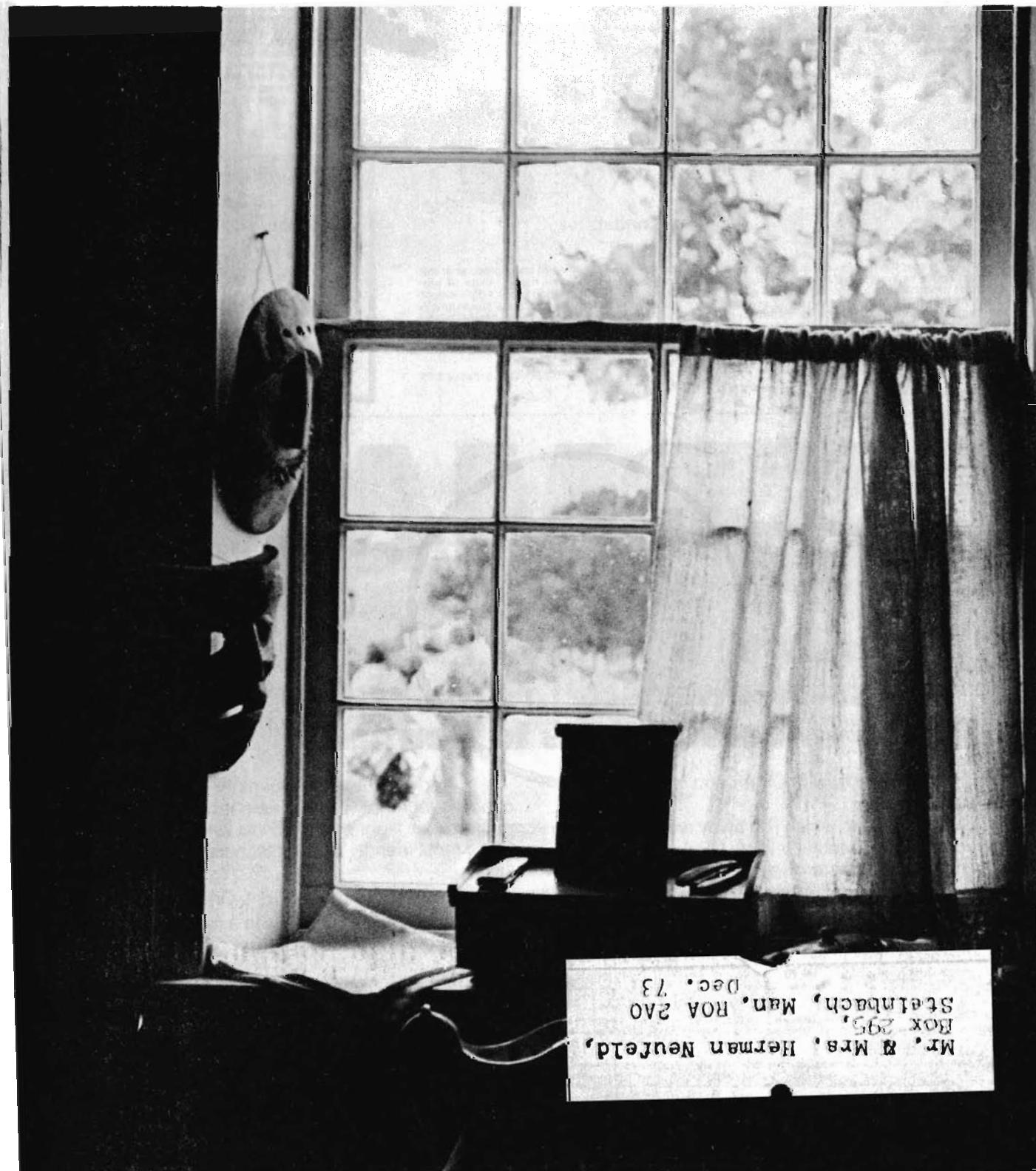


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mennonite mirror



Mennonite History and Culture

Anabaptist Baptism

Rollin Stely Armour

An examination of the Anabaptist theology of baptism. The author discloses meanings of baptism prevalent in an age which valued the ceremony so highly that it was literally fought over. He reveals the theological meaning that baptism had for some of the first Anabaptists. Included are areas related to baptism: the doctrine of regeneration, the view of the church and Christian life, and eschatology. This work was awarded the Frank S. and Elizabeth D. Brewer prize from the American Society of Church History.

1966. 216 pages.

0-8361-1178-8: Cloth \$6.75

L.C. 66-19026



Brothers in Christ

Fritz Blanke

A history of the oldest Anabaptist congregation, Zollikon, near Zurich, Switzerland. Originally published in 1955 by Zwingli Press, Zurich, Switzerland, under the title *Bruder in Christo*, now translated into the English by Josef Nordenhaug and made available to the English-speaking public by Herald Press. The reader is given a glimpse into the beginning and development of beliefs and practices of the early Anabaptists. He participates in the day-to-day activities of the Anabaptists.

1961. 78 pages

0-8361-1326-8: Paperback \$1.95

L.C. 61-6723



The Anabaptist Vision

H. S. Bender

The author defines the spirit and purposes of the original Anabaptists. Three major points of emphasis are: the transformation of the entire way of life of the individual to the teachings and example of Christ; voluntary church membership based upon conversion and commitment to holy living, and Christian love and nonresistance applied to all human relationships.

1955. 24 pages.

0-8361-1305-5: Paper \$3.75

Anabaptism and Asceticism

Kenneth R. Davis

No. 16 in the Studies in Anabaptist and Mennonite History Series. A careful examination of the Anabaptist emphasis on penitence, personal holiness, and discipleship to Christ. Valuable for understanding the application of Anabaptist views.

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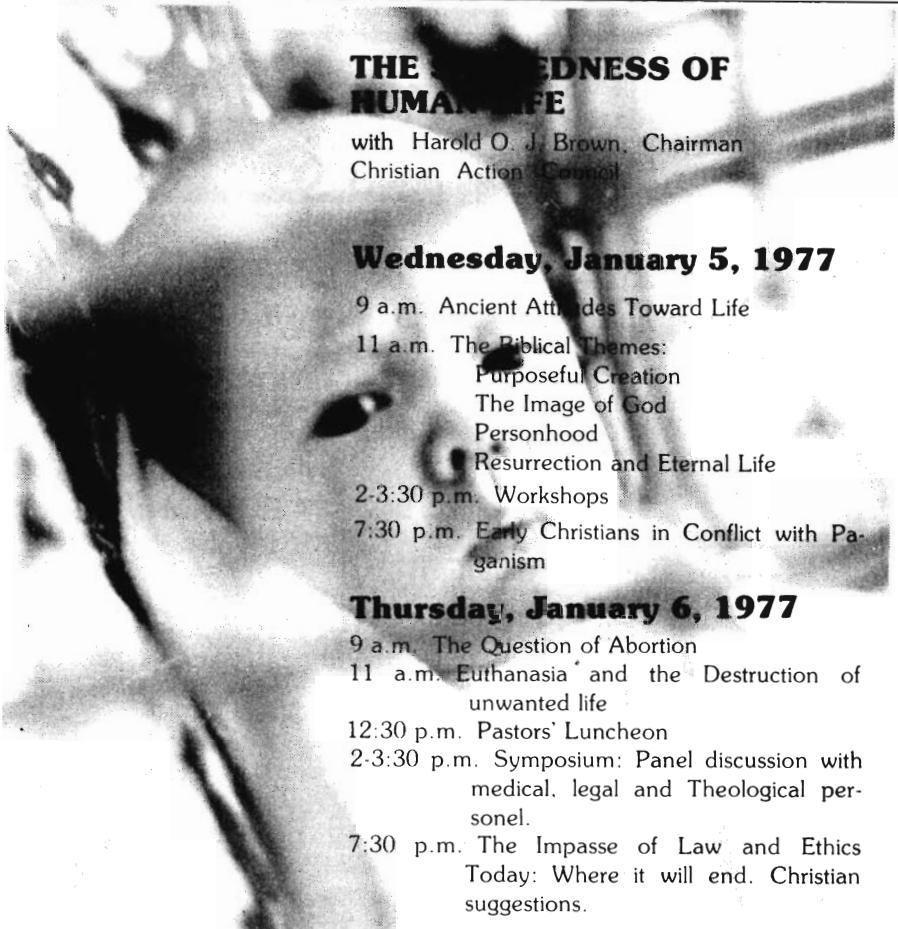
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MCC (Manitoba) Opens New Crafts Store

The Manitoba organization of Mennonite Central Committee is opening a second outlet for its self-help crafts program in Winnipeg to tap the potential market in the west end of the city.

"People are getting excited about self-help crafts," says Jake Janzen, co-director with his wife Tillie for the program in Manitoba. "If you put it before them, they'll buy."

The program, a non-profit endeavour, markets handicrafts made by many people in about a dozen countries who have insufficient income to meet their needs for food, shelter, clothing, medical care and education. The craftpersons receive reasonable wages for their work which enables them to purchase some of the things they need.

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The cover: inside Lower Fort Garry
by John Unrau

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David Epp describes his tragedy

For those involved it can never be, just another crime . . .

David and Betty Epp



by Eric Friesen

It was, on the face of it, just another murder. A textbook case for budding criminologists.

On the morning of July 16th, 1975, Brian Vogt, a 32-year-old Winnipeg lawyer, shot and killed his estranged wife, Judy, and seriously wounded his father-in-law, David Epp, a well-to-do Winnipeg contractor. The incident took place at the Epps' Brereton Lake cottage in Manitoba's Whiteshell Provincial Park. Epp's wife, Betty, and the three Vogt children, Susan, aged 7, Lorraine, aged 5, and Gregory, aged 3, were witnesses.

Brian and Judy Vogt's eleven-year-marriage was at an end; they had been separated for seven weeks prior to that morning and were proceeding with a divorce. Judy had custody of the children, and discussions had already taken place concerning Brian's child support and the disposition of their property.

Judy Vogt was shot nine times by a 22-calibre rifle, once directly in the heart, and died almost instantly. David Epp was shot twice in the chest, the bullets severing his spinal cord, leaving him paralyzed from the mid-chest down, a paraplegic for life. Brian Vogt was captured near Big Whiteshell Lake later that day, and charged with his wife's murder. On December 3, 1975 an assize court jury in Manitoba Court of Queen's Bench found him guilty as charged and he was sentenced to life imprisonment with eligibility for parole after 10 years. He is in Stony Mountain Penitentiary. His first appeal has been denied. The three Vogt children have been living with Helmut and Sharon Epp since January 1; Helmut is a nephew of David Epp's. Legal custody proceedings continue. David Epp, after a five-month convalescence in hospital, returned home to

his wife Betty and a teenage son, their only remaining child.

* * *

One can tell at a glance that David Epp is a recent paraplegic. He still looks the trim and physically active man he was, with none of the measured, somnambulant motions of one who has been in a wheelchair for life. Epp has alert, restless eyes and one can feel his spirit straining to break the shackles of his physical infirmity. He speaks quickly and decisively, answering all of my questions, even the most sensitive, with a confidence that comes only from a lifelong habit of making important decisions quickly and instinctively.

I want to know if the Epps had any intimations of the horror that was to befall them? Absolutely none, David replies, and recounts how he had met with Brian the day before the shooting over coffee, and relates how Brian seemed depressed about the divorce and the possible terms of a settlement and there was a strain in the conversation, though father and son-in-law had always got on well. In fact, Brian had been his father-in-law's lawyer. David insists Brian was accepted as part of the family with all the warmth and generosity they gave to each other. Brian was not, it appears, the most personable of men, and was not mellowing with age and experience. But, while the Epps had always felt uneasy about certain aspects of his personality, the events of the July 16th morning at Brereton Lake were a complete and ugly surprise.

I ask David to recount the events of that day for me. Even a year and a half after the event, sitting in the quiet order of his home, there are two moments when the confident, decisive rhythm of his speech falters . . . He is lying on the floor of his cottage, helpless, numb from the chest

down, dying, and he reaches over to grasp the arm of his daughter, lying in a pool of blood by his side. He gently lets Judy's arm slip from his grasp. He knows she is dead. He will never see her again.

Then, fighting to keep his composure, David recounts how his eldest granddaughter, Susan, a witness at the bedroom door of the cottage, told the neighbours whom Betty Epp had summoned: "Daddy shot my Mommy . . . my Mommy's dead." It is a moment of utter poignancy.

Hesitantly, I put the most important question to him: why did Brian do it? Why does a seemingly quiet, reserved, successful, decently-raised individual shoot his wife and father-in-law in full view of his three innocent children? It is an obvious question, but the answer or answers are elusive. David Epp, whose life has been as nearly destroyed as a survivor's could be, is as baffled by the circumstances of his own tragedy as those of us who never knew the family. It isn't that he is being evasive or misleading; he just doesn't know. There was the marriage break-up; there was Brian's occasional obtuseness as an individual; there was allegedly Brian's recent interest in the occult; there was some suggestion that he was not as financially and professionally successful as was thought; there was Brian's unhappiness with the proposed financial terms of the impending divorce settlement. But, asks David Epp, does any of this add up to deliberately calculated murder? He cannot understand it.

It was Judy Brian shot that July morning in the Whiteshell. Was she somehow responsible for her own death, I ask? Could she have brought unbearable pressure on Brian because he didn't measure up in some sense and could he

have failed to cope with it? No, says David, Judy was easy to get along with. She was not after money, in his words, and didn't demand a lot.

David offers the opinion that money was important to Brian, and the proposed terms of the divorce settlement might have triggered his action. But I can tell this doesn't really satisfy the intelligence of a man who has carried the burden of these questions within now for almost 18 months.

Could Brian have become unhinged, I ask, by his apparent interest in the occult? No, says David; Brian's interest in the occult may have sharpened some disagreeable aspects of his personality, but he was in no sense mentally unbalanced. In David's view, Brian cannot discard the accountability for his sins on the psychiatrist's couch.

Does David himself acknowledge any responsibility for what happened? Yes, he says, but only to the extent that he should have persuaded Judy not to marry Brian in the first place . . . in his words . . . "That is the only guilt I have." From what he has told me earlier, he consented to the marriage against the instincts of his wife, and I begin to understand the nature of his guilt.

But though he is at a loss to understand why and how his son-in-law could have been capable of such violence, David now lives with the knowledge of human perversity that is murder-mystery stuff to the rest of us. He is convinced that Brian is unrepentant and capable of further malevolence, either to the Epps

themselves or to his children, who will be in their teens if he is paroled when eligible. And so David and Betty, along with many friends, acquaintances, and concerned citizens continue to petition the solicitor-general's department, opposing any consideration of early parole under the present circumstances. David and Betty insist that they, their grandchildren, and society must be protected from Brian at all costs.

Knowing David as a Christian and an active member of the Mennonite Church, I ask him whether he hasn't been moved to compassion and forgiveness for his errant son-in-law? After a considerable pause he says: ". . . not yet." The shock of the experience and the fear of further reprisals is too much with him. He recounts a recent experience in court when Brian appealed his conviction. Brian, in David's account, appeared just before the session was to begin, embraced members of his family and engaged in animated and jocular discussion with his mother. He was smartly dressed and groomed, smiling, confident, without any visible sense of remorse. David, haunted by the loss of his daughter and his own crushing invalidism, sat there, completely overwhelmed.

Listening to David, I felt how pale and glib and inappropriate are the platitudes of Christian forgiveness in the face of such an experience, when delivered with little sensitivity for the demands of forgiveness. Later in the discussion I discover that David has been tested by

the banality of these platitudes from ministers in his own church without sensing that they really understood his agony.

He does, however, speak very warmly about the strong support of family and friends through his and Betty's long ordeal, and he gropes for words of gratitude for the happiness his grandchildren have found in the home of his nephew and niece.

Weeks after my visit with David Epp, I still don't know why Brian Vogt killed his wife. I have, however, come to understand what it means to be a victim. Whatever caused Brian to strike at or strike back at the Epp family, he probably succeeded beyond his wildest expectations. David and Betty lost their only daughter. David lost his health and thereby all that made life sweet for him. Betty lost a vigorous husband and a young son lost a vigorous father and sister. Three young children lost their mother to the grave and their father to disgrace; their custody is still unresolved. Above all, fear and death haunt the Epp household, and will do so as long as Brian is alive and in their eyes appears unrepentant. mm

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High School Student finds compelling reasons for bilingualism

Trudy Schroeder

by Trudy Schroeder

I was born and raised in an "average" Mennonite home. My greatest language-related problem was trying to untangle "Plaudietz" from the other kind of German. I never really thought about the French-versus-English language problem in Canada, but somewhere along the line, seeds of anti-French feelings were planted in my mind.

I suppose it was factors such as the FLQ movement, the October Crisis and the Official Language Act that spurred on my idea that French Canadians really were a threat to the Canadian nation. The whispered rumors that Trudeau was trying to take over Canada for the French, was another reason for strengthening my views.

By the time I took Canadian history in Grade 11, my anti-French views were very firmly entrenched. In every essay that I wrote on the subject, I expounded my theory that the English should have squashed the French language, right at the beginning. After all, think of all the problems that have been caused by this language issue.

This year I got involved in debating. It was all quite fine and educational to be debating economic and social issues. However, one day a debating coach told me that I was debating the topic: Resolved: That English should be the only official language of Canada. Well, that sounded all right, but I later found out that I was debating on the negative side. That meant that I was supposed to argue that there should be two official languages, French and English.

My first impulse was to quit; after all, it is stupid to argue on a side that you don't believe in at all. Unfortunately, I couldn't quit as it was too late to back out. After resigning myself to the fact that there was no way out of the situation, I started doing research on the topic.

I found the usual type of information that supports bilingualism; the historical claims that French-speaking people were in Canada before the English, and that even after the English won the bat-

tle on the Plains of Abraham in 1759, they discovered that the French language and culture just couldn't be anglicized.

Legislators recognized the cultural duality in Canada; and, in 1774, the Quebec Act was passed, which gave the French Canadians the right to speak French, keep their own religion, and use the French civil laws. In the BNA Act (which is Canada's constitution) the French people's rights were also upheld. Even as recently as 1967, the Canadian Federal government passed legislation making French one of Canada's official languages.

I thought that all these historical facts were fine, but I still thought it was quite silly for French to be an official language. A real turning point in my opinions came one day when I went to have a talk with Prof. Painchaud, a history professor at the University of Winnipeg. I went into his office prepared to argue against him, and come out just as pessimistic about having French as an official language as I was before.

The first thing that surprised me was the professor's definition of official. He said that having French as one of the official languages would mean that approximately 30 per cent of the Canadian population, who are French Canadians, would be able to communicate with their government in the language with which they feel most comfortable; that just because French is an official language doesn't mean that all Canadians are forced to learn to speak French.

Prof. Painchaud asked me some rather thought-provoking questions. The question that really made me stop and think seriously was: "What damage or concern does the fact that French Canadians speak French and communicate with the government in that language cause you?" Right away I thought of all the labels that have to be in French and English. Obviously this costs the consumer money. But after closer examination of this argument I had to admit that if the French wasn't there, the producers would doubtlessly print other mean-



ingless propaganda on their product. So it wouldn't save me any money if all products were labelled only in English. Besides, the best way to keep awake at breakfast time is to try to translate the French on your cereal box. There goes one argument against bilingualism, and the more I thought about it, the more I realized that in actual fact, having French as an official language didn't adversely affect me at all. I wasn't forced to learn any French, and I definitely wasn't losing any of my human rights because the French Canadians had theirs. In fact, even if I should decide to learn French, it would be of great benefit to me.

At this point my opinion on the whole matter changed. When I read a newspaper article about the French Canadian's views on the language issue I would analyze why it irked me so much. I found to my amazement that there really wasn't a concrete reason for my negative attitude.

It is a part of human nature to be against things that are alien to you. A lot of great arguments and reasons are put up against issues like this to hide the basic problem. The French Canadians are afraid that their unique identity will be lost if their language and culture is not given official status, and the English seem to have the irrational fear that they will lose something if they allow French to be an official language.

The message that came across to me is that people should not let the atmosphere around them influence their reactions. We western Canadians have grown up in a society where anti-French sentiments are very common, and it is very easy to be influenced by the pervading atmosphere, without really checking the facts for ourselves. mm

Grandfather's gold coins

by Peter J. Hampton

The 1914 to 1924 period in Russia was one of the most momentous decades of Mennonite history. It witnessed a revolution, a typhoid epidemic and a famine. Tens of thousands of our people died of starvation, were murdered by roving bands of bandits, and succumbed to that dreadful disease of typhoid.

At first the 1914 world war was far away from where we lived in Saratov on the Volga. Dad's business flourished. He was a miller. With the help of his brother-in-law David Letkeman, dad had managed to build his flour mill into a prosperous business. He was well known in the community. When he drove through the streets with his white stallion he was recognized as Peter Petrovich Petkov, a man whose benevolence had earned him national notice.

When dad contributed a sizable sum of money to the Russian Red Cross, Czar Nicholas ordered that dad be presented with a ruby red cross framed in silver with a large E on top of the cross commemorating Catherine the Great who invited the Mennonites to settle in Russia in the late 1700's.

Gradually times deteriorated. The war did not go well for Russia. There was talk of civil war. Then mother became ill with tuberculosis. After my brother Jacob was born, my mother pleaded with father to move back to Warwarowka, her family home in the Ukraine. Dad agreed. He sold his share of the family business and brought a farm in Warwarowka. Mother got worse and when I was five she died.

It was at this time that I first learned of grandfather's gold coins. Grandfather was well to do. He was a farmer and an innovator. He introduced sugar cane to our people. It was he who showed our people how to raise silk worms. He was

successful in almost anything he undertook. He made a lot of money, but he did not like paper money. He was constantly converting the paper money he earned and did not need in his business into gold coins. All of us were curious to know where grandfather kept his gold coins. But grandfather would not tell.

Our family first shared in grandfather's gold coins when grandfather gave my dad mother's inheritance to invest. It was a tidy sum of gold coins. My brother Jacob and I were too young to appreciate our mother's inheritance but father was delighted. He promptly purchased a retail store with ten gold coins and from then on paid more attention to store-keeping than to farming.

Meanwhile the Russian Army had capitulated to the Germans. Lenin was secretly shipped back to Russia by the Germans in a freight car so he could foment trouble. In those days Lenin was Germany's secret weapon with whom they managed to do the Russians in. Soon after the Russian revolution was on. Anarchy reigned throughout the country. Bands of bandits roamed through the countryside, plundering, burning, raping and killing. The Machnovtse, the Petliurovtse, and the Wosnesentse. In desperation our people hid their valuables to keep them from the bandits. But after the Mennonites were tortured to reveal the hiding places of their treasures, many of the treasures were lost. Grandfather's cache of gold coins, however, remained intact. They were never discovered by the bandits. Gradually as the Red Army replaced the bandits, order once more returned to the country.

Now the dreaded typhoid epidemic struck, and no one had time to think of gold and buried treasure. People were dying everywhere of the dreaded

Peter Hampton is director of development programs and associate professor of psychology at the University of Akron. He is a graduate of the University of Minnesota and Western Reserve University. He is a native of Grunthal, Manitoba, son of the late Peter Patkau.

disease. It became so bad that school children had to be recruited to bury the dead, up to three or more in a grave.

The typhoid epidemic was followed by the great famine. Many of the Mennonites who survived the typhoid epidemic were now dying of starvation. What few possessions were left were now traded for food. Our Wurlitzer piano was traded for a sack of flour; mother's commode was traded for a sack of potatoes. It was at this time that attention to grandfather's gold coins reappeared. Uncle John received several gold coins to buy a couple of horses so he could plow his fields. Aunt Greta received five gold coins when she married, and dad received enough gold to start out in business once more.

My brother Jacob and I were now in our preteens. Jacob was ten and I was 12. We decided to search for grandfather's gold coins. As we proceeded with our search we came up with some interesting successes. On one of the rafters in the cow barn we found a gold watch belonging to Uncle Isaac, as we learned later. We also found a pair of boots belonging to Uncle George. But grandfather's gold coins could not be found.

Then one day while my brother Jacob and I were snooping around grandfather's tool shed, Jacob accidentally stepped into the treasure-trove. A floor board gave way as he jumped up to reach a tool on the wall and then came down full force with his weight. As he extracted his foot from the broken floor board a shiny coin peeked through. Upon quick investigation we found a whole box of gold coins. So this was grandfather's gold cache.

Panic now took hold of us. What were we going to do? Taking any of the money would be stealing and that would not do.

continued page 19

Falk becomes amateur golfer once again

by Rudy Schulz

Gordie Falk, golf professional at the Transcona Country Club for the past three years, has discontinued this line of work to become an amateur again. Gordie will be employed in the selling of a line of golf equipment. But before he can play competitively as an amateur again he must wait the mandatory six years.

One of the main reasons for changing jobs was the heavy time demands as a professional in the summer months. In this profession summer is a daily dawn to dusk business which leaves very little time to devote to a family. Since the Falks are expecting their first child in January, they decided to make the change this year.

After his three years as assistant professional at Niakwa Gordie was head professional at the Bayview Country Club near Toronto.

Pam Falk is a native of Oshawa, Ontario. It was here as Pam Miller that she established herself as an exceptionally fine amateur golfer winning a place on the Ontario team several times and representing that province in the Canadian Ladies Amateur. Since moving to Manitoba Pam has continued her winning ways in the humbling game. This past summer she won a place on the Manitoba Amateur team and represented this province in the Canadian Ladies Amateur.

Mrs. Falk taught high school French and German and has occasionally worked as a substitute teacher since moving to Manitoba.

Gordie and Pam are keen about playing at Niakwa again. Gordie, of course, started his career there in 1970 and Pam played the course as a member of the Ontario team a year or two later when Niakwa was the site of the Canadian Ladies Amateur. They think highly of the course and value the friends they have made there.

Gord Falk



Bits and Pieces

The bowling season is well under way. The North Kildonan Mixed League at Rossmere Lanes is missing John Hamm who for many years distinguished himself knocking down five pins. John has taken up cross-country skiing. The NK League is proud of Linda Bartel who not only is a super bowler but managed to play every game of the past season. You will probably be more impressed if I tell you she was pregnant, had her baby, and continued bowling never missing a single game.

Another bowler of note is Gerry Dyck who has represented Manitoba in national competitions. Thanks to Jack Fast for the bowling news.

Ken Peters has taken his curling buddies to the Heather. Ken has his brother Clarence at third, John Hamm at second and Ted Klassen at lead.

The Black Knights of the Senior Fastball League finished out of the

playoffs in the seven team League. The Black Knights are looking for a coach. No, Ken Peters was not fired. Ken was their only pitcher and would like to devote himself to that role more fully next season.

Shorty Loewen is proud of his Winnipeg Colonels who ended up the season bowing out to Camrose Merchants in the WMFL. Shorty had them running, stealing and sliding just like he promised right from the start. The spirit on the team was what took them, as a relatively inexperienced team, as far as they came: If they had one flaw it was their hangup about not being able to hit Peter Brown, the West's premiere pitcher.

The Valour Lassies are now the Highlander Ladies. Martha Wiebe is skipping Dora Giesbrecht's former rink. Frieda Unruh, Irene Defer, Eleanor Nuestaeder and Carol Penner are back with them again.

Hank and Selma Kroeger are not curling with the First Mennonite Curlers this season. Hank has gone into the movie business. If you want your golf swing analyzed just call Hank.

John and Elsie Rempel are ardent Jet hockey fans. Now that John has finally sold Elsie on the game they rarely miss an opportunity to take in a home game.

mm



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Old Mrs. Esau

by Peter G. Epp

Translated by Al Reimer

(The following story is an excerpt translated from Peter G. Epp's *Eine Mutter*, a remarkable epic novel published in 1932 and long out of print. The book presents a panoramic view of life in the Mennonite settlements of Russia from the 1840's to the 1920's as seen through the eyes of Agatha Boschmann, the octogenarian mother of the title. Her reminiscences of her simple but deeply felt experiences reveal an extraordinarily rich and vital personality.)

Place: The village of Petershagen in the Molotschna.

Time: The 1880's.

One day old Auntie Esau came to me and said: "Oh, Mrs. Boschmann, don't chase me away, let me die here with you." She seemed to be in a state of utter despair and unhappiness.

"What has happened to you?" I asked.

"I'm an old woman and want nothing more on this earth than to die. But that isn't so simple, Mrs. Boschmann, is it?"

"No, one has to be sick first," I said, "and you are still pretty healthy."

"That's not it," she cried. "Death won't wait for me for that reason. But a person can't lie down in bed just like that and die. That's not possible. First you have to calm your soul a little, gather yourself together and do some thinking to prepare yourself, and at Goossens there is such a hullabaloo from all the children. You'd like to think about the dear Lord and about holy bliss and that sort of thing, but instead your heart is driven to such resentment and anger that if you died at that moment would the dear Lord let such a person - green and blue with anger - into heaven? Certainly not. So, now I'm to lose my eternal salvation not because of my own sinfulness but only because of this unholy band of children which allows me no rest. And to top it all, Father Goossen, my own son-in-law, says that it's I myself who make the most noise and that I should really be led to the village herdsman - who's a regular gypsy - like an old horse and let him cut my throat. Imagine, that's what he says to an old

woman. And he'll do it too. A string around my neck and off to the gypsy. Tell me, is it possible to die blessed in such circumstances? I want my heart to have quiet, peaceful thoughts, to have it pray and sing with real devotion, and it's impossible.

"So Mrs. Boschmann, that's why I've come to you; don't drive me away, let me die here, with you; after all, it won't take much longer."

I couldn't turn the old woman away, and so she stayed with me. After all, her end wasn't that far away and she really was earnestly longing for it. And yet, it wasn't just the external disturbances that wouldn't allow her soul to find peace. She was still too tightly bound up with the small, petty things of this world. Instead of withdrawing from unpleasant things, she literally forced her way into them. In spite of her advanced age, she was a great gadabout who couldn't resist meddling and mixing herself into matters that should no longer have concerned her. In the manner of some elderly people, she had to criticize and find fault with every single step taken by her fellow creatures: "Why do you do things this way and not that way? Why are you having potatoes for dinner and not noodles? Why this and why that?" An irritable old household fixture, so to speak.

When she came home from one of her visits, she would complain and scold until she became so excited and angry that she couldn't compose herself again. The coffee hadn't tasted right and the people had deliberately delayed her till four o'clock.

"And I had to sit there like an idiot," she would complain. "I kept looking at the clock and it was three already. And these people know that without my coffee I have no peace of mind. And still they let me wait so long. And the woman's got grown-up daughters. And she talks and I talk and with one ear I listen through the kitchen door. No clinking of cups. Nothing. I get angrier and angrier and just know that for the rest of the day I won't get any pleasure from my prayer book.

"They just want to get rid of me. But I

won't go. Yes, I say to myself, I'm hungry, but you'll be hungry too. My belly begins to grieve. Finally. All of a sudden. 'It's four already. Oh, my goodness, four already.' And she serves a brew that's enough to paralyze my bowels. And so, after sitting there for three hours I have to come home with an upset stomach to boot. I feel a pressure here, and here too. In the side here, in my liver and in the small of my back too. Now tell me, Mrs. Boschmann, how can I possibly get back to normal today?"

The only remedy for her ruffled feelings is good coffee. But even that can have a double effect on the old lady.

"Agatha, you know that I have a craving for coffee, good coffee. You'll make me some, of course, won't you? You're not like that evil woman. But my tummy is still brimful of that slop. If I pour in a few more cups of the pure stuff maybe it won't agree with that dishwater, and that'll just result in vexation again."

"All right, Auntie," I suggest; "then walk up and down in the parlor for a couple of hours to make your stomach settle, and then you can have a cup and you'll be fine again."

"Phui," she cries angrily. "I've stuffed myself full over there and now I'll have to torture myself for hours before the mess is digested. I can't wait that long. I'll go crazy. Two hours! I can't last that long. No Agatha, be a dear, make me some coffee right away - good stuff."

But I know what the consequences will be. "How many cups did you have over there?" I ask.

"Four."

"Why so many if it was just slop?"

"Well, you sit there at the table. You have to imbibe something. There's no help for it. Be a dear, make me some. You know very well that without coffee there is no peace of mind for me, and you won't have any rest before that either."

I try to dissuade her: "You know that with such a full stomach you won't enjoy the coffee. You'll just overload it some more and then you won't be able to sleep again tonight. Go lie down on the couch in the parlor instead. A couple of hours, two hours, and then I'll make you some coffee."

"Oh, that mean woman. She had to serve me such a terrible beverage, and now I have to torture myself. I wish I were dead."

Finally, she does lie down. Her groans and complaints echo through the house: "I can't go on this way. I want to die."

She lasts for half an hour. Then she returns, very ingratiating. "Listen, when I touch myself here, I'm sure it's gone. Won't you fry me a few fritters, to go with the coffee? Oh, that would be lovely! Dearest Agatha, the dear Lord will repay you for everything. Please, please."

She follows me, takes my by the arm. And I can't refuse her. I delay a little until she has digested the other meal a little

more.

"Oh, you're a dear," she coos, and presses my hand. "You at least have sympathy for a dying person, you devoted soul."

"But only on one condition, Auntie," I say, "No fritters to be tasted beforehand. You'll wait until everything's on the table, understood?"

She goes back into the parlor. Finally they stand on the table, the coffee, the fritters. In the parlor beside the couch. She sits down in the armchair. Her old face is radiant. I also take my place. She caresses the coffee pot, raises the lid, inhales the fragrance, leans back in the armchair blissfully.

"Oh, how lovely! How I've yearned for this pleasure. Now I'm ready to die."

She serves herself, sips and groans voluptuously: "Dear Agatha have some too, my darling. Just one small cup; yes, no more, no more."

The pot is measured for her needs. Six cups. She is in a quiet rapture. "Lovely, lovely," she murmurs. Caresses her stomach. Everything's fine. So light, so comfortable. She counts the cups. One, two. Then she is lost in reflection. She empties one cup after another, unthinkingly. Suddenly she starts, shakes the pot, lifts the lid. "One more, just one more," she notes sadly. And the fritters have disappeared too. Now all her pleasure is over. So quickly. Scarcely begun. And now again the long, long hours and the sleepless night. Her face again takes on its usual sickly, irritable expression. The aroma of the fritters is now distasteful to her. Even the coffee. She feels heavy, sated.

"Phui, there's nothing left in the world. To die, just to die, that's all."

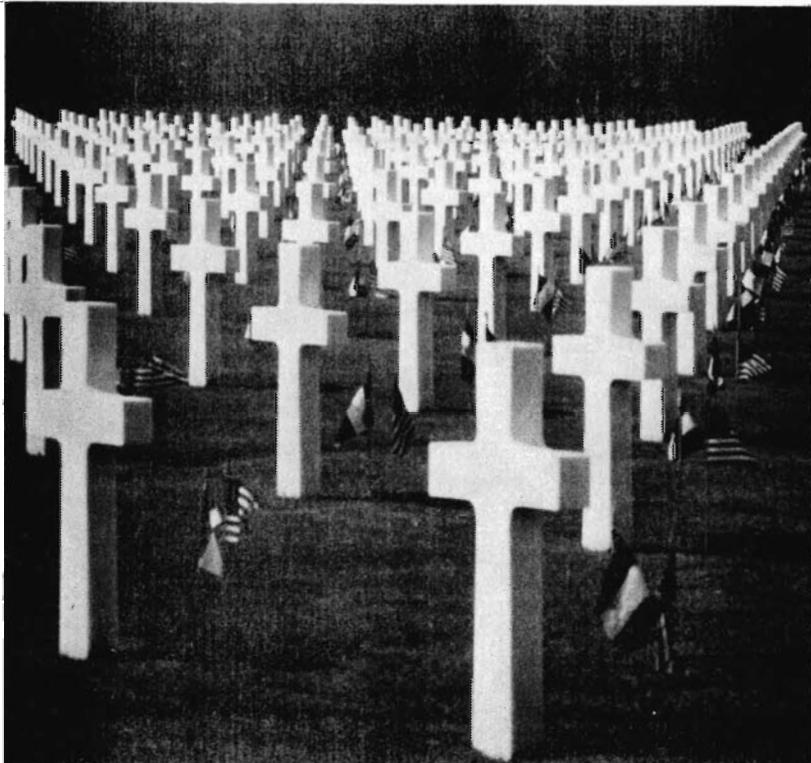
"Auntie," I plead, "if you'd only listen to me."

"You're right, my dear Agatha. I should listen. But the only beautiful thing left in the world is food. I should quit while it's still tasty. Renounce it. But I can't, and then it turns to nausea and disgust. How can things go on like this? Life itself has become disgusting."

"Couldn't we try to do things differently tomorrow?" I ask. "I'll give you a certain portion and no more. Even if you beg and get angry, agree?"

"Ah, Agatha, whether I deny myself and suffer or whether I overload my stomach and suffer, doesn't it come to the same thing? I'm finished for the world. Once I could be like other people. Working and doing things you could forget the hours and the time. But now I have only one thought - to eat, eat. Even now, filled to the brim, I still think, if only tomorrow morning were here. And nothing ever happens. Not even a few reports of scandal, so one can forget about oneself a little, nothing."

Gossip is her other passion. "Oh, Auntie," I remonstrate, "what do we care concluded page 18



The Living Dead

The broken rusty gates on the furnaces of hate
Scream the sickness of the living; hunted unforgiven
The grass grows in between the stones
Like a blanket over broken bones
And the ones who died away from home
No polished boot to crush the blade
On its way to kill, on its way to maim
But the crippled men still feel the same you know
White crosses stand without a name
Like white fangs barred in an endless chain
Of remembering and forgetting pain.
The legion halls have turned to their lights
Of booze and glory
From the sad survivor's story
To the soldier's happy children come for shuffleboard and beer
While the Ladies selling poppies just get older every year.
The Shells without their bullets
Like the ones without their lives
Lie cold and most forgotten by the ones who never went
There are those who look alive, men who died in Forty-Five
And those along a journey where the traveller won't arrive
They will never know their killers or the cost of what they spent
It is time to pick up pieces which remain
Open up the coffers of the State
Let the M.C.C. and church perceive
Serve the "beggar" lying at the gate.
Is the big war ever over
Is the Bismark ever down
Have the children found their mothers
Are there any orphans born
Have we found the peace they fought for
Or like the plastic wreath they lay
Does the glory of all conquest
Just dry up and fade away
While the Ladies selling poppies
Just get older every day.

-by C. Toews

do you know / weetst uck waut



RM of Rhineland reeve Henry D. Hildebrand has decided if there are to be bilingual stop signs in the RM then the signs should at least be appropriately bilingual. In response to the many phone calls of complaint Reeve Hildebrand had some French-English stop signs presently in use in the RM converted to German-English to reflect the widespread use of the German in the area. He explained he "had nothing against" the French-speaking people - it was just that French-English stop signs were not appropriate here. The reeve's conversion of the signs caught the attention of CBC radio and television. Reeve Hildebrand says he doesn't know where the French-English signs came from, only that there were several in a shipment from the Winnipeg firm which supplies the municipality. He added that the RM is prepared to do its stop sign shopping in the United States if it cannot purchase English only signs here in Manitoba. (Echo Photo)

Jack Thiessen, on sabbatical for one year, left for Germany in early October. He is well along in the preparation for publication of the first Low-German dictionary.

Reuben and Irmgard Epp of Dawson Creek, B.C. were recent guests in Winnipeg. Epp, well-known humorist and Mennonite author will be travelling in Europe in late October and November for research purposes. He hopes to meet there his friend Jack Thiessen and together they will take a cruise down the Rhine and attend some of the Oktoberfest.

Walter Sawatsky of London, England, is in Winnipeg with his family on a 3-month furlough ending January. Aside from one night speaking engagements Sawatsky is to spend three weeks on a lecture tour visiting Elkhart, Conrad Grebel and Bethel Colleges. He has been revising

his doctoral dissertation for publication. He will in these months spend time in research, perusing old back copies of such Mennonite papers as the Bote and the Rundschau, material to which he has no access in Europe. He is projecting a book on the Evangelicals (including Mennonites) in the Soviet Union from 1945 to the present time. A move from England to West Germany is in the offing for the family in the coming year.

Art Driedger, former MCC (Manitoba) director, is making an exploratory trip to the Baja California peninsula in Mexico to survey damage caused by recent Hurricane Liza. Mennonite Disaster Service, expecting to become involved in the cleanup, hopes that Mennonites from Mexico will help with the work as they did after the Guatemala earthquake. Driedger will be contacting the Old Colony Mennonites in N. Mexico and Belize.

Viola Fast, a member of the Blumenort Evangelical Mennonite group in Blumenort and a St. Boniface Hospital grad in nursing, has left for Tanta, Egypt. She is the daughter of Wilbert and Tina Fast. She will serve for a period of 30 months.

Anne Schmidt, assistant to Hans Niessen in Neuwied, West Germany for the past 2½ years has returned to Winnipeg. She has assumed her duties with MCC (Canada) acting as secretary-assistant to **Reg Toews**, director of personnel and voluntary services. Toews remains in Winnipeg in this capacity until the end of this year when he and his family leave for Akron. Mr. Toews was recently appointed to the position of associate executive-secretary for administration and resources. His responsibilities there will include administration of the material aid department, personnel and information services, office management and treasurers office, and self-help and in-service training for MCC headquarters and regional office staff.

Richard Martens who was closely associated with the Mennonite Mirror while a resident of Winnipeg has been appointed regional manager of Winfield Development's newly created office in Regina.

The annual meeting of **MCC Thrift Shop** (Watt Street) took place on October 14 at the Roch Mennonite Church. **Agatha Horch**, president, introduced the speaker, **Leona DeFehr**. Mrs. DeFehr and her husband, Art, spent two years (1972-74) in Bangladesh where the latter was director for MCC Bangladesh which included duties agricultural development and material aid programming. Leona's involvement was in the children's centre in the Refugee Camps.

Forty students from Altona's **W. C. Miller Collegiate** are to participate in the seventh annual International Youth and Music Festival in Vienna next July. Henry Peters, music instructor at the Collegiate says that last year choirs from all over the world attended but there were only two groups from Canada. Sponsors for the three-week festival (the first part for bands, the second for choirs and orchestras) are: The National Education Scholarship Foundation and the Internationale Vereinigung fuer Kulturaustausch based in Vienna, Austria.



A modern version of "Those Magnificent Men and Their Flying Machines" Murray Janz of Edmonton, native of Steinbach, jumped off the Steinbach water tower in a hang glider Saturday morning. He made the jump for a large audience and in support of the Steinbach and Area United Appeal which is seeking to raise \$21,000 this month for nine charitable organizations. (Photo Courtesy of Abe Warkentin, Carillon News)

Enrollment of Mennonite Institutions

	1976-77	1975-76
Elim Christian Education Centre, Altona	45	32
CMBC full time	108	140
part time	25	20
Gretna, MCI	186	115
Steinbach Bible Inst. High School	95	88
Bible School	65	74
Westgate Collegiate Inst.	164	140
Winnipeg Bible College Full Time	278	290
Part Time	19	
Seminary Full Time	22	
Part Time	12	
MBBC Full Time	141	Equivalent F. T.
Part Time	111	190
MB Collegiate Inst.	389	161
Winkler Bible Institute	126	389
		141

MBCI announces their enrollment to be the same as last years - 389 students. This year their special emphasis, still only in its planning stages, is to be on native concerns. They are seeking to create an awareness of native people, their history, their life, how the white man has impinged on them; also a Christian's responsibility in this regard. The school's debating team is off once again to an energetic start. This involves a series of TV appearances on CKY-TV at 5:00 p.m. on Saturdays. Under the tutelage and guidance of instructors Laura Sawatsky and Ruth Vogt they were the winners in the first debate. Several students participated in novice debates on the topic of TV violence. Future topics include: "Resolved that the drinking age should be raised"; and "Family allowance should be abolished".

MBBC has solved its student housing (due to increased enrollment) problem by purchasing the Mighton apartment block for married students. Aside from that, a number of returning students have decided to live off campus thereby eas-

ing the pressure on dorm facilities. The College's opening program was held on September 26 at the Elmwood church. Guest speaker, Kenneth Bauman, former president of Yeotmal Seminary in India spent a week at the college in their deeper life emphasis. On the college calendar is the missions conference October 27-31 with lecturers Robert Rasmayer, John Klassen and Peter Kroeker. The drama, "An Enemy of the People" by Henrik Ibsen, will be performed in November.

The combined choirs of **CMBC** and **MBBC** will present Johann Sebastian Bach's St. John's Passion on March 13 in the Centennial Concert Hall. Additional courses grant accreditation by the U of W include History of Ancient Israel, and History of Vocal Literature. A new course, Economics and Christian Social Responsibility is offered by Rudy Dueck, Winnipeg businessman. Helmut Harder of the CMBC faculty is to teach The Churches Task and Human Development.

Rhineland Mennonite Church, the oldest in Western Canada, celebrated its Centennial on September 19. The sanctuary was filled to capacity with parishioners, past and present, who came to remember, to reflect and to praise God. Reverend John Peters reminded the congregation of the many blessings enjoyed in the past 100 years, challenging them to "seek ye first the kingdom of God". Gerhard Ens included in his message the reading of an excerpt from a sermon by Aeltester Johann Wiebe in 1902. Various musical numbers were provided by the young people. Abe Enns introduced the book, Reinland - an Experience in Community by Peter Zacharias. The author, discussing the circumstances leading to the writing of his book, added anecdotes interesting to the audience who shared in most of them. The book was presented to the oldest pioneer of the municipality and to F. Froese, Mexico, the grandson of the second "Obervorsteher" in the West Reserve.

Sharon Sawatsky is now the director of a congregational resource centre for the Conference of Mennonites in Canada. Valuable assistance and material covering all aspects of congregational life can be obtained from Sharon at the Conference and College offices.

Rev. and Mrs. Isaac Klassen celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. The family and friends gathered at First Mennonite Church. A relative from Calgary, Rev. William Pauls, was the main speaker.

Larry Kehler, until recently editor of "The Mennonite" was ordained as the new pastor of Charleswood Mennonite. Ordained also on that day was **Karl Fast** as minister of Springfield Heights Church.

First Mennonite celebrated the 50th anniversary of the founding of the church on September 26. Guest speaker for the occasion was C. J. Dyck of Elkhart. Speakers reflected on the past and explored the maturation process of a congregation comprised originally of immigrants.

Dates:

November 18-20-22 at 8:00 p.m. Manitoba Opera Association productions with Henry Engbrecht as Chorusmaster. Cavalleria Rusticana by Mascagni and Pagliacci by Leon Cavallo.

November 29 at 8:00 p.m. Westgate, Semi-Annual Meeting. Location to be announced.

December 5 at 7:30 p.m. Westgate, Christmas program. Location to be announced.



Eric Friesen and his family will be leaving Winnipeg for Toronto sometime before the New Year. In Toronto Eric will host a new program on the CBC-FM national network beginning on January 3. It will be a morning show (6 to 10 a.m.) featuring good music and commentary on the arts. Eric began his broadcasting career with CFAM but in recent years has gained prominence with the CBC in Ottawa and Winnipeg in both radio and television. The Mennonite Mirror has also been privileged to have him on its editorial committee. He is the son of Ted Friesens of Altona.

More about Mrs. Esau

about all that shabby talk."

"My child, you're right," she sighs. "One should be free of all that. From everything. Completely free. And at peace. Have peaceful thoughts. Nothing. I'm tired of the world, after all. Bored. To rest my head finally. And my stomach. That greedy scoundrel."

I observe the tormented old lady and recall Goossen's callous remark that she should be taken to the gypsy like an old horse to have her throat cut. No one loves her, but I feel sorry for the poor old creature because that is exactly her disease, that anxiety, that fretful lust for food and gossip. And yet, in spite of everything, her restless heart does sincerely long for death.

"I guess I'll just have to give up all hope of going into the eternal world peacefully. The dear Lord will just have to accept me in all my bad temper and peevishness. Will He do that?"

"Yea, of course, certainly He will."

And she begins to weep. "Agatha, my child, if it weren't for you, I'd have to perish wretchedly."

And she said this in all sincerity. No matter how moody or difficult she became, she always remained devoted to me. And, although I often wept bitter tears because I was forced to extend to a stranger the care I had not been permitted to extend to my husband when he died so suddenly, I was learning humility; so that even this burden became a blessing to my inner being.

Then one day the old lady really was gone. mm

That's life

Youth is a series of blunders, manhood a series of struggles. Old age is a series of regrets that you are unable to go through the first two phases again.



by Abe Warkentin

Special events and holidays are always celebrated with a great deal more gusto and enthusiasm in small towns and villages than in cities. At least that's the way it seems to me. Take Hallowe'en as an example. I remember lots of Hallowe'ens in the 1950's in the wholesome, southeastern Manitoba town where I grew up and certainly "gusto" and "enthusiasm" are appropriate adjectives to describe those occasions.

But let me say at the outset, before I go on, that what I recall here is strictly in the capacity of an observer. That has come to be my station in life, it appears, and perhaps Hallowe'en is where it began. But I was an observer. Nothing more. And I observed a great deal, only part of which I will have space to relate here for the sake of posterity.

Hallowe'en was special where I grew up. For all children, boys, teachers and the town policemen. But it didn't have the same meaning for all.

Like today it was always held on the last day of October and it started at 9:00 a.m. in the highschool morning assembly when the principal, indirectly if not directly, would warn the boys of the implications of any assaults on his or any of the teaching staff's outhouses. The remainder of the daylight hours would generally pass quite uneventfully until around 5 p.m. when the kiddies would go out trick or treating.

After that there would be a lull until around 11 p.m. or even later when the poolroom closed. And that, usually, was when things started moving. Mostly outhouses and farm machinery. And how they moved! First it was the machinery. Every small town had at least one farm implement dealer; ours had three. Items from these dealer lots, everything from old rusty Massey Fergusons on lugs to new Internationals and monstrous old threshing machines, were suddenly and most mysteriously parked in the middle of the street.

When the machinery was all moved, attention was focused on the outhouses. (It should be noted that these small buildings, unlike the machinery, were of more immediate importance. The machinery was mostly left until spring; the outhouses played a daily, important role in life's little dramas of those years and were treated as such.)

Teachers, naturally, were prime targets on Hallowe'en night and some, especially those mechanically inclined or in need

fyi*

* for your information

We can be thankful Hallowe'ens aren't like they once were

of reassurance for the expected onslaught, went to strange extremes to safeguard their properties. Some would bolt down their privies, others would cement them into a concrete footing and still others would watch them through the night from the kitchen window.

But outhouses were not only tipped, they were moved. One instance I remember involved not a teacher but a business manager. His outhouse was picked up, thrown on the back of a half-ton truck and carried, with owner in hot pursuit, down one of the roughest roads in southeastern Manitoba to the Joubert Creek where it was dumped into the river to the chagrin of the owner and the concern of the local fishermen.

This, of course, went further than the local rules of etiquette and naturally involved someone from another community.

The second most outstanding incident I can recall involved the placing of not an outhouse, but a wringer washing machine, on the chimney of a house near the high school. In addition, the house was garlanded with about 40 yards of red picket fencing and other items. I cannot remember any of the other details surrounding this, but recall, as a young fellow, marvelling at the engineering feat involved.

Inspiration for these and various other assorted pranks came from the local fellows themselves and surrounding communities. I think it was somewhat of a discouragement to the local pranksters that there was no railroad in the town. At N_____, a nearby village, one Hallowe'en, the outhouse of one resident was placed in a freight car on a siding. It was carried off somewhere to the Canadian West and never seen again by the owner.

They don't make Hallowe'en like they used to anymore, do they? Thank goodness. mm

Autumn

you
I listen to
in silence
how come you were singing
down the waters
before the meadows open
the waves unto a mountain
green.

night. in airs
light, trees and walls
towns, song of the forests
in turn the watchman
looks out.

before out of the clouds
you see the shining stars
the broken rooftops
into the whirlwind
leaves strewn about
... they will remember.

— by HR

needed in heaven to help the Good Lord with his work. Whatever the reason, my brother Jacob and I now decided to look into grandfather's box of gold coins once more. When we opened the box we found a note and two remaining gold coins. The note read: To Peter and Jacob Paetkau: Thank you boys for not giving my secret away. Here is a gold coin for each of you!

So grandfather had known all the time that we knew. He trusted us with his secret. Jacob and I were proud to have had such a wonderful man as a grandfather. My brother Jacob too has passed away. I don't know what happened to his gold coin. But I still have mine. From time to time I take it out of our safety box in the bank and look at it. When I do I get warm all over. The gold coin looks as gracious and as magnificent as when grandfather first gave it to me. The stories it could tell! mm

(This article is published courtesy of the writer and Mennonite Life.)

Delicious Shrink

A wife thought her husband needed psychiatric attention because he persisted in believing he was a cannibal. Finally he went for a consultation and when he returned, she asked:

"Well, how was the psychiatrist?"
"Delicious," said her husband.

More about COINS

Telling that we had found the money could lead to a severe spanking for getting into grandfather's tool shed, which neither of us relished. So we decided to keep quiet about our find. We closed the box, put it back where it had been, straightened the floor board as best we could, and then left grandfather's tool shed in a hurry.

After that we put ourselves on watch to see when grandfather would go to his tool shed. When he went there and stayed a long time we knew that he was working, but when he went there and soon came back we knew that he had once more dipped into his good cache. We had additional evidence because soon after a member of the family or someone else in our village experienced the munificence of our grandfather.

Mr. Dyck got money from grandfather to purchase seed grain. Mr Janzen got money for a new plow; Mrs. Wiebe received money for an operation; and Helen Epp got enough money to go away and train to become a teacher. Everywhere grandfather's largess was present. He helped the church and the school; he helped the businessmen of our village and the farmers.

Then one day grandfather took sick and died. Some said he died of old age; others said he died because he was

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Von Den Scheinbar Kleinen dingen

Erntedankfest ist offiziell in Kanada als kirchlicher und staatlicher Feiertag anerkannt und am 11. October gefeiert worden. Somit gehoert er in diesem Jahr bereits der Vergangenheit an.

Der traditionelle Puterbraten stand sicher bei vielen Familien auf dem Tisch und die Meisten von uns sind gesattigt nach der Mahlzeit aufgestanden. Wieviele sich an diesem und anderen Abenden hungerig schlafen legten, koennen wir uns wohl kaum vorstellen, da wir in einem Lande des ueberflusses leben und wir wirkliche Armut und Hungersnot in der heutigen Zeit fast nie zu Augen bekommen. Verliert damit das Erntedankfest, sowie auch viele andere Feiertage fuer und mehr und mehr an Bedeutung? Sollten wir neben dem "taeglichen Brot" nicht auch fuer die "scheinbar" kleinen Dinge, die wir als selbstverstaendlich hinnehmen und die deshalb wohl in der Hast des Alltags, sowie der Sorge um Familie und Arbeitsplatz untergehen - dankbar sein?

So richtig kam mir das waehrend unseres diesjaehrigen Urlaubes in den Bergen zum Bewusstsein, wie dankbar man sein muss, die Schoenheit der Natur, die majestaetischen Berge und dazu die gluecklich laechelnden Kindergesichter "sehen" zu koennen. Wie schoen war das Erlebnis, des Morgens aufzuwachen und dem Singen der Voegel, dem Rauschen des Baches neben unserem Zelt und dem wind, der leise durch die Baeume rauschte zu "lauschen". Wie eindrucksvoll das eisig frische Wasser durch die Finger rieseln zu lassen, einen Schneeball im Juli zu formen und die warmen Sonnenstrahlen zu "verspueren". Die Suesse der sonnengereiften Kirschen zu "schmecken". Den Duft des harzigen Tannenwaldes und den Geruch von Eiern mit Speck am fruehen morgen im Freien "einzauatmen", lassen uns erkennen wie reich beschenkt man ist.

Um all diese goettlichen Gaben zu erfassen, bedarf es jedoch keiner Urlaubsreise. Jeden Tag sollte es uns bewusst werden wie begnadigt man ist, sprechen und singen zu koennen, Hunger und Durst zu stillen, arbeiten zu koennen, unsere Pflichten zu erfüllen und sich des abends muede dem ersehnten Schlafe hinzugeben. Angehoerige zu haben mit denen man sein Leben teilt und fuer jeden Tag, den man gesund und schmerzensfrei erleben kann, froh und dankbar zu sein.

- von Elisabeth Schlichting

Die Heirat

In diesen Wochen wird unter der Regie von Judge John J. Enns wieder eifrig geuebt, um am 26. und 27. November, 1976 im Playhouse Theatre die lang vergessene Welt Russlands fuer zwei Abende auf die Buehne zu bringen und in der Erinnerung der Zuschauer wach werden zu lassen. Auf dem Spielplan steht die humoristische Komoedie des bekannten, in der Ukraine geborenen Dichters Nikolai Gogol "Die Heirat", die sich durch ironische Gesellschaftskritik und geniale Charakterisierung des russischen Wesens auszeichnet.

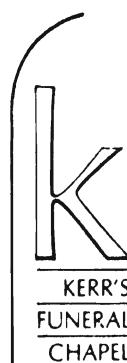
Gogol schildert das buergerliche Leben St. Petersburg's, 15 Jahre nach dem Napoleanischen Rueckzug aus Moskau. Der franzoesische Einfluss der damaligen Zeit und die oft liebenswerten Schwaechen seiner Mitmenschen waren geeigneter Stoff fuer eine Komoedie der Intrigen um eine begehrenswerte junge Dame im heiratsfaehigen Alter. Es verspricht ein amuesanter Abend zu werden, den man nicht verpassen sollte.

der einen oder anderen Seite ihr Leben gelassen.

Auch wir wollen uns an diesem Tage in Gedanken denjenigen anschliessen, die ihr Kind oder den Lebensgefährten durch Einwirkungen des Krieges verloren haben. Ihnen kommt die Einsamkeit besonders schmerlich in Erinnerung. Lasst uns der unzaehligen Opfer der vergangenen Kriege mit dem Trost gedenken, dass fuer sie all Erden-schranken gefallen und sie der unendlichen Guete Gottes anheimgestellt worden sind.

- von Elisabeth Schlichting

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Die Praktischa Dentist

von J. Neufeld

Ohmtji Nakonetschnik weea een ohla Ukrainscha Schmett. Siene Schmaed stund en Kondratjewka, bie ons glick ewari Gaus.

Kondratjewka war eins von den drei Doerfern der Boriszower Kolonie. Disi Schmaed weea ova nich daut eenzgi Industri - en Handelsunjanehmen en Kondratjewka. One, aun dem Ossinowschen Enj Darp weea Onkel Obraum Tieszen siene Windmaehl, uck mienem Papau siene Teegeel-brennerie. Medden em Darp haude dee beid Nobasch, Obraum Geeazen enn Obraum Rampel jieda eenen racht grooten Maschinesklad (Warenlager von Ackerbaugeraeten). Enn opp dem aundren Enj - no dee Station opptoo, stunde en eene Reej fief Daump-maehele, woa vahl Weit enn Rogg jimole, enn dann, aus Mehl enn Klie, mett Pead, veea Verscht no dee Station, Drugkowka, jifeeat enn oppi Isabohn velode word.

Jo, enn medden mang, teweschen aull dee Daumpmaehlen, weea noch dee Maszlo-bojna (Oelpresse), woa ut Sonneblome-Raps - enn Liensot, Oel jipraszt word.

Dee gaunze Omgegend hia, weea een morschig gooda Weitbezirk.

Drugkowka weea ji woll tjenne Staudt, ova doch eene seea groote Oabeidasitung. Dann hia weeare dee grote Hoochowes, woa dee Ruda (Eisenerz) jischmolte, enn doarut Guszisa jiwonne word. Uck weea doa eene Zockaraffinerie, woa vahl Mensche Oabeit haude.

Fe onse mennische Kresbeabures (Kondratjewka weea doamols noch eene ganz junde Siedlung, enn dee Bures derchut nich wohlhabend.) weeare aull dee Oabeida seea good Kunde (customer).

Aulle Erzeugnissi: auf ut dem Oft - oda

Gemuesegoade, auf ut dem Heenastaul, oda waut vom Schwien, aulles haud gooden Aufzautz.

Enn so entweckeli sitj, metti Tiet, dee Aunsiedla to stoatji enn racht wohlhabende Bures.

Oba donn passeed ji aune 1917 en Ruszlaund waut gaunz Grootet: Ohmtji Lenjin kaum vom Utlaund noo Moskau, enn brocht dem grooten, ricken, ruschen Kaisarick enn dem Ruschen Volk, - mett Marzismusz, Sozialismuss, Kommunismusz enn Bolschewismusz - dee grote Swoboda (Freiheit)

Enn disi groote Friehit habe ji dann vehli von ons, enn doarunja uck dee Aunsiedla von Kondratjewka erfoari, enn von gaunza dichtbie tjane jileeat.

Waut nu en Kondratjewka es, weet etj nich, ova jiedenfauls, keene dietsche Bures sned doa nich mee.

Na jo, nu hab etj junt doa aul so aullahaund veajischwauzt, ova derch Ohmtji Lenjin sie etj gaunz von Ohmtji Nakonetschnik, enn mien eegentlichet Thema aufjikome.

Ne, so seea ohlt weea Ohmtji Nakonetschnich noch goanich, dann hee deed noch emma seea vahl enn schwaa oabeide. Enn siene beid groote Junges, Kostja enn Semka (Konstantin & Simon) deede am seea pienig halpe.

Dann weea doa noch een kleena Leeajung, dee uck daut Haundwoak leeare, enn nochmol een groota Scmett woare wull.

Wasjka (Willi) enn etj weeari gliche ohlt, enn hee weea mien basta Frind. Wie kaume vahl toop, enn weeare ons seea eenig.

Eemol haud Wasjka Taehnerieting. Oba woa weea to dee Tiet enn Taehnedokta? Vielleich en Koakow oda Kiew, ova bistemmt nich en Kondratjewka. Wasjka deed ova seea dee Taehn wee, hee saut enn hield Enn

etj sad mie bie am dolenn hield uck.

Ohmtji Nakonetschnik weea von Natua enn racht heitra Charakta. Emma deed hee, biaun bie siene Oabeit, enn lost'jet Leed'tji, irgend eene heitre Melodie piepre Enn siene Hommaschlaeg opp daut groote Kowadlo (Ambosz) weeare doato eene scheene Begleitung.

Metteenst haelt hee gaunz platzlich stell enn sagt: "Wasjka, seetj die een langa atoatja Drot, enn laj om dee Taehn ni Schleng enn dann koemmt doamett hia no mie."

Wie ginge nu beid lost enn sochte enn funga (etj denk, daut weea eeni ohli Jitoasaid).

Mett groota Meeg kreeg wie daut endlich toostaund, mett omse kliene, ongescheckte Finjatjis, von dem hoaden, stieren Drot, eene Schleng om dee Taehn to laje, enn kaume seea Begeistat bie Ohmtji aun.

Waut wud hee nu woll doone? Hee bung daut aundre Enj von dem Drot aum Kowadlo faust, hold mett siene groote Tang een Steck root gleegetet Isa ut dem Fia, enn hild daut dem Wasjka seea haustig dicht unjare Naes. Wasjka teckt freilich kratjt so haustig den Kopp tridj, no hinje.

ENN - sondaboa - dee Drot reet nich zwei, enn daut Kowadlo bleef uck faust opp siene Staed stone.

Oba dee Taehn?! - Jo, - dee Taehn, Ohmtji Nakonetschnik veri Feet.

Wasjka enn etj rande dann scwind no miene Mamau, enn vetaldi ar daut von dee Taehn. Enn fe onse Taupfaket kreeg wie von ar --

Ne, nich Schocolad, uck keene Kenndy, wie kreegi jida eene gaunze Japs voll jidreejde Kruschki; enn weeare seea jlecklich. mm

our word . . .

Education, the great mumbo-jumbo and fraud of the age, purports to equip us to live, and is prescribed as a universal remedy for everything, from juvenile delinquency to premature senility. For the most part, it only serves to enlarge stupidity, inflate conceit, enhance credulity and put those subjected to it at the mercy of brain-washers with printing presses, radio and television and their disposal. --Malcolm Muggeridge

From the blackboard jungle down the garden path, where learning is bliss, but no one can read

Manitoba's teachers have started a campaign to convince us that they care about the quality of education in this province. But to read their most recent publication raises the question of whether their crusade is a little premature. In it are such headlines as "Basics and Frills: the Eternal Debate" and "The Ultimate Question: Which are the Basics?" After reading both articles one is left with the rather distinct impression that the Manitoba Teachers' Society isn't too sure of any answers.

In one of these articles, Art Reimer, society president, is quoted as saying at a convention of educators that one of the major obstacles to resolving the seemingly endless "basics versus frills" debate in education is the inability of the debaters to agree on what are the basics and what are frills. "Economic belt-tightening leads to a lot of discussion about the basics. But there's no agreement at all about which are the frills and which are the basics. For many parents the basics are the courses their kids are enrolled in." The article does not state whether Mr. Reimer outlined to the convention the teachers' position on the basics.

From someone who is supposed to be a spokesman for organized education, we ought to expect more. First of all, if there is any disagreement about the basics, the professional teachers associations should be offering us leadership and direction — just as they did about a decade ago when it was deemed necessary to liberalize the school system, re-design the school buildings, and re-write the curriculum. Teachers should remember it wasn't the parents who pressed for liberalization. Second, there is no basis for relating the debate on basics to financial cutbacks. There has always been concern about the potential of the "new" curricula to teach the basics, but teachers and other professional educators have always soothed us with charming words combined with a gentle plea that more money for certain programs will correct any deficiencies. If the economic constraint on education coincides with a debate on the basics, it is more the result of the public waking up at long last to the realization that "new" curricula combined with more money does not mean better. Instead, Mr. Reimer should have used the words "educational disillusionment" in his quotation instead of "economic belt-tightening".

The reference to "the eternal debate" deserves some comment. The debate about the basics has never been eternal, it only started when it became so abundantly clear to everyone that high school graduates generally lacked basic skills in reading, writing and arithmetic. Mr. Reimer and his colleagues would never have had to face this vexing "ultimate question" if teachers and educational theorists had made the so-called

basics central concern in their designs of new curricula.

That the debate on basics has not surfaced sooner is partly explained by the fact that two of the components within the education system, the parents and the local school division trustees, have been so effectively removed from exerting anything but the most limited influence on the public educational process as it affects children. If the public is now a little restive, it is because there is such a huge gap between what the educators of the 1960's promised and what they delivered in terms of today's graduates. If the public is insisting on belt-tightening it is because of an unwillingness to support an inherently bad concept of education; in other words, if the educational process turned out genuinely educated persons at the end of 12 years of public school, and if this were clearly evident to the majority of observers, then there would be little, if any, reluctance on the part of the taxpaying public to pay the bill.

A second article in the same issue of the MTS paper, contains the incredible statement: "A society which has a hard time escaping the endless tensions and calamities all over the world can be forgiven for a lack of interest in such basics as spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic."

What does this statement mean? The author seems to be blaming society at large for any deficiencies in education by suggestion that society has been overly concerned with global problems. That is, the ability of a society's members to communicate, to be able to cope with basic financial matters, and to have the ability to enjoy cultural activities, are details too minuscule to be of concern to a society grappling with problems such as pollution, famine, energy, crime, etc. But the end result of this attitude is to produce a generation of illiterate people who not only lack the ability to solve global problems but who also have no potential of participating in society in any meaningful way.

The last word should come from young people who have graduated from the current system. Queen's University in Ontario recently released a report on the quality of English communication among first-year university students which found that only 2.5 per cent could be termed literate by the criteria used. The survey also included comments from the students about their high school education and the students complained about little or no training in grammar and composition, lack of longer writing assignments, and failure of teachers to mark exercises constructively.

The solutions may be purely arbitrary. For example, we could say that the quality of education is inversely proportional to the amount of money spent on it. Another might be to adopt a suggestion about public school education voiced by John Holt, disillusioned education reformer and author of *Why Children Fail*, interview: "Let all those escape it who can, any way they can." ELU

... your word

Appreciation

Dear Sirs:

Please accept one year's subscription to the Mirror. We enjoy this publication and appreciate the coverage you have given us.

Yours truly,
M. Beckett,
Waterloo, Ont.

Children's Editorial changes mind

Dear Sir:

I would like to respond to your editorial "Where have all the Children Gone?". You make the point that having children is humanizing in contrast to both partners working to maintain the monthly payments, however, you go on to say that when they have a child they will own "the one thing in the world which they can say is uniquely their own".

I object to the suggestion that children are property owned by the parents and I believe that any couple with that motive for having a child had best stay with pet zebras.

As for the selfish motives you list for remaining childless, from an informal sampling I've discovered the reasons people have for having children are often frivolous, selfish and not clearly defined. One couple had a child because the woman didn't want to finish her education, one couple, to prevent loneliness in old age, a third couple to help them grow up, and then of course, there are all the accidental pregnancies.

Since the world is over-populated, why push parenthood on every couple? As for consumerism and consumption, I would imagine that families with children have a higher rate of consumption than any other groups. A father may begin to eye the bank account and wonder if he hadn't better work harder to keep up. If he does, it means, of course, the mother will be looking after the children alone while he works harder.

Our society is not putting its money where its mouth is. Child care is considered so important that no woman at home gets any monetary reward for it. Every woman capable of bearing a child is considered instinctively able to care for the child without any training.

I believe one needs more training to raise pigs, chickens, or to be a hairdresser than to bring up a child.

I do agree that contact with children is enriching and I feel more members of the

population, men and women, should be able to experience children's development from birth on, but that does not mean they have to 'own' children. It's time we stopped making people feel guilty for not reproducing.

Sincerely,
Kathy Martens,
Winnipeg.

Werter Mennonite Mirror!

Hiermit schicke ich Ihnen die Zahlung fuer den MM auf zwei Weitere Jahre, fuer mich und fuer meine Tochter. Die Adressen liegen bei.

Wir schaetzen Ihr Blatt soweit die Arbeit der daran Beteiligten und wünschen ihm ein langes Fortbestehen.

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M. Albrecht
Winnipeg

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