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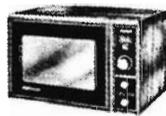
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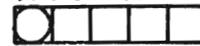
mirror mix-up

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Some say it's difficult,
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Others call it



Here is another Mirror Mix-Up.

The winner of the April contest was Susan Siemens. Her name was drawn from among 55 entries.

Answers for the April contest are paint, scene, image, print, canvas, and Mennonite.

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

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

Entries must be sent to Mirror office by May 25, 1977.

Last issue, through an error, the wrong deadline date was published, and the Mirror is grateful to those who entered anyway.

Name

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Send your entries to:
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The Haircut

by Mary Francis

Marija had known her father only for the first eight years of her life. Her memory of him was sketchy, but one incident will live with her forever. It was the custom in the village to shave the heads of all boys and men radically for the summer season. It was cooler that way and it was a proven fact that after a rest, a crop of hair much healthier and thicker would grow in for the winter. Well, plants are the same and fruit trees, the more you trim them down the better they grow. All well and good! But what does this have to do with little Marija?

Well, it seems that her father had noticed how thin and mousy little Marija's hair was, and he decided to do something about it. No one could dissuade Papa, he got his clippers out one day and as soon as he got her brothers head all neatly short, he turned and did the same to Marija's. There was nothing she could do

about it, although some hot and bitter tears were running down her flushed cheeks. After Papa had finished shearing her, she looked at herself in the little square mirror that hung in the outer kitchen, she saw a stranger and for the first two days she walked around with a kerchief wrapped around her head. But these were sweltering summer days, and Marija soon had to agree with Papa, it was cooler and she was soon feeling like herself again. But not for long.

As she was walking along the village street one day, she heard a friendly greeting, "Hello, **Fritz Reuter!**" It was her uncle Heinrich, he loved nothing better than to tease her. Marija's face turned scarlet, but she had to grin and bear it, for from then on, all summer long, uncle Heinrich and his daughter Musja, who had inherited his teasing nature from him, called her by that name.

As her hair grew in towards fall, and definitely looked somewhat thicker and shinnier than before, Marija was appeased. The outrageous nickname was dropped and forgotten by her tormentors. It is strange, but only by chance and 45 years later was Marija to find out that there had lived a famous writer by that name. Marija loved even then to read more than anything else, and she would not have been quite so hurt had she known that she had been nicknamed after the first and famous Lowgerman writer Fritz Reuter. mm

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"Has it helped you?" asked the doctor. "I don't know," was the reply. "I'm 140 miles from home."

Solomon's Combines

A family from the city was visiting in Kansas during the wheat harvest. Because harvest was a new experience for the younger children, the father explained to them how the combine gathered the grain.

"Oh, I know about combines," interrupted the nine year old. "In the Old Testament, King Solomon had three hundred of 'em."

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About the Cover

The cover picture is that of the Edenburg rural school, located on the Post Road, three miles east of Gretna. This picture was taken in 1903. The building is standing in a south-north position, and the pupils and teacher are lined upon the east wall of the school. The visible open door leads in to the hallway across the building, and separates the classroom to left and right. Mr. Benjamin Ewert is the teacher, and Mrs. J. G. Toews, who appears on the picture as Helena Buhr, is the resource person. Since the picture was taken 74 years ago she does not recognize a number of her schoolmates any longer but she can still identify quite a few.

Top row from left to right: 1 Anna Wiebe; 2 Tina Guether (Her last husband was Rev. John Hooge); 4 Helen Buhr (Mrs. Henry Loewen); 5 Elizabeth Schmidt (Mrs. Henry Friesen); 6 Agnes Schmidt; 7 Cornelius Buhr; 8 Agnes Buhr (Mrs. Henry Vogt); 9 Mrs. Benjamin Ewert, below her is baby Elma Ewert; 12 Helena Buhr (Mrs. J. G. Toews); 13 Abram Schmidt; 14 Tina Buhr, (Mrs. Peter Vogt); 16 Margaret Wiebe; Middle row left to right: 4 Ida Guenther; 9 Erdman Buhr; No. 23 Mr. Benjamin Ewert. Bottom row (l. to r.) 3 Henry Wiebe; 5 Peter S. Buhr; 9 John Guenther; 10 Henry Buhr; 11 Jacob Wiebe.

Readers are encouraged to send in photographs from the past which may be used by the Mennonite Mirror either on the cover or inside the magazine, depending on their quality and interest. All photos will be returned. Please mail to:

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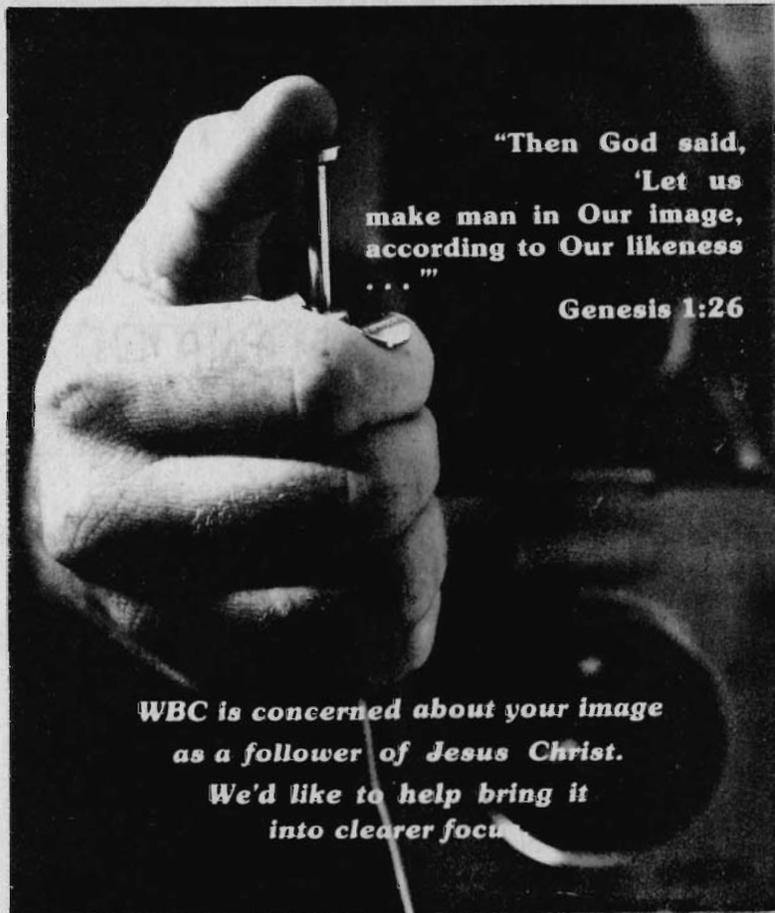
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Genesis 1:26

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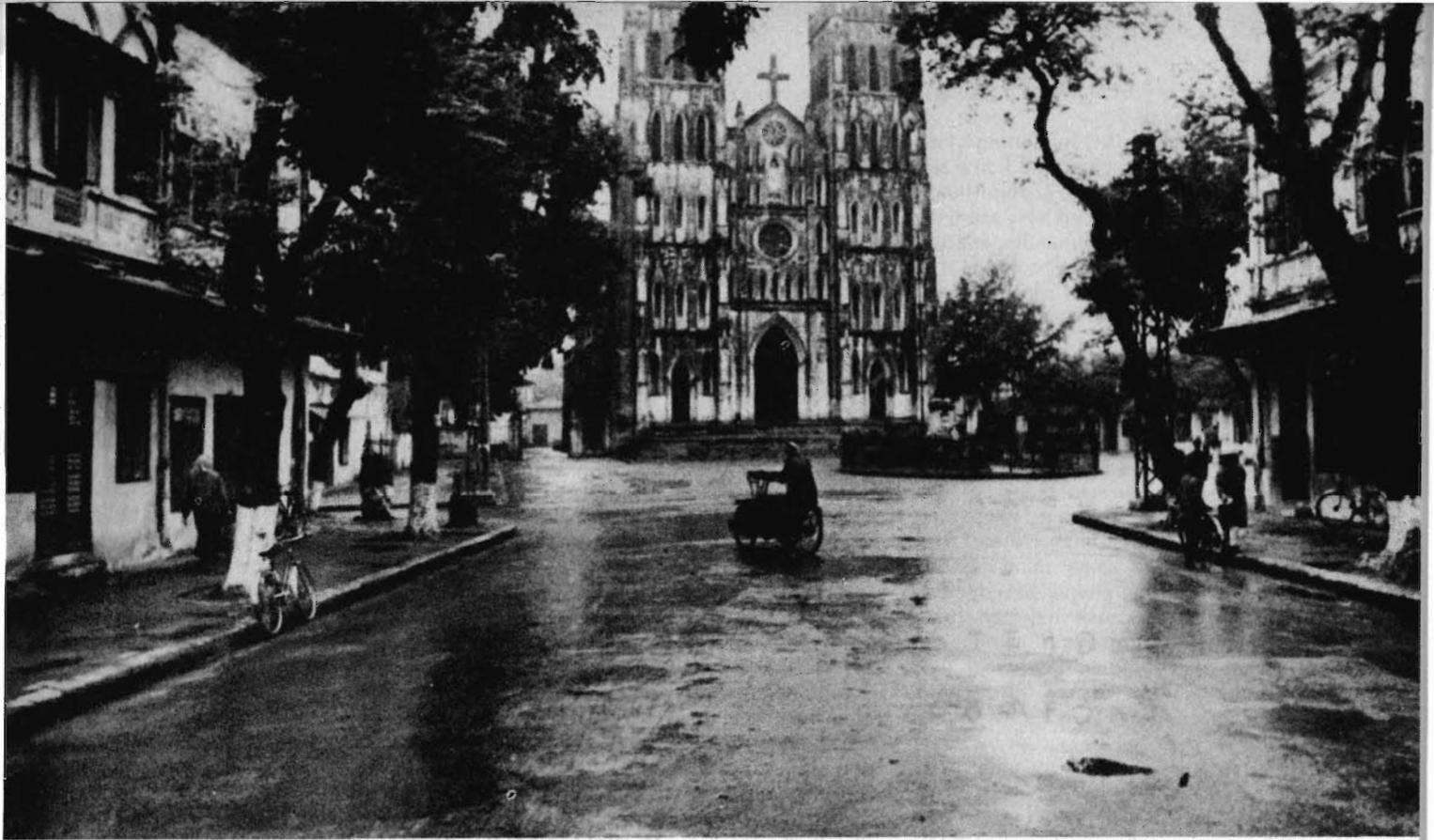
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Cathedral, in Vietnam

Meet Harold of the Herald

by Mary M. Enns

Harold Jantz, editor of the MB Herald is a 1960 graduate of MBBC. He taught in a Mennonite High School in Ontario for three years before stepping into his present position in 1964. He took a year's leave of absence in 1972-73 to travel for five months in a van with his family in South America. "I've always had a yen for adventure," says Jantz, "and I wanted to make sure that during my year's leave I would not be stuck at some desk somewhere. We wanted to travel, see things, meet people. This seemed the most reasonable, least expensive way to do it as a family."

M.M. In the past, under another editor, the MB Herald came under considerable pressure from the constituency. Why?

Jantz: The first editor of the Herald was Rudy Wiebe. He is considered its founder though the conference and the publishing house here did have several papers before that which were trying to reach an English readership. Rudy Wiebe's work was surrounded by a good deal of controversy. It had something to do simply with the time in which we were. Then, too, his *Peace shall destroy many* generated a controversy and

dispute. I think many people are sorry in retrospect, that they responded to the book as they did, because it is obviously a fine book and speaks to us in a way that is helpful in giving us a better insight into who we are. But at the time many were unwilling to accept the book, even people who had no idea of what was in it. I've always been grateful for the work Rudy did in setting the Herald on its feet. What it did, in effect, in our constituency was to create an open door, an openness that we could enter into. I think that considerable freedom in our constituency, to discuss, to work with issues, is a result of the opening that he created for us at that time. He paid the penalty and we've reaped the benefits.

M.M. If a lot of the pressures have resolved themselves over the years, could it be that our people have become more tolerant?

Jantz: It seems we've been able to honor differences or simply to find a way of talking to one another with openness and some acceptance of one another's point of view. If you read the Herald you'll see that for a number of years we've had a great many letters and there

is considerable freedom here, I think more than in a good many other publications. I don't like to think simply in terms of tolerance because tolerance can also be a negative thing. We don't necessarily have to be tolerant in the sense that we accept any point of view. But there is a willingness to allow people to state their position, to listen to it even if they don't want to accept it.

M.M. Do you think that the more closely an editor allows himself to become involved in various issues, the more exposed he will be to pressures and criticism as a result?

Jantz: My approach to that has been that I don't want to look for controversy or pick up issues just for the sake of an issue. If I work with issues because I feel they are important others will sense that it was done with integrity and sincerity. There may well be a sharp response, there may be pressure as a result. But people will realize we are not picking at things for the sake of generating controversy. I try to be fair by not riding just one side of an issue but listening to different views, because if it's important it needs to be dealt with.

M.M. What are some of the frustrations

that an editor of a conference, a church paper experiences?

Jantz: I don't feel many frustrations. I'm not a very frustrated person. But I do resent church politics. I find great difficulty when I encounter people who seem to be playing politics in church life, and we have our share of people who will do it. I think, in the church, above all, we have to put it out front. If we believe something, or that something ought to be done, we ought to say it, and then, hopefully, do it. The above situation is associated with a lack of trust in the brotherhood. There are those who really don't believe that the principle of the brotherhood works and also that you have to arrange things to come out to a desired end. I resist that because that is frustrating. When I feel I'm guilty of the same thing I work against it. You see people who occupy church offices, because they lack trust, will withhold information, manipulate meetings or events in ways that will bring things to a desired conclusion. When I'm pursuing a question I like openness.

M.M. What has become meaningful to you in this position?

Jantz: One of the things that never ceases to impress me is the very many people who, because they love Christ and are grateful to be a part of the church, give vast amounts of time freely to do the work of the church. I am happy to be part of the church, part of a working body of believers.

I am happy to be part of a publication such as this. There are weaknesses and failures in it, but the satisfaction of seeing a thing come together, working at it over a given period of time and finally having the whole thing complete in your hands! It's like giving birth to a baby every two weeks. Once the paper is finished there is nothing you can do about it; it's complete and you go on to the next one. That has got to have a great

deal of psychic satisfaction built into it.

M.M. You are in a particularly enviable position when your constituents will engage in friendly and sometimes not so friendly verbal combat. Have you had to leave out angry letters?

Jantz: I try to leave as few letters as possible, to publish what is intended for publication. In some cases we try to minimize and edit down the sharp personal attacks. If, in a letter, the writer is speaking to something that another person has said or done, I cut out the name. It then becomes more a matter of dealing with an issue rather than the attacking of a person. Also, we do cut down lengthy letters when people can't restrain themselves in their discussions. We do, however, try to publish everything that is intended for this, unless we sense the writer is sick, and that also happens.

M.M. Have you had to leave out articles that were too controversial in view of the background of your paper?

Jantz: That has not been a problem. Obviously we have a point of view and are not going to carry an article reflecting a view which is radically in conflict with one we editorially represent, or that repudiates the Christian faith. I don't always identify with everything a writer says, but within a certain limit we will allow variety in points of view. I'm borrowing someone else's idea when I say we all operate within boxes. The CBC for example, has a box to work within - it is to serve Canadian unity, if you like. That's one aspect. If we don't feel comfortable in our box we should go somewhere else. There is real freedom in being able to accept the limits of one's circumstance and to work with a sense of commitment within that. If one is fighting against the box there is never liberty. I know the box within which I'm working; it reflects my own commitment, I am free in it, and comfortable with it.

M.M. In your publishing and in your own

writing you have displayed keen interest in the labor union movement. How important is this within evangelical circles? Is there conflict, saying it is not the purpose of the Christian church to reform society? How do you define your position here?

Jantz: The issue has been of interest to me because various people have found themselves in conflict with their union and there seemed to be very little help for them. If a person has problems of conscience with a particular structure in society, we should try to help because it is important that an individual live by his conscience. I have a grave concern, in that labour unions have become very arrogant in their use of power and abusive as power structures. Many of these have a low regard for the individual's conscience and have no hesitation in using power in any way that serves their purpose whether it is to intimidate, to manipulate people for their ends or to take advantage of society without regard for anyone. I think it ought to be a concern to Christians because it portends a future in our society which could be dangerous.

M.M. Do you feel that the church has a duty to speak to government and other



Harold Jantz

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public bodies, and if so on what do you base this?

Jantz: We can and ought to speak as individuals and as individual Christians in relation to specific situations which affect us. As a corporate body we ought to speak where it involves a more general issue or principle. When the labour law is being considered I think it most appropriate for the church to inject its point of view. We've done that. We too are a part of the public and have a point of view to bear. The teachings of the Bible speak, at least by way of principles, to what happens in society. Ultimately all authorities, all peoples, every individual is accountable to God. If we don't believe that we've really undermined our whole position. Everyone is accountable for the kind of laws he is help-

ing to introduce, the kind of direction he is giving to society. We need to help people to see that if power is used in an abusive way to create structures which can manipulate others, which can ride over peoples' rights, this is accountable to God. I believe we can call people to that kind of accountability.

M.M. Would you speak to a statement made by Ronald Sider recently at a Social Justice Workshop in New York: "Too often Christians restrict the scope of sin. God says participation in evil social structures such as slavery is as evil as committing individual sinful acts such as lying."

Jantz: I think there's a great deal of truth to that. I agree that we have to speak to the structures too. The suggestion always comes through, however,

that maybe we'll find the ultimate structure, maybe we can create the ultimate society where these abuses and sins won't occur. I don't think it will ever happen. We ought to be challenging, to be speaking to the abuses that we see, but never place our confidence in what man will create in its place. It is part of the nature of man to be perverse and he has always carried within himself the bent to turn what is good into something evil. The finest plans, the best structures can become manipulative, destructive to people.

M.M. You have generated considerable interest here in the situation in Vietnam through your trip to that country with the two other delegates under the auspices of MCC. Do you feel you were there long enough to make an assessment and answer the questions in your own and other's minds?

Jantz: I try to tell people that they have to take into account that we were there for two weeks and our assessments are based on that. That may or may not be enough time to develop some credible observations. We felt fairly comfortable with the fact that two of the three member delegation were people who had spent considerable time in Vietnam and speak the language. It helped us to get a better sense of what was happening there. I want to be careful not to give the impression that we've given the definitive word.

M.M. If, as is not said, Vietnam has managed to clean up some of their social problems, which problems specifically are we talking about?

Jantz: They're working hard at cleaning up the prostitution, thievery, and drug taking that was part of the life of many people during the time of the Vietnam war. But you don't simply eradicate the results of these practices overnight.

M.M. MCC has been involved in Vietnam since 1954. There are reasons for and against this. How do you respond to this?

Jantz: I think MCC should continue to be involved here. The biggest problem within our Mennonite constituency is that Vietnam has identified itself explicitly as a communist country. At the Fourth Party Congress just before Christmas they, in fact, changed the name of the party from "Vietnam Workers Party" to "Vietnam Communist Party". The effective power is of course in the Communist Party. To provide aid here presents real difficulty to some people. On the other hand, Canada, the U. S., North American bombs and people contributed to the destruction of Vietnam. It is only right, only appropriate that people from North America should also do something to the rebuilding of that country. As Christians we might testify that we are not part of one or the other political system, but are willing to work and help people under any system. While

Report on the Mennonite Arts Festival, Winnipeg,

by Rudy Schulz

My inspiration to write this piece about the Mennonite Festival of Art and of Learning has come from no less a personage than our own Prime Minister. Pierre Trudeau's speech to the Canadian Association of Broadcasters gave me the idea that pretending to be a Francophone in Winnipeg has some merit in terms of understanding current issues of ethnic and linguistic import.

I'm going to describe the Festival as I imagine it would seem to a Francophone who wanders into the Polo Park Shopping Mall by accident. This, then is the Francophone's story:

I'm passing through Winnipeg on my way back to Quebec. This place near the airport is open; it is a beautiful day for a stroll. There may be some unusual souvenirs for the folks back home in Chicoutimi.

All those cars in the parking lot mean that the Polo Park Shopping Mall has to be open. After I get through the security screen at the door a gracious lady hands me a program which announces a Mennonite Festival of Art and Music. There are hundreds of people moving around, coming and going, and I can't help noticing that many of them know each other. The shops along the Mall are all closed so my souvenir hunting will have to be restricted to this mall. Might as well look for something unique, and, if all goes well, I'll learn something about these Mennonites in the bargain. Maybe it's just my imagination but some of the adults could pass for Quebecers - dark skins, black hair, sturdy physiques and all.

Near the entrance is an exhibit of student work from a school called Westgate. The school must be big in

volleyball judging by the trophies they have won in that sport. Across the hall are numerous crayoned drawings by children. I'm glad I don't have to pick the top three entries. The display of string art, next to the children's art, features a sailing ship done by two sisters, ages 12 and 13. They managed pretty well, I'd say, especially for sisters working together.

The lady at the spinning wheel and her friend, speedknitting in the old style living room, remind me of life in my own Chicoutimi. The exquisite quilts hanging from racks, and the petite point display gives me that *deja vu* experience. Near at hand is an exhibition of art work. One picture of a snow covered farmyard scene captures my fancy. The artist explains that it was inspired by her childhood home near Roblin. It could just as easily have passed for a winter scene along the St. Lawrence.

Just off to one side an attractive young lady is guarding a large book of handwritten verse and musical notation from the Middle Ages. It's in Latin, she says, but it's all English to me as they say in Chicoutimi. Now I know why Gregorian chants in our mass are sung by monotonous. The monks who did this painstaking and beautiful work were obviously artists in their own right, taking extreme care not to spoil or waste the goatskin parchment.

On my way to the woodcarving exhibits I notice an artist at work. I'm about to ask him if he'll do a fast portrait but he's so engrossed in his work I hesitate to interrupt him.

Here are some Eskimo soapstone carvings which would be dandy souvenirs but they've got no price tags so I better
continued page 23

we may not have MCC workers directly in Vietnam, giving aid there as Christians strengthens the witness of the church in that country. The Vietnamese are most open in identifying our aid with its source. It is also a link and we're one of the few groups that can provide such a link between Christians in Vietnam and those in other parts of the world. As long as we can provide this sort of justification we should continue as we are.

M.M. How do you feel about the area that MCC has chosen to involve itself in? (that is in irrigation - 500 tons of cement, material aid, vegetable seed, veterinary and medical supplies.)

Jantz: This is good. As people who are pretty close to the land, anything that we can do to improve food production there is excellent. The party at its congress said that food production was going to be its first priority during the next five years. They are anxious to help.

M.M. You compared the Vietnamese zeal in rebuilding with the vigour of the Prussian Mennonites.

Jantz: I was quoting a United Nations official whom we met in Hanoi who said the Vietnamese in their zeal reminded him of the Prussians and I said maybe the Prussian Mennonites would be a good comparison, too.

M.M. Your stay was chiefly in North Vietnam. They are so grateful for the peace that has come to their country.

What is the cause for the tension, the mistrust between the churches of the North and those of the South?

Jantz: That's part of their history. The North was sharply separated from the South for over 20 years. The evangelical or the catholic church considered the people of the North to be supporters of the Northern regime. Those years of mistrust have to be overcome if there is to be a reunification of the churches.

M.M. Other than being largely catholic (one million in the North and two million in the South) the others are Buddhist and Protestant?

Jantz: The Buddhists by far outnumber any other religious group. Buddhist leaders that we spoke to suggested that 70 per cent of the population would identify as Buddhist. We realized later this was a generous figure and included many nominal Buddhists. Out of a population of 50 million about 3 million would be catholic, 150,000 evangelicals.

M.M. Vietnam, wanting to be an independent country, is still eager for dialogue and connection with the West. They feel that they have something to offer culturally. Is it China they want to be independent of?

Jantz: No. They want to be independent of all countries, feeling very strongly that they want to be a sovereign people, particularly in relation to China and the Soviet Union. If there are going to be any

relations to the West they want to establish these on a basis which insures their own sovereignty.

M.M. Apparently certain factions in Vietnam are hopeful of a very different relationship with the U. S. since the Carter administration.

Jantz: All of Vietnam is extremely hopeful that something will come because of it. An American delegation is there now who are there to work out the problems related to the MIAS (missing in action soldiers). If they can work that out to the satisfaction of the Americans then I think we could see Vietnam recognized by the U. S. very quickly.

M.M. Would they be recognized by the United Nations and as desirable refugees to the U. S.?

Jantz: They most certainly should. There's no good reason that could be given for not recognizing Vietnam and accepting that government in the UN. You have all political stripes there now. As far as the U. S. is concerned it has its own reasons for not recognizing the government of Vietnam that might have something to do with the refugees in the country. However, it has more to do with its own internal politics and the fact, surely, that they have lost the war there. There are unresolved questions especially in relations to soldiers missing in action whose whereabouts they've never been able to determine. mm

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Looking for Work and Memories of Martha Street

by Victor Peters

In the 1930's Winnipeg was a metropolis of about a quarter million people that still completely dominated the Canadian West, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific. It had the country's largest rail centre, with the CPR and CNR main lines converging in the heart of the city, and then separating again; other rail tracks led north to Churchill and south to St. Paul and Minneapolis. While Chicago dominated the American grain and meat market, Winnipeg's Grain Exchange determined grain prices in Canada and the city also housed some of the largest meat packing plants in the nation.

The Catalogues from Winnipeg's department stores, especially those of the Eaton company, could be found in the remotest outhouses on the prairies. Indeed, the larger than life bronze statue of the founder of that firm occupied a dominant position in the downtown store and was a favorite meeting place for city shoppers, whether they came from town or country. One of the Winnipeg dailies, the *Free Press*, had the reputation that it was the nation's most influential and best edited newspaper. The great implement companies, International Harvester, Massey-Harris, John Deere, and others, used Winnipeg as a base to assemble and supply the equipment used by the farmers and ranchers of half a continent. The businessmen, managers, and executives who directed this diversified economic empire lived in luxurious and stately homes on Wellington Crescent, some of them occasionally being driven to work not in an ordinary Cadillac or Packard but in a coach-and-four.

I did not, of course, expect to take up tenancy in one of these homes. An acquaintance, the young man who had had the accident with the buzz-saw, had married and taken over a rooming house, and that is where I went. The rooming house was located on Martha street, near Logan, and even in those days it was one of the seediest areas in the city. The house is there no longer. Where it stood is now the street entry to the Disraeli Freeway. I don't remember how many

rooms the house had, but each room had about four to eight single beds. The cost of a bed was 25 cents if you paid by the night, 15 cents if you paid by the week. A short block down Logan was Main Street with a wide selection of restaurants and cafes, most of them in Chinese hands. The cooks were Chinese, the waitresses were white, the food was American. A full meal with soup, main course, like liver, bacon, and onions, a generous slice of pie with whipped cream on it, and coffee, cost 25 cents. You could eat as much bread as you liked. But on Logan just before Main Street, near the public comfort station and across from the Salvation Army hostel you could have almost the same meal for 15 cents. Since my reserves were small I ate once a day. Towels and bedding were supplied by the rooming house. We washed our personal laundry in the washbasin, the dress shirts were taken to a regular laundry. There were quite a few in the area, and most of them were owned and operated by Chinese. The service provided by the Chinese community was outstanding. On reflection I cannot remember having ever heard a patron complain either of the food in the restaurants or the service at the laundry.

In the rooming house the occupants of the beds were usually young men, many of them much more experienced than I was at that time. Though I lived in rooming houses in Winnipeg for two years I never met a homosexual. Many of the men were transients who spent most of their time riding freight trains, looking for work. A school-friend of mine from Winkler, Victor Unruh, in one summer crossed the country from Halifax to Vancouver six times. Most of the "roomers" had meal tickets which permitted them to have two meals a day at a government soup kitchen. The tickets were punched every day at the door, and if the ticket-holder did not use them regularly his tickets were invalidated. When a holder found temporary employment he would be unable to eat at the soup kitchen. In order not to forfeit his meal tickets he would offer them for use to a friend who did not have them. I sometimes helped

out an acquaintance (and myself) by using his ticket and having it punched. No one stayed with the government meal tickets unless he had to. The soup in the soup kitchens consisted mostly of water, and the rest of the meal was equally unsatisfactory. The men at the long tables (there were no women) looked wan and wasted. Quite often a man standing in line would collapse from weakness and undernourishment. He would then be carried to a bench or propped up against the table where he would stay until he recovered, while the men around him sipped their soup. There were quite a few young Mennonite men like myself but practically none of them had meal tickets. The home influence with its prejudice against government assistance was not that easily broken down.

Life at the rooming house was not altogether dull. Some of the men had work and were gone all day. The others looked for work in the morning and spent the rest of the day reading or loitering in the public parks. In the afternoon some of the men would sprawl out on the cots and either engage in conversation or read. Usually one or two of the men would sit at the large window facing Logan and watch the city hookers get their clients from the corner at Main Street or from the Salvation Army hostel. Most of the hookers were long past their prime, and some of them looked very shabby, but usually not worse than their patrons. Sometimes the men at the window would keep count how often a certain woman would take in a man. She rarely accompanied him going back to Main Street. Men who knew about these things said that the cost was 25 cents "a throw," but that some of the women charged as much as half a dollar.

For a week I looked for work at wholesale warehouses and at the meat packing plants. The practice was to be at the place early and wait at the employment office. If the place was too crowded, you waited outside. Your opportunity came when one of the regular workers failed to show up, either because he was ill or there had been a death in the family,

or he had overslept. Like many other unemployed, sometimes there were more than 30 of us, I would arrive before 7 o'clock in the morning and spend two or three hours waiting. Usually by 9 o'clock the foremen knew how many men were missing and would have to be replaced. They would come out, look over the physical condition of the waiting applicants, and pick out the two or three men. After that most of us would leave. Only the most optimistic ones would wait for the possible chance of an industrial accident which would require an immediate replacement. If after a day or more the worker who had been absent returned, but the foreman found that his replacement did the job as well as or better than he, the former employee was told that his services were no longer required. If a foreman was not sufficiently ruthless in the application of this policy, he too found himself without a job.

One day as I was lying on my cot and bent over to get a new handkerchief out of my suitcase under the bed, I got into a conversation with my new neighbor, an Italian. His name was Joe Laface, but he was known as Blackie. We found that he had worked with one of my friends in Vancouver, unloading freight from cargo boats. He had been in Winnipeg for a month, had started a modest independent enterprise, and asked whether I would team up with him. At first I hesitated, but as I was completely out of money by now, I finally accepted. Blackie had befriended some business people by persuading them to let him simonize their cars for half the price charged by regular garages. Partly because of the saving and partly because the men took a liking to the persuasive Blackie, he soon had more cars to shine than he alone could handle. He worked on the business in and around the Grain Exchange. I became Blackie's first associate, and soon he had two other assistants. He was generous to a fault, all earnings were shared equally. On some days Blackie would pull in two or three cars, which we polished until they shone like new. The cars had, of course, gas in their tanks, some more or less, but by the time they were returned they all had less. Blackie would invariably drive the best car, but as I said, he was very liberal, and we all had our turns. If we got the cars ready early, we sometimes changed our clothes and drove around like gentlemen of leisure, and even took a girl out now and then, to Bowes lunch, which was a notch above the Chinese restaurants.

People generally do not keep a record of their fuel gauge, and I do not recall that any owner ever voiced a complaint. On the contrary, many expressed satisfaction at the appearance of their cars. After a while I dropped out of this business relationship. Ideologically and philosophically I agreed with Blackie

that if there were people who could afford automobiles, and they handed their keys to us, it meant that we could drive their cars. I was uneasy about several things. What would happen if one of us became involved in an accident? Blackie put objections aside. There would be no accident. If there was an accident, we would talk our way out of it. If that did not work, what was so bad about a stint in the cooler? I admired his carefree outlook, but could not share it. To be quite honest, I did not have reservations on moral grounds, but my mother and her relatives would have been crushed if a member of their respectable family did time in Headingly. Later, when my brother served part of his sentence there, as a political objector to the war, the entire clan, including myself, was solidly behind him. Meanwhile Blackie and I separated amicably and continued to live in the same rooming house on Martha Street.

During the Depression years the Communist party was very active in Winnipeg. Indeed, the party continues to have one or more elected representatives in the city council to this day. The Communist mass rallies were always held at Market Square, near the city hall. They would attract thousands of unemployed, down-trodden, and transients. The city would be forced to reroute the streetcars from the adjacent streets, and bring in additional police. Winnipeg, after all, had experienced after World War I the most paralyzing strike in Canadian history, and the conservative city fathers were prepared for any emergency. At these public mass meetings the speakers would describe the economic conditions under which the people suffered, and they did not have to resort to false statistics to paint their gloomy pictures, for the evidence of human misery was around them. The crowd at times would become menacing, and in this mood would sometimes push the police around, whom they regarded as the hired mercenaries of financial interests that were responsible for their condition. Since the police station was only a block away, reinforcements arrived in a matter of minutes. Strong arms and heavy billies would soon restore order.

Though I was almost violently anti-Communist, I, together with Blackie, attended quite a few of these rallies. Firstly, I had much time on my hands, then, most of the other men in the rooming house went, and thirdly, I was fascinated by the spectacle. If I went as a hostile observer, this was not the case with Blackie, who was an ardent Communist. This was in 1935, when Italy invaded Ethiopia. And such is the diversity of human emotions that Benito Mussolini had no more loyal supporter anywhere than Blackie on Martha Street, in Winnipeg. He maintained that after the

British and the French had grabbed practically all of Africa, it was time that the Italians got at least a share of it. How the Communists did not see this was beyond him. For invariably at the rallies one of the Communist speakers would come to the subject of Ethiopia, and violently condemn the Italian aggression. No matter how enthusiastically Blackie had applauded the speaker up to that point, he would now with no muted voice fling his challenge to him, only to be immediately cried down by the hostile crowd around him. Blackie finally developed a stratagem that not only confused the crowd but also the speaker. At these rallies as a sign of support a good speech was sometimes interrupted by the singing of a rousing revolutionary tune. Now as soon as a speaker would mention Ethiopia, Blackie would start up with the song "Red Flag," the Italian Communist hymn. Others would join in. While the speaker stopped and the crowd sang, Blackie would move to a different spot, and as soon as the speaker resumed where he had left off, Blackie would intone again his *Bandiera rossa*. While many of the faithful would again fall in, the management realized what was going on and Communist spotters tried to locate their trouble-maker. But Blackie was mobile, always keeping close to the protective ring of policemen, for the party had hitmen who meant business.

Blackie was one of the most delightful encounters I had in Winnipeg. He had friends everywhere. We even got in free to see the horse races, which in those days were held in Whittier Park. Later he left the city and we lost track of each other.

Next month: Prewar politics

"Due to space limitations the series on communism by Roy Vogt could not be included in this issue. It will be continued next month."

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The A. A. Kroekers

Taunt inspired hard work

by Hilda Matsuo

Someone with a nose for journalism suggested that the old man had a story to tell. Unlike many success stories the tale is set during the bleakest years of Canadian agriculture; the thirties, the depression and Winkler figure in the tale. Open scepticism for the educated with their "hare-brained schemes" in those days was expressed with a summary "*de jeleehda, de vekeehda*" or "more learned, more misguided."

If a cynic's tongue can act as a goad, Mr. A. A. Kroeker had one. At least he admits to having felt chagrin. In the dialect, "*daut rubbeld am een besche.*" A neighbor's barbed statement definitely "rubbed him the wrong way". He had remarked that greed would help in the planting of the Kroeker's corn, but not in the weeding of it. On his daily trip to the field Kroeker passed the neighbor's yard and, remembering, he worked harder.

Seeing Mr. Kroeker of Kroeker Seeds in the comfort of a modern high-rise today, one has the conscious feeling that a factor in his survival as a valuable human being to an age of four score and four has been his ability to strike up a happy working relationship with the gains of the marketplace. The comforts of the surroundings are pleasing but not ostentatious. His "beauties" are his wife whose fairest adornment is her gentle face, and a tall amaryllis which appears by right of having sprung from the soil to dominate the whole living room.

By way of background, Mr. Kroeker's parents, the Abram Kroekers, came to Hofnungsfeld, near present-day Winkler,

in 1876. Of "Old Colony" Mennonite stock, they converted to the Mennonite Brethren faith in 1885 after the ministrations of David Dyck and Henry Voth from Minnesota. Young Abram was born to the family in 1892.

Our story begins with the grasshopper plague of the late twenties and early thirties. Another pioneer, Criddle, remembering his early farm experience, realized that grasshoppers were attracted to moisture and so eventually on moist poisoned mixtures rested the future of the western farmer. The Kroekers got their mixed supply from Morden Experimental Farm some fourteen miles distant and spread it long before the full heat of the midday sun.

Other ways of coping with grasshoppers were tried. The International Harvester Company with Mr. Haney in charge, demonstrated at one of their experimental farms another possibility. Grasshoppers, theoretically, wouldn't go into dry fields. Why not row crop corn? Walter, then a young man, was asked by the elder Kroeker, "Will we try corn?"

He shouldered into the responsibility with a "Dad, I don't care how hard I have to work, as long as we can go to school." So the task of finding seed suited to a northern climate began.

A friend, Mr. W. J. Breakey from Morden's Experimental Farm eventually found reasonably suitable corn from the States and a sizeable acreage was seeded. Two second-hand cultivators from Walhalla, south of the border were bought. Then came the hardest work - the regular trips to the field with the

horse drawn cultivators. Neighbors were sceptical.

When fall came, the critics' tune changed. People saw that Kroeker didn't have to sell his pigs and cows for lack of feed. One or another might come for advice, while yet another would ask whether corn still left on the field could be spared for his stock. In short, others benefitted from the Kroeker venture into row cropping. Mr. Breakey, too, got some seed from this most northern crop for the Experimental Farm. The price obtained was \$3 a bushel and Kroeker was happy to get it.

Three dollars a bushel for corn seed shelled by a hand-operated machine! First of all, the ears of corn were nailed to the rafters of an out building for drying. Drying conditions were improved with the help of a pot-bellied station heater. A moisture tester were utilized so that moisture might be kept at a safe level for storage and later germination.

Rather obviously, the problem of late maturing corn varieties needed solving. The Kroekers took up the challenge and bent their efforts to the task of crossing four strains of corn to produce in three years, an earlier hybrid variety. This involved the manual labor of pollinizing the corn and bagging the ears, an arduous task, but one which led eventually to a profitable family venture. The farm end of the operation expanded into extensive farm holdings under the name of A. A. Kroeker and Sons while seed sales continued. Kroeker Seeds now sells grain locally and to places as far distant as the European Continent, England, Japan and more recently Ireland.

The lad from Blumstein who loved to tackle mathematics in H. H. Ewert's grade IX classes at Gretna, ended his formal classes early. He and John Enns later constituted a grade 10 evening class with Frederick Philip Grove as teacher. Time spent by young Abram Kroeker on business-arithmetic stood him in good stead through the years, but Grove's immediate impact on Kroeker's life terminated early. It lasted as long as Grove was in Winkler, one year. A man who had the odd notion of spending his time with animals in a classroom on Sunday morning, had no permanent hold on Winkler society.

A. A. Kroeker has retired now, except for that business-phone in the other room. His health suffers from the vagaries of time. He can, however, thanks to Rae, a nurse who looks after him and Mrs. Kroeker, enjoy a certain freedom to see his family and friends. There are nine children all filling useful roles in society. Germans speak of '*Feirabend*' when referring to evening leisure or old age. This old man speaks fondly of the hum of activity at family fests where the whole clan gathers as they did for four days in the sun and summer of '76, and counts his blessings.

mm

Young writers weave tales of summer

About 25 essays on the subject "How I Would Like to Spend my Summer Vacation" were received for our writing contest. The prize winners whose essays appear in this issue are as follows:

1. Tim Penner, age 12 - \$15.00
2. Esther Schmidt, age 12 - \$10.00
3. Harvey Thiessen, age 12 - \$5.00

Honorable mention: Phyllis Harder, age 10

Decisions by judges were made largely on originality with some attention to writing skills and organization. The Mennonite Mirror would like to thank the teacher of the Grade 7 class in the Winkler School who made a special effort to encourage the students to contribute essays to this competition, apparently as a class project. We are pleased that such initiative did not go unrewarded.

One of the things that struck our editorial committee in reading the essays was the close family bonds that still seem to exist in the lives of the young writers. In many cases their best friends, with whom they wished to spend their vacations, were cousins and other relatives. A lot of our people obviously spend at least part of their vacation "Mennonighting" across the country visiting "Frindschaft" in B. C. and other beautiful places.

First Prize

by Tim Penner

I would like to spend my summer vacation by studying a pond, swimming, going to collect insects, going fishing, and camping.

First I would like to study my pond. I like to study ponds because I am interested in them and they give me lots of information. The best times I like to study my pond is at the end of March, beginning of April and all the rest of May, June, and July. These are the best months because the pond is teeming with life. My pond is located just outside of Winkler. To go to the pond, I would first have to get all my equipment ready and load it up on my backpack. After I am all ready I would go pedalling on my bike.

I like it there also because it is so quiet and peaceful.

After this, I usually like to go swimming. I go swimming to cool off and enjoy myself. The best months I like to go swimming is in June and July. This is because to me, these are the hottest months of the year. Are you thinking I go swimming in my pond, well if you are, your wrong. I go swimming at the Winkler Pool. I travel there by bike. I call this relaxation that's enjoyable.

Little do you know, I also like collecting bugs. You may think it's boring, but I just love it. I love it because it gives me a chance to identify insects that I didn't even know. The times when most insects are around and I am too is in July and August. The most places I find insects is oh a farm, in the park, by my pond. I travel to all these places on bike. This is just wonderful.

Second Prize

by Esther S. Schmidt

If I got to do all the things that I would like to do this summer it will sure be a good one. I'll probably end up doing something my mom wants me to do like go to summer camp or take swimming lessons. Anyways, this is how I would like to spend it: first, I just want to stay in bed, then I'd like to take a trip and travel to a different part of the country for a few weeks and then, if there is still time, I just want to stay at home and enjoy what's left of the summer.

Staying home and sleeping in for the first few weeks would be fantastic! After a long, hard year of work and torture at school, this would be just great! Also, if I could do this, I'd have a chance to play with my new puppy.

After a few weeks of this, I would just love to "get away from it all" and go travelling. Going down to the west coast would be fun. Besides, we have LOADS of relatives which I would like to see. If I had this chance, I'd like to travel by train. I've never done this before so I think it would be fun. Even going to the east coast wouldn't be bad. In case you're wondering why I'm crazy about going to the coast, it's because I've never seen the sea before and I think it would be a

good experience. While there, I'd want to travel by ferry to one of the islands.

When I have done this, the best thing to do would be to just lie around at home. I'd try to get a good book and then sit up in my tree and while away the hours.

Well, maybe it's just wishful thinking, but if this was to come true this summer, it would be the best summer ever.

Third Prize

by Harvey Thiessen

I will do nothing this summer vacation except eat, sleep, read, breathe and work. I will do that because I have nothing else to do. However I would like to go to Hawaii or to one of those islands but I get airsick. I could go by boat but I get seasick. I would like to go to Florida or British Columbia or Texas or Mexico but I hate long rides. So I think I will sign up for baseball, buy a glove and win the trophy. I would like to get a nice sun tan and go swimming a few times. Perhaps I could go to a summer camp somewhere and do some hiking, horse-back riding and go out on a few wiener roasts. I think I will buy a bicycle and go on a bicycle-athon going for about 100 miles or so. It would be nice if I got to go to Carman Fair again this year and watch some horse races. I would like to go to the Winkler Fair and "Old Time Value Days" and win some of the contests they have there. I could win the watermelon seed spitting contest or the egg throwing contest and perhaps I would find some more money in the sawdust digging contest this year.

Maybe I will buy a motorcycle and go for a spin a few times. Of course I could borrow one of my brother's guns for a while and go hunting. I am a good enough shot to bag a rabbit or two. Maybe if I learned enough this year I could perhaps invent something useful like a government that doesn't do anything useless or awful. I could always resort to a last thing, - do nothing.

Honorable Mention

by Phyllis Harder

I would like to go to some deserted island for my summer. I would like it if it had a lot of birds and an old shabby castle. I would take pictures of all the beautiful birds and lovely scenery. To go up to the old castle would be very exciting and scary because you won't know what you're going to find. When I'd go up the creaky stairs I'd open one of the ramshackled doors and behind it find jiggly bones dancing from the walls that have sticky creepy cob-webs on all sides. Going down in the bright sunlight I would be glad I didn't get stuck in the old castle. Then I'd go home and tell my marvelous summer to all my eager-eyed friends. mm

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The warmest place is right here in Manitoba

by Abe Warkentin

The true test of an editor is his ability to extract articles from reluctant writers who are either burnt out, independently wealthy and not in need of the incredible sums used to entice writers, or just too busy or lazy. Roy Vogt really hasn't been doing so badly. He's always managed to fill yet another issue of the Mirror. Though I missed last month's deadline for this column, Vic Penner kindly filled in. This time around I find I have fewer excuses and even less time (I like to think I fit under the "too busy" category) but in a gesture of furthering Mennonite culture and a good periodical I make the effort one more time.

There are any number of good things to write about and many, indeed, that **should** be written about. I would dearly love to write a page or two on the whole seal hunt business. Nothing has burnt me up so much for a long time. All these people running hither and yon for some animals while there are thousands of people starving. You get the same hue and cry about hunting. People think shooting animals is terrible. How do they think animals die? Of Old age? In rest homes, maybe, among whispering pines in the forest? Deer get torn by wolves when they're too old or slow to run away. Nature is cruel.

But I don't want to write about something like that. I want, rather, to write about something non-controversial. Like the weather, for example. Besides, it's up in the 70's outside right now and somewhere in the distance I can hear those horrible kildeer that seem to follow me around like some messengers of doom, from home to home. (That's the only bird I don't like; I like all the others.)

So I'll write about weather. You know, it occurred to me the other day that the warmest place in the world was probably right here in Manitoba. In the manner of speaking, of course. Nowhere else, I'm convinced, do people suffer less from the cold. You go further south and it's a lot warmer much of the time but when it does get cold the people don't have any idea of what to do. And if you go further north it gets so cold you reach the point where there's not much you can do about it except stay inside.

Not everyone realizes it but it gets cold at some time of the year nearly every-

where in the world, even Africa and South America and just because those fellows in the National Geographic never use anything more than a loin cloth and a few parrot feathers doesn't mean they never froze. It simply means that they can take temperatures of around -32° F. to 120° F. while the average Canadian can handle only very little temperature fluctuations before threatening to hand the country back to the Indians or going on strike.

A lot of coffee and banana trees froze in South America a year or so ago and that means that large parts of Brazil and other countries in South America saw frost - the same kind we have here. I was in South America shortly after that and I didn't see any snowmobile suits or long underwear. I did see a lot of homes where entire families slept exposed to the elements except for a grass roof.

On one occasion I spent the night in a barracks-type hotel with about five other men in one room. That night a thunderstorm passed over and a cold wind blew through the room. I put on every bit of clothing I had with me and found a few extra blankets in a closet for extra cover. As I peered out from my warm nest in the darkness I could see just enough to make out the bare feet of my neighbor in the next bunk, toes twitching contentedly inbetween the crescendos of his snores.

I was in Mexico last year (in the northern part, not down south at Acapulco). I drove around five hours in an unheated bus from El Paso, Texas to Chihuahua. The other passengers, some of them elderly, never breathed a word of discontent. My teeth were chattering all the way and I don't recall having been so cold since my boyhood days when we used to watch hockey games in the deep snow piles behind the boards of the outdoor rinks. The only thing that helped us to survive those experiences, I think, was the pig cracklings and cod liver oil.

But what I'm trying to say is that we're not colder here because the mercury goes lower. Some people go through an entire winter without stepping outside. They stay in their 75° F. homes and when they do step out it's into a warm car. And from there it might be into a heated mall. If they'd sit three hours somewhere in 40° F. they'd be wiped out from exposure. mm

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On May 1, at the Home Street Mennonite Church in Winnipeg, 30 students from the five western provinces of Canada graduated at the annual **Canadian Mennonite Bible College** convocation. Eight students will have earned a Bachelor of Church Music and 22 the Bachelor of Theology. Manitoba and Saskatchewan each have 11 graduates in the class, four are from Ontario and two each come from Alberta and British Columbia. Rev. John H. Neufeld, chairman of the College Board, and pastor of the First Mennonite Church, Winnipeg gave the convocation address.

MBBC A Capella choir leaves for Europe on May 25th for a three week period on an accredited study tour. Bill Baerg and John Martens will conduct this tour, visiting key cities such as Vienna, Salzburg, Florence and others. Dr. Henry Krahn, president, is to accompany another group to B.C. where a fund-raising banquet will be held on May 28th in Abbotsford and on May 29th in Vancouver.

MBCI annual spring concert featuring all choirs will be held in MBCI auditorium May 16th at 7:30 p.m. MBCI commencement exercises are to take place at Portage Avenue church June 26th, 7:00 p.m.

The towns of **Winkler and Morden** are planning to annex approximately 60 sq. miles of the R.M. of Stanley, according to a general announcement made by Mayor John Wiens of Morden and Mayor H. F. Wiebe of Winkler. Both towns are co-operating in this planning venture in order to gain more control over development in their immediate vicinities.

Members of the **Winkler Consumers Co-op** have authorized the additional construction of a \$1 million retail food sales outlet. Existing facilities were considered inadequate to meet growing consumer demand.

Steinbach. In a letter to the editor of the Carillon News, a citizen of La Broquerie protests the refusal of authorities at the Steinbach arena to allow public announcements in the French language during hockey games involving the LaBroquerie hockey team. The LaBroquerie arena burned down recently so that the LaBroquerie residents are forced to use the Steinbach arena for many of their games.

Dr. Peter Friesen has been appointed medical officer of health for eastern Manitoba; he will be based in Beausejour. Prior to joining the Manitoba health department he maintained a medical practice in Steinbach, Emerson, and Winnipeg, respectively.

Jim Penner, who serves as chairman of the Manitoba missions committee for the Conference of Mennonites, speaks warmly of his acquaintance with a Chinese group which meets at the University of Manitoba every Sunday and is led, interestingly enough, by a clergyman of that conference, Jonathan Chen, who uses the classic Mandarin. An interpreter stands by to help those who are more conversant with the Cantonese dialect. The same group has their Bible studies and choir practice at Bethel Mennonite.

Mennonite Documentary - A radio documentary produced by Glenn Gould some five years ago was aired on CBC-FM this March 25. Unfortunately the average listener has ears less sharply attuned to sound than does Glenn Gould. If it comes to towers, the "The Quiet in the Land" proved to have more babel than strength. Gould can be commended however, for trying a new medium. If his idea of using spoken voices to create a Bach-like figure, failed, it failed grandly. For those who did or didn't hear the hour-long documentary, (the difference is negligible) snatches of good opinion did come from: musicologist Peter Klassen, theologian Clarence Hiebert, economist Roy Vogt, Rev. David Neufeld, the late Rev. Aaron Toews, pianist Wanda Toews, community worker Mrs. Esther Horch, choir director Mrs. Helen Litz and Howard Dyck, host of CBC radio's Mostly Music Series. The expressed opinions explored change in a religious community isolated by religious preference.

John Rogalsky, Manitoba Department of Agriculture agronomist, says that corn production, which last year reached, despite dry growing conditions, a high in production, can expand to three or four times that amount. Factors influencing higher production are improved hybrid seed, (from research institutes and private seed firms) better weed control, adequate fertilizers and earlier planting.

Elvira Regier, a nutritionist with a degree from the University of Manitoba, and a daughter of Peter and Mary Regier of the North Kildonan Mennonite Brethren Church, has just left for Brazil. Elvira is to spend a 30 month period of service with MCC in Recife in her capacity as a nutritionist.



Abe and Myrna Warkentine, with Steinbach as their base, are setting up and editing a German language paper called *Die Mennonitische Post* for the MCC. Abe is the former editor of the Carillon, a thriving community paper published in Steinbach by Derksen Printers. The new Post is to provide a link for German-speaking Mennonite groups such as those found in Mexico and Paraguay.

DATES:

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

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

May 14: International Inn, League for Life of Manitoba, Annual Meeting, 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM. Key speaker, Ursula Appoloni, M.P. Toronto York South.

May 30: Annual Westgate Meeting, Springfield Heights Church, 8:00 PM.

June 4: Westgate Ladies' Auxiliary Garage Sale, CMBC Gym, 10:00 AM to 1:00 PM.

June 17 - 18: Provincial Annual Mennonite Brethren Conventions in the prairie provinces.

June 15: Westgate Graduation Exercises, Home St. Mennonite Church, 8:00 PM.

CMBC's chamber choir left for points in Ontario on May 2nd and plans to spend two weeks visiting congregations in that province. Highlight of the tour should be an interchurch service and get-together with other young people at Waterloo. Conducting the choir is George Wiebe with Esther Wiebe acting as accompanist. David Schroeder, another faculty member will act as speaker.

Winkler Bible Institute celebrated the Easter season with a Film Festival and Spring Concert. Some special films featured were *Noah's Ark and the Genesis Flood* and *The Passover*. The musical concert at Winkler M.B. Church featured a variety of musical styles such as Easter anthems, spirituals and contemporary gospel songs. The Institute's fifty-second grad exercises took place shortly thereafter, on April 17th.

Irmgard Thlessen, from the department of psychology at the University of Winnipeg is the producer of a new TV program entitled "The Psychologist in the Community". The program is aired on cable TV at 8:00 p.m. the first Tuesday of each month. The half-hour program, sponsored by the Manitoba Psychological Society, examines the role of the psychologist in the community.

The Mennonite Village Museum in Steinbach is to be promoted by the Fuji Bank of Tokyo with a full-page magazine advertisement in one of Japan's national publications. In a letter of explanation from the Canadian Embassy in Tokyo, first secretary and consul Jack Derksen noted that large corporations in Japan commonly sponsor public service advertisements of this nature. Further note was made to the effect that in 1975 90,000 Japanese tourists visited Canada.

Bill Hildebrand, who hails from Austin, writes home to tell his family about his impressions of Poland. Bill is an MCC worker, one of several boys, who has gone to that country. He has been there since October of 1975. Bill at present works on a privately owned farm and enjoys his stay. We often wonder what happens to the people who are posted to other countries and are glad to hear about this unusual posting.

Dr. H. David Brandt, formerly of Steinbach, is the new academic dean at Messiah College in Pennsylvania. Messiah College is a small liberal arts college founded by those whose roots are similar to those of Brandt. Brandt first left Steinbach for Mountain Lake, Minnesota, when his father, Henry Brandt, accepted the pastorate of the EMB Church in that community.

Grandeur Mobile Homes is now in full operation and is employing 45 people and producing four mobile homes a week. They are also producing double homes 22 x 54 ft. In an interview with Ken Ginter, general manager, optimism was expressed about the future of this industry despite generally poor economic conditions in the country.

According to its annual the **Winkler Credit Union** increased its membership by 763 to a total of 7,886 in 1976 and assets increased from \$27.6 million at the end of 1975 to \$36 million at the end of 1976.

Linda Huebner has just begun a 30 month term of service as an RN at Hospital Albert Schweitzer in Haiti. Linda's parents are the Henry Huebners of Crystal City. Friends will remember her also as a diploma student at Elim Bible School.

The **major U.S. TV networks** (ABC, CBS, NBC) have decided to release for the first time the same sets of TV spots, namely, "Discover Early" and "A Friend". The spots encourage viewers to reach out and be a friend. The spots are produced jointly by the Mennonite Brethren, General Conference Mennonite, Mennonite Church and Church of the Brethren Churches.

Arthur Driedger, outgoing director for MCC (Man.), has been appointed the MCC (Canada) associate director for overseas services. Driedger will administer, among other things, the affairs of Mennonites from Mexico, settled or settling in Canada and *Die Mennonitische Post* which MCC (Canada) is sponsoring. Driedger's appointment partially fulfills the resolution that MCC (Canada) should pay concern to the affairs of Kanadier Mennonites, in short, those who are descendants of Mennonites coming to Canada in the 1870's and who subsequently moved to other parts of the Western Hemisphere, namely, Belize, Mexico, Paraguay and Bolivia.

Einladung

Die Elim Mennoniten Gemeinde zu Gruenthal, Man. gedenkt den 26ten Juni 1977 ein Dankfest ihres 50 Jaehrigen bestehens zu feiern. Zu diesem Fest laden wir allen ehemaligen Gemeindeglieder und auch alle Freunde unserer Gemeinde ein, daran Teil zu nehmen. Beginnend 10:00 a.m. und nachmittag 1:30 p.m. Nach 3 p.m. gedenken wir im Park bei einem Mahl ein gemuetliches Plauderstunden zu verleben. Fuer Gaeste wird fuer Bekaestigung gesorgt werden. Um Naeheres wende man sich an Frank N. Wiens, P.O. Box 2, Ph. 434-6346 oder an Henry H. Voth, P.O. Box 240, Ph. 434-6352, Grunthal, Man. ROA 0R0.

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A Decade of Russian Nostalgia

by Al Reimer

When Menno Travel Service of Winnipeg ran its first tour to Russia in 1967, it launched a most popular and enduring Mennonite travel program. In the past decade such tours have become annual summer pilgrimages of nostalgia and reunion which have attracted Mennonites old and young from all over the country. According to Manager Herman Unger, a total of 275 people in 11 different groups have visited Russia on Menno Travel's Russian tours. The "Mennonite" part of such tours follows a more or less set pattern. From Zaporozhye, special tour buses take tourists on excursions through some of the former villages of the Old Colony and the Molotschna. Frequent stops allow visitors to snap pictures freely and to examine the fading villages in this natural museum of Mennonite history.

A Russian tour for Mennonites was the brain-child of Dr. Gerhard Lohrenz, who was the tour conductor for all groups from 1967 to 1976. Dr. Lohrenz was superbly equipped for his task. He had grown up in Russia and had travelled widely in the country before emigrating to Canada. He spoke Russian fluently and knew the country's history and culture. Even more importantly, he had an encyclopaedic knowledge of Russian Mennonite history and culture. Those fortunate enough to go on a Lohrenz-conducted tour found that his impromptu lectures on Mennonite history and culture were often

themselves highlights of the tour - so vivid did he make them.

Russian tours seem to attract two different types of North American Mennonites. Half or more are elderly Mennonites who grew up in Russia and whose main reason for going back is to visit relatives still living there. Every tour produces moments of poignant drama as blood relatives, for the first time in half a century, embrace tearfully in places like Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev, and Zaporozhye. Sometimes the ravages of time make it difficult for even brothers and sisters to recognize each other. The emotional intensity of these bitter-sweet occasions is impossible to describe.

The second type consists of younger, native Canadians who have a longing to see the lost homeland they have heard so much about at home and, in many cases, to meet uncles and aunts and cousins whom they have never seen in the flesh. Dr. Lohrenz's presence was particularly valuable for these younger tourists. He always took the opportunity to encourage them to re-live their history, to bring alive the Russian heritage which most of them knew only from hearsay or the printed page.

Naturally, there are some drawbacks and limitations to these trips into the past. Intourist, of course, controls the itinerary and permits few departures from the established pattern. Some tourists have been unable to see the villages or colonies of their choice. Intourist allows Mennonite groups to spend a few days in the former colonies, but only on the condition that the rest of the itinerary be devoted to Soviet sights. Fortunately, Soviet travel facilities, while still not comparable to those in the West, are improving steadily.

Dr. Lohrenz has now retired from these tours. His calm, experienced leadership will be missed. However, this coming summer more Russian tours will be underway, including one with the author of this article as conductor. No doubt many more Mennonites will avail themselves of this rewarding travel experience, especially since there is always the chance that Intourist will open up new areas to Mennonite visitors. It's an exciting prospect. **mm**

Another Morning The World Was Seen

I have seen

The glory of the coming -
And all the buildings in the morning
With their smoke rising into the
Sky, dove-grey, with a tinge of red.
And all the people stirring in their
Beds, come, eyes wide-open
Seeing far beyond today and here
And now and - I have heard
Their breath together, deep and
More than real

- by Jim Derksen

Ode to Eric

In 1913, when Eric Reimer was a child in the Ukraine, his family was from East Prussia. In 1920, as a young boy in Winnipeg, he was from the Ukraine, though the family name, his father explained, could be traced back to Germany. About 1939, it was discovered that the family lineage actually went back to Holland, and that the German period was short, if not nonexistent. In the early 1940's, intensive perusal of family documents suggested the possibility of some Russian blood, but by 1946, this was clearly demonstrated to be mere wild conjecture. During a brief period, while crossing the border on the way to go shopping in Minneapolis, Eric Reimer was born east of Ottawa. He later admitted this to be inaccurate, however: his mother delivered him somewhere in West Germany while escaping from the Russians. In 1965, Eric retired to Abbotsford, B.C., where he was from Winnipeg, Manitoba. He died just two years later in the Clearbrook shopping center, where he was from Abbotsford. After a brief period of not knowing up from down, Eric Reimer found his way to heaven. There he met God, from Everlasting, who looked up from the book He was reading and said, Well then, Eric Reimer, where are you going?

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Der Soldat kam zureck

Die folgende Geschichte ist einer russischen Zeitung entnommen und von Herrn J. Neufeld, Winnipeg, uebersetzt worden.

Dieses schien unwahrscheinlich: Der Soldat kehrte aus dem Kriege heim, nach Verlauf von reichlich dreissig Jahren!

Zusammen mit seinen Angehoerigen besuchte er die Grabhuegel seiner Eltern und legte am Denkmal der gefallenen Kaempfer, der fruerehen Mitbewohner seines Dorfes, Blumen nieder. Auch sein Name stand dort, in Gold eingraviert.

Wo aber verbrachte er so eine lange Zeit? Schlug er sich vielleicht kuemmerlich in der Fremde durch? Oder wollte er nicht, vielleicht verkruueppelt - ohne Beine oder Arme - der Familie zur Last fallen?

Nein, ein anderes, weit schwereres Schicksal hatte ihn der Krieg bereitet.

An einem Augustmorgen 1941, erstuermten die Nazis, auf knatternden Kraefraedern und plangedeckten Lastwagen, das Dorf Sabotinowka und fingen an eine neue Ordnung einzufuehren.

Den angestellten Polizeimann, Sidorenko geluestete es schon, die Familie der Krawtschuks naeher unter

die Luupe zu nehmen, zu befuehlen: - Selbst, der alte Alexander Timofejewitsch - gewesener Budenowez (Husarenregiment des Kavalleriegenerals, Budeny) - und seine vier Soehne als Rotarmisten an der Front. Doch wagte er vorerst nich, die Familie anzugreifen.

Als man dann aber anfang, die Jugend aus dem Dorf nach Deutschland, zur Zwangsarbeit zu verschleppen, erschien er eines Tages im Hause der Krawtschuks und sagte mit scheinheiligem, hinterlistigen Laecheln: "Wo ist der Juengste?" A-a Jungé, da bist du ja! Nun mach dich schnell fertig!"

Wohin willst mit ihm, du Scheusal? Trat der Vater fuer seinen Jungen ein.

Nach Deutschland wird er fahren, dort wird man den Jungen arbeiten lehren.

Rostislaw wurde hinausgefuehrt, in den Schlitten gestossen.

In derselben Nacht klopfte jemand an die Tuer. "Wer ist da?" fragte in Angst Mutter Darina.

"Ich bin es, Mutter, mach auf!"

Im Schnee stand, barfuss und ohne seinen Halbpelz, Rostik.

Man versteckte ihn auf dem Backofen. Am Tage erschien unerwartet Polizei. Sie gaben dem fuenfjaehrigen Schwesterchen ein Stueckchen Zucker - "Iss, Liebchen, und wo ist dein Bruederchen?" "Rostik ist nicht da," antwortet das Kind.

Man fand ihn nachher doch, als er sich spaeter auf dem Dachboden bei der alten Nachbarin, Ewdokija, versteckt hielt. Der alten Babka tat man sonst nichts, warnte sie nur: "Schau, deine zwei Soehne kaempfen bei den Roten, und du verwehrst noch dieses Huendchen." Fuer die Flucht bekam Rostik noch seine Pruegel, wurde gebunden und ins Fuhrwerk geworfen. Und so verscholl er, Mutter Darinas juengstes Soehnchen.

Nach der Befreiung der Ukraina von den Nazis, trafen in Sabatinowka die Todesnachrichten von den gefallenen Frontsoldaten ein. Dreihundert-fuenfundachtzig Kaempfer waren aus dem Dorf in den Krieg gezogen. Hundert kamen zureck.

Jedes Haus hatte der Krieg mit seinem

schwarzen Fluegel gestreift.

Irgendwo, in weiter Ferne erlagen die zwei Soehne, Porfiry und Taras. Ueber das Schicksal von Moses und Nicolaus kam keine Nachricht.

Oft und lange stand Mutter Darina am Kreuzweg und wartete auf ihre Soehne.

Wo sind sie? Soll es ihr wirklich nicht vergoennt sein, sie wiederzusehen?

Moses und Nicolaus ueberlebten den Krieg und kamen heim. Doch den Vater trafen sie nicht mehr am Leben. Aber auch fuer sie hatte das Leben nicht mehr viel uebrig. Einer nach dem andern erlagen die Krieger den Folgen ihrer Verwundungen.

Wer uebernimmt es, die Naechte zu beschreiben, wo Mutter Darina, das Gesicht in den Kissen vergraben, ohne Traenen dalag, und die Tochter, vor Angst zitternd, riefen: "Mutter, Mutter, so steh' doch auf, steh' auf!"

Ein Jahr verging nach dem andern. Der grosse Schmerz, um die Verlorenen, wurde nach und nach stiller, ruhiger. Langsam, Schritt fuer Schritt, ordnete sich wieder das taegliche Leben.

Die Kolchose entfaltete sich, wurde staerker. Auch Mutter Darina arbeitete und hatte von allem: ein neues Haus aus Ziegelsteinen, mit Blechdach. (Das alte Haus wurde als Schuppen und Abstellraum gebraucht). Enkelkinder waren da von den Toechtern Walja und Anisja, anstaedige, strebsame Schwieger-soehne.

Trotz alldem aber meldet sich von Zeit zu Zeit, bei Mutter Darina, in kleineren und groeszeren Zeitabstaenden, immer wieder, der Schmerz um ihren Juengsten, den Rostik.

Und dann, von nun vier Jahren, rief sie die Tochter zu sich und sagte: "Ich gehe jetzt, meine Tochter, habe das Meinige abgelebt. Aber ich fuehle, - sie hob ihre Augen zu Rostiks Foto empor, - ich fuehle, er lebt. Nehmt ihn auf, wie

Fredensydicht

Vea sich aun Gott voat evayeven
De finyt en Am enn niyet Leven
Sien Tviavel es am vaejynomen
En Christus haft he daut bestonen.

Nu kaun he sich tem Leven schechen
Nusch voat an mea gaunz bedrechen
Nicht Angst fe Krankheik, Zank en Dot
En Jesum finyt he freschem Mot.

Gott bringt dem Menschen Fred em Hoat
so haft de Schrefftt daut offenboat
Desveyan doav vie Am emphelen
He vell ons Menschen uetervehlen.

En diss i Velt voll Striedichheit
Bringt He ni niyi Selichheit
Fe diss i Velt en Stried feloren
Fredensstiffitta sell vie voaren.

by Menno Wiebe

Die Huette Im Norden

Hoch im Norden, weiss die Fluren
Hell die Naechte, still und kalt,
Einsam fuehren tiefe Spuren
Zu der Huette in dem Wald.

Weit der Weg den ich gekommen
Habe stets an dich gedacht
Und den fernen Ruf vernommen
Der mich wieder hergebracht.

Staendig brennt im Raum das Feuer
Dessen Waerme mich durchzieht,
Es umgibt mich lieb und teuer
Was im Leben mir verblieb.

Kleine Huette hoch im Norden
Hat mich ganz und gar erfasst
Bin des Wanderns mued' geworden
Und erfraue mich der Rast.

- Von Walter Schlichting

immer er auch kommen mag. Er ist euer Bruder." Sie starb mit diesen Worten.

Der gemeine Soldat, Rostislaw Krawtschuk wurde bei den Kaempfen in Richtung Berlin, schwer verwundet. Sanitaeter fanden ihn, halbverschuettet im Schuetzengraben und brachten ihn zum Hospital. Als der Chirurg ihn angesehen, schuettelte er den Kopf: "Ich fuerchte, dieser macht es nicht durch. . Wie heisst er?" Die Sanitaeter zogen mit den Schultern: "Er ist ohne Dokumente."

Rostislaw machte es doch durch, aber er hatte das Gedaechnis und die Gabe des Sprechens verloren.

Aus einem Evakuierungshospital in andre wurde er ueberfuehrt. Immer weiter und weiter, dem Osten zu. Und derweil ging auch der Krieg zu Ende.

Die Verwundeten strebten mit aller Macht, gesund zu werden; und wenn auch das Bein, der Arm oder die Schulter noch schmerzte, gab man sich den Schein, als ob auch gar nichts mehr weh' tue. - Nur um schneller entlassen zu werden.

Jeden Tag verabschiedete sich jemand, mit einem Laecheln uebers ganze Gesicht, und seine Abzeichen zur Schau tragend, von den Aerzten, Schwestern und Waerterinnen, umarmte einen und den andern der Kameraden im Krankenzimmer, allen gute Genesung wuenschend. Dann naehrte man sich, schon ohne Laecheln, dem Verwundeten ohne Namen. Legte ihm die Hand auf die Schulter: "Macht nichts, Soldat, es wird

voruebergeh'n. schnell fort. Und so nannte man ihn auch nur "Soldat".

Die Tage verbrachte er, bis ueber den Kopf bedeckt, auf dem Lager, oder ging weg, tief in den Garten, etwas fuer sich herbrummend. Was? Das konnte niemand verstehen. So vergingen fuer ihn die Jahre in voelliger Einsamkeit.

Doch eines Tages im Jahre 1974 erhob er sich ploetzlich auf seinem Lager und sagte klar und verstaendlich: "Ich heisse Rostislaw Krawtschuk, bringt mich zur Mutter, sie wohnt in der Provinz Kirowograd!"

Hatte die Kur, irgendwelche Arznei, oder angewandte Heilmethode geholfen, oder hatte sich vonselbst sein Gedaechnis geklaert und die Sprache sich wieder eingestellt?

Nicht diese Frage lag den Aerzten und Schwestern des Charkower Provinzkrankenhauses nun am naechsten, sondern das Geschehen selbst: Das Gedaechnis des Soldaten ist zurueckgekommen, das Gedaechnis!

Man schrieb nun auf die von ihm angegebene Adresse - selbst konnte er nicht, im Laufe von dreissig Jahren war er des Schreibens entwoehnt.

Als der Betriebsleiter der Kolchosa in Sabinowka davon erfuhr, sagte er: "Warum braucht ihr mit der Eisenbahn zu fahren? Ihr muesst euch beeilen. Da steht der Moskwitsch (Autofirma) hinein und los!"

So kamen die Schwestern des "Soldaten" mit dem Wagen des Kolchosbetriebs direkt aus Sabinowka

nach Charkow.

Und nun gehen sie schon durch den Garten des Krankenhauses, zwischen Aerzten, Schwestern und Kranken, die sich hier versammelt haben, um dem Wiedersehen des Soldaten mit seinen Schwestern beizuwohnen, und sich mit ihm zu freuen.

Da ploetzlich stuerzt die aeltere Schwester, mit wehenden Haaren, durch die Menge: "Rostik, unser Rostik!" und haengt sich dem Bruder an den Hals.

Niemals hat der Soldat, waehrend der dreissig Jahre seines Aufenthaltes im Krankenhause, geweint, auch jetzt vergoss er keine Traene, - nur hauchte er: "Mama! Du bist gekommen?!"

Seine Schwester, die ja inzwischen auch 30 Jahre aelter geworden war, hielt er fuer die Mutter.

In Sabotinowka traten die gewesenen Frontsoldaten, dekoriert mit all ihren Orden und Medaillen, auf die Strasse, die aelteren Weibsleute trugen weisse, statt der sonst farbigen, Kopftuechlein. Das ganze Dorf hatte sich versammelt, um ihn, den totgeglaubten Dorfgenossen, wiederzusehen und zu begruessen. "Sie kommen!" meldeten die halberwachsenen Jungens, die sich schon rechtzeitig an der Doreinfahrt postiert hatten. Und dann, um ein kleines spaeter, steht schon Rostislaw Krawtschuk im Kreise seiner Angehoerigen, Nachbarn und Freunde, drueckt viele Haende, umarmt jemanden recht ungeschickt, und alle reichen ihm Blumen dar.

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Willi, sein Schulkamerad, erinnert daran, wie sie beide damals, als man sie nach Deutschland fahren wollte, aus dem Wagon geflüchtet sind.

Es glückte damals den Juenglingen, sich vor den Faschisten zu verstecken und vor der Verschleppung bewahrt zu bleiben.

Und als dann spaeter die rote Arme die Ukraina von der Deutschen Besatzung befreite, wurden auch sie beide zur Armeeeinberufen.

Beide kaempften irgendwo an derselben Front. Willi erfuhr durch andre Kameraden, dass Rostick verwundet sei, dann aber schien er verschollen oder umgekommen zu sein. Und nun ploetzlich lebt er - nach Verlauf so vieler Jahre.

Der Soldat erholt sich nun im Kreise seiner Dorfgenossen, obwohl ihn noch oft, die in den Kaempfen erlebte, Schreckensbilder plagen. Manchmal, nachts, springt er ploetzlich auf: "Patronen! - reicht doch Patronen her! Fedjka, halt doch das Fussvolk zurueck!" Anisja erhebt sich, streichelt ihm ueber den Kopf: "Ruhig, Rostik, ruhig, - es geht wieder vorueber."

Schonend bemueht man sich im Dorf um Rostislaw. Im Garten der alten Nachbarin reifen die Aepfel. Sie bringt ihm welche, zu kosten, wo sie ihn einst, als kleinen Jungen, an den Ohren zerzte, wenn er es wagte, in ihren Garten vorzudringen.

Der Betriebsleiter, Simon, ein noch juengerer, tuechtiger Kerl, schaut unbedingt im Vorbeikommen 'rein, ob es nicht an irgendwas fehle.

Bevor ich zur Feder griff, hab ich die Geschichte von Rostislaw Krawtschuk vielen Leuten erzaehlt. Im Eisenbahnzug, im Flughafen und wo immer sich Gelegenheit bot.

Ein junges Maedchen fragte, aufatmend: "Ja gibt es denn sowas? Hat der Vaterlandsverteidiger wirklich dreissig Jahre nichts gewusst?" Ein aelterer Mann, mit einem Gesicht voller Schrammen, allem nach auch ein gewesener Frontsoldat, aeusserte sich: 'Also hat die arme Mutter den Sohn doch nicht abgewartet! ... Schade!'

O Mutter Darina! Wie koennte man, sich nicht vor Dir verneigen, fuer deinen heiligen Glauben an die Rueckkehr deines Sohnes! Wie, nicht staunen, ueber die Macht deiner Liebe!

Haben nicht dieser Glaube und diese Liebe deinen Sohn bewegt, gezwungen, sich nach dreissigjaehrigen, stummen, geistlosen Dahinvergetieren, ploetzlich vom Krankenhauslager zu erheben und zu rufen - fahrt mich zur Mutter?!

Wieviel Jahre vergingen, aber der Krieg pocht immer noch an die Herzen. Und die alten Muetter hoeren nicht auf, zu warten auf ihre Soehne.

W. Borisow
Sabotinowka
Provinz Kirowograd.

Vater sang!

von Helen Reimer B. J. Mann

(Geschrieben den 2. Juni 1976, am Begraebnis-Tag fuer meinen lieben Vater, Jacob Heinrich Reimer, geb. d. 15. Nov. 1893. Den 30. Mai, 1976 wurde er in die obere Heimat genommen nach 3 1/2 Wochen schweren Leidens im St. Catharines, Ont. General Hospital in Folge eines Schlaganfalls.

1918 fing er in der Molotschna, S. Russland, den Lehrerberuf an. In Kanada besuchte er die Gretna M.C.I. u. die "Normal" Schule in Winnipeg. In Manitoba unterrichtete er 6 Jahre in der Carruthers Schule bei Steinbach, 4 Jahre in der Gruenthal Schule bei Altona und 2 Jahre in der Woolwich Schule bei Grunthal.)

Vater sang - als Knabe in der Dorfschule. Als Juengling in dem Chor der Jugend von Lichtfelde und Alexanderkrone under der Leitung von seinem Onkel, Isaac Regehr. Als Sanitaeter mit verwundeten Soldaten. Als Lehrer mit seinen Schuelern in Deutsch und Englisch. Als Sonntagsschulleiter und Chor-Leiter. Als Berater fuer die Vorsaenger der Sommerfeldschen Kirche.

Vater sang - durch die Jahre wo Armut und Krankheit staendiges Begleit waren. Als Arbeit und Schweiss bei Hausbau und bei Ackern mitten Steine und Sand das Los war. Da sind wir im Fruehling jeden Sonnabend zwouelf Meilen gefahren mit Pferde und Wagen um auf der erworbenen "Farm" zu bauen und einzusaehen. Da hatte man beim Fahren Zeit - Zeit die Natur zu geniessen und zu singen. Im Gesang kam die staendige Abhaengigkeit von Gott zum Vorschein.

Welch ein treuer Freund ist Jesus,
der da immer hilft so gern!
Welch ein Vorrecht ist's, zu bringen
alles im Gebet zum Herrn!
Oft wir unsern Frieden stoeren,
und die Ruhe ist uns fern,
weil nicht immer gleich wir bringen
alles im Gebet zum Herrn!

Ich brauch' dich allezeit,
Du treu' ster Freund!
Mein banges Herz wird still,
mit Dir vereint.
Ich brauch' Dich, o, ich brauch' Dich,
Jesus, ja, ich brauch' Dich;
ich komm zu Dir, mein Heiland, o segne
mich!
Im Geang konnten wir die Schoenheit
der Natur so richtig zum Ausdruck
bringen.
Wie lieblich schallt in Feld un Wald

der Voeglein frohes Lied,
dass unser Herz nach Not und Schmerz
in reiner Freude glueht.

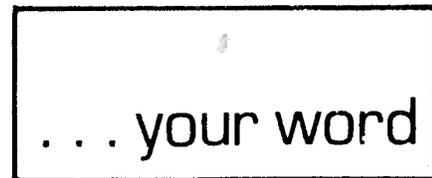
In Gesang wurde die Schoenheit der Natur die Bruecke, die zur ewigen Heimat hinweist. Wie oft hat Vater im Fruehling so ein Lied gesungen. Jetzt ist sein Wunsch, in diesem Liede ausgesprochen, tatsaechlich erfuellt.

Wie Prankt im Fruehlingskleide die gruene, bunte Welt
sie hat in Wald und Heide, Musik und Lust bestellt.

Wie klingt und spielt der Scherz in Bueschen rings u. Baeumen,
in Eden's blueten Traeumen, den Klang
in jedes Herz.

Hinaus denn meine Seele, in voller Lust hinaus
verkuende, ruf's, erzaehle und kling und sing es aus;
du bist von Lerchenart, nach oben will dein Leben,
lass fliegen, klingen, schweben, die susses Himmelsfahrt.

Auf Luefte denn Schwingen zum frohen Himmelsort:
dein Trachten, Sehnen, Ringen, dein Weg, dein Ziel ist dort -
O flieh aus diesem Glanz der bunten Erdenlenze,
ins Land der ew'gen Kraenze, dort ist dein Ziel, dein Kranz.



Dear Sir:

We very much enjoy your magazine for its cultural characteristics, as well as other commendable features. I was therefore very disappointed at the editorial appearing in your April issue. While the editorial is basically sound, it is unfortunate that one political party was singled out to illustrate a point.

This, to me, makes it a politically partisan editorial, and I would deeply regret if the Mennonite Mirror became a political forum. I do not think this was the intent at the founding of the paper, and from my point of view, expressed political partisanship could destroy its purpose. We get enough politics in our non-Mennonite publications, as well as TV and radio, and with the impending election in Manitoba we'll be showered with more propaganda. I therefore make a serious appeal to you, Mr. President and Editor, to maintain the high standards your Magazine has had in the past.
D. Rempel
Winnipeg

our word . . .

Knocking holes in the box

Several articles in this issue feature events and people from the Winkler area of Manitoba. We are sure that they will interest our readers wherever they live. Mr. A. A. Kroeker is undoubtedly one of the most unique agricultural pioneers that the Mennonite community has produced. Our writer, Hilda Matsuo, who grew up on a progressive farm in Kleefeld and who is married to a grain researcher in Winnipeg, had a delightful time interviewing the Kroekers. The cover photo highlights one of the most important institutions developed by the Mennonite people in Manitoba, the MCI.

The interview with Harold Jantz, editor of the Mennonite Brethren Herald will, hopefully, evoke interested response from our readers. We think that the interviewer has done an excellent job of capturing the many-sided character of this Mennonite journalist. In our opinion the Herald, under Jantz' editorial leadership, has become one of the most interesting Mennonite publications in North America. The Letters-to-the-Editor section of that magazine is without rival, a good example of the openness which Jantz describes in the interview. We don't always agree with the opinions expressed in the magazine, especially those submitted by a few regular contributors who often seem to be writing off the top of their head with a narrow tunnel vision, but Jantz' editorials (as well as those of his assistant) and the feature articles he commissions have a range and thoughtfulness which command respect. He has much to say to our whole community.

We find ourselves in almost complete agreement with the views Jantz expresses in the interview published here. He may, of course, draw small comfort from this. We would like to respond briefly to some thoughts which he expresses. We are not really taking issue with anything that Jantz says, but we would like to explore a few ideas prompted by the interview, in the hope that a further dialogue might ensue.

We agree with the editor of the Herald that each of us operates within a certain box. Institutions, including the church and the CBC, are created for a purpose and people who wilfully defy those purposes in the name of freedom may display more ignorance than courage. We should, however, be aware at all times that the box within which we are operating may bear only a slight resemblance to the box which was originally intended. This is probably no more true of the church than of other institutions, but it is certainly true of the church. It may be that people who knock holes in the walls of the box which we call our church may in fact be trying to remind us of a larger, and very different, space which Jesus intended to create. The little sub-denominations that we have created for ourselves, in which we fearfully and joylessly re-enact some pale intimations of the Christian faith, are more likely to be boxes of confinement than sources of dynamic and adventurous Christian living. We have an older friend, a fine Christian, who told us recently that he has a recurring nightmare in which he finds himself in heaven and discovers that it resembles the bible school which he attended in his youth. Behind this person's humour there is a spirit of reflection and self-criticism which is extremely necessary in the church. We believe that there are a number of real and potential saints in our congregations who testify to us of God's genuine presence in our midst, but we also know that we are subject to sentimental illusions and when we finally have a chance to view their

life's effort and our own from God's perspective we are undoubtedly going to experience many surprises.

There are some very glaring weaknesses in our brotherhood. We see little evidence that we have been able to combat the materialist spirit of our time any better than the average citizen. Our churches engage in political maneuvering and petty back-biting which might make some genuine, old-time politicians blush. We speak all too glibly of conversion, when we know that certain human traits, such as jealousy, greed, anger, covetousness, are seldom brushed away with any degree of finality. In the name of truth we should admit as much, even if it forces us to re-examine our theology. Such admission does not have to end in despair. God's mills grind more slowly than we often think, but we believe that they grind nevertheless. However, a proper appreciation of our continuing weaknesses, even after serious efforts have been made to commit our lives to God, should at the very least make us feel a deeper kinship with others in their weakness and should prevent us from confusing our tiny boxes with the kingdom of God.

At this very moment we in our small brotherhood are creating separate little historical societies and refusing to co-operate in basic Christian educational ventures. We are sure that God can only endure this because He has a sense of humour. Someday we too will laugh with Him. We should take our weaknesses even more seriously than we do, and we should take *ourselves* less seriously than we do. Our attempts to justify our little boxes impose far too great a burden on us. We agree with Harold Jantz that some displays of tolerance may simply mask a lack of conviction. Our point of concern is that the devil may use that very fear to keep us in our stifling little boxes. As the late Dag Hammarskjold said so well: "When the devil wishes to play on our lack of character he calls it tolerance, and when he wants to stifle our first attempts to learn tolerance, he calls it lack of character." We hope that a dialogue might be continued along these lines. R.V.

The Hunters

We hunt ourselves through.

The navel inverted
is the texture of Hell-gate.
The carpet of hair
breaks all the circuits.

The light switch of death
is covered with darkness
and stinking beasts en-
circle it moaning.

It sends out
More lightless screams
Than all the beasts and
Tears in the world.

Dark Radiator
How can I find you?
(eyeless, earless
in the blood and hair
matrix?)

Nose lifted to no wind,
Through the musk
Of beasts,
I will scent you out.

The ozones
of your metals,
Will they
give you away?

- by Jim Derksen

More about FESTIVAL

not ask. They're too heavy to take out in my shopping bag anyway. Now I know why they need security guards for this affair.

Three large clocks are ticking away and the sign explains that they were made in Rosenthal, Ukraine. I overhear the man explaining that his great-great grandfather, Johannes Kroeger, manufactured these clocks, and passed on the clock making art (and the clocks) to five generations of Kroegers. I have learned something already. Mennonites lived in the Ukraine during and even before, the 19th century, but their native language is

German. And they weren't all farmers either. Some day we Quebecers will be able to say the same thing.

Here's a man in the bookbinding business. His wife gives me a card which says: "H. H. Goertzen, Bookbinding". He should come to Chicoutimi and fix all those dilapidated French text books in our school library. He'd soon run out of glue.

Nearby is a long u-shaped display of books, religious literature, and church albums. These Mennonites must be avid readers, and in German at that. There's a poster which advertises an anthology of German Canadian writing which will

soon be available. I remember a Mennonite author, Rudy Wiebe, who appeared on the Peter Gzowski show. Wiebe explained what Mennonites were all about, and I also remember that he said Mennonites don't read much. My guess is that Wiebe wrote his novels in the wrong language. Quebecers are obviously not the only people who are experiencing a clash of traditional and contemporary values in literature and language.

As kids we rubbed crayons over coins to make the maple leaf come out on the paper. People still do it for kicks. This lady explained how she travelled to England to get these reproductions called brass rubbings. One of these reproductions was taken from a 12th century monumental brass plate and several others were taken from life size figures from Elizabethan times. Mennonites are world travellers and some of them obviously appreciate their English heritage as much as their own. My Francophone countrymen could benefit from such an exposure.

In the middle of my inspection of an antique automobile, 1918, vintage, I hear waltz music. A forty piece string orchestra, mostly young people, is playing delightful music including "Happy Wanderer", and a polka. These Mennonites don't dance but some people are tapping their feet. When the orchestra is finished there is some applause but I notice many people are sitting quietly, not moving their hands. In Chicoutimi there would be much loud shouting and whistling after music like that. The seats are all taken so I remain standing to hear a handbell solo and two more choirs. Finally a gentleman reads to the people. Now the atmosphere has changed; maybe my program will help me understand what's happening. It says: "Low German Readings by Dr. G. K. Epp". These Mennonites must have a dialect just like we Quebecers have. The only difference is that we wave our hands alot more when we speak. And we manage to read on our own without the help of a doctor.

On my way back to the exit I see a display of pamphlets, and one in particular is promising in terms of more clues to what this festival is all about. It says: "Mennonite Geneology - Steinbach, Manitoba, Canada, 1960." Unfortunately the rest of it is all in German. But the lady in attendance looks friendly so I ask her to explain what this Geneology means. The best part of her explanation is when she translates the last page of the brochure. "Each person, including you, is put together by:

- two parents
- four grandparents
- eight great grandparents, etc.,
- Your ancestors live within you.
- What do you know about them?
- or, putting it in another way,
- What do you know about yourself?"

That's music to my ears. mm



PAUL HARVEY



EARL NIGHTINGALE

PAUL HARVEY NEWS

8:35 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. Daily
5:50 P.M. — Saturdays

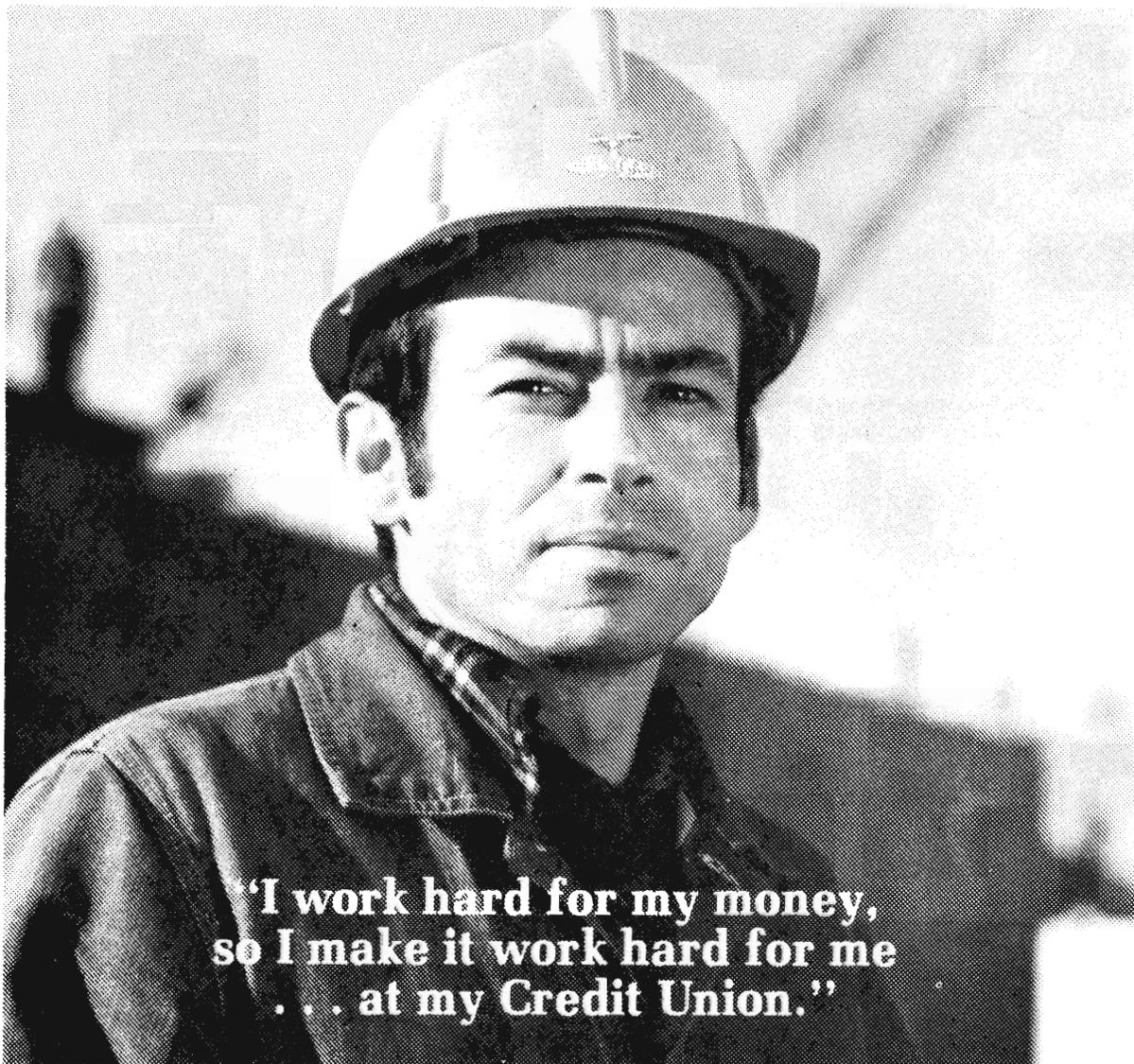
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