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COMING EVENTS

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

October 16, 17: Arnold Dyck symposium, at the University of Winnipeg.

October 19: Mennonite Community Orchestra concert in the Portage Avenue Mennonite Brethren Church, 8 p.m.

October 20: Mennonite Community Orchestra in concert at the Steinbach Bible College, 4 p.m.

October 25, 26: Songs by the Enns family and Friends, Muriel Richardson Auditorium, Winnipeg Art Gallery.

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

November 2: Holiday Inn. German-Canadian Congress Community Development Conference. For information phone 338-4230.

November 1, 2: MCC Community Justice Initiatives of Manitoba Conference. "The Many Sides of Crime." Place: Mennonite Brethren Bible College.

November 21, 22: Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, at Young United Church.

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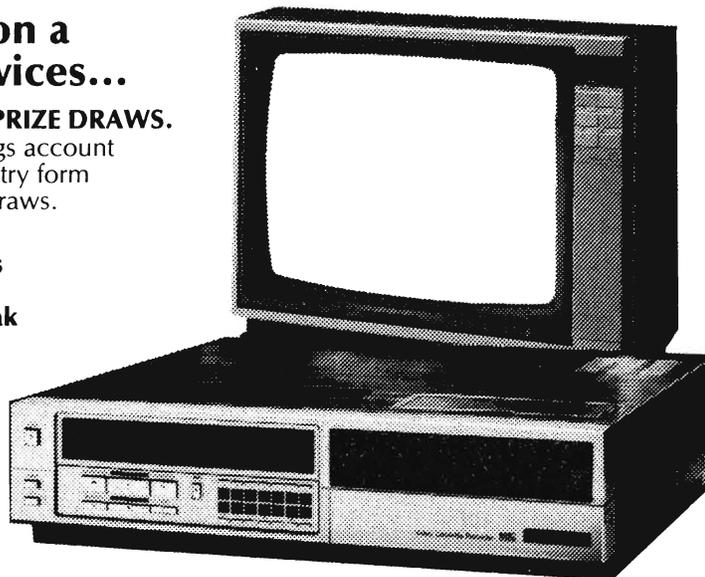
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MAIN PRIZE DRAW

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All remaining entries (those not selected in monthly draws) are eligible for the trip for two to Hawaii draw to be made at the Crosstown 1986 Annual Meeting.

See tellers for list of prizes, draw details and rules.



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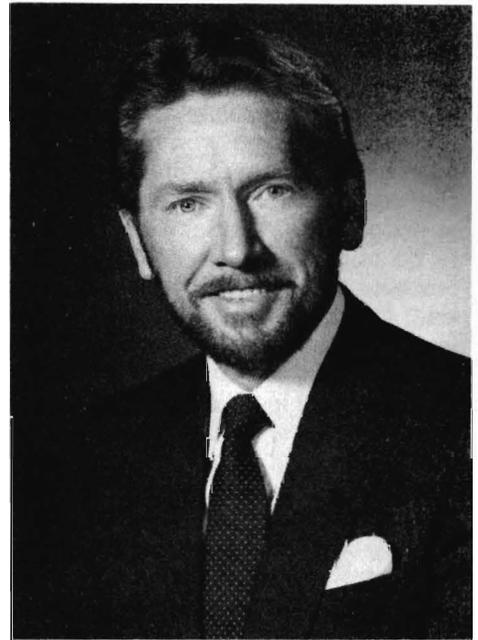
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Ed Martens

A sense of being Mennonite that still affects what he does

by Kerstin Roger

It was an early morning in June and after running down the wrong street with rain clouds behind me, I finally found the right building. Bounding up the stairs, out of breath, I managed to reach the door to Ed Martens' office just as my watch beeped 9 o'clock. Somehow, even though I am not a connoisseur of offices, this one struck me as luxurious and comfortable. There was a big off-white couch, and a big tree of some sort, and somewhere to the left was hidden an office desk, unobtrusive, thus creating an unbusinesslike atmosphere.

I had noticed a big billboard on Henderson just the week before, congratulating Ed Martens on his new position as president of the Chamber of Commerce in Winnipeg. I had not been sure what that position really meant, and here I was interviewing him! As president of the Chamber of Commerce Ed Martens acts as a spokesman for more than 5,000 businesses in Winnipeg. These businesses elect a council which in turn elected him, a procedure which is repeated every year. Although the council is behind him when he makes decisions, Mr. Martens must be absolutely aware of what is happening on the national as well as the regional scene.

The reason for this is as follows. When the government meets to present a new budget or a new tax law, businesses are obviously affected in a big way. The press will come, sometimes within half an hour, and demand a position from Ed Martens and the council. Without having a secure knowledge of previous problems and resolutions faced by the government and the C. of C. (Chamber of Commerce) Ed Martens would be lost. The council does have people specialized in each field, but his general overview of all facets is as necessary a tool as the hammer is to the carpenter.

Ed Martens admits that a lot of stress is involved, considering that he is not only president of the C. of C. but also the president of his own company, Wordsnorth. Many years ago there already existed newspaper clipping services in Toronto and Montreal, and Mr. Martens could see that a similar service could be successful in Winnipeg. With his wife and another employee he officially began Wordsnorth in 1977, the name chosen to describe their basic function as a communicator (words) and for something new and challenging (north). Although they serve smaller businesses as a rule, they also have some big fish in the kettle. Reading up to 60 dailies plus

the financial papers, they clip out information of concern to their customer, be it about a product, the competition, or anything else that concerns him. This keeps the company in touch with how the consumer sees them. With a small smile Ed Martens remarks that they "could foresee the success of our company simply because there was a need for it. Now there are at least 25 other companies, but we, (including a twin company in Saskatchewan, Perry Martens), are in the top bracket because we have diversified our direction."

Ed Martens grew up in a business setting. Coming from a Mennonite home his family has been into local businesses and farming for a long time, hoping no doubt that their son would acquire a talent for being a businessman. Because of his 24-hour, seven-day a week responsibility to the C. of C. and to Wordsnorth, he does not attend a Mennonite church, but he still feels the values and morals ingrained in his daily life. "I have a very intrinsic sense of being Mennonite. Values taught to me in my childhood have been my strength in all my business handlings. They are a great balancing factor for me." While this is perhaps most important, he adds that people he has worked with have

also been a strong balancing factor for him. Working with strong people helps. "I have had many excellent models to follow in my lifetime, people who understand your position because they have been there, and who are able to give you advice which is applicable. It is so important for your individual growth to be able to see that what you are reaching for has been reached by others." No doubt that kind of inspiration leads some to soar to new heights.

I realized that behind Ed Martens' very calm and low-key appearance is a man with a quiet persistence. In his one year as president of C. of C., he is determined to fulfill some important goals. He feels, for example, that in the attention that he and the council give to new issues, they be aware of the build up to events so that their response can be a pro-active one rather than a reactive one. He hopes that more power will be given to women and youth in businesses. In helping minorities to understand the goals of the C. of C. they could possibly be encouraged to support each other. He also wants to test a program called "Conversational French for the Businessman" — a way to remain in step with the national language laws.

Many businesses are lured by the prospect of success in the United States and feel pessimistic about their success in Winnipeg. Ed Martens disagrees. There is potential in Winnipeg, not only on a regional level but also on an international level. A perfect example would be a conversation he had with several ambassadors. While they were talking about modern technology the ambassador from Singapore stressed their need for it. Only after several minutes did Ed Martens realize that he meant water pumps and telephones, not quite what we consider modern! Since we can produce some of the best water pumps in the world, this would be a good international connection. There are many other ways to "adopt a more vigorous approach to foreign and neighboring markets" and this exemplifies one of them.

It is hard to say if a one-year terms leaves enough room for Mr. Martens to secure some of his goals. At the same time he seems to lead his horse on a very loose rein, when it comes to keeping in step with present goals. "Basically I was brought up to believe in long terms goals. You made plans for three, five and ten years ahead of time and you followed them through. I have come to realize that this isn't entirely possible. After three years my situation is nowhere near my projected plan. How

can one view a situation so far into the future? Because plans have a way of transforming themselves into new objectives, you have to be flexible. Targets tend to move and new doors appear, so the plans one makes have to move right along with them." Thus, he realizes that his goals can not be static.

As already mentioned, the need to appear before the press creates a certain amount of tension in that Ed Martens is now the voice for businesses in Winnipeg. Because he knows that this double workload is only for one year he can afford to accept the pressure. When he can, he exercises his green thumb in the garden, although there is little time even for this. Some of the stress is also relieved through opportunities his presidency at the C. of C. offers. One encouraging factor must be that he knows his publicity for the C. of C. will also benefit Wordsnorth. But also, as the meeting with the ambassadors illustrates, the contact with people brings a different kind of reward. Having attended a junior achievement banquet he was so enthused that these "energetic kids will be creating businesses left, right and center. That is exactly the kind of energy that Winnipeg needs."

As encouragement to these kids, he gives some advice from one who has been there." Expressing yourself with enthusiasm is the most important factor when communicating to people. With a deep-seated belief it is possible to convince almost anyone. Always be positive."

Aside from an interest in the politics of the business, the next most important attitude is to be able to learn from your mistakes. There have been times, he recalls, when he made a decision which did not coincide with that of the council. Without going into specific he said there was one occasion when he had to backtrack on a public statement that he later discovered was not supported by his council. "That's what it's all about. Taking risks. I recognize that making mistakes is an inevitable by-product of taking risks, but they have to be made. Mennonites are very calculated risk takers, not in a reckless way but very conservative. This is also a good description of a businessman. He knows the terms, knows the targets, and takes the risk."

Perhaps being a businessman is associated more often with neck ties, business lunches and paper work, but this glimpse into Ed Martens life — firstly, as president of Wordsnorth, and secondly, as president of the Chamber of Commerce — brings us closer to the realities

and the rewards which are found behind the scenes.

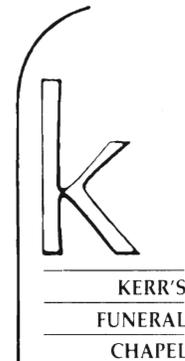
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On the Path to the Leningrad Baptist Church; Jerry is in the foreground.

Learning Russian in Leningrad and seeing things few visitors see

by Lawrence Klippenstein

"I'm not sure I'll make it to church on Good Friday. For us it's a regular work day you know." I should have known. This was Leningrad in Soviet Russia, not London, England, or Winnipeg, Canada. Boris [not his real name] looked troubled.

Despite a busy schedule this young

medical student had volunteered to show me some interesting places which tourists of Leningrad didn't usually get to see. He was just escorting me through the very elegant and spacious entrance hall to the former palace of Prince Yusupov who had lived here during the first World War. Yusupov, I recalled had secretly inspired the group that planned and carried out the assassination of Rasputin, a notorious monk who

strongly influenced the royal court of Alexandra and Nicholas II, the last of Russia's Romanov tsars (both died July 16, 1918, at the hands of the Soviets).

This nobleman's residence is now a retreat centre for teachers of the Soviet Union. A door attendant would not allow us to see the remaining rooms. "Why can't they let the people in? It belongs to the people," I didn't know just how to answer. Slowly he started toward the door.

Several days earlier he had also taken me to the St. Nicholas Church, an Orthodox place of worship which he said he sometimes attended. He knew that Passion Week had come. The Russian Orthodox Easter, celebrated on April 14 this year, was only days away.

Boris and I had met two weeks previously when he caught up with us on Nevskii Prospekt. We were on our way home from the circus, and he was hoping to buy foreign currency if possible. Our answer had been, "No, thank you, we got our rubles from the bank." But, I had then asked him, could we meet again somewhere and just talk?

Actually we were not simply passing through. LaVerna, my wife, our 13-year-old son, Jerry and I had by now almost completed a short course in Russian language. Leningrad had become our temporary home. Having ventured



The Alexander Nevskii Cathedral, a "working" church.

forth as a family, we did want to share the Easter festivities of Soviet believers, and perhaps meet other families if we could. Some years ago a leader of the Baptist church who lived in Leningrad had toured through Canada. Possibly we could meet him again as well.

But our studies would come first. Each morning, Monday through Saturday (including Good Friday), we joined a group of seven or eight British and American fellow-students to struggle through the exercises in phonetics, grammar and new vocabulary which our youthful, but very professional Russian language teacher, Irina Igorevna, had planned for us that day. On Sundays and certain afternoons Intourist invited us to take special tours to other places like Pushkin or Novgorod, and to cultural places like the Russian Museum and the Hermitage. The rest of the time was ours to do with as we pleased.

Time seemed to drag a bit at first. We knew no one in the tour group with which we had come from London. Absorbing the "culture shock" of our move last August to the park-like southeast London suburb of Bromley had been virtually painless. There we had come to feel almost at home. But Leningrad was far from that.

Here, in tsarist Russia's Petrine capital, and the very site of the Great October Revolution, living now just off the banks of the Neva, within hours of the "white forests of Vologda" almost, we really did feel like foreigners par excellence. This was the Soviet Union — something Winston Churchill once called "a mystery wrapped in an enigma bundled up in a riddle."

The aging, though still quite habitable Astoria Hotel (built with Western funds in 1911), was not so different from an older hotel in Canada or the USA. Someone said it was slated for renovations, and then would be "really plush." Our second-floor one room "apartment" had the extra services of the floor's buffet just across the hall. But to get hot water for tea you had to be able to say at least *goriachnaya voda*, *pozhalista* (hot water, please), and that has to be memorized before you say it!

The St. Isaac's Cathedral and the monument of Nicholas I (d. 1855), to the right and left when we stepped out the front door (almost always tended by what the British would call a warden), the shops, the language on the street, the tiny crowded classroom just down the hall from our room, and the Leningrad systems of doing things — three queues to make a purchase, finding ticket-dispensers and the proper coins in a crowded trolleybus, the strangers on the



The Kazan Cathedral, now the museum of religion and atheism.

sidewalks who asked for gum, *Kugel-schreiber*, jeans, foreign money, and to buy the trousers I was wearing — all this took adjusting to. These challenges we had not faced this way before.

Rain and snow, sometimes blown about by strong winds, met us almost every day at first. We learned that the winter had been exceptionally cold, and had let up measurably only two or three weeks earlier. On postcards of the city we could see beautiful parks, flowered walkways, and the huge grassy lawns of former homes of the royalty, along with many monuments put there by the new owners of the city. Before we left we would see the clean-up parties at work on the boulevards which we assumed would make Leningrad look like the pictures in the months just ahead.

Already we could enjoy a breath-taking view of the deep blue Neva River from the bridges that connect its banks. When we arrived in late March Lenin-graders on Vasily Island were still crossing the ice from Pushkin Square to the Peter and Paul Fortress on the other side of the bay. By the time we left three weeks later all the ice there, and that of many canals, had disappeared altogether.

Leningrad is apparently the only older city of importance in the Soviet Union which did not grow up around a "kremlin," or fort. That happened because Peter I (the Great — d. 1725) wanted to establish something more "western." So he had a fortress built instead — really not so different from a kremlin at all once you see both. Novgorod's "kremlin" is now a museum. Jerry and I saw it one Sunday afternoon while a real blizzard was blowing through the countryside. The one in Moscow, with its Lenin Mausoleum up front, its many-domed churches, First Secretary Gorbachev's offices, and Red Square with St. Basil's Cathedral, is still, as we know,

much in use today.

On a tour some years ago we had two days to see Leningrad. Now we had almost a month — enough time to explore, and really get our bearings among the *ploshchady* (squares), *ulitzas* (streets) and *prospekty* (avenues), as well as the main historical and cultural sites of the area.

Peter the Great spoke of St. Petersburg

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(as it was called earlier) as Russia's "window to the west," through which Russia would be able to see what was going on in Europe as a whole. It could then choose those things which would be useful in Russia also — and refuse what it didn't want. Up and down the streets of central Leningrad, especially along Nevsky Prospekt, one can still study the style of neo-classicist architects, along with Russian modifications which have appeared since then. The original buildings of the 18th and 19th centuries form the core of the downtown section even today.

You don't have to wait long to meet the people themselves. Thousands of them crowd the sidewalks as you go up the street. Most don't appear to know you are there. But many young people and also adults to keep an eye out for people from the "West," tourists and travellers who come along by the tens of thousands every year. Many Soviets can speak English or German, and seem ready to talk.

That's how I could meet Andrei [also not his real name] also. He simply joined our group as we were listening to our guide describe to us the paintings of Rembrandt and other famous western artists, now housed in The Hermitage (once known as the Winter Palace). This museum presently holds some of the best collections of European art found anywhere in the world, brought there by people like Catharine II (the Great, d. 1796) and other later rulers who wanted to get in on the cultural life of Europe.

Andrei told us that he wanted to meet an English-language group so he could practice his English. Maybe he had other reasons as well. He agreed to discuss any questions we might have about his country, and we decided to meet outside at the Alexander II (the Tsar-liberator, d. 1881) monument on the square in front of the building. We almost missed each other because he had not counted on the area being roped off for soldiers rehearsing their marches for the upcoming holidays, Labor (Workers') Day on May 1, and VE Day on May 9.

We talked about many things. Over the years Andrei had done quite a bit of reading in Western newspapers which were available now and then in Leningrad. He was especially glad for a copy of London's Daily Telegraph which one of our tour members passed on to him.

He suggested that it was too early to know what the change of leadership in his country would mean for the future. Time alone would tell. Unmarried, he still lived with his parents who were getting older now. He told me about a

little plot of land and a small summer home which they enjoyed out in the countryside. He would like to own a car, but they cost between 5,000 and 10,000 rubles, and if you earned only about 250 a month, it was almost impossible to make such a purchase. He added, however, that one could take one's holidays as a lumberjack in Siberia, thus earning 1,000 rubles a month. That way you might get a car some day after all.

He was curious about life outside his own country. He asked me, "How do you think I would manage if I were to move to Montreal?" Again it was not an

easy question to answer. I told he would probably have to make a lot more personal decisions about things than he did in the Soviet Union. He might earn a higher salary, but the cost of living would be much higher too. There you couldn't get a bus ticket for three kopecks (about five cents) or rent a room for 10 rubles a month (about \$20.00), as one can in the Soviet Union. (Bus fare has recently gone up to five kopecks, we are told.)

When we parted he asked if I could somehow get to him a book on English gardening, and an American silver dol-

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lar coin for his collection. I asked him if he knew about the new British one-pound coin. He didn't (not many outsiders do), so I offered to add that to the lot as well. In the Hermitage he had let us know that he was quite familiar with the Old Testament stories depicted on the paintings, of Abraham, for instance, about to sacrifice his son. He had a Russian Bible where he could read about things like that, he said.

About a mile up from the Neva, not far from Leningrad's largest bookstore, *Dom Knigy* (House of Books), and its largest department store, *Gostini Dvor* (Arcade, or bazaar), stands the old Kazan Cathedral with its monument to General Kutuzov, a famous general from the time of Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812. The general's funeral took place in this cathedral. Now the building is open to the public as the Museum of Religion and Atheism, and not used for religious services at all. (In fact, all of Leningrad has only 17 "working" Orthodox churches at the present time.) When I visited the museum through an almost hidden door in the rear of the building, I passed an open truck with two live bears, waiting for their next circus performance perhaps (they may have been the hockey players, believe it

or not, whom we had seen in action several nights before).

The inside of the Museum of Religion and Atheism looks like a huge palace with ornate carvings, high ceilings and columns, and vast open spaces where the people will have stood at worship when it still functioned as a church. Several vacant spots on the wall suggest that large ikons may have been hanging there at one time. Much of its original beauty still remains.

The Soviets have drastically changed the function of this place, however. Numerous exhibits explain the rise of atheistic thought in Russia and the Soviet Union. Others shout loud criticisms of the traditional Orthodox church for supporting the evils of serfdom and other forms of tsarist suppression. They also accuse the church of allying itself with forces that tried to overthrow the Revolution during the Civil War (1918-1921). Anti-religious pronouncements of Lenin serve as major captions for the telling of this difficult story.

Further back is a surprise for those visitors who take the time to see the entire museum, which, incidentally, is not featured in regular tours. Here in a smaller corner you will also find several exhibits dealing with non-Orthodox, so-called sectarian groups such as Doukhobors and Baptists. Few negative comments can be found here. Photos of community life and worship activities are simply but tastefully mounted, and cutlines attached. We were later told that a photo from the Leningrad Baptist Church is included in this exhibit.

In a listing of "other Protestant groups" I read the names "Mennonites" and "Methodists" at the very bottom. For these groups there is nothing else. A number of books on sectarians, by scholars such as Bonch-Bruevich (history), A. Klibanov (Baptists) and Moskalenko (on Pentecostals) are on display also.

Still farther on up the Prospekt, nearer the site of the old Alexander Nevsky monastery where a seminary and Orthodox church still function, one can visit the only statue of Catherine II found in Leningrad. This monument reminded me of the Russian decrees passed by the tsarina to encourage colonization of "New Russia" (later Ukraine), as well as other parts of her growing domain. One of these invitations, dated July 14, 1785, appears to have been directly responsible for the emigration of Danzig Mennonite to the junction of the Chortitza and Dnieper Rivers just two centuries

ago. (A bicentennial celebration might be in place somewhere!)

Just across a side-street (Sadova) stands the main public library of Leningrad, the first one of its kind to be built in Russia, and named after the famous 19th century Russian writer, Saltykov-Shchedrin. I had hoped to spend some time in the reading room if admittance would be granted.

The process was less complicated than I had imagined. I needed only my passport for identification, and a special permit which a staff member wrote out for me right on the spot. That document offered me reading room privileges for three days.

Once inside I leaned on my scanty Russian to explain why I had come, and to ask for someone who could speak English or German to help me locate what I needed. This is how I met Elena, who spoke English, and more fluently even, German also. She helped me get oriented to the card catalogue and brought me several German-language publications which I wanted to consult.

One of them was the Mennonite newspaper, *Der Botschafter*, published by Russian Mennonites in the Ukrainian colonies from 1905 to 1914. I wanted especially to see the issues of 1905

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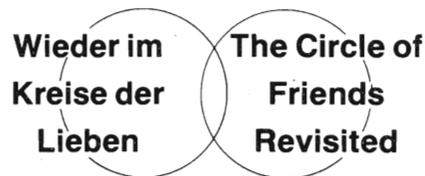
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which to my knowledge are not available in Mennonite libraries anywhere. The library had these issues, and may one day provide copies for readers in the West.

There was time for widening our contacts with Christians. With most of our evenings and three Sundays free we could worship and fellowship with local congregations. On our first visit to the Baptist congregation, we met its secretary, Anatoli, who along with his many duties needed also to host non-Russian guests like us. He gave us a very warm personal welcome each time we showed up at their prayer house (Baptists prefer that term in the Soviet Union).

In this congregation, the only registered Baptist group in Leningrad, Anatoli's brother serves as congregational chairman, assisting the deacons and ministers headed by the pastor, Rev. Pyotr Konovalchik, along with choir directors and others, who attempt to minister to the needs of this three-thousand member growing body.

I recall my first visit to this church in 1979. At that time they told us that some years before the congregation had been asked to move out of their much more centrally located building in the city to this former Russian Orthodox church-house which was really too small for the total group. It was so crowded when we entered (unfortunately somewhat late) that several people had to vacate their pews, and there was hardly standing room for them elsewhere.

That is all changed now, six years later. Not long ago the church completed a major extension to the older section of its sanctuary so that it can now comfortably seat 1,100 persons — with standing room for many more. It is said that Billy Graham spoke to 3,000 people in this church when he visited it last year. Many visitors had to remain outside. The sanctuary also has a choir loft seating about 150 people, with a grand piano to accompany the choir singing.

Five or six services a week, including Bible study for children and youth are regularly held here. All seats seemed full whenever we attended — including the balcony with its special pew section for guests. After one Sunday service, and a lunch for some people in the church, one of the members read the Bible out loud to senior women of the congregation who found it difficult to read, or perhaps had no Bible suited to their needs.

Anatoli told, rather excitedly, how a number of members had gone on one occasion recently to engage a group of

atheist students in training as teachers. The topic was "The Purpose of Life." A number of students had been surprised to learn about the Baptist church, and promised that sometime they would be attending a service.

On a Saturday afternoon, the day before Palm Sunday, we came for a baptismal service where 18 persons were being received into the congregation. Another 18 baptisms were scheduled for the following Tuesday. Vows were repeated in the immersion baptism-try located in the middle of the church. (It could be covered up after use.) A large and very capable choir sang while the pastor called out the questions to be answered. Four or five speakers brought sermons. Young people brought flowers to the new members after the service ended.

No one in the gathering could fail to be moved we felt, by the exalted spirit, and the sense of God's presence here. We realized later that here in this setting, in the midst of God's family to which we also belonged, we could feel no "culture shock." We had the sense of being at home, and never felt closer to the people of this large and historic city.

In a lobby next to an exit we took time

to examine a well-prepared photo exhibit which gave an account of the congregation's history. Last year the Leningrad Baptist Church joined the celebrations of the 100th anniversary of the Russian Baptist Union which is now part of the All Union Council of Evangelical Christians-Baptists (AUCECB) set up in 1942. This Council thus also includes the Evangelical Christians whose own beginnings go back to the actual founding of this Leningrad congregation around 1874. Its creative director in those days was a certain Colonel Pashkov of St. Petersburg, an aristocrat who had been converted under the preaching of a British evangelist, Lord Radstock.

Anatoli pointed out that several of the buildings used by Pashkov in the 1870s were still being used in Leningrad (not for religious purposes, to be sure), and appeared on pictures of their exhibit. I had often wondered, as we trekked about the city, in which buildings the Mennonite delegations of that period might have met the government officials whom they importuned so persistently about exemption from military service. Russia's first law of universal military conscription had been proclaimed in St. Petersburg on January 1, 1874. Many

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Mennonites moved to Canada and the U.S. after that.

On Easter morning we were elsewhere, but we returned to the church's evening service that same day. Young people had a central part in the program. Here we experienced for the first time the traditional and spiritually powerful Russian greetings of the *Pascha*. The minister greets the parishioners with the words *Christos voskres* (Christ is risen), and everyone answers in chorus: *Voistiny voskres* (He is risen indeed!).

Years ago a Russian Orthodox priest needed to answer an atheist propagandist in a debate before a large audience in the village hall. He said simply, "I will not make a long speech, but only say to you, *Christos voskres!* Instantly the audience responded with *Voistiny voskres*. The debate ended right there; the atheist had nothing more to say, and the people dispersed.

The 90-voice choir, mostly young people, with an accompanying orchestra of another two dozen youths, a half dozen sermons, several congregational hymns and numerous recitations, with times of prayer, comprised the 2½-hour service. When it closed several persons came forward to make confessions of faith. This happens in most other services also, we were told.

Unfortunately we could not speak with people as we would have liked to. The language barrier can be a real frustration, we found. However, many fellow-worshippers shared their welcome with handshakes, greetings or a hug and smile. They wished us God's blessing as we left.

After one of the services I spoke to someone who introduced himself as Pavel (Paul). He sent greetings to acquaintances in the U.S. He also knew about Oswald Smith, and had listened to the radio preaching of Rev. David Wiens from Canada. Another person came to hand me an address so I could send him a Russian Bible.

Attending Orthodox church services helped us to gain a greater appreciation for these believers as well. On a Saturday afternoon we participated in the worship of the Spaski Praobrezhenskii congregation, not far from the Finland Station. (This was the station where Lenin arrived in April, 1917, after leaving Switzerland to take over leadership of the Russian revolutionary movement.) We were actually looking for the only Catholic church still functioning in Leningrad, but couldn't find it. Instead we noticed a number of older women all going in one direction. They were heading for their church, and we simply followed.

Here we met about 500 persons, mostly people of middle age and older, but with young people and a few children mingling in the crowd. Several priests in richly decorated robes led the liturgy, the choir sang beautifully, and the Scripture reader helped to make this feature central in the service. For part of the service the priests and their assistants walked away from the ikon wall (iconostasis) in front to stand among the worshippers below. Several parishioners including women slowly made their way through the standing

congregation with offering plates in hand.

The worshippers paid close attention to the leaders. Some crossed themselves repeatedly or bowed down from time to time, sometimes to touch the floor with their foreheads. Others passed up lit candles to a candlestand. As a worship setting this was different from the ones we knew best. We sensed though that Christians were gathering here for a high moment of life and faith experience. Even as strangers we felt somehow that we fitted in.

When Boris took me to this same place later on, he explained that the lit candles represented prayers — for good health perhaps, for a suffering loved one, or for other personal concerns. At the St. Nicholas Church, Ivan, a local staff member, had told us about their preparations for the Orthodox millennium in 1988. It will celebrate 1,000 years of Christian teaching and church life in Russia and the Soviet Union. Christianity was established in Kievan Rus by Prince Vladimir in 988 A.D.

One way in which some Orthodox churches prepare for this event is with the restoration of ikons. This means cleaning these pictorial representations of important biblical or national religious figures. Painting then follows. Some people resist this, we learned, because they don't like such crass "modernization" of religious art.

We decided to go to the midnight Easter service of the St. Nicholas Church which began at 11 p.m. the evening before Easter and finished at 3 a.m. the next morning, Easter Day. Ivan had told us earlier about their special Good Friday service, and also mentioned that in the past the early morning Easter service had brought as many as 12,000 people to the premises of the church. Many would have to remain outside, while inside the building would be packed

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Dozens, indeed hundreds of young people, and others were still streaming toward the church when we left well before the service ended. Because we did not stay till midnight we also missed the important processional when the priest and the worshippers walk around the church outside, symbolically looking for the body of Christ. Of course, it is not to be found because "the Lord is risen. He is risen indeed."

Oddly, when we first arrived at the courtyard outside, we found the whole area heavily guarded by soldiers. They were posted about every 30 feet along the metal fencing, with additional ones near the main gate. They didn't try to stop us, or anyone else when we first came. But when we left later on, we found that the big gate was securely locked, and about 10 soldiers with arms interlocked stood guarding the gate. A large crowd had gathered and people were pressing to get inside. There seemed to be no violent shuffles, but hundreds obviously weren't going to get a chance to enter the courtyard or the church itself. The guards unlocked the gate when we indicated that we wanted to leave. Two others were then allowed to go inside.

As we set out for our hotel only about a mile away, we saw about two dozen more soldiers come marching up, perhaps to relieve those on duty, or possibly to reinforce the total force. The same thing apparently happens at all the larger Orthodox churches each Easter. It is claimed that the soldiers are there to prevent problems with "drunken hooligans," and apparently this kind of difficulty does exist. Other visitors have seen the soldiers simply trying to dissuade people, especially the youths, from attending at all. Someone told us that the cinemas and theatres offer special attractions during the Easter week-end, also to slim down the crowds going to church.

Tuesday morning, right after Easter, our teachers invited us to a "graduation," at which time we heard a short speech, and were then given our certificates for "80 hours of Russian language study." They also gave each student a record, the music written by Shostokovich, a Soviet composer who did this work during the 900-day siege of Leningrad, in World War II, and dedicated it to the brave defenders of the city. We were informed that the next day was ours to finish packing, taking the last photos we wanted, say goodbye to all, and prepare to board the midnight train for Moscow around 11 p.m.

Our train compartment, being quite comfortable, provided us with a good night's sleep. In Moscow we got a short city tour, and after a second day around the city, took the plane for London. I had time in Moscow to get lost (only briefly) on a subway, meet a traffic policeman where I ought not to have crossed the street, see parts of Kalinen Prospekt, and visit Red Square again. I also appreciated the chance to get a peek at the Lenin Library. Here I would have had to wait four days to get what I was looking for, so I left that for another time.

Looking back now, the days actually moved along quite quickly. I would have liked to spend a few more days at the Saltykov-Shchedrin Public Library, and to visit the Orthodox seminary. I had been given a phone number to contact the local branch of the Soviet Peace Committee, one of whose members "knew about Canada." Regretably, this possible meeting did not occur.

Time did not permit a longer conversation with a Russian professor of history from the Leningrad University, who came with other local professionals to meet our group at the House of Friendship. I would have liked to find out why he became so defensive when we began to discuss the Soviet military "presence" in Eastern European countries outside the Soviet Union. We also missed an opportunity to find out from Irina, our language instructor, why Soviet young people nowadays were not more interested in the church (I'm not sure she realized how many were in fact quite involved all the time). We wondered why she seemed to become uneasy when class members began to talk about the Christian faith in her presence.

Our stay in Leningrad actually left other questions unanswered. We never did find out exactly why the customs officials had to make it so difficult to bring in a few Russian Bibles and commentaries which they confiscated upon arrival. We weren't ever told why local citizens were not given free access to the hotel where we stayed, especially since tourism was being promoted strongly. We obviously need more background, too, to get the point of view of Alexander from the Institute of Pedagogy when he claimed that effective informal contacts on the people's level cannot really flourish until the major political differences of the superpowers have been settled. By all appearances, if this is true, then easy exchanges in non-political ways will remain difficult to arrange for a long time to come.

We learned a lot, nonetheless, had

gained useful first-hand impressions, and were stimulated, in various ways, to return and learn more. But the city of Leningrad, now nearly three hundred years old, has four and a half million people to get to know. The whole country has nearly 300 million inhabitants of many races and languages. We had come to see that the "Soviet way" of thinking and life, while familiar in some respects, is in others still quite different from our own.

It's time to get better acquainted, to learn more, much more. I hope there will be time to meet with Leningraders again, and do just that.

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A place to live and to find a little love by Kerstin Roger

More than just a housing project, the Mennonite Urban Renewal Project introduces personal contact between landlord and tenant to attempt to stabilize and help nurture welfare-dependent families and broken homes. MURP members put energy, and 10 percent of MURP's annual income into this impressive project to renovate low-rental apartments in Winnipeg.

But renovations are not only physical. As MURP president, Peter Kroeker, explains, "The original motivation for this endeavor recognizes that people are supported by welfare but also need help in developing a sense of self-worth, acceptance, and hope for a fuller life through better living conditions." The rules of a family home are applied to all tenants: stereos and radios are kept low, garbage is put in garbage cans, loud music and guests are prohibited after 11 p.m., and general standards of cleanliness and mutual consideration are encouraged.

More important than the rules is the actual presence of MURP within the apartment blocks. Gerald Brown, the manager of maintenance of the four blocks currently owned by MURP, has found time between fixing leaking faucets and repairing broken windows to lend support and a friendly ear to his clients. In a suite of each apartment block there is a couch and a pot of hot coffee where tenants are always welcome to come in and chat about anything from the weather to family problems.

Calvin Wiebe, co-ordinator of the Toronto Street block, has found his tenants somewhat suspicious of his formal offers of 'help.' Past experiences have told them that people who are there to 'help' are there for no good reasons. The tenants have been joking with him that hopefully some new tenants will bring him some 'problems' because they have none.

Wiebe has since tried a more casual approach. His connections with Cornerstone Church provide ample possibilities for softball games and video nights. These encourage a caring and community attitude, showing that church people are neither weird nor perfect. They can, however, offer something in terms of presenting healthy lifestyles and wholesome family relationships. Wiebe admits that some of the cultural differences "mystify and surprise" him, but through contact with the tenants he has been helped to a

deeper understanding of the people.

The project began in 1981 when MURP bought its first apartment block on Atlantic Avenue. Since then advertising has been mostly word of mouth stimulating many younger families to live there.

Willie Gunther, the co-ordinator of the Westminster apartment, wishes to start a parent/child program for the younger families without a father or mother. Wiebe is considering moving

into the Toronto block, which would encourage closer communications with the tenants.

Progress is very slow and can be frustrating because MURP is working against reactions and attitudes which have come from a whole life in the city core. Expectations remain high, but Kroeker tries to keep in mind that "man's reach must not exceed his grasp."

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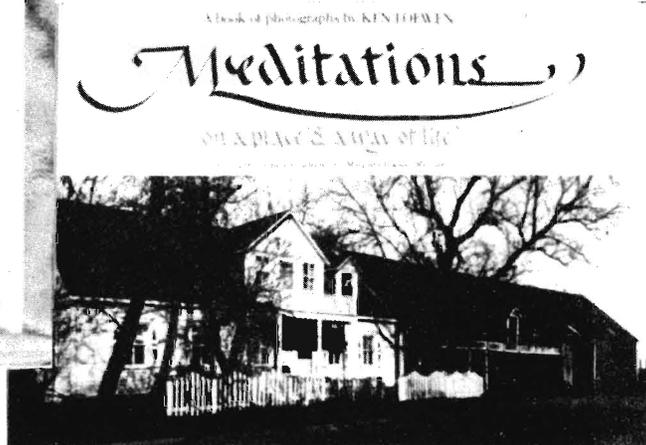
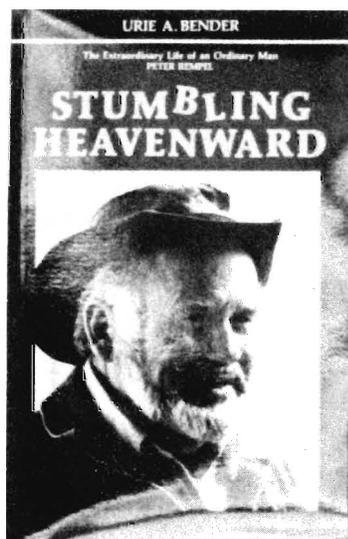
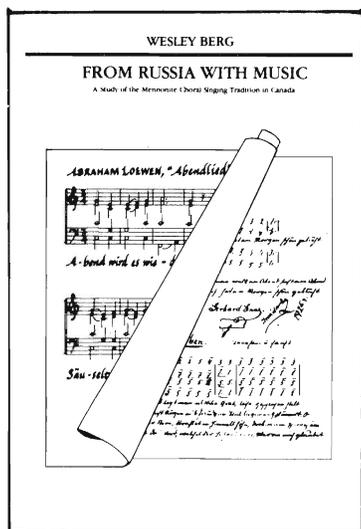
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List the code numbers of the books you have chosen.

with an overwhelming assortment of bread, meat, and cake. A spirit of genuine thankfulness in this home enhances our pleasure as we taste practically everything. Almost nothing, in my opinion, is more delectable than a slice of good brown bread with butter and smoked ham.

- Fall is also the time in which to see a few more movies. We enjoy the CBC's one-hour adaptation of the Mennonite Film, *And When They Shall Ask*. Some of the weaker parts have been removed from the original, which, however, gives this production a more disjointed appearance. I especially enjoy the interviews, which provide a fairly honest picture of how a cross-section of Mennonites feel about their experiences in Russia. Two other movies that we like very much are *Agnes of God*, a haunting exploration of a very suppressed personality (reviewed much too savagely in *Maclean's*), and *A Love in Germany*, a slice-of-life drama about wartime Germany.

- Several news items in September remind us how encounters of the past can sometimes illuminate life in the present. Last summer on our tour of Russia our group spent a very pleasant few hours as guests of the Canadian ambassador in Moscow. We were impressed by the genuine warmth of the reception, and by his evident love of music and art. Now this host of ours, Peter Roberts, has just been made the new director of the Canada Council, the single greatest support for the arts in Canada. We cannot help but wish him well. Also last year, on a trip to Ottawa, I was able to have a brief conversation with a federal civil servant, Arthur Kroeger, who is a descendant of the famous clock-maker Kroegers of Russia and has several close relatives in Winnipeg. The press now reports that he is the leading Canadian expert on the American Star Wars program and evidently had much to do with the cautious approach taken by the Canadian government.

- The fall season ends on a little tragic note at the lake. All summer we have been entertained by the dike-building efforts of two beaver near our cottage. Apparently they were too successful. They created such a large pond that it endangered neighboring cottages. On one of our last trips to the lake we find that the dike has been smashed by a bulldozer and the pond is gone. The beavers were shot. It seems that the real modern symbol for Canada is not the beaver but the bulldozer. On this sad note, till next time. mm

poet's word

mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

Edging Toward Redemption:

I am edging out of youth
Into a world Ripe —
 either for redemption,
 or destruction.

I want to be passionate,
 concerned;
Fired by grace
 and idealism;
Striving always to surpass complacency
 and approach
 Caring.

Commitment: so back breaking —
 the mind, spirit
 whole self

poured out
like some imperfectly fragrant offering —
is both expected norm,
 and demanded imperative.

The road never stops —
 just ends
for those who can no longer advance.

"I run with faith the course set before me . . ."
Unequivocal for that writer.
But how often don't I run with fear . . .
 or stumble to my knees
 or simply shy away
 from confronting the next step?

I do not always carry my cross with much alacrity,
but as I edge further into time,
it is a comforting weight
that will, eventually,
 crush me
into the same Ground
out of which Redemption sprung
to bring to fruition
a better world.

by Tim Wiebe

by Margerit Roger

The ups and downs of German Education in Manitoba

If there is one concept which has changed Canada's image in the past 20 years, it is multiculturalism. Going far beyond the availability of ethnic foods at the corner grocery store, the growing recognition of multiculturalism as a positive and defining aspect of Canadian life brought with it changes in political, economic, social and of course cultural spheres of influence. At first, attention was directed to the issue of English-French bilingualism in Canada, particularly following the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism (1963) and the Official Languages Act (1969). However, while these and similar acts are an important step forward in Canadian history, there were growing concerns that Canada's other linguistic and ethnocultural groups would be overshadowed, although as was stated in the Winnipeg *Free Press* in January, 1968, many different ethnic groups besides the two so-called "founding nations" had helped to build Canada.

In 1971 the government of Canada responded to the concerns with its report on the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism (affectionately known as the "Bye-Bye Commission"), which officially recommended to the federal government that it consider "the contribution made by the other ethnic groups to the cultural enrichment of Canada and the measures that should be taken to safeguard that contribution." This new policy of "multiculturalism within a bilingual framework" (Minister of State, Multiculturalism, 1970:50) supported the preservation and maintenance of languages **other** than English and French in Canada. In the wake of this renewed cultural awareness, many groups have

begun to promote their language and cultural identity as facets of the Canadian "mosaic."

Today, 15 heritage languages are taught in Manitoba schools from Kindergarten to Grade 12, with some programs even carrying on to the university level. Depending on where they live, children can learn Cree, Chipewyan, Dakota, French, German, Hebrew, Icelandic, the Island Lake dialect, Italian, Mandarin Chinese, Ojibway, Filipino, Portuguese, Spanish or Ukrainian!

As the German-speaking population of Manitoba forms the largest linguistic group after English, with 74,180 people reporting using German as their mother-tongue in the last census, it is no surprise that enrolment in German language programs is second only to that of French language programs. It was estimated that approximately 7,500 students studied German in Manitoba schools during the school year 1983-84. This total does not include enrolment figures for university courses, special interest courses, supplementary schools like the German Saturday or nursery schools, or Hutterite schools.

However, it should not appear that this interest in German language study is a recent phenomenon, or that it is merely a response to the concept of multiculturalism. Rather, it is the product of two centuries of immigration of German-speaking people to Canada. At first, language maintenance was fostered through day-to-day family life. With time, and with the dawn of the Manitoba education system, more formalized study was possible within the school structure. A German-speaking community could build a school, choose its own teacher and teach German, as long as the visiting school inspectors could see that the students

spoke English as well.

In fact, according to Fritz Wieden, a researcher for the history of Germans in Canada, students have been practising their *der, die, das* since German courses were introduced at the Anglican Upper Canada College in 1842. In 1897 the Laurier-Greenway compromise was passed, stating that language instruction in a Manitoba school could be held in a language other than English:

"Where 10 of the pupils in any school speak the French language (or any other language other than English) as their native tongue, the teaching of such pupils shall be conducted in French (or any such other language) and English upon the bilingual system." (Statutes of Manitoba, 1897, ch 26).

Long before 1897, Mennonite teachers were being trained in Gretna, to teach in towns such as Gretna, Winkler, Altona and Steinbach, but the demand for German teachers and schools rose even more. As a result, many schools developed extensive German programs. In a 1915 "special report on bilingual schools in Manitoba," a school inspector reviews the variety of such schools and states that "61 districts operate German bilingual schools. These employ 73 teachers, with an enrolment of 2,814 and an average attendance of 1,840.61." The report noted, by the way, that all the students were found to speak English very well.

This was not to be a permanent state of affairs, however, because in 1916 all language programs were abolished in the tumult of the Schools Debate, which pitted unilingual courses against multilingual courses. The public school, seen as "the great agency of assimilation" (J. W. Chafe in *Chalk Sweat and Cheers*) had splintered into too many different language schools in the years between

1916, and in the 1950s the German language programs were carried on in private schools. They (and other language programs) went through many changes depending largely on the complicated political scene of the two World Wars. Sometimes private programs prospered under governmental support and at other times political pressures forced them into the background. Then, in the early 1950s, the newly formed Department of Education took over the development of German language courses for public schools Grades 10–12. A structured curriculum was devised, textbooks reviewed and supplied, and materials made.

In the early 1960s, Grades 7–9 were developed and in 1972 elementary German was introduced into those public schools which showed an interest and demand for German language study. Finally, in 1981, the English–German Bilingual Program was implemented on a pilot basis in River East School Division #9, following legislative amendments to the Public Schools Act which made bilingual programs possible. Previously, languages other than English or French had only been allowed for religious instruction, for regular language classes, or for programs operated outside regular school hours. The revisions promised exciting changes for language study at various grade levels.

At present there are two types of programs in Manitoba public schools: so-called “language of study” and “language of instruction” programs. In lan-

guage of study programs, which constitute the majority of language programs in Manitoba, a period of 20–40 minutes per day is set aside for the study of German, for example. This type of program aims at giving students a working knowledge and appreciation of German language and culture; it teaches “German for everyday situations” with the help of a great variety of audio–visual materials such as films, records, print materials, dialogues, etc. Of course, in the lower grades the emphasis is on speaking and understanding, but with the introduction of reading and writing in the higher grades, grammatical instruction becomes more important.

Understandably, a half-hour language class places certain restrictions on both the teachers and the students. Often we hear statements like “but after all these years I couldn’t hold a decent conversation,” and indeed it has been argued by linguists, psychologists and educators in recent years that language study programs consisting of less than 30 minutes per day for the teaching of a second language “cannot reasonably be expected to develop *active bilingualism* (my emphasis) in the students,” as one linguist writes. Many schools therefore increase the students’ contact with the language through longer daily classes, language labs, or conversation classes which promote listening and speaking in a more individualized and informal setting.

At Westgate Mennonite Collegiate, German is taught as a compulsory subject in Grades 7–9 and as a very popular option in Grades 10–12. The German classes are now 40 minutes long, a healthy one-third over the suggested minimum time. In addition, other new ideas are being explored to broaden the scope of the students’ contact with German. With the help of such experts as Jim Cummins from the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, the educators at Westgate are considering exploring the feasibility of a program where certain aspects of the bilingual program would be incorporated into the regular classroom. Perhaps another course such as social studies would be offered in German, so that rather than having a daily double period of German, students would have the option of a diversified, expanded German language program.

Similar programs have been successful in other languages and provinces: in Winnipeg, certain schools offer French geography, Ukrainian social studies or Ukrainian home economics, while physical education and fine arts are offered in German in a Cal-

gary school. The principle behind such an integrated program is that the target language is removed from a purely academic sphere into the realm of “need-satisfying learning,” where students communicate their ideas in German, regardless of whether the chapter being studied is called *Der Konjunktiv* or *Im Postamt!*

Of course, explorations into new ideas always involve many administrative, financial and social implications which must be carefully reviewed. The interest shown in exploring new teaching methods, new materials and texts or new programs, however, points to the general interest in creating more intensive, “user-friendly” language programs which not only preserve a language, but give the students viable skills for the future.

Although they do not belong to the Manitoba public school system, Manitoba’s supplementary German schools have played a very important role in the history of German language instruction in Manitoba. Almost every student reaching Grade 12 German remembers getting up early on Saturday to head off to one of the German Saturday schools or going to the German nursery school in the neighborhood.

In the 1960s there were as many as 26 German Saturday schools and many more nursery schools, particularly in the rural areas of Manitoba. Often they were located in empty schoolrooms, private homes or church basements and supplied with whatever materials were donated or gathered. The German instruction was reinforced by German Sunday schools, church services and daily family life, which together created a nearly ideal “immersion” setting. With the implementation of public school German programs, many students left the German Saturday and nursery schools, opting instead to get official credits for their work during regular school hours.

Two German nursery schools and two German Saturday schools remain in Winnipeg today. At a recent banquet held by Manitoba Parents for German Education, the nursery school teachers were honored for a combined 50 years of service. *Tante* Lore Hochheim founded her nursery school in 1955. At first the school was only to be opened on a three-month trial basis, yet something must have gone well, for she now teaches German to the children of her first pupils. In *Tante* Sonja Klassen’s school, it is interesting to note that the majority of her students’ parents have grown up in Canada speaking English

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and now want their children to take up the German language and culture again. These nursery schools often provide the first of many years of German language study, both for the children and the parents.

The German Saturday schools are operated by the German Church of God and the German Society of Winnipeg. The former has children from Kindergarten to Grade 5, while the latter runs from Kindergarten to Grade 12, with a provincially recognized credit available for Grades 10-12. Throughout the year, these nearly 300 students have the opportunity to participate in a number of competitions and language camps, which are supported by an enthusiastic parent group. It is not uncommon for students to be driven in from out-of-town for these Saturday morning classes, and although the younger students grumble at missing Saturday morning cartoons, even their eyes light up when they describe how they spoke to their visiting Grandmother in "real German." Both as a supplement to regular German programs and as a replacement when there was no school program, the German Saturday and nursery schools have been instrumental in the teaching of German in Manitoba.

"Language of instruction" programs are the newcomers to the Manitoba education system. As compared to language of study programs, German is not "studied" but used as the language of instruction for a number of courses besides German grammar. Normally, German, social studies, art, music, health and physical education are taught in German, while the so-called "university entrance courses" such as English, math and science are instructed in English. The subject matter itself does not change from the provincial curriculum guidelines; only the language of communication changes.

How is a new language of instruction

program implemented? In the case of the first English-German bilingual program in Princess Margaret School, the initial impetus came from a parent group which had seen the success of both the English-Ukrainian Bilingual Program in Manitoba and the English-German Bilingual Program in Alberta. After meetings to determine the level of interest in the community, the school board was approached with a proposal for the program. The school board's positive response and support, assistance from the Secretary of State and the Department of Education, and the ever-present and overwhelming support of the parental group led to the implementation of the program for Kindergarten and Grade 1 in the fall of 1981, only half a year after the proposal had been made.

At present the program operates successfully in three schools, two in River East School Division and one in Hanover School Division. With continued and steady enrolment figures, the decision was made to move some students from Princess Margaret School to nearby Donwood School, so that both schools would operate from Kindergarten to Grade 5. In Grunthal, the program is starting its first class of Grade 2s in the bilingual program this coming fall.

However, despite clear successes and obvious growth, and probably due to its relative youth, the English-German bilingual program is the most controversial of the German-language programs in Manitoba. On the one hand, parents feel very strongly about providing an education for their children which has been found to have a number of important benefits for their children above and beyond the learning of a second language or the preservation of the German language. On the other hand, they are concerned about the development of English language skills and vocabulary. In addition, the administrative, financial and social factors are

mirror mix-up

mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

S M A L



R E C A



F R O F E



R A T H E



V I R E G



"For it is in giving that we receive."
Forget not our



This edition there is no winner to announce because we are still waiting for entries to the September contest.

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 from among the contest entries and the prize awarded.

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by November 12, 1985.

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carefully considered by school boards and trustees to create a viable, long-range program. Fortunately, a wide variety of studies and evaluations have been done across Canada which deal with the major educational, economic and administrative concerns.

The predominant conclusion appears to be that "where there's a will, there's a way." Observing the example of Princess Margaret as the school with the oldest of the three programs and therefore with the responsibility of ironing out the most important wrinkles, we can see that such concerns can be dealt with in many ways. In a 1983 survey of the English-German bilingual program, administrative factors often cited as deterrents to the program, such as busing, timetabling difficulties, staffing problems, unreasonable workloads, changing in accounting practices, or segregation of students and teachers, were virtually non-existent. The principal felt that while major changes had taken place, these changes posed no problem once in place. The most important problem — alleviated by parent volunteers — was the space and supervision necessary because the majority of the students now stayed at school for lunch. Teachers named a possible lack of contact with other cultures and a possible decrease in time for students requiring extra attention with their language skills as two drawbacks to the program. Since the evaluation, children from a variety of non-German backgrounds have entered the program, and a learning resource centre has been established for those students requiring tutoring in either German or English.

Parental concerns centred around the children's German language skills, English language skills and lack of French language instruction. While it is important not to have unreasonably high expectations for the level of fluency which can be attained in a single year in which children are learning two languages at once, a visit at the beginning and end of the school year will confirm the progress in German. On a recent trip to Grunthal, the Kindergarten class held a lively discussion with Mr. Fast (Manitoba Education) on the topic of "was ich meiner Mutter zum Muttertag schenken werde," although only a few students regularly spoke High German at home. A short walk down the halls of Princess Margaret or Donwood, past the displays of German stories, poems, descriptions of inventions, etc., done by the students will also show the development of Ger-

man language skills.

The widespread concerns for the influence of bilingual programs on English language skills have prompted extensive testing across Canada, yet again and again it is found that time spent with a second language does not affect the progress in the majority language. In fact, "students in some bilingual and trilingual programs perform *better* in aspects of English academic skills than do comparison groups in monolingual programs" (Jim Cummins, O.I.S.E.) The ability to learn additional languages also seems to increase, so that even in the English-German Bilingual Program at Princess Margaret School, French is chosen as an option by all but one of the Grade 4 students. Finally, it appears that students in bilingual programs have more positive attitudes towards themselves, their heritage and the world around them. As Dr. H. Polowy says in an article, "confidence in one's own identity seems to be a prerequisite for accepting others."

Learning a language is clearly more than being able to construct a series of sentences in the foreign tongue. New linguistic and mental skills are developed and one's self-image changes. Languages and cultures which are a part of the Canadian mosaic are preserved, and intercontinental ties are developed at a time when political forces are trying to pull countries apart.

In the future, the language programs will face many more evaluations and changes. These changes will represent challenges to those educators who are concerned with the demonstrated value of linguistic and cultural diversity in our schools.

mm

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There's more to a book than writing the words

by Kerstin Roger

In the basement of a little house in St. Vital, Marvis Tutiah and Arlene Osen have created a company, Hyperion Press, which, though modest in appearance, serves not only Canada but also the United Kingdom, Australia, and Spanish speaking countries. As Arlene Osen sits down in her swivel chair she muses that the balance between Marvis Tutiah and herself is almost perfect. Marvis is a writer and Arlene is a designer; now they only need a marketing representative to make the company complete from within. Having met at the University of Manitoba years ago, they decided to start their own publishing company, officially commencing in 1978. Although they always expected to succeed, there have been many sacrifices along the way.

Hyperion Press is a good example, however, of how one can start simply and still serve internationally. A typewriter, a designer, and a writer, not to mention a lot of initiative, are the essential ingredients for a publishing company. However, there is a catch here: since each book may cost anywhere from \$10 to \$50,000 to print, a good capital fund is required before one can

really begin. For this reason, although Hyperion would like to encourage young writer's more, it sticks mainly to sure-fire manuscripts. Receiving 30 to 35 manuscripts annually, and still working in relatively small quarters, Hyperion can only accept six to ten a year. This year they have before them an especially big project with 10 books, of which one will cost about \$200,000!

Arlene laughs as she tells me that many people think printing a book is easy. Accepting a manuscript, Marvis Tutiah will read and reread the material, and it must go back and forth several times before the structure has been secured and the errors have been weeded out. Arlene, then, is in charge of making the book appealing to the buyer through cover design and sometimes illustrations. Otherwise an illustrator is found who will work closely with the author to produce pictures to the author's liking. Says Arlene, "It is exciting to have such close contact to so many books and different people. Each book introduces new ideas and new concepts — an entity in it's own!" When the book has been typed in its final form, it is sent to the printers. Each book develops for about nine months before this point and Arlene agrees that this

symbolism is very appropriate here. After much work on the part of the author and the illustrator, the book emerges from the press as a new born babe. Everybody feels proud that the finished product is finally ready for the public to see!

Hyperion specializes in history, biography, "how-to" books and "ethnic" books. Many Mennonite books have been published through Hyperion because the market in Manitoba is very good. Many of these have also been sponsored by the multi-cultural program of the Office of the Secretary of State. Members of the Mennonite Literary Society and the Mennonite Studies Program at the University of Winnipeg scrutinize and recommend possible Mennonite works. In fact, the first book ever printed by Hyperion was Al Reimer's *A Russian Dance of Death*. Other books include *A Sackful of Plattdietsch*, *Meditations*, *Stumbling Heavenward*, and *My Harp has Turned to Mourning* (to be printed this fall). At Christmas Hyperion will have 29 books in print. Christmas will feature *The Complete Book of Crazy Patchwork* by Mary Conroy, Fred Penner's *Ebenezer Sneezer*, a coffee-table/gift book *Symbol in Stone: The Art and Politics of a Public Building*, and *Mammals of North America* by Dr. Robert Wrigely.

Behind Hyperion Press there lies a real soul. Both Arlene Osen and Marvis Tutiah are dedicated to producing high quality books. mm

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My Mother and Matilda Jane

by Mary M. Enns

"*Matilda Jane* by Lewis Carroll," she announced, quietly, a little hesitantly, her head tilted modestly to the right, as befitted an unaccustomed reciter of poetry. My mother took courage from the assumption that if she spoke a little indistinctly this would cover a multitude of errors.

Matilda Jane, you never look

At any toy or picture book.

I show you pretty things in vain
(pronounced with a "w")

You must be blind, Matilda Jane.

The "blind" was emphasized ever so slightly but clearly and we could practically see the beautiful English doll our mother was so earnestly addressing. By this time we three little sisters knew "The song of the dolls" almost off by heart and could help our mother when she faltered. But she held the book open on the kitchen table and the three of us surrounded her, an appreciative if critical audience. Actually, what did it matter that her English sounded quite a bit like German! We knew how hard she was trying to master this new language. To us she seemed terribly old — 45 — to be studying anything, for that matter. Declamation of poetry, English or German was not easy for Mother. A retiring, gentle person, she'd spent most of her adult life perfectly content to be guided and spoken for by her spirited, resolute, adventurous businessman husband. When she sat and sang her favourite songs *Lieber Mond du gehst so stille* or *Wenn die Schwalben heimwaerts ziehn* or *Haidenroeslein* this seemed to present no problem, because her guitar provided the prominent sound, firmly backing her small, clear-as-a-bell voice. But reciting out loud, all alone, she heard her voice, all by itself, at that in a foreign tongue. And that took courage.

Languages had never been our mother's forte. In Southern Russia, where she had lived her entire life in the little Mennonite town of Wohldemfuerst, there had been little need for a young lady to concern herself unduly with that sort of thing. High German was and remained the language in general usage. Russian, the official language, was learned at school and then very often set aside and used when necessary. Long ago the help my grandmother, the Widow Fischer, and her daughter Luise employed had learned to speak the russified German necessary to communicate with the two ladies. So, no need to speak Russian. Then Luise married the young man from the Terek. He and his seven brothers and one sister were brought up in a family of Bauern where Low German was the language of the home. If he was a little surprised to find that his bride spoke not a word of this he ignored the fact since he spoke an excellent High German himself. And Luise saw no reason to trouble herself over a language that seemed alien and puzzling.

I ask you riddles, tell you tales,

But all our conversation fails!

You never answer me again —

I fear you're dumb, Matilda Jane!

Then came the great immigration of 1924 and our little family made the move to Canada. Our father lost no time getting organized in order to fit in in this exciting new country. An intensive study of the English language became one of father's serious priorities and he progressed surprisingly well. As long as my mother could avoid this dismaying issue she did. Then came the day when she was challenged to join the ranks of scholars at night school. The very thought of it gave her a headache but the call to arms was firm so — hers was not to reason why; hers was but to do or die — which she almost did — in the attempt.

Many moons later, after very hard to learn to say her "rs" the soft English way and twisting her tongue to pronounce

the "ths", Mother began to see a glimmer of hope. It still annoyed her that "much" should be spoken with such a hard "ch." One evening she was considered advanced enough and was given a four line poem to commit to memory and then later another and now . . .

Matilda, darling, (she said darlink)
when I call

You never seem to hear at all;

I shout with all my might and main —

But you're so deaf, Matilda Jane!

David, our big brother, gallantly pretended not to hear mother's mistakes. But his three little hellion sisters corrected her smallest mispronunciations. Much later we felt sure that mother was forever indebted to us for her quite passable English, which eventually she came to enjoy.

Such confidence did this give her that presently she felt the urge to add one more language to her repertoire. If English had become her own now, why not learn to speak in Low German in order to be like many of her new friends in our little B.C. town nestled in the shadow of the Vedder Mountain in the beautiful Fraser Valley. Surely that would impress her husband enormously. Eagerly she launched into the new project. "Children, Liebchens, I'm having a guest to tea (Fesper) today. Mrs. Thiessen is coming and she's going to teach me to speak in Low German. That should be very simple now that I speak a good English." But when she bribed us to keep unto ourselves, outdoors, for the afternoon we realized she feared the going might just be a little rough. We loved our mother probably more than anything or anyone else and in the interest of the project would have gone to any length to help her anyway. So we kept out of sight and played with our friends in the little garden house between the hedge and the green gage plum tree. We ate enough green gooseberries to set any normal system off kilter.

As a matter of fact we had forgotten all

about Mrs. Thiessen and the language lesson. When we raced indoors in the late afternoon we saw our mother sad-eyed, deeply flushed and loathe to share her experience. Thoughtless creatures, we insisted upon discovering how she and her friend had managed, mostly we wanted to hear her speak in Low German. Poor little mother! Her hand to her brow she finally stammered, pure defeat in her voice and despair in her eyes, "My dear ones, I did try very hard. But then I got this very bad pain right here on my forehead. (Today we would have said, look Mom, that's just a headache.) I just couldn't seem to turn my tongue the right way. So I finally told my friend to go ahead and speak in Low German and I would speak in High German and we would do fine."

Matilda Jane, you needn't mind;
For though you're deaf and dumb
and blind,

There's someone loves you, it is
plain —

And that is me, Matilda Jane.

All my life that poem has had the power to recall instantly my mother's sweet shy smile when she proudly spoke the last stanza. We knew the love she promised Matilda Jane was ours too, for sure. mm

Arnold Dyck Symposium

This summer the first volume of the planned four-volume edition of Arnold's Dyck's collected works was published. To celebrate this publishing event and to introduce this Canadian-Mennonite writer to a wider audience, the University of Winnipeg, through its Mennonite Studies program, is sponsoring an Arnold Dyck Symposium, entitled: Arnold Dyck: A Major Writer and His Audience.

Arnold Dyck (1889-1970) who was no doubt the foremost German-writing Mennonite author in Canada, wrote prose fiction in High- and Low-German — including his popular *Koop enn Bua* stories, plays and a novel, *Verloren in der Steppe* — and edited and pub-

lished journals and historical documents. He also encouraged and promoted other Mennonite writers, among whom Jacob H. Janzen and Fritz Senn (Gerhard Friesen) are well-known.

The symposium at the University of Winnipeg will take place on October 16-17, 1985. There will be one session on Wednesday, October 16, at 7 p.m., one on Thursday, October 17, at 11:30 a.m., and the third on Thursday, October 17, at 7 p.m. All sessions take place in Room 3C01 (Centennial Hall).

The symposium will include papers, readings and discussions by the editors of the Arnold Dyck collection: Victor Doerksen, George Epp, Harry Loewen, Elisabeth Peters and Al Reimer.

Notice of Annual Meeting

Mennonite Literary Society, Inc.

Place: St. Regis Hotel, 285 Smith St., Winnipeg
Oak Room

Time: Friday, November 15, 1985, 6:30 p.m.

Agenda: 1. Dinner
2. Brief business meeting
3. Musical Entertainment

Price: \$15.00 per person

All persons interested in the Mennonite Literary Society, Inc. and in the publication of the *Mennonite Mirror* are warmly invited. Please call the office, or complete the form below by **November 7th** if you plan to attend.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Telephone No.: _____
Residence Business

I plan to attend the annual meeting on November 15, 1985, and enclose \$ _____ to cover the cost of the dinner.

Please return this form by November 7.

Mennonite Memorial Gardens

Symington & Navin Rd.
Winnipeg

Cemeteries are important historical and religious sites bearing witness of faith and life to future generations. Mennonite Memorial Gardens provides a site for the Mennonite community to develop an historic site. As the new grass and trees mature, the cemetery will also enhance the local community with its park-like beauty. You are encouraged to consider this site as your cemetery and pre-buy plots at these low prices.

Flat Marker Plot

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Plot	\$325.00	\$ 650.00
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- Plot includes perpetual care.
- Plaque includes foundation, installation and tax.
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For further information contact:
Abe/Anne Peters
Ph. 269-4119 (evenings)



Henry and Tena Neufeld of Portage La Prairie, are beginning three-year Mennonite Central Committee assignments in Thailand. They will be working as refugee coordinators for Southeast Asian refugees on their way to Canada. Henry received a social work degree from the University of British Columbia in Vancouver. Tena was last employed at the Portage La Prairie Public Library. Henry last worked as a supervisor at the Children's Aid Society of Central Manitoba in Portage La Prairie. The Neufelds are members of Portage Mennonite Church. Their children are Andy, Wendy and Bev.



Glyn and Susan Allison Jones of Morden, are beginning three-year Mennonite Central Committee assignments in Cairo, Egypt. Susan will be working as an elementary school teacher and Glyn as an English as a Second Language teacher. Glyn was last employed by Inter Varsity Christian Fellowship as staff worker for southern Manitoba. Susan last worked as a substitute teacher in Morden. The Joneses attended the Morden Mennonite Brethren Church. Susan's parents are Joe and Leona Allison of Markdale, Ont. Glyn's parents are Owen and Jean Jones of Mississauga, Ont.

William T. Snyder, for many years executive secretary of the Mennonite Central Committee, was honored at a retirement picnic held in Akron, PA, on July 12. Snyder became assistant executive secretary in 1950 and executive secretary in 1958, a position he held until January 1982. Since 1982 he has served as a special assistant to the executive secretary. Snyder has been named a life member of the MCC board, and will continue to live in the Akron community and have a desk at MCC headquarters.

your word

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ETHNIC REBUTTAL

In my view this rather wordy and semantic communication does not do much to clarify the issue of ethnic Mennonitism; in fact, for me at least, it clouds it to some extent. His definition of the word is principally the same as that of Webster except that he has omitted the reference to Jews, Christians, Heathen. Webster has generally been accepted as one of the foremost, if not the foremost, authority of the English language, and if a different interpretation is put to his definition, some degeneration must have occurred. And if people decide to employ ethnics, (or any other words for that matter) in this manner, they too are guilty of using it in the corrupted sense. And since sociology and government, and perhaps some others, are rather hazy vocations at best, you cannot expect anybody engaged in those activities to be experts in linguistics. Now, as Dr. Neufeld says, 'this is neither nor there'.

My main concern was, first of all, to keep the Mennonite faith, but also the language as pure as possible. I am quite convinced that when Menno Simons saw the errors in the Catholic religion and then went right back 15 centuries to the root of Christianity and promulgated the faith that bears his name, such mundane things as ethnics, culture and

nationality were immaterial to him, or perhaps even far removed from his thoughts. As well, our forebears, as late as the 1930s and 40s, were very covetous to keep anything unrelated away from the Mennonite name and principles. However, much has since fallen by the wayside, as Dr. Neufeld also seems to agree.

But I am not here to forcefully convert anyone to my views. It's just that I have always been confused when I see anything irrelevant being harbored under the Mennonite name without considering its basic tenets or even being remotely connected to it.

But, as Dr. Neufeld says 'we have to live with it (grin and bear it).' However, I do not consider myself to be 'stuck with' any ethnics, Mennonite or otherwise. After all, so-called ethnic Mennonitism is only man-made and contains some of all the others, Dutch, Prussian, Russian, Ukrainian, American, Canadian and what have you, but has nothing to do with true Mennonitism, and should therefore not be synonymous with it. And, above all, I do not sense it as a 'shame and indignity to share an ethnic group (non-Mennonite)' with Dr. Neufeld. How can I when I am not even acquainted with his person nor have had any association with him except for this rather trivial incident.

If, in any way, I have raised some 'heckles' unduly, please pardon. This comes from the heart.

H. J. Funk



Mennonite Village Museum

Fund Raising Dinner

Friday, November 22, 1985

Guest Speaker
Pearl McGonigal

Lieutenant Governor, Province of Manitoba

Honouring the Pioneer Mennonite Women
— Program —

Entertainment:
Henriette Schellenberg

The award-winning Quartessence String Quartet featuring Roberta Janzen, Signy Glendinning, Suzanne Dyck and Nicole Pinkney.

Low German reading by Gerhard Ens.

Grant Memorial Baptist Church
Corner Waverly & Wilkes Ave., Winnipeg
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\$50

7:00 p.m.

For Tickets please call 786-2289 or 261-8470.
A donation receipt will be issued for \$40 of each ticket.

Die Schleep

von Gerhard G. Thiessen

Wie so viele hatte ich Arbeit auf einem Bauernhof gefunden nach dem Krieg. Auch hier hatte der Krieg seine Spuren hinterlassen und zwar in der Form von zwei Bombentrümmern, die nicht nur die Natur verunschönigten sondern auch dem Bauer das sehr benötigte Ackerland raubten.

Die Krater waren von einem solchen Umfang, dass man nicht hindurch fahren konnte, geschweige denn sie zu beackern. Dem Bauer waren sie schon lange ein Dorn im Auge aber leider war bis dahin keine Zeit gewesen, etwas dagegen zu unternehmen. Eines Tages im Spätherbst beschloss der Bauer dieses Dorn auszurotten. Er ordnete an, die Krater zuzupflügen. Ich und mein Arbeitskollege Gustav waren die Glücklichen, die diese Arbeit auszuführen hatten. Mit einem Gespann Pferde und einem Gespann Ochsen mit Einscharpflügen zogen wir los. Wir wussten genau, was der Bauer wollte, hatten wir doch öfters darüber gesprochen. Also zogen wir unsere Furchen, Gustav in einem Trichter mit den Pferden und ich im anderen mit

dem Gespann Ochsen.

Schweigend ging das eine Weile. Jeder dachte darüber nach, wie lange wir wohl pflügen müssten, bevor die Löcher gefüllt sein würden. Und so kam es, dass wir bald dastanden und uns die Köpfe kratzten darüber, ob diese Arbeit je zu Ende ginge. Plötzlich hatte mein Kumpel eine Idee.

Sag mal Gerd, fragte er, du warst doch im Krieg auf Panzergraben, nicht?

Auf meine Bejahung gings weiter.

Und was habt ihr mit der Erde gemacht?

Weggeschleppt.

Weggeschleppt? Mit was?

Nun, ich glaube, nach der Art unserer Väter, mit einer Schleep.

Und wie sah die aus?

Ich beschrieb nun die Schleep, die ungefähr so gebaut wurde: Eine 4–5 cm dicke Bole, wohl 20–30 cm hoch, einhalb bis zwei Meter lang. An jedem Ende ein Loch zum Befestigen der Silen, genau in der Mitte eine Haltestange oder ein Knüppel, die Schleep zu regulieren. Dazu ein Gespann Pferde und natürlich ein geschickter Kerl, der das Ganze handhaben konnte. Und das ging?

Natürlich, was sollten wir sonst mit der ganzen Erde machen? Und warum sollte solch eine Schleep nicht auch hier von Nutzen sein? Wir pflügen die Erde los und schlepen sie dann in die Trichter, tolle Idee, nicht?

Natürlich, ja, aber wo so eine schleep herbekommen? Die machen wir uns, sagt Gustav, als ob das die kleinste Sache der Welt sei. Ich habe das nötige Holz dazu im Schuppen liegen sehen.

Gesagt, getan. Zurück zum Hof, die Pferde und Ochsen angebunden und schon geht die Konstruktion los. Da erscheint der Bauer, mit einem Gesicht das Verdruss und Neugier zugleich zeigt. Und was macht ihr denn, wenn ich fragen darf? Das sagt er hochdeutsch, man merkt er ist mit unserm Tun nicht einverstanden. Gelassen erklärt Gustav ihm unser Tun, er hört geduldig zu, meint dann aber: Ihr könnt ja versuchen, aber ich sage euch, es wird nichts draus. Das sagt er mit solcher Überzeugung, als habe er es schon mal probiert, geht dann aber seine Wege und lässt uns weitermachen.

Siehste, sagt Gustav, jetzt aber los!

Es gehört nicht allzuviel Kunst dazu, so eine Schlepe zu bauen und so waren wir dann auch bald daran unser Werkzeug zu probieren.

Die Kunst bestand darin, die Unterseite der Bole so in die lose Erde zu setzen, dass sie sich nicht zu tief in die Erde einfrass, und auch nicht so lose, dass man Kopfüber nach vorne schlagen würde. Das Ganze wurde mit dem Griff in der Mitte reguliert. Ich muss gestehen, es nahm seine Zeit und auch ein paar kräftige Worte bis wir dem Rätsel auf die Spur kamen. Nachher war das ein Kinderspiel, erst ein paar Runden oben am Krater mit dem Pflug und dann mit der Schleep hinunter in den Krater, es schien sogar den Pferden Spass zu machen.

Wie bei den meisten Bauern gab es auch hier eine Brotzeit, und wie wir den Bauer kannten, würde er bestimmt um diese Zeit kommen um nach dem Rechten zu sehen, und auch um seine Neugier zu stillen. So kam es denn auch.

Sein Staunen war wirklich echt. Immer wieder rief er aus in seiner Bayerischen Mundart: Sakra, sakra . . . hoab nich dekt doas geht!

Sehr zufrieden mit unserer Arbeit ging er händereibend seines Weges. Wir brauchten noch zwei Tage um das Gelände einigermaßen so zu ebnet, dass man mit dem Traktor darüber fahren konnte.

Der Bauer hat dann auch unser Tun an die grosse Glocke gehängt und im Wirtshaus beim Abendschoppen über seine klugen Knechte geprahlt, dass es bald bekannt war. Für uns beiden dagegen war es bloss eine Episode aus unserem Leben beim Bauer . . .

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mm

Deutsch-Kanadischer Kongress

Der deutsch-kanadische Kongress lud im Juni d.J. im Konferenzzimmer des Bethel Place zu einem Luncheon ein, woran sich etwa dreissig Interessenten beteiligten. Der Zweck der Tagung war der, die Ziele dieser Organisation bekannt zu machen und gleichzeitig um Unterstützung anzuhalten.

Die Herren Ernst Hansch und Abe Peters machten auf die dringende Notwendigkeit aufmerksam, dass deutschsprachige Kanadier sich ihrer Stellung innerhalb des kanadischen Mosaiks bewusst werden sollten. In den letzten Jahren sei der negative Aspekt der deutschen Geschichte — man denke an die Hitlertagebücherfälschungen oder an die Reportage zu Mengele — übermässig betont worden. Ein Ziel des Kongresses soll sein, solchen Elementen entgegenzuwirken.

Der CGC sieht eine gute Möglichkeit,

schon Kindern in der Schule zu zeigen, dass Deutschland nicht nur aus Sauerkraut, Bier und Nazis besteht, sondern vielmehr einen grossen Reichtum an Künstlern und Wissenschaftlern aufweisen kann.

In diesem Sommer ist ein Fragebogen ausgeschickt worden und Studenten haben Manitobaner deutscher Herkunft darüber ausgefragt, wie sie sich als Deutschkanadier empfinden. Da der kanadische Multikulturismus heutzutage stark unterstützt wird, sollte es nicht schwer sein, etwas für diese Sache zu tun. Um dieses Thema weiter zu diskutieren findet am 2. November im Holiday Inn (downtown) eine „Gemeinde – Entwicklungs – Konferenz“ statt, zu der jeder Interessierte eingeladen ist.

Kjast

fonn Jack Thiessen

Jo, dise Jeschicht ess wertjlijch soo! Latst wea etj too Kjast ennelode. Na, daus je uck nuscht butajeweeneljet; de measchte Menniste gone emm Somma jieda tweede Wäatj ooda noch foakna too Kjast, aus'e motte ooda nijch. Motte heet natiadlich, wann eena han enn wada selwst Briegaum ooda Brut ess.

Oba uck sonst jeit de Mensch aulnoch jearn too Kjaste, toom deel wiels daut soo mott, ooda uck schmock sitt, enn toom deel wiels hee sich freit, daut'a ennelode ess, enn fleijcht uck doawäjen wiels soo'n trauma Briegaum mett siene ütjstraumde Pastje — uck Brut jenannt — 'en bät Aufwatjlung ferre Uage enn dee Imagination jeft.

Jo, wannet Kjast jeft, dann kjemt 'en jiedra opp siene Räätninj. Enn daut Gaunse ess uck nijch fonn onnjefää, wiels ea 'en mennischa Foarma sitj dän Meddachslop aum Sinndachnomeddach näme lat, mott daut aul waut besondret senne.

Lied saje, daut ferr Joare uck maunjchmol nijch jekroagde Jast fonn hinja Jrienthol enne Owesied ooda enne Schien ooda emm Kjoatjetjala nennjleppte, enn emmsonst Hupewies Balonie-Sandwiches knullde, enn donn noch tian bett twalw Kuffel Koffe hinjeraun goote. Enn donn, soo fetalle de Lied, fuppade soo'ne Jast sitj uck noch twee Japs foll Tsuchastetja enn; dann fetalldde se' sitj noch 'en bätje äwa daut Wirtschafte, enn donn fuare see no Hus besorje. Enn doamett wea dann dee Kjast febie. Maunjchmol nijch gauns, wiels een Schock fuare no Hus enn spekeleade noch äwa dit enn jant enn daut bie de Kjast enn de Jast, wärend daut aundre Schock nohäa noch oppe Klunj auntotrafe wea. Soo'nt fetalle de Lied.

Na, oba enne Staut ess soo'ne Kjast aul waut gauns aundret. Doa ess fäl fonn Hollywood doabie, enn een jieda well daut Gaunse noch trauma enn besondra moake aus de aundre. Enn wann eenem uck too fäl Kitsch maunjchmol jehearijch oppe Narwe jeit, soo kaun

eena daut trotsdäm festone, wiels, easchtens haft no de' Kjast eene ajchte mennische Fru daut jeweenlijch mett de Kjieltje fäl drocka aus mett de Spaghettie, ooda Konfettie wull etj saje, enn tweedens ess de Winta too lang enn soo groff opp'e Prärie, daut de Mensch doa ruhijch siene Fantasie-Spitjasch han enn wada emm Somma follstoppe enn dolklunje sull.

Oba wua bliew etj mett miene Ennlodung too Kjast? Jo, dee Kjast wea ditmol hia enn Dietschlaund. Dee Brut wea dietsch, eajentlich noch enn bätje mea, see wea sogoa mennisch, enn de Briegaum wea 'en jleia Kjeadel ut'e Stäts; jo hee wea sogoa ut Kalifornien.

Nu ess je de Senn fonn eene Kjast toom deel dochwoll uck, daut de Mensch siich noda kome selle, enn sitj goot senne, enn sitj festone, enn sitj freie — oba doafonn wea nijch fäl bie dise Kjast too späare. Nä, nä dee Lied saute, sitj doa biem Äte jäjenäwa, enn weare stiew enn onnperseenlijch, enn smeilde bloos mett de Täne, enn se deiwde eenfach nijch opp.

De Menniste saute enn räde opp äre Oat sea fein Huachdietsch enn de kalifornische Jast räde measchtens amerikaansch. Onse Lied säde foaken "in Ordnung" enn "prima" enn "kennst du ihr auch?" wärend dee Kalifornia measchtens fonn "fixe" räde deede enn doamett meende see eenen Flat ooda de

Russe; enn donn räde see uck noch fonn aulahaund "säwe" enn meende entwäda Jelt, ooda den Puck ooda eenen Baul ooda de Seel.

Enn doabie bleef dann uck de gaunse Celebration trots Wien enn lauta Scheens! Nom Äte meend de Brut-Foda Schallenboaj, wie sulle ons mol de Been festratje, enn daut deed wie donn uck.

Eascht kjitjte de Amerikauna, Rautzlauf enn Co. Ltd., sitj no ähre Koare omm, oba daut wort nuscht nijch, wiels wie aulatoop emm Woold nengone muste. Mei, mei, waut wundade de Amies sitj äwre dietsche Menniste enn woo dee aulatoop, Maunsmensche enn Frulied enn Kjinja, ütstaube kunne. Jo, jo, bie dise Spatsiergangsters fejtintj an meist äre Pucharie. Oba Rautzlauf schnoof aus 'en Daumptjätel enn bleef Schallenboaj, woo'na stell enn jnietsch schibbeld, emma oppe Hacke. Enn räde? Kjeen Wuat. Enn woaromm nijch? Jo, enn woone Sprak?

Enn donn pessead 'ett: Aus Rautzlauf mett eemol deep emm Woold äwa eenen omjefollnen Boom stiee wull, jleppt hee ut enn drascht lang han. Enn noch ea hee too lidje kaum, schreajch hee, "Hots Deitja!" Schallenboaj dreid sitj haustijch omm, kjitjt schratlijch fedutst enn fruach "Rautzlauf, sädst Du Deitja?" "Nä, etj säd daut nijch; mie jleppt daut mau wajch!" "Schinda enn Russe, Mensch, Du rädst Plautdietsch?" "Jo."

Enn donn wort daut doa platslijch medden emm Woold mett eenmol sea läwendijch aus de gaunse Kjast-Jesallschauft doa aunfong Plautdietsch too räde. Nu wort spetseat enn fetalt enn jenobat; wie deiwde opp, wie weare ons mett eemol goot, ons wort tusijch, wie weare nu een Mensch enn eene Seel.

Aus wie tseowens lot uteneen jinje, säd Rautzlauf, "Dit wea een happier Ending aus enn Hollywood. Deitja, wäa haud daut jedocht?" mm

Russlanddeutsche Künstler

Das Blatt *Volk auf dem Weg* berichtet über eine Ausstellung an der russlanddeutsche Künstler verschiedene Kunstwerke vorführten, darunter Plastiken in Holz, Beton, Gips, Bronze und Keramik, ölgemälde, Graphiken usw. Die Namen der Künstler dürften für Mennoniten von besonderem Interesse sein; sie heissen Jakob Wedel, Wilhelm Kröker, Heinrich Lepp und Johann Loewen.

Dass es unter den vielen Russlandmennoniten auch Schriftsteller, Dichter

und Kritiker gibt, weiss man schon etwas länger. In Khasakstan bestehen Verlage, die deutsche Schriften herausbringen.

Dieser Befund zeigt unter anderem, dass die Generation, die Arnold Dyck, Fritz Senn, Gerhard Loewen und andere hervorbrachte, auch drüben eine entsprechende Wirkung gehabt hat. Die Revolution hat zerstört und vertrieben, aber sie hat auch, vielleicht paradoxerweise, eine 'kulturelle' Tätigkeit hervorgerufen, sowohl dort wie hier.

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Hope and a Home helps poor Washington, D.C., families find housing and food at crisis times. \$7,000 would enable MCC to place a volunteer there in 1986.

Fencing in rural Lesotho allows gardens to produce food for families and not just for goats. \$10 provides a stock wire.

Russian-language Bibles will help pastors in the Soviet Union with Bible study and sermon preparation. \$3 sends one copy.

A March earthquake left thousands homeless in Chile. \$50 will make one home livable again. \$75 puts one local person to work at housing construction for one month.

Books encouraging young people to find Filipino solutions to the problems of their community and country have been placed in 100 school libraries in the Philippines. \$10 buys one book.

The Coptic Evangelical Church in Egypt sponsors week-long camps for children from poor communities. \$8 allows one child to enjoy camp.

Potential school dropouts attend a special program at David School in Kentucky. An MCCer teaches industrial arts there. Give \$7.50 for hand tools for the class; \$15 for a woodworking clamp; \$30 for a soldering gun.

A VSer puts faith in action at a Prince Albert, Sask., youth program. \$125 supports the worker for one week; \$500, for one month.

My children, our love should not be just words and talk; it must be true love, which shows itself in action. 1 John 3:18

Put love into action. Choose one of these MCC projects for holiday giving.

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 MCC Central States, Box 235, 106 West 24th Street, N. Newton, KS 67117
 MCC East Coast, Box M, 21 South 12th Street, Akron, PA 17501
 MCC Great Lakes, Box 822, 1709 East Monroe, Goshen, IN 46526
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