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mennonite mirror

volume two / number six / february 1973

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About this issue

Former residents of Steinbach may recognize the building on this month's cover. The sketch by Victor Friesen, of Winnipeg, sets the tone for the first of a number of articles by Al Reimer. In this series Mr. Reimer will tell us what it is like to grow up in Steinbach. Mr. Reimer is, of course, a native of that town who is now a professor of English at the University of Winnipeg. Mr. Reimer, who wrote *Old Eva's Cure*, is also heard occasionally over the CBC radio network.

Another of this month's stories takes us to "the other side" to Sperling/Carman area where Mr. Peter Paetkau talks to Rev. D. D. Klassen. Mr. Klassen is widely known for his scholarship and ministry, and now that he is in retirement it is all too easy to overlook his many and varied contributions.

Grosvenor Place is probably a most exciting project. At a time when punishment of the criminal is being hotly debated, the MCC (Manitoba) group is demonstrating that there is another alternative to the "lock them up and forget them" approach to punishment. Grosvenor Place is a place where the workers must be patient and courageous. The support of all of us is also very necessary.

It is also with some pleasure that we are including, this month, the first instalment of the much announced diary of David Toews. This series is being published in the original German and should be of great interest to those people who have wondered how the Mennonites got here.

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mennonite mirror

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Put in a good Word for me

by Lore Lubosch

Since August, 1971, some 22 men have made 900 Grosvenor Avenue their home for varying periods of time.

Who are the residents of Grosvenor Place?

They are young men between the ages of 18 and 25 who have been convicted in adult court for the first time.

A number have had previous records as juvenile offenders with convictions ranging from theft, forgery, drugs, alcohol, and public mischief.

In the year prior to the establishment of Grosvenor Place by the Mennonite Central Committee, the committee asked for a report on what it could do to assist the young offender. The outcome was MCC's decision to establish Grosvenor Place. Accordingly, the house at 900 Grosvenor was purchased by friends of MCC.

Mr. C. N. Friesen, who conducted the study into the idea and who had experience with young offenders, was the obvious choice for director. More care, however, was needed in the selection of houseparents. In answer to the request, MCC in Akron, Pennsylvania, pointed to Henry and Marie Dueck, originally from Altona, Manitoba. They had been employed at the Elim Christian Education Centre for several years, where Henry was first a teacher and then principal. Marie has also had teaching experience (kinder-

garten.)

Armed with the hope and courage of their conviction, the staff moved in on June 1, 1971. The house, which has been named Grosvenor Place, looks just like any family dwelling in the area. First floor and basement are arranged so as to accommodate the Duecks and their two children, a girl of five and a boy of seven years. The first floor, also contains the director's office, a large comfortable living room, the Dueck's bedroom and a large kitchen and dining room. The second floor contains two bedrooms and a lounge area with a small kitchen and a television set. The third floor contains one bedroom and a 'therapy' room: the latter just spacious enough to hold a pool table.

Usually a probation officer will recommend Grosvenor Place to the offender who is likely to qualify. If he shows interest, he is interviewed by Mr. Friesen. His record and the severity of the offence are carefully considered, and is thoroughly acquainted with the program and philosophy of the hostel. Finally, if all parties agree that the candidate will indeed fit into the program at Grosvenor, the presiding judge is contacted. Sometimes a representative from Grosvenor appears in court to make recommendation for alternative treatment at the probation hostel. If the judge agrees, he places the offender into the care of Grosvenor, with the stipulation that he must live on the premises at all times.

Few of the residents care why the Grosvenor staff are trying to help them. They accept it without question, perhaps because they are not used to anyone in his right mind doing them a favor. As far as the resident is concerned, Mr. Friesen and the Duecks have their reason for being there and he has his.

If someone ever told the 'boys' that Henry and Marie are volunteers, and that they receive \$25 per person and



The house at 900 Grosvenor.



Mr. C. N. Friesen

\$15 per child each month, plus car allowance, medical, dental and drug costs: they would probably think them out of the mind! They might not even believe it; nobody works that hard for nothing!

The Dueck family fits well into Grosvenor Place. Actually, one might say that they are the environment. They bring a deep commitment to their work. Even the children do their part. Mr. Friesen comments: "The children have been a real asset. They bring in their little friends and visit in other homes in the neighbourhood, providing a link with the community. Marie and Henry exchange baby-sitting with some of the neighbours and there seems to be a feeling of complete trust with regard to Grosvenor Place."

Marie attends to the house laundry, supplies clean linen, does the big cleaning jobs, packs lunches, looks after everybody's appetite, and is 'mother' to

all, including her own two offspring.

Henry, a truly liberated husband, helps with dishes and other domestic chores, looks after outdoor jobs, accompanies the residents to interviews or court, and is generally useful as counselor, friend, and 'dad'.

In many ways the Duecks are much like parents, where one of the primary functions is to be there when needed, and occasionally to enforce disciplinary measures. Mr. Friesen states: "Most of these boys are very lonely and need attention and understanding, just as small children might. We try to look at each individual's good points and to bring them out; we look at him from an optimistic point of view and try to improve his self-image. However, we also help him accept the consequences of his own actions, be they good or bad."

One of the first tasks of the new residents is to set his affairs in order. The staff accompany him to the employment office, or to see his employer if he already has a job. They will do errands and act as advisers wherever possible while looking for work and later on in keeping a job.

"It is really not too difficult to find

work for willing applicants," Mr. Friesen comments; this despite the claims of high unemployment in the country. If a 'boy' is willing to start at the bottom and work his way up, he can usually find work without too much trouble. However, possibilities are restricted to the large firm with a variety of people and jobs. A small firm can not afford to hire questionable personnel."

Some 'boys' are, however, not willing to work. They would rather go on welfare. This source of income provides the individual with \$98 a month, from which \$75 are due to Grosvenor for room and board. The remaining \$23 must provide clothing, bus fare, and any 'niceties' the man wishes to enjoy. Since most of the other residents have sufficient money due to employment, a man might be persuaded to look for work before too long, when the budget gets too tight for comfort.

Meetings each Tuesday evening are designed to encourage the 'boys' to volunteer suggestions, to state opinions. There is reluctant participation at these group discussions. The attitude appears to be: "We'll take what you dish out, but don't expect us to cook". After all, coming to Grosvenor remains a form of punishment, even if it is an alternative to prison. They would not have it for their "pad" had they been free to choose.

Each resident is responsible for his own room: cleaning, dusting and keeping it in fair order. In addition, a rotation system has been applied to helping with evening dishes.

There is one more area for which every resident is responsible, the small kitchenette on the second floor. It contains cereals, cookies, milk, etc. for bed-time snacks, and in theory, everybody cleans his own dishes. However, in practise, all available dishes are used, and no volunteer can be found to take responsibility for washing them. Recently, on such an occasion, Henry told the 'boys': "There will be no more food upstairs until this mess is cleaned." Provisions soon dwindled, but no clean-up was organized. Various re-



Henry and Marie Dueck

quests for replenishment came in; they were met with flat refusals. One fellow complained: "Are we supposed to die? It'll sure be on your conscience!" All pleas remained fruitless, however, and finally resistance wore down. First one chap began to tidy up . . . another helped . . . and soon food was again plentiful.

Another rule which is particularly difficult to enforce, is curfew. The men living at Grosvenor place are not cut off from society as they would be in jail. Each resident has his own key, and is free to go to work, attend school, visit friends and family, etc. However, he is to be 'home' at 11:30 p.m. During the first two weeks this rule is strictly enforced, but requests for extra privileges are considered later.

Week-ends are particularly difficult. Often that is just when they get into trouble. Grosvenor wants its residents to come in for nights on week-ends, and not stay out for all-night parties. However, these 'boys' have had their own way as long as they can remember. Since there is no precedent of relationship (as between parents and children), rules are met with resistance, if not with hostility. The youth assigned to Grosvenor wants all the freedom he is 'entitled' to, and he is not about to give up anything. That is why he will not participate in establishing house rules which he might later want to break.

Even though Grosvenor is operated by a Christian organization direct religious activity must be soft-pedalled. The men who come into the hostel are generally suspicious of religious overtones. However, a positive Christian approach to human relationships prevails. In this setting, actions speak louder than words.

Prayers at mealtime are an accepted routine, and the Dueck's children or Henry give thanks regularly. One morning a resident had just received

a break in court from the magistrate. This charge had worried him a lot. After prayers were said at lunch, he turned to the children, saying "you should have put in a good word for me too." On another occasion a comment was heard, "I almost know that prayer from memory."

A form of 'therapy' which provokes the occasional intimate dialogue, is the regular ritual of washing dishes. Henry shares in this with one or the other resident. On such an occasion, one chap who was about to 'graduate' confided that he had rented an apartment with a double bed. He was obviously testing Henry's reaction, and reinforced this by conveying that "this is probably against your morals . . . to shack up with somebody . . ." Henry replied, that he was not alone in this view. Some pagan cultures have very strict views in this direction, and so it is not only going against the teachings of Christ.

There have been times of stress at Grosvenor during the past two years. There have been times when one or the other of the 'boys' got into trouble to the extent of being sentenced to prison. One found life at Grosvenor too difficult and ran away. Another was so disturbed, that he had to be committed to Selkirk Mental Hospital, only to succeed in suicide later.

John ran away, violating his probation. He remained absent for a month, and then late one night he phoned to tell where he was. He wanted to come back.

When John returned, a written contract was set up: he was given the option to accept it or to leave. If he accepted, he had to honour the contract in its entirety. John decided to accept and to stay.

Even the best of intentions sometimes wear thin, however, and John

managed to violate three conditions of his contract in four days. He would have to leave: that was part of the bargain. The probation officer was called in and the situation was explained to John. Grosvenor had reached the limit beyond which it could expend no more energy on one individual.

Bill had a problem with forgery. One time, while residing at Grosvenor, he found a personalized blank cheque and forged it for \$150. This was not the first time Bill had done something unlawful; yet, maybe because of the simplicity of the act, he had second thoughts. Somehow this wasn't the same as at other times. Nobody knew what he had done except himself, and even that, he discovered, was one too many.

Unable to go through with it, Bill told Henry. Mr. Friesen and Bill approached the bank manager and Bill promised to make restitution, since the money was spent. Bill worked for a while but couldn't hold a job.

Things, however, did not change. After a religious experience at a YFC rally, he began to con Grosvenor staff into believing he was out witnessing. This soon proved to be a lie. When confronted with the truth, he walked out. Before leaving the city he forged two more cheques on Henry. He has not been heard from since.

Ken was a bit of a show-off. He liked to do things nobody else dared. Other than that, he really wasn't so bad, He just went wild when he was with his friends.

That day he and a group of friends while walking down the street saw a sports-car parked in a driveway. It was one of those small foreign jobs which are bound to catch the attention of any young man. Ken and his friends were certainly no exception.

Someone said: "Hey, Ken, I dare you to walk over the roof of that car!" Ken needed no coaxing and the car received some ugly dents on the roof.

The owner, who had witnessed the spectacle was naturally beside himself with rage. He notified the police and laid charges of public mischief. Ken was in a lot of trouble.

When Henry Dueck heard what had happened, he suggested that Ken apologize to the owner of the car. "He's a lot bigger than I am, and he's mean the boy objected. "He'll beat me up!" Nevertheless, he and Henry went to see the man, and after some consideration, the owner of the damaged car dropped two out of three charges.

Alfred was one of the least successful cases, it seemed. He became involved in crime after living some time at Grosvenor and had to spend four



A resident at work in Grosvenor Place

months in jail.

The other day, just about noon, the doorbell rang, and there stood Alfred, large as life. "Well, that's that," he said, "That's all over with now. I've done my time and now I'm home again!"

"You're just in time for lunch!" Marie replied. She could hardly believe her eyes. Of all people, Alfred was the least likely to have been affected by the people at Grosvenor. It was indeed a miracle!

Alfred had been released that morning and had hurried to get to Grosvenor before noon. He asked whether he could stay at his 'home' again. As a matter of fact, he was counting on it and had already given his forwarding address as being 900 Grosvenor.

Since there was no bed available, an extra cot was set up to take in the 'prodigal son', at least until some other arrangement could be made. Still, Alfred will most likely have to leave Grosvenor, because the house is not set up to take in more than seven residents. However, he still considers it to be his home, and asked whether he may come and visit on Tuesday evenings, when the 'family' gathers to discuss problems.

To-date, 22 residents have passed through Grosvenor since its opening in 1971. Of these, five are full-fledged 'graduates', who have integrated into law abiding society. Is Grosvenor a success? That is hard to determine, since success is so relative. However, the case with Alfred certainly seems to point to certain intangible values, which though they can not be accurately measured, can certainly be appreciated as contributions to the betterment of society as a whole.

Possibly because it is staffed by volunteer personnel, perhaps equally because it is run by an able administrator, the cost per man at Grosvenor is less than in a penal institution. In 1972 it was about \$9 per man per day, as compared with the cost in prison of well over \$10 per day. (This figure does not include the expense to government for welfare payments to families of prisoners. Here records show a national average total cost of about \$20 per man per day in prison.) Since the resident at Grosvenor Place has some revenue from employment, unemployment insurance or welfare, he is capable of contributing to the cost of operation. Each man pays about \$2.50 per day, or \$75 a month. The offender who works in the community is also able to contribute to the support of his own family while completing his sentence.

Soon after opening, Grosvenor Place was asked to take two parolees into its program. (These are convicted offenders who have spent time in prison, and who have been released under supervi-

sion of a parole officer.) One was to be a resident and the other to use the premises for supervision. Grosvenor accepted both, and Mr. Friesen followed the incident with an application to the solicitor general in Ottawa for subsidy to parolees. The application was accepted and a contract signed to cover the period between April 1971 to March 31, 1973. The subsidy consisted of \$10 per man per day. Thus another function was added to Grosvenor Place.

In addition to MCC and government subsidies, Grosvenor has received monies which were expressive of community support. During the first year, the Winnipeg Foundation Trust Funds contributed \$2,000. Since there have been generous contributions in "designated gifts." Such contributions were a direct, unsolicited result of the public information programs conducted by the staff in an effort to acquaint the community with its work.

Grosvenor reports directly to the peace and social concerns committee, and, as non-profit organization its bills

and expenses are handled directly by MCC (Manitoba). However, formal application has been made to the provincial government for subsidy. Proceedings were first begun in February 1972, and there was an immediate favourable response by the minister of health and welfare. This was followed by five months of silence. Mr. Friesen contacted the Department once more and was informed that there had been an oversight. An interview followed, and formal application for subsidy was again made to the office of research, planning, and program development.

If the application for subsidy goes through successfully, \$5 will be paid per man per day. This would bring the financial obligations of MCC (Manitoba) down to about \$4 per man per day, which as mentioned before is also covered by room and board contributions from the residents. mm

DUECK PRODUCTIONS. a Manitoba film company has been making films and audio visual presentations for the past five years. This summer Dueck

Productions made several short films, an award-winning commercial and a half hour film documentary on St. Laurent for the

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1973 MBBC — CMBC Oratorio Fact Sheet

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With Orchestra

Mennonite Brethren Bible College

William Baerg, Conductor

William Thiessen, bass

Arthur Janzen, tenor

Canadian Mennonite Bible College

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Leonard Mayoh, bass

Sylvia McDonald, soprano

Adeline Willems, alto

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Manitoba News

A new \$4 million Regional Secondary School was opened in Steinbach on January 25 by Premier Ed Shreyer. The school, which has been in operation since September, has facilities for training in such vocational subjects as welding, electronics, plumbing and heating, metal work and culture.

Harry Friesen, a farmer in the Rural Municipality of Stanley, has announced his intention to seek the Liberal nomination in Rhineland for the next provincial election.

Dr. Frank H. Epp, associate professor in history and communications at Conrad Grebel College in Waterloo, has been appointed president of the college effective August 1, 1973. Dr. Epp will succeed J. Winfield Fretz, who has served in that capacity for 10 years. Dr. Epp is presently editor of the Mennonite Reporter, and was previously editor of The Canadian Mennonite, the Reporter's predecessor.

Dr. William Klassen of the department of religion, University of Manitoba, has been awarded a sabbatical leave fellowship by the Canada Council. He will be studying in Israel for the coming academic year.

Harold Funk and **John R. Patkau**, M.A. graduates in architecture at the October convocation of the University of Manitoba, received special awards. Funk was awarded the architectural thesis prize for 1972, and Patkau received the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada medal.

The Canadian Mennonite Brethren Boards, at meetings held in Winnipeg January 12-14, decided to keep the Mennonite Brethren Bible College open and functioning under what is now called a "residential college".

In a letter to Defence Minister James Richardson, members of Bethel Mennonite church stated their firm opposition to capital punishment and urged the M.P.s representing them to vote for abolition when the issue is raised in Parliament.

At the Annual Meeting of the St. Agnes Guild of the Children's Hospital of Winnipeg, thanks were extended to the volunteer knitters from the Mennonite churches, who have helped considerably in keeping the shop supplied with knitted goods during the past year.

A Mennonite Radio and Television Council has been organized, with representatives from such organizations as the Gospel Light Hour and Faith and Life Communications. Aims of the council are to co-ordinate activities of the different groups and develop new programming jointly. Chairman of the Council is Neil Klassen of the Gospel Light Hour.

ATTENTION

To all those who served as C.O.'s during the War Years from 1939-45 in Canada, U.S.A. Correspondence will also be appreciated from men who served as C.O.'s in their country during these years.

Would all such persons write a letter of inquiry to the undersigned, who serves as Secretary for the C.O. committee of Manitoba. In return each applicant will be supplied with information about what the committee plans to do in the future. D. J. Braun, Box 112, Steinbach, Manitoba. ROA 2A0.

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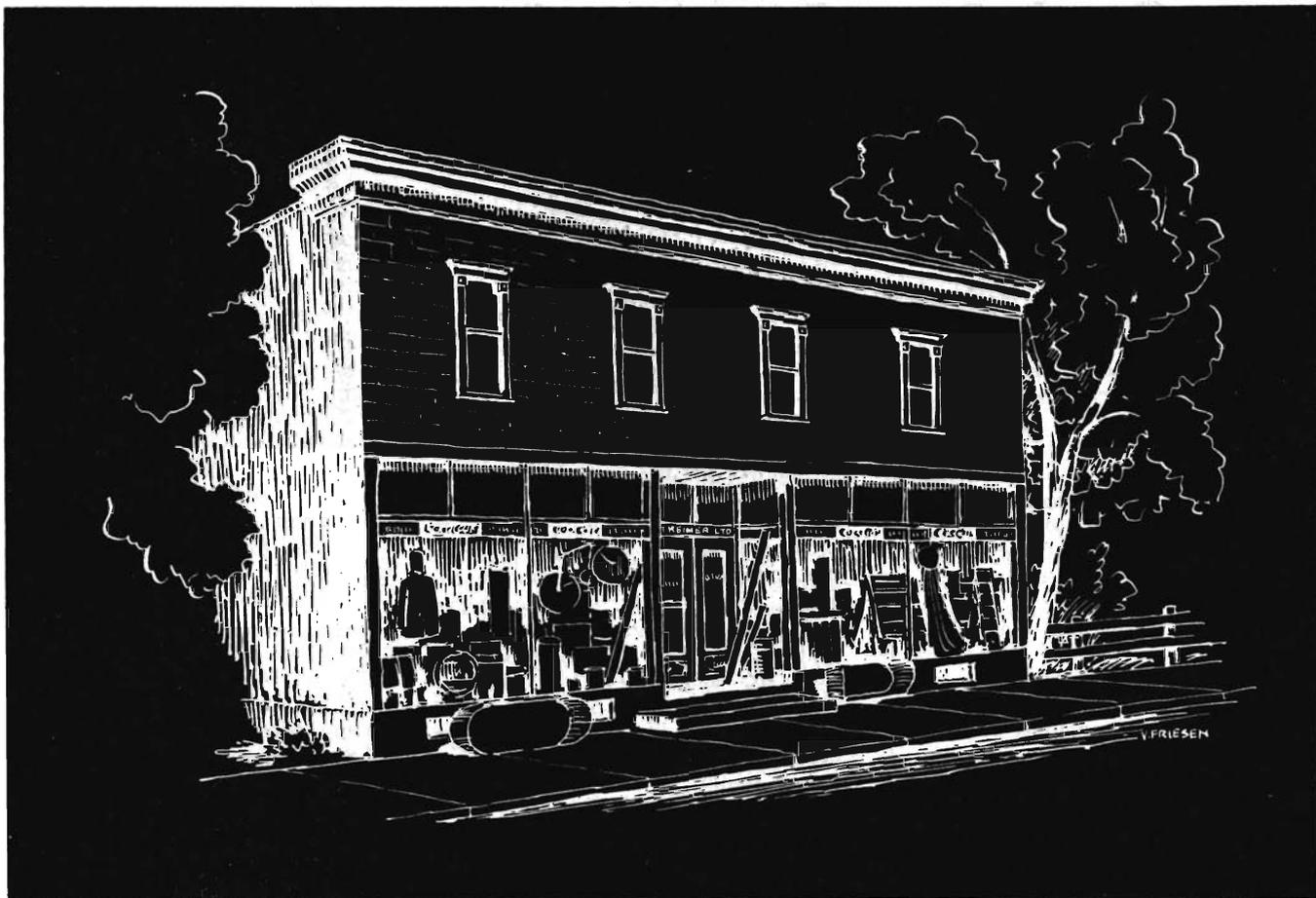
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Sketches of a Steinbach past

by Al Reimer

Part I: A Boy's-eye View of Steinbach in the Thirties

*... In the sun that is young once only,
Time let me play and be
Golden in the mercy of his means...*

Dylan Thomas, "Fern Hill"

Steinbach: I carry the place in my bloodstream for life. Although I left it a long time ago, it stays with me this town of my childhood, this green and golden boyland forever shining in the depths of my memory. I can no longer clearly distinguish the place in my mind's eye from the reality of the place as it was then and as it is in the here and now. And it doesn't much matter. There it perches on the harsh Manitoba plain, this solid figment of my ancestors' imagination, its main street cutting boldly across the township square as it follows the twisted little corpse of a creek that, when I was a boy, still miraculously came back to life with run-off water every spring.

The place is much bigger, of course, and more prosperous looking than it was in the thirties and forties when I

was growing up. It ripples and flexes its economic muscles with great confidence now — much like the skinny kid who has developed into a champion weight-lifter. But I have no trouble in finding my town in the Steinbach of today. When I walk down Main Street I still have that old feeling of belonging there, even if I no longer recognize most of the people I pass.

After all, I can lay claim to being of original Steinbach stock. My great-grandfather on my paternal grandmother's side was Rev. Jacob Barkman, who led the group of 18 families which founded the village in 1874. My father's father was Johann R. Reimer, a young single man in the original group, who received Lot 10 where Loewen's Garage is now located. My Father was born on the family homestead at the corner of Main and Reimer, and I grew

up in our family home a block away at Hanover and Reimer.

While my exile from my home town is self-imposed and likely to be permanent, I know that no true Steinbacher of my generation will ever deliberately erect a barrier between me and my past no matter how long the time between my visits. My many relatives, friends and old schoolmates intuitively understand that my Steinbach blood draws me back to its source from time to time — even if only for a few hours. We meet and we chat casually, but with that curiously intimate awareness of each other that comes naturally to people who have been formed by a common background. I always feel somehow tuned-up and restored after one of these nostalgic visits, almost as though my psychic batteries had been recharged and my spiritual points

cleaned at one of the many garages in town.

I suppose the magic of childhood is much the same anywhere, anytime. A child touches its wand to the reality around it — however mundane or dingy that reality may be — and transforms it into a world designed neatly to its own specifications and shimmering with a glory that will never fade from it for the rest of its days. Certainly my childhood in Steinbach was like that. I began creating my special Steinbach world over 40 years ago and it is still intact and unchanging in all its rich private associations, its well-travelled secret paths, its much tested inner logic. I retreat to it gratefully whenever I feel neglected or threatened — or whenever I simply want to refresh and renew my sense of self, my sense of an identity more vivid and real than any I have ever felt as an adult.

Among my earliest memories are two spring and summer sounds that I awoke to every morning; they were sounds that in a curious way established the basic tonalities of my day — perhaps of my very existence — as I imagine they did for many people in town. The sound I loved, in all its raucous, sleep-piercing boldness, was the early-morning sound of the village cowherd's horn as he drove his cows along Main Street to the common pasture north of town. Beginning with a rude, brassy suddenness, it soared to an erratic crescendo and then broke off in a sort of hoarse squawk that must have set older people's teeth on edge (nothing set my teeth on edge in those days). Having shattered sleep with its rude blare, it sank back into the sea of morning silence from which it had come, and left me tensely alert to the new day.

Then would follow the second sound, less dramatic and obtrusive but also much more pervasive and insistent once it had insinuated itself into my inner ear. I often became aware of it only after I had lain awake in bed for awhile, or had gone softly outside to greet the morning before the rest of the family was up. That sound was the deep, steady, monotonous hum that came from Frank Friesen's gaggle of machines at C. T. Loewen's sash and door factory a block away on Main Street.

Although I didn't realize it then, of course, in a way these two routine sounds neatly symbolized the old and new ways of Mennonite life that were competing quietly but intensely through the depression years of the thirties. The old, rural "Darp" was sounding its last defiant squawk against the smoothly efficient technology of the expanding business town. Ironically, while I never liked the im-

personal whine of the machines, the factory grounds and lumber yard — especially the marvelous collection of derelict old machines rusting in the back lot — became the favorite playground of our neighborhood gang. The source of the other sound, the one that struck my sleep-drugged fancy like a gong, I saw only rarely, and when I did I was always mildly shocked by the reality. The herdsman who blew his battered old horn so lustily was, after all, a very ordinary looking youth from the poor end of town; to my expectant eyes he looked surly and mean as he lazily guided his ribby cows down a Main Street that was usually empty of traffic in the early morning.

Main Street has always been much more than the principal business street of Steinbach. From the beginning its broad mile was the backbone that held the anatomy of the community together. In fact, it is also the town's central nervous system. It sets the rhythm and pace for Steinbachers. From it, the whole town takes its character, and as it has grown and prospered so has the town. Even during the listless depression years there was always something vital and expectant about Main Street, as though it were already waiting for the smart new commercial buildings and the crowded car lots under thrusting neon signs that characterize it today.

During my boyhood, Main Street was not yet paved (except for stretches of sidewalk) and there were still as many horse-drawn vehicles around as there were cars and trucks. We lived a block away — in its shadow, so to speak — and I learned early that nearly everything exciting or important happened there. The most dramatic events were the big fires that broke out periodically — the old flour mill and J. R. Friesen's garage are two spectacular fires I remember vividly.

But fires, exciting as they were, happened only rarely. For continuous interest you couldn't beat the stores. And the most fascinating store on Main Street — especially around Christmas time — was without a doubt H. W. Reimer's. This store — the largest one in town — was a treasure house whose riches were tantalizingly hinted at in the cluttered display windows and in the random piles of merchandise heaped inside the main entrance and down the steps onto the street. Behind the entrance of this commercial cornucopia stretched a store-wide expanse of counters and shelves that was finally lost to view in the dimly lit back reaches of the store, where farmers poked around among the harnesses while their wives bought swatches of cloth on one side and their children fitted for "gumsheu" or "burrstrep" (depending on the season) on the other

side. One whole side of the front part of the store was given over to groceries and — much more important to me at that time — to candies and sweets. These various delights were stored in a row of brown wooden glassfaced bins built into the main counter — and the sight of those mounds of jelly-beans, chocolates, lemon drops and jawbreakers behind their little windows was enough to make small hearts race with greed. The rich complex of odours and aromas at "H. W.'s" always struck my nostrils like a perfect blending of musical sounds — a symphony of aromas in which the bass was formed by the pungent smells of oiled floors, tanned leather and painted metal, while the fragrant trebles soared up from the barrels of dried fruits, smoked herring, spices and sweets.

At Christmas an incredibly glorious display of toys was set up in the area directly behind the main entrance — a square of counters around which one could trace a lingering, itchy-fingered circle of wonder and desire. This Yuletide fort of toys and gifts was usually occupied by "Uncle Henry" Reimer himself, or by his quiet but tireless sister "Aunje". The long grocery and candy counter was capably manned by jovial, white-haired brother Ben, while Klaas, the third brother, usually prowled the dark back areas of the store locating merchandise that no one else could find. Like most Steinbach children, I suppose, I assumed that the three Reimer brothers and their sister at H. W.'s never ate or slept or had any life apart from the store — except on Sunday when the store was closed and they attended our church looking — to me — oddly out of place and out of character.

The other store that drew me like a magnet was the opposition store across the street — the old Central Store over which the late Rev. Benjamin Janz, a stout, jolly, bald-headed gentleman, presided like a benign uncle. And that's exactly what he was, a generous uncle when you went to the Central to buy candy. In those days you could

get a child's handful of jelly beans for a penny. For a nickel you could get a bagful of assorted sweets that took you half a day to suck away, if you were careful. What endeared old Mr. Janz to Steinbach kids was his incredible liberality when measuring out candy for pennies and nickels. When he was behind the candy counter a penny's worth of candy became a nickel's worth and a nickel's worth swelled to a quarter's worth — or so it seemed. He must have loved children in all their shy greed and shiny-eyed hope as they released their sweaty coins gratefully into his generous hand.

Until I started school, Main Street was, of course, out of bounds to me

except when I was under parental escort. When I started Kindergarten at "Tante Anna's," however, I received a special dispensation to walk along Main Street to the Kindergarten, which was at that time situated in the back yard of the P. A. Vogts (behind the Economy Store). Every weekday morning I had the proud thrill of walking along Main with my "lunch" penny as I looked for the best bargains. Whenever I saw Mr. Janz at the front counter of the Central Store I rushed in to get a "cent's" worth of jelly beans. When he wasn't there I usually played it safe by buying a paper tube of sweetened popcorn either at the Vogt Brothers store just up the street from the Central or at the P. A. Vogt store near the Kindergarten.

I loved Kindergarten — even on days when I had no penny to spend. Tante Anna herself was the most dynamic, continuously fascinating person I knew, and like the other children, I was in happy bondage to her from the first day. After the organized excitement of my Kindergarten mornings, I always felt the afternoons to be a little insipid and dragging. Tante Anna spoke High German with a sprightly fluency that sometimes made my head spin, but she taught us songs and games with such an infectious warmth that we understood her perfectly even when her elegant German danced beyond our comprehension. On those rare occasions when I passed the Steinbach Post building in the afternoons and saw Tante Anna at her other job as a linotype operator sitting with her back to the street, I found it hard to believe that this passive figure pecking away at the big keys was my beloved Kindergarten teacher.

Like so many other Steinbach youngsters of these and many subsequent years, I had the good fortune of starting my school career under the inspired tutelage of Miss Mary Kornelson. The year I was in her grade one class this brilliant teacher was just beginning the lengthy career in Steinbach that was to make her one of the most admired primary teachers in the province. As my mother tucked me into bed the night before school opened, she reminded me for the third time to tell Miss Kornelson that I already knew some English. The "English" I knew consisted of a few dozen words and conversational phrases that I had picked up in my father's country school the winter before.

I was nervous and excited the next morning, and totally unprepared for the dramatic clicks made by Miss Kornelson's tiny spiked heels as she strode briskly across the classroom. Her voice was at once the most musical and the most awe-inspiring I had ever heard. It was an "English" voice, and I

was so enraptured by it that it became for me then and there — and for a long time afterwards — both a promise of and a touchstone for the great "English" world of learning and culture that lay so mysteriously beyond my personal ken. Miss Kornelson demanded and got the best out of her pupils. I can still feel the hot, embarrassed tears her gentle reproof drew from me one day when I had failed to live up to her expectations in some way that I can no longer recall. Above all, she had what I now think of as "style," that is, she did everything with a graceful ease and brisk efficiency that I admired fervently but despaired of ever emulating.

In those days, the old Kornelson school — situated approximately where the Civic Centre now stands — was the only one in the village. Boys of all ages played scrub soccer and softball together. On rainy days when we weren't allowed to take out the balls we usually played "Pump-pum, Pullaway" (which we pronounced as "polaway"). As one of the two "shrimps" in our class (the other my chum Wilfred "Woody" Kornelson, deceased son of the late J. G. Kornelson), I was no match in speed or stamina for most of the other boys. I had to try and make up in cunning what I lacked in athletic ability, and so I developed the knack of hanging back behind the "line" until the other "horses" had pulled away and the "catchers" were all busy chasing them down. Then I, along with a few other "sissies", would race unobtrusively along the sidelines hoping to escape detection. Almost always — such is the usual fate of runts — we would be spotted and ruthlessly cut down by boys with longer, faster legs. A hard shove into the ground would usually accompany the tag, a shove that acted as a crude reminder that the mighty of this world do not take kindly to those who try to get by on nothing but forlorn ruses and the cunning bred of desperation.

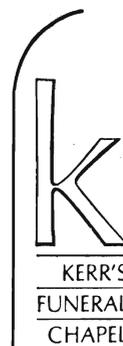
On the whole, the school was an adventure — an enforced adventure, perhaps — but with its share of surprises and amusements amid the classroom drudgery. Church, for me, was another matter altogether. It was a tedium to be endured, a tedium that stretched unbroken across every Sunday morning of the year. In retrospect, it seems to me that I spent almost as much time in church as I did in school. My family belonged to what was then known as the South-end Kleingemeinde Church on Main Street (now the First Mennonite Church). During my boyhood my father, Peter J. B. Reimer, was the choir leader and Sunday-school superintendent. Sunday school began at 9:30 a.m. and was followed by the regular service which usually lasted un-

til 12:30 p.m. and sometimes went well beyond that.

Sunday school was barely endurable, especially if one got a chance to read aloud in class. The church service, however, was to me the most excruciating form of torture, an exercise in "sitting still" that seemed endless. The sermons were all in German and difficult for a small boy to follow. As the sermon droned on, I would become more fidgety and itchy. My only relief from the boredom and physical discomfort was to invent games with the only materials to hand — the hymn books. I would, for example, select a hundred pages at random and keep score of the number of times a hymn-writer's name appeared. For a long time, the undisputed champion in these contests was the name I read as "Arthur Unknown", until I finally realized that even this athlete of my imagination had betrayed me and that he was really the no-person "Author Unknown."

(Next month — Part II: "Grandmas Are Forever") mm

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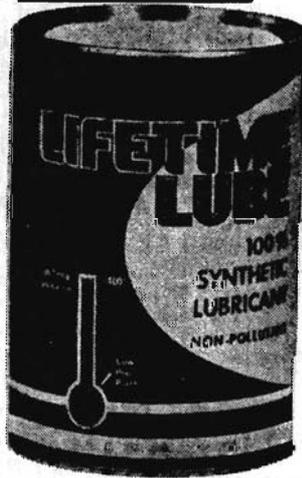
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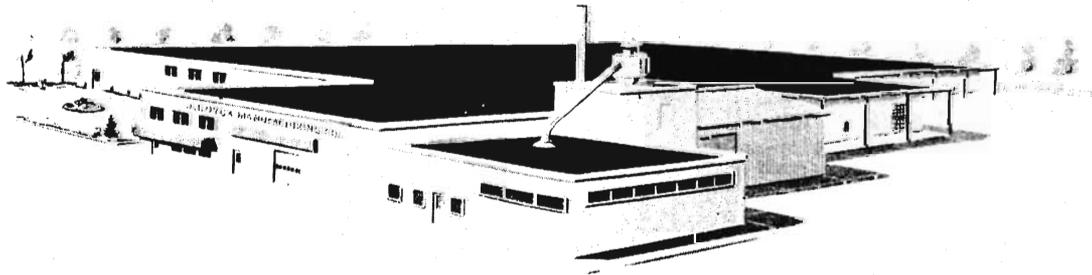
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Scholar in the Mennonite church

by Peter Paetkau

"That chair is a hundred years old," I was told, as I entered the bishop's study of Rev. David D. Klassen. Eying its green paint, cracked and peeling, I sat down in its firm seat, acutely curious and in a mood to commence questioning. "Then it was made in Russia — who made it?" I blurted out. "My grandfather Schellenberg" was the reply. "The Schellenbergs lived at Gretna," he continued to explain . . . "on the Post Road." I interjected, "we used to go to an abandoned Schellenberg farmyard for outings while taking Grade Nine at the MCI." "Yes, yes!"

His paternal grandfather, Martin Klassen had arrived in Canada with the Bergthal Mennonites in the 1870's

when father David Klassen was one year old. They came to the West Reserve and placed their stakes in the village of Gretna, farming at Halbstadt. There also David D. Klassen, in whose study I now sat, was born, raised and educated.

Did I say educated? That is a matter of discernment: the ordinary fellow simply did not receive a comprehensive education by the rather primitive village school system of those early days. Like most children of early Mennonite pioneers in the West Reserve, their education left much to be desired. The proverbial, "Reading, Writing and 'Rithmetic'", constituted the entire scope of the village school course.



David D. and Susan Klassen

Educated then? No; not really, if you mean academic learning. But learned? Yes, learned by his own initiative and faculty for clear-thinking. He was ever desirous to learn, by all means, but he never attended evening courses at college, or even graduated from a Bible school.

Born on February 5th, 1902, a second son to David and Anna (nee Abrams) Klassen, by 1928 he was elected to the ministry. In the time preceding he was baptized in the Sommerfelder Church in 1920, and in October of that year married at 18 to the attractive and charming Susan Heinrichs, daughter of William Heinrichs of Halbstadt. "My conversion experience I feel took place in the year of baptism, but the time I received assurance of salvation was in the year 1924." He transferred to the Bergthaler Church at the time of marriage, and became a *Vor-saenger* in Halbstadt and Edenburg around 1925-26.

The seriousness with which the young minister now approached the election to the ministry may be attributed to the discipline in the home, and in turn possibly accounts for the profound ministry he has been able to carry on through the years. "Lord, is this Thy will? Or is it only the will of the church members?" was the one concern on his mind. He was ordained on July 13, 1930 by Rev. David Schultz in a large tent in Altona.

"One day in a discussion of the call to the ministry with teacher Br. J. H. Enns, at the Elim Bible School (in the MCI reading room) he said, 'The Lord shows his servants only one step at a time, and when we take that one step he reveals to us the other'. He used the experience of Elijah as an example. After Elijah had said that no rain or dew



Three generations of Klassens

would fall, God told Elijah to depart and turn eastward and hide in the brook Cherith. You shall drink from the brook, and ravens shall feed you there.' But the Lord did not tell Elijah what would happen after the brook would be dry from the lack of rain, and after the ravens would not come there. But when this happened, the Lord said, 'Arise, and go to Larepath which belongs to Sidon, and dwell there. Behold, I have commanded a widow there to feed thee!' (1 Kings 17)

This discussion was one of the deciding factors to say "yes" to the call.

With a smile on his face, Rev. Klassen will tell you about his time at Bible school: "I 'graduated' in two months"! No, he did not take the full course in 60 days. With higher education, enough was enough — likely from want of both time and money. Academic learning in stuffy halls obviously was not for this young aspiring minister from Halbstadt. What then was his real education? After the brief period in MCI Reading Room it was his constant aim to participate in as many Bible expositions as possible. Foremost amongst Bible expositors he cites P. P. Tschetter, Jacob W. Reimer, Abraham H. Unruh and A. J. Schultz, among many others. In 1971 he went to hear Helmut Theilicke, the noted German theologian and pastor. What

was to be gained from the many tours with visiting ministers and evangelists across the Manitoba network of still unimproved and often impassible roads is most adequately said with these words: "This was my best school."

Essentially then, life has been school for Rev. Klassen, and "all experience is an arch where-thro'

Glears that untravelled world whose margin fades

Forever and forever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,

To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!

As though to breath were life!

. . . . but strong in will

To strive, to seek, and not to yield.

The facts of his life, like Tennyson, define the actual nature of a true scholar. To Klassen, the true scholar is by no means a student who sits on ivory benches, unable to think, research or work by himself, year in and year out at college or university.

The meagre Mennonite settlement on the Big Marsh lands north of Homewood was growing gradually, and in want of a spiritual leader. A young Mennonite teacher from Halbstadt, Miss Helen Heinrichs was teaching at Broad Valley School, and invited a speaker, David Klassen, from Halbstadt

to address the school closing in 1933. In those days you could expect to preach two sermons on such an occasion. In 1934 Rev. J. N. Hoepfner and Rev. D. D. Klassen held a week of services here, and in 1936 Rev. Klassen came alone to minister. He bought land in the area in 1937, and moved there in 1938, and breaking with the Halbstadt church. Brother or sister do not occupy first place when God is nudging on into new service.

While a good deal of the people living there were Bergthaler, there were scatterings of the Sommerfelder, Rudnerweider, Blumenorter, MB's, Canadian Sunday School Mission and interdenominationalists and Penticostals. The Dellzell family had visited the area, as well as the German Penticostals, before the Klassens came to Homewood. When the question of building a church arose, it was a matter of community or Bergthaler designation. Despite eagerness to retain the wonderful relationships in the area, withdrawals of a small group came about, and it is in this area, as the founder of the Mennonite (Bergthal) Church at Homewood, that Rev. Klassen suffered severest defeat in his work.

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This church Klassen has led for 25 years; from 1938 until 1963, as well as being bishop in the newly created Northern District of the Bergthaler Church (1961). At a Brotherhood meeting February 10, 1964 he tendered his resignation

Retired at 63, the best days for Rev. Klassen were by no means over. He now had more time to do some of the work he had been too busy to do while raising a large family of 15 children, some of whom have become scholars in their own fields, and shepherding his congregation. One of these things, often neglected, is the writing of Letters of Comfort to families where loved ones have passed on. Since 1966 he has written about 200 such letters. This is consuming work for a retired minister who cannot afford to hire a secretary. At this point, it is his suggestion that retired ministers should receive some financial support from the church, as they continue to minister. Obviously, Klassen could do a great deal more work with such help.

Rev. Klassen feels that there have been areas of doctrinal neglect in the expressed teachings of the church. It is in these areas where his scholarly work is to be most appreciated — although his every sermon reveals a background of hard earned biblical research accumulated through the years. To mention some of these areas I cite: Prophecy, Non-Resistance, the Pentecostal Movement, the Work of the Holy Spirit, and the Charismatic Movement of the Early 70's. "On Millennialism I wrote my 'Doctor's Thesis'", he says with a grin. Through the years he has challenged the profoundest thinkers on subjects of great import to the church.

"Life is an enjoyable affair," he recounts, getting out a lengthy chart from its folds. Spreading it out across his desk it lies: *The Plan of God with Mankind Thru the Ages*. It is a masterfully conceived chart, possible only from a most thorough study of the Scriptures from Genesis to the Revelation of St. John. It served as an aid in a series of lectures on this most inclusive subject.

Talking in German, in which Klassen is very fluent, he concluded: "Das Aeltesten Amt ist wie der Schwanz einer Katze, und er wird duenner und duenner, bis er ganz aufhoert, eher er zum Ende kommt." Perhaps what he was saying was that for the minister retired from office there really is not too much left, except to continue to do what you can. And it is my conviction that a venerable scholar in the church as Rev. D. D. Klassen, there always is an essential place in the church, despite their retirement from official duty and regular weekly preaching.

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CULTURE AND RELIGION

We have been asked by some readers whether we aren't paying too much attention to "culture" in the *Mennonite Mirror*. Actually we don't like the word culture very much. We think that literature, music and drama are just means that people use to saying something about their life and thought. We prefer to talk about "life", not "culture". What we are trying to do in this magazine is not to portray the "culture of the Mennonites" — whatever that is — but the life of the Mennonite people as we observe it today. This is both serious and humorous, it takes place in the home as well as on the job and in church. We think it is extremely dangerous, and quite misleading, to divide Mennonite life into two parts, "culture" and "religion".

Most Mennonites that we know, and about whom we write, have deep religious convictions, though they may express them in different ways. Hopefully these convictions, shape much of what they do, even when they don't speak about it. We believe that all of their good activities, their crying and their laughing, their playing and their working, are expressions of their personality and these personalities are in turn the expression of their inner convictions. As the apostle Paul said, "whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is gracious, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things." (Phi. 4:8). In this sense a "religious" article or poem is not merely one that talks about God or about a church experience, but one that expresses a thought or experience which makes us more aware of our nature as God's children and our responsibilities as His children to each other. This we always hope to foster in these pages.

Since we have a number of good church magazines in our midst we have tried — as we said in our very first issue — not to duplicate too much their reporting of church and conference activities. In turn we have concentrated more than these magazines on other features of daily living among the Mennonites — features which we don't wish to describe as "cultural" but simply as part of that life on earth which we enjoy as God's children. We have published a number of articles on church leaders as well as on other persons who are doing something unique among us. We hope that all good and creative work will be seen as an expression of faith.

It is clear that we will not always agree on what is good or pure, though we would like to assure our readers that we ourselves make such judgments from within the Christian faith. Is it impure to portray the human body through a sensitive sketch or statue? We think it can be done both badly and well. Is it impure to reveal areas of doubt with which we are wrestling, or to admit to a darker side of life against which our spirit struggles? The fact is that most of our families — even the most Christian — are facing serious problems and we must be willing to talk about them if we wish to deal with them.

We think that life as granted to us by God, and sustained and transformed through His presence as Son and Spirit, is an exciting, demanding, and extremely varied experience. For the Mennonite people it has been focused somewhat through common experiences, language, and a deep religious heritage which we respect and which we hope to convey to others. We welcome written contributions from all our readers — both those that are explicitly religious and those which point to the presence of God in less tangible but still significant ways. All we ask is that each person write as sincerely and as well as possible.

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Wir, vom "Mennonite Mirror" sind hochehrentlich unseren Lesern mitteilen zu koennen, dass wir die Erlaubnis erhalten haben Auszuege aus den Tagebuechern des verstorbenen David Toews zu veroeffentlichen. David Toews war einer der bedeutendsten mennonitischen Fuehrer unserer Generation. In den kommenden Monaten werden wir Auszuege dieser Aufzeichnungen in Fortsetzungsform unseren Lesern darbieten. Die Tagebuecher umfassen die wichtige Zeitspanne vom 1924 bis 1934 und beschreiben unter anderem Diskussionen ueber die mennonitische Auswanderung von Russland nach Kanada.

Erinnerungen aus der Zeit der Russlandhilfe u. Immigrationsarbeit.

David Toews

Tagebuechern des David Toews

Dieses Buch wurde den 10. August, 1934 beendigt.

Vorwort zu meinen Aufzeichnungen.

Da ich leider kein Tagebuch gefuehrt habe, doch aber glaube, dass manches aus meinem Erleben besonders in den letzten Jahren auch fuer die allgemeine Gesellschaft, insonderheit aber fuer meine Familie einen Wert haben duerfte, mache ich mich jetzt daran, Erinnerungen niederzuschreiben. Es wird nicht gut moeglich sein, alles genau chronologisch zu ordnen, aber was ich schreibe, soll wirklich Erlebtes darstellen und die Belege koennen in unserm Archiv, in alten Zeitschriften wie Rundschau, Vorwaerts, Herold, Bote, dann auch in den Protokollen von den verschiedenen Gemeindeversammlungen u. Konferenzen gefunden werden. Ich moechte in dem was ich schreibe, sachlich bleiben, auch meine Fehler und Schwachheiten nicht entschuldigen. Aber ich bitte Gott, dass er mir die Gnade geben moechte, die Verdienste anderer voll zu wuerdigen und wo Unverstand oder Bosheit die Arbeit schwer machte da moechte ich bewahrt bleiben vor zu hartem Urteil, aber auch vor unrichtigen einseitigen Darstellungen.

Es war wohl im Jahre 1918, viel-

leicht auch erst zu Anfang des Jahres 1919 als die ersten Nachrichten den Greueln in Russland zu uns herueberdrangen. Der Krieg hatte viel Elend gebracht, die Revolution aber mehr. Lenin u. Trotzky waren die Machthaber. Furchtbare Grausamkeiten wurden von ihnen berichtet. Hier wurde die Kunde von furchtbaren Morden auch in den mennonitischen Ansiedlungen berichtet; ganze Familien seien abgeschlachtet, die Gutsbesitzer seien ermordet oder seien vertrieben, viele Kinder seien verwaist. Dann kommen die Nachrichten ueber Hungerkatastrophen.

Hier machten diese Nachrichten tiefen Eindruck u. die Frage wurde in unseren Kreisen immer dringender: Was koennen wir tun um zu helfen? Unter denen, welche Briefe von drueben erhielten war Gerhard Ens von Rosthern wohl einer der ersten. Ens war in den neunziger Jahren aus Russland in Canada eingewandert, war hier Einwanderungsagent der Regierung geworden und als im Jahre 1906 der Nordwesten in Provinzen eingeteilt wurde, wurde er als Vertreter fuer den Rosthern Kreis in die Legislatur gewaehlt. Er hatte also Erfahrung in Einwanderungssachen und auch Freunde in Regierungskreisen und unter den Politikern. Ich war schon seit 1913 Aeltester der Rosenorter Mennoniten-

gemeinde in Saskatchewan. Es war wohl im Sommer (1920) als Ens eines Tages mit einige Briefen aus Russland an mich herantrat und wir erwogen die Frage, was getan werden koennte, um in Russland wirksam zu helfen. (1919 muss hier gemeint sein, denn in Herbst 1919 war die Hilfsarbeit schon im Laufen —ed.) Wir einigten uns darauf, dass ich eine Versammlungen die Eigenheimer Kirche einberufe. Es sei hier beilaeufig erwahnt, dass Ens nicht mehr Mennonit war, sondern dass er wohl schon seit 1899 Glied der "Kirche d. Neuen Jerusalems" (Swedenborgianer) geworden war. Ich hatte bis dahin nur sehr wenig mit ihm zu tun gehabt. Auf oben erwahnter Versammlung wurden die Verhaeltnisse in Russland nach den verschiedenen Seiten beleuchtet. Die nicht sehr zahlreiche Versammlung war sich darin einig, dass wir tun sollten, was uns irgend moeglich sei um zu helfen. Ens machte auf jener Versammlung die Bemerkung, dass unser Volk in Russland im Slaventum untergehen muesste, wenn sie dort blieben. Ich sah nicht klar, wusste nicht bei unserer Armut was wir tun koennten, um unserem Volk aus Russland herauszuhelfen. Auch hoffte ich bestimmt, dass die Verhaeltnisse drueben sich bessern wuerden. Die ganze Versammlung war sich darin einig, dass wir alles Moegliche tun muessten, um drueben finanziell zu helfen.

Darin bestand nun zunaechst meine Aufgabe: Ich sollte aufklaeren, um die Herzen willig zu machen fuer die Brueder in Not zu opfern. Ich bereiste unsere Gemeinde, dann auch weitere Kreise. Und es gelang eine sehr namhafte Summe zusammenzubringen. Die verschiedenen mennonitischen Gemeinden arbeiteten zusammen. Im Herbst d. Jahres 1919 brachte unser Diakon Dr. Jacob J. Epp u. Ich wohl an \$3500.00 zu C. K. Unruh unserem Kassierer im Hilfswerk. Dieses Geld wurde dann weitergeleitet an Levi Mumaw Scottdale dem Kassierer des allgem. Hilfswerks der Gemeinden in Nord Amerika. Unsere Gemeinden ... Kanada schlossen sich dem Hilfswerk in den Ver. Staaten eng an und haben alle Gelder nach Scottdale geleitet zur Befoerderung nach Russland. Es konnte in Russland wirksame Hilfe gebracht werden.

Anfaenglich glaubte man von Konstantinopel aus Hilfe nach Russland, bringen; dort waren aber politische Komplikationen. Es ging nicht vorwaerts. Ich glaube nun nicht, dass durch irgend etwas das wir taten der Weg geaendert wurde. Aber als die Sachen in Konstantinopel lagen und schliesslich einige Vertreter (wohl Ori Miller, Clayton Kratz) in Russland hineinkamen, das Hilfswerk aber nicht vorwaerts ging, da richtete ich einen ersten Brief an Scottdale, in dem ich fragte, dass wenn es nicht ueber Konstantinopel gehe, warum man dann nicht ueber Riga gehe. Ich glaube naetuerlich, dass auch andere schon denselben Gedanken gefasst hatten. Die Hilfe wurde ueber Riga versucht u. gesesitet.

Im Jahre 1920 kam dann die Nachricht, dass drei Delegaten von Russland herueberkaemen. Ihre Namen wurden uns genannt; Unruh, Friesen, Warkentin. Ich weiss nicht mehr, ob damals schon auch der Mann Esau genannt wurde. Immerhin schloss auch dieser, frueher wohl Buergermeister von Katharinoslaw, sich der Delegation an. Bis nach Canada ist dieser Herr aber nicht gekommen.

Die Delegaten bereisten zuerst die Gemeinden in den Ver. Staaten und gaben Bericht ueber Russland u. die Verhaeltnisse dort. Die Sympathie war allgemein sehr gross. Es war wohl Ende Juli oder Anfang August, als die Delegaten bei Portal an der Grenze waren und sie gehindert wurde nach Kanada hereinzukommen.

Es ist mir nicht bekannt geworden, wie die Verbindung hergestellt wurde, aber in Herbert erhielt man zuerst Nachricht, dass den Delegaten die Einreise verweigert wurde. Die Sache wurde wohl telegraphisch mit Ottawa geregelt und die Brueder hatten in Herbert und Umgebung ihre ersten Versammlungen, war ja Herbert auch die men-

nonitische Ansiedlung, welche Portal der Grenzstadt am naechsten lag. Es ist von Br. H. A. Neufeld, Herbert immer in Versammlungen u. privatim darauf hingewiesen worden, dass der eigentliche Anfang der Immigrationsarbeit in Herbert gemacht wurde. Wenn die Arbeit, die Delegaten ueber die Grenze zu helfen, der Anfang der Immigration bedeutet, dann soll ihnen dieser Ruhm ungeschmaelert bleiben. Auch spaeter waren die Brueder in Herbert ganz bei der Sache.

Von Herbert reiste Br. Unruh nach Manitoba wo er Versammlungen hielt und von da nach Perkasio, Pennsylvania, wo im Jahre 1920 die Allgem. Konferenz von Nord America tagte u. zwar Ausgangs August. Die Brueder Friesen u. Warkentin kamen nach Rosthern als ich schon zur Konferenz abgereist war. Sie hielten hier auf verschiedenen Stellen Versammlungen, dann fuhren sie weiter nach Drake und von da wohl zurueck nach den Ver. Staaten (U.S.A.) Im Rosthern Kreise hatten sie sich mehrere Tage, vielleicht auch ueber eine Woche aufgehalten. Als ich von der Konferenz zurueckkehrte, wurde mir manches mitgeteilt, was leider nicht alles ermutigend war.

Gerh. Ens hatte sich der Delegaten wohl besonders angenommen, u. ihm war es wohl darum zu tun, dass sich die Delegaten in den englischen Kreisen praesentieren sollten. Friesen war ein gebildeter Mann u. eignete sich die englische Sprache schnell genuegend an, um sich zu verstaendigen. Ens richtete in s. Hause ein Bankett her, zu dem der Buergermeister von Rosthern, Bankverwalter, Advokaten u. sonst leitende Maenner von den Englaendern eingeladen wurden. Von Mennoniten war niemand eingeladen, trotzdem nur von ihnen irgenwelche Hilfe erwartet wurde. In Saskatoon wurde Friesen den Professoren vorgestellt u. die Universitaet besichtigt. In Regina wurde er mehreren Politikern vorgestellt. Diese Kreise hatten nichts mit irgendwelcher Hilfeleistung zu tun. Unsere Leute sollten helfen u. wollten das auch, aber sie umging man.

Als ich von der Konferenz zurueckkehrte wurde mir vieles nach dieser Richtung mitgeteilt. Friesen hielt man in mennonitischen Kreisen in Kanada u. wie ich spaeter erfuhr, auch in den U.S.A. fuer hochmuetig, u. unzugaeenglich. Von Warkentin wurden mir mehrere sehr taktlose Aussprueche mitgeteilt. Letzterer wurde auch bald von seinem Kollegen auf die Seite geschoben. Friesen habe ich spaeter immer wieder verteidigen muessen, was ich auch gern tat, weil ich an ihm auch sehr wertvolle Eigenschaften fand, als ich mit ihm bekannt wurde.

Da ich ueber die Art wie man Friesen der mennonitischen Gesellschaft entzogen, Information erhielt u.

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hoerte wie unsere Leute so von oben herab behandelt worden seien, kam es zwischen Ens u. mir zu einer kurzen scharfen Aussprache. Von mir fiel da der wohl zu harte Ausdruck: Vor den Englaendern rutsche ich nicht auf den Knien und lecke ihre Speichel nicht! Die Delegaten sind gesandt, um in unsern mennonitischen Gemeinden Hilfe zu suchen. Wir sollen und wollen helfen.

Warum bewegt der Delegat sich nicht in unsern Kreisen? Ens sprach wohl ein halbes Jahr nicht zu mir. Er fuehlte sich gekraenkt. Ich haette dieselben Gedanken in milderer Form aussprechen sollen. Mein Gegensinn gegen die Englaender ruehrte noch her aus der Kriegseit, waehrend der unser Volk von vielen Englaendern (nicht von allen) so schlecht behandelt worden war. Man hatte waehrend des Krieges in Versammlungen verunglimpft, wobei manche leitenden Maenner beteiligt waren. Als die Soldaten zurueckkehrten, drang der Poebel in unsere Kirche, fluchte, tobte, schleuderte die Bibel zwischen die Baenke, man wollte sogar eine Kuh in die Kirche fuehren, sprach aus, die Kuh sei wohl auch bekehrt, dann wurde eine schwarze Fahne vom Turm herausgehaengt. Ich war waehrend alles dieses geschah nicht zu Hause. Auf der Heimreise, von B.C., ich glaube wohl in Moose Jaw, wurden mir diese Sachen zuerst mitgeteilt. Besonders regte es mich auf, dass leitende Maenner alles dieses teilweise geschehen liessen, teilweise mitaten. Diese Unruhen kamen wohl besonders daher, dass unsere jungen Maenner nicht hatten in den Krieg gehen brauchen und manche von ihnen sich daheim sehr schlecht betragen hatten. Mir war die Aufgabe geworden, die jungen Maenner immer wieder freizumachen, daher richtete sich der Zorn teilweise auch gegen mich. Ich will mit diesem nicht meine harten Worte entschuldigen, nur erklaren, wie und warum damals noch mein innerstes Gefuehl gegen die Englaender empoert war. Doch zurueck zu dem eigentlichen Zweck dieser "Erinnerungen."

Br. B. H. Unruh traf ich zuerst in Perkasia. Pa. Er sagte, er habe meine Aufsaezte in den Zeitungen gelesen, die zur Hilfeleistung aufmunterten u. habe gewuenscht, mit mir zusammen zur Konferenz zu reisen. Ich hatte nichts ueber seine Plaene gewusst und er wusste nicht, wann u. wie ich reisen wuerde.

Ueber Br. Unruh hatte ich nichts Nachteiliges gehoert. aber ich hoerte, wie ausserordentlich begabt er sei. Seine Vortraege hatten ueberall tiefen Eindruck gemacht und von ueberall hoerte ich wie er die Leute habe fesseln koennen. Auf der Konferenz in Perkasia sprach er auch ueber das rote Pferd in Off. Joh. 6, 4. Ich habe in Perkasia nicht wieder mit ihm gesprochen, teil-

weise weil ich in Komitees zu tun hatte, er fuhr auch bald weiter zu einer Konferenz einer andern Richtung von amerikanischen, english sprechenedn Mennoniten u. zwar in Begleitung eines jungen Epp von Henderson, Nebraska, der ihm als Dolmetscher beigegeben wurde.

Ich hatte Unruh also nicht naeher kennen gelernt. Was ich von ihm gesehen hatte machte auf mich einen guten Eindruck, war aber nicht irgendwie massgebend. Er fuhr nach dieser Konferenz bald nach Deutschland wo er seither geblieben ist und sich fuer die Gemeinden in Russland einsetzte, wo dieses notwendig war. Er wurde in den ersten Jahren von den Gemeinden in Russland als ihr Vertreter angesehen u. wohl etwas sparsam unterhalten. Ein oder vielleicht auch zwei Jahre hat das hollaendische Komitee die Unterstuetzung uebernommen und seit anfangs d. Jahres 1927 ist Br. Unruh unser Vertreter u. wird von uns unterhalten. Ueber seine Taetigkeit in Deutschland werde ich spaeter in diesem Bericht zu sprechen kommen. Friesen und War Kentin bereisten weiter die Ver. Staaten u. Mexiko um die Verhaeltnisse zu studieren und Siedlungsmoeglichkeiten auszukundschaften. Diese Reisen wurden von einem Komitee in Kansas finanziert u. J. W. Wiens von Hillsboro wurde ihnen als Begleiter mitgegeben. Diese Reisen kosteten viel Geld und praktische Resultate wurden keine erzielt. Ausgangs 1920 u. anfangs 1921 war Friesen wohl in Bluffton, auch in Philadelphia wo er sich besonders auch betaetigte, indem er sich fuer 62 Juenglinge einsetzte, die in der weissen Armee gegen die Bolschewisten gedient hatten und sich eine Zeitlang in Konstantinopel aufgehalten hatten, dann bis in den Hafen von New York gekommen waren, aber nicht eingelassen wurden. M. H. Kratz, ein namhafter mennonitischer Advokat hat sich da wohl ganz besonders betaetigt wie er mir das spaeter erzaehte. Er erzaehte mir auch, wie anmassend Friesen ihm gegenueber oeffters gewesen u.s.w. Auch Peter Jansen von Beatrice, Nebraska, ein Mann, der in politischen Kreisen viele Freunde hatte, beteiligte sich sehr wirksam, damit diese jungen Maenner doch eingelassen wuerden. Dann waren noch andere Personen und Komitees taetig. In Washington wurde man der Sache ueberdruessig. Als ein Nichtmennonit zu dem betreffenden Minister wegen einer anderen Sache wurde er aergerlich gefragt: "Ist es auch wieder wegen der Mennoniten?" Es schien eine Zeitlang, dass alle Arbeit wohl nichts nuetzen wuerde und dass die Juenglinge doch wohl wuerden zurueckgesandt werden ins Elend. Spaeter wurden sie doch eingelassen.

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Begegnungen im Schwarzwald V

von Frau Viktor Peters

Fortsetzung von Januar

Es ist ohnehin ein Glueckstag fuer uns. Wolfgang hat Bambi einen wunder-vollen Rosenstrauss gebracht, ich habe Post von meinem Mann, und Karl hat neben unsre Teller je ein Schaechtel-chen Pralinen gelegt. Zudem kredenzt er uns ein Glaeschen vom edelsten Kaiserstuehler, der ihm von einem Patienten geschenkt worden war. Auf seiner Station im Krankenhaus liegen meistens alte Maenner, fuer die er manchmal Besorgungen macht oder Gaenge tut, was er bei dem guten Weter in der schoenen Umgebung gern unternimmt. Fuer die erwiesene Gefaellig-keit revanchieren sich die Kranken mit allerlei Aufmerksamkeiten, die dann auch uns zu Gute kommen, denn allein kann er die vielen Leckerbissen usw. nicht bewaeltigen.

Heute abend ist Karl besonders gut aufgelegt und erzaehlt lustig von den Tagesbegebenheiten im Krankenhaus. Seine Abteilungsvorsteherin ist eine energische aeltere Nonne, Schwester Marie-Dorothea, ueber die ich auf der Party in der ersten Woche meines Hierseins von Aerzten und Kranken-pflegern viel reden hoerte, Gutes und weniger Gutes. Karl ist auf gutem Fuss mit ihr, und wird eigentlich von ihr recht verwoehnt. Es besteht offenbar eine Art Polaritaet zwischen der tat-kraeftigen Dame und dem ruhigen Karl, jedenfalls hat er in den Wochen meines Besuches sehr oft frei, bekommt morgens immer noch ein zweites Fruehstueck vorgesetzt, und fuehlt sich in St. Joseph ordentlich wohl in seiner Haut. Doch ist er noch sehr jung fuer seine Stellung und hat im Grunde genommen nie mit Kranken zu tun gehabt. Er bewundert Schwester Dorothea, die bestimmt genau so viel Mit-leid mit den Leidenden hat wie er, sich ihnen gegenueber aber durchaus nichts anmerken laesst.

"Ihr erinnert euch doch an den Mann mit dem Brand im Bein, von dem ich gestern sprach," erzaehlt Karl. "Nun, Schwester Dorothea fiel es schwer ihm zu sagen, dass das Bein amputiert werden muss. Um zu verbergen wie leid es ihr tat, sagte sie kurz, auf das Bein deutend: "Ab! wird abge-macht — bis hier. Kommt morgen weg!"

Karl hat direkt eine Gabe fuer Stim-mennachahmung, und wir muessen alle

darueber lachen — obwohl ja die Sache an sich nichts weniger als laecherlich ist — als die Tuer klingel geht. Bambi oeffnet, und zu meiner Ueberraschung stehen Artur Kroegers vor uns, die in Winnipeg nur einige Strassen von uns wohnen und in unsere Kirche gehen.

Kroegers sind mit einem Wohn-wagen und drei Toechtern durch ganz Deutschland und Italien gereist, und haben wie es uns scheint, sehr viel gesehen und erlebt. Die 17 jaehrige Helga, mit der Karl zusammen in der Westgate Schule war, will in Deutsch-land laengere Zeit arbeiten und spaeter studieren, und Kroegers sind auf der in Freiburg fast hoffnungslosen Zim-mersuche. Bambi und Wolfgang schlag-en vor doch vorlaeufig ein Zimmer im "Karpfen", einem Gasthaus welches nur einige Haeuser weiter in unserer Strasse liegt, zu mieten. Dort waeren die Preise der Unterkunft angemessen, und ausserdem koennte Helga dann immer leicht herueberkommen, falls sie per Telefon Arbeit suchen wolle. Helga hat Glueck — sie bekommt ein Zimmer und kann sofort einziehen. Kroegers tragen ihre Koffer gleich hin-ueber.

Sie sind eben weg als es wieder laeutet und ein zweiter Besuch, Kol-legen aus Wolfgangs Examensgruppe, sich einstellt. Ich bin etwas betruebt darueber, denn Karl ist mit Helga gegangen, um ihr die Stadt zu zeigen, und allein moechte ich nicht ins Orgel-konzert, obwohl ich mich so sehr dar-auf gefreut hatte. 'Vielleicht Kroegers,' denke ich. Da kommen sie auch schon zu Fuss am weitgeoeffneten Fenster vorbei, denn ihr Wagen steht ja vor unseren Haus. Ich lehne mich, wie es hier ueblich ist, hinaus und erzaehle ihnen von dem Konzert, in der stillen Hoffnung, dass sie vielleicht, trotzdem sie so weit gereist sind, Interesse dafuer haben. Sie sind gleich begeistert, auch bereit mich mitzunehmen, und nachher wollen wir uns dann mit Bambi und Wolfgang treffen um eine Kleinigkeit zusammen zu essen.

Mit Kroegers laesst sich gut etwas unternehmen, weil sie fuer alles so viel Enthusiasmus aufbringen koennen. Al-lerdings hat sich die 9 jaehrige Heidi tagsueber nicht wohlgefuehlt, und als wir uns nun auf den Weg begeben, schlaeft sie immerfort. Offensichtlich

muss jemand bei dem Kinde bleiben, fragt sich nur wer? Die 5 Jahre aeltere Anita will unbedingt mit, und schaut mit bittenden Augen ihren Vater an; der kann den beredten Blicken nicht widerstehen, und erbietet sich, bis zur ersten Pause im "Camper" zu bleiben. Dann soll Anita ihn abloesen, und da der Wagen ganz nah am Muenster ge-parkt ist, laesst sich das sicher leicht einrichten.

Es ist inzwischen reichlich spaet ge- worden, und wir eilen ueber den ge-pflasterten Platz zur Kirche. Am Schalter neben dem Eingang erleben wir eine Ueberraschung, denn das Kon-zert ist fast ausverkauft. Wir sind eben noch rechtzeitig gekommen um drei Karten, die uebrigens je nur 2 DM kosten, zu erstehen, die gedruckten Programme sind nicht mehr erhaelt-lich. Wenn man an den riesigen Raum denkt und an die Tatsache, dass es herrliches Sommerwetter ist, muss man die Freiburger bewundern, die so viel Liebe fuer Musik an den Tag legen. Allerdings spielt ein ungarischer Orga-nist die beruehmte grosse Domorgel, waehrend andre, jeder wohl Kuenstler auf seinem Gebiet, auf einigen der kleineren Orgeln des Muensters vor-tragen, manchmal soli, zuweilen im Wechselspiel, oder auch gleichzeitig, Und wie sie spielen! Wir sind ganz hin-gerissen von den herrlichen Toenen, im Zweilicht des gewaltigen gothischen Baus, wo der dumpfe Modergeruch der dem alten Gestein nun einmal anhaftet, sich mit dem lieblichen Duft der bluehenden Linden vermischt wenn ein Luftzug ihn gerade herueber-weht. Auch Anita sitzt andaechtig versunken da, den Kopf an einen Pfeiler gelehnt, voellig vertieft in den Klaengen die bald wild brausend, bald einschmeichelnd lieblich sich an unser Ohr draengen. Ploetzlich wird das Licht angeschaltet, das Konzert ist aus! Wir sind ganz bestuertzt, besonders Anita; die Zeit ist uns so unglaublich schnell vergangen. "Ich wollte auch schon den Papa abloesen gehn," sagt sie klaeglich, "aber die Pause war so kurz, und da eben eine neue Komposition einsetzte, vergass ich wieder davon. Und jetzt ist's zu spaet!"

"Nun, der Papa wird das schon ver- stehen, Anita," troestet ihre Mutter sie. "Er freut sich sicher wenn du so

viel Freude daran gehabt hast."

Als wir beim "Camper" anlangen findet Anita zwar einen ueberraschten aber durchaus nicht veraergerten Vater vor. Warscheinlich hat er die kurze Ruhepause zur Entspannung nach einer weiten Tagesfahrt begruesst. Jedenfalls wird nun Anita zu der noch immer schlafenden Heidi getan, und wir drei begeben uns an die gedeckten Tische, des unter den Lampions in der Naeh des beruehmten Freiburger Kaufhauses mit den vergoldeten Erkern, aufgestellt sind. Hier wollen wir auf Bambi und Wolfgang warten.

Es soll diesmal aber nicht sein. Der Himmel hat sich bewoelkt, ein kalter Regenschauer geht ueber den Platz, und ein besonders starker Windstoss wirbelt die karierten Tischtuecher auf, so dass Ober und Kellnerinnen herausstuerzen, und eilig in die Gaststube retten, was zu retten ist. Wir beschliessen nun doch lieber gleich in die Konradstrasse zu fahren, und sind auch bald dort. Bambi und Wolfgang stehen mit Schirmen bewaffnet an der Tuer, unenschliessig erwaegend ob wir nun doch auf sie warten oder nach Hause kommen. Gleich hinter ihnen werden Karl und Helga sichtbar, klitschnass, denn der Regen hatte sie auf dem Heimweg ueberrascht — wie zwei "utjeseepete Stappmies" sehn sie aus, wie wir zu Hause zu sagen pflegten.

Kroegers beklagen sich ueber das Freiburger Wetter. Sie sind nun schon wiederholt hergekommen, um den Schwarzwald zu geniessen, und jedesmal ist ihnen mit kaltem, windigem Regen aufgewartet worden. "Morgen klaert es sich sicher auf," versuchen wir zu troesten, und Wolfgang und Bambi zaehlen ihnen eine Menge Ortschaften auf, die sie unbedingt bei gutem Wetter sehen muessen. Zumindest sollen sie in das 2 Stunden entfernte Gutachtal, wo man noch haeufig die sehr schoene Tracht der Frauen mit roten Baellen am Strohhut und weitgebauchten Spitzenaermeln am Blusenmieder sieht. Aber leider tagt der naechste Morgen mit bewoelktem Himmel, Regen, und kaltem Wind — Kroegers sehen sich nur Gutach an, und reisen weiter. Ihnen geht's mit Freiburg wie uns mit Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Jedesmal wenn wir dort waren hatten wir Schnee und Regen, und die beruehmte Zugspitze, der hoechste Gipfel Deutschlands, huelle ihr Haupt in truebe Nebel und duestern Dunst. Besonders aegerlich ist das wenn dann am Tag nach der Abreise der schoenste Sonnenschein die Landschaft durchfluetet, wie auch diesmal bei Kroegers.

Wie der Mensch doch vom Wetter abhaengig ist! An dem Regentag, der Kroegers Plaene durchkreuzte, geht aber auch alles schief. Karl verschlaeft zum ersten Mal und saust nun

ohne Fruehstueck ins Krankenhaus. Wolfgang muss auch frueher heraus, und selbst Bambi, die doch sonst immer gern ihre Vorlesungen haelt, murmelt heute etwas das verdaechtig so klingt, als ob sie alle ihre Studenten ins Pfefferland wuenscht. Wasil ist unausstehlich und funkelt mich mit seinen spruehenden Katzenaugen feindselig an, und als Helga nach zaghaftem Schellen vor mir steht, ist auch sie voellig deprimiert. Man hatte ihr auf einer Arbeitsstelle um die sie sich bewerben wollte deutlich gemacht, dass sie erst eine Aufenthalts — oder Arbeitsgenehmigung bei irgend einem Amt abholen muesse. Es kann Tage dauern, sagt sie mir entmutigt und

macht sich auf den Weg in die Stadt. Ich sehe ihr durchs Fenster nach, wie sie langsam und unenschliessig die Strasse hinuntergeht, den von uns geborgten Schirm hoch aufgespannt. Nein, es ist kein schoener Tag!

"Wenn das heut" so weitergeht werden alle von einem guten Abendessen profitieren," denke ich und seufze mir ergeben zu, denn ich weiss genau was meine "drei" am liebsten essen: gebratenes, geraeuchertes Schinkenfleisch mit Kaesewereniki und "Schmaunfett". Unlustig nehme ich den noch vorhandenen Schirm, der zum Glueck wenigstens eine lustige rote Farbe hat, und mache mich auf den Weg zum Einkauf. Unserem Haus direkt gegenueber ist eine Metzgerei, deren Inhaber ausgerechnet "Peters" heisst, und der sich immer freut wenn ich bei ihm einkaufe. "Ja, wir Peters muesse doch Z'sammehalte!" schmunzelt er dann, und gibt mir stets vom besten. Auch heute ist der Schwarzwalderschinken wieder besonders gut, wie sich's zu Hause herausstellt. Schon nachdem die erste Scheibe sanft angebraten ist verbrietet sich der verlockende Schinkengeruch durch das ganze Haus. Die verhaengnisvollen Wereniki dagegen sind mir, wie es bei mir meistens ist, nicht gefuegig, und ich bin darueber so veraergert, dass ich in Versuchung komme, den ganzen Kaese in den Abfalleimer zu tun — wenn nur mein sparsames mennonitisches Gemuet sich nicht dagegen stemmte! Nie kriege ich diesen Werenikiteig hin, der bei meinen Schwestern immer so schoen glatt wird, bei mir aber "zoddrig" und verbeult aussieht. Mit viel Muehe und Geduld bringe ich mein prosaisches Liebeswerk endlich zustande, und warte nun auf die Heimkehr der Kinder.

Nass und zerzaust aber schon bedeutend froehlicher als am Morgen stellt sich alles ein. Helga kommt vorbei, will nur den geliehenen Schirm abgeben, aber wir druecken sie in einen Stuhl, und sie bleibt. Um halb sieben sitzen wir alle fidel um den Tisch, hoeren eine gute Schallplatte,

und essen behaglich, waehrend draussen der Wind um die Ecke heult, und Wasil sich unterm Tisch ganz lieb und brav schnurrend an meine Beine schmiegt. Da schellt es, und Gerd Spittler, Wolfgangs Schwager, tritt ein, mit nassem Hut und in Socken, denn die Schuhe hat er schon im Flur abgestreift. Es wird ein gemuetlicher Abend. Gerd isst Wereniki als ob er ein waschechter Mennonit sei, so dass Bambi ihn zu naechsten Tag zum Mittagessen einladet, wo es die uebrigebliebenen Reste, gebraten, mit saurer Sahne gibt.

"Weil du nun schon mal mit dem Kochen in Schwung gekommen bist, wuerdest du uns nicht fuer uebermorgen zum Abendessen Fleischpiraschki backen?" fragt Bambi. "Ich habe Wolfgangs Schwestern und Schwager, sowie den Bala und einen Kollegen, zum Borscht eingeladen. Du weisst ja, Borscht ist meine Spezialitaet."

Ja, das weiss ich, und die Piraschki gehoeren ja auch unbedingt dazu, Bambi weiss zum Glueck nicht, dass ich mit beiden Gerichten nicht auf gutem Fuss stehen. Ich sage also "aueserlich" freudig zu, waehrend ich in mich hineinseufze.

Am naechsten Tag schlaeft alles recht lange, nur mich hat Wasil frueh auf die Beine gebracht. Ich oeffne die Fensterlaeden und bin von dem hellen Sonnenschein da draussen beinahe blendet.

"Aufstehn!" rufe ich den andern zu. "Bei solchem Wetter darf man den Morgen nicht verschlafen."

"Nanu, du bist ja sonst auch nicht fuers Aufstehn!" lacht Bambi. "Erzaehl' doch dem Wolfgang von Mumtji Schwoatschi."

Die Geschichte von Mumtji Schwoatschi hat mein Mann mir oft scherzend bei passender Gelegenheit, wenn ich morgens ungerne aufstehen wollte, erzaehlt: In einem kleinen Staedchen in Suedmanitoba wohnte ein Ehepaar Schwarz, auf plattdeutsch "Schwoaten." Sie schlief morgens gern und sass abends spaet auf, er war Fruehaufsteher und aergerte sich wenn er auf das Fruehstueck warten musste. Als sie eines morgens gar nicht wollte, warnte Omtji Schwoat: "Hea, stoh opp, de Zug tjemmt aul!" Worauf Mumtji Schwoatsche sich ruhig auf die Seite drehte und sagte: "Etj ligg uk nich oppi Bohn."

Wolfgang gefaellt die Anekdote, und wir hoeren tagsueber oft, bei passender oder auch unpassender Gelegenheit: "Stoh opp, de Zug tjemmt!" Er lernt das Plattdeutsch erstaunlich schnell, behauptet aber, das sei weniger angeborene Sprachbegabung zuzuschreiben, als seinem Selbsterhaltungstrieb, denn merkwuerdigerweise sprechen beide Kinder hier in Deutschland sehr viel Platt mit mir, obwohl wir zu Hause Hochdeutsch sprechen. mm

reflections from our readers

Dear Sir:

I take this opportunity to make mention of two main items in regards to the Mennonite Mirror.

First of all, this paper certainly brings out culture (which it is possibly intended for) much more, than what or who a Mennonite really is. Sorry to say, that I have found very little "Christ-centered" in this magazine.

Secondly, I am disturbed that born again Christians would have the type of art work in their magazine as you did have in the November issue of the Mennonite Mirror on page 20 with the MIRROR MIX-UP. There is enough sin, and vileness and nakedness all around us without having to have such come from the pens of Mennonites who, I trust are born again people.

I personally would like to see the money invested in this paper be utilized a whole lot better. If the question is how, my reply would simply be — in literature that will win "cultured Mennonites?" and all other unsaved people to the only Savior of the world — Jesus Christ, and other literature that men will build these lives for His glory. (Ephesians 1:12).

Thank you; yours concerned for souls;
Sincerely,
Pastor Jake Froese
Morrow Gospel Church
Winnipeg

Dear Sirs:

We were very interested in ordering the Mennonite Mirror. My husband is a Collegiate English teacher in a Mennonite school. I am of Scottish background. Both these things are of no consequence really, but just to let you know we are not judging from a narrow ethical viewpoint.

I have for years dabbled in writing and taken courses, given by Decision Magazine in Minneapolis and also non-christian courses in writing. This winter I'm taking one at the Red River College, Wpg. I enjoy writing and reading what others write, however, I as well, as quite a group of teachers etc. were very disappointed that instead of upgrading your paper you publish a story like 'Old Eva's Cure'. We all know that sex is the 'in thing' but it has already had it's day, and run it's course in writing. It is, we believe, now time to change writing styles or subject materials. Sex is God-given and beautiful but sad to say it's been cheapened and degraded by many authors — very likely for the sake of making sale.

This is not only a Mennonite opinion — but one shared by many people interested in creative writing. For this reason we are not ordering your paper as previously planned.

Sincerely,
Mrs. B. Dueck.
Steinbach.

Dear Sir:

After reading the last issue of the Mennonite Mirror, I am obliged to ask you to discontinue sending this magazine to my address. Any intentions I had and I did have then, of subscribing to this magazine were squelched after reading "Old Eva's Cure". There is far too much of that kind of writing around. I do not have to give it access to my home.

Thanking you for complying with my wishes, I am

Yours truly,
Mrs. J. Peters
170 Grandview Drive

To the Editor:

Will you kindly take us off your mailing list as we no longer wish to receive your publication.

With the last edition — we are disappointed and disgusted. "Old Eva's Cure" has cheapened something that was meant to be beautiful between a husband and wife. I have worked and am working with the so-called "senile" and this article in my opinion is very poor judgment.

Sincerely,
A. Wiens
976 Southwood Winnipeg

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