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mennonite mirror

volume two / number ten / june 1973

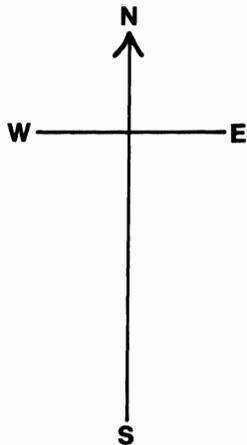


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Rossmere Provincial Election Issues

ABORTION

"Abortion in most instances is a criminal act because the unborn child is a human being with potential, and not a potential human being as some medical doctors from our own area would have it.

Abortion totally disregards the right to life of the unborn child which should have the same civil liberties as fully grown human beings like you and me.

Prior to 1969 there were about 20 abortions a year in the Winnipeg area. Last year there were 1225. The SCHREYER Government has failed to speak out against abortions and indeed allocates taxpayers' money to pay for abortions performed here.

Thus even those people who are abhorred by this dreadful crime are being implicated in it whether they like it or not. I think this is wrong.



Penner Alf X
943 McIvor
School Teacher
Progressive Conservative

The PROVINCIAL CONSERVATIVE PARTY in the provincial legislature has and will continue to take a strong stand against abortion and I am confident will remove it from the medicare scheme."

Alf Penner

Authorized by Alf Penner Election Committee — M. Bergen,
Official Agent.

About this issue

This marks the last issue of our second year of publishing. We hope you enjoyed the ten issues which you received this year. We are painfully aware that many improvements are still necessary, both technically and in editorial content. We invite you to stick with us in our third year of publication, which begins in September. "The best is yet to be."

Some of you have asked about our financial position. Because we pay almost no salaries and because both our reader and advertising support is improving we have managed to just "break even" over the past few years. We ask for no handouts but we encourage you to subscribe in fall if you have not yet done so. We would like to rely more on reader subscription in the future.

Most of the articles in this issue speak for themselves. We think you will again discover a remarkable cross section of interest. Read on and become acquainted with a potter, a furniture manufacturer, a breathing specialist, a local craftsman who remembers well the agonizing war years, a sensitive traveller who captures the beauty of Germany, a philosopher, a keen Low-German observer, and many others. Al Reimer returns with a nostalgic look at Steinbach, the way it was about 30 years ago, and Jack Thiessen looks back at life in Grunthal. It has always been disputed which town is a suburb of the other. Niverville is posing more and more of a challenge in south-eastern Manitoba. It used to be good only at hockey.

The David Toew's series will resume in Fall. For next year we already have a large number of extremely interesting articles and diary excerpts of the early pioneer years. We are planning a large 100th Mennonite anniversary issue of the Mirror in Jan-Feb of 1974.

Inside you will find

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THE COVER: Ken Loewen of Altona took the intriguing picture of the deserted house — through which you can see . . . what? future or past? The photo was exhibited at the April Art Festival which Abe Warkentin and Vic Penner always attend.

mennonite mirror

volume two / number ten / june 1973 / 35¢

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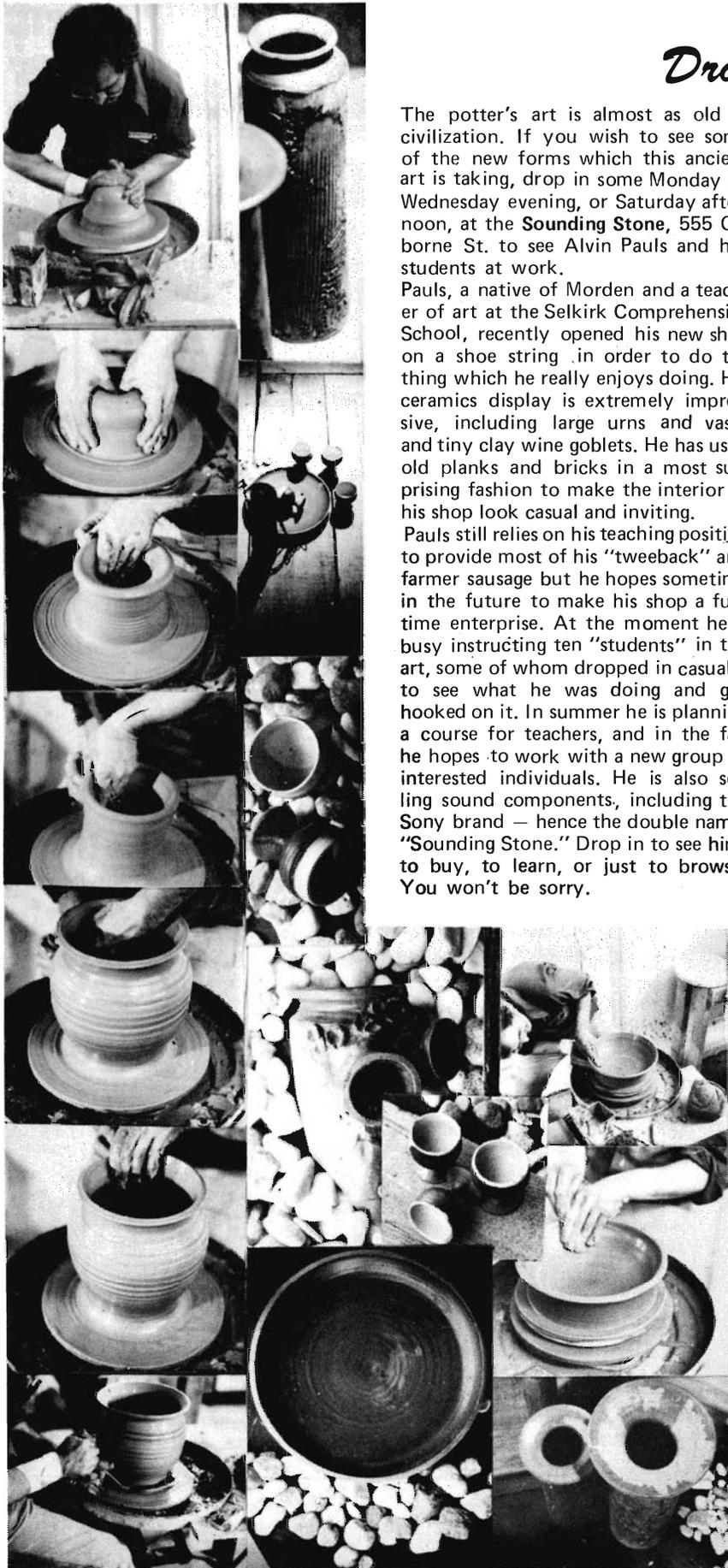
Vice-President and Managing Editor: Edward L. Unrau
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The Mennonite Mirror is normally published 10 times each year from September to June for the Mennonite Community of Winnipeg and Manitoba by Brock Publishers, Ltd. Address for all business and editorial matters is 131 Wordsworth Way, Winnipeg R3K 0J6, phone 889-1562. Subscription rate is \$3.00 for 10 issues.

Editorial Committee: Lore Lubosch, Hilda Matsuo, Ruth Vogt, Wally Kroeker and Rick Woelcke.

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Drop in - at

The Sounding Stone.

The potter's art is almost as old as civilization. If you wish to see some of the new forms which this ancient art is taking, drop in some Monday or Wednesday evening, or Saturday afternoon, at the **Sounding Stone**, 555 Osborne St. to see Alvin Pauls and his students at work.

Pauls, a native of Morden and a teacher of art at the Selkirk Comprehensive School, recently opened his new shop on a shoe string in order to do the thing which he really enjoys doing. His ceramics display is extremely impressive, including large urns and vases and tiny clay wine goblets. He has used old planks and bricks in a most surprising fashion to make the interior of his shop look casual and inviting.

Pauls still relies on his teaching position to provide most of his "tweeback" and farmer sausage but he hopes sometime in the future to make his shop a full-time enterprise. At the moment he is busy instructing ten "students" in the art, some of whom dropped in casually to see what he was doing and got hooked on it. In summer he is planning a course for teachers, and in the fall he hopes to work with a new group of interested individuals. He is also selling sound components, including the Sony brand - hence the double name, "Sounding Stone." Drop in to see him, to buy, to learn, or just to browse. You won't be sorry.

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A.A. DeFEHR - FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

by Wally Kroeker

A.A. DeFehr looks back on his humble beginning in the furniture business and describes the whole venture as "a step of faith."

The year was 1944, and Mr. DeFehr had behind him more than a dozen years in retail food business. Few men would consider switching careers in mid-stream, especially in those days, but Mr. DeFehr wasn't fully content in the work he was doing. He yearned for independence.

"When my wife and I got married in 1940 we resolved that in five years we would be on our own," he recalls. So, one fall day he decided to take the plunge.

Immediately he faced an obstacle.

"It was wartime," says Mr. DeFehr. "I was a conscientious objector and had to pay \$25 a month to the Red Cross. I was worried that they wouldn't let me quit my job and start on my own, because I couldn't guarantee that I'd be able to keep paying them. But I prayed about it, and decided that if the Red Cross would let me go ahead on my own, I would consider it a green light from God."

As it turned out, the powerful Red Cross organization had no objection, so Mr. DeFehr was in business.

"I sold my car for \$500 and bought woodworking machinery, which my wife was good enough to let me install in the basement of our home. I got a book of instructions and began to make step stools."

Looking back now, Mr. DeFehr candidly admits his early woodworking efforts "probably weren't up to par," but they were good enough to attract the attention of the influential Ashdown's firm, which gave him a chance for his first big sale . . . an order for 25 stools.

From there on, there was no looking back. He branched into other furniture items and soon graduated out of the basement to a chicken barn he rented for \$12 a month. By 1948 Mr. DeFehr's furniture enterprise moved into new quarters on Edison Avenue. Business was flourishing, and



the factory had to be expanded almost every day.

By 1963 the Edison premises had been expanded to the limit, and the company subsequently purchased a 7½-acre plot of land at 55 Vulcan Ave. in North Kildonan, where the present factory is located.

Today, A.A. DeFehr Manufacturing Ltd. and its affiliated companies is recognized as one of Western Canada's leading furniture firms. From the 420,000-square-foot factory a staff of about 220 produces 150 different types of home furnishings, with a total output of more than 1,000 furniture items a day.

"In the early days we produced low to medium-priced furniture," says Mr. DeFehr, "but as people became more affluent we moved to a higher grade of furniture. So now we're in the medium-to-high bracket, although one of our new Alberta plants continues to produce lower-priced goods."

Indeed, a tour of the modern DeFehr factory and its plush showrooms provides immediate proof that the days of the step stool are far behind.

In recent years the firm has been



rapidly expanding beyond Manitoba's borders. It moved into the upholstering end of the furniture trade with the purchase of Parkhill Bedding of Winnipeg. Parkhill had a plant in Calgary which was well-equipped for the upholstering business, so when the acquisition was made, DeFehr's also took over the lease on the Calgary plant. The Upholstered Furniture Division operates under the name of Towne Hall Industries and employs about 60 persons. Together, the Winnipeg and Calgary plants cater heavily to the mobile home industry, with the Winnipeg factory supplying bedroom suites, etc. and the Calgary plant supplying upholstered goods such as chesterfield and chair groupings.

"We are very close to the mobile home industry," Mr. DeFehr says. "They find it advantageous to be able to buy from a single source rather than dealing with several separate furniture firms."

Another recent expansion has been the new factory at Airdrie, Alberta, a few miles north of Calgary. This plant was set up less than two years ago to produce low to medium-priced bedroom furniture. It is also equipped with

"printing" facilities which literally print various wood grains on ordinary wood surfaces, making it possible to provide attractive furniture at prices that are within reach of lower-income consumers. The printing process is so highly-developed that in some cases it would take an expert to distinguish between a print and a genuine grain.

Another facet of the business is the fleet of transport trucks DeFehr's use to streamline service to their customers. Mr. DeFehr says damage costs were running high when rail and for-hire truckers were transporting the company's merchandise. With their own fleet of four tractor units and six trailers (with more on order), more care is taken, kept to a minimum and service faster. The resulting savings have helped keep prices down.

In recent years those large semi-trailers with the company insignia have become a common sight on U.S. highways, as the DeFehr firm has become an exporter of Manitoba-made products. "Our United States business had expanded to 11 northwestern states," Mr. DeFehr says, "but we've had to cut back because business has been so good locally that we can't handle all the export trade. At one time exports comprised about 20 per cent of our total volume, but now we've reduced that to about 10 or 11 per cent."

For now, the company will confine its export activities primarily to the area directly south of Winnipeg and extending up to Minneapolis. But Mr. DeFehr doesn't discount the possibility of someday opening a factory in the U.S.

In the meantime, however, the company plans to ease off on expansion. At the Winnipeg factory alone there have been four plant expansions within the past two years. "Now we're going to concentrate more on consolidating our business."

Mr. DeFehr is obviously proud that all three of his sons are involved in the family business. Frank, the eldest is in charge of Towne Hall Industries, Art is the marketing expert, and David is in charge of the Airdrie plant. Mr. and Mrs. DeFehr also have a daughter, Ruth, who is a teacher in Calgary.

Despite their business activities, the DeFehr family takes seriously their social responsibilities. For example, Art is currently on a two-year leave of absence in Bangladesh, where he is director of the Mennonite Central Committee's relief and redevelopment programs. David recently spent three years in Nigeria under an MCC teaching program.

Mr. DeFehr, in addition to retaining the presidency of the company, is involved in many organizations. He is a long-time member of the Christian Business Men's Committee; a member of the board of trustees of the Mennonite Brethren Church of North America; a member of the Manitoba Economic Development Association; a board member and former chairman of Union Gospel Mission; and a member of the Church Industry and Business Association, an outfit which seeks an alliance between students and business to show that "businessmen are not all corrupt."

Mr. DeFehr takes very seriously his spiritual commitment and is quick to profess that "God is our refuge and strength."

"One thing I learned a long time ago is to set aside a quiet time for meditation, maybe half an hour early in the morning, before the calls start coming in. This time with God every day is very important to me, and I would encourage others to do the same thing . . . It helps keep you humble, and helps you to handle the pressures that build up during the day."

mm



Sample of DeFehr Furniture.

Excerpt from a speech by the Honourable Stanley Haidasz, M.D., P.C., M.P., Minister of State responsible for multiculturalism speaking on C.B.C. program, "Nation's Business" Sunday, April 1, 1973.

One of man's basic needs is a sense of belonging. A good deal of contemporary social unrest at all age levels exists because this need has not always been met.

It is the official policy of our federal government that all cultures in Canada are equal; that every ethno-cultural group has the right to preserve and develop its cultures within the Canadian context. This is the federal government's policy of multiculturalism as announced in the House of Commons by the Right Honourable Pierre Elliott Trudeau on that historic day, October 8, 1971. On that occasion, the Prime Minister stated that a policy of multiculturalism within the official bilingual framework commends itself to the government as a most suitable means of assuring the cultural freedom of our citizens. Multiculturalism is a policy for all Canadians.

Later this year, the government will be convening a national conference on multiculturalism to which representatives from every ethnic group will be invited to participate.

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The German Occupation of the Mennonite Colonies in Russia

by Wilhelm Janzen

In this third and final installment Mr. Janzen describes the German occupation of his hometown in the Ukraine. Here is personal documentation of the tragic policy which Germany pursued. It ends with a retreat to Germany.

The new school year commenced a few days after our return. I found the schoolhouse occupied with German soldiers who told me that there would be no school. I returned home heavy hearted because I longed to learn all the interesting things my older sisters and brother told me about chemistry and physics. I took a genuine interest in physics and was particularly intrigued by the fact that the earth moved around the sun, not vice versa. I questioned this theory and one evening I went to the window and sat down and watched until the sun disappeared and could not be seen. I said, "Now I know, I watched it carefully myself. It is the earth standing but the sun moved down and disappeared!"

Occasionally the school was available for classes and I went to school again. To my surprise they were the same teachers that I knew before except that now they all spoke and understood perfect German but none of them seemed to understand Russian!

A typical school day started with the heil Hitler salute by the teacher when she entered. Then the pupils would immediately rise and respond in like manner and sit down.

Because all the subjects were taught in German, I had to learn all the alphabet over again.

Two hours of teaching was devoted to religion each week which I thoroughly enjoyed. We were given verses from the Bible to memorize.

Once a week all the boys were called together by an 18 year old German youth sent in by the Nazi government who could play the accordian well. He taught us war songs and told us inter-

esting stories about German war heroes. Great emphasis was placed on comradeship and suffering for others.

* * *

Through military intelligence that gradually seeped down to civilian authorities, we discovered, that the optimistic assessment of the situation at Zaporozhye given by the soldier at the bridge proved to be a bit of an exaggeration. As we had already discovered, the prisoners did not return to their homes — neither my uncles. Although the German army had spared thousands of Mennonites the nightmare of slavery in Siberia, due to insufficient Nachshupe (reinforcements), they were unable to conquer Zaporozhye long enough to free the prisoners. Their drive to act the Russian evacuating "escorts" off used all their ammunition. As a result the prisoners, including my uncles, were transported to Siberia.

Further intelligence revealed that all the Jews were being herded together and summarily executed by the German army. Not one escaped this purge.

One of these was an elderly Jewish shoemaker from our village. He was loved and respected by all and had never done anyone any harm. "That makes no difference," said the soldiers.

But he replied, to no one in particular. "The Germans will not kill me. God will take care of me."

So just before they took him to the execution "chamber" to be shot, he fell down on the road and died. He was right; he was not shot by the German army.

Of course we were shocked to find that our "liberators" were so inhuman. It further enhanced the suspicion of the native Russians that they had simply been transferred from one dictator to another.

* * *

The following summer (1943) the Germans marched Russian captives through our village. The latter were tired and hungry. The captors, who had plenty of food, refused to feed them. Compassionate Mennonite villagers offered them food but were sternly rebuffed by the German soldiers. Those who collapsed in the village due to malnutrition and over-exertion were picked up by special vehicles. Those who collapsed in the field were commanded to jump on the 'rescue' vehicle as it breezed by. If they were unable to jump on, they were shot.

What a difference! Two years before the German soldiers told the Russians, "Go home to Muttee," but now that they had them captive they treated them like wild animals.

Of course, the Russians were equally cruel to Germans when they finally caught up with them. German army personnel occasionally found that their comrades had been nailed to a table by their tongues and hands or had been burned alive.

These discoveries fanned the long smouldering embers of hatred into a fierce flame of revenge on both sides. Thus the game of reprisal see-sawed back and forth with each round bringing a new, more inaudible dimension

of torture for prisoners and even civilians.

I still longed to go to school but instead of the schoolhouse being occupied by soliders it was now crammed with refugees. Occasionally the school was available and I got some schooling but the interruption seriously affected my studies. I had only a few months schooling in two years but even at that I managed to finish in second place.

* * *

By this time Hitler's forces had penetrated deep into the heart of the world's stronghold of Communism. Now Stalingrad lay in their path and in spite of urgent advice from his brilliant generals to postpone capture of this city till the following summer, Hitler insisted that they press forward speedily and take it before winter. It must be done before American ships loaded with supplies for the Russian Communist army could reach their destination, he reasoned. So, with more doggedness than discretion, the Nazi war machine began to surround the city.

But the inhabitants of Stalingrad had a will to fight. Working closely with the military, the heroic citizens of this supposedly doomed city defied the German army and airforce. The siege was prolonged into the winter and the vulnerability of the Sixth German army suddenly became evident. Its soldiers simply could not stand the rigours of a Russian winter. They advanced no further and tried desperately to hold their position. But the physically weakened and thoroughly demoralized attackers soon began to retreat before a reinforced and jubilant Russian army. Thousands of German soldiers perished in the ensuing slaughter and many others perished in the cold.

One day a troop of retreating German soldiers passed through our village on their way back to Germany. They were very tired and footsore from the long walk. We sheltered and fed them for a few days and then they continued on their journey.

Flight to Germany

With the roof of our house badly smashed from an air attack and the

windows all broken on one side we began to seriously consider fleeing. A little later, when we realized that the Russian army was moving uncomfortably closer each day as they drove out the invaders, we were absolutely convinced that this was our only alternative: to move out with the retreating German army.

We found it considerably easier to prepare for this move because we felt we could never return to this house; it would likely be our last chance to go to a better country. To stay would be equal to accepting a ticket to Siberia.

So, the German authorities put a freight train together and assigned up to thirty persons to one car. Our baggage consisted of a years supply of food and a few other essentials.

At last we were on our way. The journey was not comfortable but at least we were in warm shelter and moving.

Since the railroad lay close to the west side of the Dneper River — near the battlefield for quite some distance — some German planes flew overhead

to protect us from Russian attack. Some minor attacks did occur and for a time it appeared that we would not get through. But we finally made it.

Before we could cross the border into Germany (enlarged Germany, that is, including Poland) however, we were obliged to take a two hour bath and thoroughly clean our clothes.

When we arrived there at a place called Bergstadt (renamed by Hitler), we were put into cloisters, a few hundred in each. The parents were separated from the children and the boys were separated from the girls. They were then divided into small groups. A small group of parents or children were assigned to each room.

Freedom of movement was restricted to the area within the wall of the cloisters. We were not allowed to attend a church service or even practise our religion to any extent. We were by no means prisoners; we were their own people. Only the present situation made it necessary to take special security measures like this. mm

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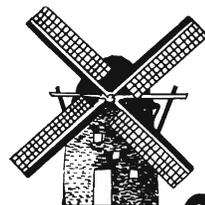
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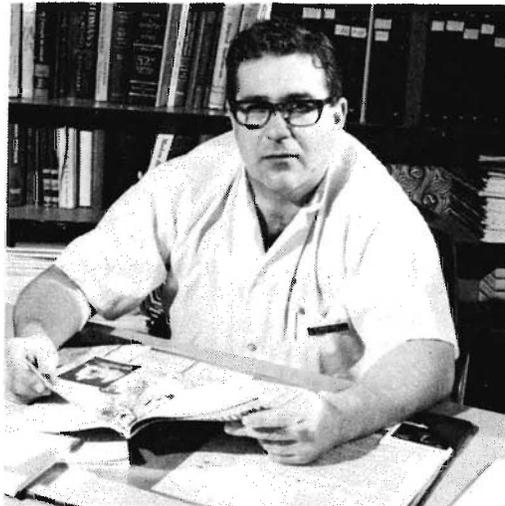
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A vital profession -respiratory technology



Horst Friesen

Mr. Horst Friesen is the executive secretary of the Canadian Society of Respiratory Technologists and in charge of the inhalation Therapy Department of the Winnipeg General Hospital.

He was born in Danzig-Langfuhr, Germany, and lived in the resort town of Zuppot until 1944. There, he received his elementary and secondary schooling, until he was drafted into the army in 1944. He fought on the Eastern Front in the defence of Danzig and Mecklenburg.

In 1949 he made Canada his second home. Like so many other new Canadians, he worked at different jobs, including farmhand, busiworker, construction worker and others.

In 1961 he started at the Winnipeg General Hospital and under the direction of Dr. Reuben Cherniak, one of the foremost respiratory specialists in Canada, began with the development of an inhalation therapy department.

Today, this department employs two instructors, eight registered staff and thirty students — quite a change from the one-man show in 1961.

by Horst Friesen

On December 21st, 1964, the Secretary of State issued letters patent to the Canadian Society of Respiratory Technologists. To the vast majority of the citizens of Canada this was not a

momentous occasion. It didn't make headlines in the country's newspapers. In fact, probably the only place it was recorded was the official Parliamentary Gazette. But, to a few it represented the successful conclusion of many years of work and the start of a new vocation in the field of medicine.

Membership has grown from 51 in 1964 to 750 today. But the majority of people of Canada are still not really aware of our existence.

To most people hospital personnel are doctors, nurses, orderlies and the odd laboratory technician.

What now is a respiratory technologist? (1) How does one become one? (2) What does he do and (3) why is he needed as a member of the patient-care team?

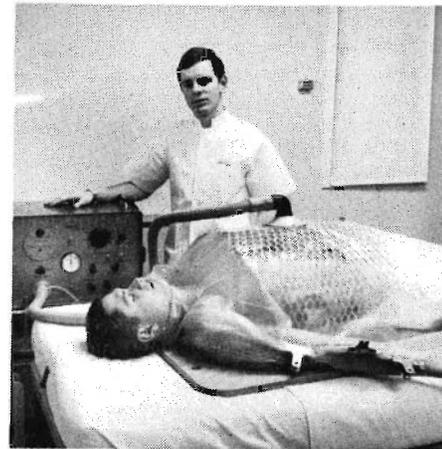
Although the pathophysiology of cardio-respiratory disease has been known for many years, mechanical appliances to treat these disorders had been woefully few and crude until only a couple of decades ago. The administration of oxygen to patients was identified with dying and oxygen tents with the last rites. Devices for artificial ventilation were mainly home made devices built by interested physicians.

During the last war it became necessary to develop quite sophisticated breathing equipment for the crews of the high-flying bombers and fighters on all sides. Physicians and industry in-

involved in this project saw very soon that these concepts could be used in the treatment of patients needing oxygen or ventilation support.

In the early 1950's the first true pressure breathing machines appeared in hospitals, replacing the iron lung concept. Interested physicians started to look more closely at the concept of oxygen therapy and industry obliged by developing the tools. This equipment explosion made it mandatory that individuals must be found that could cope with the technical complexity of the equipment and at the same time have sufficient medical know-

cont'd. page 13



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ledge to apply the apparatus safely and intelligently to the patient. At first these were individuals specially selected and trained by an interested physician. But soon it became apparent that this also was inadequate since the equipment began to outstrip the technical knowledge of most physicians and other hospitals started to pirate the personnel away as soon as they were trained.

This was especially true at the Winnipeg General Hospital. Today the Winnipeg General Hospital is one of seven institutions in Canada that has the approval of the Canadian Medical Association to train students in respiratory technology. But still the shortage in trained people is great.

To become a registered respiratory technologist it is necessary to have a completed grade 12 preferably with science subjects and be accepted in one of the seven institutions which qualify to train.

The length of the course is two years and is broken down into six months of lectures and 18 months of practical internship. Subjects range from anatomy, physiology, acid base balance, pathophysiology to electronics, regulators, ventilators and aerosol generators among many others. After successfully completing the course the student is eligible to write the

registry examinations of the Canadian Society of Respiratory Technologists which are supervised by the Canadian Medical Association. Having been successful in both, the two written and one oral examination he or she is now a registered respiratory technologist.

This person is now expected to perform a variety of services in the hospital. They begin with the simple administration of oxygen to a patient in need and progress to the application of the most sophisticated machines which will support or control ventilation for days, weeks, or even years. In between these two extremes lies a vast variety of other therapeutic equipment.

But most of all the respiratory technologist must be able to treat the patient intelligently with these tools, show compassion for the patient and be alert for danger signs such as adverse drug reaction. He must possess a very high degree of responsibility. An X-Ray Technician can hardly kill a patient with ineptness but a respiratory technologist can. Our brain can only survive three minutes without oxygen and the wrong selection of a control can bring this disaster on. mm

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GRADUATION HONOURS

JAKE SAWATZKY, secretary treasurer of the town of Altona, graduated with honors from the four-year University of Manitoba course for municipal administrators. He achieved an average mark of 82.5 in the four-year course.

HARRY NEUFELD, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Neufeld of Steinbach, who graduated from the U. of M. this spring with a B.A. (Hons.) degree in English, has been awarded a "Special M.A. Scholarship" by the Canada Council, one of 100 national awards of \$3,500 for students in the humanities.

CYNTHIA REIMER, daughter of Dr. E.E. (Al) Reimer, was awarded the gold medal in Dramatic Studies at the May convocation of the University of Winnipeg.

NORMA GOOSSEN, was awarded the University's gold medal in Honors History, and she also received the Swiss Ambassador Book Award for distinction in German studies.

GERALD BECKER of Thompson won the University gold medal in Political Science.

DR. T.E. SCHAEFER, professor of Chemistry at the University of Manitoba and publisher of some 90 scientific essays, has been selected as the winner of the 1973 Noranda Lecture Award of the Chemical Institute of Canada. He received the award for outstanding achievement in physical and organic chemistry.

CHURCH SERVICE

ED AND DOROTHY BARKMAN have begun a two-year term of service with MCC in Waldheim, Sask. They are working with crafts and recreation at a home for mentally retarded adults. Ed is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. K. Barkman, Landmark, Man., and Dorothy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Reimer of Steinbach.



Manitoba News

JOHN AND RUTH JANZEN are beginning a three-year teaching term in the church-related boarding school, Woodstock, in north India. For the last four years John has served as principal of Winkler School.



John, Ruth, Michelle and Michael Janzen

BROADCASTING

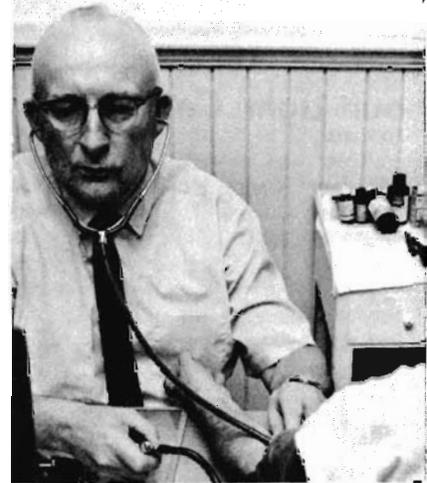
Radio Southern Manitoba has received clearance for call letters for the AM radio station now under construction at Boissevain. The call letters will be CJRB. The station is expected to go on the air in early fall.

Industry

A boat company that came to Steinbach last summer, the Lund Boat, Col, Ltd., a subsidiary of an American company, has proved to be an unqualified success, according to a recent newspaper report. The plant was built with the assistance of a federal government incentive grant, and is now employing 33 people, eight more than the predicted number of employees. The manager, Mr. George Hastings, says that the boats were being "grabbed for sale before the paint was dry".

Special Award for Dr. A.P. Warkentin

The Harbour Light Centre is a "place of new beginnings" run by the Salvation Army for the rehabilitation of alcoholics. At the Centre's Annual dinner meeting this year a special award of appreciation was presented to Dr. A.P. Warkentin. He has been engaged as medical advisor to the Center for many years, and much of his professional service has been of a voluntary nature, providing medical treatment for people who could not pay for the care they needed. With the assistance of the doctor, 20, 50 examinations have been provided for the



clients of the Harbour Light over the past 11 years, by means of weekly visits to the centre. He has also responded willingly to many emergency calls, and has served as friend and counsellor to many of the patients at the centre. He has been assisted in his work by Dr. H. Wiens.

MUSICAL AWARDS

MRS. RUTH KRENTZ of Steinbach was chosen to sing at the Provincial Highlights Concert at the Centennial Concert Hall on June 2.

JUDY KEHLER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pete Kehler of Steinbach, competed as a finalist in the Canadian Music Competitions in Quebec on June 7. She was one of two Winnipeg pianists eligible for the Quebec finals. This summer she has accepted to study in England with Joan Davies, a noted London pianist and Teacher. She plans to return to Winnipeg in the fall to resume her musical studies.

HELMUT HARDER, instructor at CMBC, will be directing a summer seminar for Mennonite graduate students at Youth Village in Southern Michigan, from August 18-28. The seminar provides leadership training and theological and biblical studies relating to contemporary issues.

Mr. John Klassen, vice-president of Monarch Machinery Ltd., has been appointed as chairman of a citizen's committee involved in the development of centennial celebrations for the city of Winnipeg.

SKETCHES OF A STEINBACH PAST

PART 3

FROZEN TOES AND RUBBERBAND GUNS

by Al Reimer

One of the great things about growing up in Steinbach during the Depression was that we children were forced by circumstances to become as resourceful and self-reliant as our elders were — but usually with far happier results. While our parents were painfully learning how to ride out the hard times, we youngsters were blissfully following our “sky blue trades” and building our empires of play out of whatever scraps and ideas came to hand. We never thought of ourselves as deprived or “underprivileged”, even though we had very little spending money and few store-bought toys and playthings. We created our own games and built the toys we needed to play them, and so we had the double pleasure of creating and using.

In summer no self-respecting Steinbach boy was without his personal play-vehicles, the most popular of which were old car tires pushed along by handpushes and the ubiquitous “Steehraut,” a small metal hoop propelled and controlled by pressure from a long T-shaped stick. We “drove” these contraptions wherever we went. They felt as natural to us as walking. Those of us who were lucky enough to own a toy wagon would never just pull it along behind us; the “in” thing was to drive it by placing one knee in the box and pushing along with the other foot. Most of us didn’t get our first bikes — usually secondhand — until we were twelve or so — if we got one at all.

The most exciting summer game in our town was what we called “playing rubberband guns.” These homemade guns were a step up from the slingshots with which we casually harassed the local bird population all summer long. That boys growing up in the non-violent, anti-military atmosphere of a Mennonite town should be as addicted as we were to toy firearms and war game is one of those paradoxes for which there is no logical explanation. No amount of parental disapproval could divert us from either building our toy weapons and arsenals or from participating in what gradually evolved into ingeniously staged weekly “wars” that often involved scores of boys from all over town.

Who could ever forget those splendid Sunday afternoons when young warriors from every quarter of town converged on the great, weatherbeaten gray barn that had once served as the town livery stable? This abandoned structure — (which later burned to the ground) — was absolutely perfect as a “fort” to be held or stormed, depending on which side you were on. It was situated in the center of town just off Main Street behind Vogt Brother’s Store. Its wonderfully dilapidated condition provided enough loopholes, footholds, trapdoors and dark corners to satisfy the fighting instincts of every young savage in town. It was usually “Southenders” against “Northenders”, although these military districts were sometimes varied and were at all times so loosely observed that allegiances were often based on such pragmatic grounds as which army had the superior weapons or numbers, or which had more of the big boys in their mid-teens. The bigger boys dominated the scene; they set the groundrules and settled the arguments that broke out frequently over who had been “shot” and who hadn’t.

If you were hit by a rubberband “bullet” you were out of the game and often didn’t get another chance to play that day. The war continued, of course, until only one side survived. The defenders inside the barn had a distinct advantage as they were less exposed, but the attackers often overcame this advantage with superior tactics and clever tricks. If you were unlucky enough to be an early casualty (I remember once being hit only seconds after the game started), there was nothing for it but to watch enviously from the sidelines or drift away to some other amusement. The prestige of being one of the few survivors on the winning side was immense, especially if you were one of the younger players.

The guns we used came in a wide variety of types and styles, but they all fired the same ammunition — rubberbands cut from the inner tubes of car tires. Our simplest weapon was a pistol with a clothes pin attached to the back of the grip so that a rubberband could be stretched from back to

front and released by hand pressure. The more elaborate rifles had two-piece trigger mechanisms — a trigger for every shot — and could usually fire two or three shots without reloading. It was quite a sight to see boys in full war kit with a pistol on each hip, a rifle carried at the ready, often a spare slung across the shoulders, and pockets bulging with red and black rubberbands. What epic battles we fought within and around that accommodating old barn! Just a few years later some of those make-believe soldiers found themselves fighting a real war in Europe.

In winter our lives revolved around the old open-air rink situated where the curling rink now stands. The rink was close to the old livery stable and was equally weatherbeaten and rickety with its sagging outer wall of warped gray boards and the old green shack that served as a dressing room and as a partial end-wall on the street side. I can still hear the dull thudding of practice pucks against its scarred outer wall as we sat inside around the red-hot drum stove warming our skates for our regular Saturday morning game. That old wood stove was our only protector on those bitter-cold winter mornings. We were a hardy lot but our toes kept freezing even through the several layers of thick socks we wore both for the sake of warmth and for a closer fit for skates that were always bought several sizes too big by our economy-minded parents.

Long after we had lost all feeling in our toes we would come banging into the rink shack, rip off our skates and place our stone-cold feet against the glowing belly of the stove until our socks steamed and sizzled. When you felt the first prickles of life in your toes you stumped to the door for a handful of snow to rub them with. Then came the agony. I can still feel the excruciating pain of toes thawed out too quickly. Your toes throbbed unbearably as they swelled, and sometimes it was impossible to get your skates on again for the next period. I have a permanently deformed large toe as a legacy of those days.

I loved hockey with a passion that knew no bounds. I was always an un-

athletic runt, but I seemed to have a natural aptitude for this one game. I was never a fast skater and my shot was wobbly, but I could stickhandle like crazy. I learned the art of stickhandling not so much on the rink as on the streets and on the frozen creek near our home. Road hockey was a free-for-all, no-holds-barred type of hockey that could be played with a puck, a rubber ball or even a frozen "road apple." You played in shoes with any number of players. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons we played organized road-hockey games with 20 to 30 players on each side. If you didn't learn how to dippy-doodle in these melees, you were lost, because passing and rushing were literally impossible. A few boys became so adept at playing hockey on shoes that they never really learned to play it on skates. One such wizard was Irwin Barkman, who invented the curved stick blade long before the N.H.L. had heard of it. Irwin warped such pronounced curves into his blades that he could shoot a puck almost straight up. He never learned to skate properly but he could perform miracles with a hockey stick and puck.

The creek was also a fine place to have mass hockey games with the added advantages that you could wear skates and that you weren't constantly interrupted by passing vehicles. Often these creek games lasted all day, with breaks for lunch and supper, and ended in scores that reached three figures. The trouble with the creek was that you couldn't flood it, and after much use in early winter the ice became too rough for decent skating; also, whenever it snowed you had to clear the ice before you could use it.

Snow, of course, was the natural enemy of our open-air rink too. How well I remember the sinking feeling I had when I got up Saturday mornings to find that it had snowed heavily during the night. That meant that we had to scrape and shovel the snow off the ice. By the time we had removed several tons of snow we were often so bushed that we could hardly drag ourselves onto the ice for our game.

Much as I loved to play hockey, I was even more avid to watch the senior league team in action. I lived and died with my beloved Huskies. The other teams in the league at that time were Niverville, Otterburne and St. Pierre. St. Pierre was usually the class of the league, and whenever the Huskies managed to beat them I was even more excited than I was when the Maple Leafs beat the Canadians on radio. My biggest problem was getting to see the local games. My disapproving parents were convinced that the environment at these games was not

healthy for a ten or twelve-year-old. After prolonged and somewhat tense negotiations, I would usually get permission to go, but I had to promise to be home by 9:00 p.m. In vain did I argue that the early curfew allowed me to see only the first period. By the time I was twelve, my curfew had been extended to 10:00 p.m., which allowed me to see the first two periods.

Permission to go to a game was one thing. Finding a way to see part of it without being forced to buy a ticket was quite another. My way was simple but risky. I would approach the rink from the creek in the rear where there was the least chance of being seen. A cautious check in the dark shadows of the wall would establish whether the rink guards were already on patrol. If they weren't, I would sometimes risk scaling the wall, usually accomplished by several other determined little gatecrashers. Even if we did get in this way, we still ran the risk of being seen and reported by somebody inside the rink. Several times I was unceremoniously ejected by a rink attendant when I wasn't able to produce a ticket stub.

More often, though, we penniless wretches would have to play an annoying game of hares and hounds with the guards stationed around the outer wall. You would watch through a crack until you were chased away again. For a while some of us made use of a splendid oak tree that grew just a few yards from the south wall. If you climbed to one of the higher branches you had one of the best seats in the house (fans inside the rink, in fact, had no seats at all).

The trouble was that this lofty perch not only exposed you to the wind but also made you highly visible to the guards below. Like bulky crows we huddled in the bare branches, alert to the slightest sound or movement down below and ready to spring into the deep snow for a quick getaway. Some nights, when there were only a few of us, the guards didn't bother us much. Other nights, we had to suffer considerable harassment from the more zealous ones. Some of these sadists liked to sneak up on us and then prod us out of our perches with long poles.

One night one of these cunning brutes found the ultimate weapon. Without warning he dragged out the heavy flooding hose and directed a thick stream of icy water up into our tree. It was a cold evening and after the first numbing shock we slipped and slithered down the tree and lurched away through the deep snow sobbing and shivering. By the time I got halfway to the creek my wet pants were frozen as stiff as stovepipes. In

trying to pass through the barbed wire fence that ran parallel to the creek, I found that I could not manipulate my ice-encased legs between the barbed wire and might well have frozen helplessly to death there if an older boy hadn't come along and released me. After that dreadful experience my father allowed me to go to the games only as paying fan.

My local hockey heroes were the boys who played for the Huskies in the years just before and after the outbreak of the war: George Loewen and Levi Barkman were the two smoothies up front who got most of the goals; on defence there were such stalwarts as Alex Tarasenco and L.A. Barkman; in goal there was the incomparable Johnny Staerk, the finest stand-up goalie in the league. Other fine players on this team were Ernie Toews, Pete Tarasenco and veteran Pete Q. Friesen. Pete Q. was a holdover from the era of the late twenties and early thirties when such players as Johnny Toews, Pete Neufeld (now deceased), Ed. Friesen and the Peters brothers, Jake and Pete, had displayed their skills before local fans. Sometimes these veterans would come out to Huskies' practices dressed in their quaint black uniforms with the white prison stripes around the arms and legs. Little did I realize then that in a few short years, when most of the older Huskies had gone off to war, I would myself be elevated to the big team at the tender age of fifteen.

APPOINTMENTS

MRS. HELEN LOEPPKY has been named Coordinator of Special Education for the Seven Oaks School Division in Winnipeg, effective Sept. 1/73. Mrs. Loepky is presently serving the division as Coordinator of Primary Education and as curriculum consultant to the Elwich school staff. She is the wife of Henry B. Loepky.

CORNELIA LEHN, director of children's work for the Commission on Education of the General Conference Mennonite Church, will teach a course at Canadian Mennonite Bible College in Winnipeg this fall, and conduct workshops in children's education in Winnipeg churches.

ROY VOGT, professor of Economics at the University of Manitoba and editor of the Mirror, is the new president of the University of Manitoba Faculty Association. He has recently been appointed to the Canadian Consultative Council For Multi-Culturalism, headed by the Hon. Stanley Haidasz, Minister of State.

GRUENTHAL

by Jack Thiessen

Often I think of that quaint little town
That is seated by the lea
Often in thoughts go up and down
In the pleasant streets of that dear old
town
And my youth comes back to me,
And the words of Longfellow's song
Are haunting my memory still
"A boy's will is the wind's will
And the thoughts of youth are
long, long thoughts."

There is in every one of us but one
home, one Heimat; there is ultimately
only one nail on which to hang our
hat. The nail of my hat is somewhere
in Gruenthal. Other places gave me
direction, shaped and formed me,
helped me along, fashioned and formul-
ated my thinking and my ways but
Gruenthal made me.

My voyages to sea compelled me to
understand better not to take myself
all too seriously, for to understand the
Maker better one should view the
depths and the expanse of mighty
waters.

Marburg (Lahn) that medieval town
in the heart of Germany will always
direct my profession and my thinking —
Man wird solche Stadt nie mehr los!
But everywhere one was ultimately
merely a guest, a transient, a visitor
at the goodwill of others on whose
good graces one lived temporarily and
departed.

But to acknowledge one's home
is more serious business; for home
like a mother exposes you and you
have to live and get others to live with
you in your entirety. This is the test
of home.

How much sharper are the contours
or the images of times past as ones
memory plays tricks and exposes the
wanderers of our planet — each one of
us.

I see very early an old saw-mill with
a team of oxen hauling wood, there is
a steam engine mighty and omni-
potent and taller than Eaton's, there are
men whose powerfull stores were pro-
ducts of a heile Welt, there are the
Guenther boys and their dog Fido,
there are the hopeful dreamers whose
ambitions never were granted greater
audiences than Freiwilliges after a
Jugendverein, there were the actors
and the clowns and the story tellers
who camouflaged themselves so skill-
fully because the church allowed of so
little fancy.

These are the ones who are the
friends of my life. They are the ones
who donated Seele and Gemuet which
spell the difference between the English
pronunciation of Grunthal and the
proper, and original beautiful Gruen-
thal.

The difference, then, between Grun-
thal and Gruenthal is one of a visi-
tor and one who belongs — small dis-
tinction but one that makes the dif-
ference — like being in love and lov-
ing, like plastic flowers and flowers,
like the artificial and the artistic.

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GRUNTHAL

You shouldn't be taxed to death on the necessities of life.

There is a saying: "as sure as death and taxes." The NDP has made that saying painfully true to Manitobans on both counts. From the day you're born to the day you die, Manitobans are being taxed to death. Tax expert Izzy Asper and his Manitoba Liberals have a solid plan to eliminate the sales tax on all of the necessities of life: food, clothing, housing, home repairs, hydro, heating, telephone. A solid plan to cut the sales tax on everything else by fully 40%—from 5% to 3%. What this means in simple dollars and cents is this: if you bought a used car for \$1,500, you wouldn't pay the \$75 sales tax you do now. The sales tax would be just \$45 — a direct saving to you of \$30. And this kind of saving applies to every taxable thing you buy. The NDP has said that Izzy Asper's solid plan to cut the sales tax boggles the mind. Nationally

recognized tax expert Izzy Asper states simply that the NDP's tax-you-to-death system is the real mind-boggler. He has already proved that he can cut the sales tax without raising other taxes. He bases his solid plan for this on an end to government waste and a return to the incentive society: a place where people work to make their own way. Where welfare is for those who really need it. Where 50,000 new jobs mean enough work for everyone — enough new tax money that everyone who works gets to keep more of what they earn. With your help June 28,

Izzy Asper and his Liberals will stop you from being taxed to death in Manitoba.



**Self Control
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Asper

Authorised by Alan Price, Central Campaign Agent of The Liberal Party of Manitoba

Follow the Delegates - Mennonite Centennial Tour

by Lawrence Klippenstein

Mennonite Centennial? What's that? Where? But perhaps it is already common knowledge: Manitoba Mennonites are already celebrating the 100th anniversary of their coming to the province and settlement there.

Plans for the festivities are shaping up fast. An opera specially prepared for the occasion is in the hands of the Steering Committee for final approval. Information is being shared with all the churches. A Mennonite-film is on the drawing boards, along with a youth inter-cultural hymnsing, the preparation of an anthology of Mennonite literature, and, of course, a mass rally on Centennial Day, now set for Sunday, July 28 of next year. There are various other things besides.

At the moment many eyes are set on a "delegate tour" scheduled for Saturday, June 23 this month — an all-day picnic trip, one might say, which will take people to various places of historic interest in Manitoba. Beginning with ceremonies at 9 a.m. near the Upper Fort Garry gate in Winnipeg, the tour will move onto the Museum of Man and Nature and Lower Fort Garry to get a "feel" for the mood of the 1870's. — the settling of the forts, the population of Metis and whites, and the excitement that went with the opening up of a new frontier in Canada.

A definite highlight of the trip should be the visit to the old Hudson Bay Co. trading post still standing at St. Anne. Located at the crossing of the old Dawson Road and the Giroux Road, the post is a vivid memory of the days when twelve Mennonite delegates sent from Russia and accompanied by travelling companions, stayed here for a night on their trip through the region.

The group of seventeen or so had left Winnipeg on Wednesday, June 18, 1873 to visit the eight townships of the "East Reserve" which the government had set aside for the Mennonites earlier that year. Grouped in threes and fours, the party occupied five wagons as they headed out for southeastern Manitoba via St. Boniface and what was then known as the Dawson Road. They soon met heavy rains, and found themselves driven to shelter for the night.

Nearing the site of Oak Point (soon to be known as St. Anne), they called at the government offices there. Here they found no welcome because they did not have written authorization to

stay. Thereupon they cast eyes on a pile of boards where they might make a rough floor for a tent. Before getting far in their preparations they were met by the man in charge of the Hudson Bay Co. store just opening at the place. He invited them in to lodging and a warm meal. Refreshed and encouraged they were able to go on next morning to complete their survey and return to Winnipeg a few days later.

The settlement of St. Anne was itself relatively new. Records describe the place as uninhabited as late as 1859. A traveller coming through a dozen years later did find things changed. In his diary he commented on July 30, 1872:

... at White Mud river — we dined ... The next stage was Oak Point, thirty-three miles distant ... at length emerging from the wooded country into the prairie, we saw the light of the station i.e. the settlement two miles ahead.

Arriving there wearied and soaked through we came to what appeared to be the only building — a half-finished store of the Hudson's Bay Company; entering the open door, barricaded with paint pots, blocks of wood, tools etc., we climbed up a shaky ladder to the second story, threw ourselves down on the floor, and slept heavily beside a crowd of teamsters whom no amount of kicking could awake ...

After a good breakfast of mutton chops and tea, prepared by the half-breed

cook at the Station, we started in our wagons for Fort Garry across the prairie ...

Little could this party know that almost a year later another group would receive a similar welcome there on their way through.

It is thought that the Company's post was officially opened not long after this, although it was not listed in the Minutes of Council of the Northern Department till appointments made for outfit in 1874-75. The building was apparently constructed by the late John Haddle Stanger who was appointed in charge of the Company's business during the outfits 1874-75 and 1879-80. Presently the property is in the hands of the Langill family of St. Anne.

Guests of the "delegate tour" on June 23 this year, a century after the opening of the Post, are invited to bring their families and friends if they can. They should come with their own vehicles since transportation is not provided. This will allow full freedom in travelling, and joining the tour wherever desired. [

For further information call 324-5464 or 284-7835. Tour guides will be provided so this can be an experience of enjoyment, education and hopefully genuine inspiration regarding our heritage as well.



The Hudson Bay Company Store built at St. Anne in 1873, and still standing, as shown, on the old site. (See map on page 21).

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The Anthology Committee of the Mennonite Centennial Committee is requesting Mennonites to submit creative literary works (prose, poetry, short stories) for publication in the Anthology.

Five prizes will be awarded:

1. \$250.00
2. \$100.00

and three prizes @ \$50.00

Submissions to be made in English, High German or Low German. Please submit only your best material. All submissions will be reviewed by an editorial committee whose judgment will be regarded as final.

The deadline for submissions is Oct. 1, 1973.

Mail submissions to:
Prof. George Epp
Mennonite Brethren Bible College
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SUMMER EVENTS

JUNE 23 TOUR. A tour partially retracing the route of the Mennonite delegation from Russia which visited Manitoba in June 1873 has been arranged for Saturday, June 23, 1973.

Sponsored by the Mennonite Centennial Committee, this "historical safari" will begin with a public ceremony at the Upper Fort Garry gate, Winnipeg, starting at 9 a.m.

This tour is scheduled to begin at 10 a.m. Included in the itinerary will be the Museum of Man and Nature, Lower Fort Garry, the old Hudson Bay Store at St. Anne, and the Mennonite Museum north of Steinbach. Persons wishing to participate in the tour will need to provide their own transportation and food. The centennial committee will provide guides.

English Language classes. The Summer Language programme at the International Centre of Winnipeg is introducing a new Basic English course for women with children and other interested persons.

Mrs. Mary Johnson will conduct the morning sessions starting on the 14th of June, 9:30 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. in the Assembly Hall, International Center of Winnipeg, 280 William Ave., corner of King Street.

The children will be looked after at the Nursery in the center.

The course will run from June 14 to July 31, every Tuesday and Thursday, altogether 14 sessions.

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SCHOOL GRADUATIONS

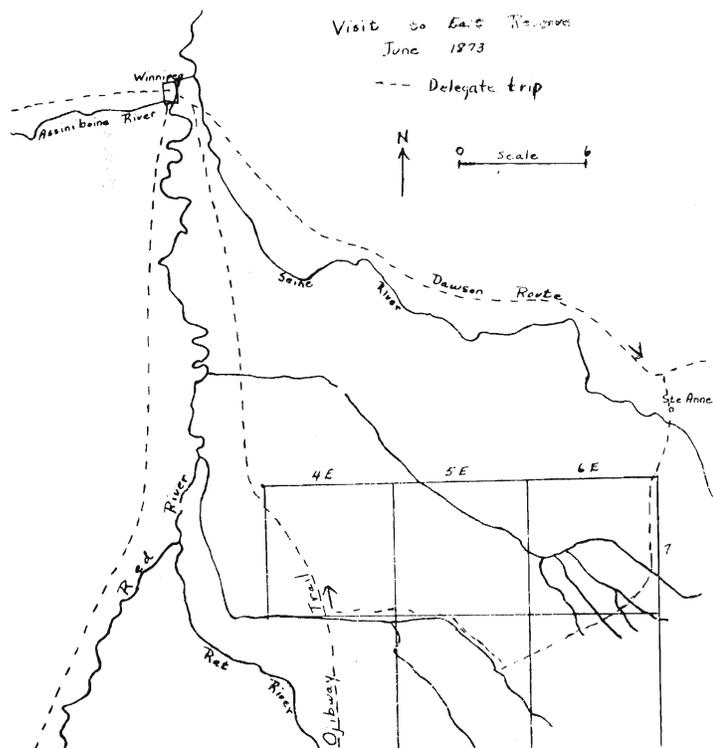
Graduation for Westgate Mennonite Collegiate will be on Friday, June 22 at 8:00 p.m. at the First Mennonite Church. Guest speaker will be Rev. R. Vogt.

The Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute will hold graduation exercises in the Portage Ave. Mennonite Brethren Church on Sunday, June 24 at 7 p.m. Guest speaker will be Rev. John Wall.

Conferences

Annual sessions of the Canadian Mennonite Brethren Church will be held at Three Hills, Alberta, July 7-10.

Annual sessions of the Conference of Mennonites (General Conference) in Canada will take place in Edmonton, July 7-12.



I WISH I COULD SAY . . . by Shirley Janzen, grade 9, Steinbach Junior High

I wish I could say there was hope in our world
I wish I could say wars would cease.
I wish I could say there was brotherly love,
I wish I could say there was peace.

I wish I could say that the world was made up
Of people who gave and who shared
I wish I could say we all helped one another
I wish I could say we all cared.

I wish I could say that the jails were all empty
I wish I could say crime was through
I wish I could say that we didn't need changes
But I know that just wouldn't be true.

I wish I could say that the world was our home
And we lived for each other each day
But most of all I wish I could say
I'm trying to make it that way.

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God of the Sea,
My strength, my soul,
Thou Majesty;

From sea to sky
And back to sea again,
The breath of all
That is to me
My Live,
O, God!

Cleanse, purify,
Seep through,
Sweep o'er my very being;
Till I with Thee,
Immortally,
Experience what will ever be,
Our destiny — One source,
One soul,
One spirit.

--- by Betty Froese

Das Anthologie- Komitee der Mennonite Centennial Komitee erbittet Mennoniten, selbstverfasste Werke, d.h. Gedichte. Kurzgeschichten, Auszuege, Aufsaezte, und dergleichenmehr an die unten angefuehrte Adresse zu senden. Es werden die besten Eingaben mit Preisen in folgender Hoehe dotiert:

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und weiss nicht
dass er weiss
schlaeft —
Erwecke ihn.

Er, der weiss
und weiss
dass er weiss
ist weise —
Folge ihm.

Begegnungen im Schwarzwald

von Frau Viktor Peters
Fortsetzung von April



An meinem letzten Samstag in Freiburg fahren Wolfgang und Bambi mit mir ins Elsass, ueber Niederrotweil. Ich bin ein wenig betruebt weil Karl nicht mit kann, aber er vertroestet mich auf den Sonntag, den er frei hat. Wieder haben wir strahlendes Wetter und machen uns recht frueh auf den Weg. Niederrotweil liegt auf Huegeln und zwischen Taelern, so dass die Strassen aus lauter kleinen Beigungen und winkligen Treppengaengen ineinanderfuehren. Kein Wunder wenn die Strassenkreuzungen oefters mit Verkehrsspiegeln versehen sind um dem Autofahrer die Sicht zu erweitern. Dabei hat sich der Ort seinen laendlichen Reiz bewahrt, und wir stellen den Wagen auf der Strasse neben einem Zwiebelacker ab, um dann zu Fuss die zwanzig Stufen zu ersteigen die zur Kirchstrasse fuehren.

Bambi kennt die Frau des Kuesters recht gut, und wuenscht sich, dass sie uns fuehrt. Leider ist sie an diesen Tag "nit ganz g'sund, i hab's im Nacke sitze," und schliesst uns nur die Kirche auf um uns einzulassen. Wieder gruesst uns der typische Modergeruch waehrend wir ueber die ausgetretenen Steinquadern schreiten. Unwillkuerlich verhaelt man den Schritt wenn man sich dem geschnitzten Fluegalalter naehert, der vom Meister H. L., 1525, stammt. Die Fahrt haette sich nur um des Altars Willen schon gelohnt, aber auch auf

dem grasigen Kirchhof mit den alten Grabsteinen wandeln wir langsam umher um von aussen den Baustil der Kirche zu betrachten, bis Wolfgang energische zum Aufbruch draengt.

Endlich sitzen wir wieder im Wagen, aber Wolfgang startet doch nicht: er kann seine Schluessel nicht finden. Alle Taschen leert er, aber vergebens. Wir steigen wieder aus, durchsuchen den Wagen, suchen die Strasse ab, den Treppengang, gehn zurueck zur Kirche. Drinnen ist nichts. Wir gehn auch auf dem Friedhof suchen, und die Leute in der Naehе helfen uns dabei. Eine alte Frau in dunkler Bauertracht gekleidet geht neben mir her und murmelt immerzu leise vor sich her: "Viele suchen, aber wenige finden." Interessiert blicke ich sie an und binschuetert von dem leidgezeichteten, verrunzelten Gesicht dessen leere Augen ohne Hoffnung sind. Was mag ihr das Schicksal zugefuegt haben?

"Jetzt geh ich noch einmal ueber dem Kirchhof," sagt Bambi, "und wenn ich die Schluessel dann nicht finde, muessen wir das Auto einfach stehen lassen und sonstwie zurueck nach Freiburg belangen. Und drueben heben sich eben die Vogesen aus dem Dunst, und es ist deine letzte Gelegenheit ins Elsass zu kommen!" Traurig suchen wir alle weiter. Ploetzlich bueckt sich Bambi, hebt etwas auf und schwingt froehlich das Schluesselbund.

"Gefunden!" ruft sie strahlend, und die alte Frau ohne Hoffnung, die gerade vor einem Kruzifix steht, schlaegt ein Kreuz. Erstaunlich schnell sind wir wieder im Wagen und auf dem Weg ins Elsass.

Wir passieren die franzoesische Grenze in Kehl, aber die Kontrolle ist so unaufwaendig, dass man sie kaum merkt. Die Zollbeamten sprechen zwar franzoesisch, die Leute auf der Strasse scheinbar aber immer noch recht viel deutsch. Die Namen der Doerfer sind wohl auf Deutsch wie auch auf Franzoesisch eingestellt: was frueher ein "Weiher" oder "Weiler" war heisst heute auf franzoesisch "Wihr", und so kommen wir durch Niedermorschwihr, Ammerschwih, und wie sie nicht alle heissen.

Vor Jahren als wir auch mal dort waren hatte mir Karl zum Muttertag eine wunderhuebsche, handgemalte elsaessische Tonschuessel gekauft, die ich heute noch hoch in Ehren halte. Dieses Mal moechte ich ihm gern etwas mitbringen. Ich halte auch schon einen irdenen Krug in der Hand, aber da faellt mir Arnold Dycks "Schmauntkauntje" ein welches seine Eltern ihm aus der Stadt mitgebracht hatten, zu seiner grossen Enttaeuschung. Ich stelle den "Kroos" also schnell wieder zurueck, und bleibe "unmitgebracht" wie meine kleine Nichte zu sagen pflegte wenn wir mal nichts fuer sie in der

Tasche hatten.

Strassburg und Kolmar hatten wir schon einige Male im Herbst und im Winter gesehen, aber zum ersten Mal erlebe ich die elsassische Landschaft in der Rosenzeit. Ein Dorf scheint mir immer schoener als das andre zu sein, aber am meisten begeistert mich Eggshelm. Die schmalen Gaesschen mit den fielen Erkern winden sich hin und her, so dass gegenueberliegende Wohnungen sich fast in die Tueren gucken. Ob wohl einige der Tuereingaenge aermlich wirken, gibt es aber keinen der nicht mit grossen Blumentoepfen in Kuebeln oder mit Kletterrosen geschmueckt ist. Auf fast allen Ecken sieht man Brunnen, die rieseln und murmeln; sie haben die uralte Brunnensteinfassung schon ausgehoehlt und verwaschen, und fliessen dennoch immerzu. Das Kopfsteinpflaster scheint so alt wie der Brunnen zu sein. Alte Scheunen, im Fachwerkstil, mit Blumen umrankt, sperren ihre Tuereingaenge weit auf und erlauben uns einen Blick auf das Inventar des Weinbauern. Bienen-summen, Haehne kraehen, waehrend die Frauen die Treppen scheuern, oder auf den frisch-gewaschenen Steinen sitzend, haekelnd, kloepfelnd oder strickend sich mit den Nachbarinnen gegenueber unterhalten. Da man sehr leutselig ist und freundlich gruesst, unterhalten wir uns immer wieder mit den Leuten, und ich muss doch staunen, dass noch soviel Deutsch gesprochen wird.

Das ganze Dorf glueht. Manchmal klettern die Rosen am Leitungsdraht ueber die Strasse von einem Dach aufs Sparrwerk des gegenueberliegenden Hauses. Wir sind deshalb nicht wenig

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erstaunt als ein langer Leiterwagen voller Tannenzweige auf der Strasse haelt. Junge Burschen die auf dem Wagen sitzen springen ab, nehmen einen Tannenbaum, und stecken ihn in dazu angelegte Vertiefungen im Pflaster, in 5 Meter Abstaenden. Ich wundere mich, dass die Baeume so fest und straff in den Pflaster stehen. Da bemerken wir, dass sie in tiefen kleinen Lochern stecken die extra fuer diesen Zweck im Pflaster gemacht wurden, und mit kleinen Luken versehen sind, die zugeklappt werden wenn es nichts zu schmuecken gibt. Man muss wohl des Oefteren Gelegenheit zum Strassenschmuecken haben, sonst wuerde sich die Muehe mit der Baumvorrichtung kaum lohnen. Von den Arbeitern hoeren wir dann, dass am folgenden Tag, also am Sonntag, die Priesterweille stattfinden soll. Dazu muessen die Strasse unbedingst geschmueckt werden, trotz der vielen bluehenden Blumen.

Wolfgang muss wieder zum Aufbruch mahnen. Wir wollen Picknick machen, und haben alle Hunger. Einige Kilometer ausserhalb des Staedchens fuehrt die Strasse ganz nah an einen Weinberg vorbei wo eine Anzahl platter Steine direkt zum Lagern herausfordern. Sogar eine Quelle sprudelt in der Naehae, und wir geniessen die herrliche Aussicht noch mehr als die mitgebrachten Broete. Wolfgang ueberrascht uns mit einer Tuete saeftiger Rotkirschen die jetzt reif sind und an jedem Obststand die geneigten Kaeufer enlocken. Ganz tief unten zu unseren Fuessen liegt das Dorf, und dann und wann schwebt ein abgerissener Glockenton zu uns herauf. Die Elssaesser "ham Feierabend" und die Glocken laeuten ihn ein. So ruhig und friedvoll liegt das schoene Land um uns, dass man am liebsten stundenlang dort saesse, aber wir wollen noch eine Burgruine in der Umgebung von Niedermorschwihr besteigen und dann nach Hause fahren.

Der Mond steht schon hoch am Himmel als wir endlich nach der Besichtigung der Burg in Niedermorschwihr, wo wir zu Abend essen wollen, eintreffen. Es ist ein gemuetliches,

altes Lokal wo wir einkehren, und da Bambi und Wolfgang dort oefters gewesen sind werden wir besonders gut bedient, Wir bestellen 3 verschiedene Gerichte, wobei ich die bei uns so seltenen Schnecken in Butter und Knoblauchsauce zuedacht bekomme. Die Speisen werden auf dem Herd mitten im Zimmer zubereitet, und die Kellnerinnen in ihren huedschen elsassischen Trachten bedienen flink und geschickt. Das feine Abendessen ist ein schoener Abschluss fuer einen schoenen Tag der von neuen Eindruecken vollgepackt war.

Einige Monate spaeter kam ich zufaellig auf einer Buecherausstellung in Winnipeg mit dem franzoesischen Konsul ueber die Elsassgegend ins Gespraech. "Da gibt's ein praechtiges kleines Lokal in einem der Weindoefer, Niedermorschwihr. Da muessen Sie unbedingt mal einkehren und die Spezialitaet des Hauses, Schnecken in Butter und Knoblauchsauce, essen," erzaehlt er mir.

"In Niedermorschwihr kenne ich auch ein Lokal mit dieser selben Schneckenspezialitaet. Kennen Sie es vielleicht auch?" und ich nenne ihm den Namen.

"Das ist's ja!" freut sich der Konsul, "Genau die Gasttaette meine ich. Dort gibt's das beste Schneckengericht und den besten Wein, wenigstens fuer den franzoesischen Geschmack!"

Die Welt ist doch klein, muss ich denken, als wir uns wie zwei alte Freunde die Hand zum Abschied reichen — nur weil wir zufaellig im selben Restaurant Schnecken essen!

Sonntag, mein letzter Tag in Freiburg, haelt muerrisch seinen Einzug mit kalten Wind und bewoelktem Himmel, aber gegen Mittag heellt sich das Wetter auf und wir holen schnell Helga ab, da wir eine Fahrt ins Glottertal machen wollen.

Nach einmal fahren wir durch die mir nun schon recht vertrauten Ortschaften, Horben, St. Peter, usw. In einer ganz kleinen unbekanntes Siedlung faellt uns ein bekraenztes Schild auf, mit der Aufschrift: "Sommerfest." "Wollt ihr mal hin?" fragt Wolfgang. Natuerlich wollen wir, obwohl uns

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beim Aussteigen ein kuehler Regenschauer ins Gesicht schlaegt der uns im Eiltempo zum "Sommerfest" treibt. Das Fest wird unter einem Zeltdach gefeiert, also macht das boese Wetter den Feiern den nicht viel aus. Alles ist mit Girlanden geschmueckt, eine sehr eifrige Bumskapelle schmettert ihre Darbietungen energisch in die Welt und sorgt fuer Stimmung. Die meisten Teilnehmer sind in der huebschen sonntaeglichen Festtracht erschienen. Schoen sind die Trachten der Frauen mit den gebauschten Spitzenaermeln der Blusen, den enganliegenden Miedern, den Schnallenschuhen ueber den gehaekelten weisen Struempfe. Uns sieht man zwar etwas mistrauisch an, passen wir doch leider garnicht in das doerfische Idyll: wir, die Hastenden, die schon nach einer Viertelstunde wieder weiterrasen, weil wir keine Zeit haben das Leben beschaulich zu geniessen.

Die Gegend wird immer einsamer. Ploetzlich sind wir in einem engen Tal welches sich zwischen zwei bewaldeten Huegeln zu behaupten bemueht. Ein reissender Bach stuerzt sich hinunter, und unmittelbar daneben steht eine ganz alte, schon zerfallene Muehle. Sie klappert zwar nicht mehr, und ihre morschen Balken aechzen und stoehnen wenn das wildschaeumende Wasser sich ungebaerdig gegen sie schleudert. Dies ist nicht die fuer Touristen aufgeputzte Muehle die man auf Ansichtskarten im Schmuck von bluehenden Geranien sieht. Diese Muehle ist noch mit Stroh oder Reit gedeckt, und steht alt aber echt als Denkmal der vergangenen, nie wiederkehrenden Zeit, wo die Raeder klapperten und der Mueller froehlich pfeifend die Saecke hineintrug waehrend die schoene Muellerin die Waesche an den Steinen im Bach spuelte. Natuerlich lachen mich die andern ob meiner romantischen Betrachtungen gruendlich aus, aber angetan sind auch sie von dieser Muehle im Schwarzwald.

Das Wetter bleibt noch truebe als ich am naechsten Morgen um 6 Uhr frueh am Fenster meines Abteils im Zug stehe und den immer kleiner werdenden Gestalten auf dem Bahnsteig zuwinke. "Zum Abschied nehmen just das rechte Wetter" muss ich denken als mir der einbrechende Regen durch das geoeffnete Fenster ins Gesicht schlaegt. Dennoch — bald kommt Frankfurt, dann Winnipeg, wo mein Mann sich schon fuer unsere gemeinsame Russlandreise vorberietet. Russland, das Land wo meine Wiege stand.



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Noch eeni Jachtjeschicht ut Paraguay. Eine "wahre" Begebenheit aus Volendam, vom Autor Wiedergegeben nach der Erzählung von LENA (etj hoap see eawadrift nich), deren ersten Mann, PETA, in Volendam auch gut bekannt war.

G. Epp

"Mien Isaak es noch emma oppi Stroast
On doabie es daut doch aul loat . . .
Wea weet woa hee sich rommadrift,
Op latzt emm Wold to Nacht hee blift.
Na joa, etj sead, etj wudd nich wada frieji,
Daut sull doa jroats uck Prinzi schnieji . . .
Doch so's daut dann emm Leewi es,
Aus wertjlich eena endlich kaum,
Oan lang to tjtji etj am naum . . .
Etj moatjt he reet jihearich Ressi,
Deed oaba Enja schetjlich splessi,
So wea etj dann tofreed,
Uck wann hee bloos vom Jejri reed . . .
Onn sieni Nees de haud he aulaweijn benni,
Daut kunn emm Hoawi oada Drettin senni,
Auf willi Schwien, auf Tiejja oada Reh,
Dee Spuri dee funk hee.
(Hier betritt Isaak, Lenas zweiter Mann, das Zimmer)
Na, Isaak, hast ne freschi Spua?"
"E waut, etj saut noch bie de oali oppi Lua.
Foaz woa etj aulis kloa die moaki,
Mien Buck, dee deit fe Lachi koaki.
Du tjanst doch janim Vetrinaea ut Drettin,
Na hea weetst du nich, dem tjant doch jiedamaun?"
"Een Vetrinaea, es daut dee Maun, waut Tjtijil
operieri kaun?"
"Joa, joa, doch horch mau wieda,
Dee haft opp siehim Hoff een Woataloch,
Onn ut dem Loch, letjt latzti Doag een Tiejja doch . . ."
"Een Tiejja, Isaak, daut es doch to groff,
Onn dann bie Fraunsi oppim Hoff?"
"Na heaja, nich mau eana auni Zaal,
Doa kaumi sogoa twee opp eanim Moal.
Gauz Drettin wea nu oppi Been —
Waut sull nu wieda woari?
Daut siedli jeit doch nich so scheen,
Sull Drettin wejni Tiejjasch wiedafoari?
Dee Drettina dee haudi aulso schis,
Aul wejni Oapi wea an emma flis,
Enn Drettin deed ji wetjilang tjeen Mensch mea schloapi,
Bloss wejin dee fifixti Oaip . . .
Doch Tiejjasch nu, doa wort sich eenich jiedamaun,
See roopi eari Breada aun:
Lied halpt ons doch enn onsi Not,
Sonst gruli ons dee Tiejjasch doot!

On Fraunsi sieni Bumethod, opp Tiejjasch nich biretjint,
He naum gauz earinst diss Sach, on haundild uck entspretjint.
Hee moak daut aulaweijn bikaunt,
Daut Tiejjasch moaki onsecha daut Laund,
Onn daut see aul vigruldi eenin Maun,
Dee jejin an nusch doani kaun."
"Na Isaak, stemmt daut wertjlich soo?"
"Etj saj die, horch mau wieda too.
Twee Jejasch moaki sich hault reed,
To halpi Fraunsi, wiels hee enni Leed.
No joa. Enn Drettin aunjikoami,
Haft Fraunsi an dann opjinoami.
Hee wees an uck daut Woataloch,
Froach waut see weeti mussti noch;
Onn dann vischwunk hee gauz ertjlaerlich,
Wiels soani Sach es doch jifaerlich.
Daut woat uck diesta, onn nich lang,
Doa funkli ut dem Woald twee Oagi rut —
Dee Tweeda, daut haud Fraunsi uck jiseeni,
Daut wea een Eenoag, dee vonni aundrisied sull koami . . .
Nu tjtji see aul gauz jispaunt . . .
Waut meenst? wiest Eenoag sich aum aundrin Wooldersraund . . .
Schockschwere Not, dann well wie ons hault deeli,
Dee eana mott noa dissim, dee aundra nu noa janim scheeli."
"Isaak weascht du uck doabi?"
"Sie stell, reed mie nich emma mank,
Wann itj eemoal biem Jejri sie . . .
Doa es mett eenmoal Tweeoag wachj,
Onn lat sich nich mea seeni,
Doch Eenoag steit doa emma noch
Daut wea bloss schratjlich diesta . . .
Doch langsam tjemt hee nu noam Woataloch,
Tjtij mau, nu woat hee driesta . . .
Dee Tjeedils laji ruhich aun,
Onn dretji beid uck loss, so secha aus maun kaun:
Buch-Buch — daut musst dem Eenoag reetji . . .
Stockdiestri Nacht, onn aulis mustjistell . . .
Tjean Tiejja sich mea reari well . . .
Onn aus see't unjasochti,
See diss Maldung brochti:
Dem Tweeoag hab wie nich jitreji,
Ons es aun am uck nich jileji.
Doch Drettin kaun biruhicht senni,
Onn tjeena saul von Tiejjasch spenn.
Dee Eenoagtieja, daut weet wie jinau,
Daut wea een Leuchtkaefta bloss mau."

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von David Riesen
uebersetzt von U. Woelcke

Zu Recht oder zu Unrecht ist kanadisches Nationalbewusstsein waehrend der vergangenen Jahre populaer geworden. Akademische Journale, Tageszeitungen, Fernseh Dokumentarfilme — alle betonen wie wichtig es ist kanadisch zu sein, kanadisch zu kaufen oder unser kanadisches Erbe aus den gierigen Klauen des grossen, boesen Wolfes suedlich der Grenze zu retten. Sogar der sonst so gleichgueltige kanadische "Man von der Strasse" gesteht, wenn gefragt, dass er gewisse nationalistische Regungen verspuert. Das heisst, er gibt zu anti-amerikanisch zu sein, so lange man nicht nach seinem Lebensstandard oder nach seinen Investitionen fragt. Es ist jedoch eigenartig, dass der gewoehnlich Kanadier im grossen ganzen kaum auf das Aufheben ueber Kanada reagiert, es sei denn er befindet sich als Tourist in Europa oder begibt sich in die U.S.A. Dann wird das "Kanadier-sein" ploetzlich von grosser Bedeutung. Warum? Vielleicht kommt es daher, weil so viele Europaeer und Amerikaner es als selbstverstaendlich annehmen, dass ein Kanadier genau so ein Wesen sei wie der Amerikaner. Ich kann mich noch der etwas taktlosen, sich oft wiederholenden Bemerkung in Deutschland Ende der 50er Jahre erinnern: meine kanadische Nationalitaet wurde mit: "Kanadier sind doch genau wie Amerikaner" quittiert. Alle meine Beteuerungen, dass dem nicht so sei, wurden ueberhoert. Als ich zehn Jahre danach in den U.S.A. lebte, fand ich die Reaktion auf meine Nationalitaet dort sehr aehnlich wie in Europa: "Oh, sie sind Kanadier, also einer von uns." Ich war enttauscht und verstimmt. Ich aergerte mich nicht nur, weil ich keine Lust hatte als "Yankee" betrachtet zu werden, sondern auch weil es so schwierig war genau zu beschreiben was eigentlich ein Kanadier ist.

Gewiss, was den Akzent anbetrifft besteht ein kleiner Unterschied insoweit, dass Kanadier ihre Vokale etwas kuerzer, abgehackter aussprechen als die Amerikaner, besonders der "ou" Klang bei Worten wie "out" und "about". Aber ausser dieser nicht ge-

rade sehr ueberasschenden Feststellung hinsichtlich der Besonderheit meiner Landsleute, war ich wiederum gezwungen mich nach anderen Eigenarten als Beweis fuer die Einmaligkeit kanadischer Wesensart umzuschauen. Unser Regierungssystem ist natuerlich anders. Wir folgen dem britischen System parlamentarischer Demokratie. Dieses bestimmt, dass das Haupt der Regierung dem Parlament verantwortlich ist, und vielleicht traegt dies dazu bei, dass das Regierungsoberhaupt sich dem Volk gegenueber verantwortlicher zeigt. Sicher sind aus diesem Grund Kanadier ihrer Regierung nicht so entfremdet. Moeglich! Aber wiederum haben wir bedeutend weniger Menschen — 21 Millionen gegenueber 200 Millionen Amerikanern. Je groesser die Bevoelkerungsdichte, desto groesser die Entfremdung.

Aber nein, es war noch etwas anderes was den typischen Amerikaner vom Kanadier unterschied, wenn es sich um Gefuehle der Regierung gegenueber handelte, es schien als ob die Amerikaner sich verraten fuehlten. Von dem Augenblick da sie die Volksschule besuchen, bis zur Zeit der Graduation von der Universitaet, wird amerikanischen Kindern Patriotismus in einer ziemlich schwaermerischen Art und Weise beigebracht. Jede Schule verlangt, dass jeden Morgen vor Schulbeginn der Treueeid (oath of allegiance) auf die Republic aufgesagt wird. In fast jeder Kirche wird die Nationalfahne viel offensichtlicher in der Naehel des Altars gezeigt, als es in Kanada der Fall ist. Amerikanismus wurde und, zu einem geringeren Grade, wird heute noch buchstaebllich als etwas beinahe goetliches proklamiert. Als dann der Krieg in Vietnam anfang wurde das amerikanische Gewissen mit Hilfe von Fernsehen, Radio und Zeitungen mit ueberwaeltingender Schuld erfuellt.

"Wenn wir zu Unrecht Truppen nach Vietnam schicken, dann haben wir uns nicht nur teilweise sondern vollkommen mit unserer Aussenpolitik verschuldet. Zweifellos haben unsere Eltern, unsere Schulen und unsere Kirchen uns belogen, als sie zu uns von

der Bedeutung Amerikas und des amerikanischen Kapitalismus sprachen. Wir sind Imperialisten, Kolonisten und Unterdruecker anderer Rassen durch unsere Geschichte hindurch gewesen." Dieses Gefuehl wurde durch Beispiele unterstrichen. Es war zum grossen Teil dieses Denken, dass Ende der sechziger Jahre eine grosse Anzahl Universitaetsstudenten auf die Strassen trieb und die zahlreichen Aufstaende in den Staedten Amerikas verursachte.

Diese Einstellung totaler Annahme oder Ablehnung (einer Idee) haben auch andere Nationen in ihrer Geschichte erlebt, aber wohl niemals in dem Ausmass wie in den U.S.A. in den sechziger Jahren. Eine dogmatische Polarisation der Ueberzeugungen war das Resultat. Wenn jemand die gerechte Sache der Viet Cong in Frage stellte, dann wurde er von den "Linken" als "reaktionaer" bezeichnet, und andersherum, wenn jemand an die gerechte Sache der Viet Cong glaubte, dann wurde er von den "rechtsgesinnten" mit gleichem Eifer als "Kommunist" dargestellt. Sorgfaeltig durchdachte Einwaende (so oder so) wurden nicht beachtet. Kurz gesagt, die mir bekannten Amerikaner stellten einen so ausgepraegten Fanatismus ihrer "guten Sache" zur Schau, den die Kanadier nicht teilten; wahrscheinlich weil Kanada nicht von so grosser (weltpolitischer) Bedeutung ist. Wenn man die Geschichte der beiden Laender vergleicht sieht man warum es so ist. Wir hatten keine grosse Revolution, keinen Buergerkrieg, kein Vietnam. Unsere Ansichten, unsere Gesetze, unsere Regierungen setzen sich traditionsgemaess fuer Maessigung und Zurueckhaltung ein — mit einer Ausnahme natuerlich: wenn es sich um England und ihre Kriege handelte.

Dann, wiederum muss man die Beziehungen zwischen Amerika und den Einwanderern betrachten. Einwanderer nach den U.S.A. wurden viel mehr angeregt sich dem neuen Land anzugleichen, ihre Muttersprache und Sitten aufzugeben, als es in Kanada der Fall war. Schriften der amerikanischen Regierung werden nie die Idee eines

“voelkischen Mosaik” (ethnic mosaic) unterstreichen. Amerikanische Mennoniten haben ihr Deutsch und Plattdeutsch nicht in dem Masse erhalten wie ihre kanadischen Brueder. Die franzoesische Frage, die so offensichtlich in Kanada ist, ist in den U.S.A. garnicht vorhanden. Also dadurch unterscheiden wir uns unbedingt von den Amerikanern!

Und schliesslich, so sann ich, als wir nach 3 Jahren Aufenthalt in den U.S.A. bei Tolstoi ueber die Grenze kamen, haben die Amerikaner keine unbesiedelten Weiten (frontier) mehr, die waehrend der Pionierzeit den unabhaengigen Charakter der Siedler praegten. In der Ferne, aus dem Norden kommend, glaubte ich engelhafte Stimmen zu hoeren, die “O Kanada” sangen — aber vielleicht bildete ich mir das nur ein.

Ja, meiner Meinung nach wusste ich genau was es hiess ein Kanadier zu sein, als ich wieder in mein Heimatland zurueckkehrte. Aber wusste ich es wirklich? Als ich der Aussprache meiner kanadischen Freunde lauschte schien es mir, als ob sich der sonst so kurze nationale “ou” Klang wesentlich breiter anhoerte. Hatte man sich womoeglich zu sehr an “Gunsmoke” oder “All in the Family” gewoehnt? Immerhin war da noch das wunderbare kanadische “Mosaik”, das in Regierungsschriften mit eindrucksvollen Illustrationen gepriesen wurde. Aber auch hier hatte ich vergessen, dass Immigranten

in Kanada sich nach 20 Jahren aendern. Die meisten von ihnen ziehen es jetzt vor englisch zu sprechen. Es wird immer schwieriger eine deutschsprechende Mennonitenkirche zu finden. Was die franzoesische Sprache anbetrifft — das bleibt abzuwarten. Aber was meiner Vorstellung von kanadischer Identitaet und Nationalcharakter den Todesstoss beibrachte war die Hockeyserie zwischen Russland und Kanada. Unsere Spieler und ihre begeisterten Anhaenger waren so mancherlei in Russland — nur Diplomaten waren sie nicht! Diese Art Benehmen wird durch Karakturen gewoehnlich dem amerikanischen Touristen zugeschrieben.

Aber dann ueberlegte ich: ist es wirklich so bedeutungsvoll, dass Kanadier im Begriff sind ihre nationalen Zuege, die sie vielleicht einmal besessen haben, zu verlieren? Ist nicht die ganze Welt kleiner geworden? Werden sogenannte amerikanische Eigentuemlichkeiten nicht mehr und mehr international? Ist die amerikanische Lebensart nicht eine dynamische Kraft, die sich immerwaehrend aendert und vorwaerts strebt? Warum sollten nicht alle Menschen in der Welt amerikanisiert werden und hellaeugige, pausbaeckige kleine Yankees werden? mm

Abschluss folgt.

Was Bedeutet “Multiculturalism”?

“Multiculturalism” ist keineswegs ein Haushaltwort in Kanada. Minister Haidasz, Staatsminister und verantwortlich fuer die Einfuehrung der multikulturellen Politik, hat sich zum Ziel gesetzt, es zu einem Haushaltwort zu machen.

Dr. Haidasz, ein hervorragender Redner, brachte seine Botschaft kuerzlich nach Nova Scotia und besuchte Sydney, Glace Bay und Halifax. Er sagte:

“Eine multikulturelle Politik innerhalb eines zweisprachigen Rahmens erscheint der Regierung am besten geeignet, die kulturelle Freiheit eines jeden Einzelnen zu garantieren.”

“... Kanada hat keine offizielle Kultur oder Kulturen. Eine multikulturelle Politik ist eine Politik von praktisch uneingeschraenkten Ausmassen, die jedem Gedanken offen steht und jeden Gedanken erlaubt, sich in das kulturelle Gewebe einzuflechten und somit zur Identitaet des kanadischen



Dr. Stanley Haidasz bei der Eroeffnungsansprache der “Multiculturalism Atlantic” Konferenz am 4. Mai in der St. Mary Universitaet in Halifax. Wesens beizutragen. Kultur ist etwas, dass nicht offiziell anerkannt werden kann, da es sonst seinen Wert verliert; Kultur muss sich in Freiheit entfalten und mit den sich aendernden Werten der kanadischen Gesellschaft aendern koennen.”



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reflections from our readers

June 1, 1973
Rt. 4, SK44,
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Dear Editor,

Just a note to tell you we enjoy the Mennonite Mirror. We had been doing the puzzles everytime but couldn't get them to you in time. Our thanks to "yall" for giving us a bit longer time.

Norman and Judy Hiebert.

43 Pleasant Bay,
May 26, 1973

Dear Editors:

May I take this opportunity to express my appreciation for the continued receipt of the *Mennonite Mirror*. The articles of positive value far exceed those that jar aesthetic sensibilities somewhat. It is always a joy to read the delightfully personal but poignant travelogues in exquisite German by Mrs. Elizabeth Peters. I also appreciate your publications from the memoirs of David Toews to whose vision, faith, and courage many of us are indebted for being able to live in Canada today.

Mr. J.H. Giesbrecht's article on H.H. Ewert deserves special comment. Shortly before his death the German poet, Goethe, wrote to his friend Zelter: "If you wish to write anything worthwhile for posterity, write confessions." As a personalized account of his relationship with Mr. Ewert, Mr. Giesbrecht's article is a most valuable addition to what has been written already about this great pioneer Mennonite educator.

Evidently Ewert must have been an educator who saw the personal worth and the individual dignity of the students he was teaching. In this he was ahead of the prevailing philosophy of education of his time. Might say, that in this Mr. Giesbrecht, too was ahead of his time. Mr. Giesbrecht was my teacher when I attended MCI in 1940-41.

To men like H.H. Ewert and J.H. Giesbrecht who have shown us that true educators are not only to be concerned with inculcating knowledge, but also with the development of total personality — our tribute!

Sincerely,
D.D. Duerksen



PETER KLASSEN - CONTINENTAL PROGRAM HOST

Radio Southern Manitoba's Boissevain station is now in the construction stage. On air target — early fall. Listen for further announcements.



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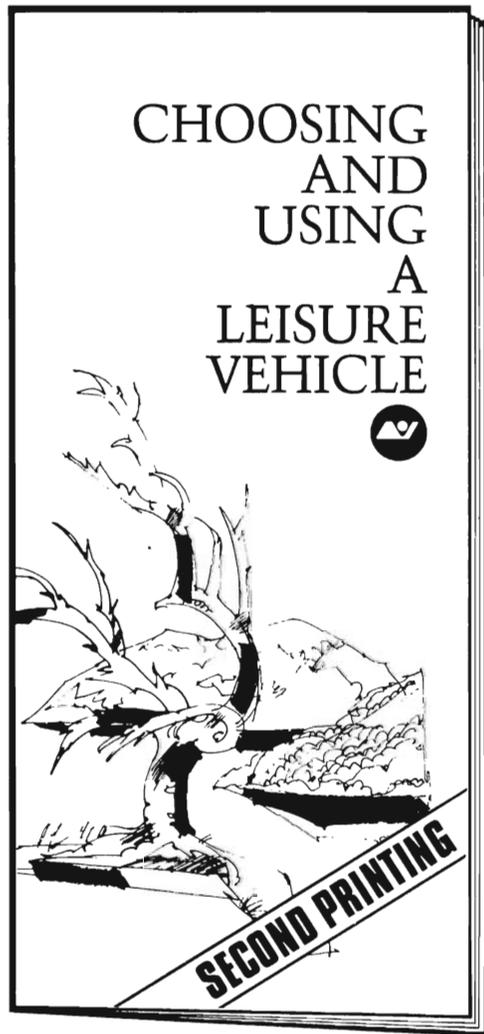
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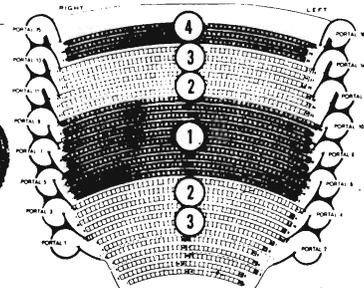
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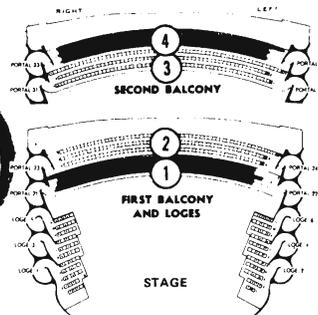
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