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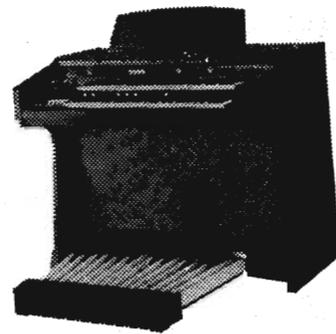
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About this issue

The richness of the quality of life of a people or a society is rooted in the hearts and minds of the people comprising that group. This quality is manifest not in the accumulation of material wealth (the usual criteria in pragmatically minded-society) but in the way in which individuals "give of themselves."

Within the Mennonite community, and at a much more individual level, we are affected most by those who "give of themselves." In this issue we are publishing two articles about men who did give of themselves—Bruno Schmidt and Rev. A. H. Unruh. The two men occupied widely different roles in life — one man is little known and the other fairly well known.

Prof. Reynold Siemens, musician and professor of English, writes a highly personal account of the way in which cellist Bruno Schmidt affected his life. It is an illustration of how one man affected one other man's life through the highly personal and intellectual medium of music.

Prof. Herb Giesbrecht, of the Mennonite Brethren Bible College, writes short sketch of Rev. A. H. Unruh — a man whose influence was felt in the lives of those who came near him, in his church constituency, and in the Mennonite circles at large. Unruh's life is an example at a different level of how a generous heart and a strong mind can make a difference.

Schmidt was a musician and Unruh a theologian — it is this difference in life work that perhaps accounts for the difference in the way each is remembered. Because Mennonites have tended generally to be more comfortable speaking in religious contexts, Unruh made the greater impact and is the more remembered (this observation should not, however, be construed as an attempt to minimize his intellectual power, which in itself would have made him eminent). But there is nothing in the Mennonite tradition to help them to appreciate the musical contribution given at the level of a man such as Schmidt. The non-Mennonite community, because of its somewhat different view of the arts, knew more about Schmidt and his ability than his own people.

The articles of Schmidt and Unruh are illustrations of how two men used their minds and talents to affect those around them; but at the same time the articles must remind us that we must learn to appreciate all of the talents found in people — even to the extent of making an effort when faced with a talent that is new to the usual pattern.

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Cover Photo: George Sawatzky, proprietor of Winkler Photo Studios, Ltd., had three of his photographs selected for exhibition in the annual show of the Professional Photographers of Canada association this year. The cover photo, entitled *Dandelion*, is one of those photos. The photo is also a reminder of the summer that has just slipped past.

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Reviews

An impressive Mennonite writer, Andreas Schroeder, has recently published a book of short stories entitled *The Late Man*. Schroeder, whose parents came from Danzig, was born in Hoheneggelsen, Germany, in 1946. His family came to Canada in 1951 and settled eventually in British Columbia, where he now resides. *The Late Man* was published in 1971 by the Sono Nis Press of B.C.

The book is a collection of short stories. One might compare the style of the short stories to "modern art." That is, the reader must interpret the meaning of the stories, just as the viewer of a modern painting or sculpture must feel with the artist that which he seeks to express. The stories are fables or parables of contemporary life, and reveal the author's unique sense of humour and great skill in the use of the English language. The first story, from which the title of the book is taken, is about a fisherman who does not conform in a community where all conform. Perhaps it is the story of all artistic, creative people. Another interesting parable is entitled "The Freeway." It tells of a journey undertaken by a girl Magda and an old man. Although in a great hurry to reach their destination, they seem to be making no progress, and the story ends as Grandfather gets off the bus and leave the girl to continue the "journey" alone.

This book will be appreciated by those willing to use their imagination and to think seriously along with the writer.

The author has been the winner of three Canada Council grants as well as a National Film Board grant. He is co-editor of a literary journal and host of a television program on Canadian verse. He is critic and columnist for The Vancouver Province and a free-lance broadcaster for the CBC. The story of *The Late Man* has been made into a 40-minute colour film.

The first critical review in a scholarly journal of Reynold Siemens' book, *The Wordsworth Collection* (University of Alberta Press, 1971) appeared recently in *The Dalhousie Review*. It reads in part: "Classified, catalogued, and properly indexed for the first time, the Dove Cottage Papers as outlined in this catalogue are once and for all brought firmly under control.... Wordsworth scholars will find the handbook indispensable."

Also, as a result of Dr. Siemens' publication and reaction to it he was invited to be a guest of the romanticism panel at the Modern Language Association conference held in April in Saratoga Springs, New York. mm

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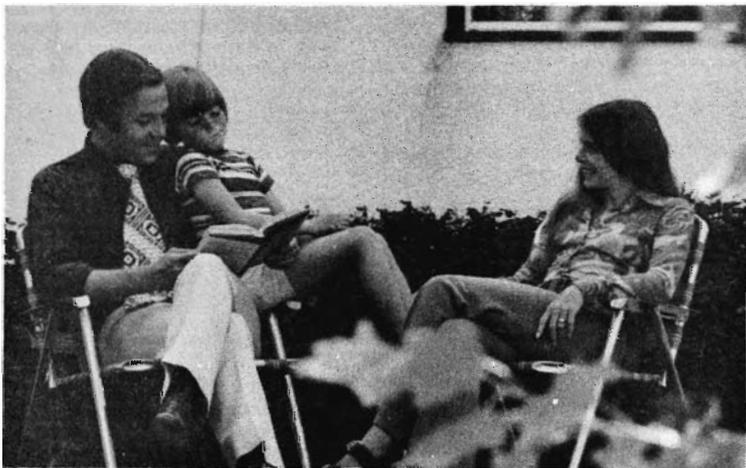
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Authorized by S. Wopnford

Bruno Schmidt

an almost forgotten man



He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more
lovely.

1

Some...

Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime.

I did not like the way it had ended. There seemed something intrinsically wrong about putting a man who had given the beauty of music to many thousands of hearers into an unmarked grave and forgetting about him post-haste. I had felt this way from the afternoon of his funeral in September, 1950, and was haunted by this feeling and thoughts of his end at 55 frequently enough afterwards to know that the spectre of the manner of our farewell to him would not easily be allayed.

Last winter the ghost of the cellist, Bruno Schmidt, was to trouble me again, and now with a persistence that sought relief and expression. My ruminations on the death of Michael Rabin in January at 35, from a fall in his New York apartment, played a part in reawakening his spirit. I had known Michael and worked intimately with him when I was little more than a boy, just as I had known and worked with Bruno. Michael and I and two others formed a quartet when he was 18 and at the height of his fame, having already given nearly 100 solo performances with the New York Philharmonic. A few years before, at 13, he had thrilled and amazed the music world with his record of the Paganini *Caprices*. He was then the brightest star in the galaxy

Note: Verse mottos from Shelley's *Adonais*.

of violin prodigies. But circumstances were to change all too soon for Michael. In his 20's he developed emotional disorders followed by increasingly fewer invitations to perform, often insultingly low fees and, near the end, a medical dependency on drugs. And now he was dead of a fall, his star eclipsed, his memory already approaching the borders of oblivion.

On a mid-March afternoon I studied a photo I keep in my cello case of our

**RECOLLECTIONS OF
THE LAST DAYS
OF BRUNO SCHMIDT
by Reynold Siemens**

quartet, proudly standing beneath a huge evergreen on a summer's day, our clothes bleached by the bright sun that hit us. There was our violist, Elizabeth, on the left; she plays infrequently now. Next to her stood Michael looking every bit like a cherub on the label of an Angel record. Then Stella, a gorgeous violinist who was soon to soar to a meteoric career in Europe, sharing engagements with David Oistrakh, until one evening she placed her beautiful Guarnerius del Gesù into its case never to play another note. Few understood why. I see her now and again but know better than to ask. Beside Stella I was to be seen leaning on my cello. Putting the photo aside I looked out into the darkening sky, slowly shifting my gaze onto the wintry fields of the University of Alberta farms with the deep and heavily wooded ravine beyond. What is one to make of such matters I wondered? Why were Bruno, the superb cel-

list, Michael and Stella given their brilliant musical gifts only to be either struck dead prematurely or allowed to lapse into silence? Why the encouragement and applause heaped on them young only to be withheld later on? Why were they permitted to make their great and early commitments of self to art, invest heavily, endure trials, if the end is silence?

2

*Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been.*

A week later I resolved that something — I did not know what — had to be done to commemorate Bruno and the music, "like incarnations of the stars," he had presented to us. I knew even his own people had largely forgotten him. This fact had been made clear to me since his death when speaking to them about him, many of whom were not sure they had ever heard of him.

I recalled particularly one winter evening in the late 1950's. Together with three Winnipeg Mennonites I had gone to hear the opera *Tosca* at the Winnipeg Auditorium. After the performance we walked up Memorial Boulevard, briskly threading our way through a soft fall of snow to a restaurant across from the Bay on Portage Avenue. Comfortably seated, we turned our discussions to the beautiful cello quartet in the last act with its passionate and haunting line for the principal cello. I pointed out in a matter-of-fact way that I believed this was the kind of melody Bruno Schmidt would have played exquisitely. Having made the observation I waited for some knowled-

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geable response from my companions, but I waited in vain. Two did not know his name while the third "thought" he had heard of Bruno "long ago, two or three years ago."

Clearly something had to be done. So the last day in March, during a brief stopover in Winnipeg, I phoned Dr. Roy Vogt of the *Mennonite Mirror*, hoping to interest his journal in writing an article on Bruno. It was early morning on that chilly Good Friday when I called, but I felt my idea could not wait until I was in Winnipeg again. I had envisioned supplying details about Bruno's last years to Roy's staff, having them compose the article; I said as much to him, but before a minute had elapsed I had agreed to record my recollections of Bruno Schmidt.

3

*Over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.*

His body was laid to rest on the 19th of September, 22 years ago. It was one of those fall days when the sky lies close to the earth leaden and menacing like an impregnable cover as the movement from autumn to winter is hastened. Without our aid the mutation of the seasons literally occurs before our eyes, our regret leaving the inevitable progress unchanged.

The service itself was held in the then unfinished and unheated basement of the Mennonite Church. Construction was proceeding zealously overhead, and I can vouch that not a beat was missed by the workmen's hammers to accommodate the summary rites conducted below as the nails were driven home. Attending were various fellow musicians of Bruno's from the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra and the CBC, including Dr. Walter Kaufmann, his wife Freda Trepel, Eric Wild and Adelaide Sinclair. But few of his own people were present; hardly a handful of those thousands who had heard him on Good Fridays for nearly two decades with his moving renditions in the *Suehnopfer* attended this brief though not so

Suehnopfer Choir, circa 1950, with John Konrad as conductor and Bruno Schmidt, cellist, immediately to the right of Konrad.

beautiful and entertaining performance. A few wreaths lay on his coffin. The service concluded as it had begun to the steady staccato of hammering.

Brookside Cemetery was trying to put on a brave face, defying the hint of winter in the air, as Bruno was lowered. Belated flowers, yellow and blue, green grass and hardy maples wearing manes of red were to be seen. The first winter storm was near, however, and in weeks clouds of snow would be racing over the graveyard, their icy tatters catching the tops of tombstones. Then the brave leaves would be torn from their boughs and show like crimson splashes in the snows of winter.

4

*Sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.*

Not until my 14th year did I actually meet Bruno and hear him play. The occasion was a spring *Saengerfest*, a truly mammoth affair held in the cavernous Winnipeg Auditorium. Large though that structure was, its walls were bursting from the multitudes within. Thousands — mothers, babes in arms, young girls, men — filled the seats and spilled into the aisles and onto the steps, moving with a peasant freedom, animation and unsophistication that is not common to concert halls. The choir itself, a group composed of individual choirs from the country and Winnipeg, seemed to my young eyes almost as huge as the audience. Bruno was a member of the accompanying orchestra and I had been asked by Dr. K. H. Neufeld, or K. H. as many called him, to share a stand with him.

K. H. conducted the program and was in his glory. During the year he had painstakingly organized it, trooping from church to church, encountering innumerable obstacles, working with persistence and singleness of purpose in rehearsing the choirs and, finally, luring them to the auditorium for the climactic event. And now, radiating a justifiable pride, he was in his glory. In the morning he worked briskly and efficiently with the choir and musicians, interspersing phrases of music in his huge Russian bass voice, criticizing the balance or peppering his commentary with banter to keep his hearers attentive. One joke he delighted to tell, and I believe recounted

on this occasion, was about himself as a member of the choir in heaven he

would join. This is the way it went: there would be myriads in the soprano section, an equal number in the altos, the same in the tenors, but only K. H. in the bass. During rehearsal God would stop the singers and single out the bass for criticism. "Not so loud in the bass," He would warn sternly, and then continue His conducting. Another popular tale had it that when K. H. got to Heaven he hoped to play on the mythical thousand-stringed cello ("*dey dusent-seidje*").

Minutes prior to the early afternoon dress rehearsal the chair beside me was still vacant. When suddenly, unannounced and almost unobserved, a distinguished-looking figure a year or two over 50, smartly dressed in a blue serge suit and carrying a cello, emerged from the shadows of one of the vestibule doors and strode swiftly through the ranks of the orchestra and seated himself beside me. Preoccupied, he did not introduce himself, but there was little need to tell me who this man was. His stately manner, quiet dignity, and the intense seriousness with which he was evidently approaching the engagement immediately indicated to me that I was in the presence of an instrumentalist of a different order from others around me. With an economy of time he adjusted the end-pin of his cello, tightened his bow, stretched his supple hands, placed a pencil on our music stand and so was ready to begin. He betrayed no emotion as he played, leaning into his cello and wrapping his body about it — no emotion, that is, other than that imbued in his tone, a steady flow of passionate and magic sound pouring from the fountain of his instrument. During pauses in the rehearsal he remained taciturn, speaking only to make a necessary query, sustaining his attitude of high dedication in the midst of the activity about him.

The concert consisted largely of chorales and other hymns and an oratorio, though K. H. himself had also arranged a few pieces for choir alternating antiphonally with solo cello. Few then heard Bruno's tender and artful phrases — as beautiful as Viola Horch's *Es Ist Vollbracht*. The secrets of his heart, transmitted through his tone and phrases



tremulous with feeling, were crushed beneath shuffling feet and other noises. The gems he held up to view, his phrases flowering to heaven, fell all but wasted there. His people were ready for Saengerfest but they were not ready for him, the voice of the poet in the wilderness. When the program finished Bruno left as he had arrived, disappearing from the body of the hall by the darkened side-door through which he had made his entry.

5

*Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they tranfuse with fitting
truth to speak.*

In winter a couple of years later I learned that Bruno was to perform a cello and orchestra version in Winnipeg of Wagner's song to Hesperus or the Evening Star. I determined to hear him, preferably in the casual atmosphere of a rehearsal rather than at the concert itself. So together with a school-friend and fellow music-lover, Laura Hiebert, I successfully arranged to get from Winkler to Winnipeg for a rehearsal.

That winter set a record for snowfall and drifting snow in Manitoba. Day after day snow decorated rooftops of Winkler houses like so much icing put on pastries of various shapes and sizes. For weeks the highways had been nearly impassable, snow-ploughs working constantly, carving into them like knives through a frosted cake. But on the appointed day Thiessen's bus left Winkler at 8:00 a.m. with Laura and me on it, crunched to the outskirts of town and then rapidly headed east through iced gulleys so deep only a canopy overhead was needed to transform them into enchanted tunnels.

The rehearsal was held on the third floor of the Free Press Building; we arrived shortly before it began, found two folding-chairs behind the bass section and made ourselves comfortable. We were situated so that I enjoyed an unhindered view of Bruno although Laura, seated on my right, had to lean toward me almost putting her head on my shoulder to avoid the unexpected obstruction created by the left elbow of a bassist when he put himself into action.

There, far up front beside the conductor's podium sat Bruno, wearing a mantle of dignity, his brow wrapped in a wreath of concentration. A frenetic and busy overture with the strings scurrying about, the brass blowing and percussion never idle opened the session. This completed, the conductor picked up the score of the *Song to the Evening Star*, asked Bruno if he was ready to play, noticed his nod of assent and started to conduct. His bow had hardly touched the strings when an ineffable transfiguration began to occur, changing that previously noisy rehearsal room like the metamorphosis of a larva transfusing lustrous skeins of silk into a beautiful butterfly. Bruno's line opened serenely, almost imperceptibly, the single

voice of his instrument releasing itself from the womb of silence so quietly that the orchestra was nearly accompanying stillness, the cello's music too internal as yet to have more than a barely sensible existence of its own. Then, as his fingers moved from G to D and started their measured chromatic descent, the modulation from restraint and quiescence to amplitude gradually ensued, the tone of the cello now dilating in a crescendo of sound and substance until, ripe with its own timbre and richness, the phrase burst in a dying fall of Bb, A and G. It was in the bearing of this phrase to the G, to the moment of gestation, the culmination of resonance and emotion to maturity, that its natural magic lay.

The playing of these opening notes of the *Song to the Evening Star* convinced me, a mere boy in his mid-teens, that the performer was some charmed traveller in a celestial chariot soaring with his cello through the unseen with the familiarity and brilliance of the Evening Star itself, bringing down from a heavenly realm, the secrets of which he knew, light and loveliness to shine in ours. He made that world visible, drawing its outlines with his gifted and delicate hands, for us to see and store in the dwelling-place of our hearts and minds.

After Bruno's playing ended I turned to Laura and expressed the thoughts I have recorded here. As we talked I noticed for the first time that afternoon the velvet dress she was wearing; it was the color of lavender, perfumed with a fragrance that held me.

*Reynold Siemens has just produced a new recording, 33 rpm, which features a reading of the above article by the actor John Friesen, in addition to a reading by the humorist and philosopher Paul Hiebert of some of his own works, and a cello selection played by Siemens. It is available for \$5 from Menno Classics
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*On the withering flower
The killing sun shines brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood,
even while the heart may break.*

The Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra's 1949-50 season opened with a concert on Thursday, September 22nd. It included, among lesser works, Brahms' *Symphony No. 1 in C Minor* and Sibelius' tone poem, the *Swan of Tuonela*, best known for its sombre English horn solo and bewitching solo cello obligato passages that adorn it. I was a member of the symphony by then and proud of the fact.

Shortly after lunch I left the United College dormitory for the dress rehearsal at the Auditorium with Laura as my companion. We walked jauntily down Spence Street, then east along Portage Avenue to the Bay, turned south at Memorial Boulevard and proceeded to St. Mary's Avenue and the auditorium. There had been a touch of frost that morning but now the air was warm, laden with the smells of autumn encapsuled beneath a sunny canopy of sky. Scents of freshly threshed crops were carried from tractless fields into the very heart of Winnipeg and the hearts of two country youngsters free to make their fortunes.

At St. Mary's and Vaughan Street we turned toward the stage entrance, staying on the right, entering the dense shadows of the large auditorium blocking the rays of the afternoon sun. A sagging fence ran between the sidewalk and the building and we followed it, hardly saying a word now, anticipating with a little nervousness the practice that was to begin shortly. When unexpectedly, crouched not far from the stage door, loomed the form of Bruno, his cello in a light cloth case lying behind him. He had awkwardly seated himself on the unsteady fence and was barely maintaining his balance by putting his elbows on his knees and cupping his head in his hands. As we approached I noticed that he was breathing heavily and that his face was feverish and flushed. It occurred to me to carry his cello inside for him, but when I extended the offer he declined it, courteously though firmly, glancing up at me with a trace of a smile as he spoke his few words of thanks. He looked at Laura too, standing beside me in a blue dress with a red scarf arranged around her neck. His gaze was brief although questioning and penetrating, as if he wished to ask her something. But the expression vanished as quickly as it had appeared and he left unsaid whatever it was he might have wanted to say.

7

*He...made bare his branded and ensanguined
brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's —
oh! that it should be so!*

Eager for the concert to begin, I was one of the first to arrive at the auditorium that evening. With the respectful silence I believed due a stage before performance I walked through the east entrance into the yet unlighted wings and paused there, noiselessly putting down my cello. I thought I was alone, when across the stage within the sable folds of the opposite wings Bruno's figure became visible to me standing beside a harp case. In evening dress, he looked to me like a magician capable of executing feats of supernatural daring. Oblivious of my



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presence, and in the process of removing his cello from its case, he interrupted his motions momentarily to take the handkerchief from his lapel pocket and dab his eyes and forehead.

Transfixed by some spirit I stood riveted in the darkness scrutinizing him rather than calling out as I would normally have done. Then once more he took his large white handkerchiefs and put it to his eyes, wiping them as though they suffered a strain from reading too many cello parts and raised it slowly to his brow before again replacing it neatly. Anybody watching him would have said that his health was precarious.

8

*He, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Actaeon-like, and now he fled astray*
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds,
their father and their prey.*

The massiveness and spiritual earnestness of the Brahms *Symphony* notwithstanding, the major success of the concert was the *Swan of Tuonela* by Sibelius. The two solo instruments, played respectively by Stanley Wood and Bruno, reply to each other, the melody played by the cor anglais, the cello moving repeatedly from bass depth to its higher registers. Sometimes they intertwine, their lines interlacing; or the cor anglais moves for bars unembellished by the cello as the latter is absorbed into the resources of the strings. Near the composition's end the strings move upward in a final unearthly modulation which delivers another onimous cello arpeggio, a gesture of farewell before the portals of the music close.

Tuonela, the dark afterworld or inferno of mythology, is "surrounded by a large river with black waters and a rapid current." S. Roy Maley's program notes articulate the concern of this music as follows: "It depicts the ultimate passage of the disembodied soul to the caverns of Tuonela, before reaching which, nine seas and a river must be crossed. A beautiful sacred swan now moves gracefully across the river, singing a strange wild song, now floating with scarcely any motion among the dark crags, now slowly flapping her . . . wings above the deadly whirlpool. A melody of terrible loneliness and passionate melancholy . . . is the song of the swan."

The musicians led by the soloists revealed that supernatural creature, the swan, and its unseen message to the ears of the listeners, their resonant motifs "actual ideas," as Proust would put it "of another world, of another order, ideas veiled in shadows, unknown, impenetrable by the human mind, . . . which we have been content to regard as valueless and waste and void." Was Sibelius some brother of this Bruno who, also, "must have suffered so greatly; what could his life have been? From the depths of what well of sorrow could he have drawn that god-like strength, that unlimited power

**Note: The allusion is to the myth of Actaeon and Diana. Actaeon, a young hunter, accidentally saw the chaste and beautiful goddess Diana bathing in a mountain stream. In punishment she changed him into a deer and he was torn limb from limb by his hounds.*

of creation?" Bruno touched that swan and captured its eternal enigma and loveliness, bearing it to his hearers, silent worshippers in the temple the auditorium had become. He was privy to the greatest secrets of the gods and man; and, like Prometheus, he paid a high price for his knowledge. Yet his insights, like supernal captives, and his gift of transmitting them enthroned in sound were also a signal triumph. For he made the pain and dread of the terminal passage less inevitable as he touched and held the swan with his hands, graceful hands which slowly moved and quivered making the swan come alive; he sang of that one swan, treading continuously from the present to the hereafter, from life to death, from south to north, bearing its freight through

treacherous and fearful waters.

9

*Like flowers that mock the corpse beneath,
He had adorned and hid
the coming bulk of Death.*

As the music season wore on Bruno accepted fewer and fewer engagements. He missed the November 24th Symphony concert according to my program. I am certain he would have liked to have played it, for Zara Nelsova was the featured soloist performing the Dvorak *Cello Concerto in B Minor* and her star was decidedly in the ascendency.

When Bruno came out of retreat it sometimes happened that we shared a stand. He seemed less loathe to speak now or offer advice in a friendly way,

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and there were times he even joked. One day he said to me, standing with his cello and bow in one hand and the right thumb of the other comfortably placed in his vest pocket, a sly twinkle in his eye: "You know, my boy, you can invariably recognize a truly professional cellist by one unmistakable sign. He always has a mute and a pencil handy."

One evening in late spring we, as part of a concert orchestra, were playing a CBC broadcast on the Sunday Evening Concert series. It came from the second floor of the old Trinity Hall. Bruno and I were located at the north end across from the stairway and entrance on the south. Our cello cases lay thrown casually over folding-chairs behind us while we perched high up on a couple of small rectangular podiums that served as sound-boxes. The performance had just begun, the musicians' concentration screwed to the highest pitch, when I heard a distinctly foreign noise. I glanced beside me and noticed Bruno's bow tumble to the floor. As I raised my eyes his frame appeared slumped over his cello, heaving as if in fatal throes. My immediate impulse was to put down my instrument and come to his aid. When I stopped playing, however, he indicated by motions of his head that he wished no interruption of the performance on his behalf or assistance. After the broadcast three of the musicians lifted Bruno from his chair, carried him down the flight of steps into a car and drove him to the hospital. Bruno was never to play again.

10

*The magic tone...
Whose master's hand is cold,
whose silver lyre unstrung.*

His hospital room looked out onto lawn and Portage Avenue beyond with its steady traffic. I usually visited in the evenings finding him dressed in a house-coat and slippers, either lying on his bed or seated nearby. Never did he fail to extend a hand when I arrived or otherwise indicate his pleasure on seeing me. But he had become his taciturn and preoccupied self again and we would sit together for long stretches hardly saying a word. He at no time complained although once, when I asked him directly the nature of his illness, he gave a reply that left little doubt that his health was completely shattered. Occasionally I met musicians in his room or was told the names of those who had seen him. Yet, except for Rev. J. H. Enns, I did not learn of one of his own people coming.

From Deer Lodge he was transferred to the King Edward Memorial Hospital. I recollect visiting here in shorter periods than heretofore and generally in the afternoons and between assignments rather than in the longer evenings. He was always in bed now, not well enough to move to greet me, and only infrequently extended his hand. As I entered his room, though, and we exchanged glances of acknowledgement, he wore the look of one who had been anticipating my arrival.

I remember especially one call on a beautiful Indian summer's day in September. The sidewalk from the bus stop to the hospital took me by many large trees, their leaves illuminated and touched by the sun's light, supreme in their beauty. His room had a western exposure and sunbeams poured through

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large windows making the neutral colors of the walls and ceiling come alive. Bruno was lying in the hot sun, bathed in a fever and an arm hanging limply beside his bed. I moved nearer softly speaking to him and repeating his name, but he was in a coma and did not hear. When I departed it was with the realization that I had paid my last call on Bruno Schmidt.

11

*The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines,
Earth's shadows fly.*

An indestructible impulse to give is part of the artist's nature. But this impulse, necessary to the realization of his gift, can also be a weakness for it makes him highly vulnerable to the forces of human carelessness. In the heat of creation, while he is forging divine things in the smithy of his imagination and singing his "hymns unbidden," these forces are incidental to him alongside his compulsion to give. His guard down he can be destroyed. Yet the singular talents of a Bruno Schmidt in his prime are priceless. Let us not forget that they cannot be created or acquired for all the money in the world.

Art flows through individual artists like a stream, its source the creative Eternal Imagination. Creative fire is breathed upon successions of individuals who must deliver the gift to the world or else they die; the flame and fever become too intense. Sorrows or death at last terminate the artist's finest earthly efforts. But he must utter his song even in their shadows as long as he is granted breath. A record is kept of his attempts. When he begins to consider his performance as finger exercises or, at the most, dress rehearsals for that Eternal Music, that Great Saengerfest of which he will be made a part, he is coming to grips with a burden that those labor under who have received the gift; and the discrepancy between the ideal music audible to his inner ear and the transitory and imperfect sounds heard by his fleshly ear will become less formidable. The ideal music is the music of the spheres, composed of "the splendors of the firmament of time" and scored against a background of darkness and silence.

Thou wert the morning star among the living

Ere thy fair light had fled;—

*Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendor to the dead.*

* * *

Author's Note

In addition to my personal recollections of Mr. Schmidt I may mention that he was born February 26, 1895 in the Kuban, Russia. As a youth he enjoyed a career that took him to the major Russian music centers of his time including

Kiev, Moscow, Odessa, Kharkov and St. Petersburg. It is believed that he taught at the Moscow Conservatory and was at one time principal cellist of the St. Petersburg Opera Orchestra. He married in Russia but the Revolution separated him from his wife.

A very valuable cello he once owned — the instrument that helped bring him his early fame — was lost during the course of his escape from Russia to Canada. He arrived in this country September 22nd, 1923 and settled first in Saskatchewan. About 1930 he moved to Winnipeg where he was appointed principal cellist of various orchestras including the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra. He performed frequently in Manitoba as recitalist and orchestra soloist.

In the 1940's tragedies began to exact their price from Mr. Schmidt. Apparently he could never forget the separations mentioned above; as one Winnipeg musician put it, "he had left a part of himself elsewhere." He was the victim of poverty and various illnesses, including advanced

tuberculosis.

Bruno Schmidt was a man of great reserve and invited few confidences. He died as he had lived in his last years, stoical and a solitary. His home was a room in a boarding-house on Cauchon Street.

Finally, his grave remains unmarked by even the most modest stone. mm

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Abraham H. Unruh (1878-1961);

A man for all seasons

by Herbert Giebrecht

The epithet which Robert Bolt, applied to Sir Thomas More *A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS*, is a peculiarly apt description of that English chancellor. The epithet also comes to mind, and not unjustly, in reference to another man — a man who never achieved anything approaching the eminence of More but who is still vividly and affectionately remembered by many associated with the Mennonite Brethren (earlier) in Russia and (later) in America.

The man is Abraham H. Unruh — a man endowed with teaching and preaching abilities who served his God and his people with integrity, devotion, and effectiveness. His life and ministry spanned World War I and the Russian Revolution, with all of its unhappy and unpropitious consequences for Mennonites generally, their large-scale immigration to America, and their gradual adjustment and acculturation in this "strange and foreign land."

It was a time, which embraced a succession of "seasons" that, at first startled, then unsettled, and eventually transformed the people among whom Abraham Unruh ministered. Unruh did not live to see all the configurations — cultural and religious — to which that process of "transformation" has given way at present. A close consideration of the perspectives and convictions that controlled his personal life and public ministry suggest he could *not* have welcomed, with unqualified approval, *all* of these developments. And yet the dominating impression to be gained from such a consideration is of a man with unfettered mind and truly magnanimous spirit.

Born (in 1878) in the Crimean village of Timir-Bulat — a village comprised of people with a rich diversity in religious affiliation and activity — and within a family which had already produced gifted teachers and preachers, Abraham sensed the sheer power of religious conviction and influence early in life. Tragedy befell his family in 1883, when his father Heinrich Benjamin, a preacher and elder of the Krimmer Mennonite Church,

suddenly died of pneumonia. The children, because of the dire poverty of the Unruh family, had now to be cared for by friends and relatives. This affected Abraham deeply though he was then a lad of five. Abraham was himself one of the three children assigned to other families and, it was his good fortune to be taken into the home of an uncle, Cornelius Unruh, a competent and demanding teacher who taught at the secondary school in Orloff, Taurien.

Although his teacher-training in Halbstadt did not impress Unruh as either stimulating (intellectually) or compelling (morally), he was taught, he admits, to think logically and to write clearly and coherently. When, in later years, Unruh was questioned about the beginnings and background of his "call" to a preaching ministry — the sort of questioning which he evaded, he confided: "The urge to preach was latent in our family. My father was a preacher, my uncle was a preacher, my brothers were preachers. It was quite natural, therefore, that within myself — after my conversion to Christ — the urge to preach the Word of God should emerge. I was then also motivated to read widely, especially to read the sermons of Spurgeon."

After teacher-training (in Russian) in Perekop and Simferopol, Unruh began a teaching career that was to continue, in a variety of contexts, for some 60 years! Between 1895 and 1903 Unruh taught in the elementary school of the Crimean village of Menlertschick. It was during his first teaching year that he committed himself to Christ, after a period of inner doubt and anguish, and requested baptism of the Mennonite Brethren Church. Because of this religious experience, others inform us, Unruh exerted considerable moral and spiritual influence on students and friends. It was here that he married (in 1900) Katharina Toews from Spat, and here that he received his mother — to live with them as a member of the family — after having been separated from her for some 12 years.

In 1903 Abraham Unruh accepted a teaching post in the elementary school

of Barwenkowo, Charkow. Difficult experiences suffered within the immediate family (deaths of two children, and a near-fatal illness of his wife) during the early years of teaching here did not discourage them. In 1904, he was ordained to the ministry; and in the same year Unruh successfully completed a "house examination" to qualify for secondary school instruction in the German language. He was then invited to teach German literature (to Russian students) in the "Kommerzschule" in Barwenkowo where he held his own, as teacher and counselor, alongside university-trained colleagues for nine years.

During these years, and in a school context that was secular in nature, Unruh sought, in a manner which became characteristic of him, to influence students and teachers spiritually. He wanted to do what was in his power to help his students — but always with gentlemanly grace and tact — to integrate knowledge acquired in the study of the arts with broadly-conceived Christian perspectives.

During the war (between 1915 and 1917) Unruh served as a secretary in a Red Cross office (Sanitaetsdienst) first in Dnjepropetrowsk and later in Odessa. In both places he took advantage of opportunities to preach the Gospel of Christ to both Mennonite and Russian folk. After his release from "Sanitaetsdienst" in 1917, he continued briefly as instructor in the Barwenkowo School but, sensing that a new hostility towards German-speaking people in Russia and a growing secularism in its government-controlled schools which was beginning to weaken the commitment of his Mennonite people to certain spiritual ideals and principles, Unruh decided to teach in Mennonite schools. For two years he was "head teacher" of the Karassan secondary school, and then (in 1920) moved to teach in the recently established Bible Institute at Tschongaw, Crimea.

The story of Unruh's ministry (together with such colleagues as Johann G. Wiens, the founder of the school, Heinrich Braun, J. Friesen, and Gerhard Reimer)

in this, the first, Bible institute among all of the Mennonites in Russia, is enthralling. And a reading of Unruh's own accounts of the history of this Institute is enough to convince one of the impact which it had on the Mennonite constituency in Russia during its short life (1918-1924) and of its significance for later ventures in "theological education" in Canada. However, opposition to the Tschongraw Institute from the local (Crimean) government forced its closure in 1924. In the same year the Unruhs immigrated to Canada and moved into the second phase of their "odyssey" of faith — one closely linked to the pilgrimage of their own people.

During this first "season" of his life — a season during which skies were frequently overcast and the weather stormy — Abraham Unruh stood forth as a man "suited to the times". He proved himself a man who could discern the cultural and religious trends of his "time," the needs of his people within the context of that "time," and as a man who, among other and older leaders in the Mennonite Brethren Church, could speak to those needs.

The immigration of Unruh and his family illustrates how much he was already appreciated by those who knew him. When a certain P. E. Penner (in Nebraska) enquired whom he ought to assist financially, in regard to immigration, one of Unruh's former students (at the Tschongraw Institute), Johann Siemens, immediately directed his attention to Abraham Unruh. The Unruhs were able, with this help, to come to Canada, in 1924, where they settled, first in Gretna and then in Winkler. Here, Unruh realized immediately, he could continue to serve his own people with that gift which God had entrusted to him. It was a propitious time for him to have come for the Mennonite Brethren were considering the establishment of a Bible institute. Unruh was, of course, interested but deemed it wise to consult Wilhelm Bestvater, then principal of the one Mennonite Brethren institution (Herbert Bible Institute, begun in 1921), concerning the advisability of such action. Encouraged by Bestvater and members of the local church to offer himself as instructor, Unruh began evening classes in the winter of 1925 and, in the fall of 1926, opened day classes in the home of a friend (C. Warkentin). Before the next school year was out, Unruh found himself teaching with two former colleagues — Johann Wiens and Gerhard Reimer — who had also just emigrated from Russia to Canada.

Other men assisted these teachers — A. H. Redekop, H. H. Redekop, A. A. Kroeker, G. D. Pries, and Ben Horch — and within a few years the school, first known as the Priel Bible School (later, as the Winkler Bible Institute), exerted educational and spiritual influence far beyond the borders of Manitoba. Something of its development, and of its adaptation to the changing needs of its students, can be gleaned from the pages of several periodicals; *Das Zeugnis der Schrift* (1925-29), edited by W. J. Bestvater and A. H. Unruh; *Die Antwort* (1934-35), edited by A. H. Unruh; and *Die Mennonitische Rundschau* (articles in issues between the years 1935 and 1944). These periodicals fail, however, to reflect full measure of this man, as instructor and preacher, or as church statesman. Be-

cause of a modesty in writing about his own activities, articles in these journals tell little about the importance and impact of his work. The later is revealed, all the more strongly in the testimonies of his former students, and, of course, in the lectures and sermons which many still remain in manuscript form.

In 1944 Unruh was invited to begin instruction in a "Bible college" ("hoehere Bibelschule") in Winnipeg, to be sponsored and financed by the entire Mennonite Brethren constituency in Canada. Once again, his qualifications loomed large, and it became evident to all concerned that Unruh was the right man to assume the new assignment. While he prudently relinquished the presidency after one year, because of his own limitations in the English language, his remarkable teaching ability was acknowledged and appreciated throughout his college career (1944-54). The fact that this man, though not highly educated in terms of university or seminary training (he did acquire B.A. and Th. B. degrees at Tabor College, and was granted an honorary D.D. degree by Bethel College), remained so closely in touch with current discussions in theology and education amazed students and preachers alike. Those who knew him intimately, knew that Unruh devoted hours of his time to the study of the books of leading theologians and thinkers. For instance, while he was shaped in his own theological thinking by the conservative theologian Adolf Schlatter, he read the writings of Karl Barth and Reinhold Niebuhr long before they became known to fellow preachers and teachers, and read them sympathetically as well as critically! Moreover, he used what he read as "grist for the mill" he was able to allow such reading to broaden his academic outlook, to sharpen his theological focus, and to flavor and enrich his preaching. In so doing, he not only showed his own students how to integrate diverse "bits" of knowledge and central perspectives inherent in the Christian faith but also suggested a teaching approach to other Mennonite teachers. Herein lies one important feature of Unruh's total contribution to those whom he served, a feature which, I think, has not been sufficiently acknowledged.

There are other facets in Abraham Unruh's personality and public ministry that deserve mention, and their inclusion would illustrate his essential greatness and "goodly charm." We must content ourselves, for lack of space, with but a few of them, however.

The wit and wisdom inherent in his humor were thoroughly appreciated by colleagues, students, and fellow preachers; to those staid and solemn folk who could not appreciate his pungent humor, he sometimes confessed: "You do not realize how much of that 'Unruh humor' I withhold by sheer force of will." On one occasion, in the early years of his ministry at the college when a visitor commented on the small number of students in so large a building, Unruh promptly replied: "Ah, but you forget! When God prepared Eden for the human race, He set only two persons into a large garden."

His gentlemanly tact and integrity, — especially evident in debate with those who declared what he considered erroneous "doctrine" or confused logic — constitute another facet to be admired

in Unruh. His written reply (published posthumously in a booklet entitled *Das Wort Sie Sollen Lassen Stan*, and edited by H. P. Toews) to an MB preacher who promulgated what Unruh felt was a strongly antinomian and unscriptural conception of the "security of the believer", affords an example. The reply is a masterpiece of exegetical analysis and logic, and yet its tone remains entirely courteous and chivalrous throughout.

Tact and integrity were evident, in his attempts to promote kindly relations between the Winkler institute and sister schools in other provinces. When he edited the school periodical *Die Antwort*, he constantly invited faculty of these other institutes to contribute articles, and in his own editorials or reports he wrote appreciatively of their endeavours. A pithy remark which appeared in a short editorial of his, written for *Das Zeugnis Der Schrift*, reveals his stance: "Abiaelige Urteile ueber andere Schulen betreiben den Heiligen Geist und untergraben die eigene Schule!"

Unruh's "ecumenical" spirit (older Mennonite Brethren would prefer the term "allianz", here), found expression, for instance, in his ready acknowledgement of the contributions made to both the polity and theology of the Mennonite Brethren Church by other groups such as the Baptists and Plymouth Brethren. It also found expression in his willingness to preach in churches outside his denomination. It found expression in his eagerness to read — as indicated earlier — theologians of the day and to learn from them even while he took issue with certain presuppositions or implications of their theology. It found expression in his efforts to promote a more charitable position on the admission of members to the Mennonite Brethren Church — without a second baptism — who had previously been baptized by a mode other than immersion.

Above all, it found expression in his efforts to bridge prevailing "gaps" — "gaps" in outlook and attitude between rural and urban folk, between well-educated and not so well-educated, between conservative folk and those who yearned for the full "liberation" of mind and spirit. The difficulty on Unruh's endeavours can be appreciated best by those who are acquainted with the cultural insularity and diffidence within Mennonite Brethren communities. The skill and breadth of vision which marked Unruh's work can be appreciated best by those who study his sermons and lectures. But the far-reaching significance of these endeavors can only be guessed at; the untold testimony of individuals touched by the life and thought of Unruh, and the still incomplete witness of history, will tell the whole story! That he was suited to the times and that he served his people well during this second "season" of his life and ministry — of that there can be little doubt.

Unruh's ministry as preacher, teacher, and writer, was an unusually long one. He continued, despite waning strength and failing eyesight, to preach with penetrating insight and power until his death in 1961. Several days before his death (on January 15), he was still able to share, with his nephew, John Toews, the outline of a sermon never preached: "The Search of the Spiritually Enlightened for Jesus Christ". His teaching and writing had been seriously curtailed during the "fif-

A Mennonite businessman
looks back over 20 years as a recording producer

Records by the dozen

by Edward Unrau

If you ask Dave Redekop, president of Redekop Electric Company, how many records he has sold in the two decades he has been in the recording business, he can only answer "thousands and thousands."

He gave such a vague answer because he has never kept track. He does know that he has released "more than one new record per month" within the past few years, with a minimum of 1,000 pressing (copies) per new record.

With thousands of releases already behind him, Mr. Redekop looks forward to many more. He is not overly worried that developments in tape cassettes and audio-visual cassettes will undermine the record business — he anticipates that the two will co-exist with each filling a role it is best adapted to. Indeed, he hinted that when the time is right he too will produce these sophisticated cassettes.

Through the 20 years he has been in the recording business he has made it a point to utilize the new technology. He began by releasing 78 rpm recordings and changed to long-playing, hi-fidelity and stereo releases as technological developments in each made it feasible for his operation.

At the present time Mr. Redekop is watching developments in the audio tape cassette area; he observes that while both the normal cassette and the eight-track cassettes and their respective playback units are now on the market there are still some serious developmental problems that have to be worked out. He plans to wait until the industry has solved some of the developmental problems, and to wait until consumer preference for one or the other system develops, before making any audio tape releases.

Although he speaks articulately of his experiences and problems as a producer

of recordings, he has never made this the main thrust of his business activity — he is best known throughout the province as an electrical contractor.

Surprisingly, the recording part of his business interests has been self-sustaining. He says he has never gone out to "recruit" new artists, they have always come to him. He admits that it's "no way to run a business in this day and age."

Mr. Redekop makes recordings as a result of two major motivations: first, he sees recordings as a way of furthering the Christian gospel through recorded music; second, he sees it as a medium to give local talent an opportunity. Many of the artists he records would never have a chance of making a record if they had to do it through normal commercial channels. He says that these two motives have been the guiding criteria for his work throughout most of the 20 years.

In general, he feels that there must be an outlet for good local talent. By giving an opportunity to as many people as he can who have talent, there then is the very real possibility that they will improve and move on to other opportunities.

The main emphasis in the material Mr. Redekop chooses for his releases are the hymns and music of the great evangelical tradition. "I have found that the type of music people go for is that which 'tugs at the heart strings' ... Good old-fashioned hymns are still real popular when they are well-done." Classical and folk music are also popular today, and Mr. Redekop personally enjoys them both and they also find a place in his shop.

He concedes that the recordings of hymns are most popular with "middle-age" and older people but when it comes to the young it's a different matter. He suggests there has been a "revolution among young people in their tastes of music, and I'm glad it has happened. But



Redekop

it has yet to settle down ... its appeal is not wide enough."

In addition to releasing recordings of evangelical music in English and German, Mr. Redekop has completed some Low-German recordings — a language which is currently in vogue among Mennonite people (many of whom would probably have been embarrassed to speak it out loud in public). One release by Reuben Epp has been so popular that the original pressing of 1,000 copies has been sold out and re-ordered. Mr. Epp is already working on a second, new recording which will be released in the near future. In addition a recording of *Dee Fria* is also near completion.

Within recent months, recordings have also been made for Mark and Rose Gripp in the French language for distribution in French Canadian areas of Canada.

Mr. Redekop started his recording business in the early 1950's when his brother Henry, then principal of the Winkler Bible Institute, asked if it would be possible to record in German some hymns sung by the choir. Mr. Redekop agreed, recognizing that the German-speaking evangelicals of the province had few, if any, sources of religious recorded music in their language.

In those early days, when techniques were so much less demanding and less complex than today, Mr. Redekop took his own recorder to Winkler and did the work himself. For a number of years this trek became an annual event. He continued to do his own recording until the high technical demands of the dawning of the stereo age (and the constraints on his own time) became too great. Now the recording is usually done in the studios of the Gospel Light Hour.

At present he acts as a producer of recordings. When an artist makes an enquiry, he requests that he send in a sample tape. If the test-tape gives evidence of a talent that reasonably meets the standard required for the market, then negotiations proceed until a finished product results. Encouragement is given to artists to prepare programs that will demonstrate ability, contain variations, and appeal to diverse audiences. A taping session in the studios is arranged so that a high quality tape can be sent to the record manufacturer. Cover design, other aspects of production, marketing and warehousing are all part of the operation.

Mr. Redekop says that his market comprises of two overlapping groups — Christians everywhere and Mennonites. Within those two broad areas the content of each record determines who the consumers will be.

In case you may want to buy Mr. Redekop's records you can recognize them by the "REC" stamp on the label. They are usually sold in bookstores serving Mennonite interests. mm



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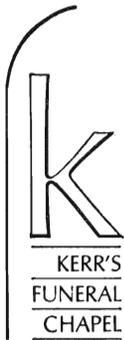
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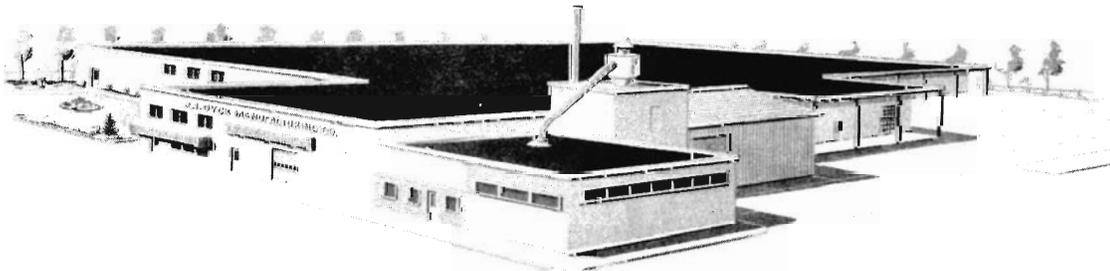
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"I am retired and can do very little reading — I prefer the calm, serene atmosphere of your station"...

"Wir moechten nicht einen Tag ohne diese unsere besten zwei Rundfunksender sein"...

Fifteen years ago in Altona, a 1,000 watt station was established to provide southern Manitoba with a regional radio service. Gradually the operation grew to 5,000 watts, then to 10,000 watts, and in 1963 a second 10,000 watt transmitter — CHSM — began operation in Steinbach. Judging by the letters which poured into the station in response to a 15th anniversary contest in March, CFAM/CHSM is firmly established in the hearts and homes of thousands of Manitobans. Although CFAM/CHSM is the only rural-based station in Manitoba, with coverage geared especially to the rural dweller, it has a large, faithful listening audience in the city. It seems that those who do listen are totally committed — one might say "hooked" on radio southern Manitoba. Many wrote that their dial is set at 950, or 1250, and that is where it stays all day long. One letter said: "Our radio dial is broken, but that's O.K. — it's set at 1250 and we don't want to move it around anyway." Several people mentioned the sense of loss they feel when they drive out of range of CFAM/CHSM signals on their holiday travels. For one mother of four, faced with a move from the province, her main regret was that she couldn't take CFAM with her.

What is it about CFAM/CHSM that has drawn this very loyal audience? (estimated to be between 75,000 — 85,000 people) The basic format has changed very little since the station began broadcasting. Manager Elmer Hildebrand explains that they are trying to do what other stations are not doing. They seek to provide programming for the entire family, a well-balanced diet of news, good music, religious programs, farm news, household hints and children's programs. All the programs except the religious ones are prepared at the station by a staff of 33 people. The religious

programs are pre-packaged and sent in to the station. Mr. Hildebrand said that the station receives many applications to air religious programs far more than the station can handle. Care is taken that all programs which solicit funds show an audited account of their receipts. The station has the trust of the listeners, and the station managers feel that they have a responsibility to protect their audience.

News items, funeral announcements, social notes — such elements combine to provide a link, tying together rural Manitoba in a feeling of community. Mr. Hildebrand feels that the station has "brought the province to the individual."

Important as these aspects of the station's programming may be, the main drawing card is undoubtedly the good music which is aired throughout the day and night. For one admirer, the station's initials stand for "Can't Forget Altona's Music." Quality music, played throughout the day, and from dusk to dawn, is carefully selected by the staff, and new records arrive at the station each day. The station airs no rock and roll, or country and western music. Feeling of the management is that the audience does not want it — those who do may tune in to the many city stations which offer this type of music. Asked whether the station does not thereby lose the younger teenage group because of this policy, Mr. Hildebrand said that if the station played this type of music they would then lose many of their older audience who turn to CFAM/CHSM precisely because "modern" music is not played. He feels that as the teen-agers become young adults their musical preferences change and they do come to prefer the type of music played over the station. Since the music is pleasant and relaxing, one listener described CFAM/CHSM as the "tranquilizer station." For some, the music has other uses; "I also like the music. That's when I try to step dance a bit to get my exercise — even though I am 69 years old!" Very many of the listeners who wrote in during the contest expressed appreciation for the outstanding selection of Christmas music, which helps to make Christmas more meaning-

ful to them.

Asked whether the recent CRTC rulings on Canadian content had affected their programming, the station manager said that it had had a somewhat detrimental effect. They have to repeat Canadian material more than they would like to, and they have to air material which is technically not as good as it could be, simply because local groups do not have the facilities which major U.S. companies have. The station has always sought to promote local talent such as the Mennonite Children's Choir, but have not been able to persuade any national company to produce a recording of the choir. The companies claim that the market for such music is too limited.

The type and frequency of advertising is another factor in programming which appeals to many listeners. The ratio of advertising to programming is well below

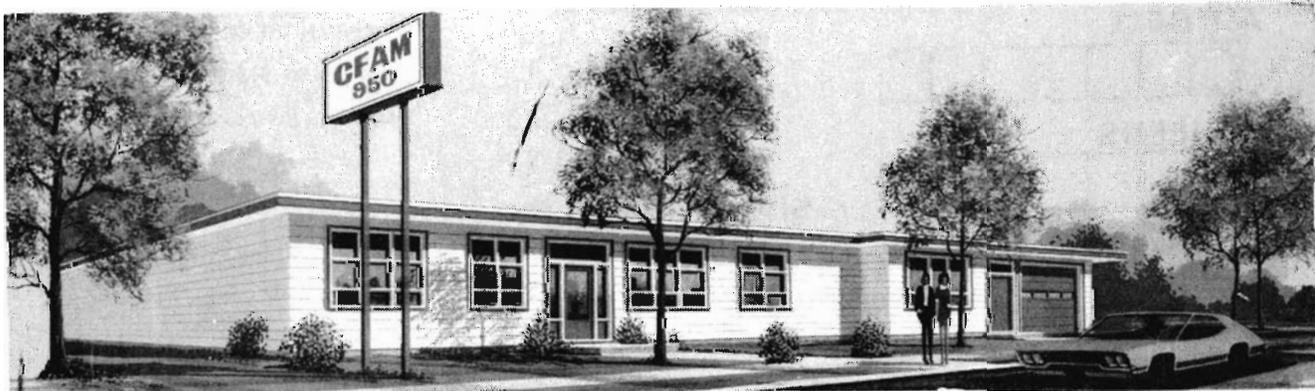
the legal limit, and during some sections of the day there are no interruptions for ads. Advertising for liquor and tobacco is not accepted and care is taken that everything is kept in good taste and is suitable for the whole family.

Manager Elmer Hildebrand has been with the station since its inception in 1957. He started work as a copy writer, then took over responsibility for sales, and has been general manager since 1965. He was recently elected President of the Western Association of Broadcasters, an association of private broadcasters in the prairie provinces. He recently announced that an application has been made to install another 10,000 watt transmitter in the Boissevain area. He feels that this part of south-western Manitoba could benefit from the kind of services offered by CFAM/CHSM, as their special emphasis is on service to smaller communities.

Countless listeners would agree: "On CFAM there is something for everyone — the housewife, farmer, German speaking people, the children."

And one lady from Winnipeg summed it all up by saying "I hope to grow old along with your station, for 'the best is yet to be'"

mm



Give a Mirror!

Gift subscriptions to the Mennonite Mirror can now be ordered in time for Christmas. Help someone who isn't currently receiving the Mirror to keep in touch with events at home.

For the special price of \$2 the Mennonite Mirror will send a card to the person for whom the gift is intended acknowledging your subscription (which will cover the seven months from December, 1972 to June 1973. If you wish the subscription to cover a complete extra year please add \$2.50 to the above amount).

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More about Unruh *ruh*

ties, by blindness. Unruh became more dependent than ever upon the assistance of his wife and friends. They were difficult years, in one respect, for one who had relished so thoroughly the experience of exercising his own capacities, freely and fully. Sometimes he spoke to friends and former colleagues, during this "season" of his life, of his own temptations—temptations to doubt the permanent value of his work.

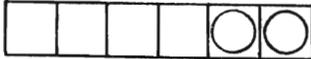
But they were years, also, in which Unruh repeatedly experienced the "loving kindness" of his God at deeper levels, and in which he discovered how large the circle of his friends had grown! They were years in which friends could observe at close range how a great man can gradually, gratefully, and graciously retreat from the arena of aggressive service. Even during the eventide of his life, Unruh demonstrated that he was indeed a "man for all seasons." **mm**

Mirror mix-up

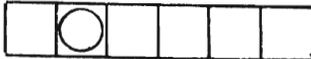
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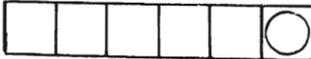
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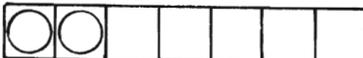
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Still needed in the prairies?



An unprecedented number of people entered the September Mirror Mix-Up contest, but, as much as we would have liked to give a prize to each correct entry, we had to limit ourselves to one.

Mrs. A. Hiebert, 1038 Dugald Road, Winnipeg, was the fortunate person whose entry was drawn from among all the entries. Her prize will be two low-German recordings.

Mirror-Mix-Up is a word game. You are to re-arrange the words at left so that they spell a word, one letter to each square.

The letters within the squares with circles are to be arranged into an "answer" at the bottom row of squares. The cartoon provides a clue.

The winner of the October contest will receive tickets to the forthcoming production of Gert Neuendorf's play, Nobody Listens. The winner will be the first correct answer selected by a draw from among all contest entries.

Send your entries to the Mennonite Mirror Contest, 131 Wordsworth Way, Winnipeg, R3K 0J6, before November 10, 1972.

Answers to September puzzle: music, teach, learn, history, college, science, seminar, a thermometer.

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Gert Neuendorf



Never Sell an Audience Short

by Lore Lubosch

Gert Neuendorf: writer, actor, director ... and now playwright.

He is an amateur, and claims to have no "artistic background." He admits, however, that writing has appealed to him as long as he can remember. "I never really gave it any thought. Somehow I drifted into writing soon after I learned how. If you are creative, there is something within you that just has to come out."

Gert intended to write a play "some day" — years ago. There were many beginnings, with varying themes, but sooner or later he always lost heart before he reached a conclusion.

Of all forms of writing, plays are perhaps the most difficult. In prose, only the book stands between author and reader. The latter has the choice to pick up and read what suits his mood. Thus, little can deflect the flow of communication. The playwright, however, may trip over many obstacles. In presenting his work, he depends on the director's interpretation, the actor's interpretation and the mood of the audience. The latter is particularly unpredictable. Many variables — from a flat tire to weather conditions — may render the spectator unresponsive to the mood of the play.

Thorough knowledge of the technical aspects in theatre is an important factor in playwriting: "A play which reads well does not necessarily act well." In a sense, Gert has been preparing himself for the task of writing a play ever since he started acting in Germany. Later, in Canada, he joined the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre Group. He is perhaps best remembered for the lead roles in "Der Weg Zurueck," "Der Verlorene Sohn," and "Der Revisor." He assisted his friend John Enns in the staging of "Unsere kleine Stadt," and later, in 1966, took the direction of Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman."

Some years ago the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre had difficulty in finding German plays which were challenging, yet simple enough for amateur presentation. At that time, friends such as John Enns, urged Gert to write a play specifically for the group. It was a unique situation. On one hand, Gert Neuendorf, the "unknown" playwright — on the other hand an assortment of people willing and eager to launch his yet unwritten work.

On Remembrance Day, 1968, Gert put down on paper the first lines of his play "Und Keiner Hoert Hin" ("And Nobody Listens..."). It was ready for the stage four years later, in 1972.

The course was by no means smooth.

Often discouraged by the complexity of the task, Gert was sometimes ready to abandon ship. He tells of the time, when, having given up all hopes of ever completing the play, he found three letters in his mailbox. They read something like this: Dear Sir, we have heard of your endeavours in writing a play and wish to convey our encouragement ... etc. ... etc. All three bore different return addresses ... but they were obviously from the same sender — his friend and supporter, John. Gert attributes his perseverance to this type of encouragement.

"I was very fortunate in knowing approximately the audience for whom I was writing," he explains, "and I considered them carefully in choosing my theme. I sought to obey the playwright's "cardinal rule": Never sell the audience short. Artists are always searching for something new. Often the public, can not follow. People see movies or plays — and draw dissatisfaction from the experience — because the artist is, or pretends to be too far ahead of his audience."

Taking this into consideration, Gert reverted to the "old way." He introduced nothing radically different in his play, but rather concentrated on presenting something to which the young and the old generation might hopefully relate. To this end, he chose a simple plot, "as old as Greek Tragedy." He then set to work, drawing from past and present experiences, the various scenes depicting a kaleidoscope of human emotions and character. However, he emphasizes, that no one character in the play is a portrayal of anyone in particular, and any similarities are coincidental.

What is the interpretation Gert Neuendorf attaches to his play? — The inevitable question which every artist will sooner or later have to answer: "What did you mean by this?" Often the answer is "nothing significant. I was simply expressing my emotions." Gert replies: "I only wished to portray some of the feelings that arise in day to day family life — especially in our multi-cultural society." He adds, "A play should not preach. It must live, act, and be natural. Most important, it must be relevant to the audience and the time in which they live. The spectator must understand and identify with the action on stage."

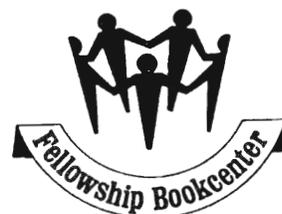
November 17 and 18 are the dates set for the presentation of "And Nobody Listens..." (Und Keiner Hoert Hin...), written and directed by Gert Neuendorf, and staged at the Winnipeg Playhouse Theatre. Four years of arduous toil, culminating in two performances: May the curtain rise to a full house!

mm

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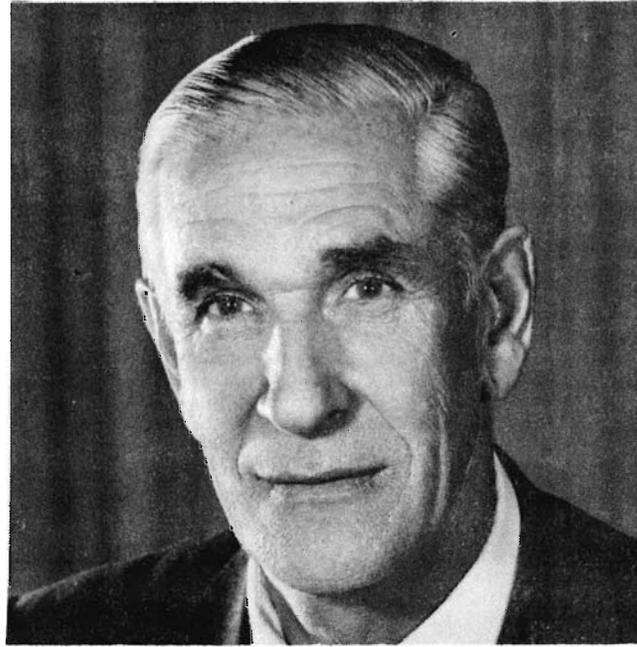
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Authorized by the Svein Sigfusson election Committee.

Ralph Ens



A lot more than mere luck

by Wally Kroeker

Pitcher Ralph Ens looks back on his list of accomplishments during the 1972 fastball season and with characteristic modesty suggests "I had a lot of luck."

Observers of the local fastball scene would be quick to insist that Ens had a lot more than mere luck going for him this year as he stacked up trophies and honors and strengthened his growing reputation as one of Canada's top fastball pitchers.

His record is enviable: Ens won all 11 league games he pitched this season, no doubt a big factor in bringing the K and A Knights its third successive Manitoba fastball championship; (last year he lost only one game during the regular season;) the few games he did lose in 1972 playoff and tournament competition were lost by slim margins; during the Canadian Senior A Men's Fastball Championship in Edmonton, Ens had the distinction of being voted Most Valuable Player of the series.

A native of Saskatoon, Ens started pitching at the age of 10. By 13, he was playing in school, church and minor fastball leagues in the Saskatoon area, later playing in commercial leagues when he was in high school. He moved to Winnipeg in 1966 and played in the senior league here before moving to Thompson in 1968, where he pitched for the RCMP team. He returned to Winnipeg and the senior league in 1969 and toward the end of 1970 was picked up by the Knights to play in the Canadian championship. He has been with the Knights ever since.

When he signed on with the Knights, Ens was joining a club whose roster is dominated by Mennonite names. It originated in the early 1950s as a First Mennonite Church team, which through the years went through the ranks of the church league and the old Mercantile league.

At one time it disbanded, but in the

late 50s it was re-organized and played in the Cloverleaf and Industrial league before going senior. The team has represented Manitoba at the Canadian championship in each of the last three years. It has also emerged victorious in several tournaments around the country, including this year's invitational tourneys in Weyburn and Regina. This season the team has been known as the K and A Knights, sponsored by Kalinowski and Associates, an insurance firm. The club is managed by veteran player Harry Buekert, a partner in MGM sporting Goods. Playing coach is Art Penner.

Other Mennonite names have also been prominent on the fastball scene this year. En's teammate, Barry Braun, earned

honors at the Canadian championship when for the second straight year he was named all-star shortstop. And the Winnipeg Tigers, another team dominated by players of Mennonite background, won the Manitoba Senior B Championship when they represented the Winnipeg Industrial Fastball League.

Meanwhile, Ens's reputation as a top-notch pitcher is spreading rapidly. Earlier this year he was invited to a tournament in Yellowknife, N.W.T. to pitch for the Hay River team. Despite his growing reputation, however, he maintains a humble, almost shy attitude and is quick to give credit to his teammates. "Even if the pitcher does a good job," he says, "you can't win unless the other fellows put runs on the scoreboard."

Ens, who believes his best pitch is one which rises three or so inches just before reaching the batter, feels his success is due more to ball control than speed. However, others familiar with the game estimate some of his pitches blaze across the plate at a speed of more than 80 miles an hour.

For the uninitiated, fastball (frequently called 'softball') is fundamentally the

same as baseball with the basic differences that in fastball the infield is somewhat smaller, the ball is larger and is pitched underhand, and there are only seven innings per game instead of nine. These factors contribute to a faster-paced game, hence the name 'fastball'.

While fastball's popularity has been rising steadily, Ens is concerned that Manitoba has no minor fastball league for the youngsters. "Kids here can play baseball in the little league and pony league, and so on, but from the age of 16 on there's no place to go unless they play fastball," he says. The major downfall then becomes pitching. In the other positions it is fairly easy to make the transition from baseball to fastball, but in pitching it is entirely different, and a youngster who has pitched baseball has to learn all over again how to pitch fastball.

Ens points out that in the last four years the Canadian fastball championship has been won by Ontario and Saskatchewan teams. Both provinces have healthy minor fastball leagues, and he feels therein lies a message.

He thinks a minor league would catch on quickly among young boys. "It's a faster game, it's an exciting game. If it was promoted properly I think the kids would really enjoy it."

A strapping six feet, three inches and 225 pounds, Ens is 26, unmarried and likes his job as a firefighter with the Winnipeg Fire Department. He says he is content with amateur status and feels no remorse that there is no professional league for fastball. He enjoys the game as it is, even though fastball pitching is not a money-making skill.

While he has heard talk about forming a professional fastball league in eastern Canada, Ens modestly believes a pro league would be beyond his reach.

Many people who have watched him play would probably disagree. **mm**

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H. PETERS

Manitoba News

Winnipeg



Rev. and Mrs. David Wiebe and family have moved to Winnipeg from Swift Current to begin a ministry at the Bergthaler Mennonite Church, Sherbrook and Ross. Rev. Wiebe is hoping to continue the emphasis on community outreach that was begun with the Crossroads program.

* * *

The Westgate Thrift Store has a new location at 571 Selkirk Ave. Donations of any articles, particularly used winter clothing, would be most welcome. For pick-up please call Mrs. Karl Fast at 334-3336.

* * *

CMBC announces the appointment of Rev. James Setter as instructor of English for the current year. The late appointment was made necessary by the death of Elaine Penner who had been appointed earlier in the year. Mr. Setter is a graduate of St. John's College and is presently working on his master's thesis in English at the University of Manitoba.

Scholarships and bursaries to a value of more than \$11,000 were awarded to students at the opening ceremonies of the CMBC on Sept. 24th. The funds and awards are made available through sources such as business firms, groups and individuals and the College Alumni.

* * *

Springfield Heights Mennonite Church is beginning English services — with a community emphasis — in the River East School. Services will be from 10:30 to 12:30, with a discussion following the sermon.

* * *

Leo Driedger, professor of Sociology at the University of Manitoba, is a visiting research scholar at the University of California, Berkeley. Prof. Driedger will spend his sabbatical year in writing and research, supported by a Canada Council Fellowship. Recently he read papers at the Canadian Sociological meetings at McGill University in Montreal, at the Midwest Sociological meetings in Kansas City and at the Montreal International Geographical Society meetings on ethnic mobility.

Several Winnipeg residents began service with the Mennonite Central Committee during the summer months.

Elizabeth Janzen will be working in a home for retarded children in Dixville, Quebec.

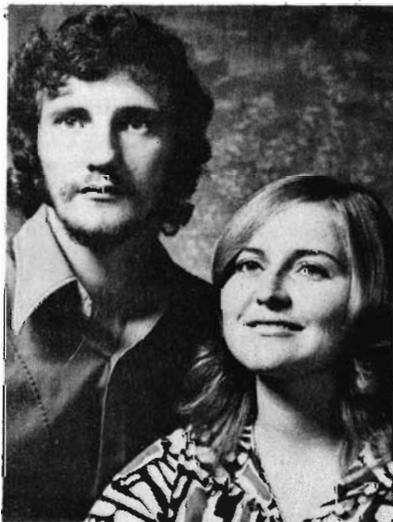
John Klassen has begun a one-year term of voluntary service in Toronto, as a social worker for detached youth.

Hedy Loewen is also working in the home for retarded children in Dixville.

Judy Schellenberg has begun a two-year term of voluntary service in Lancaster, PA, working as a program aide in recreation at a local Y.W.C.A.

Mr. Gerhard Friesen and his wife Mary and son Randolph will be going to Asuncion, Paraguay in October or November for about one year. He will serve as consultant and assistant to the director of activities of the national mental hospital. He will assist in the development of occupational therapy and recreational programs in the hospital. Gerhard and Mary are both from Paraguay and came to study in Canada six years ago.

Justina Baerg of Winnipeg, has volunteered her services to MCC (Manitoba), and began her assignment on June 1. She will be working to establish thrift shops in various Manitoba communities.



Henry and Irene Schmidt have begun a 27-month term of service with MCC in Brazil. Henry is the son of Waldemar and Pauline Schmidt, Winnipeg and Irene is the daughter of Henry and Katherine Kroeker, Steinbach. The Schmidts are members of Charleswood Mennonite Church, Winnipeg.

* * *



Suzuki Violinists: Ten tiny violinists from Japan will be heard at the *Playhouse Theatre* on October 30th at 8 p.m. They will perform the works of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. All the players are students of the world-famed Shinichi Suzuki, or of teachers trained by him.



Helen Friesen, wife of Jim Friesen, is working as secretary to Dan Zehr in the MCC (CANADA) office in Winnipeg. The Friesens are members of the Morrow Gospel Church in Winnipeg.

* * *

Mennonite Central Committee (Manitoba) was the recipient of two bequests totalling nearly \$6,000 earlier this summer. It received \$4,000 from the estate of Mrs. C. A. DeFehr, Winnipeg, and nearly \$2,000 from the estate of Mrs. Katherine Friesen of Steinbach. MCC encourages its constituents to remember the world's needy in their wills.

* * *

The Fred Kathlers of **GRETNA** are new houseparents at the Mennonite Collegiate Institute. They are former directors of MCC, (British Columbia).

* * *

John and Susan Hamm of **MORDEN**, Manitoba are working in voluntary service at the MCC headquarters in Akron, Pa.

* * *

David Wiebe, a **PLUM COULEE** school teacher, was elected president of the Plum Coulee and District Chamber of Commerce when it held its organizational meeting on Tuesday, September 19. Vice-president of the chamber is John Nickel of Gnadenthal, with Bob Mantey continuing as secretary-treasurer.

Mennonite Artists Gain Recognition

Mr. George Sawatzky of the Winkler Photo Studio has had three pictures accepted by the National Print Show which will go on a cross country tour following the National Convention of Professional Photographers in Winnipeg. In this competition 470 prints were submitted by 138 photographers. Of these, only 80 photographers were successful in having their work among the 144 prints selected to hang in the show.

* * *
Miss Irene Neustaedter, 12 year-old daughter of Mrs. H. Neustaedter, 469 Sprague St., Winnipeg, was a finalist in the recent UNICEF International Art Competition. Her entry was placed sixth in Canada and fourth in Manitoba.

Garden Valley School Division to Become Unitary

Garden Valley is the only school division in Manitoba that has not joined the unitary system. Residents in this area south west of Winnipeg had felt that by joining the system they would lose their voice in policy decisions in the schools. One drawback in their decision has been that they have received less money per student from the provincial government than other divisions have received. In the past, two referendums have been held over this issue, and each time the electorate has voted to maintain the status quo. However a majority of the trustees wished to accept the unitary system. Following the advice of the minister of education, Ben Hanuschak, two Garden Valley school trustees, P. D. Labun and G. G. Siemens circulated an opinion poll form to all 18 school districts within the division. These forms asked whether these individual school boards were for or against a change to the unitary system. Result of the poll: 10 boards — yes, eight boards — no; Trustees in favour — 32, trustees against — 24. The Minister accepted this poll as an indication that educators in the area are in favor of a change, and the machinery has been set in motion to bring the change into effect. Under the unitary system all elementary school boards are dissolved and all education from grade 1 to 12 comes under the jurisdiction of one division board.

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He The Pearly Gates Will Open	God Who Touchest Earth With Beauty
The Old Account Was Settled	Jesus Will Walk With Me
Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet	God Hath Not Promised

You will welcome this addition to the already popular CBMCQ-100 Record produced earlier this year.

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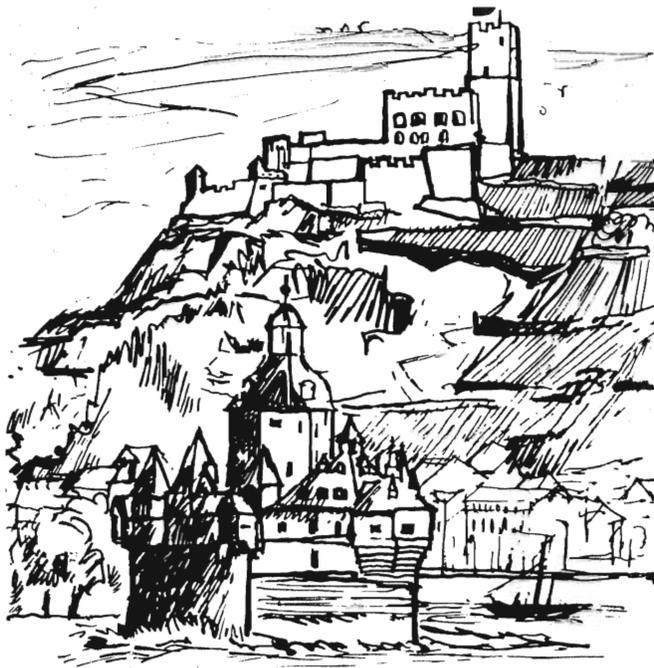
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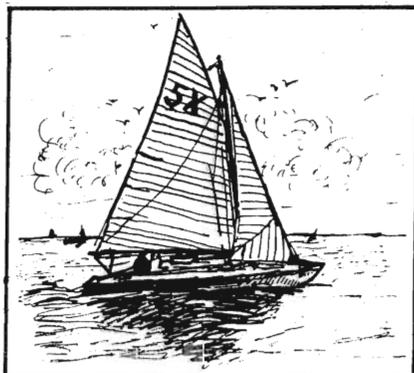


Von Elizabeth Peters

Begegnungen Im Schwarzwald

„Haben Sie schon je etwas so Herrliches gesehen?“ fragt mich mein Nachbar auf dem Flug Toronto-Frankfurt.

Es ist halb vier Uhr morgens, und wir haben Gelegenheit den Sonnenaufgang über den Wolken zu beobachten. Ich muss sagen, dass es mein erstes Mal ist, denn im allgemeinen schlafe ich um diese Zeit lieber, und genieße dann dafür den Sonnenuntergang. An diesem herrlichen Junitag jedoch denkt kein Mensch an Schlafen. Wir haben einen wunderbaren, ruhigen Flug, gute Verpflegung, und eine nette Reisegesellschaft. Da wohl der grösste Teil der 196 Fluggäste der deutschen Heimat einen Urlaubsbesuch abstaten will, ist die Stimmung erwartungsvoll fröhlich. Ich habe einen Fensterplatz, und mache meinen Nachbarn,



einem Herrn Reimer aus Toronto, darauf aufmerksam, dass man ganz genau Schottland mit seinen vielen „Firths“ sehen ja, man sieht direkt bis auf den Meerboden solange wir über den Rand des Kontinents schweben – ein faszinierender Anblick bei der günstigen Beleuchtung.

Herr Reimer ist in Russland geboren, aber nicht als Mennonit. Als Kind ist er mit seinen Eltern nach Finland gezogen, wo er in Helsinki seine Ausbildung bekam. Später hat er dann eine Esthin geheiratet, ist nach dem Kriege nach Toronto ausgewandert, und reist nun mit seiner 12 jährigen Tochter zu seiner Schweser in Bremerhaven. Redegewandt wie er ist, schildert er eingehend das Leben in Finland.

„Die Finnen sind friedliche Leute, solange sie keinen Schnaps trinken,“ erklärt er. „Wenn sie aber getrunken haben sind sie streitsüchtig und zücken leicht das Messer. Doch sind die Finnen das ehrlichste Volk das ich kenne. Man braucht das Haus nicht abzuschliessen, und wenn jemand etwas gefunden hat, bringt er den gefundenen Gegenstand aufs Polizeiamt. Dort liegt er am Auslagefenster bis sich der Finder einstellt. Ich fand einmal einen Ohrring, vielleicht nicht einmal einen sehr wertvollen. Mein Vater befahl mir, ihn aufs Polizeiamt zu tragen, was ich auch tat, obwohl ich mir dabei recht lächerlich vorkam. Aber siehe da, nach drei Wochen erhielt ich einen Dankesbrief von der Frau der das Schuckstück gehörte.“

Herr Reimer den ich zum ersten und wahrscheinlich auch zum letzten Mal im Leben sah hat mich ganz für Finland begeistert. Ich habe gerade noch Zeit mir zu überlegen, dass ich meinen Mann unbedingt im nächsten Jahr zu einer Finlandfahrt überreden muss, als man uns das Zeichen zum Anschaffen gibt. In wenigen Minuten sind wir in Frankfurt auf sicherem Boden.

Da ich nichts zu verzollen habe, schreite ich unbehindert inmitten der vielen Reisegefährten dem Ausgang zu, denn erst dort dürfen die Fluggäste von ihren Angehörigen empfangen werden. Ich bin also sehr überrascht als sich eine Hand auf meine Schulter legt und eine Stimme hinter mir sagt: „Grüss dich Gott, Mam, da bist du ja endlich!“ Es ist Wolfgang, unser Schwiegersohn, der mich nun doch in Frankfurt abholt, obwohl ich ausdrücklich geschrieben hatte, dass ich mit dem Zug zu ihnen nach Freiburg kommen würde.

„Welch schöne Überraschung!“ rufe ich aus, „aber wie kommt du denn in diese verbotenen Räume? Hier darf doch niemand abgeholt werden.“

„Och, es gibt immer verschiedene Wege,“ antwortet er leichtsin, und nimmt mir das Gepäck ab während wir zum Auto gehen. „Hoffentlich hast du nichts dagegen wenn wir erst Erdmüte in Darmstadt abholen und sie auch mitnehmen.“ Erdmüte Spittler ist Wolfgang's älteste Schwester die als Sozialarbeiterin einige Tage der Woche in Darmstadt beruflich tätig ist,

sonst aber mit ihrem Mann, Gert, einem Anthropologie Professor an der Freiburger Universität eine schöne Wohnung im Schwarzwald nahe an Freiburg bewohnt.

Mein Mann und ich kennen Spittlers schon von einem Früheren Weihnachtsaufenthalt in Freiburg her, und finden das Ehepaar interessant. Sie waren damals eben von einem längeren Aufenthalt in Afrika zurückgekehrt wo Gert beruflich an Forschungsunternehmen beteiligt war, und hatten zur Erziehung zwei Negerknaben mit nach Hause gebracht. Wir bewunderten immer das Verständnis das Erdmut und Gert dem lustigen, achtjährigen Malah und dem sechzehnjährigen Bala entgegenbrachten, und verstanden schon, das es ihnen leid tat, den Kleinen wieder zurück nach Afrika zu bringen, während Bala immer noch da ist, bei Spittlers wohnt, und als Elektriker lernt, bis auch er wieder in seine Heimat geht. Als Spittlers Mala an Ort und Stelle gebracht hatten brach das Unglück über sie herein. Es war stockfinstere Nacht, keine Beleuchtung, und keine Beschilderung, so dass Erdmüte einen tiefen, neuge-machten Graben nicht sah, und hineinstürzte. Sie trug sehr schlimme Verletzungen davon, musste verschiedene Male an einem gebrochenen Bein operiert werden, und geht jetzt, nach anderthalb Jahren immer noch an der Krücke. Sie ist sehr tapfer und hält die Strapazen der

Bahnfahrt Freiburg — Darmstadt ohne zu klagen aus, aber eine Gelegenheit mit dem Auto zu fahren freut sie doch. Sie ist auch heute guter Dinge, und behauptet sie hätten in Deutschland "mieses" Wetter gehabt bis zu meiner Ankunft am heutigen Tag, wo ich ihnen die Sonne aus Manitoba mitgebracht hätte.

Es ist eine schöne Fahrt die wir da machen, und Wolfgang kann es sich nicht versagen, doch an einigen Kirschbäumen voller reifer Kirschen zu halten. Ehe ich's mir versehe, sind wir auch schon in Freiburg und biegen in die Konradstrasse ein. Die Parterrefenster in dem grossen Eckhaus stehen weit offen, und in der öffnung steht strahlend Bambi, unsere Tochter, ruft: "Hi, Mami!" und saust dann zur Tür um mich zu begrüßen. "Erst Wohnung ansehen, weil jetzt noch alles so schön frisch geputzt ist," sagt sie dann, und Wolfgang stimmt dem zu. Sie lässt sich auch sehen, diese schöne, geräumige, alte Wohnung, mit hoher, verzierter Stuckdecke und riesigen Flügelfenstern die wohl grösser sind als manche Türen daheim. Das luftige Wohnzimmer, sowie das daranstossende Studierzimmer strahlen festliche Empfangsstimmung aus. Auf der sehr alten, schönen Truhe im Studierzimmer duften im grossen blauen Krug einige weisse Jasminzweige, und auf Bambi's Schreibtisch prangt ein üppiger Strauss roter Rosen. Ein kleines schwarzes Kätzchen, kaum

drei Wochen alt, springt mir über die Füsse.

"Das ist Wasil," stellt Bambi vor, "den haben wir uns aus dem Schwarzwald mitgebracht. Befreunde dich nur mit ihr denn ihr zwei werdet Nachts ein Zimmer teilen müssen, denn du sollst im Wohnzimmer auf dem sofa Schlafen, und dort wohnt auch Wasil." Wasil und ich haben auf der sehr bequemen Liegestätte nahe Bekanntschaft geschlossen, bie seinem Temperament auch eine recht bewegte.

"Und wann kommt Karl?" ist meine erste Frage. "Gewöhnlich um fünf," antwortet man mir. Karl ist unser 18 jährige Sohn, der von der Winnieperger Universität aus zum Sommer nach Deutschland ging um dort erst sechs Wochen zu arbeiten und dann zu reisen. Er hat eine gute Anstellung als Krankenwärter in einem der Städtischen Krankenhäuser, und da Wolfgang vor dem medizinischen Examen steht unterhalten sich die beiden Schwager oft recht eingehend über die Patienten die Karl auf seiner Station zu verpflegen hat.

Wie erstaunt sind wir als gleich nach meiner Frage nach Karl die Hausglocke geht und er vor uns steht.

"Schwester Maria-Dorothea hat mich für den den Nachmittag beurlaubt," sagt er, "ich soll mit dir spazierengehen und dir bei dem herrlichen Wetter Freiburg zeigen." mm

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Soo Aus Daut Dann Wea

Von Peter Paetkau

Woo wear't dann? Ekj docht unse leeve Lied weare doa aula, aula doa enn Steinbach biem toopkommen op uns scheena plautz. Oba nie nich es daut bloos eene utstallarie von oollet prell! Es doch fäl meea aus daut. Dit es een plautz wua Menniste toopkommen enn traffen enn sich ungholle enn eenen gooden Dach sich jenne mank aul eere schwoare oa-beitsdoag. Wirklich! Na, wie wud uck mol dort han foare.

Leeven tiet! Too waut haud wie uns evahaupt noch Medach met jenomme? Ekj weet bloos nich woo wie doa nich betta eva jedocht hauden. Wua Menniste toopkommen doa nich betta eva jedocht hauden. Wua Menniste toopkommen doa jeft't doch uck emma een grootet schmauzen met jebroadne Eadschoke enn Plummemoos oda waut't dann uck sooriacht Mennistischet äten es. Emma han, wie musste doavon doch uck noch schmiakje. Wie hauden, miene Fru enn Ekj, jeeda een Knackworscht-burger fer sastig sent daut schteckj. Daut äte wea doch mau um kloock twee aula reed. Weet je, unse Lied lurre lang no daut äte, oba dann jeit't uck loosonne moor.

Daut wea aultoomol sooriacht waut fer dee gaunze Familije toom rom pause; wann nich hea dann doa. Op dem Jeland fuats biem grooten Museum Jebied doa sungen dee Treble Teens. See haud uck äare iejne Bod wua aulahaund verkoft word. Hea hilt Ekj mie op. Kjikt no dit enn no daut, enn schienso jink emma wada ferbie. Met enns, Ekj sach disse Plot *Biem Aunsiedle!* Na jo! Soo docht Ekj. Ekj haud uck noch mien eensja Fiva enne Fup. Dän gauf Ekj doa too. Dän Peeta Appe Kjnals sien Ruben, dän mucht Ekj doch uck op dee Plot aunhiere. Miene Fru, dee Frintschoft ut Saskatchewan haft, dee sijat dee Lied von doa sent gaunz aundasch aus wie hea em rujem Manitoba. Daut kaun Ekj uck goot verstonne. See sent soo fäl derchjegonne em Wint enn Saunt enn Heischriakje daut't eenem goanich wundat. Doarum sent see uck kjoanja jewosse enn verwartet. Dit wud Ekj aul boold ut finje wann Ekj dee Plot too head; daut wea wundascheen eene Plautdietsche Plot noch to kjeepen.

Om een kortet stoot go Ekj noch eenmol ferbie enn, leeven tiet, Ekj see hea aul wada waut Ekj nich loten kaun. Jasch Tiesse haud sich uck noch too gooda tiet fer dissen Dag op eene Plot jebrocht. Wäa kjannt nich dissen Jasch? Enn weet je met waut? Met däm fäläläse von *Koop enn Bau op Reise* enn *Dee Millionoa von Kosefeld*. Oba nu wea mien Fiva nich meea. Waut nu? Haud je doch nich jeräakjnet met soo fäl Jelt hea too lote. Na, de Fru haud dann noch eenen Fiva bie sich, enn dän naum Ekj uck too noch disse Plot too kjeepen, tekst dän noch meist ut de Haund, soo jiern wull Ekj disse Plot.

Nu kunn Ekj uck aul goanich sooriacht verstonne wuarom daut Plautdietsche

mie soo sees auntrock. Ekj jleev daut es woll doarum daut Plautdietsch unse Mutta-schproak es. Wäa daut em twivel helt dee mucht doch mol Oomtje App sienne *Plautdietsche Schreftsteckja* läase. Dann woat dee twivel verlore wiels App es jroats eva disse sach seea kjoanich. Ekj jleev aule riachtschulje Plautdietsche läase vom *Mennonite Mirror* sulle disse

Schreftsteckja läasa wiel je waure junt T'hussig feele eva woo scheen't wercklich es.

Nu met eens head Maunn op dee ludsprääkasch daut doa uck noch Kjoak wud senne enne Darpskjoak. Enn donn boold stroemde uck fäl dee Darpsgauz nop nom aundren Enj. Doa kaun uck aul een Piatsfoatich met een poa Lied. Hinjaraun eene oole Koa. Nu hilde see uck aun dicht bie dee Kjoak. Daut wea Oohtje Paunkrautz em langem schwoaten Rok. Hee must'te daut uck dee Prädja sienne. Uck fäl Lied dregden sich derch dee engje Däa. Gieat Ens kroagde see no fäare oba hee haud nich sien Rok aun – wea'je uck seea woam – enn jinjk dann uck nich. Dee Prädja wees plautz aun. Fäare saute aul feea oppe Banjk. Ekj docht dit weare feea Fäas änja, oba wort boold enn daut dit wea mau een modernit sänja quartet. See sunge uck mau haulf soo scheen aus eene gruppe riachtschulje Fäasänja derchenaunda mau kaun – wann 'et wull! Wie satten uns doll enn hängen unse Heed op Näjels enn een twee bie feea bova unse Kja – soo aus see mol deeden enn nu wada deeden. Dee Prädja stoapt no dee Kaunzel enn funk aun met sien Mul too rierre. Dit wea Prädja Ben Happna von hea ut dee Staut. Hee kunn oolttumlich rädde; hee wea mau kort oba kjrielj fäl jesiajt. Hee räd eva daut Kjern daut Jleevens seea drinjent doa. Hee fertaald uns waut Menno Simons emma haud jeleeft. Hee haud uck goot schwunk; kjraftig enn kloa räd hee von dee Leev dee Kjristi fer uns haft, jo, sogoa fer dän aumsten Sinda doa. Donn met eens weer't ut, enn wie sunge een Leet ut oolla tiet jevannt, enn bädde uck noch. Donn jinjk een jiedra wada rut oppe Gaus mank daut jetuemel däa Lied. Enn eena sach däm aundren boolt nich mea.

Nu gauf't een Utstalling von oolle Kjeedamode. Eene gaunze rijav von Frulied enn Merjalles, enn uck wada dee gaunze Familije Paunkrautz stald sich fäa toom bekjken. Dee Paunkrautzasch jewonne dann uck dän basten Pries.

Ekj weet nich nich waut dee Nomme Paunkrautz bediede saul, oba mie wel't soo schienne aus ob daut een Beruf's Nomme sienne voll kunn, soo aus fäl von unse Nommes uck sennet. Eenna kaun sich doch fäastalle woo fäl Menniste dee Paun krautzen musste jroats doarum wiels soo fäl jebroadnet äten bie ann woat jejäten. Daut äten habe see too aulla tiet jebroadn. See broadn uck noch aulahaund waut mau ut too denkje es. Soo habe ann uck Lied jefäl'te dee dee Paun rein hilde. Enn dis eena haft voll daut Läve lank dee Paun rein jehoolle. Enn Maunn mucht uck boolt jesiajt habe: "Jaun krautz dee Paun aul wada," bat't kaum soo wiet daut hee heet "Jaun dee Paunkrautz." Enn mau lota aus aul er. unsa tiet dee DE enn de VON enn dee VAN ferfoll, ferfoll uck hea

aul dit unneedje em rädde enn em schrieve. Deed nich jann aundra emma aum Steen hommere enn hacke sienne tiet bat dissa VON DEM BLOK wort jenannt? Ekj weet nich – op't aundasch wea? Soo much't seene jewasst.

Jo, disse utstalla marschieade lanjst dee Darpsgaus entlank, enn wiels see daut deeden kaum doa enna Jaun Dijk een'ne Ujje, dee knackt Sot – enn mustt uck von Altona komme. Hee knackt bloos Sot, enn emma wada wann hee doch een jedicht sull fäläläse. Sienne Bekjse ferroden amm; hee wea een Staulekjniacht met Steevle aun, een hee nuscht goot ferstundt. Dann kaum 'et von sien jedicht. Hee räd von sien *Easchtet Malkje*. Dee Wead weare uck gaunich sienne; hee laus'te uck mau fäa. Daut wea bloos truarich woo hee malkje deed; maunn haud kunn roari. Ekj denjk hee kunn nuscht donne wiels hee emma aun sien Sot docht oda sooga knackt.

Doa bie piepst dee oolla Daumpkjeet'l eentwaj eent fäa soo daut wie weens nich daut Sot knacke headde enn sien Mul. Doobie foll uns uck bie daut't tiet wea no t'hus too foare. Wie haude oba noch lang nich aul 'et jeseenne; daut wea aum Sindag enn see haudi uck nich Jeträajd jeheift oda jedrosche. Uck dee groote Wintmä wea nich foadich. Näajstet Joa woat dee Wintmä foadich sienne enn Joakop Happna sien Denjkmol woll uck opp'em plautz. Näajstet Joa jeft'te noch fäl too seenne – enn bat dan es't jennauch!

mm

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"Daut woat vleicht mett aulem sou senne"

Von Jack Thiessen

Koop en Bua habe aul lang nuscht von sich heare lote. Oba nu welle se mol wada wout vetalle. Se donne daut oba mau, wann de Lied sich jemietlich hannsate woare, jereschtet Knacksot knacke enn mol wada Schwien schlachte enn daut nobre en bät ewe woare.

Ejentlich wea daut met Bua siene Jeschicht wada heppjenhoa nuscht jeworde, wiels he säd, de Kenädja wudde biem Hockey de Russe lastalich vedrasche. "Etj enn Foster Hewitt saje daut nu aul goude dartig Joa enn wann ena waut so lang sajt dann es daut Wahrheit, ouset so ess ouda nich."

Koop säd Bua sull nich daut Mul tou vollnäme wiels de Russe weare uck schneidja jeworde enn spälde uck nich mea opp'em Nippa enne Burrschtewel Hockey. "Du best en dwautschä Bädel," säd Bua "etj woa die mett enmol ent met'em Bassemstäl äwrem Tjries resse. Etj sajt die de Esposito wout mett de rusche Baulj opprieme aus ons Kota mette Boschhose enn wann doa noch Oare enn Tsoagel äwrig bliwt, dann woare Hull enn Orr doa Rasmack houle."

Aum nächsten Dach haude Bua siene Junges Koopsiene enne Schoul daut Lada voljehewt wiels Koop Tus biem Owenkost jesajt haud, Bua wea "ein tsiepaagje, scheiwehasja, ditjbuckja Plästa," enn he wudd woll noch enes Doages "Bua eit aum Heispodem drasche, daut Täne en Tjwiel stritse wudde." Daut haude Tjinja oppjeschnackt enn wieda vetallt. "Dann riemt enne Schoul mau enn bätje opp' haud Bua jesajt enn de Junge cleide daut donn uck.

Oba bould doarop tjriech de Koopsche de Flät enn lach aul twee Doag erne Groute Stow oppe Schlopentj. Enn dann koackt de Buasche Heenasupp enn schetjt de Tjinja mett en groutet Schruwglaus voll no Koope. Nu vedroage se sich aul waäa enn se loude sich uck toum Schwien schlachte

enn. Bua wea doobie aul wada groff jeworde; he hauc Koop jefroagt aus he siener oulen Kujel schlachte wull, daut wudd tjrasche Jreewe jäwe. "Jasch, du heascht foats opp, dau jriest ut!" säd de Buasche enn Jasch wea stell.

Aum nächsten Dach foare Koop enn Bua enn Koop siene Light Delivery no Jrienthol enn holde de Post. Bua wea en Jletj:spensel enn haud 2 Tickets toum ruschen Game jetjräje. "Dauts leicht" meend'a'ena mott soune Tsaddels mau festone uttouffelle." Enn daut vestud he aul noch schruwig.

Bie de Post troffe se Tjniepaje Sewautztjes Hauns enn Schusta Krohne Isbraund. De Junges haude uck en Poa Tickets enn wull mett noa Winnipeg. "Jo" säd Bua, "Jie tjenne mett. Oba Jie motte hinje en Bax sette oba verhä woa etj junj noch en Bät Ben-

ehme biebrinje eha wie no de Staut foare wiels Jie Junges send nich sea beschlep enn en Bät jlitjut." Bau säd an fea; se sulle enn Winnipeg nich aulewäje bie Eatons Knacksot spie, nich emma mett de Finjasch no Mensche wiese, enn nich aules opschplare wann se mett einmol enen schwoaten Neaja sage. Enn Isbraund sull sich tou Aufwatjlung en Schnepel-doak mettnehme enn nich emma mett de "boafte Dumes enne Näs ver aule Lied rummurchele" en sich uck nich "mank framde Lied de Gnauts krautse." "Enn Du Hauns bruckst goanich jnerre enn jniesre enn Die sou freie wiels Du abest uck enn onbeschläpna Racka mank Mensche. Lied saje, Du hast latzt oppe Tjast goude twalw Touse Kaffe utjesope, ene Backkomm Balonie-Sandwitche opjefräte enn toulatzt noch de Fuppe mett Tsockastetja volljeprommelt. Aus wann Jie Tus nicht jenoag de Knulle habe, ena mott sich meist mett de Noabsch äre Tjinja schäme" säd Bua.

Aum nächsten Dach diede se bie Koope Swietclova - Gowa hacksle, de Frues haude en bät Tjarpsst utjepult en jerescht enn Iscewens säd Bua, he wudd äwamorje oppe Reis noa Winnipeg doch en Bät Demonstrator späle, wiels ena goanich wisst, wou de junge Tjedels sich beneheme wudde. "Ce jung Botasch send aul sone nieda:ajtje Wijtsasch enn vedorwne Plästasch" säd he.

Se foare aum Donnadach noa Winnipeg. Bua zum Stia, Koop besied enn Isbraund enn Hauns durwe uck om-sajt fere sette. Eascht koffte se bie Eatons enn; Schlaubbetjse enn Combinations fe de Manna enn jelliesleinde Betjse bestalde se fe de Frulied ut'em Catalog. Enn donn foare se noam Arena. Doa jing 'et sea resch tou, de Statja fluage, Ce Spälsch tjeiweide enn de Puck kunn sich efach nich vesuste, emma wada huschte se am ent. Bua meend, he ritjt aul vebrennde Reife, so heit wea de Puck.

Bould wea dann uck daut Spell vebie enn wie woare daut nu uck so doune aus Bua-ons en Bät; knaup foate wiels ...? Jo wiels de Russe haude jewonne. De Fea foare stell no Hus. Bua haud jesajt. Iniepaje Sewautztjes Haunsa sull jiedrem "enen Stiewen" en St. Pierre tjepe enn he haud Hauns aul so wiet daut Hauns säd, "Mol sene! Oba se foare jlitj no Hus. Eascht lode se de Nobasch Junges auf en donn kaum Koop noch mett noa Buasch, wiels Jasch Buahaud noch von sienem Trip no Dietschland Beruhigungs-dreppette mettjebrocht onn de wurdere ohre Lepel enjerome. "Nie wall claut so schiene," säd Bua aum Enj Owenc, "daut ena emma daut Baste von Aulem haft, so lang aus ena daut mau nich met waut andret vejlijt." "Io" säd de stella Koop, "daut woat vleicht met aulem so senne. Goudie Nacht." mm

Es wird geprobt

Proben fuer die kommende Theaterauffuehrung 'Und keiner hoert hin' sind im vollen Gange.

Durch die Zuvorkommenheit der "Winnipeg Hydro" wurde der Schauspielerguppe des Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre" eine leere "substation" bei Powers und Mountain zur Verfuegung gestellt. Nachdem ein freiwilliges "Sauberungskommando" eine energische Reinigungsaktion durchgefuehrt hatte, machten die Spieler dieses Quartier zu ihrer zweiten Heiniat. So manche Frau ist "Strohwitwerin" und mancher Ehemann "Babysitter" geworden seit die Proben auf Hochtouren laufen. Besonders Leute in den Hauptrollen wie Lore Lubosch, Werner Regier, Noreen Enns und John Peters (nicht zu vergessen die Direktoren Gert Neuendorff und John Enns) muessen 3-4 mal in der Woche den Weg nach Powers und Mountain einschlagen

und koennen damit rechnen drei oder gar vier Stunden angestrengt arbeiten zu muessen. Doch egal ob Hauptrolle, mittlere oder kleine Rolle - keiner klagt. Im Gegenteil, der Enthusiasmus ist ansteckend, und wie meistens bei solchen Unternehmen herrscht eine gute Kameradschaft. Wenn die gute Stimmung und hohe Moral der Gruppe ein Hinweis darauf ist wie das Spiel ausfallen wird, dann versprechen die Abende des 17. und 18. Novembers im "Playhouse Theatre" hochinteressant und unterhaltsam zu werden.

Falls einige unserer Leser daran interessiert sind Karten fuer die Theaterauffuehrungen durch den "Mennonite Mirror" zu bestellen, dann schneiden Sie bitte diesen Bestellschein aus und schicken ihn mit Ihrer Bezahlung an: **Mr. Paul Neustaedter, 196 Cordova, Winnipeg, Man. R2N 1A1.**

Neunten Mennonitischen Weltkonferenz

Von Rev. J. H. Enns

Im Jahre 1925 wurde zum ersten mal die Mennonitenschaft der Welt zusammengerufen, um die 400-Jahrfeier des Bestehens unserer Gemeinschaft zu feiern. Es war besonders Dr. Christian Neff vom Weiherhof, Deutschland, der laut dazu aufforderte. Die erste Mennonitische Weltkonferenz fand im Juni 1925 in Basel, in der Schweiz, statt. Dann haben spätere mennonitische Weltkonferenzen stattgefunden. Man bemühte sich, sie in regelmaessigen Abstaenden von 5 Jahren abzuhalten. Der 2. Weltkrieg machte dieses nicht ganz moeglich. Ich durfte auf der 4. — in Goshen und Newton, auf der 5. in Basel, und auf der 7. Menn. Weltkonferenz in Kitchener zugegen sein. Nun hegte ich den lebhaften Wunsch, auch auf der 9., in Curitiba, Brasilien zugegen sein zu duerfen. Die Delegation hierzuer werden von Konferenzen, nicht von einzelnen Gemeinden geschickt. Die anderen Besucher gelten nur als Gaeste. Als solcher bereitete ich mich vor Curitiba zu besuchen. Zu meiner Ueberraschung brachte mir Br. Thiessen im Namen der Gemeinde eine schoene Summe als Unterstuetzung zu dieser doch teuren Reise. Auch als Gast durfte ich zu allen wichtigen Fragen mitsprechen.

Stark sprach ich meinem Verlangen, die Konferenz zu besuchen, auch der Wunsch, die suedamerikanischen Laender einmal sehen zu duerfen. Zweck der Konferenz: Gute Gemeinschaft zu haben mit Christen, die dasselbe Glaubensbekenntnis haben. Wir konnten auf dieser Tagung nicht tiefe theologische Fragen verhandeln aber wir konnten wahre bruederliche, freundliche Gemeinschaft haben, wenn auch die verschiedenen Sprachen das erschwerten. Jedenfalls fuhrten die meisten Teilnehmer an der grossen Konferenz

gesegnet von dannen.

Curitiba war der unstrittene Ort der Konferenz. Schon auf der 7. Konferenz luden die Suedamerikaner die naechste Konferenz nach Suedamerika ein. Aber sie gaben ihre Zustimmung dazu, dass die 8. Konferenz in Amsterdam tagen solle, da die Hollaender auch eingeladen hatten, jedoch mit der Erwartung, dass dann die zweitnaechste, also die 9. nach Brasilien kommen solle. Mit unseren deutschen Gemeinden in Suedamerika haben wir dort mit den spanisch sprechenden etwa 175 mennonitische Gemeinden. So ist es nicht verwunderlich, wenn diese Gemeinden die Weltkonferenz auch einmal auf ihrem Kontinent haben wollten.

Inzwischen ist seit 1965 in Brasilien eine militaerische Regierung. Wie wir von unseren Leuten in Brasilien und von Brasilianern in Curitiba hoerten, ist es eine gute Regierung, die auf Ordnung und Fortschritt haelt. Die Regierung, die von ihr abgelost wurde, war beruechtigt durch viel Korruption und Vernachlaessigung von Regierungspflichten. Als nun vor 3 Jahren Curitiba als der von den suedamerikanischen Gemeinden gewaehlte Ort der kommenden 9. Menn. Weltkonferenz bekannt gegeben wurde, protestierten dagegen die Brueder von Holland und dann auch die von Sueddeutschland. Sie hielten die neue Regierung in Brasilien fuer faschistisch, und glaubten, wir sollten solch einer Regierung nicht die Ehre antun, in ihr eine Mennonitische Weltkonferenz abzuhalten. Man einigte sich jedoch und es war fuer mich eine Freude, als einer der 35 hollaendischen Delegaten in einer der ersten Reden sagte: "Wir Hollaender hatten unsere Bedenken, nach Brasilien zu unsere 9. Menn. Weltkonferenz zu kommen, sind aber froh, bezeugen zu

duerfen, dass diese unsere Bedenken grundlos waren."

Wir waren in Curitiba Mennoniten aus 29 Laendern. Leider war niemand aus Russland da. Nur ein Gruss. Aber es war auch niemand aus England da. Warum wohl nicht? Nun das hat seinen geschichtlichen Grund. Wir haben Mennoniten in Holland, Deutschland, Frankreich, Schweiz, Russland, aber nicht in England. Etwa 100 Jahre nach der Entstehung unserer Taaefergemeinden in den Niederlanden kamen ernstgesinnteglaebige Englaender nach den Niederlanden, wurden von unserer Bewegung stark angeregt und gruendeten ihre eigenen, die Baptistengemeinden. Das sind also unsere englischen Mennoniten.

Das Konferenzthema "Jesus Christus versoehnt" wurde auf der Konferenz gut in Referaten, Durschsprachen und in dem Verhalten der Konferenzteilnehmer untereinander.

Was mir an der Schlussresolution der Konferenz fehlt, ist die gruendlichere Betonung des Grundsatzes des Friedens. 400 Jahre haben wir in unserem Katechismus den Lehrsatz aufgestellt: Krieg ist Irrtum." Das haetten wir auch auf unserer 9. Mennonitischen Weltkonferenz mehr betonen sollen, nicht mit Empfehlungen von Demonstrationen auf den Strassen, auch nicht mit Briefen, in denen wir regierenden Personen Ratschlaege erteilen, sondern mit dem einfachen Ausspruch dem heute sehr viele Nichtmennoniten auch schon zustimmen: Krieg ist Irrtum und als solcher muss er allen Ernstes bekaempft werden - wie die Sklaverei, die Hexenverbrennung im Mittelalter und viele andere aus Vorurteil angenommenen Uebel.

Die Weltkonferenz war mir wichtig; war mir aber auch der Besuch suedamerikanischer Laender. Ich hatte mich der Reisegruppe von Professor Samuel Miller, Harrisonburg, Va. angeschlossen. Und was fuer eine gute Reisegesellschaft hatte ich damit getroffen! Eigentlich haette ich mich Prediger Martin Duerksen, hier von Winnipeg, anschliessen und gewiss haette ich auch in dieser Gruppe liebe Reisegefaehrten gefunden. Aber Duerksens Reise hatte nur 2 Wochen auf ihrem Reiseprogramm, waehrend S. Millers ausser der Konferenzwoche noch drei Wochen Fahrten durch die suedamerikanischen Laender vorgesehen hatte. Ausser Chile, Venezuela und den 3 kolonialen Guianas sind wir durch alle Laender S. Amerikas gekommen. Die ganze Reise war aeusserst gut organisiert. Alle Flugzeuge, alle Hotels alle Fuehrung am Orte vorbestellt und get ausgefuehrt. Und dann meine Reisegesellschaft: 2 Professoren mit ihren Frauen von Eastern Menn. College, Harrisonburg, Virginia; Hermann Andres und frau, frueher Vorther von "Bethel Hospital" in Newton, Kansas, zwei Farmer von Pennsylvania, einer hatte auch seine Frau mit, Lehrer Franz Klassen von St. Catharines, Ont., 4 Lehrerinnen und 4 Krankenschwestern und

noch einige Buerarbeiter — eine frohe, intelligente und fromme Schar. Wie oft haben die Maedchen das Lied gesungen: "Wie gross bist du!", wenn wir etwas recht Schoenes in Bergen und Parken gesehen hatten.

Fuer mich war diese Reise, die den ganzen Juli in Anspruch nahm ein einziges, grosses Erlebnis und ich durfte meine geographischen Kenntnisse um vieles vermehren. Ergriffen waren wir wohl alle, als wir in Peru von Lima zuerst zu der einstigen Hauptstadt der Inca Indianer, Cuzco, und dann von dort noch wei in die Berge hinein in ihre letzte Schlupf- fangung Mitshu Patshu fuhren und die Ruinen sahen eines einst so maech- tigen und reichen Indianderreiches. Wie reich an gold zeigt ein Beispiel: ein Hauptling schenkt seiner Tochter ein Geburtstagsgeschenk — eine goldene Haengematte, die aus Goldfaeden zusammengehalten wird. In Quito Ekuador machte auf mich eine Ra- diostation sammelstelle einen tiefen Eindruck. in 14 Sprachen wird von hier aus taeglich das Evangelium als "Stimme der Anden" in alle Welt hineingesprochen.

Wir flogen immer ueber die Anden, zuerst von Nord nach Sueden, dann von West nach Ost. Ich bekam den Eindruck, dass die westlichen Laender: Colombia, Ekuador, Peru, Bolivien und auch Paraguay aerm- er sind als die oestliche n Laender: Argentinien, Brasilien und Uruguay.

Ich habe mich in Brasilien natuer- lich auch nach unseren Leuten um- gesehen. Leider nur sehr kurz. Ich habe den Chaco gesehen und wun- dere mich darueber, was unsere Leute dort schon geleistet haben. Warum sind sie nur nach dem Chaco gegangen und nicht nach dem Osten Paraguays? In Uruguay sah es mir bedeutend besser aus, Leider sind die oekonomischen und wohl auch die politischen Verhaeltnisse dort nicht sehr zuversichtlich. Wirtschaftlich geht es am besten den Mennoniten in Bra- silien. Auch sie haben, wie alle un- serer Leute in Süd-Ameritia recht harte Pionierjahre gehabt. Jetzt sind diese, wie es mir scheint, gottlob hinter ihnen. Aber es liegt noch viel Hartes vor ihnen. Am aermsten ist gegenwaertig wohl Bolivien. Die Zu- kunft mag vieles aendern.

Es ist noch nicht bekannt gegeben, wo die naechste Menn. Weltkonferenz sein wird. Wir brauchen sie. Ein Glau- bensbekenntnis zu haben, das sich mit den Bekenntnissen anderer christlicher Gemeinschaften wohl messen kann; groessere Mission zu treiben, (denken wir an die vielen spanischer mennonitischen Gemein- den, die in unserem Jahrhundert durch die Bemeuehungen haupt- saechlich der Altmennoniten Pensa- vanias entstanden sind) um die 50,000 mennonitischen schwarzen Christen in Afrika und die vielen neuen Ge- meinden in Java und Sumatra zu pflegen und auch um der Welt immer wieder zu sagen: Krieg ist Irrtum er muss und kann mit Gottes Hilfe be- kaempft werden. mm

We remind our readers:

A Paid Subscription is a vote for The Mirror!

The Mennonite Mirror is now being sent to 8,500 Mennonite homes in Manitoba, by far the highest coverage of any Mennonite newspaper or magazine. The Mirror is an inter-Mennonite effort to acquaint the Mennonite people with each other and the work they are doing. It does not receive support from any church conference, but is funded entirely by advertising and subscriptions.

A self-addressed envelope was included with the September issue. You may still use it to send your subscription cheque. Hundreds already have! Or simply fill in the handy form below and forward it with your cheque.

Subscription rates are: one year — \$3
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If you have any questions about your subscription please call us at 889-1562. We apologize that due to delays in postal deliveries some of our readers received their September issue considerably later than others. We have been assured that this will be corrected. Please let us know if you do not receive this issue before the end of October.

We are pleased to announce that special prizes will be awarded to several paid-up subscribers, in a draw to be made on November 10. All those who have paid their subscriptions by November 10 are eligible. Those who have paid for more than one year will have their names entered once for each year (though we confess that we don't know what to do with the person who sent a \$100 cheque for a lifetime subscription. How long is a lifetime?).

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MCC helps put things together...

When disaster strikes . . . Mennonite Disaster Service provided outstanding emergency and longer-range services in Rapid City, South Dakota, and in Pennsylvania and New York this summer and autumn after these areas suffered unusually heavy flooding. MDS units from Manitoba and Ontario figured prominently in the disaster relief operations in both these areas. The Mennonite Central Committee helps to coordinate the work of this effective organization which has units scattered strategically across Canada and the United States.



When emotional stresses come . . . Five psychiatric centers were established by MCC in four states during the 1950's and early 1960's. These centers are now recognized as front-runners in providing excellent mental health services to their communities. They relate to each other through a special MCC department known as Mennonite Mental Health Services. Eden Mental Health Center in Winkler, Manitoba, which was established independently by an inter-Mennonite organization, meets regularly with representatives of the Mennonite psychiatric centers. Mennonite Mental Health Services is now investigating ways in which it can provide a special helping ministry to retardates and their families. It is also giving assistance to a mental health program in Paraguay.



When conflict threatens . . . One of MCC's concerns is to help the victims of disaster, another is to attempt to stop the disasters from happening, especially those caused by human misunderstanding and hostility. This part of MCC's ministry is carried on through its Peace Section and regional peace committees. Among the things they have done to tear down some of the fences that separate and imprison people are the following: sponsoring annual workcamps in Asia and Europe to bring together people from nations which have been hostile toward each other, such as Korea and Japan; sponsoring an annual assembly at which current problems and issues can be discussed by representatives of all the member churches; and providing peace scholarships and arranging study tours.



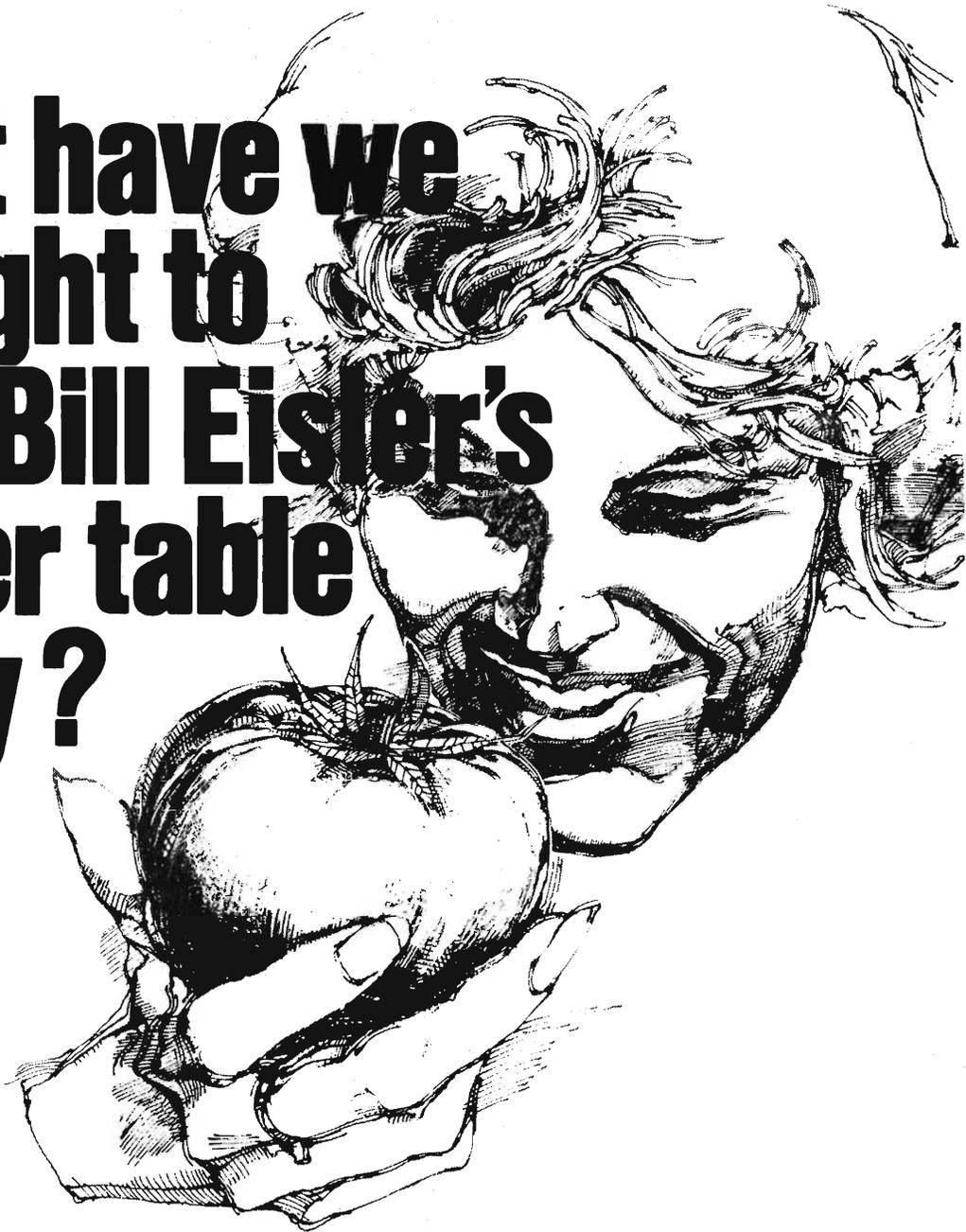
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What have we brought to Mrs. Bill Eisler's dinner table lately?



Fresh tomatoes. Mrs. Eisler never liked those imported tomatoes she used to buy in the middle of winter. Now she buys Manitoba grown tomatoes in February and thinks they're great. It all started a couple of years ago as part of the agricultural diversification program of our Food Products Branch. In co-operation with the University of Manitoba, the Manitoba Research Council, and the Manitoba Department of Agriculture a new type of greenhouse was developed, especially suitable for tomato grow-

ing in this climate. Then, exactly the right type of tomato plant was selected. The project was so successful that today there are commercial tomato growing hothouses in Kemnay, Rathwell, Roblin, Arborg, Neepawa, Carberry, Virden, Portage la Prairie and Winnipeg. This means more delicious tomatoes more often in more Manitoba food stores. Mrs. Eisler says they're fresh, full of flavour and have a nice, firm texture. We agree. We know a good looking tomato when we see one. Got a great idea? Write us. Maybe we can help.



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