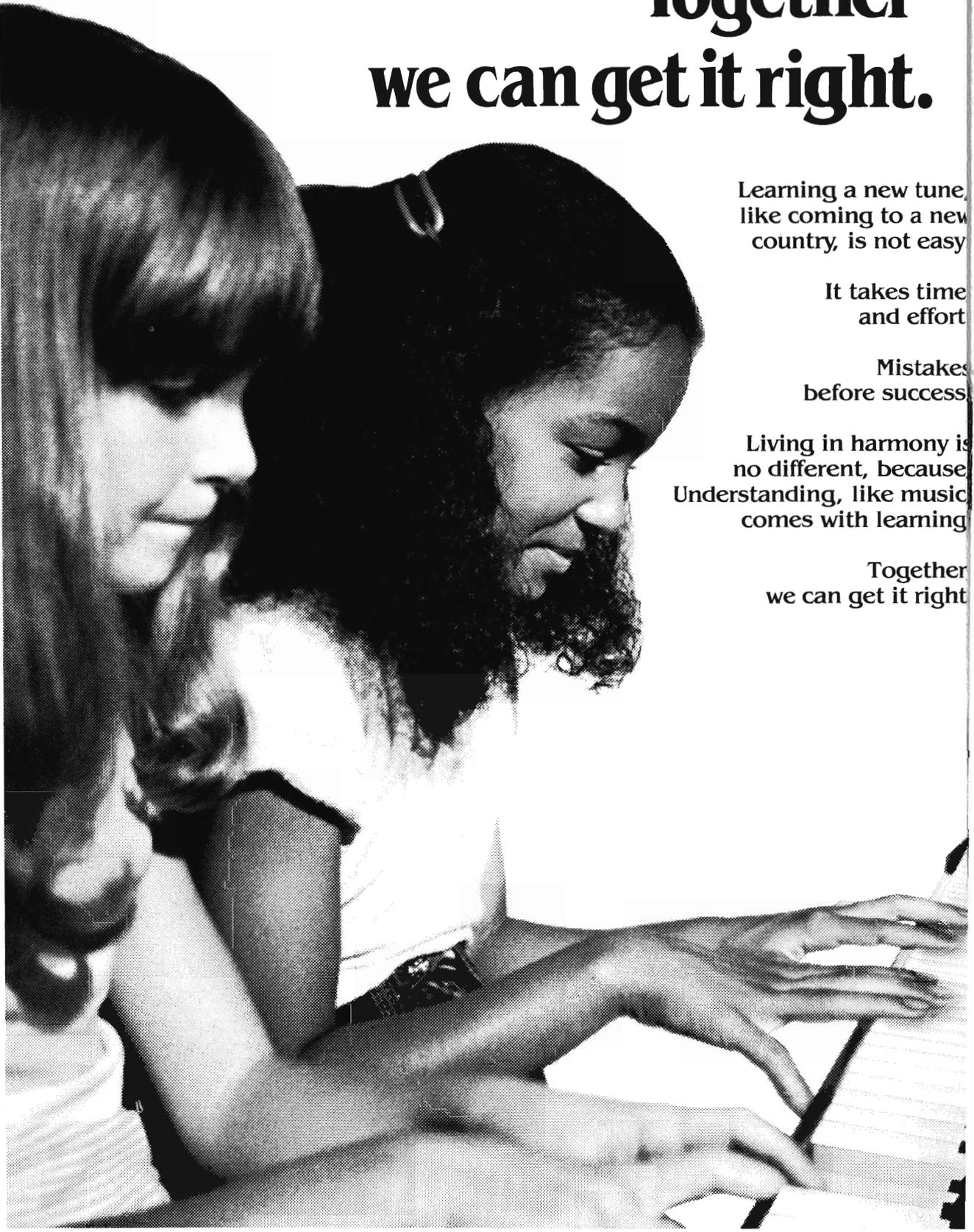


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Volume 2 / number 3
1982

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Mennonite Literary Society ANNUAL MEETING

Publishers of the Mennonite Mirror

The annual meeting of the Mennonite Literary Society, Inc., will be held Thursday, November 18th, 1982, 6:30 p.m., at the St. Regis Hotel. The agenda and annual reports will follow. Please clear your calendar now for this interesting and important event.



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november, 1982

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Mennonite Mirror

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Editor, Al Reimer
Managing Editor, Edward Unrau
Associate Editors: Ruth Vogt, Harry Loewen,
vitor Doerksen

Writing Staff: Betty Dyck, Mary Enns, Hilda Matsuo, Peter Paetkau, Wilmer Penner, Mavis Reimer, Doug Koop, Lorna Sawatsky and Mirror Mix-up: Bob Matsuo.

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COMING EVENTS

November 11-14: MEDA convention, Holiday Inn, Winnipeg.

November 15: Westgate Annual Meeting.

November 20: Oratorio Choir Performance. 7:30 Sargent Ave. Church

November 26, 27: MCC (Man.) Annual Meeting Steinbach Chortitzer Church.

December 10: Westgate Christmas Concert.

December 13: MBCI Christmas concert.

Correction:

The cover of the last issue said it was the November issue, when in fact the inside indicated everywhere that it was the October issue.

It was our mistake. So please amend the cover of the last issue so it reads "October, 1982, Volume 12, Number 2."

We re-used the "November 1982, Volume 12, Number 3" on the cover of this issue, where it belongs.

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First of a Series

The Blue Apron

by Hannah Friesen

As a child I lived in a Hutterite colony. We wore different clothes than most people, but we thought our clothes were nice, beautiful, even. The girls had to wear a bonnet, a long skirt and an apron. This was our costume.

When I was eight or nine I was given an apron. I was immediately pleased with it. It was silky, sky-blue. I put it on and ran to show my friends, who said it was beautiful, and wanted to know where I got it. "From Rebecca," I said. She was the lady I babysat for. Whenever she gave me something I loved it instantly. I admired her. I thought she had excellent taste.

My friends and I went to play dolls in our "house" in the bush. Potato sacks on the floor. Potato sacks and a few boards fastened to the trees to make walls. No

roof — that made it easier to stand up. In the yard near the playhouse Old Vetter, Rebecca's father-in-law, was mowing the grass. As usual we paid him no attention, since that seemed to be the best way of getting along with him. He could be a real grouch, and you couldn't easily guess his mood.

This day he was mowing rather high grass. He mowed noisily for a long time. Then all of a sudden we heard a loud scraping sound and the mower's motor sputtering, then dying out. We looked up from our playing and saw Old Vetter tugging at something. All of us at the same time sensed there was something wrong. We ran towards him.

There was blood. Lots of red blood. And a red wire. No, it was a wire driven into Old Vetter's foot and covered with blood. We stood there paralyzed. Our eyes were fixed on the bloody wire stuck in Old Vetter's foot. No one thought to get help.

A door banged. We saw Rebecca come running towards us. She took hold of Old Vetter, who was standing there stunned, set him down on the ground, and pulled the wire out of his foot. "I need something to tie around it," she shouted. "Anna, give me your apron."

For a moment I hesitated, feeling sick, but then I quickly took the new apron off and gave it to her. She wound it around the foot as if it was an old rag.

Then she put her arm around Old Vetter, helped him to his feet, and together they went into the house. We followed. I felt useful now because I had provided the apron, the bandage.

Rebecca called her husband and they went with Old Vetter to the doctor. Before they left she gave me back my apron. It couldn't absorb any more so she put another cloth on the wound. The apron was covered with blood, only a few tiny blue patches could be seen. I couldn't understand why she gave it to me, since it seemed ruined.

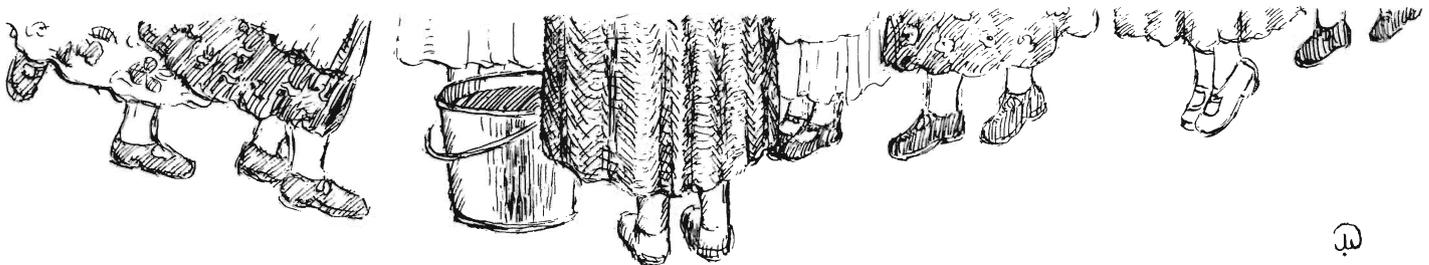
She saw me looking at it. "Put it in a pail of cold water," she said, "and leave it soaking overnight." I did as she said and stuffed the apron into the water. Now the water was bloody, too. Now there was a whole pail full of blood. But I could see the blue returning to my apron.

Then my friends and I suddenly felt the urge to talk. Until now we had stiffly and silently carried out orders. Now we talked about what had happened, each telling the others what she had seen. As

we talked the story changed, got bigger, more exciting. We ran to find other children to tell the story. They listened, but they couldn't imagine how much blood we had seen. In fact, this was the first time that we realized Old Vetter had blood like the rest of us. Old grouch that he was. mm

Hannah Friesen (nee Hofer) was born in 1947 on a Hutterite colony in South Western Manitoba. She grew up in the colony, where, as a young girl, she listened to many stories. Her own stories are an attempt to show the Hutterites, sometimes considered as exotic or strange, as real human beings. She has had her stories read on the CBC and the Canadian Children's Annual, and sold a number to the Manitoba Department of Education. Hannah is a teacher living in Winnipeg with her husband and two children.

Joan Walter, the artist for this series of stories, was a student at the Alberta College of Art before moving to Manitoba. Here she has specialized in batik and has conducted classes in this as well as drawing. She is currently working on her degree in fine arts.





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Gerhard Ens.

Gerhard Ens: A Message for Every Medium

by Al Reimer

We are sitting in Gerhard Ens's office at CMBC. From behind his desk, quiet and relaxed, he waits for my first question. In repose his face is stern, almost dour, alert and strong, a bit forbidding. A Teutonic face, settled in character. One is reminded of the formal visages that stare self-confidently from the pages of Russian-Mennonite picture books of the old days. The face of an MCI principal, perhaps, which he was.

But that's only in repose. When Gerhard Ens starts talking in that surprisingly gentle voice of his on such favorite subjects as education, Mennonite life and culture, the German language (both High and Low), his features become animated and his eyes spark like live wires. "No," he says with conviction, "I don't see it as my mission to keep Low German alive. A language can't be kept alive just for the sake of keeping it alive." He clearly loves *Plautdietsch*, is saddened to see it sinking into its twilight years here in Manitoba. "It can stay alive only as long as it is utilitarian, useful." His voice trails off and he rubs his strong chin reflectively. "It's a great loss," he adds quietly, "but we never realize that sort of thing until it's too late."

We are talking about the latest milestone in Gerhard Ens's productive career. There have been many others in his sixty years. This year he is completing ten years of Low German radio broadcasts on CFAM, Altona. A half-hour program every Monday night since the spring of 1972. Over 500 broadcasts in all. And, he says emphatically, he has no plans to quit yet.

His style on these broadcasts is as relaxed and informal as his opening "Gooden Owent," though he never quite loses the teacher's voice, the instructive tone, gentle but insistent. He never works from a prepared script, he says, except when he is reading a printed story — either his own or someone else's. And he is never present in the studio. He records his material on tape in his spare time, does his own editing, and then sends the finished tape in to CFAM. Although he has never taken a survey of his audience, he guesses that his appeal is largely to the over-50 generation of southern Manitoba Mennonites. He has no idea what the size of his audience is, but he has heard from listeners as far west as Boissevain and as far east as the Ontario boundary. He does not think he has many young listeners.

Over the years Ens has specialized in series of broadcasts that skilfully combine interesting information with simple entertainment. He first started by providing his listeners with colorful background information about the various events and activities that were being planned for the year-long centennial celebrations in Mennonite communities in 1974. Those early programs inspired him to do a series on the 1870s migration from Russia to Manitoba. A logical next step was a series on the Mennonite migration from the Soviet Paradise in the 1920s. He followed that with a series on the post-World War II migration of the 1940s. He has also done a series of broadcasts on the Mennonites of South America, on those in

the Soviet Union and on those living in the U.S. In recent years he has travelled widely, and has done series after series of interesting reports on his visits to various parts of the world. One of his most popular series to date, he says, was the one he did on the history of the German language.

Ens's Low German listeners are, for the most part, simple, rural people without much formal education and not the kind who write frequent letters of appreciation or complaint. But he does get some feedback — usually, he says with a smile, on trivial facts or casual observations rather than on what he considers to be the more important matters in his broadcasts. One of his favorite responses was from a farmer who had been listening to one of Ens's broadcasts while operating his tractor in the field. The farmer sheepishly confessed that he had become so engrossed in what Ens was saying that he allowed his tractor to wander diagonally across the field in a most uncharacteristically Mennonite manner.

But then radio broadcasting is not, after all, Gerhard Ens's main career. For the past five years he has been the increasingly sure-handed editor of *Der Bote*, the German weekly (only a year younger than its editor) that serves Mennonites wherever they are still able to read the ancestral language. As for himself, Ens is comfortably and creatively tri-lingual. He writes equally well in English, German and *Plautdietsch*. The *Bote* has steadily improved and strengthened its international flavor since Ens took over the editorial reins.

From his office on the CMBC campus, Gerhard Ens can effectively keep his finger on the pulse of the largest Mennonite community anywhere.

Before becoming a full-time editor and writer, Ens was a teacher who compiled a distinguished record in his 30 years at the MCI in Gretna, eight of them as principal of the famous Mennonite institution. Everything about Gerhard Ens during that period stamped him as a worthy successor to the great teachers and principals who preceded him: Ewart, Peters, Schaeffer. Over the years he taught every high school subject at one time or another with the exception of Grade XII mathematics and science. His specialties for 20 years were Canadian history, German language and literature and Bible.

Service. Service to his God and to his Mennonite people, that is the key to this modest but resolute man. With his deep interest in the church, combined with his fine speaking skills, Gerhard Ens was almost predestined to be ordained as a lay minister. And so he was in 1957 at the Blumenorter Mennonite Church near Gretna, where he also served as assistant to the pastor during the sixties. Currently, he is part of the preaching ministry at the Sargent Mennonite Church in Winnipeg.

Gerhard Ens grew up in the village of Reinland, the oldest child in a family of seven boys and three girls. After graduating from the MCI and Normal School he taught for one year before being called up for wartime service in 1943. As a C.O. he served for two years at the Manitoba School for Retardates. After the war he resumed his teaching career by accepting a post at the MCI, his old alma mater. Over the years he found time, mainly in the summers, to further his education at the University of Manitoba (B.A., B.Ed.), as well as at the Mennonite Biblical Seminary at Elkhart and at the Goethe Institute at Munich and Berlin.

In 1950 Gerhard married Anni Niebuhr, originally from Kronstal, Old Colony, in the Soviet Union. The Ens's have three sons and two daughters. The two older sons, Gerhard and Werner, are working on Ph.D. programs at Canadian universities, while the youngest, Waldemar, is studying at the University of Manitoba. The older daughter, Helen, is married and living in Germany, while Annie, with a degree in Business Administration, works for Revenue Canada. Two of Gerhard's brothers still operate the old family farm in Reinland, but at least two others followed him into the field of education. Henry

Ens has just completed a lengthy teaching term in Mexico and is now back in Canada. Dr. Adolph Ens has been on the faculty of CMBC for many years and is currently on a two-year leave of absence with MCC in Uganda.

An impressive man is Gerhard Ens in his quiet, unassuming way, a man who keeps his principles firmly in place and who works devotedly for a number of Mennonite causes and organizations. He has, for example, been on the board of the Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society, now the Village Museum Society, since its founding several decades ago and is its current president. He is not the man to push himself to the fore, but neither does he back away from a challenging office. He is everybody's choice for recording secretary and has served in that capacity in Mennonite organizations ranging from the Manitoba Mennonite Conference to the Mennonite German Society. He has unobtrusively edited numerous Mennonite books, making them stronger and more literate, and usually received for his labors no more than a formal acknowledgment. He has written and published short stories and poems and contributed to various Mennonite publications.

And while he has spent much of his career in a small-town setting, Gerhard

Ens is a man of sound culture and considerable intellectual sophistication. And he has never been afraid to take a firm position on issues he considers important — including religious and theological issues. He has not allowed his mind to rust nor his critical faculty to become dull, as he proved again recently in a vigorous and challenging address at the opening of CMBC's new academic year. In discussing how the Bible has been "fettered" (like Samson) and misinterpreted over the centuries, he had this to say: "That we, the spiritual heirs of Menno and the Anabaptists, who originally displayed such a rare new freedom in the reading and application of the Scriptures should in latter days have been so attracted by certain iron-clad dogmas of and particularly about the Bible, that so many of us fell for the fetters of Fundamentalism some decades ago is one of the ironies of our history."

As we get up and shake hands at the end of our interview, I can't help thinking how lucky the Mennonite community is to have a dedicated man like Gerhard Ens working for it. An effective communicator in several different media. A man who believes there is a message to convey and has the zeal and craft to get it across.

We could do with more like him. **mm**

Westgate Mennonite Collegiate



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by Roy Vogt

observed along the way

October

● When October comes, can snow be far behind? Unfortunately, even before the snow flies we have a sure indication that winter is near. Half a dozen or more squirrels have once again retreated into our attic and into the spaces between the floors. They have a jogging track right above our bed. What concerns us most, however, is not the noise but the possibility that they will chew through the wiring and set the house on fire. The exterminators are called in. Every hole is located and poison spread around it. In the next few days a deathly hush comes over the house — no pun intended. We find a squirrel writhing on the ground and put an end to it. The others, fortunately, die quietly out of sight. Life, we remind ourselves without too much consolation, is filled with such sorry necessities. Animals are killed so that we can eat; big fish swallow little fish, and birds prey and are preyed upon. It is a cycle whose moral justification our late bishop said he would question before his Maker. We have good precedence for such questioning in the Bible. The pain suffered by the innocent remains one of the greatest mysteries of our existence. Animals are even more innocent than humans.

● As winter approaches we too retreat, into our living room, where the records purchased during the summer are finally played, and into the Winnipeg Arena where our Jets battle valiantly against evil forces. A number of us share three seasons' tickets and it is one of the more enjoyable rites of fall to meet in one of our homes to allocate the tickets for the year. It takes several hours to complete the vigorous trading. Last year I emerged with most of the seats to the lone Edmonton game but this year the others get their revenge. Hockey is a tremendous spectator sport, but it always amazes me how the officials pick on our home team. Before each game I tell myself that the referees and linesmen have no favorites, but after ten min-

utes of play it becomes clear that they have chosen sides against us. If 15,000 fans can see objectively what is going on, why can't the referee?

● The fall is a beautiful time for jogging along Wellington Crescent. It feels good to return home, bone-tired and sweaty, after a two-mile run. It is also dismaying to see younger runners hurtling by on springy legs which you remember once possessing. A sweet melancholy accompanies each step through the fallen leaves. I would not trade our present life for any moment of the past, but neither do I want to exchange it for the future.

● Our parents have already reached our future and are experiencing old age with both greater serenity and worry. Visits to the doctor are more frequent. We occasionally make the visit with them and are grateful for the care extended by doctors, nurses, and relatives. One specialist in Winnipeg, however, is shockingly condescending. He is unable to make a diagnosis but resents any suggestion that a trip to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester might be useful, if only to get a second opinion. We are told, "The Mayo Clinic is good enough for the people of Minnesota but people from Manitoba have no reason to go there." We often have students at the University of Manitoba who wish to continue their studies — to get second and third opinions — at other universities like Harvard and Minnesota. Imagine how they would feel if we told them that "Harvard is good enough for the people of Boston but Manitobans have no reason to go there." Education should heighten one's humility, but that isn't always what happens.

● We spend two Sunday afternoons attending the opening ceremonies of two educational institutions, Canadian Mennonite Bible College and Westgate Mennonite Collegiate. Both have high enrollments, excellent choirs and teaching staffs. We have every reason to be thankful. Gerhard Ens speaks very

thoughtfully on the nature of the Bible at the CMBC opening, and John H. Neufeld presents a comprehensive view of Christian education at the Westgate opening. Both provide refreshing insights into old but important topics. One doesn't always get nearly as much from speeches or sermons.

It is announced at both ceremonies that John Albrecht, who died suddenly this past year, bequeathed about \$50,000 to each of these institutions, plus a similar amount to Elim Bible School in Altona. This generous financial contribution was preceded by a life of unusual service. We can only hope that this is another step toward a more adequate Mennonite philanthropy. We have some excellent service and educational institutions and it is strange, even in relatively poor economic times, that some of them are deeply in debt.

● The executive of the Mennonite Village Museum meets in Winnipeg to evaluate the past year and to plan for 1983. This is another institution that uses few resources to educate and entertain thousands of people. About 45,000 persons, from 40 countries, became acquainted with our heritage through the museum in 1982. The manager, Peter Goertzen, is doing an excellent job of maintaining and enlarging this unique venture. We should all become supporters of worthwhile endeavours like this.

● Several evenings are spent in the homes of friends, sharing the experiences of our Ottawa MCC worker, William Janzen, learning about China through the slides of a friend who made a working trip there, and engaging in Bible Study. It is incredible the number of things that one can learn through informal evenings of this kind.

● Over the Thanksgiving weekend we enjoy a delicious meal with friends at the Bistro Dansk, followed by a performance of *Nicholas Nickleby* at the Manitoba Theatre Centre. The black and white characters, stilted dialogue,

and the hybrid novel-play approach prove to be very disappointing. Looking back over the last few seasons I find less and less to admire in the work being presented by artistic director Richard Ouzounian.

• Over that same weekend we are able to listen to a talk by Dr. Walter Klaassen at the University of Winnipeg, in a series of lectures sponsored by the Chair of Mennonite Studies. These lectures have proved to be extremely stimulating, and the one heard this year is no exception. Klaassen is one of our most gifted, careful scholars. Unfortunately the topic he has chosen — Christian/Anabaptist teachings on the End Times — does not interest me particularly, at least not as a personal question. To believe in God means to trust Him, and if we do that we should not spend our time worrying about what He will do with us. However, it was interesting to see how such concerns motivated some of our Christian forefathers. Most of us have grown up in communities where roving ministers kept their audiences spellbound with detailed, visual interpretations of Revelations and Daniel. I always thought their guesses were as good as mine, and no better. However,

there are obviously many people around with an unusual fascination for that type of thing. I would sooner wait and get the real picture in the next world.

• We can't predict the future, but we hope you will be with us in the next issue. **mm**

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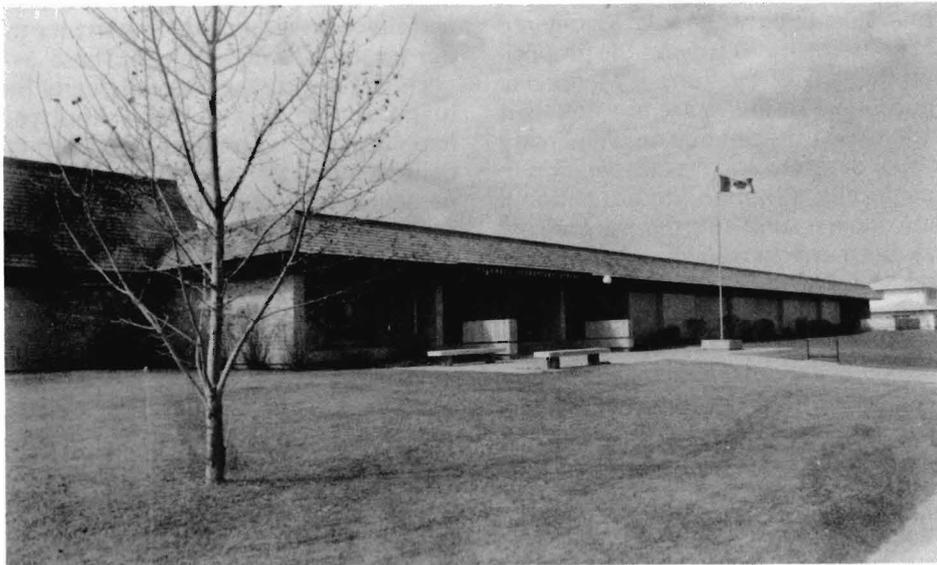
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Columbus School, home of the Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School.

Equipping the Children to go into the World

by Mary M. Enns

Mennonite colleges, Mennonite Junior and Senior High Schools — and now — a Mennonite elementary school?

The Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School in Westwood is just that — a private school featuring grades from Kindergarten to junior high from where established schools such as Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute and Westgate Mennonite Collegiate take over the further education of the children.

Is that wrapping our Mennonite youngsters in a protective cushioning and shielding them from world pressure, from every wind that blows strong and loud, from droughts that dry out exploring spirits, from rains that threaten to drown out independent thinking? One churchman, a non-Mennonite pastor, struggled with doubt when he enrolled his child in the WMES last year, its founding year. At the close of the school year he spoke with confidence: "I believe now we are not really taking our children out of the world here, but rather equipping them to go into the world."

The spirit of enthusiasm evident at the official opening of the school on September 25 was something we had hardly counted on. It was largely a young audience because of course the parents of the students are mostly young. But then it is doubtful whether there were any grandparents missing — one singled them out by the glow on their faces. It reminded me of the old fashioned Christmas Eve programs, the

highlight of every Mennonite child's church calendar. When the 81 students sang "I'm a promise, I'm a potentiality" the catchy beat in the music and the kids' enjoyment was clearly absorbed by the audience. I could tell because beside us sat the pastor of one of our larger churches, a man who will always identify with young people because he has spent many years teaching and guiding them. He had trouble holding his resounding applause until the end of the song, and so did we.

Jake Penner, principal of Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School, is optimistic as he begins his first term with the school. "Last year was a very successful year. While we would like to have seen our enrollment considerably larger this year it is still up by 60 per cent. Our facilities are excellent and our teaching staff of six is one we can be proud of. There is a total dedication and involvement with all of them in spite of the fact that they have had to take a considerable cut in salary. It is quite true, we remember those who taught us. Today we need models for students to follow."

The Westwood MB Church shares the fine building, its sanctuary, with this new elementary school. It was formerly the Columbus School which closed its doors due to declining enrollment. Pastor Travis Reimer discussed the importance of sharing as Christians not only as Mennonites. Though the school was founded and is operated by Men-

nonites, it is open to children of other denominations. Of the 81 students, half attend Mennonite churches, the rest represent various other denominations; 62 are bused in, 10 are brought by car, from various areas in the city, and nine live within walking distance. Religious instruction is centred on the Bible and Anabaptist-Mennonite distinctives. German is the second language on the curriculum.

We spoke to the Kindergarten teacher, Esther Anne Klassen, who left the River East School division last year in order to teach at WMES. She said: "Our school is the first institution of its kind in Manitoba, probably in Canada. 1981-82 marked my first experience in a private school setting. It can only be described in positive terms as it affords a highly enriching experience and challenge in addition to favorable rewards. Having been an advocate of Christian education at the elementary level in a private school setting for many years, I'm certainly pleased to see an establishment of this nature take form. My objectives in teaching here are in agreement with the stated philosophy of the school: the striving for academic excellence and the instruction of Christian concepts and values to which youngsters are so receptive in the formative years of their lives. We have encountered the normal obstacles and growing pains but the view for the future of the school is optimistic, for with God all things are possible. The parent support and enthusiasm has been encouraging."

We wondered why Dr. Henry Friesen, chairman of the board, scientist and a busy doctor would choose to involve himself to such a degree on this level of education, and why a private

mm mirror mix-up

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Drawn from a pool of 74 entries to the October Mix-Up was winner Theresa Sudermann of Winnipeg.

Answers to October are: grade, tutor, study, teach, lesson, and Sunday school.

Correction: Several readers pointed out that the answers to the September puzzle as published last edition contained a discrepancy. The correct answer to one of the mixed-up letter sequences was "widows" not "windows" as published. The correct word was, however, used in selecting the winner.

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 send to the Mirror office by November 25, 1982.

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Send Entries to:
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Mennonite Mirror
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Elementary school? "Why not a Mennonite Elementary school?" countered Dr. Friesen, "If you support the proposition that any of the current Mennonite educational institutes are of value their logic would suggest that an elementary school deserves equal consideration in developing a Mennonite educational network. It is surprising that the concept has been overlooked for so long. Dr. and Mrs. David Friesen deserve credit for recognizing this deficiency and attempting to do something about it by promoting the development of this and other schools. (Says Mrs. Friesen: "It took me three years to convince my husband of the need of such a school; but today he is proud to be a part of it.") Without their substantial support this school would not have been launched. In the Mennonite community the majority concede that Mennonite high schools and colleges have a legitimate place and deserve our support. By and large one doesn't have to defend their role and value in our constituency because many parents, a good many of them former graduates, will vouch for the tangible influence these institutions have had in shaping their own development. We suggest it is not unreasonable to expect that a similar beneficial experience may accrue to those attending this elementary school. Why do parents choose to send their children here? They have carefully examined statements about the academic program, educational philosophy and quality of the teaching staff and concluded the school would provide an educational milieu appropriate and desirable for their children. We have an outstanding group of teachers who in several cases have been willing to give up the relative security and seniority they had in the public sector, risk the uncertainty of a new venture, facing the difficulties and shortcomings of a pioneering enterprise with a positive attitude and professional competence. With relatively small classes greater individual attention to each child's potential is possible. If we didn't aspire to academic excellence I wouldn't wish to be associated with this school. We believe, given time, to achieve the academic level of the best private schools of this city. And we aim to lead our students to a thorough knowledge of the Christian faith interpreted in the Anabaptist-Mennonite tradition. Bible stories, worship periods, ethics and values, respect for family, church and community are an integral part of the curriculum. The priorities and expressions of our Christian heritage and families, supported by the

commitment and attitude of the teachers reinforce the values of importance to our Mennonite community. These aspects of our program would clearly be inappropriate in a public school yet happily in our school are a vital part of daily activity. We encourage parental participation in our school activities. It is their school; their views matter very much. They care deeply about the education of their children and can influence it significantly.

WMES is an alternative; it will not appeal to everyone. However, one of the benefits of living in a pluralistic democratic society is that individuals enjoy the freedom to choose. Despite the considerable additional financial burden imposed on parents, increasing numbers opt for a private school education for their children. When enrollments are declining in public schools generally, why are enrollments increasing in private schools? Presumably because parents have concluded that the advantages outweigh the disadvantages.

As a scientist I would prefer to carry out a proper control experiment to try to obtain a scientifically valid answer to the question: Is a private Mennonite Elementary School advantageous, of value, necessary? All three, but for whom? I presume for the child, the parents, the church, the community. Who would try to identify the appropriate cost benefit factors and try to articulate these by proxy for others? In a totalitarian or regimented society this would not be debated but mercifully in ours each one may try to answer that question for himself.

The economic indices used to calculate the production of goods and services and to determine cost benefit ratios are not the right ones to assess the cost and place of a Mennonite Elementary School. The appropriate and radically different considerations which are germane are found in Scripture: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world" and "it is more blessed to give than to receive" and "Suffer the little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of God."

The support of the school is derived, outside of donations, from tuitions as well as from a grant from the Manitoba Department of Education. Additional financial support from the Mennonite community and friends of the school is necessary. Membership to the Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School Society is possible for an annual fee of \$20. Jacob Penner, principal, can be reached at his office at the school at 26 Columbus Crescent. Telephone 885-1032. mm



An Ill Wind Blows Good 1891

Manitoba Sketches VIII:

by Rhinehart Friesen

Jacob Friesen looked at the mill with singular interest. Finished less than a year ago, it still had an air of clean newness. Four stories high, it was the tallest structure in Gretna. It and its slender smokestack easily topped even Mr. Ogilvie's elevator on the other side of the railway tracks. Perhaps, he thought, he felt the way he did about it because he remembered helping in his father's mill in Russia. He clucked to his horses as they plodded along hauling a load of seed grain for cleaning. They were somewhat wary of entering the covered loading platform alongside this big building which gave off such disconcerting noises and vibrations which they felt through their hoofs. He helped unload the heavy sacks, tied the horses to the hitching rail, and went in search of Miller Peters to pass the time required to put his grain through the fanning mill.

He knew the engine room was out of bounds for visitors but he deliberately disregarded safety regulations, under the pretence of looking for the owner but actually anxious to get a look at the huge steam engine in action. He noticed the heat from the fire-box and

the steam pipes. The combination of odors from stale oil, smoke, and spent steam again took him back to his father's mill many years ago. The sounds of the machinery were music to his ears: the 'whoomph-sigh, whoomph-sigh' as the steam pushed the piston out of the cylinder along its gleaming oily guide channel at intervals of about once per second, the tympanic chatter of opening and closing valves, and the background accompaniment of humming wheels. The heavy flywheel and the huge ten foot connecting rod which stabbed back and forth transferring naked power from the surging piston at one end to the turning wheels at the other, almost mesmerized him. The engineer courteously but firmly escorted him out long before he had satisfied his curiosity and fascination. He found the owner in the main part of the building in an alcove which served as an office.

"Good morning, Friesen, you must be getting ready for seeding."

"Yes, the winter is nearly over. How are things going with you in the milling business?"

The other man's face became se-

The Mill: an early photo of unknown age, origin, and unidentified workmen. It's this mill that is a subject in the story that begins on this page.

rious. "I suppose I might as well tell you because you will soon hear about it from others anyway."

"That sounds as if you're in trouble," said Jacob. "If I can help, tell me. We don't belong to the same church and lately our churches haven't been getting along all too well, but that doesn't mean that you and I have any quarrel."

"I shame me to tell you this, but as I said you must soon find out from others anyway so it might as well be from me. It is my church itself which is causing my trouble."

"Your church? But I thought you were as steadfast a member of the Old Colony Church as anybody could be."

"I thought I was, too. But you know that the Ool Kollnie'a preachers are getting more and more insistent that the

only way you can be a true Mennonite is by farming and living in a village. Surely you have heard of some of our young men who have left home to work in Winnipeg or among non-Mennonites. Some of these have come back after warnings from the Clergy to their parents. Others have been obstinate, refused to admit the error of their ways, and have been banned from the church. Some have even been threatened with being shunned which would mean that they couldn't even come home to their families for visits."

"But I don't understand. I've never heard anything but good about your family."

"It's not my family. I'm the one who has brought the displeasure of my betters upon myself. As you know, this is not the first milling venture my family has been involved in and milling has always been an acceptable occupation. So while I was planning this one I didn't pay much attention when I sensed in a roundabout way that Aeltester Wiebe would prefer it to be built in one of the villages. You see, Gretna has the railway and that presents a mill with all sorts of possibilities. However, it is these possibilities and the greater contact with the outside world that they object to."

"But a mill needs more trade than one village can provide. As you probably know, my father was a miller in Russia. Well, he had enough dealings with the people outside of our Colony that he learned to speak Russian fluently and can still do so. But he was never criticized for those contacts and remained a Mennonite in good standing in spite of them. If Isaac Mueller and the Preachers want to change the rules they should have warned you long ago. Didn't they come to you openly when they found out what you were planning to do?"

"Not while I was planning. To be fair to them, when we started building, General Superintendent Mueller did ask me to attend one of their Thursday meetings. But when I explained that I had already made myself responsible for a great deal

of expense and that I had no intention of letting this in any way interfere with my participation in church affairs or change my way of living, I thought I had brought them around to my way of thinking. However, since it has been finished and started operating I have had to attend several more Thursdays and they've become insistent that I acknowledge the error of my ways."

"Well don't be stubborn; stand up in church, say you are sorry for what you have done, that you didn't realize in time how wrong it was, and that you will be more pious in the future. Then Aeltester Wiebe and Kaiser Mueller will forgive you and everything will be made good again."

"No, it has gone too far for that. They insist the only way for me is to sell the



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mill to some "Englander" or at least move it to a village. And they mean it. In spite of my good standing in the community and many influential friends they are threatening me with the ban. And stealthily they've already been suggesting to those who think like they do that they should take their grain elsewhere. Jacob, I'm a good Mennonite and I can't tolerate the thought of being excommunicated. And if they also declare that I am to be shunned — what good is the mill if nobody is permitted to deal with me?"

"Do you think I could intercede for you?"

"Thank you for your good intentions; but no, that would do no good. I know of several instances where a Bergthaler like you tried to stand up for an Ool Kollnie'a at a Thursday meeting and that really got their backs up." He turned with a gesture of resignation and added, "I don't know of anybody who would want it even if I gave it away and moving it is out of the question. I don't know where to turn. I am completely down."

It embarrassed Jacob to see a grown man become so emotional. He mumbled something meant to be kind and turned to his team and to reload his seed.

After supper and the chores were

done that evening Margaretha approached her husband. "You have nothing to say, Jacob. Did you have some trouble in Gretna today?"

"No trouble for me, Greta, it is those Dommkopp Ool Kollnie'a that make me mad. I don't want you to tell this any further, but they are threatening to ban Miller Peters and maybe even shun him because they built the mill in Gretna."

"What's so wrong with that? It seems like a handy place for many farmers and I heard say they are thinking of sending flour away by railway to sell in Winnipeg."

"Of course! From how it concerns business it couldn't be better. But you know how it is with them; everything is part of their religion. You must live in a certain kind of house in a village layout. You must obey your local leaders and Preachers and have nothing to do with the Government of the country. You must talk Plautdietsch except in church where God's language is High German. You must avoid English because that is the language of the Evil one, and besides English may lead to a higher education and that's sure to give you knowledge that's of no use to you and may lead you to think of things that are best not thought about. You mustn't drive a buggy. You mustn't change your furniture, clothes, or all kinds of customs. Otherwise there is nothing to set you apart from the world and you and your children will go to Hell because your piety depends on not becoming contaminated." Jacob paused, out of breath from his impulsive outburst and more than a little ashamed of himself because this did not conform with his own concept of proper Mennonite decorum and humility. Then in a more subdued tone he added, "Anyway, I feel sorry for Miller Peters. I'm sure he could live in Gretna and resist the temptations he might be exposed to there. Sometimes I think the church leaders are more concerned with their own power and control than they are with the welfare of the people they're disciplining."

"What do they suggest he do with the mill now? It's built and can't be unbuilt."

"They insist that he move it or sell it. He is so discouraged he's almost ready to give it away." Then, after a slight pause he went on, "It will make an unbeatable business opportunity for whoever takes it over."

"But Jacob!" Margaretha responded to his thoughts rather than his actual words. "Can you never be satisfied? In 1874 we gave up our lovely homes in

Russia. In 1881 we moved to Silberfeld from the East Reserve. And now it's 1891 and you again want to leave this nice place we have built up here. And Helena is just a year old; every time you decide to move I am either pregnant or with a baby."

"I haven't said yet!" Jacob interrupted as she seemed to be just getting started. "But I've been thinking all afternoon. As you know, our Jake is going to marry Lizzie Kroeker this summer and Peter may not be far behind with that Unger girl. We have to do something to get them both established. More land isn't easy to get any more. What better way than to buy the mill?"

"But even if he offers it real cheap, what will we use for money? God has been good to us since we started farming here but I know we haven't saved enough to buy flour mills."

"Don't bother yourself with money and things that don't concern women! But if you must know, he wouldn't expect cash money for the whole amount; and if I don't have enough for the whole payment this is a special situation where it wouldn't be too bad to borrow from our friends; your brother Erdman, perhaps." Then as he turned away to indicate the conversation was finished he added, "Don't bother yourself about the money; just help me decide whether you want me to buy it and become a miller in Gretna or whether you want to stay here on the farm."

Margaretha said no more. She knew

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her duty was to obey and follow her husband wherever he went or whatever he decided to do. She also knew there were means of getting her own way. But what did she want him to do? She really didn't know. Certainly it would be exciting and she would be the centre of attention among all the other women if they found out she was moving to town. She would have to think it over. But yes, she could see that Gretna would have its advantages.

On the following Sunday afternoon Jacob watched a wagon turn into their driveway. "Probably somebody coming for Faspas," he thought. What was unusual, though, was that there was a single person on it rather than a whole family; and when he recognized the passenger as Miller Peters he realized that this was no ordinary social call. They knew each other quite well and did business together but socially they moved in different circles because they belonged to different churches. If there was too much socializing between their families it might even lead to intermarriage and that was frowned upon by Bergthaler and Ool Kollnie'a alike.

"Good day, Miller, that's a fine team of horses you have there."

Peters acknowledged the compliment, then came to the point at once. "Jacob, I was at Donnadach (Thursday) again last week and have decided there is no other way for me than to sell the mill."

"Have you really had to give in to them?"

"It's not a matter of giving in to anybody. I'm convinced that it's not God's will that I should do what I've done and so I must undo it. I now realize clearly that the reason I built in Gretna rather than in a village was that I expected to make more money there. I'm sure God doesn't want us to make the gathering of wealth our goal in life. "We read in the Scriptures, 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God'."

"But the Bible also says, 'With God all things are possible'. As an example; I think your family learned about milling from the Niebuhrs in Russia who keep building more and more mills and factories and keep getting richer and richer. They were nevertheless, and I think they still are, models of virtue and philanthropy."

"You may know the Bible better than I do, Jacob, because you were once a teacher. But of this much I am sure: that God has favored the Mennonites by showing them the best way to live. And we have been obeying him for many

generations, namely, living in villages as simple farmers so that we can more easily help each other in brotherly love when trouble comes. And this also I know: that we must be forever on guard against outside influences, and this includes the necessity for our leaders on occasion to cast out those who have sinned and are unrepentant. If I become tainted I must be avoided, otherwise like a rotten apple in a barrel my blackness will spread."

"Don't you hold with any kind of change? Have we not bettered ourselves greatly since coming here by changing to adapt to circumstances different than we were accustomed to in Russia? Don't you remember how we nearly froze and starved those first few years?"

"We've bettered ourselves by hard work and by following the will of God. For my part, I'll more truly continue to better myself by returning to my village than I would by staying in Gretna and making a great deal of money. It's because I wish to continue to live as God has ordained it for us that I must move back. And I hope I will not anger you when I say in all love and charity that I think you did wrong when you built your house separate on your land here rather than staying right in the village of Silberfeld where you lived when you first came from the East Reserve. But that is not nearly as bad as if I now stay in Gretna."

"But what is so wrong with Gretna? To me it seems a pleasant little town with opportunities for all kinds of ac-

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tivities that don't exist on a farm."

"Exactly that is the trouble! Activities that may be all right for the French and Irish Catholics, the German Lutherans, the Jews, and the Englander of whatever church they belong to, and all the other kinds of people who are building the town of Gretna; but not for simple God-fearing Mennonites."

"Do you think you would be so easily led astray? I think you are strong enough for that."

"Perhaps because of my upbringing I would be able to resist the many temptations. But I must also think of my children. How could they, impressionable as children are, live among such a mixture of people without getting ideas from them? And they'd certainly learn English even if I didn't send them to English schools. And once they speak English, what is to stop them from getting various unsuitable kinds of jobs, imitating their neighbors in all kinds of sinful activities like dancing, singing bad music, wearing clothes unbecoming to children of God, and in general becoming disobedient to their parents and elders? Young people are demanding more and more say in choosing marriage partners; can't you see the terrible things that will certainly happen if we allow our children to mingle with outsiders?"

"Surely if you live in a house next to a drunkard unbeliever you don't think you will become like him or your daughter will want to marry him?"

"Jacob, you know I don't mean it would happen all at once like that; but one little thing leads to another little thing and then to bigger things until a child is lost. And if enough children are lost our entire wholesome Mennonite way of life will be lost. Again, I will say I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I've heard that you're sending your children to a school where they teach English part of the time. In all brotherly love I would like you to consider before it is too late, what terrible consequences might come of such a thing."

"I know how strongly you feel about learning English. But I think that if my children learn to read and speak English they will be able to understand the evils of the world better and therefore be more content to follow the teachings and ways of our fathers. Who knows; it's possible that they might even find something good in the ways of others. I agree with you that God has chosen the Mennonites in a very special way; but we're not perfect and should be willing to try to improve."

"Well let it be, Jacob; we cannot

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agree because we both strongly support the stand our own church has taken. And that's probably the way we should continue. Anyway, I didn't come here to quarrel with you or to try to convert you. What I came for was to tell you that I've decided definitely that I must sell the mill to save my soul and I thought you might be able to help me in this matter."

"Yes, I'd be glad to help but I don't see what I can do." Jacob suspected he knew what Mr. Peters had in mind but was shrewd enough to realize that it was to his advantage not to show it.

"Well, I thought you might know somebody who might be interested in buying it." Peters, having more business experience, knew how to play this game even better than Jacob. "You see, I don't like to deal with Englander because you never know how far you can trust them. Among Mennonites it's no use thinking of another Ool Kollnie'a like myself, and that leaves only members of your church as prospects. You know all the Bergthaler, at least in this end of the Colony. I thought you might be able to suggest somebody whom I could approach."

"Offhand I can't think of anybody who might be looking for a mill either here or among my friends in the East Reserve." Jacob was still being coy. "Your best chance might be to approach a family that is already in the milling business."

This opened the way for a more di-

rect approach. "You're one of the few people I know who comes from a milling family. Your father had a mill in Russia; and weren't your family millers in Prussia even before we migrated to Russia? Would you, perhaps, be interested in returning to your family tradition?"

"Oh that would take some serious thought! I would have to discuss that with my boys and also my wife. You know how women are. Margaretha can have ideas of her own. Although she is an obedient wife, sometimes in her obedience she makes things thoroughly unpleasant for a while. For my part I'm quite satisfied here on this farm. If I wanted a mill I could have built one. I'm not an old man yet but neither am I young enough to start all over again without thinking twice. I would need some persuasion to change. Much would depend on the price. I certainly wouldn't think of paying what it cost you to build. And then there is the matter of payment. I've done well on this farm but these buildings weren't cheap and we've had our share of sickness. So even if you offered it to me at a very good price I would have to pay what I could and owe you the rest or borrow from somebody else. I have rarely had to borrow in all my life and I don't like to start now."

"I think you'll be surprised at how low I set the price. The fact is clear — I have to sell. My eternal soul and those

of my children and children's children depend on me going back to the kind of life I was living before. My concern is for you. I hope that if you buy the mill it will not cause you to stray too far from the ways of our fathers." His tone changed. "But as today is Sunday we can't do business today. I just came to see if you were interested. I see that you are, so let's say you will think it over for a few days. If possible I would like to have it all settled before Thursday because otherwise I'll have a rough time again at the next session."

"You don't give me much time. But yes, I will come to the mill on Wednesday. Would you like to come in for coffee or stay for Faspas?" Jacob suddenly realized how inhospitable he had been as throughout the long conversation he hadn't as much as asked his guest to get down from the wagon.

"No thanks, Jacob. I dropped off my wife at some friends where they expect me to join them. I didn't expect to talk to you so long. All I meant to do was mention the subject again. As I said, today's the Lord's day and not one on which to be concerned with worldly things. We'll see each other again on Wednesday."

Jacob watched as the team trotted off the yard. How much better those fine horses would look if hitched to a buggy! He thought with pride and satisfaction of his own little mare, Fan. She could leave any team in her dust, especially if he hitched her to the two wheeled sulky that he used for miscellaneous errands. There were so many things he felt satisfaction about on the farm. He hoped he was making the right decision. Since his first discussion with its owner he had appreciated more and more the advantages of owning the mill. He was convinced it would make him a great deal of money, especially if he considered the very favorable price he now knew he would get it for. But it would also relieve a family situation that threatened to become much worse in the near future. Peter and Jake were showing more than the usual rivalry between brothers. As might be expected under the circumstances, Peter had taken a dislike to Lizzie, Jake's intended bride. Jacob dreaded the time when she would come to live in their house as newlyweds customarily did for a while. If he bought a house in Gretna it would be easy to set up the young couple in their own establishment immediately and the community would accept the arrangement without unpleasant gossip about dissension in the family.

Yes, he would buy the mill. He wanted it very much. mm

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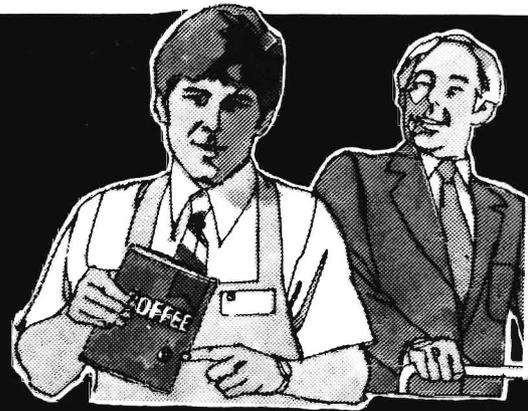
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An excerpt from *Mia: The Story of A Remarkable Woman*
by Mary M. Enns

Escape Across the Amur

Mia and Anna, determined to make their escape without delay, needed only to wait for a moonless night in which to get started. It was late spring. Two men had joined themselves to the girls, to their enormous relief. They were Peter and Abram, sons of a minister and teacher, Mr. Kopper. Kopper was a widower who, with his four sons and one daughter, had come from Turkistan with the plan of eventual escape into China. The other two Kopper boys took their brothers and Mia and Anna by horse and wagon as far as the danger zone, eighteen kilometers from the villages.

The four now found themselves in a valley. Cold blasts of wind swept relentlessly across the Siberian steppes. Dark by now, it was here that they met with their two Chinese guides. They also met two men, Mierau and Unruh, who had just escaped from a Russian concentration camp. They were in pitifully weak condition and had no money. They had spent eleven months in prison because of their earlier attempt to escape from Russia into China. Mia offered to pay their share of money to the Chinese guides.

The girls were filled with apprehension for they knew they were taking a terrible risk. They felt somehow protected by the four men, two of whom were older. Their age and grey hair would be held in respect by the Chinese guides. Wordlessly the march began. With their few possessions in packs on their backs they proceeded through marshes and shoulder-high reeds. When dogs barked nearby all would fall flat on the ground to avoid being detected. When they reached streams in the marshes there was no other way but to go straight through the water. Within a short while they were wet and dirty from stumbling and falling so often into the muddy swamps. This continued from nine until midnight. By now their shoes were in tatters. Bone weary, they were allowed to rest for a short while only.

Finally they reached the border area

which now needed to be crossed. The Amur has small tributaries and the guides made it clear they would have to cross one of these, walking for the first while and then swimming in deeper water, then once again walking the last stretch. Terror filled Mia's heart because she could not swim. By now they were also in a critical time period since the border patrols would be changing and they could much more easily be detected. They looked around for a boat of some kind but found none. What they did find was a discarded raft, about one and a half yards square. Actually it was a makeshift affair with a few planks nailed together crosswise. Hardly a safe conveyance for two people quite unable to swim, for it turned out that besides Mia, one of the guides was a non-swimmer.

Anna, a good swimmer, offered to lead the way into the river. They placed their few bundles onto the raft and agreed that Mia and the non-swimming Chinese would hold fast to the planks while the others in the party would swim, pushing the plank forward as rapidly as possible. All went reasonably well until the Chinese panicked in deep water and crawled onto the plank, thereby tipping it. The bundles fell into the water and were swept away in a moment. Mia lost her hold on the raft and failing to catch onto anyone or anything, began to sink. She shouted: "Anna, come back, take our money, I'm drowning"! (The girls were wearing deep-crowned hats and had placed their money on the top of their heads under the hats.)

Mia was to say later that the fear she had experienced earlier on completely left her now that she was in actual danger of drowning. She found herself calling to Anna, she heard what the others were saying, but all the while she seemed quite apart from it all. She remembered, vividly feeling the power of her parents' prayers. Miraculously there was now no fear of death, neither of any consequences in this highly dangerous

situation. Nor was there any fear of how she would fare standing before her Maker. "Peace and serenity filled my soul;" she said, "only God can give a human being such serenity."

Anna, swimming strongly, had almost reached the opposite shore when she heard her friend's cry for help. She tore off her coat and shoes and attempted to hurl them onto the banks of the river. The distance was too great and her clothing fell into the water and was washed away in the stream. Very quickly she swam back to rescue Mia. The Chinese on the raft had sunk shoulder deep into the waters. Resolutely Anna pulled him off and motioned him and Mia to hold onto the raft once again.

Then she attempted to swim, pushing the raft toward the opposite shore. Exhausted now, for she was under water much of the time, Anna presently heard the older of the Kopper boys call: "I've found ground to stand on." After a two-hour struggle, safety at last on the island in the river. They had lost their possessions, except for their money and the Bible which Anna's father had given to her mother in 1917 and which was hanging, now soaked with water, in a bag around Anna's neck.

Now they had to cross the island, about four miles wide, where a boat was to take them to safety on the Chinese shore of the Amur River. Anna and Mia were now barefooted and extremely weak from their experience in the water. The island was covered with stubble and rough, hard clods of earth. In no time their feet were bleeding. It was high noon when they finally reached the shore and the spot where the boat was to pick them up. But there was no boat in sight so the guide went to investigate. The others sat down to rest, and, said Mia, "With longing we gazed across to the opposite shore, to China, to safety"! They dried their clothes and their money in the sunshine and tried to compose themselves to wait patiently.

The boat and their guide arrived an hour later with guns and two oars. In

mid-stream the guide demanded his money. They paid him and the journey continued. Full of gratitude to God they set foot, at long last, on the Chinese side of the Amur River. Here the Chinese border guards questioned them and then offered to exchange their remaining Russian rubels for Chinese money.

When Mia gave them almost all the money she had left, it was the last she was to see of it, or any Chinese money in exchange. Their possessions were gone, lost in the waters of the mighty "River of Peace," they had no food, and now they had almost no money either.

Loretta Sawatsky of Oak Lake, is beginning a one-year term of service with Mennonite Central Committee in Botswana as a SALT International volunteer. SALT stands for Serve and Learn Together and is a short-term MCC assignment for young people. Loretta holds a B.Ed. in music and English at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. She is a member of Oak Lake Mennonite Church and the daughter of Jake and Rosie Sawatsky of Oak Lake.

Mia's Story in English

A review by Harry Loewen

Readers who still understand and read German will perhaps have read Gerhard Lohrenz's well-written story of Mrs. Maria DeFehr, *Mia*, which appeared a year ago. (See my review in the *Mennonite Mirror*, Feb. 1982, pages 20-21).

Now there is about to appear an English version of Mia's story, written by Mary M. Enns, who is a staff writer for the *Mirror*. The English biography of Maria DeFehr is not a translation of the German book, but an originally written account, which, however, is also based on Mrs. DeFehr's journals.

Aside from the two different languages used in telling the story of this remarkable woman, the English version differs from the German in two ways. First, Mary Enns includes more background material — such as South-Russian geography and Mennonite history — than Gerhard Lohrenz does. Since the English version is intended for younger as well as non-Mennonite readers, whose knowledge of Mennonite history cannot be taken for granted, this additional information will be most helpful. Secondly, the English story includes toward the end the author's interviews with Mrs. DeFehr's children. The children's comments and reflections on their mother add a most human touch to the story. Not only do we see this Christian woman as a pillar of strength wherever she happens to be, but also as a

mother and ordinary woman who was both respected and loved by her children.

Rog Vogt, who has written the foreword to the book, summarizes well Mia's life and the book's story line. He writes: "The Russian Revolution brought to an end the aspirations of more than a century, and the dreams of youth. In one year alone, 1919, nearly one thousand Mennonites were brutally murdered by anarchist bands. Thousands more died of typhoid fever, flu, and starvation. Mia survived. More importantly, her spirit survived, and indeed grew. Her miraculous escape to America through China, well told in this story, enabled her to recast her dreams. Her dreams could be given new shape because she was welcomed and encouraged in America by those of her people who had arrived earlier. For the rest of her life she was nurtured, restrained, and inspired by the faith of her wandering people.

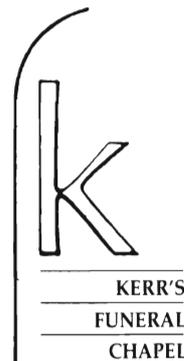
A simple story, told well, about a unique life, lived well."

Elsewhere in this issue of the *Mennonite Mirror* we carry an excerpt from the soon to be published *Mia: The Story of a Remarkable Woman*. Readers of the German and English version of the Mia story will learn much about what it means to be a Mennonite Christian in today's society.



Linda Peters of Niverville is beginning a two-year service assignment with Mennonite Central Committee in Akron, Pennsylvania, where she will serve as secretary in the MCC visitors exchange program department. She is the daughter of George and Katie Peters of Niverville, and is a member of the Niverville Mennonite Church.

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manitoba news



Harry and Lorna R. Froese of Winnipeg, are beginning a three-year term of service with MCC in Nigeria, where he will be teaching. Harry received a B.Ed. in history and recreation at the University of Winnipeg. Prior to beginning their current term of service the Froeses worked at Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute — he as a teacher and she as a secretary and librarian. They are members of Fort Garry Mennonite Brethren Fellowship in Winnipeg.

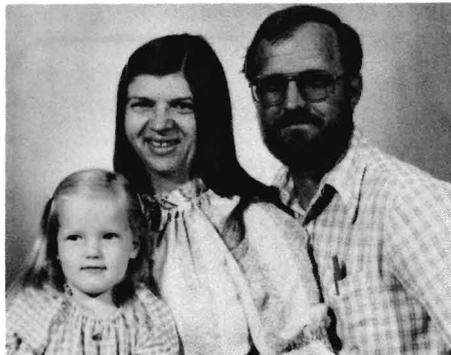


Allan and Edith Reimer of Landmark are beginning a two-year assignment with MCC as youth workers at the Youth Orientation Units (YOU) at Warburg, Alberta. Their parents are Abe and Annie Reimer of Ste. Anne, and William and Patricia Zelma of Ile des Chenes. They are members of the Prairie Grove Chapel.



Paul Enns of Altona has begun a one-year term of voluntary service with the Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions, Salunga, Pa. He will be working in a hospital in Washington, D.C. He is the son of Nick and Trudy Enns, Altona, and a 1979 graduate of the W. C. Miller Collegiate in Altona. He is a member of the Altona Bergthaler Mennonite Church.

Wally and Martha Kroeker recently assumed the pastorate of the Boissevain Mennonite Brethren Church. Kroeker just completed a period of study at the Biblical Seminary in Fresno, Ca.



Arnold and Joanne Hildebrand of The Pas have begun a three-year term of service with MCC in Lesotho where they will be working in education and community development. Arnold received Bachelor of Science and Education degrees at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. He holds a teaching certificate from Manitoba Teachers' College in Winnipeg. Prior to going to Lesotho he was teaching at Margaret Barbour Collegiate in The Pas. Joanne earned her bachelor's degree in French and her certificate in education at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. She has been teaching at Kelsey School Division in The Pas.

Mennonite Mental Health Services to award **scholarships**. Six scholarships for the 1983-84 academic year are available for persons pursuing mental health services studies. The scholarships will amount to between \$500 and \$1,000. To qualify, candidates must be college juniors, seniors or graduate students with a declared major and vocational interest in mental health, developmental disabilities or related fields. They must have at least a C+ grade average and show interest and participation in the church. Applications must be received by March 1, 1983. Write to Carl L. Good, Executive Director, Mennonite Mental Health Services, 21 South 12th St., Akron, Pa. USA, 17501.

Vera Isaak of Winnipeg has completed a study for Mennonite Urban Renewal Program (MURP) in Winnipeg. Isaak, formerly under assignment with MCC in Germany, Bangladesh and Thailand, worked on the study from June to August, and included an examination of existing non-profit housing corporation and the functions of social services within the city. MURP was formed in June 1981. The organization has purchased a 22-unit apartment building in the north end of Winnipeg. MURP consists of persons committed to the improvement of homes for the poor in Winnipeg.

Elfrieda Rempel, Third-year medical student at the University of Manitoba, has been awarded a \$600 scholarship by the Evangelical Medical Missionaries Air Society. This scholarship is to provide transportation to Paraguay, where Elfrieda will participate in a medical study project in that country in spring of 1983. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Rempel of Winnipeg.



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Peter Wiebe, a second-year music student at Brandon University, has been awarded the following prizes and scholarships by the Western Board of Music: a \$100 Manitoba Arts Council for aural musicianship; a \$50 scholarship for music history; a Tredwell book prize and bronze medal for excellence in harmony. Peter is a cello performance major at Brandon University. He has also begun playing with the Regina Symphony, playing in a series of monthly concerts, which began in September. He is the son of George and Esther Wiebe of Winnipeg.

George and Mary Baier of Clearbrook, B.C. will become the pastor couple at the Central Mennonite Brethren Church in Winnipeg. The Baiers, earlier missionaries to Zaire, served since 1975 in Lemgo, West Germany, where George taught at Brake Bible School.

Ray and Dorothy Wieler of Morden are beginning a two-year assignment with MCC as youth workers with YOU at Warburg, Alta. Their parents are Jake and Helen Wieler of Winkler, and Jake and Erica Harder, Minnedosa. They are members of Bethel Bergthaler Church in Winkler.

The Carillon newspaper reports that **Jake Epp**, Provencher MP has made no decision as to whether he will seek the provincial leadership of the Progressive Conservative party following the decision of Sterling Lyon to retire. Epp, who has been reported to be one of the leading candidates to succeed Lyon, said he remains committed to federal politics.

Sally Schroeder, a native of the Rosengard area and later of Steinbach, was honored recently at the Steinbach MB church for her 25 years of service on the mission field. She has a master's degree in communications and works with HCJB radio in Quito, Ecuador, in the German language department. She returned to Quito in late October for another three-year term of service.

Dennis Fast, principal of Niverville Collegiate, is the Manitoba birder champion. The Manitoba record has been 281 individual sightings in one year, with Fast breaking the record when he sighted the rare Gnat-Catcher. Fast is a member of the Manitoba Naturalist Society and also of the special interest committee "Rare Bird Alert".

A well known Winnipeg-based tire distributor and service centre plans to start construction immediately on a major expansion in Steinbach. **Wes Unger** of Winkler, spokesman for Wail Investments, said his company is building a large York tire outlet on Highway 12. Contractor is C. T. Loewen and Sons of Steinbach and completion is scheduled for March, 1983.



Dr. Erich Vogt was presented with an honorary doctorate at the 1982 fall Convocation of the University of Manitoba. Vogt graduated from the U. of M. and Princeton University. He is a nuclear physicist and is currently head of TRI-UMF, a major nuclear research institute in Vancouver. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter A. Vogt of Steinbach.



Irene Neufeld, daughter of Dave and Helen Klassen of Altona, appeared as the goddess Iris in the Shakespearean play *The Tempest* at Stratford, Ontario. Irene graduated from the W. C. Miller Collegiate in 1973, served as a volunteer in Fort Wayne, Indiana, for one year, and graduated from CMBC in 1977. She has studied flute with Albert Horch of Winnipeg and voice with Dorothy Lawson of Winnipeg. In 1981 she graduated with a Bachelor of Music (Honors) and a diploma in opera from Wilfred Laurier University. The year following graduation she taught music theory at Wilfred Laurier. She also earned a voice teaching certificate. Since moving to Ontario, she and her husband John (of Vineland, Ont.) formed a blue grass band called Hybrid. Since March, 1982, Irene has been engaged as a company member of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival. Plans are for televising *The Tempest* early in 1983.

David Suderman has been appointed director of market development by the Canadian Wheat Board. Suderman, a native of Winkler, joined the board in 1970 as director of a new information department.



The September 25th **Manitoba MCC Relief Sale** raised \$70,000 for third world relief and development projects. The auction sale, held at the Morris Stampede Grounds, was attended by an

estimated 5,000 people. Chairman of the relief sale committee, **Syd Reimer** stated that an evaluation meeting will be called within a few weeks to determine if the sale will become an annual event.

The provincial branch has conducted a comprehensive study which predicts that the town of **Steinbach** should experience continued moderate growth for the next 20 years. The population will probably grow by at least 3,000, to approximately 10,000 by the year 2000.

A second language for students in W. C. Miller Collegiate in Altona may be compulsory in the future if Rhineland School trustees follow through on recent discussions. Consensus amongst trustees was that students are not being sufficiently challenged, and that the new German curriculum being introduced in the lower grades will lead to increased competence in the higher grades. The second language to be offered would be German, but plans for French instruction, according to superintendent Edgar Enns, "might be something in Rhineland's future."

Sharon Derksen led the Manitoba Canada Games women's volleyball team to an easy victory at a recent Minot State College invitational tournament in Minot, South Dakota. Sharon slammed 53 kills and served 22 aces as Manitoba won the title. Sharon is a 1982 graduate of Westgate Collegiate and is presently attending the University of Manitoba. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Derksen of Bird's Hill.

Jake Pauls, pastor of the Bethel Mennonite Church, visited the Soviet Union in September as part of a four-man Mennonite World Conference delegation. The purpose of the visit was to extend an official invitation for representatives of the Mennonite and Baptist churches to attend the World Conference Assembly in Strasbourg in 1984.

On September 12 the Whitewater Mennonite Church installed its first pastor, **Henry Harder**. The church has functioned without a steady leader for 11 years.

Henry R. Baerg, former president of Winkler Bible Institute, will become pastor of the Valleyview Bible Church in Kamloops, B.C. He recently resigned as pastor of the Kingwood Bible Church in Oregon.

Frank C. Peters will leave the pastorate of the Portage Avenue MB church after completing a three-year term in April, 1983. Peters plans to return to the Kitchener/Waterloo area to pursue a ministry as an itinerant speaker at Bible and mission conferences.

Medical students **Terry Klassen** and

Murray Krahn of Winnipeg, and **Di-
anne Sawatzky** of Pinawa spent a term in a recent school year in cross-cultural settings sponsored by the Mennonite Medical Association. Klassen and Krahn were in Taiwan, while Sawatzky was in Zambia.

A provisional board has been established to co-ordinate the start of a new **Mennonite College** in Manitoba. Lawyer David Friesen, who has been interested in such a college for some time, was appointed chairman of the board, and Henry W. Redekopp, a Winnipegger businessman, was appointed vice-chairman. A bill providing for establishment of such a college was passed in the Manitoba Legislature in June. Other members of the provisional board are Frank H. Epp of Waterloo (who authored a major study on the feasibility of starting a Mennonite college), and A. J. Thiessen, A. A. DeFehr, Walter Loewen, David Epp and Rev. Gerhard Lohrenz.

The following southern Manitoba newspapers received awards at the Manitoba Community Newspapers Association banquet in Brandon in September: *The Carillon* of Steinbach, receiving among others an award for the best newspaper in its class; *The Pembina Times* which picked up four firsts and a third place award; *The Red River Valley Echo*, two second and two third place awards; and the *Scratching River Post* of Morris with two first, three second and one third place award.

MCC Executive Committee met in Akron, September 16 to 18 and discussion focussed on expansion of MCC operations, reports on overseas programs and current financial, personnel and material resources. MCC has placed a total of 359 workers in service this year, compared to 303 at the same time last year. 229 of these were placed overseas, 85 in North American volunteer

positions and 45 in headquarters and regional offices. Total cash income during the first nine months of fiscal year 1982 was \$9.7 million. Contributions are running behind MCC 1982 budget requirements. In addition to financial contributions, MCC has received and shipped about \$3.4 million worth of donated materials. There was considerable discussion about the ever-increasing numbers of refugees and hungry people who need assistance, and the large stocks of material aid, particularly wheat in the Canadian Food Bank, available. Strong encouragement was given staff to find ways to move food from warehouses to people in need. Manitoba representatives on the board are **Peter H. Peters** and **Larry Kehler**.



Ron and Brenda Loewen of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, will be serving three years with Mennonite Central Committee in Indonesia where Ron will do agriculture extension work and Brenda in nutrition. Prior to this assignment Ron farmed in Rosthern after attending Goshen (Ind.) College. Brenda majored in home economics at Goshen College, the University of Manitoba and the University of Saskatchewan. She did part-time work as a bus driver and was a student and homemaker during the years prior to going to Indonesia with MCC. The Loewens have two children, Tamara and Adam.

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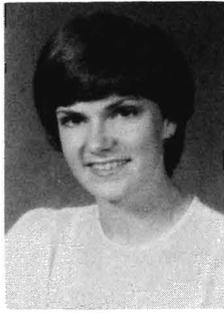
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Shirley Elias

An artist on the way

by Mavis Reimer

She has been called "an outstanding piano performance student" by a professor at the University of Manitoba's School of Music. The events of the past months clearly corroborate that evaluation of Shirley Elias.

In March she competed for the first Lawrence Genser Scholarship, offered by the School of Music and open to all students. On the basis of her half-hour performance, Shirley was advanced to the final round of competition. At this level, students were expected to present a full hour program. Shirley walked away with the \$1,000 performance scholarship.

Later last spring, Shirley entered the

LECTURES ON END TIMES

What has become a welcome event of the fall season was the once again well-attended Mennonite Chair lectures, addressed by Prof. Walter Klaassen of Conrad Grebel College.

His theme was the view of the end times held in the Middle Ages and during the Reformation period. In particular, he considered the eschatology of the various Anabaptist leaders and concluded that there is nothing unique or different about their beliefs about the end time.

After preparing the audience by means of a survey of the medieval thinking on this theme, Klaassen proceeded to divide the Anabaptists into those who saw themselves as actors in the apocalyptic drama and read the books of Daniel and Revelation as literal guidebooks to places and events in the offing — contrasted with those who did not.

All believers of that time felt that the end was near, Klaassen pointed out, and in answer to questions about present beliefs, he indicated that an attitude of readiness is the proper one, but that it is probably wrong to make literal identifications from the apocalyptic literature.

Manitoba Young Artist Series Provincial Auditions. She was chosen to represent Manitoba at an inter-provincial competition. On May 2 in Saskatoon, Shirley Elias was unanimously selected by judges to be honoured as western Canada's youngest artist for 1982. As winner of the competition, she was sponsored in a tour that saw her performing in seventeen cities throughout the four western provinces.

The recital tour has given Shirley a unique opportunity to showcase her talent, but it has also made life rather hectic this fall. The first performance of the tour was a September 19th appearance in Winnipeg. At the time, Shirley was just home from three weeks of studies at the Giovanni Conservatory in Bergamo, Italy. She chose to follow her Winnipeg piano instructor Marek Jablonski to the conservatory for the workshops he offers there each August. She had also just re-entered the University of Manitoba for her fourth and final year as a performance major at the School of Music. With seventeen recitals sandwiched between September 19 and October 15, Shirley admits that so far her classes have given short shrift. There simply has not been time for anything but travelling and performing.

Shirley, daughter of Pete and Erna Elias, grew up in Winkler. It was here that she began piano lessons at the age of six. Later she travelled to Winnipeg to study with Beth Cooil and Joan Passey. Her first year of university training was spent at Brandon University, where Shirley studied with Gordon MacPherson. Since coming to the University of Manitoba, she has worked with Marek Jablonski.

The awards Shirley won last spring were neither her first nor her last awards as a pianist. She entered Brandon University with two major entrance scholarships. In 1981, she was a finalist in the Canadian Music Competition and in 1982, a winner at the Manitoba Festival. Shirley was also just awarded the Snojlang Sigurdson Memorial Scholarship at the University of Manitoba.

Shirley expects that her future will hold graduate studies in piano. For the moment, however, she is looking forward to resuming her normal routine as a student. After her final performance of the Young Artist Series tour in Flin Flon on October 15, there will be only classes to attend and five hours of daily practise to schedule. Of course, there are the appearances as guest entertainer at the MEDA convention in November to plan for. And, oh yes, her graduate recital in spring is not too far off. . . mm



Afraid of Growing Old?

A review by Victor Kliever

Do you think that intelligence declines with age? Do you believe that "an old dog can't learn new tricks"? If you agree with either statement then you have fallen prey to some of the current myths about aging, writes Tilman Smith in his stimulating book *In Favor of Growing Older*.

In 12 chapters Smith probes major areas of concern to persons reaching the end of middle age and heading toward retirement: physical health, mental ability, sexuality, finances, retirement careers, living accommodations, facing illness and death, among others. Each chapter examines current trends, analyses social attitudes, challenges misconceptions, and explores creative options for a healthier and more fulfilled life. Numerous quotations and statistical tidbits provide food for thought and add spice to the text. Who could help but be intrigued by such one-liners as "Most of us want to live a long time but we don't want to grow old" or "Most recent scientific observations indicate that each person has an inborn potential to live past 100 years . . ."

Smith's basic assumption is that aging and maturation take place on a continuum throughout all of life. There are various crisis points which affect different people differently (e.g. illness or death in the family, transition from full time earning job to retirement), but basically life is full of rich potential at all levels. The myth that "to age = to become senile" is rejected: statistics indicate that only a very small percentage of the 25,000,000 persons over 65 years of age in the United States could be considered "senile"; and less than five per cent of those over 65 years are residents of nursing homes at any given time.

Having rejected the negative considerations often associated with old age, Smith presents a wealth of positive options, in terms of attitudes as well as specific activities. He recommends healthy living (seven rules for sleeping, eating and exercising), learning to ac-

cept your physical and mental limitations, keeping a sense of humor, and staying flexible to be able to meet new situations in a creative way. A basic ingredient of the fulfilled life is a purpose for living. To Smith the Christian faith provides the basic structure, but then many more specific purposes can be added: learning new hobbies and skills, getting involved in church or community, finding satisfaction in retirement careers. A major factor in happy retirement years is having planned ahead. To develop satisfying personal routines, to keep physically fit, to budget one's finances — wholesome living and careful planning for the future begin much earlier than at retirement.

With this, the book addresses not only retired people but also persons for whom retirement may be quite remote at the present. It thus has several potential groups of readers in mind. Not the least of its possible uses is as resource book for study groups, as the many "discussion starters" in each chapter indicate. Specifically, groups in the church are challenged to get involved in the whole topic of gerontology with a renewed vision.

The book is an attractively laid out paperback, the style is easy to read and contains much helpful — and sometimes provocative — medical and sociological information. Whereas the individual reader may find the numerous quotes distracting and there is some looseness in the organization, the book should be especially helpful to study groups and persons looking for specific suggestions as they approach their own old age. Four appendices and a bibliography are further aids. As is pointed out in the introduction, the author himself is well qualified for the subject in a unique way, in that he brings to it 78 years of experience, research, wisdom, and personal understanding of the subject of aging; for the past decade he was active as director of studies and programs for the aging for the Mennonite Church.

Chapter 12 "Wisdom to Live By" concludes the book with a number of practical suggestions. One thought we are left with is the following: "Where do you want to be in 20, or 30, or 40 years? If you plan earlier, old age is apt to come later." A good question for everyone to ponder!

Tilman R. Smith, In Favor of Growing Older: Guidelines and Practical Suggestions for Planning Your Retirement Career. Scottsdale, PA and Kitchener, Ont. Herald Press, 1981, 200 pp).

Russlandtourismus der Mennoniten

von Victor G. Doerksen

Die neuesten Berichte über diesjährige Russlandreisen liegen schon vor. Das Geschäft scheint sich gut eingespielt zu haben: die Sowjets brauchen und wollen die harten Valuta und der Mennonit hat ja Grund genug, die alte Heimat wieder aufzusuchen. Man war anfangs vielleicht dankbar, überhaupt dorthin reisen zu können, und hat nicht viel nach Komfort gefragt. Neuerdings will man für das gute Geld auch einen angenehmen Aufenthalt genießen, was bei den heutigen Verhältnissen noch lange nicht selbstverständlich ist. Das heisst, man hat in der Branche schon viel verbessert, aber, abgesehen von den von Schweden oder Franzosen gebauten Hotels, muss man sich nach wie vor mit weniger guten Verhältnissen abfinden. Man hört demzufolge öfters Kritik über die Unzulänglichkeiten der Russlandreisen.

Nach meinem Dafürhalten, sollte man als Mennonit eine Russlandreise mit keiner anderen vergleichen. In einem gewissen Sinne sollte es völlig einerlei sein, ob das Wetter schön ist



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oder nicht, ob die Hotels tatsächlich als erstklassig gelten könnten (oder ob die Wanzen den Nachtgast in Atem halten), auch, ob das Essen als mittelmässig, besser oder schlechter einzustufen wäre. Man sieht Städte und Dörfer, schöne und hässliche Landschaften, Grossart und Kleinlichkeit. Alles dies kann man — als Mennonit — einiger-massen gelassen hinnehmen.

Worauf es ankommt: das ist die Russisch-Mennonitische Welt — wie sie war und wie sie ist. Neuerdings stehen beide dem Mennoniten aus Amerika offen. Er darf sich in der Ukraine umsehen — allzuoft nur vom Bus aus oder in einer Zweiminutenpause. Aber man kann hin! Hat man Glück, und liegen die Verhältnisse günstig, so kann man ab und zu mit älteren Leuten die Vergangenheit befragen und die alten Stätten mit dem Gesicht der Geschichte sehen. Hinter der lässig daliegenden Gegenwart erblickt man die saubere Ordnung der Vergangenheit. Aber das sind seltene Momente, die von der Touristik von heute nicht gefördert werden: sie müssen leider sozusagen gestohlen werden, manchmal mit unerfreulichen Folgen.

Ein solches Erlebnis will ich kurz erwähnen. Mit einem Freund suchte ich abends das Dorf Schönwiese (in Zaporozhye) auf, um die schön erhaltenen Häuser und Zäune photographisch festzuhalten. Am Abend vorher waren wir von den Einheimischen freundlich empfangen worden, und waren mit einer Kinderschar hinterher durch die Gegend gezogen. Jetzt spürte man eine andere Atmosphäre, als wir mit Photoapparate dieselben

Häuser visierten. Kaum hatte ich zwei vorläufige Aufnahmen gemacht als schon zwei Polizisten angelaufen kamen und uns in die naheliegende Wache nötigten. Schon einmal hatte ich einen unentwickelten Film abgeben müssen und nun verteidigten wir unser Verhalten und hielten durch, bis wir — nach vielem telephonischen Hin und her — auf freien Fuss gesetzt wurden. Danach machten wir dort keine Bilder mehr.

Warum ist es eigentlich — muss man sich fragen — dass man als Tourist bei der Besichtigung der alten Dörfer so gehindert wird? Warum sollte man nicht in aller Ruhe in Chortiza oder Halbstadt spazieren können? Es sollte den Intouristleuten doch einleuchten, dass man durch ein paar Veränderungen viel guten Willen erreichen könnte. Unser Besuch in der alten Kolonie wurde z.B. von einem eingeschobenen Besuch eines Sanatoriums grossenteils verhindert und unser "ganztägiger" Ausflug in die Mollotschna von einem an sich sehr interessanten Besuch einer Kommune stark verkürzt.

Doch wir haben nicht das Sagen und müssen uns das gefallen lassen. Hauptsache, man kommt hin, man hat es gesehen! Besser als nichts immerhin. Für viele ist der Besuch in Kasachstan, bei den Mennoniten von heute, der eigentliche Zweck der Reise. Und da kommt man besser auf seine Kosten, wenn ich so sagen darf. Mit dem Verwandtenbesuch geht man zur Zeit sehr flexibel um und man hat Grund, dankbar zu sein. Überhaupt ist das keine so leichte Frage, wieso wir da als

Touristen, wohlgermt, so viel erwarten. Denn ohne Besuchervisum steht uns die Welt der Verwandten und Bekannten nicht so ohne weiteres offen. Man ist dann oft unzufrieden, dass man nicht in ein Dorf ausserhalb durfte, wo es z.B. eine Mennonitengemeinde gibt oder das Haus eines Verwandten. Aber man weiss ja als Tourist, dass man nicht aus den Intouriststädten heraus darf, ohne Sondererlaubnis. Also, warum nicht gleichzeitig ein Besuchervisum beantragen und mit beiden Visen in der Tasche reisen?

Wenn der Mennonitentourist die zwei Bereiche besucht hat, wo wir in der Geschichte waren und wo wir heute sind, dann bleibt für die Grossstädte, für das eigentliche touristische Russland, nicht allzuviel übrig. Auch hier wollen wir nur das Altertum beschauen, die vielen goldenen Türme und die Herrlichkeit, die aus der Zeit der Tsarenherrschaft stammt. Schlechte Touristen sind wir, wenn es gilt die Errungenschaften des wissenschaftlichen Sozialismus zu bewundern.

Überhaupt ist es eine sonderbare Angelegenheit, dieses Geschäft mit der UdSSR, aber gar nicht zu verwerfen. Denn es ist sehr viel darin, sowohl für sie als für uns. Und es ist meine Meinung, dass wir uns in diesem Geschäft etwas günstiger einrichten könnten. Wenn schon der heikle Teil der Verwandtenbesuche einiger-massen gut abläuft und sich vielleicht noch aufbessert, dann kann man sicher etwas unternehmen, um den historischen Teil auch etwas mehr zu seinem Recht kommen zu lassen. Das wäre beiderseits ein gutes Geschäft. mm

by Wilhelm Busch

Translated from the German by Jack Thiessen

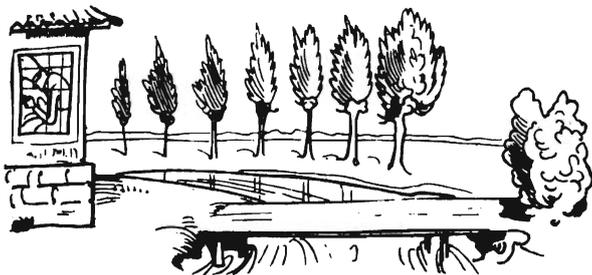
Max und Moritz 3:

Dredda Schowanack

Jieda enn dem Darp ahm Kjannd
Eenen Maun, dee Bötj sich nannd. —



— Auldachsratj enn Sinnachsweestje,
Lange Betjse, straume Scheestje,
Uck Poltoos enn uck Gemausche,
Waste mett dee feinste Tausche. —
Aule disse Kjleedarie
Neiht dee Bötj sou schmock enn nie.
— Ooda gauf daut waut tou fletje,
Auftooschniede, auntoostetje,
Ooda wann dee Kjneep loos weare,
Hinje, unje, ooda fääre,
Wea däm Schnieda Bötj eendoont,
Hee sad aules schwind emm staunt. —
Dromm soo haud uck Maun enn Kjind,
Schnieda Bötj toom gooden Frind. —
— Oba Max enn Moritz dochte
Woo see ahm vom Jletj aufbrochte. —
Ver'em Hus bie dissem Oom
Rannd een rietend, breeda Stroom.



West du äwa, han enn tridj,
Motst du doa woll ä're Bridj.



Max enn Moritz, ohne Ploag,
Nehme sich nu eene Soag.
Habe daut uck fuats nu spets
Enn'e Bridj ess boold 'ne Rets!

Affens haude see ferejcht
Dann moake see uck aul Jeschrech:



“Komm mol rut, du Kosebötj!
Schnieda, Schnieda, metj, metj, metj!!”
Bötj, dee kunn aul fäl vedroage,
Nuscht nich jintj ahm unj'ren Kroage.
Oba nu bie disse Posse
Musst hee sich doch seea bosse. —



Mett dem Stock nu enn'e Haund
Sprinjt hee opp fon hinj're Waund,
Enn hee kjrijcht noch mol een Schock
Aus hee head, “Hä Kosebock!”



Enn nu ess hee opp dee Bole,
Dee bräatje twei ahm unj're Sohle;

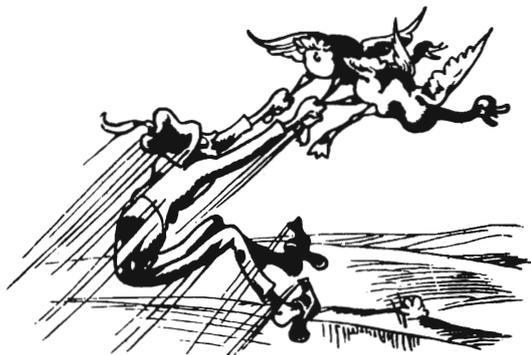


"Kosebock!" — see roopte wada,
Plumps, nu ess dee Schnieda nada!

Jrods aus ditt nu wea pesseat
Enn dee Bötj sich soo vefeat,



Schwomme Janstjes opp daut Wota,
Aun'e Feet nu schwind ahn foat'a.



Krijicht dee Bötj dee enn'e Haund
Foats ess hee nu opp'em Laund!



Bötj, daut kjenn jie junt woll dentje,
Schwind noh Hus dee Schräd deed lentje; —



Enn aum Enj von dee Jeschicht
Hee noch Buckweedoag nu krijicht!



Doch dee Bötjsche ess ahm goot
Enn rad ahm fon däm seichren Doot,
Prasse deed see ahm dee Kjnäp
Mett dee Haund aum lesajräp. —



Boold emm Darp heat eena Wunda:
Schnieda Bötj ess koasch enn munta!
Ditt wea dee dredda Schowanack,
Dee feada hol wie ut'em Sack!

Menno Simons University: Ends and Means

The Canadian Mennonite public must be more than a little puzzled by the announcements, first of a charter granted for a new liberal arts college and more lately of the formation of a board of directors for the same college, which has been unofficially dubbed Menno Simons University. At a time when educational institutions across North America are suffering from an acute shortage of funds, the notion of an entirely new institution, well and privately endowed, has some of the characteristics of a desert mirage and the viewer may well ask himself whether his eyes are playing tricks on him.

One of the reasons for a sense of mystification may be that, although the idea has been in evidence for several years, there has been little public discussion of the matter.

True, there have been meetings among various of the interested parties. The "Friends of Higher Learning", as the potential patrons of the college have come to be known, have met with several groups of academics and have approached the Mennonite conferences. But the idea has not taken on any concrete shape in the public mind and this is where much of the problem lies. In order for a constituency to get behind a project and offer the kind of support which is necessary in the long run, it must see the nature of the problem and the kind of solution that is being proposed.

The idea of a liberal arts college in itself does not fulfill this requirement. Are there not plenty of these, of every color and stripe? Is it not even possible that some of these will be closed down in the next several decades as training for the high-tech society of tomorrow proceeds apace? If this is nonetheless an idea whose time has come, then what is the thinking behind it?

Since the college idea surfaced, a great many suggestions about its nature and mission have been brought forward. A large, but informal group of Winnipeg academics for a short time worked very hard to put Anabaptist-Mennonite bone, sinew and muscle together, idealistically trying to match expertise in various disciplines with the kinds of needs to which the MCC and the brotherhood as a whole would be in a position to respond. These plans looked very exciting, but never took on the appearance of a traditional liberal arts college. Not much has been heard of them lately, although these ideas were appended to the feasibility report prepared recently by Frank H. Epp for the "Friends of Higher Learning".

Instead, a private member's bill has been passed in the Manitoba legislature, chartering a separate degree-granting institution, a move of which almost no one was aware until it was a fait accompli. Not only was the constituency uninformed, but the existing institutions, including the state universities, found themselves confronted with a new legal reality that no one could or would describe to anyone's satisfaction.

What would happen to the Mennonite colleges? What about the future of the Mennonite Chair at the University of Winnipeg? Would another college be added to the multiver-

sity of Manitoba or would the extensive campus of CMBC serve as a base? Or did the MLA, Russell Doern, think that a new edifice would rise in his constituency of Elmwood, the home ground of MBBC?

At this stage there are many questions and few answers.

Of course, the idea of enhancing the educational offerings is always a good one, but much, perhaps everything, depends on how this is done. Indeed, one should consider the possibility that even a good idea, wrongly advanced, can do a great deal of harm.

Already steps have been taken which appear to be at odds with probable desired goals. For example, neither model proposed by the CMBC brief to the CMC task force favors a separate degree-granting institution in a province where three universities are considered a crowd. This, however, is what the charter foresees, and it is probably correct to surmise that the contents of the charter reflect the assumptions of its authors.

What should be our attitude in such a situation and what should or can we do about it?

We believe that serious discussion by all interested parties is urgently needed. Several university administrators have approached Mennonite academics, asking: What is going on? What is the intention and what will the consequences be? In several cases, these otherwise well-informed persons didn't know what to say.

It would appear somewhat rash to proceed to legal and fiscal arrangements for a college or university which has yet to be designed or described. Can it be true, as some say, that the model is the U.S. Mennonite college of a hundred years ago? Is Menno Simons to be another Bethel or Tabor? Surely we realize that such a romantic goal is not applicable today. And if it is not the traditional denominational college that is meant, then what indeed are the characteristics and distinctive features which have prompted this action?

Are the promoters considering the excellent suggestions about concentration in areas of Mennonite expertise and mission (conflict resolution, third world development, etc.) and has anyone considered how much or how little these kinds of specialized research, scholarship and teaching might have to do with the traditional liberal arts college?

Surely the Mennonite colleges presently operating, and probably serving their purposes more effectively now than ever in their precarious lifetimes, are the places where additional resources should be spent for greatest return. Surely the Mennonite Chair, which has established itself from square one in a short time, due to hard work, stewardship and leadership, has earned whatever support is available.

If there is a new idea for a separate, degree granting institution, a vision for a Menno Simons University, it will have to be very good indeed to have general support while it does an end run around all our present schools or incorporates all or some of them. Is it asking too much to want to know more about this vision?

— Victor G. Doerksen

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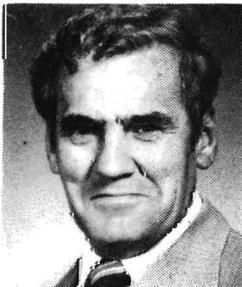
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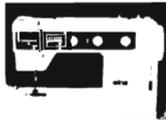
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