

mennonite mirror

volume 8/number 10
june 1979



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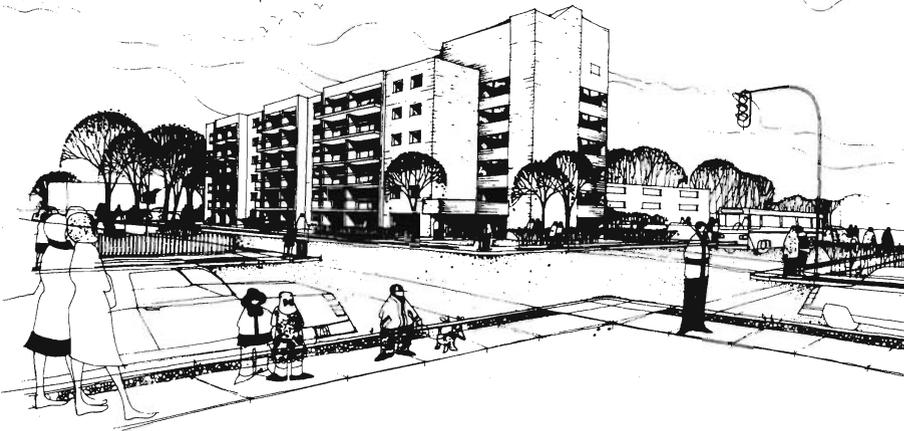
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There was no puzzle in the last issue, largely through an oversight. The Mix-Up is back this issue, offering the usual cash prize.

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A winner will be drawn at random from among the current entries and the prize awarded.

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by June 22, 1979.

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Send entries to:
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The Cover: Students from Mennonite Brethren Institute and Westgate Collegiate provided manpower for sandbag operations during the flood preparations this spring. The lower picture of MBCI students was taken by Paul Kroeker, science and mathematics teacher. The top two photos are scenes from Rosenort from the collection of Syd Reimer.

Mature babysitter required three afternoons per week. Some light domestic chores. Non-smokers only need apply. Please call 489-4935 for further information.

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Heroism consists of hanging on one minute longer . . . and throwing another sandbag.

by P.J.B. Reimer

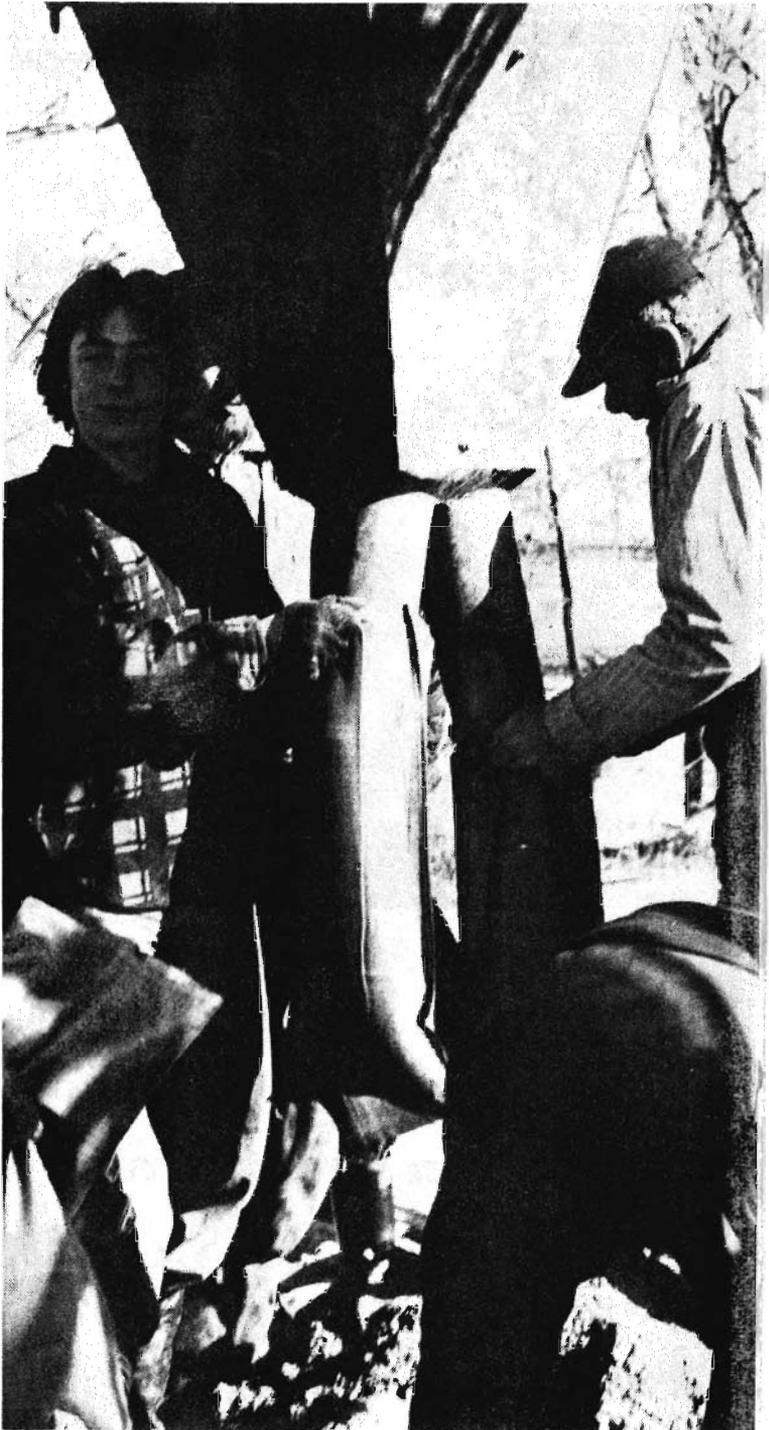
Syd Reimer and his brother-in-law Norm Wiens, like many other inhabitants of the Red River Valley, have just been through one of the most harrowing months of their lives. The two are long-time residents of Rosenort, a Mennonite village on the Morris River 10 miles northwest of Morris.

Syd Reimer is a volunteer supervisor with the Mennonite Disaster Service and has had wide experience with floods and disaster cleanup. As a local councillor, Norm Wiens was one of the men in charge of organizing thousands of volunteer workers into efficient work parties in the fight against a flood that proved to be as serious as the Big One of 1950. For the first 10 days of the flood Norm was away from his flood duties for a total of 21 hours, and not even all of that time was spent in bed.

Both men admit that while the predictions called for a flood of major proportions, they didn't really believe them as late as a week before the flood water struck. By a strange irony, Syd had just dispatched 10 Rosenort MDS volunteers to Texas to assist with the tornado cleanup there. The men had barely begun working in Texas when they received word that their own homes in Rosenort were being threatened by flood waters. Needless to say, they lost no time getting back.

Actually, the conditions that make for a major flood in the valley were there for all to read: a long, cold winter with lots of snow, followed by a late spring and a sudden thaw. Most of the snow disappeared in two days. What the flood-troubled residents of the stricken area were reluctant to believe was the possibility of a flood of 1950 proportions. That, after all, was the legendary flood, the ultimate one by which all subsequent floods would have to be measured. No flood could ever again be that bad, they were convinced. And no flood was—until this spring.

The relatively serious flood of 1966 drove the provincial government of Duff Roblin to undertake the herculean task of building a floodway to protect Winnipeg from future floods. Ring dikes were built around the cores of Valley towns and



M.B.C.I. students sandbagging. Photo by Paul Kroeker.

villages which lay directly in the flood basin of the valley. The wisdom of these measures was first tested in the comparatively light 1974 flood. Few people, however, anticipated that the floodway and dikes would ever be seriously tested. But tested they were this year, and for a while it appeared as if the ring dikes would not suffice.

Even worse, of the 10,000 residents in the Valley, fully a quarter don't live within the ring dikes, and so are vulnerable even to minor floods. For individual farmers and outlying town residents the only protection are hastily erected sandbag dikes around their homesteads. With the flood waters at their highest forming a grotesque, sinister lake covering almost a million acres, the dikes towns and individual homes became minute, fragile islands so dangerously isolated that their inhabitants were ordered to evacuate. Only the flood fighters remained within the dikes, trying desperately to hold back the sullen waters.

Nowhere in the Valley was there a more courageous, more concerted community response to the crisis than in Rosenort, normally a thriving little farm and business community of about 500 people. In its century of existence, Rosenort has seen more than one flood come and go. When it comes to floods Rosenorters don't panic and they don't complain. They just go to work, swiftly, efficiently, intelligently. And they are always prepared to go it alone, although they accept volunteer help from the outside gratefully, as they did this time.

From beginning to end the Rosenort flood operation was locally controlled. While all the other communities in the disaster area came under the control of the government-sponsored Emergency Measures Organization, Rosenort preferred to rely on the Mennonite Disaster Service. There were no paid workers or military personnel in Rosenort, although literally thousands of unpaid volunteers answered the MDS call for help. Syd Reimer puts it bluntly: "We simply told EMO to leave us alone." MDS quickly proved that it could do the job. With such local stalwarts as Reeve Alvin Rempel, Frank Dueck, Stan and Franklin Plett and others leading the way, there was never any doubt about the success of the operation. Even the Holdemann people, who had formed their own organization, came to help after looking after their own places.

By the first Sunday of the flood over 400 workers were on the job filling sandbags from two mountains of sand in the center of Rosenort. As fast as the bags were filled, trucks hauled them to unprotected homes. By the time the diking was completed close to a million sandbags had been used. Some time was lost waiting for fresh sandbags to arrive, but by and large the operation moved smoothly. Up to 650 workers showed up daily during the peak period and all told

close to 4,000 volunteers worked at Rosenort. Students from CMBC and MBCI in Winnipeg were out in full force to help with the diking. Some volunteers came from as far away as Rapid City, South Dakota, where the MDS under Syd Reimer's direction had done such a tremendous cleanup job seven years earlier when that community experienced its tragic false flood. Some of the grateful recipients of that MDS aid were now here to pay back the debt. And some of them also promised to come back to help with the cleanup. Christian charity has a way of getting reciprocated.

Even the problem of providing food for the armies of volunteer workers was handled with simple dispatch. Ladies from all over the district brought boxes after boxes of sandwiches and gallons of beverages to the Rosenort Fire Hall, which served as combined operational headquarters, and dining hall. The local

Co-op store provided case after case of canned stew, etc. for hot suppers. On the second Sunday, the women fed 1,200 people in Rosenort. Even after the general evacuation order some women stayed on to look after the task of feeding the workers. In between, these gallant ladies also helped with the diking.

Like any serious crisis, a flood tends to bring out both the best and the worst in people. Most respond with selfless dedication, but there are always a few who get panicky and selfish. A few farmers tried desperately to dike right around their whole farm building area, a practise that was not permitted under flood regulations. One farmer actually started "high-jacking" loaded trucks by stopping them and coercing workers to dump their sandbags at his farm. When supervisors discovered this they quickly put an end to the man's selfish action. In Morris, where the RCMP made a house-to-house search



to make sure residents were complying with the evacuation order, they discovered more than a dozen women "hiding out" in their own homes. Tersely, they gave the women a choice of either evacuating or working on the dikes. All chose to dike rather than to leave.

The flood also had its funny moments. One flood organizer made a call to Winnipeg and unwittingly got connected with the wrong number, which turned out to be the Paris Massage Parlour. The startled lady who answered the phone was subjected to a barrage of requests rather different from the kind she normally gets.

In comparing this year's flood with the Big One in 1950, Reimer and Wiens agree that while this one was every bit as bad as the one in 1950, people were much better prepared for it. In addition to the ring dikes, there was an abundance of vehicles and equipment to draw on. One of the biggest and toughest jobs the flood fighters were faced with was that of transferring vast quantities of stored grain to dry areas. In the Rosenort community alone 250,000 bushels of grain were hauled by truck to unflooded places. Local residents generally are not happy with the poor supply of railway cars and the apparent apathy of rail officials towards this complex problem.

Now that the flood threat is past, Valley residents are busy assessing the damage. A preliminary estimate indicates that in the Rosenort area alone the damages will run to well over a million dollars. As vice-chairman of the Manitoba Disaster Relief Board, Syd Reimer's job in the months ahead will be to oversee and authorize compensation claims in the Valley. As always after the flood waters begin to recede, the mood and morale of most victims is low, even though they can expect to be adequately compensated by the government. Some residents are bitter and talk of moving, but going by past experience few will actually do so.

What bothers valley residents more than anything else, especially those not protected by ring dikes, is the depressing realization that any permanent solution to their chronic flood problem—such as building a floodway all the way from Emerson to Winnipeg, or alternatively, dredging and enlarging the bed of the Red River—is simply too expensive to be carried out for the sake of a few thousand Manitoba citizens. The best they can hope for is that the government will provide funds for such secondary measures as ring dikes for individual homesteads and the raising of foundations for existing homes. Reimer says that of the \$10 million raised for the Volunteer Flood Fund of 1950, there is still \$2 million left for such projects. Only time will tell whether these measures will be undertaken in time for the next flood.

Rosenort residents, like others in the valley, know that for them periodic floods

are as certain as death and taxes. All they hope for is that the respites between floods at least be long enough to allow them to recover economically and psychologically from these grim ordeals. The tough, resilient spirit of these Rosenorters can be seen in their plan to celebrate the end of the flood by filling their barge with locals dressed up in pirate costumes

and carrying wooden swords, and then challenge the military barge at Morris to a mock battle. A rather un-Mennonite gesture perhaps, but it symbolizes Rosenorter's life-must-go-on attitude and its refusal to feel sorry for itself.

Self-reliance in the face of adversity is an old Mennonite tradition. In Rosenort that tradition is still very much alive. **mm**

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Music is not only a way of life for the Wiebes, but also a way to express faith

by Mary M. Enns

Rich Little had better attend to his p's and q's, for the newest threat on his horizon is the director of music at CMBC. Not only does George Wiebe do excellent impersonations, with a repertoire of seven or eight characters, but he has been known to perform at school functions with a talent revived from his early years, the singing of cowboy songs embellished by yodelling. At the Rhineland reunion a few years ago his performance met with such success that only modesty prevents him from letting it become a career. Speaking of modesty, Mr. Wiebe says, "Oh, well, but you should hear my brother Menno!"

Reserve on the part of Esther and George Wiebe made it difficult to get permission to do this interview at all. Esther, recently promoted to associate professor at CMBC, explains quietly. "I am a shy person, and we are just not accustomed to talking a great deal about ourselves. I've received wonderful support from audiences for my compositions, response that has been overwhelming, an honour that I have never sought after. Whatever good has come out of my writing or my music I contribute to God's having given me something to say."

George says, "Mennonites have come of age in musical performance and are

perhaps overly conscious of their musical achievements. Mennonites are leaders in the choral field in our city. Without lowering our musical standards we should accept these gifts humbly of God, being convinced that our prime calling is the communication of our faith."

Music has been a way of life for most of their lives. Esther began piano study at age five. George, growing up in a family of seven brothers and three sisters, first near Lena, Manitoba, then in B.C., says the family began the day with singing around the table. They always sang a lot. Esther laughs. "Whenever any four of them get together they immediately start harmonizing." At age 20, George conducted his first church choir in Abbotsford, B.C. What he lacked then in formal training, he made up with love and hard work.

Their own family today is music-oriented. Esther and their three sons have formed a string quartet. Here Robert, 24, plays first violin. He is a 1976 graduate of the school of music in Brandon. He and his fiancée, Verna Heindrichs, a pianist and graduate of the same school of music, are to be married this summer, creating yet another husband and wife musical team. Esther takes the second violin, with Tim, 19, playing the viola (his interests have diversified to include singing, poetry, and writing) and Peter, 15, playing the cello (and clarinet upon occasion).

Asked how successful a husband and wife music team is in a marriage, Esther says: "There would be a lot of problems if I were not also in music, because George is very much involved in choral work. It is a passion, a love for him. If a wife didn't live it too, she would lose that part of her husband and they would have to find other areas of common interest. On my side of it, any composing I've done has almost always been prodded and encouraged by George. That's important because music is a vital part of my life."

When George speaks of Esther as a composer he says: "I'm very happy when she has decided on a new project of composing. She does this, not spontaneously, but whenever a need presents

itself, a commission or a request. We have a CMBC publishing board now which encourages faculty to write and publish. And in a 3½ month summer period this is possible. *Fill My House* Esther's first book, is a collection of arrangements and compositions of the more traditional songs. Her second, *Canticles and Psalms*, newly released, is a collection of 17 folk-like, simple, scripture-based songs. . .

"I had to do a great deal of prodding for her most recent work, *Thy Kingdom Come*. It was commissioned by, and composed for, the World Conference of Mennonites in Wichita last summer. Four composers were asked to submit compositions, Esther being the Canadian representative; the other three rather formidable names in the Mennonite music world."

Her beginnings in composition can be traced back to working with a quartet at CMBC, singing for the Abundant Life program. They needed certain songs, and these were not always available to buy, so she found herself arranging dozens of songs.

George Wiebe's first concentrated training in his field was at age 25 at MBBC during the last years of Ben Horch's teaching there. The following year both he and his wife were engaged



Esther Wiebe



George Wiebe

to teach at CMBC. A summer course of study with Robert Shaw and Julius Herford in San Diego proved invaluable to George since it charted the course of his career irrevocably into choral work. Later, in a church music graduate studies program at University of California, he worked with Charles Hirt. The focus of his thesis was *The Hymnody of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada*.

Asked whether the music of the Mennonite Church has changed as a result of the general modernization of Christendom, and whether we are reverting back to the classic hymns of Bach and others, he said: "I was attempting through the medium of my thesis to discover what the prevailing tastes were in our Mennonite churches. I sent a questionnaire to the GC churches across Canada. We were called the "chorale singing Mennonites" as compared to the MB's who had been singing many of the *kernlieder* or translated gospel songs. (The time came for the latter when they sang more "chorale", due to the *Gesangbuch*, a hymnal created and promoted by people like Franz Thiesen and Ben and Esther Horch.) I discovered then that we weren't really as great a chorale-singing people as we would like to think we are. According to the results of the questionnaire we were singing more the sentimental type of song, the *Sehnsucht Lieder*, expressing the hurt and hope, especially in their melodies."

Are the Mennonites' experiences of persecution and suffering in Russia might have been responsible for this? "Yes," said Wiebe, "the songs express longing. But the genuine "chorale" which affirm God's greatness and Christ's lordship and which speak of hope and assurance were not on the top of the list. The results of this study were determining in the decision of the conference to publish, in 1965, a new hymnal.

A sabbatical year (1964-65) for both was spent in music study in Germany. George studied at Detmold where he found a small (70 students) church-music school nearby with director and conductor Wilhelm Ehmann. Working with Ehmann led to a close friendship and the subsequent translation by Mr. Wiebe of Dr. Ehmann's book *Die Chorfuehrung (Choral Direction)*. This book was published in the U.S. and is used as a text and reference book in universities there.

Esther had always studied wherever George went and in Germany her studies included work in harpsichord and piano.

In 1971, the Wiebes were off on a second sabbatical, this time to Bloomington Indiana, to the largest music school in the world. George had decided on a doctoral program, while Esther was once again studying composition.

When the second year in Bloomington rolled around and they needed extra funds in order to continue, George calculated: "For the coming Centennial cel-

ebration they're doing everything except a musical dramatic thing on some aspect of Mennonite life. Who has ever written a Mennonite opera?" The committee was interested, they provided a script-writer, Diana Brandt, from Manitoba and Esther was commissioned to write the opera. That is how Esther Wiebe's *The Bridge* (sub-title-*What's Wrong with Jim Mackenzie?*) came into being. It was performed 5 times in Manitoba in the Centennial year, in three performances at the triennial conference in Ontario and four times in B.C. George feels: "It is a beautiful religious story with a lot of folk element. It deals with the estrangement between parents and their jean-clad, long haired young people. It also depicts the conflict when a Non-Mennonite suitor, Jim Mackenzie, asks for the hand of a daughter and wants to become a member of the church and community."

"This", smiles Esther, "was probably the highlight of my life. It was authentic with its Mennonite rural scenes, the land, the working people, a Mennonite wedding, including its games, church life and a brotherhood meeting. Over 50 people were involved, including the orchestra. George directed it and our boys were also involved."

Now, both teaching full-time at CMBC, they agree that "our main thrust at the college is training young people in music, preparing them for work in the church, but, also, because the curriculum is basic, preparing them to teach privately or in the school system. We think theology should be set to music, not only discussed. It gives the students a chance to sing their faith. Not only are the students responding, but the various churches are requesting their help as organists and choir directors for the summer. We have a good organ program and look ahead for expansion and growth here."

Asked what significant part their development in music had played in their own spiritual odyssey, Esther said "I think perhaps I've been able to express my faith through some of my compositions." George said: "A lot of the music I've conducted has had a balancing effect on my life. When scripture and hymns are set to music by composers like Bach, Handel or Schuetz an edifying value is added. There is a cleansing, uplifting effect after conducting an oratorio. I

think it stays with the students, too.

Heinrich Schuetz is a composer who has come to mean a great deal to George Wiebe. The work on his doctoral dissertation is an analysis of Schuetzes *Musikalische Exequiem*. The text, a German Protestant Requiem, is a theological work of art, radiating a joyous hope in the life beyond the grave. The music grows right out of the Deutsche Luther Bible.

"George," says Esther, "has a great love for text, but also the ability to interpret that text musically. With a choir to shape it it comes out in an expressive way."

When asked if he was a perfectionist and rough on his students, George smiled ruefully, "Maybe I am. Strangely, it's the same question my professor in Bloomington asked me. *Weltschmerz* within me? Quite a bit, yes. Sometimes melancholy people can be sensitive to poetry and music. This sensitivity can work against you when you become too idealistic. Esther has often helped me here. But I can surely get caught up in the joy of a thing, like rehearsing Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*. And because this joy is spontaneous I believe the students enjoy it too."

Of the people who have had a decisive influence in George's life, he said these would have to have been K.H. Neufeld, Ben Horch, John Konrad, "and I've always learned a lot from my students." For herself, Esther pointed out John Konrad who had taught her in violin, Leonard Isaacs, the piano, Bernard Heiden, who shared with her his love and talents in composition and Madame Gwendolyn Koldowsky, with whom she studied accompanying.

They look forward toward an interesting summer. Their sons will be scattered across Canada. After defending his thesis in Bloomington George will spend July and August in Paraguay and Brazil with the Good Will Tour, a group of 22 singers. And Esther, well, for the first summer in her married life she will have some time alone—without family responsibilities. She hopes to take in a workshop or conference. But she is also planning to do a composition for the CMBC Oratorio Choir's first performance in November. **mm**

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Koop becomes a beekeeper

by Arnold Dyck

Translated by Al Reimer

The following skit is #23 in the series of "Overheard Conversations" with Koop and Buhr. It appeared in the May 16, 1934, issue of the *Steinbach Post*. When it came to describing the trials and tribulations of beekeeping Arnold Dyck knew what he was talking about. During the thirties he himself kept bees in Steinbach to supplement his modest income as editor of the *Post*. The skit is another example of Dyck's fine eye for human foibles and his gentle dry-wit style of dramatizing them.

Buhr (Has been waiting for a while. He hears a wagon approaching and peers through the window. He addresses the storekeeper): Now who can that be? Face like a cannibal—I don't know anybody around here looks like this freak! Must be a new customer. Better keep an eye on your goods).

Koop (Enters with a horribly swollen face; his eyes have all but disappeared): Evening.

Buhr: 'Evening! And here I thought you weren't a Mennonite. Live far from here?

Koop: Ah, don't be such an ass, Buhr.

Buhr (Leaps up astonished and approaches Koop): What, did I hear right? You're Koop?

Koop (angry): Don't act so stupid. You've seen me before.

Buhr (Walks solemnly behind Koop): If it's really you Isaac Koop, lower your head and present your rear view. (He bends over and examines the seat of Koop's pants). Verily and truly, these are your pants Koop, so what's inside them must be the real thing too. But Lord-help us, look at your face! In my life I haven't seen a more perfect ball of a face. But why do you keep your eyes closed? Didn't you get enough sleep?

Toews (Enters but doesn't recognize Koop either): 'Evening.

Buhr: Toews, did you ever see cannibals? Me neither, but they must look something like this guy here.

Toews (Whispering): Watch what you

say. How do you know this man doesn't understand German?

Buhr (loudly): Yep, this man even understands Low German. After all, he's our good friend Isaac Koop, also known as Whitey Koop.

Toews: No! But Koop what's ailing you? Have you got the toothache?

Koop (grumbling): Na-ah.

Buhr: Takes more than a toothache to produce a balloonhead like that. His whole jawbone would have to be infected to produce that. But it's about time you told us what happened Koop. (Suddenly a light seems to go on in his head). Aha! Ha-ha-ha, now I've got it. Now I know where you got that pumpkin-head! (to Toews). It's the bees that have fixed him like that. That's it! I've seen faces like that running around in Steinbach. But Koop, where in the world did you get into head-to-head combat with bees?

Toews: Was it the bees, Koop?

Koop: Yeah.

Toews: Did you get too close to them?

Buhr: Koop, didn't I tell you we'd have trouble with all those Steinbach bees around here? So, it's come to that. They set some hives up at your neighbor's and you tried to dump them over so they wouldn't get into your sweet clover, eh?

Toews: Was that it, Koop?

Koop: Aw go on, these weren't strange bees. They're my own. I set them up in my sweet clover.

Buhr (Shows his surprise): Well I'll be a monkey's uncle! You're keeping bees Koop?

Koop: Well, why not? I've got the sweet clover, and you said yourself that it's the best thing for bees. Why should I let other people's bees steal my honey? I can make use of it myself.

Buhr: But you're too thrifty to start eating honey.

Koop: I'm going to sell it.

Buhr: Yeah, sure. You're going to make some money with your bees. And what do you think they'll bring you?

Koop: At least a hundred bucks—maybe more. I can get up to 300 lbs. from each hive—that's 25 bucks. So, from five hives I could make 125 bucks. You haven't made that much from your watermelons all the time you've raised them. And there's hardly any work involved.

Buhr: Well, well. You say you've got

five hives?

Koop: Yep, five—actually it's only four now. The fifth one is empty—the bees are gone.

Buhr: Gone? How? You mean flown away?

Koop: Naw, the ants got them.

Buhr: Got them how?

Koop: Devoured them. I came one morning and found all the bees gone. The ants had taken their place in the hive.

Buhr: So now you've got four hives of bees and one of ants, eh? (Gives a long, loud laugh). Ha-ha-ha-ha. This is too much. Our Koop turned beekeeper. All that drudgery and digging in the soil is over now. He's found an easier way to make money. Half a century this peasant has slaved on his land and earned his honest bread, the way a good Mennonite should, and now in his mature years he lets the Steinbachers suck him into beekeeping. Steinbach's full of people who don't want to work, people who try to make a living with this and that and get through life without really working. . . . But for a man like you, Koop, that doesn't look right. If you'd started swapping horses—that wouldn't be so bad; that's still in the farming line, so to say. But bees! . . . Our Koop with bees? No, there must be something more than meets the eye in all this. Something's gone haywire in the world. There's either a war coming, or a plague of grasshoppers, or—

Toews: Now, now, Jake. You're a fine one to talk. You're forever fooling around with things that have nothing to do with farming.

Buhr: Me? Well, of course, I'm different. On me the agricultural industry of Canada doesn't exactly depend. But when guys like Koop lose their taste for farming, then there's something drastically wrong, I tell you.

Koop: Ah, quit your jabbering. You just can't stand to see me turning over an easy buck.

Buhr: Yeah, that's it exactly, Koop. You can't stand to see somebody else get something from your sweet clover.

Toews: Let him do what he wants, Jake. (to Koop) But how did your bees get to sting you so badly?

Koop: It happened while I was transferring them from the packages to the hives. I was shaking them into the hive when the little box with the queen fell in. I tried to dig it out but the creatures went crazy. I couldn't ward them off anymore.

Buhr: Weren't you wearing a net?

Koop: Yeah, that was the trouble. I'd made myself a good, strong net out of a tin box and some window screening. That's what I was wearing. Somehow a few bees got in underneath and started stinging me. I couldn't get at them. Nettie had tied the net behind my back so I couldn't untie it. When the bees started acting up she cleared out. So the little beasts were free to work on my face, and

before I could get the net off my head I had four bites on my nose and cheeks.

Buhr: In that case I wouldn't have used a net.

Koop: You won't catch me with one again.

Buhr: And you're trying to look after your bees yourself?

Koop: Sure, why not?

Buhr: But what do you know about it?

Koop: There's not much to know. I check them once a week, that's all.

Buhr: What do you check for?

Koop: To see if the bees are still there and if it's time to take out the honey.

Buhr: And that's all there is to bee-keeping?

Koop: What else? The bees do the rest. (Suddenly the door flies open and a small boy bursts in).

Boy (out of breath): Is my dad here?

Buhr: Who's this? (to Toews) This must be the cannibal's offspring. It doesn't have any eyes either. (to the boy) What's your name?

Boy: I'm Koop's Isaac. Don't you know me? Is my father here?

Buhr: Ha-ha-ha-ha.

Koop: (Pulls the boy over): What's wrong, Isaac? What happened?

Boy: You're supposed to come home right away, Dad—right now. Our bull's gone crazy.

Koop: What?

Boy: Our bull's gone nuts. He runs up and down and bellows and shakes his head.

Koop: What happened to him?

Boy: I don't know. When I got home with the cows the bull wandered over to the beehives and knocked over a couple. The bees came pouring out and must have stung him because he started shaking his head and running around like crazy.

Koop: Didn't you call Nettie?

Boy: Yeah, and she came running right away with Annie in her arms and Petey running behind. When she saw what had happened to the bees she put Annie down and tried to set the hives back up. And then Annie began to yell like mad. Nettie let the hive drop and ran back to Annie. The bees chased after her. And then Petey ran right into them and they stung him too—and Nettie and Mom too, and they were all yelling loud enough to scare the daylight out of you. The bull was still running around swinging his head. He'd gone plumb crazy. So I ran over here. You've got to come right away.

Koop (Has listened with uncharacteristic calm, face averted; grimly he hurries through the door). So that's how you watch the cattle! You'll catch it, you. . . (the rest is inaudible).

Buhr (after a few seconds of silence): They say there's something good in everything. You wait, Toews, something good will come out of Koop's beekeeping too. (Smiles and shakes his head). But for the life of me I can't guess what it might be. **mm**

MacDuff speaks Low-German: A Bird Story

by Mary M. Enns

Unless you have an affinity with birds, please don't read this. Also, if your intelligence quotient runs into the third digit, don't read on. And now having forewarned the gentle reader, I will proceed.

We have this bird. Actually, he is far more than that. From the day he entered our household, a small, furious conglomerate of gorgeous turquoise feathers, he asserted himself like a blue blood. There was nothing for it but that we name him MacDuff, honouring Shakespeare's general. He has since proved this a wise choice, and at the same time his worth, for he rules the house with a rod of iron. When he shouts an over-exuberant "Good Morning!", reluctant though we may be to leave the sack, we are up and about the daily toil.

At this point I will wisely resist the temptation to offer a list of his considerable vocabulary, especially his name for me. Anyone consumed with curiosity may phone me at our Victoria Beach number. They may regret this, for I can make full conversation out of the intelligence of Little Blue, which is short for MacDuff.

That bird is worth his weight in gold, though in his seven years he has practically eaten us out of house and home. When our friends' little old Peterkin died of a heart attack, our MacDuff very naturally inherited all his belongings, the bird gravel, the little silver bell and the scales that hang on the side of the cage in order to keep a bird on his toes, weight-wise. MacDuff, realizing that we were trying to tell him something, growled in fury at the installation of the pretty green and yellow scales that register up to three ounces and say "MY CORRECT WEIGHT". To this day he has pointedly ignored the thing in ruffled dignity, not as much as stepping on it though I have assured him this would be our secret, his and mine. Of course I wouldn't put it past him to sneak a weigh-in when I'm out of the house.

As I said, MacDuff is a valuable bird. Whenever I'm off on tour he proves his sterling qualities by being on hand when the master of the house needs to talk to someone and has realized it just must not be to himself. Walking in the door after school he is greeted by a loud "Hello, my boy!" Fired with the success of all this interchange, the man said to the bird: "By cracky, MacDuff, you're going to

learn to speak in Low German. How about showing a bit of gratitude for all the tender loving care I bestow upon you. Repeat after me: *Saey Dankscheen, Peta, saey Dankscheen.*" (-This phrase taken from a charming earlier story in mm)

Little Blue ruffled his feathers and looked out the window. Now, no one likes to be the butt of cruel snobbery. But, patience, patience. The only response after repeated effort was for the small one to ignore his teacher. Being a fine teacher the master could only believe that failure must come to us all at some point. He considered drastic measures of punishment, but could think of none harsh enough. So, throwing in the towel he said: "Dumb bird, you of questionable ancestry, go fly a kite, preferably now in 30 below weather."

Weeks passed, and our family of three was once more happily reunited. Life ran its course quite normally with the absentee back to the salt mines of cleaning, cooking and washing dishes. As always before there was fine dialogue between MacDuff and the mother (his favorite). In a brief lull I suddenly heard, distinctly, and with I swear, a bit of bravado, *Saey Dankscheen, Peta, saey Dankscheen!* Since the Low German is perhaps not my strongest language I doubted the credibility of this momentous situation. Seeing such skepticism the little fellow repeated himself, loudly. I ran to the phone to consult the only one who could possibly put light on the subject. I heard his foreman shout: "Peter, put down your hard hat and spade. Some dame wants to talk to you." When I told him of the happening here he gasped and I could detect incredible excitement in his breathing. His boss at his elbow, he managed to regain control of himself and answered as though this were a common though important matter, "Very well, we will attend to it tonight when I get home!"

Back to work, all other spades were temporarily suspended and the hard hats pushed back on the heads, for of course Enns had something to tell. One does not get called to the phone unless the basement is flooding or grandmother in Pennsylvania has breathed her last. Only quick thinking saved him from forever losing face. "Urgent family matter!" he said, for how does one tell one's confers that his bird has just learned to speak in Low German. **mm**

Gathered together before God and these witnesses . . .

by Betty Dyck

Let's pause and take a peek at past customs relating to weddings in rural Mennonite communities. Undoubtedly variations occurred, but procedures in the Winkler district likely paralleled customs in other areas.

The church played the most important role. It was practically unheard of for young people to be wed in a civil ceremony. Indeed, many pastors refused to marry young people who did not belong to a church. Although various denominations of the Mennonite church treated this aspect in different ways, the preferred situation was where both partners belonged to the same denomination.

The first inkling there might be a wedding in the offing came shortly after the New Year, when the young couple made their appearance at catechism classes. After the baptismal ceremonies at Pentecost, one could anticipate that bans would be read on a Sunday morning officially announcing a couple's engagement.

Following this announcement, it was then quite permissible for the young man and his betrothed to appear in public together. In fact, such was expected. At Sunday church services, they would sit together to the right of the centre aisle—the hallowed domain of the male. Traditionally, ladies sat to the left.

In many instances an engagement fest or *Verlobungsfest/Wilafniss* was held at the bride-to-be's home. Guests usually included the immediate families of the couple and possibly a few close friends. Such a gathering provided an opportunity to become acquainted with future in-laws.

Generally, a period of not more than two weeks lapsed between the engagement and wedding. A broken engagement rarely occurred. When it did, the community considered it a catastrophe. Wedding preparations began in earnest the Monday after publishing the bans. In

short order, time and place of the wedding were agreed upon, a minister booked, the guest list prepared and the invitation letter sent on its way.

This wedding letter saved time and money. Following a suitable preamble, a list of proposed guests appeared below. The letter was taken to the home of the guest whose name topped the list. After reading the invitation, his duty was to deliver it to the next family on the list. Depending on the number of guests to be invited, there could be several letters making the rounds. Circulation of a letter often conformed with the rural school district boundaries.

During this time, the espoused couple were expected to visit each of the immediate relations. Being on a diet was useless, because the two weeks meant one endless round of banquet-style meals.

Church weddings were uncommon. Home wedding proved to be more practical. The setting could be the home of either the bride or groom. The wedding frequently took place under a grove of trees. If shade was at a premium, an implement shed might be the scene for the exchange of vows—or a tent set up for the occasion.

Wedding ceremonies could be long-winded sermons akin to an evangelistic service. In an address sometimes lasting two hours, the minister would warn of the pitfalls, remind the couple of their marital duties and encourage them to "be fruitful and multiply". After attending a few of these lengthy services, experienced guests seated themselves on the periphery of the meeting place to facilitate an inconspicuous retreat should the proceedings drag on. The younger set spent their time exploring the many exciting mysteries on the farm.

Once the wedding service terminated, guests moved to the area where "faspa" lay spread out on tables—under some

trees, in a machine shed or an empty granary. The menu included *pluemen/plumi moos* cooked ham, cakes, cookies and coffee. If an elaborate meal was beyond the means of the parents preparing the wedding, the meal might be home-baked buns, tea cubes and coffee, often augmented with a goodly supply of bologna.

After lunch, the young people hurried home to do the chores, in order to return for the evening festivities. Sometimes the older girls invited boys from another district to come join the fun. At one wedding, two young gentlemen arrived after the food had been put away. The girls whispered to them that the lunch was in the summer kitchen. Since the door to the kitchen faced the area where the invited guests mingled, the boys decided to gain entry through a window in back. When the first lad stepped through the opening, he landed in a large pot of plumi moos. Next day, or so the story goes, this unfortunate chap was still picking dried fruit out of his pant cuffs.

Evening programs could be varied. In some instances, they consisted of recitations, songs and music. Usually the young people organized their own entertainment in the form of games—providing an excellent opportunity for young men and women to get acquainted, leading to many a future romance. As the evening progressed, the number of young people participating in games dwindled, as one couple after another disappeared into the dark.

The food prepared generally exceeded the amount that could possibly be eaten, so sometimes during the evening the call would go out that food was being set out again. All in all, a wedding reception turned out to be an eventful day in a community.

True, Mennonite marriage customs have changed over the years. The shift from rural to urban living partially accounts for the fact that today it is difficult to distinguish a Mennonite wedding from one in any other congregation. Still, there is a subtle difference stemming from the basic religious beliefs predominant in the Mennonite community. Church membership plays an important role.

In anticipation of their marriages this spring, several engaged couples said:

"My hopes and expectation of my forthcoming marriage are enfolded within the concept of marriage as a covenant. . . with God."

"I expect that a three-fold relationship will deepen between my partner, myself and God, and I hope that when we start a family this will be an important part of our children's lives as well."

"Marriage is my answer for love, companionship and a family."

One can hardly be reprimanded for voicing an "Alleluia" proclaiming that the Mennonite heritage is alive and well. **mm**

Manitoba news

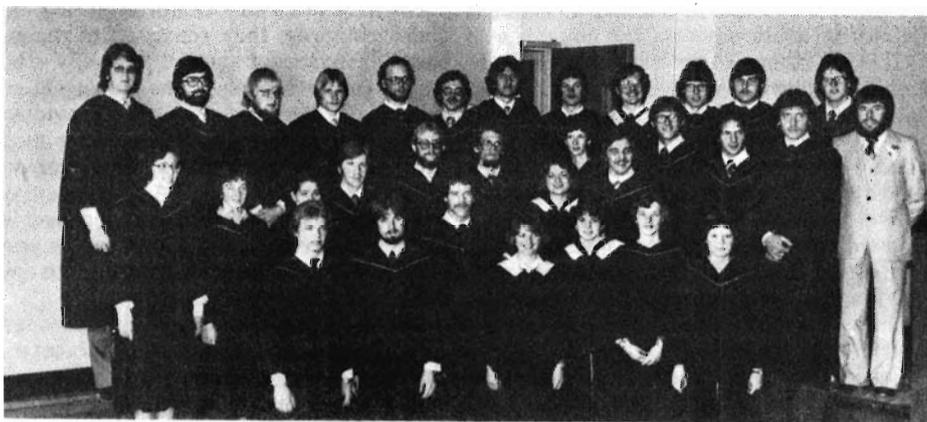
Elim Bible School's graduating class held its graduating ceremonies at the Altona Bergthaler church in late April. After the closing ceremony visitors and students chatted and renewed acquaintances over a cup of coffee and dainties.

The **Canadian Mental Health Assembly**, an association of Mennonite caring ministries, met in Saskatoon in early April. Main speaker for the occasion was Dr. John Regehr, professor at the MBBC, Winnipeg. Attending the meeting were 50 delegates and numerous guests. Among other things, the assembly agreed to try and relate more closely to Mennonite schools and colleges in regard to training and service opportunities. A 1980 conference will be held in Winnipeg.

Steinbach Bible Institute held its graduation exercises April 29. Fifteen students graduated. One received a Bachelor

of Theology degree, eight a Bachelor of Religious Studies and six a diploma in Bible Studies. President of the institute, Harvey Plett, presented the diplomas. New staff members are to be Henry Hiebert of Dauphin for public relations and Doreen Klassen, formerly a part-time instructor of music is to work full-time.

Winnipeg Bible College, located in Otterburne, saw some 60 students receiving bachelor diplomas in theology, sacred music, religious education and arts as well as certificates in Biblical studies. There were, in addition, eight graduates of the Winnipeg Theological Seminary. Three men received Master of Divinity diplomas and five Master of Arts diplomas. Graduation exercises were held at the Winnipeg Concert Hall with some 2000 people in attendance.



CMBC Graduating Class of 1979: First Row, left to right: *Bernie Baergen, Tofield, Alta.; David Bergen, Winnipeg; Larry Plenert, Vancouver; Linda Buhler, Burns Lake, B.C.; Gwen Snyder, St. Jacobs, Ont.; Louise Sawatzky, Winnipeg; Wanda Dyck, St. Catharines, Ont. Second Row:* *Carolyn Fransen, Rosthern, Sask.; Ruth Loeppky, Winnipeg; Arleyta Friesen, Winnipeg; Ed Pries, Winnipeg; Richard Enns, Vineland, Ont.; Jim Brown, Leamington, Ont.; Sharon Martin, St. Jacobs, Ont.; Barbara Wieler, Edmonton; Terry Schellenberg, Calgary; Rudy Franz Boissevain; Ray Martin, Sudbury; Peter Neufeld, Vancouver. Third Row: left to right:* *Gordon Fransen, Smithville, Ont.; Ron McCauley, Sudbury; Gerald Wiens, Regina; Lorne Friesen, Waldheim, Sask.; Marvin Hamm, Altona; Clayton Loewen, Winnipeg; Werner Kliewer, Winnipeg; Reg Klassen, Laird, Sask.; Paul Dueck, Leamington, Ont.; Norman Klippenstein, Winnipeg; Jacob Peters, Winkler; Michael Ediger, Hamilton; Donald Harms, Gretna. Graduating in Absentia:* *Irene Good, Waterloo; Darrel Ediger, Hesston, Kansas; Gary Loewen, Winnipeg; Henry Letkemann, Bolivia, South America.*

The **Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society**, which owned and operated the Mennonite Village Museum at Steinbach, applied to change its name to Mennonite Village Museum (Canada) Inc. All other conditions of the Society's charter are to remain unchanged. A meeting of the general membership was called on April 17 to discuss this change. The organization's solicitor, Al Redekopp was present to answer questions pertaining to various matters involved in the change of the name.

Canadian Mennonite Bible College celebrated, in spite of flooded roads in southern Manitoba and terrible weather, the graduation of 36 students at Home Street church. Rick Enns spoke the valedictory address and John R. Friesen was chosen by the students to give the special address of the afternoon. CMBC board chairman, Paul Peters gave special recognition to three individuals, George and Esther Wiebe for 25 years as faculty members, and to the "rookie of the year" George K. Epp for a successful busy first year as president of CMBC.

Eric Rempel, of Manitoba and now in Ethiopia, awaits the arrival of another 500 tonnes of wheat which left here in early May. This is the second shipment made by the MCC (Canada) Food Bank to that country, and a third shipment of the same amount is expected to arrive there later this year. The wheat is on its way to the Maserete Kristos church and will be used in a feeding program-mainly for children.

Mennonite Collegiate Institute students planned a different fund raising work day this year. Students offered their services to MDS (Mennonite Disaster Service) for May 22. By way of work, students were then faced with the arduous task of cleaning up the aftermath of mucky flood waters which inundated the Red River valley.

MCC received a letter of deepest gratitude from **Mother Teresa** of the Missionaries of Charity, Calcutta, India, in response to the gift of soap, blankets and bed sheets. These projects reach out to the very poor, to leprosy centres, an orphanage, and to a home for the destitute and dying. MCC is planning to make a similar contribution in 1979.



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One of the most popular features in the **Mennonite Mirror** in the past few years has been the monthly *Mirror mix-up*. Many of our readers take part in this contest every month and the odds on winning are quite high. At least 50 people have been winners of the \$10 prize. The artist and creator of this feature is Dr. Robert Matsuo, a grain researcher in Manitoba and a man of many talents. Many of our readers have been struck by the originality of his puzzles and this is an appropriate reflection of his personality. Dr. Matsuo's wife Hilda is one of our feature writers. They are members of First Mennonite Church.

A class of 23—the largest in over a decade—graduated from **Mennonite Brethren Bible College** this spring. Nine of the graduates achieved a Bachelor of Religious Studies degree with a theology major; seven are contemporary ministries majors and seven are music majors. Registrar Peter Hamm characterized the class as "service oriented"; most of the grads have already completed short-term service assignments. He noted that the proportion of women in the graduating class has increased dramatically in the past four years; (this year 13 of 23 grads are women as compared to only two of nine in 1976). At least three of our grads are "second generation" members of the college community; that is, they have parents who also attended MBBC. The commencement speaker, novelist Rudy Wiebe, is one such parent (his daughter Adrienne graduated this year with a B.R.S. in contemporary ministries).



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"Wie Reddenn uch Dietsch"



Lori Epp, youngest daughter of Rev. and Mrs. John B. Epp, Winnipeg, received the Aikens Memorial Trophy, highest award for instrumentalists, at the Manitoba Music Festival. Although Winnipeg is gaining a reputation abroad for producing string instrumentalists of a high calibre, it was 18 year old Lori's flute performance that captured the praise of the adjudicators. After 6½ years of playing the flute and an additional six years of piano lessons begun at the age of six and some four years of festival performances this becomes Lori's first year to win. She became eligible to compete for the Aikens trophy by reason of first capturing the Adam N. Leckie Memorial Trophy for senior instrumental classes.

WORLD CONFERENCE A FILM FINALIST

Wichita '78, the 12-minute film which documents the spirit and events of the Tenth Mennonite World Conference, has been selected as a finalist in the 21st Annual American Film Festival to be held in New York later this spring. The festival is the most prestigious American film festival from 16mm. films.

Designed to capture the fellowship and celebration of World Conference, *Wichita '78* is a well-done 12-minute color film," *Gospel Herald* noted, "The excerpts from speeches, singing groups, dramas, hand signing, and informal moments are a good reminder of this important event and a basis for further discussion."

"Especially moving," the *Mennonite Brethren Herald* remarked, "are the scenes showing the six Russian delegates hugging their fellow believers from the West, and the closing communion service celebrated by such a large and colourful part of God's family."

Information about rental or purchase is available from Dueck Film Productions, Ltd., 295 Wallace Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba R2E 0B1 (Phone: 204-338-4415).



The above photo shows Norman Cafik, who was still minister of multiculturalism at the time, putting his signature to a funding agreement with the University of Winnipeg in support of the chair of Mennonite Studies. Seated to his right is David Friesen, president of Qualico Developments Winnipeg. Dr. Friesen's family foundation had earlier contributed \$300,000 to the University of Winnipeg for the establishment of the chair of Mennonite Studies. On May 4 the federal government gave a matching grant of \$300,000. Observing the signing are (l to r), Dr. Gerhard Lohrenz, one of the originators of the idea, Harry Duckworth, president of the University of Winnipeg, Kay Friesen, partner with her husband in the Friesen family foundation, Ruth Hastings and Robert Friesen, members of the Friesen family, George Epp, president of Canadian Mennonite Bible College and chief inspiration behind the project, and Henry Krahn, president of Mennonite Brethren Bible College. Missing is Harry Loewen, the first occupant of the chair of Mennonite Studies, who was in Germany for research purposes at the time. A reception and press conference were held at the university to commemorate the occasion.

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A MENNONITE VIEW OF ELECTION RESULTS

The interesting May 22nd federal election featured a number of Mennonite candidates. All of the successful ones belonged to the Conservative party. Elected to parliament were **Benno Friesen**, Surrey-White Rock in B.C.; **John Reimer**, Kitchener; **Jake Froese**, Niagara Falls; and **Jake Epp**, Provencher. It did not pay to be a Liberal this time around. **William Andres** lost his seat in St. Catherines, and **Frank Epp** lost in his first bid in Waterloo. Not all Mennonite Conservatives were lucky. **Dean White-way** lost his seat to a United Church minister in Winnipeg-Birds Hill.

Candidates of Mennonite background also seem to have been attracted to Marxist-Leninist or Communist parties—as witness Harold Dyck in Winnipeg, E. Neufeld in Saskatoon and D. Ratzlaff in Victoria. None of them fared very well.



Eva Friesen



Debra Wiens



Ruth Schellenberg



Karen Bock



John Krahn



Daniel Hiebert



Karen Penner



Stephen Fransen



Peter Dueck

Gold medals for highest academic standing were awarded to **Eva Friesen**, Gretna, who graduated with her degree in physical education from the University of Manitoba, **Stephen Fransen** (son of Dr. and Mrs. Herb Fransen of Newton, Kansas) in the science general degree program, and **Karen Hahn Penner** of Winnipeg, in physical therapy. **Abram Brian Peters**, from Altona, earned the governor-generals medal for general proficiency in the Agriculture diploma program at the U of M. These awards were given at the spring convocation.

At the University of Winnipeg, medals were conferred on **Ruth Schellenberg** of East Kildonan, who graduated in education; **Debra Wiens** (daughter of Flo and Arkie Wiens of Winnipeg) who majored in dramatic studies; **Peter Dueck**, Gretna, in honors English; **Daniel Hiebert**, Winnipeg, in honors geography; **Karen Bock**, Winnipeg, in English; and **John Krahn**, of Winnipeg in religious studies. The awards were conferred at the May convocation.

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MENNONITE TERRORIST KILLED

Another terrorist was hunted down and killed by West German police on May 4, in Nurenberg. This time it was Elizabeth von Dyck, a former youth worker in the Mennonite community of Enkenbach. According to *Der Spiegel*, West Germany's most influential magazine, Dyck was a 28 year old medical assistant who worked in the Mennonite community until her engagement to a terrorist, Klaus Junschke, who is now in jail. After her engagement she became involved in various radical groups until she finally went underground as an active terrorist. She is assumed to have taken part in the kidnapping and murder of Hans Martin Schleyer, one of West Germany's most powerful businessmen, in the fall of 1977. She was apprehended by police after a bank robbery in Nurenberg. When confronted she pulled a gun, and was shot and killed instantly. Her burial took place in Enkenbach on May 10, and she was accompanied to her grave by her three sisters. A number of other young people from that Mennonite community are in the terrorist movement, including Detlev and Brigitte Schulz.

An irresistible Combination, when done well

DER ZIGEUNERBARON (THE GYPSY BARON) by Johann Strauss. Presented by The Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre, May 4 and 5, 1979, at the Playhouse Theatre.

A Review by Al Reimer

Even in the garish world of Viennese operetta, *Der Zigeunerbaron* stands out like a strutting peacock among pigeons. Its setting is kitsch Hungarian, its atmosphere and plot preposterously romantic, and its music a creamy mixture of suave Viennese waltzes and passionate gypsy music. And for over a hundred years audiences all over the world have lapped up this richly layered musical tort^e with undisguised relish. It is sentimental and frivolous, but its sentimentality is so innocent and its frivolity so fresh and carefree that the whole frothy concoction is irresistible—that is, when its done with the proper continental flair.

In this sparkling production the flair was evident throughout and the lilting style never wavered for a moment. In its first attempt at an operetta, the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre has once again set an enviable standard. Everything in the performance worked as it should. Rarely in recent years, I'm sure, has the venerable Playhouse stage been so gaily tricked out and resounded to such splendid singing from chorus and soloists. Amateur theatrical productions can't get any closer to full professional standards than this one did, at least not in this fair city. Not that the fine singing of the chorus should have come as any surprise considering that many of these choristers are also regulars in the Manitoba Opera Chorus while others are past and present members of the First Mennonite choir. In addition, the experience and expertise of Musical Director Henry Engbrecht, for the past five years chorus master of the MOA, were evident throughout.

The cast was without exception strong, and some of the leads were superb. John Martens was his usual reliable self as the gypsy baron Sandor Barinkay, and met his vocal challenges in a relaxed, supple style. What acting his role called for he supplied easily, including a little gypsy dance. His gypsy love Saffi was played by dark, willowy Henriette Cornies, who not only looked right for the role but who did some of the most sensitive and ingratiating singing of the evening. Her soprano counterpart Margot Sim as Arsena, the snobbish rich girl, also looked and sang her role with the right dramatic and

lyrical touches. William Goertzen as the stuffy bureaucrat Carnero used his resonant baritone with confident skill.

The comic hit of the evening was Bob McPhee as the foolish landowner Kalman Zsupan. It is not easy to be funny in a broad, farcical way and sing well at the same time, but McPhee managed to do both with admirable aplomb. Irena Welhasch also sang beautifully in the character role of the old witch-mother. Frank Peters as the Count displayed a commanding voice but a rather stiff presence. Erica Dyck used her rich mezzo to good effect as the middleaged nurse Mirabella. Both her first act solo and her duet with Margot Sim were most enjoyable. John Bartlette was quite adequate as the young suitor Ottokar.

One has to admire not only the skill but the dedication without which this level of achievement would be impossible for an amateur group such as this one. Artistic Director David Riesen and Musical Director Engbrecht deserve a great deal of credit for demanding and achieving such an admirable standard of performance; credit is also due to Producer Walter Schlichting, Chorus Master Ed Hildebrand, Assistant Director Gert Neuen-dorf and General Manager Vic Wieler. Several months of disciplined rehearsals went into a production consisting of two performances. Looking at it rationally, one would have to wonder whether the rewards would even begin to match the efforts. But of course theatre nuts don't look at the stage rationally, and the rest of us, thank God, benefit from their fanatical devotion to the cause. Consider, for example, what it must have cost three of the principals, who speak no German at all, in time and energy to bring as they did almost letter-perfect spoken and sung German to their roles. Bob McPhee, for one, would meet with Dave Riesen before

going to work in the morning in order to work on his German. That's the kind of total commitment which results in the excellence demonstrated in this performance.

Another indication of the all-out "class" of this production were the three handsome sets designed by the reliable Ted Korol. The sets caught the mood of the operetta nicely in all three acts. The costumes were colorful and as authentic as this kind of artificial setting deserves. On opening night the orchestra, particularly in the strings, was not always as sure of itself as the performers on stage, but by and large they too met the challenge.

In short, I thought this production was a smashing artistic success, one that enhances an already enviable record of successes compiled by the WMT in recent years.

I can't help but end this otherwise enthusiastic review on a sour note, though. I thought it was a crying shame that neither Winnipeg daily bothered reviewing this sparkling production. On a week end when press reviewers covered everything from a punk rock concert to a concert at Eva Clare Hall which drew about seventeen patrons, neither paper could be bothered to cover a genuinely accomplished artistic production by one of the most active and successful ethnic theatre group in this community, a production that was seen and enjoyed by several thousand patrons. Winnipeg is major league in entertainment, but strictly bush-league when it comes to press coverage of that entertainment. For shame Free Press; for shame Tribune! May your current subscription war end in frustrating stalemate! **mm**

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WHY SPLURGE ON COLORFUL BOOK JACKETS?!

Sales of religious books are increasing across Canada. Representatives from 165 Christian bookstores gathered in Winnipeg for the ninth annual convention of Canadian Christian Booksellers Association (CBA) this spring.

The 500 participants at the convention came from 10 provinces and the northern territories, while 73 exhibitors displayed their merchandise in 140 booths.

All Canadian book publishers and sellers of Christian books had been invited and many denominations were represented, including the Mennonite: Christian Press, Herald Press and Mennonite Book Publishing Service.

Several noteworthy observations emerged during post-convention interviews of the three downtown managers of bookstores in Winnipeg pertaining to numerical differences in Catholic/Protestant readership and to lack of a specific Mennonite sales booster.

The three interviewees agree that Catholic readership is definitely increasing and that Catholics are now reading more ecumenically. The same holds true for Protestants, including Mennonites. Abe Reimer of the Canadian Bible Society sees this changing trend as an outgrowth of the Mizpah (renewal) movement with its prayer groups which is affecting all denominations and linking people closer together.

Compared to other publishers Mennonites lag in one aspect, says Reimer, that of creating sale-promoting jackets. "An attractive jacket will sell the book," he says. "You can have the best book in the world, but if it has a poor jacket that book will not sell. Nobody will even pick it up and look at it. If you give the book the image that says: 'Come pick me up. Read me!' it will sell. That kind of approach to jacket design makes all the difference.

"Mennonites seem to think its more religious to have it dull-looking, but it doesn't actually work that way."

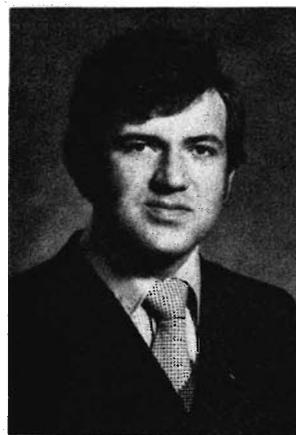
John Wiebe of the Fellowship Book-center agrees. "A colorful jacket sells the book. But it also raises its price so much. And the Mennonite market is so limited, therefore there is no money for jackets. That's another reason why we try to avoid the extra expense," he says. "But its true, half the sales of a book are due to its appearance."

Canadian Christian Booksellers Association honored veteran bookseller Hugh Hall of Winnipeg with special recognition for his 60-year contribution to the book publishing and selling industry.

Overheard on the crowded escalator on leaving the Winnipeg Convention Centre after the closing banquet: "This convention would give the devil a nervous breakdown."

— by Clara K. Dyck

Matthias Laucht will be host to a series of T.V. programs on the subject of computers. These will be shown on the CKND Explorations Series, on Saturdays at 7:30 p.m. The dates are as follows: July 7 - What is a computer?; July 14 - Computers and the blind; July 21 - Computerized Supermarkets; July 28 - Everybody's computer.



Victor Hamm will be the new speaker and producer for the Mennonite Brethren Communication's Russian broadcast. "Light For Youth" Hamm, born in Russia, arrived in Winnipeg on May 16 with his wife Margaret. He plans to take up studies at M.B.B.C. during the coming school year.

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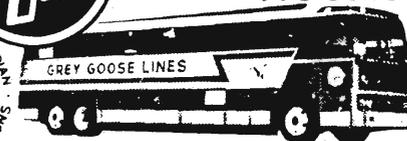


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Annchen und de Tweinje Loamp

von Anne Doerksen

Oba, de Floa wia oba kalt aus Aennchen de Fet von unja de fada Dak fae holed. Se wia schwind up-geschprunge aus se dot hied dot Pape aunfunk Fia to moake im Koakove. Se ging schwind vom Fensta en kicked rut. Se docht nicht mija aun de kulde sloap-stov aus se sah wot vonne schmoke Bilda doa aum Festa noan-ge-penselt wiere. Se kleved eine Eak en beat auf eb sah dor et seha schon ut sach buten. Bloz noch en poa mehja sonne schone Daeg, en dann wie dot Wiehnachten.

Aus se sich de Hoa kamme ded, wunscht se tom teen-dusanded Mol dot se uck kunn krusze Hoa hann to Wiehnachten, so aus de Noabash Maehjali. Oba, doa kunn se uk von fajaete. Foats no dem grotten Welt Krieg, wie dot Jeld knoapp, en eina schlemde je nicht no Hoa krusze loate.

Aus se sich dot lange unja-suit aontrook, en eehre brune Stramp, wunscht se dot de Wiehnacht mol schwind komme mucht. So fael aus se aul haude jeeavt inne Schul. Se wisst uck aul aul de aundere Kinja eare Wunsche ut-wendig. Se haud uk kundt wunsche ut-schrieve fa de Klausse, en haud uk ehre baste Haundschrift jebrukt. Nu haude se en schtrogen Lehra enne Schul, en keina, oba kiena kunn en stecksje Papier enne Hanj habe up en Program.

Aus se schwind eare brunne Greve en Honigsbrot up-eat, doch se aun de tickets vot se ut de Doz je-trocke haude. Dit Joa wud ehj dot glachje. Se haud aul aullem gesagt dot se wull sonne Loamp habe wot Perfume brenne ded, oda en stoapsul Beaka. Nicht dot se wirklich gleved dot se wud en

stoapsul Beakja kriege. Oba wunsche wiaumsonst, nicht?

Aus de Dach entlich doa wia, kunn Annchen sich meist nicht enthole. De Lehra haud voll obeit met de achtentwintig Kinga. Se musste dot Programme ava en ava gonne. Foats no meddag kunne se de Geschenke op-moake. Annchen moak eah Eate Amma op, oba de schoake rode Appel, uk nicht de dicke mollassich cooke wiere vonndag nicht auntrackent. Se bet en bat auf, enn schopt dot wada trig im Amma. Met gluck wud se dot kleene Peatji trafe upe Wagh no Hus vonne Schul, enn de gleicht sehja schonst ut en Ammake.

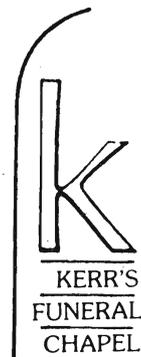
De Schul wia sehja utjeputzt to Wiehnachten. Mank aul dot Schroams worde de Paks utjeaft. Annchen wiea aul seja upjereacht. Dann goave se eah eanne Doz, stroam enjerollt met grunet en roadit Papier. Doa mus enne Loamp benne senne. Jo, doa wia enne Loamp, oba de Gloas scharum de wia goanz entstucka. Beam fiere must dot geworde senn. Annchen ging dot sehja schlacht. De Troanne wulle aul avakomme, dann muck se sich dot sehja drock met de aundere Kinja eare Geschenke. Sonne grote Maehjalis wot wulle krusze Hoa habe, roade nicht ava en tweinjen Loampe Schroam.

Aus se sich doa ava besenne ded, doch se aun den Regista wot se gemocht haud. Se haud uk noch Beakja upjeschrave. Wann se nu blos npch en poa Beakja krieg, wud allus got senne. Se haud aul lang kunnt lese, Tus haude se de Family Herald en de Western Producer. Oba se haude nicht Beakja. Fal leicht voondoag zuovenst. No dot Programme, wann se aullus haude

fajebrocht, de wunsche en de Wiehnachts Leida, dann koame de geschenke von de School Board. Dann wud se velleicht noch de Beakja krieje.

Aus se zuovenst no de Schul komme met demm groten Schlade, sah Annchen dot schoake Schroams im Fensta henje. Dot sahj oba fein. Von aule rechtungen koame Mensch. De Kinja wiere seja upjereacht. Uk dem Lehra sah dit aundash. De Waundtafel wia gaanz met schoake Bilda bemollt. Aus de Wiehnachtsgeschicht east geleast wia ut Lukas Capital twe, dann worde de Wunsche fajebrocht. Annchen zunk utem vollum Holz, Ihr Kinderlein Kommet, met twe aundere Maejalis. Oba se docht nicht aun dot Ledt. Aullus wot eah nu wichtig wea, wea dot se nocht mucht wot feinet kriege, weals de Loamp onne Schroam fabrukt wea. Endlich kaum ein Pak. Doa weare Beakja benne. Se haud eare eajne Beakja tom lese. Uk wann se wud hundat Joah oldt woare, wud se de Wiehnacht nicht fajaete aus se de Beakje kriege ded. Eak sull wiete. . . . Eak wia de Annchen. mm

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Suschen und die Erdmutter

von Hedi Knoop

Es war einmal ein kleines Maedchen, das hiess Suschen. Seine Eltern waren tot, und es hatte nur eine Grossmutter, die es leidlich versorgte. Als auch die noch starb, hatte es keinen Menschen mehr auf der Welt. Da packte es seine Habseligkeiten in ein Tuechlein, nahm Abschied von Maumi, der Katze, und machte sich auf den Weg, um ein neues Zuhause zu suchen.

Es gelangte an ein Haus aus Erde und Gestein, das war bis oben mit Blumen bewachsen. Suschen klopfte an und trat ein. Am Herd hantierte eine grosse, freundliche Frau, das war die Erdmutter. Im Raum spielten allerlei Tiere aus dem Walde, auf den Fensterbaenken huepften kleine Voegel, auf dem Fussboden trieben bunte Kaefer ihr Wesen, und neben der Tuer sassen drei Kinder auf einer Bank und loeffelten dicken Hirsebrei.

Suschen trat vor die Erdmutter und erzaehlte ihr sein Schicksal, dass es allein sei auf der Welt und niemanden habe, der fuer es Sorge. Da sagte die Erdmutter: Bleibe heute nacht hier, morgen werde ich helfen. So ass Suschen mit den drei Kindern vom Hirsebrei und ging abends mit ihnen schlafen.

Am Morgen nahm die Erdmutter es bei der Hand, ging mit ihm an den Wiesenrand und verwandelte es in eine Tulpe. Es stand da in roter Pracht.

Nicht lange, so kam ein junger Gaertner vorbei, der blieb erfreut vor der Tulpe stehen und dachte: Haettest du die in deinem Garten, sie wuerde dir Kunden anlocken. Als er sich bueckte, um sie geschwind mit seinem Messer auszugraben, da nahm Suschen seine menschliche Gestalt an und freute sich, dass es nun ein neues Zuhause bekommen sollte. Doch als der Gaertner das Maedchen sah und merkte, dass er um die herrliche Tulpe betrogen war, da wurde er aergerlich und schalt: Was nuetzest denn du mir, solche wie du gibt es genug auf der Welt. — Ging fort und liess es allein.

Es blieb ihm nichts uebrig, als

zurueck zur Erdmutter zu gehen. Die nahm es wieder freundlich auf und sagte, am naechsten Morgen werde sie helfen.

Schon frueh fuehrte sie es a einen Ackerrain und verwandelte es in eine Rose. Die war gar lieblich anzusehen.

Nicht lange, so kam ein kecker Muellersbursch vorbei. Als er die Rose erblickte, blieb er stehen und ueberlegte: Wenn due die deiner Braut schenkst, dann ist sie dir dreimal so gut wie bisher; und er bueckte sich, um die Rose zu pfluecken. Aber schnell nahm Suschen seine menschliche Gestalt an und stand als kleines Maedchen vor ihm. Da wurde er unmutig und sagte: Fuer ein Menschenkind wuerde sich meine Braut schoen bedanken. Steckte seine Haende in die Taschen und ging.

Da war das Suschen wieder allein, und abermals ging es zurueck zur Erdmutter. Die nahm es freundlich auf und behielt es die Nacht bei sich.

Am naechsten Morgen sagte sie, diesmal solle es nahe bei ihrem Hause bleiben, damit sie aufpassen koenne, dass es ihm gut ergehe. Sie fuehrte es unter einen hohen Baum und verwandelte es in ein Veilchen. Da stand es in seinem schlichten blauen Kleid und war recht schwer zu finden.

Nicht lange, so kam ein junger Foerster vorbei, der hatte vor kurzer Zeit beide Eltern verloren. Er kam langsam des Weges daher und hatte die Augen zur Erde gerichtet, so dass er das Veilchen bemerkte. Da blieb er stehen und dachte: Du einsames Veilchen, wir haben das gleiche Schicksal. Ich will dich mit nach Hause nehmen, damit wir einander troesten koennen.

Wie er sich aber bueckte, um es zu pfluecken, da stand an seiner Stelle ein schoenes Maedchen vor ihm. Er wusste nicht, was er sagen sollte, so ueberrascht war er. Doch das Maedchen gefiel ihm wohl und er fragte: Willst du mit mir kommen und fuer immer bei mir bleiben?

Da freute sich das Suschen, und es ging mit ihm als seine Braut. mm

More about Sports

kingship must be preserved. Office-holders retire and die, but the office and function continue. Beautiful girls fade away, but beauty is immortal! Hockey players age and retire, but the Team goes on. It stretches over the years, the decades, and embraces all those young athletes who have performed for it, however briefly, in their turn—a human chain stretching into the hundreds. I was never one-tenth the player George Loewen was, or Levi Barkman, but I shared their special world not just as a spectator but, briefly as an equal citizen.

I write this in the aftermath of the Huskies' failure to bring home the Allan Cup. Their hockey dream, at least for this year, came to an end in a place with the unlikely name of Petrolia, Ontario. But that doesn't really matter either. Nor does it matter that the majority of this year's championship Huskies were foreign imports. They were all Huskies together. They were members of the Team, the invisible, mystical athletic brotherhood that binds all us Huskies together.

Next year, perhaps, there will be even bigger, better imports to fill the Husky jerseys, but they will never be bigger and better than the Team—my Team, the Team I played for and won for. My Husky team is inviolate, immaculate, changeless, the vital stuff that dreams are made of. mm

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The boys of winter: A sports meditation

by Al Reimer

A three on two break, the prettiest sight in hockey! The clever little center dekes to his right, draws both defenders in that direction, then passes sharply and accurately to the left just as the left winger hits the blue line in full flight. Cradling the puck deftly, the winger moves straight for the corner, outstrips the furiously backpedalling defensemen, stops, spins and lays down a crisp goalmouth pass to the right winger streaking across. Bang! The tall goalie, a dead ringer for Montreal's great Ken Dryden in appearance and style, is cleanly beaten. Score—Steinbach Huskies 4, Camrose 1, late in the third period.

The game is all but over—and so is the series, three games to one. The Steinbach Huskies have taken their first long stride on the Allan Cup trail by winning the senior championship for the prairie region. The following week they will go on to eliminate the Trail Smoke Eaters to gain the national final with the representative from Ontario. Never, to my knowledge, has a hockey team representing a Mennonite community reached a national final in organized hockey. True, all but eight of the Huskies are non-Mennonite "imports" from Winnipeg and other places, but the team colors are the familiar purple and white with the husky-head crest that has graced the Steinbach hockey uniform for over 40 years. My old uniform, my old team.

You can take the man out of the boy, but you can't take the boy out of the man, to coin a cliché. Here I sit in this bright, uptodate Steinbach arena, fellow Steinbach exile Roy Vogt beside me, listening to the organized chants of the crowd, the faces around me mostly young and mostly unfamiliar, watching a hockey game that should be, at best, of casual interest to me. And yet the old excitement, the feelings of almost unbearable intensity come surging back and I am a wild-eyed boy of 12 again living and dying with my beloved Huskies, having promised to be home after the second period, but lingering to watch at least the beginning of the third at the risk of facing punishment at home.

What can make the scales of reality drop more quickly from middle-aged male eyes than watching a hockey game again in the old home town? It's well over 40 years since I first saw the Huskies play. Not from a comfortable seat like this one,

to be sure. In fact, there were no seats in the rickety old open-air rink situated a slap-shot away across the creek from this fine arena. Only paid standing room. And even that was out of my financial reach most of the time. My regular and unpaid "seat" was in a gnarled old oak tree towering incongruously, defiantly, over the high south wall of the rink. And always I had the company of other impecunious young crows, awkward in winter-bulky clothes, perched precariously in the stark, bare branches.

From that lofty but dangerously exposed tree seat I thrilled to the exploits of old-time Huskies like George Loewen, Levi Barkman, the Tarasenco brothers—Alec and Pete—the late L.A. Barkman and the redoubtable Johnny Staerk in goal. These and others were the bigger-than-life, impossible-to-emulate super stars of my hockey boyhood. I moved boldly with them when they performed on the ice and admired them shyly when I passed them on the street or saw them in church. They were flesh-and-blood gods who condescended to inhabit my very own little world, a miracle for which I could only be dumbly grateful.

Oh yes, there were those other hockey superstars in a faraway fabulous world known as the NHL—Conacher, Primeau and Jackson, the Maple Leafs famed Kid Line—but as far as I was concerned they performed not on real ice but only in an arena of the mind created out of words by Foster Hewitt on Saturday night radio. A shining but remote galaxy of stars they were. No matter how you yearned for them they would never come closer than far away. If it hadn't been for the bubble gum hockey cards I wouldn't even have known what they looked like. They looked glamorous but foreign. Not familiar and real like my Huskies.

And then, out of the frosty blue, in the middle of the war, when I was a pimply, skinny, introverted 15, I was asked by the coach to join the war-service depleted playing ranks of the Huskies. I couldn't believe it. There was a feeling of unreality about the invitation. I couldn't have been more surprised if I'd been invited to sit inside the local pub to drink beer with the older boys in uniform home on weekend passes. All day I walked around in a happy daze, conscious of the admiring and envious looks from friends and classmates. At night I hugged myself to sleep in a silent ecstasy of anticipation. And

fear. Fear of failing to make the team; or, if I made it, the fear of letting down the team. Worst of all, since I didn't really like exposing my chicken fame to hard body contact, the fear of playing against all those big, crude hockey-playing farmers from Otterburne, Niverville and St. Pierre. What would they do to disrupt my only real hockey skill, my ability to stickhandle? I knew I couldn't skate fast, couldn't shoot hard and couldn't check my kid sister, but I could do fancy tricks with a hockey stick and puck. Innumerable, marathon mass games on road and creek had enabled me to hone that skill to a fine edge. It allowed me to score goals in spite of my obvious shortcomings as a player.

And score I did in my very first game with the big team. Both goals in a 2 to 1 win over the burly hackers from Otterburne. Scared half to death, I hovered around the opposition net in empty spaces no one else seemed to want and waited for pass-outs, rebounds or loose pucks. And they came. And I flipped them in weakly—twice.

And that's how I lost my hockey innocence. I was no longer a worshipful spectator. I was now myself one of the Husky gods—in my own mind at least, and in the minds of a few friends. Never mind that I hardly scored a goal for the rest of the season, or that I took such a pounding from bigger, harder bodies that I was the most gun-shy member of the team. It didn't even matter all that much when I was ignominiously dropped from the team as soon as some of the regular members came back from the wars. I had been there! I had made the long, tough descent (or was it ascent) from the oak tree spectator's seat to the hallowed playing surface itself. I had worn the purple and white Husky sweater for a few sacred seasons, and had thus become forever a part of local hockey history. I had been there!

And now I was watching my old team again as a spectator, keeping a proprietary eye on the young player wearing my old number five, a player not yet born when I wore that number with almost mystical pride. And then it came to me that a hockey team, like any traditional or tribal organization, transcends the individuals who comprise it at any given time. It's not the priest who is sacrosanct but the office, says the Church. The king is dead, long live the king! The continuity of

Continued Page 21

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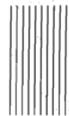


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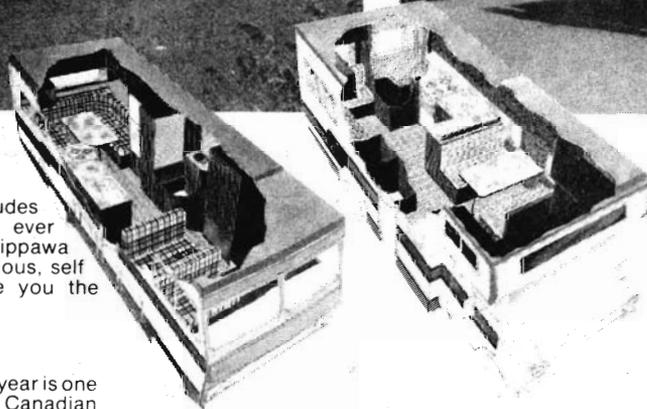
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