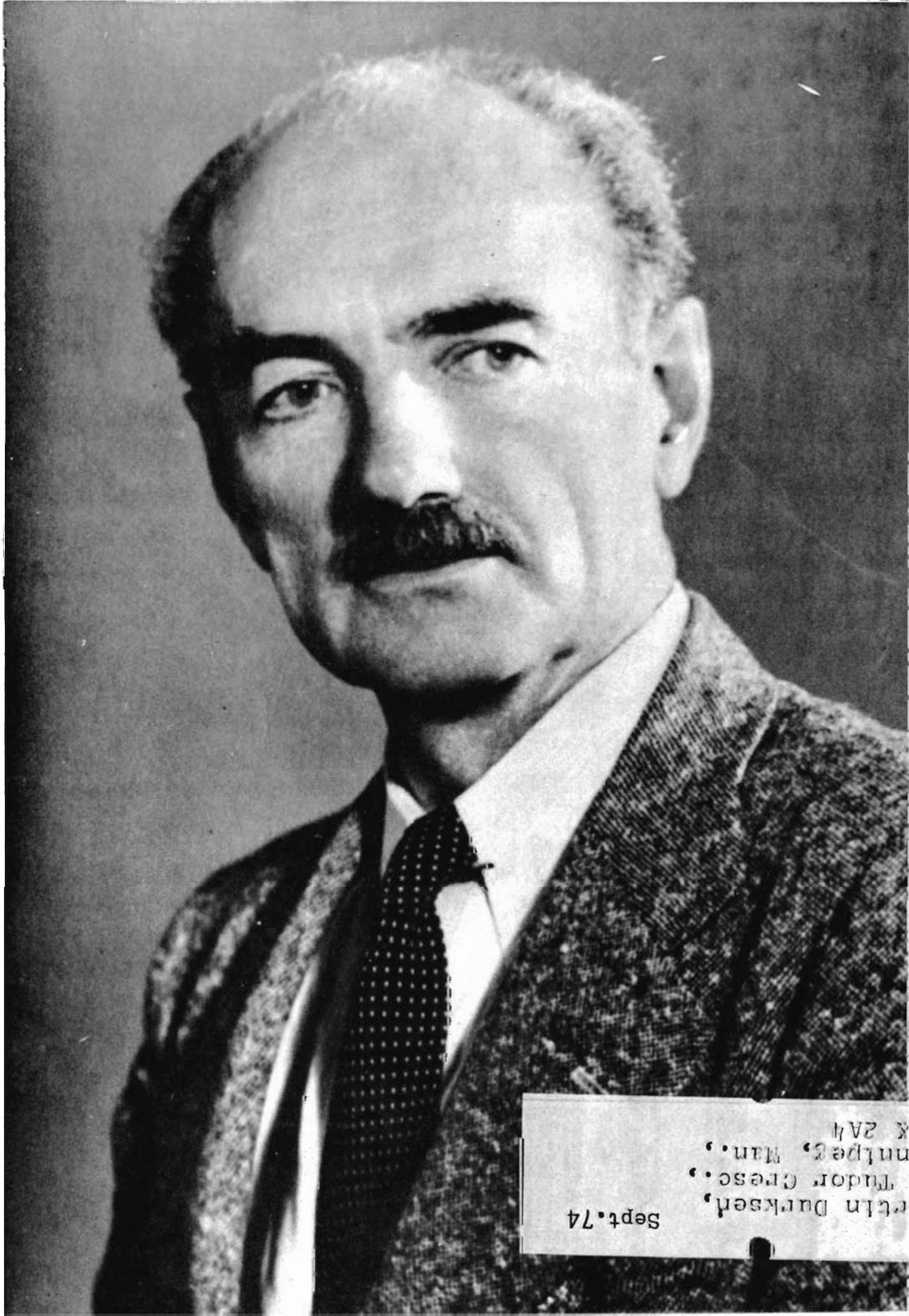


mennonite mirror

volume three / number five / march 1974 / 35 cents



Martin Darksen,
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Sept. 74

SAFEWAY



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Eduard Klassen, Baritone

Aus' Anlass der Jahrhundertfrier unserer mennonitischen Einwanderung so wie der Stadt Winnipeg hat sich der Menno-Chor neu organisiert um das bekannte Oratorium "Das Sühnopfer", von Carl Löwe zu bringen. Eduard Klassen, baritone, wird wieder die Worte Christi singen.

Die Aufführung findet am Karfreitag dem 12. April, 8:05 abends in der Ersten Mennoniten-Kirche statt. (Ecke Alverstone und Notre Dame.)

Coming Events

Saturday, April 6: Seventh annual concert of the Mennonite Male Choir; Kildonan East Regional School, Concordia Avenue and London Street; at 8:00 p.m. Tickets at \$2, \$1.50 and students \$1; available at Crosstown Credit Union, Redekopp Electric, Redekopp Lumber, and Independent Furniture.

Sunday, April 7: Mennonite Festival of Art and Music in the Polo Park Mall; all afternoon; admission is \$1.50 for adults and 50 cents for children under 16.

Friday, April 12: Performance of Das Sühnopfer (the Atonement) by Carl Loewe, at 8:00 p.m. in First Mennonite Church.

SOMETHING TO CHUCKLE OVER

Did it ever occur to you that if you make a list of the reasons why people marry and get divorced, most of the list will overlap? . . . The age of Disillusionment is when you first realize that the guy who writes the clever TV commercials for banks is not the same one who grants the loans. . . The closest most people ever come to reaching their ideal is when they write their resumes.

RIISING TO THE OCCASION

The diver with his big helmet and boots and lifelines was walking along the bottom of the sea when he got a message over his intercom: "Return to the surface immediately — the ship is sinking."

mix-up

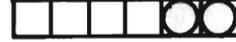
MOLOB



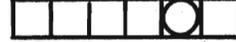
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It's that time of year when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of



Mix-up is a contest that tests your skill in spelling - that is you have to take the letters provided in the puzzle above and re-arrange them so that they spell real words.

Although no firm decision has been made, the contest judges have noticed that many entrants to the mix-up contest are people who have not paid a subscription. They would prefer to give the cash prize to a person who has a paid-up subscription. May we take this opportunity to gently remind you to include your subscription (\$3 for one year) with your entry if you have not paid?

The winner of the January/February contest is: Mrs. William Wiebe, 320 Inglewood Street, Winnipeg.

The official answers are refuge, endure, belief, migrate, pioneer, content, and let's commemorate our centennial. Entrants may have noticed that there was an error in the puzzle itself in that the second set of letters when arranged as "endure" did not provide the correct letter for the word "centennial" and therefore many entrants chose the word "enured" as the arrangement instead. However, "enured" which is an alternate spelling for "inured" was not entirely appropriate because it does not fit into the context of the other correct words. Therefore, the decision was made to award the prize to the person who used either word to form the word "Centennial."

Name _____
 address _____
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Send entries to: Mix-Up, Mennonite Mirror, 203-818 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R2G 0N4.

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1,500.00		133.28	91.47	70.61	58.12	49.82
2,000.00		177.70	121.96	94.14	77.50	66.42
2,500.00			152.45	117.68	96.87	83.03
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About this issue

Arnold Dyck is the subject of two articles this month. Many Mennonites have heard of him because of the Koop en Bua series, which by now is several decades old. Mr. Dyck, who died as recently as 1970, wrote other works besides this series. Until now only those who could read low German could appreciate Mr. Dyck's own insights and his style of humor. This appears to be changing in that an English translation of Mr. Dyck's longest work has just been published in English. This book is called *Lost in the Steppes*. It is hoped that acceptance of this translation will result in other quality translations of his other works.

Ruben Epp, who is an excellent low German writer in his own right, discovered a fellow low-German writer in a recent trip to Europe - Wilhelmine Siefkes. Mrs. Siefkes does not write in Manitoba low German but in a very similar Freisian dialect. Mr. Epp introduces her to us in a short English article and then, to show us how she writes, includes a short story by Mrs. Siefkes that he has adapted to conform to what Mirror readers are used to.

Last month the Mirror staff put out an extra effort to publish the 64-page centennial edition. This has been well-received judging by the oral comments of a number of readers and by the requests for additional copies. For many it was a goldmine of information on how Mennonites got here 100 years ago.

Inside you will find

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The Cover: Arnold Dyck, the well-known low German writer of Steinbach, is featured on the cover this month and is featured in two articles inside. This photo was taken by George Sawatsky of Winkler (he also took the photo for the cover of the last issue.)

mennonite mirror

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Arnold Dyck

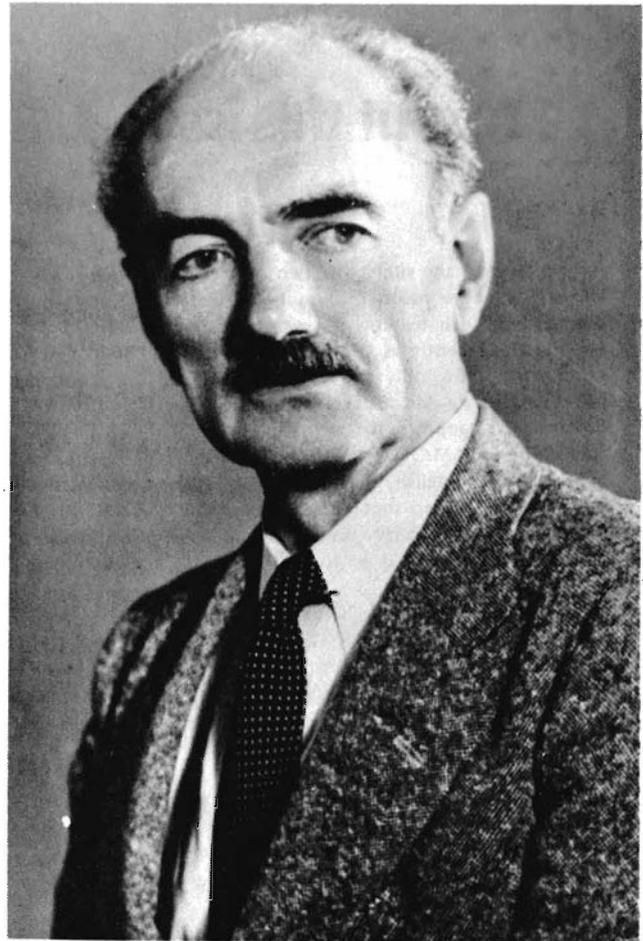


Photo by Sawatsky of Winkler

The Most Widely Read Mennonite Writer

by Roy Vogt

As young people growing up in Steinbach in the 1940's my friends and I were not aware that a very talented Mennonite writer was in our midst busily working away at his difficult and rather thankless task. The writer was Arnold Dyck.

We often had occasion to observe him, but never in the solitude of his study where he pursued his real vocation. We knew him as a beekeeper and as a quiet but not unfriendly neighbor. During the war he lived alone in a small house near Toews' Bakery, close to the corner of Main Street and Barkman Avenue. The Second World War had tragically separated him from his family and we compared him, in his hermit-like existence, to his immediate neighbor Isaac Plett, the eccentric inventor. Mr. Plett's strange inventions and Mr. Dyck's menacing bees were a constant source of fascination to us in summer when we played games behind the bakery. Neither of these men fit into the normal pattern of life in Steinbach where hard, steady, work, of a physical nature seemed most natural and necessary.

Since Mr. Dyck had married my father's sister I often saw him at family gatherings. He seemed unusually dignified to me, not given to the easy banter and spontaneous humor which characterized the "Reimer" side of our family. Several times I found myself wondering, "what does he actually do?" On Saturday evenings an interesting group usually gathered in a corner of our grocery store to exchange the week's news and to tell tall stories. Aaron Janzen, a farmer from the

south end of town, would often keep the small audience in stitches with his wry observations on life in Steinbach. Arnold Dyck also took part in these discussions and was most amused by Janzen's stories. Just as the Grimm Brothers of Germany listened to the folk stories of their time and created unique fairy tales from them, so Arnold Dyck used his creative talent to distill from the stories of Janzen and others the humorous portrayals of Mennonite life which we find in his *Koop enn Bua* books. A Mr. Peter N. Koop of Steinbach became the model for the Mr. Koop of those stories, while Bua was a composite of Aaron Janzen and P. K. Derksen.

But we knew almost nothing of this at the time. The Low German book, *Koop enn Bua op Reise* was published by Dyck in 1942-43. Its sequel, *Koop enn Boa foare no Toronto*, was published in 1948-49. I believe it was in the fall of 1949 that Mr. Jacob Peters, a newly arrived teacher in Steinbach, used some of his literature classes to read Dyck's Low German stories to us. After we had overcome the initial shock of actually hearing Low German spoken in our classroom we responded enthusiastically to the humor in those stories. We were all somewhat amazed to discover that these stories were written by that dignified gentleman on Main Street whose solitary way of life had puzzled us for so many years.

There are people who feel that Dyck's use of Low German in the *Koop enn Bua* stories was somewhat unfortunate, in that it

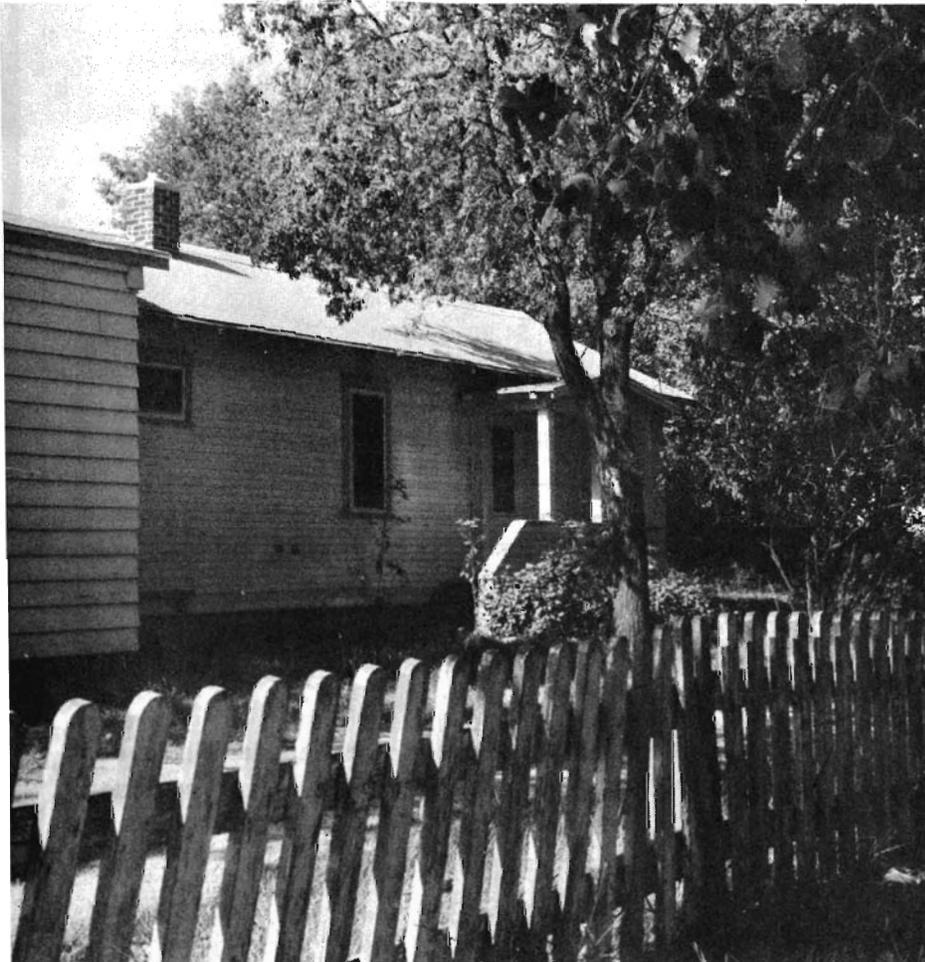
reinforced the notion that Low German is suitable only for rather crude, humorous tales, and not for more refined literature. Dyck showed on other occasions, notably his short story, *Twee Breew*, that he could utilize the Low German dialect for more serious work. However, even in his humorous stories it would be quite wrong to think that Dyck was consciously crude or superficial. He was probably proud of the fact that many Mennonite people in southern Manitoba still had about them a simple, earthy quality, unspoiled by the pretentious refinements of what we sometimes call civilization. His characters had the courage to note for example, that the tendency of Mennonites to attend many conferences was something they had acquired, not inherited, and that it was one of the "goods" of civilization which was probably more of a curse than a blessing. I think he was glad that some Mennonite people were still capable of seeing humor in the most common, and even "crude" experiences of life, and he sought to celebrate these qualities in his literature. It is a tradition that some of our best low German writers like Reuben Epp and Jack Thiessen are trying to maintain.

In our haste to become as refined and as antiseptic as our neighbors we occasionally flinch at this earthy representation of ourselves. Perhaps we should be more thankful that Dyck did not flinch and that he and his followers remind us of elemental virtues

(continued on page 8)



Arnold Dyck at his betrothal in Russia (above) and his home in Steinbach.



Arnold Dyck in translation

By Gerhard Wiens

Arnold Dyck, the beloved "Heimatlidher" of the Mennonites from Russia, is hardly known outside our small fold. If the outside world would or could read his High and Low German works, it would be quick to recognize the uncommon stature of our artist. The English translation of his novel, *Verloren in der Steppe*, by the late Prof. Henry D. Dyck is a most meritorious attempt to acquaint the English reader with a High German masterpiece which deserves to take its place in the front ranks of Canadian literature. It is of great special value for us "Russlandmennoniten", since fewer and fewer of our young people are able to read the original work.

The world of *Lost in the Steppe*, the Mennonite settlements in the southern Ukraine at the turn of the century, is gone now, buried by the avalanche of the Communist Revolution. We do have documents and treatises which record much of our history, but the history of a people is quite incomplete if there is not an artist in its midst who can see beyond events and conditions and look into the souls of the people who experienced them — the world of their day. For no world has meaningful existence except as human experience. And when the artist reports this human experience, then we no longer have a mere objective record of that world, we have its magic re-creation in which the life of long ago again pulsates with vigor and eagerness, a world sparkling with the brilliance of never-fading color. Arnold Dyck was such an artist. *Verloren in der Steppe* is such a magically re-created world.

We are glad that its translation is published now, while there are still many of us who can vouch for the truthfulness, both objective and poetic, of the world of Dyck's story. I was nineteen when I left my home village, Lindenau on the Molochna, in 1924. I remember the world of my childhood with love and sunlit clarity. The world of Arnold Dyck's Hänschen was also my world.

It was also the world of our translator.

(continued on page 8)

Translation continued

To me this fact seems almost a prerequisite for attempting to translate the story of a world so different and remote. But Henry Dyck also possessed to an eminent degree the most indispensable qualifications an unerring sense of idiom and shades of meaning in both languages, coupled with stylistic mastery of English. To have such a translator is rare good fortune.

The child Hänschen is, of course, Arnold Dyck himself. An artist less disciplined or honest might have romanticized his childhood to the point of sentimentality, impairing the narrative's realism. Moreover, Dyck wrote the story (1944-48) when he had long since given up hope of ever seeing his home village again. As I know from experience, such a realization can intensify one's homesickness into heartache where every bit of childhood memory turns into sheer poetry. (Of course, everything becomes poetry when a poet sees it and embraces it with poetic fervor.) I dare say, Arnold Dyck's story of his childhood is a greater, more magically beautiful work because he knew he could not go home again.

We who know his homeland are impressed by his prespicacity and his all-embracing awareness of life around him. We marvel at his skill in entering what his eyes and heart had grasped, upon his broad canvas, in strokes now strong and bold, now infinitely delicate, to give us his vision of a world which, though small, was satisfyingly whole and self-contained, and in its essence beautiful.

In writing his novel, Dyck faced two intricate problems of language not usually encountered by writers. The world of the story is Low German, yet he wrote about it in High German. And this world is experienced by a child, yet an adult artist reports it. Our artist solved both problems with admirable skill. We see Hänschen's real yet magical world through his own eyes and also through the eyes of the sovereign, mature artist who loves the child. The language therefore is adult, yet often takes on the charming sound of a child groping for words to pour out his heart.

Our world was Low German through and through and Arnold Dyck is the acknowledged master among our dialect writers. But he chose High German for *Verloren in der Steppe* because this psychologically and intellectually complex work demanded a medium of expression which our plain dialect, so well suited to our plain life, could not provide. When the situation required it, however, Dyck did not hesitate to take a few liberties with High German to give it a recognizably Low German flavor. Severe purists might object to such practice. We, however, are glad that our very own author thus asserted his artistic independence.

When I visited Arnold Dyck in Winnipeg in 1958 I chanced to remark that "Verloren in der Steppe" was exactly the right title for the work. His face lit up. Obviously he

was greatly pleased. He explained that some people whose judgment he respected had objected to the title, yet he was sure it was the right one.

I sincerely hope that many readers, now and in years to come, will agree that *Lost in the Steppe* in English is a beautiful book with just the right title. mm

Writer continued

and ways of looking at life which no amount of refinement can really improve. What is perhaps most remarkable about Arnold Dyck, in fact, is that despite his own deep immersion in the "refined" High German culture of the Mennonite people he could easily accept and interpret their more earthy and in many ways more loveable qualities. When we first heard the tales of *Koop enn Bua* we didn't think for a moment that Dyck was making fun of *Koop enn Bua*, or that these were merely crude and funny stories. Far from being ignorant fools in a sophisticated world, *Koop enn Bua* seemed to us to be somewhat luckier and wiser than most people. They had not accumulated for themselves a bundle of new self-images to which they had to conform. Instead they succeeded in transforming their obviously hard life into a bearable and even richly amusing existence. Can all the modern engineering of our world do better?

* * *

Biographical Note: Arnold Dyck was born

January 19, 1889, in Hochfeld, South Russia. His parents were farmers. He was extremely interested in literature and art. Despite little encouragement he went to Munich, Germany, in 1909 to pursue special studies in art. Germany made a profound impression on him. However, he returned to Russia before the first World War and experienced the horrors of both the war and the revolution that followed. In 1923 he migrated to Canada, eventually settling in Steinbach where he tried, with limited success, to establish a newspaper or magazine which would appeal to the Mennonite people. However, despite many disappointments he published his major work, *Verloren in der Steppe* in five volumes (1944-48), many stories in Low German, and several plays, including *De Fria* and *Wellkoam op'e Forstei*. He is perhaps best known for his stories about *Koop enn Bua*, but a recent translation of his major work into English may acquaint more readers with the broad scope of his literature (see article by Gerhard Wiens). Mrs Elizabeth Peters has written a Master's Thesis on the life and work of Arnold entitled, *Der Mennonitendichter Arnold Dyck in seinen Werken* (1968). Arnold Dyck passed away at the home of his daughter in Germany in 1970.

mm

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Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre Scores Again

By Al Reimer

The Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre is a going concern these days. After its fine success with Dürenmatt's *Die Physiker* last November, the group might have been content to go into hibernation until next season. But the board, headed by President John J. Enns, decided to keep the momentum going this year with a special evening of one-act plays. The idea was to give novice actors and directors a chance to acquire some much-needed experience. A fine idea and, as it turned out, well worth the risks involved.

On February 20, and 21, the group presented three one-acters in three different languages at the Planetarium Auditorium. The curtain-raiser was a youthful but charming performance of Chekhov's *Der Baer*, done in German. That was followed by N.H. Unruh's unpretentious but irresistibly funny low German comedy, *De Scheene Gelaajenheit*. The evening concluded with a carefully directed and well-acted version of Susan Glaspell's *Suppressed Desire*, a contemporary American play. All three plays are comedies and, although enormously different from each other in theme and treatment, complimented each other very nicely.

Some of the strongest acting of the evening came from Ursula Froese, Hardy Bock and Karl Peters in *Der Baer*, and from Cathy Panktratz, Robert Loewen and Marlene Sudermann in *Suppressed Desire*. These young players possess a lot of natural talent and one would hope they continue to work and develop in the cause of local Mennonite theatre. There were also spirited performances by Harry Loewen and Rosalie Loeppky in the Low German play—which, strictly speaking, is more of a skit than a play and thus gives less scope for interpretation.

Some hard work and intelligent application had obviously gone into these productions. The directing of John A. Peters in the Chekhov and John J. Enns in *Suppressed Desire* deserves special mention. Mr. Enns, I know, took over the direction of his play midway through rehearsals and saved the day (or evening) in more ways than one. And tell me, what other local amateur theatre group would be capable of mounting three plays in three different languages on the same evening?

The wheels of the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre are now well oiled for its anticipated Centennial production next fall. All it needs now is an acceptable new Mennonite play. Let's hope it gets one!

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Anthology Committee Announces Prizes

A poem by Menno Wiebe of Winnipeg has been awarded first prize by the Manitoba Mennonite Centennial organization's anthology committee.

The poem, entitled "She talked to me in Tokyo," will be published in a book in spring along with other submissions by contestants and selections from some of the Mennonite people's best known writers.

Second prize went to Peter Zacharias for a Low German story entitled, "De Fru am Gausetun." And the three third prizes were awarded to a poem by Patrick Friesen, "Lean and stark apart"; and two Low German pieces: "Daut Easchte Maltje," by William Pauls, and "Biem Easchte mol Koafoare," by Reuben Epp.

The criteria used for selecting the prize winners were literary excellence, authenticity of feeling, and popular appeal. The committee considered local or Mennonite color a plus value.

The anthology, which is expected to run to about 160 pages, is scheduled to come off the press by early summer.

The members of the anthology committee are Gerhard Epp, chairman; William DeFehr, Gerhard Ens, Helen Janzen, Peter Klassen, Lloyd Siemens, and Jack Thiessen.

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Land is a natural and spiritual resource

by Vic Penner

Although my father wasn't a farmer in my lifetime, farming was always held up by my parents as really the most noble of occupations, especially for Mennonites. Many of my uncles were farmers, and both my sisters married farmers, so, naturally, when I reached that troublesome period in adolescence that I once overheard my father refer to as "de dommi johre" when he was consoling my mother about some particularly thoughtless deed of mine, I was literally farmed out between school terms.

I think it's because of those summers spent on the farm when I was between 14 years and 18, and hearing my brother-in-law endlessly extolling the virtues of farmers—those providers of food for the hungry masses of the world—that I have ever since had the feeling that to own a farm was the greatest kind of material security one could have.

The thought of buying gold has never seriously entered my head — you can't eat it, and it won't grow if you stick it into the ground — but land, yes. Be it

ever so humble an acreage, in my heart I have long felt that somewhere along the way I must obtain some land for my own and my family's welfare.

So, this summer I bought a small farm. Nobody has lived there for 11 years, and only a mortar and fieldstone-lined hole in the ground marks the place where a farmhouse once stood. There is also an old outbuilding — whether granary or chicken coop is hard to tell — that lists sadly to portside. It is the kind of building some artists dearly love to sketch. There are no hydro or telephone lines on the property, and the fence is sorely in need of repairs.

But we have already chosen the site of the farmhouse we intend to build or move there (whichever best fits our bank account,) and where the garden will be. The site overlooks several hundred yards of river, about four or five acres of river terrace to the left, and about 30 acres of bush across the river. To the right and behind where the house will be there are 29 acres of productive farmland. In the northwest corner the previous owner has sold an acre of land to a local group of Mennonite farmers and a small country church is located there.

My neighbor is going to summerfallow the 29 acres next summer and then seed it to alfalfa. He's an ambitious young man with a growing family and a developing herd of cattle. I'm a middle-aged newspaperman with a little bit of land, who will continue newspapering for his bread and butter.

But I have this deep-down feeling that I have at least one foot back where I belong — on the land — and that the alfalfa land can some day produce enough grain for me and my family if need be, and there is room for a big vegetable garden. What's more, the river terrace and the woods across the river abound with chokecherries, saskatoons and wild grapes. The river contains fish, and the 30 acres of woodlot contains trees for firewood and fenceposts for the foreseeable future.

We've been to our little farm almost every week end since we took legal possession. Now we are eagerly awaiting the spring when we can till and plant the garden, and clear some of the underbrush that makes part of the terrace well-nigh impenetrable in the summertime.

Last time at the farm my wife and younger son and I thrashed our way through the woodlot across the river. We found trees cut by beavers, and tracks of a variety of wildlife. A Blue Jay flitted across our path, and in the background we could hear the river gurgling over a small rise in the riverbed where rocks protrude when

the water level is low.

Frankly, we are enthralled with our newly-acquired land. In my dreams I have even built a log cabin there, but on waking I know very well that no such idyllic residence will ever be constructed by my hands.

Right now we're starting with a bucksaw handed down from my father-in-law to his grandson, and a good sharp axe from the local hardware store. My son already has a rather impressive pile of firewood stacked for the fireplace that we hope is going to be a feature in our farmhouse. The house must have room for three generations of my family. Things may get a bit crowded on the weekends, but we want our city-dwelling parents to again be able to enjoy the quiet country life when they are so inclined, and some day we expect to be the hosting grandparents for visiting sons, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren. And what better place to gather than at Grandma's, on the farm, beside the river? mm

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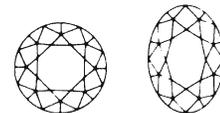
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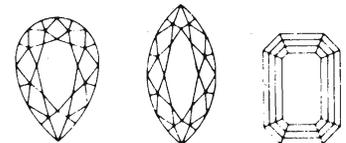
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Where Time Stood Still

by Mary M. Enns

How could we have known that at this early afternoon hour we would disturb the nuns in prayer in their tiny chapel? Having rung the bell, we waited at the portal of the Convent Guest-House. The day was warm and we were exhausted from a busy week in Rome, on top of two weeks in Spain, Portugal and France. We were now hoping to unwind for a few days.

The train had taken us from the excitement and old splendour of Rome gradually into an ever-increasingly lovelier countryside—the Umbrian Plains. A mere 100 miles from Rome we found the tiny city we'd wanted for several years to see—the mystical, medieval little town of Assisi. Probably its only claim to fame is that in the 12th century, St. Francis was born there and it therefore lures to it pilgrims from far and wide. The philosophy of St. Francis, the "Poverello" is very much alive for the people who live in its environs, as it is for many pilgrims.

As usual, we had made no reservations. Hoping for good luck we had walked the old Vja Galleazo and climbed the hill toward the Convent Guest-House of the Franciscan Sisters. We gazed up at its stone walls and listened to the sleepy drone of the bees and the intermittent chirp of the cicadas. The hot sun filtered down through the branches of the old oak, chestnut, and fig trees. It

was as though we were in another century, seeing the walled city, the old buildings, the winding stone steps. Some of the streets were much too narrow for any kind of traffic. And flowers — they were everywhere — in window-boxes, in pots, tumbling down stone walls and balconies. So bewitched were we that when the door opened and Sister Rosita with her laughing eyes and apple-red cheeks faced us we felt she was just another addition to the perfect mosaic of our imagination.

We were welcomed and shown our little room and then around to the Convent Gardens. Following the Sister through the cool quiet halls and into the beautiful gardens, we sensed the intrinsic peace and serenity. The garden patio, where the guests dine and lounge in good weather is surrounded by trees, shrubs and flowers. The last apricots of the season, warmed by the sun, over-ripe and juicy, hung loosely, waiting to be eaten. A few tiny ants had already begun. From this height we looked down into the valley where the fields were about ready for harvesting. In the distance they looked like a patch-work quilt, variegated greens blending with rich mellow golds.

Abruptly the silence was broken by the sound of the bells of St. Clare's Cathedral below us. Had there been swallows nesting in its spire we could have watched them.

Dinner that evening was merry, everyone



Assisi Fortress

sitting round a long table and the kitchen Sister walking about refilling a wine jug here and a fruit bowl there. Across from us sat Mr. and Mrs. Butcher and their daughter, from Kent, England. Margaret is a lecturer in History at York. She and her parents have been coming to St. Anthony's for the past eight years. Beside them Mr. Wright, dean of England's Cathedrals. He was alone because his wife was in the Assisi Hospital recuperating after an accident. Then John and Janet Pearce from the U.S., both writers staying in Germany for a two-year period. And here Dr. Adolpho and his wife from South America, but now at Harvard as a visiting lecturer. Cathy and Virginia are teachers from Baltimore. Jerry, about 26 years old, was the only one among us whose visit was by way of being a pilgrimage. Much later most of us gathered in the garden to watch the lights blinking in the town below. Before long young Sister Gabriella joined us with her guitar and we sang folksongs far into the night. We fell asleep that night to the soothing rustle of the wind in the trees with the tranquility and gentleness that is Assisi sheltering us like a benediction.

As a result of an earlier mishap I had to go into Assisi Hospital to have a leg cast changed. Because of my experience in a Rome hospital, I dreaded the waste of precious hours needed for this. Still it proved to be one of the most remembered experiences in Italy. The cast safely replaced, I was picked up and carried into a 16-bed ward. After the first few moments of curious stares I found myself clearly a novelty "Ah, Canada!". It was novel because a roomful of female patients on a glorious summer's day will welcome any diversion — to relieve the monotony of endless hours, hospital food, and routine. When the others had satisfied themselves, that, apart from the fact that I wasn't ill, we were all pretty much alike, they proceeded to help me with Italian conversation.

The view from the one tall narrow window was breathtaking, which was a blessing, indeed, for the room was starkly white and

Continued on page 15



Umbrian Valley, Italy

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The Mennonite Work in Bangladesh

Report of a visit by Doug Rowland, Member of Parliament for Selkirk.

In 1973 the Mennonite Central Committee had 64 persons working in Asia. Nineteen of these were engaged in various relief and agricultural projects in Bangladesh. Readers will be acquainted with the tragic history of that area.

Recently Doug Rowland, member of Parliament for the Selkirk constituency in Manitoba, had an opportunity as part of an official Canadian delegation to observe the work being done by various Canadian groups in Bangladesh. Mr. Rowland is one of two major spokesmen for the NDP party on external affairs.

Over the past two years the Canadian government has channeled \$119 million to Bangladesh, through the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA), more per-capita than to any other country in the world. Among the many projects which the Canadian government is co-sponsoring are those being conducted by the MCC.

During his visit to Bangladesh Mr. Rowland observed several Mennonite-Canadian projects and met, among others, Art DeFehr of Winnipeg, the director of a major project in Feni, and Victor Peters of Boissevain, a graduate in agriculture from the University of Manitoba who is active in agricultural research in Bangladesh.

Mr. Rowland reports that Canadian government officials are extremely pleased with the work of the MCC units. They are impressed, first of all, with the fact that the Mennonite volunteers are working for pocket money. Secondly they are amazed at the extremely low ratio of administrators to workers in the field. According to Rowland, when some international organizations establish new projects they first set up an elaborate headquarters building, staff it with more than half of the total number of workers who drive around in jeeps. The Mennonites have one administrator working out of one room.

The field staff gets around on motor bikes.

Further, Canadian officials are much impressed with the kind of work which the Mennonite volunteers are conducting. The volunteers have very realistic ideas about what can and cannot be done, they adapt very easily to the unique conditions of Bangladesh, and they are experimenting in very creative and practical ways in the



Canadians in photo are, left to right, Art DeFehr, Heath MacQuarrie (MP for Hillsborough) Doug Rowland, Vic Peters (MCC), and Andrew Brewin MP (NDP Greenwood), taken near Feni, Bangladesh, on the site of an MCC agricultural project.

introduction of new crops and marketing techniques, in close co-operation with the farmers of that country. The Mennonites have gone into what is known as a "high risk" area in terms of its potential success, and the Canadian High Commissioner thinks

it is one of the best projects currently being conducted in Bangladesh.

Mr. Rowland found that the Canadian officials who accompanied him felt that this work was among the most significant and promising which they had seen anywhere in Asia.

mm

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More about "Where time. . ."

totally unadorned except for a Madonna on one wall. I began to sketch the outdoor loveliness and in no time at all, had a bed full of company come to watch the progress and remark on it. The Sisters and nurses were very kind but the patients mostly took care of themselves and each other. It is also customary for visitors to care for their sick. Since my only available relative was off mountain-climbing, Luisa, in the bed next to mine, appointed herself my guardian angel.

When the lunch wagon was wheeled in by the Sister, all mobile patients took dishes from their bedside tables and went to be served. Luisa unfolded from her drawer a snowy damask napkin for herself and another for me. I was sure I couldn't eat, but Sister laughed and brought me an enormous bowl of the most delicious barley soup. Once again Luisa dipped into her private store and brought out a peach for herself and one for me. Then she fetched a finger-bowl with warm water to rinse away the juice. More visitors came and when my husband arrived later, he couldn't find me for Italians on my bed. All of us called to him and proud introductions followed.

European farewells are affectionate and I very quickly fell in with their custom of being hugged and kissed first on one cheek, then on the other. I hated to leave my new friends until I remembered our plans for the afternoon. So it was off and away to the Town Square. Here we hired a Carozzi, an elaborately decorated horse-drawn carriage, and were driven slowly down the historic Via Francesco. Our driver was a frail little old man, so grateful for a fare. He was marvelously clever in negotiating his horse and buggy up the steep narrow streets and down the equally steep, narrow ones. He spoke in turn soothingly, then sternly to his brave horse as though to a friend beside him on the front seat.

We reached the Basilica of St. Francis which is at one extreme end of the walled city. It is enormous and has been called "the most beautiful house of prayer." Our driver waited on the Square in the sunshine while we visited the Lower Church then the most impressive Basilica Superiore. We watched artists high up on scaffolding reproducing some medieval paintings. Standing on its highest ramparts, we looked down into the Square below, then beyond onto the panorama of the terraced city with its pink-tiled roofs, and further still the fields, olive groves and vineyards and in the distance the mountains. It seemed an incongruity that in this stately Roman Gothic Basilica and Monastery, they should keep a flourishing, bustling shop which sells the usual post-cards, books and religious articles.

Time was running out. One very early morning the Butchers and we breakfasted while the rest were asleep. We said good-bye to the good Sisters and were on our way in search of further adventure — they went to Rome — Peter and I to the Isle of Corfu.

mm

Who needs added anxieties?

By Betty Dyck

This is not a movie review because I have no intention of seeing *The Exorcist*. I cry at sad movies and laugh till the tears come at happy movies. I would probably throw up at *The Exorcist*.

The Exorcist, costing \$7.5 million to produce, is presently playing in Winnipeg. The movie's director is being lauded for producing a film of combined realism and entertainment. Well, I may be old-fashioned, but my idea of entertainment corresponds with the dictionary definition of: "the action of occupying attention agreeably; that which affords interest or amusement."

This new scare movie is not amusing. The picture has set off waves that send some viewers scurrying to psychiatric centres with symptoms of anxiety, vomiting and horrible nightmare experiences. A leading Toronto psychiatrist's verdict is that the movie is: "Most enjoyable. But I must admit that for the lay people with no knowledge of medicine, or psychiatry, it could be very frightening. . . ." Only a small percentage of any movie audience will possess this vital medical knowledge to help them appreciate the production. Too bad this movie is not confined to medical colleges as a teaching exercise and the public could then be spared the frightening experience.

Who knows what the far-reaching effects of this movie will be? Within a week after the picture opened in Toronto, psychiatric services at various hospitals reported attending to several disturbed viewers each, who were suffering from vomiting, acute anxiety and the compulsion to be in company with people. How many other viewers needing psychiatric solace did **NOT** seek professional

CBC to air College Oratorio

On March 20 and 21 the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation will air Bruckner's Mass in F Minor sung by the Mennonite Oratorio Choir which was recorded on March 8 during the annual oratorio performance of the Canadian Mennonite Bible College and the Mennonite Brethren Bible College at the Centennial Concert Hall in Winnipeg.

The Mass in F Minor conducted by George Wiebe and accompanied by a 50 piece orchestra will be aired on the CBC series called "Themes and Variations". It will be heard on CBC-FM on March 20 at 7:00 p.m. and on CBC-AM on March 21 at 9:00p.m. Solo roles will be sung by David Falk, Arthur Janzen, Esther Klassen, and Sylvia Dyck.

The oratorio program on March 8 will include two other works not being recorded for radio. They are "Danket dem Herrn denn er ist freundlich" by H. Scheutz; and the "Te Deum" by H. Purcell. The latter will be sung in English.

Tickets are on sale at ATO, CBO and the two participating colleges.

help and are wandering around with their pent-up fears?

The Exorcist seems to be providing a new "high" for sensation seekers. Crowds are reported standing in line here in Winnipeg to see the show. Unstable people are being adversely affected by the picture. Unfortunately, modern technology has not come up with a machine for theatres that will measure patrons for hysteria symptoms and automatically reject them.

When Winnipeggers leave the theatre after seeing *The Exorcist* and are prey to anxieties, will they seek professional solace at city clinics? Or will some harbor their fears and have them erupt in undesirable ways?

Numerous studies have been undertaken to determine psychological effects of TV and movies on viewers. One conclusion reached is that the production can adversely affect certain people and occasionally motivate them to violent and subversive action.

Sensational shows are more often produced to make money for the movie industry than to provide genuine enjoyment for the public. According to a newspaper article, *The Exorcist* is likely the forerunner of a new wave of scare movies. Have producers finally scraped the bottom of the barrel and are they now seeking a new sensation to bilk an unsuspecting public? Well, if we do not support the scare shows; producers will have to create more enjoyable pictures to make themselves a million dollars. mm

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Wilhelmine Siefkes: an outstanding Low German author

By Reuben Epp

During my recent visit to the city of Leer, near the Dutch border in Ostfriesland, I visited Schuster Verlag, one of the best sources of Low German literature. One evening during my stay there, the manager of the Verlag, Theodor Schuster, invited me to meet and to visit with Wilhelmine Siefkes.

Until then, I had been somewhat aware that Frau Siefkes was an author of considerable repute among readers of low German in Europe. But after meeting this charming, and elderly, lady, and after acquiring and reading a number of her books, stories and poems, especially after learning that she is a fellow Mennonite, I was annoyed that it had taken me so long to discover her eminence.

Perhaps it is presumptuous of me to say that Wilhelmine Siefkes is the foremost Mennonite author in low German, so let me rather say that I consider her works to be the finest that I have read, at least among the works of living authors.

Frau Siefkes' low German is naturally that of her home, Ostfriesland, a dialect more like the mother-tongue of our forefathers at the time of their leaving the Netherlands than is the dialect our people acquired during their sojourn of several hundred years in Prussia, the dialect which we speak to this day.

Wilhelmine Siefkes is a member of the Mennonite church in Leer. Her convictions, apparent in her writings are always greatly tempered with respect for Christians of whatever denominational persuasion.

My enthusiasm for her works leads me to recommend them for reading to all our people. But then I remember how slow was my progress when I first started reading Ostfriesisch Platt a few months ago, and I realize that many will not be willing to make the necessary effort. But mine has been more than amply rewarded.

Perhaps a few samples of her works, which I here translate rather freely into our dialect, will whet the appetites of those who are

genuinely interested in good Low German literature. So I have chosen a few short selections and one short story to illustrate her descriptive and attention-arresting style.

Here's how Frau Siefkes begins her short story entitled "Swaarweer," in our dialect "Onwadda," or in English "Inclement Weather": "Een heeta Sommadaag jingj too Enj. De witte Wolkjekjapp, dee biem Himmel huagtrocke, worde gjries enn dunkel, enn de Sonn, dee doa tãajenaun jeschient haud, kunn doa nich mea vãa utriete enn musst sich doahinja vekrupe."

Another story, "Dat Wickwief", "De Woahsaije-in" or "De Woahsaijasche", begins like this: "Daut Joah 1725 wea jung aun Doag, enn eent doavon beschloot sien korta Loop (Reis) enn vesunk en eer peckdiestra Owend. Een schoopa Nuadwast (Wind) kaum ãwarem Dickj jeschnowe, Enn nu plãnschad 'et opp'e Strote enn kjãtad opp'e Dackpaunne."

The most impressive among those of her works that I have read, is a book-length story entitled "Van de Padd of". In our dialect, strictly translated, this reads "Vom Stig Auf," which does not convey its true meaning, "Off the Straight and Narrow."

The story centres on the life of a farming couple in post-war Germany whom the war had deprived of their only son and heir, and into whose care is placed, against their will, a husbandless refugee woman and her children. This woman later bears them a son in the manner of Hagar (Genesis 16). In the reading of this story one is reminded of the moral problems confronting war-time Mennonite migrants among whom husbands and wives were left separated by borders between hostile nations, problems which some of our people face to this day.

Frau Siefkes' treatment of the story neither condemns nor condones. Rather, it exposes the bigotry of those who would condemn, but who are themselves guilty of equal moral wrong. The story is of particular interest to Mennonites, some of whose basic tenets prominently enter the interactions.

She portrays with clarity the turmoils and emotions of the victims of these circumstances, yet she does it with such understanding and delicacy that one can quote the crucial paragraph without embarrassment: "Enn nu weare doa een poa stoakje Oarms, dee ahr nuahme. Enn see wisst, nu wea kjeen Hoole aun dãm Daumm, dee enjestad't wea. Enn waut sich doahinja staud, waut ut eene Velotenheit rutdrãngd no de aundre han, bruak derch enn begrooff aules unjasiene Floot."

Frau Wilhelmine Siefkes has given me personal permission to translate into our dialect and to have reprinted for our readers the following story, which I have shortened. It is a tragedy in a Friesisch setting, but one which we in Canada understand all too well.

Woo 'et Kaum

von Wilhelmine Siefkes translated into Plattdietsch by Reuben Epp.

"Wobke -- Wobke --"

'Ne Schlag Junges roopte dãm Nlome ãware Gauss, aus Kjinja ãahre Oat es, En'e Dãa vom kjeene Hus stund Wobke Wolfers enn kjikt met sompe Uage, enn ohne Utdruck, opp dee loarmende Kjinja.

"Wobke, wua es dien Jung, Wobke?"

"Schlappt" lachd see.

De Auntwuat musst kome, daut wisste de Kjinja soo secha aus waut see nu wieda toofroagde haude: "Wuat deist wann hee nich schlope well?"

Enn Wobke lãd de Oarms ãwanaunda enn fung aun too wieeje, han enn hãa, aus enna een Kjind wieejt. Dit wea daut Haputvegineaje, de Junges brellde fer 'et Lache.

"Wobke, Wobke --" fung daut Spell wada von vãare aun.

Met eenmol stund nu bei Wobke 'ne groote knoakjerje Fru von diestret Utsehne, enn doamet stooe de Balj utenaunda aus een Migjeschwoarm wua eena mankheiwte. Oba een Spohss.

Wãa docht doa woll aun daut de

Träd von fahre fexe Feet fwa een Muttahoat jinje.

Fru Wolfers trock fahre Dochta em Hus nen, enn muak de Dfa too. Daut Mfakje haud nu wada daut deelndhms-loose Jesecht, enn see jingj aum Fensta

sette.

Wobke haud mol bie een Bua jedeent, jungunn fex aum een Wfseikje, Lfbbert Lfbers, de Grootkjaicht, haud noch nie een feineret Mfakje jesehne, doar-

rom kunne siene Uage ahr einfach nich velote. Enn daut diad nich lang, weare de beid kloa unjanuanda. Soo leicht wea Wobke fahre Dagsoabiet noch nie, enn so scheen wea verhfä kjeen Fierowend aus nu. Waut es daut Lfwe doch seet met achtien Joah.

Enn Morje sull 'et toom Jugend-daunz gohne. Wobek stund ver 'em Spieejel enn bekjikt sich. Woo lachde ahr de Uage unja daut krollje root-blonde Hoa. Woo schmock saut ahr de niee Blus, enn woo struf kruzheld sich de Rock.

Enn aus see easch opp 'em Daunz weare, waut wull Wobke noch mea aus bie Lfbbert romkutschiere. Doch, jfajenfwa von wua see suate, saut Talke Renken. Enn Talke dreihd foaken dfm Kopp enn leet fahre schwoaete Uage no Lfbbert hanlichte. Wobke schoof sich noda aun Lfbbert, oba sien Lache wea emma wada bie de

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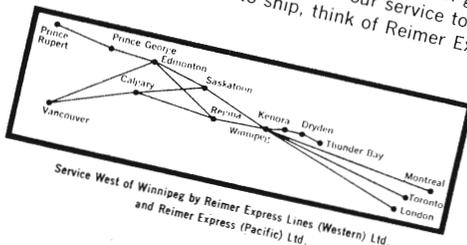
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Een Stootje hilld Wobke daut ut. Donn sãd see oppmol, aus daut too vãl word: "Lot ons doch mol rutgohne, Lúbbert, mie es hia onmaklig."

Hee kijkt ahr von'e Sied aun: "Ach waut, Merjall, siet wannea hast du soone Graupe?"

Wann eena em Onraichte es, dann well hee daut nich jeern too Wuat habe, eascht raicht nich wann hee jedrunke haft; enn Lúbbert haud dãm Owend aul maucheenem hinjrem Kroageknoop jegote.

Om 'ne Tietlang schlãnjeld Wobke ãahre Hãnj wada om sein Oarm, enn met Uago voll Noot stadd see rut: "Ekj well 'et nu weete, Lúbbert, hast du 'et dann aul vejãte?"

Hee trock sien Steern drus enn sãd: "Waut wea doa dann too vejãte?"

Haud hee enn Massa derch daut junge Hoat jestocke, haud hee 'et nich mea Weeh doone kunnt. Daut seete Jesecht word witt aus dee Dood. Rundom funge aundre aul aun no de beid too kijkje. Enn nu daum bie Lúbbert de Daump opp, groff reet hee sein Oarm loos enn sãd: "Zum Donna han noch Mol, kaun ekj nich soo doone aus ekj well?"

"Lúbbert, enn ekj —? ekj—?"

"Jeiht mie nuscht aun, Bring die doch."

Bie nichterem Bestaund, haud hee nich so jerãdt, oba nu wea daut

eenalie, Bie ahr reet waut entwie.

* * *

Derch daut Jebimmel enn Jerota enn Jedruus jingj see nu, ohne waut tooheare oda tooseehne, bat aules hinja ahr lag. Bute, stund see stell enn kijkt sich om. Jo, soo wea daut nu, aules bleef nu hinge, aul daut Licht enn aul de Lost, enn ver ahr lag 'et peckdiesta.

Wuahan nu? No Hus?

Eenalie.

Waut sull nu woare? Sesst haud see Jedanke waigjelacht, oba nu haud een Storm ahr selwst waigjeweiht.

Woo haud see ahm leef jahaut; nã — woo haud see ahm leef. Too leef, too leef.

Enn nu — nu?

* * *

De oole Peetasch biem Prohm haud nohãa foaken vetahlt, daut ahm daut een Rãtsel wea, woo daut too jegohne wea, waut jeworde wea, Hee wisst bloos daut hee met eenmol bat aum Liew em Wota jestohne haud, enn met beid Hãnj toojegjrãpe haud. Wann daut en'e Medd jewãse wea, dann wea see veloare jewãse, oba doa bie de Kaunt haud hee Grund unjare Feet jekjrãaje, enn haud ahr rutjeschlappt waut ahm aus een schwoara Sack en'd Oarms hong.

Wãakjelang haud daut jung Lãwe aun een siednet Drohtje jehonge. Enn donn wea see met'e Tiet wada oppjestohne.

Oba de froohe Uage weare nu schwoa-mootig, enn de Bleckj no benne. Stell jingj see derch 'et Hus.

Waut haud de groote oppraichte Fru en dise Wãakje derchjemoakt, bat de fromme Senn enn de Muttaleew sich ãwa de Schuandwon ãah eenzjet Kjind toopjefunge haude en een heetet Erboarme.

Enn poa Monate spoda, brocht Wobke een Jungskje too Welt; een schwacket, tebrãakjeljet Wormkje. Enn nu wea aus wann aul ãahre Krauft enn Moot met daut Kjind niejebuare weare, enn aul ãah Gjleckj doaren beschlote wea, See leet daut Kjind nich von ãahre Sied.

Oba daut kjleene Lãwe wea aus 'ne Flaumm dee een Stootje oppfluckat, enn dann von selwst utjeiht. Wobke wull daut nich gjleewe, daut 'et ut dãm Schlop kjeen Oppwoake gauf. Enn aus daut Kjind begrowt word, jingj bie ahr daut latzte Spia Vestaund met em Grauf. Nu kijkt de Bleckj nich mea no benne, nu jingj hee stomp enn doot ãwa aules hãa.

Bloos wann de Kjinja roopte: "Wobke, wua es dien Jung?", rãajd sich ver een Uagebleckj noch waut en daut oarme Jemoot, enn een Lache, aus soone aun sich habe de nich bie Vestaund send, wea de latzte Spua von jewãsnet Gjleckj.

"Schlappt."

mm

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MAY 10 — 1974

Was uns Auffiel

von Ulrich Woelcke

Endlich: Die Menschenschlange bewegte sich langsam aber sicher vorwärts, dem Ziele entgegen. Das Ziel in diesem Falle ist Flug No. 74 nach Koeln, D.C.-8, Chartermaschine.

Lange geplant, lange gespart, viel davon gesprochen - doch nun war es so weit. Uniformierte Wachen mit ihren Geigergeraeten, oder wie immer man die Dinger nennt, taten ihre Pflicht und gaben uns ein Gefuehl vollkommener Sicherheit und letzten Endes: was solen 189 Deutsche in Kuba? Das haette wie eine Invasion ausgesehen und das geht doch nicht.

Wir belegten also unsere Plaetze - ganz hinten bei den Waschraeumen. Dadurch kamen wir mit vielen Reisenden in Kontakt. Alles Menschen die etwas Dringendes vorhatten. Ich schnallte mich gleich an, denn wenn man im "DC-8 stretch" ganz hinten sitzt, dann geraet der Schwanz der Maschine schon in's Schwingen wenn man nur niest. Das eine Gute an den letzten Sitzen: Menschen die an Hoehenangst leiden, kommen gar nicht erst in die Verlegenheit aus den Fenstern zu schauen, diese sind naemlich von den Ruecklehnen der Vordersitze blockiert. Leider leidet keiner unserer fuenfkoeppigen Familie an Hoehenangst.

Als sich nun alle plaziert hatten, starteten die Duesen und unser „Jet“ bewegte sich langsam Richtung Flugbahn. Diese Zeit nuetzte eine huebsche Stewardess aus, uns laechelnd zu erklaren was wir zu tun haetten falls wir im Wasser landen oder falls uns die Luft ausgehen sollte. Sie machte ihre Erklarungen in englisch

und franzoesich. Ich fand das sehr hoeflich, denn man kann nie wissen ob sich nicht auch ein Franzose dem „Deutschen Verein“ angeschlossen hat.

Doch dann wurde es Ernst. Die Duesen der maechtigen Maschine heulten auf, und mit einem Affentempo fegten wir die Rollbahn lang. Auf Wiedersehen, Winnipeg!

Einige Glaeschen Sekt und zwei ausgezeichnete Mahlzeiten spaeter landeten wir wohlbehalten in Koeln. Es ist doch ein seltsames Gefuehl nach nur acht Stunden Flug deutschen Boden unter den Fuessen zu spueren. - Die Zollbeamten schauten uns nicht mal an. Kein Wunder: 189 ehrliche Gesichter.

Unsere erste Begegnung mit deutschen Bahnbeamten fand im Koelner Hauptbahnhof bei der Gepaeckaufnahme statt: "Ihr Gepaeck geben Sie hier man nicht auf, das kommt Ihnen zu teuer. Nehmen Sie ein Schliessfach; ich zeige Ihnen wie's gemacht wird." Als ich meinen Mund wieder zuhatte, war das Gepaeck preiswert verstaut. Als erste Staerking kauften wir Coke in Dosen (fuer 1.20 D.M. die Dose) und Langenese Eisrevel (fuer 1.00 D.M. pro Stueck). Wir merkten sehr schnell, dass ein Bahnhof kein "Bargain Center" ist.

Der Koelner Dom ist nur einige Schritte vom Bahnhof entfernt und mit Begeisterung machten wir uns daran die 510 Stufen zur Domspitze zu bewaeltigen. Es war heiss und schwuel, und als wir wieder unten waren hatte ich die erste Begeisterung

gelegt. Kein Wunder, dass es 600 Jahre gedauert hat den Dom fertigzustellen. Schleppen Sie doch mal Ziegelsteine 500 Stufen hoch.

Dann ging's mit der Eisenbahn nach Neuwied am Rhein. Ich hatte meinen Kindern gesagt: "Wenn in Deutschland ein Zug um 15:03 Uhr abfahren soll, dann faehrt er 15:03 Uhr ab - nicht 15:04." Sie waren beeindruckt. Der Zug nach Neuwied hatte 20 Min. Verspaetung. Der Eindruck war floeten.

Wir wollten auch unbedingt eine Rheinfahrt machen. Leider wurde die Zeit knapp, und wir entschlossen uns den "Rheinpfeil" zu nehmen, ein "Hydrofoil" der mit 65 km/std den Rhein entlangsaust. Nicht meine Idee einer ruhigen Rheinpartie, aber besser als gar nichts. Nachdem ich bezahlt hatte taufte wir den "Rheinpfeil" auf „Reinfall“ um - denn das war es fuer uns - finanziell gesprochen.

Wir mieteten einen Opel Kadett und ich stuerzte mich zitternd aber nicht so zagend in den beruechtigten deutschen Verkehr. Ich muss sagen, ich war angenehm ueberrascht. Es gibt viele, ruhige Autofahrer, die durchaus zufrieden sind mit 80 m.p.h. dahinzubummeln. Dieser Gruppe schloss ich mich an. Zu der anderen Gruppe, die am flotten Otto leidet, gehoeren die Mercedes und B.M.W. mit Lichthupe. Unser Schild im Rueckfenster des Autos: "Geduld wir sind aus Kanada", wirkte Wunder. Nicht ein einziges Mal wurden die schnellen Bundesbrueder ungeduldig. Nach einigen Tagen meinte

meine Tochter: "Daddy, du faehrst schon wie die Deutschen." Ich nahm es als Kompliment hin.

In den Bussen und Strassenbahnen boten junge Menschen tatsaechlich ihre Sitzplaetze aelteren und koerperbehinderten Menschen an, aber es ist nicht mehr so selbstverstaendlich wie es einmal war. Schilder ermahnen die juengere Generation diese elementare Hoeflichkeit nicht zu vergessen. Auf unserer Reise sprachen wir mit vielen berufstaetigen Menschen, und wir waren recht beeindruckt von den "fringe benefits" deren sie sich erfreuen. Sechs Wochen Krankengeld ist ueblich und wir trafen keinen, der nicht zwischen 4 und 6 Wochen bezahlten Urlaub erhielt. Wir sprachen mit einer Krankenschwester und einer Kinderpflegerin und beide erhielten

28 Arbeitstage Urlaub. (Nach ungefaehr 12 Dienstjahren.) Anfaenger erhalten ungefaehr 20 - 23 Arbeitstage Ferien. Verschiedene Firmen zahlen ihren Angestellten ein 13. Monatsgehalt als Weihnachtsbonus.

Interessant waren auch die Geschftszeiten und es dauerte etwas bis wir uns daran gewoehnt hatten. Ich weiss nicht ob diese Zeiten in ganz Deutschland ueblich sind, aber in Schleswig - Holstein waren die meisten Geschaefte von 7:30 Uhr bis 13:00 Uhr und von 15:00 Uhr bis 18:00 Uhr geoeffnet. Sonnabends wurde um 14:00 Uhr dicht gemacht. Mir fiel auf dass eine ganze Anzahl von Geschaeften geschlossen war, und dass die gesamte Belegschaft Urlaub machte. Schilder wie das Folgende waren recht ueblich: "Wir bitten unsere Kunden dafuer Verstaendnis zu haben dass auch wir Urlaub benoetigen. Geschlossen vom 9. bis 28. Juli."

Preise sind genau so hochgeklettert wie hier auch, trotzdem habe ich den Eindruck das der sog. arbeitende Durchschnittsmensch hier etwas besser dran ist wie in Deutschland.

Viele machen sich Sorgen ueber das

Schulwesen und die Einstellung der Lehrer. Der 13 jaehrige Sohn einer Bekannten musste folgenden Aufsatz schreiben: „Wie mein Vater von seinem kapitalistischen Arbeitgeber ausgebeutet wird.“ Ob man diese Art Aufsatzthema gutheisst liegt natuerlich an der politischen Einstellung des Einzelnen. Manche sind aber ueberzeugt dass die Rechte nicht weiss was die Linke tut.

Nach fuenf ereignisreichen Wochen stellten wir uns wieder auf dem Koelner Flughafen ein. Wir sahen recht viele bewaffnete Soldaten der Bundeswehr. Ich nehme an, dass der Terrorakt der Araber auf dem Flugplatz in Athen damit etwas zu tun hatte. Unser Handgepaeck wurde sehr gruendlich untersucht und dann sassen wir wieder gut verstaet ganz hinten, wo. . . na, Sie wissen schon.

In Winnipeg angekommen verliessen wir als letzte das Flugzeug. Dann dauerte es eine Weile bis der Schreibkram erledigt war. Als wir nun endlich soweit waren, unser Gepaeck den Zollbeamten zu ueberlassen, da deutete einer von ihnen an, dass wir machen sollten dass wir nach Hause kamen. Na, und das taten wir dann auch. mm

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Seit ungefaehr einem Jahr koennen Sie, verehrte Leser, wenn Sie Cable TV besitzen, jeden Mittwochabend, um 8.30 Uhr, eine deutschsprachige Fernsehsendung sehen. Die Sendung steht unter dem Titel "Germania" und wird im Rahmen des sogenannten Community Televisions auf Kanal 9 ausgestrahlt.

Das Community TV hat sich insbesondere zur Aufgabe gestellt, durch Filme, Berichte, Interviews usw., den Bewohnern von Winnipeg Geschehnisse innerhalb der Gemeinde nahe zu bringen, wie auch oertliche Persoenlichkeiten oder Gruppen vorzustellen und ueber deren Arbeit zu diskutieren.

Durch die Tatsache der vielen ethnischen Gruppen hier in Winnipeg wurde auch diesen die Moeglichkeit geboten, in ihren Muttersprachen Programme auszustrahlen. Die deutschsprachige Sendung "Germania" ist also eine unter mehreren nicht englischsprachigen Sendungen auf Kanal 9. Bei den Mitarbeitern von Germania handelt es sich um reine Amateure, die fuer ihre Arbeit nichts bezahlt bekommen. Sie agieren vor der Kamera als Ansager, Interviewer usw. und hinter der Kamera als Kameraleute. In der Sendung werden u.a. Nachrichten und Sportmeldungen aus Deutschland gesehen, die groesstenteils durch das deutsche Konsulat in Winnipeg freundlicherweise zur Verfuegung gestellt werden.

Im vergangenen Jahr wurde neben anderem in Interviews auch ueber Folklorama, die Deutsche Vereinigung Winnipeg (Deutsche Buehne, Karnevalsgesellschaft "Treuer Husar," Deutscher Chor), das Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre und das International Centre berichtet. Ebenfalls traten im Programm verschiedene Amateurkapellen auf. Auch in diesem Jahr wird Germania sich bemuehen, weiterhin fuer die deutschsprachige Bevoelkerung in Winnipeg das Bestmoegliche fuer die Sendung zusammenzustellen.

Dies wird natuerlich nicht immer leicht sein, da das Programm selbsttragend d.h. ohne finanzielle Mittel arbeitet. Aus diesem Grunde waere es sehr begruessenswert, wenn recht veile Zuschauer zu den Programmen Stellung nehmen wuerden und Verbesserungsvorschlaege machten. Jedermann ist herzlich eingeladen mitzumachen, sei es alleine oder schauspielerische Vortraege bringen. Personen koennten, vielleicht untermalt von Dias oder Schmalfilmen, ueber interessante Reisen berichten. Vereine, Kirchen oder Clubs koennten durch Interviews oder Vortraege ihre Ziele an die deutschsprechende Bevoelkerung herantragen.

Wenn Sie also, verehrte Leser, in irgendeiner Weise durch Vorschlaege oder aktive Mitarbeit an der Gestaltung der deutschsprachigen Fernsehsendung in Winnipeg mithelfen wollen oder koennen, dann zaudern Sie nicht und schreiben Sie einfach an: Germania Studio 930, 930 Nairn Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba. mm

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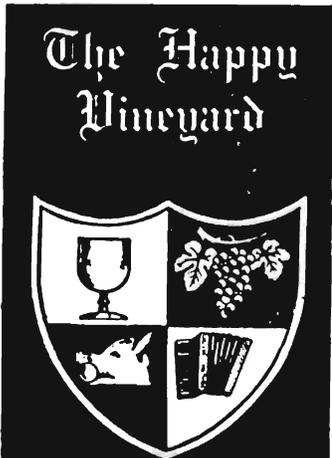


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reflections from our readers

Dear Sir:

I would certainly like to compliment you on the January, Centennial, issue of the Mennonite Mirror. I found all of the articles most fascinating, particularly, I suppose, because I personally knew more than one of the pioneers mentioned and I felt that I had a stake in these reminiscences. In fact I am tempted to add a few of my own but I do not think I could do any better than those which appeared in the Centennial issue. I hope you continue on the same high level.

Many of the accounts of the first settlements of 1874 and 1876 on the West Reserve came to me from my mother and father. You see, my grandfather, Erdman Penner, who is mentioned in one of the accounts was the one to whom was entrusted the gold received from the sale of the Bergthal lands when the Mennonites first left Russia. He, I was told by my mother who was 14 at the time, carried this gold in a belt to America, where I gather from one of the articles it was redistributed at the settlement on the East Reserve through the Waisenamt. I do not know what my other grandfather had to do with this distribution, if anything. He was Johann Hiebert who was known even in my day as Waisman Heibert but whether he was an officer or not at that time I cannot say. I thought perhaps some of your readers might know. Incidentally Waisman Hiebert founded the village of Neuhoftnung about six miles west of Altona, but it never became much of a village, but he and my own mother are buried on the farm of one of his grandchildren near here.

However these are personal matters which interest nobody but myself. The interesting point I wanted to raise concerns a peculiar architectural creation which apparently only the early Mennonites knew about. It is mentioned in that article by William Schroeder and is the *sarai*. They seem to have disappeared entirely from what is left of those charming Mennonite villages, but I remember several, one in particular on my uncle's farm at Schoenthal near Altona where I used to play with my cousin of sunflower fame, Jake Siemens.

The *sarai* was a primitive building, more primitive even than the sod houses of western prairies. What it amounted to was practically a tent made of cottonwood poles and thatched with straw. I have never known anyone to have lived in one. By my time they were used as implement sheds or chicken houses. I look in vain for them now whenever I drive through those villages of which your Harold Funk writes so charmingly in *The Darp*. He might have had an extra "sensating pulse of uniqueness" if he had ever seen one but I think they have long since disappeared. I really think that the Mennonite Museum in Steinbach which has gone in for the original

houses and church and school of the first settlements should build one of these *serais*.

And incidentally where does the word come from? I wish some of the scholars who contribute to your paper would run it down. I have never seen the word in German, and I am inclined to think that like *burnous* for overcoat, and *oorbooze*, for watermelon, neither of which as near as I can discover are German words, were picked up in the southern Ukraine from the caravans from Asia Minor. *Serai*, I came across the other day in an article on travel in Arab country, and the Arabs speak of their cloak as *burnous* also. It may be that the Low German picked up these words just as they have picked up words like *bugge* before they took to cars. It is becoming a more fascinating language with every move on the part of the Mennonites and I am told that some Spanish words are beginning to find their way into the tongue of those who moved to Mexico and South America. Do you suppose, as editor, you could persuade some of your more erudite readers to give information on it.

Low German, Platt, is a lovely language and I am so glad that an effort is being made to preserve it before it, like the *serais* disappears entirely. Your writers too, like Jack Thiessen and P.J.B. Reimer are to be complimented on their delightful contributions to your magazine. I hope you keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Paul Hiebert,
Carman, Manitoba

Dear Sir:

We enjoy your Mirror periodical, and kindly send us 4 copies, to send to distant friends-1874-1974 Centennial issues.

Edward Groening
Lowe Farm, Man.

Dear Sir:

I have just received my copy of the "Mirror". In it I saw several articles which would be very useful in a "Mennonite Centennial" project at our school.

Would you please send us six copies of the special centennial edition. Enclosed is a cheque for \$3.00.

Sincerely,
Henry Dueck,
Blumenort, Man.

Dear Sirs:

Having read the article "Footloose & Tightfisted", I can't help but think that Mr. Vogt missed about the best part of the wonders of Oahu. Waikiki Beach, while unique in its flavor, has a tendency to remind one of the old boardwalk at Winnipeg Beach, after several days. Certainly there are places of great interest of a more lasting nature after one has soaked up enough happy hours and wall to wall bikinis.

Almost invariably a walk through Pearl City will turn up a luau in someone's front yard. The aroma from such a celebration is unlikely to be found anywhere else, as is the atmosphere of the setting.

Or where can one absorb the very bones of Polynesia as on the top of Koko Crater where the lava rock cuts into the feet, and the unrelenting winds make an upright posture difficult. The surf pounds mercilessly on the rocks far below and one cannot help but find oneself face to face with all of history.

It is on a beautiful beach nearby where a lot of even more "tightfisted" tourists make their accommodation in their own tents and cycle into a town not more than a mile or two away for essential groceries, filling in with coconuts and fish from the ocean.

I am glad Mr. Vogt had a good time, but for me, I didn't travel all that way to the world's most famous surf to play golf.

Sincerely,
V. Epp
241 Mandeville Street
Winnipeg

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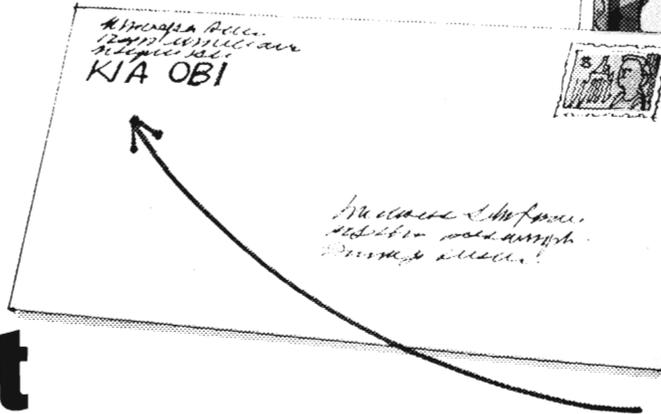




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