

mennonite mirror

volume one / number two / october 1971



Karin Redekopp: a life-long dedication
A Summer Pilgrimage to Russia and Poland
Das Alte Klassenzimmer / Mexican Colonies



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Photo by Margaret Murray, RNS

Inside this issue . . .

The response to our first issue has been extremely good. A sampling of letters is found under "Reflections from our Readers."

Our German readers have responded most vigorously and we definitely intend to publish more German material in forthcoming issues. Many of our German readers also read English and don't want translations of our English materials. Others desire such translations. Our German editor, Rick Woelcke, will try to steer a course that may satisfy most of our readers. Rick is a native of the Danzig area in Germany and writes sensitively in this issue (p. 36) about the school classroom of his "youth".

Recently we heard someone say that if the Jewish people were to leave Winnipeg a great deal of the cultural life of the city would collapse. This is undoubtedly true, especially when one thinks of the Manitoba Theatre Centre, the Ballet, and the Winnipeg Symphony. We would like to think, however, that the Mennonite contribution to things of beauty and truth is also substantial, and has been growing for some time. Wally Kroeker's article on Karin Redekopp and Lore Lubosch's on a recent musical concert support this feeling. Al Reimer's diary of his Russian visit should confirm, among other things, that this is indeed a long tradition among the Mennonite people. The books by Victor Peters and Leonard Sawatzky point out, however, that the tradition is fragile and can all too easily be destroyed or damaged.

Our lovers of crossword puzzles did not disappoint us, so we have rewarded them with another challenge by Bob Matsuo.

Our new writer, Dr. Irmgard Thiessen, is a native of Berlin, a graduate in psychology from Germany and a member of the psychology department at the University of Winnipeg. She has two children.

John Wieler was in India recently and gives us a first-hand account of the sad situation there.

One of our medical doctors was good enough to sponsor the advertisement on MCC to remind us all about our responsibilities. Other professional people might consider similar sponsorships in the future.

Finally, a word about our private schools. No, a word would not do, so we encourage you to read the articles on pages 8-9.

inside you will find...

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THE COVER: Karin Redekopp makes her debut with the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra this month.

President and Editor: Roy Vogt
Vice-President and Managing editor: Edward L. Unrau
Business Officer and Secretary: Margarete Wieler
Secretary-Treasurer: Rick Martens

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Upcoming Events

Elmwood Mennonite Brethren Church:

- Thanksgiving, Oct. 10
- Youth Song Festival, 7:00 p.m., Oct. 17

Portage Avenue Mennonite Brethren Church:

- Manitoba Mennonite Brethren Youth Convention, Oct. 29 to 31.

Westgate Collegiate

- Annual meeting of the society, North Kildonan Mennonite Church, Cheriton and Roch, 8:00 p.m., Nov. 15.

Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Alumni

- Former students of Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute are forming an alumnus choir to perform the St. John's Passion on the Friday and Saturday before Easter. All interested former students are invited to attend the first rehearsal Oct. 12, 8:00 p.m. at the MBCI auditorium.

The Morija Circle (First Mennonite Church)

- Cordially invites you and your family and friends to a Shoppers' Supper, at Eaton's Assembly Hall, Thursday, October 14, 1971, from 5:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. Proceeds will be used for mission projects. Adults \$1.50, children 75c; and home baking table will be set up.

University Concert

- Wanda Toews, pianist, will give a recital in the Eva Clare Hall, School of Music, University of Manitoba, Wednesday, November 3, at 12:40 p.m. Following this recital Mrs. Toews will be going on tour to Ontario, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

THE MIRROR HAS ITS OWN NUMBER

The Mennonite Mirror has its own business phone. You can now call us to praise or complain; ask for, or cancel a subscription; suggest an article; plead for advertising space; or ask for an easier crossword puzzle.

Cut out this little portion and stick it up beside your phone somewhere or, if you don't want to mutilate your one and only copy of this month's Mirror, write it down in your list of important numbers.

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Karin Redekopp

By Wally Kroeker



A debut with the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra Oct. 23 and 24 marks the highlight of an incredibly fruitful musical career for a 23-year-old Winnipeg piano virtuoso who took an interest in music before she could even say the word.

Karin Redekopp's love affair with music began when, as a baby, her parents would position her high chair at the piano and let her amuse herself for long periods of thrashing happily at the keys. Today, thousands of hours of diligent practicing and literally dozens of musical scholarships and awards later, Miss Redekopp's attitude towards music remains the same — she makes music because making music is fun.

"It's been a lot of hard work," she says, referring to her practice sessions which average four hours daily, "but it's still fun . . . it's always been a lot of fun."

It was at the age of four that Miss Redekopp began taking formal piano training in her native Winkler. Within a year she was accompanying her mother's violin students and before long was performing at weddings. In 1961 she won her first silver medal for receiving the highest mark in the province in her Grade 7 exam from the Toronto Conservatory of Music, a feat she then duplicated each year for the next three years. In 1968 she completed her ARCT Performer exam with the Conservatory, meanwhile

Continued overleaf

A life-long dedication to music

More about REDEKOPP

capturing a gold medal for receiving the highest mark in the nation.

Among the many scholarships Miss Redekopp has accumulated with astonishing consistency over the years are the Isbister Scholarships for 1968 and 1969, awarded annually for the highest average standing in the school of music at the University of Manitoba; Registered Music Teachers' Scholarship (second prize, 1968); Registered Music Teachers' Scholarship (first prize, 1969); and the 1969 Lola MacQuarrie Memorial Scholarship.

In 1970 she was awarded the University of Manitoba gold medal for achieving the highest average in the bachelor of music graduating class.

Miss Redekopp is currently in her second year of studies at Indiana University in Bloomington. Two Canada Council grants have aided her there as she works towards her doctorate in music.

Looking back over her 19-year career as a solo performer and accompanist, Miss Redekopp lists her parents as being the chief influence in her success.

"They were always encouraging, but never pushy . . . In fact they always left the door wide open for me and made it very clear that they might even prefer it if I didn't make music my first love," she recalls.

Another major influence was her former teacher, Mrs. Alma Brock-Smith who "has done a tremendous amount for me musically; she's given me everything she could."

Miss Redekopp also fondly recalls many years of experience as a choir accompanist. She began accompanying choirs while in Kindergarten, and later spent the years between 1963 and 1970 accompanying the Mennonite Children's Choir. She toured Europe with the children's choir last year.

While Karin has been dominating the headlines of late, she is not the only musician in the family. Her mother, for example, is an accomplished musician and formerly played viola with the Winnipeg Symphony and the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. Her father is Prof. J. P. Redekopp, who teaches choral methods at the University of Manitoba and is president of the Manitoba Music Educators Association. A younger sister, Elizabeth, shows much promise as a cellist.

Miss Redekopp has yet to decide whether to concentrate on performing, accompanying or teaching. In the past she has dwelt a great deal on accompanying and is currently concentrating on solo performing. However she quickly adds that performing won't necessarily be her major thrust for the long-term future.

One of the most important aspects of her musical involvement is the capacity to communicate through music, says Miss Redekopp.

"This last year it really hit me how much plain hard work is involved, and for me it's just not worth it unless when I'm playing or accompanying I am communicating something of my-

self either intellectually, spiritually or emotionally."

Having attended many concerts as a listener, she realizes how satisfying it can be for the audience of a performer who is communicating through the music.

"I find I cannot work unless I have contact with human beings," says Miss Redekopp. "Being in touch is essential at this point. I find that even though I'm doing more practicing now, I'm proportionately spending more time with people."

She adds: "In playing, it's terribly important what kind of person you are . . . the musician simply cannot be separated from the person." **mm**



**SIEMENS PUBLISHES
"DOVE COTTAGE"
PAPERS**

The University of Alberta Press has recently published an important volume in English literature, **The Wordsworth Collection Dove Cottage Papers Facsimiles** by Dr. Reynold Siemens.

Dr. Siemens is professor of English at the University of Alberta in Edmonton. He is a native of Winkler, Manitoba, and graduated from the University of Manitoba and the University of Wisconsin. He is married to the former Francis Klassen of Leamington, Ontario.

Dr. Siemens has achieved this notable distinction in the field of English literature after a distinguished career in music. He will be remembered by many Manitobans for his cello performances in the 1950's.

The Dove Cottage Papers, the vast concentration of manuscript writings by William Wordsworth and Romantics closely associated with him, rank as one of the world's most impressive collections of manuscripts by one author and his circle. Dr. Siemens has painstakingly edited these manuscripts for use by other scholars. **mm**

Dr. Reynold Siemens

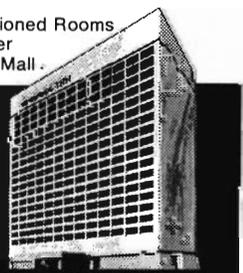
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The Rain Pours Through...

...Making the Miserable, More Miserable

By John Wieler

Mr. Wieler, associate secretary of MCC (Canada), toured the refugee area of Northeastern India this past June. Here is a report he wrote while still in India.

It is four a.m. and I can't sleep. The mugginess of the monsoon season, an upset stomach, and the nagging consciousness that something must be done for the East Pakistan refugees creates the mood and strikes the pitch in my attempt to relate what is happening in India.

As our plane approached Calcutta, the climate suddenly turned from comfortably cool to sticky warm. Below, large sections were covered with water. The emerald green vegetation indicated the rains had come. Suddenly, rows of tents and stacks appeared, jammed together. People were oblivious to the overhead traffic. This was the refugee camp at Dum Dum.

A visit to the border area is not only an eye opener, but also a real heart-breaker. There are thousands of persons trudging down the road. Tired, weary, rain-soaked, hungry and naked, they come to seek a better land. They come mainly on foot but a few can afford a rickshaw or get on the overcrowded buses. Some come down the river by boat. All looking for a place to rest and be fed.

Milk distributions have been set up. It so happened that at the Sahara camp, near Dum Dum airport, we checked and found Canadian milk being used. This had come via MCC. Here we met a woman with a child. Her husband was

killed, she came with her seven small children, no possessions except rags and a pot for her milk — a tremendous capacity for suffering. Her future . . . ?

The Barasat outpatient clinic is an old, dilapidated building. Three large windows allowed for light and ventilation. These windows also serve as counters or wickets for dispensing medicines to scores of patients. Flies use the windows as flight corridors to settle down on tables, patents and medicines. Inside, the building is crude, with only two or three tables, a few chests and filth brought in by hundreds of muddy feet. Despite these handicaps, doctors and nurses are working to stem the tide of disease.

On the table, as I visited, lay a skeleton-like baby girl. The doctor was trying to give her an injection. This was difficult because only a thin skin covered her bones. A huge bubble formed. The baby's cry, its turned-down mouth, its discolored hair and wild stare indicated the hopelessness and desperation that these people are experiencing.

Outpatient tents are isolated from the clinic by 50 feet and a sea of slime and mud through which everyone entering or leaving has to wade. These "tents" are 40 by 200 feet bamboo-frame structures covered by reed matting. Inside families were settled on the damp, packed earth, each having a bit of partition made by a few sticks for flimsy mats. They looked like disorderly stalls. A few possess mats which they place on the ground. The rain pours through the bad roof-

ing, forcing families to move into even smaller huddles, making the miserable even more miserable.

As I walked through the tent, I came upon a father fanning his feverish boy who appeared to be four years old. Why had they come here? All around their village fighting was taking place. Other villages were being looted and burned. News of murder, rape, plundering and destruction had dictated their course. The boy had been ill for some time. How old was he? Nine! The father kept fanning the boy with his hand, shooing away the flies. What is the worth of one of "the least of these?" I was reminded of my own two boys and saw that love knows no conditions.

The despair, the filth and the general conditions can cause agony as gripping as I have known. For a while I stood by and watched, a mother came by me and started talking to her daughter just a few feet away. She was sobbing quietly and without any fuss, but with deep intensity. As I turned, I saw her standing there, a flimsy sari covering part of her body, naked feet ankle deep in the mud, her face a mirror of hoplessness and despair. What had happened? To be sure, it was nothing trivial, most certainly either sickness, death or perhaps news from her village.

More refugees will come. India, already overtaxed in attempting to feed itself, has shown an admirably humane attitude. Yet hostile elements here are also at work. Is it fair

Continued page 34

How do you grasp a handful of quicksilver?

The query might be similarly stated: How do you put a finger on the pulse of a private school . . . a private Mennonite school?

It's a question that for many years has confronted church-run schools across Canada. And in this day of escalating education costs and intense re-evaluation of the function of privately-run, church-oriented schools, the quandary looms larger than ever before.

Increasingly, church conferences of every denomination — and even some provincial governments — are being forced to closely scrutinize the operation and effectiveness of private schools. The gap is growing between those groups who firmly believe in the concept of a private school and those who would rather see the schools shut down and the huge financial resources diverted to more tangible — if not more meaningful — endeavours.

Winnipeg's first Mennonite-sponsored high school opened more than 25 years ago in humble quarters on Talbot Avenue. Today, several hundred graduates later, Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute is still there and its quarters are still humble, though considerably larger. How much larger or sophisticated the campus may become hinges entirely on the financial wishes of the Manitoba MB conference, which frequently appears to have difficulty deciding exactly how serious it wants to be about this business of education.

One thing is certain: there is no sign of slackening in demand for the school's services. In the early and mid-1960's, enrolment stood at a fairly consistent level of 240. This year the administration is faced with the prospect of trying to shoe-horn more than 340 applicants into cramped premises.

Why does this school retain popularity, particularly in view of the fact city-run schools are abundantly more glamorous and physically comfortable? Simply put, a private school is in business to provide a service not being provided elsewhere.

Of course this does not — or should not — mean simply for the purpose of remaining exclusive from the rest of society, because in practical terms such a motivation spells nowhere. In times like these when political parties of all stripes are pretending to scramble onto the egalitarian bandwagon, an "exclusive" school is well-advised to look elsewhere for an excuse to exist.

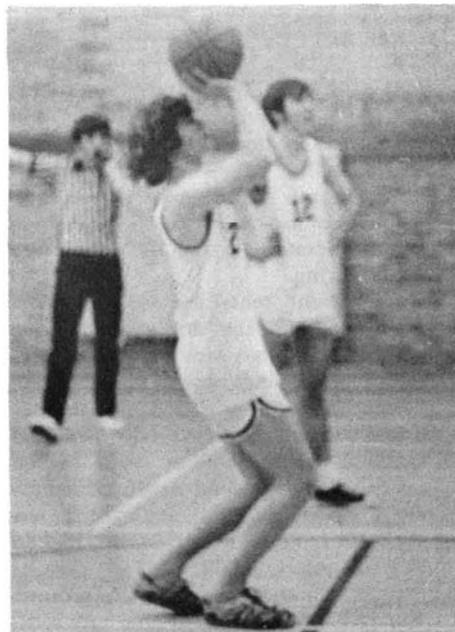
A survey of faculty and students of MBCI indicates many are hard-pressed to state cogently their school's philosophy. Years ago it would have quickly come forth that the school was in operation to save and preserve souls for the Kingdom of God. Today, when

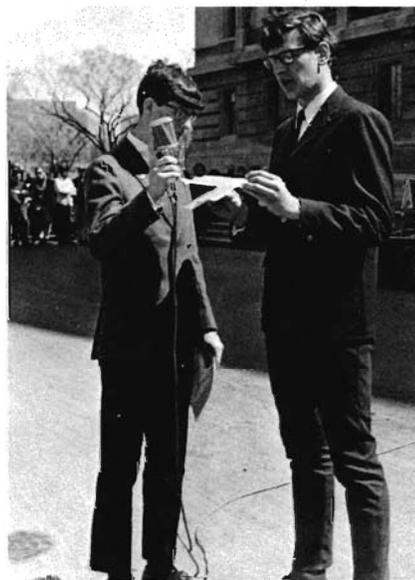
Continued on page 30

MBCI:

Something Positive You Don't Find Anywhere Else...

By Wally Kroecker





By Ruth Vogt

A Total Living Christian Environment...

Westgate:

Why send your child to a private school? Why spend money and effort on his education when, after all, you have already paid for it at the public schools?

This is how William Kruger, principal of Westgate Mennonite Collegiate, answered these questions in a recent interview.

"We do not think that public schools are bad. In fact, we know that children attending these schools generally get a good education. However, our feeling is that we can offer something which the public schools by their very nature cannot. Just as some schools specialize in, for example, business or cooking, we specialize in Christianity. That is, we try to provide a total living Christian environment for the students. The students at Westgate study the Bible and Mennonite history in the classroom, but we also expect a Christian perspective to be present in all classes. The teachers hired are concerned Christians and thus in discussing English literature or even a science problem, the Christian viewpoint can always be presented. Since, in this country, we believe in the separation of church and state, there can be no such open discussions in the public school classrooms. Morality and religion cannot be set up by the government."

Westgate also attempts to help the students to develop as individuals. Classes are small, so that there is more opportunity for each student to participate and there is a closer teacher-student relationship. Competitive team sports are de-emphasized and students are encouraged to participate in more individual sports such as tennis, golf, skiing, curling and bowling. In most of these sports the individual is competing against himself, and while teamwork and co-operation are involved, he does not have to display a high degree of skill before he can participate. Mr. Kruger pointed out that the role of the school is to prepare students for life and, now that the working week is getting shorter, we have to prepare people to spend their leisure time profitably. The students who have learned to enjoy these individual sports will be better able to enjoy their leisure time later on.

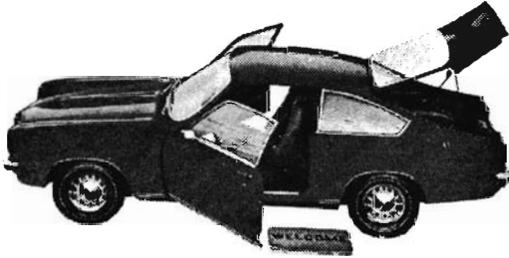
The theme of individual fulfillment extends into the fine arts program of the school. Students are able to take private lessons in voice, piano and several other instruments from qualified teachers. In addition to the private lessons, there is classroom instruction in choral music and art. Students have been experimenting, for example, with soapstone carvings and clay as well as painting with water colors. Dramas are also a means of self expression for the student and a number of these, in both

Continued on page 32

Exciting Times Are Here Again

For 1971, the Crosstown Credit Union has launched one of the most ambitious advertising and promotion campaigns ever held during the organization's 27-year history.

In the new program, almost \$5000 worth of merchandise is being offered in conjunction with member firms, as prizes to attract investor deposits.



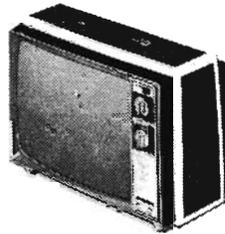
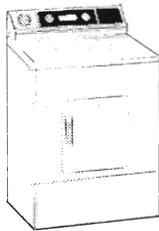
Last year's prizes were excellent, but 1971's will cause even more excitement as the jackpot is even 'bigger' with the main prize being a brand new Vega 'hatchback' automobile with a four-cylinder motor and bucket seats. This auto is sponsored by Loewen-Chev Olds of Steinbach. Phone 453-4623.

Other prizes include these lovely items:

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Enns TV and Radio Service, 1199 Henderson Highway, Winnipeg 16, your RCA dealer is sponsoring a trim, two-tone walnut and fog white, transformer-powered 20-inch portable TV. Value \$199. For all your TV and radio needs, call Enns at 334-4827.



Enns Brothers Limited, at Highway 3 and the Perimeter, are sponsoring a snowmobile suit (choice of size and color). \$40 value. Polaris sales and service. Stop in and see many models on display. Phone 489-3687.

Klassen Cabinet Makers Ltd. is sponsoring 16 feet of beautiful modern elm cabinets. Value \$500. Modernize your kitchen. Contact them for all your cabinet needs at 41 Burnett Ave., Winnipeg 16. Phone 334-7139.

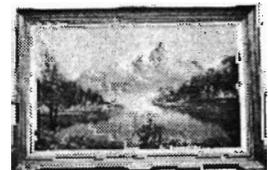


Haddon Hall Limited. Exclusive men's clothing, shoes and haberdashery store is sponsoring a coordinator set. Value \$110. Call on John or George to show you their top quality clothing, 288 Kennedy St. Winnipeg 2. Phone 942-6892.

Toews Photo Studio Limited. Professional direct color photography specialists are sponsoring three 16 x 20 self portraits on canvas. Value \$134 each. See the experts at either of two locations — 766 Arlington St. (774-8484) or 961 Henderson Highway (339-2389).



Independent Furniture Limited. House of fine furniture, is sponsoring an original oil painting. Value \$125. See them for all your furniture, rugs and appliances at 499 Notre Dame, Winnipeg 2. Phone 775-4491.



Eligibility to participate in this exciting draw program is easy. Simply bring your savings to Crosstown. For every \$10 deposited to your Savings Account and left in the account until the year-end, a ticket will be entered on your behalf. Besides the high returns of 6% on insured savings and 7% on uninsured savings, you will become eligible for the draw on the automobile or any of the other prizes listed above. Draws will be made during the year and at the annual meeting in February, 1972. Remember \$5000 in your savings account gives you 500 chances to win.

CROSSTOWN CREDIT UNION

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Detail from a painting in a Ciudad Cuauhtémoc hotel lobby depicting dour Mennonites digging gold from the soil, leaving it rock-strewn and devastated, while above them the whirlwind and holocaust are poised to engulf them.



Moving to Preserve Their Culture

By **John H. Warkentin**
Chairman of the Department of
Geography, York University, Toronto

Professor Warkentin is a native of Steinbach, the son of the well-known teacher, I. J. Warkentin. Leonard Sawatzky is professor of geography at the University of Manitoba, and a native of Altona.

Harry Leonard Sawatzky;
They Sought a Country, Mennonite
Colonization in Mexico; with an ap-
pendix on Mennonite colonization in
British Honduras. Berkeley: University
of California Press, 1971. xi, 387 pp.,
map, photographs, bibliography, index.

In the last century, great migrations of rural people have occurred in the Western World. There has been an uprooting of established rural settlements, and a movement to the completely new physical and social environment of towns and cities in which thousands of Canadian Mennonites have participated. Other thousands have resisted this urge towards the city, but have undertaken migrations of another kind, moving from one land to another, in order to preserve their culture. Leonard Sawatzky, in **They Sought a Country, Mennonite Colonization in Mexico**, gives a fine account of the Mennonite folk migrations from the prairie plains of Canada to upland basins in Northern Mexico, and the heart-rending task of establishing a new community in alien and difficult ground. These Mennonites have lived almost as long in Chihuahua Province as their forebears lived in Canada before setting out for Mexico in the 1920's. And they are still as resistant to change as they were in Canada.

Within the first decade of settling in Manitoba, the conservative Mennonites found they had an alternative society in their midst, that of the non-Mennonite

trading towns. And within the Mennonite community itself, there was great diversity, for example, in the church groups. In Mexico, the outside commercial society has not projected itself as potentially into the very fabric of Mennonite life as it has here. But as Sawatzky points out, after almost two generations in Mexico, the Mennonites are finding that the host society is beginning to lean more strongly on them, presenting problems which are not very different from those faced earlier in Canada.

Sawatzky takes us right to the heart of the problems faced by the various Mennonite communities, now numbering over 30,000 people in Mexico. The attempt to maintain group solidarity by stern paternalistic decree, using the ban for enforcement, if necessary, has led to severe internal tensions. This tension is aggravated by the absence of more liberal Mennonite communities within Mexico to which individuals might turn. Education is a mounting problem. The ability to read and write German has drastically deteriorated; the children mouth phrases without comprehension, and Spanish, as yet, is not a language

Continued overleaf

More about Sawatzky

of instruction, though the community fears it may be imposed. Another crisis looms in availability of land.

The Mennonite communities have a rapidly rising population and a limited land base. This exacerbates the relationship of landowners and the landless, making it difficult for the latter to climb up the traditional agricultural ladder, despite frugality and hard work. The further one gets into the book, the greater one senses the increasing restrictions on the ability of the Mennonites to maneuver out of various critical, cultural and economic dilemmas. The usual solutions which have been adopted in the past: establishing daughter colonies, including one in British Honduras, even a willingness to look farther afield, if worst comes to worst, are there, yet the sense of powerlessness remains.

It is painful reading, as Sawatzky exposes us to a tortured peasant people, groping for solutions. The author catches the simple quality of life, some aspects of which many persons in urban-torn Anglo-French America are trying to achieve. While respecting the essential dignity of these people, Sawatzky yet is scrupulously frank as he describes the tendency for some to fall to the lowest common denominator of acceptable behaviour, and how the aspirations of potential free-flying spirits are curtailed. This is a peasant society that has rested much power in landowners, but without the accompanying social structures that conserved and nurtured humane values in the days when all rural society was run according to such arrangements.

From Sawatzky's clear and careful account of Mennonite society in Mexico, one soon begins to realize how different that community is from our own. Unthinkingly, we, in Canada, move self-assuredly, as individuals and small family groups, in a structure of many levels of government and public service, and within an organized business world. We accept these as our own, without thinking how imperceptibly they guide our lives. In Mexico, the Mennonite community is not an organic part of the commercial world, let alone of the state, and naturally the people are apprehensive of these organizations with which they necessarily must live. In our own urban-industrial society small groups can opt out, and even the Hutterian Brethren know fairly well where they stand; but can a growing community of 30,000 Mennonites, in need of an expanding land base, do this in Mexico?

Sawatzky offers no easy solutions. There are none. Impatient good-intentioned overtures from outside Mennonite groups may just lead to a further turning inward. Fortunately for mankind, in crises, individual creative leaders emerge, often forged in the troubles of their time, and hopefully this will happen

in Mexico. But such leaders will have a frightening responsibility as they guide a people, composed of many thousands, through what, for them, can only be momentous changes.

But let us leave the general thoughts which Sawatzky's account arouses, and turn specifically to how he has written his book. It will be invaluable for students of the migration to Mexico and the "settling-in" experience because of the enormous amount of excellent field work the author did in collecting data on early land transactions, economic beginnings and so on. Were it not for his efforts, this information would have disappeared. Sawatzky's first-hand knowledge of farming is evident on every page in his perceptive account of agricultural development, and in the latter part of the book he presents an understanding, yet critical, view of Mennonite life in Mexico, and how it may be heading to a seeming dilemma.

The concluding chapter describes the recent Mennonite settlements in British Honduras, beginning in 1958. The writing is clear and concise, and the author moves quickly and comprehensively over the full range of Mennonite experiences in Mexico and British Honduras. The book deserves wide reading, not only because it is a fine geographical and historical account of one more Mennonite migration, but because of the insight it gives into a society with crucial internal and external problems. mm



Prof. G. A. Schultz, of 591 Oxford Avenue, has been appointed head of the department of history at the University of Manitoba. Prof. Schultz, who specializes in American history, has been at the university for five years. He is a graduate from Tabor College, Kansas, Wichita State University, Kansas, and the Iowa State University. Prior to coming to Manitoba he held teaching positions at Wichita State University and Oregon State College. He is a native of Saskatchewan. mm

AFRICA STUDY TOUR

Akron, Pennsylvania — The Mennonite Central Committee peace section and the Council of Mission Board Secretaries is sponsoring a study tour of Africa Jan. 3-23, 1972.

Elmer Neufeld of Bluffton College, former MCC director in The Congo and presently chairman of the commissions on overseas mission and on the board of the Congo Inland Mission will direct the tour.

The Africa study tour will visit The Congo, Zambia, Rhodesia, Kenya and Tanzania. Mennonite and Brethren in Christ churches in each of these countries will be visited. The special focus of the tour will be on understanding the work of the church in the African situation with a special concern for the conflict between whites and blacks in Southern Africa.

The cost of the tour is \$1,295. The Schowalter Foundation has provided six \$400 scholarships which will be awarded on the basis of need. This tour should be of special interest to persons concerned with Africa and the church there. Apply to the MCC Peace Section, 21 S. 12th St., Akron, Pennsylvania 17501 for a detailed schedule. mm

Portrait of a Sad, Old Woman

hard chair

sitting on a hard chair
between the conversation
and her dreams
her palsy is stilled
as she gathers herself for death.

each child tore
the sinews of her wrists
each child meant
the intrusion of the stars
each child
the fear of reeling, drunken
space.

only when the blood issue
ceased
and the turning of leaves dried
did the hands feel
the tremble of their ruin.

her hands wear the debris
of a confrontation she slipped by.
her hands move to stillness
and lie, like pools of water,
in her lap.

by Patrick Friesen

ANARCHIST:

Nestor Makhno

BY GERHARD LOHRENZ

The name Makhno has an ominous ring in the ears of most Mennonites. Many hundreds of our people have been murdered by him and his band. Sometimes it is suggested by individuals who have grown up in this land of great security that the Mennonites of Russia somehow must have brought this visitation upon themselves. To such individuals it seems impossible that people should be murdered for no reason. Let us relate a few incidents from Peters' book that will throw some light on the mentality of the Makhno group.

To the surgeon who successfully operated on his wife, Makhno offered a handful of diamonds. (p. 58)

A wounded follower complained about the treatment he received by the feldsher (medical attendant) whereupon Makhno shot the feldsher. (p. 58)

Grishka, Makhno's brother, confided to Meleshko that he feared his brother as he "feared fire", and that if Makhno was so inclined he would shoot him without further thought. (p. 58)

Pravda, one of Makhno's commanders, on having an argument with his brother Mitka levelled his gun at him and shot him through the head . . . (p. 55)

A group of 20 Makhnovites headed by Tchus (another commander and friend of Makhno) raped the teacher's daughter, a teen-ager. (p. 58)

We could go on, but possibly this will suffice.

Makhno was born as the fourth son of very poor parents living in the large Ukrainian village of Gulay Pole. He learned to read and write — no more — and from early childhood had to serve on the estate of some well-to-do landowner or in some factory. In early youth he came in contact with Anarchists and embraced this political creed. This led to a conflict with the government and to Makhno's imprisonment for life. He spent many years in the dreaded Butyrka prison in Moscow. Here he acquired a somewhat better education and came to know some well-known Anarchist leaders. The revolution of 1917 set him free.

Makhno returned to his native village Gulay Pole. The villages of the immense country were filled with weapons. The ignorance and the great poverty of the oppressed and politically inexperienced masses of peasants made it

easy for a determined and capable man to gain a following of desperate, armed men, ready to do his bidding as long as they thereby could satisfy their craving for plunder and violence.

Makhno was this man. Cunning, clever, daring, cruel and with a deep hatred of all that stood above the peasant, he seemed to be the man that the hour demanded. Thus he became the "batko" of the lawless strata of the Ukrainian peasantry. Tornado-like, he and his followers rushed through the villages and the cities of the Ukraine murdering, burning, plundering and raping.

Some Mennonite readers have felt that this book does not convey the personal story of Makhno and his impact on the Mennonite people as much as they had expected. The last part is true and it stems from the object set by the author. He was not writing primarily for Mennonite readers, nor was his object to describe Makhno's impact on our group. Peters had a much larger audience in mind. He addressed himself to those who are interested in anarchy as a political movement and to those who are interested in the history of the Ukraine. Hopefully some day someone will deal with the "The Impact of the Makhnovshina on the Mennonites".

Victor Peters is eminently able to deal with his chosen topic. He is a professor of history and knows Russia and the Ukraine well. His book is very readable and easy to follow, it contains a great deal of information and is well documented. It has eight pictures and one map. The subtitle says "The Life of an Anarchist", but the reader must come to the conclusion that it is the life of a bandit and likely a somewhat demented person. Although great areas came under Makhno's control, he made no effort to establish some form of government, nor was there any attempt to carry a political concept into the masses. All real power was concentrated in the hands of Makhno (p. 61) and the emphasis was on the physical destruction of all those, be they capitalist or Communists, who in some way stood in their way.

I recommend Dr. Victor Peters' book "Nestor Makhno" to our readers. It can be obtained from: Dr. V. Peters, 48 Queenston St., Winnipeg 9, Manitoba.

mm

Mr. Gerhard Lohrenz has just retired from the ministry of the Sargent Ave. Mennonite Church and is a well-known Mennonite historian. Dr. Victor Peters is professor of history at Fargo-Moorhead and has also written a history of the Hutterites, **All Things Common**.

NESTOR MAKHNO: THE LIFE OF AN ANARCHIST; by Victor Peters; Echo Books, Winnipeg, Canada.

Mennonite names carved into front wall of Mennonite Pedagogical institute Chor-titza, Old Colony.



The former home of Mrs. Enns (Stein-bach, Man.) village of Neundorf, Old Colony.



The Mennonite "homeland" in Russia is being visited by an increasing number of people. These visits are being reported in all of our publications. The quality of this reporting probably depends more on the "eye" of the reporter than on the thing being observed. For this reason we are happy to give our readers a series of reports on Russia by Dr. Al Reimer. We feel that his good eye for detail and his "poetic" interpretation of the travel group's experience will prove interesting and informative to our readers, even to those who have read such descriptions before.

A Summer Pilgrimage...

PART I: GDANSK (DANZIG) AND THE OLD COLONY

by **E. E. (Al) Reimer**

Professor of English, University of Winnipeg Dr. Reimer, the son of Rev. P. J. B. Reimer, is a native of Steinbach and a graduate of the University of Manitoba and Yale University. He is a frequent commentator on the CBC.

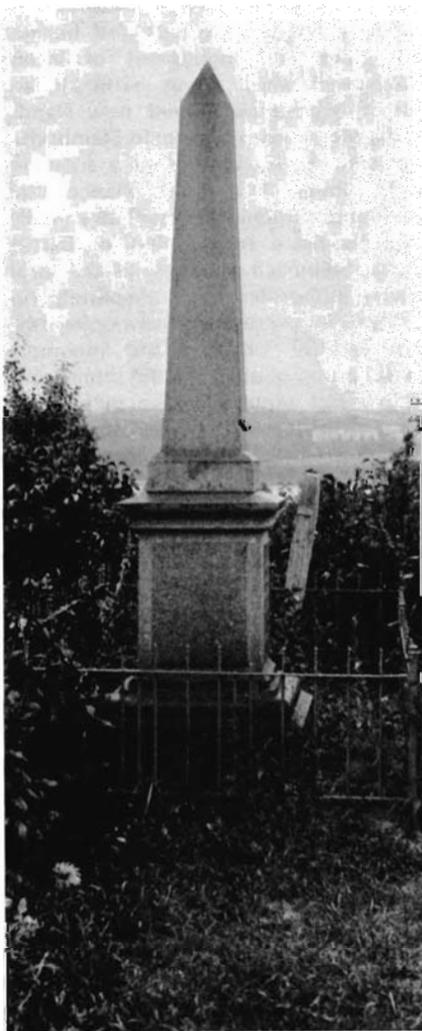
Our group of 42 Canadian-Mennonites — led by veteran tour conductor G. J. Lohrenz of Winnipeg — left Aug. 2 for a three-week tour of Poland and the Soviet Union, including visits to Gdansk (formerly Danzig) and former Mennonite settlements in southern Ukraine.

About half of us were from Manitoba and most of the rest from Ontario, B.C. and Saskatchewan. Almost all had either been born and raised in Russia or were the children of parents who had come from there after the Revolution. My father, Mr. P. J. B. Reimer of Rosenort, my brother Sydney and I were the only members of the group descended from Mennonites who left Russia in 1874. We were also among the few people in the group who had no blood relatives to meet on the trip.

Our group also formed a wide spectrum of ages and occupations, including teachers — both young and old — physicians, businessmen, farmers — active and retired — housewives and ministers. We had in common a strong

desire to participate in this nostalgic pilgrimage to our ancestral homeland. In the process, we became a remarkably homogeneous group in spite of the diversity of our backgrounds and interests.

Our tour began in Poland, with a day of sightseeing in Warsaw and a day in Gdansk, including a bus trip through the surrounding countryside where the Mennonites lived for so long. I found Warsaw depressing with its gray, cheaply rebuilt buildings and its obsession with a past that was forever shattered by the Nazis in 1939. Then followed several interesting days in Moscow, the dynamic Soviet capital with its sombrely beautiful centerpiece of the Kremlin. We took the train to Leningrad and spent a few more days reliving the autocratic splendor of Czarist times. From there we flew to Riga, the capital of Latvia, where we met and visited with several Mennonite families, some of whom had travelled thousands of kilometres from



Grave and monument of Jacob Hoepfner, Island of Chortitza.

Photos by Harold Janz, editor MB Herald



Mr. P. J. Rempel with his Baboshka, Island of Chortitza.

Island of Chortitza with "Pioneer" Camp in foreground.



... To Poland and Russia

inland Russia for this opportunity to meet their loved ones. Mr. A. A. Martens of Saskatoon, for example, met three sisters in Riga whom he had not seen for over 40 years.

From Riga we flew to Zaporozhye, our headquarters for two days while we explored the Old Colony and the Moloschna. Then on to the beautiful old city of Kiev. Our final stop was Alma-Ata in the Kazakstan. Here we spent three days visiting with the scores of Mennonite friends and relatives who had gathered from all over the area. Not only did many welcome us with flowers as we stepped off our plane into the Asian dawn, but an even larger group chose the much more moving but dangerous welcome of singing a noble German hymn as we stepped off the bus in front of our hotel. It was a moving moment as we joined in the singing while glances and smiles of joyous recognition promised warm embraces and hearty words of welcome a few moments later.

The following excerpts form part of a daily journal which I kept throughout our tour. My aim was to capture my own impressions and feelings — as well as those of the group — with as much spontaneity and immediacy as possible. The point of view I tried to maintain was that of a third-generation Canadian-Mennonite without any personal claims to the Russian homeland. I soon found, however, that I was as emotionally involved in this pilgrimage as the rest of the group. My account begins with our bus tour through the Danzig region and continues with the heart of our tour — the excursion through the Ukrainian settlements.

AUGUST 4 (WEDNESDAY):

After lunch today we drive out into the Gdansk countryside formerly inhabited by our people. Unfortunately, it begins to rain just as we start. Also, our guide is rather vague about our itinerary and I sense a general mood of sinking expectations as our bus

bumps along on the uneven roads and the heavy rain obscures our view of the surrounding countryside. Although the land itself looks fertile, the farms and villages have an unkempt, generally run-down appearance. Mrs. M. Wiens of Winnipeg, who lived in this area for years, expresses her dismay at the decay and neglect she sees in these former Mennonite "Wirtschaften". There are, however, still some impressive farms consisting of stately, scroll-ornamented, red-brick houses and spacious brick barns and sheds — in all likelihood built by Mennonites.

At one stage, Mr. Lohrenz mercifully takes over from our rather inept male guide and gives us a vivid historical account of our distant forebears in these parts. He explains that the Mennonites did yeoman service in erecting dikes and canal systems when they first settled in this low, marshy area. The records reveal that

Continued Overleaf

More about Pilgrimage

up to 80 per cent of the men died of swamp fever as a result of standing in water up to the waist for long periods. They would laboriously pile up the earth they removed from their excavations and erect their houses and barns on these raised sites as a precaution against flooding from broken dikes. We see

numerous farms built on these man-made knolls.

As we pass through one village we spot a building which looks as if it might have been a Mennonite church at one time. We stop to investigate and discover that the building is indeed a former church now housing a district museum (a fate suffered by many churches in Communist countries). We are told by the villagers that it had once been an "evangelical" church, but not Mennonite. We talk to a young, German-speaking matron who informs us that this is the former Mennonite village of Fürstenau and that the Mennonite church here no longer exists. She tells us that she is the only "German" left in the village. Her husband is Polish. An attempt to find the village of Rosenort is unsuccessful and we are forced to drive back to Gdansk without having seen the former town of Elbing, which was to have been the other main point in our excursion.

On the whole, we have seen less than we expected in the Gdansk area, but at least we have felt a slight stirring of Mennonite ghosts in the air. We have received some faint impressions of the country from which our ancestors made the long trek to the Ukraine in the 1780's. In the Ukraine the remains of Mennonite society and culture will surely be more substantial.

AUGUST 14 (SATURDAY):

This afternoon we cross the bridge from Zaporozhye to the Island of Chortitza, where one of the first Mennonite settlements was founded in 1789. The island had been inhabited by the famed and feared Zaporozhye Cossacks as early as the tenth century. In 1775 the island fortress of the Cossacks was destroyed and they were expelled from the region. Their expulsion opened the territory for Mennonite settlement a few years later. The island is now kept as a kind of park, with children's "Pioneer" camps and industrial workers' rest homes situated in the woods on the northern side. Our first stop on the island was at the site of the famous Zaporozhian Oak, the gigantic, 700-year-old tree that the Mennonites referred to as the "Dusend-Yaurige Eich."

The only trace left of the Mennonite village on the Island of Chortitza is the cemetery. Last year Mr. Lohrenz and

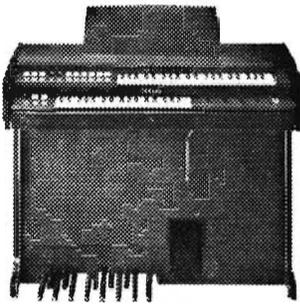
our local guide, Larissa, discovered within a tangle of weeds and bushes the grave and monument of Jacob Hoepfner who, along with Johan Barch (whose monument now stands at the Mennonite Museum in Steinbach), was sent to the Ukraine as a scout in 1786. There is a good chance that Hoepfner's monument will eventually take its place beside that of Barch at the Steinbach Museum, as the local Soviet authorities have absolutely no interest in preserving Mennonite history in the Ukraine. The members of our group photograph the monument from every angle and take pictures of Mr. J. H. Hoepfner of Abbotsford, who is a direct descendant of Jacob Hoepfner.

At this point a remarkable incident occurs. While we are milling around the cemetery, Mr. and Mrs. Peter J.

Continued page 22

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We all love our Children—don't we?

By Irmgard Thiessen

We all love our children — at least the majority of parents claim to do so. Yet we often tell them things which do not reflect our love. Of course we do this only to discipline them. However, a child's feelings get hurt as much as the feelings of grown-ups if they are told: "Why are you so dumb? Can't you see you are running over your little sister? Or a seven year old trying to cut his meat on the plate: "You are clumsy! Do it properly!" Or a ten year old teasing the younger sister is scolded, "You'd better learn in school and behave instead of annoying us all!" No real school problem exists for this ten year old; but it hurts the child's feelings.

Sometimes I wonder whether parents really know what they are doing to

these children. For the benefit of doubt I came to the conclusion most parents are not aware that their emotions carry them away and make them say mean things which are not helpful to the child and which will be copied by the child in a similar situation outside the home. In the momentary situation the child will keep quiet, will obey and the act of disciplining will seem most successful! But there is a destructive effect. How come some children are anxious, start to stutter when performance is requested in school? Why? Are they shy, are they dull? Who taught these children to feel inferior? Or are they born that way? — Anne's mother wanted her to eat — well she wouldn't. She wanted her to keep her room tidy — she wouldn't. The more father or mother punished, the worse Anne got. Anne of

course could not let her feelings come out; of course she resented the punishment; was sorry she could not please — she was too afraid. Gradually Anne became a very good daughter. Her parents thought "It was not in vain."

But there is something which psychologists call the unconscious or subconscious. Down underneath, Anne's unconscious suffered the hurt and anxiety and continued to motivate Anne's shyness. Her self-image has suffered "I am worthless, I cannot, I'm no good! Anne knew before she tried that she wouldn't be able to do it. Her self-concept had never developed towards a secure happy self-esteem.

But how can we do things better and prevent unhappiness? Unfortunately, the school program has not yet incorporated subjects which could teach our little ones how to use our language more sensibly and be more sensitive. Nobody seems to realize the magic of the spoken word. Our primitive ancestors had certain taboos, certain things should not be done or certain words should not be uttered. The Bible tells us not to curse, but really this is not enough. The subtle invisible influence of spoken words has a power which we do not want to accept as being true. With words you can destroy; with words you can create, heal, soothe, help.

Using our previous example, instead of telling the seven year old cutting his meat that he is clumsy, tell him, "Look if you hold the knife this way and the fork in such a way, you can cut it easily." But by age 10 the same boy having heard only criticism, will no more accept such advice; he may respond "I don't want to." He is already no more open to well meant advice — at least not from his previous criticizer, yet he may still accept it from a paternal friend. But if you give subtle advice without letting him feel your superiority, he will accept gladly.

Thinking of these little experiences it seems simple, but having the right words at a moment ready is not easy and means self-discipline for parents, thoughtful preparation at times and patience. Don't give up! Aren't we the first generation to apply psychological insights in education? — Or think of Anne. Again her room looks like an explosion. Instead of scolding, try another approach, which of course means again patience and self-control for a parent: "Anne your room is a mess! You think if we clean it up together it may go faster?" How much encouragement, what a tremendous feeling of togetherness, being accepted, being understood flows with such an approach. These words are constructive, help to strengthen self-esteem, help to make a child secure, content and happy. **mm**

Celluloid Globetrotting for all

A. K. Gee's World Adventure Tours Series will comprise eight more all-color travel films during the coming season of '71-'72. Romania, Portugal, The Himalayas, San Francisco, Belgium, Wales, Ontario and Quebec, and Bali will be presented by the producer-narrators, in person, at the Centennial Concert Hall and the Playhouse Theatre.

Romance of Romania will be shown October 18 and 19 by Jonathan Hagar, telling the full story of life there today, including Bucharest, Northern Transylvania, Moldavia, the Black Sea coast and the Danube delta.

Open Arms of Portugal, is scheduled for November 18 and 19 and will be presented by James Metcalf. In addition, Mr. Metcalf has included Madeira Island and an interesting sequence on Madeira's famous old wines.

High Himalaya, presented by Russ Potter, will be shown November 29 and 30. Called "the top of the world", the exotic countries of the Himalayas include Kafiristan, Hunza, Nagar, and Pakistan.

San Francisco and the Bay Area, where the Far East meets the Far West, will be presented January 10 and 11 by Ed Lark, a native of this fascinating city. See Chinatown, the Golden Gate Bridge, the famous cable cars, Fisherman's wharf, Nob Hill, just to name a few sights.

Belgian Panorama will be shown February 1 and 2 by Doug Jones. Medieval castles, a meeting with the King and Queen of Belgium, Antwerp, the fields of Flanders, and many more highlights.

Welsh Wonderland will be shown February 18 and 19 by Walter Dodson, a native of England, whose film includes such sights as Laugharne Castle, St. David's Cathedral, Raglan Castle, the International Eisteddfod at Llangollen, among others.

Canadian Holiday, featuring Ontario and Quebec, will be presented by "funny man" Don Cooper next March 9 and 10. Mr. Cooper's film will show the Gaspé Peninsula, fishing villages, the old-world charm of Quebec, swinging Montreal, the Ottawa Tulip Festival, Toronto, and much more.

Bali, next April 3 and 4, will be the final filmtale of the season, shown by Nicol Smith. Magnificent temples, the Monkey Dance, rice planting, are some of the highlights that will be seen in this film on Bali, probably the world's most fascinating island.

Season tickets for the World Adventure Tours Series are now available at the Celebrity Box Office only, The Bay. Prices are a reasonable \$13.50, \$12.50, \$11.00, and \$9.50 for students, for the nine events. Call 775-2484 for details. Your Bay charge account can be used for the purchase of World Adventure Tours

**Probation hostel
opens in Manitoba**

The MCC (Manitoba) probation hostel at 900 Grosvenor Avenue, Winnipeg, is now in operation. The first two residents moved in in August. More residents are expected in the near future.

The purpose of Grosvenor Place, as the hostel is called, is to provide an alternative facility for imprisonment and to enhance the possibility of rehabilitation for selected offenders.

This probation hostel is the result of a recommendation which the Peace and Social Concerns Committee presented at the MCC (Manitoba) annual meeting in February, 1970. At that time, C. N. Friesen, who had spent the last two years developing a treatment center in Minneapolis as a General Conference volunteer, was asked to prepare a proposal for the hostel.

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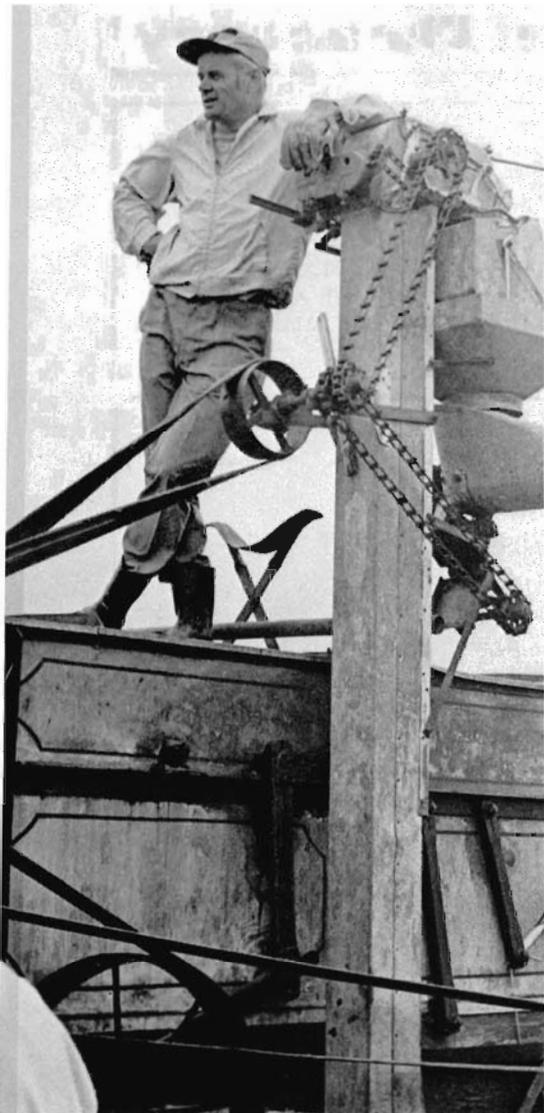
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It was a grey day at Steinbach, but not to stop people from taking a few fast photo film. The old-timers had a grand time not efficiently but joyfully (photo below); a who likes to feel the vibrations and watch (top left); the Penner Transfer truck which when it wasn't moving at all (centre left); a demonstration (centre top); a "pioneer" who how to bake in an old stone oven (lower right) happy faces find pleasure in vereniki (right) demand most serious attention, of course!



Mennonite Pioneer Days: 1971

by Edward Unrau

Pioneer Days at the Mennonite Village Museum, held over the long weekend in September, was a gathering of all the Mennonite clans.

And what a gathering it was! the cold, the clouds, the threat of rain, the mud and the wind didn't deter the determined from coming out. Indeed, even a large number of non-Mennonites were out enjoying the day.

A highlight for several dozen men of the over 50 years-of-age crowd was the steam-engine driven threshing machine. Many found that they had not lost their long-unused skills as they fed the hungry maw of the machine — giving each sheaf of grain an elegant flip to get it into the machine just the right way.

These men crowded around the machinery and were heard to comment on how they used to do it years ago: "I can remember when we had the machine running before six in the morning . . ."

The threshing operation that weekend wasn't designed to get much done — long struggles to get the equipment set up properly, hay wagons one-quarter full of grain sheaves and three-quarters full of children and other hangers-on and fellow travellers, and crowds of curious people. The sensitive in the crowd would have cried at this travesty of threshing day.

Perhaps the most incongruous feature of threshing on Monday was the fact that the grain from the machine poured into a small pickup truck, too modern to be part of the threshing machine era. But nobody noticed, nobody minded, and it was great fun.

Then there was the movie cameraman with his expensive Bolex on a tripod in the mud, trying to get the shot of a lifetime, shouting directions at the top of his voice — only to be distracted by a casual friend who wanted to make small talk.

There was also the vintage Penner Transfer truck that seemed to move best when it wasn't moving at all.

The little one room schoolhouse still smelled like a schoolhouse. But because of the throngs of people inside you couldn't see the inside, or even

the art show that was supposed to be there.

The old church hall, the homestead, the log house, the blacksmith shop, the static machinery displays and the main museum buildings itself made impressions, and all were worth seeing.

But it was the people who made the day. Every visitor there was forever running into old friends, passing friends and making new friends.

A few comments were picked up while picking one's way through the mud:

'I even got to pitch sheaves into the threshing machine . . .'

"Let's go home I'm cold . . ."

From a four-year old peering at the grain pouring from the hopper of an old machine: "Now I know, the wheat goes over here and the straw over there . . ."

"No that wasn't me you saw with my wife, that was my son!"

A crochety old lady at the bread and outdoor oven area complained in low-German: "I find the slice too thin, and would you give me a bit more butter."

Comparisons: "In Japan they tied the sheaves together with two switches of grain twisted together." "Oh yes, just as in Russia . . ."

"You're not putting my picture in the Mirror . . ."

Then there was the man in the CFAM truck who delighted everyone with his magnificent low-German and made everyone nostalgic for the olden-days.

A non-Mennonite medical doctor found that his visit to Pioneer Days smoothed his relationship with an apprehensive Mennonite patient when he visited her in hospital later Monday: "Mrs. P. I just had some 'vereniki', at your home town this afternoon." Joyful disbelief, "Really . . ."

Oh yes, those vereniki were something else: big, excruciatingly delicious, soaked in real cream from a cow . . . there isn't room on this page, nor was there room in my stomach, to fully savor the flavor. One can only be thankful that there are still Mennonite women who haven't been taken in by modern "convenience foods".

Next year I'll go again, eat more, and stay longer. mm



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More about PILGRIMAGE

Rempel of Winnipeg start chatting with an old Ukranian "babushka" who is sitting in front of a garden fence nearby. When Mr. Rempel asks her if this is her home she answers that she is visiting her daughter who lives here. When he tells her the name of his birthplace in the Old Colony, he is astonished to find that she is from the same place. Upon further questioning, but without revealing his own identity, Mr. Rempel discovers to his amazement that the old woman was once a servant in his parents' household. She proceeds to name the children in the family. She names four, and when Mr. Rempel asks her if there wasn't a fifth child she says: "Of course, there was little Peter too." Mr. Rempel jocosely cries out: "I am that little Peter!" The old lady breaks out into a delighted laugh and hugs and kisses her former ward with genuine affection. Her eyes twinkling in her brown, creased peasant face, she happily reminisces about the old days. She gives her age variously as 92 and 96, but her confusion is readily understandable. She is a picturesque person in her white babushka and she poses coyly for pictures. What an absolutely incredible coincidence! Mr. Rempel is ecstatic and says that there is absolutely no doubt in his mind that this is indeed his old nursemaid. I regard the incident as a happy omen for the discoveries and adventures that lie ahead of us in the next few days as we journey through the Mennonite country.

AUGUST 15 (SUNDAY):

This morning we explore the Old Colony by bus. As we enter the settlement, Mr. A. A. Martens gives us a running account of this, his home area. Our bus is travelling along the very road on which he used to haul bricks as a young man, he says. Then we pass by the family field which he used to plough, as we turn into the road that leads to the former village of Neundorf. I observe the terrain and topography with keen interest. The land is alternately flat and rolling like the prairies of western Manitoba and eastern Saskatchewan. We see large open fields but no buildings as we proceed along the uneven cobblestone road to Neundorf. Mr. Martens says that the countryside has hardly changed from 50 years ago except for the wider fields and the sunflower plants — a crop Mennonites did not cultivate in the old days.

The village of Neundorf is set in a pretty little valley. The village is now part of a collective farm. We stop at the edge of the settlement at the house of the manager of the collective for clearance to proceed to the village. As we drive into the village we spot a large building that appears to be of Mennonite origin. On the vacant corner

next to us, Mr. Martens observes, used to stand the feedmill of Elder J. H. Wiebe of Winnipeg. We see many old Mennonite buildings everywhere in the settlement, including a fine old Dorfschule (still in use) half hidden behind a small Soviet park.

At the other end of Neundorf we stop at the former home of a Mrs. Enns, who now lives in Steinbach. Apparently Mrs. Enns, who was on this tour last year, discovered her former home but was not permitted to go inside, as the owners were away. This year, the mistress of the house, a friendly young woman in her late thirties or early forties, invites us to inspect the house from the inside (She has probably received ample forewarning of our coming). It is a fine old house built in the Mennonite manner, and we are grateful for an opportunity to see it.

Our main stop is the venerable town of Chortitza, which was the center of Mennonite society and culture in the Old Colony. We visit the famous Mädchenschule, a beautiful, red-brick building that has been well preserved as a school. Across the alley from it there is the Zentralschule which Mr. A. A. Martens attended as a youth. Mr. Lohrenz tells us that the boys attending the Zentralschule were quite aware of the charming, female students across the way and that tickets to the annual girls' graduation party were always at a premium among the boys. The famous Pedagogical Institute further up the side street which separates the two schools is a huge, brown brick building which is also still in use as a school. In the wall near the main entrance I discover several Mennonite names scratched or carved into the stone: VOGT DAV. and WALL. The former home of Harold Jantz's mother-in-law stands right beside the Mädchenschule. Harold gets permission from the people who live there now to come into the yard for photographs. The people are very nice and still remember the Dyck family. The Dorfschule is also still extant and also still in use as a school.

As we drive back to Zaporozhye for lunch we are well satisfied with our morning excursion through the Old Colony. The elderly Mr. A. A. Martens is a happy man. He has been privileged to revisit the scenes of his youth. As we pass by his former land again, we stop and have Mr. Martens pose for pictures on his own former field. Back in the bus he tells me that a swim in the Dnieper would complete this exciting trip into the past for him. (NOTE: The next day he gets his wish). Tomorrow's full day tour of the Moloschna should prove to be an even more dramatic adventure into the past.

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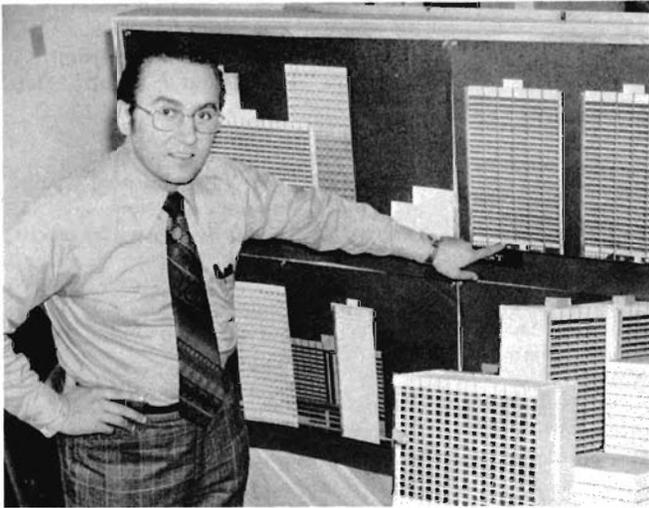
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Rudy Friesen: Designing for the people

As the architect-in-charge of the multi-million dollar Holiday Square project in downtown Winnipeg, Rudy Friesen is excited by the venture and believes it is what Winnipeg needs. "The project is an exciting one and one which will change the face of downtown Winnipeg. I consider it a challenge.

"Large projects of this kind are like jigsaw puzzles — hundreds of different pieces all of which have to make up a whole. My job is to make sure the right pieces go into the right places at the right time."

Recently, Mr. Friesen, 29 years of age, was made a partner of the Libling Michener Architectural Group, formerly Libling Michener and Associates. This architectural group was formed to provide clients with the personal services of a principal experienced in housing, commercial, industrial and health building projects.

Construction has already started on the 411-room \$10 million Holiday Inn Hotel, the first physical implementation of Metro's much discussed Downtown Development Plan. Also included are apartment blocks, office towers, underground parking, and a Japanese garden. The entire complex will be linked to the proposed convention centre.

Mr. Friesen, a native of Manitoba, believes that today the architect can no longer design buildings which are purely functional. "Not only should the plumbing work and the roof not leak; a building, as an instrument of social contact, must be designed first for the people that will use it."

The \$3.2 million Thompson Shopping Centre, one of several projects that Mr. Friesen is involved with in the north, was recently opened. Its indoor mall includes a town square, complete

with fountain, which is used by the people of Thompson for public meetings and community activities.

In addition to working in the north, Mr. Friesen is engaged in important projects in more southerly climes — for instance, he is involved in the development of a 960-acre property in Curacao, The Netherlands Antilles. This Caribbean project is still in the development stages and eventually it will be a complex of hotels, holiday villas, condominiums, and possibly a golf course.

How did he first become interested in architecture? "At school I was strongest in art and mathematics. I could therefore never quite decide whether to go into fine arts or engineering. Eventually, I decided to compromise and chose architecture, a mixture of the two." He attended the Mennonite Collegiate Institute at Gretna, and in 1965 graduated from the University of Manitoba.

After a year of local employment, he decided to go to Europe: "In Stuttgart, West Germany, I worked under Karl Ellsmer, a prominent German architect. I was involved in many school and residential projects, as well as some architectural competitions. My wife, Irene and I also travelled extensively throughout Europe. I feel now that this experience of working, living, and travelling in Europe was much more educational than any further formal education could ever have been. The experience was invaluable."

Soon after his return to Winnipeg, in 1967 he joined the Libling Michener group. His career success to date has been rapid. He was asked how he viewed the role of the modern architect:

"The architect's role in society is changing. No longer is he the old Master Builder. Today he is part of a team. His job is to ensure that this team works in unison and comes up with an end-product that all can be proud of."

He believes the modern architect has a responsibility to society, to see that visual pollution is avoided in our man-made environment. "Visual pollution is another form of pollution, just as serious as sound and air pollution."

In 1969, Mr. Friesen was a CMHC national home design competition winner. He is a member of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada, and was a member of the former committee on church architecture of the Conference of Mennonites of Canada.

He has strong views on church architecture and is critical of some of the more traditional styles of church building, particularly those neo-Gothic ones with large towers derived from medieval fortresses — "This style directly contradicts the Mennonite belief in non-resistance."

He thinks the church building should express what the congregation believes: "How can beliefs be strong if we are afraid to express them in our buildings? As a brotherhood of believers, we should be grouped around the pulpit and our church buildings should express our communal fellowship in their forms. The formal reflection of this man-to-man fellowship concept should be a single space, easy to comprehend, with no mysticism about it. Too many Mennonite churches have a long and ceremonial worshipping space and this is not conducive to a participatory form of worship." mm

CONCERT REVIEW

by Lore Lubosch

The First Mennonite Church basement auditorium was filled to capacity on the evening of Sept. 29; the occasion was Mr. Helmut Penner's annual concert of chamber music, sponsored by the Edelweiss Kränzchen.

I say "Mr. Penner's" because he and his wife, Lotte, are the main organizers, from setting up the program, to actual performance. They spent many hours "beating" around the city in their VW, making house calls to distribute tickets and to awaken interest.

The program was excellent; the music was exquisite — and this despite a great handicap. Klara Belkin, principal cellist with the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, had to cancel her performance a week and a half before the concert. Fortunately, she was able to recommend Dr. George Meszaros, her contemporary from Budapest, who filled in most ably with his cello, and deserves much credit for the success of the evening.

Mr. Peter Klassen, musicologist at MBBC, introduced the performers and provided background commentary on the music. His style was light and simple, sprinkled with humorous notes that elicited many a chuckle from the audience.

The performers were: Helen Neufeld, soprano; and a "rose among the thorns" according to Mr. Klassen; Arthur Janzen, tenor, and one-time winner of the Tudor Bowl, now instructor at CMBC; Dr. George Meszaros, cello; Bernhard Kehler, Winkler, classical guitarist (in one selection he was accompanied by his two sons Dennis and Bradley); and Helmut Penner, who displayed his virtuosity by playing on the descant and treble recorders.

The first item on the program, "Verbum Domini Manet in Aeternum" by A. Gumpelzhaimer (1559-1625), a canon for five voices, served as a very pleasing introduction to the quintet, and was an insight into the quality of the evening's performance. Then came the sonata in A minor, opus 1, no. 1 in four movements, by Jean Baptiste Loeillet (1680-1730) with a very beautifully executed second adagio in which the recorder seemed to really come into its own.

"Since first I saw your face," by Thomas Forde (-1648) was described by the commentator as a typical love poem of the Elizabethan era, in which the lover is close to dying of a broken heart "but don't take it too seriously." Although I felt that perhaps Mr. Janzen was taking it a trifle seriously, I thoroughly enjoyed his rich voice and rendition of this number and the following all-time 17th century favorite Green-sleeves.

Having had some limited experience with the classical guitar, I was able to appreciate the technical difficulties presented by the Variation on a Theme from Mozart's "Magic Flute" by Fernando Sor (1778-1839). Mr. Kehler played this challenging selection with little apparent difficulty and his ability was acknowledged with enthusiastic applause.

The last number preceding intermission was the Cantata "Nell dolce dell' oblio" by G. F. Handel (1685-1759). If Handel intended to paint impressions with his music, Helen Neufeld certainly added the finishing brush strokes in her sensitive rendition of this beautiful number. Again the recorder harmonized deftly with the soprano.

Thus far the cello had remained a constant melodious background, but in the "three minuets" by Georg Phillippe Telemann (1681-1767) it came to the fore very nicely. The commentator noted that these selections had not been intended for dancing when written, although the minuet was then a popular form of dancing music. However, the rhythm was extremely infectious! Did I detect an ever so quiet tapping of feet among the younger set in the audience?

WILLKOMMEN

von Peter Kroeger

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by Hilda Matsuo

Children are so responsive to giving. Our Christmas giving is in fact often a period wherein we view the happiness and magic of a season through the eyes of a child. Most people would go along with the statement that Christmas has become a family festival. At Christmas-time the entire family gathers to share in the story of the miracle of Christmas. Later we see with delight the glee with which children attack their bountiful Christmas treasures.

Perhaps a brief look at Christmas giving as a whole is in order. Are adults really giving in the true spirit of Christmas? It is better to give than to receive, we say. Could we turn a phrase like Alice in Wonderland to read, it is better to receive than to give? When "we say what we mean" do we "really mean what we say? True Christmas giving involves munificence without hope of reciprocation. Yet how many people are altruistic enough to happily receive note after note saying that a donation has been made in their behalf to the MCC, Cancer Society, WHO, the Christmas Cheer Board, Canadian Save the Children's Fund, CARE of Canada, etc.?

Certainly we say one must draw the line somewhere. A gift to a parent, husband, or wife is an indispensable symbol of love. Yet many fine relationships flourish without benefit of concrete symbols of affection. Discussion of any proposal of change in Christmas giving would of course be mandatory in any event, since we are, after all, creatures of habit and highly influenced by advertising.

What really should concern us however, is: do we say one thing but mean another? Do we in fact find ourselves more often creating a situation in our giving where we emphasize the beauty and joy of receiving rather than the quieter joy of giving? Dazed by our mad Christmas rush, are we in fact supporting an Ayn Rand-like cult of selfishness? Can a balance be struck? Better still, can a state of imbalance even slightly tipped in favor of unselfishness be made? Are we raising a crop of children with our peculiar brand of hypocrisy? Do our children recite these cliched words at Christmas concerts and then return to a bountiful tree after leaving a tin of food for their "white gift"? Did they in some manner suitable to their age finance even that small Christmas hamper gift?

Far be it for any one to suggest at this point that our children must now become selfless exemplary creatures, forfeiting their right to a fair share of the current Christmas loot. Children need more tangible evidence of affec-

tion than adults. No more can they resist the harsh sound of comparisons that follow that eventful holiday season. Judging from some 12-year-old Mennonite youngsters questioned on the topic, they can at that age face having less than their peers. They rather thoughtfully felt that they were not receiving as much as their friends because their parents are making conscious efforts not to spoil them with a surfeit of gifts. This seemed to be the general feeling despite a wide difference of socio-economic means in the homes.

Since children do seemingly require a period of Christmas Magic, how can parents, who hopefully already avoid a surfeit of gifts, choose the gifts?

Much has been said about children's toys, minimum safety regulations have become mandatory, yet the onus of a wise purchase and supervision of their use still lies with parents. Children, through play, develop not only socially, but also mentally and physically. Play has gone on of course without benefit of toys since time began. In our more complicated society we find, however, that a child's opportunity to improvise play with objects in his surroundings is diminishing. Baby still has pots and pans, but where in our tidy yards is that improvised steed made from a stick, that speeding roadster, a worn out rim of a buggy wheel?

Faced as we are with a welter of choice in toys, some basic principles to keep in mind in toy selection are:

- 1) How do new toys relate to play with toys already owned?
- 2) Does the toy provide the intended entertainment? e.g.: are craft kits complete enough to provide proper play? Are there enough parts in a construction kit to finish a product?
- 3) Are toys safe for the age group?
- 4) Is a toy suitable for the age group? Complicated toys can undermine confidence while others may be too simple.
- 5) Are toys sturdy and durable?
- 6) Does the toy stimulate the imagination? A simple non-mechanical toy, which involves a child's imagination is more rewarding than a mechanical one which requires limited involvements of the child.

From here the basic play requirements for children of roughly delineated age groups will be taken into account. Allowance must be made to accommodate difference in individual children.

The Infant: up to 12 months. An infant's play focusses on the development of taste, touch, sight, sound and smell. Toys here should be chosen with special care to avoid rough edges and loose pieces that can be swallowed. Plastics should be sturdy and shatter-

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proof. Suggested are, mobiles, rattles, teething beads, washable squeeze toys with firmly attached squeakers or a soft plastic ball easy to grasp, roll and throw.

The Creeper: Seven to 15 months. Large muscle development comes into full play at this age. Simple push and pull toys, slow moving balls for active play with resting toys and washable cuddly toys for less active play. Since children of this age still fall frequently, toys must be examined for sharp edges. Wheels and knobs should be firmly attached and large enough to deter swallowing.

Toddlers: One to two years. The toddler exerts finer muscular control. Further development of co-ordination of hands and feet takes place. Suggested toys: simple one piece doll or animal that can be bathed and dressed. Some children take greater interest in nesting and stacking toys. Blocks should be soft and colorful for sorting, carting about, and stacking. Sand and water toys are a source of delight. Banging pegs provide an outlet for energy but should be tested for stops since many pegs eventually find their way out into small mouths.

The Preschoolers: Two to four years. Children in this age further develop muscular co-ordination, but their greatest development is social. Now that real communication is possible because of improved language ability, the child is more interested in social

and imitative play. This is a period of time where boys and girls still enjoy each other's toys. Suggested toys: dress up clothes, domestic gadgets for playing house, simple rolling pins and utensils to be used with play dough, etc., simple construction sets, blocks for play with cars, a good hammer and nails, powder paints and large brushes, crayons, chalk and chalk board, simple musical toys, well illustrated books, outdoor tricycles, climbing devices, swings and seesaws. All these provide outlets for their unflagging physical stamina and increased muscular dexterity.

The Kindergartener: Five and six years. Toy requirements for this age vary little from those of the pre-school set. Play becomes more creative rather than imitative, and greater independence develops. Indoor puzzles and games should become more challenging. Outdoor toys can now include sleighs, toboggans, skates, skipping ropes and balls for throwing and catching.

Early School Age: Six to eight years. More advanced physically and socially, the six to eight year old has acquired a fair knowledge of reading and writing skills. Hand puppets and play acting, more finely detailed dolls and mechanical toys are popular. Accessories for play with cars and trucks, clothes for dolls, and construction kits and games requiring increased ability are used in quieter play. Handicrafts often lend a sense of achievement. Quality small scale sports equipment also is useful for the child not yet ready for professional equipment.

Pre-teens: Nine to 12 years. The peer group is important for this age group. Skills are becoming more specialized. Musical instruments, hobbies and favorite sports may give clue to what the individual wants. Model kits, senior construction kits and elementary scientific equipment are toys worthy of consideration. Different needle handicrafts, woodworking, drawing and painting equipment may be interesting for this age group.

Because so many toys are available it is often difficult to decide which toy meets the most requirements of desirability for the child on your list. For those who share in this confusion, The Canadian Toys Testing Council has published a rather comprehensive booklet entitled, *Toys: A Guide for Consumers*; this is available at the Queen's Printer for \$1. It not only lists toys of every sort considered suitable for children, but also suggested retail prices. As peace-loving people, we might be interested to note that their attitude to war toys reads as follows: "While it is agreed that there is a stage in a small boy's development where certain types of aggressive play are both normal and natural, the Council does not feel that it is the parent's role to provide guns and weapons of such reality that the items imply a tacit approval on the adults' part that violence and killing are the logical way to settle differences."

May our Christmas thoughts be at least this thoughtful and peaceful!

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**MB AND GC
BOOKSTORES MERGE**

A suggestion of the board of publications that the Christian Press Bookstore merge with the Faith and Life Bookstore of Rosthern, a General Conference Mennonite outlet, was accepted by the Canadian Mennonite Brethren conference at its meetings in St. Catharines.

The merger will result in a joint bookstore operation, initially located in the facilities now used by the Christian Press. According to the commission which worked out the terms of the merger, the goal of the amalgamation is "expansion at a new location".

The merger recommendation met with only limited opposition at the convention despite considerable hesitation expressed off the conference floor by a number of delegates. An Alberta delegate wondered whether there was anything that a church-related bookstore could offer that another evangelical bookstore might not supply. The reply of the board of publications was

that a significant part of the mission of our own bookstore lay in its use as a source of German and Anabaptist literature.

The acceptance of the merger proposal will mean that both bookstores will contribute equal amounts of value in stock and operating capital to the new facility. The administration of the bookstore will be conducted by a committee of eight, four appointed by each of the respective boards of publication and responsible to their respective boards. Harold Petkau, who now manages the Rosthern (Sask.) store, will become manager of the merged outlet. Don Kornelson will continue as general manager of the Christian Press and associate manager with Mr. Petkau of the bookstore.

A provision that each conference would have the right of "veto over the selection and sale of any given item" of stock raised a concern expressed by Wilmer Kornelson. The reply was that the veto clause was inserted in a spirit of trust and applied equally to both conferences. It could not be visualized that either side would use it to exclude the other conference's materials from the store.

The merger proposal was accepted in the end with virtually no dissenting votes. The implementation is expected by the end of summer. mm

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„Mennonite Mirror“.

Zum Erscheinen Ihres Blattes „Mennonite Mirror“ wuensche ich den Mitarbeitern viel Glueck, Erfolg u. Freude in der Arbeit!

Zweck und Ziel der Zeitschrift, wie sie im Vorwort angegeben wurden, sind gut u. das Blatt koennte sich gut entwickeln, wenn sie Ihre Richtung festhalten und das Niveau des Blattes nicht absinken lassen. Ich denke nicht, dass sie als „Revale“ irgend einer anderen menn. Zeitschrift aufgefasset werden koennte.

Mit freundlichem Gruss,
Helene Janzen.

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on the publication of the first issue of the **Mennonite Mirror**. I am impressed by your statement of the editorial policy as well as by the high quality of content and style of the articles in the first issue. Of particular interest to me is Dr. Reimer's appraisal of Rudy Wiebe's novels. Professor Reimer expresses comprehensively, succinctly, and lucidly what other literary critics have been saying about the three novels.

Personally I feel that **First and Vital Candle** deserves a little more credit than it has received from literary critics. For me the novel is not smothered to death by the heavy hand of its Christian theme, but the Christian theme becomes alive when it is conveyed by characters convincingly portrayed — the Bishops and Sally Howell.

The Blue Mountains of China while epic in scope lacks a unifying element of great epics — great characters. The episodic structure of the novel, the intricate web of characters all of them not sufficiently developed, and the complicated genealogies make the reading of the novel a most difficult mental exercise. I feel that few people outside of the realm of literary critics and friends of the author will want to put forth the effort required to read **The Blue Mountains**. . . It is a pity that a writer of Wiebe's literary talent and wholesome anabaptist vision (which does shine through some parts of the novel) should opt for complex structural forms appealing to an ever narrowing sphere of readers.

Sincerely yours,
D. D. Duerksen.

P.S. I appreciate your courage in making the paper bilingual.

Dear Sir:

I wish you well! I'm particularly happy to note that you have left the embroidery to a minimum.

J. Thiessen

Reflections from our Readers

Dear Editor:

I am pleased to become one of your "first company" of reader subscribers. I think there has been a need for, and that there is a promising future in, a magazine devoted to Mennonite life and thought in our own province. Providing glimpses of cultural activity among the Mennonite people, and interpretative analyses and appreciations of such activity, seems like a grand enterprise that could enrich the personal social life, and extend their mental horizons, of many of our people. We wish you every success in the editing and promotion of **The Mennonite Mirror**.

Sincerely yours,
Herbert Giesbrecht.

Dear Sir:

It looks good! Congratulations! Best of Success!

E.A.F.
Steinbach

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on the Mennonite Mirror. It can and probably will do an awful lot to bring a sense of community and common identity and common cause to the Mennonites of Winnipeg.

We are now working on the third issue of the Reporter after which we hope to be on a regular bi-weekly schedule until we can make it weekly sometime hopefully in 1972. The response to date has been above expectations. We hope it keeps up.

Sincerely yours,
Frank H. Epp,
Waterloo, Ont.

Dear Sir:

I would like to extend my congratulations to you and your staff for the interesting new magazine that you have just launched. I would wish you every success in this enterprise.

Yours sincerely,
Henry P. Krahn, (M.D.)
Winnipeg.

*Check to see
if your other
Mennonite friends
are getting the Mirror*

You will recall from our introductory article in last month's issue, that the initial mailing list of the Mennonite Mirror was compiled by lifting the obviously Mennonite names from a variety of telephone directories. We ended up with a mailing list of well over 6,000 names.

But, no matter how hard we tried, we missed a few. If you have a friend or relative who is Mennonite or who is interested in the Mirror, let us know, and we will send him a copy, and put him on the list.

We want to be able to say that every Manitoba Mennonite reads the Mennonite Mirror.

Phone us at 889-1562, or write to the Mirror at 131 Wordsworth Way, Winnipeg 22, Manitoba.

Local firms feel effect of Nixon's policy

BY RICK MARTENS

All too often we read about news events like President Nixon's recent economic measures without realizing how they may hit pretty close to home. The headlines don't tell us how a surtax of 10 per cent (which amounts to a 10 per cent increase in the price of goods exported to the U.S.) will actually affect local production and employment. It is also not clear how a cheaper American dollar will affect local firms.

Of special interest to this magazine is the possible effect that these policies may have on firms with which our readers are associated. To get this information for our readers we surveyed several larger firms in Winnipeg.

One firm contacted was DeFehr's Furniture Manufacturing in North Kildonan, which exports approximately 20 per cent of its total production to the U.S. While the surcharge is expected to have an effect on the company's sales in the U.S. market, the marketing manager said that his firm, which employs 200 people, many of whom are Mennonites, did not expect this to result in any immediate layoffs. However, because DeFehr's expansion plans are based to a large extent on export growth, employment increases may be delayed or canceled if the surcharge is continued for a long time.

The federal government has announced that it will give subsidies to firms hurt by the surcharge, but this will be given only if actual layoffs are planned, not if future increases in employment are curtailed. Unfortunately this may have the effect of helping inefficient firms that cannot cope with the present problems, and give no help to more efficient ones that will simply be curtailing expansion.

Another Mennonite firm, Monarch Machinery, depends less upon the U.S. market, selling only 5 per cent of its output there. However, that market was expanding and the firm is concerned about the impact of the President's policies on its future expansion. Vice-President J. Klassen suggested, that should the surcharge continue, some Canadian businesses might respond by establishing branch plants in U.S. (in the 1800's and again in the 1930's the Canadian tariff structure en-

Continued page 34

The joys of summer travel fade when trouble strikes

By Eric Lubosch

The Eric Luboshes took a long-awaited trip to the promised land of British Columbia this summer. Here they describe the joys of summer travel.

We set out on our adventure mid-afternoon of July 1. Mid-afternoon because we found it necessary to replace the trailer tires, at the last minute, on a holiday. The first night out (Yorkton), it rained and part of the tent trailer (tube frame) broke with camp that morning. We made it to Edmonton late that night after having ignition trouble repaired in North Battleford. I should mention that we had the V.W. in for a thorough tune-up the weekend before leaving.

As we left Edmonton we entered water which fell on us all the way to Jasper. At Miette Hot Springs the rain stopped just long enough for us to set up camp. It rained all that night and the next day as we headed south to Banff.

We proceeded westward, relentlessly (as relentlessly as a V.W. with trailer will permit), to get to the coast for the next week-end. It rained most of the way and there were some real "hell-drivers" in the Fraser Canyon area, passing on blind curves and double centre lines, etc. It may be God's country, but this was a bit much!

We got to my uncle's in Surrey (with help — the traffic is unbelievable) in time for Anita to break out in chicken pox. Although she was not very sick we cancelled plans to cross over to Vancouver Island.

We visited with friends and relatives and the killer whales at Stanley Park. (Mark was a bit disappointed that there was no "scharpooning" allowed. Streng verboten!, no less.) It cleared up (the weather) the day we planned to leave. So, we stayed an extra day, and went to the aquarium again, English Bay, etc.

We headed back, and set up camp at Banff for a week, and had good weather, and a congestion of tourists (mainly from California, it seems — makes one wonder about our National Parks). However, they are soon left behind after the first few hundred yards up the hiking trail. The Banff

one knew as a 13 year old can be almost recaptured. But not quite. At least the stench of incense (and "pot?") cannot be smelled at the top of Tunnel Mountain. I guess Banff is where it's at, so to speak. We "rapped" with one of the youth scene to learn that rides were hard to get going east, especially in the parks. Some were waiting two days at Revelstoke without a lift.

We returned home via Edmonton and blew out a cylinder (No. 3) and limped home on the three remaining, from Broadview, Sask. Oh, yes, the RCMP gave us a friendly five dollar ticket because our trailer light had a bad connection, which I repaired on the spot, to no avail. The car needed refilling with oil very 20 miles and is not yet repaired.

Oh yes, I had phoned my brother-in-law from Brandon to tell of our troubles and would he mind driving out on the Trans-Canada to meet up? This he did, but meet us he did not. We missed each other and, simultaneously, he pulled up in Brandon and we pulled up at home.

I suppose the worst part of the trip took place in the last 25 miles from home where that traffic ticket was so politely issued. The stench of hot oil, a moonless night, a sudden rain squall — it all seemed too much. When we finally got home at midnight, with work looming before us next morning, we sat in the kitchen and laughed hilariously for 20 minutes. The only other thing we could have done was cry.

The other day we got our films back. They turned out fairly well. There are mountain sheep and goats, kids (ours and theirs), moose, deer, birds, squirrels and those mountains. There is something about that vertical landscape that made it all worthwhile.

P.S. — Our son Mark had the chicken pox too, on our return trip through Edmonton. When we came home we were careful not to pass them on to my sister and brother-in-law's family. They left on the same trip soon after us, and returned two days ago with — the chicken pox! They got them at my sister's, where we stayed in Edmonton.

mm

Private Schools: old fears must die

by Roy Vogt

The articles on Mennonite private schools in this issue will likely create very different responses among our readers. Few of us can think objectively about our children's education or about such ticklish questions as church-state relationships.

This is not written in defence of private schools as such, but in defence of more objective thinking about the subject. To do this some old fears and convictions must be laid aside. These might be classified as follows:

Threat to Civic Unity: Private schools foster minority interests. A nation state is naturally interested in stability and unity and can tolerate minority interests only within certain limits. As one great American president observed, however, the health of a democracy

can be judged by the respect it shows to minority groups. Democracy in Manitoba would seem to be in a healthy state. There is little danger of any minority group exercising undue power in civil life. Our young people are not in danger of developing "ghetto" mentalities. Our people identify themselves as Canadians first, and as members of a cultural group second. Our biggest danger would seem to be too little diversity in our way of thinking and in patterns of living, not too much. We need more people who in some important ways can be distinguished from the mass. A single public school system for the whole of society would not seem to be the best way of assuring this.

Use of Public Funds: Many object to the use of government funds to support church schools. They ask, "why should I be compelled to support a system chosen by someone else but not by me?" That is certainly a valid question, but it is precisely the question being asked by supporters of private schools. They can ask just as legitimately "why should I be forced to support a public school system when I choose a private school for my own children?" We should at least grant both groups the right to ask the same questions.

For Men!

Sportsmen and outdoor workers will be glad to hear about the most talked of knit-wear fashions: Stud-Duds, Long Jacks, Mani Hose or Pant-He-Hose. Whatever the name they are waist-to-toe nylon hosiery for men.

mm

Our province will undoubtedly become a poorer place in which to live if we penalize (through taxation) those people who wish to maintain a somewhat separate religious and cultural tradition, just as it would be unfortunate if people with no interest in private schooling were forced to make contributions to it. It would seem that the release of public funds for the support of private schools equal to the school taxes paid by parents whose children attend such schools should satisfy both groups.

More about MBCI

guarantees can no longer be so glibly made, many are satisfied a modicum of success has been achieved if only students emerge from the school unscarred by drugs, alcohol or sex.

Peter H. Peters, MBCI's freshman principal for the coming year, feels the purpose of the school should be to provide an education from a Christian perspective; to convey by example that life and education for a Christian are interesting and exciting.

This can be achieved by enlisting competent teachers imbued with a large measure of spiritual well-being, he reasons.

Having recently spent six years in a public high school (prior to which he taught at MBCI for several years) Mr. Peters says he has been amazed at "how little public schools focus on the larger problems of life and society." This is a void he hopes will not exist at MBCI; and he is confident a team of competent and aware instructors will not allow such a void to develop.

"One thing I've learned in the last few years is that colleagues of like mind can do great things . . . granted, I'm idealistic in my thinking. But this is the way a teacher should be, rather than being bogged down with cynicism."

What do students need?

"They need training so they can become people who are kinder, more considerate and more gracious," says Mr. Peters. "These are the essentials, this is what Godliness is all about."

What do students want?

"Students today are very experience-centred. They want a sense of drama, excitement. And this is a necessity of good teaching . . . to make education exciting and dramatic."

Mr. Peters believes this is easily accomplished since literature, science, history, etc., are all intrinsically exciting.

Continued next page

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MBCI continued

"The word 'teacher' is a misnomer," says Mr. Peters. "We shouldn't think in terms of pouring education into the students' minds. We should think in terms of manipulating the learning environment and motivating the student. Once this is accomplished, learning just takes off on its own."

This year's teaching staff at MBCI contains a balanced mix of youth and experience. Two of the newcomers among the school's 13 teachers are Neil Unruh and Dave Duerksen, who together represent more than half a century of teaching experience in public school systems.

The fact MBCI has been able to lure good teachers is an indication of faith in the institution's future, says Mr. Peters. It shows the school has had a measure of success in achieving its objectives.

"We're going to have to put much more stress on the kind of teachers we hire . . . in the past it's often been a fill-the-gap type of approach," he says, although he quickly adds, "But don't let me give the wrong impression. We've also had some very excellent teachers in the past."

Some of the more experienced teachers are making a financial sacrifice in coming to MBCI, Mr. Peters admits. But the once-wide gap between public school salaries and those paid at MBCI has narrowed considerably during recent years.

According to Mr. Peters, many students — even those reared in devout Christian homes — often lack a proper knowledge of God. Under his jurisdiction compulsory Bible classes for all grades will remain part of the MBCI curriculum. A new course in Grade 12 will be Contemporary Religious Issues. It will be taught by professors at the adjacent Mennonite Brethren Bible College campus.

"The Bible should be taught so excellently that kids should feel it is something worth learning," Mr. Peters maintains. "There's no excuse for it being sloppily taught . . . if it's sloppy, then let's rather not have it."

Harry Wall, MBCI's vice-principal, considers the school's objective to "show kids what life is in the fullest sense." The fullest sense, of course, includes the spiritual dimension as well as getting along with other people and sharing experiences and ideas with others. He wants education to rise above merely training for an occupation: to "see what potential there is in the Christian life."

In Mr. Wall's opinion, MBCI is fulfilling its objective because he sees evidence that students are learning these values.

Generally, it is agreed by teachers

and students that MBCI's function should be to put education into a Christian perspective.

Does the school succeed in achieving this goal?

"Yes, in a crude sort of way," says Orlando Redekopp, a former MBCI instructor who also spent six years there as a student. "They do succeed in getting this Christian perspective across to the students. But sometimes their (the faculty's) Christian perspective is so limited, even fearful. They seem to feel that if you are a Christian you must keep on talking about it and make God present by using words . . . Sometimes it's almost like a paranoia — God is present when you are talking about Him."

He says he would like to see the Bible courses changed so that the emphasis is taken off doctrine.

"If you continually have to reduce your Christianity down to doctrine, then it isn't worth much . . . It turns kids off to always have doctrine drilled into them and to spend a lot of time dwelling on petty issues. And sometimes I don't think the kids are wrong when they're turned off."

However, he adds that the school's religious atmosphere is no longer as "pressurized" as it once was. For ex-

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MBCI continued

ample, MBCI has done away with the compulsory mass testimony meetings of years past.

Many students agree that it is difficult to accurately gauge the pulse and success of MBCI. They are quick to point out faults and annoying inconsistencies; yet some of the most chronic complainers are the ones who, having entered the school in Grade 7, emerge six years later still complaining but happier for the overall experience.

Though large establishments, particularly religious ones, are often slow to change with the times, it is apparent that MBCI has made efforts to keep pace with social changes.

"Change is as prevalent in our school as elsewhere," asserts one former student.

Says another: "Sure our school has faults; but let's face it — there's something positive there you don't find anywhere else." **mm**

More about WESTGATE

German and English, are produced during the school year.

Academically the school offers the curriculum outlined by the Manitoba Department of Education; all courses in the senior high years are university entrance. There is a strong emphasis on language instruction, and Westgate is one of the few schools in the city which offers German in all grades. French is also taught, and recently a small language lab was installed to facilitate language study. For students interested in pursuing music as a career, the school is one of a few offering a university entrance course in music history and theory.

Standards appear to be high. In 1970 when departmental exams were written in Grade XII the pass rate was much higher than the provincial average, with students passing 90 percent of all exams written. A high percentage of graduates goes on to university and church-related colleges. For example, in 1970 of the 30 graduating students, 24 advanced their education.

The school has been in existence since 1958, when a few students began classes in the educational wing of the First Mennonite Church. Registration is not limited to students with Mennoite backgrounds, and various faiths and nationalities are represented. Last year foreign students from Malaysia, Hong Kong and the United States attended.

It is very difficult, of course, to evaluate the effectiveness of the school's philosophy on the students. It seems that most graduates become active mem-

bers of their congregations, which would suggest that the Christian influence is a positive one. Several alumni have donated their services to church institutions for varying lengths of time. Ionna Thiessen and Rudi Peters have worked as youth leaders in the First Mennonite Church for minimal remuneration. Robert Wall taught at Westgate on a volunteer basis for a year. Many students have worked at summer camps, M.C.C. projects, and have helped in various inner-city projects connected with the church.

Another way of evaluating the school is to ask the students themselves how they feel about it. We chose two at random. Janet Bauman came to Westgate last year from Bluffton, Ohio, to take her Grade XII. She was particularly attracted by the strong music program of the school. Comparing Westgate with previous public schools that she attended Janet said she much preferred Westgate. She claimed that the other schools placed far too much emphasis on competition, both in academics and sports, whereas Westgate stresses individual achievement. Academically she found that the stress in her other schools was on factual knowledge, whereas here subjects like history and English were taught on a

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WESTGATE continued

more subjective level. She was expected to sift through and evaluate the material she learned — more challenging, but more difficult! "Much better," she said, "than just having information poured down your throat." She liked the size of the school (last year 112 students) as it fostered a feeling of closeness among both teachers and students. She felt that there was less of a tendency to form "cliques". In summary she said that her year at Westgate was "very worthwhile". David Epp, a student in Grade VII last year, said that he had loved Westgate. Why? Well, the teachers were nice, the classrooms weren't crowded and he had made lots of friends there. He enjoyed the sports program and was definitely coming back again next year.

The big problem facing Westgate is that which plagues all church institutions, and particularly all private schools — finances. Educational costs have increased by leaps and bounds over the past few years, as all taxpayers know only too well. The school is not supported by any church conference and is run by the Mennonite Educational Society of Manitoba, which has to rely on individual donations and student fees to keep the school running. An attempt was made from the start to keep fees low so that no student should be excluded for financial reasons.

Two years ago tuition fees were raised considerably, and immediately enrollment dropped from an all-time high of 162 students. Members of the board and the principal are constantly seeking new ways to raise money, including the selling of debentures, car raffles and chocolate sales. Lack of funds inevitably results in unpleasant conflicts concerning priorities. Even if student enrollment is low, one has to hire enough teachers to offer a program comparable to the public schools. The result is a high teacher-student ratio, an ideal situation, but an expensive one. When funds are short, the courses considered least "necessary" by the board are the first to be dropped. In spring, the drama and art teacher was relieved of his duties. This highly creative teacher was helping the students

in a vital area of their individual development and his dismissal somewhat belies the school's claim that its main stress is in the area of the fine arts. This teacher has since been re-hired on a part-time basis.

Perhaps the only solution to the financial problems of the school is government aid. The leaders of private schools in Manitoba have been working hard over the past few years to present their case to government officials. They point out that should all the students in private schools begin to attend public schools, the costs involved (e.g., building new schools) would be far greater than the degree of support requested by the private schools. Other provinces do support some private schools. It seems that Premier Ed Schreyer, is taking these arguments seriously. At a recent fund-raising banquet, he stated that government aid to private schools would be forthcoming "not in a matter of years, but of months". A Free Press article on June 14 indicated that Premier Schreyer will be making some announcement concerning aid to parochial schools in November. This is a controversial issue and it remains to be seen whether there is sufficient popular support for a move of this kind.

Our private schools have come into existence because some people in our midst had strong feelings about their importance. Now that we have had some experience with them we can see both their promise and their problems. The promise: a better, Christian-centred education for our young people, with long-run benefits for both the church and society. The problems: a church membership divided on the question of their usefulness, and half-hearted in its support; young people forced to break old friendships and begin new ones; school programs which are potentially much better than average but always in danger of sinking below the average.

How do you personally respond to their existence? mm

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More about PAKISTAN

to allow this situation to go on? What will happen to these seven million people after six months?

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Attempts to describe the refugee situation are extremely difficult. Transportation and communications, already heavily overtaxed, are greatly hampered by the monsoon rains. Yet among all the tragedy there are a few encouraging aspects to report.

The Indian government has taken full charge of feeding the refugees. Each refugee is given 400 grams of rice, 300 grams of vegetables and 100 grams of pulses of "dahl" a grain used to flavor rice. While this is not a well-balanced diet, especially if the vegetables happen to be potatoes, it nevertheless keeps body and soul together. No reports of starvation have come in. Each person is also given one rupee per week to buy fuel.

The health situation varies from area to area. Conflicting reports make for confusion. Many refugees arrive, obviously infected by cholera, tuberculosis, and pneumonia. Others are injured. At one camp we talked to a 14-year-old boy with his foot shot off. Another had a bullet hole through his arm. An old man, a pitiful spectacle, tried to explain his plight — advanced tuberculosis. Young Indian volunteer doctors, working under extremely difficult conditions, certainly are to be commended. Needless to say, there continues to be a threat of epidemics, even though at this time the situation is somewhat under control.

Of all needs, shelter is top priority. Rains soak the ground, turning it into a slippery, slimy, mess. Bacteria thrive and are carried everywhere by the thousands of feet. Many find a few bamboo poles which are bent into an arch or set up in a tent-like fashion, cover this with straw thatching or bamboo mats, and their house is finished. Here in this three to four foot shelter, mothers nurse their babies, sleep, get out of the rain, cook their meals and do other necessary chores. The ground is eventually tramped hard and firm, but again becomes slippery

when little feet run through the camp or when the rain pours down.

MCC is purchasing tarpaulins to provide shelter. These are in use a few hours after delivery in camps near the East Pakistan border. In these places large frames are built, some 1,000 feet large which then provide emergency shelter. A total of 700 miles of tarpaulin six-foot wide are required with only 200 miles received to date. I have seen this need first-hand and can say that the investment in this area is of utmost importance. One dollar gives shelter to approximately three persons. How can we afford not to help? MCC is also finalizing plans to ship 880,000 vitamin pills by air. From the Reedley, Yarrow, Kitchener and Ephrata Material Aid Centers 500 bales of bedding and clothing plus 20,000 tropical Christmas bundles have been designated for shipment by mid-August.

To date, \$50,000 of constituency contributions have been sent for Pakistani refugee relief. With these funds clothing, medicines, shelters and mats have been bought locally where some materials are relatively inexpensive.

My thoughts inevitably turn towards home. It seems so far away. My people too, have suffered in the past. On the one side of my mother's family all the males were killed; not a single man over 18 was left. Many times my grandmother related how she would have starved, had it not been for the help received from compassionate brothers in foreign countries. Now we are rich, all of us, in North America. At least when compared to Calcutta and the refugees. We say the Lord has blessed us. What for? Let us not forget what Jesus said to us, his followers. **mm**

More about NIXON

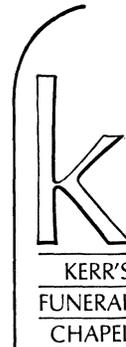
couraged the establishment of U.S. branch plants in Canada). However, in general Mr. Klassen felt optimistic about the situation, stating that Canada needs healthy trading partners. If the U.S. economy becomes healthier because of President Nixon's policies, the effects would likely be good for such firms as Monarch.

President Nixon has also proposed a devaluation of the American dollar. This can be accomplished because the U.S. dollar is no longer tied to a fixed

value of gold. Such a move would enable Canadians to buy goods more cheaply from the U.S., at the same time making it more difficult for Americans to buy goods from us. Therefore, it would be good for our importers but bad for our exporters, adding to the woes caused by the surcharge.

One Mennonite firm which would benefit from such a move is Robinson Alamo, a distributor of farm and recreation equipment. Robinson Alamo imports approximately 75 per cent of the equipment it distributes in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. If the value of the American dollar fell by 8 per cent, the cost of equipment purchases for Robinson Alamo would decline by 6 per cent. These savings, if passed on to the consumer in the form of lower prices, would increase sales and possibly employment as well. **mm**

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An: Mennonite Mirror

Den besten Dank für die Zusendung der zweisprachigen, mennonitischen Zeitung.

Man könnte der Gruppe ein „Hoch“ nachrufen, dass sie den Mut haben und zur Erkenntnis gekommen sind, wie wichtig und notwendig es ist ein mehrsprachiges Blatt (hier Magazin) rauszulassen. Leider finde ich an dieses Magazin ein Hekele, das als Hacken, zum Nachteil werden kann. Aber davon später.

Vorher möchte ich persönliche Erfahrungen mit, und ohne, Sprachkenntnisse, bringen — um damit die Bedeutung der Vielsprachigkeit als notwendig zu begründen.

1945 kam ich in Americanische Kriegsgefangenschaft, wenn nun ein Posten die Befehle austeilte dieses und jenes zu tun, du ihn aber anstartest wie ein Ochse das neue Tor und nicht wusstest was er wolle, half ganz schnell, der Gummiknippel, mit der Begleitworten: go an you deitshi Schwein, mit. Letzteres hat man verstanden: weil du nicht englisch sprichst bist ein Schwein.

Weiß die Sprache konnte, hatte bald eine Anstellung u. kam, was von grösster Bedeutung war, näher zum Kochtopf oder Brotkorb. 1946 wurde ich vom Amerikaner am Pole ausgeliefert. Hier glaubte ich mein Leben abschliessen zu müssen, da ich von Russland kam. Aber im Gegenteil, ich war bald der Zellendolmetscher u. durfte raus in der Tischlerei arbeiten, weil ich ukrainisch sprach. Und darüber hinaus, weil ich russisch noch besser konnte, konnte ich mich bei einen russischen Geheimkommissaren lossprechen der mich zurück nach Russland schicken wollte.

Hier in der Zelle sass ich mit Reichsdeutsche zusammen, die, wie die meisten Kanadier, nur ihre Landessprache beherschten, die auf der scheuslichsten Art und Weise gemartert wurden. Man stellte ihnen ein 5. Liter Gefäss am Munde, dass sie leer trinken mussten, wers nicht schafte bekam Gummiknippel über den Kopf und den Schuabsatz im Bauch. Als 1941 die Ukraine von den Deutschen besetzt wurde und eine Aufnahme der Volksdeutschen durchführten und sich einzelne nur fanden, die ein gebrochenes Deutsch sprachen, wurden sie von diesen beschimpft. Darum halte was du hast u. lerne mehr dazu. Nie kann man zuviel Sprachen. Aber eine Schande für den der seine Muttersprache und Abstammung verleugnet oder sich derer schämt. Er ist wie der verlorne Sohn, der sich, als er das Erbe seiner Väter, verschmähte u. verwarf, an den Trebern der Fremden, sättigte.

Und hier das Hekele, zum Hacken geworden. Dieses Magazin hat 30 Seiten ohne Umschlagseiten und genau 3 Seiten sind davon in Deutsch, also rund 10%. Ich verstehe als zweisprachiges, ob Zeitung oder anderes, dass man in der zweiten Sprache genau das bringt, was in der ersten als Grundlage gebracht wird. Und ich glaube kaum, ob dieses bischen hier, den nicht englischsprechenden, locken kann zu beziehen. Und derer gibt es viele hunderte. Aber dieses ist nur meine persönliche Auffassung. Ich wünsche guten Erfolg. Und bitte nichts für Ungut.

Siehe oben rechts und Seite 24.

mm

AN UNSERE DEUTSCHEN LESER

Viele haben uns ermutigt doch mehr Artikeln in Deutsch zu veröffentlichen. Da wir die ernste Absicht haben, dieses in Zukunft zu verwirklichen, bitten wir gute deutsche Schreiber regelmässig ihre Beiträge uns zuzusenden. (Bitte an Rick Woelcke, 2 Greenwich Bay, Winnipeg 6.)

Bleiben Sie geduldig und uns weiterhin treu! Einige Leser haben uns angerufen, um zu erfahren, warum der Artikel über Tante Anna nicht in deutscher Sprache veröffentlicht wurde. Unsere Idee ist die jüngere Generation mit den Beiträgen der älteren Generation vertraut zu machen. Jedoch hätte vielleicht dieser Artikel in beiden Sprachen geschrieben werden sollen. Was ist Ihre Meinung? Wir sind sehr daran interessiert.

Auf jedemfall beabsichtigen wir unseren deutschen Teil zu vergrössern und zu verbessern. Wir danken der grossen Zahl der ältern und jüngeren Leser, die die Zeitschrift abonniert haben und wir möchten andere ermutigen auch zu abonnieren.

Wir glauben, dass unserer Abonnementpreis von \$2.50 keine zu grossen Anforderungen an Sie stellt. Einige Leser haben geäussert, dass sie ihre Unterstützung zunächst noch zurückhalten bis wir haben Erwartungen oder ihrem Niveau entsprechen. Sie dürfen gewiss sein, dass gerade ihre Unterstützung dazu beitragen wird.

WORTE DER WAHRHEIT

Geizhalse sind unangenehme Zeitgenossen, aber angenehme Vorfahren.

Viktor de Kowa

Die Liebe ist wie der Mond: Wenn sie nicht zunimmt, nimmt sie ab.

Persisches Sprichwort

Wer sich zu wichtig für kleine Arbeiten hält, ist meistens zu klein für wichtige Arbeiten.

Jacques Tati

Hoffen ist schlechter Ersatz für Tun.

Ungarisches Sprichwort

Viele Menschen versäumen das kleine Glück, weil sie auf das grosse vergebens warten.

Pearl S. Buck

DAS ALTE KLA

Ulrich Wölcke

„Es tut mir leid, mein Herr, aber sie müssen sich noch zwei bis drei Stunden gedulden — wir können nun mal keine neue Lokomotive aus der Luft zaubern!“ So die ungeduldige Antwort des Bahnbeamten auf meine Frage hin, wie lange wir noch in H. aufenthalt hätten. Irgend etwas war mit der Lokomotive nicht in Ordnung.

Eigentlich hatte ich nicht geplant H. zu besuchen obgleich ich in diesem norddeutschen Städtchen so manches ereignisvolle Jahr nach dem Zweiten Weltkrieg zugebracht hatte. Ereignisvolle und — ja — schöne Jahre. Jetzt lebte niemand mehr in H. den ich kannte. Die meisten waren fortgezogen und lebten wohl verstreut in aller Welt. Doch, nun hatte ich unerwarteter Weise etwas Zeit, und nach kurzer Überlegung entschloss ich mich die alte Schule zu besuchen.

Es war ein seltsames Gefühl als ich durch die einstmals so vertrauten Strassen wanderte. 15 Jahre hatten überraschend wenig geändert. In H. war die Zeit stehen geblieben. Vielleicht waren die Bäume noch höher und schattiger geworden, das Kopfsteinpflaster ein bisschen verwitterter und einige Strassen hatte man asphaltiert. Das Städtchen schien zu schlafen an diesem warmen Juli Nachmittag. Damals nach dem Krieg, als die 3000 Flüchtlinge (wir gehörten auch zu ihnen) die Einwohnerzahl fast verdoppelten, als die Stadtverwaltung fast verzweifelte und die alteingesessenen Bürger uns argwöhnisch anschauten — damals

pulsierte das Leben in H. Wir, die 16 und 17 Jährigen waren ein Teil dieses Lebens und empfanden die Lebensmittelnot und die Kälte des bösen Winters 1946/47 nicht so sehr wie unsere Eltern. Durch die Schule befreundeten wir uns schnell mit der einheimischen Jugend und fanden in ihren Heimen des öfteren Zuflucht. Heime, die besser geheizt waren weil die Eigentümer „Verbindungen“ hatten, und die so manchen Komfort wie Radios, Sessel, Teppiche und anderes aufwiesen; Dinge, die wir Flüchtlinge noch einige Zeit entbehren mussten.

Als ich in die „Gartenstrasse“ einbog sah ich vor mir das Backsteingebäude der alten Oberschule. Ich wurde direkt ein wenig aufgeregt — so eine Art Lampenfieber erfasste mich. Ich überlegte ob und wie ich wohl in die Schule reinkommen würde, aber ich hatte Glück. Die schwere Eichentür öffnete sich mit einem leisen Knarren, kein Mensch weit und breit. Meine Schritte hallten in der verlassenem Korridoren. Die Leere und Stille des Gebäudes wirkten etwas beklemmend. Nach den Ferien da wird es hier wimmeln, dachte ich, Jungen und Mädels werden sich drängen und schieben; Gelächter und Stimmengewirr wird diese jetzt so leeren Gänge füllen so wie es damals der Fall war als wir hier Schüler waren. Damals — wo ist die Zeit geblieben? Jetzt da ich die bekannten Hallen und Treppen wieder beschrift schien alles so nahe, so wirklich, dass es schwer zu glauben war, dass 23 Jahre zwischen „damals“ und heute lagen.

Dann stand ich auf einmal vor dem Klassenzimmer — die Tür war offen. Zögernd trat ich ein. Auch hier hatte sich im Grunde genommen wenig verändert. Andere Farbe, neue Schulbänke, aber es gab keinen Zweifel: ich war in meiner Klasse. Ich setzte mich auf das Lehrerpult und überblickte den Raum — ja, ich sah sie alle wieder: dort sass der „Knirps“ der grundsätzlich 5 Minuten zu spät kam, Nickel der grosse Schweiger, Schneider der immer dann Schnucken hatte wenn er französische Vokabeln aufsagen sollte, „Bogge“ der auch in mageren Zeiten ein beachtliches Gewicht hatte und „Ratte“, der trotz seines Spitznamens mehr Erfolg bei der parallel Mädchenklasse hatte wie wir alle zusammen.

Es war als ob das Klassenzimmer und ich Zwiesprache hielten . . . Erinnerst du dich noch an „Schuschi“? Schuschi und du, ihr ward so ein Paar. Einmal entschlosst ihr euch früher nach Hause zu gehen weil das Wetter so schön war. Du tatest so als ob du einen Anfall von Blindarmschmerzen hattest, und wie du dich vor Schmerzen krümmtest stürzte der grosszügige Schuschi hilfsbereit herbei und führte dich auf seine starken Arme gestützt hinaus. Alles ging so schnell, dass der arme Mosler, euer Pauker, gar nicht zur Besinnung kam und keine Zeit fand unangenehme Fragen zu stellen.

Na, und dann der „Scheich“ — ich lachte. Die zwei Schuljahre in H. waren unwiederruflich mit dem langen Erich aus dem Baltikum verbunden. Erich war lang und dünn mit einer scharfen Adler-

SENZIMMER

nase und einem ebenso scharfen Geist. Nachdem er im Schultheater einen Araber gespielt hatte, hatte er seinen Namen weg: der „Scheich“. Ich werde nie vergessen wie er vom alten Wedel (auch Pfaff genannt) aufgerufen wurde um die Hausaufgabe, einen Aufsatz, vorzulesen. Nun hatte der Scheich wohl Sachen im Sinn gehabt wie gerade Schularbeiten und der Aufsatz war nie zustande gekommen. Bei ungefähr 40 Schülern in der Klassen bestand natürlich eine gute Möglichkeit, dass man nicht aufgerufen wurde seinen Aufsatz vorzulesen. Nun, der Scheich hatte Pech gehabt und wir, die wir wussten, dass sein Heft leer war bangten uns seine Sicherheit, denn der Pfaff konnte rabiat werden wenn einer seine „Pflicht nicht erfüllte“ (so nannte es der alte Wedel). Der Scheich war ungerührt. Bedächtig nahm er sein Heft, bedächtig stand er auf und ohne stecken zu bleiben, fast 5 Minuten lang „las“ er den Aufsatz vor, den er nie geschrieben hatte. Unser Respekt vor so viel Kaltblütigkeit und Wissen stieg unheimlich. Heute ist der Scheich Professor an einer Universität in Süddeutschland, und ich bin überzeugt, dass er so manche Vorlesung aus dem Stehgreif hält, ohne dass seine Studenten es ahnen.

Nie werde ich die Vorweihnachtszeit 1947 vergessen. Wir übten Weihnachtslieder — „Krähe“ unser Musiklehrer war mit Leib und Seele dabei. Es klopfte an der Tür und der Scheich erschien. Wir spitzten uns, denn der Scheich kam nie zu spät. Mit fast feierlichen

Schritten trat er in den Raum und wie er sich der „Krähe“ zuwandte um sich zu entschuldigen, drehte er uns den Rücken zu auf dem ein grosses Schild angebracht war: „Fürchtet euch nicht denn ich bin es.“ Die Klasse explodierte mit Gelächter und „Krähe“, aber wollte oder nicht, musste mitlachen.

Nicht alle Erinnerungen waren so unbeschwert. „Brummer“ fiel mir ein. „Brummer“ hatte im Kriege viel gelitten, aber das wussten wir damals nicht. Eine Zeitlang war er unser Deutschlehrer, sehr zerfahren und nervös, unfähig sich den Respekt der Klassen zu erwerben. Seine Anzüge schienen immer zwei Nummern zu gross zu sein, und seine Nickelbrille rutschte grundsätzlich auf seine Nasenspitze, so dass er uns über die Brillenränder anschaute. Er versuchte es mit Loben und mit Schimpfen, im Guten wie im Bösen — wir und er standen auf Kriegsfuss.

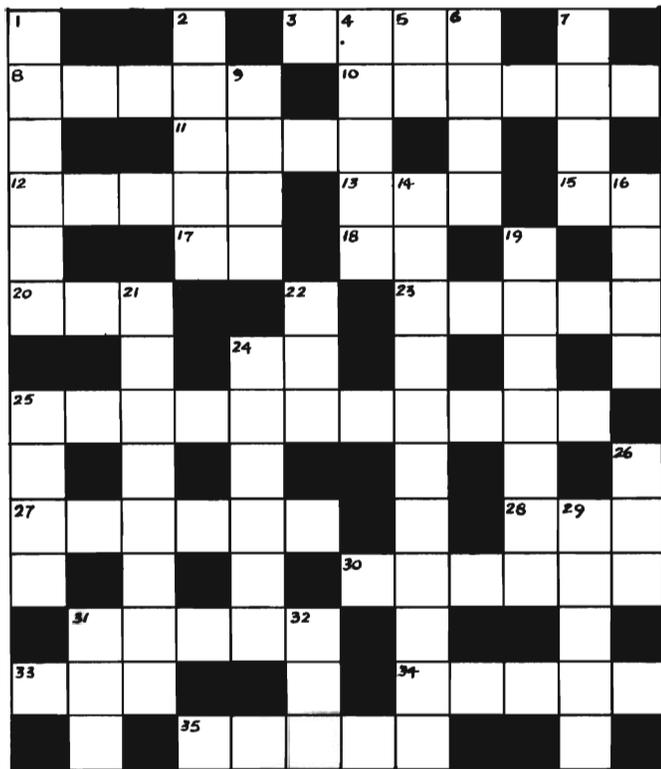
Eines morgens, zum Deutschunterricht, stürzte „Brummer“ in die Klasse, baute sich vor den erstaunten Schülern auf und mit seiner männlichsten Stimme rief er aus: „Edel sei der hilfreich, Mensch und gut“. Sekundenlang Schweigen — und dann dröhnte es los! Wir überschlugen uns beinah vor Lachen, Klatschten auf unsere Knie, strummelten auf den Bänken, sprangen hoch und runter und machten einen Heidenpektakel. In all diesem Tumult stand der Brummer als ob ihn der Schlag getroffen hätte. Göthes innige Worte: „Edel sei der Mensch, hilfreich und gut“ waren wohl als Thema für diese Deutschstunde gedacht. Ich weiss

bis heute nicht ob Brummer jemals gewusst hat warum die Klasse so zügellos und wild reagierte. Jeden falls sahen wir ihn nicht wieder. Ein anderer Lehrer übernahm unsere Klasse nach diesem Zwischenfall, und als die Erinnerungen mich bedrängten konnte ich mich eines gewissen Schuldgefühles nicht erwehren.

Mein Blick fiel durch das eine Fenster genau auf die kleine Gaststätte „Der Süderhof“. Ach, ja — das brachte eine neue Flut der Erinnerungen. Oft hatten wir im „Süderhof“ beisammengesessen und beim „Heissgetränk“ wurden alle möglichen Probleme besprochen, Probleme wie Lehrer, Schularbeiten, Eltern und natürlich Mädchen und dabei kam mir Uschka in den Sinn —

„Was machen sie denn hier?“ eine harsche Männerstimme schreckte mich jählings aus meinen Gedanken. Ich muss wohl nicht sehr geistreich ausgesehen haben. Der Hausmeister, zu ihm gehörte die harsche Stimme, wurde etwas sanfter: „Sie haben wohl geträumt, was?“ Ich hatte mich von meinem Schrecken erholt und erklärte meine Anwesenheit. Er wurde zusehends freundlicher: „Wenn sie ihren Zug noch zur Zeit erwischen wollen dann müssen sie sich wohl auf die Beine machen.“ Ich schaute auf die Uhr und erschreck — in der Tat, es wurde höchste Zeit. Ich verabschiedete mich und eilte hinaus. Wieder in der „Gartenstrasse“ schaute ich noch einmal zurück: „Leb wohl, alte Schule, es wird wohl das letzte Mal gewesen sein, dass du und ich Erinnerungen austauschten.“ mm

Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

3. The _____ of March
8. Homer's epic poem
10. Author of "Animal Farm"
11. Mark Twain character
12. Modern German poet, author of "Duino Elegies"
13. Rete
15. Preposition
17. Part of 'to be'
18. Tobacco Road — author's initials
20. Point of a pen
23. French philosopher author of "The Rebel", "The Myth of Sisyphus"
24. "The Comfortable Pew" author's initials
25. "The quality of mercy is not strained . . ." by
27. First name of 19th cent. Eng. poet; wrote "Ulysses"
28. Pussycat's mate
30. Centre of international film festival
31. American poet author of "The road not taken"
33. Wynken, Blynken and _____
34. First name of U.S. poet; she wrote over 1800 poems
35. Author of "Screwtape Letters"

DOWN

1. Author of "The Prophet"
2. Author of "Das Urteil"
4. "No man is an island, intire of it selfe . . ."
5. Erbium: symbol
6. To hit
7. One of Alexandria Quartet
9. Carpe _____
14. "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity."
16. Examination
19. "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mousetrap . . ."
21. "There, but for the grace of God, go I." said by Protestant minister (1510-55) chaplain to Edward VI
22. "If winter comes, can spring be far behind" initials of poet
24. Author of "All Things Common"
25. Author of "Man and Superman"
26. "Treasure Island" author's initials
29. Author of "The War of the Worlds"
31. Preposition
32. Pull

Crossword Winner

Mrs. R. A. Dueck, 397 River Avenue, Suite B, Winnipeg 13, is the winner of the two tickets to the Karin Redekopp concert later this month. She submitted a correct entry of September's crossword puzzle.

The Mirror staff would like to apologize for not carrying out precisely what they promised in September. At that time they said "the first correct entry received" would be the winner. However, 10 correct entries arrived on the first possible mail day; consequently, the mirror staff selected the winner from all the correct entries received from the date of publication to October 1.

This month the Mirror is offering a \$10 gift certificate for your Christmas shopping to a lucky entrant for this month's puzzle. This time the winner will be selected by a draw, and entries must be mailed in by October 29.

Send your entries to 1044 Corydon Avenue, Winnipeg 9.

If the Mirror Isn't For You . . .

The initial mailing list of the Mennonite Mirror was prepared by lifting obviously Mennonite names from a variety of telephone directories. This gave us a mailing list of just over 6,000 names.

Inevitably we will have included the names of people who, for one reason or another, don't consider themselves Mennonite, or who have a background that is not Mennonite.

If you are one of these people, and if you decide you definitely don't want the Mennonite Mirror in your home, call our business office at 889-1562; or write to the Mirror, at 131 Wordsworth Way, Winnipeg 22, Manitoba, and request that your name be deleted from the list.

Name

Street

City

Send entries to:
Mennonite Mirror
1044 Corydon Avenue
Winnipeg 9, Manitoba

COMING UP: NEXT ISSUE

In November the Mennonite Mirror will feature a portrait of a Mennonite artist, a substantial literary section on recent good books and records, the continuation of E. E. Reimer's travel journal, a look at opportunities for getting back to "the simple things" in modern living, and many other features and news items.

Watch for it!

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. . . to help pay publishing and postage costs. The postage cost per issue is only a few cents, cheaper than a soft-drink. But when spread over 6,000 copies per issue, 10 times each year, the postage bill runs to over \$5,000. Further, this figure does not include the cost of preparing the mailing list, labelling, sorting and handling.

The Mennonite Mirror wants its friends to get involved — it counts among its friends all people with Mennonite backgrounds, or an interest in the Mennonite people. And at last count there were more than 6,000 friends in Winnipeg alone.

Because you are one of these 6,000 people, the Mirror staff wants you to get involved; we want you to feel that you have a personal interest in seeing this magazine "get off the ground."

You can help the Mennonite Mirror by helping to pay the cost of sending the magazine to you. It has been estimated that \$2.50 will be enough to cover the cost of mailing and postage, and some of the publishing costs for one year.

Send your \$2.50 with the coupon below:

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