

mennonite mirror

three
volume ~~eight~~ / number nine / summer 1974 / 35 cents



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Mennonite Centennial Events - Summer & Fall

July 12 to 22 - Presentation of the Mennonite folk opera, *The Bridge*, At Winkler (12), Altona (14), Steinbach (19), Boissevain - International Peace Gardens (21), Winnipeg (22). This is an up-dated schedule. Please ignore previous listings.

July 24 - Centennial celebration at the Conference of Mennonites in Canada sessions, Steinbach.

July 28 - Mennonite Centennial Day - programs in a.m. and p.m. Red River cruise with Paddlewheel available Monday night (29th).

July 28 - Schoenwiese S.D. homecoming; the village lies west of Gretna, Man.

August 4 - Special centennial services in the Sommerfelder Mennonite churches of Manitoba.

August 4 - Joint church services in Steinbach.

October 23 - Mennonite Piano Concerto in Centennial Hall, Winnipeg. (note change from earlier listings).

November 1 - 7: Presentation of Uri Bender's Historical Pageant in Manitoba Mennonite Communities. Details coming soon.

December 29 - Organ recital and concert with Harold Redekop and George Wiebe at Knox United Church, Winnipeg, Man.

Tornado Recovery Programs Underway

Mennonite Disaster Service is calling urgently for 20 leadership persons as recovery programs in 12 states get underway following widespread tornado destruction on April 3.

Ten persons to do investigative ground-work and 10 project leaders are needed immediately for 30 days.

MDS has released \$12,000 from its emergency fund for use in initial clean-up and recovery programs which will span a five to ten-week period.

Nine hundred MDS volunteers were already at work last weekend helping families face their shattered homesites and start over. Over 750 people worked in Indiana and Michigan. A large number of volunteers including college students are expected to join MDS operations over the Easter weekend.

With final Red Cross statistics still incomplete, at least 338 persons are dead after last Wednesday's storms. Damage reached \$1 billion.

"When I first saw Xenia, Ohio, — and I've been with this 17 years — I knew this was the worst and most extensive tornado damage I've ever seen," said Nelson Hostetter, MDS executive coordinator. Hostetter, who had been on the scene in a number of the 12 states in which MDS is working says devastation is more intense and involves more communities than the Palm Sunday tornadoes of 1965.

A six-week recovery program is underway in Xenia under the direction of Eli Nissley.

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About this issue

Among the offerings in this issue of the Mirror is a fiction story on a sudden midnight journey. It's by Nan Doerksen now resident in Nashwaaksis, New Brunswick.

Other articles in this issue are set in such varied places as British Columbia, Steinbach, your reading room and the Manitoba Labor Board. Mary Enns recalls her younger days in a B.C. Community. Al Reimer continues his story of Wartime Steinbach. And, for those who want to read this summer, we have two lists of Mennonite historical reading. One of these is a review by Roy Vogt of four especially noteworthy books.

Perhaps the most sinister article is the last in the issue, Conscience doesn't count says Labor Board. We have, as Mennonites, always cherished the right to differ with our government on the ground of conscience. Two Manitoba nurses wanted to opt out of their union on the basis of a conscience provision in the Labor Act. They did not convince the board. Quite apart from the merits of the case in question, the principle is one that all Mennonites should champion, not only for their own use, but also on behalf of all others who have grounds for any conscientious objection to government decision.

The Cover: Lorena Reimer is again the cover artist, and her drawing is an illustration for the story. A midnight journey... is mother sick?

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mennonite mirror

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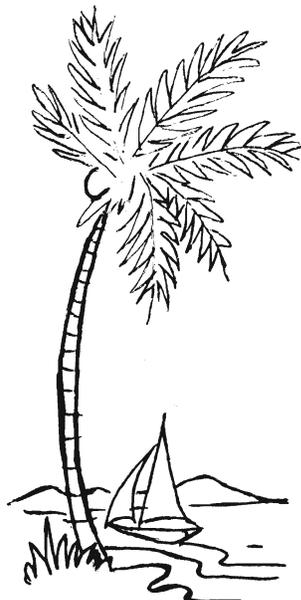
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A midnight journey..Is mother sick?

by Nan Doerksen

It was still dark when she felt someone standing over her, calling softly "Adeline, Adeline." It was Papa. "Wake up quickly and get dressed. Mama is sick, and I am taking you to Loewens till she is better."

Half asleep, but frightened too, she hurried into her clothes. She could hear Grossma getting the little ones ready. Abe was already up.

The outside door opened and Papa came back in, with a rush of frosty air. The early April nights were still cold. Papa carried the smaller children out to the sleigh; Jakie and Hilda fast asleep, while five-year-old Trudy was whimpering softly. Grossma hustled Abe and Adeline out with whispered instructions to look after the little ones.

"Is she very sick?" asked Adeline softly. "No — no — she will be fine — don't you worry. Papa will fetch Tante Peters. She's a good nurse; she will make everything all right." Grossma comforted.

Papa packed them into the open cutter. Lifting the reins, he "giddiapped" to the horses. Quickly they moved out of the yard, down the hill and through the woods where the Loewens lived, just half a mile away. The stars were still very bright and the air was crisp and clear.

In a very short time they drove into their neighbor's yard. The dog, Ring, began to bark, alarmed at this unusual intrusion.

"Whoa!" Papa jumped out and knocked

loudly at the door of the lean-to kitchen. It soon opened and a sleepy voice inquired:

"Why—? Oh, is it time? Oh—yes, bring them in."

Strange, Adeline thought, how did he know, without Papa saying even one word, that Mama was sick.

Tante Loewen was up already too and brought blankets to make a bed on the floor of the living room for all the children. Their beds, Adeline knew, were all filled. Jakie and Hilda went right on sleeping as though nothing had happened, and Trudy soon settled down. Tante Loewen blew out the kerosene lamp. She and Onkel Loewen went back to bed. They didn't seem too worried about Mama's illness.

"Abe, are you awake?" Adeline whispered very softly.

"Yes."

"Do you think Mama will die?"

"No—!" He sounded startled. "Grossma said she'd be all right." Then "we'd better not talk or we'll wake up everyone."

She tried to sleep, but the floor was hard and the creaks and groans of the house were not what she was used to, the comforting ones of home. She tried not to move.

"Dear Jesus, make her not die. Amen."

Far away, very faintly came the sound of a coyote's howl. Would Ring bark? Only the sound of steady breathing all around.

Mama hadn't seemed sick yesterday; had

sent them off to school with a warm oatmeal breakfast and their peanut butter sandwiches in the syrup lunch pails. And when they returned she was there, busy in the kitchen, while Grossma sat knitting and rocking by the heater. Only at supper she had said: "I feel very tired, so children, early to bed tonight — and I will too."

The stars had gone, and through the thinly curtained window, faint light began to show. An alarm clock rang loudly, but not long. Movements began in the big bedroom and soon upstairs too. The older children and Onkel Loewen went out to milk the cows. Everyone began to stir. Adeline waited for Helen to come in and soon she did — and baby Betty and Mary.

"Did you sleep here?"

"When did you come?"

"What — why —"

"Come — See —"

"Breakfast is ready! Come children. Come eat." Tante Loewen, dressed and breakfast cooked, came to get them all.

Midst all the chatter, sleigh bells suddenly sounded. Papa had come! What had happened? Had Mama —?

He came in with a happy look.

"And is it all over so soon?" Tante Loewen asked.

"Yes!" said Papa. "Everything's fine. Children, you have a baby brother!" **mm**

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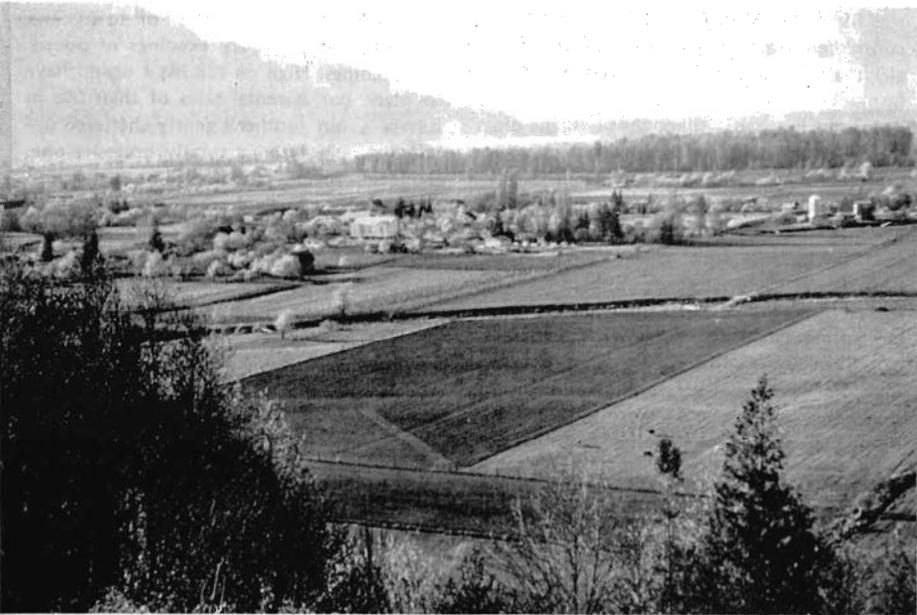
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My own green Valley

by Mary M. Enns

Nestled snugly into the lap of the Vedder Mountains lay our valley. During most of my childhood I felt the security and shelter of the mountains, now dark purple, now blue or green. The mighty Fraser River flowed here but nearer to us was the smaller Vedder River, from which my father and brother drew the silvery Steelhead, a large fish whose white meat made superb eating. For the safety of the valley's inhabitants the river had to be dyked. The walk on top of the dyke was a favorite haunt of the teen crowd and no young girl who valued her good name sought out these walks even though the blackberry bushes were of fruit, black and sweet.

Almost totally comprised of Mennonites, ours was a pioneer town. My father was the keeper of it's only General Store. At the back you saw the long counter where sat the scales, cash register, wide roll of wrapping-paper, credit books, tin scoop, large knife, scissors and pencils. On the clerk's side the counter held large bins for coffee beans, tea, rice, sugar, and dried white beans. Along the sides and down the center were the shelves for groceries, lamps and lamp-chimneys, tall rubber-boots, canvas shoes, cotton and maybe even silk stockings, work boots for men, and on the floor, beside the front door, the smooth salt blocks for the cows. On the pharmaceutical shelf you saw Alpenkrueter, Sloan's linament, camphor ointment, and epsom salts - what other medicine did anyone need! (Many a Mennonite has gone to his grave never realizing why that small swig of Alpenkrueter at bedtime was so beneficial to his general health). Of course there was always a stock of a few fineries like ribbon,

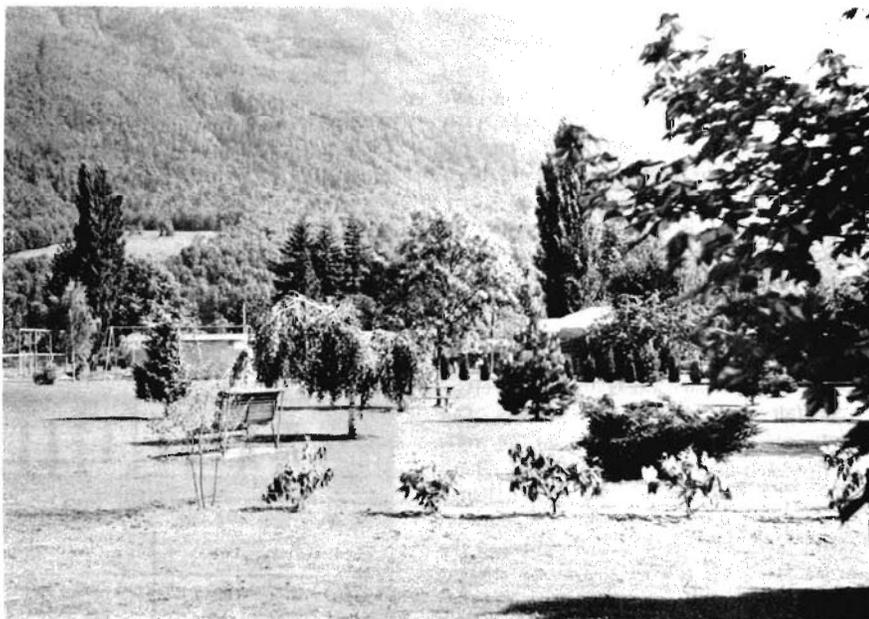
buttons, needles, and crochet-cotton. And for the small-fry, the coveted penny candy and 5 cent Sweet-Maries, O Henrys and Neilson's Crispy Crunch. Out front was the gas-pump and around by the back door the smelly coal oil drum.

The store was a family affair, and our parents thought it wise to draw their young quite early into this project. The four of us grew up knowing no other way of life than to run when the store bell rang. Sundays were the only days that our breakfast, lunch and dinners were not interrupted by customers.

For a long while a good bit of every family's protein (except that no one ever thought about protein) came from the

peanut butter which was bought in 25 lb. pails. For the Christmas season peanuts in the shell were stocked in 20 lb. sacks. To go with these were the mixed hard candy - some striped, some with flowers right down the centre, some curled in medieval collar shapes, but all flavoured with either winter-green, exotic pineapple or cinnamon. Few things were packaged and so had to be weighed or measured. What arithmetic I failed to master at school was learned by trial and error in the store. Hamburger, being 3 lbs. for 25 cents was no problem because that's the way people bought it.

Life for us children was so uncomplicated and unadorned that when the Depression came we didn't know. After we grew up



and people talked of it, I wondered why we were spared. It could be that we simply never missed what we didn't have. I believe it created quite a stir when my father bought his family the first radio in town and later a chesterfield.

Sometimes I think of the fiasco of the lemon pies. Most of my peers were already proficient in such arts as baking and sewing - clearly all things "haueslich." I seem to have been something of a backward child, generally speaking. Company was coming one day and I felt the urge to create. If all that effort, I mused, was to go into just one pie, why not triple everything, cheat a bit and make it five pies. Being by nature mathematically insecure, the result was inevitable, but I shovelled the pale yellow mortar into five pastry shells, camouflaged it all with an aenemic meringue, and allowed my innocent mother to serve it. My uncle tasted it, blanched, and quietly but with authority addressed his young son, "Erwin, willst du meinen pie?" Erwin, no slouch in his own rights, whimpered just a little but stood his ground. "Nein, Dad, das kann ich nicht." By now it was evident that not even my family would support me and someone whistled for Mickey, our Cocker Spaniel. Eagerly he loped in, tried the delicacy, gave one look of disdain and fled to safer regions.

Because he had brought a marvelously shiny set of "Zaehne-Znagen" from Russia, and had a natural flair for this sort of thing anyway, father was soon the town's popular and highly illegal dentist. One evening Grandmother Loewen - strange, that grandmothers, then seemed always to be so old - came by and begged him to put her out of her misery and pull that molar. So, why waste time - my father proceeded. "Oba, Onkel Derksen, wot soal ek met meent Tung?" Soothingly, the answer, "Na, Tuante, de stoppe Se mau ruhing enne Fup."

The Grade two school picture shows me to have been an incredible plain child. Today I would not be so foolish as to say this in my son's hearing because his immediate reaction would be, "And why is that so incredible?" For obvious reasons we wore practical, not dainty clothes. Over these was hung a black pinafore. This could still sound quite demure, maybe even early French, except that it just didn't turn out that way. It was all the fault of the horn-rimmed glasses and the light brown hair, parted on the side and held fast with a flat four-inch stainless-steel clip. All of which leads me to wonder why my young sister and I were chosen to be the flower-girls at the first wedding in town. True, the bride and groom were friends of our parents, and then, too, my sister was really quite pretty - tall, fair with dark hair and eyes. Our seamstress proceeded to work on the white voile and eyelet embroidered dresses. That's when the first lady of the church had a quiet talk with our mother. And mother, gentle soul that she was, sadly changed the order for short puffed sleeves to straight elbow length and long black stockings to cover such unseemly length of leg. This

was for our own future good; nothing being considered more dangerous for a very young girl than "mitlaufen" with every whim of fashion.

Our mother had a thing about all the old, the sick, the dejected in town. I say this respectfully, if sadly, because in our family we could never look forward to a decent pot of chicken soup - made with one chicken - that I wouldn't first have to carry little pails (from 5 lb. Roger's Golden Syrup) full of this soup to all her favourites. The indignity of having to walk down Main Street clutching these pails. Add to this the fact that the soup was so hot that more often than not the lid would fly off with a bang onto the gravel road either from steam propulsion or from angry swinging. By the time the family got to start dinner there was only enough chicken left for careful allotment. "Aber wir haben viel Suppe, Kinder." It was only after I was married that I discovered the pleasure of having more than a good taste of chicken.

July, this longed-for month of school holidays, was for us a dreaded month. That was when the daily migration of the entire township, men, women and babes in arms took place. This included the storekeeper, for why keep your store open in a ghost-town! We were transported, mostly by truck, in the very early morning - I remember moon and stars during the exodus - to the Ord Hop Yards, seven miles away. Here old and young earned the bulk of their money for the coming year. Picking tobacco leaves, also nearby, was frowned upon but after all hops were used to make yeast - well, maybe a bit for beer. My brother was a marvelous hoppicker, almost a champion. When I would lug my basket to the checker-weighter (who was also a minister in our church) the not unkind verdict was "Ach, Blaetter nur." More than ominous, this, for I knew it to be a direct quote from Holy Writ. How I hated each little green hop that stained your hands black by evening, if it did not, indeed, produce a miserable rash. I hated the dust, the rain, the burning sun, the old clothes and the constant togetherness with friend and foe. But I think I hated my inefficiency most.

The greenness of our valley seems to have evolved as a result of a number of circumstances and things like the Christmas Eve program in the little school house. Then there were the Kinderfeste each summer in

the forest on the outskirts of town, and the stimulating literary evenings of poetry and readings. High on the list I would have to place our parents' tales of their life in Russia - our mother's gently sheltered upbringing, and father's totally opposite one. He loved to tell how Grandmother spread the "Schmalz" on the black bread of all the eight boys and one girl to make it go farther. And... woe to the boy who told tales on the other; the Mafia had nothing on the system these Derksen boys had amongst themselves.

I remember, too, the motor trips we went on to see our Uncle John Fischer in Washington State. One summer we went clear down into Oklahoma to visit our Uncle Fred and Aunt Mary Strauss. We thought it hilarious that our relatives had names like Cal-Sue or Laura-Jean. Wonder of wonders - their mother always took her clothes to a laundromat.

My brother David and his friend, Hans were real swingers, excelling as baseball captains, in skating and swimming. Hans was a European and therefore regarded with a little more than the usual share of interest. He used expressions such as: "Ach du lieber Strohsack" and "du Nudel." Today he's an American executive, and I would love to say these things to him just once more, for old times sake.

How frugal we all were. Our dry-cleaning was done with a clothesbrush dipped in stale, cold coffee, then pressed with a flat-iron. Neu-Jahrs Kuchen or Paska were baked only for the New Year or Easter celebrations, respectively; at least that way they were always special, never commonplace or taken for granted.

Looking back it seems to me that we were blessed, indeed. There's no doubt about it - all of us together must have helped to colour our valley so green. mm

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Second of two parts

The war imposes its brand of change

by Al Reimer

Not even a tortured adolescent suffering from delusions of grandeur can spend all his time spinning webs of romantic agony or wallowing in the mud of self-pity. My dark broodings were, after all, only a kind of morbid ground bass to the bright, passionate music that sang in my blood. Even in wartime Steinbach there was life's abundance to enjoy, discoveries to be made, strengths weaknesses to test, relationships to explore, the mysteries of adulthood to unravel. There were sports — especially hockey — school activities, books and girls to vie for one's attention. And, of course, there was a war that seemed to move closer and become more personal as one stretched towards military age. In fact, some of us reached for adulthood in a way that would have been considered abnormal at any other time. One of my chums, unusually mature for his age in a physical sense, at least, lied his way into the army at fifteen. His father decided to teach the boy a lesson by allowing him to stay in the army until he had gone through the full rigors of basic training. The plan back-fired. My friend loved the army and had to be dragged forcibly back into civilian life. He spent the next couple of years in sullen rebellion against "civvy street," and as soon as he was old enough he joined up again.

Steinbach itself was beginning to develop a new kind of maturity as a result of the war, although the changes were subtle at first and not very visible. For one thing, the Depression was over and local businessmen, always an enterprising lot, were beginning to sniff the air for new or bigger opportunities. The Penner brothers, A.D. and J.D., for example, were already in high gear as car dealers and were no longer laughed at in local business circles as naive dreamers from the farm. In his family's store on Main Street, "Carload Frank" Reimer was perfecting the stylish innovative business

techniques that he would later parlay into the fantastically successful Reimer Express Lines. C. T. Loewen's bee supplies and sash and door products were becoming known all over Western Canada.

The traditional isolationism and insularity of the town were further broken down as more and more local boys joined the armed services. War patriotism established itself as an accepted thing, and dispelled much of the suspicion that hung over the community of its presumed "German" character. I remember my father telling me that in World War I only one local boy had gone to war. In World War II, there were many Mennonites in uniform by the end of the war. So, in a curious kind of way, the war atmosphere itself, the sense of danger shared with the whole country, brought Mennonite communities like Steinbach closer to the once feared and distrusted outside world. War propaganda — like rain or snow — fell on everybody. Every Friday afternoon our whole school was subjected to a battery of war newsreels in the auditorium. Loren Green, the C.B.C.'s premier announcer in those days, was the "voice of doom" that narrated these propaganda films. His gloomy voice usually sounded more convincing when recording Allied defeats and reversals than it did when recording victories.

Our favourite after-school hang-out (and sometimes during) was Pete's Inn, an institution then as now. Genial Pete Kehler was our friend and confidant, the father-confessor to whom we could go with our troubles. Chatting with Pete even for a few minutes — his eyes snapping roguishly, a ready quip always on his tongue, the sheer warmth and energy radiating from the man — made you feel that no similar problem would ever faze him or keep him down for long. So you already felt better. Pete's first cafe — close to the site of his present one — was really no more than a two-room shack with

a counter and two booths. From the beginning he established himself as the ideal Main Street restaurateur. He soon built a much larger place — the predecessor to the present building — and that is the place I remember best. It became a kind of second home for many of us — an unofficial club where wartime adolescents could sit and chatter for hours about their future. And many of us saw our immediate future as a military one.

By 1945, it seemed that practically everybody older than my classmates and I were in the army, navy or airforce. My pals and I yearned to join either the airforce (aircrew, of course) or the navy. We disdained the army as too common for our superior talents. I personally favored the navy and already saw myself in living color serving valorously on a corvette or destroyer. The fact was, however, that the Navy and airforce were already closed to recruiting in all but the most unglamorous of service categories — i.e., cooks and able seamen in the navy, groundcrew technicians in the airforce. We even considered the possibility of smuggling ourselves across the border to join the U.S. Marines, but we never got beyond the talking stage.

Miraculously, the casualty figures for Steinbachers serving overseas on active duty were very light. We were all saddened early in the war when Pilot Officer Ronald Campbell, son of our local lawyer of pre-war days, was killed during the Battle of Britain. Jake Klippenstein, who grew up on our street, was also killed in action and George Barkman was killed in a training accident in England. Both served in the army. Otherwise there were few serious casualties of any kind among local boys. The Jac D. Barkman family on Main St. had six boys in the army. The youngest was red-headed Irwin of curved hockey stick fame. Most of the Barkman boys saw action



Pete's Inn (on right) in the 1940's.

in Europe, with Walter, if I remember correctly, going through the entire Italian campaign. All returned unmarked and as easy-going as ever. The A. A. Reimer family had five sons in the services and they too returned from the wars without mishap.

The end of the war came only a little before the end of my adolescence. The war years had changed Steinbach from a cozy, inward-looking Mennonite "Darp" to an enterprising town receptive to change and expansion, including a greater receptivity to non-Mennonite influences — especially in the economic sector. Personally, I was as ready for change and expansion by this time as was the town. But to me the future seemed meaningful only if I could escape from what I considered the much too close confines of home and community. I couldn't wait to shake myself free of the place I had loved as a child but had come to scorn as a youth. I was to learn that things weren't as simple as that.

Wherever I went I would be compelled to take the baggage of my Steinbach past with me. No matter how hard I tried to disguise myself with a proper English accent and non-Mennonite attitudes, prejudices and modes of thought, my true identity was always there waiting to be re-discovered and re-assumed. It took me many years to realize that I had grown up with a heritage that was my most precious possession, and that by denying that heritage I was doing injury to the very tap-root of my existence.

And so I have assembled these personal memories and reminiscences as a public tribute to the place of my birth, my inner record of a time and place rapidly receding from view. As Margaret Laurence, the great Manitoba novelist has said recently with her own home town of Neepawa in mind: "Only by looking ahead into the past can we look back into the future." By looking forward into my Steinbach past, I know that I have made it easier for myself to slip back into the future. mm

Service Applications Up Trained Personnel needed

Applications for service assignments with Mennonite Central Committee show a 20 per cent increase over March figures for last year. Yet there is concern that MCC may not be able to meet personnel needs for 1974, particularly overseas.

"Many persons applying to MCC are also applying to other agencies," says Lowell Detweiler, personnel director. "Also, we have a significant number of applicants in the very young and older age groups. For overseas assignments it is difficult to gain acceptance and entry papers for persons from either end of the age spectrum."

A priority need in 1974 is for trained agriculturalists to work in response to the world food crisis. Programs in Chad, Kenya, Vietnam and West African and Latin

American countries are asking for persons trained in food production.

"The need for medical personnel is always urgent," says Detweiler. Along with doctors, and nurses, we can place nutrition experts, home economists, and public health workers in areas where food shortages exist.

While there is an apparent surplus of teachers in North America, MCC is not receiving enough applications for Teachers Abroad Program (TAP). A decline is projected in TAP Africa programming but there is a lack of applications to fill the reduced needs.

TAP programming has expanded beyond sub-Sahara Africa to include Egypt and Algeria, where English teachers are needed. TAP placements are also made in Bolivia, Jamaica, and Newfoundland. MM

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Bill Baerg starts New Choral Group

Winnipeg has a new choral group to be known as the CBC Winnipeg Singers. The group, made up in Winnipeg, draws largely upon members who have extensive experience in choral singing, and made its premiere performance on CBC Radio, Thursday, on the 31st of January.

This group is led by William Baerg, who is well known in Mennonite Brethren circles since his association with MBBC both as a student and as a musician. Born and raised in Alberta, he found the music department strong at the college in his student days: He had come as an instrumentalist but developed into a vocalist because the choral tradition was exceptional in Winnipeg. After further studies at the State Academy in Detmold, West Germany, and teaching at MBBC, he continued his studies at the Peabody Conservatory of Music, where he is presently working toward a doctorate in music.

On the air, Baerg discussed his new group with some optimism, during which time he pointed out the considerable choral program in Winnipeg churches. He furthermore indicated that rehearsal time will be at a premium but would like to perform 20th Century music, and hopefully present it in some of the local concert halls.

Neil Wolfe, also of Winkler, has completed his final phase of training as a jungle pilot which equips him with the ability to cope with isolation and life among the indigenous peoples of remote areas of South America. He has been posted to Bolivia by the Wycliffe Bible Translators, who assign personnel to 26 countries around the world in an effort to reduce aboriginal languages to a written form. Neil is the son of Anne Wolfe of Blumenfeld.

Taking her place in the new Canadian office of the Christian Businessmen's Committee, is **Katherine Froese**, former administrative assistant with MCC (Canada).

Menno Wiebe, in turn commences in late 1974, duties as full-time resource person and director of native ministries for MCC (Canada). Wiebe also deserves recognition for winning first prize in a writing contest sponsored by the Manitoba Mennonite centennial organization.

A Grateful Word

The Women's Committee of the Mennonite Educational Society wish to thank every one that helped make our April 7th, Mennonite Centennial Festival of Art and Music at Polo Park a great success.

The Committee also announced the three winners of the Mennonite Historical Mural Contest: By Judge's vote the winners were: No. 1, Mr. Alvin Pauls; No. 2, Mrs. Elizabeth Schlichting; and No. 3, Mrs. Margaret Quiring. By Popular Vote the winners were: No. 1, Mrs. Margaret Quiring; and No. 2, Mr. Alvin Pauls.

Manitoba News

New Teachers in Mennonite Schools

The Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute announces the following new appointments for the coming school year:

Mr. John Derksen: physical education and athletic director. John is the son of Rev. Henry and Helen Derksen of Zaire. John is a graduate of MBCI and MBBC.

Mr. Henry Thiessen: German and music. Mr. Thiessen has been on staff before and is presently completing a six year term as principal of the Pan American Christian Academy in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

Mr. Don Peters: Junior high mathematics. Mr. Peters is a graduate of MBBC and University of Winnipeg.

There are two new appointments to serve on a half time basis.

Mrs. Lora Sawatsky: English department head. Mrs. Sawatsky has also been a former faculty member.

Mrs. Irma Epp: will be teaching Grade XI English. Mrs. Epp and her husband are former missionaries in Zaire.

Mrs. Ruth Vogt who was teaching on a full time basis during the past year will teach English on a half time basis in the coming year.

Westgate Mennonite Collegiate announces the addition of **Frank Enns** and **Jake Pankrat** to their teaching staff for next year. Another new appointment will be announced soon.

Elbert Toews, vice-principal of the academic department of Steinbach Regional Secondary School, has been promoted to principal.

Now known as **Triple E Canada Ltd.** with P. W. Enns, founder of Triple E, as chairman of the board, the firm is again in the hands of the men who early realized the business potential of recreational vehicles such as trailers. The complex, purchased and reconstructed by Neonex after a disastrous fire struck the facilities in 1972, has become once more a Winkler-based enterprise.

The art of "**Fraktur**" as found among Mennonites immigrating from Danzig, Poland, Prussia and Russia to North America in the 19th century, is being studied for its significant cultural background. The art of penmanship and the production of illuminated writing marked as it is by highly decorative enlarged first letters of manuscripts, dates back to the Middle Ages. Fraktur's are embellished with drawings. Mrs. N. E. (Ethel) Abrahams of Hillsborough, Kansas, is conducting a study of the art of Fraktur, a subject which hitherto has seen little or no research. She would appreciate knowing of Fraktur's which may be found in homes of Russian Mennonite background. Any Fraktur's examined would remain in the hands of owners but where possible, would be photographed for the current study.

50 Years of Marriage

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Friesen of Winnipeg (formerly of Rosser, Manitoba) had the good fortune of celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary on May 26, 1974. The celebration service took place at the First Mennonite Church with family, relatives and friends in attendance. Out of town relatives attended from Vancouver, B.C., Coaldale, Alberta and Leamington, Ontario.

Report Lauds Conrad Grebel

A group of academic consultants, after detailed and lengthy evaluation of graduate studies in the history departments of Ontario universities, has given excellent rating to several University of Waterloo programs, including those in Reformation and Anabaptist-Mennonite studies spearheaded by Conrad Grebel College.



Rowland



Coutu

Selkirk Candidates meet Students of MBCI

Canadians are once more facing an election. As this issue of the Mirror goes to press the campaign is in full swing; candidates and their helpers are working round the clock, ringing doorbells, attending coffee parties, shaking hands, kissing babies, attending meetings; affirming, accusing, denying, promising — all in the hopes of being elected on July 8.

The federal riding of Selkirk is heavily populated with Mennonites. Presently holding the seat is Doug Rowland of the NDP, who won a narrow victory over Conservative Dean Whiteway in the last election. Running against Rowland this time are Whiteway for the Conservatives and Eddie Coutu, the Liberal candidate. Recently, all three candidates agreed to participate in a panel discussion and spent several hours speaking to the Grade XI and XII students of Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute, which is located in the constituency. This discussion provided an excellent practical learning situation for the students, many of whom will be voting for the first time in this election. Credit must be given to the candidates for their willingness to spend valuable

time which would result in limited political rewards for themselves personally. Candidates running for office in any given constituency naturally become adversaries, yet all three candidates maintained a high level of courtesy and respect towards each other during the discussion.

Mr. Doug Rowland, speaking quietly and earnestly, explained to the students his conception of the role of the politician as educator and interpreter. He spoke of the complexity of the political process, and gave his view of what he as an individual MP could do for his constituents. He left the impression that he is an individual with a real concern for the people who chose him as their representative.

Ed Coutu, who has worked for several years as special assistant to the Hon. James Richardson, Minister of Defence, presented what he considered to be the three main issues facing the electorate; namely, the question of leadership, Western alienation and the need to unify the country, and the problem of inflation, which he claimed the Liberals were attempting to tackle in the budget which was defeated.

Dean Whiteway, chalk in hand, took a classroom approach and discussed with the students the problem of inflation, presenting the Conservative policy of a 90 day freeze on wages and prices, and the need to index pensions to help those living on fixed incomes to cope with inflation.

Following the presentations of the candidates, the students were ready with questions which covered a variety of topics — inflation, the recent controversial Quebec language bill, abuses of unemployment insurance and welfare payments, and the move of the Air Canada maintenance base to Winnipeg, and many other topics.

The inevitable school bell cut short discussion eventually, and the students left with a better understanding of the issues involved in this particular campaign, and also an awareness of the complexity of the decisions to be made on July 8. Should one vote for the individual, for the party and policies he represents, or for the leader of a certain party? That is a decision which each Canadian faces on July 8, Irrespective of how we vote, it is one way every citizen has of influencing the decision — making process. mm

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1874

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More about Mennonites you should know . . .

The Mennonite centennial has produced a harvest of interesting literature, just in time for the summer months. We know of at least a few people who actually take some time during their holidays to relax with a good book. The books reviewed here can be highly recommended for this.

Lost in the Steppe, by Arnold Dyck. Translated from the High German by Henry Dyck; Derksen Printers; 1974; \$9.95 postpaid.

Harvest, An Anthology of Mennonite Writing in Canada, prepared and edited by a special committee of the Mennonite Centennial Committee; 1974; D.W. Friesens, \$3.50.

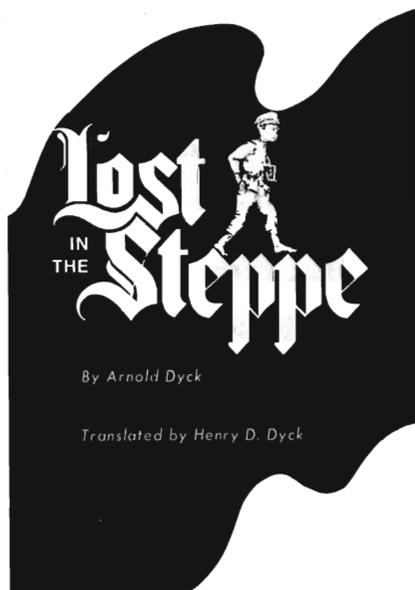
The Mennonites of Western Canada, by Gerhard Lohrenz; 1974; Derksen Printers, \$2.50 postpaid.

Know These People, edited by Ben Hoepfner for the Evangelical Mennonite Conference and the Evangelical Mennonite Mission Conference; 1974.

Four Recent Books for Summer Reading Reviewed By Roy Vogt

of his home village, but made restless enough by that same sensitivity to feel "lost" and restricted. Hence the title of the book. It is Arnold Dyck's autobiography of his own youth.

A word about the translation itself. Henry Dyck has sought to capture the flavour of of the Low and High German idiom in the English language. I think this is a mistake. Because of it, conversation that was very natural in the original language sometimes becomes contrived and artificial in English. It is the naturalness that should be translated and to do this one must make the English diction flow as freely as the original, even at the expense of a more literal translation. It requires some effort on the part of the reader to enter into the spirit of the story in the initial stages because of this — but let me assure everyone that the effort is very much worthwhile. Henry Dyck has succeeded in bringing to English readers one of the finest works ever written by a Mennonite writer.



Arnold Dyck's book, *Lost in the Steppe*, must surely rank as one of the most interesting descriptions of what it was like to grow up in a Mennonite colony in Russia before the revolution. Those who read English more easily than German can thank the late Henry Dyck for this translation. Every Mennonite should buy it and read it! The book is not only about Mennonites and about Russia but about the inner growth of a particular kind of young person, sensitive enough to find stimulation even in the flat landscape and very orderly life



1874-1974

Hot off the press is *Harvest, An Anthology of Mennonite Writing in Canada*. This is undoubtedly the most unique collection of Mennonite writing ever assembled. It includes both poetry and prose, from writers past and present, in English, High German, and Low German. The individuals who gathered this material worked under the auspices of the Mennonite Centennial Committee. A grant of \$5,000 from the Multicultural Council was used partly as prize money, to stimulate new writing, and partly to keep the price of the book down so that many will be able to afford it. The editorial committee seems to have succeeded well on both counts. The writing

contest which they sponsored during the past year has elicited some excellent efforts from such individuals as Menno Wiebe and Patrick Friesen. The price of the book has been kept down to a very reasonable \$3.50.

The anthology committee has sought in its choice of material to reflect the tremendous variety of outlook and experience that exists in the Mennonite community of Canada. Outsiders who often regard this community as an extremely homogeneous one will be particularly — and perhaps pleasantly — surprised by this. It is the kind of book that recommends itself to a wide reading audience.

While stressing variety the committee did not lose sight of quality. It would be foolish for us to pretend that all — or even most — of the writing in this book is of extremely high literary quality. Much of it is too didactic, trying to drive home a point by repeating a statement instead of moving the reader with a sparse metaphor or symbol. However, the committee was selective in its choices and there are numerous delightful discoveries to be made. Clint Toews, for example, of whom I had never heard, is definitely an above-average poet — and his writings along with a host of others should more than reward all those who take the time to read this book.

THE MENNONITES OF WESTERN CANADA

It is always inspiring to meet a person who has led an extremely active life and who uses his (or her) "retirement years" to make a contribution to his community based on his wealth of experience and special knowledge. Mr. Gerhard Lohrenz is one of the most outstanding examples of such an individual. Who would ever have thought that amid his many conducted tours of Russia, and other countries — where he has helped numerous persons to become reacquainted with their past, and therefore also with their present — and his many articles on a wide variety of topics in the Mennonite press, Mr. Lohrenz would find the time to produce several books (and, it should be added, in several languages). His German book, *Lose Blaetter*, which has been reviewed well in our German press, is now followed by the booklet, *The Mennonites of Western Canada*, in English. His purpose in this book is to provide a glimpse of our history for those individuals who are discouraged from reading some of the longer works that have already appeared. I think he has succeeded well, and for this reason along (and the price of only \$2.50 — always so important to us) the book should receive a wide audience. In addition to this, however

Mr. Lohrenz has written a very honest account of our past. He does not paint a romantic picture of the Mennonites. He quotes for example, an English historian who visited the Mennonite colonies in the 1870's and commented: "They are plain, honest, frugal people, somewhat sluggish of intellect and indifferent to things lying beyond the narrow limits of their own little world, but shrewd enough in all matters which they deem worthy of their attention." While Mr. Lohrenz is impressed with the so-called "Anabaptist vision" of the Mennonites, this does not make him judgmental of those in our past who have found it necessary at times to compromise some elements of this vision — as, for example, the participants in the "Selbstschutz" (self-defence Unit) during the revolution in Russia. His compassionate treatment of this episode should set an example to our younger scholars who are sometimes inclined to judge history through pure but abstract principles.

Mr. Lohrenz is aware that his "nutshell" treatment of history sacrifices many interesting details that are found in larger works. Often one wishes that he could pause a bit and reflect more fully about the nature and meaning of a given event. However, that would have destroyed his main intent, of supplying an easy reference to our history for the average reader. Within these self-imposed limits this is indeed a very good guide to the experience of the Mennonites in western Canada.

KNOW THESE PEOPLE

Grebel — Manz — Blaurack
Marpeck — Sattler — Hutter



Menno Simons
Simons — Beckum — Philips
Bret — Cornelius — Willems

Publishers
Evangelical Mennonite Conference
Evangelical Mennonite Mission Conference

Something very similar can be said about the booklet, *Know These People*, edited by Mr. Ben Hoepfner of the Steinbach Bible Institute. Upon receiving this booklet I immediately wondered who these people were that we are supposed to know. They are 13 of the original Anabaptist pioneers of the 16th century, some of whom we have heard about before (for example, Menno Simons and Conrad Grebel), some who are only vaguely familiar to us (e.g. Obbe and Dirk Philips) and others about whom I at least had heard nothing before (e.g. Mary Beckum and Adrian Cornelius). The

treatment of these individuals is a popular one, designed again for the average reader and not for the scholar. Usually not more than four or five pages are devoted to each pioneer of faith.

These biographical essays are written by 11 different members of the Evangelical Mennonite Conference (formerly the Kleine Gemeinde) and the Evangelical Mennonite Mission Conference. What impressed me immediately upon opening the book is a fact which has been drawn to my attention before and which should, I think, fill those of us who belong to other Mennonite groups with considerable envy. I refer to the fact that many of the writers are active laymen — businessmen, teachers, etc. who have obviously studied their faith intensively and have the ability, and the will, to write about it for the benefit of others. These conferences have succeeded over the years in training lay leadership which is probably unsurpassed in any other Mennonite community in Canada.

Each one of the writers in this booklet has used excellent sources. Readers will find a wealth of material about some of our earlier forefathers (and mothers) who are certainly worth knowing. Because of the short treatment one doesn't get a real feel for the tension and frustration which our forefathers constantly experienced in trying to carve out a new (or "renewed") interpretation of the Christian faith. However, for those people who know almost nothing about our spiritual forefathers and who would like to evaluate for themselves the significance of the Mennonite faith, these brief biographical essays should prove to be very helpful.

— — —

These books, and others listed in this magazine, can be obtained directly from the printers or from Fellowship Bookcenter, 302 Kennedy Street, Winnipeg. mm

Hero's Price

I changed my name
But all who saw me said I was the same
I changed my place
But every stranger knew my face
Alone and yet surrounded
Like a lady in black lace
I changed my mind
But all who followed me before
Followed now still even more
A multitude gone blind.
I changed my way
Because my heart was leading me
But saw before the end of day
A Zaccheus in every tree
I changed my song
So that the words were wrong
But no one knew
For each one thought that it was true
They sang it all day long
And when I died
They hung me up around inside
To look upon my ageless face
Which even death could not erase.

by C. Toews

Macmillan to publish Canadian Mennonite History

If all goes well the first volume of history of the Mennonites in Canada will be published in the fall of 1974. It will be the major publishing event of the Mennonite centennial. The history is written by Dr. Frank H. Epp, now President of Conrad Grebel College in Waterloo, Ontario.

A contract was signed May 14 by representatives of The Macmillan Company of Canada and the Joint Committee of Mennonite Historical Societies.

November 1 was projected as the publication date.

Apart from the European introduction to the Canadian story, the book will cover the period from 1786 to 1920.

Those dates mark the first immigration to Upper Canada from Pennsylvania and the time after World War I when Mennonites were legally barred from entering Canada.

The publication marks not only the 100th anniversary of the first coming of Mennonites from Russia but also the 50th and 25th anniversaries of the second and third migrations from Russia.

While most of the research for a second volume has been completed, the writing for that volume hasn't begun and no publication date has yet been projected. 

Mennonite Centennial Publications

The Mennonite centennial has stimulated research and writing. A number of recent publications are now available from Centennial Publications, Box 58, Gretna, Manitoba.

The following is the first list prepared by the Manitoba Mennonite Centennial Committee:

Frank Brown. *A History of Winkler* (1973); illustrated sketch of how the Winkler community developed from its beginnings. \$5. 204 pages.

Abram P. Toews *The Mennonite Church of Manitoba*, (1973); 93 page account of how the Mennonite community in the province began, with a brief summary history of each of the Mennonite church groups in Manitoba. \$1

Henry H. Epp, ed. *Mennonite Centennial Hymnbook* (1974); prepared for the hymn sing celebration held in Winnipeg Mar. 16, 1974. A fine collection of wellknown Mennonite hymns, both German and English. 56 pp. \$1, or 75 cents if ordered in bulk of 10 or more).

Peter Brown. *The Brauns of Osterwick* (1972); the story of the Jacob Braun family, one of the pioneers of the West Reserve in Manitoba. Well-illustrated. \$10, 307 pp.

L. Klippenstein, ed. *Pioneer Portraits*; a souvenir booklet prepared for the MCC hymnsing at Altona on Jan. 27, 1974. Contains a dozen or so sketches of persons active in the communities of the Altona area. Contains historic photos. 50 cents. 20 pp.

Gerhard Lohrenz. *Lose Blaetter* (1974); A collection of articles (German) published by the author in periodicals, etc. through the years. Deals with Mennonite life in Russia and Canada. \$5, 160 pp.

Gerhard Lohrenz. *The Mennonites 'in Western Canada* (1974); a brief but very helpful sketch of the history of Mennonites in Canada, especially in the western provinces. \$2.50, 52 pp.

D. K. Schellenberg and Ben Hoepfner, eds. *Know These People* (1974). A series of biographies on early Anabaptist leaders. Prepared by the Evangelical Mennonite and Evangelical Mennonite Mission conferences. 75 cents each (or 60 cents if ordered in bulk of 10 or more).

G. Ens. *Low German short stories* on the Christmases of 1875, 1925, 1949; first presented on the Low German Mennonite studies series offered on CFAM (Radio Southern Manitoba) Mondays at 9:30 p.m. \$1.50

Roy Vogt, ed. Centennial issue of *Mennonite Mirror*, (Jan. - Feb. 1974); Focuses on the history of the East and West Reserve. Articles by various authors. 50 cents. 64 pp.

mm

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MANITOBA NEWS

The Self Help Centre at 447 Watt Street donated over \$10,000 to MCC's world relief program. The centre now also accepts furniture, usable appliances, household items, etc.

Faith and Life Communications has found an assistant director in Ronn Klassen, presently at the Mennonite Seminary in Elkhart. His wife Judy (nee Schultz), was a former teacher at Westgate.

In view of the strong prospect of a world-wide food crisis, the international MCC board adopted a resolution earlier this year to give priority to the world food crisis in the next five to ten years and to

expand rural development and family planning programs in overseas and North America rural areas. At the same time each Mennonite and Brethren in Christ household is encouraged to reduce its expenditures by ten per cent to contribute this amount to meet the food needs of others. It was felt that this resolution could have an effect only if individuals, families and congregations took it seriously.

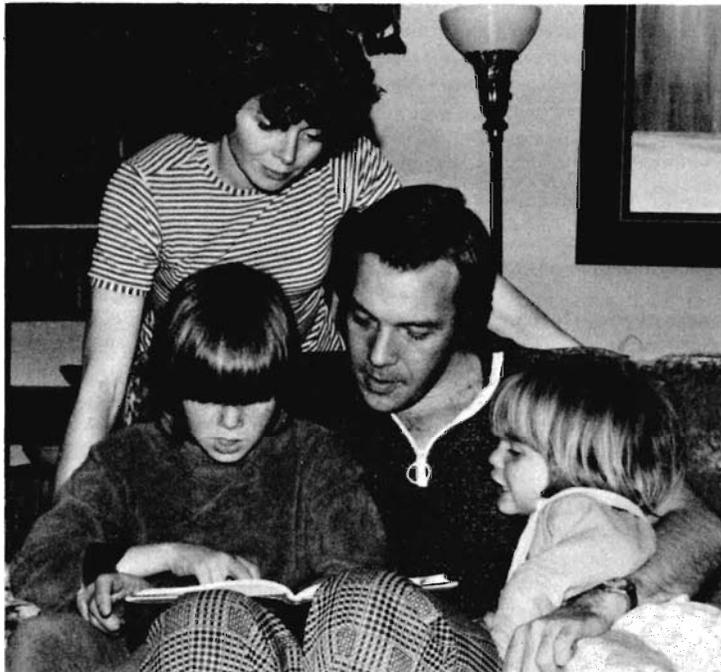
Among Canadians who found the International Mennonite Bible School at Bienenberg, Switzerland, a good place to study were nine Manitobans from Grunthal, Steinbach and Winnipeg. The response by Canadians to the school's facilities has been so keen that administration has limited the

foreign entrants in order to enable more Europeans, for whom the school was originally established, to enroll.

Passenger Ship Lists

Passenger lists of the 17 steamships carrying Russian Mennonite immigrants from Liverpool to Quebec, 1874-1880, are now available on microfilm at the archives of Canadian Mennonite Bible College, Winnipeg, and Conrad Grebel College, Winnipeg.

In addition to sailing information for each ship, the lists provide the name, age and occupation of each adult, and the name (or initial) and age of all children.



Doug with his wife Hope and his two sons, Paul and Wade.

"When Doug Rowland speaks, Parliament listens."

That's what they say about Selkirk's New Democrat M.P. In four short years, Doug Rowland has made his mark in Ottawa.

He has brought your concerns to Parliament in the most effective way. And he has always been available to help individual constituents.

That kind of record deserves your support on July 8, 1974.

RE-ELECT



Authorized by official agent J. Reghr

Tribute to a Winkler pioneer

by Henry F. Wiebe

Henry Kuhl was born just before the turn of the century on a farm seven miles northwest of Winkler. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kuhl, homesteaded there; and, there they built their first home, of logs and with a sod roof.

Those early years on the Manitoba prairie were hard years. The head of the house, together with the older sons, would very often travel up to 13 miles to bring home wood for the long, cold winter days and nights. Henry Kuhl remembers snow storms so severe that no one could see the cattle barn for three days. At times like these no one ventured outdoors and the cattle were left on their own for the duration of the storms.

Even though the early pioneer days were extremely difficult and work was often backbreaking, food was always plentiful and no real shortages were experienced. Shopping was done once a week in the nearby village of Winkler. Father Kuhl used to load up his butter and eggs and trade them for the staples: coffee, sugar, salt.

Development of the general farming area seemed slow at that time, but, in retrospect, Mr. Kuhl remembers a steady growth during

the early 19 hundreds.

In 1923, at the age of 27, Mr. Kuhl purchased his first farm and tried farming on his own. He had farmed with his father for several years, but now it was time for young Henry to launch out on his own.

Banks were not willing to lend money for the purchase of farms in those days, so money was borrowed privately from family and friends at an annual interest rate of three per cent. No security was taken, except a promissory note signed in favor of the lender.

Then the *Waisenamt* came into being from 1910 to 1920. This was an attempt by the early pioneers to pool the savings of the larger Mennonite community of southern Manitoba, to help young farmers get started in their own farming operations. Mr. Kuhl recalls his father-in-law enlarging his farm through the financing received from this organization.

Waisenamt, literally "orphan office," was, in fact, an agency set up in Russia to take care of children bereft of parents. In Canada, as its purpose enlarged to assist those in need of financial aid, it came, gradually, to mean almost exclusively, a financial pool to help farmers get started.

It appears that this *Waisenamt* experience



was a direct forerunner to the present flourishing credit unions which now operate in the southern Manitoba area. The *Waisenamts* were very loosely organized and did not weather the difficult thirties. However, in the later thirties, credit unions made their appearance. Many people questioned the viability of this new financial organization, but the ideals and goals of the credit unions' founders soon appealed to most of the Mennonite residents of southern Manitoba. They recognized credit unions as a humane approach to helping each other.

Henry Kuhl first became keenly interested in credit unions in 1958 when he was elected to the board of directors of the Winkler Credit Union. As he grew more intimately aware of what credit unions were doing for people, in helping them resolve financial problems, he became a staunch promoter of the Winkler Credit Union.

Other community organizations claimed his attention. He served as councillor for the town of Winkler for eight years. As chairman of the hospital board for 20 years, he was involved in the expansion program of the Winkler Hospital.

In August of 1973 when Winkler Credit Union held the official opening of its new, enlarged premises, Henry Kuhl, along with his small great grandson, David Janzen, to cut the ribbon declaring the building officially open to the public.

Mr. Kuhl was delighted. "As I recall my years of service, the association with people who worked for the common good, and the constant endeavour to improve the services to its members, I feel a deep satisfaction in having been given the opportunity to serve as a board member. I received my real reward for whatever work I have done when they chose me to cut the ribbon."

And, this June, Henry Kuhl and his wife, Mary, celebrate their 60th wedding anniversary. Plans are already underway for a gala family reunion.

No private home boasts a living room or a recreation room large enough to accommodate this grand old patriarch's descendants, for Henry Kuhl has 33 grandchildren, 19 great grandchildren and seven children. They will converge, in June, from as far away as Switzerland and Holland to express their love and devotion for a good man, a good neighbour, a good husband, a good father, a good citizen and, above all, a good Christian.

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Saj Dankscheen, Peta

von J. Thiessen

Jeat Thiesse ut Paraguay ess ein butajeweenelja Mensch, nich blos wiels he mien Onkel ess, nae, vael meha wiels he mett eine jeboagne Wead nich bloss Tjinja eint aewre Huck resse kaun oba he kaun sick mett de selbje Wead Wota unjre Ead finje. Butadaem kaun he billewon Poppejei daut sinje enn piepre biebrinje.

Thiesse wull eajentlich goanich no Paraguay oba daut M.C.C. saed he sull mau schmock doahan goahne enn Wota seatje enn de Poppajeis doa ein baet beleahre. Donn fuah Thiesse mett siene kurrje Fru enn met siene vea Tjinja no de Arbuseweaj enn Suedamerikau, no Paraguay.

"By Gosh, by Golly," saed Thiesse ausa doa sach, waut'et aules gauf: Ope, Mensche, Indiauna, noaktje Tjinja enn bunte Monkeys. Butadaem sach he doa Faeajel, bunte Poppajeis, wille Schwien (oba mau veabeensche, saed Thiesse emma) enn Nordamerikauna met enjelde Tunge, "de Donnasch raede ja mau eine Sproak enn de mau schlacht," meind Thiesse, "Dise Tjraete habe woll aus Tjinja vael to wenig Priejel jetjraeta! De se' je enjebilda enn noch daumelja aus Tus de Moloschna," vetalld Jeat Thiesse emma.

Well, Thiesse musst doa ein Loch growe enn doa medde mank Bananestude eine Sirrai bue. Wann Thiesse sich nich daen Schweet wescht dann schloag he Naejel enn, enn wann he nich de Ope enn Poppekjeie wajgrult, dann musst he siene Tjinja ommhole, dei nu mett de noaktje Indiaunatjinja spaele wulle. Bold haud Thiesse ein Hus, ein Hiestje, ein Staul, fea Foatjel, eine Saaj, enn einen Poppajei enn dise wea tweemol so grot enn dreemol so straum aus bille ein Deffat! "Ein trauma Tjnewel," saed Thiesse emma "oba raede kaun he nich vael dolla aus ein fievendartigjoascha dowa Esel. Enn wann daut nich bold aundasch woat, dann woa etj daem heeschen Schinda daen Zoagel bett

hinjre Oare aufhacke! "Oba nae, oba nael" saede de Tjinja enn hielde enn prachade "Papa, lot daem straumen Peta doch laewe, He woat bold sinje aus enn Tuntjenitj." "O.K." saed Thiesse, lot ahm noch drie Monat stohne oba wanna dann nich raede kaun, dann tratj etj ahm de Pesre einseiwies ute Flichtel!" Nu eewde de Tjinja mett daem Poppajei dach enn Nacht daut raede; jiedesmol wann he ein Stetjsje Aete tjreach saede se aula, "Saj Dankscheen."

Peta, saj Dankscheen!" Oba Peta schedded sich, fraut doppeld so vael enn saed nuscht. Oltnaesig weara ernea; he floag aulewaeje 'romm, lod sich selwst bie de Noabasch tom Aete an, he gruld de Kaute enn bet te Hung

Vaut Mutta Veht

Vaut ehne Mutta werkllich deit
Daut kaun tjejn Mensch ermutti
Voh se beem Oavi emma shteit
En moakt ons vaut tohm aeti
Se es dit easchti teedich opp
Det lahtsti noch aum Oavi
En schteit uck aulles oppem Kopp
Se haelt den Kopp noch boavi.
Se vauscht en neight, en backt en koakt
Vhey kaun de Griffi talli
En vann se dann de nacht noch voakt
Aum bad en Krankheitsfalli.
En es em Hues moal aulles doll
En aulles oppi Jaengel
Dann spaelt vemedelnd se di roll
Aus goda Fraedensengel.
Schnitt Peta enen Finja sick,
En fangt aun-raush toh singi
Vo kaun se daut so vundalich
Beschmaeri en bebingi.
Vuh noch ni Mutta es em Hoos
Sagt maun vael gehoadi
Doa es tjejn Plautz so shoan aus toos
Em Himmel en opp Eidi.

(Author unknown)

Submitted by Corny N. Driedger, Altona, Manitoba.

he piesakt de Ope enn vefead de Tjinja; oba raede? "Not even boo," saed Thiesse. Manchmol wann Thiesse met daem Poppajei aulein wea saed he tom straumen Peta, "Du best ein schatja Oltnaes; etj woa die daen Schnowel aufhacke, vleicht bett hingre Oare! Du best daumelja aus de Amerikauna, Du wesst blos fraete enn Die aulewaeje nennmische oba waut done?? Nuscht wesst Du done, nich mol eine Sproak kaunst Du, du krommschnowelja Ami-Schwienaejel. Wach mau, wann etj wada met Die Unjared hol, dann. . . ."

De Tjinja eewde met daem Poppajei enn saed bie jiedem Keiwsel, "Peta, saj doch Dankscheen; oba Peta fadded sich, laed ein krommet Ei, enn wea hechstens netjsch oba raede? tjejn Woat!

Aum Sinnowent haude Thiesses jrots Fiaowent; de Thiesche haud Tweeback jebackt, de Tjinja haude sich de Hauls enn de Oare jewosche, Thiesse haud sich uck to Aufwatjlung de Feet jeboad, daut Owenkost steamed oppem Desch! Mett einmol jrods biem Baede schreache de Schwien so jaumalich, daut Thiesse de Schrotflint to hole tjreach enn los oakad, Thiesses Peta naum de Atjs enn zaupeld hinjeraun, de Thiesche naum daut Schlachtmassa enn de Tjinja rannde mett daem Solltstreia hinjeraun! "Tijasch, Lews, dolla Ope enn Diewels manke Schwien," schreach Thiesse oab noch vael dolla belltje de Schwien. Nu stund de gaunze Thiesses Arme verem Schwienstock, red toum Aunjriep.

Oba' aunstaut Lews enn Tiejasch, dolla Ope enn Diewels saude bunte Peta oppem Schwien, pretjeld daem jrasslich aune Ohre enn aunem Jenetj enn schreack emma wada, "Saj Dankscheen, Peta, Du fulet Luda, saj Dankscheen Peta, Du domma Moloschna, etj woa die daut Raede biebringe, Saj Dankscheen, Du M.C.C. Fulpelz. Etj hack die den Schwaunz bett hinjre Oare auf, saj Dankscheen, Du fula Kojel, Du."

mm

Die Letzte Pflicht

von Ulrich Woelke

Danzig, Ende Juni 1945. Die Sonne schien heiss vom blauen Himmel als ob nichts passiert waere. Doch der Geruch des Todes lag immer noch ueber dieser Stadt, die bei den erbit-terten Kaempfen im Maerz fast voll- staendig zerstoert worden war.

Wer den Endkampf und die "Befrei-ung" ueberlebt hatte musste nun zu- sehen wie er mit Hunger, Typhus, und herumliegenden Sprengkoepfern fertig wurde. Vielè wurden's nicht, und viele gaben freiwillig auf. Die alten Menschen hatten vielfach keine Chance. Schwach und hungrig erlagen sie schnell irgend- einer Krankheit, ueber die wir heute kaum den Kopf heben wuerden. Wir, die wir jung waren, fanden dieses Dasein zum Teil beaengstigend, zum Teil abendteuerlich.

Mutter und ich waren aus unserer Wohnung ausgewiesen worden und wohnten bei der Nachbarin im Keller. In ihrer Wohnung hauste eine interesan- te Mischung von Einwohnern. Zu ebener Erde wohnte die Nachbarin mit ihren fuenf Kindern, im ersten Stock hatte sich ein russischer Offizier ein- quartiert, dessen Anwesenheit uns Schutz vor naechtlichen wie auch taeglichen Pluenderern garantierte, und im Dachstuebchen hatte eine aeltere Dame Zuflucht gefunden. Mit ihr befasst sich diese kleine Erzaehlung.

Der Nachbarjunge Kurt und ich hatten enge Freundschaft geschlossen, und uns kam es kaum zum Bewusstsein, dass die alte Dame im selben Haus wohnte. Wenn sie hin und wieder mit Hilfe der Nachbarsfrau oder meiner Mutter die Treppe herunterkam sah sie bleich und kraenkelnd aus.

Eines Tages wurden wir von unseren Muettern gerufen. Wir merkten gleich, dass etwas passiert war. "Jungens, wir brauchen eure Hilfe." Wir nickten zustimmend und erwartend. "Frau K (die alte Dame) ist letzte Nacht gestorben, und ihr muesst die Leiche zum Friedhof bringen." Unsere Zustimmung schwand. "Zum Friedhof. . . ? Das koennen wir doch nicht, das . . . das macht doch . . ." Ja, wer macht so was denn eigentlich? Noch nie hatten wir uns mit diesem Gedanken befasst.

Durch die unmittelbare Naehae des Krieges, durch die Strassenkaempfe und Beschuss hatten wir natuerlich Tote gesehen - Soldaten wie auch Zivilisten jeder Altersstufe. An diesen grausigen Mahnmaelern menschlicher Vergaeng- lichkeit hasteten wir so schnell wie moeglich vorbei. Man mag nicht gern daran erinnert werden, dass man selbts ganz schnell dahingerafft werden koennte.

"Warum koennt ihr nicht. . ." wir schauten unsere Muetter an und senk- ten unsere Augen. Nein, die Gruende waren zu offensichtlich warum Frauen sich nicht allein oder auch zu zweit auf der Strasse blicken lassen konnten. Sie beruhigten uns: "Graeber sind ausgehoben. . . es sind Maenner auf dem Friedhof, die werden helfen . . . wir werden alles fertigmachen, es wird schon klappen."

Zwei Stunden spaeter war die Tote in ein Laken genaht und auf ein Brett gebunden. Wir sprachen ein kurzes Gebet und hoben die ehemalige Frau K. auf unseren zweiraediger Kar- ren, legten uns die Gurte um, ergriffen die Deichsel und los gings. Es waren ungefaehr 2½ km. bis zum Friedhof, und die Sonne brannte heiss. Anfaeng- lich redeten wir noch und lachten etwas gezwungen, doch bald wurden wir still und gingen unseren eigenen Gedanken nach. Die Fliegen summten in Schwaermen um unsere Last herum und belaeastigten auch uns - wir schwitz- ten erbaermlich. War es nur die Hitze? Meine Gedanken kamen von der Toten nicht los. Es waren Gedanken die sich nicht mit tiefen philosophischen oder religioesen Aspekten befassten - es waren Gedanken eines 15 jaehrigen, der noch nie einem Begraebnis beige- wohnt hatte, geschweige denn die Ver- antwortung hatte mit einem gleich- alterigen Kumpel eine Beerdigung vor- zunehmen. "Ob sie wirklich Graeber ausgehoben haben?" Kurt zuckte die Schulter "was weiss ich." "Wenn nicht, was dann?" Wir hatten nicht mal einen Spaten mit. Kurt schaute mich von der Seite an - seine verschwitzten Haare klebten auf der Stirn. "Dann haben wir Pech gehabt." Nach einigen

Minuten wussten wir, dass Kurt Recht gehabt hatte.

An der Friedhofspforte kein Mensch. Auf dem Friedhof ebenfalls keine Menschenseele - wie ausgestorben. Wir irrten mit unserer Last hin und her, und der einzige Trost waren die hohen Baeume, die willkommenen Schatten boten. Kein Zeichen von ausgehobenen Graebnern. Was hatten unserer Muetter wohl gehoert? Was jetzt? Zurueck mit unserem stillen Passagier? Ihr machte die Hitze nichts mehr aus.

"Da, schau," Kurt deutete auf einen grossen Erdhuegel zu unserer Linken. "Ein Grab." - Eine riesige Ausgrabung - gross genug um vielen die letzte Ruhestaette zu bieten. Vielen. . . ? Ein Massengrab, so dachten wir, doch dann kamen Zweifel, vielleicht nur eine Aushebung fuer einen Bau? Wir schauten uns an und verstanden uns. Eine bessere Moeglichkeit wuerden wir nie wieder finden. Mit vereinten Kraef- ten hoben wir unsere geduldige Mit- fahrerin vom Karren und liessen sie so vorsichtig wie moeglich ins Grab gleiten. Da ich irgendwo dahin gelesen oder gehoert hatte warf ich ein paar Haende voll Erde auf die reglose Gestalt, die in dem weissen Laken so klein und unscheinbar gegen den dunklen Unter- grund dieser Ausschachtung dalag. Wir standen etwas verlegen auf dem Huegel herum. Irgendwie war uns doch ungemuetlich zu Mute. Wenn dieses nun doch kein Grab ist? Da kam uns ein Gedanke. Von losen Aesten und einem Stueck Bindfaden, den ich in meiner Tasche fand, fabrizierten wir ein Kruez. Es war gross genug, dass man es nicht uebersehen konnte. Wir steckten es auf dem hoechsten Punkt des Huegels in die Erde. Jetzt war es amtlich - dies war ein Grab.

Dann schnappten wir uns unseren Karren. Auf einmal draengte es uns vom Friedhof wegzukommen. Fast die gesamte Strecke nach Hause legten wir im Laufschrift zueck. mm

Conscience doesn't count, says Labour Board

By Harold Jantz

Two Selkirk nurses have discovered that when the Manitoba Labour Relations Act says that conscience will be recognized when someone seeks exemption from membership in a union and the obligation to pay union dues, it does not really mean what it appears to say.

Hilda Friesen, 23, and Trudie Barkman, 21, both LPN's at the Selkirk General Hospital, asked for the right not to join the Selkirk Nurses' Association and for the permission to apply the equivalent of their union dues to the Red Cross when a union was certified there during the winter months.

Hilda found it hard to explain the reasons for her action. "It's just something I've always felt I couldn't possibly strike, especially in a hospital." Home and church both influenced her to her position. Raised in a strong Mennonite home and brought up under the teaching of the Evangelical Mennonite Church, she felt it was a position which flowed naturally out of her Mennonite roots.

But the Labour Board, which interprets the Labour Relations Act, could not accept the plea of the two women. In a ruling arrived at on the day of the hearing, April 16, the Board stated, "the applicants have not satisfied the Board that by reason of their religious beliefs they are by conscious (sic) opposed to joining a union and paying dues to the union.

Miss Friesen and Miss Barkman appeared before the Board together with a minister of the Evangelical Mennonite Church, Harvey Plett, who is also the principal of the Steinbach Bible Institute.

The women testified that "as followers of Jesus, we have been taught to follow peace with all men." Trudie Barkman said, "I don't want to join an association which has to use force. The Lord Jesus is my Saviour and I will trust him to supply my needs."

Both girls, however, were quite clear that the Mennonite church to which they belonged did not specifically teach them not to join a union. The position they had taken grew out of the teachings of the church.

Their minister backed up their assertion. Rev. Plett said that not only did the church not have a stated position against membership in unions, but on this issue it was quite

possible that there could be considerable variation in practice among individual Mennonite congregations.

Nevertheless, the position of the two nurses was quite in harmony with the teaching of the church. He mentioned two principles in particular which had influenced their thinking.

Mennonites have a long tradition of teaching of the principle of non-resistance, he declared, which emphasizes the refusal to use force, to retaliate when attacked, or to employ tactics of confrontation to gain rights for oneself.

Furthermore, the principle of loyalty, which is also strongly taught in many Mennonite congregations, would make it very difficult for the nurses to take a position against their employers and the sick they were supposed to serve in the hospital.

Thus the women were quite truthful and correct in claiming their action as the teaching of the church and asking for exemption on the basis of conscience, he argued.

Curiously, while the Labour Relations Act quite specifically states that the applicant for exemption from paying dues to a union must satisfy the Board that his is "by reason of his religious beliefs. . . by conscience opposed to joining a union," at the hearing the only thing the Board seemed interested in was whether the women's church has a "specific teaching" against unions. Their personal convictions, whether shaped by the church or not, seemed to count for nothing.

Rev. Plett said later that "the Labour Board totally rejected individual conscience in their demand for a written teaching of the church against union membership."

Ironically, Hilda Friesen said that since the nurses' association became aware that she was appealing for exemption from paying the union dues, they seemed to have become, if anything, friendlier to her. "I think they respect our stand," she said.

However, she felt that in the hospital as a whole there has been more friction since the union came in.

Several more nurses from the Interlake area are likely to appeal for exemption from union dues also in the near future, said Miss Friesen.

The following is the text of an open letter sent to: The Honorable Edward Schreyer, Premier, Province of Manitoba, Legislative Bldgs., Winnipeg, Manitoba; Re: Appeals to Conscience before the Manitoba Labor Relations Board:

I am enclosing an article which we are publishing in the summer issue of the Mennonite Mirror, describing the failure of two Mennonite nurses at the Selkirk General Hospital to gain exemption from membership in a union on the grounds of religious conscience. I am personally appalled at the decision of the Labor Board since it appears to me that this decision will make it impossible for any person in this province to make use of the provision provided in the Labor Relations Act to gain exemption from union membership on the grounds of conscience.

Many of us were grateful that the Manitoba Government made provision for such exemption and we are now dismayed to discover that the Labor Board is unwilling to abide by the terms of its own Act.

As the Article makes clear, the Mennonite church does not have an official position on this question. I am a Mennonite and I personally believe that unions can be an effective means of achieving justice in large institutions. However, I know of many individuals in the Mennonite church who have sincere convictions against joining unions and I think it is extremely important that our Government permit such persons to apply their convictions. I hope that you will personally investigate this particular decision and advise us on how individuals in the future can defend their convictions about unions before the Labor Board, in keeping with the provisions of the Manitoba Labor Relations Act.

Yours sincerely, R. H. Vogt, Editor, Mennonite Mirror.

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Rev. Mel Koop of the EMC Church, Steinbach, says that while the legislative bill regarding mixed drinking is to do away with discrimination against women, it violates the human right of the people of that town to decide democratically on the issue. MLA Banman feels that the NDP who introduced this aspect of the Bill, among others, may well "ram it through."

Graduates Here and There:

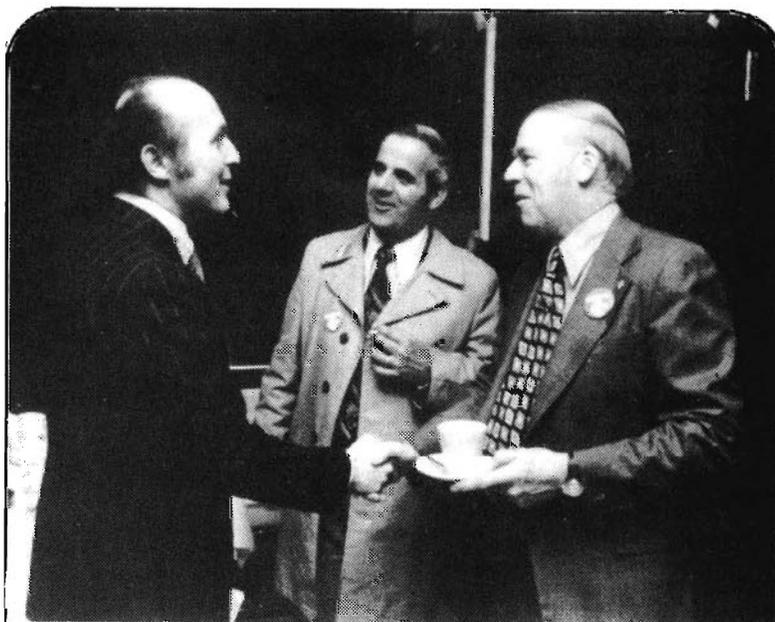
William Arthur Wiebe, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Wiebe of La Riviere, and **Helen Derksen**, daughter of Mrs. Is. Derksen of Reinfeld, have graduated with an Associateship in Education from the University of Man.

Eleanor Ruth Baerg, daughter of the Henry Baerg's of Winkler received a B.A. in History from Tabor College in Kansas while another Winklerite, **James Wiebe**, son of Mr. and Mrs. H.F. Wiebe, was granted a degree in music from Bethel College, Kansas.

Loris Helen Loewen, daughter of Mrs. John D. Loewen of Steinbach, distinguished herself as winner of the University of Winnipeg's Gold Medal in honors economics.

Other graduates from the University of Manitoba:

Dennis Benjamin Friesen with a B. Sc. in civil engineering. Dennis is son of Abram and Sara Friesen of Mitchell. A diploma in Agriculture for **Henry Thiessen**, formerly of Arnaud. **Ronald James Kroeker** with a Bachelor of Commerce (Honors). **Leonard Hamm**, a B. Sc. in Medicine. Leonard is a son of Mrs. Susan Hamm of Morden. **Elenore Loewen**, daughter of the Albert Loewen's of Steinbach, a Bachelor of Home Economics. Other proud parents in Steinbach are Mr. and Mrs. Peter H. Goertzen whose son **Peter James** graduated with an M.D.



**Eddie Coutu is special assistant
to James Richardson. You
will want to hear what he has
to say before you decide how
to vote on July 8 ■ ■ ■ ■**

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