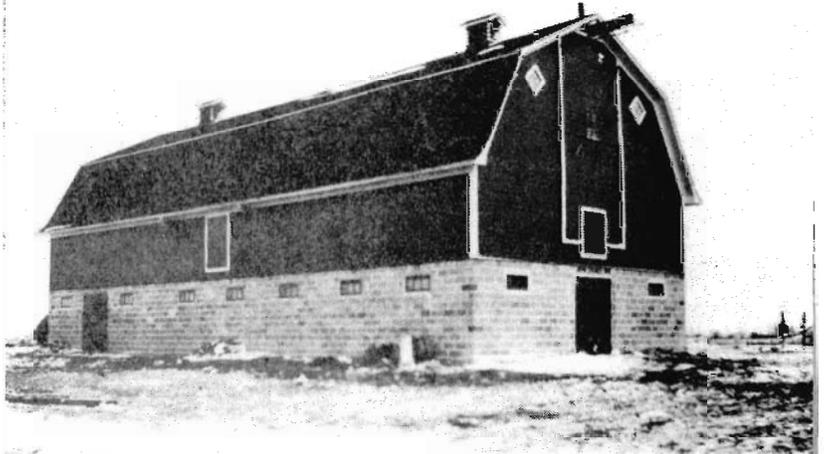


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at the bottom of the puzzle.

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## Time For a Change?

(This comment on current abuses in liquor advertising is inserted in the issue courtesy of the Manitoba Liquor Control Commission).

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

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

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

They were so self-righteous it was sickening.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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The cover: A 1913 wedding in Morden is the subject of Betty Dyck's story on page 7 and the wedding photo on the cover was taken a year after the wedding. Early Niverville is the subject of the two photos on the left, on top the John Church barn built in 1913, and an aerial view of Niverville in the 1930's.

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**inside**

- Mirror Mix-Up / 3
- Wedding anecdote / 7
- Niverville visit / 9
- Tale of two Scientists / 11
- First time at Movies / 13
- Review / 14
- Concordia hospital / 15
- Manitoba News / 16, 17
- Erinnerungen / 19
- Mutter kocht am besten / 20
- Route 10 / 21
- Our Word / 22
- Your Word / 23
- FYI: Steinbach cowherd / 23

volume 5 / number 8 / june 1976

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

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

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

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

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

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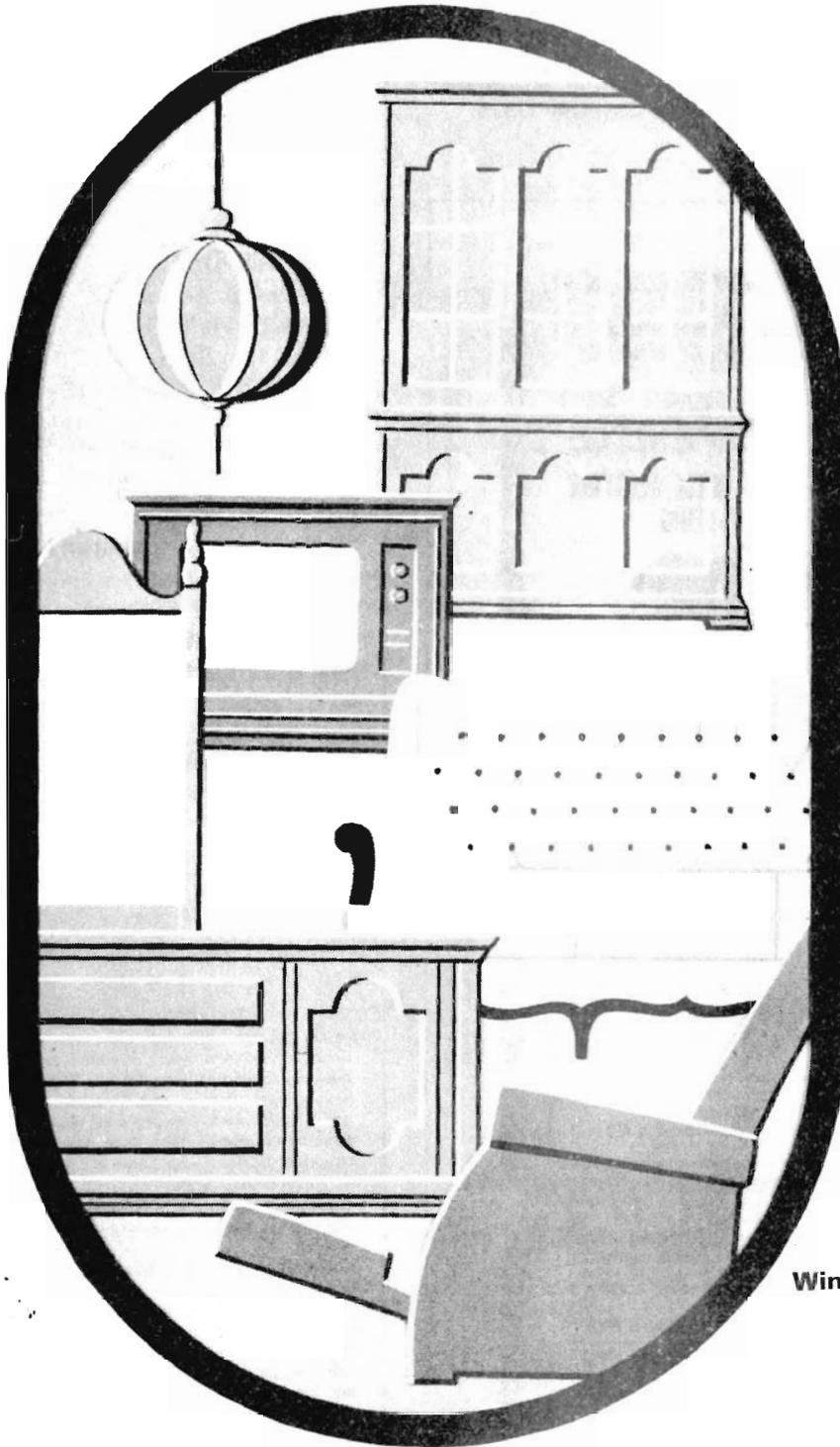
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# Borrowed dress . . . A motorcycle trip; but the wedding must go on



Mr. and Mrs. Jacob E. Dyck, 1913

by Betty Dyck

A borrowed bride's dress and a trip to the photographer on a motorcycle--that is what Helena Dyck talks about when you ask about her wedding. The 1970's? No, 1912.

June is traditionally labelled the bride's month, but weddings take place any month of the year. Helena Warkentin of Glencross chose the month of August for her marriage to Jacob Dyck.

Today we live in an era where you can rent everything from clothes to cars. Back in 1912 in rural Manitoba, it was not that easy. What to do then, on the day before your wedding when the dress you ordered from Simpson's catalogue fails to arrive? With the pioneer spirit still strong, Helena dispatched a horse and rider across the eight country miles to her good friend Mrs. Justina Walkof. Back came the rider with Mrs. Walkof's wedding dress wrapped in a paper bag. A few deft tucks here and there helped to fit the dress to Helena's slender form.

Jacob, the groom, arranged to borrow his brother-in-law's (to be) new serge suit because a teacher's salary in those days did not allow for such a luxury.

The small wedding was held on Sunday, August 4, 1912 in the garden at the Warkentin home near Glencross with family and close friends in attendance.

Prior to the wedding, Helena had been working on Isaac Fehr's farm stacking sheeves. Some work still remained to be done. Monday morning, the conscientious bride returned to the farm for a few days to finish her contract. Then Helena and Jacob lived at Warkentin's until February when the school board purchased a horse doctor's office in Morden and hauled it onto the Glencross school yard to serve as a teacherage.

The infamous wedding dress had arrived from Simpson's the day after the wedding. Mrs. Dyck decided to keep it. In the spring of 1913, Jacob bought a new suit and they made an appointment to have a wedding picture taken. Helena carefully folded her new wedding dress and put it in a paper bag, then climbed onto the motorcycle behind Jacob. They sped across the country side to the photographer in Morden.

Over the years the wedding picture, preserved behind glass and mounted in an ornate, oval, gold frame adorned the walls in many teacherages--at Schanzenfeld, Wakeham, Burwalde, Zion and Greenfarm before becoming a permanent fixture in Altona. The Dycks moved to Altona in 1941 and Mr. Dyck taught in the public school until 1959. He died in 1970.

Since that time Helena has resided at the Ebenezer Home in Altona. The wedding picture is a prized possession and hangs in a prominent place in her room. With a twinkle in her eye, Helena likes to relate the story of her borrowed wedding dress. mm

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# Eggs and "Englishmen" Are Highlight of Visit to Niverville

by Roy Vogt

Wednesday- April 21

Niverville is known in Mennonite history as the site of the first Mennonite landing in 1874. William Schroeder has done a lot of personal research on this area in the past few years and every time I travel to the junction of the Rat and Red River, a few miles south-west of Niverville, I know from Schroeder's work approximately where the large sheds stood that housed the first immigrants. The mind wanders back easily to those days. How did the settlers feel after that long difficult journey from Russia, setting foot on this rather bleak and strange landscape?

On this particular morning, a fast highway takes me to Niverville from Winnipeg in half an hour. A modern car spoils some of the feeling for the past. I arrive at Dyck's Hatcheries at 9:00 a.m. and am given a very interesting tour of the hatchery by Jack Dyck, the principal owner. Jack's good wife Helene works in the office in the morning, while he looks after the mechanical and business end of the enterprise. Jack is the son of the late Rev. William Dyck, a pioneer in the Niverville area and for many years one of its leading business men as well as one of its spiritual leaders.

As Jack shows me through the hatchery, I am reminded of the fact that almost every activity in life becomes unbelievably complicated once one gets to know it better. Each operation has its unique equipment and its special mystique and the business of hatching chicks is no exception. Modern science has taken the hatching of chicks to the point where their emergence from the egg can be timed almost to the hour. When I first walked into the barn, I didn't know that more than 40,000 chicks were waiting to be born in those numerous incubators and that their birth, as well as their subsequent delivery to feeder farms had already been well planned in advance. Chalk it up to the ignorance of a poor city slicker. I discovered that within forty-eight hours of its emergence from the shell, a chick received more personal attention than some human beings may receive in a lifetime. First of all, each chick must be vaccinated against cancer. The needle used to do this can be inserted only so far or the chick will be killed. It requires special expertise.

Special expertise is also required to determine the sex of the chicks so that the decision can be made where they shall be eaten or exterminated (the fate of most males) or whether they shall live to breed another day (the lot of the females). A Japanese couple performs the very precise job of determining the sex of the chicks. The thought of peering up the vents of about forty thousand chicks a day to determine their sex overwhelms me. I respect the ability of this couple, and their tenacity, but I cannot say that I envy them. After the job of sex identification each chick must be debeaked, which involves a rather smelly process. This is done so that the helpless-looking little creatures won't kill each other. I was extremely fascinated by the intricacy of the operation and now when I see a chick in one of those cute ads I will have more respect for the care that has been given it. The profit margin in this business is very low at the time due to severe competition from the U. S. so Jack and his partners have had to work extremely hard in the past few years to build up their business. I personally have a very high regard for this kind of dedication and enterprise.

Jack's brother Dave was there on a visit from California. He is also a native of Niverville but appears to enjoy the warmer climes of Fresno and the real estate business there. Another brother, Bill, is also in Fresno where he and his wife, Velma, nee DeFehr, are very successful dentists.

On this trip I was also interested in exploring the history of Niverville and I thought it might be good for a change to look at it from the Anglo-Saxon point of view. Some English settlers arrived almost immediately after the Mennonites and I knew that some of their ancestors - the Harrisons, Wallaces, Churches and Witticks, still have their roots there. Jack Dyck put me in contact with Mrs. Church, widow of the later Mr. Charles Church, one of the pioneers of the village.

I subsequently spent a pleasant half hour with Mrs. Church, in which she told me about some of the experiences that they have had in the community. I sometimes have the impression that we Mennonites sometimes think that "outsiders" are not able to see into or through us, but in talking to Mrs. Church I found this obviously wasn't true. She

has a very positive appreciation of the Mennonite contribution to communities like Niverville, but I gather that her life has also been made more interesting by the often humorous attempts of the Mennonites to appear more pious than they are. Members of the English community have tried in vain to understand why wearing eye shadow is less immoral than wearing lipstick, or why people would buy new cars but try to cover up the luxury of these cars by having them black and without chrome. She said they were also much aware of the difference between the Canadian Mennonites and the later Russian Mennonites. Mrs. Church now lives on the outskirts of the town on her original farm site. A large barn, see cover, which she and her husband built in 1912, is now being torn down and it is clear from her feelings that she is not sure if this is a sign of progress. Later, as I drove back to the centre of town, I saw that the roof of this barn had already been removed and the walls would come tumbling down in a few days. One more pioneer building was falling prey to the wrecker.

After my meeting with Mrs. Church I was able to spend a few minutes with Mr. George Sawatzky, manager of the Niverville Credit Union. Mr. Sawatzky said that the experience of the credit union recently has been similar to that in Winkler, namely, savings have been very high, but so has loan demand. At the present time almost no money is available for loans, although he indicated this could change suddenly.

I dropped in to see Alex Fast of William Dyck and Sons, the local lumber company, but he was out at that time. The Dycks have just built a brand new store front and were in the process of tearing down the old one in front. The new store is certainly a vast improvement over the old one. The old face of Niverville is rapidly disappearing. After that, it was off to Steinbach for a meal of verenicke at my home and a repair job in one of Steinbach's auto shops. Later, I was able to contact Mr. Norman Wittick, now a resident of Winnipeg, but a member of a pioneer family of Niverville. He is also an amateur historian and hopes to complete a book on Niverville sometime in the future. mm

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# A tale of two scientists: of molecules and growth hormone

"Those areas we have touched in our research have been somewhat enlightened by our effort," Dr. Henry G. Friesen, in a science report.

"If you are from Manitoba then you must know Ted Schaefer," a typical comment of an expert in nuclear magnetic resonance.

by Edward Unrau

Have you ever talked to a scientist about his work?

Many people are afraid to do so: partly because they think that they won't understand what he is saying and partly because they don't want to look silly asking what they think are trivial questions. But these feelings, however, obscure the fact that the vast majority of scientists are also teachers and are therefore quite able to explain things and answer questions.

By not talking to scientists - that is standing in such awe of them that you are afraid to ask questions, to even speak - you not only miss the opportunity of finding out what they do but also the opportunity of seeing what is possible when someone "uses his head."

In the course of my own full-time work I regularly talk to scientists and it's an experience I would never trade. I will admit, however, that I did, at times, have to work at overcoming the two fears I mentioned earlier.

I would like to describe briefly two scientists whom I have met within the past two years: Ted Schaefer and Henry Friesen. Although both would be the last to agree to this description, they are both "superstars" in their fields - that is, their work is of such excellence that other scientists recognize it as such. This is important, because science is an activity in which recognition comes only after a scientist's idea is questioned and tested to the *n*th degree - if the idea survives this process, the scientist gets the honor (if his ideas don't survive, he is doomed to darkest oblivion.)

In addition to being scientists, both men come from rural Manitoba - Dr. Schaefer from Gnadenthal, and Dr.

Friesen from Morden - and both are employed by the University of Manitoba. But at this point the similarities end - Dr. Schaefer is a chemist who is a specialist in a specific branch of that subject, nuclear magnetic resonance, and Dr. Friesen is a physician who has become a specialist in endocrinology. While both men are specialists in different fields, they illustrate the two sides of scientific work: basic and applied. The former is interested in how and why something happens and the latter is interested in harnessing information to solve problems.

Dr. Schaefer's specialty, nuclear magnetic resonance (NMR), combines chemistry and physics to yield precise and diverse information about the shape and behavior of molecules (By way of contrast: an astronomer probes the heavens to understand the infinity of space, the NMR specialist looks the other way to the smallest components of our world.) The nucleus, or centre, of a molecule of some substances is magnetic and when their molecules are exposed to a magnetic field (from an electromagnet, for example) a wide range of new energy levels are generated which can be recorded as tracings on graph paper.

By looking at the number of peaks, their intensity, and distance from peak to peak, it is possible to describe the energy shifts present within the molecule to each other, its shape, and so on. The fact that NMR can provide this information is proven by the analysis of simple substances whose molecular configuration (shape) has already been determined by other methods.

So, where does Dr. Schaefer's NMR information lead? The relationships deter-

mined by NMR analysis can be used to look at molecules of interest to synthetic chemist (scientists who manipulate chemical processes to create substances useful to industry), pharmaceutical chemists at drug firms, and biological chemists. In all three fields the specific structure of a molecule can make important differences in the physical properties of the substance or in the way molecules interact with other molecules. For example, ethyl and methyl alcohol are made up of the same elements of carbon and oxygen, but they are different because of the different orientation of the parts at the molecular level - thus, the first is safe to drink and the second is a poison.

The importance of Dr. Schaefer's work is not that NMR is directly useful to industry in itself, but that it gives other scientists an analysis tool which they can use in solving specific problems. For this work, Dr. Schaefer has received considerable acclaim around the world; for example, one very rough indicator of quality of a scientist's work is the number of times other scientists refer to his work in scholarly publications - in 1972 there were more than 200 such references to Dr. Schaefer's work (an "average" scientist can expect about six such citations a year).

Dr. Friesen, on the other hand, is a physician who has helped put scientific knowledge to use. As mentioned, he is an endocrinologist, and Dr. Friesen has been working with two of the hormones of the pituitary gland: "Growth hormone" and "prolactin." While growth hormone was the subject of his first work, it was his involvement in the discovery of prolactin which put him in



Ted Schaefer



Henry Friesen

the forefront of research.

Perhaps the most dramatic aspects of Dr. Friesen's clinical work are the results that are being achieved by using growth hormone to treat dwarfism. Each year about 150 children, who have not grown in height as they should have, are treated with growth hormone; they are all children whose dwarfism is due to a lack of growth hormone (this being only one of several causes of dwarfism). Each child gets hormone treatments for six months at a time until a more normal height is achieved - five feet two inches for boys and five feet for girls. Dr. Friesen said that the gain in height can be quick and dramatic - up to six inches in six months. The psychological well-being rises just as fast because no amount of counselling (invariably from normal-height people) can have the same effect as the measurable increase in height.

The growth hormone used in Canada is a product of Dr. Friesen's laboratories, first at McGill University and now in Winnipeg. He was asked to become the sole Canadian supplier of the hormone in recognition of both the technical expertise of his laboratory staff and the need for a product of uniform high quality. The hormone is extracted from human pituitary glands, the only source at present, and each year more than 10,000 are processed. Although there is little further developmental research necessary with respect to growth hormone and its use as a treatment, Dr. Friesen continues his involvement because of the public service it provides.

While growth hormone is a major component of Dr. Friesen's clinical work, prolactin is one object of his present research interests. The existence of prolactin in humans was first confirmed in his laboratory; this discovery, which would have gone a long way to assuring his career, was followed by two more: he was one of the first to purify prolactin, and to develop a method of measuring its level in the body. Prior to his discovery of human prolactin, it was long known to exist in animals where it was nicknamed the "motherhood hormone" because it appeared to control the mothering instincts and functions of females. Its role in humans is not completely clear but it is known that it promotes lactation in pregnancy and suppresses fertility after childbirth; it is also present in men but no role has yet been identified.

Dr. Friesen's continuing studies of prolactin include an examination of its role in breast cancer. Some drugs used to treat common ailments raise blood prolactin levels, in both men and women can lead to the very early detection of tumors in the pituitary gland. Second, it was found that some women with irregular or absent menstrual periods and others who are infertile have high levels of prolactin. Because prolactin in-

creases during pregnancy to promote lactation and control fertility, high levels during the non-pregnant state interfere with normal function. Suppression of prolactin can restore the regular menstrual cycle and often fertility. The third clinical implication has the most application in developing countries. In these countries breastfeeding is important for hygienic reasons, largely because there is usually no safe supply of bottled milk. Further, when a mother runs out of her own milk, her reproductive system returns to normal, and the prospect of another pregnancy looms. By artificially maintaining a high prolactin level in such mothers, breast milk production is extended and the prospect of an early pregnancy is reduced.

Another research interest of Dr. Friesen is to understand how hormones work - that is, how the hormone, a chemical, activates and controls the function of an organ. In this area he has played a major role in developing techniques to detect and measure hormones in body tissue. This work, too, will have an eventual application at the clinical level in that it will help in the search for synthetic (substitute) hormones which can be used in humans.

A citation commemorating Dr. Friesen's selection as the 1974 Eli Lilly lecturer of the Endocrine Society said: "Characterizing all of Dr. Friesen's

studies there has been an exemplary generosity and readiness to help others. He has willingly answered requests from all over the world. . . There can be no doubt that the rapid development of understanding of the physio-pathological significance of. . . polypeptide hormones has been due in no small measure to Dr. Friesen's readiness to make available to the international scientific community the fruits of his labors." mm

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#### Dates

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**June 18:** Westgate graduation exercises, 8:00 p.m., open to public at First Mennonite Church.

**July 3-7:** Conference of Mennonites in Canada, Annual Sessions in Clearbrook B.C. at Columbia Bible Inst.

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# Seeing moving pictures for the first time... a long wait that turns into a small disaster

By Mary Francis

This was in the Ukraine, around 1930: Marija had never seen a moving picture before. She was among the first to line up and crowd around the little porch of the community hall to get a glimpse of what was going on inside through the crack when the door opened. The door was shut and one of the self-appointed ushers was standing guard inside,

throwing out anyone that could not pay, by the scruff of the neck. Only people with 25 Kopek in cash to pay for a ticket, could go straight in. Only twenty-five Kopek, but it was more than any of the children had.

Oh! The children in the line outside were restless and straining their necks to get a glimpse of the drama that was unfolding in the dark interior of the hall. A fellow had come to the village that day and had spread the fantastic, wonderful news that there were moving pictures to be shown at the hall tonight. Well, Marija, along with almost all of the younger generation of the village had been standing there for hours to see, if only in glimpses from the porch, this modern miracle. "People walking and running around on pictures? Unheard of! "Well, We'll see!" She and all the other people in the village were very sceptical. But her hope that she would at least get in, was still there.

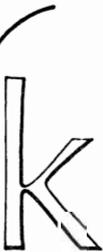
The hall was only half filled, and the time was dragging on. After a lot of commotion and noise, moving of benches and clapping of hands (out of impatience not as applause) and shouting and yelling, the audience fell silent in anticipation. Well look here! The door opens a crack and the fellow who brought the movies here, peers out into the night to see whether there are any more customers coming. He sees the lineup, half the village really, all pint-size, eyes big and glowing with curiosity and longing. "Have you kids got money?" He hollers at them. Some heads go down too ashamed to admit it, some shake from side to side in denial. "No!" And someone brave and well hidden, ventures out with, "Please, mister, can we come in?" The fellow shakes his head in disapproval, but opens the door a little wider and all of the children slip in and sit on the floor along the walls at the far end.

Marija's heart is jumping inside of her, she stretches her neck and bends

sideways straining which way best to see between the people in front of her. The movie machine is an awe inspiring apparatus, standing on a table at the back of the hall. The wheel is handcranked and muscle-powered by one Aron Vogt, who has volunteered goodnaturedly for the task, not knowing what he let himself in for. He is the one who makes these pictures move. When he slows down, the men and women on the screen slow down too, when he stops to take a breather, the men and women stop right in their tracks, drop whatever they are doing and wait for Aron to catch his breath. It is a miracle all right! This way the story and action is fragmented and Marija can see how, with one leg up in the air, the people must want to go on with whatever they are doing. She is shouting and yelling at Aron with the rest of the audience, "Go on! Go on, don't stop! Aron! Aron! You devil!" However, things go from bad to worse, the film is tearing or coming to an end every few minutes and with the momentum of turning the loose ends are flying. The film strip has come off the reel and is spread all over the auditorium floor. Miles of it! It has to be rewound time and time again, and started from the beginning. In the end with everyone clapping and stamping their feet and cursing, poor Aron gives up and stands there hot and furious, puffing a cigarette in the middle of the tangled film strip. All at once the film, no miracle this, is on fire! Everybody scrambles for the door.

That had been, as she found out much later, Marija's first glimpses of the great Charlie Chaplin in the "Goldrush." Everything in Marija's mind was a blur at the time, as she rushed home late that night. The film was very old with wear and tear by the time it came to her village. Every scene had been incomplete, and vague images had danced wildly on the screen. The writer messages between scenes were almost erased and even people who could read, had difficulty making out the words. One fellow would read out aloud, spelling out labouriously and slowly every word. Another fellow would correct his interpretation of what was going on in a loud and querulous voice. Each one there was free to make up his own version of the story. But one thing was clear, it was a moving picture all right. Every one there was moved in one way or another, literally and otherwise, even the people on the grubby old sheet, which served as a screen, had moved with the help of our stouthearted friend Aron. Some brave youngsters stayed behind, when everyone ran for his life, and helped the distraught moviefellow to put out the fire and clean up the mess. These were the days of absolute self-reliance, and the fellow must have been grateful and relieved that the villagers did not turn on him, when his moving pictures turned into a sheer disaster. mm

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## Review

# Rare Story of Intrigue

*Valley of Shadows* by Jake Plett, a 1975 Horizon House Publications paperback (at Box 600, Beaverlodge, Alberta, T0H 0C0), 168 pages, \$1.75.

by Peter Paetkau

It is a rare book. It is unusual in more than one way. No other book like it has ever been published which treats with rare insight a similar subject. Conditions during and after the Revolution in Russia could have issued forth its likes but never did. This story however happened in a Canadian prairie city - "hometown" for the author, and that makes its strange suspense even stranger.

It is a heart-rending story of intrigue, the likes of which has never disturbed the peaceful home life of a young Mennonite family this side of the Iron Curtain. Such experiences, as author Plett admits, are generally considered to be possible only elsewhere, and to other people in such areas as Hollywood, New York, Chicago, or perhaps in Montreal - but not in Edmonton.

Mary Anne Plett, the author's wife had become an up-and-coming real estate agent - pert and pretty. Some years ago, Jake and Mary Anne had become acquainted, attended Prairie Bible Institute together and hence locked their lives together in a kind of rare devotion. It was after their marriage that she had become engaged in real estate, and that the formidable, hideous and shadowy "Mr. Cooper" had become one of the "regular" clients who wished to buy a lonely property. He was careful never to be seen by anyone else in the real estate office, but drove three times with Mary Anne Plett to the property. On the last occasion she failed to turn in at the office on time. Evidently something had happened but no one could determine what for a long time.

The subsequent search, agony and mental despair Jake Plett and his two small sons experience is described in exact detail and at great length. For Jake it was a religious odyssey in the *Valley of Shadows*. His account is intense and moving because he is a man of faith, and therefore he has written an unusually impressive account. It is the kind of story no one easily puts down, the kind you do not read before bed-time. Order it from the above booksellers today. It is fully guaranteed: you will finish it tonight, and think about it the rest of the week. mm



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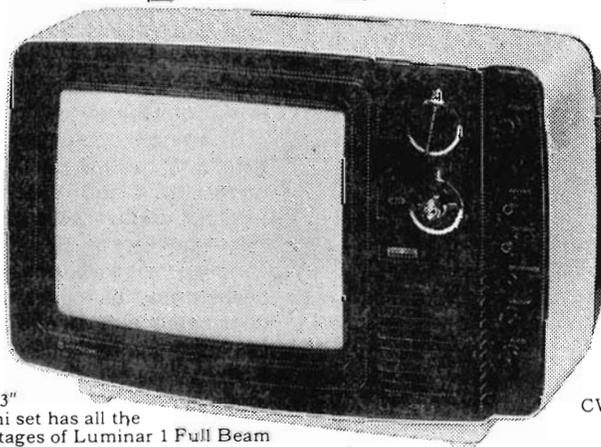
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# Concordia Hospital Then and Now

by Mary M. Enns

Walking into the large bright foyer of the Concordia Hospital today-blue furniture, spacious carpeted floor, murals on the wall-it seems a far cry from the small dark entrance of the old hospital on 400 Desalaberry. In winter some of the icy breezes found their way into the tiny two-bench waiting room. To avoid the outdoor being brought directly into the hospital visitors carefully left their boots in the porch entrance. Today an impressive canopy prepares guests for a very different hospital complex, designed and built in 1974 according to the Gordon Friesen concept of hospital construction.

What began very humbly in 1927 with five beds and a staff of two has grown into its present form of 132 beds, modern operating rooms, obstetrical units, well-equipped X-ray, Lab and Physiotherapy departments. "Another floor is needed," says Dr. Peter Enns, medical director, "We are working toward opening an intermediate care unit designed for the more acutely ill. This would eliminate the transferring of some of these patients to other hospitals. We are most gratified at the hospital's development and operation."

Arnold Schroeder, executive director,

said: "The emphasis of our services in the hospital is on patient care. In order not to duplicate services in the community we are serving we have formed linkages with the community service team of the Department of Health and Social Development. At the moment we are averaging 50 to 60 patients a day in our emergency. Our department of family practice is providing 24 hour service with a doctor in the hospital around the clock."

In 1930 the Concordia Association operated in a house on Beverly Street with three medical men, Dr. R.A. Claassen, Dr. N.J. Neufeld, Dr. H. Oelkers, and matron, Schwester Magdalena. Today approximately 100 doctors have medical privileges at Concordia. Josephine Giesbrecht is its assistant Executive director of patient care. The hospital's volunteer program is headed by Elaine Feicho. Begun in December 1975 the response to this has been overwhelming. They are, however, looking for more volunteers for their "Meals on Wheels" program since the success of this is based directly upon the number of people who come, willing to be of service in this category.

Many of us remember well the distinguished "Seelsorger" team of Aeltester Johann Enns and Prediger Abram Peters: one tall and trim, the other small and slight, but both so gently frank and warm in their spiritual care of the patients and nursing staff of the old Concordia. It might be interesting to discover just how many times in one week the two friends walked miles in every kind of weather in the execution of this their own volunteer service. Today's chaplaincy department, with ministers, and pastors from the various churches provide spiritual service to patients of every faith. Originally the hospital was begun as a Concordia Verein to serve the Mennonite people, a contract covering patients' services in this hospital only. Now, with hospitalization it has expanded and is community oriented. Formerly it did not have the financial backing, which led to improvisation and economization. Medicine and nursing is now more sophisticated though patient care was always of excellent calibre. Mary Hainstock RN has seen tremendous changes in the past few years. She began her nursing career in the Concordia in 1945 and has been with them off and on for 30 years as a head nurse. She tells of the days when the maternity ward was always full. So many of these patients were Mennonites from the country and mostly, Mennonites had large families. "There have been conflicts and growing pains," said Mrs. Hainstock, "but things are resolving themselves what with excellent medical, administration and staff. The Concordia Hospital has been a living tribute to the Mennonite people. They have worked hard toward its growth." mm

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Gerald Friesen

University gold medals were awarded to **Dorothy Goertzen**, Winnipegosis, **Kenneth Isaak**, Niverville, and **Harry Harms**, Winnipeg, for highest academic achievement in the graduating year at the annual spring Convocation of the University of Manitoba. Ms. Goertzen graduated with a degree in physical education, Mr. Isaak in electrical engineering, and Mr. Harms in agricultural engineering.

**Gerald Friesen**, of the department of history, University of Manitoba, was one of four professors to receive awards for excellence in teaching at the annual spring Convocation. Award winners are selected from nominations submitted by graduating students and faculty.

**Fellowship Bookcentre** has a new manager. His name is Henry Harder. Both he and his wife are originally from Vancouver, and have been in Winnipeg for 10 months. Henry has studied at the

University of British Columbia and at the Canadian Mennonite Bible College here in Winnipeg. They are members of North Kildonan Mennonite Church.

**MBCI students** conducted a grapefruit and orange (from Arizona) drive for earthquake relief in Guatemala. The \$1,000 they netted were to be divided between Oxfam and MCC.

**Concordia Hospital** is inviting all friends and patrons to an Open House on May 12 from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m.

**Norman C. Penny**, field service manager of the Gideons was the guest speaker at the Gideon spring rally and banquet in the Steinbach EMB Church.

**G.J. Lohrenz**, author, lecturer and world traveller leaves on May 23 to conduct a private three week tour to Europe and Russia. The purpose of this journey is to visit places significant in our Mennonite History as well as to revisit special areas such as Nikolaipol and Neuendorf. Important on the itinerary are Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev, the Molatschna Settlements, Yalta, Zaporoshye, and the very beautiful island of Chortitza, and Bukarest, Roumania.

A five member delegation from the **All Union Council of Evangelical Christians - Baptists (AUCECB)** in the Soviet Union will spend the last half of May visiting Mennonite communities in North America in response to an invitation from M.C.C. The delegation includes a Mennonite T. Kviring (Quiring). The planned itinerary includes stops at Akron, Pa., Goshen, Ind., Winnipeg, Kitchener, Vancouver. Peter Dyck, MCC Europe and North Africa. Director will accompany the delegation.

**Eugene Gerbrandt**, pastor at Elmwood MB Church, Winnipeg since 1972 has resigned his position effective July 31. His plans for the future include engaging in studies to prepare for further church-related ministries.

**David and Mildred Dyck**, formerly MCC teachers in Zambia, Africa, have begun a one year assignment with MCC (Canada). Dyck serves as assistant in the Voluntary Service and Personnel Departments in the Winnipeg office.

Members of the **Canada Press Club** were guests at the Ukrainian Society of Culture and Education on May 6. **Eric Ratzlaf**, president of the CPC chaired the meeting and accepted membership to this Ukrainian Society from Dr. Jaroslav Rozumnji. Sophia Kachor, curator of the museum, conducted a tour of the Centre. Mr. Ratzlaf presented a book of photographs of the tour of northern Manitoba taken by the club in June, 1975. Alexander Domokos (Faculty of Dentistry, U of M) sculptor and painter, showed his film of this northern tour.

The Duo Piano Team of **Garth Beckett** and **Boyd Macdonald** received appointments as assistant professors of piano teaching at the Wilfred Laurier University of Waterloo effective July 1. The Becketts will be moving to Waterloo in mid August. Marjorie Beckett will be opening a studio for private instruction and plans on doing professional accompanying.

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Alice Enns

Alice Enns won third place in the first Eckhardt-Gramatte Competition for the performance of Canadian music held in Brandon May 6-8, 1976. She played Variations by Jacques Hetu and the Sonata No. 5 by Harry Somers and Deux Etudes de Sonorite by Francois Morel. The distinguished judges for the competition were Muriel Bernardi, Abram Chasins, Malcolm Troup, and Jean-Pierre Vetter. Alice is leaving for England at the end of May and plans to spend a six-week period at further studies in music.

Jack Thiessen, head of the German Department at the University of Winnipeg will be off on a sabbatical to Germany come September. Thiessen intends to work at the university in Kiel. He hopes that the setting, re availability of material, etc., will enable him to continue with research on projects already begun.

Peter and Netti Dyck are returning to Winnipeg after an absence of over three years. Peter returns to Eaton's at Winnipeg in a new job capacity. Netti, busy recently with displaying her wool craft-work at the Mennonite Festival of Art and Music also found a home on Henderson Hwy. while here.

Al Reimer, professor at the University of Winnipeg hopes to complete or at least "break the back" of a proposed historical novel based on the Mennonite period in Russia from the turn of the century to the twenties. Reimer, after painstaking research feels throughly conversant with the period and is elated to find that his sabbatical, (perhaps due to the historical material) is the first sabbatical granted by the university for a purely creative project. Reimer has been to Russia twice in recent years. Mirror readers will remember his impressions of Russia.

## Sperling Re-Union Planned

First Mennonite's Junior Choir directed by Judith Janzen presented a difficult but charming musical version of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Unfortunately the technical services provided by Tec-Voc were inadequate. Soundwise, part of the fault seemed to lie in the architectural peculiarities of the place and the particular placement of existing facilities such as mikes. Lights too were frustrating. e.g. Poor Alice would sit on the stage for agonizingly long periods of time waiting for a spotlight to dawn. On the cheerful side of the ledger the production brought out a wealth of skill and good will on the part of the elders and provided a good community experience for the children who often see parents in the role of admonishers, not helpers. The borrowed masks, thanks to Esther Herman, were superb, the costumes always right and the backdrop very charming. Unfortunately, although seemingly perfect when seen by itself it was difficult to see the large cast and the beautiful masks and costumes when placed against the vivid background. The children put on a great performance and were obviously happy as they launched into Lewis Carroll's witticisms and songs.

It has been said that people come and go, but memories linger. Plans to reunite the memories and people of the Mennonite settlement near Sperling, Manitoba are underway. The pioneers of this settlement arrived in Canada in 1926. This community, which has no official name but locally has been called "The Bunch," was centred on the Sperling Mennonite Brethren Church and Cannon School.

On July 3 and 4 of this year, a special thanksgiving and re-union celebration will take place. The highlights of the weekend include a variety program on Saturday night, a Sunday morning Thanksgiving service, and a special cairn unveiling and dedication late Sunday afternoon. The cairn service will be held at the community cemetery near Sperling. All other events will be held on the Winnipeg Bible College Campus at Otterburne.

Friends of the community are invited to join in this fiftieth anniversary celebration. Should you desire more information, or just want to let us know that you are coming so that accommodations can be arranged, contact Harry Olfert, 104 MacAuley Cres., Winnipeg, R2G 0P5.



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# Erinnerungen Aus dem KLV Lager

von Martha Enns

Vielleicht begegne ich noch einem oder dem anderen Leser, der einen Teil seiner Kinder- bzw. Jugendjahre in einem KLV Lager verleben durfte.

KLV ist die Abkürzung fuer Kinderlandverschickung; eine Einrichtung, die waehrend des letzten Weltkrieges den Schuulen in bombengefaehrden Grosstaedten Deutschlands zur Verfuegung stand.

Das Lager, das ich hier beschreibe, liegt im huegeligen Hessenland und hauste ungefaehr um hundert alberne Backfische der "Hoeheren Maedchenschule" von Wilhelmshaven. Maedchen, die im Alter von 12 - 16 Jahren wohl auf der Hoehe ihrer Empfindsamkeit und Empfaenglichkeit stehen. Dieses beweisen vielleicht einige der folgenden lustigen Begebenheiten.

Zu zweit, dritt und viert finden wir uns in dem mit einfachen Moebeln versehenen Zimmern einer fruerehen Pension mehr oder weniger froehlichen Mutes zurecht; naehern uns denen, die wir nicht genauer kennen zunaechst vorsichtig, dann etwas mehr oder weniger froehlichen Mutes zurecht; naehern uns denen, die wir nicht genauer kennen zunaechst vorsichtig, dann etwas mehr herausfordernd, denn unsere kleine Gemeinschaft besteht aus mehreren Klassen der oben erwaehten Schule, die nun all zusammengewuerfelt, miteinander auskommen sollen.

Das Gemeinschaftsleben ist allen fremd und im ersten Augenblick scheinen die bevorstehenden Moeglichkeiten dieses Aufenthaltes von endlos lustigen Stunden durchzogen zu sein. Dass wir zum ununterbrochenen, ersten Studium in diese schoene Gegend Deutschlands, - weit entfernt vom Laerm des Krieges, geschickt wurden - das ist uns momentan entfallen.

Als nun der erste hochgeordnete Tagesplan an uns ausgeht, versammeln wir uns alle im grossen Speisesaal - wohl der groesste Raum dieses staetlichen Gebaeudes. Auf dem Wege dahin stellen einige von uns fest, dass sich das hochpolierte Treppengelaende ausgezeichnet fuer Schnellfahrten zur Parterre eignet; besonders wenn man morgens zu spaet aufgestanden ist. Auch wissen wir bereits, dass alle Zimmer Balkone haben, was bei den mehr oder weniger Unternehmungslustigen zumindest Ideen athletischer Art hervorruft. Wir koennen also die Freizeit kaum abwarten. Waehrand der wohlausgepraegte Ordnungssinn der Erwachsenen seinen systematischen Lauf nimmt, um uns gruendlich und sicher in die Hausregeln und Routinen eines wohlgeplanten Tageslaufes einzufuehren.

Das schoenste ist wohl, dass man immer mit Jemandem zusammen sein kann. Der unausbleibliche Herdendrang gruppiert uns automatisch in gleichdenkende Haefuchen, die nach Art ihrer Veranlagungen zum Spielen, Singen oder Klamauken aufgelegt sind. Anders ist die Atmosphaere in den Zimmern, wenn es abends stiller werden soll und man endlich alle Neugierde neuer Eindruেকে gesaettigt hat. Ist man der Glueckliche, einem wesensverwandten Triumphfeminat anzugehoeren, wo Harmonie und Freundschaft vorbedingt ist, geht alles friedlich zu und man schlaeft abends ruhig ein. Trifft es aber zu, dass man in ein Zimmer geraet, wo ein unruhiger Geist herrscht, kann die gute Laune, mit der man tags durch das neue Heim streifte, eine krasses Wendung nehmen. Das Etagenbett ist guter Grund fuer Zwistigkeiten, besonders wenn die im oberen Stock nicht einschlafen kann, weil die andere, die unten schlaeft, vor Zappeligkeit nicht einschlafen kann und somit das Bett in staendiges vibrieren ersetzt.

Wer nun Gudi G. zur Stubengenossin hat, ernennt sie sehr bald nach der Ankunft zur Wagnerianerin des Lagers. Nachdem sie nicht nur ihre Naechsten, sondern auch alle anderen Studenten auf der zweiten Etage zum Summen ihrer heissgeliebten Wagnerarien antreibt, gibt sie dazu noch wertvolle Unterweisungen.

Wie man im sanften Alter von 12 Jahren fuer die Musik von Wagner begeistert

sein kann, habe ich erst spaeter versucht zu verstehen. Gudi kannte jedensfalls fast alle Opern und Arien, sodass unsere unfreiwillige musikalische Ausbildung einen breiteren Umfang annahm, als wir es je zu hoffen gewagt haetten. Wenn sie dann vor Begeisterung ueberspruendend uns ihre Erklarungen wie Wasserfaelle entgegenrauschen liess, schienen wir unwillkuerlich von dieser einmaligen Ueberzeugung gepackt. Gudi's Niebelungenring im hessischen KLV Lager.

Nach einiger Zeit des Einlebens in die Lageroutine faellt uns auf, dass wir von aussen her beobachtet werden. Nach einigen genaueren Versicherungsmassnahmen, muessen wir feststellen, dass einige Gleichaltrige am Ort mit uns bekannt werden moechten. Wie ist das aber mit unserer kargen Freizeit zu vereinbaren?

Es entsteht zunaechst eine Geheimpost, die ihre Hauptstation am Fahnenmast unter einem grossen Stein behauptet. Weil wir nur wenig Ausgang, aber umsomehr Schulaufgaben haben, wird nun emsig Geheimpost gespielt. Namen werden ausgetauscht, Treffpunkte verabredet und Raetsel zum Loesen angeboten.

Nach geraumer Zeit, an einem Sonntag Nachmittag, einigen wir uns, einen gemeinsamen Spaziergang zum Judenfriedhof zu unternehmen, wobei nun manches Geister- und laesterhafte vom hessischen Badeort zum Besten gegeben wird. Wir dagegen klagen ueber das Lagerleben, bis einer von uns an den Grund unseres dortigen Weilens erinnert und wir alle einen positiveren Ton anschlagen. Beim Abschied versprechen wir weiterhin durch die Geheimpost in Verbindung zu bleiben. Wir freuen uns auf die naechste Expedition, bei der wir vielleicht mehr vom lokalen Idyll zu Ohren bekommen werden.

Ich weiss noch, wie eines Tages mitten in unser alizu geregeltelagerleben eine gewisse unregelmassigkeit entstand. Wenn man krank wurde, war das zu verstehen und keiner regte sich weiter auf. Aber was Gisela da hatter, das war wohl allen schleierhaft - ja, direkt unheimlich. Seltsam war es, dass gerade immer waehrend des Unterrichtes ihre Augen den Dienst versagten. Wir kriegten schon Angst, wenn ihr Name zum Lesen aufgerufen wurde. Sollte Gisela einen Vers des "Ibikus" vorlesen, so folgte zunaechst ein langes Schweigen, dann ein Stoehnen und Stammeln: sie sehe nichts mehr. Fast jedes Mal in gleicher Reihenfolge, sodass wir schon immer den Atem anhielten, wenn ihr Name aufgerufen wurde. Ein seltsames Phenomen, das an Uebernaturliches erinnerte. Gisela wurde fast zur Heldin erhoben, waere uns nicht kurz darauf zu Ohren gekommen, dass dieser Fall als hysterische Neurotik erklart wurde. Alle unseren wundervollen Vorstellungen

# Mutter kocht am besten!

Von E. Schlichting

Richard Epp, Sohn einer typisch mennonitischen Familie ist auf der Farm gross geworden. Seine Mutter verstand, all die traditionellen Gerichte wie Zwieback, Bubbat, Perishky, Wareneki, Farmerwurst, Plumi Moos und Borscht auf das Beste zuzubereiten. Nach Schulabschluss zog er zu Onkel und Tante in die Stadt um seine Ausbildung zu beenden. In der Schule wo er unterrichtet lernte er Debby Hopkins ein kanadisches Maedchen kennen. Nun sind sie bereits drei Monate verheiratet, haben sich eine kleine Wohnung in der Stadt gemietet. Richard hat eine gute Stellung als Lehrer und die Beiden haben guten Grund gluecklich zu sein. Doch keine Rose ohne Dornen. In diesem Fall ist Debby's fehlende "Kochkunst" die Dorne in Richard's Sehnsucht nach Mutter's hausgemachten Wareneki's. Debby ist aber auch in ihrer neuen Aufgabe als Hausfrau nicht zu beneiden. Stets gewoehnt, sich an den gedeckten Tisch zu setzen - denn die muetterliche Kueche uebte keine zu grosse Anziehungskraft aus - sieht sie sich ploetzlich in die Lage versetzt, ab sofort fuer mindestens ein Essen taeglich verantwortlich zu sein. Fuer Debby beginnt nunmehr eine Kette von Belastungsproben. Maenner, und Richard ist da keine Ausnahme, halten es scheinbar fuer selbstverstaendlich, dass alle Frauen kochen koennen (Zwieback und Borscht eingeschlossen)

fielen ganz ploetzlich zusammen.

So lernten wir Eigentuemliches mit Alltaeglichem zu verbinden und erlebten dabei Staerkung, Enttaeuschung, Freude und Leid. Man sah mit viel Spannung einem Lagerumzug entgegen. Veraenderungen dieser Art, sagte man uns, truegen zur Erziehung des jungen Menschen mit bei. Wieder hiess es packen, planen und sich wieder neu einleben.

Nach einem kurzen Urlaub, der zwei Mal im Jahr bewilligt wird, lassen wir dann wieder Bunker, Bombenangriffe und Menschen, die uns nahe stehen weit zurueck, um in der Sicherheit unseres

und wundern sich kein bisschen wenn die junge Frau ein richtiges Essen auf den Tisch stellt. Sie wundern sich hoechstens - wenn das nicht der Fall ist! Aber ob Richard wohl nach der Heimkehr von Standesamt, Trauung und Hochzeitsreise imstande war elektrische Geraete zu reparieren, Haken einzugipsen und Wasserhaehne abzudichten?

Schlimme Momente sind es fuer Debby, das Problem zu loesen Fleisch, Gemuese und Kartoffeln gleichzeitig gar zu bekommen, und der Gedanke das Essen um Punkt sechs Uhr fuer Richard auf dem Tisch zu haben macht sie schrecklich nervoes. Laehmendes Entsetzen erfuellte sie als sie sich vornahm Richard mit seinen geliebten Zwieback zu ueberraschen und feststellte, dass sie nur 5 Tassen Mehl besass anstatt der in Schwiegermutter's Rezept geforderten 6 Tassen, und manche Traene tropfte verstohlen in den Teig. Die Sosse war eine andere "Schwaecher" Richard's und nach den hoechst unfeinen Worten zu urteilen mit denen Debby voll wehrloser Wut die Klumpen in der Mehlschwitze bedachte, doch wohl auch eine "Schwaecher" der Hausfrau. Und wenn Richard dann nach Hause kam und mit zweifelndem Blick auf die misslungenen Erzeugnisse fragte: "Sag' mal, muss das eigentlich so aussehen?" sollte er sich auch nicht wundern, wenn Debby in ihrem Kummer ueber das misstratene Essen ihre

Schulheimes ein mehr oder weniger normales Leben zu fuehren.

Jetzt gibt es nur noch Briefe, Bilder und Pakete, die uns in dieser feindlich gesinntten Zeit mit den Anghoerigen verbindet. Ja, Pakete, die in fast regelmaessigen Abstaenden sicher eintreffen, um dann gemeinsam verzehrt, bzw. vom Selbstversorgen unters Bett versteckt werden.

Diese Zeit im KLV Lager bedeutet eine lebenslaengliche Erinnerung, aus der man schliesslich nur das Schoene und Nuetzliche zu ziehen versucht, um es dann fuer das Weiterleben zu bewahren. **mm**

Enttaeuschung der ersten Ehe Wochen und ihres muehevollen Hausfraendaseins sich in unerwarteten Anklagen ergoss.

Obgleich es viele Frauen gibt, die miserabel kochen, so gibt es doch keine Mutter, die nicht vorzueglich gekocht hat. Richard's Lobpreisungen der muetterlichen Kochkunst sind fuer Debby manchmal etwas muehsam zu ertragen. Was Debby dabei vergisst ist, dass den Borscht den Richard als 15 jaehriger nach fuef Stunden Feldarbeit mit Heiss hunger verschlang, heute nach 7 Stunden Unterricht gar nicht mehr so gut schmecken kann wie damals. Einmal nach vielen Muehen gelang es ihr endlich die Mannagruetze so zustande zu bringen, wie er bei seiner Mama immer geschmeckt hatte. Das geschah, als er ihr durch Unachtsamkeit ein klein wenig zu hart geworden war.

Als Debby sich ueber diese Klippen hinweggekocht hatte, als sie also imstande war genau festzustellen, ob die Kartoffeln gar sind und wann die Pfannkuchen herumgedreht werden muessen, dann naht eine neue Klippe, die umsteuert werden musste. In grosser Genugtuung darueber, dass sie nunmehr ueber eine gewisse Anzahl erprobter Gerichte verfuegte, neigt sie dazu, eben diese Gerichte ohne Ruecksicht auf Saison und Temperatur anzufertigen. Der Kuechenzettel faellt einer gewissen Monotonie anheim. Debby sollte sich dann auch nicht allzusehr wundern, wenn beim zwoelften gelungenen Nudeln-mit-Tomatensauce-Essen der Anklang bei Richard nicht mehr genauso gross ist wie beim ersten Male.

Schliesslich glaubt Debby dann, nun koenne sie kochen! Der erste wohlgeratene Schweinebraten mit Bubbat it von der weiteren Familie unter Beifallskundgebungen verzehrt worden, und die Schwiegermutter hat zum ersten Mal nach einem Puddingrezept gefragt.

An einen Tiefpunkt geraet Debby dann erst wieder als Richard den "Chef" ins Haus bringt, der als sogenannter "Feinschmecker" bekannt ist und ihr die Frage stellt ob sie die Fleischsosse mit schwarzem oder weissem Pfeffer zubereitet habe. Debby muss sich eingestehen, dass sie bis zu diesem Augenblick nie ueber einen solchen Unterschied nachgedacht habe. Pfeffer war Pfeffer und ausserdem gab es noch Salz und Suppenwuerze. Ach, welcher Verachtung waere sie in diesen Kreisen ausgesetzt, wuerde man erfahren, dass sie Ochschwanzsuppe mit Hilfe eines Pulvers aus der Tuete anzufertigen pflegt!

Ja, der Weg zur perfekten Koechin ist lang und dornenreich und so manche junge Hausfrau bleibt auf der Strecke. Von ihr werden aber ihre Kinger sagen, niemand kocht so gut wie Mutter!

*Namen sind frei erfunden, eventuelle Aehnlichkeiten rein zufaellig - Die Redaktion*

# Route 10

Von Marlies Friesen

Stanley traegt heute seine Pelzmuetze. Wieder faellt es mir auf, dass er ein gluecklicher Mann ist. Er steht an einer Seitentuer des grossen Krankenhauses, Papiere unter einem Arm geklemmt und schlaegt sich den Kragen hoch waehrend er die vorgefahrenen Autos zaehlt. Richtig, zwouelf! In jedem Auto sitzen zwei Personen, ein Fahrer und ein Beifahrer. Wir sind alle Freiwillige (Volunteers) in dem Meals-on-Wheels Programm. Unter diesem Programm werden taeglich (auch Weihnachten und Neujahr) heisse und kalte Mahlzeiten an Leute verteilt die entweder behindert oder krank sind, nicht aber Krankenhauspflege beduerfen. Viele sind nur alt oder haben keine Angehoerigen die fuer sie sorgen koennen. Um den Koerper jedoch leistungsfaeig zu erhalten brauchen solche Menschen eine ausgeglichene Diaet, der ihnen durch dieses Programm ermoeeglicht wird. Schlechte und oftmals auch Unterernaehrung sind fuer ernstere Krankheiten verantwortlich. Jeder zaehlt fuer sein Essen, entweder den vollen Preis, oder eben so viel wie er kann. Das Essen wird in der Kueche des Krankenhauses gekocht und verpackt und dann in besonderen Oefen heissgehalten. Dazu bekommt auch jeder noch eine Tuete mit kaltem Essen. Ich lade sie, lieber Leser ein, mal eine Runde mit mir zu machen. Alle Namen sind natuerlich veraendert.

"I hope we get Route 10 again; no parking problems there." Das sind Clare's Sorgen. Sie ist mein Fahrer. Sie tut mir manchmal leid weil sie immer nur fahren muss und ich alle Abenteuer habe. Sie will es aber so.

Stanley verteilt auch schon die Listen. Wir kriegen Route 10. "Read your instructions carefully before you leave," sagt er noch. Das ist auch wichtig. Wir muessen genau wissen wie wir zu den Leuten hinkommen. Aha, heute haben wir nur zehn auf unserer Liste - zwei muessen wohl wieder im Krankenhaus sein, aber meine zwei besonderen Freunde sind doch drauf. Ich lese weiter.

Mrs. Campbell hat sich vorgenommen das Haus immer zu verschliessen. Der Schluessel liegt unter dem Blumentopf in der Veranda. Gut. Und Mr. Godfrey hat endlich seine Herzoperation gehabt. Er soll nicht Treppen steigen. Ich muss also nach oben. Ich lese genau alle Bemerkungen. Ploetzlich reisst Stanley hinter mir die Tuer auf und schwingt den schmalen blanken Ofen hinein. Dazu noch den Korb mit Tueten. "OK Route 10, good luck." Er klopf uns noch freundlich aufs Autodach und dann gehts los.

Die ersten zwei Kunden sind beides alte Maenner die Einzimmerwohnungen in alten Haeusern der Innenstadt haben. Der Erste sitzt schon am Fenster und wartet. Seine Stube ist recht freundlich. Er gruesst mich vergnuegt. Beim Zweiten sieht es trauriger aus. Das ganze Hause ist dreckig. Immer riecht es nach Kohl und ungemachten Betten. Auch Seins ist nicht gemacht. Ich weiss dass ich oft der einzige Mensch bin mit dem er am Tage spricht und so halte ich mich hier immer ein wenig laenger auf, obwohl ich weiss dass Clare in diesem Stadtteil ungerne lange allein im Auto sitzt. Ich kenne diese Gegend gut. Auf dieser Strasse habe ich als Kind gespielt. Hier stand einmal unsere Kirche. Damals war es ein recht gemuetliches Ghetto. Aber ich muss weiter.

Unsere naechsten zwei Stellen sind zu Ehepaaren. Das Erste wohnt in einem schoenen neuen Apartment, geschmackvoll eingerichtet. Der Mann war Arzt. Jetzt sind sie beide ueber neunzig Jahre alt und recht schwach. Sie freuen sich zu meinem kleinen Besuch. Ich muss noch das neueste Bild von dem Enkelkind bewundern. Das zweite Ehepaar wohnt noch im eigenen Haeuschen. Die Wohnung ist freundlich und sauber obwohl Beide behindert sind. Jetzt kommt Mrs. Campbell. Ich finde den Schluessel, mach' auf und rufe laut damit sie weiss wer es ist.

Und da sind wir schon bei meiner besonderen Freundin, Miss Pilgrim. Sie ist sehr schwerhoerig und erholt sich langsam von einem Schlaganfall. Sie wohnt eine Treppe hoch in einem

trueben, alten Haus. Ich such im Daemmerlicht die zweite Tuer links. Man soll einfach eintreten, aber ich klopf doch erst an und horche. Nichts zu hoehren. Da mache ich auf und kriege gleich einen Schreck. Miss Pilgrim liegt gekleidet auf dem Bett. Sommer und Winter traegt sie dasselbe gebluemte Kleid mit dem Spitzenkragen. Das blasse Gesicht mit den blauen Lippen sieht leblos aus. Ich stelle das Essen hin und merke, dass mir die Hand zittert. Eine grosse Angst ueberwaeltigt mich. Ich beuge mich ueber sie und nehme eine kalte Hand. Da laechelt sie ploetzlich und sagt ohne die Augen aufzuschlagen: "Lunch already? I had such a lovely dream." Langsam richtet sie sich auf und faengt auch gleich an zu erzaehlen von der Zeit da sie als junges Maedchen auf dem Land Lehrerin war. Das erinnert so an Frederick Philip Grove. Ich horche gespannt und doch ungeduldig zu, denn bis ein Uhr sollen alle Mahlzeiten verteilt sein. Wuerde ich noch einen Brief fuer sie einstecken, fragte sie noch.

Dann gehts zu Mr. Godfrey. Hier ist es wenigstens sauber. Mr. Godfrey ist noch ein ziemlich junger Mann, noch unter sechzig, der mit seiner Familie und mit seiner Gesundheit viel Kummer gehabt hat. Er sitzt heute in einer Decke gehuellt im grossen Sessel am Fenster und liest. Das Radio spielt leise Schumann. Langsam legt er das Buch beiseite damit ich das Essen vor ihn hinstellen kann. Fluechtig streifen seine Finger meine Hand. Ironisch, aber nicht bitter hat ihn sein Schicksal gemacht. Sonst ist er immer uebertrieben hoeflich, aber heute geht es ihm wirklich nicht gut. Ich mache hinter mir behutsam die Tuere zu.

Jetzt noch zu unserem Soldaten, Mr. Vincent. Er hat beide grossen Kriege durchgemacht. Er lebt jetzt ganz allein und verkrueppelt langsam. Ist aber gewoehnlich heiter. Die beiden Fenster haben Aussicht auf eine rote Ziegelwand, aber sein wirkliches Fenster ist das Fernsehen. Auch spielt er gern mit sich selber Schach. Der letzte Kunde ist Mr. Caspar. Er ist blind und sehr schwach. Mr. Caspar spricht deutsch. Wenn die Zeit es erlaubt plaudern wir noch ein bischen deutsch zusammen. Dann geht's wieder zurueck ins Krankenhaus, die leeren Oefen abzubringen.

Im Jahre 1965 hat man mit diesem Meals-on-Wheels Programm angefangen. Es werden heute taeglich von 270-290 Leute so bedient. Schon zwei Krankenhaeuser beteiligen sich daran: Health Sciences Centre und Tache und ab den 3. Mai wird unser Concordia auch beitreten fuer die Gegend Elmwood, E. Kildonan und Transcona.

Es werden immer dringed Freiwillige gesucht, besonders Fahrer. Wer sich fuer diese Sache interessiert moechte sich bei Mr. George Pearce, 284-2857 melden. mm

## our word . . .

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### WHERE HAVE ALL THE CHILDREN GONE?

If Modern Man were to establish a sacrament in remembrance of himself, the commemoration might be expressed in this way: "This is my birth control pill, swallow one daily, in remembrance of children." Of course, the whole point of this "sacrament" would be to celebrate the fact that Modern Man and Modern Woman can go in pursuit of "life, liberty, and happiness" more or less secure in the knowledge that their rush along this road will never be impeded by the "patter of little feet."

While one should not denigrate the birth control pill as an instrument of family planning and perhaps even of population control, one should also recognize that there is another dimension which may not be so honorable. It is one thing to plan a family in the sense of choosing when and how many children you want, but it is quite another when remaining childless becomes a matter of necessity. Everyone agrees that every child should be a wanted child, but what of the wanted child who gets put off because of other things?

For example, there are couples today who would view the addition of a child to their marriage as an economic disaster. In addition to the passion they have brought to their marriage relationship, they have also brought a parallel passion for the good things of modern life, and the payments they make from two incomes to the various credit companies becomes their modern version of a tithe.

Another example are those couples who give in to social pressures in that while they are financially able to afford children but are unwilling to alter the social relationships they have with their friends — all childless of course. Related to this is the attitude, encouraged by too many people who

ought to know better, that to be a mother (or a father, for that matter) is inherently an unrewarding role.

A third example are those couples who rationalize their childlessness on the grounds that children would interfere with their career goals and/or self-fulfillment. Some may be impressed by this attitude because it seems to represent a willingness to work in one form or another for the greater good of society unencumbered by the mundane responsibility of the day-to-day care of a child. These couples travel along the road of life, from success to success, unaware that they have become enslaved to the baser side of modern society even as they have freed themselves from a basic human responsibility.

It is difficult to argue with those couples who choose childlessness because of what they see as the continuing deterioration of the social environment, or because they wish to do their part to limit population growth. And it is even more difficult to argue with couples who choose not to have children because of some genetic anomaly which has been discovered in their family.

Is it possible that young people in our time are deciding not to have children for the wrong reasons?

In an age where achievement is measured by one's level of consumption (that is, the purchase of a wide variety of material things from automobiles to pet zebras), to remain childless because you have to generate enough income to maintain the monthly payments is to participate in an act which is dehumanizing. Dehumanizing because you are forced to relate to things and not to people, and your worth to others is measured accordingly.

Adults need to have children around if

for no other reason than to remind themselves that they were once young. The trend to "adults only" apartment blocks is to be deplored for this reason as well as the discrimination it exercises against families. Consider the following anecdote: an author writing a biography of a statesman once lamented that modern diplomats no longer are classical "gentlemen" in that they were men who learned to ride horses; this author contended that men who loved horses and who could manage them well were more tolerant than people who did not have this experience. If one reformulates this idea into today's context, one could argue that men and women who have had no experience in raising children, or relating to the children of friends, will be less tolerant, less understanding, and less patient in their human relationships than those who do. In other words, by encouraging childlessness in general, society is losing an essential classroom in which many valuable lessons in human relations are learned.

While the decision to have children is one that each couple must make in its own unique way, each must categorize to some extent their reasons for not having children and at the same time realize that it may be difficult for them to come up with good reasons for having children. They may only find one reason and that is that they want a child. If this is the case, they should go ahead and have a family, planning its arrival and cost, if they have to. In doing so they will be doing something which is human and which is the one thing in the world which they can that is uniquely their own. **ELU**

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find my subscription, which I have been neglecting. Please pardon my negligence. I find it difficult to keep up with my many duties, and mail gets laid aside.

Thank you for sending the magazine for so long and thank you for the reminder.

Yours truly

Helen Letkemann

Dear Sir:

Thanks once again for a varied, interesting paper. It's great to hear what Mennonites are doing - from winning gold medals and dreaming, and training for an Olympic medal (more power and perseverance to Kathy, and may I also add my best wishes!) to planning better hospitals to singing at U.S. Bicentennial celebrations to writing interesting articles for Mennonite Mirror. (Note to Vic Penner: A minister once said that the church is a hospital for sinners, not a museum of saints! And praise the Lord for that! That means we can all go every Sunday without ever worrying about whether or not we are in the right place!)

I'm already looking forward to the next issue!

Enclosed is my mix-up entry. Here's to good luck with it.

Ellie Reimer

Winkler

Dear Sir:

Just browsed through the latest issue of the Mirror, and found a few very interesting things. First, the poem by Clint Toews, ROOTS, is one of the finest, that its author has ever produced, or that has appeared by him or any other poet in Mennonite Mirror. I also find the observation that communities like Steinbach or Winkler have such ample vitality & drive that it makes 'outside' planners unnecessary, very interesting. I do not suppose government planners ever work fast enough to keep up with the local enterprise of these towns! "Friesen's Concepts" is a story of broad appeal to the readers, and one seldom gets a good story like that. At the time when Kathy was still in Europe, we heard the announcement on radio of her achievement while breakfasting. Our congratulations to her! And what do you know?! Jack Thiessen has just composed his first 'no nonsense' article: Gerhard Ens read that a few weeks ago on his half hour program on CFAM.

Sincerely,

Peter B. Paetkau

Sperling, Manitoba

## Remember when the cowherd's horn was a civic issue in Steinbach?

Abe Warkentin

If you'd check the July 7, 19743 minutes of the Steinbach town council (village council at that time) you'd find a motion that would read as follows:

"Moved that the cowherd be instructed to stop blowing his horn on the streets of Steinbach as citizens consider this a nuisance and that Constable Sobering notify him accordingly and confiscate the horn in case these instructions are not followed."

I wasn't around at that time so I don't know who Steinbach's cowherd was, but he must have blown a mean horn for the council to pass a resolution like that.

Up to the 1940's, and in some towns even into the 1950's, most families would have their own cow to supply milk to the half dozen or more children that the family was raising. If the village was quite small, the beast could sometimes be put to pasture right near the home but if the place grew to a little larger size this became more difficult and that's where the cowherd came in. At least in Steinbach. He would go down the street, toot his horn, and people would bring their cowns to the street to be taken to the community pasture.

The family cow not only provided milk and a dozen other items that could be made from that product for the table, but gave the children something to do. Instead of watching cartoons on television, they often watered, fed and milked the animal and learned a few things about agriculture in general.

I have sometimes wondered how everyone didn't die from drinking milk those days. It was all done by hand, of course, and even the best cows occasionally jumped a bit from a bullfly and set a dirty foot right into the milk pail. Or it did other unsanitary things. Cleanliness, in most barns was not next to godliness and you could identify some interesting sediment at the bottom of the fusiest housewife's milk pitcher. Today, of course, there is nothing as romantic as cows stepping into pails. The cow is connected to machines and

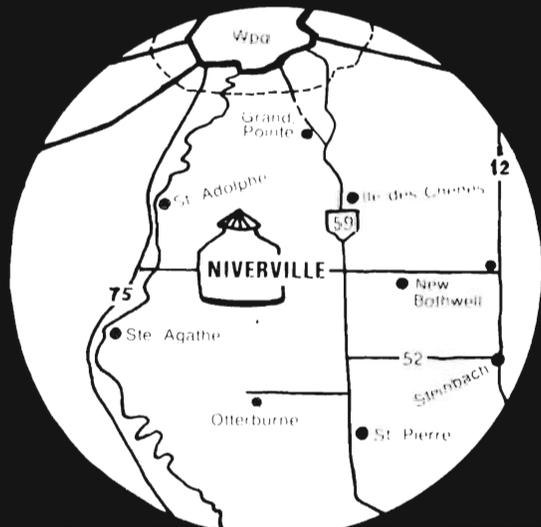
glass-lined pipes and literally sucked dry in a few minutes. Then the milk is pasteurized, homogenized, plasticized or bottled and delivered to the home or store. And the kids drink pop while they watch cartoons and television.

The point I was going to make before I got carried away, however, was not that people should drink more milk, though that might be good as well. What I really wanted to bring out was my theory that they late 1940's and '50's were probably the best times we'll ever see. I know I can't possibly prove my theory in the little space allotted here, but I'll try and make a few points anyway.

The 1930's were extremely hard years and the war years were tough as well. But after that, particularly in the 1950's, things were good. The work ethic was still with us, the governments had not yet gone mad with make work projects, people had enough to eat and some of the more well to do were already able to buy a car as well as a half-ton so the whole family could ride to church under one roof. The schools were primitive by today's standards and yet they produced today's professionals who, deprived of flushing toilets and million dollar palaces of learning, often worked on construction jobs and took correspondence courses to get their education.

Today we tend to measure quality of life with a materialistic yardstick. Where Steinbach's cowherd used to walk and toot his horn, we now have luxury car dealerships and real estate offices three deep. We travel trailers on our driveways and boats and snowmobiles, and more and more people are jetting off to the south for winter vacations. Homes are becoming obscenely expensive with two car garages and three fire places, central vacuum systems and electric door openers. But are we happier? The cowherd's horn is sitting in a glass case at the Mennonite Village Museum at Steinbach. It's a moot point whether its final toot was a last post on a better way of life. mm

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