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Burt Feintuch

Jonathan R. Stayer


Lyle L. Rosenberger

B. G. Till

Martha S. Ross

See next page for additional authors

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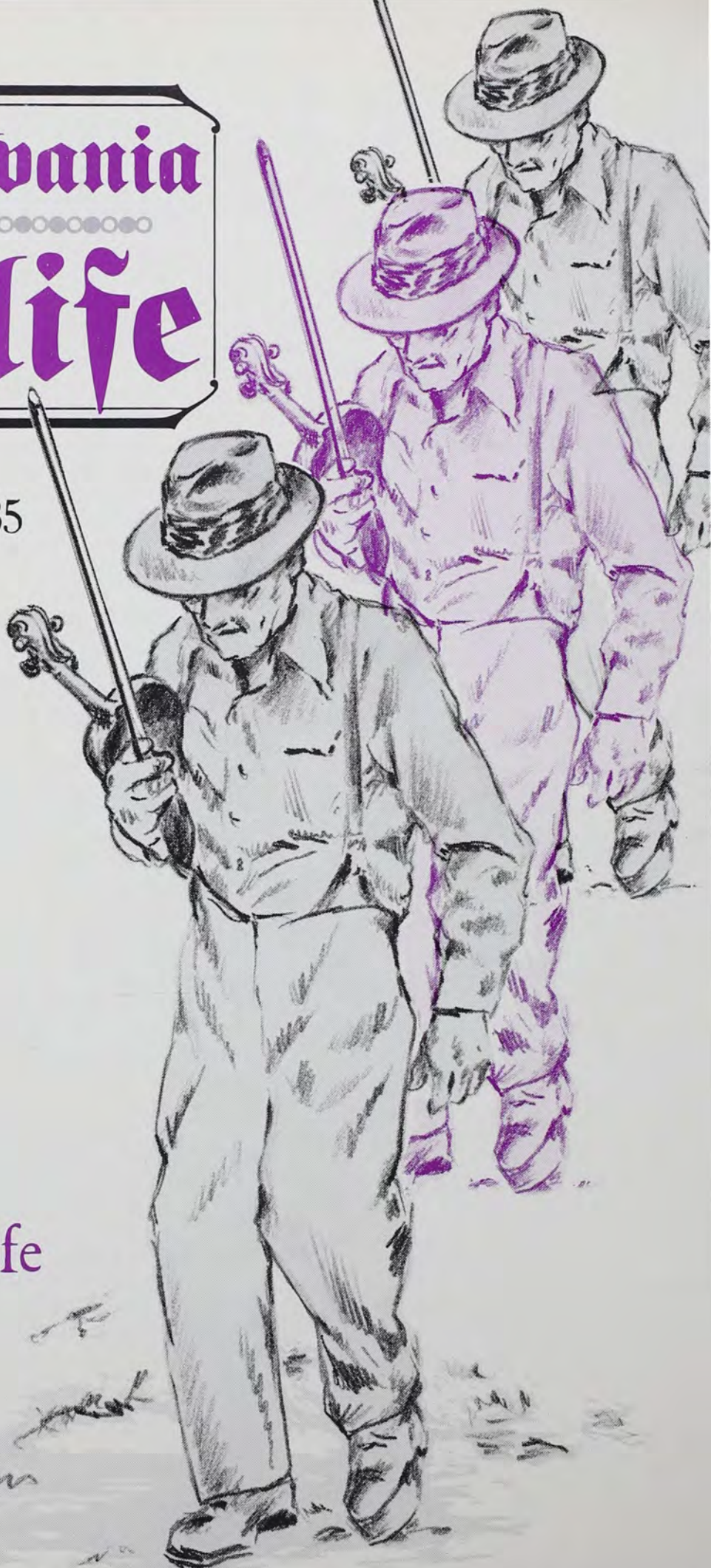
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Authors

Burt Feintuch, Jonathan R. Stayer, Lyle L. Rosenberger, B. G. Till, Martha S. Ross, Guy Graybill, and Susan B. Trace

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A Fiddler's Life

Contributors

BURT FEINTUCH, Ph.D., received his doctorate and master's degrees in folklore and folklife from the University of Pennsylvania; he is now associate professor of folk studies at Western Kentucky University at Bowling Green. He has published articles on the general subjects of traditional music and dance, material culture, and ethnicity. This is his second contribution to *Pennsylvania Folklife*.

GUY GRAYBILL, a graduate of Gettysburg College, is a veteran secondary school World History teacher. A 1981 contributor to *Pennsylvania Folklife*, he has had nearly twenty articles published over the past dozen years, in such magazines as *Pennsylvania*, *Susquehanna*, *The Floridian*, *Pennsylvania Archaeologist*, *Indian-Artifact*, *Pennsylvania Heritage*, and *The Mother Earth News*. He is also a talented amateur photographer, and has had dozens of covers on farm, organizational and church magazines. He and his wife live in Middleburg, Pa.

LYLE L. ROSENBERGER is a senior associate professor of history at Bucks County Community College, Newtown, Pennsylvania, where he specializes in colonial American history and historical archaeology. He has an M.A. from Lehigh University and trained at Northwestern University's Center for American Archaeology. Mr. Rosenberger has conducted several historic excavations and published articles in numerous professional journals. The latest is, "The Moore Pottery Excavation: Method and Investigation," by the Bucks County Historical Society.

MARTHA S. ROSS received her master's degree from the University of Arizona and has been an elementary school teacher since 1973. Her interest in the Lucia tradition stems from her own Swedish heritage, and from her experiences in her native Jamestown, N.Y., where the tradition was maintained by the local Swedish-American community. Mrs. Ross now lives—with her husband and two young sons—in Tucson, Az.

JONATHAN R. STAYER, grandson of a Brethren in Christ minister, has his undergraduate degree from Messiah College, Grantham, Pa., and is working toward his master's degree in American studies at the Pennsylvania State University (Capitol Campus). Formerly assistant librarian of the Historical Society of York County, he is currently working as a field archivist for the Pennsylvania State Archives. A member of numerous historical and genealogical organizations, he was a major contributor to *The Hessians of Lewis Miller*, published by the Johannes Schwalm Historical Association.

B.G. TILL, of Malvern, Pa., has long had an avid personal interest in teddy bears. While pursuing the study of literature and communication arts at Grove City College, Grove City, Pa., she developed a scholarly interest in the subject. This article on the contemporary adult's love for the cuddly creatures marks her first appearance in *Pennsylvania Folklife*.

SUSAN B. TRACE, of Pottstown, Pa., is a graduate student at West Chester University where she is seeking a master's degree in secondary school counseling. While an undergraduate student at Ursinus College, she wrote this treatise on persecution and genocide under the supervision of Dr. Thomas Gallagher, professor of sociology and editorial board member of *Pennsylvania Folklife*.



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Editorial correspondence:

Nancy K. Gaugler
 P.O. Box 92,
 Collegeville, Pennsylvania 19426

Subscription, business correspondence:

P.O. Box 92,
 Collegeville, Pennsylvania 19426

Folk Festival correspondence:

461 Vine Lane
 Kutztown, Pennsylvania 19530
 Phone 215-683-8707

Folk Festival public relations:

Zecher Associates
 461 Vine Lane
 Kutztown, Pennsylvania 19530
 Phone 215-683-5313

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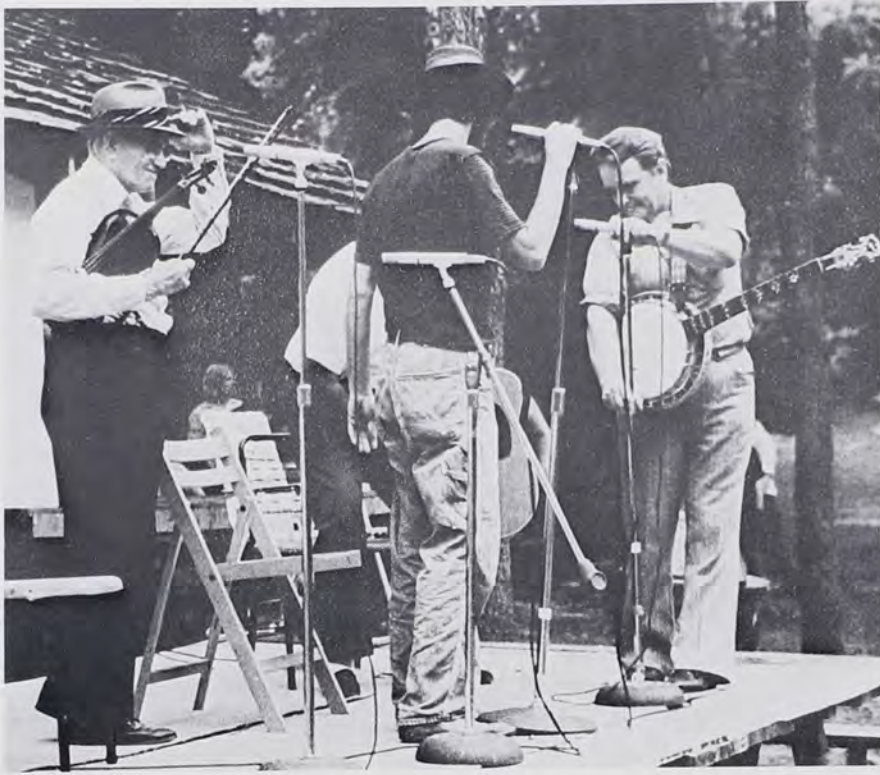
CONTRIBUTORS

(Inside front cover)

COVER:

*Old-time fiddler Earl "Pop" Hafler.
His story is presented with "the con-
viction that stories of ordinary lives,
particularly those of practitioners of
extraordinary arts, are intrinsically
valuable and worth documenting."*

*Layout and special photography:
WILLIAM K. MUNRO*



Pop Hafler and Les (with banjo).

A FIDDLER'S LIFE

by Burt Feintuch

To most who knew him, Pop Hafler, of Quaker-town, in northern Bucks County, must have been an ordinary man, a gentle person, devoted to his wife, a family man, a taxidermist. He also was a fiddler, which to me made him extraordinary. I met Pop in 1974 when I was a graduate student in folklore and folklife, interested in the fiddle and learning to play at home, while at school attempting to put the music into some sort of academic context. Other revivalist fiddlers had told me of Pop, describing him as the most old-time (i.e., old-style traditional) of the musicians they knew from their attendance at old fiddlers' picnics and the like around southeastern Pennsylvania. I telephoned Pop at his home, explaining my interest in his music; his response was so positive that it almost seemed he had spent years awaiting my call. He invited me to visit; I did, and kept returning. For almost a year I visited him regularly, recording interviews, conversations, and music sessions.¹ That was a traumatic time for Pop. His wife became an invalid and died. He left his house and business and moved in with the family of one of his sons, then returned to his house to live alone. He gave up his music while he mourned; the first time he played the fiddle after his wife's death, he cried. In that time, I was one of the few constants in his social life. We became fast friends, student and teacher. I left to take a job elsewhere, and a few years later, Pop died, an ordinary, yet extraordinary, man.

Here I want to present Pop's life, a tribute to a fine traditional musician and friend. This article is based on the conviction that stories of ordinary lives, particularly those of practitioners of extraordinary arts, are intrinsically valuable and worth documenting. We have few substantial treatments of the lives of grassroots musicians and even fewer of those of instrumental musicians.² I offer this one to supplement those, to provide comparative information which may contribute to our understanding of music as a social art, and to commemorate the passing of a person who was himself a considerable Pennsylvania cultural resource.

In recent years a number of scholars have focused their attention on the ways in which narrative accounts of lives can be constructed from oral testimony.³ Terminological and methodological questions have been raised. Is it life history, life story, oral history? How, if at all, has the text been manipulated, edited, stitched together? My methodology was straightforward. Working with transcriptions of approximately thirty hours of tape-recorded interviews, conversations, and music sessions, I extracted narrative "bits" which had to do with either the chronology of Pop's life, focusing on landmark events, movements, and relationships, or with his learning and performing music. Those I rearranged into two sections, the first an outline of his life, the second focusing on his music. To avoid the appearance of Pop having woven the

fabric of his life in one tape-recorded sitting, rather than this being a quilt for which Pop produced the squares to be pieced together by me, I have used various tactics. First, I have supplied continuity and bridges in my own words. Second, I have kept my voice in the text when it seemed useful, presenting some of the material in interview format. Third, when I have grouped together statements made at different times, I have indicated so by using asterisks to separate the statements. Finally, I give Pop's words verbatim, with the exception of having deleted "you knows" which were charged with no meaning. As auditors we tend not to hear such utterances; on the printed page they can be distracting. Because I selected and rearranged the elements which make up this account, it may be that, to my resigned discomfort, the account tells as much about me as it does Pop. If so, so be it.

Earl "Pop" Hafler was born on the ninth of October, 1891, in Freemansburg, just east of Bethlehem, Northampton County, Pennsylvania. According to Pop, the first of his family emigrated from Germany to Pennsylvania in 1751.

P: The first ones settled about, east of Quakertown here about I'd say roughly about five miles east of Quakertown. But I don't know exactly which, the exact spot. I only know that they settled, that he settled in Stormtown, and Stormtown is about, only about that big. It's so little that you can't even find it on the map. It's not on the map. It used to be a stage stop, and there was a, well, when I was young, there was a couple of, there was one old log house over there which is gone, and there, almost across the street from it there was a foundation of a house. And I don't know which one of them places it was. See, there are only a few houses there because, like I tell you, the town is only about that big. It was right there, where he settled, and I think he settled there. I'm not sure whether he settled there in '51 or '52. But he came over in Philadelphia, is where he landed.

Despite its name, Quakertown, in upper Bucks County, is in what is generally referred to as the Pennsylvania Dutch country.⁴ About fifteen miles south of Freemansburg, this is where Pop lived most of his life, as did his parents, his brothers and sisters, and his children. An area of stone houses dating from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the region is rolling, and its original agrarian base remains evident. Small villages such as Applebachsville, Keller's Church, and Pleasant Valley lie fairly close together and are serviced by larger towns such as Quakertown and Perkasio. When Pop was a young man, the Allentown-Bethlehem-Easton area

served as the primary urban hub. Later, Philadelphia, lying about forty-five miles south of Quakertown, became assessable enough to be utilized by area residents.

Pop's father, Sam Hafler, was born in 1850 at the foot of Haycock Mountain, in Springfield Township, northern Bucks County. Pop's mother, Molly, whose maiden name was Brunel, was born in the central Pennsylvania town of Altoona and was, according to Pop, ". . . a mixture of Pennsylvania Dutch, Holland Dutch, and English." Both parents came from large families. His mother had nine brothers and sisters, and his father had almost as many. Not surprisingly, Molly and Sam had a large family.

P: I was the oldest boy. Well, there was an older boy and an older sister that died quite small. But there was eight of us. That grew up. We were very fortunate because we were all alive and kicking up to, I guess it was two-and-a-half, three years ago—my youngest brother died. And then, well, little over a year ago, my next youngest brother died.

B: What about the rest of the family?

P: Oh, they're all alive yet.

B: In this area?

P: Oh, they're all in this area, yes. I have a, my next brother, he's four years younger than I am, and I don't know whether my oldest sister is four or five years older than me.

Pop was not sure of his father's occupation in the years around Pop's birth.

P: I don't know what my daddy was working at at that time. I believe he was working in the, I believe he was burning lime at that time . . . No, he was, he worked in the stone quarries, drilling, and he was a good dynamite man, powder man, and 'course he had a couple of trades. He could make shoes . . . He was, he was a real farmer, too. I know that he worked a couple of farms for wages. He run a farm right down below Quakertown here when I was about, probably about four years.

B: Had you lived in Freemansburg until then?

P: Ah, yes. We moved from Freemansburg down to Paletown, on the Paletown Road here, and we lived there a couple of years.⁵ He run that, he worked that farm for a man. Now this was only a small farm. Now can you imagine that farm? I don't believe it was much more than about thirty, thirty-five acres. 'Course it was a small dairy farm. It had a stable full of cows, and that's where he made, made the money. This man paid him so much a month for to operate the farm and take care of the cows. And the man who owned the farm, he

lived up here. And he, we moved back up near Freemansburg, and he worked there in the stone quarry, burning the lime, and then, from there I guess we went to Easton. I tell you, he moved around a lot. And out there, he worked in a stone quarry. Now up there, he was, oh, I guess you would call it a powder man. He would handle dynamite. Drilling and dynamiting in a stone quarry. And then we moved down to Hellertown.⁶ And there he was, driving an ore wagon for a man down there, hauling ore to the Hellertown foundry, six horse team. And then we moved down to Haycock on a farm and operated that farm for three years. Then we moved on to another farm, and he worked that farm for another two years. That's the way he worked—from one place to another. He was always, he would always find plenty of work. And, of course, he was a very good worker.

Pop had great admiration for his father, as illustrated by the following anecdote:

... as near as I can remember, I guess he was about maybe forty, forty-two years old when I was born. So he was only a kid. He bought himself a bicycle and learned to ride a bicycle. We lived up on the other side of Easton, and he learnt to ride this bicycle, and in them days they didn't have coaster brakes. He learnt to ride that doggone bicylce, and this was up about Easton—he rode down here to Rich Hill on a Sunday morning to gather hickory nuts, shellbarks, we called them. He gathered a bag of shellbarks, tied them on the back of his bicycle, and rode home. Boy, what a man he was . . .

As a young farm boy, Pop had an accident which left him lame.

P: . . . I smashed the kneecap, split this bone here. Hit it with an ax. And this ax was dull, and it just, you might say, smashed the kneecap and split this bone below here. That kneecap was down there. The kneecap didn't move at all in there. It moves around now, but it didn't at that time. It was down in there, and from that time I, well, it was quite a while before they noticed it, that it was, that anything was wrong. What had happened, they didn't know that I'd hurt it. Oh, they knew that I hurt it, but it was just a little thing. I can remember it yet. Hell, I was big enough, I can just remember it yet. Coming in the house, and I says, "I ain't going to walk anymore." They says, "What's the matter with you?" I says, "I hit myself on the knee with the ax," and she looked at it and it was just bruised, and I was, well, we had chairs there, weren't this high, and I was standing by a

chair, and I says, "I ain't going to walk no more." But I didn't grow lame for quite a while. But, gradually, and them being around me all the time, they didn't notice it right away.

B: How old were you when you hit yourself?

P: When I hit it I was about four years old. And then I guess it was, oh, it must have been about a year later when they seen that it was really, well, that I was going lame. And then they could see that the damage was done, took me to the hospital. They couldn't do anything with it. Not them days. See the trouble is, the doctors didn't know enough them days, and even today half the doctors wouldn't know enough. The majority of doctors today aren't dedicated enough, they wouldn't pay no attention to anything like that. It really is getting pathetic, it really is. It really is disgusting, when you think it over.

Along with his knee problems, Pop had his right index finger amputated, also as a young boy, because, as he said, "It was stiff." He wore an orthopedic built-up shoe to compensate for the knee disability, and at eighty-three, he climbed steps, walked to the corner store, and drove his own car.

Pop attended a number of schools, because his family moved fairly frequently. He had a total of about six years of formal education, mostly in small, rural school houses. He felt it fortunate that the exigencies of rural life kept him from continuing his education.

P: Oh, I went to school all over. Down here on Paletown Road, that's where I started. I went down there, I started down there, I guess I was about six years old when I started down there. I only went a short time down there, and then I went over here at, somewhere around Trumbauersville for a short time. Then I went to Freemansburg a short time and at Easton, Hellertown, and I graduated over at Applebachsville.

B: Graduated from what?

P: From school.

B: From what grade?

P: We didn't have any grades there. No, I had to graduate, you might say. I went to school there when I was, started in September, and I went about one month, and I broke my leg. I went to the hospital, and I never got back that year anymore. That was my twelfth birthday. The following year, I started again, and I only went to school a couple of weeks, and I broke my ankle—the same leg. So I didn't get back to school at all anymore. But, anyhow, I was through them books anyhow. I don't know what the grades were, but I was through, ready for

high school before I came to Applebachsville. See, I was only, well, let's see, I must have been, well, I was eleven years old when I was ready for high school. But what the grades were, I don't know. We didn't talk about grades in them days. I was in grammar school, up in Hellertown. And I was ready for high school, and we moved down to Applebachsville, and, like I say, I was going through them books. So, I was just going there; I was just going to school, because I was too young to quit school. And all I learned there was how to play hassenpfeffer. But going to school didn't do you any harm, what I mean. You soon forget a lot if you throw your books aside. And by going to school and going over the same books again it didn't hurt anything. But, like I say, I didn't have to study because I was through all of them books.

* * *

B: I'm still not sure what you graduated. Did you graduate from high school?

P: No, I just quit. I just didn't go anymore. I was joking when I said I graduated. I just didn't go anymore.

B: So, you were twelve?

P: See, I was through with the school, you know. In them days, they didn't send you to high school because there was no high school to go to. I was ready for high school, but I couldn't go to high school. There was none. I couldn't come to Quakertown High School. There was one up at Pleasant Valley, but I couldn't go there either. Hell, I couldn't walk four or five miles to school. They had no buses to carry you. So I didn't get to high school. And it's a good thing that I didn't.

B: Why?

P: I would've been dead if I would've. I was, I was puny. I was really puny as long as I went to school—I was sickly. I was always puny. Oh, I'd have a sore throat and catch one cold after another. Tonsillitis. Not really just sore throat, but tonsillitis. Oh, I used to get sick. I was just a pantywaist, I was so puny. As long as I was going to school. Because I really took it too serious. I went, I studied hard. Of course, when I came down there I was through; I didn't have to study, but I was still inside. But when I got out of the school and got out in the open, no school to contend with, just outside, out in the fields and the woods, out on the farm, in no time I was hard as nails. I was a tough, tough kid. I didn't know what a cold was for years and years. I didn't know what it was to have a cold. I didn't wear any underwear. I didn't

even own an overcoat. Boy, I tell you, I was really tough. I worked in the woods—when I was a young man, I was a lumberjack. It will make you strong to work in the woods. In the first place, you have to be doggone tough before you can take it.

After stopping school, Pop began helping out on the farm his father operated.

Yes, I worked on the farm. My daddy was a guy that, he never made me do any work on the farm because I wasn't getting paid for it, because it wasn't his farm. He was getting paid to operate the farm, what I done I was just doing to help him. So he never made me do anything on the farm like that. But I just, well, I just like to do it. And then that was when I was twelve, thirteen, fourteen, but when I was fifteen then of course I started to do the work of a man. And when I was fifteen years old, I done the work of a man on the farm, boy, and in the woods. That is, some of the work of a man.

Working on the farm made a strong impression, convincing the teenaged boy that farming was one of the best possible ways of life, the work being pleasant and rewarding and the results of one's own toil being the safest insurance against the economic vagaries of the world. But at the age of fifteen or sixteen, Pop left the farm and went to work at a sawmill.

Well, I started out there when I was about fifteen, sixteen, just peeling railroad ties, which, of course, takes a strong back, but what I mean, you don't have to be a very strong man. Peeling the bark off the ties. I peeled the bark off with an ax. It was piecework, but it was stooping over, and it was hard work on your back, but you don't have to lift too much. But later on, I done the hardest work that there was to be done in the woods—bearing off at the sawmill. Carrying the railroad ties away by myself, piling them up, and not only railroad ties but all kinds of lumber, piling it. Green lumber. And then three years that I was doing nothing but felling trees.

* * *

P: I worked for two mills. They were portable mills—they'd go from one woods to another. And, well, the one mill that I worked for moved to Bethlehem one time, and I worked up there several months. Right in the outskirts of Bethlehem. There was a big tract of chestnut—of course, this was a long time ago when they had chestnut trees around here. There was a big tract of chestnut trees we cut down.

B: Where did you live then?

P: I lived over the foot of Haycock Mountain.

But I stayed right at the mill—I didn't go back and forth. I was batching at the sawmill. Had a shanty there, batching [living as a bachelor] at a lumbercamp.

Pop quit the life of a lumberjack around 1916 and went west for a few months, “. . . to see what it was like.” He got as far as North Dakota and found it to be a wonderful place for a young man, but he was unable to stay there.

See, I was, I had responsibilities. See, I had my parents to look after. See, my daddy was in poor health—he couldn't work—any my mother, well, she couldn't work either because she had to take care of him. So, I had them to look after. And I couldn't look after them and be out there, so I came back in the fall, and then I went to work up at Bethlehem Steel.

He put in almost a decade at Bethlehem Steel, working twelve hours shifts, commuting about fifteen miles from his home in Haycock to Bethlehem, travelling by horse-drawn wagon or trolley. At the same time, he managed to work on his father's farm while taking care of his aging parents. Of the job at Bethlehem Steel, he said:

You might say I was just putting in my time. I was, you might say, door man, elevator man, watchman, anything you want to call it. I was in the main office. And I had so many little jobs that didn't amount to nothing, you know. I really don't know what my classification was there. You might say I was just—just there. I put in nine years in there. Then, from there, I come down here and worked in the stove foundry.

It was during this period that he got married. His bride was eighteen.

I was married in '24. I was only a kid when I got married. I was only thirty-three years old when I got married. Yeah, we were just kids, Mom and I. Well, I was too young to get married, and Mom, well, she was a little farm girl; she didn't know any better. She didn't know what she was getting in for.

After leaving his job at the steel mill, Pop worked in several factories, eventually becoming self-employed. He bought the Quakertown duplex in which he lived the balance of his life, and he also purchased a nearby farm. His first job after Bethlehem Steel was in a stove foundry.

P: I put in six years there. Then I worked over at the leatherworks for eleven years. And that was the last that I ever worked for anybody else. But all the time that, after I left Bethlehem Steel I always had some kind of hobby on the side that—I didn't depend on my job altogether.

Because these here factories, you can't depend on them for a living. If you do, you're going to—well, you're not going to make much of a living. I bought this place in 1924.

B: Which place?

P: This, right here. But in 1934, see, I had this place when I bought the farm. 1934 I moved up to the farm. So, and still, when I was on the farm there, 1934, I was working over here at the stove foundry. And, then I got laid off. Now wait a minute—was I working out there, or had I been laid off? No, I guess I had been laid off already out there. I started to work over here. They came after me, though. They wanted me to come back again. But I wouldn't go back again. I remember now. I was working over here part time—I was earning four hundred dollars a year over here for three years. Four hundred dollars a year! That's what we earned in the factory.

B: When you say “over here,” what do you mean?

P: The leatherworks where I used to work, right across the railroad here (across the street from his house in Quakertown). Oh, the work was so darned poor. That's where I made my money. Because I'd come down here and work a couple of days. I took up caponizing, yet. I'd go out caponizing roosters, and I used to make as much money in one day caponizing roosters as I would make over here in a whole damn month. I'd caponize as high as six hundred fifty roosters a day. But I just didn't like to quit my job. And in the last couple of years, the union didn't want me to quit. I would have quit before, but the union didn't want me to.

B: Is that so you could get a pension?

P: No, the union didn't want me to quit because I was either president or vice-president all the time that I was working over there. And they wanted me to stay there. That is, when the union was there. “The hell with it,” I says, “I'm losing too much money working here.” I was getting sixty-three cents an hour at that time. That was the highest wages that I ever earned there, sixty-three cents an hour. Of course, there was lots of people earning less at that time, but that was no wages, you couldn't live on it. And I could go out and earn six, eight dollars an hour, working for myself—because I was, then I was a taxidermist, too. I was doing that on the side. I used to come here sometimes and work all night.

B: Where did you learn your taxidermy?

P: I learned myself. I learned to caponize roosters myself, too. Nobody taught me. I really

had a monopoly on caponizing. The county agent used to go around, and he used to show how to caponize roosters, and he'd kill about five percent, six percent, he'd caponize about twenty, twenty-five an hour. I'd go there and I'd caponize fifty, seventy-five an hour and guarantee pay for every one that I'd kill. I wouldn't show them how to do it, because they were the experts. I taught myself. It took a heck of a lot of experimenting though—on my own chickens.

* * *

B: How long did you caponize? How long did you keep doing the caponizing?

P: Oh, I done that up until just a couple of years ago. And I taught my boys how to do it. It takes very good eyesight, very steady hand. And my one boy, he's really good at it. Much better than I am. So, I says why the heck should I do it? Let him do it. Only thing is, I told him, I said you can't do it for ten dollars a hundred any more. Just a couple of years ago they were still doing it for ten dollars a hundred. Just a couple of years ago! It's like I said, I said, "Hell, everything else has gone up except our wages and the chickens." The capons have really come down in price. That was one of the reasons I quit. I says I wouldn't do it for ten dollars a hundred, and I says I wouldn't charge the farmer more. I says I wouldn't do it for less than twenty dollars a hundred.

An old business card of Pop's read "Earl Hafler and Sons, Taxidermist. Also caponizing expert since 1927."

When I met Pop he supported himself through his taxidermy, supplemented by social security. His three sons and daughter had each married, providing him with a number of grandchildren and one great-grandchild. The family was a close one, and virtually every Friday night some of Pop's children would visit him. Pop's wife died in August, 1974, after a long illness. Toward the end, he and his wife moved in with one of their sons and his family. Pop stayed there for some time after his wife's death, working for several months with his taxidermist son. Afraid of losing his own customers during the busy deer season, he began working days at his own house. Eventually, he moved back in alone. I left Pennsylvania shortly after that, in the summer of 1975. We fell out of touch, and I later heard from a mutual friend that Pop had died.

II

In the mid-1970s Quakertown's population was about 7000. An old town, it has a center largely of stone and brick surrounded by more modern

suburban development. Pop's house was a duplex frame house, probably built around 1900, located near the town center on a busy two-lane street lined on one side with houses and small businesses. On the other side of the street there were railroad tracks, a gas station, and a lumberyard with a leatherworks behind it. A sign featuring a painting of a deer's head with the inscription "Earl Hafler, Taxidermist" hung in front of the house. The front room of the house served as an office; behind the house was the workshop. Small mounted animals were on display in the office, and several fiddles and a guitar were also prominently shown. A sign on the office refrigerator announced, "We buy old fiddles, guitars, and banjos."

Pop's fiddling was a continuation of a familial, as well as a more general regional, tradition. His paternal grandfather was a fiddler, and Pop thought that the same was true of his mother's father, although he was not certain. He believed that he was part of a lineage of fiddlers which dated at least as far back as the American Revolution, but it was his father's playing which had an immediate impact on him and shaped his aesthetic.

P: Oh, he played a lot. Oh, yes, he was dedicated. Didn't make a difference how hard he worked. In the evening after work he'd get his fiddle down. He always had it hanging on the wall, never on the outside . . . He had a, I guess you call it maroon, flannel bag with a drawstring. He had his fiddle and the bow in it, hanging on a nail. And every evening, as soon as he was finished with his supper, he'd get his fiddle down.

* * *

B: Would the family sit around and listen, or would he play himself, or—

P: He didn't care whether the family listened or not. It didn't make no difference to him; it didn't make any difference whether they listened or not.

B: Did they usually?

P: Oh yes, especially me. I know when I was, this was before I was lame, he used to always play before I went to bed. He used to always play one tune for me to dance. And I used to jig for him before I went to bed. When I was about, I'd say, roughly about four years old.

* * *

P: Yes, there used to be a lot of fiddlers, but my daddy was a whole lot better than these other fiddlers. But he didn't think so himself. He used to say, "So and so's a better fiddler." He always said somebody else was a much better fiddler than he was, but he could fiddle rings

around them. But he used to think that they were better—some of them were better fiddlers than he was—but they weren't really. They couldn't play the stuff that he played.

Sam Hafler never learned to read music, instead mastering new tunes through imitation of what he saw and re-creation of what he heard. As he grew older, he found it increasingly difficult to add tunes to his repertoire. Eventually he gave up playing.

P: It was hard for my dad to learn. He didn't learn a tune very easy. It took him quite a while to learn a tune. If he didn't know a tune, it took him quite a while to learn it. But after he'd learned it, he'd never forget it.

B: Could he read notes?

P: No, he couldn't read notes, but there again, he told me that he, when he was a real young man he used to play in a band. And he said he used to play in a band with them, and he said the other fellows would read the notes, and he said 'till they got finished with a tune, why he knew it too. Of course, now when he was, you might say when he was fifty years old he was a boy—he was only a kid yet. But he still, he quit playing when he was quite young yet, as far that is, to me he was only—I guess maybe around seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two, something like that when he quit playing. But first, he couldn't hardly hear; he was almost deaf, and then he had arthritis, his fingers were crippled up, he couldn't finger. But he couldn't play anymore.

Pop's mother and maternal grandfather used to sing at home. His father used to play song melodies for his wife. Pop particularly remembered a song called "Molly Darling." He had also saved a late 19th century broadside from Philadelphia, an Irish novelty song entitled "The Raffle for the Stove," which had belonged to his family. Like many other people of his generation, Pop seems to have grown up hearing a mixture of popular and traditional songs, although he never became a singer.

No, I was never a singer. Songs never, songs themselves never really interested me very much. I used to hear them sing it. Like I say, my mother used to sing an awful lot, and I used to listen to her singing and my grandad. He was a great guy for singing. He was always singing, and I used to like to hear him sing, but like I say, although I didn't sing, I like to listen to him, and I, well, I knew the words to a lot of them just from listening to them. But, as it was, I only remember parts of them.

As a child, Pop took up the mouth organ. When he was eleven, his father gave him a fiddle.

P: Well, to tell you the truth, I, my daddy gave me a fiddle. He gave it to me; I don't know whether he gave it to me on my eleventh birthday or whether he just gave it to me when I was eleven years old. And he tuned it up for me, and he put what he called patent keys on it so that I wouldn't have to tune it up. So he tuned it up, and—well, I knew a lot of tunes. Heck, before I was old enough to go to school, I used to play tunes on a mouth organ, but . . .

B: Play fiddle tunes on the mouth organ?

P: I'd play a dozen tunes or more on the mouth organ. I'd play a lot of tunes on the mouth organ, so he gave me this fiddle, tuned it up for me, and I just sawed away at it and picked out a tune that I wanted to play and learned to play it.

* * *

P: . . . he just told me to go ahead, see what I could do with it. And I just played, now let's see, now what the heck did I play? "Go Tell Old-," we used to call it, "Old Rosie." It isn't "Old Rosie" anymore.

B: I know what you mean, though.

P: Aunt Rhody. Her old grey goose is dead. I learned to play that. That was the first tune I ever played. Well, it took me, it might of took me an hour or two to learn it. It only took me about an hour or two to learn to play the fiddle—that is, to learn to play a tune. But of course I couldn't play too good. Then he got me to play on all the strings, you know—learn to get the squeaks out of it. That was the main thing—that was all he learnt me, was how to get the squeaks out, because I could find the notes where I wanted. I could find them myself.

B: And did you learn by just picking up the fiddle and trying to play tunes that you'd heard?

P: Just by playing with him. I played with him, played the tunes. I played all the tunes that he played, and—I tell you the truth, I was never interested in playing any of the others' tunes because he played the tunes that he played—well, the way he played them I thought was played much better than what these other fiddlers played them, that I very seldom tried to play it like they played it.

B: Well, would he show you finger positions and things like that?

P: Oh no, he didn't. He didn't have to do that.

B: What about bowing?

P: A little bit, some of the bowing he had to. Well, he didn't have to, but some of the bowing

that he done, I copied it—tried to.

His father was his inspiration. Devoted to him, Pop learned from him, in both technique and repertoire.

P: I play very few waltzes. See, my daddy didn't play—he didn't like to play waltzes. So I, well, I played what he played and . . .

B: Do you think that now, that most of the tunes that you play now are still tunes that you learned from your father?

P: Oh yes.

B: I mean you must have learned a lot of tunes from other—

P: Oh, I didn't learn—most of them I learned from my father. But, like I say, I forgot hundreds of them that I learned from him.

Pop thus learned in much the same manner as had his father before him, by imitation and recreation. Countless fiddlers have done just the same. His father was both his model and the most profound influence on his style and repertoire. His desire to remain true to his father's example had caused him to retain an older way of playing, a style and repertoire not much influenced by more modern factors such as the mass media and the contemporary contest style which threatens to displace more local and particular modes of playing. Pop believed that his own playing represented an older, uncommon style which no longer existed in his region; he therefore felt that his playing was special.

Pop's father used to play for local square dances, also called barn dances and hoedowns. Within a year of the gift of his first fiddle, Pop was playing along with his father at the dances. That went on for a few years, probably providing an excellent learning experience for the novice fiddler. Then the Hafners moved to an area where there was little dancing, and Pop lost interest in playing, possibly because of the loss of an appreciative audience.

P: So that would have been about 1902, 1903, somewhere around there—I started to play for dances. Then I played until I was around seventeen or eighteen. Then I didn't play for a couple of years.

B: Why not?

P: Well, we moved to another area, and in that area there they didn't do any dancing . . . Up around Springtown. It was very religious years ago and probably is yet, I don't know. Anyhow, they didn't do any dancing up there and—well, in them days you didn't travel very far; you just, you'd go for a drive a few miles out. So I didn't go to any dances, and I lost

interest in the fiddle for a couple of years, and then we moved back to Haycock and then I started playing again. But then, my daddy didn't do much playing anymore. He did some playing, but not much. But then I started to play again, and I played then until 19—oh, let's see, when the heck was it? Around 1917, I guess. That's when I quit again. I started working up at Bethlehem Steel. I was working nights . . . I worked up there and, like I say, I worked nights—twelve, or seven nights a week. So I didn't get to play for any dances when I worked up there, and I—I didn't quit completely, but I almost quit playing. I just played a little bit now and then.

B: Playing at home, you mean?

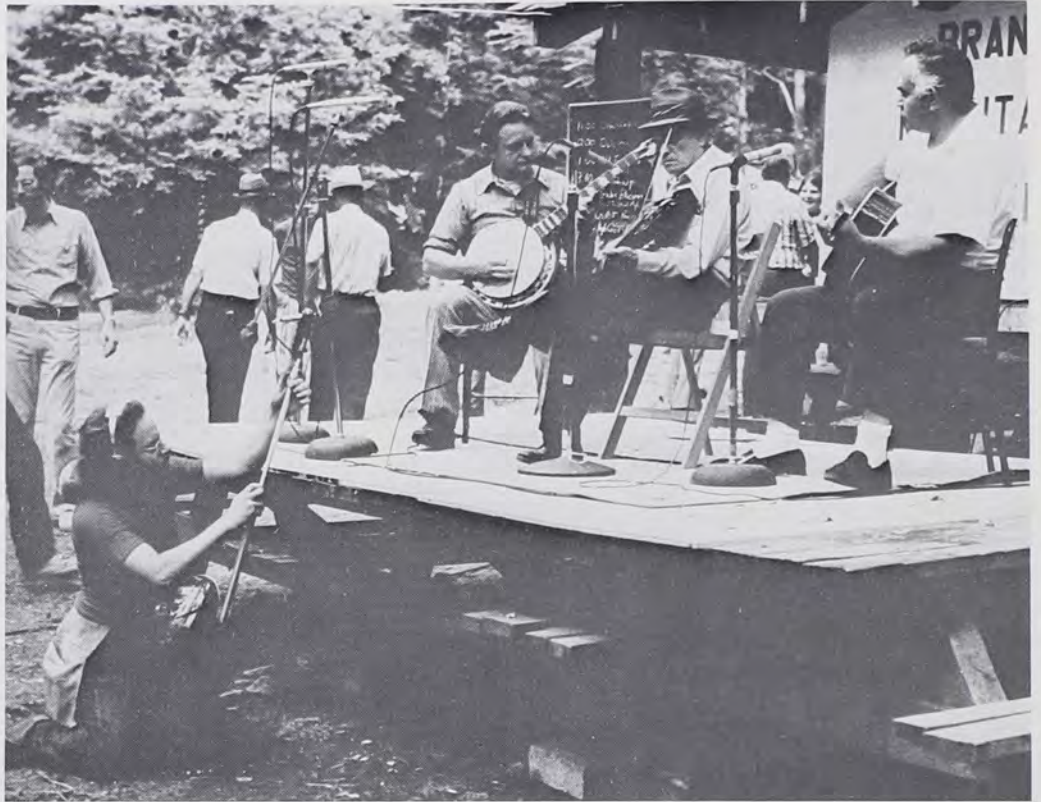
P: At home. And as long as my daddy played, I used to play a little bit at home during the day, but not very much. And then I was laid off up there, and I started in again.

There were other times in his life when Pop stopped playing, apparently because of a lack of either an appreciative audience or someone with whom he could play. After he left Bethlehem Steel, Pop played for many dances around Quaker-town; residents seemed to have high regard for his playing. Pop's wife eventually began to discourage him from playing the dances, which were frequently private parties at which she felt unwelcome. Without the impetus provided by an audience, Pop quit his music for more than a decade. He began again when his oldest son, Earl, became interested in playing with him. Family history repeated itself, Earl's first wife discouraging his musical activities. Once again, Pop's music was dormant. Earl eventually remarried; this time his wife encouraged his playing. They were active in the formation of the Bucks County Folk Music Society during the 1960s. That group met regularly, emphasizing performances by members. Earl took his father to one meeting. The interest and appreciation Pop found there started him playing again. So, from the mid-1920s, when he was laid off at Bethlehem Steel, until the mid-1970s, when I knew him, Pop had quit and re-started his music a number of times.

P: I don't remember anymore. It was about 19, 1925 I guess it was when I quit up there. Somewhere around there, 1925, 1926.

B: And you were still living in Haycock?

P: No, then I lived here, and I was laid off there, and that was the last I worked up there. Then I played pretty regular for a while—from then on to about 1930, '34. In 1934, the wife didn't like me going out playing for



*Les, banjo; Pop, fiddle;
and son Earl, guitar.*

parties. A lot of them parties, the private parties when you couldn't take your family along, why she didn't like that.

P: So then it was around 1934 that I quit playing for, oh, I don't know how many years—six, eight years. Yeah, it was more than that. And I really didn't get back into playing until the boy came out of the service. That was in '45, I guess it was. May have been about seven, eight years I didn't play. Then he came out of the service, and then he was playing. When he was a boy, when he was a young boy and a young man before he went into the service, he didn't play anything. But when he came out, he wanted to play everything. So then we were, we started playing, we had our own little band here, and we were playing and—
B: Would it be you playing the fiddle and—
P: He played everything. He played everything he got his hands on. Guitar, of course, was his instrument at that time. And he quit, he quit playing. His wife, his wife didn't want him to play—didn't want him to go out playing. And he quit playing, but I kept on playing until, I guess, I don't know exactly how long

it was that I quit playing then. And I didn't play then for about twelve, thirteen years.

B: Why did you quit? Do you remember?

P: Well, Earl didn't play anymore, and I had nobody to play with, and I didn't like to play alone, and—well, then I quit and by golly, do you know that when I—this Bucks, Bucks County Folk Song Society—Earl told them that I play the fiddle, and they invited me down there, and they wanted me to play the fiddle. I couldn't play the fiddle anymore, so I thought, well, it must be the fiddle. So we went out looking for another fiddle—we wound up we had thirteen fiddles and none of them would play. But I got this one fixed up.

Another contribution to Pop's revitalized interest in his music during the 1960s was his first trip to the old fiddlers' picnic at Lenape Park, in Lenape, Pennsylvania, about thirty miles west of Philadelphia. An old-fashioned amusement park, Lenape had for some years sponsored an annual gathering of fiddlers. Huge crowds came to hear the fiddlers play on stage and in informal sessions. Pop first attended around 1964, with his daughter. There he discovered another appreciative audience, and he began attending virtually every year.

I don't remember how I found out about it. My

daughter took me down the first time I was down there. See, I didn't play that time—I wasn't playing. I didn't take a fiddle along. Because, like I say, I wasn't playing at the time. She took me down there. Now, let's see. I know I had the Packard yet. And I got the Ford in '65. So, it's ten years at least, might be eleven, I went down there.

With his interest again revitalized in the 1960s, Pop began playing for a variety of occasions, and he became a member of a network of musicians. Through the Bucks County Folk Music Society, he met Les, owner and operator of a music shop in a nearby New Jersey town. Les belonged to a number of small performing groups playing mostly in bars. After meeting Pop, he began arranging for Pop, Earl, and himself to play for square dances which were usually held as private parties. Pop fiddled, Earl played guitar, and Les played accordion, five-string banjo, or banjo-guitar. A string bass player sometimes joined them, and they often worked with a dance caller from Perkasio, near Quakertown. At times, Les visited Pop at home for informal music sessions. Also, thanks to his connection with the folk music society, Pop met a banjo player who played in the southern frailing, or clawhammer, style. They played together for a time, but Pop finally stopped it, feeling that the music was too simple, thereby unappealing.

Pop continued to attend the old fiddlers' picnic at Lenape Park, and he played at a number of other public events during the late 1960s and early 1970s. He and Les played a concert at the University of Pennsylvania, although he had later forgotten how it had come about.

. . . but a couple of years ago, we wanted to play down at the University of Pennsylvania, and it was, well, Earl had to work—he couldn't go along. So I called Les. Asked him if he wanted to go along. He said, "Oh, hell yes." He was anxious, he was. "Sure," he says, "I'll go down with you." He come over here, and he took me down, and we got down there, and he says—well, Les is playing all the time, so he didn't need no practice as far as that was concerned, but he hadn't played with me hardly any. He says, "We ought to get somewhere we can rehearse a little bit." So he asked somebody if there was a place we could rehearse. "Sure." They took us to a vacant schoolroom—I guess we rehearsed for about an hour. Boy, I'm telling you, it really, it really come off fine.

Later, thanks to the interest of folklorist Henry

Glassie, he played for two years at an annual folk festival held in Shaefferstown, Pennsylvania. He also provided music for a Middle States Conference on Folk Culture held in Harrisburg.⁷ At some point, he was also visited and recorded by Alan Jabbour, then head of the Archive of Folk Song (now Folk Culture) at the Library of Congress. In 1970, the Smithsonian Institution's Festival of American Folklife featured Pennsylvania. Pop was asked to perform.

We went out to Washington, D.C. that time, and we—see, that's a heck of a drive out there, and I was dog-tired. And they wanted me to play for a dance out there—for a square dance. I'm pretty sure that was what they wanted me to play for. Anyhow, we hadn't, hadn't even gotten a chance to get to our rooms yet, and we didn't even know where the place was—we were strangers—and I told them, I said I would gladly play for them, but I said, "I'm tired." And I said, "We have to get our room before ten o'clock." I think it was ten o'clock or we couldn't get in. And I said, "We can't make it. We don't even know where it is; we have to hunt for it." And see, after the first night, it was alright. You could stay up 'til one, two o'clock for that matter, it didn't make any difference. But the first night you had to get in . . . They wanted me to be out there for the whole week. And I would have went for the whole week, but Earl couldn't go. He could only get off a couple of days. They were, they treated us really good. They paid our, they paid all our expenses. They paid our expenses to go out there, and they paid our expenses out there, and it didn't cost us a penny, and they paid me besides.

Pop had kept a scrapbook. Among its contents was a letter from Pennsylvania's governor, thanking him for representing the state in Washington. Also in the scrapbook were mementos of two trips to Shelburne, Ontario in 1970 and 1971, which he and family members took so that he could enter the Canadian Open Old-Time Fiddler's Contest.⁸ One year, he placed thirteenth in a division for older entrants, quite a respectable showing. It was the social aspects of the contest, though, which he enjoyed most. In fact, the contest was a high point in Pop's life.

. . . you go up there, you want to be where the action is. Now, when you get up there—we got up there on a Thursday and you know that them fellows up there, they didn't go to bed. They were playing when we got up there on Thursday; they were doing the same thing all

day on Friday and Friday night, the whole night long, and Saturday, Saturday night, right straight through—they didn't sleep. I'm not kidding you now—Thursday night, Friday, Friday night, Saturday, and Saturday night—they fellows didn't sleep at all. They just done nothing at all but just have a good time. Boy oh, boy, and how they done it. I don't know. They just eat, drink, play, dance, all around the place. And still, they didn't see no drunks laying around. And they weren't nasty. Boy, you hear some fiddlers up there.

And I play so near Canadian style that I get away with that part. That part didn't bother me any. And, that part didn't bother me any, and of course my only problem is, I'm not a Canadian . . . I had one fellow came up to us there one evening, we were playing, and he come up there, and he had a can on, if he'd been sober he wouldn't have said anything, but he wasn't sober. And he says, "Where do you fellows come from?" And my boy says we come from the States. He says, "I thought so." He says, "You don't play like we do up here." He says, "You know," he says, "We resent you fellows in the States. But we don't resent you as much as we do these French Canadians."

I'll tell you, the place to go is Canada. If you really want to have a good time . . . We were there twice. Boy, that is something, ay-yay-yay. Where you really hear the fiddlers.

After 1971, Pop performed less frequently in public. His wife's extended illness kept him from returning to Canada, because he was unwilling to leave her. His appearances at the Lenape picnic grew even more important to him. On occasion, he and two musicians he had met at Lenape would get together to "practice" for the picnic, usually joined by Earl and Les. His primary musical network—those with whom he most frequently played—was comprised of a total of four. He took little pleasure in playing alone, so the amount of playing he did was dependent upon the varying interest of others. Earl visited Pop almost every Friday night, and they would play together sometimes, sometimes not.

And of course, I'm not near as good now as I was, because I don't practice anymore. See, Earl had, Earl practically give it up, oh, almost a year now. And it's only been the last, oh, I'd say the last four or five weeks that he's been starting to play again.

Pop had also become rather well known to revivalist musicians in southeastern Pennsylvania, thanks largely to his yearly presence at Lenape. Although dances and other older community occasions for his music had declined, leaving him virtually unknown as a fiddler in his own community, he had achieved some recognition in a "community of appreciators" which had no precise geographic locus. Some revivalist stringband musicians had visited him at home, wanting to talk with him, to learn from him. I was one of those young musicians, and Pop and I played together at his house, my interest apparently helping to re-ignite his own. It was his appeal to revivalist players which got Pop an invitation to play at the 1974 Brandywine Mountain Music convention, a major old-time music festival held southwest of Philadelphia. To the best of my knowledge, that was Pop's last public performance.

Shortly afterward, Pop's wife's illness worsened. When she required more care than Pop could provide, they moved in with their son Donald and his family. Soon, she died. Distraught, Pop stopped playing music. He remained with Donald's family for some time, moving back to his own house when it became apparent that he would have to do so if he wanted to continue his taxidermy business. I kept visiting him throughout that period, and I witnessed his taking up the fiddle once again, almost certainly symbolizing his acceptance of life in the face of mourning. In 1975, a job took me away from Pennsylvania. When I left the eighty-three year old Pop, he was in good health, entirely competent mentally, physically, and musically. About two years later, he was dead.

ENDNOTES

¹Identified by a pseudonym, he eventually became the subject of my dissertation, "Pop Ziegler, Fiddler: A Study of Folkloric Performance," PH.D. dissertation, University of Pennsylvania, 1975.

²Good examples include Roger Abrahams, *A Singer and Her Songs* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1970); Edward D. Ives, *Joe Scott: The Woodsman Songmaker* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1978); Alan Lomax, *Mister Jellyroll* (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1950); and Robin Morton, *Come Day, Go Day, God Send Sunday* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1973).

³Jeff Todd Tilton, "The Life Story," *Journal of American Folklore* 93 (1980): 276-292.

⁴For a discussion of English names in the Pennsylvania Dutch (actually German) region, see Frederick Klees, *The Pennsylvania Dutch* (New York: Macmillan, 1950): 246.

⁵Paletown is in upper Bucks County.

⁶Hellertown is in upper Bucks County.

⁷Personal communication from Henry Glassie.

⁸For background on the contest, see George A. Proctor, "Old-Time Fiddling in Ontario," *National Museum of Canada Bulletin* 190, *Contributions to Anthropology* 1960 Part II (Ottawa: National Museum of Canada, 1963): 173-208.



Tub for feet-washing. (Brethren in Christ Archives, Messiah College, Grantham, Pa.)



Ceramic items used for a Dunkard love feast. (Brethren Heritage Room, Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa.)

AN INTERPRETATION OF SOME RITUAL AND FOOD ELEMENTS OF THE BRETHREN LOVE FEAST

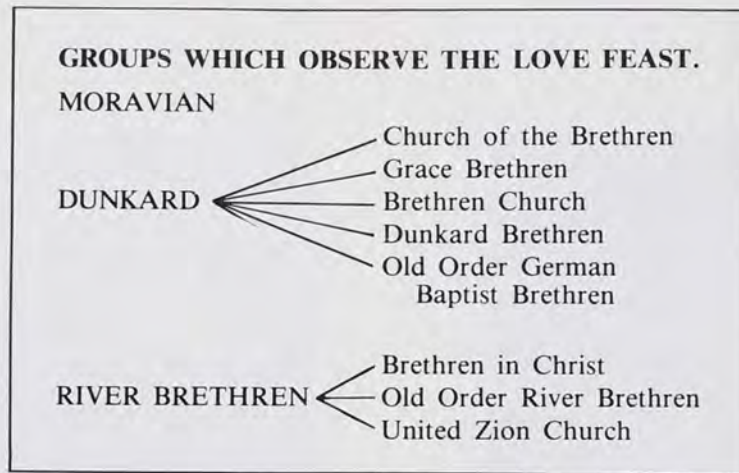
by Jonathan R. Stayer

As a child, one of the most mystical experiences for me was observing the love feast of the Ephrata (Pa.) Church of the Brethren. Because I was not a church member, I was not permitted to participate in the service. Some women of the church supervised us children while our parents shared in this strange ritual. Often, the women who watched the children would usher us to the balcony overlooking the sanctuary so that we could observe the events. Although most of us found the solemn services to be long and much too quiet for children, the mystical sense of the scene always impressed me.

Since then I left the Brethren tradition, but the practice continues to fascinate me. This one event embodies much of the theology of its participants. Many theological studies have been written about the love feast; however, its meaning extends beyond written theological interpretations. The ritual and food elements of the love feast have implications that speak as clearly to the observer as the written word.

Before one considers the love feast in detail, one must define the term. The term can be defined only in the context of the groups which maintain the practice. Presently, many small denominations hold a love feast. For practical purposes, three main traditions or categories will be established. The oldest existing American religious group to observe the love feast is the Moravians. The tradition which is probably most noted for the practice is the Dunkard tradition. This category of churches includes the Church of the Brethren, the Grace Brethren, the Brethren Church, the Dunkard Brethren and the Old Order German Baptist Brethren. These denominations trace their origin to the Dunkards, or the German Baptist Brethren, of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The third main tradition is the River Brethren tradition which consists of the Brethren in Christ, the Old Order River Brethren and the United Zion Church (*See box*).

While liberal and conservative members of the last two traditions may object to being categorized in this manner, the similarities of practice and the



evolution of the love feast suggest this delineation. In most cases, the more conservative churches practice the love feast in the way that the more liberal denominations did a few decades ago. Interestingly, at one point in time in each of the three traditions, their members were called "Brethren." While specific rituals vary, the implicit meaning remains the same across denominations. The Methodists also held love feasts in the last century, but this denomination will not be considered because the love feast has not developed as a characterization of this group as it has for the three traditions outlined previously.

The theology of the traditions need not be discussed in detail. Theological matters will be mentioned only in light of their expressions in the love feast. The focus of this study is the unspoken portion of the love feast—the food and the ritual, not the rhetoric. As Richard Mirsky suggests, food and food sharing have meaning and symbolic significance.¹ At some points, expressed theological interpretation may differ with the feelings expressed in the ritual and food elements.

After establishing the groups which observe the love feast, one can define the ritual as it is practiced. The term "love feast" can specifically refer to the "agape meal" or "Lord's Supper"—not the orthodox Eucharist or sacrament, but a "common" or "fellowship" meal. In all three main traditions, and in my own experience, "love feast" designates a series of events in the life of the church.

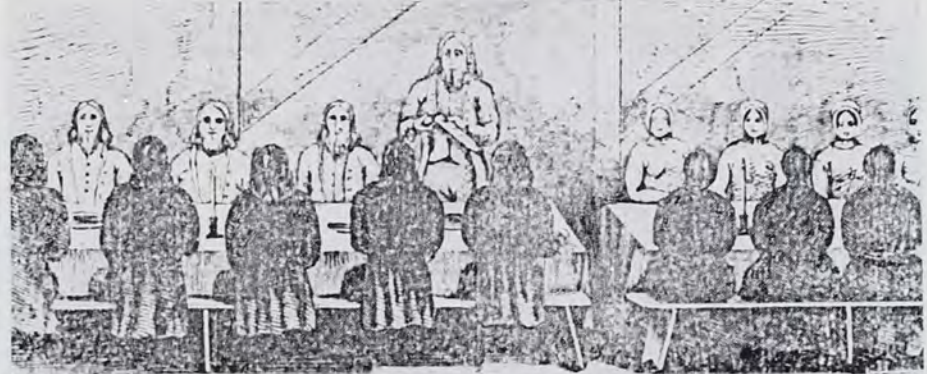
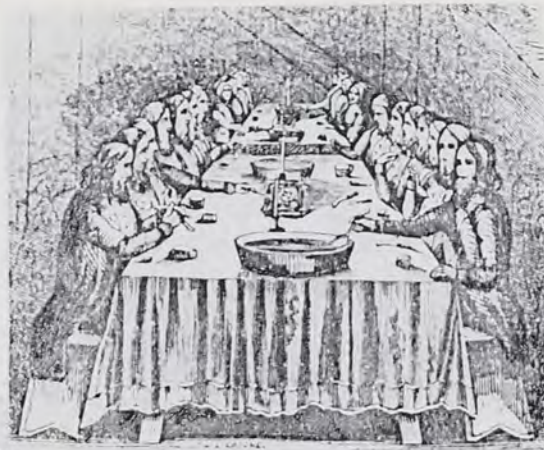
For the Moravians, "love feast" is a celebratory meal. It was once a full meal eaten to celebrate a religious occasion, a secular holiday, or in preparation for some task or journey.² In the last century, the love feast has become a symbolic meal of a sweet roll or cookie and coffee or chocolate. In either case, the meal was a time of fellowship. The Moravian love feast expresses few of the

Christological meanings found in the Dunkard and River Brethren traditions.

The Dunkard tradition maintains the most complex practice of the love feast. Traditionally, the Dunkard love feast was a two-day (Saturday and Sunday) event. Since it included Communion,³ the deacons of the congregations usually visited members before the love feast to assure that each one was properly prepared spiritually to partake of the "emblems"—the bread and the wine of the Communion. The week before the love feast, some congregations cleaned the church or meetinghouse in anticipation of the event. The deacons' wives gathered together to bake the Communion bread.

The services commenced on Saturday morning. A morning service of preaching and testimony was followed by a noon meal. In the afternoon, the Brethren conducted a similar service. This service was a time of self-examination, or it included thoughts on self-examination in preparation for the Communion. An evening meal was served for anyone in attendance—church members and non-members alike. About 6:00 p.m., the church members gathered around the love feast tables. The traditional rituals most commonly associated with the term were then followed—the feet-washing, the Lord's Supper or common meal, the passing of the "holy kiss" and the Communion. Dunkard elder Peter Nead wrote: "What a beautiful order! First, Feet Washing—second, the Lord's Supper—third, the Communion."⁴ On Sunday morning, preaching services concluded the event. This general form found a great variety of expression among the many different congregations and regions. One can state generally that no two congregations practiced the love feast in the exact same manner. In recent decades, the more liberal⁵ churches condensed the event into one day or a part of a day.

Traditionally, the Dunkards and the River Brethren



19th Century Dunkard feet-washing ceremony, love feast, and Communion; illustrations from Peter Nead's *Theology*, Dayton, Ohio, 1850 Edition.

held the love feast once or twice a year, usually in the spring or the fall. These seasons were most suitable for the event.⁶ Travel was less difficult, meetings could be moved outdoors if necessary, and visitors could sleep more comfortably in the church attic, in barns, or under the stars.

The River Brethren tradition closely resembles the Dunkard tradition. Most likely, the River Brethren adapted their practices from the Dunkards.⁷ Although somewhat vaguely different in theological orientation, the River Brethren love feast does not differ observedly from the Dunkard tradition except that the River Brethren do not practice the "Lord's Supper" as a meal separate from the Communion. In this tradition, the Communion is the Lord's Supper. Contrastingly, the Dunkards insisted that the Lord's Supper was a "common" or "fellowship" meal and that the Communion was a separate ceremony following the meal.

Concerning this difference, William M. Beahm, a theologian at the seminary of the Church of the Brethren, noted:

The second and the substantial part of the Brethren love feast is a fellowship meal. They have regarded this as the Lord's supper and have taken issue with those churches which regard the eucharist or communion emblems as constituting the Lord's supper.⁸

Furthermore, Elder Nead emphasized:

We cannot be too particular in observing those sacred institutions: therefore, the mode of administering those sacred ordinances ought to be strictly according to their original appointment; for it is certain that we have no right to altar [sic] any of the institutions of the house of God . . .⁹

This difference provoked an interesting dialogue between the two traditions, but the argument does not fit the scope of this study. Nevertheless, the actual rituals and food of the two groups are so similar that they can be considered together. Because the love feast reaches its highest expression in the Dunkard and River Brethren traditions, the examination of the specific meanings of the love feast will focus on their practices.

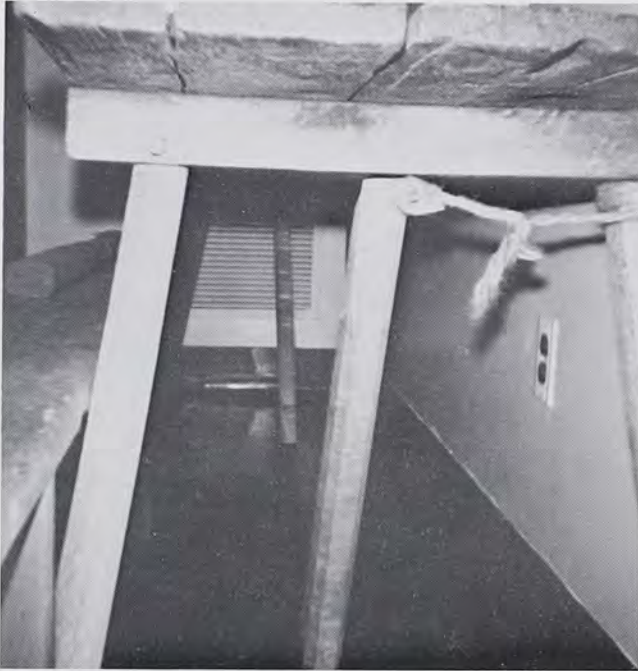
When speaking of the love feast and the Communion, historically, these traditions repudiated the term "sacrament." For them, none of the rituals of the love feast had any value in determining an eternal or heavenly afterlife (salvation from sin). If one defines "sacrament" as that action or object which has saving or eternally forgiving benefit, these groups refused to use the word. They more often mentioned the word "ordinances"—from I Corinthians 11:2 ("Now I praise you, brethren, that ye remember me in all things, and keep the ordinances, as I delivered them to you."). Vernard Eller, a theologian in the Dunkard Tradition, prepared an excellent explanation of the traditional

interpretations of these matters. He commented:

. . . the ordinances mark a gathering of the tribe in which the people review their call and commitment, marshal their forces, consult their map, and make ready to move out. Better, it is the caravaners met in *consultation with their leader-lord*—letting *him* remind them of what he already has done for them, tell them of what he proposes to do with them, and actually call them onto the road.¹⁰

Despite this emphasis, these traditions have not avoided entirely the use of the word “sacrament,” and, in some respects, the love feast is a sacrament as will be considered later.

From a consideration of the groups which practice



Detail of Dunkard love feast table. (Brethren Heritage Room, Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa.)



Dunkard love feast table and utensils; not properly displayed. (Brethren Heritage Room, Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa.)

love feast and the general aspects of the practice, one can move towards an understanding of the meaning of the specific rituals involved. The rituals express two major themes. First, the participant must have a “right” relationship with God. Secondly, the participant must have a “right” relationship with his fellow man, particularly his fellow believer. Professor Beahm wrote:

The meaning of the love feast as a whole is in this interrelationship between our religious experience and our social relations, between the power of God and our human needs. It symbolizes our faith with its vertical dimension toward God and its horizontal dimension toward men.¹¹

Implicit in both of these relationships is the necessity of maintaining a proper perspective of the “world”—the realm of the unbeliever or nonmember.

The preparations for the love feast symbolize the attainment of a proper relationship with God.

As the deacons visited each member and as congregations cleaned their churches, the members performed physical cleansing which indicated the spiritual cleansing and preparation. As well, the deacons’ visits, the cleaning of the church, and the preparation of the Communion bread were times of fellowship, expressing that proper relationship with fellow believers.

The fellowship and family expressions received emphasis in the actual services. The examination service often included time for personal prayer or testimony. One observer noted that “the testi-

monies given by members during this period are quite different in emphasis and content from those . . . presented in modern fundamentalist-type groups. Modesty and humility are much in evidence in these testimonies. There is stress on the unworthiness of self and the need to give one’s self to Jesus.”¹² The visitor is impressed by the sense of being among a loving family in which one can admit his weaknesses. Of course, by saying these things, the members exhibit their trust of each other, for they believe, and rightly so, that their fellow members will not take advantage of these self-revelations. With this act, the participants collapse the divisions between the private and public domains of life, allowing the group to meld into one homogeneous “body.” Thus, the fellowship and family aspects are emphasized even more.

The evening meal following the afternoon service is a time to eat together and talk. Nonmembers may eat this meal. In the Dunkard Brethren church, the present practice is to serve supper only to the children and visitors who will not participate in the feet-washing, the Lord's Supper, and the Communion. Most of the liberal churches no longer hold a separate self-examination service followed by a supper. The meal usually consists of sandwiches and fruit or noodle soup and pie. Everyone eats the same thing. The food suggests simplicity, wholesomeness, and unity. The family

"Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you" (John 13:2-5, 12-15).

For the sake of modesty and theology, men and women are separated. Generally, the practice followed today is known as the "single mode"—each person takes a turn at girding themselves with the towel, stooping to rub the water over the feet of another, and drying the wet feet with the towel. After this ritual, the individual rises to shake hands



River Brethren pews arranged for love feast. (Brethren in Christ Archives, Messiah College, Grantham, Pa.)

Tin Communion cup typical of Dunkard and River Brethren traditions. (Brethren in Christ Archives, Messiah College, Grantham, Pa.)



feeling finds special expression in the conservative churches in which many of the members may be related by birth or marriage. Thus, in a literal and a figurative sense, the love feast is a family reunion.

Following supper, the love feast tables are prepared and the feet-washing begins. The tables may or may not be the supper tables, but if they were, they are cleaned and covered with a white cloth. An elder reads John 13 as the members proceed to wash each other's feet:

And supper being ended . . . Jesus . . . riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments; and took a towel, and girded himself. After that he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded . . .

So after he had washed their feet, and had taken his garments, and was set down again, he said unto them,

with his neighbor and kiss him.

Historically, this act has had two meanings: 1) the continual cleansing needed by sinful man and 2) the expression of servanthood. The meaning expressed by the practice is a combination of the two interpretations. By touching and sharing in a common act, members demonstrate their care for each other and their acceptance of their fellow members into the "family." In all the services which I have attended, the feet-washing, not the preparatory service seems to be the point at which the love feast takes on a more serious and thoughtful tone.

By physically participating in an act very similar to Christ's action, the participant more easily associates himself with the scene of the Scriptures and Jesus' words. D. W. Kurtz, writing for the Church of the Brethren, suggested:



*Detail of hinged back of pew.
(Brethren in Christ Archives,
Messiah College, Grantham, Pa.)*



*Typical tin items used in love
feast. (Brethren in Christ Ar-
chives, Messiah College, Grant-
ham, Pa.)*

Before eating the common meal, which is the symbol and covenant of the family spirit of brotherhood and peace, the Master must get rid of their pride, and show that humility and service are the virtues of greatness in his kingdom . . . Humility and service are the true Christian graces; pride shuts out fellowship with God and man . . .

What words failed to do, the symbol, the example, the drama, accomplished.¹³

Symbolically, the expression of fellowship reaches its height in the "Lord's Supper" of the Dunkards. While liberal churches have altered the practice and some of the meaning, the more conservative groups amply express this fact. Traditionally, the participants sat at tables, facing each other. Bread, broth filled with crumbled bread and rice, lamb or beef, butter, and water constituted the meal. While denying any link to the symbolism of the Jewish Passover, the conservative groups have served lamb, claiming this meat to be more biblical. For about every four participants, a bowl of broth, a plate of meat, some bread and a bowl of water was provided. Some congregations supplied individual drinking cups.

The participants proceeded to eat silently from the dishes in front of them. They forked meat from the same plate, dipped their spoons in the same bowl, and drank water from the same vessel. As I observed, many individuals did not limit themselves to one serving. In the true sense of brotherhood and fellowship, they felt no aversion to the common bowls and plates. A popularizer of the "Pennsylvania Dutch," Frederic Klees, observed:

Often four Brethren eat from a single bowl. Sometimes, too, there are as many as three sittings at the tables, in which case the bowls and spoons are unchanged. To ask for a clean dish or spoon would be thought a mark of pride and also a reflection on the one who had just used them.¹⁴

Eating from the same bowls clearly expresses family unity. Student of Pennsylvania German foodways, William Woys Weaver, indicated: "Soup then became the symbol of community, of religious fellowship, and even communion . . . It was a way of melding, through the communal soup bowl, all the spiritual aspects of the day with the basic human condition of life and friends and

family."¹⁵ Professor Beahm made similar comments:

Eating together is one of the highest and most intimate forms of fellowship. Any social group is more intimately knit together by sharing a common table. This is more intensely true among those simpler cultures where they share a common dish. Our most intimate friends are those we invite to eat with us.¹⁶

Although speaking of the beliefs of the Church of the Brethren, Vernard Eller described the implicit meaning of the common meal:

Gemeinschaft is a German term for which there is no adequate English equivalent. It denotes the intimate sense of union that comes as a group shares some deep commitment in common. The Brethren experience has been that banding together as the people of the Lord, following him on his way to the kingdom is the profoundest commonality possible and so the source of the greatest *Gemeinschaft* men can know; that the Brethren have been known as "the Brethren" is not entirely coincidental.¹⁷

In a more general sense, Eller gives full expression to the deep meaning of the ritual and food, as well as the theology, of the Lord's Supper. More simply, D. W. Kurtz wrote:

The common meal not only satisfies the needs of the body; that could be done by each one eating by himself; it is *eating together*, in the same place, the common meal, that is here in prominence. It is the family meal, sharing a common table, like a family—symbolizing and creating brotherhood.

It is not a question of *what* they eat; whether lamb, or fish, or vegetables. It is all in "eating together" that we have the symbol of fellowship, of brotherhood and peace.¹⁸

Following the common meal in the Dunkard tradition or the feet-washing in the River Brethren tradition, some groups—most of the conservative ones—passed the "holy kiss" (I Thessalonians 5:26—"Greet all the brethren with an holy kiss") around the congregation. Men kissed men and women kissed women. The "true believer" kissed audibly on the lips. Each person kissed his neighbor in such a way that the kiss passed from person to person and returned to the originator, usually an elder. A Brethren author, Kermit Eby, amusingly remarked that "saluting the brethren with the holy kiss" was "much more pleasant if the brother was a boy one's own age instead of some be-whiskered deacon."¹⁹ Personally, I noticed that the older men shared the kiss much more enthusiastically than the younger ones. Again, the kiss stresses the concept of fellowship and family intimacy. One permits such intimate contact only with other "family" members. Also, the "circle" formed by this action suggests another implicit meaning.

As mentioned earlier, the love feast is a time of considering God properly and viewing the "world" correctly. The circle of fellowship sets the boundaries of holy and Godly living. Outside the circle, worldly things exist to deceive and tempt the faithful one; inside the circle, the believer can properly relate to his God and his brethren. This

feeling is further emphasized by the seating arrangement—facing each other with backs towards the walls. Implicitly, the separation of men and women may symbolize the separation of the male and female spheres of life. Yet the meetinghouse walls designate the larger boundary against the world. The more liberal groups often do not maintain this emphasis, and it could be a sign of theological and social compromise with the "outside" world.

The bread and the wine symbolize the fellowship and this separation in addition to symbolizing Christ's sacrificial death. The bread—usually homemade with flour, butter, and cream—is served first. The deacons have broken "sticks" of the unleavened pastry from the flat loaf. Each individual breaks a piece from the long "stick." One loaf may serve an entire group. If not, several loaves baked from the same dough will be broken for the service. Traditionally, each participant recites, "Dear brother (sister), this bread which we break is the communion of the body of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." The participant retains the piece which he broke from the stick.

By receiving a piece of bread whose ultimate source is the loaf or dough from which all the pieces originated, the member acknowledges that he is a part of the larger group, the family, the brotherhood. As that particular piece fits into the whole loaf, so does the individual fit into the church. "At this simple ceremony," wrote Kermit Eby, "it seemed that we were no longer Schwalms and Ebys and Wengers and Berkeys. We were members of one all-inclusive Christian family."²⁰ "The *koinonia* [communion, fellowship] nature of the meal can be expressed by the use of 'one loaf' of common bread from which all take a piece."²¹

The loaf expresses the idea of separation, also. The unleavened bread symbolizes the eradication of pleasurable, worldly influences. God should be worshipped in purity and holiness. The circular or oval shape of the loaf suggests the "inside-outside" feeling. The participant obtains a piece of bread inside the outer edge. Inside, one can please God and love his brothers. Outside, one finds emptiness and loneliness. The "dear" brothers and sisters are found within the circle.

Additionally, the oval loaf has other implicit meanings. Its circular unity suggests uniformity, the continuity of life and the existence of an absolute. "By partaking and assimilating the broken bread . . . we understand and create the oneness which is the goal of the Christian religion."²² The traditional Brethren life demonstrated these concepts. At one time, plain dress emphasized uni-

formity; farming and the natural progression of the seasons provided continuity of life; and God, the Bible, and the family were absolute authorities. Even in the love feast service itself, these qualities were evident. As one observer noted, "everything was carried out with the utmost regularity, and a rigorous regard to formality."²³ Consequently, the oval loaf contains great symbolic meaning.

The cup of wine suggests similar interpretations. Generally, grape juice has replaced fermented wine, and most sources attribute the change to the influence of the temperance movement of the late nineteenth century. However, the modification possibly may be linked with the struggle of these groups to maintain their specific identities. As early as 1783, the Dunkards condemned whiskey and hard liquor.²⁴ The substitution may have been caused by a desire to be consistent in the condemnation of alcoholic beverages and to maintain separation from the world—if alcohol is considered worldly.

Apart from the change from fermented wine to grape juice, the cup most certainly symbolizes the fellowship of the group and the separation from the world. In the conservative churches, participants drink from the same cup. Like the kiss, the cup passes in a complete circle around the congregation. The traditional statement is: "Dear brother (sister), this cup which we drink is the communion of the blood of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." In some cases, the statement is posed as a rhetorical question which is answered with the affirmative. Drinking from the same vessel restates the family symbol, and the circular path of the cup restates the separation symbol.

The Saturday evening love feast service closes with a hymn. Quite often, the song is "Blest Be The Tie That Binds." By the end of the evening the "tie" has "bound" the participants quite well. Many individuals find the love feast to be moving and spiritually rejuvenating. The Sunday morning services allow the members to bask in the love and good feeling that the preceding evening evoked.

While the Dunkards and the River Brethren deny any sacramental value of the event, the feelings evoked seem to approach the expression of a sacrament. In fact, these traditions probably observe this event more seriously than most orthodox churches observe the Eucharist. Several participants in various love feasts stated that the practice gave them feelings of warmth and cleansing. For them, the love feast was a time of deep religious experience similar to instances cited by those individuals who find sacramental value in the bread and wine. In 1891, one River Brethren man called love feasts "these means of grace"—a term that seems almost sacramental.²⁵ More recently, the 1953 *Manual of Worship and*

Polity for the Church of the Brethren contains the subheadings: "The Sacrament of the Bread" and "The Sacrament of the Cup."²⁶ At one liberal love feast which I attended, the presiding minister referred to the wine as a sacrament.²⁷

The love feast described in this article is a composite one which generally reflects the conservative practices. As well, it reflects the practices of the more liberal groups as they were followed several decades ago. These more liberal churches now have shortened versions of the love feast in which any "follower of Christ" can participate. Self-examination consists of a few moments of meditation before the feet-washing. Feet-washing is done with modern plastic tubs and individually packaged hand towels with which to wash after the ritual. The food at the meal is often different. Grapes, cheese, bread, rolls, and soup replace the traditional food items. Families eat the meal together—no separation of the sexes—around tables that seat eight or ten people. The circle of the entire church is reduced to the circle of the table.

In most cases, the theological interpretations remain the same, and the implicit meanings change little even though the practice may be quite different. However, as the church relaxes its requirements for participation, and as the seating arrangement excludes more of the participants from immediate fellowship with the entire group, one wonders if some of the unity and "family feeling" is not lost. Some of the most liberal churches discuss the elimination of feet-washing to encourage attendance. Thus, as more outsiders inundate the church, the natural and spiritual family ties are weakened.

To some individuals it seems that the less rigid liberal love feasts have accompanied a loss of brotherhood and intimate fellowship. Several older people have remarked to me that the love feast seems to have lost some of its meaning in the liberal setting. Professor Beahm exhorted:

Any attempt to curtail the evening's ceremony so as to speed it up, or any attempt to streamline it so as to reduce wind resistance among the sophisticated, is to jeopardize its richer significance.²⁸

After considering "a Dunker weekend love feast of 100 years ago," Clarence Kulp lamented:

The advent of the automobile and other means of rapid transportation in recent decades have brought about the abbreviating of the two or three-day Brethren love feast to an observance of a half day. With it all, something of the family spirit of the past has been irrevocably lost.²⁹

Despite this apparent sense of loss, the love feast continues to be an expressive symbol of the traditions discussed. Apart from its theological and Christological meanings, the love feast symbolizes the reunion

of the true family of God, sheltered from the outside world. For a few moments or a few hours, each participant removes himself from the world to a quiet service where the rituals and the food allow him to be unified in actuality with his God and his

fellow believers. Consequently, the title "Brethren" not only applies to the Moravians, the Dunkards and the River Brethren as a name, it also designates a practice of life which culminates in that celebration of brotherhood and fellowship—the love feast.

ENDNOTES

¹Richard M. Mirsky, "Perspectives in the Study of Food Habits," in *Foodways and Eating Habits: Directions for Research*, eds. Michael Owen Jones, Bruce Giuliano, Roberta Krell (Los Angeles: California Folklore Society, 1983), pp. 128-29.

²Jacob John Sessler, *Communal Pietism Among Early American Moravians* (New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1933; reprinted by AMS Press, 1971), pp. 101-2.

³Throughout this article "Communion" replaces the term "Eucharist" because the brethren traditionally employed this word. However, "Communion" refers to the same ritual and food elements understood to be the Eucharist. As will be discussed later, the Communion as defined by the Brethren has no intrinsic sacramental value.

⁴Peter Nead, *Theological Writings on Various Subjects; Or A Vindication of Primitive Christianity As Recorded in the Word of God*, 2d ed. (Dayton, Oh.: N.p., 1866), p. 148.

⁵From this point on, "liberal" and "conservative" refer to those categories generally designated as "modern" and "traditional." I hesitate to use the word "modern" because the present practices of the conservative groups have been "modernized" to a limited extent. Indoor plumbing has replaced the well; gas burners now heat the soup kettles that were once heated by wood or coal fires. "Liberal" does not necessarily refer to theological orientation; however, the "modern" churches are generally more liberal theologically than their traditional, conservative sisters.

⁶Unidentified article entitled "At Love Feasts," marked in by hand "1875," Love Feast file, Brethren Heritage Room, Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa. I am deeply indebted to Anna M. Carper, Librarian, for directing me to many helpful sources in the Brethren Heritage Room and for making valuable observations and suggestions.

⁷"J.M." of Preston County, West Virginia, noted: "Having been raised in Eastern Pa., and having lived among those whom we used to call the 'River Brethren'—whom I, with many others, connected with the Dunkards—considered them both as *one* and the *same* church . . ." (Photocopy from *Gospel Visitor*, vol. 14, 1864, pp. 229-31, River Brethren History folder, Hist. Mss. 35-1.23, Wittlinger Papers, "Quest for Piety + Obedience" #2, Brethren in Christ Archives, Messiah College, Grantham, Pa.)

Moses Miller, grandson of Elder George Miller whom the founders of the River Brethren approached for baptism—George Miller was a Dunkard, recalled that his grandfather influenced the River Brethren founders to baptize themselves. Furthermore, Moses Miller indicated that the early River Brethren love feasts were identical to the Dunkard love feasts. (Photocopy of a handwritten "history" entitled "The River Brethren by my Father Moses Miller," signed: "M Miller Sept 2 1881," Moses Miller folder, Hist. Mss. 35-1.23, Wittlinger Papers, "Quest for Piety + Obedience" #2, Brethren in Christ Archives, Messiah College, Grantham, Pa.)

Since the Dunkards preceded the River Brethren and since the River Brethren had such close ties to the Dunkards, probably the River Brethren adopted the practices of the Dunkards, making adaptations through the years.

I am indebted to Dr. E. Morris Sider, Archivist and Historian of the Brethren in Christ, for suggesting valuable references and for explaining the various areas of disagreement between the Dunkard and the River Brethren traditions.

⁸William H. Beahm, *The Brethren Love Feast* (Elgin, Il.: General Boards [Church of the Brethren], [1942?]), p. 7. Pamphlet in Love Feast file, Brethren Heritage Room, Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa.

⁹Nead, pp. 148-49.

¹⁰Vernard Eller, *In Place of Sacraments* (Grand Rapids, Mich.: William B. Eerdmans Publ. Co., 1972), p. 32.

¹¹Beahm, p. 15.

¹²Beulah S. Hostetler, "An Old Order River Brethren Love Feast," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, vol. 24, Winter 1974-75, p. 10.

¹³D. W. Kurtz, *The Love Feast* (Elgin, Il.: General Mission Board [Church of the Brethren], [1937?]), pp. 4-5. Pamphlet in Love Feast file, Brethren Heritage Room, Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa.

¹⁴Frederic Klees, *The Pennsylvania Dutch* (New York: MacMillan Co., 1950), p. 65.

¹⁵William Woys Weaver, *Sauerkraut Yankees* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1983), p. 91.

¹⁶Beahm, p. 8.

¹⁷Vernard Eller, "Beliefs," in *The Church of the Brethren Past and Present*, ed. Donald F. Durnbaugh (Elgin, Il.: Brethren Press, 1971), p. 43.

¹⁸Kurtz, p. 7.

¹⁹Kermit Eby, *For Brethren Only* (Elgin, Il.: Brethren Press, 1958), p. 125.

²⁰Ibid., p. 52.

²¹*The Brethren Encyclopedia*, 1983 ed., s.v. "Love Feast," by Graydon F. Snyder.

²²Kurtz, p. 13.

²³"Dunkers' Feast," *Inquirer* (dateline Ephrata [Pa.]), 3 November 1898. Article in Love Feast file, Brethren Heritage Room, Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa.

²⁴Henry Kurtz, *The Brethren's Encyclopedia* (Columbiana, Oh.: By the Author, 1867), p. 20.

²⁵*Evangelical Visitor*, vol. 4, 1891, p. 264. Available at the Brethren in Christ Archives, Messiah College, Grantham, Pa.

²⁶Church of the Brethren, *Manual of Worship and Polity* (Elgin, Il.: Brethren Publ. House, 1953), pp. 114-15.

²⁷Love feast attended by this writer at the First Church of the Brethren, York, Pa., April 15, 1984.

²⁸Beahm, p. 15.

²⁹Clarence Kulp, "A Dunker Weekend Love Feast of 100 Years Ago," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, vol. 11, Spring 1960, p. 9.

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POTTERY MAKING IN QUAKERTOWN: 1800 — 1879

by Lyle L. Rosenberger

Redware is one of the most popular forms of Pennsylvania folklife, studied and collected extensively by museum curators and laymen alike. This unique pottery is usually found in forgotten attic corners or at household sales. A new source for colonial redware is the historical archaeologist, who is now discovering pieces of utilitarian and decorative pottery at various sites in Pennsylvania. In the southeastern part of the state, dozens of small, anonymous pottery works existed in the nineteenth century. They eventually fell into ruin and were forgotten. Today, this historical archaeologist and his assistants are beginning to unearth and examine the remains of the Penrose/Moore Pottery. This article will concentrate on a brief history of this property and include a description of some ceramic examples found at this site.

In 1800, a small pottery was begun just outside the Quakertown borough limits by Abel Penrose. The business was successful and continued under Richard Moore and his son John Jackson Moore until 1879. Manufacturing census records indicate that this pottery works reached its most extensive production in 1850, when eleven workers produced \$2,000.00 worth of pottery annually. In fact, the Moore Pottery was the most prosperous of the three potteries that were operating in Richland Township at this time.

Everything that was produced here was a low-fired earthenware called redware. The clay was dug within a half mile of the kiln and transported by wagon to the potting shop where it was mixed by a horse-powered pug mill. The refined clay was then thrown on a wheel or draped over a mold, dried, and loaded into a kiln which was fired for three days. Four to five cords of wood were burned in the process. After the kiln reached a temperature of 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, it was sealed, gradually cooled for a week, then opened and the pottery removed. Some of this newly-fired bisque ware was decorated with white slip clay, manganese or copper oxides, coated with clear lead glaze and fired once again in the kiln. Most of this pottery was probably sold in the Quakertown area and in neighboring towns when Richard Moore transported escaping slaves along the underground railroad. Sometime after 1879, this pottery site was abandoned and the kiln, drying sheds, and shops crumbled and disappeared.

For a full century local residents forgot about the small redware business. Then in March 1980, I and my students from Bucks County Community College began excavating the site. Our primary objective was to locate the kiln and dependent buildings and establish how they were constructed. We also attempted to determine what types of products were made at this manufactory. Within four years and eight field seasons the excavation revealed thousands of pottery shards, wasters (pottery rejects), and a number of museum quality artifacts. The excavation continues in 1984, and many broken dishes, roof tiles, and jugs are still being discovered. These are pieced together by students and frequently exhibited throughout the county in libraries and special displays. A closer examination of their construction, however, gives us valuable insights into the types of ceramic goods produced here and the quality of their craftsmanship.

Some of the most common artifacts found at this site are tools and devices used in the making of pottery. Kiln furniture was one unique form that was quickly turned out and generally featured utilitarian qualities. Hundreds of small oval spacers were used to separate and prop up dishes and jugs



Kiln furniture: These wedge-shaped ceramic pieces kept jugs and bowls apart in the kiln; the potter's fingerprints are still visible at the thickest end. Item at lower left is a fragment from a trivet-shaped support piece. (All photographs are by Russell Airey.)

in the kiln. They come in a variety of sizes, ranging from one-fourth to two-and-one-half inches in diameter. They are wedge-shaped, impressed with the potter's fingerprints on the thickest edge and display flash marks from the kiln heat. The most unusual spacer has a stylized "M" embossed on the one side. Two other types of kiln furniture have also been discovered. A few are "trivet" shaped clay pieces which in some cases still retain spots of glaze that fell on them from newly glazed bowls. A quicker and simpler way to keep pottery apart in the kiln was to make clay bars. These come in square and triangular shapes. The first are approximately one inch in diameter and were probably used under heavier jugs and bowls, while the latter are very small, only one-fourth inch on a side. On both shapes glaze spots appear where they supported freshly glazed pottery.

One other kind of clay bar also surfaced in our excavation. It is round, nearly one-half inch in diameter and has regular notched markings every one-half inch; it could almost be mistaken for a tootsie roll! Actually, bars like these were used as thermometers when the kiln was fired. At the top of the kiln were small spy holes into which these clay rods were inserted. Frequent checks would determine when they were baked sufficiently. The firing would then cease and the kiln was sealed off. Some of these clay test bars have distinct flash marks, indicative of intense heating conditions. Sagger boxes were also used extensively at this pottery to protect smaller and more delicate pieces as they baked in the kiln. These were heavy clay boxes with walls at least three-fourths of an inch thick. Unfortunately, we have not been able to piece together one complete sagger box, although hundreds of shards have been found.

Although the kiln was certainly the most dominant feature of any pottery, much time and effort was expended in preparing the clay before it reached the final stage. It would be very difficult to imagine a pottery without a potter's wheel, and this manufactory was no exception. Even though we have not found a potter's wheel or fragments thereof, written evidence tells us that Abel Penrose owned three potter's wheels at his death in 1824. Furthermore, artifactual remains clearly indicate that most pottery made at this site was thrown on a wheel. Two important tools were discovered that point in this direction. One is a tin templet, eleven inches in length, with two curved sides that could be used to shape or gauge the form of large bowls on the potter's wheel. The other tool is one handle of a cutting instrument that removed the finished bowl from the wheel. It was made of clay and still retains a fragment of wire wrapped around its

mid-section.

One device was specifically formed on the potter's wheel in order to turn out a certain type of product. That is the plate or drape mold, thrown on the wheel as a thick bowl shape and trimmed to determine the inside shape of the plate. Processed clay was then flattened with a rolling pin and circles of various diameters cut out. These were laid over drape molds until they dried and formed the plate shape. We have been able to completely assemble two molds and collect shards from several others. The information etched on the inside of the mold is most instructive and has greatly assisted us in dating certain aspects of this pottery's history. One mold is dated April 10th, 1823. It is nearly six inches in diameter and carries the inscription "made by Jacob Neiser." The other complete mold is slightly larger and was thrown by George Nothelser, who inscribed the name "Richard Moore" and the date "1850" on the inside. We have only a fragment of the 1875 mold, but enough remains to detect Zachariah Mast's name on the inside. Interestingly, both Nothelser and Mast are listed in the census records as immigrants from Germany. By now it is very clear that both German and English tradition had much influence on pottery making in Eastern Pennsylvania. What is not so certain, however, is which one had the greater influence in determining styles and kinds of manufactured ceramic products. The Penrose/Moore Pottery may be able to give us some answers.



Drape mold: Jacob Neiser made this on April 10, 1823, just ten months before owner Abel Penrose died; it is sturdy—one-half inch thick in the center.

Glazing equipment has also been excavated at this site. The largest piece is a handcarved, round stone quern, twenty-five inches in diameter and made of schist. This mortar-like tool was used for mixing glazes and probably had an upper grindstone when it was in operation. A far smaller tool was uncovered in the form of a glazing trough. Although fragments from several troughs were found, the largest and most intact one was nearly seventeen inches long and over four inches wide. The whole section was slightly curved and the finished ends seem to indicate that this piece of equipment was designed to be set up in sections around a central object. All trough segments were made of clay and frequently have pieces of kiln furniture—such as the triangular clay bar mentioned above—stuck fast to their sides or base.

Excitement is generated in many ways at an excavation. One way is by finding an unusual artifact. At this site, whenever we found dinnerware in the form of slip-decorated plates, students took particular interest. To date, sixteen plates have been pieced together and all but three were formed on a drape mold of the type mentioned earlier. These vary in size from thirteen inch diameter platters to dishes half that dimension; six different sizes in all. There is also great diversity in slip-decoration. Apprentices would take slip bottles and trail a white clay mixture in combinations of six,



Slip-decorated dish: The freestyle slip pattern is covered with a clear lead glaze and the outer edge is indented with a coggle wheel design; score marks show that it has been used.

four, three or two lines across the plates. The most interesting designs are freestyle renderings made by a one-hole slip dispenser. Several other plates are decorated with short, multiple wavy lines or delicately styled floral arrangements. Sometimes copper or manganese oxide was also added for color and style. All the rim edges were formed by a coggle wheel and only the inside of the plates were given a final clear lead glaze coating.

The exceptions always catch the eye. In this case, three additional plates proved to be very interesting and raised a lot of questions. All three were formed by a different process—the wheel, drape mold, and press mold. The simplest of these is a ten inch diameter plate thrown on a wheel. A single slip line is applied to the inside in a spiral motif and a small turned edge completes the outer rim section. Only the inside of the plate is covered with a clear lead glaze. The next two plates generated more questions than answers. The first is one-half of a sgraffito plate, discovered in fragments that were scattered over a large area. It was manufactured on a drape mold with a bird and flower arrangement scratched into the light-colored slip. We are still trying to determine whether this artifact was indeed manufactured at this site or brought in from an outside source.



Sgraffito dish: Stylized bird and flowers are typical Pennsylvania German designs. The most unusual aspect of this dish is that it was found scattered over a large area.



Octagonal dish: The slip decoration and copper oxide patches (dark areas) contrast with the light brown color of the plate. The unusual relief designs are very clear: grape clusters, crossed swords, tulip, stars, the initials "I T" and the date "1794."

The third plate is our most prized artifact and greatest puzzle. On November 12, 1981, we discovered an octagonal dish (eight-and-one-half-inches in diameter) that was made from a pressed mold. In the base are the initials "I T," the date "1794," a tulip and two stars. The eight sides are decorated alternately with crossed swords and bunches of grapes; it is light brown in color and has five freestyle slip lines trailed across the entire dish. Four copper oxide patches seem to be placed at random. The entire inside is covered with a clear lead glaze which has been scored by knives in daily use. A finely crafted mold was needed to produce this plate. What the "I T" represents and what significance the date 1794 has for this pottery is still being investigated. Our present thinking leads us to conclude that this plate predates this pottery and might have been brought here to be replicated. In any event, this plate is unique from the standpoint of design as well as survival. Available evidence indicates there may be only three extant plates of this type.

Another group of interesting artifacts found at this site include a wide assortment of storage utensils. They tell us not only about production techniques, but also about what might have been stored in them at one time. Their use informs us about foodways

and what was consumed in the ordinary diet. Several milk pans—which vary in capacity from two gallons to one quart—were uncovered in the excavation. They all had a pouring spout and were only glazed on the inside with a dark manganese oxide. The larger milk pans also had two lug handles attached for easier grasping. The milk pans were not designed for beauty, but rather for heavy utilitarian use in rural Bucks County.

Apple butter crocks are another type of storage jar found at this excavation. They are bulbous in shape and varied in size, the largest ones clearly made by talented potters who formed their thin walls from a lump of clay that weighed at least fifteen pounds. Two lug handles were then attached to the sides. The potters finished the apple butter jars by forming a simple rim at the top, and then glazed only the inside with a dark brown manganese oxide. They were used primarily for storage in a summer kitchen or cellar, and did not need artistic embellishments.

Jugs were also produced at this pottery in a variety of sizes. They too were bulbous shaped and glazed on the inside and outside surfaces with manganese oxide. One jug reveals fingertip marks at its base where the potter gripped the jug as he dipped it into the glaze bucket. One strap handle was always attached to each jug and a simply



Storage jug: This one-quart container is almost spherical in shape and has a durable strap handle. The neck is formed to hold a cork.

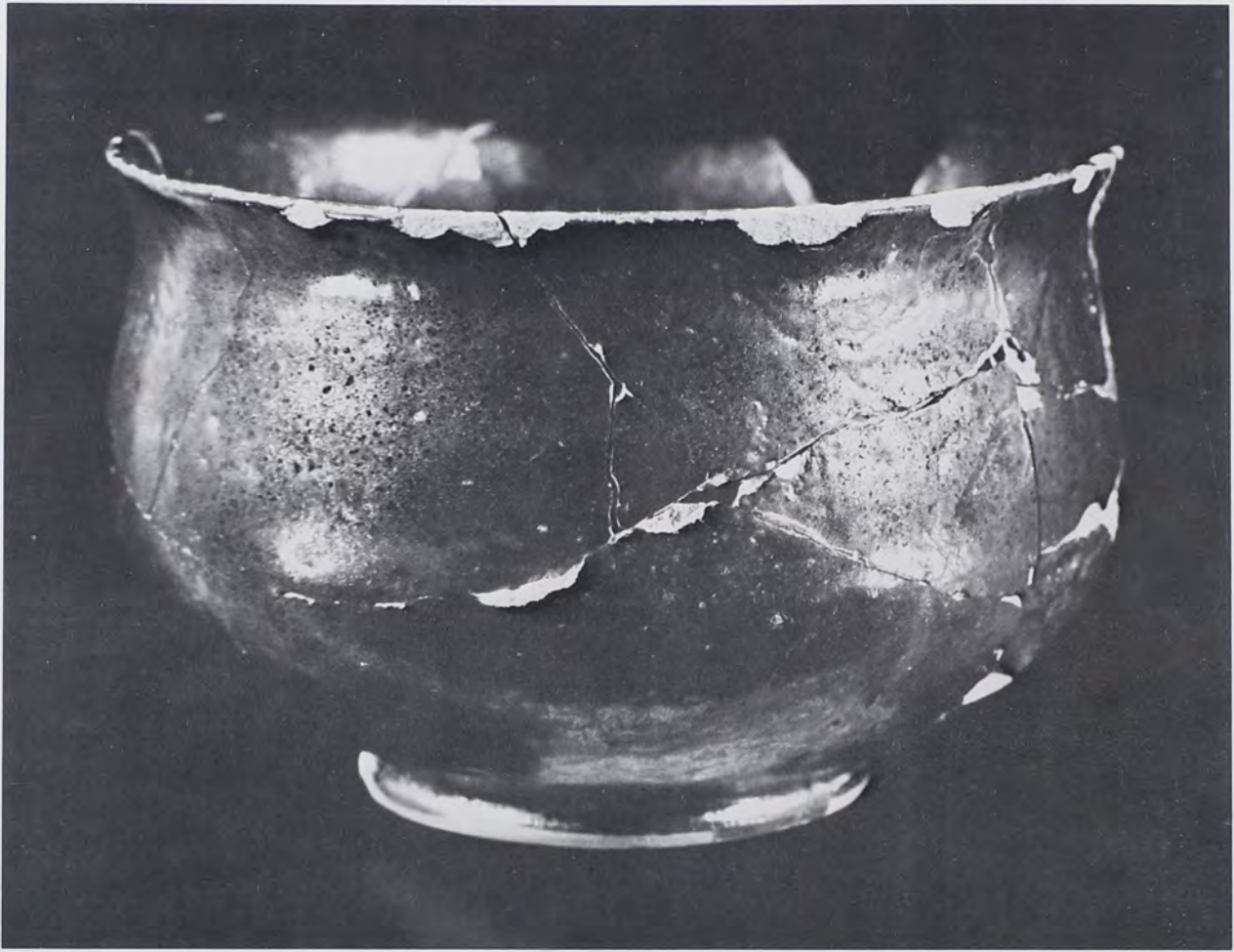


Small bowl: Its light brown color contrasts with the dark brown manganese oxide patches on the outer edge; it could have been used as a saltcellar.

formed neck completed their unique form. Cider or other liquids were frequently stored in these kinds of jugs. One of the more exciting days at the excavation took place in April 1981, when we discovered six one-quart jugs in one small area. They were wasters that had been discarded because of some imperfection. In spite of this, they still exhibit the fine craftsmanship which only skilled potters could produce.

The Penrose/Moore pottery produced greater variety in household ceramics than in any other category. These were delicately shaped and often used in preparing or serving food. Several mixing

bowls have been found that have a variety of slip and manganese oxide decorations applied to only the interior of the utensil. This in turn was covered with a clear lead glaze that has retained its original shine. A simply turned rim always completed the upper part of the mixing bowl. Finely crafted pitchers less than six inches in height were also made here. Some carry a dark metallic glaze, while others are light brown and have patches of manganese oxide applied for decoration. Master potters threw these pieces on the wheel and formed their delicate walls carefully and evenly. Porringers, small bowls, and salt cellars were also formed to the same



Porringer: The simple classic shape and metallic black color make this an unusual artifact. Originally, a handle was attached on the side not visible.

fine standards of craftsmanship. Their lines are simple and classic; decorative tableware any housewife would be proud to own. I found one beautiful, straight-sided jar completely intact; it is only five inches in height, but the concave base, thin walls, and delicately shaped rim make this artifact an unusual find. The jar was probably designed to hold honey or jam at the breakfast table. A much smaller cup was found just a few inches from this jar. This too has straight sides and it could have been used as a measuring cup in the kitchen area. One of our greatest disappointments at this site has been our failure to locate enough fragments of an

entire turkshead mold. Although many of these shards have been unearthed, very few seem to match. The artifactual evidence is very clear for the household wares at this pottery; thoughtful design was always combined with a sense of aesthetic beauty.

The last group of artifacts that we will examine had a very utilitarian use and represent building materials made at this site. They are all bisque fired and have no glaze on any of their surfaces. Ceramic roof tiles have been found at every level and feature throughout the excavation, and are generally of two types: a larger one that was not marked, and a thicker and narrower tile (7" x 14")



Small jar: This delicately shaped jar has very thin, straight walls and a unique lip design. The mouth is wide enough to accommodate a small spoon. It was found completely intact on the basement floor of the drying-shed foundation.

with several drainage marks on the top surface. Both tiles were designed with a slight knob at the back end which was placed behind a wooden lath when they were laid in rows on a roof. The making of ceramic roof tiles in Quakertown is yet another example of German influence in northern Bucks County, where farm roofs utilized this building material. Terra cotta pipes were also produced at this pottery and used primarily for drainage purposes. They had molded flange collars and were made in large numbers by a combination of molds and potter's wheel techniques. The Penrose/Moore pottery also made stove or chimney liner tiles which had very thin walls, a six inch diameter and a small flange at one end. These are what might be called production pieces, since they were easily thrown on a wheel and created en masse. The practical usefulness of these building materials reminds us once again of the primary needs in this rural nineteenth century community—shelter, warmth and dryness.

Historical archaeology has given us an important insight into the past at the Penrose/Moore pottery. Abel Penrose, Richard and John Jackson Moore, and their master potters produced numerous examples of utilitarian and decorative ceramics for local use. Dishes, jugs, and milk pans emerged from their wheel and kiln on a regular basis. This was manufacturing in the original sense of the word, for everything was indeed made by hand. When a pottery of this size continues for nearly seven

decades, high standards had to be the norm. Their legacy, when finally pieced together, will tell us more about pottery making in Upper Bucks County in the nineteenth century.

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1983 Christmas display, McDowell's Gallery of Gifts, Cape May, N.J.

TEDDY BEARS: An Enduring Folk Tradition

by B. G. Till

Archibald, my safe old bear,
Whose woollen eyes looked sad or glad at me,
Whose ample forehead I could wet with tears,
Whose half-moon ears received my confidence,
Who made me laugh, who never let me down.
I used to wait for hours to see him move,
Convinced that he could breathe.¹

These are not the words of a mocking, cynical adult or a quaintly saccharine child. They are, rather, the words of an educated and sensitive man remembering nostalgically the love and comfort of a precious childhood companion: his teddy bear. They are, indeed, the words of Sir John Betjeman, poet laureate of England, a man who recognized a modern phenomenon: that the teddy bear, by helping to ease the painful transition from childhood to adulthood, has become a uniquely treasured item of material culture for contemporary adults.

It may appear surprisingly cold and analytical to study a warm and cuddly teddy bear as an object of material culture. It is, however, a fitting categorization because tangible cultural items ought to be "created out of personal experience within particular situations and are, therefore, simultaneously of the past and of the present, traditional and emergent."² A teddy bear is certainly personal and enduring, the stuff of which folk tradition is made.

As well as exhibiting the outward aura of material culture, the teddy bear fulfills specific requirements about what an item of material culture should be. A teddy bear has the consistent form, material

construction, and use which classify it as a genuine folk artifact.³ Its form remains basically the same; although modern teddy bear noses are more rounded than the Edwardian originals, the object is still easily recognizable as a teddy bear. It is still the same cuddly creature it has always been, whether hand stitched or machine sewn. The use of the teddy, additionally, has changed only as much as each child or adult wishes that it should, to suit, of course, the personality of his own particular teddy bear companion.

A professional who relies heavily on the teddy bear's personality and magnetism as well as on its folk appeal is Debbie Derrickson, the public relations manager for the Philadelphia Zoological Society. She takes teddies seriously for a very good reason; she is the coordinator of that fantastically successful annual event, the Great American Teddy Bear Rally. The rally, first held in June of 1981, is modeled after the extremely popular English teddy bear rallies first begun about twelve years ago.

Last year the Great American Teddy Bear Rally drew approximately 25,000 people, and, of these, 45% were adults.⁴ The rally—a huge media event with Hallmark Greeting Cards and Steiff Toys among the commercial firms present—was judged by professional bear collectors, representatives of companies, and members of the zoo staff.⁵ When Ms. Derrickson was asked why there are so many adults seriously affiliated with teddy bears, she answered that

Some people collect teddy bears because the making of them is considered a folk art, and these people collect folk art. Others because teddy bears have a certain appeal to them. They are a tie with childhood. And one thing about our rally, people who never would admit publicly that they, as adults, have a teddy bear, can bring that bear to the zoo and not feel foolish.⁶

Debbie Derrickson understands professionally and personally that teddy bears answer an emotional need for adults.

The teddy bear, such an integral part of growing up in the modern world, is, amazingly, only about as old as this century itself. The stuffed toy is named after Theodore "Teddy" Roosevelt who refused to shoot a bear cub while hunting in Mississippi. The president was in the South trying to resolve a border dispute between Mississippi and Louisiana. Clifford Berryman sentimentalized and satirized Roosevelt's dilemma of trying to "draw a line" between the two states and trying to express his hunting ethics in an editorial cartoon for the *Washington Evening Star*.⁷ Overnight, the "Teddy" bear was famous.

The teddy bear is so famous now that, over eighty years later, the controversy still rages over which toy company really created the stuffed animal. Many people claim that Morris Michtom, later the founder of Ideal Toy Corporation, originally marketed the teddy bear in 1902, after receiving Roosevelt's permission to use his name. The original Michtom teddy sits in the Smithsonian Institution, in front of Theodore Roosevelt's portrait.⁸

Other people, however, are equally convinced that a German manufacturer, the Steiff toy company, created the teddy bear. While it is certainly true that Steiff teddy bears, handcrafted in Giengen, Germany, enjoyed an enormous popularity in 1906,⁹ no unequivocal proof exists to solve the mystery of which company really invented the teddy bear. The universal popularity of the teddy, then, crosses all private company and manufacturer lines.

Closely associated with the history of the teddy are the modern political overtones of the toy. These overtones are also indicative of the teddy bear's position as an item of interest for contemporary adults. A stuffed panda boom began in the early 1970s when Chou-En-lai, of the People's Republic of China, gave President Nixon two live giant pandas, thereby ushering in the second presidentially sponsored bear trend.¹⁰ In February of 1980, Misha, the Russian bear designed by R. Dakin and Company of San Francisco as the official symbol for the 1980 Moscow Olympics, had to be Americanized after the American boycott of those olympics.¹¹ From these two examples, it is obvious that an adult, political consciousness is related closely to trends in buying and loving teddy bears.

Adults, indeed, often feel a more enduring love for teddy bears than do children, who typically love them passionately, yet temporarily. It is difficult to say whether or not this adult love for teddy bears comes from a childhood surfeit or neglect of bears. In any case, statistics certainly support the idea that grown-ups love bears. The Bobby G. Inc. toy company sells 75% of its Pot Belly Bears to adults who buy these bears for other adults.¹² It is, therefore, not very surprising that the number of arctophiles, or friends of the bear, is growing steadily and that, as of 1983, there are approximately 35,000 serious bear collectors in the United States alone.¹³

One famous British collector who has, in turn, inspired a great many international collectors is the actor Peter Bull. Bull spends his spare time writing books such as *The Teddy Bear Book* and *Bear with Me*. He does not describe himself as a significant teddy collector; he only has about 300 bears. Of the bears he does have, though, the most famous by far is Aloysius, the teddy owned by the eccentric Sebastian Flyte in the BBC Television production of Evelyn Waugh's novel *Brideshead Revisited*.¹⁴ Bull excitedly prophesies that Aloysius will have a great future in film, while Anthony Andrews, the actor who portrayed Flyte, says that "during the filming of 'Brideshead,' he developed an enormous attachment to Aloysius, perhaps because he's almost life-size."¹⁵ Obviously, both of these men treasure Aloysius for his unique personality and sweet reminder of youth.

Commercially, too, many people may now enjoy their own copies of Aloysius; he has been reproduced with the permission of the Evelyn Waugh estate. The first several thousand Aloysius replicas were sold to Channel 13 for its fund-raising drive.¹⁶ Since this public broadcasting station appeals to an older, educated audience, it may be fairly deduced that these Aloysius bears are meant for a mature audience that, demographically, would most likely love bears.

Bull theorizes that many adults love bears, maintaining that they were given teddies as children and have continued to love them. He writes that Samantha Eggar, an actress, took her bear to her own wedding.¹⁷ He details, also, the state visits of the King of Thailand and of Princess Alexandra of Kent, neither of whose visits would have been complete without their own teddy.¹⁸ Bull discusses, too, the huge collection of more than 2,330 bears owned by Matthew Murphy, the president of the Bank of Montreal.¹⁹ He demonstrates conclusively with his interviews of famous people that well-adjusted, healthy, and successful men and women may, indeed, love teddy bears as nostalgic playmates from their childhood, and as cuddly companions in their

maturity.

While Peter Bull explores the literary and theatrical side of teddy bear lore, Barbara Isenberg examines the economic angle. In 1980, Isenberg founded the North American Bear Company, a company now famous for creating novelty bears. Isenberg began her enterprise with Bare Bear, a stuffed toy made of durable velvet. This bear's success prompted her to produce Running Bear, a deliciously fuzzy bear in a jogging suit who is, by far, the company's best-seller.²⁰ His popularity is a fusion of two trends: the concern with physical fitness and the emotionally satisfying tradition of teddy bear love. The fact that Mayor Koch has a Running Bear adds credibility and respectability to a hobby already very attractive to adults.²¹

Isenberg's newest bear creations epitomize, too, the adult theme. These bears are punning bears: Scarlett O'Beara, Amelia Bearheart, and Chef Bearnaise.²² These witty names again underscore the fact that these animals are created for an adult market, a market literary and gently sympathetic to teddy bears.

About the same time Barbara Isenberg began producing her punning bears, Workman Publishing printed *The Teddy Bear Catalog*, a book describing in detail more than 200 species of teddy bear. Smokey Bear, the Chase Banker Bear, and the U.F.B. or Unidentified Flying Bear are only a few of the whimsical creatures depicted in this catalog. The *New York Times* appreciated this catalog enough to write an editorial about teddy bears, concluding with the statement:

Which brings us to the Ultimate Bear: shabby and soiled, often one-eyed or one-eared, its fur worn bald in spots by years of obstinate affection. It is the bear from which many of us were finally, painfully parted but have not forgotten. *The Teddy Bear Catalog* makes it all right again.²³

This quotation neatly summarizes the entire argument that the teddy bear has attained a unique place in the reminiscent and contemporary lore of adults.

Although one may certainly sense the love many adults feel for teddy bears by reading arctophile catalogs, books, and articles, the tangible, cherishing love many people feel for their teddies really does not come through except in a personal interview. Even a general survey, superficial though it may be, can give an overall insight into a person's character and feelings about teddy bears. One such survey—of faculty and staff members—was recently conducted at Grove City College. Although fewer than 25% of the surveys were returned, those who answered nearly all gave enthusiastic responses in favor of the teddy bear.²⁴ One professor of French, Dr. Celine T. Leon, responded by describing teddies as "not merely a bare necessity but unbearably indispens-

able."²⁵ Dr. Frederick S. Kring explained the function of teddy bears in psychological rather than emotional terms, saying the "teddy bear provides security for the child, counteracts fear of aloneness."²⁶ Both of these professors, and many others too, see teddy bears as an integral part of growing up, as a fondly remembered toy which helps to ease the transition from childhood to adulthood.

A more thoroughly personal view of the teddy bear was given by Mrs. Carol Forbes who, with her husband and family, collects teddy bears in Greenville, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Forbes explains that, although they do not have any pets, their bears are more than a mere collection of domestic animal substitutes; they are more like a part of the family. The Forbes family interest in bears is quite recent; they became intrigued by bears last year when their oldest son, Bob, a soldier, was sent to Korea, leaving behind his teddy bear, Alien. The rest of the family developed an interest in Alien as an emotional substitute for Bob.²⁷ Soon, the family began collecting bears enthusiastically. Now, about a year later, the family owns seven bears, and Bob Forbes personally owns thirty-five.²⁸ Most fascinating of all, though, is the fact that this interest is purely an adult hobby. Carol Forbes says that the bears are vital to the family structure, that they have "a lot of personality, they're a way the family communicates with each other."²⁹

Mrs. Ellen Grimm of Norwalk, Connecticut both makes and collects teddy bears. She, too, supports the theory that adults cherish teddy bears because of their close childhood affiliations with them. Mrs. Grimm explains that nearly all the customers for her handmade, individual teddies are adults; and, of these, 60% of the male customers have kept their original teddy bears from childhood.³⁰

Mrs. Grimm hypothesizes that the reason adults love teddy bears so much is that the modern attitude is so different from the original "it's part of growing up to give bears up"³¹ approach. Now, people may enjoy socially the novelty of keeping teddies well into adulthood. Although some people do buy bears for their antique value, most people just want them because they provide constant, undemanding love. Bears have, in fact, through their tremendous new popularity, come full circle: once allowed only the limited appeal of being children's toys, teddies are now given to elderly, hospitalized people, who find them more comforting than the more typical gift of flowers.³²

Adults often enjoy teddy bears for purely sentimental reasons also. Mrs. Grimm appeals to this additional dimension in teddy bear love by making teddies from the fur coats of loved ones. She creates, on request, teddy bears for women who



1983 Christmas displays, Strawbridge & Clothier department store, Exton, Pa.

wish to remember their mothers through cuddly, individual, fur bears of mink, sable, chinchilla, beaver, or muskrat.³³ The reminiscent appeal of these bears to mature adults clearly outweighs the argument that teddy bears are merely a transitory, childish diversion.

Ellen Grimm feels personally about teddies much the same way Carol Forbes does, that they are a vital part of the family. Mrs. Grimm states that "every family must have a teddy bear."³⁴ Even though teddy bears are primarily a business proposition for Mrs. Grimm, she still does especially love some particular bears. One such is Snowy, "a winsome, white girl-bear who looks as if she has been left out in the rain";³⁵ and another is Jessica, a gracefully old-fashioned, straw-filled bear who has won a runner-up prize for "Most Beautiful Bear" at the Philadelphia Zoo's most recent Great American Teddy Bear Rally. Mrs. Grimm's attitude, falling between the purely personal love of Mrs. Forbes and the primarily economic and business interest of Ms. Derrickson, epitomizes the new adult approach to teddies; they perform an important, emotionally comforting function for many people who are otherwise quite mature, businesslike, and well-adjusted.

The teddy bear, an eighty-one year old toy classic, is enjoying yet another peak in popularity. This time, however, it is not only children but adults who dream of having their very own teddy bears. These bears, already exceedingly popular in England

and California, are becoming increasingly more so on the American East Coast. The prediction is that 1985 will be the Year of the Teddy Bear. This renaissance of the teddy bear is not an obscure social phenomenon. It is, rather, the modern answer to the age-old question of how one can weather the difficult transition from childhood to adulthood: for many, it is with the help of the charming and tenaciously loyal teddy bear.

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LUCIA DAY

by Martha S. Ross

Night walks with heavy tread
In cottage and garden.
Shadows hover over the land
Deserted by the sun.
And in our dark house
Santa Lucia walks
Santa Lucia
Santa Lucia.¹

Legend has it that Saint Lucia walks through Swedish homes on December 13 and brings the return of the sun to the land after the dark winter. This event has always had exciting religious overtones, and now it marks the beginning of the Christmas season. Saint Lucia gained popularity with the Swedes because they had traditionally worshipped the sun in order to insure its return to them. Long ago the people of Sweden heard the story of Lucy or Lucia—the Christian martyr of Italy—and celebrated her saint's day on December 13. That marked the longest night of the year until the Gregorian calendar change in 1753. Tradition is stronger than fact, however, and December 13 remains Saint Lucia's day for Swedes and Swedish-Americans alike.

Good food in Swedish homes has long marked the celebration of the thirteenth day of December. Often everyone is awakened as early as three in the morning and served the Lucia treat. When Sweden was mainly agricultural the animals got extra food too, and even the ancestral tree in front of the house got some newly brewed ale poured over its roots in memory of kinsfolk who had lived on the farm. Glogg, a hot wine with raisins, cloves, cinnamon and ginger, was served to any guests or to those who had been out in the cold weather.²

Tradition has kept Lucia Day as an important family event. Special buns and coffee are prepared for the morning and usually the youngest daughter rises early and puts on a white robe symbolizing purity. (In some places the oldest girl receives the honor.) She wears a crimson sash around her waist, and a lignonberry crown with seven candles in it; they symbolize the returning of the sun. The Lucia buns she serves are called *lussekatter*; these "cats" look like a fancy letter "x" with raisins on the ends. Their history is long; it is



The 1983 Lucia Queen and her attendants. (Courtesy of the American Swedish Historical Museum, Phila., Pa.)

thought that when every precaution used to be taken against evil spirits, the devil could not appear if the outline of a cat was openly displayed. The buns have been called cats ever since.³

Often Lucia is attended by other girls, thus symbolizing the martyred Italian girl with angels surrounding her. Little boys also take part dressed as bakers or star boys. The Lucia bride or queen sings "Good morning, my good people, both man and woman."⁴ She may also sing the following hymn:

Hark! Through the dark'ning night
Sounds come a-winging;
Lo! 'tis the Queen of Light,
joyfully singing.
Clad in her garments white,
Wearing her crown of light,
Sancta Lucia! Sancta Lucia!
Deep in the Northern sky
Bright stars are beaming;
Christmas is drawing nigh,
Candles are gleaming.
Welcome, thou vision rare,
Lights glowing in thy hair,
Sancta Lucia! Sancta Lucia!
Night soon shall flee away
With all its dark dreaming;
Radiant shall be the day
with sunlight streaming.
This is thy promise bright,
Maiden with crown of light
Sancta Lucia! Sancta Lucia!⁵

This tradition of honoring Lucia is carried out throughout Sweden and has spread to many Swedish-American communities in this country. Information from the Swedish-American magazine *Vasa Star* shows that the Lucia pageant is held in many cities in the United States. Among them are Chicago, Illinois; Miami, Florida; Fresno, California; Manchester, Connecticut; Jamestown, New York; Astoria and Portland, Oregon; and Philadelphia and DuBois, Pennsylvania. The following is an account of the Philadelphia celebration of several years ago:

The lights in the ornate, vaulted room dimmed, a pianist struck up "Sankta Lucia," and the big moment was at hand: 14 young girls in long white dresses with crimson sashes filed down the marble staircase, singing, followed by Lucia herself, resplendent in a candle-topped crown.

It was at least the 50th Philadelphia replay of the traditional Swedish ceremony of Saint Lucia, and the show delighted a crowd of more than 1,000 onlookers—many of them diminutive believers in Santa Claus—who packed into the American Swedish Historical Museum at 19th Street and Pattison Avenue for two showings of the pageant yesterday.

More than a show, it was a family celebration for area Swedish-Americans whose children have, for generations now, joined in the Nordic ritual associated with the winter solstice. Blond hair and blue eyes abounded. But the message was a generic one: *God Jul*—Merry Christmas . . .

"We've been doing this here since 1930, and we started out in one room, with the Lucia actually serving the coffee," said Ethel Moss, president of the American Swedish Museum's women's auxiliary which puts on the show. "Each year it has grown. This is tremendous."

Lucia Day is celebrated in the schools of Sweden, and the observance of it can be traced back to 1644 in Trivialskolan in Stockholm. At that time public remembrance of the day was not allowed in school, but the students insisted. In 1743 the celebration began at 6:30 in the morning with the lighting of candles. People from all areas of life attended. School boys went from house to house and sang, thus earning the necessary food and money for their schooling. Today, university students in Lund, Sweden, wear white nightgowns and at midnight go and claim some professors. They put many torches together and leap across the flames. Everyone must make it across, and then they have a Lucia feast.⁷

Some of the young children visit their favorite teachers early in the morning on December 13. In an interview with Dr. Hilda Kring, of Grove City College in Pennsylvania, she told of meeting a Swedish elementary schoolteacher while touring Sweden. The teacher said that her young students came to her house early in the morning with buns and glogg to celebrate Saint Lucia's day. By the time school began, the teacher was barely in condition to teach since she did not want to offend any of the children by not drinking all of the hot

wine!⁸

Many children in Scandinavia write "Lussi" on walls and fences on the eve of December 13. A picture of a girl goes with it. This is a custom that in ancient times told the demons of winter that Lucy would bring the sun and end their reign.⁹ A children's chant of unknown origin is often heard on the eve of December 13. It is, "Lucy light, the shortest day and the longest night."¹⁰

The Lucia tradition has slowly moved away from being solely a family or school celebration. It is also observed in many Swedish hospitals and business offices. On a bigger scale, a nationwide beauty contest is held every autumn and the winner is honored in Stockholm on December 13 as the Lucia queen. She is chosen for her kindness and beauty, and represents the ideal Swedish woman. She is taken through the streets in an open carriage and, with her star boys as escorts, arrives at the town hall. The queen then visits hospitals and orphanages and attends a ball given in her honor.¹¹

The history of this tradition is long and goes back to the Middle Ages in northern Europe, when "Lucy Fires" were burned on December 13. People threw incense into the fire and music was played. The smoke protected them against the evils of disease, witchcraft and other dangers. This ceremony also paid respect to the sun. Now "Lucy Candles," the modern type of Lucy fire, are lighted in her memory.

Several beliefs have arisen from Saint Lucia's Day. Some people in Sweden have felt that Lucia's power enables them to see future events. It is said that if one stands in the crossroads in certain areas, visions of events in the coming year will appear. Also, to find one's true love, a girl must be alone in her room and put a candle on each shoulder. When she looks in the mirror, the face of her love should appear to her.¹²

The people of northern Sweden explain that Lucia is a goblin. It is thought that she leads the spirits during the longest night of the year. Parents keep their children indoors on the night of December 13 for fear that Lucy will take them away. There may possibly be a connection between this legend and the myth of Lamia, who lost her eyes and kidnaped children.

Looking to the origin of the story of Lucia, we see several variants to the usual story of the martyred saint. In one legend Lucia is said to have been a very "loose" woman. When God asked her how many children she had, she answered, "None at all." In punishing her lie, it was decreed that her offspring would live forever on the earth.¹³ The Lucia tradition then, is in keeping with the original Lucia's punishment.

There are several known facts and many other legends about the Lucia who lived in Italy long ago. Historical documents show that she was born in Syracuse, Sicily, of wealthy and noble parents. Beyond that the accounts of her life vary. One source says she was fatherless at a young age, but believed in Christ and offered her virginity to God without telling her mother, Eutychia. Eutychia wanted her to marry, but became ill with a hemorrhage before the wedding could be arranged. The girl persuaded her mother to journey to Catania, to the tomb of St. Agatha, where they prayed for help and Eutychia was healed. Lucia then told her mother that her only desire was to serve God and help the poor; Eutychia gave her permission. Angry at his rejection, Lucia's suitor took her before the governor and accused her of being a Christian. At this time, the Diocletian persecution of Christians was at its height and she was sentenced to prostitution in a brothel. God made it impossible to move her, however, so the guards tried to burn her, and when that failed to harm her, she was killed at last by a sword piercing her throat.¹⁴ Lucia died as a Christian martyr in 304 A.D.

Another legend tells of Lucia sitting next to her seriously ill mother and praying for her recovery. In return for His favor, she promised to give all her worldly goods to the oppressed Christians. Lucia kept her promise: after her mother's recovery she gave her dowry to the poor and her husband-to-be received nothing. He thought she was out of her mind and possessed by evil spirits. He accused her of witchcraft and she was convicted and burned at the stake. The legend says that as she burned, the whole village was illuminated by a brilliant light. Only then did the people understand that she was a saintly person filled with goodness and compassion.¹⁵

Yet another story about Lucia says that she tore out her eyes and gave them to her betrothed on a platter. She did so to persuade him to accept the Christian religion. As they prayed together, God replaced her eyes, which were very beautiful.¹⁶ Continuing the motif of Lucia's eyes, some people believed that Lucia was blinded by her persecutors.¹⁷

The original story about Lucia may have been taken to Sweden by Viking sailors who imagined her with a halo of light, since the name comes from the Latin word *lux*, meaning light. The inhabitants worshipped the sun by feasting and sacrificing, and Lucia became a popular figure. She was said to have been seen in many different places where her help was needed. The most common legend tells about a famine in Värmland. A large ship sailed across Lake Varern and at its bow was a

maiden in a white robe. She distributed large amounts of fine food and saved the people from starvation. It was said that only Saint Lucia could have worked such a miracle;¹⁸ her fame spread and people throughout history have celebrated December 13 in memory of her. It is recorded that lamplighters made a special ceremony of lighting on the eve of December 13, to honor their profession's saint.

No matter how or where she is remembered, Lucia is an inspiring saint who reminds people that her humble light is only a reflection of Jesus' light. It is as if she is saying, "I am only a little flame in Advent showing you the way":

Behold, the Lord will come
And all His saints with Him,
And on that day
There will be a great light. Alleluia.¹⁹

RECIPE FOR LUCIA BUNS

1 cup milk, scalded	1 cardamom seed, crushed
1/3 cup butter	raisins
2/3 cup sugar	a pinch of salt
1 yeast cake	a pinch of saffron,
3½ cups sifted flour	if desired

Add butter, sugar and salt to the hot milk and stir until dissolved. Cool to lukewarm and add the crumbled yeast cake. Stir well and add the beaten egg. Stir in flour and cardamom and beat thoroughly. Place dough in greased bowl, cover and let rise in warm place until double in bulk. Knead on a floured board for two minutes. Roll out in small portions and cut into strips about 5 inches long and ½ inch wide. Place two strips in the shape of the letter X and curl in the ends. Place 4 raisins at the center of the bun or one at each curled-in end. Place on a greased baking sheet, cover, and let rise for 1 hour. Brush with beaten egg and bake in moderately hot oven (400 F.) for 12 minutes, or until evenly brown. Makes 2 to 2½ dozen buns.²⁰

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Those men believed to have been officers of the P.O.S. of A. lodge in the early 1920s. The poster in the right background is thought to be an advertisement for the film "Hearts Aflame." Charles "Puddin'" Dobson stands, second from left.



Built about 1919 by the local chapter of the P.O.S. of A. (Patriotic Order Sons of America) as a memorial to the veterans of World War I, this was originally known as Paxtonville Memorial Hall. Meetings were held on the second floor, while a theater occupied the first. After the lodge folded, the building was, for many years, the local theater; later, briefly, it was used as a church. Today it is a privately owned storage building.

DIPPY, SON OF PUDDIN'

by Guy Graybill

Elmer McAfee, a long-time storekeeper in Paxtonville, Pennsylvania, had no memorable nickname. Yet his four sons, Donald, Elmer, Glenn and Max, along with his nephew, Arthur, all acquired nicknames which stayed with them right into adulthood. They were known, respectively, as "Huttley" (rhymes with "put"), "Hum," "Dutt," "Cone" and "Bump." There was nothing unusual about these five men having nicknames, because in the town in which they lived, during the time in which they lived there, most of the town's men were regularly addressed by their nicknames. Thus we find individuals such as Jim "Spook" Kerstetter, Charles "Snitz" Spigelmyer, Roy "Gam" Mitchell, Will "Buck" Howell, Charles "Banty" Reigle, Charles "Puddin'" Dobson and his son Alfred, or "Dippy"; and there were many more.

I want to suggest, however, that in a wider context, the phenomenon of giving nicknames went well

beyond normal bounds in Paxtonville during the period of time considered—about 1880 to 1930. Most male residents, if they were born during that period, carried nicknames, and most carried them for a lifetime. I also want to suggest that this cultural oddity had a positive social influence.

Origins

While it would be interesting to know how each individual got his (or her) specific nickname, the truth is, most origins are now unknown. Those nicknames for which a basis is known fall into four categories. One is the childhood mispronunciation of words. As an example, it has been reported that, as a child, Harry L. Crosby of Tacoma, Washington used to play 'Cowboys and Indians'; but rather than shouting "Bang! Bang!" he would yell "Bing! Bing!" and the mispronounced word



Ruins of Paxtonville's once bustling brick plant. Fire destroyed a main building in 1963.

accompanied him throughout his illustrious lifetime. Similarly, Clark Boyer, the Paxtonville postmaster, mispronounced the word "pepper" as a child, saying "peffer," and the name he had thereafter was "Peff" Boyer. His two brothers, by the way, were William Nelson ("Nelse") and Elmer ("Punch").

Another category of nicknames was the use of an initial or of initials. Thus while Oliver Pharos Gill was often called "Perry" he was also known as "O.P." Gill. Four of O.P. Gill's sons had nicknames, but none were based on initials. The sons were Benjamin ("Benny"), Nestor ("Ichabod"), Marlin ("Whitey"), Arthur ("Usher") and, finally without an added name, Glenn. Even more in line with using initials was Christian Graybill's family. A carpenter remembered for his skill in killing snakes by grabbing them by the tail and snapping them to break their backs, Christian's nickname was simply the letter "C." His lone daughter, Barbara Ellen, was known during her early years as "Beg" while his only son, David Irvin Graybill carried the lifelong name of (You guessed it!) "Dig."

Physical or personality traits were another basis for nicknames. Although Frank "Pappy" Dersham's nickname didn't fit this category, his son Albert's

nickname ("Fat") did. Albert, an epileptic, drowned in Middle Creek when a seizure occurred while he was fishing. Melvin "Slim" Spigelmyer's nickname also seemed appropriate; at least during his leaner early years.

Of course, as everywhere else, a popular form of nickname is simply the commonly used form of the given name, such as Bob, Dick, Bill and so on. Many townspeople had such names; but most are not mentioned here simply because they are in no way unique. That leaves us, then, with the many nicknames with unknown origins. Our example here is one of Paxtonville's genuine old characters, Oliver "Tosh" Howell. This old gentleman would annoy the elementary schoolteacher by stopping and peering in a window while she was teaching. Annoyed, she would walk to the window and pull the shade. Tosh would then step over to the next window. So did she. Soon the shades were all pulled down. After a period of time had passed she would hesitantly raise the shades again. Sometimes Tosh was no longer standing there. Sometimes he was. Tosh is also recalled for stopping at the stream in town to water his horses. He'd amuse anyone who was nearby by giving a Pennsylvania German command to one of his horses: "Duke, *mach en schnute!*" The horse would then "make a snoot" by wrinkling its nose and showing its teeth.

The Town

Paxtonville was conceived in a blast furnace and weaned on a brick. During the mid-1800s a furnace was built in the area to be used for processing or smelting the iron ore mined nearby. The growing cluster of houses was officially organized as a town in 1882. Although the local iron mining petered out, it was replaced—around the turn of the century—by brick manufacturing. The brick industry was Paxtonville's largest employer until it closed after a major fire in 1963.

The town sits at the foot of Shade Mountain, with farm lands stretching away in the remaining three directions. A mountain stream flows through town and empties into Middle Creek at the northern end of town. There was one church and one lodge, with the lodge hall doubling as a theatre for showing the early motion pictures. When the men were not at their regular jobs or working the family gardens, they were enthusiastically fishing or hunting. The women were mostly housewives, whose principle avocation was also a necessary chore: sewing. Genuinely idle moments were occupied with church work or gossiping.

The extinction of the species was never seriously threatened in Paxtonville, as offspring were "begat" at a steady clip. The population—from 1880 to 1930—rose from about 60 to more than 300 people. Some of the earlier families intermarried as did some later ones, so that most Paxtonville residents could likely have been represented on a single family tree. This has all changed, of course, in recent decades, as more marriages involved mates from other areas and as more people moved into Paxtonville who had no ties of kinship with the natives.

Pig Street

Of the town's three streets that lie in an east to west direction, the middle one is the only one that was identified by name. It was Pig Street, so named because at one time all six or seven households along that street raised pigs. Today most of the pig pens are gone, and so is the name. Recently, all township roads had to be identified by official names so that now the people who live there can let one know that they reside on Maple Avenue. Sophistication has arrived!

Anyway, while it was still Pig Street its residents included two of the Seward brothers, Raymond ("Rip") and John ("Muzzy"). Except for a house on the corner, long occupied by an elderly widow and her unmarried daughter, Seward's was the only house on the north side of the street. On the opposite side, on the eastern end is where Clark Gift lived. As a child, Clark wore a hand-me-down coat, much too long for his youthful frame. Apparently the only other person in town who wore a similarly long coat was the preacher, Reverend Hershey. Clark Gift didn't appreciate the coat, or the lifelong nickname that it gave him: "Hershey." Two of his three sons, Edward and Walter Gift, became known as "Buzzy" and "Teat."

On the western end of the street was the home of Harry "Squealy" Miller. Mention of him reminds one of the story told by his mother, "Mag." It didn't involve Squealy; just Mag and her husband, Frank. One day, she recalled, her husband lamented that he had a pile of wood waiting to be chopped. He would gladly pay \$5.00 not to have to chop it. Later, while he was away, Mag chopped the wood. When he came home she asked for \$5.00. When he asked why, she told him of his earlier statement. He refused to give the money, however, telling Meg that she could "take it out in trade." She could only stand and protest, "I'll get that anyway!"

The last person we want to mention for Pig Street was Elwood Spigelmyer. While none of his five brothers had odd nicknames, he carried one: "Woots."



Former two-room schoolhouse, now a municipal building in Paxtonville.

Potpourri

During the late 19th century a railroad employee, Bill Spigelmyer, brought his large family (more than a dozen children) to Paxtonville in a railroad car. Bill, a section foreman for the railroad company, was re-assigned to work in a new district and to reside in Paxtonville. Their arrival marked the beginning of the town's largest clan. Directly—or indirectly through marriages—the Spigelmyer family was connected to most of the families in town. Of his numerous children, seven began their own families in Paxtonville, so that, at one time, the number of Bill Spigelmyer's grandchildren growing up in Paxtonville numbered nearly three dozen. They included the family on Pig Street plus two other ones where nicknames were prominent. Bill's one daughter, Maude, married Oliver "Ollie" Hommel. Their two oldest sons were Clyde ("Ditty") and Randall, whose nickname, "Baldy," came from the fact that Ollie gave the boy a very close haircut every summer. A daughter, Geraldine, was known almost exclusively as "Sis." Meanwhile, another of Bill's children was fathering six children. He was Chester Allen Arthur Spigelmyer and he was named for a U.S. president; but the townspeople easily avoided that mouthful of names by calling him simply "Jess." Of his children, four were

sons. They were John, Ernest, Robert and Carl; but known equally well as "Ducky," "Pete," "Tut" and "Cokey."

Dr. Charles Jones was an accomplished physician who spent the later years of his career as a sort of "sailing surgeon" among the inhabitants of the Caroline Islands. In his profession, Dr. Jones likely commanded considerable respect; but in Paxtonville he was still remembered by the nickname of his youth, "Jinky." In fact, one resident even recalled a jingle associated with Charles Jones: "Jinky Jones broke his bones, sliding down some cherry stones!" The observation comes too easily that local poetry was really the pits!

Dave Zimmerman fathered four sons who survived infancy (one didn't). They were Melvin ("Jack"), Robert ("Moe"), Eugene ("Bud") and Dave. Only the youngest remained free of a nickname. The elder Dave also had a nephew, Harry, who is remembered as "Goose."

Frank Graybill, "C's" brother, was the local huckster who bought the huckleberries picked on nearby Shade Mountain. He had no nickname, but his sons, Lee, Harvey, Robert and Thomas were known as "Moses," "Slim," "Sugar" and "Skip."

Three of the Yeagers had nicknames: brothers Walter ("Snooky") and Charles ("Chick") and Charles' son, Arthur (who became a second "Chick"). Likewise, Ed Weirick and all three of his sons were nicknamed. Ed was "Zip," while his sons, Kermit, Galen and Neil became "Nutch," "Pip" and "Zookie." Another father-son combination involved Henry Hassinger and his son, Harry. Henry was known as "Nootsie" while Harry was "Relic." It is Relic who is still remembered for treating his wedding guests by slicing bananas and sharing them.

To be sure that none of the unusual men's nicknames was intentionally overlooked, let's mention Raymond "Flicker" Benfer, Cera "Moon" Weirick, Marlin "Pappy" Bruner, Isaac "Ike" Bruner and Alvin "Ham" Maurer. (Ham claimed to have avoided military service during the Second World War by over-dosing on sugar and candies in order to create a urine specimen that must have resembled maple syrup!)

The Distaff Side

It isn't surprising to find that a number of the women of Paxtonville also had nicknames; some as unique as any given the men. Of course, several women had names which were simply the common forms of given names (such as "Babs" for Barbara); but more than a dozen women had names from other origins. Consider: Mary Boardman, a non-agenerian, was the only "Gammy" in town. Anna Swengle was "Ann Skipper"; Catherine Jones was

"Cassie"; Amenda Benfer was "Ment"; Mary Setilla Mitchell was "Tillie"; Kathryn Gift was "Kit"; Virginia Weirick was "Jut" (rhymes with 'put'); and Elizabeth McAfee Bruner was "Lib." As a teenager, Lib saw her belongings being placed on the front porch of the McAfee house by her mother who was angry because Lib had decided to marry a man twenty-four years her senior. Lib's husband outlived her; while her mother outlived them both. Lib's mother, co-incidentally, had a name identical to another woman in town. With two Hazel McAfees, people began referring to them by including their husbands' first names. Paxtonville then had a "Hazel Elmer" and a "Hazel Tom." There were also two Dorothy "Dot" Gills, but since Gill was their maiden name, marriage settled the problem of differentiation.

When twin girls were born into the Attig family, they were named Ida and Ada; but they soon acquired the names, respectively, of "Punch" and "Judy." While those much-used puppet names didn't properly apply to a set of girls, they stuck anyway. So did the name given Rachel Weirick, a tall and ungainly woman, who was called "Big Six." And poor Amelia Zimmerman had to live with the double burden of having the nickname "Mealie" and of having a chronic backache. Many in town doubted Mealie's backache story, but it was finally discovered that she had a double-sized liver!

An interesting reversal of names occurred among the women. Lizzie Shambach was actually baptized with the name "Lizzie," as Lizzie Medora Shambach. In later years, however, she often found it convenient to use the adopted name, "Elizabeth." Finally, two houses away from the town's two-room schoolhouse lived Mr. C.P. Swengle and his wife, Jenny. Their's was one of the few households in town to get periodicals. Since this was at a time when reading materials were scarce in Paxtonville, Jenny passed her's along to the grateful, young schoolteacher, Benjamin Gill. From Mr. Swengle's first two initials, C.P., someone fashioned the nickname "Sippy." Perhaps we shouldn't be too surprised, then to learn that his wife, Jenny, just naturally became known as "Mississippi."

Conclusion

Long ago . . . very long ago . . . the English said that an extra or other name for someone was an *ekename*. Later those sloppy Saxons slid the letter 'n' from the article to the noun, making it a *nekename*. For the past five-hundred years, however, it has been as we know it: a nickname. The nickname was usually used, says one dictionary,² "in ridicule or pleasantry." So much nicknaming



Sonia Graybill in abandoned family burial plot south of Paxtonville.

was of the ridicule variety that nicknaming has become a questionable practice. Two examples of the negative approach to nicknaming come to mind, one literary and the other historical. The literary occurrence is found in the best-selling novel, *Lord of the Flies*³ by the British Nobel prize winner, William Golding. In that story the name of a major character is never revealed. The boy is always identified only by the nickname which he despises: "Piggy." The historical source, on the other hand, is from a list of 47 punishable offences posted in a North Carolina schoolroom in 1848.⁴ That list included, as item #11, the forbidden act of "Nick Naming Each Other." That particular form of misbehavior was to be punished by being given four lashes!

Surely, it was not the threat of punishment that made nicknaming in Paxtonville diminish after about 1930. Perhaps its demise was some unfortunate byproduct of the great economic depression of the Thirties. Along with many other aspects of life in the town during that decade, it appears that the practice of serious nicknaming was passing. Children, including myself, who were born in Paxtonville

during the 1930s had far fewer *enduring* nicknames. This left Gene Howell, who was born about 1927, getting in on the tail end of the era. Gene was given his common name in honor of the newly-crowned heavyweight boxing champion, Gene Tunney; but he still managed to garner two nicknames, "Hogan" and "Shanty." Raymond Hood started the new decade with an old tradition. He got one of the last of the well-known nicknames. Raymond's nickname was "Boiley." Perhaps it was time for the tradition to end . . .

Yet, if nicknaming was usually used "in ridicule and pleasantry," it was virtually always the latter use that occurred in Paxtonville. In fact, I submit that in those early years of the town the practice was actually a real social benefit. Here, nicknaming reflected an already close community. More importantly, the use of the especially informal nicknames also brought everyone in the community even closer. Paxtonville, at that time, had a relaxed familiarity that likely isn't nearly so strong today as it was during the days of "Dippy," son of "Puddin.' "

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I thank my wife, Nancy, for my awareness of the oddness of Paxtonville nicknaming. Although she lived near a rural town similar in size, she remarked several times about the many strange names by which I unthinkingly referred to the older Paxtonville residents. I also wish to acknowledge a debt to the following of my fellow natives for providing considerable information: Kathryn Gift, Pauline Graybill, John Spigelmyer, Ed Gift and Benjamin Gill.

ENDNOTES

¹Offspring in this article are listed in order of age, eldest to youngest. Since the nicknames never became official, spellings are arbitrary.

²*The Oxford Universal Dictionary*, 1955

³Paperback edition, Capricorn Books, 1959

⁴Coon, Charles L., *North Carolina Schools and Academies (1790-1840)*: quoted in Noble, Stuart G., *A History of American Education*, New York, 1938, revised 1956, p. 513.

PERSECUTION AND GENOCIDE: THE GENERAL PROBLEM AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE ANABAPTIST EXPERIENCE

by Susan B. Trace



*Hans Bret, son of an Englishman at Dortrecht, a confectioner, was examined, then burned. A screw was secured through his tongue, thus preventing him from testifying against the authorities. Inset: The tongue-screw which was found among Bret's ashes after he was executed. (From the *Martyr's Mirror*; Courtesy of the Mennonite Historical Library, Lansdale, Pa.)*

Genocide and persecution may seem to be obsolete practices today. The horror stories which arose from the Jewish Holocaust during and after World War II have led many to believe that the world has been sufficiently frightened to ward off any future repeats of this event. This overconfidence may be unwarranted, however; it results from a misunderstanding of the dynamics involved between society and the persecuted group as well as a misconception of the characteristics of the group itself. Persecution and the attempt at annihilation of an entire group of people result from a complex series of explanations and interactions between both parties. The possibility that these relationships still exist is very real. Using several instances of genocide and persecution—while concentrating on the problems faced by the Anabaptists—it will be shown that a dominant-submissive relationship, as well as a dehumanization process, are frequently found during times of persecution. By defining the social interactions present between the persecutor and the persecuted, the reciprocity of the genocidal process can be illustrated.

The evangelical Anabaptists originating in the early 1500s and their descendents—the Amish, Mennonites, and Hutterites—have been the victims of persecution and genocide attempts several times over the centuries. Because of this long history, they provide an excellent example of the multi-factor interplay which allows for and even encourages genocide. In addition, since many of the characteristics of these old Anabaptists are still exhibited by their descendents today, elements of this interplay are also still prevalent. Of course, extermination attempts and torture have been used against many groups in society, and likewise, various other peoples display similar characteristics. But the intense history of the Anabaptists exemplifies the genocidal processes at work to create this extreme crime, both in the past and in the present.

The Anabaptists literally possess a bloody history. All outgrowths of this main religious grouping have suffered persecution at some point in their early career; the original problems began in the 16th century, during and immediately after the Protestant Reformation began to gain momentum in Europe. As the new denominations grew and organized, especially those led by Luther and Zwingli, the Anabaptist movement did likewise at astounding rates.¹ The new churches, as well as the governments of these counties, began to be wary of the Anabaptists and looked for some way to check their growth. At first, prohibitions on teaching or practicing this faith were proclaimed, as illustrated by the mandate passed by the Council of St. Gall in 1525, which forbade these activities.²

When it became obvious that these laws were not

having any effect on the numbers of Anabaptists, more drastic measures were undertaken. Practicing or believing this religious thought now became a capital offense, punishable by torture and/or death. Originally, these stipulations were probably meant to scare the offenders into recanting their faith; it may have been believed that the extreme measures mandated by these laws would never actually be carried out. When the Anabaptists refused to cease professing their beliefs, it became clear that they either would have to be tolerated (which the other national churches could not agree to) or disposed of (which seemed to be the better of the two options to those in control). As a result, Felix Manz, a devout Anabaptist who remained loyal to the faith through pleading and torture, was the first to be executed in the name of the faith, being drowned near Zurich, Switzerland.³ From this point on, the persecutors seemed to have no mercy for their victims, issuing any punishment imaginable for the purpose of eliminating heresy and its practitioners.

Although each European country had its own history of Anabaptist persecution, practically none of the major areas remained entirely friendly toward the group. The Roman Catholic states, as well as Bavaria, Austria, and the Netherlands, had such strict laws that death was sentenced even if the accused recanted. Moravia was one of the last states to persecute the Anabaptists, but the end result was just as bloody.⁴ South Germany was the place of the most severe persecutions, at least until the Netherlands began to tolerate the groups.⁵ The Germans, although admitting that death for the punishment of religious belief to be extreme, practiced it nonetheless. They rationalized their executions, however, calling them punishment for disobeying the law against two baptisms, rather than punishment for holding alternate religious views. The Germans even reprimanded and punished their priests and clergy for not enacting death orders.⁶

The first country to grant religious freedom was Holland, whose ruler, William of Orange, recognized the wrongfulness of the intolerant religious laws and the potential the Anabaptists had to be productive citizens.⁷ But elsewhere in Europe, persecution did not cease that early. In Moravia and Poland the Hutterites received much ill-treatment, with their lives and property being destroyed.⁸ Anabaptists were beheaded, burned at the stake, drowned, or buried alive. Torture often preceded death, however, and victims were imprisoned under vile conditions, branded with hot irons, mutilated, or stretched on the rack; also, the tongue of the accused might be burned, pierced, or removed to keep him from continuing to speak on behalf of his faith.⁹

Other, less harsh, forms of intolerant treatment were prevalent in some of the more tolerant countries: there lives may have been spared, but Anabaptists were nonetheless fined, imprisoned, robbed of their property, branded, whipped, exiled, and interred without decent burials.¹⁰ They were also denied economic privileges and were not granted deferrals from serving in wartime.¹¹ By the end of the 1600s the situation improved somewhat; even in Germany death was no longer a threat, but the public practice of their religion was still prohibited.¹² Despite harsh and Satanic measures (believed by some to be more severe than the persecutions found in pagan Rome) directed against them, the Anabaptists remained strong and cohesive; they could not be annihilated.¹³

Although threatened and tortured, and in spite of the fact that priests and other members of the clergy tried desperately to get them to recant—they held fast to their beliefs in God and Christ, choosing to die rather than profess against the values and tenets they held so important. Anabaptists taught that Christianity involved “love, faith, and the need of bearing the cross”; therefore, enduring torture and death was a necessity if the alternative was turning against God.¹⁴ It is impossible to describe completely the torture and pain they endured throughout those long years of persecution; even bystanders were often sickened by the inhuman and undeserved treatment inflicted on these religious believers.¹⁵ But since there was no alternative for them, they withstood unimaginably harsh treatment in a relatively quiet and reserved manner; their only speech was to further proclaim God’s word and their commitment to it; they rarely spoke to save themselves. Acting on God’s behalf rather than their own, the Anabaptists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries endured—and actually flourished—in spite of one of the most extensive and violent attempts at genocide in the history of the world.

At this point, the question of why these atrocities occurred comes to mind: why did governments inflict such severe punishments on this particular group in the first place? In order to answer this question it is necessary to understand the forces behind genocide. The needs and desires of the persecutors, the characteristics of the victims, and most importantly, the interaction between the two, must be derived from an integration of inference, hypothesis, and fact. This endeavor is necessary, not only from the standpoint of curiosity, but also in the hope that through knowledge, prevention of similar situations in the future can be possible.

Many more factors than are apparent played a role in the instigation of these mass persecutions. The obvious precipitating factor was simply quanti-

tative: the fact that the Anabaptists were increasing so rapidly scared political and religious leaders, especially Luther and Zwingli. Having just established their own denominations and attained a reasonably large following, they worried about the Anabaptists who appeared on the scene and literally threatened to remove some of their power. By first enacting fairly benign means such as fines and social ostracism, the religious officials attempted to rid themselves of the Anabaptist threat. When these measures met with no success, punishment increased in severity. Not only did the threat continue, but frustration began to magnify as well. In line with the frustration-aggression hypothesis, this increased frustration was expressed with more violent retaliations as a result of greater anger and aggression levels.¹⁶ Similar opinions have been stated by other researchers. Some have written about the inability of humans to express their aggression in natural ways as do lower animals; as a result, when the anger is finally expressed it tends to be demonstrated in a more severe and extreme manner.¹⁷ As the Anabaptist numbers and momentum became more and more of a threat, churches and states began to try whatever means necessary to stop the progress their religion was making. Due to increased frustration levels and the persistence of the Anabaptists, the means eventually was defined as annihilation of the entire group.

The pluralistic societies being formed in Europe produced some major effects as well. The peoples within and among the various countries were becoming diversified, especially in the religious sphere. Different religious groups were beginning to dominate in different countries and in various areas within a country. As is true in a society, differentiation leads to inequality. Differences between groups get more delineated, and this causes some groups to dominate and others to be more submissive. Since the Anabaptists were not really part of the Reformation movement, deeming it inadequate, and since they were by nature a more submissive and peaceful group, it seemed inevitable that they would come to bear the largest burden of this inequality. As their numbers began to grow, the frustration and fear of the other groups increased the ostracism and the inequality between the groups. Due to this difference in status, the Anabaptists never became truly integrated into the society.¹⁸ Also, due to this perceived difference, racism on the part of the dominant group became prevalent; the submissive group was seen as a cohesive, inferior group.

In this respect a parallel can be drawn between the Anabaptists and German Jews before and during World War II. These Jews were considered inferior to other Germans and never really given an oppor-

tunity to integrate into German culture and society. As a result, they were treated as poorly as they were viewed, being subjected to harsh and inhumane treatment as inferiors. As this separation continued, the difference between the persecuted group and the dominant one increased to the point of their being viewed as inferior objects, not as people.¹⁹ Likewise, the Anabaptists were soon treated as mere objects. In this extreme consequence of racism, the subjects are dehumanized; they lose all of their distinctly human characteristics in the eyes of the dominant societal groups.²⁰ This dehumanization also plays a role in the rationalization of malevolent treatment as well. If the object of one's actions is seen as inhuman, the nature of the actions is unimportant. No empathy or feelings are needed. In order for the persecutors to avoid cognitive dissonance²⁰ and guilt for their evil treatment of the Anabaptists, all they had to do was convince themselves that their subjects were not really human beings. Therefore, dehumanization arose as a form of justification and rationalization; in addition, it formed as a consequence of racism, which in turn grew out of the inequality encouraged by a pluralistic society. These factors, especially the factor of dehumanization, contributed not only to the genocide attempt but also to the inhumane and animalistic nature of it as well.

Since racism is an outgrowth and extreme form of inequality, this prejudice may also result in another consequence—the desire to rid the society of this inferior group of people. The manifestation of this form of thought can be illustrated by the example of the Jews of Germany; the Germans readily admitted that they wanted to form a superior race and believed the extinction of the Jewish race to be a necessary prerequisite for the achievement of that goal.²¹ Likewise, the idea of their religious superiority held by the other Protestant denominations and the Catholics may have led them to believe it obligatory to annihilate the Anabaptists to allow for religious purity.²² This view may be supported by the fact that the accused were considered to be heretics; therefore, in order to uphold the ideals of the “true” religions, all opposition must be removed. Since the Anabaptists would not do away with their faith, then the other groups were determined to do away with them.

Although the Anabaptist movement was growing rapidly during this time, the group still held minority status (in regard to both size and power) throughout most of Europe. Nowhere was it the dominant religion of a country. This status consequently exposed them to persecution. As countries were experiencing rapid changes in all realms of life, frustrations were building along with the “growing

pains” of the Reformation. The cause for these problems had to be attributed to something or someone; additionally, anger and frustration for all the ills of society had to be expressed. In such cases, a minority group often becomes the prime target for blame and retaliation.²³ Since the Anabaptists were definitely in a minority, they became this target. In addition to or because of their status, they were more vulnerable to attack as well. (Teaching non-violence, they refused to defend themselves.) The group was also easily recognizable; members would readily admit to being Anabaptist if questioned. These factors made the group an easy object for persecution; since it was known that Anabaptists would not resist any treatment put upon them, they became the perfect scapegoat on which society blamed all its ills.²⁵ In times of great religious change as was present in that era, it seems only logical that the chosen scapegoat would be a religious minority; with their lack of resistance and identifiability, the Anabaptists filled that role with little difficulty.

A final contributing reason which explains why the Anabaptists were designated for persecution relates to the fact that they were largely unknown and misunderstood by society. To some extent, the larger groups may have prevented themselves from becoming acquainted with the Anabaptists and their way of life in order to retain them in their useful role as society's scapegoat. But the fact remains that there were many misconceptions about the Anabaptist groups. For example, most followers could read and write; if they were illiterate upon entrance to the group, they were soon instructed in these skills so they would be able to read the Bible. The larger society however, did not understand (or did not wish to understand) the instruction behind this new-found literacy, attributing it instead to Satanic influence.²⁵ Misinterpretations such as this were easily formed into a false idealistic conception of the Anabaptists, which could have led to rationalization and encouragement of malevolence. Moreover, because little effort was made on the part of society to become familiar with this group, further dehumanization became more severe. Decreased contact increases the perceived dissimilarities between groups and allows the dominant one to view the others as less than human.²⁷ Due to fear-arousing misconceptions (as well as to a possible unconscious desire to maintain their scapegoat), European religious leaders never actually experienced much non-violent contact with the Anabaptists, which in turn gave them no opportunity to discover the similarities between the groups and the humanity of the persecuted ones.

The Anabaptist tendency to physically separate

themselves from the larger society in which they lived was the characteristic which made them most vulnerable to persecution. With society in an unconscious search for a minority group scapegoat, it was necessary to choose a group whose members were easily identifiable. The Anabaptists fulfilled this qualification and were prime targets for the attacks of their powerful persecutors.²⁸ Even today the descendants of these early Anabaptists prefer to live in close proximity to each other and distinct from the rest of society.²⁹ They considered themselves different and this difference seemed to warrant separation from the rest of society. Not only did this separation cause them to be easily identifiable, it also prevented them being truly assimilated into the larger society; the result was the growth of the misconceptions and misinterpretations already noted.

The Anabaptists maintained their separatedness and distinctiveness for religious reasons; the larger society, in their view, was not obedient to the laws of God. This belief in and commitment to obedience to God played a further role in perpetuating persecution once believers had been identified and accused. Had they been willing to recant their faith at the beginning, the latter stages of torture could have been avoided. Their tenacity, however, enraged their accusers, until even recantation would not save them. Even with the threat of death, obedience to God (as demonstrated in the non-denial of Him) proved more important than preserving their lives or preventing pain and suffering. To deny God would give greater pain than any that could be inflicted by physical mistreatment. Since the Anabaptists did not believe that their good works alone would save them, it does not appear that they martyred themselves for the assurance of entering heaven. On the contrary, those believers who were not seized remained in hiding or stayed mobile to avoid capture.³⁰

Even though they were not actively or consciously seeking martyrdom by openly bringing themselves into contact with the authorities, once they were apprehended the majority did not deny their Anabaptist beliefs. This loyalty seems to be an end in itself; however, believers probably did view it as conduct God would highly approve and for which they would receive some form of recompense. "Blessed are ye and rejoice, says Christ, if you suffer for righteousness sake, for great is your reward in heaven" (Matthew 5:10-12).³¹ Although a hope of or belief in a heavenly reward may have been an unconscious motivation, it seems to have played some role in the Anabaptists' refusal to resist martyrdom. Coupled with a conscious desire to be obedient to God, it enabled them to endure the most brutal treatment with very little wavering.

For the authorities, it meant that the group they chose to attack was not only easily identifiable, but also highly motivated to maintain that identifiability and thereby perpetuate the persecution.

Another form of obedience to God's word was the Anabaptists' refusal to fight, either for their country or for their own lives. This stance was a point of contention which originally led to mistreatment and hatred by other groups; the country and its government did not appreciate those who would not defend national honor or property. But this non-violent quality may have had some less obvious ramifications as well. The fact that their victims did not attempt to defend themselves served as an excellent rationalization for the tormentors. If perceived as inferior and inhuman before the torture, these perceptions were only further enhanced by their passive acceptance of evil acts. This acceptance may have been considered to be proof of guilt; the belief that no one would purposely and passively endure punishment if was not deserved may have been widespread. Again, due to lack of unbiased contact, the persecutors never actually had an opportunity to understand and empathize with their victims. If they had, they may have perceived the reasons behind this lack of retaliation and resistance; they may have been able to comprehend the importance of obedience to God's law. As it was, however, misinterpretations of this passivity further fueled the fires and justifications for the genocide attempt.

It also may be true, however, that being unwilling to defend themselves was more than an example of obedience to God and His word. Since this reluctance remained strong throughout all the torture-filled years, some factor other than simple obedience may have played an important role in preventing the Anabaptists from trying to protect themselves. Again, it is possible that martyrdom may have been unconsciously viewed as desirable. This desirability did not manifest itself in blatant ways; as mentioned earlier, the Anabaptists did not consciously give themselves to the persecutors. Rather, this desire was manifested in less obvious ways: accented differences from the dominant groups which magnified identifiability, for example. Also, individual members of the sects would often be present at the site of execution to lend support to a fellow member, but this display of loyalty often resulted in their own recognition and capture.³² Although they might simply have wished to provide encouragement to their friend, it could also be suggested that a latent desire to also die for the faith was present. Numerous examples can be given of Anabaptist prisoners who were pleased to hear their own death sentence. For example, Adrian Pan stated that this was the

“happiest day” of his life; Julius Bernarts was “joyful because redemption is near.”³³ The hymns written during these times by the prisoners further indicated that they were not overly depressed about their fate. It has been suggested that this optimistic resignation was due to the fact that lengthy tortures were considered worse, so that death was an attractive alternative.³⁴ It could also be argued that they were merely trying to make an inevitable situation as bearable as possible. These elements probably do explain their attitude and actions somewhat, but they do not seem to provide a sufficient explanation.

If, in fact, the Anabaptists did have a latent desire for persecution, the question must be asked as to the source of this desire. It was previously mentioned that they did not consciously believe that earthly acts dictated one's place in the afterlife, but that unconsciously this tenet may have been considered to be true. But martyrdom may have had more reasons for its allure. For example, martyrs in the past had always been revered, not pitied. Those who suffered for the faith were seen as the ultimate illustration of a loyal believer. Christ himself died for religious reasons; to emulate Christ was one of the highest goals of the Anabaptists, as they believed the literal interpretation of the Bible, in which were included commandments to imitate Jesus. Martyrdom and suffering for the faith may have been seen as an ultimate form of obedience to God's wishes.

Furthermore, accepting persecution for beliefs may also have been considered an ultimate consequence of obedience to God. In separating themselves from the rest of the secular or religiously-misled world, the Anabaptists demonstrated that they viewed themselves as different. In the manner of all groups or individuals who hold intense beliefs, they obviously assumed their views to be accurate and superior to those of others. This attitude, combined with their severe cultural, physical, and ideological separation, probably resulted in a feeling of being special in God's consideration. As this belief in their unique position grew, belief in an inevitable and consequential persecution may also have grown. Menno Simons once said that “those who fear God must bear great persecution.”³⁵ 2 Timothy 3:12 (“All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution”) further illustrates or suggests that to be a believer will eventually result in suffering.³⁶ To be treated as they were, then, may have served to reaffirm their faith; to prove that they were unique believers in God's Word. That they were, in fact, the only true believers because the Scriptures implied that pain must be experienced if loyalty to God is practiced.

The cohesiveness of the Anabaptist group was

also strengthened by persecution. Obviously, times of trial tend to bring people together. It has even been suggested that a “tendency toward internal decay” is observed when there is no period of persecution.³⁷ Moreover, the beliefs of the group were probably strengthened as well. In order to reduce cognitive dissonance which would result if persecution was passively accepted as a consequence of ambivalent values, the group professed their beliefs even more adamantly, both internally and externally. As a result, not only did the group as a whole become more united, but the tenets of their faith were adhered to extremely steadfastly.

All of these factors formed a vicious cycle: increased unity led to increased separation from the general public, which in turn encouraged steadfastness to the beliefs and even more cohesion. Moreover, the nature of these beliefs included the inevitability of and the verifiability through persecution, which became a self-fulfilling prophecy; if persecution was welcomed on an unconscious level, the group may have acted accordingly (e.g. refusing to retaliate physically) which may have made them even more vulnerable to attack by stronger and more dominant groups, who could more easily rationalize their evil treatment due to their victims unconsciously-motivated actions. If the social conditions of the time are such that the need for a scapegoat or target for displaced aggression is prevalent, the group who separates themselves into an inferior position (either consciously or unconsciously) encourages their selection for fulfillment of that role. Such seemed to be the case with the evangelical Anabaptists of the 1500s and 1600s. Social change had climaxed, and a religiously-based outlet was need for the expression of frustration and power. Presented with the identifiability, easy accessibility, and willingness of the Anabaptists, as well as their increasing growth rate, the religious and government leaders of that time chose the Anabaptist groups to be their target.

Genocide attempts have long been present among societies throughout history and throughout the world.³⁸ As long as social inequality and lack of contact exists between groups of people the attempts may continue sporadically. Measures intended to halt or prevent the crime have been tentatively suggested, e.g. the Genocide Convention, but they have met with mixed reactions due to reluctance on the part of many governments who are afraid that agreement and ratification may threaten the power they already possess.³⁹ Racism and social inequality do contribute to persecutions of groups of people who differ, but the inhumane and suppressive treatment is not caused by the actions of the dominant group alone. Genocide and its precipitating persecution results from a complex interaction between

both involved parties. Annihilation attempts have ranged from passionate, unpremeditated mass murders of a group (e.g. tribal warfares) to organized, intricately planned, widespread slaughters (e.g. the Jewish Holocaust). In each instance, however, the persecuted played a role in their fate. Although they did not instigate their own genocide, their qualities and characteristics help to place them in a vulnerable position. Society at large must be primed; social conditions must be such as to allow for and encourage persistence. Average citizens, for example, are often under the influence of much propaganda, so that they can either rationalize or ignore what is occurring, as was evidenced by the American public's response to conditions in Vietnam.⁴⁰ On the other hand, citizens may disapprove of the actions but be powerless to stop them, as is illustrated by witnesses and executioners of the Anabaptists. Many of these people were often amazed at the courage of the accused and realized their innocence, but lack of political or religious power preempted interference.⁴¹ Average citizens and their leaders, i.e. the society at large, coupled with the social, economic, and religious conditions of the time, begin the preparations for genocide. But the end result is triggered by the interaction with a vulnerable group who fits the requirements for the object of such an act.

Intraspecific killing is a relative rarity in the animal kingdom.⁴² The concept of genocide is considered immoral and offensive to most people. Yet, examples of mass persecutions and extermination attempts exist. Religious conflicts often serve as a basis for these situations, presumably because religious beliefs are widely varied and rarely empirically verifiable. But in addition, the nature of these beliefs—strict obedience and loyalty to God, desire to be special and gain His favor—contribute to the formation of a preeminent vulnerability in the adherents. The evangelical Anabaptists found themselves exhibiting the “wrong” characteristics at the “wrong” time; hence, they fell prey to one of the goriest persecutions ever experienced. Although this event occurred many centuries ago, religious groups similar to the Anabaptists are still widespread today. If the dynamics involved in the persecution of the Anabaptists can be ascertained, the recognition and prevention of similar situations may be possible. The effects of genocide on the Anabaptists were many. It has been said that the persecution prompted a “spirit of submissive self depreciation of which they never recovered.”⁴² Total membership decreased due to death; families were separated. On the other hand, a stronger cohesion, group loyalty, and more pious religious beliefs were also attained. But the fact remains that the Anabaptists paid an astronomical price for any benefits they received. Similar groups

today may find themselves close to entering the vicious cycle of genocide. Perhaps the process can never be fully arrested in a dynamic and pluralistic society, but insight into the forces involved and the vicarious experience of the suffering the Anabaptists and other groups endured may help to prevent reoccurrences.

ENDNOTES

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- ¹⁵Horsch, *Mennonites in Europe*, 310.
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- ¹⁸Kuper, 57-59.
- ¹⁹George M. Kren and Leo Rappoport, *The Holocaust and the Crisis of Human Behavior* (New York: Holmes and Meier, Publishers, Inc., 1980).
- ²⁰Cognitive dissonance refers to the tendency to make thoughts and actions congruent; one forms rationalizations of actions and perceptions of feelings which are not contradictory.
- ²¹Kren and Rappoport.
- ²²Kuper, 94-95.
- ²³Kren and Rappoport.
- ²⁴Kuper, 40-44.
- ²⁵Horsch, “Persecution,” 3-26.
- ²⁶Lorenz, 2-5.
- ²⁷Kuper, 124-30.
- ²⁸John A. Hostetler, *Amish Society*, 3rd ed. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1980), 50-82.
- ²⁹Horsch, “Persecution,” 3-26.
- ³⁰Ibid.
- ³¹Ibid.
- ³²Horsch, *Mennonites in Europe*, 304-06.
- ³³Horsch, “Persecution,” 3-26.
- ³⁴Horsch, *Mennonites in Europe*, 307.
- ³⁵Horsch, “Persecution,” 3-26.
- ³⁶Hostetler, *Hutterite Society*, 255-56.
- ³⁷J. P. Sartre, “On Genocide,” in *Ramparts Magazine* 6 (1968), 35-42.
- ³⁸R. M. Bartlett, “Pioneer vs. Ancient Crime,” in *Christian Century*, 73 (1956), 854. “Pious Platitudes About Genocide,” in *Christianity Today*, 18 (1974), 94. E. G. Kessel and J. Washabaugh, “Genocide: International Crime,” in *U.N. World*, 2 (1948), 43. R. Lemkin, “Genocide as a Crime Under International Law,” in *U.N. Bulletin*, 4 (1948), 70-71. “Genocide and Morality,” in *Nation*, 172 (1951), 503-504.
- ³⁹Sartre, 35-42.
- ⁴⁰Horsch, “Persecution,” 326.
- ⁴¹Lorenz, 2-5 + .
- ⁴²Smith, 151.

36th Annual

Pennsylvania Dutch

KUTZTOWN

BETWEEN ALLENTOWN & READING, PA.

FOLK FESTIVAL

June 29-30
July 1-2-3-4-5-6-7, 1985

DAYTIME GATHERINGS
STARTING AT 9a.m. TO 5p.m.

The Festival and its Sponsorship

The Kutztown Folk Festival is sponsored by the Pennsylvania Folklife Society, a nonprofit educational corporation affiliated with URSINUS COLLEGE, Collegeville, Pennsylvania. The Society's purposes are threefold: First, the demonstrating and displaying of the lore and folkways of the Pennsylvania Dutch through the annual Kutztown Folk Festival; second, the collecting, studying, archiving and publishing the lore of the Dutch Country and Pennsylvania through the publication of PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE Magazine; and third, using the proceeds for scholarships and general educational purposes at URSINUS COLLEGE.



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