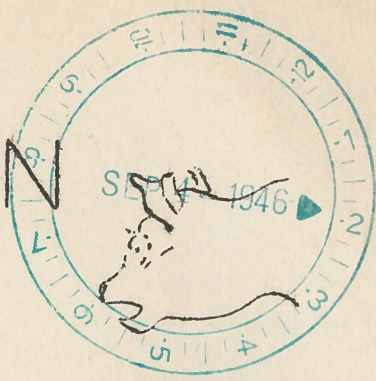


Central Files



MARINE BULL PEN

A PAPER ISSUED IN THE INTERESTS OF
SEA-GOING COWBOYS (CPS RESERVE)



No. 10

22 S. State St., Elgin, Ill.

August 29, 1946

S. S. MT. WHITNEY

There has been enough curiosity and enough questions about the airplane carrier, the S. S. Mt. Whitney, that it seemed in place to give some facts in this issue of the Bull Pen.

The S. S. Mt. Whitney had never been to sea before the voyage just recently completed. It was delivered with its new stalls to Newport News to pick up its load of horses for Poland.

It carried approximately 1600 horses on its maiden voyage. This required 76 cattlemen, four foremen, two supervisors, and four vets.

Cattlemen's quarters aboard the Mt. Whitney were said by some to be the best they had ever seen aboard a cattle boat. After all they were new!

At the time of going to press, no report had been received from the boys, but they were scheduled for a top-notch trip.

The crew included 26 men from the CPS reserves.

The Mt. Whitney left Newport News on Sunday, July 28, on its maiden voyage and was due to return August 24. The destination on the second trip is still in question.

Did YOU REALIZE IT?

Up to the end of August, the Brethren Service Committee had furnished over 5000 men for the UNRRA livestock shipments.

Back in June, 1945, when the first meek cattlemen boarded the cattle boats with no precedent behind them, little did anyone dream that in little over a year there would be a chance for that great a number of men to actually get across and view war conditions at first hand.

The questionnaires filled out by many cattlemen during their return trip almost invariably indicate a new-found sympathy or an intensification of sympathies previously held for the suffering people of Europe.

CPS - Service men relations abroad have been unexpectedly pleasant in most cases both groups being tolerant of the other's views.

Seamen in many cases have been found to be more intolerant than the men in the Armed Services, especially among those men who have been openly and admittedly dodging the draft.

The UNRRA - Brethren Service Contract calls for a total of 8000 men before the end of the UNRRA shipments. This should mean heavy shipping through the fall months.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT!

Men thinking about going on a cattleboat might well take two minutes to ask themselves just why they are wanting to go. If they want to go to GIVE something to the folks they meet in Europe, SWELL! If they want to go to GET something from the folks they meet in Europe, they are defeating the purpose of UNRRA and Brethren Service in this program and they should question their desire to go.

For instance, it would be foolish to take a load of horses to Europe and then buy one and bring it back, yet the equivalent of this is accepted practice among Merchant Seamen.

ABOVE NATIONAL LINES

The special crew of college and seminary men who went to Bremen, Germany in June really dug themselves out an experience in a city that might have otherwise been dull.

They started out to find a Protestant Pastor to help dispense a Jeep load of food and clothing which they had loaded into their forecables and ended up at the one room home of a close associate of Niemoller, Pastor Urban.

The climax of the association with Pastor Urban was a round table meeting with about 20 German Christians, the parishioners of two or three of the pastors of the city of Bremen.

Pastor Urban gave the opening address for the meeting and it was interpreted mostly by Mrs. Urban with some help from cowboy Guy Buch, Bethany Student.

Later, the Methodist Pastor arrived from an earlier meeting, and speaking English fluently, interpreted for all the discussion of the rest of the evening.

Both the Germans and the Americans asked some very frank questions of the others, but throughout the entire evening, it was evident that there was a spirit in the group which knew no national lines.

Some of the things discussed at this meeting are listed on the other side of this page.

Ex-CPS men in the special crew, were Fred Root and Merle Brown. Dick Cattlett was the UNRRA supervisor.

On the way over this special crew demonstrated what real team work can do on a cattleboat.

The vets, supervisor, foremen and cattlemen were, for the most part, working like a well-oiled machine and they had a new low in loss of horses out of Newport News.

They lost only nine horses out of their load of 785. Their ship was the S. S. Queens Victory.

CHRISTIAN ENEMIES TALK

On June 21, at 8:00 DST, a group of about 20 German Christians met with the members of a special crew of cattlemen to try to reach some limited understanding within this small group.

Pastor Urban, a sort of Head Pastor for the city of Bremen, opened the meeting with a portion of scripture which was read both in German and in English. It was from the book of Phillipians.

The hymn, A Mighty Fortress Is Our God, was sung both in German and in English.

In his opening address, Pastor Urban called attention to the 200th Lutheran Anniversary and then went on to say that it is not Luther whom we follow but that it is Christ.

Interesting bits from the open discussion were:

Pastor Urban - urged that we read the paper sent by the Bishop of Wormes to England.

Pastor Urban - urged that Americans remember that not all Germans are Nazis any more than all Americans are American Legion.

Prices are low in Germany, but wages are much lower in proportion.

(The older Christians refused to interpret the remarks below, because it was something they were not sure of and they wanted to be sincere. Guy Buch understood enough to report this.)

They asked about the Germans being compelled to cut down their own trees to furnish wood for the English to rebuild their homes.

They asked about the UNRRA goods which was being sold on the black market to Russia.

(On this last point, cowboys will be interested to know that of the first eight or ten families visited by Mr. Throckmorton of Jalif., every heifer was right where it was supposed to be.)

ALBRECHT AND CHRISTA KNORR
(contributed)

As I sit here and look at the picture of Albrecht and Christa Knorr, my two very good German friends, I am swept as if by magic across thousands of miles and a few weeks time to that Bremen home where I learned to know them.

When we approached their home for the first time, I noticed my friend, Dick Cattlett, stop where some children were playing. When he said, "Guten Morgen", a very pretty blonde-haired girl about nine years old turned around and recognized him at once.

The first three things I remember about Christa Knorr were long, flying pigtaails as she turned her head, deep, friendly dimples as she smiled at Dick, and a curtsy that held her heart out to me as Dick's friend when we were introduced.

Christa's curtsy took me by surprise. I didn't realize she had actually curtsied until a few seconds afterward. It was as graceful a thing as I ever saw in my life; it was almost as if a bird were flying along through the air and dipped a few inches without even stopping. Christa dipped a little and went right on living.

Christa's mother came to the door and as she recognized Dick, her face really lit up. I noticed during the whole visit that she could not realize that there were people who did not understand German.

She rattled off a number of sentences in German and was surprised and embarrassed when we answered, "Nicht verstehe". She rattled off a number of other sentences which we were sure must have meant that she was excusing herself, and went to call someone who could understand.

The man of the moment in this case was the thirteen year old Albrecht Knorr. He had studied English for a year in the public schools where he was attending and we were absolutely amazed at the way he could speak English.

A little later, a friend who could speak English fluently came in and interpreted for Dick in talking over the disposal of the relief goods we had brought.

Dr. Knorr came in also for this conversation and they made arrangements to call needy families in to the church the next day for that purpose.

This discussion of business was a very welcome thing to me. It gave me entire freedom to talk with Albrecht for a couple hours with very little interruption.

Albrecht was a very nice looking fellow who had grown too fast for his thirteen years and his lack of food to eat. His mind was alert and his thinking had a razor edge on it. His questions showed how hungry he was to learn anything he could.

He showed me his stamp collection and some electrical experiments which he had developed with practically no equipment at all.

After the conversation swung around to safe things like stamps and electricity, I made it a point to ask questions here and there about the things I wanted to know without letting him know too much what I was doing.

I learned that his home, too, had been damaged like the rest, although it was in good condition when we were there, it had been repaired.

I learned, through a slip on his part, how hungry they must be. He realized what he had said about food and looked up at his parents and was quite evidently relieved that they had not heard him. I have no doubt but that he was carefully instructed and disciplined to avoid the subject.

Dick learned how cramped his feet were under the fairly decent-looking shoes he wore.

We both began to notice, as we learned to know them, their waxen complexions and their cheeks a bit too red.

As we said, "Good-bye" and they answered "Auf Wiedersehen", (which they pronounce "Feedersain"), Albrecht clicked his heels politely, and Christa did another dipping bird curtsy and I thanked God for Good Christians in this enemy country.

HEIFER HIGHLIGHTS

The latest newsletter from the heifer office at New Windsor, lists a total of 2467 heifers that have been sent out as contributed animals.

Their destinations to date have been: Puerto Rico, Mexico, Arkansas, Greece, France, Poland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and Italy.

Don't forget, folks, that the nearly 5000 cowboys who have gone across in the past year have done their part in making this record possible. Brethren Service furnishes cowboys and UNRRRA furnishes space for heifers.

Thurl Metzger also reports a party at New Windsor that really went over the top.

It seems that it all started with a farewell party for Wayne and Wilma Buckle, who had given a year of service to the Center.

They requested that there be no gifts but that an offering be taken which amounted finally to over thirty dollars. It was decided later to put this into the purchase of the "Wilma Buckle Memorial Heifer".

On the night set for the big doings, a "barefooted lassie from deep in the hills of Virginia" led in a heifer, which sagged in the middle, and whose udder looked surprisingly like a baseball glove.

She was auctioned off to the various departments of the Center, each department being allowed to bid up to the amount contributed beforehand.

When the lively bidding was over, a total of \$512.30 was found in the fund. This was given by employees of the Service Center, many of whom are volunteer workers.