My years at the Evangelical School of Theology in Reading, Pennsylvania from 1946 to its union with Bonebrake Seminary in Dayton, Ohio in 1954 were among the most enjoyable and fruitful of my entire teaching career.

I) We had superior leadership from our senior professors. Dr. J. Arthur Heck, our president, was an outstanding teacher of theology trained at Drew under Edwin E. Lewis. As a churchman and former Secretary of the Board of Christian Education of the Evangelical Church, he was determined to create a seminary faculty as well trained as was professionally possible. Our three younger faculty during my tenure came from Drew (Dr. George Frey A. DeWire in Christian Education) (my alma mater). Dr. Heck set same time protected us with negotiate genuinely profitable years, when finding leisure for was given every opportunity to satisfactory conclusion over four

Along with Dr. Heck stood Dr. Jacob Albright, the founder of our research scholar in the history of denomination, Dr. Albright gave and set an example from which I students.

When I first arrived on campus in the small office on the third floor where I both studied and slept, Ray came by to size up my then growing personal library and to make appropriate suggestions for its improvement. Since Patristics was (and is) of some concern for the teaching of the New Testament and since Dr. Albright taught the whole gamut of history from Pentecost to the New Deal, he used to point out to me that all the basic problems had been raised (if not solved!) in the first five centuries. When I sometimes complained that I was responsible for the teaching of the whole New Testament, he would brusquely remind me that I had only four centuries to “cover” while he had to drive his “Cadillac” over the great highway spanning nineteen centuries.

II) As a faculty we had a vital, firsthand relationship with the Evangelical United Brethren Church, both local and national.

Although I was a very junior member of Annual Conference with only three years in the parish (one as a student; two, full-time), I was given a role in the Board of Ministerial Training. Since Dr. Heck was its chairman, he wanted someone as close by as me, however inexperienced, to provide support!
At the same time all five faculty members taught in some field other than their own, in order to round out our offerings. Along with my specialty in the New Testament, I was asked to teach homiletics. So it came about that while cruising over my four hundred years of ancient history surrounding the New Testament, I also learned once again how to preach. This gave me a rich opportunity to share with every student in the offering of his weekly sacrifice.

To what I had been taught by Dr. Andrew Blackwood at Princeton I added in particular Halford Luccock’s *In the Minister’s Workshop* and his *Marching Off the Map*. By organizing each sermon structure, Luccock taught us that each introduction was an aim and a shot and that each outline should carry us forward to get something done in concrete terms. The wide variety of structures he lined up for us demonstrated that there was more than one way of skinning the cat. It also enabled me to critique the manuscripts the students submitted for my approval and to respond instantly to their sermons as they preached. To record what the students said from the pulpit, we had a Webcor wire recorder, quite primitive and unreliable by modern standards but—when operating properly—a major advance into the twentieth century. One day it made history when a forgetful professor forgot to unplug it and discovered to his chagrin that it had melted down. But it served us well and—as an unintended consequence—inoculated that same forgetful professor against listening to sermons for the rest of his life.

I remember that the famed Pittsburgh Presbyterian, Dr. Clarence Edward McCartney, found out that I was a fellow Princetonian and sent me a whole carton of his pointed sermons and sermon illustrations. His most famous sermon, “Come Before Winter,” was manufactured from an inconsequential remark in the Pastorals. That sermon exactly and monumentally demonstrated what I had convinced myself no preacher ought to allow: using a text out of context simply as a motto, a pretext for saying what one wanted to say without regard to the text itself. I made no bones about my disapproval even of a justly famous Princetonian. I had also warned the students against using “canned” illustrations. To demonstrate the passion I felt in this respect, each year at the appropriate time with an appropriate liturgical rubric I would toss Dr. McCartney’s volume of illustrations out the window of our classroom (only to retrieve it from the small hidden balcony underneath the window and use again).

Most of our students served each week in the parish, as I remember from Friday afternoons to Tuesday mornings. Since I had had less pastoral experience than most of them and since I was younger than most of them, the more responsible among them simply extended their pastoral care to me! I was told in no uncertain terms that no exams were to be set during hunting season or revival season. At the close of each week the mistakes I had made in classroom teaching were plainly explained to me and suggestions made for improvement. Those were wonderful days.

At another level of experience, professors were all asked to write for the *Telescope-Messenger* out of our responsibility to share our

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**ABOUT THIS ISSUE**

**Irvin W. Batdorf**, Professor Emeritus of New Testament Literature at UTS, lives in retirement with wife Doris in Palmyra, Pennsylvania, where he continues to preach and lecture occasionally.

**Bernell Baldwin**’s account of her mother’s ministry is a product of the passion for writing she developed in retirement. She is the wife of the Reverend William Baldwin (UTS ’49 M.Div.) in the story and both now live in Newton, Kansas.

**Robert E. Airhart** was pastor of several churches in East Ohio Conference prior to his missionary years. When he left Red Bird, he became an administrator at the Otterbein Home, Lebanon, Ohio, where he and his wife live in retirement.

**Cecil P. E. Pottieger** (UTS ’48 M.Div., ’77 D.Min.) Served in the National Division, Board of Missions, as pastor in East Pennsylvania Conference, and in retirement he is president of his travel agency in Frederick, Maryland.
Gertrude Pettibon’s favorite hymn was “The Church’s One Foundation is Jesus Christ Her Lord.” This she lived by and this she preached.

Gertrude was thirty-two when her husband, the Reverend William McNeill, pastor of the United Brethren in Christ Church of Brashear, Missouri, died unexpectedly, leaving her with three young daughters. Dr. Paul Herrick, Conference Superintendent, immediately licensed her to fill her husband’s pulpit. Unprepared for such a career and protesting, “I can’t,” she assumed his duties one month later, and successfully pastored the charge for more than a year. At that time she married the Reverend Pettibon and moved to Kansas.

The next three years she continued with her studies and preached on occasion. When the marriage failed, she requested assignment as a pastor and was appointed to the church at Republic, Kansas.

In 1933 Kansas farmers, once supplying the world with wheat, now, due to drought, dust storms and the Great Depression, were unable to feed their own people. The Republic church was on the verge of closing. Their pastor had quit to work on PWA, a government relief program. The Official Board refused to accept a woman preacher.

Gertrude, now certain of her calling, refused to accept the Board’s decision and moved with her children into a back room of the church. Her first Sunday she preached and announced a full week’s schedule to a cold and almost empty church. The days and weeks that followed she chugged her '28 Chevrolet over dusty country roads, more often than not, driving on prayer and the fumes from an empty gas tank.

She stopped at every house inviting folks to church, and the bone-weary farmers came. Soon the Board saw something special in this woman’s zeal for God and love for people, and moved her into the parsonage.

Gertrude Pettibon pastored the Republic church ten years, 1933 to 1943, and was ordained in 1936. These were years of great financial problems. Pastor and laity sacrificed together to pay Conference quotas, and the pastor’s small salary was supplemented by whatever produce was available.

Four young men of the congregation answered the call to Christian ministry and went on to be ordained. They are William Baldwin, Ellis Green, Duane Larkins and Robert Vance. Baldwin and Vance graduated from Bonebrake Theological Seminary, Dayton, Ohio, in 1949. Baldwin and Larkins became Gertrude’s sons-in-law.

The church became a stronghold of the community, and remains so today. Most of the town’s six hundred people are gone, businesses have moved, the school is closed and its roof has fallen in. But the UB church (now United Methodist), stands like a beacon on a corner near the center of town. Its brown brick exterior in good repair, its doors open, its sanctuary warm and welcoming, while a young woman preacher affirms, “The Church’s One Foundation is Jesus Christ Her Lord.”

In 1943 Gertrude married Clarence Millen, her lay delegate to Annual Conference and long-time friend, and preached at the Methodist Church in Byron, Nebraska. Eventually they moved to the Otterbein Home at Lebanon, Ohio, as house-parents to teenage boys. Several months later leukemia cut her life short at age fifty. But today her life still shines through many whom she brought to Christ.

Back Issues of Telescope-Messenger: Some persons have indicated interest in back issues of the Telescope-Messenger. A supply of most issues is still available. If you inform us of your interest, you will receive a form on which to order the issues you desire. Send requests by mail to Dr. James D. Nelson, Director, The Center for the EUB Heritage, 1810 Harvard Blvd., Dayton, OH 45406-4599.
Editor Don Gorrell recalls a Jeep ride over mountain roads down into and along a creek. He was representing United Theological Seminary at a session of Red Bird Missionary Conference. The writer, his Jeep driver, was the host pastor. In the thirty-five years since, roads have improved and times have changed, but the Red Bird “mission” remains. In our first appointment we served Mill Creek Church at Brightshade, Kentucky, connected to the Mission office and hospital by Jeep road and short-wave radio. I also served Bear Creek, a new church meeting in a one-room school, developed from a “preaching point.” In addition, I visited five one-room schools each week with programs.

Active in our Mill Creek church were eight country school teachers, good friends and loyal supporters of our program. My wife Wahnita was needed to teach in our Red Bird High School. Early each Monday, we took her and our son by Jeep and brought them home on Friday. With our sixth-grade daughter and my 84-year-old father, we carried on through the week.

Since it was a seventy-seven mile trip by car around the highway, I was called to take parishioners and other neighbors with acute conditions to the hospital by Jeep. Typical were a woman in labor, a boy who had cut his ankle severely with an ax and an elderly man with kidney blockage for 24 hours before his family carried him down the mountain to the parsonage door.

Mountain folk loved what old timers called “awful preachin” and I love to preach, so we got along well. They especially wanted “plenty of preachin” at funerals. I was invited to take part in almost all funerals outside our membership along with the untrained mountain preachers.

Television was new. Our church treasurer and postmaster had the first and only one in our community. With a high tower atop the mountain, she got one channel from Knoxville, Tennessee. With no TV at home and little opportunity to go far from home, youth and children’s activities were well attended.

Among many joys and blessings in this outpost ministry was friendship with the “old-timers” who loved to share stories of their younger days. Pa Lewis was the first convert to be baptized and join Mill Creek Church in the early ’20s. He had been a mule skinner and logger, dragging out the virgin timber, loss of which allowed for disastrous floods. He was almost always in church services. We marked the end of his journey in his 90th year.

Granny Mills, at sixteen with an eighth-grade education and summer courses from a state college held in the basement of the court house, began teaching in a log cabin with a packed dirt floor. In her 90s she lived in a two-room log cabin on Asher’s Fork. Her husband was killed in World War I and his khaki uniform still hung on the cabin wall. She was a fascinating raconteur. She was no longer able to come out to church. From April through October in that mild climate, we held a Sunday afternoon “preachin” once a month. Thirty or more would gather on her porch and surrounding it. Our Sunday school superintendent, who was our daughter’s 6th grade teacher, would lead the singing. Granny’s favorite was “Precious Memories.” We indeed have precious memories of those brief, two-and-a-half years before we were transferred to the campus and community ministry at Beverly.

Our life and ministry at Beverly was quite different with three constituencies. First was the Boarding High School student body, the community students, and our Beverly Red Bird elementary school. Second was a substantial adult community of our Beverly church members, along with members of a mountain Baptist congregation which met one weekend a month, and others who attended holiness and
snake-handling groups; some who professed no particular faith. The pastor met, sometimes called on and maintained a neighborly spirit with all groups. The third very important group was our Red Bird staff of teachers, medical personnel, office and administrative leaders, and others. Preaching and ministering to three groups was a demanding and blessed experience.

The dorm youth had a “homegoing” one weekend a month. The rest of the weekends we had a wide ranging social and religious program on Sunday afternoons and evenings and on Wednesday evenings. A group of about thirty youth shared in a Gospel Team or Deputation Team which I continued upon arrival. We met each Monday evening for Bible study and preparation for deputation teams to go to all our Red Bird churches and others from which our dorm students came. A group would travel with a teacher or nurse to present the Sunday morning service, including the message, special music and personal witness. Once, I arranged for a guest speaker in Beverly pulpit and took a group to a small mission church of the United Brethren in Christ (Old Constitution). A girl in that church was on our Gospel team.

A week of revival services in fall and spring was the norm. For these we brought such guest preachers as John Knecht, Ralph Holderman, Russell Praetorius, Robert Koenig, Paul Stuckey and other denominational leaders and Conference Superintendents. Without exception they communicated well with our youth and were appreciated by our adults. It was our privilege to entertain each of these visitors, as the nearest motel was more than twenty miles away over winding mountain roads. This was a joy and blessing.

One of the most gratifying results of ministry in a mission setting has been seeing youth, some from difficult home backgrounds, grow in their Christian faith, get an education and enter careers of service. A high school girl from a broken home had a deep faith, a good singing voice and leadership ability. She did not have opportunity to attend Red Bird School. We helped her into and through Berea College. There she met and married a mountain boy and they have a fine family. She has served as a nurse in several settings and has been active in her church.

A boy who was a first string player on Red Bird’s varsity basketball team married a girl from my deputation team and they have reared a fine family in the church. After working in the mines, he finally finished college and is a teacher at Red Bird High School. A girl from a difficult home background was frequently in our home to visit with Wahnea, who was one of her teachers. She and her husband are active in one of our Red Bird Churches. For a number of years, she served as secretary to the Red Bird Missionary Conference Superintendent. She also served a term on the General Board of Global Ministries!

Mountain girls took readily to 4-H Club programs at Beverly and at most of our Centers. But 4-H for boys didn’t catch on. I organized a Scout Troop at Beverly with both dorm and community boys eagerly participating. We had good staff support and found Scouting a way to reach boys who were not involved in our other church programs. We received boxes of good used uniforms from a Scout Council “up north.” The scouts were quite willing to do chores for the mission in return for their uniforms.

Attending Scout Camp in the Blue Grass, mingling with boys from a different culture was a good learning experience. By the time we left Red Bird, we had three Eagle Scouts.

Two pieces of “good counsel” were given me by two mountain men: “Never go to a snake handling service, for they may thrust a rattler at you and tell you to ‘handle the creature since you claim to have faith.’” The men also advised: “Never go off in the mountains looking for a still or you might be still for a long time.” I followed “good counsel,” when I encountered both situations.

Returning for Homecomings we see many changes, but the same spirit and purpose: Better roads; the new centralized school, one-room schools closed; a number of former Methodist circuits and Henderson Settlement under the Red Bird Missionary Conference umbrella; enlarged craft program benefiting marginal families; the medical program evolving to meet changing needs; the Pastor’s school, conducted by the Conference to train successful local leadership;
many Work Camp groups; a new and improved Conference camping center and cultural changes. Behind these recollections lie many a fascinating tale of a great chapter in our ministry.

50TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION Tapes and Book

Just over a year ago we were celebrating the union that formed the Evangelical United Brethren Church. Those days of information and inspiration will long stand in the memory of many of us, and they promise to be refreshed and expanded in the months ahead. The audio tapes of the various presentations made on that occasion will soon be released and available for purchase through the Center.

Last November in Dayton it was promised that the papers and sermons featured at that celebration would be published. The introductory material descriptive of the event is presently being completed, and the various presentations are being edited. It is now certain that these writings will appear in print and will make available a valuable resource for the appreciation and understanding of Evangelical United Brethren organization, thought and practice. While this material is not yet ready for the press, its publication is now assured and further announcements will appear.

Since postal regulations restrict promotion of sales in the pages of the Telescope-Messenger, we are presently compiling a mailing list of persons interested in these publications. If you have an interest in procuring audio tapes from the 50th Anniversary Conference last November, or if you wish to receive notice of the availability of the published presentations, please communicate your particular interest by mail to Dr. James D. Nelson, Director, The Center for the EUB Heritage, 1810 Harvard Blvd., Dayton, OH 45406-4599.

(Continued from page 2)

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 gifts with the Evangelical United Brethren Church beyond seminary walls. Recently I came across an article I wrote for the Telescope Messenger of December 3, 1949, as my contribution to a column listed “For Ministers Only” and entitled in my case, “The Bible Personally.” I wrote then what became a major motif of the ministry that grew out of my sojourn at the Evangelical School of Theology: “As I cannot be a real person nor a real minister apart from the Bible, so the church cannot be the church without it.”

If we as faculty were active in serving our denomination, it was also true that we enlisted the help of many leaders in the larger church to develop our seminary programs. Prominent pastors were brought in to lead our retreats, such as the Rev. Bill Woods from Baltimore or the Rev. Paul Washburn of Rockford, Illinois, a future bishop. Successful alumni preached in our daily chapel services such as the Rev. Gerald Wert from Philadelphia and the Rev. Roy E. Stetler, Jr. from Washington, DC. District superintendents were also regularly invited to preach at these same services (Dr. O. A. Hyden and Dr. Charles Kachel from East Penn, Dr. Carl Schneider from the Atlantic Conference, Dr. C. W. Winch from West Penn and Dr. N. L. Hummel from Central Penn). Officers of the General Church also came on campus (Dr. J. Allen Ranck, the Rev. Warren J. Hartman, Dr. Raymond Veh). On October 10, 1950, thirteen district superintendents from all six of our constituent Annual Conferences (and beyond!) were brought to our campus for a day of fellowship and consultation. In the spring of 1954, Bishop Emeritus John S. Stamm and his wife led a Student Wives’ Conference. Both I and my wife, Doris, remember how refreshing an experience this was. Bishop Stamm had been our leader for as long as I could remember, having taken his turn even as president of the Evangelical School of Theology. Mrs. Stamm herself spoke on “The Joys of Being a Minister’s Wife.” We cherish to this day the official photograph of our meeting with her.

III) Stimulated by the quality of our senior faculty and deeply related to the denomination we were serving, we continued to become a closely knit fellowship both at work and at play. We were both an academic team and a family.

To our yearly convocations, commencements, retreats and pastors’ conferences came a steady stream of scholars and preachers from the major pulpits and seminaries of the mainline Christian churches. During my years there was Richard Niebuhr and Kenneth Scott Latourette from Yale, Otto Piper and Howard Kuist from Princeton and Paul
Johnson from Boston. Under such impetus we were challenged as a learning community to make our life together both ecumenical and vigorously intellectual. In spite of our size—52 students (at most!) and five full-time professors—we were united in our endeavor to be the most authentic seminary we could be in the emerging theological climate of American Christianity, no longer suspicious of higher learning as we had been at the school’s founding in 1905.

We were family not simply when an auto accident killed one student and injured three others but regularly day in and day out. Students and faculty belonged to the same social grouping known officially as “The Divinity Students’ Society.” As such, each year we feasted with our wives at a banquet given by the Presbyterian Ministers’ Fund. As such, without our wives we posed each year for an official photograph and enjoyed an “annual stag social” on the top of Mt. Penn. Seniors regularly went to New York City each year as a class to sample its riches, both cultural and religious. In 1953 Dr. Ralph Sockman had come from Christ Methodist Church in New York City to lecture on our campus, so that on our last excursion to New York in 1954 he not only remembered us but after the service greeted us personally by name.

One of the stories most often told as sacred midrash on our common life involved our beloved custodian Jacob Held and Dr. Arthur C. Core, in those days Professor of Church History at Bonebrake Seminary in Dayton. To assist us in our days of transition from Reading to Dayton, Arthur was among us as a lecturer of meticulous precision. Jacob Held (fondly known among us as “Jake”) was the soul of honor and industry, eager to fulfill to the letter the meticulous direction of our CEO, President Heck. Jake was a good soldier. Before chapel one morning, Arthur had filled three blackboards in one classroom with the outlines of his upcoming lecture. During chapel, while we were all at prayer, Jake wondered how in the world he had missed following Dr. Heck’s specific injunction to keep all blackboards clean at all times. So Jake made short work of Arthur’s outlines and when Arthur returned from chapel, he had to start all over again! We are still chuckling!

Only four of us finally came to Dayton. Dr. Albright went on to teach at the Episcopal Seminary in Cambridge, Massachusetts. When we four left Reading surely Dr. Heck paid the highest price. It took great courage for him to face his friends in those eastern Conferences we had served and say to them that we needed to move into larger fields, leaving old landmarks behind to serve a greater good. Out of genuine love for the church and in spite of opposition, Dr. Heck kept us all on course. His vision was finally realized and we younger men remained all the more in his debt. My apprenticeship was over. Never again would I find such freedom to break new ground in my own way and at my own pace.

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**EUB Heritage Landmarks of United Methodism**

Seven of the 38 Heritage Landmarks authorized by the 1996 General Conference recognize buildings and locations of significant events of our Evangelical and United Brethren traditions. One is in Maryland, four in Pennsylvania and two in Ohio. These tangible reminders of our heritage are:

- Old Otterbein Church, Baltimore, MD
- Albright Chapel, Kleinfeltersville, PA
- Boehm’s Chapel, Willow Street, PA
- First Church Building and Publishing House, Evangelical Association, New Berlin, PA
- First United Methodist Church, Johnstown, PA
- Bishop John Seybert/Flat Rock Cluster, near Flat Rock, OH
- Hanby House, Westerville, OH

Two-page descriptions of each Landmark, with locations, travel directions, visiting times, nearby food and lodging, contact persons and bibliographic resources can be found in *A Traveler’s Guide to the Heritage Landmarks of The United Methodist Church* (1996) published by the General Commission on Archives and History, P. O. Box 127, Madison, NJ 07940.
Anecdote

Just prior to the EUB merger, The Evangelical School of Theology in Reading, Pennsylvania, experienced a number of transitions. While a student there from 1945-48, several faculty changes were effected.

When I arrived at EST, the faculty included Dr. J. Arthur Heck (President and Professor of Theology), Dr. Raymond Albright (Church History), Professor A. Roger Kratz (Sociology of Religion), Dr. Michael E. Ritzman (Missions and New Testament), and the newest faculty member, Dr. George Frey (Old Testament). It was Dr. Frey’s first year at EST.

During my first year, Dr. Ritzman died, which was regretted by his students. He was an older, kindly man who shared delightful stories and imparted much wisdom gleaned from his years of experience as an Evangelical Church missionary leader in China.

Due to Ritzman’s death and because a Missions teacher was necessary for us to complete our course work, the faculty and the Board of EST decided to cancel all other classes for one full week in order to make Missions our only subject of study. To accomplish this, Dr. Wilbur Harr was imported from our sister Evangelical Church school, the Evangelical Theological Seminary in Naperville, Illinois. Like Ritzman, Dr. Harr had been an Evangelical Church missionary, although in Africa.

The course work was intensive. We experienced MISSION classes morning and afternoon, followed by study and reading each evening and often into the night! By the time Thursday evening arrived, some of us had HAD it with study and with missions! But Dr. Harr suggested that we spend that final evening in concentrated study in order to prepare for the big test scheduled for the next morning!

At dinner in a local restaurant (there was no cafeteria at EST) someone of our group suggested that we relax for several hours and take in a movie! The decision was unanimous and we headed for a little theater. I won’t mention any names (even though I have already incriminated myself) but we followed in single file our unnamed leader into the darkened theater. When he found a row of seats that would accommodate our large group, he excused himself as the man seated on the end of the aisle stood to allow us to take our seats. To our ultimate mortification, we one by one passed by the now standing DR. HARR. Our leader kept on walking and we moved to another section of the theater. But the damage was done!

Each of us hoped that in the darkness our identity had been obscured. As I reflect on the incident, I do not recall that Dr. Harr ever mentioned this embarrassing moment. I can’t imagine that he didn’t ID at least some of us. But it was a short movie, allowing us to get back to studying missions in what was left of the evening.

In my middle year (1946-47), Dr. Irvin W. Bardin was appointed by the Seminary Board to replace Dr. Ritzman at EST.

Cecil P. E. Pottier

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