



Concordia Historical Institute Quarterly

Official Organ of the Concordia Historical Institute

801 De Mun Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Subscription, 50 cts. per copy, \$2.00 a year, payable strictly in advance

A subscription for the QUARTERLY is included in the fees of membership in the Institute: Active, \$2.00 per annum; Sustaining, \$5.00 per annum; Life, \$100.00, single payment

Vol. IV

October, 1931

No. 3

Personal Reminiscences of Walther and Wyneken.

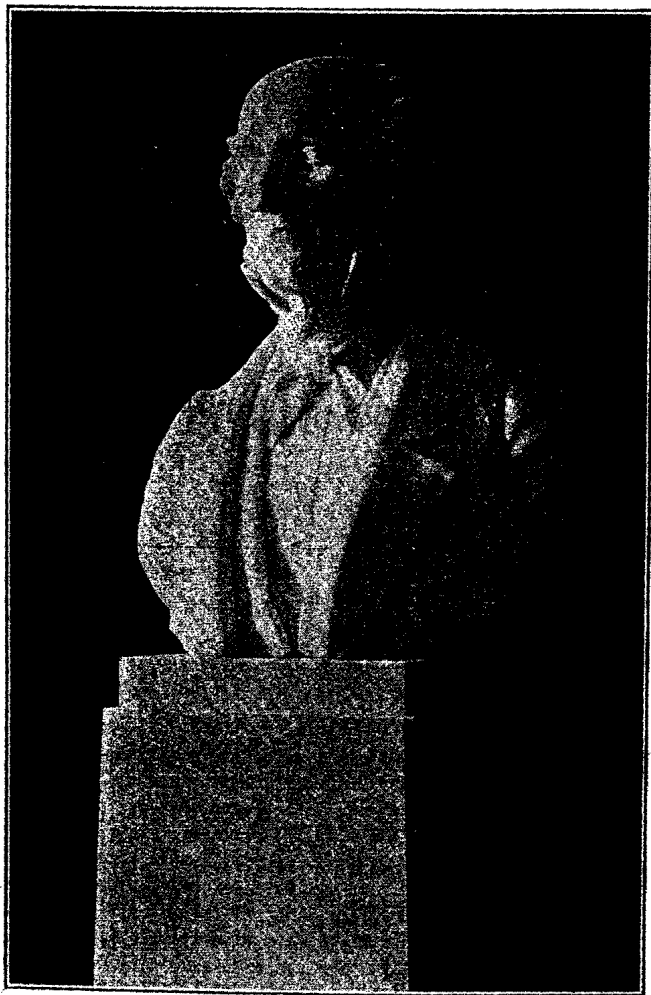
By the REV. CARL EISSFELDT.

(Translated by PROF. THEO. LAETSCH.)

Now that I am on the home stretch of my pilgrimage on earth, my thoughts often revert to the past. In these memories of my childhood and youth are included many interesting reminiscences of my dear, unforgettable teacher and friend Prof. Dr. C. F. W. Walther. Long before I sat at his feet as a theological student, I had been privileged to become acquainted with this venerable man. During the years of my childhood, Professor Walther was a standing guest at the home of my parents as often as he came to Milwaukee to attend synodical or other church meetings. I can still see him standing before the door of our house and, when this was opened, greeting with a deep bow the lady of the house. On every occasion, at table and during the conversations, Walther invariably remained the polite and refined Saxon, going so far as to thank us children very cordially for any favor that we had done for him. This politeness filled our hearts with high respect and sincere admiration.

Just as deeply were we impressed by his mighty standing collar, called *Vatermoerder*, ornamented with an immense white tie, which, as far as length was concerned, might have served as a scarf. We children were not afraid of Walther, for in his association with children he was invariably cordial and friendly, so that we felt drawn towards him. Still a certain feeling of respect prevented intimacy on our part.

Altogether different we felt towards another noted man, who also, especially as long as he was president, was a standing guest in the home



This fine bust of Dr. C. F. W. Walther, done in pure white marble, stands in the Faculty Room at Concordia Seminary.

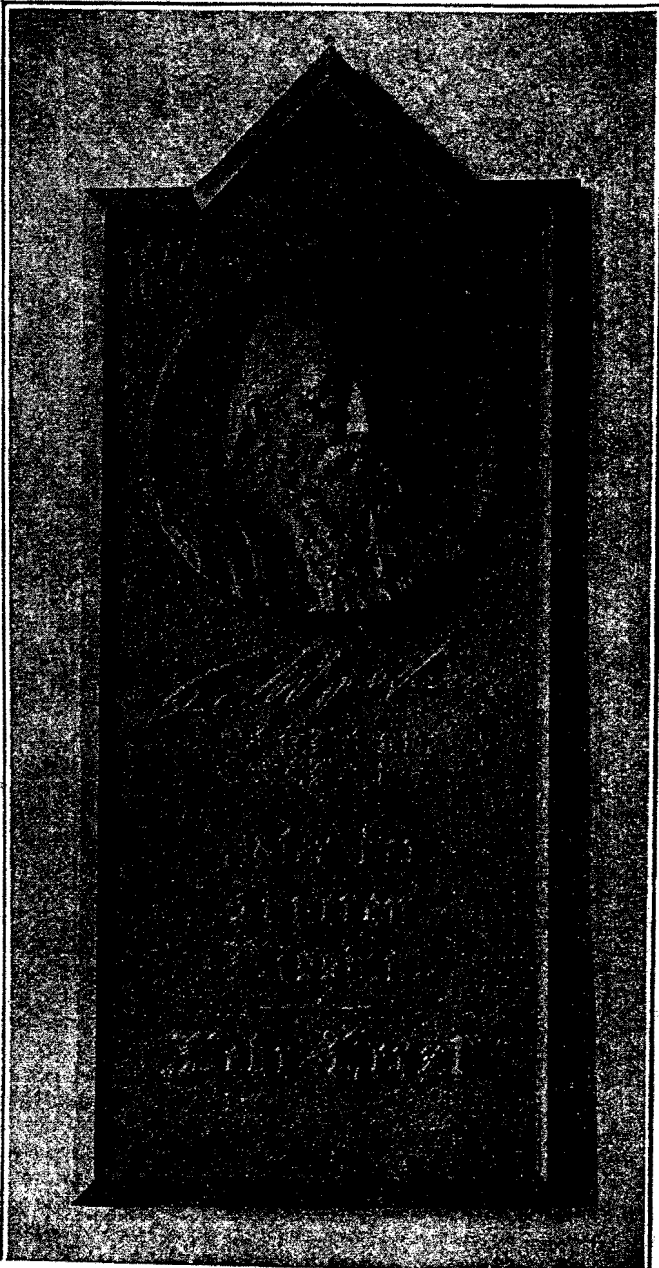
of my parents. I refer to President Friedrich Wyneken. He also was always a gentleman, but his whole nature and bearing and his attitude toward us was of a kind that we children felt not the slightest embarrassment in his presence. With a hearty laugh he used to say, whenever he came to our house, "Good day, Mrs. Eissfeldt, here I am again" ("*Tag, Frau Eissfeldt, da bin ich wieder*"). We children served as bootblacks for all the guests at our home. (At that time all males, old and young, wore high boots.) Some of the guests placed their boots before the door of their room in the evening. Wyneken, however, never did that. In the

early morning hours I therefore would slip quietly into the room and get his boots. Not always was I successful. I remember that when one morning I quietly opened the door, Wyneken stood in the room fully dressed, and with a resounding laugh he exclaimed: "A respectable grenadier never surrenders his boots" ("*Ein ordentlicher Grenadier gibt nie seine Stiebeln von sich*").

Wisconsin was at that time known as the "Church Militant," and often Wyneken was obliged to come and settle quarrels, especially in the congregations in the neighborhood of Milwaukee. Usually father drove him out to the congregation he was to visit, taking mother and us children along. One incident especially has fastened itself in my memory. It was in K. where trouble had been brewing for some time. Wyneken was called to restore order. Immediately after the opening of the meeting the storm broke. The chairman, spite of all his remonstrances, was completely ignored. Then Wyneken jumped up and, stamping his feet on the ground, called into the assembly with a voice of thunder, using the Low-German dialect, "Wait, you boys, I have the floor." ("*Teuf, ji Buben, ick hevt's Wurd.*") Quiet was immediately restored. Wyneken's whole appearance was different from that of Dr. Walther, and still both were remarkably successful.

Wyneken appreciated a good meal, but never at the expense of his health. Once when he was a guest of my parents, his stomach was out of order. My mother had prepared a rather rich dessert. Wyneken did not touch it, and when mother urged him to try it, he said, "Mrs. Eissfeldt, the Lord has very wisely arranged that the palate is here," pointing to it with his finger, "but above the palate is the brain," pointing to his forehead. "The brain must always remain above the palate."

To return to Dr. Walther. If any one hears or reads of Walther's astounding activity as teacher and spiritual leader, one might imagine that Walther was interested only in theology and theological matters. That is absolutely beside the mark. Walther was a *connoisseur* in music. For several years, especially toward the end of the sixties, he personally conducted a musical circle. He was also a master at the organ. On the high festivals he usually played the organ at Old Trinity, and it was a rare treat to listen to the wonderful improvisations, which admirably served to create in the audience the proper devotional spirit. Whenever he was a guest of my parents, my dear mother, who was a singer of note, had to sit down at the piano after supper and sing a number of songs. Among the melodies that Walther loved to hear time and again were the well-known aria from Handel's *Messiah* "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth" and also the aria by J. S. Bach "*Mein gläubiges Herz, frohlocke.*" As student I also had occasion to convince myself of his mastery at the piano. He and Mrs. Walther were guests at a rather large party given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leonhardt, which was also my home during my years of study at St. Louis. In the course of the evening Mother Leonhardt asked me, "Can you not prevail upon Walther to play the piano?" When I approached him, Walther declared, "No, no, I am altogether out of practise." Selecting a transcription for four hands of Beethoven's *Symphony in D Major*, I showed it to Walther. He glanced over the first few pages, humming the melody. "Ah," he said, "that is wonderful,"



Memorial Tablet to Wyneken, the Father of our Home Missions,
placed at Concordia College, St. Paul, Minn.

and kept on humming. Then he said, "Well, we can try a page or two." So we sat down at the piano, and soon Walther became enthusiastic. He forgot that he had wanted to try only one page. More and more spirited his playing became, so that I had trouble to follow him, and the perspiration dripped from my forehead. Oblivious of his surroundings, Walther kept on playing till he reached the brilliant *finale*. Behind us sat a well-known lady. Before the guests could applaud, she exclaimed with a deep sigh, "Oh, how long!" Thereupon Walther turned to me and, drawing up his eyebrows in comic despair, said, "You see, there we have it" ("*Sehen Sie, da haben wir's*"). Walther's love of music reminds me of another incident, which clearly shows that one could voice his opinions and wishes



Dr. Walther's Father.

to Walther with utmost frankness without fear of being misunderstood. During my last year at St. Louis, Student K., who was also a great lover of music, came to me one day at noon and informed me that on that very evening an Italian opera company would render *The Huguenots* by Meyerbeer. "We must go," said he. "Miss X. and Miss Y., two singers of first rank, will sing. We shall never again have such an opportunity to hear good music." I had my doubts, but still should like to have gone. But would it be permitted? Finally, I said to myself, "I'll ask Dr. Walther." No sooner said than done. I laid the whole matter before him, eagerly awaiting his answer. When I had ended, he said, "Don't you believe that I also should like to attend? I know that the only reason why you are so anxious to go is the opportunity to hear that wonderful music. And I don't blame you in the least. But you may be sure that quite a number of

our younger congregation members will be there; also those who make no distinction between things permitted and prohibited. How would you feel if these people would see you there and from your presence draw the conclusion, "If a future pastor comes here, then we may visit any show? Would that be a matter of indifference to you?" After he had spoken in this manner for some time, he closed with the remark, "I will not forbid you to go. Do whatever you think you can answer for to God." Naturally I remained at home.

Already in my younger years I had occasion to admire Dr. Walther's patience in dealing with his opponents. His firmness and tenacity in clinging to the clear doctrine of the Word of God was matched by his remarkable patience with such as were still caught in the meshes of false doctrine. This trait of Walther's struck me already in the days of my



Wyneken's Home in Indiana.

childhood on the occasion of the Iowa Colloquium in November of the year 1867. Pastor Sievers from Michigan, who was also a standing guest in my parental home, had taken me along to the sessions, stating that as a future theologian I should also be present at these meetings. There Walther's patience made a remarkable impression upon me. The manner of the opponents was often of a nature severely to test one's patience. Several times all present felt that in one or the other point unity had been reached, and when Walther declared his joy over this result, the leader of the Iowaans, Siegmund Fritschel, responded, "But, Professor, if you have understood us to say that, then you have indeed misunderstood us." These words clung to my memory, since on the evening after this session they were the subject of the conversation in the circle of our guests. While most of our guests had despaired of the possibility of success and had already asked Dr. Walther, "Will you still continue your discussions?" Walther remained patient, willing to continue the discussions as long as

the opponent seemed open to conviction. Even when one of the opponents publicly charged Walther with being a liar, he remained calm and collected. I was reminded of this trait in the character of Dr. Walther when recently, paging through old volumes of the *Lutheraner*, I read in Walther's report of the Iowa Colloquium these words: "Even if the goal for which we all strove, unity in the full truth, has not been reached, we will not, and dare not, give up the hope that in due time it will be reached by the grace of God."

To the memories of Walther indelibly impressed on my mind belong also the days when, after the controversy on Predestination had broken out, a conference took place in the seminary of the Wisconsin Synod between representatives of the Synodical Conference and those charging us with Calvinism. Walther and Professor Craemer were guests in my parents' home on this occasion. Never have I seen Walther so downcast, so depressed in spirit, as in those days. Usually Walther took an active part in the conversation whenever he returned from any synodical meeting. This time he came to our home from every meeting silent, utterly saddened; he took almost no part in the conversation, ate only what my mother urged upon him, and retired early to the solitude of his bed-chamber, where, without doubt, he wrestled in fervent prayer with his God.

On this occasion I also experienced the true brotherly love and affection which united Professor Craemer with Walther. As soon as these two men returned from the sessions to our home, Craemer sought to divert and cheer Walther. For this purpose

he also asked my mother to sing some of the songs Walther loved so well and to prepare for him his favorite dishes. He also brought other guests, friends, and acquaintances of Walther that they might engage him in a conversation. In brief, he was concerned about Walther with truly brotherly affection. But love's labor seemingly was lost in this instance. Walther remained in a sad and downcast mood until the close of the meeting. More than ever could I see on this occasion how deeply he was concerned about the welfare and the unity of the Church and how keenly he felt the defection of, and separation from, men who had formerly worked and fought with him side by side.

During the first few months of my studies at St. Louis I felt very much disappointed. In the upper classes at Watertown the lessons had been exceedingly interesting and stimulating, especially the reading of Latin classics under the elder Professor Notz, Literature and History with Professor Ernst, and English with Prof. Theo. Brohm. In the first year at St. Louis we heard Dr. Walther only in Dogmatics, and for the first



Mrs. Walther.

months I had absolutely no relish for the other branches taught, such as Logic, Metaphysics, Symbolics, Church History, etc. I was disappointed and discouraged and was rather inclined to give up studying for the ministry. That it did not come so far I owe, next to God, to my dear Professor Walther. Since Walther had for many years been a guest at my parents' home, I was not a stranger to him when I came to St. Louis. When I conveyed to him the greetings of my parents, he invited me cordially to visit him as often as I had anything on my mind. I had many an occasion to observe the true fatherly spirit in which Dr. Walther concerned himself about his students whenever he had the opportunity. While I was laboring under my disappointment, Dr. Walther happened to ask me how I liked my studies. I made a clean breast of all my doubts and worries, and I shall never forget how in his own inimitable manner he soon succeeded in instilling in me a real love for the ministry by pointing out to me how precious a work it was to serve the Lord in the vineyard of His Church.

I can still see him standing before me in his study, in his gray dressing-gown, his long German pipe in one hand and in the other a long *Fidibus* (a long strip of paper rolled together, resembling somewhat the straws served at soda fountains and used in place of matches). These *Fidibuses* Dr. Walther used to light his long pipe. To watch this procedure was to me always an interesting amusement. After Walther had filled his pipe with tobacco, he took one of the *Fidibuses*, but before lighting it at the stove or over the lamp, he used it to emphasize his lively gestures. When he had succeeded in lighting it, he frequently, in his lively conversation, forgot to light his pipe till the flame of the burning *Fidibus* came into too close proximity to his fingers. Discarding this *Fidibus*, another one was picked up, again lit, and now, remembering that the *Fidibus* was to be used for lighting his pipe, he held it somewhere near the mouth of his pipe, but, looking straight into the eyes of his companion, he did not notice that it was inches away from its object. So at times three or four *Fidibuses* were used before he finally succeeded in lighting his pipe. Mama Walther, however, always had an ample supply of these useful articles on hand.

These are some memories of my dear Dr. Walther which come to my mind after an interval of many, many years and which, at the wish of the CONCORDIA HISTORICAL INSTITUTE QUARTERLY, I am now penning for the edification of those readers who did not have the good fortune of becoming personally acquainted with Dr. Walther.

Unique Relics in the Museum of the Institute.

By PROF. THEODORE GRAEBNER, D. D.

1. The First Map of the Missouri Synod.

An extraordinary map has become property of the Concordia Historical Institute. It is the gift of Pastor T. Thieme, then of South Bend, Ind., now of South Chicago.

The map is entitled *Uebersichtskarte fuer das deutsch-lutherische Missionswerk in den Vereinigten Staaten Nordamerikas 1848*. It was

printed in Germany and in its technical execution is a superb bit of map-making. While the originator of the map is not mentioned, the interior evidence points to Pastor Wilhelm Loehe of Neuendettelsau as the author.

The map shows the northeast portion of the United States, with the exclusion of New England, and is in fact a map of the Missouri Synod during the first year of its existence. As such it possesses extraordinary historical value. The States of Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Lower Michigan, and sections of Wisconsin and Iowa show the division into counties. Not only that, but each county is indicated by a figure, and in the margin the counties are tabulated by name according to States.

A red line begins at New York, continues up the Hudson to Albany, thence to Buffalo through Lake Erie, the Detroit River, Lake St. Clair, and Lake Huron, the line ending at the head of Saginaw Bay. Another line begins at Detroit overland and also ends in the Saginaw country. Another over Toledo follows the line of the ship-canal, ending at Fort Wayne. The legend tells in explanation of this red line: "Road from New York to Frankenmuth and Fort Wayne." This is the road the Loehean colonists took in the early forties. There is also a small insert map entitled *Plan der Missionskolonien Sommer 1847 vor Ankunft der neuen Ansiedler* and showing the two colonies of Frankenmuth and Frankentrost. These little maps show the location of churches and schools as well as the farms of the colonists. The latter are all lined up along the highway, with long, narrow claims stretching back from the road, even as they are seen to-day by the tourists who pass through this marvelous agricultural region of Frankenmuth and of Frankentrost, now called Richville.

The work of the Missouri Synod is shown by means of a green line under the name of the respective cities. Settlements of Norwegian Lutherans are indicated by an orange line under the respective names. In Missouri there are seventeen Missouri stations; in Ohio, twelve; in Indiana, nine; in Michigan, six; in Wisconsin, three; in Illinois, eight; in Maryland, two; in New York, two; in Tennessee and Washington each, one, a total of sixty-one. For each station the name of the pastor is given, and a check-up proves the accuracy of all these entries.

As a map showing in detail the extent of our Synod in the year of its origination this contemporary record is of unique interest. Surely those are days of long ago when the only railroad out of New York led to Washington and Richmond, with a branch continuing from Baltimore to the Ohio River; when the Albany-Buffalo route was the only railroad in the State of New York; when Ohio had a railroad only from Toledo over Sandusky to Cincinnati; when Indiana had a single line of tracks crossing from nowhere on Lake Michigan to nowhere on the Ohio River. But across the map stretches the *Nationalstrasse*, following the same National Old Trail route now known to the motorist as U. S. 40. Wisconsin was wilderness north of the line through Portage. Northern Michigan was unexplored. All of Iowa, except the southeastern portion, was unbroken prairie. The Great West was being opened up, and it is interesting to study this map and to realize the part which our Church has had in that task.