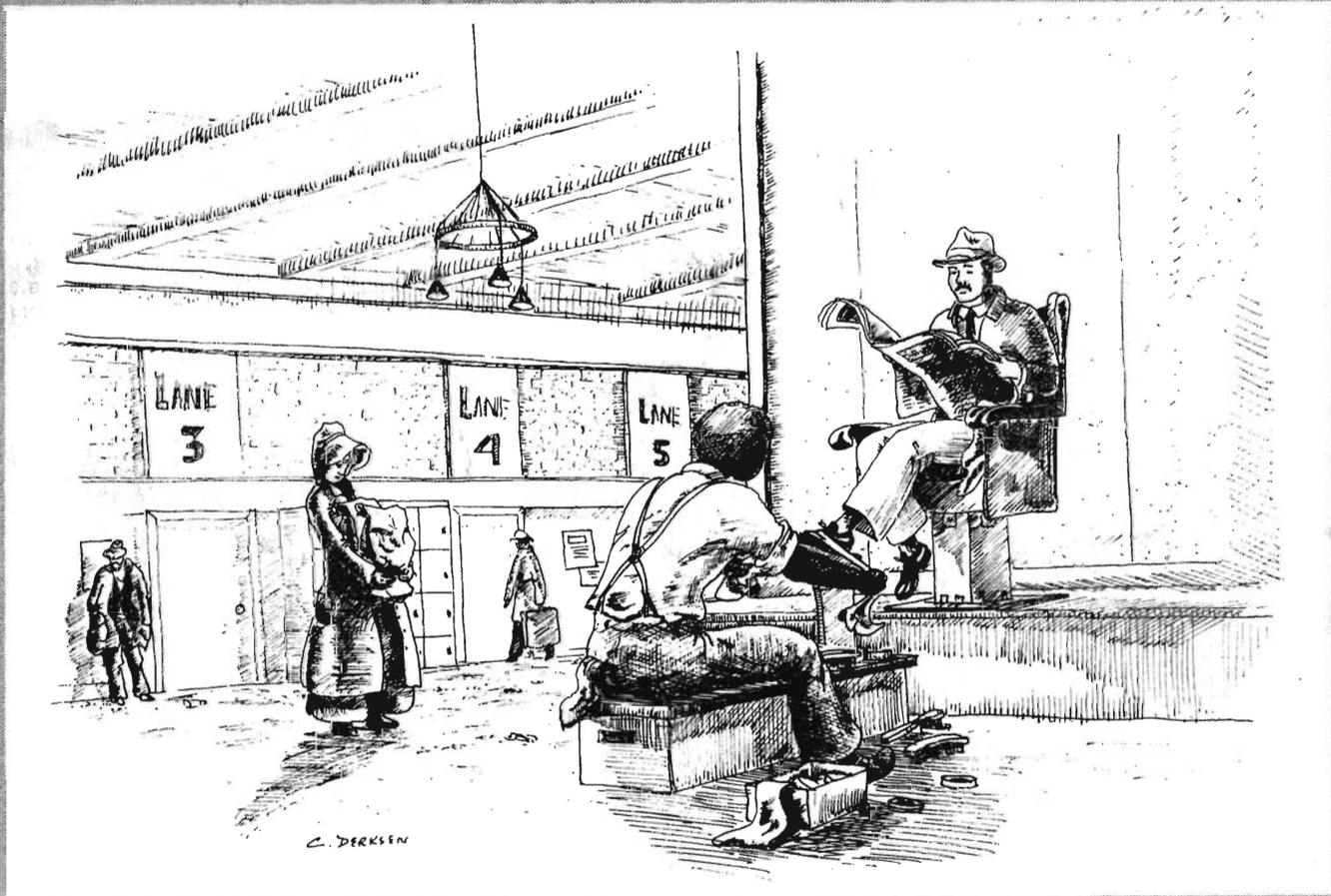


mennonite mirror

This is
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volume 10, number 5
January 1981



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Sept. 73



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Maybe in 1981 Canada will be a country of constitution, institution and



SPREIOPYTR

From among the 65 entries to the December puzzle, Tina Fehr of Winkler was selected the winner.

A cash prize has been sent.

The answers to the December Mix-up are sled, slide, sleet, slope, sleigh and lights.

The letters are to be re-arranged and written in the squares to form words. Letters which fall into the squares with circles are to be arranged to complete the answer at the bottom of the puzzle; the drawing to the right provides a clue.

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

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by January 23, 1981.

Name _____

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Send Entries to:
 Mix-Up Contest
 Mennonite Mirror
 203 - 818 Portage Avenue
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About Mennonites in Canada

THE MENNONITE CANADIANS
(*Multicultural Canada Series*), by Joanne
Flint, Van Nostrand Reinhold Ltd.,
Toronto, 1980, 72 pp. *Illus.*

a review by Betty Dyck

CANADA, Why do you live here?

The multicultural ad in the September *Mennonite Mirror* asks the question, "Canada, Warum wohnen Sie hier?" Joanne Flint's book *The Mennonite Canadians* answers the question with descriptive narrative and pictures.

The book fulfills a two-fold purpose: first, it informs all Canadians about Mennonites; and secondly, it gives fifth and sixth generation Mennonite children an intimate look at their roots, since their "culture" has become predominantly a religion practiced by believers

in over 40 countries around the world.

The book's format is similar to Fitzhenry & Whiteside's series "The Canadians", for use in schools, complete with appropriate questions and projects to accompany the text. However, this does not interfere with a reading of the book purely for information and pleasure. The illustrations, photographs, maps and yes, even recipes, will delight any reader—young and old.

Joanne Flint begins her tale with Abraham Martin emigrating from Pennsylvania to Canada in 1805. Martin was among the "Pennsylvania Dutch" who first came to America from Switzerland, and then brought many of their colorful sayings to the Niagara peninsula.

A flashback to the first Mennonites who lived in Europe 450 years ago provides the necessary background for understanding the migrations of the Mennonite people.

Flint shows how pioneering in Waterloo County proved difficult, and describes how settlers broke land and seeded first crops, including the apple seedlings carefully nourished during the arduous trek from Pennsylvania. The author's word pictures enable the reader to see: "From the rafters (of first cabins) hung strings of drying onions and wild berries . . ." She then follows the Martin

family through several generations and the gradual incorporation into their lives of subtle changes, but always maintaining their basic beliefs.

An interesting little sidelight illustrates how the Mennonite tradition of caring for their elderly dates back to early days when families built "gross-doddy" houses for grandparents—"Close enough for comfort but apart for privacy."

Shifting her focus, Joanne Flint explains about the immigration to Manitoba in 1874 and how the Mennonites prospered here. They even brought their own insurance schemes, "Branntordnung"—a community fire protection plan. Out of this grew the Red River Mutual Insurance Company and the Manitoba Mennonite Mutual Insurance Company, still in business today.

The author closes with a brief history of the Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) and this conclusion: "Since 1925, Mennonites from 44 countries around the world have met at a world conference every four to six years to visit, sing, pray and learn from each other. 16,000 attended the conference held in the United States in 1978. Mennonites are no longer an ethnic group, but a worldwide Christian denomination including many languages and cultures."

mm

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january 1981

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Mennonite Mirror

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A place for Waiting waiting

by Grace Warkentin

My father was always late. I didn't mind really, not in an angry way, because at age 12 what a parent does is right and children tolerate. What other way is there?

My father, a bona fide business man, knew that in the second-hand business, time was on the side of opportunity. An opportunity to "get a deal" from Charlie Boal, the Jewish jobber on Selkirk Avenue, was like "milking horses—like pulling teeth". It required *talent*. My father had talent. Those guys at the CPR knew it too. When a baggage sale was advertised, my Daddy could corner the market. How he loved the unclaimed baggage sales. A man could make a fortune on people's left behind junk! A gold mine of dirty laundry and sometimes a real gold mine even.

Once, when I was about nine, Daddy came home with a trunk full of rosaries from a convent. The trunk alone was magnificent, the domed cover edged in brass looked like buried treasure. And the loot! It *was* buried treasure. We kept it in the basement, where my sisters and I would huddle in the damp darkness and pretend that we were nuns, counting the beads devoutly. Mennonite nuns—a paradoxical, puritanical pastime.

Then Daddy would call us upstairs to wash and iron the pants and shirts from the suitcases so that he could sell them at the Saturday afternoon auction in front of the Bargain Store on Main Street. People in small towns buy anything if you can hustle. And my father could hustle! He was Auctioneer-Actor-Jew-Mennonite store-keeper. What a character and what a slave driver. Oh, how I admired and loved him.

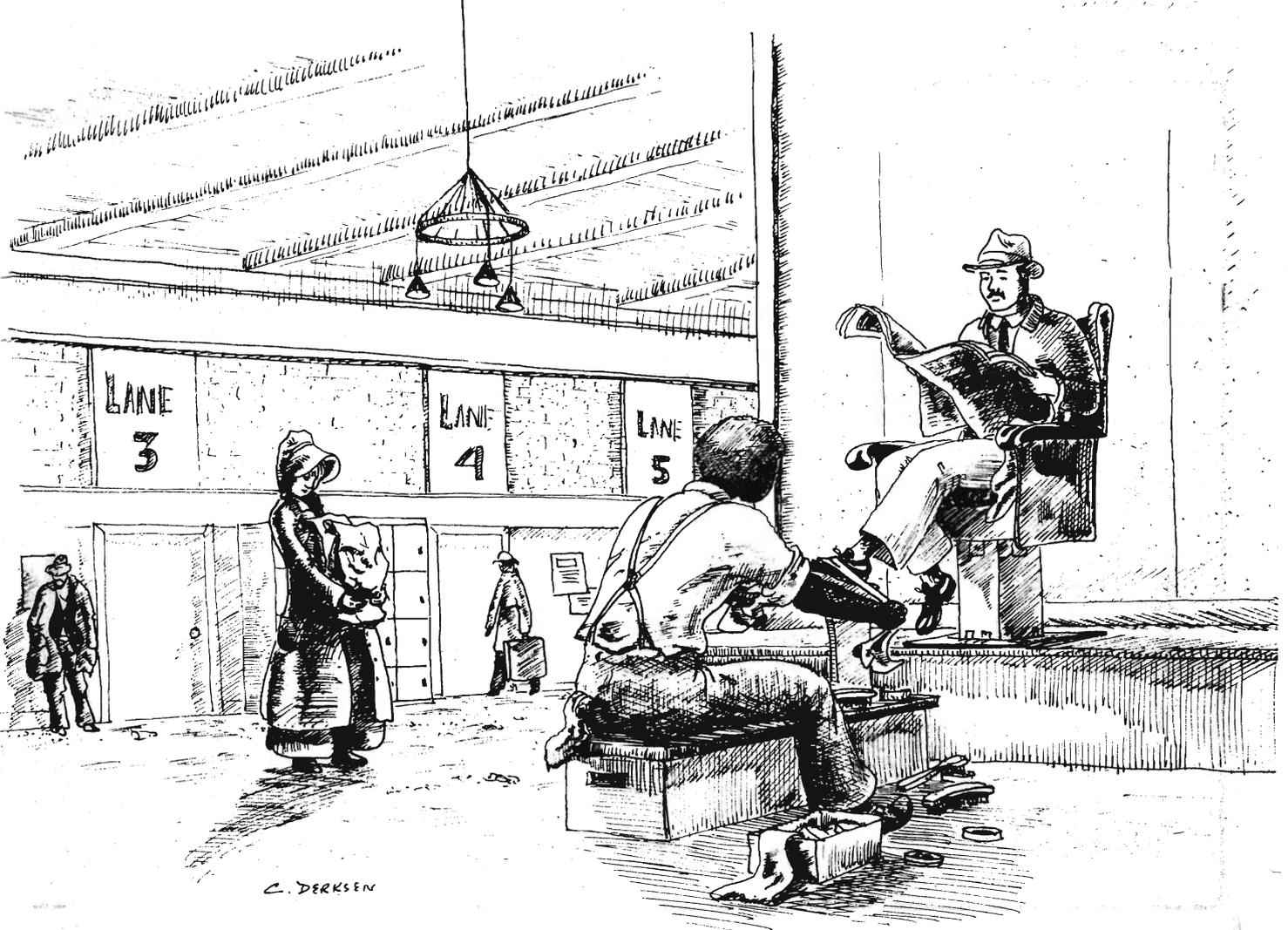
So, today it was a sweltering 95 degrees above in Winnipeg. We had taken a load of raspberries in to the St. Boniface Hospital. The nuns always liked the Reimer raspberries. The nuns always liked P.D. Reimer himself. He was a character, but with character. He was a gentleman and joker. The big Head Nun at the St. Boniface especially liked my Dad. She traded stories with him as they traded raspberries and cash. When he came back to the panel truck where I was waiting, he was always chuckling to himself.

Now that the raspberries were sold, his real business could begin. The farmer's market on North Main would have to wait for their raspberries until next trip. Hymie would understand that Reimer had gotten a better deal from the nuns today. The market had other con-

tacts and my father liked the variety anyway. Why deal only with the Jewish community when the nuns look forward to his visits? The Jews he already meets in business every day. With a small Bargain Store and 10 kids, my father chose his contacts for reasons besides money. Some said this was risky. He took the risks and left us with a greater legacy—not of wealth—but a curious sort of bonding with other minority groups, a fondness for people of other cultures and religions.

So tonight my father was late. He must be getting a job lot from Charlie Boal and they will have schnapps together yet. Selkirk Avenue is a long way from Eaton's and I will have to wait.

I get the round metal check chit from my pocket. Eaton's checking by the waiting room is manned by part-time help. They don't know where the parcels belong half the time. So I wait in line. My mother taught me patience anyway. She lived a long time with my father. So I wait in line with the other Eaton's customers. The sign says "Notions." What is notions, I wonder? At 12 years of age, notions include other things altogether from bobby pins and hairnets. I have notions of lying in Seine River Park and In-



dian boys seeing me there. I have notions of getting on the street car and not even being here when Dad comes.

Dutifully, I forget my notions and get my package. Thirty pairs of lisle stockings for the store. I found a bargain in the Eaton's basement which I couldn't pass up. My father will be proud of me. He can sell them to the French and Ukrainians from the villages for four times as much when the fall comes. The Bargain Store in Steinbach always makes a fair profit. It's an eye for the bargains—that is the talent. My 12-year-old head is full of business ideas today. So I go to the waiting room and sit down to wait for my father.

Six o'clock, Eaton's is closing and still my father isn't here. No surprise. He often doesn't come. I will have to finish my wait at the bus depot as we arranged.

I walk across Graham Avenue to the old bus depot, past the tenements with the laundry hanging out to dry. I never could understand how these people lived. Metis, half of them, some from the reserve and some poor white—prostitutes too. I clutch my packages carefully. I am self-conscious of the swarthy 16-year-old leering at me. I march resolutely past him to the bus depot, as if I have a bus to catch.

As I emerge through the revolving door, the huge grey cave that is the bus depot envelopes me. The high ceilinged, dingy structure with its austere atmosphere, causes me a moment's panic. An architect's nightmare, a beggar's dream, a transient's paradise. I hear voices, I see pictures, I smell smells. My 12-year-old senses are alive.

The woman is in her booth with the microphone, wearing a yellow cotton candy beehive on her head. I see it is her hair. I wonder if she uses a knitting needle to scratch her head if it itches. She wears cat's eyes glasses with rhinestones like turned up commas and a long chain to hold them when they fall. Her perpetual nasal voice refuses to sound normal. A clothespin on her nose could not increase the nasal twang. The loudspeaker amplifies it considerably, as she speaks in her bored and droning manner. "All cars for Neepawa, Deloraine, Swan River, Poplar Point and points west now loading in lane seven. Passengers bound for Neepawa, Moose Jaw and Carrot River, please have your tickets ready."

Some people leave hurriedly and I wonder what time it is. I look up and the clock on the high ceiling beam says a quarter past seven. Daddy said he would meet me at six. So I wait.

There are tired babies whimpering like young calves wanting to suck. And wornout mothers looking vacantly into space like martyrs with no choices. Grubby children with fingers and mouths sticky from all-day suckers, which didn't last that long. Old men sleeping on grey leather seats, their mouths open, unconcerned and familiar here, in their natural habitat.

The clock reads eight o'clock. Wearily, I shift my package and lean harder against the post. I am waiting for a seat near the door, so I will see my father when he comes.

The black man is happily slapping polish on the shoes of a white man, sitting above him on the shoe shine seat. Fascinated, I watch him slap the polish on with his hands with a frenzied dexterity. The white man reads the *Financial Post* and pays no attention. When the shoes shone so you could see your face, the white man flips a quarter in the air and walks away, his face still buried in the *Financial Post*.

It's getting dark outside now—but still hot. Everything is grey, ominously grey, like this whole long grey depot. The drunk beside the magazine stand gets up suddenly. He is oblivious to things around him. He doesn't know

that his fly is open and obviously wouldn't care. As he staggers past me, the aroma of beer and the spots on his bulgy grey trench coat seem to mix. I hear a radio playing the current hit, "Don't roll those bloodshot eyes at me." He passes—and I can catch my breath again. I wonder "Where is my father? Don't you know your daughter could get in a lot of trouble in a place like this? Don't you even care? Where are you, Daddy?" Then, squaring my shoulders, I remember that I am a storekeeper's daughter; I am strong, I am brave—and above all, a patient one.

And so I wait . . .

The black woman who lives in the washroom on the second floor glares at me when I come in for the third time to use the free toilet on the end. The lock still doesn't work, so I keep my arm straight to hold it shut. Good thing I have long arms. The floor is wet and sticky inside. I try to straddle the toilet seat without touching it, like my mother taught me. I attempt to straddle the puddle on the floor at the same time, but unsuccessfully. Can one really get VD from a toilet seat? But free takes chances. It is hot and sticky in this toilet. Smells of sweat and urine from transients and travellers hang in the air like a sour mist. Flies drone monotonously. I wash my hands thoroughly and quickly. The black woman is still glaring at me. I wonder what I am doing wrong?

Walking back through the upstairs Ladies Waiting Room, I see the crowd here has dwindled. The lady crocheting is still there, oblivious to all surrounding her, needles clacking rhythmically in the silent room.

I sit down for awhile and entertain myself with the notion that she is Madame Lafarge in *Tale of Two Cities* and she sits here and crochets contentedly, while the doomed passengers pass through here, one by one, disappearing to their destiny downstairs. I wish I could stay up here longer and play these mind games. It is quite pleasant and not so smokey. With just a few women and the washroom nearby, I feel safer. But I must not linger. Daddy doesn't want to waste a minute when he comes. He's always tired and in a hurry to get home. Maybe he'll let me drive from Ille des Chenes to Steinbach, like he sometimes does when he is very tired. Maybe he is down there right now. I hurry down.

Coming down the stairs, I look around, but Daddy is nowhere in sight. The clock says 10 after nine. I see a seat near the door and squeeze between two sweaty men. My head aches and I am getting verrrry turrred of that dumb lady with the yellow hair twanging out the endless calls for the buses. I feel like punching her. I feel like yelling, "This is a Waiting Room. What are you doing interrupting us with all those places and

lanes of buses?" Who cares? And the dumb bus drivers with chains holding wallets in back pockets walking purposefully to doors and corridors. "Don't you all realize that this is just a waiting room?—A Waiting Room?—A WAITING ROOM? For Pete's sake, don't be in such a hurry! Wait! Please wait!"

An itchy, irritable feeling comes over me. I am so hot and tired. My stomach feels like I'm going to bring up. The black lady upstairs would sure be mad at me if I did that. When will my father come? Maybe something has happened to him. Who will find me and tell me? It's been 3 1/2 hours since we were to meet at Eaton's.

The crowd in the bus depot is thinning. Lots of good seats available now. The travelling public has left. The crying babies, the martyred mothers and the busy travelling public have gone. Only the waiting public left, and the regulars. The man, whom I had noticed earlier, in the grey trench coat, spotted in three places at least, with large grease spots and bulgy pockets, a rolled up *Jewish Press* in the back pocket is still here, sleeping now. He is a regular, I guess—like me.

By now my 12-year-old appetite and my boredom are about battling even. The smell of hot dogs and onions frying mesmerizes me and pulls me uncontrollably, like a magnet to the end of the depot to the Salisbury House—past the revolving door—right to the smell . . .

I remember now that I have only 10 cents left. What will it be? An *Archie Comic* lasts longer than a hot dog. I was never allowed to read comic books at home. *The Book of Knowledge*, the poetry of Pauline Johnson, and the Bible were among the books which lined our library, which doubled as my bedroom. Comics had no place there. They destroyed the senses—like lust. Although I remembered that I hadn't eaten since noon, I also remembered that an *Archie Comic* would last longer

than a hot dog. Resolutely, I walked back to the magazine stall where the two black-haired ladies were yakking. "So what's it gonna be honey?" says the lady with the red lipstick on. "Make up yer mind, I ain't got all day."

The choice is a difficult one. I finger the comic book and look longingly one more time at the door to the Salisbury House.

"I'll take the comic," I say quickly. No, I wouldn't change my mind. Maybe Daddy wouldn't come for another hour yet and I could always tell him I had found it—or even just leave it there in the seat. mm

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Literature, Ideas Imagination and Film: The Art of Allan Kroeker

By David Bergen

On September 29 CBC aired a film portraying the life and legend of Mike Swistun, an eighty-year-old man who bends steel bars with his teeth, pull nails out of his nose and lives a reclusive life on a fundown family farm. The film was *The Strongest Man In The World*, a moving documentary photographed and edited by Winnipeg film-maker Allan Kroeker.

Kroeker, a free-lance film-maker, runs his business from the basement of his home on Glendale Boulevard. When speaking of his work his thoughts are a mixture of matter-of-factness and controlled excitement.

"Making a film is like writing a book. You're totally involved with the work," he says, adding, "But with books you have an eraser and with celluloid it's there, you can't erase it." He pauses and follows the vein of the writer-film-maker comparison.

"I'd say a writer is a greater magician or illusionist than a film-maker. Take the Swistun story. It's about a magician. I was a cameraman for that film and at one point Swistun took a seven inch spike, pushed it through the back of his head and pulled it out of his nose. And it was all an illusion. It's what good writers do so well. I like to see the frozen prairie in Wiebe's novels and be transported by Dostoyevsky."

It comes as no surprise when Kroeker admits that his first love is literature. Many of his films are adaptations of short stories. He adapted Leo Tolstoy's story *How Much Land Does A Man Need?*, filmed what he calls "a symbolic version" of Rudy Wiebe's *Tudor King*, wrote the script for and directed Gimli writer W. Valgardson's story, *God Is Not A Fish Inspector*, and is currently filming *Capital*, another Valgardson story.

Kroeker's best received film to date

has been *Fish Inspector* which won top prize at the annual Northwest Film Festival held in Seattle. Kroeker also produced a documentary on Valgardson called *Waiting For Morning*. Both films were shot on location in Gimli and are the result of what Kroeker calls "pragmatic resolutions."

"These aren't big budget movies," he says. "When I shoot a film like *Fish Inspector* I have to utilize the scenery, the weather, the sets and the people to the best of my ability and work within the limits of the money available."

Budgets are one reason why he won't idolize film directors. "I don't emulate anybody," he says. "I can't. Especially someone like Bertolucci who spends millions on one scene." There may be no outright veneration yet conversation with Kroeker is sprinkled with references to French director Francois Truffaut.

Kroeker's beginnings in film directing date back to his college days when he was planning to be a teacher. "At that time it occurred to me that I could make films for a living," he says. "I found that there is no mystique to it."

He studied film at Toronto's York University and then worked for three years with the Department of Agriculture, writing, directing and editing documentaries and shorts. He recalls the first free-lance project he worked on. "For my first film I was paid \$700," he says. "I thought, 'this is great, getting paid to do what I enjoy.'"

Kroeker admits there is a burden which goes with his work. "It's funny but I sometimes forget that I enjoy this," he says. "I must lap it up now, while I have it."

Appreciating his position as a free-lance film-maker has now kept Kroeker from doubting his situation. "Film-

makers question themselves every day. Is my job useful?" he asks emphatically. "I'm never totally sure. If it could be proven that it wasn't useful I would quit. Actually everybody's job is essentially worthless."

Competition in his field doesn't stifle Kroeker's enthusiasm. "I know that if I don't make the film somebody else will," he says. "Film making is very competitive. It doesn't bother me. I think it takes more hard work than talent."

With that work Kroeker says he wants to put out films that are accessible to the public and worthwhile watching. "As a film-maker I'm just as fickle as the audience," he says. "With film or television you don't really have to work at it as you do when you read. Film is manipulative, visually and emotionally. When I direct something I want it to be good."

Yet turning out a 'good' film every time is not a sure thing Kroeker says. "You're allowed disasters in film-making," he says. "Everything is so intangible. You can have everything perfect. The weather, the actors, the filming, the cuts and something goes wrong. It just won't work."

When adapting a short story to film he says he prefers to deal with the storyline rather than the plot, working on characterization and setting a mood.

Kroeker's films are not candy-coated Hollywood pap but have a rawer quality which he calls "not avant-garde, but slightly left of center." He can't understand Canadian film productions attempting to rival American films. "Canadians can never compete with Americans at sit-coms or special effect films," he says. "Why even try? We have to continue producing what we do best."

And Kroeker seems to be doing what he does best. He is well accepted in Gimli, the setting for *God Is Not A Fish Inspector*. Kroeker says that half the town of Gimli attended the preview at the University of Winnipeg. "The people who have the hardest time accepting what I do are Mennonites," he says. "The Mennonite audience is pious. They think they are above fiction. They don't have a mind for fiction. Basically they are empiricists. I remember shooting a film on W.O. Mitchell and I mentioned it to some fellow Mennonites. They kind of looked down their noses and said 'we don't read fiction.'"

Rebuffed by his own people or not Kroeker feels that in the future he would like to film documentaries on Anabaptist history and the Mennonite experiences in Russia. "Our history, the Russian experience, is dying," he says. "It's got to be done now. I'd like to make a popular history to help young people appreciate where their roots lie." mm

manitoba news

Believers **Daniil Daniilovich Peters** and his son **Heinrich Daniilovich Peters** have been arrested in the village of **Mar-tuk**, Aktyubinsk region of the U.S.S.R., according to the East/West News Service. They are the father and brother of Peter Peters, who was released from prison on July 2 after serving ten years of sentence for religious youth work. All three are Mennonites and Evangelical Baptists. Daniil Peters was previously imprisoned in a strict regime concentration camp from 1964 to 1969. Altogether there are about 80 Evangelical Baptists in prison in the U.S.S.R. at this time. Among them are the following Mennonites or persons of Mennonite background: I.P. Plett of Dushambe, M. Epp of Karaganda, and Rudolf Klassen, who is awaiting trial in prison.

Speaking on behalf of the Mennonite Central Committee (Canada) Executive Committee, **William Janzen**, **J.M. Klassen**, and **Ross Nigh** presented a brief to the Joint Committee on the Constitution of Canada on November 25, 1980. The brief focused on the clause guaranteeing freedom of conscience and religion in the proposed Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. The MCC questioned the wording of the provision, suggesting that it might be interpreted strictly as freedom for individuals. In their submission, they cited several instances in which freedom of religion would seem to have been best served by giving freedom to the religious community rather than the individual. These illustrations included the attempts of individuals leaving Hutterite colonies to be awarded their share of assets; the attempt to gain exemption from the Canadian Pension Plan by Hutterites, Amish, and Old Order Mennonites; and the issue of control over education. The brief proposed "a simple provision for 'freedom of religion' without a reference to individuals or communities," so that the question might be dealt with in relation to particular problems. A second request was that the committee include a clause "to protect those who on grounds of conscience or religion feel themselves unable to take human life."

Ronald Reagan carried Mennonite communities the same way he carried most of the nation in the U.S. presidential election November 4, according to the *Mennonite Weekly Review*. North Newton, Kansas, home of Bethel College, was apparently the only Mennonite-dominated town not to go for Reagan. John Anderson carried North Newton.

Steinbach Rest Haven administrator **Herman J. Dyck** used a recent tour of the town by Premier Sterling Lyon and his cabinet to draw attention to the failure of the province to provide a new and safe building for the nursing home. Dyck claims the present building violates both the provincial fire code and building code size requirements. Although the Manitoba Health Services Commission agreed in 1978 that the home should be replaced, funding has not been approved by the province. According to administrator **George Penner** of the Menno Home for the Aged, the situation at the Grunthal home parallels that of Steinbach.

Mennonite Radio and Television Council has just released two television spots in Canada on the theme of racism/prejudice. The materials were produced by film-maker **Allan Kroeker** of Winnipeg in conjunction with a sub-committee of MRTC.

Questions concerning religious studies in the Hanover School Division were raised this fall when Lutheran pastor Tom Kolden was denied permission to teach in the program. The problem developed when Rev. Kolden refused to sign a statement of faith required by Child Evangelism Fellowship, the organization which teaches religious studies in the elementary schools of the division. The Steinbach Ministerial Association, which is ultimately responsible for directing the program, has since suggested that its committee on religious education will consider approving any curriculum proposed by pastors or members of any local congregation affiliated with the ministerial association.

WALTER SAWATSKY TO SPEAK

Dr. Walter Sawatsky will speak on the Mennonites in the Soviet Union at the University of Winnipeg. The lecture will be held on Monday, February 2, 1981, at 8 p.m., in Room 3C01 of Centennial Hall.

Sawatsky is well qualified to speak on the subject. He is Mennonite Central Committee's secretary for Europe, works with Mennonite resettlers (Umsiedler) in Germany travels extensively in Europe and the Soviet Union, and is completing at the moment a book on the Mennonites in the Soviet Union.

The lecture is sponsored by the Chair in Mennonite Studies of the University of Winnipeg. Dr. Harry Loewen is professor of Mennonite Studies at this university.

This lecture as well as other public functions of the Chair are open to the public.

A worm farm begun in 1979 by Steinbach entrepreneurs **Jim and Waldo Neustaedter** and **Rollin Reimer** has closed. **Frank Dyck** and **Hal Willems**, who run similar companies in the area selling castings of worms for fertilizer, are also experiencing difficulties in marketing their product.

Westgate Film Productions, a Winnipeg film company, is using the *Mennonite Village Museum* in Steinbach to shoot a Christmas film set 100 years ago. The Steinbach site was chosen as "the best place around." All of the actors in the film are Manitobans. The only import will be narrator Lorne Greene who is due to arrive in January. The film will be aired in December 1981.

The new *Kindale Occupational Centre* in Steinbach was officially opened November 28. The centre currently has 70 clients in its program, which offers work experience and life skills training for the mentally handicapped.

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Five *Post* writers recognized by gift presentation by *Post* board chairman, Abraham Wiebe, at left. Wiebe, C. C. Ginter, Maria Bueckert, Mary Giesbrecht Friesen, A. N. Hiebert, J. C. Fehr.

Strong support for *Die Mennonitische Post*, a twice-monthly German language paper for Kanadier Mennonites in six countries, was indicated by a full house at a "Postabend" at the Valley Rehabilitation Centre in Winkler on October 30. Some 200 people filled the dining room of the Centre for the meeting. The *Post* is expecting to co-publish two German books in 1981: a book about the Mennonites in Mexico written by German consul Walter Schniedehaus, and a book of poems by Maria Winter Loewen.

Rev. Gerhard Lohrenz, author of several books, has completed *Stories from Mennonite Life*. It contains 17 short stories.

Elsie Janzen of Grunthal is among four people who have been appointed to the social services advisory committee by Community Services Minister George Minaker. The committee advises the minister on welfare matters and adjudicates welfare appeals from decisions made by provincial or municipal officials.

Robert Arthur Wiebe of Steinbach has been appointed as justice of the peace by Attorney-General Gerry Mercier. Employed for the past 18 years by the post office, he also served seven years on the Steinbach police department.

Erna Petkau, a voluntary service worker with MCC (Canada), was presented with a Merit Award for Community Service November 6 by the city of Winnipeg. The presentation was made by three city councilors, who cited Petkau as "a special mother for special people." She has been a housemother at Special People in Kildonan East House, a residence for mentally and physically handicapped persons in Winnipeg.

John F. Wiebe has been appointed conference minister for the Conference of Mennonites in Manitoba. He had previously been administrator for four years.

Carol Anne Reimer of Steinbach is returning to Ethiopia under the auspices of the Sudan Interior Mission. She will be teaching English and Music at Bingham Academy in Addis Ababa. Miss Reimer has spent two previous terms in Ethiopia, 1971-73 and 1976-78. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Reimer and a member of the Evangelical Free Church of Steinbach.

Jack Thiessen, German department, University of Winnipeg, conducted a guest lecture and seminar on "Literature of Canadian Ethnic Minorities" on December 10 at the University of Siegen, Federal Republic of Germany.

Roberta Janzen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Janzen of Winnipeg, was recently awarded the silver medal from the Royal Conservatory of Music for the highest mark provincially in Grade IV violon-cello.

Laura Martens, daughter of Bruno and Ellie Martens of Winnipeg, was recently awarded a gold medal for competition in voice at the University of Manitoba. Laura is a student at Westgate Mennonite Collegiate.

Ed Schellenberg of Steinbach was among four new members appointed to serve on the Manitoba Arts Council. The twelve-member council was established in 1969 to promote the study, enjoyment, production, and performance of works of art in Manitoba.

Construction has begun on the \$140,000 new library of the *Mennonite Collegiate Institute* in Gretna. The 3,600 square foot library will be named after the late Paul J. Schaefer, a teacher at MCI from 1943 to 1968.

Canadian Mennonite Bible College will teach two short extension courses at the United Mennonite Educational Institute in Leamington, Ontario in January. The two courses—"Growing in Faith" for persons who nurture children in the home and church and "Peace Theology"—are part of the college's effort to offer short courses in various parts of the country on a rotating basis.

Mechanical engineering technology student Louis Hildebrand, a former resident of Landmark, was the only student to win more than one award when Red River Community College honored its top students recently. Mr. Hildebrand received the Bearing Supply and Service (Canada) Ltd. bursary, the Manitoba Society of Certified Engineering Technicians and Technologists scholarship, and the CAE Morse Ltd. Scholarship.

Laura Gail Friesen of Gretna received the Brandon University Board of Governors Entrance Scholarship. The award was presented at the 1980 annual awards ceremony November 9.



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Jake Friesen of Morris has begun a two-year assignment with the Committee on Justice and Liberty in Toronto. He will be doing research and writing on a variety of issues. The Committee describes itself as an independent Canadian people's movement which seeks to develop political, economic, educational and social policies and action programs from a Christian perspective. He is the son of J.D. and Tina Friesen of Riverton.



A banquet in honor of all the "front line people" in the Choice Books ministry was held in the Home Street Mennonite church on November 7. In attendance were the board members, the review committee, and the book rack representatives in Manitoba. **Harold Jantz**, editor of the Mennonite Brethren Herald, was speaker for the evening.

The MCC (Canada) Food Bank representatives from Manitoba held their annual meeting at the Fort Garry Mennonite Brethren church on November 17. **C. Wilbert Loewen**, director of the Food Bank, welcomed about 20 representatives and guests. **Ed Falk**, assistant director, gave an overview of Food Bank operations, noting that provincial percentages show a growth in contributions to the Food Bank from Manitoba farmers during 1980. The total Food Bank program now has 101 representatives and about 1,300 contributors.

About fifty farmers and other interested observers attended a "Theology of Land use" seminar November 29 at the Winkler Mennonite Brethren church. Sessions focused on the question of land transfer and land use. The opening address was given by **Dr. Henry Rempel**, Department of Economics, University of Manitoba.

William Snyder, MCC executive secretary since 1957, will be retiring in January 1983. The 1980 annual meeting of the MCC appointed a Search Committee to find a successor for Mr. Snyder.

Four hundred and seventy-five delegates from Manitoba's Mennonite congregations gathered in the Winkler Bergthaler Mennonite Church November 22 for the 17th annual meeting of MCC (Manitoba), celebrating MCC's sixtieth anniversary. From its beginnings of bringing food to the starving in the Ukraine in 1920, MCC now has projects in 40 countries, involving 750 volunteers. Reports included an update on the world refugee situation by **Larry Kehler**, a review of the challenges that confront MCC globally by **J.M. Klassen**, and a keynote address by **Frank Epp**. Reporting on the Manitoba offender ministry were **Clarence Epp** and **Ernie Penner**.



Jake Friesen of Riverton, has begun a two-year term with Mennonite Central Committee in Toronto as a researcher. He served previously with MCC from 1977-80 in offender ministries and immigration assistance. He received a Bachelor of Arts degree at the University of Manitoba, and a master's of divinity degree at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart. He is a member of Aberdeen Evangelical Mennonite Church, Winnipeg.



Jac and Margaret Froese of Pauingassi, Man., are serving as community workers in Tadoule Lake, Man., with Mennonite Central Committee for one year. They were recently employed as managers of a retail store in Pauingassi. They attended Pauingassi Mennonite Church and are members of Northdale Mennonite Fellowship, Winnipeg. They have two daughters, Christine and Lisa. Their parents are Peter and Magdalene Klassen of Killarney, Man., and Elizabeth and the late Frank Froese of Steinbach, Man.



Alan and Ruth Nickel of Brandon, are working in Montreal with Mennonite Central Committee for two years. Alan will be working in maintenance and Ruth will be working as a bookkeeper. Ruth served with MCC from 1975-77 in Haiti as a nurse. Ruth received her registered nurse's training at Brandon General Hospital School of Nursing. She was recently employed as a sales clerk and manager. Alan received his journeyman electrician training at Assiniboine Community College, Brandon. Alan, son of Henry and Sarah Nickel of Brandon, and Ruth, daughter of Peter and Margaret Franz of Boissevain, are members of Grace Mennonite Church, Brandon.



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COMING EVENTS

The University of Winnipeg invites registrations for the course *Mennonite Authors*, taught Thursdays at 7 p.m. beginning January 8. The course may be taken for credit or audit.

The *Mennonite Health Association* will hold its annual meeting in San Antonio, Texas from February 28 to March 4, 1981. The theme of the six-day event is "Claiming Our Responsibility Toward Health."



Ernie and Tina Dyck of Boissevain are serving with Mennonite Central Committee for two years in Montreal at Montreal House of Friendship. Ernie earned a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Manitoba. He studied at St. Andrew's College in Saskatoon, and received his master's degree in education at the University of Saskatchewan. He was recently employed as a teacher and farmer. Tina attended the University of Manitoba and received a degree in home economics at the University of Saskatoon. She was employed as a teacher. They are members of St. Pauls United Church, Boissevain, and have four children, Dorothy, Derek, Barbara and Peter.

Abram A. and Sara Braun of Winnipeg celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary at the Bethel Mennonite Church in Winnipeg on August 4. The couple was married in the village of Old Bergthal near Altona by Rev. Abram Bergen on November 27, 1910.



Rev. Gerhard P. Schroeder of Lodi, California, died Sunday, December 1, at age 91. Rev. Schroeder will be well-known to readers of the *Mennonite Mirror* as the author of several articles and as author of the book *Miracles of Grace and Judgment*. He served in the Baptist church of North America and was known for his speaking, writing, and musical talents.



Readers of the *Mennonite Mirror* will regret to learn that **Dr. Peter J. Hampton**, a contributor to this magazine, died suddenly on Friday, October 17th, in Akron, Ohio. Dr. Hampton was born in Russia and grew up in Grunthal, Manitoba. He had to work hard during the depression to receive his university education, but finally he was able to obtain his Ph.D in psychology and spent most of his working career in Akron as a university psychologist. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Patkau. Readers might particularly remember his short story entitled *Grandfather's Gold Coins*.



Rudy A. Regehr, formerly registrar and business administrator at the Canadian Mennonite Bible College, has been appointed vice-president in charge of marketing of Fellowship Bookcentre (Canada) Inc. The appointment was made by Fellowship Bookcentre President Jake Rempel who is planning an expansion of stores in Canada. Mr. Regehr will be in charge of the firm's day-to-day operations and oversee the expansion program. Mr. Regehr was with CMBC for 19 years; he holds degrees in Christian education and psychology, and is enrolled in a graduate studies program in administration at the University of Manitoba.

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CANADIAN FILM COMPANY PLANS MOVIE ON RUSSIAN MENNONITE MIGRATION

Forestgreen Productions Inc., a Canadian film company recently announced its intention to produce a motion picture based on the Mennonite experience in Russia during the Bolshevik Revolution and the subsequent migration to Canada.

Tentatively entitled *Night Train from Moscow* the story will be filmed in and around Winnipeg.

Producer Dean Peterson and Forestgreen's solicitor John M. Clarke recently toured the Winnipeg area with a view to locating potential film sites and also met with representatives of the Manitoba Government. Harry J. Enns, Minister of Government Services, assured them of the co-operation of his department wherever possible.

Accompanying Mr. Peterson and Mr. Clarke was Dr. Frank Epp, author of *Mennonite Exodus*, who has agreed to act as historical consultant to the project in order to ensure the historical integrity of the story with respect to the Mennonite experience, their culture and their faith.

Meetings were also held with officials of the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre, and the Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society who were informed that it was the intention of Forestgreen Productions to involve the Mennonite community on as many levels as possible in the organization and production of the film.

The production is expected to begin in the summer of 1981 is contingent on the successful re-writing of the screen play by Mr. Mark Gilhuis, the president of Forestgreen Productions Inc. and Mr. Philip Yordan, an academy award winning writer-producer, whose credits, among others, include *The Fall of the Roman Empire*, *55 Days at Peking*, *Battle of the Bulge*, *El Cid*, and *Brigham*, a story on the founder of the Mormon Church.

The projected budget for the film, which has not yet been finalized, is approximately \$9 million.

An amount of \$150,000 for the first phase was recently raised and involved a substantial number of Mennonite investors across Canada.

The project had its beginning several years ago when Peter Barga of Edmonton, in his address to the 1977 Ontario Provincial Prayer Breakfast told the story of his family and their dramatic escape from Russia in the 1920s. Mr. Gilhuis recognized the potential of the story, which carries with it a powerful message of faith, that speaks to many beyond the Mennonite Community.

The story centers on a young Men-

nonite man, whose experiences at the Russian front, during the First World War, as a conscientious objector, profoundly affects him and his view of the Mennonite Community and its relationship to the Russian people. The story focuses on his attempts to come to grips with the issues facing the Mennonite community, including land reform, civil war, the bandit attacks, economic disparity and self-defence. The story concludes with the dramatic events leading up to the escape from Moscow to ultimate freedom in Canada.

CEMETERIES ARE PART OF HISTORY TOO

The newly organized Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society is composed of a number of committees which are designed to take on specific responsibilities which the Board of Directors has agreed upon. One of these committees has the job of looking into the 'Preservation of Artifacts and Historical Sites'. Artifacts includes objects of historical interest and antique value found in and around Mennonite homes. Historical sites would include sites such as cenotaphs, graves, cemeteries, etc., in Mennonite communities.

The committee's work also includes locating, identifying and documenting the above mentioned items. In this regard much remains to be done especially in the area of locating, identifying and documenting graves and cemeteries. These Mennonite cemeteries are spread all over the countryside, near churches, on private yards, in the middle of fields, beside clumps of bushes and other places. Many of these sites can still be located but the sites of many will only be identifiable through the memory of one of our elders; and if we do not locate, identify and document these locations soon, the evidence, as well as the people who can recall these locations, will have disappeared.

Many family histories and genealogies are being written today, and most have some reference to the names and locations of burial sites. Information from such sources would be appreciated.

Many small cemeteries or family plots have lost their markings. They are no longer being used and not maintained. Information about these, in some detail, is requested so records can be made for posterity.

This is an appeal to any person who can help in our effort to locate, identify and document the Mennonite cemeteries in Manitoba. Emphasis is not so much on the cemeteries that are in use today and that are readily identifiable, although these too must be included in the documentation process. Areas where

Mennonites first settled are of special importance, because these are the oldest and are in the most danger of being forgotten because also, in some cases all traces of its existence may have disappeared. Municipalities like Hanover, Rhineland, Stanley and others will have many such cemeteries.

We are looking for information on all and any Mennonite cemetery, and this includes the names of the persons buried there, if possible. To a large degree we will have to depend on our older friends for this information.

It is our intention to compile as comprehensive a documentation as possible on this subject. Readers of this article are asked to search their memory, to mention this appeal to their friends, and then to pass on the information to the address indicated below. Information that includes details on artifacts of antique value or descriptions on historical sites will be appreciated. Researchers and historians of the future will thank you for your efforts in this regard.

When writing please mention, if possible: name of cemetery, location (township, range, section or town), when last used, church affiliation, and a separate list of names of persons buried there.

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Ethnic literature is one way of having insight into past

by Mary M. Enns

Just recently I was invited to sit in on an evening class at Westgate Collegiate. The three-credit course is Canadian-German Literature in Curriculum Studies. The lecturer is Elisabeth Peters of the Faculty of Education, University of Manitoba. Sponsored by this university the course was developed by Prof. Peters with the support of Prof. Marcel Bonneau, director of field services, who saw the need for and possibilities in such a course. It concerns itself with the appreciation and interpretation of folk literature by Manitoba German and Mennonite authors. "Designed for German, English and history teachers, with a pedagogically oriented curriculum, it is at the same time geared for 'geneigte Leser' (interested readers)", says Prof. Peters.

To what does she attribute this recent surge of interest in Manitoba literature and authors? "I think it is the times," she muses, "it's everywhere. If you've watched TV it's *Roots*. I think the sixties and seventies had much to do with it. People began to look for an identity. The Mennonites also began to search for their identity."

This is a class of 19 men and women, mostly real keeners, as was evidenced in the discussions. For a first effort (Mrs. Peters taught this course three times in Altona and once in Winkler) here in Winnipeg that is a good enough enrollment though she would like to see growth here. "I would like to see more students coming to take the course for credits although I am pleased that some of our senior citizens are so obviously enjoying the course."

The spirit in the classroom is bright and enthusiastic. Texts used are *Harvest*, *Blue Mountains of China*, *Unter dem Nordlicht*, *Lost in the Steppe*, (their major study) and various other books or translations of Arnold Dyck's works. The first semester covers a period of Mennonite literature begun in Russia. The 1981 sessions are a sequel to this and deal with the Canadian experience — the Mennonites in Canada. Writers such as Reuben Epp, Clint Toews, Rudy Wiebe, Patrick Friesen, Arnold Dyck, Nikolai Unruh, and some of Harry Loewen's poetry will be studied.

Asked whether this course of study is by way of being a preparation for the course offered at University of Winnipeg by the Chair of Mennonite Studies, Peters answers emphatically: "You can't compare this course with that one at all. Ours is a pedagogical course and is kept on a fairly low level. The Chair of Mennonite Studies teaches it as an arts course with all the intricacies of interpretation and literary values. We do as much as we can of that here but there's a great difference. It is gratifying to have some senior citizens in our class. These people are anxious to continue something they had given up when they were much younger. It touches a part of their innermost being that has been dormant for some time. This is the reason why I am delighted that the senior citizens are working alongside the students who are taking the course for credits."

This is the case with Mary Dyck, niece to Arnold Dyck, a nurse almost all her adult life, who, because of her demanding career was unable to indulge in extracurricular studies. Now in her retirement she is enjoying this and various courses at University of Winnipeg. Or there is Joanne Beckert who comes simply for the pleasure of studying Mennonite literature. Then there is John Doerksen, one-time teacher, most recently active, along with his wife

Helen, in the area of MCC chaplaincy for the "Umsiedler" in Europe. They are now involved with helping new Canadians here in Winnipeg. He is in the class because "It's one of the things I've always wanted to do. Besides my wife roped me into it and we're doing it together." He's also studying French at University of Winnipeg. Annie Janzen, head cook at CMBC is taking the course for credits. She spent several terms of volunteer work in the Menno Heim with the Berlin Mennonite Church when John and Marian Friesen were active there. Annie is also in a course Communications and Human Relations at Red River Community College. When she presented her project in that class it was focused on the making of pumpernickel bread and its early origins. It seems quite natural that these origins should have been in Europe. Interesting is the fact that it was Napoleon Bonaparte who gave it its name saying it was "pain pour Nicole" (his horse) or bread for Nicole, which in the French, when spoken quickly enough can, quite reasonably, become "pumpernickel". Annie passed around her bread and its prized recipe on this evening when coffee time came.

Mary Loewen laughingly describes herself as a perpetual student. With a B.A., a B.Ed., and an M.R.Ed. she is taking the course for enjoyment. Helen, Mrs. Dick Neufeld, her black eyes sparkling, assures us of three reasons why she is here. "For one thing, I've always wanted to take a course from Elisabeth Peters. Then, I want a better grasp of my Mennonite heritage. Lastly it gives me three credits for my pre-masters program". Helen is a teacher of music in a St. Boniface school. What with choir involvements she is a very busy girl. But



Elisabeth Peters' German Literature class at Westgate

she had taken time to bake a birthday cake for Prof. Peters. Four candles sparkled and all sang *Hab oftm Kreise der Lieben*.

Yet another student, Anne Goertzen, a former teacher, a singer, now a piano teacher took her turn this evening at student presentation. She delivered a critical analysis of *Lost in the Steppe*, the translation of Arnold Dyck's *Verloren in der Steppe*. Peters summed this up by pointing out that Dyck's message throughout is that we are responsible for each other not only for ourselves. Mrs. Goertzen is taking the course toward a degree to upgrade her teaching certificate. She has studied with Prof. Peters before and finds her lectures "stimulating and bright". Extremely interested in her heritage she challenged: "Why didn't you teach these things 20 years ago? It would have changed my relationship to my family because I would have told them about it."

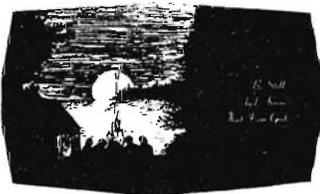
Twice during the course of a semester a speaker is brought in to address the students. This evening it was Dr. G.H. Lohrenz. He spoke on *The History of our schools and institutions in Russia*. It is significant to discover that with the Mennonites in Russia education became compulsory in 1843. "The primary purpose was always," says Lohrenz, "to impart knowledge and build character.

Where before they were suspicious of higher learning, saying 'Je Jeleahda, je fetjaeda!' (the more educated the more confused) Mennonites now began to realize that to maintain themselves they must educate themselves. The result was that they were a state within a state. The educated had employment in the brotherhood, being better off financially there than elsewhere. Welfare institutions operated under the slogan 'One for all and all for one'. Economically and spiritually the poor, the weak, the widows were cared for." Numerous questions and lively discussions prevented the speaker from completing his talk as planned.

Asked what she envisions might be the best thing that could come out of a course of this nature, Prof. Peters says: "I think it might result in a cohesiveness of people who think alike. There will be lasting ties here, lasting interests. The broadened outlooks, viewpoints, will hopefully be carried down into the families. There will also be a cognizance, an appreciation of things which are our heritage in cultural but also in spiritual matters. Reading Arnold Dyck we recognize his consistent motif, "everything that is great and good and beautiful — these are the things we must strive after." I also hope that this sort of course of study will help to sus-

tain a culture which perhaps is on the brink of getting lost. The preservation of our way of life is of utmost importance. I hope that teachers will give to their students, in a meaningful and enjoyable way, something which we don't need to acquire with difficulty. Translations, though there is always something lost in translation, are making available to our younger generation some of the facts of our way of life."

Mennonites are beginning to see the value of buying past and current Mennonite literature. If Prof. Peters with her enthusiasm for the subject and infectious charm can impart some of her knowledge in this field a good many might benefit from it. mm



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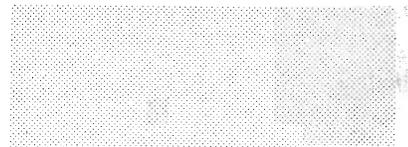
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Valuable reflections on the Mennonite experience

Mennonite Images, edited by Harry Loewen; 279 pages; Hyperion Press, Winnipeg; \$11.95.

A Review by Victor Peters

Consultants of diverse disciplines have undertaken to observe and assess the state of the Mennonite body corporate. The diagnosis, as presented in this volume, appears on the whole guardedly optimistic. Some there are who find traces of that state which Hamlet found in Denmark.

Unlike the medicos of bygone times who placed a mirror before a patient's mouth to attest, if it fogged, that the patient was alive, these "doctors" (practically all the 19 contributors have a Ph.D.) apply their mirrors to different parts of the anatomy. The images they reflect at times may be distorted by the imperfections of their mirror or again by

their own myopia. But no one reading their "images" will deny each writer's concern for his subject.

The volume has three parts and the subjects are grouped under the headings: Historical Tensions, Cultural Identity and Literary Images. The number of papers and the wide range of topics preclude a detailed review of the book.

Some papers appear to be included because they were available. It seems excessive that Jung-Stilling, in itself an interesting and valid theme, should appear in two titles. Other papers require companion studies or at least introductory references for greater perspective and orientation. Adolf Ens' informative paper on the Mennonite public school crisis in Saskatchewan would be enhanced if it had drawn attention to the Mennonite role in the Manitoba school question. Even more

pertinent would have been a study on the relationship of Canadian Mennonites to World War II as a companion article to John Friesen's perceptive analysis on the relationship of Prussian Mennonites to German nationalism.

Roy Vogt treads on daring ground when he discusses the role of class and economics among Mennonites. Perhaps even more daring are Don Wiebe's "philosophical reflections" in which he points to the "anti-intellectualism of Anabaptism" and advocates a more "critical attitude of mind".

Some of the finest articles appear in the third section entitled "Literary Images". The tone and substance are reflected in Al Reimer's statement, "A people without its own literature, whatever its other cultural achievements, is not fully conscious of itself, has not probed its own depths, remains culturally primitive, complacently provincial." The artistic photographs by Ken Loewen with their subtle symbolism add a distinctive feature to the volume.

The attractive appearance of the book is a tribute to the editor, the publisher and the printer. The content is a testimonial to Mennonite scholarship and concern. *Mennonite Images* shows that Mennonitism, while not without fault and frailty, is alive and stirring. **mm**



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School days...

at MCI

The Mennonite Collegiate Institute has been humming with varied activities for the past few months. Most people here can be seen rushing to and from either choir, sports, or drama practices. Involvement is tremendous.

On October 27, 1980, the students, faculty, and friends of the MCI participated in a sod-turning ceremony which was held to commemorate the addition of a new library and single classroom to the school. The library, a gift from Abram J. Thiessen of Winnipeg, will be named "The Schaefer Library" in honor of the late Paul J. Schaefer. Several speeches and responses were made and the all-school choir closed with a hymn. Despite the nippy weather, the student body and faculty were enthusiastic about the addition.

That same week witnessed MCI's annual Christian Life Week. Hour-long chapels were held during which our speaker, Rev. Frank J. Dyck, discussed various ideas on the theme of Christian growth. A well-attended informal evening was also held on Thursday evening. The week was a great success.

The month of November saw a great deal of practice — both in sports and drama. Volleyball was in full swing and all four teams (varsity and junior) had good seasons. Intramural volleyball was also enthusiastically played. Presently, basketball and hockey seasons are starting, and the teams are hard at work.

Our drama, *David and Lisa*, by James Reach, was presented from November 27-29. It is a story about two emotionally disturbed teenagers and how they come to care for each other while attending the Berkley School for the Emotionally Disturbed. A great deal of hard work and concentration were put into the production by all involved, and this was evident on stage.

Now in December, all minds are busy with last minute essays, assignments and tests as the Christmas holidays approach. All choirs are busy preparing for our annual Christmas program, and one gets a feeling of the Christmas season as one sees the Christmas decorations going up throughout the school. Both staff and students are looking forward to Christmas, for the opportunity to reflect (it is sometimes hard to do that here amidst all the activities) and to enjoy a needed rest.

- by Robyn Warkentin, Grade 12

at Westgate

Volleyball is over now, but Westgate made its mark before the season ended. It was an exciting year for all of the teams. The Freshmen Boys and Varsity Girls did exceptionally well at tournaments. Both varsity teams won their games at the Provincial B's and after giving the Weskays a rough time and a good scare, the varsity group came 2nd in the Provincial "A's". Five Westgate girls and three Westgate guys were chosen as All-Stars and the All-Star teams Westgate was on won the All-Star games (of course).

What is it about our small school that allows our teams to contribute so overwhelmingly to the sports scene in Winnipeg? It has been suggested that the background of co-operation that we have been brought up with as children and at school has influenced us to a great extent. Is that what has produced teams that don't have one dominant player, but rather six excellent players on a court at once, co-operating so that each player utilizes higher talents to the fullest extent possible. If that kind of positive attitude isn't the reason, how come such a small school, which uses almost every person who tries out for the team, can compete against schools that have huge student bodies?

Westgate's Christmas Concert, "Symbols of Christmas", was on December 12 at 7:00 p.m. at the First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. On December 11th, Gary Froese, Westgate's choir conductor, became a father of a baby boy. Believe you me, there were a lot of choir members and staff personnel that were very relieved that the baby didn't decide to arrive during the concert, which would have left us without a conductor (A potential disaster!). The concert went amazingly well considering that father Froese didn't have his feet planted on the ground (to put it mildly). His work with the Grade 7 choir, 8 and 9's choir, and the Concert Choir was quite impressive. There was also a variety of instruments used, such as flute, bells, and kazoos. Also, instead of using imported voices for the solos, students from the concert choir were chosen to perform the arias in J.S. Bach's Contata 64 "Sehet, welch eine Liebe", performed by the School Chorus. Above all, this year's concert was actually interesting for the students as well as the rest of the audience.

The Christmas banquet and social was only for seniors, however, there was a junior Christmas party for each class, and several classes exchanged presents among the students. The food at the banquet was fantastic and the surround-

ing a nice change from church basements or expensive places with lousy food.

Christmas holidays were looked forward to for months, and I think for most students they passed far too quickly. Personally, I'm already looking forward to spring break. That is the only thing that will keep me going until mid-term exams are over. Actually, school isn't so bad, and attitudes usually pick up after January exams are finished.

P.S. On February 6, 7, 8, Westgate is presenting the musical *No, No, Nanette*. Come and see it, I don't think you'll regret it.

- by Romona Loewen, Grade 12

at MBCI

At Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute, unlike many other high schools in Winnipeg, the Christmas season not only brings holidays desperately needed, but also inter-school activities and social events to bring out the Christmas spirit in everyone.

Months in advance of Christmas, our choir conductor, Mr. Braun, works with the choirs to prepare them for the annual carol concert. Using song, Praises are sung to Jesus and his birth so long ago in Bethlehem. Mr. Epp conducts the bands to music of traditional, contemporary and just plain fun carols while the audience tap their feet to time.

At the end of school, usually the last Thursday and Friday, the social reps provide us with an evening of fun through the Christmas banquets. Songs, music and skits entertain the formally dressed students (and staff) after a home cooked meal created by the parents. The highlight of the evening is when the teachers do their once-a-year routine. This performance shows the true characters of the teachers and at the same time, has students rolling in the aisles with laughter.

The best part of the Christmas season, I think, is the feeling of good cheer that accompanies it. Students and teachers alike join in the festivities by singing Christmas carols during chapel and listening to the Christmas story. Everyone seems happier and the feeling rubs off on those who aren't.

On behalf of MBCI, I'd like to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

by M.W.

Wholesome food cooked the Amish way

by Irene Siemens

Amish Cooking is a welcome addition to the selection of ethnic cookbooks available this winter season. Its 298 pages contain unpretentious, mostly traditional recipes, many of which have been handed down through generations of Amish homemakers.

Since Mennonites share the Anabaptist origins of the Amish, this cookbook will be of special interest to *Mirror* readers. Because the two groups went separate ways in the seventeenth century, Russian influences are absent from the recipes (no *borscht*, *holobshi*, *paska*, or *verenike*). Yet, there is an unmistakable familiarity about the simple style of cooking represented by Amish recipes. Amish grown and processed ingredients are similar to the wholesome ones used traditionally by Mennonites.

The plain Amish way of life is reflected by the character of the recipes and by the somewhat austere appearance of this durably black-bound, hard cover cookbook. There are no colour illustrations or photographs to liven up its pages. Small, simple line drawings of kitchen utensils offset blank spaces and pages between sections. A blue gingham dust jacket adds the only visual colour.

Unlike a Mennonite cookbook I criticized previously, this one contains extensive vegetable and main course sections. Potatoes are an obvious staple food. Vegetables with *Knepp*, optional ways to prepare squash and green beans, dandelion and oyster-plant recipes, dressing to go over greens, and sauces for cooked dishes are in the "Vegetables" section.

Under "One Dish Meals and Casseroles," there are stews, Chowders, *Klops*, *Schnitz und Knepp*, meat pies, omelets, and items of Spanish, Californian, Mexican, and Italian influence.

"Meats" is an interesting section with recipes for: canning meat loaf, beefburger, and mincemeat; Brine for Canning Stuffed Sausage; massive quantities of Bologna (7 varieties); and summer sausage in bulk (2 kinds). Meat Cure with general curing instructions, and steps for Ham Curing (including smoking), will jog memories of Mennonite community life.

"Breads" includes yeast and quick breads, and such homey titles as Ruby's Long Johns, Ida Mae Doughnuts, Aylmer Bread, Delicious Pumpkin Bread, and Whole Wheat Muffins. Health Con-

scious Housewife Bread uses molasses for sweetener, buttermilk, and three kinds of flour.

An excellent "Soups" section contains several *Rivvel* and five dried navy bean soups. "Salads" has a good selection of vegetable salads, mustards and dressings. The *Kraut*, as well as the turnip salad are unusual. Although a few are gelatin-based, most fruit salads are made with sugar-laden Jello.

Ingredients such as sorghum molasses, pumpkin, zucchini, burnt sugar, whole wheat, and fresh blueberries appear in various cakes. Cakes requiring a generous supply of eggs are popular, but the frostings are dull.

Traditional cookie recipes are hard and soft chocolate and ginger, plain or date-filled oatmeal, old-fashioned sugar, plus those containing *Snitz*, carrot, pumpkin, or fruit. Some "Bars" have healthful contents, but most are purely caloric.

Apple, *schnitz*, elderberry, pumpkin, strawberry, and rhubarb are some fruit fillings in "Pies," and there are whole wheat flour and oatmeal crusts. Susiecue Pie can be made with pecans or hickory nuts; custard pies sound yummy; and Goey Shoe-Fly Pie is sticky-sweet.

Mouth-watering "Desserts" include fruit crisps and Bettys, *Petz*, *Knepp*, and baked or steamed batter puddings. Homemade icecreams and toppings sound good. In "Drinks," the fruit juice recipes are fine, but imagine a drink containing 7 packages of drink mix and 5-28 oz. bottles of lemon-lime soft drink! How better to ruin the 5 cans of frozen orange juice that complete this Golden Punch!

Faith in Amish heartiness and practicality is restored with useful sugges-

tions for "Leftovers," "School Lunches," and "Breakfast Treats." In "Pickling" and "Canning" there are relishes and pickles galore, fruit butters, baked beans, peppers (like Taunte Sús's), *Crock Kraut*, hominy, and soups to be put up for the winter.

Solid, crock, cream and *Muenster* cheeses are under "Cheese-making" with step-by-step instructions. It is suggested that whey is a healthful drink, equally good as a tonic for flowers. From "Miscellaneous" one can learn how to make Corn Cob Syrup, roast soybeans, and dry fruit, tomatoes, and beans.

Some criticism seems appropriate. All we learn about the Amish from *Amish Cooking* is in the short introduction and in the recipes themselves. The deletion of foods not traditionally Amish would have resulted in a superior product. (The much sparser *Amana Cookbook* might serve as a model). Instead, culturally informative notes about food customs might have been included.

Also, some instructions are inadequate for anyone not of Amish background. Mennonite cookbooks are often similarly flawed. This happens when recipes are passed down through familiar channels. Remember mother's carefully transmitted 'a pinch of this' and 'a little of that?'

Just the same, I thoroughly enjoy my copy of *Amish Cooking* and recommend it highly to anyone interested in cookbooks with a difference. mm

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View from the Pew

Advent at River East MB

The third Sunday of advent found us in the River East MB church at 755 McLeod, quite a few blocks east of Henderson Highway. The tower of the church can be glimpsed quite a few streets before you see the rest of the building.

The parking lot was already full a good half hour before the church service was to start, and we realized that everyone must come to Sunday school as well!

The church is modern in design with the front of the interior warmly panelled in wood. The advent display just below the altar consisted of fine thick red candles, three of them already burning, surrounding a Bible.

There was a friendly greeter in the foyer and then a likable young usher showed us to our seats and handed us a bulletin.

The song service was already in progress and Jake Redekopp was leading everyone in well-known hymns and choruses. I know Jake has a knack of getting people to sing, so whether it was that or whether it was this congregation that just enjoyed participating, the response was great! No wonder the bulletin had on its cover "Sing to the Lord!"

The two pastors, Ben Wolgemut and John B. Epp shared duties during the opening and then a young couple came up to alternately read a passage from Revelation. The children's choir then lined up to sing and it looked as though ages ranged from 3 years to grade 6. They were delightful to watch as well as to listen to and most of them were totally absorbed in singing their hearts out and watching their choir leader. One little fellow, though, was standing and smiling broadly through several verses of one song at someone in the audience, probably his mother!

The other choir, fairly large in number, could have sung all morning and I would never have tired of listening. They were excellent. There is something really marvelous about most of our Mennonite choirs and we can indeed be grateful for all the talented conductors and singers alike who make such music possible.

There are activities mentioned in the bulletin for most age groups most evenings of the week so I'm sure this is a very active church at other times as well

as at Christmas.

The message was brought by James Nikkel, executive director of the MB conference. He spoke on "Christ: Living Head of the Church". The benediction followed and we filed out.

I had noticed a restlessness and moving about during the message so wondered whether the congregation was tired from sitting almost two hours or whether the sermon wasn't reaching the majority of listeners. I would be sorry to think that it was the latter because most of us come to church very much in need of that reassurance that God is very much near no matter what our problems. Maybe the music alone did it for us this Sunday.

An Older Observer

A cold December morning found me at the River East Mennonite Brethren Church. The Sunday service there begins at 11:00 a.m. and visitors are warmly greeted at the door when they arrive.

Two choirs sang on the morning I visited, and a guest delivered the sermon.

As members took their places in the pews, the congregation already assembled was led, with much gusto, in the singing of several hymns. It seemed to be a good way to warm up the church.

Throughout the service the large senior choir sang very well a number of familiar selections. The childrens' choir, smaller in every way, sang a few cheery numbers as best they could. When they were done, the smaller children sprinted down the aisles and out the doors, presumably en route to Sunday school classes.

The morning "message" was entitled "Christ: Living Head of the Church." The guest who delivered it likened Christ to the head of a corporation, towards and through whom all the energies of the members of the corporation are directed. He advised us all to "meet each other on common ground through Christ."

The sermon was lively and well-delivered, and not a few sermons could have been developed around many of the inspirational phrases that were employed. However, I was not entirely satisfied

with what I heard. My complaint about it is my most common complaint: I felt that the sermon never really touched ground; the message was never framed in a piece of concrete advice—something I could take with me. The colorful phrases and timely quotations were nearly all metaphorical. But how was I to meet friends and strangers "through Christ" when I went home that afternoon, or at work during the rest of the week?

I think that every sermon should leave the listener with both lofty inspiration and concrete advice. Too much of the former and not enough of the latter and even the most inspired message will be soon forgotten, because the listener has nothing to get a hold of.

Perhaps ministers forget that most members are more adept in the world of the workplace and the family than in the world of scripture. The task of the interpreter of scripture is to help others apply the messages contained in it, and this must involve a sympathetic understanding of the view from the pew.

There was a meeting for members following the service, so I filed out with the handful of non-members. Looking back now on my visit to the River East church, two images stick in my mind: the energetic direction of the pre-service hymns, and the smiling children who came racing by the pews after they were finished singing.

A younger observer

DIPLOMATIC PLOY

A civil servant was applying for a post in the diplomatic corps.

"What makes you think you are qualified?" he was asked.

"Well, I've been married for 30 years, and my wife still thinks I have a sick friend."

SOAP BOX

Shoppers are waiting for the day when detergent boxes come in four sizes: large, giant, colossal and full.

Russia Trip III

Digging Deeper for our Russian roots

Third in a series of articles on a recent visit to the Soviet Union.

by Roy Vogt

On Tuesday morning, August 19, we board our van to travel about 80 miles south-east to the Molotschna River, to visit some of the former Mennonite villages in what was known as the Molotschna Colony. This colony was first settled by Mennonites from Prussia in 1803, or about fourteen years after the first Mennonite migrants established the colony at the confluence of the Dnieper and Chortitza rivers known as the Chortitza or "Old Colony" (described in the December issue). Though it was started later than the Chortitza colony, we know from our history — and from numerous debates in Canada between descendants of the two colonies, that because of better land and more progressive settlers the Molotschna colony was considerably more advanced, socially and economically, than the "Old Colony" by the end of the 19th century. The single most dynamic and influential person in the history of the Russian Mennonite colonies, Johann Cornies, lived in the Molotschna, in the village of Ohrloff.

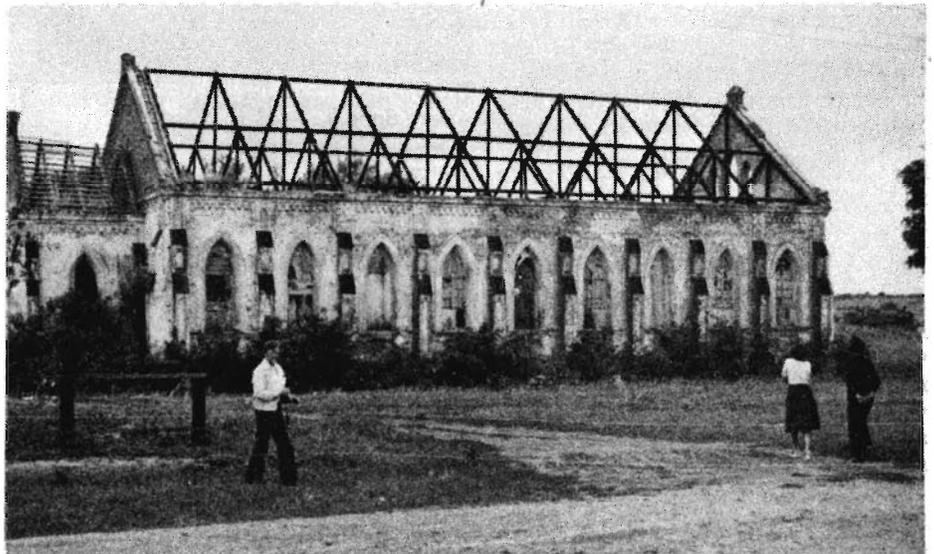
The route from our hotel takes us through the southern part of Zaporozhye. Along Lenin Prospekt Olga points out a landmark of the city, an old distinguished-looking house that once belonged to a wealthy Jewish family. The name rings a bell. According to a story I once heard at home, a great-uncle of my good friend Dr. Jack Thiessen gave a ringing speech from its balcony during the Russian Revolution, exhorting the citizens of the city to drive out the capitalists. That particular Thiessen can't have been a member of the Mennonite establishment. Our van proceeds through Schönwiese, turning east at the square in front of the former Tavonius drug store. I take one last look at the square. Again a family legend comes to mind. A man called "Nieshea Jauntze" (Curious Jantzen) used to spend his time in front of the drug store asking customers what kind of illness they had at home. He knew what was

wrong in every household in Schönwiese. One day the son-in-law of "Rich Niebuhr," who had just returned from a visit to America, was accosted by Jantzen and asked what America was like. Niebuhr's son-in-law replied: "There are some things that are different in America and some things that are the same. There is one difference that I appreciated particularly." "What is that?" asked Curious Jantzen eagerly, anticipating some important new knowledge that he could pass on to others. "You don't meet curious people there who want to know everything about everybody" was the curt reply. The retort spread quickly through the village and Curious Jantzen was never the same.

We travel south-east for about an hour, along a busy two-lane highway, reminding me of Highway 75 between Winnipeg and Emerson. Olga tells us that there are no restaurants in the few towns through which we pass, but she has brought bag lunches with her which we can eat along the way. Our driver suddenly pulls off the road and parks in a meadow. We spread out a blanket, unpack the food provided, and enjoy a hearty outdoor lunch. At moments such as this we are able to have very free dis-

cussions with Olga. We share pictures of home and families and discuss attitudes towards marriage, education, and many other matters. She feels that Russian women do not have an easy lot. She will be home several hours after her husband this evening, but he will be sitting and waiting for his dinner. "He would sooner starve than lift a finger in the kitchen." The men in our group immediately try to recall all the times that they have helped their wives. We are glad that our wives are not there to correct us. Louisa smiles knowingly. Olga is also very curious about our faith. We give her a brief outline, but she wants to know more. At one point she comments disarmingly: "I find there is nothing that you have told me that I couldn't believe." Why does she make herself so vulnerable? Is it part of a technique that she has learned, or is she genuinely that way? We enjoy thinking about that enigma.

Shortly after we resume our trip we come over a hill, and Al Reimer excitedly points to the former town of Halbstadt, which lies directly before us. We have arrived at the Molotschna — the home of hundreds of Mennonites now living in Manitoba. We stop at the outskirts of Halbstadt to see the large mill formerly



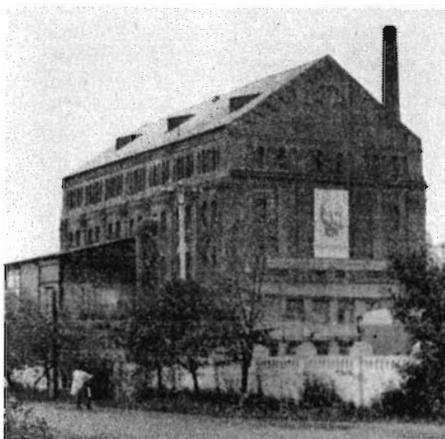
Former Schoensee Church in Molochnaja

owned by H. Willms. There is a giant picture of Lenin on one wall, proof, if any proof were needed, that the mill is now under new ownership. We proceed to the center of the town. A number of the main buildings are still there, quite intact, including the former Central School of Halbstadt, the Administration (Volost) building, and buildings that housed some of the early banks. Al Reimer points to the back of the Volost building where several Mennonite men were taken captive and killed during the civil war. He has absorbed a lot of the history of those times, in preparation for the novel that he is writing. Although the buildings are intact, they are very run down. As we stand and take photographs many people stop and look at us. Olga and our driver are parked up the street. They are more nervous than they were in Chortitza about our taking time here. We drive up the street a bit, to the former Girl's School (Mädchenschule) of Halbstadt. There is so much bush and tall grass around this famous school that it is almost impossible to take a picture. We walk around the grounds. The building appears to be deserted. Though it is very run down we can see that it must have been very attractive at one time. Arkie Wiens' mother attended this school and he is understandably excited.

We walk another block and come to the mansion formerly owned by the miller, H. Willms. I have seen pictures of this home and its beautiful gardens and am eager to explore it. The outlines of the gardens are still visible but there are no flowers or plants. The back door of the mansion is open and we are able to walk in. We are greeted by some young men and women who explain that this is now a center for the communist youth organization. The former ballroom of the mansion is used as the local theatre. I am astonished at the size and faded grandeur of the place.

We leave and visit the site of the former Mennonite Church in Halbstadt. The church is gone, and so is the graveyard close to it. We travel south through Muntau; occasional houses clearly date back to the Mennonite period. A few yards have remains of elaborate fences in front of them. We continue in a southward direction, passing through the remains of villages like Tiegengagen, Schönau, Lindenau, and Lichtenau. Across the Molotschna River from Tiegengagen lies the former German-Lutheran village of Weinau, the home of Ernst Hansch of Winnipeg. Al Reimer brought a map with him giving the current Russian names of these villages so that we are able to identify most of them. One has the feeling as one drives through these villages that time has stood still. Buildings have deteriorated,

but there is no evidence that the villages have grown or changed in any fundamental way. There are single rows of houses along the black-topped village street. Here and there an older person sits alone on a bench in front of his house, or a few women talk casually, turning their attention to us as we pass. We stop momentarily on one street to get a better glimpse of a house. Suddenly an older man appears at the side of our van and greets us in German. Our driver immediately moves on. Who was that? A Russian who had learned a few German words? A former Mennonite who somehow found his way back to one of the villages? We are so surprised that we fail to ask the driver to stop before we are out of the village. There are villages like Münsterberg and Altonau further south, but we know that we won't be able to visit nearly all of the former Mennonite villages in the Molotschna, so we turn east to visit Ohrloff and Tiege, where the famous school for the deaf and dumb was situated. We find the school. It is still an impressive building, being used now as a municipal center. This surely was one of the finest ventures that the Mennonites undertook in their colonies. Their work with the deaf and dumb was extremely progressive for that time.



Willms flour mill, Halbstadt

We travel north-east for awhile, through the village of Rückenau, which was the home of the Barkman clan from Steinbach. At the far end of the village we come upon what appears to be an old Mennonite Church, now being used as a factory. We try to go inside, but a burly man comes out and waves us away. We travel on through Gnadenheim and Friedensdorf, and then turn south to Gnadenfeld, the center of the Mennonite Brethren community in the Molotschna. Here we stop for a few minutes at the municipal (Volost) building, which is still standing from Mennonite times. We turn north and arrive at the former village of Schönsee, which was famous for its beautiful Mennonite Church. The church is still standing, but it looks desolate and devastated. Trees and tall grass are growing in what used to be the sanctuary (see the Mennonite Mirror of Nov. 1971, where Al Reimer describes a previous visit to this church). The roof has been torn off, and new steel girders have been installed recently. Olga tells us that a youth center is to be built from the ruins of the church. There are roofing tiles lying on the ground, and we pick up a few of them. Some are almost intact, and inscribed in them, in the Russian script, are the names: *Toews and Enns, Fabrikerwiese*. We know that there was a Mennonite brick factory in the nearby village of Fabrikerwiese. We receive permission from Olga to take some of the tiles with us. Later at the Moscow Airport one of the tiles will cause some difficulty for John Friesen because a customs official thinks it might be a rare artifact, but we manage to get them all back home, a solid, mute reminder of the glory that was the Schönsee Church. As we leave the church I think of the many persons from our own congregations who have sung and worshipped there, and some who were even married there. It stands, but it is no longer the Schönsee Church.

Our route back to Halbstadt takes us through the large Russian city of Tokmak, and through the former Men-

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nonite villages of Ladekopp and Peter-shagen. There is little to be seen here.

It is now late afternoon. We are exhilarated, but also tired. We have seen only a small part of what was once a thriving Mennonite settlement, with dozens of churches, schools, hospitals, and prosperous farms. There are many physical remains, but the spirit is gone.

We drive back to our hotel in Zaporozhye. We are quiet. Then just outside the city someone spots a group of women beside the road selling watermelons and other fruits and vegetables. We have returned to the Dnieper. We must eat a watermelon here, near the Dnieper. We ask our driver to stop. We all clamor out and buy a watermelon. It is nice and ripe, but not as large as the legend of the Dnieper watermelons would have led us to believe. When the large Texan watermelons first arrived in my hometown of Steinbach I was told that they were only about half as big as the watermelons that grew in Russia along the Dnieper. Well, maybe we have just chanced upon smaller species. In any case, we want to taste it. Olga urges us to take the watermelon with us in the van, so that we can eat it in our hotel. But that wouldn't be the right setting. We must eat it here, by the road, as our forefathers did. The Russian ladies are greatly amused at our attempts to cut the watermelon into slices with a small pen knife. Olga is not quite so amused. She waves from the van to have us come. We have listened to her faithfully. Now we ignore her, we are enjoying ourselves too much. There, amid the Russian women and their fruit stands we have a few delightful moments tasting the delicious watermelons that our people have always talked about. Like a frustrated mother observing her wayward children Olga waits patiently for us at the van. We have made a spectacle of ourselves, but we don't care. Perhaps in this slightly ridiculous way we have just tried to remind ourselves that we are also part of this country. The juicy watermelon enabled us to taste it.

The next day some of us visit a sanatorium on the island of Chortitzza. Edgar Penner, our medical doctor, is impressed by the type of care given to patients in this institution. Olga is busy with other things, so a young university student is our guide for the day. Her English is not as good as Olga's, but while driving in the van she offers to recite English poetry to us. Al Reimer suggests various passages from Shakespeare and Shaw. To our utter amazement she rattles off pages and pages of poetry and dialogue, with perfect inflection. I don't know of a single student in our universities who could do that.

One of our members has deserted us for the day. Arkie Wiens has an uncle living in the city of Zdanov, on the Sea of

Azov, about 150 miles from Zaporozhye. He had previously been refused permission to visit his uncle on this trip. However, after our arrival in Zaporozhye on Sunday he had made another request, and just yesterday he was told that if he was willing to pay \$150 for a car, driver, and guide, he could spend a day with his uncle. He left this morning. We wait eagerly for his return in the evening. It is late when he gets back but we are all anxious to hear his story. Everything went well. The driver had gotten lost, and had run out of gas, but they had arrived at this uncle's at noon. Arkie had not been able to warn him of his coming, so his uncle had been dumbfounded when he appeared at his door. The guide went into the uncle's apartment with Arkie, but stayed to help Arkie's aunt in the kitchen so that he and his uncle could go for a private walk by themselves. The family was hurriedly called together, and he had been able to meet all of his relatives in that city. We are naturally very pleased that things worked out so well for him.

Tomorrow we leave the Mennonite settlements for Moscow and Leningrad. Several things will happen which will give us a better insight into life in modern Russia. More of that in the next issue.

In our last night close to the former Mennonite colonies my mind is haunted by the tragic collapse of the Mennonite society whose physical remains we have tried to trace in the past few days. The transitory nature of every man-made thing has never been impressed upon me so deeply. How would I react to such loss? How does one go about picking up the pieces, assuming one's life is spared? I feel much closer now in spirit to those people living in our communities in Canada who lived through this. Some

were able to adjust their thinking quickly. I am reminded of one very wealthy businessman who, when he heard that his large house had been taken over by the Red Army, announced simply but firmly to his family: "We must leave our beautiful house forever. It is now worth 5 kopeks." Others found it almost impossible to take leave. The colonies in Russia remained their real home even after many years in Canada. Things happen in life which arrest us forever. Our bodies move on, but much of what we were remains behind. We also sense some of that as we prepare to leave for other parts of the Soviet Union. mm

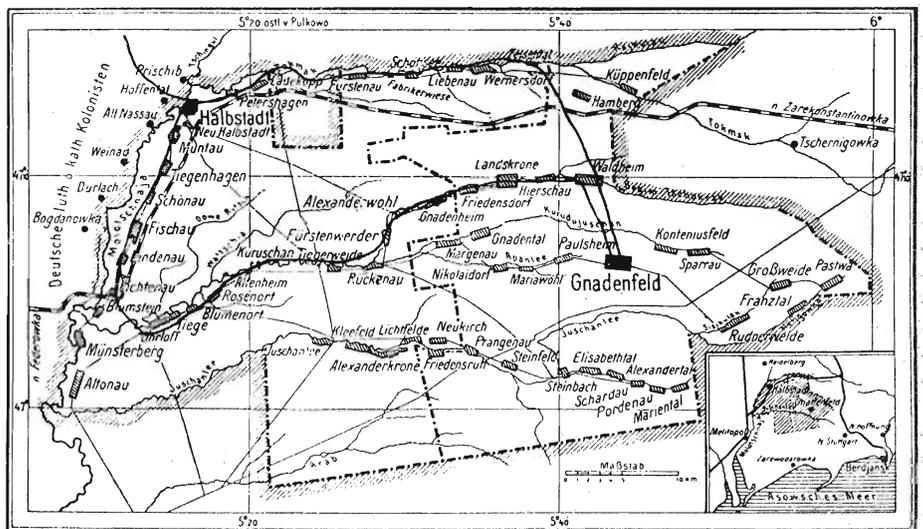


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THE MENNONITE VILLAGES IN THE MOLOTSCHNA



your word

LAST WORDS ON HOW TO DISCUSS THINGS

Dear Sir:

I write to protest the way in which "The Mirror" dealt with Harold Jantz's letter in the last issue. For one thing you must have felt he had something to say to us as readers. If so, we don't care whether somebody "urged" him to write or simply suggested that he might. You hoped for a "calm, objective discussion" and on the face of it that is just what Jantz seems to be doing. Whether he was waving his hands in the air, or the vein in his forehead was swelling as he was writing we have no way of knowing. What does seem clear from a reading of this text is that he is *not* casting any aspersions on the Christian commitment of the participants as you seem to accuse him. The last and strangest statement of all is that you regret "the attack on the integrity of (y)our managing editor" contained in the letter. I found no such attack in his letter but I did wonder why he was referred to by title and why the editorial note is simply signed "The Mirror"? Even the editor is a title to which one can attach a face but "The Mirror" is faceless and bureaucratic. Did you have a vote that all members of the Mirror Staff felt that Mr. Unrau was being attacked and that in solid front you would defend him? It would be easier for the reader to understand if you said that you as editor, or perhaps the publisher felt like that.

In your editorial you invite suggestions and criticisms. You also indicate that Mr. Unrau is the only journalist on your staff and that he is responsible for layout. Surely we must be grateful for his willingness to perform those services but such gratitude should in no way inhibit us from disagreeing with the way he views the relation between culture and religion. I suppose that ten year olds are at times too sensitive to criticism. The MM is well enough established by

SPLIT PANTS

The overweight husband came in from working in the yard and asked his wife: "Where did you buy these new work pants?"

Wife: "They were on sale in the bargain basement—they were seconds."

Husband: "Yeah. Well I bent over in them—and now they're split seconds."

now that it does not need to worry about the kind of response you received from Jantz. I would have expected a more straightforward rebuttal to his arguments but I suspect you are as hard-pressed to find them as I am.

Sincerely yours,
William Klassen
Winnipeg

Dear Sir,

Re: Prayer for the day.

If there should ever be a full scale inquisition launched among Mennonites let Harold Jantz not be my judge.

Sincerely,
Jack Thiessen
Winnipeg

Editor's Note:

With these two letters the Mirror would like to close the correspondence generated by our evaluation of the Mennonite pavilion in last summer's Folklorama. There is one editorial point to clear up, however. The editorial note signed "The Mirror" was signed that way because the statement was endorsed by the entire editorial staff, with the exception of managing editor Ed Unrau, who was not present at the meeting.

We agree with Mr. Klassen that the Mirror is "well enough established by now" so that it should not find it necessary to over-react to opposing points of view. However, if it is true that "ten-year-olds are at times too sensitive to criticism," it is equally true that ten-year-olds sometimes express themselves with more candor than discretion and must expect to be reprimanded with a slap by their elders and betters.

AN DIE REDAKTION

Das Novemberheft des MM enthält einen Brief Walter Quirings, in welchem er das Fehlen "geistig anspruchsvoller Zeitungen" unter den Mennoniten beklagt. In 500 Jahren Mennonitengeschichte sei keine einzige Zeitung von "höherem geistigen Niveau" hervorgebracht worden. So sein Seufzer, und er fügt eine Analyse dieser Misere hinzu.

Gut. Man muß ihm recht geben, wenn er die Schlußfolgerung zieht, die mennonitische Entwicklung schlägt sich nicht ausreichend in ihren Blättern nieder. Man kann ihm folgen, wenn er es bedauert, daß der Galopp der jungen Generation in die Universitäten nicht ausreichend aufgefangen, daß aufbrechende und bohrende Kritik nicht

genügend ventiliert wird. Wer wollte das nicht mit ihm beklagen?

Indes, seine geradezu barsche und wahrscheinlich bewußt provokatorische Negativbilanz darf nicht unwidersprochen bleiben; denn es fehlt keineswegs an Versuchen, historische Entwicklung, kulturelle und wirtschaftliche Leistung sowie aktuelle Problematik der Mennoniten in ihren Publikationen aufzufangen. Um diese zu würdigen, muß man sie allerdings kennen.

Leider ist Herr Quiring dem Mennonite Mirror erst in der zweiten Dekade seines Bestehens begegnet. Da dürften ihm Zeitschriften von kürzerer Lebensdauer gänzlich entgangen sein, zum Beispiel Arnold Dycks "Warte" oder die "Mennonitische Welt" von Victor und Elisabeth Peters.

Wer ein so hartes und pauschales Urteil über Inhalt und Niveau eines Zeitungswesens fällen will, der sollte zunächst einmal über einen ausreichenden Informationsstand verfügen.

Eine Frage hätte ich noch zu Herrn Quirings Wunsch nach einer anspruchsvollen, unabhängigen deutschen Zeitung:

Wo sollte sie erscheinen? In Kanada? Wohl kaum. Denn sie soll ja die Anliegen der neuen Generation wieder spiegeln, und diese bewegt sich in der englischen Sprachwelt. Also in Deutschland? Da aber findet mennonitische Geschichte kaum statt, schon gar nicht spezifisch mennonitische Kultur — oder Sittengeschichte. Was soll unter solchen Umständen eine unabhängige Zeitung gegen wen und mit welchem Ziel verteidigen? Nein, auch Deutschland ist nicht der Ort für eine derartige mennonitische Zeitung. Wo also kann sie herauskommen und wo ihre Leserschaft finden?

Ich fürchte, sie ist nichts anderes als ein liebenswürdiger nostalgischer Traum, eine Sehnsucht nach der Zeit, als Mennoniten noch schlicht "Menniste" waren, identifizierbar und plattdeutsch.

Hedi Knoop
Deutschland

ANNONYMOUS PRAISE FOR CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL

Dear Sir:

I am a Senior High student and I was very happy to read your Christmas editorial. What I appreciated most was your example of team sports in the schools. I myself was on a team this year, and for about the first time in my life, wound up sitting on the bench for almost the whole season. Even though I tried to be a good sport, I felt miserable sitting on the bench.

I had joined the team for mainly two reasons. One was that I wanted to learn how to play as well as I could, because I love the sport and wanted to improve. The other reason was because of the fun

of being on a team with kids your own age.

But at the end of the season I felt I had been cheated. I found that those players who were a bit better to begin with, had improved considerably, both because of the amount of playing time they got, and their experience of playing on a team, while I had hardly improved at all. I also felt that those who had played got a satisfaction out of the games and their efforts, especially when they won. But I never really felt a part of that because I wasn't able to experience it the way they were able to. Although I had fun being on a team with the other kids, I felt I was never given the opportunity to contribute what I had to the team, and I defy anyone that has ever sat on the bench, to say that one should feel satisfied sitting on it!

Name withheld upon request.

Dear Sir:

Bravo to R.V.'s editorial in the December issue of MM.

He said so well what so many parents and team members have felt for a long time. As parents of children at one of our

private schools, we have repeatedly seen the bench warmers doing just that, game after game, and yet they attend practises just as regularly and work just as diligently at their skills as those "first string" players. Is winning so important to the coaches that no thought is given to the student, who perhaps just isn't first string material, but who actually is a much better sport than those who are playing? Let's just hope that a few coaches out there saw themselves in your editorial and will start looking at the other players through their rose-colored glasses.

Name withheld upon request.

A CHANCE TO PLAY AVAILABLE TO ALL?

Dear Sir:

It is with great interest that I read your Christmas editorial in the last issue of the Mennonite Mirror. You stated or implied beliefs and values to which I would like to respond.

In your opening paragraph you talk

much about success and how Christ's birth in a lowly manger to poor humble parents was not the script that most of us would have written for Christ's appearance on earth. Some people would agree with you, but most faithful Christians have no problem in seeing this as God's divine work and even relating this as a "successful" entry into this world.

The words "excellence" and "success" are then applied to the sports scene and you spend some time describing how some schools and teams — including the one you coached — conduct their sports programs. You also imply that success doesn't always mean winning a particular game or being ahead on the scoreboard at the end of a contest to which, I think many of us would say a hearty "amen".

Let me at this point take the liberty to describe what I think is a successful sports program in a junior and senior high school and how this is similar but also how this differs in some ways to your ideas.

I believe that a successful sports program at the junior high level means getting as many students involved not only in the intra-mural program but also in the inter-school program and giving all of them an equal opportunity to perform. I realize that this puts a great strain on some coaches, especially if 33 players show up for the team. The problems associated with coaching such a large team are sometimes diminished when one realizes that the poorest skilled player at the beginning of the season develops into one of the teams best players after a few months of practice. It is sometimes difficult to assess a player's ability in junior high and to cut him/her would not be in the best interest of the player or the team. It is at the high school level that we become more selective and chose only the best 12 to 15 players. It would be great to have everyone, who tried out, placed on an inter-school team but because of limitations in coaching staff, playing space, and



Mayor Bill Norrie and Mrs. Agatha Martens, President of the Autumn House Tenant's Association, cut the ribbon at the Grand Opening of the senior citizen's apartment building. Assisting Mayor Norrie are Dr. David Friesen, Chairman of the Board of Directors of Autumn House, and Ed. J. Martens, while Mr. L. Freudenberg, Program Manager for Social Housing at Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation, holds the ribbon. Also taking part in the ceremonies were (from left) Brian Hastings, General Manager, Residential Division of Qualico Developments, Mr. H. Dubowits, Secretary of the Manitoba Housing and Renewal Corporation, and Mrs. D. Friesen.

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scheduling this is impossible. Also players at this age demand more from themselves and their coaches so that it would almost be impossible to "achieve excellence" with a team of 20 to 30 players where only five or six could play at a time.

We try to provide a good inter-mural program for those students who don't make the inter-school team but who wish to participate and play on a team where everyone is given equal opportunity to play.

You also mention in your letter that a lot of teams have 12 members but only seven or eight get to play and the rest sit on the bench (the poor also rans). First let me say that I do not know of many coaches who would not like to play all 12 players equally even in the closest game in a championship contest. When team excellence is stressed some players may get to play a little more than others, but this by no means belittles or makes the ones who don't play as much any less important.

I had the opportunity to play university basketball, being a starter my first three years and then playing on the 2nd string for part of my last year. I don't think that my teammates thought any less of me that last year and I think I

learned a lot about myself, having to work just a little harder in practice so that I would get some playing time each game. It was a tremendous learning experience for me.

You also mention that the coach and the school assume that the most important object of playing is victory. I really don't believe that there are many high school coaches who would agree with you on that point. I think the most important object of playing is being able to perform with another team, to test skills and in so doing play to ones full potential. If a team did this, win or lose, it would be a very rewarding and successful experience.

Success, as you imply, isn't only measured in the win or lose column. It can be measured by such intangibles as humility, meekness, understanding, love to one another and acceptance of one another.

Striving to play to ones full potential as individuals or as a team in no way negates the above.

As a coach in a Christian school I would like to thank you for your thought provoking article. It is very helpful to be reminded of the importance of these issues and the effect they have on our young people.

Merry Christmas,
William Reimer, Winnipeg

CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL BRINGS SHARP REBUTTAL

Dear Sir:

"... how sad it is that wisdom and inevitability are simply taken for granted."

I hope that you will allow me to use this part of your quotation to express a thought concerning the fallibility of the premise of your "Christmas Editorial".

Whom you are lecturing in your editorial is unclear because, in your frequent switches from the plural "we" and "ours" when you wish to be pejorative, to the singular "I" when you wish to be instructive, you present but a cursory description of "our real values" as they relate to materialism, class structure and sports. Why you chose to castigate all three is uncertain but, perhaps you were just casting out a few stones and letting them fall where they might.

Let's examine your analogy of the sports scene only. You imply that "our real values — as distinct from our proclaimed values" in sports are not those that Christ would espouse.

Your whole scenario of a "private Mennonite school" (are there any public ones these days?) and the 'former Olympic athlete' (is he Olympic as opposed to Mennonite?) is truly odious.

It is assumed that your vision is one that you consider real and that you are not merely posturing hypothetical

scenes because you refer to "a scene closer to home" and of course you present your own instructive summer long experience with the young boys' baseball team.

"... the school and the coach assume that the most important object of playing is victory." Do you know of a school or coach like this? Your implications are dangerous and fortunately are hogwash. Only professionals interested only in making the almighty dollar and those concerned with "belabouring a rather minor example" to substantiate a most ill conceived belief would make such a blatantly facile statement of real or proclaimed value.

Your usage of the terms excellence and success should be examined. Success is the best of which an individual or team is capable. For this reason you and your boys' team were successful — it is assumed that their accomplishments where equal to their capabilities. It can only be assumed because nowhere do you really tell us what "some of the kids and some of their parents" learned that summer. By the way, what did the other kids and the other parents learn that summer?

It is certain that your "team spirit" ideology would not want to forget the ninety and nine for the sake of the one, would it?

Excellence refers to a standard of which not every individual is capable. Those who do not achieve this standard are no less worthy in the sight of God, or their coach, but neither can they be accorded the title, "excellent". Christ seemed to have this in mind when He described the giving of the talents. Thank goodness He gave some five talents though He gave me but one. Though it is evident that many wanted to "try out" for the disciples, He only chose 12. He even chose to love one more than the others.

"... time in which to hone skills and develop discipline" has nothing to do with "... each player (being) given a minimum amount of time..." in each game. At least, if we are talking about encouraging excellence it does not. Any coach worth his salt will hone the skills and develop discipline in each of his players. But as the level of performance rises and the encouragement of excellence becomes more apparent, the opportunity to perform — not to practice — and to learn — will become more limited. At this high level of performance the coach will "see to it" that the high level performers (I am not limiting the numbers) will receive full opportunity to develop their qualities of excellence.

"I like to see our team win." Why? What is it that you like about winning? What differentiates it from losing in your mind? I believe that you, having

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made some very definitive statements about real and proclaimed values should be able to inform us why the measure of a scoreboard alone should bring such joy. But, this joy truly must be ephemeral if it can be "... wiped out by the sight of those poor also-rans who only get to warm the bench."

It might be suggested that they were also-rans because you made them that. They don't just get to "warm the bench". They get to learn the same skills that the higher level players do, they get to practise with and learn from these excellent players, they get to compete with them, be inspired by them and perhaps reach those levels of performance themselves. Jesus dealt with also-rans but, He never implied that they should become leaders, though He gave them hope and meaning.

Perhaps your also-rans might have been better served had they demanded you teach them skills in baseball (did you?) than just receiving those extra at bats every game. If their playing behavior was changed they might have become performers capable of striving for that standard of excellence.

You say "a terrific team spirit" developed on your baseball team. If, by that, you mean that you shaped within the boys a burning desire to love and learn the game more, that you demanded a respect for each boy as a human being despite his fallings as a player, that you pushed yourself to provide opportunities for all because they were too young for the potential for excellence to show at this age but, that you worked especially hard at learning the skills yourself so that you could keep up with that little Bobby Hull on your team so that you would fulfill your responsibility to help spark the flame of his excellence, and, that you created an atmosphere of joy in this sporting search for real values, then I believe that you were a fine coach.

Jesus would have been a great coach. He would have transformed the spirit and behaviour of his players — though more in some than in others, and He would have ensured that personal value was never equated with playing time or even excellence in a singular performance like a basketball game.

Yours sincerely,
Bruce Enns
Winnipeg

MCC EXPLAINS NEWS STORY

Dear Sir:

The headline for a short news article in the middle of the October 25, 1980, Winnipeg *Free Press* read: "Mennonites Considering Tax Protest Over Military." This headline is not accurate — at this point, no formal protest or withholding

of taxes is being considered by Mennonite bodies in Canada.

More and more in this country and in our world, the tendency is to rely on weapons and threats of violence for security and settlement of disputes. This is not the way of Jesus Christ, the way of love and service. The idea of examining questions of conscience and tax payments in this context is very new in Canada. If we do not personally participate in war, what is our response to the use of some of our tax money for military purposes? How is it that our church offices have become tax collectors (payroll deductions) for the government? How can we as individuals and as churches speak to the increase of militarism and violence in our world? In our day, what does separation of church and state mean for us? What does it mean to be in the world but not of the world? How can we ask such questions and look for answers for today, and yet still obey the admonition of Peter and silence questions by doing right (I Peter 2:15)?

A meeting was called in mid-September in Ontario to begin exploring these questions. The suggestion that such a meeting be called came from a similar group, initiated by the General Conference of Mennonites, in the United States. At their request, Ernie Regehr invited numerous Mennonite Denominations in Canada to attend such an initial, exploratory meeting. Representatives were sent by the Conference of Mennonites in Canada, by a Western Ontario Mennonite Conference, by the Mennonite Conference Region I, and by the Northwest Conference of Mennonites. There were also a few people from the Society of Friends, and few interested individuals, and I was at the meeting on behalf of Mennonite Central Committee (Canada). (All denominations which are members of MCC (Canada) had received the initial invitation to attend this meeting.)

The ad hoc meeting in September did not make any specific recommendations for immediate actions for individuals or groups in Canada. At his point, neither Ernie Regehr nor any of the other people

at the meeting are convinced that questioning the tax system is a wise way to express concern about the opposition to militarism in Canada at this time.

The meeting in Ontario listened to the history and the working of the Tax Task Force of the historic peace churches in the United States. Ernie Regehr informed us of the general picture of militarism in Canada, and Edith Adamson, a member of the Society of Friends in Victoria, informed us of their work regarding a Canadian Peace Tax Fund. This ad hoc group meeting in Ontario did recommend that Mennonite denominations establish a task force to investigate the situation in Canada, and to draw up a report with recommendations for possible action. This meeting in Ontario recommended that the formal task force report be ready for presentation to the 1982 annual conventions of the various denominations for their discussion and action. Each denomination would then be free to make its own decision on these questions.

At a recent meeting of the MCC (Canada) Peace and Social Concerns Committee, it was agreed that I was to participate in this tax task force if it were formally established. The committee recommended that, if indeed we do begin to look at these questions, we try to find an alternative use of tax money, rather than to look for ways to withhold tax money or to protest the uses of parts thereof. It is worth noting again, that the only task of this group would be to present a report for discussion and action by various denominations in 1982. No other actions could be taken by this group.

It would be good for me or for your denominational representatives to hear from you on this matter. The first meeting of the actual task force was projected for early February.

May mercy and truth guide all our steps,

Ray Hamm
Director of
Peace and Social Concerns
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SO WAR ES AM SCHÖNSTEN...

(vor gut 65 Jahren)

So war es am schönsten: wenn abends die Herde
Von Hirt begleitet nach Hause glitt;
Die Schar der Schnitter, nach Schweiß und Beschwerde
Die Sensen geschultert zur Nachtrast schritt:

Wenn nach Lerchenjubil und Sensengeläute
Die Sonne versunken in mächtiger Pracht,
Gemähte Wiesen, blütenbestreute,
Den Heuduft verströmten in würziger Nacht,

Wenn aus den Fenstern, gelb und verronnen
Der heilige Bauernfrieden gestrahlt,
Die Bauern ihr Abendmahl hatten begonnen,
Noch unendlich fern der Machnowschen Gewalt,

Dann wurde das Dorf ganz Traum, und am Ende
Wiegte ein Frieden die Unrast ein.

Wiegt es in Heuduft und Wiesengelände
In Grillengeigen und Mondenschein.

HEIMWEH

Mir ist nach meiner Heimat weh,
die fern in Russlands Steppe liegt,
Dort, wo der Steppenfalke flügelbreit
sich täglich in den Lüften wiegt,
Dort, wo die Abendwolken wandern mondscheinumsäumt,
Darunter liegt das Dörflein wie im Mondschein hingeträumt.
Sechs junge Russen singen am Strassenzaun abendleise
Eine silberfarbene Wolkenraumweise,
Zwei mächtige Akazien hüten Beischlag und
Hauseingang dort
rauschend im Abendwehen,
Dorthin möcht' ich gehen,
Die rauschen noch seit meiner Kindheit fort.

— von Fritz Senn

DIE SCHATTEN

Von Hedi Knoop

Nick war ein kleines Büblein und wohnte in einer alten Stadt. Die Straßen der Stadt waren eng, die Häuser zu beiden Seiten schmall und dicht aneinandergedrückt und so stark nach vornübergeigt, daß sie sich über der Straße beinahe mit den Nasenspitzen berührten. Ganz oben im Dachstübchen eines solchen Hauses wohnte der kleine Nick.

Weil ihm der Kopf wehtat, hatte ihn die Mutter früh ins Bett gesteckt; aber einschlafen konnte er nicht. Erst als die Sonne untergegangen war und der volle Mond zu seinem Fenster hereinleuchtete, fielen ihm die Augen zu.

Da erblickte er auf dem Dachfirst des gegenüberliegenden Hauses eine Katze; nicht lange, so setzte sich eine zweite hinzu, und bald machten sie zusammen einen Lärm wie am Jüngsten Gericht. Hei, dachte der kleine Nick, ich werd's euch zeigen! Flink sprang er aus dem Bett, rannte die Treppen hinunter und dann stand er auf der Straße und guckte sich um.

Es war aber keine Katze zu hören oder zu sehen, und Nick dachte: Ich werde euch schon finden, ihr Bösewichter. Und

er lief auf seinen nackten Füßen die Straße hinunter, und der Mond leuchtete ihm.

Plötzlich zupfte ihn etwas am Arm, und wie er sich umsah, stand neben ihm ein schwarzes Männlein nicht größer als er und so dünn wie Seidenpapier. Es sagte: "Komm, kleiner Nick, wenn du schon spazierengehst, kannst ja auch mit mir gehen." Und schon packte es den Jungen am Arm, und er mußte mit, ob er wollte oder nicht.

"Wer bist du?" fragte Nick.

"Ei, du dumme Kerl, kennst deinen eignen Schatten nicht?" lachte das Männlein.

Sie gelangten an die alte Stadtmauer und hielten vor einem Mauerloch. "Hier schlüpfen wir hinein", sagte das Männlein. Der Nick mußte voran, das Männlein kroch hinterher.

Da standen sie in einem schlecht beleuchteten unterirdischen Raum, in welchem eine Unzahl Männlein und Weiblein aus schwarzem Seidenpapier in wildem Tanz umherwirbelten.

Nick fragte, wer die seien.

"Aber, Nick, was bist du dumm! Das sind die Schatten der Menschen, die jetzt alle schlafen. Hier ist ein lustig Leben die ganze Nacht. Komm, du sollst mitmachen." Und schon hatte ihn das Männlein bei den Händen gefaßt.

Aber Nick wollte nicht tanzen, und er riß los, sprang zum Mauerloch hinaus und rannte, so schnell er nur konnte, davon.

Doch das Männlein holte ihn ein, faßte seine beiden Hände und fing an, auf der Straße mit ihm herumzuspringen. Hei, das war ein wilder Tanz, und die alten Häuser lachten aus voller Kehle.

Das war dem Nick ganz und gar nicht recht. Mit einem Ruck entkam er dem Männlein und huschte in eine dunkle Gasse. Da konnte es ihm nicht folgen, denn es war ja nur sein Schatten.

Nick dachte: Jetzt mußt du machen, daß du nach Hause kommst. Vorsichtig tastete er sich die dunkle Gasse entlang. Wo zwischen dem Mauerwerk das Mondlicht hindurchschimmerte, da erschien das Männlein, hüpfte auf einem Bein und lachte ihn aus.

An einer mond hellen Querstraße, über die er hinwegmußte, wartete schon ein ganzer Haufen Schattenmännlein auf ihn. Als er näher kam, zeigten sie mit Fingern, lachten und schrien:

Seht den Nick an,
seht, er ist im Hemd!

Nick nahm all seinen Mut zusammen und wollte mit einigen flinken Sprüngen über die Straße hinweg. Aber als er den ersten Schritt auf das mond helle Pflaster

ter tat, da wurde es unter seinen Füßen zu einem dicken Brei. Er blieb darin stecken, und das war schlimm; denn als er aufblickte, war der Haufen schon nahe herangekommen. Immer mehr Schatten kamen herzu: aus den Straßen, aus den Häusern, aus der Erde und aus der Luft. Die lärmten und spuckten und zeigten mit den Fingern und kamen ganz nah und wollten ihn packen.

"Mutter! Mutter!" schrie der kleine Nick, "Mutter, Mutter!"

Und auf einmal war die Mutter bei ihm, hob ihn auf und legte ihn in sein Bett. Als sie sich dann zu ihm auf die Bettkante setzte, fragte sie, was geschehen sei.

"Du weißt es doch, Mutter, du hast die Schatten gesehen. Die haben so laut geschrien, das hast du gehört."

Und Nick sagte: "Jetzt bin ich müde, Mutter, jetzt möchte ich schlafen."

Da deckte ihn die Mutter zu und sagte: "Ja, kleiner Nick, schlaf nun wieder ein und träume diesmal etwas Schönes." Und im Handumdrehen war der Nick eingeschlafen. mm

TUESZ ES TUESZ

Tuesz daut es en schoenet Woot,
Tuesz daut es en selga Oot.
Woo de Kinja rumma ranne,
Woo wie fehl meha Menschen kennen,
Woo daut so fein stell de nacht
Woo de Streetcoa nich so kracht,
Woo keen Motacycle brellt,
Es daut nich ne feine Welt?

Tuesz dou schlappt sich daut so fein,
Tuesz dou send de Baden rein.
Woo daut Meezje so schoen knurrt,
Woo de coa fehl stella burrt,
Woo daut Hundje frindlich es
Tuesz es et betta ganz gewes.

Tuesz dou es et aulla gout
Wann uck nich daut lange Brot,
Tuesz dou es daut fleisch nich reiv
Dou schmeckt daut betta ganz geneiv
Tuesz dou es daut wotta kolt,
Daut's uns meha weet aus gold.

Tuesz dou send de Toilets meha,
Fi jiederm ent daut gleich eck seha,
Woo de gaussen nich so krumm,
Woo de Frenchman nich so dumm,
Woo de Koffee nich so dick,
Tuesz daut es en selget glueck.

Tuesz dou schmackt daut sotta schoen,
Tuesz dou es nich soora wien.
Von twinn beds ha wie nich gehiet,
Doa seh wie uns gout wie sichs gehiet,
Fefeht de Schweitz en gay Pari,
Tuesz es Tuesz dou blifft et bie.

Gedichtet von Jake Harms
Mather, Man.

Sinnovend Houle ouda Mennonite Hausfrau ATTACK

von Kathy Martens

De Wiebe Familje haft daut vondoag drock.

"Waut" sajst du, "aum Sinndach sull eina daut doch nicht drock habe?" Na joa, so wud eina dentje oba daut ess eimol so waut, disse Lied Wiebe, sen mau dem Noame noh Mennisch, se aete Rietja Worscht, Somma Borscht, en rede Plautdietsch oba no Tjoatj foahre se nicht. Oba weetst du, se habe Frind, de Rampels Familje, de noch ajte Menniste sen, de han en wada mol aum Sinndach no Tjoatj tou Meddach hankome.

Paus opp, auls de Wiebsche dit eascht beret haud dann fehd opp eimol rein toumoake. Hast mol von ein "BIG MAC ATTACK" jehiet? Daut jeft uck ein "Mennonite Hausfrau Attack" Aules em Hus woit Heistakopp jedreht, de Flure en Gardine woare jewosche, de Fensterer rein jemoackt. Meddweatj wisst de Wiebsche aul daut se tou Sinndach Jast habe wude, oba daut rein moacke intressead ea goanicht seha. Se kun je nicht jieda Dach Tus blieve en opprieme.

Met waut haft se daut so Drock? Na de Lied saje se drift sich väl romm. Etj hab jehieht, se haft ene University eine Tietlang jeliht, dann tjemmad se sich met aulahaund Frues Gruppe, na nuscht waut eina Nähverein nanne kun. Dau es evahaupt tjein Plautdieschet Woat doafeah. Weetst du, Womens Lib!

De auma Ohmtje Wiebe, daut fehd am blos noch. Eina kunn sich de Hau ütriet van eina tou fehl no de Frulied horcht. Auls he eah fried, wusst he doch nich waut fe ein Löwe he sich jefried haud. Na nu festeihst du uck voarum ea daut so schwoa fällt daut Hüs rein tou houle. Se haft aul fe Joahre nich jescheid Sinnovend jehoule. Dise Weajk jroods, pausst daut opp eimol. De Rampelsche musst doch nicht ütfinje wo daut weartlich bie an sach. Ein Dach haft se mol bieaun den Ove reinjemoackt, en de Flua ene Tjeatj jewosche, de aul ein bät backrich wea. Sinnovend, wann fenunftje Mennische Frulied Sinnovend houle, haft se veinst ein Ding foadich jebrocht. Tweiback haft se jebackt, en de jinje uck

schmock hoach opp. Aundasch haft se nicht fehl waut jedoane, se musst tweimol Tjinga noam Swimming Pool fiehr. Joa eina mut doch touloate, fe eare Tjinga nemmt se sich Tiet.

Oba nu es daut Sinndach Morje. Se stund met de Heehna opp, so om haulf acht, moack schwind Freistitj, en dann fung daut Jeleve aun. De Fru haft eare Familje aujebrellt bet se heesch wea.

"Dit gaunze Hüs sittet so aus ein Schwienstauhl."

"Riehm mol aul june Beetja von de Grootestoov rüt" -se dochte se musste aula emma en de Stoov lese oda studiere.

"Schwind wescht mol Stoff auf."

"Wea haft aul dit Prell em Tjala romm lidje jeloate?"

"Jung waut settst du dau, moack mol dien Bad opp, oba hurtich."

En de Tjinga habe jeoabat, daut aules foadich word. Se wisste, de Mame deid dit nich foacke, oba wann se eascht oppriemd, dann wea daut grindlich, en se musste uck aula ea Bätje doune.

Ae Maun oba haud jedocht, he wud aus he daut jewannt wea, einen jemietlichen Morje habe. He horcht jierenden gaunzen Morje no C.B.C. radio, "Sunday Morning" met Bronwyn Drainie, daut jefoll am ema, oba dissen Sinndach haft daut nich goot jejletjt. Groatz haud he sich hajesat, dann wea siene Fru dau met dem Jülbasem en fedorf daut aules.

Ein poa mol saed he, "Wacht doch bett dit äwa es, dann woa etj die halpe." Oba so fehl Tiet haud se nich. Wahn de "News" eascht aula wea, wiere de Yast aul ene Dea. Se haft sich selfst fefieht, daut aules oppeimol so schractlich rein senne musst. Dit wea oba eine gowde Jeleijenheit daut Hüs en Ordnung toubringe. Sinndach, Sinnovend houle, no Tjoatj foahre, daut hing aula toup.

Na joa, en dann wea daut haulf eint en de Rampels Familje wea dau. De habe nuscht butajeweinlichet jeseine. Oba de Wiebsche schpead den gaunzen Dach, daut wea mol warra so racht Sinndoagsch. De Sinndoagsche Tjleida haude se sich awjetrocke, en nu funge se aun tou äte en fetahle. mm

our word

HOW WE SOMETIMES LOVE TO HATE EACH OTHER

One of my favorite stories about the early Christian Church concerns a young Greek who decided, much to his parents' dismay, to become a Christian. When his parents asked him to explain his foolish decision he replied simply: "I have been meeting regularly with a group of Christians, and you should see how they love each other!"

"See how they love each other!" I have found in my own experience that this can be said, even today, about many people within the church. In our own congregation I have witnessed dozens of acts of profound human compassion. In times of bereavement, family crisis, or some other personal misfortune, it always moves me to see how people rally to each other. There is a lot of caring, expressed by numerous persons in silent, simple, and effective ways. Much of this caring is also extended to the outside world. I know dozens of people who are deeply and genuinely concerned about others. Many of them have discovered the roots for such love in the Christian faith. They are motivated to love because they know that they are loved by a Father who immersed Himself in the misery of this world, who heals rather than condemns the failures of this world.

Religion of that kind is a tremendous force for good, and it has always been so. Unfortunately, a force that is designed to awaken our goodness can also be perverted into something just the opposite.

Instead of using our faith to establish a loving relationship with others we sometimes use it as part of a scoring system designed to show that we are better than others. Those who are inclined to strut through the world advertising their superiority to others can utilize their membership in the Christian Church as one more weapon in their status-raising arsenal. "I am better than you, not only because I am wealthier or more educated or more admired, but also because I am a Christian and you are not, or I am a better Christian than you are."

My home town of Steinbach, which has as many fine, caring Christians as you will meet anywhere, also has had its share of those who seem to derive a lot of social satisfaction from trying to prove that they are better Christians than others. Steinbach never had many social clubs by which people could demonstrate their superiority to others. It didn't need to. New churches were established instead — all created in the name of greater Christian zeal, but usually designed to demonstrate the general superiority of their creators.

God knows, and He smiles. He understands our little games better than we do. But this whole process of judging and being judged must also make Him wince at times, because a lot of people are hurt by it. No one likes to be judged inferior to others, or to be excluded by them. We are told that in God's good time the tables will be turned, the last shall be first, precisely those who like to keep score so diligently will discover that they had the score all wrong, all valleys will be lifted up, and all mountains will be brought low. Our Lord has a keen sense of irony. In the meantime, unfortunately, those who are brought low at our hands suffer because of it. Now, it must be admitted that a certain type of judgment in the Christian community is inevitable and indeed very important. Christianity, with its emphasis on truth and moral purity *is*, in some sense, a judgmental religion. Christians are asked to weigh falsehood against truth, to oppose insincerity and immorality. We also see this as a duty of a magazine like ours. We try to "mirror" both the pleasant and the harsh aspects of Mennonite life. We have sought to afflict the comfortable while simultaneously comforting the afflicted. In turn others have used their right to criticize us. In most cases we have printed such criticism without defending our-

selves, not necessarily because we agreed with the criticism but because we wanted to evaluate the criticism without becoming defensive about it. In a number of instances we have agreed with the criticism and have learned something in the process.

What must be done in the Christian community is not to eliminate criticism but to balance it with encouragement, and above all, to state it in such a way that it does not demean or destroy the person we are criticizing. We have not always managed to do this. Neither have our critics. When they have not, we have responded vigorously to the criticism. One occasion occurred last year when we were accused of favoring pornography. What made us angry about this criticism was not the criticism itself but the way in which it was delivered. It became clear that some of our critics were not primarily concerned about "correcting" us but about destroying us. Such tactics have no place in the Christian community. More recently we reacted angrily to a letter from Harold Jantz, the editor of the Mennonite Brethren Herald. Now we happen to respect Mr. Jantz very much, and we have several times praised his publication in these pages. However, we felt that on this particular occasion he used words which were meant to discredit another person. In this issue William Klassen — another good friend and supporter of ours — indicates that he disagrees with us. He feels that Jantz' words were quite harmless. Let me indicate briefly why I, in turn, do not agree.

In a fairly homogeneous, ideologically-committed community like the Mennonite community, words play a very significant role. People can be damned with a single word or phrase. George Orwell has called this the tyranny of language. George Steiner, in his book *Language and Silence*, refers to the "inhuman" use of language. In an MCC meeting a few years ago a speaker managed to damage the reputation of a young, controversial church worker by accusing him of associating with vegetarians. In some persons the word "vegetarian" created the sense of horror that the critic intended (why I will never know). The word "communist" is often used in a similar way.

Sometimes people are condemned for not using what is considered the "correct language." Each community adopts a set of code words by which it judges the orthodoxy of its members. Countless people in the Soviet Union have been sent to concentration camps because they failed to mouth the correct Marxist slogans. This even happened to many people who thought they were sincere communists. It is possible for a person to serve a movement sincerely and yet be tripped up by failing on one particular occasion to use the right words. It was this type of criticism that I regretted in Harold Jantz' letter. He accused our managing editor of writing "his entire first account of the Mennonite pavilion . . . without once speaking about Christ . . ." What is the point of such a remark, if not to call into question the Christian integrity of our editor? Or what about this accusation: "If the writer wishes to make a strong separation between himself and evangelical Christians he can, but I cannot?" Our managing editor had voiced criticism of some aspects of "fundamental evangelical" Christianity and had suggested that Mennonites adhere to their own approach to the Christian faith, but the phrasing of Jantz' criticism seems to me to put the worst possible reading on our editors' comments and to invoke an unnecessary loyalty test: "Here I stand. Others (namely the managing editor of the Mirror) may desert the truth but Harold Jantz will not!" That is clearly the intent of the remark, and yet it is quite unwarranted by what our managing editor said.

I think this type of criticism is destructive. The position from which a person is writing is being attacked, not the content of the writing. In point of fact our managing editor has not lost any sleep over this, but it is this kind of criticism that we ought to avoid if we want to continue to be known as a community in which people truly love each other! R.V.

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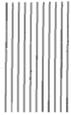
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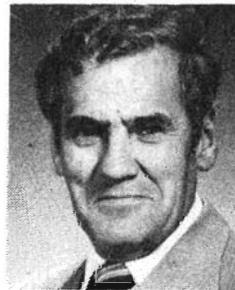
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