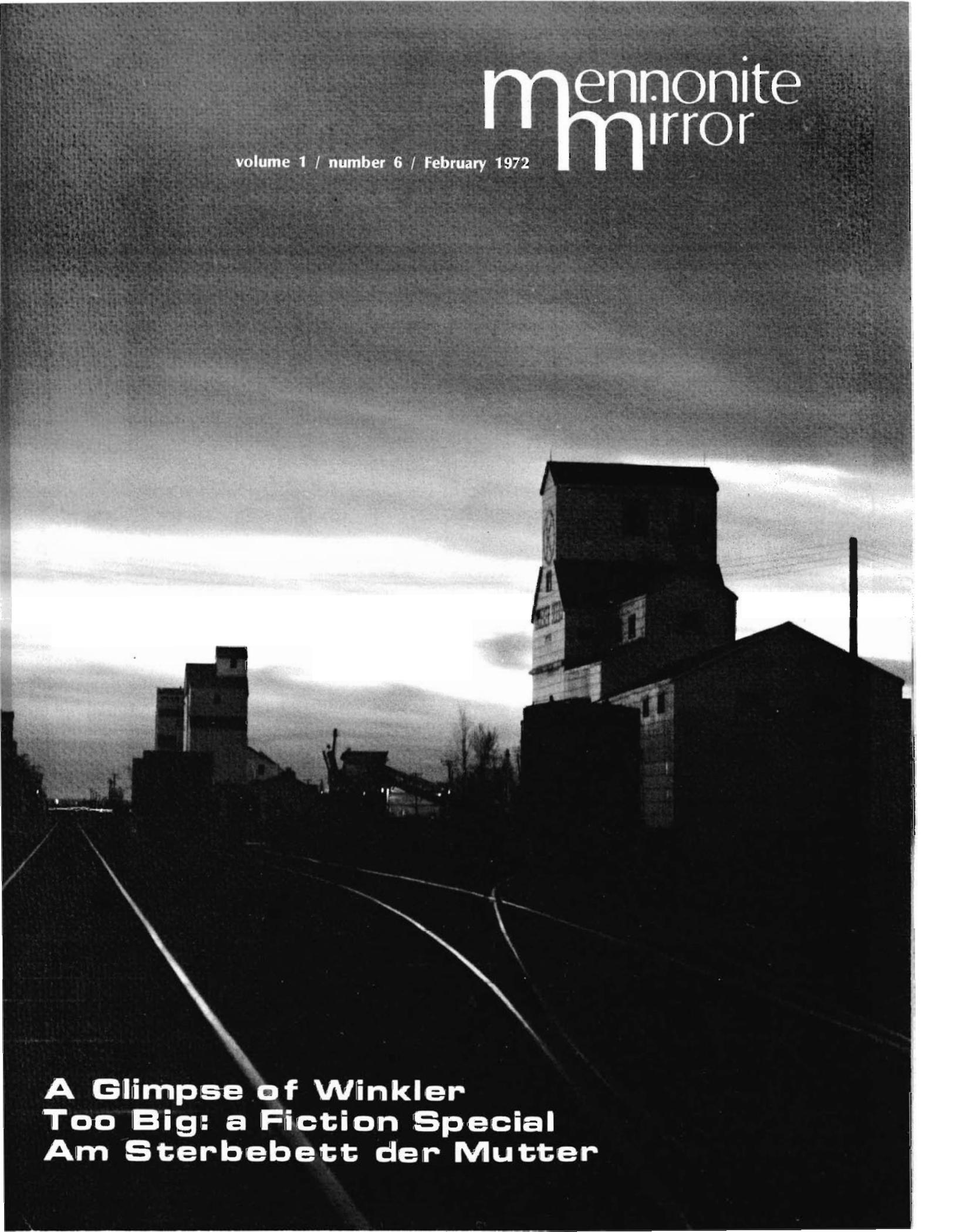


mennonite mirror

volume 1 / number 6 / February 1972



**A Glimpse of Winkler
Too Big: a Fiction Special
Am Sterbebett der Mutter**

CMBC AND MBBC COMBINE FOR CREATION

The Mennonite Brethren Bible College and the Canadian Mennonite Bible College have finalized plans to present their fifth joint oratorio performance at the Centennial Concert Hall on March 30 at 8 p.m.

When the first such performance took place in December of 1965, it was preceded by a long series of conversations and negotiations between the two colleges, before an announcement could be made. In contrast, this year, there was never any question about whether a joint oratorio should be presented. By now it is enough of a tradition that even coming of new conductors at both CMBC and MBBC did not threaten the project.

In 1971 the choir performed Walton's "Balshazzar's Feast," a less popular work of music. This year a well-known work was chosen. Haydn's "Creation", which will be sung in German, is well-known to singers and audience alike.

The three soloists, who also sang "The Creation" together in Saskatoon last year, are Arthur Janzen, tenor; William Thiessen, bass; and Sylvia McDonald, soprano.

Accompaniment will be by a 40 piece orchestra including a core of professional players together with Mennonite amateurs to be selected by the conductor. The conductor is Henry John Engbrecht, CMBC, with Orlando Sawatzky preparing the MBBC choir. Other directors in past years have been George Wiebe, Victor Martens, Bill Baerg, and Howard Dyck.

mm.

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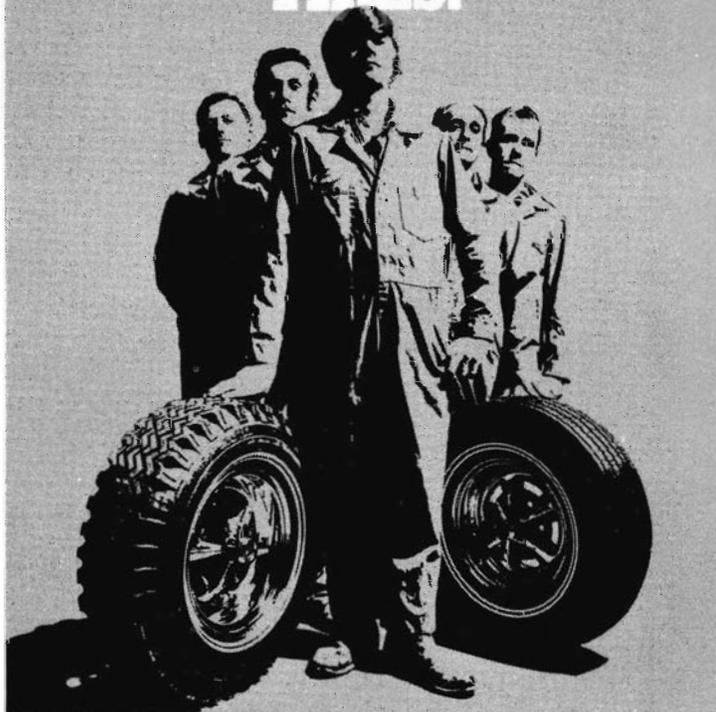
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mennonite mirror

volume 1 / number 6 / February 1972

About this issue:

This is the sixth issue of the Mennonite Mirror. Since its birth last September the magazine has come to stand on its own feet and with each issue it is learning, however awkwardly, to take a few steps forward. We have had enough time to make mistakes but also enough encouragement to move on despite them.

The reader response has been tremendous. We count on it because reader subscriptions and advertising finance all the regular operating expenses of this magazine. If you have not already done so please fill in the subscription form on page 23 along with \$2.50 for the period September to June. We can send back issues to those who have not received them (except the October issue for which the demand was much greater than the supply).

We are sorry that once again we can print only a small sample of the many letters from our readers. We will eventually catch up with the correspondence and in the meantime welcome even more. It is excellent proof that the Mirror is being read. We are publishing several longer letters in this issue which show that the Mirror is being read thoughtfully.

We do not apologize for the mixture of humour and deep concern and hope that you will both laugh and think as you figure out the puzzle, read the opera review, relive one of the frustrating experiences of youth in "Too Big," give some thought to the serious problems of unemployment, and death itself, and become acquainted with Mennonite people from Mile 18 to Winkler to Uruguay. The article by Helen Kruger (Winnipeg homemaker and graduate student in English) deserves the attention of everyone.

inside you will find...

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THE COVER: An evening scene in Winkler, by photographer, G. G. Sawatzky of Winkler Photo Studio. Other Winkler photos in this issue are by Mr. Sawatzky as well.

President and Editor: Roy Vogt
Vice-President and Managing editor: Edward L. Unrau
Business Officer and Secretary: Margarete Wieler
Secretary-Treasurer: Rick Martens

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Editorial Committee: Lore Lubosch and Hilda Matsuo, two "liberated" housekeepers; Ruth Vogt, a teacher; Wally Kroeker, assistant city editor, Winnipeg Tribune; and Rick Woelcke, Social Worker.

Business Committee: John Schroeder, travel agent; Rudy Friesen, architect; and David Unruh, lawyer.

The executive group of Brock Publishers Ltd., serve as members of both the editorial and business committees of the Mennonite Mirror. President Roy H. Vogt is a member of the department of economics at the University of Manitoba, Vice-President Edward L. Unrau, is an editor with the public relations department of the university; the Business Officer, Mrs. Margarete Wieler is a former legal secretary; and Treasurer Rick Martens is an economist.

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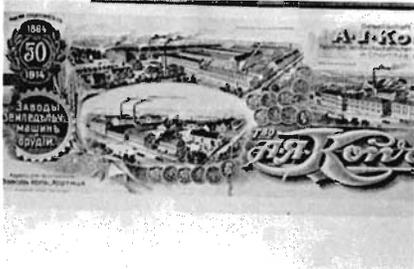
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Manitoba's Family Stations



John Friesen as "Piers" in "The Whiteoaks of Jalna"

Readers of the January issue of the *Mirror* will recall that John Friesen, a native of Winkler, is one of the actors in the CBC - TV series, "The Whiteoaks of Jalna." (Sundays at 9:00 p.m.) He is making his major appearance in mid-February in the role of Piers (as an adult). John's wife, the former Pauline Elliott, has a small part in the same series, as the wife of Mr. Wright. The picture above will help viewers to identify John in the series.



Mennonite exhibit in museum

The Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature opened its doors to a new section of the Grasslands exhibit on Sunday, January 9th. The new exhibit explores the inter-relationship of immigrant man with his surroundings; in this case, the relationship of immigrant man with that given environment, the rural prairie scene.

As such the exhibit concerns itself with the adjustments of rural immigrant peoples to the rigors of life and toil in an alien environment and subsequent changes of natural and human conditions over the years.

Mennonites, who form part of that mass migration of man to the grasslands of Manitoba after 1870, receive judicious attention in the exhibit. Considering that Mennonites of various backgrounds form a part of our Man-

itoba mosaic, Mr. Steve Prystupa, curator of the museum, and Mennonites who assisted him in organizing his material are to be congratulated for having made a concerted effort to keep the exhibit of such a varied group as broadly representative as possible.

For those who wish to spend some leisure time at 190 Rupert Ave., the Museum's winter hours, mid-September to mid-May are:

Monday (except holidays) — closed

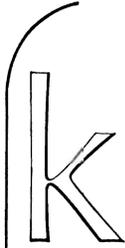
Tuesday - Saturday — 10:00 AM to 9:00 PM

Sunday and Holidays — 12:00 Noon to 9:00 PM

Admission 25c except for children under six when accompanied by an adult. You are invited to share your comments on the exhibit with readers of the Mirror. **mm**

One view of an exhibit in the recently opened grasslands section of the Museum of Man and Nature, (large photo, centre); the painting by J. P. Klassen, *Plowing the Steppes of the Ukraine*, captures the very personal interaction between the Mennonite farmer and the soil, an interaction that has been so traditional (above large photo); when the Mennonites built homes in Russia they developed an architectural style all their own as reflected in this house and barn combination, (top photo in vertical row), Mennonites prospered in Russia as shown by this letterhead (in 1911 Mennonites manufactured 6.2 per cent of all agricultural machinery in Russia); eventually they left Russia and this scene outside the Dominion Land Office, Winnipeg, in 1874 was typical; in Canada they built new homes designed after the fashion of homes of Ontario settlers; but they also adapted to new conditions and although house and barn were separated the house still retains the typical Mennonite style; but some left again and an unidentified man poses beside an announcement of an auction sale.

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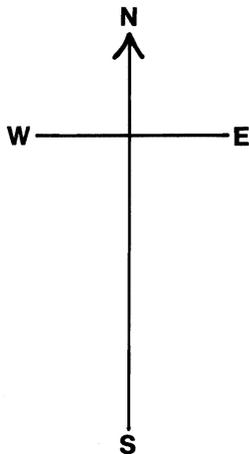
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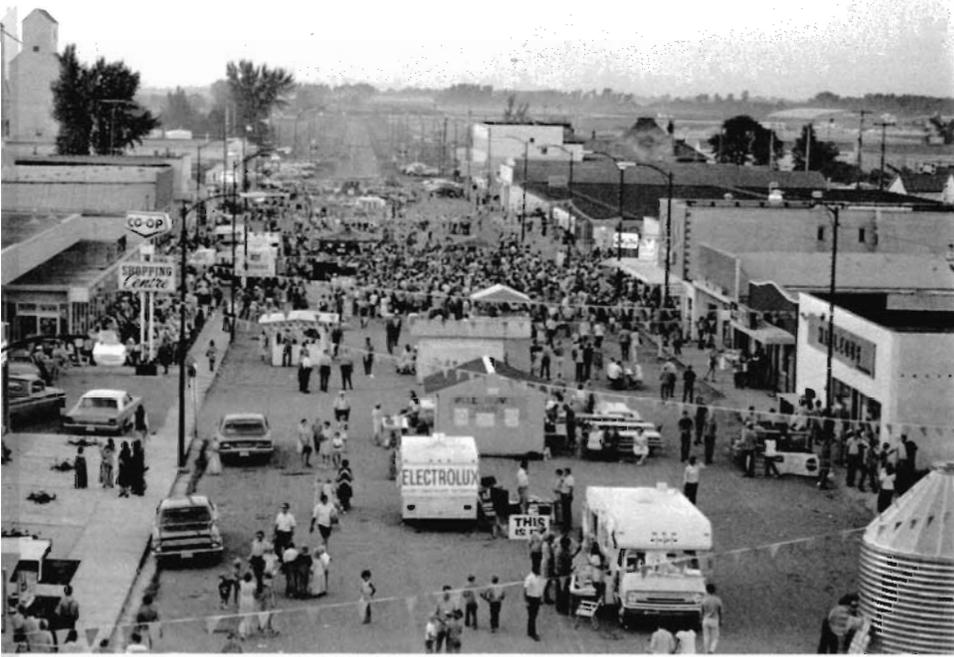
B. M. Thiessen

Wm. Thiessen

J. R. Klassen

I. Thiessen

G. BRAUN



Glimpses of modern Winkler

One of the unique features of life in Winkler is the way in which business and professional people are co-operating to build up better social facilities and businesses. Winkler has an excellent hospital, mental health centre and growing facilities for older people. There is talk of another medical clinic in the town, and plans for a new nursing home are well underway.

One of the remarkable men in town is Dr. C. W. Wiebe, whose reputation as a competent surgeon is attested to by specialists in Winnipeg and elsewhere. He was responsible, together with a group of local citizens, for the founding of the Bethel Hospital, which was built in 1936 to provide much needed local hospital facilities. The first building contained 15 beds, but it soon became clear that more beds were needed and in 1942 another wing was added, bringing the capacity up to 36 beds. Several additions became necessary over the years, and in 1963 a fully modern 57 bed hospital was started. The present institution ensures that fine health care is available for the residents of the area.

The high degree of co-operation to be found in the business community is based to a large degree on the vision and ability of Henry F. Wiebe, manager of the Credit Union and mayor of Winkler. The Credit Union financed many of the newer ventures in the town and helped to foster a spirit of co-operation between these ventures. Some of these businesses are discussed in another article in this issue.

Henry Wiebe is undoubtedly the person singly most responsible for the

continued overleaf

Introduction to the Winkler Section:

The Mennonite people of Manitoba are found in communities as widely separated as Boissevain, Virden, and Oak Lake in the west, Steinbach in the east, Gretna in the south, and several new farming communities in the northern inter-lake region.

The Mennonite Mirror has decided to devote several pages each year to each one of these communities, so that our readers can find out what is going on elsewhere in the province. At present people living in Steinbach, Niverville and Grunthal read about themselves in the Carillon News, but few know what is going on among the Mennonite people in Winnipeg or on "the other side" of the Red. People in the Altona region read the Red River Valley Echo, while those in the Winkler-Morden area read the Pembina Times. These weekly papers undoubtedly serve their readers well, but a definite gap remains which the Mirror hopes to fill. We must know more about each other, regardless of where we happen to live in the province.

This month we are featuring the Winkler-Morden area, with special emphasis on the town of Winkler. In subsequent issues we will feature Altona, Morden, Steinbach, Grunthal, Niverville, and other communities. We hope to have such a feature in every second issue, so that over the course of a year our readers will have a good idea of what is happening outside of their own little island.

To new readers in the Winkler-Morden area it might be mentioned that this monthly publication began last September and has met with tremendous response on the part of readers in Winnipeg and in communities scattered from British Columbia to Newfoundland. The monthly readership is now estimated at around 25,000. We hope that the Mirror will be a medium which can help to strengthen and unify the Mennonite community of Manitoba. We are not uncritical in our approach — critical self-evaluation never hurt anyone — but we want to stress the positive achievements of people around us. We encourage you to support this venture by sending in the subscription form found elsewhere in this magazine. This will guarantee that you will get the Mirror every month.

F. Wiebe



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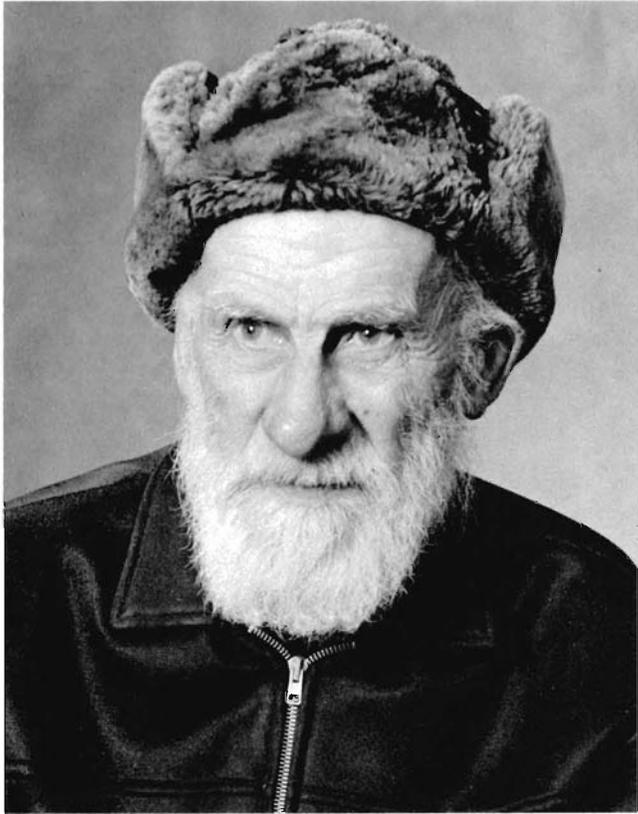
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Winkler pioneer, Peter Leikeman



progress that has occurred in Winkler over the past decade. Born at Myrtle, Manitoba in 1922, he received his early schooling in Plum Coulee and graduated from the M.C.I. in Gretna in 1942. Following graduation from Teacher's College in 1947, Mr. Wiebe taught in Winkler until 1950, when he became manager of the Winkler Credit Union. He has held this position for the last 22 years. His interest in the Credit Union movement is shown by the fact that he is presently the first vice president and director of the Co-operative Credit Society of Manitoba, and a member of the committee of ethics of the International Credit Union Managers Society.

He has served as mayor of Winkler for three terms and has served on the local school board for years. Many other organizations in the area have benefitted from Mr. Wiebe's interest and concern. He is treasurer of the Pembina Valley Development Corporation and a charter member of the Gideons. He also serves as director of The Generation Life Assurance Co., and is president of the Winkler Home For The Aged. He is also the chairman of a special committee to plan and build a personal care home for the Winkler area.

Mr. Wiebe is very active in church work also. He is a member of the Winkler Bergthaler Mennonite Church, where he has served as choir director, Sunday school teacher and superintendent. He has served on committees of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada for a period of nine years. Married to the former Louise Peters of Winnipeg, he is the father of two children — Jim, a third year student at CMBC and a talented musician,

and Lenore, a Grade 7 student in the Winkler Junior High School.

In addition to showing sound economic health in the area of industry, Winkler has flourished in recent years as a major shopping centre for southwest Manitoba. The annual Old-Time Value Days have the atmosphere of an old country fair and have become a popular success.

Not all communities can claim that the church plays a vital role in their daily lives, but this could certainly be said of Winkler. Most influential have been the Bergthaler Mennonite and Mennonite Brethren Churches, both of which started in the village of Hoffnungs-feld, one mile south of the present town of Winkler, in the 1880's. The present Bergthaler Church, built in 1969, has 637 members.

The first Mennonite Brethren Church in Winkler was originally built in Burwalde and then moved by wagon to a section on the southern edge of town. The services in the church have been conducted in the German language, but now almost all of the Sunday school classes are taught in English. As in most Mennonite churches, the transition to English has been a controversial and rather painful aspect in the life of the church. Previous conflicts over other issues have occasionally been resolved with great ingenuity. When, many years ago, one of the churches found itself in considerable disagreement over whether Sunday school and choir should be allowed, they decided to split the congregation into two. This was accomplished literally by sawing the church building in half.

Grace Mennonite Church is one of the newer congregations which was started in 1961 in response to the need for English services in the community. This church now has a membership of over 100.

The Winkler Bible School, identified largely with the Mennonite Brethren Church, but with students from several Mennonite groups and other denominations, has also had a significant impact on the lives of young people and the community over the years.

Besides some of the individuals already mentioned, the town of Winkler has produced its share of interesting and notable figures. The non-mechanic especially must marvel at the engineering wonders produced by people like Isaac Loewen at the Pembina Repair Shop, Jacob Neufeld at Nu-Steel, P. W. Enns at Triple E and the founders of Dutch Mobile Homes and Tri-Star Industries. Imaginative persons like G. Sawatzky at the Winkler Photo Studio and John Hildebrand at the Dutch Bakery should also be mentioned.

Other notable "sons of Winkler" are Dr. Ernest Sirluck, president of the University of Manitoba, J. M. Froese, M.L.A. for Rhineland, Reynold and Lloyd Siemens, both university professors of English, and the talented children of the Brown and Redekop families. Among the venerable pioneers in the town mention must be made of Mrs. Maria Siemens who, with considerable difficulty, keeps in close touch with the world and proves to all around her that what really matters is not that the flesh is weak, but the spirit is willing.

mm.



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Winkler and Morden:

New industries spur economic development

The economy of the Winkler-Morden area has changed so much in the past decade that it has caught the eye of many observers in both industry and government. The table, showing statistical trends for Winkler, Morden and, for comparison, Winnipeg, indicates that both Winkler and Morden have grown faster than Winnipeg over the past decade. The percentage increase in the population of Winkler and Morden between 1961 and 1970 was 24.5% and 25.3% respectively, while Winnipeg only grew by 15.7%. On the basis of the two other indicators shown, gross income and retail trade, Morden has shown superior performance on both while Winkler has grown at a slightly lower rate.

WINKLER

The growth of Winkler has been spurred by many enterprises, including both Triple E Manufacturing and Triple E Motor Homes, Winkler Apparel, Kroeker Seeds, Nu-Steel Industries and Tri Star Manufacturing. Triple E Manufacturing and Triple E Motor Homes, producing travel trailers and motor homes, currently employ 70 people, a

nine-fold increase since 1966. A related industry, Tri Star Manufacturing, produces components for the trailer industry in addition to water craft and an electric golf cart.

The largest employer, however, is Winkler Apparel Ltd., currently engaging 130 workers in the manufacturing of sportswear jackets and parkas. An examination of the complete economic base of Winkler clearly reveals the interdependence of the various industries. Producing undercarriages and doing other jobs for the trailer industry has increased the business of the Pembina Repair Shop substantially.

A service of immeasurable value to the entire community is the Winkler Credit Union. Dr. Peter Briant, chairman of the Manitoba Development Corporation said in a recent speech that, "it is often suggested that banks in outlying regions are not in a position to fulfill the role that is required of them, either because of a lack of an aggressive approach to development problems on the part of the manager, or because of limitations placed on his powers. It is here that a local credit union managed by local

people can become important. One may cite the instance of Winkler, where exactly such a development is taking place. Proposals for local development that were turned down by other financial houses were successfully financed by the Winkler Credit Union, and several local industries, such as Triple E and Nu-Steel have transformed the region." The Credit Union, managed by Henry F. Wiebe has increased its assets from \$332,574 in 1950 to \$9,250,000 in 1970. The importance of this service to the local economy cannot be over-estimated for without adequate financial backing sound investment ideas might have been lost very quickly.

MORDEN

A survey of Morden by a local business publication commented: "to the visitor who lingers for a day in this southwest Manitoba community the physical evidence of a buoyant, vital economy is not hard to find." The prosperity appears to be a result of a diversified economic base, rarely seen in smaller communities. This base is comprised of a stable farm sector, a variety of manufacturing and processing firms and facilities for government administrative services. The agricultural base, unlike other areas, is diversified and hence supports secondary food producing industries. Included in these is Pembina Poultry Packers, Morden Fine Foods and the Morden Creamery, which together employ 113 people. In addition, further diversification has been added by the recent attraction of several new industries. Quality Communications, currently employing 34 people and producing telephone components and electronic accessories relocated here from Edmonton in 1969. Gemini Outerwear is also a recent addition to the community. Producing a top line in women's sportswear (mainly ski and snowmobile apparel), the number employed is currently 43. With increased leisure time and demand for this type of apparel, growth prospects appear bright.

—o—o—o—

In general, an optimistic outlook for these two communities would seem warranted. In many areas of Canada there is evidence of dispersion of econom-

continued overleaf

	WINKLER	MORDEN	WINNIPEG
Population 1961	2529	2793	475,989
1971	3250	3500	551,000
Percentage Growth 1961-1971	24.5%	25.3%	15.7%
Gross Income 1960	\$3,945,000	\$4,130,000	\$ 880,560,000
1970	\$7,170,000	\$8,250,000	\$1,735,600,000
Percentage Growth 1960-1970	81.7%	99.7%	97.1%
Retail Trade 1960	\$2,850,000	\$4,030,000	\$465,000,000
1970	\$4,067,000	\$8,180,000	\$740,000,000
Percentage Growth 1960-1970	42.7%	103.0%	59.1%

ic activity away from traditional centres. The reasons lie in the locational advantages unique to smaller communities which are away from, but in reasonably close proximity to the larger centres. While transportation costs may be higher in these areas, other costs, including land and labor costs and taxes, are often considerably lower. These savings are particularly important to a relatively small firm attempting to establish itself or expand its operations. Further economic growth can be expected from an expansion of service industries (included here would be recreational services, restaurants, theatres, etc.). Evidence from other similar communities indicates that growth of service industries requires a certain level of population. Once this level is reached, the service industries will establish and grow at a greater than average rate. In addition, firms establishing or expanding in both of these communities are eligible for federal regional incentive grants. For a number of reasons governments on all levels seem to have accepted the pursuit of greater regional equality as an important economic goal. Centres such as Winkler and Morden, already having demonstrated their ability to attract and sustain new industry, can expect to benefit greatly from these trends.

mm.

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Mary of Mile 18



Mary of Mile 18, story and pictures by Ann Blades; 32 pp.; Tundra Books, \$5.95.

By Hilda Matsuo

Mary Fehr is a true-life Mennonite girl who lives in what we generally consider to be Peace River country. Mile 18 is a small Mennonite community situated 18 miles off the Alaska Highway.

Author Ann Blades and her husband taught school at Mile 18 a few years ago. Mrs. Blades' love for the children in the community is transmitted to us by means of both her excellent primitive art and her simple tale of the rugged life of a pioneer folk in today's world. She captures too, the local color of our yesterdays, the crackle of northern lights, coal oil lamps, the sink that drains into a pail, (less euphemistically known as the slop pail), and the smell of freshly-baked bread.

Here is a book of excellent value with a well-told tale that deals with Mary's yearning for excitement which comes to her at last in the form of a wolf-pup.

The book should be of keen interest to both boys and girls up to and including grade four, on either a read-aloud or other basis. Not all of them, hopefully, will beg to visit Mile 18!

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A Labour of Love

by Helen Kruger

Slowly the orange yellow sun pushed its fiery mass over the brown earth's edge, throwing its penetrating rays over the world.

Through a window covered with soot, smoke, and accumulated dirt and grease, the rays of light spread a diffused morning glow. A boy on a ragged cot opened his eyes to the light. His eyes flickered in the struggle to awaken. Then he stiffened, opened his eyes and in one leap cleared the bed, clothes, papers and old bottles cluttering the floor. On a low wooden shelf he reached for the battered tin he called his bank, and emptied it in his palm.

'Today I'll get new shoes,' he said to himself, feeling again the humiliation of children laughing as he walked down the school aisle, his shoe soles flapping, even though he had tied them up with the laces reaching all the way around the sides and bottom. He counted the coins carefully.

"Jonny," called a shrill voice, "Get up and look after Robbie. I'm going to work." The door clanged as the loud wail of his younger brother accompanied by the fists pounding on his door.

The sun continued in its upward path through the blue curtains of the sky.

Rachel felt the warmth seeping through the high narrow window, spreading over her in a yellow glow. Her eyes opened dreamily as she turned and raised herself on one elbow. Her glance fell on bare walls, faded wallpaper blistered and bulging, a cracked mirror crooked on a nail. The room was empty except for the mattress on which she lay. Hunger assailed her. She closed her eyes and lay back. She had almost forgotten the cheap one-room flat and the necessity of finding a job. For weeks they had hitch-hiked across country, trying to find a new life, away from dominating parents, away from the draft, and away from a society that didn't need them. Homesickness swept over her.

She saw Jack in the doorway. His long hair touched his thin shoulders covered by a once-white T-shirt. His faded jeans barely covered the bony ankles. As he leaned forward to tie his sneakers, he said quietly, "Maybe today"

The noon sun beat mercilessly on the

grey pavement. Bits of sharp glass blazed in the light.

"Fool," said Mrs. Morgsky, as she slammed the telephone receiver. She strode into the kitchen and began flinging the dishes from the table into the sink.

"Shouldn't have got mixed up with that gang!" she muttered. The policeman had told her it was self-defence. But she knew this wasn't the first time Vann had been in trouble. This time he would go to jail, if not something worse She cursed them, the cops, her son and gave his small mongrel dog a vicious kick that sent him flying. As her eyes fell on the familiar disgusting surroundings through the back door, she cursed the whole neighborhood — the tavern, the smoky factory, the ugly apartment building and the dirty old houses.

Then with a wrench she grabbed her old leather bag from its hook, pulled a grey shawl about her brawny shoulders and left, slamming the door behind her.

* * * * *

In a store on Main Street the sun streamed through the window, mingling with the comfortable smell of old clothes. The small shop was laden with merchandise — a row of dresses like a border of bright flowers lined the back, along the wall wooden shelves displayed tin cups, glass dishes, pewter forks and knives, pots and pans tarnished and seasoned with wear, a parade of old shoes, and a row of books beside boxes of imitation jewelry. The counters bulged with assorted pants and shirts.

Behind the counter stood Sarah, a frail grey-haired lady. She had volunteered to help in the shop because she was lonely. Years ago her husband had died and she had been left to bring up three small children. Now the children were married and had homes of their own, but Sarah was still willing to share of herself.

A small boy clutching his brother tightly by the hand, was rummaging through the shoes. Each pair he measured against the outline of his shoe. Finally he sighed and turned to his brother, "Robbie there aren't any my size."

"May I help you?" asked Sarah. "I need a pair of shoes but there aren't any my size," Jonny said sadly. Then he added slowly, "But my

brother Robbie needs a new shirt . . . could you find one for him? Here's the money," and he placed his coins on the counter.

Sarah found a soft blue one, somewhat faded, but it covered Robbie's bare shoulders comfortably. Then she smiled at Jonny. "I think Robbie has a very fine big brother," she said softly.

A couple in faded jeans and dull T-shirts were looking at the dishes, their arms entwined about each other. The girl examined each cup, feeling the surface with an exploring finger and placing it back on the shelf. Then she scrutinized the pots and pans. Finally she said, "Everything is too expensive for us."

"May I help you?"

The couple turned around slowly.

"We'll take these two," said Jack handing her two china cups.

"Why they're cracked," said Sarah. "Here, take the whole set if you can use them."

In the back, where the dresses hung, there was the snapping noise of hangers. Hardly taking time to look at them, a woman with brawny shoulders, whisked out one after the other.

"May I help you?"

"All right, I'll take this one," said Mrs. Morgsky. "I have to go to court tomorrow, I need a dress." She lowered her voice and looked at Sarah. "My son stabbed a man last night."

Sarah reached for the woman's hand. "I'm sorry," she said simply, and then impulsively placed a sympathetic arm about her shoulders.

As the day came to an end the slanting rays of the sun mingled with the smell of old clothes and the warmth that radiated from the small shop.

* * * * *

The above article is fiction based on fact

The Westgate Ladies Auxiliary operates a Thrift Shop at 631 Corydon Avenue, staffed by volunteer help, open each day from 10:00 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. Donated articles are sold here, the proceeds of which go to Westgate Mennonite Collegiate. This is an opportunity for a service of love. If you would like to donate articles, or would like to help in the store, contact Mrs. Helen Rempel at 452-8805.

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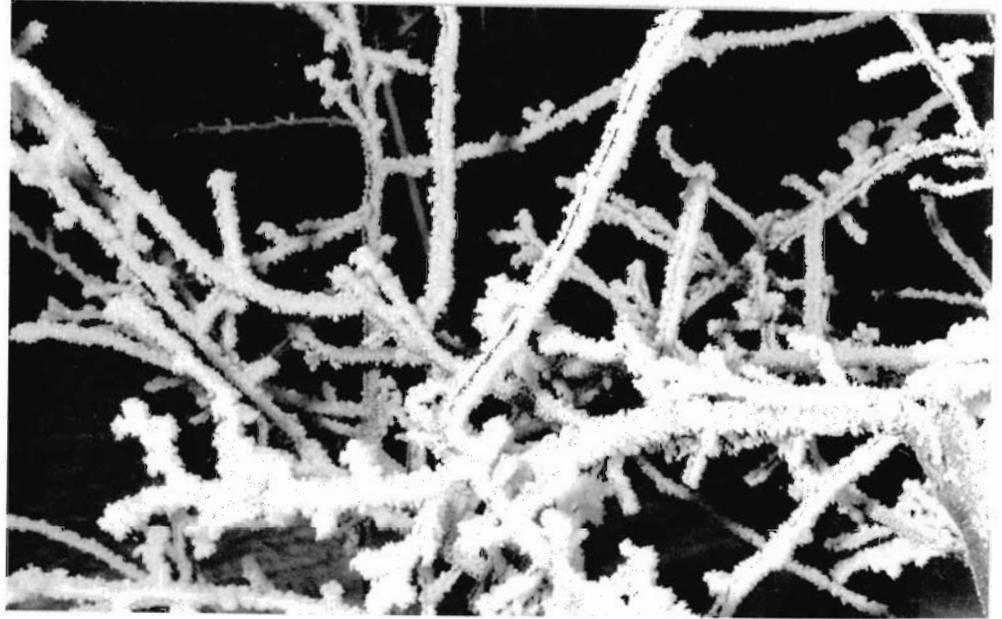
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Too Big

A Short Story by Ralph Friesen

(Graduate student in English at the University of Alberta in Edmonton. Native of Steinbach.)

Recently, Johnny Neufeld had been thinking a lot about the new girl in his grade four class. Well, she wasn't really new; she'd been there since fall when school started, and it was spring now.

Not that he liked her, really. A few weeks ago she had beaten him in a spelling match: the word was "cemetery" and John had spelled it with an "a" — "cemetary". But she had spelled it correctly, and that was the first time in his life that Johnny Neufeld ever lost a spelling match.

And now as he walked to school in the early afternoon sunshine he thought, Well anyway I could easy beat her up. He kicked at a dirty grey mound of hardened snow on the sidewalk, trying to break it loose so that he could see the cement beneath, wet and green. It wouldn't come loose, and he walked on a little disappointed: he wanted the sidewalk to be clear, a clean path on which to run.

I can run faster than she can, he thought. In fall at the beginning of school Miss Enns had asked the new girl to introduce herself.

"My name is Helen Kreutzer," she had said. "My Dad works for the flour mill. We moved here from Winnipeg. I went to John Knox school and I was first in the sixty-yard dash and I bet I can race anyone in this school."

And then at recess Johnny had watched her beat two boys from their class in a race, sure enough. Well, he had thought, I can run faster than they can so I could beat her anyway. But he hadn't said anything.

She had come from Winnipeg. Johnny wished that he had come from there, too. She had said that the people in this little town were just a bunch of stupid farmers.

Not me though, he had thought. I'm

not a farmer. He wanted to tell her so, but he didn't.

She wasn't like the other girls in class. She went to a church where they called themselves Christians but Johnny knew they weren't because sometimes on Sundays you could see the men in their dark suits and white shirts standing in front of the church steps and smoking. Right where anyone could see.

Johnny turned into the school yard through the gap in the high wire fence. Across the yard, underneath the big elm trees, he saw some of his classmates playing tag. The higher parts of the ground where they played were brown and dry; the lower parts were green and inviting, but still sodden with spring moisture. Miss Krahn, the principal, had forbidden any playing there while it was still wet.

But they were playing now, boys and girls, shouting in high-pitched voices.

Unknown to his mother, Johnny had left his buckle overshoes at home so that his feet in their new runners would be light and free. Knowing he could outrun anyone in the school, he started across the yard to the trees.

But what if Miss Krahn is watching from the school? he thought, and paused. He had once seen her come running out with the strap to break up a friendly fight between two boys who were rolling in the grass in a corner of the school yard that you wouldn't have thought she could see.

Then Johnny saw Helen, her thick brown winter stockings rolled down to her ankles, laughing and dodging away from a boy's outstretched hands. Her flashing white legs dashed silver sprays of water into the air. He ran to join the game.

Running and stopping and twisting and running again, Johnny was always in the center of the game; but no one could tag him. Then when Helen was "it" he ran daringly close to her and she missed him; but she did not give up, she ignored the others and ran after

him alone. Purposely he slowed his pace so she could touch him, her hand quick on his back then gone.

"You're it!" she cried, her voice ringing. Johnny, too, felt like giving a joyful shout.

He turned, knowing he would catch her. He pretended for a short while to chase another boy, but all the time he had her in his eye, Helen. He saw her half-crouched behind a tree like an animal set to run, her eyes blue and bright and wild, and then she did run, Johnny confidently following.

But she proved faster than he had thought she would be: she darted behind trees and playmates, she artfully placed herself on the opposite sides of the wet patches — always there was something between them. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes were bright as a fox's, and all at once he realized that she had singled him out as surely as he had done the same to her — but he did not understand her meaning, and the strangeness of her untamed face was troubling, almost frightening.

By accident he stepped into the water: it squished uncomfortably in his shoe.

Da-dong! Da-dong! Da-dong! the clangor of the bell marked the end of noon recess. The game broke up immediately and everyone raced for the school. Helen, who had a head start, arrived there just before Johnny.

They were standing in a double line, as they always did before going into the school. Fred Esau, tall and slow and a grade behind the rest of his age group, shuffled up beside Johnny and grinned. Fred was always grinning. At the top of the long row of worn wooden steps leading up into the school stood Miss Krahn, pressing her lips together. Her face looked grey and hard.

Miss Enns' face was white and round. Johnny could see her standing at a window inside the school. He wondered if Miss Krahn had seen him playing by the water.

The line was long in settling into the motionless state that Miss Krahn demanded before she would let it advance. Fred poked his sharp elbow into Johnny's shoulder. Johnny jabbed at Fred's ribs. Then, standing a little apart, he made his stomach stick out like a bowl beneath his sweater — a trick he'd recently discovered.

"You got a baby?" whispered Fred, loudly. Johnny grunted like a pig. Fred made snorting liquid sounds in his nose, trying to keep from laughing aloud. At last Helen turned around to see, and Johnny, made light and bold, put his hands on his hips and stuck out his stomach as far as it would go.

A sudden hand closed with unthinkable force on Johnny's shoulder: a moment before he had seen Helen's face change, though she had not stopped smiling, and he had sensed something was wrong.

Now he was snatched out of the line, stumbling, his head was snapped back and above him he saw Miss Krahn. There was a twist in her face. As if she was wearing a mask. Johnny wanted to laugh.

But he could not laugh. Somewhere inside him a plug had been pulled, and he felt himself draining away. It can't be happening to me, he thought, it's not me here. He almost looked back at the line as if expecting to see himself still there, safe.

"Are you too big or too little to behave?" Miss Krahn's shout burst into his mind.

He had to answer fast, he knew. There was an answer, a right answer. His mind searched, fumbled. Am I too big? He was one of the smallest in the class. Too little? He was as old as the others. Old enough to know right from wrong—

He was shaken rapidly, violently back and forth so that his feet left the ground. "Answer me!" Miss Krahn shrieked. "Are you too big or too little to behave?"

Johnny knew he couldn't wait anymore; he would have to say something, anything. Making a last effort, he guessed, as if it was arithmetic and he

didn't understand the problem but still there was a chance of being right, just guessing.

"Too big."

At once she slapped him hard across the cheek. "Get back into line," she said.

Johnny took his place beside Fred, who shuffled his feet anxiously in the pebbles. Johnny felt the burning print of Miss Krahn's hand on his face. The line moved up the steps and into the dark school. No one looked at him.

The grade four pupils went quietly to their desks. The room was unnaturally silent. But Miss Enns began the lesson as usual, as if nothing had happened. Johnny wondered: Did she see? She must have. What did she think?

One of the girls was raising her hand, jerking it eagerly toward the ceiling. It was Helen Kreutzer.

"Yes, Helen?" said Miss Enns.

And looking across the room at Johnny, with that same strangeness in her face, she chanted: "Miss Krahn slapped Johnny in the face!"

The room was still; it seemed to tilt. Everyone looked at Miss Enns. But she lowered her eyes.

"I know," she said.

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Unemployment:

The problem that makes governments tremble

(From time to time the Mennonite MIRROR will provide its readers with a brief but accurate explanation of social, political, and economic ideas which make up the news of the day. We are doing this because we feel that these ideas are not always explained well enough in the press. The column will be written by different people, with a special interest and training in the subject they discuss. In this issue Dr. Roy Vogt, professor of economics at the University of Manitoba and editor of the MIRROR discusses those unemployment figures).

by Roy Vogt

It is generally agreed that high unemployment is one of the worst things that can happen to a country. Governments tremble when unemployment goes up because they know that behind the raw figures there are frustrated people who will express their anger

at the next election.

But how are the unemployment figures obtained, and what do they actually mean? Each month Statistics Canada, the fact-gathering body for the federal government, surveys 30,000 households in Canada to estimate employment and unemployment rates for the country. This seems to be a small sample, but it is chosen carefully so that one can say with some confidence that the results reflect the labor situation in the country quite accurately.

On the basis of answers given by these 30,000 households (supplemented by more general surveys such as the census) the government comes up with the type of population and labor force figures given in the diagram.

Beginning with Box A, we see that Canada's population in June, 1971, was estimated to be 21,681,000. Almost one third of this population is currently unemployable, either because the persons are too young (in Canada anyone

under 14 is officially considered too young to work) or because they are in the Armed Forces, in prisons, on reservations, or in areas too far removed from the mainstream of the economy, such as the Yukon and the Northwest Territories. These people are found in Box B.

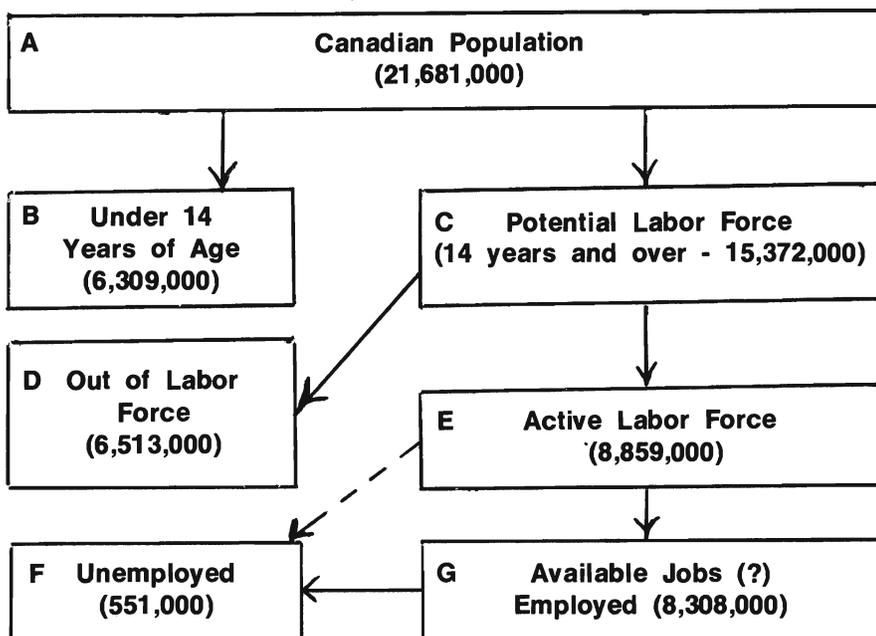
The remaining 15,372,000 residents of Canada form what is known as the Potential Labor Force (Box C). They are considered capable of holding a job. However, many people in this group, especially housewives and students, may choose not to take a job. They are officially removed from the labour force and placed into Box D. In June, 1971, this left 8,859,000 persons who presumably wanted a job. This may be called the Active Labor Force as shown in Box E.

One might look at Box E as a tub full of water ready to flow into the basin below marked Available Jobs (Box G). If Box G is too small to hold the flow from Box E there will be a spillover into Box F, giving us the unemployment figure for the country.

If one assumes that Box G is a basin with a rather fixed capacity the problem facing our country becomes obvious. Anything enlarging the flow from Box E will increase the amount spilling over from G into unemployment Box F. What could cause the flow from Box E to G to increase? The diagram indicates that the stream of persons seeking work (Box E) has its source in the uppermost box (A), and filters down from there through Box C. Box A itself is not growing too rapidly at present, so the pressure is not coming from there. In recent years, however, a large part of the Canadian population has become employable and is flowing into Box C. This is the result of the unusually large "baby boom" which Canada experienced after the war. Those babies are now employable young people and since they are not following their parents' example and creating a baby boom of their own, Box C (which adds to the labor force) is growing more rapidly than Box B

Canada's Population and Labor Force

(As of June, 1971)



(which does not).

So the stream into C is increasing. In the past this might not have been too worrisome since a large part of this stream was diverted before reaching E. The diversion consisted of women and students choosing housework and further studies instead of jobs (Box D). In recent years the size of this leakage from the employment stream has diminished, because women seem to be more anxious to follow careers of their own and some young people are shortening their education in favor of a job. Therefore, for two reasons (more employable persons and a greater percentage of those persons actually seeking work) the Active Labour Force has been increasing in Canada at a rate practically unequalled in the western world.

Economists looking at the stream flowing into E might be expected to be enthusiastic about Canada's economic future. What could be better for Canada's future than a rapidly expanding labor force? Given our vast natural resources there is indeed good reason to be optimistic. But what about the problem of available jobs (G)? In June, 1971 the labor survey showed that 8,859,000 persons in Canada were definitely interested in a job. Of these, 93.8 percent, or 8,308,000 individuals (Box G) actually had a job. The remaining 6.2 percent, or 551,000 persons (Box F) were looking for work but were not able to obtain it. (If the survey indicated that they were not looking for work they would be placed into Box D and would not be counted as unemployed). It should be noted in passing

that the unemployment rate is the ratio. F:E. It is the percentage of people who cannot find work (F) even though they are looking for it (E).

An important question, however, remains to be asked. Does the fact that only 8,308,000 found work in June mean that only that many jobs were available at that time? The answer is no! A question mark has been placed beside the heading "Available Jobs" in Box G because it is **not** known how many jobs are available in Canada at any one time. It is only in the past year that Statistics Canada has begun to look for answers to that question. It is not an easy question since many jobs do not lie available like goods on a counter, which can be easily counted. The appearance of an unusually good employee will often lead to the creation of a new job, and only in retrospect is it clear that the job was always there.

All we really know from the June, 1971 surveys is that 8,308,000 people found work, and 551,000 did not. Let's say for the sake of argument (since no one knows for sure) that 8,500,000 jobs were actually available at that time. In terms of our diagram this would mean that Box G was capable of holding a stream of 8,500,000 persons from Box E, which would have resulted in a spillover of only 359,000 persons into Box F. What would then account for the other 192,000 "unemployed" people in Box F?

Part of the answer can be found in the somewhat strange way that "unemployed" is defined in this country. We said before that if a person does

not look for work he is not considered unemployed; instead he is placed outside of the labor force in Box D. This is probably as it should be. **However**, if a person makes any effort to look for work, his failure to take a job will cause him to be classified as unemployed (Box F) even if he turns down several jobs that are offered to him. All that such a person has to do is say that he found the jobs "unsuitable." The broken arrow from E to F in the diagram illustrates this possibility. It would seem that many people in our society look at the jobs available in Box G but pass by on the other side, moving directly into Box F.

The reasons for this should be examined carefully by government statisticians. How many people are led to do this because we have, through welfare measures and increasing unemployment insurance benefits, made temporary unemployment seem more attractive than employment? How many have legitimate reasons for turning down a job — such as family problems, the possibility of a much better job in the near future, etc.? We just don't know. Until we know more about this it is practically impossible to suggest good programs for the alleviation of unemployment. Government programs which are designed to enlarge Box G may be more than frustrated by other government programs which increase the size of the broken arrow from E to F. Presumably we could have enough jobs for everyone in this country and still have a sizeable F Box, filled to some extent by people who would really like to work but aren't qualified for existing jobs, and even more by people who simply find Box F more attractive than Box G. The tragic plight of the first group calls for retraining programs and other forms of assistance, but it shouldn't blind us to the existence of the second group which requires quite different stimuli to move it out of Box F. **mm**

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"The Barber" an impressive combination

Review of "The Barber of Seville" presented by Golden Voices Opera Manitoba Inc., January 26-28, 1972

by Al Reimer

Professional opera in Winnipeg from a local company? Hardly. After the long years barren of operatic activity except for the occasional road company one had begun to wonder whether this city would ever do anything in the operatic field except produce singers for export to other places — names like Morley Meredith, Jon Vickers, Gladys Kriese and Norman Mittelman come to mind readily. All four have at one time or another sung at the Met in New York. Other local singers have gone on to fame in Europe. That some of these vocal exports — including several young Mennonite singers — had quietly returned home and were waiting to show us what they could do may have come as a considerable surprise to many Winnipeg music lovers.

I went to the opening performance of Opera Manitoba's *The Barber of Seville* at the Centennial Hall bracing myself for anything from a mild disappointment to an outright disaster. I should have known better. I should have known that any musical project as loaded with Mennonites as this one could not possibly be a flop. Not that this was a Mennonite enterprise as such; it only seemed like one. Both male leads — tenor Art Janzen as Count Almaviva and baritone Bill Thiessen as Figaro — are local Mennonite singers who acquired much of their training and experience in Germany. Henry Engbrecht the chorus

director, hails from Boissevain. Both the orchestra and the all-male chorus contained more than a smattering of local Mennonite talent — including that dignified gentleman of the bench, Magistrate John Enns, who cavorted about the stage with the aplomb of a veteran and was obviously enjoying every minute of it. Even the audience seemed to be largely Mennonite — and they were much too numerous to allow one to regard them all as relatives!

It would be unfair, however, to create the impression that the success of this operatic production was brought about entirely by the Mennonite artists associated with it. The entire production was an impressive combination of talent, careful planning and sheer creative zest. The principals ranged from satisfactory to superb. The sets and lighting were imaginative and professional in every sense (except for those two annoying spotlights in the barbershop mirror, which almost blinded those of us sitting in the forward rows). The costumes were gorgeous, as they must be in the highly stylized world of Rossini's opera. The 25 piece orchestra, conducted by artistic director Blakeman Welch, sounded a little thin at times, but its playing was always well tuned and secure. Stage director Don Williams deserves high praise for bringing all these elements into such an effective and dynamic harmony.

Among the leads, I liked Bill Thiessen as the irrepressible barber, Figaro, and

Renee Rosen as Rosina, the best. Those of us who are familiar with Thiessen's work on the concert stage know that he has a fine light baritone — not a big or ravishing voice, but a pleasant, tastefully handled one. What I was not prepared for, I confess, was the exuberance and easy confidence of his acting. While his stage deportment did take on a touch of the frenetic at times, so that gesture, movement and vocal sound were not always perfectly synchronized — this was particularly noticeable in his rendition of the cruelly difficult *Largo al factotum* in the opening scene — Thiessen's Figaro dominated the stage — as indeed it should — throughout the opera. A fine piece of work, and I look forward to more of the same from this talented singing-actor.

Renee Rosen, the only import in the cast, is the possessor of a handsome and rather rare mezzo-coloratura. Again, hers is not a big voice but she uses it with a rich and "buzzy" effect. She is a pretty girl and looked just right as the amiable little coquette. The tenor lead, Arthur Janzen, looked and usually sounded right as the romantic young wooer of Rosina, but he seemed to be a trifle inhibited both in his singing and in his acting. In fairness to Mr. Janzen, one must add that he prepared the role on short notice, which probably accounted for his rather tentative approach. I find the quality of Janzen's voice appealing, although it is hardly robust enough for opera (the Italians call this soft, crooning type of voice a "tenore di grazia").

Apart from Bill Thiessen as Figaro, the best acting of the night was done by Alphonse Tetrault as the irascible, foolish old Dr. Bartolo. Paul Fredette as the comical music master, Don Basilio, used his dark-hued basso well, but I thought he was a little timid in exploiting the comic possibilities of his part. Yaroslav Schur and Rolande Garnier ably rounded out this competent cast.

The success of this initial production by an ambitious young company founded for the express purpose of promoting local operatic talent augurs well for the future of opera in this city. That a city as rich in cultural facilities as Winnipeg should have been without opera all these years is hard to explain and impossible to justify. These dedicated people have boldly rushed in where others feared to tread. They have decided to dispense with the usual slow-but-sure amateur-to-professional route and have gone professional from the outset — thereby inviting the public to judge them on the same grounds as it judges such established organizations as the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet and the MTC.

But, as the man said, in the theatre one success does not a season make. Producing opera is fantastically expensive, even when help is forthcoming in the form of volunteer labor and financial assistance. The performing and technical bases of this company require con-

continued page 23



Arthur Janzen



Henry Engbrecht



William Thiessen



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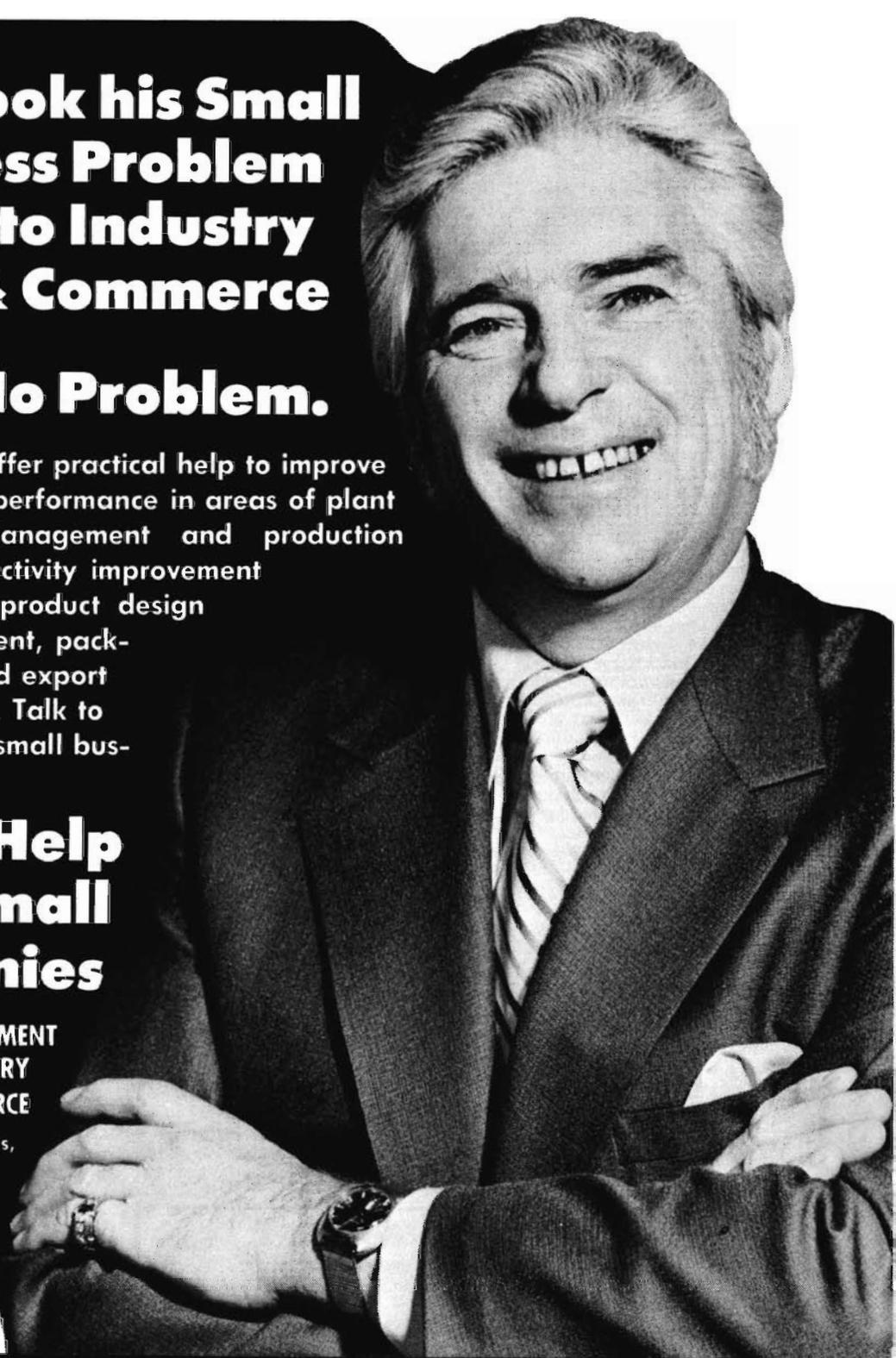
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Uruguay : diary of a journey

by H. L. Sawatzky

Dr. Leonard Sawatzky is currently on a trip through the Mennonite communities of Uruguay and Paraguay. Many of our readers come from those areas and will be interested in his observations.

Montevideo is much like any large Latin American city — somewhat down-at-heels and dirty. Patronage is such a highly developed political art that this city of 800,000 has more civic employees, it is said, than New York City. You don't have to look far for evidence of the most recent Tupamaros bombings — a wrecked bank here, a gutted pharmacy there. Maybe they are feeling a little crowded. Recently they have been robbing small businesses. That will surely cost them support. The movement is said to be led by intellectuals who cannot start a career because of the tight system of patronage and "connections."

January 6: Twelfth Night. A holiday, of course. Nothing to do, but sleep late, get something to eat, and go walk about. A big T-bone steak with a beer costs about a dollar. Spent the afternoon with Gustav Reimer, who publishes the German-language *La Plata Post*. He is very knowledgeable about the subject I'm working on. He introduced me to Gerhard Penner, the resident manager of the Mennonite market centre, which handles all the commodity traffic to and from the colonies.

January 7: Caught a bus north at 3:30 A.M. First I'm going to Colonia Gartental near the hamlet of Tres Bocas. A 5½ hour ride over flat to rolling country, mostly in large cattle farms, but with some farming. The countryside appears thinly settled. Towns look reasonably tidy and very modestly prosperous. Elder Dau invited me to stay at his house. He comes from the Great Polder near Danzig, has 2 sons in Canada and one in Germany. We toured part of the colony with his high two-wheeled Uruguayan *carreta*, to get an idea of how things tick around here. The days are long. It's light at 6:00 and doesn't get dark until after

8:00. The night sky is most interesting — the Southern Cross and the "coal sack" in the Milky Way near it. Orion and the other constellations I know are "upside down." The waning moon has its "horns" up.

January 8: Got a great deal of economic data from Mr. Rudolph Haak. He is very comfortably situated as colony bookkeeper, has an expensive German short-wave radio, a 12-volt windcharger, and electric lights. While we worked, a flock of parrots made a frightful racket in the garden. Mr. Haak's granddaughter agreed they're probably the most attractive nuisance since girls.

January 10: Borrowed a bicycle to make my calls. By noon it was 104 degrees F. in the shade. I hope the films in my cameras don't roast. I found very quickly that I'm not the only one who wants something. Everyone wants to question me about friends and relatives I might know in Canada or Germany. They all want to feed me, and are a little hurt because I eat so little. I tell them it tastes great, that it's the heat, not modesty, that causes me to eat so little.

January 13: Spent the night at the home of Willy Dyck. Mr. Dyck came to Canada from Danzig and homesteaded at Codette, Sask., from 1928 to 1934. He went home for a visit and got caught by the war.

January 15: Tidied up a few loose ends this morning, then caught the bus for Montevideo. It was air-conditioned! Reinhard Fast of El Ombu was also aboard. He asked me my impressions. I told him I was a little surprized at the evidence I had seen of poor management, the apparent petty rivalries, and the exported-from-North America religious dissension. He said very few mature men survived the war to help found the colony, and the responsibilities fell on very young men who through the war and life in refugee camps had received little education. The religious dissension was rather closely tied to economic assistance from North America, sort of "you may have a pound of steak if you take two pounds of tripe."

January 18: After several days in Montevideo I was able to catch a ride

to Delta, the last colony on my Uruguayan itinerary. It was very warm and the breeze was most welcome. My first stop was at the Wilhelm Regehr's, relatives of the Regehr families in Winnipeg. They asked me to stay with them. Their place is very attractive and shows what a little attention, effort and imagination can do, even on a modest income.

I was able to make a side trip to Sarandi, an almost defunct Mennonite colony about 30 kilometers from Delta. Here I met Peter Epp. At 17 he escaped across the Amur River into China where he spent two years before the chance came to emigrate to Paraguay. In Paraguay he made his living variously as a rancher, wheeler-dealer in cattle, horses and machinery. He made a small fortune in the late 1940's through buying up the equipment of disillusioned Canadian Mennonites who participated in the migrations of 1948 to East Paraguay. In 1960 he came to Uruguay. He has a small dairy farm of 100 acres and sells fresh milk to Montevideo. It's good to be out of the dirt and noise of the city again, enjoying the quiet and the night breeze from the Rio de la Plata.

January 21: Got the last of the materials together yesterday. Chatted with many people, sturdy Danziger **Bauren** who haven't for one moment forgotten *die alte Heimat* (ed: the old homeland).

Today I am off to Paraguay. I heard that the other day it was 118 degrees in the shade in the *Chaco*. I wonder how I'll fare?

I am not prepared at this point to come to some conclusions about future possibilities in the Uruguayan Mennonite communities.

One fact that's pretty evident is that once established, the colonies would have had a minimal chance for economic survival had it not been for the substantial amounts of assistance from Germany in the form of War Widows' pensions, settlements for lost property east of the Oder, Old Age pensions, development loans and the like. Moreover, so far they have been lucky enough to have reaped the benefits of inflation in paying off their land debts.

mm.

Annual Meeting MCC (Canada)

Giving surpassed the MCC (Canada) 1971 budget by \$200,000 and was largely due to the Pakistani emergency. MCC officials praised the response, but also warned that higher percentages of designated giving could result in shortages for on-going programs.

The 1972 budget, set at \$1,423,844, calls for a sustained level of cash contributions, but a one-third cut-back in material aid.

The women's group, largely responsible for collecting 500,000 pounds of material aid, were encouraged to re-direct some of their efforts to the sale of self-help articles and to the opening of thrift shops in needy Canadian communities. Self-help sales stood at \$35,000 in 1971.

The need for increased communication with federal authorities was discussed in terms of a proposed Ottawa office for Mennonite Central Committee (Canada). The 27 delegates decided by a 19 to 4 majority vote to rather authorize staff members Daniel Zehr and John Wieler to make monthly trips to Ottawa and to use qualified persons in the national capital on a part-time basis.

The Canadian International Development Agency granted \$129,000 to MCC (Canada) in 1971, and the expectations for 1972 are approximately \$180,000. An additional \$16,000 grant for Food for Work projects in India was carried over from 1970. A \$100,000 grant has already been earmarked for programs in India-Bangladesh.

Most of the \$1½ million 1971 receipts in cash and material aid raised came from approximately 500 Mennonite and Brethren in Christ congregations who participate in MCC (Canada).

The 25th anniversary of Mennonite Mental Health Services was recognized with a special presentation by Aldred Neufeld, a Saskatchewan professor in psychiatry.

In other action, MCC (Canada) called upon the Executive:

- to obtain information and to initiate action with respect to Mennonite migrations to and from Latin America;

- to facilitate a consultation with conference leaders regarding the expanding inter-Mennonite agenda;

- to study and initiate a scholarship fund at Canadian colleges in honor of distinguished Mennonite and Brethren in Christ peacemakers of the near and distant past;

- to expand voluntary service in Canada.

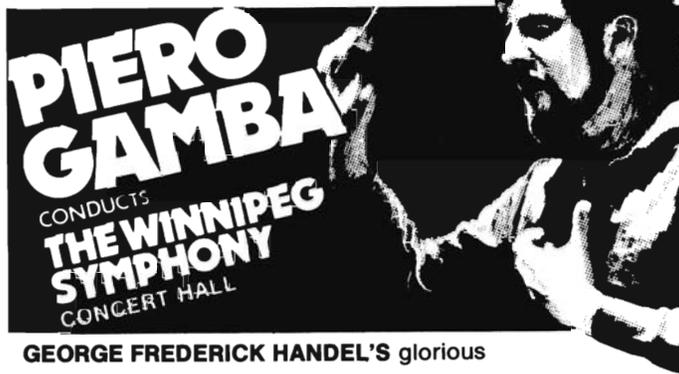
Newton Gingrich was elected chairman by acclamation, while the founding chairman, D. P. Neufeld, was chosen vice-chairman. Ted E. Friesen was re-elected treasurer. Leonard Siemens was elected secretary to succeed C. J. Rempel.

Other members of the Executive are Hugo Friesen of Clearbrook, Ben Hoepfner of Steinbach, and Helen Janzen of Winnipeg. In addition to Neufeld, Gingrich, and Siemens, Albert DeFehr was re-elected member-at-large.

MCC (Canada) enjoys the participation of 11 conferences, five provincial MCCs, and MCC International all of whom appoint the other 24 members.

mm

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siderable widening before a truly professional company can exist. And the principle of using local talent will have to be very flexibly applied as this first production has already proven. Using the same cast three nights running is not exactly a wise use of vocal resources, as I am sure the company realizes only too well.

Nevertheless, when all is said and done this was a brave enterprise that fully deserves the accolades that are coming its way. What will Manitoba Mennonites get into next — the Ballet? Personally, I can hardly wait for the day when Mennonite actors will take over the MTC and the WSO will get its first Mennonite conductors. **mm**

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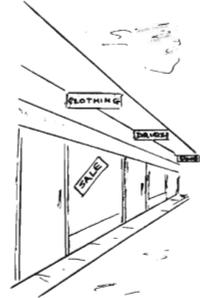
The St. Agnes Guild of the Winnipeg Children's Hospital has been working to raise money for research into diseases of childhood. One of the main sources of revenue for the Guild is the Gift Shop located in the main entrance hall of the hospital. Hand knitted articles, particularly outfits for infants, are popular, and more could be sold than are available. Would YOU like to help? If you have time on your hands, why not fill them with a pair of knitting needles and help in the fight against children's diseases? Wool is supplied, so only time and talent are required. **mm.**

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Here is a new contest for Mennonite Mirror readers. It's called Mirror Mix-Up.

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Must we resign ourselves?

A response to the articles on Russia, by Miss Anna Sudermann, a highly respected former teacher in the Russian Mennonite schools. The questions she raises should be pondered by all.

Lately we have been reminded of our former homeland, Russia, through articles in "Der Bote" as well as in the Mennonite Mirror, and through slides shown by recent visitors to Russia. Those of us who have lived in Russia prior to the two world wars and who can still envisage our communities in the Ukraine cannot help, but be deeply saddened to hear of and to see the decay of the former thriving Mennonite settlements in the Molotchna and Chortitzer regions.

Actually, the memories of our former high standard of living have been pushed aside by events in the meantime and by the present unstable political situation. We are living in the present, we are thinking of the future and this is only right.

But shouldn't this confrontation with our former homesteads and their present dilapidated state remind us of the passing of worldly goods and alert us to the fact that, once again, we could become poor if the political events continue on their present course?

Isn't it possible that the contest between capitalism and communism might develop in such a way that material possessions regardless if acquired by our own industry or through inheritance might again be taken away from us?

Is it feasible that this development can be slowed down through a gradual moderation of these differences? Will the West be able to maintain its position against communism as long as there are the very rich and the very poor, and as long as a progressively higher standard of living is considered the main goal in life?

Today's youth with their emphasis on "the simple life" may one day show us the way. Unfortunately "the child is thrown out with the bath" — in so far as Maoism and Marxism are immediately embraced. Youth (but not youth alone) does not know the true implications of a communist system, and they cannot be taught since it has to be learned from personal experience.

And the church — does it still have,

or will it for the first time obtain the strength to influence social and political events? Is there nothing else left for us to do, but resign ourselves and to wait for things to happen and to place our hopes on the help of American A-bombs?

MUESSEN WIR RESIGNIEREN?

In letzter Zeit werden wir recht oft durch Berichte im Bote, und neuerdings auch im Mennonite Mirror, oder durch Bildvorträge der Russland Besucher an unsere frühere Heimat-Russland erinnert. Wer noch vor den Weltkriegen in Russland gelebt hat und das Bild unserer Kolonien in der Ukraine noch deutlich vor Augen hat und jetzt von dem Verfall dieser einst blühenden Molotschnaer und Chortitzaer Mennonitischen Siedlungen hört und auf Bildern sieht, kann sich eines tiefen Bedauerns nicht erwehren.

Eigentlich war die Erinnerung an unsern frühern Wohlstand durch die Ereignisse in der Zwischenzeit und die gegenwärtige unsichere politische Situation bereits verdrängt worden. Man lebt in der Gegenwart und denkt an die Zukunft, und das ist recht so.

Sollte aber die Konfrontierung mit unsern einstigen Heimstätten und ihrem gegenwärtigen Verfall für uns heute keinen Wert haben, indem diese Tatsache uns an die Vergänglichkeit

irdischer Güter erinnert und den Gedanken nahe bringt, dass wir vielleicht einmal wieder arm werden könnten, wenn die politische Lage in der gegenwärtigen Richtung sich weiterentwickeln sollte?

Ist es nicht möglich, dass die Gegensätze zwischen dem kapitalistischen Staatsystem und dem Kommunismus sich einmal dahin entwickeln, dass uns die materiellen Güter, ob nun durch eigenen Fleiss erworben, oder gesetzlich geerbt, wieder genommen werden?

Kann dieser Entwicklung durch einen entsprechenden Abbau der Gegensätze der beiden Systeme entgegengewirkt werden, wird sich der Westen gegen den Kommunismus behaupten können solange es noch immer sehr reiche und sehr arme Menschen bei uns gibt und man einen immer höheren Lebensstandard als höchsten Zweck des Lebens anstrebt?

Die heutige Jugend mit ihrer Propagierung eines einfachen Lebens wird vielleicht einmal wegweisend sein. Leider schüttet man das Kind gleich mit dem Bad aus, indem Mao und marxistische Ideen aufs Schild gehoben werden. Die Jugend kennt (und nicht nur die Jugend), das wahre Gesicht eines kommunistischen Systems nicht, und belehren lässt man sich nicht, man lernt eben nur durch persönliche Erfahrung.

Und die Kirche, hat sie noch oder schon die Kraft, die gesellschaftliche oder gar die politische Entwicklung zu beeinflussen? Bleibt uns also nichts anderes übrig als zu resignieren, den Dingen die da kommen gelassen entgegenzusehen und auf die Hilfe der Kernwaffen Amerikas zu hoffen?!

A. Sudermann

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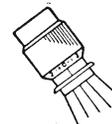
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von Ulrich Woelcke

„Transfer, please.“ Der Busfahrer hebt nicht mal den Kopf als er mir den „Transfer“ gibt. Er sieht etwas brummig aus. Gestern erwischte ich den 7:29 a.m. Bus. Der Busfahrer schaute mich so freundlich an, dass ich ob ich wollte oder nicht, „Guten Morgen“ sagte, worauf er erwiderte „Scheint kein schlechter Tag zu werden.“ Ich war mir nicht ganz sicher ob er das Wetter meinte, aber bei seiner guten Stimmung würde er einen Blizzard bei 20 below sicher als schön Wetter betrachtet haben.

Ich suche mir einen Fensterplatz (ich habe das Glück am Anfang der Buslinie zu wohnen) und taue langsam auf. Dann hole ich mir aus meiner typisch deutschen Aktentasche ein Buch hervor — dabei muss ich immer aufpassen, dass die Stullen und die Thermosflasche nicht auch rausfallen. So ein Buch ist was herrlich. Erstens kann man es lesen — ich jedenfalls kann es ohne „buskrank“ zu werden — zweitens, kann man die Welt ausschliessen und so tun als ob man die anderen Menschen nicht sieht. Ich weiss nicht ob es immer so war, aber wir scheinen in einer Welt zu leben, die immer unpersönlicher wird und wir spielen „ich tue so als ob ich dich nicht sehe“ (übrigens nicht nur im Bus). Es ist so viel leichter dieses Spiel zu spielen wenn man ein Buch hat. Sonst muss ich mein „Rührmich-nicht-an“ Gesicht aufsetzen, und nach einer gewissen Zeit fängt meine Nase an zu jucken. Wenn ich dann nach dem Taschentuch fische, knuffe ich gewöhnlich meinen Nachbarn und wenn dieser noch weiblichen Geschlechts ist . . . na, was ich da schon für Blicke gekriegt habe.

Also ich sitze und lese, das heisst, ich will lesen. Irgendwie gehen mir die beiden Busfahrer nicht aus dem Kopf — gestern heiter und heute bewölkt. Den ich gestern traf war noch ziemlich jung, unser Mann heute ist so im „Mittelalter“. Ich fange also an etwas zu spinnen. Das tue ich öfter, aber dieses Mal in Gedanken, nur so für mich hin. Ich musste an eine Kurzgeschichte denken, die ich vor vielen Jahren in der Schule las: „Other People's Lives.“ Das Leben anderer Menschen hält für uns eine besondere Faszination. So liess ich meinen Gedanken freien Lauf.

Wer weiss was meinen Busfahrer heute verstimmt? Vielleicht hat er Aergers mit seiner Company. Sicher will ihn sein Bruder aus Europa im kommenden Sommer besuchen, und man hat

unserem Freund Urlaub im Sommer verweigert — nicht genügend Dienstjahre. Oder seine Frau war mal wieder hinter ihm her; so lange schon sollten die Bücherbretter bei den Kindern im Zimmer angebracht werden „ . . . bis du dich endlich aufrappelst bist du pensioniert usw. usw.“ Obendrein fangen die Kinder an pampig zu werden — überhaupt der Aelteste. Der und „Driver's license“. Kaum ist er 16 da denkt er Wunder was. Autofahren — ha — soll man lieber zusehen, dass er in der Schule besser macht.

Unser gestriger Busfahrer hatte zweifellos bessere Erfahrungen gemacht, und wahrscheinlich ist seine Natur auch etwas sonniger. „Boston Bruins“ hatten wieder mal gewonnen — sein Team, prima! Die werden sicher den „Stanley Cup“ gewinnen. Kann auch sein, dass seine Frau ihm zärtlich was in's Ohr geflüstert hat — Vater wird er werden. Na, und was er alles mit seinem Sohn anstellen wird; als erstes wird er ihm beibringen wie Hockey gespielt wird. — glücklicher Mensch, er weiss noch nichts von den Sorgen seines Arbeitskollegen.

Der Bus hält. Leute steigen ein. Sie bringen Kälte mit rein. So ein kaltes Geschöpf setzt sich neben mich — doch ich muss wohl richtig gelebt haben: eine „sie“ und dazu jung und hübsch. Ich schaue noch einmal verstohlen rüber: Nicht schlecht, nicht schlecht. Ein offenes, freundliches Gesicht. Ein glückliches Menschenkind, dem die Welt noch offen steht. Sie sieht aus als ob Menschen sie gern haben und umgekehrt. Ist sicher Lehrerin, liebt Kinder, kann tränennasse und verschmierte Gesichter wieder zum Lachen bringen. Oder ist sie Krankenschwester? Ja, das wird's sein. Ihre Kranken werden sich freuen wenn sie auf die Station kommt. Sie kann Sonnenschein in das Leben der ihr anvertrauten Kranken bringen. Sie kann trösten, Mut zusprechen, lachen und hat viel, viel, Geduld.

Da schräg gegenüber sitzt ein älterer Herr mag so an die siebzig sein. Was der wohl schon so früh macht? Er sieht besorgt aus, traurig, aber seine Augen haben etwas Gütiges. Arbeitet wohl irgendwo als Nachtwächter und ist auf dem Weg nach Hause. Seine Frau ist sicher krank — oder gar verstorben? Vielleicht ist er einsam und der Gedanke an die leere, dunkle Stube in die er demnächst treten wird bedrückt ihn.

Vor mir zwei Teenager — Jungens.

Continued page 31

Am

Von Jürnjakob Swehn

Lieber Freund und Lehrer! Ich will heute nur ein paar Wörter schreiben, aber in den nächsten Wochen wird der Brief wohl fertig werden. Ich bin sehr traurig in meinem Herzen. Ich habe letzten Mittwoch, den zwölften April, meine Mutter begraben. Ich soll dich von ihr grüssen mit ihrem letzten Gruss, und sie lässt sich auch noch bedanken für alles Gute, was du ihr getan hast. Siehe, so will ich dir das schreiben und ausrichten.

Mutter ist ihres Lebens alt geworden 72 Jahre 6 Monate und 5 Tage. Davon ist sie beinahe sechs Jahre hier bei mir gewesen. Als ich ihr die Freikarte herüberschickte, da ist sie ganz gern gefahren, weil wir uns über dreissig Jahre nicht gesehen hatten und weil sie alt wurde und nicht mehr so recht arbeiten konnte. Aber es ist ihr hier so gegangen wie den meisten, die alt herüberkommen. Sie ist das Heimweh nicht mehr losgeworden. Es ging ihr damit gerade so wie dem alten Fehlandt. Der hatte es hier bei seinen Kindern auch gut, aber es fehlte ihm was, das konnte Land Amerika ihm nicht geben, so gross und reich es auch ist. Alte Bäume verpflanzen sich schlecht. Sie fangen an zu quienen (kränkeln) und gehen so nach und nach ein.

Mutter ist hier auch nie ganz zu Hause gewesen. Wir haben alles getan, was wir ihr an den Augen abkucken konnten. Wir haben sie auf den Händen getragen. Sie hat kein ungutes Wort zu hören gekriegt. Aber das Land war ihr fremd, das Haus war ihr fremd und die Wirtschaft zu weitsichtig. Unsere Kinder waren gross und

Sterbebett der Mutter: ein Brief

brauchten nicht mehr auf dem Arm getragen zu werden. Auch gab es hier keine Gössel zu hüten und keine Küken, was sonst ja ganz gut ist für die Alten. Und den ganzen Tag Strümpfe stricken und stopfen, das ging doch auch nicht. Die Hände in den Schoß legen und stillsitzen, das konnte sie nicht, denn sie hatte es nicht gelernt, und im Schaukelstuhl hat sie nie nicht gelegen. Sie sprach: Ich will mit dem Sitzen und Liegen auf meine alten Tage nicht mehr umlernen. Zum Sitzen bei Tag ist der Stuhl da und zum Schlafen bei Nacht das Bett, und mit so ein Mittelding, was nicht mal feststeht auf seinen Beinen, damit will ich nichts zu schaffen haben. Aber nun ist sie tot, und am letzten Mittwoch haben wir sie begraben.

Sie ist nicht lange krank gewesen. Wir hatten dies Frühjahr scharfen Wind, und da kriegte sie es auf der Brust. Ich holte den Doktor heimlich, denn das wollte sie auch nicht. Er sprach ihr gut zu. Aber draussen sagte er zu mir, dass sie wohl nicht wieder gesund werden würde. Die Tropfen, die er ihr verschrieb, die hat sie willig eingenommen. Aber dabei ist ihr Essen immer weniger geworden, und sie wurde immer schwächer. Ihre Finger waren zuletzt ganz dünn und nichts als Haut und Knochen.

In der letzten Zeit habe ich oft und lange an ihrem Bett gesessen und ihre Hand gehalten, und wir haben viele gute Wörter miteinander gesprochen. In den Wochen bin ich eigentlich, solange ich hier bin, zum erstenmal so ganz zur Besinnung gekommen. Da bei meiner alten Mutter am Bett, da ist all der Arbeitskram und die Arbeitssorge von mir abgefallen wie ein fremder Rock, und ich bin bloss noch meiner Mutter ihr grosser Junge gewesen. Sie

hat zu mir gesagt: Du bist zu scharf im Arbeiten. Du musst nicht so hart schaffen. Du musst dir Zeit lassen, dass du mal zur Besinnung kommst. Besinnung tut dem Menschen nötig, denn er ist nicht bloss zum Arbeiten da. Du hast deine meisten Senses verbraucht und dein meistes Korn gedroschen. Deine letzte Ernte kommt früh genug; da brauchst du gar nicht so doll zu laufen. — So hat meine Mutter zu mir gesprochen, denn ihr Leben war Arbeit und Mühseligkeit. Darum so habe ich es mir aufmerksam in mein Herz genommen und mein Leben überdacht. Und siehe, sie hatte recht. Eine Mutter hat immer recht, wenn sie zu ihren Kindern spricht. Denn sie sucht ihrer Kinder Bestes und findet es auch.

Meist aber haben wir von zu Hause gesprochen. Sie hat auch oft davon erzählt, dass du den Alten im Dorf, die nicht mehr zur Kirche kommen konnten, Sonntagabend in der Schule immer und all die Jahre eine Predigt aus Harms oder Scheven vorgelesen hast. Und von der Weihnachtsfeier, die du den Kindern und den Alten im Dorf in der Schule machst und wozu sie sich alle schon vom Herbst an freuen. Dabei sagte sie: Für die Alten im Dorf war das Leben im Winter ohne die Weihnachtsfeier und Predigt in der Schule wie eine griese Jacke.

Auch hat sie mir viel erzählt aus ihrer Kinderzeit, wo ich nichts von wusste. Denn es ist mit den Menschen also: Wenn sie alt werden und die Beine wollen nicht mehr vorwärts, dann fangen die Gedanken an zu wandern, und sie wandern rückwärts. Einmal hat sie auch zu mir gesagt: Wenn ich an die alte Zeit zurückdenke und dann wieder an heute, das ist mir, als ob ich bloss aus einer Stube in die andere gehe. Bloss in der

Tür ist das dunkel. Aber da kommt man denn auch wohl durch.

Siehe, das sagte die alte Frau da in ihrem Bett. Da hörte ich in Ehrfurcht zu und strakte ihr die Hand und sprach: Mudding, was du eben gesagt hast, das könnte ganz gut im Psalm stehen, bloss mit ein bisschen andern Wörtern. — Unterdes war es schummerig geworden, aber Wieschen hatte draussen noch zu tun. Da sagte sie ganz leise, so, als wenn sie sich schämte: Jürnjakob, sagte sie, du kannst mir mal einen Kuss geben. Mich hat so lange keiner mehr geküsst. Ich hab eigentlich bloss dreimal im Leben einen Kuss gekriegt. Einmal, als ich mit Jürnjochen Hochzeit machte. Das andre Mal, als du geboren wurdest. Das dritte Mal, als Jürnjochen starb. Nun will ich mich fertigmachen und ihm nachgehen. So kannst du mir noch einen mit auf den Weg geben. — Ich aber sprach: Mudding, das geht mir gerade so wie dir, und ich sehe, dass ich dein Sohn bin. Da haben wir beide was nachzuholen.

So hab ich mich ganz sacht über sie gebückt und sie richtig geküsst, und sie hat mich über die Backe gestrakt, als wenn ich noch ihr kleiner Junge war. Dann legte sie sich zurück und war ganz zufrieden. Als ich dann aber draussen beim Vieh stand, da war ich in meinem Herzen richtig erstaunt und sprach zu mir: Jürnjakob Swehn, da liegt nun eine alte Frau und will sterben, und das ist deine Mutter, und du hast sie im Leben nicht kennengelernt. Siehe, so lernst du sie im Sterben kennen.

Als aber der Tag zu Ende war, da kam ein anderer, und das war der letzte. Das war ein Sonnabend. Ihr Essen und Trinken, das war nicht mehr, als wenn ein kleiner Vogel essen und

trinken tut. Als die Arbeit fertig war und es schon schummerte, da sass ich wieder an ihrem Bett und hielt ihre Hand, und der Puls ging sehr schnell. Lange Zeit sassen wir da im Schummern. Es war ganz feierlich wie in der Kirche, wenn vorn auf dem Altar die beiden Lichter brennen, weil Abendmahl ist. Ja, daran dachte ich, als ich in ihre Augen sah. Es waren sonst ganz gewöhnliche blaue Augen; aber an dem Tage ging ein Schein von ihnen aus, den sah ich sonst nicht in dieser Welt. Aber nun sah ich ihn mit meiner Seele.

Wieschen machte Licht und gab ihr mit freundlichen Wörtern was zu trinken, denn die Lippen waren trocken. So, Jürnjakob, sagte sie dann, nun lies mir was aus der Bibel vor.

So las ich ihr die Geschichte von Lazarus vor, und als ich zu Ende war, sagte sie: Da ist ein Psalm, den will ich noch gerne hören. Ich weiss nicht mehr, wie er anfangen tut, aber da ist was von Säen und Ernten drin. — Ich weiss schon, Mudding, welchen du meinst, sagte ich und schlug den 126. auf und las: Wenn der Herr die Gefangenen Zions erlösen wird, dann werden wir sein wie die Träumenden. Hörst du, Mudding? Wie die Träumenden! — Ich höre, mein Sohn. — Und ich las weiter bis zum Schluss: Sie gehen hin und weinen und tragen edlen Samen und kommen mit Freuden — mit

Freuden, Mudding! — und bringen ihre Garben. — Ich hab man keine Garben, wenn ich ankomme. — Ja, Mudding, wenn's danach geht, dann kommen wir alle nackt an und haben nichts in der Hand.

Sie schwieg eine Weile. Dann sagte sie: Nimm das Gesangbuch und lies: Christus, der ist mein Leben. So las ich den Gesang, und sie hatte die Hände gefolgt und leise mitgesprochen, und als ich zu Ende war, da sagte sie: Das hat unser Lehrer auch mit den Schülern gesungen, als Jürnjochen gestorben war. Und nun lies noch: Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden. So las ich die beiden Verse.

Dann gab Wieschen ihr wieder zu trinken, und sie nickte ihr zu und drückte ihr die Hand, und einen Cake hat sie auch noch gegessen, und als ich sie nötigte, noch einen halben. Als sie den auf hatte, freute ich mich: „O Mudding, wat is dat schön, dat du en beten eten hest. Du sast man seihn, wenn dat nun ierst warm ward, denn ward dat ok weder beter mit di.“ — Da rakte sie leise mit der Hand über die Bettdecke, sah mich an und sprach: „Beter warden? Dor is nich an tau denken. Du mösst blot noch beden, dat dat nich mehr so lang' duert.“ — Lieber Freund, als sie das sagte, da ging mir das mitten durch meine Seele, denn ich hatte mich eben noch zu ihrem Essen gefreut.

Dann rakte sie wieder leise über die Decke, und ihre Seele war sehr müde. Ich aber überdachte ihr Leben, als es zu Ende ging, und fand nichts als Mühe und Not. Dann folgte sie die Hände wieder und sah mich still und fest an, und ihre Augen waren gross und tief. Da war schon etwas drin, was sonst nicht drin war. Das kann ich nicht mit Wörtern beschreiben. Da konnte man hineinsehen wie in einen tiefen See. Ich legte meine Hand ganz sacht wieder auf ihre Hände, und wir warteten. Aber nicht mehr lange. Dann sagte sie noch mal was. Sie sagte: „Ick wull, dat ich in'n Himmel wer; mi ward die Tied all lang.“ — Lieber Freund, das behalte ich mein Leben lang bis an meinen Tod. Das könnte, so wie es ist, ganz gut im Gesang-

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buch stehen. Dann aber faltete sie die Hände wieder unter meiner Hand. So betete sie ganz leise unser altes Kindergebet: Hilf, Gott, allzeit, mach mich bereit zur ew'gen Freud und Seligkeit. Amen.

Als sie das Amen gesagt hatte, da drehte sie den Kopf so ein bisschen nach links um, als wenn da jemand käme. Und da ist auch einer gekommen; den habe ich nicht mit meinen Augen gesehen und nicht mit meinen Ohren gehört. Der hat sie bei der Hand genommen, und da ist ihre Seele ganz leise mitgegangen, richtig so, als wenn man aus einer Stube in die andre geht. So ist sie nach Hause gegangen, als wenn ein müdes Kind abends nach Hause geht. Und nun ist sie nicht mehr in einem fremden Lande.

Ich hatte das Fenster geöffnet, dass ihre Seele hinaus konnte. Es war dunkle Nacht, und durch die Bäume ging ein harter Wind. Die Lampe wollte ausgehen. Sie hatte lange gebrannt.

Meine Mutter war eine Tagelöhnerfrau. Aber wenn ich an ihr Sterben denke, dann ist immer etwas Feines und Stilles und Schönes in meinem Herzen, das vorher nicht da war. Aufschreiben kann ich das nicht, und sagen lässt sich das auch nicht. Aber draussen auf dem Felde muss ich manchmal mitten im Pflügen stillhalten und in mich hineinhorchen. Dann kann ich das richtig in mir hören, was meine alte Mutter zuletzt gesagt hat. Ganz deutlich höre ich, wie sie es so ganz leise und müde sagt. Ja, so ist es: Ich höre meiner Mutter Stimme in mir selbst. Und dann ist mir richtig wie am Feiertag. Dann ist mir, als wenn da der Vorhang zum Heiligtum ein wenig aufgezogen wird, dass man da so ein bisschen durchsehen kann. Wenn ich dann weiterpflüge, muss ich mich darüber immer wieder wundern.

Ich war noch ein ganz kleiner Junge. Da hatte ich am Pfingstmorgen mal zu lange geschlafen, was eigentlich nicht sein soll, weil man dann Pingstekarr* wird. Da wachte ich plötzlich auf, denn ich fühlte was Weiches in meinem Gesicht. So stand da meine Mutter an meinem Bett. Sie bückte sich über mich und strich mir mit einem kleinen Fliederstrauss über das Gesicht. Ganz leise tat sie das. Dabei sah sie mich freundlich an. Siehe, das ist meine erste Erinnerung an meine Mutter.

mm

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Reflections from our Readers

Dear Sir:

To give an appreciation at the moment of Mennonite Mirror I am at a loss. When Mrs. Jacob Siemens of Winkler showed me this new thing wrought in Manitoba, a first issue of MM, I paged it through and said: "Ja, ja, dies ist etwas; Ich habe gefallen hieran", hoping the best, already jotting down the address of the publishers.

I got my first issue. I re-appraised a praise-worthy issue more highly. Yes, it was readable, every bit of it, in two languages — well-written, too. Evidence of no flinching standards. No apologetics. No death-march, no. Enthusiasm for what Mennonite precepts stand for clear of a shyness associated with childish excuses. Mature. My singular response was this: good and unique, with promises for better things to come.

The Mirror tells us so many things. What our people are doing: artist or architect — we must know who they are. The plights of our kinfolk wherever they be, of pilgrimages to our Fatherland, reflections on economic policy affecting our businesses, columns of advice we need, a poem or two and a cheery tourist's essay — all these between covers. What do we make of it: it is our child, are we too busy for it, do we brush it aside, or do we show it affection, welcome it with anticipation because it means a great deal to us. Like our children this child demands attention, understanding, and perhaps a little gloating over.

Then think about it. And you ask questions. I hope we all ask these questions and feel that here we have more than a new magazine even though that is what it is! Does it not affect us as a unifying force in our Mennonite Christian brotherhood — in a down-to-earth way, touchingly, touching chords.

But it is more than that. It is inspirational; it helps us make that needed re-assessment of all that we have been, and now are. A people must stand close to what it is historically. If the interest in our oft colorful past is rekindled we will soon all be surprised to find how close we actually are to it, that history is not something remote at all — especially if we can trace our personal genealogies into it, for there families are interwoven into it with the warmth of the fireside.

If I could give MM any particular direction I would advise it to clarify some of our muddled history, put it into the public eye of the reader. We must know our history.

What do our young people see in our legacy of faith if it is withheld from them and they cannot see it in its true light; if they are not properly exposed to it how can they get the right picture, if they are not taught, if they are not impressed by its quality? Let us just say for the moment that if the MM comes into every Mennonite home in Manitoba, it may just be that impressive signal at which many will stop to re-evaluate and re-assess what we have. Let us say that it could just re-ignite a heritage we have and hold dear. Can we hold on to the past forever? (that is what a heritage is: what we have kept

from the past!) No. It must have a faith for the future, a faith in God for the future despite the worst disaster. Young people today are keen on history.

Perhaps in taking a second look at our history they can re-affirm the faith Menno Simons had, and go about rebuilding this shaky old house

Sincerely,
Peter B. Paetkau,
Sperling

Dear Sir:

Thank you very much for sending me a sample copy of the new publishing venture, the Mennonite Mirror. After seeing a number of earlier attempts at founding new Mennonite magazines founder and fold up, after a period of apparent success, I cannot help admiring the audacious optimism of the founders of Mennonite Mirror, manifested in launching this latest enterprise, in spite of well-known earlier failures. I can, of course, see that this optimism is not entirely unfounded. Whereas the earlier magazines (Mennonitische Warte, Mennonitische Lehrzeitung, alias Mennonitische Welt), trying to serve on a cultural level, had for their supporting base only the intellectually inclined segment of the Mennonite community, the strength of which they probably overestimated, the present founders are clearly aiming at a much broader foundation for their creation. While retaining the cultural interests for their foundation walls, so to say, they are pouring a wide economic footing to undergird these, by making the magazine a potent advertising medium for the Mennonite business community, which has, of course, gained tremendously in range, scope and affluence, since the thirties and forties. . . .

What appealed especially to me is the apparent policy to have Mennonite Mirror go out in bilingual garb and carry bilingual content. While I am convinced that the founders belong to the generation of Mennonites that was born and raised in Canada, I seem to sense that they are not of those, or, at least, no longer of those, whose over-ruling ambition, for a long period after the war, has been to shed all ethnic originality, peculiarity, or uniqueness in favor of a drab, rootless, but unobtrusive "Canadianism", hiding their ethnic origin and peculiarity in nervous and obsequious attempts at a conformity of melting pot notoriety. This attitude, although deplorable under any circumstances, was understandable in view of the relentless anti-German propaganda during and after the war, but now, in an entirely different international situation and in view of our government's avowed policy of multi-culturalism, must be regarded as definitely passé . . . I trust, therefore, that the German content of Mennonite Mirror is not something merely tolerated for a while, in deference to the sensibilities of an outgoing generation, or as bait for capturing the widest possible circulation, but that it is evidence of the publishers' resolve to play an active role, for the German Mennonites in Canada, in the establishment of the hitherto largely visionary

multi-cultural Canada, by fostering their ethnic values, including their inherited language.

Sincerely,
John H. Enns
Reesor, Ontario

Dear Editor:

Re: Victor Peters' honors list of Mennonites. Wow!!

Dave Kroeker,
Mennonite Reporter.

(Ed. Note: We are glad the reader appears to agree with Dr. Peters' selection.)

An den „Mennonite Mirror“

Vor zwei Wochen war ich in Winnipeg zu Besuch, und bekam den „Mennonite Mirror“ in die Hand! Mit wehmütigen Gefühlen betrachtete ich die Photos in den Berichten aus der Reise in die alte Heimat! Es hat sich da ein Fehler eingeschlichen: Die „Hundert-jährige Eiche“, wie sie bei uns immer genannt wurde, steht nicht auf der Insel Chortitza, sondern in dem Dorfe Chortitza, auf dem Ende nach der Traenke hin!

Das andere Bild: Ein Bauernhaus, wie es sie wohl auch heute noch mehrere gibt, es zeugt stumm von der verschwundenen Pracht, wie es mal war! Aber für mich bedeutet es mehr! Denn dort, in der sogenannten Sommerstube haben mein Mann und ich und unsere 2 Kinder schöne Jugendjahre verbracht! Dort wurde unser Drittes geboren! Wie oft hat man im Sommer die Fensterladen geschlossen, der Hitze und Fliegen halber, wie oft Stroh geholt und den Ofen im Winter warm geheizt! Das dauerte immer eine ganze Weile! Beim Ofenheizen sass man dann im Hinterhaus, und die Kinder bettelten: erzähle eine Geschichte! Ja, wir waren jung, die Kinder klein! Ob die Quelle aus der ich das Wasser zum Trinken holte, wohl noch so frisch und hell sprudelt! Wie jung war ich damals, vor der Hintertür stand ein mächtiger Maulbeerbaum, und es sass sich so gut in seinen Aesten, und die Maulbeeren schmeckten so gut!

Dann kam die schreckliche Zeit: die Männer wurden verhaftet, um nie wieder nach Hause zu kommen. Auch unser Wirt, von dem wir unsere Wohnung mieteten, wurde verhaftet, und kam nie wieder. Es kam dann noch viel mehr: Krieg, Rückwanderung, Lagerleben, Zusammenbruch, die Flucht, allein ohne Man mit 4 Kindern! Dann das Leben im besiegten Deutschland, bis sich endlich für uns die Türen öffneten, und wir mit Gottes und der Verwandten Hilfe nach Kanada kamen! Hier haben wir gearbeitet, ein Heim gebaut, drei Kinder zur Schule geschickt, und uns der grossen Freiheit im Glauben und Leben erfreut!

Nun sind die Voegel ausgeflogen, haben eigene Nester gebaut, nun ist Zeit, zurück zudenken, an das was war!

Ich sinne and sinne, wie's wohl begann,
Und stütze den Kopf in die Hände
Es war einmal, so fing es an —
Es war einmal, so ging es zu
Ende —!

Mit freundlichem Gruss,
Natascha Fast geb. Toews.
Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario

time and place

March 9: Westgate Shoppers Supper at Eaton's Assembly Hall. Time: 5:00 - 7:30.

April 9: Polo Park festival of art and music.

April 11: Westgate Ladies Auxiliary Banquet at First Mennonite Church.

April 21 and 22: Westgate Operetta.

February 18: Sargent Mennonite Church, 10:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Meeting of Ministers and Deacons of the Conference of Mennonites in Manitoba. Helmut Harder of CMBC will speak on the topic, "The Minister as Leader in the Church" and Palmer Becker of Newton will discuss Probe 72.

February 18: 7:30 p.m. and Feb. 19: 9:00 a.m., 2:00 p.m. and 5:30 p.m. Annual sessions of the Conference of Mennonites in Manitoba, at Sargent Church.

February 27: Youth Rally with Dr. Ross T. Bender, dean of the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries at Elkhart, Indiana. At C.M.B.C. auditorium, 7:00 p.m. Theme: "The Meaning of the Full Life."

February 28: Annual Fund Raising Banquet of the Westgate Mennonite Collegiate, at First Mennonite Church, Arlington and Notre Dame, at 7:30 p.m. Guest Speaker: Dr. Ross T. Bender, former principal of the Rockway Mennonite High School in Kitchener, Ontario. Theme: "Can the Mennonite Church Survive Without Its Own Schools?"

February 25 and 26: Come and enjoy the courtship of Nitje as the students at Westgate present Arnold Dyck's Dee Fria, in the Springfield Heights School.

February 20: MBBC A capella choir in River East MB Church, 11:00 a.m.

GESICHTER von P. 26

ihnen. Aber trotzdem es „10 below“ ist tragen sie nur dünne Jacken, keine Kopfbedeckung, „blue jeans“ und natürlich Turnschuhe an den Füßen. Ja, wer „tough“ sein will muss leiden. Können sich doch nicht von ihren Freunden auslachen lassen indem sie sich wärmer anziehen. Mutter ist bestimmt hinter ihnen hergewesen, aber sie ist ja viel zu „altmodisch“, was weiss sie denn schon von den ungeschriebenen Gesetzen der „Teenkultur“?

Wieder hält der Bus. Meine Nachbarin steigt aus. Auch für mich wird es Zeit. Ich packe mein Buch ein, und wie ich hochschaue treffen meine Augen den Blick eines anderen Mitfahrenden. Es ist als ob ein Lächeln über seine Züge huscht, aber er schaut schnell zur Seite. Irgendwie komme ich mir ertappt vor, oder aber — ja — das wird es sein: der hat dasselbe Spiel gespielt wie ich, „was verbirgt sich hinter einem Gesicht. Ob er mich wohl richtig eingeschätzt hat? Wer weiss, wer weiss — wir tragen viele Gesichter. mm

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