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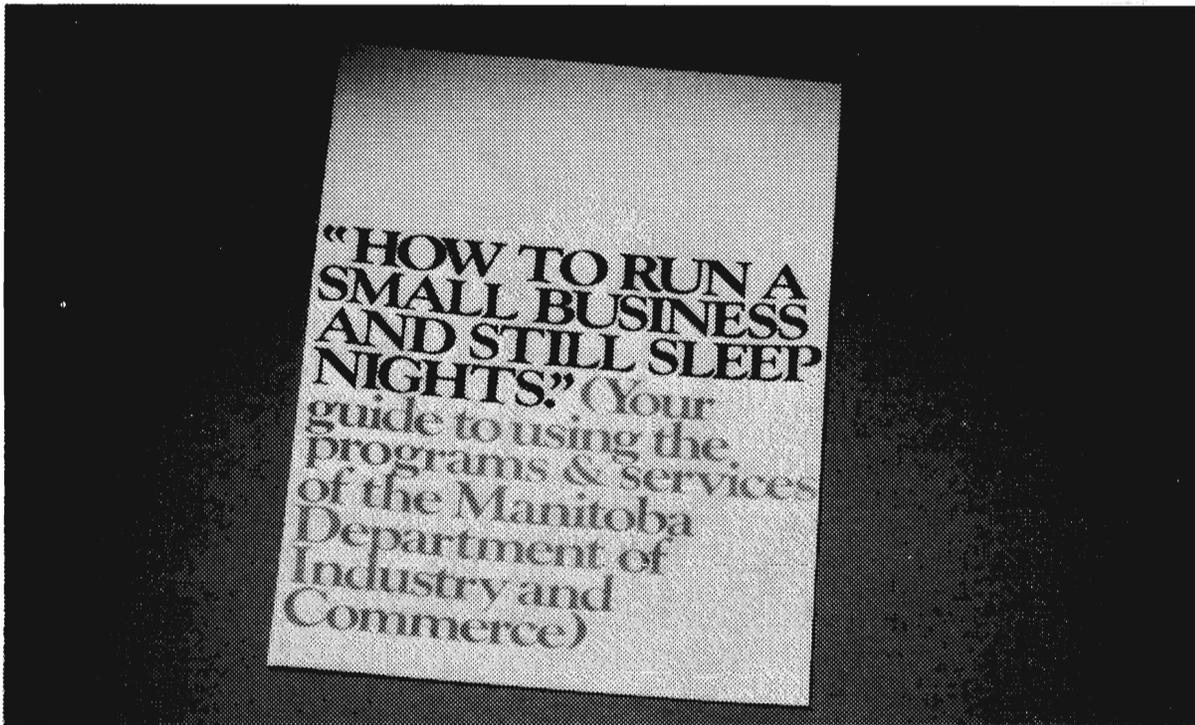
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## About this issue

Mennonites have had a long history of defending the right of an individual to dissent on the basis of religious conscience. Traditionally the most stoutly defended principle has been the Mennonites' refusal to accept compulsory military service. At the present time, however, a more thorny problem is compulsory membership in unions. Manitoba legislation makes provision for an individual to opt out on the basis of religious conscience. But the Manitoba Labor Board has consistently refused to extend this provision to objecting Mennonites. The most recent case is described in this issue. The principle of conscientious objection is important for the Mennonites to defend not only because their traditional interest, but also to protect the right of others to object. Read the article and think carefully of the implications of a negative end result. The article is written by Harold Jantz, editor of the Mennonite Brethren Herald and a long-time observer of Christian labor concerns.

The article on Ben Horch is concluded this month. Its author is Lloyd Siemens a professor of English at the University of Winnipeg.

Al Reimer, who is also an English professor at the U. of W., has written a special fiction story which was inspired by a photograph of a young girl tramping beside a refugee caravan.

Are you ever too old to climb a mountain? Harry Friesen, who writes our opening article, is close to retirement and he claims that if you are in good shape a mountain climb is not unreasonable.

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# mennonite mirror

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By Harry Friesen

# Never too old for a hike in the mountains



The first part of the road approaching Mount Baker in Washington was paved and in good condition. However, as we drove farther and higher, the pavement gave way to gravel, the grades steeper and the turns sharper. Our driver and leader of the group, Graham, had been this way before, and he took the tight turns confidently though carefully. From time to time we caught a glimpse of the top of the mountain between trees, looking much like the upper part of a white icing covered Russian "Paska." Finally the road came to an end, where a small gravelled clearing for parking had been provided for. "This is the end of the line," Graham announced, "everybody out." We were now at the 3,800 foot level, having driven from near sea level at Chilliwack.

This was the moment I had been waiting and conditioning myself for: a hike in the mountains. I was born and raised on the prairies, had done a fair amount of walking and hiking and had long harboured a dream of being able to hike in mountain country. Therefore, when my wife and I motored to the west coast in July, visiting relatives and sight-seeing, it seemed that this dream would finally be realized. I had walked two miles almost every day of the last five years, and in June did eight miles one day, and 12 miles a few days later. Shoes and knapsack proved to be comfortable during these "shakedown" hikes, and so I thought I was ready for something a little more demanding.

Luck was on my side. We arrived in Chilliwack on Friday, July 5th, and I soon

made contact with a group of hikers who had already planned a hike part way up 10,780 foot high Mount Baker for Sunday afternoon. When phoning Graham, I told him I was of retirement age, and he asked me how much hiking I had done. The answers seemed to satisfy him, at least he was prepared to take his chances with me. He was 23 and the other three hikers, Bob, Rheel and Dave were each 18 years of age. Graham told me that they would meet at Cheam Centre and to be there at 1:00 p.m.

We crossed into Washington state at Sumas and it did not take long to drive the 35 miles or so which took us up to the 3,800 foot level. A cool breeze drifted down from the glacier on the mountain when we left the car, and we were unanimous in donning our jackets in preparation for the upward hike. Without wasting a moment, our party plunged into the forest, our leader seeming to be quite familiar with the trail. It was slushy underfoot with snow and puddles of water from the melting snow, for, though July, it was "Springtime in the Rockies."

We pushed on through a forest of tall evergreens. Up and down we zigzagged, but more often up than down. Only occasionally did a fallen tree, two to three feet in diameter, bar our way, over which we vaulted. Noisy, cascading waterfalls, some large, some small, fed by the perpetual snow and ice higher up, were numerous. A small, makeshift bridge took us over one of the larger rushing streams. Several streams emerged from the bottom of huge

snowbanks, as if from nowhere and often disappeared again into another snowbank on their tumultuous course down the mountain. We were not always alone, meeting several groups of hikers and mountain climbers, some on the way up, others going down.

The going became steeper and we rested for two to three minutes several times. "That is the usual length of our resting period," said Graham. "In two minutes the blood has recovered all the oxygen it can hold." Since he had majored in physical education, I took his word for it.

"We will soon be at Kulshan Cabin," one of the men told me. We arrived there a few minutes later, and found that it was quite large, built of logs, had two stories and was almost hidden by a heavy stand of tall evergreens. "It has been provided for climbers and hikers as a place to stay for the night if necessary." By this time we had walked for over an hour, had ascended to about 4,600 feet, and I was told that we would soon be at Coleman Glacier, our destination.

After leaving the cabin it was always up with no more downs. Vegetation became sparser, the snow deeper, and the bare patches of rock or ground fewer. "Do you see that big rock up there, that is where we are heading for." The incline became steeper, 40 to 45 degrees, and we had to dig in our boots in the melting though surprisingly firm snow, to gain a foothold, always tacking to gain altitude. Here youthful strength paid off; my young companions, as if eager

to attain their goal, spurted up the last 300 feet of the steep slope while I rested every five minutes or so. The somewhat thinner air at almost a mile above sea level made the going a little more difficult. There they were, the foursome, standing on the top of a rock the size of a two-storey house, calling down to me to approach it from the rear, where it was easy to scale. (I learned later that it has been named "survey rock," since it is used as a reference point in charting the movements of the glacier).

I soon joined them. The view from the rock was well worth the effort. Ahead of us was the top of the mountain, over two miles high, obscured by clouds most of the time that day. We could see that the glacier originated from the cap of perpetual snow and ice and observed how it seemed to "flow" past and below us, a wide "river" of ice, headed down the green valley along whose side we had come, and rent with numerous deep crevasses. On the other side of the rock was another snow covered incline, about half of a mile or more in length, also with a grade of about 45 degrees. "This is where the hiking ends and the climbing starts," Graham said, and, after a pause, "do you see several objects that look like small trees about a mile away, above the incline? If you look closely, you will see that the objects are moving. They are mountain climbers, heading for the top."

There was a bit of wild life as well. A

chipmunk peaked over the edge of our big rock to see who was intruding on his domain and quickly disappeared. Two marmots scampered up the snow incline, a quarter of a mile away, their loud, gopher-like whistles carrying far in the pure mountain air. We ate our light lunch on the rock, and would have liked to linger a while in the white stillness. But it was almost 5:00 o'clock and a dark, threatening cloud below us was heading in our direction. "I think we should hurry down," our leader announced, "The weather up here can change very quickly. That cloud could bring rain, perhaps even a blizzard, and we can do without either of them." We were clad only in shorts, but had rainwear and warm clothing in our knapsacks, as a precautionary measure.

My friends decided to descend the first several hundred feet the quick way. They slid down the incline on their backs, head first, attaining a surprising speed! They went along one of the numerous grooves in the snow, which could have been made by others who had descended by the same method previously. Prudently, I did not follow their example, but descended step by step, although at a much faster pace than when going up. My camera, which had been lying dormant in my knapsack on the way up, was now out and in use, taking pictures from survey rock and on the way down.

Again we met several hikers and climbers, the latter with alpine gear. We talked to

several of them. One was from Ohio, and he and his group had ascended to the 7,000 foot level the day before. There they had made camp for the night, arose at two o'clock in the morning, climbed to the top and were now on the way down. His face was covered with ghostly white alpine cream to prevent sunburn. He was tired, but already making plans to tackle 14,400 foot Mount Ranier next.

We re-traced our route back to the car, Graham never taking a wrong turn. He was conservation minded, telling us how best to walk on the trail, so as to preserve its shape.

The weather held and we arrived at our car at the clearing at 6:00 o'clock, having walked seven or eight miles, not really tired, and happy at having done that which all of us really wanted to do and in which we had a common interest. For someone from the prairies it was an unforgettable experience. mm

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# On being professional without being elite



## Horch: Part II

By Lloyd Siemens

The first premise from which Ben Horch worked was that "professionalism," except for the educator, should have no place in Mennonite music-making. Weighing several offers to pursue graduate studies at the University of California at Los Angeles and elsewhere, he decided against a professional career for himself: "It may have been moral cowardice. . .but I didn't want to compete on the ladder of careers which encourages getting ahead at the expense of other people. . .and in a country where a music culture was already well-established. Canada was virgin soil: western Canada had not a single school of music; it had no accredited program of music in the public school system. I thought that, in the parochial context, Mennonites could lead the way."

A second argument that Mr. Horch brings against professionalism in the Mennonite context is that it promotes elitism; it becomes exclusive and gradually kills off the opportunity for music-making traditionally allowed all members of the community. "The old Mennonite philosophy and theology praised only the simplistic in music and this, in itself, is not an ideal to be emulated. However, there is much to be said for the

old philosophy: it created no division between a musical elite and a musically ignorant laity."

In this respect, Mr. Horch's ideal coincides with that of the Anabaptist tradition "in which young people had the experience of music in church choirs; after they married they sang in the choir for several years, until they 'retired' to the congregation as knowledgeable lovers of church music. The congregation was as knowledgeable as the members of the choir."

Mr. Horch stresses, however, that the democratic ideal of a musically-informed laity is not incompatible with a serious study of music. In his *Kurseleiter Arbeit*, especially, he stressed the need for a strong academic base, for what Dr. A. H. Unruh called "den Sinn fuer das Musik Studium." In this respect, as in most others, Mr. Horch's ideal is balance: "We've got to avoid professionalism at all costs but play at professional levels when possible; we need the maximum level of professionalism compatible with maximum audience participation."

A philosophy that Mr. Horch holds equally tenaciously is the philosophy that in music

the "secular" and the "sacred" are not necessarily mutually exclusive, that in most great music they interpenetrate one another so completely as to render ridiculous any attempt to sort out the two strands and isolate them. When in the 1940's he was criticized for embracing too wide a range of music he pointed out to his detractors the heavy and obvious influence of dance music behind much church music — of the waltzes and fox trots that lay beneath the surface of much highly regarded church music. He pointed out also that some respectable church chorales had been sung initially by the Minnesingers and the troubadours of Europe.

Two German words and their unfortunate connotations have done some harm in winning for "art" music the acceptance that, argues Mr. Horch, it richly deserves in Mennonite culture. "*Kunst* has too often been used as a blanket condemnation of all serious music ("Das kann dem Herrn nicht dienen). "How can anyone accept the Songs of Solomon with their sensuousness and at the same time denounce the innocent sensuous beauty of great music?" he asks. An unfortunate adjective often applied to

serious music is *Weltlich* which, argues Mr. Horch, carries more distressing connotations than does the English equivalent, *secular*. "The adjectives which dominate such a secular lyric as "Who is Sylvia?" ("holy, fair and kind is she") are the same adjectives that an Evangelical minister might use at a wedding ceremony."

When Mr. Horch entered the field of serious music broadcasting in 1955 he did so partly, at least, because his Lutheran musical tradition "stood in the way of a fuller acceptance" of his ideas and aspirations. This tradition held that music should serve more than a purely pragmatic function, that it could be used in the church in its own right, bringing honor and glory to God.

"My ideal for this was the life of J.S. Bach, and look at the kind of music he created! The Lutheran church today is witness to a Christian outreach in areas which would never have been reached by the church except through Bach. Bach — this miracle of music making — cuts down all barriers of denominationalism, including those among Judaism, Catholicism and Protestantism. Poets write of Orpheus and his lute. I say, Bach and his harpsichord."

He sees his work in radio broadcasting as an extension of the work he had been doing at MBBC. He helps to provide Mennonite young people with the opportunity to be heard across Canada; these radio performances in turn help to give Mennonites generally a positive image in the wider Canadian community. The "outside world", he hopes "will become more charitable

towards us, if not because of our theology, then because of our music-making."

At age 66, Benjamin Horch impresses his friends as being every bit as idealistic as he was 30 or more years ago. He does not so much speak of a career as of a sense of vocation, a "calling." He does not speak of "career decisions," but of a Providence that has prompted him from time to time. Finally, the man who has witnessed some of the divisive potential of a too-narrow Christian puritanism still speaks eloquently of the harmonizing and humanizing functions of music; he strongly affirms "a quality of morality in music that cannot and will not be denied as an expression of the Anabaptist vision of the brotherhood of man."

Does he see any evidence that music will help bring the two major Mennonite conferences closer together? "Music is a very healthy catalyst. I can see it happening now. The turning point was the co-operation of MBBC and CMBC in public performances of really major choral and orchestral works. Here again music serves the purpose of moving us closer together, because either college by itself could not duplicate the results of the combined effort. I think history will record a grateful response by our people for the 'moral good' music has achieved among us. The turning point, I believe, can be found in music." To this he adds the rhetorical question: "Should we stop there?"

Although Mr. Horch speaks of his formal retirement, no one who has seen him recently can take the retirement seriously, any more

than he can himself. He claims that he has always considered himself "expendable" in any position he has held, so that now — with so many interesting things going on around him — he considers retirement itself expendable.

He continues to work as a free-lance broadcaster with the CBC. He is on the Winnipeg Symphony board of directors and a music consultant to the editorial committee charged with the compilation of the first Encyclopedia of Music in Canada. In the fall of 1974 he begins a new appointment as conductor of the Steinbach Community Orchestra. Then there's Handel's *Messiah* in the Concert Hall next March with (you guessed it!) Ben Horch as guest conductor.

mm

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Henry Funk

# Labour Board Rejects Conscientious Objector

By Harold Jantz

Henry Funk of Niverville, Manitoba is working on construction this winter, not studying at the University of Manitoba, because a union got him fired from his place of work.

Forty-year-old Funk was fired from McGavin Toastmaster in late June because he refused to sign the membership application to the Bakery and Confectionary Worker's International Union of America which has a closed shop agreement with the company. As a result he was out of work for six weeks during the summer.

Funk took a job at McGavins after a year at the University of Manitoba and 12 years in the teaching profession. He has taught in schools in southern Manitoba, in Ontario, and for the last four years, before returning to studies himself, at Ilford, Manitoba. He is a graduate of the Winkler Bible Institute and belongs to the Niverville Mennonite Brethren Church.

When he took the job at McGavins, Funk says he thought the union would not pressure him in because the law does provide an out for conscientious objectors. However, after a little more than a month of work, he was fired by the management because the men threatened to go on strike unless he joined.

Funk appeared before the Labour Board together with Rev. Jacob Bergen of the Niverville Church and Dr. William Klassen of the Department of Religion at the University of Manitoba.

His argument to the Board was based on his opposition to the membership oath in the membership application form and the practices he has seen in unions. He told the board that he opposed the "violent tactics" of unions, the pledge of allegiance the Bakery union demanded and the discrimination practiced against him because of his religious beliefs. Funk says the union wanted his "first allegiance," something he couldn't give.

The hearing brought to light the fact that two of Funk's brothers, both members of the Mennonite Brethren church as well, are working at McGavin Toastmaster and have

joined the union. However, Funk says that both have indicated their opposition to the union and would have preferred not to join. One brother has said he would appeal immediately for exemption if Henry Funk's application were accepted.

When the case was appealed to the Manitoba Labour Board, Funk says he knew it was a "foregone conclusion" that the Board would give him an unfavourable ruling, since it has chosen to reject every appeal for exemption on religious grounds except those from members of Plymouth Brethren assemblies.

The hearing was held August 26 - on Funk's birthday - and as he had anticipated, the ruling was unfavourable. An appeal to a higher judicial body will now be made. The Manitoba law appears to be quite clear about the rights of those who object to membership in particular unions on conscientious grounds.

It says, "Where an employee in a unit. . . has satisfied the Board that by reason of his religious beliefs he is by conscience opposed (a) to joining a union; and (b) paying dues to a union; the employer shall not remit to the bargaining agent the amounts deducted from the employee's wages." Where such an appeal is successful, the amount which might have been paid dues can go to a mutually agreeable charity and the employee can continue to work though outside the union.

The Board argued that since the church does not have a specific teaching against union membership (as it does against adultery!), and since some members obviously belong to unions without receiving the censure of the church, it was therefore of the opinion "that although the applicant is by conscience opposed to joining a union and paying union dues, that the state of his conscience is not founded on his religious beliefs, but are (sic) founded upon his own beliefs, not dictated by his formal adherence to the Mennonite faith."

Unlike the decisions handed down in earlier cases, the Labour Board explained

the reasons for its decision on Funk's appeal. The reasons, over the signature of chairman Murdoch MacKay, strain the limits of credulity, however, says Funk.

For instance, the decision says that since Funk was hired in breach of the agreement that only union personnel should be hired, the company was free to fire him when they wanted and since he "Is no longer an employee he has no rights under. . . the Act."

On the membership application which Funk was to sign as a "membership oath" which contains promises about maintaining "the dignity of this organization and furthering its aims," not giving "aid or comfort to any organization hostile to the Bakery" union and keeping "secret" the proceedings of the union.

The Board says in its decision that Funk might have asked that the oath be separated from the application, since it "could easily be severed from the application," suggesting that the oath was not intrinsically related to the operation of the union and that the union would have been quite happy to accept the application without Funk making the promises contained in the oath. The writer of the decision adds, "I am satisfied that the applicant would not sign an application to join the union even if the oath or promise was deleted. He opposes unions and the wording on the application was just another reason not to want to join." Funk says he was never asked if he would still not sign if the oath were not required.

The most damaging evidence against Funk, as far as the Board was concerned, was the fact that the church (in this case the Mennonite Brethren Church) had never "directly forbade him to join a union. "Indeed, as was pointed out in court, two of Funk's brothers belonged to the very union he had refused to join.

The fact that Funk has spent four years in Bible school, knows the Scriptures well, believes himself to be taught that the violent tactics employed by unions are wrong, has discussed union membership

with a minister of his church (and was discouraged from joining), could testify that no union could have his "first allegiance" and that his church teaches beliefs which can be interpreted as being in opposition to union practices — all of this did not seem to distract the Board.

Contrary to what would appear to be clear evidence, and despite the directive of the Manitoba Interpretation Act which urges judicial bodies to render "fair, large and liberal construction and interpretation" of the law, they concluded that Funk's conscience "is not founded on his religious beliefs." mm

### A SPECIAL NOTE TO PENSIONERS

We would like as many readers of the Mennonite Mirror as possible to buy subscriptions. However, we realize that many of our old age pensioners are having a very difficult time making ends meet with their monthly allowance. We would like these older readers to know that they are not required to pay the Mennonite Mirror subscription. We want them to enjoy the magazine and are happy to provide this service for them.

### DEFINITIONS

Logarithm: a lumberjack song. Teutonic: not enough gin. Copper nitrate: policeman's overtime. Crick: shutter noise of a Japanese camera.

### PEOPLE RELATIONS

A real conviction is that splendid quality we can have in ourselves that we call bullheadedness in others. . . It is well, when judging a friend, to remember that he is judging you with the same godlike and superior impartiality.



203-818 Portage Ave., Winnipeg  
Phone 786-2289

#### A Personal Letter from the editor to all readers of the Mennonite Mirror

The Mennonite Mirror is now in its fourth year of publication. We have survived much longer than many people expected, and we hope to go on publishing for many years in the future. Like many of you, we believe that the Mennonite community needs a magazine like the Mennonite Mirror. We appreciate your interest and support.

**WE WOULD LIKE ALL OF OUR READERS TO BECOME PAID UP SUBSCRIBERS TO THE MENNONITE MIRROR.** About 1500 families currently have paid up subscriptions. If you are not one of these, or if your subscription needs to be renewed, please subscribe immediately. On your address label, the month and year of your subscription's expiry date is noted. If you have no such dates, or if your date reads 10 - 74 or earlier, your subscription is now due. **PLEASE SUPPORT THE MENNONITE MIRROR BY SENDING IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW. PLEASE USE THE FORM BELOW.**

Yours sincerely,

*Roy Vogt*  
(Roy Vogt)

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The following story was inspired by a photo of a young woman standing desolate beside her mud-mired wagon while fleeing from Russia to Germany. The photo can be found on page 198 of the picture-book "In the Fulness of Time" (see ad. p. 5) and is reproduced here and on the cover in sketch form."



## A face in the mud

by Al Reimer

If only it weren't for the mud-like thick soup everywhere — Liese thought in despair, life on the road would at least be bearable. Day after day it was the same. Walk, walk, drag your mud-heavy boots through the slime beside the wagon creaking, groaning, slithering in the autumn rains as it was jerked along by the two feeble horse-skeletons up front. From sunrise to sunset Liese's world was confined to her own plodding feet and the mud-stained side of the old "covered" wagon in which they carried the meagre belongings they had brought from their home in the Molotschna. Home. That had been another world. How far away that world now seemed. In her fatigue she had difficulty even picturing to herself the familiar little Hof they had left behind just a few weeks ago.

If only Papi were here with them, but he had been taken away early in the war and they had heard nothing of him since. Papi would know how to cheer her up, walking beside her in the mud and calling her his "little one", as he had done so often in that other world before the war. But here on this endless mud road there was no Papi, only her Mama, her two brothers and the other families. Mama tried hard to be cheerful but Liese knew that her mother was not well anymore, so that she had to ride in the wagon on her bad days. Heinz and Willie were good boys, but they usually walked on the other side of the wagon and didn't talk much anymore, not even to each other.

So Liese spent most of her waking hours alone with her thoughts and feelings as the wagon train of refugees dragged its slow, broken length like a wounded snake across the Ukrainian steppes towards Germany and — hopefully — freedom.

At 14 Liese was tall and thin, her pinched face bony and sad under the thick folds of her babushka. She had always enjoyed keeping herself clean and neat in that other world, and here she was in shapeless, muddy boots, a tattered, caked skirt and a ragged boy's jacket with sleeves pathetically too short for her long, slender arms. From head to foot she was covered with dirty gray slime, and underneath the filth the gnawing pain of a stomach never more than half full. Why was God allowing this to happen to her?

She tried to remember what it had been like when they still had their freedom in Tannenau, but all she could remember clearly was the all-too-brief period when the German soldiers were in control of their district. During those two precious years Liese and the other children of the village had once again been allowed to go to school and to church, to learn German and to speak it freely. But then the Russian army had forced the Germans back and the sweet taste of freedom turned to gall in their mouths. The school and church were closed again and German was forbidden. Russian soldiers swarmed everywhere and the people in the village, especially the families without

a father, were terrified of what the soldiers would do to them. During the day the young soldiers were mostly friendly and went about their business without bothering anyone. But in the evenings when they got full of vodka it was a different story. Several of the older girls and one young mother had been taken into the fields after dark and not released until morning.

Then an even worse thing happened. Even now, slogging through the mud and rain many weeks later, Liese shuddered to think about it. That Jascha Friesen had always been a "Groutfreaht," even in school in front of the teacher and the whole class. But who would have thought that he would defy a Russian soldier full of vodka? The soldier had tried to take Jascha's old bike — his pride and joy that he kept carefully hidden in their hayloft most of the time. When Jascha cried "nyet, nyet" and kept clinging fiercely to his bike, the blond young soldier just took out his pistol and shot Jascha through the chest, so that he lay there crumpled up on the street with the blood running off from behind his head. And nobody, not even Jascha's mother, had dared to move until the blond soldier and the others had gone back to their quarters laughing and shouting foul things such as Liese had never heard before.

Then, as if by a miracle, the German soldiers had actually come back again. The Russians retreated without much shooting, and the German commandant called all the

villagers together and told them that the front was shifting westward and that the Mennonites — he called them Germans — could either move back with the army or stay and suffer the consequences. They got everything ready as quickly as they could. There wasn't much to get ready anyway. Fortunately, they still had Papi's old grain wagon — which the boys fitted up with a pointed wood and canvas "Dack" — and the two old geldings, which were all the horses left in Papi's stable.

Liese was too tired to think or remember any more. Mercifully, the rain had stopped now and the sun was coming out, but the gray slime seemed to get thicker and stickier all the time. She tried now to concentrate only on the act of lifting one heavy foot after the other: plod-suck-lift, plod-suck-lift. . . on and on. Suddenly the wagon stopped. The whole line of wagons, she saw, had creaked to a halt. And it wasn't even sunset yet. Up ahead, there seemed to be some sort of commotion. She heard scuffling noises and horses whinnying, then loud voices shouting in Russian, but as yet no shooting. The dreaded Soviet partisan fighters were upon them! This time they had not even waited for darkness; and then she understood why they were so bold and why there was no shooting. All day, in the mud and rain, the refugee train had fallen farther behind the German column to which it was loosely attached. They must be miles behind the Germans. What would the Russians do to them?

Liese watched in mounting horror as the partisan horsemen began to move single file along the line of wagons past the tense refugees right towards where she was standing in the oozing mud. Thick in their heavy coats, ammunition belts and fur caps, though it was still early in October, they swayed closer, keeping wary eyes on the wagons. As if in a trance, she watched the bulky figure of the lead rider looming closer, then caught her breath sharply as his huge bulk was suddenly surrounded by the golden radiance of the sinking sun. She could not see the man's face at all but in a moment of pure terror she felt herself overwhelmed by the sheer brute force of man and horse bearing directly down upon her. She tried

to move quickly to get out of the way of that terrible man-horse splashing towards her, but by standing in one spot too long her feet had been sucked tightly into the mud and she found that she couldn't move. Panic-stricken, she doubled over to wrench her foot free, lost her balance and toppled helplessly into the path of the oncoming horse. The thick brown forelegs and plashing hooves were already closing in on her as she shut her eyes tightly. Then she felt an unbelievably powerful hand grasping her jacket at the shoulder and pulling her to her feet. She looked up and found herself staring into the face of her own father!

"Papi," she screamed.

Startled, the big Russian straightened out in the saddle, releasing his grip on her so suddenly that she almost overbalanced again.

"Clumsy German slut," he rumbled sourly, and jerked the rein so that the horse's head snapped back. "Out of my way, if you know what's good for you."

"You're lucky we don't have time to stretch you out in the mud properly, little one," the second man guffawed as he too urged his horse past her.

While the leader and several of his men sat guard, the rest went swiftly and expertly

through the wagons looking for food and other supplies. But the pickings were slim and they vented their disappointment in loud oaths and threats. Then, as suddenly as they had come, they were gone, and Liese sobbed and sobbed against her mother's thin shoulder.

But later, as she trudged beside the wagon again, Liese's heart began to fill with a strange serenity, a kind of joy. She had actually seen the face of her Papi again, although she would tell no one of that, not even her mother. She had seen Papi's face, even if it had really belonged to a dreadful partisan who had been angry at her. She closed her eyes and felt once more the overwhelming masculine strength of the Russian's arm as he leaned down from his saddle to pull her out of the mud. And then the face of the man — exactly like Papi's, even the eyes and the long, thick mustache! The vision of that face, she knew, would remain with her and sustain her. She would keep pulling herself through the mud and rain until they got safely to Germany. She had seen Papi's face. **mm**

#### HANDS AND KNEES

"I hear you had an argument with your wife, how did it finally end up?"

"Oh, she came crawling to me on her hands and knees!"

"Is that so? What did she say?"

"She said, come on out from under that bed and fight like a man!"

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# Oatmeal cookies with a purpose

by Helen Reimer Bergmann

**Aim:** To provide constructive fun for eager little hands.

**Ingredients:**

- 1 cup soft margarine
- 1 cup brown sugar
- Cream together.
- 2 cups rolled oats
- 1/2 cup milk
- Add to creamed mixture
- 2 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt

Sift together and fold into dough till well mixed.  
Divide into small portions and put into refrigerator to CHILL.

**Requirements:**

1. Clean kitchen table.
2. Aluminum pie plates and cookie pans
3. Rolling pins from toy bake sets or small round bottles.
4. Animal cookie cutters from toy sets, shapes from Tupper Shape-O or spice bottle tops.
5. Aprons or old towels to protect children's clothing.
6. CHILDREN  
Ages 2 to 12, older if desired. Boys equally as adapt as girls. Hands must be washed.

**Extra Requirements** (for mother, aunt, neighbour or grandma.)

1. Patience
2. Loving Kindness
3. Smiles
4. Praise, given out liberally
5. Wisdom, to help children share tools.
6. Pretend dark glasses.



**Method:**

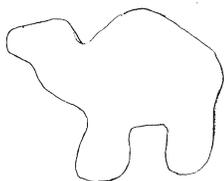
1. Sprinkle flour on table for each child.
2. Give piece of dough size of orange (smaller or larger depending on age of child.)
3. Preheat oven to 325 degrees.
4. As children roll and make cookies wear your pretend dark glasses so you don't see the trail of flour from table to floor, or the path of dough from fingers to mouth.
5. Pop pans into oven as soon as filled. Bake 10 - 15 minutes, depending on thickness of cookies. It's a good idea to remove thin ones with fork and allow more time for thick ones.
6. Put each child's cookies in separate containers.
7. When all the dough is used up, present each child with his or her container.



**Results:**

1. Rosy cheeks.
2. Sparkling eyes.
3. Happy faces.
4. Grimy hands.
5. Bulging cheeks.
6. Sweet voices saying, "mm, good, it's yummy, yummy in my tummy."
7. Spontaneous hugs from flour and dough covered little arms.

"That was fun! When can we roll out cookies again?" mm



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Elsewhere with the MCC - MCC volunteers **Eric Rempel** of Steinbach and **James Junhke** of Kansas, on a farm training assignment for the agency, stumbled on a successful self-help project. Realizing the need for modern soil management in the dusty scrublands of Botswana, Rempel perfected a multipurpose piece of equipment meant to retain moisture-preserving stubble on the land. The two-wheeled vehicle with added attachments can be used for cultivation, seeding and fertilizing. Besides this, the small (five-acre) farmer can drop floor boards in the frame and use the wagon for trips to market and church. He approached local blacksmiths about his device and gained their interest. To finance the endeavor, 20 Mennonite volunteers set aside \$6,000 annually from their wages and CIDA, hearing about this, soon agreed to a matching grant under its NGO program. Financing assured, the tool-bar sells at \$150, a price within reach of the local farmers. Desired results have been reached - production of sorghum, the main crop, has more than doubled.



MCC volunteers - **John and Anne Neufeld** have begun a two-year term of service with MCC in Vancouver, B.C. They are serving in job therapy. John is the son of Anna Neufeld, Steinbach, and Anne a daughter of Abraham and Mary Friesen, Steinbach. The Neufelds are members of the Chortitzer Mennonite Church of Steinbach.



**Alvira Warkentin** has begun a one-year term of service in Dixville, Quebec. She is working with retarded children. Daughter of Henry and Mary Warkentin, Grunthal, she is a member of Elim Mennonite Church of Grunthal.

## Mennonite Centennial Calendar - Fall, 1974

The Mennonite Centennial year will soon end - just two months or so. In a sense the summer programs brought the climax of celebrations for the period as a whole. But there are still some special events to come, and the schedule appears below:

**November 2** - The unveiling of a Mennonite historic sites marker by the Historic Sites Board of Canada near the village of Kleefeld, Manitoba. A program is to be held at the Kleefeld school.

**November 1-7** - Tour by a Kansas Mennonite drama group from Tabor and Bethel Colleges, presenting *Tomorrow Has Roots*, a historical pageant depicting the crucial events of 1874. Places: Winkler Elementary School (1), W.C. Miller Collegiate, Altona (2), Steinbach Regional Secondary School (3), Playhouse Theatre, Winnipeg (5-6), and Rosenort Elementary School, near Morris on November 7. Tickets will be available at Mennonite bookstores in the province.

**November 24** - A Mennonite *Saengerfest*, with a piano concerto, and the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, at the Centennial Concert Hall in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

**December 29** - An organ recital and hymn concert with Harold Redekop and George Wiebe at the Knox United Church in Winnipeg.

An important publication, the first volume of a history of Mennonites in Canada, written by Dr. Frank H. Epp, is scheduled for publication in November. Several new community histories, i.e. of Springstein, Grunthal, near Steinbach, Lowe Farm, the village of Reinland, along with a history of Altona and environs, are planned for production also.

For record lovers, there's a new two-piece Centennial record album of German and English hymns, along with other music, from the Mennonite Hymn-sing held in February of this year. The records may be ordered from Centennial Publications, Box 1237, Altona, Man. Many of the other major programs, such as that on the Rat and the Red, can now be had in tape recordings too.

"The Bangladesh Plowman," an MCC film should be of interest to viewers. It avoids the stereotype which sees the relief worker as the "Great White Rescuer."

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BRANCHES: REGINA VANCOUVER

# Manitoba News

**Few benefit from earned re-entry** — Most draft dodgers from the era of the Vietnamese war regard President Ford's earned reentry program unacceptable. To the Christian convinced that participation in war is wrong, the biggest problem with the clemency plan is its assumption that those who refused to fight acted wrongly. In the light of this attitude, the MCC Peace Section recently suggested that Mennonites continue to work for unconditional amnesty while they continue to offer assistance to those who do co-operate with President Ford's program.



**Hans Froese** has begun a three-year term with MCC during which he will teach science at a secondary school in South Sudan. South Sudan has only begun to recuperate from a 17-year civil war which left it in ruin. It currently has only four secondary schools to serve a population of five million, and these suffer from a teacher shortage. Hans is the son of Peter and Justina Froese of Winnipeg, and is a member of North Kildonan Mennonite Brethren Church. He attended the U. of Manitoba, receiving a B.Sc. degree and a Certificate in Education.

**Did you know?** Over the past 14 years and until very recently, the average American family has spent 16 to 18 per cent of its take-home pay for food. By comparison European families have spent 25 to 35 per cent of their earnings, depending on the country. Even worse, people in the Third World countries like India, Ethiopia and Haiti, where food is always in short supply, spend from 70 to 80 per cent in normal times. When times are bad, all the family's earnings go for food and still hunger stalks. Further, Canadian and American farmers, five per cent of the population, produce more than 40 per cent of the world's food. The "Food Barons" also have a greater monopoly over food than Arab countries over oil.

**Watt Street Thrift Shop** in its financial report notes a profit of \$12,296.53 from Sept. 1973 to Sept. 1974. Of this \$10,043 went to the MCC.

**For your looking enjoyment:** Cable TV production "Dimension in Living" every Saturday, Channel 9 at 9:00 p.m. by the Gospel Light Hour.

**Calling all Mennonite cooks** — Rising food costs? The MCC is sponsoring the compilation of a cook book with recipes on how to eat less, especially less meat, while still maintaining good nutrition. Doris Longacre, compiler of the book says, "The main focus is on how to eat and live more responsibly in the light of world food needs. We are a people who eat well, but we are also a people with Christian concern for the world's hungry. Emphasis will be away from highly processed foods and mixes which consume energy in production, have limited nutritional value and are expensive. Traditional Mennonite practices to be affirmed are gardening, home food preservation, cooking from scratch, the family meal, entertaining easily with simple menus.

Especially sought are recipes for low or non-meat high protein main dishes; soups, breads, vegetables and salad dishes, and simple desserts. Easy inexpensive ideas for entertaining and household ecology, thrift hints are also needed.

Ladies, let's respond! Send recipes and other contributions to Doris Longacre, MCC, 21 S. 12th Street, Akron, Pa. 17501.



**Laura Lee Giesbrecht** began a two-year term with MCC as a secretary-receptionist at the Warden Woods Church Community Centre in Scarborough, Ont. Her parents are Bill and Agnes Giesbrecht of Carmen. Laura Lee is a member of the Carmen Mennonite Church.



**John and Elma Hiebert** have begun a two-year term of service with the MCC in Rosedale, B.C., as houseparents of nine mental retardates. John is the son of Jacob and Justina Hiebert of Steinbach, and Elma is the daughter of John and Mary Wiebe, Steinbach. The Hieberts are members of the Chortitzer Mennonite Church of Steinbach.

**Now registered.** After registration the Steinbach Bible Institute looks forward to a new year with an enrollment of 150 students.

First year Bible	45
Second year Bible	27
Grade X	31
Grade XI	18
Grade XII	31

Newcomers to the faculty this year are John Peters (part time), Ben Eidse and Leora Loewen.

A Manitoban in search of present attitudes toward religion in the Communist world is **Walter Sawatsky**, research scholar. **Michael Bordeaux**, executive secretary of the centre for the Study of Religion and Communism in London, England, says the religious situation is highly complex. Sawatsky, on loan from the MCC is helping to build the context of the picture. Bordeaux says that the centre does not put informants at risk by publication but releases information by request from the source. "Religion in Communist lands" is the Centre's major publication.

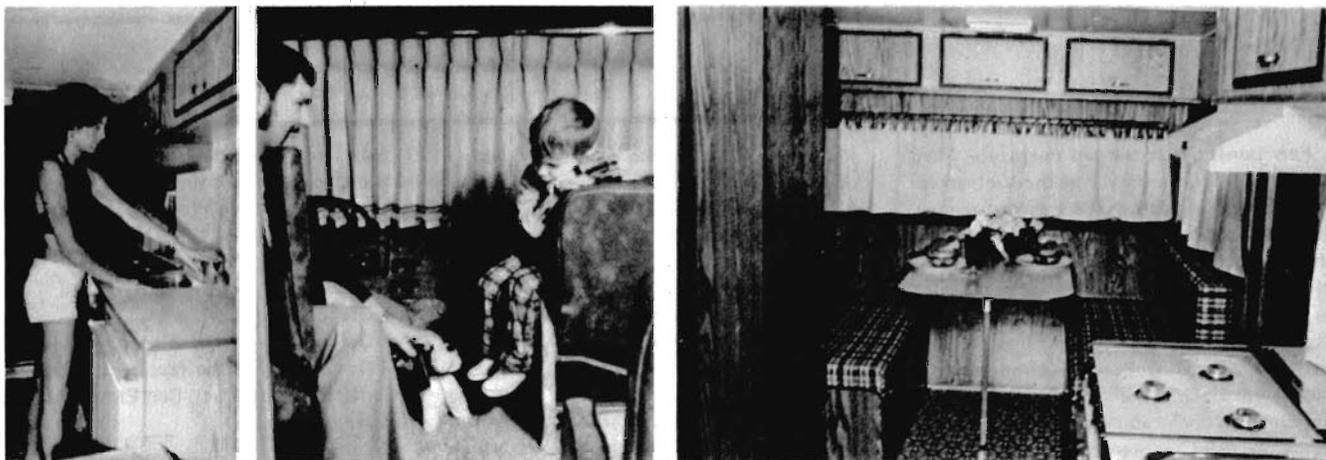
**Eric Dyck**, son of Mr. & Mrs. John Dyck of Neepawa, recently received a General Motors Scholarship of \$1,000. He previously held the Isbister Scholarship for high academic standing. He is now in his third year Mechanical Engineering at the U. of Man. Proud grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Klassen of Grunthal.

**Peter Plett**, on a three year assignment with the MCC, will teach science at Miango, Nigeria. Peter is the son of Jesse Plett, Giroux, Man. His wife Helen is the daughter A.K. and Annie Plett of Landmark. The Pletts are members of Ridgewood Evangelical Mennonite Church, Giroux.

Also teaching in Africa at Lobatse, Botswana, is **John Schellenberg**, son of John and Lily Schellenberg of Steinbach. The Schellenbergs are members of Steinbach Evangelical Mennonite Brethren Church.

**Karl and Rosella Redekop's** teaching assignment with the MCC takes them to Golden Grove, Jamaica. Karl's parents are John and Dagmar Redekop, Winnipeg. Rosella's parents are Abe and Verna Enns of Mather, Man. The young people are members of the North Kildonan Mennonite Church and of Mather Mennonite.

Studying at the School of World Missions in Pasadena, Calif., while home from Zaire, are the **Peter Falks**, members of the Morden Bergthaler Church. The Falks first left for Africa in 1952.



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\*for your information

## Reflections on our centennial year

By Abe Warkentin

The Mennonite centennial has come and gone. More or less, anyway. There will be a few more events coming but the main items have taken place. We, as a people, have completed 100 years in Canada. In fairly grand style, too, one might add. Mennonites are well represented in pretty well every type of business, institution and what have you, and I'm reminded of that old poem, "Die Mennonites," which says it so well:

### Die Mennonites

Wo immer man nur looked und geht,  
Der Mennonite vor einem steht;  
Zur right and left and up and down  
Man sieht die Mennonites in town.

Die Mennonites sind everywhere  
Sind auf der Ground und in der air;  
Der eine travelt auf dem train,  
Der eine fliegt in einem plane.  
Und einer faehrt ein Model T,  
Der andre sitzt in Headingly.

Die Mennonites sind auch nicht gleich,  
Denn some sind arm and uns some sind reich;  
Und some sind smart und some sind dumb,  
While some sind schlecht und andre fromm.

Von Holland kommen diese Leut',  
Nun sind sie in der Welt zerstreut,  
Their Father, Menno, ist lang tot,  
But yet, sie tun, was er gebot.

Jetzt living sie in Canada,  
In Deutschland und Siberia,  
In Paraguay and auch Brazil,  
Und Kansas sie schon nearly fill.

Die Mennonites, die liebt man sehr,  
Some places less und andre mehr.  
In Canada und U.S.A.  
Die Mennonites gehn where they may;  
Doch Mr. Krushchev and his boys  
Die geben die Mennonites nicht viel joys.

Doch eins ist sure as ABC,  
Dasz if no Mennonites should be,  
Die alte world would turn no more,  
Weil es would lost its only core.

Anonymous

Reflecting on the centennial the other day I asked myself what the most outstanding contribution we as a people had made in the last 100 years and I concluded that it was giving. Of ourselves and our wealth. Thousands have gone into foreign missions (the mission budgets of some churches is truly unbelievable), thousands more have gone into fields of service such as health and education and various other fields. Few of us who have grown up in Mennonite homes do not know of the mothers who have spent months of their lives in total, sewing, packing or making soap for the MCC. It used to be for Russia, then Korea and I suppose it will be Africa now.

But the fact that we as a people have given of ourselves is not something to look back on boastfully now but should serve as an incentive, rather, for the future. We have received much and consequently we owe much. mm

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*The Martyrs' Mirror reports the heroic martyr's death of two unnamed girls in the bishopric of Bamberg in 1550, which made a deep impression on those witnessing their death. Jan Luyken has reproduced this event very realistically in his engraving.*

### The Revival of a Witness

The approaching 450th anniversary of the origin of the Anabaptists in Switzerland in 1525 and the present centennial of the Mennonites that came from Pennsylvania, Russia, West Prussia, and Poland to the prairie states and provinces gives us many reasons to check into the essence of the Faith of Our Fathers. We are curious what it was, has become, and could and should be today and in the days to come. This raises many questions that call for answers. At this point we limit our remarks to the beginning of the witness of our Anabaptist forefathers.

One of the best sources of information in this matter is contained in a book almost totally unknown to the average Mennonite of our day, even though it is available in the English and German language in any good Mennonite bookstore and library. This is the bulky over a thousand page *Martyr's Mirror* first published over 300 years ago. It is today used primarily by the Amish, Hutterites and a few Mennonites as a spiritual source of information. Once upon a time the book of nearly 20 pounds was carried next to the Bible by those persecuted because of their faith, fleeing from country to country.

From time to time efforts were made to

make this classical book of Anabaptist martyrdom and witness available in an abbreviated form in the German language. This was done without making full use of the unusual etchings by Jan Luyken, which speak more convincingly than words. Now a digest of the illustrated *Martyr's Mirror* on 48 pages in a very attractive form has been published. Over 40 etchings illustrating the witness of the martyrs accompanied by the text lifted from the *Martyr's Mirror* give a vivid impression of the life, faith, and witness unto death of the Anabaptists willing to undergo a baptism with the spirit of God and the water baptism and to seal their faith as an ultimate witness in a blood baptism.

The introduction and conclusion as well as the aids to further reading written by Cornelius Krahn are very helpful for those who seek additional information in this matter. Originally the major part of this publication appeared as an issue of *Menno-nite Life* (April, 1967). The edition was sold out in a short time. As a response to the many requests it has now been reprinted in an enlarged and improved edition by Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas 67117. The price is \$1.75. mm

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## Es war im Spaetsommer

von Arthur Kroeger

Es war im Spaetsommer. Die Augustsonne hatte die Felder und Wiesen braun gebrannt. Das Getreide war laengst geerntet. Feiner Staub lag auf Wegen und Stegen. Die Obstzeit war da. Heiss stach die Mittagssonne auf die Gaerten, in denen das Obst aller Art von Tag zu Tag an Farbe und Suessigkeit gewann. Dieses war die Zeit, in der die Leckerbissen an den Baeumen hingen: schwarz-rote Kirschen, die vom ersten Pfluecken hier und da im Baum haengengeblieben waren, grellgelbe Aprikosen mit roten Wangen, die so saftig waren, dass der Nektar einem an den Mundwinkeln beim Reinbeissen hinunterlief.

Im Apfelbaum war das Pirolenpaar eifrig dabei seine Jungen zu fuettern. Wie gelbe Flammen huschten die statlichen Voegel ein und aus. Mit reichlichem Futter fuer ihre Nachkoemmlinge landeten sie am Nest. Gierig wird die Beute von Jungen verschlungen, dann folgt ein kurzer Warnruf, und weiter gehts im schnellen Flug. Die Zeit rueckte heran, da in Burwalde die Pflaumen reiften. Wieso gerade in Burwalde? Dort wohnte naemlich ein Freund meines Vaters, und der hatte vor Jahren einen Pflaumengarten angelegt. Nicht etwa acht oder zehn Bae-

me. Nein, eine ganze Menge, wohl 40 oder 50 an der Zahl. Und wenn all die Pflaumen reif wurden, mussten sie gepflueckt werden. Da nun mein Vater ein grosser Verehrer von "Plumewarenj" (Pflaumenmarmelade) war, war es sehr wichtig, dass eine ordentliche Menge davon eingekocht wurde. Also hiess es eines schoenen Tages: "Jungens in Burwalde sind die Pflaumen reif, und ihr duerft hinfahren, sie pfluecken und nach Hause bringen."

Wirklich? Dass wir mit so etwas beauftragt wurden, war fuer uns, meinen Bruder und mich, eine Ehre. Wie es gemacht wurde und was uns bevorstand, wussten wir schon von vergangenen Jahren. Jetzt aber sollten wir es allein machen, und das war nicht so einfach. Sage und schreibe 4 Pud (etwa 124 Pfund) sollten gepflueckt, verstaut und sicher heimgebracht werden. Alle Pflaumen und wir beide dazu auf unserem alten "Wanderer", dem Fahrrad!

Ja, was hatte der "Wanderer" nicht schon alles erlebt! Wie mochte wohl, das einst schoene Fahrrad, aus dem fernen Deutschland in unser Rosenthal gelangt sein? Unser Vater hatte es schon im schlechten Zustand von einem Russen aus der Nachbarschaft erstanden. Ein Fahrrad war damals ein Vermoegen. Der Krieg und die Revolution hatten es mit sich gebracht, dass

es nur noch wenige gab. Vater hatte das alte Rad wieder voll und ganz in Stand gesetzt: neue Achse, Speichen ausgewechselt u.s.w. Was hatten wir nicht schon alles auf und mit dem Fahrrad erlebt! Wenn es schnell wohin gehen sollte, wurde es gebraucht. Vater fuhr taeglich damit etwa 4 Km. zur Arbeit. Ja, als wir noch kleiner waren (das Rad hatten wir schon so lange ich es mir denken konnte), sass ich vorne auf der Stange, mein Vater auf dem Sattel, und mein aelterer Bruder stand auf den extra fuer diesen Zweck gemachten verlaengerten Hinterachse und hielt sich am Sattel fest. Wie da die Leute schauten! Dieses Fahrrad wuerde uns auch dieses Mal nach Burwalde und zurueck bringen, und dazu noch 4 Pud "Burwolsche Plume".

Am Abend vor dem ereignisvollen Tag (denn nach Burwalde fuhr man nur einmal im Jahr) gab es allerlei Vorbereitungen zu treffen. Die drei grossen Zwiebakkoerbe wurden vorgeholt, sowie eine kraeftige Holzstange, ein Stock mit einer Gabelung an einem Ende, ein langer Strick und eine ordentliche Menge Schnuere. Frueh mussten wir zu Bett, um wohl ausgeruht am andern Morgen abzuwandern. Ja, wandern mit unserem "Wanderer." Nicht fahren, denn der erste Teil un-

serer Reise ging bergauf.

Am anderen Morgen, frisch ausgeschlafen, wurde alles nochmals kurz nachgeprueft. Die Reifen hatten genugend Luft. Die Lager waren gut ge-oelt. Es war alles in Ordnung. Die grossen, leeren Koerbe wurden an der Lenkstange angebunden, so auch die Holzstangen. Als das Vieh der Bauern an unserer Einfahrt vorbei war, ging es los. Mein Bruder schob das Rad, und ich ging nebenbei. Es ging den Steilen "Hambojch" hinauf, der Grossen Schanze entgegen. Dieser Berg gehoerte uns Rosenthalern. Und ich weiss eigentlich nicht warum wir, oder besser gesagt ich, so stolz darauf war. Vielleicht war es deshalb, weil ich als kleiner Junge von hier im Winter mit einem richtigen Rodelschlitten im sausenden Tempo mit Erwachsenen hinuntergefahren war. Nicht nur etwa mit einem kleinen Handschlitten, sondern einem langgestreckten, mit vier Kufen und einer Bremse versehenen Rodelschlitten, der sogar gesteuert werden musste. Mit diesem Ding, auf dem bis zu 8 Personen Platz hatten, stieg am klaren Winterabend eine ganze Gesellschaft den "Hambojch" hinauf bis zur grossen Schanze, und von dort ging es bergab. Zuerst nur langsam und bedaechtig, dann aber, wenn es am Dorf-rande immer steiler wurde, schneller und schneller. Bei unserer Einfahrt vorbei. Im Nu waren wir an Grossvaters Fabrik vorueber, bei Friesens, Penners u.s.w., dann kam die Biegung in der Strasse. "Bremsen" rief dann der Mann am Steuer, damit wir in der Kurve nicht umkippten. Hoch stob der Schnee, der durch das Bremsen aufschoss. Alles neigte sich zur Seite, um das Gleichgewicht nicht zu verlieren. Die jungen Damen auf dem Schlitten kreischten auf vor Angst. Dann kam die ebene Strecke vor der Bruecke, und wenn es etwas eisig war, ging es auch noch darueber. So einen Schwung hatte uns der Hamberg gegeben. Unten angekommen rafften sich allemann wieder auf, um gleich noch einmal dasselbe zu tun. Beim Ansteigen gab dann unser Onkel, der der Konstrukteur dieses Wunderschlittens war, Anweisungen, wie wir uns das naechste Mal verhalten sollten, um noch schneller und noch weiter zu rodeln ohne umzukippen.

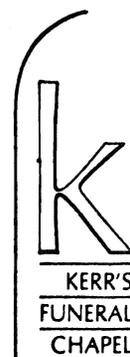
Das war im Winter, und nun hatten wir Sommer. Bedaechtig schritten wir bergauf. Zur rechten Seite standen die zwei wuchtigen Windmuehlen. Ihre Fluegel ruhten, also ob sie fuer den kommenden Herbst, wenn sie vom Winde getrieben schwere Arbeit leisten mussten, Energie sammelten. Bald kam die grosse Schanze, ein Huehnengrab aus uralten Zeiten. Was mag Menschen einst bewogen haben, diese Unmenge von Erde zu so einem unheimlich grossen Huegel aufzutragen. Wie gross und angesehen mag der Feldherr oder gar

Koenig, der hier begraben lag, gewesen sein? Wer waren die Menschen, die diese unsagbar schwere Arbeit verrichtet hatten? Wieviel Schwiess und Blut mag es gekostet haben? Oben gelangt begann der Baumweg. Hier teilte sich der Weg: rechts nach Osterwick, wo unsere Grossmutter muetterlicherseits wohnte, und links ueber Rosengart nach dem Ziel unseres Tages — Burwalde. Da wir nun auf einer Ebene angelangt waren, schwangen wir uns beide aufs Rad. Peter radelte und ich stand auf der Hinterachse. Im hurtigen Tempo gings durch Rosengart, wo die Bauern bereits bei ihrer Arbeit waren. Jetzt war es nicht mehr weit. Nur noch ein Berg, und dann sind wir dort. Von diesem Berg konnte man schon den Dnjepr sehen, unseren Dnjepr. Silbern und majestetisch floss er zwischen steilen Felshaengen und sandigen Buchten dahin. Wie oft hatte er uns an heissen Tagen erfrischt. Dort die grosse "Kampe" und die Burwalder Bruecke. Ich halte den Strom der Erinnerungen zurueck. Es war ja immer so schoen, und ereignisreich am Dnjepr. Aber heute ging es nicht dorthin, sondern es hiess 4 Pud Pflaumen bis abends zu bewaeltigen. An ein Naturwunder erinnerten wir uns nur noch beim Ansteigen des letzten Huegels. Und zwar war es die Lehmbruecke. Sie war vor einigen Jahren in dieser Gegend entstanden. Das Tauwetter hatte im Fruehjahr auf einer Stelle auf unerklaerliche Art und Weise eine natuerliche Bruecke geschaffen. Alle waren wir hingegangen, vom Fluss aus, sie zu besehen, meine Eltern, mein Bruder und ich. Mutter hatte etwas Angst gehabt, ueber sie zu gehen, denn sie konnte zu jeder Zeit einstuerzen. Etwa doppelte Manneshoehe betrug sie.

In Burwalde aber waren die Pflaumen reif. Manche waren so reif und suess, dass sie in der Sonne aufgeplatzt waren. So richtig lecker waren sie. An Ort und Stelle angekommen wurden wir von der etwas muerrischen Hausfrau barsch empfangen. Hier gab es keine hoeflichen Begrueessungen. Arbeit war das Schlagwort, und so ging es sofort ans Pfluecken dieser herrlichen dunkelblauen Frucht. Uns wurden etliche Baeume zugewiesen. Wir sollten alle Aeste kahl pfluecken. Ja, und essen durften wir dabei soviel wir wollten. Zuerst wurde von jeder Frucht noch der hellgraue Wachs abgerieben, bevor sie im Mund landete, doch wir liessen davon ab als wir feststellen, dass es schneller gehen musste mit dem Essen sowie mit dem Ernten. Was gab es da fuer eine Menge Pflaumen! Die Aeste hingen schwer beladen voll, so dass man kaum noch gruene Blaetter sah. Sie mussten gestuetzt werden. Die Sonne stieg hoeher und es wurde immer waermer. Es kam die Mittagszeit. "Kommt Mittag essen!" —

rief die Wirtin nur einmal. Wir kannten sie. Sie war eine arbeitsame, wortkarge Frau, fuer die auch das Sprechen Arbeit zu sein schien. In der Kueche, in dem Schuppen, vor der Tuer, ueberall standen Gefaesse mit Pflaumen. Hier wurde Marmelade gekocht, dort die Fruechte getrocknet und zwischendurch Kunden bedient. Es hiess, dass Pflaumen aus diesem Garten sogar bis Moskau versandt wurden. "Wie werdet ihr die vielen Pflaumen, die ihr pflueckt, nach Hause bringen?" — wurden wir gefragt. Das werden wir schon schaffen. Das hatte uns unser Vater im vergangenen Jahr gezeigt. Als am spaeten Nachmittag nichts mehr in die Koerbe und in die Baeuche hinein ging, machten wir uns daran, uns fuer den Heimweg zu ruesten. Jetzt hiess es, die vollen Koerbe sicher am Gestell des Fahrrades zu befestigen. Ein Korb kam vorne an die Lengstange und die zwei grossen wurden zu beiden Seiten der oberen Stange des Rahmens mit Hilfe der Holzstange angeschnuert. An das Betaetigen der Pedalen war nun nicht mehr zu denken, denn die grossen Koerbe hingen darueber. Jetzt musste das Rad, wie ein Packesel beladen, geschoben werden. Um dieses jedoch so bequem wie moeglich zu gestalten, setzte ich mich als Kleinerer auf den Sattel und hielt Gleichgewicht, und mein Bruder schob mit der Babelstange von hinten. So ging es etwas muede und

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langsam Richtung Rosenthal zurueck. Ging es aber bergab, dann stellte sich Peter auch noch auf die Hinterachse. Es war dann meine Verantwortung, den alten sehr ueberladenen "Wanderer sicher zu steuern und im rechten Moment zu bremsen. Nicht zu stark, damit wir moeglichst weit im Freilauf rollten, aber kraeftig genug, um die kostbare Last nicht in Gefahr zu bringen. Etliche Mal ging es mit einem derartigen Tempo durch die Dellen, dass fuer einige Augenblicke die 4 Pud Pflaumen auf einmal in der Luft schwebten, mitsamt uns zweien. Wir hatten Glueck und behielten das Gleichgewicht ohne etwas zu verschuetten. Mit abgebremster Geschwindigkeit geht es den letzten Berg, den Hamberg hinunter. Weshalb nannte man ihn eigentlich so? Das kam von Hemmen oder Bremsen. Zur Erntezeit, wenn die Bauern ihr Getreide auf diesem Wege vom Feld ins Dorf fuhren mussten die riesigen Fuder (Getreidewagen), gehemmt werden, damit die Pferde es leichter hatten. Dieses geschah mittels eines Hemmschuhs, eines kurzen dicken Brettes, welches am Hinterteil des Wagens mit einer schweren Kette befestigt war. Ging es bergab, so mussten die Mitfahrenden sich darauf stellen. Das Brett hinter dem Wagen schleifte dann auf dem Boden und bewirkte das Hemmen der Geschwindigkeit. Wir hatten das so manches Mal mitgemacht und grossen Spass daran gehabt, wenn der Strassenstaub zu beiden Seiten des Hemmschuhs hoch aufgewirbelt wurde. Unsere Muetter waren weniger begeistert davon, wenn wir schwarz wie die Neger nach Hause kamen.

Noch einmal legen wir uns in die Kurve und sind dann in der Einfahrt vor unserem Haus angelangt. Dort erwartet uns Mutter schon sehnsuechtig. Vater sitzt auch draussen auf der Bank und liest. "Da sind sie!" ruft sie Vater zu. Sie kommt uns entgegen und fragt, ob alles gut gegangen sei. Auch Vater kommt und will wissen, ob das Rad ausgehalten hat. "Ja, — ohne jeglichen Schaden." Wie wir ausgehalten hatten, danach wurde nicht gefragt. Das war so selbstverstaendlich. Gemeinsam wurde nun die Fracht begutachtet, die wir gluecklich nach Hause gebracht hatten. Und ein jeder hatte so seine eigenen Gedanken darueber, was Mutter fuer leckere Speisen daraus machen wuerde: suesse Marmelade, die im Winter zu Pfannkuchen so herrlich mundete, roter Saft auf Griess oder Milchreis, eingemacht als Nachspeise, getrocknet zum Knabbern, fuer Pflaumenwareniki und nicht zuletzt fuer Pflaumenmus, wie es sich so gehoerte, fast an jedem Sonntag!

MM



Actors of the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre in rehearsal for their Centennial play "Prozess Jesu," to be performed in the Playhouse Theatre November 15 and 16, from left to right: Maguerite Jantz, Heinz Janzen, Jacob Neufeld, Alfred Wiebe, John Enns (Artistic Director), and Werner Regier. Tickets are available at Haddon Hall, Independent Furniture, and Redekopp Lumber.

### The Trial of Jesus

The Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre is pleased to announce that rehearsals are now in progress for its next major production, a contemporary sacred play which will be the group's centennial project as well.

In keeping with the predominantly religious nature of most of the events marking this historic year for the Mennonite community, a distinguished and unique German play, entitled "Prozess Jesu" (The Trial of Jesus) by the Italian playwright Diego Fabri, will be presented on November 15th and 16th at the Playhouse Theatre.

Unlike many rather simply written religious plays, this work intelligently and interestingly combines court room drama with contemporary concerns - for tolerance and understanding. It describes the attitudes and the personalities of those who were con-

fronted by Christ in the fateful days before Good Friday. We hear of the struggle for political power in the Jerusalem of that time, we gain insights into the jealousy of Judas, the ambitiousness of Kaiphas, the high priest, and the callous indifference of Pilate, the Roman procurator.

The very large cast is fortunate in having its own rehearsal studio (a former city hydro substation made available through the courtesy of the City of Winnipeg) and is busily engaged in the many tasks that are necessary to bring about a good evening of religious theatre.

Tickets are available from members of the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre, the cast and crew, as well as: Haddon Hall Men's Wear, 288 Kennedy Street, Ph. 942-6892; Independent Furniture, 499 Notre Dame Avenue, Ph. 775-4401; Redekopp Lumber, 1126 Henderson Highway, Ph. 668-4470.

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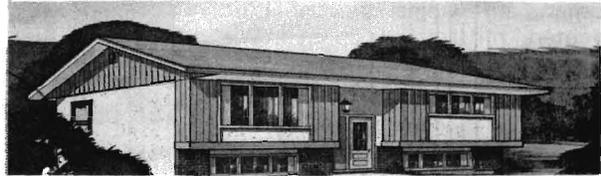
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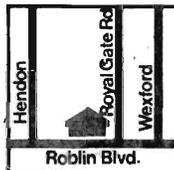
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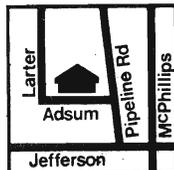
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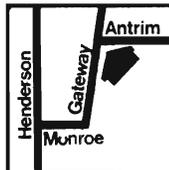
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