

mennonite mirror

volume 11 / number 3
november 1981



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mirror mix-up

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LET US ALL PRAY AND
 STRIVE FOR ○○○○○○

There were 44 September Mix-up and from among them Mary Unger of Winnipeg was drawn the winner. A cash prize is on its way. Answers to the October puzzle were share, serve, oblige, wealth, friend, and giver.

The letters are to be re-arranged and written in the squares to form words. Letters which fall into the squares with circles are to be arranged to complete the answer at the bottom of the puzzle; the drawing to the right provides a clue.

A winner will be drawn at random from among the contest entries and the prize awarded.

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by November 24, 1981.

Name _____
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Send Entries to:
 Mix-Up Contest
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School kits for Kampuchea

Back to school

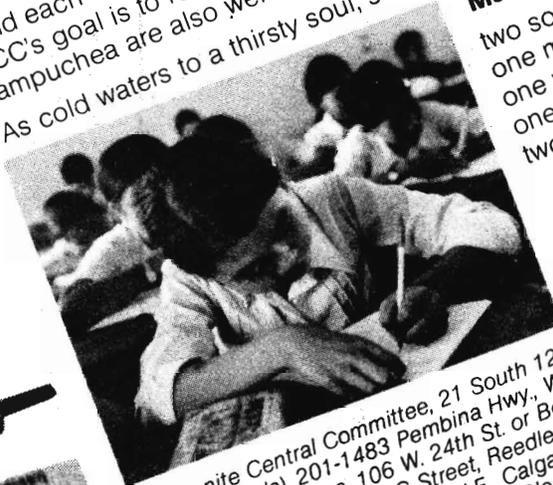
For children of Kampuchea, classrooms were dark during years of war and repression. Pol Pot's forces killed many teachers. Schools were used for prisons and government buildings. Children worked long hours in the fields and in construction. Today Kampuchean are rebuilding their country. Families are returning home. Hospitals are open. And children and teachers are returning to school. But starting over after years without school is very hard. Pencils and slates, papers and textbooks, MCC needs your help to collect school kits for 86,000 children. Parents, children and older friends can all lend a hand. Bring real joy this holiday season by making school kits your family or church giving project! Send \$3 with each kit to purchase bulk supplies like chalk and slates and to cover shipping costs.

Send each kit and \$3 to the nearest MCC office between now and Christmas. MCC's goal is to receive the 86,000 kits by January 1982. Additional cash gifts for Kampuchea are also welcome.

"As cold waters to a thirsty soul," so is good news from a far country." Prov. 25:25

Make a school kit:

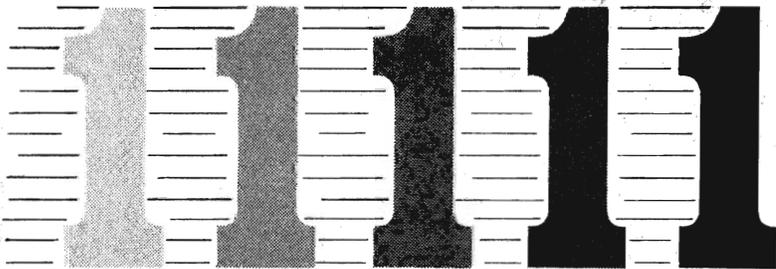
- two soft lead pencils, No. 2
 - one medium ball-point pen
 - one wooden metric ruler
 - one eraser (ink/pencil combination)
 - two composition books (8 x 6 inches or 8 x 10 inches with about 50 pages;
 - thread or tape bound, no spirals or tablets)
- Place all these in a 10 x 14 inch drawstring bag, made of brightly colored denim or other sturdy material.



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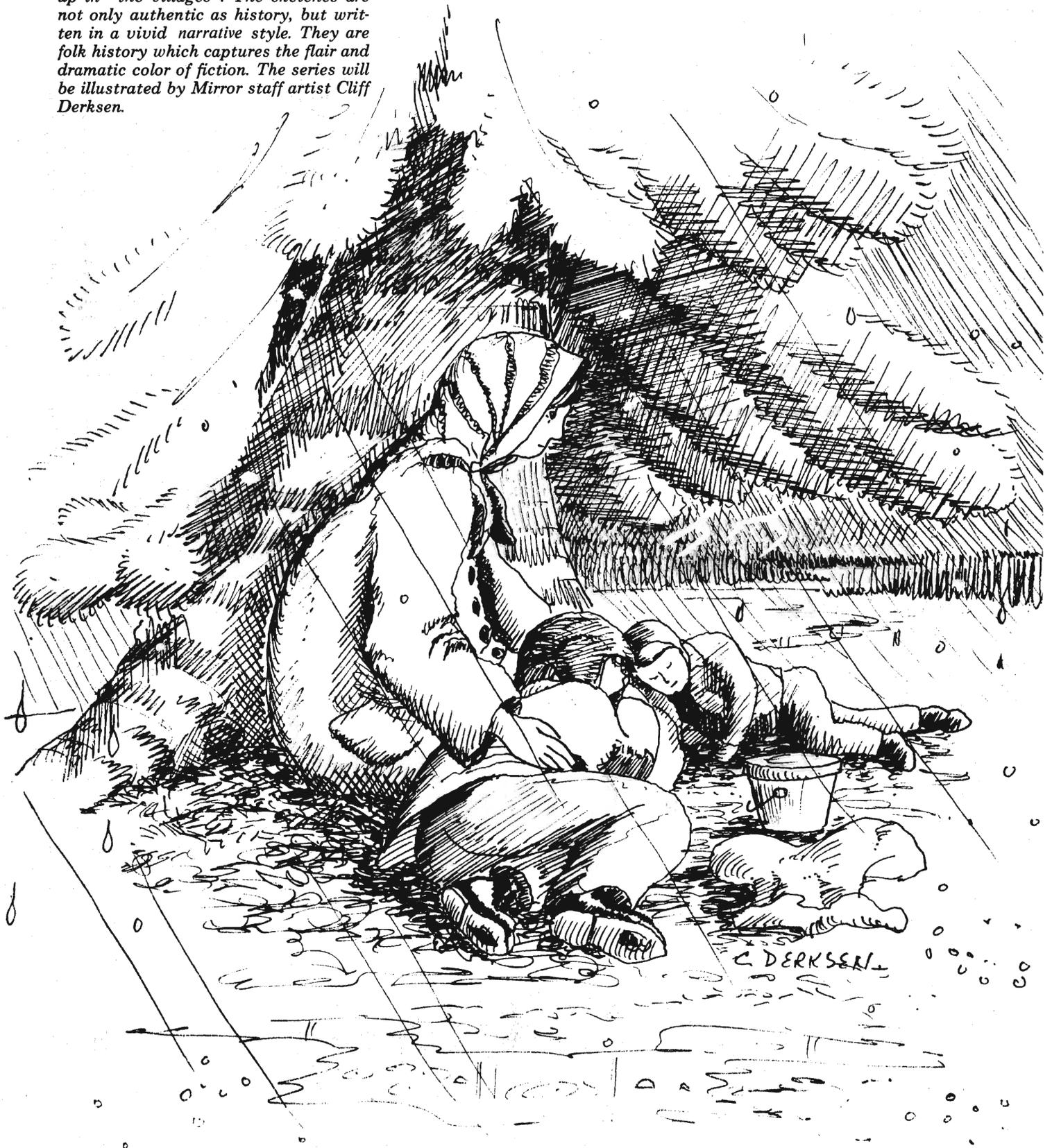
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This is the first in a series of historical sketches depicting the coming of the Mennonites to Manitoba in the 1870's. The author is Rhinehart F. Friesen, who heard these stories told by his parents and grandparents when he was growing up in "the villages". The sketches are not only authentic as history, but written in a vivid narrative style. They are folk history which captures the flair and dramatic color of fiction. The series will be illustrated by Mirror staff artist Cliff Derksen.

Early Manitoba Sketches I:



Arrival and death strikes twice

by Rhinehart F. Friesen

It certainly didn't look like milk and honey. Margaretha Friesen brushed away a mosquito as she watched the bank slip by the river-boat. She was glad that their long journey was nearly over. They had left their home in southern Russia in June and now in Manitoba the leaves were starting to turn yellow. The worst part had been crossing the ocean on the *Peruvian*. Everybody had been sea-sick, and she worst of all; but she realized now that she had a second reason for being sick and knew why her breasts had dried up before she really wanted them to do so. Maybe little Sarah would not have been so sickly if she had been able to nurse longer. She glanced over to where her two little girls were sleeping. Poor little darlings; they were all worn out after being awake with diarrhea and vomiting all night. She wished she could have a nap too.

"Peter, don't climb over the rail, you'll fall into the water. Yes, little Jake you may sit on my knee, you are out of sorts too. But when we get to our new home you will have to act like a big four year old again." How would she ever deal with a fifth baby, especially if it came right when Jacob would need her help with the Spring work? He had travelled most of the way from Moorehead on the barge fastened to the boat, because he had to take care of the cow they had bought there. They had also bought an iron cook-stove; she wondered if the bread she baked in it would be as good as that out of the brick oven she had left behind.

"Get ready to disembark," someone shouted, and interrupted her train of thought.

"Don't cry little Sarah, we'll soon be in a proper house again. Oh Anna!

You're so feverish. Let's go "caca" before you soil your clothes again." She was ashamed to let the other women see the state of the clothes she bundled up. "What I need most is about a barrel of hot water." "Peter, stand still while the Preacher says a prayer, we have very good reasons for thanking God for bringing most of us safely to this new land."

Disembarkation proceeded rapidly in spite of a good deal of bustle and confusion. The ox-drawn wagons that had come to meet them were soon loaded with baggage and women with babies on their way to immigration Halls built for them about four miles away by the Government and Mr. Shantz. Most of the people walked, as it was easy to keep up with the slow-moving cavalcade. Because of the cow, stove, and other purchases, Jacob and his family had to wait until the wagons returned for a second trip. In the meantime they spread bacon fat on their hands, faces, and necks, to discourage the mosquitoes, and Margaretha unpacked some cheese-cloth which she had purchased and made protective veils. "Just like a bee-keeper," Peter said.

When they arrived at the place provided for them they found the Halls completely filled so they were assigned to a tent. At first Margaretha was disappointed, but she soon appreciated the advantage of the increased privacy and roominess. A previous group of Mennonites had already lived there for a week or two so they found fire-places, pits to keep food cool, and other amenities. Consequently, by nightfall they were reasonably settled in. As a result most of the men, including Jacob, set out early next morning to find a place to settle and build a rough shelter so that their families could vacate the

Halls before a third group arrived.

Margaretha meanwhile had more than her hands full. Like all the other women she tried to catch up on all the things that could not be done during the seven days on the crowded boat and to make some semblance of a home with what she now had available. In addition she was worried about her little girls. The baby had been failing ever since they left their old home. But it was Anna, nearly three, who had become seriously ill shortly before they reached their landing place at the confluence of the Rat and Red Rivers.

"She hasn't eaten anything this morning, not even nice fresh milk, warm from the cow," she told her sister Anna who was sharing the luxury of the iron stove instead of a campfire. "I wish Jacob was here; but he was in such a hurry to pick out our land."

"He would not be able to do anything for her," her sister replied. "The men always act as if they can do everything. But my Peter was with me when our little girl died and we had to bury her at sea just before arriving at Halifax, and again when our boy was buried as we waited to board the ship at Collingwood in Ontario. Things like that are in the hands of God and our prayers are just as good as those of our husbands. Maybe she will be able to eat some of this potato soup which I am making for lunch."

But by lunch-time little Anna could not be tempted with any food, and her sunken eyes looked dolefully at them as if imploring them to just leave her alone. Margaretha washed her with tepid water to cleanse her and to bring down her fever. And although she strained repeatedly she passed nothing but a little bloody froth, and when she retched



spasmodically she brought nothing up. It was as if there was no more fluid left in her dry little body.

After supper Anna looked after the children, spreading bacon fat on all the exposed parts of their bodies which were grotesquely swollen with mosquito bites, and listened to their evening prayers in turn as they knelt at her knee. Mean-while Margaretha comforted little Anna and held her close as if to ward off the inevitable. Just as darkness fell she quietly breathed her last. The two grief-stricken women laid her in one of the pits intended to keep food from going bad. They hoped Jacob would return for the night or at least in the morning.

But Jacob did not come next morning or all day and there was no way to send word to him because nobody knew where he or the rest of the men had gone after they disappeared into the bush. The news of the death spread quickly through the encampment. The other women were sad and tried to show their sympathy by all the little acts of kindness which women are capable of when overwhelmed by death or other events beyond their control. But basically the feeling was one of fatalism and submission to the will of God. After all, death was no rarity; seven other children had died since they left their old home. A rude coffin was made from boards left over when the Halls were built and the little body dressed in her best Sunday clothes and put back in the relatively cool hole in the ground. It was decided that the funeral could probably be postponed until Jacob returned and Preacher Stoesz could be located.

But Margaretha could not give herself over to grieving. Like everybody else she had to keep up a home for her remaining children in difficult circumstances. But in addition there was Sarah. When they left their old home in Bergthal she was a healthy and happy baby learning to walk. On the trip she had suffered almost continuous attacks of stomach trouble, lost weight, and weakened to the extent that she could no longer sit up alone let alone walk. Margaretha realized that the loss of her breast milk and the consequent unsuitable food was to blame. On board the

Peruvian reasonable food was available but the baby along with almost everybody else was unable to take advantage of it because of sea-sickness. At stops along the way they had bought variety as their meager money permitted, but their staple food had been bags of roasted bread which they dunked in coffee; hardly a suitable long-time diet for a baby. As the baby weakened, she had resorted more and more to Tjaivtje, that is, pre-masticated food passed directly from mouth to mouth. Formal medical care was not available, but she tried such remedies as were thought to be beneficial. Some of the migrants had brought in their scanty baggage, dried lilac blossoms because a tea brewed from these was thought to be good for stomach troubles. It seemed to help Sarah a little, at least temporarily. Ground coffee beans, a specific for diarrhea seemed to have no effect on her bloody flux.

"Please, little Sarah, won't you try a little of this nice fresh milk? We bought the cow especially for you. See how much Peter and Jacob are drinking, they think it tastes very good. Try just a bit?" But the little girl turned her face away listlessly. And as Margaretha contemplated the emaciated body with its spindly arms and legs and distended abdomen she was overwhelmed by the inevitability of God's will.

"Oh God, forgive me that I didn't immediately thank you for your bounty

when I first realized I was pregnant again. I know it is Thy will that we should be fruitful and multiply. And I love my children and would like more of them; but if I was a little reluctant at first it was only because of the hardships that I anticipated in this new home. Now that you have taken little Anna, forgive me and let Sarah live."

But it was not to be. Early in the morning Margaretha sent Peter to get Taunte Anna to stay with her for the last little while. When it happened she was inconsolable. "I want Jacob to come back," she sobbed like a child wanting its mother. "I can't stay here with my two little corpses gradually decomposing like dead animals."

"Maybe some of the men will come back today." Anna had nothing very helpful to suggest. They would be capable of digging graves themselves but to bury the bodies without the father being present and without the blessing of clergy was unthinkable.

"I am going to find Jacob. There is no other way. Will you roast some bread, Anna, and we'll need something to drink. We will go as far as we think we can and yet get back for night. I would be afraid to stay out there alone with my little boys over night. Surely we will see somebody and they may know which way my husband went."

It wasn't until they set out that fears and doubts really assailed her. She had grown up on the Russian steppes where

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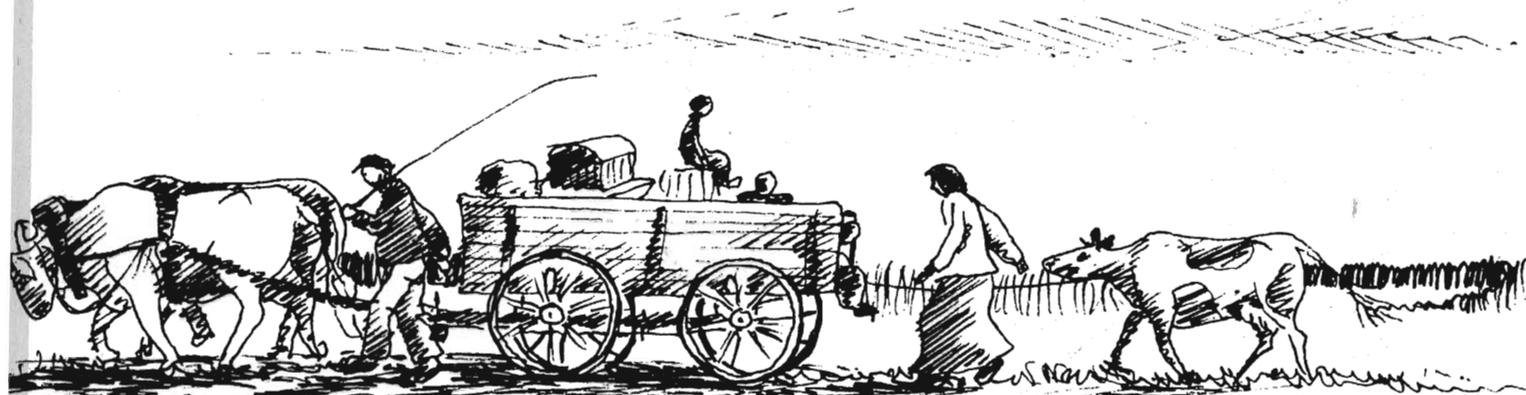
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one could see for miles in every direction. Here, more than half of the area seemed to be covered with patches of bush so that the horizon did not extend farther than a quarter of a mile in any direction. From what the men had said, she gathered that the Halls were near the northwest corner of the Reserve which extended about 15 miles east and 20 miles south. This meant that if she walked southeasterly she would at least be staying in the Reserve which the men were exploring in many little groups. She considered that they should be able to cover about five miles in two or three hours; then, after a lunch and rest they would return by a slightly different route, with little Jake probably having to be carried most of the way back. She sincerely hoped that within five miles they would find someone who could make their search easier.

When they entered the first strip of woods, she nearly turned back. Not being able to see where she was going or where she had come from was a frightening experience for a Steppe-dweller. How would she ever get back without getting lost? The unaccustomed sounds of the bush frightened her. She understood there were wolves and bears and goodness only knew what other kinds of animals lying in wait for them. Or maybe even Indians. Actually, it was hordes of mosquitoes rather than larger animals that made life almost impossible. Morning sickness came over her and she leaned against a tree to vomit. Her fears transmitted themselves to her boys and Jake begged to be carried, not so much because he was tired but for reassurance. She reminded herself of several reassuring passages of Scripture, pressed on, and soon came into another open area. It began to cloud over; it was not rain that she feared, although that would add to their misery. But what she was more concerned about was the loss of the sun as a means of keeping her sense of direction. She had deliberately tried to leave a visible trail

behind her although she had hoped to be brave enough to circle back, thus doubling her chances of finding a working party. But cloud would make this impossible and rain would probably obliterate her tracks.

Every time before plunging into another wooded area she paused for a little rest and to consider detouring around it. She felt more confident in the open areas, and because there was a bit of a breeze, the mosquitoes were not quite as bad there. But she could never be sure how long the detour would have to be and was afraid that she would not get very far if she deviated too far from the straight southeasterly course she had set for herself.

By the time they had walked about two hours and covered about three miles Jake was reduced to a whimpering baby in her arms and even Peter, who was usually so brave, clung to her skirt; there was no hand available as her other hand carried their bundle of food. Because she had reached the end of her patience and knew she was on the verge of losing her temper and speaking to them harshly, she called a halt beside the next patch of woods for a bite and a rest. Before they had time to say grace lightning and thunder gave warning of a shower and they barely had time to run into the woods before rain and hail came pelting down. Margaretha quickly decided that the best shelter available was a big evergreen tree so they crawled in beneath its lowest circle of branches. Here they ate a simple meal and marvelled at how the tree kept them completely dry, with the water being deflected by each succeeding sequence of whorls of larger branches. Before they had really finished eating Jake fell asleep on her thigh and Peter sought the comfort of what remained of her lap. They looked so angelic that she wondered how she could have come so close to scolding them.

What had she brought them to that they had to crouch under a tree like beasts of the fields? Would they ever

find their way back again? Now that the sun had disappeared she had only a vague idea as to the direction of the Immigration Halls, a tiny speck of refuge in this otherwise vacant hostile land. Or did she have a greater chance of finding help from some of the men if she went on, perhaps deliberately trying to make increasing circles? She wished she had not started out; she wished they had never left Russia in the first place.

The rain stopped and Peter's restlessness awakened little Jake. She couldn't stay in these confined quarters any longer much as she disliked the idea of the wet waist-high underbush. She closed her eyes and folded her hands to pray for guidance. And then — voices! Men shouting! God had answered before she had even asked. She strained her ears to make out from what direction they came, and set out. The voices stopped but she could faintly hear the sound of axes against wood. Half running, half stumbling, oblivious of the wet bushes that clutched at her long skirts, she hurried in what she thought was the right direction with the boys following as well as they could. She burst out into a little clearing and there, close enough so that she could recognize him, was Peter her brother-in-law, Anna's husband.

"Oh Peter!" she sobbed as she ran toward him, "where is my Jacob?" But before Peter could answer, her husband stepped out of the woods, axe in hand. Between sobs she blurted out her story to the accompaniment of two crying boys who had never seen their mother so upset before.

The rest was simple. Jacob and Peter led her back to the Halls detouring only a mile or so to where Preacher Stoesz was building his shelter. And so the little girls were given a proper Christian funeral and buried on a sandy hill just north of the Halls. In the three years that the Halls were used as a first shelter a total of at least 35 wooden crosses were erected in this impromptu cemetery. mm

Manitoban finds niche in goal for German hockey team

by Mary M. Enns

Last fall, Karl Friesen, recently married, left Winnipeg to play hockey in Germany. And now, a year later, richer by far in experiences in hockey, in travel, in friendships, they returned for the summer months. The idea was to visit family and friends and to earn a little extra money before settling into a second season in Karl's chosen profession as goalie for the Bundes Lige in Rosenheim, West Germany.

Last year was Friesen's first in professional hockey. He was one of a number of Canadian fellows hired by the Bundes Lige — the First Division of Hockey in Germany. Friesen, with his dual citizenship and a German passport is not considered an import and is therefore "desirable" in the Bundes Lige. Each team is allowed two imports. "It makes my position in Germany a lucrative one since the club doesn't have to use up valuable import allowance on me."

The best professional imports come from Czechoslovakia, the U.S. but mostly from Canada. The latter are athletes who have played for the National Hockey League or in the minor leagues and haven't really made it big. If they make the German team they're offered a fairly good salary, a comfortable apartment and a car. The gas and their own food would be their necessary minimum expenditures.

Several factors have contributed to the shortage of good hockey players in Germany. Because Fussball, or soccer, is the number one game, the young boys grow up playing soccer and then might switch to hockey at age 14. "Hockey is growing fast in Germany," said Friesen, "though it's not as big as it is here. Then, there are just not enough rinks around. Outdoor rinks are not feasible because it doesn't get cold enough. To build indoor rinks in cities where land is so costly is hardly practical. And they need bigger rinks. In Winnipeg you might have three rinks almost within walking distance. Duesseldorf, a city of over a million, has only two major rinks. . . . Since the games are well-publicized, there are years when these arenas are packed for every game. That shows growth. Our Rosenheim arena holds 6,500 and average attendance might be 4,000 for every game. And there's a good quality of hockey being played in Germany."

Friesen is the only German-Canadian on his team. On some of the other teams



you might find as many as five Canadians. The championship team of the Lige referred to as the "meister" — the equivalent of our Stanley Cup — had seven Canadians on their roster, five of them German-Canadians. They were the Mannheim team.

Germany has a hockey team in almost every city of 10,000 or more. In Friesen's league, the top league in West Germany, there are 12 teams, then 12 in the second division. There is also a third division, North and South that has 12 teams in each.

In the World Championship in Sweden last year, Germany came in seventh place, Canada being fourth. "I don't think it can really grow much beyond this point until they start training the boys at a much earlier age. In Czechoslovakia or Russia they will begin to train a boy almost as soon as he can walk. Though their equipment is tops they need rinks and facilities such as those in Canada.

Summer training camp begins on May 4. Canadian players, though they may stay for this, are not required to do so. They are actually encouraged to go back to Canada for a holiday instead, with travel allowances.

Friesen feels this stint with the Bundes Lige and the stay in Germany has been good for him and his wife, Judy. Now they return to Germany for yet another year, but the future, he says, is in God's hands. He's not totally sure whether he wants to make hockey a career. Because of his German-Canadian status, he had offers to play for the Bundes Lige for three years before he accepted.

"Playing hockey in Germany isn't that hard because we play only 50 games all year, not counting the five or six exhibition games. Our league consists of teams in places like Duesseldorf, Koeln, Mannheim, Bad-Nauheim, Duesburg, Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Fuessen, Muenchen, Rosenheim. We play each team four times — twice at home, twice away. It's a 44 game schedule.

"In preparation for the World Championship in Sweden last year our team played the Czechoslovakian team in their country and then the Swedish team. The Czechs are rated second and we lost 3-2 to them. In Gotheburg, Sweden, there were eight teams and we were tied for seventh place. We tied with Finland which was quite a feat because they're very good. It was a good experience."

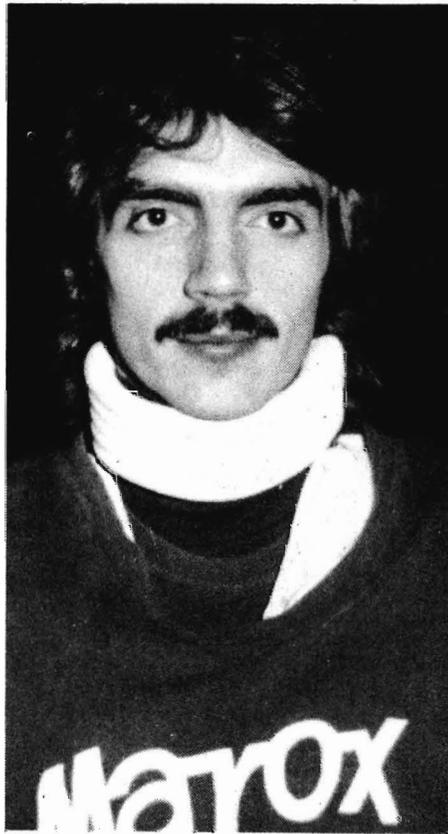
The German national team is made up of 22 players — the choicest of the Bundes Lige. They are selected after the four to five week training camp in Fuessen. Only Germans are allowed to play here, no imports. Friesen was a goalie on that team.

What about team spirit in the Bundes Lige? "I found that rather poor. It seems to me there are more players there wanting to make themselves look good rather than help the team. They work for themselves rather than for the team. No one is happy to be benched but this is more pronounced out there. I'm the sort of player who doesn't say too much in the dressing room or on the ice, or go gung-ho to get the fellows ready for the game. As a goalie I concern myself with my preparations; and I have to be almost more prepared than the players."

Are the German hockey teams a win-oriented group of people? "There isn't quite the same fight to win as with the Canadian teams. Individual players, yes, of course, but its more a philosophy of, if we lose — so what — we'll try to do better in the next game. For one thing there's not as much pressure on the players over there, that was my own experience. In Canada, if you don't play well, there are thousands of players waiting to take your job. But that's not the case over there. I could have signed the contract for 10, maybe 15 more years of hockey with them because as soon as they find someone considered a good player they stick with him. Each team has only its junior team to recruit from, or else they buy players."

What about sportsmanship over there? "No scrapping or fighting allowed," says Friesen, "If you fight you're automatically out for six games and that involves a financial penalty. They'll resort to taking their frustrations out in high sticking and slashing, and are consequently penalized for this. But I think they're better sportsmen. You'll find that on the German team the worst sportsmen are the Canadians. The Germans are more conditioned to losing, not being one of the top teams in the world, and seem better able to cope with that factor. In the championship they were happy with the tie. With their shortage of players not even the mediocre player has to fight for his job."

Would he just as soon be a "big frog in a small pond" and enjoy what he is doing? "Yes," he smiles, "and as a goalie you are recognized if you play well, or else there are bad reviews if you're not. My last season was a very successful one; the fans seemed very happy with me and so was management. But our team did well and my team-mates helped me out a lot. We had super defense, probably the best in the league, and for a goalie that's great."



Karl Friesen

What about coaches? Friesen says there aren't many and a lot of these are Czechoslovakian. In that country if you've been a good player and are getting too old to play in the leagues they let you go out and play in Germany for three years or coach there. "And they are good coaches. Like the Russians, they have the knowledge and they really teach the drills. They're not hot-heads or tough. They employ excellent tactics in technique, in shooting, in skating. It's more a playing with the mind, I guess."

And the refs? "The refereeing is poor. They are German refs who do this mainly in their spare time rather than as a main job. The "homers" call for the home team because the fans are extremely vocal. In the NHL they have referee schools and training camps, and the best are chosen."

Speaking of his beginnings in hockey, Friesen says he was a late starter himself at age 14. That was Community Club hockey with the Gateway Blades. Playing for the Kildonan North Stars for 3 1/2 years they won the provincial championships in 1978. He was a player with the St. Boniface Mohawks, a senior league team, the year he left to play for Germany. His "big chance" came, he is sure, when he played for the North Stars, where he matured as a goalie. German hockey scouts, always on the prowl for German names among Canadian players, discovered him there.

Friesen feels he made a good decision when he signed up for German hockey last year. "I had a try-out with the Winnipeg Jets year before last. They were going to send me to Tulsa. I chose not to go."

Advantages? Looking at the situation from the sidelines, what young couple wouldn't appreciate the challenge of an instant, if temporary, transplant into Europe's loveliest little Bavarian valleys tightly hugging the Austrian border! "Judy and I were accepted so quickly and so totally by so many people. They looked upon us as maybe a help to the team. The Bavarians are friendly and outgoing, no arrogance. We are happy. I saw a lot of European hockey in the different countries. Loneliness? No, we really haven't had too much of a chance to be lonely. The hockey people and executives befriended us immediately. When we're away on road trips our wives get together and do things. Judy, who doesn't speak a great deal of German, tried to pick it up, but that worked only to a point because the German used is the Bavarian dialect of the region. This year Judy begins formal language study at the Goethe Institute in Prien. In our GM Opal its a 15 minute drive."

Rosenheim, 60 Kilometers south of Munich is a city of 50,000. It is almost surrounded by mountains where Judy skis in winter. "It is a lovely place with no big industry or smoke stacks to mar the beauty. The Inn River flows nearby. It is very clean with lots of trees and flowers." Besides, hockey is sport here, and when Karl goes walking or to the barber he is well-known and recognized. Weekends are spent at home since games are scheduled for Fridays-Sundays. The rest of the week is used for practices, but Monday is a day off. That's when they motor to Munich or Fuessen or Innsbruck to see some old castles. Or they might take a chair lift to the mountain tops for coffee and scenery. "Wandern" is a part of every day. The home provided for them is the roomy ground floor apartment of a house. They have a fairly large yard, a garden and patio.

The year ahead? Karl is enthusiastic. "I'm there to get totally involved in the experience; to live with the Bavarians and their particular culture. After three months back in Canada I already miss the team and the people there. My contribution to the team is a benefit for me and, I hope, for them." **mm**

Scholar's role is to help us look at ourselves

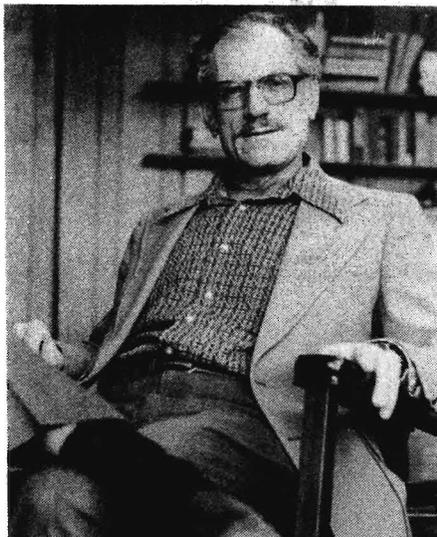
by Roy Vogt

Mennonites have an abiding curiosity about themselves. They want to know whether, as a small minority group in a tolerant, assimilative society, they have a chance to survive, and whether their survival is important. As a people with roots in the soil they worry about the possible erosion of their values in new urban centres. As members of a community with both religious and cultural characteristics they wonder why they have been so blessed or cursed. A large number seemingly want to get rid of the culture; a smaller number want to discard the religion. Others feel that the two can and must be integrated.

The role of the scholar in such a community is to illuminate the present crisis in understanding by making sense of the past. This is what Calvin Redekop, professor of sociology at Conrad Grebel College in Waterloo, tried to do in a recent series of lectures in Winnipeg sponsored by the Chair of Mennonite Studies at the University of Winnipeg. Let me say at the outset that I believe that he succeeded brilliantly. Some of us have had the pleasure (and pain) of listening to many attempts of this kind. I cannot recall a better one.

Redekop knows the Mennonite story and he is a good story teller. Rather than providing the audience of 50 to 100 listeners with a chronological outline of Mennonite history he used a series of metaphors to illustrate situations and experiences in the past which created the kinds of Mennonite communities that we have today.

The attachment of Mennonites to the land was portrayed by Redekop in his first lecture as a romance, which has its periods of falling in and out of love, its irrational aspects, and is always accompanied by the danger of alienation or divorce. Redekop stressed that the Anabaptist movement began in towns and cities and the romance with the land was partly accidental. The Anabaptists were forced into it by persecution. However, despite this "shotgun" beginning, the relationship prospered. Mennonites proved, by and large, to be excellent farmers. Relying on a recent French study, Redekop illustrated the progress made by European Mennonites in agriculture, and the process by which their values and their sense of community became tied to the land. In more recent times, Redekop argued, technical advances have brought divorce. Many



Calvin Redekop

Mennonites are leaving the land for the cities, and those who remain behind occupy large holdings no longer rooted in a strong village — oriented community. The question remains whether a new sense of community can be established in urban settings, and whether the faith can be addressed to the new situation.

In his second lecture, on The Mennonite Identity Crisis, Redekop used the metaphor of the traveler who stops periodically at a wayside fountain for refreshment to describe the course of Mennonite history, in the last few hundred years. We have drunk from many wells: the bitter water of suffering, the sweet water of pietism, the cool water of humanism, the poisonous water of nationalism, the "regenerating" waters of fundamentalism, and the heady waters of scholarship. Is it any wonder that we are confused about our identity?

Does such confusion amount to an identity crisis? Redekop feels that it does. The core of the crisis lies in our inability to integrate faith with culture in a satisfactory way. Some resolve the problem by leaving the Mennonite community. Such "leaving" may be facilitated by adopting approaches like fundamentalism which, in Redekop's view, serve primarily to assimilate their adherents into the mainstream of American culture. There is something in the simple, communal character of past Mennonite cultures which is at odds with the highly individualistic, materialistic bent of modern urban culture. Religious movements like fun-

damentalism or pietism can be utilized to create a new faith which destroys the tension between faith and culture by denying that religion has anything to do with culture.

Redekop feels that it is impossible to have faith without culture, that the two must constantly be kept in tension with each other. Uncritical adherence to past cultural traditions can be destructive to a religious community, but equally destructive is the attempt to create a faith community without strong social and cultural traditions. The social fabric which supported the Mennonite faith has changed drastically. The real challenge to modern Mennonites is not to deny the value of culture but to create a new social fabric for their faith in urban society.

In his third and last lecture Redekop concentrated on the encounter that Mennonites have had with modern capitalism. He noted that there has always been a tension in Mennonite history between allegiance to the church (the "meeting house") and allegiance to those secular institutions promoting economic advancement (the "counting house"). In a dynamic capitalist system the church is almost always on the losing side. Church life becomes a Sunday affair. Subjective elements of the faith are stressed and business and social life become autonomous regions in which behaviour patterns are judged by peers. The norm of achievement is financial success or degrees and there is little room for failure.

Still, Redekop observed, if the capitalist ethic is defined as one of self-interest, private property, and competition, the Mennonite businessmen he has known over the years are somewhat ambivalent in their loyalty to the ethic. Though they are aggressive and individualistic, they retain considerable sympathy for the underdog and the disadvantaged.

Redekop expressed hope in his closing remarks that there is enough vitality and vision in the Mennonite community to create a faith community which, rooted in its own culture, will continue to have something Christian to contribute to the cultures around it. The Chair of Mennonite Studies again demonstrated its own important place in this faith community by making these lectures available to the public.



Worship in a Chortiza church

The following is taken from Kornelius Hildebrand's description of a church service held in a schoolhouse on the island of Chortiza almost 150 years ago. This "reminiscence" was originally published in the Russian Mennonite *Mennonitisches Jahrbuch* (1913) and reprinted in *Mennonitische Warte* (Spring, 1937). It was then edited by Victor Peters and republished in the German language in *Zwei Fokumente* (Echo Verlag, 1965).

The entire article has now been translated into English by Dr. Peter Pauls, professor of English at the University of Winnipeg, and will be published in two parts.

The school is situated quite close to the mighty river. Only the street, actually a roadway, and a narrow stretch of river bank lie between the building and the water. For the newcomer, the view of the majestic river from the windows of the schoolhouse is most delightful; the native islander, however, takes little notice of this unusual natural prospect, particularly on a Sunday when he focuses his attention entirely on the awaited worship service. Within half an hour, most of the inhabitants of the island are assembled at this place.

Differences of opinion on religious matters are still unknown among these people and the neglect of public worship services is simply unthinkable, especially since a pastor can visit them only every third or fourth Sunday. Should someone who is in good health be absent

from his usual place in the schoolroom on a Sunday, this would create such a stir that there would be an immediate inquiry and within an hour of the conclusion of the service the entire village would know for what reason the person in question had not been there.

The school room is not large. The worshippers sit closely crowded together, the men to the right and the women to the left of the improvised pulpit. A solemn quiet comes over the congregation. No one instigates conversation. A new arrival wishes his neighbour "Good Morning" but only in softest whisper. Other than this, no word is spoken. The silence is reminiscent of a graveside ceremony. A hungry little bee which has strayed into the sanctuary through one of the open windows suddenly creates a loud, humming noise. One can also hear the chirping of sparrows and the warbling of a blackbird in the bushes outside.

One of the men sitting near the front finds the silence deafening and begins to cough awkwardly. This is followed by a barely audible shuffling of feet. One of the young women, feeling a delicate sneeze coming on, cautiously takes her stiffly starched cloth bag which contains the "Marienblatt" (sprig of thyme) and wafts it back and forth a few times under her nose releasing a veritable cloud of herbal perfume which drifts slowly over to her neighbour. Once again, there is absolute quiet - silent, pious expectation. Even the more active people sit as if hypnotized. If one looks

closely enough one can see on the white, otherwise smooth foreheads of the young maids, fashionable wrinkles of concentration and devotion.

The *Vorsänger* now emerges from the teacher's living quarters and proceeds with measured, ceremonious strides to take the place reserved for him next to the minister's still vacant chair. The *Vorsänger* of this place is a man with a large, bony physique, a true islander. He is obviously well nourished, his face smoothly shaved, his handsome head covered with shiny black hair, parted in the middle, combed smoothly back behind the ears and cut off straight at the neck. He wears his long, black ruffled coat with great dignity. Since there is no resident minister in the village, he is the leader of the congregation and hence a very important person, at least locally. Solomnly he takes his place, turns a few pages in the hymnal as though searching for an appropriate hymnal, coughs a few times, and then announces monotonically: "Rise up, rise up, my spirit to praise - Number 358." After a brief pause, he repeats, "Number 358!" There is a brief moment of silence and then he begins to sing with stentorian voice. The others do not hold back either, as do so many today who are young in years but old at heart, who don't deserve the voices their Creator gave them. Here, however, fifty voices join in with enough energy and enthusiasm to bring down the walls of Jericho or put the Midianites to flight. The singing is full-throated and vigorous with many challenging high notes and low notes but these singers proceed without faltering to the conclusion.

There are a few minutes, finally, to allow all concerned to pause for breath. This brief respite is followed by the hymn which precedes the sermon: "Dearest Jesus, we are here! Number 86!" The *Vorsänger* need not have announced the number of this hymn even once because every "Ohmke" and every "Muhmke" knows where "Dearest Jesus" is to be found. In fact, most of them have memorized that one from beginning to end. In these "good old days," many simple, pious souls, especially mothers, go to the hymnal for spiritual nourishment and for this reason are better acquainted with this book than are most church members today. However, the *Vorsänger* knows his duty and calls out "Number 86," once again at the top of his voice. People living as far as three houses from the church could have heard him, had they been at home, for the windows facing Jerusalem are always open during the worship service as Daniel's were, according to the Bible.

And so all three verses of this song are sung. The beloved elderly minister who

has entered during the singing now stands up in front of his table, upon which there is a lectern; he takes a blue envelope containing a hand-written sermon from the side pocket of his coat and salutes the congregation, without looking at his papers, with the apostolic greeting: "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." With these words the congregation becomes as worshipful as those who long ago sat at the feet of Jesus. All that is earthly becomes silent.

Let us observe this minister more closely. He is, of course, an unpretentious man, but he is conscious of that fact that he has the respect of the congregation before which he now stands. He is a man who is aware also of his outward appearance. He is obviously a man of some means as his shiny leather *Korowonsche* boots testify. The trousers of this cleric are tucked neatly into this brightly polished, elegant footgear. Around his neck he wears a long black silk scarf, the corners of which hang down almost to his vest pockets. On each corner of the scarf, the initials of the wearer are embroidered in red cotton. *Ohm Jacob Dyck*, who in his day was elder of the Chortitza Church, always replaced the customary black scarf with a white one on special festive days such as baptism. Like so many of our forefathers, he felt that on such solemn occasions one must come into the presence of the Almighty immaculate even in one's dress. A slovenly outward appearance, it was felt, was an indication that the inward state was in even greater disorder.

After a brief introduction and prayer, the text is announced: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The minister then reads a deeply moving sermon written in a straight-forward unaffected style. There is something in his voice, however, which speaks of personal experience and profound commitment. This simplicity and humility appeal directly to the hearts of his listeners without the aid of rhetoric. The congregation, deeply stirred, sits in reverent silence. Now and then a mother wipes a tear from her cheek. After all, the words spoken here emanated originally from the sacred mouth of Jesus. It was He who commanded his disciples to convey this blessed invitation to all mankind. "Come unto me . . ." How these words strike home, for it is the language forever associated with Canaan. It is the call of the beckoning Father. And who is not troubled and burdened? There is so much in life that one could regret, so much that weighs heavily upon the spirit. Yet, these troubles which we very often bring upon

ourselves we can lay at His feet; the burdens which He places upon our shoulders are light by comparison.

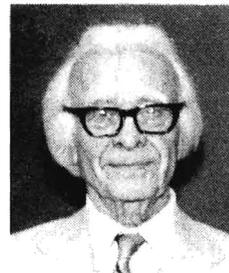
The sermon concludes with the apostolic blessing: "The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, etc." After this blessing the church members who have recently become engaged are announced. The names of the couples, and the names of their families are made public. Those who might have objections to the marriages are asked to voice such objections in good time.

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**THE PHOTOGRAPHER AS POET:
PETER GERHARD REMPEL AND MENNONITE FICTIONS IN RUSSIA,
1890 - 1917**

Friday, November 27 8 p.m. 431 Manitoba Hall University of Winnipeg

Macdonald's Mennonites hung the meridian, but they also love the land

*The Rural Municipality of Macdonald, southwest of Winnipeg is celebrating its centennial this year. One of the events will be the publication of its history, **Hugging the Meridian** by Betty Dyck. The municipality encompasses 12 townships (7, 8 and 9 — Range 1 and 2 East and West of the Principal Meridian) of fertile land within the Red River Valley. Communities include Brunkild, Domain, La Salle, Oak Bluff, Osborne, Sanford and Starbuck.*

A light September breeze ruffled the branches in the trees surrounding the La Salle Mennonite Cemetery. Numerous colorful leaves lay etched in the green grass. Only the intermittent plot of seed cones hitting the ground broke the silence, as a squirrel selected produce for winter storage.

Close to the cemetery entrance, a polished stone memorial reflected the sun's brightness. In August 1981 the La Salle Mennonite Burial Society erected this monument in memory of the original Mennonite settlers who built their first meeting house here in 1930. The site borders on the banks of the picturesque La Salle River.

Mennonites began to settle in the Rural Municipality of Macdonald in the late 1920s, being among the second wave of immigrants from Russia between 1923-30. More than 100 families lived in the municipality at one time or another. The settlers had accepted credit granted by railroad companies. Brunkild Women's Institute history, *Memories/Melodies* (Manitoba, 1980) states: "While on the CPR train from Montreal immigrants signed IOUs to

the CPR for ship and rail fare to their destination. Every man also signed a document that made the entire group liable for immigrant debt . . . Fare was \$300 for two people, at 10% interest."

Southern Manitoba Mennonites, already established on profitable farms, offered the newcomers food, shelter and temporary employment. This allowed them to look leisurely for land of their own.

In Macdonald Municipality, trust companies, real estate agencies and banks sold land to the Mennonites on the half-crop plan. Relatives and close friends often purchased farms jointly, signing one contract and then living in a single farmhouse until additional buildings could be constructed. Even if they decided not to live together, they tended to buy adjoining lands.

The names of the original settlers listed on the memorial marker in the La Salle cemetery are: Bergen, Bergman, Dahl, De Jaeger, Dyck, Enns, Epp, Friesen, Froese, Harder, Hildebrandt, Konrad, Pauls, Penner, Rempel, Rogalsky, Schultz, Suderman, Wall, Wallman, Wiebe and Wiens.

In 1942 Abe Enns Sr. was among a group who bought three farms at La Salle from James Stewart, a large landowner. Abe's story typifies the terror from which the Mennonite people fled. He had lived in the village of Tiegehagen, a German settlement in southern Russia, where he married a local girl in 1912. He was required to enlist during World War I, serving in the medical corps with the Russian Army. After the war he returned to Tiegehagen and rented a farm.

Here the Enns family suffered

through the terrors of the revolution, being raided and threatened with death by both bandits and the army. When food shortages set in, Abe recalled the welcome relief supplied by the United States. Eventually, the Abe Enns family was allowed to leave Russia together with relatives and arrived in Winkler in August 1924.

Another family who bought from James Stewart was William Schulz who came that same year with his family. Daughter Mary recalled:

When my parents first came to La Salle they bought this farm from Mr. Stewart (he was connected with the Grain Exchange) on certain terms. They thought that it shouldn't take too long and the farm would be paid for and belong to us. So they counted the acres and began to plan. A certain number of acres were to be sown in wheat, a certain number in oats and the rest in barley. Of course each would yield a good many bushels per acre. Then also there were all the pigs and cattle to sell. It certainly shouldn't take too long and all would be paid for, definitely not more than three or four years . . . They forgot that the pigs would consume all the barley, the horses would use up all the oats and the family and farm operation would consume the money from the sale of wheat and pigs.

Three Dahl brothers, two Enns brothers and a brother-in-law Jake Penner occupied two other Stewart farms. P. Kornelsen, along with two Schultz brothers moved into a farmhouse on the property where the cemetery would later be located. Successive poor crops hindered many Mennonites from making regular payments to landowners. Fortunately, James Stewart was a patient landlord and finally sold to his tenants for 100 bushels per acre of second grade wheat.

J.B. Wiens, who became a dedicated lay minister for the Macdonald Mennonites, chose to settle near Osborne in the southern portion of the municipality. A number of other Mennonite immigrants took land just across the Morris-Macdonald boundary in Township 6. Since the municipal boundary began just a half mile south of Osborne, people who lived up to two



miles south considered themselves part of the Osborne district in early years. They patronized the post office, store and school and participated in community activities.

In this same corner lived Harders, Rempels, Froeses, Schulzes and Pauls. The Henry H. Rempels moved to Osborne around 1925 settling on a farm known as Metro Farms. Five other Mennonite families also lived there for a short time. To accommodate the influx of newcomers, Osborne school board converted a large upstairs room in a farmhouse into a classroom, hired a teacher to help the children learn English, and held night classes for adults.

One of the Rempel children recalled the joint June 1926 picnic with Osborne school where she tasted her first ice cream cone: "Oh what wonderful things were in this new country. We eldest children used to ask Mother whether this Canada was the Canaan of the Bible."

Whenever Mennonites settled they soon held religious gatherings. A Mennonite Brethren congregation was organized in the La Salle and Osborne districts in 1926, with 44 active members. Jacob Penner, who farmed two miles south of Domain, was the only ordained minister in the group. During

the summer all families met together in homes. In winter months, when travelling became difficult, groups attended separate services at La Salle and Osborne.

The La Salle district Mennonites built the first church in 1931 adjacent to the cemetery where "a good number of weary pilgrims had already found their final resting place on this earth".

Jacob and Helen Wallman were among the few who chose the Brunkild area to homestead. They arrived in 1925, buying land from the National Trust Company who helped them by supplying horses, cattle, machinery and seed grain. Wallman's story tells of the heart-break involved in having to leave family members behind in Russia. Since Jacob's only brother was unmarried but of military age, he was ineligible to leave, so his parents and sisters stayed. Jacob's parents were later deported to Siberia during the revolution and not heard of until 1950, when reliable sources stated they had died in that year.

Another group bought several farms near Domain in 1927. When the Jacob Rogalskys arrived from Rosthern, Saskatchewan (where they had settled three years earlier) they found the farm they had purchased covered with thistles and bulrushes so high a man on

horseback would get lost. Drift soil had settled throughout the farmhouse. At night the family could see the stars through holes in the roof when they bedded down upstairs. With Mennonite perseverance they readied the land for oats. The next year's poor grain price netted them a mere 25¢ for 65 bushels of oats sold in Winnipeg.

As grain prices improved, so did conditions on the farm. By 1935 Jacob had built a new home and four years later he purchased a car, a Case plough and a cultivator. The senior Rogalskys retired to Winnipeg in 1955. Son Herman continues to operate the farm.

Other individuals like Abram Froese from Schoeneberg in the Ukraine, arrived in 1929 and settled north of Domain. There youngest son, David, still operated the farm 40 years later but now lives near Oak Bluff.

A few families settled elsewhere in Manitoba before moving to Macdonald. The Erbs, who had come to the Arnaud district in the 1890s from eastern Ontario, were descendants of the Pennsylvania Dutch migration to Waterloo County. In tracing their lineage recently the Erbs found their ancestors mentioned in *The Trail of the Conestoga* by Mabel Dunham. Having been excommunicated from the church in Ontario, the Erb family did not attend the Mennonite church in Manitoba. However, one son Roy spent considerable time assisting the new Mennonites in adjusting to the Macdonald district — both in business and in farming procedures. Six families of Erbs live in Macdonald today. Lorne Erb holds the position of secretary-treasurer of the municipality, which he began in 1967.

The original Mennonite church building near La Salle continued to serve the congregation until the 1950s. Several ministers settled on farms and when Pastor Jacob Penner left for Ontario in the 1930s, Rev. Aaron C. Pauls filled the vacancy, followed by Rev. Abram Froese. Philip Wiebe accepted the pastor's post after his ordination in 1938 and served for many years.

In the meantime, the diminished Osborne group met in a vacant farmhouse until they purchased the old Osborne schoolhouse in 1942 and moved it two miles west of their village. Brother J.B. Wiens served this small group for 26 years. In 1952 the Osborne and La Salle congregations joined to become the Domain Mennonite Brethren Church.

Once the two existing church buildings had been sold, the people constructed a new church in Domain village on a lot donated by Nic Enns. Voluntary donations of money and labor covered most of the \$12,000 cost. The church was dedicated on September 21, 1952.

Membership increased to 72 and an

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excellent mixed choir developed under the direction of Peter Enns. Pastor Philip Wiebe and Brother J.B. Weins continued to conduct German services while others aided in the ministerial work in English. Until 1967 all ministers served without remuneration and this allowed lay ministers to assist. Soon Sunday school classes adopted the English language for instruction. By 1958 one worship service a month was also conducted in English.

Brother J.B. Wiens retired from farming and moved to Winnipeg in 1959 but continued to visit monthly for many years to serve the German congregation. In 1963 William Schroeder, a teacher at

Rosenort Collegiate, recently ordained to the ministry, became pastor for the Domain congregation.

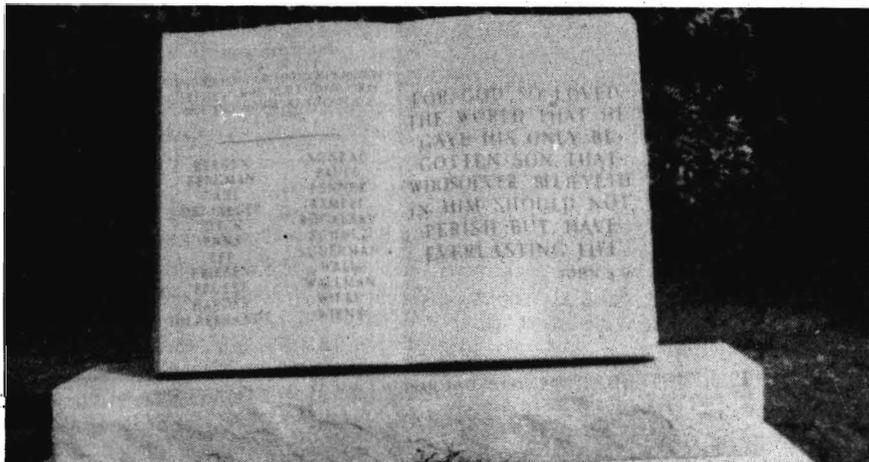
By 1967 membership had dropped to 52. Enthusiasm remained high and the choir continued to be an important part of worship. To celebrate Manitoba's centennial in 1970, the first inter-faith service in the municipality was held and Mennonites played an important role. Herman Rempel conducted a mass choir of 50 voices, accompanied by pianist Mrs. William Rempel and organist Lorne Erb.

Domain Mennonite Brethren Church closed its doors September 21, 1980 mainly due to a rapidly declining enrol-

ment of the Sunday school and accompanying reduction in opportunities for children. Families are now worshipping in churches of their choice and no decision has been reached regarding the building.

Farm life goes on, and some Mennonites have branched out into the business community. The Mennonite immigrants who came into the municipality penniless have through hard work, gained possession of their land to join the ranks of successful district farmers.

And as the Municipality of Macdonald celebrates its centennial, descendants of the Mennonite settlers have paused to pay tribute to their forefathers and dedicate a memorial "to the glory of God and to honor those Mennonite settlers who built their first meeting-house at his place A.D. 1930." mm



Mennonite Businessmen Discuss Benefit Programs for Workers

About 50 Mennonite business and professional people met for a lunch October 16 to share information on benefit programs they have developed for their workers.

David Friesen of D.W. Friesens and Sons of Altona described the pension, health, and profit-sharing programs which this large family firm has developed over the years. Many listeners were pleasantly surprised at the wide range of benefits now being provided. Henry Schmidt, representing a small insurance business, spoke about the flexible work-time arrangements and bonus systems that can help to motivate fellow workers in such a business. Phil Ens of Triple E in Winkler, a firm employing about 400 workers, described sick-leave plans and incentive plans that his company feels workers appreciate. John Wiens, partner in a Winnipeg law firm, gave a general overview of programs established by different kinds of firms. He stressed that just as students in a school can sense after a few hours which teachers really care for them, so employees can tell fairly quickly whether the employer has their best interest at heart.

The discussion following revealed that a number of Mennonite firms are now encouraging employee participation in their boards of directors, and experimenting with many other ways of breaking down the barriers that have commonly separated workers and owners. A number of businessmen expressed the conviction that employees should certainly share in the equity of the firm, but their participation in actual decision-making was more problematical.

The next meeting of MEDA will be held on Friday, November 20. For information call 475-3550 in Winnipeg.

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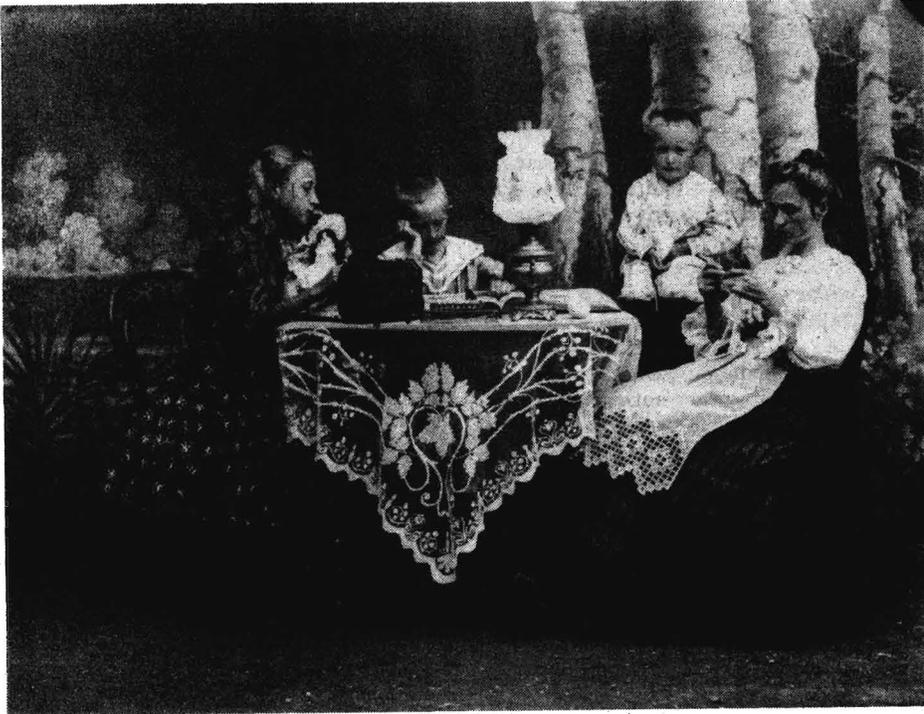
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Photographer's penetrating view of a long-lost past

This fall Sand Hills Books of Ontario is publishing a new collection of photographs taken among Mennonites in Russia before the 1917 Revolution. These photographs are mainly from the collection of Peter Gerhard Rempel, who was a professional studio photographer active especially among Mennonites living in some of the villages of the "Old Colony", Chortitza. After being trained in Germany at the beginning of this century, Rempel carried on his fine work until his photographic supplies were cut off during World War I.

Rempel's work projects visually and coherently a Mennonite world-view of his own time. It was a world-view reflecting, and temporarily made possible by, the cultural refinement later largely forgotten during and after the war, revolution, massacres, famines, diseases, and other torments that ravaged the Mennonites in Russia.

This new art-book, entitled *Forever Summer, Forever Sunday: Peter Gerhard Rempel's Photographs of Mennonites in Russia, 1910-1917* has been edited by John D. Rempel of Conrad Grebel College, University of Waterloo, and Paul Tiessen, Department of English, Wilfrid Laurier University. It is a clothbound volume of 144 pages, and sells for \$17.95.

The following is from the introduction by Rempel and Tiessen:

The most indulgent focus of photographer Rempel's eye was his wife

Sarah, whom he had married in 1894. The more refined his artistry, the more it seemed worthy of images of her. Sarah — sometimes as the woman he loved, sometimes as the mother of his children — seemed to come to embody the world Rempel wanted most to possess through the eye of the camera, just as she wanted in turn to be provocatively, sombrely possessed by it. Sarah soon became a dominant influence on Rempel and his work, both as subject and co-creator. Aware of the power of the camera to make real what she imagined might be, she posed before it often, taking as the models of her gesture and dress the middle-class fashions of European cities, familiar to the people of the Mennonite colonies mostly through pictures of the social and theatrical elite which ap-

peared everywhere in the popular press, but also through their own travels. In intimate portraits — some would never then have been displayed outside the family circle — she was able to project herself into a social world beyond that actually available to her in the relatively confining contexts of village life. The structured passages of Sarah's existence were illuminated by these moments spent in the static actualization of dream before the benign but redefining eye of the camera. And even the conventional activities of her days — country outings with friends or quiet family gatherings — acquired new meanings as they were restructured to suit a pattern originating not in reality but in Rempel's (or Sarah's) mind's eye. For (at least in some small way) the pictures that projected these poses back to the camera's subjects, even more than the opportunities of life, made Sarah Rempel, and her friends, what they wished they were.

An unwinnable war and an unstoppable revolution tore apart the world in which Peter Gerhard Rempel and his people flourished. From 1919 to 1921 the violence of tens of thousands of anarchists, of civil war, disease, and famine was focused on the rich Ukraine, and thousands of Mennonites — baffled and vulnerable — died. In 1919 alone, when hordes came to mete out their revenge randomly in the southern Ukraine, nearly one thousand of the Mennonites were murdered. Rempel, like the world to which he belonged, was innocent of crimes of commission against the poor world on the edges of his own. But he was helplessly caught up by the revenge those people sought for crimes of omission. Rempel's work stopped when the world changed. By 1917 he could no longer order papers and chemicals from Germany.

Rempel himself escaped the chaos. With his two youngest children, he walked for three days, sleeping nights in fields, to the home of his brother, Jacob. It was not long now before he and his sons — in 1923 — boarded box-cars with hundreds of other families and individuals, bound for Canada.

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manitoba news

The Carillon of Steinbach and *The Pembina Times* of Morden were the recipients of multiple awards at the annual convention of the Manitoba Community Newspapers Association in September. *The Times*, edited by **Bob Peters** and published by **Harvey Friesen**, was awarded the Manitoba Design Institute's Award for Design Excellence in Community Newspapers for 1980. The award recognizes community newspapers for efforts in improving the appearance of their publication. The paper also won firsts for best in class, best front page, best typography, and best editorial page. *The Carillon*, edited by **Peter Dyck** and published by **Derksen Printers**, won firsts for best Christmas edition, best feature story, and best feature photo; second place for a spot news photo; and third place for best in class, and best front page.

Work has begun on the \$2 million dollar **Steinbach Place**. The 35,000 square-foot building is being constructed by the company **Eastgate Plaza**, a subsidiary of **A.K. Penner and Sons**. The upper two storeys have been reserved for government office space, while the ground floor will house a restaurant, retail shops, and an office pool.

A 30,000 square-foot shopping centre was opened in **Winkler** recently. Local developer **A.L. Friesen**, one of the partners in **F.D.G. Holdings Ltd.**, the company which built the shopping centre, commented that the opening marked the first stage of a four phase development plan for the **Main Street** site.

The **Mennonite Village Museum** closed its gates for the season on September 30. Manager **Peter Goertzen** indicated that some 42,000 visitors from 38 countries visited the grounds this year. **Goertzen** was hopeful that a museum brochure printed in German and distributed on a limited basis in Germany would increase visitors from that country next year.

Winkler mayor **Henry F. Wiebe** has been appointed to the Attorney-General's Advisory Committee on Crime Prevention and Control, according to a recent announcement by Attorney-General **Gerry Mercier**. The members, appointed for two-year terms, were recommended by the Manitoba Police Commission. Among other activities, the committee will co-ordinate various existing crime prevention programs and provide a consulting function.

Colleen Schellenberg of Steinbach was awarded the Western Board of Music

Silver Medal and Scholarship for the highest mark awarded in the provincial grade eight singing examinations. **Colleen's** past musical involvements include being a member of the Steinbach Singers and the Treble Teens. **Colleen** has been selected to sing in the Manitoba Youth Choir for the past two years. As well she sings for the Winnipeg Philharmonic Choir and the University Singers, both under the direction of Professor **Henry Engbrecht**. Presently **Colleen** is at the University of Manitoba School of Music where she majors in piano. She is studying voice with **Marge Koop** and has studied piano with **Glenn Loewen** for the past thirteen years. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. **Ed Schellenberg** of Steinbach.

Three young pianists studying with **Glenn Loewen** of Steinbach have been awarded prizes by the Western Board of Music. **Chyenne Friesen**, daughter of **Vic and Valeda Friesen** of Steinbach, is the recipient of the Mrs. James A. Richardson Scholarship for her high mark in the Grade VIII piano exam. **Jewel Dyck**, daughter of **Joyce and John Dyck** of Steinbach, is the recipient of the Bronze Medal of Proficiency for Grade III music theory. **Jocelyn Dueck**, daughter of **Ernest and Lorraine Dueck** of Kleefeld, is the recipient of the H.E. Sellers Prize given to the student obtaining the highest provincial average in Grade I and II instrumental examinations.

Rev. Frank H. Friesen of Morden was honoured at a special recognition banquet at the **Winkler Bible Institute** on September 26. The event was organized by the alumni association to pay tribute to **Friesen** for his past service to the school, in particular his twenty-three years as board member.

Canadian Mennonite Bible College celebrated its opening on September 27 at the Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. The administration reported a record enrollment of over 200 students, with 168 enrolled full-time. Guest of honour was **Dr. Gerhard Lorenz**, who has long served the Mennonite community as teacher, minister, historian, and writer. **Dr. Lorenz** was presented with a parchment in remembrance of the occasion.

Albert and Irene Loeppky of Winkler have begun a two-year term of Voluntary Service with Mennonite Board of Missions of Elkhart. **Alberta and Irene** are members of the **Winkler Berghaler Mennonite Church**. **Albert** is teaching at **Academia Menonita Summit Hills** in **Rio Piedras**. He is the son of **Bernie and**

Helen Loeppky of **Winkler**; **Irene** is the daughter of **Peter and Anne Hamm** of **Reinfeld**.

A meeting of Mennonite Central Committee voluntary Service staff in Canada was held at **Camp Assiniboia** from September 28-30. Staff from the Atlantic provinces, Ontario, Manitoba, and west to **British Columbia** met to question, "How have we done in 1981?". Program growth during this year was concentrated in the Atlantic provinces and Ontario. Plans for 1982 project further growth in **Labrador** and a new effort towards growth in **Saskatchewan** and **British Columbia**.

Prior to beginning their new **Serve and Learn Together** assignments, fifteen young people met in **Winnipeg** September 1 - 4 for orientation. An eleven-month program, **SALT** provides an opportunity for young people aged 17 - 20 to gain experience in unit living, church work, study, and people-oriented service. Six young people comprise the **Aberdeen SALT** unit in **Winnipeg**. Unit leader is **Ray Friesen**.

Valerie Schapansky of the Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church has left on a one-year Voluntary Service assignment. She is stationed in **Liberal, Kansas** and will be working a child day care centre.

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Mennonite Family History, a new quarterly periodical to feature the genealogy and family history of people with Mennonite, Amish, and Brethren origins in Europe, will begin publication in January 1982. The magazine will focus on the genealogy and family history of the Mennonites, Amish, and Brethren, and also include general articles on how and where to find this information. Co-editors are J. Lemar and Lois Ann (Zook) Mast, P.O. Box 171, Elverson, Pennsylvania 19520.

CBC Radio is offering \$11,000 to Canadian choral groups in its fourth biennial **National Radio competition** for amateur choirs. A \$1,000 first prize and trophy and a \$500 second prize will be awarded in each of seven categories. An additional \$500 prize goes for the best performance of a Canadian work in any category. The competition provides national recognition for the top finalists and winners through broadcasts on both the English and French CBC Radio networks. The seven categories are children's choirs, youth choirs, adult mixed chorus, adult mixed chamber choirs, adult equal voice choirs, traditional and ethno-cultural choirs, and contemporary choral music. Entry forms with more detailed information on the competition are available from regional CBC offices, or from National Radio Competition for Amateur Choirs, CBC, Box 500, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1E6.

Six scholarships between \$500 and \$1,000 will be awarded for the 1982-83 academic year by **Mennonite Mental Health Services** to students interested in the area of mental health. Applications must be received by March 1, 1982. Request for applications should be made to Director, Mennonite Mental Health Services, 4905 North West Avenue, Suite 118, Fresno, California 93705.

The Mennonite Brethren churches of Winnipeg will gather November 20 - 22 for a **Festival of Missions** at the Portage Avenue MB Church. **Arthur Glasser** of the School of Missions, Fuller Theological Seminary, will be the main speaker.

International Advisory panel to meet

The international advisory panel for a proposed documentary film on the 200 year Russian Mennonite history will meet on Saturday, November 28th, at the Holiday Inn starting at 9:30 a.m.

For more information contact: Dave Dueck

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A special weekend retreat, "**The Disabled and the Church**," co-sponsored by MCC (Manitoba) and Camps with Meaning, will be held November 6 - 8 at Camp Assiniboia. **Larry Kehler** will be the special resource person, addressing the theme "Full Participation and Equality Beyond '81." For more information, contact Camps with Meaning, Conference of Mennonites in Manitoba, 202-1483 Pembina Highway, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3T 2C9, Phone 475-3550.

"Rediscovering the place of the church in health issues" is the topic for the consultation between moderators and secretaries of Mennonite and Brethren in Christ groups, the board of MCC (Canada), and members of the Canadian Mennonite Health Assembly when they meet at the Morrow Gospel church in Winnipeg January 21, 1982. Attendance is by invitation, but all interested persons will be welcome. Enquiries should be directed to Helmut Klassen, Donwood Manor, 171 Donwood Drive, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Phone 668-4410.

The 1982 annual meeting of the **Mennonite Health Association** will be held in Louisville, Kentucky March 12 - 16. The theme for the meeting is "Courageous Caring."



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Peter and Leona Penner of Winnipeg, will serve as joint country representatives in Swaziland for Mennonite Central Committee and Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions and Charities for three years. They served previously from 1970-76 in Zambia with MCC. Peter received his bachelor's and master's degrees and Ph.D. in mathematics at the University of Manitoba. Leona received a bachelor's degree in English at the University of Manitoba. They are members of Aberdeen Evangelical Mennonite Church in Winnipeg.

Lorna Unger of Winnipeg, has begun a two-year service term with Mennonite Central Committee in Akron, Pa., as an administrative assistant. She received a bachelor of arts degree in German and a teaching certificate at the University of Manitoba. She was recently employed as the director of a residence for mentally handicapped adults in Winnipeg. She is a member of First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg and her parents are Jake and Elsie Unger of Winnipeg.

Diane Driedger of Winnipeg, has begun a one-year term of service with Mennonite Central Committee in Winnipeg with Disabled Peoples International. She was recently employed by MCC in Winnipeg with the Manitoba Physically Handicapped Awareness Committee. She attended Canadian Mennonite Bible College in Winnipeg, and the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. Her parents are Leo and Darlene Driedger of Winnipeg and she is a member of Charleswood Mennonite Church, Winnipeg.

Manfred and Dorothy Enns of Winkler, are serving at Mennonite Central Committee headquarters in Akron, Pa. Manfred will be working in maintenance and Dorothy will serve as the hostess. Manfred was recently working as an electrical contractor in Winkler. They have been attending the Grace Mennonite Church in Winkler and have three children.

Evelyn Peters of Steinbach, will be serving with Mennonite Central Committee in Bolivia for two years in elementary education. She received a bachelor's degree in education at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg, and a bachelor's degree in theology at Canadian Mennonite Bible College in Winnipeg. She is a member of the Steinbach Mennonite Church and her parents are Herbert and Annie Peters of Steinbach.

Edwin and Elnora Wiebe of Landmark are beginning a two-year assignment with MCC at Niagara Christian College, Fort Erie, Ontario, where Edwin will serve as reforestation manager. Elnora will be assisting in office work on a part-time basis. Their parents are Diedrich

and Katharine Wiebe of Ste. Anne and Elsie Hildebrand of Landmark. Edwin received a certificate in education from the University of Manitoba in 1971. Since then he has been a teacher, but for a number of years recently he has worked at Landmark Motors. The Wiebes are members of the Prairie Rose EM Church at Landmark and have three children.

Bernie and Sharon Loeppky of Plum Coulee are beginning a two-year assignment with MCC at Truro Nova Scotia, where they will serve as teachers. Both received degrees in education from the University of Manitoba and have been teaching for several years. Their parents are Bernie and Helen Loeppky of Winkler and Peter and Agnes Stobbe of Boissevain. Bernie and Sharon are members of the Pembina Fellowship in Morden.

Lois Siemens of Steinbach is beginning a two-year assignment with MCC as a counsellor in the Christian Horizons Group Home for mentally handicapped adults in Welland, Ontario. She received her degree in religious education at Emmanuel Bible College, Kitchener, in 1981. Her parents are Jacob and Susan Siemens of Steinbach. She is a member of the Steinbach Mennonite Church.

Dan and Esther Epp-Thiessen (not leaving until April 1982) of Winnipeg, will serve in the Philippines for three years as country representatives for Mennonite Central Committee. Esther attended Canadian Mennonite Bible College (CMBC) in Winnipeg. She received bachelor's and master's degrees in history at the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg. She was recently employed as a writer/researcher. Dan received a bachelor of theology degree at CMBC and received bachelor of arts and master of arts degrees at the University of Manitoba. He was recently the pastor of Charleswood Mennonite Church in Winnipeg, of which they are both members.

Peter and Elsie Rempel of Winnipeg, have begun serving in West Germany with Mennonite Central Committee as administrative and research assistants for three years. Peter was working at MCC (Canada) in Winnipeg from 1976-81. He received a bachelor of theology degree at Canadian Mennonite Bible College in Winnipeg, and a bachelor's degree in history at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. Elsie attended CMBC and received a bachelor of arts degree in German literature at the University of Manitoba. They are members of Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church in Winnipeg.

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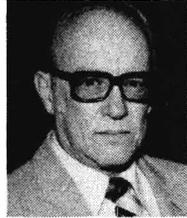
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The following are candidates of Mennonite background in the current provincial general election:



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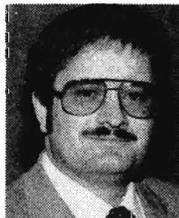
Harry Enns
Interlake, PC



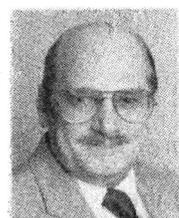
Bill Dueck
Inkster, PC



Jack Thiessen
Emerson, Progressive



Neil Dueck
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Rossmere, PC

Photos not available: John Epp, Liberal, Sturgeon Creek, Jake Froese, Progressive, Rhineland.



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HERITAGE REMEMBERED: 2nd Edition: A Pictorial Survey of Mennonites in Prussia and Russia. Gerhard Lohrenz. (1977). Cloth \$15.00 (280 pp.)

BROTHERS IN DEED TO BROTHERS IN NEED: A Scrapbook about Mennonite Immigrants from Russia 1870-1885. Clarence Hiebert. Cloth \$24.00 (460 pp.)

THE MENNONITE BROTHERHOOD IN RUSSIA (1789-1910). P.M. Friesen (1980). Cloth \$35.00 (1050 pp.)

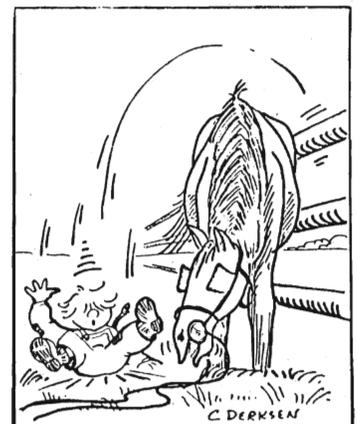
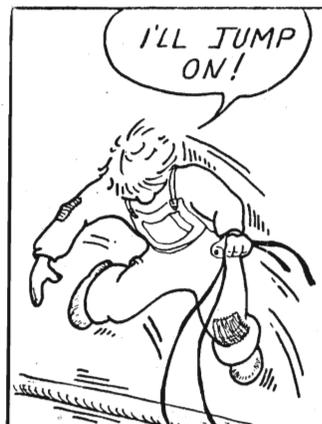
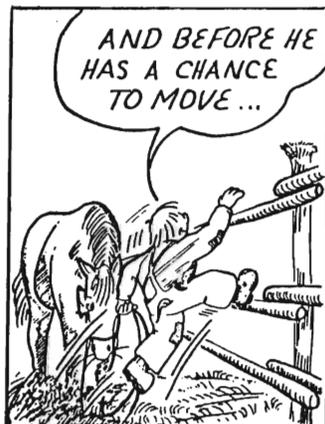
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Summer project demonstrates the details of archival work

"Lasset uns fleißig sein zu halten die Einigkeit im Geist." Those readers who recognize this verse immediately are most likely subscribers to the oldest Mennonite periodical continuously published under one name — The *Mennonitische Rundschau*. It is very familiar to me as the motto of the *Rundschau*, because in four months I have indexed a total of 102 issues. The task has been a part of my short-term voluntary service assignment assisting Ken Reddig, archivist at the Centre for Mennonite Brethren Studies in Canada.

Last summer three students worked at the same task for a period of approximately sixteen weeks. They completed the years 1920 to 1925 and half of 1926. The *Rundschau* pages were left undisturbed until my arrival in mid-January of this year. Having completed an undergraduate degree in German and nurtured my interest in Mennonite history at Conrad Grebel College, I looked forward to the indexing project, eager to put my German into practice and learn more about Mennonite settlement in North America.

The twenties were eventful years for the Mennonites; the *Rundschau* provides a wealth of information about their emigration from Russia and immigration to Canada, United States, Mexico and Paraguay. I enjoyed reading about their pioneering endeavors: farming, church-planting, funding educational institutions and hospitals. Especially exciting was following debates on controversial subjects, for example, hair styles among women, the use of the German language, and religious education in the public schools. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the paper is the familial feeling which pervades. The subscribers were all brothers and sisters concerned with each others' welfare; through the *Rundschau* they were able to offer support and encouragement and even financial assistance. Often the *Rundschau*, by publishing the lists of recent immigrants, was instrumental in reuniting members of the same family or inhabitants of the same Russian village.

Indexing articles, sermons, poems and reports was not always a simple matter of skimming and categorizing; often I would have to read the item a few times over to glean the most significant information which would warrant a specific subject heading. The *Mennonite Encyclopedia* was an indispensable aid in that it helped me to more accurately title institutions which underwent numerous name changes and conferences which were reorganized from time to time. Oc-



by Christine Penner

asionally, my progress slowed, because I became engrossed in a short story depicting life in Russian villages, or fascinated by lengthy advertisements for "Alpenkräuter" (herbal remedies). Humour and colour were definitely not lacking!

The *Mennonitische Rundschau* is currently in the 103 year of its publication. Only 7 1/2 years have been indexed — the project will continue for many years! Already the value of an index has been attested as researchers have visited the archives with the intention of locating a report on a certain congregation, or chronicling the development of a particular private school.

In my opinion, the *Rundschau* is one of the best resources available to us for the study of Russian Mennonites in North America. mmm

Dr. Cornelius Krahn to lecture in Manitoba.

Noted archivist, author and lecturer, Dr. Cornelius Krahn from Bethel College will give an illustrated slide lecture on the topic "From Prussia to Russia to America."

This lecture is part of an information and fund raising event for a proposed Major film on the 200 year Russian Mennonite experience. Dr. Krahn is a member of the advisory panel for this project.

Meetings are scheduled as follows:

Friday, Nov. 27, 7:30 P.M. at the Steinbach Regional Secondary School Theatre.

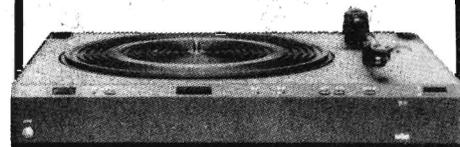
Saturday, Nov. 28, — 7:30 P.M. at the Winkler Bible School Chapel.

Sunday, Nov. 29, — 3:00 P.M. at the Westgate Collegiate Chapel.

Friends and acquaintances of Dr. and Mrs. Krahn, are invited to stay for "Faspa" on Sunday at the Westgate Collegiate, following the lecture.

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A tribute to a living legend at age 80

by Jack Thiessen

On August 28, 1981 the former Army officer, banker, druggist, merchant, German Consul and still active ranch owner, writer, author and poet and Mensch Walter Schmiedehaus celebrated his 80 birthday: In the morning he mindfully reflected on this milestone of time in his house at Hidalgo 62, Cuauhtemoc and then, as usual, on his Rancho Sans Souci some three kilometers down the road from the Mennonite capital of Mexico. The celebration went virtually unnoticed.

Since 1964 I have yearly seen this living legend of a man. Friendships of this kind occur rarely at this stage in our lives and they develop even more rarely into a human bond — they are governed by a fluke roll of dice on hidden tables in secret parts of veiled alleys located in obscure quarters. Generations hence, or more than 60 years ago Walter Schmiedehaus arrived in Mexico as a German immigrant. And, as opposed to millions who share his lot, his life's road was to take a different and surprising course: For the great majority of Central European immigrants who head for North American shores lose their mother tongue and with this loss they lose part of themselves upon arrival. And rarely is the lost tongue replaced fully by a new one. And so this immigrant limps his way through life in North American style without an inner home, without belonging and without arrival at a hearth of destination in matters of the human spirit. And to fill the

void he aspires to success and as often as not he seeks recognition by filling his pockets with clanging symbols.

The route Walter Schmiedehaus was to take in the new world took a very different direction indeed. Was it the parental home, was it a bullseye at the genetic casino, was it demanding schooling which disallowed "I, me and myself" preoccupation, in one unholy Trinity ala 1980 plus which directed him to take his unique route?

We do not know. What we do know is that: Walter Schmiedehaus is a German gentleman of the kind you rarely meet in Germany nowadays. One of a dying species, Walter Schmiedehaus, while acquiring a perfect command of English and Spanish, perfected and polished and honed his own mother tongue to perfection. His enviable international success as an author of prose and poetry serves as a witness to this unique achievement. Walter Schmiedehaus belongs to that select generation, which, in its time established Germany as the forerunner in the world of the mind and spirit: that world which my generation attempted to find and emulate but which we encountered only all too rarely. Walter Schmiedehaus has rightfully gained the respect and admiration of every Mennonite in Mexico and Mennonites up to the end of their colony existence there will be indebted to him.

Perhaps his greatest achievement in this context is the fact that Walter Schmiedehaus always managed to be among the Mennonites while yet not being of them. How else could he have

managed to remain faithful to himself and not to forfeit his spirit to the levelling effect of their malady of languor in matters of the spirit?

And how could he have written the following lines about the Mennonite immigration to Mexico with compassionate distance if he had joined the ever-prevalent North American band-wagon of popularity and resulting mediocrity? Schmiedehaus description of the arrival of the Mennonites 60 years ago in his book *A Mighty Fortress is our God*, clearly reveals his blood lineage to the German author Theodor Fontane: "When we think of migration, there comes to mind that dramatic picture we might time and again have witnessed in the great harbor cities of Europe . . . : pale, poverty-marked and fear-filled people amid the bundles of their pitiful possessions. . . . Privation-worn women upon whose faces the tears of farewell from the homeland were not yet dry . . . The flight from Lebensraum, from poverty or persecution, the stride into the unknown, into adventure, the great gamble of the homeless, the homeseeker . . . the Auswanderung of the Mennonites from Canada to Mexico is altogether different. A closed colony of several thousands undertakes a journey . . . through half a continent. They are . . . well-to-do, self-assured farmers, come as a solidaristic group with documented privileges, to take possession of . . . their lands. . . . Was this the goal? Was that boundless highland, that appeared so inexpressibly wild and worlds away in the pale shimmer of moonlight, the new Heimat one had exchanged for the familiar things of Canada? . . . And then they were standing about in groups, speaking amongst themselves as at home, by the hundreds, out there in the wild prairie under a lowering Mexican moon — Plattdeutsch! With first light began the unloading. Holstein cows and great Belgian horses, chickens and geese, grain tanks and bundle wagons, farm implements and great heaving tractors, coils of barbed wire, roofing and corrugated iron, furniture, bedding . . . By noon all was ready, and the long caravan of horse — and tractor-drawn wagons snaked down the hill of San Antonio, out on the valley floor, where the new villages were to rise." Walter Schmiedehaus accessibility and readiness to be a friend and helper to the Mennonites went far beyond his historical work on them for in his capacity as a druggist and as the German Consul for the vast state of Chihuahua almost all paths towards bodily health and administrative resolve led to his apothecary Botica San Antonio, from which office he compassionately and intelligently directed the well-being of many thousands of Mennonites.

We once met in Lübeck in The Federal Republic. The date on the calendar read June, 1977. Together with his magnanimous and kindly wife Irene he was "abroad" for the second time in 60 years. The eyes of this tall, erect and proud dignitary restlessly scanned distant contours of time and space. "Ja, lieber Freund, that's the way things are". And that was all. His eyes found no arival in his Heimat, nothing seemed to extend accord. And I knew that he knew and he knew that I knew. His search and yearning were resolved and over; in the lengthening shadows of life's twilight Walter Schmiedehaus found no Heimat in his home-land and the quiet valley north of Cuauhtemoc flanked by the foothills of the Sierra Madre, where he had settled as a veritable pioneer 60 years ago and had become a legend in his own time, called him home. Cuauhtemoc and environs: that oasis of mystery where the contemporary scene manifests the past for the northerly North American.

I found him thus and there this summer as usual and always: punctual, correct, from head to toe a walking Categorical Imperative. He inspected his bountiful apple-orchard, then he sat down at his writing desk, smoked his pipe and his pen came to life — Walter Schmiedehaus, as he has done for six decades tuned himself to the mysteries of the Land of Mexico and funnelled them into his pen and life became word and the word became life. What a blessed man who is sufficient unto himself: his name is Walter Schmiedehaus. mm

Deh gohde ohle teet (fuatzatunk)

von H.J. Funk

Na Ohm Yehaun hazeye aivadehm aul begroaft. Dan doafye ehna uk nich tveevle enn vohne shproak ehna toh am raide zaul. Vua heh noo ess voatye blohs huachdeetsh yerait. Na zoh kaum ehnem dowt vehnigtens fai aus ehna tylehn vea. Noo haftyeh ehna Gott uk aul en bait baita tyanneyeleht, dowta uk noch aundre shproake feshtoane kaun, oba don vortye ehnem dowt tohzaiye enyepraig, vai nich deetsh kun, haudye nich ne grohte yelaiyeheit em himmel toh koame.

Aus ehna don aunfunk no shohl toh goane, on ehn enylisheit vuat yeleht haud, en doamet no hoos kaum, vortye uk aul fuats zehya yeproalt met dowt vowt ehna yeleist haud, en brukt dowt ehne vuat aule naizlank, vanet uk goaning enne raid mank head. Aum aunfank vortye dowt noch aus shpos aunyezehne, oba aus ehna emma mehya lead, en toh reev met deh enylishe vead vea, vort ehnem noch moal ootyeloamt en femoant dowt toos zul deetsh yerait voare, van uk mau platdeetsh. On van dowt nich help, vort uk yedroht dowtze ehnem dowt mool met zehp ootvaushe vudde van ehna nich nogauf. En doa vea ehnem blohs nich no; deh schmatyt toh aitylich, aivaheipt vanet noch zelfstyemoakte vea. Na dan fragst doo fleicht, voh vehtst doo dowt? hast doo deh aivaheipt yehmoals yeshmatyt? Na dan zai-ity, deit nich en yeedra emma aules, vana vowt neeyet ohda bootaurnoaret zit, dowt det ehsteh befehle ohda shmatye? En vanet goht shmatyt shoat ehnem dowt nusht; vanig, dan esset yeft, gauns ehfag. Emmahan, deh shtunk aus feretyt, zai ety dee; deh shtunk no ohlet enyerondet shmurts, tyehnehl, tyaireseen en vai veht nich no vowt och aules. En van muratye dowt em meagroape tohpbruzhed, vea deh tyaity bohl zoh foll donst en naivel dowt ehna nusht zehne kun; en shtinke dehdet beem koake noch fail dolla, dowtet meist nich oottohohle vea. En van ehna dan noch moal must halpe dowt tseig omreare, dowtet nich aunbrend, funge ehnem deh uage, naiz en shveht bohl zoh aun toh ranne dowt ehna shea naunyinty.

Deh tylehda vorde emma met dizze zehp ootyevoshe. En van ehna zity em hoafst deh vintaunyatilehda auntrok, shtunke deh noch emma en poa mohnat nohai doano, bezondash van ehna moal yeshveht haud. Dan kvaulemd dowt zoh

beem haulz root bot ehnem de naiz aunfunk toh shringe, dowt ehna doabee zohmeist feshtetyt en zohgoa tohzaiye omkaum. Na dowt shtunkye voll meist botem faryoa, van ehna vada oot deh soobe rootkroope kun. Dowt vea yevehlich bee meda Mai, ohda botet easht featean groad (reamoor) vort. Dan kunve uk aul bohl vada boaft boote goane. Yinty dowt oba soh shehn van ehna fon aul dowt vintayeshnehz lohs vea, en em mod romranne kun, en deh blot zoh teshne tehye rootytvatsht en tyiteld! Dan fehlde ehna zity meist zoh aus deh tyalva, vanve deh nom vinta det eashte moal ootem shtaulehok rootlehte. Deh pralde rom en hupste en shprunge em dehde, aus vanze nich viste vowtze noch aules aungoane zulle; deh tohbde zity meist doht.

Na, tridg no ons tehma!

Mee yaumad dowt emma aiva zohne leed deh nich deetsh kunne. Voh vud dowt aum eny met an voare? Doa veareye mank an uk hannevada moal en yesheida mensh. Na vee tyande uk nich zoh doll fail framde. Dowt gaufye eayentlich mau tveh enyelenda, tveh tyenehze, tveh yoode, atelye fraunshohze, en shohf preise, en en poa indeauna. Fon Mackenzie King haudveeye aul yerait; aun deh vee nich fail oot-tohzate. Deh aundra enyelenda vea deh shohlenshpatyta. Vana onze shohl bezocht kauma yevehlich fuats tsemoryest. En vana dan derg vea, zoh bee medach rom, saida vee kunne no hoos goane; vee kunne den aivayen teet fom dach helyedach habe. Na dowt freidyde ons dan uk emma shratylich. Vuarom vist etj maungmoal nich yesheit; no shohl goane yintye doch aurnoa shehn, aivaheipt van ehna doaraun docht dowt zoh shvind aus ehna no hoos kaum, mustye ehna doch blohs vada oabeide. Ety veaye emma zohn foolpels. Furatye zaid ehnyemoal dowt vea voll goht toh zehne dowt ons Ohtye de oabeit nich opyebrocht haud.

Met Harry, deh en Aultnaiv dowt tyefai haud, vea vee nich toh zehya bekaunt. Heh veaye emma zehya frintlich vanve am hannevada moal tohzehne tyreaye, oba vee kaume doa mau aule poa yoa han veels dowt zoh veet auf vea. Met pead dead dowt toh lang, en de koa auntyrentye lohnd zity nich. Enn deh teet vowt dowt dead deh acht meel foare, vordve dowt knaup yevant en fezeffe meist vanve doa en fef-

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tean tvintig meeleshtund han shtoozde. Oba no Vinipety foare vea gauns vowt aundat. Dowlt pesead yevehnlig ehmoal det yóa, em hoavst, vanve tohm vinta entyehpe fuare. Vanve dan easht botem numa featean kaume, deh aul yetait en gauns glaut vea, tanktve deh Maxwell uk noch moal nop bot dartig. Obraum Broone aire yunges puchte emma ai Dodge Brothers kun fail baita dohne. Van zeh no Vinipety fuare dehdeze meistens fevefeatig Dowlt vea oba uk vowt bootayevehnliget. Zoh shtalde de meashte leed ai laive nich op shpel.

Deh reiz toh aivanaima vea emma vowt bezondret. Doa vort aul emma en

poa doag ferhai op rehdymoakt. En van deh dach dan shleeslig aunyeakoame vea, shtundve aul zehya teedig op (dowlt vea noch shtok deesta), zoh dowltve op loatste klok zas lohs foare kunne, om klok naiye doa toh zenne, van dowlt shtua oopyinty. Doa vea blohs ehnshtua en Vinipety, en dowlt vea Eetens. Nohai bood Hudzen Beh uk ehnt, oba doa kaum vee tohzaiye neenig han. Ons kaum dowlt emma zoh fai dowlt vea blohs fo deh huachnaizye enylenda.

Dergvag zul dowlt nich dreh shtund yedeat han deh tsastig meel toh foare, oba veels deh koa emma zoh foll vea, en vee zoh enyepakt en tohpyeknutst zaute, vordve daiye mehd. Dan hildve yevehnlig, opem haulven vach, bee en yevasset bosh aun, Ohm ons toh fetraide en de behn ootshtatye. Vee haudeye uk emma vowt tohm aite metyenoame, zest vudve bot medach toh hungriq yevorde zenne. Dan mustve uk yeedesmoal en dowlt bosh nengoane toh zehne auf doa vleicht bleivbaire ohda ville tyoashe fom zomma aivayeblaive veare. Na ausve dan aul onze zache bezorgt haude, yintyet vada lohs. Ausve dan bee Eetens nenkaume, vort uk aul fuats peenig betyityt en ootyezocht en aunyepaust en tridyelagt en vowt aundt aunyepaust en vada tridyelagt. Muratye en deh meyalle tritsteye dan emma en ehne shtreep no dowlt tseiq; no ketoon vortet eashte yezocht; deh veaye emma zoh shtraum en doabee doch billig. Dan bezageze en befelhe dowlt aula no de reay, vowtemma ze toh hohle tyreeye kunne. En van ze met aire opvaushheny nich zohragt fehle kunne, hildeze dowlt aun aire bake, auf dowlt uk veaty en glaut yenuag vea, en nich toh zehya shrobad. Zoh yinty dowlt dan toh bot medach. Don yinyeve noam tyefai, en doa vea deh aundra tynehz; deh vea uk emma zoh shaftig. Ausve yeyaite haude, beam rootgoane; tyreayve onze poa tsent oote fup en shoklat bar toh tyehpe. Doa vea oba ne tsimelye ootvoal, ehna vist nich racht vohnt ehna naime zul, deh zachetye aula zoh shmok. Na dan zaid deh tyenezh,

“Eet moa, eet moa”; Heh haud doch voll toh fail fon deh zort en vul deh yeare lohszenne. Na dan koftve ons yeeda en ‘eet moa’ en yinye freidig auf.

Bot noo haudve noch nusht yekoft, blohs aules ootyeprhofft en fezoacht. Noo zullet oba op earenst lohsgoane; noo vudet voll opem tynypsbeedel en bait dropaun koame. Don vort ehna oba en dowlt dowlt nich zoh leicht yedoane vea. Aus furatye en muratye easht ai vuat doabee laide, zagve aul dowlt vowt vee ons ootyezocht haude kunne nich aules habe. Ehnt vea toh dea, fon dowlt aundre haudeze nich de rechtie tseiz, det naigste vea toh prost en kakanaksh yemoake, ohda zach no toh en grohten ootbunt. Na dan mustveye vada fon faire aunfange. On dowlt hehtye dan em tyala goane, vua, van zest uk nusht, vehns aules emma bilya vea.

No aul dehmm veave aul aula en bait feshtempt en brumsh yevorde. Maed veave uk, zoh dowlt en yeeda zity faishtale kaun voh dowlt den aivayen teet fom dach, en beam nohoosfoare, tohyegoane haft. Det baste ess voll doa goanig fon toh raide, ohda aivaheipt fon deh gaunse shmai feyaite.

En poa moal em zomma kaume de indeauna no ons prachre. Zeh fuare met en bogge deh meist tohpkuakst vanze aira feev ohda zas zity doanop pakte, on en peat vowt tohzaiye blohs knoakes en lada vea. Vee gauveye an yevehnlich vowt toh aite, ohle tylehda, en fohda fo aire shrug, en dan fuareze munta auf. Op an vort foake en bait raufyetyityt, aus vanze nich gauns folshtendye menshe veare. Onyefai ne feadel meel fon ons hof vea ne holliny beezeed vach, en doa laideze zity dan benne doal en blehve aivanacht. Dan duadv aufze op latst enne nacht noch tridykoame vudde en vowt shtaile; zohvotahai vortye en emma tohyetroot. Deh angst vea oba feyaifs; vee zen neemoals enyevorde dowltze yehmoals ehryent vowt yenoame habe. Ve tyinya blehve foake bee grotfoadash toh nacht. En vanve ons dan moal nich shetylig opfehde, zaid grotmurtatye aul bohl zeh vud ons de indeauna yaive en dan vudve motte shtintykauteflehsh aite. Na dan veave oba fuats zehya shmok.

Ohste fon ons voande de fraunshohze. Met deh haudve oba mau veinig toh doane, veels vee nich fraunshesh raide kunne, en zeh tohzaiye tyehn enylesh, deetsh dan aul goanig. Deh ohmtyes kunne zity ehnyamoate en enylesh beraide, en met ai hauntoave en aules kunne ons meistens deetlich moake vowtze zaide; oba met deh tyinya, en aiva heipt noch met deh frooleed gauf dowlt blohs nusht. Furatye dead emma beeaun fehtyehpe en no Vinipety shippe en muak doamet hannevada en poa doala boa yelt. Enn zinoavent kaum ehna fon deh ohmtyes oppem hof en vul

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vehthe aufa nich aivakoame kun en shtety feh aufshatse, heh vul dowt fetyehpe. Na yo, dowt vudaye yeere dohne, oba veels dowt aul en bait loat vea, kun dowt fleicht vachte bot morye. Na dowt kunetye voll, oba nich fer ehnt nomedach, bot dan vea zeene teet fenoame. Na voh vul doch! Vovt hauda dan aum zindach fo drokigtyeite. Dan fetalda am kost dowt tean tsent fe yeeda zehl enne femeelye fe yeeda zindach dehnze fonne tyoaty toosblehve, en veelsa tvalf tyinya haud, met am en de froo, kost am dowt en doala-featig, en zoh reev vea am dowt yelt nich dowta dowt leiste kun. Na fer ehnt vudye dowt zoh vee zoh nich voare. Vanet shehn vea vudve fleicht zelfst no tyoaty foare. Oba zoh shtreny vea dowt bee ons doch nich dowtse ehne beshtroafe vudde fo det nushtdoane. Danuk deadye onze tyoaty mau fon naiyer bot alv, on en ehne shtund kunve zehya leicht fon Shehntoal bot hoos koame. Oba doch met medach aite en aules kun dowt fer ehnt nich voare. Emmahan, dowt vort berait dowta ehryent ne teet zindach nomedach no ehnt koame vud zeen feh bezehne.

Deh feshyood kaum emma met zeen bogge foll fesh en dreh en tooshhaundel; heh vist aul fon ehya dowt vee neemoals yelt em hoos haude. Don zocht muratye

zity ehnen oot en frug vovta fe dehn habe vul. Ne duts aiya, zaida. Ausze am deh dan gauf, betyta zity deh aula no de reay, fon dicht bee. Dowt ehne bezacha noch noda, dowta zity dowt meist em uag shohf, en pooled doa en bait draun. Doamet bruak dowt oap. Don shtelpta zity dowt shvind em goryel dowt fon dowt yaile noch vovt delenyd zeenen langen boat opem buk nopranned. Loate dehd dowt zoh aus van dit racht earemoal peseat haud, veels zeen hamd en betyse zachtet tsimlig beylipst. Don zaida heh haudye mau alf aiya. Na zeh haudye am oba tvalv yeyaift; heh haudye dowt ehne ootyezoape. Na dowt vea yeplautst yevast en fo yeplautste aiya toalda nich. Zeh blehf oba op airen haundel shtoane. Dan vorta drinyent en zaid zeh must dan en tylandren fesh naimo. Zeh haud airen fesh oba faust toh hohle, en heh zach aul dowtze dehn nich zoh leicht opyaive ved. Shleeslig gaufa no, pakt op en peatyt auf, voll aul en bait fedrisling, aus dowt ootzach.

Heh vea oba uk nich ehmoal zeaya goht yelaunt. Zeen fekoamnet foatig (dowt zachtet meist zoh aus de indeauna ait) zul voll tyehna aunsheare. Vanve moalen tyelahn bait toh dicht bee kaume, feistada ons uk aul bohl doafuat. Ehmoal blehfa bee ons tohnacht. Dowt vea yroats enne drashteet. Deh op-shtoaka, dreh russe, dehde uk bee ons shloape. Op deh veara noch seha dolla mestroosh aus op ons. Dan shtalda zity fere sheenedai han, vuara zeen bogge nenyefeat haud, en paust op dowt uk tyehna doa dicht bee goane vud. Zoh shtuna doa dan, bot yeeda ehna shloapeyegoane vea. Mau don berooiyda zity en yinty uk toh bad. Ausa vovt yeshloape haud vist ehna nich, oba teedig tsemorgest, ehya ehryent en aundra zity read, veara uk aul vada op, doch voll no zeene zache optohpause.

Aus meene zesta enne tyaity yinty frehshtity toh moake, shtunyze doa en shtaund, met uage, naiz en mool groht oapyeraite, aiva dowt vovtze doa zach. Doa zaut deh yood met tyelene dohstyes aum shtearn en omem oarm yeshnalt, en veifeld met deh heny rom, en vehs fon teet toh teet no deh dohstyes, en blehf bee ehne shveitre. Na don vort ai shnet; zeh ylehvd heh vea yevess dvaush yevorde. Don randze em hoos nen en fetald de ellre vovtze doa yezehne haud, en vul han zeh zulle metkoame; ai vea angst aulehn met zohn tyarpa enne tyaity toh zenne. Na dan trehst furatye ai, doa vea nusht toh fergte; zeh zul mau rooig tridy no aire oabeit goane; deh yoode vea yroats en zeen morgyebaid, en vana doaren feteeft vea, vuda aivaheipt nich maotye vanze doa romvirtshofte vud.

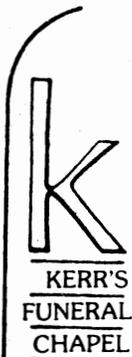
Yoodeoant vea vada en gauns aundra tyeadel. Vanze uk beid yoode veare, oba deh unyasheht teshen an vea aus dach

en nacht. Heh shpoast en lacht emma met en yeedren, en vud uk bohl vaim met zeen latstet tsent yetroot habe. Heh haud en Rozefelt en shtua, en veels de meashte leed nich zoh foake no shtaut kaume, fleeda zeen voage fon teet toh teet foll zache fom shtua, en fua doamet de noabashoft runt den haundel noa aire daire toh bringe. Dan pausta dowt emma zoh auf, dowta bee ons toh medach vea. Heh vistye fon ferhai dowt furatye am neemoals fo dowt shrugefohda shnald, en tohdehm shmatyt am muratye ai aite, en bezondash aire bultye, uk zoh shehn. Dowt gauf ehne vertlig ne freid zohnen yezunden opteet auntohzehe, vana doa beem desh zaut en enshefeld. Furatye tyraiyeid am maungmoal aufa uk vist vovta aut; heh zulye doch nusht aite vovt fom shveen kaum; dowt veaye fo an aules orein. Na mehnda, dit aite veaye doch aules met gaunzfatz yemoakt, nich soh? zaida, ausa muratye auntyity om en bait beshtemmunk. Zeh said oba nusht, shmoostad blohs en bait, en leht am doabee; zeh vulye am deh freid nich fedauve.

Oba en yeheeriyen haundel kunna doch noch aundreye. Dowt vea yroats enne enmoaksteet, en ons faild en zak tsoka. Ausa dowt easht envort funka oba fuats zehya aun toh shachre. Deh zulye oba bee en zas saiven doala koste, en zoh fail yelt haudve nich. Na haudve dan fleicht nich vovt aundat toh fetoshe. Yo, zaid furatye, vee vuude onze ohle bunte aufshoane, aufa uk feh naum. Yo, yo, zaida, heh naum ehryent vovt em toosh. Don yintya zity deh koh betyitye. Deh vea oba zoh moaga, dowtze bee de denniny meist tohpklaupt. Na heat leed, fo zohne tyemp kunna oba doch nich en gaunsa zak tsoka yaive! Haudve nich noch vovt aundat doa bee toh laiye? En don zacha doa beezeed koh ai kaulf shtoane; vulve dowt nich uk fehaundle? Na yo, oab dowt vulve noch easht en bait opmaste. Na vanve dowt doabee shmehte, haudve ons en hundatpundyen zak tsoka enyehaundelt. En don zaida mearemoal hinyrenaunda, 'Ne zekel sooger fe ne koo en ne kalp', aus van dowt zeen latstet aunyebot vea. Na dowt vea furatye oba doch meist toh oag, tveh shtety rintfeh fo ehn zak tsoka? Dowt zachye zoh dom! Ons faild de tsoka oba zoh nehdyg dowta tohgauf. Noo haudye vee ons tsoka, en heh haud zeen 'koo en ne kalp'.

Noo felt me dowt bee dowtet uk noch en dreda yood gauf. Kohlen shaudye zity enne shtaut Tynals Faire ai shtua yekoft. Oba deh veaye uk nich zoh opfaulent. Fom shachre hauda nich fail vovt aun zity. Van ehna doa nen kauru, shtunta yevehnlig hinya zeenen desh, met de oarems aivrem buk yefolgt en tyity ehne zoh eaboa aun aus varia doamet mehnd toh zaiye tyehp shvind vovt doo vest en dan root met dee. Ohla

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vanet em vinta vea, kun ehna zity aun dehn ditybukyen koaleoave easht en bait opvoame ehya ehna rootyinty. Toh deh ellre leed vearaye voll uk gauns aundash. De meashte kofteye doa aule yoa meare doala veat en shrehve daut emma aun. Vanze dan easht yedrasht haude, betoaldeze deh shult en funge vada fon faire aun. Oba en tyinyafrint veara nich! dehn yood, mehn ety.

Na doa haveye dan dreh yoode; tveh brumshe en ehnen shaftyen, voll nich en zehya gohden derchshnet.

Mee vea dowt earemoal en roatsel vuarom zeh emma manke tyriste haundle kaume, ohda vuarom deh tyriste emma no an trolde vanet tohm haundle kaum; en releyehze zache veareze doch zoh veet ootenaunda. En dowt yroats shtead ehnen dowtze nich aun onzen Heilaunt ylehvde, en dowt vee doavaiye eantlig nusht met an toh dohne habe zulle. Dowt veaye doch zoh kloa en deetlich enne beebel beshraive voh dowt aula pesate vea en noo uk zenne zul. Zeh musteye doch met en dombeedel beklopt zenne vanze dowt nich aunnaime en ylehve tyenne ohda vulle.

Na dowt essaye dochvoll zoh aus dowt doamoals em temple yinty; vanet easht tohm yelt moake tyempt, ess releyohn gauns nailbenzach. Dowt failt blohs dowt Yesus moal vada tyempt deh shmai optohreeme. En vanet no Herbert Armstrong zeene raid yait, ess deh teet uk voll bohl doa.

Em nuade fon ons veare deh Preise. Deh veareye oba nich toh beduare. Zeh raideye ne oat deetsh, koodavoalsh auset uk vea, zoh haulf plaut en haulf huachdeetsh. Ehna must blohs en bait dolla horche dowt toh beyreepe, aivaheipt noch vanze moal en bait boazig kvautshte. Oba van Gott zity zohracht doahinya laid, vudaye doawt auf feshtoane.

Doa vea en Yoakop Rampel (nich ons onkel fon Aumstadaum; dizza kaum fon Rozenuat, bee Morris), deh fetald mee am haud dowt uk emma zoh yegoane ausa en tylehna benyel yevast vea: voh vud dowt met kveen Victoria pesare; zeh veaye doch zohne gohde tyehniyin; toh shoad dowtze oba nich deetsh kun. Don hauda shpaita oba yeheat dowt zeh fonne deetshe femeelye shtaumd, en dowt ai ohmtye uk en deetsha vea. Na dan veaye ai nusht vach; dan vudzeye doch uk yenaiv em himmel koame. Na noo tyeve aul zehne dowt doa noch aundere ontelye menshe zen aus blohs deetshe, en dan essaye ehna vada botem zorye.

Na — fleicht haft Pehta doa fere puat uk aul ne deetshe shohl yeboot, dowt zohne deh nusht deetsh vehte, doa no shohl goane tyenne, en deh vovt ai deetshet hea op ead en bait feshloft habe, dowt doa en bait opfreshe tyenne ehya zeh nengoane.

— Ohtye.

Sibirisches Tagebuch, 1915-1920

Herr Arthur Woelcke, geburtig Schönsee im Danziger Werder lebte mit seiner Frau, Käthe, in Lübeck, West-Deutschland. Er starb im April 1977.

Vor einigen Jahren schrieb er auf Bitten seines Sohnes seine Erinnerungen über den 1. Weltkrieg nieder. Er betitelte seine Aufzeichnungen: "Erinnerungen eines alten Mannes."

von Arthur Woelcke

(bearbeitet von U Woelcke)

Der 1. Weltkrieg ueberraschte mich in Berlin, wohin ich mit einem Freund gefahren war. Die Aufregung ueber die Kriegserklaerung an Russland war unbeschreiblich. Die einstoekigen Busse fuhren voll besetzt mit jubelnden Menschen den "Kurfuerstendam" und "Unter den Linden" auf und ab. Die da jetzt jubelten — es waren meistens junge Leute — ahnten damals nicht welche fuerchterlichen Schrecken ein Krieg mit sich bringt.

Ich gehoerte damals auch zu den Jungen, war ich doch erst 25 Jahre alt, und wie viele andere, konnte ich es kaum abwarten Soldat zu werden. Nach meiner Rueckkehr aus Berlin in mein Heimatdorf Schoensee, machte ich mich bald wieder auf den Weg und wurde dem 5. Grenadier Regiment zugewiesen. Nach mehrwoechiger Kriegsausbildung in Marienburg ging's an die Ostfront.

Mein erster Einsatz war nur von kurzer Dauer. Beim Durchkaemmen eines Waldes in Ostpreussen — die Russen sassen in den Baeumen — erhielt ich einen Schulterschuss. Im Lazarett von Brieg wurde ich von den "Grauen Schwestern" gesund gepflegt. Kurz vor Weihnachten 1914 kam ich zum Ersatzbataillon nach Marienburg und wartete auf weiteren Einsatz. Zu Weihnachten gab es ueberraschenderweise einen kurzen Heimaturlaub, und da ich meine Eltern von meinem Kommen nicht rechtzeitig unterrichten konnte, ging ich in der Weihnachtsnacht die 20 Kilometer zu Fuss nach Hause, wo ich mit grossem Jubel begruesst wurde. Vor dem Schlafengehen gingen der Vater und ich mit der Stall-Laterne in den Stall. Friedlich standen die Pferde an den Krippen, hin und wieder ertoente ein leises Klappern der Halfter. Die Fahrpferde wiewerten ganz leise, sie wussten, jetzt gibt's noch einen Mietz

Hafer. Die Kuehe lagen geruhsam kauend im frischen Stroh. Das war wirklicher Friede in dieser Weihnachtsnacht 1914. Damals ahnte ich nicht, dass dieses fuer viele Jahre das letzte Weihnachtsfest im Kreise der Eltern und Geschwister sein sollte.

Ostfront — Januar 1915. Der deutsche Vormarsch war zum Stehen gekommen, und wir lagen den Russen in Schuetzengraeben gegenueber. Wir waren uns so nahe, dass einige Uebermuetige den russischen Graben mit Steinen bewarfen. Einer der Leichtsinigen musste seinen Uebermut mit dem Leben buessen, als er seinen Kopf zu hoch ueber den Grabenrand steckte. Ein russischer Scharfschuetze beendigte den Krieg fuer ihn. Auch fuer mich sollte der Krieg bald zu Ende sein: Am 27. Januar 1915 traten die Russen auf breiter Front mit vielfacher Uebermacht zum Angriff an. Unsere nur duenn bestetzten Verteidigungsstellen wurden von den Russen ueberrollt, und ich wanderte auf ungewisse Zeit in die Gefangenschaft.

Auf dem Gefangenesammelort — Warschau — wurden wir gruendlich "gefloecht". Das heisst, man nahm uns alle Wertsachen wie Uhren, Ringe und Messer ab, pferchte uns in Gueterwagen und dann ging die Reise in's Ungewisse los. Die Gueterwagen hatten einen grossen eisernen Ofen in der Mitte und rechts und links zwei Pritschen — eine unten, eine oben. Ich hatte das Glueck die obere Pritsche zu erwischen: erstens steigt die Hitze nach oben und dann hatte ich den Ausblick durch das Wagenfenster. Durch dieses Fenster konnte ich mir Russlands Weite ungefaehr vorstellen. Wir fuhren durch unendliche Birkenwaelder, an Moskau vorbei, durch den Ural bis nach Nowo Nikolajewsk (jetzt Nowo Sibirsk). Hier wurden wir ausgeladen und nach sich vielfach wiederholendem Abzaehlen (die russischen Wachen hatten Schwierigkeiten ueber "ras, dwa und tri" hinauszukommen) in erbaermlichen Erdbaracken untergebracht. Diese Barcken stammten noch aus dem russisch-japanischen Krieg und, wie der Name schon sagt, sind in die Erde hineingebaut und nur das Dach war zu sehen. Licht gab es kaum und waehrend die Aussentemperatur minus 30 Grad C bis minus 40 Grad betrug, war es innen

in verbrauchter Luft feucht-warm und zum ersticken. Wenn man von den Brettern, die im Gang lagen, abkam versank man bis an die Knie im Schlamm. Die Gefangenen starben zu hunderten und manche wurden wahnsinnig, liefen in den tiefen Schnee hinaus, verfolgt von den Kosaken mit ihren "Nagaikas" (Knuten). Da die Leichen im Winter nicht begraben werden konnten wurden sie, gefundenes Fressen fuer die Ratten, vor den Baracken aufgestapelt.

Zum Glueck blieben wir nur kurze Zeit in diesem typhusverseuchten Verliess und wurden dann in einer ehemaligen Markthalle untergebracht, wo ein riesengrosser schwarzer Ofen fuer ausreichend Waerme sorgte. Auf ihm tauten wir den Schnee auf, um uns einigermaßen sauber zu halten. Die erste und intensivste Beschaeftigung nach dem Aufstehen galt der Durchforschung des Hemdes nach Laeusen. Viele, die nicht auf Sauberkeit hielten, waren uebersaet von diesen lieblichen Tierchen.

Das Essen war jaemmerlich und am besten schmeckte noch die "Kascha Kapusta" (Kohluppe). Fand man ein Fleischtueckchen in dieser sehr waesserigen Suppe war man selig.

Eines Tages hatte ich unewartetes Glueck. Heutzutage ist so etwas schwer zu verstehen, aber damals hatten wir als Kriegsgefangene mehr Bewegungsfreiheit als wie es im 2. Weltkrieg der Fall war. Auch war es Zivilisten erlaubt die Lagerinsassen zu besuchen. Mein Glueck also begann folgendermassen:

Ein Tscheche, auch Kriegsgefangener, fragte mich, ob ich daran interessiert waere 'Maedchen fuer alles' (handy-man) bei einer russischen Familie zu sein. Ich fiel ihm vor Freude beinah um den Hals, Und ob ich wollte!"

Am naechsten Tag wollte er mich der Familie vorstellen. Ich kratzte also meine letzten Kopeken zusammen und liess mich rasieren. Vom Feldweibel erhielt ich Genehmigung das Lager zu verlassen. Ich konnte den naechsten Tag kaum abwarten. Schon frueh stand ich auf, um den Tschechen auch nicht zu verpassen.

Fortsetzung folgt

Johannes Harder, Deutsch-Mennonitischer Schriftsteller und Prediger besucht Kanada gegenwaertig. Er predigt in der Ersten Mennonitengemeinde am 8. November und in der Sargent Ave. Kirche am 15. November. Er wird vielen unserer Leser bekannt sein durch sein Buch, Wologda's Weissen Waelder (ins Englisch von Al Reimer uebersetzt).

Another word book?

The following article has two purposes: 1) To provide a little bit of Mennonite history, and 2) to give those Low German writers who read the article to respond with their version of the spelling of Low German words. I am planning to publish the second edition of a Low German *Waed Bui' ak* in about a years time. Responses by serious writers of LG will be taken into consideration and their suggestions regarding LG orthography may well influence my approach to this second edition.

Ejk hae'ad korts ne intressaunte jeshicht aus ejk mie met en poa oolash en Morden too kofe dol sad. Dee fetalde mie woo see haude enn Sied-Russlaunt met sied-warm, ooda sied-ruipe jebui'at fer de 1820 joare. Mie wea'a daut waut nies e doa määje noch aundre senne dan daut kunn nies senne.

Ejk woa ju dan berejcht soo jäwe aus hee mie daut fetald: "Sied seijch wea'a enn Sied-Russlaunt fäl wae'at fer dee 1920 joare waut hie'a enn Canada uk woll dee faul wea'a. Oba enn Russlaunt haude see sied-warm, ooda sied-ruipe, en see besorjde sijk met dise ruipe äa äjna sied twaerm. Dee ei'a, dee en sied-flotta haud jelajt opp en blaut papie'a wort toom winta em jkeelen jkalla opp bewoat. Doa honk daut aum jkalla bän bottem farjoa em jkeelen en em diestren daut dee uk nijch sulle uitbroode. Em farjoa, wan dee muilbää beem aunftunge loof too jkrie'e, dan worde dee ruipe äwadäl jeholt en enne sonn jelajt reed toom uitbroode.

Oba aesht en poa waed äwa muilbää beem dee ons hie'a framd senn. Dee sied-ruipe äare kosst wae's jenslich muilbää bläda. En muilbää boom haud hoadet, shtiewet, shtojket hollt en doafonn worde forjke-shtäls, hoajke-shtäls, hake=shtäls en maere aundre heltante sache jemoakt. Dee haud uk sheene bäare dee himbääre änljch senn. See säde daut riepe muilbääre shmajkte sea'a sheen. Toom jratsten deel worde dee bläda oba jebrukt dee sied-ruipe äaren optiet too shtelle.

Wan dee ei'e aesht aunftunge uit too broode dan läde see asta met loof opp daut papie'a en dan jinjk daut fräte loos. Enn poa doajg waere dee ruipe groot jenui'ach äare oabeit too doone en dee funge dan aun äare kokuns too shpenne. Wan dee kokuns aesht foadijch waere dan neeme dee frui' ess (dit saul senn maerendeels frui' ess oabeit jewasst) dee kokune en bakte dee met ne woame het. See leete en poa äwa toom riep woare daut daut mae'a ei'e jäwe kunn. Dan läde see fonn twintjich bott fiew-entwintjich kokune enn en ama met wota daut dee en bät aunwäjke kunne. Wan dee aesht waere opp jewäjkt dan wort

doabenne met en bassem eromm jepoakat. Dee enja sied leete loos fomm kokun en hilde faust aum bassem. Dee enja worde toop jenome en aum shpen-raut jehoakt en dan jinjk daut shpenne loos. Dise 20 bott 25 kokun draid jeewe en shtojka twaerm.

Dee kokuns dee see too sied jelajt haude worde opp en blaut papie'a jelajt. Bool word daut enj fomm kokun feijcht en dan jkeem doa en flotta eruit. Dee wae'a shwoafallijch en kunn nijch fläje. Dee flottad opp daut papie'a eromm en leet en lang shtijch ei'a hinja sijk. Wan dee aesht haud dee ei'a jelajt dan jinjk dee doot.

Dee kokuns dee äwa bleewe en dee see nijch brukte toom twaerm moake, shejkte see noo ne rejierungs-fabrik en doa wort doafonn sied jeshjponne. Dee frui' ess jkräje entwäda sied ooda boa jelt fe dee kokuns. Jeweenlijch neeme see siednet seijch en mui' ake sijk shtraume jkleeda.

Daut mott senne ne konnst jewast dee ruipe groot too jkrie'e. Wan dee wort nautet loof too fräte jejäft, ooda wan dee lofft too jkeel wae'a dan jinje dee ruipe doot."

Wan dee kofe shtund wea'a lenja jewast haud ejk jui en lenjren berejcht jejäft oba nui woa jie motte toofrad senn en jui met dit lajkabesjke bejnäje Herman Rempel, Box 901 Morden, Manitoba, R0G 1J0, phone 822-4009

CORRECTION

In the last issue of *Mennonite Mirror* (Oct. 1981) part of a sentence was left out from Jack Thiessen's story "Botschafter der Nacht" (page 23, column 3). For the sake of clarity we are reprinting the following paragraphs:

Wenn aber die Morgenroete naht und das Gewebe der Traeume aufzoesen beginnt, verziehen sich die Botschafter der Nacht lautlos und geschwind; verstohlen holen sie ihre Kunde ein, wickeln ihre Schriftrollen eilig zusammen und geben den Traumreisenden wieder preis, damt er sich erneut den Laestigkeiten und Verdrisslichkeiten des Lichts und des Alltags stellt. Und in der Art wie der Nun-Wieder-Wache das angeht, so wird er sich wohl dameleinst ebenfalls auch offenbaren, wenn es an ihm die Reihe ist sich Zukunfts-traeumenden kundzutun . . .

Auf dem Lande in Manitoba taten sich keine Tiefen in der Nacht auf. Traeume offenbarten nichts Gewesenes, weil die Erde brach an Traumgut liegt. Traumreisen bezogen Himmerlsrichtungen ein, teils von Oben, aber nie aus der Fueelle der Tiefe geschehener Ereignisse . . .

(Sorry, Jack. H.L.)

our word

The Mennonite Record of Alternative Service

Not long ago we Mennonites celebrated with fanfare and festival the centennial of our coming from Russia. This year marks another, less noted Mennonite centennial — the beginning of alternative service in Russia. When universal conscription was introduced in Russia in the early 1870s, a third of the Mennonites (some 18,000) emigrated to America. Those who remained agreed to an alternative service that called for Mennonite men to serve in forestry camps. The first such camp opened on April 1, 1881. Eventually there were eight forestry camps in which thousands of young Mennonites served four or three-year terms until the Revolution of 1917 disrupted the service.

1981 also marks the 40th anniversary of the Canadian C.O. camps in World War II, during which more thousands of Mennonite men bore witness to the Christian principle of nonresistance. Many of them were the sons of men who had served in the forestry camps or in the medical corps in Russia in World War I. It was entirely fitting that this fine record of Mennonite alternative service was recently honored in a "Service of Celebration and Commemoration" at Springfield Heights Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. It was a moving experience to see and listen to the nonresistant veterans of two wars bear witness to the noble ideals they followed.

Proud as we are of that tradition, however, we need to set it in proper perspective by asking ourselves some honest questions about it. The historical record reveals that we have not always lived up to our Christian witness of peace service. There are not only glaring gaps in the Mennonite peace witness, but outright denials of it in some places and periods. The Mennonites of Holland, for example, gave up nonresistance as early as the eighteenth century. In Prussia those Mennonites who felt strongly about nonresistance migrated to Russia. The rest were gradually forced to surrender their cherished rights of nonviolence until by World War I most German Mennonites served in the regular army.

Even in Russia the Mennonites were reluctant to translate their peace principle into alternative service until forced to do so by the government. The same has been true of the Mennonites of North America by and large. To be fair, the Mennonites of Europe often had no real choice. After 1938 no Russian Mennonite was granted the "luxury" of alternative service by the Communist regime. During the Nazi period the same was true for Mennonites in Germany. The stark alternative in both countries was prison and/or the firing squad.

We need to remind ourselves also that there have been some sad lapses of our peace position even in Mennonite communities where the freedom to exercise nonresistance did exist. In early Prussia a young Mennonite was excommunicated for having joined the army and fought at the Battle of Waterloo. The military activities of the Self Defense

during the Russian Civil War form a dark chapter in our recent history. During World War II young Mennonites joined the American and Canadian military services in record numbers. In Canada there were actually more Mennonites serving in the armed forces than in the C.O. camps (about 8,500 to 7,000), although many Mennonite soldiers served in non-combatant units. In Steinbach alone there were about 120 Mennonites who bore arms in WWII, with one family having no fewer than six sons in the regular army.

The historical evidence suggests, then, that our record of nonresistance is not nearly as spotless and unwavering as we like to think. We can, of course, take some comfort in the fact that where circumstances have permitted us to take a peace stance or to take refuge in alternative service the majority of us have done so with Christian conviction and consistency. But it cannot be denied that we have also tended to be complacent about our pacifist beliefs, to take them very much for granted when there was no threat to them. There is little evidence to suggest that Mennonites in Prussia, Russia or even here in America — until World War II at least — took much trouble to give their children a solid grounding in the religious basis and practice of the Anabaptist principle of brotherly love and nonresistance. It was often a principle more honored in the breach than the observance.

In recent years there has been a conscious attempt on the part of many Mennonites in our free society to return to the pure principles of Anabaptism in order to cope with such issues as peaceful protest movements and even taxation for military spending. We should all respect the courage and insight of such enlightened and dedicated Christian Mennonites. Unfortunately, they do not constitute a clear majority of our brotherhood. Everywhere we see well-intentioned but unreflecting members of our churches who happily support military-minded political parties and their defense budgets, who endorse capital punishment without compunction and who talk callously about "teaching the Commies a lesson" or "those Arabs" or "Jews", or whatever.

Perhaps our peace stance, along with our bodies, is becoming a little flabby from the high standard of living we enjoy in this country. Material success has a way of undermining spiritual values and principled conduct without our even being aware of it. We have so much to protect by now — even more than our fathers and grandfathers in Russia during the Revolution.

What we need to protect above all else, however, are the Anabaptist traditions of Christian service to others and creative nonresistance in all phases of our lives.

This centenary is a reminder that we have from time to time at least managed to translate our ideals of peace into purposeful action. They were hard-fought victories. We must never forget our tradition of fighting meekly by turning the other cheek.

— Al Reimer

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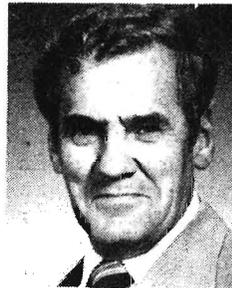
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