MENNONITE LIFE

SEPTEMBER 1978

In this Issue

In this issue of *Mennonite Life* we have examples of a variety of tools or avenues Mennonites are using to reach back, recover, and appreciate their heritage—photographs, burial stones, personal biography, and drama. Allan Teichroew takes us on a tour of poverty-stricken Mennonite farm homes in the 1930s, with the aid of a series of magnificent photographs from the files of the Farm Security Administration. David Habegger walks us through a small cemetery which belonged to a now-extinct Mennonite community in Lyon County, Kansas, 1870-1905. And William Keeney invites us to look in on his personal pilgrimage from Christian patriotism in a coal mining area of southwest Pennsylvania to an Anabaptist understanding of Christian discipleship in the Mennonite church.

Miguel Almanza's stirring appeal to his Chicano brothers and sisters is an interesting model for comparison and contrast by Mennonites who reflect on the place of culture in their own quest for identity. Almanza calls for affirmation and recovery of culture—to "get closer to the santos, the corridos, the tortilla, the compadres and amigos, the familios and your language. Those things are the pipelines to your character and your bridge to your past." Does there exist anywhere in contemporary Mennonite literature an equivalent appeal?

Donald Durnbaugh's article on the historic peace churches and militarism reminds us of the significant role in the peace church tradition of refusal of military service and the fashioning of creative alternatives.

The March, 1979, issue of *Mennonite Life* will include the Anabaptist-Mennonite bibliography of recent publications. Anyone with suggestions for items to be included in the bibliography is invited to let the editors know.

MENNONITE LIFE

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Cover

Mr. and Mrs. Harshenberger, Mennonite farmers and their baby. Sheridan and Antelope, Montana, November 1959. Photographed by Russell Lee, Farm Security Administration.

Back Cover

Mennonite farmer, identified as John Unruf, on a stump ranch in Boundary County, Idaho, October 1939. Photographed by Dorthea Lange, Farm Security Administration.

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As Far as the Eye Can See:

Some Depression Photographs of Mennonite Farmers

by Allan Teichroew

Allan Teichroew is a PhD candidate in history at Indiana University. He is employed at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. He graduated from Bethel College in 1969.

Consider the accompanying photographs and their possible implications. One group is of John Harshenberger, his wife and thirteen children in Sheridan County, Montana; the other of John Unruf and family of Bonners Ferry, Idaho.[1] Both sets of pictures were taken in the Great Depression. The scenes of Harshenberger and family were shot in November 1937; those of the Unrufs in October 1939. The photographers were Dorthea Lange and Russell Lee, among the leading twentieth-century masters of their art. The agency for which they worked was the Farm Security Administration, one of the noblest reform efforts in American history.

The story begins in 1935. American farmers were caught in the midst of the worst agricultural crisis in the country's history. Poverty and failure have been endemic to farming in the United States, but never have so many suffered so long and so much as during the Dust Bowl of the 1930s. Though the ravages of wind and weather have usually been credited with having caused their plight, the farmers of the Great Plains were the real victims of an unjust economic system. Low farm prices and a high rate of tenancy had persisted throughout the 1920s, but it took nature and a worldwide financial collapse to trigger a complete breakdown. Farmers themselves were also partially responsible. They had overpopulated and misused land not meant for the overwrought and sometimes ill-conceived agricultural techniques which the spectre of quick profits had originally encouraged.

Farm Security Administration

To alleviate the depression's worst effects, the administration of President Franklin Roosevelt established the Farm Security Administration. First called the Resettlement Administration, the FSA had two major goals: to provide welfare services to farmers who had lost their land and become migratory laborers; and to furnish loans and occasionally land to those who wanted one more try at remaining in the only occupation which they knew. Ironically but inevitably the first New Deal reform act to treat the farm problem, the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1933, had made conditions worse. By attempting to promote scarcity in the hopes of raising prices, and by establishing regulatory procedures which favored larger farms at the expense of smaller operators, the AAA virtually insured that the weakest members of the farm sector—the sharecroppers, tenants, and minor landowners of the South and Midwest—would be wrenched from the land. Since the government paid landholders *not* to farm their acreage, they often used the opportunity to remove the tenants and sharecroppers on whom they had formerly relied. Blacks in the South were especially hurt. Squeezed out of the AAA's decision making commissions, they had little or no voice in determining their fate.

The FSA never fulfilled its potential. Headed by the most radical figure in the New Deal braintrust, Professor Rexford G. Tugwell of Columbia University, it was bitterly opposed by conservative farm interests and Southern Democrats who considered the FSA's programs a dangerous experiment in socialism. Grain dealers also opposed it because of the loans which were tendered to farm co-operatives to buy their own storage elevators. Lacking an organized political constituency—farm laborers were often inarticulate as well as voteless—the FSA limped along on a slim budget and finally faded from view after World War II. Perhaps its most laudatory accomplishment was also a temporary one—the resettlement camps which housed migratory laborers and which John Steinbeck

Daughter of John Harshenberger, photographed by Russell Lee. Sheridan and Antelope, Montana, November 1937. From the files of the Farm Security Administration.

Children of John Harshenberger. One of more than 80,000 prints in the Library of Congress' Farm Security Administration — Office of War Information Photograph collection.

so brilliantly and movingly described in *The Grapes of Wrath*. Otherwise the FSA had no massive impact. The program which historians and reformers have called "the conscience" of the New Deal revealed the sad limits of which pragmatic reform was capable.

Tugwell and Stryker

But in one respect the legacy of the FSA endured. On being appointed to head the Resettlement Administration, Tugwell had brought along a professional friend from Columbia, Roy Stryker, to take charge of an office grandiously titled the "Historical Section." Stryker's job description was exasperatingly broad and undefined. He was to direct the activities of statisticians, economists, sociologists, and photographers in assembling a vast information base for the purpose of documenting and publicising the plight of America's poor, especially in rural areas, and of recording the effects, positive or negative, of the FSA's aid and welfare programs.[2]

Out of this beginning grew what historians of photography have identified as the "finest collection of American documentary photographs ever assembled."[3] Under Stryker's tutelage, the FSA gathered an assemblage of photographers whose work still dominates the field. Walker Evans and Ben Shahn were two of the most prominent. Evans' depiction along with James Agee in *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* of the horrid economic and social conditions of Southern blacks later scandalized the nation. Shahn's starkly realistic paintings of the American labor movement and of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial had won fame in the 1920s. Other experts with the camera, such as Carl Mydans, John Vachon, and Arthur Rothstein, would achieve importance later as the direct result of their earlier association with the FSA. Still another of Stryker's employees, John Collier, Jr., became a leading anthropologist and the author of a classic in his field, *Visual Anthropology: Photography as a Research Method.*

The genius of the FSA's photographers' work was revealed not only in the exceptional shots which have since become pictorial treasures, displayed in countless textbooks and photography albums, but in the consistency of its quality. There are more than 80,000 original prints in the Library of Congress' Farm Security Administration-Office of War Information Photography collection, and the effect of almost any given sample is stunning. Stryker's photographers took in a wide scope. They were especially adept at personalizing their subjects and in focusing on the relationship between poverty, improper land use, and the decline of rural America.

They showed dignity as well as failure; beauty as well as devastation. The site of an abandoned church or home, shuttered at the windows and with "Orange Crush" advertisements over the door, spoke volumes about the depression's effects; and so, on the other hand, did the tenderness of a black sharecropper holding his child, or the congenial smiles of a Minnesota farm couple posing for the camera, say much about the inward contentedness of family, home, and agriculture.

Of the two groups of photographs with Mennonite subjects, the ones by Russell Lee of the Harshenberger family are technically and artistically superior. Mennonites and Amish had begun settling in Montana around 1900, but not until World War I, when Russian Mennonites from Minnesota and Oklahoma relocated in this far northern wheat region, did the population of the church in this state reach appreciable proportions. As of 1916 there was a small group of Old

Three of the Harshenberger children.

Family of John Harshenberger. The house may have been a modified poultry or livestock shelter.

Mennonites in Coalridge, Sheridan County, and the Harshenbergers may have traced their residence near Antelope to this settlement.[4] The pictures taken by Lee show undeniable poverty and something of the meaning of the struggle for subsistence, while also revealing a sense of purpose and endurance which transcends their economic condition. The viewer sees their makeshift home, their well worn clothes, and the isolation and deprivation which surrounds but does not destroy. Rural electrification had not yet come to northern Montana, and the Harshenbergers unquestionably lacked indoor plumbing. Looking closely at their house, one detects that it may have been a modified poultry or livestock shelter. Depression and drought had hit hard in Montana (the state had lost a large percentage of its agricultural population a decade earlier because of previous droughts), and the material evidence is present in every photograph. Particularly strik-

Son of John Harshenberger working at makeshift ironing board. Unselfconscious emulation of adult life.

ing are the bleak landscape and the Harshenberger's dark, cramped quarters. Outstanding as well is the dignity and tranquility of both parents and children.

In taking these photographs, Lee captured fleeting glances of poignancy, hope, and deep personal warmth—and also a measure of pathos and humor. The scenes of one son tending to his ironing and another chopping wood show touching and unself-conscious emulation of adults. Except for the modern paraphernalia and the quintessential American pickup truck. this could be a farm family from another age and another continent. The view of mother and father holding their infant child on a battered sofa (see cover) is reminiscent more of some pre-twentieth-century illustration than of the realistic photograph that it was. Dressed in oversized coveralls, the child rests inertly and awkwardly in his mother's arms. It could be a vignette drawn by a primitive artist, with the details meticulously correct but the perspective skewed. The child appears less as a modern infant—pint sized, special, and unique—than as a miniature adult—silent, stoic, and preternaturally mature.

Harshenberger dresser, rich in photographic details which reveal secrets of a style of life.

The John Unruf (Unruh) family, Boundary County, Idaho, 1939. Dorthea Lange, photographer.

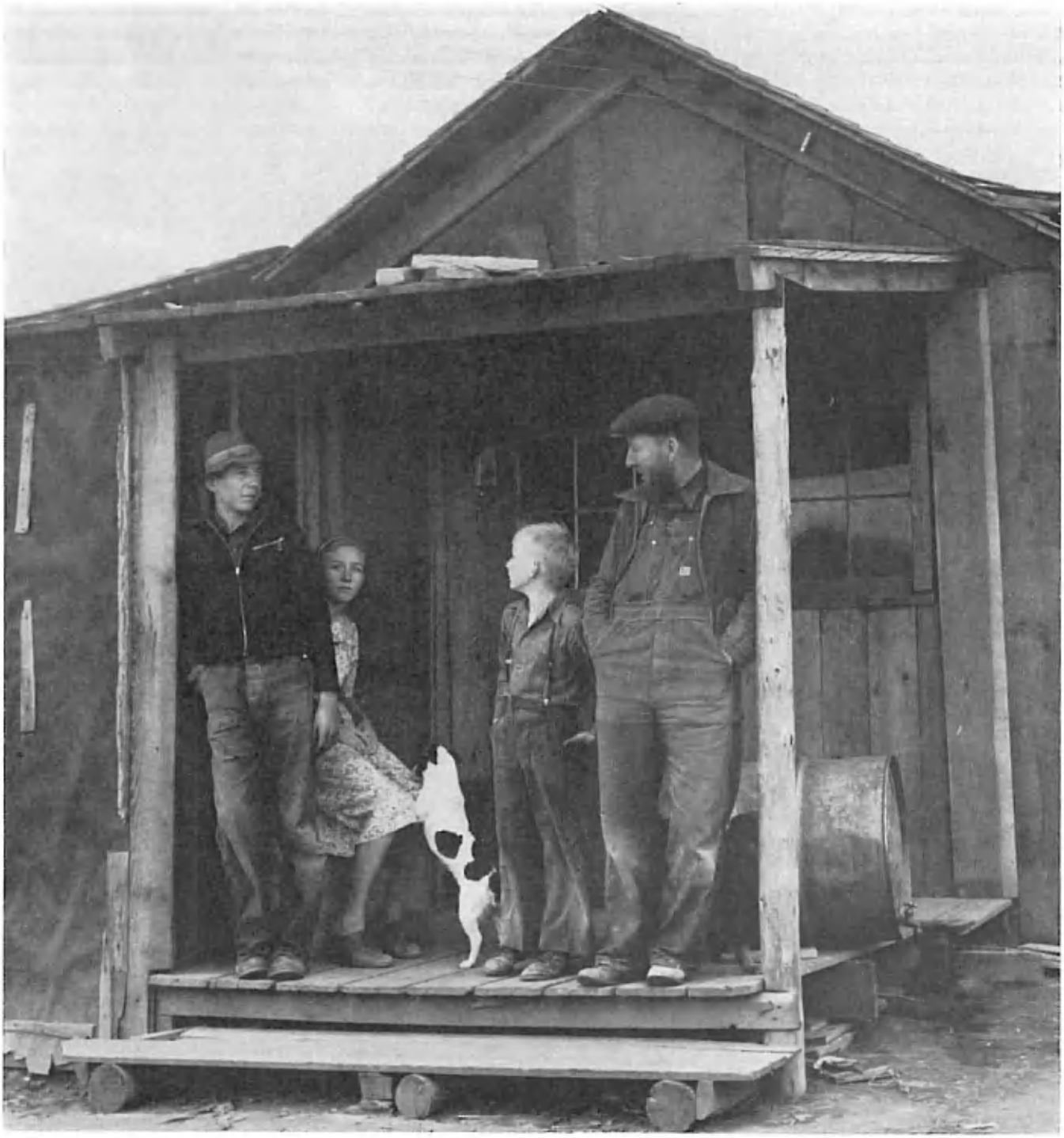
The photographs of the Unruf family were taken by Dorthea Lange. Next to Walker Evans, she was the most brilliant and celebrated of the FSA photographers. Before the depression Lange had been a commercial photographer in Berkeley, California; after it, she became a reformer with pictures. Ben Shahn had seen her work and commented on its impact: "Dorthea's work was sent in or brought in by somebody and this was a revelation, what this woman was doing."[5] According to photo historian Jack Hurley, "Lange had very strong feelings about social injustice and her feelings came through clearly in her photographs. There were few ambiguities here, just pictures that hammered away at the senses with bludgeonlike impact. The viewer was forced to look upon human misery directly, without palliatives, yet the photographs were also beautiful, dignified, and very sympathetic."[6]

In the captions to her photographs of the Unrufs, Lange stated that they had recently moved to Idaho from Kansas and that they were now adjusting from the wheat plains with which they were familiar to the forest lands about which they knew little. The pictures depict a pioneer family in the process

Stump pile ready to be burned. The house, barn and farm buildings are on the Unruf farm.

of clearing virgin territory. Compared to the Hershenbergers, the Unrufs appear relatively well off. A community of Holdeman had settled in the Bonners Ferry area near the Canadian border in 1936, and the Unrufs were probably part of this group.[7] The farm buildings are extensive and conventional, and there is clear evidence that they enjoyed electricity. Despite the absence of grinding poverty, however, the Unrufs move to this remote and relatively undeveloped region must have entailed considerable sacrifice. One can only speculate as to the motives for their transition. Was it the loss of a farm in Kansas? The itch for new horizons and new land? Or the archetypal search for one more chance in the land of opportunity, a place, as Rudy Wiebe has written in *The Blue Mountains of China*, where Mennonites could call a spot their very own?[8]

Perhaps it was all of these things and more. Perhaps also the historian can no longer tell for certain. Observing these photographs in retrospect, the viewer will be tempted to ask questions which range far beyond the 1930s. The most pertinent of them will have to do with the long term development of the Mennonite community in America. How was it that by the time of World War I, less than fifty years after the arrival of Russian Mennonite immigrants in the United



Unruf (Unruh) family, probably part of a Holdeman community in the Bonners Ferry area near the Canadian border.

States, many members of this group had been dispersed in scores of communities throughout the trans-Mississippi West? What does the surprising degree of Mennonite geographical mobility (surprising in light of the common conception of Mennonites as a rooted people, prone to move mainly for reasons of conscience) say about their adjustment to American values and their attitude toward land as both a saleable commodity and an exalted means of livelihood? Had Mennonite religions and social beliefs been modified due to American economic opportunities? And what were some of the psychological and cultural ramifications of dispersion, of periods of national depression, and alternately, of personal financial success or failure? These are questions which the scenes depicted in this issue can provoke but not answer. They remain among the paramount issues of twentieth-century American Mennonitism and photographs—sometimes as much as statistics and literary evidence—can help in resolving them.

Clues in the photographs suggest that the Unruf (Unruh) family did not experience as great poverty as the Harshenberger family.

FOOTNOTES

[1]The photographs are part of the Farm Security Administration collection in the Prints and Photographs Division of the Library of Congress. Both groups are catalogued under the name Mennonite and are included among other photographs taken at the above locations. The photographer of the Montana family, Russell Lee, may have mistaken the name Unruh for Unruf.

[2]See F. Jack Hurley, *Portrait of a Decade, Ron Stryker and the Development of Documentary Photography in the Thirties* (De Capo Press, 1972), 36. This book offers an excellent sample of some of the best FSA work as well as providing a history of the agency's photographic section.

[3]*Ibid.*, 34.

[4]*Mennonite Encyclopedia* (Scottdale, Pa., Newton, Kan., and Hillsboro, Kan.: Mennonite Publishing House, 1973), III, 742-743.

[5]Hurley, *Portrait of a Decade*, 52.

[6]*Ibid.*

[7]*Mennonite Encyclopedia*, III, 3.

[8]Published by William B. Eerdmans, Grand Rapids, Mich., 1970.

Enlarging the Circle:

The Historic Peace Churches and Militarism

by Donald Durnbaugh

Donald F. Durnbaugh is professor of church history at Bethany Theological Seminary, Oak Brook, Illinois. His recent book, On Earth Peace, *is reviewed on page 31.*

International attention was refocused in May 1977, on repression in Brazil. In a widely-reported incident, young MCC missionary/social worker Thomas Capuano told visiting Rosalynn Carter, wife of the U.S. president, about his jail experience in Recife. Along with a Roman Catholic priest, Capuano had been about a ministry of presence and service to the city's street people. Operating out of a handcart, they collected food to share with the urban poor. They were arrested, stripped of their clothes, and held in over-crowded cells for three days. Although they had broken no laws and were charged of no crimes, Capuano assumed that state security forces suspected them of Communist agitation because of their identifying with the poor. The military-dominated Brazilian government has brooked no possible interference since its coup of 1964.

A confrontation of another sort took place in late spring of 1975. The board of directors of the American Friends Service Committee decided to send agricultural and workshop equipment to Vietnam despite a denial of the required export license by the U.S. Treasury Department. In so doing, board members risked fines and imprisonment. Later that fall, AFSC board chairman Wallace Collett testified at a hearing before members of the Congress. Collett explained that since the end of hostilities the U.S. government had become more restrictive in granting licenses, invoking the penalties of the "Trading with the Enemy Act." The AFSC, said its chairman, believes "genuine humanitarian aid must be provided on the basis of need, not because of racial, religious or political identification as 'hostile' or unfriendly.' "

H. Lamar Gibble, peace and international affairs consultant for the Church of the Brethren, visited reunited Vietnam in May 1977 with other representatives of the Christian Peace Conference. This was the first international religious delegation to meet with Vietnamese religious and governmental leaders. An American, Gibble reported that he found no animosity toward the people of the United States but rather a desire to normalize relationships and to proceed with reconstruction.

Three Denominations

The incidents are but some of the most recent in a long history of church-state encounters by members of the three "Historic Peace Churches." The three denominations—the Society of Friends, the Mennonites, and the Church of the Brethren—emerged at different points in history: Mennonites from the Radical Reformation (sixteenth century); Friends from left-wing Puritanism (seventeenth century); Brethren from German Pietism (eighteenth century). Though they hold somewhat different theological positions, the three have held to a consistent peace position. Members of these groups have been in the forefront of conscientious objection to war, although this is no longer a test of membership.

The refusal to participate in war has been matched by a persistent willingness to reach out to those suffering from acts of war, from social oppression, or from natural catastrophe. An early emphasis upon mutual aid for fellow believers was soon extended to those outside of their fellowships who were seen to be in need. This orientation has been widely recognized. In 1947 the AFSC and the Friends Service Council (U.K.) were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Brethren and Mennonite disaster aid after floods and tornados in the United States has received wide coverage in the mass media.

Even-handed administration of relief goods has brought repeated invitations to these churches to minister in some of the most highly-charged areas of political and racial tensions. Mennonites were among the few Westerners who stayed on in South Vietnam after the American withdrawal.

World War I and its aftermath brought organizational form to a long history of peace church aid and action. The AFSC was developed in 1917 to facilitate hospital and reconstruction service in France, along with a comparable British team. The Mennonite Central Committee was organized in 1920, principally to send large shipments of relief goods to those starving in Soviet Russia, where many Mennonites lived. At the same time the Brethren took their first large step in responding to international need by raising funds for the persecuted Armenians. The 1930's saw increas-

ing Brethren involvements, as in Spain and China, and in 1941 came the actual formation of the Brethren Service Committee. Since these beginnings all three agencies have worked in countries around the world, and the aid given amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars. Because of their reputation of honest and efficient administration, many resources come to them from those outside their own membership.

With these agencies in the lead, the Historic Peace Churches have been imaginative and flexible in responding to human need. They have avoided, for the most part, creating institutions, preferring to pioneer in areas which were not receiving attention. When governments or other organizations perceived the need, these agencies closed out their efforts and moved elsewhere.

From the beginning, moreover, they saw that it was not enough to bind up the wounds of the world after conflicts had raged, necessary as that was. Of equal urgency were efforts to promote peace across national, religious, ethnic, and racial lines, to head off conflict before it could break out. It was not enough to say "No" to war; one must also say "Yes" to peace. There had to be those willing to say "Yes" even when it seemed to the rest of the world quixotic or naive. Thus it was that a delegation of Quakers sat in silent prayer in the Gestapo headquarters in Berlin shortly before the outbreak of World War II waiting to bear witness to their concern for peace and for the plight of the Jews.

Peace church protests against militarism have taken on myriad forms over the years. They can, however, be roughly sorted out into these categories: education, publication, action, and witness to governments.

Educational outreach came naturally to the groups, especially for Quakers who pioneered in schools open to all social classes and races. Many of the faculty at Haverford, Swarthmore, Earlham and other Quaker-related schools in the U.S.A. have volunteered time to international service, as is true of other peace church colleges. These colleges provided the research bases and much of the skilled talent for the peace emphasis, sponsored conferences, organized speech contests and led in other consciousness raising events, and hosted visiting church leaders from other countries.

Manchester Peace Studies

Manchester College (Indiana) of the Church of the Brethren, developed the first department of peace studies in the U.S.A., under the leadership of Dr. Gladys E. Muir. This was in 1948. A school of peace studies at Bradford University was formed with the aid of English Friends. Three seminaries of the peace churches in Midwestern U.S.A. cooperate on a masters' program in peace studies in theological perspective. A School for Peace and Conflict Studies has been created at the Mennonite-sponsored Conrad Grebel College, the University of Waterloo, Canada.

Operating out of the Waterloo base is "Project Ploughshares," a study/action cadre seeking to influence Canadian military policy. Initiated by the Canadian Friends Service Committee and the Mennonite Central Committee, it has broadened to include a number of religious and civic bodies. Project director Ernie Regehr documented in his book *Making a Killing: Canada's Arms Industry* (1975) the burgeoning role of Canada as a major arms supplier. Regehr notes: "Beating swords into ploughshares is not currently one of the growth industries. While one third of the world hungers and wants for simple tools to turn the soil and harvest its produce the international arms industry enjoys an uninterrupted boom."

MCC workers in Indochina, Murray and Linda Hiebert, report on one foundry south of Vientiane, Laos, which is literally producing ploughshares for buffalopowered implements from military scrap. The small foundry buys expended bomb, mortar, and rocket casings from farmers who find the debris in their fields. A bomb casing mounted at the site reads: "War aid becomes agricultural tools."

Members of peace churches from several nations were active participants in the WCC program on "Violence, Non-Violence, and the Struggle for Social Justice." This was a continuation of the dialogue begun after the Amsterdam Conference (1948) when the Historic Peace Churches, with the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, drafted a series of theological statements on war/peace issues for ecumenical discussion. In similar manner, the peace churches have been fully involved in the current WCC emphasis on de-militarization and disarmament. The Nairobi conference asked specifically for the Historic Peace Churches to bring their experiences to bear on these problems.

An example of current educational thrust is "counter recruiting," as the Friends Peace Committee terms its opposition to militarism in the public schools in the United States. The military sponsors so-called Junior Reserve Officers Training Corps (JROTC) in high schools; this is an extension of the long-standing programs at colleges and universities. Although presented to the high schools as vocational training and for citizenship-building, the JROTC involves the placing of military personnel on the teaching staffs, the introduction of military drills for those in the program, and military indoctrination. Peace church staffs are active in alerting parents to the actual nature of the military programs and their negative effect on the youth.

Publications

A wide variety of publications—from posters to massive volumes—have been produced by the peace churches. They often receive wide circulation. A favored Quaker pattern has been the formation of a study group on peace issues, composed of those with expertise and religious concern. The study process results in a document which is then given publicity and distributed. These have helped to shape public opinion on a wide range of issues. Perhaps the most influential was that called *Speak Truth to Power* (1955). The title also well captures the peace church approach to government.

The Historic Peace Churches have been creative in finding ways of providing alternatives to military

service for their young people. An early example was the "work camp." These put youth to work on building projects which aided refugees or disadvantaged groups. Campers came from a variety of racial and ethnic groups and nationalities. Stereotypes and prejudices could be broken down by shared work and discussion. An extension of this placed young people in their own or other countries for periods of one or two years. Volunteers ran the gamut from serving as control patients in medical institutes to directing relief agencies. The basic principle was later accepted by the U.S. government as an alternative service for the C.O.'s. North American pacifists worked with European counterparts in North Africa in a series of projects called EIRENE. An International Voluntary Service (IVS) was organized cooperatively to place volunteers in the Third World. Out of these programs came the inspiration for the U.S. Peace Corps since taken up by other nations as well.

Marker on a house in Luebeck, West Germany, pays tribute to the peace church alternative service program which provided workers to build houses for refugees after World War II.

Non-violent Resistance

In more recent years, peace church action has also included non-violent resistance after the model of Gandhi in South Africa and India. Demonstrations, sit-ins, and other acts of civil disobedience have become common. The best known example was the sailing of the "Golden Rule" by Quakers into a nuclear test area of the Pacific to protest the threat of atomic destruction.

In the United States, all three churches maintain offices in Washington, D.C. The oldest and most active is the Friends Committee on National Legislation. The FCNL office keeps a broad constituency alerted to pending legislation through a newsletter and correspondence. It lobbies aggressively for causes congruent to its policy line. In the preamble of the FCNL policy statement are found these words: "We seek a world free of war and the threat of war; we seek a society with equity for all; we seek a community where each may fulfill his or her potential; we seek an earth restored.'

On the international scene the Quakers are present with representation at the United Nations headquarters in New York and Geneva. The Friends World Committee for Consultation is an accredited Non-Governmental Organization. It monitors issues coming before the world body and makes its influence felt where possible. Quaker centers provide opportunities for diplomats to meet across ideological lines in seminars and informal gatherings.

Exchange of persons internationally has been a long standing interest of the Historic Peace Churches. All of the churches have multiple programs to make this possible, ranging from exchange of teenagers to technical experts. One of the most successful has been the exchange program operated by the Brethren since 1947 between Poland and the United States. Although interrupted by the Cold War for ten years, since 1957 it has brought more than five hundred Polish agriculturalists to American farms, orchards and graduate schools. Participants now hold leading positions in Polish schools, institutes, and government posts. American students in Poland, a smaller number, have taught English and translated scientific materials. The chief spark plug for the exchange has been Professor S. A. Pieniazek, a world renowned agronomist who came into contact with the Friends and the Brethren as a graduate student at Cornell University in the late 1930's.

All three churches in the United States are currently engaged in a venture named the New Call to Peacemaking. It is intended to revitalize their peace witness, first of all by a series of study conferences. Regional conferences will culminate in a national meeting in October 1978. By cooperative study, joint action will be fostered. The aim: "To focus on the historical and biblical basis for the peace witness and its relevance in an increasingly militaristic culture."

In some ways this brings them back to their early contacts in colonial Pennsylvania. The Brethren and Mennonites from Europe migrated in the early eighteenth century to the New World to find religious freedom. This was most fully offered in the Quaker colony of Pennsylvania. In 1789 a Philadelphian named Benjamin Rush wrote to his fellow citizens. He encouraged them to "cherish with peculiar tenderness" those sects "which hold war to be unlawful." His vision was that "perhaps those . . . sects of Christians among us, who refuse to bear arms for the purpose of shedding human blood, may be preserved by a divine providence, as the center of a circle, which shall gradually embrace all the nations of the earth in a perpetual treaty of friendship and peace." Rush's wish has not been fulfilled. Yet, the Historic Peace Churches are active on multiple fronts to enlarge that circle of peace.

A Story Recorded In Stone

by David Habegger

David Habegger works as a church planter for the Home Mission Committee of the Western District Conference. He is a leader in the Church of the Servant in Wichita, Kansas.

Scattered across the land are remnants of Mennonite communities that were started, lived for a time, and then died. One such community was that which existed in Lyon County, Kansas from about 1870 to 1905. There are two sources of information about this community. One is the little cemetery that can be found three miles west of the village of Hartford, Kansas. The other is an article about this community in the July, 1952 issue of *Mennonite Quarterly Review* written by John Umble of Goshen College, Goshen, Indiana, a son of this settlement.

It was a cloudy day when David Habegger of Wichita and Richard H. Schmidt of Emporia went to locate this little known and mostly forgotten cemetery. As they approached the area they expected to have to hunt through weeds and tall grass to find the headstones. To their surprise this cemetery which had not been used for seventy-five years had been recently mowed and the fence surrounding it was in good condition.

The cemetery was started when a 14 year old girl, Sevilla Bender, died in 1882. Sevilla was the daughter of Gideon Bender and Mrs. Bender who had been a Borntreger. They were members of a small Old Order Amish settlement composed of the Benders, Mrs. Bender's parents the Preacher and Mrs. Joseph J. Borntreger, and Joseph's parents-in-law the Moyers. For a number of years the cemetery was known as the Borntreger Graveyard. It may be that the cemetery was started on the minister's farm. Other members of the Borntreger and Moyer families may be buried in this cemetery, but no stones are present to indicate such burials.

It is not known just how much before 1882 the Old Order Amish settled in Lyon County. As early as 1869 Isaac and Margaret (Ault) Habegger (later spelled Hawbaker) moved to Emporia, Kansas with their children from Van Buren Co., Iowa. After working in town for two years Isaac purchased a farm of 90 acres a mile west of present day Olpe, Kansas. Isaac Habegger had come to America in 1835 settling in Wayne Co., Ohio where he married Margaret Ault. In 1856 this family moved to Henry Co., Iowa and lived among the Amish of that community. It was in 1865 that he moved to Van Buren Co., Iowa. This couple with several of their children are buried in the cemetery located half a mile west of Olpe.

Next to come to this community were the families of John and Daniel Rich. They arrived some time in the early 1870s. Obtaining farms south of Hartford, they were 14 miles east of Olpe where the Habeggers lived. The Rich families were relatives of Rev. Benjamin Eicher of Wayland, Iowa and felt ties with the General Conference Mennonite Church. For a time they maintained a Conference affiliated congregation. Living somewhat separate from the Amish they buried their members who died in the Hartford cemetery with the exception of a two month old son, Samie Rich, who died July 7, 1900 and was buried in the Borntreger cemetery. One wonders about the circumstances of his birth and death since he was not buried with other members of the family.

In the early 1880s an immigrant family from France arrived, Joseph P. and Anna Stuckey. Prior to their arrival he had been ordained a deacon in the Amish church. Five years after they arrived in this community Anna died at 40 years of age on Apr. 5, 1885. Her tombstone has the second earliest date. It is possible that others were buried before this date as there are quite a few spaces between some grave markers.

The Amish Mennonite community grew considerably in 1884 when there arrived a number of families from Union Co., Pennsylvania and Champaign Co., Ohio. Among them were the sons and daughters and spouses of the Christian Stoltzfus family. When Christian died in 1883 in Pennsylvania his widow and children used their inheritance to make the move to Kansas and to purchase farms on the unbroken prairie.

One of the Stoltzfus sons, Simeon, had died prior to the move to Kansas. His widow Magdalena then made the move to Kansas with the rest of the family. She married Joseph P. Stuckey following the death of his first wife. Joseph died August 29, 1905 at 61 years of age and lies buried between his two wives. Magdalena was the last person to be buried in this cemetery according to the information on the stones. She died July 2, 1917. Following the death of her husband she had moved her family to Herrington, Kansas where there was another Mennonite community. In spite of the record that she and her husband did not get along very well, she must have requested to be buried at his side.

A cemetery can also leave evidence of conflicts within a community. Joseph P. Stuckey, while a deacon of the church, was frequently in poor rapport with the church. It was said that he had a quick temper and engaged in questionable business dealings. As a result he was dismissed from his church office. At the time of his death he was no longer a member of the church. Before his death he joined a church forbidden secret society, the Masonic Lodge. Umble reports that the Lodge conducted the funeral and in the funeral procession the family brought up the rear. Whoever ordered his tombstone saw to it that the symbols of the lodge, a square and compass in one corner and a chain with three rings in another, were inscribed. In spite of these differences he was united with his wives in death.

The names one can find in this cemetery are: Miller, Umble, Stutzman, Riehl, Steckley, Rediger, Sutter, Schlegel, Kaufman and Musselman. In 1901 a Katie Kerler, aged six, was buried in this cemetery. From the name we might guess that she is the only non-Mennonite buried here.

Among the sadness that can be noted in this cemetery is the number of children who died before the age of fifteen. Of the twenty-five graves that are marked fifteen are those of children. The Frank Umble family lost three children from diphtheria during the winter of 1887-88. This was a severe blow to the family. When the family moved back to Ohio it was the stated desire of the parents to have these bodies brought back to Ohio to be buried with the rest of the family. The father was waiting until the farm was paid off to fulfill this dream, but a month after the last payment he was killed in a trolley accident. So the bodies of Frankie, Christian J. and an unnamed son remain where they were buried after their death.

Two parents noted their feelings of loss in the death of their children by the poetry they had inscribed. On the stone for Nettie N. Kaufman, who was 5 months and 12 days old, is written:

Beneath this stone in soft repose
Is laid a mother's dearest pride,
A flower that scarce had waked to life.
And light and beauty—died.

The tombstone for Josephine Sutter, who was 1 year, 4 months and 5 days old has the following:

Its hard to break the tender cord
When love has bound the heart.
Tis hard, so hard to speak the words,
"Must we forever part?"

Even though these poems are probably not original with the parents, they were selected because of the feelings expressed: The two stones with the poems were purchased from a company in El Dorado, Kansas which is over fifty miles from Hartford. On both of these stones is inscribed the name of the town where they were purchased.

More Women Than Men Buried

Homesteading on the prairies was difficult for both men and women. However there are more women buried here than men. There are six tombstones for wives and three for husbands. Three of the women died in middle age leaving both husbands and children. Katie Musselman was 36, Lizzie Rediger 38, and Anna Stuckey 40. Barbara Miller died at age 53, Mary Steckley at 60, and Magdalena Stuckey at 71. Of the men J. H. Stoltzfus died at age 34, Joseph P. Stuckey at 61, and Christian D. Bender at 62. There must be other men buried here for John Umble mentions the death of Preacher John King in 1888 from typhoid fever and the results of financial difficulties due to land swindlers. But the fact that more women died than men during this thirty year period points to the difficult time they had making a home along with the task of childbearing.

Generally one finds considerable evidence of the faith of the living inscribed on the tombstones. In this cemetery there is only one stone with such evidence. C. Rediger placed the words, "With Christ in heaven" on the stone for his wife Lizzie. The widow of Jonathan H. Stoltzfus declared her love in the words, "Here rests a beloved husband and father." He had died at the age of 34.

Living on the prairies during a difficult time must have made the families nostalgic for their former homes in the east. Two of the stones indicate that the women buried there had been born in Mifflin Co., Pennsylvania. Both Rebecca and Barbara Riehl have this fact inscribed along with the dates of their lives. Rebecca died single at 60 years of age. Barbara had married the preacher Andrew Miller.

A family that must have come into the community somewhat later was that of J. J. and Katie Musselman. They are not mentioned in John Umble's account of this community and the Umbles left in 1899. Katie died on Feb. 11, 1902 at age 36 years and 4 months. Beneath the dates of her life are the words, "Gone but not forgotten." These words were honestly written for in 1925 J. J. and two of his sons came back to this cemetery and instal'ed the present gate. The metal posts were set in cement and before the cement was dry they inscribed their names and date. On the base of the post on the east is written, "Mennonite Cematary (sic), J. J. Musselman & Sons." On the west side of the gate is written, "J. J. Musselman, Dec. 14, 1925." The sons put down their initials which are, E. J. M. and O. R. M. The latter boy placed his initials in two places in the cement.

How often is the cemetery visited now by relatives? John Umble came from Goshen, Indiana and made visits in the early 1930s and again in 1949. At that time he did not find the place very well kept. Whether others have come to remember we do not know. The location of the cemetery is noted on county maps, but no list of those buried was found in the listing of other cemeteries in the county. This lack has now been filled.

What is left of the Mennonite community in Lyon Co. besides the cemetery? A few members decided not to move away. A Stoltzfus family stayed and today there are descendants who spell their name Stolfus. Members of the Rich family also live in the county. There is no Amish or Mennonite church in the county today.

Listing of tombstones in the Mennonite Cemetery of Elmandaro Township in Lyon County, Kansas. Recorded by David Habegger and Richard H. Schmidt on September 23, 1977.

The metal gate posts are set in cement. On the west side the cement has inscribed on it: Mennonite Cematary (sic), J. J. Musselman and sons. On the east side the cement has inscribed: J. J. Musselman, Dec. 14, 1925, E.J.M., O.R.M. The initials O.R.M. are inscribed twice. The cement on the right side is broken along the edges with some letters broken off. Some of the pieces were lying near by and we could put them in place to decipher the words. The cemetery had been recently mowed so it was in good condition. There are three rows of graves, with the middle row having only three tombstones. The back row has a number of places with no tombstones.

West row, south to north

Here rests a beloved husband and father J. H. Stoltfuz
died ____(stone broken & cemented)
Aged 34 yrs. 5 ms. 9 ds.

Christian J. (Only this name on small stone.)

(On one stone)
Frankie I.
died Jun 3, 1888
aged __ yr 10 mo.
Children of J.B.F. and M.B. Umble
UMBLE
(On south face of stone)
Christian J.
died Dec. 28, 1887
aged 5 yrs & 9 ds.
(On North face of stone)
Infant
Born ____ 1888

Infant Son (Only this information on a small stone)

John
son of M.D. & R. Miller
born May 9, 1884
died Apr. 15, 1886
aged 1 yr. 11 ms, 5 ds.

Catharine
dau of J.J. & Charity Stutzman
died Mar. 21, 1887
aged 5 yr. 5 mo.

Sarah A.
Dau. of J.J. & Charity Stutzman
died Feb. 6, 1888
Aged 2 yr. 11 mo. 26 Ds.

Katie Kerler
Sept. 25, 1895
Nov. 14, 1901

Middle row, south to north

Anna
wife of J.P. Stuckey
died Apr. 5, 1885
aged 40 yrs 4 mo 5 days

J.P. Stukey (no letter c in the name)
died Aug. 29, 1905
aged 61 yrs 3 ms 3 ds
(has square and compass on bottom left and 3 rings of a chain on right)

Magdalena Stuckey
Apr. 9, 1936
July 2, 1917

East row, south to north

Barbara Riehl Miller
born in Mifflin Co., Pa.
died Oct. 25, 1885
aged 53 yr 6 mo 4 d

Rebecca Riehl
born in Mifflin Co., Pa.
died June 26, 1889
aged 60 yr 5 m 26 d

Frankie
son of D.S. & L.B. Stoltzfus
died June 30, 1890
aged 2 yr & 6 dys

Mary
wife of Chr. Steckley
died Nov. 13, 1893
aged 60 yr 10 m 19 D

Nettie N. Kaufman
born Feb. 1, 1897
died July 13, 1897
aged 5 mos 12 ds
Beneath this stone in soft repose
Is laid a mother's dearest pride,
a flower that scarce had waked to life.
And light and beauty are died.
Eldorado Ks

Sevilla
dau. of C. & M. Bender
died Oct. 28, 1882
aged 14 yrs 1 mo 16 ds

Christian D. Bender
died May 24, 1888
aged 62 yrs 11 ms 9 days

Mary M.
died Mar. 21, 1897
aged 2 yr 4 mo 7 d
children (sic) of G.C. and M. Bender

Barbara A.
died July 9, 1900
aged 5 m 14 d

Josephine Sutter
born Feb. 12, 1896
Died June 17, 1897
Aged 1 yr 4 mos & 5 ds
Its hard to break the tender cord
When love has bound the heart.
Tis hard, so hard to speak the words
"Must we forever part?"
Eldorado, Ks

Katie C.
Wife of J.J. Musselman
Died Feb. 11, 1902
Aged 36 y 4 m.
Gone but not forgotten

Lizzie
wife of C. Rediger
Died Nov. 13, 1895
Aged 38 y 8 m 12 d
With Christ in heaven.

Samie Rich
Apr. 23, 1900
July 7, 1900

Mary Schlegel
Born Aug. 11, 1884
Died July 26, 1897
Gone but not forgotten
(Stone is broken and lying on the ground)

Chicano Identity

by Miguel Almanza

Miguel Almanza teaches in the art department at Bethel College. This article was first presented at a Bethel convocation in May, 1977.

My topic is identity. For years, I have spent time and energy trying to get rid of this Mexican baggage to be a *"REAL AMERICAN"!* It was always getting in the way of friendships, goals in school, social progress, job opportunities and even my religion. There was hardly anything it didn't affect! Like many of my Chicanos, I did more than I'd like to admit to play down those things that were a liability to "success".

This has also been true for a great many of my RAZA in this town, in this state and in this country. We gave in to the pressures and we hid from ourselves. Nothing was more human than to react that way. But in retrospect nothing was more foolish. Our sense of pride was being challenged by the ridicule and affronts of discrimination. Our integrity was being attacked, so we hid. We hid from ourselves, within ourselves, among ourselves, in the womb of our culture.

Today things are different. Our perceptions have changed because we've been through so much as a society.

There is a sense in which the times have made all of us scramble back to the basic questions about ourselves and life in general. And all of us, in our own ways, are coming to terms with what we feel confirms our ideals.

I don't know what the scrambling back has done for you as an individual or as a group. I don't know what kind of movement you've latched on to or slipped into to find the answers to some of the questions posed by the times. I don't know what answers you've found or would give as a result of your involvement. But I do know mine. And I think I'd feel safe in saying that I know my RAZA's answer.

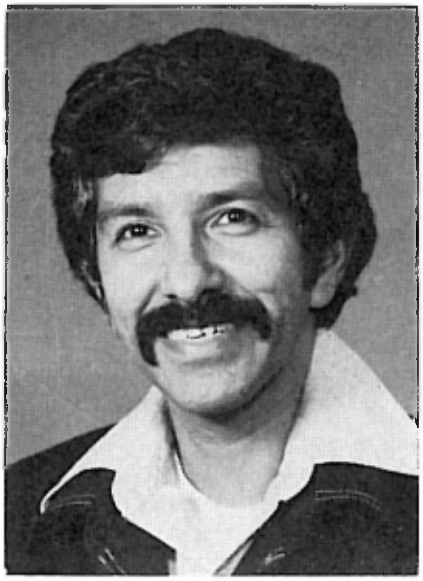
The nature of the times and the many national and world problems we're innundated with make our concerns difficult to be heard. Yet, when we measure our lives in terms of the small circles in which we move, the things we bump into most are the attitudes people have about other people, the put-downs of the races, the excluding tactics, and the protection of privileges and opportunities of the socially or economically powerful. In essence, then, to address the question of our identity is to address the concerns in the small circles of our lives.

The history of my people in this area typifies what one might find anywhere else. The experience would differ only in degree but not in kind.

Mexicans in Newton

Here in Newton, the Mexican settled in town somewhere in or about 1903. As in most cases the Mexican moved in with the railroad. He was (and still is) its backbone. He followed anywhere it led him. My own father came up this way settling in Salina just 50 miles north and then moving into Chicago where the "opportunities" for work were better. Once the Mexican became established the rest of the family followed to join the father to make a home. Sometimes the whole family followed the railroad as the father skipped around.

This is how we came. As this continued our numbers grew, causing the white population concern. Our way of life was different than what others said was the norm. This developed into a host of other problems drawing a circle around us as outsiders. I don't think I have to tell you what happens to outsiders. They are kept out of the mainstream. We were told where we should live, where we could go, who we were to be with, what kind of work we could do, the level of education we should have, where we should worship, and what kind of future we could expect.



Miguel Almanza

Our history in the areas of education, employment and economics is pretty much the same and it is full of stories of exploitation, injustices and dehumanizations of all sorts. It is a history you would like to forget if you are not Black or Mexican. It sounds too familiar. It's that bad dream all over again, the one back there somewhere covered by the layers of the years, something that happened in another time and to another people.

But the Chicano does not look at it all that way because blood and culture are ingrained and his-

tory is a vivid part of his present. Too, every time one RAZA looks into the face of another RAZA he is reminded of those who have struggled before him. So it is not back there somewhere. It is right here. Today.

Ironically, the history of suffering of the Mexican is also his fulfillment. He is strengthened by it.

Identity is not something of a slogan or fad that's catchy and for which you wave a flag until it passes. The question of identity is with you in your beginnings and all that that has come to mean and you express it precisely because of the importance of those beginnings and meanings for making life whole. Life moves you toward it—thus it stays, persists, continues, and grows.

So to tackle the subject, I thought the best way would be to simply sit down and write my RAZA family out there a letter, and in doing so reflect ideas about identity that have grown out of my own experiences and which would I feel overlap theirs. My letter is as follows:

To my Raza Community.

Oye RAZA—you out there whose blood and culture I share. Somos uno. We are one. Do not let anything mislead you to think that because one of us aspires to be a lawyer, or to live outside the barrio, or simply struggles to be a father, or a mother, or a son, or a daughter—that we are different. We may be living at different levels, but we are bound together by a common beginning and the problems of the present. We are *one* in blood and *one* in culture. Do not forget who you are by slipping into the mainstream of Americana and becoming someone else. *Be* yourself, but let that being reflect your ethnic identity. And if you don't know what that identity is, or what it's all about, get closer to the santos, the corridos, the tortilla, the compadres and amigos, the familios and your language. Those things are the pipelines to your character and your bridge to your past.

In this day and age, we are always giving ourselves up to something—the city, the teachers, the principles, the job, the system. We are invited to join the mainstream, to be a politico or an organization man to prove that we have interest in a community. We spin our wheels trying to be a success in terms of the rules of others. Our energies are diverted and expended leaving us with little or nothing to invest in the community that needs us the most —the Chicano community!!

Let's be sensible and reflect seriously. It is true that we hunger for success, but let *us* set our sights about what that means and what that's all about. And let *us* decide where it is to happen and how. Is there not enough work to do among our Chicano people that we must jump out of our skin to join the merry-go-round of social, political organizations that lure us? Are we not in tune with our own priorities? Must we prove interest in a community by abandoning the barrio or our RAZA's needs?

Let me ask you how many times has "the" community—that enigma out there—expressed a real interest in you by improving your condition? Has that eyesore of a salvage yard been cleared? Have the utilities been zoned out of your neighborhood? What kind of evidence can you point to that assures you the community is concerned about economic justice for you? Are you still puzzled by the process of who gets what position in the city and the courthouse? Are you even represented in those positions? Have the schools seized on the value and potential of your bilingualism and your culture? No—no to all of those questions. By and large we are invisible to all others but ourselves.

Wait now. Before we jump up to shout who is to blame, let's recognize that we are invisible because we've made ourselves so by trying to conform rather than by demonstrating how we are different and why that difference is a value to all. In essence, we have not asserted our identity.

Identity, then, what is it? And what differences does it advocate for us? What does it say about what our priorities are and the values we affirm? And what kind of conscious decisions are we ready to make to affirm those values once we find them?

What are the components of ethnicity of that experience of being a Chicano? And how do we build into our experience the ways of touching base with those elements? What are the issues a focus on identity raises and how should one deal with them? Are the issues suggestive of a greater isolation for us as a people? Or are they really a kind of truth from which we can build bridges to others?

I am convinced that the matter of identity is central to being and to purpose. We must resolve it in some fashion if we are to concentrate on the qualitative aspects in our experience.

First of all, let's get down to basics. Look, I'm a Chicano. I am also RAZA. In one breath I have said I am one and I am my entire race. That's quite a concept. And it's terribly significant to us, because it conveys an understanding of our inseparable nature and interdependence. There is no division or distinction unless I prostitute myself into deceit. Identity, here is our affirmation as a people first and foremost and not a self-indulgence for the the sake of a "freedom from."

Only in proclaiming RAZA can I be a Chicano. It sounds simple.

But there is more. In proclaiming RAZA, I express a commitment to a larger community and its values. That commitment is clear about the interests and their priority for the group. This kind of commitment is like that expressed by a fellow Chicano artist who has stated, "I will subjugate my own interest and work for the sake of the group." Now, that idea, of course, is not new. It is a Christian concept in origin. And it is not new for Chicanos who sacrifice through their activism in the communities where they live. But confronted as a principle to guide us, the idea of subjugating ones own interests for the good of the whole group is not something we rush to embrace, let alone are willing to sacrifice for! Yet, identity should force us to confront which relationships are valued. It's part of sifting out the essence of our common bond and discovering our source of strength.

Identity in this sense is as some-

one put it, *more* than "family tree." It is more concerned with a culture and society and the order and relationships within them.

There is no identity outside community. Discipline and sacrifice are essential to it. Through these, one not only finds identity but strengthens it in that traditions and the order of a culture are respected. And it is fundamental in my judgement to Chicanos, Mennonites, Blacks, Indians and all others in search of their humanity.

Hey, RAZA out there, that means we shouldn't trip over ourselves in trying to get to the top. That's easy to do too because in today's society everything is so complex that we are pushed to become complex persons, to be Individualists "to the max," to borrow a slang phrase. If we get into that bag it's easy to lose touch with the things that really count. So stay close to the santos, the corrido, the tortilla, the compadres and amigos, the familia and your language—those are the pipe-lines to your character and your bridge to your past.

It is also our way of expressing openly our defiance towards the superficial!

Remember too, that a strong commitment to our culture increases our capacity to say "no" to the unimportant. Someone has said, culture is an authority we need for narrowing the range of choices open to us. We need to keep that idea alive through selectivity in our lives. Not everything is important nor does everything need to be expressed or experienced by us. After all, quality demands that we discard non-essentials. Our sense of identity should serve to direct our efforts to becoming more humane, not less.

Through a strong commitment to culture we reveal the depth of our character as well as help define the meaning of freedom and justice in terms we understand. And that's important, because we've spent too much of our energies chasing lofty ideas about freedom and justice that have in truth been alien to us. They have been so because they have been couched in social truths such as "more is better," "status means power," and "acculturation is liberation." There is a sense in which truth has been substituted for real truth.

Religious Faith

A clear perspective of what we're about is to be in touch with the values at the center of our culture. One of those values is our religious faith. That faith goes back beyond the conquest of Mexico by Spain. It ties into the Aztecs, the Toltec, the Mitec and the Maya and grows out of a history in which salvation was a collective idea before it became a personal one. Our roots are implanted in ritual and sacrifice to Xipe, Tlatoc, Coatlicue, Quetzalcoatl and Huitzlipochtli. Their myths and legends hold attraction to us, a people in search of its harmony with God and nature.

In our affirmation as Chicanos we revere the faith of our ancestors and its sense of place in our culture today.

In our life today our faith is expressed everywhere in our identity. It is reflected in our greetings in the "abrazo" (or hug) in our "adios" when we say "Vaya con Dios"; we sing of it in our corridos (or folk ballads), we carry it in the color of our skin and in our given name and in our saint's name. We celebrate it at fiestas like on May 5, Mexico's defeat of the French at Puebla; on September 16 when Father Miguel Hidalgo gave the shout for Independence of Mexico; and November 1st, the Day of the Dead; and December 12th, the Feast Day of Our Lady of Guadalupe; on our Saints' Day as well as our Birthday, at Baptisms, Weddings and yes, at Funerals. Even when we get drunk *we* confess our moral dilemmas where *others* get drunk to forget them. Our faith cuts into every aspect of our life and surfaces at every point.

Like the ancient Mexican-Indian, tribute and ritual give character and wholeness to our expression of faith. These acts surface more clearly in our relationship with the Saints within our Catholic heritage. Our Lady of Guadalupe is a principal example here.

In terms of our identity she is a major symbol. In just about every Chicano home she is given honor. A picture, a statue or an altar usually marks her importance to our families. To RAZA she is "*Our* Mother"—mother of the poor, the destitute, the orphaned and alienated. To her, we Chicanos make petitions and ask favors of all kinds, but not without making "mandas" (promises or pacts) in return. These "mandas" are the tribute and sacrifice of a ritual that has been handed to us by generations. She also becomes our strength when battle calls—be it to the bullring or when taking on a social cause. History has affirmed her place for us today. Her importance is fixed by the fact that she is an Indian Virgin and because her appearance took place on a hili where once stood a sanctuary to the ancient goddess 'Tonantzin,' "*Our* Mother," Aztec goddess of fertility. Our lady is our point of reference with our people and our history all over again..

Should you recall the Virgin's image in my work, you may wonder why the mix of her image with that of an eagle. It is not a sign of irreverance. The eagle, apart from being a beautiful bird in itself, is deceptively powerful. Our Lady is like that. Too, the eagle is tied to sacrifice. Ancient myths carry stories of the sun god becoming an eagle by day to descend to earth to collect the sacrifices offered. The eagle is tied to the birth of Mexico City. Legend has it that the Aztecs were sent forth from northwest Mexico (thought to be then in and around Arizona or New Mexico) by a god to find their rightful homeland. They would know the location when they would find an eagle perched on a cactus devouring a serpent. The Aztecs traveled in search of the sign and finally found it—there—right in the middle of a lake called Lake Texcoco. The Aztecs we know developed a highly sophisticated city system—the city was known as TENOCHITLAN. The lake was gradually but completely filled so that a city could be built. That city today is Mexico City. There also stands the national cathedral of our Lady of Guadalupe to mark her appearance!

I see our Lady as a "macho" in her own right. This little, sweet and quiet lady has guts and courage! She's an eagle in every way—silent, majestic and powerful! As one Chicano, I simply want to assert her as the symbol of our new RAZA power!

Our emphasis on Our Lady will obviously lead some to think that we are idolators, that we worship her more than we do God. Of course that's not the case, but I shall not dare argue the point, because it's tied into the whole meaning of what identity as a Chicano is all about.

From a value in faith comes a value of family. Like faith our Chicano idea of family is defined by culture and tradition. There are pressures that are changing the notion of "familia" today, but there remain some distinctives. To us, family is blood and like blood it is sacred. That notion while perhaps universal, changes in meaning through the attitudes and feelings Chicano parents reflect for their children.

Parents are willing to go to any lengths to sacrifice for their children. A threat or harm to children is a threat or harm to parent and nothing reveals our violent nature more than an attack on family. At the same time nothing reveals our capacity to absorb pain or show love than our readiness to accept disappointments and failures in the lives of our children. It's almost masochistic.

The strange intertwine of sacrifice, violence and carino (affection) all wrapped into one, appear as contradictions and unsettling for family stability, that is, from an outsiders point of view. But from within, the Chicano finds wholeness in it all because he professes and asserts the code of honor and respect the familia lives by.

In RAZA we know the sense of it all because we share in what's at stake.

Our identity is cradled and nourished by the family. It is not something automatic though. There are obligations to fulfill to realize the wholeness of self. By culture and tradition the familia imposes its code. That code spells out duties, privileges and expectations in matters of authority, respect, violence, honor, reverence, sacrifice, morality and discipline. Fulfillment of the code is the highest compliment paid the family. Likewise a breakdown at any point brings conflict and shame.

Security in Family

The family in RAZA offers a creed for living in the midst of change and opposing influences. To be secure in family is to be secure in identity. The family is culture institutionalized. Our loyalty to it teaches us to esteem what time and experience have given our old folks and withheld from the young. We find balance through it.

To be family in RAZA one must stay close to the santos, the corridos, the tortilla, the compadres and amigos, the familia and the language. Those things are the pipelines to your character and your bridge to your past.

Woven into faith and family, identity settles as part of our conscience. It secures the values of life for us and serves us in sensing their presence in experience. When we get close to ourselves in experience our nature is advanced. This happens often in our solitude or at fiestas or in situations that reflect ideals we identify with. Too many times, however, the reverse is true. Experiences and opportunities exclude. Then there is confrontation and crisis.

The impact of the confrontation and crisis is emotional to be sure, but should not be taken to mean we as Chicanos are irrational. Confrontation is our conscience addressing itself to conditions that violate our sense of justice. Thus, the confrontation or crisis is outside us and not within. We are secure.

The school would be an example of what I'm talking about. To RAZA families, the school offers a way for improving their socio-economic status. We support it in its efforts to teach our young to be competent, but at the very same time we denounce it in its insensitivity to our history and our culture and what it means to integrity and wholeness. Our rejection is often stronger and more fierce than our support, because for Chicanos history and culture are at the core of their humanity.

We understand that the school cannot do all things. But at the same time, we are not naive to believe that the school's curriculum is neutral or impartial. We know that it reflects value judgements on customs, values and life styles. We know that, because we have felt the impact of this in our own "de-Mexicanization." The models and ideals the school has held up to us has been a game of Russian-roulette thrust on us to commit cultural suicide.

Identity as conscience makes us acutely aware of the inequity of opportunity. Our exclusion is a reality we see everywhere. This awareness has drawn some of us into the arena of social action. We have joined with politicos and moved in on governing groups in an effort to "change" things. Others of us have remained silent withdrawing again into our solitude. Both kinds of responses are forms of retaliation by us. But the big questions still remain—"Is this helping RAZA?"—"Have *we* realized results?" "How far can we move into the politics of the mainstream before we lose touch with RAZA ideals?"

The battle continues like this with disappointments adding to reflection. We are positive but we are also realists. Perhaps the single most important lesson we will gain from all of this will be that we need to look elsewhere to fulfill our commitment and role as a people.

As RAZA, I hope our conscience will point us in the direction of our community—sending us back, as it were, to the needs of our young, our old folks, the church, our fiestas and celebrations, to all those elements that have been and are our strength and the cause of our struggle.

If that smacks of isolationism, a nationalism, or separatism—then so be it. But from this view the move back is a move forward. We must remember that for us, to live out our identity is to fulfill the mission of the revolution.

Coming in by the Back Door

by William Keeney

William Keeney has recently taken a position as director of the Consortium on Peace Research, Education, and Development, (COPRED). He has been active in Mennonite peace activities and is the author of Lordship as Servanthood *(1975).*

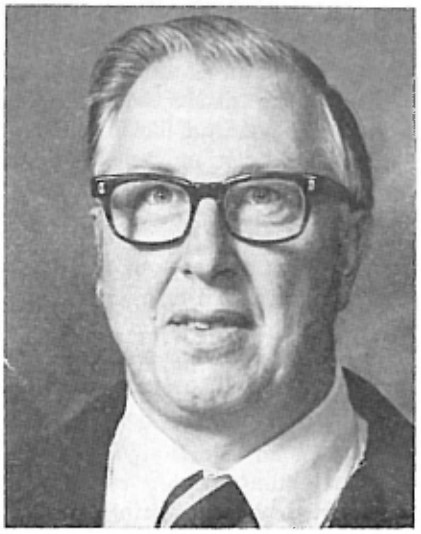
C. Henry Smith was one of the first Mennonites to receive a Ph.D. He taught history at Bluffton College, and had a special interest in Mennonite History. One way to involve Mennonites in their own history was to go around the class, ask the names of the Mennonites, and then tell them of their origins—whether from Switzerland or Germany, or from Holland by way of Russia. After we were married, my wife was taking the course. When he came to her and she gave her name as Keeney, C. Henry paused a moment, and then said, "You must have come into the church through the back door." Since then, I have described myself as a "Backdoor Mennonite." In Kansas and Oklahoma they want to know if my name was originally spelled Kueghney—a name found among Mennonites there—or sometimes I am asked if it is an English form of the German word "König"—which means king. But it isn't. I understand it was originally Welsh, and at one time would have been McKeeney.

I want to look briefly at four stages in my experience of becoming a Mennonite. The first would be an original, naive Patriotic Christian position; the second would be a somewhat romantic and humanitarian Liberalism, the third would be an Agnostic Scientism, and finally to an acceptance of Christian Discipleship.

I. Christian Patriotism

My family lived in the coal mining area of Southwestern Pennsylvania. We went to a revivalistic protestant church with a puritan streak. Our family merged Christian teachings with American patriotism. My father's oldest brother was in France in World War I and was something of a family hero. My father tried twice to run away and join the army in World War I, but was rejected because he was too young.

But it was at least an ambivalent patriotism. My grandfather had a picture book showing the horrors of the war my uncle had been in. My uncle disliked the fireworks of the 4th of July. He jumped every time a firecracker went off unexpectedly, and would not go to the firework displays which the rest of us enjoyed as part of our Independence Day reunions. The first time we broke the rule about no movies on Sunday was to go see "All Quiet on the Western Front." But despite this reaction to the horrors of war, we would not have dreamt of being disloyal to the country and it was just assumed that we would perhaps join by volunteering, or at least be willing to go if drafted in time of war.



William Keeney

II. Romantic Liberalism

Things changed for us in my last year of grade school and my high school years. We were in the midst of the depression and it hit us hard. In the spring of 1936 a new family moved in "two doors over" in the house next to ours. We lived in a company owned double house in a coal mining town. I became acquainted with the oldest boy of the family, Jim, and he told of how his family was there with the American Friends Service Committees to start a Homestead Project on a 200 acre farm about four miles away. It was to be a community rehabilitation project.

In the spring of '37, the Landes family moved to the farm and I was invited to come out to spend the night with Jim, two boys who lived

on the other side of the house from us, and a couple of boys whose father was working the farm where the Homestead Project was to be. We slept in the apple orchard. After roasting wieners and marshmallows for supper, we wanted a "Ghost Story" as we usually had at boy scout camp around the campfire. Instead Jim's father told about to COs who went to prison in World War I and died of the mistreatment they received because they would not submit to the army.

You probably cannot conceive how that blew my mind. Here was a different kind of hero from my uncle. It was the first real meeting with Mennonites that I had and the idea of refusing to fight for the country was a totally foreign notion for me.

Our family was accepted as one of the first group of families for the Community Rehabilitation Project. Through that Mennonite family working for the Friends Service Committee, and the Quakers at the Homestead project, we were exposed to a lot of new ideas. They talked about cooperatives. Black families were included in the Community. We lived next to one family and I got the name of being a "nigger lover" because I argued that they should be part of our community social events since they were part of the community.

The pastor of our local church at the time was a Yale divinity school graduate, quite different from our previous pastor. He had signed a "no participation in War" pledge as a part of the peace movement of the thirties. I admired him very much as a preacher.

As a consequence of all this, I became a liberal pacifist. In my senior year in high school, I wrote a 35 page paper on pacifism for the required Problems of Democracy class. It dealt mainly with economic, social, and humanitarian arguments. A brief section on religion was included, but as I went back to reread it later, it was rather superficial and the weakest part of the paper.

The paper was good enough so that on the basis of it, the teacher cast the deciding vote which gave me the award for being the best history student in my graduating class—winning out over my closest friend and debating colleague in the Problems of Democracy Class debates. Ironically, I was presented an inscribed medal at Commencement—provided by the local American Legion Post—and that was in May, 1940.

III. Agnostic Scientism

My liberal humanitarian pacifism was short lived. I had a sister in college and we were still recovering from the depression. The coal mine where my dad worked was hiring in the summer of 1940. I applied for a job the week I was turning 18—the minimum age to work in the mine—and started to work the Monday after my 18th birthday.

During that year, I did some reading and a lot of thinking about my position. I had become interested in science in High School and was the lab assistant in physics in my senior year. As a result of my interest in the scientific method, I rejected my Sunday School three-level view of the universe—with heaven above—hell below—and the earth in between. I became agnostic about God, heaven, and hell, if they exist, you can't know or prove it. I bought the view that you can only know with any certainty what can be observed, measured, weighed, etc.

Furthermore, the coal mine led me to accept Darwin's survival of the fittest view. The coal mine was a dog eat dog life. Your buddy would knife you in the back for 24c a day—the difference between the minimum of $6.76 per day and the next step up to $7.00. The topics of conversation were almost exclusively restricted to sex, fighting and drinking, and that included the deacons from my home church.

I concluded that my pacifism was romantic about human nature. Furthermore, the reports about what was happening in Nazi Germany led me to believe that freedom and justice were worth fighting for.

But I retained some of my puritan and liberal heritage. I concluded that one should do that which made the most people happy and did the least harm to others. I learned later that my ethic was based on eudaemonistic hedonism—"The greatest good for the greatest number," with good defined largely in terms of pleasure.

I continued to go to church and even was elected as president of our Christian Endeavor. I did not agree with the doctrines since they rested on beliefs I thought, could not be proved, but it made most of the people I know happy to have you going to church, and did not do much harm.

IV. Christian Discipleship

During my year in the coal mine, I became convinced that I did not want to spend my life at that job. I wanted to go to Philips in Enid, Oklahoma, to our church college. My father said that was too far from home. He wanted me to go to a state teachers college 11 miles away and commute to save money. I had worked all through High School so I could not take part in interscholastic athletics and other activities after school hours. Also, I did not want to be a teacher. I told my father I would either stay home and work or go away to school, I would not try to do both. So we were stalemated.

Earlier the Mennonite family from whom I first heard of conscientious objection had moved to Bluffton. When my older sister graduated from high school we had little money, so they invited her to live with them and do some housework to earn part of her room and board. She went to Bluffton College. She knew of the stalemate so she had the college recruiter stop in mid-July to see us. He happened to hit us when both my dad and I were home—that was not too usual since we worked different shifts and he worked 7 days a week. The college representative offered me a scholarship. My dad agreed that it was close enough so I could come home for vacations, and I agreed it was far enough away so I would not be working at home evenings and weekends.

At Bluffton, my sister was a member of the Peace Club. She would argue the peace position but it seemed to me that she was senti-

mental and unrealistic. When I arrived on campus, it seemed that she had a member of the Peace Club next to me at every meal.

Three things led me to be at least open to reconsider my position.

Bluffton faculty

1. The faculty at Bluffton showed an integrity between their faith commitment and their actions—something I had generally not found in my home church. Furthermore, I respected them as persons with more knowledge, and wisdom much greater than mine, including the persons in the sciences, yet they were not agnostics. They believed in God. I had to examine seriously whether my views were adequate.

Student friend

2. My "big brother" was a senior chemistry major. One night on the way back to the dorm we discussed the peace issue. We talked until 1:30 or 2:00 a.m. His reasoning impressed me as at least plausible, though I was not convinced. As I recall, his general argument was the need to break the cycle of war. It would be possible if people would live as they wished everyone else would, and so we should start by breaking the cycle ourselves.

General Hershey

3. I went to an FOR sponsored conference in Chicago. General Hershey, Director of Selective Service, and Colonel Armstrong, head of Selective Service in Illinois, were participants. I expected good answers and strong arguments from them. They were not very good in presentation and seemed to evade the questions in discussion, so I was disillusioned with their ability to make a good case for their position.

The climax came when I had to read the New Testament for a required Freshman Bible course. I put to it the question of whether it taught nonparticipation in war. After reading it, it seemed that the real question was not whether I was a pacifist, but whether I was a Christian. The New Testament teaching that love was the final reality, that God is love, would not allow one to participate in a system predicated on the intention to kill and destroy.

Before the end of the year, I committed myself as Christian. I had concluded that there were realities other than those known by science.

I still did not commit myself to pacifism fully until I went back to the mines to see whether I had fallen into an ivory tower trap again. I went back to the mine in the summer. I was quickly convinced that the life of bitterness, envy, hatred and sensuality of my fellow miners was not the real meaning of life, particularly when compared with persons I had learned to know at Bluffton. These included J. P. Klassen who lived through the Russian Revolution, Russell Lantz who went to prison in World War I, and others. They had an answer to the reality of sin and evil so that they were not just naive and sentimental as so many of my liberal friends were in the 30s.

I had other problems to work through but by August I was ready to commit myself as Christian and a conscientious objector.

When my grandfather first met me after he learned I was going as a conscientious objector, he greeted me by saying, "So you won't fight for your country. You're not a Keeney."

I came into the Mennonite Church five years after I decided to be Christian and a conscientious objector—with a name my grandfather said did not belong to me any longer, and a name that said I came into the Mennonite church through the back door. But it was in the name of Jesus Christ that I found the answer to my search for knowledge of what is most real and true.

Christian discipleship seems to me to answer best the questions raised but not answered in an ambivalent patriotism, a humanitarian liberalism, and an agnostic scientism. Perhaps the title should be "What's in a Name" rather than "Coming in by the Back Door." A nonethnic Mennonite or a Keeney can discover the reality that lies beyond the heritage of either, and live in the name of that reality.

Robert Hostetter, Cheyenne Jesus Buffalo Dream, *Mennonite World Conference Drama, (1978).*

A most intense and disturbing experience for many participants in the 10th Mennonite World Conference was the officially commissioned drama by Robert Hostetter *Cheyenne Jesus Buffalo Dream*. Through most of the conference Mennonites celebrated the glories of intercultural communication. In the *Cheyenne Jesus* drama, however, they learned of the demonic potential of cultural confrontation. The drama told how whites brought civilization westward onto the American plains and inflicted death and destruction upon the Cheyenne Indians. The performance benefited from superb staging, acting and choreography, which blended Cheyenne and modern dance.

At one level the drama was the story of Two Visions, a young Cheyenne seeker of knowledge who goes through three stages as his people respond to the white assault. In the first stage the warriors attempt to save the people—with awful results. The Cheyennes are cut down in senseless massacre and the warriors are humiliated in prison chains. In the second stage Two Visions resolves to take up the "white road," and to teach his people to take advantage of the white man's civilization. But the white road proves equally destructive of Cheyenne identity and integrity. So Two Visions finally chooses a third alternative — the Ghost Dance — which promises a coming Jesus-messiah who will restore the buffalo, renew the earth, and get rid of the whites. The drama closes with the hope of resurrection, for the people are like the white eagle which dies and which rises again.

In the initial stage of military confrontation, the drama highlights a new cultural hero, the peace chief Whirlwind—who offers a mediating alternative between the militant Cheyenne warriors and the marauding U. S. cavalry. Whirlwind embodies the massive Cheyenne patience, perseverance and desire for unity. He smokes the peace pipe with both the treacherous government negotiators and with his own soldiers who are repudiating his leadership. When the massacre comes, he refuses to flee and is killed while singing his death chant, "Nothing lives long. Only the Mountains and the trees." Whirlwind's role had special power as played by Lawrence Hart, himself a Cheyenne peace chief as well as a Mennonite pastor who sees links in his own heritage with the Anabaptist doctrine of nonresistance. In a time when "Red power" is acclaimed and feared, the most distinctively "Mennonite" twist to this drama was the prominence given to the peace chief rather than to the soldier societies. The drama seems to suggest that it is more authentically Cheyenne to die a nonresistant sufferer than to die a soldier hero.

For a Mennonite audience, and especially for any who were familiar with mission work of a generation ago, it was especially painful to see the second stage where Indians were being Americanized and stripped of their cultural identity in an authoritarian and paternalistic boarding school. The school leader, Major Moses, was modeled after the historical figure, Captain Richard H. Pratt, who founded a school for Indians in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Major Moses' speech advocating that Indians be immersed Baptist-style in American culture was lifted almost verbatim from Pratt's autobiography. Although it could be said that the drama unfairly caricatured the missionary figure, whose linguistic efforts hinted of the Mennonite Rudolphe Petter, the drama was a sharp reminder that Mennonites and others for decades insisted upon total rejection of traditional Indian culture and strove without success to remake Indians in the white image.

The Ghost Dance alternative was in this drama the least fully developed of the Indian responses to the white assault. The Ghost Dance was an apocalyptic movement which originated with the prophet Wovoka in Dakota and which spread rapidly to all the plains tribes. It was in one sense a religious delusion, and it faded rapidly when the promised messiah did not arrive to restore the earth and eliminate the whites. It is an intriguing fact that a great event of Mennonite apocalyptic vision—Class Epp's trek eastward into Central Asia—occurred at about the same time as the Ghost Dance on the American plains.

The historical and dramatic scope of *Cheyenne Jesus Buffalo Dream* was breathtaking. Hostetter endeavored to portray a wide spectrum of culture and personality types from both the aggressive white civilization and the benign Indian culture spanning events of at least a quarter century. Moreover the author succeeded remarkably in grounding his characters and events

in historical reality. One sees here the genesis of President Grant's "peace policy," the Sand Creek massacre, the implementation of the Dawes Severalty Act, as well as Colonel John M. Chivington, reformer-author Helen Hunt Jackson, Quaker agent Brinton Darlington, and others. None of the historical characters are identified by name. Some who saw the drama in Wichita said they needed help to understand the obscure symbolism and historical allusions. This drama, which is the product of extensive scholarly research, is appreciated most by those most familiar with Cheyenne culture and history.

Hostetter pays a price for the ambitious sweeping pageant-like scope of his drama. There was not sufficient time and place for Two Visions to emerge as a fully rounded character. Moreover, both the Cheyennes and the Americans become victims of stereotyping. The Cheyenne culture is basically portrayed as one of romantic innocence and harmony. This culture is somehow exempt from the principalities and powers" which act to corrupt the structures of all cultures, as Hank B. Kossen told the Mennonite Assembly. There is one suggestion of dissonance in Medicine Chief's refusal to interpret the vision until he is paid four good horses. At times there are hints that Two Visions' quest for knowledge is a prideful and tragic quest, but in the end he is mystically triumphant. It is an immensely sad story, but the persistent theme is the hope of resurrection. And when the Cheyenne people rise again, it will be the renewal of a people who have not sinned.

On the other side of this frontier coin, the whites are evil or ridiculous and stupid. The Quaker agent stands on his head to meditate; the drunken soldiers shoot Indians while singing "There is Power in the Blood,"; the missionary says he has brought "good news" and the Cheyenne Medicine Chief gets a cheap laugh by asking if that means he will be leaving soon. The drama offers no white person of sufficient stature and insight to embody the tragic and inevitable dimensions of

Conjuring Back the Buffalo. From a painting in possession of G. H. Young, Albany.

this cultural confrontation. As in the television production of *Roots*, the white audience has no one to identify with and therefore comes away covered with guilt.

There is, however, one white character in *Cheyenne Jesus* who is virtually without spot or wrinkle. She is an ethnologist, the only person who understands the spiritual depths of the Cheyennes. She defends their interests before government. She returns Two Visions' buffalo shield at great expense, and sponsors his artistic endeavors. Finally, she brings the Ghost Dance secrets and wins the ultimate accolade from Two Visions, "Now I am convinced that you care about us." This exceptional indulgent treatment of the one white figure in the drama who has some understanding of cultural relativism was apparently designed to support the drama's message that differing cultures should respect and tolerate each other. But other problems arise. On one hand, isn't it somewhat patronizing within the framework of this drama that the saving vision should be mediated by a white person? On the other hand, are we comfortable with such a complete and unqualified affirmation of cultural relativism?

One of the great joys of the 10th Mennonite World Conference was the discovery and celebration that Mennonites have become a people of great cultural diversity. We shared and participated with Mennonites whose non-Western styles, rhythms and sounds we found to be a blessing and an enrichment. This surely would have been startling to anyone who thought that Mennonites represented a religious type of "Christ *against* culture." There is no way for us now to escape the Christ and culture issue. Are there any limits to our affirmation of the integrity and autonomy of *any* culture, be it Western or non-Western? We live in an age of rapid cultural change and diffusion. Is this really the proper historical moment to plead for cultural separateness and autonomy? Is any culture sufficient and complete within itself without the saving grace and judgment of Jesus Christ? Just what is the message that Mennonites of such widely different cultures need to share with each other and with the world?

It is to the credit of *Cheyenne Jesus Buffalo Dream* that one comes away with a new disquietude and a need to re-examine old issues. This is a troubling drama about a troubled conflict. It does not leave us with a feeling of completeness or a sense of resolution. In this sense it is a much different drama than the dozens of Mennonite ethnic plays and pageants of recent years which have focused upon Mennonite history and identity and which have generally left Mennonites feeling quite good about themselves. In its own arena, *Cheyenne Jesus* is one of the best dramas ever written by a Mennonite. In symbolic richness and dramatic intensity it ranks with the best work of Warren Kliewer. It deserves to be produced many times in the future so it may be appreciated, discussed and debated by a larger audience—both Mennonite and non-Mennonite—than those who saw it in Wichita.

—Jim Juhnke

On Earth Peace (Discussions on War/Peace Issues Between Friends, Mennonites, Brethren, and European Churches, 1935-75) ed. by Donald F. Durnbaugh. Elgin, Ill.: The Brethren Press, 1978. 412 pp. $9.95.

Donald Durnbaugh, professor of church history at Bethany Theological Seminary at Oak Brook, Illinois, has drawn together a collection of materials which provide a useful survey of development in peace/war dialog over a period of four decades.

One of the most interesting changes which the collection brings into focus is the shift in issues which happened in response to historical events. The discussion started within the Historic Peace Churches as they anticipated the coming of World War II. It moved to the ecumenical scene with a mission conference and the founding of World Council of Churches in 1948. The responses remain in the context of conventional war. As the dialog moved to Europe after World War II, it was largely North American-European Protestants.

A second major shift was stimulated by reactions to the East-West conflict and the advent of the nuclear age. Persons who held to a just war position found themselves having to re-evaluate an easy acceptance of war as justified. More dialog was possible, though agreement was not much easier.

With the East-West conflict, contact was enlarged to include church leaders from the Orthodox tradition, and to a lesser extent with Roman Catholics.

As the discussions moved into the last decade of the period, the involvement of the Third World and the impact of the non-violent civil rights and anti-Vietnam war movements shifted the locus of the discussions. Increasingly, the issues of power, justice, and the use of nonviolence became the topics around which new dialog could proceed.

On Earth Peace brings together documents previously published but no longer readily available for the most part. The introductory essay and the brief introductory comments to the documents provided by Donald Durnbaugh help put the materials in proper context.

The doctrinal issues range from ecclesiology and ecumenics to discipleship, hermeneutics and relations to the state and other power structures. It is a history of many of the major doctrinal and ethical developments during the period.

A major omission in the book is a full bibliography of documents from the series of "Puidoux" Conferences. The notes on the introduction and the documents are helpful but a complete and systematic bibliography would be more useful to the person who wanted to pursue a study of the era more fully.

The book is a valuable contribution. Anyone wishing to continue the study and discussion or wishing to be informed on some of the best thinking on the issues during the recent past will want to have a copy of the book for reading and reference.

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