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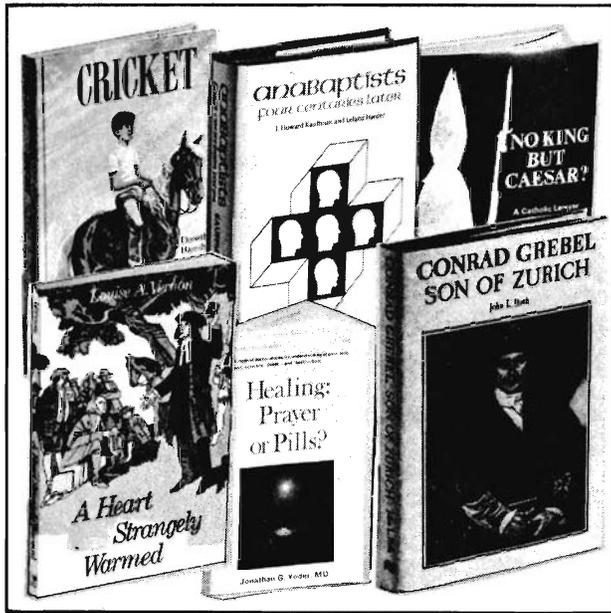
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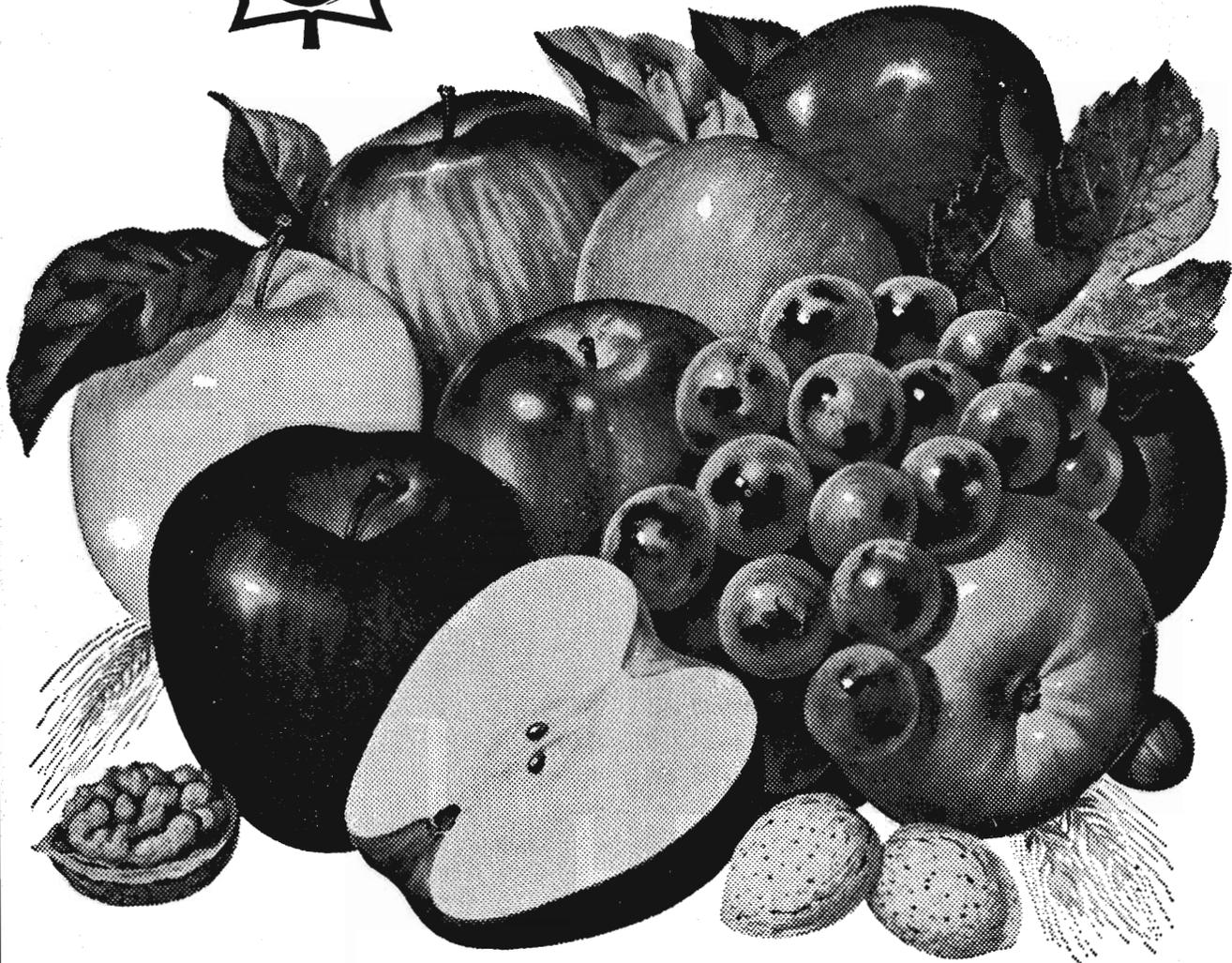
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## inside

Glory eludes actress. ....	7
Toujours, Le hockey. ....	9
Lost art lesson. ....	11
Family business. ....	13
Choosing Bible story book. ....	14
Saengerfest review. ....	15
Father's 'Verbundenheit'. ....	18
Dornroeschens Kollegin. ....	19
Ute ole Tiet. ....	21
Our word. ....	22
Your word. ....	23

Volume 5 / Number 2 November 1975

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**Subscription rates:** \$5 for one year and \$9 for two years.

The Mennonite Mirror is normally published 10 times each year from October to July for the Mennonite community of Winnipeg and Manitoba by the Mennonite Literary Society, Inc. Address for all business and editorial matters is 203-818 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, R3G 0N4, telephone 786-2289.

The Mennonite Mirror observes the following part-time office hours: Monday, 1:00 to 4:00 p.m.; Tuesday, 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.; Thursday, 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m.; closed Wednesday and Friday.

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## Reliving Menno Simons' Life

# Amateur actress takes the plunge, and swings by her elbows instead

by Lore Lubosch

Recently I enjoyed a fascinating experience: I had a small part in the creation of *Menno's Reins*, a half hour film about Mennonites. I've never done a thing like that before--and I still don't quite know how I got into this.

One morning at the end of August a friend called to invite me to a meeting. Some people were gathering that evening to discuss a film about Mennonites, she said. Who they were, and what was their concern with a film? She didn't know the details.

I entered the room at the Gospel Light Hour that evening, and found a small gathering already present. A young man, whom later I discovered to be Dave Dueck, of Dueck Film Productions Ltd., seemed to be in charge. He required my name on a list, and I obliged. When he asked for my height and weight, however, I became concerned. Is there no privacy anymore, I wondered? I looked about, and found my friend, smiling. It must be alright, I thought, and divulged the statistics (optimistic version, of course). Then, in the silence of hushed whispers, I sat down and waited and wondered...whether I should have come.

People arrived, at what seemed interminable intervals. Then came Don Williams. He was introduced by Dave as a director of films and documentaries for the CBC, etc.

Don's presence injected dynamic energy into the room. Action replaced inaction. Scripts were distributed and the meeting that never was turned into a casting session. I could not resist temptation, and decided to play along.

Don Williams does not play at films, however. He means business. Soon we were trying out scenes with movement and then I found myself sitting over coffee, waiting anxiously for the distribution of parts.

My script and schedule of location

arrived by mail a week later. There was a warning attached which read: "The glamour of Hollywood will be tempered by the hard work and patience required on the set!" Filming was slated to begin Saturday, 9 a.m., August 30, at the St. Boniface Museum.

I could hardly suppress my excitement when I arrived on location. The lights, the camera on dolly, the microphone looking like a gigantic cob of black corn on a long metal stalk...It was all new to me. People were running, calling, snapping into action: the place was a hive of activity.

It has been said that: "Film is the directors' medium". By the end of that day, I understood what this means.

Film captures everything, from the forgotten Eaton's label on the cheese, to the tiny bakery sticker on a loaf of bread. A small item out of place, and the entire footage must be scrapped. We worked from about 10:00a.m. until 3:00p.m. to complete a scene which in actual viewing may take about five minutes. It was rehearsed many times to get things just right. In addition, Don requested several takes. One would assume then, that in the end, the final footage will be used as is. Not at all, I discovered. This film is to be scanned, the best parts selected, and then cut and spliced into finished product. There is a lot of work to be done after the actors are finished!

The scene which included me was filmed indoors. It represented a cottage somewhere in the Alps. in 1525. My husband Thomas (pretend), our son (pretend) and I hid in the attic: Anabaptists pursued by the law. Downstairs, my sister and brother-in-law were being questioned by soldiers who warned them against admitting heretics into their home.

While the soldiers were present, my pretend family and I perched high on two ladders (pretend attic). Heads among the rafters, we crouched right at the top, doubling up our bodies to fit between

ladder and ceiling. Then, to simulate descent after the the soldiers left, we did an intricate maneuver from ladder to bench on a table, to floor. My ladder was slippery aluminum; no place to grab a hold. Once my long skirt caught at the top and threatened to rip as I made an acrobatic lunge toward the bench. Fortunately, brother-in-law John (acted by John Friesen from Toronto) was ready with rescuing arms. He held on, as I unfastened.

After the simulated descent from the attic it was time to do the real thing. The second floor of the museum featured a trap door. We, the family, were instructed to perform our climb, this time from a real attic.

Up there in the dark, looking into the bright hole, down at the bench and the table far below, I yearned for a stunt person to take my place. It seemed I was facing a 20-foot drop, at least.

The image became more real when John stepped up and his head came just to our floor level. Still, I felt dizzy at the thought of what lay ahead...

My turn came, to plunge. I followed precious advice, fresh from the mouth of a crewman: "Take a deep breath...sit-down on the edge...rest one hand on either side...lower yourself..." I did, all at once...and ... hung suspended.

It was impossible to go back, or down. My elbows, having bent up and out, were locked and stubborn. also, momentum and weight caused my torso and legs to swing--I needed help. In one decisive tackle John grabbed hold of my rump and pulled. The bench protested, but held. Then I was on solid ground, free...to try again.

I learned something else that day, beside how to descend through trap doors: I learned that there is really no substitute for buttons and safety pins in show business. A professional actor knows this, I'm sure. I, however, lack the wisdom of experience in such matters. My blouse, that day, had little strips of

velcro down the front. In the excitement and stress of my climb from the attic, these fickle patches of prickly stuff let go, and left me exposed. Though safety pins quickly repaired the damage, I thought my sense of modesty would never recover. I looked about to read the expressions, and was comforted. Except for the kind soul who handed me a safety pin, no-one seemed to be aware of my dilemma--it was just another little crease to iron out.

Actually, my involvement in the production should have ended Saturday. But I enjoyed the experience, and decided to join the crew again, Monday, just to watch.

Monday dawned cold and grey. I arrived at Steinbach early, and was directed to Kroeker's gravel pit, a wide and wind-swept field. Here the crew and cast were scurrying about, getting ready. Everyone was busy: I was just chilled and feeling a little out of place. "Maybe I should have stayed home", kept recurring in my thoughts.

A noise scattered all reflections. It started as a distant rumbling and was fast growing in volume. Finally, with a wild roll and thunder, the object of curiosity rounded the bend of the road: a brown wooded box on wheels, drawn by two horses. But it was more than that; it was the "stagecoach" needed for the filming of a crossroad scene.

A crowd gathered to inspect the new arrival. Somebody suggested: "Put some curtains on the thing?" Great idea, but who had time to do the job? I did! Together with another helper and a Mr. Rosenfeld we set to work. a bright orange blanket, cut into pieces, was our material. We cut off the satin border and used it for elegant sashes. This done, we tried to attach the curtains to the open windows. Here we ran into trouble.

The wind, a minor hurricane, blew the heavy material right out of our hands. The restless horses threw the stagecoach into a sway and swagger, rattling us about like marbles in a box. Time was running out. Finally Mr. Rosenfeld resorted to drastic measures. Swinging his capable hammer, he nailed each pleat right to the wooden wall of the coach. This direct approach was very successful.

Feeding the many people involved in Monday's scenes turned into another minor problem. The schedule, running a few hours late, provided no time for lunch, and the nearest snack bar was miles away.

At about noon, envoys were sent to A&W at Steinbach to bring back dinners. But after more than one trip there were still some people who had not been fed. The grounds were spacious, everyone had scattered all over - it seemed impossible to keep track of who had eaten...

Late in the afternoon we were almost done. Just two more short scenes and

then. . . home! Morale registered high with anticipation, when it happened. The stagecoach, which had served well all day, revealed its weakness: the driver's seat. Up to that point the bench, attached to the front coach, had given its support quietly to Ernie Pankratz (driver) and John Friesen (now Menno Simons). Frankly, it was a heavy burden. But no one thought the bench would break when it did right under the unsuspecting posteriors of its occupants. I did not actually see the incident, but as I was told, the bench slid down the front of the coach, carrying Ernie and John with it. For want of something more solid each man was clutching one rein. The team startled, bolted and broke into a gallop. A brief moment: the seat with its two victims perched on the shaft in precarious balance. Then gravity asserted itself; Ernie's end slumped, defeated. He dragged on the ground until, somehow, the horses were stopped. At this point, John, riding the other extreme, the upper end of the bench, took his plunge. He landed between the front wheels of the coach and the nearest horse's hooves. From this position he contemplated the choice between two equal perils: wheels or hooves. However, the horses cut short his indecision. They backed up, removing all danger from the coach. One hoofed leg rested momentarily on John's back, but it did no damage. It stepped softly.

As the dust settled, both men looked pale. Ernie nursed some nasty scrapes and bruises; John's back may have hurt a little. Still they came away quite unharmed. The show could go on - and it did so with very little delay. As for the horses? They were taken home and the stagecoach was hitched to a car. mm

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# From sea-to-sea, Canada finds unity playing hockey, toujours en francais

by Rudy Schultz

The recently accounced wage and price restraints may have some salutary effects on the high salaries being paid to professional athletes. Under the new guidelines the average professional hockey player will receive a flat increase of \$2,400 which is the new ceiling for most wage earners.

Hopefully these restraints will apply to professionals in sports as well as to engineers, accountants, doctors, and lawyers. If the federal and provincial governments manage to restrict and restrain the astronomical salaries paid to professional athletes it will mean, that at long last, there will be some kind of control over the exhorbitant salaries paid to pro hockey players. Surely these high salaries are partly to blame for our problems with inflation.

Inflation is not the only problem we have to face in Canada.

Let us imagine, for the moment, that the wage and price restraints are successful, so successful, in fact, that the Trudeau administration forges ahead on another front - the bilingual-bicultural thrust of federal policies.

A new federal edict is announced on Christmas Day 1984. (Trudeau has a thing about announcing important events on Christmas Day.) The specifics of this brave new venture in promoting bilingualism are as follows:

All activities related to hockey: playing, coaching, broadcasting, and officiating, must be conducted in both English and French.

Hockey coaches will be required to take courses in English or French hockey vernacular.

Young men who aspire to a professional hockey career will be required to show proficiency in English and French hockey language.

The bilingualization of hockey will fall under the jurisdiction of Hockey Canada and the Department of Cultural Affairs.

The effects of this edict on our Canadian culture in general, and on

hockey in particular, will be far reaching.

Exposure to the French language, the language of love and the nobility, will restrain the goons who come from the rough prairies. Violence in hockey will become a problem of the past.

French language instruction in Canadian schools will be restored to its once prominent place in the high school curriculum. Students taking Conversational French will be idolized, particularly by the opposite sex. Being enrolled in the French Hockey Language Course will give students status among their peers. The course will after all, open the door to a lucrative future in hockey.

It follows, quite naturally, that teachers would have to undergo retraining and extra in-service days would be set aside for that purpose by provincial decree. Retired hockey coaches, particularly bilingual coaches, will be in demand as course consultants and language workshop resource persons. These new courses would be offered in evening extension programs as well as during the day. The basic program known as "Francais Hockey Canada" west of Quebec, and as "English as the Second Hockey Parlance" in Quebec would be kept alive by liberal grants from the Federal treasury. For the first time in Canadian history the Federal government would set aside the provision of the British North America Act and usurp provincial rights in the area of education.

Another effect of bilingualizing hockey would be the conquest of Western Canada. The West has been know to balk at previous federal efforts to promote bilingualism. But now hockey is at stake and the West will be happy to go along. It will also mean that some Western, non-French speaking players, will have a chance to stay with the Montreal Canadians who will need to keep some English speaking players to comply with the provisions of the new law.

It would be false to assume that only hockey aspiring males would learn Fren-

ch-English hockey parlance. Not so! Young ladies would certainly realize the importance of knowing some French. Their dreams of marriage, a country home, two cars and a swimming pool would be consistent with their dreams to become the wife of a pro hockey player.

You have to admit that this scheme would have some merit in terms of nationalizing our national sport. The thousands, nay, tens of thousands, who watch and play hockey will become bilingual in easy stages without all that much effort. And the motivation to learn will be there.

But the crowning accomplishment of this experiment in "participatory democracy" would be that Foster Hewitt would finally be forced to pronounce Ivan Cournoyer's name correctly.

## In and Around Town:

There is no truth to the rumour that there was dissention in the ranks of the *Winnipeg Colonels*. Ralph Ens played for St. Vital, instead of the Colonels, because, like so many other players, he could not afford to take the time off work to play regularly with the Colonels. It is true that some players in the Western Major Fastball League received substantial remuneration, but the average Colonel received a few hundred dollars plus whatever came his way from the play off pool.

The *First Mennonite Curling Club* is off and running again despite an exhorbitant increase in the ice rental fee at the Granite. The fraternal bonds proved to be stronger than the purse strings.

*John Bergen* (334-3658) may still be looking for a few rinks to fill up the draw for the Crosstown Curlers.

In the next issue I would like to provide a rundown of various church affiliated sports activities. Please call me at home (334-6106) or at work (586-8436) and tell me what the young people are doing sportswise. **mm**



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## Westgate Volleyball Tournament

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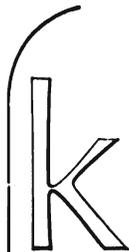
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## Visitor appreciates lesson in lost Canadian art

by Abe Warkentin

When I told editor Roy Vogt that the Russian economic system didn't work after my visit to that country in 1971 he disagreed with me and bowing to his greater knowledge in the field of economics (I understand he teaches the stuff at the U) I had to agree that he was right, it did work, but what I really meant was that it worked poorly and the average Canadian in a Russian's shoes would go stark raving mad in a few weeks if he had to put up with the nonsense and run-around the Russian has to endure to buy his bologna and long winter underwear. Vogt agreed with this.

But I'm not going back to Russia in this brief column. This time I'm going to Paraguay, and I'll make approximately the opposite statement about the Mennonite colonies in that country that I made about Russia. I'll say that the colonies there work pretty well. Now that's a dreadfully general statement and I'll grant you I'm basing it on pretty flimsy study: only two weeks plus a few days running around. And I should hasten to add that there are colonies and there are colonies. Some are progressive and some are backward, so I'm purposely being general. But what I am really talking about has nothing to do with how many pots and pans your average Mennonite Hausfrau in the Chaco has, or how big the buggy or Honda is, standing beside the house. What I'm talking about is how people enjoy life and they seem to know more about that in Paraguay than they do in Canada. Seriously. Here we have everything money can buy but parents are strangers to their children and mental health and ulcers are very

real threats to everyone. When I was in Paraguay there was hardly an evening that wasn't spent relaxing or visiting by the hosts with neighbors or others who just dropped by. Visiting in Canada is a lost art. Visits here are planned around elaborate meals and entertainment and take place in living rooms with plush carpets and draperies that make you feel like you're in a funeral home.

I seriously wonder whether our Paraguayan cousins aren't better off and whether some of the tours to Acapulco and Hawaii this winter wouldn't be better rearranged for Paraguay.

I've been asked by many people (my neighbour and someone else anyway, for sure) what struck me most about the country. It was unquestionably what I've related above and my visit to the leprosy treatment centre at Kilometer 81, East Paraguay. When Roy Vogt told me about the column deadline date he asked me facetiously of course, to perhaps impart some wisdom "that will mean a turning point in the lives of our readers." Well, I suppose a visit to that place might do just that. Not that I myself was that 'taken' or shocked with the tragedy of those people with leprosy. There was that about it as well of course, after all, who would enjoy looking at such unfortunates. But what I was impressed with most was the dedication of those people who were looking after these unfortunates. Serving for little pay in an isolated area, leaving a family and perhaps even country for a place like that takes something. The workers there call it faith. Something to think about. mm

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# News reporters see Manitoba's vast north

Two Mirror staff writers, Hilda Matsuo and Mary Enns, were part of a group of Manitoba newspaper reporters which toured northern Manitoba as guests of the province. Here is a report.

by Hilda Matsuo

Strains from "O Canada," "the true North strong and free," may well pervade the hearts and minds of Manitobans bent on seeing Manitoba first, this year, next year or whenever.

Officially opened this year, Hecla Provincial Park shows promise of future recreational fields to explore. This year saw the completion of a golf course of tournament standard. Far from discouraging golfers, design features such as water hazards, traps and trees have been used instead so that they may develop the skills of the golfer. And those greens! Penncross grasses, clipped daily to maintain the carpet-like perfection which golfers enjoy, have

been used. Campers and folks who prefer the amenities of a cottage are welcome at Hecla today, while golfers who wish to stay can look forward to a time when hotel and motel facilities will be available nearby. Later too will come the development of cross-country ski trails on the west side of the island while the east side, already ravaged by man's presence there, has been designated for more destructive winter sports, like snowmobiling.

Farther afield is Grand Rapids. Grant McEwan in his tales of the far north describes the plane that landed and was half tanked up with gas before the attendants noticed that it was a mosquito! If by comparison a real life vision of white pelicans calmly fishing below the dam at Grand Rapids look pale at 55-70 inches in length and a wing spread of nine feet, try your luck with the real story tellers, the fishermen. They can whet their appetites at the fish hatchery at

Grand Rapids, or try their luck at places like Moak Lodge on Cross Bay, or Sasagiu Rapids Lodge at the junction of Setting Lake and Halfway Lake. One can continue to "wet a line" at Iskwasum Lake or Reed Lake after first contemplating the beauty of Pisew and Wekusko Falls. If these vast stretches of water yield nothing there are always favorite hiding places of pike, pickerel or whitefish to seek out at say, Lake Athapap or First Cranberry Lake. Fly fishermen of course can always edge back via Riding Mountain National Park and enjoy the fight of a trout at the end of their line.

On riding along one appreciates the mighty design and fine detail left in the wake of natural forces which, scraped by glacial action the beds of lakes teeming with fish and created the clumps of orchids or Ladies Slippers that bedeck the forest floor, or the dabs of Hoary Puccoon whose oranges gladden the fields and roadside. Mans part in the power play of nature can best be appreciated during a tour of International Nickel at Thompson. Not for small children are the ladles of molten metal! The bountiful bowels of the Canadian Shield supply ore for the blast furnaces.

Flin Flon, another mining town in the Shield, has gained renown for its trout festival which measures the "big ones" in fact rather than in fiction. Creating a niche for himself too, is the fictional character Flintabbatey Flonatin. Although the book about the little chap made terrible reading, the statue of Flin-taggatey Flonatin lends charm to Flin Flon. It was created from a design given to the city by none other than Al Capp of "Little Abner" fame.

While God created "the true North strong and free," and Al Capp recreated Flintabbatey Flonatin, did you know that, in the framed Ten Commandments in Cree, found in Christ Church at The Pas, it says in part that, "in six days the Lord made heaven and earth and Winnipeg and all that is in it." Why? The way of the translator is hard. An Indian of yesterday who had never seen salt water, was asked about a body of water so wide that you couldn't see the far shore, and he of course replied, "Winnepaik". So there you are, Winnipegers, if The Pas' Trappers Festival palls, go to Christ Church for an ego trip. **mm**

### Needled Medicine

Ernie: "I don't believe acupuncture will ever be popular in Canada."

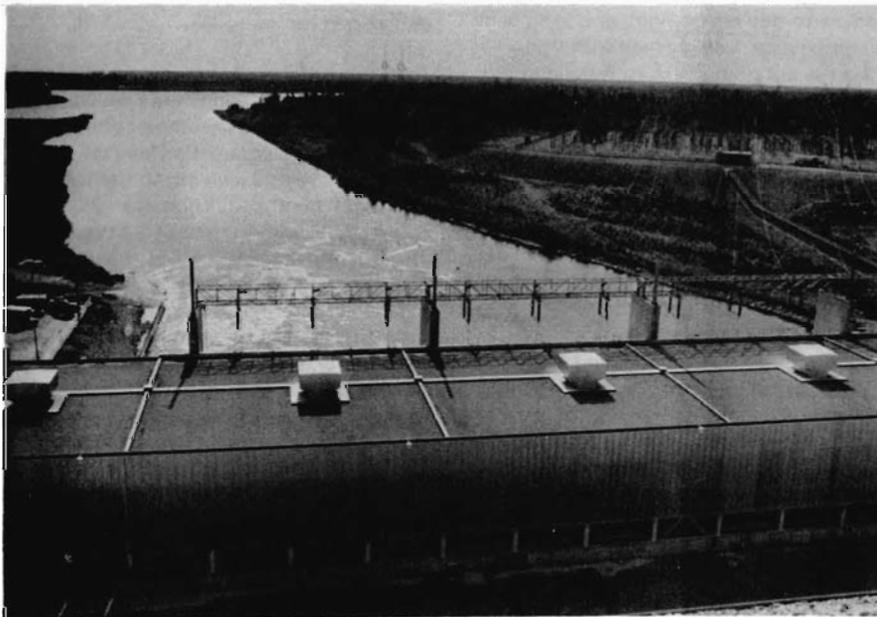
Cy: "Why?"

Ernie: "Because people don't like to be needled."

### TV Husband

Girl friend: "The man I marry must be musical, tell new jokes, sing and dance, stay home, neither drink nor smoke, and keep silent when I tell him to."

Boy Friend: "Dear, you don't want a husband, you want a television set."



Grand Rapids power station

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## 50 years of a family business



The Defehr family: William Defehr, C.C. Defehr, Abe Defehr, Neil Fast, and Art Defehr.

On Monday they celebrated his birthday. On Tuesday they all celebrated the 50th anniversary of C.A. DeFehr and Sons having launched into business. "Grandfather DeFehr" was very much in evidence on the first two occasions but found a third just a little too much, even for a hardy old veteran that he has always been. He chose to spend that evening at home.

Many friends, business associates and customers joined the family DeFehr at their place of business in 78 Princess Street to offer congratulations and wish them well. Congratulations on a venture that began 50 years ago and has continued to operate with increasing success. Good wishes for future growth and prosperity. Mr. John Klassen, former president of Monarch Machinery, now retired, was on hand to share his friends' pleasure.

Walking from one department into another, on up into the second and third floors visitors saw how the business has, in the last several years expanded. It all began modestly, in 1925 when C.A. DeFehr and his family lived in Gnadenthal, Manitoba. He travelled about in the farming districts selling cutlery and hardware. The business on Princess Street was established in 1927 in partnership with Mr. Victor Guenther. Standard Importing Cream Separators were its chief product. DeFehr became sole owner several years later, with slowly increasing staff, including his sons and son-in-law, B.B. Fast, who joined him gradually after periods of study and work. Grandfather DeFehr, along with his wife, spent two years in Paraguay after the last war assisting with the settlement of the Vollandam Immigrants during which time it became inevitable that the sons assume the responsibility of the business with Abe as president. C.A. DeFehr is, at 94, still nominally the head of his company. Son, Cornelius is general manager and chairman, with brothers Abe and William, nephew Neil Fast and son Arthur working as an executive group. They head what has grown into a large and profitable concern. Says William: "Honest, hard toil does pay off in the long run. Laying ground-work in a business takes time, not instant success. Integrity and fair play have combined to establish a business fairly well insulated against ups and downs of the economy. We have done considerable expanding in the past years. The growth of the company demands this. Further growth and expansion is inevitable." mm



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**Yamaha Music Centre**  
**Fort Richmond Plaza**  
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# Choosing a Bible story book for your child

by William Klassen

Several years ago I heard a stimulating talk on the radio entitled, *A Psychiatrist in Toyland*. This psychiatrist made some telling observations about what modern toys do for children and what parents should look for in buying them. He said that children need to exercise their imaginations; and that complex toys stifle their imaginations.

Take those dolls that are fully grown when purchased-or even those most recent ones which "develop" as you bend their arms. About all the children can do with them is to outfit them with clothes and since their clothes are so expensive and most girls cannot sew, they prepare themselves for life by asking father for more money to buy more clothes for their favorite doll. Boys will build up a large arsenal of toy weapons and the more these guns and tanks and planes can resemble the real thing the less the boy needs to use his imagination in play. The bad thing about such toys is that during the most important years when the children should be giving all of their time to the development of their creative imagination they are already discovering that if only you have enough money you can buy almost anything.

All of this can be avoided if you give books to children instead. It simply is

not true that children no longer read. My own children read far more than I did at their ages and I see many other children who do so as well. If you wish to encourage your children to read good literature this Christmas, I suggest that you invest in a good book of Bible stories. How to choose?

Two things are fundamental: text and pictures. The text should be a modern version which can be clearly understood by the child. It should be written in a narrative style which holds the child's interest, the selections should be both central to the history of God's saving deeds as well as connect at some points with the life of the child in Winnipeg (or wherever he lives).

During the past years I have looked at a large number of Bible stories for children and there are two which I recommend very highly. It is in fact a toss-up between these two in my judgment. Both of them are beautifully illustrated with colored drawings and the texts read smoothly and clearly. The first is called, *Bible Stories in Color* (La Sorfente-Milan, Italy; Spadea Press, Milford, New Jersey) (1964, Italy; 1968, U.S.A.). The writers are Renata Schiavocampo and Robert Perry and the artists Giума and Giorgio Sansoni. These stories appeared first in serialized form in many North American newspapers (including the Winnipeg Free Press). The text they

used seems to be in a paraphrase of a new translation. At any rate, it reads well and while there are some spelling mistakes the whole impact of pictures and text is pleasing and engaging. All of the stories are taken from the Old Testament and Apocrypha but stories like Abraham's attempt to sacrifice Isaac are tastefully done. The weighting is in the direction of the more militant side but Saul does say to David: "You are a better man than I am for you have repaid me good for evil".

The second one I would recommend is *Brian Wildsmith's Illustrated Bible Stories* as told by Philip Turner (Franklin Watts, Inc., 575 Lexington Ave., New York), 1968. This includes both Old and New Testaments and as in the other volume mentioned the drawings are exquisite. The text is well-done, terse and clear. It allows for imagination but what really holds the attention is the beauty of the drawings. As in the first volume, the editors prefer the more militant stories of the Bible. Samson with his bulging muscles, King David with his sling are of special interest and while I see no reason to ignore such "heroic" deeds, children should also learn of Esau forgiving Jacob, Joseph forgiving his brothers and David's refusal to kill Saul in order to get the throne; stories which appear to me to be at the heart of the Israelite faith and show up its radical difference from their contemporaries.

Not to be ignored in this category is the excellent collection of Bible stories for children called *God Keeps His Promise* written by Cornelia Lehn and published by Faith and Life Press (1970). While designed for younger children, the text reads well and the drawings in colour are effective in capturing and holding the attention of both young and older children.

So if you do buy a book of Bible stories for children be sure that the text lends itself to reading out loud, that the pictures or paintings are arresting and engaging, and then enjoy taking some time this Christmas just to read Bible stories in a new format to your children. I am sure they will really enjoy it; but, you may enjoy it even more!

The last two books are available through Fellowship Book Centre. mm

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## HUMAN RIGHTS ACT???

It would appear that the Crosstown Christian (?) Fraternal Curling Association has chosen to ignore the fact that this is International Women's Year. It was this year that they decided to amend their rules, thus prohibiting the women from SPARING. Really - what are you men (?) out there at the Wildewood Club afraid of - your chauvanism is showing!!!

# review

## The Double Face of Mennonite Culture

by Al Reimer

We Mennonites hate to let go of a good thing. Last Year's centennial events were so successful that there is an excusable tendency to find new anniversaries to celebrate this year. Hence, this ambitious commemorative festival of sacred music and song at the Centennial Concert Hall on October 27.

It seemed to me that this interesting but somewhat over-loaded concert reflected both the best and the worst sides of Mennonite cultural achievements in these parts. The orchestral first half, which gave us the premiere of Victor Davies' Mennonite Piano Concerto, struck me as bordering on the pretentious and the false, as straining for a musical sophistication which we, as a people, are as yet hardly in a position to appreciate, let alone sustain. Why on earth begin a Mennonite Saengerfest by flogging that tired old symphony horse - Brahms' Academic Festival Overture around the track? And with only half the Symphony players, when the whole WSO can do it much better anyway.

I have no quarrel with a piano concerto created out of Mennonite musical themes and hymns. It's a fine idea, especially if it had been carried out by a composer who knew something about the Mennonite musical heritage. Mr. Davies' concerto, for all its tunefulness and zest, was a disappointment. It is not entirely successful as a concerto. More importantly, it does not succeed in capturing the essential Mennonite spirit and vision.

There were moments of real power and nobility in the first movement, although the delicate, precise playing of Irmgard Braun Berg was consistently "wiped out" by the robust playing of the orchestra. The theme and variations on that fine old hymn "Wehrlos und verlassen" showed considerable inventiveness and style. This movement would probably make an even more favorable impression if it were performed by itself. The less said about the concluding Rondo the better. It was an unmitigated disaster. No musical intention could justify the empty tinkling of the rondino or the crude and vulgar handling of the beautiful "So nimm denn meine Haende."

The second half showed us our musical heritage at its best. It struck into the audience like sunshine after rain, like a Sunday morning worship service after a Saturday night party. When those pure, clear children's voices sanctified the audience with "Lass die Herzen immer Froehlich" and, with the help of the adult choir, with Bach's "Jesu, Joyaunce of my Heart", we knew that this Saengerfest was back on the tracks. From here the evening soared to a satisfying conclusion. I liked Peter Klassen's "Three Short Anthems for Anabaptists," with their clarion trumpet calls and long, swelling vocal harmonies. It's ironic but strangely fitting that the music of a local Mennonite composer should remind the listener of the noble cathedral style of Old Russia.

I was intrigued and excited by Esther Wiebe's "Marantha", a complex work for

choir, two soloists and orchestra. I only wish that it had come earlier in the evening. Coming as it did at the end of a very long program, it did not get the alert attention that it undoubtedly deserved. Mrs. Wiebe, as she demonstrated in her opera last year, has an excellent command of the spoken idiom in music. She got good singing from the two male soloists - especially from John Martens, the tenor. Occasionally, the choral work sounded a bit muddy or indecisive, but inadequate rehearsing may have been the cause rather than intrinsic faults in the music.

In summary, there was much to rejoice over in this Saengerfest. But there was also that disquieting other face. Some questions are in order. How much real cultural gain do we make by replacing the naive but honest "Schlichtheit" of our forefathers with the sophisticated facade of the main culture? Do we gain or lose by "translating" their rugged simplicity into a slick contemporary idiom? To romanticize a people's heritage is to falsify it. Victor Davies' concerto makes the Mennonite experience sound sunny and innocent, with hardly a hint of its darker, suffering side. The Anabaptist heritage is one of persecution, and guilt, as well as of triumph and Christian joy of deliverance. All that must be reflected in our contemporary culture. If it isn't then we may as well join the main stream completely and forget about doing our own cultural thing. We are, after all, already fitting into the larger cultural pattern beyond any Mennonite's dream a generation ago. For the time being we still have an active cultural memory, a sense of group cohesiveness and a common experience. By exploiting these ethnic strengths in a complete and honest way, we may yet build a contemporary Mennonite culture which can exist alongside the main culture without being totally absorbed into it.

\* \* \*

Ben Horch, noted Mennonite music producer and conductor, observed before the Saengerfest that one of the purposes of the evening was to provide an Anabaptist-Mennonite musical interpretation of our past, present, and future. It did this by combining old and familiar musical traditions with new forms, as created by contemporary composers. He said there was a tremendous need to express our faith musically in a variety of forms, appealing both to the older generation and to the younger 'blue jean' generation. The two groups, he said, 'must be permitted to live side by side in our community of Mennonite churches.

He questioned whether the Mennonite Church today has the vision to create a new type of Saengerfest which will continue to be an act of worship and witness and be faithful to the Anabaptist tradition of broad community participation. mm

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**Manitoba and its Mennonites** - a brief review of the history of Mennonites in Manitoba since their immigration 100 years ago, prepared by Dr. Victor Peters was featured in the November - December 1974 issue of the Department of Industry and Commerce publication "Manitoba."

The article traces the arrival and settlement of Mennonite groups and their contribution to the various characteristics of the Province - cultural, commercial, agricultural and professional.

Today, about 60,000 of the total Canadian Mennonite population of 168,150 live in Manitoba. Half of these live on farms or in farm villages while some 12,000 live in towns classified as urban and the remaining 18,000 are residents of Winnipeg.

In their first century in Manitoba, the Mennonites have been an important influence in their communities and their traditions remain a strong and living force.

A limited number of copies of this booklet is still available and may be obtained by writing to: The Manitoba Department of Industry and Commerce, Information Services, Room 504 Norquay Building, 401 York Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 0P8

**Dr. Peter Enns**, medical director of the new Concordia Hospital reports that the hospital is working at full capacity, already short of beds since the service area is larger than the bed area. The emergency department is functioning

well in servicing the people of the area. Since the opening of the hospital a year ago it has never at any time been without the services of a doctor on the premises.

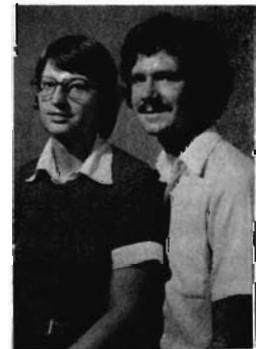
The **P.A. Vogts** of Steinbach celebrated their golden wedding anniversary with family and friends on October 25. Out of province guests included Ben J. Reimers, Vancouver, a brother to Mrs. Vogt, Lois Reimer, Toronto, and Dr. Edgar Penner, St. Catharines, Ont. a nephew.

**Dennis and Susan Driedger** have begun a two-year term in social work and community development at Nain, Labrador. Dennis, son of the Ben Driedgers, hails from Altona. Susan's parents are the Frank Sudermans of Winkler. The Driedgers called Grace Mennonite of Winkler their church home before joining MCC's Labrador program.

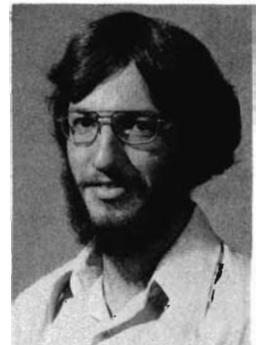
**Peter Froese** of Winkler, with his wife Kornelia began in October an MCC assignment as full-time clergy to the Mennonite congregation in Neuwied, Germany. Mennonites there are recent arrivals from the Soviet Union. Froese, who came from Russia as a twelve year old is fluent in English, German, Low German and speaks some Russian. Froese assumes the duties of Hans Niessen who earlier devoted half-time to the pastorate. Niessen will now work on a full-time basis to the social and spiritual needs of the people from Russia.



**Lydia Penner** has begun a two-year term at the Winnipeg MCC office, serving as director of information services. Lydia has a BA in history from the University of Winnipeg and is the daughter of Henry and Katherine Penner of Steinbach. She is a member of Emmanuel Evangelical Free Church.



**Walter and Anne Friesen** of Winipeg have begun a three-year term as teachers of English in Alberia. Both are graduates of CMBC and the University of Manitoba. Anne graduated from the latter with a B.A. in psychology and Walter with a B.A. in religion.



**Donald Stoesz** has begun a two-year term as social worker in community development in Hopedale, Labrador. Don is the son of Ed and Sara Unger Stoesz and member of the Altona Bergthaler Church. He graduated from CMBC with a degree in theology.



*During roll call on September 12th of Steinbach's grade one class of '33 twenty-three of the original students were there. Super detective, Louise Vogt Thiessen tracked down these students and all other students with the group during the years from grade one to twelve, a total of 121. A feather in the cap of the organizers was the dominant mood of the party, that of happiness. People voiced their pleasure in being there and the pleasure of sharing their happiness in life with people of common roots, who cared.*



**W.J. "Wally" Loepp** was elected governor of District 5-M-7 of the International Lions Club at a Winnipeg convention recently. The district of responsibility encompasses all of Manitoba and Northwestern Ontario with its fifty-four clubs and some 2,200 Lions. Lions club projects range from service to the blind to assistance in disasters through the LIF fund. To summarize, Lions find satisfaction and happiness in helping others. Wally's energies find additional challenge in a new company, Astra Real Estate, of which he is the vice-president and general manager.

**Walter Sawatsky**, the Manitoban whose concern surrounds the lot of Christianity in "Iron Curtain" countries reports that a new Bible, the first complete translation since 1632, is just off the press in Warsaw, Poland. Most encouraging is the fact that after Vatican II Roman Catholics were encouraged to buy a Bible for themselves. Since 97 percent of Poland's 33 million people are Catholic there is a large potential reading audience for a Bible couched in modern phrases.

**Mrs. Frank Peters, (Lori)**, is one who praises the efforts of modern medicine. She is, in short, grateful for all those involved in making her kidney transplant a success.

**Dr. Peter Friesen**, of Enns, Friesen and Dirks Medical Group, has resigned from his partnership and general practice in order to accept the position of field epidemiologist. He is a liaison officer between the federal and provincial governments working under Dr. Emmanuel Snell, and spending part of his time in studies at University of Manitoba. The appointment is for a two-year term. His work is concerned with contagious disease control and he will be covering the provinces of Manitoba, Northern Ontario, and parts of Saskatchewan with a fair amount of time in the north. Dr. Friesen's position was created by the department of health as the only one of its kind in western Canada, the two other appointments occurring in Halifax and Montreal.

New assistant minister to First Mennonite is **Jake Krause** who came to Winnipeg with his wife Sadie and family. Although the family considers itself to be Albertan, they came here from a post in Waldheim, Sask.

**Dr. David Ewert**, formerly of Canada and MBBC professor and dean joins the faculty of the MB Biblical Seminary in Fresno, California as lecturer in New Testament Studies.

The **Gospel Light Hour** is now to be known as **Mennonite Brethren Communications**. This came about "in order to better identify the sponsoring agency and the widening scope of operations."

The **Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra** is to visit Steinbach October 17, 19, and 20. Three concerts will be presented, one featuring Steinbach's Treble Teens directed by Shirley Penner. Maestro Piero Gamba conducts one of the concerts and Reuben Gurevitch and the other two.

**DATES:**

**Saturday November 8** - Ministers and deacons and wives Seminar, Group B, at Sargent Avenue.

**Tuesday November 11** - Fund Raising Banquet at Camp Assiniboia at 6:00 p.m.

**Friday and Saturday - Nov. 21 - 22-** Mennonite Theatre production of "The Miser" (In German).

**Saturday November 22** - MCC (Man.) Annual Meeting; at Sargent Avenue Mennonite.

**Sunday November 30** - Missions Day at Bethel Mennonite with Dr. Howard Habegger, Speaker.

**Saturday December 6** - CMBC Christmas Oratorio Program.

**Sunday December 7** - Morden Male Choir, Bethel Mennonite at 7:30 p.m.

**Saturday December 13** - CMBC Chamber Choir Concert

**Private School Enrollment**

	1975-76	1974-75
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CMBC Full Time	140	132
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Gretna, MCI	115	100
Steinbach Bible Inst. High School	88	80
Bible School	74	74
Westgate Collegiate Inst.	140	127
Winnipeg Bible College, Full & Part Time	304	285
Full Time Equivalent	290	164
MBBC Full-time and part-time	223	155
MB Collegiate Inst.	389	360
Winkler Bible College	141	135



The Mennonite Mirror is now in its fifth year of publication and is thankful to its many subscribers and advertisers for the confidence they have shown in the publication by supporting it generously in the past. The Mirror now enters about 5,000 Mennonite homes, primarily in Manitoba, and several thousand families have volunteered subscriptions to it. We encourage those who have not paid their subscription to do so as soon as possible, to ensure the continuing publication and improvement of the Mennonite Mirror. Your suggestions are always welcome. Above is a recent photo of the Mennonite Mirror Staff. Seated left to right: Jack Thiessen, Arkie Wiens, Eric Friesen, Frieda Unruh, Roy Vogt, John Schroeder, Hilda Matsuo. Standing: Betty Dyck, Rick Martens, Margarete Wieler, Rudy Friesen, Rudy Schulz, Ruth Vogt, David Unruh, Mary Enns, Edward Unrau, Lore Lubosch.

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Hedi Knoop

## Father's 'Verbundenheit' with the Mennonites

An interview with  
Hedi Dyck Knoop  
by Mary M. Enns

Hedi Dyck Knoop is the daughter of the late well-known Mennonite writer Arnold Dyck. Hedi grew up in Steinbach Manitoba during the 1930's. She travelled to Germany for studies just before The Second World War a journey described in the June 1972 issue of the Mennonite Mirror. (See the March 1974 issue of the Mennonite Mirror for articles on her father.)

Hedi Knoop needs little prompting to talk of her parents; and this not because the tales are entirely rosy with an idyllic ending. Life for the Dyck family was a many-faceted one, and she tells it as it was. Whatever else was imparted to the four children (Hedi, Elsie, Otto and Siegfried) by their parents, high priority was always placed on a thorough education, ideally in Germany. The children came to understand and adopt a way of life that was, under the circumstances, unconventional. Both parents being idealists, they were to find the resulting difficulties often unsurmountable and elected to spend a good portion of their lives apart from each other. "However," recalls Hedi, "Toward the end of their lives, a year before mother's death in 1966 in Vancouver, they met once again in Germany and we three were to enjoy several pleasant trips into the countryside. Prevailing at this time was a mutual understanding, as though both were saying, 'auch wenn unsere Wege getrennt verliefen, der Gedanke an Dich und an unsere glueckliche Zeit hat mich ueberall begleitet, und niemals ist jemand an deine Stelle getreten.'"

Briefly we speak of Hedi's own im-

mediate family. She was married to Wilhelm (Knoop) in Germany in 1946. They live in Darlaten, near Hannover in a secluded area where Herr Knoop is a bee-keeper. Three children were born to them; Louise, now 27, is studying medicine in Goettingen. Roland, 26 a (hydrographee) lives with his wife in Nienburg. Wieland, 14, is at present in Canada with his mother. Two foster sons, natural brothers, were added to the family 11 years ago -- Rolf now 17 and Helmut 16. The latter is interested in a future residence in Canada, being keen on forestry. Mrs. Knoop would like to see her children continue education here, "It seems the better, stabler place to live." She would like to see them grow up biculturally and bilingually.

*Mirror:* You spent several years before the war studying the violin in Munich; what have you done about your music since?

*Knoop:* "I'm afraid I've neglected it. I went into teachers training after that and then taught for 10 years. All able persons were required to work at that time."

*Mirror:* You lived for 35 years totally removed from a Mennonite milieu. Could it have been your father's or your parent's influence that has kept you close to your roots?

*Knoop:* "It was my father's 'Verbundenheit' with the Mennonites. He continued to be vitally interested in their culture, their ability to cope with the problems of taming the land, tilling the soil, trail-blazing, in more ways than one. His writings were influential to a great degree."

*Mirror:* Is it correct, that, during the war when your mother and her four children lived in Germany and your father here in Canada he was able to make a contact with his family through MCC?

*Knoop*: "Yes. Mr. D.F.Klassen, on his first trip to Europe, was asked by our father to attempt a search for us in Germany. He did manage to find us in the Luenenbuerger Heide."

*Mirror*: Do you think that Arnold Dyck's last four years were lonely ones?

*Knoop*: "No, I don't believe they were. For one thing, he was in continuous correspondence, not only with his numerous Canadian friends, but with those of long gone days in Russia. Then, also, he would decide to revisit Canada for a period. Though often withdrawn, he was not lonely."

Apparently Arnold Dyck delighted in his grandchildren. He enjoyed long walks and bicycle rides in the morning hours in spite of a trouble-some leg. He kept this up until four months before his death in a clinic in Germany in 1970 at the age of 81. The choice time of his day seemed always to be the afternoon coffee and conversation hour. He relished discussions on politics and most general topics. But always he talked happily of the days back in Russia - of the Mennonite settlements and how they were built from scratch into something flourishing. He was a teacher at that time and recalled with pride the social and political developments. Always an avid reader, he turned in those later years again and again to the Russian writers: Pushkin, Gogol, Tolstoy, Dostoevski and of course to his beloved low-German Fritz Reuter.

As to his own writing in that period of his life he had hoped to write a play for Altona's Sunflower Festival but was unable to carry this out because of a failing of energies. He did, however, dictate *Peter Spatz* to Hedi for her typing in 1954. He commissioned her to assume the responsibility of the future publication of *Das Steppendorf im Buergerkrieg*, his swan song to his beloved Mennonite Volk. Elsie is at present in the process of preparing it for publication. It deals with the disintegration of the Mennonite settlements of the Ukraine during the time of the Russian Revolution after the War of 1914-18. The children in *Verloren in der Steppe* have become the adults in this new book. Among Arnold Dyck's other unpublished works are children's books in German and a Low-German play "Daut Geburtstag," which is still only in handwritten form.

*Mirror*: Could this be considered a possibility in the future for a Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre production?

*Knoop*: "We would have to be approached on it." All decisions of this nature are decided upon by the author's four children. There is excellent rapport between them to this day. As a matter of fact, they have reunions about once every five years. The last one was a great success, taking place in Mexico in the form of a month's holiday for all four.

*Mirror*: Does the Knoop family read Ar-

nold Dyck's works?

*Knoop*: "My husband, who can speak in Platt-Duetsch (of Lower Saxony) enjoys *Koop en Bua*. The older children appreciate their grandfather's writings."

*Mirror*: Do the Mennonites in Germany read this unique writer?

*Knoop*: "Only a little. Excerpts of *Verloren in der Steppe* were published in *Das Mennonitische Jahrbuch*, and the record of *Koop en Bua* was also released.

*Mirror*: Could that characteristically Mennonite story be considered for translation into the English for the purpose of a contribution to Manitoba's mosaic of ethnic literature?

*Knoop*: "It would be very difficult to translate, for it's humor lies to a large degree in it's Low German language."

## Dornroeschens Kollegin, in Penticton, B.C.

von Hedi Knoop

Was hatte ich bisher mit Prinzessinnen zu schaffen gehabt? Nicht viel. Jedenfalls nicht mehr als jeder Hinz und Kunz. Ich hatte Prinzessin Anne von Grossbritannien auf dem Bildschirm gesehen, ich kannte die Prinzessin auf der Erbse aus Andersens Maerchen und ich kannte die Grimmsche Prinzessin am Brunnen mit ihrem aufdringlichen Frosch.

Ja, und neulich lese ich waehrend meiner Reise durch Kanada in der "Vancouver Sun" von einer weiteren Prinzessin, von einer, die von der Wohlfahrt lebt, und die noch dazu soeben hundert Jahre alt geworden ist.

Da faellt mir dann gleich noch eine 100-jaehrige Prinzessin ein, naemlich Dornroeschchen. Aber die Kollegin hier in der Zeitung hat ihre hundert Jahre nicht wie jene gemuetlich hinter einer Dornhecke verschlafen, oh nein. Die Dornen in ihrem Leben haben sie arg gezaust und gestochen, und dabei ist sie dann alt, uralt geworden.

Eine russische Prinzessin ist sie. Sie hat im Jahre 1921 ihre Heimat verlassen, hat zunaechst in Jugoslawien, danach in Belgien gelebt und auch gearbeitet und ist schliesslich, fast 80-jaehrig, in Kanada eingewandert. Hier hat sie noch einige Jahre ihren Lebensunterhalt durch Sprachunterricht bestritten. Jawohl, fuenf Sprachen spreche sie noch heute fliessend, so sagt die Zeitung, sie spiele vorzueglich Klavier, und ueberhaupt sei sie eine Malerin. Und seit einer Reihe von Jahren lebe sie nun auf Staatskosten in einem Altersheim in Penticton, British Columbien.

Eine echte, hundertjaehrige Prinzessin also. Darf man sich die entgehen lassen.

The fine vein of thought throughout the entire writings of Arnold Dyck, if one were to attempt to put it sparsely, would have to be "Die Heimat", feels his daughter. His genuine love for the Mennonite people is clear. He established himself as a writer among them in Low-German. In his later, more "Reflekiert" works he changed into High-German. The former medium was characterized by a droll humor. One of his finest short stories was "Tvee Breev", now translated into the English by Elizabeth Peters. Arnold Dyck's children are intent upon keeping the memory of their father alive. How better than through the legacy of literature he left us.

wenn man einmal auf reisen ist? Ich entschliesse mich, sie zu besuchen. Probieren geht ueber Studieren.

Ich fahre nach Penticton, der Pfirsichstadt im wunderschoenen Okanagantal, ich frage mich durch zum Altersheim, finde einem attraktiven Neubau, umgeben von Rasen, Blumenbeeten und Straeuchern, ich betrete die gepflegte und geraeumige Empfangshalle und nenne an der Rezeption mein Anliegen: Ich moechte, bittschoen, die hundert Jahre alte russische Prinzessin sprechen, die hier wohnen soll.

Und siehe da, man sagt: "Ja gerne, gehen Sie bitte in den Aufenthaltsraum dort. Sie spielt gerade Klavier, aber sie wird sich freuen, Besuch zu bekommen." So einfach.

Ich trete in den Aufenthaltsraum: gross, hell, modern moebliert. Hier sitzen Greise und Greisinnen, einzeln und gruppenweise auf Sesseln, auf Couches, lesend, sich unterhaltend oder einfach vor sich hinsehend. Hinter einer Blumenwand am Klavier entdecke ich dann meine Prinzessin: eine kleine, schmale, vom Alter gekruemte weibliche Gestalt, deren knoehige, aber kuedige Finger geschickt ueber die Klaviatur gleiten und dieser einer glockenreine, zaubernde Musik entlocken. Sie spielt "Schwarze Augen" und zwar weder sentimental noch dramatisch, sondern leicht beschwingt und ein wenig romantisch. Es ist eine Lust, ihr zuzuhoren.

Erst als das Stueck zu Ende ist und sie unentschlossen einige zusammenhanglose Akkorde anschlaegt, buecke ich mich zu ihr und versuche, mich ihr vorzustellen und sie zu fragen, ob sie mir die Freude machen wolle, mir ihre Aquarelle zu zeigen. Da die betagte

Dame schlecht hoert und noch schlechter sieht, ist diese Einfuehrung ein ausserordentlich umstaendliches Unterfangen. Schliesslich aber fieg ueber ihr altes, noch auffalend glattes Gesicht der Ausdruck freudigen Verstehens: "Sie wollen meine Werke sehen?"

Als ich dies bestaetige, zeigt sie sich durchaus bereit, dem Wunsch zu entsprechen. Mit dem Charm einer Dame von Welt bittet sie mich, sie auf ihr Zimmer zu begleiten. Ihr faellt das Gehen schon sichtlich schwer, und so fahre ich sie auf einem Rollstuhl durch Halle und Gaenge bis an die Tuer ihres Zimmers, wo sie mich sogleich bittet, Platz zu nehmen.

Ich spreche deutsch mit ihr, und sie antwortet deutsch, und zwar fehlerfrei, jedoch mit einem unverkennbaren russischen Tonfall. Franzoesisch spreche sie allerdings besser, erklart sie nun. Freilich, inzwischen sei ihr Englisch am gelaeufigsten. Nur selten habe sie Gelegenheit, ihre Muttersprache zu sprechen. - Es gehe ihr

## review

*Monikas Puppenkinder* von Walter van Dyck, im Selbstverlag 1975, Penticton, B.C. \$3, ist, wie man so schoen zu sagen pflegt, a labour of love. Walter van Dyck, kein minderer als der Sohn von Arnold Dyck, schreibt eine Reihe von entzueckenden Briefen an seine in Deutschland voruebergehend weilande fuenfjaehrige Tochter Monika. Jeder Briefe ist entsprechend illustriert.

Van Dyck sieht sich die Welt von der Couch aus an; also die Perspektive der im Ruhem Tuende und im Tun Ruhende traegt dazu bei, dasz die Welt des Hastens und des nimmer endenwollenden Fortschritts Monikas Puppenkinder ganz unberuehrt lassen.

Sprachen habens in sich: Franzoesisch ist die Sprache der Liebe und der Diplomatie, Englisch die Sprache der Wirtschaft und des aufs wirtschaftlich ausgerichtete Buchstabenglaubens. Deutsch ist die Sprache der Dichtung und des Erzaehlens. Das weiss Dyck. Darueber hinaus hat Dyck oder seine Puppe Humor: Auf Seite 17 laeuft ein Nackidei (made in Japan!) mit einer Igelpuppe einer Biene hinterher.

Das Buechlein is praechtig gelungen, von ein paar sprachlichen Schnitzern abgesehen; auf Seite 12 hat der sonst reflektierende Puppendichter ein Reflexiv zu wenig benutzt.

Bestellen Sie sich ein Buechlein fuer die Oma, eins fuer die Mutti und eins fuer die Kinder\*, damit einem jeden einen gelungenen Blick in eine heile Welt ermoeeglicht wird. Borgen bringt Sorgen; also bitte kaufen!

Von J. Thiessen

\* P.S. Oh ja, auch ein Baendchen fuer Pappa!mm

gesundheitlich gut, antwortet sie auf meine Frage. "Mein Herz ist gesund, meine Leber ist gesund, mein Magen ist gesund. Alles ist gesund, aber alt, alt, alt."

Sie bittet mich nun, einen Koffer hervorzu ziehen und zu oeffnen. Er enthaelt ihre Werke, und zwar eine grosse Anzahl ausgezeichneter Arbeiten, Peterburger Schule: Schloesser, Gaerten, Interieurs, eine Schlittenpartie auf russischer Steppe, Strassenzuege mittelalterlicher Staedte, historische Bauten.

Hier verraet sich nicht allein ein echtes makerisches Talent, sondern zugleich ein wohlthuendes Augenmass fuer Moeglichkeiten und Grenzen der eignen Ausdruckmittel. Eine intelligente, passionierte, sprudelnde Kuenstlerin! Stueck fuer Stueck entnimmt sie ihrem Koffer, freudig begruesst sie jede Arbeit, nennt prompt Entstehungsort und -zeit und schwelgt ein wenig in Erinnerung, allerdings ohne sich dabei ins Uferlose zu verlieren. Ihre alten Wangen roeten sich vor Erregung. Und dann schenkt sie mir ein Aquarell, und zwar das Bild eines alten, berankten, zweistoeckigen Haeuschens in der Hoehe einer Schlossmauer. "Dies ist ein Gesindehaus des Schlosses Bel-Oie! in Belgien, wo ich oftmals zu Gast war, sagt sie mit einem Laecheln. "Das Schloss hatte uebringen einen wunderschoenen Garten. Haben Sie einen Bogen Papier da?"

Ich reiche ihr meinen Schreibblock und einen Kugelschreiber. Und nun zeichnet sie mit unerhoert flinken, sicheren Strichen den Innenhof des Schlosses Gel-Oiel aus ihrer Erinnerung: Ein Gemaeuer; Baeume, Straeucher im Quadrat um einen Brunnen mit Fontaene und einer Skulptur. In Sekundenschnelle hat sie dieses alles hingeworfen - aber nicht in die Mitte des Bogens; es ist so weit in eine Ecke geraten, dass einige Striche auf den Blockdeckel gelangt sind. - Sie sieht nicht mehr. Und das spricht sie nun auch aus: "Ich kann Ihr Gesicht nicht erkennen. Zum ersten Mal kann ich einen Menschen so unmittelbar vor mir nicht mehr erkennen."

Geruehrt bedanke ich mich fuer das Aquarell, stecke mit besonderem Vernuegen auch die soeben entstandene Skizze ein und verabschiede mich. Eine Prinzessin hatte ich besuchen wollen. aber eine Kuenstlerin hatte ich vorgefunden.

Kaum bin ich auf der Strasse, da faellt mir auf, dass mein Aquarell keine Signatur aufweist. Maria Orbeliani heisst die Malerin, und dieser Name gehoert auf das Werk. Ich nehme mir vor, sie am naechsten Tag noch einmal aufzusuchen.

Wie aber ergeht es mir, als ich sie nun, wiederum gegen zwei Uhr mittags, besuchen will. Sie spielt nicht Klavier, sie ist ueberhaupt nicht im Aufenthaltsraum. Ich werde vielmehr in ihr Zimmer gefuehrt, denn sie ist noch nicht aufgestanden. "Wecken Sie sie un-

bedingt," sagt mir die Schwester, "es ist ja bald Mittag."

Im Bett, zur Wand gedreht, liegt die alte Dame und schlaeft fest. Ein winziges Haeufflein aus Haut und Knochen, weissem Haar.

Ich setze mich zu ihr aufs Bett und begruesse sie, erst auf Deutsh, dann auf Englisch. Endlich reagiert sie. "Sie wollen, dass ich aufstehe?" fragt sie auf englisch.

"Ja, Sie werden bald zum Mittagessen erwartet."

"Dann bringen Sie mich ins Bad," sagt sie.

"Gut", sage ich, "dann werde ich Ihnen erstmal aus dem Bett helfen." Ich greife nun mit beiden Armen unter die kleine, federleichte Gestalt und setze sie auf den Rand ihres Bettes. Ihre Augen sind geschlossen, wahrscheinlich verklebt.

"Waschen Sie mich", befiehlt sie nun. Sie haelt mich offenbar fuer ihre Pflegerin.

Ich feuchte ihren Waschlappen mit warmem Wasser an und fahre nun behutsam wie bei einem Baby ueber ihr Gesicht. Aber siehe da, sie haut mich. Jawohl, die Prinzessin haut mich und schilt mich. Ich tue ihr weh, sagt sie, sie habe empfindliche Haut. Ausserdem finde sie warmes Wasser zum Waschen absurd, und woher ich eigentlich den Lappen habe, sie besitze doch einen Schwann.

Holla. So also ist das mit Prinzessinnen. Sie sind ueberaus druckempfindlich. Jedenfalls wenn sie echt sind, so wie die auf der Erbse und diese hier.

"Ziehen Sie mir die Hausschuh an, und fuehren Sie mich ins Bad!"

Ich tue alles, was sie sagt. Ich ziehe ihr die Hausschuh an, ich fuehre sie ins Bad und, nach einigem Zoegern, setze sie dortselbst - mit Verlaub - sanft auf den Thron.

Dann aber wird es mir doch schon ein bisschen zu bunt, und ich klingele nach der Schwester. "Kommen Sie nach dem Essen wieder", raet diese mir, "dann wird sie besser beisammen sein. - Ach ja, sie macht uns schon ganz schoen zu schaffen."

Weise Gott, das stimmt, denk ich.

Als ich kurz nach Mittag wiederkomme, finde ich Frau Orbeliani im Aufenthaltsraum, wach und frisch und ohne die blasseste Ahnung, dass wir uns heute schon einmal begegnet sind.

Sie ist wieder die charmante alte Dame und liebenswuerdige Kuenstlerin, und sie zeichnet bereitwilligst ihren Namenszug unter mein Aquarell.

Ich bedanke mich, und ich verabschiede mich mit Hochachtung vor einer gebildeten und begabten Kuenstlerin. Und ich schmunzle belustigt ueber die kaprizioese Prinzessin, die mich heute morgen wegen ihrer empfindlichen Haut gehauen hat.

*The publication of this story is sponsored by a good and faithful friend of the Mennonite Mirror. mm*

# Ute ole Tiet

by Victor Peters

*In 1963 Mrs. Maria Buhr, of Altona, died after a brief illness at the age of 92. She was born in Southern Russia on June 8, 1870, and came to Canada in 1875 with her parents and five brothers and three sisters. When I interviewed Mrs. Buhr she was 88. She was in good health, her voice was firm and she was in excellent spirits.*

*Peters* Vendoag si etj en Altona en mien Gaust biem Interview es Taunte Bueasche. Se es sea restig. Aus etj noa ar kaum stunt se fer'm Hues metm Basm. Twe tjlene Junges strede sich groats doa oba daut haud se bolt jeschlicht. Metm Basm ene Loft saed se to dem enen "Due jeist noa Hues!" en tom andren "En due je st nen!" en de Sach we opjer'emt. Taunte Bueasche wohr se ji jeboareen wo olt se ji?

*Mrs. Buhr* Etj s'en jeboaren en Russlaund, en Alexaundatol, en se 5 Joa jewasst aus miene Elre sen uet Russlaund jekoame. Etj si 88.

*Peters* Ha' ji roch waut von de Reis noa Kaunada behoalen?

*Mrs. Buhr* Nee doa ha etj nich vael von behoalen. Wann etj doraewa vetalle wud dann wurde de Lied woll sajen de mot en seja goadet Jedach'nis haben, en daut es aul nich aul to bast.

*Peters* Wowa siedelt ji hieja aun?

*Mrs. Buhr* En Jruenthol, doa buede de Elre ene Semlin en doa ha wi en Joa jewohnt.

*Peters* Daut es Jruenthol aune Wast-Reserf?

*Mrs. Buhr* Yes, aun dit Sied.

*Peters* Waut wea juen Maetjesnoame?

*Mrs. Buhr* Bruene Marie.

*Peters* De Noame es hia en Altona uck goat vetrede. Wovael Jeschwista haud ji?

*Mrs. Buhr* Miene aelste Sesta daut wea Trintje, daut wort ene Happnasche. En dann wearen 5 Junges. En dann wea etj, en de Woatjentinsche, Joap Woaten-tinsche - Lentje, enn dann es Auntje, de Jaun Loewesche en Winkla. De es jue uck bekaunt.

*Peters* Joa, etj tjann uck de Tjinja, Loewes Marie, en John en Ed. - Ji wearen aulso mehrere Maetjes tues. Waut wea juene Oabeit von semorjes bat seowens.

*Mrs. Buhr* Na, daut's so aus't opm Foarm es, oabeiden maltjen, en Henna en Sch-wien besorjen. Aules waut doa fea tjem. En wann de drokke Tiet wea dann ope Stap.

*Peters* Waut ded ji ope Stap?

*Mrs. Buhr* Na doa Feda loaden, draschen, stoaken.

*Peters* Vendoagschen Dach doanen de Matjes weinja doavon. Etj glew de maltjen nich emaal. Jlew ji daut es uck de Frueh aere Oabeit en baet bueten to helpen?

*Mrs. Buhr* Joa, daut jlew etj gaunz vollstaendig, wann se kaun en jesunt es, jo.

*Peters* Dann haud ji uck vael frie Tiet?

*Mrs. Buhr* Na, nich so seja vael. Wetst, dauts doano aus de Elre sent. Ensje Elre vestoane de Tjinja seja goat to brukke en ensje nich. Doa weare uck emma sone waut em Darp romrande. - Wie siedelde noahea en Ostawitj, doa si etj groat jehorde en hami befriet.

*Peters* Waneja stund ji semorjes op?

*Mrs. Buhr* Na je nach dem aus wi Oabeit hauden. Em Somma met Sonupgang.

*Peters* Ha ji uck ope Stap jeplaecht?

*Mrs. Buhr* Nee. Daut ha etj nich. Etj haud je Breda de daut deden. Oba jetoackt daut hab etj. Goawen jeholt vone Stap en sc waut.

*Peters* Etj wet nich auf ji von Chortitz Ohm Peta Wiela tjannen. De vetalld mi latzt daut it em Darp Moad jewasst wea daut de Maetjes musste Klock 8 seowens tues sennen, en de Junges Klock 9. Waut wet ji doarewa?

*Mrs. Buhr* Etj jlew daut es vielleicht mau op atliche Staede jewasst. Wi wens jin-jen see foaken ewa de Tiet (lacht). Oba ent metm andren, doa wea noch sone strenje Ordni'nj donn, er daut es uck goat wann doa Ordni'nj es.

*Peters* Waut ded ji Sindach jewoehnlich. Semorjes stund ji op...

*Mrs. Buhr* Joa, en wann wi besorjt hauden, en opjewoschen, dann wann Tjoatj wea en ons Darp dann jinj wi jewoehnlich noa Tjoatj. En wann nich wea dann laus wi en baet en dann deide't wie so erom so aus't dann nue Moad es.

*Peters* En noa Meddach?

*Mrs. Buhr* Dann moak wi ons wadda red. Haude Jast.

*Peters* Sungen?

*Mrs. Buhr* Joa. Daut gauf it uck. Oba de Leda worden ons emma bolt aula.

*Peters* Waut fere Leda sung ji dann?

*Mrs. Buhr* Na veschiedne. Evangelium-sleda, enn... en...

*Peters* Volksleda?

*Mrs. Buhr* Joa, Volksleda. De jinjen ons noch ewent so goat.

*Peters* Wo wea daut mete Kost?

*Mrs. Buhr* To aeten haud wi emma. Eat-schoken jewoehnlich so aus nue, en Tjiltje, en Warenitje.

*Peters* Wea freja uck so vael Jeschaer opm Desch?

*Mrs. Buhr* Nee. Wi hauden ene Kom en dann jieda enen Lepel. - Oba nue tolatzt wea daut uck aul nich so.

*Peters* Kunn ji moal ene Tjast von frea beschriewen?

*Mrs. Buhr* Na hea, doa kaun etj aul nich vael mea von sajen. De wearen dann noch en baet lostig, so aus it dann jidrem goat jeit.

*Peters* Wort doa emma Velobung jefiat?

*Mrs. Buhr* Joa, Velobung wort jefiat, en dann om ene Weatj jewoehnlich dann

haude se Tjast.

*Peters* Wea wort to de Velobung jekroagt?

*Mrs. Buhr* Na em Darp so meist daut gaunze Darp.

*Peters* To Velobung?

*Mrs. Buhr* Yes, sir.

*Peters* Wo wea daut, musst de Brigaum bi de Elre noa de Bruet friejen?

*Mrs. Buhr* Na aus wi ons moal befrieden donn joa. Wi tjemmin nen, Sinnowend Owend, froage de Elre, en dann wea aules foadich.

*Peters* Haud ji uck Poltaowend?

*Mrs. Buhr* Nee, daut ha wi nich jehaut. To dae Tiet nich. Dauts nohea mau jewor-den.

*Peters* So aus etj jeheat hab jintj daut dann uck eanjemoal doll to?

*Mrs. Buhr* Na, natierlich.

*Peters* Bie ene Tjast, wort dann uck auf-jedealt wann en Maetjen von tues jintj?

*Mrs. Buhr* Na jewoehnlich joa. Daut wea je so, de jinjen op'm Launt en dann fehld je daut. Ene Koh, oda uck twe. Ene Tjist. Baden. Oba daut wea mau sea em tjlenen.

*Peters* Waut tjrech en Maetjen met ene Tjist?

*Mrs. Buhr* Wausch en eare Tjleda, tom auntretjen.

*Peters* Aulso wann sich en Maetjen befried bruckt se richt foats noa de Tjast Tjleda von Eatons ordern?

*Mrs. Buhr* (Lacht) Nee. Doa ha wi nich aun jedocht, freja.

*Peters* Von woa haud ji juene Tjleda. Eatons kaum doch mau loata?

*Mrs. Buhr* Joa, daej Dada. Donn haud etj aul ne Dochta won: dicht bi twintich wea, en de wisst dem Katalog ziemlich uetwendich wo de schmokke Tjleda wearen. De Tjleda worden tues jeneit.

*Peters* Wowa leter de Maetjes neijen?

*Mrs. Buhr* Na miene Aelste lehd en Mor-den bi ne Schniedafrueh.

*Peters* Bruckt ji uck Schlorren aus ji junk wearen?

*Mrs. Buhr* Oba joa, noch Holdschlorren. Jewoehnlich moak Voda de. Na fere Junges daut weat etj nich so. Etj jlew de haber meistens Schoh jehaut, etj kaun mi daut nich so besennen, oba wi hauden emma Schlorren. Wann 'et woam jenoach wea jinj wi uck boaft, oba sest op Schlorren. Wi hauden oba uck sinndoagsche Schoh.

*Peters* Wo wea daut freja ene Tjotj, wane-fonk de Tjotj aun?

*Mrs. Buhr* Klock neijen - dann musst wi doa sennen, en wann de Tjotj eascht voll wea dann funge se aun, dann sunge se Morjeleda, en dan baed wi en dann funk de Predja aun to reden. De red dann so bat alw oda twalw, daut wea un-jaschedlich. En dann baed wi wada en dann sung wi.

*Peters* Wo wort jebaet, biem stoan en oda tjneen?

*Mrs. Buhr* Na to dae Tiet dann laed wi ons emma op Tjnees tom baeden.

*Peters* Dankschoen, Taunte Bueasche. Onse Tiet es aufjerannt. mm

## Strong medicine for a sick system: A giant step toward socialism

The most discussed political event of the past few weeks has been the program of price and wage controls initiated by the federal government.

It would be a mistake to take this government action too lightly, though many of us are convinced that it may be what our ailing system requires. We should be aware that very often the stronger the medicine the more serious the sickness. The necessity of price and wage controls in our free enterprise system is an ominously clear indication of how sick this system has become.

There are at least two qualities which have traditionally distinguished our economic system from socialism or communism. The first quality has to do with private vs. state ownership of the means of production. We like to argue that our system is much more efficient than socialism because most of our industry is privately owned, and private owners work much harder than public owners. It is undoubtedly true that a sense of personal ownership is a tremendous spur to increased productivity. The fact is, however, that more than half of the industry in North America has for some 50 years or more been managed by people who are not private owners. For every thousand of dollars of goods and services produced by local merchants, building contractors, and other private owners who are motivated by a sense of ownership (as are most of the true free-enterprising Mennonite businessmen), ten thousand dollars worth are produced by firms run by corporate managers who have almost no share in their company. They control the company, but they don't own it. The managers of General Motors are like the managers of state enterprises in East Europe. They are *not* the real owners of their enterprises. The real owners are hundreds of thousands of people - party members in the Soviet Union and shareholders in the U.S. It is not *ownership* which spurs these managers on but the sense of accomplishment in running a big organization and the higher income and prestige that go with it.

Many Soviet business managers have received part of their training at the Harvard Business School in the U.S. in the past few years and by and large they feel quite at home. It is not primarily the quality of ownership which distinguishes their work from the managers of a large North American Corporation.

It is a second quality which has been more important in distinguishing our economic system from that of socialism or communism. This is the flexible price and wage system which we have developed to allocate labor and resources. This is probably the most important feature of a capitalist free enterprise system. Regardless of who owns the company, decisions as to what to produce, at what price, are determined by the wishes of consumers. Price changes act as signals to producers and wage changes act as signals to laborers. When shortages develop, prices and wages are meant to rise, acting as a signal to employers and employees to increase production of goods. When surpluses develop, prices and wages should fall, leading labor and managers to leave such industries, thus getting rid of the surplus. The price system is a remarkable system of allocation. It can only function properly, however, when it is flexible. Prices and wages must be allowed to rise and fall in order to let producers and workers know where there are shortages and surpluses.

This is why our system has undoubtedly been more efficient than, for example, the Soviet system. In the Soviet Union central planners take the place of the market with its flexible price and wages. Prices, wages, and output targets are established in Moscow. It is impossible to plan wisely. The result is poor consumer satisfaction, not primarily because of state ownership but because there are no free market signals (in the form of flexible price and wages) telling firms what and how much to produce.

With wage and price controls we have taken a giant step in the Soviet direction. It is strong medicine indeed, seemingly required because our system of flexible prices and wages has been virtually destroyed in the past few years by large business firms *and* labor unions who have the power to prevent wages and prices from falling when they should and who have ensured thereby that both prices and wages move inflexibly in only one direction: upward. A sick system requires strong medicine. We should now take the medicine and follow the prescription carefully. The question is: will we ever be able to live without it? If our corporations and unions cannot learn to act more responsibly the medicine will have to be continued and we will be faced with an increasingly planned and inefficient economic system. In our rush to find simple solutions to current problems we should at least be aware of the price we may have to pay. The implications of long run wage and price controls both for the efficiency and freedom of society are immense. **R.V.**

### A Doctor's Note

A doctor wrote out a prescription in his usual fashion. The patient used it for two years as a railroad pass. Twice it got him into the Centennial Centre, and once into Winnipeg Stadium. It came in handy as a letter from his employer to the cashier to increase his salary. And to cap it off, his daughter played it on the piano and won a scholarship to a music conservatory.

### Crest Cheese?

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# ... your word

Dear Sir:

Although Low German is not exactly my mother tongue, I appreciate current literary efforts in the dialect, including those of Mennonite Mirror. May I offer some comments?

1). Has any consideration been given to documenting the variations of Low German used among Canadian Mennonites? Though they are fast disappearing in the "melting pot", there were interesting linguistic distinctions between the Bergthaler-Sommerfelder, for example, among the Kanadier; among the Russlaender there were considerable differences between natives of the Altkolonie and those of the Molotschna; and the Polish Mennonites among us have some very vivid terminology of their own. Perhaps it is too late to find an audience able to appreciate the colorful variations.

2). The Low German spelling presents a reading problem even to some people who are still quite proficient orally. I recognize the problem of standardizing spelling and phonetics. No doubt the writers have done some research in the matter. I have not, but would like to suggest at least one modification: the way MM uses the "ei" frequently throws me off track, as in "se deide" (sie taten); "eina" (einer); "Waut mein jie?" (Was meint ihr). Wouldn't the use of "eh" or "ee" be clearer? Also it would be more consistent with the MM's use of "ei" in borrowings from the English, as in "smeild" (smiled).

3) Frequently I am highly amused by Jack Thiessen's descriptions. Mr. Thiessen generally manages to capture a genuine Low German flavor and color quite aptly. But at other times he is unnecessarily crude, too persistently so to depict realistically the average speech of typical Low German folk. "Daut ess eefoch toh prosst!"

Quite apart from questionable individual expressions used, I found the characterization in the June, 1975, issue in poor taste. Whether the account purports to be fictional was not stated. But the name used for the protagonist in the story is that of a person well known in the general region and time dealt with. A number of details agreed so as to convince at least some readers of an intended identity.

Wm. Schroeder  
Winkler

Dear Sir:

I understand you have a lot of Low-German writings in your paper. Please send me a sample copy of your paper.

Thanks.

Peter Paul Lepp,  
St. Catherines, Ont.

Dear Sir:

I beg the privilege to present a rejoinder to Prof. Sawatzky's responses to my comments and criticisms of his review of Dr. Frank Epp's book in an earlier issue of MM, and to new charges made by him in the October issue of your magazine. And first of all I would request the indulgence of the readers of MM to permit me to underscore the fact that it was not my intent either to question Prof. Sawatzky's perfect right to interpret the course of Russian Mennonite history as he sees it, neither to treat him as an "upstart with the temerity to have - and voice - an opinion," however differing it might be from mine, nor, lastly, to assert any kind of "Authorized Version" of events in the areas in question.

However, I do hope that the unbiased reader did not find my criticisms and comments as "howls of outrage. . . and gratuitous slurs."

As a student of our history, who has some familiarity with a portion of primary and secondary source materials extant, in addition to possessing an acquaintanceship with a goodly amount of oral tradition that burdens a good deal of our historical record, my main purpose was to point out the vast differences of interpretations of events as I have gathered them from written sources, in contrast to what seemed to me a too heavy reliance by him upon handed down oral traditions and on an emotional attachment to a particular group of once unfortunate and allegedly exploited co-religionists of ours.

In view of Prof. Sawatzky's bitter charges against what he calls the Molochnaia's "gratuitous, uninvited and often arrogant direct assumption of influence and power" against Chortitza and its offshoots, and the alleged effect this has had upon some of their "reactionary-ism", combined with his apparent assumption that I am part and parcel of that "deluded" folk, let me first of all tell briefly about my antecedents. This ancestry, on my mother's side since 1789, on the father's side since 1796, has been unadulterated *Altkolonier* stock. Not only *Altkolonier* as such, but on my father's side, except for a few years' residence in Schoenwiese, my forebears have lived in the colony of Nieder Chortitza, a place which even among some of the *Altkolonier* was often regarded as representing the *podonki* (riff-raff of humanity), or not unlike some of the species that inhabits Maxim Gorki's *Lower Depths*. I believe it would be difficult to find any other villagers in the Chortitza settlement who were so often used as the butt of good natured, at times decidedly barbed, jokes; as the practitioners of possibly the lowest forms of Plautdietsch; as too "*verrusst*"; yea, and so belligerent and proud a folk as to be nicknamed "*Cherkasse* (*Cherkesse*) *met aufjebroakne massa*." Immediate and distant relatives of mine

were to be found in almost every Chortitza daughter colony, including such "proletarian" ones as Orenburg, Fuerstenland, Nepliuievka and even in Judenplan. In fact, my father once owned a farm in Orenburg, but fortunately - as all of us in the family felt - he never followed his brother and sister to that eastern outpost.

Need one have a more impeccable credentials to being "*an ajta Oalkolonia*"?

But to turn to Prof. Sawatzky's other assertions. Since I have just touched on the issue of Molochnaer vs. *Altkolonier*, I shall commence with his "Let us consider that the history of the Mennonites in Russia has until now been largely written by persons of Molotschna. . ." Aside from P.M. Friesen's massive work, has anyone from circa 1889 to about 1930 written as extensively on various topics of Russian Mennonite history, thought and life as David H. Epp from Chortitza (later Ekaterinoslav and Berdiansk)? Here they are: *Die Chortitzer Mennoniten*, 1889; *Kurze Erklarungen und Erlaeuterungen zum Katechismus*, 1896; *Johann Cornies*, 1909; *Die Memriker Ansiedlung*, 1910; *Heinrich Heese und seine Zeit*, 1910. As co-author, *The Mennonites in Russia and their Attitude Toward the Law on Military Service*, 1907 (in Russian), and *Who are the Mennonites?* (in Russian, several editions in 1914-1915).

And who has written as many papers, reports, etc., as a member of the General Conferences' "Commission on Faith"? Or contributed as many articles on different aspects of Mennonite life and faith to the *Mennonitische Blaetter*, *Unser Blatt*, *Mennonitisches Jahrbuch*, *Odessaer Zeitung*, as also to the famous *Petermanns Mitteilungen aus Augustus Perthes' Geographische Anstalt*? And above all as editor and co-publisher of the influential *Der Botschafter*. Finally, few among the oldtime readers of *Der Bote* will not recall with deep appreciation the many scores of articles which he contributed to *Der Bote* from 1925 to the early 1930s.

**This letter by David G. Rempel, a Mennonite historian resident in California, will be concluded next month.**

Dear Sir:

Enjoying your magazine. Wish you well. Keep up the good work. Special greetings to John Schroeder. May the good Lord Bless you all.

John Dyck  
14 Lachine Rd.

Dear Sir:

I do enjoy the Mennonite Mirror very much, and look forward when it comes. Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,  
W. Kellerman.



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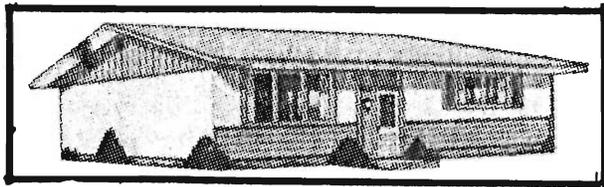
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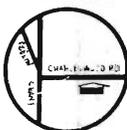
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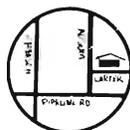
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