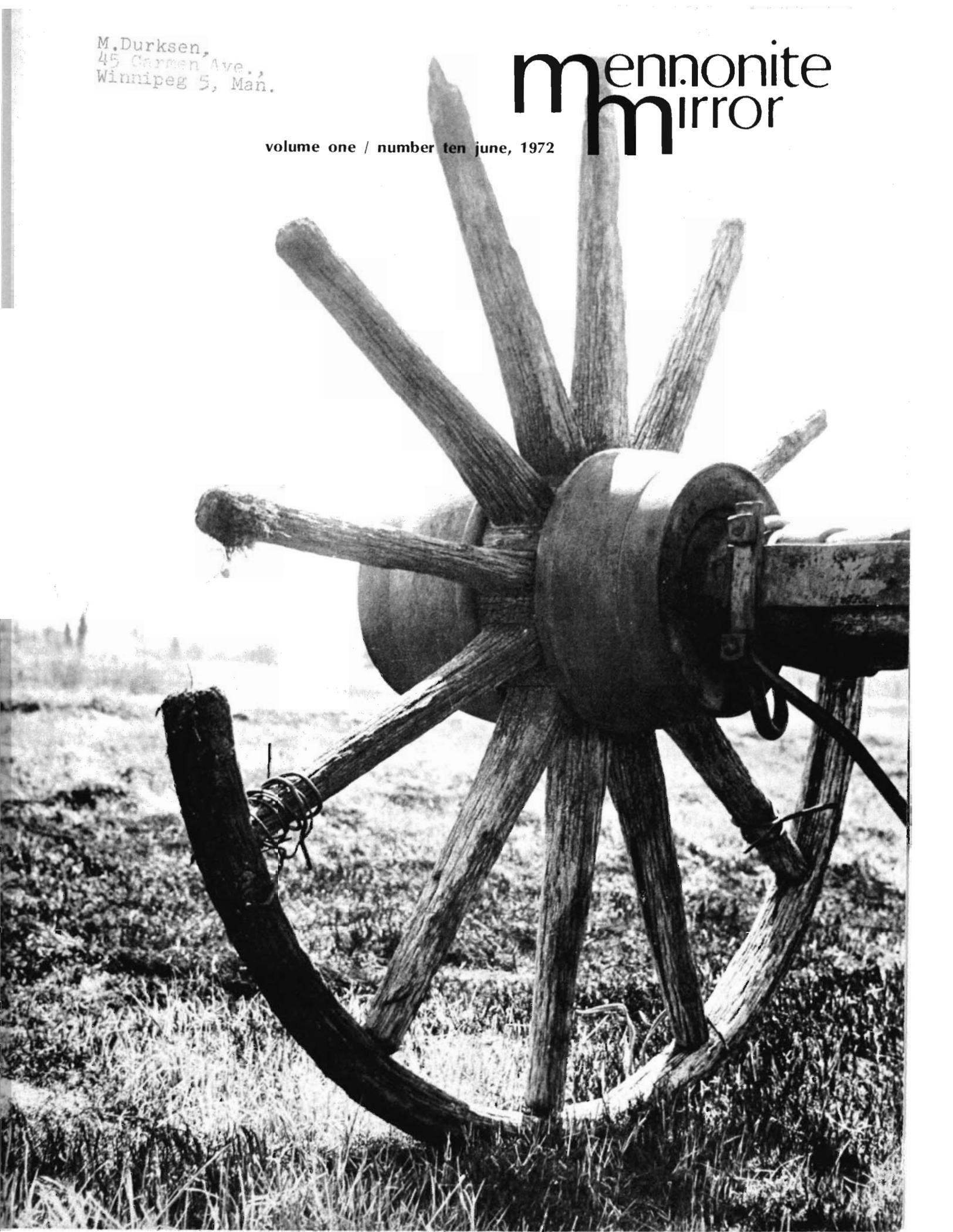


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# mennonite mirror

volume one / number ten june, 1972



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# mennonite mirror

volume one / number ten june, 1972

## Inside This Issue

With this issue the staff of The Mennonite Mirror "celebrate" the end of the first year of publication. Because a number of projections and predictions have been exceeded or met to our benefit, we are optimistic that our second year can only result in improvement. At the outset of this year, for example, one staff member expressed the fear that there might not be enough editorial material to fill each issue; this was never the case. Each month the two senior editors sadly surveyed the pile of "overset" — the material that had to stay out because there was no room. Those of our readers who are writers, and who submitted material for publication, are asked to be patient — we will eventually use your material. Passing mention should be made here to a memorial poem to the late G. H. Peters of Gretna which was submitted for publication this month but which will be held over until the fall when an education issue is planned.

Our German section this month is worthy of particular attention because of the quality. Hedi Knoop, daughter of the famous Mennonite writer, Arnold Dyck, grew up in Steinbach in the 1930s. She left for Germany in 1937 for further study and has since made her home near Hanover. In her article she describes some aspects of life in Steinbach in the 1930s and the beginnings of her trip to Germany. Readers will note that her article is not complete and can look forward to more from Mrs. Knoop in September.

Alfred Schroeder, our second German contributor, grew up in Berlin in the 1930s and experienced some of the worst effects of the Second World War. He became acquainted with the Mennonites shortly after the war and is now a Mennonite lay minister in Winnipeg. He is a draughtsman by profession.

In a highly personal article, Betty Dyck describes what happened to her and her family as a result of a highway accident. With the holiday season here, the highway traffic risks increase, and it is hard to believe that "to thee and thee . . . and never to me" just sometimes might be me.

Last year while completing a doctorate degree, Bill Schulz of Queen's University, became involved in encounter groups, and could not help but compare his experiences in encounter with his revival experiences. On one hand he is in favor of encounter groups, but on the other, he is critical, because just like revival movements, encounter groups have attracted opportunists, promoters and self-styled healers.

Steinbach and area are given extensive coverage in this issue with the hope that Mennonites in other parts of the province will be interested in knowing what their brethren on the east side of the Red River are doing.

## inside you will find...

To thee and thee . . . never to me .....	5
Cars, Christians and all else .....	7
Landmark: between Winnipeg and Steinbach .....	9
Grunthal: size is no barrier .....	10
An educational bag .....	11
Kleefeld's land of Promise .....	13
French nobleman names Niverville .....	13
Steinbach's modest Edison .....	15
New life for Landmark .....	16
Revival and encounter .....	17
Why we chose Bangladesh .....	18
Guaranteed annual income .....	19
Aid to private autos .....	21
Mennonites in print .....	23
Aus der guten (?) alten Zeit .....	24
Von Steinbach nach München .....	28

**THE COVER:** An untitled photograph by Alan Kroeker, a free-lance photographer from Winnipeg.

*President and Editor: Roy Vogt*  
*Secretary-Treasurer: Rick Martens*

*Edward L. Unrau: Vice-President and Managing Editor*  
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**Business Committee:** John Schroeder, travel agent; Rudy Friesen, architect; and David Unruh, lawyer.

The executive group of Brock Publishers Ltd., serve as members of both the editorial and business committees of the Mennonite Mirror. President Roy H. Vogt is a member of the department of economics at the University of Manitoba; Vice-President Edward L. Unrau, is an editor with the public relations department of the university; the Business Officer, Mrs. Margarete Wieler is a former legal secretary; and Treasurer Rick Martens is an economist.

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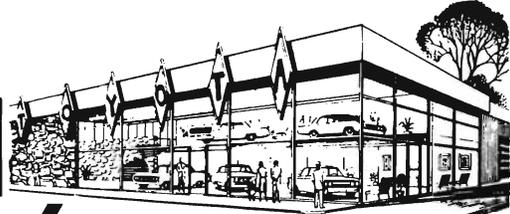
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# To thee and thee...



## ...but never to me

by Betty Dyck

Soon highways and byways will be humming with the steady throb of summer traffic. Road signs posted regularly along routes encourage travellers to obey safe driving rules. Too frequently when motorists make minor infringements on the law, trusting their invulnerability behind the wheel of an automobile, the result is sometimes catastrophic. Our family of five certainly never contemplated we would be involved in a serious car accident.

A few years ago we decided to motor around Manitoba to become acquainted with our own province, instead of setting off for distant places. With our Silverliner tent-trailer we headed for Riding Mountain National Park. We encountered several days of "on again — off again" rainy weather. Hoping to enjoy some sun, we broke camp and mapped out a route to the south.

Drizzling rain ran down the windshield keeping the wipers working as we travelled east on the Trans-Canada Highway. Gregory and Beverly sat in the back seat reading. Robert watched out the window. The announcer on the radio forecasted a continuing clammy climate.

"We're close to Virden," said John, "It's nearly five o'clock. Let's stop for supper then head for Winnipeg. It's no fun camping in the rain. The sun will shine eventually, then we can set out again. We still have three weeks of holidays left."

We agreed to this plan. Little did we know our trip was about to terminate abruptly.

Testimony at the coroner's inquest

later revealed that a long line of traffic had been wending its way west that dreary August afternoon. A man and his wife in the third car in line were following a blue Pontiac, which in turn was behind a tanker-truck. The two cars had been following this tanker for about 10 miles. West of Virden the blue Pontiac pulled out to pass the tanker. The truck was on a right swing curve and churning up a spray because of the rain.

At about the same instant the Pontiac started to pass the tanker, the driver of the third car noticed our east-bound car coming around the curve and hollered to his wife, "There's going to be an accident!"

The Pontiac was by now beside the truck. A split-second later the Pontiac suddenly swerved left. In doing this, his vehicle crashed almost head on with our Ford. The collision took place in the east bound lane and partially on the shoulder. The driver of the third car stopped, and while his wife ran for a telephone he hurried over to the wrecked cars.

Seconds before the grinding crash, we had seen the car coming from behind the truck. John told me later that he had expected the driver to move back into his own line because their was insufficient space to pass. Not only did this car fail to return to its own lane, but it began to weave back and forth.

"My God!" shouted John, "He's coming straight for us. Duck everyone!"

... two cars floating way, way up, spiralling end over end, one car blue. A sensation of weightlessness, then nothing. Fighting my way through a heavy

haze, I slowly became conscious of being in bed. But where? And I hurt all over, especially my head. Blurred figures scurried around. Finally I focussed on a friendly face smiling down at me. She was in white. A nurse. "You're going to be fine. Your children are getting their legs set. Broken bones mend quickly in the young." With that she bustled away.

The kids are fine. Good. My mouth felt like it was full of nuts. My tongue could feel broken bits of something . . . "Oh, no! Not my teeth! My stomach hurts and my arm. What's happened?" Exhausted, I dozed off again. When I came to, I vaguely remembered a nurse saying the children are fine. Did she mention John? No. He must be badly hurt and they're keeping it from me. Or is he dead? I remember that car coming right at us. We've all been in an accident.

Flowing in and out of consciousness, I repeatedly experienced that odd sensation of weightlessness and intimacy with the two turning cars as they slowly spiralled into infinity. Coupled with this now was a most desolate feeling which I could not comprehend. Finally, I was fully conscious. A nurse approached me, "Your family is going to be all right." "My husband?" I whispered.

"Why, he's fine. Don't you remember? You were both brought here in the ambulance. You talked to him. My goodness, you must have been in shock. We've been so busy trying to fix everyone up that we didn't realize. I'm sorry. You've been worrying. Your husband has facial lacerations and looks a mess, but he'll be O.K. As for you, your jaw

is broken. Arrangements are being made to transfer you to Winnipeg to be treated by a specialist. Your right wrist is also broken. We'll be setting it as soon as the operating room is free. All available staff has been called in because of your accident and the hospital is closed to visitors this evening so we can concentrate on mending the seven of you."

No wonder I hurt all over. The hospital admission record read: multiple and accidental injuries, Smith fracture right wrist and right mandible (jaw), cut on lip, fracture of right ribs two, three, four and five!

Returning to the scene of the accident, this is what actually occurred. As soon as John shouted, "Duck!" he decided in that split-second to take the crash head-on to use the motor in front for a buffer. If the other car hit us on the side, someone would surely be killed. When the cars came to rest after the impact, John was screaming, "Get my family out of here!"

A young farmer who had been driving behind us came running from his truck and opened the back car door. He pulled Beverly out first and carried her to his truck. She was conscious. Robert managed to get out by himself and stood beside the car, balancing on one leg. When he put the other down, it hurt and buckled. Other men came to help. Next they lifted Greg out. He was unconscious and they laid him in the truck. The farmer drove to the hospital with the children. Police and ambulance arrived almost immediately.

Robert remembers everything. Greg was rushed to emergency, with a cut on his forehead bleeding profusely. Bev was taken away. A nurse asked Robert to sit in a chair in the waiting room. A doctor came in, quickly examined his leg and decided it was merely sprained. Since he was the least hurt, Robert was questioned by nurses re birthdays, where we lived, telephone numbers, etc. Later they took X-rays and found his left leg was broken, but they didn't set it till the following day.

John had suffered more than a few facial lacerations. His nose was almost torn off. Thanks to the marvellous mending job by the Virden doctors, you would never know it today. The unbuckled seat belt ripped into his thigh leaving a long, deep gash. Several ribs were fractured. His feet were pinned under the front floor boards of the car and several toes crushed.

Much later that evening I learned from fellow roommates that the woman in the other car had died as a result of her injuries around 8:00 p.m. Her husband had both legs broken and suffered from total amnesia.

Next morning they whisked me from ward to ward to visit the children and John, then loaded me into an ambulance for transfer to Winnipeg.

I remember thinking it resembled a TV production where they focus the camera on white ceilings receding as the stretcher is wheeled down hallways to a waiting ambulance. Only this was not TV — it was for real! However, it remained difficult for me to realize I was the passenger, receiving the right of way when the siren shrieked. Surely I must be a spectator watching someone else heading for a hospital. But no, our family had been in a car accident and we were in poor shape, but alive.

The boys arrived home from Virden

three days after the accident and their casts were well autographed by the time I was discharged.

Before Beverly returned we borrowed an extra single bed for the boys' room, making a total of three in there. We named it "the broken left leg ward". Would you believe that the three children all suffered a broken LEFT leg?

Casts and crutches were a constant topic of discussion. The children wore out all the old socks around. Robert, the youngest and most active, damaged two leg casts before he graduated to a walking cast.

One afternoon Grandpa took the three children shopping for a change of scenery. In the department store a little boy looked up and seeing Robert said, "Look, Mom, a boy on crutches." Next he spied Greg, "Two of them, Mom." When Beverly came along, his eyes popped and he yelled, "Hey, there's three of them!" By this time the whole store was watching. Our children just laughed; they had learned to accept the situation and make the best of it. We all did.

But not alone — compassion and concern flowed from many directions. Family, friends, new neighbours and total strangers showered constructive help and kindness on us.

John's sister and husband from Winnipeg arrived at Virden at once and collected our belongings. They attended to the necessary telephone calls informing relatives. My parents arrived next day from Ontario and kept house for six weeks. Brother-in-law Albert drove to Virden for the boys. Friend Vivian lent us her blender until I could chew again (three months later). Bea chauffeured Rob and I to doctor and dentist appointments. Brother-in-law Ike came from Ontario to taxi John and Bev from Virden and haul our Silverliner back. Neighbour Nettie lent John her car for a month until he purchased his new one; and then she continued to drive Beverly to and from school until the end of November when she finally shed her cast. Once, after a church wedding, our minister came bearing a huge basket of flowers. It took up half the hall, but its message was clear — "We care!"

Letters kept arriving from strangers who had been on hand at the scene of the accident. One letter read in part:

"... We were driving to Brandon on Thursday when we came upon your accident and because Hugh helped remove the children from the car

we feel a deep and personal interest in your welfare. The radio and newspapers give very little information and we are interested in knowing how you are progressing."

John and Beverly stayed two weeks in Virden Hospital. While there, the young farmer who helped the children to the hospital visited regularly. The parents of the girl who had been the soloist at our wedding lived in Virden, but we had never met them until our accident. Because of their constant attention, John and Beverly lacked nothing. Beverly celebrated her 13th birthday in the hospital and these wonderful people brought a cake complete with candles, plus presents. Friends in nearby Oak Lake visited daily. The staff went out of their way for the children and John. The RCMP made cordial calls. Later, the driver in the third car attended the coroner's inquest to testify on John's behalf.

When John became concerned about the wrecked car and trailer being left unguarded on the roadside. They contained a number of valuable possessions like camping gear, two sets of golf clubs, an expensive camera, clothes, etc. (or what was left of them). The police put his mind at ease informing him that they had hauled everything to a safe place and padlocked the trailer. When we wrote a letter of thanks to the local RCMP for their concern and kind assistance in our adversity, we received a reply reading in part:

"... bringing our attention to the good work and courtesy being rendered by our members in the field. Although we expect this type of action from our personnel, as it is stressed in their training; usually, however, it is just considered routine and goes unnoticed by the public."

Well, we couldn't have coped without them!

When we come across a patrol car stopping a speeder we feel secure in the knowledge that the police are there for our protection. With so many cars crossing the continent, every motorist must learn to drive defensively, trusting not in his prowess behind the wheel but by observing all the rules and regulations essential for safe journeying.

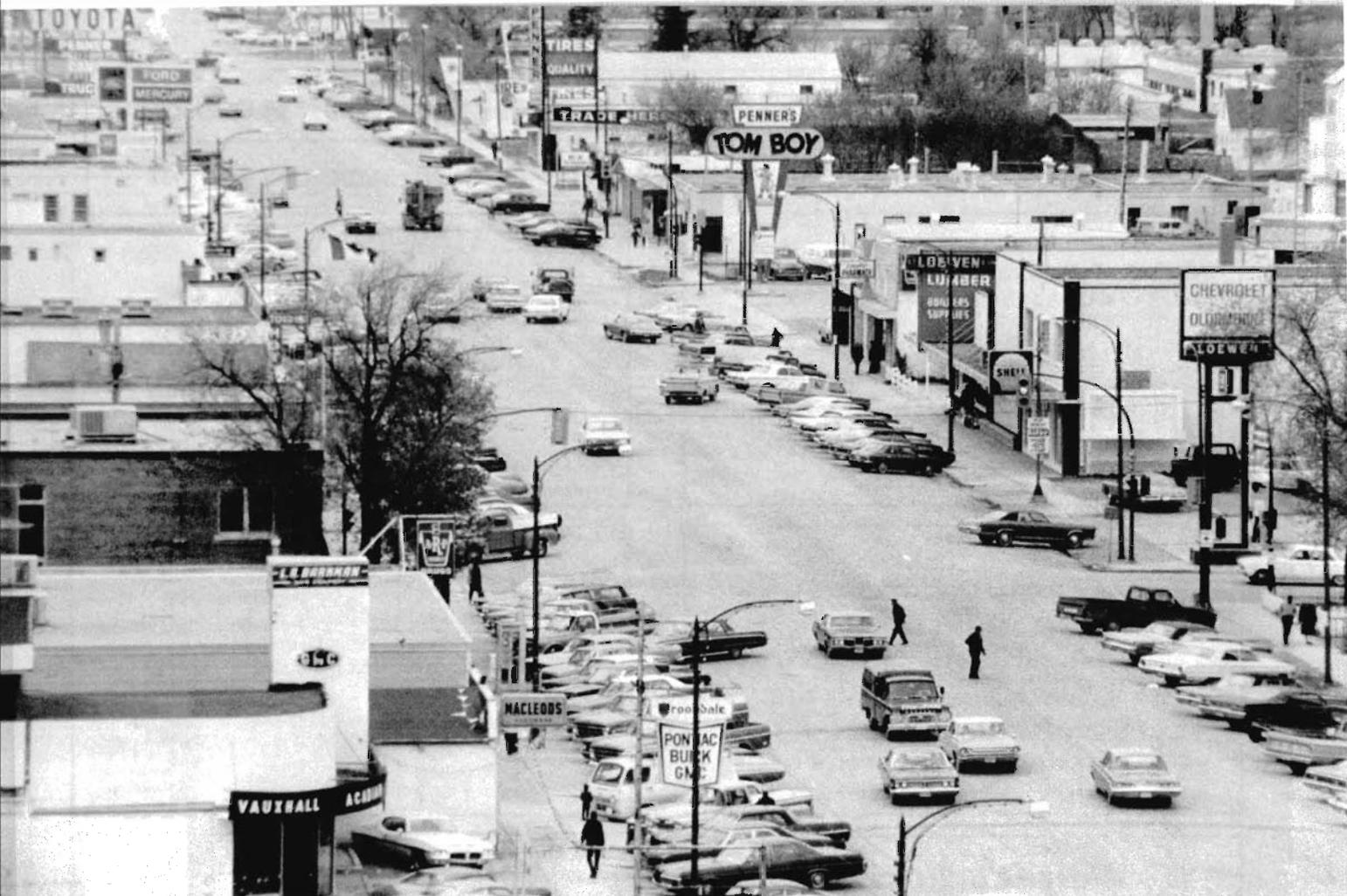
Our accident has not ruined our lives nor deterred us from driving, but it does serve as a realistic reminder that no one is immune to an accident when travelling. mm

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## An old-timer's comments: Cars, Christians, change and all else

A long time resident of Steinbach recently made some observations to the editor about his home community:

"Steinbach is probably the busiest car-dealing capital in the country and one of the most attractive communities. The Christian ethic has definitely built up the community, that and hard work . . .

"Steinbach is the old-timers that philosophize at the post office every morning about the good old days. Now that H. W. Reimer's is no more, they can't hang around there anymore. I wonder what they think of the mini-skirts that go past, or the long-haired youths that assemble during the dinner break . . .

"In most small towns there's a place where the businessmen decide the issues of the day. In Steinbach, for years, it was the horseshoe at Pete's Inn. The problems used to be solved very quickly there. Everything was black and white and usually in one way or another, free enterprise or socialism. But of late the answers haven't been quite as easily come by. For one thing, many of the businessmen have sons or daughters who are teen-agers . . .

"There are a lot of good things about Steinbach . . .

"Steinbach has probably sent out more missionaries than any other place in the country — per capita, anyway — and people are basically generous. Steinbach is full of people who give a

great deal of money to charity and missions. There are a lot of nice people in Steinbach and area. People who are genuine Christians and who will help you if you need it, no questions asked. These are the people a person should think of when one mentions Steinbach . . .

"Steinbach has a reputation for doing things in a big way. People are becoming more politically aware. They used to live in a much smaller world — now the world is all around them and I think it bothers the people somewhat . . . I know I feel the same way to an extent . . . as though you've got a good thing going and then something comes along to spoil it . . .

"Town council, always heavily representing the business community, would far sooner discuss a new front-end loader for the public works department than a library. Steinbach, nearly 100 years old (founded in 1874) still hasn't got a library. An arena was built in 1967 though a lot of people are still against it as it doesn't pay for itself . . .

"Most criticism about Steinbach is about hypocrisy. That's natural when you have a bunch of people who set high standards. Inevitably you'll get a lot of people who can't make the grade — but most people do try to live up to the high standards . . .

"It's a nice place to live and raise a family — it's safe here, perhaps too safe — a bit of a refuge from life's realities." mm

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Harold Hildebrand

# It's Landmark between Winnipeg and Steinbach

Landmark is a Mennonite community halfway between Winnipeg and Steinbach. It has 161 citizens, by the grudging concession of the latest census. And Manitoba's newest hockey arena.

For rising above the scattered main street of businesses, homes, schools, and parks is a \$40,000 testimony to this community's ability to get things done.

In the early sixties it was a football team, the Dutchmen, competing in the Manitoba Senior Football League. Early skepticism soon changed to respect as they clashed successfully with Canadian champion St. James Rams and St. Vital Bulldogs. Another Dutchmen team, hockey, has twice won the Hanover-Tache League trophy, competed for by a dozen larger towns in the area. Its school basketball team has twice won the right to compete in the rural championship basketball tournament, once winning the provincial consolation honours.

With the new arena now in last

stages of construction, the emphasis will more than ever be on participation of all ages. The arena will be home ice for the Dutchmen in the Hanover-Tache League, for the Blues in the Hanover Junior League, and a half-dozen teams at bantam, juvenile, pee-wee and midget levels.

The dynamic leadership needed for this project has been provided by Harold Hildebrand. As president of the Landmark Recreation Association, he speaks of sleepless nights planning the structure and its financing. Convincing the taxpayer of its desirability, the municipal officials of its feasibility, urging it on the province as a useful winter works project, were tasks that would have frustrated a less determined man. But he speaks also of the dream he had of this community building together a place where it can later enjoy together the wholesome pleasure of ice activities. So now, under the rising arches and to the sound of the hammers of volunteers a-building, he experiences

that greatest thrill for the creative man, watching a dream take physical form.

Like others in this community, he works in Winnipeg but prefers to raise his family here where a man can still influence the directions of the community. And his influence is widely felt — he has been superintendent of the Sunday school, president of the Chamber of Commerce, chairman of the Parks Board, and for four years now, as president of the Recreation Association, has led a fast development of local recreational facilities. For this ungrudging effort, a grateful community has voted him a special community service award.

That the arena has been built at all offers an interesting sociological comment. In the past, farming with its difficult labour and long hours was the occupation of all the community. Then the local congregation held firmly to the traditional *Kleingemeinde* view that sports was, at best, a distraction from Christian service, or, at worst, a definite encouragement of worldliness and vice. Now, most young people, and many others as well, find their living in the city, and bring back with them the more affluent and leisurely lifestyle found there. The last decade, which saw the major part of this change, was often a time of conflict between those who would keep the simplicity of the old way, and those who felt that changing times demanded a new review of the Church's principles in this respect.

The arena demonstrates the community's decision to face the restlessness of the urban mood by guiding these energies into constructive channels. For progressively closer city ties are inevitable, especially after the paved road to Winnipeg promised by Premier Schreyer at this spring's Chamber of Commerce banquet is completed. But Landmark has never been intimidated by new challenges. **mm**



Walter Loepp

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# Grunthal: size is no barrier

The village of Grunthal with a population of just under 500 people comprises almost half of the population of the Township 5-5 East. It claims to be a quiet and peaceful residential community with a number of service enterprises serving the surrounding district. It also can boast of a slow but steady growth.

The economic base of Grunthal is dairying. Modern Dairies, Ltd. has located a milk-processing plant, employing 30 persons, in the village itself and has expanded these facilities over the years to process cream, cheese, butter and recently powdered milk.

In addition to the farmers who supply the plant in Grunthal, a number of others ship bulk milk directly to the Modern Dairies plant in Winnipeg on a contract basis.

Since many of the farmers in the Grunthal area have adopted modern methods (such as the use of intensive cultivation with emphasis on fodder crops raised under heavier chemical fertilization) a slow increase in population has resulted from this increased use of agricultural land.

In other farming developments, Grunthal is the centre of egg-laying fowl farms, broiler production of both chickens and turkeys, and beef and hog feed lots.

The proximity of Winnipeg as the province's market centre for many agricultural products, makes dairy, hog, beef and fowl feeding operations feasible segments of the Grunthal economy.

The small community has a number of active community organizations, some of which are the village council, the Grunthal chamber of commerce, the Grunthal Sports Association, the Grunthal Women's Institute, etc. These diverse organizations have worked together to establish such things as the senior citizens' home and various recreational facilities.

The school in Grunthal boasts an enrolment from kindergarten to grade 12 of 530; 105 of these are in grade 12. The enrolment of the school has increased somewhat over the years due to the increase in the population both of the village of Grunthal and the surrounding region.



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# An educational "bag" of Concrete and Steel

by Peter Dyck

When senior high students from Steinbach and area return to the classroom this fall they will enter an educational landmark for the community will be gearing up the largest and most sophisticated learning institution ever seen in this part of the province.

For it's no ordinary school, this huge steel and concrete complex, it's a whole collection of ideas and teaching techniques at which nearly 40 teachers will attempt to instil into their eager students a knowledge of Shakespeare and mathematics but also woodworking, mechanics, hairdressing and much more.

The curriculum, a mixed bag to say the least, will be designed to offer something for nearly everyone — the whiz kid breezing through his texts and the young man who never could do algebra very well but could take an auto engine apart in the dark, or the girl who since childhood showed a flair for cooking.

Nearly 700 students in grades 10 to 12 from all corners of southeastern Manitoba will help to fill the school's classrooms, labs and workshops since the central theme running through this institution is regionalism. While the building is located in Steinbach because of the community's size, it nevertheless is built to serve a remote area such as Sprague as effectively as it will students living next door.

The school itself, large enough in floor space to accommodate three football fields or 100 medium-sized houses, certainly didn't get to Steinbach by accident.

Several years ago announcements were made that a combination academic and vocational school was to be located somewhere in southeastern Manitoba. The question of location wasn't easily made because virtually every community from Altona to Ste. Anne made presentations to the government and the race was on as the school became a

keenly competitive issue. But in the end Steinbach was chosen, undoubtedly because of its size, central location and recognized growth factors.

Addressing a small assembly of local dignitaries at the sod-turning last Aug. 3 new construction chairman George T. Penner said the letter pinpointing Steinbach as the location had come as somewhat of a surprise.

"We had worked for it . . . naturally, but we didn't have any assurances we'd get it . . . and then suddenly we were told to go ahead and build a \$3 million institution."

It was a red letter day for the community. The advantages for Steinbach would be obvious. Jobs would be created, the town's businessmen and manufacturers could now look forward to hiring locally-trained vocational graduates and the town would have an added attraction for new residents. Other factors could be cited, among them the fact that location of the school was one more indication of the town's prosperity, expansion potential and its role as the economic hub of 40,000 people in the Southeast.

The 10-member board of Hanover School Division to whom much of the credit for approval of the complex must be given knew immediately they had a new and difficult task before them. But, in an amazingly short time and benefitting from the mistakes of other Manitoba divisions who had just set up similar schools, the regional school was planned, construction began and completion is now certain for this fall.

Taxpayers who used to shake their heads in dismay whenever a new school building went up would shudder at the thought of having to pay for this one. However, this school is being paid for 75 per cent by the federal government — your income taxes at work — with the remainder being picked up by the provincial treasury.

There is no question that operation of

this school will cost taxpayers more money but cost-conscious trustees feel the increase need be only minimal, at the same time admitting there are still many unknowns involved in running the school.

But the same taxpayers who may have to reach a little deeper must also be aware of what tremendous potential the school holds for adult education, and for just a pittance more. Trustees are already envisioning an evening education program whereby hundreds of adults would be enrolled in a vast array of non-credit courses ranging from French lessons to handball and drama in a professionally-designed theatre.

Increasing emphasis is being placed on full-time use of these multi-million-dollar facilities. The people of Steinbach and surrounding communities will have the full blessing of trustees if they show an interest in developing a wide-ranging adult program for the complex.

Nearly all facets of the school's operation are presently in advanced planning stages. Courses have been selected, staff positions with a few exceptions have been filled and rosters of students attending from neighboring divisions are being drawn up.

As previously emphasized, the school is regional and this fall expects to enrol some 200 students from surrounding Seine River, Red River and Boundary school divisions. Transportation, to cite only one problem, may require some sleight of hand to ensure students' arrival from communities as distant as 50 miles.

But the startup complications are certain to be ironed out as local trustees and division officials meet their greatest educational challenge. The operation of the regional comprehensive school — no suitable or less jawbreaking name has yet been found — unquestionably represents the most significant advance in local education since the adoption of the unitary division concept in 1967.

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Northwest view of \$3 million comprehensive school Steinbach — Carillon News photo

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# Kleefeld's land of promise

By Hilda Matsuo

From the rich soils of the steppes they immigrated to settle on marginal soils, glacial outwash area of Lake Agassiz, an area which they named Gruenfeld.

Later, when post offices were established at many provincial points, a town in the west reserve area of Mennonite settlement officially registered its post office as Gruenfeld, while the original Gruenfeld, first Mennonite settlement in the Canadian west, duly received the name of Kleefeld.

In keeping with the varied soil structure of the small community, farming in Kleefeld became highly diversified, but paradoxically enough, co-operative industry and mutual aid in different areas of operation lent strength to new ventures in the cheese, egg, honey, and small fruit industries. In addition to this, Kleefeld early became an important service centre for farmers of the immediate vicinity, and even today functions well in this capacity, with Steinbach and Winnipeg serving respectively as intermediate and large service centres for area residents.

The question as to why Kleefeld in particular evolved into a service centre arises. Broadly speaking, one would like to imagine that people make the difference. An octogenarian, Mr. Jake Bartel, who more closely resembles a keen-faced 50 year old, recalls with humour his brief scholastic career, namely three years of schooling, begun late because of early childhood illnesses. School — a far cry from today's trimester system! School lasted for approximately three months, ending abruptly each year with spring's first fine day. For the interim period, it was a school of hard knocks. A hard knock came early one year by way of an upset sleigh in which young Jake Bartel sustained multiple injuries: namely, a dislocated jaw, flattened nose, a couple of broken ribs, and even, allegedly, a dislocated heart. After plying his art, "Doctor" John Peters, a self-appointed chiropractor, tersely informed the boy's father to take him home, since he wouldn't after all, be long for this world.

Later years brought Kleefeld its own chiropractor and social worker, Miss

Gertrude Klassen, by now too, an octogenarian. Junior athletes returning painfully from a blaze of glory on the school's rugby field found a bone-setter down the lane very useful. We might wonder too at the timidity of modern social agencies acceptance of single parent adoptions. Why — Miss Klassen, after some necessary preliminaries was allowed to casually walk into a hospital ward to choose an infant daughter, just as she had planned it — the first baby that smiled! In addition to this she cared for, at various times, a total of 53 children and adopted also a number of others.

A highly respected resident of yesterday was Mr. Abram Isaac, who immigrated with his parents in 1874. For several reasons Mr. Isaac holds a dominant place in the writers book of memories; apparently he suffered a heart attack on the day I was born, but lived on to impress upon me a picture of himself as a venerable bearded gentleman of interesting personality. In addition we shared a common date on which we celebrated our birthdays. My father informs me, that for Mr. Isaac, life consisted of a quest for knowledge. He explored with keenest interest theories such as those of continental drift, climatic changes, and the like.

Small wonder that in December of 1876 his steadfast wit preserved him from that same snowstorm which claimed the life of another pioneer. Abram Isaac encountered the storm while off on a trip to the mill at Gruenfeld for flour. Approximately three quarters of a mile from the Kleefeld bridge, he lost all sense of direction. After considering the possibility of killing one of his oxen and creeping into its abdominal cavity he discarded the idea, thinking that once the animal stiffened with cold he would be unable to leave the carcass. Thereupon he decided to let the oxen go whilst he dug a hole in a snowbank. The storm speedily covered his shelter with snow.

With supreme effort he fought an overpowering urge to fall asleep, and having conquered the urge he noticed eventually a stillness descending — the storm had abated. On digging his way out of the drift he spotted at about a mile's

distance, a light at Erdman Penners. The birth of a child in that household accounted for a light in the window at the late hour of midnight. He arrived there with difficulty. People maintained that his ears were puffed and swollen from exposure, and for a time looked rather like pigs ears. Other extremities suffered from frostbite as well, but a gentle thawing massage with coal oil seemed to render beneficial effect. Next morning at about the time when his mother received word that one of Abram's oxen had been spotted in Gruenfeld her consternation over his safety gave way to joy on seeing the Penners arriving with Abram safely tucked in the sleigh.

What else constitutes an expression of community? For an answer one is drawn to the beauty and order and trill of bird song in all the country gardens of Kleefeld's today's and yesterday's. On observing other small communities one is often amazed at the general lack of interest shown by people in their immediate environment. In Kleefeld things were and are different. The joys and beauties of the flower and kitchen garden cut across differences of opinion and religion. There never was a surfeit of money and the tenets of faith dictated a basic simplicity of home surroundings, but gardens were always a source of pride and joy.

Somehow, instead of madly trying to get that extra back quarter seeded on a beautiful Sunday in spring, people took time to remember, "A poor world this if full of care, there is no time to stand and stare." Or with Keats, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Perhaps herein lies one secret of the ability of people like Mr. Henry R. Dueck, born in Russia in 1873, to develop a philosophy which enabled him to render comfort and service to the people of his congregation. This gentle spirit left behind him a legacy, a beautiful garden.

The warm-hearted folk of the land of milk and honey find no need to extoll the intrinsic joys of purchasing vegetables and flowers from supermarkets and florists shops, they find their's in the "bee loud glades" of a clearing in the wood, or a country garden. mm

# French nobleman names Niverville

Niverville was settled by a group of Mennonites who came from Russia in 1874. Chiefly responsible for arranging the emigration was William Hespeler, German consul to Western Canada.

The town was named after a French nobleman, and Hespeler had hoped that it would become the trading centre for the East Reserve, that is, the area east of the Red River settled by the Mennonites. However, many Mennonites left for the West Reserve during the wet years of 1878-1882 and the marshes between the other centres and Niverville hindered the trade between them. Winnipeg became the main market for the farmers, which took away a lot of possible trade from Niverville.

After World War II the community began growing. This was mainly due to successful business. The businessmen of Niverville began to see that farm service was the key to success. At the time, mixed farming was the major type of farming in the area. It is now the service center to a highly populated area. There has been a gradual shift from mixed farming to an emphasis on poultry products, with Winnipeg as the main market.

Industry in Niverville is closely related to the surrounding rural population. There is an egg grading station, hatchery, feed and seed plant and breeding farm, also a specialized farm and commercial building contractor. With these industries are also the usual businesses, such as clothing, food, appliances and other home supplies.

William Dyck was the man who initiated most of these businesses. He was born in the Ukraine and came to Canada in the early 1920's. For seven years he tried to farm and own a store at the same time. This fell apart during the depression, so then he went into the bee-keeping business. This was quite profitable until prices fell in 1939 and his 400 colonies of bees became practically worthless.

After this second failure he decided to go into the poultry business. He started Dyck's Electrical Hatchery with 3,000 chicks in an old chicken barn. The business gradually grew to become one of the major hatcheries in the province. It is now the second largest in Manitoba and produces over a quarter million first grade chicks each year. William Dyck left the hatchery to go into the hardware and lumber business, and then, around 1953, he began a construction business. This soon developed from general construction to the specialized area of farm and commercial buildings. William Dyck died last spring and the company was taken over by Alex Fast, who said that there would be no major shifts in the near future.

In the last 10 years Niverville has experienced a doubling of its population, and because of this many new facilities have developed there. It seems that this rapid population growth is due to the fact that Niverville is becoming a

"dormitory village". Many people want to get away from the city and live in a rural setting, even though they work in the city. Also, in the last few years, several Paraguayan families have settled in Niverville. There are now about 75 cars commuting daily to Winnipeg.

It appears that industry is not bringing people to Niverville. In the last 10 years no new major industry has been added, and the industries there have not increased very much in size. The close proximity to Winnipeg (20 miles) has played the major role in the growth of Niverville. A progressive Credit Union and aggressive promotion by such firms as Wiens furniture have given new impetus to the town in recent years.

The town has a good educational system, with both elementary and high school. There is a good community spirit. There are three Mennonite churches and a United Church in Niverville.

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## Steinbach Workers to Negotiate

Preparation for negotiations between Friendly Family Farms Ltd. in Steinbach, Man., and the Winnipeg-based Local 224, Canadian Food and Allied Workers (AFL-CIO, CLC), has begun following certification of the union as bargaining agent for the farms' 100 plant employees, the union says.

Labor Minister A. R. (Russ) Paulley recently announced that the Manitoba labor board had certified a plant unit that included truck drivers but excluded office staffs, foremen and those above the rank of foreman and certain confidential persons excluded under the Manitoba Labor Relations Act.

The eviscerating plant workers' local will negotiate for wage rates, paid vacation terms, work classification and working conditions. The statement came from Vern Derraugh, union representative.



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# Steinbach's modest "Edison"

by Peter Dyck

The quiet little man now well into his eighties and keeping mostly to himself in an old wooden workshop looks like anything but a mechanical wizard.

But Isaac D. Plett could literally be called Steinbach's "Edison" even though relatively few people outside the community have ever heard of him or his numerous inventions.

Yet with the strange characteristic that fate often inflicts on the true inventor, Mr. Plett never received more money for his patented inventions than was needed for life's bare necessities. He simply wasn't a businessman.

Unlike the imaginative company president who can recognize the commercial value of a new product and use it for profit, this introvert concentrated almost entirely on the academic process of invention and frequently sold or leased his brainchild for a pittance.

Still living a bachelor life behind Don's Bakery along Main Street — he never married — Mr. Plett has during the past several years become less and less active as time has begun to catch up with him.

I remember as a young boy fearing this strange man who drove around town on a miraculous, soundless motorcycle and never seemed to speak much to anyone. Although knowing well where his workshop and adjacent living quarters were I never had enough courage to ask him to show me around. Speaking to him now, one couldn't help thinking that a simple request from a curious lad to look into his workshop could scarcely have brought a refusal from the benevolent wizard.

As he always has, he even now shuns publicity and asked in revered tones that "he shouldn't be built up too highly." He also apologized for his hearing difficulties and explained that he was involved in working on a hearing aid.

His most widely commercialized invention was introduced 35 years ago when

he came up with a quick and economical process for embedding wire in wax foundations for the beekeeping industry. Leasing his invention to C. T. Loewen, then a prominent manufacturer of beekeeping equipment, Mr. Plett managed to live from the royalties and the Steinbach firm, with the help of his machine, stayed on top in the bee equipment line for 25 years. His wax machine was for years rated as the best of its kind in Canada.

Twenty years later Mr. Plett designed an automatic feeder for his wax machine which relieved the operator of the chore of lifting the wax sheets off the conveyor belt.

Years ago the inventor began a yet-unpublished book describing his inventions. Talking about the wax machine, Mr. Plett wrote: "The problem of building was tossed about locally and came to rest at an old shanty, serving as a machine shop which had long stood as a symbol of poverty — due perhaps to too much experimental work and not enough management, or not quite enough caution to guard against money sharks."

The last part of the sentence could well be used to describe the life style of this unorthodox man whose only interest in church activities apparently was triggered when he was challenged to design a loudspeaker system for the church auditorium.

Though credited with other local inventions, including the lone electric motorbike, he never earned a great deal of money simply because of his disinterest in promotion.

In an interview nearly 10 years ago, when he said he was still far too young and much too busy to go to an old folks' home, he spoke of an invention which was yet to come and was to be his greatest. No one seems to know today whether this machine was ever built or what it really was.

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# New life for Landmark

*A spiritual revival has occurred in many Mennonite communities in the past year. Dennis Penner of Landmark describes such an experience in his own community.*

**By Dennis Penner**

Wesley Smith, from St. Johns, Michigan, was the speaker at Landmark Collegiate on four nights of services here, May 19-22. The meetings were well attended as brother Smith shared from personal experience and God's Word. He and Douglas Hall related miraculous accounts of the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit on Mennonite congregations in many parts of the U.S. and told how other denominations were also opening their hearts to revival from coast to coast. They believe this to be the last mighty move of the Holy Spirit prior to the return of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Wesley was born in the slums of Chicago — but directly through the efforts of brother Lehman, director of the Mennonite Mission there — he was adopted at age five into a Mennonite home in Central Illinois. He attended the Roanoke Mennonite Church with his new parents, Edward and Frances Smith.

Brother Smith received his B.A. degree in English from Greenville College, Greenville, Illinois in 1962. From there he went to graduate school at Southern Illinois University before becoming a high school teacher in Flint, Michigan.

It was in Flint where Mr. Wesley spent three months earnestly studying the New Testament. As a consequence, he was soundly and deeply converted to Jesus Christ. Almost immediately he began working with street gangs, and within a few months he was so heavily involved spreading the gospel that he left his vocation to "go full-time for God".

Out of his experiences of preaching to knife-carrying delinquents in alleys, pool halls, and street corners, came his book, **Mission Impossible**. Kenneth Taylor, author of the **Living Bible**, published **Mission Impossible** in 1969, which has sold more than 100,000 copies. Brother Smith has recently completed another book entitled "**These Signs Shall Follow . . .**", which should be released soon.

Mr. Wesley is founder and president of Full Life Crusade, a non-profit corporation geared for the express purpose of spreading the gospel. God has opened doors for crusades from coast to coast. High schools, colleges, universities, churches, and open tent meetings are the main thrust of this effort.

In Haiti Full Life Crusade fully supports 12 churches and one school with 175 students. One hundred children are cared for and fed at the mission orphanage and canteen.

Brother Smith recently spoke at a

four-day crusade in Goshen, Indiana. Five Mennonite churches sponsored the effort there. The last night of the meetings over 1,000 persons were in attendance and some 50 individuals responded to the altar call.

Mr. Wesley was quoted as saying: "My stay here in Landmark is an experience which will remain as a fond memory in my heart. Everywhere I have gone in Manitoba I have found warmth, friendship, and hospitality. I hope that I can soon return. My prayer is that all of Manitoba may know Jesus Christ and His love in an even greater way."

We will surely uphold "brother Doug and Wes", as we called them, in our prayers from Landmark! **mm**

## Wolseley: The Candidate's View

All three candidates in the Winnipeg-Wolseley by-election have publicly expressed their views on government aid to private schools.

Progressive Conservative candidate Ernest Enns said in a recent TV program that he cannot support such a program as it would undoubtedly add to the already heavy tax load of the constituents.

NDP candidate Vic Schroeder has expressed a similar view. He is against such aid because of the cost, and because 80 to 85 per cent of the people of Wolseley are against it. In taking this stand he is taking a stand directly opposed to that of his party leader, the Hon. Ed Schreyer, who has made a commitment to raise this issue in the present session of the House.

Liberal leader Izzy Asper, Liberal candidate in Wolseley, said the Liberal party will support the proposals, but added some conditions. They are as follows: No support if it will mean an increase in taxation; no support of undue costs; no support for religious training; no support for schools which will teach a philosophy "alien to the thinking of Manitoba". **mm**

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# Revival and encounter are not far apart

By Bill Schultz

Whereas people once flocked toward, and were held spell-bound at the tent revival meetings, today just as many flock to a new sort of meeting — the encounter group; no longer held in a tent, but in a swimming pool, on a secluded mountain-top, or in a suburban living room. In the past few years this human relations movement (T-Groups, encounter groups, sensitivity groups) has become extremely popular and has expanded tremendously in Canada.

Both the revival meeting and the encounter group started with the right idea. The aim of both is awareness. Revival meetings, as the term implies, are intended to "revive" people (or introduce them and make them more aware) in their religious belief, daily

Christian life, and hopes for salvation. The aim of the encounter group is to break down the many facades man builds to deceive himself and others; thereby to make him more aware, more sensitive, and more responsive to what he feels.

There are many similarities between the revival meeting and the encounter group. Both have a universality of appeal, for they are founded not on insight, but upon experience. The participants engage in all types of group activities, indulge in much emotionalism, and encourage public confessionals and testimonials.

Although the one is strictly a religious enterprise, and the other a secular one — sensitivity training can teach people to see God and Christ in places where they might never have thought possible. They have seen Him where Martin Buber told us all to look, between man and man, and where Paul Tillich told us all to look, in our own depths. Sensitivity is not only a religious enterprise, but the most religious enterprise. I know, because it lets people connect with their own capacities for love and power. Sensitivity training offers both a technology for the creation of meaningful religious development and an unparalleled laboratory for the study of the elements of religious experience itself. (James V. Clark)

Consequently, not only the ordinary man on the street, but also thousands of Episcopal priests have participated in encounter groups, Reform Jews have sanctioned and have been attending sensitivity training sessions since the mid-sixties, and Catholic laymen have been gathering for three day retreats — all for one purpose: to get back in touch with themselves.

This purpose in itself is an admirable and worthwhile one, but both encounter groups and revival meetings can do psychological damage if run ineptly. Although the risk is generally minimal, some people do come home an absolute wreck, needing radical emotional surgery. Both the evangelist and the group leader are for the most part outsiders. Like gypsies, they are here today and gone tomorrow. If skillful, they can "excite" a whole town, but seldom do they get down to the serious business of long-term helping. The duration of a conversion is similar to the duration of the effects of the encounter group. Rapid "backsliding" is the rule, not the exception.

As Emerson put it, only "he has a

right to meddle who has a heart to help". And certainly there are those leaders who feel a genuine need to help people, to take them beyond that dramatic, emotional moment of awareness or awakening, and minister to their needs even after the echoes of the crowd are but a memory. Ironically, though, too often a kind of anarchy takes over in which the leader with the greatest charisma, and perhaps the most dynamic and diversified awakening techniques, is most desired and has the largest following.

Revivalism still seems to assert (in spite of the unquestionable fact that 'growth in holiness' is possible without a cataclysm) that you must first be "nailed on the cross of natural despair and agony, and then in the twinkling of an eye be miraculously released". Anyone who has ever attended an old-fashioned tent revival meeting has heard of experiences like the following:

On Tuesday evening I sat in a beverage room on Main Street, a homeless, friendless, dying drunkard. I had pawned or sold everything that would buy a drink. As I sat there thinking, I seemed to feel some great and mighty presence —

The human relations movement also stresses this intensity and forced confrontation as an important factor in personal growth. But where is the evidence that suggests cognitive, rational experience inhibits development and leaves man incomplete? Granted, emotional feelings are too often suppressed, but does it follow that all growing experiences must be emotionally felt? The real witness is found in the permanently patient heart. And this, it has to be admitted, is also found in those who pass no crisis, and is even found outside of Christianity altogether.

Possibly the instant conversion of the revival meeting and the emotional feelings within the encounter group should be viewed as appetizers. Both groups can enrich the flavour, but probably cannot supply the meat for the meal. Perhaps, in the final analysis, both the revival meeting and the encounter group have failed to provide for separateness, individuality, and silence, which are necessary for consciousness, necessary for awareness. As Charles Reich points out in **The Greening of America**, —the self needs, above all, privacy, liberty, and a degree of sovereignty to develop. It needs to try things, to search, to explore, to test, to err. It needs solitude — solitude to bring sense to its experience. **mm**

## Westgate to stay alive.

An almost unanimous vote by members of the Mennonite Educational Society at a recent meeting decided that Westgate school should remain open. Enrollment is growing steadily and an optimistic spirit concerning the school prevails.

A few days after the meeting, the Board announced "with regret" the resignation of Principal William Kruger who has received a call to serve as principal of Rockway Mennonite School in Kitchener, Ontario.

A new board of directors for the school was elected at a meeting in Bethel Church on May 28. Dr. Jake Dyck will continue to serve as Chairman. Magistrate John Enns, barrister Viktor Loewen, Dr. Dyck and Mr. Henry H. Epp will serve for a three-year term. Serving for a two-year term will be Mrs. Elizabeth Henning, Mr. Karl Fast, Rev. Frank Dyck and Mr. Rudy Regehr. Elected to serve for one year are Mr. Jim Suderman, Mr. Frank J. Dyck, Mr. John Dyck and Rev. Abe Rempel.

At this meeting a new constitution for the school was approved. This constitution provides for a new advisory council which will have as representatives the pastors of the supporting churches plus the chairman of each church council. This council will discuss matters concerning the school and inform the board of views and concerns held by the different churches. **MM**

# Why we chose Bangladesh

Recent news release has informed our readers that Art DeFehr, of A. A. DeFehr Furniture, and his wife Leona (nee Holland), have consented to serve as MCC directors in Bangladesh. The Mirror asked Mr. DeFehr to trace the roots of this important decision.

by Art DeFehr

Bangladesh! My mind conjures up visions of burned villages, ravaged girls, wounded men sinking beneath the surface of flooded rice paddies. A land scoured by cyclones and tidal waves, a climate where the humidity discourages any motion whatsoever, and people, people, people everywhere!

Bangladesh! The world's newest nation, full of hope and vitality. A land of beautiful, soft-spoken poetic people — with an unbelievable capacity for suffering. A fertile river delta laced with life-giving streams, a climate where a stick pushed into the soil will sprout and grow.

I have come to the conclusion that it doesn't really matter what Bangladesh is like; in fact it isn't really important that we're going to Bangladesh at all. The important thing is that we're going!

Many friends have expressed surprise at our decision to leave a comfortable home, friends, a good business position — all the prerequisites of success — and head off into the unknown — a rather uncomfortable unknown at that. Then in almost the same breath many acquaintances have sighed wistfully that they would also like to break away if only...

Leona and I were married in 1965, after completion of my studies at the University of Manitoba and an extra year at Goshen College. Leona was in the middle of her music studies. We dedicated our lives to that path which Christ would have us take — and this seemed to lead in rather conventional ways. Two years were spent at Harvard Business School in Boston — years of tremendous intellectual stimulation — but also a great opportunity for a young couple to develop their own life-style, and their own response to this great world of ours.

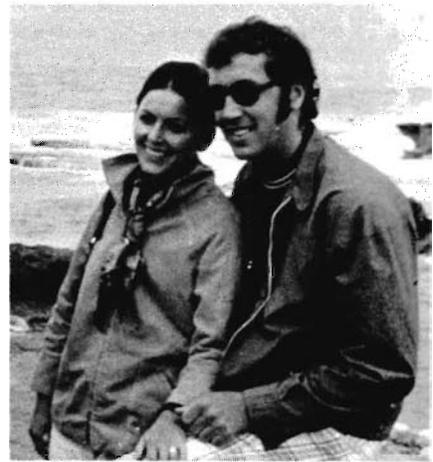
Graduation led to a choice — return to a family business in Winnipeg, or accept one of a number of offers from various financial and international companies. We also talked to the United Nations and their reply was thought-provoking; "Do something in your own country before you try to help in a foreign country." We took this advice and returned to Winnipeg.

This winter we travelled to Africa to visit a brother in Nigeria — but also to explore some of the forgotten corners of our globe. As we neared the end of our six weeks and were wandering amid the ancient ruins of Byblos — symbolically on the threshold of Asia — we realized

we had passed the point of no return. We could just as easily have turned East and carried on — than turn West and fly home. The magnetic pull of job, position, home had lost their force. Our ticket took us back to Winnipeg, but we realized there had been a change.

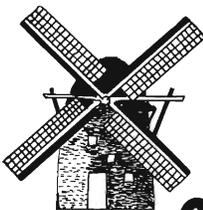
In April 1972, several weeks after our return from Africa, MCC Canada called us to inquire if we might be interested in the Bangladesh position. Dan Zehr had seen us visiting with Millard Fuller, a businessman who gave up his business and wealth and now is director of Koinonia Partners in Georgia. It occurred to Dan that we might also have interests other than amassing wealth and power.

It took us about a minute to make up our minds — and when my mother heard about it — she required much less time to make her decision! There were many matters in the business which took more time — but God seems to have prepared us so that we had no reservations whatsoever.



When we left Boston in June of 1967 we promised ourselves a change after five years so that we wouldn't get trapped and simply carry on because it becomes too hard to make a switch. In five years we have had a great range of experiences; every type of business decision, starting new enterprises, redecorating a home, working with government, extensive travels, teaching Sunday school, completion of Leona's music studies, teaching music and much more. My assignment calls for me to leave for Bangladesh July 1, 1972 — five years from the date we took up residence in Winnipeg.

It seems as if God, felt we had learned enough in Winnipeg and it was time to go. It also seems that God takes us seriously if we make a promise to him — and he meets his deadlines! mm



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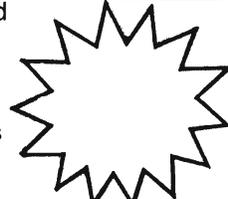
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Many Mennonite people are instinctively opposed to any government measures which would "guarantee" a basic level of income to Canadian citizens. They feel that it would destroy all incentive to work. However, the supporters of a guaranteed annual income feel that it would provide more incentives than our present welfare programs. Moreover, they observe: "The provision of a guaranteed annual income to all Canadians is more than an anti-poverty measure: it is an idea whose time has come. If properly designed, implemented, and operated, such a plan will restore to decency and dignity those Canadians who, through no fault of their own, have been stigmatized and demeaned because they are unable to earn an income adequate for themselves and their families." (Special Senate Committee on Poverty in Canada)

# The guaranteed annual income

The following article, written by an economist working for a private corporation, helps to explain how a guaranteed program might work in practice.

by Rick Martens

A recent GALLUP poll indicated that 54 per cent of the Canadian population supported the proposal that a family of four be ensured of receiving a minimum annual income of \$3,500. Very clearly a majority of the population endorses some form of guaranteed income program (GAI). The same poll showed that 29 per cent were against the idea, with the remainder being undecided. Surprisingly these percentage breakdowns did not display significant variances between different income groups. In the upper income group, 52 per cent endorsed the idea, while 24 per cent of lower income people disapproved. Thus, clearly the above quote, taken from the Report of the Special Senate Committee on Poverty in Canada, is realistic in its message: the guaranteed annual income is an idea whose time has come. Articles in previous issues on the extent and nature of poverty and unemployment in Canada indicate that a rethinking and reworking of our welfare programs are clearly required.

The basic purpose of a GAI program is to provide an income floor for all Canadians to ensure that every member of society is able to meet at least his most basic needs. The program, however, is also designed to meet other goals and hence encompasses much more than existing assistance schemes. In all, the Senate report lists six criteria which the program incorporates better than any other alternative. These are: (1) adequacy — in ensuring that all Canadians are kept above the poverty line. (2) efficiency — in assisting only those below the designated poverty line. (3) improvement over existing schemes — especially regarding the effect on work incentives. (4) flexibility — in that it is adaptable to changing conditions. (5) costs are acceptable to the taxpayer. (6) the program has political and social acceptability.

The following description of the

mechanics of the GAI program will highlight three of these criteria: improvement over other programs, cost to the taxpayer, and adequacy.

The method recommended by the Senate committee to implement the GAI is the negative income tax (NIT). The NIT would provide an allowance to those "in need as established by a simple declaration or statement of income". The individual allowances are reduced as earned income increases. They are reduced, however, at a rate designed to provide continued incentive to work. The NIT program would permit existing income-maintenance programs to be eliminated (exceptions, however, would include those of an insurance nature, e.g., Unemployment Insurance and the Canada Pension Plan).

The implementation and operation of the plan first requires that the poverty line for various size families be defined. The Senate committee's figures shown in the table below are based on detailed calculations as to the average expenditures for various size families on different items. The poverty lines really define nothing more than the minimum expenditures required to maintain a basically decent standard of living (probably not much more than a basic subsistence level).

Family Size	Poverty Line
1	\$2140.
2	3570.
3	4290.
4	5000.
5	5710.
6	6430.
7	7140.
10	9290.

The Senate committee's scheme includes a formula for automatic revision of the poverty lines based on the percentage increase in the "average standard of living". The scheme then incorporates a basic allowance rate and basic allowance reduction rate. The basic allowance rate defines the level of income to be guaranteed by the GAI plan. This is to be set at 70 per cent of the various poverty lines. The basic allowance reduction rate, also to be set at 70 per cent, defines the rate at which the basic allowance is reduced as earned income increases. (Under current welfare programs there is absolutely no financial incentive to work as allowances are reduced by the exact amount of earned income). Many of us question our own incentive to work when we are faced with marginal tax rates of 30 to 40 per cent. Yet how can there be any incentive for an individual on

## OPERATION OF THE GAI (FAMILY OF FOUR)

Earned Income	Basic Allowance	Adjusted Basic Allowance	Net Income
0	\$3500	\$3500 - 0 = \$3500	0 + 3500 = \$3500
500	3500	3500 - 350 = 3150	500 + 3150 = 3650
1000	3500	3500 - 700 = 2800	1000 + 2800 = 3800
3000	3500	3500 - 2100 = 1400	3000 + 1400 = 4400
5000	3500	3500 - 3500 = 0	5000 + 0 = 5000

welfare, facing, in effect, a 100 per cent tax rate on any earned income.

Under the Senate scheme a family of four is guaranteed only 70 per cent of the \$5,000 poverty line, or \$3,500. The reasons for these rates are, of course, the costs involved. The estimated expenditure for this program was \$1,433 million in 1969. Since about \$788 million in current federal aid would be eliminated the net cost would be about \$645 million, or about \$30.00 per capita. (In addition some provincial aid program might also be eliminated, lowering the expected increase in costs — and taxes.)

To illustrate the scheme the following table shows the operation of the GAI for a family of four, as earned income increases from 0 to \$5,000. (Note how the basic allowance is reduced by 70% as the person "earns" income.)

Thus until the family reaches an income level of \$5,000, it will receive some assistance. As the family approaches this income level, the allowance is reduced by 70c for every one dollar earned. For example, on the first \$500. of earned income the basic allowance is only reduced by \$350.

#### Conclusion

The arguments for and against such a plan seem to focus on three questions — need, efficiency, and costs. There appears little doubt that the design of the NIT is much more efficient than currently existing programs. Regardless of political stripe the chaotic state of our welfare system is recognized by most everyone and an improvement would be welcomed by all. However, on the other two questions less agreement is obvious. Both sides of the argument have some validity and should be the basis for careful consideration when a program of this nature is devised. On the question of need there are those that argue that an income guarantee would encourage those on the margin to opt out of the labour force and become dependents of the state. On the other side it is argued that the continued stability of our society requires adequate assistance for those in desperate need. On the question of costs there are those that realistically point to the already over-taxed middle income earner. Taxes have been increasing in recent years at a rate considerably higher than the growth of our Gross National Product, resulting in a burden to a large segment of our society. On the other side, however, we do not see welfare costs declining nor is there any evidence to indicate that this will happen under the existing system. We must, therefore, be willing to try new ways and methods. While experimentation of this nature may increase costs in the short-run, it remains the only feasible way of reversing the current cost trends in the long run.

It is this writer's opinion that the proponents of this scheme, while not infallible in their arguments, are basically correct in their thinking. A previous article in the Mirror gave a profile of Canada's poor which indicated that nine of 10 welfare recipients can not be criticized fairly for laziness or lack of ambition. These people are faced with simple but real needs that they are unable to meet. Few would deny society's obligation to assist the blind, widowed, or children living in

ghetto conditions. On the question of costs it is apparent that the implementation of a NIT would initially necessitate increased expenditures. However, if current trends continue, the present system may bankrupt the productive sector of society, so that some alternative is clearly necessary. The growth and development of any new program requires sound investment, patience, and some degree of risk. How can we expect improvements in the welfare system without undertaking the necessary investment, and assuming some risks.

mm



Wendy Loepp

## Loepp Family Success

Walter J. Loepp, Winnipeg, was recently elected president of the Winnipeg Central Lions Club. The Lions organization is the largest service organization in the world, with 900,000 members in its numerous chapters. The Winnipeg Central Club was formed in 1922 and sponsors several projects which serve the community, including the Lions Manor on Sherbrook St., the blind residence on Sherburn St., Camp Manitou, etc.

Meanwhile Wendy Loepp, daughter of the W. J. Loepps, a stewardess with Transair, was recently selected as one of the 10 finalists in the Miss Manitoba Pageant. She has been actively interested in drama, associated in the past with Actor's Showcase. The pageant activities start June 19 with Talent Night and include a luncheon at Government House and a riverboat cruise. The crowning of Miss Manitoba will take place on June 28.

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## Doctors Receive Study Awards

Two Manitoba doctors, Dr. B. J. Froese of Winnipeg and Dr. William Loewen of Altona, are among 19 Canadian doctors who have been awarded the 1972 Upjohn postgraduate study awards by the College of Family Physicians of Canada.

Each year, the college chooses family physicians from across Canada for the \$500 awards to help defray expenses for two-week postgraduate study of the winner's choice.

The awards are provided by the pharmaceutical manufacturer, The Upjohn Company of Canada.

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# Aid to private autos: a modern parable

In the summer of 1972 the Canadian government issued a three-fold decree which stated:

1. Because the automobile has become a necessity every Canadian family, as of Jan. 1, 1973, will be required to own one.

2. For reasons of safety and economy, and in the interests of a common Canadian culture, the private manufacture of automobiles will be discouraged. The government itself will produce a single model, "The Canadian", primarily of English and French design, and every family will be required to purchase it.

3. Each family will buy its auto through a special \$4,000 auto levy.

It is now 1982, ten years later. Most Canadians have become accustomed to their "Canadian" auto, just as they have learned to like "Canadian" coffee, "Canadian" roast beef and the other standardized products which are made exclusively for them by their government. Psychiatrists report that they are no longer bothered by people in search of a Canadian identity. The trauma of hyphenated Canadianism, whereby Canadians were forced to choose between 50 different brands of coffee and various types of meats has ended. The civil liberties group of Manitoba, headed by Smith, Jones and Shuband, can declare happily that discrimination no longer exists in this province. The Wurst makers have been put out of business so that the majority can chew its roast beef in peace.

Only a small minority of automobile lovers poses a problem. This group agrees with the government that the auto has become a necessity, and its members are willing to own and pay for an auto which meets all of the government's safety regulations. They don't understand, however, why this has to be an auto produced by the government, or why they have to pay for "The Canadian" each year in addition to their own model. They stick to their belief that their own model is no threat to Canadian life but that it enables them to see and experience more than they would in "The Canadian".

In the past 10 years the annual auto tax has gone up to \$20,000. It has been estimated that if only those people who drive "The Canadian" were forced to pay for it the tax would actually have risen to \$25,000. Fortunately the majority is being subsidized by the minority which also pays the tax but prefers to own and drive its own model. The minority would naturally like to be relieved of this subsidy since it is quite willing to pay for a private auto which meets all of the government's standards. By some strange twist of logic the majority argues that if the subsidy were dropped and it was forced to pay for the full cost of the "Canadian" auto, "it" would be giving aid to the minority. In this unusual way the debate has become known as the "public aid to private autos" controversy. No one seems to want to talk about the current private aid to public autos.

It is now 1992. The last private automobile company has just closed its doors. The people are happy. However, in the past 10 years the auto tax has risen to \$50,000, even though no "aid" has been given to owners of private autos. No one is in a position to say whether the \$50,000 tax is too high or too low, since there are no other autos around for comparison.

A small service is being held outside the closed door of the last private plant. The sermon is given by a representative of the United Automobile Company which for years, in the 1950's and 60's, received government aid to produce private autos of advanced design at its subsidiary plant at Portage and Spence, but later asked the government not to give aid to other private groups producing less advanced models. In view of the circumstances the sermon is a modest one.

There is a moment of silence. Then a stooped figure, whom some remember from the political wars of 1972, when he stood considerably taller, is moved to say a few words. He is a slightly bitter man. Though he was the leader of a party supposedly committed to public enterprise he had decided that when it came to such an

important product as autos, where people's tastes could obviously differ a great deal, private groups should be permitted to produce their own autos without being penalized through double payments. He had expected opposition from within his own party, where there were many who always favored public products over private ones, but he was dismayed to discover that equally strong opposition came from those who otherwise expressed firm devotion to the ideals of free and private enterprise. The combined opposition of these strange free enterprisers and critics within his own party had brought him down, the result being that his party had gone on without him under the firm control of the ambitious Mr. Brown. By 1992 the burden of choosing between alternative ideas and products had been completely lifted from the shoulders of the Manitoba public. There was now only one government brand for each product, one "All-Canadian Church", and one political party.

The slightly stooped man starts to speak. "I am not sure," he begins slowly, "that the closing of this last private auto plant is a sign of progress." Most of his listeners move away at this show of sentimentality, but the speaker mumbles on: "I know that our new cars are efficient and well carpeted, with large open areas and all that, but somehow I miss the old dodge that we used to drive around in. Its smell of old leather somehow mingles in my mind with the lingering aroma of Yuban coffee and New Bothwell cheese. At times I even catch a whiff of the delicious Eisbein that they used to serve at the now defunct German club."

The terrible ethnic words have been spoken. The man's children are embarrassed and they quickly push him toward their waiting "Canadian". Stumbling into the car they are reassured by the feel of the clean, odorless vinyl interior that despite the bitterness of their father they do indeed live in the best of all possible worlds, where they will not be disturbed by foreign smells, either past or present.

R.V.

## Church Starts Memorial Fund

The Waterloo-Kitchener United Mennonite Church has started a memorial fund in the name of its late pastor Henry Isaac, who died of cancer at the age of 40 on April 14.

The fund will represent a provision for the three fatherless children.

Persons wishing to contribute may send their donation to Henry Isaac Memorial Fund, K-W United Mennonite Church, 15 George Street, Waterloo, Ontario. **mm**

## Looking Beyond This last (?) Issue

This is the last issue of the Mennonite Mirror.

The last issue of volume one, that is.

You will recall that in September of 1971, you received volume one, number one of the Mennonite Mirror. To say that that issue marked an historic occasion seems almost trite — but it is also true. The first issue of the Mirror was an historic occasion — marking the culmination of months of talking and planning.

With this issue, volume one, number 10, we mark another historic occasion — the end of the first publishing year of the Mennonite Mirror. We hope that this will be not be so much a historic occasion, but a milestone in the life of the Mirror. That is, we hope that the completion of each publishing year will always look ahead to the next publishing year.

To take example from the late American General MacArthur who, after he had been forced to evacuate from certain South Pacific islands in the Second World War, said "I shall return," the Mennonite Mirror, too, pledges to return. Publication will resume in September, and on the basis of present plans and projections, the Mirror will be qualitatively better.

Although we are pledging to be back next year, we must also prick "the tender of conscience." A little announcement several issues back asked, "how long is shortly?" This was directed at those readers who said they were enjoying the Mirror and who in the same breath said they would be sending in their \$2.50, shortly. Many people replied to that plea; but we are still waiting for others. If you received the past 10 issues of the Mirror, and enjoyed our first year of publication, may we prevail upon you for \$2.50?

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## Academic Honors to Mennonites

Five students of Mennonite background won awards for their academic work this past year at the University of Manitoba and the University of Winnipeg.

Angelika Kroeger Hue, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kroeger, 482 Montrose Street, won the university gold medal for highest academic standing in the graduating year of the first class to earn the Bachelor of Social Work degree at the University of Manitoba. She was tied with Malcolm Ian Strang of Brandon, in that both had identical academic records; both were awarded a gold medal.

Helen Penner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Penner of Steinbach, won the University of Winnipeg's silver medal for second highest standing in the arts honors program, and the gold medal in honors German. She was also recipient of the Swiss ambassador book award for distinction in German studies. Miss Penner plans to continue her German studies at the University of Freiburg, and has received a scholarship.

Edward Giesbrecht of Transcona, received the governor-general's silver medal for outstanding general proficiency in the agriculture diploma program at the University of Manitoba. He was at the top of his class in both years of the two-year program. He has entered a business arrangement with Al Arnott of Darlingford to develop a swine operation. Mr. Giesbrecht originally hails from Winkler, where he was born and educated, and a former bus driver with Grey Goose bus lines.

Miss Eleonore Wiebe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wiebe of Niverville, an honors student in German at the University of Manitoba, received

the Swiss government book prize, and a German academic exchange service scholarship. She will be using the scholarship for study this summer at the Goethe Institute in Schwäbisch Hall, Germany.

Gloria (Krahn) Fox, received her Bachelor of Arts (honors) degree and received the university gold medal in psychology for highest standing in psychology, at the University of Winnipeg. She will enter Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., in September in the graduate program in child psychology. Gloria is married to Captain Gregory Fox of Winnipeg, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Krahn, Winkler. **mm**

## Information On Mennonite Writers Needed

Mr. Klaus Stich of the Department of English at York University is writing a doctoral thesis dealing with the development of prose literature about the West by immigrant writers. He is particularly interested in German, especially Mennonite literature in the West. He has had problems obtaining information about more recent Mennonite and German writers, and requests that anyone with such information contact him at the University. The address is as follows:

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## Children's Choir Charms Cities

by Anne Martens

The internationally known Mennonite Children's Choir of Winnipeg, along with its conductor Mrs. Helen Litz, has just completed a successful tour of the eastern United States which took it as far South as North Carolina and east to Haverhill, Massachusetts. The tour was arranged when the invitations received came from a concentrated area and holidays were available.

Mrs. Litz in the capacity of choir director and co-ordinator included as much as possible of what was historically significant and also which would be musically beneficial to the choir. In Connelville, Pennsylvania the renowned Cratin Choir School for boys was visited and proved a valuable musical experience.

New York City and Washington, D.C., were in close proximity to performance centers and therefore couldn't be missed. In the capital city the choir saw the Lincoln Memorial, toured the White House and as an added attraction was present just as President Nixon left in his private helicopter.

Many of the invitations came from churches or schools and here the young people generally were in charge of the welcoming of the choir, hosting at dinners and being generally helpful with baggage, etc. This personal contact allows for cultural exchange and many humorous and exciting experiences happened. These were usually shared on the bus on the next day's travel time. One hostess in her effort to please her Canadian visitors served traditional recipes handed down through generations which consisted of fig jam, pimento sandwiches and persimmon pudding.

The Schooltown of Highland, Indiana was one of the highpoints of their tour. The Rotary Club sponsored the venture which was under the director of Gordon Wilder the school's music co-ordinator. Here busloads of children from grades five and six were brought in for the afternoon concert. The Mennonite Children's Choir felt like celebrities as they were asked for autographs and to circle their faces on programs signed.

Once again Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada was put on the map by our young ambassadors who begin each performance with a song of praise which has become their motto: God is my Song.

Another highlight, and there were many, was Haverhill, Massachusetts. Here the mayor made the welcoming

speech and each member was presented with a good leather belt, a specialty of this city. The performance here was broadcast live on radio from the large and beautiful First Baptist Church which was built in 1765. Haverhill is also the birthplace of John Whittier whose poems are known to many.

In Galisburg, Illinois neon lights flashed brightly 'Come hear the Mennonite Children's Choir'. This was their sunniest stay weather-wise but also because of the hospitality afforded them by the people of this city. Galisburg is also the home of Carl Sandburg whose writings on Abraham Lincoln won him the Pulitzer prize. A copper cent still bearing the face of this past president and many historical pamphlets were given the choristers.

A tour such as this is part of the rich heritage choir members, who come under the care of Mrs. Helen Litz, receive, through her consistent efforts to instill in them a greater measure of human understanding and love for our fellow man.

As a non-profit organization, funds received are turned toward the alleviating of suffering in many countries of the world. The work is shared by many who work diligently behind the scenes, usually parents of children involved in the choir.

The Mennonite Children's Choir, though it has sung for royalty, been introduced to Prime Ministers, handed keys to cities by mayors, not to mention being televised from coast to coast, remains a humble dedicated group of youngsters intent on spreading joy and peace to all who will listen.

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## Mennonites in print

By Ruth Vogt

A book of imaginative short stories, the Saga of a coal mining venture in Manitoba, a collection of essays in Canadian Mennonite Studies, a catalogue of the writings of the English poet William Wordsworth — these very different subjects have one thing in common: all are written by persons of Mennonite background. The publication of these books within the past year attest to the fact that the Mennonites are no longer "The Quiet People (Die Stillen im Lande)", but are making their voice heard through the medium of the printed page.

Mr. A. D. (Tony) Doerksen is the author of "The Saga of Turtle Mountain Coal", published in 1970 by D. W. Friesen of Altona. The book was originally written as an essay which won the Margaret McWilliams Medal in the Manitoba Historical Society 1970 essay competition. It tells the story of the discovery of coal in 1879 at Turtle Mountain close to Boissevain, and the subsequent attempts to establish a profitable mining venture. For a time, coal was mined with some success and used locally, chiefly for fuel, but difficulties caused by water seepage and the inaccessibility of much of the coal eventually resulted in the abandonment of the project. One is impressed by the portrayal of the determination of people fighting against difficult odds, and achieving some measure of success in their endeavors.

The author, Mr. Doerksen, was born in the Morden area in 1933. After completing the ninth grade of school he decided to become a farmer, but later he went to Bible school and completed his high school education by correspondence. He has written several historical articles which have been published by the Winnipeg Tribune and the Western Producer, and he has appeared on

several T.V. programs to discuss his book. He is presently working on another story for the Tribune and is editing a book on Russia by William Janzen.

In closing we would like to note the re-issue in paperback form of Victor Peters' fine book on the Hutterites entitled **All Things Common**. Originally published by the University of Minnesota Press in 1965, it is now available in the Harper Torchbooks series, published by Harper and Row, at a bargain price of \$2.75.

For those who enjoy reading the Low-German language we would like to recommend **Plautdietsche Schrefstteckja**, (Low German Writings) a very new publication by Reuben Epp. Printed and published by Derksen Printers of Steinbach, it sells for \$1.50. Mr. Epp is a vocational school administrator at Dawson Creek, B.C. A former mechanic in Saskatchewan, he is the oldest of four sons born to a Mennonite family in Langham, Sask. in 1920. His father was the owner of a small mechanical repair shop and Mr. Epp inherited his father's mechanical aptitude. He also acquired a fine writing talent and is now a free lance writer in addition to his duties as school administrator.

The book is written in both a serious and humorous vein and contains both stories and poetry. Latin type and German phonetics make it possible for people with less than a fluent knowledge of the language to understand the author.

mm



Reuben Epp



The Mennonite Children's Choir

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# Aus der

von A. G. Schroeder

Es ist interessant, wie man erst im Rückblick, den Zweck verschiedener Lebenserfahrungen erkennt. So wird einer von Glück und Pech reden und ein anderer erkennt Gottes Führungen in seinem Leben. Viele haben die gleichen Lebenserfahrungen gemacht und doch sieht jeder ein anderes Bild, wenn er zurückblickt, weil der Gesichtswinkel ein sehr persönlicher und darum eben verschiedener ist. Man muss sich in einem Erlebnisbericht allgemein halten, damit sich jeder über die Ähnlichkeit der Erfahrungen freuen kann. Allgemein gesprochen, kennt man als Kind nur eine Dimension, die Höhe. Alles sieht gross aus und erstverbenswert. Man muss aufblicken! — Die Jugend erfährt dann die zweite Dimension, die Breite. Das Leben erscheint allumfassend. Man wird ein Teil eines Ganzen oder Glied einer Kette. — Erst mit zunehmenden Alter wird einem die Erkenntnis der dritten Dimension geschenkt, die Tiefe. Man sieht immer klarer den Zusammenhang zwischen Vergangenheit, Gegenwart und Zukunft. Man erkennt mehr und mehr den Zweck und Sinn des Lebens. Dies kann uns eine gute Lehre sein.

Viele Berliner fingen in den frühen dreissiger Jahren mit der Schule an. Es waren die „post-war babies“, welche nach dem ersten Weltkrieg geboren wurden. Unsere frühesten Kindheitserinnerungen waren durchwoben mit Wahlpropaganda an Mauern und Zäunen, Schläger-eien auf der Strasse und allgemeiner Not und Unruhen. Man hörte viel von „Kommies,



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# guten(?) alten Zeit

Sozies und Nazies" und konnte sich nichts darunter vorstellen. — An einem sonnigen Sonntagmorgen, im Januar 1933 sollten alle wählen gehen. Jeder bekam ein goldig-glänzendes Abzeichen angesteckt mit dem Führerbild darauf und dem Wort „Ja“. Dass nicht alle Träger dieses Abzeichens Ja gewählt hatten, wurde bald kund. Trotzdem kam Hitler an die Macht. Für das deutsche Volk begann eine neue Zeit. Wir Kinder wunderten uns nicht über das Sonderbare der Gegenwart, weil wir die Vergangenheit nicht kennengelernt hatten. Unbewusst dachten wir, dass alle Menschen, in allen Ländern der Erde genauso lebten wie wir. Für uns, damalige Kinder war es ein freudig-erregendes Lebensabschnitt, welcher begann. Zahlreiche Kundgebungen und Aufmärsche, glitzernde Musikkapellen und leuchtende Fackelzüge, machten einen grossen Eindruck auf uns. Wir konnten es kaum erwarten mitzumachen. Dem „Jungvolk“ konnte man erst beitreten wenn man 10 Jahre alt war und viele waren noch nicht alt genug. Die nächsten paar Jahre erschienen uns die längsten Jahre unseres Lebens. — Zum Trost wurden manchen eine Spieluniform gekauft und in den folgenden fünfzehn Jahren trugen wir fast immer irgend eine Uniform. Dass die Arbeitslosigkeit rapide abnahm und die Wohlfahrtsküchen ihre Kunden verloren, hörten wir nur aus den Gesprächen der Erwachsenen. Die Mahlzeiten der Arbeiterklasse, (es gab noch keine Normalverbraucher) war-

en schlicht, aber ausreichend. Die Butter war schon immer rationiert, aber mehr als das halbe Pfund der Woche, hätte man sich sowieso nicht leisten können. Man ass eben Margarine, Vierfrucht marmelade (Inhalt: 75% Karotten), viel Kartoffeln mit Weisskäse, Leinöl oder Salzheringe; aber auch viel Kohl und anderes billiges Gemüse. Zum Sonntagsnachmittag — Kaffee oder wenn Besuch kam, konnte man sich schon gewöhnlich ein viertel Pfund Bohnenkaffee leisten.

Eines Morgens, auf den Weg zur Schule sahen wir, dass viele Schaufenster eingeschlagen waren, und die Sachen in den Läden mit Schwarzer Farbe beschmiert, durcheinandergeworfen herumlagen. Auf dem Nachhauseweg sahen wir, wie die jüdischen Ladenbesitzer, unter Tränen zaghaft mit dem Aufräumen angingen. Dieser Anblick erregte Mitleid in uns. — Unser junges Leben war jedoch zu sehr mit freudigen Ereignissen angefüllt, als dass wir die Neigung verspürten, über solche traurigen Eindrücke nachzudenken. Bald schon war man alt genug dem Jungvolk beizutreten und die brachte viel „Freizeitgestaltung“ mit sich. Da gab es Kundgebungen, (besonders am 1. Mai im Olympia-Stadium), Aufmärsche, Sportsveranstaltungen, Zeltlager und viele kurze Fahrten. Das Wort „Langeweile“ wurde uns bald ein Fremdwort. Jedoch gab es auch in dieser Regel eine Ausnahme: nämlich, wenn immer wir in der Schulaula den sehr

langen Führerreden zuhören mussten, waren wir sehr gelangweilt. Das Singen des Deutschland — und Horst Wessel — Liedes, war auch immer ein Problem, weil einem nach dem Deutschland-lied der ausgestreckte Arm schon so weh tat, dass man beim besten Willen nicht wusste, wie man's noch eine Sekunde lang aushalten könnte. Wenn man die Schultern eines Vordermannes als Stütze gebrauchen konnte, war das eine herrliche Erleichterung, die nicht jedem vergönnt war.

In diesen Tagen wurde auch Vieles geflüstert. Politische Witze etwa, oder auch greuliche Kentmassungen über K.Z.'s. Aber ins Konzentrationslager kamen doch nur Gewohnheitsverbrecher, Arbeitsscheue und Vaterlandsverräter. Oder etwa nicht? — Es nam uns eine Weile, auch nur zu ahnen, warum wir manchen erregten Erwachsenengesprächen nicht zuhören sollten und warum manche Bücher im Bücherschrank nur in der hinteren Reihe stehen durften. (Später stellte es sich heraus, dass dies sehr interessante Bücher waren.) Einen schönen Nachmittags traf ich meinen Schulkameraden Sam auf der Strasse. Als ich ihm zurief doch zu mir zu kommen, weil ich mit ihm spielen wollte, rannte er weg. Ich konnte mir nicht erklären warum er so eiligst die Flucht ergriff, denn ich hatte mich mit Sam noch nie gestritten. Er war immer und zu jedem ein sehr liebenswürdiger und freundlicher Junge. Also stand ich mit einem sehr verdutzten

Gesicht da und schaute ihn sprachlos nach. — Erst Jahre später fiel es mir ein, dass ich, wie meistens, (weil ich nur wenig andere Sachen hatte), meine Uniform trug. Hier war ein Jude, welcher vor einer gefährdeten Uniform floh. Die Absicht der Regierung, einen allgemeinen Judenhass zu entfachen, gelang ihr jedoch nur zu einem sehr geringen Ausmass. —

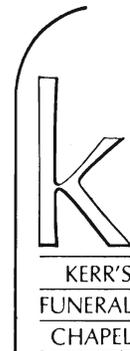
Wie stand es mit der Verfolgung der Kirche? Diese wurde nur heimlich betrieben. Der Religionsunterricht in den Schulen wurde bis zuletzt aufrecht erhalten. Aber Hitlerjugend-Dienst war immer am Sonntagvormittag angesetzt. Die Kirche wurde lächerlich gemacht, aber dem Kirchenbesuch tat das wenig Abbruch, weil die meisten Evangelischen sowieso nicht in die Kirche gingen. Höchstens mal zu Weihnachten. — Ich glaube, es waren verhältnismässig Wenige, die die Kirche verliessen und sich dann offiziell „gottgläubig“ nannten.

Die Disziplin im Dritten Reich war straff. Es war Jugendlichen nicht erlaubt spät auf der Strasse zu sein oder öffentlich zu rauchen. Auch passten Hitlerjugend-Streifen auf, dass keine Jugendlichen zu Filmvorführungen gingen, welche verboten waren. Uns Jugendlichen machte es viel Spass mit den „Klapperbüchsen“ herumzugehen und fürs Winterhilfswerk und andere Organisationen zu sammeln. „Eintopfsonntage“ und die vielen Zammlungen, wurden den „Volksgenossen“ sicherlich lästig, aber das Ziel wurde wohl doch erreicht, dass niemand mehr „hungern oder frieren“ brauchte. Wenn für den V.D.A. (Verein der Auslandsdeutschen) gesammelt wurde, war ich immer einer der erfolgreichsten Sammler. Sicherlich ahnte ich es damals schon, dass ich mal eine Auslandsdeutsche heiraten würde.

Die Zukunft Deutschlands wurde angespornt durch Ehestandsdarlehen und Mutterkreuze. Mit „Kraft-durch-Freude“ und vielen Feiern wurde Stimmung gemacht. Mit der Olympiade 1936 wurde Eindruck gemacht und der Nationalstolz gehoben. Durch künstlichen Gummi und andere tech. Errungenschaften machte man sich unabhängig und hob den allgemeinen Wohlstand.

Trotz scheinbarer Zufriedenheit, steuerte das „Tausendjährige Reich“ doch schon bald unaufhaltsam einen raschen und grausigen Ende zu. — Während die Schlagzeilen zuerst fröhlich-freundlich waren, wurden sie mit der Zeit immer düsterer. In den guten Jahren bekam man frische Brötchen und Milch an die Tür geliefert. Später musste man sich die Magermilchration selbst vom Kolonialwarenhändler holen. Hiess es erst: „Lasst Blumen sprechen“, „Pfleget Hausmusik“ und „Schönheit der Arbeit“, das wurde dann bald: „Fahrt Strassenbahn“, „Esst mehr Fisch und ihr bleibt gesund“ und es gab Anzüge „Marke Deutscher Wald“. Vom „Eisernen Sparen für einen Volkswagen“ (900 Mark) und vom Volksempfänger (5 Mark), war nur ein kurzer Weg zur Volksgasmaske über den „Heldenklaus“ zum Volkssturm. Von dem ziemlich milden „Groschengrab“ und „Kohlenklaus“ entwickelte sich die deutsche Geschichte bald zu einem: „Feind hört mit“, „Räder rollen für den Sieg“ und dem begeisterten: „Wir wollen nicht Butter, sondern Kanonen!“ Oder war dieser Ausruf nicht mehr ganz so begeistert? — Als der Führer in einer Rede ausrief: „Gebt mir

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10 Jahre Zeit und ihr werdet Deutschland nicht mehr wiedererkennen!" war er sehr prophetisch und auch schrecklich wahr.

Als der Krieg anfang, waren wir Jugendlichen, die wir wieder mal nicht alt genug waren gleich mitzumachen, sehr ungeduldig. Wir befürchteten, dass der Krieg bald enden würde, ohne dass wir uns als heldenhafte Vaterlandsverteidiger bewährt hätten. Unsere Sorge war unbegründet, wir durften alle mitmachen. Nachdem wir das „Schleifen“ der Rekrutenzeit hinter uns hatten und zumeist einen „braven Kadarergehorsam“ erlernt hatten, „durften“ wir an die Front gehen. Wer hätte aber gedacht, dass die Luft so eisenhaltig sein würde? Die sogenannte „Feuertaufe“ war ein einmaliges Erlebnis: eine schlotternde Angst und heftiges Zehneklappen bemächtigte sich unser. Andere unangenehme Furchterscheinungen, bleiben hier besser unerwähnt. — Die Ausgezeichneten des Krieges hielten sich selbst nie für Helden, sondern sie beeilen uns zu sagen, dass sie zu diesem Titel durch Zufall und oft nur durch eine bleiche

Angst und Verzweiflung gekommen sind. Viele Waghalsige und Tollkühne rissen sich und andere in einen frühen Tod. Diesen sagte man nach, dass sie „Halschmerzen“ hatten; das heisst; sie sehnten sich nach einem Ritterkreuz. So manch ein überheblicher Vorgesetzter fand auch einen sehr „unzeitigen Helden-tod“. Jedoch auch die meisten der Besten des Volkes überlebten dieses grausame Massenmorden nicht. Der vielen Frauen und Kinder, die ihr Leben liessen, sei an dieser Stelle besonders ehrend gedacht. Sie standen in der Heimat „ihren Mann“. — Wir „Frontsoldaten“ waren oft froh vom Heimaturlaub zurückzukehren, denn das Leben im Einsatz schien erträglicher. Eine Erfahrung dieser Jahre war universal, nämlich die, dass der Krieg **nicht** männlich, herrlich und erhebend war, sondern sinnlos, hässlich und unmenschlich-gemein. Und doch war diese Endtäuschung geringer, als die Erkenntnis dessen, dass sich unsere hohen Ideale als Lügen und Lügner erwiesen. Das tat weh! Der Umstand, dass es unseren Leidensgefährten, die uns gegenüber standen, (unseren sogenannten Feinden), nicht besser sind, war uns nur ein schwacher Trost. — Doch schon bald „setzte man sich im Osten planmässig ab“ und der Anspruch wurde geprägt: „Vorwärts! Kameraden, wir müssen zurück!“ Kurz darauf folgte die Invasion und nach einigen blutigen Schlachten und dem sinnlosen Opfern vieler Hitler-Jungen, auch das Ende des Krieges. Gab es Sieger und Besiegte? Die überlebenden freuten sich des Lebens und feierten gemeinsam. Und doch mussten noch viele Tausende sterben bevor ein „friedensähnlicher“ Zustand eintrat in Europa. Besonders gross war das Elend in den grossen Hungerlagern. Während in den letzten Kriegsmonaten schon (neben der Brennesselsuppe) Spatzen, Katzen und Hunde auf dem „Magenfahrplan“ (Speisekarte) standen bekamen jetzt viele eine Gelbsucht (Äusserlich) von einem Übergenuss von Mohrrüben. Auch waren besonders die ersten Monate nach dem sogenannten Kriegsende die schlimmsten, weil man dort im und ausserhalb des Lagers Hass, Hunger und die Hölle auf Erden kennenlernte. Während wir kaum ge-

nug Wasser zum Trinken hatten, nahmen Flöhe, Läuse und auch anderes Ungeziefer zu. Wenn man an den vergangenen Krieg denkt, drängt sich ein grosses WARUM auf. Wohl ist sich der Mensch sein eigener grösster Feind, aber er sollte seine Wut nicht an anderen auslassen. Wenn alle Menschen ihren „inneren Schweinehund“ besiegen würden, könnte es keine Kriege mehr geben. Erst als wirklich jede Lebensgefahr vorüber war und man wieder in der Heimat war konnte man wieder leichter atmen. Doch auch diese Umstellung war für viele sehr schwer, denn viele Ehepaare und Verwandte und Freunde hatten sich auseinandergelebt, durch die lange Trennung. Den Meisten gelang es jedoch, wenn auch mühsam, eine Brücke zu bauen.

Allgemein gesprochen, ist die Menschheit durch die hinter ihr liegenden Erfahrungen nicht klüger geworden, aber Einzelne haben gerade durch das furchtbare Erleben, den einen Idealen kennengelernt, Der uns nie enttäuscht und diese sollten ihr Licht (Sein Licht) leuchten lassen! mm

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# Von Steinbach nach München

## Von Hedi Knoop

Fünfunddreissig Jahre sind es her: Mein Vater stand vor dem Spiegel, das Gesicht voller Seifenschaum, und zog in seiner sorgfältigen Art die erste Rasurbahn über die Backe. Am Kinn angelangt, drehte er sich zu mir um und fragte wie beiläufig: Hättest du Lust, in München Musik zu studieren?

Mir stockte der Atem. Musik! München! Eine halbe Weltreise! Ein Wirbel von Vorstellungen infolge eines einzigen kurzen Satzes zwischen zwei Strichen mit der Rasierklinge. Die Antwort konnte weder ja noch nein, sondern nur ein Jubelschrei sein.

Und dann sprudelten die Fragen hervor: Wann kann es losgehen? Wie werde ich reisen? Wo werde ich in München wohnen? Wie lange darf ich bleiben?

Nun, wann es losgehen konnte, stand noch nicht fest. Wohl aber, dass ich etwa zwei Jahre bleiben und in München bei einer mennonitschen Familie namens Dettweiler wohnen sollte. Und in dem schrecklich langen Jahr, dass ich noch warten musste, trösteten mich die freundlichen, saubergeschriebenen Briefe der Frau Dettweiler, die mich für die Dauer meines Deutschlandaufenthalts in ihre Familie aufnehmen würde. Dr. Walter Quiring hatte die Bekanntschaft vermittelt.

Vorläufig also besuchte ich weiterhin die zwölfte Klasse der „Steinbach High School“, welche gerade in dem damaligen Schulneubau verlegt worden war. Welch ein Gegensatz zu dem winzigen Klassenraum in der alten, kubischen, weissgestrichenen Schule, in welcher wir unsere „Grade 11“ absolviert hatten. Unsere Lehrer, Mr. Julius Toews und Mr. J. G. Kornelsen, hatten wir in den Neubau mit herübergenommen — oder sie uns — darüberhinaus aber hatten wir eine sensationelle Neuheit hinzugewonnen, eine Dame, die erste Lehrerin an der Steinbach High

School: Miss Brown.

Hier in den neuen Räumen hatten die Lehrer Platz, lange Strecken zwischen den Bankreihen abzuschreiten; ein wohliliges Gefühl der Weite durchflutete auch uns Schüler, und wir lernten nun räumlich und damit wohl auch geistig in Perspektive zu sehen. Im Kellerraum besaßen wir hier ein grosses Auditorium und gingen sofort daran, eine Schülermitverwaltung, wie man das in Deutschland nennt, zu wählen. David Loewen wurde unser erster Präsident in diesem neuen Versammlungsraum.

In diesem Schuljahr — 1936/37 — entstand ein erstes „Yearbook“ der Schülerschaft, eine bescheidene, aber mit grosser Hingabe gestaltete Urahne aller weiteren, umfangreicheren, wahrscheinlich auch teureren. (Mein Exemplar wurde leider während des Krieges mitsamt unserer übrigen Habe durch einen Bombentreffer in Hamburg hinweggerafft.)

„Principal“ auch am neuen Ort war Mr. Julius Toews, ein Meister schlagfertiger Ironie, die wie nichts anderes uns „Halbstarke“ in Schach zu halten vermochte, weitsichtig aber und tolerant, und in kritischen Situationen von einer nie vergessenen Feinfühligkeit.

Mr. Kornelsen oblag es unter anderem, uns die deutsche Sprache beizubringen. Ich erinnere mich an unsere damalige Lektüre „Klein Heini geht zur Schule“, eine Schrift für Schulanfänger, über „die wir die Nase rümpften. Überhaupt verstanden wir es, Mr. Kornelsen's Arbeit ausserordentlich zu erschweren, obschon wir ihn in der unwägbaren Tiefe unserer Schülerherzen durchaus verehrten.

Miss Brown, die Neuerscheinung, jung, intelligent, machte uns erheblich zu schaffen. Wie „ärgert“ man eine Dame, wenn man selbst schon halbe Dame, halber Herr ist. Unsere erfinderischen Jungs, glaube ich,

schaften es. Wie, das ist ihr Geheimnis.

Neben der Schule hatte ich mich bereits mehrere Jahre dem Klavier und auch dem Geigenspiel gewidmet. Mein Geigenlehrer, Neil Unruh, ein talentierter Musiker und guter Organisator, hatte ein kleines Orchester von Anfängern ins Leben gerufen, und zu den unvergesslichen Steinbacher Erlebnissen gehören die Proben dieses Orchesters im Unruh'schen Hause. Virtuosen spielten wir nicht, aber mit „heissem Bemühen“ und wenn wir auch Zuhörer noch nicht zu bezaubern vermochten, so waren wir doch selbst ganz bezaubert zumal von unserm Parodiestück, Boieldieu's „Kalif von Bagdad“. Begegneten wir einander auf dem Weg zu den Probestunden, wir sechs oder zehn Mitglieder dieses kleinen Orchesters, Geigenkasten in der Hand, dann fühlten wir uns auf eine geheimnisvolle Weise glücklich und miteinander verbunden.

Im März 1937 waren endlich meine Passangelegenheiten geregelt und, nachdem ich meine letzte Stunde bei Neil abgebeigt und mir überflüssigerweise auch noch Hausaufgaben hatte geben lassen, reichte ich ihm unvermittelt die Hand zum Abschied und lüftete endlich mein lang gehütetes Geheimnis: Ich komme nicht mehr zur Stunde, denn ich fahre nächste Woche nach Deutschland. — Ja, er war sehr überrascht und verdattert, mein Lehrer Neil, dieser Hüne von Gestalt, und ich stolz wie ein König. In der Schule hatte dieselbe Enthüllung zur Folge, dass die Schüler der High School einen Abschiedsabend anberaumten: Lehrer, Schulkameraden, Fröhlichkeit, pop corn, eine Prise Abschiedswehmut, alles war da — alles lange schon farbige, liebenswerte Erinnerung.

Am letzten Abend vor der Abreise hörte ich mit meinen drei jüngeren Geschwistern im Radio noch einmal Tarzans Abenteuer und seinen markerschüt-

ternden Urwaldruf, ausgestossen im Geschäftsinteresse einer namhaften Sirupsfirma. Und erst hier, als wir vier Geschwister auf zwei Stufen, die in Vaters Arbeitszimmer führten, eng und reglos beieinandersassen und zuhörten, wurde mir die Abschiedssituation bewusst, und ich wünschte insgeheim, dass diese Minuten recht lange dauern möchten. In der Tat, obschon ich es damals nicht voraussah, blieb dieser Abend der letzte im Kreise der Familie; denn als ich ein Vierteljahrhundert später und nicht, wie ich erwartete, nach zwei Jahren, meine erste Reise in die alte Heimat machte, da war unser Haus schon längst verkauft, Eltern und Geschwister in alle Winde zerstreut.

Am nächsten Morgen hiess es einsteigen in den wartenden Kufenbus, zu dessen Benutzung meine Eltern sich entschlossen hatten; denn der Schnee lag so hoch, dass die 40-Meilen-Fahrt bis Winnipeg im eigenen Auto nicht gewagt werden konnte. Das Abenteuer begann also schon vor der Haustür. Mein kleiner Reisekoffer, randvoll den wichtigen Dingen, die Mutter ausgesucht und zum Teil selbst gearbeitet hatte, sowie mein vertrauter Geigenkasten wurden verstaut. Ich aber schlüpfte in dem engen Vehikel auf den warmen Platz zwischen den Eltern. Bis in die Stadt, bis an den Zug begleiteten sie mich. Ja, als sich dieser in Bewegung setzte, winkte ich ihnen vom Fenster aus zu. Noch hielten sie mit, bald aber mussten sie ihren Schritt beschleunigen, sie winkten und winkten, verschwanden aber schliesslich nach einander vor dem Zugfenster. Nur die Lichter im Halbdunkel der Bahnhofshalle glitten noch eine Weile am Fenster vorüber.

Ich setzte mich nun zu meinem Koffer und meiner Geige, lehnte mich mit einem glücklichen Seufzer in das Polster und sah hinaus. Obwohl ich schon siebzehn Jahre alt war, reiste ich zum ersten Mal allein. In meiner Handtasche befand sich ein Brief meiner Eltern voll von Verhaltensvorschriften. Unter anderem stand da: Verhalte dich so, als hättest du dein Lebtag nichts weiter getan als reisen. Das war ein kluger Rat, und ich schickte mich nun an, ihn so gleich zu beherzigen. Auch stand

da: Hab acht auf dein Reisegepäck, wisse genau, es sind drei Teile, Koffer, Geige, Handtasche. Die kannst du mit einem einzigen Blick erfassen.

Ja, alles war da, alles war gut. Draussen dunkelte es inzwischen. Die vorüberziehende Manitoba Landschaft hüllte sich immer mehr in Nacht, bis schliesslich nichts mehr zu erkennen war.

Alles war gut. Ich würde hier auf dem ausziehbaren Polstersitz im fahrenden CPR-Zug ausgezeichnet schlafen.

Ein paar Mal wachte ich nachts auf, nur um mit Genugtuung festzustellen, dass der Zug wirklich unbeirrt weiterfuhr. Sein monotones Rattern und das Dunkel vor dem Zugfenster hüllten mich in ein wohliges Gefühl der Geborgenheit.

Am nächsten Morgen, nachdem ich den Waschraum aufgesucht und mich frischgemacht hatte, gab ich mich dem Genuss eines lukullischen Frühstücks hin. Es war ein „Heenabrode“, den Nachbarn mir als Abschiedsgeschenk mitgegeben hatten. Ha, ich konnte essen, wann es mir passte, konnte lesen oder hinaussehen oder Mitreisende beobachten, ganz nach eigenem Ermessen. Kein Geschirrwaschen mehr, keine Schularbeiten, überhaupt kein „Du musst“. Ein grossartiger Zustand.

Dann aber fiel mir der bevorstehende Zugwechsel in Toronto ein, und ich beschloss, nach beendetem Mahl das Ehepaar Kramer aufzusuchen, dass in einem Schlafwagen reiste. Am Vortage hatten sich meine Eltern mit Kramers bekanntgemacht, weil diese auf ihrer Rückreise nach Deutschland dieselbe Route fahren wie auch ich, und hatten sie gebeten, mich ein wenig im Auge zu behalten und mir notfalls behilflich zu sein.

Ich fand sie beim Frühstück, den älteren, kleinen rundlichen Herrn und die ältere, kleine, rundliche Frau. Sie waren erfreut, mich zu sehen; denn sie hatten mich sogleich nach dem Frühstück aufsuchen wollen. Wir freundeten uns gleich ein wenig an, und ich verliess sie mit dem Versprechen, vor dem Umstieg in Toronto zu ihnen zurückzukommen.

Dieser Umstieg gelang uns auch vorzüglich, wobei ich Gelenkheit hatte festzustellen,

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Robert "Bob" and Mary Loewen, married, one daughter Lois and two sons, Gerald and James. Mr. Loewen, owner and manager, licensed embalmer and funeral director since 1954. Mrs. Loewen is a licensed funeral director and takes over as the receptionist whenever the men are out, which is quite frequently.



Mr. Ken Pilling, married, wife Joyce, three children, was born at Livelong, Sask. He is the assistant manager, is a licensed embalmer and experienced funeral director.



Mr. Barry Stone, married, wife Ruth, comes from Killarney. He is in the apprenticeship period but his two years of service with us has already made him experienced in all phases of funeral service.



Gerald, grade XI student, bookkeeper and part-time receptionist.



Lois, grade VII student full-time summer operator of the riding tractor lawn mower and James, grade III, anxious to replace her.



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dass ich für Kramers keine Belastung, sondern eine willkommene Dolmetscherin war; denn Herr Kramer radebrechte ein für meine Ohren höchst amüsanter, aber ebenso vergebliches Englisch. So blieben wir schon für den Rest der Reise zusammen.

Klein wie Punkte kamen wir uns vor, als wir am dritten Tag im Bahnhof in New York einrollten. Recht fest packte ich beim Ausstieg meine drei Gepäckstücke, und das war gut, denn ehe ich die unermesslich grosse und hohe Bahnhofshalle und ihr hohlklingendes Echo bestaunen konnte, waren wir drei schon von mehreren eifrigen, schwarzhäutigen Gepäckträgern geradezu umzingelt. Diese vermochten es durchaus nicht zu begreifen, dass wir unser bisschen Gepäck selbst würden tragen können. Erst als wir dieser Absicht mit energischen Worten und Gesten Nachdruck verliehen, liessen sie von uns ab, um andern Reisenden nachzujagen.

Das war erstmal überstanden. Nun aber so schnell wie möglich zum Ausgang und in ein sicheres Taxi.

Wir wohnten im Hotel Times Square, und zwar im zehnten Stock. Von meinem Fenster aus erschien das Treiben unten auf der Strasse schon fast wie ein Ameisengewimmel. Mir war bei diesem Anblick aus schwindelnder Höhe nicht besonders „maklich“ — dieses passende Wort existiert leider nicht in der hochdeutschen Sprache. Als Steinbacher Kind war ich nämlich zwischen „Ritsch“ und „gophers“ aufgewachsen, beides durchaus erdverbundene Dinge. Ich musste an Frank Sawatzky denken, der durch seine erstaunliche Pionierstat als erster Steinbacher, und wie ich gelesen habe auch als erster Kanadier, im selbstgebastelten Motorflugzeug über Strohhaufen und Mühlen-schornstein hinausgelangt war. Ja, der hatte sich gebührend angestrengt und war nicht wie ich lediglich durch einen Druck auf den Knopf in diese überirdische Region gelangt.

Eine Nacht verbrachten wir im Times Square, den voraufgehenden Abend aber auf den pulsierenden Avenues New Yorks, vorsichtshalber unweit unseres sicheren, wenn auch luftigen Hotelzimmers. mm

Fortsetzung folgt

## MAY CROSSWORD WINNER

Irene Wiens, Niverville, Manitoba, submitted the first correct entry drawn from among those who submitted answers to the May Crossword Puzzle.

The prize offered was two tickets to an opera performance this month. However, due to circumstances not within the control of the Mirror an alternate prize has been awarded.

The Mennonite Mirror thanks all those who submitted entries to both the crossword puzzle and the mix-up contest these past 10 months. Beginning next fall, new contests will be introduced that will appeal to all readers.

mm

## ANSWERS TO MAY CROSSWORD

T	E	N	T	S	E	M	B	L	E	M
R	I	T	A	O	O					
K	A	N	A	G	A	N	B	A	R	
U	G	N	I	T	S	R				
T	R	A	I	L	E	R	S	T	I	
R	E	P	E	I	S					
H	A	D	Y	C	H	A	R			
A	O	S	E	E	I	F				
L	U	R	E	R	S	U				
M	A	W	A	T	E	R	T	O	N	
T	E	R	A	E	D					
N	E	Y	N	O	R	W	A	Y		

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