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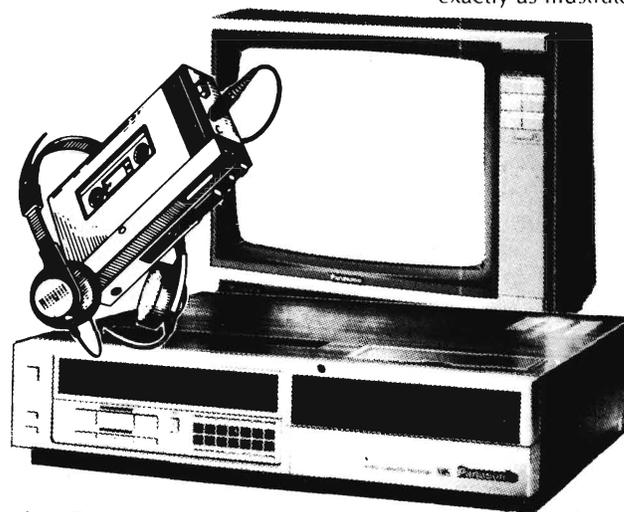
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Karin Redekopp Edwards

An enthusiasm for music that burns strongly in performance and teaching

"I came across this prejudice recently at one of my concerts. Someone who was listening to a tape of my performance asked who the powerful pianist was, and yet the reviewer who had seen my performance said that like most women pianists, I was not a powerful string-snapping performer. The visual part of the performance is extremely important and yet the critics can be very biased by what they see, rather than listening to the music."

Karin Redekopp Edwards makes this observation while sipping her herbal tea. I notice that the hands holding the mug are small, somehow characteristic of her neat and simple attire, including a pink scarf tied carefully around her neck. Although critics have described her as an artist who is "slender and

willowy" at the piano, this description creates a false image of her enthusiasm and spirit when she talks about music. "I rarely read the reviews," she says, "although they can be very useful. I feel that the critic is given too much power. Two critics may hear the same concert and have two varying opinions about the quality of that performer, so one has to admit that the critic is not the ultimate consensus on your performance."

In 1971, the *Mirror* published an article on Karin, but since then many changes have occurred in her life. After completing her Bachelor of Music degree at the University of Manitoba,

by Kerstin Roger

and winning the university gold medal for highest academic standing in the graduating class, she continued to study at Indiana University, where she received her master's degree, again with highest distinction. In 1983 she completed her doctorate. She is currently a faculty member of Carroll College in Wisconsin and the pianist for the Wisconsin Conservatory Symphony Chorus.

While studying piano with Abbey Simon in the United States, she met Mark Edwards, a fellow pianist. After "quite a romantic courtship" they married and are presently living in an apartment block in which several other musicians also live. Only another musician would allow the beautiful sounds of Edward's pipe organ to vibrate

through his apartment. "The pipe organ is ten by twelve and the room it's in is only eleven by thirteen!" Karin chuckles; "it takes a musician to accept that!" Mark and Karin have done a lot of performing together as a duo piano team. Recently they performed Bach's *Mass in B minor* with Karin playing harpsichord and her husband playing the organ. "The chorus thought that it was so exciting for us to be on stage together, they called us Mr. and Mrs. Continuo. They are so supportive, it is really wonderful." Though performing in itself would be enough for many musicians, Karin also accompanies, teaches, performs in ensembles, and does the occasional solo performance with orchestras throughout America. "Some people specialize, but I tend to spread myself too thin. I love the variety and there are always new things to learn."

Her favorite piece and performance is usually her most recent one, in this case the Beethoven *Concerto #4*, performed with the Concord Chamber Orchestra on May 13. "Here Beethoven must have seen a bit of heaven," she enthuses. Her performance itself was described as having all the "lyrical beauty, drama, and technical fire" that Beethoven must have felt when he wrote it. In another performance she was described as "Alice of a musical Wonderland," a term that she particularly liked because it described a musical magic manifested in her playing.

What makes or breaks a musician's decision to become a concert artist is the ability to create magic on stage. The artist must be able to connect the audience to her music with a sparkling silver thread which is as delicate as that of the spider. A performer may play her best performances away from the audience, only to lose the intensity before an audience. Determination and confidence must pull a musician through the hard times as well as the rough competition. In a career that can be strenuous Karin has discovered that you have to "love music so much that this love will sustain you through those hard times. There will be moments when no matter how much you love music, you do not want to sit down and practice. There are a lot of psychological ups and downs so there has to be that personal satisfaction coming out of the music itself." Though Karin admits that pianists are a dime a dozen, and competition is tough, there are no signs of fatigue or frustration in her joy for music.

Karin has discovered that there are ways to jump the hurdle of stage fright

and lack of confidence. She attempts to communicate this to her students also. Sometimes weeks before a performance Karin starts a "positive reinforcement" program. She asks students to write down positive statements such as, "I know this piece, mistakes will not throw me, I can perform at my best," and in the following weeks they are to read these statements to themselves. "This practice can easily be misunderstood as egocentric," Karin muses, "but it is merely working with the subconscious part of the performer that tries to convince him that he cannot perform properly. It isn't egocentric, it is creating a confident base within the performer. Instead of thinking positively minutes before the performance you have to prepare yourself ahead of time. Something within you doubts your capability to perform and when you feel confident about your performance, then this confidence is mirrored in your performance."

When asked which famous pianist they prefer, most pianists will inevitably say "Rubinstein and Horowitz." Karin is no exception, although she also mentioned Shura Cherkassky, a 75-year-old pianist, whom she heard in the States and who to her made more musical sense than many pianists of the day.

"Basically we are losing that rich golden tone that stems from the Rubinstein era. The emphasis then was on compassion, not on technique — touch the heart first and the rest will follow. A performance had to be emotionally as well as technically and intellectually satisfying, but now technique has become the overriding factor. Perhaps it is necessary to rely so heavily on technique because the competition is so fierce and technique makes it possible to measure the quality of a performer on a number scale. Good technique is definitely easier to rate than a musical performance where taste becomes the ultimate criterion. Yet how does one evaluate different opinions?" At the same time Karin points out that technique remains the only tool through which a musician is able to express the deeper sense of the music. When Karin played the Beethoven *Concerto #4* she was described as a "complete musician." This is a term she values highly because it encompasses all of the above characteristics of a concert.

How does one go about balancing all these factors and arriving at a level where they blend into a winning performance? Many years of hard practice and an upbringing in music seem to be Karin's answer. It was her parents who

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provided this basic understanding in music and she feels very thankful for their influence. "My mother is a violinist and whenever she tuned her violin she used the tuning fork and through that A ringing I was able to develop perfect pitch. I remember once when I was still very young, my mother was singing to me and she sang a wrong note. It jarred me and I leapt up, 'That's wrong! That's wrong!'"

"I started taking piano lessons with a babysitter down the street when I was four." A grin spreads over Karin's face. "The only thing I really remember her teaching me was how to wink with one eye! but this was also when I realized that the sounds I had been trying out on the piano could be written down, and this is extremely important for a child. To learn to hear the music first and then to see its relation on paper. I learned about many things at an early age, often in game, before I realized how hard they were." For example her father's challenge: How often could she play her piece through perfectly before he finished shaving?

Though their lives were saturated with music, Karin's parents never assumed their children should go into music. It had to be their decision. "I was studying to become a school teacher, like my father — he was always my hero — but I was still studying piano. One day my piano teacher sat me down and said,

'Karin, if you want to be a school teacher, you can't be a real pianist.' It was so traumatic, I went home and cried and cried, because I realized that I had to decide on one or the other. Now I am teaching as well as performing." Teaching takes a lot of time, but Karin is hoping to do more performing, including a performance in Winnipeg in October.

"People in general don't see how much preparation goes into one concert — the phone calls and organization. It is the aggressive people who get the most work, and this has always been a big struggle for me, having grown up in a Mennonite home. You have to justify to yourself from time to time: why you aren't doing missionary work in Africa and try to explain some of the attitudes of the performing world. I have come to the realization that I can help a lot of people right here in Wisconsin, and through my work, I am contributing to the world. I get into deep and often personal conversations with my students and colleagues where we work out problems and ideas. And this is a great feeling! Also, through my performing there is a strong source of communication between the music itself and each person in the audience. In this way, what I believe speaks through the music itself."

mm

RECITAL

Karin Redekopp Edwards will give a piano recital in the alumni series of the University of Manitoba School of Music in Eva Clare Hall on the Fort Garry campus at 3 p.m. Sunday, October 6.

The program includes music by Scarlatti, Bach, Haydn, Schumann and Eckhardt-Gramatte.

Three days earlier on Thursday, October 3, she will give a recital in the Winkler MB Church at 8:00 p.m.

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Patrick Friesen's Shunning becomes basis for bold drama

by Mavis Reimer

Opening the 1985–86 season of Winnipeg's Prairie Theatre Exchange is Patrick Friesen's stage adaptation of his dramatic poem, *The Shunning*. Friesen, a Winnipeg writer born and raised in Steinbach, has published four volumes of poetry: *the lands i am* (1976), *blue-bottle* (1978), *The Shunning* (1980), and *Unearthly Horses* (1984). At present, he is working on his first novel.

The story of *The Shunning*, as told in the play, centers on a young Mennonite farmer's search to discover and define the nature of God and the world. His search brings him into conflict with his church, with the result that he is excommunicated. The shunning and Peter's eventual suicide are the two major incidents on which the stage version turns.

The Shunning is a project that has been in the works for several years. PTE artistic director Kim McCaw remembers being given a copy of the book by David Carr of Turnstone Press shortly after its publication in 1980. Recently arrived from Saskatchewan, McCaw was eager to acquaint himself with Manitoba artists. At first reading, he found himself gripped by Friesen's story and intrigued by the theatrical possibilities of the poem.

When he was first approached about adapting the poem for the stage in 1981, Friesen was unenthusiastic. "I felt I had worked that through my system. I didn't

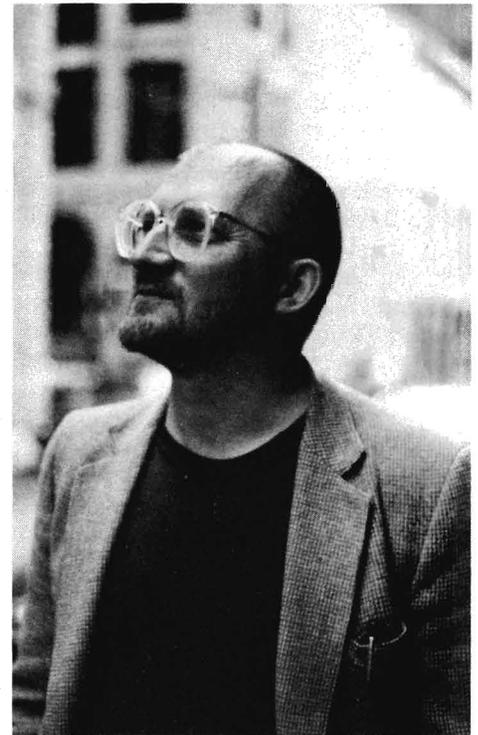
want to re-work it." But by 1984, he found himself more amenable to PTE's advances. "Five years after having written the original version, I found I could approach the project with considerable objectivity. I resisted the urge to change too much, but on the other hand, I took off on some characters, while dropping others entirely."

The major hurdle in writing the adaptation of the poem, Friesen found, was to decide on the tone and technique he would use. "I had two choices, basically. I could write a fairly realistic play, with conventional dialogue between characters, or I could retain the poetry and write a poetic drama." Having written one scene in each of the two styles, he asked for reactions from PTE dramaturge, Per Brask. "My instinct was to go with the poetry," says Friesen. Brask agreed.

The result is something Friesen calls "a language play," a combination of dialogue and monologue that Friesen hopes will accommodate both the rhythms of Mennonite speech and the poetry of the characters' interior lives.

The final look of the play in production, however, is not in Friesen's hands, but in director Kim McCaw's. "I've made suggestions on technical details such as sound effects, lighting, costumes," says Friesen, "but there are any number of practical considerations from size of budget to size of theatre facing the director."

Will a Mennonite's play about Mennonites appeal to a wide audience?

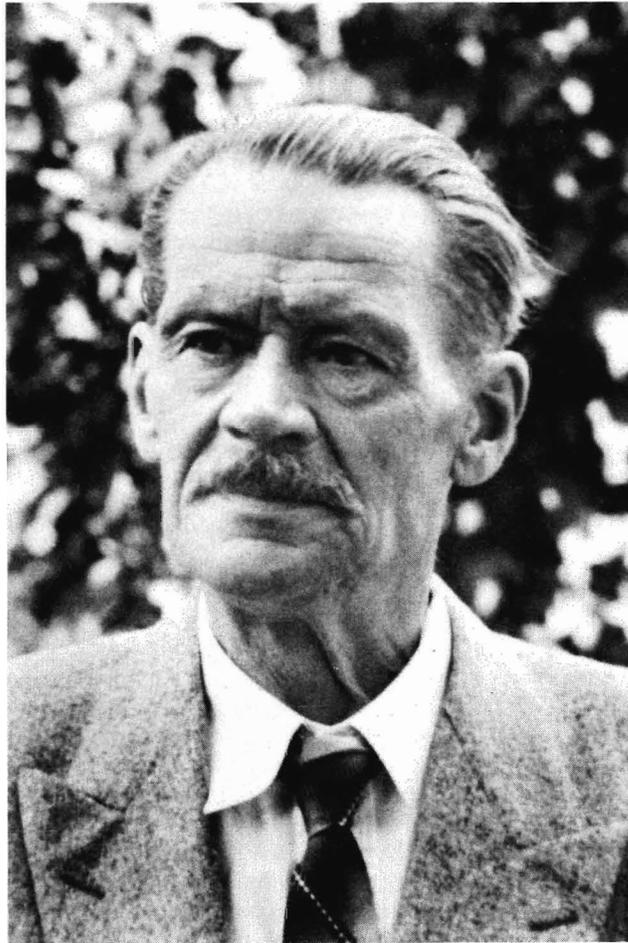


PTE's past experience suggests that it will. Ted Galay's one-act plays about the Ukrainian Canadian community produced last season proved popular with PTE audiences, points out Ann Atkey, public relations director for the theatre. "Our mandate is to reflect what Manitoba people are and our audience is responding to our attempts to do that."

Atkey does expect, however, that a play such as Friesen's *The Shunning* will prompt audience reactions on at least two different levels. "Mennonites in the audience obviously will have many experiences in common with the characters. But there are universal elements in the play to which any member of the theatre audience can respond. There are individuals everywhere who challenge the normal ways of doing things. Much drama is about the conflict between different approaches to life."

Friesen agrees. "I'm hoping Mennonites in the audience will treat *The Shunning* as serious drama and not get all knotted up about the Mennonite aspects. The play is not a diatribe against Mennonitism. I think it is a sign of strength to admit and contain questioning."

***The Shunning* will be showing at the Prairie Theatre Exchange at 160 Princess Street beginning October 10 and running until November 1. A proposed tour to Steinbach and Altona prior to the Winnipeg opening is presently being considered. For more details, contact PTE at 942-7291. mm**



J. P. Claszen

Few agreed with him, but J. P. Claszen had strong views of what qualifies as a good hymn

For those interested in Mennonite history and able to read German, there is nothing quite so fascinating as a day or two spent reading back issues of *Der Bote* from the years 1925-40. Originally known as *Der Immigranten Bote*, the newspaper attempted to meet the needs of the Russlaender Mennonites who were trying to get established in Canada after their escape from Russia. Its pages became an open forum in which the problems faced by the immigrants, as well as the issues of the day, were vigorously and sometimes heatedly debated. One person who took an active part in these debates, while at the same time expanding their scope considerably, was a man named Johann Peter Claszen.

J. P. Claszen was born in August, 1891 in southern Russia. He attended the Central School in Nikolaipol, where he

by Wesley Berg

trained to be a teacher. He then became one of the *Kjiedels fonn de Forstei*, spending a total of eight years there and in the medical service of the Russian army during the war. The difficult times of the Bolshevik Revolution and the ensuing civil war had a profound effect on him, as it did on all who experienced them, and it was with relief and gratitude that he came to Canada in 1923, bringing with him a Russian wife.

Mennonite immigrants of the 1920s were expected to settle in rural areas as farmers, and Claszen's first letters to *Der Bote* came from Flowing Well, Saskatchewan, where he was waiting for news about land. Between 1924 and the end of 1926 he tried his hand at farming at several places, each time unsuccessfully. The final attempt occurred

near Brunkild, Manitoba, on a farm he had purchased with three other families. He was forced to leave when his partners abandoned the place in late 1926. His letters during these years deal with tribulations of rural settlement, naturally, but the overwhelming tragedy that had overtaken the Mennonites of Russia was also a vivid memory and constant theme.

Wir waren reich und angesehen — und dann arm und geachtet; wir waren gebildet und wurden geehrt — und dann unwissend und gehaszt; wir waren gesammelt und nun zerstreut; wir waren gegliedert — jetzt aufgeloeset; es wehte eine schoene Harmonie durch unser Leben, — und gegenwaertig zereisst eine haessliche Disharmonie unser innerlichen Dasein. Aber ein suesses Trost ist uns geblieben: wenn wir uns in

Geduld und Beharrlichkeit fassen, so werden wir mit Gottes Hilfe wieder reichlich empfangen und erkaempfen.

In 1927 J. P. Claszen brought his wife and son to Winnipeg, where he became a carpenter and cabinet maker. Work was difficult to come by — it was not until 1939 and the coming of wartime prosperity that he was finally able to own his own house — but this did not prevent him from throwing himself into the pursuit of a new interest that would occupy his spare hours for the next 45 years. Having joined First Mennonite Church, then part of the Schoenwieser Gemeinde, in which his uncle, also called J. P. Claszen, was an elder, he developed a passion for hymnody that led to the publication of several hymnbooks for the use of the new immigrants. His *Liederborn* of 1932 and *Choralbuch* of 1935, both commissioned by the ministers conference of Manitoba, were very useful to immigrant choirs whose singers had been raised on *Ziffern* and who found the notes in the songbooks of their North American counterparts confusing.

There were a number of men who made significant contributions to the musical development of Canadian Mennonites during this time — F. C. Thiessen, K. H. Neufeld, John Konrad, David Paetkau, Ben Horch — but they tended to be choral conductors, men of action rather than scholars. Although he had no formal training beyond his school years in Russia, Claszen had the instincts of a professional scholar. As part of his work on *Liederborn* and *Liederstrauss*, a collection of German folk songs, he had begun to assemble a library of books on German hymnody. This process was accelerated in 1935 when he was elected to the committee which was to provide the Conference of Mennonites in Canada with a new *Gesangbuch*. Claszen threw himself into the work with great enthusiasm. He began to correspond with a number of German churchmen and hymnologists about various aspects of the problems the committee faced. He also began to provide the readers of *Der Bote* and *Die Mennonitische Rundschau* with a steady stream of articles on hymns, hymn poets, and composers of hymns.

Although he served as secretary of the committee for three years and did much of the work — according to chairman Benjamin Ewert, he and Claszen met 40 times in the first three months of 1938 alone as the lists of hymns were completed — Claszen was becoming increasingly dissatisfied and resigned in

July 1938. He had strong opinions about the kinds of hymns that belonged in a *Gesangbuch*, and it was becoming obvious that his ideas were not shared by the other committee members, or the congregations. He abhorred sentimentality and superficiality of all kinds. This meant, for example, that the much-loved gospel songs of the *Evangeliums Lieder* were anathema to him. He was also a staunch defender of German culture among Mennonites, and insisted that there was no place in a Mennonite hymnal for translations of hymns from other languages. Surely there were enough wonderful German chorales to make the importation of foreign hymns (*Fremdgut*) unnecessary. He expressed these views in the press and lively debates arose as one reader or another found favourite hymns dismissed as sentimental rubbish.

The *Gesangbuch* was finally published in 1942, but by then Claszen had distanced himself completely from the project and lost no opportunity to criticize it. He prepared his own version, complete with a *Choralbuch* and two volumes on the poets and composers of the hymns, but, of course, his proposal was never accepted. Someone said that Claszen would no doubt produce an exemplary hymnal; the only problem would be that no one would want to sing from it. He was simply not prepared to make the compromises that members of hymnal committees have to make in order to satisfy the needs of a varied constituency, even though that often means accepting hymns that the more fastidious find distasteful.

Hymnody was not the only subject on which Claszen wrote in the 1930s. He was also concerned about the state of the Mennonite faith. The most significant publication in this area was a long series of articles entitled "*Gedanken ueber Gemeindebau*." Appearing in 1938, the articles were very critical in

tone, not unusual for a J. P. Claszen article, and aroused a storm of protest and debate. In them he called, among other things, for an end to Mennonite disunity, and suggested that Mennonite leaders needed to examine themselves and their behavior carefully to eliminate squabbling and personality cults. He also suggested that it was time for Mennonite ministers to receive theological training in order to serve their congregations properly.

Claszen was an aggressive and combative correspondent. Each letter disagreeing with him received a swift, detailed rebuttal. Passions often ran high. One correspondent denounced Claszen, justifying the harshness of his attack by saying, "*Auf einen groben Klotz gehoert ein grober Keil*." Claszen responded in a similar fashion, opening his letter with a scripture verse that set the tone: "*Die Ohrenblaeser und falsche, boese Maueler sind verflucht*." Needless to say, these particular letters were never published.

Eventually he grew weary of the constant struggle with people who refused to agree with him, and he turned to a subject that had fascinated him for some time. From 1940 to 1960 he buried himself, to use his own expression, in the study of the hymns of the early Anabaptists, including the songs of the Hutterites. In his search for obscure hymns he corresponded with libraries all over Europe, England and the United States. One songbook had taken 139 letters to track down, he informed the readers of *Der Bote*, and there were also many individual hymns that he was trying to locate and identify.

He began to provide the editors of the Mennonite newspapers with articles on Anabaptist hymnody. Many of them were published, although he was occasionally told that the articles were really too detailed and scholarly for their readers. Claszen, of course, was con-

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vinced that such knowledge was essential for all Mennonites. He also sent articles to church music periodicals in Germany, but without much success. Technically his work was in the best scholarly tradition, one editor told him, but it was unusable because of his point of view. Claszen insisted that the hymns of the Anabaptists needed to be revived and used again. In Germany there were people doing academic research into these hymns, but there could be no question of using them in contemporary hymnals.

Beginning in the early 1950s he began to receive requests for information and assistance from researchers working on these in Mennonite and Anabaptist hymnody. The archivists in North Newton and Goshen were interested in what he was doing and asked to have his manuscripts placed in their libraries. He contributed the articles on the Ziffersystem to both the *Mennonitisches Lexikon* and the *Mennonite Encyclopedia*, and continued to correspond with hymnologists in Europe. He also continued his work on later Mennonite hymnody, completing a manuscript entitled "*Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Gemeindegesanges der Mennoniten*" in 1953, in which he analyzed, compared, and discussed the contents of all the European Mennonite, Russian Mennonite, and North American Mennonite hymnals available to him.

He had never lost interest in the hymns being sung by the congregations of his day, even though he had been preoccupied with 16th-century hymns for two decades, and when the General Conference decided to produce a new *Gesangbuch* in the early 1960s, Claszen once more threw himself into the fray. The committee consulted him, and accepted his advice on matters such as hymn texts and information on composers and poets. But they were not prepared to accept his call for a complete reform along "*deutsch-evangelischen*" lines. It was not their wish to wield the "*eisernen Besen*" that Claszen insisted was necessary. They knew their congregations too well for that. The result was accordingly not what Claszen had hoped for, although even he admitted that the *Gesangbuch* of 1965 was a great improvement over the one of 1942.

He immediately set to work to analyze the new hymnal, and a series of at least three dozen articles began to appear in *Die Post*, drawn from a manuscript entitled *Das Gold und Silber des neuen deutsch-sprachigen Konferenz-Gesangbuches aus dem Jahre 1965*,

completed in 1968 and consisting of more than 1,400 pages. There was no sign of weariness, even though he was in his mid-70s. He still clipped newspapers, wrote letters to editors, libraries, and opponents, and when the committee responsible for the new *Mennonite Hymnal* asked for his assistance in determining the correct forms of various German hymns, he pitched in with characteristic thoroughness. In 1973, at the age of 82, he was still trying to determine where a version of *So nimm denn meine Haende* that started with the words, *Nimm Jesu meine Haende* had originated. He died in June, 1974.

Not many people know about J. P. Claszen. The students who heard his lectures on hymnody at CMBC in the 60s might. There will be people at First Mennonite Church who still do. Perhaps there are still a few people around who recall the debates of bygone decades; they might remember him too. Claszen, however, was conscious of the judgement of posterity. He was already collecting materials for deposit in Mennonite archives in Germany in the late 30s. After his death his papers and library came to the CMBC library and the Mennonite Heritage Centre. How can someone who wrote thousand of pages on Mennonite hymnody, corresponded tirelessly with some of the foremost hymnologists in Europe, and figured prominently in some of the liveliest debates in Mennonite circles in the 1930s be so easily forgotten?

There are several reasons. He was a staunch defender of the old ways among people who were rapidly adapting to a new, Canadian way of doing things. He defended the system of *Ziffern* when the young people were all learning to play and sing from notes. He insisted that *Deutschtum* and *Christentum* were inseparable for Mennonites when *Deutschtum* was already becoming irrelevant for many, or had been discredited by a Nazi regime that Claszen continued to defend into the 1960s. It must also be said that his prickly, defensive attitude towards the people who inevitably disagreed with him did not make him an endearing figure. He was respected as an authority in the field of hymnology, but because he was consistently and often harshly critical of his fellow Mennonites, the respect failed to turn into affection.

So who was J. P. Claszen? A man torn from a homeland shattered by a regime whose political philosophy he loathed, and unable to adjust completely to a new country in which his cherished

German cultural heritage was constantly being eroded. A man brutally honest with himself and with others, but sometimes lacking the compassion and humility needed to disagree gracefully. But he was also a man who wanted the best for his people, who would tolerate nothing that was cheap or shoddy, and who was willing to devote all his spare time, money, and energy over a period of 45 years to the pursuit of his dream: a healthy, vibrant Mennonite hymnody based on sound musical and theological principles.

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gest daughter for Vancouver at the end of August, for a year of MCC service, once again diminishes it. Like most modern homes, ours often resembles a hotel. We aren't always sure who is sleeping there on a given night.

- In one of our last acts of summer we drive to Edmonton to check on our family there. The trip is made each way in one day — 15 hours each time — but with three drivers and a little car it is neither too tiring nor expensive. The total gas bill is \$82. Gas is 10 cents a litre cheaper in Edmonton, but unfortunately the fill there takes us only to Saskatoon.

We discover that Edmonton is a beautiful city, the North Saskatchewan River making a much more impressive dent in it than our rivers do in Winnipeg. We spend a delightful three days with our family and their acquaintances there. We try to remember the old adage: "Three days guest, four days pest," although it certainly doesn't apply to them when they visit us.

- Now it is fall, the university year is just beginning and there are new faces and minds to brighten one's day. As Vivaldi's *Four Seasons* plays quietly in the background I bid welcome to another new season of life. *mm*

poet's word

mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

by Walfried Jansen

THE PASSING OF A SEASON

Autumn leaves,
plucked by fretful winds,
lament the passing of a season.
Memories remain
but will mingle and fade
like raindrop ripples
on still water.

SOUTH WIND OF APRIL

South wind of April,
temptress of spring;
her cautious probing fingers
caress my face,
tease my senses.
Warm winds
pry the jaws,
drive the nordic beast
to ancient glacier caves.
Too long the drab
of winter:
I hunger for birds in song,
colors at my feet
and all the shades
of velvet green.
April windsong,
for me a soft melody
of promise.

HOMESTEAD DREAM

Tracking game
in a poplarwood until
a faint trail across my path.
To satisfy my curiosity,
I let its snaking course
lead me where it will.

Homestead, long forgotten;
left to thistles spreading seeds.

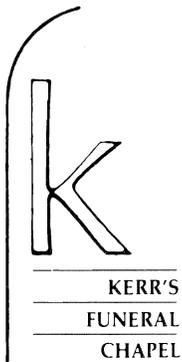
Autumn breeze
moves in gentle waves
through yellowed grass.
A line of close spruce,
once a shelterbelt,
towers high above invasion's tide.

The barn, saddle-shaped
and weather-beaten grey
with wind-whipped doors torn free,
leans hard as if to brace
against the wind.

The house, now just a shell
of someone's shining dream.
Like rapiers, shafts of light
puncture musty gloom,
revealing walls of plaster;
cracked and grey.

They may lack the warmth
but still keep secret the scenes
of harmony and discord
acted here through years
of meagre means.

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review

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The '85 edition of JMS

The 1985 issue of the *Journal of Mennonite Studies* has just come off the press. This latest issue (the first two appeared in 1983 and 1984 and are still available) contains articles, stories and reviews which should be of interest to all those who wish to be informed about Mennonite life and thinking. The following is just a sampling of what this latest issue contains.

In a lengthy article, James Urry of New Zealand analyzes the wealth of Russian Mennonites prior to World War I and the effect this had on their religious and social life. While not all readers will necessarily agree with Urry's conclusions, the article nevertheless provides new insights into pre-World War I Russian Mennonitism.

In another article on the 16th-century Anabaptist-Mennonites, Werner Packull of Conrad Grebel College argues that the peasant society of southern Europe had a profound influence on the beginnings of early Mennonitism. Thus not only the religious ideals of a Conrad Grebel and Michael Sattler contributed to the formation of Anabaptism, but also such practical concerns and issues like dues and taxes, peasant grievances and rights, and others.

Egil Grisli of the University of Manitoba has written an interesting article on Menno Simons' call to the ministry in the light of the Bible. In reading the article one is impressed with Menno's

sense of his calling and his attempt not to deviate from the words and examples of Scriptures.

Those who attended last year's University of Winnipeg symposium on 19th-century Russian-Mennonite eccentrics will be happy to see the papers of that symposium included in this issue of the *Journal*. Al Reimer deals with Klaas Reimer and the beginnings of the Kleine Gemeinde. Abe Dueck takes another look at Claas Epp and his trek to south-east Asia in 1880. Victor Doerksen outlines the Mennonite Temple movement, the so-called "Jerusalem Friends". And Harry Loewen shows how the early MBs were affected by the movement of exuberance, the *fröhliche Richtung*. George Epp's paper on Mennonite nationalism in the 19th century is scheduled to be published in the 1986 issue of the *Journal*.

In addition to the above articles the 1985 issue contains other articles, reviews, stories and poems by Peter Pauls, Al Reimer, John Friesen, Fritz Senn, and Andre Oberle. There is also a sketch by Arnold Dyck not published previously.

Each issue of the *Journal* (close to 200

pages each) is priced at \$6. The cost will no doubt be revised upward, but those who wish to purchase individual copies or to subscribe to the *Journal* may still do so at the original price. For copies or subscriptions readers may write to The Editor, *Journal of Mennonite Studies*, University of Winnipeg, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 2E9.



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Anabaptist views of children remarkably progressive

by Paul Redekop

One of the more unique features of the early Anabaptists was an awareness of the importance of child rearing and parental influence. The concern with child rearing arose from the principle that awareness and understanding must be achieved before an individual can be baptized. This principle required that thought be given to the nature of understanding; how and when it was achieved, and how one could tell when it was achieved. The concern with child rearing was itself quite unusual in an age when children were viewed and treated as miniature adults, to be cared for, but not "raised" in the way that we now think of it. Early Anabaptist writers formulated what were, for the times, some very progressive ideas regarding child-rearing and the nature of the child. For instance, various Anabaptist writers asserted the innocence of children, who "knew neither good nor evil" and "could neither believe nor disbelieve." This early Anabaptist perspective on the nature of childhood sounds remarkably similar to the views of John Locke, for example, who is widely regarded as an early proponent of the more contemporary view of childhood innocence. Writing toward the latter part of the 17th Century, Locke stressed childhood innocence and the concomitant importance of environmental influences.

The principle of adult baptism also led Anabaptist thinkers toward a developmental model of childhood, long before this orientation was adopted in the broader society. The central assumption of any developmental

approach is the view that children are different from adults, and not just less competent, or "incomplete" adults. As Jean Jaques Rousseau, whose essays written in the 18th Century are credited with inspiring the contemporary emphasis on a developmental perspective expressed it: "Childhood has its own ways of seeing, thinking and feeling."

Early Mennonite writers were particularly concerned with the transition from childhood to "youth." Some of the criteria they formulated for this distinction sound remarkably modern. For example, Menno Simons himself identified "rationality," defined as the ability to choose between alternatives, as an aspect of this transition. He states that: "If (children) cannot be made to understand anything visible, how can they then prematurely, that is, before they can comprehend things, be taught and instructed in invisible and celestial matters of the spirit?" This differentiation between comprehension of the visible and the "invisible," i.e., abstract, suggest an implicit recognition of the distinction elaborated four centuries later by Jean Piaget, between the ability to perform "concrete operations" with solid objects and "formal operations" in the abstract. Other criteria for the transition to youth discussed by early Anabaptist writers included "self-will" and the possession of a conscience. These criteria can be compared to distinctions which are made in contemporary theories of ego development and moral development respectively.

Aside from these concerns with child development and the nature of under-

standing, more traditional kinds of concerns were also expressed. For example, historian Hillel Schwartz identifies a central emphasis on the development of obedience. While the child was regarded as originally innocent, it was also believed to be born with the capacity for evil. The responsibility therefore fell upon the parents to be vigilant and strict toward their children, and not to let their "natural" love for their own offspring interfere with their Christian duty as parents. For instance, Menno Simons admonished parents as follows: "Teach (your children) and instruct them, admonish them, threaten, correct and chastise them as circumstances require. Keep them away from good-for-nothing children from whom they hear and learn nothing but lying, cursing, swearing, fighting, and mischief. Direct them to reading and writing. Teach them to spin and other handicrafts suitable, useful, and proper to their years and persons."

Other writers have called attention to the strictness which characterized the attitudes of Anabaptist parenting; adherence to the view for example that beating and whipping were essential to child rearing. However, these practices were much more popular in society at large in the 16th century than they are now, and so our Anabaptist forefathers were merely reflecting the norm when they advocated such practices. Furthermore, the obedience they hoped to achieve was not just blind behavioural conformity or servility. Rather, it referred to such qualities as moral sobriety, purposiveness, and a "peaceable and mild nature." **mm**

review

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Early Mennonite Life in Saskatchewan

A comment by Harry Loewen

Anna Friesen, a woman in her mid-eighties, and Victor Carl Friesen, a freelance writer, have combined their memories and writing skills to produce an interesting and delightful book about Mennonite life near Rosthern, Saskatchewan, around the turn of our century. In telling the story of her childhood Anna Friesen provides a vivid picture of Canadian pioneering life in general and the world of the agricultural Russian Mennonites in particular.

In its description of Mennonite life, *The Mulberry Tree* is reminiscent of Peter Epp's *Eine Mutter* and Arnold Dyck's *Verloren in der Steppe*. However, unlike Dyck's novel concerning a young boy's aspirations to become an artist on the Russian steppes, Friesen's story is more straightforward and less reflective in its description of childhood scenes, simple details of household and barnyard routines, and such emotions as fears, loneliness, love and joy. As we read on the back cover: "What emerges is a picture of a home suffused with love, and a life that was always fresh and interesting."

The following excerpt from the Introduction illustrates the author's style with its haunting nostalgia: "The girl's feelings were often stirred by the wind. At night she would lie awake, listening to it while it keened around the house. Everybody else slept soundly, indifferent to it. The door would rattle, and the house itself would tremble. The wind was frightening then. But now on the hilltop the wind was lonely and sad. It whistled mournfully through the nearby trees . . . Now and then an early yellow leaf sailed with the wind far out into the field. It seemed as if the spirits of the air were controlling all."

Young and old, Mennonites and non-Mennonites will find the book a joy to read. At the end of the book there are several recipes of traditional Mennonite foods, such as double buns (*zwieback*), *Russian Easter bread (paska)*, *plume moos*, *verenitji* and others.

Anna Friesen and Victor Carl Friesen, The Mulberry Tree (Winnipeg: Queenston House Publishing Co., 1985). Cloth: \$19.95; Paper: \$9.95. 206 pages.

COMING EVENTS

School opening programs:

MBBC: Sept. 15, 7 p.m.: Elmwood MB Church.

CMBC: Sept. 22, 2:30 p.m.: First Mennonite Church.

Westgate Collegiate: Sept. 29, 2:30 p.m.: 86 West Gate.

MBCI: Sept. 30, 7:30 p.m.: 173 Talbot Ave.

Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary: Oct. 6, 2:30 p.m.: 26 Columbus Cr.

Sept. 21: MCC Auction Sale. Morris Stampede Grounds.

Sept. 28: Networking for Needs. Convention Centre. Guest speaker: Roy Bonisteel.

Oct. 3-5: Manitoba Writer's Guild Literary Conference and General Meeting. Museum of Man & Nature. Call Phyllis Laing: 942-6134.

Oct. 10-Nov. 3: Prairie Theatre Exchange. Performance of "The Shunning" by Patrick Friesen. 8:00 p.m. nightly.

Oct. 19: MCC Women's Auxiliary Annual Meeting. Burrows Bethel Church.

Oct. 21, 22: CMBC. J. J. Thiessen Lectures.

Nov. 1, 2: MCC Community Justice Initiatives of Manitoba Conference: "The Many Sides of Crime."

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Doug and Carla Funk of the Rosenfeld district left July 8 for Ethiopia, where they will be working under World University Services of Canada.

On Sunday, July 21, the congregation of **Grace Mennonite Church** in Winkler dedicated the site of their new meetinghouse. Construction is now underway, and plans are for completion in February, 1986.

Among nine of Manitoba's most accomplished amateur musicians competing at the National Festival of Music in Moncton, N.B., August 23 to 28th were the following: **Phillip Ens**, Bass; **Thomas Wiebe**, Cello; and **Nicole Pinkney**, **Signy Glendinning**, **Suzanne Dyck** and **Roberta Janzen**, String Quartet. The National Festival of Music is a highly acclaimed competition for outstanding classical musicians embarking on professional careers. Classes at the National Level are held in five solo categories — voice, piano, strings, woodwind, brass — and one chamber music class. Total scholarships exceeding \$20,000 are presented by Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce to the winners of each class. As well, the Commerce Grand Award is presented to the most outstanding overall performer.

Randolph Peters has received a grant from the Manitoba Arts Council for work on a film score for **Crime Wave**, commissioned by filmmaker, John Paiz. Randolph is currently working on a doctoral program in music at Indiana University in Bloomington. He is the son of Peter H. and Greti Peters, MCC country representatives in India.

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Pastoral changes have taken place at Bethel Mennonite Church during the summer. Assistant pastor **Dave Tiessen** has resigned and is beginning studies at the Mennonite Biblical Seminary in Elkhart, Indiana. **Erma Fast Dueck** assumed duties as youth pastor at the beginning of September. The church is presently searching for an assistant pastor.

Frank Enns has resigned as volleyball coach at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon. He previously coached volleyball at the University of Winnipeg, and taught at Westgate Collegiate in Winnipeg.

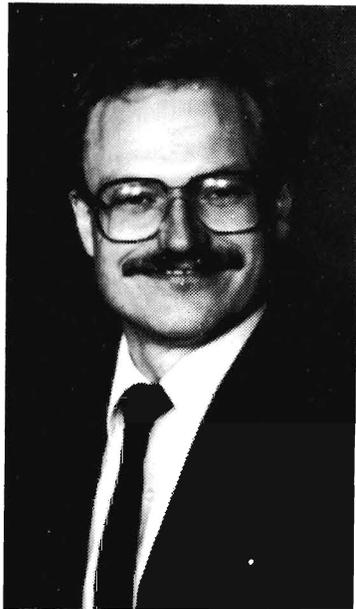
Peter Dyck and Richard Olfert have recently accepted calls to become lay ministers in the Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church.



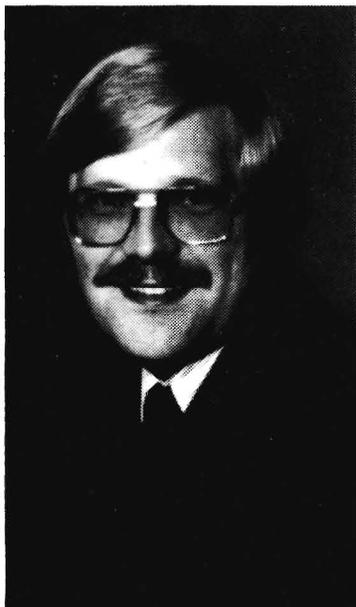
On August 1 a new shopping centre, **Southland Mall** was opened in Winkler. The Mall is a joint venture of Norquay Enterprises, of which the director is **Don Kroeker**; A. K. Penner and Sons, whose president is **Ernie Penner**; and **Penner Foods**, whose president is **Jim Penner**. The shopping centre has over 145,000 square feet of merchandising area, with 23 stores presently occupying the space.



The Carillon of Steinbach received five awards at the annual convention of the Canadian Community Newspapers Association in Quebec City in August. The awards included the trophy for best weekly community newspaper in the large circulation category. In the photo are Rick and Eugene Derksen with Don Venables of the Hamiota paper.



Allan Dueck



Dave Regehr

At the beginning of the 1985-86 school year, most of the Mennonite schools report fairly stable enrolments and few staff changes. **MBCI** has a slight increase in students; enrolment expected is 435 students. The school has one new staff member: **Bill Hamm** will be in charge of the concert band.

The **Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School** has a significantly higher enrolment this year, with about 190 registered, compared with 128 last year. Two staff members have taken on full-time teaching duties after working part-time; **Joanne Hildebrand** and **Marlene Ens**. New teachers are Mrs. **Marlene Wagner** for kindergarten, and Mrs. **Ingrid Froese-Regehr** who will teach Grade I.

Enrolment at **Mennonite Collegiate Institute** in Gretna has been decreasing in recent years. Presently, about 135 students are registered. Former principal, **Ken Loewen**, is now principal at Garden Valley Collegiate in Winkler. **Allan Dueck** will become principal, with **David Regehr** acting as vice-principal.

Westgate Collegiate has a small decline in enrolment, with 258 students. The new staff members assume teaching duties: **Reg Klassen** will work primarily as a resource teacher, and **Waldemar Ens** will teach junior and senior high English courses.

The **Mennonite Brethren Bible College** reports a slight drop in enrolment, about 230 students this year, compared with 250 for the previous year. Staff members returning are **John Regehr**, after a one-year sabbatical; and **James Pankratz**, following a three-year leave. Both instructors teach in the area of contemporary Ministries. **Doug Schulz** has assumed duties as Registrar and Admissions Counsellor.

CMBC has a stable enrolment — 181 students, about the same as last year. New staff members are **Dietrich Bartel** in music, and **Lois Edmund**, instructing in practical theology.

An appreciation evening was held in Winnipeg for **Emmanuel Horch** on September 14. Mr. Horch has taught violin in Winnipeg, Steinbach and Winkler for 45 years. Many of his former students are presently engaged in various music professions, and his students have won many awards for excellence. A string scholarship, in Mr. Horch's name, to be administered by the Mennonite Community Orchestra, of which he was the first concert master, was established to honor his great contribution to music.

A 55-year reunion of the Harbin refugee group — 39 families and others who fled their homes in far eastern Siberia and escaped to China in 1929-30 — was attended by some 250 people in Dinuba, Calif. June 29. An offering for MCC was taken in gratitude for the organization's help in 1930. The groups crossed the frozen Amur River into Manchuria, China, in a dash to escape communist oppression, and eventually reached Harbin, where they made contact with Mennonite relief organizations in United States and Europe, hoping to emigrate to America. A delegation led by P. C. Hiebert pled with President Herbert Hoover for the refugees stranded in China. Hoover passed legislation to allow these non-quota immigrants into the U.S. Most of this group settled near Reedley, Calif., and others who left China several years later were helped to Paraguay by MCC. The story of one of these people, the late Mia DeFehr, was described in the biography, **Mia**, written by Mary Enns of Winnipeg.

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Rudy Friesen, a teacher at Westgate Collegiate, and **Lorna Bell** of the United Church, are co-chairpersons of **Networking for Needs**, a one-day conference to be held at the Convention Centre in Winnipeg on September 28. Keynote speaker will be **Roy Bonisteel** of the TV program "Man Alive". Purpose of the conference is to identify social needs in the city, and to attempt to ensure that needs are served without unnecessary overlap on the part of different churches and agencies. The conference is supported by nine church denominations, including the Mennonites; 800-1000 people are expected to attend and pre-registration is advised. Those interested should contact Christine Harapiak, c/o Institute of Urban Studies, 515 Portage Ave., Winnipeg R3B 2E9. Tel: 786-9309. Cost is \$25 per person; \$20 for persons whose church is supporting the event.

The **Conference of Mennonites in Canada** and **The Canadian Mennonite Brethren** both held their annual conferences in Regina this year, on the same dates. A joint session was held on July 7, a historic event as it was the first time this had occurred. A mass inter-Mennonite choir, under the direction of **George Wiebe**, and **Helen Litz** leading the children's choir, presented an adaptation of Esther Wiebe's oratorio, *The Abiding Place*. It is the story of Mennonite wanderings and God's faithfulness, written originally to celebrate the 1984 Mennonite World Conference Assembly in France. Conference moderators, **John Redekop** and **Jake Fransen**, both addressed the assembly.

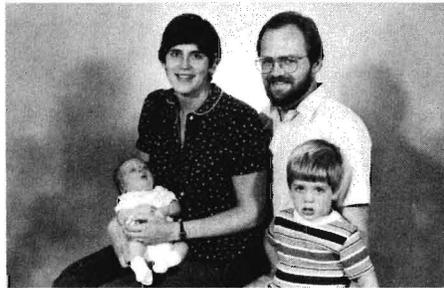
Several resolutions passed by the delegates of the **Conference of Mennonites** expressed their desire to expand the CMC's work in pressing areas of need. Resolutions were passed on cross-cultural church growth, more interaction with Metis neighbours, and an expanded mandate for the Native Ministries Board to include urban ministries and church planting. Approval was granted to plan for the first phase of an expansion at the over-crowded 600 Shaftesbury Blvd. campus of the CMBC and offices of CMC.

At the **Canadian Mennonite Brethren Conference**, concern was expressed at the growing budget deficit. A decision was made to tackle this by holding a special fund-raising appeal, and by holding the line on increases. A recommendation was made by the Board of Higher Education to offer a first year seminary program at the Winnipeg, MB Bible College.

University of Winnipeg for one year. Dueck was last employed as a homemaker worker in Winnipeg.

Dueck is a member of the Aberdeen Evangelical Mennonite Church in Winnipeg and has also been affiliated with Montreal Mennonite Fellowship. Her parents are Erwin and Katie Dueck of Montreal.

Mennonite Central Committee's Community Justice Initiatives of Manitoba is sponsoring a conference in the Fall entitled "The Many Sides of Crime". The conference will be held November 1-2 at the Mennonite Brethren Bible College.



Walter and Joy Sawatzky of Gretna, and Quakertown, Pa., respectively, are beginning two-year Mennonite Central Committee U.S. assignments in Miami, Fla. Joy and Walter will be working as program coordinators in Miami. The Sawatzkys previously served with Mennonite Board of Missions in La Junta, Colo., and with MCC in Haiti. Walter received a master's degree in adult Christian education from Princeton (N.J.) Theological Seminary, and a bachelor's degree in social work from Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Va. Joy received a bachelor's degree in nursing from Eastern Mennonite College. Joy was last employed as a community health nurse in Trenton, N.J. The Sawatzkys are members of Deep Run Mennonite Church East in Perkasio, Pa. Their children are Benjamin and Alexander.

Darlene Braun of Carman, is beginning a one-year assignment in Jamaica with the Mennonite Central Committee SALT (Serve and Learn Together) program. Braun will be working as a teacher for the hearing-impaired at the Maranatha School for the Deaf. She studied education for two years at the University of Winnipeg. Braun is a member of the Carman Mennonite Church. Her parents are Peter and Mary Braun of Carman.

Bill Tiessen of Crystal City, is beginning as one-year assignment in Paraguay with the Mennonite Central Committee SALT (Serve and Learn Together) program. Tiessen will be working in a mental health institution in Fernheim, Paraguay. Tiessen has studied at the University of Manitoba. He is a member of the Crystal City Mennonite Church and is the son of Dave and Jessie Tiessen of Crystal City.

A group of **Soviet and U.S. physicians**, saying they represent 120,000 of their colleagues worldwide, have called for an immediate freeze on nuclear weapons testing. The physicians, who met in Chicago in February, said that "we cannot watch calmly while our patient's health is threatened. Our patients are the people of the world." In calling for the freeze the physicians noted that while \$2.2 billion is spend every day on arms, only \$4 million was made available to the World Health Organization over the past two years for the study of cardio-vascular diseases.

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July, 1986, with Jim Pankratz

Russia

July, 1986. Host: TBA

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A short story by Josephine Friesen

The Decision

Supper was over at last! The younger children had gone out to play and Annie began to clear the long table. Her sister Sarah was already in the pantry pouring steamy water from the big blue enamel kettle into the dishpan. Annie carried the last of the plates in to her from the kitchen and went back to wipe the table with a damp cloth. She noticed that the oilcloth was beginning to wear through at the corners and in some places the little red roses had been rubbed right off the smooth white surface. She pushed the long benches under the table on each side and straightened her mother's chair at the end. This is the last time I'll be doing this, she thought with a sudden empty feeling. She hurried back into the pantry, picked up a tea towel and began to dry the heavy white plates and cups as her sister washed.

She looked sideways at Sarah. What would she think if she knew? But she didn't know. To her this was just like any other day. There she stood, small for 16, and plump in her long brown dress and big white apron, hands immersed in soapy water, damp wisps of hair escaping from the tight braid wound around her head. Now it would be Sarah's turn, thought Annie. Because she is the second girl. Between Sarah and Annie were four boys, but they worked in the barn and in the fields and weren't expected to help in the house or garden.

Annie put the last of the dishes away in the big green cupboard and closed the glass doors, her hands lingering on the smooth white porcelain knobs. She picked up the broom from the corner and began to sweep the crumbs and dirt from the old linoleum. There were brown patches on it in some places

where busy feet had worn away the green and yellow checks. From the front bedroom she could hear the baby's fussy crying as her mother settled him for the night. He cried a lot, this baby, and often Annie would wake up in the next bedroom during the night to the sound of her mother's soothing voice and the creak of the rocking cradle.

How could she be so patient after 14 babies? Annie felt a stab of guilt. Her mother really did need her here at home. That was why they wouldn't let her go, she knew. Jacob had asked her father twice now if they could be married and both times the answer had been the same, "not yet. You must wait awhile." Still, they permitted him to come every Sunday after church. They couldn't help liking him; such a fine, strong, young man. She thrilled at the thought of him riding up the lane, bareback on his shining brown stallion, the shy smile he always offered her when she came to meet him. Then he would jump down so lightly, and they would walk together beside the horse up to the house. He had been coming ever since she was seventeen, over five years now, and still her father said, "Wait!" But there would be no more waiting.

Annie swept up the last bit of dirt into the tin dustpan and walked through the kitchen to empty it outside. There was a crispness in the air tonight and an aroma of wood smoke. Through the twilight she could see John coming from the barn with the milk pail, the cats following him hopefully. There was no sign of the younger children but when she called into the fading light, they came reluctantly straggling in.

While Annie supervised the washing of grubby hands and faces, Sarah pol-

ished the glass chimney of the coal-oil lamp with a crumpled piece of paper, carefully snipped the burnt edges from the wick, and lit it. A golden glow spread out from the lamp, chasing the shadows into the far corners of the kitchen, lighting up the clean faces of the children. The boys were hurried off up the ladder and through the trap door that led to the attic where they all slept. The girls shared a large room next to the kitchen beside their parents' bedroom. Annie and Sarah had one double bed in the corner while the three small girls slept together in the other one. Mary, who was only two, had a little iron crib to herself beside Annie's bed.

She is such a happy dumpling of a girl, thought Annie. Her short fair curls refused to be braided and tumbled about her rosy face, shining in the lamplight. Annie felt a tightening in her throat as she buttoned Mary's nightdress and snuggled her into the little patchwork quilt. Tomorrow morning she would wake up calling for her Annie, but Annie wouldn't answer. Then, firmly, she straightened, turned away from the crib, and went back into the kitchen.

Her mother was sitting in the rocking chair by the stove, knitting. Mittens, thought Annie, always more mittens or socks. Sarah was sitting at the table, her fair head bent in concentration over her drawing book. Annie found the overalls she had begun to mend last night and, joining Sarah at the table, smoothed the patch over the worn knee and began to stitch it into place. She could hear the younger boys scuffling about overhead. It would be a long time before they all went to sleep. Her mother got up, lifted the lid of the stove, and pushed in two

pieces of wood from the woodbox against the wall. The fire flared red for a moment, then crackled as the lid came down and shut it in. From outside came the sound of scraping boots. The kitchen door opened letting in a gust of chilly air. It was John with an armful of wood and behind him, her father. He looks more tired than usual tonight, thought Annie. It had been a dry summer, and when the rain did come at last it served only to hinder the harvest. But, even though they had finally stored the last of the wheat in the granary, there was still much to be done before the snow came. He dipped hot water from the boiler at the side of the stove into the tin wash-basin, rolled up his sleeves and began to wash.

"Did John bring in enough milk?" he asked, drying his hands on the roller towel.

"Yes," nodded her mother.

"I'll light the gas lamp," he said, pushing down his sleeves and buttoning them. From its hook on the ceiling he took down the new lamp he had bought in Saskatoon last week when he sold the heifers. Annie knew how proud he was of it. He began to work the little pump that filled it with air. There was a hissing sound as he opened the valve a little and when he put a match to the delicate white gauze mantles, a sudden strong light filled the room, casting into shadow the oil lamp on the table.

"There, now you can see better to do your work," he said, cupping his hand around the chimney of the coal-oil lamp and blowing out its faint flame.

Annie knew just what he would do next. He would unlock the top drawer of the green cupboard and take from it the old Bible, the one that had come from Russia with his father. He would sit down on the hard chair beside the stove opposite her mother and begin to read aloud, very slowly, following along the lines with his brown, calloused finger, his voice halting sometimes over the difficult words but sure and strong when he came to a well-known passage. Tonight he was reading from Romans, "*So wird nun ein jeglicher für sich selbst Gott Rechenschaft geben.*" Annie fought back a sudden wild urge to run — out of the room, out of the house. Somehow she must wait a little longer. Her hand trembled as she forced the needle through the heavy cloth. The deep voice read on and on, the only sound in the room save for the hiss of the lamp and the slow swish of the rocking chair. After awhile her mother's knitting dropped into her lap and her head nodded for-

ward. Sarah slipped quietly away to bed. I'll wait awhile, thought Annie, until she is asleep. She did not want to talk to Sarah tonight.

"Shouldn't you be getting off to bed too, Annie?"

"I just want to finish these overalls. Isaac needs them tomorrow." She couldn't look at him as she spoke.

Slowly the small bedtime sounds died away in the other room. The lamp hissed softly overhead and her father's voice droned steadily on. Her mother's breathing was deep and regular now. It was strange to see her red hands lying motionless in her lap, her face relaxed in sleep. She looked small tonight, they both did, sitting there by the fire, small and suddenly older. Annie felt a surge of tenderness toward them. Quickly she got up and laid the neatly folded overalls over the back of the chair.

"Goodnight father."

"Goodnight Annie. You're a good girl. I don't know what your mother would do without you."

Annie's knees went weak but she managed to walk steadily across the kitchen. She leaned back against the closed bedroom door, heart pounding. Why did he have to say that tonight? He never praised her. Maybe she should do as he wanted, wait a little longer, just until this baby was older. No, she couldn't. Jacob had said he would not wait any more. He was 23 now and had his own farm and he wanted a wife to help him. His patience had run out. Anyway, thought Annie, there would likely be another baby here next year, there always was.

Gradually she became aware of the dim outline of Mary's small body curled up like a kitten in her crib. The other girls were asleep too. Softly she slipped over to her bed and, kneeling down, reached under it. Yes, it was still there, her bundle. Little by little, in stolen moments, she had managed to gather together most of her few clothes and possessions and tie them up in an old blanket. She lay down, fully clothed, on top of the quilt beside Sarah. It would not be much longer now. Jacob would already be waiting, she knew. She could picture him sitting in the buggy behind the dark poplar bluff, the horse standing patiently with its head down. Was his heart racing like hers was? Surely Sarah could hear it beating! She pressed her hand down hard to still it and lay rigid, staring at the slit of light under the door.

It seemed hours before small sounds from the kitchen told Annie that the day was done; a soft scrape as the Bible

put away in the drawer, the heavy clunk of the stove-lid as a last stick of wood was thrust into the fire. The light under the door faded and there was a moving about in the next room. A shoe dropped on the floor, then another, and the springs creaked as her father got into bed. Just a little longer now. Soon he would begin to snore. Sarah stirred and turned over but her eyes didn't open. Please God, let them all stay asleep. Then at last, from the other room, a soft snore that grew slowly deeper and deeper until it rose and fell evenly, rhythmically.

Oh, what a wonderful sound! Annie felt like flying but she got up very carefully. Slowly, a few inches at a time, pausing to listen, she dragged the small bundle out from under the bed. Hugging it to her, she slipped softly over to the door and, easing the knob, opened it a crack. Not a sound save for the snoring. A little wider. Still nothing. Swiftly, she opened it enough to slip through. Then, lightly she tip-toed across the kitchen and ever so gently eased the kitchen door. She was outside! There was a clear click as the door closed behind her. She stopped, electrified, listening. But there was only the rustling of poplar leaves and a muffled squawking from the chicken house as the hens shuffled about on their perches. A full orange moon hung heavy over the barn.

Annie ran without a sound across the soft dust of the yard, then, clearly seeing the cowpath before her, darted across the pasture towards the woods. The dewy grass clung to her skirt, prickly burrs stuck to her stockings, but she would not be held back. Then the silvery poplars surrounded her but even there the moon showed her the way. Would he really be there? She felt her mouth go dry. Maybe he had changed his mind? Her breath came in little gasps. Her legs had no feeling any more. And then, at the edge of the bluff she could see the dim shape of a horse. There he was! She flew across the last few yards and threw herself at the buggy with a sob. He caught her up beside him and held her hard.

"Oh Annie, you came! You really came!"

She lay sobbing against him.

"Hurry Jacob, let's go!"

With one hand on the reins and one arm still around Annie, Jacob clucked softly to the horse and, leaving a dark shadow behind them in the bright moonlight, the two young people drove off down the long road.

mm

your word

mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

WOMEN MUSICIANS

Enclosed please find a cheque for . . . a two-year subscription . . .

It was with interest that I read your recent article on two fine, up-coming Winnipeg musicians, Tom Wiebe and Phil Ens. With all respect to these two talented fellows, it seems to me that here, as elsewhere, the *Mennonite Mirror* is more interested in the accomplishments of male musicians than female ones. When will we see an article on someone like Henriette Schellenberg, or is she totally taken for granted? Not only is she a rarely gifted singer, but as a singing-teacher she has had a hand with either the Tudor bowl or Rose bowl winners for the past number of years. She has had a decisive role in the shaping of a number of these young voices.

Yours truly,
Justina Wiens
Winkler

ON BEING ETHNIC

In the June issue of *Mennonite Mirror*, Henry J. Funk of Winnipeg comments on my January article "On 'Being Mennonite.'" He accuses me of twisting ideas, claims there's no animal like an "ethnic Mennonite," the definition in Webster being "gentile, neither Christian or Jewish, heathen, even. A group of people with common traits and customs." Traits and customs, he says, are outward characteristics, while faith strictly intrinsic, asks someone to explain my reasoning.

It's really not a matter of "explaining my reasoning" that's required here but rather of applying the correct definition relevant to the theme of the article. The Webster I checked immediately upon reading the above indicates that much of Mr. Funk's definition is historical background of how the word came into being. The main definition, as used by most people generally, sociologists and government officials, reads: "relating to community of physical and mental traits possessed by the members of a group as a product of their common heredity and cultural tradition."

I think Mr. Funk is saying that there are only (religious) Mennonites and not (ethnic) Mennonites; or, that you can only be the latter if you're also the former. My father and I have often had the

same discussion. The Jewish people went through precisely the same debate during the many centuries they were without their own country and wandered the world as a once-unique religious-ethnic group which began disintegrating. Writers and sociologists refer to "religious Jews" and "ethnic Jews" to differentiate.

When I was born 54 years ago, I think it's safe to say that referring to "a Mennonite" usually described someone who was both a (religious) Mennonite as well as (ethnic) Mennonite; that is, belonging to a Mennonite congregation as well as a distinct group which had kept itself relatively separate genetically. Today, that's simply no longer true because many thousands of (ethnic) Mennonites belong to other denominations, or to none at all. However, most (religious) Mennonites are also still (ethnic) Mennonites; exceptions are persons of other ethnic origin who joined a Mennonite congregation recently. To cite my own family as example, it's quite accurate to refer to my brother, Rev. Jake Neufeld of Whitewater Mennonite Church, as simply "Mennonite" as both terms apply equally to him. Because I belong to a United Church, only the term "ethnic Mennonite" applies. My sister Betty Engbrecht of Steinbach is a Mennonite whereas my sisters Anne Unrau of Souris, Sarah Shail of Lorette and Jo Nicol of Winnipeg are ethnic Mennonites.

Finally, "defending my status fiercely as an ethnic Mennonite," Mr. Funk, is neither here nor there. It's more a matter of accepting it, even "being stuck with it," because there's nothing on earth which can alter the fact. I'm afraid we're both stuck with being members of the same ethnic group whether we like it or not. Be of good cheer for there is hope! My four grandchildren to date are only half ethnic Mennonite, the other half for two of them being Anglo-Saxon, one Polish-Ukrainian and one Japanese. Perhaps, before very long, your descendants won't need to suffer the shame and indignity of sharing an ethnic group with mine as you currently are with me.

Dr. Peter Lorenz Neufeld,
Minnedosa

ON ARTISTIC MENNONITES

From time to time I hear editorial grumblings about the reluctance of serious young writers to publish in Mennonite magazines. Judging by the way you have treated my poems in the June issue

of the *Mirror*, I am neither surprised nor sympathetic.

Please note the following corrections: My poems were both untitled. The first poem, "my mother found herself," was written with 1-1/2 spaces between the lines. The second, "legs astride," had a full double space between each stanza.

In response to Ruth Vogt's editorial on "The Missing Mennonites and the Lost Talents," let me suggest, as an artist working from that in-between-place which is neither inside the church nor entirely out of it, that an example of "constructive and positive criticism" about the Missing Mennonite Cabaret would have been a thousand times more helpful than yet another sermon about the need for it. Secondly, Vogt's appeal to "love and forgiveness" for the "artistic 'missing' Mennonites" suggests greater condescension on the part of the church than I, for one, am willing to admit. What should artists be forgiven for?

It is almost impossible to maintain artistic integrity within the Mennonite community given its dictatorial attitude as a community. The Mennonite *Mirror*, which prides itself on featuring the arts, should be setting an example in allowing artists both freedom and respect.

Sincerely,
Di Brandt,
Winnipeg

END ETHNICITY

I have been receiving the "Mennonite *Mirror*" for some time, although I have never subscribed to it, nor do I know why it is being sent.

While I have the utmost respect for the Mennonite people, some of whom number among my special friends, I do not support the ethnic trend. This is Canada, and the sooner we can meld together as a nation the sooner we will have a national identity.

As it stands we are being torn apart by little groups of French, German, Chinese, Portuguese, Italian, and so on. In Ontario we are being further separated educationally by French schools, and now on a religious basis by Roman Catholic schools. This gives me great concern. What chance is there for us to become one nation if this trend continues?

It is understandable that people emigrating from another country have strong feelings about their origins. However, most of them fare very well in Canada with freedom of religion, expression, and lifestyle as well as improving their economic situation.

review

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Facing the Furies

A comment by Harry Loewen

Readers of the *Mennonite Mirror* know Ingrid Rimland as the author of *The Wanderers: The Saga of Three Women Who Survived*. In that novel, which won the author an award, Rimland tells the story of a Mennonite grandmother, mother and daughter who left Russia during World War II for Germany and then for Paraguay.

Now Rimland has published *The Furies and the Flame*, "a true story," in which she tells the tragic tale (with a happy ending) of her handicapped son and her own coming to terms with her Mennonite background, adversity, and a new life in North America.

On the dust cover we read about Ingrid Rimland: "Her people [the Mennonites] said rebellion was her weapon and vanity her stride. She lost her family, her friends, her marriage, her youth. But she rescued her pride, her intellect, her talent, her child. Hers was a monumental struggle that ended in a pyrrhic victory. She triumphed over odds, from within and from without, most parents never know exist."

In some ways the author is both angry and bitter. However, the story is also filled with compassion for her child and by extension for suffering people everywhere. There is also an intense love of life and individual freedom. No reader will remain neutral or indifferent to the issues dealt with in this book.

Ingrid Rimland, The Furies and the Flame. A true story (Novato, California: Arena Press, 1984). Hardcover, 218 pages, \$15 U.S.

more Letter

Canada has been a generous, kindly, and willing benefactor to its immigrants. Surely they can reciprocate by fostering Canadianism rather than perpetuating their ethnic origins.

Since I am opposed to separating people by their national origins, and since I do not read German, nor am I German there seems little point in receiving this publication. Therefore it would be beneficial to us both if it were discontinued.

Yours sincerely,
Dorothy Newman

More Quilt Books

Reviewed by Kerstin Roger

Continuing a series of three other quilt books are the *Amish Crib Quilts* and the *Mennonite Quilt Book*. Each of these books presents its own unique way of making quilts and should therefore be discussed separately.

The earthy colors of the *Amish Crib Quilts* are as warm and beckoning as the world of the Amish, which is portrayed through the photographs and the little excerpts written by children. Here watching Dalias, or putting a meal into a microwave is not as common as are the horses and buggies, kerchiefs and colorful frocks. The Amish do not even allow electricity, and this kind of technological innocence is attractive when you come from a world so dependent on machines.

The quilts are called crib quilts mainly because they are used for children and infants, but the patterns, though miniaturized, are very similar to those of the adult quilts. Because the women's role is one that is generally occupied with temporary work, the lasting quality of the quilts give them a great sense of pleasure and satisfaction. The quilts are a reason to come together and talk, a way to express their creativity, and a way to demonstrate their skill at stitching in the intricate patterns. One can imagine the many thoughts that, stitch by stitch, go into the character of each quilt; each one mirroring so much feeling.

After a short introduction the book is divided into four sections — the four seasons. To each there is a story written by a child describing perhaps the fresh peas just picked from the first crop or the excitement of a new teacher in their one-room school house. These excerpts are like a window, through which we can see the traditions and ideas beginning to make sense in the minds of the young. For example, a little girl was given a penny to buy herself some candy. Having eaten the brand new kind which she had never tried before, she decided that perhaps the old kind tasted better after all. Or, a young lad wonders

how the men tell which hat is theirs on the hat rack. Looking forward to an active part in the community as an adult, one thirteen-year-old says that he wants "a good wife and some children trailing behind me," and that his home would not be complete without a "a real hog farm."

The *Mennonite Quilt Book* is of course much more familiar, with its Mennonite quilts and photographs of Mennonite people. It is interesting to discover the difference between the Amish crib quilts and the Mennonite quilts. The latter seem to use a greater variety of color and pattern of stitching — something that may come from the cultural diversity or the greater influence of the world. The Amish do not have ornaments, peacocks or paisley; but their quilts reflect a greater conformity in their deep blue hues and rich reds and the simpler stitching patterns.

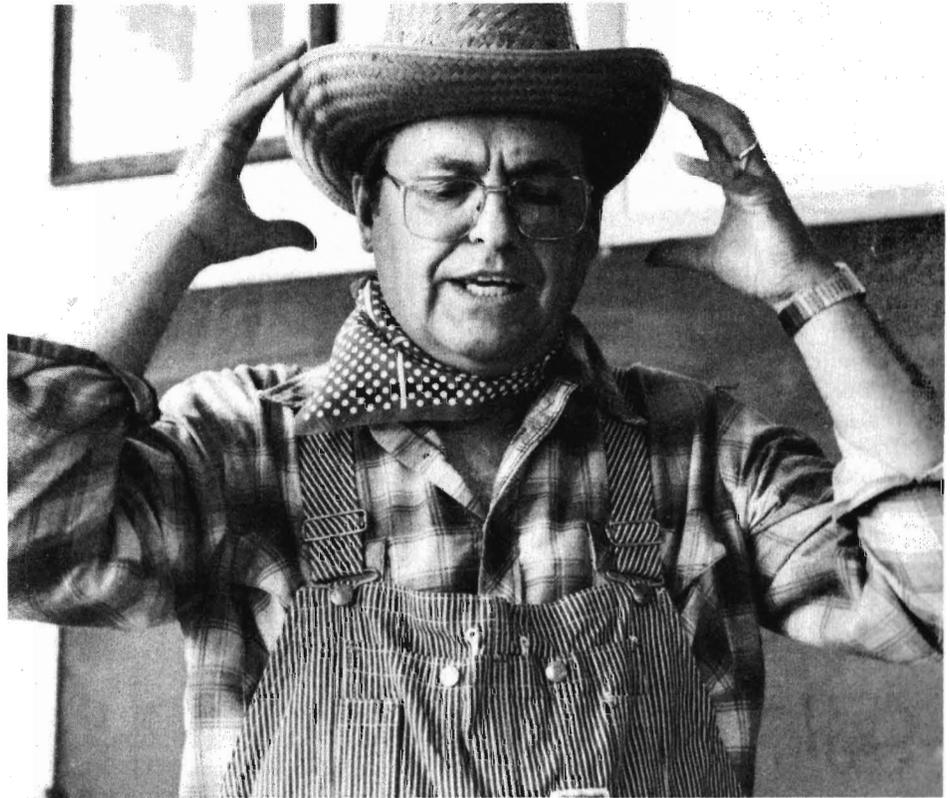
Interestingly enough, the patterns on the quilts, though not unique to the Amish, find their origin in Pennsylvania where the Amish have settled. The patterns are often named by their shapes — diamond or star — but some of them portray an abstract image, such as "ocean waves" or "stairway to heaven." Although the variety in the Mennonite quilts is greater, there is something appealing about the Amish simplicity. All of these quilts, whether Amish or Mennonite, are interesting to look at for those who do and those who do not know the hooks and difficulties of quilting.

Each of these is not just a quilt, as Judy Schroeder Tomlonson, author of *Mennonite Quilts*, tells us. Many precious memories are hidden in each piece of fabric and each pattern, especially those memories of the hands that worked for endless hours with thimble and needle. These stories are laced between photographs and a detailed history of the Mennonites and the Amish settlers and how the quilts began to warm their feet on those cold winter nights, as they still do today.

These two books present a clear picture of the lifestyle of the Amish and Mennonites with their fascinating collection of quilts and stories. The quilts radiate with vibrant colors and make either collection unique and enjoyable.

Rachel and Kenneth Pellman, Amish Crib Quilts (Good Books, 1985), \$15.95 U.S.

Judy Schroeder Tomlonson, Mennonite Quilts and Pieces (Good Books, 1985), \$15.95 U.S.



Carrillon Photo

Abend

Arnold Dyck's beloved "Koop enn Bua" stories are now being edited by Al Reimer for the new four-volume edition of Dyck's collected works to be published by the Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society. The first volume, **Verloren in der Steppe**, edited by Victor Doerksen and Harry Loewen, is now available at Mennonite book stores and from the Mennonite Book Club. Dyck's **Koop enn Bua opp Reise**, volume II in the edition, will be available in 1986. Beginning with this issue, the **MM** offers readers a sampling of the rich stores of humor, satire and shrewdly observed Mennonite characters and life experiences as brought alive in Arnold Dyck's inimitable literary imagination. (Note: Any resemblance between the Jasch Bua above and the dignified editor of this magazine is more than coincidental — it is preposterous!)

Bua beleat Koop, woo hee sich benäme mott, wann hee bie framde Lied'nenn-tjemmt.

(Töws sitzt rauchend und gelegentlich ausspuckend auf seinem Platz und schaut sinnend [träumend?] durchs Fenster in die herbstliche Abenddämmerung. Plötzlich huscht ein Schatten am Fenster vorbei, die Tür fliegt krachend auf, und herein stürzt.)

Buhr: (ganz ausser Atem, ruft) Teews, best du hia? Ess Teews hia? (Sieht ihn) Teews, komm schwind 'n bät häa, oba schwind! Kjitj! Kjitj!

(Doch ehe der etwas langsam reagierende Töws die Tür erreicht hat, verfinstert sich plötzlich das Fenster: ein lautes Motorburren, Angstrufe: "Ho! Ho!," ein Krachen, Fensterglas splittert und herein durch das Fenster schießt etwas Grosses, Unförmiges, den untren Fensterrahmen mit sich reissend und landet auf den unter dem Fenster stehenden Säcken mit Futterschrot. Dann lautlose Stille. Alle sind einen Moment wie gelähmt. Als aber der sonderbare Gegenstand sich aufrichtet, bricht Buhr in ein fürchterliches Lachen aus.)

Buhr: Wellkom hia, Koop! (zu Töws gewendet, vorstellend, feierlich) Ditt ess Mister lesaak Schemmelkoop, foat fonn fonndoag tsemorjens siene eajne Koa. Soon Kolla haft'a oba nijch emma omm. (Nimmt Koop, denn dieser ist es, den Fensterrahmen ab, lässt sich dann auf die Säcke fallen und lacht, lacht, dass einem angst werden könnte, wenn's nicht grade Buhr wäre.)

Töws: (nachdem er erst begriffen, was hier vor sich gegangen ist, hilft Koop sich vollends auf die Beine zu stellen und drückt ihn dann auf einen Kasten nieder) Mensch, waut hast du fäa?

Koop: (ist weiss wie die Wand, scheint noch nicht zu verstehen, was ihm widerfahren ist, ruft plötzlich laut) Ho! ho! ho! (scheinbar einen Gedanken beendend, der durch den Fenstersprung unterbrochen wurde.)

Buhr: (lässt eine neue Lachsälve los).

Töws: (reicht Koop ein Glas Wasser,

nimmt ihm die Mütze ab, schaut ihm ins Gesicht, augenscheinlich nach Verletzungen suchend, die er aber nicht zu finden scheint).

Koop: (hat inzwischen sein volles Bewusstsein wieder erlangt, spring auf) Miene Koa! (Eilt, noch etwas schwankend, zur Tür hinaus).

Buhr und **Töws:** (folgen ihm).

Töws: (draussen) Wäms Koa ess daut?

Buhr: (lacht) Wäms? Koop siene!

Töws: Ess daut soo?

Koop: (Die Antwort ist nicht zu hören, nicht aber wohl.)

Töws: Enn wäa stiad?

Buhr: (lacht) Koop selwst. (Dann kurz entschlossen) Oba nu packt ju beid 'nenn. Koop schockelt je noch gauns. Enn etj woa doch mol seene waut däm wille Beest jeworde ess; fleijcht kaun etj et wada emm Gang brinje.

Töws und **Koop:** (kommen herein, Koop noch immer verstört, schweigt).

Töws: (sich wieder setzend) Sat die mau dol, Koop, enn saj mie doch mol, woo enn aula Wält kjemst du too dee Koa?

Koop: Etj hab dee jekoft.

Töws: Jekoft! Wanea?

Koop: Jistre.

Töws: Jistre! Wanea hast du dann foare jeleat?

Koop: Fonndoag fermeddach.

Töws: Enn nu festeist du daut aul? Soo schwind jeit daut?

Koop: Jo, too foare festo etj aul, oba . . .

Töws: (wartet, dann) Waut oba?
Koop: Etj festo opp 'ne framde Städ mau nijch stell too hoole.

Töws: Enn tus festeist et?
Koop: Jo.
Töws: Woo kjemt dann daut? Woo deist du daut tus?

Koop: Na, etj hab je doa tus opp'em Hoff eenen grooten Klompe Grewel . . . (schweigt).

Töws: (schmunzelt) Enn doa foascht du dann 'nenn, wann du stell hoole wellst, nijch?

Koop: Jo, enn dann steit dee Koa emma fein stell, enn dee Inschen uck.

Töws: Enn woo fungst du daut ut, mett däm soo Stellhoole?

Koop: Na, aus etj foare lead, enn noch nijch too wenje festunt, prald etj mett eenmol enn den Grewelklompe, enn doabie fung etj daut dann ut.

Töws: (tut einen langen Zug aus seiner Pfeife) Soo, soo woat daut jemoakt. Enn hia dochst du, du wurscht aun'e Waund foare, enn dann wurd aul aules stell stone?

Koop: Nä, etj wull nijch aun'e Waund, etj wull mank dee Kaustes enn Tonne opp enj Hus foare enn troff doa mau nijch han.

Töws: Wuaromm jajchst du dann oba soo, wann du aul sittst, daut et nijch doahan jeit, wua du han wellst?

Koop: Etj wull je uck nijch joage, aus etj sach, wua daut hanjinj, wull etj schwind dän Gess aufstale, hab doch woll oba dän Schwenjel aun staut no unje — no bowe jeräte, weens dee Koa hold mett eenmol aun, enn . . .

Buhr: (erscheint in der Tür, hat das Letzte augenscheinlich gehört, unterbricht) . . . enn donn wist du nuscht jescheidaret too doone, aus daut Stia tridjtoorierte aus 'ne Lien, enn ho, ho too beltje, he? (lacht). Nä, Koop, du best ella aus etj, oba nu mott etj die doch 'n bät beleare: hia bie ons ess daut soo Mood, wann du wua bie Lied 'nenn wellst, dann jeist du derjch'e Däe, enn nijch derjch'em Fensta, enn dann sajchst du uck nijch Ho—ho, wan du 'nenntjemst, du sajchst dann schmock Goondach, festeist? Dee Mets kaunst opphoole.

Koop: (ärgert sich, schweigt aber).
Buhr: (wendet sich an Töws) Enn dann sajcht'a emma, daut Onnjletj ess am opp'e Hacke enn well am Beentje stale. Oba daut billst du die mau bloos enn, Koop. Du mottst eascht 'mol jescheit Onnjletj habe, eea du ennwoascht, waut fe onnfeschämdejt Jletj du hast.

Koop: (schaut Buhr verständnislos an) Waut meenst du?

Buhr: Na kijtj doch mol: een aundra Mensch haud sijch bie soo'ne Heista—

koppscheetarie dootjeschloage; du trafst schmock enn't Fensta 'nenn enn kjemst weatj opp'e Satj too lidje, aus wann du dien Läuwdach nuscht aundat jedone hast, aus derjch Fenstasch hupse. Enn dann diene Koa, dee ess uck nuscht jeworde. Äwajens soon Ford, wann dee eascht soon patrialeschet Ella erreatjt haft — etj meen soo saje se daut doch, Teews, nijch? — aulsoo soo oolt ess aus diene, dann ess dää aul aules passeat, waut ar passeare kaun. Auf äa eena mea ooda weinja äwr'em Rädäta hupst, ess ar gauns worsche. Nä, Koop, räd mie nijch mea fonn Nijch—Jletj habe. Enn nu saj mie mol, waut hast du fe dee oole Liess jetolt?

Koop: (ist sichtlich aufgelebt, nachdem er vernommen hat, dass seiner Car nicht viel geworden ist) Enn du meenst, Jasch, etj bruck se' nijch no di' Garage brinje toom repäre?

Buhr: Doa ess nuscht too repäre, dee Bompasch senn 'en bät feboage enn dee Fendasch uck, oba daut jeheat je too 'ne seckenhend Koa. Oba nu saj mie mol, waut du fe dän Derjchsata jejäft hast?

Koop: (etwas unsicher) Säwentian Dola enn feftijch Tsent. Ess daut too fäl?

Buhr: (erstaunt) Säwentianfeftijch! Nä, jewess nijch, daut's nijch too fäl, dauts billijch fe 'ne Koa mett aule fea

Räda enn Inschen. Oba wea dee one Windschild?

Koop: Nä, oba se' säde enn'e Garage, daut jintj uck doarone, wann't senne must, enn donn leet etj et loos nasme, sest sull se achtien Dola koste.

Buhr: Na, wist du dann donn aul, daut du fäare, 'rütsprijne wurscht? Oba saj mie bloos daut, woo hast du die soo loosjelote, 'ne Koa too kjeepe? Mensch, du woascht leijchtsennijch. Nu best du opp'em Wajch een Rommdriewa too woare. Soo fung daut bie mie uck aun. Daut fung uck mett'e Koa aun.

Töws: Et ess Tiet no Hus too gone. Etj jleew, Jasch, du sullst mett Koop mettfoare, enn am 'n bät tooschetj halpe mett'm Foare.

Buhr: Well, mienswäaje, Koop, äwajens hab etj, wann du daut Stellhoole nijcht boold ütlescht, eenen aundren Rot fe die.

Koop: Na?
Buhr: (ernst) Du sullst, wann du mett dee Koa wajchfoare wellst, emma dienen Schemmel hinje aunbinje, daut wurd sijch dann jaajesiedijch 'n bät ütthalpe: een Neckscha enn een Ütsata.

(Koops Antwort ist nicht zu hören. Nach kurzer Zeit vernimmt man kräftiges Motorburren, das sich allmählich in der Ferne verliert.) mm

poet's word

mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

Marian makes lists of all the things she doesn't want to forget what groceries to buy chores to be done by the end of the week peoples birthdays so she can send them cards from the Regal collection with the cute kittens on the box the cost of nails hammer paintbrushes turpentine scrapers wallpaper for the spare bedroom so she can keep track me i carry around this list of things i cant forgive the time my mother made me stand in the corner by the basement steps & my cousin Joyce came over & i had to pretend i was so engrossed in Readers Digest i wasnt the slightest bit interested in going bike riding with her & the sun shining first time in a week or the time my sister got sucked into raising her hand at evangelical meeting & she had to get counselling from the deacon behind the coat rack after church or my brother pulling the wings off sparrows & swinging the cat by its tail just to make us scream & my mother always thinking he was a saint & my dad grotesquely cheerful after milking barging into the room with his grin & good morning & we with our awkward limbs only half dressed oh yes like Marian i remember my family i tally up prices i keep track

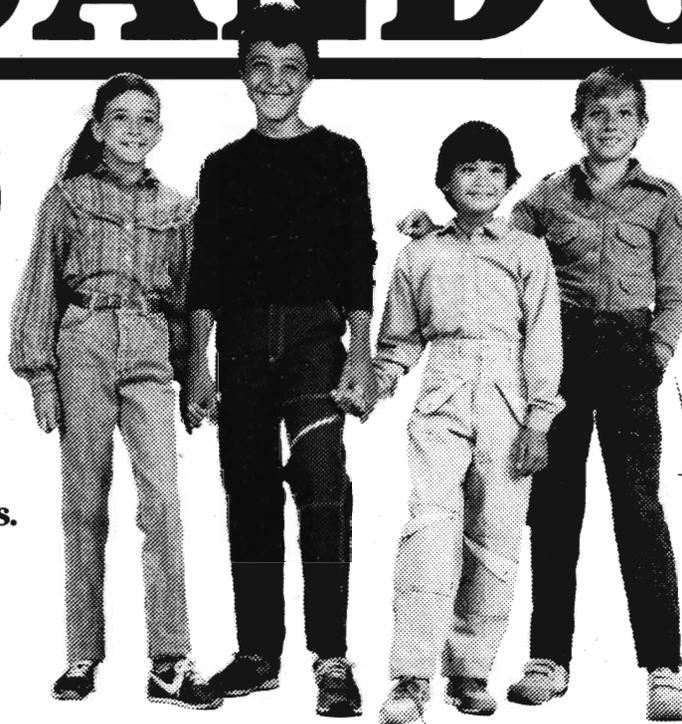
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