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mennonite mirror

volume 5 / number 6 / april 1976



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A sick union leader in hospital received the following card: "Local 107 wishes you a speedy recovery by a vote of 110 to 85."

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A Dad Weight

After a long-haired youth had the barber cut off his hair, his friend jokingly asked: "How much weight did you lose in the operation?"
"About 200 pounds," the young man replied. "I got dad off my back."

Bad Case

Bruce: "What lies at the bottom of the ocean and twitches?"
Reid: "I don't know."
Bruce: "A nervous wreck!"

mirror mix-up

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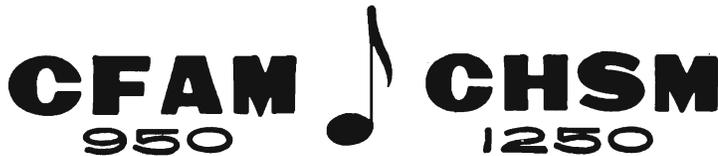
SPECIAL EASTER PROGRAM Schedule

Good Friday

6:05 - 10:00	Music for Good Friday
10:05 - 11:00	The First Easter
11:00 - 12:00	Worship Service
	Mennonite Brethren Church, Steinbach
1:05 pm	Handel's Messiah
7:00 pm	Christ on the Mount of Olives
10:15 pm	The Last Words of Christ on the cross
11:05 pm	Stainer's Crucifixion

Easter Sunday

11:00 - 12:00	Worship Service - Winkler Bergthaler Church
2:05 - 5:00	An Easter Oratorio - J. S. Bach



From among a score of entries to the January-February contest Mrs. Ida Penner, Neil Avenue, Winnipeg emerged as the winner. We apologize for the error in the entry deadline for last month.

Answers for the March contest are build, flock, vernal, mating, nesting, feather, and migration. The letters are to be rearranged and written in the squares to form real words. Letters which fall into squares with circles are to be arranged to complete the answer at the bottom of the puzzle.

A winner will be drawn at random from among the correct entries and a cash price will be awarded.

Entries must be sent to the **Mirror Office by April 20, 1976.**

.....
Name
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volume 5 / number 6 / april 1976

President and editor, Roy Vogt; vice-president and managing editor, Edward L. Unrau; treasurer, Arkie Wiens; secretary, David Unruh; and Office manager, Frieda Unruh.

Business committee: Rudy Friesen, Rick Martens, John Schroeder, Jack Thiessen, David Unruh, Margarete Wieler, and Arkie Wiens.

Editorial Committee: Betty Dyck, Mary Enns, Hilda Matsuo, Ruth Vogt, Lore Lubosch, Rudy Schultz, and Elisabeth Schlichting.

The executive group of the Mennonite Literary Society, Inc. serve as members of both committees.

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

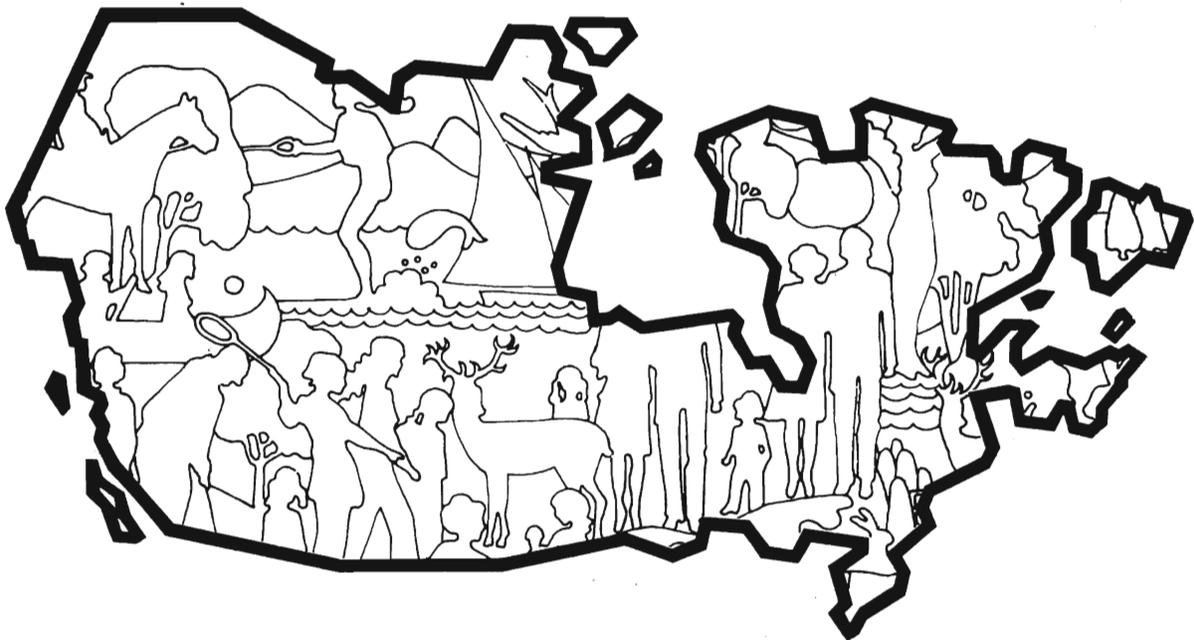
The Mennonite Mirror is normally published 10 times each year from October to July for the Mennonite community of Winnipeg and Manitoba by the Mennonite Literary Society, Inc. Address for all business and editorial matters is 203-818 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, R3G 0N4, telephone 786-2289.

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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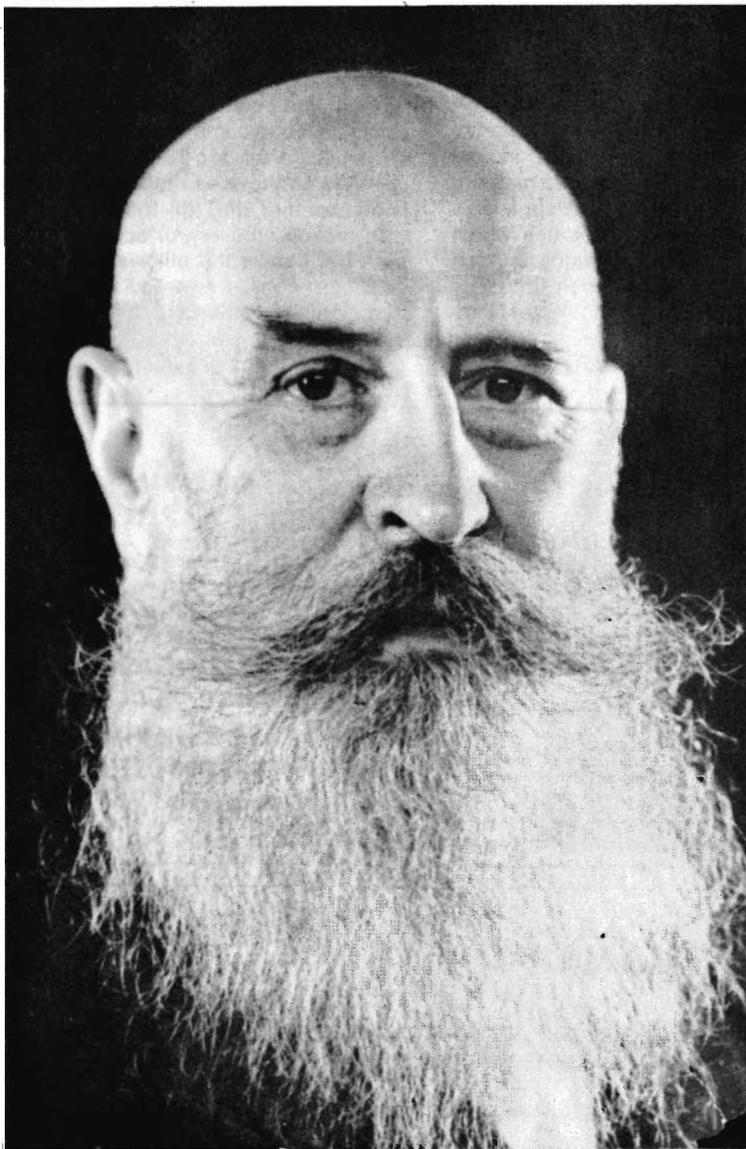
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His gravestone in Indonesia



John Thiessen: in Java and Sumatra They Called Him "Pappa"



Rev. John Thiessen, sr.

by Jack Thiessen

Towards the end of the previous century, my grand uncle, John Thiessen, born in Einlage (Kitschkas) Southern Russia felt the impulse to dedicate his life to a missionary effort in Indonesia. He received his training to this end in the Netherlands where he married Anne Vink, a licensed nurse and midwife.

John Thiessen's indefatigability as a missionary, translator and practising medical were to change the lives of tens of thousands of people. He died in 1953 at age 84; the passing of this revered giant whom multitudes of Indonesians called "Pappa" was noted throughout Java and Sumatra. His mark is still obvious in most of Indonesia including The Celebes Islands and some 450 church assemblies with more than 175,000 members have developed through his long and untiring efforts. Pappa is buried in Bandung, Java. The inscription on his grave reads in Dutch, "Here rests in God...".

For years I had wanted to retrace his pioneer steps in Indonesia; last summer I finally realized this hope. Taking the trip with Pappa's oldest son, Dr. John Thiessen, now residing in Upper New York State, who was my grand uncle's right hand man for several decades, was an event of rare magnitude.

On May 25 I boarded a Thai Airlines DC8 in Frankfurt bound for Bangkok. The service and food was *non plus ultra*—which means in simple terms: it was so far superior to that of any western airline that comparisons pale. Fuelling stop in Calcutta which is a cesspool, a gutter. The problems are of such an order that well intentioned democracy proved to be too paltry in its solution so Mrs. Indira Gandhi resolved the issue by dispensing

with the luxury of debate. I am told that numerous thousands have since exchanged the hobby of begging for the demanding diversion of work and are faring somewhat better due to the exchange. Modern social workers and their ilk nourished on the diluted milk of Western democratic socialism think Indra is tough but then the luxury of sociological jargon has rarely if ever been tested in life close to the bone.

The tanks are full and the Thai Orchid Liner slides surely and swiftly through the fragrant darkness and then sets down in Bangkok. Change of planes and a further exchange into the hands of kindness on Singapore Air to Singapore, The City of the Lions, then to Jakarta, Java where 24 hours later or 16 hours actual flying time an arena of humid confusion enveloped me. A Christian family, Hans Janssen, initiated by Pappa's fervour many decades ago made me feel at home; so did his wife and children, dogs, parrots and the sovereign dexterous ruler of the garden estate, Miss Joyce, The Gibbon Ape.

May 27. I was awakened at 5:00 a.m. and shortly the dogs, parrots and servants started their exercise in din and confusion. At 6:00 the panel truck taxi started the trip to Pappa Jr. who had gone ahead some 10 days prior to prepare the way and to make the rough places plain. Then four hours of driving, honking, blowing of horns, tooting, aiming at near misses, whisker missing rickshaws and betshaws, dispersing crowds, people and urchins commenced.

There was no evidence of labour saving devices anywhere. Then suddenly at 10:10 I was dutifully spilled out at The Pentecostal Church in Bandung. Pappa changed languages much as one changes gears or vocabulary and promptly dragged me to the front of the church. And since I am the third generation of the John Thiessens, the congregation came and greeted me with great but undeserved respect. And even Sali, Pappa Senior's servant, all four foot 13 of him, who was three score and ten or so when Pappa Sr. died 22 years ago, measured me and my nose and asked if he could touch me - obviously sensing that Pappa Sr. in his wisdom had sent enigmatic emissaries to be with his children yet on earth in the fulness of time. This smiling, frail but proud and personable Oriental riddle of Christianity baptized by the hand that had swum the

Dnjepr was never to leave my side.

Dinner followed dinner, repasts followed lunches and invariably sing-songs were struck up where fervour, fortitude and fortissima frequently replaced finesse. But always the songs emanated from the hymnal which Pappa Thiessen had instituted; not only had he translated the hymns, he had also had several hundreds of thousands of photos made, flowing beard, kindly, compassionate features and piercing, who is with me? questioning eyes, graced the inside page of every hymnary. That genial patriarch surely must have had a sense for the practical. Later on that day, in the moonlit night, I slipped to Bethel Church, Pappa Sr.'s first church and I felt his presence still. What power of persuasion, what strength and assertiveness, what compelling faith that Bible-blazer must have had. This tower of strength in memoriam stood over me as I faded into the folds of night knowing that for once things were well with my soul and that happy sleep and slumber is a blessing too often taken for granted.

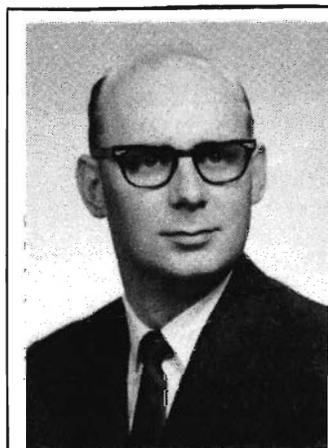
May 28: Breakfast at 6:00. After an arduous and steep climb in a Mercedes Benz 190 which benevolent Sister Anna, The Christian keeper of the purse placed at our disposal we arrived at 7:45 on the 1,830 meter high Tangkuban - Perahan mountain. I walked down the incline while the others drove; then we met and held an extended wake at Pappa Jr.'s father-in-laws' diverse properties which he lost when the United Nations decreed that the Dutch were to forfeit influence and property to Indonesian independence. A few too many in New York said "Aye" and so this solitary

millionaire lost a dozen houses, as many villas, a hundred thousand tea bushes, banana, mango and papaya groves, cultivated interests, and all his influence which was to have been for *Zeit und Ewigkeit*. His grave measures all of six feet.

Our road took us to Tjandur Church where Pappa held forth in the fullness of his 260 pounds plus style. This ram-bunctious genius much like his father Pappa Sr. understood quickly that the solemn plodding pace of Germanic Mennonite Christianity born on other soils had not a chance among these volatile Indonesians. And so he lightened the step and quickened the tempo to be in time with this other breed of God's children. Afterwards Pappa and I surreptitiously rewarded our restraints by repairing to a side walk cafe.

That did it!! I ran a fever throughout the night.

May 30. We early made our way to Sukabumi (transl. *Ich liebe die Welt*) via the quiet and mysteriously beautiful Talaga Warna Lake. As soon as we arrived in the Reformed Mennonite Church ala Indonesia, alias Pentecosta, I lay down. My fever was intense, the gut ache extreme and between Pappa's prayer over my bloated belly and a surgeon's examination in an office that resembled a chicken coop came the verdict: colitis. Then pills, a bill for \$2.35 and a trip to Jamudra on the ocean followed. I do not know whether they fill their mattresses with broken crockery or scrap metal or both but I know the pillows are stuffed with corn cobs. I sweated a bucketfull that night and tottered to the mirror early the next morning, knowing not whether I preferred to be alive or dead and



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checking in the mirror failed to resolve my indecision. But then I drank some tea and looked over the ocean from the bedroom; it inspired me and I opted for the quick and the living. Its tropical, but the people who are everywhere strike me as happy, carefree and easygoing. God knows: we in the West pay a high price for our supposed standard of living at the expense of the quality of life!

After a lengthy and weary but beautiful, indeed breathtaking trip on which we stopped repeatedly to fill Pappa's diverse tanks with pineapple, papaya, coconut water, ice cream and other digestible fruits, nuts and exotic mannas from the Creator's equatorial smorgasbord, we arrived in the early evening in Jakarta at the Janssens.

May 31. It was an easy day in which I spent much time with (1) Joyce the ape and (2) Paula the parrot and my aunt (Pappa's wife) by the same name. I found Joyce the ape very engaging not only because she responded to my singing but because she had a streak of modest decency - rarely found in females nowadays - about her. For instance: she had obviously been admonished not to suck her thumb and certainly not at all when company was around. And so when I quietly approached her home late in the evening to bid her good night she was quietly and consolingly sucking that universally appealing extremity; as soon as she noticed me she casually pulled out her thumb, blushed and busied herself with the casual details of the thumb nail, inspecting it, scratching it, looking it over and all the while discovering various justifications for having scratched her palate and tongue with it. When I spoke to Joyce she answered with several "Gwoops"; no doubt communicating in her own way Darwin's findings.

On June first I finally agreed to go to a museum with my European bred counterparts. You see, I have this thing about museums where urbanites are in search of their future in the past and art galleries where the same city people who have lost contact with nature and with God worship surrogate beauty in art. In the Jakartan museum, I found a random selection of yesteryear; in the centre of it all a few melancholy sages were beating out a theme on cymbals, drums and metallic barrels and goolagongs (goolagongs incidentally do not exist, but if they did, they would sound like these instruments) from a dying culture which probably never existed. In the evening conversation waxed longer as our glasses waned lower; Hans Janssen who is the chief pilot of a charter company related firsthand experiences regarding cannibalism in the remote islands. I was to hear the fate of Rockefeller's son and some of Janssen's colleagues who fell from the air into the hands and the pots of our counterparts who have a yen for white meat i.e. flesh.

June 2. A train took us from Jakarta to Jaggakarta. The 13 to 15 hour trip to East Java was some 449 miles long which multiplied by 5280 gives you the number of feet and every foot had at least 2 or 3 corns. Arrival time was at 4:30 a.m.; truly an ungodly experience inspite of godly company.

On June 3 a taxi took our company to Borobudur and then to Parambamban. These temples, Buddhist and then Hindu, were remarkable enough; lordly, sovereign, implacable and gigantic edifices brooding secretively over the countryside. Rightly or wrongly they are tributes to men's spirit asserting the claim that man lives not by bread, excuse me, rice and fish alone. Then the course of cultural pursuit took my company to a water castle frequented by Sukarno and 37 of his predecessor generations. It bore the title of a water castle; less subjective admirers would have termed it a pile of junk in a ditch of stinking mud. The nightly dinner, *nasi goreng* and *nasi remos* in a truly beautiful restaurant where the view of the Southern Cross mingled with hibiscus nearer afield, where beer malt was mellowed by the fragrance of orchids and where the dividers carved in loving patience out of resisting teak were more of a joy than an entire restaurant in the Canadian middle West.

On June 4 a taxi to the market place was an experience in epidemic confusion and invariably an intermingling with myriads of people who were disper-

sed only by the passing of the chronological Reaper and Brahma Bulls. And then the airport to Bali.

Bali: we have arrived. Dear Margaret Mead, did you have to tell the world that happiness existed in this pseudo-paradise? And did you not realize that happiness cannot be transplanted? Did you, do you not understand that progress and happiness do not go hand in hand? Do you not understand that western man who represents 20 per cent of humanity in numbers but uses 80 per cent of the world's resources has a solid grip on the lever with which he will flush himself down the drain of time? Margaret, let me tell you, the matter is so serious that I will bet you that nothing less than a mutation of the human spirit can resolve our existential dilemma. Spread the word.

June 5 ad infinitum. I saw Ketchak dances, I saw dances in trances, I saw artists (not creative but copiers) temples and I experienced from a distance an island that lived more bliss than I had seen and lived since the days of infancy and penury in Grunthal, Manitoba, Canada. By comparison our culture, our supposed standard of living, which spells and demands "MORE" is like a dog forever trying to catch his own tail. And even if he succeeds, then to what avail? Had I been younger, less engaged in life, I would have thrown in the towel of Western civilization and desperation and made do with a handful of rice daily and quiet reflection and the occasional letter and article. mm

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Guatemala: The MCC works with the Eastern Mennonite Board which has 11 missionaries in Guatemala, mostly in the area north of Guatemala City, the area devastated by the earthquake of February 4, and thereafter. On Monday February 8, the two boards, together with Church World Service sponsored a service flight carrying fifteen tons of canned meat and sixteen thousand blankets. Since then, smaller items have been sent with other flights. MCC's ongoing program will likely involve the reconstruction of homes, a job for Spanish speaking volunteers. Shelters must be made before the advent of the rainy season in May.

A proposed **food bank**, to operate over a period of five years, has been approved by **MCC(Canada)**. According to the 1971 Canadian Census the Mennonite community in Canada numbers about 170,000 persons. Planners envision that sectors of this community, involved in agriculture would store and transport predetermined amounts of grain while making use of regular grain handling channels. Shipment in time of need would be arranged for by the Food Bank. The plan is now subject to the formal approval of (CIDA) Canada International Development Agency and the Canadian Wheat Board.

A dozen families of the **Kleefeld** area, members of the **Church of God in Christ (Holdeman)** have decided to open a private school this fall. Another group in Greenland, also within Hanover school board jurisdiction opted out three years ago. They now have an enrolment of 110 students from grades one to nine. Dissatisfaction with "worldly" school elements was a given reason for withdrawal.



Pearl and Larry Friesen have left for a 27-month stay in Bolivia. Larry will be involved with agricultural development under the auspices of the University of Santa Cruz. Pearl's service with MCC will be guided by the needs of local village women. Pearl is a daughter of John and Aganetha Warkentin of Morris (a sister to Mrs. Walter Sawatsky) and Larry, a son of Peter and Mary Friesen of Morris. The Friesens are members of Morris Fellowship Chapel.

Henry Guenther, has been appointed full-time medical director of Eden Mental Health Centre in Winkler. Dr. Guenther was formerly employed at the Winnipeg Health Sciences Centre and also at the Manitoba Psychiatric Institute.



Gilbert Fast, former student at Conestoga College has begun a two-year term with MCC as office coordinator of the Manitoba League of the Physically Handicapped in Winnipeg. Gilbert is the son of John and Helga Fast of Waterloo, Ontario.



Lynda Duerksen, daughter of John and Susan Duerksen, Killarney has begun a one-year assignment as a secretary in Information Services at MCC's U. S. headquarters. Lynda is a member of Lakeview M. B. Church.



Katharina Hiebert begins a 30-month term with MCC at Johannesstift, a large institution for the care of disabled persons in West Berlin. She is the daughter of Jacob and Margaret Hiebert of Steinbach.



Elizabeth Krahn, daughter of Peter and Katherina Krahn begins a two-year assignment with MCC in work with Youth for Christ. A member of North Kildonan Mennonite Church, Elizabeth holds a B.S.W. degree from the University of Manitoba.



Laura Giesbrecht of Carman, another volunteer, does full-time secretarial work for five social workers of the Children's Aid Society and other necessary tasks at a social service unit housed in a former Mennonite church in Toronto's Scarborough. Among social service workers are Sheryl Penner and Don Hildebrand of Niverville.



Daniel Zehr, executive secretary of MCC (Canada), reporting on his recent visit to Vietnam, says that, in general, the Vietnamese distinguished between the attitudes of the delegation and the policies of the American Government. Zehr agrees with Earl Martin, recently returned from there, who says in effect that Vietnam will neither rise nor fall on our aid, but we must say clearly that our aid comes in obedience to the principles taught by Christ.



Ron and Margaret Rempel have arrived in Recife, Brazil, to begin a three-year term with MCC in community and agricultural development. Ron has a diploma in agriculture from the University of Manitoba. His parents are George and Katherine Rempel of St. Anne. Margaret has studied at CMBC and is the daughter of John and Agnes Thiessen of Alexander, Manitoba.



Erich Vogt, a UBC physics professor, has been named vice-president of faculty and student affairs. Erich is a native of Steinbach, Man.



Dates:

April 4: Festival of Art and Music, Polo Park, 12:00 to 6:00 p.m.

April 11: At Bethel Menn., Junior Choir Easter Spring Concert. Sunday at 7:00 p.m.

April 24: M B Women's Conference at North Kildonan Church. Guest speaker (Mrs.) Betty Hagey of Cambridge, Ont.

April 25: MBBC Commencement Exercises. North Kildonan Menn. Brethren Church, 7:00 p.m.

May 8: Cyclathon, Westgate, at Bird's Hill Park. Anybody may ride. Contact school for sponsor sheets. Biking begins at park.

May 8: Junior Choir First Menn., Operetta, 'Alice in Wonderland' at Tech Voc Auditorium, 7:30 p.m. Tickets from choir members.



Howard Reimer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jac. F. Reimer of Steinbach, received his Ph.D. in English at the November, (1975) convocation at McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario. He holds a B.A. and M.A. degree from the University of Manitoba and was a former teacher at Steinbach Collegiate. He is presently a faculty member at Okanagan College and a resident of Kelowna, B.C.



Mrs. Helena Janzen of Winnipeg and her husband were reunited this past month when she flew to Germany to meet him. Separated by war, the two had not seen each other for 32 years. Since establishing contact 20 years ago, repeated applications for permission to leave the USSR were turned down. At last Mr. Janzen, now retired, was granted an exit visa to Germany. There are dozens of people in Canada who, like the Janzens, have suffered long years of separation before being reunited.

New Publications in Winnipeg:

(1) George F. Loewen, ed. *Erinnerungen aus dem Dorf Grigorewka 1889 - 1926* (1975). Paperback, 34pp. Memoirs of several one-time residents of the village in South Russia.

(2) Sara Heinrich DeFehr, ed. *Im Wandel der Jahre* (1975). Paperback, 196pp. A pictorial of the family, depicting roots in Gruenfeld, South Russia. Contains numerous Russian Mennonite documents. \$15.00. Write Peter Petkau, Sperling, Manitoba.

(3) Gerhard Penner. *Mennonitendien in der Roten Armee*. (1975). Paperback, 193 pp.

(4) Johannes Janzen. *Das Maerchen vom Weihnachtsmann*, edited for reprinting by Dr. Waldemar Janzen. (1975). Paperback, 34pp. By CMBC Publications, Winnipeg, Man. \$2.50. A Christmas poem written in Russia circa 1905.

POCKETFUL OF WORK

A city man raised on a farm persuaded an old neighbor to take his son for the summer.

When the father called to ask how the boy was making out, the farmer declared: "I'm not one to bandy words. If that boy of yours had one more hand, he'd need a third pocket to put it in."



Dr. Ferdinand Pauls, who until 1974 was chairman of the obstetrics department at a 1,700 bed hospital in Kinshasa, Zaire, is critical of the hit-and-run tactics used by family planning projects abroad. There should be talk in terms of generations, he says. Pauls proposes that MCC and Mennonite mission boards develop an overall strategy since the present approach is inadequate. Pauls, after nine years in Zaire, presently practices in the department of obstetrics and gynecology at the Manitoba Clinic.

Ray Loewen, formerly of Steinbach, won a legislative seat in British Columbia's general election which overthrew Premier Barrett's New Democratic government. Loewen, 35, an undertaker, won a seat for the Social Credit party in the Burnaby-Edmonds constituency, defeating speaker of the house, Gordon Dowding, who held the seat for nineteen consecutive years.

Izvestiva on January 31 claimed that Soviet legislation on religion is the most humane and democratic in the world. Author of the article, Vladimir Kuroedov, chairman of the Council for Religious Affairs under the Council of Ministers of the USSR seems to be reacting defensively toward western criticism of the state of religion in the USSR. Kuroedov maintains that Soviet legislation is eminently fair in upholding the interests of believers and unbelievers.

Lohrenz Writes of His Life in Russia

by Roy Vogt

Storm Tossed, by Gerhard J. Lohrenz, the Christian Press, Winnipeg, 1976, 204 pages in paperback, \$7, with photos and maps.

We can be thankful that Gerhard Lohrenz has not gone quietly into retirement. Since officially retiring from his duties as elder of the Sargent Mennonite Church in 1971, and earlier as teacher of history at Canadian Mennonite Bible College, Mr. Lohrenz has produced a remarkable number of historical booklets, in written and pictorial form. These efforts were recognized recently by the University of Winnipeg which awarded him an honorary doctor's degree.

Storm Tossed is Mr. Lohrenz's most recent and most personal book. Through the story of his life he describes the tragic impact of the Russian Revolution on the Mennonite colonies in Russia and on the lives of those who emigrated to Canada. He served in both the White and Red Armies and he speaks frankly of the many difficult situations in which he was placed. The narrative ends in 1948, with several chapters on his student and teaching days on Manitoba. A second volume has already been written, to be published some time in the future.

Storm Tossed is a personal narrative, rather than an autobiography. It provides a good surface picture of events in the life of the writer, and incidentally tells us much about the writer himself, but it is not an inwardly probing type of work. Apart from a chapter on his courtship, and a very moving description of the death of his oldest child, the writer maintains a certain seemingly deliberate distance from his subjects and from himself. Someone has said that sentimentality is the greatest enemy of good literature. Mr. Lohrenz avoids this pitfall, but at certain points one senses that he does so at the expense of greater intimacy and warmth. Al Reimer, who wrote the foreword to the book and assisted editorially, observes accurately that "the picture that emerges in this book is that of a man with his feet planted solidly on the ground and his eyes wide open." Mr. Lohrenz possesses a healthy dose of self-confidence (a much greater virtue in this reviewer's

opinion than most Mennonites are willing to admit), shrewdness, self-discipline and at times a commendable flexibility and compassion. He also reveals moments of regret and deep disappointment, but virtually no remorse or awareness of personal failure.

This book is further evidence that we have a number of good historians and writers with a flair for narrative description, and many of their works, including *Storm Tossed*, have contributed greatly to our understanding of past and present events. We still lack a great interior work of fiction or autobiography which will probe the recesses of our soul and lay bare the contending forces of light and darkness which explain the way in which we have faced such events, and the reasons for some of our current problems.

The reader is urged to buy this book. Don't just borrow it from a friend or church library; our writers can benefit from such a practical demonstration of respect. It is a book that can be read by anyone over 10 years of age.

This first edition is somewhat marred by numerous typographical errors - more than 50 at fast count - a problem with which our magazine is all too familiar, but which a second edition will hopefully correct.

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A Fish Story About One That Didn't Get Away



Hilda and Albert Toews with the 400 pound Marlin that didn't get away.

The following report comes to us from two former "Grunthalers", Albert and Hilda Toews, now residing in Winnipeg, who recently had the experience of a lifetime when deep-sea fishing near Acapulco.

by Albert Toews

We had bargained with our captain, Antonio Macia, to go deep-sea fishing on Jan.26. The cost for a five-hour excursion onto the Pacific Ocean was to be \$62. We were sharing the boat and expenses with Ted and Virginea Ozog from Toronto, with whom we had become friends.

We arrived at the dock at 7:30 a.m. half an hour late but ready to board the "San Luis", a 30 foot schooner. Approximately 10 miles out in the Pacific Ocean we began to troll, using for bait a fish about 10 inches long, looking a lot like the "mulletts" father used to buy by the sackful in Lockport. The women occupied the chairs on the lower deck and the men on the upper, all rods being anchored to our chairs, leaving our hands free to express ourselves in conversation or to enjoy refreshments.

Well, the morning seemed to go by quickly and the only things in sight were several other similar fishing boats and an occasional shark's fin. For anyone who hasn't been in Acapulco, the weather is always the same, sunny and hot.

This approximately was the scene, when at 11:45 a.m., Ted spotted a huge shark, directly in front of the boat, wallowing near the surface. We both yelled at the girls to look, but with heads turning both ways they couldn't spot the shark; finally both decided to get up from their comfortable chairs and have a better look.

That's when it happened - Hilda's reel suddenly went "psssst". The two Mexican boys accompanying us as helpers, knew immediately that we had a strike and frantically yelled at Hilda in Spanish. I think they were telling her to grab her rod and sit down anyway, she sat down and began the "reel" and "pull" according to the directions of the Mexicans. Well, after about 10 minutes

Hilda realized she finally had a fish here that she couldn't handle.

Eagerly I jumped into the chair. Hardly having grabbed the rod firmly, our fish made its appearance. Maybe 200 feet from our boat the ocean suddenly exploded and this huge sea monster came clearly in sight. The crew reacted, and we discovered that we had hooked a blue marlin. Our captain stated without hesitation "at least 350 lbs." Several times in the next few minutes this beautiful fish would surface, all the while I was at least trying to make sure that the line had no slack.

The colouring on the blue marlin is absolutely beautiful, several shades of extremely bright blue covering its back and sides, bright almost to the point of appearing artificial, with a pure white stomach. Never in my life had I dreamt that any fish could be as ferocious and powerful as this one. When he started to pull you had to give him line or he would break it. Our line was only an 80lb. test, a filament line, the reel being fairly heavy with a powerful rod.

After an hour of "reel" and "pull" we had him close to the boat, close enough for our Mexican boys to try and snag him on a three-pronged gaff with a long rope tied to it. One of the boys threw out the gaff, let it sink for a second, gave a mighty pull and came up empty. Our captain, making one of his rare appearances at the back of the boat where the sun, heat, and action was, made another one of his well thought observations. "Another three hours", and sure enough, the marlin began to take line and went down, down and down. I noticed that well over half the line on the reel was gone.

This was only the beginning. At least another three hours of "reel" and "pull" were required to bring the marlin to the side of the boat once more. Again the three pronged gaff was tossed out, allowed to sink, again the mighty pull and this time it caught. Now with the help of the reel and the rope pulling, we brought the beast along side the boat. Very quickly one of the Mexican boys came up with a club and dealt our marlin several quick blows, killing it. Then all of us together pulled and finally dragged our huge fish into the boat.

The time now was after 4:40 p.m. Everyone, crew included, was exhausted; more than five hours of continuous battle in a hot tropical sun had taken its toll, but our big beautiful fish lay in the boat; being too long to fit the width of the boat, its tail had to hang over the side. Like all fish caught in deep water, the beautiful blues disappeared and within minutes the marlin was black.

Our Mexican helpers ran up several flags on the boat mast, the top being blue, indicating "marlin". When we reached shore, the pier was already crowded. Apparently marlin was not

plentiful in the water near Acapulco. Eager hands pulled at our marlin, placed it on a dolly and hauled it off to be weighed and measured. Again our captain was there to make the announcement, "Quatro!" or 400 lbs. and 11 ft. 11 inches in length. — — — — — one would find on a Mexican pier, this was the biggest blue marlin caught in the Acapulco area for five years. My wife and I had decided when he made his first leap at high noon, that should we land him we would have him mounted and sent home. We then proceeded to make these arrangements and with a lot of

luck should have him home in four months. We had heard and read of experiences like this, but never had we even vaguely dreamt that it could happen to us.
—reprinted from *The Carrillon News*

YOU NEED A BED-SHRINK

Bruce: "I have these horrible dreams every night. Weird creatures crawl out from under my bed."

Reid: "My friend can help you."

Bruce: "Is he a psychiatrist?"

Reid: "No, he's a carpenter. He'll saw the legs off your bed."

Final Subscription Concert of the season —
featuring the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, PIERO GAMBA conductor, performing the sensational Beethoven 9th Concert with the Winnipeg Philharmonic Choir, Henry Engbrecht Chorus Master, with soloists Sigurdur Bjornsson tenor, Rolande Garnier mezzo-soprano, Morley Meredith baritone and Kathy Knight soprano. Also in the programme will be the Beethoven Choral Fantasy with the Winnipeg Philharmonic Choir and Stephen Cera, pianist. Friday, May 7th and Saturday, May 8th, 1976 at 8:30 p.m. in the Centennial Concert Hall. Tickets reserved from \$4.50 now available at all regular outlets. This concert is graciously sponsored by the Royal Bank of Canada.



Time For a Change?

At long last the Association of Canadian Distillers has recognized the fact that the veritable barrage of unfavourable publicity being directed at the Beverage Alcohol Industry might create an atmosphere which can possibly lead to the imposition of controls and directives by the Government, which would be repugnant to the group. As legal, licenced, responsible and respectable businessmen, they became aware that it is most important that steps be taken to counteract the propaganda being stirred up by minority pressure groups. From these groups have come many suggestions on just how to control the alcohol abuse problem. Retail prices should be raised (prohibition by taxation); advertising should be curtailed or eliminated; the permissive drinking age should be raised; the alcohol content of products should be lowered; etc., etc., etc.

So what did the industry gentlemen do? They held a meeting, and they discussed the problem and they all went back to their offices satisfied there was a problem and that something should be done. They were not quite sure what, but something

should be done and soon, because they were licenced, legal, responsible, respectable businessmen providing the public with products that conformed to the first article of the American Constitution i.e. life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. A product that properly used was certainly an adjunct to gracious living. A product that reduced stress and increased conviviality. From the sale of these products, they were one of the the largest contributors to Federal and Provincial tax coffers. The industry was a leading source of foreign exchange.

They were so self-righteous it was sickening.

Let's face facts. Alcohol in any form — wine, beer or spirits, is a DRUG. That is not necessarily an evil word. Without drugs the world would be in a terrible mess. It is the people who use drugs to excess who create problems. Fortunately they constitute a minority of drinkers, about 5 percent.

This month I single out for constructive criticism the Brewing Industry. The advertising this group presents on our most powerful medium television (in Ontario and Quebec), is to my mind the main cause for concern relative to the demands that advertising be prohibited or restricted. I'm fed up to the ears with the sage, cute remarks Carl Holman makes in the Carlsberg Beer commercial. Does the Canadian public need a man with a Danish accent constantly needling on "the glorious beer of Copenhagen?"

It must be apparent to even a six-year-old child that the Great Dane is trying to convey the impression that only the Danes know how to make beer and if you drink this "glorious" beer you are really with it.

These commercials, again to my mind, border very closely to becoming false advertising. Come

on, fellows, ship Carl back to the Tivoli Gardens and the Little Mermaid and along with him that jerk in the background who makes his own beer and has all the caps blown off.

And while we are at it, let's blow up the Labatt blue balloon. While I have travelled the world, I have lived all my life in Canada and I have never seen a balloon. I am sure, however, that there must be thousands of youngsters who will associate the blue balloon with high adventure and Labatts Blue with the same. Could this be subliminal persuasion? I thought it was prohibited.

Last but not least, our good friends at Molson. They say the pun is the lowest form of humour. As a rule the best a new pun can expect, is an amused chuckle. The constant repetition of Molson's fun-pun commercials produce only loud groans from members of our household.

There you have it, gentlemen of the Canadian Beer Cartel. I accuse you and you alone of creating the situation which is causing pressure groups to demand restriction of advertising. The distillers use no radio or T.V. advertising. Canadian and imported wines use a very small amount because they don't have the budget.

And so I say to all you executives in the Canadian Brewing Industry, please get with it. After reading this editorial and instructing your advertising agencies to ban Bar forever, take time out to take another look at what you are doing to this industry. Take a good long look at your TV commercials. Don't forget too, that alcohol consumed in beer in Canada is almost double that consumed in distilled products. Don't forget this alcohol is a drug. A drug which if used intelligently, can be a boon; a drug which if abused, can become a bomb!

Seven Scenes From Mennonite History

A Review of the Mennonite Theatre
Production of *Wer Nimmt uns Auf?*

by Peter Paetkau

Wer Nimmt uns Auf is a documentary for stage by Olga Rempel, and was presented on February 28 and 29, 1976 in the theatre of the Technical-Vocational High School under the auspices of the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre. In a series of seven scenes Mrs. Rempel has traced the story of the Mennonites of certain areas of the Ukraine, in 1937, through the Second World War, in their migration to West Germany, and finally, through the tireless efforts of the Mennonite Central Committee, to their destination in Canada.

In view of the fact that the train of Mennonite migrants to the Western world is still in motion, and that therefore a continued comprehension of their unhappy plight is necessary in order to extend to these newcomers our most exhaustive assistance through the MCC, this excellent documentary is extremely useful. Mrs. Rempel is to be commended for her thorough documentation of the period in question. The main roles were all well performed. Particularly Lore Lubosh, in her many personifications, was most authentic, convincing and impressive: obviously everyone behind the scenes worked hard to accomplish the success of the presentation.

The documentary opens with a scene in Canada. Grandchildren are asking Oma how it was in Russia. To be sure, it was an entirely different world. The common workday begins daily with the feeding of the horses at the break of dawn. There is also time to rock the children to sleep in the evening, and no need for baby-sitters. But the customary comfort, and peace of village life is uprooted when Grandfather, like so many young men in his time, is sent to Siberia.

In the second scene we get a close-up of how everything which once was, has been changed into the dreadful Collective Farm. It is summer and women are hoeing rows and rows of corn as dinner approaches. The sun is hot but what makes life so difficult is that the men, the husbands and the boys are gone, and scenes of their capture and deportment remain indelibly suffused in their minds. There are other depressing

matters too, but what really matters is that the men will return. That is the norm of the Collective. All of a sudden a rider bursts onto the scene: War with Germany has broken out! How many hopes were shattered in that instant none can tell. How will the Soviet regime regard their German origin?

It is another scene in Canada. Grandchildren are in the way of asking again. How did the war proceed? The oldest church in the Mennonite colonies, a model after the one in Heubuden, Prussia, has been turned into a theatre. The bells of the orthodox cathedral have been removed and the building turned into a granary. The Soviets were determined to undermine our faith in God, but they did not succeed. Then the Germans occupied the area for a while. How we rejoiced when we were told that the next Sunday we should have a Gottesdienst in our church again after six years. The church was filled. Even German soldiers were present.

A balalaika ensemble was present on stage, and soloist Waltraut Hassenrueck accompanied the instrumentation in a song borne out of this period: "Wann kommt der Tag wo wir uns wieder sehen?" This was positively the most frequent question asked in those years, and expresses the utter *Sehnsucht* of a people molested, yet maintaining their faith in God.

The scene runs right into the next, as the voices of two women in dialogue recount personal experiences. They seem to ask members of the audience to remember, if they can and if they will: "Do you ever think of the time when we left our homes on the third of October in 1943. The wagons were all waiting ready. For the last time I wanted to walk through all the rooms in the house, and think of everything I had experienced in them. *Ich wollte den Garten nur noch gruessen, nur einmal noch gruessen.*"

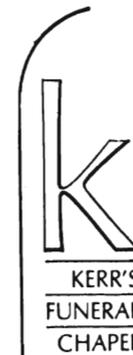
The tension of the previous two scenes is broken by brief comedy, and "*Mein Heimatland*" opens the scene.

On the downbeat now, the last two scenes follow as an unexpected visitor arrives *im Lager*. He is none other than the notable C. F. Klassen, representative of the MCC, who has come here to determine the condition of the many

Fluechtlinge and proceed with their transport to Canada.

After a journey across the ocean, which the children enjoy mostly but causes the adults to suffer seasickness, the lucky-*Auswanderer* arrive in the port of Halifax. Here the stores are loaded with goods and their contents may be freely purchased without ration coupons. The dock workers attempt to talk to them, but none can understand the other and the newcomers on the dock fear the prospect of having to learn the English language. Finally, Cornelius Warkentin arrives and greets the immigrants and hands out spending money to them. The journey till Winnipeg will last 36 hours. Hopefully, there will be an interpreter there.

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