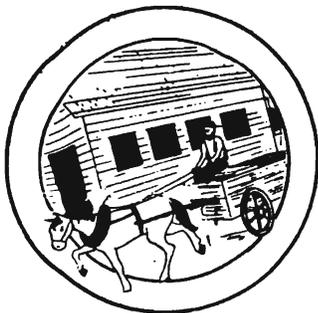


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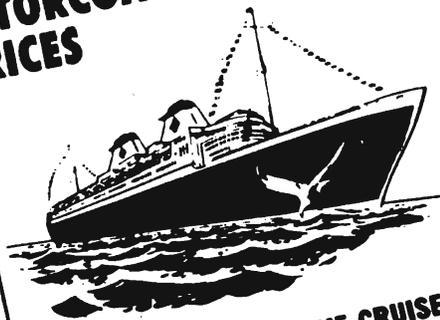
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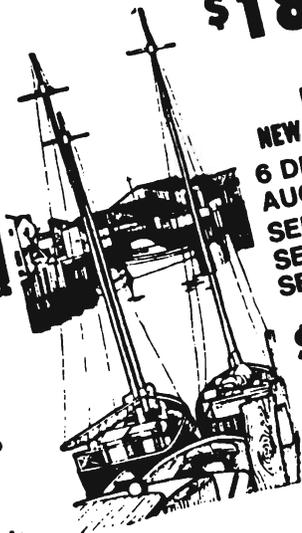
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ForeWord

Your attention is drawn to the cover: the photographs are by John L. Ruth and were provided to the *Mirror* as part of a promotion for a documentary film on the Hutterites. The TV documentary was produced by Buller Films Inc. of Nebraska and is called *Hutterites: To Care and Not to Care*. It is reviewed by Al Reimer on page 15, who says it is a sympathetic and sensitive portrayal of Hutterian life.

It is not necessary to comment on every item in this month's issue, but your attention is drawn to:

The Indian, another pioneer episode by Rhinehart Friesen, is an interesting exploration of Mennonite attitudes towards the Native people. Indeed, one can even recognize vestiges of the same attitudes to Indians in our time.

Armin Wiebe has been the focus of a lot of media attention in the past six weeks or so for his book *The Salvation of Yasch Siemens*. It's a book that mixes low-German and English to explore topics that will offend as many people as it delights. Included with a review of the book is an excerpt of a visit to Winnipeg.

There are an unusual number of reviews this issue; two about performances by Mennonite groups and three reviews of books.

Finally, a warning that next month's edition may be a little later than usual. We want to include the names of Mennonite graduates of Manitoba universities and colleges as well as elsewhere. Convocations are usually held at the end of May, right on our deadline, and so to be current we postpone the publishing day. You are, of course, welcome to contact us with the name of a graduate in your family, especially if he or she is graduating outside Manitoba.

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mennonite mirror

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the poet's word

Fit for the Kingdom

It was an old pulpit,
hand hewn planks
painted white
and peeling,
worn smooth and bare
at the edges
where farmer preachers
had gripped the gospel reins,
their calloused hands
conveying the strength
of their convictions.

Guiding the sharp
two-edged sword
they watched their congregations
turning over truth
in furrowed brows
and though tempted to look back
they plodded on,
their hands upon the plow.

— Alma Barkman

The fragile thread of love

The fragile thread of love
can be so innocently severed
by a wrong word
or a thoughtless gesture
Initiating a Herculean task
to recapture the relationship
without tearing the fabric.

— Betty Dyck

I CAN LOVE WITH MY SOUNDS

I can love with my sounds:
teeth-chattering wind, lost,
hunting for the warmer south
knocks on my window;
the clock, comfortable as a familiar voice,
ticks in the next room;
the pages I turn ruseel
until tires crush snow-covered cement,
the car stopping in the garage,
the dying motor,
car door closing,
kitchen door opening
and your kiss closing my book.
I am in love with my sounds.

— by Elmer Suderman

Was Jesus A Loser

My name is Joseph Daniel
I've come here to be free
My home is a sheltered doorway
Main street my family tree
I stand out on your corners
I pass you on the street
my soul is fatherless
my body's motherless
what does it mean to me

Would you have loved a loser
named Jesus on the tree
Or would you have loved
a cleaned up Jesus
who lived successfully
and if you can love a loser
named Jesus on the tree
Then why in the name
of the seeker who came
must you turn away from me.

Liquor is my comfort
I'm numb with charity
Your icy stare of pity
your knowing look of glee
I focus on the windows
of shiny cars and see
you pass me by as I slip away
from my reality.

I have no other fortune
than the pain in my eyes you see
my children stare in terror
at the father who used to be
their mother was gone to another town
and their feelings die by degree
and we never know which is up or down
in our spiritual misery.

— by Clint Toews

Funeral for Aunt Helen

Such words of hope are spoken to her coffin,
Almost I look to see her sit up, shake
Awake his heavy-lidded eyes, that shared
Her girlhood sights.

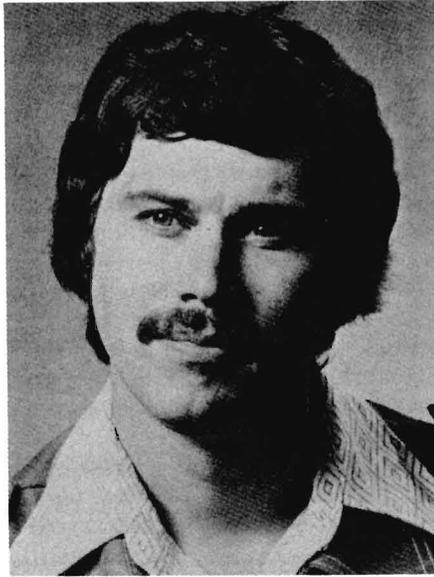
Yet she so calmly overlooks his slight,
Knowing now, far better than I can —
(than even he, hair streaked like hers) — that eyes
must practise rests.

She even bears with equanimity the wrinkled nose.
She guesses that it senses, under scentless flowers,
What is forever hushed from lively discourse, but
The failing nose detects.

Nor does she find offensive tufted ears
That do not hear her quiet words of praise and blame.
Forgiveness mantles lightly where these mighty antipodes
Become irrelevant facts.

So she unburdened now may glide in spheres
That may disturb his dreams, perhaps, as our Worlds roll
In massive revolutions, Christmas to Eastertide,
And leave no marks.

— Wilmer Penner



Sport reveals character, and may develop mind, body and spirit

by David Bergen

From the top of the bleachers in the Convention Centre, looking down into the gleaming hardwood floor of the basketball court, things are not what they seem. A spectator's perceptions are warped from this height. The referees are small and striped, scampering, ducking, dipping and watching as if in anticipation of an event bound to happen. It happens. Whistles blow, arms flail and this small basketball world learns of the latest foul, infraction or score from a man dressed in black and white. The players, their white socks pulled up to just below their kneecaps, their double-tied Nikes and Converse barking and squealing against the floor, call out picks, passes and patterns as they move from offense to defense and back again within the span of thirty seconds. And the coaches. Martin Riley leads the University of Manitoba Bisons. He looks anomalous in brown slacks, a sweater and street shoes. He should be on the court in basketball togs, shooting, driving and scoring. The Bisons could use him. They are losing at half-time 55-26.

The University of Winnipeg Wesmen coach is Bruce Enns. His team is playing well. It seems. Dressed in a dark suit Enns sits on his far right hand side of the bench, his elbows on his knees, his hands moving from his forehead to his lap. He frowns a lot — at himself, at the

referee, and at the players. Sometimes when the Wesmen make a mistake he scowls. Only sometimes.

Again from the top of the bleachers the game looks smaller than life, almost inconsequential. One spectator remarks that there is a dead spot at the U of M foul line. Bloop. Yup, there it is. During a time-out the Wesmen huddle. The players rub sweaty shoulders and drink water from a one-gallon no-name-brand vinegar bottle. Enns is in the middle of the circle wagging his finger at #42 Will Parker.

After the time-out the Wesmen move from a full-court to a half-court press. The fans appear bored but this is not anybody's fault; it just happens. The spectator who discovered the dead spot breaks off a yawn as #54 for the Wesmen, Gord Tucker, slams the ball. This singular move appears not so much to change the perceived as the perceiver. The spectator stands and moves closer to court level, where the rim is ten feet from the floor. Tucker is 6'6", and from that level probably everything is much less Lilliput-ish and more important. Enns thinks so. Of course he still has friends who ask him what he's going to do when he grows up. Certainly not an uncommon view but perhaps a view held by those people at the top of the bleachers, those people looking for

dead spots, seeing everything "down there" as smaller than life, bored with something they really don't care to understand.

Bruce Enns wanted to play professional baseball. Not attaining that dream he stuck with what he loved: sports. In his office, wearing black sweats, he looks smaller than when he wears a suit and tie during games. He is not frowning now and welcomes the opportunity to talk about sports. This is his eleventh year at the U of W. Before joining the Wesmen he was an MCC worker for two years in Jordan and taught for a number of years at the Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute. He talks about his high school experience: "I miss the sense of community I had at MBCI. We had something we all believed in common. Now, here at the university, all we have is the common goal of basketball."

Still, he feels basketball is a team sport which requires co-operation and community. "This is what I dislike about football," he says. "It is very corporate. The quarterback directs everyone else."

Enns feels that basketball allows for individual initiative within the group setting. Improvisation evolves from the structure of five players working toward a common goal. Enns feels that team

play depends upon the coach.

He says: "The coach is the most important factor involved in how a team plays but the players must help." Enns feels players must develop a blend between speed and control, a mixture of individual self-expression and the need for restraint.

"We have had very few selfish players," Enns says. "Certainly our players have very large egos but they are not selfish."

A common misconception, according to Enns, is that sport helps to develop character. "I'm not building character," he says. "This is the typical view. I really tend to feel sport reveals character."

Enns feels that it is not so much being a Mennonite as being a Christian that affects his coaching. While his Mennonite background makes him want to excel he also says that he is using the talents God gave him.

Enns responds sharply to the suggestion that sports are merely a break from something more important. Says Enns: "That is a very limiting statement. For example, in education try and find the most important subject. Every kid is attracted to certain subjects. Some are attracted to sports. I would never go into

basketball if it was just a visceral activity." Enns emphasizes that basketball requires a three-dimensional person, someone who incorporates mind, body and spirit.

It is possible that the team itself reveals more about the coach than his own ideas and words. Enns' ideal is that no one player dictate the style of the team. A quick glance at his team this year reveals no big names or even "big" players. Yet the team is doing "well" statistically and, according to their coach, doing well in attitude and performance also.

Enns believes firmly that basketball is not "mindless physical activity," nor is it physical training for the purpose of fit-

ness alone; rather that it is an activity as good or as bad as any other, but one that has the possibilities of developing mind, body and spirit.

mm

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The Indian:

A Pioneer Episode of 1874

by Rhinehart Friesen

Margaretha regarded the Serei in which they hoped to survive their first winter in Canada and sighed as she thought of the home they had left behind. In Russia they used the term, *Serei*, to describe a temporary shelter such as the men might put up when they stayed overnight in the bush when they went for timber. What Jacob and Peter had built here as a semi-permanent home for the two families was not much more substantial. First they had dug a rectangular hole several feet deep. Over this they erected a V-frame of closely spaced poles lashed together at the top and firmly fastened in the ground at the bottom. Outside they had made this as windproof as they could with whatever they could lay their hands on including sods for the lower few feet and a thick layer of thatch of reeds and grass. The inside of the walls were rough boards. There had not been time to saw enough boards for the floor so it was simply packed clay. Except for two small windows most of the materials were made on the spot. A curtain hanging in the centre of the Serei for part of its length was the only provision for privacy between the two families. Some of their neighbours had built a more solid Simlin, with vertical sod walls and a flat sod roof. In their Darp (village) none had built a log cabin because time did not permit. She looked out of the window at the Schwartz's Simlin next door.

"Jacob, there's somebody outside."

"Who is it? Why doesn't he come in? And why do you look so frightened?"

"It's not one of us. I think it's an Indian. And he's just standing there as if he doesn't know what he should do next."

"Let me see." Jacob stood up and stepped in front of her to look out of the tiny window. He had to step back and wipe the window which fogged up when he breathed against it so close up. It was a frosty November morning, not yet winter as there was almost no snow but the ground was solidly frozen. The Serei was comfortable because of the fire in the new iron stove. "You're right. It is an Indian. He has an old ox hitched to one of those noisy high-wheeled carts we've seen several times since we came here. He's just standing there as if he was lost in this world."

"D'you think he is? Lost, I mean?" asked Anna, Margaretha's sister.

"Indians never get lost," said her husband, Peter, who had joined the others and was trying to get a look out of the window. "But he doesn't belong here. We were told that a few years before we came they were given a reserve of land the same as we were. That was so that the white settlers could make most of the land more fruitful without interfering too much with the way the Indians have always lived. It's the same as when our people moved to Russia. Catherine the Great told us not to convert our Russian neighbours to our religion or way of life. It's better if different kinds of people keep to themselves, otherwise they'll even marry each other and get all mixed up."

"I wish he'd go away," said Anna. "I'm afraid of him. Why does he just stand there like that?" The apprehension had spread to the children who stopped their play and huddled around their parents.

"Maybe this is as far as he could go," Jacob offered. "His ox looks as if he's

about to drop of old age. Just look at how skinny he is."

"To me the Indian looks tired, too. And hungry. I think we should ask him if he needs help."

"But Margaretha," exclaimed Anna. "Would you bring him inside with all the children? Think of what he might do to them. And even if he didn't hurt them, he probably has lice or something they could catch from him. Remember how that happened so often with the Russians."

The Indian didn't look particularly clean; on the other hand neither did he look dangerous. He just stood beside his ox and looked about him and especially at the rude home. After a while it became clear that he intended to stay until they acknowledged him in some way. Margaretha finally broke the silence.

"He must be able to see us. It's not decent for us to stare at him this way. The breakfast prips (imitation coffee made of roasted grain) is still hot in the kettle. Take him a cupful, Jacob, to warm him up. And I'll get a bun, too."

Anna was still reluctant. "But try not to invite him in. Certainly don't let him outspan his ox because then you just can't tell how long he'll think he can stay."

So Jacob, with Peter to give him support, went out to see their unwelcome visitor. He appreciated the hot drink, finished off the bun in short order, and indicated his gratitude. Jacob tried asking him, "Are you cold? Hungry? Tired?" But it was obvious he didn't understand.

"Maybe if we could talk English," Peter wondered. But when they tried, "Good day," and the few other English

words they knew, they still drew a blank. However, although their words meant nothing to him nor his to them, they nevertheless achieved some degree of communication.

"Although you could hardly call him jolly, he seems friendly enough," Jacob observed. The Indian turned to his ox but not, apparently, with the intention of leaving.

"Is he going to unhitch?" Peter wondered. "Let's not let him because putting the ox in the stable suggests that he can also come inside and that is more of a welcome than I want to give him."

"No, he's not unhitching. He seems to be trying to tell us something about the ox. Does he want hay or feed? It's easy to see that the poor animal needs something. How can we tell him that we don't have enough ourselves to see us through the winter?"

The Indian led the ox close to Jacob and put the reins into his hands. Then he stepped back a few paces and made some gestures they didn't understand. "Does he mean he wants to give you the beast? I've heard they're very generous with gifts, especially when they're trying to make friends."

"I can't understand his words any better than he can understand ours, but by the way he's holding out his hands and motioning with them it almost looks as if he wants us to give him a gift in exchange."

"He's showing us that his pouch is empty. Jacob, that's his money bag. I've got it! He wants us to pay him for it."

"I think you're right. He wants to sell, but we'd be crazy to buy. We need more animals of all kinds, but that disreputable beast is hardly one to start our herd with. Besides, we don't have enough feed even for the few we do have. After the winter is over we'll have to see what we can buy but in the meantime we have to save our little bit of money as carefully as we can."

"We don't even have room for it in the small Serei we built as a stable," Peter agreed. "We might be able to repair the cart, though."

The Indian seemed to catch on that they understood what he wanted. He intensified his gesticulations suggesting he wanted something to put into his empty pouch.

"The cart might be of use to us but I would far rather have a proper wagon with four wheels," Jacob objected. "And the ox is completely hopeless. It would probably not live through the winter even in a warm stable and with good feed."

"We could kill it for the hide. There's

no meat on his bones but in this cold climate we'll have use for lots of hides for robes, or harness leather, maybe." Peter's tone was even less enthusiastic than his words. However, he continued. "Maybe he doesn't know that even hides are worth something. If he wants to nearly give it away why shouldn't we take it?"

"Peter, it's not right to take advantage of another person's ignorance. But what are we to do with this man? How can we convince him that we don't want to buy anything and persuade him to go home?"

At this the Indian lost some of his stoicism. Perhaps he understood more than they thought. At any rate he gesticulated more vigorously and spoke in a more urgent tone of voice, all seemingly appealing to them to make an offer. He concluded with a gesture that indicated if they would put something in his pouch he would go away.

"D'you know what?" Peter said. "If what he has is of absolutely no value to him then we are not taking advantage of him if we offer him less than it might be worth to others. Why don't you go inside and get a few dollars? If he accepts our offer we will have a bargain and if he doesn't, then at least we'll be rid of him."

So Jacob went back into the Serei for a few minutes while Peter sized up their prospective purchase more closely, being careful not to give the Indian the impression that he was at all eager to get it. When Jacob came back and held out five dollars to him, the Indian took it quickly, picked up a pack from the cart, and showing more liveliness than he had done up to that point, almost trotted off the yard.

Jacob and Peter watched in silence as he disappeared behind some bushes. Then Jacob spoke hesitantly, "I don't think I like what we've just done."

"Why not, Jacob? Surely you agree we got more than our money's worth. And we made him happy, didn't we? Where's the sin in that?"

They discussed their new possessions as they unhitched the poor old beast. They agreed there was no use trying to keep it alive over winter, especially as that would mean having to enlarge their temporary stable. As nothing was to be gained by waiting, they decided to slaughter it at once. It was cold enough that the meat would freeze quickly and to guard against spoilage from milder weather in the next few weeks they could pack it in ice from the creek which was already well frozen.

While they skinned and dressed the

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Oata and Yasch by Winnipeg in the Cellar

by Armin Wiebe

(An excerpt from *The Salvation of Yasch Siemens*)

"Where want you to now?" I ask Oata.

"Winnipeg in the cellar."

I know she means to Eaton's and so we drive through all the cars with the yellow Honey Wagon behind and I drive real slow because I don't want to hook anything on and I don't want to drive any red lights through. So cars are honking us behind and it's almost like a wedding they so much noise make but I just drive slow because I know the way. I was here last year once. And we get there, too. But the guy in that parking place where you can drive your car upstairs doesn't like it when I want to park the Honey Wagon in there, but I show him that the tank isn't so high that it will hook on the roof and so he lets me through because there are already twenty cars honking after us. But the parking place is real full and we have to drive all the way up the roof before we can find enough room.

Oata is hungry now already and my stomach is hanging crooked, too, so after we go through the tunnel that is way up over the street we look in Eaton's for a place to eat. Oata sees it first, the sign 'Grill Room' and so we go in there and sit by one of those white tables. Some books with leather covers say what you can eat there and Oata says that she wants to try some of this French stuff and when she shows me where it says 'Filet Mignon' I almost fuh schluck myself because it will cost so much as

two twenty-fours, but then I remember that Ha Ha gave me money so I say sure, and I snap my fingers like we always do in the Neche beer parlor and this old lady with a white paper crown on her head and red lipstick comes running over and I say "Two fillet mig-nons please," and she writes with her little pencil on the little paper and she asks, "How do you want it done?" and I think a little bit and I say "Cooked" and Oata shakes her head up and down to show that she wants hers cooked, too. And the lady says "Soup or juice" and I say "Both" and Oata wants it like that, too, but when the lady says "What kind of dressing on your salad?" I don't know what to say so I ask, "What kind you got?" She says "French, Italian, Thousand Islands, and Oil and Vinegar." So I say right away "French" because we will eat French food, but Oata says "Thousand Islands" and when the little old lady has gone away Oata says to me that she picked Thousand Islands because when she was twelve she found a pen pal once in the *Free Press Weekly Prairie Farmer* that was from Thousand Islands by Ontario and she would like to go visit there some time.

Well, the lady brings the soup and the juice first and we quickly drink the tomato juice because we are real thirsty already. Then we eat the soup and the lady has brought us some biscuits in little plastic bags, too, and Oata puts them in her pink purse so we can eat

them if we get hungry in the store. The soup tastes pretty good, but the bowl is so small the spoon hardly fits in. Then the salad comes and my salad has this orange stuff poured on it and Oata's has some pinky stuff.

Then the Fillet Mig-non comes and all it is is some cow meat that isn't quite cooked because the blood still runs out and there is a big potato that is cooked with the peel on and then not even some gravy. But there is some butter so I smear it on the potato after I peel it and I say to Oata that at least they could the potatoes peel for us but she just smiles and I can see that she is happy for sure.

In Eaton's it is full with people, all women just, only some men, and you get almost dizzy trying to look them all on. Women with shorts on and red lips and toenails. Young thin girls with high heels and open toes and dresses that come only half to the knees or long dresses that they forgot to sew all the way up the sides so you can see the leg almost to the seat of knowledge. And one that we see when we go up the bale loader stairs has white pants on that are so tight and so thin that they look like they were painted on and you can see the red flowers on her underpants through the seat. And everyone has on lipstick, even old women like Muttachi. . . . So many women a guy could go crazy in such a place.

But Oata has me by the hand and she pulls me from one thing to the other and we look at everything, and sometimes when we see something we know we say "Look, that you can buy in Harder's store" or "Such they have at the Co-ops" or "Fuchtich Froese had such a cap on the picnic." We go all the floors through and we laugher ourselves good at the place where they just have panties and brassieres, so many colors yet like a whole crayon box full, and there is one of those women dolls that has on just a brassiere and panties that are made from soft fuzzy feathers like baby chicks have. And Oata says, "That would tickle, not?" And I tickle her a little bit on the side and she doesn't hit me with her pink purse.

We go all the floors up even to the last one where they have beds and such but we don't buy nothing and we start to go down. Then we get to the cellar, where we didn't go before and it's different from the other parts. There isn't so much lipstick here and not so many shorts and red toenails. And no women dolls. Soon I hear people talking Flat German, and I look and I see some people from Gna-denthal, then by the shoes I see some from Winkler. By the soft ice cream and hot dog place, when we stop there for some, we see some people from Rein-land and Rosengart and we talk them on a little while. It seems like half the cellar is talking Flat German. But then everybody goes to Winnipeg in the cellar.

But Oata keeps pulling me around like she is looking for something. Then all of a sudden she drags me over real fast to where there are Sunday suits for men.

"Yasch, you must yourself a new Sunday suit buy. How can you go to the church with me when you have on your Futtachi's old suit?" And before I can even swallow my spit to say something a man with gray hair who has his Sunday suit on and a yellow measuring string hanging his neck around comes and says, "Can I help you?" and Oata says, "He wants a Sunday suit to buy so he doesn't look like a schludenz when he to church goes." And the man says "Very well" and he takes me around the chest with the measuring string, and then around by my belt and he goes to a rack which is full with suits and he asks, "What color were you thinking of?" and I say "None" because that isn't a lie but Oata hurry says "Blue" and I can hear it from her voice that that isn't a lie. She has been thinking this out.

And before I can say anything more the storeman has hurried me into this little beckhouse to pull on these pants

that are a foot too long and don't have any cuffs even, and next I am pulling on a Sunday jacket and then the man is sticking pins and drawing with chalk and he says to take it off and I can pick the suit up on Monday.

"But church is Sunday already!" Oata says. The man looks Oata a little funny on.

"Are you from the country?"

"Yes."

"I'll see what I can do," and he goes a door out with the suit.

"How come we can't take the suit now?" I want to know.

"The pants have to be fixed up."

"Muttachi could do it."

"You want to look like a schludenz like you did by the funeral?"

The man hurries back to us and says, "The earliest they can be ready will be tomorrow afternoon."

"That's good," Oata says. "Church isn't till Sunday. We'll come tomorrow." I start to go away but Oata pokes me and says, "Yasch, you have to pay yet." Oh, yeah sure. Will I enough money have? Then I remember that Ha Ha paid me so I have lots of money. But when I finish paying for the shirt and tie, too, over half my money is gone.

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Heather's Castle

by Mary M. Enns

"Little girls are made of sugar and spice" . . . and by the time they're 12 just add another two ingredients — dreams and romance. Not always do their dreams come true, but in the case of Heather Boldt, of St. Catharines, Ontario, and granddaughter of Susan and the late John Unruh of Winnipeg, her romantic dream took shape before she actually had a chance to do a lot of wishing. Almost any castle has its own princess, but Heather is a very ordinary 12-year-old. However, there certainly is a great castle she feels she has a little bit of a share in. The \$2,000,000 Rhenish castle is empty of royalty. As a matter of fact it is empty of anything whatever. Forlornly it sits, large as life, on the top of a hill on Heart Island in the Thousand Islands Canadian-American resort area of the St. Lawrence River.

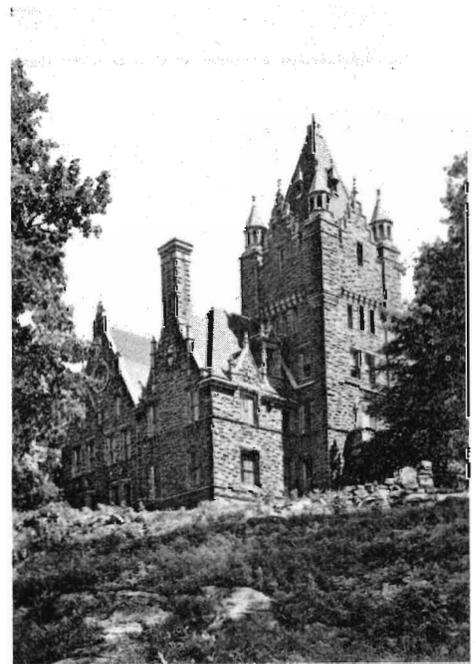
Boldt Castle was built long ago as a gift of love for his wife by George C. Boldt. Before it was completed, Louise Augusta died. Heartbroken, Boldt ordered all work on the castle stopped. He left and never returned to finish the project that had meant so much to him. Today tourists come and gaze at the unusual and beautiful castle standing in lonely, proud glory. A passenger boat takes them all around the 1,865 islands in this resort area of such spectacular scenic beauty.

That was how Heather's father and brother first learned about the castle bearing their own family name. Research revealed that its builder, George C. Boldt, was indeed distant kin of theirs. "He was our great (4x) grand-uncle," explains Heather today. Excited and intrigued, the young girl went to work to discover anything she could about the mystery of the abandoned castle on an island landscaped into the shape of a heart. She made contact with the granddaughter of George C. Boldt, Mrs. Baird, who had written the book *The Love Story of Boldt Castle*. Mrs. Baird suggested to Heather that she and

her mother and brother come to visit Boldt Castle and see for themselves. Believing the story to be exciting as well as significant, Heather wrote a school essay on it and entered it in various contests. The resulting prizes and awards simply added more excitement to an already captivating project, for certainly the story was the substance of which dreams are spun.

It happened around the mid-eighteen hundreds that George Boldt, a young, poor immigrant boy of 13 left the Prussian Island of Rugen in the Baltic Sea to emigrate to America. He worked in hotels as a bus boy and later as a check man in order to earn a living. George's big break came in 1876 when he got a job in Philadelphia working as a steward in the Clover Club. Eventually, he became rich and well-known. He met, courted and married Louise Augusta Kehrner, a girl 20 years younger than he. His most lavish gift to his wife was to be a castle patterned after those he had loved in Europe. It was built of granite and sand brought over in barges from George's own Oak Island. It was planned to be decorated with the finest of furnishings, crystal chandeliers in the ballroom, trees and shrubs and Chinese gardens outdoors. An underground bowling alley was to add to the entertainment of family and friends and the many employees who would live on the property. A great optimist, Boldt pointedly defied the number 13. The castle was to have 13 entrances, 13 elevators and his own suite of rooms was 1313 on the 13th floor. The lovely lagoon on the western end of Heart Island was to be stocked with swans. Bridges, lit by coloured lanterns, were to swing across the lagoon.

All this was to have been! Upon the sudden death of his beloved Louise, Boldt had all work stopped on his dream castle. When Heather came to see the castle many years later, she was enchanted, though today all that remains is the shell of the castle, sadly



marked by graffiti, the tourists' trademark. The view from the castle tower, however, is as magnificent as ever. Looking down one sees miles of lovely scenery along the shores of the St. Lawrence River. On the castle grounds are the summer houses, a pavilion, and a miniature castle Boldt had built as a playhouse for his children. The Thousand Island Bridge Authority is now making plans to restore Boldt Castle.

Another legacy Boldt left is the by now well-known and widely used Thousand Island Dressing. There appear to be many legends as to the origin of this dressing, all of them connected with George C. Boldt, at one time the owner of the Waldorf Astoria in New York and the Bellevue Stratford in Philadelphia. The story is told of his cruising on his yacht among the 1,000 Islands of the St. Lawrence River. His steward had come up with a new dressing for the salad at table. Boldt was so impressed with it that he began to serve it in his hotels and called it Thousand Island Dressing. The steward whose creation this was became internationally famous as Oscar of the Waldorf. This is his recipe:

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

1 cup mayonnaise
3 tablespoons chili sauce
1 teaspoon chopped green pepper
1 teaspoon chopped green olives
1 teaspoon chopped pimento
1 chopped hard-boiled egg
1 teaspoon chopped chives
salt and pepper to taste
Mix well and keep chilled in refrigerator.



observed along the way



by Roy Vogt

APRIL

by Roy Vogt

• Spring has finally arrived, a time of new hope and foolishness. What can be more foolish than a posse of potential political leaders criss-crossing the country, selling smiles, handshakes, expensive dinners — everything except concrete ideas on which one might judge what they might do if elected. Instead of going to political meetings we spend a quiet evening at home watching what I consider to be the funniest, and saddest, satire of North American social and political life that I have ever seen. I refer to the movie *Being There*, starring the late Peter Sellers, which is now available on video. The movie shows that in an era dominated by television, style is ten times more important than substance. A man with rice pudding between his ears may be taken seriously if he learns how to shake hands properly and never ventures beyond the realm of platitudes.

• One evening we become involved in a little bit of foolishness of our own, in front of the local airport. Having pulled up and parked before the Air Canada entrance, I misjudge the distance between our car and another pulling up alongside of us. As I open the driver door I hear a loud crunch; the back bumper of the other car hooks onto our door and flattens it up against the front fender. The other driver and I get out and walk grimly toward each other. We are startled to discover that we know each other, both loyal natives of Steinbach. Well, it wouldn't do for two Steinbachers to get angry at each other. We manage a faint smile, exchange the necessary information, and keep other possible thoughts to ourselves. Our body-shop repair man has no trouble smiling when I pull into his shop the next day.

• Several nice Spring days are spoiled by a new series of hearings into the home that we sold to an organization which hopes to develop a group home for moderately retarded adults. A num-

ber of our former neighbours continue to oppose this development. What we find most tragic is a strange alliance that takes place between those who seem to be primarily concerned about the possible deterioration of their property values (which, if it is true, reflects badly on our whole community) and those who have a genuine concern for handicapped people but are aiming for some perfectionist goal of five or less persons per home. Hundreds of mentally handicapped people are waiting to get into homes like this. It is completely impractical to envisage these persons having their wishes fulfilled through a dramatic increase in smaller homes. The result is that the idealists in pursuit of a utopian vision end up siding with those who have no vision at all. As a friend of ours who observed this, commented, "The most pathetic thing that may be said about someone is that he '*meant well*'." Or as Winnipeg councillor Bill Neville noted at one of the hearings, "the best is very often the enemy of the good." By the time you read this a final decision about the use of the home may have been made. We continue to hope that neither the utopians nor the cynics will win the day.

• We spend most of a Saturday in April at an auction sale in Steinbach, featuring my parents' possessions. It is both a sad and interesting occasion; sad, of course, because a lifetime of living is being sold before one's eyes, and fascinating because there is probably no better place to observe a broad range of human behavior than at such an auction. The auctioneers are superb preachers, psychologists, comedians, and puckish con artists. The buyers, some of whom apparently spend almost every Saturday at auctions, are like the rest of us — hoping for one really good deal. The auctioneers must have a special dictionary filled only with adjectives. Even the simplest kitchen pan is given exotic names; in the lexicon of an auctioneer there is no such thing as an ordinary blanket: it is either filled with eider down (though no one can see in-

side), or is a "hand-crafted quilt handed down through generations of thoughtful mothers," or it is a genuine Hudson's Bay blanket (made in Korea). Buyers try without success to stump the auctioneer. When he holds up an album of Franz Lehar records, someone in the audience shouts, "In which language are those records sung?" Without a pause the auctioneer shouts back, "You have my word that they are either sung in Russian, German, English, French, or Italian." A man like that is bound to succeed as a politician someday. One thing is particularly telling: a box full of opera records sells for \$10, while a similar-sized box of Wilf Carter records goes for \$40.

• In early April Winnipeggers watch a futile little exercise: our Jets doing battle with the Edmonton Oilers. If there is justice in this world the Jets should win at least once, but their best opportunity is ruined in overtime by a soft shot from an Edmonton defenceman who had no business attempting such a shot in the first place. Our daughter calls immediately after the game to let me know that she will be glad to collect her dollar, with interest. What has happened to such old values as reverence for parents, even when the parents do stupid things?

• An evening in April brings about 30 people to our home, part of a group that plans to travel to Austria, Hungary, and the Soviet Union in late July. Parts of the Soviet Union are being closed temporarily to Mennonite groups, apparently because the Soviet authorities feel that a few tour groups in the past abused the rights given to them, but most of the places we plan to visit remain open and we all look forward to seeing them. This will be my first visit to the Crimea and to Tashkent. Though my wife cannot be present for this evening in our home, she has prepared some food and coffee for the occasion. My only "homemaking" responsibility is to switch on the coffeemaker at the right time. Naturally I forget to do this, and when I finally do remember I immediately proceed to

blow a fuse. Who says that only Soviet hotels have trouble with sloppy management and electrical breakdowns? Actually, we have had virtually no technical problems in previous trips to the Soviet Union. We will keep our fingers crossed.

• The weather in mid-April is unbelievably good and we, like thousands of other people, catch the golfing and the "going to the lake" bug. My favorite spot in Winnipeg is the Pine Ridge Golf Club, with its gentle hills and broad fairways. Standing on the first tee on one of the first warm days in Spring is a rare, exhilarating experience. A glorious new future opens up before me. I am sure that a tremendous round is in the making; no slices or hooks can spoil such a promising day. Four hours later we drag our weary bones into the clubhouse and wonder why there is always such a big gap between the dream and reality. I am ready to give up the game entirely, but I know by now that in less than a week the dream will be back and I will again stand on that first tee convinced that on this given day I can beat even Jack Nicklaus. What would life be like without our illusions? A visit to the cottage brings another surge of hope. Lake Winnipeg is still covered with ice, but the beach is clear and the air has that fresh zing to it which always makes the trip worthwhile.

• The Sunday before Easter is partly spent at the annual Mennonite Art Festival in Polo Park, where the highlight as usual is good old-fashioned visiting. The ladies of Westgate must again be congratulated on putting on a most significant event. People are discussing a recent novel by Armin Wiebe about growing up in southern Manitoba — *The Salvation of Jasch Siemens* (see the review by Al Reimer in this issue). I have seldom laughed so hard in my life as when this book came into my hands a few weeks ago. That is *exactly* what it was like trying to cope with the strange forces of adolescence in rural Manitoba twenty years ago. I couldn't see the humour then, but now. . . .

• Good Friday and Easter form a fitting climax to the first few weeks of April. I think we all go in cycles in our appreciation of many aspects of the Christian faith but the Cross, as Matthew Arnold is supposed to have observed in a period of doubt, still has its ancient power. May that power continue to go with us all!

mm

review

Hutterite life portrayed in a new documentary film

A review by Al Reimer

Recently I was invited to a private showing of a remarkable new documentary film that was fully five years in the making. *The Hutterites: To Care and Not to Care* is a one-hour film designed as a television special by Buller Films Inc., a Mennonite film company in Henderson, Nebraska. The creators of this fascinating inside look at the Hutterites and their way of life were Burton Buller, cinematographer and editor, with John L. Ruth doing the directing, scripting and voice narration. Dr. John A. Hostetler, professor of anthropology at Temple University and a leading authority on the Hutterites, served as professional consultant. This is the same team that produced the highly successful *The Amish: A People of Preservation* several years ago.

The new film was shot in 15 of the 300 Hutterite colonies in the U.S. and western Canada. Never before had an American filmmaker been allowed access to Hutterite colonies, and the project required some delicate negotiations with Hutterite leaders before the green light was given. Except for an earlier Canadian black-and-white film, this is the first inside look at these unworldly, self-contained people. The shooting had to be done under difficult conditions with a minimal disruption of colony life. The film team also had a trying time getting the project financed to the point where they could produce a finished product. That in itself is a fascinating story.

Fortunately, the time and trouble was well worth it. The film is absolutely first-rate in its sympathetic and sensitive portrayal of this often misunderstood branch of the 16th-century Anabaptist spiritual revival. Their unique religious faith, expressed as a close-knit communal way of life is explored in coherent,

graphic film images that take the viewer to the very heart of daily Hutterite experience. The narration is suitably spare and delivered by John Ruth in a plain but empathetic style just right for the subject. Hutterites are shy, modest people not given to much verbalizing or introspection about themselves, but in this film they prove to be friendly, forthright and quietly confident about their closed way of life.

For this viewer it was interesting to see how thoroughly ritualized, almost mechanical, Hutterite forms of worship are. All sermons, for example, are read from traditional, bound volumes of sermons and the table graces and prayers in the unique Hutterite German are delivered in a ritualized sing-song or chant reminiscent of "ritual" churches such as the Catholic or Orthodox. On the other hand, this ritualized worship seems not at all out of place in a society where the daily routine of living is considered as a practical expression of Christian belief every waking moment.

There is a delightful focus in the film on children and young people and their activities at work and at play. The Hutterites, in fact, lay claim to having invented the kindergarten for their colonies in Moravia as early as the late 1500s. The children are as delightfully uninhibited as elsewhere, but the teenage girls are almost painfully shy and self-conscious in speaking about themselves in this patriarchal society.

The Hutterites, as revealed in this film, turn out to have much the same kind of social spectrum — from ultra-conservative to liberal and progressive — as the rest of us. The more progressive colonies now countenance such social activities as birthday parties, moderate drinking, youth choirs

and minor deviations from the strict traditional dress code.

A fine documentary film, this, which deserves the widest possible distribution. My one reservation about it is that it is perhaps a little too unreservedly an "insider's" film, although that, according to Burton Buller, was certainly the intention from the outset. The Hutterite way of life is so sympathetically portrayed as to obscure the social and even ideological tensions that are reported from time to time by close observers of the colonies. There is, for example, a case reported in the film of a young Hutterite who left his colony only to return to it again because he found the outside world not to his liking. There is, however, no mention of the occasional Hutterite who leaves the colony and *does* make a successful transition to mainstream society.

A shortened half-hour version of this film is to be made for distribution in schools. Financial assistance for the project came from the Mennonite Mutual Aid Foundation, the South Dakota Committee on the Humanities and, most importantly, from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. The film is available for sale or rental from Buller Films Inc., Henderson NE, 68371.

mm

review

Hayden's Creation Masterfully Re-created

A review by Al Reimer

The Mennonite Oratorio Choir with members of the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra in a performance of Haydn's The Creation, at the Centennial Concert Hall, Winnipeg, April 1, 1984.

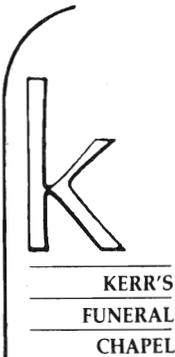
After almost two centuries Haydn's wondrous *Creation* continues to bestow its rich musical benediction on the hearts and souls of grateful listeners. Along with Bach's sublime *St. Matthews Passion*, Handel's *Messiah* and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, *The Creation* stands at the very peak of oratorio achievement. To Handel's eloquence and dramatic élan in oratorio, Haydn added his own charming blend of warm humanity and poetic vividness. *The Creation* is a fervent paean to God's glory and the abundance and essential goodness of his multitudinous created world. Eighteenth-century optimism and faith in a world of order and purpose irradiates this great oratorio from beginning (literally) to end.

And what a pleasure to report that the Mennonite Oratorio Choir did full justice to this shining masterpiece. Under Bill Baerg's skilled and authoritative baton all aspects of the oratorio came together to form a most impressive and enjoyable feast: the small orchestra sounded crisp and warm and suitably Haydnish, the 250-voice student choir, as always, performed with joyous abandon, and the three soloists sang with great beauty, style and splendid illumination of the text.

This city has a number of good oratorio singers, and there are none better than Geraldine Patterson, John Martens and Mark Watson. Regarded individually, each of them was strikingly effective; taken as a group they complemented each other wonderfully and wove a variegated and seamless tapestry of vocal sound that would have graced any concert hall anywhere. None of them has a big voice *per se*, but all three have well-produced voices of considerable tonal beauty and subtlety and all three are vocal communicators (especially important in oratorio) of rare intelligence and eloquence. As the archangels Gabriel, Uriel and Raphael, respectively, they soared on truly celestial wings through the mighty vistas of Haydn's score.

Soprano Patterson has been one of my favorite local singers for years, and she seems to get better and better. Her versatility as a singer and stage performer is impressive enough; her sincerity and dedication are exemplary. I thought her first aria "Nun beut die Flur das frische Grün" was quite simply lovely and one of the high points of the performance. And in her later aria "Auf starkem Fittige schwinget sich" she showed a sensitive grasp of details, including some lovely trills. John Martens is, of course, peerless for his always intelligent, deeply felt exposition of sacred music. Much as I admire the lyrical

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grace of his voice, it is as a declamatory speaker of the text that I value him most. There are any number of oratorio singers who sing beautifully, but very few who can lay bare the exalted nature of the words with the simple sincerity and assurance of this devoted artist. As for bass-baritone Mark Watson, he held his own impressively with his more experienced colleagues. He also uses his voice most expressively, and has a dramatic flair that manifested itself both as Raphael and later as the all too-human Adam.

The chorus was always there to undergird and complement the work of the soloists, as was the orchestra. I was particularly impressed with the choir's zest and hearty articulation in "Stimmt an die Seiten, ergreift die Leier!" in Part One and with the demanding chorus near the end "Heil dir, o Gott". And the final chorus with soloists "Singt dem Herren alle Stimmen" made a thrilling climax that left the capacity audience, I am sure, resonating with excitement long after they left the concert hall.

Next year's offering by the Oratorio Choir will be *St. Matthew's Passion*. It will take a supreme effort by all concerned to match this year's performance of *The Creation*.

mm

review

An evening of excellence

The April 15 spring concert of the Mennonite Community Orchestra (MCO) showed how unfair the term "gifted amateur" can become. The term is usually intended to compliment those who, for good reasons, cannot make artistic (or other) endeavor their full-time livelihood. At the same time, however, the term implies that the "gifted amateur" can deliver a lower level of excellence than the professional. As well, there is a note of ridicule in the term in that it implies that the "gifted amateur" somehow doesn't have what it takes to make it in the "real" world of the professional.

The members of the MCO, together with the soloists on their program, may be "amateur" in the sense that they all earn their livelihood doing something other than music, but they are not "amateur" when it comes to the quality of their performance, if indeed one can honestly make a distinction between the degree of potential performance excellence between the amateur and professional.

Even the word "gifted" is a problem. There is no doubt that both amateurs and professionals are "gifted" but "gift" in a sense implies that performance comes easily. It would be more appropriate to talk about the "committed amateur" than the "gifted amateur," because of the time the amateur has to devote to developing excellence in competition with other demands on time and energy.

The commitment of this group of amateurs (amateur only in the sense that they are not full-time musicians) was evident April 15. Conductor John Klassen's efforts to mould this diverse group into a polished unity was re-

flected in the quality of their playing — it was clear, confident, consistent, and one even sensed, joyful.

There were four items on the program, with a break at half-time for conversation over refreshments.

The evening opened with the overture to the *Thieving Magpie*, a piece that involved every section of the orchestra in a variety of contrasting sounds.

Roberta Janzen was second with her performance of Cello Concerto No. 1, written by Saint-Saens, a relatively short work written as one continuous movement in three thematic sections. From the moment her bow touched the strings there was no doubt that here was a young lady who was in charge of her instrument. At intermission there was no end of amazed commentary on the performance of Ms. Janzen, who had just made her first debut with an orchestra at age 14. One hopes that this early display of talent will continue to develop.

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After intermission, Dwight Siemens joined the orchestra for the Chopin Piano Concerto in E, it was his first performance with an orchestra, a confident and enthusiastic debut.

The choir from First Mennonite Church and Judith Lynn Kehler joined the orchestra for the last item on the program, the Choral Fantasy by Beethoven. It was an exuberant way to end the evening.

The Mennonite Community Orchestra is a valuable resource for the community, not because it is an alternative to the Winnipeg Symphony, but because it provides committed amateur musicians with a forum for performance, which for some of the younger members may lead to a professional career. For the three soloists, performing with an orchestra of this quality adds a new dimension to their musical experience.

Finally, an essential component for a concert is the size and enthusiasm of the audience. Those that were present, were enthusiastic, but there was room for many more. The MCO deserves support because it demonstrated at its spring concert that it can play well.

mm

A view of religion in the Soviet Union

A review by Harry Loewen

This book on religious belief in the Soviet Union will be of interest not only to Mennonites of Russian background but also to sociologists of religion. It is one of the few books which is based not on the work of western scholars but on the research of Soviet sociologists of religion. As Fletcher puts it: ". . . this study is little more than an attempt to see the realities of religion in the U.S.S.R. through (Soviet scholars') eyes."

Fletcher begins his study by sketching the religious environment in the Soviet Union and reviewing the government's systematic attempts to eliminate religion among Soviet citizens. The author shows that particularly the 1960s was a period in which "the widespread campaigns of closing churches were reminiscent of the worst prewar periods" (p. 3). It is noted that as the anti-religious campaign intensified, both the Baptists and the Orthodox Church resisted vigorously the efforts of the Soviet government.

In dealing with religion in the Soviet Union, the author divides his survey into the following categories: the numbers of religious believers, including the Christian and non-Christian religions in the Soviet Union; the age and gender of those who believe; the educational level and occupation of believers; the effects of urbanization and living conditions on the believers; the world view of Soviet believers; and the way religious life is expressed in the Soviet Union today.

The tentative conclusions of the study will no doubt be surprising to western readers and perhaps to Soviet scholars as well. Contrary to Marx and Lenin, who believed that with the elimination of capitalism in Russia religion would also disappear, religious belief in the Soviet Union is far from dead. The author, however, is cautious about his conclusions, pointing out that Soviet scholarship in the sociology of religion is still in its early stages.

Nevertheless, here are some of the

more important findings to date. It is estimated that some 45% of the Soviet population is religious, which comes to 115 million believers in the USSR. According to the Soviet sociologists, religious belief tends to concentrate among the older people in society, although there are many young people who also believe. As far as the Mennonites are concerned, the survey indicates that 70% are younger than 50 years of age (p. 79).

With regard to gender the statistics indicate that there are three to four more women than men who believe. Among Mennonites, however, the ratio between men and women was found to be almost equal (p. 88). "Although the countryside continues to be the bastion of religiousness, with a higher proportion of the population remaining religious, urban believers tend to be stronger and more active in their faith" (p. 203).

It is interesting, yet perhaps not surprising, to find that the great majority of believers became believers as children, which presupposes religious instruction in the home. Despite the pressures from the government, Soviet believers are not demoralized or unduly discouraged. "There is more than enough evidence to support the conclusion that religion continues to be an important factor in Soviet society, perhaps a great deal more important than most observers suspect" (p. 213).

The extensive bibliography at the end of the book indicates that the author is most familiar with his Soviet sources. The list of books and articles will prove helpful to those who wish to read more in the area of religious belief in the USSR.

William C. Fletcher, Soviet Believers. The Religious Sector of the Population (Lawrence: The Regents Press of Kansas, 1981); 259 pages; Hardcover.

The library of the University of Winnipeg has a copy of the book.

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A view of women in Mennonite life

A review by Mary M. Enns

Mennonite Women, a book about women, but written for both men and women, is a story of God's faithfulness as evidenced in the past 300 years, 1683-1983. The book was sponsored by the Women's Missionary and Service Commission (WMSC) of the Mennonite Church and has utilized documentary materials from women's groups as well as other individuals across Canada and the U.S. It focuses on the struggles and trials and the forward movement of the Mennonite women during this period and particularly the 20th century. "Although Mennonite women, almost without exception, have been excluded from ordination, their ministry has been essential to the growth of the home, the church, the communities in which they lived and worked," attests Barbara K. Reber, executive secretary WMSC of the Mennonite church. "This record of 300 years of female Mennonite history in North America will be viewed as a beginning in recognizing the significance of over half of the churches' faithful workers." The book basically covers Mennonite women from Swiss, South German, and Alsatian backgrounds who immigrated to the Eastern United States and Canada in various waves from 1683 to the 1850s. These include both the Amish-Mennonite group, the (Old) Mennonite church and the Old Order Amish. According to author Elaine Sommers Rich, it is the purpose of the book to make Mennonite women more visible, particularly in North America — to tell a story of God's faithfulness to them and of their faithfulness to God. The stories begin within the context of early Mennonite history in Reformation times. They illustrate how Mennonite women in the New World found ways of serving God despite opposition, severe trials and occasional cultural barriers. Their contributions in God's Kingdom were considerable, if often behind the scenes as wives, mothers, teachers, Sunday

school and committee-workers in local congregations, missionaries at home and abroad, doctors, nurses and founders of women's organizations.

In the first two centuries in the New World women's efforts and energies were spent in sheer survival: in child-bearing and rearing, in providing, often with great difficulty, food and clothing for their families, sometimes consisting of as many as 18 children. In the 20th century they put much effort and love toward aid for those less fortunate than they. In the early 1920s, they made clothing for famine sufferers in Russia. They canned food in America during the 1920s and 30s, and for conscientious objector camps in the 1940s.

Many instances of establishing a way of life, a part of their heritage, are illustrated in the various contributions of hospitality practiced, of hard physical work, frugality and cooperation in the community as co-partners with their husbands. The same testimonials are given for those women who for one reason or another chose not to marry. Then, following World War II, they helped begin the Modern Health Movement. They went to Europe to help with reconstruction and reconciliation. They have been to Korea and Vietnam.

The book is well worth reading, answering questions with regard to the role of women, specifically Mennonite women, in the church, the community and society. The closing paragraph reads, "Can Mennonite women and their men meet the challenges of living in a world where individuals continue to need salvation, a world of technology, atomic energy, space exploration and dwindling global resources?" Elaine S. Rich answers: "With Jesus Christ within and going on before, yes!"

Elaine Sommers Rich, Mennonite Women: A Story of God's Faithfulness (Scottsdale, PA/Kitchener, Ont.: Herald Press, 1983). Paper back; Price in Canada \$11.95.



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The fifth annual **Elementary German Poetry Recital** took place on February 11 in River East Collegiate. A record 128 students from Manitoba public schools, as well as German Saturday schools, took part. The final judges were Irene Peters, George K. Epp, and Helmut-Harry Loewen. The winners, Grades 1-3: were Maria Fast, Larissa Bergen, Jennifer Thiessen, all from Princess Margaret School. Grade 4: Elana Martens (United German School); Grade 5: Ramona Wiebe (Winkler Elementary School); Grade 6: Andreas Kramer (Gordon Bell Saturday School). The contest was sponsored by the Manitoba Teachers of German, the Mennonite German Society, the United German School, and German Church of God Saturday School, and Hanover, River East and Garden Valley School Divisions.

The Canadian Mennonite Health Assembly will meet on May 9 at the United Mennonite Home in Vineland, Ontario. **Helmuth Klassen**, administrator of Donwood Manor, was executive secretary of the organization from 1972 until 1983. Theme of the conference is "Wholistic, Ministry": What does it mean to you?"



On March 11, members of the Fort Garry Mennonite Fellowship participated in a sod-turning ceremony for the start of a church building project, projected to be completed by early fall. The congregation has been in existence for 15 years. At the sod-turning, l. to r., Harold Funk, architect; John Wiebe, CMM minister, CMC treasurer; Edgar Rempel, FGMF chair; John Friesen, FGMF finance committee chair; Bill Rempel; and FGMF building committee chair Bert Friesen.

Photo: Pembina Times



Walter Kroeker, president of Kroeker Farms, has recently been appointed as member of the board of directors of the Canadian Agricultural Export Corporation (Canagrex), a Federal agency established to help agricultural food product exporters make connections with overseas markets.



Photo: Pembina Times

Retiring Winkler Volunteer Fire Department Chief **Percy Enns** was recently honored by the community for his 38 years of service to the department.

Washington professor **John Toews**, 39, recently received a grant of \$200,000 over the next five years, from the MacArthur Foundation. The grant will enable Prof. Toews to further his academic pursuits, and he plans to continue on a study dealing with Freud, also a project dealing with Hegelianism as a background to Marxism. MacArthur fellows are nominated by any one of 100 anonymous talent scouts from across the United States. John Toews grew up in Winnipeg and received his high school education at MBCI, and B.A. from the University of Manitoba. He is the son of the late Rev. J. A. Toews, and is married to Eleanor Wall from Winnipeg.

CHOIR TOUR

Twenty-six Mennonite singers will be part of a goodwill tour to European Mennonite churches, July 12-August 8, 1984. The mixed choir, made up of singers from Conference of Mennonites in Canada churches, will be under the direction of Bernie Neufeld, Minister of Music and Youth at Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church, Winnipeg. The tour, led by Helmut Harder, professor of theology and interim president of Canadian Mennonite Bible College, was initiated by the Conference of Mennonites in Canada and the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft der Mennonitengemeinden zur geistlichen Betreuung der Umsiedler* (AGU) of West Germany in order to strengthen ties between the two groups. Music will be the unifying force in this tour. The choir hopes to share a common appreciation of quality church music with the Umsiedler churches. The format of the tour, arranged in cooperation with Assiniboine Travel Service Ltd., Winnipeg, has three components: programs in churches with Umsiedler members in West Germany, July 12-24; participation in the Mennonite World Conference, July 24-29; and sightseeing in Austria, Germany, Switzerland, and the Netherlands, July 29-August 8. The choir will attend the sessions of the Eleventh Assembly of Mennonite World Conference in Strasbourg, France, and some members will sing in the premiere performance of Esther Wiebe's oratorio, which was commissioned for this occasion. After the MWC Assembly, the choir will take advantage of the sights of Western Europe, and will spend a week touring Austria, Germany, and Switzerland before returning to Amsterdam for the flight home.



MBBC and CMBC are pleased to announce that **Robert Shaw**, conductor of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra and world renowned choral expert, will be the guest conductor for the church music Seminar VI, January 21-25, 1985. Robert Shaw is known to thousands of music lovers in North America as well as in other countries as a choral genius without peer. His extraordinary talents were first brought to the attention of the wider public through the many extensive tours and RCA recordings of the celebrated Robert Shaw Chorale. During the past 15 years, Mr. Shaw has become known for his outstanding leadership as conductor of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. The Music Seminar VI will extend its traditional 2½-day weekend event to an intense five-day session in which Mr. Shaw will rehearse and perform two choral/orchestral masterworks: The Bach Cantata #4, *Christ lag in Todesbanden* and Brahms' *Ein Deutsches Requiem* with the Seminar VI Festival Chorus. The Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra will accompany these two works in a public concert in the Centennial Concert Hall on Friday, January 25, 1985.

Some 90 exchange visitors, ages 19 to 30, are expected to come to Canada and the United States in August for a year with the Mennonite Central Committee **International Visitor Exchange Program** (IVEP). The young people will come from over 30 countries in Latin America, Europe, Asia and Africa. MCC is now seeking homes and work arrangements for the 90. The visitors usually live and work in two locations, during two six-month terms.

The annual meeting of the Mennonite Historical Society of Manitoba was held March 17. Combined with it was a banquet, this time featuring a concert by the Heischraitje and Willa Honich group and some readings from *Koop en Bua* by Al Reimer. Attending were about 65 members and guests of the Society.

The society, whose membership in 1983 stood at 158, reached its 25th anniversary last year.

From the reports it was evident that various committees of the society have been active during the past year.

The project relating to Mennonite cemeteries, begun in 1981 and located in the Mennonite Historical Centre in 1982, continues to receive information about Mennonite cemeteries. The committee recommended that an effort should be made to recognize Mennonite farms in the possession of the same family for 100 years, as well as prominent figures in such fields as education, philanthropy, music and the humanities.

The recording of the Mennonite Piano Concerto is another project which was completed in the past year. Before its completion the opportunity of recording it as a sound-track for *And When They Shall Ask* arose, and as everyone who saw the film knows this did become a reality.

Funds have been obtained for the publication of the Arnold Dyck works for printing the first volume. Just under 500 pp., it will contain *Verloren in der Steppe* and an autobiographical essay, *Aus Meinem Leben*, as well as some illustrations and plates by Dyck. It is expected to be released by late 1984. Volumes Two and Three will contain Dyck's Low German writings, and Volume Four will contain previously unpublished works.

The ad hoc committee working to establish and operate a Mennonite book club has encountered some difficulty. At a recent meeting with Hyperion Press, who were to take care of promotion and distribution, the committee was informed that in order to make the operation practical books from the publisher would have to be purchased at the rate of 75 per cent of the retail price. The committee finds this problematic and is therefore investigating alternatives to the proposed arrangement with Hyperion. It may have to begin on a more modest scale than it was envisioned at first.

The monument in memory of Men-

nonites who lost their lives due to violence in the 20th century is to become a reality as soon as possible. It is hoped that it may be in place by late 1985. Solicitation and publicity is to begin. The size and form of the monument will depend on the funds contributed for the project. In any case, such a monument is to be simple but dignified, contain the least possible political overtones and be as inclusive as possible.

At the end of the business meeting Dr. Gerhard J. Lohrenz and John C. Reimer were presented with honorary memberships in the Society. In making these appointments the board recognized two gifted and dedicated men who have made outstanding life-long contributions to Mennonite life. Both were vitally involved in the founding and organization of the present society.

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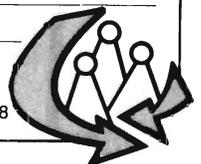
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Mennonite Central Committee Manitoba (MCC Manitoba) has been awarded a Canada Works grant to fund an **Independent Living Centre** for disabled persons in Winnipeg. The centre is the second of its kind in Canada. The Independent Living Centre movement began in the 1970's when four disabled persons in California created a system which let them establish their own support services and live independent lives. The centre in Winnipeg adheres to that self-help and self-determination philosophy. It will coordinate services for disabled people by providing information and referral services and it will develop programs which encourages participation by disabled people in the community.

Musicians from the Mennonite community maintained the tradition of musical excellence in the recent Winnipeg Music Competition Festival, sponsored by the Men's Music Club. **Tracy Dahl** won the coveted Rose Bowl in the vocal section. She also won the Lieutenant Governor's Trophy for the most outstanding vocal performance, the Reg Hugo Memorial Trophy. **Mary Jane Hiebert** of Steinbach, student of Henriette Schellenberg, won the Tudor Bowl, and also the Richard W. Cook Trophy for a Sacred Solo, Grade B class. **Twila Duerksen** won the Gordon Hill Memorial Trophy, for Grade B vocalist. **Angela Quiring**, student at CMBC won two trophies for violin, the Edwin James Memorial Trophy and the Victor Feldbrill Trophy for the most outstanding string performance.

Peter Dueck was recently appointed awards officer in the Registrar's Office at the University of Winnipeg.



Karen Barg, a student at Westgate Mennonite Collegiate, won the Manitoba Music Teacher's Association Trophy for violin, junior level.

Great-Trek 2 will be held at Lakehead University in Thunder Bay, August 22-25. This conference, for youth (ages 16-19) has as theme, "Running the Race: Looking to Jesus." Main speakers will be Mary Mal Schwartzentruber, pastor of Sterling Ave. Mennonite Church in Kitchener; and Peter Dyck of Akron, Ohio, long-time MCC worker. For further information and brochures, write Great Trek 2, 600 Shaftesbury Blvd., Winnipeg, R3P 0M4.



Susan Bergen of Winnipegosis, is beginning a two-year Mennonite Central Committee assignment in Kitchener. She will work with physically handicapped people in an independent living center. She has studied Christian education at Elim Bible Institute in Altona, and is a member of Nordheim Mennonite Church in Winnipegosis. Her parents are Cornelius and Catherine Bergen of Winnipegosis.



Henry P. and June Friesen of Winnipeg, are beginning 30-month assignments in refugee work with Mennonite Central Committee in Neuburg, West Germany. Henry has worked in the sale of electrical equipment in Winnipeg. He studied religious education at Mennonite Brethren Bible College in Winnipeg and electrical technology at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in Toronto. June has been a child welfare social worker in Winnipeg. She has a bachelor's in social work from the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg, and has studied at Mennonite Brethren Bible College and Winkler Bible Institute. They are members of Fort Garry Mennonite Brethren Church.



Anne Gajerski of Winnipeg, has begun a two-year assignment with Mennonite Central Committee in Winnipeg. She will be international development officer for the Coalition of Provincial Organizations of the Handicapped. Anne was formerly refugee coordinator for the United Church of Canada in Winnipeg.

Anne has studied at University of Manitoba at Winnipeg, Mennonite Brethren Bible College and University of Winnipeg. She holds a bachelor's degree in religion and history from the University of Winnipeg. She has been worshipping with an ecumenical group that meets at a United Church mission in Winnipeg.

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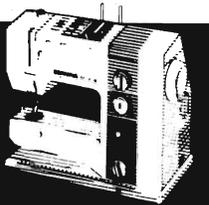
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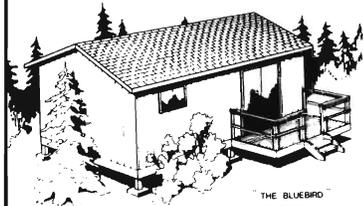
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"Blitseelj" Magic

by Helena Dueck

My first experience with magic happened a long time ago. It came to me by the way of pain and a bottle of oil introduced by our Watkins dealer, Mr. G. G. Kornelsen. He appeared to me like a veritable Dr. Chase straight from the family almanac. His caravan was beautifully decorated and had the name, "J. R. Watkins," on it in fancy lettering. In winter he could close the front window, leaving only a narrow opening for the horses' reins to go through. There he was, cosy and elegant in his fur coat, surrounded by bottles of liniment, extracts, spices, pie fillers, ointments, fly spray, stock-tonic — and would you believe it — chewing gum. He was a welcome visitor to the farm communities, not only for his products, but because he brought them the gentility of a man connected with the outside world. He was tall and slim and wore a handsome beard, and when he spoke it was in a beautiful soft voice.

But I'm getting ahead of my story.

I was five years old and just becoming aware of the beauty of life. Outside, the sun shone on white fields criss-crossed by spidery grey fences. A fringe of icicles on the barn eaves sparkled like a necklace of gems.

But I looked out of the window disconsolately. I had an earache. To be sure, that was nothing new. For I had an earache for everything that ever ached on anyone else. To top it off, my sister and brother would go sledding after school, and I wouldn't be able to go with them. And the next day my parents wanted to go to school for *Pruefung*. I liked going along. It made me feel grown-up to sit at a school desk and be given a box of beautifully-colored pegs to play with. There would be many parents there, almost as many as at the Christmas program. The school smelled of chalk, and wood smoke mixed with the pungent odor of barn boots. The school children, who were big in my

eyes, could read and spell in two languages for their parents' benefit.

So for awhile I gritted my teeth and bore it. Mother was carding wool and piling the cardings on four chairs facing together. But nothing helped me. The pain in my ears grew and grew. I kept wiping my tears furtively until they couldn't be wiped any more.

"Whatever is the matter?" Mom wiped her hands and took me on her lap.

"Nothing — just . . ." I stammered politely and untruthfully. That opened the flood. Whoever cared about sled-dings or visits to school, or anything else for that matter, if one's ears ached?

Mother anointed me with oil, wrapped my head in warmed flannel over large wads of cotton batting, and put me to bed. She went back to her wool carding quietly, a sure sign that she was troubled.

After what seemed a very long time, I heard voices in the kitchen — Dad's and Mom's and that of a stranger.

It was the "Watkins Man." I had always watched curiously when he showed us the fascinating bottles and tins in his satchel. But I didn't want to see him today. Nothing mattered but the grinding pain in my ears. Would it ever stop?

The word "*Blitseelj*" came to me from the kitchen. I listened in spite of myself. Mother must have told him what was

uppermost in her mind — about my earache, my repeated earaches.

Soon she was at my bedside. "Come and see what the Watkins Man has. It will take away your earache."

Reluctantly I went with her. Mr. Kornelsen took me on his lap and explained how the medicine he had was sure to help me. *Blitseelj*, he said, worked just as the word implied — like lightning. Put it on and — presto, my earache would be gone. Yes, no one could go wrong buying this stuff. I nodded my approval and Dad bought it.

It didn't quite work out that way. But when I awoke, my earache was gone, at least nearly. A star shone serenely through the window, and the stove was glowing a bright red in the dim room. In the kitchen the lamp was lit. I slid out of bed and took my place at the supper table. It was delightful to sip Mother's hot pea soup, to listen to the details of the day's happenings and to watch the reflection of the kitchen through the window, in short, to be in on the interesting adventures of life once more.

Magic had happened! The very thought gave me a crinkly feeling in the spine. Mr. Kornelsen was surely a knowledgeable man. His *Blitseelj* had magicked my pain away.

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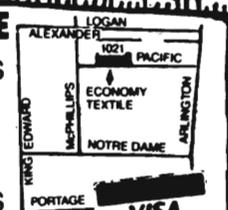
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Blowing out the Candles

As told to Helen Rose Pauls

It was 1926. My parents realized that the Russia that had been so good to them was gone forever. Hastily, father held a farm auction. Mother baked Tweeback and packed a few necessities for the seven of us. Permission had come to move to Canada.

Everything went smoothly until our ship docked in England. All the immigrants were given a thorough health inspection. Unfortunately, I was held back while my family boarded ship for Montreal. The authorities said that my eyes were infected with trachoma.

Although boys of 12 pride themselves on their independence, being an ocean away from one's family in a land with a stranger culture and a stranger language was a bit intimidating. But several other Mennonite boys had the same fate and we learned to make the best of it in the institution where we were being treated.

One day our ball game was disturbed by a strange-looking man with long curly sideburns. He held up a six-pence and motioned for me to follow him. Out of curiosity and an ingrained habit of obeying adults, I followed him. We made our way through several alleys and stopped on the steps of a synagogue. It was the Sabbath and the candles were burning on the altar. He kept motioning me toward the candles.

Overawed by the solemn atmosphere of the place, I hung back. Again, he motioned me. "Puff, puff," went his mouth, and he gestured toward the candles. Then I realized what I was to do. With huge eyes, I tiptoed down the long aisle into the darkened building. I stopped by the altar. Without looking to the right or the left, I blew out the candles and walked quickly to the exit. My mentor waited. Quickly we sped through darkening streets until he had escorted me back to the ball field and pressed the sixpence into my hand.

A year later when I was able to join my parents in Canada, I recalled the incident. I was probably the only Mennonite boy in our village in Alberta who played soccer and spoke near-perfect English with a British accent. I was surely the only one who had kept a Jew from breaking the Sabbath by blowing out the candles for him.

I wonder if we sometimes ask others to blow out our candles?

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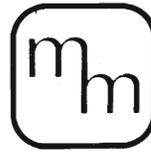
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the poet's word

... and When They Shall Ask

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When they shall ask about the past we lived in
Then let our children know that God the Lord
Performed praiseworthy deeds on those who loved Him
According to the promise of His Word.

The golden age in Russia had ended,
The freedoms that the Mennonites had known,
The affluence, the years of pleasant living. . . .
They were no more, they were forever gone.
They were replaced by cruel persecution,
By ruthless murder, rape, uncertainty;
Each day that dawned was fraught with dread and danger,
Each night was darkened by sheer misery.

The roving robber gangs in wanton pillage
Torching many homes and torturing those they caught,
Killing so many for the joy of killing,
Leaving so many families distraught.

These huddled in despair with tear-stained faces
And kneeling on the once so fertile sod
Prayed fervently for help and for deliverance. . . .

Were they forgotten by their Lord and God?
Instead of food so plentiful in larders

They now knew hunger and starvation's pain;
So many bloated corpses there were buried
Out on the steppes that once were rich in grain.
And when the communists once more established
The form of government that was to be
It brought with it another cruel terror:

The inquisitions of the K.G.B.
These inquisitions came so often,
They were the last time many saw
Their fathers as they left with the tormentors. . . .
They disappeared . . . or found Siberia.

"There is no God", this now became the slogan,
The anthem of the communist regime,
Collectivize or face the state's derision. . . .
God was replaced by government supreme.

Yet there were those whose faith remained undaunted,
Who suffered persecution with a will,
Who knew the God they loved so very dearly
Would strength and comfort in their hearts instill.

They'd live to tell the future generations
That he who trusts in God is trusting well,
He'd find a way, they hoped He would deliver
Them from this dreaded persecution's hell.
They'd seek a new home far across the ocean,
They'd leave the villages they'd loved so long.
And many emigrated from their homeland. . . .
Hope springs eternal when your faith is strong.
On cattle cars not fit for habitation
They huddled in the slowly moving train,
To Moscow and then destination Riga. . . .
They hoped this journey would not be in vain
'TwiXt Russia and Latvia a well-known portal,
Topped by a star and known as the Red Gate,
Is set to mark these countries' boundary. . . .
How many to this portal can relate!
The train ground to a halt before this portal,
One more inspection by the K.G.B.
They checked the passports, robbed folks of their watches,
Took some men back to hell's dire misery.
At last the dread inspection finally over
The train so slowly through the portal went. . . .
Relief was etched on drawn yet smiling faces,
They praised the Lord Who had deliverance sent.

And so the Red Gate has become a symbol:
Like the Red Sea, a passage into life,
A passage to the land of hope, to Cana,
From Russia, the Egypt-land of strife.

This Red Gate is a gate we must remember
As humbly we give thanks to Him above,
Because it is a gate that spells deliverance,
It's like an altar built for God's great love.

When they shall ask, the future generations,
About this chapter of our history
Then tell them that the Lord is still almighty,
He's still the ruler of humanity.
Then tell them to appreciate the freedoms
That they enjoy in our adopted home,
And to thank God in loving faithful service,
For it's from Him that all these blessings come.

— P. J. Peters

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Ernest J. Klassen presented a \$5,000 gift from the Klassen family to support the Bethania Home chapel building project to Jack Loepp, of Bethania. Justina Baerg, left, is fund-raising chairman.

BETHANIA GETS SET TO ADD CHAPEL

On April 29th, the women's auxiliary of Bethania hosted its annual spring tea, attended by a large crowd of friends and relatives of the residents of the home, and other interested persons from the neighborhood, and from area churches.

The board of directors used the occasion to announce the official start of a fund-raising campaign which will be used to add a chapel at the same time that a 50-bed expansion is undertaken. The family of the late John J. Klassen, founder of Monarch Industries, who had spent a brief period at Bethania, officially handed over its contribution of \$5,000.00 towards the chapel construction costs. Construction is expected to begin later this year.

Some smaller and larger donations have already been received from individuals and groups who have been anxiously awaiting this development for some years. Bill and Nestor Krawchuk had earlier given \$4,000 in memory of their sister, Slawka, who had lived at Bethania for almost 20 years before her death in 1981.

Justina Baerg was introduced as Chairman of fund-raising efforts, which will take place over the next twelve months. She is a member of Bethania's Board, and well known for her work over the years in various Conference and M.C.C. activities. Mrs. Baerg indicated that all contributions will be permanently acknowledged in the chapel when construction is completed.

The all-new **Mennonite Your Way Directory IV** for the years 1984, 85, 86 has just been released by Leon and Nancy Stauffer, founders and publishers of the Mennonite Your Way Directory. Persons interested in receiving a copy may purchase them for \$7.50 single copy, or two for \$12 (4th class postage to one address is included in the purchase price. Send your order to: **Mennonite Your Way Directory IV**, Box 1525, Salunga, PA 17538 or telephone (717) 653-9288.

MENNONITE GRADUATE?

Every year the June edition the *Mirror* publishes a list of graduates. Because there is no other practical way to compile the list from the Convocation material provided from the universities, we have extracted the names of people with "traditional" Mennonite names, supplemented by our personal knowledge of others with non-Mennonite names.

Of course, we get "in trouble" each year because we always manage to leave people out.

This year we are providing some advance warning, so that if you, or someone in your family is graduating, please send us the name if you think it may be omitted from the list.

In addition, if a family member is graduating from a university or college outside of Manitoba, please forward that name as well.

Finally, we are especially interested in graduates who earn major academic achievement prizes.

Our address is 203-818 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, R3G 0N4.

Stearntjes aum Himmel

von Jack Thiessen

“Komm doch mol een bätje noda, Haunsa,” säd Tiena emma wann see mie dretje wull. Enn etj kaum dann uck een bätje noda, enn Tiena dretjicht mie enn kusst mie. Schnorrijch wea daut, wann mie sest wea kusse ooda dretje wull, dann wull etj daut goanich, oba fonn Tiena leet etj mie daut emma jefaulde. Na jo, waut heet daut nu uck aulwada emma, soo foaken pessead je daut nich, fleicht dree ooda feeamol daut Joah: too Wiehnachte enn biem Jeburtsdach, oba sest eajentlijch nijch.

Na jo, oba woo foaken daut wea tallt goanijch, etj jleew eena kaun sijch opp sien kjindeljchet Oagemot doch aul noch felote, sonst wudd etj nu noch nich emma Tiena äre Stemm, “Komm doch mol een bätje noda, Haunsa!” noh meist fechtig Joah heare. Oba daut pessead mie foaken, daut etj daut hea, “Komm doch mol een bätje noda, Haunsa,” enn daut säd Tiena emma soo leefolich mett soo fäl Hoat enn Seel. Enn doobie lacht see emma, enn wann see lacht, haud see kjliene Kuhltes enne Backe enn eene kjliene kruse Plack oppe Stearn. Enn Tiena lacht foaken.

Manchmol lachte uck dee aundre Mensche, dee Groote, wann Tiena mie kusst enn dretjicht, enn donn schämd etj mie, enn wist nijch waut nu enn woahan. Oba miene Mame säd, daut schod doch nuscht, Tiena ess een good-et Mätje, etj kjann je ar noch fonn Russlaud . . .

Etj weet uck noch fondoag, daut dee lostje Tient bie Klosses mett Tiena enn äre Ellre enn dee Jeschwista emma weens soo scheen jintj aus Wiehnachte. Enn besondasch emm Winta, wann eena eascht dee Pead aunspaune must enn donn säwen Miel foare, enn donn utspaune enn donn sijch oppwoame, wiels wie aula soo fetjlämt weare, enn

donn äte enn sijch freie enn lache. Enn donn noda kohme, wann Tiena mie han enn wada dretje wull . . .

Aus Tiena soo oolt wea aus etj nu sie, dann wea see aul feftien Joah doot. Jo, Tiena ess aul lang wajch, oba see kjemmt noch foaken bie mie spetseare. Enn dann sie etj emma kjlien, enn nieschierijch, enn jletjlijch enn froo . . . Jo, oam wea wie too dee Tiet aulatoop bettalich; oame Schluckasch mett oole Poltoos, enn aufjedroagde KJleeda noch ut Russlaud enn mett prachaje Burrsteewel aune Feet. “Oba wie sennd ennalich rijt,” säd Tiena emma, “wiels wann Mensche eascht nu bute han ritj woare dann fedreaje se fonn benne.” “Woo weetst Du daut, Tiena?” froag etj.

“Daut steit aulewäje jeschräwe. Oame Mensche sennd ritj, wiels see emma fäl Tiet habe! Ritje Mensche sennd oam wiels see weinijch Tiet habe!” säd Tiena. Oba etj festunt fonn soowaut meist nuscht nich. “Oba daut steit aulewäje jeschräwe,” säd Tiena . . .

Dee Tiet kaum, enn dee Tiet jintj. Enn donn fong dee Tiet aun too ranne. Oba wann Tiena säd, “Komm doch mol een bätje noda, Haunsa,” dann head dee Tiet opp too ranne. Enn wann see sajcht, “Komm mol een bätje noda!” dann blift dee Tiet stone. Enn daut pessead aul noch earemol . . . Uck noch fondoag.

Aune näjentienhundat enn näjendar-tijch — etj wea jrots aus kjliena Kjnirps fonne School no Hus jekome — (daut wea Hoafst oba seea woam enn etj schneet jrods Kjarps ferre Kjeaj twei) fetald mien ellra Brooda mie, daut Kjrijch utjebroake wea . . .

Aus etj Tiena wada sach, säd see, “Jo, nu feite se enn Europa. Dee Mensche schlone sich eenfach doot. Enn sogoa

scheete doone se, enn see welle sijch uck trafe.” Etj wea acht Joa oolt, enn word mett daut Gaunse nijch soorajcht foadijch enn uck nich redda; mie wea daut aulatoop too groff. Oba Tiena naum mie enn kusst mie enn donn feschwung daut Weescha fonn benne . . .

Tiena enn äre Sesta Leena enn äa Brooda Peeta enn äa Foda moake nu Holt, Kordholt bie de Hundade Kord, enn fekofte daut. Aules jintj too fetjeepe enn de Mensche kaume too Jeld. Tiena äa Foda koft sijch een Shortwave enn hee head emma Nieijtjeite enn hee wist aules waut Hitla enn Churchill enn Stalin jieda Dach säde. Hee wist aules; daut wea toom staune.

Jo, enn boold doaropp fuare Tiena enn äre Sesta enn äre Ellre no Win-nipeg, no Eatons. Enn doa leete see Tiena äre Oage teste. Enn donn kjreajch see too Wienachte eene Brell. Aus wie ons wada sage, daut wea aum tweeden Heljedach, sacht Tiena mie soo framd, oba soo framd mett äre niee Brell. Enn donn froag etj ar, aus see dee Brell uck wertjlich brucke must. “Komm mol een bätje hää, Haunsa,” säd see, enn donn naum se mie no bute, ferre Dää.

Enn donn wees Tiena mie dee groote Schap aum Himmel enn daut kjliene Schaptje enn donn uck noch den Noadstearn enn woo dee groote Schap emma no dem Noadstearn tsiel. “Etj wist daut’et dee aula gauf,” säd Tiena lieseltjes, “oba eea etj dee Brell kjreajch, haud etj dee noch niemols fer-hää jeseene.” Enn donn dreid Tiena sijch wajch enn wescht sich eene Tron fonne Backe. Enn fonn donn aun dretjicht Tiena mie uck nich meea, enn etj kjreajch fonn ar uck kjeen Kuss meea . . . etj wea dochwoll kjeen Kjind meea.

mm



French Language Issue brought out the worst side of Manitobans' behavior

"I resent the accusation made in the East that Manitoba is a province filled with bigots and racists who harass ethnic minorities. Our province has been portrayed by the central Canadian media in a manner that is unjustifiable. Manitoba is one of the most tolerant provinces in Canada. Nowhere else do you find people from such diverse ethnic backgrounds working together peacefully than in Manitoba," wrote Member of Parliament Jack Murta in a March news release.

Perhaps Mr. Murta has been in Florida for the past year, or sitting, ostrich-like, with his head in the sand. The ugly confrontations between constituents and NDP MLA's, and the boycott of parliamentary procedure by the opposition over the issue of French language rights hardly reveal a high degree of tolerance on the part of Manitobans.

In the past there has no doubt been a semblance of tolerance in existence — similar to that which exists in a family that has apparent harmony so long as the members fail to try to work out problems realistically and honestly. The real test of harmony between ethnic groups in Manitoba came when one minority group asked that it be given its legitimate rights.

What is required in Manitoba is a calm but honest approach to the facts. Section 23 of the Manitoba Act of 1870, the act that created this province, said that French and English had equal status in the Legislature and courts, and that provincial statutes should be printed in both languages. In 1890, the Manitoba Legislature, which due to an influx of English-speaking immigrants, now had an English majority, passed a law making English the only official language. In 1979 the Supreme Court of Canada declared the 1890 law was null and void, thereby restoring the 1870 language guarantees.

Much of the recent furore in Manitoba has been about how to give effect to the Supreme Court's decision. One solution would be to "entrench" French-language rights in the federal constitution, add an amendment, passed by the federal government, that would give French and English equal status in the Manitoba legislature, courts and statutes.

This, though, would take the decision out of the hands of

Manitoba. The NDP government, in its language proposal, was seeking not entrenchment, but a provincially-made compromise which would extend more language rights to the francophones of Manitoba, but would not create the chaos that would result if all of Manitoba's English-only laws were declared invalid by the Supreme Court.

Since the bill was allowed to die, the issue will now be decided by the Supreme Court, where Roger Bilodeau is challenging the validity of an English ticket for a speeding violation. Justice Minister Mark MacGuigan has recently, on behalf of the federal government, asked the Supreme Court to consider the larger issue of whether *all* of Manitoba's English-only laws are invalid.

Two aspects to this issue are of particular concern. First, people in Manitoba have allowed almost completely irrational fears to surface. Why are we so afraid that in a few places the French language would be used more than in the past? Many countries welcome the use of two or three languages, and their citizens feel it is a good thing to master and use more than one language.

Secondly, the breakdown of the democratic process in the legislature, whereby the minority Conservative party stymied the attempt of the majority to have a vote, is only to be deplored. The reasoning used by this party is similar to that used by terrorist groups. They appeared so afraid of the results that a free vote would bring that they used whatever force was available to frustrate such a vote. There is, of course, a big difference between ringing bells and killing people, but while the tactics may be different, the reasoning is the same.

We can only regard this episode as one of the most shameful in recent Manitoba history. While the NDP government could have found better ways of introducing and passing the bill through the house, the actions of the Conservatives are nevertheless completely indefensible.

Where would the Mennonites of Manitoba be today if, in 1914 and in 1939, the people in power had listened to majority opinion regarding their conscientious-objector status?

Ruth and Roy Vogt

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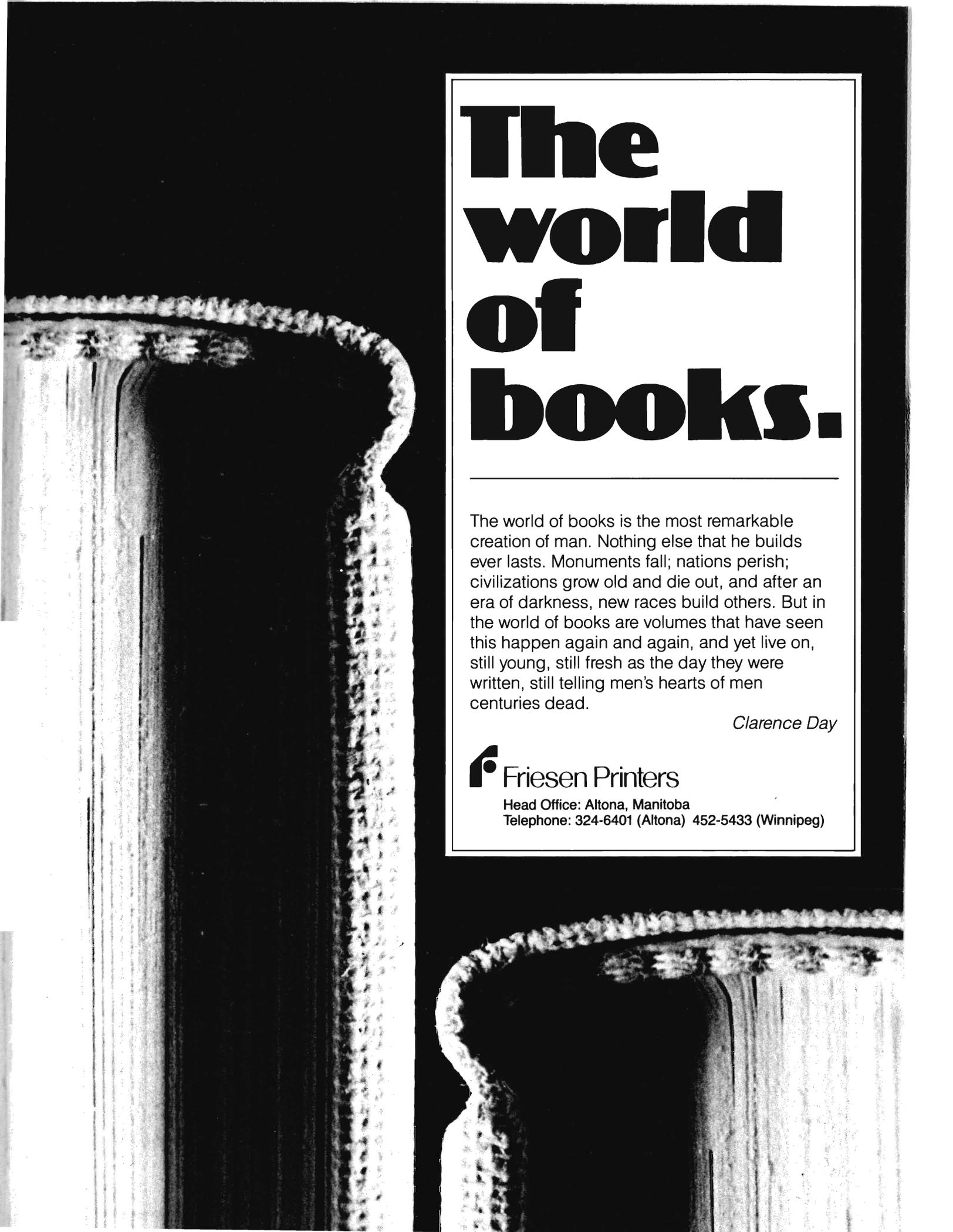
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