ANOTHER DIMENSION OF THE HOLOCAUST:

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World Affairs Materials
P.O. Box 726
Kennett Square, Penna. 19348

Library of Congress Number 82-090764

Another Dimension of the Holocaust:
An American Quaker Inside Nazi Germany
1. Kenworthy, Leonard Stout, 1912—
2. Social science—Religion—Germany—Jews—Holocaust—Religious Society of Friends (Quakers)

Dedicated to
German Quakers
The American Friends
Service Committee
The Jewish People

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Introduction

THERE WAS A firm custom in the first two centuries of Quaker life of encouraging Friends, and especially those who travelled in Quaker service, to set down their experiences in the form of a journal. A number of those journals were written in such an informative way that they communicated not only what the writer had been inwardly drawn to do with his or her life, but in the course of doing that, they shed much light on the outward scene in which that life was lived. Leonard Kenworthy, in his *An American Quaker Inside Nazi Germany,* has not written such a journal. Yet he has succeeded in describing a year of his life and its leadings from the summer of 1940 to the summer of 1941, and reveals the scene with a skillful and detailed account of day to day war-time life in that twelve month period when he served the American Friends Service Committee in Germany, with his base in Berlin.

In a single book he has written a vivid first-hand story of his life in the Nazi still-victorious temper of the winter and spring of 1940-1941; a story of the modest but moving hand that he and a local team of Quakers still had in helping Jews to emigrate; a story of the German Quaker life itself when thrown on the screen of the evertightening Nazi supervision; and finally a very touching chapter of his own autobiography in which he shares openly what that year of testing did to his own life stance.

As a seasoned educator in the international scene, Leonard Kenworthy headed a section of Unesco for a period of years, with its headquarters in Paris, and long held a professorship in the social studies and in international education at Brooklyn College of the City University of New York. He has also written a small shelf of books to enlarge the horizons of teachers and students to the pluralistic and multicultured world in which he and they must learn to live.

Through the year that this book covers, Leonard Kenworthy lived in a hotel at the very heart of Nazi Germany's Berlin. That

city was bombed at least three times a week by the British RAF during that terrible autumn and winter of Germany's pulverizing air attacks on Britain in an attempt to break their defenses and their spirit, prior to an invasion. He was meeting day after day his share of work with the long line of Jewish refugees who yearned to be given some glimmer of hope that they might still escape. When he worshipped on Sunday morning in the little Quaker Meeting room, he often could hear the thud of army boots and of officers' commands in an armory only a block away where troops for the front were being trained. Out of this authentic climate, he has written a most valuable document for recording and interpreting one surge of the Quaker witness in a setting of frost and ruthless destruction.

Douglas V. Steere.

Preface

MUCH HAS BEEN said, written, and pictured about the Holocaust—that grim chapter in European and world history in the 1930s and 1940s, and rightly so, lest we forget that terrible episode and repeat it at some future date. Almost all the accounts, however, tell about the persecutions of the Jewish people—and of others. Almost nothing has been said or written about attempts to assist those who were being persecuted.

This book is about a little-known effort of Quakers to assist those persons in Germany who were not Jews by religious affiliation or cultural attachment, yet who suffered and often died because they were declared Jews by the Nazis. It is an account of a small but significant assistance program and therefore a dimension of the Holocaust which has never been told and needs to be recorded.

From June, 1940, to June, 1941, I worked in Nazi Germany as Director of the Quaker International Center in Berlin, under the auspices of the American Friends Service Committee and a steering committee composed almost entirely of German Quakers. In that capacity I aided persons who had been labelled "Jewish" by the Hitler government but were without any religious affiliation (konfessionslos) in emigrating from that troubled land, cooperated with the International Y.M.C.A. in its work in the stalags and oflags or prisoner-of-war camps, visited individual Quakers and groups of Quakers throughout Germany, maintained some contacts with other international centers and Quaker groups in Europe, and tried to learn as much as possible about Germany.

It was a strenuous year for a young man in his late 20s—the most demanding of my life. But it was also the most fascinating and rewarding.

During that year I kept a diary with a wide range of notations in it—happy and grim events, beautiful and ugly sights, and heroic as well as despicable people. Many of my notes were brief and cryptic lest someone be harmed as a result of those entries.

Upon my return to the United States I wanted to write an account of that year, calling it *Berlin Quaker Diary*—to parallel

William Shirer's *Berlin Diary,* or *Inside Nazi Germany*—as an extension of John Gunther's *Inside Europe.* But such a publication would have been unwise, risking the lives of many people.

Upon my return to the United States I did give several talks and did write a few discreet articles. In 1944 I wrote a chapter on An American Quaker Inside Nazi Germany in Anna Curtis' *The Quakers Take Stock.* Finally, in 1977, I included a brief chapter on that experience in Nazi Germany in *Worldview: The Autobiography of a Social Studies Teacher and Quaker.*

Several of the reviewers of that autobiography commented favorably on the chapter on Germany, suggesting that it ought to be expanded. Jewish friends have also encouraged me to write about that difficult but extraordinary year as an aspect of the Holocaust that has never been told. And Quakers have said that the story of German Friends in that period needs to be chronicled in some detail. Others have urged me to put onto paper some of my reflections on "the enigma of Germany." And a few have encouraged me to tell some of the most personal aspects of that year in Hitler Germany.

Consequently I decided to try to weave those four divergent but related strands into a single pattern.

In writing this account I have had the assistance of Jack Sutters and Joan Lowe, archivists for the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia. Several friends have also assisted me—Olga and Anni Halle of Berlin; Ruth Lilienthal, a German Young Friend in 1940-1941 who is now living in the United States; Alice Shaffer, my predecessor in the Quaker International Center in Berlin; Margaret Jones, who was in the Vienna Center up until the summer of 1940; and Tracy Strong, who worked in the prisoner-of-war camps until early in 1941. I also want to thank Margaret Bacon, Jeannette Fuchs, Helen Hafner, Carroll Kenworthy, Melvin Levison, Etta Albrecht Mekeel, Sam and Rae Morrock, Marilyn Moynahan, Margaret Parke, and Adam Pinsker for their encouragement and help in preparing this manuscript. I am especially grateful to Douglas Steere for his gracious and kind words in the Introduction.

The responsibility for the book, however, is entirely mine.

The star on the cover is the symbol of the American Friends Service Committee, used first by English Quakers in conjunction with their relief work during and after the Franco—Prussian War, 1870-1875.

Leonard S. Kenworthy

Chapter One

The Decision to Go to Germany and the Journey There

LATE IN THE SPRING of 1940 I was handed a note at Friends Central School, asking me to call Clarence Pickett. He was a friend of our family and I often saw him and his wife, Lilly, at the Providence Road Friends Meeting where we were all members. He was currently the executive secretary of the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia, but I had no idea why he was calling.

The mystery was solved on the following Saturday when I drove to the home of the Picketts. There he told me that the Service Committee was looking for someone to become Director of the Quaker International Center in Berlin. The job was primarily one of assisting people of Jewish ancestry to leave Nazi Germany, and was for a period of one year. He assured me that Henry J. Cadbury, a well-known older Friend and a professor at the Harvard Divinity School, would be "the elder statesman," working with German Quakers and others.

Clarence said that the Service Committee wanted someone who was young, single, a Quaker, willing to take the risks involved, and had some background in German.

The suggestion was breathtaking. In some ways it seemed foolhardy to go to Germany in such a time. But the invitation also appealed to me. Here was a rare opportunity to have a front-row seat for an important event in world history. Furthermore, there was the appeal of Quaker and family tradition to serve in a difficult situation at a difficult time—a type of alternative service to war.

I was convinced that there were many people in Germany who believed in democracy and in respect for people of all races,

religions, nationalities, and economic levels. Such people were in trouble and if my presence there as a representative of men and women of good will would help, then I would go. It might be foolhardy, but sometimes it is important to be one of "God's fools," as Toyohiko Kagawa once described such people.

I was 28 at the time,—idealistic and adventurous. Probably I did not realize the risks involved. Nor did I know how mind-shattering and yet maturing such a year would be. So I said, "Yes," arranged for a leave of absence from Friends Central School, and made the necessary preparations for the trip.

The Trip to Portugal—Via Bermuda

My diary opened on June 22, 1940 with the notation that Ted and Isabel Hartsuck Peters and her mother took me to New York City to start my journey.

Just before we boarded the Pan American Clipper, the pilot took me aside and asked me if I minded going first to Bermuda. It was a generous gesture on his part, but I was fully aware that my answer had to be "No." Bermuda was out of our way, but they had a planeload of honeymooners bound there and those fares would help defray the cost of our flight to Europe.

How curious to have been with such a merry group on that particular day, as June 22 was the date of the surrender of France to the Nazis. But we went our way, oblivious to that important event.

Shortly after our arrival in Bermuda, after a flight of 4½ hours, we were told that our plane would not take off immediately because of the high waves on the Azores, making it treacherous to land there. So we spent the next two days in Bermuda as guests of the Pan American Airways, exploring that beautiful island.

The Flight to the Azores

After our enforced delay, we took off for the Azores in our giant skyboat, flying at 20,000 to 30,000 feet, with the clouds resembling huge balls of cotton, giant bolts of cloth, jagged icebergs, or inflated soap bubbles.

Fourteen hours later we landed on Horta, one of the nine islands in the Azores, to refuel. After seven more hours of flying, we landed at the Lisbon airport. Altogether our journey had taken 25½ hours—and that was a fast trip in those days.

Stranded in Lisbon

It was soon evident that Lisbon was terribly crowded. Every hotel room was taken and people were glad to sleep on cots in the corridors. Refugees from all over Europe were pushing into Portugal in the hope of getting passage anywhere. Even so, they were only the fortunate minority-people of rank or wealth who could load their goods into cars, fill their tanks with petrol, and escape from the war zones.

Fortunately I was able to find a room in Estoril, a resort town several miles from Lisbon. In our small hotel were two Polish princes and their retinues, a cabinet minister and the President in the Chamber of Deputies of Belgium, the editor of *La Revue Belgique,* the wives of two American consuls in France, A Danish couple, and several Frenchmen and British.

Told that transportation east was impossible for many days, I decided I could spend the time adding to my scant knowledge of that little-known land.

One place I visited was Sintra, famous for the Pena Palace, situated on a 1500 foot peak overlooking the sea. Another was Maffra—a massive convent with King Don Joao V had built to imitate the court of Louis XIV and to curry favor with the Pope.

One evening I visited the Portuguese Exposition, celebrating centuries of their history. Along the main thoroughfares were giant lights, constructed like compasses. And dominating the whole area was the prow of a ship with a statue of Prince Henry the Navigator in the foreground and the statues of other leaders behind him. I recalled the story of his establishment of a scientific center with enabled Portugal to lead in launching the Age of Discovery in the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, and to acquire an empire that was the largest in area in the world in 1940.

While in Lisbon I also met a few individuals who were involved in the alleviation of the suffering of many Europeans and/or the emigration of refugees.

Meanwhile I waited and waited, hoping somehow to get on to Rome. Finally an official of A La Littoria found a vacancy on a plane and I was whisked off to Rome after ten days in Portugal.

My Apprenticeship in Rome and My Explorations There

In the Eternal City I was met my Howard Comfort, then on leave from his work as a professor at Haverford College, and currently the Director of the Quaker International Center in Rome.

It was there, too, that I experienced my first blackout—and what an eerie sight and feeling that was. Somehow it reminded me of the statement of Lord Grey of England during World War I that "The lights are going out all over Europe and they will not be lit again in our lifetime." Often in the coming months I pondered that provocative sentence and wondered about its implications for 1940.

In Rome I served my apprenticeship in aid to refugees, sitting quietly by Howard Comfort's side as he counselled the men and women who were fleeing from their homelands. Quickly I began to realize how complicated such work was, with the constant stream of inquiries, the never-ending dispatches of letters and cablegrams, and the frequent disappointments (and occasional joys) that came to those displaced and distressed human beings. Every day I became a little more aware of how much patience such work entailed, how much discipline it demanded, and how much caring it claimed.

No one could have had a better instructor than Howard Comfort. I appreciated his work then and I appreciated him and his work even more when I finally reached Berlin and began work on my own as a full-participant rather than a part-time observer.

Those days in the office were long and strenuous, but Howard and I relaxed after our working hours by seeing some of the sights of that famous city. Again he proved to be a superior guide. As a professor of Latin, he had a tremendous background on all the places we visited. He could have given me an overdose, but he didn't. Instead, he fed me in small capsules, and that was just the right prescription for me.

We visited the Colosseum and strolled around the Roman Forum, the Temple of the Vestal Virgins, and the Pantheon. And we looked at many of the famous arches, such as those to Titus and Constantine. We also viewed the more recent monument to Victor Emmanuel I, the first king of a united Italy in the 19th century.

One place intrigued me particularly. It was an enormous wall with three giant maps on it. One showed the total area when the Roman Empire was relatively small. The second showed that empire when it was at its height, stretching far and wide in the western world of its day. The third showed the current size of Italy—very small in comparison with the second map. I think I caught the message those maps were intended to portray—that soon Italy would cover a vast territory again.

As we walked here and there, I realized that we were wandering through a giant open-air museum depicting two thousand years of history. I was very much aware of the fact that Roman soldiers had marched over those same cobblestones, that the early Christians had passed over those thoroughfares on the way to their deaths, and that famous artists, poets, and musicians, as well as rulers and law-makers, had trod or ridden here.

One day I took a morning off and joined a group of tourists visiting the Vatican, that city within a city and that nation within a nation, the center of the world-wide Catholic Church,—all on a territory of a little over 100 acres, and with only 1000 citizens. Inside St. Peter's I was thrilled by the Pieta which Michelangelo had sculpted for the basilica, and filled with awe and admiration by the panels on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel where he lay on his back almost every day for over four years to paint the story of the Creation.

Then one afternoon I took a bus out the Appian Way and disembarked before reaching the Catacombs in order to walk on that historic road. Accompanied by a priest in his long black robe, I wandered through the subterranean passages where the early Christians had been buried. On that pilgrimage we strolled along with only a waxed string, tied to a long pole, to light our way.

As I returned to Rome, the words and music of that old hymn, *Faith of Our Fathers, Living Still, in Spite of Dungeon, Fire and Sword,* came to mind and I hummed it, wondering if that was still true. Months later I could affirm that it was.

Those days in Rome rushed along, filled with enriching experiences. Eventually my papers were in order for the next lap of my journey and I boarded a train for Vienna. After two days there, getting acquainted with the staff of the Quaker International Center, I took another night train to Berlin, my final destination and the heart of Nazi Germany.

Chapter Two

What Life Was Like in Nazi Germany

FROM MY FIRST trip to Europe in 1935 I learned that it pays to jot down notes about a new locality in the first few days of a visit. Otherwise those early impressions are lost as differences seem to disappear and the uncommon becomes the common.

Some Early Observations on German Customs

In the front of my Berlin Diary was a page I kept on Some Points of Interest on Everyday Living in Germany. Here are those comments:

. . . men walk on the left of women on the streets, obviating the constant changing of positions as in the U.S.A., in order for the men to be always on the curb side.
. . . men and boys wear gloves much more than we do.
. . . there are outdoor telephones everywhere, a custom not yet common in the United States.
. . . there are many vending machines outdoors, for newspapers, tickets for the underground or elevated trains, etc.
. . . on the streetcars there are special sections for passengers with dogs, large packages, or baby carriages. There are also first, second, and third class compartments, with different prices for each.
. . . flower shops are numerous, with both artificial and real flowers.
. . . there are still separate stores for milk and other dairy products, for vegetables and fruits, etc.—rather than the all-purpose stores we have.
. . . book stores are far more numerous than in the U.S.A.
. . . the Germans make much of the arrival and departure of members of their families and friends, meeting them and seeing them off at the railroad stations, using their handkerchiefs to wave goodbye. Men and boys do that, too.

. . . on Sundays entire families hike or take walks together—something rare in the United States.

. . . in many cities the restaurants in the main railroad stations not only serve good food, but act as social centers where people gather to meet friends.

Life for Many Continues Fairly Normally

Probably the most important and surprising impression was the extent to which life seemed to continue for so many people in such a normal way, despite the war. People went to work; children attended school. Women shopped, albeit with ration cards and often in long lines. Newspapers were available and magazines abounded.

Particularly surprising was the fact that four Shakespeare plays were being presented at one time in important downtown theaters in Berlin. When I asked about that intense interest in his plays, one person explained that the English and Americans had to read Shakespeare and see his works performed in their original wording—in their archaic English phraseology, like a foreign language, whereas the Germans could read and hear his plays in modern German, without having to make adjustments to outdated words and phrases.

Music, also, continued unabated—perhaps because it is the least political of the arts. The opera was popular and the concerts I attended were crowded. Church music seemed to attract even larger crowds than normal. For example, Bach's *Matthew Passion* and Brahm's *Das Deutsche Requiem* were being performed all over Germany. Friends pointed out, however, that the concerts in churches were a sign of interest on the part of Germans in music and not a reflection of any special concern about religion.

A great deal of reading seemed to be going on, too, with three general types of books perused. The first were the short, inexpensive accounts of the war. The second were books on the geography and history of various parts of the world. The third were semi-religious volumes.

There were also a surprising number of books by Americans on sale. *Gone With the Wind* was a best seller. Many had read *Anthony Adverse* in the German translation. Several people I met had read Kenneth Roberts' *Northwest Passage* or *Arundel,* or Margaret Rawling's *The Yearling.* Willa Cather's *Death Comes to the Archbishop* was another favorite. A few were reading Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath.*

Early in my stay in Germany I enrolled in an adult education class which met weekly in a school not far from our office and which was taught in English by Mrs. Harnack-Fish, an American who was married to an official in the Foreign Office of the German government. I remember vividly her review of Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind* and another evening devoted to some of the writings of Carl Sandburg. Imagine my grief, then, when I learned after the war that she had been hanged in the basement of her home by the Nazis.

But the Differences Soon Began to be Noted

Gradually, however, I began to note the inroads of the war and of the Nazi philosophy of life.

As I walked with friends in the suburbs on my first Sunday in Berlin, we passed the skeleton of a former Jewish synagogue—the earliest evidence for me of the cruelty to thousands of people, about which I would learn so much in the months ahead. Passing through a nearby woods, we caught sight of several boys, dressed in their Hitler Youth uniforms, talking with each other over tiny telephones, obviously training for later work in the war in communications.

One afternoon in my first week there I left the office and made my way to the place where an elderly Jew lived, in order to fulfill a promise I had made to his relatives in Philadelphia that I would visit him as soon as possible after my arrival in Berlin.

On the streets were many soldiers and I soon developed a game, trying to count the number of times a superior officer would have to salute his underlings in a single block.

In the newspapers the hours of the blackouts were noted and in the office we pulled the curtains early in the afternoon because the nights came so early in that northern part of Germany.

The Restrictions on Food and Clothing

Immediately after my arrival in Berlin, one of the workers in our Center went with me to the office of the rationing board and helped me acquire my Lebensmittelkarte or rationing card—the same as was given to German citizens.

During my time in Germany food was severely rationed, but the people were not starving. Accustomed to living on a much more simple diet than Americans, they were able to survive, largely on potatoes, cabbage, and bread. What a monotonous diet that was!

Meat was scarce, being limited to one pound per week. Eggs were also in short supply, with only one per week to each adult. Hence fish became the major source of protein.

Fortunately I discovered that, for some strange reason, rabbits could be obtained outside the normal ration, and I was able to eat a good meal from time to time in a restaurant near my hotel and office, which specialized in rabbits.

As already indicated, fruit, too, was scarce or almost nonexistent. By a curious twist of psychology, people reached the point where they rejoiced when the government announced a "gift" of two or three oranges per person.

On my first evening in Berlin, Alice Shaffer (my predecessor in the Center) and I were walking down the street when Alice saw a long line of people. Immediately she suggested that we get into that line, not knowing what was on sale, but realizing that something could be bought without the precious ration cards. We moved along with the crowd until we could make our purchase—one tiny peach each, green and hard, like tiny gourds.

Coffee and tea were also impossible to purchase and I had to accustom myself to the barley coffee and the peppermint and apple tea which one could obtain.

Fortunately I had brought with me some of the Martha Washington coffee capsules which were popular in the United States at that time, and also a few tea bags. Those became precious possessions which I hoarded and used for special occasions in the office or hotel or as gifts for my German hostesses.

In the early months I also received an occasional package from Gilbert MacMaster, a former American Friends Service Committee worker who was living then in Switzerland. With great relish I opened his gift packages with small amounts of real chocolate and tiny pieces of cheese, sharing them from time to time with others. But eventually the Swiss prohibited the export of such "goodies" and I had to forego that special pleasure.

Milk was also unavailable, being limited to babies, the schwerarbeiter or workers in heavy industry, and soldiers.

In Germany, as in other places in wartime, it was good to have relatives or close friends in the country as a pig could be slaughtered, a chicken killed, or a little extra butter made without the government knowing it. And one's relatives and/or friends could thus gain some extra food, which they sometimes shared.

The store windows were filled with clothes, but if you looked closely, you would almost always see the sign—"ausverkauft" or sold out. Nevertheless I was able to purchase a pair of gloves and a pair of pants (made from wood fibers), with my clothing allowance. Because Germany had to import all of its cotton and most of its wool, it was assumed that people would have to get along with their current supply of clothes until the end of the war—which they were told would be soon.

Some Ways of Learning About the War

Of course the newspapers were filled with accounts of the war and the radio blasted us with news of the German victories. When I started going to the movies, I was also bombarded with the weekly newscasts which were used to tell the populace about the feats of their soldiers.

But one of the most vivid experiences of my life took place during my first week in Berlin. It was the celebration of the German victory in Narvik in Norway. I am not certain that some of the Berlin Quakers understood why I wanted to see that celebration, but I felt that part of my job was to understand what was transpiring there. Watching that special event seemed important to me as one way of learning about the mood of the people and of seeing how they were manipulated by the Nazi propaganda machine.

So I walked to Unter den Linden and tried to keep on the edge of the mammouth crowd. But I was soon pushed into the maelstrom and I expected trouble when I failed to take the Heil Hitler salute when the crowd was being whipped into a frenzy by the playing of the Horst Wessel song and Deutschland Ueber Alles. But nothing happened to me. Later I guessed that my glasses and hat identified me easily as a foreigner and the fact that I didn't take the Nazi salute was evidence that I was not a German.

At that parade I was deeply impressed by the use of flags, music, the mass salute, lights, and speeches—all calculated to stir the emotions of people. Then, and later, I wondered why those devices could be used with such success for diabolical purposes and not for worthwhile aims.

That idea stayed with me and grew. Eventually it helped to propel me into a lifetime of education for peace and social justice, globally. Examining that event, Erik Erikson, the great psychologist, might have interpreted it as a belated "identity crisis" for me.

But there were other ways of learning about the war. Returning soldiers often brought first-hand accounts of events in other lands. Travellers from abroad furnished information. Even the debris tossed by the waves onto the shores in the north told their stories of the events which were transpiring.

And some people listened to the B.B.C. news, even though there were serious consequences for those who were caught indulging in that practice.

Some friends of mine alerted me to *Die Woche,* a magazine-newspaper which usually ran maps of the territories which were soon to be occupied or which would soon be attacked with more and more ferocity.

Every week I made a trip to the United States Embassy, whether my regular work with refugees took me there on business or not, in order to read the daily newsbriefs to which I had access, giving me a fairly good idea of what was transpiring in the outside world.

On such trips I sometimes found myself whistling the very catchy tune of *Wenn wir fahren, wenn wir fahren, wenn wir fahren nach Engel-land,* a favorite tune of the German radio broadcasts about traveling to Angel-land, a play on the word England. Then I would quickly switch to *God Bless America,* getting a perverted sense of satisfaction from that defiant act.

At the celebration for the Narvik victory, I heard Hitler's voice but I did not see him then or at any time. I did, however, get fleeting glimpses of Himmler, Ribbentrop, and Ley one time when I was outside the Adlon hotel. But those were my only closeup views of the top officials in the Nazi movement. My other contacts were with lesser officials in that cruel, despotic, and destructive regime.

The Air Raids

A few days after my arrival in Berlin I had my first experience of the air raids at night. The first time that occurred I merely noted in my diary—"Basement 1:30-2:30." As that entry indicates, the air raids at that time were short, light, and sporadic. But gradually they became more frequent, more widespread, and more intense.

So I prepared a small handbag which I kept by my bedside to grab when the air raid alert sounded. Then I would hurry to the luftschutzkeller to spend a few minutes or a few hours until the "all is clear" signal was given.

From time to time I went to the basement only to find no one

there. Obviouly I had slept through the alert signal and thought the "all is clear" alarm was the warning sign. So I trudged back to my room, thankful that no harm had come to me.

One evening I was with Stewart Herman at the American Church and he persuaded me that there was as much risk in going to the basement as staying in one's room. As he pointed out, the water mains could break and flood the basement, or the gas lines could explode and expose us to deadly fumes. That night we had the most intense raid to date and at one point it seemed as if a missile had zoomed into my stomach. I lay there a while as if paralyzed, drenched in sweat. Then I got out of bed, took my bag, and scurried to the shelter, determined thereafter to heed the warning signal as soon as it sounded.

The destruction was not great in the early months. Then the damage became heavier in some parts of the city.

Curiously, however, I sometimes enjoyed the searchlights which were used to spot the invading planes, often describing beautiful patterns in the sky. How bizarre!

Attitudes toward Hitler and the War

In my diary I wrote very little about the war and only then in veiled comments which I could interpret later. For example, I wrote after the Narvik victory celebration: "Parade—enthusiasm. Reaction of friends."

But when I returned to the United States, I wrote a long Memorandum in which I included comments on that event and several others which had occurred while I was in Germany.

At the Narvik parade I was astonished by the lack of enthusiasm. But two friends of mine who were correspondents and whose knowledge of the German scene I respected, told me that the reaction to that event was the most enthusiastic they had witnessed in months. I had the same feeling of astonishment in a West German town when the news of the invasion of Yugoslavia was announced. But, again, people told me that that news was received with more enthusiasm than heretofore.

I was told that people were tired and unenthusiastic. For example, those who had been born before World War I kept saying how much sorrow they had seen. They had lived through World War I and its aftermath and through two depressions as only the Germans had experienced them, and now they were involved in another world war.

Once I talked with an elderly woman who said that she had

lived through five wars—one with Denmark, the Austro-Prussian conflict, the Franco-Prussian conflagration, World War I, and now World War II. She asked me if I would expect her to hear any war news with enthusiasm?

Yet I cautioned myself against thinking that any substantial part of the German people were opposed to World War II. A few gloried in the possibility of a great German victory, with all that would mean. As loyal Germans, most people hoped for victory, realizing that the alternatives would be disastrous—communism, an intense civil war in which no group would be strong enough to win, or economic disaster. Therefore even some of those who were opposed to the Hitler regime, supported their country in this conflict.

When I arrived in June of 1940, many people expected the war to end by August. Then they postponed the victory to September. By October they were reconciled to the extension of the war into 1941. How little they realized that it would drag on for years.

When asked in 1940 why the war had not come to an end already, some Germans said it was because it would take too many lives to invade England and that Hitler did not intend to forfeit that many soldiers. That seemed to be part of a general feeling that as a soldier in World War I, Hitler appreciated the soldiers' point of view; people pointed to the mechanization of the army and the breaking down of the social barriers between officers and soldiers as a distinct gain over World War I.

In my months there Hitler seemed fairly popular. Goering, too. Hess was well liked and his disappearance was a great shock to many Germans. Himmler was far less popular, even then.

Some people with whom I talked, estimated the percentage of enthusiastic Nazis as 10% to 15% and the percentage of ardent anti-Nazis as far less, perhaps 5%. The rest of the populace was were not deeply involved in politics, perhaps apathetic is a good word for them.

During the McCarthy era in the United States, I recalled that estimated division of the people of Germany under Hitler and wondered if there wasn't a frightening resemblance in the two situations. How many people, I asked, were really in favor of the restrictions on freedom which McCarthy represented? How many were deeply opposed? And how many were unconcerned, apathetic, unwilling to take sides in that controversy? The parallels were not exact, but near enough to give one pause.

After World War II had dragged on for over two years, some people became more supportive of the German effort, lest they suffer greatly as a result of a defeat. Many others merely struggled to survive.

Incidentally, a good many people in my last few months in Germany kept asking me if I planned to stay much longer. What they were really asking was whether the United States was going to enter that conflict. My studied and non-committal reply was that I had promised to stay a year and I intended to keep that promise.

Some Humor Under Hitler

One fascinating way of learning about the mood of a country, in wartime as well as in periods of peace, is to study its humor. Often the jokes being told reveal the feelings of people at a given time, including their hostilities, because humor can be a form of release, a barometer of feelings, a safety valve.

In one cryptic section of my diary I referred to a few of the jokes being told in Germany while I was there.

One was about the way in which you could tell when people entered the air raid shelters whether they had slept that night. If they said, "Guten Morgen," they had already slept. If they said, "Guten Abend," they had not slept. And if they said, "Heil Hitler," they were still asleep.

Another was about the trip Hitler and Goering took in the latter's plane after some of the extensive bombings. Hitler quickly went to sleep and when he awoke, he looked down and saw the ruins of many buildings. "Magnificent. Wonderful," he exclaimed. To which Goering responded quickly. "Wait a minute, Adolph. We are only flying over Kiel."

A third was about Hitler asking Moses, "How did you get the water of the Red Sea to part so that the children of Israel could pass over on dry land?" To which Moses replied, "It was the wand I had which made that possible." And when Hitler pressed him as to where he could get such a wand, Moses replied, "In the British Museum."

Still another story was about Hitler, Goering, and Goebels flying together when their plane crashed. When the question was raised as to whom was saved, the answer was "The German people."

A fifth was about the difference between India and Germany—"In India one (Gandhi) starves for all; in Germany, all starve for one."

Attitudes Towards the Poles

One of the surprises to me was the prevailing attitude of contempt toward the Poles. Probably no group was less respected by the Germans than the citizens of that land. Polish workers in Germany were compelled to wear a purple letter "P" on a yellow background on their sleeves as a special means of identification. Yet the treatment shown them was so good that leaflets were distributed instructing citizens to treat them with less respect and to have no association with them.

Attitudes toward the English and the Americans

In my months in Germany I felt little hatred for the English, even though feelings of hostility began to mount as the air raids became more frequent and more destructive. Some people were even bold enough to speak with admiration of the "beating" the English were taking so well.

A few even said that they wouldn't mind if the British retained their control of their vast, world-wide empire, while losing any control they had on the European continent. They maintained that Germany would have enough trouble running the continent, without taking on the entire British empire!

Since the United States was not yet in the war, most people were relatively unconcerned about us, assuming, perhaps, that we would not become involved. But those who were older and/or knew their history, were aware that the entrance of the U.S.A. could tip the scales on the side of the Allies, as it had done in World War I.

Although I was not able to visit any schools, I did obtain several textbooks and was interested in what they said about Americans and German-Americans. For example, one said:

> The young, capable American quickly selects a vocation in which he can make a lot of money. He works and rushes around not always in the same tempo as in New York City, but on the average much more rapidly than in Europe. The American doesn't work in order to live, but he lives in order to work. Someone has also said that the American "thinks economically." He doesn't see the landscape, but the plot of land; not the fields, but their crops; not the forests, but the wood; not the waterfalls, but the water power. The object of all work is to make money. In this way one also explains the struggle for wealth and the admiration of the rich—the millionaires Ford, Rockefeller, Vanderbilt and others.

In another passage that book refered to the 25 to 30 million Americans of German background, saying:

> The influence of the German spirit and German work, however, has been and remains great. As farmers, industrial workers, engineers, and scholars, our fellow Germans have contributed more to this nation than the emigrants of all other peoples. Many have brought it great wealth. Only they haven't been able to unite themselves into a group and to complete politically with Anglo-Americans. That was best demonstrated in World War I. In that war the German-Americans had to forfeit their German connections and work and fight against the Fatherland or be persecuted. Our fellow Germans have learned from this wartime experience and have now brought themselves together as a group.

My examination of those German textbooks helped me a few years later to introduce a study of school books as one project for the division of Unesco (the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization) on education for international understanding, of which I was the director.

Attitudes of Government Officials and Individuals to Me, Personally

Early in the spring of 1940 the German government issued a statement to public officials asking them to treat Americans "cooly but correctly." That meant no special favors to travel or visit special places. For example, my request to visit Czechoslovakia was rejected, as were my requests to visit some of the German public schools.

Nevertheless I was treated in a fairly friendly way by most officials and very well by others.

But there was some surveillance of my activities. My mail was certainly checked, especially the letters overseas. For example, one letter to Clarence Pickett, the executive secretary of the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia, was returned with seven reasons why it could not be dispatched. I was aware, also, that my conversations over the office phone were sometimes monitored, as a listener would sometimes break into our communications. Whether I was trailed at any time, I do not know. I never had that feeling. But upon a few occasions the people I was visiting gave me specific instructions as to glancing back from time to time to see if I was being followed, lest they get into trouble because of my visit.

I was able to speak English in public places and could travel almost anywhere in Germany without difficulties, although I was not permitted to go to Prague, despite two or three requests to do so.

In my mind I carried the names of the two top-ranking German government officials who had promised to help me if I became desperate. But I knew that I was not to call upon them unless I was in a very difficult situation. Fortunately I never had to call upon them, but it was reassuring to know that they might be able to help in an emergency.

The general populace seemed to regard me as a strange phenomenon, as there were only a few Americans left in Germany in 1940-1941. And when they discovered what kind of work I was doing, they were usually amazed.

A few times someone from the Gestapo made a check of our office or asked about the status of a possible emigrant. But there seemed to be no retaliation against anyone about whom they had inquired.

However, there were three occasions on which I was frightened by situations involving them. Two of them I will describe in Chapter Three. A third occurred at Christmas time in 1940. Douglas Steere, a prominent Quaker from Haverford College, was on a special A.F.S.C. mission to Germany at that time and he and I and Greta Sumpf, a Berlin Quaker working in our Vienna office, were spending a few days together in a small hotel in Stuben in the Vor Arlberg region of Germany, near the border with Switzerland.

After a few days, Greta returned to Vienna and Douglas crossed the border into Switzerland, on his return to the United States. At their suggestion, I stayed for a few more days as a way of recuperating from my demanding work.

Then a call came from the Gestapo, inquiring about Douglas Steere. I took the call and told them that he had already left for Switzerland. Nevertheless, they asked me to tell them exactly where he had been during the last few days. I did so and they seemed satisfied. Later I learned that there had been an attempt on Hitler's life in the railroad station near our office in Berlin. Apparently the Gestapo was checking on the whereabouts of anyone who might have been involved in that incident. Because of his stay in Berlin near the time of that attempted assassination and his "escape" over the border into Switzerland, Douglas was a suspect.

But nothing came of that phone call, although Douglas was held for a few hours in conjunction with that situation and the fact that his passport had been incorrectly stamped. Just why I was not implicated has remained a mystery to me.

At no time in my year in Germany did I take the Heil Hitler

salute and at no time was I challenged on that score.

Occasionally I was treated with unusual friendliness. For example, the two owners of a restaurant where I ate from time to time, seemed particularly generous in the portions I received, and occasionally they would tell me about some special item I could purchase over and above the usual ration. When I thanked them before leaving Germany for their extraordinary friendliness, they told me that they had been among the children after World War I who had received food in the "Kinderspeisung" or "Quaekerspeisung," and that they had been glad to have tried to show their gratitude for the group which had saved their lives.

One learns, however, to be cautious in a dictatorship, especially in wartime. I found myself looking around me in public places before I spoke of certain people or events. Occasionally friends and I would use a "code language" to be more free in what we said. For instance, Howard Elkinton always referred to Hitler as "Nibs" and I knew immediately to whom he was referring.

So ingrained did such habits become that I found myself being cautious for several days after I had returned to the States. In such diabolical ways I was affected by even 12 months as a foreigner in Germany.

Humanity as Well as Inhumanity

Despite the frightening evidence of prejudice and hatred all around me, I was sometimes impressed by the humanity of some people, as well as the inhumanity of others.

The most poignant example of such humanity took place during the days I was in Vienna when Jews were being herded onto trains and sent to Poland and almost certain death there. Despite the risks to them personally, scores of individuals went to the railroad station to say farewell to their Jewish friends, taking with them small packages of food and clothing as tokens of their regard for those oppressed individuals.

Later I learned about people who had hidden Jewish friends for months or even years, at great risks to their lives, too. Such was the case, for example, of one member of the Berlin Young Friends group who was hidden for years by non-Friends.

The Status of the Church in Nazi Germany

Upon my return to the United States, I was frequently asked if all the churches in Germany were closed when I was there.

My only published reply came in an article published in *Fellowship,* the official organ of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. The title was *You Cannot Kill the Spirit.*

In that piece I admitted that Rosenberg's neo-pagan movement had made headway, but stated that its size and importance was still small. I pointed out that many Nazi party officials had to resign from the churches, but for most of them membership had been no more than a formality. I suggested that many young people had succumbed to the propaganda against the church, but had not been completely estranged from it. I admitted, also, that scores of ministers had been imprisoned or placed in concentration camps, but that many others had not been touched. Attendance in the churches was dwindling, but few of them were closed.

Christianity in Nazi Germany was under attack and had suffered, but it was surviving. In some instances Christians were being tested and their faith was being deepened. To many the name of Niemoeller was synonymous with the Confessional Synod Lutherans, but he was only one among many who had differed with the action of the state-controlled group and had paid dearly for their disagreements. That non-conformist group had been cut off from state support, had found difficulty in finding places to meet, and its leaders had been harassed. Yet it survived and was a beacon of light in a darkened world. And many cells of Christians were meeting in homes in various parts of Germany to examine their faith in troubled times.

I ended by stating that to the outside world Germany seemed to be in a complete religious blackout, but that there were still some lights burning. To me they were a part of a developing Christian movement which might still bring sanity back to an insane world.

Chapter Three

The Work of the Quaker International Centers in Berlin and Vienna

FROM THE BEGINNING of our plans for my year in Germany, every one assumed that I would overlap several weeks with Alice Shaffer and Howard Elkinton, two American Friends who had been in the Berlin office, learning from them. We had assumed, also, that Henry Cadbury of Harvard University would be "the elder statesman" in the bureau, concentrating on contacts with German Quakers, with Friends in other parts of Europe, and with other religious groups. Furthermore, we had planned that I would live in the home of a German family to learn the language more quickly.

However, none of those aspects of our plan materialized. I had spent three weeks getting to Berlin and so Howard and Alice had to leave a couple of days after my arrival. Henry Cadbury could not come to Germany, so that meant that someone would need to take over a part of the work he had intended to do. In addition, the Center Committee felt it unwise for me to live in anyone's home—for my safety and health, and possibly for the safety of that family. Instead, they suggested that I stay in the Continental Hotel, near our office.

So I had to plunge into the varied activities of the Center immediately and without the assistance of any other Americans. And to my original assignment was added the task of contacts with German and European Quakers, and other religious groups.

The Staff and the Committee of the Center

Fortunately there was a small but competent staff to carry on the work of the Center. There was also an unusually able group of German Friends who served as a steering committee.

Irmgard Wedemeyer was a trained social worker with a wealth of experience in dealing with the problems brought to the office. She was part Jewish herself and consequently had a special understanding of the harassments to which her clients were being exposed constantly. For months she had handled most of the cases of refugees fleeing from Germany and was thoroughly acquainted with all the pitfalls involved in such work. She carried a heavy burden, but she carried it competently and sensitively.

Eva Schaal was a helpful secretary and general office manager. She was bi-lingual and had years of practice in dealing not only with the refugees who flocked to our office, but with German Quakers and Quakers from overseas. In addition, she took care of some of the correspondence in English. What a splendid example she was of the value a secretary can be to a "boss."

The third member of our "team" was Dorothea Kaske, a younger Berlin Friend who was a friendly, outgoing person, willing to do anything to help, from greeting visitors to standing in line for hours to obtain my ration cards. She also handled some of our correspondence in German. Dorothea was a joyous person, often adding gaity to what was at times a very somber scene.

Then there was the Quaker International Center Committee, a rare combination of wise and wonderful people. Its clerk or chair person was Hans Albrecht, a former businessman and the clerk of the Germany Yearly Meeting. Margarethe Lachmund was a wise, concerned, and radiant woman who lived in the northern part of Germany but came frequently to Berlin for committee meetings and to help us. Greta Sumpf served on that governing group, too, as a concerned Friend who had already suffered at the hands of the Nazis because of her refusal to take the loyalty oath administered to all teachers. And Walter Mauermann was a businessman, still active in his work, who travelled widely and knew Germany well. I, too, served on that Center Committee as the representative of the American Friends Service Committee.

Then there were other local Friends like Emil Fuchs, Olga

Halle, Kathe Juergens and Martha Roehn, who dropped in from time to time to assist in numerous ways.

The Many Aspects of the Work of the Center

The most urgent and in many ways the most important task we had was to assist persons of Jewish ancestry who had no religious affiliation and were therefore "Konfessionslos," to leave Germany. In that connection we worked closely with three other refugee agencies, with the embassies of various governments, and with several banks and travel companies. We also handled some of the financial transactions of the Quaker International School in the Netherlands. In conjunction with the Berlin Quaker group and other German Friends, we cooperated with the organizations distributing materials to the prisoner-of-war camps of Allied soldiers. We also tried to maintain contact with some religious groups in Germany. There were still some Quaker visitors from abroad, chiefly from the United States, and we tried to assist them in their travel plans to and from Berlin, inside Germany, and occasionally to other countries in Europe. We also attempted to maintain contact with the other Quaker International Centers and with Quakers in other parts of the continent. Then, too, there were important relations with the Berlin Quaker group and with several other Meetings in Germany.

Hence there were few dull moments, especially since what would have taken only a short time in periods of peace, often took hours, days, or even weeks in Nazi Germany in wartime.

Later in this chapter I will comment in more detail on each of the aspects of our activities.

Learning German

Obviously one of my first tasks was to become proficient in German. True, I had taken two years of German in Westtown School under the tutelage of Caroline Nicholson (Jacob) and two years in Earlham College under Professor Arthur Charles.

Therefore I had a basic foundation in that difficult and highly structured language. But my knowledge of German was very elementary and certainly did not include such words as emigration, passports, visas, air passages, embassies, and consulates. So the first thing I did was to make a list in English of the words I needed and to parallel them with their German

equivalents, with Eva Schaal's help. I placed that list on my desk and gradually became accustomed to using such words.

If you want a basic lesson in humility, then try to conduct an interview or a conversation in a foreign language. Very soon you will discover that your vocabulary is limited to fewer words than a child in kindergarten uses. And as an adult that doesn't stretch very far.

Gradually, however, I did learn. Around Christmas time some Berlin Quakers asked me if I would be willing to speak in Meetings for Worship in German rather than in English. Their suggestion was understandable for I had noticed that my messages of three or four minutes seemed inevitably to become 10 or 15 minutes in length when translated by Emil Fuchs. And I knew enough German to realize that the translation was about one-fourth Kenworthy and three-fourths Fuchs. That new practice on my part gave us much more time for silent and expectant worship and/or messages by others.

It is interesting to note that I associated certain words with the individuals from whom I learned them. I still think of Emil Fuchs when I hear or read the word Schicksal (fate), Hans Albrecht with Botschaft (message), Clara Schwanke with Freude (joy), and Berta Exius with puenktlich (punctual), as she always added to the announcements after Meeting for Worship the admonition, "Wir bitten die Freunde *puenktlich* zu sein" (We urge Friends to be punctual), uttered in a sharp, penetrating voice.

For the talks I gave to various groups in Germany, I wrote my messages in English (or American) and had them translated into German, often reading them aloud to Eva Schaal in the confines of our office. Doing so made me realize certain words which I overused, such as the word "helpful." Curiously there is no exact equivalent to that word in German, although the translators ordinarily used the world "hilfreich."

In the first few weeks I did take a few lessons at the Berlitz School, but I stopped them soon because they seemed less practical than listening to the radio, seeing movies and hearing the language accompanying them, reading magazines and newspapers, taking part in conversations, and working up a stack of cards with English on one side and the German equivalent on the other, which I studied in spare moments. When I did go to the Berlitz School, I hit upon the practice of concentrating on one theme each time, such as education, travel, religion, and Hitlerism. That proved a very useful practice.

Some Background on Our Work with Refugees

Undoubtedly the most significant part of our work in the Center in 1940-1941 was our aid to persons designated by the German government as Jews. In order to understand that work, however, some background on the attitude of the Nazis to the Jews seems necessary.

Very soon after seizing power in Germany, the National Socialists began their long, widespread, frightening, and horrendous war against the Jews. And the Nazis were not thinking merely in terms of people who adhered to the ancient Jewish faith or religion. Their definition of a "Jew" was based on what they called "race," even though they used that term in a completely unscientific manner. Hence their dragnet was a bigger one than it would have been otherwise.

Launching their attack on April 11, 1933, the Reichstag passed unanimously what have come to be called the Nuremberg Race Laws. Those statutes were revised on November 13, 1935, but the basic provisions stood throughout the years of Hitlerism. By them it was decreed that Jews were not of "German blood" and that the new laws were being promulgated to "protect German blood and honor."

Therefore Jews could not hold government posts and they were not allowed to be teachers. They could not own telephones or radios and they were prohibited from going to the movies and the theaters and from visiting libraries and museums. Intermarriage between Aryans and Jews was forbidden and extramarital relations were banned. They were restricted to certain hours for their shopping and given severely limited rations, with fish and meat forbidden at all times. And by January of 1939 they could not own or operate any business. Then, beginning in the fall of 1941, they were required to wear a yellow star on their clothing as a form of identification—and humiliation. Furthermore, when signing documents, women were required to insert the word "Sarah" between their first and last names and men had to add the word "Israel" in a similar way.

Similar bans were placed on Jewish children and they could not attend the public schools.

There were some protests by Christians to such brutal treatment, but those protests were alarmingly small and pitifully ineffective.

Faced with such a situation, the Jews and those of Jewish ancestry had some horrendous decisions to make. They could

cooperate, believing that the Nazis could not remain in control very long. Some could emigrate. A few could escape over the borders, primarily to Switzerland. They could resist and take the consequences, which they realized meant possible imprisonment or death. Or they could commit suicide.

Altogether approximately 150,000 Jews left Germany in those early years of Hitlerism, out of a total of 500,000 such persons in Das Reich.

Then came one of the worst nights in world history—the night of November 9-10, 1938. Encouraged by government officials and members of the National Socialist Party, "spontaneous demonstrations" against the Jews took place all over Germany.

Twenty thousand Jews were arrested, 7500 Jewish shops were looted and 815 destroyed, 119 synagogues were set on fire and another 76 completely demolished. Nearly 200 homes were set on fire and many more were looted. It was as if an entire nation had gone mad.

To that despicable event the name was given of "Kristallnacht"—The Night of Broken Glass, or sometimes The Week of Broken Glass.

A Quaker Reaction to the Kristallnacht

Appalled by that outrageous event, a group of Quakers met in Philadelphia to consider what they could do to protest the abhorrent treatment of the Jews in Germany, to provide aid to the victims of that madness, and to assist people to emigrate.

Out of that meeting arose a daring and courageous plan. Many even called it foolish, futile, and naive. But it was a part of a centuries-old testimony of Friends "to speak truth to power," personally and directly, no matter what the chances of success.

Consequently three American Friends sailed on December 2, 1938 from New York City on the Queen Elizabeth, bound for Berlin, hopefully to make a personal appeal to Hitler. Those three were Rufus M. Jones, the chairman of the American Freinds Service Committee and the best-known Quaker of the 20th century; D. Robert Yarnall, a prominent businessman and the clerk of one of the Philadelphia yearly meetings; and George A. Walton, the principal of George School and the clerk of the other Philadelphia yearly meeting.

Arriving in Berlin, they tried to arrange a meeting with Hitler. That plan failed. They attempted to see Goebbels, the

Nazi Minister of Propaganda, despite the fact that he had publicly ridiculed their group as "the three wise men from the west," stating that he hoped they would make themselves known upon their arrival in Berlin in order that the German people might know when to "quake." So their mission to see Goebbels was unsuccessful.

Then they resolved to seek an interview with Reinhard Heydrick, the Chief of the German Secret Police, sometimes known as The Hangman. Through the good offices of Raymond Geist, the American Consul General, an interview with two of Heydrick's subordinates was arranged. So those three American Quakers made their way through seven corridors and up five flights of steps, accompanied by six soldiers in black shirts, with helmets and rifles.

Arriving at their destination,those three indomitable Quakers presented their statement which read in part:

> We represent no governments, no international organizations, no parties, no sects. And we have no interest in propaganda. . . . We came to Germany in the time of the Blockade. . . . We were the first to arrive in Vienna after the war. We do not ask who is to blame. . . . Our task is to support life and to suffer with those who are suffering.

The officials read the statement and then took it to their chief. Meanwhile the three American Friends bowed their heads and held a Meeting for Worship—the only one ever held in the Gestapo headquarters.

As a result, they sailed on Christmas eve from Cherbourg, France, taking with them authorization for the dispatch in January of 1939 of American Quaker commissioners to Germany and Austria with relief funds for the oppressed people on whose behalf they had made their pilgrimage. It was not nearly what they had hoped for, but it was something. For that they were thankful.

In the months following the Night of Broken Glass, another 150,000 Jews left Germany. But thousands were still there.

The Four Bureaus Working for Refugees

When I arrived in Berlin in June of 1940, there were four organizations working against great odds to assist Jews and persons of Jewish ancestry to emigrate. All of them had been active for months or even years in such endeavors, and

hundreds of persons had been able to leave through their efforts.

To understand why there were four such organizations we need to return to those disastrous Nuremberg Laws and comment briefly on the widespread assimilation of Jews in German society in recent times.

According to the Nuremberg Laws there were two types of people who were Jews. One was any individual who had three Jewish grandparents. The other was anyone who had two Jewish grandparents and had been a member of the Jewish religious community at a specified date preceding the enactment of the 1935 laws, or was married to a Jew.

There were also two categories of "mischlinge" or persons of mixed ancestry—a derogatory term something like the phrase "half-breed" in the United States. The "first degree" referred to anyone with two Jewish grandparents who was not a member of the Jewish community. The "second degree" referred to anyone who had one Jewish grandparent and was not a member of the Jewish religious group.

It is important to remember that the process of "assimilation" had been going on in Germany for decades and to a greater extent than in any country in Europe. Intermarriage between Jews and Christians was fairly common and the children of such mixed marriages were often raised as Christians. Hence there were thousands of Catholics and thousands of Lutherans with some Jewish ancestry. And there were many people of Jewish ancestry who had no religious affiliation—people whom the Germans called "Konfessionslos" or without confession.

Indeed there were many instances in which grandchildren were unaware that one of their grandparents had been Jewish. Nevertheless all those people were now identified as Mischlinge and were subjected to harassment and persecution, despite their lack of feeling that they were in any way Jews.

According to the Nazi regime, all matters related to those who were strictly Jewish were handled by the Reichsvereinigung fuer Juden, a Jewish organization under the strict supervision of the Gestapo. One part of that organization was devoted to emigration and was headed by Dr. Hirsch.

There was also a Catholic organization, the Katholischen Hilfstelle, which took care of persons of Jewish ancestry who were then Catholics. It was headed by Dr. Engelhardt and later by Dr. Berliner and Dr. Sommer.

A third group had been established to take care of persons with some Jewish ancestry who were then Lutherans. It was headed by Pfarrer (Pastor) Grueber.

Then there were hundreds of persons who had some Jewish background but did not have any religious affiliation. They were often called "dissidents." For them the Quaker International Center assumed responsibility.

During the first few months I was in Germany, the heads of those four bureaus and one or two assistants from each of them, met every Tuesday morning. Since Frau Wedemeyer knew far more than I did about emigration matters, she and I always attended together. At those meetings we shared the latest information each of us had on the general emigration situation, talked about the possibilities in certain countries and about our relations with officials in the various embassies, and discussed travel plans and difficulties.

Those were memorable meetings, made even more memorable by the fact that Dr. Hirsch was sent to concentration camp while I was in Germany, where he died, and Dr. Grueber was sent to Sachsenhausen and then to Dachau—miraculously surviving the war.

All three of those men were giants in a land which seemed at that time to be led by dwarfs. All three were men of energy, courage, sensitivity for human beings in deep distress,—and faith.

Because I knew Pastor Grueber best and have been able to draw upon his autobiography—*Erinnerungen aus sieben Jahrzehnten,* I will write a little here about him. Comparable statements could be made of the other heads of those agencies.

Pastor Grueber

Probest Heinrich Grueber was one of those persons who believed, in the words of the old Chinese proverb, that it is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness. Shocked by the treatment of the Jews by the Nazis, he pled with top officials in the Lutheran Church in Germany to organize work on behalf of persons of Jewish ancestry who had become Lutherans but were nevertheless being persecuted. But they declined. Finally he decided that he must organize such work himself. So, with the help of his family, his relatives, his friends, and a few other persons in the Confessional Synod movement, he obtained crowded quarters in a building which had been vacated when

the mission of the English Lutherans to German Jews had been expelled from Germany.

In that location and later at another spot, he carried on energetically his courageous aid to Jews who were Lutherans, assisting them with money and supplies, with advice, and with help on their plans for emigration. At times he even provided shelter for some of them in his home.

He asked for official recognition of his work but his pleas were ignored. Of course the Gestapo knew what he and his small staff were doing, but it did not officially recognize their work.

Some of the money to run the bureau came from a legacy left by his grandmother, not to be used except in dire circumstances. To Dr. Grueber the current situation warranted the use of that legacy.

After The Night of the Broken Glass, Grueber protested openly in sermons in the churches in Dahlem and Lichterfelde against the actions taken against the Jews and those with Jewish ancestry.

Then, in February of 1940, when the Jewish people of Pomerania in the northern part of Germany, were herded onto trains and sent to Poland, Grueber went to the Hitler chancellery, hoping to protest that action personally to Der Fuehrer. He failed in that mission. Then he tried to see Goering, but without success.

However, he was able to meet with Adolph Eichmann, who asked him why he was carrying on such work, inasmuch as Grueber had no Jewish ancestors. Grueber replied by telling the story of the Good Samaritan on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho. According to Grueber's account, Eichmann stared at him a moment and then quickly left the room.

But Grueber's work continued.

In September of 1940 approximately 7000 Jews from Baden, Pfalz, and the Saar were shipped to Gurs in France in the foothills of the Pyrenees. Grueber protested that action, too, and tried to aid those victims of the Nazis in every way possible.

In his autobiography, published in 1968, he wrote that he had just spent some time with a Swedish Friend and an American Friend (Douglas Steere) when he was accosted by the Gestapo, arrested, and sent to Sachsenhausen and later Dachau, both concentration camps.

Very few people survived those horror camps. But Pastor Grueber did. Incredible! Unbelievable! A miracle!

The Work of the Center for Refugees

As stated earlier, the people with whom we worked were those who were not Jews, either religiously or culturally; they had some Jewish ancestry, but often very little. In a few cases they were not even aware of a Jewish grandparent or more than one such forbearer. They were not treated as harshly as the Jews, but they did suffer intensely.

A few of them had been permitted for several years to retain their jobs because they were specialists and were needed desperately by the government. I recall, for instance, a prominent specialist in venereal diseases who had worked for years under the Nazis because he was needed so badly. But by 1940 they decided that he could no longer be retained.

Some were persons whose nationality was in question and whose status had never been clarified. One such situation involved a woman who had been born in Russia but had married a German. According to the Germans she was without citizenship or a "statenlos" individual. Her husband had left for Belgium in 1938 and she had tried unsuccessfully to join him, taking their children with her.

A similar situation existed for two lads who had been born in Latvia and whose citizenship had never been determined.

Many were husbands or wives whose spouses had left Germany when it was possible for only one member of the family to escape. Now they were trying to rejoin their spouses abroad.

A large number were middle-aged persons who had sent their children abroad earlier, when they could arrange for only a part of the family to emigrate. Now they were trying desperately to join them in some other part of the world.

A few had worked for years to find someone who would guarantee their support in the U.S.A. or elsewhere, and had finally found such a person or persons.

Then there were a good many individuals who had little chance of emigrating but who kept coming to the Center with new ideas about how they could leave.

There were also some persons who had given up hope of emigrating. They were desperately lonely and hopeless. What they really wanted was someone to talk to, someone who would give them a little encouragement. They were like drowning individuals who were searching frantically for friendship; our Center seemed to them like a life jacket.

Where the Emigrants Might Go

The story of the search for countries to which emigrants from Germany could be sent was a long and disheartening one and one of shrinking possibilities.

Shortly after the Nazis came to power, negotiations were underway for the establishment of a colony in Abyssinia or Ethiopia. But that plan was aborted by the invasion of Ethiopia by Italy in 1935.

Efforts were then made to develop a settlement or settlements in Central America. But those plans never materialized. Then there was talk of sending highly qualified Jews to Turkey to work in factories there. But that idea never came to fruition. Also there was talk of establishing a colony in the Philippines. But hopes for such a settlement were soon dashed.

Australia and New Zealand were likewise considered, but the workers in those two nations feared that the arrival of large numbers of persons from Germany would result in lower wages and a lowered standard of living for the local laborers. In New Zealand it was also said that the country could not accommodate many more people, although demographers maintained that a population of 20,000,000 persons was possible.

For several years many Jews and persons of Jewish ancestry were able to emigrate to the United States. But by 1940 the possibilities had become more and more limited. The fact that fewer visas were being granted by the United States government to persons from Germany and Austria disturbed Margaret Jones, the director of the Quaker Center in Vienna, so much that she made a special trip to Switzerland to express her concern to U.S. Embassy officials there. She was told that the U.S. was beginning to clamp down on immigrants. One reason was that more visas were being given to persons from England, including former Germans. Another was the rising tide of anti-Semitism in the U.S.A. Likewise, there had been a few instances in which recent immigrants had been accused of being fifth-columnists. Then, too, some members of Congress felt it would be better to slacken off the number of aliens admitted to the United States in order to offset the clamor for the complete closing of our borders to such persons. Apparently President Roosevelt also felt that the barriers against immigrants should be raised.

Nevertheless it was still possible in 1940 and 1941 to aid some persons to leave Germany, as we will point out later in this chapter.

Other Difficulties

In addition to the reluctance of most nations to encourage immigration, there were other difficulties for persons in Germany and Austria in meeting the requirements for leaving. Even if someone had been able to obtain the necessary guarantees abroad, the process for emigrating was horrible.

From a document issued by the Quaker International Center in Vienna in June of 1940, these steps were necessary. Most of them are abbreviated here, including the many taxes involved at every step.

First, a person's passport had to be validated. In the cases of Mischling children, a release from the Hitler Jugend was required and that was issued in Berlin, usually taking three or four weeks to obtain. Emigrants also had to obtain a certificate of residence and one of good conduct.

In addition, each person leaving the country had to obtain several tax papers and affidavits about his or her personal belongs and a certificate that all taxes had been paid. Those papers had to be taken to several government offices.

When all those steps had been taken, the emigrant was required to take his or her papers to a special bureau which examined the person's belongings and indicated which could be moved abroad.

Having cleared that series of hurdles, the emigrant then had to appear at the consulate of the country to which he or she was going, producing a steamship or airplane ticket, plus other documents.

To almost everyone that seemed like an endless process, but it was their only hope for leaving Germany or Austria.

In many cases our help was needed. So there were the seemingly endless trips to the banks, steamship companies, airlines, and embassies and consulates. Most officials were helpful, but the transactions were almost always complicated and slow. Sometimes it seemed as if I were a messenger boy, trudging back and forth between our office and those places.

Some Success Stories

Despite all those difficulties, plus the problems of survival physically and psychologically, many people were able to escape Germany in the 1930s and even into the 40s.

In a large poster-like booklet issued in 1980, with pictures of the places associated with aid to Jewish people, and a map of Berlin, it was estimated that the Quaker bureau assisted 1000

persons to leave Germany. Of that number we probably assisted upwards of 100 in my year there.

Reading my *Berlin Quaker Diary* now brings back memories of the departure of individuals and families. The Nazis were well aware that they were leaving, so I did not endanger anyone by my brief notes. However, the cryptic notations tell nothing of the arduous process needed for their departure. Here are a few of those notations:

8/12/40	Froelichs to Ecuador.
8/21/40	Strebel of Breslau to Cuba.
	Langers to the U.S.A.
8/28/40	Sittner to Mexico.
9/2/40	Wolfthorns to the U.S.A.
9/14/40	Herkels and Katzenellenbogen to the U.S.A.
9/16/40	Bendix to Japan.
9/23/40	Hertz family to Brazil.

So the list might be continued.

Of the names just cited almost all were going to the United States or to Latin America. Not included were the names of several people who were going to Shanghai, where they hoped to stay only long enough to obtain permission to go elsewhere. For a short time we sent some people to the Virgin Islands, but that possibility ceased as quickly as it started.

All the people we helped were eager to show their appreciation for what we had done. But our policy was not to accept gifts, although Frau Wedemeyer bent that rule to accept potted plants and flowers, making her office look like a botanical garden.

In one case a woman we had helped insisted on giving us some money. But I refused to accept it, being determined to uphold the policy of the Center Committee. Leaving my office, she wandered into the room where Berlin Friends held their Meetings for Worship. There she saw the little wooden box into which people could place their contributions. So she dropped her gift into that box.

When I heard about that act, I felt "tricked." But when I mentioned it to Frau Wedemeyer, she suggested that I read the passage in the Bible where Jesus permitted Mary to anoint His feet with oil and wiped them with her hair. That was the first time in my life that I learned that it is sometimes more blessed to receive than to give.

There were many people, however, whom we could not help. How powerless I felt in such cases. All I could do was to listen intently and sympathetically, telling them how much I wished I could assist them.

Occasionally I drew upon the experiences other perplexed people had shared with me and asked the person in front of me about the sources of power which he or she had discovered in adversity.

Sometimes I drew one of the Erbgut Heftchen (Heritage Leaflets) from a pile on my desk and said I hoped that the person sitting there would find some solace in the words of that writer.

Often I would tell the persons visiting our office about our Meetings for Worship and our public lectures, inviting them to share those times of fellowship and spiritual refreshment.

But such gestures were so little, so superficial, so frustrating. In the many years since 1940 and 1941 I have wondered many times what else I could have done, but have come up with no additional suggestions.

As I write this account, I think of three different people who sat next to my desk—all of them persons I could not help to emigrate. In what different ways they reacted.

One was an old lady, her face hardened by bitter experiences, her eyes almost closed, her jaw determined. In her hand she flourished a cane as she vented her wrath on all those she could name, ending with a curse on me for not helping her in her plight.

Next the hazy picture of a girl of 16 or 17 flashes into my mind. In her short span of life she has experienced most of extremes of life can offer. She is struggling to understand the world and to maintain her faith in God and in humanity. We talk and then we pause a while in silence. What more, oh God, could I have done?

Then I catch a glimpse of a woman who had just received news that would probably doom her family to a terrible fate. A woman of refinement and culture, she now lives under miserable, frightening conditions. With the tender love of a mother, made even more tender through suffering, she tells me a little about her family and thanks me for listening. She expects no more.

The Quaker International Center in Vienna.

Then there was the work of the Center in Vienna which had carried on a variety of projects since World War I, either completely under Quaker auspices or in conjunction with other organizations.

After World War I thousands of school children had been fed and over 1000 of them sent to England for rehabilitation. Older people had also been helped and then the families of many impoverished middle-class workers.

In the 1930s there had been an active campaign against tuberculosis and at the time of the Dollfuss revolution in 1934, Quakers and others worked with the victims of both sides in that civil war.

By 1935 thousands of Germans had escaped to Austria and work to assist them was organized by English and American Friends. Then, after the pograms in Germany and Austria in 1938, an extensive program for refugees was established. At that time Robert and Elizabeth Yarnall, well-known Philadelphia Friends, were dispatched to Vienna to assist Emma Cadbury and others in their herculean effort to help individuals and families to escape from Austria. Some idea of the extent of that program can be gained by citing the fact that in 1938-1939 the applications of 15,000 persons were handled.

After years of loving, self-sacrificing service in Vienna, Emma Cadbury returned to the United States and her place was taken by Margaret Jones, who was there in 1939 and until the summer of 1940. Then, after World War II, she returned to Vienna. Both of those women were dedicated Quakers, sensitive persons, and level-headed organizers who carried on their work triumphantly, despite the enormous difficulties involved in it.

Meanwhile a small group of Viennese had become Quakers. But they eventually dissociated themselves from the Center.

After Margaret Jones left, the Center was headed by Kathe Neumeyer, an ardent Catholic, an astute business manager, and a fearless individual. She was assisted by Franz Liposki, a so-called "Aryan" who had been on the staff since 1938. He was a man in is twenties. There were also several persons of the Jewish faith or with Jewish ancestry.

Meanwhile the Vienna office, as well as the one in Berlin, had been entrusted to the supervision of the Germany Yearly Meeting through its Center Committee. Members of that group were aware that the Vienna Center was being conducted in a

business-like manner, but they deplored the fact that it lacked any "Quaker presence" and often resembled a good social agency rather than being a spiritual home as well as a refugee bureau.

Acting upon their concern, they asked Greta Sumpf, a prominent and beloved German Friend, to go to Vienna to do what she could to help create a more religious atmosphere in the Center. And they asked me to visit there from time to time.

On February 4, 1981 I find the brief notation in my diary—"Phone call. Trains. Trip to Vienna." On the surface those few words do not seem to have much significance. But they bring back memories of tremendous importance.

The phone call referred to was from Kathe Neumeyer in Vienna. What she said was, "They are being put onto trains, a thousand a train. Two trains have left already. We are doing what we can. Can you come?"

That was all she said, but I was aware of the urgency of her call and the courage it took to make it. I also knew that the word "they" referred to the Jewish people who were being packed into trains for Poland and probable extermination. So I grabbed my bag and made the next train to Vienna.

The next few days were grim—the worst of my life. Scores of people crowded into our office, hoping somehow that we could help them. Immediately I called Joe Roland, a graduate of the Germantown Friends School in suburban Philadelphia. Joe worked in the U.S. consulate and was able to give me a list of persons whose emigration papers for the U.S.A. were far enough along to warrant special attention.

Obviously it was impossible for me to meet individually with everyone who came to the Center, so I met with groups of 20 to 25, telling them that we would help in every way possible, even though I could not see each of them individually. But I could meet with those I thought we could help most in that desperate situation.

Meanwhile Greta Sumpf organized a group of courageous people who were willing to collect blankets, thermos bottles, and some food. Small packets were then prepared and given to the people who had been summoned to the train.

Greta also planned a series of simple religious services for those who wanted to attend, with music, poetry, and some carefully chosen passages from the Old Testament. Those meetings were conducted with great compassion.

At times during the next few days I recalled George Arliss in

the film *The Man Who Played God,* for there were choices to be made which only I could do. And there were some especially horrendous situations for me. For example, a blind man pushed his way into my temporary office, despite that fact that he had no chance to emigrate. With bitterness he said I was not saving his life because he was blind. What does one say in a situation like that? All I could say was that I was doing the best I could in a tragic drama completely beyond my control. From time to time, however, I have dreamed about his bony finger being jabbed into my face.

At that time I seemed warranted in doing anything I could to sustain myself physically and psychologically. So I went to a restaurant where friends told me I could obtain black market food, and ate there. With me I took a copy of Nora Waln's *Reaching for the Stars*—a volume on Germany under the Nazis, by an American Friend, which was "streng verboten" in Germany and Austria. With a sense of defiance I read the chapters on Vienna.

One evening Joe Roland and I relaxed by going to the opera, standing in the top balcony until the intermission, when he saw a friend of his and we were invited to sit in her "box" through the rest of the performance.

As the trains left for Poland, there were many friends of the passengers on the platform. With them they had brought small packages of food and other supplies as symbols of their affection. Of course even being present at such a time was a testimony to their friendship.

And there were even a few instances where persons slated for the trains were allowed to stay behind because they had a chance for emigration, with others being substituted for them. Why the Nazis permitted that has always been beyond my comprehension.

But the trains kept rolling and we were helpless to stop them. Then they stopped as suddenly as they had started. No one knew why. Perhaps it was because they were needed more desperately for troops and materiel.

Years later I learned that every member of our staff in the Vienna Center who had Jewish ancestry, was exterminated during the war. How cruel! How horrendous! How insane!

Work with the International Quaker School in The Netherlands

Back in 1934 British and German Friends cooperated with the small but vigorous Netherlands Yearly Meeting in the

establishment of and maintenance of a Quaker International School in Eerde, known familiarly as the Ommen School.

Located in the impressive old castle of Philip van Pallandt, it was a beautiful location for such a school and soon it became well-known for its international spirit. Several diplomats sent their children there and as Hitlerism took over Germany, the children of several German Jews and political liberals attended Ommen.

From the beginning there were two "tracks" or divisions, one in German and the other in Dutch. Then, in 1939, the farm School was added.

When the Nazi army swept through the Netherlands on May 10, 1940, it moved around Ommen but not a single German soldier appeared on the school property. As a precaution, the older Jewish boys had been sent to work in the fields during the invasion.

In July, 1940, Howard Elkinton was able to visit the school and consult with the staff. He was also able to find out what money was owed the school by parents in Germany. Then we went to work to collect whatever money we could. It was not easy work, but it did help to keep the school alive for several months.

The Stalags or Prisoner-of-War Camps

Especially gratifying to me were my contacts with the organizations and the individuals who were dealing with the English, French, and Belgian prisoners-of-war in various locations in Germany. My contacts were on both the organizational and personal levels.

Such work was possible because of the adherence of both the Allied and Axis Powers to the Geneva Convention for dealing with war prisoners, although that agreement did not apply to the Polish and Russians. By that convention, representatives of a few international organizations were allowed to work on a limited basis in the prisoner-of-war camps of both sides. Hence the International Red Cross was responsible for the inspection of living conditions in the camps and the International Y.M.C.A. and the Ecumenical Council were in charge of the educational, recreational, and spiritual welfare of the interned soldiers and officers in stalags (for soldiers) and oflags (for officers).

Many German Quakers were anxious to do something which would represent even in some small way a positive testimony to

their belief in peace and brotherhood, despite the risks that might involve.

A few of them found such an outlet in sending packages to their Jewish friends who had been sent to the ghetto in Lublin in Poland in the mass deportation from Stettin. In the northern part of Germany Margarethe Lachmund was particularly zealous in that dangerous mission. In the southern part of Germany Anna Maria Cohen (an Aryan Quaker and her Jewish husband, Rudolph, were the leading Friends who collected and mailed materials to Poland. Later many German Quakers sent packages to Jewish people in the camp at Gurs in France.

But it was the work for prisoners-of-war in Germany which provided a service outlet for more Friends—and was tolerated by the government.

Every Thursday afternoon several Friends and friends of the Friends worked in a room in the Center set aside for them, in which they sorted and wrapped packages of books, games, musical instruments, the scripts of plays, and some costumes, for distribution in the stalags in Germany. Since no books could be shipped if there were any ink or pencil marks in them, they spent hours laboriously erasing or blotting out such additions. In some cases they also rebound books.

Despite the fact that such work was permitted by the government, it was dangerous, making them suspect as persons aiding the enemy. Nevertheless, it was a positive testimony and a mission of love.

Often I worked with them, both as a representative of the American Friends Service Committee, and as an individual. I was also able to contact a few publishers who were willing to contribute books in English or French to this work.

We knew that those materials were being delivered, as Douglas Steere saw many of them in a stalag in Silesia which he visited in 1940 and we had similar assurances from the representatives of the International Y.M.C.A. who visited the camps regularly.

From time to time I ate with the men and women from those international organizations, took walks with them, or spent time conversing with them.

Particularly memorable was the Thanksgiving dinner we had in the Hospiz where they lived, enjoying the Danish ham, cheese, and coffee they had ben able to acquire and enjoying each other's companionship.

Among those with whom I had some contact were Eric Chris-

tensen, a Danish Lutheran minister who was head of the Y.M.C.A.'s work in the oflags (for officers) and stalags (for enlisted men) in Germany; Othmar Links, an Austrian who had been a prisoner-of-war in World War I; Ruth Woodsmall of the U.S.A. and Benedicte Wilhelm of Denmark—both of whom worked in the camps on behalf of the International Y.W.C.A.; and Tracy Strong, a young American who was hired and paid by the European Student Relief Fund, but who worked with the Y.M.C.A. staff.

Contacts With Other Organizations and Individuals

There were contacts also with other international organizations and individuals, such as the Hoover Commission and the various groups which worked in Poland.

Because of the close association of Mennonites and Quakers as two of the three Peace Churches in the United States (the third being the Church of the Brethren), and because of our personal attachment to each other, I was with Dr. M. C. Lehman frequently. He was a prominent Mennonite in the United States who had served as a missionary for 24 years in India and had been in Poland for the Mennonite Central Committee. In addition to our visits with each other, he preached at the American Church in Berlin and spoke at one of our Saturday afternoon public lectures at the Quaker International Center.

Another friend was Stewart Herman, the pastor of the American Church in Berlin. Because his congregation was so small and his salary so meager, he also worked in the U.S. Embassy. After the war he became one of the leaders of the world-wide ecumenical Christian movement.

I felt even closer to Tracy Strong, a young American who had recently graduated from the Yale Divinity School after his earlier school years in the U.S.A., Germany, and Switzerland, where his father was General Secretary of the World's Committee of the Y.M.C.A. Tracy also preached in the American Church in Berlin and attended a part of the German Yearly Meeting which is described in Chapter Three. Because we were both young men, had similar family backgrounds, and were now engaged in exciting but demanding jobs, we were able to share our experiences and our problems in a helpful way.

From time to time I also saw the few other Americans who were still in Berlin, sometimes at the luncheon meetings of the American Chamber of Commerce (attended largely by the German representatives of American firms), or socially. Among

them were Theodore Knaut of the National Broadcasting Company, Louis Lockner of the United Press, Fred Oechsner and Dana Schmidt of the United Press, and the Lairds of Time-Life-Fortune.

Our Work with Visitors

Considerable time was also spent in helping a few visitors obtain visas and tickets for visits in and out of Germany; often it took several trips to an embassy or an airline or shipping company office before I was successful—and sometimes I wasn't.

Fortunately Douglas Steere came in the fall of 1940 and stayed in Europe for nearly three months. In a sense he was taking the place of Henry Cadbury, who was supposed to have come to work primarily with German Quakers.

Douglas was especially interested in the Quakers in Scandinavia, having been on a mission to those northern nations with three other Friends in the summer of 1937 and having learned Danish as a part of his work in translating Soren Kierkegaard's *Purity of Heart* into English. Almost miraculously I was able to obtain his visa to Finland, about which he had a special "concern." His visit there was brief but it laid the foundations for Quaker work there after World War II. On that trip to Finland in 1940 he was also able to meet with Swedish Friends and to see a small group of Danish Quakers who had been able to cross the border into Sweden.

Douglas was also intensely interested in the evangelical Christians who were meeting in small fellowship groups in several parts of Germany at that time—a forerunner of his life-long interest in and contribution to the ecumenical Christian movement.

He had a special gift in the public ministry, speaking to small groups of Friends and friends of the Friends in several parts of Germany.

It was especially intriguing to me to see how he managed his limited time in any locality. Usually he spoke to a group and then devoted most of his time to one or two leaders, believing that it was better to concentrate on them than to spread himself "thin" by trying to see many people for very brief periods.

We spent many evenings together, eating, walking, and talking, and I learned a great deal from that remarkable man, as well as gaining from the personal companionship and spiritual support he gave me.

Howard Elkinton was another Friend from the Philadelphia area who came to Germany during my months there. He, too, was an extraordinary individual whose friendship I cherished. But his interests and approaches were quite different from those of Douglas Steere.

For years Howard had worked for the Philadelphia Quartz Company. But in the middle of his life he decided that he wanted to devote himself to other interests—cultural, educational, and religious. So he returned to Haverford, from which he had graduated many years before, and obtained his M.A. degree. For some time he worked with the Carl Schurz Foundation, an organization fostering German-American relations, especially as editor of its magazine. He was also intensely interested in Quaker schools, serving many years on the committee of Friends Select School in downtown Philadelphia.

Howard was an avid student of Germany and German culture and an astute observer of political events. It was he who sensed very early that the United States would eventually be drawn into World War II and that it was important to turn over the ownership and control of the Quaker Centers in Berlin and Vienna to German Friends before such an event occurred. Some members of the American Friends Service Committee were reluctant to do so and it took months of persuasion for Howard to accomplish that transfer of ownership. But that was a most important decision, as the future proved.

Howard was a much more private person, dealing with a large number of individual Friends and friends of Friends, rather than concentrating upon the leaders. His back pocket bulged with cards and letters from a host of Germans and Americans with whom he corresponded, as he used his pockets as his travelling files.

At the time I knew him he was beginning to write short articles for the two Philadelphia Quaker magazines, some of them literary gems and others rare comments on the international political scene.

My friendship with him I also prized.

A special "team" also came to Germany in January of 1941, consisting of James G. Vail of the Philadelphia Quartz Company, and Harold Evans, a Germantown-Philadelphia lawyer. They were en route to Norway on behalf of the American Friends Service Committee, with the hope that they could arrange some kind of feeding program there, after the occupation by the Nazis. Again I was involved in helping them to

obtain visas and tickets—trudging from office to office on their behalf. Eventually they did obtain permission to go to Norway. Their mission was unsuccessful, but they had done their best and that is all one can ever do.

Their first evening in Berlin was a fascinating one for me as I was able to catch brief glimpses into the lives and education of those two outstanding men as they took turns reciting poetry they had learned as youths and could still repeat, sometimes prompting each other when they needed a word or phrase. Meanwhile their suitcases were open and I kept eyeing the bars of chocolate they had brought. I could scarcely resist asking them to share those "bars of gold" with me, which they eventually did. But I did realize than and later how much I craved such "forbidden fruits."

There were also occasional visits from persons connected with the International Red Cross, the Hoover Commission, the various missions to Poland, and the International Y.M. and Y.W.C.A.'s. And there were many visits from Quakers in various parts of Germany who were able to travel to Berlin. Often the hours spent with those individuals were interesting and enriching, as well as giving them some knowledge of the work of the Center.

Contracts with Friends in Other Countries and with the American Friends Service Committee

In 1940 the Berlin, Geneva, Rome, and Vienna Centers were the last of a chain of such "Quaker Embassies" which had existed in Europe over a period of years. And since the Rome and Vienna offices dealt almost solely with refugees, I felt it was incumbent on me to maintain as much contact with Friends in other countries as the political situation permitted. So I started a brief *Newsletter,* written in English, which was sent from time to time to several leading Quakers in various parts of Europe and to England, via Switzerland. That Newsletter, however, was dropped after a few issues because it was dangerous to report on many topics and persons about whom I would have liked to have written.

In the first few months I tried to prepare a report to the Philadelphia office of the American Friends Service Committee. After four months, however, I decided it was unwise to continue that practice.

The Long Journey Across the U.S.S.R. and on to Seattle

In many cases the major difficulties ended once people started their trip to a new land. But that was not always so. An example of the arduous journeys some people took is contained in and eight-page, single-spaced, typewritten letter which Alice Shaffer received early in 1941 from a woman whom Alice had assisted in making plans for her, her husband, and their daughter of two years and seven months, to travel halfway around the world to reach Seattle, and later Chehalis, Washington.

As the mother and daughter waited at the Charlottenburg station in Berlin for the train that would take them out of Germany, Mrs. S. was frightened as her husband had not yet arrived with the passport which had been promised them. Then, just 20 minutes before their departure time, he arrived with the passport in his hand, and Pfarrer Grueber, Alice Shaffer, and their other friends bade them a sad and yet joyous farewell.

After 15 hours of travel in their compartment, darkened much of the time because of the blackouts, they arrived at the border of Germany and what had once been Lithuania. Again, fearful lest their be some hitch in their plans, they waited and waited while their baggage was inspected and they were finally allowed to proceed.

Despite difficulties with the language, they found the train that was to take them, 55 hours later, to Moscow, arriving nine hours late. There they stayed in a hotel and saw some of the sights of that famed city—including Red Square and the beautiful subway. But they were appalled by "the people in rags, with indescribably dirty faces, often covered with pock marks."

From there they took the Trans-Siberian Railroad, using the brief stops at stations to get hot water with which they could make tea from the peppermint they had brought with them. They crossed the Ural mountains and journeyed around Lake Baikal. En route, Mr. S____ had an accident as the train swerved around a curve, giving him a four-inch cut in the chest. There was a doctor in the group of refugees on board, but they had to wait for 24 hours before he could obtain first aid supplies at a railroad station.

On and on they rode, through Manchuria and to Harbin, eating only the meager supplies they had brought with them as they had only $10.75 and did not know where or when or how they could obtain any more money.

Eventually they crossed Korea and finally reached Japan.

From there they took a boat to the United States living in a tiny, crowded cabin under a stairway. But they were glad to be on that boat as their American visa would expire in a few days.

At last they reached Vancouver and made their way to Seattle where they were met by Friends and stayed 12 days in the Quaker Center. Then they were off to Centralia and Chehalis and a new life.

But what a journey it had been! Weeks of travel in which they changed trains 14 times, had four vaccinations each, and endured 11 customs inspections. And they had slept and eaten very little in all that time. Little wonder, then, that they considered the United States "the promised land."

How Was Such Work Possible?

Upon my return to the United States, some people told me that the work I said I had been doing was not possible under Hitler. My reply was that I had been there and had had a small part in such work and that there were people in the U.S.A. who could attest to the fact that they had been aided in their escape from Germany by our Center.

More people asked, quite rightly, how it had been possible to carry on such work. My answer was that I did not know. Who could fathom the thoughts of the Nazi officials? Certainly I couldn't. But three possibilities occurred to me.

One was that our work was so small that it was given a low priority by the Nazis. However, they were well aware of what we were doing.

A second possibility is that in 1940-1941 the German government did not intend to kill all persons of Jewish ancestry; they were glad to get rid of them in any way possible. In a sense, then, we were cooperating with the Hitler regime. But we were saving the lives of human beings and that outweighed any cooperations with Naziism in which we might have been engaged.

Third was the possibility that the past work of Quakers was so well known in Germany and so highly regarded that even the Nazis were willing to let us do something to assist people of Jewish background.

Perhaps it was a combination of those explanations that permitted us for a few months longer to save the lives of so-called Jews.

Relations with the Gestapo

Although never mentioned in any of my reports to Philadelphia, one of my tasks in the office was to handle the contacts with the Geheimpolizei or secret police.

It was apparent that our phone was "tapped" and that someone listened in on our conversations, at least from time to time. Then there were the occasional phone calls regarding the status of individuals, regarding their emigration from Germany. Less often a representative of the government came to the office to check on someone in whom they were interested. My answers to such inquiries were truthful and open but as vague and limited as I thought I could make them. We were not an "underground movement" and I did not try to hide what we were doing, as the future of the Center was always at stake and any future aid to refugees in danger. Nevertheless we did not want to endanger the lives of the people we were trying to help.

But there were a few frightening encounters with the government. One came whenI was on a trip to Chemnitz to attend the quarterly meeting of Quakers there. I was staying overnight in a local hotel and as always has been customary in Europe, gave my passport to the front desk clerk, who checked with the local police to inform them of my presence as a foreigner.

Early in the morning, perhaps around five o'clock, I awoke to see two men standing at the foot of my bed. Immediately they said that they were from the secret police and asked me what I was doing in Chemnitz. Bleary eyed and frightened, I told them that I was there for a religious conference with the Quakers. In reply one of them said that he knew about them as his children had often eaten Quaker oats! A bit flabbergasted by that comment, I tried to identify the group a little better by referring to the child-feeding program in Germany after World War I, known popularly as the "Quaekerspeisung." Fortunately one of the men knew about that remarkable program and seemed satisfied that I was not a subversive. Then they both left.

When I told local Friends about that visit, they reassured me by saying it was probably a routine checkup, as the foreign minister of Japan was travelling between Berlin and Rome and all foreigners in the city were undoubtedly being investigated. With that explanation I felt much relieved.

On two occasions in Berlin I received phone calls from the secret police and immediately invited their representatives to our office, as I was accustomed to doing. But in each case they said that they were not coming to our Center; I was to come to

their headquarters. Both times I asked what they wanted to talk about, so that I could bring the necessary papers. In both instances I insisted that I was not the one who was responsible and asked to bring a local Quaker with me. On each occasion I called Olga Halle, the clerk of the Berlin Monthly Meeting, and asked her to accompany me to the Gestapo.

In the first situation they wanted to talk about a conference for young people being held in the rooms at the Center. Because there were several sons and daughters of Quakers in various parts of Germany and no group for young people outside Berlin, local Friends decided to hold a conference for them in Berlin during the Easter period.

One such invitation was received by a lad in East Germany and he asked his boss for a few days vacation. When asked why he wanted the time off, the young man said he wanted to attend a youth conference in Berlin. Pressed for proof of that meeting, he produced the typed invitation. The employer then became suspicious of that event and notified the police, who then notified their counterparts in Berlin.

The conference was held but the young Friend who had issued the invitation was interrogated at length and warned that another such offense would bring strong retribution. A few years later she was hidden for two and a half years by people she hardly knew. Then, at the end of the war, she left for the United States where she established herself very well vocationally, completed her education, and continued as a dedicated member of the Society of Friends.

Upon the other occasion the Gestapo representative accused me of being the minister of the local congregation. To that charge I replied that I was not—and that we had no minister. The official then said that every congregation had to have a minister, and I tried to explain that we sat in silence, worshipping, until someone decided to speak briefly—and that several people might speak in the course of an hour.

Apparently satisfied on that point, he accused me of being in charge of the music. To that statement I replied that we did not have any congregational singing or music and so I was not in charge of the music. That, too, he found unbelievable. So I tried again to explain our method of worship.

Obviously he was trying to establish the fact that I was a spy or fifth-columnist, using my position to influence people and/or to infiltrate in German affairs.

It is difficult enough to explain Quaker worship in English; it

is well-nigh impossible to do so in limited German and to the secret police.

It was then that Olga Halle cut through the verbiage with her statement that we met every Sunday at 11 in the Quaker Center and that everyone was welcome. To the official she issued a personal invitation to attend, saying that only in that way could he learn how we worshipped.

That masterful maneuver saved the day and we were permitted later to leave, unharmed. At that time, and many times since that confrontation, I have been grateful to Olga for the simple and friendly way in which she broke the impasse, saving Berlin Friends, the Center, and me from a potentially explosive situation.

Another incident, involving Douglas Steere as possibly involved in the attempted assassination of Hitler, was described in Chapter Two.

Some Contacts with Special Christian Groups

Douglas Steere and Howard Elkinton were both interested in keeping in touch with some of the ministers and lay persons of the Confessional Synod Lutherans, a group which had clashed at times with the state-dominated Lutheran Church, chiefly over political issues. Whenever possible, I continued the contacts those two men had made.

Then, too, there were a large number of persons who were disillusioned with the formal religious groups in Nazi Germany. Often they met in small worship-study fellowships in private homes. Throughout my stay in Berlin I took part in one such gathering which met monthly, reading parts of the Bible and/or some other devotional literature, discussing it, and having brief periods of worship—some singing and some silence.

Then there was Harald Poelchau, a Lutheran minister designated by the government to counsel those opposed to taking part in the war,—and their families. Curiously his salary was paid by the government, impossible as that may seem. Included in that category were about 1000 men, of whom a few refused to fight on religious grounds, nearly all of them Jehovah's Witnesses. We saw each other from time to time and he gave one of the public lectures in our Center. But one day, after several weeks of my stay in Germany, he said that it seemed best for us not to meet any longer and I had to forego that special privilege with a remarkable man.

(Continued on Page 54)

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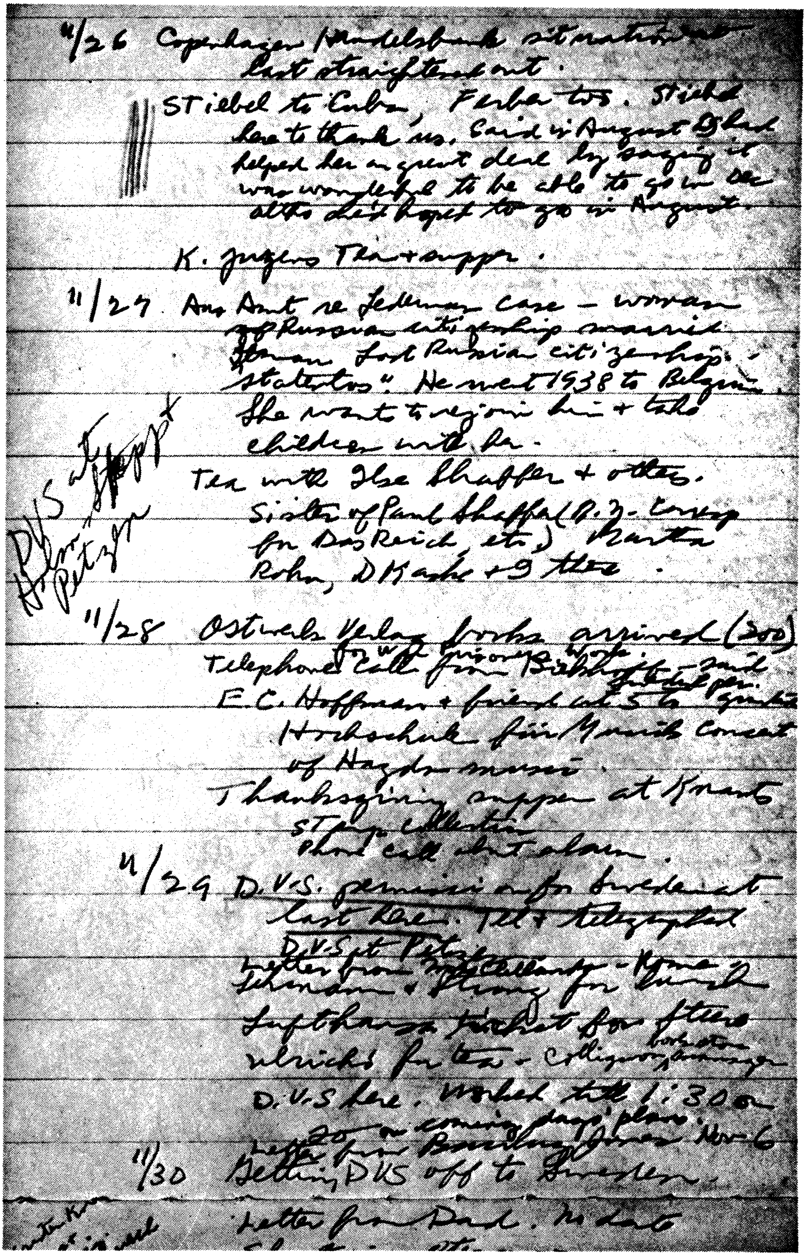


11/26 Copenhagen Handelsbank situation at last straightened out.

STiebel to Cuba, [illegible]. Stiebel here to thank us. Said in August [illegible] helped her a great deal by saying it was wonderful to be able to go in Dec altho she'd hoped to go in August.

K. [illegible] Tea + supper.

11/27 Aus Amt re [illegible] case — woman of Russian citizenship married German lost Russian citizenship — "statelos". He went 1938 to Belgium. She wants to rejoin him + take children with her.

Tea with Ilse Shaffer + others. Sister of Paul Shaffer ([illegible] corresp for Das Reich, etc.) Martha Rohn, D [illegible] + 9 others.

DVS at [illegible] Pitzger

11/28 Ostwerk Verlag books arrived (300) for W. prisoners work. Telephone call from [illegible] — and [illegible]. E.C. Hoffman + friend at 5 to Hochschule für Musik Concert of Haydn music. Thanksgiving supper at [illegible] ST [illegible]. Phone call [illegible] alone.

11/29 D.V.S. permission for Sweden at last here. Tel + telegraphed. D.V.S. at Pitzger. Letter from [illegible] [illegible] for [illegible]. Lufthansa ticket for [illegible]. Ulrichs for tea + [illegible]. D.V.S here. Worked till 1:30 on coming days' plans. Letter from [illegible] Jones Nov 6

11/30 Getting DVS off to Sweden. Letter from Dad. No date

April 24 – Call from Bergsträsser.
young Frids – reading Hermann's pamphlet

April 25 Wrote V Consul Cunningham about several cases. Case of man who wrote man of same name in Phila with success. Pottsdam in afternoon – Brandts + Schwarz.

April 26 – Finished reading White Oaks by de la Mare
Ted Grant lunch at Deutsch Pilsner.
Lunch at 12 + 3:30 + supper 7:30.
Skipped Eliz Fry lecture by Dr Henning.

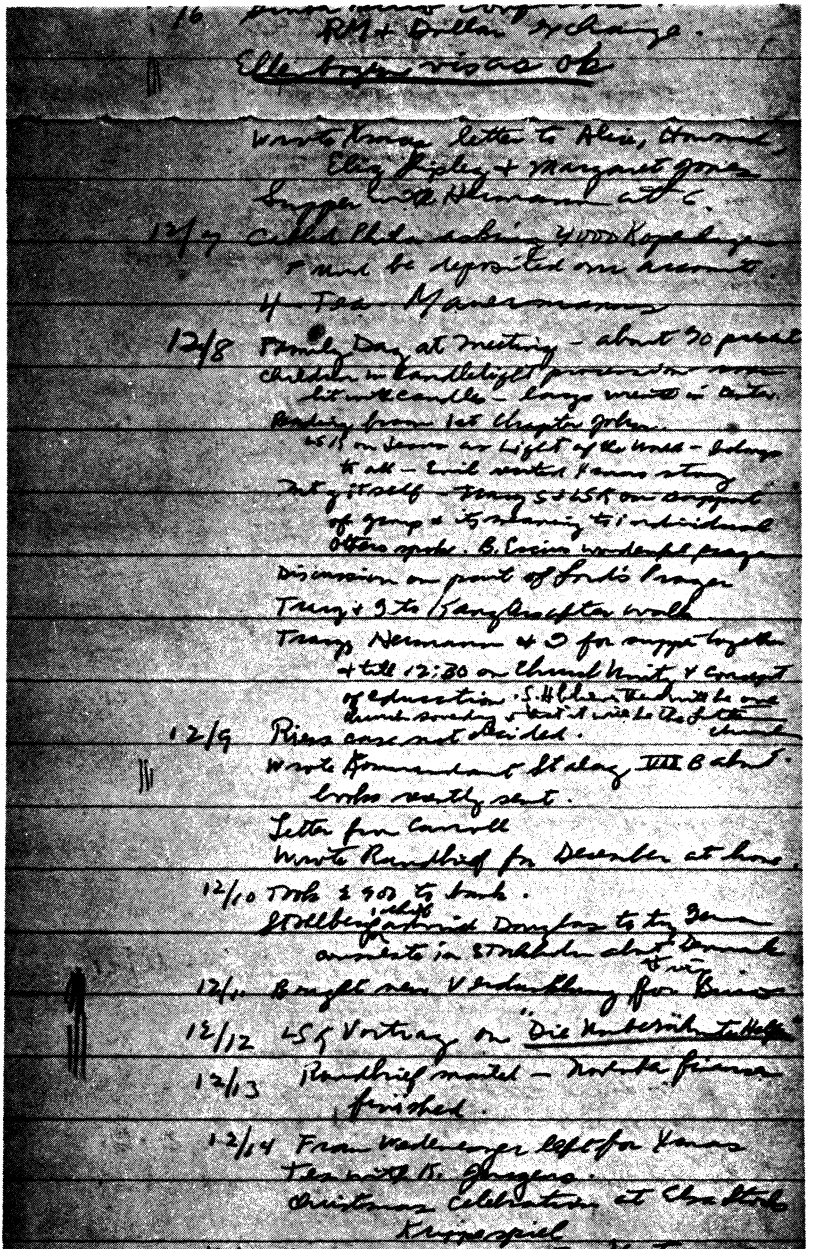
April 27. Good mtg – only about 18 present. Boy from hotel there – took walk with him afterwards for some pictures. DK spoke + B Eccius prayed.
Letter Home XIII
Recent nights in cellar – Vignettes of Life – Rome Opera. Churches in Washington not finished.

Germany & Disarmament

no women named in Honors list
No. Free church – state interdenominy, taxes, no competit, not each all classes
Sparta · Athens
Effect of surrendering
Austria – Prussia
Bismarck
Catholic & Protestant fight

Jochen Klepper – Der Vater ~~novel~~ Der Roman des Soldatenkönigs. König by Grace of God. Fred Wm I father of Fred Gt – administrative reform unselfish, taxes accounting system, and the persecuted Salzburg victims. Fight with son tried to educate him by force.

{ 2070 Berlin c1725 Fred Ancestry
{ Edict of Potsdam 1685
Dutch, Huguenots, etc. (Meaning) Fred Wm – King of



51

gorgeously. Picture books of Art + Animals + Flowers (perfectly beautiful) with text – from cigarette company. Read Matthews Chamber

poetry. Girl – mother played flute. Stars glorious. Mother would enjoy them.

March 16 Memorial Day – World War I present war. Flags everywhere. Parade Unter den Linden. Soldiers everywhere.

Mtg – LSK recited Raabe's

Das Ewige ist stille
Laut die Vergänglichkeit
Schweigend geht Gottes Wille
Neben dem Erdenstreit.

D. Scheuer – service must be rooted in love, love must grow out of service. May God give us this love. Hans A – elaboration of Raabe's poem with particular reference to LSK future here.

Martha, Hans A. + LSK outing over Vienna.

Matthäus Passion music at Dom with Professor Alfred Sittard conducting. Chorus weak but soloists excellent, wonderful tenor. Sunlight at opening – dark by end. Nearly 3 hours. D Kaske, Ici + Peramy Hoffmann. Tracy S sick + couldn't go.

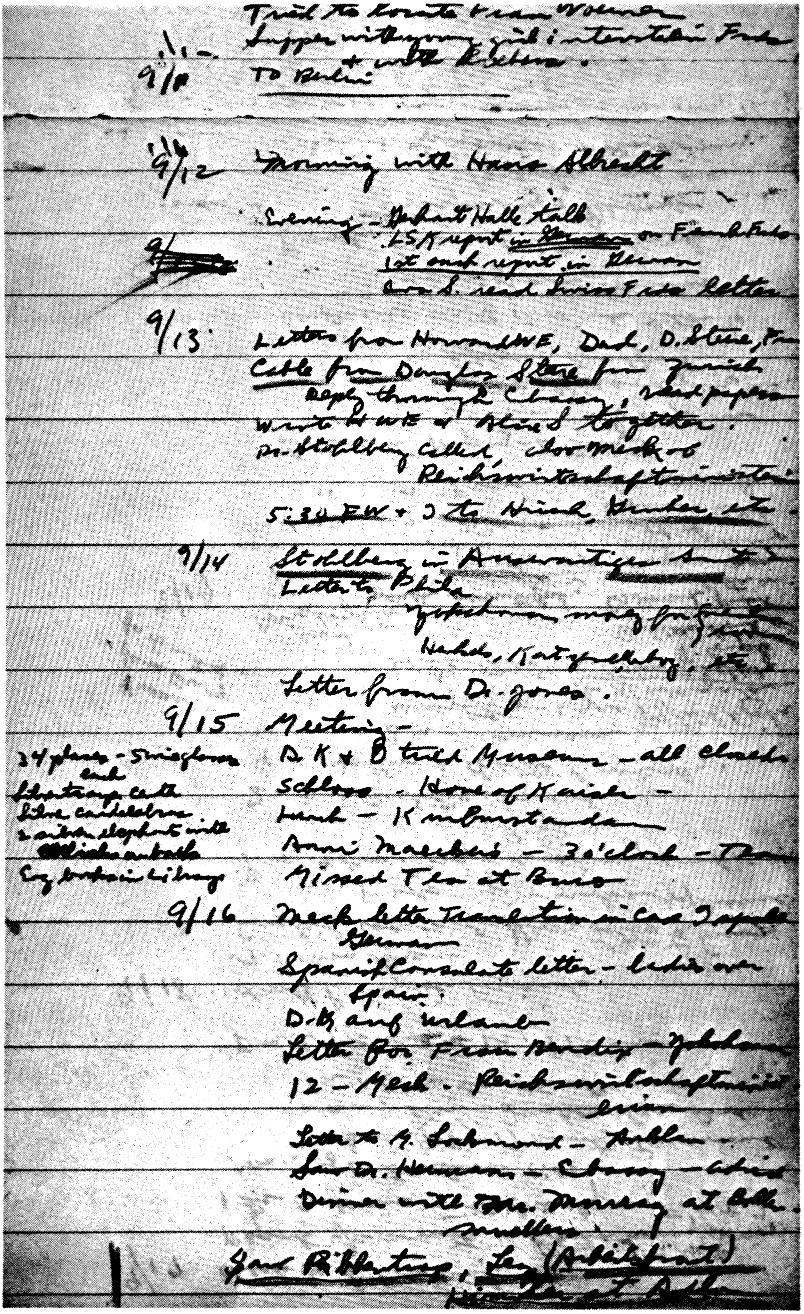
Wrote folks – Letter XVIII

March 17 Wrote Bachinger – sick in hospital. Matthews here to pay Vienna Exchange. [illegible]. Rabel Case – Tea with K. Jurgens.

March 18 Perles case. Engaged to man in Philip. Little girl (daughter of man) here with Perles in Berlin. With K. Jurgens to E. Stock. Read acct of trip from U.S. + answered questions on U.S.

March 19 Got new U.S. pass. To Burgstr. to get Aufenthaltserlaubnis transferred to it. Poldhans for evening. Dr. Franck (former Jewish Court judge) there. Borrowed *Alles Getrennte Findet Sich Wieder* to read.

March 20 Frau Schlesinger here (son in U.S. – could have had visa in Feb 39 if she had had her pass + other papers in order). Dentist



Tried to locate [illegible]
Supper with young girl [illegible] Friends
+ with [illegible].
9/11 To Berlin

9/12 Morning with Hans Albrecht

Evening — Herbert Hall talk
LSK report in German on Friends
1st such report in German
[illegible] read Swiss Friends letter

9/13 Letters from Howard WE, Dad, D. Steere, [illegible]
Cable from Douglas Steere from Zurich
Reply through [illegible], read papers
Wrote HWE & Alice S together.
Dr. Stolberg called, also Meck of Reichswirtschaftsministerium
5:30 EW + I to [illegible], etc.

9/14 Stolberg in Auswärtigen Amt [illegible]
Letter to Phila
[illegible]
[illegible], etc.
Letter from Dr. Jones.

9/15 Meeting —
D.K. & I tried Museums — all closed
Schloss — Home of Kaiser —
[illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible] — 3 o'clock — [illegible]
Missed Tea at [illegible]

34 places — [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in library

9/16 Meck letter Translation [illegible] German
Spanish Consulate letter — [illegible] over Spain.
D.K. auf Urlaub
Letter [illegible] from [illegible]
12 — Meck — Reichswirtschaftsministerium
Letter to G. [illegible] — [illegible]
Saw Dr. [illegible] — [illegible]
Dinner with Mr. [illegible] at [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible], [illegible] ([illegible])

Especially gratifying to me was my association with Wilhelm Mensching, a Lutheran minister and the head of the Fellowship of Reconciliation in Germany in 1940-1941.

On my return trip to Berlin from the Christmas holiday in the Vor Arlberg region, I made a memorable visit to the Mensching family in Petzen, passing through Hameln en route. Because of the delay of my train, I was able to tramp through the streets of that city, made famous by the story of the Pied Piper of Hameln.

In their younger years Wilhelm Mensching and his wife had been missionaries in Africa. Because of World War I and the fact that they were German citizens, they had to flee, making a long, dangerous, and cruel trip by foot. Mrs. Mensching was pregnant at the time and the cruelties which she had to endure were thought to have caused the birth of a son who was crippled and mentally retarded.

Regional officials of the Nazi party had sought to remove Mensching from his post, but the local mayor and party members appealed to the Gauleiter to keep him in his pastorate, and throughout the Nazi era he preached in that isolated rural area.

Despite the fact that we were well past Christmas, they had retained their Christmas decorations. After dinner we talked well into the night and sang some Christmas songs, including *Nun Singet und Seid Froh,* simultaneously in German, an African tongue, and English.

Together we visited the old church with its small tower which had stood for over a thousand years, and inspected the pillory on the wall outside that edifice.

One of the tasks he was able to carry on during the Nazi period was the production of leaflets featuring the quotations of famous philosophers, writers, and religious leaders, known as the Erbgut Heftchen or Heritage Leaflets. They were small enough to fit into regular postal envelopes and inexpensive enough to be sold by the thousands.

He asked me to prepare one on Lincoln and to arrange with Dorothy Gilbert, William Hubben, and Thomas Kelly to assemble pamphlets on the lives of Emerson, Thoreau, and Rufus Jones.

After the war it was learned that the Friends Relief Service in England had distributed 50,000 of those leaflets to the German soldiers in the prisoner-of-war camps and they said they could easily have used 250,000 of them.

It was from that collection of leaflets that I got the idea of a

similar series for the United States, eventually called the Speaks Series. With the help of a few co-editors I have produced 60 titles over a period of 40 years, ranging from such men as Gandhi, Tagore, and Nehru in India to John Dewey, Emerson, and Thoreau of the U.S.A. Almost all of the titles in the American series have been different from those in the German collection.

Other Work in the Berlin Center

In the next chapter I will comment in some detail on my relations with the Berlin Quaker group and with other Friends in Germany, and in the final chapter I will write about some of the reading and writing I was able to do in the Center office. Then there were a good many personal letters to my family and friends and to the faculty and students of Friends Central School. I tried also to maintain the morale of our small staff by inviting them occasionally to a good meal or arranging for "tea" in the office. Working under the conditions they had to endure was not easy and morale was an important consideration.

A Celebration in New York City with German Refugees

Perhaps it is appropriate to end this account of the work in the Quaker International Center in Berlin with the mention of an extraordinary occasion in New York City a few months after my return to the States, when I was invited to speak after the Friday evening service in a synagogue in Upper Manhattan. A large congregation was present and after I had spoken briefly, several people paid tribute to my work in the Berlin Center, by which their lives had been saved. I had not expected such an outpouring of appreciation, but was able to say that it was not the work of one individual but of a large group of Quakers which had made that work possible, and that their words would be passed on to the American Friends Service Committee, which had been the channel for aid.

Chapter Four

Working and Worshipping with German Quakers

WHEN WE LEARNED that Henry J. Cadbury, a prominent American Friend, a professor at the Harvard Divinity School, and one of the translators of the New Testament, could not come to Germany, the committee in charge of the Quaker International Center in Berlin asked me to add contacts with individual Friends and Friends groups throughout Germany to my other duties.

I said I would try to do so, but with grave misgivings. My Quaker background was extensive, for I had been reared in a Quaker family, attended Westtown School and Earlham College (both Quaker institutions), and had taught at Friends Select and Friends Central Schools. Furthermore, I had written a few articles for Quaker publications.

But I was not clear that I had anything to say to German Friends, most of whom had attained a spiritual maturity far beyond my development in that dimension of life. After all, I was only in my late twenties and from an affluent nation which had not experienced fascism or Naziism, and had not been at war recently. What could I say to people who were living in extreme simplicity and were undergoing harassment because of their abhorence of Hitlerism and their efforts to assist Jews?

The members of the steering committee tried to reassure me, saying that my presence would be "a living epistle," testifying in a quiet way to the affection of Friends in the United States and elsewhere, for German Quakers.

As one part of my preparation I set out to learn as much as possible about German Friends in the past as well as in the present.

The Origins of German Quakerism

In the 17th century George Fox, William Penn, and Robert Barclay visited in Germany and small Quaker groups were formed. But most Friends there eventually emigrated to Pennsylvania at the urging of Penn. In the 19th century there were also some Friends in Germany, especially in Bad Pyrmont, where a Meeting House was built, and in Minden, where there was even a small Quaker school. Unfortunately those small groups dwindled and finally disappeared.

During the child feeding days in Germany, after World War I, no attempt was made to proselytize for Quakerism. Nevertheless, many Germans were impressed with that venture in caring, which involved nearly 200 American and English workers, over 40,000 German helpers, and thousands of children. Consequently many Germans asked about the motivation which prompted such service. In response to such inquiries, several English Friends went to Germany in the 1920s. With rucksacks on their backs, individuals, such as Joan Fry and Gwenn and Corder Catchpool, travelled from place to place, meeting individuals and groups and holding some large public meetings.

From such "botschaftreisen" or "travels under concern," a small Quaker movement emerged and the Germany Yearly Meeting was formed in 1925. Later a Meeting House was built in Bad Pyrmont where the original structure had stood. The Quaker movement went through all the agonies of any growing group, eventually settling down to a membership of around 275 in 1940-1941.

Two hundred and seventy-five persons in a nation of over 60,000,000 is a very small group. But the vitality and influence of German Friends was far out of proportion to their numbers. Membership in that body was a special honor, granted for the most part to those who had already attained a high degree of spiritual development. The people I came to know were active, alert, well-educated, and concerned. Several had been imprisoned and a few sent to concentration camps. Yet, as George Fox wrote, "The lives and conversations of Friends did preach."

How Did Those People Come to Quakerism?

Many of the members of the Germany Yearly Meeting in 1940-1941 had come to Quakerism through the visits of English Friends in the 1920s or through the journeys of American Friends in more recent times. A few had studied at Woodbrooke,

the Quaker Center in England. Some had learned about the Religious Society of Friends through relatives, neighbors, or friends. Still others had learned about Quakerism through the many publications available in German or English.

And there was an astounding array of books and pamphlets in German. Some were books translated from English and American publications, such as A. Ruth Fry's *Quaker Adventures* and *Quaker Ways,* and Janet Whitney's *Elizabeth Fry.* The *Journals* of George Fox and John Woolman were also translated into German. Then there were the printed versions of the yearly Richard Carey Lecture at Bad Prymont, sometimes given by a German Friend and occasionally by someone from abroad. Still other were booklets written by Hans Albrecht, Alfons Paquet, Emil Fuchs, and others. Certainly no yearly meeting outside the Anglo-American orbit had such a rich storehouse of Quaker publications at the time as German Friends.

Attendance at the Germany Yearly Meeting

One of the most moving experiences of my year in Germany occurred early in October of 1940 when Douglas Steere and I attended the Germany Yearly Meeting in Bad Pyrmont.

Actually the yearly meeting began for us on the platform of the Potsdamer station in Berlin when Douglas and I saw arms waving to us from the window of a third-class carriage. Those Friends had come early in order to reserve seats in the "Quaker compartment" on the train that passed through Bad Pyrmont on the way to Cologne.

In that compartment as travelling companions were a pensioned Normal School professor, a librarian, the wife of a judge, a former school teacher who was working in our Center in Vienna, and the wife of a man who was working in the film industry-making films primarily for children. Our long trip was a rare opportunity to become acquainted with those individuals.

At Bad Pyrmont we were met by Friends who took our luggage and led us through the beautiful archway of trees leading to the Meeting House in that small, quiet, lovely town.

Gathered there were nearly a hundred Friends and friends of Friends from all over Germany. For many of them it was the only occasion during the year when they worshipped and studied with other members of the Society of Friends, as many of

them were isolated locally. So going to Bad Pyrmont was a little like making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem or Mecca.

In previous yearly meetings there had been many visitors from abroad, but in 1940 Douglas Steere and I were the only ones. There were, however, a few "epistles" from other Quaker groups, including one from the chairman of the American Friends Service Committee, Rufus M. Jones, which incorporated a meaningful phrase from the writings of John Woolman, saying:

> May your habitation be safe and inwardly quiet while there are great stirrings in the world. Loving greetings.

And from London Yearly Meeting, by way of the International Red Cross, came this message:

> The loving sympathy and tender remembrance of Friends are with you always.

Each morning Emil Fuchs, an eminent Bible scholar and a former Lutheran minister and professor, opened the day with a talk based on Isaiah 40-60, with special reference to Chapter 53 and the story of "the suffering servant." Then there was a stirring period of silence, out of which several Friends spoke or prayed.

Equally memorable was the presence of one Friend, Marie Pleisner, who had just been released from concentration camp. She did not speak publicly in all our time together, but her presence was felt strongly by everyone.

In the afternoon some Friends took walks. Others came together in a nearby home to share their experiences and hazards in sending packages to Jewish people in France and elsewhere.

A small group also gathered in the basement of the Meeting House to conduct the business of the yearly meeting. That group was limited to members of the Executive Committee as it was impossible to have open business sessions at which a representative of the Gestapo would probably be present. It was agreed that if such a person did appear, the group would move into a period of silent worship.

In the evening there were lectures. One was by Greta Sumpf on the life of Fridjof Nansen of Norway. It was a stirring account, made even more meaningful when I learned about her own life. She had been a teacher before the rise of Hitler and when teachers were required to take an oath of loyalty to him,

several of her colleagues came to her and asked if she planned to refuse to take such an oath. They said that if she refused, they would do so. But when the day for that oath-taking came, Greta was the only one in her district who refused, and she was immediately ousted from her job. Recently she had been asked by German Friends to go to Vienna as a "Quaker presence" in our International Center there.

Alfons Paquet also spoke one evening on Heroes. He was one of the best-known Friends in Germany, having been for years an editorial writer on the famed *Frankfurter Zeitung,* an authority on the Rhineland, and one of the small group which gathered from time to time with the well-known Jewish philosopher, Martin Buber, before his departure for Israel. Alfons, too, had been dismissed from his job.

A third lecture was given by Walther and Johanna Rieber on Quaker Optimissmus or The Quaker Positive Approach to Life. That was the annual Richard Carey Lecture, named after an American Friend who had worked in Germany in the 1930s and had died there in 1933 and had been buried in the cemetery in Bad Pyrmont.

Many times during the sessions the group settled into vibrant periods of expectant worship—times when all those present sought Divine Guidance for their difficult lives and felt the companionship of fellow Seekers. One such Meeting was on the final Sunday when Walther Rieber left the room to get his violin downstairs and to render a moving message through that instrument.

German Friends told me about a previous yearly meeting when the presence of a member of the secret police was whispered from person to person around the room. Finally someone on the back row whispered to the man next to him, "Die Geheimpolizei ist hier," (The secret police are here). To which his neighbor replied, "Ja, ich bin es," (Yes, I am he).

About those days together I wrote in my diary "Unforgettable experiences with unforgettable people. Moving periods of silence."

Some Problems of German Friends

Despite those positive comments about the Germany Yearly Meeting in 1940-1941, it is important to note that that group had its problems, some of them serious.

Foremost was their relationship with the existing government. One incident with a member of the Religious Society of

Friends or with one local Meeting could have brought dire results, such as the imprisonment of all the leaders or the outlawing of the entire group. After all Quakerism had disappeared or almost disappeared in Denmark and Norway in the 19th century because of the opposition of Friends to military conscription. How much greater was the danger in Nazi Germany.

Fully aware of the threats to their existence as a group, plans were made by the Executive Committee at its secret sessions in 1940 for "going underground," with detailed plans for such an emergency.

Then there was the question of attracting young people in a country in which boys and girls were required to become members of the Hitler youth or Bund Deutscher Maedchen. There were a few boys and girls who were the children of Friends, plus some others who were attracted to Quakerism. But there was only one Young Friends group in Germany at that time, in Berlin. And young people were not encouraged to become members because of the risks that would entail personally. What, then, would become of the group as Friends grew older and died?

Closely connected with that question was the fact that because of their opposition to most of the ideas promulgated by the Nazis and because of the persecutions that had often brought, German Quakers were, by and large, a serious and somber group, despite their occasional moments of fun and relaxation. To many young people that presented a forbidding appearance.

Furthermore there was the question of how to deal with the possible membership of persons of Jewish ancestry who were attracted to Quakerism. That was a question of importance to the entire yearly meeting, inasmuch as members at that time were admitted upon application to the yearly meeting rather than by the local groups.

Another problem was the fact that so many German Friends had been forced into retreat from active participation in many aspects of life in their country. The danger therefore existed that the Quaker movement would become a negativistic group.

Added to those difficulties were the theological differences which have often plagued Quakers in different parts of the world. On the one hand there was a small group who had been Lutherans and whose interpretation of Quakerism was highly Christocentric and Bible-oriented. There was another group,

however, which had been attracted to Quakerism by its emphasis upon social concerns and social action. For them the lack of outlets for their beliefs was frustrating.

It was therefore almost a miracle that the Germany Yearly Meeting could exist in the face of such difficulties. But it did, partly because of very wise leadership, partly because of the deepening of their spiritual lives through suffering, and partly because they were bound together so closely by the circumstances under which they lived. Often in reading Paul's epistles to the early Christian churches, I have understood better the problems with which he wrestled because of my experiences with German Friends.

Actually the Germany Yearly Meeting did more than survive during the years of Naziism. Despite their precarious position in a fascist state, it grew slightly in membership and greatly in spiritual strength. During two other periods of persecution Friends have also grown numerically and spiritually. One was in the earliest days of the Quaker movement in 17th century England; the other was in North Carolina during the Civil War in the U.S.A. As I have pointed out elsewhere, this fact is worth pondering. Apparently Quakers have been at their best, attracting others to their group, when they have been revolutionary people, espousing revolutionary ideas in revolutionary times.

What Did the German Quakers Do Under Naziism?

As a reader you may have been wondering what German Quakers would or could do under Hitlerism. What would be their attitude toward the government? What could they do to earn a living? How could they remain true to their convictions and yet survive in such a state? Of course there were different answers for different people.

A few emigrated. One of the outstanding examples of that response was Wilhelm Hubben, a teacher who was dismissed from his post and who moved to the United States. There he taught briefly at Westtown School and then served for many years as director of religious education at George School. Later he was the editor of the *Friends Intelligencer* (later known as the *Friends Journal*). Can you imagine editing a magazine in your second language? But he did—brilliantly.

A few Friends were able to remain in their jobs because they were not sensitive posts.

Most of the older Friends lived from their small pensions, as

the idea of social security had become so imbedded in Germany since the Bismark era of the 19th century that they received such aid from the state despite their known or suspected anti-Naziism.

Many Germans, however, were forced to change jobs in order to survive.

Kathe Jurgens realized that mentally handicapped children could be spared if they could contribute in some small way to society, so she worked with such handicapped boys and girls, helping them to weave baskets and other items which they could do with their limited capacities.

Dismissed from his college teaching position, Emil Fuchs was imprisoned for a time and then was under constant surveillance, but for three years he was able, with the help of his two sons, to assist refugees through the maintenance of a car hire business.

Rudolph Schlosser, a former Lutheran minister who became a Quaker, worked for a time as a nurse in an orthopedic infirmary in Frankfurt, taking care of crippled boys. Then he served in the first aid office of the German Red Cross in the main railroad station in that city.

Willy Wohlrabe was ousted from his position as a teacher and set up his own studio in which he made films of German fairy tales and on other non-political subjects.

Clara Schwanke turned her home into a boarding place for children, including a few whose parents were in concentration camps.

Horst Rothe was a young medical doctor who had already decided when I knew him to move some day to Africa because of his admiration for the great philosopher, musician, and doctor-Albert Schweitzer. The war interrupted that plan and Horst joined the medical corps, serving in Poland and Italy. But after World War II, he and his family moved to Kenya where, as a skilled surgeon and administrator, he became the head of the Friends Hospital in Kaimosi. And when that country became independent, he and his family became Kenyan citizens.

Only one German Quaker who remained in the country took the absolutist position as a conscientious objector and that was Gerhard Halle. Incredible as it may seem, he was exempt from service even after he was called up and refused to take part in the war. Apparently he was protected by friends in the military service in which he had performed in a distinguished manner in World War I—before becoming a pacifist and a Quaker. But

the Halles suffered for his (and their beliefs), including the cancellation by the German government of their plans to emigrate to New Zealand.

According to the records of German Friends, 19 of their members were imprisoned by the Nazis, 10 more lost their jobs, five more suffered other forms of persecution, and 13 more were rigorously examined by the Gestapo. This is in addition to those who left Germany soon after the rise of Hitler to power.

Only two members of the Germany Yearly Meeting were considered pro-Nazis. One was a Friend in Vienna who had delusions of grandeur about becoming a great city planner, as William Penn had been for Philadelphia,—and so kowtowed to the Nazis. The other was a woman whose actions made her suspect as a pro-Nazi. She had little to do with Friends even though she did not terminate her membership in the Society.

Most Friends, however, had to make some concessions to survive. I recall vividly a visit to the Gestapo when one Berlin Friend told me that she would have to give the Heil Hitler salute as she had been warned recently of dire consequences if she failed to do so. She expressed the hope that I would not condemn her for her action. My reply was that I certainly would not condemn her for what she had carefully and prayerfully decided she must do to protect her family—and herself.

Some of the Leading German Friends at that Time

It is always difficult—and sometimes even dangerous—to select a few persons from a group and to designate them as outstanding persons, or in Quaker lingo as "weighty Friends." Nevertheless such a procedure may help readers to understand better and appreciate more what some German Friends were like in 1940-1941. I have selected three such individuals; others are mentioned here and there in this chapter.

Probably Hans Albrecht was more responsible than any other individual for the existence and survival of the Germany Yearly Meeting. He was one of the 50 persons who formed that group in 1925 and he spent much of his life fostering it. Vocationally he was an engineer, serving as the chief inspector of ship construction for the state of Hamburg. But he was ousted from that post in 1934 because of his "political unreliability." From then on most of his time, energy, and talents were devoted to German Quakerism. For 20 years he served as clerk of the Germany Yearly Meeting. He also wrote and lectured throughout the country and he was the clerk of the Quaker Interna-

tional Center Committee for Berlin. Around 1941 he established a small retreat center on Lake Constance for the study of religious and social questions, an attempt to replicate for German Friends and friends of the Friends the Woodbrooke Center of English Quakers.

On the surface Hans was a bit stern and somber. But when one got to know him better, one discovered a warm, outgoing person with a quiet sense of humor. He was a rare combination of a sage businessman, an astute observer of political affairs, and a man deeply concerned with spiritual matters. Often his wise counsel or decisions saved the Germany Yearly Meeting from persecution or even extinction.

When Alice Shaffer returned to Germany immediately after World War II, she found Hans still carrying on, despite all the years of turbulence. Outside the place where he lived in Berlin was a sign indicating that that was the location of the International Bureau of the Religious Society of Friends.

An amazing man, he died in 1956 at the age of 80 and his ashes were buried in the small Quaker cemetery at Bad Pyrmont.

Emil Fuchs was also remarkable. His life spanned nearly a century in Germany, from 1874 until 1971.

His father was a Lutheran minister and Emil followed that same calling. Early in his career he became concerned about the welfare of workers and so he set up a counselling center in the Opal factory, combining adult education with his ministry—a pioneering venture at that time.

Emil was a leading biblical scholar and an historian of Christianity, especially Lutheranism. He was likewise a pacifist and a leader in the global peace movement, absolutely uncompromising in his conviction that war was a sin.

In the 1920s he turned to Quakerism and became one of the founders and leading interpreters of the Religious Society of Friends in Germany.

When Hitler came to power, Emil was dismissed from his professorship in the Pedagogical Institute in Kiel and for years eked out a simple existence in a variety of ways, including three years when he and his two sons ran a car hire agency, thereby being able to aid many refugees.

Meanwhile he was plagued with family problems. His daughter committed suicide, one son escaped from Hitlerism to Czechoslovakia, and another son became famous (or infamous) for transferring atomic secrets to the Russians from his post in

England as a physicist. In addition, Emil raised his grandson even though Emil was in his sixties when he took over that responsibility.

Finally he fled to Switzerland in 1943 where he remained until the end of the war. Then, in 1945, he resumed his work for the Socialist Party in Germany and for Christian socialism from his new home in Frankfurt. In 1949 he became professor of Social Ethics and the Sociology of Religion in Leipzig in the German Democratic Republic. And when it was decided that Friends in East Germany needed to have their own yearly meeting, Emil helped to organize that new group.

Short, thin, white-haired, and somewhat wispish when I knew him, he was a brilliant interpreter of Christianity and Quakerism, a speaker of great ability, and a writer of eminence. Some German Friends were not in agreement with him on his espousal of socialism, but all respected him as a man who led an incredible life based on love. Readers who are interested in him might profitably read his Pendle Hill pamphlet on *Christ in Catastrophe,* as a reflection of his innermost thoughts.

Another outstanding person was Margarethe Lachmund, a member of our Center's Steering Committee and a prominent and greatly admired member of the Germany Yearly Meeting. She lived in Griefswald in northern Germany, but came to Berlin frequently. Margarethe was tall and handsome, with a regal bearing; had a warm and winsome smile; and had developed wise and winning ways. She was able to reach out to everyone, including Nazi officials, believing that there was something of God in every individual.

Margarethe was the daughter of a Lutheran minister. Early in life she became interested in peace, and in 1924 she and her husband, Hans, attended the International Peace Congress in London. There they met Quakers and became interested in the Religious Society of Friends. The next year she became one of the founding members of the Germany Yearly Meeting.

In 1933, when Hitler came to power, she and Hans decided to emigrate to France, but they were prevailed upon by leading citizens to remain in Germany because individuals like them were needed so desperately. A part of their decision to stay was prompted by their reflections on which the migration of liberals had meant to Gemany over a period of many years.

In 1937 Margarethe was a member of a small delegation of Germans who were permitted by the Hitler government to attend the Friends World Conference at Swarthmore and

Haverford Colleges in the U.S.A. There her basic beliefs were deepened and enlarged, partly by contacts with other Friends from around the world and partly by the messages of Frederick J. Libby, Henry J. Cadbury, Rufus M. Jones, and other eminent Quakers.

In the late 30s and early 40s she was a leader, at great risks to herself and her husband, in assisting German Jewish people who had been sent to Poland and France.

At the close of World War II Hans was arrested by the Russians and imprisoned by them. For eight long years they were separated. During that time she went from prison to prison in Germany, trying to find him. Finally she did and was allowed a few minutes with him as they talked with the prison bars between them. Once she told me that it would have been easier if she had not seen him at all than to have seen him so briefly and under such circumstances.

Later she was in charge of civilian relief under the Russians in an area of northern Germany, and from 1948 until 1954 she served as the executive clerk of the Germany Yearly Meeting.

In 1953 Hans was freed, returning to civilian life with his health broken. So they moved to Switzerland until he was able to recover his health.

Throughout the post-war years Margarethe was a leading exponent of reconciliation between East and West, pursuing her passion for peace wisely, rigorously, and indefatigably.

In 1973 Haverford College awarded her an honorary degree with a citation which included these words:

> . . . Margarethe Lachmund is among the rare company of Quaker saints who have borne witness to the power of God in the lives of men. . . . During the long, long years when the hand of oppression was heavy in her land, she shunned the silence of the fearful and dared to speak truth to power. She refused to compromise with evil and accepted without bitterness the suffering that followed. But beyond suffering, God gave her also the strength to love, and her love tempered the sting of truth and she was spared. Margarethe's steadfast example makes clear that men and women *can* live triumphantly and lovingly when all around them are engulfed in violence and hatred. May God give us the grace to know His presence each day as she has known it, for in that lies also *our* hope.

Then the college awarded her the degree of Doctor of Laws, honoris causa, as:

> . . . (an) heroic seeker after truth and reconciliation, a powerful witness to the triumph of good in the midst of evil. . . .

To me and to many others who have known her, she is one of the outstanding Quakers of all time,—a wise, warm, wonderful woman.

A glimpse into her life, based largely upon the Sermon on the Mount and on Gandhi's non-violence, can be caught through the Pendle Hill pamphlet entitled with *Thine Adversary in the Way: A Quaker Witness for Reconciliation,* a translation of an essay originally published in German.

The Berlin Quaker Group

It was with the Quaker group in Berlin that I had the closest and most numerous contacts. It was by far the largest and most active Meeting in Germany at that time.

On Sundays it met in a small room in the Quaker International Center, with 25 to 35 individuals present. It was difficult for many Friends in the Berlin area to get to Meeting but many of them made a special effort on Family Day, held once a month, bringing their children with them and eating together after worship. On such Sundays we usually had 70 present; sometimes more. Occasionally special programs were arranged for Family Day. For example, I noted in my diary on December 8 that we had had a candlelight procession by the children and a beautiful Christmas wreath in the center of the room. Quite appropriately a few of us spoke that day on the significance of "light" and "lights," ranging from the idea of Jesus as the Light of the World to the Inner Light and the place of festivals of light in various world faiths.

Some of those Sunday Meetings were extraordinarily moving, especially those when we could hear the sound of the boots of the soldiers marching in the courtyard outside our place of worship.

In addition, there were several other events in the life of that group. Once a month was the business session. Then there was a mid-week Meeting for worship on another Thursday, with several Friends coming early to work on the gifts for the men in the prisoner-of-war camps which we described in Chapter Three. On another Thursday evening each month there was a special time with someone usually reading aloud to the group or a report given on the activities of Friends in some other part of the world. In addition, there were several small study groups—on education, the New Testament, Quakerism, and the Indian mystics.

Back in 1935 a Young Friends group had been formed and

was led for three years by Willy Wohlrabe and for a time by Kathe Provinski, both members of the Berlin Meeting. Then, in 1939, the group selected one of its own members as clerk or chair person. Several members of that group had emigrated by 1940, so it consisted of 10-12 persons when I met with them occasionally. Some of them were the children of Quakers, such as Anni and Gisela Halle and Thea Horlbog; others were from families with socialist background or with Jewish ancestry, such as Eva John, Hans Luedecke, and Lore Troplowitz. In the earlier years Hella Reuther, the daughter of Ernst Reuther (later the mayor of West Berlin) had been a member of that close-knit fellowship. Because they were outcasts from society for political, racial, or religious reasons, the intimate nature of that group and the opportunities it afforded them of discussing their common problems frankly, made it a godsend, giving them courage to live in a world which was hostile to them and to their beliefs. Above all I recall their favorite song—*Die Gedanken sind frei*... (Thoughts are free), which they sang often and with gusto.

Once a month there was also a public lecture in the Center, which 75 to 100 persons attended. Sometimes the lecturer was a Berlin Friend, such as the times when local Quakers spoke on Elizabeth Fry and on Erasmus. Occasionally a visitor was asked to speak, as was the case with Dr. M. C. Lehman of the Mennonite Central Committee in the U.S.A., who told about the Mennonite Mission Work in India. Upon one occasion Dr. Poelchau, the Lutheran minister who worked with the men opposed to the war, was the speaker. Upon two occasions I was asked to speak—on Contagious Christianity and on Sources of Power for Times Like These.

Among the Friends in the Berlin group whom I recall vividly were the Haagens, the Halles, the Hoffmanns, Kathe Jurgens, Ruth Lilienthal, Dorothea Kaske, the Ludeckes, the Nuthmanns, Kathe Provinzki, Martha Roehn, the Rothes, Clara Schwanke, the Schwersenzki, Eva Schaal, and the Wohlrabes.

Other Quaker Groups in Germany and in Austria

The Quaker group in Frankfurt-am-Main was especially strong in the depth of its Meetings for Worship and in its influence. Particularly understanding among its members were Rudolph Schlosser—a former Lutheran minister, and Alfons Paquet—an editorial writer on the *Frankfurter Zeitung* before the advent of Hitler. Also prominent were Elizabeth Mann, the clerk at that time; the Peterson family; and Eric Vollrath. Carl

and Eva Hermann lived in Mannheim but were able to attend from time to time, especially on monthly meeting Sundays.

Bad Prymont was another active center of Quakerism, with 10 or 12 Friends who formed the nucleus for a larger group of attenders. Some of those attenders were the patients of Otto Buchinger, a doctor and psychiatrist who worked intensively with individuals after they had been on a near-starvation diet for several days. Kati Lotz was a tower of strength as the clerk of both the monthly and quarterly meetings. Despite poor health, the Herzog sisters were important to that group. Then there were the Friedrichs—Mary and Leonhard—who were the custodians of the Meeting House and responsible for the Quaker Verlag or printing establishment. They had met in 1921 in Frankfurt when they were both members of the Friends War Victims Relief team (she was an English citizen and he a German). They were married soon after meeting and both became Friends. After World War II I learned that Leonhard had been incarcerated in Buchenwald for his aid to Jews and had undergone unbelievable hardships and cruelties there from 1942 to 1945. Nevertheless he survived, which is incredible.

In Chemnitz there was a promising group because it had more men and more younger people than most other Meetings. Willie Mueller and Marie Pleissner were among the outstanding members.

There were approximately 15 other small groups scattered in various parts of Germany, plus one in Austria. They are mentioned briefly here, arranged in alphabetical order.

In Bielefeld Henny Ludwig and Elsa Proett brought together a small group about once a month for reading, discussion, and/or a Meeting for Worship.

In Breslau the Legatis family had drawn together a group of about 15 individuals, at least five of them members. In addition, they had contact with several young people through their own children.

In Cologne a very small group of women met each week for fellowship and a brief Meeting for Worship. Then, upon special occasions, a larger group assembled when an outside speaker came from somewhere in the yearly meeting.

In Dresden Elizabeth Mueller brought a small group together occasionally and Agnes Martens-Edelman had a discussion group of Fellowship of Reconciliation people, with Margaret Geyer taking part in both get-togethers.

In Eisenach 15 to 20 friends of the Friends met occasionally,

most of them friends of Emil Fuchs when he was a minister there.

In Goettingen a small group of women met regularly under the leadership of Erna Rosier, who had studied in Woodbrooke in England and was a prominent member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

After the departure of Dr. Ockel for Frankfurt, the small group in Guben did not meet regularly, but some of them attended quarterly meetings in Berlin, from time to time.

In Halle there were five or six members and several friends of the Friends, but the group seldom met for worship, concentrating on discussions.

In Hamburg a group met each month in the home of a nurse, Bertha Schaerff, with 12 to 16 persons present, some of them young people.

Five or six Friends met regularly in Karlsrube with Lydia Neubrand. When there was a visitor, the group sometimes consisted of 15 to 20.

In Krefeld several Friends and friends of the Friends attended the local Mennonite Church until the retirement of a pastor whom they held in high esteem. Then they met fairly regularly by themselves under the leadership of Elizabeth Hoffmann.

In Munich a group formed around the Cohen family and their friend and helper Elizabeth Heims; they were particularly active in aid to persons of Jewish ancestry.

There were several Friends and friends of the Friends in Stuttgart, but the Meetings was dominated by a dear old Friend whose simple theology and monopolization of the meetings for Worship was difficult for some to accept. But the Riebers had started a small discussion group, largely for young people, hoping that it would eventually develop into a Meeting.

In Vienna there were a few members, but they seldom met.

Perhaps this thumb-nail sketch of the different groups will indicate why the visits of outsiders were so welcome.

Taking Care of Myself Physically

Very soon after my arrival in Berlin, I began to realize that the life I was leading and the work I was doing were taking their toll-physically, psychologically, and spiritually.

One cannot sit face-to-face for hours every day with people whose lives have been shattered and whose hopes for the future have been dashed many times, without being affected deeply

by such experiences. Then there were the hours of sleep which were interrupted, infrequently at first, and then more often and for longer periods, by the air raids. Furthermore, the level of living to which I had been accustomed in the United States had been lowered perceptibly, even though it must have seemed to some that I was living in luxury in my downtown hotel room. And there were lonely times when I wondered why I had taken on this assignment and wished I could be back in the U.S.A. Spiritually I was drawing upon the limited supply of surface water which I had accumulated in my life rather than tapping the water from the artesian wells which are available to all of us if we dig deeply.

So I started a program of self-preservation, self-renewal, self-education, and self-enrichment.

I was urged by everyone,including the Philadelphia staff, to eat as amply as possible, irrespective of my expense account. Before Christmas I spent a few days in the home of the Lachmunds in the northern part of Germany, relishing her home cooking and feasting on some of the items I had not been able to obtain in Berlin. And over the Christmas holiday I was in the Vor Alberg region in the southern part of Germany, skiing, and having the first milk I had had in months. I walked as much as possible and was glad that the Germans revelled in that practice individually and as families. And I slept as much as I could, often going to bed early in the evening and sleeping late, whenever possible, on Saturdays.

To combat my loneliness, I spent considerable time with my friends who were working in the prisoner-of-war camps. Also, for recreation and to improve my language facility, I saw a good many movies.

Berlin Friends were also most hospitable, including the many friends whom Alice Shaffer had made, and which I "inherited" from her. I spent much time, especially on Saturdays, in the home of Franz and Lotte Hoffman and their daughter, Isi, sharing especially our common interest in music. And I often went to the children's home run by Clara Schwanke, forgetting my troubles as I played games, sang, and read with the boys and girls there. I even startled them by drying dishes, something German men did not do then. When I left Germany, those children presented me with a portfolio of their drawings, including some of "Onkel Leonhard" hunting Easter eggs and working in the kitchen. It was there, too, that I fainted the only time during my stay in Germany, probably from exhaustion,

and was taken to a room on the third floor to sleep in splendid isolation for the rest of the day.

Other Friends were also hospitable, especially after I let the word get out that I would welcome the opportunity to be with them in their homes. Sometimes such visits made demands on me, but they were often times of relaxation and fellowship. I recall, for example, one Sunday with the Halle family and the luscious chestnut pudding Olga prepared. And as we talked, I glanced occasionally at the papier-maché models of gliders which her uncle, the famous Otto Lilienthal, had made.

Deepening My Life Spiritually

It was not easy to develop a program for my spiritual enrichment. There were no special vitamins I could swallow, no crash courses I could take, no how-to-do-it books to read and follow. I realized my shortcomings, however, and that is a good start on any spiritual journey.

The demands in that area were especially great because various groups began asking me to speak soon after my arrival in Berlin. Friends and others had been isolated so long that they welcomed a new voice, even if the messages were in fractured, Americanized German.

The visits and messages of Douglas Steere and Howard Elkinton were like manna from heaven. But those two men were not in Germany for lengthy periods and they could not possible stretch themselves to visit every group that called on them. How I longed for the full-time presence of Henry Cadbury, Thomas Kelly, or some other older, wiser, and spiritually-mature Friend.

But I was the one who was there. I was the one they were calling upon. I was the one who had to say, "Here am I, Lord, use me."

I was keenly aware, however, that one cannot really help others unless he has already helped himself, or try to help to deepen the spiritual life of others unless he has already begun to deepen his own spiritual life. So I started an intensive search for increased spiritual strength.

My first approach was through books. I had had space in my luggage for only two volumes—the Goodspeed translation of the *New Testament* and a collection of devotional readings in Kirby Page's *Living Creatively*. Fortunately those choices spoke to my condition and I devoured them.

Then I discovered in the library of the Berlin Meeting the three volumes of Rufus Jones' autobiography—*The Trail of Life, The Trail of Life in College,* and *The Trail of Life in the Middle Years.* Of course my life was not the same as his. Nevertheless his vivid accounts of his spiritual journey could serve as a guide in some ways in my pilgrimage.

Two other autobiographies I studied revealed much of the inner struggles and the search for spiritual maturity of two remarkable Christians and Quakers—the *Journals* of George Fox and of John Woolman.

My father had long admired Harry Emerson Fosdick and we had listened often to his vesper sermons over the radio. And when I was working on my master's degree at Teachers College—Columbia University, I frequently attended the Riverside Church and heard him preach. In the Meeting library I found his volumes on *The Meaning of Service, The Meaning of Faith,* and *The Meaning of Prayer,* and drew sustenance spiritually from them.

Then there were the books German Friends gave me or loaned me, such as Raven's *Der Wanderer,* Lippert's *Einsam and Gemainsam,* and Wiechert's *Von den Treuen Begleitern,* as well as the collected poems of Rainer Maria Rilke—one volume of them with the original German on one page and the English translation on the opposite leaf.

There were lessons to be learned, also, from the people I met in the office and on my trips to various parts of Germany. For example, I sat one evening with Elizabeth Heims in Munich and talked with her about her life, and was overwhelmed when she told me about her decision to stay in Nazi Germany and do what she could to help people of Jewish ancestry. She showed me the knapsack she had packed if she needed to go with them at some point in the future. How sobering, how mind-boggling, how humbling that decisions of hers was to me. And after the war, I learned that she had made that ultimate sacrifice and was killed with her friends in a gas chamber.

Then I turned to prayer as a source of spiritual renewal and at a much deeper level than ever before. I read the little volume by Douglas Steere on *Prayer and Worship* and Harry Emerson Fosdick on *The Meaning of Prayer,* gaining new insights from both of those remarkable men. And I really began to experience the power of prayer-prayers of adoration, of thanksgiving, of petition, and of intercession. I discovered, also, a few short prayers which deepened my life, such as the one of the Breton

fishermen, "Help me, oh God, my boat is so tiny and Thy ocean so wide."

Music and art, closeness to nature, small but deeply appreciated acts of service, and the fellowship of small groups in work and worship likewise fed by hungry spirit.

One of the most dramatic and moving experiences of my life occurred in February, 1941. In January of that year Thomas Kelly had died and I had learned about that sad event shortly thereafter. Imagine my shock, then, one morning at the end of February, when Eva Schaal brought me a letter from him, written three days before his death. In it he wrote:

> I can imagine how rich your experience is, enriching both because of the novel experiences and because of the inward depths which are open through suffering with others. May you grow to the full measure the life there calls forth.

That letter was like a benediction.

My religious experience in Germany was not nearly as striking or transforming as Tom Kelly's had been, but something was happening. I knew it and others seemed to sense it. In a letter to my father, after a visit to Germany which Douglas Steere made, he wrote, "The work in Berlin is maturing Leonard's spiritual life in a unique and wonderful way."

Some Messages, Talks, and Lectures

So I began a series of messages, talks, and lectures. Several of them were brief messages in Meetings for Worship—in Berlin and elsewhere. A few were talks to special groups, such as the American Women's Club, the Amerika Haus constituency, the American Chamber of Commerce, and the adult education course on American literature.

Perhaps the mention of six lectures or talks will indicate the type of messages I thought might be helpful to persons living in a totalitarian state. They were *Inconspicuous Helpers, Contagious Christians—Contagious Quakers, The Meaning of Christian Service, Sources of Power for Times Like These, George Fox—Seeker,* and *Abraham Lincoln—Humanitarian.* Five of them were published in Der Quaeker, the German Yearly Meeting publication, and all were eventually printed in the United States.

The only one which may seem to have been secular in nature was the one on Lincoln, prompted by a request from Wilhelm Mensching for me to compile an Erbgut Heft on him. Yet it had

a message, too, because it dealt primarily with Lincoln's growing interest in and concern for a minority group—the American Negroes.

The first talk I developed was on *Inconspicuous Helpers,* an outgrowth of the lectures which I had heard at the Germany Yearly Meeting by Alfons Paquet on *Heroes* and by Greta Sumpf on *Nansen.* I had thoroughly enjoyed both talks but I felt that German Friends needed emphasis more upon what the ordinary rather than the extraordinary person could accomplish, what the common as well as the uncommon man or woman could contribute, what the inconspicuous as well as the conspicuous individual could achieve.

Through that talk I hoped to encourage people to rummage in the attics of their minds and to recall individuals who had influenced them, and to help the listeners to realize what Goethe had said, that "Each man (and woman) has a special circle in which he (she) can work in an unparalleled way. . . ." Through that talk I wanted to accent the significance of daily living and to affirm the importance of one's simple acts.

I opened with a recognition of the importance to everyone of living in one's imagination with the heroes and heroines of humanity, but pointed out that we are prone to erect statues to the famous and ignore the thousands of nameless heroes and heroines whose lives have so greatly enriched the lives of persons in our various lands.

Therefore I rejoiced in the erection in the United States in recent years of a series of statues to The Pioneer Mother, at intervals of a few hundred miles on the National Road, one of the most important routes on the trek of thousands of people to the western part of our country. That statue portrays a mother with a baby girl in her arms and a lad in the wide folds of her skirt—a nameless individual, typical of the thousands of women who contributed so much to the settlement of the United States by their courage, steadfastness, and love in troubled times.

Then I drew several examples from the autobiographical accounts of Rufus Jones that I had been reading. In his *Finding the Trail of Life* he said that as a child he had never been baptized but that he was "sprinkled from morning to night with the dew of religion." And he never had a catechism to memorize, but he had had the pervasive influence of his parents, of his Aunt Sybil and his Uncle Eli, and of other practicing Christians and Quakers in the small, rural community in Maine

where he had lived—"models," we would call them today.

Such persons had led lives, I said, worth living, adding immeasurably to those around them despite the fact that there were not known outside their home communities. Their common denominator was the power of God expressed through the love of those around them. Then I suggested that if you examined carefully Christ's so-called "public ministry," you would find that it was primarily a "private ministry." He did feed thousands upon two occasions, but he wrought miracles largely by touching individuals rather than groups. It was *a* leper He cleansed. It was *one* woman at the well whom He defended. It was Nicodemus who came to Him at night, not a delegation. His life was a succession of personal contacts, but how transforming they were.

Then I begged the indulgence of my listeners as I drew upon my own life experiences, urging them to parallel my stories with similar examples from their own lives. I told about some of my vivid memories of a second grade teacher and a fifth grade instructor who were not known outside their home communities. Next I recalled some stories of my Grandmother Holloway who had helped to organize schools for the recently-freed-slaves in the post-Civil War period in the U.S.A., obtained a degree in medicine when she was well-advanced in life, and of her interest in education and in world affairs (she was writing a paper on the World Court and the League of Nations when she died at the age of 96). I coupled that account with vignettes from the lives of my Grandmother and Grandfather Kenworthy who were known to many in their rural Indiana community as "Uncle Mit" and "Aunt Lucy," but who were not known much beyond that area.

In my portrait gallery of inconspicuous individuals I mentioned the cobbler who worked in a tiny shop outside the grounds of the boarding school I attended. When we became discouraged, lonely, or homesick, we often discovered that we needed some work done on our shoes and so we would stroll to his shop, where he helped to repair our souls as he worked on the soles of our shoes.

Reflecting on my college years, I spoke of the influence "Dad" Lehman, the director of our a capella choir, to whom music was a great medium for the expression and cultivation of religion, and of "Daddy" Hole, the geologist, who showed us that religion and science are complementary rather than contradictory, and that creation continues.

Usually I closed with the statement that we lived in a world that belittles personal relationships and stresses the masses. Yet, when we examine the lives of those by whom we have been affected, it is not size or numbers which seem to count; it is the power of God translated in the daily lives of individuals, that matters. Often they are inconspicuous individuals whose power for good can never be measured.

The second talk which I gave was on *George Fox—Seeker,* and if I were to rewrite it today, I would add *and Finder.*

At the beginning of that message I tried to picture the young George Fox as an odd youth, more serious, more sober, and more sensitive than others his age, contemplating the world and the people around him as he tended sheep and cattle.

Disillusioned by the behavior of those around him, he sought the help of friends, relatives, educated persons, and ministers. But their advice did not speak to his condition; he even caricatured the priests as "hollow casks."

Discouraged, despondent, and distraught, he nevertheless kept searching. And then something unforgettable happened. He described that "something" in his *Journal* in these words:

> And when all my hopes in them (the ministers) and in all men were gone, . . . I heard a voice which said, "There is one, even Christ Jesus, who can speak to thy condition," and when I heard it, my heart did leap for joy.

George Fox, the seventeenth-century seeker, had made the great discovery of life—that God is always available. He is not one who revealed Himself alone to the prophets of the past; He reveals Himself to us today. He is a Living Presence, a Continuing Illumination.

That experience had a profound effect on Fox. It revealed a new world to him. Further, it brought about his spiritual integration and consequently his physical integration. And his discovery of the Continuing Presence gave him a powerful desire to share his knowledge with others. He had learned to know God experimentally (or today we would say experientially) and others could do the same, transforming their lives, too.

So he set off on a lifetime of travels throughout England, to parts of Europe, and even to the Barbadoes and the American colonies, clad in his leather breeches; his long, plain leather jacket; and his big white hat.

Fortunately he found other seekers—"a people to be

gathered." With them and with others he held Meetings for Worship on the basis of expectancy for Divine Guidance. Sometimes they sat in silence a long time. But eventually messages came to Fox and to others. Those messages were mighty messages, moving messages, life-sustaining messages,—and sometimes life-disturbing messages.

At the heart of most of Fox's messages were a strong affirmation of the belief that in each of us there is something of the Divine, implanted at birth. We can ignore it or minimize it, but it is always there, ready to be released or rekindled. He had different ways of describing that central belief—The Seed, The Indwelling Spirit, The Light, The Light of Christ.

That message was not really new: what Fox was trying to do was to restore the Christianity of his day to the authenticity, simplicity, and vitality of its first century.

But others were appalled by his assertions that women and children could and should share in the public ministry, or his contention that war was morally wrong and un-Christian and that people should take no part in it, striving instead to remove the causes of war. They were likewise distressed by his pleas for the men and women in prisons, the mentally-disturbed, and the economically deprived.

So Fox and hundreds of other early Friends suffered for their beliefs. He was attacked verbally and physically, spending a total of six years in the unbelievably filthy prisons of that time. But even there, he and other Friends were "above all."

Then, realizing that the excesses of some individuals had brought the new movement into disrepute and were likely to paralyze or kill it, Fox devised a new and extremely democratic method of church government in which women and children, as well as men, participated.

Those local units were therefore caring communities, fellowships, Christian cells, or religious societies of friends (from which the movement eventually took its name).

At the close we always paused for a brief period of worship together. Often they were times of deep searching and sharing. Upon some occasions there was then time for an in-depth discussion of what had been said—or not said—with some of the implications for those present—what early Friends called "threshing meetings."

The third talk was on *Sources of Power in These Times* and it probably came the closest of any of my messages in speaking to the condition of the listeners, as it dealt with their struggles to

find spiritual sustenance for their daily living in adverse times and drew upon the experiences of their compatriots and fellow Quakers for illustrations.

Usually I opened that lecture with the famous words of Tom Paine at the outset of the American Revolution when he said, "These are the times that try men's souls," pointing out how applicable that idea was in Germany in 1940 and 1941.

Then I spoke of the variety of people I had met in my few months in Germany, some of them embittered and others enriched by their experiences. I asserted that one of my chief concerns was to discover why adversity had such a different effect on various individuals. My conclusion was that those who had survived best and grown most had been those who had discovered some of the many sources of spiritual power.

Next I mentioned some of the qualities of those who had found the perpetual springs of triumphant, creative, joyous Christian living. First, they had curbed their wanderlust and been content to search close at home, learning the lesson that Emerson wrote about, that "He who would find beauty must carry it with him." Second was the ability to seek and find the small spring rather than looking for a Niagara Falls or Victoria Falls. Third was the talent of the seeker in conducting his or her search continuously rather than intermittently. And fourth was the quality of patience, realizing that it takes years to produce great trees.

Then I launched into an enumeration of some of those sources of power, with illustrations from the lives of people I had met in Germany who had shared with me some of their experiences in seeking spiritual maturity.

Walking through a city park one winter day, one Friend had said to me, "How thankful I am to have this daily stroll; it is one of the chief joys in life." She had found sustenance in something commonplace and close at hand. I then tried to show how Jesus had drawn upon his closeness to nature—the mustard seeds, the seeds planted on the rocky or the rich soil, the vineyards, and the lilies of the field.

I spoke, too, of the many evenings I had sat quietly in the homes of friends and Friends, sharing the music of composers and players from many countries—another source of power. And I referred to the sustenance many American slaves had found in their spirituals—*Nobody Knows the Troubles I've Seen* or *Go Down, Moses, Way Down in Egypt Land, Tell Old Pharoah, Let My People Go.*

Next I described the room of an adolescent in Frankfurt and the giant reproduction of Michelangelo's *Creation* in his room—an ever present source of inspiration to him. With other illustrations I underlined art as a source of strength.

With gratitude I referred to the many books and pamphlets friends had given me, saying how much one author or another had enriched their lives—from books of poetry to novels.

I told my listeners, also, of some of my experiences with small groups of men and women with whom I had worshipped, read aloud inspirational literature, and discussed some of the problems of contemporary living, and I stressed the tremendous value of such small, sharing fellowships of seekers.

Despite the difficulties of finding significant outlets for service, I mentioned a few of the small projects which some Friends had undertaken, pointing out that The Great Mathematician has said that "He that shall love his life for my sake shall find it and he that shall find his life shall lose it."

Again referring to the life of Christ, I pointed out that when he was in need of strength, He turned to prayer, and I spoke personally of the power of prayer in my own life in Germany.

Usually I closed with the story Robert Louis Stevenson told about an experience his grandfather had when he was caught on a vessel in a terrific storm. The ship headed for the rocks and almost certain destruction. In the midst of the storm, he crept up on the deck. There he saw the pilot lashed to the wheel, exerting all his energy to avert disaster. The pilot caught sight of him and smiled. With new confidence he returned to his cabin, saying, "We will come through; I saw the pilot's face and he smiled." May we, I added, catch The Great Pilot's face as He smiles and thus find strength for living in times like these.

In the course of that talk in one locale outside Berlin, I mentioned Luther's *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God,* and Whittier's *Dear Lord and Father of Mankind* as indicative of hymns which were sources of power. As I quoted some of the lines of the Whittier hymn, the face of one of the listeners lit up and her eyes gleamed. In her home that evening I told her I had noticed the expression on her face and wondered if she would share with me her reaction to that hymn. "Yes," she said, "those words do have great meaning for me. I learned them first in Woodbrooke in England and used them every morning when I was in concentration camp." Then, after a moment, she said again, "Yes, those words do have MUCH meaning for me." Imagine sitting in a concentration camp, not knowing whether you would sur-

vive, and you can understand the meaning of such verses as these:

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways.
Reclothe us in our rightful minds,
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

The fourth talk was on *Contagious Christians: Contagious Quakers,* and I was told by the woman who translated my remarks into German that she had a difficult time because the word "contagion" in German referred chiefly to sickness, laughter, or yawning. So I referred to that difficulty, asking why we should transmit to others those acts and not our Christianity, our Quakerism.

Then I made the assertion that I was convinced that Christianity or Quakerism would never be spread primarily by political, economic, social, or even religious programs; they would be spread most effectively by the contagious lives of individual Christians, individual Friends. Our faith, I maintained, needed to be proclaimed, but it needed even more to be lived. In that connection I referred to the felicitous combination of the words *Faith and Practice* for the "disciplines" of our Quaker yearly meetings.

In the next few minutes I mentioned the ways in which various people, distinguished and undistinguished, known and unknown, had affected the lives of others around them.

I spoke of the fact that Jesus had not written books or given lectures or developed an organization; He had touched people and drawn them to the Way of Life He espoused.

Usually I referred next to the life of Paul, who battled storms, endured storms, underwent floggings, and bore the ridicule and abuse of former friends—and triumphed. And I called to the attention of those present some of the aspects of the lives of St. Francis of Assisi, George Fox, Toyohiko Kagawa, and Albert Schweitzer, showing how powerful the effect of their lives had been on others.

Almost always I closed with the statement that our common concern was that the Kingdom of God should come on earth,

but my belief that it would most likely come when enough men and women had found their way to God and hence had developed a new power, inner peace, joy, and a love of mankind. Then human beings would be able to build a new social, economic, and political order. My final comment was usually a prayer that each of us might be counted among the contagious Christians and contagious Quakers whose lives attracted others to His cause.

The fifth talk was on *The Meaning of Christian and Quaker Service,* in which I stressed the difference between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea, pointing out that even though the water for both of those bodies comes from the same source, what happens in each of them differs radically. Whereas the Dead Sea creates horror because it has no outlet, the Sea of Galilee makes beauty of its water, for it has an outlet; it gets to give.

Early in that talk I mentioned the significance of Jesus' first appearance in the synagogue, reading from Isaiah on service:

> The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor. He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.

I claimed that the life of Jesus could be summarized tersely in the phrase, "He went about doing good," and that that good was not to people who were somewhere overseas or comfortable people, but to the needy near at hand. He preached about service, but he also practiced it.

Then I elaborated upon religiously-motivated service and what the Quakers have always termed "creaturely activity," pleading for the former rather than the latter.

Next I acknowledged the demands service often makes on one's inner resources and mentioned some of the sources of spiritual power and renewal.

Then I pointed out that the popular belief is that service requires sacrifice and therefore excludes personal happiness and joy, decrying that popular myth and pointing out how deeply enriched one's life can be by service, bringing inner peace and joy.

To those present I stressed that service is an integral part of Christianity and of Quakerism—service that arises from a deep inner spiritual life, requires sacrifice but brings a quickening of our spiritual lives, and is an individual, everyday, continuous experience for the followers of Jesus.

In the silence that followed, I usually prayed that everyone present would examine his or her service activities, test whether they were spiritually-motivated or creaturely activities, and acquire the strength to reach out to others no matter what the risks might be in such activities.

Pondering the Fate of German Friends

As the war wore on, the news back in the United States about Germany prompted me to write an article for the *Friends Intelligencer* entitled *Like Stars in a Dark Night.*

I noted that the radio reports and newspaper accounts screamed at us about the devastation in Berlin, Cologne, Frankfurt, Mannheim, Nuremberg, and Stuttgart as markers on the road to Berlin and V.E. Day. But to me those names were more than the designations of cities being bombed; they were people-friends and Friends. Every headline and every radio broadcast made me pause, wondering what had happened to this or that person I had known.

Occasionally news trickled in through subterranean channels, telling me about someone I had known and loved. For example, in the Frankfurt group two persons had died-Rudolph Schlosser by a bomb and Alfons Paquet of a heart attack. The last time I had seen Alfons was on a visit he had made to Berlin where he had been arrested for wandering too close to a concentration camp where a friend was about to be released. Alfons had been jailed overnight and then released, coming to our office the next day.

Nevertheless I learned that Friends were carrying on as best they could. Word came that they had translated Thomas Kelly's *Testament of Devotion* into German. Nothing could have been more appropriate as it was in his months with German Friends that he had matured and mellowed and deepened his spiritual life so that he was eventually able to write that devotional classic.

In that article I recalled the words of a friend as we stood on the platform of a German city in June, 1941, when he said, "And you will pray for me and for us, no matter what happens?" To which I had said, with tears in my eyes, "Yes, indeed, I will."

I ended that article with the words of Paul in his letter to the Philippians, "I never think of you without thanking God. . . . For unto you has been granted the privilege not only of trusting in Christ, but of suffering for Him . . . in the midst of a crooked

and perverse age in which you appear like stars in a dark world, offering men the message of life."

What Became of Those Friends?

But the war did finally end and Alice Shaffer was asked to return to Germany to see if she could find Friends there and bring them aid and a message of love and fellowship, as well as discovering what work Quakers might do in the aftermath of the Nazi era and the war.

With the help of American officials in the Occupation Forces, she was able to obtain a permit to visit civilians in their homes, and she set out on her sad, and yet sometimes happy, mission, on foot or by jeep. Often there was no trace of their homes; they were a part of the tangled mass of brick, stone, concrete, and iron which was piled high in Frankfurt and Berlin, exuding the stench of the bodies crushed under that debris.

Some Friends were missing, but by her persistence and the help of others, she found some of the courageous Quakers who had survived Naziism and the war. They were haggard and worn, with miserable clothes on their backs and often wooden soles on their shoes. But they were still alive. One old friend she met broke out in sweat all over his body, was not able to speak for a while, and sobbed openly. All those whom she found felt that her presence was unbelievable, incredible.

She met Hans Albrecht in Berlin and almost his first words to her were, "Did you know that the Americans have released an atomic bomb on Hiroshima?" He was thin and worn, but he had posted a sign on the gate of the place where he was living—"Religioese Gesellschaft der Freunde—International Quaker Buro for the American, English, and German Quakers."

She found the Hermanns, too. Carl had been condemned to death, but his sentence had been commuted to life imprisonment at hard labor. And Eva had been imprisoned, too. Both were faulted for aiding Jews and listening to the British broadcasts. Each had served two years, but in separate prisons. Reflecting on her experience, Eva later wrote a statement which was published in the United States in English with the title *In Prison, Yet Free.* The opening sentences of that remarkable document reveal the tone of her testimony:

> It may seem paradoxical for me to say that I would not have missed the experiences of those two years of my life in a Nazi prison for anything. But it is so.

Various Friends were already thinking and planning what they could do now that their nightmare was over. They wanted to help in the search for the millions of missing persons throughout Europe, to establish a rest home for people who most needed physical and spiritual recuperation, and to start as soon as possible on the reeducation of German children and youths.

Alice learned, too, of how Berlin Friends had tried to keep the letters and cards they had received from grateful prisoners-of-war by taking them to different homes each night in various parts of the city, thinking that an area bombed one night would not be likely to have a bombing the next evening. How much Friends treasured those notes of appreciation for the materials they had sent to the prisoner-of-war camps.

Fortunately Alice was able to return in 1947 and help establish a rest home, Nachbarschaftsheim, in Mittelhof, a suburb of Berlin, where many people were eventually able to put their lives back together.

A few years later I saw Margarethe Lachmund at the Friends World Conference in Oxford, England, and listened with admiration and something akin to amazement as she spoke to a large audience, including many townspeople, on "Perfect love casteth out fear." What a testimony of faith that was, born of suffering over many, many years, but nevertheless triumphant. And I thought of my experience years before in the Catacombs of Rome, and could now sing with conviction, "Faith of our fathers, *living still,* in spite of dungeon, fire, and sword."

Chapter Five

Learning About the Enigma of Germany

ONE OF THE REASONS for my decision to go to Germany was to learn more about that pivotal country, first-hand. As a concerned citizen, interested in world affairs, I had been shocked by the rise of Naziism and was anxious to learn how a nation of highly educated people could become a part of such a diabolical movement. Further, as a teacher of the social studies I was interested in learning more about the history of that land in order to become a more competent instructor.

Fortunately my concern was shared by Hans Albrecht, the clerk of the Berlin Center Committee, and by Howard Elkinton, a representative of the American Friends Service Committee who was in Germany during a part of my stay there. Both felt that I should avail myself of every opportunity to understand Germany better. They suggested some reading I should do and helped me to combine visits to important places in Germany with my visits to individual Friends and groups of Friends in various parts of that land.

Little did any of us realize at that time that I would spend much of my life in teacher education, training prospective social studies teachers, and in writing about world affairs. My travels in Germany, my reading, my talks with individuals, and my observations on contemporary life there would consequently contribute greatly to my teaching, lecturing, and writing in the years to come.

At first I thought of this aspect of my year in Germany as a course in Understanding Germany. Then I realized that was too ambitious and changed the title to Understanding Ger-

many Better. Finally I dubbed it Learning About the Enigma of Germany.

Analyzing any nation is difficult because each is a mass of contradictory characteristics. Perhaps Germany is even more difficult to dissect than most countries. As Nietzsche once wrote:

> As a people made up of the most extraordinary mingling of races . . . the Germans are more intangible, more ample, more contradictory, more surprising, and even more terrifying than other peoples are to themselves.

I make no claims to any comprehensive analysis of Germany, past and present, or any novel or penetrating interpretation of that country such as de Toqueville, Gunnar Myrdal, or Alistaire Cooke have made of the United States. I merely record some of the things I learned about Germany in 1940-1941.

Some of the Places I Visited

During my stay in Germany I was able to visit a large number of places in various parts of that country, ranging from small towns to large cities.

One of my most interesting visits was to Greifswald in the north. There I learned much from Hans Lachmund about the Hanseatic League which was at its height in the 14th and 15th centuries, uniting over 200 cities commercially, from Novgorod, Danzig, and Krakow, to towns of the Zuider Zee area of what is now the Netherlands. There, too, I was reminded of the time when the Swedes ruled much of northern Europe during the 30 Years War, as evidenced by a plaque on the outside of one of the local churches, inscribed in Swedish. How encouraging it was to realize that a people who were once imperialists had finally come to their senses and become one of the world's most peace-loving nations.

Shortly after that I spent a few days in the Vor Arlberg region in the south, revelling in the Alps and the snow—one of the many beautiful parts of a nation which can rightfully boast about the beauty of the Black Forest; the storied Rhine river valley with its castles and vine-covered hills; its rich and rolling farm lands; its pictureque lakes; and its colorful, historic cities.

In Cologne, on the left bank of the Rhine, I saw again the glorious and awe-inspiring Dom or Cathedral which dominates much of that important city, with its decorated Gothic towers jutting into the sky a height of 515 feet.

In Frankfurt-am-Main, I saw a city which apparently dates back to the first century of the Christian era, with some of its walls and moats from the 12th century still standing. There, too, I marvelled at the magnificence of the Opera House in its Italian renaissance style, and learned about its art gallery (unfortunately closed when I was there) which featured the works of such well-known painters at Cranach, Gruenwald, and Holbein.

In Munich, in the foothills of the Alps, I visited the Frauenkirche, the interesting and imposing cathedral, as well as the 14th century town hall on the adjacent Marienplatz.

Then there were trips to Chemnitz—famous for its paper mills, its textile factories, and its chemical works; Halle, in the region of brown coal and salt; and Jena, the home of world-famous glass products.

On one memorable occasion I was in Weimar. Walking from the station, I passed a huge billboard with the caption, "Wir danken Adolph Hitler dem Schoepfer Grossdeutschland" (We thank Hitler, the creator of a greater Germany). Not far away was the statue of Goethe and Schiller, two of that nation's creative geniuses. Those two monuments spoke meaningfully of what Goethe had written in *Faust* about there being two souls in one breast.

A brief stopover at Eisenach enabled me to climb the hill to the Wartburg where Martin Luther had translated the New Testament into German so that the common people could read it. Talking with my friend Emil Fuchs about that visit, he elaborated on his belief that George Fox should be considered the Prophet of the Reformation, rather than Martin Luther. Both, he said, started out with a tremendous vision, but Luther compromised his vision by kowtowing to the nobles, whereas Fox had not compromised throughout his life.

What a wealth of insights into the history of Germany those and other visits gave me! How grateful I am for having had them!

The Influence of Geography on Germany

Because of my interest in the influence of geography upon every nation, I explored that topic with friends in Germany.

First they helped me to simplify what could have been an overwhelming catalogue of facts, pointing out that there were really five major regions, geographically, of that nation. In the north was the great plain, with its sandy soil, heath, and moor-

land. Then there was the hill country, with its highest part in the Hartz mountains. Next came the lowlands, including the Black Forest. Further south were the foothills of the Bavarian Alps, containing the highest peak in Germany—the Zugspitze, rising 9700 feet. And finally the Alps, in the southernmost tip of Germany.

They also pointed out that Germany had not been blessed with any lush agricultural area, such as the "bread basket" of the middle west in the United States, the pampas in Argentina, or the steppes of the U.S.S.R. but by the use of scientific farming they had been able to produce a good yield in such products as rye, potatoes, and sugar beets.

Furthermore, they stressed the fact that between 25 and 30 percent of the land was covered with forests, largely conifers. Using their inventiveness, they had developed a science of forestry long before other countries.

One person suggested that the forests had had an enormous impact upon German culture, making it "a wood culture," as opposed to the "stone culture" of Italy. As examples of that influence, he pointed to the wood engravings of Duerer and Riemenschneider and the music of Wagner. To me that was an arresting interpretation.

Early in the 19th century, however, Germany started to become an industrial power, using its inventive genius to enhance that development. Fortunately it had large supplies of coal, some oil, a little iron, and natural gas.

Aiding them, also, were their numerous rivers, such as the Danube, Elbe, Main, Moselle, Oder, Rhine, and Weser. Eventually several of those rivers were joined by canals, giving Germany a vast inland waterway system.

However, friends stressed the fact that Germany had always suffered from a lack of natural borders, such as the Alps for Switzerland, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans for the U.S.A. They granted that the North and Baltic seas were natural boundaries in the north, but the lowlands of Denmark were also there. They also conceded that the Rhine served as a natural border in a part of the west. But they still maintained that Germany had always been vulnerable to attacks from the east, and had long feared encirclement.

Furthermore, they pointed to the large number of neighboring nations in modern times, including Denmark, Belgium, the Netherlands, France, Luxemberg, Austria, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, and Poland.

A Thumbnail Sketch of German History

As a young teacher I had already learned that it is important to simplify history for students. Otherwise it seems like a never-ending list of seemingly unimportant dates. My recent teaching about Germany had concentrated on the contemporary scene, but I resolved early in my stay in Germany to try to draw up a short list of significant dates in that country's history. Such a list would not be satisfying to history specialists, but I would not be educating future historians; I would be educating concerned citizens who could use history to illuminate the present.

Unfortunately my German friends were not very helpful in drafting such a list. With their rich background on the history of their nation and their penchant for details, they kept adding to my list rather than subtracting from it.

So I listened to them and went my own way. The page in my diary devoted to a brief history of Germany reveals much editing on the basis of agonizing appraisals of many important dates, but I finally pared it down to 10 entries, prepared for the generalist rather than the specialist. I was fortunate in 1970 to find that the author of a little book on *Germany* prepared by the American Geographical Society and published by Nelson Doubleday, had tackled the same task and I compared my list with that compilation. Here is my list of 10 important dates on German history:

2nd Century B.C. to 5th Century A.D.

The Germanic tribes are pushed westward from Eastern Europe. Eventually the Roman Empire weakens and the Germanic tribes begin to conquer parts of the Western Empire.

800 A.D.

Charlemagne is crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.

15th and 16th Centuries A.D.

The Renaissance in Germany, including such outstanding artists at Cranach, Duerer, Guenewald, Holbein, and Riemenschneider. Movable type invented by Gutenberg around 1436.

1517 A.D.

Martin Luther nails his 95 theses on the church door in Wittenberg and the Protestant Reformation begins.

1648 A.D.

The Peace of Westphalia ends the Thirty Years War, primarily a religious confrontation, reducing the population from 21 to 13 million persons, and creating 300 principalities.

1814-1815 A.D.

End of the Napoleonic Wars in Europe and the Congress of Vienna. Prussia crushed at Jena by France (1806) but later Prussia helped defeat Napoleon at Leipzig (1813). Collapse of the Holy Roman Empire and the creation of a loose German Confederation of 38 principalities.

1848 A.D.

Attempt to unify Germany under a democratic government fails.

1870 A.D.

Unification of Germany under Bismarck and the Franco-Prussian War which Prussia and its allies win. German Empire created, with William I of Prussia as Emperor.

1919 A.D.

The Versailles Treaty is signed at the end of World War I and the defeat of Germany and its allies.

1933 A.D.

Adolph Hitler appointed Chancellor of Germany by President von Hindenberg.

If you are dissatisfied with this list, the author suggests that you prepare a more appropriate one, limited to 10 items. If you undertake such a task, it will certainly be interesting and challenging.

The Struggle for a Unified German Nation

Before going to Germany, I had read the highly popular account of world history written by the Dutch journalist, Hendrik von Loon, entitled *The Story of Mankind,* and had been intrigued by the title of one of the chapters in that volume, namely the one on Germany-The Nation That Was Unified Too Late.

Once I was in Germany, I determined to explore that thesis. As a result of discussions and reading, I agreed with van Loon but learned that there were several factors contributing to the

unification as well as several against it. Let me try to suggest in a few paragraphs some of the highlights of that long and difficult struggle.

Among the many factors against unification was the divisive role of religion. Generally speaking, the northern parts of Germany were Protestant (Lutheran) and the southern sections, plus the Rhineland, predominantly Catholic. The antagonism between those two sectors of Christianity was intense, as indicated in the foregoing statement about the decimation of the population in the Thirty Years War. Destructive as that was was, it did not end the tensions between different parts of Central Europe on the basis of religious beliefs.

There were also disagreements between the north and the south on economic grounds, the north being more industrial in recent decades, while the south was primarily agricultural.

Those two considerations were also a part of the struggle between Austria and Prussia for hegemony in the central part of Europe, an intense competition over a long period. One result of that competition was the Austro-Prussian war of 1866. So quickly was Prussia able to overcome Austria that the conflict is sometimes referred to as the Seven Weeks War. As a result of that conflict Prussia won the territories of Schleswig-Holstein, and the German Confederation of Austria was dissolved. Venetia was ceded to Italy, Prussia's ally.

In the struggle for unification the smaller states of Central Europe played a significant role, often opposing unification, lest they be overwhelmed by either Prussia or Austria.

Until the appearance of Bismarck the lack of strong leadership was another factor militating against unification.

Similarly there was the disagreement on what form of government such a unified nation would take. The attempt to bring the many parts of Central Europe together under a democratic government failed in the revolution of 1848 and Germany actually became unified under Bismarck as an empire.

Then there was the opposition of England and France to German unification, lest it challenge their hegemony.

Nevertheless there were counterbalancing factors supporting various forms of unification at different times and by different groups.

One can go back in history to the time of the Hanseatic League as an early form of unification, economically, even though it was limited to the free cities of the north.

Later there were the attempts by the Catholics and the Pro-

testants to bring the various principalities together, even though such attempts were often disastrous, as indicated by the Thirty Years War, ending in 1848.

By a curious twist of history, Napoleon contributed positively to the eventual unity of Central Europe by arousing a feeling of antagonism toward himself and the French and by eventually reducing the number of German states from 300 to less than 100.

Shortly thereafter the Congress of Vienna pushed the unity of Germany farther by creating the German Confederation, under the domination of Austria, reducing the number of states to 38.

In 1819 the establishment by Prussia of the Zollverein or customs union, also promoted the country's economic unity.

In 1848 the Frankfurt Assembly tried valiantly to form a united, democratic Germany, even offering the position of Emperior to the King of Prussia. But their efforts failed.

Not long thereafter, Germany did become united as an empire, dominated by Prussia.

Despite the major shifts in the territory which was included in Germany as a result of World War I, a unified Germany did remain, only to be divided into East and West by the treaty growing out of World War II.

To those factors one might also add that the fear of Communism has been uppermost in the minds of many Germans, a fear which helps explain the rise of Hitler in the 1930s.

SOME REASONS FOR THE RISE OF HITLER

On my trip to Germany I also took the basic question of why it was possible for Hitler to come to power in a nation of highly educated individuals. I had already done considerable reading on that problem, but I wanted to test my conclusions with knowledgeable Germans, especially anti-Hitlerites. Where I felt it was appropriate, I posed that problem. Sometimes we pursued that topic superficially, but often we tackled it in depth. I was especially grateful to learn about the influence of a long line of Germans who bore some responsibility for the readiness of the people to accept him and his ideas.

From my diary entries I have assembled eleven of the major explanations given me, commenting briefly on each of them.

Capitalizing On the Loss of German Pride and on Promises of A Glorious Future

It is probably impossible, and perhaps unimportant, to arrange in order the reasons for the rise of Hitler and his cohorts. But at the top or near the top would certainly be his ability to capitalize upon the inferiority complex of the German people as a result of their defeat in World War I and the agonizing period of the 1920, with its depression and inflation.

Some readers may not need to be reminded of the major terms of the Treaty of Versailles; others may find it helpful to mention some of its terms. By it Germany ceded Alsace-Lorraine to France, Eupen-Malmedy to Belgium, North Schleswig to Denmark, and West Prussia and parts of Silesia to Poland. In addition, Danzig and the Saar were to be severed from Germany. Her colonial empire was cut off and her fleet reduced to a few ships. She was limited to a total of 100,000 men in her army and the range of weapons was drastically curbed. In addition, a zone along the right bank of the Rhine was demilitarized and the left bank was placed under Allied occupation for 15 years. Most galling of all, however, was the clause which the Germans were forced to sign, stating that Germany was solely responsible for World War I.

What a contrast all that was with the idea of a master race or even a specially-endowed nation of poets, philosophers, scientists, and musicians. What a shock for people who had developed pride in having finally achieved a united nation.

In an uncanny way Hitler capitalized upon the dissillusionment, despondency, and despair of the German people, with promises of a glorious future—a period of at least 1000 years of world leadership.

Exploiting the Economic Distress of Germany in the 1920s

Closely coupled with the situation outlined in the foregoing paragraphs was the economic turmoil in Germany in the 1920s. Exhausted economically by the war and burdened further by the inordinate reparations payments demanded by the Allies, Germany entered an era of economic weakness. Soon a disastrous inflation occurred, wiping out the savings accounts, the life insurance policies, and the pensions, especially of the middle class. As if that were not enough, the world-wide depression of the late 20s plunged Germany into even greater chaos economically.

Again Hitler and his cohorts exploited this situation cle-

verely. A gigantic building program was promised, providing millions of men with jobs, thus attracting the support of many workers. And the support of the rich industrialists and other capitalists was enlisted by his promise to save Germany from communism.

Profiting from the Weaknesses of the Weimar Republic

From the start, the Weimar Republic was a frighteningly feeble, fragile government. It lacked outstanding democratic leaders and was splintered into a variety of political parties, with no group controlling a majority in the Reichstag. Even the leading moderate parties—the Social Democrats and the Catholic Center—differed on religious and economic matters and found it almost impossible to cooperate. By 1932 the extreme right—the Nazis, and the extreme left—the Communists, had more votes in the Reichstag than the moderate parties. In addition, the Republic had the albatross of the Versailles Treaty around its neck and the battered economy to defend.

The Nazis made the most of those unbearable conditions, proclaiming that democracy had been and would always be a failure as a form of government. Unfortunately there was little in the Weimar Republic which could be used to counteract that Nazi contention.

Promoting the Fear of Communism

Never fully understood in the outside world was the fear in Germany of communism. The capitalists there were frightened and willing to do almost anything to oppose it. Many of the middle class abhored it and were ready to accept almost any measures to defeat it. And the churches were frightened by the prospect of a communist take-over. So, as the strength of the communists grew, Hitler presented himself as the champion of anti-communism. Perhaps one set of figures will suffice to show its growing power. In 1919 there were 22 communist members in the Reichstag. In 1924 there were 45. In 1928 there were 54. And by 1930 there 77, making it the fourth largest party in Germany.

Building on the Chauvinistic, Militaristic Philosophies of Several German Philosophers

One important factor in the rise of Hitler and Hitlerism of which I had not been aware was the pernicious influence of

several German philosophers, particularly those from the 19th century. My own education in philosophy had been sparse, whereas that of most educated Germans was extensive and thorough. So I listened and learned much from my German friends as they discussed and debated the extent to which some of the best minds of Germany had prepared people for the acceptance of many of Hitler's evil ideas.

Some went as far back as Martin Luther, pointing out that he had submitted to the princes of Germany and had supported their struggle to attain, retain, or extend their power over the masses, and decrying his savage anti-semitism, of which I had been woefully ignorant.

Often they mentioned Schopenhauer, a resident of Frankfurt for most of his life (late in the 18th and during much of the 19th century) as the prophet of gloom and doom, the brilliant champion of a philosophy of pessimism for mankind.

Occasionally there was also some reference to the distortion of Darwin's philosophy of the survival of the fittest as a contributing factor in the defense of the idea of a superior race of Aryans, particularly Germans.

More often the discussants stressed a series of philosophers and other thinkers, starting with Fichte, a prominent professor of philosophy in the University of Berlin late in the 18th century and early in the 19th. Fichte characterized the Latins (especially the French) and the Jews as decadent, described the German language as the most original and purest tongue, and predicted a new era in world history led by the Germans.

Then they mentioned Fichte's successor, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich, who contended that war was a great pacifier and upheld it as an institution. He, too, said that it was Germany's mission to regenerate the world.

In the latter part of the 19th century Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche called Christianity "the one great curse, the enormous and innermost perversion, (and) the one immortal blemish on mankind." In his lectures and writings he thundered against democracy, preached the will to power, praised war, and proclaimed the coming of a master race.

He was followed by Treitschke who, like Hegel, proclaimed war as "the highest expression of man" and glorified the state, asserting that "It does not matter what you think so long as you obey."

Oswald Spengler's *The Decline of the West* carried a nihilistic message and promised an era dominated by the Germanic,

Faustian man, even though he criticized national socialism.

Nor should one overlook the powerful influence of Richard Wagner, who was not a philosopher, but whose music incorporated so much of the primitive, demonic Germanic mythos. Little wonder, then, that Hitler admired him.

This succession of nihilistic, militaristic philosophers is frightening when assembled in the manner in which we have just grouped them. And what an enormous influence they had on millions of Germans, preparing, albeit unwittingly, the soil for many of the warped ideas of Hitler and his followers.

Taking Advantage of the Lack of a Strong Democratic Tradition

Some writers on the causes for the rise of Hitlerism overdo the importance of a lack of democratic traditions in Germany, acting as if there had never been any democratic aspects to that culture. Obviously that is not true; there were many areas of life in which at least some semblance of democracy prevailed. And there were principalities, states, regions, or cities where democracy had taken root.

Nevertheless, democracy was often on the defensive in Germany and authoritarianism the aggressor and frequently the victor. Many homes were dominated, at least on the surface, by the men, with the females in a subordinate position. The schools tended to be run in an authoritarian manner. Both the Catholic and Lutheran churches were authoritarian in their organization. And several attempts to develop a democratically-based national government, such as the Revolution of 1848, failed.

Friends of mine in Germany sometimes raised the question as to what the effect on their country had been of the enormous number of democratically-oriented persons who had left their land, particularly after the 1848 Revolution, going primarily to the United States.

Hence the highly-authoritarian regime of the Nazis was not as repulsive to many Germans as it would have been if they had had more experience of the democratic organization of many aspects of life and had strongly supported such a way of living.

Destroying the Opposition

Especially in the early years of the Nazi movement there were those who opposed it. Included in that category were many liberals; some church leaders, such as the ministers in

the Confessional Synod; some Jews; and others. But the opposition was never adequately united. In a sense Hitler and his cohorts won by default.

Furthermore, two ways of destroying the opposition were used by the Nazis. One was to win recruits by the contagion of their fanatical followers. The other was by intimidation, strong-arm tactics, besmirchment, and in the early years by imprisonment. Once firmly in control, even more violent measures were instituted, including concentration camps and gas chambers.

One example of the destruction of the opposition should be enough to show how the Nazis worked. In 1937, 807 pastors and leading laymen of the Confessional Synod Church were arrested and hundreds more in the next couple of years. Commenting on the fact, William Shirer said in his *Berlin Diary* that "If the resistance of the Niemoeller wing of the church was not completely broken, it was certainly bent."

Enlisting Young People in the Nazi Movement

Hitler and his supporters were fully aware of the importance of educating boys and girls and enlisting their enthusiasm for the Nazi movement. Even before they came to power, the National Socialists had begun their infiltration into the highly-organized, widely-supported, and highly-successful youth movement in post-war Germany. Once in power, they took complete control of that movement and transformed it into the Hitler Jugend, combining fun and fascist indoctrination in an incredible way.

In a similar manner they took control of the schools, firing anti-Nazi administrators and teachers and requiring everyone connected with those institutions to take an oath of loyalty to Der Fuehrer. The books the party considered subversive were banned and new textbooks were prepared to foster the fascist way of life. As a result of those and other measures, the Nazis subverted the oncoming generation. One account of education in Germany in that period was appropriately called *Schools for Barbarians.*

Utilizing the Power of Propaganda

In a similar way every means of communication became a weapon of Hitlerism. Under the general direction of Joseph Goebbels, the newspapers came under the rigid control of the Nazis, the radio stations became important organs for fascist

propaganda, and the movies were severely censored and used to promote National Socialist thinking. Even the placards on the kiosks carried the Party's messages. Sometimes subtly and more often blatantly, people were bombarded with a constant barrage of propaganda extolling Hitler and his ideas.

But that was not all. Recognizing "the little boys" and "the little girls" in so many adults, the Nazis dressed people in uniforms, gave them decorations and titles, put on impressive displays, and engineered mass demonstrations with an incredible use of lights, music, bands, and salutes.

Certainly the Nazis were the world's most successful propagandists, bending every institution and every means of communication to their distorted and diabolical ends.

Relying on the Underestimates of Germany by Other Nations

Somehow other nations did not believe that Hitler and his cohorts could continue to control Germany. To them the Nazi superstructure was a house of cards that would soon collapse.

Hitler capitalized upon that view of Germany by other nations, defying them in a long series of moves. First he withdrew from the League of Nations. Then he repudiated the Versailles Treaty by rearming Germany and instituting military training. Having accomplished those measures, he denounced the Locarno Pact and marched into the Rhineland. His next moves were to form an alliance with Italy and to use the Spanish Civil War as a practice session for an upcoming World War.

Then the troops, tanks, and airplanes starting moving—into Austria, the Sudeten section of Czechoslovakia, Memel in Lithuania, the rest of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark and Norway, Belgium, the Netherlands, and France. Incredible! Unbelievable! Yet true!

Hitler Himself

Could all the events described in the last few pages have taken place without Hitler? No one will ever know. Surely there are several other scenarios which might have been written had history taken some other turns in the road at some crucial points.

What we do know is that a desperate people embraced a desperate leader with desperate methods. Hitler unleased a torrent of bitterness and hatred, mesmerized a large part of the populace, whipped them into a frenzy with his passionate demagoguery, and turned the world upside down.

He was a short little man, almost comical with his Charlie Chaplain moustache, his unruly cowlick, his beady eyes, and his crooked smile. But looks can be deceiving. Wasn't Gandhi an odd-looking little person with his loincloth, sandals, and glasses?

By his shrewdness, his organizational talent, and his sadism, Hitler was able to divert a great nation from an honorable place in history and to plunge it into a new Dark Age, spark a World War of staggering proportions, and kill most of the Jewish people of Central and Eastern Europe, plus thousands of liberals and priests and ministers in Germany, 400,000 or more gypsies, and millions of soldiers and civilians in other parts of the world (including 20,000,000 in the U.S.S.R.). What talents were wasted. What a prime example of the thin line between the genius and the lunatic. No wonder that Erik Erikson called Hitler "the sinister genius."

And he wasn't even a German by birth, being born in Austria!

History must certainly record that Hitler was a madman, the mass murderer of millions of people, the epitome of evil, the Gerghis Khan of the 20th century.

LEARNING MORE ABOUT THE HISTORY OF JEWS IN EUROPE

Soon after arriving in Germany, I become aware that I was ignorant about the history of Jews in Europe. I knew that from the earliest eras of Christianity there had been prejudice against them, sometimes breaking out in persecutions. And I knew that the virus of racism was carried through the body of Christendom almost without any awareness that it existed, so widely was it accepted. Of course I realized, too, that most of the prejudice was based on the belief by many Christians that it was the Jews who crucified Christ.

I also had some vague knowledge of the persecutions of the Jews during the time of the Crusades, in Spain under the Inquisition, and in Russia during the lengthy and horrible series of pograms. But that was the extent of my knowledge.

Working with Jews and so-called Jewish people and trying to understand a little more about Germany made me realize that I must learn more about the history of the Jews in Europe. From reading and a few conversations with well-informed individuals, I gained some valuable background. I do not pretend to

have any special knowledge of that remarkable group, but a few facts seem to belong here as an essential part of my education about Germany.

My brief history of the Jews in Europe begins with the First Crusade, in 1096, when the first of a series of massacres of Jews occurred in the Rhineland, forcing many others of that group to emigrate to the eastern part of Europe.

In 1290 England became the first country to expel the Jews en masse. By 1306 large numbers of them were also expelled from France. The Jews of what is now Germany were not driven out in that period, but they did suffer greatly. Spain had been less virulent, but in 1391 and in 1411 a wave of massacres took place, and in 1497 the incredible Inquisition occured.

Much to my surprise and horror, I learned from German friends of Luther's opposition to the Jews. At one time, for example, he wrote:

> Know, Christian, that next to the devil thou has no enemy more cruel, more venomous, and violent than a true Jew.

With that revelation Luther tumbled from the pedestal on which I had previously placed him.

It was during the Renaissance that the Jewish Dark Ages took place. Eventually many of them were driven into what is now Poland and Russia. And in most places they were herded into ghettoes in the larger cities and deprived of the ability to carry on most occupations, often earning their living as peddlers and money brokers. In that period they were depicted as the carriers of filth and disease and therefore of death and destruction. Plagues and pestilences were blamed on them and they were even accused of poisoning the water in wells.

In the 17th century the Netherlands was the best haven for that group in all of Europe.

In the 18th century a new attitude towards the Jews developed in some places as a result of The Enlightenment, continuing into the 19th century and increasing in the number of places where it occurred, as well as the extent of acceptance.

For example, in 1798 a large crowd of Christians marched into the ghetto in Bonn, armed with axes and other tools, broke down the gates to that restricted area, and then locked arms with Jews in a parade signalizing the emancipation of Jews. In 1808, under the Napoleonic Code, the Jews of Westphalia were declared free and equal, and in 1812 Prussia officially emancipated its Jews. Gradually the ghettoes were formally elimi-

nated and by 1871 the Jews in Germany had achieved a much greater degree of freedom and equality than before.

But the 19th century also saw new outbreaks against the Jews. At that time the persecutions were based more on racist rather than religious terms, thus marking the beginning of what is more rightly called anti-semitism. But many of the old superstitions persisted, the most vile being that Jews used Christian blood in the baking of their Passover matzots.

Then there was a sudden and disastrous slump in 1873 in the German stock market and the Jews, some of whom by then had become successful as industrialists and bankers, were blamed.

Shortly thereafter, in 1894, came the Dreyfus Affair in France, where a Jew was convicted of treason and sentenced to life imprisonment on Devil's Island, having been falsely accused of passing secret and highly important army information to the Germans. Later, largely through the efforts of Emile Zola, the novelist, Dreyfus was exonerated, pardoned, and given the Medal of the Legion of Honor. For some Jews and others, that episode symbolized the acceptance of Jews in European society. But for others, like Theodor Herzl, it convinced them of the necessity of working for the establishment of a Jewish homeland.

Probably it is important at this point to say a few words about the remarkable resilience of the Jewish people and their awe-inspiring ability to survive for centuries in spite of the harassments, persecutions, and murders to which they were subjected to often and in so many places. Certainly some of their ability to overcome stemmed from their belief in themselves as God's Chosen People. Coupled with that was their ability to maintain their faith, despite enormous difficulties. Some of it doubtless came, too, from their pride in their past and their determination to pass on that pride to oncoming generations. Added to those points are undoubtedly the high value they placed on education (largely confined to boys) and their ability to retain their close-knit families. In more recent times I think it is justifiable to add another factor-their ability to capitalize upon jobs in new fields which had not yet attracted others.

Often in the 1960s my students in the United States asked why it had been possible for the Jews to survive and even gain positions of influence despite opposition to them by many prejudiced persons, whereas Blacks had not met with the same success. My answer often took the form of questions:

Was your religion ever destroyed?
Was your family life destroyed?
Was your pride in your past destroyed?
Have you been slaves in the last 300 years?
Were you ever black?

Now back to the short chronology of the Jews in Europe and particularly in Germany.

In the 20th century there were great gains in the acceptance of Jews in Europe. At the same time the rate of apostasy was very high in Germany and Italy. Often the succession of positions taken by Jews was to move from orthodoxy to agnosticism to Protestantism or Catholicism. Conversion or intermarriage, or both, were frequent. Some Germans even predicted that in two generations Jews in their country would virtually disappear. After centuries of exculsion, many Jews were able to enter the "free professions"—such as law, journalism, medicine, and teaching.

But after the defeat of Germany in World War I, anti-Semitism raised its ugly head again. Looking for a scapegoat to explain their loss, many people pointed to the Jews, saying that Germany had not lost the war; it had been betrayed,—"stabbed in the back" by the Jews, plus socialists and communists.

Jews were not prominent even in the government of the Weimar Republic. But they were prominent in finance and business, in the arts and sciences, and in literature and journalism, in a proportion that far exceeded their percentage of the general populace.

One government official who had been prominent in the Weimar Republic and was influential in the Hitler regime told me that the attitude of many Germans toward the Jews had also been aggravated after World War I by the arrival of many Polish Jews with an inferior educational, social, and economic background. I cannot vouch for that, although I was sometimes stunned by the contempt in which many Germans (including Jews) held all Poles.

Meanwhile there had been the insidious messages of several German philosophers and writers regarding Jews, about which we have already written in this chapter. Undoubtedly thousands of Germans were inoculated with prejudice through the schools and even at times by the churches.

Then came the staggering inflation in Germany in the 1920s, followed by the world-wide depression which plunged Germany

into a slough of despond, with six million unemployed, with all the hardships that entailed economically and politically.

Capitalizing on those conditions and upon the always prevalent anti-Semitism, Hitler and his cohorts introduced the persecution of the Jews as a central feature of their program. In the past others have inveighed against the Jews, but no one in history ever planned the wholesale annihilation of that group in the way that Hitler did. Many people felt that his plan was so ghastly that it would never be carried out. To them it was unrealistic, unthinkable, impossible. But it happened and one of the most gruesome chapters in world history was written.

Let us turn now from some of the grim parts of German history to some of its grandeur and gifts to world culture.

Some of Germany's Outstanding Individuals

As I visited in the homes of Germans, I frequently asked them to name the 10 or 12 persons from their country of whom they were most proud. Or I asked them which 10 or 12 Germans I should teach about in my classes in the United States.

I did that for a variety of reasons. First, it was one way of learning more about Germany and its contributions to the world. Of course I knew many of the names they mentioned, but I was interested in how they ranked them. Occasionally a new name was mentioned about whom I needed to do some research. Second, it was a way of raising the level of conversation from food shortages and bombings to the greatness of their past, helping them to be proud of it, despite the frightful present. Third, it was a way of protecting myself after a long day in the office, conversing in a foreign language and dealing with distraught people. By asking that fascinating question and getting my hosts and hostesses involved in discussions about the relative merits of various Germans, I could sit back and relax, only adding a question from time to time to stoke the fire.

When I raised that question, I never limited those present to any period, any field, or to one sex. As a result, no one ever mentioned the name of a single woman until I brought that to their attention. Even then, the names were slow in coming, with Rosa Luxemburg being mentioned most frequently.

In my diary I made several entries of such discussions, made by different people, in different parts of Germany, and at different times. As I had assumed, most of the names were in science, philosophy and religion, music, and literature—the four areas of human endeavor in which the Germans have excelled.

Finally I assembled my Roll of Honor of Outstanding Germans arranged by their fields of activity, with the individuals listed alphabetically. Here is that list. To it you may want to add other names.

Science

Behring, Bunsen, Diesel, Einstein, Ehrlich, Gutenberg, and Helmholtz. It might be added that there were 19 Germans who were Nobel prize winners in chemistry from 1901 to 1950, a field in which Germans were outstanding.

Music

Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelsohn, Mozart, Richard Strauss, and Wagner.

Literature

Goethe, the Grimm brothers, Heine, Herder, Hesse, Lessing, Mann, Meyer, Rilke, Schiller, and Wiechert.

Philosophy and Religion

Heideger, Hegel, Kant, Luther, Marx, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Schweitzer, and von Leibnitz.

Art

Barlach, Cranach, Duerer, Gruenewald, Klee, and Riemenschneider.

Psychology and Psychiatry

Fliess and Wundt.

That method of deciding upon a nation's contributions to world culture proved to be a fascinating, valuable, and revealing one. Consequently I have used it in a good many other countries as I have roamed the world since 1940-1941. It is a little like a Rorschach test of a nation, revealing the fields in which a given country has excelled and the period or periods of history in which in which it seems to have been most productive or creative.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON GERMAN "CHARACTER," CHARACTERISTICS, OR CULTURE

Some time in the 1930s I came across Salvador de Madariaga's book on *English, French, Spanish,* in which he tried to capsulate each of those peoples in a single word. I was intrigued

by his attempt, although I recognized how difficult and elusive such a task really is.

Then, upon its publication in 1938, I read Michael Demiashkevich's *The National Mind: English, French, German.* Again I was fascinated by his attempt to describe the people of a nation psychologically.

Since that time the idea of "national character" has been severely criticized, but the cultural anthropologists have helped many of us to see that different groups of people developed a "culture" or way of life, with their special ideas or values, their unique customs, and their own institutions.

When I set off for Germany in 1940, I resolved to study in a simple, amateurish way some of the characteristics of the Germans. I remembered that Demiashkevich had decided that there were two outstanding and contradictory traits in the Germans. He wrote about them as the Dionysian and the Apollonian aspects, or totalitarianism and infinitism, contending that there had been a basic alternation of those two themes throughout German history.

I did not expect to analyze Germany and the German people in such a learned way, but I hoped to find a few outstanding characteristics which would help me to understand them better.

Again, I started a page in my diary on national characteristics, jotting down from time to time ideas from my observations and from conversations with several Germans. In carrying out my self-imposed assignment, I had the advantage over my "informants" of being able to compare the Germans with the Americans and of seeing the Germans with fresh eyes. My final list, after many changes over the months there, included eight items; (1) hard-working, methodical, thorough, and orderly, (2) inventive, (3) musical, (4) nature-loving, (5) admiring cleanliness, (6) stolid, serious, philosophical, (7) gregarious, and (8) authoritarian. Obviously some of those traits could be applied to other groups of human beings, as there are similarities as well as differences among various aggregations of people.

Lest I appear too firm or dogmatic in my conclusions, I placed a question mark beside each item, indicating that my conclusions were tentative and subjective. Here are some of my observations on those eight points.

Hard-Working, Methodical, Thorough, and Orderly?

The story was told me about the international essay contest supposedly sponsored by the League of Nations for which the

innocuous and non-controversial topic of The Elephant was chosen. When the results were assembled, it was discovered that the French children had written on The Love Life of the Elephant, the Russian children on The Elephant-Does He Exist, while the German boys and girls had presented a 12 volume Introduction to the History of the Elephant.

Apocryphal as that story is, it does seem to me to make a point. In many aspects of life I noted how thorough, how methodical, and how orderly the Germans were. The word I learned from them was "grundlichkeit" or basic.

In most talks in the United States the lecturer launches into his or her discourse with a joke or a story. Not so in Germany. There the speaker almost always starts from the very beginning of a topic and traces its development chronologically and drearily up to the present.

Dull as that approach seemed to me at times, I nevertheless recognized its value to the Germans. It explained, at least in part, why they had become the world's experts in so many fields. One that I knew fairly well was geography. Their thoroughness had made them the world's outstanding experts, especially in map-making. The same could be said of many aspects of science, especially in the 19th century when they were leaders in several aspects of that broad-based field.

One anti-Nazi with whom I spoke suggested that Europe would be ideally organized if the Germans could be placed in charge of transportation, communication, and many aspects of economics where their penchant for thoroughness could be capitalized upon, whereas the English and/or the Scandinavians would be placed in charge of governmental affairs and human relations, and the Latins in charge of the arts.

Coupled with the thoroughness and orderliness of the Germans, I felt was their capacity for hard work, even their love of it.

Inventive?

As I reflected on what I knew about the Germans and what I learned from 12 months in that country, they seemed to be extremely inventive—perhaps in part because of their thoroughness. My list of Outstanding Germans testified to that trait, especially in medicine and other areas of the broad field of science.

One aspect of that characteristic about which I had known little was the way in which Germany had led in the development of the treatment of the soil and in the creation of a spe-

cialty in forestry. People in Germany showed me the wooded areas on the outskirts of almost every town where people could hike and where they could gather wood for heating their homes.

Musical?

Every group of people in the world has been musical, but the Germans seemed to me to excel in that domain. No other nation seemed to me to have produced the lengthy list of outstanding musicians like Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, unless it was the Russians.

I noted the music in restaurants, the wild and sometimes raucous singing in the bierstuben, the singing as young people hiked together, and the obvious enjoyment of concerts.

Because of my keen interest in music, I attended several concerts in churches and in symphony halls, including some under the baton of Furtwaengler and Krauss. One innovation I noted was the custom of letting a few people sit behind the orchestra on raised seats so that they could watch the conductor better. I had never seen that in the United States and was delighted upon two occasions to sit in that special section.

Unfortunately I became aware, also, of how the Nazis used music with the Hitler Youth, the soldiers, and the mass rallies, to further their inglorious purposes.

Nature-Loving?

Many groups of people around the world have been extremely close to nature, but in the Western World it seemed to me that the Germans emphasized that aspect of life more than others.

It was evident in the way families hiked together and groups tramped and camped on longer expeditions. It was evident in their literature and in their music. It took a novel approach in the beautiful Christmas and Easter cards the Germans produced.

In some respects it seemed to me that the Germans were comparable with the Japanese on that score.

Extolling Cleanliness?

My observations of the Germans seemed to bear out the supposed German emphasis upon cleanliness, not as next to Godliness, but often above it. In their homes, in their streets, and elsewhere that seemed to be given tremendous importance.

Reflecting on the fact that despite two world wars and the era of Hitlerism, many Americans have always preferred the Ger-

mans over the Latins, I decided it was in part because of the orderliness and cleanliness of the Germans. After all, many Americans seem to measure other peoples by the emphasis they place on good plumbing!

Stolid, Sober, Philosophical?

Two stories told me in Germany emphasized what seemed to me to be an outstanding characteristic of the people in that part of the world.

One of them was about the choice faced by the Germans when they died. In front of them were two doors, one marked "Heaven," and the other labelled "Lecture Hall." And the line in front of the Lecture Hall far exceeded the one for Heaven.

The second was another story about an easy contest, this time for adults. The men of four nations agreed to write a short sentence about their countries. The English submitted the statement, "I am," the Frenchmen the summary, "I love," the Russians the comment, "I sin," and the Germans the reply—"I'll think it over."

In my travels in Germany it seemed to me that many Germans were stolid in their stature and sober or somber in their outlook on life. In their homes there seemed to me to be some reflection of that characteristic. And in their architecture, including their cathedrals, I made comparisons with what I had seen elsewhere and felt the German buildings were much heavier, except in Bavaria and Austria.

Gregarious?

I suppose every people on our earth is gregarious or social, reaching out to others, enjoying group fun and activities. Surely that was apparent in the hiking and camping of the Germans and in their dancing and singing together.

There again the Nazis capitalized upon the security and pride which often comes from mass celebrations and by the parades and demonstrations in which they excelled.

Authoritarian?

Perhaps the most difficult trait to assess was the question of how authoritarian the Germans were. Reluctantly I came to the conclusion that this was one of their outstanding characteristics and one which had a detrimental effect on them as a people and as a nation.

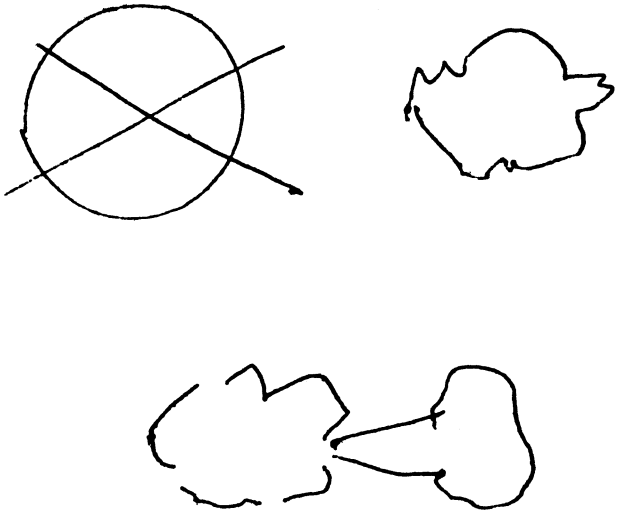
Mention has already been made of the importance of the

father-figure in German homes, the tendency of authoritarianism in the schools, obedience to the hierarchy in the churches, and the Prussian emphasis upon obedience to the authorities.

Again, this characteristic made many Germans susceptible to the authoritarian rule of the Nazis.

Margaret Mead and Cultures

Occasionally I have reflected on an illustration which Margaret Mead used occasionally to comment on the variety of cultures on our planet. She said that no culture was a perfect circle. Each was a different shape, with some "rounded" or "perfect" parts of the circle and some "jagged" parts. Then, too, she pointed out that many were "perforated" cultures, exhibiting the ability to absorb other cultures with whom they came in contact, such as India had done over the centuries. To me the German culture was not that perforated or open; it was more rigid. Perhaps the three drawings below will help the reader to understand what she was talking about as a popular interpreter of anthropology:



Such were some of my amateurish attempts to explain the enigma of Germany and the Germans. At least they were a start on a baffling, puzzling, and yet intriguing study of cultural differences.

Chapter Six

Some Things I Learned Personally

IN THE MIDDLE of June, 1941, I flew to Lisbon, Portugal, on my journey home. Howard Elkinton had a ticket on the Lufthansa for that trip but decided to travel by train through Switzerland and France, visiting the camp at Gurs where so many Jews had been taken. So I was the lucky one to use his ticket.

When I landed at the Lisbon airport, I had a strange experience, for there were British as well as German planes on the landing field. How curious that seemed to me after being in Nazi Germany.

As I deplaned, I saw several persons walking across the landing field, ready to embark for Berlin. Even at a distance I surmised that one of them was an American, by his hat and the shiny new leather suitcases he carried. It turned out to be Dana Schmidt of the United Press and at once he said he had a message for me from my United Press brother in Washington. "Yes," I said, "And I think I know what it is—get out of Germany as soon as you can." "You're absolutely right," Schmidt replied.

One entry in my diary on Lisbon is revealing. It says, "Disgusting amounts of food in the restaurant and in the stores." I had been warned that I might find it difficult to resist the rich foods available there—and it was. In fact, my resistance was so low that I gorged myself with food, especially strawberries with rich cream. And I was sick.

In Lisbon I met Philip Conard, the director of the newly established Quaker International Center there, and a group of American Quakers on their way to France to serve in the War

Victims' Relief Committee, including Jack Cadbury, Joe Marvel, and Russell Richie. One evening we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Strong and George Davis of the International Y.M.C.A., and a few others, for dinner and a Meeting for Worship.

Our journey home by boat was uneventful despite the fact that it was hazardous to be on the high seas because of the war. But Howard Elkinton and I enjoyed ourselves and several of our fellow passengers.

On the dock in New York City to meet me were Barclay and Esther Jones of Friends Central School, and my father and mother. I had not expected any of them to be there and it was an emotional reunion.

Curiously it was June 22nd, the day that Germany invaded the U.S.S.R.—through which I had planned to escape if that had been necessary.

Perhaps to my parents and to the Jones I was the same person to whom they had said goodbye a year ago, except that I was thinner. But in many ways I was not the same. Several people told me that after I had spoken at large meetings in New York City and Philadelphia. Friends and colleagues told me the same thing in the weeks ahead.

How I had changed will be the theme of this closing chapter. Perhaps modesty should prevent me from reporting on those changes. But this book is the story of one young man's experiences in Nazi Germany as a representative of American Quakers and others, and I think some account of the changes in me is warranted.

Probably every reader has examined the rings of a tree that has been felled and noticed how each circle differs from the others in width, revealing the weather conditions and other factors under which it had grown each year. For me the "ring" for my year in Germany was much wider than those of any other year in my life because it was the most difficult and demanding and yet the most exciting and rewarding of all the years of my life.

In my diary I listed eight areas in which I thought I had grown. With the perspective of 40 years I am now adding three other items about which I could not have written in 1941. Very briefly, here are those areas:

Self-Confidence or Maturity

First I noted that I thought I had matured. I recalled a talk that Dean Clyde Milner gave us as freshmen at Earlham College in 1929, asserting that "education is the ability to meet constantly arising situations—adequately." I felt that I had met a great many new situations in 1940-1941 adequately, ranging from coping with a new language to dealing with the Gestapo. Undoubtedly I had made many mistakes, but none serious enough to force the closing of our Quaker International Center.

Spiritual Growth

Working day-by-day with people whose lives had been shattered and who were trying desperately to survive, and living, working, and worshipping with German Quakers, had made me aware of the shallowness of my spiritual life and caused me to dig deeper than I had ever done before. That was a sobering experience—and yet a joyous one. I think I may have been a more humble person upon my return to the United States as a result of that year. And as I wrote in a report to Philadelphia after four months in Germany, I realized far more than before the value of personal relationships and of the little things one can do to help others.

Personal Contacts and Friendships

Closely linked with my possible growth in spiritual maturity was the realization of the influence of others on one's life. How I cherished my contacts with Douglas Steere and Howard Elkinton; with Wilhelm Mensching; with Dr. Hirsch, Dr. Engelhardt, and Pastor Grueber; with Margarethe Lachmund and Olga Halle and Eva and Carl Hermann and with a host of other great human beings. How I admired them. How much I had learned from them about triumphant living. To me saints were no longer people who had lived centuries ago; they were people who were living today.

Broad Reading

Somehow I had managed to do an enormous amount of reading in the office, in the hotel in the evenings, or in the air-raid shelter. The pages of my diary contain the titles of 50 or so books I devoured in 1940-1941. A few were in German; the rest in English.

They fell into a few special categories, although I did not organize my reading that way. Some were books on Christianity and Quakerism. A few were on Germany, on Naziism, and the history of the Jewish people. A surprising number were about Scandinavia and Scandinavians. And a few were recreational reading, including such all-time favorites as *Bambi* and *The Yearling.*

Experiences in Writing

As I have said earlier, I had done some writing before I went to Germany, including the publication of my master's degree thesis in book form. But I did more writing in Germany that I had ever done before. Five articles were published in *Der Quaeker* and most of them reprinted in Quaker journals in the United States. That gave me confidence in my ability to write and had a powerful impact upon me for the rest of my life.

It was also in Germany that I came across the series of Erbgut Heftchen. Taking that idea back with me to the U.S.A., I then produced 60 titles over the coming years in what I called the Speaks Series.

Learning About Germany

As indicated in Chapter Five, I had tried to learn as much as possible about Germany, both historically and contemporaneously. Reading helped. So did the conversations with knowledgeable people. But it was travel that was my best teacher. I think I returned to the United States much better qualified to teach about the part of the world than prior to my year in Germany.

Learning about the Jewish People

In Chapter Five I also included a section on some of the things I learned about Jewish history, but that paled in comparison with what I learned about so-called Jews from day-to-day contacts with them in our Center office. I feel certain that my interest in them and my concern for them grew tremendously—and later widened to include several other oppressed peoples.

Learning About Scandinavia

Rereading my diary from 1940-1941, I am impressed with how many entries refer to that part of the world. My teaching at Friends Central School had sparked some of that interest. Dou-

glas Steere's visits to Scandinavia and his keen interest in that area whetted my appetite. Greta Sumpf also stimulated me to read about Fridtjof Nansen of Norway, Karen Jeppe of Denmark, and Mathilda Wrede of Finland, as well as two novels by the Norwegian writer Gulbrannsen—*Beyond Sing the Woods* and *The Wind from the Mountain.*

Learning About Music and Art

I have not said a great deal about the Hoffmann family, but in many ways they were my substitute family in Berlin and I spent considerable time with them. Both Lotte and Franz were musicians and it was largely through their efforts that I gained so much in understanding and appreciating music, and to a lesser extent, art. But I never reached the high standards they set for my education as I left Germany without being able to say that I considered Bach the greatest composer who had ever lived; Beethoven and Mozart were still my favorites.

My Strengthened Commitment to Quakerism

Probably I was not aware while in Germany of how much that year meant to me in strengthening my desire to contribute to the revitalization and extension of Quakerism in the U.S.A. and around the world. But, in retrospect, I was strongly moved, and have spent much of my time and energy and whatever talents I may have had, in that concern,—speaking, writing, serving on the Friends World Committee for Consultation, and working in other ways to live out that commitment.

Deepening My Concern for International Education

As indicated by my earlier comments on the Narvik Victory Parade, that was probably the most important day and the most far-reaching event of my life. Previous to that I had been active in peace education and education on world affairs, but that event was the catalytic agent that made me commit myself for the rest of my life to activities to promote a global perspective on the part of teachers and students.

Conclusion

Do you as a reader realize now why I look upon my year as an American Quaker inside Nazi Germany as the richest and most rewarding year of my life?

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Much of the material for this book comes from the diary kept by Leonard Kenworthy in 1940-1941 in Germany. Some material is also found in the archives of the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia. Other material came from correspondence with the individuals listed in the Preface. In addition, a chapter on An American Quaker Inside Germany: 1940-1941 appeared in Anna Curtis' *The Quakers Take Stock* (Island Press, 1944, 112 pp) and a longer account in Leonard Kenworthy's *Worldview: The Autobiography of a Social Studies Teacher and Quaker* (Friends United Press, 1977, 262 pp.). Four of the talks given in Germany appeared in *Der Quaeker* and were printed in Leonard Kenworthy's book *Toward a Fourth Century of Quakerism.* (Privately printed, 1952, 116 pp.)—on George Fox-Seeker, Sources of Power for These Times, Contagious Christians-Contagious Quakers, and The Significance of Christian Service. Other articles by him appeared in *The American Friend, Fellowship,* the *Friends Intelligencer, Scholastic,* and the *Proceedings* of the Middle States Council for the Social Studies. Other publications with material pertinent to this book are:

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