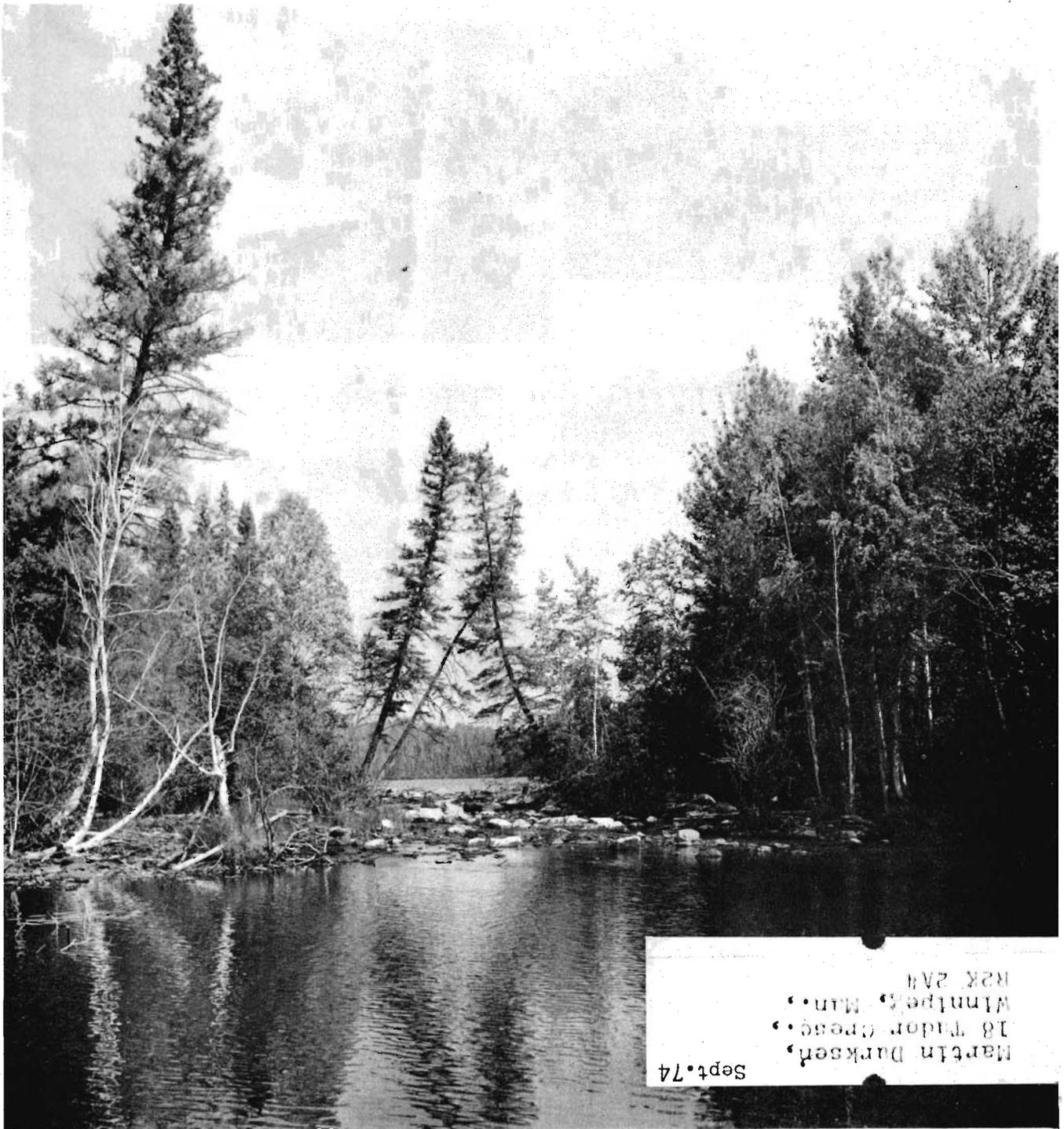


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Here is another Mix-up contest. The two unannounced winners of the June and summer editions were: Mrs. H. Klassen, Clifton Street, and Herb Peters, Addison Crescent, both of Winnipeg. The letters are to be rearranged and written in the squares to form 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 October 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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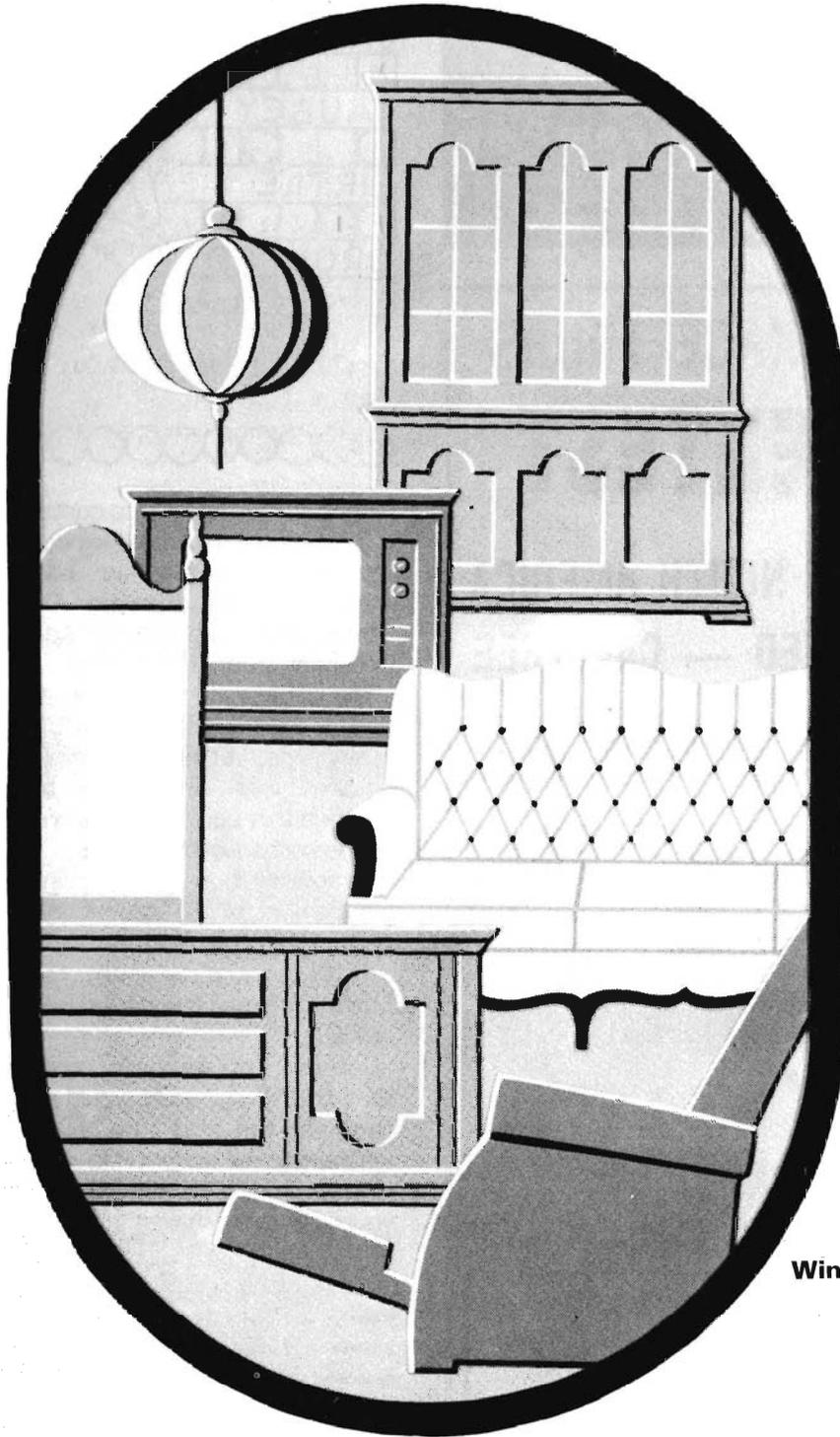
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President and editor, Roy Vogt; vice-president and managing editor, Edward L. Unrau; treasurer, Arkie Wiens; secretary, David Unruh; and Office manager, Frieda Unruh.

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Editorial Committee: Betty Dyck, Mary Enns, Hilda Matsuo, Ruth Vogt, Lore Lubosch, Rick Woelcke, and Rudy Schulz.

The executive group of the Mennonite Literary Society, Inc. serve as members of both committees.

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A father remembers. . . Cathy when she was sweet sixteen

Two years ago, Cathy Enns was injured and paralyzed in an automobile accident. Her father, Sig Enns, writes the following personal note on her life since the accident.

by Sig Enns

Cathy has always been a little princess in her family. The youngest of four (with three older brothers), she grew to adolescence with the warm quality of character that made her an intuitively sharing and caring individual. The world needs more of her kind.

In the fall of 1973 she was beginning her fourth year at Westgate Mennonite Collegiate, settling in with her Grade 10 class. Cathy had already enrolled for voice lessons with Susan Wieser, was debating whether to switch piano for flute and wondering if the boys in Grade 11 would notice her this year. Cathy was 14, full of life, passing her grades easily, always lots of friends - a very beautiful girl.

On October 12, 1973, she had persuaded her brother Chris to go with her to a party of school friends in North

Kildonan - the first of several that were bound to take place throughout the school year. As she left for the party she said "How do I look." She looked just lovely. "Don't worry I will denk an wer du bist" ("I will remember who I am"). Saving her parents the admonishment. These were to be the last words they heard her speak!

Cathy and Chris were driving Heidi and her brother Harold home that night. Chris and Harold were in the front seat of the VW. Harold was tired and had closed his eyes. Cathy and Heidi were singing in the back seat. They were within a block from home when it happened.

Chris had proceeded to cross Portage Avenue, believing he had ample time. He had not realized that at that very moment two cars had begun a drag race at the previous light. He was well into the intersection when it dawned on him he might be in trouble. He slammed the accelerator to the floor and in half a second would have cleared the on-rushing racer. But. . . the cars collided with an impact which hurtled the engine from the rear of the VW some 55 feet clear of the car. All four occupants were thrown from the car and all were unconscious. The driver of the other car was unhurt and ran from the scene of the accident to be apprehended down a back lane by an off-duty chief constable.

After several weeks of hospitalization Chris, Harold and Heidi were back at school and university. Cathy who at first appeared the least injured remained unconscious for five months. She had suffered a multiple skull fracture and brain stem injury but no broken limbs.

Gradually, intensive care gave way to ward care at the Health Sciences Centre. The heart monitor, the respirator, and the tube for feeding were no longer needed. The incision of the tracheotomy was allowed to heal and the unseeing eyes which had to be taped shut began to blink. The mother's daily day-long visits to the hospital did not provide answers to: Will she see? will she walk? will she remember?

At the end of the fourth month during a visit from Opa and Oma Enns, Cathy made a crying sound of recognition

when her grandmother leaned closer to sing the Sunday School song "Lieber Heiland, hoch im Himmel, merk auf deines Kinder flehn."

As the weeks and months went by her hitherto motionless body began to show some activity - she could move her right foot on request - this meant she could hear. After some eight months at the hospital and a brief interval at home she was admitted to the Rehabilitation Centre where for almost a year she received physiotherapy, speech therapy and occupational therapy from a skilled and dedicated staff. Still, progress was agonizingly slow.

It was here that Bobby Hull, one of Canada's most famous hockey players, visited Cathy.

Now in October 1975 - two years after the accident, Cathy is still not able to talk, not able to walk, in fact remains fully dependant. She has developed an amazing grasp of sign language, using her good right hand so she can communicate. Mentally, she has fully recovered and has begun part time attendance in special classes at Grant Park High School, while still going to the Rehab. Centre for physiotherapy on alternate days.

The frustrations of her alert mind in her unresponsive body can hardly be imagined. Yet Cathy maintains an astonishingly positive outlook and shows ready and loving appreciation for everything done for her. Her sense of humor is priceless.

She will be 17 next month. The year when she was sweet sixteen will become a memory. Many things hoped for did not happen. Cathy's desperate prayer is that she will yet walk, that she will yet talk - someday.

Set me adrift on a sea of hope -
I'll set my sail to a new horizon.

mm



Cathy with Bobby Hull

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Mennonite Film: A half-hour film documentary featuring the major migrations of Mennonites since the 1500s has been filmed and will be ready for release by mid-November of this year. The film is being funded by Crosstown Credit Union of Winnipeg. The film script has been developed by Larry Kehler and the film producer is Dave Dueck (Dueck Film Productions Ltd. of Winnipeg). Executive producer is Waldo Neufeld of Winnipeg and the director is Don Williams, originator of "Hymn Sing". John Friesen of Toronto, a professional actor, was selected as actor-narrator.



John Friesen

John Friesen and family have been visiting his parents Harry and Ella Friesen of Winnipeg. John has just finished the part of actor-narrator in the film *Menno's Reins* featuring Mennonite migrations. As actor-narrator he becomes the central person in the film, who tells the story of the Mennonite people.

Victor Kliever leaves his position as director of youth work in Mennonite congregations in Germany to become the principal of Elim Bible Institute at Altona which opens its doors once more on October 6. Kliever is a graduate of CMBC and holds an M.A. in German from the University of Manitoba. He has several years teaching experience with Westgate Collegiate in Winnipeg.

Neil Friesen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Klaas Friesen of Winkler has been appointed to the position of vice-principal at the Canadian Forces Base in Lahr, Germany. Neil is married to the former Tina Wiebe of Hochfeld. The family has already settled in for their two-year stay.

Mr. C.F. Friesen of Steinbach marked his 99th birthday on August 25. Although born in Steinbach, his parents the Diedrich Friesens, were among original settlers in the first Mennonite town in the west, Kleefeld, in 1874. At the time of his birthday Mr. Friesen left for Ottawa to attend his grandson's wedding.

Barkman Concrete of Steinbach and Winnipeg is reviving in Western Canada the idea of interlocking paving blocks. Two units for the manufacture of the blocks have been ordered from West Germany. The one unit is designated for the company's new subsidiary in British Columbia.

For those who have asked, the book *Give Me this Mountain* by Mary Kornelson is available from Mrs. P.J. Thiessen at 211 Waterloo St., Winnipeg, R3N 0S4.

Reunion: Steinbach's Grade One class of 1939 met this August. Former students had a fine day at the museum grounds where they recalled the past, explored the present and planned tentatively for another meeting in 1980.

REunion: Seaton School, (Heuboden)- teacher of the thirties, John R. Dick, met with and reminisced with former students this August. Dick left Canada years ago to earn a Ph. D. and will be remembered as a long-time teacher and administrator of Grace Bible Institute at Omaha, Nebraska.

Golden wedding congratulations go to: **Jacob and Helena Walman** now of Steinbach, who celebrated theirs on May 3rd; Rev. and Mrs. **J.P. Neufeld** who have since moved to British Columbia, who held their celebration at Brooklands M.B. Church on June 28th; **Ben and Elizabeth Peters** who celebrated their anniversary July 13th at Winkler M.B. Church.

Otto and Marie Paule Hudo-Armin the husband and wife team, has put out a recording called **Miniatures**. Made up of dazzling concert pieces for violin and piano, the pieces are enhanced of course by Armin's \$50,000 Italian Bergonzi (1739). Armin is one of that highly musical family hailing originally from Winkler.

Ester Peters Klassen, another Winklerite, the 1973 Rose Bowl recipient, was heard in a solo recital with Irmgard Braun-Baerg in accompaniment on Music Manitoba (CBC-FM) in June. Music heard included The Expostulation of the Virgin Mary (Purcell), folksongs by (Grieg) and contemporary songs by Oskar Morawitz, a Canadian composer.

Karin Redekopp Edwards, formerly of Winnipeg recently won the annual Milwaukee Catholic Symphony Orchestra piano auditions and will perform with the orchestra. She is a Ph. D. candidate in piano performance and teaches at the Wisconsin College Conservatory of Music.

Richard Ewert and Lynn Moncrief-Ewert were heard on Music Manitoba this summer. Their half-hour recital included duets from Purcell and Mendelsohn. The two plan to further their studies in Hanover, Germany this winter.

William Baerg conducted the first public performance of the CBC Winnipeg Singers at the new St. Boniface Cathedral this summer. The group is composed of twenty-four professional vocalists from Winnipeg. Of the group sixteen members and the conductor are connected with the Mennonite community.



Peter and Hilda Sawatsky and family, have gone to Santa Cruz, Bolivia for a three-year term of service. Peter's parents reside in Paraguay while Hilda's parents, the Peter Regiers, reside in Winnipeg. The Sawatskys are members of the North Kildonan Mennonite Church.



Nellie Bergen

Nellie Bergen has begun a 30-month term as a nurse's aide at Johannesstift, a large institution for the disabled in Berlin, Germany. She is a daughter of John and Mary Bergen of Winnipeg and is a member of Springfield Heights Mennonite Church.

Sunday, July 13, 1975, was the occasion for a tribute made to Rev. and Mrs. **David D. Klassen**, long-time servants of the Mennonite Church. Rev. Klassen first was minister of the Homewood Mennonite Church since its early period, and later, when upon his retirement he moved to Carman, was obliged of necessity to serve the Mennonite Church at a time when they had no minister. When the Northern District of the Bergthaler Church was organized he became bishop in this area. It was 45 years ago, on July 13th, 1930, when he was ordained to the ministry. As a friend of the family, Bishop J.F. Pauls, was invited to address the congregation on this occasion.

more news overleaf



Harold and Martha Koslowsky and son have gone to Swaziland to engage in work at the Mbabane Youth Centre. The Koslowskys are members of River East M.B. Church. Martha, a teacher trained at the University of Manitoba is the daughter of Jacob and Katherine Klassen of Winnipeg.



Anna Dueck

Anna Dueck begins a two-year term at Akron's Committee headquarters as a secretary in the Latin American department. She is the daughter of Helen Dueck of Winkler, and is a member of the M.B. Church there.

Centennial Celebrations in Reinland

by **Peter Paetkau**

The success of centennial celebrations in the village of Reinland in the West Reserve was unprecedented. The common peace, calm and tranquillity was utterly disturbed in the village on the weekend of July 18 to 20.

Reasons for the large turn-out and

unhindered success are obvious. The celebrations had been advertised on the weekly Low German hour by Gerhard Ens week after week, and Radio Southern Manitoba had allotted other free time for announcement of this major celebration of the Mennonite Centennial in 1975. The otherwise most evident cause to effect the success of the event was the high-spirited and enthusiastic organization team in Reinland spearheaded by Abram Ens.

Upon our arrival shortly before noon on Saturday, our group immediately advanced to the tail-end of the line-up for a hearty dinner of *kjieltje*, *schinkjefleesch*, *borscht* and *plumamoos*. Unfortunately almost twice the numbers who had registered for dinner chose to do so - and *borsch* and *plumamoos* ran dry *em Groopen*.

Scarcely was the dinner completed when the Old Timer's Orchestra strummed and tuned their instruments as prelude to a brief concert while folks gathered to fill the benches of the tent rented for this occasion. Official opening ceremonies began at 2:30 p.m. The elderly gentleman of Reinland, Mr. Gerhard G. H. Ens, soon to become an honorary citizen of Winkler, led in the invocation. An all male double quintet, attired in over- or undersized overalls, sang their first two numbers to the delight of everyone, under the direction of Prof. George D. Wiebe of CMBC. Following the introduction of platform guests by Abram Ens, the Samuel Uskiw, Manitoba Agriculture minister delivered the opening address.

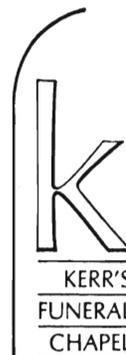
Considering the resiliency of the industrious sons of Reinland presently thriving in that extension of it called Winkler (and now all on the rebound) it was no small wonder and inevitable that the mayor of Winkler, Mr. H. F. Wiebe must address the guests as well. As leading citizen of Winkler and father of its economic upsurge, Mayor Wiebe found it possible not only to bestow an honorary citizenship upon a pioneer in Reinland but also to give a few handouts from supporting groups in Winkler.

The final appearance of the male group was a gala performance of no less than three Low German ballads which had been wrested from life in Reinland. A ballad much like a legend or myth seldom sticks to the truth or produces its heroic object on the spot.

Mennonite Historical group holds gala banquet

The Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society awarded more than 70 Life Memberships to long-time supporters of its work at a banquet held in the Elmwood Mennonite Brethren Church on September 19. A special feature of the evening was the premier showing of a film on the Mennonite centennial made by Otto Klassen with the assistance of George Epp, Al Reimer and Peter Klassen. About 200 persons attended the banquet, chaired by the president of the society, J.J. Reimer.

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Mennonite poets possess potential to rank with Canada's best

by Peter Pauls

A non-Mennonite friend told me recently that most of the Mennonites he had come to know in various professions were sons or daughters of farmers. His observation underscores the fact that even the Mennonites of Western Canada are now leaving "the land" in large numbers. The transition from a rural to an urban way of life has brought about a clash between old and new values and, for some of the younger generation, problems with identity. Urban Mennonites question many time-honoured principles while those more attached to the land and the past often express a deep concern for the future of Mennonitism. These developments have greatly influenced a new but significant group of Mennonite writers.

To date, novelist Rudy Wiebe is the only Western Canadian Mennonite writer to gain national recognition. Unlike Mr. Wiebe, these emerging young writers have chosen to express themselves in poetry rather than in prose. Over the past year, I have read much of this recent poetry, especially the home-grown Manitoba variety, most of it still in manuscript form. I feel confident that some of these new writers will soon win acclaim far beyond Mennonite circles. A surprising number of their poems would compare favourably with those of Canada's recognized poets.

The new Mennonite poets are conscious of their rich historical tradition but they are also aware of the limitations of their literary heritage. Mennonite poetry of the past could be somewhat arbitrarily divided into three major categories: religious or devotional verse, light comic verse and what one might call, for lack of a better term, romantic poetry. The religious, devotional poetry, when sincere and not excessively emotional, can be genuinely moving. All too often, however, it is sentimental and cliché-ridden, the product of a formulaic method of composition. It is also limited in that it is restricted to only a few stock themes. Writers of this sort of verse have often supplied, rather mechanically, suitable poems for recitation at solemn occasions such as commencements, ordinations and dedications. My dear mother has at least two shoeboxes filled

with poems of this kind clipped from *Der Bote* and other highly revered Mennonite publications.

The light, comic verse, usually in the Low German dialect, is also limited in its range and its appeal. Since Low German has for so many years been the "work-day" dialect, these poems frequently deal with rather mundane matters. Occasionally, writers of this poetry do use the dialect in a most expressive manner. One of the finest examples of poetry in this category is Gerhard Wiens's *The Farmer's Son*. Jack Thiessen, cognizant of the unique qualities of some of our Low German poems, has attempted to make them available to a larger number of readers by translating them. Unfortunately, these poems always lose some of their original zest in translation.

"Romantic Verse" is the label we might affix to all those wonderful poems which have as their main theme a "*sehnsucht für die alte Heimat*," a longing for the good old days and ways. "*Schoen war das, schoen, das kommt niemals wieder*" is the refrain in Fritz Senn's *Heimat*, one of the best poems of this type. Fritz Senn (Gerhard Friesen) and N.H. Unruh have given us some of the classic examples of this poetry. These "expatriates" often speak feelingly of our long history of migrations and colony life.

What most of the above-mentioned poets share is an agrarian background and a dual German language tradition. Now, it is quite apparent, we are witnessing the advent of the new Mennonite poets who regard all English literature as their legacy and look to English, American and Canadian writers as their models. These new poets represent the younger, more enlightened, although not necessarily happier, Mennonites who could be aptly described in Matthew Arnold's words as a generation "Wandering between two worlds, one dead, / The other powerless to be born." It is to this group in particular that the new poets speak.

The new poets have ambivalent feelings about their past. While they regard as alien much of what their forbears equated with Mennonitism, they are, at the same time, not entirely comfortable with the value system of the

larger world which threatens their identity. The "old ways" still have a certain attraction; the simple, innocent rural virtues have a romantic appeal even for these poets. Of course, there can be no return. The idyllic, secure world is forever lost. The new poets realize that they must deal with more universal themes if they are to have any kind of readership in the future. In short, they must go beyond the strictly Mennonite experience. To do this and still retain something of their ethnic identity is a formidable challenge.

Representative of these new poets are three young, intelligent and articulate Manitoba writers. One of these, **Menno Wiebe**, would be considered by the more radical to be very much part of the "establishment." Nevertheless, there is a liberalism in his thought which might have alienated him from the Mennonite community a generation ago. Although many of his poems are religious, they bear little resemblance to the religious poems of Mennonite poets of the past. Mr. Wiebe's individualism, sincerity and perceptiveness appeal strongly to readers who no longer respond to the clichés of the earlier devotional poetry. Occasionally, he openly challenges the old isolationist views. Some of his poems reveal a distinct impatience with those who are too slow to adapt their Christianity to the needs of the larger human family. His keen social conscience makes Menno Wiebe a poet of our time.

Clinton Toews will be regarded as a non-Mennonite by many of the older generation. Still, there is a definite "sense of loss" in much of his poetry. He also expresses a love for the simple virtues now rapidly disappearing. "We have lost the land," he laments in one of his poems, and with it so much else worth preserving. At the same time, one gets the feeling that Mr. Toews considers some of the narrow-minded attitudes and conservative thinking of the past part of a "world well lost."

Pat Friesen is a new poet who shows great promise. His word portraits of Mennonite pioneer forbears in *Lean and Stark Apart* and *Love* are tributes to our agrarian ancestors but they also capture a timeless human quality which tran-

scends narrow ethnic considerations. Like the novelist Joseph Conrad, Mr. Friesen strives to single out that which is fundamental, essential, and enduring in the history of his people. His poem-*Makhno* speaks poignantly to Mennonites, especially to those who experienced the Russian Revolution, but his vivid language and his ability to portray the anarchist and his victims as representatives of universal forces eternally in opposition once again give the poem a certain timelessness. Above all, Mr. Friesen is the consummate artist in his use of the English language, both in his turns of phrase and in his skillful use of imagery.

Much of the new poetry is obviously ethnic in origin, an outgrowth, as it were, of a conflict between the irreconcilable values of past and present. Such conflicts and the resulting uncertainties will probably continue to inspire more poetry. It is inevitable, however, that these young poets, exposed as they are to the myriad literary influences of the English-speaking world, will opt for citizenship in and loyalty to a community much larger than their ethnic family. It is this new, enlarged vision which distinguishes the new Mennonite poets from the old. **mm**

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Study on Conscientious Objectors and Volunteers

This news item was published in May 27, 1975 issue of *The Bulletin*, the weekly publication of the Press and Information Office of the Government of the Federal Republic of Germany.

Psychologists at the Max Planck Society's Munich research centre for psychopathology and psychotherapy have been investigating the development of the personality structure of volunteers to the Federal Army, the Bundeswehr, and of conscientious objectors.

They came to the conclusion that there are very considerable differences between the two groups. Their survey was based on many hours of interviews with 101 people, 12 of the most characteristic of whom were selected for special discussion and assessment.

It became clear that the volunteers showed only "a limited capacity for experience" compared with the conscientious objectors, and also that they

lacked the capacity for deeper ties with a diversity of other people.

The volunteers took refuge in the orders given when ordered to kill in "a case of emergency" whereas the conscientious objectors did not feel able to forget about their individual sense of responsibility.

The volunteers also demonstrated considerable efforts to accord with behavioural norms. Their identity is externally determined, and they seek the self-confirmation they need in such "external manifestations" as sporting achievement, promotion, and medals.

The objectors, on the other hand, showed a great degree of readiness to bear the social sanctions resulting from their decision. Their self-realization "is sought on the basis of an intensive exchange of feelings and thoughts with their environment in a process of growing accord between their convictions and their actions." For most of them, that involved both inner crises and serious confrontations with authorities and social conventions. **mm**



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An "open area" classroom of sky, grass, lake and bush

by Mary M. Enns

What's so great about this expansion of the school program, taking the curriculum literally beyond the classroom onto the playground, into the community, into a geographically new area, into nature itself?

Is it really of prime importance teaching kids to live with their peers, initially in their own setting and then into a strange area with strange people, unusual customs, unfamiliar circumstances? Can you count on an eventual benefit to society when learning is made practical instead of only theoretical? Is it significant to teach a value system, making the child aware of the total environment by guiding him to find out a few things for himself, to see, to hear, to feel size? One of the parents answered these questions, saying, "Why didn't you do this 20 or 30 years ago?" Lily Loewen, director of resident outdoor education says, "Why can't learning be enjoyable?"

In March of this year I was invited to spend three days at Camp Arnes situated in a 320 acre wooded forest 70 miles from Winnipeg. I observed the Howden School of St. Boniface during their session of resident outdoor education. It is the school's third year with this particular program and I'm told they're an excellent group to work with. Angela Moodie and her nine or 10 teachers brought their 80 Grade 5 students in on a Sunday evening. The kids spilled out of two buses, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, raring to explode onto the wide open expanse of snow covered camp ground. No concrete

jungle here. Wisely, they were allowed to explore and race around expending some of that pent-up energy and incredible excitement. Orientation included the introduction to their various cabins with names like "Sounds of Silence" or "Willow Inn" and an explanation of Big Bell Station used for Chow-call, Activity Call and Emergency Call.

The lesson on the spot was on Lake Winnipeg. Young Jerry, walking with the rest on the frozen ridges of ice, said, "And I thought the lake was full of waves." Lily pointed out the various crystallized layers of ice, the hidden frozen ridges making it too treacherous for snow-shoeing. Walking back to camp we were shown the rivalry at the bird feeding station between the chickadees and the squirrels. Both vie for the sunflower seeds and suet placed there to attract the beautiful Evening Grosbeak. By now everyone was ready to settle down in the lodge dining room and tuck in some good food. I watched what was to become a pattern, an orderly exercise in either mealtime, class session or outdoor activity. A controlled yet relaxed easy atmosphere. Sitting on the fringe of the group, beside the large dining room windows, we looked out onto the snowy fields, the lights shining on white birches, the dark evergreens dramatically

outlined under a sky shot with stars. And beyond the trees - the unlimited expanse of lake.

By 9:30 or 10 the slightly subdued youngsters and their teachers were about to call it a day. Lily and I sat a long while over coffee. The days "in session" are crowded, indeed, for her. Only at the dark, gentle end of the day the smiling, infinitely patient director, factotum, and resource person really lets her hair down, her huge combat-jacket and boots laid aside, to talk. "You seem to love what you're doing, but why did you choose this profession?" I asked. "I'm a teacher," she answers, "and soon discovered that there were things that I could teach so much better out of doors unrestricted by the four walls, especially natural science. To be able to explain to the children on a visit to the farm, watching the birth of a calf, - this is how procreation happens. Sure it's demanding and exhausting, but immensely satisfying." Lily taught for two years in B.C. and for five years in South America. She took a Master of Science degree from the University of Northern Illinois at its outdoor education centre. The summer of 1972 was spent in a study tour of Germany and Austria observing their methods in this field. She was subsequently hired by Camp Arnes on a full time basis as it's director of outdoor education. It comes through loud and clear, Lily knows what she's doing and loves it, and the kids know it.

Grade 6 is the most popular grade to come. Schools, not only from Winnipeg, but as far away as Mather book classes. The program works out of the school,



Lily Loewen, right, with a teacher



"Trapper Dick" and students



Students at study

with the school curriculum. All preparatory work is done in the school with the students by the teachers. The actual work is done at camp, taken back to the school, analyzed and comparisons made. Angela Moodie, in a conversation said: "The follow-up has a valuable purpose; it gives the kids a chance to carry over the camp experience. They've worked for about a month on charts, pictures, murals, on their log books. On April 30 we had a Camp Arnes follow-up evening with the parents invited. Children and teachers reported and illustrated on the various areas of their camp days. We sang the camp song, did skits and had a slide presentation of the kids in activities and also nature slides. It was very well received."

One policy of the program is: "I hear and forget, I see and remember. I do and I understand." Rick Halstead, teacher, feels this is an excellent way to integrate the special education students with the rest. The impact on these is stimulation, awareness and pleasure. I can vouch for that, and it was a pleasure to observe. The small camp library provides such sources of information as Peterson's Field Guide Series, books on astronomy, birds, fish, wild flowers, insects, trees, poisonous plants. I liked the conversation pledge: "I give my pledge as a Canadian to save and faithfully to defend from waste the natural resources of my country - it's soil and minerals, it's forests, waters and wildlife."

It was 16 degrees below on Monday morning and it's rise and shine at 7 a.m. I'm wondering what all the little city kids are thinking on their early trek through the snow to the ablation stations (flush toilets and all). I laugh a little at the incongruity of Austrian music that is piped all over the campus at this early morning hour. But, face it, it's bright, it's friendly, it makes you smile - at 7:00 a.m. All head for the lodge at 8:00 where a fire is blazing in the enormous fire-place. The day is formally opened with "O Canada," Bible reading and the Lord's Prayer. After a trucker's breakfast classes begin. These are divided into activity blocks and I am hard put deciding which to attend. Snow ecology is where, among other experiments, the purity of ice and snow is measured and compared to that of the city. We learn of survival - the building of a snow shelter or Quinzhee hut. The walk through the woods is strewn with straw from a former Tally-Ho. We stop to look at a tall ice-sculpture, the result of a natural leak from the "squirrel run." The teacher in the Wigwam is instructing in the use of your senses. It is to initiate self-awareness and to develop sensitivity toward another's handicap. One of the things done was to lead a blind-folded person to a tree, with the sighted ones recording the feel, the smell, all impressions of the "blind one."

I'm ready now to tag along with a group

on a nature hike with Trapper Dick. Trapper has spent 40 years in the bush which might explain his ruddy complexion and generally fit appearance. He teaches not only such students as these but also teacher training inservice groups. Our hike is an hour long into the woods. Our naturalist identifies the various trees, their markings, their uses, how fungus growth kills them. He points out shrubs and how rose hips are useful for Vitamin C - more potent than an orange. WE learn that spruce needles and wild peas, being high in protein, are survival foods for humans and animals. Collected samples are stored to put into log books back at camp. It is interesting to hear that the Black Poplar's cork-like bark was used by early Icelanders for floats for their fish nets. And "how well suited the lining of a bird's nest, not only for the comfort of the young, but to keep the eggs from breaking." Trapper, or another resource person on staff, take groups alternately to the Dairy Farm and to the Weather Station where recording and reporting is done. They go also to Gud-junson's Mink Ranch where we watch the sapphire, pearl and white mink and learn that they are carefully fed only on fresh foods and that the male is twice the size of his mate and his pelt is the hardier. They supervise the 1½ hour cookouts in the woods where every child has his allotted job. They tuck in Camp-fire stew, bread and butter, chocolate marshmallow desert and hot cocoa. I look in on other classes in creative writing, singing, arts and crafts, astronomy and tinkling.

The days pass very quickly and the evenings are fun filled with skits, singing, tally-ho and always the bedtime snacks which are enjoyed all around. It must be the fresh air or the atmosphere or all the laughter, but we are amazed at the quantity of food that is consumed by children and adults alike. And the kids are really happy. Tommy said quietly, "I wish I could stay here till I die." Take it from me - we never had it this good in Grade 5.

Walden says it so well, in part: "We need the tonic of wildness, to wade sometimes in marshes where the bittern and the meadow-hen lurk, to smell the whispering sedge where only some wilder and more solitary fowl builds her nest and the mink crawls with it's belly close to the ground. We need to witness our limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander." mm

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Walter Klassen

The Miser is Theatre Choice

The Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre is pleased to announce that it will be staging the classical comedy, "Der Geizhals" (The Miser) by Moliere, on November 21 and 22 at the Playhouse Theatre.

The play, which will be presented in the German language, deals with a man who values his money and possessions almost more than life itself. A humorous situation develops when he tries to interfere with the love lives of his own

children, whose personalities differ radically from that of the miser. The relations portrayed between the miser and those about his household give us an entertaining insight into human nature.

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, 942-6892; Independent Furniture, 499 Notre Dame Avenue, 775-4401; Redekopp Lumber, 1126 Henderson Highway, 668-4470; and Loewen Pianos, 2630 Portage Avenue, 832-6774.

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review

by Jack Thiessen

Fritz Senn: *Das Dorf im Abendgrauen, Gedichte.*

Most of the German Mennonite poetry in print (including that published in the Mennonite Mirror) represents an almost perfect example of how poetry should not be written. For some ardent and pious individual who discovers that-*Hoehn* rhymes with *schoen* and *alle* with *falle* waxes courageous by this insight and, confusing tenacity with inspiration

and lingo with *Dichtung* produces doggerel hogwash. With this in mind, I picked up *Das Dorf im Abendgrauen*, poetry written by Fritz Senn, (Gerhard Friesen), arranged and polished by Elisabeth Peters, illustrated by Barbara Harden and published by that indomitable society of stalwarts, *Der Verein zur Pflege der deutschen Sprache* and printed by Derksens of Steinbach.

The truth is out very soon: Fritz Senn is far and away the best poet, the most articulate Dichter in German that we Mennonites have ever produced because *er verkoerpert, was die meisten erstreben.* When researching Mennonite writings in Russia, one quickly succumbs to the im-

pression, indeed to the realization, that there was no one who perceived, sensed, told or could tell his people that trouble was in the offing. Except Fritz Senn, for his poetry abounds in the awareness that falcons and hawks are hovering in abundance:

"Wenn ueber dir des Mittags Stille liegt,

Der Falke fluegelbreit sich reglos wiegt"

(Steppe p. 38)

and

"Ploetzlich ein Habicht sich reglos wiegt

Ueber dem Hof, er laesst sich fallen. . ."

(Ueberfall p. 68)

and

"Dem Falken sah ich fallen

Ins gruene Haferfeld,

Er stieg, die Beut'in Krallen."

and,

"Fremdes Volk, das dort Pfluegt und graebt,

Ist umlagert vom Rauch der Herbststoppelbraende,

Der Steppenfalke, der fluegelbreit reglos schwebt,

Beherrscht noch immer das Steppengelaende." (Immer noch. p. 23)

There are numerous other examples of poetry that are compelling, beautiful and speak cleanly to the core of what is genuine. Senn is poet enough to know that moralizing is preaching to those who nod without understanding anything and that *Andeutung* is in the final analysis the message, the only message that wisdom nurtured on creative impulse can impart.

Don't borrow this volume; buy it, own it, read it and live and learn by and from it. Senn and his poetry deserve a break; whether they'll get it, depends on you!-mm

Der Geizhals

Das Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre gibt die Auffuehrung der klassischen Komoedie "Der Geizhals" von Moliere am 21. und 22. November im Playhouse Theatre bekannt.

Das Buehnenstueck wird in deutscher Sprache aufgefuehrt und handelt von einem Mann der den Wert seines Geldes und Besitztums fast hoeher schaezt als das Leben selbst. Eine komische Situation entsteht als er versucht die Liebesgeschichten seiner eigenen Kinder zu beeinflussen, deren Lebensansicht sich grundsaeztlich von der des Vaters unterscheidet. Das Familienleben des Geizhalses gibt uns einen unterhaltsamen und interessanten Einblick in den menschlichen Charakter.

Eintrittskarten sind von Mitgliedern des Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre, Mitspielern, sowie folgenden Firmen zu kaufen: Hadden Hall Men's Wear, 288 Kennedy Street, 942-6892; Independent Furniture, 499 Notre Dame Avenue, 775-4401; Redekopp Lumber, 1126 Henderson Highway, 668-4470; and Loewen Pianos, 2630 Portage Avenue, 832-6774.

Das M.C.C. (Kanada) hat vor kurzem eine zweite, veränderte Ausgabe von **Paul J. Schaefer's Buch Woher? Wohin? Mennoniten Band 2** herausgebracht. In diesem Werk wird unsere Geschichte in Russland und der Anfang in Nordamerika geschildert. Einige Bilder, Landkarten und eine neue Bibliographie deutscher Buecher ueber die Russland Mennoniten ist hinzugefuegt worden.

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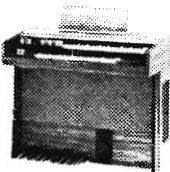
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RV and VP "ink" poolside pact for MM

By Vic Penner

Now that my writing contract has again been picked up by Mennonite Mirror the time has come to break out of the summer doldrums and commit some of my thoughts to print.

That shouldn't take up much space, you say? Not much time either. Maybe as long as it took Publisher Roy Vogt and me to conduct contract negotiations.

Here's about how it went: We met by coincidence at a Moorhead, Minnesota, hostelry where I was lounging at poolside trying somewhat unsuccessfully to follow the convoluted train of thought of a local newspaper editorial writer.

I became aware of footsteps behind me and an authoritative tap on my shoulder. Must be a security guard come to frisk me, I thought. Reading American editorials always gives me that kind of feeling. Or maybe I was about to get mugged.

But when a voice said, "Nah, nue tjenn wie noch enn beht Plautdietsch rehden" I realized that all was well. In fact, the shoulder-tapping Plautdietsch rehder was none other than RV of MM.

Dressed as he was in sandals, vacation slacks and a polo shirt (described here in order of my eye movement) it didn't occur to me that he'd slipped over to talk contract.

"Want to write for the Mennonite Mirror again?" he asked.

"Sure", I said, flattered.

"The deadline for your copy is September 15", he said.

"You've got it", I said, or something equally stupid. At any rate, as a Men-

nonite I must now consider that rather quick reply as my signature on my contract. That's how it works with Mennonites isn't it? Or does it need a handshake by now?

Anyway, I suspect our negotiations went a lot quicker and a lot smoother than most labor negotiations do today - postmen, teachers, university professors, grain handlers; you name it. Maybe it's because FYI is my labor of love. I wonder if I'll get paid.

We got to chatting about all the important Minnesota vacation spots - Detroit Lakes, Bemidji, Duluth, and which ports of entry have the most to offer returning Canadians when Mrs. RV joined us. I won't call her RV's missus. Some women don't like that. My Frau sure doesn't. What ever happened to that supposed submissiveness of Mennonite women? I went to a wedding this summer in which they'd even written out the "honor and obey" part. Imagine that! Pretty soon we men will be promising to honor and obey. Ah, well, we've been doing that without official sanction for so long that it doesn't make much difference. I often wonder why some of today's women want equality so badly when for so long they've had superiority.

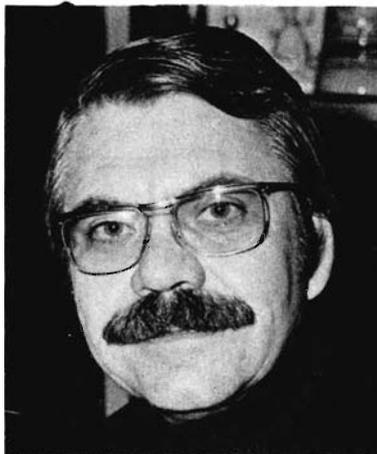
Just about then my wife appeared from our room - sleepy-eyed as usual on vacation mornings but pleased to meet the Vogts - and her stomach begging for "brunch". That's a sophisticated term for a meal that's too late to qualify as breakfast and too early for lunch. Even out here in the boondocks radio broadcasters get to tossing out such terms early in their careers.

It turned out that Roy had spotted me more less on his way to the checkout desk, and I was waiting for my better half and this thing called "brunch". But Roy and I got to comparing some of the cheap eateries in the area before we parted company.

"How typically Mennonite", one of the females in our party remarked as we matched economies.

Then we parted. Roy and Ruth to check out of the motel, Oilly to the Emerald Room for "brunch", and I toddled over to Taco John's to burn out my stomach with a cheap taco smothered in hot sauce.

And that's how I came to this page for another year. **mm**



Vic Penner, FYI author

Coach Jorritsma



The loneliness of The Coach who plays for Self-enrichment

by Rudy Schulz

During the past summer I talked to Jorrit Jorritsma, who is the coach of the Canadian Speedskating team. Jorritsma arrived in Canada from the Netherlands in May, 1974. His task here is to prepare the Canadian Speedskaters for the 1976 Olympics. (Readers may recall that Sylvia Burka is, or was, Canada's outstanding female speedskater).

Coach Jorritsma is not a Vince Lombardi type. His coaching philosophy is that the person involved in athletics is more important than the result he obtains as a competitor.

The problem in Canada, as Jorritsma sees it, is that athletes want to win for the sake of the reward instead of for the self-satisfaction that comes from doing something well. Individuals who compete only for their own glory, who strive to win at the expense of harmony within the team, are undermining this most important objective of sports.

Sylvia Burka was sent home from Europe last winter because her attitude and behavior were not consistent with his coaching philosophy. (Jorrit harbored no animosity toward Miss Burka, adding that she would probably rejoin the Canadian skating team in several meets prior to the Winter Olympics in Innsbruck, Austria.)

In Jorritsma's opinion, the typical Canadian attitude is to pay more attention to the glitter and prestige of the proud athlete in the winner's circle than to the intrinsic rewards of the activity itself. He recalled the lengthy presen-

tation ceremonies following a national speedskating meet in Quebec in 1974. It struck him as being a "bombastic show."

The European athlete, Jorritsma thought, was more likely to think of competition in terms of personal benefits derived from the activities. Too many Canadians have been brainwashed by the American professional cult epitomized by the late Vince Lombardi. (Lombardi is a national hero because he was a winning football coach. It was he who said: "Winning is not the most important thing; it's the only thing.")

Read your favorite sports page, or better still, attend a Pee Wee hockey game, and you will get a similar message. Parents scream insults at officials, coaches, and players, oblivious of the fact that their behavior is harmful to children and demoralizing to the adults in charge.

When I asked Jorrit what his goal was as coach of the Canadian team he simply said: "My goal is to make athletes perform better today than they did yesterday."

What kind of athlete did he enjoy coaching most? He replied that he enjoyed working with athletes who had progressed beyond the extrinsic reward stage, who enjoyed the activity because it provided a challenge on the way to self-fulfillment. Sooner or later the outstanding athlete must run because he enjoys running, skate because he enjoys skating. "Winning is not the only thing; it isn't even the most important," is how

Jorritsma summed it up.

Jorrit Jorritsma would concur with at least part of the message in these lines by Grantland Rice, (1880-1954), the one time renowned sports editor of the New York Times:

"For when the Great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He marks - not that you won or lost
But how (and why) you played the game."

In and around town: The frost is on the pumpkin again, which means the curlers are making plans for another season. Mirror readers who are interested in curling may not be aware of the various leagues in which large numbers of Mennonites take part. Here is a partial run-down of several of these leagues.

The Crosstown Mixed League curls at the East St. Paul rink. The contact person is Marianne Pankratz (889-1080).

The Crosstown Curling League is again operating out of the Wildwood Club with three draws on Saturdays. John Bergen (334-3658) still has a few openings and he believes that some openings are likely to occur during the season.

The Valour Lassies curl at the Valour Curling Club Wednesday afternoons, beginning October 22. Dora Giesbrecht is their president.

The First Mennonite Curling Club has not finalized plans for this year. After some dozen years at the Granite, it now seems likely that high ice rental there may reduce membership or force a change in site. Jack Fast (339-1173) is the person to call. mm

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Westgate Opens

Westgate Mennonite Collegiate resumed classes on September 4 with 140 students registered in grades 7 through 12. Thirty four new Juniors and 21 new Seniors have joined the 89 returning students. Classes vary in size from 21 to 26 students per grade.

School personnel include new office staff and four new teachers. Lynette Wiebe, a graduate of Westgate, is the new secretary. Helga Bruggeman, from Koehn, West Germany, has volunteered her services as a secretarial and teacher's assistant. Heimo Bachmeyer, is instructing Junior German and Social Studies. Anna Ens has volunteered to teach the 7 and 8 religion courses. Larry Ens, is instructing Physical Education. John Harder is in charge of the Music program.

Returning staff consist of John Enns,

principal; Will Barmeier, Frank Enns, Rudy Friesen, Al Klassen, Jake Pankratz, Judy Schulz, John Thiessen, Lois Loewen, Robert Barg and Norman Wall.

Interest in christian education is growing, and Westgate is experiencing this growth. Several grade 7 applications for 1976 hav ebeen received to date. Further information about the school may be obtained by calling the principal at 775-7111.

Childhood Honesty

by Helen Reimer Bergmann

The beautiful month of June was just ending. We were preparing for a guest who was to be a delegate to the Canadian convention of our particular denomination. He arrived around 8:00 p.m. tired from a plane ride across several provinces. After the usual greetings we explained that ours was a lively home with five children.

"O, I love children; we have three of our own," was the minister's reply.

I went inside to prepare some supper for our guest, leaving him outside to get acquainted with the family. Because it was a balmy evening, this was quite to his liking.

Not more than 10 minutes had gone by when our nine year old came in rather alarmed and declared: "Barbara asked the man whether he had shaved his head!" We both laughed and I reminded her that Barbara, in all of her seven years, had probably not seen a baldheaded man before.

Later in the evening we were all gathered for family devotions. Barbara had taken quite a liking to our new preacher friend. He did not seem a bit disturbed about her previous question. She settled close beside him on the armrest of the big chair. My husband read the Scriptures and then asked our guest to pray. It was somewhat longer than we were accustomed to. The "Amen" was hardly finished when Barbara looked him straight in the eye and said, "Boy, that was a long prayer!" mm

De Mus enna Botta

Aus de Panasche ut em Tjalla kaum wia se vedold opjereajt. "Em Bottatopp es Musdratj!" Pana wusst fuat, daut sine Fru de Botta woll nich mea eete wud, weels se wia ni schraetjlich neiwe tjaetjite Fru. "Waut kaun eena blos moake?" docht a to sitj selwst. "Fuaht schmiete tje wi de nich. Doato es de Botta vondoajendach to dia." Pana wia nich grotz tjnieprig oda sogoja jietzig, he wia mau blos in bet spoosaum.

He docht en Stootje doaewa no en donn naum he naechsten Dach dem tweegallonja Topp met Botta no Peta B. Reimasch eea Stua in Steimbach. Doa seed he to sin Frind, waut bi eant em Tjalla passiat wia. En donn fruag a: "Reima, kust du nich dise Botta nehme in mi doafea aundre jewe? Dit es vetrafelje Botta en wann eena daut nich wisst, daut de Mus doa mank jewasst wia, donn wud eenem daut je nicht schode. June Kunde woare niemals de Uengasched weete. Daut es doch so, daut eenem daut nuscht schot, waut eena nich weet." Reima meend daut he daut oba doch lewa nich done wud. Oba aus he in beet lenga doaewa nojedocht haud, seed a: "Got, Pana, vo di do etj daut doch!" En he naum de Botta en bold haud Pana sine reine Botta en jinj tufreed no Hus. Mumtje Panasche wia of course uk sea tufreed en meend, daut dise Botta secha grood so got schmatjt aus eere iajne.

En poa Monat lota, aus Reima wisst daut Panasch de Botta secha all alla voschmeaht haude, fruag a Pana aus he am wada eemol em Stua sach: "Na, wo haft jund de Botta dann jeschmaetje?" Pana seed de haud oba sea got jeschmaetje en bodankt sitj noch eemol wada. Dann naum Reima de Jeleajenheit woa: "Etj gauf di doamols blos diene iajne Botta trig. Jo, jo, daut es doch so aus du seest! Waut eena nich weet, daut schot eenem nuscht!"

told by Gerhard Reimer

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Sea jefaehrlich

by Victor Peters

Gerhard Rempel came to Canada in 1875. Born in the Old Colony in Russia in 1864, he was 11 years old when he together with his parents emigrated to Canada. They stayed in Ontario for almost a year before going to Manitoba where Rempel later farmed at Waldheim, where Rempel was for some time the Darpschult. He was married to Helen Wall and when he died at the age of 97 he was survived by all his eight children, all of them making their home in Manitoba. The following interview, taken on tape, was made three years before Rempel's death in 1961.

Peters Etj well juent nue Ohm Jeat Rempel veastallen. He wohnt nue en Winkla en woat naechsten Monat 94 Joa olt. He es de aelsta von onse Lied de enne 1870ja Joare heakaumen en he haft nich mau vael erleft, he haft uck en sea goadet Jadachtnis. Ea etj dem Taperekorda aundreid vetalld he mi von ni olle Happnasch Bibel. De es vone 1620 en es nue en Morden. Rampel siene Groatmutta, Maria Hoepfner, wea de Sesta von dem Deputaeten Happna de aune 1787 von Preissen noa Russlaund jintj. Wowea se ji jeboaren?

Rempel Etj si bi Trepolstje em Darp Hoffnungsfeld jeboaren. Daut we en Adelsgoat en wea 10 Werscht auf von Niejendarp. Dem Adelmaun leten siene ejne Schoapschoad vone Hunj torieten, aus se noch de Leibeigenschaft hauden. Wi trokken doa wach noam Ferschtelaund, noa Alexaundatoal. Don si etj ojefaea 2 Joa olt jewasst.

Peters Hauden juene Ellren doa ene Wirtschoft?

Rempel Nae. De wohnden doa bat etj 5 Joa olt wea en don trokke se noa Serejew. Daut Darp wort don aujelajcht, en doa hab etj mine Schol jehaut en wea em alften Joa aus wi noa Amerikau trokken.

Peters Kunn ji ons waut vone Reis vetallen.

Rempel O joa. Wi wohnden aune Konstje. De Konstje jintj uetm Nippa eruet en jintj ojefaea von Kaumentje bat Grot Leppetich. De moak doa so enen Boagen, en op dem Eiland wohnd wi en uck vaele aundre. Doa wea daut Darp Michelsburg en Serejew - de Darpa wearen wont aum Fluss laejen. Konstje het daut wils en Grauf haud doa ene Pedszucht...

Peters O joa. Op rusch heten Ped "Kon-

je"...

Rempel Jenoach en Grot Leppetich jintj wi opm Schep en foaren bat Odass, en von doa foa wi mete Isabohn bat Oesterreich. *Peters* Foaren de meschte Uetwaundra op disse Wajch?

Rempel Etj jlew joa. Enje habe wohl nich den Wotawajch jenoammen. De sent foats von Alexaunda mete Isabohn jefoaren. Von Oesterreich foa wi noa Dietschlaund, bat Haumborch. Doa jlew etj hab wi 3 Doag jelaegen. Don foa wi met'm Schep noa Hull, en dan mete Isabohn derch vaele Tunnels noa Liverpool. Bi Liverpool stunt daut grote Schep en Enj auf en wi musste escht op'm tjlenen Schep daut faed ons doa han. Den tweden Dach aus wi opm groten Schep foaren foa wi op enem Sten nop. Em Naewel. Wi jlewden daut Schep wurd sintjen.

Peters Wowea wea daut?

Rempel Daut wea nich wiet auf von Irlaund. Don tjlinade se vom Torm met'm Tjliina. Tolatzt wea daut Schep aul nich jefoaren, daut dref mau nop. Don word jetjijt auf daut Schep haud en Latj jetjraegen. Etj sach daut vaele Mensche hielde, oba etj wea biem Wota opjewossen wowea grote Stena weare en nue wearen hiea uck aulawaejen Stena, etj docht ena kunn do so romklunjen, so aus wi daut em Nippa jedoanen hauden. Oba nue mussten de Menschen aule noa enem Enj goanen en dann duckt daut Schep up. Dre moal mussten aule Menschen von en Enj noam aundren rannen, en donn gnupt daut Schep vom Sten.

Peters Dann kaun daut oba nich son grotet Schep jewasst sennen?

Rempel Daut wea en grotet Schep. Daut het "Victoria."

Peters Wea daut de ensje Onfauil waut ji opm Schep erlewden?

Rempel Nae. Moal ene Nacht wea en groata Storm en don musste se de Saejel doalnehmen en doabi wearen 3 oda 5 Maun raufjefollen. Ena wea foats dotjeschloagen, en ena ewaboot dem se nich me jesehnen haben. De ewaje wearen je dann jerat.

Peters Daut wea aulso en Saejelschep.

Rempel Joa. Saejel uck Daump. De bruckten beides.

Peters Sen doa uck von onse Lied ope Reis jesterwe, op'm Wota?

Rempel Doa wea en Thiessen, dem siene Dochta storf en de lete se em Wota en Leiwent ejerollt, met en Jewicht doraun. De wort don met so'ne Boal ewaboard jeloaten. De Thiesses wohnden bi

Rosenoat. Dertj Thiesses.

Peters Woa laund ji?

Rempel Se saede bi Quebec, obe daut wea wieda, etj jlew bi Montreal. Wi foaren don bat Ontario en blewen en Berlin (Kitchener). Von doa word wi uetjedellt. Wi wearen je von de oamre Lied, en se tjemmen en holden ons. Wi wearen daut easchte bi ene Familije 2 Miel auf von Heidelberg. Oba doa kaum wi schljacht aun. De haft ons dem Somma ewa jebuckt en nich betolt. De aundre Mennoniten saeden uck he haud enen schljachten Noamen.

Peters En wo jintj it dann wieda.

Rempel Em Mai foa wi noa enen Hoawen, Fisher's Landing, en sen op enem Schep nopjagoanen, en en 5 Doag sul wi ewa Lake Superior sennen. Nue se wi doa oba 17½ Doag jewasst.

Peters Wea do en Storm?

Rempel Nae, wo doch. Wi wearen en enen Isdrift nenjefoaren. De wea vom Wint topjechocht, en doa wea 15 Schoh Is rund om dem Schep. Doa hab wi 12½ Doag jelaegen ohne daut daut Schep jemoved haft.

Peters Oba daut wea sest nich jefaehrlich?

Rempel Daut wea sea jefaehrlich - wi hauden tjen Aeten. Wi wearen den Doat sea dicht bi. En don jinjen 22 Maun los entweda se vedrunken oda se kaumen noam Laund. Daut Is haud Kaunten schoap aus Massasch. De veschnede sich so doat Foatich en de Fet en de Haenj daut de meschte bolt tridj musste. Daut wearen Franzosen. Ena haud sich so veschneden de jlewden nich daut de jemoals wada wurd goanen tjennen. Oba poa kaumen ewa en de moaken Fiasch. Daut haude se met onsem Kaptain beraet, wann se ewakaumen wurde se dre Fiasch maoken. Naechsten Dach tjemmen 3 Schaep von Duluth. De tjemmen met enem groten Omtoch en brochten ons Kohlen en Noaring. De Schaep prowden don ons Schep tridj to rieten, oba daut jintj nich, en don stade se daut derch, derchm Isdrift. En dem Dach tjem wi noch noa Duluth.

Peters Onse Tiet es om. Dankschoen Ohm Rempel fe juene interessaunte Vetall. mm

Mr. Brahma

von Jack Thiessen

"Wann Du mol bett Surabaya ouda Sukabumi tjemnst", saed Joakob Faea, "dann tjitj Die doa mol de Brahma Bolles jrintlich aun. Mie interesseat ein baetje, aus de Knubbels opp de groute Plaestasch aehre Ridjes mau Dekoration sent, ouda aus doa Jrett, ouda Howasaed benne ess. Enn finj uck foats ut, aus daut sou ess, daut ein Brahma wount siene achtienhundat Pund haft, gout dreedusend Pund wajcht, wanna doll woat. Wiels Ennse enn Fauste Junges, de weare doa enn, de vetalde sou waut!

Se saede uck, so'n Boll kunn witte Mensche nich liede wiels de ahm stunke enn wann ein utjeplajta Mennist toudicht bie kaum, dann fung so'n Brahma aun Soud tou kleiwe enn dann kaume ut siene Trechtasch (Faea nannd de Naeselajcha bie dolla Bolles Trechtasch) Schnuwjtje, Tjeenoel enn Fia rut.

"Jo", sad Fae, "so'n Boll mett einem Knubbel oppem Puckel enn mett jremelje Bejchtse ess sou stoatj aus fieventwintig Kenaedja ouda dartig Russlenda - enn Horsepower haft aacht bett tiejen wanna opp aule fief Cylindasch scheete deit! Daut finj mol ut," saed Faea enn doch saeda noch, "Enns enn Faust saede bie Surabaya gauf'et oppem Wajch jieda haulwe Miel twintig mol sou vael knubbelje Plaestasch aus oppem Calagary Stampede. Enn dauts wiels de witte Mensche einfach nich liede tjenneganz eindount aus daut Moloschna ouda Oultkolniea, Breeda ouda Betjeade sennnd!" "Foah doch mett, Faea", saed etj. "Nae, etj sie tou oult; enn butadaem tjnippt mie de Rieting enne Tjneies wann etj irjend woa nopp mott. Enn oppem Irreplaun jeitet seha steil nopp!" So foah etj auleen enn fung doa enn Indonesien aules kratjt sou's Fae jesacht haud, aules just sous he mie daut vetalld haud. .groute, jestuckte Bolles, ein baet schludderig oba stoatj enn aula haude se

Knubbels oppe Puckels. Oba aus etj de Knubbels aunfoate wull, aum uttounfinje waut doa benne wea, dann word de easchta Brahma sou doll, daut he mie foats de Betjselempa vesenjd. Oba dauts noch lang nich aules, nae, nae, wiels? Jo wiels mie doa bie de verbrennde Bejtse eine woahre Jeschicht biefoll von de Tiet aus etj noch jescheida enn mien Brouda Wellem noch jinja wea.

Wellem haud enne Free Press jelaest, daut'et enn Winnipeg oppem Royal Fair einen Brahma Boll tou riede gauf. Gauns einfach, mau tien Sekund tweschen Knubbel enn Puckel sette bliewe, dree Mol "Yippee" schrieie enn dreehundat Dolasch kollekte. Well, dreihundat Dolasch weare aune einefettig ein gaunzet Stopsel Jeld - uck enn Jrienthol. Enn sure enuff, we besorjde daut Fee, aute Ovendkost, trocke ons haulfsinndoagsch aun enn foahre no Winnipeg Wellem siene dreihundat Dolasch hole - provided de Boll wudd ontlich senne. Omm ein baet oppe saefe Sied tou bliewe, deid wie verhae aul Riede praktesse - Wellem reet aule Peat fierig, sogoa de Tjeajch enn ein Hocklintj muak he mak-donn sodeld he noch onnsen netjschen Kunta opp enn gauf daem Teajel enn Tota biem full speed ahead. Boy, Wellem wea schoap-yes schoapa aus ein Tjnippsmassa, enn meist sou schoap aus ein Gillette. Enn nu jinjtet los-noh Winnipeg opptou! Enn sure enuff, doa gaufet Fair, Utstalling enn Exhibition enn Chuck Wagons enn Pead enn Cowboys mett kromme Been-enn uck ein Brahma Boll sou grout aus ein Kamel enn dolla aus de Jnodefeldsche Thiesse biem Fenzfickse mank Modd enn Midje! Yes, ess doa sad sich Wellem noppa, toum Jletj wea de Boll emm Hock. Wellem saed, de Bolleridge wea ahm nich maklich, he wull lewa opp'em Zoagelenj sette enn sich aune "Postanack mette Grauje" fausthoule, sous Voda saed. Oba daut leete de Bolle-

boys nich. Nothin doing, Wellem musst doa oppem breeden Ridje noh feare jedreit sette. Noch wea de Boll emm Hock, oba Wellem recht sich doa oppem dreden Stock einen Settplautz enn, word oba ein baetje schuchta, ausa sach daute Ead so wiet auf enn daut de Boll so iewrig enn winjsch wea. Tjeen Wynda - de Cowboys enn Bolleboys gauwe daem Mister Brahma uck pienich Gas enn praetjelde ahm aune Unjabejchtse mett einem Stock Prodder enn daut meent, se gauwe ahm Electric shocks enn jenoag doavon amm ganz Jrienthol tou bedache enn uck noch ein poa Toastasch enn Brodpaune opptohette. Dann meind Wellem doch woll, lets play it safe enn saed, "Junges, von de dreehundat jaew etj de halft fe de Mission enn de aundre halft ". "Here comes the Brahma BULL" schreajch'et aewrem Loudspeaker enn sasduesend Mensche sage Jrienthols Cowboy number one oppem Brahma Bull enn orbit gohne. "Four seconds and he's still going strong", het'et oba donn docht Mr. Brahma, "East is East and West is West enn dis Freeloader ess mie ommaklich" enn sprung seventien Schou enne hejcht enn deid doabie noch einen Hulah Twist enne Loft. Daen Twist haud Wellem nich jeprektest enn aus de Boll lende deed wea Wellem enn Boll nich meha ein Fleesch enn ein Lada - se weare divorced, sou's se vondoag saje!

De Uah wea bie 4.8 Sekunde stohne jewblaewe enn de Onkels hilde aeh Jeld faust, nich mol einen 7-Up betolde se Wellem. Enn daem darscht nu doch so seha, so seha! "Fleaje kaunst Du gout" meend Voa nu, "oba bie Diene Landings bruckst Du noch ein baet meha Praktess. Enn no wesch Die maud de Bejtse auf - hopentlich mau von bute - enn dann well wie foahre." mm

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What Should We Do with Murderers?

This past summer has made this a personal question for many Canadians. The tragic slaying of children in Saskatchewan, the murder of prison workers in several provinces and the killing of a young Mennonite mother in Manitoba have awakened feelings of alarm and anger in countless Canadian communities. Government ministers favoring the abolition of capital punishment have come under heavy fire and the lone Mennonite MP in Ottawa has come out in favor of capital punishment, undoubtedly reflecting the feelings of a large number of his constituents. Those of us who have been close to the victims of such crimes find ourselves in deep sympathy with their frustration and bitterness. Our penal and legal systems do not seem to protect us adequately. It is presumptuous of a person, who has taken someone else's life, to fight in the courts for the preservation of his own. It also seems unduly generous of the courts, or the federal cabinet, to permit it.

And yet . . . as Christians we must affirm that two distinct realities face us in such situations. There is first the tragic reality of the crime itself. We should never attempt to minimize its gruesomeness or sentimentalize its dimension. The Christian does not believe, as do most modern psychologists and social workers, that a criminal is almost entirely the victim of circumstances and therefore capable of reform simply through a change in environment. The Christian believes that evil is rooted in human personality as well as in the environment. Both naive prison reformers and Christian advocates of easy conversion must face up sometime to the deep-seated and universal nature of human evil. The Christian is more pessimistic in this regard than the average person. It is tragically true that neither confessions of a new faith nor seven years of prison kindness may suffice to eradicate the evil that prompted the crime. It is not inconsistent for Christians, in facing up to the reality of such a terrible crime as murder, to call for a long prison sentence and effective protection.

But there is another reality which the Christian must face. This reality does not contradict what has just been said, but it adds another dimension to it. Jesus offered us not only a profound and disturbing view of evil (see Mark 7:20-23) but an entirely new vision of forgiveness and hope. He spoke of a God who allows His good rain to fall on both the just and the unjust. He said that even the harlot and the prodigal son were ultimately capable of reform and worthy of forgiveness. He challenged us to stretch beyond the inevitable and very natural feelings of bitterness and hatred, which threaten to take over our lives when tragedy strikes, to higher feelings of compassion and hope. He wasn't sentimental about this. He anticipated his own cross and knew that human beings do not always reward kindness and forgiveness with appropriate changes in their own lives. But He knew that just as it belongs to the nature of God to view His creation - even His fallen creation - with compassion, so human beings must learn to regard those who hurt them grievously with a spirit of forgiveness. A human being who cannot forgive is like a sick person with a suffocating heart. A human being who cannot hope for change in others will finally end up in despair about himself. Though we must feel genuine sympathy for the victims of crime we should do our best to save them, and ourselves, from the suffocating grip of a hatred which finds its solace in retribution. Protection from criminal behavior, yes, but revenge and retribution in the form of capital punishment, never! R.V.

Lately, some wives of MP's and diplomats announced that they need to be remunerated for helping their husbands as hostesses, secretaries and managers. And, these wives add that when husbands are transferred, the move often interferes with her job. Why do these wives feel that their cause is special? The same holds for all married women.

The role of the wife is legion. She is business manager, cook, nurse, chauffeur, dressmaker, interior decorator, accountant, caterer, teacher and private secretary. Women who fail to observe this before marriage, find it out quickly after their wedding day. But marriage is a partnership - two people who combine to carry on the business of living together with the view of sharing profits and losses.

Pension plans for wives would be a good thing, but to go further and advocate salaries and fringe benefits for services as homemakers is too much to demand. Somewhere along the line we have lost touch with reality. Do we really want to live in a world where everything has a price attached to it? I doubt it. We could become immersed in a sea of paper work attempting to provide proof of how our time is spent in order to merit reimbursement. And where would the funds come from - indirect taxation on an already heavily taxed income, or directly from the husband's salary? In either case, who would benefit?

Consider how such a procedure could mushroom. Besides holding down his paying job, a husband is also general maintenance man around the house. Is he going to bill his wife for every stopped-up sink he unplugs, or every electrical appliance he fixes, or for mowing the lawn or painting the house?

In a true partnership, things even themselves out. As a lark, I received the following bill:

Datsun Repairs by the Dyck Expert Repair Shop

Removing distributor	\$5.00
Check Oil	\$2.00
Re-Installing distributor	\$5.00
Listening to scraping sound	\$1.50
Chilling of fingers	\$2.50
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	\$16.00

I retaliated with my bill:

Homemaking and Catering by Dyck Expert Home Economist

Month-end accounting service	\$5.00
Press shirts, pj's, pants	\$2.00
Bake brown bread	\$5.00
Drive son to doctor's appt.	\$1.50
Scalding hands in dishwasher	\$2.50
	<hr/>
	\$16.00

If people constantly kept track of services rendered, with accompanying costs, we could price ourselves right out of the market. But more important, we would find ourselves living in a world devoid of free will service.

If the MP's wives ever succeed in being granted a salary or stipend for "being a wife", it would open a trunk full of problems that would make Pandora's box seem insignificant. Today, there are wives all across Canada willingly helping their husbands with little thought of pay, but tomorrow there could be a nation-wide wife revolution if one segment of wives began to receive pay.

Do women want to add one more strike to our injured nation's list? For there is no way that companies, school boards or church boards are going to add to their budgets a further salary for the wives of their employees. And if our MP's ever try to legislate a salary for their wives, I hope Canadian women conscientiously assess the ramifications - most importantly the loss of personal worth in favour of dollar worth - and add their voices in argument against such an innovation. **BD**

... your word

Dear Sir:

I have been following with interest the reaction to my review of *Mennonites in Canada*, by Frank H. Epp, Judging by Peter Penner's and David Rempel's letters, it would almost appear that there are those who regard the interpretation of Mennonite history as a private preserve, if the howls of outrage and the gratuitous slurs that greet the upstart with the temerity to have - and voice - an opinion that differs, however slightly, from the "Authorized Version" are any indication.

To Peter Penner I would suggest that it is not too much to expect a writer who proclaims himself an historian to know about such historical details - and the significance thereof - as the First Partitioning of Poland in 1772. It is on matters of detail and accuracy that history and journalism part their ways. I further suggest to Mr. Penner that my ideas of social and economic justice are so distinct from applied Marxism as to preclude my attempting the Marxist interpretation of Mennonite history he invites me to do. The systematic denial of economic opportunity to a large segment of the Mennonite population in South Russia well into the 1860's (sonst werden uns die Arbeiter zu teuer) by an entrenched possessing class can be dealt with without throwing ideologically charged stinkbombs into the discussion.

I freely confess to not having researched the Russian Archives on the Hutterites. However, I have read Zieglschmid's monumental work on the Hutterites own history of themselves, and I think this might be every bit as revealing as anything on the shelves in Leningrad. It clearly emerges - to this writer, at any rate - that Johann Cornies, in the course of the resettlement of the Hutterites from Radichewa to South Russia - required them to adopt forms which precluded communal economic life. It seems not without significance that the new Hutterite villages established after Cornies' death reverted to communal life. That this episode of more than three decades intimate contact with the Mennonites resulted in the split which ultimately found expression in the emergence of the Hutterian Mennonites (or Prairieleut, as they came to be known after migrating to South Dakota in the 1870's) seems eminently clear.

What I find baffling about Rempel's reaction to my critique of Epp's book is that he takes very strong objection to my arguments, and then goes on to document, if you will, and prove all my "charges", including those against Cornies.

Let us consider that the history of the

Beginning with this issue, the Mennonite Mirror will comment on current issues and events. The opinions on this page will be those of the Mirror's editorial committee, who will be identified by their initials.

In addition, the editorial comment will be complemented by letters from readers. "Our word" will be beside "Your Word," and the location of the latter on the last

Mennonites in Russia has until now been largely written by persons of Molotschna or other "late-comer" background, who left Russia after the Revolution, by which time the situation as they had experienced it was vastly different from that prevailing prior to the emigration to America in the 1870's. Let us consider, also, that it was primarily the elite of the at any rate much more wealthy and sophisticated Molotschna settlement who presumed to speak for all the Mennonites in Russia. That the arrogance and self-styled superiority which characterized Molotschna relationships with the other Mennonite colonies - Chortitza and its offshoots particularly - has perpetuated itself is eloquently evoked in Rempel's contemptuous reference to them as *Puntmenniste*. Pejorative expressions such as this are reminiscent of the opprobrium which tinges sophisticated Southern Manitoba Mennonites' reference to migrant Mennonites from Mexico as "Burrasch" - burros.

These Puntmenniste, if you will, who voted with their feet against Prussian militarism, who had been callously deluded and bitterly disappointed in their failure to receive the land and assistance promised them, were the real pioneers of the steppes. Not a few well-to-do late migrants on their way to the Molotschna after 1804 picked up all they would know for some time of survival on the steppes by descending upon them, accepting their hospitality and gaining the benefit of their prior experience. If these Chortitza Puntmenniste were so intent on sinking slowly into a slough of ignorance and stupidity of their own creation, then why, I ask, had they, as primarily the landless and underprivileged among the Mennonites in Danzig and Prussia, been the first to accept the hardships of pioneering a region much harsher than the Baltic Plain? Why, if not in order to regain their status and self-esteem as freeholding yeomen? Inevitably the pioneering decades took their toll of civilized veneers. However, I submit that it needs to be said sometime and may as well be said now, that the key to Chortitza-

editorial page in the magazine will ensure that you have the last word.

We at the Mirror will differ with you, our readers; just as you will differ from us. But a mature society can benefit from the expression of a variety of opinion. Our Word/Your Word is one way of providing a vigorous exchange of view.

Fuerstenlaender reactionary-ism is, in large measure, the gratuitous, uninvited, and often arrogant direct assumption of influence and power by Molotschna-based interests over their affairs, and the contemptuous and/or condescending attitude that attended this unbidden *Vormundschaft*. When the less conservative Bergthaler on the West Reserve undertook to engage in municipal politics in the 1880's and thereby achieved a sort of *Vormundschaft* over the Chortitza-Fuerstenlaender, these already had a well-remembered snootful from Russia, and this, I submit, helps to explain the severity of their reaction. When Molotschnaer began, about the same time, to infiltrate the West Reserve from the United States to spread religious dissension in the name of evangelism, the state was well set for the education issue and World War 1 to spark the migrations to Mexico and Paraguay.

Much more could be written. Much more may yet be written. I have written as a "Kanaedier" of "Altkolonier" descent, with the purpose of insisting that there are sides to our history which have yet to be adequately illuminated.

yours sincerely,
H.L. Sawatzky
Winnipeg.

Dear Sir:

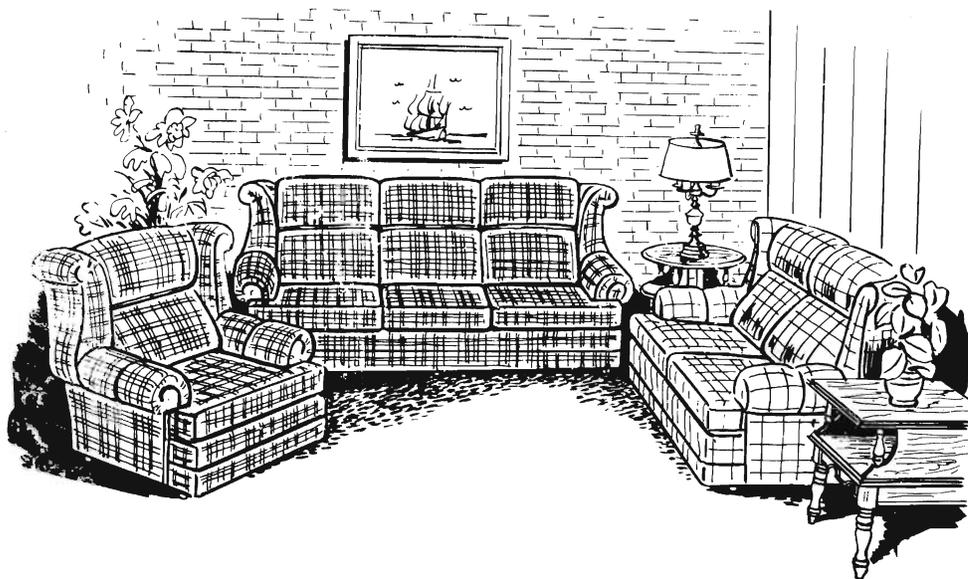
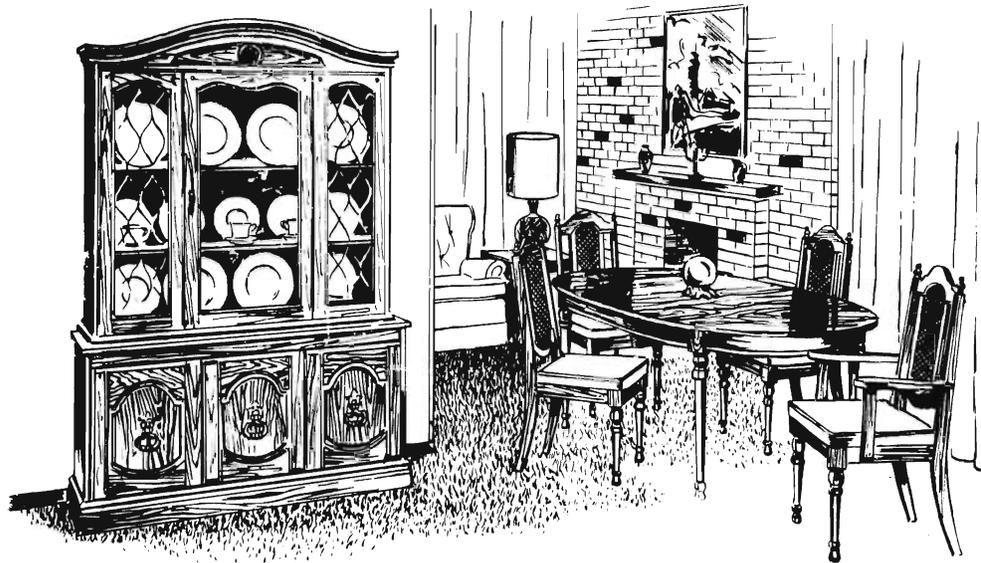
Would it be possible not to print important or significant articles on the back side of the Mix-up puzzle? Some articles I want to keep intact. How about putting an ad behind the puzzle?

J. Driedger
Winnipeg.

Dear Sir:

Thanks for the reminder. We love the MM, especially the Do you know? and the Low German. We find that very often when we are visiting with a few other couples (Mennonite) one of us will always start to relate to the MM and we enjoy it.

Mrs. John Rempel,
Winnipeg



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