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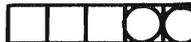
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The winner of the March contest will be announced in May, because the Mirror revised its publication schedule for this month only.

Answers for the March contest are claim, credit, refund, amount, expense and income tax.

The letters are to be rearranged and written in the squares to form real words. Letters which fall into squares with a circle are to be arranged to complete the answer at the bottom of the puzzle.

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

Entries must be sent to the Mirror Office by February 28, 1977.

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| 6:05 - 11:00 | Music for Good Friday |
| 11:00 - 12:00 | Worship Service
Grant Memorial Baptist Church
Winnipeg |
| 1:00 - 3:00 | Bach - "Christ lag in Todesbanden"
Selections from Johannes Passion |
| 7:00 | Christ on the Mount of Olives
Beethoven |
| 10:05 | "The Seven Last Words of Christ on
the Cross" - Haydn |
| 11:05 | Stainer's "Crucifixion" |

Easter Sunday

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| 11:00 - 12:00 | Worship Service
Knox United Church, Winnipeg |
| 2:05 | Handel's <i>Messiah</i> |
| 10:05 | Bach - An Easter Oratorio |

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Ideology is sometimes only skin deep . . . Behind the stone faces are sensitive hearts and minds

East Europe Conversations: Part 4

by Roy Vogt

One of the most famous streets in East Berlin is Unter den Linden. Along this wide, shady avenue, kings and dukes used to ride their horses, starting from the royal palaces by the river Spree and passing through the imposing Brandenburg Gate. The State Opera House, Humboldt University, and many elegant hotels and government buildings made Unter den Linden the cultural showpiece of one of Europe's leading cities. The allied bombing raids of World War II and the Soviet invasion of Berlin in the Spring of 1945 completely demolished this man-made elegance. A wasteland now surrounds the Brandenburg Gate. In the midst of this wasteland, several hundred yards from the gate, a green knoll bears silent testimony to the folly of man's most grandiose dreams. It is the unmarked site of Hitler's bunker-grave.

The Brandenburg Gate itself stands like a hobbled giant, cemented into the wall which divides Berlin. It is no longer the archway for a long and distinguished thoroughfare. The short stretch of Unter den Linden which runs from the walled gate to the ruins of the old palaces at the Spree has, however, been rebuilt and new Linden trees have taken root. The two largest buildings on the avenue are now the Soviet administrative headquarters, the symbol of East Germany's subservience to the Soviet Union, and a new "socialist palace" which resembles

the Winnipeg Convention Centre. The old opera house has been restored and directly across from it is a war memorial which features, every hour, the East German version of the changing of the guard.

There is, to my mind, no stranger or more chilling sight than the robot-like motions of the East German troops who guard this memorial. Their goose-step march, an odd and ominous throwback to the Nazi period, and their cold-stone faces enable one to understand instinctively why some of their fellow citizens are pleading for a socialism with a human face. During my visits to East Berlin I have often wondered what might lie behind those stern, military masks. Pretty girls from places like Paris and Stockholm would try in vain to bring some colour to the cheeks of these guards by walking past them with mildly flirtatious gestures. The eyes of the guards betrayed no human interest.

Over the years two personal encounters have given me a rare opportunity to penetrate behind the masks of at least two of East Germany's stern-looking troops. One evening in the summer of 1969 I was having supper in the Moskva restaurant in East Berlin when a soldier in uniform approached me and asked whether he might sit at my table. I said, of course he could, but because I had heard from East German friends that soldiers were discouraged from having



conversations with foreigners I informed him immediately that I was not a citizen of East Germany. He hesitated very noticeably at this news and looked around the large room to see if there was space at another table. There wasn't, so he slowly sat down next to me and began to study the menu as though it was a military manual. It was a rather odd situation. I should have been the one who was uncomfortable because I was a stranger in a country not even recognized by Canada, and therefore without the benefit of Canadian diplomatic representation, while he represented the most powerful organization in the country. It had not failed to occur to me that he might, in fact, have been sent to my table on purpose. But he seemed to be genuinely more intimidated by our sudden closeness than I was. It took some time to strike up a conversation but after the initial awkwardness was overcome I became convinced that our meeting was indeed accidental. I have never had any reason to doubt the sincerity and truth of what this young soldier told me that evening.

Bernard, as I shall call him, revealed himself to me as an unusually sensitive and serious person. He had been conscripted into the army immediately after high school and had just completed his basic training - hence an evening out in a Berlin restaurant. After another year of service he hoped to enroll in a music

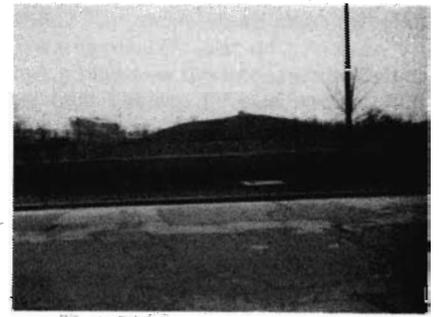
Unter den Linden street today



school in Dresden. He had, I am ashamed to admit, a much finer feel for opera and classical music than I have and spoke with enthusiasm of the performances he had seen the previous two evenings in the Komische Oper and at the State Opera. He didn't share my enthusiasm for the Brecht theatre in East Berlin, or for the chanson singing of Gisela May. Brecht's dramas irritated and confused him. There is in East Berlin a cabaret called the Distel (The Thorn) which produces humorous skits that are often critical of the state. I once observed an actor bring the house down by merely reading, in a mockingly serious tone, pretentious excerpts from the front page of the communist newspaper, *Neues Deutschland*. Within strict limits, in such little cabarets, some dissent is permitted. I asked Bernard whether he had been to the Distel. "No," he said. "I don't think I would enjoy it. I don't think one ought to make fun of one's state." He went on to say that he came from a small village and had been quite unprepared for the impersonal discipline and ideological intensity of the military training which he had just completed. He was in no mood to choose entertainment which would further bombard his mind with current events. I was astonished to see tears forming in his eyes as he confided to me that the past few months had been extremely difficult ones for him. "So much of what we have done runs

counter to my nature. Don't get me wrong. I believe in my state, I am prepared to defend it, but there has been so much pressure and harrassment that I have sometimes found it almost impossible to go on. Beautiful music and dinner away from my comrades are a form of escape for me."

I thought it best to be silent for awhile. After a few moments, however, he began to ask me a series of simple, touchingly naive questions about America (Europeans don't distinguish very often between Canadians and Americans. We are all citizens of North America and hence "Americans".) He wanted to know whether there really were skyscrapers in New York, and whether the average citizen owned his own automobile. He had seen pictures on West German TV which suggested these things but he didn't know whether he could trust the images on the screen. After answering these questions I asked him how he felt about divided Germany. "I am very conscious of being a German," he replied, "and I have relatives living in West Germany. However, despite these ties I am convinced that West Germany is an aggressive state and with American aid the West Germans would attack us immediately if we let our defences down." I said that I didn't know if they would but I asked whether he found it possible to believe that East Germany, with Soviet aid, would attack West Germany if the



Hitler's Bunker

East German Guards



latter let down its defences. "Of course we wouldn't," he said. "We are prepared to defend ourselves but we would not attack anyone else." I couldn't help but smile at this. "I don't know how you understand human hate and aggressiveness," I said, "but I have found that it is pretty evenly spread around. The impulse to destroy, just as the impulse to love, seems to exist in each person regardless of social conditions or political systems."

"That is also my belief," he said, "but some societies are more militaristic than others and I honestly feel that West Germany is much more likely to attack us that we are to attack it." I added that I knew sincere West Germans who were convinced that just the opposite was true. "You must admit," I said, "that you know very little about West Germany and also little about those leaders in your own society who actually make decisions about these things."

"Let me assure you," he said, "that I have thought a lot about these things. I am not as sure about my position as my remarks may have indicated. But I have already said more than perhaps I should have. I must say goodbye before I say things that I would truly regret." With that he rose from his chair, extended his hand to me, and said goodbye. As I shook his hand I couldn't resist the urge to say to him, "Go and see Brecht sometime, and listen to the music of Gisela May. We can't afford to close our eyes and ears to the injustices of this world." "You may be right," he said "but you also should discover how soothing to the soul good music can be."

I left the restaurant a short time after he did. As I stepped out onto Karl Marx Allee it was dark and cool outside and just around the corner of the restaurant a group of Russian soldiers stood huddled around a small open fire. They were singing beautiful Russian folk songs in the haunting, melancholy way of soldiers far from home. I stood and listened for awhile. The music was soothing - I too was far from home - but the uniforms were not.

My second opportunity to penetrate the military mask occurred less than a year ago, in May 1976. After a month of research in West and East Berlin I was joined by my Mennonite Mirror col-

league, Arkie Wiens, for a week of touring in the culturally rich areas of Dresden and Weimar. We spent several days in Weimar, at the famed Elephant Hotel. One evening we returned to our hotel for a late dinner only to discover that even at that hour all of the tables were occupied. We received permission from a young couple to sit at their table. They seemed very friendly at first, but after we had spoken to them for a few minutes in German, and had informed them that we were from Canada, they became quiet and withdrawn. While we were eating our meal they got up to dance, and we could see them looking at us, over each other's shoulder, with great suspicion. Finally, after the music had stopped, they rejoined us, without saying a word. After a few minutes of complete silence the young man looked directly at us and asked: "Are you really from Canada?" We assured him that we were. Then he went on: "My wife and I weren't sure. It seemed to us that your German was too good for you to be foreigners. We wanted to believe you but we weren't sure." We remarked that we were flattered by their confusion but we were indeed merely visitors to their country.

"Look," the young man said to us, "my wife and I are in a delicate situation and it is best that we tell you about it. I am an officer in the German army, on weekend leave with my wife who continues to live in our apartment in Weimar. I am stationed near the border and am under strict orders to report all conversations with foreigners to my superiors. I would like to talk with you, but I don't want to betray your confidence by reporting what we say. Are you willing to spend a few hours in frank conversation with that understanding?"

We were naturally quite surprised at this turn of events and assured our new friends that we too wanted to have a conversation with them and that we understood the conditions and the possible problems. In the next few hours this young East German spoke to us like a penitent in a confessional, trying to get rid of a heavy load of frustration and anger. He couldn't stand the lack of trust that he experienced among colleagues and supposed friends in the army and earlier in his civilian work. The system

was basically dishonest and demoralizing. There was no justification for the wall. They were addressed almost every day by superiors who assured them that they were living in the best of all possible worlds, but afterwards the soldiers among themselves would break into laughter and compete, in subtle ways, in ridiculing the slogans they had heard. Yet no one dared to rebel or laugh openly.

The wife was silent during this tirade. Was she afraid that her husband was saying too much? Was she quietly agreeing with him? At times she nodded affirmatively, indicating that she was. In any case, after about two hours of this we had learned a lot about the everyday frustrations of living in a state where people are judged more by ideological orthodoxy than by human values. It would be dangerous for us to feel smug about this. What our East German friend was telling us in his anger was that Marxism was made for man and not man for Marxism. The same might be said for all ideological principles, including those dreamt up by theologians or politicians in our own society.

In any case now when I watch the changing of the guard at the East German war memorial I remind myself that there are human beings in those uniforms who may, or may not, be playing games which are alien to their nature, - and whose real nature can only be discovered through personal encounter.

"Next Month: Conversation with an older couple."

A Prayer

Father, make within our hearts a quiet place. . . We release to Thee our struggle to cram too many activities and accomplishments into every hour. We rest in the knowledge that all of eternity, an infinitude of time, is Thy great gift to us. . . We release to Thee our impatience with other people and circumstances. We ask Thee for the ability to relax when we must wait.



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The immigrant: part 4

Miss Owens and other school experiences

by Victor Peters

The following five years were spent alternatively at work and at school. The waystations were Manitou, Winkler, and Winnipeg. There were lighter moments, but on the whole they were drab years. For several years I worked on a farm near Manitou and during late fall and winter attended the Manitou consolidated school. Transportation was provided by the school board. Large horse-drawn vans gathered the school population for miles around town and transported the students to school in the morning and back home at four o'clock. There were a number of immigrant farm families residing in the Manitou district, and stories circulated that their school-aged children had been forced by other pupils to run behind the vans. This had changed by the time I came to Manitou. The van fostered a community spirit, a feeling of togetherness. One of the noisiest members of our route later became a politician. That was George Henderson, who still represents the Manitou riding in the provincial legislature. George was a reader, a most original thinker, and a persistent debater.

The school at Manitou left a lasting impression on me, and this because of two most unusual teachers. One of them was our classroom teacher, Miss Kay Owens. The stereotyped female teacher in Anglo-Saxon countries is the rather unattractive, flat-chested, mousy, and more meek than kind, woman. Miss Owens lacked all these attributes. She was a striking woman in more than one sense, good looking, indeed almost beautiful with her regular features and severe hairdo. When she walked up and down the aisles between the desks she had the air

of a Napoleon mustering his troops before battle. Her countenance, that word is more fitting in her case than face, had the confidence, almost arrogance of Durer's knight who fears neither death nor devil. Miss Owens was an excellent disciplinarian. She never used foul words, but her language and threats would have awed the mercenaries of Wallenstein and Wellington. Despite all this there was something about Miss Owens that made all admire her. Some even loved her. Watson Scott (I always wondered how parents with the illustrious name of Scott would name their son Watson instead of Walter) said he loved her.

Watson Scott occupied the seat in front of me. I don't know what happened to him in later life, but his interest in school was marginal. When the teacher wrote on the board he would get out his assembled supply of dusty erasers and chalk and throw them at anyone he saw was working. By the time Miss Owens spun around, for she was not one of those teachers who do not know what is going on around them, Watson was busy copying his lessons, the picture of diligence and innocence. But Miss Owens was not easily fooled. "Watty," she would bark out with such derisive ferocity that Watson would cringe. With three steps she would be at his desk and with her sturdy yardstick whack him across the back. As she returned to the blackboard "Watty" would half turn around to me, wink knowingly, and mutter out of the corner of his mouth, "Some day I am going to marry that woman."

Except for three Mennonites all the students in that class were of Anglo-Saxon background. Manitou was a pro-

sperous town. Most students came from homes where there were radios, some of them even had their own cars. They had pocket money for pop, snacks, and movies. The three of us had none of these. After school we did the farm chores and then turned to our homework because there was nothing better to do. Miss Owens apparently never grasped this socio-economic difference between the natives and immigrants. She attributed our better work to superior intelligence, which in turn was contrary to her basic philosophy. In English grammar, in which all Manitoba schools used the basic text written by Dr. Cowperthwaite, Miss Owens would let three or four students go to the blackboard and have them do detailed or clausal analysis. There were some excellent students in the class, but since the sentences were long and involved, some errors would usually slip in. Almost triumphantly Miss Owens would send the three newcomers to the blackboard, who would complete the assignment without a mistake. Then the class would be in for a lecture, especially one girl who unfortunately was also named Owens, but was no relative of the teacher.

"I am ashamed of all of you, and especially of you, Mabel," she would thunder. "Here these foreigners who have only recently come to this country do work like this, while you sit like so many ninnies and can't even handle your own native tongue. I am ashamed to have lived to see the day that an Owens will so disgrace a name."

Miss Owens was fond of long sentences, and she would continue in this vein, predicting dire consequences for generations of native Canadians. There

was something marvellously grand about this woman. By all the laws of psychology she would have turned the entire class against the immigrants as well as herself. But this was not the case. Her identification with the majority of the class was so thorough and unquestioned, and the praise directed to the immigrants was almost of the nature of a Montgomery recognizing the qualities of a Rommel, that the class responded by more than half admiring us, and, poor souls, emulating us. Miss Owens, while spurring us on, literally goaded the rest of the class to work.

Meanwhile Jake Epp, who died when he was shot down over the English Channel in the early days of the war, and I spent the Sundays together doing grammar. In two years I remember seeing only one movie, *Frankenstein*, which was playing at that time in Manitou. As the long winter Sundays dragged on - you had to get up early to feed the horses and milk the cows - you were forced to do something. Except for the *Weekly Free Press Prairie Farmer*, which was my sole link with the larger world, there was little to read. Winter sports require equipment and therefore cost money. They were out for another reason. You don't require additional exercise when you haul feed or cut wood on Saturday and look after a barn full of livestock. I used to spend my spare time reading Thomas Babington Macauley's *History of England*, and when I grew tired of it, I would select one of his half-page sentences, and not only break it up by clausal and detailed analysis, I would also parse it down to the last dangling participle. As for Miss Owens, for years she was almost as near and dear to me as were D'Artagnan, Aramis, Athos, and Porthos, later she even outdistanced them.

The other teacher who left a lasting impression on me was Mr. Wilhelm Kristjanson, the school's principal. Kristjanson had served in World War I, and later, as a Rhodes scholar, had studied at Oxford. He had met people like the British writer G. K. Chesterton, and with a few words he would sketch the man before he introduced a poem or essay by him. Most of us enjoyed especially his reading of Shakespeare. Kristjanson, who later wrote a history of the Icelanders in Manitoba, had a slight Scandinavian accent. Even now I can recall his reading of *Hamlet*. His voice remained even, but he transmitted his intensity to us so that we almost shuddered with the Prince of Denmark when the Ghost rumbled: "I am thy father's spirit." I doubt whether Olivier ever had more attentive listeners. Mr. Kristjanson was not a strong disciplinarian, but when the troublemakers acted up during a reading, he had behind him the support of the overwhelming majority of the class. Though a native Manitoban, Kristjanson had a strong attachment to his own cultural roots. I detected this im-

mediately when I saw that he had not anglicized his Christian name. I almost felt a kinship to him, and I think, to a degree, it was mutual.

From Manitou I went to Winkler, my original starting place in Canada. The place was named after a provincial minister of agriculture, Valentine Winkler. The Winkler family were anglicized Germans from Ontario. The Germans share one quality with the Scots, frugality. There is another more unkind, word that can be used to describe this characteristic. It was said that when The Honourable Valentine Winkler took the train in Morden to go to Winnipeg, his wife sent along with him enough roasted buns to last a legislative session. His son, Howard Winkler, represented for many terms the southern Manitoba constituency of Lisgar in Ottawa. In public he was a very quiet person, but it is reported that on one occasion he showed surprise in the House of Commons. The town of Winkler gave the candidate Winkler regularly an overwhelming majority at every federal election, largely because he observed the axiom: *Reden ist Silber, Schweigen ist Gold*.

In Winkler I completed my high school and made many friends. One of them, Victor Unruh, and I edited the school paper. He was the son of a local Mennonite minister and Bible school teacher, but this did not inhibit him in his lifestyle. His father belonged to the revival wing of Mennonitism which frowns on smoking. Smoking was strictly forbidden in the Unruh home. Since Victor and I spent much time on the second floor of their house, we usually had all the windows open even on the coldest evenings, for the smoke to disappear. Mrs. Unruh was a gentle soul and we rather suspected that she knew what we were doing. Victor was the most intelligent student in class, but as he rarely prepared for examinations his marks were deplorable. During the first year of World War II, when many teachers lost their certification because of their suspected German sympathies, Victor was admitted to the provincial Normal School, as the teachers' college was known. According to Victor, he had had an interview with one of the senior instructors (it may have been that master

grammarian, Dr. Cowperthwaite), and when he was asked how he felt about the Germans, he told the man that he had failed his Grade 12 German, and was accepted. When he got his draft notice, he ignored it and joined the air force, but vowed that he would not drop a single bomb on Germany, where he had many relatives. His prediction proved correct. He and his crew were killed when their plane was shot down over the continent on its first bombing mission.

At the Winkler high school I had my first and only experience on stage. We presented Lessing's classical *Minna von Barnhelm*, in German. While the lead was played by a girl who years later became my wife, I was Major Tellheim. The play was a pronounced success, and even I was assured that I had done quite well. But I know better, and never ventured on stage again.

Politics was taken very seriously in Winkler, and such national leaders as Mackenzie King and T.A. Crerar made their appearance in town. The Conservatives of R. B. Bennett had a strong following, but so did his rebellious minister, H. H. Stevens, who organized a national party. Others looked with admiration to William Aberhart, in Alberta, and with apprehension to the newly formed CCF, which was suspected of Soviet sympathies. On the international scene Stalin was the archvillain, and many hoped that Hitler would teach him a lesson or two. The town had a group of young radicals, of which Victor Unruh was a member and I a fellow-traveller. The reason I did not join outright was because I was not yet a citizen of Canada. Only native or naturalized Canadians were eligible for membership, but more about that later. I was not quite twenty when I took leave of Winkler and bought a train ticket to Winnipeg. I had a small suitcase with clothes, and the balance from a \$5 bill which I had used to pay for the fare. The sturdy suitcase which had been acquired in Russia, had faithfully accompanied me, usually resting under my bed. My immediate object in going to Winnipeg was to earn money; my ultimate but somewhat nebulous goal was eventually to study law.

Next month: The Depression



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but the voice, one voice
feels the cold fingers.

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- by H. F.

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Suffering triumphs in Resurrection, the life certificate of the servant

by Maynard Shelley

Pentecost - that first great miracle in the life of the early church - was a life certificate for Jesus Christ.

Just what was the meaning of that great movement of the Holy Spirit among those thousands of people in Jerusalem? Peter got up to explain the event. He had one word for it: **resurrection.**

Jesus had been crucified, "but God raised him to life again," said Peter, "as we can all bear witness" (Acts 2:24, 32, New English Bible). "All that you now see and hear flows from (the resurrected Christ)" (v. 33.)

The resurrection brought them into the kingdom of God that Jesus had said was near at hand. The key to that kingdom was His servanthood, and He opened the door to greater service through His obedience.

Jesus' resurrection opened a new creation. Easter Day was the first day of a new world. Resurrection means more than life after death - it means life before death, a new life that begins now.

Having experienced resurrection, Peter and the other disciples came to realize that all that Jesus had said about servanthood and about himself as the Servant King was true. Servanthood really works. God would not let His "loyal servant suffer corruption" (Acts 2:27, NEB). Jesus, the Servant King, could not be stopped even by crucifixion. Therefore, we dare give ourselves to the Jesus way of servanthood.

But many still hesitate. Why? Dare we take the risk? Dare we believe that Jesus was who He said He was and follow Him?

If we do, we will begin to see things differently. The crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus turned the world around and upside down. We even feel the change in the way the reports have been written in the Gospel record about those great events. Before the crucifixion, Jesus was ever the center of attention, always at the front of the stage. He took the lead in teaching and healing. All eyes looked to Him.

But after the crucifixion and resurrection, He is no longer present at center stage in the same way. The disciples

have grown larger. We see events from their point of view and we live through their experiences.

But Jesus is not gone. He is still there. We cannot escape His presence. We know He is present in every scene and in every event, but now in a much different way. Instead of leading and going before the disciples, He is within the circle working through the believers. That's the resurrection fact.

Seeing Christ work from within the believers is to see the resurrection living as servanthood. For seeing the risen Christ is not a matter of physical identification; it is a seeing that requires spiritual insight, which is a gift of God (Mt. 11:25). Such seeing sharpens our understanding of what the prophets taught about the Servant King.

On the road to Emmaus, the risen Christ overtakes two disciples and opens their eyes with a sharp rebuke: "O dull-witted men... with minds so slow to believe all that the Prophets have spoken!" (Luke 24:25, Weymouth) Then, He takes them through the important passages of the Old Testament, beginning with Genesis and going through the Prophets. He must have touched pointedly on the Suffering Servant passages of Isaiah 53, for He asks, "Was the Messiah not bound to suffer thus?" (v. 26, NEB).

Those disciples saw the truth of the servant way. Jesus had spoken about suffering before, but they thought it meant only an exception in the plan of God that would lead to victory over their political foes, the Romans. Now, they saw that suffering servanthood was a way of life and the climax of God's plan.

If death had been the end of Jesus and the Jesus Way, the disciples and their message would have long since disappeared. But they started living as servants of the Servant King. No persecution or death could stop them. The gospel spread around the world. They, like Jesus Christ, experienced resurrection.

The royal road of servanthood lies open before us. The way has been tested. Jesus walks with all who have faith in Him - faith to serve as He served in the way well pleasing to God. mm

review

A view of the Russian experience

Die Mennoniten in Russland by Peter G. Epp, Derksen Printers, Steinbach, 1977; 145 pp., paperback, \$5; posthumously by Justina D. Epp of Columbus, Ohio, USA.

by Peter Paetkau

The author, Peter G. Epp (1888-1954) was one of the best European-educated Russian Mennonites to come to the United States during the 1920's. With both a secular and theological education, having earned his Ph D at the University of Basel in 1912, Epp came to America in 1924 and served on the faculty of Bluffton College and Ohio State University at Columbus, Ohio.

As a writer Epp is an outstanding Mennonite author who has published a number of works, including *Eine Mutter* which was recently introduced to Mirror readers in translation. His largest work, *An der Molotschna*, is a manuscript on which he made some entries four days before his death, and was prepared for publication by his wife soon after his death. Published for the first time by Derksen Printers, the book consists of key portions from this extensive work. As such it stirs memories for those old enough to have them and intensifies interest in the history of the Mennonites in Russia for those who desire to know it more completely.

The book deserves our attention despite some of its short-comings. Those who still have a command of the German language ought to read it thoroughly. In the true sense of the word, it is not an ordinary *Geschichtsbuch* but rather a dramatic description of main events, rather reminiscent of such meritorious accounts as Peter Hildebrand's *Erste Auswanderung*.

The title is misleading in itself to begin with. *An der Molotschna* would have been a far more accurate title because the 15 chapters of the book treat events taking place concern the Molotschna Mennonites as if there are no other Mennonite colonies in Russia. While the details may not be false there are omissions, as for one of a number of instances, when Gerhard Willms and David

Epp are not mentioned as at least part of a delegation going to St. Petersburg to plead for the issuance of the Charter of Privileges (*Gnadenbrief*) which had been promised the Mennonites during the negotiation in 1787. Sources at my disposal, including Franz Isaac, an early historian from the Molotschna, mention only the two above as delegates sent on this mission: nowhere Cornelius Warkentin and Heinrich Heese as stated by Peter Epp. In another instance, a good part of a chapter deals with the work of Johann Cornies, and without the slightest allusion to the problem of the landless, goes on to discuss the effects of the Crimean War.

Furthermore, after all history books have informed us that the first group of *Auswanderer* to the Molotschna stayed in the Old Colony for some time, I read here no mention of this group even stopping here, but only references to Jekaterinslaw - as an important future trading centre, and Alexandrowsk - two days travel from the final destination. The serious historian has great difficulty in accepting these obvious incongruencies as matter of fact without the support of precise sources nowhere to be found in this book.

However, all short-comings aside, *Die Mennoniten in Russland* contains some extremely valuable descriptions of events (whether more imaginative than factual is quite another matter) such as Cornelius Warkentin's 1794 inspection tour of the still barren treeless Molotschna region, the long waiting for the final permission to migrate, the succession of Czars, the two years of waiting in the city of St. Petersburg before gaining an audience with Paul I, the extensive preparations to migrate, the long train of "Auswanderer" on the way and advancing across the Russian border. The strength of the book rests in the fact that these matters are put into perspective with the very unstable political situation hovering over Europe since 1789 as Napoleon threatens to overcome the nations one by one.

Again, with regard to the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871 it is brought

home to the reader that "*wieder musste dieses kleine voelklein. . . erfahren das sein Schicksal aufs engste in die grosse Weltereignisse verflochten und verbunden war.*" In a graphic, quite unforgettable way the reasons for the new conscription law are stated. And nowhere in the annals of Russian Mennonite history is the part played by the Molotschna people in the Crimean War drawn as illustriously as Epp manages here, or for that matter the events in St. Petersburg centering around the deposition of the Czar and the new provisional government. The new democratic system with a common franchise and elections was simply "unverstaendlich" to the new class of aristocrats (*Gutsbesitzer*) on the Molotschna because they feared, as Epp points out, that they would not be able to maintain the balance of power in the civic affairs of the colony. But alas, soon enough they learn that there are graver dangers to their existence creeping up than this as the true colors of the new regime began to show. As a result an all-Mennonite Congress is called, followed by one man's heroic attempt (B. B. Janz) to get in personal touch with the leaders of the new regime in order to make a last-ditch effort to comply with and adjust the Mennonite way of life to the Soviet system.

In the final analysis, any of the events described by Peter Epp create a deep impression on the mind of the reader because few of our historians have placed our existence in so broad a frame of reference. The vistas are deep and almost enormous; none of the scenes just simply flash by: the story is not presented as something set apart from the main current of events shaping Europe during (1789-1917) this precipitous period. While this may have been done with more accuracy than the presentation of the facts, the challenge is to read this memorable account of Mennonite history and to compare it with other volumes we already have. mm

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Trudy Schroeder, a Grade 12 student at the Mennonite Brethren Collegiate, presents Premier Ed Schreyer with a copy of a study made to determine the attitude of Winnipeg citizens towards Sunday opening of stores. Dorothy Penner, on her left and Randy Peters, on the premier's right, were also on hand to represent the 60 students who prepared and conducted the survey. On the far left is Ken Reddig, the class teacher. The class conducted 1,748 interviews in a random sampling across the city, and found that 80 - 87 per cent of the opinion was against store opening on Sunday, while about 80 per cent of those interviewed felt pharmacies, small "corner" stores and some service stations should remain open on Sunday. Close to 75 per cent of the opinions indicated a belief that legislation against Sunday opening was necessary.

Grindstone Island about 65 km. north of Kingston, Ontario will be the site for a program in peace education from July 30 to August 19. Twenty-three resource people have been invited to participate. One educator is Ernie Regehr, author of *Making a Killing*, the book which uncovered Canada's international trade in armaments. Interested persons may contact The Grindstone School, P. O. Box 571, Station P, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2T1.

Allan Siebert, assistant editor at the Mennonite Brethren Herald, was elected vice-president of the Canadian Church Press Association at its annual meeting in February in Toronto.

We hope **Vic Penner**, editor Red River Valley Echo has recovered from the shock he suffered upon finding his wife knitting the classic "tiny garment". How sweet the words, "Of course, its for our GRANDdaughter!"

The organizational meeting of the **Mennonite Brethren Historical Society of Canada**, chaired by Helmut Huebert, took place in Winnipeg on February 17. Dr. J. A. Toews, in his address "In search of Roots," pointed out that among the benefits of knowing our roots are better

self-understanding, inner security, confidence for the future and learning the lessons of the past. On the executive are: Henry Krahn, Helmut Huebert, Ken Reddig, Henry Dirks, Bill Schroeder and Harry Loewen. It was felt that the Mennonite Brethren historical society could aid and compliment, rather than compete with, other existing Mennonite historical societies.

Tabor College Choir presented a concert in song at the Fort Garry MB church on March 23. David Ewert, professor of New Testament, MB biblical seminary, Fresno, California, was the speaker at the Christian Life Series March 24 - 27 in that church.

Dr. Roy Just president of Tabor College, Hillsboro, was the speaker at the Portage Avenue MB church at its Sunday worship service recently. On March 8 the Ladies Mission Fellowship invited Joan Gerig to address them on world food needs. The ladies of the church served the Gideon Banquet on February 7. Theme: Focus on Quebec.

River East MB Church Youth Week took place February 6 - 13, with activities such as taking charge of a morning worship

service, singing at Old Folks Homes, lunch exchange and toboggan, gym and pizza night. The ladies enjoyed a Winter Retreat on March 12 at St. Benedicts Educational Centre. Kathy Lenzman addressed the group on "What is a family".

Elmwood MB church was the scene of a "Festival Preview" afternoon of musical entries in the Manitoba Music Festival. Winkler Bible Institute Choir sang at the worship service on March 20.

Winkler Bible Institute announces the resignation of principal, H. R. Baerg. Future plans for Rev. Baerg as well as the school's vacancy are as yet indefinite.

MCC shipped 322 tons of **skim milk powder** (one of the cheapest forms of natural protein) from Canada in just over a one year period to eleven countries where there is no dairy industry, no good method for preserving fresh milk, or where violence or upheaval have occurred. MCC responded to Florida's worst freeze in 15 years by sending 56 bales of blankets for needy migrant families caught off guard by the unexpected cold. Most of the blankets are comforters and quilts made by Mennonite women, each bale containing about 25 blankets. Heavy losses in the fruit crop will leave thousands of migrant labourers out of work.

Personnel from hospitals, nursing and old age homes from Winkler, Morden, Carman, Altona, Morris' and Portage la Prairie attended a 4 day seminar on job enrichment recently. Kris Munt, instructor from Red River Community College was the seminar consultant. The purpose of the course was to improve supervisory effectiveness over human and physical resources by using modern concepts of management. The seminar was conducted at the **Salem Personal Care Home in Winkler**.

"Koop en Bua" on Film?

"A possibility," says Dave Dueck of Dueck Film Productions. Allan Kroeker, formerly with the Manitoba Department of Agriculture as its staff film maker is willing and quite able to act as film director. Wilmer Penner whose dramatization of *Koop en Bua* drew full houses in Landmark is working on the film script. If you are interested in the Project contact any of the above individuals.

DATES:

April 4: Mennonite Educational Society of Man. 8:00 p.m. Sargent Ave. Church re Westgate Bldg. Program.

April 8: Messiah, First Mennonite Church, 8:00 p.m.

April 17: Mennonite Festival of Art and Music, Polo Park Mall

April 23: Manitoba Women in Mission Conference, First Menn. Church, 10:00 a.m. Main speaker a.m., Mrs. Katie Froese, Morden. Six short messages p.m., Music. Everybody welcome.

April 28: Manitoba Federation of Independent Schools annual meeting 7:30 p.m. St. Mary's Academy

May 5: Spring Tea, Sargent Thrift Shop

May 10 - 11: Westgate play, *Wir Sind Allzumal Suender*, Planetarium Theatre, Tickets \$.99. (Fund raising venture by German Studies Committee to aid in the financing of supervised student trip to Germany)

May 14: Bird's Hill Park, Annual Westgate 100 Cyclathon

May 30: Annual Westgate Mtg., Springfield Heights Church, 8:00 p.m.

The **Mennonite Festival of Art and Music** is to take place on April 17, 1977 at the Polo Park Mall. The Festival Committee invites Mennonite artists to exhibit their craft. Any art form is acceptable and new artists are especially welcome. Inquiries can be directed to Miss Irmgard Friesen, 1219 Wolseley Avenue, Phone 786-3115.

Another Festival project is: **An exhibition of Student Art.** All students are invited to exhibit and any art form, size or theme is acceptable. Please attach name, age and address to entry. Prizes will be in the form of ribbons. Entries should be mailed by April 1st to Mildred Schroeder, 745 Coventry, phone 832-0253; or leave at the MCC building, 1483 Pembina Highway; or leave at Contempo Fabrics, 1600 Portage Avenue.

The **Henry Gerbrandts** and Rev. and Mrs. **Jake Harms** of Sargent Avenue Church have just returned from a trip to Germany where they visited the Umsiedler on behalf of the Canada Conference. They visited there in order to try to observe the needs of these people. They bring with them greetings from these people who are felt to be culturally most closely allied to the Canadian Mennonites.

Rev. **William Sturhahn D. D.** of Winnipeg was received by the Hon. Bud Cullen, Minister of Manpower and Immigration in his parliamentary office on February 28. Rev. Sturhahn, a Baptist clergyman accepted in 1950 the responsibility of looking after the immigration and settlement of German refugees in Canada for the Christian Council for the Resettlement of Refugees. He was re-

sponsible for the settlement of refugees brought to Canada by the CCCRR in the area between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Rev. Sturhahn presented a book of his memoirs "They Came From East and West" to Mr. Cullen on this occasion and in turn was presented with a "Certificate of Appreciation" for his more than 25 years of service to immigrants from 1948 to 1974.

Milton Penner of Steinbach, vice-president and general manager of Penner Transfer was elected president of the Manitoba Trucking Association for 1977.

CMBC's recent two-week course for ministers and layworkers sponsored by the College and Conference Board brought out more than 60 church workers from Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and B. C. The registrar, Rudy Regehr, was happy to report that for the first time several people from other conferences attended. There were also more people from the under-thirty age group and more women in attendance this year.

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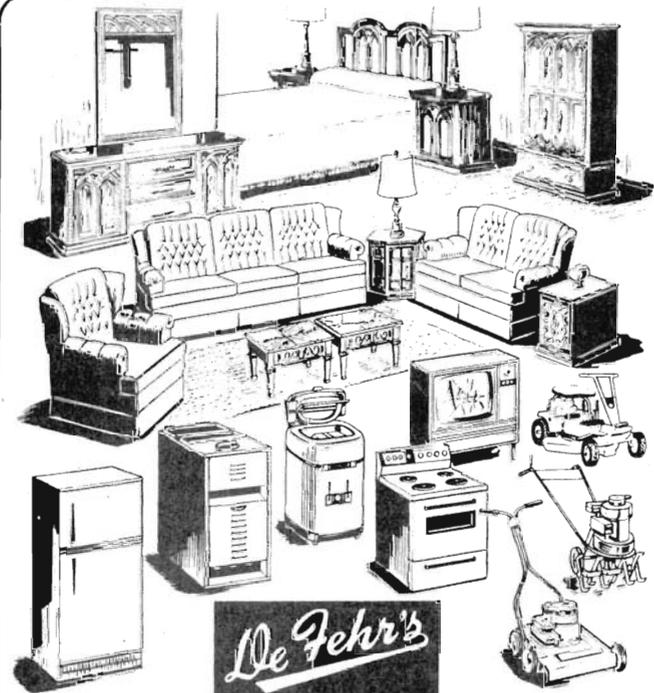
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News Item:

Mrs. C. W. Wiebe, wife of Winkler's well-known physician, passed away on Friday, March 25. The funeral service was held in the Winkler Bergthaler Church.



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A fiction special:

I'm keeping the baby . . .

by Marie Barton

"But she's - I mean we we're expecting a baby, Mr. Ferris," said Dan, putting a protective arm around Laurie Ferris.

The two kids went to junior high together and belonged to the same home room.

"A baby, Laurie! Tell your father your boyfriend is a liar." George Ferris glared at his daughter.

Laurie began to whimper. "It's true, Daddy."

"And you, young man," George pointed under Dan's nose, "you have the nerve to stand there and look me in the eye . . ." He stopped short.

"A baby," he repeated weakly. He turned to Millie. "We can arrange for an abortion, eh, Millie?" He spoke to his wife in an undertone.

Millie, for something to do, was setting the breakfast table for four. Her fingers let a cup fall. She bent down to pick up the pieces. She should have surmised something of this before, she told herself, instead of having to wake up that morning to hear her daughter creeping down the stairs with a packed suitcase. Outside, she'd seen Dan waiting for her in the blue car he drove - his mother's car. He'd parked it on the far shoulder of the road at the end of the lane. Fortunately she'd been able to coax the two kids in. Perhaps they wanted to be caught.

"Abortion's too late," said Dan. "The Klinik says after three months . . . Anyway, it's ours. We want it."

"The Klinik!" exclaimed Millie and George in unison.

"Yes, our teacher and the principal both advised us to go there for counselling."

"We're Laurie's parents, yet you pass us by," Millie moaned.

"Indeed," said George. "I have a good mind to clean their clocks."

The clock on the wall struck eight. It reminded George of his schedule. "Time to be off," he muttered. "Get your books, Laurie." He picked up the girl's school satchel and hustled his daughter out into the waiting yellow school van that he drove.

"Stay near the phone," he called to Millie through the open cab door. "Later in the morning, I'll arrange to pick you up. We're going to the Klinik, you and I. I'll fix their wagon, I will or . . ."

He revved his motor, then called a second time. "Coming Dan? You're not going to play hookey today, not if I can help it."

"Have to take Mother's car home," said Dan. "She won't know what happened to it, if she finds it missing."

* * *

The Klinik confirmed Dan's statement to Mr. and Mrs. Ferris. An abortion at this late date wasn't feasible.

George, accompanied by Millie, had come in quietly. "We need their advice," Millie had cautioned him, "not their blood."

"What about a foreign clinic," asked George. "I hear they . . ."

"Yes," the community nurse agreed. "Some do abort up to the fifth month - if you care to take that risk. There is a risk."

"Then, that's out," said George, drumming his fingers and tapping the floor with his feet. "Even if we didn't love our daughter - God forgive me for never showing it - I'm showing it now. No, we can't take the risk. I mean if - if anything - anything should happen like . . ." he looked at Millie for support.

"No, George, we can't. Not if there's a risk."

"Then, what about adopting it out?" George asked the nurse.

"That can be arranged, Mr. Ferris. Of

course, your daughter will have to give her consent. Do you have a family doctor that she trusts?"

A month later, when the doctor had examined the prospective mother, he agreed with the Ferris' desire to adopt out Dan and Laurie's child. "If she were older she could make her own decision." The man swung one knee over the other, then turned in his swivel chair. "Yes, adoption seems the only logical conclusion."

Laurie continued to go to school. In the fifth month she began to "show". The neighbour expressed her sympathy. It relieved Millie to be able to discuss her problem with her. The two women saw eye to eye on adoption. "She's too young to get married," said Mrs. Higham.

"Emotion has no place in this dilemma," said Laurie's aunt, the spokesman for the family. "You must bring those kids to reason, Millie."

But Laurie, backed by Dan, refused to see reason. "Our baby isn't for adoption. He's ours. We need him to love." They always referred to the coming baby as 'he'.

"No daughter of mine brings an urchin through my door," said George.

"Why not?" asked the nurse at the Klinik. "In that case, we must find a foster home for both the young mother and her baby."

Laurie agreed to placement for herself and the baby.

* * *

But on the night before Laurie's labour began, she reversed her decision. "You may adopt out the baby. I'm staying at home. I like my home. I don't want to be adopted. I've talked it over with Dan and . . ."

So the kids had come to reason at last. "You don't have to see the baby," said Millie. "That way . . ."

And George said, "Now you're being logical, Laurie. I'm glad you are beginning to look at it our way."

"You force me to, Daddy." Laurie sighed unhappily.

"It's because we love you," said Millie, tears in her eyes. As for Dan, there will be other boys in your life."

* * *

Laurie's labour proved difficult.

Dan had waited outside with the Ferries. Now the nurse called in the three.

"I woke up," said Laurie in a weak whisper, "long enough to catch a glimpse. He's beautiful - my baby."

Millie recognized ecstasy when she saw it. She saw it, a shining light, on the face of her daughter - the child-mother.

On the second day when her parents returned to the ward, Laurie said, "Go, look at him, please, Mommy, Daddy. I'm keeping him."

"We'll go and see him," said Millie.

"Count me out," said George.

"Dad doesn't mean that," soothed Millie patting her daughter's hand and kissing her lightly.

Outside, Millie scolded her husband. "If you don't want to see your grandson, you needn't be so blunt."

"Just the same, she's not bringing it home, Millie. Let's be logical."

"Logical?" posed nurse who had overheard. "Come with me." She led the two grandparents down the elevator to the first floor and along the corridor till they came to where only glass separated them from the many bassinets in the baby room. Laurie had been kept apart from the maternity ward in order not to see the nurses bringing in the babies to the mothers - the doctor's prearrangement, Millie knew.

"He has black curly hair," said George in a far-away voice.

"And broad shoulders," said the nurse.

That nurse, thought Millie, has no tact. Any second George might explode with anger at her. But he didn't. Instead, he beamed from ear to ear. What was happening to her husband?

"And it's a boy," he said. "I always wanted a boy."

"He's signed out for adoption," Millie reminded. "Come, let's go."

"He has my ears," George grinned. "Look how they sit close to his head."

"Come, George."

"And your dimple, Millie."

"George, please. How can you be so cruel. We mustn't get attached."

"Damn it, Millie. He's my flesh and blood, too - and yours..."

"You're upset, George. Let's find the doctor to talk to."

"Funny," said the doctor. "How these kids take to parenthood. Others postpone their families till they have house, nursery, car and bank account, and when they do get around to it, they

have no capacity for love. But these two..."

* * *

On their return to Laurie's ward, George said, "We're taking you home, Daughter. You and the baby."

Millie smiled a glad smile. It had been her secret wish. Besides in accepting the baby, George was accepting for the first time, his daughter that he had always blamed for not being a son.

But a new concern prodded Millie. In their decision not to be logical, there would be problems to face. Laurie would eventually grow up and move away from home, and with or without Dan, would

take her child. Only for a short while, to be determined by future events, must they, as grandparents, be more than ordinarily supportive - loving and understanding but never possessive. mm

Depreciated Spouse

Income-tax auditor to nervous citizen: "Let's begin with where you claim depreciation on your wife."

Political Waste

The average member of Parliament's idea of waste is a dollar spent in another MP's riding.

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The wedding

by Mary Francis

Onkel Wolodja was Mama's stepbrother and the last one in that family to get married. He lived at Mama's birthplace, Novo-Podoljsk, some 75 km away from their village. One day all the children were crammed into the bottom of a horse-drawn carriage. Papa sat in front on the driver's seat, and Mama sat at the back with the latest baby, Gretel, on her lap. Papa had brushed the coats of his two best horses till they shone like burnished gold in the early morning sun, for they were off to Onkel Wolodja's wedding.

Late that night, after dozing away most of the day, Marija was happy to be able to get out and stretch her legs a little, then eat what was offered to the children, and crawl into a real bed for the remainder of the night.

For tomorrow was the big day, the "Tjast", the first one Marija had ever been to. Oh! it was so exciting, her sisters and Marija could hardly bear the thrill and the suspense of it all.

Grandfather Unger had had a stroke a few years back and always sat in his large armchair (Sorgenstuhl), propped up with cushions. He had pure white hair and a huge, grizzled beard. What was more, his scruffy beard made Marija refuse to kiss him, as she was told to do at their arrival, and Grandfather was constantly coughing and spitting heavy mucous into a pot full of sand, which stood by the side of his chair. Marija shied away and did not like to be at the table or in the same room with him. Especially at the table, this would have revolted her, but mercifully it was impossible to seat the whole big clan at once for their meals, so the children had to eat at a long table which was put up for them on the veranda.

Mama was justifiably proud of her father's house, in which she was born and raised. It was a big brick building with many large rooms, and was appointed with the best period furniture that Marija had ever seen. The drapes in the drawing room were made of red Bordeaux velvet, somewhat faded now, but still very regal looking, with golden braid and tassels to hold them back. The tablecloth on the big ornate table was of finest handmade lace, yellowed with age and irreplaceable in these days of scarcity. As much as she could, for Mama's

stepmother had eyes of a hawk and was very severe looking, Marija explored the large house from the attic to the cellar, on their weekend stay there. She was awed by the grandeur of the place, but most of all she loved the long veranda which was wholly covered with the vines of wild grapes. On this hot, sweltering day one could step into the green and shady retreat and hide in it not only from the scorching sun but also from the hustle and bustle of that busy household. The veranda seemed to run all along the house then jut out into a long passageway connecting the main building with an adjoining outbuilding, which served as the family laundryroom and summer kitchen.

Marija spent much of her time on the veranda, sometimes seeking shade and shelter, and sometimes drawn by the aromatic preparations that were going on in the summer kitchen. The scent of baked ham and "Plumemaus" hung heavy over the household like the cloud that was guiding the children of Israel by night through the wilderness and led them on their way to the "Promised Land" in the days of Moses. Shortly, the "promised land" lay right before her: thickly sliced ham, that had been baked to perfection and was dripping with sweet syrupy sauce, baked potatoes in melted butter and garnished with chopped green parsley, all the corn on the cob one could eat, "Zwieback" and seven kinds of sweet and sour pickles which never should be missing from any self-respecting Mennonite table. The "Plumemaus" was thick with plums, apples, apricots, cherries, and raisins, and eaten chilled with rich cream served fresh almost from cow to table. After the main course there was "Apfelplatz" and "Plummeplatz" and all the "Kleingebacke" you could eat, which the children attacked with zest, as if they had not eaten their limit already.

The "Tanten," who served at the table in the drawing room, shook their heads in disbelief and amazement at the heaps of food these "little barrels without bottoms" could put away.

"One would think they would be sick afterwards!" But no, Marija felt fine, and when that night the children were sent to bed early, she and her two sisters, Anna and Martha, felt hale and hearty, and more determined than ever to find out

what "they" had meant by "Spelke spele." Well, there they were, lifting the curtain up on the window of the door of the parlour, and standing on tiptoes to get a glimpse of what was going on inside. Right now the bride and the groom were being congratulated by everyone there. The wedding ceremony that afternoon had been short and to the point, which had pleased Marija, and no doubt, some other hungry guests, very much. The sooner they were pronounced man and wife, the sooner could the feast begin.

The bride was very modestly attired in a short white muslin dress and had a tulle veil on her head with the traditional "Myrtenkranz" holding it down. It was not customary with the Mennonites to have a bouquet of flowers. But there were great bunches of flowers in every room in containers of all kinds, as it was summer, and in that country summer flowers bloom in brilliant colours and in great profusion.

The bride blushed at every kiss and handshake, but Marija was truly proud of her Onkel Wolodja, who bore himself with what she considered just the right amount of grace and dignity. He had a grey serge jacket on, of all things, in this heat, but the main attraction was his "Buddlebekse," meaning jodhpurs, which were in style then.

After all the kissing and hugging was over, the parlour-games could begin. There was one game they called "cherry picking." A girl stood on a chair, and the boys in the room stepped up to her and tried to pick the cherry which she held between her teeth by its stem. This resulted in a lot of kissing, hooting and hollering, and general merriment. The chair would sometimes accidentally tip over, the boy would slip and fall backwards, tripping the girl, who would land on top of him, with the result of more hugging and kissing, and rolling around the floor, with loud cheering from the merry crowd.

When the children were caught by their stern stepgrandmama peeking at the door, they had a good excuse. For who could sleep with this racket going on all night? But they were sent to their bedroom nevertheless, yet no one would sleep through all that night. With every wave of laughter that came out of the drawingroom, there came a wave of longing over the girls to be grown-up already, and not to be excluded like this from "real life." They started a parlour game of their own to console themselves. The girls joined hands, circled, and sang:

*"Petersilie - Suppenkraut,
Waechst in unserem Garten.
Unstre Lena ist die Braut,
Kann nicht laenger warten."*

The name of the bride was changed around so that every one of them had a turn, and in turn the "bride" giggled nervously, and was taunted mercilessly by the others. mm

The Trials and Tribulations of **Trudje**

A review by Al Reimer

When I read Susan Hiebert's play in manuscript several months ago, I came to the conclusion that it could be made to work if it got the right kind of production. Unfortunately this initial production at Tec Voc High School was not the right kind. Only a very strong play — stage masterpiece — could possibly survive treatment as rankly amateurish and heavy-handed

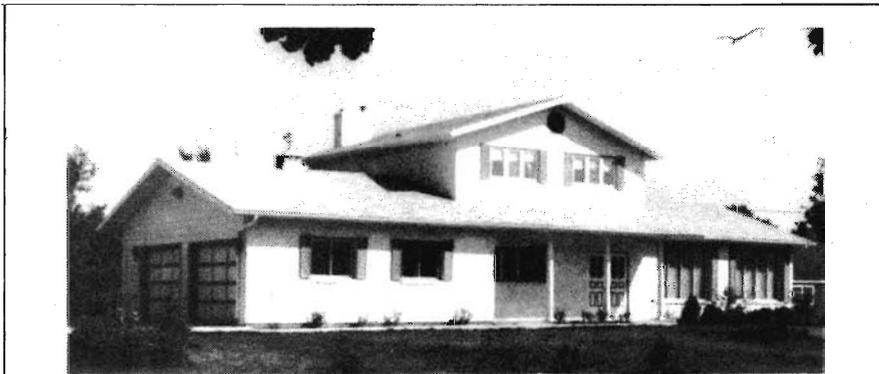
as this was. The level of performance was reminiscent of the kind one got in a country high school a generation ago. The casting was woefully uneven and the direction slack, with cues not being picked up promptly and a lot of fumbling around with inadequately memorized lines.

I know that sounds harsh. I'm aware that there are extenuating cir-

cumstances to account for the weakness of this production. The Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre has had its busiest season ever — and one of its most successful. **Trudje** was its fourth production of the season, and the company just doesn't have the human and technical resources to handle that many productions adequately. The "first team" is, naturally, reserved for the major production. As a result, the minor productions have to rely largely on inexperienced people.

The play itself is not without merit. It tries to exploit authentic Mennonite themes and situations. The theme of how a Mennonite woman can find her own identity in a completely patriarchal, male-dominated society is of more than just historic interest. It is still a very live issue. Unfortunately, viable themes and situations do not, by themselves, ensure a successful play. Most of the characters in **Trudje** are little more than caricatures — at least they came across as caricatures in this performance. The one clear exception was Susan Funk as Trudje. She brought a simple, sincere dedication to the role that paid off for her in the closing scenes. There were a few others who tried hard, with some success — Anita Lubosch, Marguerite Jantz, Lorne Siemens, Peter Barg, Reinhold Pauls and Judy Rempel were perhaps the stronger ones.

I would like to see **Trudje** get another chance with a more experienced cast and better direction. I think the play needs more work too. For one thing, that embarrassing dream sequence should be cut from the script — or drastically revised. It disrupts the whole tone of the play. I still think that with the right production this play could be made to work.



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Grandfather John turns housekeeper into step-grandmother

by G. P. Schroeder

My grandfather, John Schroeder, was born in Rosenthal November 11, 1807. He was married to Justina Schellenberg, as far as we can make out, in the year 1829. His wife Justina died in 1836 and the same year, October 25, he married Justina's sister, Maria Schellenberg, my grandmother, the mother of my father, Peter J. Schroeder.

About this time, when Grandpa John was about 29 or 30 years of age, he moved from Rosenthal, near the Dnieper River to Bergthal, near the Azov Sea.

When my grandmother, Maria Schroeder, nee Schellenberg, died on February 27, 1859, my grandfather was left with four children, all sons. Of these sons my father, Peter Schroeder, was the youngest. The children of my grandfather's first marriage were all married at this time. My grandfather was forced to hire a lady housekeeper, which in this case was Maria Dueck. After awhile, four months to be exact, he decided that it was time to remarry.

So, as the story goes, he dressed, polished his boots and while doing so he admonished his housekeeper Maria to watch everything carefully because he intended to drive to the next village to find himself a wife. (I have heard this story from various sources, so it must be true.) Maria looked at him and asked him an important and straight-forward question, "Is this necessary to drive so far, when you have it here at home? Don't you know the verse, *'Willst du immer weiter schweifen, sie das Gute liegt no nah?'* This is a quotation from Goethe which in English means, 'Wilt thou ever further roam, when thy treasure lies at

home?' As another version has this story, Maria asked him or told him, "*Das Glueck koennt Ihr ja auch mir goennen.*" - "You could favour me with that fortune or luck."

At this grandpa John opened wide his eyes and said to Maria, "If you really mean it that way I will stay home." He told others about this, i.e. that he had been blind about this fortune at home. At this time he was 53 and Maria 20 years old. They had five children in this marriage.

It must have been the year 1860 or 1861 when on a nice Sunday afternoon, grandpa John decided to go into the village and visit a good friend of his. Most of the outside house doors were the Dutch type. This would permit them to have the lower part closed, preventing dogs and some other animals from entering. At the same time, with the upper part open, they would have plenty of fresh air in the house. Grandma Schroeder was alone at home, only the small children being with grandma, including my father.

Two men of the village - Bergtal came to visit, one named Braun and the other Kehler. It didn't matter to them that grandpa John was not home. They both had visited the *Schenke* - the tavern.

These two men, Braun and Kehler, were of quite different temperament and character, even though they both loved to drink. Kehler was a quiet type of a man and as soon as he had found a comfortable seat in the room he leaned his head backwards and fell asleep. Braun, to the contrary, was very much alert and did all he could to create mischief. First he tried it with the boys, but they were much faster than he was, so he turned to

grandma and became very much - *handgreiflich*, i.e. handactive, using his hands where he should not use them. Soon there was a chase or race on in the house, Braun chasing grandma through the front room door, through the kitchen, then through the other rooms. Grandma was getting tired from trying to run away from Braun. The boys were standing nearby watching what would happen. Finally grandma said to the boys, "Run and call daddy!"

My father, Peter Schroeder, told me he would never forget what happened when grandpa John arrived home. He knew Braun but what he saw going on in his own home was beyond anything he would tolerate. As he entered through the back door and came closer to the front door of which the lower part was closed, he roared one word, one name and that was "Broom". The latter now realized his situation, but it was too late. Grandpa John grabbed him and literally threw him over the lower part of the door. As Braun fell to the ground a sound of groaning could be heard, some of the buttons of his suit were torn off. He tried with his hands to hold things together and ran away home.

One day a group of Mennonite farmers from Bergtal took their grain to Mariupol. They preferred to go as a group of 10 or more farm wagons, it was safer this way.

At the market place while they were waiting for prospective buyers some soldiers came and were interested in Kehler's oats. They told him to follow them to the place where they wanted him to deliver the oats. When he had unloaded the oats and expected to be paid for it the soldiers showed him the way out and told him to leave without being paid.

Mr. Kehler returned, telling grandpa John what had happened to him. Grandpa went along with him. We must understand that most of our people, especially those in villages did not know the Russian language very well. When grandpa John came to the place where the soldiers were, he did not talk long with them but went straight into the office where the officer was. There was a soldier standing guard at the door who wanted to know what these Mennonite farmers wanted. He stood right in front of the door to prevent entry. Grandpa John pushed him away. When he entered the office the officer was angry to see somebody coming into the office without first getting permission. Grandpa did not listen to him. But when the officer took a cane standing behind him in the corner, grandpa grabbed the cane, broke it into pieces and then threw the officer out of the building. As far as I remember the exit was through the open window. He quickly called his soldiers, ordering them to arrest this unruly Mennonite. But as soon as a soldier came near, grandpa simply threw him to the ground. Soon there was a real battle go-

ing on in the yard.

When Philip Kehler realized what was happening and that to a certain degree he was responsible, he ran to where the chief of the colony, (Oberschulze) was.

We must not forget that at that time the new settlers in Russia had been given special privileges by the government.

When he came into the yard, the Oberschulze asked grandpa John, "Ohm Johaun, waut diest du?" which meant "Uncle John, what are you doing?" Grandpa's brief answer was "Eck shauf" - "I am working."

The Oberschulze went to the officer and told him to stop the soldiers, which was promptly done. The officer, of course, was angry and intended to put grandpa into prison. But here the Oberschulze would not give in; he blamed the officer for permitting his soldiers first to take the oats from an innocent poor farmer without paying, and then getting angry when grandpa came to defend his neighbour. The officer could then see that he perhaps might not get out of this situation without punishment and agreed to let grandpa John go.

From time to time there were fist fights in Bergtal. We were considered or at least we loved to call ourselves: *Die Stillen im Lande*, i.e. the quiet people in the country; we liked this expression. While we did not believe in settling accounts by fighting, it was sometimes

hard to keep the temper in. There was no police force in the village, so in difficult situations people would call grandpa John. It would not take long. He would go down the street, cleaning up the trouble by just throwing the fighting men and boys over the fence. Often it was sufficient for somebody to yell, "Uncle John is coming" and the fight would end.

One of grandpa John's sisters was unhappy in her marriage because her husband was rough and often mistreated her. In such occasions she would go to her brother John and tell him what had happened. He would tell her, "Sister, go home and do not tell your husband about you visiting me. I will come over to visit you."

So grandpa John went over to visit his brother-in-law and his sister. During his visit he would not talk about the purpose of his coming but just before leaving and saying good-bye he would hug his brother-in-law while talking to him: "I love you so very much," and he would squeeze him so hard that the poor fellow, in severe pain, would gasp for air. Then grandpa John would just say, "Do you

understand now?" "Yes, yes," breathing heavily, the poor man would answer. "Do you promise to treat your wife right from now on?" "Yes, yes, I will be *schmock* from now on," he promised. When the brother-in-law would promise to be *schmock* grandpa would release him, but not sooner. He first would look into his eyes, asking him at the same time, "Do you really mean it, too?" - "Yes, yes, John." For this time the matter was settled.

In the years 1874 all the Mennonites of the Bergtal colonies sold their property and emigrated to Canada. The first group left in the middle of June 1874. The second group with grandpa John Schroeder and all the relatives of my father left in the autumn of 1874.

While boarding the ship at Liverpool, grandpa, being totally blind, while walking the ramp into the boat fell into the water. Uncle Jacob Schroeder, Lowe Farm, told us how he as an 11-year-old boy was tied to grandpa John to lead him into the ship. When grandpa fell into the water, uncle Jacob shared the same fate. A sailor jumped into the sea and rescued both of them. After 14 days they arrived at Port Levis, Quebec. I have often heard, even here in Canada, about grandpa John Schroeder's strength. mm

A Parent's Prayer

O heavenly Father, make me a better parent.

Teach me to understand my children, to listen patiently to what they have to say, and to answer all their questions kindly.

Keep me from interrupting them or contradicting them.

Make me as courteous to them as I would have them be to me.

Forbid that I should ever laugh at their mistakes, or resort to shame or ridicule when they displease me.

May I never punish them for my own selfish satisfaction or to show my power.

Let me not tempt my child to lie or steal. And guide me hour by hour that I may demonstrate by all I say and do that honesty produces happiness.

Reduce, I pray, the meanness in me. And when I am out of sorts, help me, O Lord, to hold my tongue.

May I ever be mindful that my children are children and I should not expect of them the judgment of adults.

Let me not rob them of the opportunity to wait on themselves and to make decisions.

Bless me with the bigness to grant them all their reasonable requests, and the courage to deny them privileges I know will do them harm.

Make me fair and just and kind. And fit me, O Lord, to be loved and respected and imitated by my children. AMEN.

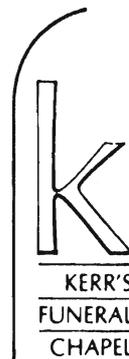
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Grigorjewka

von Hauns Enntz

So heet daut scheeni Darp woll, fonn dehnm Oom Peeta Sauwautziji emm Booti jischrehwi haud (blooss wie Mennisti nandi daut "Grihorroff"). Oom Peeta haft doa gaunz rachjt, daut daut een schmockit Darp weeja enn daut doa meist blooss Ool-kollnieja benni wohndi deedi. Nuh weeja wie ohba fonn Molloschna, de doa nenn-jitrocki wee'ari enn daut wie daut nichj to hee'ari tjree'aji, daut wie Molloschna wee'ari, daut woat Oom Peeta nichj weeti.

Wie Mennisti haudi ji doa sooni Mood, daut wie boolt wo'a Ee'atji-nohmiss brucki deedi. So weeja daut uck hieja: wie Molloschna, de Poa, de wie doa wee'ari, wohndi aula opp dehnm Enj, waut si daut "goldni" nani deedi, wie wee'ari de "Gollt-enjasch" enn de, opp dehnm aundrin Enj, wee'ari de "Poggschlenjasch"! Daut weeja noh onnsi Meeninj uck gaunz rechj tichj so, denn doa mank de Poggschlenjasch kratjt, doa wee'ari sooni, de leeti onns daut han-enn-wada nichj fijehti, daut wie Hoa unjri Feet haudi! Ohba de Poggschlenjasch sag wie ji nichj auli Dach, enn de wissti ji uck nichj behta, so daut onns daut nichj so seeja uhti Ruh brocht! Ohbs scheen jintjt onns daut doa doch seeja enn Griorroff!

Ohba doa-weajin schriew etj ditt goanichj. Mie brocht Oam Peeta sien Artitjill uck doa-han, daut eenim ditt enn jant uhti ooli Tiet bie-fauli deed.

Wie haudi doa enn Grihorroff goodi Nohbasch, de heeti Ungasch. Daut weeja blooss so jauma-schohd, daut de tjeeni Jungiss enn mienim Ella haudi, de haudi tuhss blooss Mijaliss, enn de wee'ari aula ella auss etj; eenin Sehn haudi si, so fehl auss etj weet, enn de weeja bifriet enn wohnd enn Oorinnburchj. Si sehdi,

dehnm jinjtj daut doe nichj aul-to-roosichj enn so haud hee sienin ellstin Sehn, dehnm Jasch, noh sieni Ellri noh Grihorroff jischetjt toom noh School gohni. Enn de Jasch weeja ohba een jischeida Jung, een Behtra sull jisocht woari! Blooss hee weeja 'n beht jinja auss etj.

Do Ungasch haudi uck noch eenin Groot-sehn, daut weeja Pauls Jasch (Peiwils nandi si am doa), de wohnd een poa Wirtschaufti fonn onns auf (na, dehnm tjand ji gaunz Kanada! Daut weeja de Ellsta Joakopp Pauls fonn Barchj-tohla Jimmeend enn Maunitooba) enn de weeja uck 'n beht jinja auss etj, uck so oolt auss sien Fada Jasch Unga.

Wie School-jungiss haudi oppim "goldnin Eng" sooni Mood, daut wie noh de School oppim Enj Darp oppi Wehs' schpitzee'ari jinji, fleichjt bati Drenjtj ooda demms-weajin uck bati Eesa-bohn (Eisenbahn), de weeja noch een Enj hinjri Drenjtj. Doa wacht wie dann dehnm Koerejea-zuhk (Kurierzug) auf, de doa fib-bie kaum.

Nuh eenin Hoawst, daut mott emm Ocktooba ooda Noowamba jiwehsi senni, donn jinj wie dree, Pauls Jasch enn Ungasch Jasch enn ent oppi Wehs' schpitzee'ari. Waut onns fehli deed, weet etj nichj, oba wie mussti doch dehnm Zuhk seeni! Auss wie donn doa wee'ari, funk daut so lanksomm aun to schnieji, ee'ascht mau flocki'wiess enn donn ohba schoowa-wiess, enn daut wort uck boolt seeja diesta.

Na wie Jungiss tjandi ji de Jeajinnt enn bisonndasch de Wehs' metti Drenjtj so goot, auss onnsi fief Finjasch. Wann it uck een poa Werscht wee'ari, waut heet hieja Wienachtsboom (Wie dochti ji aun nuscht enn schlenndadi dan uck mau gaunz jimmittlich no-huhss. Ohba aus wie emm Darp nenn-kaumi, donn haudi si

onns doch boolt aum Schlauffittji to hooli: "Woo'a senn ji dommi Benjills jiwast? Weet jie nichj, daut it buhti schnieji deit enn daut daut gaunzi Darp aul opp'jireachjt ess enn juhnt see'atjin gohnin wull? Nuh seet, daut jie noh huhss kohmin!"

Wie kunni daut noch emma nichj fischtohni, waut doa dan so ernst weeja, ohba etj weeja boolt ehwa-zeichjt! Etj weeja noch eeni Wirtschofft fonn tuhss auf, bie Nohba Frie'iss, donn kaum mieni ellsti Sesta, Sara, fellenjst de Gauss mie entjeajin-jirant enn sachjt: "Hauns, woo'a best du jiwehsi?!? Wie haudi aul aula Angst, jie wuddi juhnt ee'ascht emm Farjoa finji! Papa ess seeja opp-jibrocht enn du woascht woll eeni goodi Tracht Priejill tjrieji!" - Fi disi Nohrechjt weeja etj goanichj seeja bijeistat, neh, etj mott saji, mie jungi de Betjsi deaj aun to flautri. Mett de Natua, enn wan see noch so fehl less enn Schnee romm-schmieti deed, uck bie Diesta, mett dea kaum wie goot foadichj, ohba wan mien Fohda doll weeja, daut heet, wann etj waut doa-to bie-jidroagt haud, dann weeja ejt tjeem groota Helld, dan wort mie ohba seeja flis'. So weeja daut uck ditt-mohl. Etj proowd swoa mienin Fohda to ehwa-zeiji, daut doa doch nuscht schlemmit weeja, wan wie emm Schneeschorm emm Diestrim oppi Wehs' romm-driewi deedi. Ohba mien Fohda haud schient-so eeni aundri Meeninj, enn daut schpead etj uck seeja boolt opp mienim Seet-fleesch!

Na joh. Aum neachjstn Dach, auss wie uhti School kohmi, well Pauls Jasch wada oppi Wehs' gohni! "Mensch", saj etj, "best du dan gaunz ferreckt? Mie deit mieni Sett noch weh." Enn so kaum itt donn ruht: etj haud Schacht jitjreaji, Ungasch Jasch haud hepptjiss-hoa uck meist jitjreaji, hee haud ohba seeja, seeja Schell jitjreaji, ohba Pauls Jasch haudi si Konnfatjt (candy) jijeht! Tjeen Wunnda, daut hee wada wull oppi Wehs' gohni!

Etj hab mienim Fohda daut nie nichj noh-jidroacht, wan etj mohl fonn hinji tjree'achj. Noh mieni Meeninj muss daut senni enn etj naum daut uck fieloosoofisch han: hast itt fideent - dan hool uht! Best du een Jung, dan motzt uck Schmea habi! Ohba hieja wee'ja wie dree doch een beht fiwertt: wie haudi auli dree daut-selwji jidohni enn doch weeja een jidra aundasch bihaundillt wordi! Woo'a ess dan nuh de Jirrachjtichjtjeit!

Waut itt fonn Ungasch Jasch jiwordi ess, weet etj nichj; fonn mie nichj fehl waut, ohba Pauls Jasch haud it doch wiet jibrocht: Joari Prehdja jiwehsi enn donn Ellsta.

Wann daut de rechjtji Method ess Tjinnja to bihaundli, sull etj dann auli Ellri rohdi, wann de Tjinnja opp faulschi Weaj dolmi, an "candy" to jehwi? Daut sitt so! Ohba etj hab nie doaraun jilleeft! Froacht mieni Jungiss! mm

our word . . .

Big deeds talk louder than big mouths

Carl Bernstein, the *Washington Post* reporter of Watergate fame, in an address to students in Ottawa, said that news reporters and the public should watch what public officials (both elected politicians and civil servants) do, and not simply accept what they say. He said "there is a long tradition of printing what public officials say without first subjecting it to the basic test of truth." Reporters and their editors have been too ready to interpret "investigative reporting" as the solicitation of "official statements" from representatives of both sides in a newsworthy dispute. Seldom, if ever, is any attempt made to see if the words of the official statements correspond to other observable evidence.

Another news reporter said that whenever he was faced with an "official" statement, he would not only study the statement at face value but also explore its opposite meaning on the assumption that all official statements are at least self-serving if not an outright cover up. This reporter then added that he had to admit with some sadness that the examination of the opposite was often more in line with the reality of the situation than what the statement actually said.

One result of all this is that the biggest headlines go to the "official" spokesman who makes the most quotable comments, regardless of their relation to truth.

The discrepancy between word and deed appears to be one of the reasons why some groups within Manitoba are wary of the NDP government. For example, the present NDP government has spoken lovingly of the need to protect individual rights while at the same time stripping Mennonites and others of their right to conscientious exemption from labor unions.

The exchange of argumentative articles between Dr. Henry Krahn and Health Minister Larry Desjardins over the direction health care is taking in Manitoba is another example. Mr. Desjardins protests that his government is not abrogating the right of individuals to choose a physician and of physicians to choose patients. Dr. Krahn points out that while the intent of government policy may indeed be as Mr. Desjardins states, there is no evidence to back up the minister's case. The thing to note about Mr. Krahn's position is his plea that if things are the way Mr. Desjardins says they are, there should be some visible evidence to support his statements. There being no such evidence, then the NDP government's intentions should be scrutinized even more carefully than otherwise.

There are other examples that could be given to demonstrate the credibility gap between government and the people. Democratic governments are to be "elected by the people for the people." But in modern times we see governments and the people in adversary roles (something which is exemplified by a course at the University of Manitoba called *How to Fight City Hall*).

One does not expect governments to cave in to the whim of every interest group, but one should expect governments to make a better attempt to balance the interests of citizens and to be more open to wide consultation.

The old saying "that your actions speak so loud that I cannot hear what you are saying" is still true. With the prospect of a provincial election before us this year, Manitobans should reject out of hand any election promise that is not consistent with a party's record of deeds. As well, any overtures of reconciliation by government to groups who feel hurt should also be rejected unless some evidence of consistent action is also present.

ELU

Wired Invaders: Privacy Lost

We are gradually losing the sanctity of our homes in this hard-sell century. Devious advertising creeps into our mailboxes, ads appear in all publications we subscribe to, and pounce on us from our TV picture tubes. As if this is not enough, company representatives penetrate our homes by soliciting business over the telephones.

A phone is a personal possession, paid for by the consumer for his own convenience. Dealers and wheelers should be prohibited from using home phones to sell their wares. Since there is no legislation governing this offensive practise, home owners have to take matters into their own hands.

One remedy is to have an unlisted phone number. This can cause an inconvenience to friends and further render you inaccessible to itinerant acquaintances who happen to stop over and wish to visit you. Another approach is to make it unpleasant for the business caller. Our family has received fewer and fewer nuisance calls thanks to my husband's handling of them. For once it is advantageous to be "black-listed" (or whatever they do) by companies. We rejoice when they delete us from their phoning lists.

Here is how it goes at our house:

Husband: (puffing up the stairs) If that's another solicitor, I'm going to give him a run for his money. (picking up the receiver) Hello.

Sweet Young Thing on other end of line: Good evening. This is your Friendly Real Estate Company calling. We have a client who is interested in purchasing a home in your area. Would you be interested in selling your home?

Husband: Did you read my ad in the paper?

SYT: No, but . . .

Husband: Well, how did you know whether I was interested in selling my home or not? If I wished to sell, I would likely be advertising in the local paper. Do you think I'm not capable of making contact with an advertiser when I have something to sell?

SYT: (frantically scanning her question and answer sheet) No, but . . .

Husband: You know, everyday there are columns of ads in the classified section of newspapers offering homes for sale. Do you honestly believe I'm not intelligent enough to put my own ad in? And why should I pay a realty company a percentage?

SYT: (finally finding one answer) Well, we put your home on multiple listing which gives you citywide coverage of fully-qualified salesman to quickly move your house on the market.

Husband: Look, lady, you people make me feel as if I'm a temporary resident in my home, that my residence is very precarious and that someone will take it away from me at a moment's notice. I've worked hard to afford this home for my family and I don't appreciate your undermining my sense of ownership (emphatically, and with a hint of anger). Surely your company has better things to do than phone home owners and try to sell their homes out from under them.

SYT: (apologizing) I didn't mean to upset you, sir. I was given several names to phone and your's was one of them. I'm sorry.

Husband: (knowing she is only doing her job, he begins to feel sorry for her) Oh, don't feel too bad. I've been bothered by a number of these calls lately and I've had enough. I don't care to have my phone used for soliciting. Furthermore, I was way down in the basement. I rushed up here thinking it might be something important, and then I have to listen to you undermine my sense of home-ownership!

SYT: I'm terribly sorry, sir. Goodbye.

Husband: Goodbye.

SYT: (our hopeful aside after replacing the receiver) Boss, you didn't prepare me for one of those. I couldn't find any answers for his questions. My nerves could not stand another call like that. I quit!

People employed in telephone soliciting may someday find it an unsatisfactory way to earn a living. Utopia! Then when homeowners answer the telephone there will be a betting chance it is truly a friend on the other end of the line. **B. D.**

review

Bach's St. John Passion as performed by the Mennonite Oratorio choir, George Wiebe conductor, at the Centennial Concert Hall, March 24, 1977.

A review by Al Reimer

Bach's **St. John Passion** may not be quite the towering masterpiece that his **St. Matthew Passion** is, but it is one of a sublime handful of great oratorios. The opening and closing choruses, the simple, moving chorales and some of the arias surely reach the peaks of musical expression. It has always seemed to me that the music of Bach is peculiarly suited to the needs of Anabaptist-Mennonite devotion. Bach's soul is open but profound, passionate but

controlled. The Mennonite soul wants to be moved by music without being overwhelmed by liturgical machinery. Bach is like that. His soul sings and celebrates, weeps and suffers; but it always expresses itself as an individual voice. It never loses itself in self-conscious pageantry or institutionalized ritual.

The Mennonite Oratorio Choir continues to pour out its prodigious wealth of sound in this annual Easter celebration of song. You have to believe in the fountain of youth when you listen to this choir. They stand there, several hundred strong, glorifying God with their fresh morning voices and exuberant April souls. They sound as refreshing as spring rain, as exciting as new growth as spontaneous as a child's greeting. Every last anonymous one of them deserves to be individually named.

The performance easily maintained the standards that this organization has set in recent years. Conductor George Wiebe was in firm control of everything except his rather rumpled coat-tails. As a conductor, Mr. Wiebe likes to "sniff the flowers", as he proceeds, that is, he likes to linger over details. He will not be rushed or propelled into musical histrionics for their own effect. He had the choir at his fingertips at all times. Even the professional orchestra, which has been known to be a little independent-minded on these occasions played to Mr. Wiebe's beat all evening. Unfortunately, the violas didn't always play in tune, but I didn't interpret that as an act of rebellion against the conductor. My only complaint is that the orchestra sounded a little thin in places. A matter of economics, no doubt.

As for the soloists they were present in various shapes and sizes — vocally speak-

ing. John Martens as the Evangelist was not only the busiest but the best of them. He used his voice as a warm, sincere, compassionate instrument of communication throughout. I like Mr. Martens' professionalism. His manner is relaxed and natural but he is always smoothly in character. This fine tenor is obviously at the peak of his career and deserves to be commended for the fine work he is doing locally and in other places.

Harold Wiens as Jesus had the gentle nobility of tone required of the role and Mel Braun was a youthful but fiery Pilate. A promising singer, this young man. The other tenor, Frederic Wieler, has a small, sweet voice but was a little lacking in **brío** — fire, passion. Nelson Lohnes, the bass-baritone (more baritone than bass), is an intelligent singer who knows how to interpret even though he is not blessed with sheer beauty of voice. Sylvia Dyck's **mezzo** is ripening from year to year. Her aria "**Es ist vollbracht**" was beautifully sung to Julie Banton's limpid cello accompaniment. Sylvia Richardson used her clear but small-scaled soprano skillfully. And I must applaud Esther Wiebe at the harpsichord. She gave a rare strength and stability to the whole performance.

A splendid mass choir, soloists ranging from adequate to superb, a professional orchestra and a sensitive, secure conductor — all these elements added up to a memorable performance. My one reservation as I left the Concert Hall was that I had not been lifted to quite the highest spiritual reaches one could expect from such a mighty work. Overall, the performance seemed to have an air of restraint about it, a kind of reserve, almost as though there was a deliberate muting of the passion and drama of this greatest of all human events. And yet, it is the **Passion** of St. John. Perhaps the austerity is in the text and score themselves. But perhaps not altogether. The feeling was there in the chorales and in the "Ruht wohl" chorus, as in the recitatives and in some of the solos, but lacking elsewhere. As our music-making achieves ever higher levels, our music-makers will have to take great care that they do not sacrifice spontaneity of feeling to technical expertise, to start taking the music too much for granted.

... your word

Dear Sir:

I am glad I read the item on page 4.

So kickt eck foats no onsi adrass dann se eck; es de utgerannt. Nu well eck den foats betoalen fo een wiedret Joah 1977. Daut blaut es onns vell wiat, ewerut wann doa waut Plautdietsch es.

Mien Mann lest giarn plautdietsch. Noch en baet von de Staudt Winkla, Manitoba. Jo de staudt Winkla es de latzte 20 Joah sea grotsh geworden, oba aus eck ano 30 Winkla canne lead, wea daut woll, Juden an Mennonite oba wie motten onns to alles gewannen, auf so, oda so. Daut es nu groad feuchtet wadda.

Morgen es en Gortitz begrafnis for Omki Knals Feah, 92. So well eck mi tom schluz sagen goode nacht.

Von

Mrs. G. S. Klassen
Winkler.

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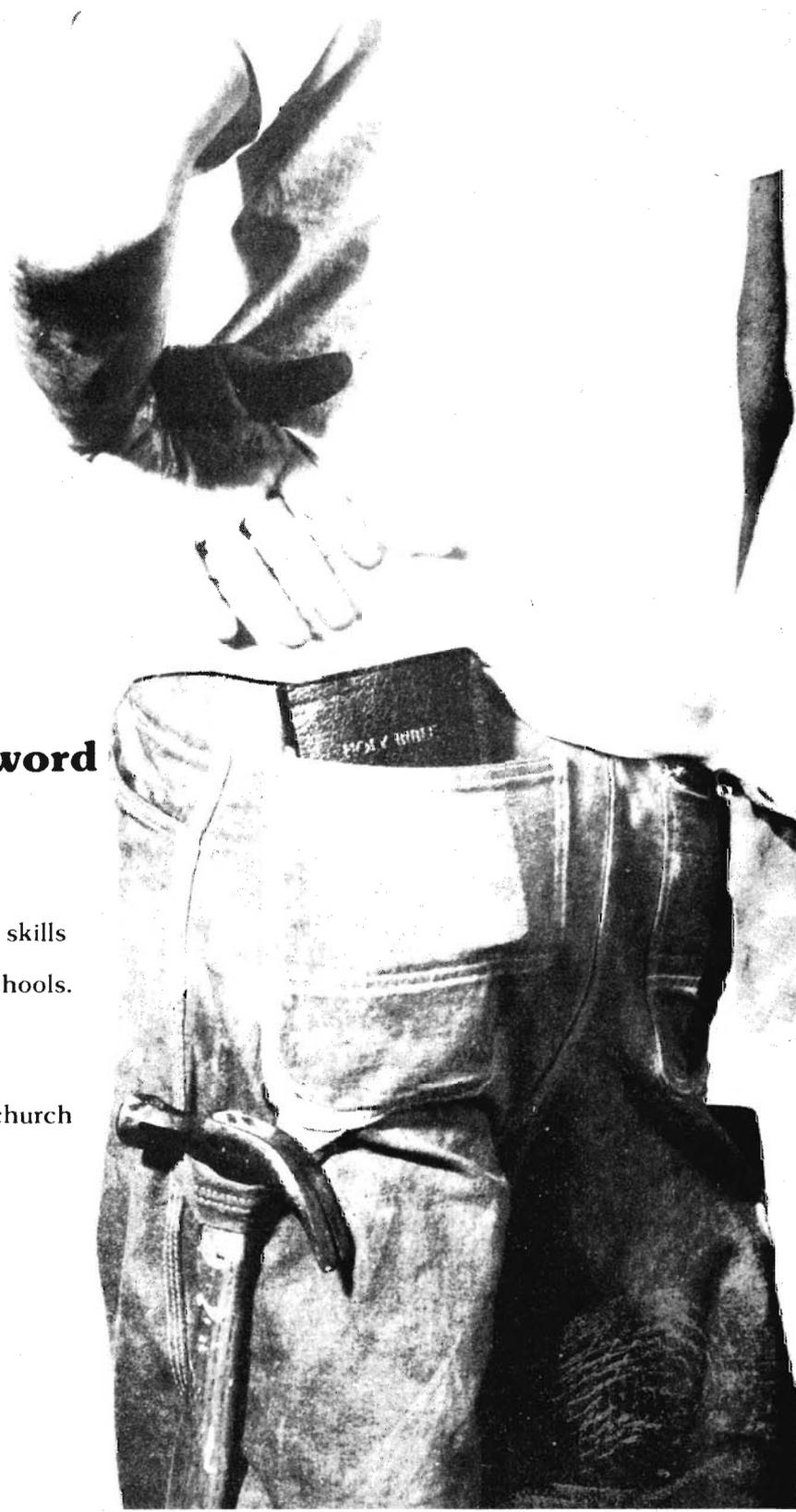
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Mennonite Central Committee
21 South 12th Street
Akron, PA 17501
or
201-1483 Pembina Highway
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3T 2C8