

STILLWATER, PA.

Mar. 19—Walter Newswanger is a prominent man in our church and community. He is an ordained minister of the Gospel. This creates many requirements of attending meetings etc. He and his wife were on their way home from a meeting, and had only gone a few miles when they were met by an approaching car which, while only about 50 feet ahead of them, made a sharp left turn and hit the Newswanger car head-on. The reason for this action will never be known, for both occupants of the approaching car were killed immediately. Both cars are thought to have been traveling about 45 miles per hour. The other car was a small Corvair with the motor in the rear and driven by a man who is believed to have been under the influence of liquor, and evidently he was out for a date with a woman other than his wife.

It is believed Mrs. Newswanger had just dozed off to sleep, with her husband at the wheel, when the crash occurred. She apparently never knew what hit her. Walter had several ribs broken and a few scratches, but apparently without serious injury. His wife was pro-

nounced dead upon arrival at the hospital.

The church where we attend is some over two years old, called the Rush Mennonite Church, being in Rush Township in Northumberland County. It was oriented by the Mennonite Messianic Mission, for they began a Voluntary Service unit near Danville; the boys working at the Danville Medical Center in lieu of military service. Their service is voluntary, the money they earn going to M.M.M. They also have a center at Wilmington, Dela. They carry a strict discipline, and only boys who live according to the doctrine of non-resistance can gain admission. If at any time they should prove otherwise they will be expelled. Because of this they get only boys who are of a high and noble character, and much in demand for their competent service. They work as orderlies, maintenance men, etc.

Because of the above mentioned death we had no services at the church on Sunday, the funeral being held at the Myerstown Mennonite Church, in which area the Newswangers formerly resided before moving to Danville. We took the body up to Danville for burial. We are in the process of building a private school, and have a lot laid out for a school, a church in the future, and a cemetery. The first thing we needed was the cemetery, much to our dismay and regret. Little did we realize that a person of such prominence would be our first to use it.

She was a woman of high character, one that was seen, not heard. They have four children, the oldest, a daughter, just recently married. Three sons are at home, the youngest about 10. The mother was 50.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Aug. 14 — Our address used to be Stillwater but seeing things are not as they once were, we have ceased farming operations in preparation partially for the inevitable, and so our address has been R.D. 6, Danville, Pa. since April 1st.

I stopped in the Hartville, Ohio area for a day, renewed some old acquaintances and made new. One of the new ones is Jerry Miller, who is past the half century mark and he assured me he knows what hard times are. He was reared in the West, and said he milked eight cows all in one bucket, and did not get it full. They had nothing to feed the cows and in the summer time the hot winds blew and dried everything up. Neither had they any money. Farms were much cheaper in the west but just as hard to pay for as in the east with an income of \$200 per year.

The main reason for stopping at Hartville was to visit my nephew, son of my brother. He chose to make the Hartville area his home. But things are not always like they seem. He is now for nearly a year at the Massillon State Hospital. Being deprived of normal mental faculties, his life did not prove to be an asset to society. Now he is a liability to the state of Ohio.

We people have the reputation of providing for our own, needing no government assistance, but this is probably an extreme case, and he being an under dog, for whom no one cares, we just overlook this situation.

Most of the time he is normal and he behaves amiably, but it's those times when he is not decent that requires segregation, for one can never be quite certain. It takes only one bad act to create havoc.

Of course, he wants out, who wouldn't? But I sat with him and tried to explain, letting him imagine changing places with me, and asked him whether he would get me out, under the same condition. He thought he would not.

He has what everyone is striving for — freedom. He is free from the cares of this life, for all his needs are well supplied by the government. No need to worry about bills being due, for he does not make any. No worry about tomorrow, for that will be as today. He has freedom from want, and freedom from fear. No, he does not utilize these freedoms, who does? But he has them and does not realize it.

You who wish you had enough money so that you need not work for a living, why not trade places

with him? He does not work at all. He sleeps 10 hours out of 24, eats three good meals a day, no work except to scratch if itchy and watch television. Would not this be the life everyone out of prison is striving for? You can have it, just by being crazy.

He is very fat, so fat his eyes are small. He has nothing to do, but eat, drink and be merry . . . but he is not merry—he wants out with the rest of us. He thinks the daily cares we are encumbered with are small in comparison to his fate. But his doctor says he is not fit to live with society at this time. He is single and 24 years old.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Sept. 18—Daniel, youngest son and youngest child of Dan Swareys, died at the age of 19. His death was expected, hence no shock. Death seemed a welcome release from life. He had a tumor on the brain, and at that part of the brain where no operation could be performed—there was nothing to do except wait for death to relieve him of his suffering. The suffering was not severe. He said he felt no pain toward the last. He was hungry but could not eat, for the food just would not go down. He died slowly by inches. It truly could be said that he died of star-

vation. His body was wasted away so that there was practically nothing left but skin, stretched over the bones. If he had been to the hospital and fed intravenously, he probably would yet be alive, but what benefit would that be. It would not have saved his life, only prolonged it.

We went to Belleville for the funeral. It was held at the Valley View Amish church. The church where he and his parents are members, namely the Church of God in Christ Mennonite, (better known as the Holderman church) has too small a building for a large crowd. It was formerly a one-room (Weiler) school house. They have a large family and a large number of close relatives, but the crowd was rather small—funerals being a thing of the past. It's more practical to just go to the viewing the evening before and not waste a whole day.

Eli Renno, the pastor at their church, had the opening, followed by a sermon by Herman Minnick, formerly from Michigan, but now the pastor at the Mifflinburg Holderman church. The man they had there pulled stakes and went to Brazil, namely John Penner. At the funeral it was claimed the boy was quite ready to meet his Maker, for he had been baptized into that church, upon his confession of faith. He knew that death was coming, hence had much time to prepare for it. They spoke of the suddenness in the which so many youths are snatched out of this life.

I can well affirm the latter, for some time ago I drove on the scene of an accident, just minutes after it happened. A young man driving a new car hit a dump truck loaded with hot amesite, head on. He knocked the front wheels out from under the truck, and the sudden stop caused the bed to break loose in the back and spill the amesite forward over the cab of the truck. Three men were in it. One got out and two were still fast inside. The driver, a young man, was raising a big fuss with much profanity, begging us to let him out. We stood there quite helpless, for you cannot pull a truck apart with your bare hands.

The young man in the car was alone. The car was certainly demolished, the man lying out on the road, in his own blood, very badly mutilated. Don't know where he was going in such a hurry, but wherever it was he got to another destination from what he had planned on that morning.

I was at Lockport, N. Y. at the Upson Co. for a load of wallboard, and as it always takes them so long to load, I took a walk through town and into the historic museum—and spent an hour or more with a severe case of nostalgia. It seemed like the pages of history were turned back, for it was a house and barn of old things. The old cook stove, the cupboards, the chairs, the beds, the setting of the rooms, all brought back deep longings for the former days and a sense of frustration for the senseless pace of modern living.

The barn had a life-size horse and carriage, a hearse with a coffin in it much like the Amish have today. You saw the flails with which they used to thrash. A dog tread was there with which they had the dog churn the butter. But I could not stay in that imaginary world. I had to come out and hear the cars whizzing by and smell the polluted air, and get in the truck and roar down the road, polluting more air.

Yesterday I spoke to a man in his forties who is now a truck driver but said he spent more time behind a team of oxen than he yet has behind the wheel of a truck. The first man I ever spoke to that knew how to handle a team of oxen. He said it was very simple. They had no harness—only the yoke over their necks, and going down hill they held back with their horns. I asked him what you did in case they would start to run, seeing you had no reins to hold them back. He said you just jumped on and went with them. Once they knew the road they stayed right on it and on the way home would run most of the way, but on the way back for another load you had to goad them all the way.

John Renno