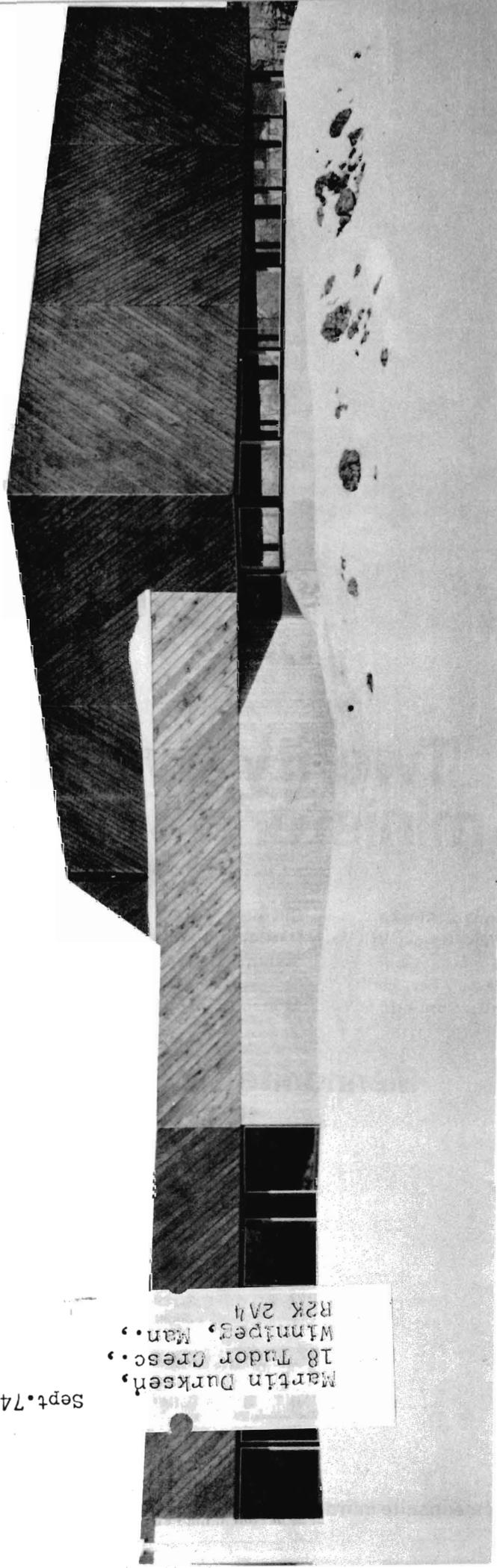


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# mennonite mirror

Sept. 74

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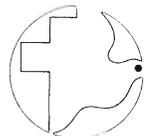


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A total of 75 persons entered the February Mix-up. The winner is Mrs. Abe Pauls, of Demaine, Saskatchewan.

The answers to the March Mix-up are: grove, ascend, suffer, lament, sorrow, triumph, and Gethsemane.

The letters are to be rearranged and written in the squares to form real words. Letters which fall into squares with circles are to be arranged to complete the answer at the bottom of the puzzle.

A winner will be drawn at random from among all the correct entries, and a cash prize will be awarded.

**Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by April 20, 1975.**

Contest entrants are reminded that the Mirror staff would prefer to award the prize to a household where the subscription is paid up. Please try to remember to pay yours if you haven't done so already.

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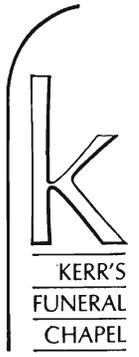
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## About this issue

Last issue, you recall, featured a long article which explained some basic concepts of inflation - something which has affected all of us. In this issue two people, Art Defehr and Henry Rempel, provide a personal response. Both argue that the choices we make contribute to inflation. Further, both say that the way each person copes with, or survives, inflation depends on the choices each makes. Thus, a cost-of-living escalator clause in our employment contract is not as important as our ability to say "enough." We all want to curb inflation (each is willing to cry "enough!" in this) but none of us want to limit for a moment our quest for more worldly goods.

A Mennonite in sports, a symposium on Mennonite writers, a new look at CMBC, the art festival, a comment on how you rate others, and two German articles are among the other items this month.

A Review of the Messiah, conducted by Ben Horch is also included. The review is a tribute to Mr. Horch, something in the order of a "farewell" - not a goodbye, but a wish of good will in his retirement. One can only lament, with reviewer Al Reimer that certain components of the performance - notably the orchestra - did not live up to even reasonable standards of performance.

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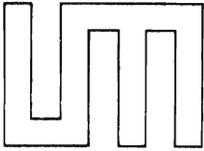
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to the Canadian Mennonite Bible College at the official opening of the New Chapel Addition

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The above companies are pleased to have participated in the design and construction of the new chapel addition to Canadian Mennonite Bible College.

by Rudy Friesen

Rudy Friesen is a staff writer for the MM and the designer of the new C.M.B.C. facilities.

A dedication service is to take place on April 25 in the new chapel at the Canadian Mennonite Bible College, to commemorate the official opening of the recently completed building addition.

It will mark the end of a design and construction process that took over two years, intimately involving the CMBC staff members, student representatives, and staff of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada. Although space does not allow full documentation of the thought process behind this 14,000 square foot facility, an explanation of the design result may be of interest.

From an over-all campus planning point of view, it was decided to locate the new addition to the north of the existing classroom building. This way the conference offices and the chapel could relate closely to the street (Grant Avenue) and be as readily accessible to the Mennonite public as to the students

## There's a crossroads at CMBC

and staff.

With this addition, a diagonal axis has been created from the chapel to the centre of a future quadrangle. It is hoped a strong sculptural element, by one of our young Mennonite artists, will be developed at this centre as a focal point for the campus.

As the floor plan illustrates, the diagonal corridor inside reinforces the axis, and is met by another corridor continuing from the existing building. The area where these two main circulation paths meet, might be referred to as the "crossroads", and it is here where the

president's office is, easily accessible to the students.

Also located in this area are the student lounges which provide a variety of conversation and relaxation possibilities. A large open stair leads to the lower level.

The front entrance (facing Grant Avenue) provides separate access to the conference offices and to the college facilities. Also the conference offices and the president's and registrar's offices are laid out so that various administrative functions can be shared.

And finally, the Chapel is entered directly from the "crossroads". A great deal of soul-searching took place regarding the design of the chapel. Its symbolic importance was recognized. How could the chapel express the Mennonite philosophy of worship in its form, yet at the same time be an integral part of an overall complex? How could it respect our Anabaptist heritage?

It was agreed that the chapel should be simple and unadorned, yet strong and bold. It should act as a shelter for worship where all participants would be involved in the liturgy.

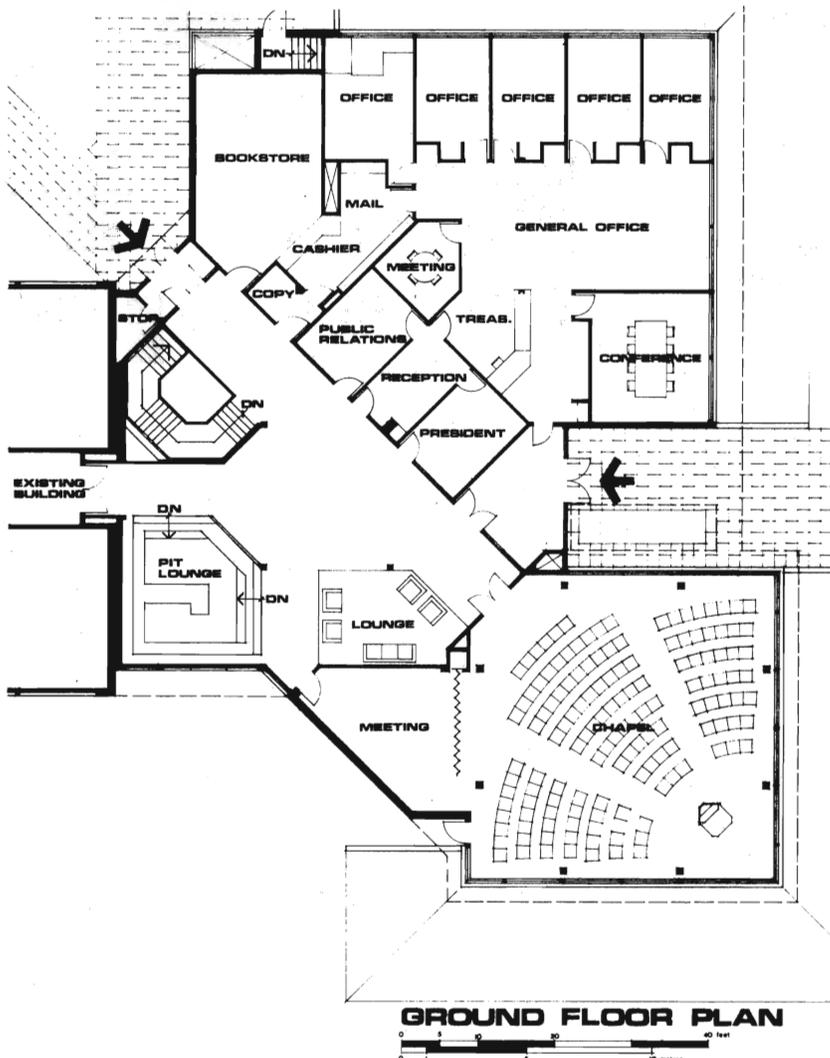
It is the writer's belief that these requirements have indeed been met. The simple box-like structure is strongly tied to the complex both physically and psychologically, yet through its bold form makes its own strong statement. The large barn-like trusses on the inside continue this feeling of strength, and as such form the only decoration. To express man's impurity, the geometric pureness of the box is disrupted at its south west corner where an angled skylight provides sunshine to the interior.

The berming or sloping of the landscape toward the building ties it strongly to the earth. Yet the mass of the building is separated from the earth by a band of glass.

Therefore, both inside and out, this building is honest in its expression, contemporary in its use of materials, bold in its form, yet humble in its feeling. It is a real tribute to the beliefs of the many people involved in its development. For this writer it has been an honor and an inspiration to be able to assist in the translation of these beliefs into three dimensions.

mm

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## What you do for a living gives you a place in the Drawing Room



by Vic Penner

It annoys and amuses me at the same time, when, upon meeting people for the first time their first enquiry is about my occupation.

I find it especially annoying when it happens to me among Mennonites. Perhaps it's because I know my occupation doesn't rank high on the Mennonite social scale. I like to think, however, that we should all be a little more inclined to accept each other for what we are, not for our jobs.

On such occasions it gives me a kind of perverted pleasure to keep people guessing. I give them such oblique answers as: "Yes, I have a job," or "My company hasn't fired me yet," or "After 22 years at the same job I sometimes think it's time for a change."

Once I said it was nice to be out of jail again.

People can't really settle down to much of a conversation until they know what you do for a living. It helps them place you in a social pigeon-hole and they can then decide whether you are above, below or even with themselves socially.

Usually I get placed at a pretty low level and conversation soon turns to an accounting by the other party of his recent promotion, business trips to foreign lands, vacations to the foreign lands, the problems of re-locating his family in a new sub-division, or a berating of the socialist in government.

I usually reply with an account of the success of the compost heap I started last summer, and how, if you handle wet household garbage right, it won't attract flies when it's composted. After all, flies are abhorrent to all Mennonites who are making it up the social ladder.

If they start rambling about their summer cottages at Falcon, Brereton or Moose Lakes I give them a rundown on my CN bunk car on the Roseau River east of the Indian Reserve, and my plans

to reshingle the roof this summer with old offset printing plates I have begged from a certain printing firm that treats me with kindness now that I've contributed into its pension fund for 22 years.

Mennonites, it appears to me, place doctors at the top of their social scale. It doesn't matter whether it's the cutting, the pill pushing, or the teaching kind. The label Dr. immediately requires rolling out the red carpet.

That's why I must relate two recent incidents involving doctors (of philosophy.) Both involve acquaintances of mine from away back when we were still grappling with subject matter leading to a lowly BA.

When I met the first one a few months after he'd received his PH D I congratulated him and made some remark about his now qualifying for the title of Dr.

He looked a bit pained and said: "Please, don't ever call me doctor. I would be offended if you did." I have never offended him by using the title, but I respect him for his request.

The second case happened only this winter. I met Dr. No. 2 at a seminar. I knew he was teaching at a university but had lost track of the specifics of his career.

I broke my own rule and enquired about his work and his academic level of achievement since we'd been students together. The last time I'd met him, I said, he was working on his M SC thesis. Had he finished that and was he working on his doctorate. "Yes," he chuckled, "I've got the PH D now. But you know how it is - piled higher and deeper."

I appreciated his undergraduate reference to the science degree trilogy we used to rattle off in our peer group a quarter of a century ago.

Humility isn't entirely dead among successful Mennonites but it could stand some cultivating.

mm

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# Mennonite writers are part of ethnic fabric

by Betty Dyck

The purpose of the symposium was to arouse consciousness of the existing wealth of literature produced by various ethnic writers in Manitoba. Speakers for the Seminar on Mennonite writings were: Elizabeth Peters, Peter Pauls and Al Reimer. All agreed that Mennonite writing has been a long time evolving.

Prof. Peters stated that upon arrival in Manitoba and in initial years on the prairies, Mennonites: "were so intent on-making a living that their rich cultural heritage receded into the past and soon almost fell into oblivion. Eventually, a few people bravely attempted to express in some literary form the happiness and anguish of their turbulent age - in German of course." Early authors contributed articles to Mennonite weekly papers like *Die Rundschau* and *Der Bote*.

Arnold Dyck is given the place of most gifted Mennonite writer. Prof. Peters told the audience, "his narrative prose plays and short stories are written mainly in dialect. Aside from their literary significance, Dyck's works constitute an important source for linguistic and folkloristic studies." Most significant is Dyck's *Lost in the Steppe*, but he is probably best known to Mennonite readers for his Low-German series *Koop enn Bua*. Of this series, Prof. Peters has been given the rights to translate *Twee Breew* into English.

Another Mennonite writer of note is Gerhard Friesen (Fritz Senn) who "establishes the Mennonite identity in his verse which is often strangely haunting in its lyricism, and at times intensely dramatic as he depicts the Mennonite-*Erlebnis* of the past." (Peters) Some other writers are A.J. Friesen (play: *Gott Grusse Dich Prost Mahlzeit!*), J. H. Janzen, Gerhard Weins, and recently two slender volumes of poetry by Nicholas Unruh of St. Elizabeth.

Commenting on contemporary Mennonite writings, Prof. Reimer felt there was little literature of note today apart

Report of a Symposium on Mennonite writing held at the University of Manitoba on Feb. 28.

from Rudy Wiebe. Prof. Reimer attributed this lack partly to the fact that Mennonites have never been able to evolve a single linguistic fiction, and added that, "The whole raison d'être of any ethnic group is to freeze their culture." He believes that a writer can remain "a domesticated pet" within the ethnic group only as long as he does not rock the boat. Rudy Wiebe rocked the boat, broke out of the mold and has become an ethnic writer in a wider sense.

Prof. Reimer looks to the immediate future with anticipation and lauds Margaret Epp of Saskatchewan for her beautifully written children's books. Then there's *Harvest: Anthology of Mennonite Writing in Canada*, "admittedly half in English and half in German, but the fact that the book is out at all, is a step in the right direction." And the *Mennonite Mirror* is presently acting as a stimulus to Mennonite writers.

Prof. Reimer stresses the "immediate future" because in his opinion if Mennonites are going to evolve a Mennonite literature at all, they better do it in this generation. The dilemma facing Mennonite writers is that if they stick with the ethnic group, there's danger they will fail to develop as an artist. And economically, the buying Mennonite public is not large enough to support strictly ethnic writings. Further, ethnic groups are far too sensitive and take things too literally. Dorothy Livesay, coordinator of Manitoba in Literature, agreed, saying that, "literature involved a different kind of truth - not social, factual or documentary. There is a chasm of

misunderstanding between literature and historical writings."

Prof. Peter Pauls pointed out that Mennonites were initially a rural and religious group who believed the Bible was all the reading material they needed. But he does not feel that today's young Mennonite writers will exhaust their spiritual and historical heritage in the next decade. He said, "It would seem that people are interested in their origins and ethnic identity only when this identity is threatened." He mentioned Pat Friesen, a university student, who is currently writing exciting poetry. Pat read some of his poems to the group.

Clinton Toews' poetry portrays a strong theme of nostalgic longing for the past. Menno Wiebe chafes at the cautious conservation of Mennonites. In his *Northern River*, Wiebe depicts a kind of loss of innocence theme, fairly common to Mennonite literature, while *See Nobody but the Diety* comes off as an ironic prayer.

Prof. Pauls believes there is a new breed of Mennonite writer today with a keen awareness of their origins and history, and that this identity quest is inevitable and necessary. He is writing an article on Mennonite poets for a future issue of *Mennonite Mirror*.

The seminar on Mennonite writings ended with a positive note. There are well over 25,000 Mennonites in Winnipeg. There is no precedence for this situation. At this point in Mennonite history, the group has reached a cultural and educational sophistication never dreamed of.

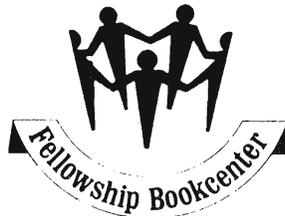
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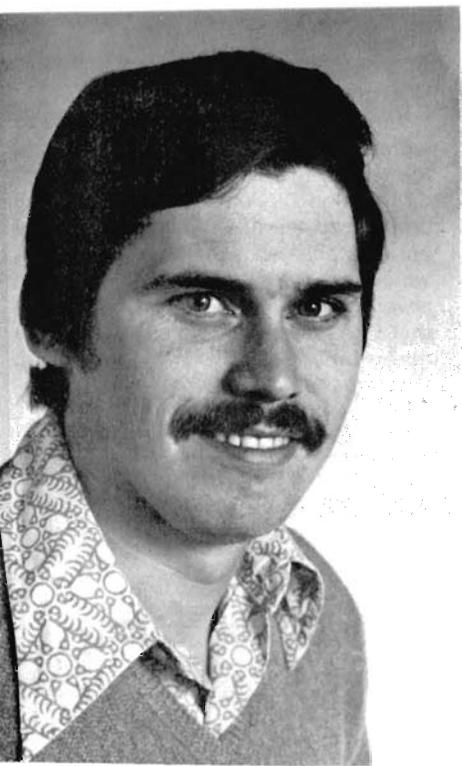
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# Bruce Enns: what's a nice guy like him doing in sports

by Rudy Schulz

Ever run across a Mennonite sounding name in sports (football maybe) and wondered if the person is a "Punt Minist?"

Our names are in the *Who's Who* of the martyrs, musicians, ministers, and marketeers, but hardly in the annals of sport. Imagine how startled we would be if we picked up the sports page one day and saw in big bold red letters, JAKE ZACHARIAS wins INDY 500. We are not unlike the Jews in this respect; we just haven't had the time and the inclination to develop superstars. There are signs though, that things are changing. Somebody tried to convince me that

Dave Schultz of the Philadelphia Flyers stems from Mennonite stock out of Waldheim, Saskatchewan. (Who needs that kind of representation?)

Anyway, like I said, here and there Mennonites are making their presence felt in sports. For some of our people it's a coming of age, a sign of the times. (The same thing has already happened in politics). For others it is, no doubt, still a questionable pursuit, a frivolous pastime. People in this last category may well be tempted to ask, "What's a nice guy (or girl) like you doing in sports?"

One day in mid-March I met with Bruce Enns, a Mennonite, and the basketball

coach of the University of Winnipeg Wesmen. Although I didn't ask him the "Nice Guy" question, we did talk about some things that may be of interest to readers. What follows is a brief outline of his thoughts on some issues related to sports.

*On purpose of athletics:* Bruce believes that athletics involve more than just recreation. Participation in athletics can be an education in its own right; no less so than participation in the traditionally accepted academic studies. The top athletes, who have dedication and love for the game, are like honor students in other disciplines. Coaching is teaching and playing is learning.

*On Christians in competitive sports:* Bruce does not see Christian ethics to be in conflict with competition in sports. A Christian should "demonstrate his wares"; show what he can do. After all, do Christians not compete in other vocations and pursuits of life?

*On professionalism in sports:* Professional athletes prostitute sports. Their prime concern is to fill arenas. This is not to say that professional athletes can't be Christians. Bruce has no objection to the much publicized Union of Christian Athletes but wonders if people may be attracted to Christianity for the wrong reason; worshipping the wrong hero, a vicarious kind of Christianity.

*On basketball players he has coached:* Of his present squad Bruce mentioned Devon Deley, Wade Bilodeaux, and Rolf Bergen. Some of his former proteges were Orlando Redekopp now studying theology, Neil Gunther, presently coaching basketball at MBCI, Tom Guenterh, Henry Wiebe, and Barry King.

*On mennonites as sportsmen:* Mennonites have, in Bruce's view, much



Tense faces surround Bruce Enns at tail end of game.

to learn about sportsmanship. They are highly competitive, almost to the point of being compulsive about winning. Many are poor losers; they cannot handle their feelings in defeat. As spectators they have been known to insist on a winner.

**You readers out there.** I haven't heard more than an occasional comment about the Mirror Sports Page. How about dropping a note once in a while with news and views. For starters, how about these comments? Do Mennonites have a "collective unconscious" which makes them feel guilty about taking part in sports? Or are Mennonites bad losers because they think winning is their birthright? Or do we have an inferiority complex about sports. No Mennonite has ever coached a superbowl winner or won the U.S. Open. Or do we view sports as a low status activity and allow our behaviour to match that image? Or are we as a group, no better or no worse than any other group? Is Sportsmanship an individual trait, and not a group trait?

#### **In and around town**

— In the Crosstown Curling League it looks like a sudden death showdown between Harold Hamilton and John Olfert for the grand aggregate.

— In the Crosstown Mixed the grand aggregate winners are Jake and Ag Brown and Ike and Elvira Warkentin.

— In the First Mennonite Dr. Peter Friesen, wife Annelie and Jake and Martha Wiebe have locked up the grand aggregate.

We had a perfect end in FMCC on Feb. 23, Ken Peters and Co. were trailing John Schroeder's rink 1 to 9 after six ends, then cracked the eight ender. John and wife Heide couldn't take any of the blame, being in Hawaii at the time. Sorry,

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no pictures. Hank and Louis Penner were too busy dodging people who came to witness the spectacle. For Ken it was the perfect end of the day.

— Kielke Klassic may have a second edition. Jack Epp and Vic Peters are working on possibilities out Steinbach way. Jack Braun, get out the Amish outfit you promised to wear last year - burstevel, overalls met drau bengha en stroh hout.

mm

#### **Watergate Waffles**

Here's how H.R. Haldeman explained to a grand jury why money was being paid to the Watergate burglars: "The other interpretation is the question of the problem of the need for money for the purpose that was stated at the time, which was the purpose that was raised several times, as I have testified earlier that I was aware of, and apparently was raised other times, which I later found, that I was not aware of."

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THE RADIO SOUTHERN MANITOBA NETWORK



Photos by Rudy Regehr



# The festival was successful but there was some unnecessary fat

by Mary M. Enns

Spring is officially upon us (you could have fooled me) and so is, once more, that annual Mennonite treat, the Festival of Art and Music held in the Polo Park Mall on March 23. In spite of the blustery cold some 5,000 people came to see what was new, what was old, who else was there, and what has been happening since we last celebrated this way.

Last year it was a combination of the Mennonite centennial and the festival, something which would be a tough act for anyone to follow.

I may be mistaken, but there seemed to be more room in the mall this year. Were there fewer booths? The exhibits were well placed, I notice, and tastefully arranged. As always, the place was swarming with excited people. We were finding it difficult to progress with any kind of speed from the beginning of the Mall toward the other end where the programs were taking place. We know we ought to gravitate out that way but the photographer of the family got firmly held up at the excellent photography displays. We walked around admiring intricate hand embroideries, wood carvings, miniature furniture, glass-blowing, and pottery. We were intrigued with Mrs. Fast's spinning of raw wool on an old spinning wheel borrowed from the Mennonite Museum. And the paintings of the various artists: Dr. Peter Mierau drew my attention to the lovely painting of an old hut with a thatched roof that was particularly fascinating to him and says, "There! Now look! That's exactly what they were like." Quickly we bypassed the different tables laden with the most wonderful, traditionally Mennonite baking - buns, Ruebel-Kuchen, Paska with its scandalously rich cream cheese to top it, Kristorbeeren Platz and

...Oi Weh! Finally, we reached the far end, just in time to hear the last strain of the children's singing on the platform and the master of ceremonies, was saying in his booming voice: "The marvelous thing about singing children is that they grow up into singing adults." And then Rudy Regehr officially opened the ceremonies, speaking on "Culture, Values and Faith." As the different parts of the program followed in sequence (only some of which we are able to take in) we noticed that that section of the Mall was always well filled. The singing was excellent. Sadly I missed some of the last year's featured items; the low-german reading of Rueben Epp of Dawson Creek, or the fashion show featuring modes of by-gone years to the present with its interesting and bilingual commentary by Elizabeth Peters. Well — every year is not Centennial Year!

Mr. Gerhard Lorenz said: "I'm always impressed with, and interested in this festival. It has stimulated our people and opened avenues to things that are creative and new to them, like painting and books. However, they could and should write more." Dr. Bernie Fast felt the book section could be enlarged." I would like to see more Mennonite historical and cultural literature shown here." He and a good many others, including John Wiebe of the University of Manitoba missed seeing some of our prominent artists at their usual displays. They wondered also: "Why the commercial exhibits this year? What have they to do with art?" The answer came very honestly from Irene Enns, chairman of the women's as well as the festival committee, and Dave Epp, chairman of the Board of Directors, Mennonite Education Society." We approached our Mennonite industrialists with the option of donating as formerly, or exhibiting. To exhibit would make them more aware of

what we are trying to do. We greatly appreciate their support and involvement in our festival and would like to see their history, their development, their contribution recognized."

This feature was a new one in this, the fourth year of the project. Last year's Centennial was a highlight. The Canada Council grant was a tremendous boost in that it helped to cover the cost of operation, but chiefly the prize money for the mural contest. It was also used for the Artist's Southern Manitoba bus tour. It is gratifying to hear that the reward of those labours was a \$10,000 clearance. The mall is theirs to use - courtesy of the Polo Park merchants. Only the maintenance man is paid.

And what of the success of such a project? Any, and probably all Mennonite churches were happily working together, be it in their choir work, exhibits or merely supporting a worthy cause by their presence here as guests. A working together *en rapport*. And since it has showed financial progress, can we also hope it has made inroads, culturally? "Most definitely," say both Irene and Dave, "There are more people attempting to do things; others simply are becoming aware of possibilities. This has provided the needed opportunity." Dave adds: "One of the main supports of our school is the women's committee. These people are important to the development and operation of the school; their dedication and principles are reflected in just such ways."

Of course I knew I shouldn't ask crusty festival veteran Jack Thiessen his impression of today - but, of course, I did; wouldn't miss his opinion on something as important as this. "Like Speck," said he, "sehr durchgewachsen. Some very excellent stuff. Some unnecessary fat."

Prost! then, to a group of hard working people with a cause that merits hard work and a spirit that challenges it. **mm**



There were no shortages of listeners at the concert portion of Polo Park Festival of Art and Music. In the lower photo Mrs. Antonia Wiebe, Age 77, shows off her handmade bedspread with all the provincial emblems. With her is her daughter Mrs. Kathy Thiessen.

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Last month the *Mirror* published an article explaining, however briefly, the problem of inflation. In this issue we are publishing two responses: one by Dr. Henry Rempel, of the University of Manitoba, and the other by Art Defehr, of Defehr Manufacturing. Both responses are being supported by a grant from a private Mennonite foundation, and are part of the *Mirror's* new efforts to comment on current issues.

# We are all to blame for inflation

**It's a symptom of a sick economy, but the choices you make count.**

by Dr. Henry Rempel

In the March issue of the *Mennonite Mirror* Roy Vogt compared the operation of our economy to the functioning of the human body. He called spending the lifeblood of the economy and indicated how four different pumps served to maintain adequate circulation. Inflation, according to this comparison, was high blood pressure caused by overactive pumps. Vogt concluded the problem of inflation was diminishing because there were some hopeful signs that the pumps were returning to more normal levels of activity.

Although I agree with Vogt that the relevant signs point to a lower rate of inflation there is little cause for rejoicing. The slow down in the rate of increase of prices will be temporary only unless it is purchased at the price of radical changes in how we do things and why we do what we do. Any economy in which the people insist on living off the fat of the land is likely to suffer from hardening of the arteries. Therefore, high blood pressure (inflation) will continue to bother us because the pumps will have to work harder and harder to keep the same quantity of spending flowing through the system.

The cause of such hardening of the arteries has been illustrated by the Club of Rome report *Limits to Growth*. To satisfy our ever-growing wants we have used first those non-renewable resources which are most readily available. To continue to have more we must turn to alternative supplies which are more expensive to exploit. These increased costs will mean higher prices. We are approaching the limits of our ability to grow.

Vogt observes "people have begun to feel that things cannot go on this way any longer." (p. 11). Have we really? How many people do you know who have ceased to view a three per cent increase in income (plus an appropriate adjustment to offset inflation) as a God-given birthright? How many people do you know who have stopped complaining long enough about those ignorant people in the Third World, who insist on overrunning the earth with babies, to realize we contribute much more to the growing inability for man to survive? After all the average Canadian consumes at least 20 times as much as the average member of the poorest half of the world's population. Therefore, the poor can have at least 20 children for every one of mine if they are to contribute an equal share to the demands made on the limited capacity to produce in this spaceship earth.

Actually, the inflation we are experiencing now is one of nature's signals that the health of our economic body is suffering. One option open to all of us is to listen to this signal and to respond with an appropriate cure. Some of us have a fur-

**Continued overleaf**

**It may be pleasant for awhile, but you may find it a hard master.**

by Art Defehr

Inflation is neither good or evil, Christian or un-Christian. Our problem is not with inflation but with our attitude towards the money and material possessions whose changing relationship is described as inflation. If a sailor ignores the coming tide and drops his anchor on a short rope, the rising tide will lift his anchor and he will drift into difficulty. If our rising expectations cause us to operate on a tight financial rope, the inflation and its side effects will likewise cause us to drift into financial shoals.

Overindulgence in eating is a general affliction in our society with 40 per cent of our population 10 pounds or more overweight. If we eat too much there is a sure result - excessive weight with its various related dangers. We cannot lose weight by returning to normal habits, but must suffer for our overindulgence by dieting or extra exercise. Financially our society and our governments have not been willing to exercise financial prudence, with the result that we have created a great variety of imbalances from excessive profits in some areas, to sky-rocketing prices for certain commodities, to shortages of housing, freezers and labour. The natural response is for every individual and group to exercise its power to maximize its own benefit, adding another imbalance.

I have always been intrigued by the process which results in someone being dissatisfied with his existing income but elated when a promotion or raise adds a significant increment.

I am bewildered because the same process occurs at every level of income, from the industrial worker at \$8,000, the teacher at \$15,000, the executive at \$20,000, or the professional at \$30,000. Somehow most people seem to just get by, suggesting that the real problem is not the level of income but the level of expectations.

The life and teaching of Jesus are filled with ways to share and give, rather than to get and consume. When we begin to untangle our genuine needs from the artificially created desires of our consumption-oriented society, then we will also be on a track which will insulate us from many of the effects of inflation. The record of Christian responses to the pace and prosperity of the twentieth century has been less than impressive. We merely accept the current fashion or appetite a few months later than our sensation-oriented neighbors.

Jesus tells us that we cannot serve two masters. If we maneuver ourselves into a situation where we lose our freedom to respond with our time, talents and resources in a truly Christ-like manner, then we have indeed chosen another master. Inflation may be pleasant, but if we meet a high tide with a long rope on our anchor, our destiny doesn't need to slip into the hands of another master. mm

**More about inflation**

ther choice. Because of our ownership of resources, our control over business firms, or our belonging to a strong union in a vital organ of the economy we can shift the pain of the inflation on to others by claiming for ourselves an even larger portion of the ability to spend in the economy. If all had equal say in the making of decisions in society it would not be possible for a minority to shift their burdens on to others. But, such equality does not exist. Rather, decisions are made according to the revised, living version of the golden rule — "He who has the gold makes the rules."

A fundamental truth of any team effort is that no one team member wins unless everyone wins. What is desperately needed in our time is to realize we are all in this together. The survival, the well-being of each one of us depends in some way on everyone else. The possibility of survival will require many changes. We will need to bring under society's control those business firms which require continued growth to exist and have enough revenue to induce us to buy the output they require to grow. The associations of employees, consumers and citizens which have sprung up primarily to counter the power of business will need to be dismantled or transformed to a means of service for others. Our purpose in life will need to become the obedient response to the invitation of the Lord of all creation to join in the ongoing creation of order where otherwise there would be chaos. The means to survival will depend on our action. What counts is not merely a refusal to go along with everyone else. Rather, it is the positive choices we make. It is the choice of vocation and life-style that arises from an ecologically sound theology and the willingness to pay the price of such a choice that will demonstrate to the world the desirability and the possibility of all people living together in peace and harmony.

mm

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# Handel's Messiah and Uncle Ben Reunited

*The MESSIAH: performed by the Mennonite Oratorio Choir with Orchestra and Soloists, Guest Conductor Benjamin Horch, at the Centennial Hall, Winnipeg, March 13 and 14, 1975.*

by Al Reimer

Once in a long while the nostalgic circumstances of a musical event seem to create their own special dramatic setting, so that the usual criteria by which a concert should be judged become irrelevant. So it was on the evening of March 13 when that fine veteran of Mennonite music-making Ben Horch guest-conducted the first of two *Messiahs* - featuring the 300-voice combined choirs of the CMBC and MBBC, an augmented 45-piece orchestra and soloists Elizabeth Dirks, Erma Peters, Peter Koslowsky and David Falk. It was almost like old times, with "Uncle Ben" conducting and familiar soloists from Horch-conducted oratorios of the past in attendance.

As a nostalgic event, the performance was deeply satisfying, rich in associations and memories for those many members of the audience who had thrilled to Ben Horch's stirring renditions of the *Messiah* and other oratorios through the years. The love and respect which this dedicated musician has inspired in Mennonite music lovers for decades were almost tangible as he mounted the podium. There were the familiar gestures - the unique Horch physical ritual - running both hands through his hair, giving his trousers a quick hitch, spitting on his hands (metaphorically speaking, of course) and then going to work without a fuss, economically, efficiently, thoroughly, reverently.

Dr. Horch's musicianship has always been beyond question - impeccable and sensitive - but somehow, watching him conduct, one never sees him simply as a musician. Always one senses another, larger dimension. Throughout his long career he has come across the footlights

as a warm, vital, caring human being, a man conducting other men and women who share with him in the creation of something even finer than good music, the creation of a sacramental happening that is larger and more precious than the music itself. The music is only there as a vehicle, his presence seems to say. Now in his riper years, Ben Horch still conducts as if there will always be a tomorrow. He is the kind of man and artist who has mastered the subtle secret of projecting his best self, of communicating to his audiences a powerful sense of shared visions.

So, the evening would have been a success even though the performance did not go as expected musically. On the whole, it was a respectable, in places exciting, *Messiah*, but there were, unfortunately, aspects of this performance that detracted from what would have otherwise been a perfect evening.

The choir itself was splendid. Those young voices were straining at the leash, and whenever Conductor Horch gave them the signal to cut loose - as "Unto us a Child is Born", "Glory to God", "Lift up your heads," and the "Hallelujah Chorus" - they sang with an exuberance and a brilliance of tone - especially the women - that made one proud. The tenors were admirable, although the bass section was a little deficient in depth and resonance of the kind that more mature bass singers have. These two college choirs had been well drilled by George Wiebe and William Baerg. If some of the entries and tempos seemed

to be more designed to accommodate the choir than the orchestra, that was not the fault of the singers themselves.

The orchestra was another matter. It was an augmented orchestra, as required for the Mozart orchestration of the work. Unfortunately, it was also an under-rehearsed and undisciplined orchestra. To put it bluntly, the orchestra was guilty of some very sloppy playing and, even worse, some downright unruly playing. In the second half, especially, one got the impression that the orchestra had decided to ignore the conductor and go its own way. When the players were on their own, as in the Pastoral Symphony, they played well enough. When they were accompanying the choir and soloists, however, there were some embarrassing disagreements between singers and players. Trying to fit polished professionals into what is essentially an amateur production may not always be easy, but in this case the lack of integration was jarring, to say the least.

My response to the soloists was also rather mixed. It was pleasant to hear again solo artists who have served Ben Horch so well over the years, especially his son-in-law David Falk, the baritone, and that amazing veteran, tenor Peter Koslowsky, who like Shubert's Baechlein just keeps on flowing. In fact, the two male singers tended to overshadow the female soloists, Elizabeth Dirks soprano, and Erma Peters alto. Mr. Koslowsky has lost nothing in voice, technique or interpretive power. He is

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the quintessential oratorio singer and, like Dr. Horch, always manages to convey a sense of something beyond the music itself. Baritone David Falk also has great communicative gifts as an oratorio singer, even if he lacks some of the tenor's sheer beauty of tone. But Mr. Falk is a vocal declaimer of great intensity and he always sings the text, which is more than many singers do.

As for the other two soloists, I like the quality of Elizabeth Dirk's voice and she obviously knows how to voice-paint a mood and shape a phrase. Her weakness is intonation. She sang sharp in her upper register a good part of the evening and even the purity of her tone in the softer passages of "He Shall Feed his Flock", for example, could not quite compensate for the lack of tonal steadiness in other places. Erma Peters has a fine, steady, well-produced voice and she sings with commendable dignity, but her voice just isn't big enough for a concert hall of this size. Her low register, especially, lacks body and resonance and many of her lines were lost entirely.

I think the time has come for Mennonite conductors and musical sponsors to face squarely the problem of establishing consistent performance standards for productions of this kind by selecting soloists and musicians who can complement each other and the choir properly. I realize that this is a problem of long standing that has been mentioned again and again by other reviewers. Some non-Mennonite professional musicians are essential, but let them be properly subordinated into the total ensemble. I don't think, however, that we need go to non-Mennonite singers. We have plenty of singers. But we should make sure that we get the very best Mennonite singers available - regardless of cost. When you perform in a place like the Centennial Concert Hall you are playing in the big leagues and the product should be big league also. After all, the prices are big league.

Having said all these negative things, however, I want to reiterate that this performance of the *Messiah* was a musical event to be treasured for its nostalgic associations, as well as for its own considerable accomplishments. A whole generation of Mennonite music lovers have enjoyed the inimitable music-making of Dr. Benjamin Horch, and this occasion was their opportunity to honour him with their attendance. Dr. Horch has always believed strongly in music as a humanizing force; in his own words there is "a quality or morality in music that must and will not be denied as an expression of the Anabaptist vision of the brotherhood of man." The man's career is itself an embodiment of that moral quality in music. Uncle Ben and the *Messiah* - a combination to be remembered. mm



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# Do you know / weetst uck waut

**Gospel Light Hour**, in co-operation with the Mennonite Brethren Churches of Winnipeg, are producing a weekly program for Channel 9 cable called "Dimensions in Living." Recently one of the programs produced by a group from the Fort Garry M.B. Church was selected by Cable 9 Production Staff as the best production of the year and has been submitted to the CCTA Annual Convention in Vancouver May 19 - 23. During that time these programs selected by various cable stations will be played back on a Vancouver Cable System as part of the annual convention program.

The **Home Missions and Services Committee** of the Conference of Mennonites of Manitoba is hosting a Missions Festival at Camp Assiniboia on April 20, 1975 from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Worship Hour from 11:00 to 12:00 a.m. Everyone is welcome. No admittance charge. Featured will be booths, displays, interviews and a barbecue as well as other refreshments.



**Lynne and Richard Ewert**

For those who scanned daily, published results of the recent **Manitoba Music Festival**, it was interesting to see a good sprinkling of Mennonite names. After daily scanning and speculation we received the happy news that a young soprano, **Lynne Moncrief-Ewert** had been awarded the coveted Rose Bowl trophy, highest award for a vocalist in the festival. Daughter of Lt. Col. and Mrs. Moncrief, now in India with UN NATO forces, Lynne shares with her husband Richard, not only a name but a common interest in music. Richard, another contestant for the Rose Bowl, is probably known to many as the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Ewert of Steinbach. The young couple, both members of the MB-BC A Capella Choir, and Elim Chapel choir, also sings with CBC's "Hymn Sing". The festival behind them, the two look forward to further studies in voice with Bill Reimer, who now teaches at the School of Music and Theatre in Hanover, Germany.

Among familiar names were those of the **Klassens**, young **Andrew** and **Karen**,

and not to be forgotten that tireless accompanist of choirs etc. their mother, **Bertha**. Then from Steinbach, **Glenn Klassen** and **Harry Dyck**, another good accompanist.

**Names of others who placed well were: Matthew Baerg, Carla Fast, Marlene (Chalmers) (Baltzer), Helmut Penner, David Peters, Trudy Schroeder, Cindy Rempel, Elwood Enns, Norbert Froese, Roger Loewen, Darnell Thiessen, Cathy Enns, Rhonda Wiebe, Ruth Enns, Wendy Epp, Anne Janzen, Hilda Driedger, Evelyn Derksen, Susan Rempel and Dorothy Penner.**

A round of applause is in order for **MBCI school choirs**. The choirs did well and furthermore, had their own students capably accompanying. Last but not least, a special word of praise for **Frieda Duerksen**, music consultant for River East School Division, who had more than 44 choirs to visit in her rounds of duty. No other area of the city was so well represented by choirs. Further, with Frieda's encouragement the ordinary classroom teacher is seen at regional festivals as often as professional music teachers. One of Frieda's methods of upgrading performance levels, is to encourage all small children to sing, be they called "bluebirds, robins, or sparrows." Even if a group is just a bit on the low monotone side, it is encouraged to sing quietly and to listen to the softer truer voices of another group. As time goes by with listening and practice the youngsters singing ability improves. As a small side note, many Mennonite children attend River East schools!

## Inter-Term at Westgate

"Quin-zhees and Kielke", Westgate's inter-term has come and gone for another year. Inter-term is that period of three weeks between semesters when members of the senior classes, namely Grades 10, 11, and 12, swing into a variety of learning experiences which either compliment or present a direct contrast to everyday classroom routine. Given a variety of activities to choose from, students are asked to participate in activities involving three different areas, namely: arts and crafts, physical education and recreation, academics and service. A minimum of 12 credit hours is required in each area of activity while a required total has been set at 75 credit hours. Students, especially those involved in the production of an operetta, soon exceed the required 75 hours. The inter-term program, most of necessity vary from year to year to accommodate conflicts in timetables and to work around availability of personnel

for teaching or supervision. Fortunately, the full-time teaching staff of 10 has a combined background which is varied enough to provide instruction in a wide range of activities. Outside resource people have been engaged for special subjects such as the teaching of fine arts, low German, and "Mennonite cooking." Opportunities for other learning experiences can be found in existing community services, e.g. training in theatre arts is available at the Manitoba Theatre Workshop. Since we do not know all the instructors or may not realize what community resources are available, it may be easier to picture what goes on during Interterm by presenting a tentative list of activities much like one which was presented to students this year: Operetta, Voluntary Service, Ski Trip, Make up and costumes, Kinsmen Centre, swimming, stage work, Day Care, snow shoeing, cooking, Thrift Shop, X country skiing, macrame, curling, rug hooking, Low German, basketball clinic, ceramics, Theatre Workshop, sketching, outdoor education, painting, Festival of Life and Learning, photography, sewing, Winnipeg cultural field trips, and highway safety.

One of the listed options which this year drew 30 students out of the 58 seniors, seemed to be a natural for the mothers to handle, "Mennonite cooking." Interested students, sometimes inspired because the menu sounded "like Grandma's" or merely because gastronomical explorations are fun, soon tucked into dishes like brosch (Russian soup), rollkuchen (fritters), and obst perishki (fruit pockets.) Even better, some of the last years boys who haven't forgotten their lessons regularly turn out delectable items like rouladen (rolled Swiss steak) and fruit platz (Betty-type cake.)

With such a switch in male female role-playing we can hardly express surprise if we see a group of girls flinging up a thick powdery "api" of the forest into a mound, wait for it to harden, and then see them tunnel into it to fix their own Athapaskan quin-zhee or snow shelter. Survival tactics on a winter week-end campout, that's all it is, part of a rigorous outdoor recreation program! Just the sort of exercise for those well-fed kielke (noodle) cooks from Grandma's kitchen.

# Die Letzte Pflicht

von Ulrich Woelcke

Danzig, Ence 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 erbitterten Kaempfen im Maerz fast vollstaendig zerstoert worden war.

Wer den Endkampf und die "Befreiung" ueberlebt hatte musste nun zusehen wie er mit Hunger, Typhus, und herumliegenden Sprengkoerpem fertig wurde. Viele wurden's nicht, und viele gaben freiwillig auf. Die alten Menschen hatten vielfach keine Chance. Schwach und hungrig erlagen sie schnell irgendeiner Krankheit, ueber die wir heute kaum den Kopf heben wuerden. Wir, die wir jung waren, fanden dieses Dasein zum Teil beaengstigend, zum Teil abenteuerlich.

Mutter und ich waren aus unserer Wohnung ausgewiesen worden und wohnten bei der Nachbarin im Keller. In ihrer Wohnung hauste eine interessante Mischung von Einwohnern. Zu ebener Erde wohnte die Nachbarin mit ihren fuefn Kindern, im ersten Stock hatte sich ein russischer Offizier einquartiert, 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. "Junges, 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 Naehede des Krieges, durch die Strassenkaempfe und Beschuss hatten wir natuerlich Tote gesehen - Soldaten wie auch Zivilisten jeder Altersstufe. An diesen grausigen Mahnmaelern menschlicher Vergaenglichkeit hasteten wir so schnell wie moeglich vorbei. Man mag nicht gern daran erinnert werden, dass man selbst ganz schnell dahingerafft werden koennte.

"Warum koennt *ihr* nicht. . ." wir schauten unsere Muetter an und senkten 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 genaehet und auf ein Brett gebunden. Wir sprachen ein kurzes Gebet und hoben die ehemalige Frau K. auf unseren zweiraedigen Karren, legten uns die Gurte um, ergriffen die Deichsel und los gings. Es waren ungefaehr 2½ km. bis zum Friedhof, und die Sonne brannte heiss. Anfaenglich 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 belaestigten auch uns - wir schwitzten 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 beigewohnt hatte, geschweige denn die Verantwortung hatte mit einem gleichalterigen Kumpel eine Beerdigung vorzunehmen. "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 Graebem. Was hatten unsere Muetter wohl gehoert? Was jetzt? Zurueck mit unserem stillen Passagier? Ihr machte die Hitze nichts mehr aus.

"Da, schau," Kurt deutete auf einem 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 Kraeften hoben wir unsere geduldige Mitfahrerin vom Karren und liessen sie so vorsichtig wie moeglich ins Grab gleiten. Da ich irgendwo davon 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 Untergrund 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 Kreuz. Es war gross genug, dass man es nicht uebersehen konnte. Wir steckten es auf dem hoechsten Punkt des Huebels 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

# Jebrodne lestaupes

Von Jack Thiessen

Sajt mol, Lied, tjann Jie aewahaupt Onkel Peta Hiebat? Nae? Na daut docht etj mie aul, enn doawaejen woat daut Tiet, daut Jie ahm tjanne leahre. Onkel Hiebat wea goanich ein Foarma, he fung doamet mau ein baet lot em Lewe aun; oba he saed, he haud aule Qualifications doatou, wiels he wisst, daut Tjalwa Fadre haude enn Jans Hoah. Butadem wisst he, daut dem Moloschnascha Wiens siene Pead blous Hochdietsch vestunde enn daut onse Pead blous rejt jtet Dietsch kunne, aulso Plautdietsch. Oba Mieschka, ons Kunta, de kunn measchtens mau Rusch, wiels daut wea ein nejtscha Baedel enn ein polukscha Donna enn wann he jejenaun wea, donn word Voda seha bossig enn donn raed he Rusch. Waut he donn saed, weet etj nich, oba etj weet, daut Wiense Haunsa mie saed, daut siene Ma Rusch vestunt enn de jintj emma schwind nenn wann Voda mett Mieschka Unjaraed hilt enn Wiense wohnde eine goude Miel auf. Well, woa bliew etj mett Onkel Hiebat, denn Foarma! Oh jo, waut etj mau vetalle wull . . . daut easchte Joah, aus Hiebat emm Hoawst noh de Draschtiet Pleaje wull, fruag he mie, aus daut sou wea, daut Foarmasch gaunz jlitje Foahre mett'em Pluag tratje musste. "Oh joh" saed etj, "jlitj aus ein Maetstock, wiels Onke Unga enn mien Onkel Wellem, de foahre doa vebie enn tjitje sea de Foahre delenjd, enn wann de nich schmock jlitj sennt, dann lache se sich ein Loch aum Nowel: Jo, jo! "O.K." saed Onkel Hiebat, he wudd seha ziele. Etj wull ahm noch waut von Fuhde opstalle vetalle enn sou wieda, oba he saed, he kunn daut aul, wiels ziele haude ahm de Witte enn Russlaund jeleah. Enn donn foah'ra los, zield nohm grouten witten Steen eine haulwa Miel auf, enn brommd mett sienem oulen Case Trakta los; sehaziele mett toupjejnaepne Oage deed he, enn he deed uck mau langsam enn deep odme, emma daem witten Steen emm Oag behilt'a enn he sung doabie "Stein Du stehst voran, auf der graden Bahn." Nu, nu, wea Onkel Hiebat mett Case enn Pluag auhm Ziel enn donn sacha waut daut fe ein Steen opp siene Lewensbohne wea, opp den he jezielt haud . . . Jessirree, Jungis, Onkel Hiebat laeft noch enn he woat mie vleicht noch de Uhre oppwoahme, wann he weet, daut etj Junt dise Schaendlichkeitjett vetalt hab. Aulso vetallt daut beleib nich wieda oba

Hiebate sein Lewensziel wea eine groute witte Kouh, de oppem aundren Enj Fletj pienich grosd. Enn de Foah wea so krugglich aus eine seha sinndja Lewenswaundel! Donn nauhm Hiebate ein Stein enn waumst daut Hocklintj eint enn donn speech'a ut - Tweimol.

Eha Onkel Hiebat Vaesaenja word, wea he de jescheitsta Mensch, daen etj tjann. He wea emma oppjeriemt enn happy enn he smeild wann wie Tjnippbrat spaelde, yes, enn he schneet mie Joahrelang omsonst de Hoah auf. Oba wann eina nich schmock jewast wea, dann reet'et emma ein baet biem Hoahaufschniede.

Oba donn word he Vaesaenja enne emma feira, enn eines Doages let Hiebat sienem aelsten Saehn noh Winnipeg foahre enn doa Holidays moake. Wie Benjels musste Hei moake, enn Gophasch utseepe, enn Eadschocket, niepasch tcuplease, enn maltje enn Kornderchfoahre opp schweetje Pead mett Bramse, oba Hiebats aeh blonde enn koascha Johnny, de foah jrodso emm Somma noh Winnipeg opp Holidays. Om leewsten haud etj daem outhnaeschen Donna mett Wota bespretzt aus he ons Junges vetalld, daut he sich eine Weatj nich ennschwiene wudd.

Jo, eine gaunze Weatj weara' wajch, oba dann kauma' tridj. Enn donn Kroup wie aul toup enn saute manke Heihupes enn donn vetald de feina Johnny ons lauta Jewaultjet ute groute Staut. Mei goms, wautet doa nich aules gauf; Koahre bie de Dutz, Frues mett lange Hacke enn roude Lippe enn jekrusdet Hoah, Junges ohne Overauls, Pliezmanne opp Motazoagels, Naejasch so dunkel aus Onkel Wellem siene Schwatbroak enn Hiestjes enne Hiesa, enn tjeine Drankammasch, enn Jebieda mett schratjelje Schornsteina. Einmol jleppte Johnny ein poa englishe Wead rut oba donn saed Funke Frauns, "Hab Die mau nich sou domm, Haunsa," enn donn weara' jefixt!

Oba Johnny haud noch vael meha to saje oba measchtens Tus bie Hiebats. Eina kunn sich meist oajre aewa daem Schopskopp oba Tus Stemmt he von nu aun aule Leda auhn. Daut wea meist nich tojteeuwe, oba detjljena Baedel word Tus emma koascha enn de ola Hiebats dochte, he wea noch ein baet special. Weit Jie waut he deed? He introduced

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enne Ostresarv Pieyaumasch tom Schlope. Joahrelang, vleicht hundat Joahlang, so lang au de Mensche aul jeschlope haude, haude de Mensche gaunz aundasch jeschlope! de Manna haud sich de Lukk aun Combinations toujetjneept enn de Frues weare emm Unjarock schlope jechohne oba bie Hiebats head son prostet Jeschlop nu opp! Yessirree. De Johnny wea fein jeworde enn nu saeda, "Ma, Pieyaumasch, sonst kaun etj nich schlope!" Enn schur enuff; Taunte Hiebatsche neid daem outhnaesjer Schietareiha einen Schlopsuit ut einem opjetrannden Robin Hood Mehlsack. Johnny sien Broda Dowtje tjraejch einen Pieyauna vonn einem Purity 98 lbs. Mehlsack enn de tjliena Jakie einen Three Roses.

Oba daut wea noch lang nich aules; nae, nae heat mau wieda. De Junges wulle uck jieden Dach Lepelkost habe; nich blous auhm Sinndoch, nae jieden Dach aute se Dessert mett Schmaunt enn Zocke. Nu sajcht mol Lied, sitt so waut schmock, ess daut nich tom bosse?

Well, en Winta kaum de gaunze Pieyauna-Gang noh ons schlope wiels de ole Hiebats Frindschafte en Saskatchewan besochte. Funke Fraunz deed bie Hiebats besorje enn wie haude de Schlopsuit-Gang bie ons emm Hus. Nohm tweeden Dach wulle de Junges Lepelkost tou jieda Mohltiet blos nich tom Freistitj. Enn donn saed Voda, "No problem. Sure, vondoag tjrie Jie Lepelkost so vael aus Jie welle. Eascht mott Jie oba twe Heiracks Hei enn Stroh enne Schien nennfeahre." Daut deed wie dann uck enn ne kunn'et losgohne mette Lepelkost. By Joe, waut word auhm desch enjescheffelt, Worscht, Fatt, Eadschocke enn Suregurtje bie de Dutz. Enn donn wear'et endlich so wiet; Dessert! Waut freide de Junges sich! Se duckade han enn hea, se letje sich de Wonse enn hilde de Lepels jespetzt enn red! Enn nu word oppjedescht! Nu seute se aule vere tojedajte Komm enn saede, "Daut ritjt oba scheen, oba scheen!" Nu jing et los! Enn waut wea enne Komm? Jebroadne lestaupes mett Zocka bestreit! Jessirree. De gaunse Gang wea mett einmol so haustig saut enn daut gaunze Jeraed vonne' Lepelkost head nu oppe Staed opp! I just vonder vy!

mm

## Der Fluss im Fruehling

Der Fluss im Fruehling  
Wind und Wasser, brausst herum!  
Ob ich es noch fassen kann?  
Nach so vielen schweren Jahren,  
Ganz vom Schicksal ueberfahren  
Still geworden und bedrueckt?  
Ja, der Fruehling kam gebrausst,  
Ist im Wasser aufgebraust.  
Stuermt bis in das Meer.  
So ist auch der Menschen Seele  
Sprudelt, fliesst und braust.  
Was am Abend dich auch quealle,  
Wirst vergessen Du  
Wenn Du den Neuen Morgen

schaust.  
by M. Francis (Jantz)

## Memories of a Time Only Lost

To stand on a mountain, and gaze,  
not down to the past,  
but upwards to what is only imagined.  
To run across a field  
and never touch the earth below,  
but only the wind rushing around you.  
To dive an ocean  
and not feel the danger  
but only the freshness of discovery.  
To walk the darkest city  
and not hear the ghosts of others,  
but only what remains of the beauty.  
How hard it is to do  
when life closes the heavy door  
of childhood.

by Lori Vogt

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## Our Land

Ours is  
A rich Country  
Rich rich rich land  
A dance of lovely roses  
Lovely  
Roses roses roses red  
Our leaders said  
Come dance and unite  
we're all right!  
In our rich land  
  
Roses grow in rich country  
roses  
roses tall  
Have you seen  
The price of carrots  
Lately?  
In our land?  
A land without carrots  
None at all

Should we trust  
The minister of carrots  
or call  
The ministry of roses?  
Omnipotent all  
Trust trust trust trust?  
Our daring land  
Riches but no learning  
None at all  
Can we understand  
Our Lords of environment  
or the  
Commissioners of contraband?  
Transcendent all  
Dare we comprehend at all  
In our semantic land?  
Shall we dare  
To come and go?

Can we know  
Our western Archipeligo?

by Norman E. Reimer

## Der Strom

Umgeben von einsamen Weiten  
In heimliches Schweigen gebannt,  
Zieht schon seit uralten Zeiten  
Ein maechtiger Strom durch das Land:  
Sein Wasser flieszt  
Ohne Rast und Ruh,  
Dem fernen, ewgen Meere zu.

Es kommen mit regem Verlangen  
Die Menschen in groszem Hauf,  
Zum Wasser des Stromes gegangen  
Und forschen nach seinem Verlauf:  
Sie alle ziehn'  
Ohne Rast und Ruh,  
Dem unbekanntem Meere zu.

Schon sind ihrer viele entschwunden  
Doch folgen immer noch mehr,  
Ob sie es wohl gefunden  
Das grosze und weite Meer?  
Wir alle ziehn'  
Ohne Rast und Ruh  
Im Strome nach dem Meere zu.

by Walter Schlichting

## Ishmeal

You shall have a son  
Potent man and barren wife  
To bless the countless souls of earth  
To give them all a second birth  
Both unite to make a life  
A giant of faith he could not be  
For tampering with history  
In love he lay with Sarah's maid  
To help the plan of God that day.  
Created there an enmity  
Between what should and shouldn't be  
And both have numbered more than the sand  
Grown to strive and drench the land  
To beat their bloody heads against the sky  
And should the final Ishmeal die  
From it would not come peace  
For you and I  
The law against the life  
The maid against the wife  
Might against the cross  
What senseless tragic loss  
Seed of universal Sodom  
In an hour of haste  
Could it lie in one man's loins?  
To foster universal waste  
So to spiritual Israel we go,  
Wait upon the works of God with grace  
No to organize and spectrify the  
Souls of men and children  
To magnify with earthly glass the works  
Of God eternal, Ah, yes  
Children there will be without number  
But whose will they be, what orphans these  
What senseless tragedy  
Souls conceived out of wedlock,  
Souls deceived by people deadlocked  
With their proud and burnished hearts.  
Picking fruit so green and bitter  
Set the children's teeth on edge,  
Caesarean birth into the kingdom  
Made of lifeless laws instead,  
Of living blessings  
For a world convulsed with constant travail  
Rushing fools where those who know  
Their God, stand still  
Helping God and making men  
Tell me where it was and when  
That men began to build the church  
And then  
I'll show where the counterfeit was born  
I'll show you where the masterpiece was to

by C. Toews

## Sunday Afternoon

My seven year old  
Sits on my lap -  
Her red curls brushing  
Against my cheeks.  
Legs dangling,  
Prattling away happily,  
Playing with a plastic flower.  
We just enjoy each other.  
Barbara smiles,  
Turns to me:  
"I love you, mommy,  
You're so nice."  
For a mother  
The sweetest music!

by Helen Reimer Bergmann

## Reflections from our readers

Dear Sir:

We want to sincerely thank you for your kindness in supplying us with a back file of your publication together with a current subscription. This is a very significant publication, and we greatly appreciate receiving it in our library. We are placing this on our periodical racks and retaining it for our permanent files for future reference and research.

Cordially yours,  
Delbert Gratz, Librarian  
Mennonite Historical Library  
Bluffton, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Thanks so much for your very enjoyable, informative magazine. I greet it each month as a welcome friend and must sit down for a visit immediately if at all possible.

Sorry our last subscription payment is also ancient history! Enclosed is a cheque. Once again, thanks heaps.

Ellie Reimer  
Winkler, Man.

Dear Sir:

I read your February 1975 issue and enjoyed it. This was my first real contact with the paper, though I had heard of it before. Enclosed please find a cheque for \$4 for a one year subscription.

Yours truly,  
Garry Bueckert,  
Winnipeg.

Dear Sir:

Thank you for the review of my book in your interesting paper Mennonite Mirror done by Peter Paetkau, whom I already have sent a thank-you letter. "Verem Gerech" by Jack Thiessen should read "Verem Gerecht." Pardon me.

G. P. Schroeder  
Lodi, Calif.

*Editor's Note: The mistake was not Thiessen's. It was ours in typesetting!*

Dear Sirs:

I have received your Mennonite Mirror now for over a year. While there are some articles I don't agree with, nevertheless, I have enjoyed the paper very much, especially the Low German writings. My beef is, I believe some of our people are too much for socialism. It is not good. Please awake, Mennonites, and see what the NDP really is up to. Enclosed is a cheque for my subscription. May God bless and help you to keep it straight! (free from socialism).

Yours truly  
Mrs. Anne Patterson  
Morden, Man.

Dear Sir:

I am receiving your magazine as a gift subscriber, having been found in spring of 1972. I was told it was for six months, my name having been taken out of the phone book as "obviously Mennonite." I believe I notified you that I didn't want the paper because I am United and I

don't sympathize with the Mennonites, mostly for political reasons.

I still received the paper and have been getting it ever since. Now I don't enjoy it because it is too local (meaning slanted at a small community). Moreover I am leaving the country in April this year and want all mail coming in stopped. I won't have a forwarding address although some people know where I am going.

As a descendant of the Mennonite stock (my grandparents came from Russia) I consider myself picked upon when my father's religion is affixed on me. Often I am tempted to do nothing when surveys, brochures come my way but often give them my time just to be "big." I think you are exceeding yourself in thinking that people wish to be considered different than others if they are a minority. "When the Mennonites rule Manitoba" is a small voice I detect in your magazine. This is blatant racism and is why I don't want to remain in Canada!

If you think I owe you money or have an explanation for this over giving of a gift, please write me.

Yours truly,  
(Miss) Kathryn Funk  
Winnipeg

Dear Sir:

1. I take this opportunity to write a few lines of praise of your magazine. The information re books is good.

2. Note: *Miracles of Grace and Judgment* is available from the author not Kingsport press: Gerhard P. Schroeder, 1712 W. Pine St., Lodi, Calif. 95240, Money order - not cheque - for \$7.50 U.S.

3. Re article "The Missing Mennonite Monument" March 75. I for one am glad that a monstrosity of 'old machinery parts, spades, forks' which would supposedly represent Mennonite achievement does not yet clutter our landscape anywhere and I hope it never does. We have enough of that sort of junk around. It would be better to resmelt it and use it for plow shares.

Yours truly,  
Edward P. Falk,  
Winkler

Dear Sir:

Re: H.L. Sawatzky's review of *Mennonites in Canada* in the February issue of MM.

Prof. H. L. Sawatzky has given the MM reader one of the finest reviews of *Mennonites in Canada* to date. It is true that, in avoiding all controversy, the author, Dr. Epp, has merely touched "the tip of the iceberg," for the obvious reason that it is not particularly a study of all the strange and ominous maladies that have afflicted Mennonite Volk during their sojourn in Russia. The present work by Dr. Epp, I believe, was

intended for the wider Canadian audience to which we have generally been held in high public esteem.

I am in full agreement with Dr. Sawatzky's comments up to a point. But when in our supposedly enlightened day and age somebody treats a great and nobly endowed man like Johann Cornies as an enemy in steel armor - something in my acquaintance with the situation rises upon its haunches and girds its loins in defence. A current project of mine is to search into the whole truth about Johann Cornies and the solution to the land problem in Russia, and nowhere have I found that Cornies sided with the landed rich resisting "for decades the release of these lands (vacant colony property) to provide for rising generations." Cornies died in 1848 (at 59) before the full extent of his work could be completed but his successor, Phillip Wiebe, although not nearly as effective as Cornies in producing reform, instigated the final solution to the land problem by about 1869-71. Furthermore, Cornies received very considerable tracts of land (considerable in present terms) in recognition of his service to the colonies. And on these he set forth to experiment with various types of agriculture and horticulture for the explicit benefit of the colonists. It may be said that he founded the first experimental farm in South Russia, as one source states. The land grants were common and nobles and others received grants of such quantity as to make those Cornies received mere peanuts. At least one Mennonite Gutsbesitzer amassed land quantity 10 times in excess of what Cornies owned.

Sincerely,  
Peter B. Paetkau,  
Sperling.

Dear Sir:

The March issue of the Mennonite Mirror appealed to me. It is more aesthetically presented than previous issues. The February Mirror left me with a feeling of editorial material and articles "sandwiched" between the advertising.

I appreciated and understood your article on inflation. In connection with social concerns - in terms that people can understand - I wish to call your attention to Prof. Len Siemens, Associate dean, Faculty of Agriculture, U of M. He addressed our Windsor Park United Church congregation Sunday, and his topic was "Share - The Food Crises!" Condensed, it would be an excellent article in your social concerns series.

Sincerely,  
Betty Dyck,  
Winnipeg.

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