

mennonite mirror

volume 14/number 3

november, 1984



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Fore Word

John Friesen concludes his three-part series on civil disobedience. You will recall from previous instalments that he participated in a demonstration at a factory in Toronto that is believed to be making electronic components for nuclear missiles. In this third article Mr. Friesen laments the fact that he and his protesting colleagues were not allowed to continue their protest by calling in witnesses to corroborate their contention that nuclear war is morally wrong. There is an aspect about his position that is misguided. Having chosen to organize a demonstration that resulted in trespass on private property, they should not be surprised when the authorities follow through with a charge. While they are to be admired for their courage in deciding to break a law to make a point about the moral lunacy of nuclear war, one should not feel too sorry for them because they were well aware of the potential legal consequences. It is also unfair to believe, as Mr. Friesen suggests, that the system is guilty of a vast conspiracy simply because the justice of the peace chooses to limit court arguments to the trespass charges. At the same time, however, it is clear from Mr. Friesen's series that even a "free" country such as Canada leaves a lot to be desired when it comes to allowing its citizens opportunities for peaceful protest.

Mary Enns has spent the past several months in Europe and turns every available opportunity into an article. There are two articles by her in the current issue, and more may follow in later editions.

Roy Vogt is also a two-article contributor this issue, with his regular "observed" and another short piece about delivering a musical instrument in Moscow. While we are constantly warned to be wary of strangers, his article shows that there are occasions when we have no other choice but to trust strangers and have faith that the trust was not misplaced.

It isn't necessary to comment on every item in this edition, if we did there might not be any reason for you to at least skim every page. So spend some time to see what else is inside this issue.

The Cover: Three pictures of the making of the first *Koopen Bua* Low German film, an undertaking of Dueck Films, Allan Kroeker, director, and Wilmer Penner, writer, and filmed in Merteens restaurant. Photos by Henry Ewert and The Mennonite Reporter.

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The Mennonite Mirror depends on paid-up subscriptions for support. At the same time, it has decided because of rising postal charges to not send notices of subscriptions due. This will be your reminder.

Please check the expiry date of your address label. The number indicates year and month of expiry. For example 8403 means your subscription expired March 1984. The number 9912 indicates that you are a pensioner and therefore there is no charge. The absence of any figure means you have never paid. Names of those who do not pay will be deleted.

Subscriptions cost \$10 for one year, \$18 for two years; send your address label along with a cheque payable to Mennonite Mirror, 203-818 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, R3G 0N4.

inside

volume 14 / number 3

october, 1984

Mix-up / 4

Small countries, friends, and old world travels / 5

Black Forest Academy a unique mission school / 7

Part three of an experience in civil disobedience / 9

The poet's word / 14

Lost and found in Moscow / 15

Observed along the way / 17

Review: Yooks, zooks, buttered bread / 18

Alexander church memoir / 19

Visions of new Jerusalem / 21

Manitoba news / 22

Die Probe / 28

Torfgeschichten / 29

Our word / 30

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mm mirror mix-up

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When winter comes, spring is far behind - but let's not

H I B E R N A T E

There were 27 entries to the October Mix-up, and from among the correct entries, Helene Friesen of Grunthal, was selected the winner.

A cash prize is sent to each winner.

Answers to October are reap, store, feast, fruit, larder and platitude.

Now turn your attention to this month's puzzle.

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

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

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by November 22, 1984.

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Send Entries to:
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Manitoba Housing
John M. Bucklaschuk, Minister



Small countries and friends enliven travels in Old World

by Mary M. Enns

September 1: This golden month is probably the finest time to be in Liechtenstein. We had planned on a day and a night here, but are staying for three in Vaduz, the major city (5,000) of this tiny principality. From here we take day trips.

Just about a week ago Liechtenstein's monarch, Fuerst Franz Joseph, had handed the reigns of rule and parliament to his son Adam, though holding on to his title. The entire *fuerstliche Familie* lives in the sprawling, rather dour-looking castle built on a mountain, richly forested, directly overlooking the city. Our hostess, Frau Hemmerle, gossiping about the royal family, tried to remember to speak to us in German, but as soon as Theo, her regular boarder joins us at the table, they shift into *Mund-Art* or dialect, completely foreign to us but charming to listen to with its seductive cadences. The young Swiss doctor in the Vaduz hospital speaks an excellent German, but when he instructs his lab technician he does this in yet another dialect and is immensely amused when we ask which language this is.

All the foreign newspapers carry the account of Richard Burton's death.

Editor's Note:

Our regular staff writer Mary Enns, accompanied by her husband Peter, is on an extensive tour of Europe. While there she is acting as a roving reporter and sending back regular reports on the places she is visiting and the people she and Peter are meeting.

Somehow this shocks and saddens me. Is it because he may have been one of the most impressive interpreters of Shakespeare and that his fine Welsh voice rich with the coal-dust and the natural heritage of song of the miner's, made listening to him such an unforgettable pleasure? Or is it because I am suddenly taken back five years to a hot afternoon in Switzerland. I remember we were preparing to leave by train from the station in Geneva. I was alone, for my protector had vanished, leaving me to guard the luggage. My attention was abruptly focused, and I didn't know why, on a couple walking toward me. The tall, blonde young woman smiled lazily at her companion. But it was not her loveliness that impressed me as much as the striking eyes of the man with her. Instantly I realized, though he looked as hot and dusty and tired as we did, that this was Richard Burton I was staring at. The two stepped onto the train opposite ours just as Peter returned. We risked missing our train, but couldn't resist talking to Richard Burton and his wife Susan. "Forgive me Mr. Burton" — I spoke more confidently than I felt — "but I recognized you by your eyes, and there really is only one Richard Burton." "Well, he grinned, "I certainly hope so." Another two or three minutes of conversation, mostly regarding a possible future film for him in Canada, and we said good-bye as their train moved away and ours in the opposite direction. Even in that brief encounter, I remember, the dynamic quality was there.

It was almost like my own Green Valley, my childhood to me, to live briefly in the shadow of the Liechtenstein Alps.

Forests are lush and green, flowers grow everywhere in brightest profusion and fruit trees bow heavy with apples, pears and plums. Firm fences keep people like me on the right side. Peter, the moral one, forbids me to pick as much as a tiny rose.

On one of our day trips, with Peter having gone climbing, I sit writing beside the old stone Friedens-Kapelle in Malburn, high in the mountains. I watch the cows as they graze on the richly green slopes, their bells ringing with each shake of their massive heads. Narrowing paths show climbers and hikers as they go higher and still higher, all equipped with proper foot gear and a staff. The air is fresh and pure and the sun is once again a benediction.

September 5: St. Peter Ording, Germany, is a resort town on the North Sea. This is the season for Heide-Bluete here in Schleswig-Holstein and this purple heather is as lovely as it is in Scotland. Once again I'm delighted that my favorite little girl was named Heather. We wade in the "Watte", the sandy shore when the tide is out, and search for Bernstein, the lovely amber that is sometimes deposited after a storm. We watch the sail boats on wheels racing on the sandy beaches. In an icy rain storm St. Peter once again reminds us of the wild moors of Scotland.

For five days, together with two good friends from Berlin, we whizz around in their little VW Polo, exploring the little towns of the North, charming towns heavily influenced by their Dutch or else their Danish neighbours. Together we enjoy the strange, bold, sometimes macabre paintings in the Emil Nolde gallery and the writings of Theodor

Storm in Husum, his native town. Somehow we find room in our luggage for five new books. We stuff ourselves with the honey-sweet mirabelles, the small golden plums growing beside the garden cottage of our hostess Ursula. It is home for the two Berliners and us for five days. We celebrate a birthday, German-style, beginning with festive songs before a candle-lit breakfast and finishing near midnight with a game of Trivial Pursuit, which is much less trivial than our English version.

September 11: We are in pouring rain, protected by our trusty yellow slickers, in Wilhelmshafen, to meet an old, almost blind Mennonite author whose new book is just out. Conversation is marvelous over a dinner he insists upon making (his wife is in Köln at the moment) of Brat-Kartoffeln and sliced cucumber, cheeses and Heidi-Brodt and tea made with water that had not quite boiled. From him we learn that the Van Gogh exhibit (278 of his works) is to end within three days in Arnheim, Holland, and we made a quick decision to nip over there for a day to take it in. How sad it seems that he saw fit to end his life and productivity (he painted 60 pictures in the last two months of his life) at 37.

September 16: Our days in Luxembourg have been good. Once again, we had planned on one day and decided to stay for three. This is a much larger and more sophisticated city than the others we have visited in the past two weeks. The official language here is French, but German is used equally, as well as the *Luxembourgisch*, a very difficult dialect everyone admits. Shop windows are rich with fine quality French clothing with prices to match. For us, the charm of this city lies not only in its splendid cathedral but in the view from its two bridges — Roosevelt and Adolphe, near city centre — of the incredibly beautiful Petrus Thal far below. A rich, large, wooded slope borders the park at the bottom, right up to our level: a photographer's delight, we agree.

Peter recalls reading of a few Mennonite families with names like Nafziger and Oesch living in this area. Checking in the phone book he discovers a Pastor Oesch, and before we have quite realized what is happening we are being picked up by three strangers and taken to their Sunday morning church service in Dudelage, 16 km away. Here we find a group of Christians, about 50 souls including children, among them three Mennonite families worshipping in German in the *Freie Evangelische Kirche*. Pfarrer

Oesch and his congregation welcome us and a few French visitors. The hymn book we sing from is the same black *Gesangbuch* we used for years in our services in Winnipeg. The worship, followed by a simple Holy Communion service, warms our hearts and we feel that this little congregation, listening so intently to their Pfarrer's sermon on the power of God's love in our lives, is a contented group of Christians, demanding little other than the privilege of worshipping God quietly in their own way.

Tomorrow we leave for Paris and the Loire Valley.

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COMING EVENTS

November 16-18:

Camp Arnes Adult Bible Retreat
Speaker: Dr. John White
Theme: Personal Spiritual Power.

November 22-24:

Wpg. Mennonite Theatre Production: Blithe Spirit. Kiwanis Centre, Pembina Hwy. 8:05 p.m.

November 23-24:

MCC (Manitoba) Annual Meeting
Altona Berghaler Mennonite Church

December 28-January 1:

Camp Arnes Family Snow Camp
Speaker: Pastor Jay Neufeld
Theme: God's Design for Spirit-Filled Family Living.

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Black Forest Academy fills a special need for education, and a unique calling for staff

by Mary M. Enns

How fortunate we are, weatherwise. End-of-August sunshine floods the Schwarzwald area and we revel in it. Leaning on our elbows and gazing from our dormer window under the eaves high up on the third floor of *Storchenblick*, we observe three storks who have built a sturdy nest on the steeple of the church so very near us that we might easily visit with them, if only we spoke their language. High on the steeple they hold court on their throne of twigs, preening their feathers, spreading their wings now and again in graceful movement and casually socializing, perhaps planning upon whose household they will bestow their next blessing. Beyond the storks and the steeple are the fields and meadows of the villages and the forested hills. Trees and flowers grow with an abundance and opulence that everyone here seems to take for granted. The rusty-red *Pfannendaecher* merely add an old world charm and a feeling of permanence to a panorama that has no boundaries. An idyllic setting! Will we ever want to leave?

Storchenblick is one of several large dormitories used by the students and their house-parents at the Black Forest Academy in Kandern, Germany. Twenty-four hours ago we had never heard of Black Forest Academy. We were in conversation in the living room of our friends Norm and Lauren Lee in Lahr, where Norm is a resource teacher on the Canadian Air Force Base. They have spent the last four years here and will return to Winnipeg next year with some very fine memories from this part of the world. Normie insists we try to get a story about this residential school for

missionary children (which indirectly they support) and promptly arranges by long distance an interview with Henry Toews, formerly a Manitoban, now for the past eight years teacher and director of BFA.

From Henry we eventually hear that a recent visitor here was Reg Toews, a well-known Canadian who has in the past few years spent much time and effort in service for our people elsewhere. Black Forest Academy, 20 km from the Swiss Border in Basel, began modestly in the 1950's, an English-speaking private school for children of missionaries for the Janz team. Some 20 years later, enlarged, it was opened also to other missionary organizations, 30 now. Today the schools' enrollment is 200-250 from 16 countries. While the mandate of the school is to serve the children of the missionaries in Europe and Africa, 15-17 percent of the students are those whose parents are in professions in Europe. Some are in chemical industries in Basel, some in embassies from Ghana and Nigeria and some in military service. With emphasis on a biblical foundation, the school curriculum provides elementary and secondary education for 15 students, fully accredited and recognized by Canadian and American colleges and universities. It is also designed to prepare these young people for a smoother transition into North American society, an important consideration. Two thirds of its students live in four dormitories, *Storchenblick* being a girls dorm and in summer months a guest home.

After teaching school for many years in Manitoba, Henry Toews felt the need to work in a Christian school setting, integrating his faith with his profession and this in a country whose language he

was already familiar with. Because of this heritage he has related well to the German people. His training, interests and faith all invested in one task has resulted in complete fulfillment. "We are serving a large missionary community," he explains, "who pray for us as we help their children as educators for anywhere from three to five years. I'm pleased with what is happening in the light of modest facilities; no gym, no splendid but adequate science labs, a very modest resource library. Our strength lies in people, the strong staff we've had, which has improved over the years. We are continually looking for professional people who would see this as their life's work rather than an investment of two or three years of their time.

An important aspect of the option program is in the music area, offering choral, instrumental — band as well as private instruction in singing and piano. Another strong area is languages. Located in the heart of Europe and with the heritage of their students in languages, they emphasize German, French and Latin, while the language of instruction is English. An area they are beginning to develop is in the graphic arts.

Educators here stress that, as a school, they enlarge, expand and reinforce upon the parents' views in the life of the child, but that parents can never abdicate the education of their children. Their students come out of a mixture of languages, English being a second or third language to many of them. They have come with their parents through two or three countries en route and therefore need special help. This is provided for in small groups by special teachers.

We wondered just how a school of

this nature is accepted in the rural community. "Very well," says Toews, "While we are something of a novelty, a great deal of good will seems to have been created through various programs where the students interact with the local people. "Harvest Days" has become a very popular annual activity with the students — the farmers. During the months of September and October our students donate their Saturdays as voluntary assistants to the farmers, helping to harvest their gardens, their fields and vineyards.

We enjoyed meeting some of the staff, the principals, of them Harold Klassen, Vancouver, the office staff, the administrator and the bookkeeper, Albert and Edna Martens of Manitoba. In *Stocheblick* we visit with recently installed houseparents, George and Ruth Husmann and their 17-year-old Nancy, of Pennsylvania. For years George has taught in a large Baptist College in the U.S., heading the sports program and 30 coaches there. He was extremely well paid but he voluntarily left his job, they rented their lovely home and are now living in the dormitory as houseparents, already loved but unsalaried, except as their support can be raised from home churches, missions. Not only that, they now pay room and board at the dorm. This is the norm for all BFA staff. Here we meet Joan from Austin, Manitoba, and Beth, a teacher out of Burlington, Ontario, working as a hostess and manager at the guest house for the summer. We are grateful guests on the balcony of Henry and Margaret (also involved with the school) Toews' apartment in town. Gentle breezes cool us as we talk over a very German lunch (German denoting substantial here) joined by son Mark, 12, all the while feasting our eyes on the splendid view. We come away feeling all these people are giving their years, their talents, their love with sincerity and joy.

A goal the school is striving toward is to develop it into a 350 student body within 10 years. No more than 350, however, emphasizes Toews, "since that would prohibit intimacy with the students. But we are also planning to be of assistance in expertise and counselling to groups of people in Austria, France, the Netherlands. We hope to be instrumental in the development, by the Germans, of more Christian schools and to serve as a resource centre for Christian educators here. As for us, we see the need for better facilities. A future building program is to include, for example, a gymnasium."

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To: City of Winnipeg Act Review Committee
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Yes, I would like to offer advice to The City of Winnipeg Act Review Committee.

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by John Friesen

Part Three: In Court

A First Experience in Civil Disobedience

It was a few minutes before ten o'clock on Monday morning, February 13th, when we arrived at the East Mall Provincial Courthouse in Etobicoke, a suburb west of Toronto. With me were my parents from Winnipeg, who just happened to be visiting us at that time. I was to be a defendant in the largest political joint trial in Canadian history. It had been three months since we were arrested for trespassing at Litton Systems. The halls were crowded with defendants, policemen and reporters.

The first two hours of the court session were mostly devoted to asking the defendants individually how they pleaded. This was our first opportunity to use the courtroom as a forum for our beliefs and a number of creative pleas were offered, much to the annoyance of the Justice of the Peace. One defendant, for example, pleaded "Not guilty for reason of sanity." Most defendants entered pleas that were creative and that spoke to the reasons for our protest. After the first session was concluded, my parents and I hurried out the door of the building to return to downtown Toronto. I was to take them to the Kiwanis Music Festival to hear our sons singing in their choirs. When we came out the door, there were five or six television cameras aimed at us. However, when they saw what we were, they immediately turned their cameras away. They wanted to film only those who were wearing unconventional dress, who had orange- and green-dyed hair. And, of course, that could be the narrow image that the Canadian public would identify with our protest.

Our defence lawyers had negotiated with the prosecutor to have a joint trial. This would assure us maximum media coverage, while at the same time reduce the time and costs for the court. In return we had agreed that we would base our defence on the substance of

our case, and not try to "get off" on technicalities. We would base our defence not on *whether* we had trespassed, but rather on *why* we had trespassed. Our counsels were Peter Rosenthal, a Math professor with a good reputation in cases such as this, and Mike Smith, a lawyer with a reputation in civil rights cases. Our defence would be based on five main arguments.

1. Since most of us were charged with "failure to leave when directed," we would argue that most of us had not been directed to leave at all. (In my case, I suppose I could have interpreted a punch in the face as being directed to leave.) The small number who had been asked to leave offered that information to the court.

2. Our rights under the Charter of Rights and Freedoms were being denied by the activities at Litton Systems, threatening our life, liberty and security.

3. The Common Law of Defence of Necessity makes allowance for the commission of a lesser crime in order to prevent a greater crime. For example, if someone grabbed a gun from an attacker and destroyed it in order to prevent a shooting, the law would overlook the crime involved in the destruction of the weapon. And under Section 79 of the Criminal Code, anyone who makes an explosive device or any part thereof, with the intent to do serious damage to property or to endanger life, commits an offense. Our contention was that Litton was manufacturing explosive devices designed to endanger life. There is also under Section 197 an obligation to take action to protect one's spouse and children should they be thought to be in danger.

4. Another section of the Criminal Code states that anyone providing an article of the military or scientific nature to an agent of a state other than Canada,

which he knows, or ought to know, may be prejudicial to the safety of Canada, commits treason. And Section 50 puts the onus on the citizen to make efforts to prevent acts of treason that he or she believes are occurring.

5. International Law provides for the illegality of preparation for acts which would be an offense against humanity, and it also defines nuclear war as such an act. The Nuremburg trials have set precedents where individual citizens have been held accountable for their actions under international law.

During the first three days of the trial, most of the time was spent in hearing the defendants testify. During these three days we also heard from five people we had invited to be "expert" witnesses for our defence.

The first was Clyde Sanger, a former journalist, a civil servant in Canada's External Affairs Department, and author of a recently published book on the nuclear issue. He was not allowed to speak as an expert on the subject.

Our second witness was Setsuko Thurlow, a survivor of the Hiroshima bombing and a most sought-after speaker on the subject. As she began to answer questions from the defence, she was subjected to repeated interruptions by the JP and the prosecutor. She could hardly finish a sentence before being stopped, again and again. Her knowledge was ruled irrelevant and she was denied expert status. Her ability to recount firsthand the experience of the Hiroshima bombing was dismissed by the prosecutor as nothing but "interesting stories" having nothing to do with this case.

Another witness who came to testify as an expert was Dr. Frank Sommers, a psychologist and founding president of Physicians for Social Responsibility in Canada. Again, regarded by many as an expert on the subject, he was denied

that status by the JP. He was allowed to speak only as a non-expert and talked about how developments such as those at Litton caused anxieties, fear, anger, depression, hopelessness, suicidal despair, and a loss of faith in the institutions of this country. He also spoke of how protest was not only healthy for the individual, but also useful in influencing government policy.

Another witness we had invited to take the stand was Dr. Sister Rosalie Bertell, a well-known expert on the effects of radiation. She had been a public health consultant at Three Mile Island, and had appeared as expert witness at trials in Australia, United States, Germany, and Great Britain. She also was denied expert status by the court.

Another witness not afforded expert status in our court was Phillip Berrigan, former Roman Catholic priest, author, a physical and spiritual leader in the anti-Vietnam War movement, and since that time devoted to the peace and disarmament struggle. He has been arrested 40 or 50 times and spent a total of two years in prisons. He has spoken as an expert in North America, Europe, and before U.S. Government Congressional committees. He has twice been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize. He said the danger has never been greater than now, and that atomic experts have set the Doomsday Clock to three minutes before midnight. He felt the production of the guidance system for the Cruise at Litton represented both great evil and criminality, and that the faith of Christians obligated them to resist such evil and to practice non-violent civil disobedience. He said the many legal avenues that had been attempted over the years had not been successful. He spoke of how the laws are being used to protect governments and their criminal actions, and how Christians and responsible citizens had a duty to obey the laws of God and resist the violence of their government.

Berrigan's casual attire, cardigan and slacks, handsome, weatherbeaten face topped with a full head of short-cropped white hair, gives the appearance more of a tough football coach than that of a political radical and religious "prophet." He exudes steely determination, understanding, compassion, and the tough moral strength that his actions show he possesses. In private conversation and in press interviews his speech is filled with Biblical references. He is disappointed by the "moral flabbiness" of some in the church today. He quotes the famous passage from Micah IV, 3:

"They shall beat their swords into ploughshares . . ." His actions over the decades reflect his belief that this passage is an imperative from God, to be taken directly and literally. "Plowshares" actions in which he has been

involved have done just that. They have illegally entered military property and using hammers have beaten and damaged weapons in order to render them useless. Then they usually sing and pray, waiting for the authorities to arrive

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and arrest them. Currently he was waiting to hear the outcome of an appeal on a long prison sentence for such a Plowshares action he undertook at a government facility in King of Prussia, Pennsylvania. (A film starring Martin Sheen was produced dramatizing that event and the subsequent trial.) Berrigan believes that we all face a choice between non-violence and extinction, but that the choice of non-violence requires discipline, and is rigorous and demanding. He says, "You don't really explore non-violence unless your head is in the oven . . . we have to look death square in the face — death seems likely to overwhelm us and the planet. You bring forth life insofar as you face death." This, Berrigan believes, is the essence of Biblical passion.

As the trial progressed, the narrowness and pettiness of the court became more evident. As far as the court was concerned we had done wrong, got caught, and were there to be taught a lesson. As far as we were concerned, we were not there to be taught a lesson (at least not the same one) — we were there to teach a lesson.

The testimonies of the defendants were moving, heartfelt, thoughtful and inspiring. We discovered so much we had in common. The opportunity to stand up in the witness box and speak was taken up by many of the 63 defendants. They came from a variety of walks of life: teacher, journalist, scientist, monk, writer, student, social worker, actress, engineer. They were married, single, employed, unemployed, experienced cd'ers, novices, political activists, anarchists, Christians. A good number talked about their Christian beliefs motivating them to take part in the action. They spoke of the need to act out their beliefs, of how ignoring the preparations for a nuclear holocaust was like co-operating with the greatest of evils, of how our own man-made laws had to be subservient to God's law. They spoke of the need to protect their families, their children. Some spoke of being denied the opportunity of having a family. Others, who had children, spoke of their fears for the future of those children and of the fears their children experienced. A few mentioned the rough treatment they had received at the hands of the police and correctional services officers. One young man mentioned that an officer had threatened to fix him so he'd "piss blood for a month."

When my turn came I also attempted to relate some of my background and the reasons for my involvement in this

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action. I told the court that a most dangerous, government-supported, criminal activity was taking place at Litton Systems, and that I felt to be silent, to say and do nothing to stop it, was to condone it. Not only were we trying to avert future violence, but also trying to stop the present violence in the arms race, which draws huge resources from areas where it is desperately needed. As a result of the huge costs of the arms race (about \$1.3 million per minute) 22 children were dying each minute. I spoke of how each one of us was being held hostage in a kind of moral terrorism, forced by our government and our institutions not only to accept the notion of mass killings, but also to support it, even pay for it through our taxes. I told the court how difficult it is for a parent to comfort an eight-year-old son who lies shaking with fear in bed at night, unable to understand a world gripped by nuclear madness. I had no answers for him except to assure him that there were many sensible people in this world, his parents included, who would not accept the present situation, and that we must all continue to resist until it changes. I made it clear to the court I felt that if we ever do get beyond this critical point in history, the attempts by governments, the military, and the arms industry through courts such as this one, to stifle dissent and to make it possible for the nuclear arms race to continue, will be seen as very dark spots in our history. Those politicians, judges, and military people who have promoted the continuation of arms manufacturing will be seen in the same light as we today view those who promoted and operated the Nazi death camps.

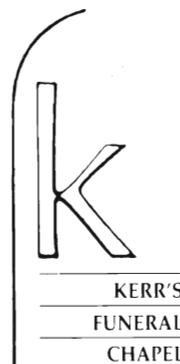
I also told the court that I had no remorse or second thoughts about my involvement, and that I would do this again in the future. That statement resulted in my being included among the dozen defendants who, besides being fined, would be given probation for a year.

By Wednesday afternoon most of the defendants and witnesses had taken the stand. During this time our frustration had mounted and we were seeing the proceedings more and more as a charade. Our strategy sessions in the hall during breaks were continually bothered by plainclothed policemen who mingled with us, tried to listen in, and refused to leave when asked. After some discussion we decided we would take an action in the courtroom that would reflect our frustration, our lack of respect for the court proceedings, and our commitment to the values that had

motivated our civil disobedience. So as the judge spoke his final words for that Wednesday afternoon sessions, we began to sing softly. We were joined in this by most of the spectators in the courtroom. And as we sang "We Shall Overcome" we turned our backs on the Justice, who was still speaking, and slowly began to move toward the doors at the rear of the room. The police officers guarding the door weren't sure what they should do. The Justice, wanting to avoid a confrontation, declared the session over.

Outside the courtroom we formed a large circle and continued singing. The police were not sure how to deal with our unorthodox behavior. The ranking officer there began shouting at me from across the hall. He continued shouting as he approached, telling me to order everyone to stop singing and to leave the courthouse. I ignored him, and when he got louder and more belligerent, I simply told him to tell people himself if he wanted to. By this time we were moving slowly through the halls of the courthouse, and soon formed a circle in the parking lot outside. Some of the defendants had asked me to make a statement on behalf of the group for the television cameras and reporters. I said that we had left the courtroom in this

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manner to express our frustration at the court proceedings, and our disrespect for the court. I stated that we saw the court not as an instrument of justice to be respected and cherished, but rather as an agent of our morally bankrupt government and of dangerous corporations like Litton. Our action was also a protest against the rejection of our expert witnesses who had been accepted as witnesses before courts and government committees around the world. But here in Etobicoke they had been denied that status. I concluded by stating that justice and the citizens of Canada were not being served by this court, which instead chose to protect the ongoing criminal activities of Litton.

On Thursday the final arguments were made by the defence and prosecution. By that time an open letter to Justice of the Peace Paul Chandhoke had arrived from Japan and was read into the court records by our lawyer. It was signed by a dozen leaders of survival associations in Japan. The letter expressed outrage at the court's rejection of Setsuko Thurlow's testimony as irrelevant. It went on to deplore the kind of justice that existed in Canada and to express their appreciation of the Litton demonstrators' sharing their commitment to struggle against the monstrous evil of nuclear weapons. It ended with "In the name of the survival of humanity, please hear our cry!"

In his summation, Peter Rosenthal went over the five points of our defence, and suggested that we be acquitted and that the real criminal, Litton Systems, be charged. Our other counsel, Mike Smith, re-emphasized the danger represented by Litton's development of the Cruise Missile, spoke of the responsible conduct of the defendants, and how since the Nuremburg Tribunals, individual citizens can be held responsible under international law, and indeed, had been found guilty in the past.

The prosecution said that we had simply used this trial to propagandize our political views, that there had been no evidence that Cruise Missile guidance systems were being manufactured at Litton. She insisted that our defence was a gross distortion of reality, that this was purely a trial over petty trespass, and nothing more than that. She implied that our actions were not reasonable, that "reasonable people would not do it." She also pointed out that it was rather strange that, with all the talk about the Bible, a number of us had refused to swear on it.

The guilty verdict was no surprise. The sentencing, which came a day or

two later, was somewhat more severe than we had hoped for. We were fined \$75 and given 90 days to pay. Twelve of us were given probation for one year, although what this really implied was never made clear to me. Most of us ended up paying our fines, although some refused to pay and ended up spending time in jail a few months later.

Most of us realized from the beginning that this was not a court battle we could win. If any of us had such notions, they vanished quickly. I had always held courts and the law in fairly high esteem. And it's true, our courts have done much to ensure justice, to right wrongs, and all those wonderful things. But my experience impressed upon me that the pursuit of such noble goals is permitted only when it doesn't interfere with another purpose, a greater one, that the courts serve. There are certain contests that the courts cannot afford to lose. In the eyes of this court, we were more dangerous than a dozen murderers let loose on society. When it comes to political change being at stake, the courtroom becomes a place where notions of justice are quickly shelved. It becomes a place where the will of the powerful is exercised — and nothing will be permitted to get in the way of that purpose.

My father remarked that one day such a case will come before a judge who will be driven by his or her conscience to render a just verdict. However, hundreds of cases have come before judges and little has changed.

There are differing views in the peace movement about the effectiveness of non-violent civil disobedience. Some say the time, energy, and the money paid in fines could be put to much better use. Others insist that arrests and court cases draw media attention to a situation more effectively than anything else, especially if the actions are cleverly planned and timed, or spectacular, or if large numbers of people are involved. For some people it is more than simply a technique for drawing attention to an issue. For them there is

also the need to express one's outrage, to confront the evil directly, to follow a moral imperative.

John Stoner, an executive secretary with the MCC, writes in his articles *The Moral Equivalent of Disarmament*: "The reasons generally offered for not taking such radical action . . . are distressingly reminiscent of the justification offered for not resisting Nazism in Germany. It was always a matter of waiting for some new, more obvious proof that the regime was evil, of believing explanations of what was happening when such explanations were couched in religious or semi-religious language, of expecting some person in a position of authority to make the break first, and of hoping that right would ultimately prevail without requiring any personal sacrifice beyond the ordinary."

And finally, will it lead to individuals, who continue to protest, being crushed by the state in its readiness to protect the powerful? Will the principle of non-violence withstand this bloody test? And if it doesn't, who will we blame? And when the time comes that the dissenters are crushed and silenced, will we recognize that moment in history? Or will we be too busy looking the other way? How many are in prison today, and how many of us are looking the other way?

mm

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The gain of birth and the pain of death
Are the joys of life and the price of breath
To lose the good years is the saddest thing
That this old world to one can bring.

To lose a 50-year long lover
To lose the homestead to another
To lose the country to the city
To face a deadline is a pity
To lose a friend from time and space
To see the innocence leave a face
To see the fantasy drain away
The price tag of humanity

Some would rather far just leave
For such ones death is reprieve
For the pained and for the friendless
Heaven will be endless.

— by Clint Toews

1929: train

I hold my breath steady
like everyone else
I want to stop rocking
back and forth
we are all caught in this rhythm
boxed in like cattle
I want to jump out and push
the train is slow

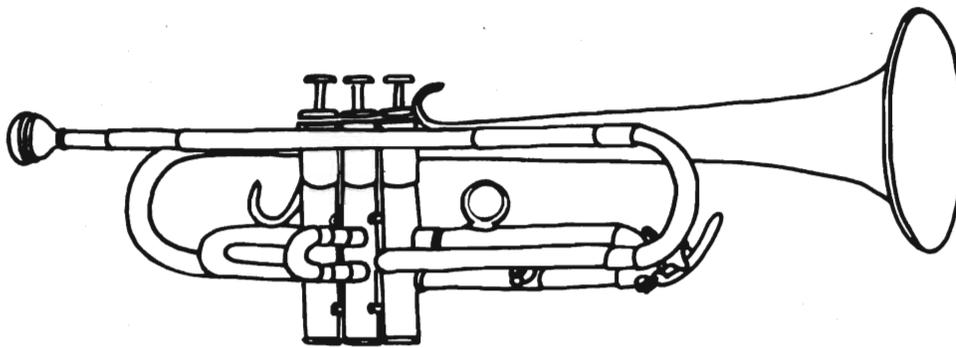
slow
as though there's time to stroll
once more along the rows of pear trees
heavy with fruit
there's plenty of time
for one more game of lawn croquet
and afterwards a cup of tea
before bed

before the doors are forced
open knives dance in the dark
riders fill the village street
with death flames
my mother's screams
interrupt the long summer evening
spun like a dream across golden decades
fragile as dust

who would have thought
that we'd be rocking back and forth
helpless as sheep
watching for the gate
for the star which must appear
and disappear

except from old photos
buried in some gray box
I will lift them out
gently on long winter evenings
when the train is a black dot
in the distance frost
has shrivelled our pear trees.

— Sarah Klassen



Lost and Found in Moscow

by Roy Vogt

As the car hurtled through a Moscow suburb it suddenly occurred to me that I might have placed myself into a very dangerous position. The driver of the car was a complete stranger; he didn't speak a word of English and I couldn't understand any of his Russian. I thought he knew where we were going, but after he had stopped several times to ask for directions from people who seemed to know as little as he did, I began to wonder where this whole crazy trip would end. One man from whom he asked directions drew a rough map with a stick in the dirt along the road. This seemed to give my driver new confidence. However, this was followed by a wild ride through a stone quarry and down some very poor country roads and I began to fear more than ever that the trip was going to be a disaster. How did I get myself into this?

It all went back to a phone call from a woman in Kitchener, Ontario, in May of this year. She had heard that I was going to the Soviet Union in summer and asked whether I could deliver a gift from her to friends in Moscow. The gift consisted of an expensive trumpet, for use by a talented young nephew living hundreds of miles east of Moscow. I was to deliver the trumpet to the family in Moscow, whom I shall simply call the Pushkins, and they in turn would hold it for later personal delivery to the nephew. The trumpet was both too heavy and delicate to be shipped by mail.

I agreed to act as a courier and at the end of July I met the woman in the Toronto Airport and picked up the large suitcase containing the trumpet. A few days later our group arrived in Moscow and I passed through customs without difficulty. There was, after all, nothing unusual about taking a gift into the Soviet Union. What proved to be more than unusual was the problem of actually getting the trumpet to the Pushkins.

I had the address of the Pushkins, but

no telephone number. They knew that I was in some hotel in Moscow, but they didn't know which one. I explained the situation to our usually helpful Intourist guide, but what she said wasn't very reassuring. She was certain that the Pushkins would find it virtually impossible to get hold of me. Moscow hotels were filled with foreign tourists, including many groups from Canada, and it was extremely unlikely that a call would get through to me. I thanked her for her candor. It also proved impossible to call the Pushkins. There is no Moscow telephone directory and no directory assistance. What to do? On this segment of our trip we were staying in Moscow for only one evening. We would return for a longer stay a week later, but I didn't want to take the suitcase with me on our criss-cross travel around the Soviet Union, and since we would not return to the same hotel I didn't want to leave it there.

I decided that the only solution was to take a taxi to the Pushkin's apartment. That also proved to be impossible. I approached several taxis standing in front of the hotel but none of the drivers recognized the Pushkin address and all of them flatly refused my request to find it. I then recalled an article that I had read in *Time* magazine shortly before our trip, which mentioned that many private citizens in the Soviet Union are engaged in the illegal but profitable business of chauffeuring people for pay in their own unmarked automobiles. A glance around the hotel complex revealed several cars idling quietly with only a driver inside. Enlisting the help of a Russian-speaking member of our group I approached one of these drivers. My friend explained to the driver where I wanted to go, and, in some detail, why. She herself would not be able to accompany me so it was obviously important for the driver to be able to explain to the Pushkins who I was. The young driver gave me a big,

confident grin, motioned for me to climb inside, and away we went. At first everything seemed to be fine; he drove with assurance and though he knew I didn't understand Russian he kept up a steady stream of conversation in that language. Then, as I have already mentioned, his confidence began to wane alarmingly. He stopped several times to ask for directions and obviously had no idea how to find the Pushkins. The 15 rubles I had offered him for the trip had been enough to spur him into what seemed increasingly to be a Mission Impossible. What he did know was that I had a trumpet in my suitcase which was obviously quite valuable, and also that I had no idea where we were. The thought occurred to me: what if he should attack me and dump me anywhere along the route? Who would know who I was? Who would know who had done it and why?

The driver's continued good humor was reassuring, but his erratic and even frantic driving quite counteracted that. After the map was drawn for him in the dirt his driving seemed to have more purpose to it, though the route through a stone quarry and into the countryside left me with some doubts. Finally, after many more miles of driving, we approached a suburb with dozens of new high-rise apartment blocks. We passed a post office, and over the front door I read the numbers of the postal code which were part of the Pushkin's address. At least we were now in the right district. Unfortunately most of the streets had no names and the driver had to stop several pedestrians before the right street and block were found. There was an eerie feeling to the whole place. Though the buildings were new, they were in terrible shape, almost as though they had been bombed out. The driver accompanied me to the floor of the Pushkin apartment and rang the door-

bell. Nothing happened. They were not at home! Just as we were both wondering what to do next, the door to the neighboring apartment opened, and a young couple asked what we wanted. My driver explained our mission and showed them the suitcase. They seemed to understand and indicated with gestures that they would give the Pushkins the suitcase when they returned. So we left it with them.

The trip back to the hotel was less eventful. The driver continued his enthusiastic Russian monologue on the sights of Moscow, and I had every reason to be grateful for his services. Though my doubts about his knowledge of the Moscow suburbs had not been unfounded, my fears about his integrity had been. He must have driven more than 30 miles to accomplish the mission. As we parted in front of the hotel I tried to convey my gratitude with a handshake that contained more than the agreed-upon rubles, and he smilingly accepted.

But did the trumpet ever reach its destination? Weeks later, after our return from Russia, the woman from Kitchener called to say that the Pushkins were still waiting for it. They had failed to contact me at the hotel and feared that the trumpet was lost. There was no word about the neighbors with whom the trumpet was left.

If this story had been written even a few days ago it would have been entitled, "Lost in Moscow." But then, a letter arrived from Kitchener. The neigh-

bors of the Pushkins had gone on vacation before they could give them the trumpet. They had now returned; the trumpet had been handed over to the Pushkins, and they in the meantime had been able to get it to the eager young musician for whom it was intended. He was overjoyed to receive this rare gift from Canada. That which was lost is found! mm

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mm observed along the way

• The month of October is not a particularly pleasant one, but on one unusually beautiful day I cancel all appointments for something more important: a game of golf. I am sure that in an average year we don't have more than 20 days in Manitoba in which there is no wind, the temperature is neither too hot nor too cold, and there are no mosquitoes. So when, on those rare days, the telephone rings and a voice whispers seductively, "The Pine Ridge course at 1 p.m." I find it impossible to resist. Golf is the greatest excuse that man has invented for taking a walk. This October day is no exception. The company of three good friends and an above-average game bring the golfing season to an enjoyable close.

• It is around this time also that we receive the kind of news that changes one's life forever. Our daughter is expecting her first child. Almost as important, we are expecting our first grandchild! My first fleeting instinct upon hearing this news is to worry about how that young delicate kid who only a few years ago was still a teen-ager will possibly survive the birth of a child. Then I remember that she is probably in better physical shape than we ever were, and we somehow managed to do it. My next instinct is to whoop with delight. What an exciting new chapter in her life and in ours! I take a good look in the bathroom mirror; do I really look old and dignified enough to be a grandfather? Old enough for sure. Where did all those years go, and where suddenly has all the gray hair come from? But the grandmother-to-be standing next to me doesn't look like a grandmother. She will obviously have a harder time adjusting to her new role, although she seems just as excited as I am. We can now confess that when we purchased our cottage last winter we had in the back of our minds an image of a young grandmother and grandfather walking hand-in-hand down the beach with a grandchild. Somewhere in the background are the new parents, waiting to take over when the child is tired and hungry.

• Part of a morning in October is spent at the anniversary celebrations of Palliser Furniture. From a small base-operation in the home of A. A. DeFehr 40 years ago, this company has blossomed into one of the largest furniture manufacturers in Canada, employing hundreds of people. I think it must have caused Mr. DeFehr some pain a few years ago when the name of the

company was changed from A. A. DeFehr to Palliser but on this anniversary occasion he can reflect with justifiable pride on the continued growth of the company under the direction of his three sons, Arthur, Frank, and David. I must confess that I enjoy being in the presence of entrepreneurs, not because they have money or social status but because they are willing to take risks, and because most of them work very hard. I don't envy them, but I genuinely admire their spirit and drive. What always proves difficult, however, is how to give thanks to God on such public occasions without abusing His name. There are at least two good reasons why caution is necessary, despite the sincere desire of Christians to witness to their faith. First, there may be many people present who have reason to be suspicious of the uses to which the name of God is sometimes put in a business context. Second, it would be quite wrong to suggest that the success of one particular business is due to a special blessing of God. Do others fail because God has been less generous toward them; because He is not as willing to bless them? It is a good thing to give thanks to God every day for all the good (and seemingly bad) things that we experience in His world, but it can be quite dangerous to imply in our thanksgiving that in His constant and busy care for the whole world He singled out our particular cause or enterprise and deemed to bless it in a special way. The Lord's prayer remains a good, example of the simple thanks that satisfies God. What was impressive on this occasion was the attention given to the role of the workers in the enterprise. They are now participants in a profit-sharing scheme, one small but significant step in the direction of recognizing their equal status. It is actions like these that speak volumes about our faith, without abusing the name of God in any way. We wish the DeFehrs and their co-workers many more good years.

• The month of October also offers some outstanding cultural events. We are moved particularly by a perfor-

mance of *La Saquoine* at the Warehouse Theatre. For one and a half hours a simple French-Acadian washer-woman holds our attention by sharing with us her views and experiences of life. There is more wisdom here than in many academic debates that I have heard, though to be simple is not necessarily to be wise. A few evenings later a performance of *Amadeus* proves to be equally delightful. The central point of this play is a strong one: life is a matter of grace. One cannot force a blessing from God. He lets His sun to shine on the just and the unjust, on the mature and the immature, on those who strive for sainthood and those who don't even know what the word means. God's mystery is His freedom, and our inability to extort special favors from Him should be a source of contentment rather than a stimulus to jealousy and anger.

The Sunday evening of the Thanksgiving weekend is enhanced by a marvelous cello performance by the young virtuoso, Ofra Harnoy. For me a performance of this kind is as much a visual as an audio experience. How a musician treats the musical instrument is especially fascinating. Many cellists hold their cello at bay, drawing the bow across from a distance with great formality and dignity. Miss Harnoy draws the cello into her body and almost seems to dance with it. The romantic music of Offenbach blends perfectly with this technique.

• Unfortunately October is also the occasion for a more demeaning experience. The annual visit must be made to the dentist. I often wonder how dentists can stand their boring work (no pun intended), but they have managed to invent chairs which provide them with some macabre delights. How else explain that completely helpless, prone position into which they put you for something as simple as teeth cleaning. I find that I have an overwhelming urge to bite the hand that probes, but I resist because the hand is covered in plastic. The efficient dental assistant further curbs my aggressiveness by scolding me for failing to brush my teeth prop-

erly. I am glad that none of my students is present to observe the lesson administered to me in the proper art of tooth brushing; how can one have learned economics and never learned how to brush teeth? The brush is given to me as a humiliating gift, to be used, I am told, properly and often. When she suggests that I return in six months I mumble feebly, "Can we make it a year?"

- In mid-October the Chair of Mennonite Studies sponsors a series of lectures on a number of eccentrics (slightly mad men) who have graced the Mennonite church over the years. Al Reimer does a good job of explaining one of our common, colorful ancestors, Klass Reimer, the founder of the Kleine Gemeinde Church. George Epp provides fascinating insights into some of the naive political views held by a few Mennonite leaders in Russia in the 19th century. The question arises: why have we often been so gullible about events and people in the world around us? It is not good enough to plead the virtue of innocence. There is a certain kind of innocence which is dangerous and unjustifiable; the innocence, for example, of parents who think that their children can do no wrong, and are therefore "shocked" and defensive when something does go wrong. The excessive praise heaped on the Tsars by some Mennonites in the 19th century stems from that kind of false innocence. No human beings, and certainly no politicians, deserve that kind of adulation.

- By the end of October the hockey season is back in full swing, and with the hope that springs eternal in the stupid breast we go to the arena to see if our Jets can finally beat the Oilers. There are no miracles that night, but despite loyalty to a new member of our family I continue to hope that this season will be blessed by at least one upset of those Alberta upstarts.

- At the end of the month we anticipate our annual weekend trip to the exotic city of Grand Forks — just to relax and to do a little shopping. We hope you too will find peace in this Fall season.

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Yooks, Zooks and buttered bread

The Butter Battle Book. Dr. Seuss. Cambridge, Ont.: Britannica Learning Materials, 1984, \$9.30.

a review by Ray Hamm

This new book by Dr. Seuss tells children about the arms race by telling a story about the animosity which exists between the Yooks and the Zooks. The story, told by a Yook grandfather to his Yook grandson, begins by explaining why Yooks and Zooks don't get along. The Yooks, he says, eat their bread butter-side up — "the right, honest way." Zooks, on the other hand, eat their bread butter-side down. This simple difference causes Yooks and Zooks to mistrust one another. Says the Yook grandfather: "Every Zook must be watched! He has kinks in his soul!"

The race for bigger and better weapons began when the Yook grandfather was a young member of the Zook watching border patrol. The grandfather Yook made sure that the Zooks stayed on their side of a wall which separated the Yooks and Zooks by twitching Zooks which came too close with his "tough-tufted prickly Snick-Berry Switch." This worked fine until a Zook slingshotted his Switch. The grandfather Yook reported the attack to his superior who, together with the Boys in the Back Room — weapons designers — created a bigger slingshop for the Yooks.

The remainder of the story is familiar to readers acquainted with the arms race. Every time the Yooks get a better weapon — a Triple-Sling Jigger, a gun

called Kick-A-Poo Kid or a plane called an Utterly Sputter — the Zooks build a counter weapon — a Jigger-Rock Snatchem, an Eight Nozzled Elephant-Toted Boom Blitz and their own Utterly Sputter. The resulting stalemate appears broken when the Yooks invent The Bitsy Big-Boy Boomeroo, a fearsome atomic bomb-like weapon. But the Zooks have one too; the book ends with Yook and Zook perched on the wall, each holding a Bitsy Big-Boy Boomeroo.

"Grandpa," shouts the Yook grandson, "Be careful! Oh, gee! Who's going to drop it? Will you . . .? Or will he . . .?" "Be patient," replies the grandfather. "We'll see. We will see . . ."

The Butter Battle Book parallels modern experiences. Parents and children will be able to use the book to start discussion about the arms race. It can teach children about differences — should we mistrust people who simply do things differently than we do? The unresolved ending — "Who's going to drop it?" — illustrates the unpredictable world which we live in.

A survey recently reported in the Toronto Globe and Mail shows that 51 percent of Canadian children fear nuclear war. Ten percent of those said that they think about nuclear war every day. With this in mind *The Butter Battle Book* is a must for every home — and especially for parents who want to teach their children about peace.

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The Alexander Church in Winnipeg

A Memoir

by Marlies Friesen

On a spring day in 1977 city wrecking crews demolished a building situated on the corner of Ellen Street and Alexander Avenue, thus destroying the first Winnipeg home of the Schoenwieser Mennonite congregation (now the First Mennonite Church). Documents found in its cornerstone revealed that this small wooden church was built in 1893, after a design by Chicago architect Arthur Waltersdorf, and erected by Altona builder Franz Grabinsky. It was one of the earliest wooden churches built in Winnipeg.

In the early twenties, in the aftermath of the Revolution, thousands of Mennonites left Russia, many of whom found their way to Manitoba. Among them was Aeltester J. P. Klassen of Schoenwiese in Russia. With great foresight, the General Conference of Mennonites of North America provided Klassen and Aeltester Franz Enns with a small stipend on the understanding that they gather these scattered groups of Mennonites and organize them into congregations. Klassen devoted his attention to those groups settled in Manitoba and along the railway line right into Saskatchewan. He himself settled in Starbuck, Manitoba.

The Mennonites in Starbuck quickly recognized their good fortune in having him in their midst, chose him as their Aeltester, and honored him further by choosing for themselves the name Schoenwieser Gemeinde, after the name of Klassen's native village in Russia. He also became the Aeltester of all the other congregations he had created. These groups were thus all a part of the extended Schoenwiese congregation. At its peak this congregation numbered more than 30 such groups, all regularly visited by Klassen. Over the years, one by one, each group chose its own Aeltester and became independent, until only the Winnipeg church remained.

Small numbers of Mennonites also found their way to Winnipeg. In particular, young women discovered opportunities for earning money in domestic service. Soon a fairly large number of such girls were in the city and looking for a place to worship. They were joined by a small but growing number of families. Gerhard Peters and Benjamin Ewert were the first ministers to serve this city group. Peters was also responsible for establishing the Maedchenheim. At first worship services were held in the various homes, but as their numbers grew so did their wish to establish a city congregation. Pastor Arthur Peterhaensel of the Zion Reformed Church at 394 Alexander Avenue gave great help to the

fledgling congregation, offering his church for use on Sunday afternoons and evenings. It was here that the Schoenwiesers' first Christmas service was held in 1925.

It soon became apparent that this congregation needed its own Aeltester. Starbuck, with its vital leader, seemed a model to emulate. Klassen was invited to head the Winnipeg congregation. It was a difficult decision for him to make but in 1927 he consented to come, and so this group became part of the Schoenwieser Gemeinde and soon became its nucleus. Also in 1927 it was possible to purchase the Zion Church along with its neighboring manse.

In those formative years, despite poverty and culture shock, a number of men contributed uniquely to the development of the congregation. These included Jacob Schulz, Heinrich Willms, J. Janz, Jacob Friesen and E. Wehrman.

Under Klassen's guidance, the church soon prospered. In short order a Sunday School was started, a youth group was established, and a Women's Circle appeared. As early as 1929, a notice in the *Bote* announced the establishing of courses in Religion and German literature to be given in the Zion Church. This name, *Zionskirche*, lingered and was often used in those early years.

The Winnipeg congregation grew so rapidly that it was soon clear an assistant minister was necessary to allow Klassen sufficient time for his duties as Aeltester. Rev. J. H. Enns, who served the Lichtenauer Church in Ste. Elizabeth, was invited to come to Winnipeg to fill this position. He too found it hard to leave the peaceful countryside and move his growing family into the city, but in 1932 he was persuaded to do so and moved into a house found for him at



510 Alexander Avenue, not far from the church.

Klassen and Enns worked together in productive harmony for many years. Their sterling integrity and strength of character left an imprint on the Schoenwieser Church that can be felt to this day. Because they had both come from small communities, they understood the problems faced by families changing from a rural to an urban way of life with its special challenges. When ill-health forced Klassen to resign his post and move to B.C., Enns was chosen to replace him in 1939 as Aeltester of the Schoenwieser Church. Enns, in turn, was fortunate in finding to assist him Rev. J. Schulz, who had been ordained in 1926, and Rev. Viktor Schroeder, ordained in 1929, as well as a number of other lay ministers.

Enns first directed his attention to the development of the Sunday School and the Saturday German School. The basement space and balcony were used for this. In addition, he also organized and headed the *Mennonitische Religionschule von Winnipeg*, which included in its curriculum courses in German literature. Originally only an evening school, it soon blossomed into a day school and had a lifespan of 14 years, closing its doors finally when the CMBC was built on Shaftesbury Boulevard.

The Alexander church provided a social and cultural focus as well in those early years. The Jugendverein evenings, for instance, were social highlights looked forward to with great pleasure. These were youth services held monthly on Sunday evenings. They were conducted in German straight through the war years and beyond. But they were not solely religious. Music and German poetry were prominent features of such programs, cultural features which spoke well for the quality of instruction in those early German schools. There was, for instance, almost always a *Referat*, a lecture on some serious, thought-provoking topic, often heatedly discussed later at the *Kaffeeabend* which followed. And everyone enjoyed the singing of Eduard and Viktor Klassen. Viktor could also be heard frequently on CBC radio. Later, the fine voices of Helen Neufeld (Albrecht) and Susan Wieser (Kroeker) and others also became familiar. Occasionally John Konrad would bring some of his violin students from the Bornoff School of Music to play concerts. At the conclusion of such a Jugendverein service all would linger downstairs for the *Kaffeeabend*.

After the war the city thronged with young men — students — just released

from military or alternative service. Many of them felt at home at the Schoenwieser Church and enhanced the quality of its activities. The lower room of the building was wonderfully *gemuetlich*, with its low ceiling and long rows of tables. It often took on the semblance of a student coffee house with its heated discussions and idealistic enthusiasms. During the war this little island of German language and culture had remained unmolested. No attempt was made to curtail the activities. One wonders if a similar tolerance was observed in either Britain or Germany at that time. These evenings provided enrichment and a secure haven at a time when it was not particularly chic to be ethnic, and to be German could be disastrous.

There was also a monthly newspaper *Das Blatt* which kept youth members informed and in touch with each other. Good Friday always brought forth *Das Suehnopfer* by Carl Loewe, and spring concerts were frequently held. Aside from music, drama played an important part in youth activities. The Jugendverein in that form has long since disappeared, but its legacy can still be found in, for instance, *The Intercom*, a direct descendent of *Das Blatt*, and in the establishment of the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre, now a semi-professional troupe in a city already well served by theatre.

Over the years many special services took place at the Alexander Church. Thanksgivings, for instance, were celebrated with quite uncharacteristic abandon. The altar was transformed into a veritable cornucopia of earthly blessings. Whole sheaves of wheat and cascades of green and purple grapes delighted the eye. Even in poverty some abundance could be produced. There was already much to be thankful for. Margaret Derksen for many years headed the altar guild, seeing to it that the sanctuary was suitably adorned for the seasons of the church year — flowers for Totensonntag, candles for Ad-

vent, etc. On Thanksgiving evenings the small sanctuary was festooned with the exquisite embroidery of that first women's circle. These items were then auctioned, with proceeds going to missions. The auctioneer was usually the inimitable Wilhelm Loewen. Christmas Eves were also memorable, though one blanches at the memory of a wooden structure tightly packed with dozens of highly excited children performing their Christmas programme around a candlelit tree. Still the magic of those early Christmases was very real for the entire congregation.

By the late forties, however, it was evident that the congregation had quite simply outgrown the Alexander Church. Any larger service, such as the annual baptismal service at Pentecost, required the use of a larger neighboring church. Even some of the weddings could no longer be accommodated. Those years also saw the arrival of the first new post-war immigrants who, while boosting numbers still further, temporarily at least provided a much needed refreshing of our rather travel-weary German language. The time had come to move to larger quarters.

But the memory of the Alexander Church is still strong and fresh in the minds and hearts of many who found a spiritual home in the little white building situated in what has euphemistically come to be known as the "core area" of Winnipeg.

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Marlies Friesen is a Winnipeg resident, and daughter of the late Aeltester J. H. Enns.

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Visions of the New Jerusalem

A review by Andre Oberlé

This unique volume of well-documented essays, edited by Benjamin Smillie, tells the stories of eleven prairie groups who attempted to form communities in which they could realize their religious traditions and spiritualism with as little outside interference as possible. All but the Indian and Metis groups journeyed expressly to western Canada to find the New Jerusalem.

B. Smillie provides the reader with an introduction and a conclusion in which he gives his theological interpretation of settlement and casts a questioning look towards the future. In his introduction he points out that many previous studies have stressed the social and political motivation for settlement in the west, while regarding religious beliefs as "strange, bizarre phenomena" and thus downplayed "the primacy of faith as motivation." He then goes on to outline the theme of the book: "My contention is that the theological roots of many settlers, particularly their biblical hope in a New Jerusalem, was an intangible but strong motivation which helped them to survive, in spite of financial hardship and political manipulation."

To provide the historical perspective J. N. McGorie gives a concise and informative background to prairie settlement in which he points out how the "hamlet clause" in the Dominion Lands Act of 1872, which permitted settlers who wished to live as a community to purchase blocs of land in the west, proved particularly attractive to religious groups. M. Beaucage and E. LaRoque take a sad and compassionate look at the Indian and Metis reaction to the missionaries by examining how the loss of their own culture left these groups spiritually torn. R. Huel, in his well-written essay on French Catholics, traces the valiant attempts by the French clergy to give spiritual leadership to an immense area. He stresses the importance of the French clergy as stewards of French language and culture in the

west. F. Peake, in his essay on "Anglicans in the Prairies," points out that "Anglicanism on the prairies may be seen as a continuation and expansion of the Catholic Faith as received by the Church of England" and shows the difficulty this group had in adjusting and making accommodations to the new land. B. Smillie and N. Threinen ably trace the stories of the United and Lutheran churches in western Canada. These particular denominations are chosen to represent Protestants in the west because they were numerically the strongest. The authors deal with the effects of the doctrine of election, moral perfectionism and the doctrine of the two kingdoms on the outlook of the settlers.

The difficult start and eventual success of the Jews as western settlers is told by A. Arnold in a most interesting manner. Particularly noteworthy is his examination of the Jewish community settlement of Edenbridge (Northern Saskatchewan) and his account of Jewish contributions to western society. T. D. Regehr briefly relates the struggles of the Mennonites in western Canada as they tried to materialize their vision of a New Jerusalem and focuses on the relief efforts of Mennonite groups. K. Tarasoff gives an understanding description of the settlement efforts of the Doukhobors and compellingly analyses why the group has been so frequently misunderstood. He stresses particularly how a relative few zealots have given the whole group an undeserved bad name.

The Ukrainian experience is very skilfully related by S. Hryniuk and R. Yereniuk. The authors manage to convey a clear picture of the complicated religious history of this group. B. Hubbard tells the interesting story of St. Peter's Monastery and Colony in the Muenster and Humboldt area of Saskatchewan. He shows that while the Catholic colony has long since disintegrated, the original spirit still lives on at the monastery. In her story of the Hutterites, Gail McConnell presents, for the most part, an interview with Michael Entz of the Waldeck Colony. Entz conveys the religious beliefs of his

brethren in a straightforward and unassuming conversational manner, while McConnell provides the historical background and comments on Entz's narrative.

This collection of essays is very well written and makes fascinating reading. The fact-filled and well-documented accounts by the various contributors allow the reader to understand the various religious settlements in the context of the whole. One thereby gains insights which are not easily acquired when one reads the story of a single religious group. The well-researched texts are further amplified with maps, graphs and photographs. Biographies of the various contributors are provided as well.

While one sometimes wishes that the authors had had more space at their disposal to elaborate on many important aspects that can only be treated in passing, it must be stressed that, given its framework, the book is very successful in detailing the story of religious settlement on the prairies from a religious perspective. It provides a valuable addition to the research on western settlement and is easily read by those without historical or theological training.

The work is to be highly recommended to all those who are interested in the history of the settlement of the west and the stories of various religious groups which form part of our heritage.

Ben Smillie, ed., Visions of the New Jerusalem: Religious Settlement on the Prairie (Edmonton: NeWest Press, 1983), 207 p.; Paperback, \$7.95, Cloth, \$17.95.

Andre Oberlé is Associate Professor of German at the University of Winnipeg.

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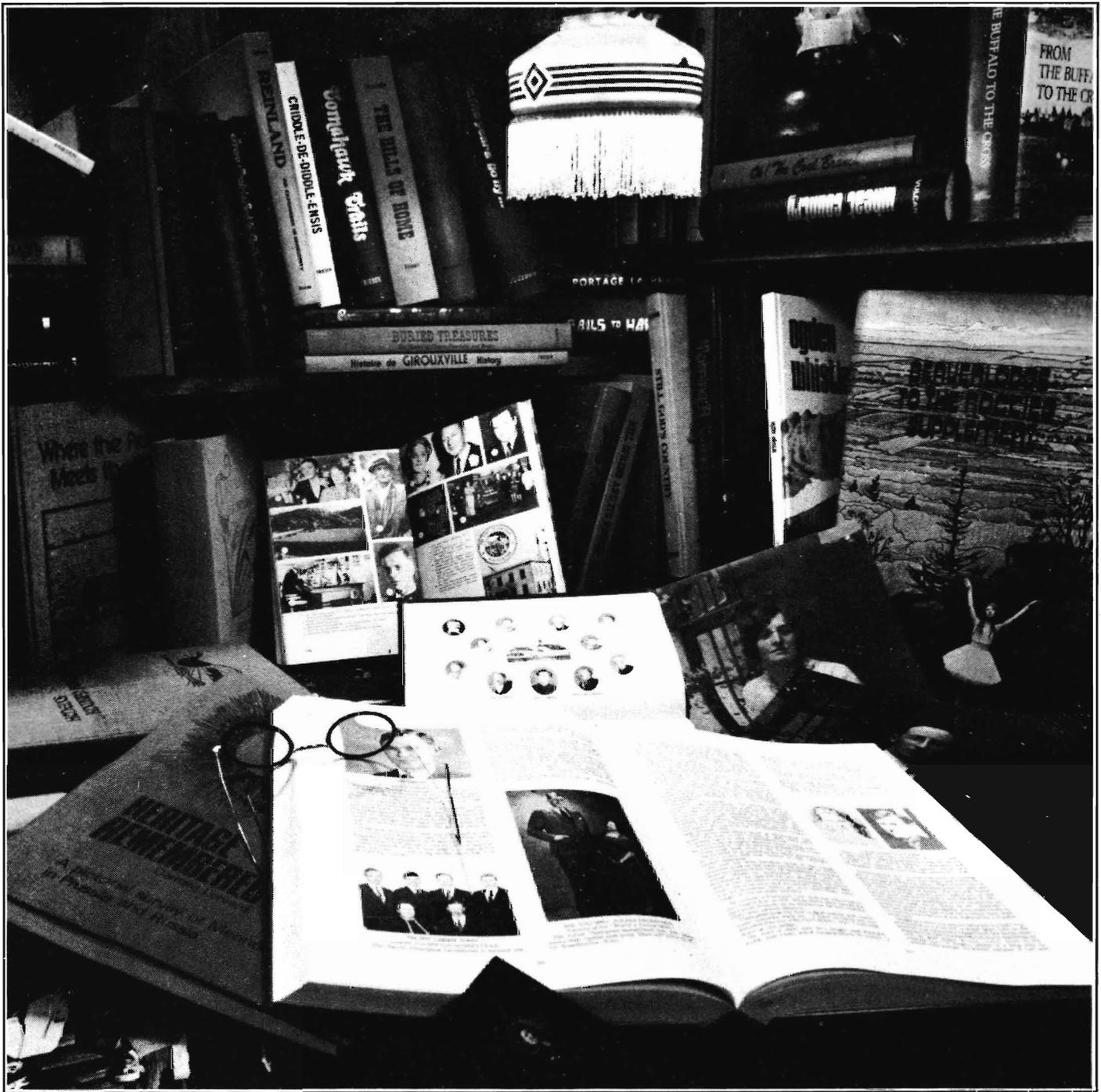


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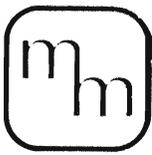
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project comes under the \$1.84 million in support provided under the Small Schools Support Program. Over \$75,000 of the total has been set aside for the development and testing of programs which could improve the quality of education in small schools.

Officials of the University of Winnipeg and the **David Friesen Family Foundation** have confirmed the signing of an agreement to establish a new Mennonite Studies Centre at the University in January, 1985. The University is currently advertising for a director. The centre's activities will include teaching and research.



Sandra Toews, 18-year-old queen of the Altona Sunflower Festival held in Altona in July, will visit Australia in 1985. The trip is sponsored by Elanco Division Eli Lilly Canada Inc. The trip is part of an exchange program with a similar festival held in Emerald, Australia.

The abnormally warm weather this fall brought the 1983 **sugar beet harvest** to a standstill in late September and early October. Sugar beets tend to rot in warmer temperatures, needing maximum highs of 14° C and nighttime lows of around zero, for best results. Dry growing conditions this year resulted in below average yields, though the sugar content is above average.

Organizers fear that the **Southeastern Music and Speech Arts Festival** might fold this year because of a lack of volunteers with no president or vice-president elected for the upcoming season. The festival, held annually in Steinbach, has for the past few years had the highest number of entries in a rural Manitoba festival.

The Carillon of Steinbach was judged the best weekly newspaper in Manitoba in the recent annual awards banquet held by the Manitoba Community Newspapers Association. This is the seventh time the paper has received the award since it was first presented in 1968. The paper was also cited for 10

other awards. Other newspapers receiving awards were the **Red River Valley Echo** of Altona with six awards, **Scratching River Post** of Morris with five, and **Pembina Times** (Morden-Winkler) with five.

A Winnipeg film crew, under the direction of **Allan Kroeker** of Winnipeg, has been filming scenes for a television feature, *Tramp at the Door*, produced by CKND-TV. The feature is based on a short story by Manitoba writer Gabrielle Roy, who later moved to Quebec. Written originally in French, the story is about the Fournier family living in a small rural Manitoba community, and set around 1937. Most of the filming has taken place in the Steinbach area, including the schoolroom at the Mennonite Village Museum and the Helmut Pankratz farmhouse south of Steinbach.

Lyle Wahl, pastor of the St. Vital Community Church, (Evangelical Mennonite Brethren Conference), is the new editor of the EMB Conference's periodical, *Gospel Tidings*. The paper, published in Omaha, Nebraska, has been edited by William Regehr since 1961. The EMB conference has 20 congregations in Canada and 14 in the U.S.

Randy Peters, a graduate music student at the University of Indiana, was one of eleven finalists in a competition for young composers held recently by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Randy's composition, entitled *Analogia*, was aired, together with the work of the other finalists, in a national broadcast of the CBC. Randy is a graduate of MBCI, MBBC, and has a degree in physics from the University of Winnipeg. He is the son of Peter and Greti Peters.



David Rempel, who retired recently from his position as district director of the Manitoba and North-west Ontario district parole services of the Correctional Service of Canada, recently was honored with the presentation of the



The **annual auction** sale for the Mennonite Central Committee held in Morris in September raised \$85,000, which will be distributed among three overseas projects. An estimated 5,000 people attended the event. The money will go toward transportation costs of food distribution in Ethiopia; a development project in Brazil; job creation and cottage industries in Bangladesh.

Manitoba Parents for German Education has set up an office in Steinbach, Man., hoping to encourage parents and school division trustees to consider expanding German language education in the division. According to a report in *The Carillon*, trustees feel that there is presently little interest on the part of parents in German education, and that to fully integrate the language into school curricula would cost more than the program would merit.

Education Minister Maureen Hempill has announced a grant of \$3,250 to **Rhineland School Division** for a pilot project to train teachers and volunteers in three communities — Kronsthal, New Hope and Rosenfeld schools — to assist with the music program in small elementary schools. Funding for the

Commissioner's Meritorious Service Award, one of the highest honors available within the Correctional Service of Canada. David and his wife Martha are members of the First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg.



J. M. Klassen has resigned as long-term executive director of MCC (Canada). Announcing his decision in a special session of the board, Klassen cited a recent heart attack as the main reason for his decision. The resignation was accepted "with the deepest regret and with profound respect and appreciation for his long-term contribution to MCC." J. M. and Katherine Klassen first entered MCC work in 1958, and became MCC (Canada's) first executive director in 1964.

Waldo Neufeld, co-ordinator of MCC personnel and administrative services, has been named as acting executive director.

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A service of ordination and installation was held at First Mennonite Church on October 14th, ordaining **Ralph Wischnewski**, and installing **Peter Bartel**. Guest speakers were Rev. Larry Kehler, Exec. Secty of CMMC and Rev. John Neufeld, President of CMBC and former leading minister of First Mennonite Church. Wischnewski was born in Winnipeg and grew up in First Mennonite Church. He is a graduate of Westgate, attended Bienenberg Bible School and the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries. Bartel was born in Prussia and migrated to B.C. in 1951. He received his Master of Divinity at Elkhart, and both he and his wife, Alma, were ordained to the full-time ministry in Chilliwack, B.C. They come to First Mennonite from Grace Mennonite in Brandon, where they served for nearly 7 years.

Eccentrics Symposium

On October 4-5, 1984, the Chair in Mennonite Studies at the University of Winnipeg conducted its annual series of guest lectures.

In previous years the lectures — attended by academics, students and interested persons from the community — were delivered by an invited scholar on some aspect of his specialty. This year five scholars from the Winnipeg area gave papers on subjects of Russian-Mennonite history under the general theme: "Eccentrics Among the Russian Mennonites."

On the first day two papers were presented. Prof. Al Reimer of the English Department, University of Winnipeg, dealt with the founder of the Kleine Gemeinde, Klaas Reimer, showing that while Reimer was at times stubborn and generally conservative, he sought to re-establish the neglected Anabaptist-Mennonite ideals and values among the Russian Mennonites.

Dr. George Epp, a Mennonite pastor in Winnipeg, spoke on the 19th-century Russian Mennonite patriots, particularly Heinrich Heese and Bernhard Harder, dealing with their nationalistic-patriotic poems and songs. By means of an overhead projector and maps of southern Russia, Epp showed that the dangers all around the Mennonite colonies caused most Mennonites to support the Tsars and their wars.

On the second day Prof. Harry

Loewen, holder of the Chair in Mennonite Studies, analyzed the movement of exuberance among the early Mennonite Brethren in Russia. He argued that the so-called *Froehliche Richtung* was more deep-seated and influential in early MB history than has been assumed by historians.

The last two papers were given by Prof. Victor Doerksen of the Department of German, University of Manitoba, and Prof. Abe Dueck of the Mennonite Brethren Bible College, Winnipeg.

Doerksen traced the origin of the Temple movement among Russian Mennonites and analyzed the reasons and manifestations of it in the Gnadenfeld area. Dueck dealt with the interesting yet strange Claas Epp group which decided to exchange their prosperous and comfortable colonies in the Volga and southern Russia for the uncertainties and dangers of a new future in Asia.

The discussions after each paper were lively and at times heated, but always stimulating, enlightening and enjoyable.

The approximately 80 participants at each lecture were most appreciative of the series. Many expressed the hope that the papers be published.

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Few rushed to this Russian evening

a review by Ed Unrau

The most disappointing aspect of the October 27th concert of the Mennonite Community Orchestra was the size of the audience. Although the weather was snowy and windy, it couldn't explain why the empty pews vastly outnumbered the occupied ones at Young United Church. Judging by the relative ages of the orchestra members compared with the members of the audience, one could conclude that the orchestra members were at least able to convince their parents and grandparents to come out.

The point is, that if you missed the concert you missed a good concert.

Perhaps the reason for the disappointing attendance lay in the choice of selections — all were by Russian com-

posers with the selections not easily recognizable. This is not to suggest, of course, that the MCO should give us only "pop concert" music, but it is to say that at least one of the selections should be popular enough to be a drawing card.

The evening opened with a medley of eight Russian songs by A. C. Liadov, which provided contrasting sounds and were all nicely crafted.

The program continued with the *Concerto in E flat for Saxophone and Orchestra*, by A. K. Glazunov, that was played by Andrew Klassen, son of MCO conductor, John Klassen. The combination of strings and saxophone is unusual, but the result was pleasing to hear.

After intermission the orchestra played the short *Classical symphony* by S. S. Prokofief, a rendering that sounded a shade rushed and a trifle shrill.

The evening concluded with the coronation scene from *Boris Gudonov*, with the orchestra being joined by a choir that was prepared by William Baerg, and by bass soloist Bruce Kotowich. This was a real "show-off" selection in that it involved everyone and filled the church with a lot of noise, but it was also a piece that might have benefitted from a touch of restraint in that one couldn't always tell if the choir and/or the soloist were singing.

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Between No and Yes: The Poet's Ground

A review by Peter Pauls



This volume of poems represents a significant step toward maturity for Pat Friesen. As always, this maturation process involves both a loss and a gain. Maturity brings wisdom but the price is, occasionally, the loss of a certain spontaneity. Friesen can still tell a story or describe a scene by means of brilliantly crafted images and/or wittily turned phrases. Lately, however, he has also turned philosophical. He has become the commentator as well as the sensitive observer. This new role makes him more self-conscious and some of his poems are as a result more laboured, more "systematic," more "thought out," products of the head rather than the heart.

A few poems in this collection are too private — tributes to personal friends which many readers will find obscure. Many of the poems are the products of Friesen's attempts to come to terms with his past, his roots. These are far more effective. His "pa poems" especially reveal a profound sympathy and love for his own flesh and blood but they also show a need to break with a way of thinking that is, for the poet, too inflexible and too judgmental. The poet, very conscious of the fact that he too is now a father, nevertheless strives to remain the boy, the man who speaks like a child. As such, he must reject the uncompromising stands that fathers and most adults tend to take. He stands, as he says, between no and yes, philosophical ground that was anathema to his forebears. His end poem, "I stand / between no / one foot in the fire / yes," may be a play on the words in Matthew 5:37: "But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." These words were often used by Anabaptists to justify their literal interpretations of Scripture and their unbending approach to complex moral questions.

The poet does not see issues so clearly defined. Commitment to causes or creeds can lead to a singlemindedness that the poet must shun. In his attempt to accurately portray the human condition, he must present its fundamental dualism. Perhaps this is why "antithesis" is characteristic of so many poems in *Unearthly Horses* — youth versus age, innocence versus fall, birth versus death. At times Friesen is content to live with these opposites. At other times he strives to find the paradoxical unity which transcends the contradictions. The

father in his "pa poems" becomes a mirror image of himself, both real and idealized, unforgiving and compassionate, unimaginative but romantic, a one-eyed monster yet Christ-like, a dying animal but also a spirit who lives eternally, haunting the poet nightly. The recognition of this paradoxical condition of the human race is possible only if the poet can be father and child simultaneously, always looking back, as fathers are wont to do, and yet always looking forward to the future the way only children can. Only if he can do both can he truly learn to sing:

these days I'm poking around again
found the old grounds and the grave
pa I sang 'beulah land' the other day
'sweet sweet beulah land'

just thought I'd let you know
I'm starting to sing no one's really heard me yet
and I'm not singing jerusalem
I'm singing 'beulah land' I'm singing elijah
because I see ahead where I shed my clothes
maybe hang them in a closet
and disappear

Friesen often illustrates the contradictory nature of human existence by his use of antithetical images such as summer and winter, light and darkness, lambs and lions, flowers and minefields. He also creates tension between adjectives and the nouns they modify as in "unearthly horses," "falling star," "anarchic love." Whenever he allows the images or the paradoxes to speak for themselves, his poems are highly effective. There are times, however, when Friesen is less intuitive, more discursive, too ready to explain, almost pontifical. His short, unassuming "grandfather's horses" is a better poem than his much more elaborate and philosophical "shake-speare's horses." Some of his "pa poems" do indeed border on "kvetching about his old man," to use his own self-mocking phrase. But perhaps this is unavoidable in an imperfect world where the poet must occasionally settle for less than the perfect image or turn of phrase and, like the rest of us, sometimes goes on too long.

Patrick Friesen, *Unearthly Horses*; Winnipeg, Manitoba: Turnstone Press, 1984; Paperback; 78 pages.

Freaja enn Horndean

fonn Victor Peters

Jeweenlich dentjt maun mank onse Lied daut Plautdietsch eene Sproak ess meistens omm Spos too moaken. Daut ess uck goot, oba wie kjennen dee Sproak uck kratjt soo goot brucken omm earnste Sachen too beräden ooda fetalen.

Plautdietsch ess 'ne oole Sproak, ella aus Hoagdietsch ooda Englisch. Dee Sproaken send beid toom Deel opp Plautdietsch oppjebüt. Wann Englenda ooda Hoagdietsche "Somma" ooda "Winta" sajen, dann saje se' daut kratjt soo aus wie daut opp Plautdietsch sajen. Wann se' de Wead schriewen, dann henje se' noch en "r" doraun, oba daut kaum fäl lota.

Ooda uck englische Wead soo aus "enough", "trough" ooda "plough", daut sent deselwje Weada aus onse "jenuach", "Troch" ooda "Pluach". Ooda wann se' "knife", "mouse" ooda "cat" sajen, daut sent oole plautdietsche Weada: "Knief", "Müs" en "Kaut."

Jo, wie sajen "Stetj", soo aus "en Stetj Fleesch" (flesh = Fleesch), oba de' plautdietsche Lied bie Hamburg dee sajen "Ssteak", en daut es dautselwe Woat woont de' Englenda brucken wann se em Restaurant "steak" felangen. See meenen en "steak flesh", oba daut "flesh" habe se' mett de Tiet ütjeloaten.

Oba jie wellen fonn de' goode oole Tiet hearen aus etj Leara enn Horndean wea. Ons Schoolbesorja heet Jinta, enn de' Lied nanden am uck "Schoolbesorja Jinta". No Klock fea fetald wie ons foaken; hee wist aulles waut emm Distrikt passead.

"Hast jeheat," säd hee dann, "daut Barjchfeldsche Jiesbrajcht sijch biem Schwischlachten deitjasche den rajchten Foot febräjcht haft?" Ooda: "Jo, de' Jaun Ditsche woat nijch mea lang. Dee haft Moagentjräft. See drung

uck den Koffe tsemorjes uck opp Faspasoo heet, daut fedrajcht kjeen Moagen." He wist uck waut enn Roosefeld, Kulle (Plum Coulee) enn enn Aulteneiw fääjintj: hia wea en Bejrafnis, doa eene Kjust ("de muste sijch befrieen"), enn bie eenem aundren wearen de' Moun-ties jewast.

Eamol fetald hee mie äwa Lange Jeat Wiebe, de wond Noaden fonn Horndean. Daut Laund wea freaja aules Swamp. (He säd eascht: Daut wea aulles enne Schi . . ., kratjt soo aus se' daut opp Englisch sajen. Oba Jinta docht felleijcht wurd etj daut nijch festone, enn säd dan "swamp".)

Eamol wea eena mett ossen jefoaren, en bleef mett 'ne Load emm Moddloch stätjen. Soo seea aus hee de' Ossen uck tooräd, dee kräjen dem Woagen nijch rüt. He jintj no de' easchte Foarm enn froag no Help. Daut wea groats bie Lange Jeat Wiebe jewast. Wiebe wea uck reed am too halpen, jintj noam Woagen, satt siene Schulla aum Woagen en schoof den rüt. He haud noch jemeent: "Kjeen Wunda daut daut de' Osse schwoa foll."

Horndean haud kjeen Curling-Rink. Wie foaren emma no Roosefeld toom curlen. Mien Skip wea Jaun Schwoat. Horndean kunne goot Englisch, oba biem curlen wort dietsch jerät. Schwoat jintj dan bedajchtich nom aundren Enj, läd den Bassem en bät auf fomm "Button" enn säd too mie (etj wea "lead"): "Laj am opp'm Knoop." Enn soo gauf hee jieda siene ordasch: "Tucks dissem eent!" ooda, "Barscht dissem!" ooda "Nemm dissen Witjsa rüt!"

Eenje mol lach daut gaunse "Hüs" foll mett de' aundre äre Steena. Dan säd hee too Diedrijch Friesen: "Jeff am Ssunda!" Diedrich Friesen wea dijcht bie 300 Pund, en wan dee am "Ssunda" gauf, baunsten de Steena noch tien Min-

üten lang jäjen de Bolen, enn tsettaden noch wan eena se' opphoof.

Ons Dokta en Horndean wea Dr. McGavin fonn Plum Coulee. Hee haud toosajen aule Horndean too Welt jebrocht. Enn Kulle haude se' eemol too miena Tiet eene Paräd fonn McGavin-Babies. Daut wea eene Paräd fonn äwa 5000.

Dokta McGavin haud siene Office oppe Main Steet en Kulle. Hee haud dree groote Doktabätja. Emm Somma bruckt hee dee aus Door-Stop. Wann hee waut nijch wist, dan jintj'a no de' Däa enn kijtjt daut no.

Mett de' Tiet räd Dokta McGavin märendeels Plautdietsch. Eemol haud'a sijch sea jeschämt, fetald hee mie. Doa wearen Englenda fonn Morden bie am jewast, mett äa Mejaltje. Daut wea too seenen, daut haud dollen Hoost, oba McGavin haud daut englische Woat dofäa fejäten.

Dr. McGavin wea ons Health Officer. Eemol impft hee onse Schooltjinja. Hee haud nijch jenoach Notteln mettjebrocht. Wann hee Kjinja impft gauf hee an emma Kende. Dittmol wearen de' Notteln oba enn bät stomp, enn hee gauf an mea. Aus hee wajchfoa wearen aule Schrüwjläsa enn dee hee de' Kende haud, laddijch.

De Kjoatj enn Horndean wea uck en' bät aundasch aus aundawäjen. Doa wea kjene Kjoatj. Wie bruckten de School doatoo. Boolt predijcht en' Barjchtola, dan eena fonn de' Breedajemeend, ooda en' Rudnaweida, ooda en' hanjereisda Missjonoa. Eeremol räden de Prädjasch plautdietsch. Daut festund jieda.

Eamol säd en' Prädja hee wurd äwa "Trübsal" räden. Doa wea soofäl Trübsaal enne Welt. Etj docht he wurd felleijcht äwa hungaje Kjinja en' Afrika prädjen, ooda äwa oame Heiden enn Indien. Oba nä. Hee räd äwa siene Frü. Dea haud de' Dokta opp Diät jesat. See wea bie 200 Pund en de' Dokta haud äa Diet fäjeschräwen. See haud noch jefroacht, aus se', waut hee oppjeschräwen haud, sull ferre ooda no de' Moltiet äten. Oba hee haud jemeent, daut wearen de' Moltieden. Nü, wann se' Sindach scheenen Heenabroden jemoakt haud, ooda Plümemoos enn jebrodne Eatschocken enn Schintjefleesch, dann kann se' daut meist nijch seenen wan se' aula soo goot eaten, enn se' durf nijch. Dan jintj se' hinjare Owe-sied ooda hinjarem Staul enn hield. Enn soo gauf daut emm Läwen fäl Trübsaal, meend de' Prädja.

Too dee Tiet gauf daut kjeen TV, oba daut Läwen wea kratjt soo interessaunt aus fonndoag. mm

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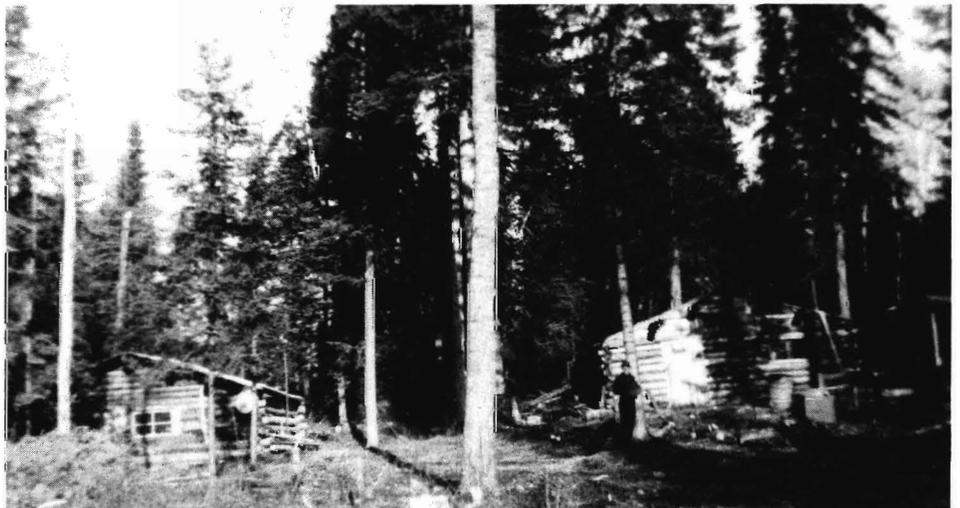
Die Blockhütten standen schon seit 1906 am Waldrand, in einer Lichtung im Busch. Die eingeritzten Jahreszahlen bestätigten das. Die eine hatte als Bunkhouse gedient, die andre als Kochshack. Mitten auf der Lichtung erhob nun eine stattliche Tanne ihr Haupt. Für mich als Neu-Kanadier war dieser Anblick einer aus den Büchern von Karl May, denn so hatte er die Urwälder Amerikas beschrieben und jetzt sollte ich selber Zeuge sein. . . . Aber ich will hier eine andere Geschichte erzählen, die sich im Jahre 1948 abspielte, als ein gewisser Herr Plett diese Gebiete pachtete, um eine Sägemühle einzurichten.

Herr Plett war Mennonit und hatte sich seine Mannschaft unter den Mennoniten aus dem südlichen Manitoba ausgesucht. Ich war vor zwei Wochen aus Übersee gekommen und ergriff die Gelungenheit sofort um dort zu arbeiten, denn ich war der englischen Sprache noch nicht mächtig und damals war es noch Mode, unter Men-

noniten Plautdietsch zu sprechen.

Nun war der Boss von der Kleinen Gemeinde und ein gläubiger Mensch, der auch auf das Seelenheil seiner Jungens bedacht war. Um nicht von der Aussenwelt abgeschnitten zu sein, hatte er sich wohlweislich ein Radio mitgebracht. Nun gab es da oben leider keinen elektrischen Strom. Das Radio brauchte eine Batterie. Aber das alles hatte keinen Wert ohne eine gute Antenne. Das wusste Ohm Plett auch und hatte alles für den Bau solch einer Antenne mitgebracht, wozu die schon erwähnte Tanne als Haltepunkt dienen sollte.

Damals habe ich herausgefunden, dass die Jugend hierzulande genau so voll Schabernack steckt wie in der alten Heimat. Einer der Kerle hatte herausgefunden, dass der Boss keine Gallenblase mehr haben sollte und dementsprechend auch nicht mehr böse oder toll werden könnte. Es wurde darüber diskutiert und das Ende vom Lied war,



dass wir eine Probe machen würden, ob selbige Sage auf Wahrheit beruhe.

Die junge Meute wurde sich einig, die Antenne vom Boss als Probestück zu gebrauchen. Ohne Antenne gäbe es kein Programm und das würde dem Boss bestimmt ärgern. Also beschloss man, die Antenne vom Baum zu schiessen, denn es waren einige Kerle unter den Arbeitern, die im Schiessen auf der Olympiade mitmachen könnten.

Wir brauchten auch nicht lange auf eine Gelegenheit zu warten, denn dafür war der Sonntagmorgen wie ausgesucht. Einer der Jungens hatte ein Kleinkalibergewehr mitgebracht und selbiges sollte nun das seinige tun.

Von der Tür unseres Bunkhouses aus konnte man die Tanne gut sehen und es wäre eigentlich für einen guten Schützen keine Kunst, den Antennen-draht durchzuschliessen ohne gesehen zu werden. Da gab es also kein langes Federlesen: gesagt, getan, und schon war die gute Antenne auf der Erde und Ohm Plett ohne Programm.

Nun warteten die in der Hütte auf die Dinge die da kommen mussten. Wir waren uns ganz sicher, dass der Boss sehr bald herausfinden würde was ge-

schehen war, und wirklich, er liess nicht lange auf sich warten.

Er erschien in der Hütte, scheinbar sehr ruhig, und fragte nach Mr. X. Wir sasssen nun alle als die Scheinheiligen und machten so, als ob wir von der Welt nichts wussten. Ich glaube aber nicht, dass Ohm Plett uns das damals abnahm. Jedenfalls entwickelte sich ein Gespräch.

„Peter, nein, der ist nicht hier. Was wollen Sie denn von ihm? Wenn er kommt werden wir es ihm wissen las-



sen.“ Ohm Plett winkte mit der Hand ab.

„Jemand hat meine Antenne durchgeschossen. Und das kann bloss er gemacht haben,“ kam ärgerlich über seine Lippen.

„Aber, aber, . . . wer wird denn gleich toll werden, wo wir doch gehört haben, dass Sie keine Gallenblase mehr haben und solche Menschen doch nicht mehr toll werden sollen.“

Ohm Plett setzt sich auf den Rand eines Bunks und meinte: „Das stimmt schon, dass ich keine Gallenblase mehr habe, aber das bedeutet nicht, dass ich nicht mehr böse werde. Nein, toll werde ich nicht, aber ich kann noch gut böse werden. So, und jetzt bringt mir meine Antenne wieder in Ordnung.“

Die Antenne wurde schnellstens wiederhergestellt und Ohm Plett sass noch lange mit seinen Jungens und erzählte Dinge aus seinem Leben, die eigentlich nichts mehr mit der Antenne zu tun hatten. . . .

Die Antenne aber, falls sie keiner heruntergeholt hat, dient heute noch — allerdings nicht für das Radio, aber den Vögeln unter dem Himmel dient sie als Schaukel. . . .

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Torfgeschichten von Hedwig Knoop

Unsern Lesern ist Hedwig Knoop bekannt, nicht nur als Tochter des Mennonitischen Dichters Arnold Dyck, sondern auch als Schriftstellerin von Rang, deren Märchen und Gedichte in diesen Blättern erschienen sind. Von Hedwig Knoop sind in der letzten Zeit zwei schöne Bändchen Verse und Geschichten erschienen, zuerst '... die rettende Stund' (1983) and neuerdings 'Torfgeschichten aus dem Uchter Moor' (1984).

Das erste enthält 'Erzählungen zum Lesen und Vorlesen', wovon die Titelgeschichte das Thema 'Weihnachten' mit ulkigem Humor als eine Vermittlung zwischen Gottvater und dem Weihnachtsmann darstellt. Damit wird man rasch in die imaginäre Welt versetzt, die Hedwig Knoop evoziert, um neue Sinnzusammenhänge herzustellen. Denn diese Geschichten, wie z.B. das Märchen 'Mira' (*Mennonite Mirror*, February, 1983), wollen durchaus ernstgenommen werden; sie haben einen Sinn, oder auch mehrere.

Der zweite Band enthält Torfgeschichten in Verse mit Illustrationen. Auch hier ist der Humor überall vorhanden, wie wir es schon kennen von dem Gedicht indem die Namensgebung 'Darlaten' erzählt wird. Dass Hedwig Knopp sich in die Uchter Torflandschaft verliebt hat merkt man daran, dass sie eine starke Einfühlung für dessen Sprache und Charakter entwickelt hat. Um beides beispielhaft vorzuführen, drucken wir hier das Gedicht dieses Bandes ab: (Mien Uchter Moor, p 77/78).

Mien Uchter Moor

Ass lüttgen Jungen söcht ich geern
mit use Mudder Brummelsbeern.
Dor hörde ick de Himmelszeegen
un keek, wie se an Himmel flögen.
Ich wüsste glieks: dat iss man schön,
in Uchter Moor to Huss to wän.

Ass jungen Keerl, dor güng ick geern
na'n Lüttken Holte mit mien Deern.
De Uhl, de röp de halwe Nacht,
un ick hew so in stillken dacht:
wat iss ans up de Welt so schön,
ass mit sien Deern in Moor to wän.

Un use Kinners kömen an
un söchten Bickbeern inne Dann.
De Wippsteert wippt, de Immen summt,
dat Fröhjoerl geiht, de Sommer kummt.
Ick kiek mi allens an un meen:
wie schön, in Moor to Huss to wän.

Man kann nich bloss vörn Huse stahn,
man mott mal ünner Lue gahn.
De bruk ick gornich lang to söken,
de finn ick abends anne Theken.
Prost, Nahwers, segg ick, drinkt wi een —
iss dat nich schön, von hier to wän!

Hier will ick old un öller weern,
denn wecke Minske starwt schon geern.
Doch iss mien Tiet eess affelopen,
hör ick den Kuckuck nich mehr ropen,
dann denk ick: schad — doch wass et schön,
in Uchter Moor to Huss to wän.

mm



our word

Elections Change Parties, But Not Necessarily Government Policies

The size of the Progressive Conservative victory in the September federal election surprised everyone, including the victorious Conservatives themselves. It was clear to everyone in Canada except the defeated Liberals that Canadians wanted, and were ready for, a change in governing parties. We now have that change, and we can now ask what else will really change.

At the outset we can say that the election of a Conservative government does not mean that the country has suddenly become conservative. The Progressive Conservative party itself embraces a wide spectrum of political views — indeed one need only to look at the views of the Manitoba Conservative members of Parliament to see the scope of this diversity. With this diversity Prime Minister Brian Mulroney will have to devise party positions that are acceptable to all, or most of, his caucus. The result will probably be policies and decisions that are surprisingly “moderate.”

Further, while the PCs have a massive majority in Parliament, they do not have a mandate to engage in the kind of “reform” that the Social Credit government of Bill Bennett in British Columbia is undertaking in British Columbia. We want change, but not change as drastic and sweeping as that attempted in B.C. Nor do we want change that rides roughshod over worthwhile social values or the feelings of those affected, as appears to have been the case in B.C. In this context there is an aspect to political reality that is expressed in the phrase “What the government has given, it may not take away.” Every existing government program has its defenders, who are also at the same time the people who benefit from the program, and who will resort to every available pressure tactic to “save” their program. Because of the political cost attached to changes that propose to genuinely curtail programs, we may find that the federal Conservatives avoiding major change.

Another area where the PCs will avoid change is on issues that affect the national fabric or identity of the nation. For example, those who voted Conservative because they didn't want French “rammed down their throats” will be sorely disappointed. This nation has had two official languages since Confederation in 1867, and is now only insisting on the level of bilingualism that should have been in place 100 years ago. Indeed, Mr. Mulroney's personal fluency in English and French stands as an example of the degree of fluency we

should all aspire to. The Conservatives may tinker with the way specific language policies are applied, but they will not change the basic intent of the policies, and that is to make Canada more truly bilingual.

There are other examples of issues where Canadians may expect change from the new federal governing party only to find on examination that little has actually changed. Indeed, Mr. Mulroney and his caucus colleagues will be successful governors of this nation if they succeed in making us “feel as if things have changed” without actually having changed a thing. Cynical, perhaps, but necessary because the last thing most of us really want is to face the prospect of having to cope with a major change that affects us personally. Change, like death, is something we accept most easily when it happens to someone else. And in the case of political and social change, we don't want government to tamper negatively with any program that works to our personal benefit.

Notwithstanding our resistance to change, the new PC government will have to bring clear and unambiguous change in two areas: the economy and the process or style of governance.

The following observation written by George Bernard Shaw in the preface to his 1913 play, *The Apple Cart*, is as true now as it was then: “We have to solve two inseparable main problems: the economic problem of how to produce and distribute our subsistence, and the political problem of how to select our rulers and prevent them from abusing their authority in their own interests or those of their class or religion.”

Canadians generally put the economy at the top of their list of government priorities, and within the term “economy” is a deep and genuine concern for the unemployed and the underemployed. There are no easy answers, and the Prime Minister will have a tough job persuading us to accept those options that affect the affluent and the politically powerful. Options of this type will be necessary if the PCs are serious about keeping their promise to help the unemployed.

In terms of the second part of Shaw's observation, Mr. Mulroney will have to work diligently to keep his massive majority responsive to the people. The Liberals were accused of being unresponsive, remote, and arrogant in their exercise of political power. This contributed as much as anything to their downfall. The PCs can easily become remote, arrogant, and unresponsive because it is much easier to use the muscle of their massive parliamentary majority than it is to work with “the people” to arrive at what may be essentially the same solution. The essence of democracy is to be a part of the governing process and to feel that effort involved is genuinely appreciated by the politicians. A fragile quality at the best of times, but necessary. One hopes that the diversity of views within the PC caucus will go a long way to keeping the party broadly responsive to the aspirations and needs of all Canadians.

— Ed Unrau

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