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Introduction

In the early spring of 1946, a group of Bethany students conceived the idea of an experiment in connection with the cattle-attendant program being sponsored by the Brethren Service Committee. From the reports that had come to the group and from personal experience in one case, it was felt that a group such as the Bethany group supplemented by well-chosen men from the Brethren colleges could make a fine contribution to the program by the setting of a pattern for the future.

It was the purpose of this group to find the results obtainable in this type of Christian service, both on the job itself and in relations in Europe, with the following set of conditions: (1) a group carefully interviewed and pre-selected, (2) a group agreeing beforehand to certain high standards of conduct, and (3) a group approaching their job and their contacts in Europe in a strictly Christian attitude always.

It is in the light of the above that the following experiences representative of the group of thirty men in a brief stay in Europe are reported.

The Enemy Was Christian

Byron P. Royer

"Wherefore also God highly exalted him and gave unto him the name which is above every name."

"The year of 1946 is the great year of Luther. On February 18, four hundred years ago, Luther died. . . ."

"Contrasts between the people are great and deep. But there is something that Christians all have in common; it is one person. This person isn't Luther, but Jesus Christ. The New Testament says he is our peace."

The room was bare with only a long table down through the center of the room and chairs enough to seat the group of German and American Christians.

The German Christians sat along one side of the long table, a group of interested parishioners gathered from the Protestant churches of the city. They did not look as starved to the group of Americans as Life magazine and other pictorials had led us to expect, but the American group could not help but notice that no one was fat.

As the group became better acquainted, the Americans began to notice also that the pallor across the table was not caused entirely by the lights in the room being so much inferior to the lights in the ship's forecables. It was evident that the vitality was lower than the surface appearance indicated.

The Americans, all livestock attendants under the UNRRA relief program, had been carefully chosen for their Christian idealism and had come to the meeting with a background of self-discipline during their trip together. But as they sat there that June Friday night, there probably wasn't one man who was not painfully conscious of the piles of sandwich meat and cheese that had been set out for them on the ship, the coffee and doughnuts at the Red Cross, and the ice cream at the military store.

There probably was not an American there whose thoughts did not go back to the unbelievably extravagant captain's dinner that had been set before them the Sunday before in contrast with what these good Christians had eaten, if anything at all. A sense of shame and penitence pervaded this group even though they were already self-disciplined by prevailing American standards.

At one end of the room, significantly to Brethren folks who still remember the meetinghouse, stood the good Pastor Urban, on the same floor level with the group, speaking of the one person whom these two "enemy" groups of Christians felt to be so important as to erase all other relationships. In the presence of this great soul, all there were "as one in Christ."

Pastor Urban was a great man and quite evidently a scholar. Those of the group who met him at his home on the first contact and who were invited so graciously into the study by Mrs. Urban will never forget the feeling of calm faith that pervaded the room even when neither the pastor nor his wife was there.

The first thing this particular group of cattlemen was interested in doing, when the Queen's Victory pulled up to the dock and they were given their first shore leaves, was to make some kind of contact at once with some German Christians. They had carried about all the food and clothing their forecables would carry, onto the ship in America and they were anxious to take these to needy Christians. They were even more anxious to share a rich fellowship with these good folks who had so recently been enemies.

Some of the group, in discussing it afterward, felt that there must have been a divine Hand showing the way on that first afternoon. It seemed that the way to the home of Pastor Urban was so direct, considering the location of his home in Bremen, that there was no other way of accounting for it.

The cattlemen stepped on the first streetcar that came by, regardless of the number, in an effort to go to the edge of the city. This seemed to offer more promise from the standpoint of finding a smaller church which might be more needy.

One of the boys handed a stick of gum to a small German boy with whom he wanted to be friends, and the conversation which resulted with his mother and the man sitting next to her indicated the position of a small church near by.

The cattlemen went down to the church indicated and found it to be a

church-owned hospital. Within a block, however, stood what had undoubtedly been at one time a very beautiful old brick church. Their hearts bowed in penitence before that old structure with nothing much except its four outside walls still standing.

With spirits sagging, they stood for a while and then started to walk slowly away. Almost providentially it began to rain and the men started to walk around to the back of the church in the hope of finding some spot inside or out which might be sheltered from the rain.

They had walked about halfway back along one side, when they were hailed by the voice of an old woman. They looked up, surprised that anyone was around, and found that this little old lady had literally come up out of a pile of bricks near by and was asking them what they wanted.

Guy Buch, one of the Bethany students in the group, spoke German fluently and was able to reassure her and at the same time inquire as to the whereabouts of the pastor of the church.

The old lady gave them the address of Pastor Urban, 13 Wieland Strasse. She said it was not far. All they had to do was to go down Humboldt Strasse to Wieland Strasse, turn left to number 13 and they would be there.

Thus it was that the Christian gentlemen stepped through the iron gate and knocked on the door of number 13 Wieland Strasse so soon after they had started out to find a pastor. They had been impressed by the way the little old lady had spoken of Pastor Urban and they knocked with eagerness to meet this good man. (After the summer's experience, none of the group regrets the application of the title, *Pastor*, to the clergy; the association is too pleasant for resentment.)

In answer to the knock on the door, a very well-poised pastor's wife greeted the men. Her only expression at first was interested curiosity. When she first realized who the men were and that they were actually American Christians calling on them, she registered the only embarrassment during the four days of acquaintance. She was embarrassed by her worn clothing and by the meagerness of their present home.

She excused herself, explaining that it was necessary for them to live in one room and that she would like to arrange it a little and also call her husband. Her arranging consisted of putting away their beds, which had been made up on the couches in the study itself.

By the time Mrs. Urban had returned she had evidently come to a full realization of the Christian spirit among the gentlemen and of the great heritage which they had in common. She never again showed any tendency toward embarrassment even at times when relief goods were brought to their limited home.

This devout pastor's wife had traveled in England over twenty years before and although she had not spoken English in that time, the talking of the gentlemen soon brought back memories to her. It was not long until she was speaking some English haltingly and with Buch's interpretation added to this, a rewarding conversation followed, especially after Pastor Urban came in and joined the group.

Here in this calm, sedate study, lined with great books on theology, German and others, with a beautiful white marble cross on the desk, and with even the old rug, which hung over a window that could not be re-

placed, giving off faith, the young American Christians, some of them ministers, shared their first rich fellowship with Pastor Urban, the old Christian scholar and close associate of Martin Niemöller.

The Inner Mission

The Americans in the group soon learned that Pastor Urban was a Lutheran and that he was the head pastor of the whole city of Bremen. There wasn't a single church left in the city in which the congregation could still meet. He reported that all Protestants in the city were meeting in the repaired basement of the great cathedral in the very heart of the city.

Because of the creedal tendencies of the Lutherans in many places in America, the group was very much surprised at the quite evidently sincere interest of Pastor Urban in the convictions of the group. He showed special interest in the fact that none of the group smoked, drank, or dealt in the black market; he was also highly interested in the peace stand of the Church of the Brethren.

Later in the year, when the Bethany students returned to their classes, the answer to Pastor Urban's interest came to them. Among other factors affecting the Church of the Brethren, Pietism (the living of the "good" life) was one of the greatest.

Within the Lutheran Church, the state church, there are a number of groups or "churches within the church" with widely different beliefs. These students sitting in class thought back to the afternoon when they first walked into Pastor Urban's weekday meetinghouse and remembered the sign, "Inner Mission," posted on the front. The "Inner Mission" is the Pietistic branch of the Lutheran Church in Germany. This Pietistic belief in Pastor Urban's church accounts for the similarity of interests that first afternoon.

Soup-Supper Arrangements

This report would not be complete without a discussion of the hopes for a soup supper, since the experiences in connection with it show so much of the conditions in Bremen.

The group from Bethany, in their planning in the early spring, took into consideration the lack of food in Germany and decided to plan to take something along which they could share with the German Christians so that they might eat in fellowship together.

They finally decided upon a large amount of dehydrated soup so that there need be no embarrassment and so that all the Germans would need to do would be to add hot water to it. The soup was cheap here and absolutely unobtainable over there.

All through the trip they guarded the soup carefully, carrying it with them wherever they went, sleeping with it on the ferry from Baltimore to Newport News, riding with it in taxis, and finally sailing with it on the Queen's Victory. This was to be a sort of substitute Lord's Supper.

Pastor Urban and his wife were overjoyed at the prospect when approached about the possibility. Then one by one over the next couple days, the disadvantages of war made themselves known.

The first problem was one of dishes. There was serious doubt as to whether the dishes could be found. The second was something to heat the

soup in. Mrs. Urban took the group over to the little side room where she did her cooking—she who had undoubtedly had her cooking done for her before the war—and showed them her meagre kitchen equipment.

She told laughingly about how they had been fortunate enough at one time to get some herring and a little flour. They had held a meeting and a meagre fish supper in that little room. She told them about how they had been forced to keep the doors and windows shut and urged the Americans to guess why. Of course she had to answer. All the cats in the city had swarmed down upon them at the smell of fish. After that they always kept the room shut and allowed the cooking odors to escape through an opening above.

The third problem was a matter of heat to warm the soup, but she thought that could be arranged for. But the problem that made the soup supper out of the question, finally, was the fact that, after looking around the city and even consulting with other pastors, Pastor Urban was unable to find a room anywhere in the city which was both intact and large enough to allow the group to sit around a table and eat.

Children's Weekday School

Among other things, Pastor Urban invited the Christian gentlemen to observe the children of his parish in the weekday school on Friday afternoon.

The men had been looking forward to an opportunity of this kind. They had walked out of the mess hall each morning for a week or so before with their daily oranges in their hands and had piled them in their lockers for the children whom they would meet in Germany.

These oranges were brought in and given to Mrs. Urban for these youngsters, most of whom had undoubtedly never even seen an orange, let alone having had a chance to eat one.

That afternoon the children were formed in a large circle around a big room and a Sister was teaching them rich old German melodies, as the men were led into the next room where they could observe.

The rich singing of those German children of the Inner Mission and the careful attention which they gave the Sister who was teaching them, forced these American ministers to wonder if American church leadership were really on the right track.

The pastor's wife cut all the oranges in half, saving back the others for the next weekday school, and brought them in to the boys and girls. A few of them who knew what they were danced up and down with joy at this surprise, but most of them showed no sign of recognition of this treat.

One little four-year-old tot took the half orange in his hands and started eating it, peeling and all, with a good bit of relish. He enjoyed it heartily and no one was so cruel as to teach him the civilized way of eating a half orange.

The enthusiasm for the oranges grew and it did not take long for those who did not know of the fruit to enjoy it as much as the others. In spite of this enjoyment, however, when the Sister suggested that they show appreciation to these men from America, every one of them, except maybe a couple of the very littlest, put his orange aside long enough to sing appreciation to their friends.

There were tears in the eyes of these "cowboy sailors" that afternoon and there were hopes that a few of those friendly children would remember sometime, if war is talked again between their countries, that not all Americans want to fight.

The Friday Night Round Table

On Friday night of that week in Bremen, the gentlemen were invited to come down to this same residence, now the Inner Mission meetinghouse, to worship and talk with German Christians.

Pastor Urban sounded the keynote of this rich, inspiring fellowship based upon the passage from Philipians quoted at the beginning of this article. The theme, which he very beautifully laid before the gathering and which Mrs. Urban translated very nicely, was the all-importance of the common interest in Christ among all Christians no matter what the nationality. National loyalties took second place to the greater loyalty to Christ under Pastor Urban's warm Christian love.

There followed a frank discussion of mutual problems with a surprising lack of embarrassment within the group. A frank honesty prevailed and was protected on both sides.

The attention of the young Americans was attracted very early by a fine-looking young couple who took an active part in the discussion. They learned later that they were Peter and Elizabeth, newlyweds of only a few weeks.

Attention was attracted to Peter first of all when he made two remarks which seemed to have a little more than the usual emotion connected with them. Pastor Urban and some of the older Christians replied to him without translating Peter's remarks into English.

The group of German Christians did not realize how well Buch understood German. Buch reported to the group later what the conversation had been and the report gave the gentlemen a renewed confidence in the opinions and attitudes of the German Christians.

Peter had asked first of all about the fact that the English were having slave labor cut down trees from the woods of Germany and the lumber was being shipped to England to help rebuild bombed homes. Later he asked about the fact that UNRRA was shipping all this relief goods through Germany and none of it was being allowed to remain in the country.

In answer to both of these questions, the older men of the group replied that these things were only rumors and were not something that they could vouch for themselves. They said that they wanted to confine the discussion with these good Christian friends to actual facts that they themselves knew. These answers were given without their knowing that anyone in the American group understood what they were saying.

The German Christians outlined their three greatest needs for the coming winter in answers to questions about them. They were: (1) some way of meeting the tremendous transient problem, (2) some kind of fuel for heat, and (3) some way to house the tremendous crowds of homeless.

The third need mentioned brought another wave of regret over the American Christians. Their minds went back to the first afternoon when they had walked off the ship, out into the block after block of brick piles and rubble. Occasionally there had been some walls standing, but invari-

ably it was nothing but the outside walls with maybe a bit of plumbing hanging grotesquely from them. They had walked down those once beautiful streets with their heads down, unwilling to meet the eyes of the German people around.

Pastor Urban expressed the hope that the military government would turn these needs over to the church and allow the church to meet them. He expressed hopes for relief from churches in other countries, especially the Scandinavian countries.

During the winter of 1945-46, the population suffered far beyond description and they were hungry and cold, but he was confident that the spiritual life had improved in spite of this. He realized that they would never all be Christians, but a "sufficient minority" could easily be decisive.

The German Christians labeled the anti-fraternization order as foolish, cruel, and devilish. They said that the nazis had rejoiced when this went into effect, because they saw that the Americans could not influence the people.

They also reported that the existing conditions of military government were favorable to communism. One parson had been called before the military government and asked his opinion of that government (Allied). He replied very frankly to them, "I am afraid of nazi or communistic consequences."

The Christians were in favor of freedom from the nazis, but the measures taken by the military government are unfortunate and there is no difference made between the real party members and the associates.

The German Christians were questioned about the attitudes of the high school group and the other young people. The answer was that they are undoubtedly happy to be free from the domination. During the nazi regime they were not allowed to enter high school unless they were members of the party.

However, they pointed out the black despair on the part of the German youths. They mentioned one boy of nineteen who had worked for the party in a labor camp. He was now very discouraged and wanted help. What happens to him and others like him depends on the churches at present.

The youths always point out the failure of the church, saying that these nations which were at war are Christian. They forget that no nation is entirely Christian.

The German Christians went on to say that there must be a substitute for the Hitler Youth Movement but one which is not political. It must be a spiritual movement. The church had already started one which was to have its first mass meeting within a couple of weeks, but they had to wait and see how the young people would respond.

The "cowboys" questioned them about the oppression under the various military governments, with the picture of the haughtiness of Allied troops still vivid in their minds from experiences they had had in their three days in Bremen. The reply was surprising. They had stories of oppression, by way of the grapevine, from the Russian zone but the rest of them were friendly.

The one exception to this, as they reported it, was the case of Switzer-

land inviting German children into Switzerland for a vacation and the military government not allowing it.

The big mistake which was being made by the Allies, in the opinion of these fine Christians, was the failure to sow confidence. The moral and social conditions were worse than they were under Hitler. This last statement brought to the minds of the American Christians memories of things they had seen which seemed like deliberate crushing of the German economic structure by the Allies. The black market was almost completely out in the open with practically every seaman and most of the servicemen earning more by this route than their salaries brought them. There was absolutely no conception of what "sowing confidence" might mean.

The American Christians left after both a German and an American hymn were sung, determined to carry back home the story of the German Christians who had remained true. This was in no sense to excuse the Germans for wrongs they have done in world affairs, but to present the power of Christ as it can rise above national barriers.

Peter and Elizabeth

Peter and Elizabeth, the newlyweds, invited a few of the men to call at their home the day after the meeting together at the Inner Mission, and the men came back to the ship charmed by the hour with these young friends.

They were forced to live with Elizabeth's parents in a second-story apartment. Peter, an artist, had the use of only their third-story loft apartment for his work. He had made, among a large number of other things, some very attractive Scripture cards, all hand-painted, of course.

Elizabeth had been to school at Halle and was a pharmacist by trade although her build was so slight that one would hardly expect her to take such responsibility.

Two of the men happened to meet her on the street in downtown Bremen earlier in the day and, in the rush of the crowd, dropped an orange into her shopping bag. She was embarrassed by this because of the hungry people around her. (Although she admitted this later, she didn't admit her other source of embarrassment. She quite evidently thought she was being approached in the American fashion.)

Elizabeth's father had a large collection of coins, to which the men added a few American pieces. One coin was dated 336 A. D. The family also had a large collection of trinkets commemorating the many athletic days and special days which Hitler had set up during his regime.

A little hominy touch was added during the visit when one of the men looked around to find Elizabeth's mother calmly sewing up a little rip in his coat. She had just started doing it without asking him or without any embarrassment.

In spite of their very meagre resources, Peter and Elizabeth insisted on serving some of their prize sweet cherry juice which was opened only on very special occasions. Their hospitality left in these college and seminary men's hearts a warm spot which is still there.

Albrecht and Christa Knorr

Albrecht and Christa are the children of one of the few dentists remaining in Bremen. To reach their home, a person has to take a number 3 streetcar out several miles from the center of the city to Stader Strasse

(Stader Street). From here he must turn to the left a short block and to the left again off Stader Strasse for a block to 14 Rennsteg Strasse.

When the supervisor, Dick Catlett, and one of the foremen approached their home, the foreman noticed his friend, Dick, stop where some children were playing. When he said, "Guten Morgen!" a very pretty blonde-haired girl of about nine years turned around and recognized him at once.

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

Christa's curtsy takes people by surprise. One doesn't realize that she curtsies until a few seconds afterward. It is as graceful as anything imaginable; it is almost as if a bird were flying along through the air and were to dip a few inches without even stopping. Christa dipped a little and went right on living.

She couldn't talk because she knew no English and the men knew very little German. But Christa did not need words for her talking. She knew that here were two Christians like herself—Christians who had not wanted the war. So she talked plenty with her sparkling blue eyes and her winning dimples.

They walked up to the door and rang. Christa did not invite the men in herself because she was just a little at a loss to know how to entertain them. She waited for her mother to come and take care of these American Christians.

Her mother came to the door and as she recognized Dick her face really lit up. It was noticeable during the whole visit that she couldn't 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 Dick answered, "Nicht verstehe." She rattled off a number of other sentences which were meant to excuse 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 which he was attending and his ability to speak English was amazing.

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

This discussion of business was a very welcome thing to Dick's friend. It gave him freedom to talk with Albrecht for a couple of hours.

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 to it. His questions showed how hungry he was to learn anything he could.

He showed his fine collection of stamps and talked about how to handle them carefully. He talked about "what you call it—experiment—electrical experiment," and showed what he could do with just a light-bulb socket, a pull switch, and a few other minor pieces.

At one point when the conversation was on safe topics the American said, "You seem to be fortunate here to have your house standing with so many wrecked around the city."

"Ach!" Albrecht slipped back into German for that one word. "Do you see those houses on the way out here?" He indicated the block after block of homes with nothing standing except maybe the outside walls. "That is the way our house was when we come back. We have fix it."

Peter and Elizabeth had told the group that every woman and girl in Bremen is volunteering one week's work a year in cleaning brick among the ruins. They are convinced that Bremen can be pretty well rebuilt in ten years' time.

At another time Albrecht happened to make a remark about what they had to eat—just one sentence, "We do not eat much." When he realized what he had said he looked up at his parents and was quite evidently relieved that they had not heard him. There was no doubt that he had been carefully instructed and disciplined to avoid the subject.

At still another time, Dick noticed the shoes that Albrecht wore and that they seemed to be very satisfactory; so he inquired about them, remarking about his having shoes to wear. Albrecht took his shoe off and the men saw that his toes were cramped in a way that was unbelievable. His big and little toes were cramped under by shoes that were too short for him.

Closer acquaintance soon began to show little things that were not apparent at first. It became more evident that their faces were just a little too waxy and their cheeks just one shade too red. Very few people die from hunger. They die from disease which creeps up on them when their resistance is far too low.

The Knorrs were consistently kind and thoughtful. They would not allow their guests to sit anywhere except in the best of chairs and they served rye crackers, which must have been one of their greatest delicacies from the way the children ate them.

Christa brought in her little canary, Greta, because she wanted to be sure she became acquainted with her (Christa's) new friends. Greta emphasized again to us the kindness and consideration which were so inherent in the lives of the Knorrs. Birds do not fly around so freely and with no fear as Greta does under other circumstances.

Just before the men left, little dimpled Christa with the pigtails left the room and came back with what must have been the best gift she could bring. It was a tiny settee with three beautifully dressed dolls on it. It was for the little daughter of Dick's friend; she wanted her to have it.

It was a striking piece of workmanship, but greater than that, it was Christa's heart that she gave to take home to a little American girl.

As they said, "Good-bye," and the Knorrs answered, "Auf Wiedersehen" (which they pronounce, "Feedersain"), Albrecht clicked his heels politely, Christa did another dipping-bird curtsy and the men thanked God that now they knew a thing that no one could take from them—that there are good Christians in this "enemy" country also who hate war and all it stands for.

Conclusion

The Bethany group and the college men who went with them set a pattern, as they had hoped, which has been a high point in the whole program.

They demonstrated the value of careful selection of men for a mission of service of this type.

They showed the value of a definite pre-commitment to certain standards of conduct before selection.

They made stock-tending a Christian responsibility instead of one of the lowest types of work—a job for which it was necessary for shipping companies to go out and round up drunks and beachcombers before. This has in a sense been shown by all Brethren Service Committee cattle attendants.

By serving as Christians they showed the lowest loss out of Newport News in the whole UNRRA program. *(+ data)*

They showed that good relations were possible with the ship's crew. Profanity, smoking and drinking by the crew were almost entirely eliminated in the presence of this group of "cowboys."

They showed that self-discipline was both possible and desirable. Only one out of the thirty smoked; they were rigidly nonconformist; and they refrained from the black market when it was the open and accepted thing all around them. They demonstrated the philosophy of going to Europe to give and not to get.

They set the pattern, for the most part, on the useful spending of time both coming and going.

But most important of all, they proved what most servicemen, seamen, and even a good share of the "cowboys" would never have believed, the very thing that has been reported in this article—that there are people like Pastor Urban and his wife, Peter and Elizabeth, and Albrecht and Christa, good Christian people in the heart of this large enemy city.

Thousands of men will return from Germany reporting evil and prostitution on all sides and saying that there is nothing there besides that. They find what they are looking for.

This group returns reporting good Christian friends in the same city. They found what they were looking for and they thank God for that. Something that Christians have in common—one person—Jesus Christ.

Diary of a "Horse Marine"

Alvin F. Klotz

In June 1946 I was one of those who acted as livestock attendants on an UNRRA ship loaded with seven hundred eighty-five horses bound first for Bremerhaven, Germany, but reassigned so that ultimately we landed in Bremen, Germany. The group of which I was a part was unique in that it consisted of fellows from the Brethren colleges and seminary, several high school fellows and one postmaster. The following is a rather abbreviated diary of the events which took place during the three and one-half weeks of my journey.

Monday, June 3. Arrived at New Windsor about 10 a.m. Impressed by its beauty and the heterogeneity of the group there. Took a tour of the center (World Church Service Center) in the afternoon. Among our group were three Episcopalian women representing the relief organization of their church in Philadelphia.

Tuesday, June 4. Met with group in morning. Took pictures. Left New Windsor at four in the afternoon. Took ferry from Baltimore to Newport News. Ate chicken dinner on ferry.

Wednesday, June 5. Arrived early at Old Point Comfort. Went directly to Catholic Maritime Club. Spent all morning there. In afternoon set out and found rooms. Walked down to the dock during the evening.

Thursday, June 6. Spent day at Norfolk. Took ferry over about ten after meeting at Maritime Club. Returned to Newport News on ferry. John Eller and I went to see Murphy, who is in charge of assigning crews to ships. We were too late since he was just closing his office.

Friday, June 7. Slept late. Went up to see Murphy. Has us signed on. Since I had a bad cold I slept most of the afternoon.

Saturday, June 8. Got up at 6:50. Ate breakfast. Took taxi to Pier X and boarded ship, Queen's Victory, about 8:30 or 9:00. Got a shot for tetanus. Signed ship's articles. At noon went into No. 1 hold to feed horses—but no hay. We had a good dinner. For quarters I first took quarters in large room on the afterdeck with other fellows. John Eller was assigned to another ship; so I took his place in quarters with Bill Gauntz, Conrad Snaveley and Ivan Meek. Had our own private shower and toilet. Pulled out of port about 5:00 Saturday afternoon and put out to sea immediately. Work was apportioned Saturday evening. Robert Byerly, Bill Gauntz and myself took eighty-four horses on aft deck. Went to bed about nine and slept rather poorly. Conrad Snaveley was the first up (3 o'clock) seasick that I knew of. Guy Buch was on night watch and sick all night. About half the fellows were woozy and left breakfast for the rail.

Sunday, June 9. I was very hungry in the morning and ate a good breakfast. Was slightly concerned seeing everyone about me seasick; so I busied myself with the horses—waking and feeding. Water was a little rough, just missed a storm. Two dead horses thrown overboard. Busy most of the day getting used to things. Wandered around the ship. Good meals all day. Had service Sunday evening.

Monday, June 10. No sun. Little rain in afternoon. Cut hair part of the day. Sea calmed down at noon. We ride some big waves. Sea gets bluer. Make approximately 500 miles a day (24 hours). Saw dolphin today. Afternoon was cloudy. Fire drill at 3:30. While I was on guard at No. 4 hatch a crew member stretched out a hose at top of stalls, then turned on hydrant. I flopped into a loading stall. Stream shot around and finally played on the stall. Fortunately, I was in rain coat and safety jacket; so I didn't get too wet. A good service before bed. Everyone in good spirits. Have a good beard started.

Tuesday, June 11. Got up and ate a big breakfast of hot cakes—too much for comfort. Did work and went up to watch ship crew pull up bales of hay with which. Met and talked to first mate. Said he has family and owns a home in Los Angeles and one in Mobile. Lost two horses today (total of four). Sea quieted much today and is beautiful blue. Worked hard this afternoon pulling up bales which are all oversize. Today was bright but not so hot—a really nice day. Passed a liberty ship. A big shakeup in the ship crew. Head steward and head cook didn't get along (union also involved, three unions represented on this ship). Head cook took demotion to dishwashing as result. Captain is all right, but drinks rather heavily. Had a good sing tonight.

Wednesday, June 12. Slept till seven. Worked all morning putting up

hay. Saw whales this afternoon. Did laundry in pails. Will pass iceberg tonight. Had a good song service.

Thursday, June 13. Water very glassy in morning. Met a liberty ship in forenoon. Did very little all day. Passed a ship tonight.

Friday, June 14. Rather an inactive day. Cut hair in morning (including two of crew). Helped in hold 5 with a horse which expired in spite of my presence. Spent an hour or so this afternoon with the second engineer. He is Jewish and an interesting lad. Has socialist outlook. After evening work a crew member showed us through the boiler room. Shaft is about 16 inches in diameter. All kinds of pumps. Even had their own ingenious washer. Gauges of all kinds. Oil is under engine room. Boys box occasionally. Steward and butcher (both Negro) were both professional. Lost a white mare of pneumonia today (6 down). This was our loss. Had autopsy which I did not watch—in favor of supper. Beard is progressing.

Saturday, June 15. In the morning had a mare get down—diagnosed as colt. All of the crew gathered around but still no colt. Slept all afternoon in order to help on first night shift. Sea began to get rough in evening. So foggy part of the day that we had to use fog horn. Have been averaging about 17 knots and are getting close to England.

Sunday, June 16. Colt did not arrive. Horse which had been given up by the vet was okay today. Had good church service this morning. Conrad Shavely was the minister. Glen Campbell, Byron Royer, Keith Burton and I were the quartet. Had a great big dinner—turkey, ham and trimmings. Put out menu but gave you no choice—simply brought everything. Made me feel better since the night shift had thrown me off my feed. First mate said we are going into Bremen. First lights of England at night but I was in bed.

Monday, June 17. In channel. Lots of ships coming out. Saw England on occasions. First saw white cliffs about noon. Put up hay in afternoon. Passed white cliffs late in afternoon. Pulled into Downs and anchored. Pilot came on ship and charted course. Also some of the men came on board and looked around. Lifted anchor and set across channel. Pretty full of mines, I guess. One or two ships still protruding out of the water. Our course goes through a lot of wrecks, mines, etc. Tonight I'd hate to be steering the ship. England's coastline was beautiful.

Tuesday, June 18. Spent the night in the English Channel. Had a newspaper from England telling of a ship being sunk off Belgium very close to where we must have gone. Have been making as much as 20 knots. Saw lighthouse ship this morning. Spent some time with the veterinarians this afternoon cutting hair, etc. Picked up a pilot in the bay this afternoon who took us through to the mouth of the Weser River. At present we are lying in wait for the tide to go up so that we can go into Bremen. We are near or in Bremerhaven. On way in saw a stronghold. Also a badly bombed section. Of a once-large cathedral only spire skeleton is standing. There is grass right up to the water. It is quaintly beautiful and not bombed too badly as yet. Will go into Bremen tonight. Hit some wind. Latter part of day in North Sea was windy and rough. Small boats were really tossed about.

Wednesday, June 19. Got up at 4:30 and watched as the ship came

down the narrow river. As we came in we could see all the destruction in the shipyards. The Germans rushed on board and immediately began to ask for cigarets. I stayed on the ship till noon. There is a three-way shift arranged. Germans are all hungry. No worth-while monetary exchange. Cigarettes are only thing of value. Went to town this afternoon. (Two hours difference in their time and ours.) The town shows every indication of once being beautiful. Now it is rubble. In places one can smell the rotting bodies under the rubble. The people go right along in spite of their depressing environment. Talked to man who drove for Red Cross. Also to man who had been sergeant in air forces. He thought people had eyes closed in following Hitler. Occupation forces speed up and down streets—have absolutely no respect for Germans. Children flock around you. Gave an old woman a bar of soap while walking through park and her face lit up. Also gave one to the streetcar pilot. German stevedores are slow—have no way with horses. We have the record into Bremen with only nine dead horses.

Thursday, June 20. Went into town and had girl at the Red Cross call Hamburg to contact relatives. No response; so I sent telegrams. In afternoon made tour of city with Red Cross. Saw theater, post office, depot. Stopped at restaurant full of antiques. Stopped at Boat Club. Took cruise. Got lots of pictures. Had talk with pilot. Wac along was from Des Moines. Keith Burton knew her mother, who was Brethren. Stopped at River Club. In evening stopped at Red Cross. The orchestras at all three were excellent.

Friday, June 21. Went to town and shopped. Stopped at Red Cross. Then came back to ship. In afternoon spent time with the purser. Went to edge of town on streetcar. Saw many little huts which the people have made into quite livable homes out of little or nothing. Went to Pastor Urban's but missed other fellows.

Saturday, June 22. Eldon Burke, Brethren relief administrator, came on the ship to talk to us. He maintains that relief for that part of Germany is largely at an end, at least for all present purposes. From now on a program of education and occupation will be needed. In this he needs help. John Barwick wants to start a school at Schwarzenau, use one professor from prisoner-of-war camp and one from our church. He wants to start occupational therapy by a sort of apprentice system. Give the man tools with which to work but he in turn must teach another. Spent most of the day in the Red Cross. Checked on telegrams. Hoppner was not known on his street. Nothing from the other. Went back to the ship in time to be safe before the captain's deadline. He said 4:00, but there were a few stragglers. At six o'clock we were ready to pull out. The tugs came down the river and got us started. It stayed light until nearly midnight (their time). We passed big submarine yards. A huge arsenal of some kind was off to our starboard side. Several such defenses were not even finished but had been bombed out.

Sunday, June 23. In the North Sea. In the morning we had a church service with Dayton Root as minister. During the afternoon and evening we did little or nothing. Part of the time there was a heavy fog. The rest of the time the sea was glassy calm. We played games and sunned ourselves although the weather was still cool enough that one could see his breath.

Monday, June 24. We spent the day in the English Channel and toward evening the sea began to get rough. Several times we spotted the English coast. Had meeting and discussion in the afternoon. Cyclone reported ahead. Crew secured gear. Bud Meck stepped on my thumb going down hold ladder. Had to get up in middle of the night to have him drill a hole in it to relieve pressure. Fan tail is doing a lot of bouncing around so sleeping was rather rugged.

Tuesday, June 25. Morning rather uneventful. Have to catch up on my diary. Lots of the fellows are heaving this morning. Weather is getting rougher. Fixed up No. 4 bottom hold for some games. Also moved down my mattress. Hit rough weather in evening. I slept in hold so didn't know much about it.

Wednesday, June 26. Weather still not too good. Fellows some better this morning. Spent part of day reading. Slept in hold.

Thursday, June 27. Cut hair in morning. We had discussion in the afternoon. The ship's crew had a big crap game in the evening. Went to bed but couldn't sleep in forecastle. Moved mattress back to hold and slept there.

Friday, June 28. Had a discussion on the consistency of the Brethren and what lies ahead in the future of the Brethren.

Saturday, June 29. Did a lot of barbering for the 'Trew in the morning. In the afternoon we had a good discussion on recreation—particularly pertaining to the colleges.

Sunday, June 30. In the morning we had a good outside service on hold 5 hatch. Had benches of palls and partition boards and a pulpit consisting of same. First mate and purser and two vets (all three Jewish) were there. The quartet sang and Robert Byerly presided. In the afternoon the first mate took us up on the bridge. Showed us master compass (\$10,000), the steering room, navigation room, radios, sounder-compasses run by master compass, clock, also the alternate steering deck for taking the ship into port. While we were up there the whistle blew for fog. About detested us. In the evening organized an octet which ended in the group singing.

Monday, July 1. Cut lots of hair during the day. Otherwise very usual day.

Tuesday, July 2. Went to worship in the morning. Sun was hot at 6:00 o'clock. Took picture of forecastle in morning. Then started cutting hair. Had prize fight in evening. We will anchor about two in the morning. Soon be able to see lights.

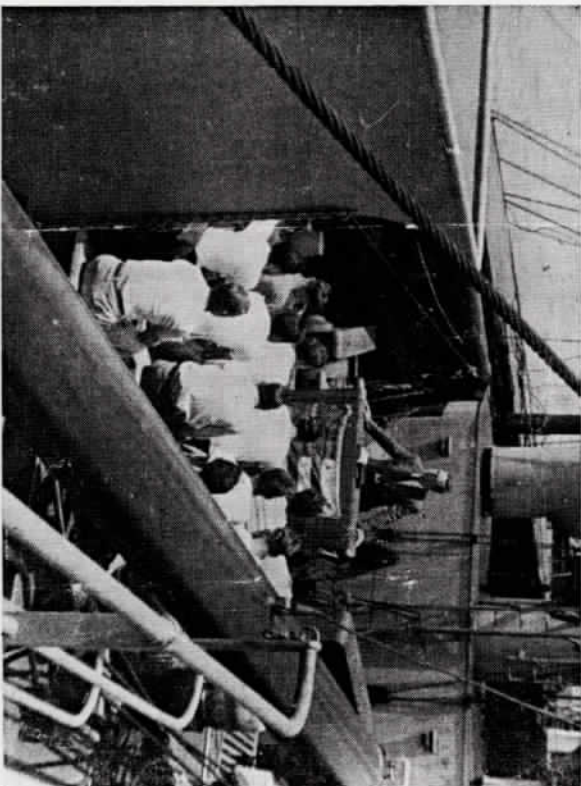
Wednesday, July 3. Pulled into the bay and anchored off Old Point Comfort shortly after midnight. The fellows began to stir about 3:30. You would think they had never seen the place before. I was hoping to sleep until seven but they began to hound me after 5:30. Pulled into bay further about nine. The second mate took our quarantine flag down too soon; so we were passed up by the customs men. Docked at a grain dock shortly after noon. We were stranded on the ship until about five in the afternoon since the customs men would not come around again until they had covered the ships in the bay. When they finally arrived they frisked through our luggage and we were off.

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