesleyan revival spread through England, America, and elsewhere as a result. On one of his visits to Amsterdam John Wesley was hosted by Johannes Deknatel. Did he sing a hymn in the Dek-

natel home with this organ accompanying? Possibly. In those years Deknatel had as many as three Moravian house meetings a week in his home—a Moravian custom.

Johannes Deknatel was closely associated with Zinzendorf. At one point he was a member of the Moravian brotherhood as well as his own Lammist congregation. He translated Moravian hymns from German into Dutch. He had a wide range of associations with other Pietists.

It obviously was this that brought him in touch with a fellow Pietist, an organ builder, Jacob Teschemacher of Elberfeld, Germany. Rather than choosing a Dutch organ builder, which was assumed in the 1972 article, Johannes Deknatel chose Teschemacher to build a small 5½ rank cabinet organ for his home where it would be used for Moravian house meetings.

The Riot

On June 1, 1750, a riot occurred in front of Deknatel's house. Aroused Amsterdam citizens—incensed by their strict Calvinist leadership—were offended because the Mennonite pastor Deknatel was holding worship meetings in his house right on the street—another one of those hidden meetings. In 1750 there were over sixty hidden churches in Amsterdam, mostly Catholic. The only official and recognized church was the Reformed church—the state church. Moravian incursion was very offensive to these people.

The riot could be quelled only by bringing out the police in force and closing off the Leliegracht street for several days. When it was agreed no more meetings would be held in the Deknatel home, the surly mood of neighbors was quelled. The riot points to the same opposition Pietists faced as had the Mennonites —a strong reason for them to have found each other.

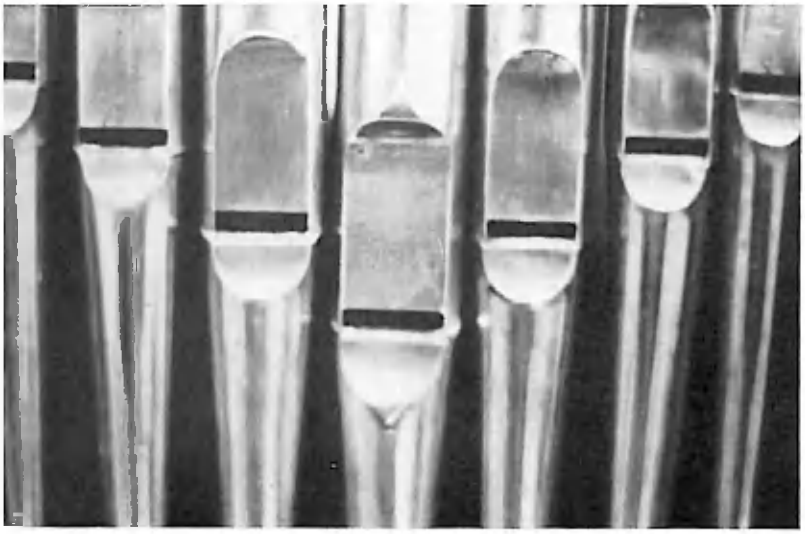
The Teschemacher Connection

But how did Johannes Deknatel come in touch with Jacob Teschemacher? This is an intriguing puzzle for which there is no firm answer. We know that Gerhard Terstgen, a close friend of Teschemacher, an independent religious teacher, unmarried, who earlier had held private religious gatherings in the Ruhr until a law of 1730 strictly forbade such, made annual pilgrimages to Amsterdam from 1732 on. Teersteegen—author of the hymn "O Power of Love All Else Transcending," which is so popular among Mennonites, and "God Himself is With Us"—preached several times in the Krefeld Mennonite Church. Could he have been the connection between Deknatel and Teschemacher? We don't know, but there is much to suggest this to be the case.

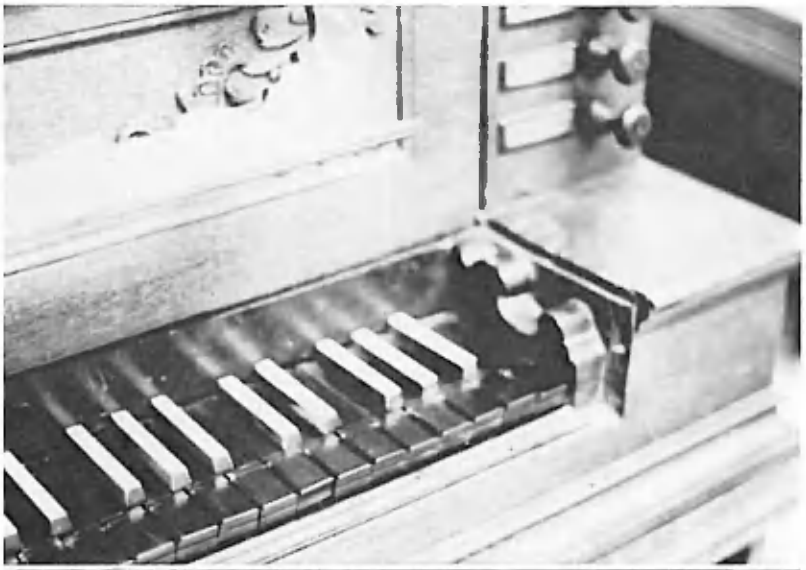
But how do we know an unnamed and unmarked organ built in about 1740 is actually the product of Jacob Teschemacher? This, too, is an intriguing question.

The Teschemacher organ in the Paulluskirche, Wuppertal, Germany.

There is one Teschemacher cabinet organ in Holland today. There is also one in Antwerp, several in Wuppertal, and possibly one in Switzerland, along with one in Kansas! The one in Holland is the key to the story. Mr. A. J. Gierveld of Vleuten, Holland, a high school teacher and Ph.D. candidate in organ studies, is the authority in Holland on Dutch cabinet organs. Correspondence with him about our organ brought the request for a whole group of detail pictures of the organ. From these pictures Mr. Gierveld noted similarities between two apparently quite different organs. The largest screen pipe on each organ has a design on the mouth which obviously was wrought by the same hand. The key block at each end of the key board on each organ is the same. The carved work above the pipes has marked similarities. The layout of the pipes in the chest and their appearance has also strong hints that it was a product of the same builder. And the lone Teschemacher cabinet organ in Holland—in the village of Oosterland



Above, the "screen" pipes of the Bethel organ, an exact replica of the Teschemacher organ at Oosterland.



Above, the design of the keyboard on the Bethel and the Oosterland organs are the same. Below, the carved work above the pipes is similar on the Bethel, Oosterland and Wuppertal organs.

just south of the great dike in Friesland—had the builder's name and the year 1762 on it! A visit there in 1974 confirmed Mr. Gierveld's sharp eye.

This opened the door to the whole Teschemacher story. A visit to Wuppertal that same summer brought contact with pastor Rolf Müller, a Teschemacher authority. This led to a visit to the Teschemacher home with its shop back of the house where the organs were built. That home today is the oldest house in Wuppertal and owned by the city. It is called the *Teschemacher hof* located on Teschemacher Strasse. Pastor Müller then showed us a little organ in the Pillipuskirche, built about 1740. It is so obviously a sister to the Deknatel-van der Smissen-Teschemacher organ of the Kauffman Museum.

The little organ doubtlessly journeyed down the Wupper River from Wuppertal to the Rhine just below Cologne and then down the Rhine to Utrecht where it was transloaded from the Rhine to the Vegt river and wound its way to Amsterdam. It laced its way through the canals of Amsterdam to the Deknatel home on the Leliegracht just a block from the Westerkerk and around the corner from the now famous Anne Frank house. It resided there for over fifty years.

Enter the van der Smissens

When in 1796 Hillegonde Deknatel, an unmarried woman of 46, married the widower Jacob Guysbert van der Smissen of Hamburg-Altona, she removed her personal goods to that city, doubtless by boat from Amsterdam, through the Zuyder Zee to the North Sea and on to Hamburg-Altona.

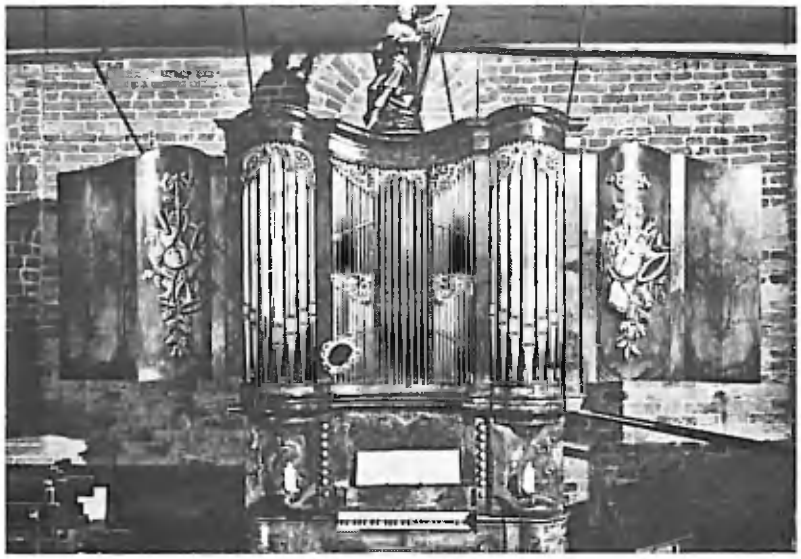
Jacob II van der Smissen, a son, was pastor at Friederichstadt from 1818-26, and his son Carl Justus from 1837-1868. Probably the organ remained in Hamburg until Carl Justus removed it to Friederichstadt, although this is not completely clear. In 1850, one hundred years after the riot in Amsterdam, it again was a victim. This time the Danes invaded Schleswig-Holstein and occupied Friederichstadt. They ransacked the houses, kicked in the panels of the organ, taking the silver bells which were in it and leaving it badly damaged, the scars of which are still plain to the eye. The van der Smissen family, however, repaired and kept their prized heirloom.

In 1868, Carl Justus van der Smissen removed to Wadsworth, Ohio, upon several urgent requests to become headmaster of the newly established Mennonite school, the Wadsworth Institute. An ocean voyage took the organ to Cleveland, Ohio, and then to Wadsworth. From Ohio it went with the family in the 1890's to Sommerfield, Illinois. And, about 1900 Wilhelmina Schwake-van der Smissen brought it with her to Goessel, Kansas, where she was director

of the Bethesda Hospital and Home. In 1910 she gave it to Bethel College where it has resided ever since. Descendants of the van der Smissen family numbering forty strong visited the organ at the time of their reunion in August, 1975.

A Great, Great, Great, Great Grandfather

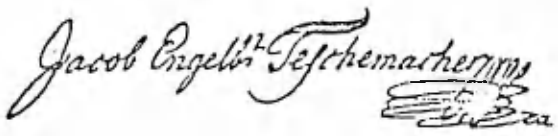
The drama and romance of the organ is not complete until the story of current contacts is told. Since 1950, a student exchange program has been carried on between Wuppertal Akadamie, a German teacher's college, and Bethel College. Silvia Hasenkamp of Wuppertal was the 1974-1975 exchange student. At Christmas time that year, the organ students gave a recital of Christmas music for the organ featuring the little cabinet organ. Silvia heard that recital. The next day she told one of the students, Jon Thieszen, how much she enjoyed their program. He responded that she really should because the organ came from her town. She asked for more information. He could not remember the builder's name but knew it began with T and was "Teke" or "Tesche." She immediately asked, "Do you mean Teschemacher?" He said, "Why, yes!" She was overwhelmed as she said, "Why, that's my great, great, great, great grandfather!"



Above, the one extant Teschemacher cabinet organ in Holland at Oosterland.

Above, the Jacob Teschemacher home in Wuppertal-Elberfeld as it appears today.

Below, the signature of Jacob Teschemacher.



Above, the row house at Leliegracht 39 where the Johannes Delcnatel family lived in Amsterdam. Below, Silvia Hasenkamp, exchange student from Wuppertal, seated beside the organ her great, great, great, great grandfather, Jacob Teschemacher built in about 1740. Esko Loewen, who directed the restoration of the organ stands beside her.

Courtship and Marriage

By Milton F. Sprunger

The principal in this account is my father, David C. Sprunger. The time: the eighteen-nineties. The setting: the Swiss community of Berne, Indiana. David was born in a small log house, the son of Swiss Mennonite emigrant parents, on April 3, 1857. He spent his entire life in this community, where land had to be cleared before crops could be grown, where water was even then often polluted and where the arable soil was, at its best, not highly productive. There were few comforts. What had brought David's parents here were not promises of luxuries and conveniences. Their reasons in 1852 for having made the perilous journey from the Swiss Jura Mountain regions were (1) cheap land, (2) the presence of another Mennonite community near Berne and (3) the opportunity to escape from compulsory military service.

As young David grew to manhood, he was shaped by the precepts and example of his sturdy devout Anabaptist parents. An added influence was worship every other Sunday in a crude log church, where he heard generally dedicated but unschooled preachers deliver long and rambling sermons. One of the greatest influences on David was an uncle, Rev. Samuel F. Sprunger (d'r Sam), only a few years older than David, and who in 1868 was selected by lot to become the shepherd of the Berne flock. He served the Berne congregation and the General Conference for over 40 years.

Growing up under such a Christian influence, there was never any question about the place God should hold in whatever might be undertaken; whether this be baptism, choice of occupation, undertaking a new venture or courtship and marriage. Nothing was accomplished without prayer, meditation and the assurance that God's will was being followed.

In October of 1893 father's wife and companion of almost fourteen years died of child-bed fever, leaving seven children, the oldest not quite thirteen and the youngest not yet two. Lonely days followed as he attempted to keep the family together while continuing to clear and farm a tract of land near Berne. David frequently expressed his faith in the passage of Scripture, *"Bis hieher hat der Herr uns geholfen"* (Hitherto hath the Lord helped us). In the spring of 1895, David was to be remarried, this time to my mother, Caroline Tschantz, and it is this courtship and this marriage which is the subject of this account.

Sometime during his young manhood, David started the writing of a journal in which he recounted his parentage, his childhood days, his young manhood and the many and varied events in which he and his family had a part. This journal, comprised about 200 pages of hand-written material in a cloth-bound "journal" or "day-book." It is not a diary since entries were not made on a daily, or even weekly, basis. Every so often, when David had a little spare time or when the spirit moved him, he would sit down and record the events of the past months, or perhaps years. This record could perhaps better be called an autobiography. The first seventy-six pages cover the events leading up to his first marriage. These entries are in German script. After a rather long lapse, his second marriage is recorded in English. Entries ceased only a short time prior to his death in 1933. It is this journal which provides the material for this account of David and Caroline's courtship and marriage. In the quotations below taken from the journal, only the spelling is corrected and, in a few instances, the arrangement of words and phrases. The portions we have selected begin about a year after the death of the mother of his seven children.

Scanning the Future (1893)

"In the first part of this time, I did not think any further, but was thankful and glad that things went along as fine as they did; really, so much so that at one time the remark was made to one of my near relatives, who went through the same experience, 'If I would know that things would, in time to come, go along as well as they do now, I would not think of being married again. The children are well cared for, and we are living quite comfortably and, in a measure, happy.' To this my intimate friend remarked, 'You would be quite right in that. Certainly, you have a good housekeeper, Emma Nussbaum, but she might some day change her mind. Besides, the children are growing to manhood and womanhood, and are likely to seek their own company, as is customary, then you are left alone again.'

"After taking this matter to God in prayer, I realized the more that to enter into a second marriage was even of more importance than the first

David C. Sprunger farmstead near Berne, Indiana, to which he brought his bride, Caroline, in 1895.

time; and *that* for both parties. From the human standpoint, the first time it meant me and the other party. This time it would mean *us* and the other party.

"The question was: Can a woman be found that will, in an unselfish way, and for Christ's sake and for our sake, undertake the task? Another question arose: would we be able as a family, to make such a person happy? Should this fail, the proposition could only be called unfortunate. So, I found that for me, of my own self, to choose, or even to inquire, was out of the question. So I laid the matter entire'y before God, to direct me in a way pleasing to Him, and to the best of our welfare. This was my constant prayer, and my prayer was graciously answered.

God Directs to a Future Partner

"At that time, my attention was drawn to a woman at Sonnenberg, in Wayne County, Ohio, a Miss Tschantz (Caroline), who was near my age. What I knew of her life as a Christian and her love for religious work, was to me quite satisfactory. Too, I knew that she was devoted to children since she had quite well and satisfactorily taken care of her brother's children after death had claimed the mother of the family. After thinking it over, I asked the Lord to lay the matter in her heart, to think over the matter and to prepare me to accept willingly and devotedly out of His hand, whatever He deemed best for us, whatever it might be.

"Letters were frequently exchanged since this was practically the only way to speak together; the distance geographically [about 200 miles] being quite great.

"At this time she made a rather extensive trip to mission stations in Kansas and Oklahoma. She stayed at these places during the summer of 1894. At this time, letters were not frequently exchanged and, if at all, they were in the nature of common friendship and religious elevation. By this slight correspondence, I found that my love for her as a child of God was sufficient to even love her as a life companion. About her attitude, I did not know; neither had I inquired up to this point. Conviction as to this step had failed me as yet. To all this, the thought came to me that as far as knowing each other's personal views and nature, it was all very limited, from her side, as well as mine.

A Meeting (the Only One!) is Arranged (1894)

"As Miss Tschantz returned to her home in Ohio from her extended trip West, she made a short stop in Berne. This seemed providential. I welcomed, to some extent, the possible opportunity of speaking with her face to face about the all-important thoughts of my heart. Yet, at that time, I had not received the assurance that the Lord wanted me to take even this step.

"When the time of her arrival came, I was assured of God's consent to have a personal conversation with her in regard to this important matter. At this time, the Lord granted to me a mind of perfect surrender to His will, whatever the outcome might be.

"A time was agreed upon for a private conversa-

tion at the home of my parents in Berne, on the fifth day of November, 1894. I invited her to that proposed meeting and she accepted the invitation. A short conversation was held, which I think did not last over an hour and, indeed, this was the only verbal consultation until the time of our marriage [five months later].

"As a matter of course, I did not get a definite answer to my inquiry at that time; neither did I press the matter. In fact, I think that if an affirmative answer had been given at that time, the proposition would have come to naught. I did not expect her to give a definite answer, one way or the other. What I had asked was that she think and pray over the matter and afterwards give me the answer as a result of it.

The Date is Set (1895)

"Correspondence was now more frequent and as time went by, my conviction grew stronger that the Lord had intended for us to share joy and sorrow together; although I still held that the affair was entirely in the hands of God's providence.

"In due time, the answer came—in the affirmative! An agreement as to the date of the marriage feast had to be decided on. After having obtained the consent of Miss Tschantz's parents, agreement was reached for the ninth day of April, 1895. Now, since all of this time we had no personal meeting, much writing had to be done, and also much thinking and planning.

"For my part, I had expected some hesitation from the Tschantz parents, since she was a daughter of their later years and they were likely looking forward to her assistance in their mature days and years. In their reply to my inquiry, it was mentioned that they had hoped for her assistance in their ripe old age, but they raised no actual objection. One reason that perhaps helped them think less of objections was that to some extent my loved one had seriously considered taking up another field of work which would have taken her still farther away from home [i.e. mission work among the Indians in Oklahoma].

"Even so, consent of the parents was likely not given easily. They were used to having their children around home. The other members of the family, namely, Christ C., Dan, Lizzy (Mrs. Abe Amstutz), Barbara (Mrs. John L. Amstutz), John H. and William P., were all married and had their own households nearby. One sister, Sarah, was unmarried and especially attached to my to-be-life companion, Caroline. So, this to her, naturally, caused some unpleasant feelings; although she, too, consented in a quite submissive way.

"Father Tschantz when answering my request wrote that as much as they knew of my character, they had no objection to offer. They could see God's hand in the matter and would, of course, not rebel against it.

A Well-kept Secret

"As far as the gossip that is generally connected with such affairs, we were miraculously spared, since, at least within the Berne community, only one person, besides my father and mother, knew about the situation during earlier stages.

"By the time when I left home to bring back my God-given treasure, very few, even then, had any knowledge of it except my brothers and sisters. Of course, my own family at home knew of my mission. The children were mostly too young to grasp the situation, or to realize the blessing in store for them. But, of course, since Dad thought very well of the plan, they also accepted it with much appreciation. [Note: Omitted at this point are several paragraphs dealing with the housekeeper who was now faced with the possibility of losing a home and perhaps a prospective marriage. She, however, was given a home within the household but died shortly thereafter of tuberculosis. MFS]

The Wedding Day

"On the fourth day of April, 1895, I left home for Sonnenberg to claim my promised treasure. This was done with quite a little apprehension. Not that I was afraid that my best would go back on me, or that the Lord Himself would leave me half-ways; not that. Yet, since I had no chance to talk matters over verbally with her parents, nor her brothers and sisters, a person could hardly help but to be apprehensive about what the reception might be. I sometimes felt myself as an intruder or trespasser on the family. To all that, one of my close friends inquired, 'Where are you going to stop off? . . . I said, "My plan is to stop off at Wooster, county seat of Wayne County, to obtain our marriage license forms; from which place I expect to proceed to the home of my bride.' He quite wistfully remarked to this, 'You better go to the home of the bride first to see about matters before procuring your certificate to get married!' This was, of course, remarked in a teasing way, but the thought faintly took hold of me. It might, after all, be a bold way to do so, but anyway, good faith was victorious and the plan turned out fine.

"When on my way to my destination, I took sick; more so than I had been for a long time. I hardly knew what the trouble was. It was hardly the excitement. Whatever the cause, it was pretty well over when reaching the Tschantz home. My reception was not an unpleasant one, especially on the part of my best. Nothing was to mar the more pleasant feeling.

"As stated above, the wedding day occurred on the 9th day of April, 1895. This was, naturally, for us

David C. Sprunger and his bride, Caroline Tschantz.

an important day, especially for me, in more than one respect. It was also the day I was introduced to relatives and friends who, up to this time, had mostly been strangers to me and I to them. So, from now on they were *my* relatives and I was certainly glad to know them all. The meeting with these friends and relatives was a pleasant one, indeed.

"As to the wedding ceremony, it was held in the Salem church of which the now 'Mrs. Sprunger' was a member. A wedding dinner was served at the Tschantz home with a number of relatives present. Three uncles of Mrs. Sprunger were still living at this time. The dinner was so bountiful that old Father Tschantz at one time remarked, 'I wish you would stop reaching around for awhile and give me a chance to eat!'

"The leave-taking was a little hard on account of sister Sarah who now felt quite alone, made worse also because her health was impaired. After visiting a few days with relatives and packing some belongings, we started for home.

Meeting the New Family

"The arrival at home was naturally somewhat embarrassing for my dear one, as it was for me. She was, however, in the best of spirits and filled with hope. She must have been quite anxious to find out what kind of reception would await her from the new relatives, especially from her new family. As well as I can remember, the reception was very simple but a very hearty one from all the family and friends. My father especially showed much delight in and appreciation of her presence. The children also seemed to appreciate the arrival of their new mother very much as she was introduced to them.

"All the children, without exception, soon had all the confidence in Ma (by this title we were to know her after this). Up to the present time, she has answered to that name hundreds, oh, thousands, of times. She is held in the same fine respect by all of her adopted children up to this date (1924), as well as from their families."

Nine years later in October, 1933, my father died, followed in September 1939, by mother. Three children were born to David and Caroline. I was the oldest of the "second crop" and now one of only three of David's living children. In our family we had no "step-mother," "step-children," "half-brothers," or "half-sisters." Mother was "ma" to all of us—never a shred of favoritism, jealousy or antagonism. We were one family.

Development from an Anabaptist Perspective

By Art de Fehr

To identify the unique role or contributions that Mennonites can make in development requires a basic understanding of the nature of development. For simplicity, the whole range of development efforts will be stereotyped into three categories: (1) The Investment Approach, (2) The Institution-Building Approach, (3) The People Approach.

The Investment Approach usually consists of large capital-intensive projects, financed by an outside aid donor or lender, with clearly-defined boundaries to meet the administrative requirements of that donor or lender. The technology is usually light-years beyond the capacity of the receiving country (e.g. a satellite communications ground station in Bangladesh financed by Canada), and is therefore built and sometimes staffed by outsiders. Typically, the project is turned over to the local authorities after a two year gestation period, a deadline which usually arrives before the project is completed because of delays, and then becomes an island of superior technology virtually out of touch with its environment, or else becomes a gigantic white elephant. The theory is that the impact of these infrastructure investments will trickle down to the masses, but so many hands are inserted at higher levels to catch the drips that the bowls and bellies at the bottom remain empty.

The Institution-Building Approach refers to the Sugar Cane Institute, Potato Research Institute, Institute of Social Development, Institute of Nuclear Agriculture and the thousands more which litter the capitals of the Third World.

The origin of most institutes is the closing days of a consulting assignment which has failed to produce any credible results. Since the credential-conscious donor and recipients turn to Ph.D.'s for wisdom, these advisors in turn respond with answers which reflect the framework they are comfortable with—such as the University or Research Institute. Who can ever argue that more research isn't useful? But the result is that the buildings, staff, vehicles and

endless reports begin to justify their own value by the sheer weight of inertia. These institutions provide safe havens for the over-educated locals, a pleasant destination for the Western academic on his sabbatical and are a source of impressive technical papers in Western journals. Their impact on the local scene is often negligible or even counter-productive since they act as a standing committee to which all problems can be referred to and reported on until the issue has faded from public interest.

The People Approach. The main ingredient in the "people approach" is a person operating at a level close to the people who are to be assisted. The problems which are to be tackled are identified from within the perceived needs of the target population. These programs are of necessity much less structured, smaller in scale, and tend to be very diverse. The rhetoric is loaded with terms like self-help, local initiative, cultural sensitivity, listening, training. . . . Peace Corps and much of MCC fall into this category.

Advocates of this approach make several major assumptions:

a) That people can identify and communicate their needs in terms that lead to development.
b) That a foreigner who is new to the culture and on a short-term assignment can properly interpret the signals from another culture.
c) Assuming that an appropriate need is identified, that our Western experience plus a few handbooks can make a significant and permanent impact.

Having spent time in a part of the world which is chiefly distinguished by the enormity of its problems, I can testify that these assumptions should usually be considered inoperable. One of the major difficulties with people programs is that evaluation of the development impact of any program is very difficult. Good social relationships or other visible evidence of cultural or economic impact are often interpreted as genuine development. Whereas this group likes to point fingers at the poor results of the investment projects which waste money, they seldom appreciate that they may be equally wasteful of their input—people.

The quality and success of these development efforts is uneven, but with some genuine achievements. On the other hand, many individuals are justifiably overwhelmed by the scope of the problem, their own inadequacy, and the cultural and bureaucratic barriers—and either quit or live out their terms in frustration. Another large group is equally overwhelmed but lacks the insight to recognize this. These people live blissfully in their Asian and African huts and return to tell us that they learned more than they taught others. Undoubtedly they did, but to the peasant trying to keep his family in the two-meals-a-day column this is hardly comforting.

There is no simple answer, but if I had to focus on one, it is that the *Western or industrialized world deals only in terms of solutions rather than problems.* We are like the careless sower in the parable of the soils (Matthew 13:1-23). The path, the thorns and the rocky soil were never intended for grain, at least they were not prepared for it. In the same sense most of the Third World is not prepared for our technology and expertise—our solutions. The well-intended projects flounder on the rocks of illiteracy and over-population, strangle among the thorns of social strife and political incompetence. We start with our solutions, rather than their problem! Who has failed?

Like the sower we wander aimlessly through the hills and hollows of the Third World spreading our money, our technology, our wisdom and even our sympathy with reckless abandon. Failures are written off to lack of cooperation, bribery, the population explosion, natural disasters, war or whatever. Successes, of course, are attributed to our wisdom and are well-publicized. We start with the seed or the solution, rather than taking the more difficult, slower, but effective approach of eliminating the problems. What are the problems? These are the illiteracy, the fragmentation of land holdings, lack of grain storage, need for extension workers, availability of seed, unstable market prices, greedy middlemen, lack of agricultural credit, unstable weather patterns, weak draft animals, disease, and many, many more. If the problem can be identified which is the most immediate barrier to progress, and it is resolved, then that family, village, or area will be free to progress until it hits the next barrier. Then that barrier must be tackled and so on. If the problem is thorns, deal with thorns—and to return to the lesson of the parable—if the problem is rocks then pick up rocks.

Does the response of the Mennonite people fit into any or all of the stereotypes of development, or is there a uniqueness in our approach? At a conscious level we feel comfortable with most aspects of the "people approach," although not with the criticism. My experience with MCC in Bangladesh plus observation of other programs indicates that at a subconscious level there are some significant differences. MCC is widely acknowledged to be one of the more effective organizations at the grass roots level, and some of the reasons can be found by looking into our beliefs, our culture and our history.

Discipleship. Resistance to their point of view and persecution forced the early Anabaptists toward a strong emphasis on faithfulness rather than only faith. Discipleship emphasizes the path as well as the destination. Discipleship is the way of the cross with all its implications of commitment and hardship. Good works or actions were never considered to be

of saving value, but they were an integral part of faith.

MCC and other church institutions reflect this vast reservoir of goodwill and willingness to give and participate. Our people tend to come with a sense of commitment which permits them to work in remote and difficult situations—where others sometimes refuse to work. In fact, several individuals in our Bangladesh group actually relished the hardships and insisted on adding some that were hardly essential. Presumably they felt more faithful as a result.

The problem with the way of the cross is that its results were hardly effective by any contemporary measurements. Sometimes we also become concerned with the process rather than the goal—as if the hardships alone justify our involvement. On balance, however, this permits a development-worker to operate with a totally different value and goal structure. He will be quite content to pick rocks, if the process is indeed as important as the product, and as a result may begin at the right place—whether he knows it or not. The challenge is to identify the right rocks to pick!

Brotherhood. The Church as a Brotherhood speaks of equality, mutual concern and assistance, of minimizing distinctions, of group involvement in many areas beyond the church services. There is indeed such a history among the different Mennonite groups but is this founded in theology or is this an accident of history? The Mennonites of Swiss origin seem to be more self-conscious of their life-styles and church involvement, suggesting that belief does play a major role. It is more doubtful if the group experience of the Russian Mennonites was founded in theology. Rather, it seems to be a logical product of the nature of their existence in Russia. The village system was based essentially on practical and economic considerations. In any event, virtually all Mennonite groups share a heritage of living in a society where the church encompassed most of what was relevant. As a result we have learned to live in a society with few secrets and where numerous attitudes are simply taken for granted.

The relative ease with which our MCC volunteers penetrated the maze of village politics and social customs was amazing to me and did not go unnoticed by others in government and foreign agencies. It was not superior training or intelligence—it's just that the attitudes and responses required were not all that different from many farm communities in Kansas or Saskatchewan.

Nonresistance. We have grown up surrounded by the concept of nonresistance—and this has influenced us in many subtle ways—some of which may make a difference in how we act in places like Bangladesh. Let's isolate two attitudes which are shaped at least in part by the teaching of nonresistance.

(1) Neutrality toward political institutions. We repeatedly observed foreigners lose their cool when confronted with some stock third world rhetoric about exploitation and political ideology. Many were particularly sensitive on Vietnam. Our group was by no means immune, but many of the criticisms of Western values and methods are the same ones we tend to make. As a result we were able to deal with the issue rather than the emotion—at least sometimes. If this happens, one can establish better rapport with third world people.

(2) Rejection of solutions which require coercion. Most societies are oriented toward the problem-solving method where the majority or more powerful group imposes its will on others. The rejection of coercion as a means of solving problems forces us to search for alternatives. This has the effect of seeking a way around the conflict or barrier, rather than overcoming it by force. The tendency in development has been to overcome shortcomings by overwhelming them with money and technology. One huge irrigation project along the lower Ganges is a big dam, concrete irrigation channels, pumps—everything. However, the acreage irrigated is five per cent of target because nobody thought about the fragmented land-holding pattern and how to accomplish water distribution at the local level.

Mennonite-supported programs tend to reject large or national solutions and focus on the villages or area which they can comprehend. As a result, they tend to share the skepticism of the villager and seek a solution which is within the realm of possibility and where reliance on the outside is minimized. It is now widely recognized that solutions must be designed within the limitations of the social and physical foundations of a people, rather than imported from elsewhere. Because of our history of migrating to another country rather than standing up to government, of accepting barriers and seeking a path around them, we have inherited an attitude which is very useful in dealing with development problems.

Shared Experience. In spite of protestations by some of our leaders, the shared experiences have played a very significant part in shaping our character and identity. The elements which are important when considering their impact on development attitudes are the following:

(1) Rural Background. Virtually all Mennonite groups have retained an unusually strong rural background and mentality. Since most of the third world is rural, we have a greater possibility of identifying.

(2) Migration History. Mennonites identify themselves with a philosophy and a group, rather than a geography. This makes it easier to move around the world without a loss of roots.

(3) The experience of being in the minority. A

minority attitude is as much psychological as real and may be based on lack of numbers or lack of power. We often think of Bengalis or Pakistanis or Zairois as a national group and forget that these are myriad tribal groups welded into political entities by European colonizers. In many countries everyone considers himself in the minority! As in the case of nonresistance, this requires the search for avenues of progress which do not threaten the perceived balance, or bring down the wrath of the majority. Again, our community has sought for these solutions for centuries and acts this way without necessarily being conscious of it.

(4) Work Ethic. Status in a subsistence society means that you no longer have to do physical work. The elite and educated retire to their desks and white collars—learned by observing the colonizers—and leave the work for the unskilled. This has the disastrous result of passing all real work to the least qualified, with a very negative impact on development. Our example often has a very beneficial effect in a local situation when we insert another value system regarding the role of work.

The Development Dilemma. Development is a very misused word and misunderstood subject. Development is not any improvement in GNP which may result from the international price increase of a commodity or a good monsoon. Development is not new buildings or more universities, more cars or new bridges.

Development occurs when any event or experience or new physical asset can be absorbed into the total experience or activity of a group in such a manner that its benefit can be permanently retained without further reinforcement. Development is like the building of a pyramid. When you have six layers of stone, the only useful stone is one for the seventh layer. A stone for the eighth layer cannot be put in place, and an extra one for the sixth is irrelevant. The real problem in development is to determine which layer can be absorbed next, and to define the solution in precisely these terms. This is what I meant earlier by picking up rocks if that is the problem, rather than spreading seed first.

That is where the unique characteristics of Mennonites fit in. We are fully part of the scientific and industrial West and comprehend its technology and organizational approaches. On the other hand, our unique background helps us to an understanding of the receiving system in rural areas of the third world. If we can introduce the third element, objective analysis of where the interface between the receiving system and technology occurs, then we provide the critical link between what is available and what is required.

Understanding the problem does not guarantee results, but development cannot occur until the problem is defined. The Mennonite-Anabaptist heritage gives us some unique and creative handles on development issues. Our responsibility as disciples is not only to fish, but to use our God-given abilities to determine which is the right side of the boat.

The Historic Peace Churches Meeting In 1935

By Robert Kreider

Today we meet as Historic Peace Churches and ask such questions as these:

Where have we been as Historic Peace Churches?
Where are we today?
What do we mean to each other?

This leads us on from past and present to future:

Whither are we going?
Do we need each other for this pilgrimage?
If, yes, how shall we pack and plan for that journey?

The last time a group of Dunkards, Quakers and Mennonites met in Newton, Kansas, was toward the end of 1935—that year of apprehension and concern. Here we sketch a picture of that historic meeting in that 1935 setting.

Behind and across the alley from the Newton Ripley Hotel, where the 57 delegates and 24 visitors met for the Conference of Historic Peace Churches October 31 to November 2, 1935, was a printing firm where *The Defender* of Gerald B. Winrod was printed—a publication which was rising to a circulation of 100,000. It had a curious blend of anti-Semitic, anti-evolution, anti-New Deal, anti-Communist, anti-intellectual, and *even* anti-war propaganda—all laced with fundamentalism, prohibitionism, nationalism, and a tincture of Nazism. Many Mennonites, and probably some Brethren and Friends, read Winrod's paper. Demagogs had their appeal.

In 1935 depression hovered over the land. The dispossessed, the Grapes of Wrath people, might have been seen traveling west through Newton on Route 50 in their old jalopies to the promised land, California. People were poor. And Kansas had suffered its severest drought in history. Local papers during the past winter had reported such items as the following: "the sun is hidden from view by blankets of dust" or "dust storms . . . covered the tracks of the railroad, making it necessary to use snowplows." . . . The U. S. Gross National Product stood at 60 billion dollars compared to more than 1000 billion today. Franklin D. Roosevelt was President. New Deal legislation was in floodtide: CCC, NRA, NLRB, SSA, SCA, NYA, WPA, PWA. The dictators were in the ascendancy: Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and soon Franco. Adolph Hitler had just repudiated the Versailles Treaty. Japan was about to invade Manchuria. Italy invaded a faraway country, Ethiopia, a few weeks before and the delegates were hearing for the first time of an emperor, Haile Selassie. In our church papers one senses that Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia was sending a shudder of fear through the people. The atmosphere was ominous. That year Mao Tse-Tung—an obscure Marxist in 1935—was leading 20,000 Communists in the Long March from South to North China. . . . Adolph Hitler had just promulgated the Nuremberg Laws against the Jews and plans were being drawn for the extermination camps of Dachau, Belsen and Buchenwald. That year, 1935, Richard Gregg published his book, *The Power of Nonviolence.*

1935—A Mounting Sense of Urgency

The Historic Peace Church groups held church conferences that year. The President of the General Conference spoke out against the "enemies of war, liquor, nicotine, vile movies, lust, sabbath desecration, rationalism . . . and God-defying nations." The Moderator of the Church of the Brethren juggled some stereotypes in his conference address at Winona Lake:

> It is interesting that our early (Brethren) leaders could repudiate infant baptism without sharing the excesses of the Anabaptists; they could recognize with the pietists that religion is a life without repudiating doctrine; they could share the Quaker opposition to war without sharing the essential rejection of the Word of God in favor of an uncertain inner light. . . . They knew all shades of faith and then turned from ecclesiasticism and pietism alike to carve out a new and distinct order of faith and practice.

At the same annual conference Rufus Bowman spoke thus on peace and missions:

> I would say integrate the two so that peace work is felt to be a part of the great missionary program and that every missionary conceives himself as an ambassador of goodwill. Peace workers ought to feel themselves as missionaries, and missionaries should count themselves peace workers.
>
> Peace workers must be rooted in the Christian gospel. . . . Peace is a part of the great missionary program. . . . We can not allow any feeling to develop that peace and missions are separate. The programs are one.

The keynote address for the Five Years Meeting of the Friends was given by Rufus M. Jones speaking on the gift of "Having the Mind of Christ" in which he began with the words of George Fox:

> When all my hopes in all men were gone, so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, nor could I tell what to do, then, oh then, I heard a voice which said, "There is One, even Jesus Christ that can speak to thy condition." And when I heard it my heart did leap for Joy.

Brethren, Friends, and Mennonite periodicals appear to have been acutely aware in 1935 of the dangers of war and the urgency of peace education. A series of fifteen articles by Kermit Eby on "What Causes War" was being published week after week in the Brethren *Gospel Messenger*. The editor of the Mennonite *Youth's Christian Companion* had commissioned Guy Hershberger to write for youth a series of several dozen articles on war, peace, and nonresistance. . . . The American Friends Service Committee had organized summer work camps and student peace caravans. Eleanor Roosevelt wrote in the *American Friend* that she had visted the AFSC programs in the coal mining communities of Southwest Pennsylvania and was highly impressed. . . . The church papers of the three groups were discussing with indignation the findings of Senator Nye's investigation committee probing the wartime profits of munition makers—"Merchants of Death," Nye called them. . . . The Brethren, spurred to action by one M. R. Zigler, were conducting a number of Peace Institutes for groups of 60 to 200 youth. . . . The Mennonites and Friends announced the first Institute of International Relations to be held on the Bethel College campus the following summer. . . . All the groups were producing carefully phrased statements on their peace position. . . . All groups were beginning to publish pamphlets on peace. . . . Peace Societies were organized at Goshen College and at Bluffton College—both in 1935. . . . At Goshen in 1935 the Peace Problems Committee of the Mennonite Church held a conference on Applied Nonresistance. Some of the ideas of this conference on planning for conscription surfaced later that year at Newton. A writer in the *Gospel Messenger* declared the Church of the Brethren as "the largest pacifist organization in the world" and that it had "enough potential power to seriously [challenge] the makers of war." That year Jane Adams died.

Despite this intensifying concern for their peace witness, the Brethren, Friends, and Mennonites—as observed in their respective church papers—revealed little evidence that they were thinking much about each other. Each group was working within its own territorial borders. Virtually nothing was reported in the conference papers, either before or after,

H. P. Krehbiel, October 1926.

about the Newton conference. In 1935 this Historic Peace Church Conference appears not to have been viewed as of any particular historic significance.

H. P. Krehbiel, A Committee of One

H. P. Krehbiel was 78 years old when he, a committee of one, sent out a call for a Conference of the the Historic Peace Churches to be held in Newton, Kansas, October 31-November 2, 1935. Similar meetings of the Brethren, Friends, and Mennonites had been held six times before from 1922 to 1931, but known as the Conference of Pacifist Churches. In the polarized fundamentalist-modernist climate of the 1920's and 1930's some Mennonites were highly critical of this fraternizing with Brethren and Friends, whom they suspected of deviation from sound doctrine and practice. Mennonites were just getting used to new ill-fitting English words. Some insisted that pacifism was a secular, tainted word and nonresistance was the correct biblical and Christian term. H. P. Krehbiel would have preferred the term, "amitist," the root meaning of amitist being love. He apparently was the one who substituted "historic peace" for "pacifist" churches. Mennonites, perhaps others, felt more comfortable with the new wording.

The convenor of the 1935 conference was a curious

frontier figure. He broke prairie soil in Kansas in the 1870's, attended Emporia Normal, taught in a Quaker school in Harvey County, attended Kansas University, managed a hardware business for five years, went east in 1892 at the age of thirty to Oberlin to earn A.B. and B.D. degrees, won first prize in 1895 in a Quaker contest with an essay—"War Being Inconsistent with the Teachings and Spirit of Jesus," pastored three churches, started two additional churches, founded and edited two newspapers, managed a bookstore, invented an endless sickle, organized a Settlers Aid Society, wrote two volumes of Mennonite history, served a term as representative in the Kansas legislature, sponsored three colonization schemes, served on arbitration committees to reconcile several church fights, collected a large library of books and papers, never threw anything away, gave a building for the first Mennonite conference headquarters, lived through years of embitterment when he felt his gifts were not being sufficiently appreciated, made it miserable for some college administrators, and from the beginning to the end of his days was deeply devoted to the cause of peace. Perhaps the Brethren and the Friends also have had such fascinating and paradoxical leaders.

The Depression Postpones the Conference

The conference at Newton was to have been held in 1932 but the deepening depression led to a series of postponements. One senses that the Mennonites were dragging their feet. Lashed by the doctrinal conflicts of the preceding decade, some feared that the conference could take a too political, too liberal turn. However, with letters and words of encouragement from C. Ray Keim, Dan West, Rufus Bowman and backed by the Brethren Peace Committee and supported by Robert Balderston of the Society of Friends, Krehbiel called the meeting. Krehbiel saw the purpose of the conference as an occasion to promote peace in ways integral to the Gospel. He favored taking steps for a permanent organization. Keim agreed, suggesting a Continuation Committee with two members from each group. He wanted to discuss the sharing of peace literature and resources and peace program ideas. Balderston urged a focus on peace education, planning combined action in event of another war, and discussion of the pacifist and the state and issues of relationships with other pacifist groups. Keim wrote that their peace committee funds were exhausted but that they would find a way somehow to send delegates, adding "It seems that we Americans have more money for battleships than for peace conferences."

The three-day conference is unique in Historic Peace Church history in that there were no addresses —introductory remarks from the three groups, yes, a statement of purpose by the Committee of One—H. P. Krehbiel, election of three officers, a discussion of agenda leading to the listing of twenty-two topics for discussion, and then three days of flowing discussion, each session opening with prayer and closing with prayer, and hours of discussion. A committee was appointed to draft a statement. In the end this was debated point by point and adopted unanimously. . . .

In 1935 they had much in common, but they did not seem to know each other well. They had their stereotyped views of each other. They had different agenda items. They had different styles, different peculiarities. They sang different hymns. Their preferences in Scripture ran to different passages. They all used English words but they had different ways of putting their thoughts into words. Compare, for example, the language of H. P. Krehbiel in the letter of invitation and his opening remarks and the language of the message to the Methodist General Conference the following year in Columbus—a statement probably written by Alvin T. Coate of the Society of Friends. They had different perceptions of their identity. Some, perhaps, hoped for their denomination to move from being a peculiar people to a consensus position in the wider Christian church. Some may have held their particular heritage to be right and normative and a gift to be shared with other Christians, as well as to the world. Some may have accepted appreciatively their heritage as a given and for themselves acceptable but might have been dubious as to its relevance for export.

A Sense of Need for Each Other

As one seeks to recapture the mind and mood of 1935—one senses that the Newton Conference posed questions which are fundamental and of continuing high significance. As they were together for three days—the 54 delegates came to appreciate each other and to have a sense of need for each other. And so they began to meet together—the next year at Manchester College with the Japanese Christian leader, Kagawa, one of the speakers. They began to witness together. Note their reaching out to the Methodists. They began to work together. Lawrence W. Shultz, a Brethren delegate to the 1935 meeting, notes recently what that meeting did for his group:

> Out of this movement of 1935 for the Brethren came our Civilian Public Service camps, Church World Service, our New Windsor Service Center—now serving many denominations, the Heifer Project—now representing many groups, the International Student Exchange program. . . .

Out of the 1935 conference came this and more. Our scholars must detail the variety of these interrelationists among the Historic Peace Churches. The accumulated list is probably more extensive than any of us had imagined.

One of our historians says, "War brings out the best in Mennonites," but when there is no war we appear to relax and nestle into conventional patterns of life. The sense of threat and urgency recedes. In times of peace we drift apart. Our connections loosen. We fail to keep up our acquaintanceships. A new generation of leaders arise who have not had the shared Historic Peace Church relationships of wartime. And so we must return to the questions we first posed:

Where have we been as Historic Peace Churches?

Where are we today? What do we mean to each other?

Whither are we going?

Do we need each other for this pilgrimage?

If, yes, how shall we pack and plan for that journey?

H. P. Krehbiel's Bookstore in Newton, Kansas, 1908.

My Dad, the Psychologist

By Peter J. Hampton

My dad was not a psychologist by profession, but he was by conviction and practice. He believed that if you understand a person you can predict and control his behavior. Long before psychology became popular, my dad trained himself in psychology by reading the novels of Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, and Turgenev.

Dad was especially interested in the psychology of attention. "There are three kinds of attention," he would say, "voluntary, involuntary and habitual." "Of these," he would continue, "the most difficult attention to arouse is voluntary attention, because you have to elicit both intrinsic and extrinsic motivation from the person you want to influence." "Involuntary attention," he explained, "can be aroused by almost any sudden, intense, unexpected stimulus; while habitual attention is based on a person's usual modes of behavior."

My dad used each one of these forms of attention getting in coping with the problems and tribulations he had to face in seeing his family through the turbulent years in Russia that saw civil war followed by famine, and famine by a typhoid epidemic that killed thousands upon thousands of our Mennonite people.

Let's Burn the House

The first time I saw Dad make use of the powers of involuntary attention getting in a dramatic way was when we lived in Einlage, near the Dnieper River. It was a time when the White Army was fighting the Red Army. The White Army was on our side of the river in Einlage, while the Red Army was on the other side of the river in Zaporozhe. The bridge crossing the river had been blown. This slowed the Reds from crossing the river. But they could not be held back for long. They were beginning to cross on barges and boats.

Dad had managed to sell most of the merchandise in his store. We were planning to abandon both the store and our home in Einlage and move farther inland to Varvarovka in hopes of getting away from the Reds. Dad had converted much of his stock in the store and our belongings in the house into cash in anticipation of our flight from Einlage. He had accumulated more than 60,000 rubles. This was to be the money we planned to use to start a new store and our home in Varvarovka where our grandparents lived. The money was kept in a metal box in Mother and Dad's bedroom. We thought it would be safe there.

Then late one night, shortly before we were ready to abandon our store and our home, we heard a loud knock on the front door. When Mother opened the door no one was there, but there was a note pinned to the door. Mother brought the note in. She went pale as she passed the note to Dad. "Sixty thousand rubles or your life," the note read. "Place the money in a sock and put it under the front porch by 12 o'clock tonight. If you do not follow these instructions we will kill all of you." This meant the whole family —Dad, Mother, my brother Jack and me. We had no phone, of course, and there was no way to communicate with our neighbors. Our house was being watched. It was too dangerous for any one of us to go out and run for help.

It was eleven o'clock. We had one hour left in which to comply with the directive of the note. Dad and Mother discussed different options for dealing with the situation. Finally Dad said: "There's only one thing we can do to save the family and our money. We will set the house on fire. This will arouse the the involuntary attention of people in the neighborhood. They will come rushing out of their houses to see our house on fire. And this will foil the would-be robbers. We'll slip out in the confusion and be on our way to Varvarovka with both our lives and our money."

And so it happened. We quickly gathered what we could carry. Dad emptied the kerosene lamps on the beds. He ushered us to the back door of the house, and then flung a burning cigarette into the master bedroom. In less than a second the bedroom was enveloped in flames. Smoke began to billow out of the windows. Then we heard the first cry from the street. "The Paetkau house is on fire!" Then more cries as more and more people rushed out to see the fire. Quickly we slipped out the back door of our burning house into the dark night on our way to Varvarovka and safety.

I'm only a Poor Farmer

Another dramatic encounter with Dad's psychology came on a trip from Ekaterinoslav to Varvarovka. We were part of a convoy of wagons bringing store-bought goods from the city back to our village. Trade in those days was largely barter. Our people brought provisions to the city—eggs, butter, poultry, grain, fruit, vegetables—and traded these provisions for what we needed to purchase—clothes, shoes, utensils, spices, bedding, tools, and a variety of staples. Earlier our people did their trading in the city individually. But after they were set upon repeatedly by robbers on the road and lost their goods and sometimes their lives, they began to band together in convoys for safety.

In the summer of 1922 Dad took me along on a trip to Ekaterinoslav. We were part of a convoy of 15 wagons on the way back home with our store traded treasures. It was past noon. Four more hours and we would sit at supper and tell the rest of the family about our adventures. Then it happened. A band of horsemen galloped out of a near-by woods and took after us. A shudder of apprehension ran through our convoy as the men put their whips to the horses in an attempt to outrun our pursuers. But there was no chance of getting away. Soon the robbers overtook us and the convoy of wagons came to a halt.

The horsemen got off their horses and began to ransack the wagons. They commandeered five wagons with the best horses and began to load these wagons with the goods they decided to requisition. The robbers were making their way from the head wagon through the convoy. Soon they would be at our wagon.

All of a sudden Dad made his move. He yelled a string of unkind words at our horses Vladimic and Fedor and pulled out of the convoy alongside the rest of the wagons away toward home. "You bony, lazy, good-for-nothing beasts," he yelled as he alternately cracked his whip at the horses and then held them back as if the horses were too old and too decrepit to pull the wagon. "Have pity on this poor farmer; he has no business here; he does not belong here," Dad continued to implore as he pulled away from the convoy.

It worked! Surprisingly enough, Dad's antics worked. He actually managed to get way from the convoy and the robbers. The robbers were so intent on ransacking the wagons, as they smacked their emotional lips of joy with the merchandise they discovered, that Dad's yelling at his horses and his belittling of himself and his worth became an irritant that the robbers would not be bothered with. They became negatively adapted to what Dad was doing and so did not notice him as he got away from the convoy. In a different situation they might have shot Dad to keep him quiet. But here a shot could have attracted unwanted attention, and so they simply ignored Dad.

Peter Paetkau, father of the author.

We got away from the robbers without the loss of a single spool of thread. Dad's psychology had worked once more.

Snakes, Snakes Everywhere

As the Red Army gained on the White Army and pushed them farther and farther to the Ural Mountains and to the Black Sea, bands of robbers preceded the Red Army plundering, destroying, raping, and killing as they spread through the country. In Varvarovka it was Makhno and his band of cut-throats that created the greatest havoc.

One day a band of Makhno followers forced all the menfolk of our village to assemble at the Volost, the seat of government. When all had gathered in the hall, the leader of the Makhno raiders declared that each of the men was to reveal in writing where he had hidden his valuables. Those who complied with this directive would be permitted to go home with one of the Makhno men to give up his valuables; those who failed to comply voluntarily would have to re-

main in the hall for a beating with steel rifle rods.

Under such circumstances one would assume that the Mennonites present would give up what few valuables remained in their possession. But not so, not all. Our people were stubborn when confronted by injustice. And so a considerable number—all of seventeen men—decided to stay and undergo the unjust, painful steel rod beating by the Makhno followers. Dad was one of the seventeen.

However, Dad had had a premonition of what might happen to the men who were called to assemble at the Volost, and so he came prepared. When the beating began, and Uncle Henry was one of the first men to feel the searing stings of the steel rod, Dad all of a sudden cried out "There's a snake." Sure enough a long slimy snake slid from a school bench to the floor. Immediately everybody jumped up to anxious attention. "There's another snake," a Makhno man pointed and yelled. "And there's one," a lanky Mennonite screamed. "They are all over," another Makhno man intoned. "Let's get out of here," still another Makhno man bellowed as he began shooting at the snakes. Then the stampede was on as everybody made for the door and the Mennonites spread into the darkness. Dad had taken a sack of snakes with him, carefully hidden in his overcoat when he was escorted to the Volost. When the beating began he emptied his sack of snakes and the rest was predictible. Not only did he save his friends from a beating, but he also helped them save their valuables—at least for the time being. After the snake scare the Makhno men left our village looking for less snake-infested places to plunder.

Drink up my Friends

My Dad was not a drinking man, but there were times when he had to pretend that he was. Perhaps his most noteworthy performance as a "drinking man" came on a trip to Kharkov to negotiate passports for a number of our neighbors to leave Russia and emigrate to Canada. This was in 1924 when, for a brief period of time, the Russian Government permitted our people to leave the country provided they left most of their belongings behind.

Many of our Mennonites had had their fill of communist freedom and, even at the cost of losing their possessions, were anxious to leave Russia to start life anew in Canada, Mexico, or South America. But before we could leave we had to get passports to leave the country. Securing these passports became a sensitive art which was entrusted to the most capable and durable diplomats among our Mennonites. My Dad was one of these diplomats.

The trip to Kharkov to secure passports for emigration was undertaken by a group of four Mennonite delegates from our village—Peter Paetkau—my father, Henry Loewen, Frank Andres, and Rudy Redekop. The trip itself was uneventful, but the meeting with the governmental official who was to sign the permission to obtain passports was anything but uneventful. The meeting began with cocktails, led to a sumptuous dinner, and then ended with free-flowing vodka. During this interim the passport permission documents were to be signed by the government representative.

As the meeting progressed, friends of the government officials, both male and female, dropped in and stayed to share in the eating and in the drinking. Knowing how much vodka a Russian government official can consume at a sitting, before he loses consciousness, Dad conceded that he would not be able to outdrink the official. But, since he had to remain sober in order to have the passport permission document signed, he prepared himself accordingly. Mother, in her common sense wisdom, sewed a body harness for him in which she encased a large, flat, water tight canvas bag which when properly distributed on Dad's chest, below his shirt, could hold a quart of liquid without notice. The canvas bag had an aperture several inches in diameter which was hidden back of a large bow tie. Before leaving on his trip Dad practiced with drinking water until he had the re-routing act perfect. Lifting a glass of Vodka to his lips he could easily re-route it into the canvas bag and so stay sober. At the meeting, as one after another of the participants succumbed to the influence of vodka, Dad kept sober and at the appropriate time managed to have the semi-inebriated government official sign the passport permission document. Three of the four-member Mennonite passport delegation had a hangover the next day. Dad, however, to everybody's surprise, except Mother's who was in on the secret, was as sober as a newly picked cucumber.

This then was my Dad, constantly making psychology work for him as he extricated himself from one difficult situation after another—whether it was a matter of keeping his hard-earned money, outsmarting a band of robbers, avoiding a beating, or staying sober when sobriety was the key to success to leaving Russia and starting life anew in the New World.

Books in Review

Doris Janzen Longacre. *More-with-Less Cookbook.* Introduction by Mary Emma Showalter Eby. Scottdale and Kitchener: Herald Press, 1976, pp. 328, $4.95.

A Mennonite cookbook with a recipe for Indonesian Gado-gado?

Yes.

The latest addition to the ever-growing shelf of Mennonite cookbooks reflects not so much the Mennonite culinary ethnology as the world-wide perspective of the Mennonite Central Committee, which commissioned the writing of the *More-with-Less Cookbook* in response to world food needs. In the author's preface, Doris Janzen Longacre describes the character of the book: ". . . . it tells us that Mennonites—a people who care about the hungry—are on a search. We are looking for ways to live more simply and joyfully, ways that grow out of our tradition but take their shape from living faith and the demands of our hungry world."

Part I of *More-with-Less* contains short contributors' selections of inspirational thought, bible verses, prayers, and anecdotes, as well as carefully researched and documented information by the author on "how to eat better and consume less of the world's limited food resources." We overspend money, overeat calories, protein, sugar, and processed foods, and overcomplicate our lives, Doris Longacre tells us, and thereby we get "Less with More." Opening the second chapter with a quotation from Menno Simons, she suggests ways and reasons to "Change—an Act of Faith." Combining foods with complementary proteins, using shopping shortcuts, buying non-processed foods, gardening, and home preservation are suggested as aids toward "Building a Simpler Diet." Nine tables of information are included in this chapter. Finally, she advises, share household tasks, serve guests simply, and plan menus around themes, in order to "Eat with Joy."

Home economists tested approximately a thousand recipes sent in by contributors from over twenty countries before some 500 were selected for Part II, "Sharing the Recipes." Divided into twelve categories, each section of recipes begins with an introduction about the type of food. Suggestions of ways to use leftovers are included in several sections. The choices of basic recipes, new combinations of food, traditional Mennonite recipes, and recipes from more than thirty other ethnic backgrounds denote the book's low-fat, low-meat, low-calorie, low-cost emphasis of responsible eating patterns.

The format is very readable. Number of servings, temperature, and cooking time can be determined at a glance, with time-saver recipes (T-S) prominently marked. Giving a personalized touch to some recipes are contributor's or tester's comments, menu suggestions, shortcuts, or optional ingredients. The spiral binding allows the book to lie flat for easy use in the kitchen. Occasional photographs and drawings add interest. A picture of grains, legumes, and cheese arranged to form the MCC symbol, highlights the cover design by Ken Hiebert.

Doris Longacre, author of the cookbook, attended Bethel College, graduated from Goshen College with a B.A. in Home Economics, and studied at Goshen Biblical Seminary. Her association with MCC includes assignments in Vietnam, Indonesia, and Elkhart. Through the *More-with-Less Cookbook,* she has made an important contribution to giving guidance to those who want to be personally involved in identifying with the MCC goal of being "a Christian resource for meeting human need." This book is a joyful aid to those who want their lifestyles to reflect an awareness of how eating habits affect the lives of others.

The *More-with-Less Cookbook* can be described as a Mennonite cookbook, not for ethnic but for theological reasons. It has its roots in the Anabaptist vision rather than in a particular tradition of cooking.

LaVonne Platt
Newton, Kansas

Donald Durnbaugh. *Every Need Supplied: Mutual Aid and Christian Community in Free Churches, 1525-1675,* Temple University Press, 1974. Pp. 252. $15.00

Donald Durnbaugh lifts up one of the most neglected topics in the wide range of social and theological principles of the Christian Church. This neglect is as true in the Free Churches as in the main-line denominations. Mutual aid as a religious principle is as integral to the Christian philosophy and practice as are principles like peace, separation of church and state, voluntary church membership, adult baptism and ordination. Yet in comparison to the thousands of books and articles written by scholars on the latter topics, scarcely dozens have

been written on mutual aid.

A possible reason for this neglect may be that it seemed so self-evident an aspect of the Christian faith and practice that it needed no elaboration. It is, however, a fact that the most commonplace phenomenon around us is also often the most profoundly meaningful and the most difficult to explain rationally.

A second possible reason why a subject like mutual aid has been so constantly and so universally neglected by scholars is that the disciples of the social sciences have emerged only within the past century. It is only within the last fifty years that these disciplines have seriously begun to focus on religion and Christian ethics in particular. Ernest Troeltsch, Max Weber, Richard Tawney, and Richard Niebuhr, who were pioneering scholars in this field, are really our own contemporaries. The effect of their scholarship and their critical thought is just now making an impact on the present day scholars and on the consciousness of intelligent church laymen.

What Durnbaugh has done in *Every Need Supplied* is to call attention to the basic nature of mutual aid in the faith, life, and religious and social thought of the founders of the Free Churches. He has carefully edited basic documents of the Anabaptists, the Münsterites, the Mennonites, the Hutterian Brethren, the Polish Brethren, the Collegiants, the English Baptists and the Society of Friends. The period covered is the first 150 years, namely from 1525 to 1675.

One of the values of this book for today's churchmen, both lay and professional, is to make possible a comparison of the ideal of burden bearing "then" and "now." Mutual aid in the free churches during the first centuries of their existence was considered much more of an integral vow of commitment of one's property, personal goods, and time to members of the brotherhood than is the case today. I have often wondered what affect it would have on members of a baptismal group today if the same questions asked in the sixteenth century were asked again now.

In reflecting on the documents of the eight Free Church groups considered by Durnbaugh, one cannot help wondering why, although all emphasized sharing as fundamental to true Christian living, only the Hutterian Brethren accepted total sharing. Mennonites especially, although always living in a symbiotic relationship to the Hutterites, never adopted total sharing. If sharing and mutual concern are integral to Christian commitment and discipleship, why have the other Free Churches all veered in the opposite direction?

Every Need Supplied underlines once more the true nature of the Free Churches. The emphases are not on theological doctrine, on ritual, on correct form of public worship and on inclusiveness of membership at the level of the lowest common denominator. The emphases are rather on qualitative life-styles, on spiritual discipline; on commitment to the brotherhood; on devotion to Jesus Christ. Ministers will find stimulus and information for sermons, and church study groups, at least courageous ones, will find genuine nurture here.

J. Winfield Fretz
Conrad Grebel College
Waterloo, Ontario

Fred Richard Belk. *The Great Trek of the Russian Mennonites to Central Asia 1880-1884*. Scottdale, Pa.: Herald Press, 1976, $9.95. 251 pp.

The story which Fred Belk investigated and recounts is one of the more tragic in Mennonite history. The episode has as its background a combination of outside religious influences reaching the Mennonites in Russia at the same time some of the original privileges were being withdrawn and pressures were being exerted to Russify.

The outside influences led in the direction of prophesy and expectation of the second coming. While other Russian Mennonites were migrating to America to escape from conscription and Russification, a group under Claas Epp, Jr. located to the East. In the years 1880 to 1881, five wagon trains made the trek from the Trakt and Molotschna Mennonite settlements to central Asia.

Fred Belk explores the history of the group and recounts it in an interesting fashion. It is an account which includes almost incomprehensible suffering. As the group traveled across steppes, desert, and mountains, they lost many lives from heat, cold, and disease. In the first wagon train, for example, every child under four died, including eleven children among ten families.

Many of the persons who made the journey and participated in the later events kept diaries. Letters were also exchanged and are available. Despite the reports no one previously had done extensive research about the events. Belk has done a needed service in exploring the group and publishing the results.

Belk's work does not, however, exhaust the possibilities. It would be helpful to have additional work done on the sources. His account is largely confined to the events themselves. The diaries and letters could give more of the reactions of participants in the events. An analysis of the writings, sermons, and poetry of Claas Epp, Jr. would be desirable. Belk gives main attention to the party which stayed with Epp. Others who went elsewhere are not followed as fully. The group which settled in Aulie Ata would be worth study to follow them further.

It is probable that closer and more thorough study of the documents available could produce a more accurate identification of the participants, especially of those who finally were disillusioned with Claas Epp, Jr. and migrated to America.

The book is an adaptation of Belk's doctoral dissertation. Only minor changes are made. The changes noted included occasional dropping of details which did not contribute essential data to the story. Only changes seemed to be largely stylistic, most of which were improvements, and some editorial or typographical errors which crept into the original dissertation were corrected.

The book appears as number 18 in the series "Studies in Anabaptist and Mennonite History." It is a significant contribution. Cornelius J. Dyck has written an introduction.

A few minor discrepancies were noted in Belk's writings. He says that all Anabaptists now bear the name of Menno (see pp. 26-27.) The Dutch continue to call themselves *Doopsgezinden* (Baptism-minded) although they participate in the Mennonite World Con-

ference. The Hutterites on the other hand do not affiliate with Mennonites. On page 26 Molotschna is identified as being 50 miles east of Chortitza. Two pages later it is located 75 miles southeast of Chortitza.

In times when many persons are proposing dates and schemes for setting the time for the second coming of Christ, it would be helpful to reflect upon the tragedy of the great trek. It demonstrates that the strength of a people's faith does not guarantee the validity of that faith. While one is amazed and even inspired by the readiness of these Mennonites to pay such a high price for their commitment and their dedication to the Christian principles which they had received, one wishes they had been less naive. If they had studied the history of the Münsterites in the early period of Anabaptism, they might have learned of the dangers of prophecies related to the end times.

The book tells of the deep commitment to nonresistance. It also gives a poignant illustration of the inadequacies of the apocalyptically oriented theology which was almost exclusively directed toward self-preservation. The group entered a situation with no set of social structures to restrain violence against the helpless. The Mennonites themselves having lived very much in self-contained communities had no serious concern for the people among whom they located. They also had no methodologies or strategies for countering violence. In the absence of any positive response to the attacks some young men abandoned the traditional principles, but that proved inadequate also and they finally had to rely on governmental force to save them. Further study is needed to learn better the meaning of nonresistance in such circumstances so that we might know better how to live under test.

William Keeney
Bethel College

James Juhnke, *A People of Two Kingdoms.* Newton, Faith and Life Press, 1975. 215 pp.

"We want to have a good government, but we also wish not to defile our consciences with political contentions."

That resolution, adopted by the Mennonite Brethren Conference in Reno county in 1888, is the essence of this fascinating new study by James Juhnke, tracing the long assimilation of a fiercely independent sect into the American mainstream.

At the core of the Anabaptist view of the state was the doctrine of two worlds, the evil kingdom and the kingdom of Christ.

"The state, although it was ordained of God to maintain order in an evil world and therefore deserved obedience, had no authority over Christ's kingdom or the church," Prof. Juhnke writes. "The kingdom of Christ in itself had no need for the state, and Christians who chose to accept the discipline of Christ in the new kingdom must renounce the sword, the taking of oaths, and the holding of political office."

This doctrine from the 16th Century Reformation eventually made its way to the plains of Central Kansas. What happened to it here is what concerns Prof. Juhnke in this new work.

His sub-title is "The Political Acculturation of the Kansas Mennonites." "Acculturation" is a word professors use to describe the process by which one social group adopts the traits and patterns of another group. Or, to put it too simply, the Americanization of Menno.

A lifelong Episcopalian, an unrepentant WASP, approaches this tender subject with diffidence and, it should be added, ignorance. There is one saving grace. No Central Kansan can escape the Mennonite influence. Few Central Kansans will question the Mennonite conviction and devotion, not only to doctrinal faith but also to their fellow men. And women.

Juhkne traces the Mennonites from Switzerland and The Netherlands through the Sea of Azov to the plains of Kansas. Familiar as this story may be, we do gain a new insight of a people filled with hope for a new land of freedom, but also lured here by sweet-talking railroad agents—notably representing the Santa Fe. This combination of religious fervor and practicality is important. The Mennonites sought the Kingdom of Christ, but they also had a canny eye for that other kingdom, in which the Santa Fe provided land and transportation —and threw in some patriotic lessons on the Constitution as part of their pitch.

They helped the Santa Fe and had a hand in establishing the Newton route westward. A few were naturalized, an early sign of their Americanization. (The biggest surge of naturalization came in 1906, when 185 took out papers in Hutchinson. It was no coincidence that the occasion was a special event of the new state fair.) Juhnke cites the enthusiastic Mennonite swing to temperance as a sign of Americanization. Or of Kansasation. It had special import here, he says, "where Prohibition was the law and where Germans had a name for tippling."

The first big tussle came with the Spanish-American conflict.

"America was at war and Mennonites could not go along," Juhnke relates. This "embarrassment" led to the first large-scale Mennonite relief effort, collecting to aid famine-stricken India, and to efforts to serve through the Red Cross. The conscience-stricken Mennonites felt a need to engage in their own "moral equivalent" to war.

The real turmoil and torment came with World War I. For a while, some Mennonites here revived German patriotism, which only brought more anguish when the United States did enter the war. The National Defense Act of 1916 crippled Mennonite exemption, and the Selective Service Act the following year left the religious community with a sense of betrayal. A betrayal, it should be added, not only of promises given but also of American ideals the Mennonites had embraced.

It was a sorry period. Juhnke recounts the threats from the American Protective League of Kansas—a sort of patriotic vigilante rouser group—and humiliation of Mennonites at Camp Funston. . . .

"If the Mennonites had anticipated that the American melting pot would come to such a vigorous boil in World War I, they might have considered emigration," Juhnke says. "But it all came so suddenly."

It was a true moral agony. It struck not only at

their historical and religious background, but also at their long-standing acceptance as American citizens.

Between the wars, the Mennonites mostly dropped the German language. They became enamored of almost any politician who struck at the Establishment, including the liberal Robert LaFollette; Dr. John Brinkley, the goat-gland genius, and Gerold Winrod, the rabble-rousing evangelist who specialized in blaming everything on a Jewish-Communist conspiracy.

Other than these aberrations, the Mennonites were with the Kansas majority, politically and culturally.

Juhnke lays on heavily with political analysis of Mennonite voting. (As a "peace" candidate for Fourth District Congressman in 1970, his political credentials are publicly established.) He provides pertinent anecdotes and character sketches of leading Mennonites—particularly the country editors, church leaders, and college officials who shaped the communities of Harvey, McPherson and Marion counties.

The book's real fascination, however, is in that basic conflict between Mennonite non-resistance and American nationalism. Both influences have remarkable staying powers.

"The tragedy of the Mennonites was not that they became Americans so slowly, but rather that they so desperately wanted to be good American citizens and could not fulfill the requirements without violating their consciences or abandoning the traditions of their forebears."

He believes that Mennonite nonconformity has been Americanized, to some extent, and that the American system has been stretched a bit to make room for those non-conformists. Let us hope this is true assessment, for the richness of the Mennonite experience and the Mennonite contributions to our society and to our spiritual thought are to be cherished.

Stuart Awbrey, Editor *Hutchinson News*

THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR AND HIS FRIENDS

(Continued from page 7)

music to farewell verses by Waldeyer[1] and supplied by Hertzler. The result, "Hymn to Immortality" was cherished by Hertzler, although on one occasion he stayed away from a concert because, "I was afraid I'd bawl—that's just getting too close to home."

In 1946 E. G. Kaufman made plans for a trip to Europe. Hertzler wrote, "If you get to Berlin, see if Hans Virchow is still living."

The question of immortality intrigued Hertzler. His friend C. E. Krehbiel preached his funeral sermon, closing with Waldeyer's stanza on immortality as translated by Hertzler:

"My morning glow with charm did flow.
My day I count a living fount.
On evening's meadow there fell dark shadow.
Now comes so gently the silent night.
In confidence I say: Through night to day."

[1]Wilhelm Waldeyer, (1836-1906), director of the Anatomical Institute of the University of Berlin closed his autobiography with an original poem, "Immortality."

The Message of the Historic Peace Churches

to the

METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Columbus, Ohio, June 8th, 1936*

Dear Friends:

We bring to this great body of the Christian church our most cordial greetings. These groups have sent us to assure this Conference of their love and confidence and to pledge their co-operation in all right methods in making effective our common ideal.

The widening sector in the ranks of goodwill being occupied by American Methodism is most heartening and will stimulate peace sentiment everywhere. It may well be that your World Peace Commission will become a city of refuge in the midst of the bloody madness of our day.

To us of the historic peace communions this is a high occasion when unitedly we acknowledge the eternal rightness of our martyrs to this cause. We may have illumined the area of Christian thought with a little light but it has been a steady one. It is the light of the pragmatic mystic, if we may join such words. The true mystic is pretty sure to be right, but he is almost equally sure to be right too soon, and being right too soon always carries a heavy penalty. Through the centuries of his waiting, his loneliness has taught him patience and serenity and he walks sure-footed in a dizzy world.

These little groups have not acquired their peace convictions by logic or formula; it is inherent in their religious experience. That prophet, Menno Simons, found that discipleship under the Prince of Peace left no room for doubt in him and it has left none in his followers.

The illustrious leaders of the Brethren discovered peace in themselves as a spiritual imperative: they found there, too, an area which could not admit the intrusion of a human court or government mandate.

To the sensitive soul of George Fox of the Quakers the cruel and maladjusted civilization of his day exhaled a kind of cosmic halitosis. Only after his disccovery of God within him lifting him into that life which is above all wars and fightings—only then did the earth take on the new smell of righteousness and promise.

We who are their children know that their conviction and ours is the mind of Christ and that it will receive the ultimate sanction of mankind. These groups are therefore not betrayed into violent methods in the cause of peace. Our peace conviction is very central in our faith; we see man as the prime purpose of creation; for this man our common Master lived and died and rose again.

We hold that there is no right interpretation of the mind of Christ apart from the supremacy of the individual. For him governments are maintained, for him institutions are founded and laws laid down. Happily this conviction, from which we have not wavered through the centuries, is in perfect consonance with the genius of American government as conceived by its founders and fixed in its institutions.

We can not therefore ally ourselves with any movement however called which harms this vital principle. We are for democracy in government for the same reasons which make us democratic in religion.

Man being God's chief concern, there is no Christian way to kill a man whether he be one or a battalion; there is no Christian way to kill a man whether by military conflict or in the process of industry. We hold this truth to be as eternal as God's love and as sacred; as universal and as inescapable. We can not divorce peace among persons from among nations; we can not condone economic warfare if we denounce international violence.

We know that such a conviction must eventuate in action, that it must be made effective in laws and institutions and we rejoice that your great body is moving with increasing influence to that end.

We have come to share with you our heritage because of your genius for accomplishment. And so we tender you the comradeship of these groups, few in numbers but valiant in spirit.

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* Presented by Alvin T. Coate, for Joint Deputation.

For the Society of Friends	For the Mennonite Church	For the Church of the Brethren.
Walter L. Collins	Harold Bender	C. Ray Keim
Clarence E. Pickett	Bishop E. L. Frey	L. W. Shultz
Alvin T. Coate	A. S. Rosenberger	O. W. Neher