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mennonite mirror

volume three / number eight / june 1974 / 35 cents



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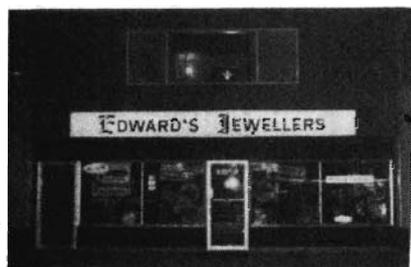
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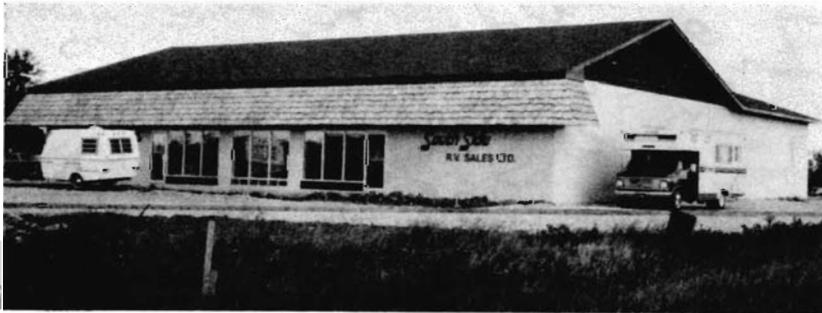
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mix-up

Mix-Up is a contest to test your skill at spelling - that is, your ability to unscramble the letters and re-arrange them so that they form real words. The newly formed words should fit into the squares provided. Letters within squares with circles are to be combined to form an "answer" in the bottom row of circles.

Although no firm decision has been made, the contest judges have noticed that many entrants to the mix-up contest are people who have not paid a subscription. They would prefer to give the cash prize to a person who has a paid-up subscription. May we take this opportunity to gently remind you to include your subscription (\$3 for one year) with your entry if you have not paid?

Mrs. M. Schapansky, of Winnipeg, is the May winner of the mix-up. Answers to May are: wisdom, flower, loving, holiday, patient, helping; "answer" is "Family."

Entries for the June contest should be submitted by June 20.

A winner is selected by a draw from among the corrected entries.

DAYEST



WROGHT



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REOPINE



STEINBACH - one

might call it



of the North!

Name _____

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postal code _____

Send entries to: Mix-Up, Mennonite Mirror,
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I enjoyed the friendship
of the kids and working
for a cause (our trip to Chicago).

David Klippenstein
Westgate

I enjoy this
Westgate
I really enjoyed
singing "Gloria".

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Grade XI

I enjoy
like the
Westgate kids

Herta
Kuechler

I enjoy Westgate.
I enjoyed making
warehiki in the inter term
Cooking class.

John Froese

I enjoy Westgate
I enjoyed the
ski trips and
especially the camping
trip with Mr. Barnum
& Mr. Hyeck. Bruno W.

I enjoy Westgate
I enjoyed the
talent displayed
on "recital days".
Tudy Dunks

I enjoy Westgate
I enjoyed the enthusiasm of the Grade 8
class when they got their Mennonite
house project ready for the Art and Music Festival.
The Heritage Day was great. Hurrah, for
Mennonite heritage

Rudy Friesen

I enjoyed
Westgate
the good humour of our class
Pave Jensen

June 21
Sept. 3
Sept. 29

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Registration
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First Mennonite Church
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About this issue

One hundred years ago, the first contingent of Mennonites arrived in Manitoba, ending a journey that took them half-way around the world and one which was probably more arduous than anticipated. Because the initial settlement efforts were centred in the Steinbach/Niverville/Landmark area of Manitoba, this issue is featuring a number of articles on that area.

The Reimer clan is probably the largest one to grow out of the families that first settled in that area. Great-grandfather Klaas Reimer apparently had 25 children, 20 of whom were boys and all of whom had their own large families. Each Reimer now living has several thousand cousins. We thought appropriate, therefore, to feature several members of this family. The cover story on Mr. P. B. Reimer is written by his daughter Charlotte. The cover sketch is by one of his grandchildren, Lorena Reimer. Al Reimer, another cousin, continues his reminiscences of his life in Steinbach.

In addition to these articles, there are two pages of photographs showing Steinbach in the days before the widespread use of concrete and steel.

There will be one more issue of the Mennonite Mirror before its operations wind down for the summer. In this forthcoming issue it is expected that significant coverage will be given the summer's Mennonite centennial events. While Centennial is certainly an occasion of praise and thanksgiving, it is also an event which gives us a chance to look back on our years in this country. Given the Mennonite's tendency to underestimate the value of their contribution to the development of this province, we will probably be surprised, at the end of this Centennial year, when we find that we have been as good for this province as it has been good for us.

Inside you will find

Mirror Mix-up	3
Photos from early Steinbach	7
"The one with the hat:" Peter B. Reimer	9
FYI: About Sapsuckers, Professors and Such	11
War brings its own conflict to Steinbach	15
Manitoba News	19
De Plautdietsche Weaj	21
Der Regenschirm	22

Cover: Mr. P. B. Reimer in his store as remembered - and sketched - by one of his granddaughters, Lorena Reimer.

mennonite mirror

volume three / number eight / june 1974 / 35 cents

President and Editor: Roy Vogt
Secretary-Treasurer: Arkie Wiens

Vice-President and Managing Editor: Edward L. Unrau
Office Manager: Frieda Unruh

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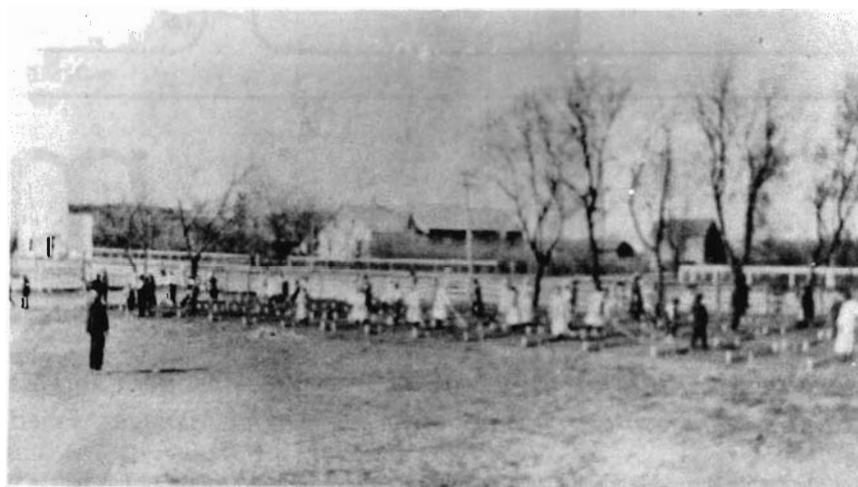
The executive group (as listed above) of Brock Publishers Ltd., serve as members of both the editorial and business committees of the Mennonite Mirror.

Nostalgia: pictures of early Steinbach

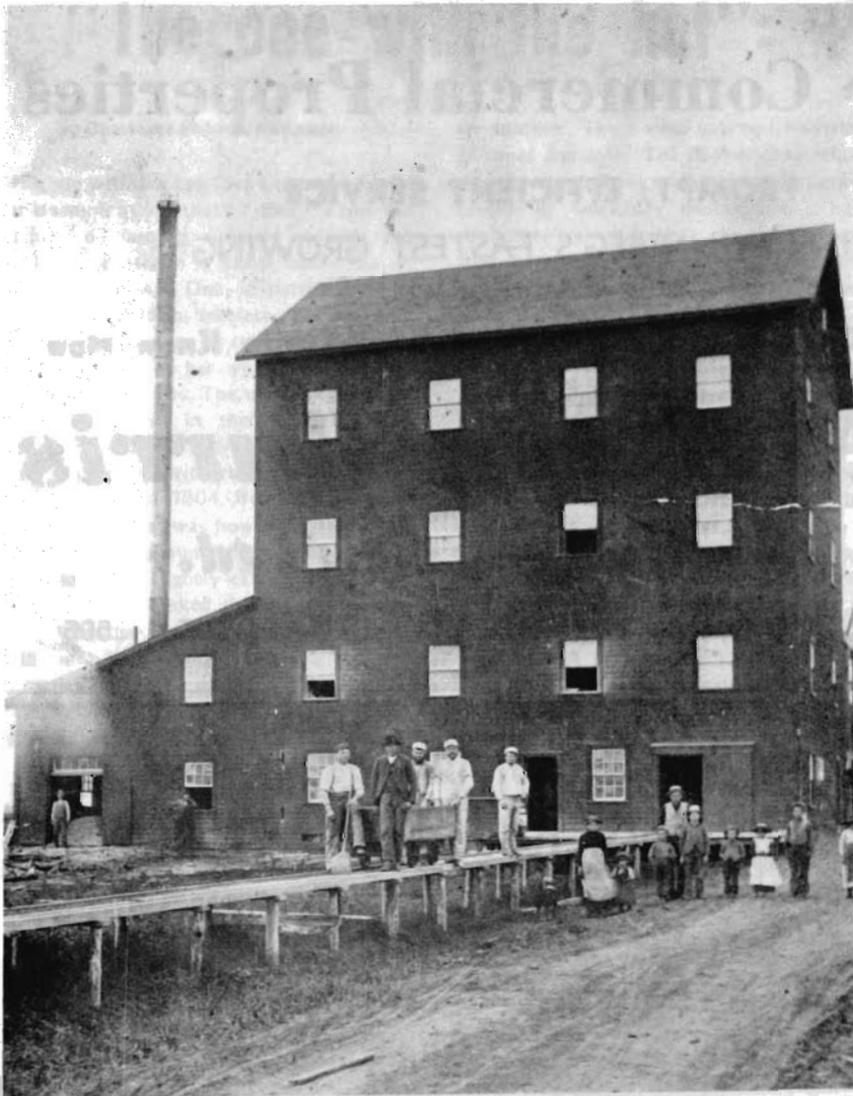


Loewen's Garage (above) as it was in the early 1930's. The wooden sidewalks of the time provide an avenue of security through the sea of mud. (photo courtesy of Herman Loewen).

At Right is very early photograph of the corner of Reimer Ave. and Main Street. In background, the John R. Reimer residence with barn and granary; at left the C.T. Loewen Lumber yard. Taken from school yard where children tending garden plots. This is now the site of the post office. (courtesy of John R. Unger)



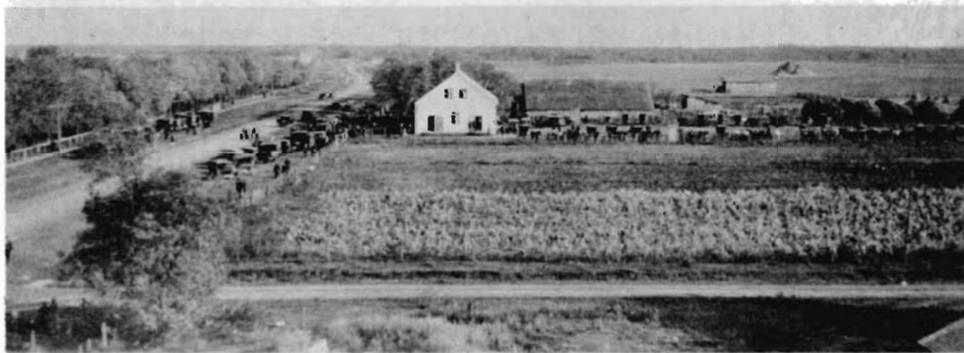
The photos published here, some of them for the first time, give some indication of the interesting places and people that have made Steinbach what it is today. We would appreciate it if readers would let us know the names of people who are not identified below.



Steinbach's first steam mill in this photo, at left, taken before 1900. In the center of the five men on the track is John T. Barkman. To the right of the track is Mrs. A. A. Reimer (Photo courtesy of Walt's Studio).

"Tante Anna," who was featured in the very first issue of the Mennonite Mirror (September, 1971), and is now a resident of Bethania Home for the Aged in Winnipeg, taught kindergarten behind the P. A. Vogt residence in Steinbach for several years before World War II. Pictured (top right) is her 1931 class. Members of this class who can be identified are: Front row: Norman Friesen, Bert Guenther, Art Janz, Jim Fast, Harold Unger, Milton Friesen. Second row: Ernest Vogt, ?, ?, Louise Vogt, Elmer Reimer, ?, Cornie Loewen, ?, ?. Third row: ?, Anne Loewen, Leona Reimer, Mrs. Roland Reimer, ?, ?, Siegfried Dyck. Back row: ?, ?, Peter Reimer, ?, Amanda Reimer, ?, ?, Heide Dyck.

Pupils and teacher of the Steinbach Private School in 1914 (centre right). The teacher is Mr. Ben S. Rempel, and the school was located where Hildebrand's Music Store now stands. (Photo courtesy of John R. Unger).



Steinbach (bottom left) looking south-east from the Flour Mills - around 1920 - with Kleine Gemeinde Church at time of funeral service (Photo courtesy of P. A. Vogts).



The Gravesite (bottom right) of Klaas Reimer (1837-1906), one of the principal founders of the Steinbach community, and greatgrandfather to literally thousands of Reimers all over North America, was located and photographed in Steinbach's original grave yard behind the EMB Church.

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"The one with the hat": Peter B. Reimer

by Charlotte Reimer Kennedy

"The one with the hat," we children pointed out unanimously, "that's father." From the sanctity of father's cubicked writing desk mother had drawn a small collection of brown-tone prints. One, in particular, captured our childish interest. Curious, we scanned the impress of turn-of-the-century Steinbach's pride: her young men, posed in two orderly rows. The men, somber, yet somehow foppish in their shiny Sunday best, had adopted self-consciously formal poses in keeping with the seriousness of a picture taking in 1904. But father had to be different. That was how we knew it was father. Wearing a jaunty hat and a cocky air, he presented a slightly raffish appearance. We thought he looked dashing, even handsome. "Was he popular?" we asked. "Especially with the women," Mother replied, chuckling.

The inevitable hat which marks Peter Barkman Reimer in those early photographs is something more than the symbol of that individuality which made him very much his own man. There were always literal hats. Peter liked wearing hats — shapeless grey felt for winter and scruffy pale straw

for summer. There were hats to fit a variety of times and roles. The dapper cheesecutter was discarded along with his brief youth in favour of workaday businessmen's hats: the barber's, the butcher's, the storekeeper's. And there was always the drab, no-nonsense Sunday and Special Occasion hat. Of these, there was one — a vintage model of his later years — which had a special place in his life. It was a disreputable mass of sodden grey felt, limp of brim, and lumpy of crown. Time, wind and weather had combined to mold this favorite to fit Peter's head perfectly, and oh so comfortably! To this hat he clung desperately in his last days, almost as if he was afraid that without it he was not quite Peter B. Reimer, the man complete. Gravely, deliberately, he doffed that shabby ticket to uniqueness when he first entered the Greenland Home in order to take up residence there, he said he would leave the hat "outside, as something to come back to."

Hatless, he came into the world on November 12th, 1885. His formal education consisted of Grade Three, with highest honours in Schoenschrieben. At age nine he was considered mature enough to assume the responsibility of adulthood. As a full-fledged

labourer in the family lumber business, he was quick to learn from his father, Abram W. Reimer, the skills, as well as the rough and ready ways, of the lumberman. From his dour, yet patient and courageous mother he learned all she could teach him about cooking and bookkeeping. And at the saw-mill, to his parents' delight, young Peter was able to exercise his natural bent towards mathematics to the fullest. Rapid mental calculation was his forte, and it wasn't long before his father could entrust him with the tricky business of assessing the value of a load of wood in terms of cords times going rate. But Peter was restless, and, as soon as he could be spared from the lumber operation, he took the then unprecedented steps of seeking further education. He attended a barber college in Winnipeg and soon set up his own shop. Here, one of his first customers was the late Mr. G. G. Kornelson, who endured, without flinching, a cut which included nicked ear. "Why didn't you complain?" a dismayed Peter queried. "Thought that was how those Winnipeggers taught you to do it," was the reply.

Before opening his shop Peter had married his boyhood sweetheart, Malla Frieis' Leinche. She presented him in rapid succession with five children: Frank (1908), Katherine (1909), Anne (1910), Otto (1912) and Werner (1915-1963). Their home was happy, and Peter's shop was beginning to operate in the black when his father beckoned: the Abram Reimer business needed help. Peter, feeling the tug of filial duty, shut the door softly on his dreams, and answered the summons. Peter and Leinche lived and worked in Giroux until 1917, when in a move to expand the Giroux operation, a brand new store was built in Steinbach. It was at this juncture that Peter, donning a new business hat as manager of The Steinbach Meat Market, became Butcher Reimer.

But, scarcely had Peter settled his family in the old C. W. Reimer residence on Mill Street, when the 1918 flu, struck. At one point during this seige, Leinche, exhausted by the demands of ailing youngsters, had fallen into deep slumber after setting her alarm clock. The alarm sounded in due course, and Leinche, groggy with sleep, tried in vain to turn it off. "Just a few more minutes. . ." But with shrill insistence the alarm jangled on until finally Leinche



An early photo of some of Steinbach's handsome young men: Top row: (l to r) P. B. Reimer, John E. Barkman, John A. Toews, J. J. Barkman, J. F. Barkman, Middle row: J. G. Friesen, C. T. Loewen, Deidrich

Giesbrecht, K. B. Reimer; Front row: Bernard Reimer, Sebastian Regier, J. F. Giesbrecht, Abraham Schellenberg. (courtesy of K. M. Toews.

turned over, only to discover that the sound was coming, not from the clock, but from little Vern whose ear she had been twisting in the mistaken notion that she was grappling with the alarm button! His mother's days, however, were numbered. Two years after the 1918 scourge she succumbed to the ravages of diabetes. Peter B. Reimer's first wife had been born too early for insulin.

In August of 1920 Peter married Katharina, sister of Helena. Katharina became a mother to Peter's five little ones, Amanda (1921), Erich (1923-1924), Paul (1924), Karl (1926), Menno (1928), Peter (1929), Charlotte (1930), Henriette (1932), Grace (1934-36) and Arlie (1935).

As children, we saw Peter B. Reimer, not as colorful and controversial figure in the community, but rather as provider, mentor, and man of faith. As provider, father was indefatigable. In order to shelter and feed his growing brood, he worked tirelessly, eighteen hours a day, six days a week. His family never lacked the necessities of life, but as new babies arrived, lebensraum became a serious problem. In 1923 a solution came by way of an offer to move into Grandpa Friesen's spacious home on Mill Street. (John I. Friesen, incidentally, had built that home at the then exorbitant cost of \$700!). The house with its porches, verandahs, sun-room and beautifully treed grounds proved a real boon. As relatives watched its nooks and crannies being filled with children they called it "Schloszkinderreich!"

Converting the meat market into a general store had created an urgent demand for hired help, but the business was as yet too shaky to support a large payroll. This time the children themselves became the solution, and soon the six oldest were pitching in full time. Helena's children shared with their father the burden of a burgeoning grocery business, while Amanda took on the onerous task of running the huge household.

By dint of sheer back-breaking work Peter and his family managed to keep their business afloat during the depression. By 1942 Peter was thanking the God who had granted strength through the lean years for a new prosperity.

"Father's place," however, was not destined to thrive. On the night of December 9th, 1943, the store and an adjoining lumber yard went up in a fire which set the skies ablaze for miles around. Alarmed, yet fascinated, we children huddled together in the bitter cold of that December night to watch. We younger ones were concerned chiefly about the Christmas present we had hidden in the store's mezzanine office that day. Three whole dollars and hours of agonizing decision making had gone into those gifts bought at the P. A. Vogt store that afternoon. But our purchases became mere trifles when we saw the grief in father's face as daylight, harsh and uncompromising, dawned on the desolation that had been our livelihood. Peter B. Reimer, however, was not one to weep over what could not be changed. To the accompaniment of

sharp bursts of exploding canned goods, P. B. Reimer & Sons (& daughters) made plans for a new beginning. On December 18 the store reopened in a rat-ridden warehouse behind the rubble.

Peter entered this new phase of his business career with his usual resilient enthusiasm, but in 1944 the strain of the preceding year took its toll. He suffered a heart attack from which he never fully recovered. Responsibility for the construction of the new "Reimer Foods" now devolved largely upon Frank and the other older children. Grand Opening Day found Peter G., once more hopeful and eager, but too physically weak to enter fully into the festivities. Soon, he was back up on his feet and for 10 more years he was Butcher Reimer, cheerfully serving customers, but happy to leave to his children the complexities of management.

But Peter B. was concerned with more than the provision of mere necessities for his family. There were moral, ethical and spiritual values to be fostered and nurtured. No doubt each of the 12 children alive today has his own special recollection of one of father's eyeball-to-eyeball lectures. They usually began in an ethical vein and from such counsel he would move on to moral pronouncements, leading them into matters spiritual. As young people we respected the advice borne of love and deeply-rooted personal convictions, but at times we felt he was too inflexible, too sure of the line between right and wrong. As we grew older we came to understand that his spiritual vision encompassed a great deal more than the limited black/white picture against which he so often measured our behaviour. But in his attempt to be fair to all his children he found himself trapped in the web of shifting standards. Old guages for new times presented problems he had difficult resolving. I remember well the sunny Sunday when he spent an entire afternoon brooding over the question of whether or not to punish his three youngest for engaging in activities which his older children had been denied.

As provider and counsellor, Peter B. lives in memory still; but most vivid of all is the memory of Peter B., man of faith. The beliefs which coloured every decision of his adult life are best summed up in a hymn which he often sang: "Doch ich weiss an Welchen Ich glaube. . . ." But Christianity for Peter B. was more than a "pie-in-the-sky" religion; it was very much a here-and-

now way of life. He learned to look life's hardships in the face and say with compelling conviction: "Was Gott tut das ist wohlgetan."

In 1961 "Schloszkinderreich" was almost empty. A move to smaller and more convenient quarters was in order. At this time Amanda provided the brand new bungalow which we younger members of the family remember affectionately as "the little brown house." Leaving the old home was not easy for someone who, in his old age, more than ever, clung desperately to things familiar. But Peter B. bade farewell, first to the white house filled to the rafters with echoes of children sounds, then soon thereafter to the cosy brown home, believing what he sang: "Was Gott tut das ist wohlgetan, Es bleibt gerecht sein Wille, Wenn Er faengt meine Sachen an, Will ich Ihn halten stille."

Peter B. Reimer was not a saint. In his single minded pursuit of the goals which he deemed right and good, he often trod on people's toes. He gave offense often, but as often apologized. He was affectionate, kind, gentle with children, he could also be outspoken, tactless, stubborn, insensitive and inconsiderate. The Steinbach business community had its own little list of unflattering adjectives to describe this maverick Mennonite who had no sense of his "proper" place in the split-level social structure that was

Steinbach. He was as much at ease speaking to an "English" dignitary in Mennonite-Englaise as he was exchanging banter in pidgin French with friends from LaBroquerie. Perhaps because he treated all people as equals with little regard for the niceties of parochial distinction, or because currying favour was simply foreign to his nature, or because material gain as a means to status and power held no attractions for him — perhaps for all of these reasons his business was never a roaring success. But, then, success per se was not his goal. He simply believed in doing with all his might the thing he was called to do.

Peter B. despised sloth and lack of ambition; he admired initiative and resourcefulness. Peter B. was proud of the children and grandchildren who became missionaries; but he was equally proud of those who established themselves in other ways, provided that each tackled his job with a will, "seeking first the Kingdom of God."

Peter B. Reimer died on April 9th, 1966.

Today we treasure the snapshots showing our retired father wearing that special hat he loved so much. But it wasn't what he wore on the outside that made him Peter B. Reimer. Rather it was an inner resource, a personal faith that shaped the man. That faith manifested itself in a variety of ways, not least of which was a child-like gratitude toward those who attended to his needs when his eyesight failed. "That man has love in his hands" he said of the late Mr. Peter Wohlgermuth who cared for him in the Greenland Home. And in that last year, "light denied," his faith, so firmly rooted, allowed him still to say, "Was Gott tut das ist wohlgetan." mm

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By Abe Warkentine

I think it was Dan Barkman of Landmark that phoned me the other day for advice on how to eliminate sapsuckers that chop holes into birch trees. At the time he phoned I wasn't able to be of much help. The only thing I knew, I said, was to sit and wait for bird to come around and then let him have it.

But at the time I spoke to him I didn't know that Professor Jack Thiessen of Winnipeg and his .177 calibre, German made Walther air gun were for hire. Now I know.

Prof. Thiessen dropped into the office the other day on his annual inspection tour of Mennonite settlements and we got to comparing notes on how to eliminate unwelcome woodpeckers and the like. Professor Thiessen swore by his .177 calibre and I took him at his word. After all, just because he's a professor doesn't mean he doesn't know anything about guns. Mr. Thiessen spent a good deal of time drowning out or poaching gophers on old George Robertson's ranch near Grunthal when he was a little younger and you know how it is — once a hunter, always a hunter.

But anyway, when Mr. Thiessen became a German professor and moved to River Heights in Winnipeg, he took his .177 calibre with him. Just to be on the safe

FYI*

*for your information

About Sapsuckers, Professors and such

side. And it's paid off, too. He's got three big notches on it already and a lot of smaller ones. The big ones are for a crow, a tomcat and a neighbor.

First the crow. . . He shot that because it was bothering a robin. But he didn't kill it. Unnerved perhaps by a previous time when he'd accidentally stuck his roll of lifesavers instead of a shell into the chamber of the shotgun, he shot too low and the bird, unable to fly but still able to run, took off through the backyards of River Heights, cackling and cawing away with the professor in close pursuit.

He finally got it.

Then there was the tomcat. It was sitting at the garbage can and in the unique traditional manner of these animals, sticking its head way in and leaving the rear end protruding to tempt Professor Thiessen. He was going to ricochet a shot off the rump but at the last second the cat looked up and the shot hit his jugular.

The neighbor was a little like the cat, also leaning over, that is, but in the garden. Only this time the shot found its target. The neighbor doesn't know to this day what hit him but now when he works in the garden he rarely leans over. **mm**

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DAILY ACTIVITIES TH

PLAN TO ATTEND

Games-Chess, Checkers, Crokinole Tour-
naments-July 29, 30, August 1 & 2.
Championships declared-August 3rd.
Low German plays-daily
Tours
Fashion Shows
Art Show-entire week-SRSS
Family reunions & class reunions
Auction sale-Museum Grounds
Thrashing-Steam Engine
Mennonite Meals

AUT
3rd-Folk Music Cert-F
-Childrens entertainm
-puppet show
-evening-conc
4th-Steinbach Hymn-A

SEPTEMBER

8th-15th-Rudy Bosan Cr
22nd-29th-Emman Miss
29th-Oct. 6th-EMB Non C
TBA-Music Concert
TBA-Talent Show

JULY 31ST STEINBACH DAY

-Street Breakfast
-Unveiling of Sun Dial
-Costume Contest
-Parade

OCTER

TBA-Car Bonspiel-Cng
TBA-Steinbach Huss Ex
TBA-Music Concert

741974

100th CENTENNIAL EVENTS

100th CENTENNIAL EVENTS

Picnic Grounds
Car Shows

22-27th-Gospel Fellowship Children's Crusade
TBA-Old Timers Hockey
26th-SRSS Volleyball Tournament
TBA-Student Essay Contest

ACTIVITIES AT THE MUSEUM

AUTUMN
Music Cert-Rick Neufeld
Entertainment show
-concert
in Hyming-Arena

NOVEMBER
10th-17th-EMC Mission Conference
21st-23rd-G.C. Mission Conference
TBA-Music Concert
TBA-Film Festival

SEPTEMBER

Boscan Crusade
Mission Conference
MB Non Conference
cert
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DECEMBER
7th-Manitoba Secondary Schools Athletic Assoc. 1974 "B" Volleyball Championships.
- Music Concerts
- Churches
- Schools

OCTOBER

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Huss Exhibition Games
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Landmark Looks Back

1874? Not quite. Dan Warkentine's handsome rig in the 1967 Centennial parade reminds us that not long ago this was everyday on the Landmark roads. And on June 22, the community gathers in an all-day Homecoming Festival for a nostalgic review of its past.

It all began in 1907 when Peter M. Penner moved his family into the Swampy "Heistap" northwest of Blumenort. Population pressure on the farms of the East Reserve brought these early settlers into this difficult area to work an agricultural miracle with drainage, hardwork, and faith.

The leader was Rev. Henry R. Reimer, who accepted a call from Aeltesta Peter Dueck to found a Kleingemeinde Church in Prairie Rose (our first name). In this homogeneous community, this church has served as a focus for lives as men were born, worked and died in a unity of faith remarkable in our modern times. The congregation has been served by such notable leaders as Ben D. Reimer, who became founder and Principal of the Steinbach Bible School; A. P. Unger, a published author; Vernon Reimer, long field director in India and now B.C.; and the present pastor, Frank D. Reimer.

In this church, too, were the first classrooms. In the early twenties these were under the care of Rev. Henry Reimer and Rev. P. J. B. Reimer. Later, this expanded, and we include in our school history Dr. Victor Peters, a man who spent four years here in the early forties, and has since demonstrated rich talents in diverse artistic and academic fields. Educational progress, guided particularly by the untiring efforts of the late John J. Hildebrand, has developed

this primitive facility into a large modern high school. We cannot be sure that our early Kleingemeinde settlers would be altogether approving of the sophisticated labs and glaring yellow buses that tear our children from the farms into the world of moder "Gewissenschaft."

It is in the park near this school that Landmarkers past and present will meet on the evening of June 22 to remember the courage and faith of the forefathers who made today's prosperous community possible.

mm

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The war brings its own Conflict to Steinbach

by Al Reimer

My pleasant Steinbach boyhood began to darken into adolescence at about the time that the world was sliding grimly into war. I was twelve in 1939, and excited by the turbulent events unfolding in Europe. I already had a very un-Mennonite passion for military glamour, as I understood it then: for the uniforms, badges, flags and military ranks that I had only read about. And then one day in the summer of 1940, on a family shopping trip to Winnipeg, I finally got my first glimpse of live soldiers — slim young men in rough khaki uniforms drilling under the hot sun in a park in St. Vital.

I have an even more vivid memory of a young Mennonite soldier, that same summer, standing arrogantly in our churchyard one Sunday morning in full military dress complete with a long, wicked-looking dress sword (probably worn against regulations), basking in the envy of the older youths and defiantly returning the disapproving stares of older people. He was a young man whom I had not seen in church for years, and I guessed even then that he had only come to show off and to mortify his elders. And he had not miscalculated. Had a Martian suddenly dropped into our midst he could not have created a more startling or alien effect. The war had come to Steinbach.

My interest in the momentous upheaval taking place in faraway Europe was first awakened by the Munich crisis. Like my father I was mesmerized by Hitler's speeches on the radio. I felt a horrible fascination for the dramatic rise and fall of that strident voice — for its almost unbearable emotional crescendoes and gusts of anger, for the pregnant silences followed by hoarsely whispered promises or threats — as it came crackling over short-wave radio. I couldn't understand much of the strange German that was so different from the simple patios of our ministers in church; but my father, with his keen interest in history and politics, would patiently explain the issues to me.

I could tell, though, that his feelings about the European crisis and Hitler were painfully ambivalent. Like most educated Mennonites of his generation, my father had been nurtured in a double tradition of German-Mennonite and English-Canadian culture. As a native Canadian, he knew that his allegiance lay with the country of his birth and with the British-oriented system

of government that had given our people freedom at last. His early German-oriented education and his life-long love for the German language and literature, however, gave him also a deep sympathy for Germany as a historical and cultural entity, a country that had been forced for too long to exist in the shadow of the British and French nations. Like millions of other people inside and outside of Germany, he wanted very much to believe that Hitler was the champion who would rescue Germany from the disgrace of the First World War. Whenever my father spoke hopefully of the way in which Hitler was "cleaning up" Germany I had a mental picture of der Fuehrer and his ardent followers moving briskly across the land picking up candy bar wrappers and other minor debris, washing, sweeping and polishing the great nation my father admired so much. As yet, we knew nothing of the real "cleaning up" that Hitler was planning for his own country and for the rest of Europe.

My father's divided loyalties did not long survive the outbreak of war. In wartime no one is permitted the luxury of being on both sides, as my father and some of his teaching colleagues discovered rather abruptly during a visit by the school inspector for our district soon after the war began. Mr. A. A. Herriot, our inspector, was the very epitome of the Anglo-Saxon ruling class, the kind of man who would know instinctively how to deal with a Germanic sect like the Mennonites. Physically, he was an awesome specimen — especially in the eyes of young schoolchildren. A veteran of the Boer War, he was a giant of a man with a large, craggy face, silver hair and an erect military bearing, although he walked with a slight limp. To me he seemed almost as big as our district giant "Grouete Rampel". But even more awesome than his size and appearance was the inspector's voice. It was so loud and gravelly that no matter what room he was speaking in, the sound carried to all the other classrooms of our school. In fact, Mr. Herriot did not speak. He bellowed and we children trembled at the sound like so many Beanstalk Jacks in the presence of the Giant.

It was this grizzled old veteran, reeking of cigar fumes, who called together the teachers in our school early in the war and

informed them in curt and unequivocal terms that from now on they would soft-pedal their German heritage and language and remember that we were at war with Germany and the vile Nazis and that there would be no further expressions of sympathy for anything or anybody German — period. My father and his colleagues got the message, and all public expressions of sympathy for the Germans or for German culture ceased forthwith. Long before the first reports of Nazi atrocities against the Jews and other minority groups were made public, my father had come to realize with growing sorrow that Hitler and his cohorts were anything but the saviours of Germany he had hoped they would be.

I've often wondered how different my adolescence would have been if it had not coincided with the war. For most children the phase that begins with puberty is itself a kind of warfare, an adolescent battleground where the self is divided into warring factions that snipe at each other across a dark no man's land of external reality. The adolescent psyche, to adapt Matthew Arnold's famous lines, is indeed "a darkling plain/Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,/where ignorant armies clash by night." I know that's how I felt much of the time — confused, frightened and in the dark about my own and other people's motives, intentions and feelings.

Then, to make matters worse, there was the deeply unsettling atmosphere of world-wide strife, the collective anxiety over what would happen next, the uncertainty about the eventual outcome — especially in the early years of the war. That war syndrome settled like a deadly pall over my personal world, as it did over everybody else's. A sense of impermanence and impending doom permeated even our peaceful, self-absorbed Mennonite town, a town about as safely tucked away from the duty of actual war as it could well be. The uneasiness of the community grew as more and more local and district boys began to appear in uniform on the streets of Steinbach. Many Steinbach parents were distressed to find that while most of the Mennonite farm boys from the surrounding area dutifully went to C.O. camps when they were called up, their own sons were likely to ignore Mennonite

tradition in favor of military service.

So the general tensions of wartime combined with my own personal problems to produce in me that mixed up state now known as an "identity crisis." I began to develop a feeling of inferiority about my Mennonite background, a mixture of shame and contempt for a way of life that seemed to me about as far removed from the cultural mainstream I yearned for as it could possibly be. I was often overcome by a sense of rootlessness, by a suffocating sense of confinement in a community that I was convinced I had already outgrown. I dreamt passionately of becoming an artist of one kind or another — a writer or painter, perhaps, or, a little later, an actor or singer. But I seemed to be in a totally wrong environment to become any of those things. My rather highbrow reading had already convinced me that Canada was a cultural backwater of a country which had produced pitifully few artists whom I considered great enough to emulate.

Being a Canadian was bad enough; but I was also a Mennonite. A double death-blow to my aspirations! In my mad fancy I saw myself as finished before I even had a chance to start. How could fate have been so extravagantly cruel as to equip me with the soul and sensibility of an artist only to dump me into the middle of a culturally barren, narrowly puritanical environment from which I almost despaired of ever escaping? How could I become a poet or novelist in a town dominated by churches and garages? Who cared about art or cultural refinement in a community where emotional fulfillment came in the form of week-long revival meetings conducted at the local Tabernacle?

I did have one solace though, one personal model whom I could observe and take at least some pride in as a Mennonite who had actually succeeded in becoming a well-known writer. He was the late Arnold Dyck who spent the war years in Steinbach in a kind of aloof, voluntary exile. He struck me even then as a lonely man, but there was an aura about him; he had the air of self-contained self-sufficient man of obvious cultural breeding and civilized detachment — and those qualities alone made him quite different from other townspeople, as I assessed them.

True, Mr. Dyck was really only a Low-German writer and not the superior kind of "English" writer I dreamt of becoming. But I had to admit that the "Koop en Bua" stories that my father often read aloud with great relish were really quite funny and artistically put together.

I sometimes had the opportunity of observing the author at close range at the home of my pal Ernie Vogt. At the Sunday Fasha table I could listen to the great man's conversation and watch him carefully for evidence of intellectual and cultural sophistication. Despite my carefully cultivated prejudices, I couldn't help taking pride in the fact that this witty, urbane and well-read man of letters was really one of "us," an artist with whom I shared a — yes, I had to admit it — modest cultural heritage. With Arnold Dyck's example in mind, I had moments when I dared to hope that with a little luck I just might be able to overcome the natural disadvantages of my parochial background and become an even more famous writer in the outside world than Mr. Dyck was in the Mennonite world.

concluded next month

Ode to Kornelson School

You have ten thousand children tutored in your wooden womb.

I remember how in the autumn the smoking air clung about your roof like silver hair.

You had antiseptic walls and I can smell your oily halls.

Deep depressions on the stairs where children marched up to their rooms adorned with crayoned creations.

You overlooked a played on green and twisted maples stood like sentries, watching all your children, guarding their initials.

But men dethroned you, great white queen took your crown away one day, then they took your green away.

All the sentries died in action, flag is flying half a mast;

Weeping in a wester wind

Last reminder of your past telling me that queens like you will not be built again.

by C. Toews

Manitoba Mennonite Centennial Calendar

Sat. June 22: Saturday - All day celebration at Landmark, Manitoba. (northwest of Steinbach. Call Stanford Penner for details.

Sun. June 23: Community celebrations in Winkler, Man. A.M. and P.M.

Sun. June 23: Special services at Lowe Farm. Manitoba. Also at **Altenfest** at Altona Berghaler Church (p.m.)

July 12 - 22: Presentation of the Mennonite folk opera. **The Bridge:** Winkler (12), Altona (14), Steinbach (19), Boiesevain - International Peace Gardens (21), Winnipeg (22). Further announcements pending.

Wed. July 24: Centennial celebrations at the Conference of Mennonites in Canada sessions. Steinbach, evening.

Sat. July 27: Manitoba Sunflower Festival - Altona, Centennial displays.

Sun. July 28: Mennonite Centennial Day - programs A.M. and P.M. in the Winnipeg arena. Paddlewheel Princess cruise on Red River available Monday night, July 29.

Sun. July 28: Schoenweise S.D. homecoming at the village of Schoenweise, west of Gretna, Man.

Wed. July 31: Evening program at the junction of the Rat and Red Rivers, west of Niverville. This was the landing place of the first Mennonite settlers in Manitoba.

For further information please contact the Mennonite Centennial office, Box 58, Gretna, Man.

Summer Institute on Scientific Creationism

This intensive 30-hour course is designed to communicate scientific evidence supporting special creation and a catastrophic view of earth history. All aspects of the question of origins, from the origin of the universe to the origin of man, will be considered. Evidence will be drawn from the fields of geology, cosmology, paleontology, genetics, embryology, comparative anatomy and thermodynamics. Weaknesses and fallacies in the evolutionary model will also be examined.

This course, conducted by the Institute for Creation Research (I.C.R.) of California, is especially intended for teachers, students, pastors and youth workers.

Guest Lecturers:

- Dr. Bolton Davidheiser, Ph. D. (Biologist)
- Dr. Duane T. Gish, Ph. D. Assoc. Director of ICR (Biochemist)
- Prof. Harold Slusher, M.S. U. of Texas (Geophysicist)

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Major Shopping Centre Planned for Steinbach

A major shopping centre for Steinbach is currently in the planning stages and is expected to become a reality by early 1975.

The project is a joint venture between Sherbrook Realty and Winfield Developments, both of Winnipeg. The site for the shopping centre is at the corner of Victoria Avenue and Main Street, near the downtown district of the town and on the main thoroughfare leading into the community.

Preliminary plans call for an enclosed mall development of approximately 76,000 square feet with on site and off site parking for a total of 460 cars. The developers envision two major tenants; a supermarket with approximately 24,000 square feet and another retail outlet taking up another 13,600 square feet. Of course, as these are only preliminary plans and since negotiations with major tenants have not been concluded, these figures could change.

In addition, there is approximately 30,000 square feet remaining for a variety of other smaller commercial tenants. It is expected that this area will be filled with 12 to 15 tenants, including a bank, restaurant, clothing stores, drug store and others.

All in all, this appears to be an imaginative plan for a community which has worked hard to warrant such a development. A

number of factors attracted the developers to Steinbach, both economic and other.

Looking at a number of economic indicators, Steinbach is a community which has enjoyed better than average growth over the past 10 years. Between 1963 and 1973, the population of the town grew from 3,900 to 5,400; an increase of 38.5 per cent. In the same period, the trading area population grew from 23,000 to 34,000; an increase of 47.8 per cent. This compares more than favourably with most other towns and cities in Manitoba.

A typical pattern in many rural communities is a migration of younger people out of the community with the result that the average age of the population becomes increasingly older. In Steinbach, on the basis of the 1966 census, 63.9 per cent of the population was under the age of 35. This compares to 59.2 per cent for Manitoba

as a whole. This factor, together with the past strong growth in population, creates a definite confidence in the economic future of the community.

An important indicator of economic activity is the level and growth of retail trade. In 1972 total retail trade in Steinbach reached \$24.5 million, up 119 per cent from 1962. Total retail trade per capita in 1972 was \$4,537 and this compares to figures of \$2,500 to 3,000 for most other Manitoba towns and cities.

Other communities of the same or smaller size have successfully developed shopping centres over the past several years (Altona, for example). The size of the trading area certainly points to the viability of a shopping centre at present and the past growth record and development of a diversified economic base creates a definite confidence in a sound future.

mm



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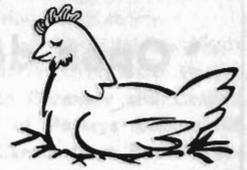
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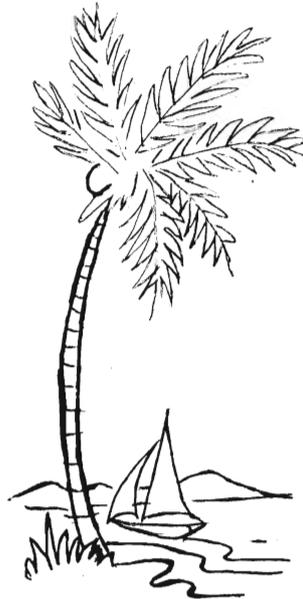
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Tilting at Windmills 1974

When Johann Loepky landed where the Rat River flows into the Red back in 1874, he dreamed of what Manitoba might become for him and his family. And now for a 100 years the family he established on a farm near Niverville has prospered with our Mennonite communities. In this Centennial Year his grandson, Edward Loepky, too is pioneering a dream of unlimited potential.

His venture is etching scenes on copper, and his first plaques appropriately honour the coming of our grandfathers. In the picture you see him with the familiar windmill. In the other plaque he commemorates our Mennonite heritage: a family scene, near their home with thatched roof; to remind us of Christmas reunions and mutta's ploume mous: the steam engine, which made our farming progress possible; and sunflowers, which made our long winters and sermons bearable.

But the end of Centennial will only open wider opportunities for these already-popular plaques. Mayor Juba's office is already proudly displaying the Winnipeg Centennial Plaque Edward designed. The Canadian Legion and the huge Lion's Club International are having him etch their crests, and CUNA's helping hands are now on copper. And the Steinbach Automobile Association is marking their anniversary of a rather successful pioneering venture by striking a special plaque.

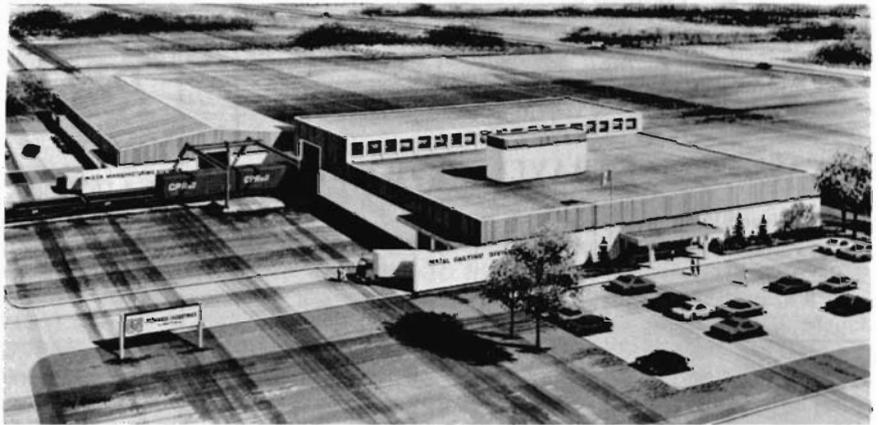
You'll see examples of Edward's handiwork in many of Steinbach's houses of business. Or drop into his shop, where they line his walls. You will be standing almost on the spot of Steinbach's original windmill, so observe a hushed moment. You may catch Ed working on his assembly line in the room at the back - but many small beginnings have grown beyond the farthest imaginings: just look around the East Reserve!



Ed Loepky

Grunthal Homecoming, a Mennonite Centennial event on Sunday, July 21. Plans for the forenoon feature attendance at the church of one's choice. After dinner people may join in a get-together at the local park and stay for a barbeque in the evening.

Manitoba News



A wide range of topics will be covered on June 26 & 27 at the annual sessions of the **Institute of Mennonite Studies** co-sponsored by the Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society, MBBC and CMBC. A speech by Frank H. Epp at a special public meeting to be held in the Elmwood MB Church will conclude the sessions. Interested people are welcome to participate at all times. Meals and lodging will be available at the college for those who require accommodation.

Out to help and managing to raise their own support are **Ed Funk** of Rosefeld, **Brian Funk** formerly of Altona, **Amanda Kehler** of Winnipeg and **Janice Penner** of Lowe Farm, who will spend a year bent to the task of providing long term famine relief in Ethiopia. Their work involves the digging of wells, terracing, development of agricultural programs, planting and training. The young people form a part of a 15 member team recruited from the ranks of the WBC at Otterburne.

At a pioneer dinner for members and friends of the Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society, **Mr. Eugene Derksen**, vice-president, presented honorary memberships to two outstanding members, Mrs. Jake H. Peters and Mr. John C. Reimer.

Available at Derksen Printers for \$2.00 is a concise, easy-to-read book by **Gerhard Lorenz** describing the background, settlement and lifestyle of Manitoba's Mennonites. A review will be published in our next issue.

New division superintendent for the Hanover School Division is **Henry T. Thiessen**. Member of the community's first graduating high school class 37 years ago, Mr. Thiessen now administers one of the province's largest rural divisions with an enrolment of 4,600 students and staff of 218 teachers.

Henry Schellenberg, grandson of another Henry Schellenberg, "Vorsaenger" at the Sommerfelder Church in Altona, took top honors in the Brandon Festival of Music, winning the coveted Rose Bowl.

Monarch Industries Ltd. of Winnipeg has announced plans to build a \$4.75 million metal casting and fabricating plant in Winkler. Two hundred people, earning a total of about \$1.5 million annually, are expected to work in the plant. **Ernest J. Klassen**, president of the firm which now employs more than 400 people in five plants, including several in Winnipeg and one in Mountain Lake Minnesota, announced that the work force for the new plant will be drawn mainly from the Winkler area.

At the annual spring convocation, Dr. **Paul Hiebert**, author, humorist and scientist, known to many as the creator of Sarah Binks, received an honorary degree from the University of Manitoba in late May.

Approval of the Multiculturalism Grant to **Rosthern Mennonite High School** enabled them to undertake a brief tour of Southern Manitoba as one way of participating in the Mennonite Centennial Celebrations.

Anne Schmidt of Winnipeg has begun an assignment with MCC to assist Mennonites emigrating to Germany and Canada. Anne, a member of Portage Avenue MB Church, came to Canada from Russia at the age of three. In recent years over 800 Mennonites from Russia have settled in Germany and a smaller number has found homes in Canada.

A grant of \$10,000 has gone to the **Deutsche Sprachschulen** of Metro Toronto under the federal government's Multicultural Program. The grant will enable the organization to publish a text for advanced courses in German.

Mennonite Junior Choir Festival on Friday, June 7, 8:00 p.m. at the Centennial Concert Hall, Winnipeg. Featured will be English and German selections by nine participating choirs, instrumentalists and a 250 voice mass choir.

Tickets (adults \$2.00; children under 15, \$1.00) are available at Fellowship Book Centre, 302 Kennedy St., Winnipeg; Evangel Book Shop, Steinbach; D. W. Friesen, Altona; and Bible Book Shop, Winkler. Proceeds go toward the MCC refugee program for children.

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De Plautdietsche Weaj

von J. Thiessen

Aus: etj tjlien wea, enn daut ess aul lang tridj, jo so lang daut 'et meist goanich mea so ess, wundad etj mie foaken, waut daut mett daut Plautdietsche woll opp sich haud. Tjeene wisst daut; maunche Mensche saede, daut wea ein 'rauffekommet Hoagditsch, aundre saede, eine sull goanig froage, wiels blos Foarmasch enn Oltkoloniae Plautdietsch raede, enn wada aundre saede opp Dietsch, "I don't know." Oba ole Onkel Schusta Boje, de wisst. He saed, irjendwoa enn Dietschlaund stund eine plautdietsche Weaj enn wann etj to Tiet hankaum, wudd de noch ein baet jenjle vleicht zegoa noch schokle. Du motst die mau got omtjitje wann Du doa han foascht; vleicht zegoa mett daut Fleschleit ein baet dache, dann woascht Du de Plautdietsche Weaj finje enn wann 'et hinja Kasehube ess. Enn doâ wull etj nu han.

Mien Omwajch wea aewre Universitaet, enn daut wea meist ein Faela, wiels? Jo, wiels, froage de Mensche aul: Oppe Universitaet sette doch jeleade Mensche enn meene se weete bestemmt kratjt so vael aus de leewe Gott, blos daut se aules noch beta weete. Ea etj de Weaj mett de plautdietsche Jenjels funk, hild etj enn Dietschlaund aun enn jing no eine plautdietsche Konferenz. Etj wea aul verhaea opp Konferenze jewasst enn wisst daut fule Tjraete, wo'ne nich oabeide wulle opp Konferenz grote Schnette rete: Well so ess 'et mol enne Welt, Mensche waut jescheidet dentje enn saje bliewe measchtens Tus; oppe Konferenze sette se mau seldom enn wann se doa sent, raede se mau wenich.

Oba woa bliew etj mett miene plautdietsche Weaj? O jo, etj wea unjawaajes no de Konferenz, no Dietschlaund, woa aul de educated Professesch plautdietsche Konferenze hilde. Tus, endlich Tus, docht etj enn sad mie bie de plautdietsche aewabrestje Junges ut Hollaund, ut Hamburg, ut Bremen, ut Leer enn Emden, ut Holstein enn Oldenburg, ut Luebeck enn ut Pappelsberg han. Doa enn Dietschlaund mank aul de feine Onkels saut uck ein plautfoutja Jrienthola enn ret Mul. Naes, Ohre, Tjneep enn Oage wiet op.

Enn weit Jie waut dise Weisen ut'em Morgenlande deede? Se raede aewa de Seemaunssproak enn Rostock ut Columbus-Tiet, eina hild eine Raed aus woll de Matrose to Menno Siemons Tiet Toback, oda Schnuftje oda Priemel keiwde, eine meend de Matrose haude to de Tiet aul Rotsdeatja jehaut, de aundra saed, "Jo, oba mau veakauntje enn nich runde; de Runde weare eascht no Napoleon modern jeworde." Ein aundra fraut einen jeraetjaden Ol opp enn donn saeda, Mensche, de Fesch ete kunne baeta schwamme, ein aundra saed Peta Lohrenz ut Rostock haud Fritz Reuter, Abe Lincoln, Paul Bunyan enn uck Napoleon Plautdietsch jeleat, vleicht uck Queen Victoria. He raed god twee Stund, blaedad enn einem Boak so ditj aus bille eine Bibel enn aus'a openboad, dit wea siene Ertjanntnis von fechtig Joah Forschung enn he haud tjeen Rajcht meha, de Menschheit siene Ertjanntnis "vorzuenthalten," dann stunde se aul opp enn klautschte, mehrere hielde, aundre saed, "Geistiger Adel" aundre saute

stell enn vetjaet enn leite de Trone frieen Lauf. Jo enn etj? Jo, etj wea finished, gaunz finished. Dise Weaj schokkeld nich, de stunt stell. Manchmol fong se Tseowents ein baetje to tetjre, wann de ditje Boys aul got jesope enn jejaete enn noch mol jesope haude; dann wull de Weaj weppre. Oba se bleew dann doch stell; nae, enn de Weaj laewd nuscht mea. Mau wieda, saed etj mie! De Weaj mosst Du, sonst woa seatje, dise Junges habe measchtens vejaete, waut Laewe heit. Fe de haud Gutenberg nich kome brucke, de habe aul Lese jeleat enn doafaea daut Dentje enjeschacht.

Well, etj nu wieda; etj tjitjt enn socht enn wull mie opp eine Staed jaeetje, oba etj funk de Staed einfach nich. Nothing doin!

* * *

No Joahre, aus etj enn Musdarp hinja Jrienthol saut, dann kaum'et mett einmol. Doa troff etj Mensche, de ajcht enn tru enn opprechtich weare; de raede, waut woah wea enn nich waut Mensche heere wulle, de saede, waut se wisste enn nich wem se tjannde, de kunne uck ohne Konferenze laewe oba doafaea enne Jemeinschafft. Jo, jo, so's Brune Peta emma saed, endlich einmol tjeine Theologie, endlich einmol ein baet Tjristentum, endlich emol tjein Jeraed, endlich emol Glowe, endlich emol tjene Konferenze, dofaea Menschlichkeit. De Weaj woat so lang schokkle aus'et ajchte plautfotje Mensche jefft. mm

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Der Regenschirm

von Karl Bunje

Als ich kuerzlich mal mit Jan Spin in der Stadt war, und es stark nach Regen aussah, sagte Jan Spin mit einmal: "Du, hier ist ja das Fundamt, ich will doch mal eben nachsehen, ob der Regenschirm, den ich voriges Jahr auf dem Rathausplatz gefunden hab, auch abgeholt wurde.

Und nach einigen Minuten kam er da mit einem wunderschoenen Regenschirm 'raus. "Junge, Junge," wunderte er sich, "so ein schoener Schirm, und ist nicht 'mal abgeholt worden! Der Mann auf dem Fundamt sagte, der Schirm gehoert jetzt mir. Und er hat mir sofort mitgegeben." Und weil der Regen grade zu troepfeln anfang, spannte er ihn auf.

"Du, das ist ein zweischlaefriger," lachte er, "der reicht fuer uns beide. Und ist noch wie neu! Ja, so einer hat mir schon lange gefehlt."

Als wir nachher mit dem Bus nach Hause fuhren, hatte Jan Spin den Schirm vor sich zwischen den Knien stehen. Er beschaute die Kruecke, die recht eigenartig aussah und wie so ein kleines Kunstwerk ausgeschnitzt war. Und man sah es Jañ Spin an, dasz er jetzt richtig stolz auf seinen schoenen Regenschirm war.

Ihm gegenueber sas ein Kerl, der schon eine ganze Weile abwechselnd Jan Spin und den Schirm anschaute. Mit einmal sagte er: "Das ist mein Schirm!" Jan Spin lachte. "Das moechtest du wohl. Aber das kann ein jeder sagen." "Der Schirm gehoert mir," sagte der Kerl. "Ich erkenne ihn ganz genau wieder. So eine aparte Kruecke gibt es nur einmal."

Die Leute im Bus traten, die beiden umringend, naeher und schauten sie

gespannt an. Na, dachte ich, so wie ich Jan Spin kenne, kann das hier wohl noch ein kleines Theater abgeben. Aber Jan blieb ganz ruhig und sagte: "Ja, 's ist ein wunderschoener Schirm, und besonders die Kruecke ist ganz apart. Und wenn es die auch nur einmal gibt, so gehoert der Schirm doch mir."

Da wurde der Kerl zornig. "Der Schirm gehoert mir! Und Sie haben ihn geklaut!" "Huete Deine Zunge!" sagte Jan Spin nun auch etwas erregter. - "Der Schirm gehoert mir! Das kann ich sogar beweisen." Und er hielt dem Kerl den Schein aus dem Fundamt unter die Nase. "Glauben Sie auch jetzt noch, dasz ich ihn geklaut habe?"

Etwas verbluefft schwieng der Kerl nun einen Augenblick. Doch dann fing er wieder an: "Aber gefunden haben Sie ihn - und das ist mein Schirm! Der ist mir voriges Jahr, gerade am 17. Oktober, das ist naemlich mein Geburtstag, im Rathauskeller abhanden gekommen." "Der Tag kann schon stimmen," sagte Jan Spin, "doch dann sind Sie wohl tuechtig benebelt gewesen bei Ihrer Geburtstagsfeier. Der Schirm stand nachts, um 1 Uhr, ganz allein am Laternenpfahl vor'm Rathaus." "Dann hab ich ihn da wohl stehen lassen, als ich ins Auto stieg," sagte der Kerl etwas gezwungen. - Alle Leute im Bus reckten jetzt recht neugierig die Haelse.

"Ja," sagte Jan Spin, "wenn Ihnen soviel an dem Schirm gelegen ist, dann moechte ich bloss wissen, warum Sie nicht mal beim Fundamt nachgefragt haben. Der Schirm hat doch da ueber ein Jahr gestanden?" "Wer gibt denn jetzt noch Fundsachen ab?" meinte der Kerl recht geringschaetzig. "Sie vielleicht nicht," laechelte Jan, "aber

andere Leute tun das. Und weil es noch mehr solcher Leute gibt wie Sie, die andern nur was Schlechtes zutrauen, bleibt im Fundamt auch soviel liegen. Der Beamte sagte mir eben, dasz da allein in einem Monat: 23 Fahrraeder, 17 Handtaschen, 6 Aktentaschen, 8 Brillen, 27 Schirme, 5 Uhren und dann noch ein ganzer Haufen anderer Kram nicht abgeholt wurde.

"Wollen Sie mir den Schirm denn jetzt nicht wiedergeben?" fragte der Kerl nun doch etwas kleinlaut. "Ihre Unkosten und auch einen kleinen Finderlohn sollen Sie haben." "Mir liegt nichts daran," sagte Jan Spin. Und weil der Bus grade hielt, rief er ein kleines Maedchen herein, das da draussen mit einer Sammelbuechse fuer das Rote Kreuz stand. "Wenn Sie hier in diese Buechse zehn Mark 'reinstecken," sagte Jan, "dann sollen Sie den Schirm haben." Und dann setzte er mit einem Laecheln hinzu: "Ich meine, so eine kleine Strafe haben Sie doch verdient, weil Sie so eine geringschaetzig Meinung ueber Ihre Mitmenschen haben."

Da machte der Kerl doch ein recht saures Gesicht. Aber, weil all die Leute im Bus ihn so mahnend ansahen, holte er seine Brieftasche vor und steckte zehn Mark in die Buechse, und Jan Spin gab ihm den Schirm.

Aber ob er seine schlechte Meinung ueber die Menschen geaendert hat, das glaub ich nicht, denn der Kerl sagte nicht mal "Dankeschoen" wie er mit dem Schirm abzog.

(Aus dem "Ollnborger Platt")

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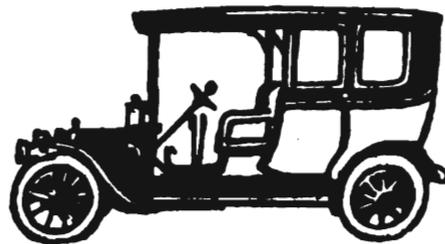
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