

OUR FAMILY HISTORY



The Descendants of
Sylvester and Eudokia Fedeyko

1835 – 1985

FEDEYKO FAMILY HISTORY

BOOK ERRORS AND CORRECTIONS

Page iv Caption should read “Book committee William, Dennis & Sandra Fedeyko and Kathie **Zalasky**”

Page 1 Line 7 , right hand column .. “The village of **Uhryniw** in the
Line 5 from the bottom of right hand column “...his native **Uhryniw** to find...”

Page 13 Caption should read “**1960**- Family gathering for....”

Page 83 Line 20 in the right hand column should read “**We are** looking forward to our family reunion.”

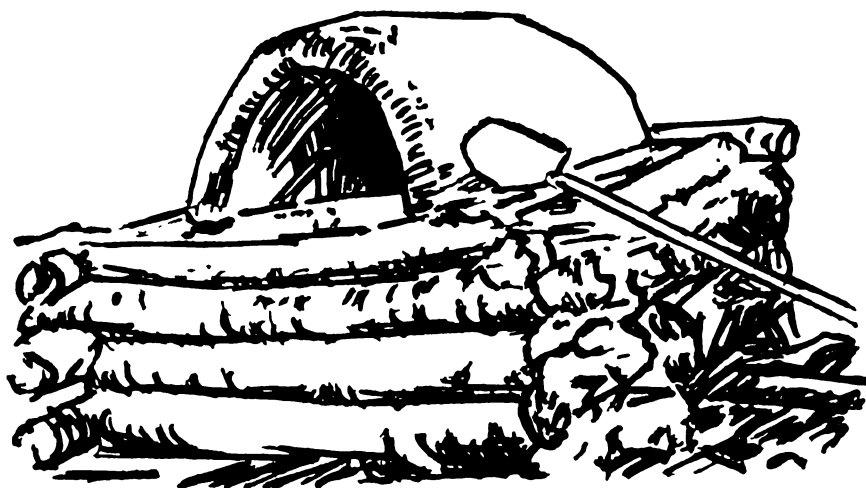
Page 97 Caption - 1st picture in the left hand column - should read “1973 Anne Fedeyko with grandchildren Wendi Humen, Mark Mauthe, Kimberly Humen and **Kris Mauthe** {at bottom}

Page 97 Caption - 2nd picture in the left hand column - should read - “1982 Grandmother Anne Fedeyko with Kimberly and Wendi Humen and Kris, Mark and **Derek Mauthe.**”

Page 114 Caption - right hand column - should read “1920, back row - Catherine Barchuk and **Mary Deditch.**

Page 133 Caption - left hand column - should read “**1942**, Winter driving....

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the memory of Sylvester and Eudokia Fedeyko. They were the generation who fled poverty and survived the denial of justice, and had the courage and foresight to emigrate to Canada eighty years ago. They lived through difficult times and went on to better their lives and the lives of their children.

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ISBN 0-88925-571-7

Published by
Fedeyko Family History
Edmonton, Alberta T5T 1K2
Canada

First printing, 1985

Printed and bound in Canada by
Friesen Printers
a Division of D. W. Friesen & Sons Ltd.
5720 Macleod Trail S.W.
Calgary, Alberta T2H 0J6
Canada

Head Office
Altona, Manitoba R0G 0B0
Canada

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Acknowledgement

- To all the people who contributed their biographies and photographs, and especially those who submitted old historical material. Without your help this family project would have been impossible.
- To the archives in Saskatoon, Ottawa and Battleford for providing us with invaluable historical documents.
- To the editors, proof-readers and typists for their laborious task to produce this book.
- To the staff of Friesen Printers for their valued assistance and guidance towards the completion of this project.
- We hope that you will be pleased with this book, and our wish is that through the medium of this record our families will be drawn closer together.

Вдячність

Щиро дякуємо всім тим що написали свої біографії і подбали про фотографії. Особливо дякуємо тим котрі розшукали і подали старі історичні матер'яли. Ваша поміч і сугестії були надмірно конечні і корисні до видання цієї родинної історії.

Ми сподіємося що видання цієї книжки задовольнить Вас, і хочемо вірити що ця праця краще познайомить членів нашої родини.

за комітет — Василь Федейко

Присвята

Ця книжка присвячена світлі пам'яті піонерів-

переселенців Сильвестра й Євдокії Федейко. Вони належали до того покоління що пережили тяжкі злидні, бідноту й всякого рода несправедливості. Вісімдесять років тому, вони мали відвагу й предбачливість лишити свій рідний край і виїхати до Канади. Незважаючи на всякі труднощі й тяжкі життєві обставини їх одинока ціла була здобути кращу долю для себе й для своїх дітей.



Book Committee — William, Dennis, Sandra and Kathie Fedeyko

Introduction

There were several reasons why our family history is now written. We are a family of five known generations, three of them born and raised in Canada and the U.S.A. Their knowledge of the generation which first came to Canada is somewhat obscure because accurate records were not kept. Those of us who have some memories of our ancestors have to rely largely on dim recollection of the past. How much richer our family story would have been had we stopped to listen and recorded past experiences.

As the family grows larger, there is a tendency to stray away from the family. It is hoped that the younger generation can recognize their place in the Fedeyko family geneology and continue to live in the spirit of love and respect of one another.

A few members of our family do not share our interest in preserving our family history, however humble it may be. Most of you have shown a positive response toward placing our family history on permanent record. Future generations will be appreciative of your efforts.

This book is an attempt to record the history of known descendants of Sylvester and Eudokia Fedeyko. Errors, omissions and other inaccuracies will creep in, despite the fact that great care was taken to avoid them.

Through the medium of this book, it is hoped that we will establish new and renewed friendship among the families, and at the same time pass on the legacy of our ancestors to the future generations. While attempting to preserve our family's history, we hope that it will be an inspiration to our youth who face challenges never before dreamed of and may they uphold the ideals of those who have gone before.

Family Name Changes

Some of the family names, as they were entered into official Canadian records, are almost beyond

recognition. There are several reasons why those changes came about.

Some of these include the influence of the Polish language used on various documents drawn up in Galicia, the retention of the Ukrainian pronunciation, and the lack of knowledge of the English language which created nothing but confusion when dealing with English in this country.

The Polish letter "J" is pronounced as English letter Y in the word BOY; the Polish "C" pronounced as the English letters "TS" in the word **Bits** and the Polish "KS" pronounced as the English letter "X" in the word "**Alexandra.**"

Much of this spelling and pronunciation confusion continued during the documentation of land applications and titles, as well as the birth and marriage registrations. Names such as **Jacko (Yatsko — Yakiw)** became **Jack — Jacob**, Aleksandra was changed to Alexandra, Wasyl changed to William, Maria to Mary, Ivan to John and Stephania to Stella.

The business and social community was most influential in bringing about changes in our family names.

The Emigration Story

Why did our ancestors from Galicia choose to emigrate at all? The answer to that and other important questions may be found in the study of the political, social and economic conditions that almost forced them to emigrate from their homeland and look for new homes in foreign lands.

In the year 1900 approximately 17 million Ukrainians lived within the Russian Empire and about 3 million in the Austro-Hungarian Empire; 300,000 in Bukovyna and 400,000 in Carpatho-Ukraine (**Subcarpatia**). The Ukrainians of the Russian Empire, if they left at all, chose to take up lands in southern Siberia. Almost all of the Ukrainians who arrived in

Canada before World War I were the emigrants of Austria dominated lands of Galicia and Bukovyna.

Although Galicia provided many Ukrainian immigrants to Canada, it was not inhabited exclusively by Ukrainians. Statistics of that day show that Galicia was inhabited by 40% Ukrainian, 40% Polish and 10% Jewish and a small percentage of German people. The majority of Ukrainians lived in the eastern part of Galicia and northern Bukovyna. Today, that area is known as the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic. The Poles and the Romanians lived mainly in western Galicia and southern Bukovyna. They became known as the "upper class," owned great tracts of land, dominated the government and together with the Jews and the Germans, made up about 75% of the urban population. The Ukrainians lived in small villages in the countryside and worked the land. As late as 1900, 95% of the Ukrainian people of Galicia were peasants.

The Political Conditions: Prior to and in the 1900's

The various ethnic minorities that lived within the Austro-Hungarian Empire were held in subjection by the "**Divide and Rule**" philosophy. The nationalist feelings of each ethnic group were encouraged, but the administrative units were so arranged that the two largest groups, the Poles and the Ukrainians, were always pitted against one another. The Poles continued to oppress the Ukrainians since there was no change in the dependence of the Ukrainians on the wealthy Polish landlords. The Ukrainians had few political liberties and were deprived of the educational opportunities. The electoral processes favoured the Polish landlords who usually became heads of the country government. The Ukrainians had no effective majority in any government body.

Social and Economic Conditions

Before serfdom was abolished in 1848 in Austria, the condition of the Ukrainian peasant was pitiable. Extreme inequity existed between the landlord and his serf. The serf approaching his lord's dwelling was required to take off his hat when still 100 steps away. He could not marry without his lord's consent and a child could not be sent to school without the lord's permission. The lord could have his serf beaten and the serf could not demand admittance before the lord to present his grievances.

The serf and his family lived in a small hut on a small plot of land which he worked, though it did not belong to him. He had to pay titles and taxes on it but could not sell it, make any improvements on it, or divide it among his heirs without the lord's permission. He worked on the lord's lands certain days of the week without pay, and he had to give the lord a share of the produce from his own land. He paid taxes on the salt he used and the fruit he grew. He was

forced to buy a certain quantity of liquor from the lord's distillery and pay for it by the extra work on the lord's lands. The lord was the master, tax collector, lawmaker and judge. The serf was the lord's chattel in every respect.

Following the abolition of serfdom there was little or no change in the living conditions of the peasant class. The peasants continued to be dependent on the large land owners because they lacked means to improve their own lot. The nobility still held some ninety percent of the forest lands. In the provinces they held control over the liquor industry and made huge profits from it.

As late as 1892, the large landowners held 43% of all the cultivated lands. Eighty-three percent of the large estates (over 1500 acres) were held in a special status of ownership. Of the 2 million three hundred thousand people who lived on these estates, only some two one-hundredths of one percent derived direct benefits as landlords. The others had either no land at all or so little that it could not provide the means of livelihood. In Galicia, half of land that belonged to the peasants consisted of plots of not more than two hectares (approximately 5 acres). There were no major industries to absorb the growing population, the peasants' heirs were forced to remain on even smaller subdivisions of land willed to them by their parents.

In addition to the hardships caused by the scarcity of land, the peasants had to bear the burdensome loads of taxes imposed by the landlords, the state and the church. The prices on the peasants' produce were low, but the prices on manufactured goods that the peasants had to buy were extremely high. Interests on loans varied from six to twenty percent depending on the area. Peasants who were unable to pay their debts lost their property. During one ten-year period in the late nineteenth century, over 23,000 peasants lost their property for the non-payment of debts and taxes. In order to prevent the loss of their lands in this way and to ensure that they could provide for their families the peasants were forced to seek other sources of income. The economic situation in Galicia was such that it could not provide work for the wage earners.

In their search for ways and means to improve their lot, the Ukrainians from Galicia sought seasonal employment in Hungary, Germany and France. But increased earnings alone did not solve the political problems of the peasants nor did they satisfy their longing for freedom. The only solution was to be found in emigration.

Emigration — Why Did They Choose Canada?

Economic conditions in Canada toward the end of the nineteenth century favored a program of mass

immigration into the country. Millions of acres of Canadian prairies were ready to be converted from the grassy pastures of the buffalo into a rich agricultural land and for this purpose, settlers were needed. The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1885, crossing the prairies and joining east to west in one country from sea to sea, encouraged the development of agriculture as well as other industries. Improvements in ocean transportation helped to link Canada with other established industrial and commercial centres of the world. After 1896, the price of grain rose steadily while costs of transportation of farm products to Europe dropped. In 1870, the invention of the steel plow made it easier to break the prairie sod; the development of a roller mill in 1878 made it possible to grind the hard spring wheat into flour. In 1880 the introduction of a twine binder speeded up harvesting operations and the construction of a grain elevator improved the shipping methods. Together these and other factors led to the hastening of prairie settlement.

The first attempts to settle the west had failed in part because the crops sown were not adapted to prairie weather conditions. Frosts damaged the crops before they matured. In 1876, Red Fife wheat was introduced into Western Canada. From it was bred Marquis wheat, which became the staple of Western Canada's wheat production. The well-known agricultural scientist, W. S. Saunders, at Rosthern, Saskatchewan announced that the three grains of "Red Fife" wheat had arrived in Canada from Galicia. Thus, wheat from Western Ukraine preceded the arrival of Ukrainian settlers from the same area.

The federal government's program of western settlement, railway expansion and industrial development called for the promotion of mass immigration. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior in the new Wilfred Laurier government of 1896, saw to it that the Canadian west was widely advertised in several European countries. Steamship companies were encouraged to bring over immigrants by government bonuses for each head of a family and two dollars for anyone else that they brought along. Some 5000 to 6000 agents scoured Galicia and Bukovyna telling the people of the government's offer of 160 acres of free land per farmer and the prospect of work with good pay.

The Ukrainian peasants were attracted by these offers, by the promise of political and religious liberty, and by the freedom from compulsory military service that existed in Canada. A further inducement to prospective emigrants came from pamphlets published by Dr. Oleskiw who had personally investigated conditions in Canada.

Oleskiw, an intellectual with a progressive out-

look was deeply concerned about the desperate economic state of the Ukrainian peasantry. He was especially concerned about the exploitation of peasants by the unscrupulous agents working for the steamship companies. He wrote a booklet entitled "**About Free Lands**" which was distributed to 351 village reading halls across Galicia and was widely read.

In 1895, Oleskiw and a colleague toured Canada as official representatives of the Galician Ukrainians conferring with politicians and civil servants across Canada. All were impressed with Oleskiw's businesslike approach to problems of mass immigration. Once back in Galicia, Oleskiw wrote another booklet, "**About Immigration**", in which he described his impressions of Canada and foretold the happy future for the emigrants.

With the assistance of a committee representing people from all parts of Galicia, Oleskiw worked out the details of the move. He was able to obtain financial assistance from the Canadian government between 1898 and 1900, the period during which he acted as an official representative of the Canadian immigration department in Austrian Galicia. The first of the mass movement of the Ukrainians to Canada arrived at Quebec on April 30, 1896. There were 107 persons in that party.

Estimates of the number of Ukrainian immigrants from Western Ukraine to arrive in Canada between 1890 and 1914 vary from 100,000 to 200,000. The exact figure is difficult to arrive at because Ukrainians were registered under several nationalities.

In this first wave of Ukrainian emigration to Canada, the vast majority were peasants with little if any formal education and with no money. About fifty percent of them could not read or write, and only a very small number of them belonged to what may be called an intellectual class. A few were skilled tradesmen. Although conservative to the core, they had the courage to face the unknown and start life all over again in the new country. While the majority settled on farm land, others took whatever jobs were available and hoped to earn enough money to return to their native villages and live there in comfort. Work was available on railway construction, in mines and in factories, and in the construction industry in towns and cities. Many also found seasonal employment in lumber camps or on the farms.

Early Ukrainian immigrants to the three prairie provinces settled in blocks. In some cases whole villages migrated and settled together. Dotting the map of Canada are some 180 Ukrainian place names. As strangers in a foreign country, immigrants wanted to be among their own kind, to have someone to turn to. They visited and comforted each other, and

helped one another to build their first homes and work on the land.

Some English-speaking Canadians criticized the government for allowing these block settlements and in that way retarding the process of assimilation. Others inside and outside the Federal Parliament condemned the Liberals for doing nothing to help the Ukrainian immigrants. The government was accused of dumping “**Galicians**” in the West who were ignorant of the conditions, laws and methods of farming, and leaving them to survive the best they could. The settlers lived in abject poverty, some in huts, some even in holes in the ground.

By 1905, the pattern of Ukrainian settlement was firmly established; thereafter settlement expanded outward from the original blocks. Ukrainian colonies extended in a belt north from southeastern Manitoba to east of Winnipeg, and from there to Edmonton along the line of the Canadian National Railway. They included Yorkton, Rosthern, Radisson, Krydor and Hafford in Saskatchewan; and in Alberta a block extending east of Fort Saskatchewan practically to the

Saskatchewan border with Vegreville and Vermilion as major centres.

The Ukrainian peasants of Austria knew the hopelessness of working a small patch of land. They found intolerable a system in which most of what they earned seemed to enrich the already wealthy landlord, the village innkeeper, the priests — everyone but themselves. In the end, many decided to turn their backs on this and go out for lands across the ocean.

But during the same period, an organized political and economic struggle was already underway in the homeland. Those who left Galicia were under that influence, directly or indirectly, of the social and national awakening back home, and this they brought with them to Canada. Many of them may not have been able to read and write, but they understood much. They knew what injustice was and they were learning how to organize to fight it. These were the courageous men and women who stepped off the boat onto the Canadian soil.

Про перших Українських поселенців в Саскачевані

Цікаво читається другий том історії Саскачевану під назвою “Саскачеван і його люди” автора Джана Гакса. Автор подає спогади Томаса Мекнатона, колишнього посла до домінійального парламенту з округи Салтковтс; про українських поселенців, якими він опікувався і допоміг осістися в теперішніх околицях Каддер, Врокстон і Сторновей. Не відомо, чи це було перше українське поселення в Саскачевані, чи тільки одне з раніших. В тих спогадах написано так:

“Весною 1897 року я отримав телеграму від земельного департаменту Манітоба і Північно-Західної Залізничної Компанії, щоб знайти відповідну землю для поселення великого числа середньо-європейців. Я відповів, що колишня лісиста полоса, яких 25 миль на північний схід звідси, ще має деякі ліски доброго дерева, дещо сіна, врожайну землю й озера, але більшість ліса спалено.

Незабаром прибуло кілька вагонів галичан і буковинців. Федеральне іміграційне бюро припоручило мені поселити їх. Мої перші враження були, що це неможливий рід поселенців, і я мало що не відмовився. Однак я свою думку скоро змінив. Я побачив, що при зупинці потягу всі жінки в ту мить побігли до озера з клунками брудної білизни й почали енергійно прати. В тім транспорті був за перекладача чепурун жид, що

безнастанно вживав до імігрантів батога. Він мабуть не здогадався, що ці люди знаходяться під охороною канадійського прапора. Навіть сильні ростом чоловіки покірно гнулися перед його батогом, хоч він сам був настільки здолхлявим мерзотником, що добрий хлопець міг би його подолати. Я його перестеріг не підносити більше батога, але він мені сказав, що ці люди тільки батіг розуміють. Я бачив, як він бив жінок куди попало. Цього було забагато, і я його зіпхнув з плятформи та зателеграфував до Вінніпегу — звільнити його з служби, бо інакше я покину. На його місце я взяв галицького німця на прізвище Ратгібер з Бережан, який добре говорив по англійськи.

По якимсь часі мені вдалося примістити імігрантів трохи в іміграційнім будинку, а решту — в шістьох вантажних вагонах. Вони вдовольнялися тимчасовим притулком, а пізніше їх розміщено у шатрах, доставлених урядом. Залізнична компанія вислала мені старий транзит, бо землемірні позначки всі позникали і трудно було вимежувати секції і четвертки фармів. З допомогою того транзиту мені вдалося віднайти позначки меж.

Транспорт складався з 125 осіб. Мені було сказано, щоб розмістити буковинців і галичан окремо, бо вони живуть дуже незгідливо з собою. Деякі з них були греко-православні, а деякі греко-католики, але я не певний які. Мабуть

вони поділилися на релігійнім ґрунті або може виникли які расові різниці в історії тих людей.

Нові поселенці почали рубати дерева і тесати колоди на хати. Я найняв кілька пар коней — позвозити дерева на місце і виорати мураву на покриття дахів. Поселенці мали своє майстерське знаряддя і знали, як ним орудувати, роблячи віконниці, одвірки і двері. Викопано криниці та виконано конечну працю. Кухонь не було, але поселенці майстерно спорудили собі глиняну піч з комином. Їх печі видали пресмачний хліб, хоч мука не була першої якості і мішок доброї муки коштував \$1.50.

Дехто з них мав гроші, але більшість зовсім нічого не мала, і тому задовжувалися в багатших. Всі вони показалися працьовитими і вдячними за найменшу поміч. Вони приїхали на заклик пропаганди Сифтона і незмірно раділи власною фармою. Вони не хотіли осідатися на відкритих степах, але воліли лісисті і долинисті фарми, щоб мати своє дерево й сіно, хоч приходилося їм тяжко працювати коло корчування лісків. Не можу сказати, що їх чистота рівнялася їхній побожності, бо вони були побожні. В них був дяк, що відправляв церковні служби і читав молитви кожної неділі й свята, а тих свят так дуже багато. На таких okazіях сходилися чоловіки й жінки, убрані в грубе, але білесеньке убрання, прикрашене кольоровим вишиттям або тканням ручної роботи. На тім убранню не було ані дрібочки бруду. Хоч у будні дні вони тої чистоти не задержували. Я можу сказати, що всі видатки у звязку з їх поселенням зараховано на їх гомстеди і я певний, що уряд отримав назад кожний цент.

Вони мали дивні і для канадійця навіть

неприсмні звичаї. Один з таких звичаїв був цілування в руку. Я відлучив їх від тієї навички і ще деяких інших навичок, про які не буду згадувати. Шість тижнів прожив я з тими людьми і переконався, що з них будуть добрі громадяни. В той час я вже мав доброго перекладача в особі Джозефа Бекера. З його допомогою я розказав тим людям, що від тепер вони мусять зживатися зі звичаями цього нового краю і заохочував їх посилати дітей до школи. Вони не були до того прихильні, боючись податків, а до того їхні діти не мали відповідного убрання.

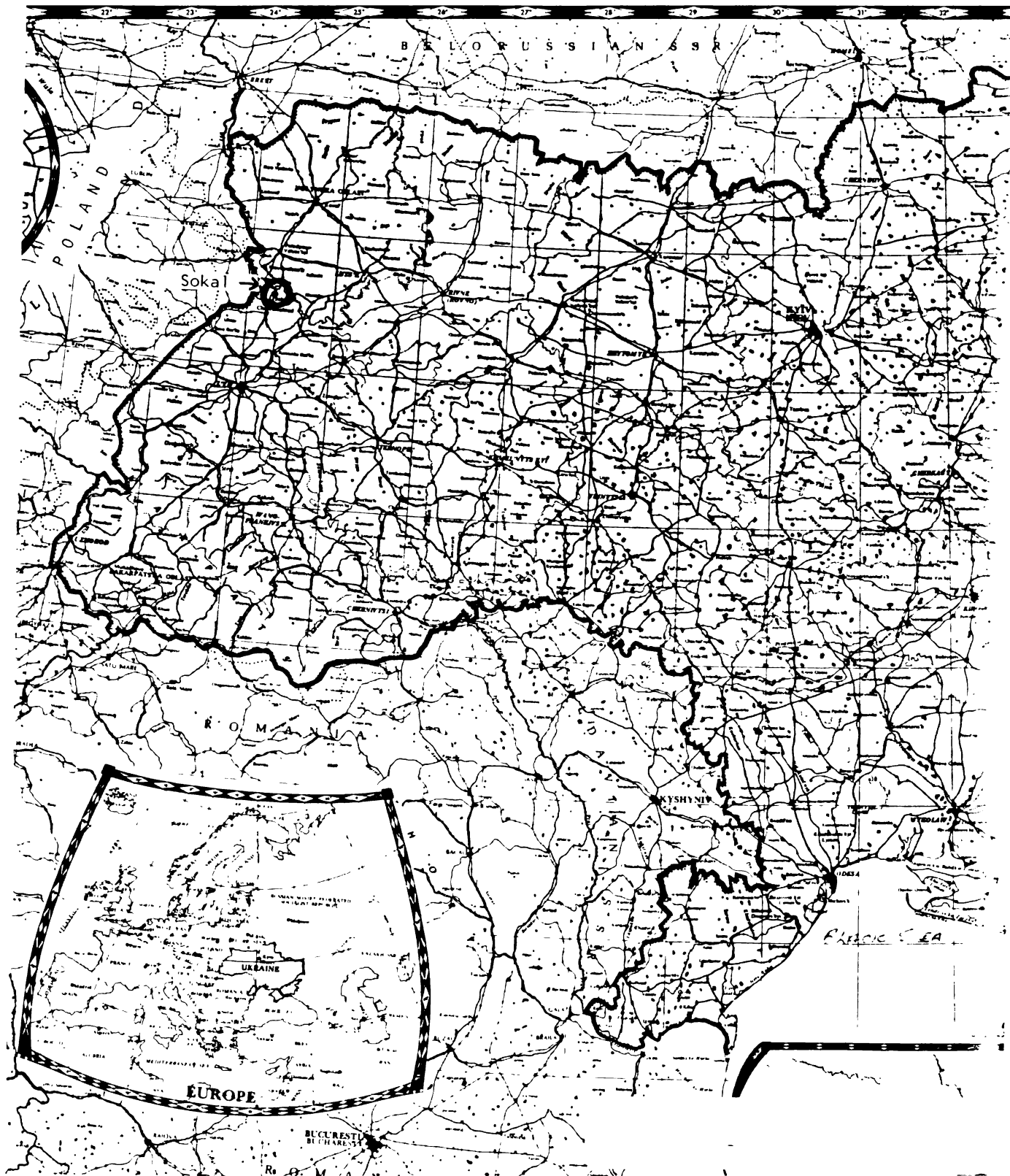
Чоловіки ходили на заробітки. Дівчатам я знаходив працю в домашній службі, і вони дуже скоро присвоювалися до нового оточення, вивчали добре англійську мову, замінювали свою старокрасву ношу на канадійську. Овечі кожушки й домоткане полотняне убрання вже не було до їх смаку. Вони щадили зі своїх заріbkів і віддавали гроші на плуг, корову та інші потреби господарства.

Щороку поселенці запрошували собі своїх знайомих з Європи, аж поки не покрили цілого тавншипу. Незабаром вони побудували собі кращі хати. Дехто покривав дахи сніпками, знову інші мали модерні хати з дерева і дахи покриті гонтами. З них були добрі господарі і дбайливо поклувалися худобою і кіньми, встаючи часом серед ночі, щоб дати паші або підстелити свіжої соломи на леговисько. Навіть кури їм неслися впродовж цілої зими і яйця були добрі, однак щодо масла, то я його не можу рекомендувати. Поступ тих поселенців був такий, як і всіх інших. На загал вони добре поводитися і були дуже гостинні. Деякі з них були трохи гірші, але такі знаходяться всюди.

Photo courtesy of the Public Archives of Canada



Канадiський уряд почав обширно проголошувати в Галичині й Буковині в 1896тих роках. Пересічні селянські господарства в 1900тих роках на числювали 7.5 акрів землі.



Family Units

Sylvester and Eudokia Fedeyko
by William (Wasył) Fedeyko



1920, Sylvester and Eudokia Fedeyko.

The life span of the parents of Sylvester and Eudokia Fedeyko covered a period of time from the early 1800's until about 1870 or 1880. The peasants of that time, unable to read or write, did not keep any records about themselves. The few records which were kept by the churches were mostly destroyed during the two world wars. Ukrainian people were enslaved and their social and economic conditions reached one of the lowest levels in their entire history. Taras Shevchenko, who lived and wrote and produced his greatest literary work then, described that period as the darkest and blackest age of the Ukrainian people.

Although serfdom was abolished in the Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1848, the conditions under which the poor people were forced to exist did not change very much until the late 1800's. The gradual change which came about allowed the peasants to own a small plot of land and provided them with a parochial system of elementary education. That kind of schooling was optional and not very effective. My

grandfather, Sylvester Fedeyko, born an Austrian citizen on January 1, 1863 was destined to live and grow up under such adverse conditions. (He was the son of Lucas Fedeyko and his wife — unfortunately our records have not provided us with any further information other than this.)

The village of Ukryniw in the county of Sokal, located in the pleasant agricultural countryside of Galicia (Western Ukraine) was the birthplace of my grandfather. His parents were peasants dependent on a landlord to provide them with work which in turn would provide the family with the barest necessities for existence. At an early age, young Sylvester was forced to work in the fields of the village landowner to supplement the family income. In his mid-teens, he got acquainted with a Waligurski family in the neighboring village of Nismich, whose livelihood was that of tanning and processing sheep hides. He worked part-time free of charge while learning the "sheepskin" trade. That type of work fascinated him and in later years, it provided him with a living.

Upon reaching the age of 19 years, Sylvester was obligated by law to take a 3-year army training course. As a young eligible recruit, he was inducted into the Austrian army training command in 1882. It appears that the wealthy landowners had considerable influence on the government of the day because arrangements were made whereby a leave of absence was granted the trainees — a period of two weeks in the spring and two weeks in the fall of the year. During the spring leave, they helped with the field seeding operations and during the autumn season they helped with the grain harvesting. For most recruits, the army "leave" provided a break from the training monotony.

At age 22, Sylvester completed his compulsory training term with the Austrian army. He returned to his native Ukryniw to find out that there was little or no opportunity for him to begin any kind of livelihood. After some time, he decided to go to Nismich and locate his friends — the Waligurski family.

Eudokia, the only daughter of the Waligurski



1916, Front row, L-R: Edward Fedeyko, Eudokia Fedeyko, Catherine Barchuk, Sylvester Fedeyko. Back row: Alexandra Fedeyko, Kost Fedeyko, Rozalia Fedeyko, Elisaveta (Fedeyko) Barchuk holding daughter Stephania.

family, was grown up and after a short courtship, married Sylvester in 1886. Eudokia's father parcelled off about $\frac{1}{2}$ an acre of land, built a little hut on it and that constituted a home for the newlyweds.

With the support of Eudokia's parents, Sylvester was able to start his own tanning and tailoring business. In time, he became very proficient in his trade. He was able to tailor superior sheep-skin coats for which there was a ready market. After a few years of hard work, he was able to save up enough money to build a new house to suit the needs of a growing family.

In 1887, Jacob was born, followed by Kost in 1890, Elisaveta in 1896 and Alexandra in 1904. Sylvester, in spite of his hard work at his sheep-skin trade, found that the income from his work was inadequate to meet his family's needs. There appeared to be little or no future for his growing family.

In the early 1900's, news of free lands began to circulate in the Nismich and the area villages. The steamship agents visited villages and talked about free fertile agricultural lands in Canada and Brazil. News of people who had emigrated earlier, were spread among the local people. Eudokia and Sylvester decided that their only hope to improve their lot would be to emigrate to that distant "land of hope" — Canada.

In the later part of 1905, Sylvester applied for a complete army discharge. On January 1, 1906 he received his Austrian "Abshied" (discharge), a document which would allow him to leave Austria legally. The family decided that Sylvester and his 16-year-old son, Kost, who was somewhat boisterous and aggressive, would leave first. They would look over the part of the country suitable to their needs and then the other members of the family would follow later. In April of 1906, Sylvester and his son Kost landed in Canada.

Philip and Hryhory Saganski, friends of the Fedeyko's from their homeland, had settled in the Krydor area in 1905. Upon his arrival in Rosthern, Sylvester turned to his friends for advice and assistance. Both the father and the son lived with and helped the Saganski's for a period of time that summer.

While it was important to locate land upon which to settle, it was equally important to earn some much needed money to be able to make a start on his own. Sylvester found employment with the railroad in Saskatoon area and Kost got himself a farm job with a German family in the Rosthern district. By the end of that year, the pooled financial resources of the two Fedeykos were much improved.

During the winter of 1906, transportation arrangements to Canada were made for the remaining four members of the family. The house and other properties of Nismich were sold and the money raised was enough to finance the trip to Canada.

Words cannot express the thoughts and feelings of the family leaving their home and friends forever. They prayed and cried, they hugged and kissed and there they parted. Sokal was the nearest railway point. They boarded the train to Hamburg, Germany and after several days of waiting, the steamship "Mount Temple" with its human cargo on board, set sail for Canada.

The ocean voyage lasted about 18 days. Food served aboard the ship was strange. People not being used to sailing got sea sick. Not knowing the language that was used aboard ship made it hard to understand necessary directions and requests. It was a trip of misery that would long be remembered.

On April 17, 1907, Eudokia, age 44; along with Jacob, age 19; Elisaveta, age 11 and Alexandra, age 3; and Anna Waligurski, age 15 (Eudokia's niece) stepped off the ship in the port of St. John, New Brunswick. Land agents and railway people took charge of the immigrants. Among them were interpreters who were able to translate English into Ukrainian. Train travel from St. John to Winnipeg was somewhat better than ocean travel.

The family arrived in Rosthern, Saskatchewan in the early part of May. Sylvester and Kost met them at the railway station. What a family reunion that must have been! One can only imagine the thoughts and feelings of the people under such circumstances.

After a couple of days stay at the immigration house in Rosthern, the family loaded up their baggage and all their earthly belongings on a wagon drawn by a team of oxen and started out for Krydor some 50 miles away. That trip took 3 days. There were stopping places along the way where food and shelter were provided. There were no roads and wagon trails made by Indians were rough and muddy. Creeks swollen by spring run-off waters had to be crossed and finally at the end of the third day they arrived at the Saganski homestead. A month and one-half after they left their homeland, they reached their destination with little or no money and no shelter.

The Saganski family, who had only the bare necessities for shelter themselves, provided the newly arrived immigrants with a small log building which served them as a temporary residence during most of the summer. The necessary cooking and other needed facilities were shared.

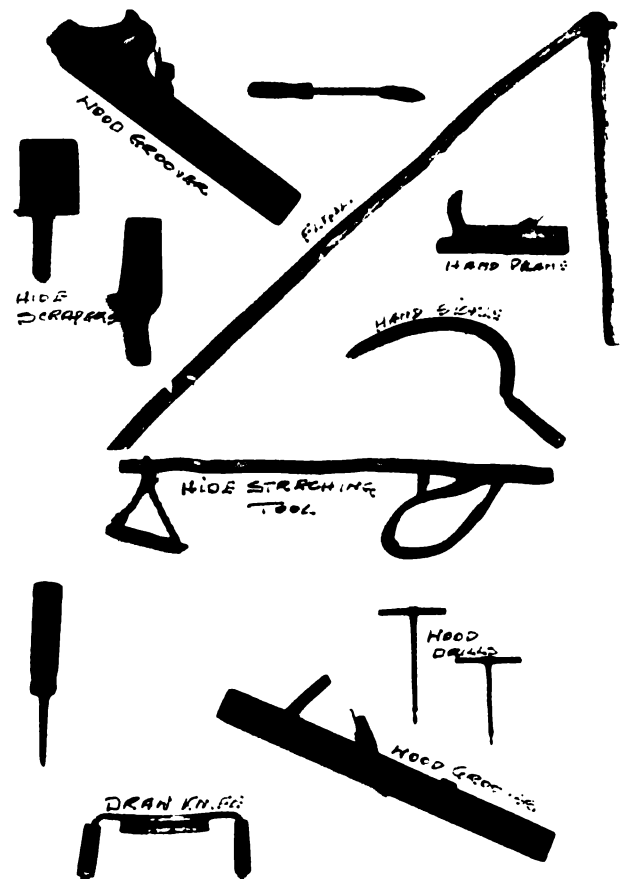
Sylvester had filed an application for homestead land about 1½ miles west of Saganski's. Logs for the

house and other buildings had to be hauled in from a "Spruce Bush" about 15 miles to the north-west. Walking speed of oxen was between 2 and 3 miles per hour. Before they could be used in the building walls, logs had to be peeled and hewed. Work proceeded at a very slow pace. To close in the house, doors, windows and shingles had to be purchased at a building supply store 50 miles away. There was no money.

The Federal government of that time guaranteed a bank loan for homestead improvements. Grandfather Sylvester was able to negotiate such a loan. He used the money to buy the necessary materials to close up the house as well as to purchase a wood burning stove and a few tin pots and pans.

Prior to the purchase of a wood stove, an outside bake oven was built — "Peech". It was the very first structure on grandfather's homestead. Grandmother Eudokia grew up with the use of such a baking facility and it took her a long time to convince herself that an iron wood stove could ever replace the proven value of the "Peech". That outside bake oven continued to be used for many years even after the iron stove was "accepted."

In the late autumn, after the mud plastering of the walls of the house, the roof was shingled and the



Hand tools made by Sylvester Fedeyko and used on the homestead.

windows and doors installed, the family moved in. Nearly all the furniture was home made — chairs, table, beds and shelves for dishes such as they were. Family members shared in the hard work to accomplish that which they had set out to do — own a new home, humble as it was. There was no such a thing as a “house warming” but it must have been a heart warming experience for all the members of the family to move into their own home.

In addition to the house, a shed for the oxen and a cow was built. Before freeze-up, a few acres of prairie soil were cultivated. The following spring, a garden was planted as well as a small plot of wheat and oats. Grandmother Eudokia brought garden seed with her from the old country, wheat and oat seed was “borrowed” from the neighbors.

After a three-year residence in Canada, Grandfather Sylvester was able to recount his accomplishments. He owned 160 acres of homestead land, 3 oxen, 1 cow, a house, a couple of sheds, a few chickens, 2 pigs, a wagon, a walking plow, a couple of harrows, but no money. Being a resourceful person, he took advantage of whatever opportunities presented themselves and he had confidence in his own ability to improve his lot.

With hard work and perseverance, the family farm prospered. Jacob and Kost got off-farm employment, and their financial support helped out very much. Oxen were traded for horses, additional machinery was purchased and more land was cultivated and brought into production. In 1910, a new house was built. It was larger and more comfortable than the old one. The old house was remodelled, extended and rebuilt into a livestock barn. A few acres of prairie were fenced off to serve as a pasture for cows and horses.

By 1910, Jacob and Kost acquired their own land adjoining that of their father. Machinery and horses were shared. In 1911, each one of the sons set up their individual farm operations. Separate houses were built on each one's land and additional necessary equipment was purchased.

In 1912, a railway was built connecting Prince Albert with North Battleford. The railway right-of-way crossed Grandfather's farm. About the same time, Oukraina school was built just a half mile south of the house. Krydor became a railway trading point just 3½ miles to the east. With the coming of the Krydor Post Office, the school, and the Worobetz Church 2½ miles to the north-east, the homestead began to appear like a permanent home.

By 1912, Jacob, Kost and Elisaveta were all married and on their own, leaving Alexandra the only child at home. She had just started school. Grandfather decided to rent his land to Jacob. That arrange-

ment appeared to be working out well for both the father and son.

Many changes came about during the two decades 1913 to 1933. The war years of 1914 to 1918 brought devastation to many countries of Europe while the Canadian west continued to prosper. From 1923 on, both grandparents lived what appeared to be a happy and contented retired life. They continued to live on the old homestead. Two horses and a buggy, a couple of cows, a few chickens, a couple of pigs and a small garden occupied all of their time. They were able to look after themselves fairly well and appeared happy doing it. Having lived through the hard homestead years, the depression of the early thirties had very little effect on the life-style of the two elderly Fedeykos.



1929, Front row, L-R: Eudokia Fedeyko, Alexandra (Fedeyko), Deditch holding daughter Anne, Pauline Deditch in front of Paul R. Fedeyko, Rozalia Fedeyko with Elsie (Elizabeth), Deditch in front, Sylvester Fedeyko. Back row: Edward Fedeyko, Kost Fedeyko.

The horse, sled and buggy trip to the nearby church was regular, summer and winter. The sled replaced the buggy in the winter-time. The “one horse open sleigh” which is often pictured on Christmas cards, would be a very good description of Grandfather's horse-drawn sled. The same method of transportation was used when going shopping or visiting neighbors.

In the early 1930's Grandfather Sylvester's health began to fail. He was in and out of hospital several times. He died on August 9, 1937 and was buried in the cemetery beside the church which he had helped to build.

Following the passing of Grandfather Sylvester, Grandmother (then 74 years old) was not totally able to care for herself. The land was rented and most of the furniture, stock and other small items of value were sold. Grandmother moved about, living for short periods of time with Elisaveta, Kost and finally

in the fall of 1938 she went to live with her oldest son Jacob. She appeared to be happy with her surroundings but her health was failing. At age 77, she died on April 17, 1940 and was buried in a plot beside her husband, Sylvester, at the Worobetz church cemetery. (A quirk of fate — Eudokia Fedeyko landed in Canada on April 17, 1907 and died on the April 17, 1940. She was born on the March 14, 1863, her oldest grandson was born March 14, 1911.)

The personalities of the two grandparents were different. Grandfather Sylvester was modest, quiet, tolerant and exercised a great deal of patience. He would rather follow than lead. Setting a good example to be followed rather than ordering a person to obey, was his philosophy. His mild-mannered approach to problems made him a favorite among his relatives and friends. Due to his slight speech impediment (stuttering) he did more listening than talking. He was a jovial person, and more often looked at the lighter side of things rather than harbour doom and gloom. It was probably due to his army training that, while in good health, he walked about like a soldier. He owned a gun and he enjoyed hunting. His ability to hunt proved to be very useful in the early homesteading days when meat was scarce. Wild ducks, geese and rabbits were plentiful and grandfather was able to supply wild game as additional food for the table. Woodwork was his main hobby, cabinet making, etc.

The grandchildren adored and followed him around wherever he went. He was a good woodworker. He cut out carvings of birds and animals to be given away to youngsters. Manikin cut-outs were constructed in such a way that the limbs were moveable and attached to strings. By pulling the strings, arms, legs and head made small movements — all this to the delight and enjoyment of grandchildren and some elders as well. Most of his spare time was spent in his little woodwork shop. As a child, Grandfather learned to read and write in a parish school. As time passed, he cultivated a reading habit and spent much of his leisure time in reading books and newspapers. The Bible was often referred to as the most important book.

Grandmother Eudokia was a rather aggressive type of personality. She had a tendency to lead rather than follow, give orders rather than take them and argue with expectation to win. There were times that her type of attitude caused a few differences of opinion among the immediate members of the family. Kost and Elisaveta by nature and temperament were more like their mother, while Jacob and Alexandra were more like their father. It can be said that stubbornness was one of the characteristics of the Fedeyko family.

Both grandparents were very religious and hard-working people. They came to Canada with a strong conviction in the Ukrainian Greek-Catholic faith and continued to support their church through their lives. Grandfather was a founding member of the Worobetz Church on the hill, and was instrumental in locating a special kind of bell when the belfry was built. Sunday's and all church holidays were observed with the greatest of reverence. It was considered a sin to work or do physical labour, except for the absolute necessities, during any of the holy days. Many of the book prayers were memorized and repeated morning and evening. (Jacob and Kost were old enough to take part in the church choir in the old country.) The priest was considered to be a very righteous person.

Hard work and perseverance can be attributed to both grandparents. Grandfather Sylvester, an expert sheep-skin furrier by trade from his homeland in Europe, was able to feed and cloth his family from that income. Grandmother worked part-time in the fields of the village landowner to supplement the family income. Cutting and binding grain with a sickle, planting and picking potatoes, stacking hay, all back breaking types of common, hard labour, were done by women and children.

Grandmother Eudokia was a good housekeeper. Everything inside and outside of the house was kept spotlessly clean, everything was in order and in place. A large broom made of very fine willow branches was used to sweep the yard and around the house. Small bits of wood, twigs and straw were picked up and thrown in a refuse receptacle. Grandfather used the same type of broom to sweep up the barn, chicken house and hog pen. There was a place for everything and everything was in its place.

The deserted old house, the leaning old barn behind the trees still stand as memorials, reminding us and other children that our grandparents lived there. From their oppressed homeland, they came here empty handed and started with nothing. Their oppressors had given them neither an education, help nor leadership. Here they started without a cent or any advice. They were strong-willed, and their complete faith in God, who heard their prayers, helped them overcome their many obstacles. They gave us the opportunity to build a better life for ourselves and our children. Let us honor that old grandmother and grandfather who provided the foundations for our work, who equipped us for life and who gave us the rules.

Let us salute that abandoned broken down old house, and that leaning old barn behind the trees, because that is where the ideal was born and all good things started.

6

Sylvestor Fedeyko		Сильвестр Федейко	
geboren im Jahre 1863	родился 18 63	в	г. Лемберг
zu	в	г. Лемберг	г. Лемберг
Land	г. Лемберг	с	г. Лемберг
bei der	в	г. Лемберг	г. Лемберг
durch	г. Лемберг	г. Лемберг	г. Лемберг
als	г. Лемберг	г. Лемберг	г. Лемберг
als	г. Лемберг	г. Лемберг	г. Лемберг
gebirt	г. Лемберг	г. Лемберг	г. Лемберг
Nachdem er auch der Landsturmpflicht mit 31. Dezember 1905 vollkommen genügt hat, wird ihm diese Urkunde erteilt.		Поскольку он с 31. декабря 1905 года совершенно исполнил обязанности, то ему выдается эта грамота.	
Lemberg, am 1. Januar 1906		Lemberg, am 1. Januar 1906	

Austrian Army Discharge Document, Sylvester Fedeyko.



Подібна "ПІЧ" була першою будівлею на "гомстеді" Сильвестра Федейка

CANADA

W W 46

Grant No 63171

PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN

VALUE, \$ _____

See R. No. _____

Folio _____

Certificate of Title

Land Registration District

Identify that the within instrument is duly entered and registered in the Title Office for the West Saskatchewan Land Registration District at Regina on the 15th day of December, A.D. 1910 at 10:04 o'clock P.M. on the 16th day of December, A.D. 1910. Number 63171 Book A W
 P. O. Address: _____
 W. W. 46

This is to Certify that Sylvester Fedeyko
 of Township Forty-four Range Eight West of the Third Meridian in the Province
 of Saskatchewan, Dominion of Canada, Farmer
 is now the owner of an estate in fee simple
 of land in the North West quarter of Section Six (6) in Township Forty-four
 (44) Range Eight (8) West of the Third Meridian in the Province of
 Saskatchewan, Dominion of Canada containing one hundred and sixty
 (161) acres, more or less, as shown upon a map or plan of survey of the
 said Township, approved and confirmed at Ottawa on the 12th day of November
 A.D. 1909 by Edouard Beville Surveyor General of Dominion Lands and of record
 in the Department of the Interior.

Reserving to the Crown all Mines and Minerals.

Cancelled

subject to the incumbrances, liens and interests notified by memorandum underwritten, or indorsed
 hereon, or which may hereafter be made in the register.

In Witness Whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my official seal this
Sixth day of December A.D. 1910

Post Office Address

Luxemburg, Sask

The Title of the above named estate is subject to a mortgage made by him
 in favour of The Standard Trust Co to secure payment of the sum of \$600.00
 with interest at the rate of 8 % per annum. Principal and interest payable as therein mentioned.
 Mortgage dated 7 December 1910 and registered at 10:04 o'clock A.M. on the
10th day of December 1910; as No. 63366
 P. O. Address: Winnipeg

W. W. 46
 REGISTRAR

W. W. 46 Registrar

Land Registration District

2. This CERTIFICATE IS CANCELLED on 15th day of March 1912 as taken for
 Certificate of Title No. 636173 issued to Can. Ry. Co
 under Transfer to them from the above named registered owner, dated
 the 12th day of March 1912, and registered at 10:02 o'clock
A.M. this 29th day of March 1912, as No. 63366
 P. O. Address: Wpg. Man.

A. C. Robinson
 REGISTRAR

Land Title: Sylvester Fedeyko.

Land Title, Sylvester Fedeyko.

At age 14 my father graduated from the village school. He was fluent in both the Ukrainian and Polish languages and his general knowledge at the time of his graduation was probably equal to the knowledge acquired by a grade 8 graduate in our Canadian schools. Very little else was known about any other school activities, except that at age 15 he was a member of the local church choir.

From age 15 to 19 my father, along with others of his age, got work in the fields of the local landbaron. Each year it was seeding in the spring, weeding during the summer, and harvesting during the fall, all by hand. Money they earned helped to supplement the family income. During the slack periods in field work, he apprenticed with the village tailor and became quite proficient at the trade after a couple of years of training.

In 1905, the Fedeyko family decided to emigrate to Canada. Sylvester and Kost, the second eldest son, would come in the spring of 1906, and the other members of the family would follow in the spring of 1907.

With the departure of his father and younger brother, Jacob assumed many of his father's responsibilities. Arrangements had to be made to dispose of the family property and much of the personal effects. The family home had to be sold and the income from the sale had to be sufficient to cover the transportation costs to Canada. The sad and tearful village farewells; the wagon ride to the railway station in Lwiw; the train ride to Hambourg, Germany; the numerous custom questionings, and the medical examinations before ship-boarding were some of the harrowing experiences of the 20-year-old Jacob and the other members of the Fedeyko family.

After three weeks of ocean travel and weakened by prolonged sea-sickness, Jacob 20, his mother Eudokia 42, sisters Elisaveta 11, and Alexandra 3, disembarked in the Port of St. John, New Brunswick, Canada on April 17, 1907. They had left their homeland forever and Canada became their new adopted home.

New trials, hardships and experiences awaited the newly landed immigrants from Nismich, Galicia. Strange unknown language, strange food, more medical examinations, Canadian custom procedures and finally a train journey to Rosthern, Saskatchewan ended with the meeting of Sylvester and Kost at the railway station. That family reunion was truly and sincerely appreciated by each family member. The memory of that occasion was not to be forgotten.

The Government Immigration Hall at Rosthern provided shelter and sleeping accommodation for the newly arrived immigrants. Having rested up for a few days the Fedeyko clan loaded up all their belongings

on a wagon, drawn by a team of oxen, and set out on a journey to their new home. After three days of travel they arrived at their destination in the Krydor district. The Philip Saganski family, friends from the old country, provided the Fedeyko's with a small granary type building to serve as their home for the greater part of that summer.

Summer of 1907 was a busy season for father Sylvester and son Jacob. The first structure on the newly acquired homestead land of Sylvester Fedeyko, was an outside bake-oven, known as a "peeche". The second structure, of course, was a house.



The Jacob Fedeyko original farm buildings built in 1914-15.

Logs for the building had to be hauled in from the bush some 15 miles away, by ox team and wagon. After months of hard work the house was made habitable and the family moved into their new home.

In the fall of 1907 my father was able to get a job with a railway "extra gang". The main duty of that "gang" was emergency work, such as track repair after a train wreck, or snow shovelling after a severe snowstorm. That type of work was not steady and lay-offs occurred quite frequently.

In the spring of 1908 father applied for a homestead adjacent to his father's farm. His application was accepted, but the title to the land could not be obtained until the applicant fulfilled certain land improvements and became a Canadian citizen. It was March of 1913 before he was able to qualify for a title to his land.

With a few dollars earned at various jobs and a government guaranteed loan, Jacob was able to buy a team of oxen, a wagon, a walking plow and a few other minor items of equipment. Some of the other machinery was shared between Kost and father Sylvester. Little did my father realize that it was a beginning of a farming career which was to last for the next 50 years.

At the age of 23, in January of 1910, Jacob married Catherine Horbay, age 17. The newly-weds lived

with the Fedeyko family until the summer of 1911. That summer a log house, with an attached cowshed, was built on the south-east quarter of section 6 township 44 Range 8-west of the third meridian. This dwelling was home until 1919.

Catherine (Horbay) Fedeyko was born on September 21, 1892 in the village of Sylimiw, county of Sokal, Galicia, Austria (Western Ukraine), the eldest child of Paul and Ludwina Horbay. About four miles separated the two communities where each of my parents were born and lived during their early years, but they did not know of each other until they met in Canada.

The Paul Horbay family landed in Canada on April 4, 1909 with a family of six children — Catherine 16, Helena 14, Stefan 10, Peter 6, Antoni 3, and Maria 6 months old. In the summer of 1909 my mother got a job as a domestic helper with a doukober family at Petrofka, Saskatchewan. She worked there for seven months and got paid \$70 for her effort.

In accordance with the marriage customs of that period, Ukrainian parents made most of the decisions and arrangements for their children's marriages. During the winter of 1909 those typical arrangements were made, and my parents were married on the 31st of January in 1910.

Through sheer hard work and perseverance of both of my parents, the farm prospered. A barn, chicken house and a couple of outbuildings were built during the summer of 1911 and 1912. Oxen were traded for horses and additional machinery was bought. By 1915, my father owned a 14-run 7 ft. seed drill pulled by 3 horses, a 4½ ft. hay mower, a rake, harrows, a 2-furrow riding plow and a grain binder. They had about 40 acres under cultivation.



1922, Katerina Fedeyko holding Stephanie.

Children came along, the first was Wasyl (William) born in March 1911, Mary born in Dec. 1912, and John in April 1916. Other children of the family came along later — Stephanie born in October 1921 and Paul born in January 1927.

In 1914, when the World War I broke out, there was a time when Austrian citizens were considered enemy aliens, and as such were required to report to the nearest police station once a month. Although the Fedeyko family were naturalized Canadians, my father was one of those who was required to report.

Grain prices improved during the wartime period and the farmers prospered. My father and his brother Kost, along with 3 other neighbors, bought a gasoline powered traction engine, a one cylinder "Titan" (manufactured by the International Harvester Company), and a threshing machine. Kost, who had gained gasoline engine mechanical experience, became the chief engineer of that threshing outfit.

The homestead farm operation, which appeared adequate in the early stages, began to look inadequate by 1917. There was no room for expansion because of shortage of suitable farm land. The family was growing and the needs were greater. Volodimir Hryvnak, a municipal secretary as well as a C.P.R. (Canadian Pacific Railway) land agent, in conversation with my father suggested that he knew of open flat prairie farm land in the Cut Knife area. Hryvnak, along with my father and brother Kost drove out to investigate. They liked what they saw and decided to buy a section of C.P.R. land (1-45-22-W3) about 8½ miles north of Cut Knife.

In the spring of 1918, the partnership of Fedeyko Brothers (Jacob and Kost) bought a new 11-22 Sawyer-Massey tractor (11 horse power on the draw bar and 22 horse power on the belt pulley) and a 2 furrow prairie breakway plow. That summer they broke and worked down about 100 acres of prairie soil. In addition to the land work, a house and a barn were built. The house (20' × 42'), divided by a wall in the middle, served the two families for 3 years. Jacob's family at that time consisted of 5 persons and the family of Kost consisted of 4 persons — these 9 people were all housed in two 20 feet by 21 feet compartments. The homestead land in Krydor was sold to Philip Saganski, and the family moved to Cut Knife in the spring of 1919. My father and mother spent the next 30 years working and improving their new home.

To the delight of the 5 children in the two families, the Fedeyko Brothers bought a new 1920 Chevrolet model 490 touring car. In 1921, a J.I. Case tractor and threshing machine was added to the farm operation. In 1922 Kost and his family decided to go back to Krydor leaving my father as a sole owner of

the farm operation. Repayment arrangements between the two brothers were made with the result that my father took on a considerable debt and it took many years of hard work before all debts were cleared.

The years of 1922 to 1930 were years of fairly good progress. Crops were good, children were growing up and were able to help out. School, however, was a problem as Wardenville school was 5 miles away. Fortunately, in 1924, Wembly school was built just ¼ mile away. Mary, John, Stephania and Paul took much of their schooling there.

The economic depression years of 1930-39 had their ill effects on everyone in the land. Prices of farm products fell to record lows. It seemed that no one had any money and consequently nothing much was bought. Hogs were sold at \$3 each, eggs were 3-5¢ per dozen, good steers were priced at \$10-12 each and wheat sold at 20-25¢ per bushel. However, the farm people, though short of money, had plenty of food to live on. In 1939 things started to change for the better.

It is ironic to think that a war is responsible for the improvement of economic conditions in the land, but that was exactly what happened. When the war broke out in 1939 prices on farm products improved, old mortgages were paid off and new power equipment replaced the old horse-drawn machinery.

By 1945 John had taken over his father's farm operation and following John's marriage in 1949, my



1943, Threshing on the Jacob Fedeyko farm.

parents decided to retire. In 1950 they bought a house in North Battleford and moved in the fall of that year. Both enjoyed fairly good health for a few years to come.

In July 1960, my parents celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary and it was probably the most important family event in the history of our family. My brother and sister and I, organized the event which brought together members of both sides of the family, including the grandchildren and great-grandchildren. We gathered in North Battleford for a prayer service followed by an appropriate program. Because of the size of the gathering of family members, it turned out to be a very successful and a happy celebration.



Family gathering for the 50th Wedding Anniversary of Jacob and Katerina Fedeyko. Front row, L-R: Katherine Fedeyko, Justine Fedeyko, Stephania Schneider, Katerina Fedeyko, Jacob Fedeyko, Alice Fedeyko, Claire Fedeyko holding Mary Ann, Denise Paulson holding Douglas. Second row: Peter Paulson, Wm. (Wasy) Fedeyko, Howard Schneider, John Fedeyko, Paul Fedeyko holding Michael, Kenneth Paulson. Third row: Eugene Fedeyko, Howard L. Schneider, Wm. S. Fedeyko, Ronald Fedeyko, Douglas Fedeyko. Missing from the picture are: Dennis Fedeyko and Dwain Schneider.

As a person, my father was honest, industrious, perseverant, orderly and methodical. He was 5 feet 4 inches tall and walked fast, with jerky movements. He had a working knowledge of spoken English, could read fairly well, but could not learn English spelling in order to be able to write well. He was fluent in both Ukrainian and Polish languages — written and spoken. Tailoring was his trade acquired in his home village. My first good Sunday suit was tailored by my father.

Farm animals and particularly good horses were his pride and joy. He was not too mechanically minded, but he liked woodwork. My father was a modest man, but somewhat short on patience. Because he expressed himself fairly well in the Ukrainian language, in his early years I remember him taking part in a Ukrainian drama held in our local school. He was a moderate drinker and a heavy smoker. Smoking, probably, contributed to his lung cancer.

Community affairs interested my father. He served as a chairman in Wembly school district for a period of time. In North Battleford he took an active part in the Ukrainian Orthodox parish and served as an altar attendant. He was a member of the Cut Knife Agricultural Society, the Mohyla Ukrainian Institute as well as a member of the Ukrainian Orthodox

Church. He was a subscriber to the "Ukrainian Voice" for 53 years (1910 to 1963). His lifetime efforts were dedicated to making conditions better for those who followed him.

My mother was a strong willed person, religious and very dedicated to her home and family. Very often in her quiet way she was able to convince her husband to her way of thinking. In her spare time she did a lot of reading and in later years television helped to pass the time away. When the children were young, she did most of the sewing of clothes for them. She was a good cook and an excellent housekeeper. Mother loved nice clothes, but could not afford them in her earlier years. In her later years, she was always well dressed.

In her retirement years, she spent a lot of time working with the Ukrainian Orthodox Church in North Battleford. She made friends easily and she loved company. A dedicated mother and a true Christian who spent her life time at hard work after denying herself the many better things in order that her children could enjoy a better life.

In 1961 my father developed lung cancer. His health deteriorated progressively and he died on January 19, 1963 at age 75 and was buried in the North Battleford cemetery. My mother lived alone for the

Certificate of Marriage	
Diocese of <u>Prince Albert Sask.</u> Parish of <u>Alvena</u>	
This Certifies that	
<u>Jacob Fedayko (23 yrs)</u> and <u>Batherine Horbay (17 yrs)</u>	
of <u>Lumburg P. O.</u> of <u>Krydor</u>	
were united in	
Holy Matrimony	
according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church and the Laws of the	
Province of <u>Sask.</u> at <u>Krydor</u> on the <u>31st</u> day of <u>January</u>	
in the year of our Lord <u>1910</u> by Rev. <u>Th. Wandzik</u>	
Witnesses	Pastor
<u>Philip Leganski</u>	<u>Rev. S. Urbanowski</u>
<u>John Muszynski</u>	<u>Alvena Sask.</u>
-16- What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder	



THE NATURALIZATION ACT

CERTIFICATE OF NATURALIZATION

Dominion of Canada,

Province of Saskatchewan.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF _____
before His Honour _____ the Judge of the said court, sitting in chambers:
WHEREAS _____ formerly

of _____
now of _____ in the Province of
Saskatchewan _____, has complied with the

(Occupation)

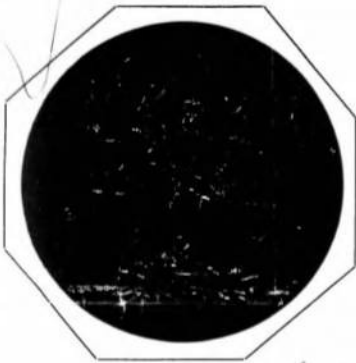
several requirements of The Naturalization Act, and has duly resided in Canada for the period of
three years. And whereas the certificate granted to the said _____
_____ under the fifteenth section of the said Act has been duly
presented to the said Judge sitting in Chambers in the said Judicial District, and whereas a copy
of such certificate has been duly posted up in a conspicuous place in the office of the clerk of the
said Court and the said Judge has directed the issue of a Certificate of Naturalization to the said

This is therefore to certify to all whom it may concern that, under and by virtue of the said
Act _____ has become
naturalized as a British subject, and is, within Canada, entitled to all political and other rights,
powers and privileges, and subject to all obligations to which a natural-born British subject is
entitled or subject within Canada, with this qualification, that he shall not, when within the limits
of the foreign State of which he was a subject or citizen previous to the date hereof, be deemed to
be a British subject unless he has ceased to be a subject or citizen of that State, in pursuance of
the laws thereof, or in pursuance of a treaty or convention to that effect.

Given under the seal of the said Court this _____ day
of _____ one thousand nine hundred and _____

[L.S.]

Clerk of the District Court.



L. J. L.
DEPUTY GOVERNOR.

CANADA.

George the Fifth, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas KING, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

To all to whom these Presents shall come—GREETING:

Whereas the Lands hereinafter described are Dominion Lands within the meaning of the Dominion Lands Act.

AND Whereas

Jacko Sedjika of Township Forty-four, Range Eight, West of the Third Meridian, in the Province of Saskatchewan, in Our Dominion of Canada—

hereinafter called the grantee, has applied for a grant of the said lands and after due investigation has been found entitled to such grant in the terms herein enclosed.

Now Know Ye,

that by these presents We do grant unto the grantee, all that Parcel or Tract of Land, situate, lying and being in the *Forty-fourth* Township, in the Province of Saskatchewan, in the Dominion of Canada, and being composed of

The south east quarter of Section Six of the said Township Excepting hereout and therefrom *Westly* the

land covered by the waters of *Red Lake* at the time of the survey of the said *Section*, as shown upon a map or plan of survey of the said Township, approved and confirmed at Ottawa, on the 12th day of November A.D. 1909 by *Edmund Deville* Surveyor General of Dominion Lands and of record in the Department of the Interior, and *1000* ft. for a *roadway* a strip of land *one chain* in width crossing the said quarter section as shown upon a plan of said *Roadway* signed by *J. H. Stephen* Dominion Land Surveyor, on the 15th day of May A.D. 1911, and of record in the Department of the Interior as number *14671* containing by admeasurement *three and four hundred and eighty four thousandths* acres more or less. The land hereby granted

Containing by admeasurement *One hundred and thirty four and eight hundredths and a dozen thousandths* acres, more or less.

HAVING AND WHEREFORE, HEREBY *do*, unto the said grantee, the free use and enjoyment of, in, over and upon all navigable waters that now are or may hereafter be found as or under, or flowing through or upon any part of the said Parcel or Tract of Land, also reserving all mines and minerals, whether solid, liquid or gaseous, which may be found to exist within, upon or under such lands, together with full power to work the same and for that purpose to enter upon and survey the said lands or so much thereof and to such extent as may be necessary for the effectual working and extracting of the said minerals, and also reserving thereout and therefrom all rights of fishery and fishing and navigation in connection therewith upon, around and adjacent to the said lands, and also the privilege of loading, from and unloading boats and vessels upon any part of the said lands and using the said lands in connection with the rights of fishery and fishing hereby reserved, so far as may be reasonably necessary to the exercise of such rights.

To have and to hold the same unto the grantee, his heirs and assigns.

Provided, and, in pursuance of the Irrigation Act, it is hereby declared, that these presents shall not vest in the grantee, any exclusive or other property or interest in or any exclusive right or privilege with respect to any lake, river, stream or other body of water, or in, or with respect to the water contained or flowing therein, or the land forming the bed or shore thereof.

GIVEN as in the Great Seal of Canada—WITNESSETH,

Charles Jerome Louis Segura a Commissioner of Our Imperial Service Order, Deputy of: for Most Loyal and Entirely Beloved Uncle and Most Faithful Counsellor, Field Marshal His Royal Highness Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught and of Strathearn, Earl of Sussex (in the Peerage of the United Kingdom) Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Knight of Our Most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight of Our Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle, Knight of Our Most Illustrious Order of Saint Patrick, (1) one of Our Most Honourable Privy Council, Great Master and Principal Knight of the Grand Cross of Our Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Knight Grand Commander of Our Most Excellent Order of the Star of India, Knight Grand Cross of Our Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Knight Grand Commander of Our Most Excellent Order of the Indian Empire, Knight Grand Cross of Our Royal Victorian Order, Our Personal Aide-de-Camp, Governor General and Commander-in-Chief of Our Dominion of Canada.

At OTTAWA, this *Eleventh* day of *February* in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and *thirteen* and in the *third* year of Our Reign.

BY COMMAND,

J. H. Stephen

Under-Secretary of State

J. H. Stephen
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

1913 Land Grant.

C 23.

Grant F. 4926.

I certify that the within instrument is duly Entered and Registered in the Land Titles Office for the First Saskatchewan Land Registration District at 3:04 p.m. on the 15th day of March A.D. 1913. Number 4926 Book C Fol. 3.

CANADA

PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN

VALUE, \$

See R. No. Folio

Certificate of Title

W. A. M. M.
Registrar

Land Registration District

This is to Certify that Jack Fedysko
of Township Forty-four Range Eight West of Third Meridian
in the Province of Saskatchewan Dominion of Canada, hereunto
is now the owner of an estate in fee simple
of and in the South East quarter of Section Six (6) Township Forty-four (44)
Range Eight (8) West of Third Meridian, in the Province of Saskatchewan
Dominion of Canada. Excepting thereout and therefrom, firstly, The Land covered
by the Water of Redberry Lake, at the time of the Survey of the said Lake, as shown
upon a map or plan of Survey of the said Township, approved and confirmed at
Ottawa on the 12th day of November, A.D. 1899 by Edmond Deville, Surveyor General of
Dominion Lands and of record in the Department of the Interior, and.
Secondly, For a Roadway a strip of Land One Chain in width crossing
the said quarter Section, as shown upon a plan of said Roadway signed
by J. D. Shepley, Dominion Land Surveyor on the 13th day of May, A.D.
1910, and of record in the Department of the Interior as number 16671
Containing Three and five hundred and eighty-four thousandths ($3 \frac{584}{1000}$)
acres more or less. The Land hereby granted containing One hundred
and Thirty four and eight hundred and sixteen thousandths ($134 \frac{816}{1000}$) acres
more or less.
Reserving to the Crown all mines and minerals in or under said land.
subject to the incumbrances, liens, and interests notified by memorandum underwritten or indorsed
hereon, or which may hereafter be made in the register

In Witness Whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my official seal this
1st day of March A.D. 1913

Post Office Address Luxemburg

W. A. M. M. Registrar

The title of the above named owner is subject to a MORTGAGE made by
him of The Canadian American Mortgage Trust Co. Ltd. a Mechanic's Lien made by Reliance Lumber Company and dated
to the amount of the sum of \$ 600.00 at interest of 8% per annum, whereon the said Company
claims a Lien upon the estate of Jack Fedysko
dated 22nd day of May 1913, and registered at 10:06 o'clock A.M. on the 16th day of August 1913,
P. O. Address: Winnipeg as No. 1606 registered at 10:06 o'clock A.M. on the 16th day of August 1913,
P. O. Address: Saskatoon

REGISTRAR

W. A. M. M.
REGISTRAR

Land Title.

1. What is the area of your house, your homestead, of what material and what is the present cash value? *none*

2. What other buildings have you erected on your homestead? *Planning \$1000*

3. What other improvements have you made thereon, and what is the cash value of the same? *1 mile 475 =*

4. What extent of fencing have you made on your homestead, and what is the present cash value thereof? *none*

5. Are there any indications of minerals or quarry on your homestead? If so, state nature of same, and whether the same are more valuable for agricultural than any other purpose. *none*

6. Have you had any other homestead entry? If so, describe it and say what became of it. *no*

7. Have you mortgaged, assigned or transferred or agreed to mortgage, assign or transfer, your present homestead or any part thereof? If so, when and to whom? *no*

The Board of -
Frank
to Wm.

That I obtained an entry, and claim a Patent for the same for my own benefit, and not in the interest or for the benefit of any other person or persons whomsoever. SO HELP ME GOD.

Sworn before me at Luxemburg
Joseph L. A. D. 1911 Jarko. Fedyko.
 having first been read over and explained to the said applicant.

James Moffat
Agent of the Dominion Lands
Honested Inspector for the Prime Albert District

I recommend the foregoing application for Patent, believing that the homestead requirements of *The Dominion Lands Act* have, in this case, been complied with.

Dated at Prince Albert } Nomexelis
June 11th A.D. 1912 }
Local Agent of Dominion Lands for Prince Albert District

I hereby certify that Hydrex Tedjko has to-day produced evidence showing ownership of the North West 1/4 of Section 6 Township 44 Range 44³ Meridian, from the 7th day of June 1906 to the present time; that all payments have been made to date, and that at least one third of the total purchase price has been paid. Abstract of title produced
Abstract of title produced Wm McChesney
Date June 11th 1912 Local Agent.

Accepted as sufficient.

OTTAWA, --- Feb 20 --- 191

The Officer taking this application for patent is requested to exercise particular care that the name of the homesteader is given in full and correctly spelled.

CIRCULATION
WITHOUT PERMISSION
PROHIBITED

19

Form A.

1602857 Form No. 1.

No. 11534

APPLICATION FOR A HOMESTEAD ENTRY.

I, Jacko Fedeyko
 of Petrofka Sask do hereby apply
 for a Homestead Entry, under sub-clause _____ of clause _____ of "The
 Dominion Lands Act," for the Q.E. Quarter Section of Section Number 6
 of the 44 Township in the 8 Range West
 of the 3rd Meridian.

J. Fedeyko

Princes Albert District

Rosthern 15th May 1925

Note: - The statistical information desired for home will be obtained and filed in by Agent when granting entry.

Member in family including subject at time of application				COUNTRY OF BIRTH	SUBDIVISION OF COUNTRY OF BIRTH	LAST PLACE OF RESIDENCE	PREVIOUS OCCUPATION
Male	Female	Under 18	Over 18				
21			1	Princes Albert, Saskatchewan	Galicia	Galicia	Farmer's Son

1000

REPRODUCTION OF THIS FORM
 WITHOUT PERMISSION
 PROHIBITED

Application for Homestead Entry.

Kost Bohdan Fedeyko as written by his son, Paul R. Fedeyko

Kost Fedeyko emigrated to Canada with his father Sylvester in 1905. He was hired out to work at an early age around the Rosthern area. Although he had only a public school education from the Ukraine, Kost tried to increase his knowledge by reading and later writing and speaking the high and low German languages. He was encouraged to sing in the church choir in the community.

Kost returned to Krydor late in 1911, then in February of 1912 married Rozalia Bazarkewich. Though both were very young they homesteaded south of his father for 5 years. He used his early experiences with farm animals as a basis for buying, selling, and trading to earn a few extra dollars for family life. It was there that their sons, Edward and Paul were born.

In March of 1919 Kost moved to Cut Knife with his brother Jacob and farmed there for 4 years. Many



1937, 25th Wedding Anniversary. Kost and Rosalia Fedeyko with sons Edward and Paul.



1919, The new family automobile. Kost, Rosalia and son Paul.

were the stories told about the Indians and their chief Bonos but there was never any trouble from, or fear of, them.

In 1922 Kost and Rozalia returned to Krydor and rented the farm from Mr. Gidluk for 5 years at $\frac{1}{3}$ of the crop. They purchased the property in 1927 and settled there permanently.



1931, Kost Fedeyko with his prize stallion.

Kost was very active in the Ukrainian church and culture. He attended the first convention for the rebirth of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church in Canada at Saskatoon in 1918, and also at Winnipeg 40 years later in 1958. He helped organize and build churches in Krydor and Hafford and was "diak" for 25 years in the parish. He also supported Peter Mohyla Institute in Saskatoon and was a member and director. He was instrumental in starting the National Home at Krydor where many Ukrainian functions — plays and displays — were held by all the area's people.

At home the value of newspapers (Ukrainian Voice, Herald, Ukrainian Farmer, as well as the English Winnipeg Free Press) was evident and helped to keep the family in touch with the times as well as being a source of education for all life's needs. There was always lively discussion about new topics and current affairs. Kost was an avid reader and the home was full of good books by authors of Ukrainian origin. Many of these were donated to Mohyla Institute by Rozalia. They were donors to St. Andrew's College and tried to encourage the young people in their participation in church life.

Kost had a broad interest in politics at the Federal, Provincial, and Municipal levels. His achievements in this area occurred over an 11 year span, 1929-1940. He started as the Secretary-Treasurer of the Zbaraz School District and continued in that capacity for 20 years. Many of the meetings were recorded in Ukrainian, some Polish, and the English he knew. Kost thought it very important to have the young teachers of Ukrainian origin teach reading, writing, and spelling in the Ukrainian language from 3:30-4:30 every day, to keep the traditions and heritage of our forefathers alive. The Province of Saskatchewan granted the civil right to do this in all the schools.

In 1928, Kost got involved in municipal politics and in 1929 was elected Reeve of the Redberry Municipality. He held that position until 1933. He was

delegate to the annual conventions of the Saskatchewan Association of Rural Municipalities from 1929 to 1932 in Saskatoon, Regina, Prince Albert and again in Regina. Kost organized the Farm Boys Camp to compete at the Saskatoon Exhibition 1931-1934, and was also a delegate to the United Farmers of Canada Convention in Regina. As Reeve, Kost was sent to a Regina Exhibition to purchase registered bulls and locate them in various areas of municipality, and the next year was asked to go again and purchase a prize Belgian stallion to improve the quality and breed of horses. Teachers' conventions were also held at Hafford to encourage them to continue higher education to better themselves.

In 1932 Kost obtained his Certificate of Registration under the Naturalization Act and encouraged everyone to do the same. He was very proud when, in 1958, he became a Canadian Citizen.



1960, Kost Fedeyko speaking at a UCC meeting.

Federally and provincially Kost supported the Liberal political parties and, as he could speak English, German, and was fluent in Ukrainian, was asked by the M.P.'s and M.L.A.'s to canvas in different areas where they needed help. He did, however, do as much as anyone to help elect the late Rt. Hon. John G. Diefenbaker to his terms of office in Ottawa.

For all his good deeds in Saskatchewan, the gov-

КОСТЬ ФЕДЕЙКО

Кридор, Саск. — Великою втра-
тою для нашої громади була
смерть її довголітнього дяка Ко-
стя Федейка, який упокоївся 31
липня 1964 року. Покійний Кость
походив з села Нисниці, Сокаль-
ського повіту в Галичині, де на-
родився 1890 року. До Канади
прибув 1906 року 16-літнім хлоп-
цем зі своїми батьками, які посе-
лилися на фермі в околиці Кри-
дору. В 1912 році Кость одру-
жився з Розалією Базуркевич і
вони мали двох синів — Едварда
і Павла. В 1951 році Кость купив
хату в Геффорд і допомагав си-
нові у праці на фермі. Кость на-
лежав до активних піонерів ук-
раїнського життя в нашій окрузі.
Молодим хлопцем Кость співав
у крітосі в церкві, а з відроджен-
ням Української Православної
Церкви в Канаді він став дяком
у Кридорі й Геффорді. В хаті Фе-
дейків висить на стіні похвальна
грамота, яку вони отримали від
Консисторії нашої Церкви за
свою участь у першій з'їзді 1918
року, на якому рішення відновити
Українську Православну Церкву
в Канаді.

Кость був одним з основопо-
ложників нашої громади в Кри-
дорі і її довголітнім головою.
Був також членом Українського
Народного Дому. Він працював у
драматичним гуртку, був у заря-
ді Відділу КУК у Геффорді, був
шеровцем Інституту Петра Моги-
ли і членом його дирекції та чле-
ном місцевого Відділу СУС. Він
був жертвенною людиною на цер-
ковні й культурні інституції. Кіль-
ка років був рівом муніципалу.
Він любив книжки і мав добру
бібліотеку.

Покійний залишив у смутку
дружину Розалію, сина Павла, дві

бляк й Олександрю Бойчук та п'ять
онуків. У неділю вечером у Цер-
кві св. Ап. Петра й Павла в Кри-
дорі була відслужена Панахида,
а в понеділок відбувся похорон
при великій числі людей.

Похоронено Костя на цвинтарі
біля церкви в Кридорі. Учасників
похорону запрошено до Народно-
го Дому на заупокійну тризну. В
часі останнього цілування учас-
ники похорону зложили на невя-
нучий вінець 66 доларів. За зго-
дою родини що суму призначено
так: 26 дол. на Інститут Петра Мо-
гили, 25 дол. на Колегію св. Ан-
дрея у Вінніпегу, 10 дол. на „Віс-
ник" і 5 дол. на „Український Го-
тос".

Окремо треба ще згадати, що
п. Василь Федейко у Форт Сас-
качеван, Алта., зложив у пам'ять
свого вуйка Костя -- 25 дол. на
Колегію св. Андрея у Вінніпегу,
і п. Володимир та Ірина Ла-
щукі в Торонті дали 10 дол. на
Колегію в пам'ять свого свата
Костя.

Хай Господь милосердний по-
гішить засмучену родину, а душу
бл. п. Костя оселить у своїх не-
бесних оселях.

о. С. Зузак.

ПОДЯКА ВІД РОДИНИ

По втраті мужа і батька ми,
горем засмучена родина, складає-
мо сердечну подяку парохам
Всес. о. С. Зузаківі і дякові п. І.
Павлушеві за похоронні відправи,
Жіночому Товариству ім. Лесі Ук-
раїнки в Кридорі за приготуван-
ня поминального обіду, родині і
друзям за вінки та всім учасни-
кам похорону, що прибули від-
дати останню прислугу покійно-
му. Хай Господь винагородить
усіх сторицею!

Дружина Розалія Федейко
і син Павло.

1964 Ukrainian Voice. In memory of Kost Fedeyko.

In recognition for his contri-
bution to the community.

Fedeyko Bay, on Redberry
Lake, honours the late Con-
stantine Fedeyko who home-
stayed in the district. Mr.
Fedeyko served as secretary
of the school district, councillor
and reeve. He also organized
and helped build the Greek
Orthodox Church in Hafford.

ernment honored him by naming Fedeyko Bay on
Redberry Lake after him.

His later years were spent on the farm and in the
town of Hafford. As much as his age and health
permitted, Kost kept involved in church and political
activities.

Certificate of Marriage

H.C.-V. T.S.N.T.
~~Secretary of the Faith House~~
Avenue ~~100~~ SASK

This is to Certify

That KONSTANTINE FEDAYKO - 27/1/1912
and ROSALIA BAZARKEWICH - 17/1/1912
were lawfully

Married

on the 16th day of February 19 12

According to the Rite of the
Roman Catholic Church

and in conformity with the laws of the Prov. of
Sask. Rev. J. Mandryk C.M.I.
officiating in the presence of Anthony Wathowski
and Peter Wathowski Witnesses, as appears
from the Marriage Register of this Church.

Dated Jan'y 15 '12

J. P. Kishin Rector.
St. Mary's Church

W. E. Blake & Son, Limited, Toronto

1912, Certificate of marriage.

CANADA

268457

CERTIFICATE OF
CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP

DEPARTMENT OF CITIZENSHIP AND IMMIGRATION

On this day that

KOST FEDAYKO

and in accordance with the provisions of
the Canadian Citizenship Act and in witness
whereof all the requirements and conditions
set forth in the regulations and bylaws of the
Department of Citizenship and Immigration
have been complied with

I hereby certify that

KOST FEDAYKO

is a Canadian citizen and is entitled to the
rights and privileges of a Canadian citizen
and is subject to the obligations and responsibilities
of a Canadian citizen

J. P. Kishin

Rector

St. Mary's Church

Citizenship Certificate.



1924, "Proswita" membership.

1918 — 1958



УЧАСНИКОВІ
ЦЕРКОВНОГО ЗІЗДУ
18—19 ЛЮЛЯ, 1918,
в САСКАТУНІ, САСК.,
У СОРОКОВУ РІЧНИЦЮ
УКРАЇНСЬКОЇ
ГРЕКО-
ПРАВОСЛАВНОЇ
ЦЕРКВИ В КАНАДІ

1918~1958

ПРОПАМ'ЯТНА ГРАМОТА

У Сорочині Роківщині впродовж Української Православної
Церкви в Канаді (1918—1958) вноситься ця
ПРОПАМ'ЯТНА ГРАМОТА

Константин Феденко, Комісаріус.

на учасників ЦЕРКОВНОГО ЗІЗДУ, 18—19 люля 1918 року,
в Саскатуні, Саск., який впродовж організувати Українську
Греко-Православну Церкву в Канаді.

Виникло, Мек., 19-го люля 1958 року.

ПОВІДНЕННЯ КОМПІТЕТ 10-ЛІТНЬОЇ УКРАЇНСЬКОЇ ГРЕКО-ПРАВОСЛАВНОЇ ЦЕРКВИ
В КАНАДІ

Митрофан Тарасюк
Повіреного

Григор

1918, Commemorative document, Ukrainian Orthodox Church.

Republica Polonia:		Dioecesis: <i>Premislicensis</i>	
Ducatus: <i>Lepoleusis</i>	Numerus: <i>48</i>	Decanatus: <i>Warensis</i>	
Districtus: <i>Sobal</i>	Parochia: <i>Włodzisze</i>		

Testimonium ortus et baptismi

Ex parte officii parochialis *Włodzisze* cath. in *Włodzisze* Ecclesiae. *Włodzisze*

notum testatumque fit in libris metricalibus huius Ecclesiae tom. pag. reperiri sequentia.

Anus, mensis et dies nativita- tis, baptismi et confirm.	N° domus	NOMEN	Religio	Sexus	Thori	Parentes et conditio	Patrinus et conditio
Anno Domini MILLESIMO octingentesimo nonagesimo die 24 Augusti natus et die 28 Augusti baptizatus et confirmatus est.	16	<i>Constantinus</i>	<i>Orthodoxus</i>	<i>masculus</i>	<i>legimus</i>	<i>Andreas Fedayko, filius Kosyche Fedayko et Marije Fedayko agricola agi. Lui</i>	<i>Andreas Kosyche Thyche Fedayko agricola Lui</i>
24/ VIII 1890						<i>Andreas Fedayko, filius Kosyche Fedayko et Marije Fedayko agricola agi. Lui</i>	<i>Andreas Kosyche Thyche Fedayko agricola Lui</i>

Baptizatus et confirmatus *Andreas Kosyche
Fedayko in gr. cath. Włodzisze*

Quas testimoniales manu propria subscribo sigilloque Ecclesiae parochialis corroboro.

Włodzisze die 20 Maji A. D. 1938

*Theodorus Witewicz
parochus*

1890, Kost Fedeyko — Baptismal Certificate.

CANADA
PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN
VALUE, \$-
See R. No. Folio

00. 219
Certificate of Title

GRANT No. 76475
BOOK No. 219

Registration District

This is to Certify that Konstantin Fedeyko
of Township Forty four, Range Eight, West of the Third Meridian
in the Province of Saskatchewan Farmer
is now the owner of an estate in fee simple
of and in the South West quarter of Section Six '6' in Township Forty four
(1st) in Range Eight '8' West of the Third Meridian in the Province of Saskatchewan
in the Dominion of Canada.
Having and excepting thereout for a surveyed Road a strip of land one chain
in width, in the said quarter section, as shown upon a plan of said Road, signed
by Joseph D. Shepley, Dominion Land Surveyor, on the 13th day of May A.D. 1910, and
of record in the Department of the Interior as No 16671, and containing Four and two
hundred and eighty five thousandths ($4\frac{285}{1000}$) acres more or less
The land hereby granted containing One hundred and fifty six and seven hundredths
and fifteen thousandths ($156\frac{715}{1000}$) acres more or less.

Reserving all Mines and Minerals to the Crown
Cancellation

subject to the incumbrances, liens and interests notified by memorandum underwritten or indorsed
hereon, or which may hereafter be made in the register

In Witness Whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my official seal this
Eighteenth day of September A.D. 1914

Post Office Address Krynok
Sask.

W. Robinson Registrar
Local Registration District

26th Sept 1914
The land
containing
14.45 A. M. S. 7
Sharon
40.13.14

A Grant made by the Government of Canada on the 26th day of September 1914
wherein the said Constable of the land
above mentioned is making the same to the said Konstantin Fedeyko and his heirs and assigns
and a certificate of title thereon is hereby made by the Registrar of the said
District, as required by the Act in that behalf made, and the said
P. O. Address North Battleford
Sask.
W. Robinson
REGISTRAR

3103575

Form No. 100

Statement of Konstantin Fedeyko in support of his application for Homestead Patent for SW Quarter of Section 6 Township 44 Range 8 East of 2nd Meridian.

1. What is your name in full, age, occupation and Post Office address? Konstantin Fedeyko age 33
Farmer, Ky. 10

2. Are you a British subject at the present time and do you have any other lands or interests in any other country? No

3. When did you obtain homestead entry? Mar 1911
Apr 1, 1911
from Apr 1, 1911 to
Jan 27, 1914 continuously

4. What portion of said other claim or claims of right have you ever lost, giving actual date? not absent

5. When absent from your homestead where have you resided and what has been your occupation? not absent
wife & child. same residence as myself

6. Of whom do you usually employ? none

7. Have you ever been employed or engaged by yourself or any other person? no

8. When did you last leave the land? not absent

9. What portion of said other claim or claims of right have you ever lost, giving actual date? not absent

10. What portion of said other claim or claims of right have you ever lost, giving actual date? not absent

11. How much breaking have you done upon your homestead to make your own or other entry, and how many acres have you cultivated since then?

12. What stock of which you are the owner have you had on your homestead each year since date of perfecting entry?

DATE OF CERTIFICATE OF NATURALIZATION ON 10-3-11
RECEIVED AND RETURNED TO HOMESTEADER.
2014

13. What is the area of your homestead, or what portion thereof, and what is the present value?

14. What other buildings have you erected on your homestead? 14x28 log cabin value \$200
Shanty value \$100
Well value \$50

15. What other improvements have you made thereon, and what is the present value thereof? 600 enclosed value \$50

16. Are there any indications of crops or pastures on your homestead? no more value for
pasture

17. Have you had any other homestead entry? no

18. Have you mortgaged, assigned or transferred or agreed to mortgage, assign or transfer your claim or interest in your homestead? no

To Wit: Konstantin Fedeyko

I do solemnly swear that the answers to the foregoing questions are true and correct in every particular. That I claim a Patent for the Homestead under the provisions of The Dominion Lands Act.

That I obtained an entry, and claim a Patent for the same for my own benefit, and not in the interest or for the benefit of any other person or persons whomsoever. So help me God.

Sworn before me at Prince Albert Saskatchewan Canada 1911

Having first been read over and explained to the said applicant.

Agent of the Dominion Lands, or Homestead Inspector for the Prince Albert District.

I hereby certify that Konstantin Fedeyko has to-day produced evidence showing ownership of the SW Quarter of Section 6 Township 44 Range 8 East Meridian, from the day of Mar to the present time; that all payments have been made to date, and that at least one-third of the total purchase price has been paid.

Date 1911 Local Agent.

I recommend the foregoing application for Patent, believing that the homestead requirements of The Dominion Lands Act have, in this case, been complied with.

Dated at Prince Albert Saskatchewan Canada February 3rd A.D. 1911

D. J. Row Local Agent of Dominion Lands

Ottawa, Mar 14 1911

Accepted as sufficient, F. F. Dixon Commissioner.

The Officer taking this application for patent is requested to exercise particular care that the name of the homesteader is given in full and correctly spelled.

Application for Homestead Title.

Rozalia Fedeyko (nee Bazarkewich) as written by her son, Paul R. Fedeyko

Rozalia was the mainstay in the Kost Fedeyko home, keeping it lively, sunny and organized. As a very young pioneer wife she learned quick and efficient ways to provide for the family and always had a supply of preserves in the cellar for any occasion at any time.

Being self-educated, Rozalia kept up her learning reading newspapers, books, and attending meetings of importance. She was a member of various Ukrainian organizations and local groups and was a firm believer in the Bible and the church. Her generous donations to St. Andrew's College in memory of her late husband and son show her determination to further expand the culture and heritage of the Ukrainian people. Her works of art in needlework and design are still at the church and many are highly cherished by grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Most of



1940, The Wheat Harvest. Kost, Rozalia and grandson Konnie.

the work was done at night by the light of a kerosene lamp.

Her garden, flowers, and fruit trees took a lot of Rozalia's time and attention and were the envy of all the neighbors. She worked hard for her good results as water had to be hauled a distance by hand from a well. She also took an interest in raising poultry and they were her Leghorns that laid the first white eggs for Easter. She maintained that warm water and fresh straw were the secret to having fresh eggs in the house all winter. She personally selected the cows for milking, carried water to them by hand all winter and soon had fresh milk in the house all through the cold months. Rozalia's greatest assets were her will to go ahead, her helping hand and good advice, and her genuine smile.

After her son Edward, and later her husband Kost, passed away, she stayed with her brother Joe in Saskatoon for many years and enjoyed the modern day conveniences in the city. She then came to Toronto, lived with her son Paul for a while, and then moved to the Ivan Franko Seniors Home where she was able to socialize with people of her age and nationality.

Elizabeth (Fedeyko) and Martin Barchuk as written by their daughters Catherine Karpan and Stephanie Melnyk



1912-13, Original log house built by Martin Barchuk. 1982 photo.

Our father, Martin Barchuk, was born in Austria on Nov. 12, 1885. He attended school there and spent two years in the Polish army. In 1907 Grandfather Julian Waschuk and Grandmother Catherine together with son Mike and daughter Margaret and stepsons John, Peter, and Martin and stepdaughter Tillie left Poland to make their home in Canada. During the Atlantic crossing the ship lost its way in the night, ran aground, and capsized. There was a lot of screaming and crying and they all thought that it was the end.

Some spotted land not far off, an island, and those who could swim, did, while others were taken by boats. Another ship came along later and they arrived in Canada safely, and travelled to Saskatchewan.

Under the agreement with the Government of Canada the family was able to get a quarter section of land for ten dollars and would get the title after proving their residence. Grandfather Waschuk filed on the homestead on SW quarter of Sec. 13, Township 44, Range 9, W of the 3rd Meridian, and Peter and Martin filed on SW and SE quarters of Sec. 12, Township 44, Range 9, W of the 3rd Meridian, respectively. Thus they settled in a community five miles west of the present site of the Village of Krydor.

When the family arrived on the site of their future home in the spring of 1907 they quickly went to work with a team of oxen and began to build a home. Logs were gathered, peeled, the home was plastered inside and out, the roof was shingled and all was in readiness for the winter. Some land was also broken for the next spring's planting.

Our mother, Elizabeth Fedeyko, was born in Austria on May 20, 1896. She attended school in Austria and could read and write. When Elizabeth was 11 years old her parents, brothers and sister immigrated to Canada and settled on the homestead west of Krydor.

In early 1910-11 our father became fascinated by a young lady with grey eyes and dark brown hair and a nice fair complexion. So began the courtship between Martin and Elizabeth and in November of 1911 they were married in the Catholic church in the Orlov district south of Redberry Lake.

In 1911 our father began to build a house on his homestead. It had 4 rooms, a clay floor, and shingles. Initially only the 2 front rooms were used for living in while the two smaller rooms at the back were used for storage and only later as sleeping quarters.

Our mother Elizabeth spent most of her time trying to excel in her cooking as it was an established custom that the new bride prove herself, and she did. It was fortunate that our mother had gone to school in the old country and could read and write, as there were no schools in the district. Since she lived in a Ukrainian settlement all her life there was little effort made to speak English. Mother was our pillar of strength, was always ready to help anyone in need in the community, and was constantly active in parish work. Indian tribes used to trek through and would stop at the farm to procure milk for their babies or food for themselves. It took our mother some time to get used to them but when she did, they fascinated her.

In the spring of 1912, Father built a log barn and a shed, mud-plastered and white washed on the out-

sides. The mud-plastered buildings took constant plaster finishing as they deteriorated in rain and sun. Gradually our house took on a new look; we got wooden floors and ceilings, the inside was plastered and painted, and a porch was added to protect us from the sweep of the wind and rain. The trees on the west side gave us shelter from the west winds.

In the early years the winters were long and cold and snow was abundant and deep. The closest shopping was in Rosthern and our father and neighbors took their grain there for gristing and purchased what few necessities they could afford. These trips took 2 to 4 days, depending on the weather conditions, and it was our mother who stayed behind to care for the home and do the chores. It was some time later that Father and the neighbors took their grain to the mill in the town of Radisson. This was more convenient since there was no river to cross.

In late September of 1912, Martin and Elizabeth were blessed with twin girls, Catherine and Anne. Elizabeth was overjoyed and loved to make clothes for them. Aunt Alexandra stayed to help Elizabeth with the twins although she was only 9 years old herself. It was amusing when the babies started to cry. Alexandra didn't know what to do and she would join them in tears. In August of 1913, little Anne

became a victim of dysentery and succumbed to the ailment.

In 1913, Northern Railroad completed the link between Battleford and Blaine Lake and started to provide small 1000 bushel grain cars for the farmers. It was not unusual for the farmers to get together and haul the grain and load the cars by hand at that time. The Village of Krydor was one of these shipping points. To name this point two farmers' names were used, **Kry** from Krysak, and **Dor** from Teodor Lucyk.

Neighbors often got together for wood-sawing bees, butchering, helping with chores if someone was ill, or fencing a field to provide pasture or protect the crop from stray animals.

It was about this time that the farmers were in need of more horses so Father went to Alberta to purchase a carload of horses. On the way home the train was derailed and the horses had to be rounded up, reloaded, and finally were successfully transported to Krydor.

In 1918 there was an epidemic of flu and Father came down with a serious case of it. Mother made the 12 mile trip to Hafford with a team and sleigh to get badly needed medicine while the 4 small children



1917, Standing, L-R: first two, family friends, Jacob Fedeyko. Sitting: Elizabeth Barchuk, Martin Barchuk, Stefan Deditch, Alexandra Deditch.

kept the house warm and took care of Father until she returned.

Our mother had inherited the skill of a good seamstress from her father who was a tailor and had learned the trade in the old country. She was quite capable of making most of our clothes. She raised ducks and geese and used their feathers to make pillows, quilts, and feather ticks which were so warm and cozy and which we really needed, since the wood heater generally went out about midnight and by morning the water in the kitchen was frozen. In later years mother loved fancy work and did beautiful cross stitch, long and short stitch, and knitting. I quite remember some pink wool vests she made for us.

Washing was a big chore. It was done on a wash board by hand and then rinsed, and it generally took a day to do the family wash. Grandmother used to take her clothes, after they were washed, to the lake nearby, fill the tub with water, soften it with wood ash, and rinse the clothes so they would come out nice and white.

One of the more important events was the Christmas season which we all looked forward to. Christmas Eve was celebrated at our house on December 25th, and at Grandmother's thirteen days later as they followed the Julian calendar. The Ukrainian tradition



Martin and Elizabeth Barchuk children. Standing, L-R: Stephanie, Catherine and Irene. Walter, sitting.

of hay under the table and twelve dishes was followed, we sat to supper at the rising of the first star, and singing followed supper.

Our family was growing up (there were 5 children now: Catherine 1912, Stephanie 1914, Irene 1916, Walter 1918, Anne 1922) and Father decided more land should be acquired closer to town and a high school. In 1927 Father sold our land to Martin Novicki and purchased Philip Johnson's land two miles east of Krydor. The first year was spent renovating; first the house, then the barn and other buildings. An ice cellar was built under a summer kitchen where butter, cream, and meat could be stored during warm weather. There was a deep well with a windmill which lessened our workload when the wind blew. The water, however, was very hard so we hauled water for drinking, cooking, and washing from a shallow well some distance away.



1936, 25th Wedding Anniversary, Elizabeth and Martin Barchuk.

1929 to 1939 were hard years; this was a drought period, there was little rain, crops were light and world markets were depressed. Grain brought very little cash. 1937 was a disaster crop year; the crops dried up, pastures were useless, cattle were sold for

1½ cents per pound, hogs sold at \$2.40 for a 200 pound animals. During this "Relief Period" most people had to apply for assistance from the government.

Our father was a man of great integrity and honesty, his word never broken. His horses which he raised were his great love and pride and joy. Due to illness, he was forced to give up farming and retired to Blaine Lake, built a new home, and bought a Billiard business. When his health was failing he and Mother decided to take a short holiday trip to Toronto to visit Anne and Nick. When they returned his health got worse and in November, 1949 he died at the age of 65. He was laid to rest in a small country church cemetery which so many years before he had helped to build.



1981 Toronto Ont. Three sisters, L-R: Anne Malarchuk, Stephanie Melnyk and Catherine Karpan.

Mother continued to live in Blaine Lake until her marriage to Dmytro Bobiak, when they moved to North Battleford. Shortly after moving, they went into building and retailing homes. Mother joined the church, all the ladies' groups, and was very active helping with church work, embroidering, and cooking. Her health began to fail but she persisted in gardening and church work until 1965 when she passed away and was buried in the North Battleford cemetery.

Alexandra (Fedeyko-Deditch) and Paul Wojchuk

Alexandra, daughter of Sylvester and Eudokia Fedeyko was born March 12, 1904 in the Village of Nismich, Sokol County, Ukraine.

I was the youngest in the family and had two brothers, Jacob and Kost, and a sister Elisaveta.

The hardships in Ukraine forced the families to emigrate and find freedom from oppression, and



1917, Stefan (Steve) and Alexandra Deditch.

opportunities to build a better life for themselves and their children in this free democratic land.

News of agents of steam-ship lines circulating attractive offers of cheap land in Canada reached many villagers in Nismich.

In the early spring of 1906, my Father Sylvester then forty-two and my sixteen year old brother Kost, leaving the rest of the family behind to join them later, arrived at Rosthern, Saskatchewan. Father found employment in the Saskatoon area with a railway gang, while Kost went to work as a farm hand in a German settlement near Rosthern.

Many hardships were encountered during their trip and on the job mainly because of the language barriers and shortage of money.

On April 17, 1907, Eudokia, my Mother, forty-three, Jacob nineteen, Elisaveta eleven and I age three, landed in the port of St. John, New Brunswick, Canada. Our railway tickets were paid to Rosthern, and after two weeks with a stop over at Winnipeg, the family arrived in Rosthern in the early part of May. Imagine the joy when the whole family was reunited!

My Father now owned a team of oxen and a

wagon. It took almost four days of travel over Indian trails to get to the Krydor community, where our homestead was established.

Philip Saganski's family, Father's friends from Nismich provided the newly arrived Fedeyko family with a small granary type of building for temporary living quarters. We stayed with Saganski's most of that summer; while Father with the help of Jacob and a few neighbours were busy building a log house on his own property.

Logs for house building had to be hauled for many miles with oxen and wagon. Summer trails were rough and often muddy. Doors and windows had to be bought in Rosthern. The final mud-plaster application to walls, ceiling and floor made the house habitable and the family moved in, in the late summer of 1907 — new land, new friends and a new home.

There were no schools, no railways, no roads, no hospitals, and no churches in that whole Krydor area. The nearest railway and trading points were Rosthern about forty-five miles to the south. It took about a week's travel with an ox and wagon team to make a return journey.

In 1913 a Greek Catholic Church was built — known as the Worobetz Church — one of the first major community achievements. In 1913, a railway was built connecting Prince Albert and North Battleford. Trains ran within two hundred yards of the family's new house. In 1914 Oukraina School was built just half a mile south of Father's house.

I was ten years old when I started school. Stefan Deditch was my first teacher. He taught in Oukraina school for five years — 1914 to 1919 — the First World War years.

There were forty some pupils attending Oukraina School, with no one knowing the English language. Therefore Ukrainian language had to be used to make English meaningful. Ukrainian prayers were repeated for morning class opening and Ukrainian songs were sung in the process during the school day.

Stefan Deditch was born in the Village of Komariv, near Sokal in West Ukraine. He attended elementary and high school in Ukraine. In 1910, at age eighteen years he came to Canada and shortly after entered Teachers' College in Regina receiving his teaching qualifications.

I married Stefan Deditch on July 14, 1917. The wedding was a very pompous sort of an affair — a local teacher marrying a local girl in the community. This event indeed was a happy occasion for the family and community.

Father built on an additional bedroom on the North side of the new house and Stefan and I lived with Father and Mother for another three years,

Stefan continuing teaching and I now assuming position of a housewife.

In 1917 an automobile appeared in the Community. My husband bought a Model T Ford in the fall of 1917. He could not use it in the winter because of snow. I learned to drive it too — quite an accomplishment, as women of that day did not drive automobiles.

In 1919, my husband departed from teaching and started to look at other means of livelihood.

In 1920 brothers Kost and Jacob bought a Livery Barn in Cutknife and asked Stefan to come and operate it for them.

Livery barns during the horse and wagon days would be compared to the present garage business. It was a stable for horses where they were housed and fed. In winter and summer, the surrounding area farmers drove to town with horse teams. They hauled mostly grain to town where they did their shopping. In the winter particularly, the horses were housed and fed inside a barn. The farmers were charged a fee for that service.

A Livery Barn operator usually did the town Dray work. It was a service that consisted of delivering freight and express from the railway station, to the various business places in town. Unloading carloads of lumber, coal, machinery, hauling of drinking water to residences within the town community was done by the Drayman. It was a service business with a horse team and wagon in the summer time and a sleigh in the winter.

I helped by driving the Model T Ford to deliver mail to and from the post office and the trains and also acted in the capacity as a taxi driver for train passengers.

With the advent of mechanized equipment such as trucks, motor cars and tractors, Livery Barn business dropped off.

My husband and I with daughters Pauline and Elsie returned to my parents temporarily. Stefan im-



1948, Stefan Deditch "discing".

mediately went in search of land and home of his own.

Family of Stefan and Alexandra Deditch

The family consisted of five children:

— Elizabeth Anne born in 1922, died the same year.

— Pauline, married John Worbey who passed away in 1965. Their two children Robert and Glen



1974, Front row, L-R: Elizabeth (Elsie) Worobetz holding Tara Codling, Patrick, Terry and Robert Worobetz, Patricia Codling holding son Jason. Back row, L-R: John Worobetz, Alexandra Wojchuk, Paul Wojchuk, Cathy Worobetz and Ian Codling.

live in Los Angeles, California. Pauline and her husband Gilbert McCutcheon reside in Los Angeles.

— Elizabeth a school teacher and her husband John Worobetz reside in Prince Albert, Sask. They have five children — Patricia, Catherine, Robert, Terrance and Patrick.

— Anne married Tony Sawicki and lived in Los Angeles during the time of her passing in 1969. They had three children — Donna, Charlene and Ted.

— Ihor, RCMP Staff Sergeant, Detachment Commander in Kitimat, B.C. married Marie Halko. They had two children — Steven (deceased) and Petulla.

My husband passed away March 26, 1951. Following his death I and Ihor moved to North Battleford. The farm was later sold.

In October 1952, I remarried, to Paul Wojchuk. He was a section foreman with the Canadian Pacific Railway stationed at Wilbert, Sask. The nature of his employment was such that he and one or two men under his supervision looked after a section of railway maintenance. Paul was transferred to Cloan and finally to North Battleford in 1961.

In 1963 Paul Wojchuk retired and bought a home in North Battleford.

In 1967 Paul and I sold our home in North Bat-



1956, Paul and Alexandra (Deditch) Wojchuk.

tleford and moved to Kelowna where we purchased a home and then exchanged it for a condominium in 1979.

Alexandra Wojchuk
Youngest and only living child of
Sylvester and Evdokia Fedeyko



1952, Certificate of marriage.


 DEPARTMENT OF CITIZENSHIP AND IMMIGRATION
 MINISTÈRE DE LA CITOYENNETÉ ET DE L'IMMIGRATION

IN REPLY PLEASE REFER TO
PRÉFÉRÉ DE CITER LE DOSSIER
NO

Registered


 GATINOT, Feb. 2, 1954

Dear Sir;

Your S-542730

Referring to your letter of Feb. 2, 1954 concerning one: Paul Wojchuk

I beg to advise that the following particulars of entry appear in our records:-

Name: Wojczuk Paul
 Port of vessel: S/S. Helita
 Sailed from: Southampton
 Port of Arrival: St. John
 Date of Arrival: March 21, 1929
 Age: 25 Marital Status: M.
 Country of birth: Dairkow Poland
 Occupation: Farm work
 Destination: C.P.S. Winnipeg.
 Accompanied by:

Remarks: The landing card enclosed with your letter is herein returned.
 The Canadian Pacific Railway Co. Yours very truly,
 Office of the Superintendent
 Saskatoon, Sask.



 Chief of Records
 E. LaC.

Мої спомини

Спомини насуваються сумні і радісні. Перші роки життя нашої родини в Канаді були тяжкі а то часами безрадні. Ми незнали англійської мови, незнали тутейших обставин і немали ніяких фінансових засобів — бідні майже без грошей.



Front row, L-R: children Charlene and Donna Sawicki, Pat and Cathy Worobetz, Glen and Robert Worby. Back row: Tony and Ann (Deditch) Sawicki, John and Elsie Worobetz, Alexandra Wojchuk, Marie Dedish, (bride), Ihor Dedish, (groom), Paul Wojchuk, John Worby, Pauline Worby, 1958.

IMMIGRATION BRANCH
 DEPARTMENT OF CITIZENSHIP AND IMMIGRATION

 CANADA
 DIRECTION DE L'IMMIGRATION
 MINISTÈRE DE LA CITOYENNETÉ ET DE L'IMMIGRATION

YOUR FILE NO.
Votre dossier n° 919335 W-

Mrs. P. Wojchuk,
822 ~~St.~~ St.,
North Battleford, Sask.

Ottawa 4, Ont. May 10, 1963

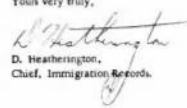
Dear ~~Mr~~ Madam:

Re: Aleksandra
Mrs. P. Wojchuk (Fedajko)

In reply to your inquiry of recent date this is to advise that the following particulars of entry appear in the Immigration Records:-

Name: FEDAJKO Aleksandra
 Name of Vessel: S.S. Mount Temple
 Port of Arrival: St. John, NB Date: April 17, 1907
 Date of Birth or Age: 3 Status: Landed Immigrant
 Accompanied by: FEDAJKO Rudolfs; Jacko; Jerry sawers.

Remarks:

Yours very truly,

 D. Heatherington,
 Chief, Immigration Records.

L.D.
 L.R. 2



1976, L-R: Steven Dedish, Alexander Wojchuk, Paul Wojchuk, Petulla Dedish.

Я, наймолодша в родині Федейків, народилася 1904-го року в селі Нисмичі, повіт Сокаль — в Галичині. (Західна Україна) До Канади приїхала 1907-го року з родичами. Злидні, недостатки і загальну біду я переживала разом з членами нашої родини. Околиця де мої родичі набули землю була горбовата, лісна з камінням і мочарами. Тяжкої праці було потрібно багато а користь була мала. Одне що можливо тримало

Landed Immigrant Status.

нас при надії, а це було що всі наші піоніри-сусіди були в тім самім положенні як ми.

Тяжкою працею, надією, витривалістю і вірою в Бога ми пережили ці піонірські недостатки. Школу і недалеко від нас церкву, збудували 1914-го року. Я почала ходити до школи коли мала 10 літ. Кілька літ пізніше брала шлюб в цій церкві котру мій батько помагав будувати.

Мої родичі лишили рідний край, рідню і широке знаомство щоби здобути кращу долю для себе і для своїх дітей. Вони прибрали Канаду як будучу країну для будучих поколінь.

Переживши 80 літ свого життя я зрозуміла велику вартість і заслуги своїх родичів. Вони віддали все те що їм було дороге — вони дали мені і моїм дітям кращу долю і ясну будучність у вільні країні. З глибокою пошаною і вдячністю присвячую цих кілька ширих слів своїм родичам на вічний спомин.

— написала Аліксандра
(Федейко-Дідич) Войчук.
Травень 1984

Dr. Ilarij (Hilarius) Fedeyko

Ilarij Fedeyko, Ukrainian, was born July 22, 1900, in Uhryniv, Western Ukraine, son of Iwan and Ahaphia (daughter of Symon and Mychalchuk Pelahia).

He graduated gymnasium (highschool) in Sokal. During the First World War he served as a volunteer starshyna-khorunzhyj (ensign) in the Ukrainian Galician Army (UHA) in the 5th "Sokal Brigada" (Brigade). In addition to a number, each Brigade carried the name of the locality, where it came into being. The UHA was formed in early November, 1918, in Lviv and in the countryside.

The Galician units of UHA crossed the river Zbruch into Central Ukraine on July 18, 1919 in order to help the Ukrainian National Republic against Russian Bolsheviks, who invaded Ukraine from the north-east.

He was very active during university studies in the university students' organization "Student'ska Hromada" in Lviv, having been a long time member of its Board. He had been also a member of Ukrainian Catholic Church.

He graduated as a Doctor of Medicine from Jan Kazimierz University in Lviv, Western Ukraine (at that time Poland), on June 30th, 1934.

In 1933, Ilarij Fedeyko married Olha Medwid, born in Lwiw, daughter of Ilarij and Julia Terlecka. Fedeykos' permanent residence was Lviv. She was active member of "Students'ka Hromada", "Pros'vita" (Enlightening), Ukrainian youth organization "Plast" and some others. She graduated and



1935, Dr. Ilarij and his wife Olha Fedeyko.

received a Masters MA degree from Jan Kazimierz University of Lviv, in 1933.

Dr. Ilarij Fedeyko practised medicine from 1934 to 1936 and specialized in the diseases of ear, nose and throat in Lviv, and later at the university clinic in Vienna, Austria.

Then he was employed at the Public Hospital and at Ukrainian hospital "Narodna Lichnytsia" (National Infirmary) in Lviv. From May, 1938, he was employed at Metropolitan Andriy Sheptytsky's Hospital.

A group of Ukrainian doctors founded the "Narodna Lichnytsia" organization, which opened an outpatient clinic. One of its major achievements was construction of Metropolitan Sheptytsky's Hospital, in 1937. This well equipped hospital maintained a polyclinic, which offered free medical services to thousands of patients. At that time Dr. Fedeyko was also a very active member of the Ukrainian Hygienic Society, Ukrainian Medical Society and "Moloda Hromada".

The Ukrainian Hygienic Society, founded in Lviv 1929, was extremely active in the area of health care until the outbreak of World War II.

Dr. Fedeyko worked mornings in the above mentioned polyclinic and gave free service to the poor; afternoons and evenings, he worked in his medical office with help of his wife Olha. In the above said polyclinic in the Metropolitan Sheptytsky's Hospital, he was employed as a chief Medical Doctor in the ear, nose and throat department. He was appointed in 1941 a second director in the same hospital.

In order to understand better the events of that time, it is necessary to mention, that September 1st, 1939, the Polish-German war broke out and led eventually to the outbreak of World War II. Then, on the basis of a secret clause of the non-aggression pact of

August 23, 1939, between Germany and USSR (The Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact) the USSR attacked Poland on September 17, 1939, and the Soviet armies occupied Western Ukraine (at that time eastern part of Poland). On September 22, the Bolsheviks occupied Lviv.

This was a very insecure, dangerous and hard time. Dr. Fedeyko was still employed in the above mentioned hospital, however it had been renamed. Doctors' responsibilities in that hospital were very special: patients were high ranked party members and military officers.

Dr. Fedeyko's wife was working as a scientific worker in the Academy of Science in Lviv.

Many Ukrainians were arrested and deported. People, who had been active in Ukrainian organizations in the past, were always suspicious.

Despite non-aggression Pact, that existed between Germany and USSR, the last one was preparing feverishly for the war.

Germans announced war against USSR on June 22, 1941. Russians began to evacuate to the East skilled specialists and members of Ukrainian intelligentsia. Most political prisoners in Lviv and in various towns were shot dead, some had been evacuated.

Fedeykos' family was prepared for the worst. There were long, dangerous and uncertain nights. Many people were coming to Dr. Fedeyko's office not only for medical service but also for advice and some assistance, in this complicated situation.

On June 30, 1941, Germans occupied Lviv and by middle of July, all Galicia.

Dr. Fedeyko was soon appointed a second director in the Ukrainian Hospital of Metropolitan Sheptytsky, where he was employed before as a chief doctor. Besides his medical work as a specialist, he was providing the said hospital with necessary medical supplies, drugs and food. It was quite responsible and hard task.

Ukrainians undertook vigorously to rebuild their national economy and cultural life.

Dr. Fedeyko belonged to a doctor's group, which organized Ukrainian Red Cross in Lviv. His wife Olha headed women's section of the mentioned Red Cross.

Conditions changed greatly, after Germans occupied almost entire territory of the Ukrainian SSR in the late autumn. The brutality of their regime became evident everywhere. Beginning in 1942 there were mass deportations of rural and city population, especially of young people, to forced labour in Germany. Many Ukrainian organizations were forced to disappear. Property nationalized by Russians had

been not returned by Germans. Close members of the Fedeyko family were arrested.

By the end of April 1944, all eastern and central Ukraine was again in Soviet hands. At that time, a wave of Ukrainian refugees moved west to Germany, Austria and Slovakia. Many people were forcibly taken by Germans to hard labour. Among thousands of Ukrainian refugees, who left their native land, after unsuccessful struggle for Ukrainian liberation, there were many doctors.

Dr. I. Fedeyko with his wife and family, left his native land and beloved Lviv, in April 1944. It was quite difficult to make proper decisions as to the forthcoming plans because of that immensely strenuous and dangerous time.

Bolsheviks occupied Lviv in July, 1944, for the second time.

At the beginning the Fedeyko family went to Cracow (Generalgouvernement-Poland) for a few months and in August left for Austria, where Dr. Fedeyko had been appointed a medical doctor in Vitis (north-west from Vienna) and vicinity. The said appointment resulted because the doctor from Vitis was taken to the army. Dr. Fedeyko's wife worked partially in his office, especially in the pharmacy. There were some Ukrainian refugees in Vitis whom Dr. Fedeyko helped with finding jobs, giving free medical service, drugs, etc. He worked here until the end of World War II.

After the Russians occupied the eastern part of Austria, he left in 1945 for Vienna, where he was employed as a specialist at the University Medical Department for ear, nose and throat diseases. The situation in Vienna was very dangerous for all refugees and for Ukrainians in particular. Many people were arrested by Russians and deported.

Fedeykos moved to Innsbruck, Austria's French zone, where Dr. Fedeyko organized the Ukrainian Red Cross and was employed as chief medical doctor in the hospital for Displaced Persons. Many refugees often used his free medical service and advice.

Opportunities for emigration overseas opened in the later half of 1947, when the United States passed the Displaced Persons Act. Soon Canada and Australia also declared their willingness to take displaced persons.

While the aim of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA) was only to give material help and aid in repatriation, the International Refugee Organization (IRO) broadened its mission to include resettlement of refugees.

Thanks to the efforts of Uncle Konstantine, (son of Sylvester Fedeyko) from Krydor, Saskatchewan, Dr. Fedeyko emigrated from Austria (Lanserssee)

with his wife, in February, 1948. On March 17, 1948, they arrived in Halifax and after a few days they went to Val d'Or, Quebec, to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lewcuns' family. Here the Fedeykos were heartily accepted and had a good rest. After a few weeks they moved to Toronto, where they were cordially accepted by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fedeyko, who had been always willing and ready to help. Mr. Paul Fedeyko was a cousin, and son of Mr. Konstantin Fedeyko.

Finally there was new hope, new expectations in a free country. Dr. Fedeyko and his wife began to be active in Ukrainian organizations, became church members and participated in social life activities.

They worked for the Ukrainian youth organization "Plast", where Dr. Fedeyko organized and conducted courses for youth. He also became an active member of Ukrainian Canadian Legion, Branch 360. Additionally, he was planning to organize a Ukrainian hospital, where Ukrainian doctors would be able to work and treat Ukrainian patients.

Dr. Fedeyko strived hard to bring from Austria to Canada his mother and brother-in-laws.

But despite his urgent efforts it was impossible to find work in the medical field.

Dr. Ilarij Fedeyko died of heart attack on February 21, 1949, survived by his wife. "His long wait has ended" — headlines in Canadian newspapers.

ПОСМЕРТНА ЗГАДКА (Замість грудни землі на могилі незабутнього Товариша д-ра Іларія Федейки).

Не стало між живими бл. п. д-ра Іларія Федейки, визначного лікаря, суспільника, добре вишколеного фахівця - отоларинголога, незабутнього Товариша. Серед невідрадних обставин під польським режимом по першій світовій війні, Він, як селянський син, важко пробирався під час своїх студій, здобував загально - лікарське знання, а опісля фахове в краю й закордоном та відкривав свою лікарську практику у Львові. Він відразу голоситься до праці у Народній Лічниці, в Українським Лікарським Товаристві, Українським Гігієнічним Товаристві і згодом вибирався на чільне місце серед львівського українського лікарського світу.

Найбільш заслуг поклав Нокійний у безкорисній, неспівуцій лікарській праці, спочатку в Народній Лічниці, а опісля в Українському Шпиталі ім. Митр. Андрея Шеніцького у Львові, де впродовж довгих років очолював відділ недержавної, горла й носа. Сам погідною, тонкої вдачі, ставився уважливо й тепло до своїх пацієнтів і тим здобував собі любов і прихильність серед широких кіл недужих, що горнулися до своєї лічниці. Він надзвичайно радіє скорим роком і злагою тієї установи, що здобувала собі добре ім'я серед своїх і призначання серед чужих, часто навіть ворожих елементів.

По вибуху другої світової війни та по приході до Львова більшовиків Він не покидає своєї Народної Лічниці, а залишається навіть тоді, коли більшовики забрали її

для своїх т. зв. відповідальних робітників щоб берегти майна й лічницю, та й опікуватись ще хворими, що залишилися, як і санітарним персоналом. Меткий і проворний, а таким був бл. п. д-р Іларій Федейко. Він в найтяжчих умовах війни почтає лічницю харчі й потрібне санітарне обладнання та зберігає майно лічниці від грабежів і зазіхань ворожих елементів. Через те Він став у важкі воєнні роки технічним, чи вірніше господарським, директором Народної Лічниці і покинув свою установу щойно тоді, як Львів став в обличчі повної більшовицької окупації в 1944 році, подаючись на тернистий шлях еміграції.

Тут Він теж не спочинав. Захонений більшовиками на терені Австрії, Він встиг перебратись до Інебруку у французьку зону Австрії і тут організує та працює в амбулаторії Українського Червоного Хреста, опікуючись хворими емігрантами та допомагаючи їм матеріально.

Переїхавши весною минулого року до Канади, Він, хоч сам без забезпечення й заробітку, підносить думку і мріє про побудову чогось подібного до Народної Лічниці тут у Торонто, щоб єдинити з допомогою хворим і створити бодрі поклики скромний варіетат праці для наших повоєнних лікарів. Та передчасна смерть перервала всі ті його широкі плани й задуми.

Д-р Л. Мансимонько

ON EVE OF JOB IN HOSPITAL HERE D.P. DOCTOR DIES

Last night on the eve of obtaining a position in a Canadian hospital, Dr. Hilarius Fedeyko, noted European ear, nose and throat specialist, who has been working as watchman in a Toronto garage, collapsed and died.

Dr. Fedeyko, 48, who is survived by his widow, Mrs. Olga Fedeyko, came to Canada as a displaced person 10 months ago.

A native of Lwow in the Ukraine, he was superintendent of a 500-bed hospital there while the city changed hands three times during the war. First it was captured by the Russians, then by the Germans and finally recaptured by the Russians.

He left the hospital as an immigrant soon after and travelled to the French zone of Germany where he served as a doctor in a Red Cross hospital. Later he became chief of staff at a French government hospital.

Sponsored by his brother, Paul Fedeyko, the doctor managed to get to Canada but his degrees from the University of Cracow and the University of Vienna were not recognized.

For a time he worked in the garage pits of his brother's garage, when the only medical work he was able to get in Toronto was a job as orderly at a Toronto hospital. A few days ago he had secured what friends described as a much better position at the Ontario mental hospital at Mimico. He was to have started work today.

To improve his English and learn more of Canadian life he had been attending evening classes on Shaw St. Last night he left his home to go to the school but returned a few minutes later, complaining of feeling unwell. A short time later he died.

HIS LONG WAIT HAS ENDED

TORONTO, Feb. 23.—(CP)—For 10 months Dr. Hilarius Fedeyko, noted Ukrainian eye, ear, nose and throat doctor, worked as a night watchman in a Toronto garage.

He went to classes for new Canadians and studied during his spare time to pass Ontario medical examinations required of displaced persons wanting to practise in the province.

He was to start work at the Ontario Mental Hospital at suburban Mimico today. But Dr. Fedeyko, holder of four medical degrees from Cracow and Vienna universities, collapsed and died last night.

Dies on Threshold Of New Career

Dr. Hilarius Fedeyko, 48, was to have started a new life in Canada today. He will be buried Friday morning instead.

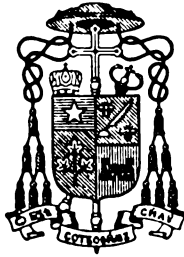
A noted ear, nose and throat specialist in his native Ukraine and in the French sector of Germany, he came to Canada as a displaced person 10 months ago. Since then, he had worked as a watchman in a Toronto garage.

He died Monday at his home, 1071A College St., a few days after he had been offered a position at the Ontario Hospital, Mimico. He is survived by his wife, Olga.

Dr. Fedeyko was superintendent of a 500-bed hospital at Lwow. When the Russians recaptured Lwow from the Germans, Dr. Fedeyko left the hospital and travelled as an immigrant to the French zone of Germany, where he served as a doctor in a Red Cross hospital. Later he directed a French Government infirmary.

Most Reverend Isidore Borecky, D.D.

PHONE PR. 2381



61 GLEN EDYTH DRIVE
TORONTO 5, ONTARIO

24-го лютого, 1949.

Сл. Іс. Хр.

Високоповажана Пані!

З приводу наглої смерті Вашого
дорогого мужа прошу прийняти від мене найщиріші вирази
співчуття. Втрата Вашого дорогого мужа є болючою не
тільки для Вас але для нас усіх і для всего українського
народу, для якого бл.п.Іларій світив зразком не тільки
щирого христіянина католика, але також і ревного патріота.
Бажаючи обильних ласк від Господа, потіхи і розради

остаю відданий в Христі,


Єпископ.

Високоповажана Пані
Ольга Федейко,
1071A Каледж ул., В.,
Торонто, Онт.

ВАЛ ДОР, КВ.
 При вітні береня від
 рба ОУК улантуйв при
 нити для похоронного
 го дна Федюка і його
 дружини, які приїхали до
 скитання до Вал Дор до
 родини Демуків.
 На вості всі присутні
 приймали гостей, гуляли
 опіслями, в готель УНУ
 В. Поремський і голови
 ОУК П. Гинтов привітали
 їх і побажали їм щасливо
 го побуту в Канаді від
 всього членства УНУ і
 ОУК, потім представили
 їм всім присутнім.
 Під час гостини прома-
 кили др Федюка, який
 розповів про свої пере-
 жання і подорож до Канади
 УНУ і ОУК та мавий при-
 нити. Переведено збір-
 ку до якої замінив в М.
 Сміт. З'їв він принісся
 \$14.83, перевів її О. Ка-
 чинська і Е. Горук.
 Всім жертводавцям ви-
 шра подяка, а похорон-
 ний план Федюка по-
 жалібно СХОДИЛИ
 НОВОПРИБУЛИХ З ПРИВІД
 СМЕРТІ ДРА І. ФЕДЕЙКА
 В неділю 27.2.1919 в домі в
 С. Демуківського відбувся сход
 гурту новоприбулих, щоб ви-
 ставити пам'ятки на дна Ігоря
 Федюка.
 На сході були присутні
 духовенство, добровільці, лікарі,
 адвокати і ін. Гостинно привітали
 А. Ней. Він перекладав пере-
 бий дити та громадській праці
 Покійного, якого пам'ять привні
 яшноту мовчання. Обрано тоді
 делегати від гурту новоприбулих,
 що склали дружину Покійного на-
 граву гиноту від його ро-
 ди.

March 1, 1919

Дізнався сумнісі вісткою з Р. Демуків, що дна 21 го
 жовтого ц. р. несподівано загинув мій незабутий
 і невідомий чоловік
 Др. ІЛАРІЙ ФЕДЕЙКО
 нар. 22 го липня 1900 року в Україні, селі Соваки, мікр спе-
 ціаліст отоларинголог.
 Похорон відбувся у п'ятницю 25-го жовтого ц. р. в Тероні
 П. П. П.
 Герою прабова дружина
 ОЛЬГА ФЕДЕЙКО

Дізнався сумнісі вісткою, що дна 21 го жовтого ц. р. несподівано
 загинув мій незабутий і невідомий чоловік
 Др. ІЛАРІЙ ФЕДЕЙКО
 народжений 22 го липня 1900 в Україні, селі Соваки, мікр спе-
 ціаліст отоларинголог, довголітній лікар Української
 Лікарні ім. Мейр. Андрія Шенгелюка у Львові, організатор
 Українського Червоного Хреста, а потім Санітарно-Харитативної
 Служби на еміграції в Німеччині, потім в Україні, член
 Української Галицької Армії, член "Молодої Громади" у Львові та інших громадських
 організацій в Україні, член Т-ва Українських Ветеранів у Канаді,
 великий прихильник української молоді, який звернувся на емігра-
 ції і спер у Канаді проповідував багато уроків, з його смертю
 українська громада втратила дуже багату і цінну людину. Покійний
 залишив дружину та дітей. Дружині в усіх рідні Покійного ви-
 каляємо наше найкраще співчуття.
 В. П. П.
 В. П. П. РЕДАКЦІЯ "ГОМІН УКРАЇНИ"

William and Justine Fedeyko

March 14, 1911, was an exciting day at the home of Eudokia and Sylvester Fedeyko. Two mid-wives, I was told, helped my mother with her first born. My parents, Jacob and Catherine Fedeyko, decided to name me Wasyl, later changed to William (Bill). I was the eldest child of my parents and the eldest grandchild of both the Sylvester Fedeyko and the Paul Horbay families.

My Earliest Recollections

One of the several recollections of my early years amazed my mother. I remember very vividly my mother rocking me in a willow-woven basket type cradle, suspended from the ceiling by four tiny ropes, and singing a lullaby. Grandfather hand-made my cradle out of fine willow saplings. That same cradle was used for my sister Mary when she came along about two years later.

My grandfather Fedeyko's "Victor" gramophone was an object of sheer mystery. I could never understand how a tiny needle scratching on a black disc could produce all kinds of sounds coming out of a megaphone-type horn.

My first car ride, at about age 4, with my Uncle Kost was probably my biggest thrill during my pre-school age. Among my other memories were horse-back rides with my father, Christmas holidays with my grandparents, hog-butcherings and my first day at school.

Steven Deditch, my uncle, was my first teacher at the Oukraina School, located about one mile west of our home. The walk to and from school took me across a little creek and past Uncle Kost's house. Other neighboring children walked that way and I enjoyed those walks, particularly so in the spring of the year. Ukrainian was used as a language of instruction in school most of the time because the children knew no English. Translations and meanings of words were explained in English, but the learning process seemed very slow. I memorized my English reading lessons but I did not understand what I read until about the end of my third grade.

That creek which I crossed on the way to school has an interesting memory for me. Every spring, run-off water would bring in a lot of sardine-sized fish up stream. They were delicious when fried. On the way home from school the older boys would catch them in their five pound lard pails used for their lunch containers. I wasn't able to do that well and one day I told my Uncle Kost about my lack of fishing success. He advised me to wait beside the creek and when the older boys had caught a pail-full of fish and left it unattended that I should pick up the pail with the fish and run for home about 300 yards away. That turned

1949, Paper clippings, "New Pathway".

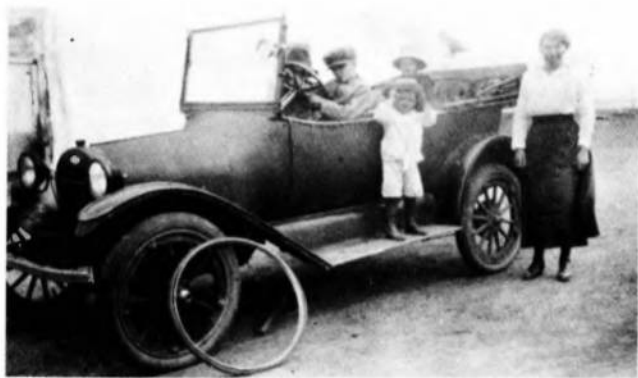


1938, William (Wasy) and Justina (Raychyba) Fedeyko.

out to be bad advice. I got caught by one of the older boys who put me across his knee just to remind me of my wrong doing. The next day when I related my bad experience to my uncle, he further advised me that I should learn to run faster. In later years we joked about that episode.

A "spark-plug" event brings back another memory. It happened one morning when a number of boys and I were going to school. We could see my uncle busy around a one-cylinder gasoline engine he used for sawing wood. He called us over into his yard on the pretense that he needed our help to start his engine. He showed us a spark-plug attached to a wire and asked us to hold hands in line, with the front boy holding the spark-plug. I think that there were about five of us, and no one questioned how that hand-holding arrangement would help start his ailing engine. When he turned the engine wheel over slowly there was a buzzing sound and then a loud yelp from all those holding hands. That electric shock speeded up our progress to school and as long as I can remember my uncle never again was trusted by that group of boys.

I was eight years old when the family moved to Cut Knife. Our nearest school was five miles away. At that age I was too young to be entrusted with driving a horse to school, so my parents decided to send me to grandfather Horbay's, my mother's parents, for the next 3 summers to take my schooling at the Oukraina School. My aunt Mary Horbay, uncle John Horbay, and I walked 3½ miles to and from school every day, rain or shine. School stayed open from about March until November. It was impossible to keep that school building warm during the severe winter weather.



1920, Jacob Fedeyko family automobile. Wasy at the wheel, John on the running-board, Mary in the back seat, mother Katerina, standing.

In 1921, when my sister Mary reached school age, we were sent to Cut Knife where my Uncle Steve

Deditch and Aunt Alexandra lived. We were always brought home for the week-end. I enjoyed my Cut Knife school mainly because of the short walk.

Upon reaching age 11 or 12, I was considered old enough and responsible enough to be able to drive a horse to school. My sister Mary, brother John and I drove to Wardenville School for the next two years, a distance of five miles. In 1924 Wembley School was built just a ½ mile from our house. The following year, 1925, I became the first grade eight graduate of that school.

High School and Normal School Years 1925-1930

After threshing, on October 25, 1925, I was enrolled in the grade nine class in the North Battleford Collegiate, some 40 miles east of Cut Knife. My father found a boarding place for me about a mile away from school. Due to a late start I found my school work quite hard in that I had to try to catch up to the rest of the class. However, I graduated with honors in June of 1926.

The following year I went back to the same school and boarded with the same people. That year I got involved in sports, such as hockey, badminton and basketball. I joined the Trail Rangers at the United Church where I made many friends, and where I enjoyed the fellowship of boys my own age.

During the summer holidays I picked up a job setting up horse-binders and other harvesting machinery with the International Harvester dealer in Cut Knife. I earned \$5 a day working from 8 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening. My father let me use the family touring car to drive daily in and out of town a distance of 9 miles. I was able to hold that summer job for the next three summers and the extra money thus earned helped out with my schooling away from home.

Due to poor crops in 1927, I stayed home and helped out with farm work. I started to drive a car at age 12 and my father made me his chief engineer and tractor operator. I operated our threshing machine in the fall of 1927.

In September of 1928 I was enrolled in the grade eleven class in the City Park Collegiate in Saskatoon and I stayed at the Mohyla Ukrainian Institute. That institution had a significant influence on me. It made me realize that the Ukrainian language, customs and traditions were an important part of my heritage. It was that institution that provided me with the opportunity to meet and later marry the girl of my dreams — Justine Raychyba.

In June of 1930 I graduated from the Moose Jaw Normal School — a full-fledged teacher. My plans were to teach for a couple of years, in order to make enough money to enroll in University. The economic

depression beginning in 1930 changed all my plans and I was forced to enter into other fields of endeavour.

My Teaching Career Oct. 1930-Dec. 1936

In 1930 school-teaching jobs were hard to find. Through the efforts of my school friend, Fred Andruschak, I was able to find a teaching position at the "Co-operation School" about 12 miles south of Rabbit Lake. My starting salary was \$100 per month and room with board cost me \$25 per month. In 1933 Zoria school board paid me \$500 per year, the lowest salary of my teaching career. The school had an enrollment of over 40 children in one room with grades from one to ten. In 1936 I accepted an offer of \$650 per year at Whitkow School with a free teachers' wage. As it turned out that school was my last teaching position.

I enjoyed teaching because it offered a special kind of challenge, but my workload was very heavy. Over and above my regular classroom work, community involvement took up a lot of my time. Teaching Ukrainian languages after school hours, work with young people in the community, sports activities, choir work and my Grade 12 correspondence courses quite often kept me up until 2 A.M. Communities of that time expected leadership from their teachers and only the active teachers were able to hold their positions. At the end of December in 1936, I resigned from my teaching position and went into a business venture in St. Michael, Alberta.

My Business Ventures 1937-1965

The period of time that I spent in the various business ventures was interesting, challenging, and rewarding. My Uncle Kost, more than anyone else, influenced and encouraged me to leave my teaching job and go into business. In 1936 John Nikiforuk, John Magus and I pooled our financial resources and bought a \$2500 grocery-confectionery business (with a post-office included) in St. Michael, Alberta. We made slow but steady progress in our business until the outbreak of the war in 1939. Changes in business planning had to be made.

Justine and I were married in July of 1938, a year before the war broke out. Both my business partner and I were aware of the fact that some sort of enlistment in the armed forces was inevitable. John Nikiforuk volunteered for overseas service and I enlisted into the Youth Training Plan in preparation for war time work. I spent four years in aircraft work in Edmonton, while Justine managed the business. I took specialized training in aero-engine work and spent most of my four years in test-running aircraft engines used in training planes.

In 1946 I sold out my share in the grocery business to John Nikiforuk and formed a partnership with

Mike Panko, my brother-in-law. We bought a Cockshutt farm implement dealership with an Imperial Oil agency included, in St. Michael. Post-war business was good and our partnership prospered.

In 1946 Beaver Construction Ltd. was incorporated and I was one of its six shareholders. We purchased a small gravel-loading machine and went into municipal road gravelling.

The Redwater oil field was discovered in 1947 and Beaver Construction Ltd. was able to get a good contract with Imperial Oil Ltd., the largest oil-field developer. Our main job was maintaining and gravelling oil-field roads and drilling sites. Later we went into gravel-crushing. I designed and built our first gravel crusher during the winter of 1948. A year later we purchased an additional large gravel crusher. Gravelling roads was seasonal work for us and that caused us some concern when there was no work during the winter months.

In 1952-53, Beaver Construction Ltd. was sold. I also sold my share of the St. Michael business and our family moved to Fort Saskatchewan, just 14 miles east of Edmonton.

In 1954 I purchased a refrigerated semi-trailer unit with a Mack diesel tractor and contracted with Midland Superior Ltd. For the next three years I



1954, in order of height: Bill Jr. Eugene, Dennis and Katherine.

drove my own unit, hauling mostly meat products from Edmonton and Calgary to Toronto and Montreal. Driving that distance was hard work. It kept me away from home a lot of the time but the pay was good and we needed the money to finance the needs of our growing family.

Century Transport Ltd. was incorporated in 1956 and I was its major shareholder, president and general manager. We bought more equipment, set up a shop in Edmonton, and I quit driving. By 1962 we had about 24 pieces of equipment, a shop, and an office in west Edmonton with about 25 people on payroll. The trucking business was profitable, but very demanding, and so in 1965 we decided to sell out.

Farming in High Level 1965-1978

Farming appealed to me for a number of years but I could never get enough money together to go into it properly. In 1964 Michael Raychyba, my father-in-law wanted to retire and suggested that we consider purchasing his farm in the High Level area. All the members of our immediate family were consulted, including Kathie, who was 12 years old at the time, and we decided to sell our trucking business and move to High Level — about 500 miles north of Edmonton. The farm which we bought consisted of four quarter-sections of land and a full line of machinery. We were able to rent an additional four quarter-sections nearby. I seeded my first crop in the spring of 1965.

A new house was built on the SW 2-110-17 W5 and the family moved in the summer of 1966. Kathie had just completed her grade 8, Dennis had finished his grade 12, Eugene was married and on his own and that left Bill (Jr.) and me to farming. I don't think that we fully realized what was involved in farming 500 miles north of Edmonton, but we said to ourselves that **"where there's a will, there's a way"**.

To start with, we bought the much needed land clearing equipment — D7 Caterpillar tractor with a

breaking plow, a piler and brush cutter, and a root windrower. Dennis (while attending University) and Bill applied for and got additional homestead land — three quarter sections each. We traded small machines for larger equipment. By 1970, we had a sizeable cattle and hog operation and about 1500 acres of land under cultivation. Dennis and Barbara came into the farm operation in 1971 and stayed with it until 1978, when Dennis decided to go back teaching.

In 1978 Justine and I decided to retire in Kelowna, B.C. Bill and Darlene took over the management of a 3000 acre farm with about 2400 acres under cultivation. After 13 years of farming, with its ups and downs, we felt that age was catching up to us and that we had accomplished as much as were able to do. We are justly proud of our farm and very confident that Bill, Darlene, Patricia and Joanne will carry on with the family farming tradition. We wish them many happy and successful years of farming.

Our Marriage and Family

Justine Raychyba, a petite brown-eyed brunette caught my fancy during our stay at the Mohyla Ukrainian Institute in Saskatoon (boys and girls residence) in 1928. Following the end of the school term in 1929, we corresponded occasionally for about 4 years. In the summer of 1933 I took a course at the University of Saskatchewan and Justine happened to be working in Saskatoon at that time. We met quite often and our friendship became quite close. During the 1930's money was scarce and travelling even short distances was beyond my means. We were able to meet about 2 or 3 times a year during the next 5 years. Correspondence was the only means of communication. On July 30, 1938, we were married in the Ukrainian Orthodox Church in Edmonton. When the children came along, and the first three were boys, we were no different from any other typical young family. It was the tricycle, the bicycle and finally a learner's permit and the car. As the post-war economic conditions improved we were able to travel as a family. Christmases and Easters were usually spent in North Battleford where my parents lived. Family visits were made to Krydor, Hafford, Cut Knife and Prelate, where most of our relatives lived.

After we moved to Fort Saskatchewan I was able to buy a lake-side lot and build a summer cottage at Long Lake about 40 miles north of our home town. Most of our summer week-ends were spent at the lake — boating, water-skiing and fishing. Many of our friends and their children shared our leisure week-ends with us. Family church attendance at St. Elias Ukrainian Orthodox Church in Edmonton was regular on Sundays.



1973, W. Fedeyko "Homestead", High Level, Alberta.



1964, Eugene, Katherine, Dennis and Bill Jr. (standing).

The boys belonged to the Knot-Hole Gang of the Edmonton Eskimos football cheering section and we rarely missed the Edmonton games. Hockey games, at the old Edmonton Gardens, were interesting and exciting during the winter months. As soon as the boys were old enough to hold a drivers license our family outings became less frequent. Of all our family activities, I think that our fishing trips stand out as the most memorable.

My Community Involvement

During my teaching years I took an active part in and helped organize the following:

- Square Hill Hockey Club
- Square Hill Softball Club
- a dance orchestra, in which I played a saxophone, banjo, violin and guitar.
- Square Hill and later Whitkow Ukrainian Youth Organization C.Y.M.K. I was its charter member and president.

In St. Michael, Alberta — I served as a:

- secretary of the Board of Trade for many years.
- member of the local school board and sports organizations.

— organizer and conductor of the local young people's choir.

— charter member and organizer of the St. Michael Community Centre.

In Fort Saskatchewan I was a member of:

- The Lions Club
- Masonic Lodge
- St. Elia Ukrainian Orthodox Church in Edmonton, an executive member and president of the church Board for several years.

In High Level I was involved in the following:

- charter member of the Lions' Club.
- charter member and president of the High Level Uniform Local (farm organization).
- Uniform — district director.
- Uniform — regional director.
- Uniform — provincial executive member.
- President and later secretary-treasurer of the Boyer River Rural Electrification Association.
- Charter member and president of the Northern Lights Gas Co-op.
- Chairman of the High Level-Fort Vermilion Agricultural Service Board.
- Vice chairman and chairman of the High Level-Fort Vermilion Hospital and Health Service Board.
- Member of the High Level Chamber of Commerce.
- Chairman of the Farm Development Committee.
- Member of the Alberta Wheat Pool advisory committee.

As of 1983 I have been a 53 year subscriber to the following publications:

- Ukrainian Voice (weekly).
- The Herald (Ukrainian Orthodox Church — semi-monthly).
- MacLeans Magazine
- Western Producer (farm weekly).

I have been a member of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church all my life. I am a member of the following:

- Mohyla Institute — Saskatoon, Sask.
- St. John's Institute — Edmonton, Alta.
- Ukrainian Self-Reliance Association
- Order of St. Andrew
- Life Member of St. Andrew's College.

Our main financial contributions were and are being made to:

- St. Andrew's Endowment Foundation
- S.U.S. Foundation
- Ukrainian Museum of Canada

In my early years I supported and was active in Liberal politics. At present I stand politically neutral.

My Near Tragic Events

It was a beautiful warm sunny spring Easter Sunday in April of 1922. My Uncle Steve Deditch and

Aunt Alexandra of Cut Knife hitched up a team of horses to a "democrat" (2 seat buggy) and came down to the farm to celebrate Easter with our family. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon Uncle Steve decided that we should be going back home.

At that time, sister Mary, cousin Edward and I stayed with Uncle and Aunt while attending school in town. After bidding our farewells we got into the "democrat" and headed for Cut Knife, a distance of 9 miles.

The warm sunny day caused a lot of snow to melt quickly during the day and by late afternoon, the usually dry creek which we had to cross, was running swift and deep with melted snow water. The creek crossing had no bridge.

When we came to that creek of rushing water Uncle Steve stopped and looked over the situation. The main current did not appear too wide, and a stretch of shallow water appeared to be about 2 feet deep. We were told to hang on tightly to the vehicle while we were crossing.

The horses were urged to go fast and almost jumped into the water. Suddenly, because of the depth of the water, the horses were forced to swim! Only their heads appeared above water. The current of the creek began to pull the democrat downstream and all of us were in that icy cold water up to our waists. Just then the horses jumped to solid footing on the other side of the main current and pulled the democrat out of the deep water. We were all wet, cold, and scared but thankful that we were not drowned.

Victoria Day, a bright, sunny and seemingly warm May 24th, 1926 was a school holiday. Six or eight boys, all classmates in the North Battleford Collegiate, decided to run down to the river for an afternoon "May Day" dip at our favorite swimming hole. Three or four of us sat at the waters edge trying to cool off and probably hesitant to jump in. One of the boys, and to this day I don't know who, playfully I suppose, pushed the four of us into the cold water. I remember opening up my eyes under-water, I felt a severe pain in my stomach and hand. As hard as I tried I could not stretch out my legs. I held my breath and flailed with my arms. Suddenly I felt a pull on my hair and a tight grip on my arm. I was pulled out of the water. Two of the boys gripped my wrists while two others pulled on my legs by my ankles. That painful operation straightened me out. I did not get any water into my lungs. After I got myself organized I thanked Per Larson for saving my life. We all walked back home quietly it seemed, and we didn't go back to that swimming hole until the water warmed up.

Kathy and Percy, our daughter and son-in-law,

came down to High Level for a farm holiday in July of 1977. Bill (Jr.) and I promised Percy a fishing trip to the lake where fishing was always at its best — Wadlin Lake, about ½ hour flying time south of Fort Vermilion.

All arrangements were made, and Percy, Bill (Jr.) and I set out in a Cessna 180 from a river base in Ft. Vermilion. The pilot landed on Wadlin Lake at about 4 p.m. with the understanding that we were to be picked up at around 8 p.m.

Fishing was very good. By 6:30 we caught all the fish we wanted to catch. We filleted our fish, made our fish supper, had a cold beer and sat down waiting for our "air-taxi" to arrive. About 8 p.m. the plane came down.

We loaded up our "catch", got on the plane, and headed for the home base at Ft. Vermilion. At about the 3000 ft. level the aircraft motor sputtered and stopped. The pilot made some hurried adjustments and the motor started up again. We dropped about 1000 ft. in the interval. A few minutes later it happened again — a "sputter" and then silence, except for a swish of rushing air. We were going down on a "landing incline". The pilot, while working frantically on various controls, started calling out "May Day — May Day" (meaning serious emergency — going down) and giving his approximate location. He then turned to us, his passengers, and told us to buckle up tightly, put our heads between our knees and pray a little. My reply to him was that I would pray a little but I was not able to put my head between my knees.

At about the 1000 ft. level the motor came to life again. What a sigh of relief! Between the first and second stoppage of the motor, the pilot changed his course of direction and he told us that he was headed for the nearest bend in the river. We gained altitude for a few seconds and got up to about 1200 ft. We had just caught sight of the river ahead when the motor sputtered and died again for the last time. The plane had enough speed and height to be able to glide over some tall timber on the river bank and land somewhat roughly on the river. We could see an island about ½ mile downstream. The pilot pulled out the emergency paddles and we were able to guide our downed aircraft to a safe shore landing on the island. Somewhat shaken by our experience we sat quietly for awhile. The pilot tried his wireless equipment, but was not able to make contact with anyone. About 9:30 we heard and then saw a plane overhead. Obviously someone got one of our "May Day" messages and sent a plane out looking for us. Our pilot made contact with him on the radio-phone and gave him the details of our trouble. At 11:30 a motorboat, dispatched from Ft. Vermilion, a distance of about 15

miles by river, arrived and took us to the nearest roadway coming to the river. A while later a truck-van arrived and drove us to Ft. Vermilion. We got home to High Level at around 2 a.m.

That day we were lucky in both fishing and flying, the family enjoyed the fish and we were glad to be back with them. An excellent fishing trip and we were **not** charged for it.

Hobbies

I enjoy a variety of sports. During the early years of my life I played hockey, baseball and softball, tennis and badminton. I played several musical instruments but the saxophone was my favorite instrument.

In later life I enjoyed reading, gardening, fishing and hunting. Since we've retired I do a lot of reading. In the summer months I've been busy with woodwork and fishing in the Okanagan area. In the last five years we've travelled to Europe and visited my mother's birth place. We made several trips up and down the Western United States and Mexico. We saw Canada from North to South and from the Pacific to the Atlantic. It is a great country, it's our homeland, thanks to our forefathers. In recent years my sport activities have narrowed down to watching hockey, baseball and football on T.V. (or live whenever possible) and I enjoy them very much.

Conclusion

Since our retirement in 1979, we've been visited quite regularly by our children and grandchildren. We enjoy their visits very much and we look forward to their continued visits. We are looking forward to our **Fedeyko Family Reunion** in 1985.

I hope that the many descendants of the Sylvester Fedeyko family will make a truly sincere effort to come and get acquainted and reacquainted with one another. God willing, I hope to see all of you at the John Fedeyko farm in July of 1985.

Justine (Raychyba) Fedeyko

I arrived rather noisily on March 9th, 1914, fourth in line of a family of 8 girls and one boy. My parents, Michael and Eva (Gizen) Raychyba had moved from Gimli, Man. to Prelate, Sask. in 1910 with one daughter, Anna, and were still living with my paternal grandparents Theodore and Justine Raychyba, when I was born. My day and night routine was apparently reversed for I slept during the day and cried all night. Someone had to be up continually to let the others sleep while I was rocked or carried around. This lasted for one year and my mother said that one time she got so desperate that she thought choking me would end the misery for all of them. Luckily, reason prevailed and I am able to

tell my story. After that year, Dad built a home on his own land and he moved 2 miles from my grandparents.

There were not too many Ukrainians in our community, so that at school we also had German and English pupils. I am sorry now we did not learn German from our classmates, but rules were strict and we were allowed English only in the schoolyard. I did not start school until age 7, being small for my age, and the school was 1½ miles away. However, at age 6 I had command of both Ukrainian and English, reading and writing, having learned from the older ones. At age 12 I finished grade eight and again was kept at home for one year, being too young to be sent away to the P. Mohyla Institute in Saskatoon to attend High School. From 1927-30 I attended Nutana Collegiate and resided at the Ukrainian Mohyla Institute for the first three years — the year of grade 12 I worked for my room and board at W. Stacey's of Stacey Jewellers, as dad could no longer afford to pay for board and room.

My preferred subjects in High School were all maths, i.e. Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, and also Chemistry and Grammar. I took 4 years of French and still remember some words and phrases that help me with my crossword puzzles. History was my worst subject. At 16 I finished grade 12, but the age for attending Normal School (Education) was 18 so again I had to wait one year. In that period economic conditions got worse than ever and no money was available so that was the end of my schooldays. I am glad now I didn't end up being a school teacher as I probably would have become a nervous wreck if I had had to battle with the present day students and all their frustrations with the modern society.

My stay at the Mohyla Institute was probably the highlight of my 69 years. There I made the acquaintance of students from other provinces and many of them we have been in touch with through our Ukrainian organizations over the years. The 60th Anniversary re-union of the Institute in 1976 in Saskatoon was a most joyous occasion in spite of our advanced years. Many were missing but memories remain and old snapshots and photographs are often thumbed through bringing back pleasant memories of those yesteryears.

In my first year at Mohyla there were 120 students, a capacity crowd of 30 girls and 90 boys. Rather lopsided but it gave the girls, regardless of age, the privilege of dancing all evening while the younger boys had about three or four dances set aside for them in order to let the University students and older boys have the advantage on the dance floor. Once a month they would clear the tables from the

dining room for the dance. The girls would spend the afternoon making sandwiches, our cook would supply some sweets — it was very low key as to a lot of us there was no extra money available. We would wear our Jean blouses with the sailor collars all week. On Saturday morning we would wash, starch, and iron them and go downstairs to the dance. However, that didn't prevent us from having as good or better time than the older and better-off girls who could afford fancy party dresses.

The skylight between the boys and girls rooms provided a broom passage sometimes when the boys would pass over some treats. They seemed to have more money for such things. The specialty was milk and ginger-snaps or raisin bread. I still love both. The skylight also provided me with my first glimpse of the mastering of the violin by my present husband. It was my second year in residence and his first. He had caught my eye in the first few days, good looking, curly black hair and not the kind to pay too much attention to girls. That in itself seemed like a challenge. So as I sat in the window watching him play he suddenly looked up, saw me and immediately pulled the blind down — what a let-down. However, I played in the mandolin orchestra (always on a borrowed mandolin) and he had one he wasn't using. I borrowed his for the term and after returning home for the summer holidays I wrote to thank him again for the use of it and so our correspondence began and lasted throughout the years until finally he popped the question with the "proviso" — that being whether I would settle for apple boxes for chairs. There was not the slightest hesitation on my part in agreeing with that although it never really came about.

In 1937 my father moved most of the family to Peace River leaving my brother John, sister Katherine and myself in Prelate on the farm. Since 1929 he had been freighting on the Peace River to Fort Vermilion in his home-made boat. He had taken a homestead in Fort Vermilion in 1929 and wanted to move the family there. The only access was by boat and mother refused to move that far so they bought a small acreage across the river from Peace River town and settled there. The girls got their High School education there. There was not much use for them to stay in Prelate any longer. 1937 was probably the worst, but the last year of the Dirty Thirties. My brother put in some crop 3 times but it was all blown away. No crop — no garden — completely dried out. That fall we would get carloads of hay and straw for the animals, dried beans and smoked dry fish and some fresh garden produce. You had to be in town early to get a share, but somehow we survived. We had a milk cow and sold a little cream occasionally.

In 1938 my brother married my school pal Helen Hoshowsky from Gravelbourg, Sask. She was teaching in our school at the time. A couple of weeks later Katherine and I went to Smoky Lake to my eldest sister's place (Bill and Anna Pidruchney). Katherine went on to join the family in Peace River and I stayed at Anna's until my wedding day on July 30th, 1938.

I borrowed \$50 from my future husband (have never repaid it) to buy my wedding dress, etc. Neither his parents or mine attended the wedding ceremony at the Ukrainian Orthodox Church in Edmonton with Rev. Hrycyna performing the ceremony, or at the small wedding reception we had at the Shasta Cafe. Only my sister Anna and family and my cousin, Christine Curtis, and family were there. The rest were close friends and numbered 18 in all, I believe. Nobody could afford to travel that distance.

We stayed the night in Edmonton and the next day on our drive to St. Michael, Bill stopped on a hill still some miles away and pointed to a tiny speck in the distance to what was to be home. I did not know a single soul there except John Nikiforuk who had been best man and was our business partner. Incidentally, we had to hold up the ceremony in church as he was late.

The first years at St. Michael were hard-working ones. We made do with a lot but never really suffered. One thing we lacked was water. We had to haul it about half a mile so none was wasted needlessly. When Billy was born in Oct. 1939, there was a diaper wash every day on the wash board. I got my first gas-powered washer when our third child was one year old — in 1948. But it seemed we had more time then, than we have now when all those extra chores are no more. Both Bill and John Nikiforuk had been school-teachers, so suits were a must. They were sadly in need of repair by the time they were discarded so I ripped, washed, mended and from the better pieces made pants, coats and hats for the boys. I was pretty expert at flaps, flies and inset pockets. By the time Kathie came along I couldn't do much dress-making for a little girl, as I had forgotten how.

We took a honeymoon week-end trip to Banff four years after we were married. Somehow Bill managed to get 3 days off. After John Nikiforuk enlisted in the Postal Corps I was promoted to Acting Postmaster and we had Fred Palamarchuk for help in the store and Anne Matwichuk in the house. In May 1940 my sister Mary came from Peace River to be with me as Fred had also gone into the Postal Corp. She stayed until Nov. 1942 when she married a local boy — Mike Panko and they moved to his farm 6 miles from town. Bill's cousin Mary Parchoma, from Krydor, replaced her and stayed about 2 years. She got acquainted with the Swift's salesman, a widower,

Mike Grekul and also got married. Then Olga Skwaruk, a local girl, was with me and in about six months she got married also. I began to feel the girls looking for husbands should have been beating a path to my door and asking to work for no wages.

However, in the time from 1939-1945, when we moved from the back of the store and bought Krewusik's house, I knew most of the people in the surrounding areas. Through mail sorting I learned the names of all the people and the 3 sub-post offices to whom we sent mail twice weekly, provided a further list of names which were eventually transferred to faces. I enjoyed the Postal work much more than the store. People didn't ask for credit in the P.O. and I didn't have to answer to my husband on weekends as to why credit was extended to so and so if he was a poor risk. It was hard to say no.

My husband made a sort of two-wheeled wagon, rather like a big wheelbarrow with which we hauled mail to the train. Also our beef, which came in quarters and halves, and double orange crates, we handled all by ourselves, which was hard work. However, we managed and after the war was over we sold that business, so I was back to housekeeping only and raising a family. We built a chicken house beside our house so that the boys would have some responsibilities. Sometimes they fell through the hole in the ceiling when they went up to throw straw down for bedding. They did their work quite faithfully and when we were in a position to sell some eggs the money came in very handy. I still like chickens and had we lived in another spot I would probably have tried to convince Bill to allow me to keep a few laying hens.

Our children are quite unique personalities and outside of a few scratches and bruises have not caused any serious problems. William Sylvester (1939) at age 4 or 5 told his dad that he didn't think he was driving properly and he wanted to get off. He was permitted to do so (about 3 miles from home) and luckily a neighbor picked him up and to my utter surprise he was home shortly after leaving. I couldn't at that time understand my husband's logic but father conceded to his son's wishes.

Bill Jr. turned out to be my chauffeur when my husband was away a week at a time and I had full confidence in his driving ability at age 12.

Eugene Anton (1945) told his grandfather to put his tools away or he would make short work of them. For his nosiness he was almost decapitated by a disc one day as it was parked beside our driveway and the driver didn't see that the kid was peaking around the wheel.

Dennis Paul (1947) at 2 or 3 years used to hang on to the fence around the house and scream for dear

life. No one could figure out why — nothing was hurting. He still talks quite loudly!

Anna (1950) was stillborn.

Katherine Elizabeth (1952) weighed in at 9 lbs. 3 oz. and was named after her grandmother Fedeyko and my sister Katie who passed away in 1946 at 26 years of age. Katie went in for a simple tonsillectomy but re-acted to the anaesthetic and died before the operation was performed. It was a hard blow to the family and all who knew her.

All the boys in their turns were paper boys and if I do say so myself were very good ones from reports I got from their customers. So when Dennis outgrew his route Kathie took over and she did a very creditable job in the days before women's lib. In her high school years she was an excellent basketball player and liked sports. She was also called upon to babysit quite often even at 11 years of age. People seemed to trust her with babies in diapers and being the youngest she had had no such experience. It must have been natural instinct.

Now they are all married and we have been presented with eight grandchildren. Bill and Darlene have two girls, Eugene and Sandra have none so far, Dennis and Barbara have a girl and boy and Kathie and Percy have four girls.

Hopefully we will be granted a few more years to watch them grow into adulthood and grow up to appreciate their parent's heritage.

We lived in St. Michael from 1938-1952 where all the children were born. Then we moved to Fort Saskatchewan, Alta. and lived there until 1966. Those were also good years. We built a brand new house and the children had access to good schools, band, cubs and scouts and we were close enough to Edmonton to attend our Ukrainian Orthodox Church every Sunday. There the boys served as altar boys something they thoroughly enjoyed and Kathie attended Sunday school. I made some lasting friends there also. We even joined the Square Dance club one summer but when Bill started trucking between Edmonton and Eastern Canada we were forced to give that up.

In 1966 we moved to High Level to the farm we bought from my father and lived there until 1978. Again we made new acquaintances and I thoroughly enjoyed the long summer days, picking mushrooms, Saskatoon berries, planting a big garden and looking after chickens. For a few years I belonged to the Hospital Auxiliary in High Level and served as Secretary for one year. I canvassed the town a few times for the Heart and Cancer Funds. It did your heart good to get a positive response.

In 1978 we retired to Kelowna, B.C. It was with some regret that I left High Level but it seemed to be



1963, Wasyl and Justine Fedeyko, 25th Wedding Anniversary.

that way with every move we made. Our children tell us they are glad we moved to a tourist place. They take over the basement when they visit us and don't have to live in a hot camper. We enjoy having them down especially when they are so considerate of our advancing years and don't all come at once. The last 3 years have been busy ones in the fall. Bill made an apple crusher and we make 55 to 60 gallons of pure apple juice each year. The children and grandchildren all love it and get their supply. I feel as long as I'm able to I will continue to do this for them. This is indeed a land of plenty and this is one way of showing our appreciation.

Over the years my hobbies have been mostly needlework — knitting, crocheting, cross-stitching and my pet — petit-point. I hope to leave my handiwork for my children and grandchildren to remember me by. Now I have a little more time and could sit for hours with needle in hand and magnifying glass around my neck. I hope to make some pictures for wedding presents also. They are a gift that is rarely given but are lasting ones.

During my first year at Mohyla Institute 1927-1928 I took Ukrainian Dancing Lessons from the ballet master Vasyl Avramenko. I was very good at it and we would perform at Nutana Collegiate where we were well received. Any kind of dancing

was my special joy, however, the years have taken their toll of agility, and some arthritis in my ankle has slowed me down. I still play in the Senior Citizen's mandolin orchestra and thoroughly enjoy tapping my feet to the music. We still do a lot of travelling and hopefully will continue to do so as long as Bill can drive (while I sleep). The family has decided to have a reunion every year in July or August and we had our first one in 1982 at the High Level farm. Bill and Darlene were great hosts. Darlene had prepared a lot of the food ahead of time and when Eugene and Sandra arrived a day ahead of everyone else, Sandra just took over as chief chef — all she was missing was the cap. A lovely time was had by all and even though Dennis was willing to have it in Grande Prairie in 1983, Bill and Darlene think the logical place is the farm where there is room to roam and they don't have to worry about how they can get away at the critical "crop time". And so until they holler "STOP" we will convene there once a year.

Life has treated us very well. Bill, his sister Stephania and I took a 2 week trip to Poland in June 1978. That doubled our appreciation of the country we live in. My husband has been a good father and provider and from force of habit of having lived through the dirty thirties in Saskatchewan's dust bowl, I have been very hesitant about spending more than necessary, a habit which is hard to break. One thing we have never scrimped on is donations to our Ukrainian Museum of Canada in Saskatoon etc. We are encouraging our children to donate a little to these Institutions also, although they have their own affiliations and obligations. They have responded to this very well for which we are grateful and proud.

I hope the next generation will try and write another book to follow up this one and keep the



1984, W. and Justine Fedeyko family.

Fedeyko family name alive for future generations to read and appreciate the effort that has been put into this first one, with my husband as chief instigator and certainly the one who has put a lot of time and effort into getting it to press.



SPOTLIGHT

Justine and William Fedeyko

Throughout their lives William and Justine Fedeyko of Kelowna, B.C. have actively supported the many institutions of the Ukrainian Self-Reliance League of Canada.

One of their major contributions has been to the Ukrainian Museum of Canada in Saskatoon in recognition of the important role the Museum plays in preserving our heritage and sharing it with the community at large. They have donated over \$5,000. to the Museum Building Fund and have promoted the Museum with other members of the community.

William Fedeyko was born in Krydor, Saskatchewan. He is a graduate of Normal School in Moose Jaw. After some years in the teaching profession and other endeavours, Mr. Fedeyko established a road gravelling and trucking business in Edmonton and later farmed in High Level, Alberta. In 1979 the Fedeykos retired and now reside in Kelowna, B.C.

Justine Fedeyko (nee Raychyba) was born in Prelate, Saskatchewan. While attending school in Saskatoon, she resided at Mohyla Institute. She has been an active member of the Ukrainian Women's Association of Canada for many years.

The Fedeykos have a life-long record of community service. In their well-earned retirement, may they enjoy the benefits of their contributions to the Ukrainian community.

Юстина й Василь Федейки

Юстина й Василь Федейки

Панство Василь і Юстина Федейки належать до тих великих меценатів українських громадсько-культурних організацій, та інституцій, без котрих такі установи не могли б існувати та розвиватися. Як провідні члени нашої церкви та інституцій євangelічного середовища, вони брали живу участь в громадській праці, та жертвували, і далі жертвують, поважні суми на наші справи.

Що стосується Українського Музею Канади, то панство Федейки також піддержували цю установу, розуміючи важливість праці - мети нашого Музею в збереженні нашої культурної спадщини в Канаді. До цього часу вони подарували понад \$5,000. на Будівельний Фонд Музею, що може послужити іншим за приклад жертвенності на свої справи, по своїх силах та розумінні.

Пан Василь Федейко родився в Кридор, Саскачеван. Він закінчив учительську семінарію в Мус Джав, учителював в Саскачевані, і належав до того активного гуртка свідомих українських учителів, вихованців Інституту ім. П. Могили, що відіграли провідну роль в розвитку нашого культурно-освітнього життя по околицях.

Після кількох літ учительської праці п-ство Федейки переселилися до Альберти. Пан Федейко став власником підприємства в Едмонтоні, а опісля фермерував в Гай Левел, Альберта. Рівночасно, вони були активними членами української громади в Едмонтоні. У 1979-ому році Панство Федейки переїхали до Келовна, Б.К. на сталий побут та заслужений відпочинок.

Пані Юстина Федейко (Райчиба) народилася в Приїт, Саскачеван. Побираючи вищу науку в Саскатуні перебувала в Інституті ім. Петра Могили. Вона була завжди активною членкою Союзу Українок Канади.

Панство Федейки мають довголітній рекорд заслуженої громадської праці на культурнім полі. Бажаємо їм задоволення і радості за їхню віддану працю.

William S. and Darlene Fedeyko



1967, William S. and Darlene (Green) Fedeyko.

William Sylvester Fedeyko, born October 19th, 1939, at Lamont, Alberta. The first child of William and Justine Fedeyko while they lived at St. Michael, Alberta.

I remember some of my very early days living behind the store-post office combination my parents operated. The kitchen part had one wall banked with clear cased batteries, two high for power storage from the windmill. Some Saturday nights were spent listening to Foster Hewitt and Hockey Night in Canada.

There was a daily trip to the railroad station with the two wheel rickshaw type push cart for the mail. The sidewalks in town were made of wood with wide cracks and it was quite a feat to find a penny, nickel or dime and recover it from below the boards.

I went to St. Michael School from grades one to seven. In August of 1952 we moved to Fort Saskatchewan where I completed my grade twelve. I also attended Linday-Thurber Composite High School in Red Deer, Alberta for two semesters to complete courses in grade eleven and twelve.

In Fort Saskatchewan I belonged to the Boy Scouts, Sea Cadets, the Fort High School Band and the 49th Loyal Edmonton Regiment Army Reserve Band. In the band I played the Baritone Horn and Trombone. The band years were very satisfying and rewarding, because of the different professionals I had the pleasure of playing beside, and also the appreciation of music of all types that I acquired.

During my school years I delivered papers for The Edmonton Bulletin and later The Edmonton Journal. I was a gas pump jockey on weekends at Dad's gas station in St. Michael. My fee was 10¢ a customer. I was also a checker for Beaver Construction during the summer in the Simmons Oilfield north of Bruderheim, Alberta.

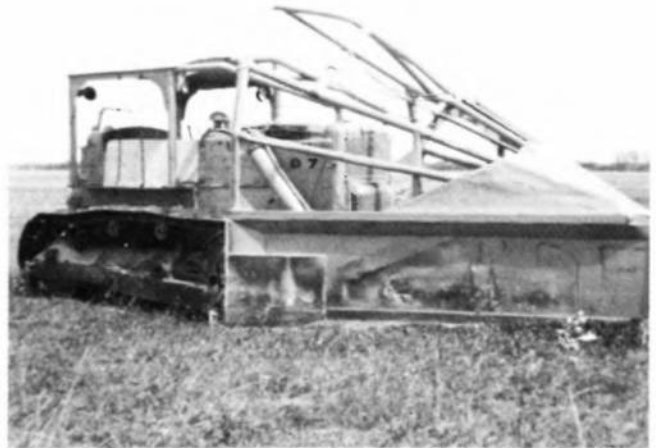
After leaving school I worked for Alberta Department of Highways working my way up from a checker and chainman to Senior Instrumentman. Lacombe, Provost, Cockrane, Boyle, Manning, Redwater, Falher, Valleyview and Wandering River are some of the places I worked with Highways. I was in charge of one of the first four crews that did the preliminary highway survey from Wandering River to Fort McMurray, Alberta. I also drove a Royal Mail Truck for one year on two different routes: one from Edmonton to Lloydminster, the other from Regina to Lanigan in Saskatchewan. While on the Regina run I used to stop at a place called Raymore for coffee. One night while having coffee T. C. Douglas came in and had a coffee with me.

In 1963 I quit the Alberta Government job and started working for Dad's trucking firm, apprenticing as a Heavy Duty Mechanic. The next two years were spent repairing, loading, and sometimes driving trucks. We hauled a variety of things from hanging beef carcasses, canned pop, to barrelled horsemeat and live daffodils between Edmonton and Vancouver.

The major turning point in my life came in 1965, when along with Dad we decided to try farming for a business. Dad planted the 1965 crop alone while I helped wind down the trucking business in Edmonton. On October 1st, 1965 I arrived at High Level to stay, and since have been trying to learn proper and profitable farming techniques. Dad bought Grandpa Raychyba's farm as he was retiring, and offered me the opportunity to work my way into a quarter share partnership. I have since bought out Dennis' share and along with my wife own fifty percent.

Our farm operation consists of four sections of land with 2000 acres cultivated. We crop approximately 1000 acres yearly with the remainder in clover (400), summer fallow (400) and hay-pasture (200). We also have a 40 cow commercial herd that keeps us busy during the winter and spring. Since 1965 we have developed 1600 acres from bush to cultivated land. Our land is located in Townships 109 and 110 which is north of the 58th parallel.

On August 4th, 1967 I married Darlene Green of Edmonton. I convinced Darlene to leave behind her family, friends, T.V. and radio reception, paved roads and many other things cities offered, to move



1969, The Fedeyko brush cutting machine.



1975, Haying on the Fedeyko farm.



1974, Harvesting equipment. Bill on the front Combine and Bill sr. on the back one.



1979, Plowing on the Fedeyko farm.

to High Level. We lived in a house trailer for the first ten years and then built our own home on the farm.

We have two daughters, Patricia born in August of 1968 and Joanne born in February of 1971.



1971, the girls' christening, Bill, Darlene holding Joanne, and Patricia.

In the High Level area I've been able to be involved in many community organizations from being President of the Curling Club and Parent-Teachers Association, Chairman of the Agricultural Development Committee to serving as a counselor on the Improvement District Council. I've also been on the executive for the Unifarm Local in our area.

We have had the opportunity in High Level to be a pioneer type person in today's fast moving society. In 1965 High Level and area consisted of a new hotel,

a few older stores, and many shacks assembled in what seemed like a continual mud hole. The rural area was a patchwork of small fields varying in sizes from 5 to sometimes 50 acres with access by gravel road if you were lucky, but mainly a trail through the bush. There were no rural phones, T.V. or radio reception, luckily a very knowledgeable public nurse for medical advice, and 200 miles of gravel road to get to it all.

Today the town is paved as is the highway past our farm. The town has modern recreation and hospital facilities. It has a new block square provincial building and nearly all the services a person requires. Being a part of the lobbying process to help gain these many things for our area has been most interesting, and has given me the opportunity to meet with various government and cabinet people.

Our family has a history dating back to 1930 in the High Level area. My great grandfather Teodor Raychyba applied for the NE 33-109-17 W of the 5th on May 21st, 1930. He came to this area and stayed for two summers and a winter. Patricia and Joanne are the fifth generation of our family to live in this area.

A highlight event of our family happened during the Queen's visit to Grimshaw in 1978. We waited for nearly four hours at a strategic vantage point before the Queen and Prince Philip arrived. Darlene forgot our camera and luckily so, because being one of the few people without a camera jammed against her face the Queen came over to her and "chatted" with her about the length of our wait, where we were from and how far away from home we were.

My wife Darlene and my daughters have prepared their own stories as part of our family history record.

Darlene Fedeyko

I was born Darlene Jacqueline Edna Green in Edmonton, Alberta, on May 8th, 1941 to John (Jack) and Dorothy Green. I am the middle child, having an older sister and a younger brother. My sister Dorothy is a graduate nurse now working at the Dickensfield Extended Care Nursing Home in Edmonton and my brother John (Jack) is a constable with the R.C.M.P. stationed in Stettler, Alberta. My mother is still living in Edmonton. My father was the Grand Lodge Representative for the I.F. of M. for the three Prairie Provinces until his retirement in 1959. He passed away in October of 1967.

During my growing up years I attended King Edward, Garneau, Sherbrooke Jr. High and Ross Sheppard Composite High School. After leaving school I enrolled in a Business Course at MacTavish Business College. Following college I was employed by The Edmonton Journal, Paramount Industries



1983, William S., Darlene, Patricia (15), Joanne (12½) Fedeyko.



1983, Patricia Fedeyko, 14½, grade 9.

Ltd., Big Island Developments Ltd. and The Royal Trust Co. until my marriage to Bill on August 4th, 1967.

After our marriage, we moved to the farm in the High Level area. The transition to farm life was difficult for me, having been used to the amenities of city life.

Through the years I've been involved in various organizations in different capacities such as Honored Royal Lady of the Order of the Royal Purple, President of the local Association of Guides, leader for both the Girl Guides and Brownies and President of the United Church women.

The birth of our two daughters, Patricia and Joanne, were the happiest events of our lives. The experience of raising them on the farm will be one I feel they won't regret, nor will I. My marriage to Bill and the decision to stay on the farm has been very rewarding and extremely fulfilling.

Patricia

I was born Patricia Lynn Fedeyko on August 7th, 1968 in Edmonton, Alberta. I've lived in High Level ever since and have attended the High Level School since kindergarten. I was baptized on July 4th, 1971 in Edmonton, Alberta at Robertson-Wesley United Church. I've been involved in many clubs and school



1984, Carnival Queen. Patricia Fedeyko was crowned Lions Club Carnival Queen at the Queen Teen Dance held Friday night at the Legion. Patricia received a trip to Vancouver for two as part of her prize. Other contestants were Helena Impett and Krista Ziegler, Mar. 24, 1984.

activities. They include brownies, guides, pathfinders, figure skating, 4-H, school volleyball and basketball and have taken piano lessons. During my years in High Level I have made friends with many. I am the oldest child in our family and have one younger sister.



1983, Joanne Fedeyko, 12, grade 6.



1974, Patricia and Joanne Fedeyko.

Joanne

I was born Joanne Jacqueline Fedeyko on February 15th, 1971 in the Edmonton General Hospital in Edmonton, Alberta. I was one week old before my father first saw me. On July 4th, 1971 in Edmonton at Robertson-Wesley United Church I was baptized. I took my first communion on December 20th, 1982 in the High Level Ecumenical United Church. I go to

the High Level Public School and am in grade six. I've been going to this school since I was in kindergarten. I took piano lessons for three years but quit this year as I now play the clarinet in the grade six band at school. I have been a brownie and girl guide and have taken figure skating lessons and belonged to the 4-H club. I am presently taking voice lessons. I have two pets, a dog called Stubble and a cat called Little Girl.

Eugene and Sandra Fedeyko



1975, Eugene and Sandra Fedeyko.

At my birth, my parents lived at St. Michael so I took up residence at this north central Alberta village. I am the second offspring and second son of William and Justine Fedeyko. I was born at the Misericordia Hospital in Edmonton on June 29, 1945. As for my Christian names — Eugene was chosen for no real special reason and Anton was the name of an uncle on the father's side.

My earliest recall begins between ages four and six. I was always into trouble at this time. The only time I was not in a mess was when I was just getting out of it! I carry battle scars today like the etching of a

farm disc on my head when it ran over me and burn marks on my arm from a brief encounter with hot ashes when I fell from a wheelbarrow. I always seemed to be praying tersely on the floor of the proverbial covered wagon, completely surrounded and outnumbered and thinking “give me another chance — I won’t do it again!” Seems funny though — the wagon is still being chased and surrounded, the problems are older and more complex but the prayer is still about the same.



1951, Bill, Eugene and Dennis Fedeyko.

There is much fond recollection through to age six, such as summer Sunday outings to Elk Island Park and all the good things that are enjoyed by family and friends on a Sunday afternoon at the lake. My brother, Dennis and I also enjoyed our short pants (“Sound of Music shorts” — you recall what Maria designed from the curtains). Mother expertly engineered our pants from one of father’s discarded suits, braces and all. Mother made the greatest food for the lake and to me that was always the highlight. I found out later, mother always made great food but how the outdoors always adds to its “goodness.”

My first day of school was in St. Michael. My

mother’s sister, Isabelle was the teacher and my cousin, Jeanette Panko was a classmate although she was in grade two. I could speak little if any English when I started school and proceeded to let everyone know who I was when I hollered at brother Bill through a closed window that very first day. It took my aunt very little time to curb my Ukrainian in the classroom — I was a fast learner. In no time at all I had graduated from grade one!



1954, Mother Justine with Dennis, Kathy and Eugene Fedeyko.

By the time grade two was upon me, we had a new addition (sister Kathie) and we had all packed our bags and moved about 30 miles south-west to the town of Fort Saskatchewan. At that time, the town was infamous only for its provincial gaol. Our family unit was now complete — father, mother, William Jr., Dennis and Kathie. This was the beginning of my formative years and yes, more trouble.

Our new home was surrounded by bush and was right across the “clearing” from the Nick Palamarchuk family, who had also just moved from St. Michael. (Nick is my godfather.) Fred Palamarchuk, Nick’s brother, built both the Palamarchuk house and

our house, but not to completion. Over the next few years, slowly but surely as time permitted, father completed the house, built a garage and did the landscaping. Grandfather and Grandmother Fedeyko came to visit a couple of times during the construction period and Grandfather helped father with the garage and also the concrete walkways.

I don't have much recall of the first few years in Fort Saskatchewan apart from school, delivering papers, piano lessons, and helping out at home. We used to have to come home every day right after school and change clothes so our school clothes would not be ruined and to this day, this habit remains with me. With delivering papers, we were soon notorious in town and with the piano lessons, myself at least, somewhat less notorious I would say. Help at home was required of each of us no matter to what degree. I still feel somewhat guilty as I had to be pushed a little harder than the others for my share but I always consoled myself that what I had accomplished was just perhaps a little better than most!

In addition to delivering papers, we picked bottles, picked bottles, picked bottles and picked more bottles. And, I believe that by the time I was in junior high school I was completely self-sufficient for little frivolities. I could always manage to buy a pop and chips after school, and as often as not I also bought for my friends.

The one thing about school in Fort Saskatchewan that still remains with me is that the school I attended was the "traditional red brick school." It was a two-storey building, with a bell tower and bell that would ring to signal the commencement of classes in the morning, the lunch hour and when school was out for the day. The school was located approximately one mile from our house and we used to have to make the trip home for lunch, summer and winter. Only the lucky students from the farm were allowed to bring their lunch and stay in over the lunch period.

Before the end of grade two, I was firmly entrenched in the scouting program. As a cub scout (Tawney Group) at first and then a few years later as a boy scout (Wolf Pack), I worked for and received all the merit badges in these two progressions (which I have packed away somewhere). I also have some stars from cub scouts. The exact reason for these stars escapes my memory but they are probably just simply because I was a star!

Summer camp was a highlight of my youth although I remember my first two-week camp experience at Bar-V-Nok was something less than great as I was so homesick after the first week that I spent a good deal of my time crying. Not wanting anyone to know what was really wrong, I led them to believe that I was sick! The second year, Dennis and I both

attended camp and I weathered the two weeks away from home much better. I "graduated" from summer camp to attending St. John's Institute and have fond memories of the summers I spent there, including that of meeting my cousin Mary Fedeyko for the first time.

At a very early age, I found that I enjoyed music and liked to sing, and although I don't remember it, I apparently sang at a concert in Andrew when I was quite young, and was judged to be "good". During my school years I sang in the Glee Club and was involved in choral competitions. I also participated in church and CYMK choirs, which I enjoyed very much.

Father was away a lot of the time in our early years due to his business so mother had to cope alone. I know it was a strain on her as on a few occasions she would tell me I was going to drive her to Ponoka and yet she knew I had no driver's license! I used to remind her of this fact sometimes when her patience was running out and sometimes you could tell she was turning away with a smile. The rest of the time she would threaten 40 lashes! Although we all joke about these kinds of things now, both mother and father had to endure much to see our way a little softer and easier.

Sports was a big part of my life during my school years and I competed in a variety of them, both individually and in team sports. I learned how to skate on a pond where my father used to change oil in his trucks. (There was a puddle about ten feet in diameter that used to form and that is where my hockey career began!) I guess my favourite sport would have to be football. I played in junior high and high school and had an opportunity to play with the Edmonton Wildcats Junior Football Club but decided that my chances of making a career in football were probably less than ideal. Instead of playing with the team, I entered the working world and accepted a position with the Department of Highways as a surveyor.

My working life has included that with the Department of Highways, a short time at Sherritt Gordon Mines in Fort Saskatchewan and the last nineteen years has been spent in the construction industry. When I entered the construction industry, it was in the capacity of a "surveyor" and during my first few years in the industry, I went to night school and completed a program in Construction Technology. This allowed me to move through various positions and for the last fifteen years, I have been employed as a project manager in both commercial and heavy construction projects. The work is very demanding but I enjoy the challenge and changing technology of the industry.



1964, Bill standing, with Eugene, Kathy and Dennis Fedeyko.

I met Sandra at Alberta College in early 1964 when I was taking a semester to upgrade some grade twelve courses. We dated for two years and were married July 2, 1966 in Edmonton. Just prior to our wedding we had considerable bad luck. I was laid off from my job at Sherritt Gordon Mines due to market cutbacks — that proved somewhat stressful when my future relatives asked about the type of work I did! The real tragedy was that we had purchased my mother and father's home in Fort Saskatchewan (as they were heading north to farm near High Level) and approximately three weeks before the wedding day, there was a serious fire and the house was gutted. Fortunately no one was home at the time. It was a shaky start but things improved rapidly and we were soon settled in a comfortable apartment in Edmonton and I got a new job one week after our wedding.

The pace has been pretty steady over the last eighteen years and my job has taken me away from home on a number of occasions for projects that extended over a year. My enthusiasm for sports hasn't changed much, although I am not as involved in individual sports as I once was. I do enjoy a good game of racquetball, curling or golf and am an avid Eskimo and Oiler fan. The highlight of 1984 had to

be attending that final Stanley Cup Game — the Edmonton Coliseum was alive! Sandra has taken up an interest in running that extends past that of a "recreational" runner and will hopefully complete her third marathon (26.2 miles) in October 1984. I limit my mileage to the bicycle!

In closing, I have to commend my father for the initiative he has shown in making this family history book a reality. Were it not for his devotion and dream of seeing this book completed, we would not be sharing in our history and in looking forward to the reunion in Cut Knife in 1985.

Sandra (Saboe) Fedeyko



1966, Standing: Eugene and Bill Fedeyko. Seated: Sandra Fedeyko.

My parents met and were married during World War II while my father was serving with the Royal Canadian Engineers in England. I was born near Wallingford, Berkshire, England in June 1945 in an old estate that had been converted into a nursing/maternity home. (Wallingford, my mother's home, is a beautiful town located on the Thames River about six miles from Oxford.)

At the end of the war my father headed home on a "troop ship" and my mother and I, like many war-brides and their children, waited several months before being able to travel to Canada. We finally arrived in Halifax, Nova Scotia in September 1946 aboard the Queen Mary and travelled across Canada, by train, to Holden, Alberta which is located approximately 60 miles east of Edmonton. My mother, as might well be expected, says she was quite apprehensive about our new home during that long train ride, but the conductor was most reassuring! My

"smocked" dresses were quickly replaced with "trousers" by my paternal grandmother and my mother became skilled at maneuvering my English pram through the streets of Holden.

My school years were spent in three different locations — Holden, Camrose and Grande Prairie — and after graduating from high school, I attended Alberta College in Edmonton (where I met Eugene). I have been working in the same area of government for over 20 years and my work has continued to be challenging and exciting. I am employed in an administrative capacity with the Occupational Health and Safety Division, Alberta Workers' Health, Safety and Compensation. The particular service that I work with is involved in the inspection of work sites throughout the province and the investigation of incidents relating to health and safety issues.

Our 18 years of married life have been busy, in spite of the fact that we have had no children to attend to! (We get the occasional babysitting duty at the Zalasky's with their four lovely daughters to test our parenting skills!) Demanding jobs, night courses, hobbies, travelling away from home for both business and pleasure have kept us on the go. In the last few years I have taken up running and find that I am spending considerable time "in training" and at races, with no hope of achieving any Olympic class times but I am having great fun doing it.

I grew up with Norwegian (my father's ancestry) and English (my mother's ancestry) traditions and customs. In addition, I had considerable exposure to many Ukrainian customs in Holden as it was made up of a very large Ukrainian community, and many of our family friends were Ukrainian. The Fedeyko family is rich in Ukrainian tradition and I have enjoyed being part of it and particularly in sharing in traditions associated with Christmas and Easter, and with such events as weddings and christenings.

Being part of the editing committee of this family history book has been a learning experience and reading the individual stories, almost makes me feel that I know some of you. I look forward to meeting you all in 1985!

Dennis and Barbara Fedeyko

I was born in Lamont, Alberta on February 23, 1947 and lived for the next 5 years in St. Michael where my parents ran the post office and general store. St. Michael was a small community that served a large farming area, and it was an ideal place to begin life as everyone knew everyone else. Some of the earliest memories are of going to the train station to get the mail on a high wagon with large wheels. The arrival of the train with all of its noise and clatter



1971, Dennis and Barbara (Pratt) Fedeyko.

was frightening as the entire station and platform would shake. We would then help push and pull the wagon back to the store for the mail sorting.

We lived in a small, white stucco house next door to our cousins, the Pankos, and spent many hours playing with them. Jeanette and Iris Panko and Eugene, my brother, and I once built a wagon using shingles for wheels and we had quite an argument when one of the girls sat in it and the entire contraption collapsed.

Saturday was bath day for us, after which we would watch the activity in the streets as everyone came into town to shop. I remember my dad, Uncle Mike Panko, and other men departing on Saturday afternoons on fishing trips. These seemed to involve a lot of preparation and the departure was an important event. Although I was too young to go along, my brother Bill, often went.

Eugene was only 2 years older than I was and so we spent a lot of time together and got into our share of mischief during those early years. Eugene was more adventuresome and reckless than I was and he

came out on the short end of the deal. On various occasions, he fell out of the chicken coop hayloft onto a cement floor, he fell into a pile of burning straw, and he fell under a disc as it was being pulled by our house. I survived those first five years unscathed.

Another vivid memory for me was the infrequent arrival of Grandma and Grandpa Raychyba to visit us from their farm. I did not know where their farm was (Fort Vermilion) but I knew it was a long way from our home. They would arrive in a large grain truck that was always fully loaded with various supplies and farm equipment by the time they left in several days.

We moved to Fort Saskatchewan, 15 miles from Edmonton, in 1952 and I remember that on the first night we stayed in our new, unfinished house, there was a hanging at the provincial jail. Mom was afraid the condemned prisoner would escape and as our house was in the bush on the outskirts of town, it would be an ideal hiding place. I doubt that Mom slept a wink that night.

I started school the next year and was the only one of our family of four kids who had all of his schooling in the same community. The school at that time was at least two miles from home and we walked every day and also came home for dinner. I don't recall taking lunch to school, but I suppose we did on the coldest days. I also survived these long walks unscathed.

Eugene and I delivered the Edmonton Journal after school for years, with Mom being our general manager and investing our profits in Canada Savings Bonds. I really appreciated her financial wizardry when I bought my first home many years later, as those meagre earnings added up to quite a nestegg. Out of our excess profits we bought scooters and had hours and miles of fun with them. One Christmas the family went to North Battleford, but Eugene and I got to stay behind so we could deliver papers and collect any "tips" given for our good service throughout the year. We then took the Dayliner train by ourselves to North Battleford, and this was my first train trip.

During these years we often travelled to North Battleford at Easter, Thanksgiving or Christmas to visit Grandma and Grandpa Fedeyko, then to Cutknife to see Uncle John Fedeyko, Aunt Alice, and cousins Ronnie and Doug; Aunt Mary Paulson and Uncle Pete; and to Hafford to see the Fedeykos and Horbays. Mom would pack a huge lunch which we would start to devour as soon as our house was out of sight. Then we would stop at the Husky House in Lloydminster for a meal and would be ready to eat Grandma out of house and home as soon as we

1959, Dennis Fedeyko age 12.



arrived! Grandma would be busy in the basement of the house cooking all of the time and Grandpa would be smoking his "roll-your-owns" made from Old Chum tobacco. In the morning Grandma would cook us as many eggs as we wanted to eat, until Mom would finally stop her.

At the farm, Uncle John would take us for rides on the combine in the fall, and the whole farm was fascinating. We had good times there and still do on our visits to this day. If time permitted we travelled to Hafford and visited the Fedeykos and Horbays. I recall visiting a farm one time where Mary and Rose Fedeyko and Eugene and I spent the afternoon sliding down a huge haystack. We also had a lot of fun with David and Henry Horbay when they got their electric train one Christmas. One summer, Henry and Jimmy Horbay took Eugene and me shooting gophers in a field outside of town, but we had little success and blamed this on the rifle's sights.

There were many visits from relatives to our house in Fort Saskatchewan. I recall Grandma and Grandpa Fedeyko coming and Grandpa helping Dad cement the curb around our yard. We had visits from the Horbays; Aunt Stella and Uncle Howard Schneider from Seattle (this was the first time I met Howard and Dwayne); Uncle Paul and Aunt Claire; and Dad's cousin, Paul, and Louise from Toronto (when I met Konnie and Richard). We always took the relatives, young and old, on scooter rides. After Dad built a cabin at Long Lake, we usually took the relatives there for some fishing and we enjoyed a lot of good times there together.

Shortly after we moved to Fort Saskatchewan, Mom's sister, Isabelle, came to stay with us, and the spare room became known as "Aunt Isabelle's room". Later Dad's brother, Paul, stayed with us and it was rechristened "Uncle Paul's room".

Before we had our cabin at Long Lake, Dad would take us fishing to various lakes for a weekend.

He outfitted a blue Volkswagen van with a propane stove in the back, boat on top and a bed inside for himself. We slept in a tent and ate meals fit for a king — fresh fish, beans, bread and sweet mixed pickles. These trips to Island Lake, Long Lake, Buck Lake and Whitefish Lake are great memories for me, and I am thankful my Dad put up with tangled lines, taking all of the fish off of the hooks, cooking for us, and taking care of us.

Dad also took us to a lot of Edmonton Eskimo football games where we could sit in the endzone in the Knot Hole Gang section and see the game for \$1.00. On several occasions we took some friends on our fishing trips or to the football games and they would tell us that if it was not for our Dad taking them, they would never have been able to go on these trips. Although he was so busy with his trucking business, his gardening and his church work, I look back on a great number of good times we spent together.

Mother, meanwhile, was busy year round with cooking meals for relatives and friends that dropped in (no one left without a meal and it continues to this day), picking mushrooms or berries that were in season, doing her embroidery and petit-point or busy with church work. She looked after things when Dad was away and now I am amazed at how she kept everything under control with we three boys generally raising hell (Kathie was too young to raise hell at the time). Mom fought with us over piano lessons (she lost and we won, much to my regret to this day), but playing football won out in the end. While we lived in Fort Saskatchewan, Mom would buy live chickens each fall, and I remember how she could never eat supper after spending the day killing and cleaning chickens.

During the summer after I completed Grade 10, I attended a 4-week Ukrainian summer school at St. John's Institute in Edmonton, and the next summer at St. Andrew's College in Winnipeg. These courses dealt with Ukrainian language, culture and history, along with a lot of recreation time and tours to various points of interest. I made some good friends and really enjoyed the experience, and am thankful my parents gave me the opportunity to attend these courses.

Fort Saskatchewan was a great town in which to grow up. My brother, Bill, often took me to see the Edmonton Oil Kings junior hockey games at the now-demolished Edmonton Gardens, and also to Speedway Park in Edmonton to see the stock car races. In later years Eugene and I went together to CYMK meetings at our church in Edmonton, and he taught me how to drive as we travelled back and forth. I have so many other good memories — Ka-

thie's christening in the basement of the house shortly after we moved to Fort Saskatchewan; Kathie's finger hanging on by a thread of skin after Bill accidentally closed the door on it; countless games of ping-pong and table hockey with Bill and Eugene in the basement; Eugene throwing a pop bottle through the shoe maker's plate glass window downtown; Bill's first new car — a dark green Volkswagen, and later his blue convertible; Dad taking me on the plane to Vancouver when he went to pick up two new trucks; Mom and Dad's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary on our back lawn; digging up the garden each spring and fall by hand and shovelling out our long roadway in the winter also by hand; working with Dad in the truck shop in Edmonton on Saturdays and summer holidays; going Christmas carolling with our CYMK group; having all of the relatives over at our house every Ukrainian New Years; playing Scrabble after church on Sundays, or playing with our "family band" after church on Sundays — Dad on the saxophone, Mom on the mandolin, Bill on the trombone, Eugene on the trumpet, Kathie at the piano and me on the clarinet. We enjoyed Fort Saskatchewan very much, and the next chapter in our lives was quite different from anything we had known.

Dad had decided to sell his trucking business and take over Grandpa Raychyba's farm at High Level in 1965, so as soon as I finished Grade 12 I drove up there with Mom and Dad to help out for the summer months until university began. We left on a Sunday with Mom and Dad in one truck and I followed in a red Ford Econoline pickup that I eventually kept for 6 years and called "Little Red". I honestly had no idea where we were going, except that it was north and took all day to get there. Upon arriving at the farm, I slept in a small holiday trailer we had and Mom and Dad stayed in Grandpa Raychyba's house. Things seemed quite primitive to a life-long city slicker like me — no power, refrigerator, running water, etc. But amazingly, I again survived all of these hardships. Dad had built a shower behind a granary shortly after he arrived at the farm that spring. It consisted of heating a pail of water in the house, going across the yard, climbing a ladder and pouring the water into another pail at the top of the shower, and then climbing down and washing with the knowledge that one pail of water was all you had. But it was very welcome after a long, hot, dirty day of work.

The following summers and years spent on the farm were undoubtedly the greatest and most varied source of learning experiences I will ever have in my life. From cutting the bush to harvesting the grain, we worked long and hard, but it was rewarding to see a field become clear of roots over the years. Dad inspired us and taught us and I will always admire

him for the vision of success he had from day one, and his never-ending enthusiasm and encouragement, even though things were awfully tough at times. He led by example and not by talk.

We saw a lot of progress over the years, with the purchase of bigger and better equipment and better crops and fields as we learned more. Power, telephones, pavement as far as High Level, and then television arrived, and I often stopped to think of the hardships and ordeals my Grandpa Raychyba must have endured when he freighted to the Fort Vermilion area from Peace River in order to start homesteading this land.

Dad, Bill and I worked hard in the fields, but perhaps the hardest work was getting the Caterpillar out when Bill became stuck while piling bush. Then we would cut trees in 18" lengths to put under the tracks of the Cat in order to build a cord road onto solid ground. We would cut for hours, carry the lengths of wood to the Cat and put them under the tracks. As the Cat was lowered, the wood would disappear, and the process had to be repeated until the Cat could be walked out. When you were hot, bone-tired and eaten alive by mosquitoes, the day seemed never-ending. I recall once when we worked all day getting the Cat out, and finally after supper it broke loose and Bill walked it on top of the brush pile. We all decided he would go down the other side and walk it back to the road to wait a few days for things to dry out some more. But as soon as he came off the brush pile on the other side, he sank again, so we went home and started cutting wood again the next morning.

During the winters I attended university at Edmonton and stayed at St. John's Institute, and later in an apartment. These were the best times of my life and I enjoyed the companionship and camaraderie of many friends throughout these years. At St. John's, the Christmas carolling, the Christmas concerts and the exchange weekends with the Institutes in Saskatoon and Winnipeg were the highlights of the year. Eugene and his wife, Sandra, were very good to me during these years by having me over for meals countless times and lending me their car on weekends. Without their help and support, life would have been much more difficult. We shared many good times together.

I also sang with the University of Alberta Male Chorus for the four years I attended university. The Chorus was invited to sing at the Royal Alexandra Hospital Nurses spring concert in 1969, and it was there I met my future wife. She sang a duet with another girl, and as soon as I saw her on stage, I knew that she was for me.

Barbara Jean Pratt is the daughter of Doug and

1970, Dennis Fedeyko, Graduate, University of Alberta, B.Ed.



Jean Pratt of Edmonton. Her father was the minister at Highlands United Church, just a few blocks from St. Elias Ukrainian Greek Orthodox Church that we attended for years. Barbara was born in North Battleford and had lived in North Battleford, Saskatoon, Dundurn, Maidstone and Edmonton. We started dating, and Barbara graduated in nursing and began working at the Royal Alex in September, 1970. I graduated with a B. Ed. in May of 1970 and began teaching at the High Level Public School in September.

1970, Barbara Pratt, Graduate, School of Nursing, R.N.



In late September, 1970, Bill got a piece of metal in his eye at the farm and I had to drive him to Edmonton for an operation. While there, I proposed to Barbara, and we were married on July 3, 1971 at Highlands United Church with her father officiating. We returned to High Level and the farm and moved into Grandpa Raychyba's house which we had fixed up. I taught school in High Level for a total of four years and Barbara worked at the drug store in town and later nursed at the new High Level Hospital.

Our first child, Alison Maureen, was born in Edmonton on May 10, 1974 and shortly after Barbara

and Alison returned from Edmonton, we moved into a new double wide trailer (partially financed by my paper route money) a mile south of Mom and Dad's and Bill and Darlene's. We now had a telephone (1972), CBC television (1973), and running water (along with all of the headaches that follow in the winter). In 1974 Barbara's parents moved to Hamilton, Ontario where her Dad was the minister at Melrose United Church until December 1983. They then moved to and presently reside in Red Deer, Alberta where her dad is minister at Gaetz United Church.



1984, Barbara and Dennis Fedeyko with children Michael and Alison.

On November 26, 1976, Michael William was born at the High Level Hospital — the first and only grandson on the Fedeyko side of the family (Alison is the oldest grandchild on the Pratt side). Michael William was named after his great grandfather, Michael Raychyba and his grandfather, William Fedeyko, Sr.

In September, 1978 we moved to Grande Prairie where I teach math at the Grande Prairie Composite High School. Barbara worked until 1984 for South Peace Planned Parenthood as an educational consultant. Alison and Michael both take piano lessons and Alison is taking Ukrainian dancing lessons with



1984, Alison Fedeyko, member of the Ukrainian Dancing Group.

the Troyanda Society of Ukrainian Culture. Barbara is very actively involved with the choir and is the organist at St. Paul's United Church, and I am involved with the Scout organization.

We have enjoyed visits with our parents in Hamilton, Red Deer, and in Kelowna, B.C. very much and try to have our children visit their cousins and aunts and uncles as often as possible. The early family visits and memories I have are very important to me, and I hope to be able to give my children as many happy and meaningful memories as were given to me.

Katherine (Fedeyko) and Percy Zalasky

I was born June 4, 1952, in Lamont, Alberta, a sister to three older brothers; and I spent the better part of my growing years trying to keep up with them.



1976, Percy and Katherine (Fedeyko) Zalasky.



1954, Kathie Fedeyko.

The family moved from St. Michael to Fort Saskatchewan in 1952 when I was 6 months old. My earliest memories are of "swimming" in a big wash-tub in the back yard and of my 4th birthday when Dad brought my trike home in one of his BIG Macs. It was about that time that Grandma and Grandpa Fedeyko came from North Battleford for a visit, in their purple pickup truck.



1953, Kathie and Dennis Fedeyko.

The boys played football, baseball and hockey, so those activities came naturally to me. As a youngster I organized neighborhood kids in these sports and as I grew older, I played fastball on community teams. I was rarely without my ball glove and also enjoyed long summer afternoons at the pool and winters at the skating rink. When the boys needed a "helper," I was a willing volunteer on their paper routes! Soon I had my own route and was Fort Sask.'s first papergirl! Piano lessons rounded out my activities; I achieved a grade 6 level in Royal Conservatory.

We went to church in Edmonton every Sunday, and I recall driving through the bush to get from our house to the highway and being able to lean out the windows to pick saskatoon berries. How I envied my brothers who had to "stay home to study for exams" and, therefore, could not go to church.

That same bush housed my brothers' huts; one was a two-room affair in the ground with a tin roof (an old soda pop sign). The interior with its picture over the doorway and broken chair is vivid to me still. It was out of bounds to me, but once, when Dennis had "had it" with me, he locked me in for a while. I do not recall the imprisonment breaking my spirit.

Each brother has a special place in my heart. Bill was 13 when I was born; therefore, he was gone from home by the time I was aware of what was going on. He came home one day in a VW Beetle and scared the daylight out of me because he had grown a beard and I didn't recognize him at all. I used to brag about him to my friends because he was so tall he could touch the top of the door frame. Funny how brothers shrink! I remember the Christmas presents from Bill too; one year a heart shaped locket, and one year a doll. I was delighted to be remembered by someone so "worldly."

Eugene I remember for the time he took in the bathroom, for his cars, and for the girlfriend he brought over to do homework with. I am sure I was just a pesky little sister in his scheme of things.

Dennis chaperoned me at about age 5 or 6 to my first movie, "Bambi." When the forest burned down and the great stag came over the hill, I burst into tears of fright and had to be taken home! Oh brother! Little sisters!

While we lived in Fort Saskatchewan, I spent two weeks for each of four summers at Camp Bar-V-Nok, a Ukrainian Orthodox Church camp on Pigeon Lake. I thrived on these group experiences. Equally enjoyable were the summer holidays I spent in St. Michael with the Pankos, particularly my cousin Sonia who was my age. Christmases were usually spent in North Battleford with Grandma and Grandpa Fedeyko. The sights, smells and tastes of that house are still so clear. Uncle John Fedeyko and Aunt Alice, Doug and Ron (Dougie and Ronnie) would come; visiting was done mainly in the basement, there was the huge water tank in one corner that I feared would weaken and flood us all. I got to sleep either on the chesterfield with chairs on the open side with the chime clock to lull me or in the basement room in the bed with the big sag and the big feather quilt. Mornings, these were the best because Grandma fried her eggs in **real** butter!

Uncle Paul Fedeyko used to come and stay at our house and would bring the boys John Deere miniature machinery, tractors, etc. I longed for one of those little green tractors but I guess they were still trying to get me to play like a girl. Mom did make me a bride's dress for my walking doll, and one rainy day when I complained, "What can I do now?" she

pulled it out and I loved it. But finally, one Christmas I got my own semi with two trailers!

When I was 13, Mom and Dad went up to the farm in High Level for a weekend. Dennis and Bill were there, and Eugene was in Grande Prairie with his fiancée. It was my first time at home alone, in charge of the house. That weekend, of all weekends, it burned down. Luckily, I had decided to sleep at a friend's house for the night and so, was out of danger. There were no phones at the farm and I remember what a time we had getting hold of everyone concerned via the RCMP. In retrospect, the fire made moving a lot easier because a lot of the junk was gone. But the flames came up into my closet so 13 years of my "good junk" was also gone!

We moved to the farm right after the fire so it was a long time until September for me to get back into school and make some new friends. I had always liked school, but the principal at Rocky Lane, Mr. George Meyer, took a special interest in me and showed me I could excel academically if I chose to. I did very well in my subjects at Rocky Lane and also in all sports there; volleyball, basketball, and track and field. I was quickly accepted by fellow students as my Raychyba grandparents had homesteaded and helped settle the area, so the family was well known to the people. Some of them even said my mannerisms, speech and reading were just like Grandma Eva Raychyba's who used to read the newspapers to friends and neighbors.

During my high school years, I spent two summers at St. Andrew's College in Winnipeg studying Ukrainian language and culture. Lots of friends from across Canada and the United States were made there and I served as President of the Students' Union for the second summer.

Since Rocky Lane or High Level had no grade 12 at the time, I had to go to Fairview for one year and stayed at the College there.

In 1970, I entered the University of Alberta in the Faculty of Medical Laboratory Science. For 3 of my 4 university years, I stayed at St. John's Institute and shared my life with the Ukrainian Orthodox Youth there. I was active in sports and drama and toured small towns in Alberta with the annual concert. My second year there I had the distinction of being elected the first female president of the Students' Union of the Institute; that same year, they had their first female rector, my cousin, Myroslava Fodchuk. It was about this time that I spotted a young man who took my fancy and whom I came to love and respect as a very good friend. Percy Zalasky, son of Nick and Nettie Zalasky of Derwent, Alberta, left for Barbados for a two-year stint with CUSO in 1972 and so

1974, Katherine Fedeyko,
B.Sc., University of Alberta.



began the two most glorious years of letter writing of my life!

In 1974 I graduated from the University of Alberta with a B.Sc. in Medical Laboratory Science, and a R.T. (Registered Technologist Certificate). I had worked summers and nights at the University of Alberta Hospital in the Biochemistry Lab and really liked the fast pace and stress of the work there. In September of that year, 4 months after graduation and 2 weeks after Percy's return from Barbados, I left for Europe with 3 other girls and travelled around England, Scotland, and the Continent for 3½ months. Most of our time was spent in Germany and we still have friends there; but we also spent a lot of time in Holland, Percy's mother's homeland, and in Italy, where his grandfather had retired to. We flew home from the Canary Islands and 1975 saw me back at the University Alberta Hospital working for a living again. In February of 1976, Percy and I were married at St. Andrew's Ukrainian Orthodox Church in Edmonton and spent our two-day honeymoon at Elk Island National Park cross-country skiing. Percy taught High School Math at Queen Elizabeth Composite High School in Edmonton. I quit working for the summer of 1976 and we were off to the Olympics in our little red Vega (Vera Vega). We visited CUSO friends in Nova Scotia on the same trip and returned to Edmonton after 6½ weeks with a genuine lobster trap on our roof, much more Canadian, and much more pregnant!

Amy was born on April 28, 1977 in Edmonton, the joy of our lives and the first grandchild for Nick and Netti and first great-grandchild for "Opa" Auke Vander Linde in Italy. Baba and Dido Fedeyko were old hands at grandparenting by now; Amy was #5 for them. Amy was a seasoned camper at 2 months of age and had even been backpacked into the Opal Hills in Jasper National Park. We moved to our present home in St. Albert from our rented duplex in



1984, Percy and Katherine Zalasky with Amy, Erin, Audrey and Heather.

Edmonton shortly before Erin Katherine was born on March 28, 1979 in Edmonton. My second career as a mother and homemaker was firmly entrenched now.

Erin endeared herself to us at birth by being normal after a breech delivery. Poor Opa in Italy had sent a blue cape for his great-grandson — it matches Erin's Dutch blue eyes beautifully!

Audrey Christine was born September 17, 1980, in St. Albert and so as not to be tagged as just the 3rd of 3, gave us a harrowing experience at the age of 4 months. She had been admitted to hospital with pneumonia and 1½ days later when I went in to feed her, I found her convulsing and in apparent respiratory and cardiac arrest. Luckily she was resuscitated and after 4 weeks in hospital, had recovered. She still holds a special place in our hearts after that little escapade.

Percy moved out to Paul Kane High School in St. Albert in January of 1981 and is still teaching High School Math there.

Heather Maureen was born during a nurses' strike on February 28, 1982. Opa, again, had sent blue to his great-grandson and again, we appeased him with pictures of his Dutch blue eyes in Heather!

With our family complete, Percy and I are beginning to get back into activities we'd always enjoyed. We both love winter and snow and pray for wild snowstorms. Whenever the chance comes up we're cross-country skiing around St. Albert, or out to Elk

Island Park or Devon. We hope to get some Alpine cross-country skiing in soon. We like playing tennis and camping (tent camping in the woods), dabble at bridge, and are scrabble fanatics! Percy has been running middle distances for a couple of years and is aiming for a marathon in 1984.

Percy and I are active in St. Albert United Church and the children attend Sunday School there. We have a real sense of community in St. Albert after living here for five years, and meeting people through the church, school, our babysitting Coop and neighborhood. We also have a foster son in Indonesia we support through the Foster Parents' Plan and hope to raise our children to be socially conscious. I am a childbirth educator and teach prenatal classes one night a week and am planning to attain certification through the ICEA (International Childbirth Education Association). Weaving is a hobby I'm finally able to take up now that the kids are a bit older and I have a floor loom downstairs that I love to spend time on.

We're fortunate to have teachers' holidays and in the summer of 1983 we rented a tent trailer and loaded the kids into our VW Van for a trip to Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island! It was a glorious 7½ weeks, especially with 4 children under 6 years of age. Happily, all 4 were walking and 3 of the 4 were potty-trained. We saw playgrounds and swimming pools and beaches and seashells we would never have seen without them! The accommodations were only for sleeping. Heather liked Percy's or my chest best for that, and we were outdoors any other time. We averaged 250 miles per day and tried to have camp set up before 2 p.m. It was such a good time, in fact, that we're planning a trip for 6 to Europe in 1986, our 10th Anniversary.

The summer of 1985 is, of course, reserved for the Fedeyko reunion. It will be fun to hear "Goodness, the last time I saw you, you were only this high!", to renew old relationships, and make new friends! I still have a little gold spoon Mary Fedeyko

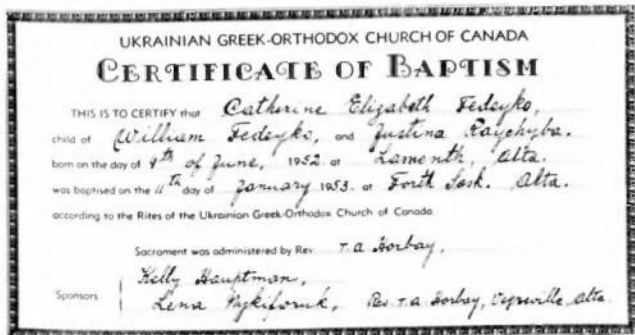
Humen gave me one Christmas when I was very little and very impressed with being remembered by such a lovely gift!

And, to conclude, child-mother-grandmother we have almost come full circle! My mother shook her head and wrung her hands over my bedroom's state of disorder; my grandmother favored us with candy whenever we visited and Mother said "They don't need it." Now I have **four** daughters I wring my hands over and Baba Fedeyko always has candy and gum from Kelowna — and goodness knows — they don't need it!

Mary (Fedeyko) and Peter Paulson



1956, Mary and Peter Paulson.



1952, Birth Certificate.

My earliest memories are of a small two room house, rough, unpainted, and weather-beaten on the outside. I was born there on December 5, 1912.

Krydor was our nearest little town, about 4 miles away, and our nearest neighbors were Skwaras and Mulkas. It was with their children that I played during the warm days of summer.



1919, John and Mary Fedeyko.

I recall the thrill of my first car ride in about 1920. The car had a folding top with curtains around the sides that were put up when it rained. At times Dad used a crank to start it.

I started school in Cut Knife in 1921. Brother Bill, cousin Edward and I stayed at Aunt Alexandra's since there was no school near our farm. Mrs. Kingston was my first teacher.

The following year Dad got us a horse and brothers Bill and John and I drove to Wardenville School, about 5 miles away. In 1924 Wembley School was built less than half a mile away from our home. What a delightful change! Miss Raymond was our teacher for part of the time I attended Wembley.

I attended the Hafford High School for Grades 10 and 11 and boarded with Uncle Tony and Ann Horbay, all the time working part time at the Hafford Telephone Central office, the telephone exchange that Uncle Tony operated. Cousin Mary Parchoma roomed with me and I enjoyed her company as well as that of Ann Pluta and Nettie Zypchen.

Mr. E. Sklenka was my unforgettable High School teacher. We all admired him.

Peter Paulson and I were married in 1934 in Saskatoon. We moved around to places where Peter could get a job as a car mechanic — Saskatoon, Raymore, Allan, and Cut Knife, in that order. Our two sons, Kenneth, born in 1935, and Raymond, born in 1936, started school in Raymore.



1941, Raymond and Ken Paulson.

Our family tragedy occurred in 1947 when our son Raymond died at the age of eleven. A malignant brain tumor was the cause of death.

Peter lost sight in one eye following an occupational accident. The sight disability somewhat narrowed his ability to carry on as a mechanic; however, he was able to work at odd jobs whenever work was plentiful. I have worked steadily since we moved to Cut Knife in 1947.

Kenneth attended school in Cut Knife until his graduation. It was a happy occasion in 1956 when he married Denise Thallatt. They have a family of 4 children.

I enjoyed playing softball in the summer and skating in the winter. We travelled whenever we



1962, L-R: Ken and Doug Paulson, great-grandmother Fedeyko and Mary (Fedeyko) Paulson.



1947, Peter Paulson and John Fedeyko, Saskatoon, Sask.

could afford it and the boys liked visiting my parents on the farm where they would stay several days and longer during the summer.

After a lengthy illness Peter died in 1974. Personal adjustments had to be made and I kept on with my job.



1982, Mary Paulson with son Ken.

I'm over 70 years old now and still work at a job I've held for the last 22 years in the Furniture Department at Finley's Hardware Store in Cut Knife.

I am now living in a Senior Citizen's Apartment, in modern living quarters, very comfortable for a single person, and I am enjoying it very much. I own and drive my own car and enjoy going for country drives with my close friend Mrs. Sandberg. I also like going to Bingo in Cut Knife. My sister Stephanie's death in 1983 saddened me greatly; however, life must go on.

I'm looking forward to our family reunion in 1985.



1982, Mary Paulson, Katherine holding Anthony and Ken Paulson. Four generations.

John and Alice Fedeyko



1949, Our Wedding, John and Alice (Langley) Fedeyko.

I was born at Krydor, Sask. at my parental home on April 27, 1916. When I was three years old, my parents sold the farm at Krydor and moved to Cut Knife where they purchased land in the Wembley district, eight and a half miles north west of the town of Cut Knife. It was here that they farmed until retirement to North Battleford in 1949.

When I was seven years old I started school four miles west of our home at a school named Wardenville. Bill, Mary and myself travelled by horse and buggy. Our first horse was an old plug that didn't move very fast, so we had to start out early every morning. Then Dad got us a horse that was real snappy and always at school earlier than anyone else.

In 1924, Wembley school was built a quarter of a mile from our home. We were able to go home at lunch hour and got back in time to play fast ball or football. In the years that followed I had a lot of fun playing fast ball and hockey. Our hockey rink was just north of the house. In those winters there was lots of snow, so all the boys in the district would get together to prepare the rink for hockey practice and skating. There was a family on every half section in our district so there were lots of kids around. At one

time there were forty-four children attending Wembley school.

At the age of sixteen my school days came to an end and I stayed home to help my father with the farming. That was in the "dirty thirties" and the years of the depression. There was very little money to go around in those days.

Getting back to our community skating rink I remember having a meeting to discuss our finances. We only had seven dollars for lumber. My friend Norman and myself went to St. Walburg to get more lumber for the rink. It was eighty miles from home and we travelled by team and sleigh. Farmers were very good to us along the way and would put us up for the night and give us meals.

In the summer time our neighbors would truck the ball team within a twenty mile radius for only one dollar and a half. Gas was cheap in those days, but expensive in another way.

1937 was a hot and dry summer. Dad put in the crop, but at that time there were no weed sprays. The weeds got ahead of the grain and choked out the crop. Harvesting proved almost futile. There was only enough grain harvested to seed the next years' crop.

After the harvest was completed and very little money coming in, four of my friends and myself went to the Peace River area for harvest work. For stookers we were paid one dollar and fifty cents per day and for threshing two dollars per day. For doing odd jobs around the yard we were paid one dollar per day. It wasn't hard to figure out that no one was going to get rich quick in those days. I worked there until the middle of December. The farmer got me a cattle car from Grande Prairie to Edmonton to look after the cattle. In that way I wouldn't have to pay any fare. When I got off the train at Paynton I was seventeen miles from home so I had to walk through six inches of snow, carrying a suitcase. I left Paynton at seven o'clock and got home at two o'clock. I was twenty-one years of age at that time.

That winter I stayed home and helped Dad break in six broncos (horses) that had never had halters on. Some of them were very mean, like cats. They would either bite or kick, so you really had to watch yourself.

Dad and I farmed with horses until 1939. That year Dad traded some of his horses off and bought a John Deere tractor, two cylinder and a one-way seven and a half feet. This machine would plow and seed at the same time. It was my job to seed and work the land. During my spare time I would do some trucking. I remember hauling one hundred and twenty-five thousand bushels of grain one year. I seemed like a lot then but over the years it wasn't that much per day.

In 1939 World War II broke out. I was called to report to the Army. After the medical, I was declared unfit, so during the winter months I worked as a civilian at airports. At that time wages were sixty-five cents per hour. When I first started I went to Weyburn. There were four hundred men and I was chosen to brace hangers that were built before but needed extra bracing. During the rest of the war years I stayed home and helped Dad farm. Things began to pick up as far as prices were concerned for the farmer.

Being away from home part of the time I began to think that farming was not that bad after all. In 1948 I met a very nice girl by the name of Alice Langley. In the summer of 1949 we were married and started full time farming. Dad and Mother moved to North Battleford that same year. Through our union there were two boys within three years. Family life sometimes runs into difficulties. Alice became seriously ill and practically blind at one time, but thanks to Doctors and their knowledge she was able to get her eyesight back. The boys also became ill before their school years began. There was always lots of worries but in time with Doctors' care everything turned out for the better.



1958, Alice and John, sons Doug and Ron.

The years have gone by very quickly. Our boys have grown up. Ron has married and is working at Spruce Grove, Alberta. Doug is at home and looking after the farm, so now I guess I can just call myself "hired help".



1979, John and Alice Fedeyko. 30th Wedding Anniversary.

Hopefully and soon Alice and myself will be able to leave the farm and take things a little easier.

May we all have a most memorable time in 1985.

Alice Fedeyko, 1921

My father's parents, with a family of five children (four boys and one girl) immigrated to Canada in 1893, from Stoke Newington, London, England. Dad (Wilfred James) spent his eighth birthday in the immigration hall in Regina.

My mother (Mary Eliza) and Dad were married at the Carter residence, Aulac, New Brunswick, February 1, 1921. They honeymooned at Halifax and Montreal, returning to my father's farm at Richard, where they lived for forty-five years. My Mother's father's history dates back to 1774 in Nova Scotia. My grandmother Carter's history dates back to 1389, related to Lord Lumley who owned Lumley Castle, England. John Lumley of a family of nine immigrated from Yorkshire, England in 1772.



1921, Harvesting on the Wilfred Langley farm.

By 1928, there were four children, three brothers and myself, I, being the oldest. My mother informed me that I arrived in November, twenty degrees below zero and a howling blizzard.

In 1924, Mom took Victor (known as Vic) and myself to visit our grandparents in New Brunswick, via train. I was three and Vic eighteen months. Apparently, I rebelled in Winnipeg, refusing to get on the train. My mother's parents never got to Saskatchewan for a visit and passed away during the thirties. During the same year, Mom and Dad purchased a cottage at Meeting Lake at Aumack's resort. Each year until we were grown up we spent a month to six weeks in July and August at Meeting Lake, learned to swim, handle a boat and met a lot of children our age from the surrounding areas. There was never a dull moment. If we weren't swimming we were playing softball, horseshoes and golf or fishing.

Having three brothers made me quite a tomboy. Housework and cooking were "taboo" as far as I was concerned. I would much rather be with the boys, skating, skiing, playing hockey, softball, baseball and even rugby.



1921, Threshing on the Wilfred Langley farm.

I started school at Etonia (two miles south of our home) at Easter when I was six. The teacher boarded at our place. Off to school we would go by horse and buggy.

In the fall of that same year I started school at



1928, on the way to school, Vic, Fred and Alice Langley. Buggy powered by "Tinker".

Richard. The following year Dad took me to an Auction sale at Maymont. There was a shetland pony (Tinker) complete with harness and cart to be auctioned. After some hasty bidding the pony became mine. When I was eight Vic and I had transportation to school and as the years passed, Fred and Howard also accompanied us. We would also pick up other children along the way.

In winter we would drive team and open cutter. Those were the days when temperatures dropped to forty and fifty below zero. We dressed warmly for winter as my mother insisted. We had to wear long underwear, black wool stockings and I wore blue-lined bloomers. When I reached the age of twelve I rebelled and refused to wear long underwear any longer, but my mother insisted. I hated lumpy stockings and so cut off the legs of the underwear. When wash day came along my underwear was discovered and I was punished severely. More underwear was ordered for me from T. Eaton Co. Ltd., however, I repeated the above, regardless of punishment and nothing more was said.

School days were supposed to be the best days of our lives, so my dad quoted, but as the years progressed we all began to wonder whatever made him say such a thing. We thought lessons were a bore and recesses and noon hours were just great. As we grew older we began to realize that learning was the most important part of our lives. We took part in debates, oratory, sang in school choruses at music festivals in North Battleford. For three years in a row our group won the highest points in the school chorus thus winning a Shield with our names among others engraved on it. It hung in the classroom the remaining years of our education. I have often wondered where it went after the school closed.

When I was eight years old it was decided that I should learn to play the piano and I was very much in favor of it. Each week Mom and I would drive to Maymont in the old '27 Chevrolet. Music lessons were one dollar a week. My idea of learning to play the piano soon was a disaster. I had to practice everyday. Many a time Mom would chase me to the piano with a broom. Each year as I progressed practices were longer. I remember practicing an hour before leaving for school and two hours after school, besides homework. I entered music festivals at North Battleford always coming second. A little Jewish girl was always at the top. According to the adjudicator my problem was the index finger sticking up on my left hand. At fourteen years of age lessons increased in price and the great depression arose, so I had to forfeit my music. At the time I was very jubilant at not taking any more music, but today I am sorry at

not keeping it up. My education in music was under the directory of the Toronto Conservatory.

Spring was a happy time of year and there was always Track and Field meet at school. Many schools in the surrounding area took part. The final event was always at Maymont. My first year of competition was when I was seven years old and I won the highest points in my age group. I won a book called, "Alice in Wonderland". After that year it was decided to give out crests to each individual with the highest points in each age group. I still have the crests for 1935, 1936 and 1938. One high jump competition stands out in my mind. One of the girls broke her leg while jumping. We didn't have soft landings in those days, just a sand pile to land in.



1945, Fred Langley with sister Alice.

Another favourite sport of mine was softball. When Sports Days rolled around every year our school team was always there, anything to get away from school. I remember the catcher and I exchanging places at a Sports Day at Maymont. (I was always the pitcher). The batter hit a fowl ball and of course the ball hit me in the eye. There were no masks or pads then. My eye literally turned green. On arrival

home, my mother took one look at me and exclaimed "You are a mess." Regardless, we all got ready and went back to the dance.

Harvesting was also a favorite time of year for we young folks, but not for my mother. Many men were hired for binding and stooking the crop, then the threshing. The Case steam engine and separator, cook car and caboose went to each of the four Langley families to thresh the crops. Ten men drove racks, picking up and unloading sheaves into the separator. There were also eight grain wagons plus two spike pitchers for unloading the sheaves. The steam engine needed water and fuel so another man was needed. The grain haulers ate at the house and the rest ate in the cook car. Needless to say a cook was also hired. Nothing was so exciting to we kids as to see the machinery coming up the south road to harvest our crop. We were never allowed to go to the fields on our own. We used to go out at noon to blow the whistle or with Mom at lunchtime. That whistle was heard all over the country. The steam engine had a language of its own. One toot meant the stook wagons were lagging behind, two toots the water supply was getting low and three toots for meals. As of now the old steam engine is a Museum piece at the North Battleford museum.

The Mayfield and Douglas Municipality (Richard, Speers and surrounding areas) had a farm girls' and boys' camp, similar to 4-H today. Each year farm girls and boys from far and wide entered the North Battleford Exhibition for judging livestock, etc. for boys and cooking, canning, sewing, knitting and crotcheting for girls. All our work was judged by an official from the University. I remember winning first for canned tomatoes, rhubarb and a pair of hand-knit socks, plus honorary mention for my record book. I still have that record book. My brother Vic won the gold watch, donated by T. Eaton Co., for the outstanding fellow of the day. While Vic was stationed in Egypt during the second World War and sitting in a bus with his arm overhanging the window an Arab tore his watch from his wrist and ran off. It was futile to go after the Arab as they all wore the same garb, thus the end of the gold watch.

School was getting tiresome at Richard so I persuaded my parents to let me go to the Convent of Sion at Prince Albert for grade eleven. I was accepted and boarded at the Convent. What a strange atmosphere! Everything was so different and how homesick I got! I was absolutely sick. I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep nor could I study. I finally got permission to phone home to ask my folks to come and get me. Mom replied they would come and get me in two weeks. Clever Mom! In two weeks I was over my homesickness. I loved the Sisters. They were so meticulous

and such exceptional teachers. Their hearts and souls were for all of us, and along with it exceptional disciplinarians. We were never allowed to go out alone during the week but could go out on Sundays to the church of our choice and stay out for the afternoon. Their meals were a disaster. We'd get pork and beans for breakfast, rhubarb or prunes. They made their own sauerkraut and sausage. Sometimes for Sunday evening we'd get chicken for supper but very seldom. At the end of the term I was recommended in four subjects to finish Grade eleven. I was happy when the school year ended and no way could Mom or Dad persuade me to go back to the Convent for Grade twelve, the biggest terror of my life. Math was my worst subject, yet Algebra, Trigonometry and Geometry I loved.

The following year I enrolled at Success Business College. Somehow I could not get into the swing of it and after four months of it I gave it up as a bad job. I returned home to help Mom in the house and assist Dad with chores and field work as it was then that the war broke out and the boys had joined the services.

In 1943 I enlisted in the R.C.A.F. Mom was horrified as that meant there were 3 of us in the service. After passing tests and physicals I was accepted and went to Rockcliffe for basic training. There was a whole trainload of us. This is where we met people from all over Canada and all nationalities. In the four weeks of basic training we learned discipline, respect for N.C.O.'s (non commissioned officers) and Officers. We drilled each day, went through inoculations and were fitted for uniforms and comfortable shoes. There was no end to inoculations. My arm became very sore and a hard lump appeared. On our last needle, when my turn arrived I asked the Medical officer to please not put the needle in that lump. She just looked at me and "bang" right into that spot. After that my respect for her was zero. Many of the girls would faint on the spot. We were not treated as ladies, just one of the Armed Forces. Only three girls went missing during Basic Training. Whether they were ever caught or not I never knew. As we were well drilled to marching, physical education and in shape we were then sent to Toronto for four more weeks of learning our trade. I chose Motor Transport, so we had to learn the ins and outs of a motor vehicle, whether it be truck, car or ambulance. We were given driving lessons through Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo. After passing all our tests we had a choice of what part of the country we wished to go to. I chose Saskatoon, but was posted to Davidson Elementary Flying and Training school. Our jobs were to drive vehicles for the Officers, trucking for picking up freight, picking up laundry at the airport, garbage at the hangar, and picking up

members of the forces moving to the airport or going to other stations. We were not allowed to associate with officers or Senior N.C.O.'s. If we were to pick up and wait until he or she arrived, get out of the car, walk around to the passenger side, open the door and salute them before they got in the car. Some would salute back. Most of them were very polite and there was conversation. Others were down right rude and sarcastic. We were on night duty also (just until midnight). I remember one girl on duty had to report to the Officer's Mess at ten o'clock to take the Commanding Officer to his home in Davidson. She sat and waited in that car until two a.m. waiting for him. When he did show up he was two sheets in the wind. After that the girl applied for her discharge and got it.

The airport closed at Davidson, (about a year and a half after I got there) and personnel and supplies were moved to Yorkton. I detested the place and applied for a posting to Vancouver. My posting came in but to Portage la Prairie. From then on I went to Moncton for reposting and ended up at Dartmouth. I'll always remember by trip from Halifax to Dartmouth. I got terribly seasick. I was a bit disgusted with Dartmouth as it did nothing but rain. Harvest leave had come into being so I applied for and got two weeks harvest leave without pay and free transportation. Off to home I went to help with harvesting and hauling grain. While at home on my leave I received a telegram saying that my discharge had come through and to return to Dartmouth immediately.

VJ Day at Davidson, May 9, 1945 was one of the greatest celebrations I ever witnessed. Planes aerobated through the sky while ticker-tapes, confetti and heaven only knows what all went on all day into the early hours of the next morning. Everybody was one happy family.

Not knowing what to do with myself after returning home from the forces, I decided to go back to school. Through the Department of Veterans Affairs I completed high school and Teachers' college (then known as Normal school). My first school was Grey School, south of home and I boarded with a lovely elderly couple. They are both gone now. Then I went to Willow Heights but resigned at Christmas. I didn't like it there. After Christmas I journeyed to Edmonton and stayed with friends. While there I decided it may be an experience to teach in Northern Alberta. My first interview was with an old adjutant to the Commanding Officer at Davidson. He was in charge of Development of Schools in Northern Alberta. On explaining what kind of a life it would be in the north (it wasn't a pretty picture) I excused myself and said that I would let him know next day (my intentions).

After thinking it over that evening I called him next day and returned home.

While I was teaching at Willow Heights my girl friend taught at Lindequist. How well I remember an event that was to change my whole life. On this particular night I had just washed my hair, had it in curlers and getting my lessons ready for next day, as a car drove into the yards the man of the house went out to investigate and on coming back into the house he announced that someone wanted to see me. I asked him who it was and he replied, "I don't know. Just some Frenchman." On going out to the car, I discovered it was my girl friend with her boy friend and John, whom I had never met. That was the beginning of our romance. Some Frenchman!! And it took awhile to find out that his name was Fedeyko. That winter John drove his 1947 Ford sedan to Vancouver and sold it there.

In the spring of 1948 John and I became engaged. I remember my first visit to his mother and dad's place (where we live now). Not only were his Mother and Dad there but half of the rest of the family also.

On applying for Dufferin school in 1948, I was accepted. I became acquainted with many fine people in the Cut Knife area, and liked the district very much.

John was always busy, hauling grain, helping his dad at the farm and hauling gravel. He used to haul Indians to the Sports Days and I would go along with him when there was no school.

In July, 1949 we were married at Richard and honeymooned at Calgary, Banff, Lake Louise and Jasper.

We lived in the house known as the summer house on his dad's farm. When Mother and Dad moved to North Battleford the fall of 1949 we moved into the other home comprised of four rooms with no clothes closets or cupboards. We lived there for sixteen years. For eight years we rented the farm.

John and I have two sons, Ronald John and Douglas Anthony of whom we are very proud.

We too had a threshing crew at first, but not as many men and the tractor worked the separator.

In 1951 John bought his first combine at Baldwin from Mr. Veitch. Everyone was excited about it and went to meet him, including Dad and Ron, a little over a year old.

As the years progressed our acres increased and combines got larger, plus other machinery.

The highlight of our married life was building our own home in 1966. At the beginning there was so much space, cupboards, closets and everything. Now all that space is running over.

Ron and Lois were married in 1979. Doug is still with us and renting the farm.

John worked hard during his life and still does. This is one reason for us being where we are today.

Ronald and Lois Fedeyko



1979, Our Wedding Day. Ron and Lois Fedeyko.

I was born on October 10, 1950 at Cut Knife, Saskatchewan to John and Alice Fedeyko. Although the first few years of my life escape my memory I do remember attending Wembley school for the first 3 years of my education.

Wembley was a one room country school situated in a grove of maple trees and was less than a quarter mile from the farmstead where I lived. Being this close, I was allowed to go home for dinner. The teacher for these three years was Herb Duvall and memories of him, the school and my fellow school mates shine brightly. Weiner roasts and nature hikes to the creek northeast of the school were plentiful during the summer and I remember an instance when Mr. Duvall organized us into a posse to search for his son after he had thrown sand in the water pail. In December it was time to start rehearsing for the Christmas concert which everyone looked forward to. Another instance which stands out very clearly and could have been very serious happened one spring while I was attending Wembley school. Dad, Mom, Doug and I were to attend a slide showing by people who were missionaries overseas. However, prior to this Doug and I decided to eat some clean wheat Dad had stored in a granary. Doug ate very sparingly while I ate my fill and within a couple of hours I was very ill. Needless to say, the grain had

been treated and was to be seeded. It was also at this age that my mechanical aptitude began to show. I would "borrow" some of Dad's tools and proceed to "fix" machinery which was parked in the yard. There was one instance when I was placed on Dad's black list. This was the time when he was going to prepare the combine for harvest and the engine wouldn't start. You guessed it!! I had been "fixing" the motor and the engine starter was in pieces.

1957-1958 was the final year for Wembley school and in the fall my brother Doug, who was entering grade one, and myself, boarded a 10 passenger school bus with our fellow Wembley school mates and headed for Cut Knife.

It wasn't easy being suddenly injected into a school attended by 200 or more students as compared to Wembley where there were about fifteen of us. However, the first year of school in Cut Knife was made much easier by the teacher I had. Her name was Mrs. Davenport and she had a very genuine concern for each and every one of her students.



1962, Ron and Doug Fedeyko, Wolf Cubs.

At about the age of 10 I joined the Boy Scouts and every Wednesday night Mom or Dad would take Doug and I to Cut Knife for the meetings. The highlight of every year was the summer camp held at a lake northeast of Cut Knife. Rainfall during these outings was dreaded as the tents usually let more water in than they kept out. However, this was all taken in stride and good fun. The lake was excellent with its soft golden sand beaches and everyone enjoyed the daily swimming and water sports.

At about 13 years of age I joined the beef division of the Wilbert 4-H club. Meetings were held monthly at Wardenville school where we were taught public speaking, care of animals and proper showmanship of cattle. While a member of the 4-H club I never had

any grand champion animals but they always stood very high in the placings. There was a year in which I won the trophy for judging beef cattle and was quite proud as I was competing against members who were much older than I was. It was always sad when the animal which we had cared for all year had to be shown and then shipped to the packing plant. Doug was also in the 4-H at the same time I was and I shall always remember the first steer he ever had which was unmistakably named "Charger". The name gives the nature of the beast completely away and I have to tell what happened when it came Charger's time to leave the truck in Cut Knife during the 4-H achievement day. I unloaded my docile beast first and was on my way to the rink when I realized Doug and Dad were raising a big commotion behind me. It was quite a sight to see those two tripping over each other's feet while at the same time trying to restrain a mad animal. He was finally cornered about four hours later and taken straight to the stockyard in North Battleford.

During my time at home in my younger years our travelling of any great distance was limited. I do remember a couple of trips to Fort Saskatchewan and one to Long Lake with Uncle Bill, Aunt Justine and cousins where an enjoyable time was spent fishing and visiting. I guess it was here that I caught my first fish.

During my summer holidays and in the fall I enjoyed helping out on the farm except for the root picking which was nearly all done by hand. If there was ever a job which made me grit my teeth because of the intense dislike for it, the job had to be picking roots. This came about in the sixties when Dad bought a half section of land from Mr. Turner and with it came one hundred and fifty acres or more of bush.

My favorite part of the year was, and still is, harvest season. From the time I have my first recollections of the farm I always enjoyed riding on the combine. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I still enjoy helping Doug and Dad on the farm. Many moments during harvest season stand out; one of the most enjoyable experiences was watching Grandpa Fedeyko haul grain from the combine to the granary. He had a half ton truck which would hold exactly one dump from the combine back then. He would load and be off and always managed to return for another before Dad had the hopper filled. I guess harvest season was a special time for Grandpa also as he always seemed to want to be on hand to clean and patch granaries or do whatever other job he could find.

Dad, Doug and myself always enjoyed getting out for a duck shoot in the fall. Often we imagined we

had anti-aircraft guns as the ducks would sometimes be a thousand feet in the air and we were still firing at them and at the same time being amazed at the extra speed these birds would suddenly find. Doug and I accompanied Grandfather Langley once when he was 80 and still active as an outdoorsman. Although we never got any geese during this outing I was amazed at the excitement Grandad showed with the anticipation of the shoot.



1979, Doug, John, Alice and Ron Fedeyko.

Upon completion of my school years in Cut Knife I developed what is known as a restless spirit and with all my travels there were many jobs. I would never attempt to list them all, however they include working underground in the mine, truck driving, working my way to Florida with a carnival, and spending a few years in the Air Force. Most recently I have sold real estate and for the last 3 years I have been working towards a journeyman's certificate as a refrigeration mechanic.

In 1976 I met Lois and her son Anthony. It all came about while I was working for a farmer at Drayton Valley. This farmer bought his wife a flower shop and having had no previous experience in this type of venture he decided to hire Lois to help her get started. After a courtship of approximately two and a half years we were married July 7, 1979 at the United Church in Cut Knife, Saskatchewan.

We presently reside in Spruce Grove, Alberta and are kept busy with our daily activities. Lois has a flower shop which demands about twelve hours of her time per day; I am employed by Edmonton Refrigeration and Anthony is kept busy with school and playing football and hockey. He is quite talented in hockey and we have enjoyed watching him participate in many games.

At the close of my 33 years of history I am



1979, An Outing. Anthony, Ron and Lois Fedeyko.



1982, L-R: Anthony Fedeyko, Dave Porter, Stephanie Schneider, Lois and Ron Fedeyko.

eagerly anticipating being reunited with relatives whom I know and those I have never had the opportunity to meet.

Doug Fedeyko

I arrived into this world on the eighth day of January, nineteen hundred and fifty-three at six o'clock p.m. in the Cut Knife Hospital, in Cut Knife, Saskatchewan. According to my mother I weighed three pounds and fourteen ounces, and lived in an incubator for six weeks.

Before I started my school years in Cut Knife, I went to Wembley school every second Friday in the afternoons. All that was done in these afternoons was



1961, Doug with grandparents Jacob and Katerina Fedeyko.

art work, or to just sit and listen to what the teacher had to say. Sometimes the whole class would hike down to the creek north of Wembley School and have a wiener roast. Wembley school is just across the road from where our house is situated right now.

I remember on one occasion while at this school, myself and two or three friends became hungry. I invited them over to the house to have something to eat. Mom and Dad were away at the time, but we found a jar of cookies which Mom had made. We ate all of these cookies. In a few days some visitors came over and Mom was going to serve coffee and cookies. When she opened the cookie jar there were none left to serve. She couldn't figure out where they all went.

In September of nineteen fifty-nine, I started my grade one at Cut Knife Elementary School. There was quite a difference from walking across the road to Wembley School for a half a day and then going by bus to Cut Knife for the entire day. As the school year went on, each student had a small job to do before the end of the day. My job for one week was to clean the black boards at three o'clock each day. To reach the top of the black board I had to stand on a chair. On one occasion the chair slipped, I fell down and cut my chin. My teacher had to take me to the hospital

and I had to have six stitches in my chin. I still have the scar today.

In about grade six, noon hour was very boring, especially in the winter months when there were no sports to participate in. One day myself and my fellow classmates called a meeting with the principal. We wanted to make a skating rink beside the school. The principal gave us a flat no as an answer. He said we didn't have the facilities to make a rink. A week later we called another meeting and tried to convince him that it would take very little knowledge to hook a hose to the fire hydrant, and we would have all the facilities we would need to make a rink, if the weather man would co-operate. Again he refused us. I wrote a letter to the superintendent and he said there would be nothing wrong with making a rink beside the school. This was my first experience in getting people together to organize something like this.

May was always the month for field days at school. My favourite sport to enter was the long distance races. I never won first in these races because when I got close to the finish line, I usually started laughing. I came in second or third.

When I was thirteen years of age I decided to take up the game of curling. Cut Knife always had a school bonspiel. The first bonspiel that I ever entered in my life, I came out a winner. The team which I was on won first in the second event. I have a trophy for this accomplishment.

During my high school days I tried out for the Cut Knife Soccer team. The position which I wanted to play was goal. There were eleven people who signed up for this position. After practicing for two weeks and playing seven exhibition games, the coach wrote us a letter to tell us if we made the team or not. Out of these eleven people he picked me for the regular goalie and another person for back up. To make a long story short, Cut Knife won the soccer championship for the Wilkie School Unit Division. We beat Unity three to two in the final game, a team which we only tied during regular season play. That was the last soccer game I played. The only thing I regret is that my brother Ron wasn't on the team.

In nineteen sixty-five, I joined the Wilbert 4-H Club. I entered in the beef project which meant I had to pick out a calf, tame it down, feed it, and with some help train it to lead. Before Achievement Day came around, I also had to have it properly groomed. I never won the Grand Champion Event, but I do remember placing sixth out of two hundred in the North Battleford fat stock show with one particular steer. I have a ribbon and trophy for that event.

When I was seventeen years old I played on the Cut Knife baseball team. I remember losing a game against Maidstone one evening, coming home our



1968, Doug — placed 6th out of 200, Fat stock show North Battleford, Sask.

coach made us run down one of the steepest hills in the country. After we ran down the hill I said to the coach "I hope you don't make us run up that hill." The coach said to me "For a comment like that you can start running up that hill." If I didn't run up that hill the coach would have benched me the next game.

Also when I was seventeen, I bought myself a ski-doo for the winter months. On weekends, there would be ten or twelve ski-doo's lined up in front of the house. We all would be inside having coffee and talking about where our next destination would be. The furthest point that we ever rode to was from our house to North Battleford, Saskatchewan, round trip being close to one hundred miles. I also did a lot of hunting and trapping with this ski-doo. One winter I got fifteen coyotes and five foxes. The most I ever brought home in one day was five coyotes. I sold these for a total of one hundred dollars, twenty dollars per coyote. One hundred dollars wasn't a bad days wages for hunting.



1982, John Fedeyko swathing wheat. Best crop in memory, 55 plus bu. per acre.

After the winter months passed I bought a motorcycle for the summer. I had a lot of trouble with this motorcycle, so after four days I traded it in on a larger one. The price, which had to pay difference, was one hundred dollars. I had to pass a written test and a driving test before I could operate a motorcycle on the highway.



1982, The last dump of 1982 harvest.

That same summer my brother Ron was working for a farmer south of Regina, Saskatchewan. My first bike trip was down to see Ron. Ron knew I bought a motorcycle, but he never saw me drive one, nor did he ever see this motorcycle. I still remember the day when I arrived at the farm where he was working. It was at supper time and he came running out of the house to see me. After a short conversation, everyone invited me in the house and we all had supper together. I stayed with Ron for about a week on this farm and helped out with some work.

In nineteen seventy three I bought a motorcycle



1982, Combining on the John Fedeyko farm.



1980, John Fedeyko homestead.

from one of my school teachers. I drove to High Level, Alberta. In nineteen seventy-four, with this same motorcycle, I entered a race at Biggar, Saskatchewan. I made it to the final race, but I never won it. I came in second and brought home a trophy. Coming in second was nothing to be ashamed of as there were fourteen other motorcycles to contend with at this race. That was the first motorcycle race I ever entered in my life, it will probably be the last.

I still own and operate a motorcycle. I have had four different ones since nineteen seventy. I drove to different places such as Regina, Swift Current, Saskatoon, Nipawin, Outlook, Banff, Edmonton, High Level, Kelowna, and Calgary, just to mention a few. The two trips which I enjoyed the very best were to High Level, Alberta and to Kelowna, British Columbia.

Since I finished school, I have always stayed on the farm. I helped my dad farm until he rented me some land. I sometimes regret that I never went outside the farm to look for work.

I like to farm and I hope that someone in the next generation will be interested as well and will want to take over the family farm.

Stephania (Fedeyko) and Howard Schneider

I was born in our farm house 3 miles north of Cut Knife, Saskatchewan, on October 25th, 1921. Mrs. Charley Corney was the midwife. I was the fourth child and second daughter of Jacob and Catherine Fedeyko. According to my brother, John, I was born a blonde, later turned to a redhead and eventually became a dark Brunette with lovely natural curly hair.

I do not remember much of my "baby-hood" until about six years of age, when I started school. Wembley School was only $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from our home. My first day at school was terrifying in that as I was about to enter the schoolroom which held about 40 pupils, a boy named Arnold Hardy winked at me. I ran back into the cloakroom and would not come into the classroom. Finally around noon the teacher, with brother John's help, convinced me otherwise. This single classroom held pupils from grades one through eight.

As far back as I can remember, Wembley School won prizes for our marching and our purple and gold banner. George Beckett, an English bachelor, and very artistic, usually designed the banner. The Sports



1946, Stephanie and Howard Schneider.



1929, Stephanie Fedeyko age 8. Paul Fedeyko age 2½.

Day took place in Cut Knife where we participated in various races, jumps, etc. and also had a ball team. Christmas Concerts were also a regular at Wembley. It was such fun practicing for the program. As a child I always asked Santa for a Teddy Bear. The school district supplied one gift for each child plus candy, an orange, an apple and nuts. It was a joyous time.

There was usually a two month winter vacation as the winters were so cold, and only one month holiday in the summer. During the cold winter days, two of us girls would make hot soup in the Teacherage for all the pupils. As I lived so near the school I always ran home for lunch, disposed of it quickly and ran back on the double so I wouldn't miss anything.



1967, Wembley School, Cut Knife, Sask., Canada. Attended by Stephanie Grades 1-8. School built in 1923.

I finished my grade eight at Wembley and then took grades nine and ten via correspondence. The tests were written at Wembley under the teacher's supervision and she mailed them to Regina. For my grades eleven and twelve, I went to Hafford, Saskatchewan. My school days were very happy ones.

Now back to the farm — I lived with my parents until age fifteen. I truly enjoyed farm work which I had to help with. I was quite an adventurous person. I loved to go walking through the trees, following the creek on our farm. One day I came upon a whole convention of butterflies. It was quite a large patch of grassy land surrounded by saskatoon berry bushes and these butterflies were all one species: black, yellow, orange and white. It was quite a scene. I loved eating the berries in season: chokecherries, saskatoons, pincherries, strawberries, and raspberries. My brother John, a neighbor Norman

McDonald, his sister Jean, and I would go to an Indian reservation not far from home to pick saskatoon berries. We took along a lunch and bathing suits. After picking a couple of pails, we would have lunch then go for a swim in the river. The four of us would go to Atton's Lake and camp in tents for several days. The boys would catch fish to supplement some meals, but we brought enough with us anyway, taking no chances of going hungry. Such carefree times they were.

We always celebrated Ukrainian Christmas on January 6th (Christmas Eve) to January 9th. I loved singing carols with my father. All chores were done early on Christmas Eve before the first star appeared in the sky. Mother prepared twelve meatless dishes for the supper. After the meal we sang carols, then hung up a stocking and off to bed. We would find some nuts, candy and orange or apple plus a little something like a hair ribbon or a dime. But I am sure we got a lot more pleasure and satisfaction from these presents than the present-day children get from all their parcels upon parcels under the Christmas tree. I always remember brother Bill, the eldest, for bringing me gifts when he came home for Christmas or other times. I mostly remember a parasol, a nice skirt and a dress. I don't remember living with brother Bill and sister Mary as such as they were gone to school or work so that when I was younger I tended to be afraid of Bill. But as I grew older my respect and admiration for him grew and he has really become a 'Big Brother'. Brother John (five years older) and brother Paul (five years younger) tended to be the reason I became somewhat of a tomboy. I loved dressing in their breeches and pants — maybe the more to be like them. I learned to skate at five or six as we had a pond just down the hill from the house. Later neighboring children would come on a Sunday to play hockey and skate by couples (didn't we feel grown up).

There were trips to town on Saturday nights when you could get to see a show for 5¢. Sunday mornings were a special breakfast treat — mother's baking and cooking, canning, etc. without the present-day conveniences make the memories all the more nostalgic.

Finally my parents decided to send me to Hafford for my grades 11 and 12. I stayed with mother's sister, Aunt Mary Wozney, Uncle Paul and cousin Irene, who was about six years old. Here I met a young man, Donald Zuck, who had a musical band and played at weddings, dances, etc. Sometimes I went along with the band and always had a good time. He asked to drive me home to meet my parents and wanted to marry me. Being only seventeen I decided to decline the offer and see more of the world before settling down. Later on I regretted this step; but that's in the past.

After Hafford, I went to Saskatoon Business College for almost a year and enjoyed it very much. I saw the first run there of "Gone With the Wind". What a Thrill! A Jewish girl named Molly and I became great friends and she used to treat me to shows and other goodies. I wrote a Civil Service exam and obtained a job in Ottawa. A telegram came asking me to come in January to a Stenographer's pool in the Department of Munitions and Supply, Priority Rating.

Dad bought me a trunk for my belongings and sent me off by train. The weather was extremely cold, upon arriving in Ottawa. I had no idea where to go so I hailed a cab for the nearest hotel. After contacting my "to be" employers, I got directions to get there. Upon arrival they arranged a place for room and board for me. I met my roommate, Edith Stell from London, Ontario, and we roomed together for two years.



1944, Edmonton, Alta., Canada. Howard Schneider and Stephanie Fedeyko.

The office work was interesting and we were extremely busy. I got promoted from Steno Pool to a private secretary for two department heads. It kept me busy and on my toes. I also befriended Marion Fournier who invited me to her home in Perth, Ontario for holidays as Saskatchewan was too far away.

After the war ended, I went home for about a month, but after all the activity found things rather boring. Brother Bill suggested I come to Edmonton to get a job as he lived only sixty miles from there. My first job was with Canada Dry Ginger Ale Company. I rented an apartment in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Plawiuk with my roommate, Lois. Plawiuk's had a daughter Lillian and she suggested I write another Civil Service exam in order to get a job with the Department of Transport where she worked and wages were better. I followed her advice and got the job. Many week-ends I spent at brother Bill's place in St. Michael, Alberta, where they ran a small store and post office. I believe I worked in Edmonton for two years. Lois and I went dancing often as that was one favorite pastime of mine. Also I was what you might call a "clothes horse". I loved buying as much as I could afford.

One snowy night, Lois, Katherine Raychyba (my sister-in-law's sister) and I went to a dance downtown. The U.S. Army and Air Force were stationed in Edmonton at the time, (especially at Namao). A few of them were at this dance and there I met Howard Schneider who was to be my future husband. He seemed to be a very pleasant person and a lot of fun. He danced with the three of us all evening and invited us out to midnight lunch, then offered to take us home via cab. On the way home he asked for a date for the next evening and I accepted. We saw a lot of each other from then on. However, there were times I couldn't understand why he had to drink beer and alcohol as he did. It was just periodical and not offensive at the time. I was young and didn't have any knowledge of alcoholism. Looking back now, Howard was definitely an alcoholic. We went together for about eight months and he bought me an engagement ring. He went to Cut Knife in September 1945 with me to meet my parents and they seemed to accept him. He was being discharged from the Forces as the war was over and he had to return to the U.S. He left for his home in Davenport, Iowa where I was to follow after Christmas, and we would be married. I spent Christmas in Cut Knife. Jean MacDonald, a school girlfriend put on a lovely shower for me at Wembley school. I got many nice gifts from the ladies and also money from my parent's family. With the same trunk dad bought for me (which I have to this day) and suitcase, I left for Davenport. Howard met me and took me to his oldest sister's place where

I stayed till we got married. Patricia Villinis was very kind to me and we got along very nicely.

Howard and I were married in Iowa City and in the first year our first son, Howard Lee Jr., was born. I was so thrilled with my baby. The going was a little rough as at the time Howard was a bread salesman and didn't get a very good wage. We lived in a flat above a garage. I washed clothes on a washboard and with diapers, it was an everyday chore. Soon we moved to an apartment owned by a nurse. The following year Dwain was born and I was doubly busy.

Despite his drinking Howard was a good father to the children and would do anything for them. He could also be a great help to me.

When he changed jobs to become a Kirby Vacuum salesman he started making good money, won a lot of prizes for being top salesman. One year he won a trip to Cleveland for both of us with all side benefits — a set of luggage, choice of suit of dress at the expense of Mr. Kirby at a very exclusive dress shop. We were there four days at a lovely hotel, all expenses paid. We visited all the Executive of Kirby Company, Country Clubs, and Mr. Kirby's home. At each place we were wined and dined, but Howard had joined A.A. and didn't take a drop. I was so thankful for that.

Howard Jr. started kindergarten in Davenport. That was quite an experience — taking one's first child to school and leaving him there for half a day. He took to it like a duck to water.



1949, Howard, Stephania, Howard jr. and Dwain Schneider.

In 1952, we decided to move to Seattle, since Howard disliked the humidity during the summer and the intense cold in the winter in Davenport.

We sold what little furniture we had and with only our personal belongings drove to North Battleford, Saskatchewan to my parents, who had retired there



1957, Seattle Wa. "Off to School". Dwain and Howard jr.

from Cut Knife. We stayed with them for almost a month, then onto Seattle.

As this was July it was a very scenic view we had and enjoyed the whole trip. On approaching our destination we saw signs of "Floating Bridge". We could not imagine such a thing but after we crossed it we saw it was on pontoons and probably at the time the first floating bridge in the world. We stayed the first night at the first hotel we came across as we were in the height of traffic. I got in touch with Polly Winter (an old roommate from my Ukrainian Institute days). She invited us to stay with them till we found a suitable home and we accepted her kind offer. Howard went to the Kirby Co. here and immediately started working with two other men. They were doing quite well. We moved to Mesces Island across the floating bridge from Seattle and rented a house. There I enrolled Howard Jr. in grade one and Dwain in kindergarten. The boys loved our new home.

Howard Sr. loved fishing, so we spent many a Sunday picnicking, exploring and fishing, though we never caught many fish. During the next year and a half we moved to different rented homes till in January 1954 we bought a home and I still reside there. We had an elementary school within walking distance which was very handy for the children.

We took a lot of trips through Washington, California, and even to Mexico. We managed a couple of trips back to Iowa and of course I tried to get back to Saskatchewan as often as possible. Howard had changed jobs, now he was selling carpets and hearing aids. He then ended up with siding, windows, storm doors etc. His drinking habits were getting worse, his blood pressure increased and his legs became diseased with arteriosclerosis.

I obtained a job with a company named Truckweld in order to help maintain our home. I worked there for 18 years as a receptionist, partial bookkeeper, rather like a girl Friday. The people were very pleasant.

In September 1971, Howard went into the Veterans' hospital for observation and tests. His blood pressure was high, he didn't have a good vein in his body and he was on a diabetic borderline. He was in Hospital for two weeks. After that he still worked at his job partially. In November 1971 he drove me to work as his office was nearby. It was a Monday and I always bowled Monday nights. He didn't come home that night. Next day one of his bosses and secretary came to Truckweld to tell me Howard had died in a motel in North Seattle. He had been going to keep a business appointment, did not feel well, so asked for a motel room to rest. The car was still there next morning so the manager went in and found him dead. The coroner found that he had died of a massive heart attack. Thus ended my twenty-five year marriage. After the funeral I went back to work as usual.

The boys of course went through high school successfully. Howard Jr., after graduating from grade twelve, found a job as an electrician at Todd Shipyards. Dwain was enlisted into the army and went to Vietnam.

Howard Jr. and Laureen Johnston were married on Sept. 14th, 1968 and after seven years were divorced.

Dwain and Margaret Felton were married on March 6, 1970 and on November 3, 1971, a daughter Molly Kim was born to them. She certainly was Howard Sr.'s pride and joy as he loved little girls. However, she was only two weeks old when he died. When Molly Kim was six, Margaret and Dwain were divorced. Both boys have not remarried as of this date.

In 1967 I discovered a small lump on the left side of my neck. The doctor ordered a biopsy and to my consternation it proved to be malignant, a cancer called lymphoma. From 1967 to the present day 1983, I have been treated off and on with radiation and chemotherapy. I overcame one type of chemotherapy in January 1983, so the doctor is trying some-



1982, Molly Kim Schneider
age 11, granddaughter of
Stephania Schneider.

thing else in the Chemo Department. At present I am very ill and weak and need help with meal preparation and care of my personal needs. I am hoping and praying the different treatment will restore my health to some degree. In 1979 I was forced to quit working due to the state of my health.

In due time, after Howard's death, I joined two singles clubs and took part in various activities, besides bowling twice a week. At one house party, I met David John Parter, a wonderful person and we started dating in August 1972. He was a very considerate and kind person. We have taken many trips during the past twelve years. There was Mexico, Hawaii (many times), South Pacific Islands, Bermuda, California (many times), Arizona, Denmark, Spain, Morocco, Fiji, Australia and New Zealand, Washington D.C. (White House), Florida, Puerto Rico, Barbados, West Indies (St. Thomas), of course back to Saskatchewan to Cut Knife, where my brother John and sister Mary still live, to Kelowna where my brother Bill and his wife retired. The one trip I took with my brother Bill and Justine to Poland (June 1978) was a very rewarding experience. We rented a car and toured across Poland, visited my mother's birthplace and visited distant relatives. Dad's birthplace was just across the border in Russia and as we had no visa for Russia could not go there. We took a lot of pictures and saw with our own eyes how the 'other half' lives. We have been sending them used clothing and food parcels since then, which are much appreciated as also is cash.

At present David is taking care of me. The boys come to see me and call me on the phone. Howard is working at the University of Washington now as a lead man in the Electrical Maintenance Department. Dwain works for a men's apparel company. Molly lives with her mother and step-father in Oregon. She has visited me many times and is fast growing to be a



1974, David J. Porter and Stephania Schneider, Hawaii.

little lady, tall and good-looking. We always have fun when she visits me.

Before I became so ill I planned to sell my home and move into an apartment. However, the Dear Lord only knows whether that will come about. The last ten years with David have been very rewarding and happy ones, and I regret having to end my story on a sad note.

May there be a grand re-union in 1985.

God Bless you all!

Editor's note: Stephania Schneider died on July 6th, 1983, shortly after writing this.

Paul and Claire Fedeyko

I was born on January 18th, 1927, in the little town of Cut Knife, Saskatchewan.

Being the youngest member of a family of five children, my growing years were probably influenced as much by my brothers and sisters as by my parents, Jacob and Katerina Fedeyko.

Even though my very early years were spent during the depression era, in the Saskatchewan dust bowl, I can't recall any time when my parents complained about their hardships. I can remember when "relief" (\$25 per month, per family) was available; however, my Father refused to "go on the dole".

I suppose there are always events from one's past, be they clearly remembered or only a fleeting shadow of recollection, which have an impact on how one thinks and feels. What was there in my early childhood years which remains in my memory? The long, cold winters, the hot, dry summers of the early 1930's, the close knit family unit of which I was a part, all contributed to developing the person growing to adulthood.

There is no doubt in my mind that my parents encountered substantial hardships in these early



1957, Paul and Claire Fedeyko.

years, living in a community where the principal language was English. My Mother understood little and spoke less of the language. Father could get by, but it was a struggle on the best of occasions. Nevertheless, these early pioneers persisted in making a niche in the wilderness, developing a farm which provided a meager livelihood, and bringing up a family which I'm sure, in their hope, would have a better life economically.

In my childhood days, sights, sounds, and smells seem to predominate. I can so well remember the early spring with the snow disappearing off the hills behind our farm house and the black earth poking out through the white snow. The sound of spring run-off, with the water rushing through the fields and through the woods around our farm is something else that I will always recall. Spring seeding, with Father out in the field with his horses and plows, harrows, and seed drills, is another memory which will always persist. And then later on in the year, the horrible dust storms in the early 30's, when, at times, it would be necessary to light the coal oil lamp in the house during day hours in order to see. Occasionally, the summers were less cruel and the fields of standing grain billowing in the wind were a sight to remember.

Harvest time had its own beauty, when the grain

was being cut with a binder drawn by horses, and the sheaves of grain would be stoked in the field. Dad, Mother, my older brother John, and my sister Stephanie, can all be remembered as a part of the working force during these years. My oldest brother, Bill, and oldest sister, Mary, can only be remembered as visitors in those years, because they were pursuing their own vocations.

Getting into the winter season was a preparation in itself, with items from the garden such as potatoes being put in the cellar, cabbages being made into sauerkraut, and wood being cut and stacked to be used for fuel to heat the house during the long, cold winter.

Indeed, the winter was long and cold. Our house was not insulated and ice forming on the inside of the windows would not disappear until spring. The house was heated with a wood stove and on many occasions the fire would go out during the night. By morning ice had formed in the water bucket. Early in the winter clothes would arrive from Eatons via the mail order system, so that everyone could be outfitted for the cold weather.

The winters were cold, yes, but then there was an aspect of friendship within the community which had a warming effect overall. I can so well remember neighbors, who would visit, driving into the farm yard with their sleighs and horses and then spending the weekend at our house.

Preparing for Christmas is another early recollection, and to Mother and Dad it seemed to be an emotional time of year. No doubt, they were thinking of their homeland, and the Christmases they had spent with friends and relatives.

While I can recall some of my forefathers — Grandfather and Grandmother Horbay, Grandfather and Grandmother Fedeyko, it is Grandmother Fedeyko whom I best recall. She visited with us on the farm in 1937, and unfortunately contracted pneumonia and died — one of my earliest recollections of the inevitableness of life. We must all leave at some time or another.

My early years in school were spent at Wembley School, a little one room affair which housed up to 30 students, and which had the habit of being filled with smoke during the winter when the furnace was not stoked properly. Whatever the education may have been in those days, some of it must have stuck, because I progressed through public school, high school, and eventually to university in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. A degree of Bachelor of Science and Agriculture was obtained, which no doubt influenced prospective employers in terms of offering a job.

While going to university (1945-9), I spent three

summers in the army taking officers training. Two of these were spent at Camp Shilo, Manitoba, and one summer at Picton, in Ontario. The end result was a commission in the army, as Lieutenant.

During this time, the Korean war was developing and some of my friends in the COTC (Canadian Officers Training Corps) offered their services. Unfortunately not all of them survived.

While going to university, I stayed at Mohyla Ukrainian Institute for the first two years, and thoroughly enjoyed participating in the Ukrainian choir, learning how to read and write in Ukrainian, and taking Ukrainian dance lessons. I must admit my dancing abilities did not earn any awards; however, I'm sure some Ukrainian culture did stick.



1949, Paul Fedeyko, Graduate, University of Saskatchewan, B.Sc. in Agriculture.

After graduating from university I went to Toronto to find useful employment. In somewhat rapid succession, I worked for Massey Harris (for three years), Case (for one year) then went back to Western Canada to work for a university classmate of mine, in a trucking endeavor. Unfortunately this endeavor didn't work out that well, so in 1955 I was employed by John Deere Limited. During my travels, I met my wife to be, and in November 1957 Claire and I were married. Our first residence was a little basement apartment in Stettler, Alberta. We then moved, through a John Deere transfer, to Vernon, B.C. in October of 1958.

We lived in Vernon for a year and then in Prince George, B.C. for a year. From Prince George, we were transferred to Vancouver where we spent five years in this beautiful coastal city. During these years, our son Michael was born (December 1958) with Mary Ann arriving in January of 1960. Our youngest daughter, Nancy, was born in October 1965, at which time we were moved from Vancouver



1958, Standing, L-R: Paul and Claire Fedeyko, Mary Paulson, John and Alice Fedeyko, Ron and Doug in front.

to Calgary. After living for two years in Calgary we then moved to Edmonton for three years, and subsequently Burlington, Ontario where we now reside.

The years have gone by very quickly. Our eldest daughter, Mary Ann, is now articling with a law firm and will be a full-fledged lawyer by August of 1985. Nancy is presently in Europe, on a Rotary Exchange Program, going to school in a little town called Liege, Belgium.

Michael is working, despite the difficult economic times and unemployment situations, and is happy in his endeavor.

Time has flown by swiftly. My sister, Stepania, died in the spring of 1983. My parents are long since deceased, my wife's parents have passed away, and time seems to be gaining momentum. Nevertheless, life has been good. Our children are healthy and happy, I have a good job, and we live in a comfortable home.

We are not looking forward to our family reunion in July of 1985

Claire Fedeyko

I was born Margaret Claire Tannian on November 12, 1933 in Calgary, Alberta, the youngest of 4 children, to Mary and Michael Tannian, Irish immigrants who came to Canada to start a new life. Although materially speaking we were poor, our life was rich in day to day living. We grew up among neighbors who, of course, lived under similar circumstances and because of this, we were a closely knit group. Our vacations and entertainment all took place within a six block radius. We skated on the neighborhood rink, played baseball and went tobog-

ganing in the nearby fields. Perhaps, however, the most unique part of the neighborhood was the "Tannian Garage". Although we never had a family car, we were blessed by having in our backyard a huge garage (huge by the standards of those years). The garage was more like a barn and was the setting for countless carnivals, miniature Stampedes and Broadway-like extravaganzas (or so we thought). The cost of admissions to these productions was, for some reason, ten nails. The signs on telephone poles proclaiming another Show — Admission Ten Nails, was well known in the neighborhood and even today when we get together with former neighbors, reminiscing about our "Show Business Days" highlights our conversation. And try as we might, we are still unable to determine whatever became of all "the nails". And although our "cast" included talented tap dancers, singers, and even a violinist, for some reason none of them ever became famous in that particular field.

My school days were similar to most people — I enjoyed the two mile walk to and from school each day. When the temperature dropped extremely low we were given street car tickets but for the most part we walked and during those walks, plotted and planned many wonderful things most of which never came to be but were exciting to think about. Perhaps one reason that my imagination was so active was The Library Trips. Long before I started school I was taken at least every second week to the Public Library by my Mother who loved reading and also loved reading to her children. And, as usual, our form of transportation was our feet. This walk was probably five miles each way but we had our favorite resting places along the way, the swings in one park, just a patch of grass somewhere else and always, the reward at the end — a new book.

Church picnics, birthday parties, but the two biggest days of the year, the Stampede Parade and Kiddies Day at the Stampede were the highlights in those days.

As time went on and I progressed from grade school to High School and Brownies to Guides changes were also taking place within my family. My brother Jim who had served a brief stint in the Air Force and Army near the end of the war, left for University in Ottawa, only returning home during the summer. My sister Phil who had tired of life in Calgary was invited by an Aunt in New York to try life in the big city. Her stay there was to last five years and as the economy of the times dictated, she wasn't able to come home again during that time. However, she benefitted from that trip by furthering her education, and on returning to Calgary had her pick of many different jobs.

It was during that time as well that my beloved Dad died at the young age of fifty-two after two years of suffering. I was only fourteen at the time, so it was an extreme blow — I had lost a wonderful, lovable friend and the neighbors had lost a caring friend, for my Dad's association with the St. John's Ambulance Society had resulted in him stitching many a laceration in our kitchen that had occurred during local hockey and lacrosse games. His ample vegetable garden, which took up two city lots, as well as his love of hunting, had provided food for those who were more needy than ourselves, as well as the Nuns who taught in our school.

For the next few years our family consisted of my Mother, my sister Nan and myself — quite a change from the early years. I thoroughly enjoyed High School, was very involved in most extra-curricular activities ranging from sports, cheerleading, year-book editing and Student's Union. I also belonged to an organization called Sat-Teen Club which was made up of members from all the different High Schools in the city and because of this I had friends in all parts of the city many of whom I still am in contact with today. Saturdays and school vacations found me toiling away behind the counters of Woolworth's Five and Dime Store helping to defray the cost of my education. I felt rather sad when High School Days were over but I soon started work with Calgary Power and enjoyed life there as well. It was a fairly large company and because of this had many employee's outside activities. Curling, Bowling and Baseball filled the evenings and weekends and once a year for the Annual Company Banquet a group of us would get together and present a skit or some form of entertainment — so my early days of "Theatrics" in the family garage were being further developed. It was about this time as well that my sister Phil moved back to Calgary and we three sisters have many fond memories of escapades together, including a few Grey Cup Trips — by train — to Toronto and Vancouver. One thing that became an annual event in our household was the St. Patrick's Day Party — something my Mother looked forward to each year. It's hard to imagine how so many people were able to fit into our small home but nobody ever wanted to miss that event. It was a challenge to be able to get to work the next day but most of us seemed somehow to manage.

It was during that time as well that we three girls and our brother presented our Mother with the fare for a trip back to Ireland. It was a carefully guarded secret and Mom was absolutely dumbfounded that Christmas Eve following Midnight Mass when she opened the "Dress Box" and discovered the contents. The following May she left by Boat for a return

trip after an absence of over thirty years and spent five wonderful months seeing old friends and family and visiting places so fondly remembered.

During my working years I socialized with many people and one of my friends asked me one Fateful Friday if I would be interested in a "Blind Date" with a friend of her boyfriend. I wasn't too keen — I had made plans to go to a movie with some girlfriends and blind dates usually never were that great — but by the time my friend finished describing this "fellow" I was convinced that God was walking the earth again and I agreed to go. And so it was that I met Paul and within less than a year my life was to take a new turn. On November 30, 1957 — on a Grey Cup Day — Hamilton vs Winnipeg — Paul and I were married in St. Anne's Catholic Church in Calgary. As we left the Church and headed for our reception — it seemed as if all the guests were turning on their radios to hear the Grey Cup proceedings. Even the Priest seemed in a hurry to get the job done and get on his way.

We started our nuptial bliss, after a Honeymoon in Seattle, in a basement suite in somebody's home in Stettler, Alberta. Paul travelled most of the week and we spent the weekends travelling to either Calgary or Edmonton and sometimes we would go ice-fishing at a nearby pond. I don't remember ever catching anything but I'm sure the same fish went swimming by each time with a grin on his face!

After a year in Stettler we were transferred to Vernon, B.C. Our few possessions were shipped in an almost coffin-like box. As it was carried outside, the lady upstairs looked at it somewhat apprehensively — she seemed somewhat relieved when I appeared upstairs to say goodbye. Our year in Vernon was rather an eventful one because during our Christmas Vacation — while visiting Calgary — I gave birth to Michael John on December 26, 1958, in Holy Cross Hospital. The day we returned from the hospital, New Year's Eve, was a warm balmy spring-like day but by evening a blizzard was raging — so typical of Calgary's unpredictable winters.

It was great returning to Vernon with that new precious bundle and showing him off to our neighbors and friends. And with the help of a book of instructions (I can never care for anything without a book of instructions) and consulting with our neighbor, a Public Health nurse, I soon became rather adept at changing diapers and all the other aspects of Motherhood!

We enjoyed day to day life in Vernon and watching Michael's progress, in our minds the brightest child ever born. We invested in a small boat and spent many weekends fishing in the nearby lakes, with Michael enjoying the view safely tucked in his carbed in the boat.

Almost a year to the day of our arrival in Vernon, we were transferred to Prince George. I was beginning to feel like a world traveller, hitting all the high spots. We spent a few days in a motel while we looked for accommodation. The pickins were lean in Prince George in 1959 and we finally located a one bedroom apartment which we were soon to outgrow because once again while we were on Christmas Vacation in Calgary another Fedeyko was born — Mary Anne — on January 6, 1960 — also in Holy Cross Hospital where the Maternity Ward Nurses remembered me from the previous hasty trip! And again it was great to return to our home with another delightful bundle to show off to newly acquired friends. We soon located a two bedroom duplex which was shared by a young couple from California, Bob and Audrey Doan, who also had two children and who were truly a Godsend to me in those days as Paul was constantly away and our neighbors were the only source of adult company I had during the week. On weekends the Doans and ourselves shared many dinners together and during the warm weather we managed to go on a few picnics fighting off the dreadful blackflies that were native to that area!

That year flew by so quickly — I covered much of the city of Prince George by foot wheeling the two kiddies around everyday. Once again in October 1960 we were again transferred — this time to North Surrey, B.C. This move was rather exciting as it involved the purchase of our first house, a lovely little home with a delightful view of the Fraser River. It really was a thrill for me, watching the big boats — I never tired of it. Once again we were fortunate to have great neighbors who soon became warm friends. Although the winters seemed long and dreary and there was no snow for little people to play in — during the warm weather there was a multitude of places to take them and we spent many happy hours and days at the many beaches, parks and mountains of The Lower Mainland. Having grown up in landlocked Calgary, I always felt the kids were fortunate to be able to spend so much time frolicking on the beaches and in the water and of course they never tired of it and at a very young age, they became very comfortable in the water. Long walks were almost a daily routine for the three of us, in fact once a week we trudged two miles to the bus which took us to Mother's Day Out at the family Y in New Westminster. Mike and Mary Anne were kept busy with crafts and games and I was free to participate in exercise classes and swim lessons. It was a day we all enjoyed, highlighted by a shared popsicle on the long walk home.

While living there we had many trips to Seattle to

visit Stephania and Howard and their family and enjoyed being able to share several Easter and Thanksgiving holidays with relatives. The kids actually did much travelling in those days, taking the train through the Rogers Pass was a great treat — one which they enjoyed at least a half dozen times on their annual trip to visit Grandparents in Calgary and North Battleford. Our many trips by Ferry to Vancouver Island also provide pleasant memories.

As the kids grew, time seemed to move more quickly and before long Michael started school. He seemed so grown up at the time and was quite excited about the whole idea. It was also rather sad, however, as he and Mary Anne had been such close friends and enjoyed doing things together. I was concerned about the separation but things went rather smoothly. Mary Anne played with others on the street whose older siblings had also gone off to school and Mike would bring his new “school friends” home to meet his “little sister” and they would all have a great time together. I think the highlight of Mike’s days in grade one was Sport’s Day when he and his partner won all the events and his sweatshirt was covered from top to bottom with red-ribbons. Looking back I think he first developed this speed one day when we were out strawberry picking and he came across his first snake. You’ve never seen anyone move so quickly through a strawberry patch. The summer of 1965 was the hottest we had ever experienced while living in B.C. We spent every hour we could cooling off at the Beach — a good thing we did because it was to be our last summer in North Surrey.

We had two changes that year — our family grew once more. Nancy was born October 12, 1965 in North Surrey Hospital and while I was there Paul brought me the news that we had been transferred to Calgary. I didn’t know if I was happy or sad, for, although I was returning to my Hometown, it was difficult leaving a place after five years — our neighbors had become such close friends and had been so kind over the years.

Bringing Nancy home from the hospital was a special treat because she had a big brother and sister so anxious to see her. It was fun walking quietly by her room and seeing either one or both of them peering in at her and watching her every move.

By the time she was one month old we moved to Calgary. Mike was in grade 2 and Mary Anne became a very efficient Mother’s helper. She scurried around getting things ready for Nancy’s bath and loved giving her a bottle. Mike enjoyed his new school and did very well there. He soon became very busy with cubs and hockey. I enjoyed having my family nearby, so they could see the kids grow. My Mother was happy to finally see one of her grand-

children grow from babyhood and enjoyed hearing about Mary Anne and Michael’s day to day episodes as well as help them to celebrate birthdays, dress-up for Halloween and observe other important occasions. And it was fun too, getting together with friends from high school days and swapping child-rearing stories as well as reminiscing about the “good old days” long before marriage and Motherhood.

During 1967, Canada’s Centennial year, Calgary had their first Miles for Million’s March, a twenty-five mile walk through the city. Each participant was sponsored for a certain amount per mile with the proceeds to go to charity. Michael and Mary Anne were anxious to join the other kids on the street. The boys thought that perhaps Mary Anne was too small but she assured them that she was indeed capable of the challenge. I thought it seemed like a good idea, after all they had proven themselves to be good little walkers and I was sure that they would be able to cover a few miles anyway and then return home. I was quite surprised, therefore, when one of my neighbors reported that the kids were seen at the six mile checkpoint still going strong. As the day progressed, however, I became a little concerned and was extremely relieved when they came bouncing in the door having completed the entire twenty-five miles and full of energy. That was the first of many twenty-five mile marches they were to take within the next few years — not bad for a couple of seven and eight year old kids.

One of the highlights of our annual trips to the farm were lightning and thunder storms. The kids never had seen lightning in B.C. and the few electric storms they had seen in Calgary were rather calm compared to the Saskatchewan variety, so it was quite a thrill for them that night in July of 1966 while they were sleeping outside in the tent with Doug and Ron, when the lightning struck John’s telephone and the thunder gave a mighty clap. I don’t remember who moved the fastest — John running outside to rescue them, or the kids running inside to be rescued! As well as frequent visits to North Battleford and the farm, our leisure time in Calgary was spent either picnicing in the summer — our favorite place was Happy Valley — they had two huge swimming pools that we all loved — and tobogganing and skating in the winter. I don’t think we’ll ever forget the year the Cub’s Father and Son Father’s Day picnic brunch was cancelled because of a snow storm so typical of Calgary’s unpredictable weather!

After only two years in Calgary, Paul was transferred to Edmonton — quite a blow to a native Calgarian, but it really didn’t turn out to be too bad after all. Several friends were transferred there at the

same time, most of whom lived in the same general area. Mike was now in grade four and Mary Anne in grade two. Nancy had just turned two and was ready to take on the world. Many of the people moving into our area were young couples with small children and as our yard was the first one on the street to be landscaped and fenced it soon became the gathering place for neighborhood children. Nancy loved to instigate games, her favorite ones pertaining to horseback riding (imaginary horses, of course) and to ride a horse successfully one requires a whip. Nancy, always being resourceful, supplied whips for everyone on the street by snapping the branches from Paul's newly planted tree on the front lawn. Paul's homecoming that week was one that was feared by all! Surprisingly, the tree survived and so did Paul! Mike and Mary Anne became busy with many extra-curricular activities once again — Mike with hockey, cubs and baseball and Mary Anne with piano, skating, Brownies and baseball. Because we had moved into a new subdivision there was a shortage of Brownie Leaders and, as I had been a Guide Leader for several years I volunteered my services and became a Tawny Owl. I thoroughly enjoyed working with such an enthusiastic group of youngsters. The lady with whom I worked, the Brown Owl, was a fairly recent arrival from Switzerland with a fair bit of artistic ability and I found it rather interesting that it was she who taught me how to color Ukrainian Easter Eggs. She had enlisted one of the Brownie's Mothers to teach us the art. Mike, Mary Anne and I decided to do some at home and, although they were rather amateur productions, we were all quite pleased with the results. Our Saturdays were hectic in those years for, after taking the kids to their morning swim lessons, we then would deliver Mary Anne to the downtown Art Gallery for Art Lessons and Mike to a hockey game or practice as well as work in a trip to the Library which the kids really looked forward to as both Mike and Mary Anne were becoming avid readers and Nancy, too enjoyed looking through books. Nancy and I would join our neighbor once a week for a day out at the Y. The kids would all get together in the pool and Nancy, of course, took to the water like a duck and wasn't too happy when it was time to get out.

We all took advantage of Edmonton's lovely parks, skating and tobogganing at Mayfair and Emily Murphy park in the winter and picnicing most summer weekends. Mike and Mary Anne enjoyed the Park's summer school program and spent most of their days there becoming especially proficient at tether ball.

It was in Edmonton as well that Mike and Mary Anne first became wage earners for, being the oldest

offspring on the street, and having looked after their young sisters many times, they were eagerly sought after as baby sitters and soon began to feel financially independent! Our three years in Edmonton went by very quickly. We suffered a loss during that time as my beloved Mother died as the result of a car accident in February 1970. It was particularly tragic as it meant that the children no longer had any living grandparents which is a sad way for children to grow up. However, because we had spent five years living in Calgary and Edmonton it had provided the kids much more opportunity to spend time with their Grandma and we were grateful for that time together and have fond memories of Christmases, Easters and Thanksgivings spent together.

Our Edmonton stay ended in November 1970 with Paul's transfer to Burlington, Ontario which, at the time, seemed like moving to the other end of the earth. However, after a horrendous train trip here, during which everyone but Paul became extremely ill, we soon decided that our stay here would be a happy one as Burlington is truly a picturesque and clean city and so close to many interesting places. The many recreational facilities have made it a great place in which to raise a family and how our family has taken advantage of those facilities! We were fortunate to move into a home within walking distance of so many amenities. All three of the kids continued their swimming lessons and became involved with a multitude of activities. Mike was now in Boy Scouts, Mary Anne had "flown-up" to Guides and Nancy started Kindergarten — only half days — which still gave her time in the mornings to explore the nearby creeks and parks of our neighborhood. Her "exploration outfit" consisted of a somewhat much worse-for-the-wear hand-me-down stetson which had seen far too many Grey Cup Games and a tattered denim jacket, patched blue jeans and a beat-up knapsack. No wonder one neighbor referred to her as "The Apparition".

As Nancy progressed from kindergarten to grade one it meant that I now had the day to myself and it wasn't long before "People" became aware of this. By "People" I mean those who are involved with numerous volunteer groups who are looking for new blood. Before long my days were all taken up. Through the CWL at Church I became involved with an Audio Visual group — testing ears and eyes of Nursery School-aged children, volunteered in the School Library, assisted Mentally Retarded Children with swimming as well as working with them in the class rooms, and worked as an Area Chairman with The Heart Fund. I enjoy each one of these activities and have met some great people who are both interesting and fun to work with. I also joined a social

group — Newcomers — and through this organization have become involved with curling, golf and an Amateur Drama Group, twelve women who, although extroverts, are warm and caring friends. Our gatherings not only involve preparing humorous skits, but also a place where we are able to share and discuss our problems, be they large or small and so, is in effect, a type of inexpensive “therapy”. The Burlington Y has also provided me with many hours of “Fitness and Fun”.

Living in Burlington meant that we were within a fifteen minute drive from my brother Jim and his wife Marian in Mississauga so we have, over the years, been able to share many picnics, birthdays, Christmases and other festive occasions with them as well as just get together for ordinary visits sharing both the good times and sometimes the “not so good” times when family support is so beneficial. My sister Nan has also spent many vacations with us and has enjoyed taking part in numerous family gatherings. In our new “Eastern” location we decided to spend our vacations seeing new country — we weren’t sure in the beginning how long we would be living here and so, that first summer, we drove to Kingston, Montreal along the St. Lawrence to Quebec City, showing the kids where history was made. From Quebec City we took a Ferry to Maine where we found a lovely Motel in Portland. That particular day was so pleasant and warm we decided to pick up a few groceries and have our dinner picnic style in a local park. By the time we were settled it was near dusk so we turned the car lights on while we “set” our table. We were about to “dig in” when a couple of fellows came strolling by, said “Hello folks, nice evening isn’t it” and continued on their way. Shortly after, two local policemen drove up — asked if we had seen anybody go by and then told us “to clear the area”. They were no sooner by us when suddenly they started firing their guns. Needless to say our picnic table was very quickly “unset”, our belongings thrown hap-hazardly into the trunk and we five “bodies” scrambled into the car. Once inside the car, the kids and I were anxious to head back to the safety of our Motel but Paul wanted to remain there to see the “outcome”. However, sanity soon prevailed and we did scurry back to our lodgings. In spite of our first experience in that area, we found the New England States both beautiful and interesting and made a few more trips there in the years that followed.

Our first winter in Burlington the kids signed up for ski lessons. As they became competent we started spending the Sundays of Winter skiing at various locations throughout Central Ontario and Western New York and discovered that the area surrounding

us was as scenic — if not more so — in winter as in the summer. The ski vacation which will probably be best remembered is the Christmas one we took to Stowe, Vermont — it seemed as if the entire area was a Christmas Card come to life. And, at that time, the steep hills and long runs represented quite a challenge to the kids.

As the kids became more self-sufficient it meant that Paul and I felt we were now able to take vacations on our own and we have enjoyed trips to the Bahamas, Barbados, and Spain. Our favorite trip to the Bahamas, however, was the year we took the kids to Freeport. Having boarded the plane in Toronto on a rather blustery March evening, it was a unique experience for them to step out into a warm balmy Bahamian morning described so aptly by Nancy, as “creamy”.



1983, Paul and Claire Fedeyko with children, Michael, Mary Anne and Nancy.

We decided that because the kids were approaching “young adulthood” that we should take a family trip out West once again and so, in August 1975, we drove out, picking Mike up enroute at Parry Sound where he had been employed during the summer. It was a long drive but one we all enjoyed for we all saw parts of Canada that were new to us and it was a treat to visit relatives and the farm once again. I think the highlight of this trip was joining Alice, John, Ron and Doug on a camping trip to Waskesiu. The “older folk” shared the camper, the boys shared the tent and Nancy and Mary Anne slept in the car. We were treated to a “hair raising” boat trip and Mike braved the frigid waters to do a little water-skiing. For some reason Mary Anne will never be allowed to forget the ice-cream cone that Mike bought for her.

Of all the places we have ever lived, I think that I

George the Sixth, *by the Grace of God,
of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas King,
Defender of the Faith &c*

*To Our Trusty and well beloved Paul Fedeyko Greetings
We, reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Fidelity, Courage and good Conduct
do by these Presents Constitute and Appoint you to be an Officer in Our Canadian Army
from the First day of October 1949 You are therefore carefully
and diligently to discharge your Duty as such in the Rank of Lieutenant or in
such other Rank as We may from time to time hereafter be pleased to promote or appoint you to of
which a notification will be made in the Canada Gazette, or in such other manner as may for
the time being be prescribed by Us in Council, and you are in such manner and on such occasions as may
be prescribed by Us to exercise and well discipline in Arms, both the inferior Officers, and Men
serving under you and use your best endeavours to keep them in good Order and Discipline.
And We do hereby Command them to Obey you as their superior Officer and you to observe and
follow such Orders and Directions as from time to time you shall receive from Us, or any your
superior Officer according to Law, in pursuance of the Trust hereby reposed in you*

*In Witness Whereof Our Governor General of Canada
hath hereunto set his hand and Seal at Our Government House in the City of Ottawa
this Tenth day of April in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand
Nine Hundred and Fifty and in the Fourth
Year of Our Reign*

St Paul Fedeyko

*The Royal Canadian Artillery
Canadian Army*

By Command of His Excellency The Governor General

Arthur Meighen

Minister of National Defence

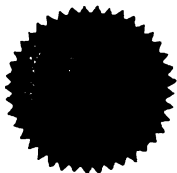


We the Chancellor, the President, the Dean of the Faculty of Agriculture and the Registrar of the Senate of the University of Saskatchewan hereby certify that

Paul Fedeyko

having fulfilled all the requirements, was admitted by the Senate of this University to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture with all the privileges, prerogatives and rights pertaining to that degree.

In witness whereof we have hereto subscribed our names and affixed the seal of the University at Saskatoon this twelfth day of May in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-nine.



*P. Hedley Auld LL.D. Chancellor
James S. Thomson M.A., D.D., LL.D. President
Victor E. Graham, B.Sc., M.Sc., Ph.D. Dean
Archibald R. Kerr B.A. Registrar*

shall consider Burlington always as “home”. For it was here that the metamorphosis of our family has taken place. The children have developed from adolescents to teen-agers to adults while we were located here. They were fortunate to attend schools that fostered their developments in many areas for, as well as providing a formal education, they were encouraged to take part in sports, public speaking and other organizations outside of school and I’m sure that these involvements have played a large part in what they have each become. Then, too, they have all encouraged each other in trying different pursuits — Mike encouraged each of the girls to take part in Speech Contests in which they both did very well. Mary Anne encouraged Mike to join the Track Club at High School where they shared the same circle of friends and when Nancy reached High School, they both felt that she would add to and benefit from the Track and Swim Teams. Mary Anne and Nancy’s experience with swim teams resulted in both of them becoming lifeguards and swim instructors for the city while Mike’s part time jobs have been varied, from yardwork to painting to handyman until he was hired part time by Brewer’s Retail.

As a young man just entering High School, Mike knew that he would like to pursue a career in Business Management and, after concentrating on the subjects pertaining to that field in High School, he enrolled in Business Administration at Mohawk College in Hamilton. Following his graduation from there, he was hired full time by Brewer’s Retail.

Mary Anne’s interests swung from Medicine to Law but by the time she entered the University of Western Ontario she had decided that Law was to be her chosen field and she graduated from that Faculty in May 1983.

At this time of writing, 1984, Nancy’s future is still ahead of her but because of her various experiences and involvements, no doubt it will be an interesting and productive one.

Sometimes a sense of sadness and nostalgia overcomes me when I think of the days we were all here together but I realize that is Life following its course. Then I enjoy a feeling of contentment when I realize that we will never really be apart for our family has a strong sense of loyalty to each other and I look forward to our gatherings when their great senses of humour and of good fun will ensure another warm occasion.

Mary Anne Fedeyko

I was born on January 6, 1960 in Calgary, Alberta to Claire (nee Tannian) and Paul Fedeyko. Mom and Dad weren’t living in Calgary at the time — they

1983, Mary Anne Fedeyko, Graduate, University of Western Ontario.



were just visiting over the Christmas holidays — but I think Mom was probably happy to seem me born in her home town!

The first place I really remember living is Vancouver. Vancouver was a place where Mom would take Mike and I for long walks every day. Vancouver was also a place where the whole family would go to the beach (and usually get burnt to a crisp!) I think the long walks inspired my love of the outdoors and the beaches developed my enthusiasm for the water.

Vancouver is also memorable in my mind for the huge salmon Dad would bring home after a fishing trip and the delicious filets that Dad would barbecue. As to whether Dad actually **caught** the fish — now that’s a good question!!

Right from the start Mom inspired us to be interested in reading. She’d read books to us every night



1961, Mike and Mary Anne Fedeyko.

before bed. Later, when we could read for ourselves, visiting the library became a weekly ritual — we'd always finish our books so that we could get a new batch of them on our next visit to the library!

Calgary was next on our list of places to live. Just before moving there our little sister was born. I was proud to help pick her name — Nancy Margaret — I thought it was a spunky name, and Nancy has certainly lived up to it!

I started Grade 1 at St. Augustines in Calgary. I really liked school — probably because I was almost 6½ years old before I started and was ready for some real learning! I also started swimming lessons in Calgary — Mike and I would hop on a bus and take our lessons in a backyard pool — I loved it!

I think we all enjoyed living in Calgary. It was especially nice that Grandma Tannian and Aunt Nan lived there at the time — it was a treat having relatives in the same city.

Our next stop was Edmonton. We had a couple of very cold winters there and we always had to bundle up! But Edmonton was a great place to go skating and we had a few family winter barbecues — a nice way to get some fresh air!!

While we were in Edmonton I decided to join Brownies. Unfortunately the local group was “full”. However, when Mom offered to assist and be a Brownie leader they managed to find a spot for me — thanks to Mom — but I think it was fun for both of us!

Our summers in the west often involved family barbecues (I think its one of Dad's favorite events!) and numerous “road trips”. We always had great summer holidays and travelled all over the country. Some of our travels led us to the Fedeykos in Saskatchewan. I never really knew Grandad Fedeyko, but I remember visiting Grandma Fedeyko. She always had a great garden in the backyard, and she'd let me sneak samples of her vegetables. I'd try to learn a few Ukrainian words from her — and I think I mastered a few (but not very many!!)

A visit to the Fedeyko farm was a highlight in our holidays. I remember being amazed at how tiny the original farmhouse was and thinking how funny it was that there was a dirt cellar in the house!! Our cousins Ronnie and Doug would tromp through the fields with us and catch gophers, Uncle John would let us “help” round up the cattle, and every once in a while we'd get to go for a ride on “Buck” (the horse who didn't). Aunt Alice inspired my interest in the piano — I took lessons and still love to play but I don't think I'll ever match her natural ability!

Every once in a while we'd see Aunt Stella — either at the farm or, once, in Seattle. She always struck me as a very fashionable fun-loving lady!

We moved to Burlington, Ontario when I was in

grade 5, and I started school at St. Raphael's. The first year I was there I started public speaking in classroom competitions — I enjoyed it and the next year I participated in the school competition. With some great assistance from my family and lots of encouragement from my journalist Uncle, Jim Tannian, I was quite successful and managed to qualify for some further competitions. This was, perhaps, a hint of where I'd end up!!

The family living behind us in Burlington was Ukrainian, and in conjunction with them we celebrated Christmas in the traditional Ukrainian manner. When they moved away we made the serving of traditional Ukrainian food part of our annual “Boxing Day” party — which is, in a few words, always fun for all our friends and family who are there. Aunt Marion and Uncle Jim Tannian attend when they are in the vicinity — and Marion is often the hit of the party (although Mike often manages to steal the show — it being his birthday and a time to celebrate!)

I kept up my swimming in Burlington and eventually became a lifeguard and then a swimming instructor — a great source of summer income and fun! The greatest fun was probably being part of the Burlington lifeguard team. A group of us would hop on our bikes early in the morning before work and ride to a city pool for early morning training. The real benefit was being able to travel all over the province from competition to competition and meet lifeguards from cities all over Ontario.

I went to high school at Nelson High. I was very involved in most high school activities, including track and field, cross-country running and cross-country skiing and, of course, swimming. I was honoured to win the outstanding female athlete award in grade 12 — in my view I probably wasn't really outstanding but I tried my hand at everything!! I was also honoured to win the top all-round female at the end of high school for athletics and scholarship.

I decided to go to University at the University of Western Ontario in London, Ontario, partly because I won a scholarship there (which would definitely assist my financial situation!!) It was a good decision — Western has a beautiful campus, good programs in every discipline, and an endless variety of ways to have fun.

While at Western I joined the University swim team, and found out what training really meant! Training and travelling with the team was a great way to break up studying time.

I lived in residence (Delaware Hall) for the first two years of University and helped organize the social events through participation on the social committee. I met some very good people in residence who will be my friends for many years.

After second year University Nancy, my sister, convinced me to try running the annual Burlington Road Race with her — a mere (in Nancy's words) 15 miles. We made it and now thanks to Nancy it has become an annual event, and I've become an avid running fan, making it a daily event.



1981, Mary Anne and Nancy Fedeyko. Nancy winner of a 15 mile race "women under 18 division".

The summer of that first road-race I went to Trois-Pistoles in Quebec for a french immersion course. I lived with a french family and really learned the language, as well as the way of life of a rural french family.

The next year I started law school at Western. I lived in a house with four other girls — summer barbecues were a favorite activity, as was visiting the "Ceeps" and having Mike and his friends down to London for a visit.

I got involved in a number of activities during my three years in the law school — student politics, ladies hockey, and mooting, which involves arguing a hypothetical court of appeal case before a panel of real judges. I was fairly successful in mooting and was picked to be on the team that represented the school at the "Canadian Championships" in Montreal. My participation in all these activities made law school a great experience and probably assisted in my earning the Dean Ivan Rand Award at the end of third year law for leadership and academics.

I had a variety of interesting summer jobs while I was in law school. One summer I worked at a Legal Aid Clinic in London, assisting in criminal law and domestic cases. Another summer I lived in Toronto

and worked in the law department at Texaco, assisting in corporate and tax matters. What a contrast!

At the end of law school I took the summer off and travelled through Europe — largely by bicycle — with a good girlfriend of mine. I was definitely hit by the travel bug, and I'm looking forward to another trip sometime — hopefully in the not too distant future!!

I decided to practice law in Calgary — some of my relatives think my roots are "calling me home" — but it just seemed to me to offer the best opportunity for a young lawyer (especially one who likes to ski!!) It also helped to know that I'd have friends and relatives in the city. So now, here I am, having just finished a year of articling, about to be called to the Bar (August 29, 1984) and truly enjoying living in Calgary. And although I'm a long way from Burlington I look forward to the visits I'll make — every time I visit home, Mike, without fail, makes me laugh so hard I have to cry, Nancy's always available to do something sporty and Mom and Dad are just fun to visit. I'm also looking forward to more fun and adventure in my career, meeting more fun and interesting people and just enjoying life as one should!!



1983, "Western News" clipping: Dean Philip Slayton congratulates Mary Anne Fedeyko, winner of the Malcolm J. McKinnon Award which is presented to the first year student who exemplifies the spirit that law school offers not only a legal education but also an opportunity to grow and develop into concerned individuals. Law students vs alumni: Law students squared off against the alumni last Friday in the first annual Alumni-Student Moot Competition. Third-year Law student Mary Ann Fedeyko emerged as top overall mooter after competing against George Grant ('76), top alumni mooter. The Jessup Moot team of Bev Behan, Scott Watson, Sher Singh and Ms. Fedeyko competed against an alumni team consisting of Doug McDowell ('63), Donald Taliano ('64), Kathy de Jong ('80), and Mr. Grant. The legal case argued whether a section of the Narcotics Control Act violates the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. The Jessup team is preparing for the Jessup Moot in Montreal, March 3-5. Western News, Jan 27/83.

Nancy Margaret Fedeyko



1970, "The Musical Group" — Michael, Nancy and Mary Anne Fedeyko.

It was a pleasant day on October 12th, 1965 on which I was born in North Surrey, B.C. This was the beginning of an eventful life, the first portion of which was a move at the age of 1 month to the city of Calgary, where my Father was relocated to work for John Deere. At the tender age of one year I made my debut as a model (photographers were Paul Fedeyko and relatives). From then on I went to become some sort of a geologist wandering down the streets of Calgary at Grandmother's side picking up and carefully examining every single pebble and stone in sight. Much to my Grandmother's relief I soon gave up this profession and went on to the arts, the medium being coloring books or any scrap of paper available, using any color of crayon.

Skipping on in years, I was just four, I joined a musical band along with my older brother, Michael (who was also talented both on the piano and the castanets) and my older sister, Mary Ann, who specialized on the recorder and Donald Duck guitar. I was critically acclaimed as well for my performance on both the Donald Duck guitar and the drums (which looked amazingly similar to toy tins and lego boxes).

Not too long after this it was off to the rodeo. My trusty steed in the back yard would never wander



1967, Grandma Fedeyko with Michael, Mary Anne and Nancy Fedeyko.

much farther than the back road, and it was a sad day when he had to be retired and went to the great rocking horse stable in the sky.

It was a little before Christmas of 1970 that my family and I took that hard to forget train ride from Edmonton to my new and more permanent home in Burlington, Ontario. Yes, gone were the days of tetherball in the back yard. Now was the time for maturity. So, mature as I was, I put on my jean jacket, black baseball cap, and green boy scout knapsack (which my brother had previously retired). I trekked out to the streets of Burlington, making it past two houses, and finally stopping at the third where I made my first friend of Burlington. Many an adventure we would have travelling the world without having to leave the safety of our own backyard. We would climb any tree or cross any creek that dared inhibit our trail. But the highlight of every week was Sunday. My appetite would suddenly swell; after having a full meal at our home, I would stroll over to my friend's (who had not eaten) and inform them that "why no, I have not eaten yet" thereby mooching my second dinner of the day.

First exotic trip was down to Myrtle Beach in North Carolina. I can remember my family bought me a beautiful beach hat inscribed with the letters SOB, with my brother telling me the letters stood for 'south of the border'.

At the age of seven I became more serious about a musical career and started into piano lessons. Many a time did I think of abandoning this career, but persevered until I reached the age of 17.

By the age of seven I was well into skiing, with my Mother close behind. Not on her skis mind you. Since I was just a beginner, a tow ticket was out of the question. Mother would carry the skis up the hill and run down behind me as I "snow plowed" and fell my way into the joys of skiing.



1973, Michael, Mary Anne, Claire and Nancy Fedeyko. Mount St. Louis, Ontario.

Also blossoming was a career of speech making. This was an annual event at my school, Saint Raphaels. I would always enter, and through some good fortune, won in grades 3, 5, and 6.

Also around this time was a commencement of my camping days. This was done through the wonderful world of Brownies and Guiding. I always loved the outdoors and camping. This led to canoe trips and finally a job as a life guard at the very same camp which I first attended.

I always loved horses, and was extremely pleased to find that my Uncle, John Fedeyko, in Saskatchewan owned a horse. Buck, the horses name, occupied every waking moment there. This wild steed, who by then was probably blind and deaf, was carefully guided by the skilled hands of Nancy (Annie Oakley) Fedeyko.

Many riding adventures followed. One in particular being a night ride at a farm not too far from the camp where I worked when I was 15. Hopping an electric fence I showed my friends the finer points of riding. This was quickly ended by a bull who insisted on my departure from the field.

It was high school that will be most remembered in my life. Sports played a very prominent role, introducing many new friends. A few awards also

came from sports; All Ontario Swimming medal, Track and Field medals, awards in cross country skiing and many point awards which Nelson High School awarded; my letter, my pin, my plaque, and finally a special athletic award which is the highest the school can offer. Activities with the YMCA at which I was a counsellor and in clubs with the school where I went on a Brigantinean, an old fashioned sailing ship, are only a few of the activities which rounded off my adventuresome early life.

It is now at this time in 1983, at the age of 17 I no longer need to pretend of travelling around the world in my friend's back yard. Now it can be a reality. Sponsored by the internationally known Rotary Club, I will be heading overseas to Belgium as a Canadian Youth Ambassador for the period of one year. During this period I will be attending a school in Liege, Belgium. I am looking forward to many more chapters in my history, where I may boldly climb any hill or cross any stream that may inhibit my path.

Nancy Fedeyko.



World Youth Report JAN 14 1984 BURLINGTON POST

By NANCY FEDEYKO
Nelson H.S.

Dear Burlington:

My first view of Belgium wasn't as foreign as I thought it would be. The plane came through the clouds to show a huge factory with "Carpet Land" written on the roof! I was wondering why it took us 7 hours to circle Toronto!!

Belgium is a cute little country, tucked away in a corner of Europe. It can fit over times into Ontario but it has a population of almost 10 million, they have no choice but to be friendly.

Belgium is quite the historical place, the battle ground of many wars, Waterloo, WWI and II. There are many forts throughout the country.

The country is close to everything in Europe, it is a crossroad country. I've seen a lot of Belgium, including the English Channel (I'm not swimming that sucker), Brussels, Belgium's capital and the focus

of the European Common Market. I've also managed to take a bike tour through Holland, cruise the Rhine to Bonn, capital of West Germany, so much to see in such a small area.

The school I attend is small compared to Nelson, only 300 kids. There are only 14 in my graduating class.

There are no extra-curricular activities other than trips to Greece and Switzerland organized by the kids themselves.

Many people here believe that since I'm from Canada and live next to the Province of Quebec (the province they had heard most about), I must be bilingual. I think that I changed their minds very quickly. Mind you, I have picked up a little since I arrived.

I am having a great time here, it's a tremendous experience. A big 'Howdy' to all at Nelson, Burlington, Lifeguards and my friend John.

Edward and Anne Fedeyko



1945, Edward and Anne Fedeyko.

Edward Konstantine Fedeyko, the eldest son of Konstantine and Rozalia Fedeyko was born December 10, 1912. His place of birth is registered as Fish Creek, Saskatchewan and he lived in the Krydor and Cutknife areas during his childhood. School days were spent at Zbaras School where he obtained his Grade Eight. Many days he went to play and eat at his uncle Kazmir Bazarkewich's, instead of going home due to distance. From early childhood, farming became his life. Cattle and horses were his favorites. During his lifetime he helped work the farm land with his parents. As a young man he was hampered by kidney disease but refused to admit he had a life threatening illness and never saw a doctor.

Edward was a man of many interests and varied talents. He was a sportsman — a skilled hunter and “lucky” fisherman. His interest in politics and support for the Liberal party was a subject at friendly discussions. Involvement with KYK (Committee of Ukrainian Canadians) and the Ukrainian community



1949, The Fedeyko gathering. Front row, L-R: Billy, Eugene, Mary and Dennis. Back row: Anne holding Rose, Edward, Rosalia, Kost and Justine.

was also very important. Books in both languages were read in his house as well as “western stories” and “The National Geographic.” Edward learned to play the violin (a kolomayka was his favorite) in his early days and it was a source of solace to him during his worst times. Friday nights on the farm were spent by the radio listening to boxing or hockey. He never did get to see many games on television. When in Krydor on a buying trip, his favorite place to visit was Holota's Poolroom and to play with his neighbour and friend, Joe Cyba.



1949, Anne Fedeyko holding Rose, Louise holding Richard, Edward and Mary Fedeyko.

Edward married Anne Procenty (daughter of Wasyl and Olena) in 1945. They farmed in partnership with his parents and shared living quarters. Mary, Rose and Lesia are their daughters.

It was a difficult life on the farm. Roads were poor during the winter which made them almost isolated. Trips were made by horse and wagon or sleigh because snow was deep. There was no power but the one thing they were pleased with was good well water. Besides horses the most popular vehicle on the farm was the tractor. Edward was very proud of his shiny green John Deere tractor — he even built a garage for it.

In 1951 when Edward's parents moved to Hafford, he purchased a Cockshutt Implement business there. Due to his illness, he was unable to run the farm efficiently so much of the labour rested on Anne's shoulders. It was during the fifties that his illness started keeping him at the hospital for longer periods each time. During these times, his father helped him with the heavy tractor work, seeding and harvest.

Up until 1959, the main vehicle was a red half-ton truck which took both the grain to the elevators and family to church on Sunday. In 1959, a new red and white Pontiac was purchased and finally, the whole family could sit inside to travel.



1950, Threshing on the Kost Fedeyko farm.

Unfortunately, Edward could not enjoy the same good health as most of us. The disease persisted until he was spending most of his time in the hospital. On April 15, 1963 he passed away in St. Paul's Hospital in Saskatoon. He was buried in Krydor Ukrainian Greek Orthodox Cemetery — may he rest in peace.

I, Anne Fedeyko (Procenty) was born May 22, 1923 on our farm in the Uhryniw district, six miles south of Krydor, Saskatchewan. My father came to Canada in 1912 to find a home for his family. He purchased our homestead and ten years later he sent to Ukraine for my mother and sister. I was born a year later and in three years another sister, Olga, was born. It was not an easy life. The winters were cold

with much snow and there were no ploughs to clear the roads. Our school was two and one-half miles away: during the summer we walked, many times without shoes; in the winter months, my father drove us by horse and sleigh. Our Christmas concerts were held in the school and every family came and took part in it — we do not see close neighbourly get togethers any longer. The concerts were performed in Ukrainian as most of the children were Ukrainian. We were taught English during school hours and after four o'clock the teachers taught Ukrainian for half an hour. When I first entered school, I knew only one word of English but I soon learned even though we all spoke Ukrainian on the playground. There was one teacher for forty students from Grade One to Grade Eight. After I finished Grade Eight, I helped at home for a few years before I went looking for a job. I worked as a waitress in North Battleford at the Dominion Cafe.

My parents were very religious. The very first thing we did when we awoke was to kneel down and say our prayers and to do the same every evening. There was also a Ukrainian Catholic Church in our area where the sisters would come to teach catechism and religious songs. Our church services were held once a month. In those days there were no pews and we all packed in like sardines.

For recreation outside of school, we spent time playing on the shore of Redberry Lake. There was no spending money so our entertainment was singing Ukrainian songs and playing cards. Tickets to a dance were twenty-five cents and even that much was hard to get.

In 1945, I married Edward Fedeyko, who farmed four miles away from our home. We farmed in partnership with his parents. The hardest part of living on the farm was the isolation. The roads were very poor, especially in the winter. We experienced a change in transportation from horses to machines. Our farm was a mixed farm. For several years we sold cream, which we separated with a hand operated separator, collected in cans and transported to the CN station in Krydor.

I also raised chickens and turkeys for spending money. Threshing days involved everyone in the family including children who carried sandwiches and hot coffee to the crews on the fields.

Our main concern, even though Edward was so sick, was to provide our children with a good education and a sound knowledge of their roots. The Ukrainian language was the only language spoken in our home and our religious holidays were always observed. Some of our free time was spent playing "Kaiser" with the neighbours, singing and garden-

ing. I also enjoyed cooking and sewing for my children.

Edward later bought a Cockshutt Implement business in Hafford. His parents bought a house in Hafford and our children started school there. This was also a difficult time as both of our girls were away for a whole week and home only on few weekends. Edward also spent a lot of time in the hospital, putting me in charge of the farm.



1973, Anne Fedeyko with grandchildren, Wendi Humen, Mark Mauthe, Kimberly Humen and Kris Humen. (at bottom).

After nineteen years of marriage, I lost my husband. Life after Edward's death was difficult for me. The relationship between my in-laws and myself was difficult for many years and now became unbearable. After spending many years working on the farm, I was faced with the job of sole provider and a life in town. I took in boarders and rented out rooms in a



1982, Grandmother Anne Fedeyko with Kimberly and Wendi Humen and Kris, Mark and Derek Humen.

small house I purchased. I also cleaned police headquarters. In 1969, I moved to Saskatoon with my youngest daughter Lesia, purchased a house and started work at St. Paul's Hospital, where I've been ever since. Even though being a widow isn't easy and I've had many hard times, my family and my grandchildren have provided me with much pleasure.

Mary (Fedeyko) and Bohdan Humen



1967, Bob and Mary Humen. Hafford Ukrainian Orthodox Church.

I, Mary Humen (Fedeyko), eldest daughter of Edward and Ann Fedeyko, was born July 22, 1945 in Saskatoon City Hospital. As a small child to the age of six, I lived on a farm south of Krydor, Saskatchewan. It seems as though our house never lacked company — besides our immediate family, both of dad's parents and cousin Konnie lived there. Also, for a short time my mother's dad, grandfather Procenty, lived with us also. Every Sunday was special — we all went to church earlier than most because grandfather Fedeyko was the cantor. After church service, we always either went for dinner to a rela-



1956, Krydor Sask. Mary Fedeyko in grandfather's garden.

tives or had someone over. These afternoons were spent jumping off barn roofs, chasing animals and searching for sparrows' nests.

Many of my memories are of incidents involving my sister Rose and myself. From the day she was brought home, Rose was an almost constant companion. I was very jealous when she smiled for Konnie but cried for me. I even tipped her over with the carriage and received my first spanking from dad. At Christmas we hung our brown stockings over the doorway and were happy to find peanuts, candy and oranges in them. My first and still special gift was a doll grandmother brought from Toronto.

My cousin Richard played a dangerous game one summer when he took a stick of firewood and hit me on the head. Rose promptly picked up another one and hit him on the head. Richard and I had interesting adventures when he came to visit and one summer we spent a lot of time in Redberry Lake, which resulted in boils developing in both my ears. I still hate swimming!



1964, Mary and Lesia Fedeyko.

Маруся Федейко

Маруся Федейко, член Молодечого Відділу СУМК в Геффорд, Саск., виграла чашу за красномовство на окрузнім зїзді СУМК, округи "Верховина", що відбувся в травні 1958 р. в Норт Беттсфорд.



1958 "The Winner" Mary Fedeyko, CYMK "Krasnomovstvo".

School years were spent in Hafford Public and High schools. I lived with grandmother and grandfather while mom and dad were on the farm. Almost every weekend Rose and I took the bus from Hafford to Krydor and walked three miles to the farm. Involvement in CYMK, Ukrainian dancing, singing and public speaking were activities which kept me busy during my school years. Upon completion of high school, I entered St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing. It was also that spring (1963) that my father passed away after many years of illness. Living in

residence and being away from home were hard from the beginning. Uncle Paul's (Fedeyko) letters and many jokes helped more than he would have imagined. The support and encouragement I received from my husband (then boyfriend) helped me pass through three difficult years. I graduated in August 1966.



1967, Anne Fedeyko with daughters Mary, Rose and Lesia.

Bohdan and I were married October 21, 1967 in the Hafford Ukrainian Greek Orthodox Church. There was no honeymoon as we both had to return to work. Kimberly Ann was born September 1, 1969 and Wendi Lyn followed after a two year break on November 3, 1971. Rose and I certainly had our fun visiting — we were either breaking kids apart or sitting around like blown up balloons pregnant with Mark and Wendi. The men were hunting.

At present, I am employed at St. Paul's Hospital as a casual float nurse. My husband is employed by the City of Saskatoon. Kim and Wendi are in school. We are actively involved in our community and our church. Kim has a love for horses and belongs to the Saskatoon Pony Club. Wendi thinks dogs are great and owns "Scooter." Both girls are involved in Ukrainian dancing, language classes and CYMK.

Writing a story about oneself and family has brought me a certain warmth and pride. I know that I have many people besides Mom and Dad to thank. My grandparents established a self-respect within me that made me proud of who I am. When I was a little girl "Baba Alexandra" was a welcome visitor — one

thing a little girl never forgets is someone bringing cookies with icing and always smiling. Grandmother's family was also very supportive anytime dad was ill or needed help. In grade nine through the assistance of Uncle Bill Fedeyko, I attended St. John's Institute in Edmonton. Also thanks to Eugene for looking after his "country cousin." Now I must thank my husband for looking out for all of us in our family.

We reside at #1 Red River Road in Saskatoon. Anyone who may have the desire to drive through our fair city is certainly welcome to come and share our home with us.

I, Bohdan Humen was born April 5, 1941 to the family of Tom and Katherine Humen. Our farm was located seventeen miles northeast of Hafford, Saskatchewan, in the Albertown district. I came seventh in a family of fourteen children. My mother and father worked hard during difficult times and as each child grew old enough to handle a responsibility, they were incorporated into the work force. We spent many happy days playing hide and seek, cowboys and Indians and swimming in Oscar Lake. Before I attended school my closest companion was my sister Mary. Mother relates a story that at four years old, being a couple of years younger than my sister, she and I pretended we were twins. Our younger sister, being jealous, took our bottles and threw them in the stove — we never forgave her for years to come. School was a three mile walk each way (Lancaster) and in the wintertime we drove a horse and sleigh. Before we went to school we were expected to milk the cows and do other chores and after school the same prevailed. During school hours we had to speak English not Ukrainian, if not we received a strapping. Games played during breaks were football, softball and hunting rabbits with sling shots. I attended Krydor High School for one year. At the age of sixteen I joined a threshing crew for thirty days and never returned to school.

Church services were held once a month in our local Ukrainian Catholic Church. Catechism was attended every summer in Albertown.

Following a year spent helping at home I decided to go out and earn some money. My first job was with CP Rail, where I worked for several years before I decided to settle in Saskatoon. The first car I bought at eighteen years of age was a 1951 Ford.

I was twenty-one when I met Mary Fedeyko. After a courtship of five years, acting as bus driver, taxi, friend and having a big shoulder for sad times, we were married. I was employed with Intercontinental Packers and Mary at St. Paul's.

My favorite is sports — fastball, hockey and football games. I played fastball with several teams

in a league. In the years following I coached and managed fastball. At present I coach my daughter's softball team.



1978, Kimberly and Wendi Lyn Humen.

Most of our activities center around our children now. So much more is offered in fields of music, sports, dancing and hobbies. Living in the city has its advantages — the bus is close-by and a carpool isn't difficult to organize. Summer holidays are spent fishing and camping in some of Saskatchewan's beautiful northern lakes. This appears to be what keeps a person from growing too old too fast.



1982, The Humen Family, Bob and Mary with Kimberly and Wendi Lyn.

Rose (Fedeyko) and Wayne Mauthe



1968, Rose and Wayne Mauthe. Ukrainian Orthodox Church, Hafford Sask.

Growing up on a Saskatchewan farm in the 1950's was, from a child's point of view, a fun place to be. Anyone who is surrounded by doting parents and loving grandparents can do little else but blossom.

My earliest recollections are of my Mother and Father and myself on the farm 3 miles south of Krydor. These were happy times with a close family unit. I recall playing dolls in my "budka" under the stairs, smearing Mom's lipstick and listening to Daddy's exciting bed time stories.

Our house was built of wood, had three main rooms and an upstairs with one room. The walls in the living room were made of congo wall (something like linolium) and would swell and recede when it was windy. I recall evenings when it was especially windy having fun watching the "wall's grow." The main area around the house was planted with flowers and raspberry bushes my Mother patiently tended. Grass was cut with a scythe by my Grandfather or Dad and the women folk looked after the garden. We



1952, Rose Fedeyko age 4.

also had strawberries, crab apple and plum trees, and rhubarb. About 20 steps from the main house we had a summer kitchen. Mom used it for washing clothes and canning, also my Grandfather would sleep there when he was around helping out. Many a morning or evening I would sneak over to the summer kitchen to cuddle up to my "gidyny". Children never seem to mind if there is dirt or some grain dust beside a loved one. I just enjoyed his company.

Our yard was surrounded by caragana, maple and poplar trees. It was very cozy and well tended. I have many happy memories of life on the farm, mainly because I was small and didn't have to do much work. In the summer my job was to bring in the wood from the woodpile. I would pile it on the wooden wheel barrow, bring it to the house then neatly pile it in the wood box. Daddy and Grandfather needed fresh, cool water in the field and it was my job to take it to them.

Mary and I went for cows usually in the late afternoon. We had many interesting experiences during this time: horses following us (they look gigantic when you are 5 or 6), trying to catch a kitten only to find out it was of the black and white variety, catching big bull frogs. Mom always warned us about staying away from the fence during a lightning storm. We would ask why and she told us it was very dangerous and we could die. Well Mary and I being good little girls would stand as close as we could to the barbed wire fence to see what would happen.

Harvest was an exciting, busy time for farmers and I'm sure still is. Daddy was busy on the field and

Mom in the kitchen cooking up a storm for hungry men and kids. I must have been 5 or 6 at the time Dad was cleaning out the back of the combine. The straw was thick that year and had to be looked after often. I happened to come out just as he was cleaning it and lo and behold there were four baby mice nested in the straw. Dad carefully pulled them out and put them in my pockets. "There" he said, "now take these nice pink mice and show your Mother what you have. Be sure and dangle them over the frying pan where she's frying potatoes." So away I went with my prize into the kitchen "Look Mom aren't they pretty?" Well Mother was not pleased to say the least and Dad got an earful when he came for dinner.

I can't remember too much of winter on the farm, apart from just cold weather, snow piled high, Mom chipping ice so the cows could get to the water; my Dad getting very ill and leaving for a long time; being alone with Mom and listening to that dreadful wind howl. It sure was lonely.

I started school in 1954 at Hafford, Saskatchewan. My Grandfather took me my first day of school. I remember praying for the first time in English (I was sure God didn't understand). My teacher was very pretty, she wore makeup, perfume and even high heeled shoes. I had never seen anyone like her before in my life. School meant living at Hafford with Grandmother and Grandfather, going to church three times a week and visiting very old people. Not much fun for a little girl who was used to a large farmyard with many animals to play with. In Hafford, Mary and I attended catechism after school on Fridays. Grandmother was a stern disciplinarian and made sure we had our homework done. Then we were taught to read in Ukrainian, cross-stitch and crochet. After all lessons were done and if there was still time before bed, Grandmother would read us a story in Ukrainian or tell us about her life as a child in Ukraine.

When I was 9, my Father and Mother bought a new car. It was a brand new 1959 Pontiac Strato Chief — the only option on it was the four doors. No radio, cruise, air conditioning or any of the extras we look for now in a vehicle.

The winter of 1959-60 was the last one my family spent on the farm; Dad by this time was very ill and could not do the heavy lifting to feed the cattle. He spent most of late fall and winter in St. Paul's Hospital and we lived at Hafford. How sad these times were with no one particularly happy about what was happening but there seemed little one could do. The bright spot of summer 1960 was playing with our new baby sister. Lesia received all of our love and asked for nothing in return. We heard all the little lullabies, verses and games that my Mom and Dad knew, in fact

I liked them so much that I often sang them to my little boys.

During the next few years (before my Father's death in 1963 and Grandfather's death in Aug. 1964), we lived for the most part in Hafford. I recall when we purchased our first television. It was an RCA Victor and as far as we were concerned, the best. We would watch the Ed Sullivan Show, Lassie Come Home, Tugboat Annie, Paladine, The Don Messer Show and Country Hoedown, just to name a few. Grandfather and Dad watched boxing when Archie Moore was champ and midget wrestling. It was at this time that Rev. Rebalka and his wife, Sylvia, spent some time with us. They were a young couple whose visits we really enjoyed.

Uncle Paul and his family came to visit us several times. I don't remember the exact years they came but they certainly seemed to have little trouble in adapting to our life style (or so I thought). Connie came in 1960 for two months and helped us out enormously. He worked on the farm and did the things my Grandfather and father just couldn't do. Richard also worked very hard and I'm sure my parents and Grandparents really appreciated his efforts. I enjoyed seeing relatives from far away. They were fun and different than us. I hope their recollection of farm life is pleasant as well.

Some months before Christmas 1962 my father became extremely ill and was in hospital for weeks. During this time he became so gravely ill that we were told death was near. Doctors do try their best but even they don't know when the last moments will be. My father came home to celebrate Christmas with us for the last time. Soon into the New Year the ambulance came to take him, and we were to see him well no more. Just before Easter we were called again to come and see him.

He died on Easter Monday, April 15, 1963. Uncle Paul came to be with us and he drove us to the funeral. Grandfather was too ill to be up and about and so could not attend his son's funeral. He was heartbroken staying at home, not being able to help, but there wasn't much anyone could do. Fifteen months later we all attended Grandfather's funeral. Father and son are buried side by side, just as they lived together and worked together. They are now at peace together.

Between the years 1963-64 there were three more family funerals. My girl friend, Eunice Kroll, died Feb. 1964. She was only 15 and died of leukemia. Traditions sometimes take a morbid turn and all the young girls walked behind the coffin, each carrying a wreath as her bridesmaids. As a youngster this was very difficult to accept.

My high school years I recall with fond memo-

ries. There were many dances, get togethers, boy-friends and fun. Uncle Paul became a kind of long distance friend, he wrote me many a letter and sent me jokes most of which I still have. I appreciated those letters as they helped ease the pain of not having my Dad or Gidyn. Church played a big part in our lives at Hafford, I was involved with our youth organization in the Greek Orthodox Church. We sang in the choir, danced and put on dramas. Dramas were my favourite — I loved to be on stage pretending to be someone I was not. In 1967, about 15 of us went to Toronto for the Dominion CYMK Festival. We presented songs, dances and a lovely play. We came home the end of July by train. The ride was long and very hot. None of us had much money for food — on the way there our mothers had packed fried chicken for us but on the way back we had to survive on the two shopping bags of fruit my Uncle Paul had bought us.



1966, Rose Fedeyko.
Grade 12 graduation.

My Mother introduced me to Wayne. She was running a boarding house and he came looking for a place where he could eat. This was in May, 1966 (Wayne was 21 and I was 17). We dated all that Fall and part of the winter. Then, in January 1967, he was transferred to Wilkie Detachment and it wasn't that easy to see each other. July, 1967 I started working as a proof teller for the Bank of Nova Scotia at North Battleford. Mary came with me and we found a basement suite for me to live in and helped me get settled in. The one year I spent alone was very lonely for me. I was used to a big household and it was so lonesome to come home to an empty apartment.

Our son Kris was born July 9, 1970. He was a very happy boy, smiling alot and good natured. Fifteen months later on October 11, 1971 Mark was born. Needless to say my hands were full looking after two babies. They were active little boys needing a lot of care. I had worked at the bank until just before Kris's birth, then I permanently retired from banking. In May, 1973 Wayne and I decided to build our

first home. With baby number three on the way, we felt that we should have our own home. We moved into our three bedroom bungalow in February, 1974. One month later, on March 4th our third son, Derek, was born.

July, 1976 we were transferred to Rosthern, Saskatchewan. We moved into an old (1905) story and a half house which we later bought; Kris started Grade 1 and Mark went to kindergarten. I got involved with the Lutheran Church here, as in North Battleford. My children were baptized at Zion Lutheran in North Battleford and we continued to attend regular worship services at Rosthern. The people at Rosthern were very friendly towards us and made us feel right at home.

July, 1978 we were moved to Maidstone, Saskatchewan and this was a difficult move for our family. We liked it so well at Rosthern that we did not want to go. The older boys missed their friends and I missed mine. The move was made even more difficult when I discovered I had Rheumatoid Arthritis. We couldn't find a house to live in at Maidstone, so we had to wait until one was built and that meant moving in October when the boys had already started school at Rosthern. We finally arrived in Maidstone, October 23, 1978. Kris and Mark were hesitant starting school their first day with so many strangers to meet, but they soon found two little boys who had recently moved in from B.C. It didn't take them long to make new friends. Maidstone was enjoying a mini-oil boom at this time so there were a lot of strangers moving in. My time was spent getting used to being sick, driving boys to hockey, Sunday school and cubs. I bowled, did some curling, taught Sunday school (in the Anglican Church), and attended bible studies. I have met some wonderful people through these studies and they have helped me enormously to understand and cope with all the little problems.

Our stay in Maidstone was short as well and in August, 1980, we were transferred to Montmartre, Saskatchewan. For those of you who are not familiar with where Montmartre is, it is 53 miles southeast of Regina and some 350 miles from Maidstone. We have lived here for two years and are looking forward to a move this spring or next. Our interests here are similar to those in Maidstone, with the boys in hockey I'm watching a lot of minor hockey. Wayne is coaching the 10-12 year olds, Kris and Mark's team, and I drive Derek to his games. We attend services at the United Church here because that is the only Protestant English church close by. Sometimes I go to the Greek Orthodox Church and the people are wonderful to us and we really feel a part of the parish. We have met many interesting people here and I'm so glad we had the opportunity to live here. What's in

store for the future?? No one really knows. We can only take our opportunities when they come and do our best. Moving hasn't always been easy but the benefits of meeting new friends and seeing new places has made it worthwhile.



Wayne and Rose Mauthe with sons, Kris, Mark and Derek.

Wayne Mauthe

Canadian born in Gladstone, Manitoba on June 14, 1945 of parents of German descent, Wilhelm (William) **Mauthe** and Margaret Elizabeth nee Tonn named me Wayne Kenneth **Mauthe**. For the first four years of my life, I lived with my parents on my mother's parents farm at Plumas, Manitoba. My brother, Donald George joined our family on December 12, 1947 and in 1949 we moved from my grandparents (Joseph Tonn and Augusta Nee **Kopp**) farm to our own farm eight miles away. As mother's family was fairly large (5 boys and 4 girls) and lived in the community with their families, regular family get togethers were common. Close family ties exist even today, although the family is much more widely spread, from Vancouver Island, B.C. to Toronto, Ontario and south to California and Florida in the U.S.A. My father's parents (Henrich **Mauthe** and Sophie, nee **Mitchler**) lived ten miles in the opposite direction, with a family of four boys and three girls, which also afforded regular family gatherings, usually on Sunday afternoons after having attended morning Church service at the Waldersee Lutheran Church where the services were always in German. Although family ties have not been as close, contact is still maintained on special occasions with some families staying in closer contact than others. One of the greatest pieces of advice I received in my life was from my grandfather **Mauthe**, who one day when I

was working in the yard with him in mid-January and I, being quite young, complained of having very cold hands. My grandfather's reply had been simply "I know a man who has no hands." Although I do not remember if I had questioned grandfather at the time as to its meaning, it wasn't until many years later that the full impact of those words sunk in: I had been well off and did not know it. I still apply my grandfather's philosophy to my life and no matter how bad things get, there is still a bright future ahead. We had so much to learn from our forefathers. My youngest brother, Harold William, arrived on October 19, 1954, joining us on our farm which now consisted of ½ section of good soil, but which did have some pot holes in which the soil was of an alkaline nature and did not support high crop yields. In good years, 45 bushels of wheat and up to 85 bushels of oats per acre was harvested. Our farm was of the mixed farming variety with about 400 acres under cultivation and the rest in pasture and hay fields to support a herd of about 15 cows and the yearly calf crop. Poplar bush on about 35 acres supplied the firewood for the cook stove and the box heater. The two stoves were our only source of heat for the entire three bedroom, two story home, with the cook stove in the kitchen and the box heater in the living room. As very little heat escaped upstairs to the bedrooms, I recall often warming my clothes under the covers before getting dressed in the morning, with winter mornings being much the same as we experience today. All beds were covered with a good old feather "tick," a comforter some 12 inches thick when the feathers were properly fluffed. The breath mist could regularly be seen in the upstairs rooms for five months of every year. The toilet, of the outdoor variety and the only one on the farm, posed the regular winter time problem which could only be solved by breaking off the 'cone' with a sturdy poplar pole. As there was no running water, water was carried from the well to the house in 5 gallon pails and was a daily chore, as was filling the woodbox, which on cold days was required twice daily. On extremely cold days, the cattle were watered in the barn with many trips having to be made with two five gallon pails. On milder days, the cattle would be herded out ¼ mile to a dugout in which the water level stayed fairly high, but which required daily chopping of the ice to get to the water. Winter-time also saw the use of the axe come into play, especially in having to start falling the next winter firewood. This usually allowed the wood to season or cure during the summer and be ready for winter burning. The team of work horses got their daily winter workout by hauling out the manure from the barn and hauling a load of logs back on the way in. Summer was their time to rest as the old Cockshut 40

took on the summer duties in the field. Spring always found the geese laying eggs, the cows calving and the crocus blooming, but not always in that order. With the cows back in the pasture, old fence posts had to be replaced and broken wire repaired. This seemed to be a never ending job that quit only when the cattle were sheltered again for the winter. The majority of the fence posts were homemade of poplar trees, with only some oak and black willow being used. Although these two lasted longer, the hardness of the wood made preparation of the posts extremely tedious, usually only undertaken when father felt that his boys were in need of some extra exercise. A huge garden, planted by the entire family yielded a good return, but my memory recalls that it was usually the boys' fingers that were wrapped around the hoe handle as father always had other farm duties and mother had household chores to do. Summer and fall rolled around with harvest and haying completing the cycle where everything much the same repeated itself for another year. School was attended regularly with only a few days being missed every year during seeding and harvest. As the entire community was involved in farming, the school also worked its breaks to accommodate farm families by closing during the vital farm operations of seeding and harvesting.

Baseball was the major summer sport, which has now given way to fastball and slowpitch. Fall always saw the football coach trying to rework the farm boys into athletes after they had spent all summer hoeing in the garden, pounding the post hole digger and pitching square bales. All in all, the coach usually did a pretty good job, considering that he was working with young boys living on the brink of manhood. Winter sports were restricted to hockey on an outdoor rink or curling in a two rink closed-in building. Not being a Wayne Gretzky, I took to curling which I still enjoy today, although I now have three boys who have "Hockey Stars" in their eyes, and spend many father-and-coach hours at the skating arena.

Having completed highschool in 1964 and having tasted the farm life of long hard hours, and also having tried two summers of driving single axle and tandem axle gravel trucks, I felt that I had to try my childhood dream of being a "Red Coat Mountie." In June 1964, I wrote my final exams in highschool and went straight to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Detachment in Gladstone, Manitoba and wrote my police entrance exam. For the remainder of 1964, I drove gravel truck and was laid off work in January, 1965. I applied for Unemployment Insurance and March 3rd, I received a phone call from the Unemployment Insurance Commission, telling me that I had a job as a surface worker at the nickel mine at

Thompson, Manitoba and that I was to start on March 15. Two hours later on the 3rd of March, I received a call from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police that I was accepted and that I was to be sworn in. I called back the Unemployment Commission and explained to them that I was joining the Police Force. I was sworn in on March 19, 1965 and posted to Rockcliffe, Ontario, a suburb of Ottawa, which was one of the Police training bases at that time. I spent three days on the train moving east with \$30.00 in my pocket and a light suitcase. I adapted quickly to the military style of life that one is compelled to live while in training. I guess that the reason for this was that I felt that 31 other young men were going through the same thing that I was and I was going to be man enough to survive. Although it was tough, I did survive and after nine months of rise and shine at 6:00 A.M. and lights out at 11:00 p.m., with a heavy mixture of horse riding, stable cleaning, boot and leather polishing, shirt ironing, target practice and a nose in the book, I graduated on November 3, 1965. What a relief. My parents planned to attend my graduation, but because of a train derailment which had occurred on the line ahead of them, they had to be rerouted and missed the ceremonies, much to my disappointment and also theirs. I was posted to Saskatchewan and accompanied my parents back on the train as far as Manitoba, after which I was on my own. I arrived in Regina and spent one day polishing the brass window handles before being posted to North Battleford, Saskatchewan. Enroute from Regina to North Battleford via bus, I had a three hour layover in Saskatoon and met two veteran Mounties who recognized me as a recruit and proceeded to tell me about North Battleford. From their description, I learned that it was a great place to have been, a great place to be leaving but one hell of a place to be going! Not knowing anything about the strange world that I had entered, I expected the worst, remembering that in Regina they had given me 12 rounds of ammunition, a winter storm coat and a pair of zippered rubber overshoes. The name North Battleford itself led me to believe that the first part of the name must indicate a locality near the North West Territories. Contrary to my belief, I found North Battleford to be a very enjoyable, warm community where I quickly made new friends and where I lived for 6 months before being transferred to Hafford on March 6, 1966. As the Barracks provided only sleeping accommodation for single Police Officers, I was faced only with having to find a boarding house. After some enquiries into this, I learned that Mrs. Ann **Fedeyko**, a widow with three single daughters, already had boarders and that this would be my best choice. I had approached Mrs. **Fedeyko**, skeptical, as she already



1965, Const. Wayne K. Mauthe, RCMP. "N" Division, Ottawa.

had boarders, but was pleased to find out that she would supply me with sit down meals at her table for \$45.00 a month. Needless to say, the cooking suited my palate very much and the community hospitality quickly made me feel at home. The single daughters that I had wondered about were Mary, taking Nurses Training at St. Pauls Hospital in Saskatoon; Rose, completing her Grade 12 at Hafford High School and Lesia, being somewhat younger and in Grade 1. After some time of tolerance on my part and tolerance and acceptability on the part of Mrs. **Fedeyko** and her daughters, Rose and I became better acquainted. On January 30, 1967 I was transferred to Wilkie Detachment, but did make visitations back to Hafford to visit Rose and her family and my friends. I remained posted at Wilkie until April 28, 1968, when I transferred to the North Battleford Telecommunications Section as the Force was attempting to place me at a point suitable for a married member, as Rose and I had made plans for our wedding on August 3, 1968. We were married at Hafford in one of the first

R.C.M.P. weddings the community had seen. The rest is our story.



1981, Wayne and Rose Mauthe.

We had a lovely wedding day with many friends and relatives at our wedding celebration. Our honeymoon had to be postponed until September (as work permitted) at which time we travelled to Vancouver Island and other points in B.C., visiting relatives and also sight seeing. Our first home was at 1462-101st Street, North Battleford, a back yard, above ground level, one bedroom suite which was in the same apartment block that Rose lived in before we were married. Our son, Kristopher Wade, was born on July 9, 1970. He was a very happy boy, smiling a lot and very good natured. When we were expecting our second born, the decision was made to move to larger home which was an upper two bedroom suite in a four-plex at 2042-99th Street. Wayne was transferred to North Battleford Rural Detachment, but no physical move was required on our part as it basically amounted to a paper transfer in which Wayne changed from one job to another in the same office building. Our second son, Mark Edward, was born on October 11, 1971 and needless to say Rose's hands were full with two babies. Wayne was kept busy also, but with an eight hour break every day at his job, Rose was left with the home task of looking after the boys. Sometime later we moved to another home, this time at 1712-102nd Street where we lived until we expected our third born. At this time our decision was to build our own house and bought a lot at 2176-101st Street Crescent, later renamed Douglas Avenue. We moved into our new home in February 1974 and

Derek Wayne was born on March 4th. Rose had permanently retired from her banking job just before our first son had been born and now found her job of being a mother very demanding but worthwhile. The beginning of March 1974, Wayne and Rose, together with two friends, formed a company we named April Holdings. During that summer we built four houses for resale. We then bought a revenue home which we later sold as well. It was a busy summer full of little kids and lots of work.

We were transferred on July 6, 1976 to Rosthern, Saskatchewan and sold our home in North Battleford and rented a one and a half story house which had been built in 1905 and which we later bought. The transfer was a promotional move for Wayne and in October 1976, he was promoted to Corporal, serving as the third in charge and eventually the 2nd in charge. We became involved with the Lutheran Church in Rosthern as in North Battleford. Our children were baptised at Zion Lutheran Church in North Battleford and we continued to attend regular worship service in Rosthern. We became involved with Bible session studies, with Rose following more diligently along this line. Wayne became involved with the Rosthern Lions Club and devoted some extra time to community activities. Kris had started Grade One and Mark went to kindergarten. The community had made us feel very welcome from the first day that we had arrived, but the day came and we were on the move again. This time we moved to Maidstone and was one of our more difficult moves as living accommodation had to be waited on and our transfer could not take place until October 22, 1978. The boys had already started school at Rosthern, with Kris in



1976, "Fishing" Wayne, with sons Mark, Derek and Kris.

Grade 3 and Mark in Grade 2, so not only did our family have to experience a friend adjustment, but also a school adjustment. This is one move that we didn't really want to take as the boys missed their friends and we missed ours. The move did give Wayne the opportunity to be in charge of his own Detachment, giving him the opportunity to expand on his knowledge of the administrative duties of running a Detachment. Kris and Mark were both very leery of attending at school on our first day in Maidstone but they soon found two friends who had also only recently moved to Maidstone from B.C. When we first moved to Maidstone, we were living in a new house we had bought, but after several months of making house payments at Rosthern where we had not been able to sell our house, plus making house payments at Maidstone, we were finding the financial burden getting a little too heavy as we saw our savings being slowly eaten away. Barracks were available, however, had not been lived in for a couple of years, so Wayne made application to move into the Barracks. Permission was granted and in May 1979 we changed houses and put our Maidstone house up for sale also. Within one week of each other and within two weeks of moving into the Barracks, we were able to sell both our homes, the one in Rosthern and the one in Maidstone. Maidstone was enjoying a mini-oil boom at this time, so it was a growing community with new people always moving in. Just before leaving Rosthern, we found out that Rose had Rheumatoid Arthritis and our lifestyle had to adapt accordingly, with Rose having to make the biggest adjustment in learning to live with this new sickness. Rose became involved in teaching Sunday School and Cubs and Wayne joined the Kinsmen Club in an effort to return something to the community instead of always taking something. We became involved with the Anglican Church which we attended regularly and became involved again in family Bible study and Rose also in a Ladies' Bible study. We have met some wonderful people through these studies, helping us enormously to understand and cope with some of life's little problems. Our stay in Maidstone was short lived and we were transferred to Montmartre, Saskatchewan on August 5, 1980. Our interests here are similar to those previously mentioned, with the boys involved in minor hockey, swimming and all activities offered in a community of this size. Rose supports the boys as a spectator while Wayne is now involved as a "coaching father" of the 12 and under team. We attend the Moffat United Church in a nearby rural community, as this is the only English Protestant church close by. Rose sometimes attends the Ukrainian Greek Orthodox Church and we find the people from both parishes

very friendly and warm. As in our other home communities, we have met many interesting people and are very glad to have had the opportunity to have lived in those communities and to have met the people. Moving hasn't always been easy, but the benefits of meeting new friends and seeing new places seems to have made it all worthwhile. A little saying that we picked up quite sometime ago is very appropriate and can be easily applied to anyone's lifestyle, whether you change communities often or have established a permanent residence and home — "No one cares how much you know, until they know how much you care."

Lesia Irene Fedeyko



1982, Lesia Fedeyko. University of Alberta Graduation, B.A. Honors.

Lesia Irene Fedyko is the third and youngest daughter of Edward and Anne Fedeyko. Born in Hafford, Saskatchewan in 1960, she was only three years old when her father passed away, making any memories of him few, but dearly treasured. Her mother, Anne, was very devoted to Lesia, playing the role of both father and mother, and raised her to value the Orthodox Church, her family, and the Ukrainian culture. She attended Hafford School, but in 1969, Lesia and her mother moved to Saskatoon, where she attended Pleasant Hill School, and later Mount Royal Collegiate.

Outside of school, her main interests included CYMK, Ukrainian dancing with the Pavlychenko Ensemble, and singing with the Vesna Youth Chorus. With these groups, Lesia was fortunate enough to travel throughout Canada. Always a diligent student, she maintained a high average in school while being actively involved in the community. Scholastic achievements in Ukrainian and French enabled her to be chosen Saskatchewan's student representative at a Canadian multiculturalism conference held in Vancouver.

World travel fascinated Lesia and in 1978 she



1978, Lesia, Grade 12 graduation.



1978, Lesia — "Knyahynia of Obzhynok" (KYK). Represented the Ukrainian Youth under this title. Dancing with Mayor Clifford Wright of Saskatoon.

travelled with a high school travel club to Greece, where she experienced Greek culture and learned much about the Mediterranean peoples.

Many awards and scholarships were granted Lesia throughout her university years, including a \$1500 undergraduate scholarship from the Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies for high attainment in Ukrainian studies. In 1979, she was one of five selected students who participated in an exchange program with the University of Chernivtsi, Ukraine for a six-week study period.

Lesia transferred to the University of Alberta in 1980 to further her studies. While at St. John's Institute, she was very actively involved in dance, drama, as well as singing, both in residence choir and with Edmonton's CYMK choir. She was also president of the University of Alberta Ukrainian Students' Club which held several functions for university students.

In 1982 she convoked with a Bachelor of Arts degree with first class honors in Ukrainian. In 1983, Lesia completed a second degree, Bachelor of Education, from the University of Saskatchewan. Presently, she is pursuing a teaching career, and enjoying the challenges it offers.



1982, Lesia with Wendi and Kimberly Humen.

Paul R. and Louise Fedeyko

I was born on July 23, 1916, 3 miles west of Krydor on the first homestead farm. The family moved to Cutknife where, at the age of four, I narrowly survived an accident when I was pushed against the flywheel of a tractor. I attended the Ukrainian Public School for one year from grandfather's place, and when the family moved to their own farm, attended Zbaraz School for five years. In 1927 I was sent to Krydor High School for grade 8 and the rest of



1983, Paul and Louise Fedeyko.

my Senior Matriculation. In 1933 I was at the University of Saskatchewan and the next year attended the Royal Military College at Kingston. Due to health problems I was compelled to quit the College after one year and the fall of 1935 found me in Toronto. I was fortunate to get a job at a Ukrainian Dairy as a bookkeeper and worked there for 3 years. Then I spent 2 years as a bookkeeper accountant in an automotive firm that handled new and used parts.

While I held various jobs for small firms and private businesses I was studying at night to improve my education. Work was scarce during the war, especially if you had no army discharge. I had attempted to join but because of ill health my enlistment was not approved. Finally in 1943, I was called to report and did basic training at Petawawa. We were convoyed to England in 1944 and stayed in different barracks and met all kinds of interesting people. Original units were broken up and new ones formed and sent to Italy, Egypt, and the Middle East. I was kept in England for one year, then was sent to France, Belgium, and Holland, but not Germany. Army life was day-to-day routine but I did get a chance to see many places and historical buildings.



1934, Grandfather Sylvester and Paul Fedeyko.



1934, L-R: Bill (Wasy), Rosalia, Edward and Paul Fedeyko.

Unfortunately I was not able to take pictures as cameras and film were not available and developing would have been impossible. While I was overseas I was promoted to Corporal — Royal Canadian Engineers.

After my discharge in 1946, I worked for a short time as a bookkeeper, then went into partnership and bought a garage. A few years later we rented a Shell station in Toronto. The garage business was a real headache — long hours, late closing, trying to keep customers, and most importantly, trying to get good help. We finally sold it all and purchased a 200 acre farm in Orangeville. I got rid of all the weeds and organized parts for various crops; we had no cattle or fowl. To the family, life on the farm was great in the spring, summer, and fall. Winters in the snow belt made a simple task like getting in and out to shop, a major undertaking.



1934, Yaroslav Martinovich and Paul Fedeyko. Royal Military College, Kingston Ontario.

I decided I wasn't cut out for farming and the move back to the City of Toronto was a challenge to us all. I got a job as a Stationery Engineer at Amer-

ican Standard Co. and worked steady nights for 13 years till the company was sold out. I kept on with the new owners until the buildings were torn down. The Toronto Western Hospital was my next place of employment and I remained there as maintenance engineer until my retirement in 1981.

Although I did not belong to any organizations or groups because of the time demands of shift work and recalls, I did donate to the Ukrainian Greek Orthodox Church when they began building at 404 Bathurst St. in Toronto.

We find the pace of retired life slower and quieter than when we were younger. There are many things a person would like to do or try but the old bones and muscles do not respond. Health and peace of mind are, indeed, a treasure.

Ann Louise Fedeyko (nee Shugan)

I was born in Winnipeg in 1921. My father worked in Transcona for CNR as an assistant foreman at the depot.

I started school in Headingly and continued in Domain public schools. The family moved to Transcona and that is where I finished my education.

As there was no prospect of a job in Transcona, I came to Toronto to my mother's family, who helped me to get work at Sherrif's Marmalade Factory. I changed employment and entered the garment industry as an assistant head cutter, pattern maker and screen printer. In 1941, I met Paul Fedeyko and we were married in 1943.

When Paul joined the armed forces I worked as a lathe-operator turning out shell casings in an ammunition plant. After his discharge in 1946, I was kept mostly at home as our son Richard was born in 1947.

The move to the farm in Orangeville was quite an experience. I was asked to be a relief teacher and to help with school activities. I attended the United Church in the area and taught Sunday School. I still remember preparing cakes and pies for church gatherings and being one of the few people who could drive and had a car at home. The actual farm life was very difficult.

We moved to our Rexdale home and started another phase of living. To supplement the family income I took a job as a supervisor of a Laura Secord store at the plaza close to home. Eventually I was asked by a hardware firm to take over the duties of head cashier and assistant manager of their store. My years of retail experience helped me to start my own Ladies' Wear Store which I kept for 3 years and sold out of to be an assistant manager in an exclusive ladies' fashion place. Then I was asked by another

fashion firm to set up and manage a store in one of the first large modern plazas. Later I was sent to another new built plaza to organize their new store. The hectic pace of changing styles and being on my feet all the time was taking its toll on my health. My last position was manager of Maternity Fashions.

Age is catching up to us and we slowly have to accept older life, carrying on the best we can. As long as we have our health the future is sunny and cheerful.

Konstantine Paul and Constance Fedeyko



Constance and Konnie Fedeyko with children Stefan and Holly Jo.

I was born in 1939, a son to Paul R. and Anne Fedeyko. The childhood memories which are most pleasant for me are of the time I spent living on the farm in Krydor, Sask. with my grandparents, Kost and Rosalia Fedeyko, after my mother died. Sadly, my children will never experience growing up on a farm. It is with much nostalgia that I recall some of those farm experiences: The threshing teams that used to go from farm to farm to help harvest, with my grandmother and aunt cooking for 15 men (no micro-waves then!); the blessing of livestock and of our



1942, Konnie and grandfather Kost Fedeyko.

buildings; our first tractor with lugs that took Uncle Edward and grandfather 2 days to drive home; harrowing with horses on a hot day; the outhouse with the softer pages of the Simpson's or Eaton catalogue; the Chinook winds that would change the temperatures from -20F to -40F; going to school in the cabooses because of cold weather or staying at my granduncle Kazmir's (grandmother's brother); my years at the country school, Zbaraz, School District #2403; Ukrainian as my first language (I still have trouble with v's and w's in English); the trips to Saskatoon (the "big City") and eating fresh kobasa and rye bread on the way back home; and finally, trapping gophers.

Schools I have attended include: Silverthorne Collegiate Institute — Senior Matriculation; Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, Toronto, Ontario, (Mechanical Engineering Tech.); Michigan Technological Univ., Houghton, Michigan, USA (B.Sc. — Mech. Eng.); University of New Haven, Connecticut, USA (M.Sc. — Indus. Eng.).

I belong to the American Institute of Industrial Engineers and at one time belonged to the Young Ukrainian Nationalists in Toronto.

The companies I have worked for follow: Roscoe Metal Products in Toronto; Turnbull Elevator Co. Ltd., Toronto; Taylor Instruments Company, Rochester, N.Y.; Avco Lycoming Division, Stratford, Conn.; General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.; United Technologies Corp. (Ambac Automotive Div.), Cincinnati, Ohio; Dressler Industries Inc., Corporate Computer Services Div. with approved



1942, Konnie and his uncle Edward Fedeyko.



1943, Konnie age 4.

transfer to the Industrial Division in Stratford, Conn. in 1984.

My wife (Constance Pospesil) and I enjoy most



1971, L-R: Louise, Paul, Constance, Konnie, Rosalia and Richard Fedeyko.

sports, especially watching our daughter, Holly Jo, swim. She set a record in her age and stroke group in Cincinnati and swam with a relay team that won and broke 2 records in a meet composed of 48 teams from the Midwestern United States. Holly Jo also placed fourth in synchronized swimming in the midwest regionals the following year. Our 9 year old son Stefan is also coming along fine and will no doubt find his sport when he gets older. Our vacations have been spent visiting our immediate families and seeing the points of interest in areas we have lived in.

We maintain Easter and Christmas traditions for both English and Ukrainian celebrations. Easter is special for us all as we go to church and the basket is loaded with good ethnic foods to be blessed in the church.



1982, Stefan and Holly Jo Fedeyko.

We presently reside at 844 Eisenhower Drive, Pittsburgh, PA.

Richard Allen and Helen Fedeyko



1972, Helen and Richard Fedeyko.

I was born in 1947, a son to Paul R. and Louise Fedeyko.

My first school days were spent at Orangeville, Ontario on the farm property, and I also attended Sunday School at Camilla. The earliest recollections I have of farm life are wonderful. I remember my German Shepard companion, Shepp, my experiences driving the Jeep through the fields, my first shot at a ground hog, my dad teaching me safety first.



1949, Richard, Paul R. and Konnie Fedeyko.

One vivid memory is of the time I drove the Jeep into my father's car and of my favorite uncle Walter Shugan advising my father that he parked in the wrong place. My Uncle was full of schemes for good, fun-filled mischief!

My first hospital stay, in Orangeville, followed a fall on a neighbor's frozen driveway resulting in a split lip. No Christmas for me that year!

When we moved to Toronto I attended Public school and matriculated at Thistletown Collegiate Institute where I enjoyed courses in drafting, electricity and music. I was also group leader of a boy-scout troop for 3 years.

We lived by the river in Toronto and my gang of new friends and I relived a lot of cowboys and Indians days. Uncle Walter had bought me a small BB pistol in a holster and belt and was I ever proud to show it off! When I hit a stone from too close the pellet bounced back into the center of my forehead leaving a mark which I will always have. After 2 days and 4 bandaids I had to go to the doctor. Did he have a fit! All I got was a needle, a lecture, and no gun for a while.

I contracted every childhood disease within a 50-mile radius and suffered a broken hand, broken foot and had two operations.

The pains and woes of growing up were compensated for by visits to places of interest. We crossed the gorge at Niagara Falls by cable and visited the tower and museum. There was a trip to the Parliament Buildings and Royal Mint in Ottawa, and a tour of Quebec, and through the historic City, as well as Montreal.

We used to visit with my Grandparents (Kost Fedeyko) and Uncle Edward in Saskatchewan every year and what a holiday that was on the farm! We



1984, Mark, Helen and Richard Fedeyko.



1983, Mark Fedeyko.

were treated royally and the food was always delicious!

I will never forget the trip to North Battleford and visiting a **real** fort!

I remember meeting Uncle Bill Fedeyko at Fort Saskatchewan, the tour of Edmonton, and vicinity and mostly the oilfields and farms with pumps on them. We enjoyed the stay at the cottage and I still have a picture from there of most of the Fedeykos I met.

I met my wife, Helen Argerys, at a Christmas party and we were married in September 1972. We are settled down now and have a son, Mark, born in 1983.

Catherine (Barchuk) and Louis Karpan

Slowly the car turned off Highway 40 and wound its way onto a grid road north, passing an unpainted granary with a lean-to on the west side to house a buggy. Turning west we came to a farm house with a small porch, now covered by tall caragana hedge. The white washed wall stood remarkably well all these years. It stirred many happy fond memories as I viewed the home I left some 55 years ago. This was the place my parents had built and where I was born, near Krydor, Saskatchewan.

I was born a twin in September 1912, the first children of Elizabeth and Martin Barchuk. Unfortunately my sister Anne died of dysentery in 1913.

As I was approaching school age, Aunt Alexandra taught me the alphabet and since Oukraina School was only half a mile from Grandmother's, most of my school year was spent there. When the snow was heavy Grandma walked ahead, making tracks for me to follow in. In the spring we used to take a short cut across the field and lakes and most of the time our clothes, socks, and shoes were so wet that they would not dry by morning. We kids were



1934, Catherine and Louis Karpan.



1920, Back row: Catherine Barchuk and Mark Deditch. Front row: Irene, Walter and Stephanie Barchuk.

lucky that the ice across the lake did not break. It was such fun.

When we moved in 1927, we lived about two miles from Krydor High School. These were the happy days; between studies we took part in ball and other games. Our principal was W. Sarchuk; we worked hard and made good grades. I graduated from high school in 1930 and the following year I enrolled in Regina Teachers' College. In 1933 I was able to obtain a teaching position at Lost Lake

School, just east of Hafford, at a salary of three hundred dollars a year. Those were the years where it was not uncommon to have one hundred applications for one school position. The school houses were of frame construction, heated with a pot belly wood furnace. There were seldom any reference books or material of any kind. The school housed around forty to sixty pupils with eight to eleven grades and the job was a real challenge. When I look back I marvel at the quality of education the pupils received. Perhaps it was due to children wishing to learn and the fine cooperation of the parents.

In April 1934, I took over the teaching at Sand Lake School from Louis Karpan who went farming. This was an old school of sixty-three kids and eleven grades. Louis' family came from Krydor originally, where he attended school, followed by Saskatoon Bedford Road and Nutana Collegiate and later Teacher's College in Regina. His first school was Canada School, some twenty miles north of Hafford, about three miles east of the present site of the Hamlet of Alticane. He also taught three years at Sand Lake School west of the present Petrofka Bridge.

In July of 1934 Louis and I were married in the Church Chapel in Krydor and moved out to the farm at Borden. We were fortunate to get a few good crops, but the price of grain was in the forty cent a bushel range, so progress was fairly slow. Those were the years when jobs were scarce. We lived along the Canadian National Railway and it was not uncommon to have someone for lunch or dinner but this ended as soon as the war was declared.

At the beginning of the World War II we had acquired more land and livestock and at first were able to hire help, but with enlistment, help got scarce and the load got pretty heavy. In 1940 our daughter Elizabeth Lucy Elaine was born and was a welcomed addition in our house. By the summer of 1943 we felt that the farm load we had assumed was getting too heavy without help, so we decided to leave the farm and try a business venture. In the fall of 1943, we purchased a general store at Speers, Saskatchewan. Business was good but we found that we were faced with a quota system which was hard to obtain. In January of 1945 we lost the store in an afternoon fire. Unfortunately we had very little insurance, so Speers Cooperative rebuilt the store which we operated that year.

In the fall of 1945 we purchased a general store in Maymont from Nathan Friedman and hired Ted Saundres to operate it for us. In 1947, Louis built a garage and set up a shop with three employees and General Motors and Massey Ferguson contracts.

In 1945 daughter Gladys Linda joined our family as a sister to Lucy. Gladys started school in May-

mont, and both girls joined CGIT and the church choir.

Both girls took piano lessons. Lucy taught Sunday school classes when she was home. Graduating from high school with honors she attended University of Saskatchewan and graduated with a Degree in Education, later specializing in Primary Education. Daughter Gladys graduated from high school and decided to join the Navy.

It wasn't until 1951 that we took our first holiday and motored to the West Coast with Lucy and Gladys. We visited such places as the Boulder Dam, Glacier Park, Stanley Park, Buchard Gardens of Victoria. That was the first look the girls had at the beautiful mountains.

The following year our family motored east, travelling through the northern U.S. and visiting Hamilton, Toronto Museum and Niagara Falls.

In 1967, Lucy and Brenda motored with us to eastern Canada and Expo in Montreal. We visited Ronald and Gladys Falcon and their baby daughter Katherine in Halifax and marvelled at the wooden bridges in Nova Scotia and toll bridges in Halifax. We visited the house of Anne of Green Gables, Legislative Buildings in all the provinces, toured Prince Edward Island, dug for clams, and visited a miniature city and original church building.

In 1970 we took a trip to the Orient, visiting Japan, Hong Kong, Taiwan and China proper. We visited the Emperor's Palace, the grounds, golden Palaces, rice paddies, fishing villages, tea plantations, cultured pearl beds, Toyota car assembly plant, Expo and the Cherry Blossom Festival. Hong Kong was particularly fascinating with sky scrapers, many cultural sights, poverty dwellings, and overcrowded apartment houses.

In 1971 we flew to London, England, took a tour through Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, took the ship voyage to Newcastle, and from here we toured England, up to the Irish Sea, Wales and Scotland.

In 1977 we took a trip to Europe, England, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Isle of Capri, Italy and France.

In 1978 I visited the Holy Land. Louis did not wish to go. A group from Maymont went and we visited Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and most biblical places that Christ had made his way through so many years ago. We dipped our toes in the Jordan River. This was a very educational and enjoyable trip.

In 1979 we toured Fiji, Australia, and New Zealand. We visited vineries, stayed overnight at farmsteads where we were shown how ranchers operate. Due to warm winters they do not put up any feed for livestock. The bulk of their machinery consisted of a

garden tractor and a Jeep truck. We visited one of the finest stud farms where we saw a two million dollar stud horse and the finest breeding in the world. We saw thousands of sheep, farm fields of wheat, sorghum, and the growing of two crops a year. We visited the Opera House in Sydney and also Captain Cook's Palace. On the way back we stopped in Hawaii, a beautiful group of islands with beautiful beaches, hotels, and parks. We toured the finest harbour in the world, Pearl Harbour.

In 1978 Louis retired from municipal secretary-treasurer position, and has been looking after the affairs of the Village of Maymont, the church books and is manager of low rental homes. He hopes to retire completely in the spring of 1983. We have a cottage at the lake and our families are not too far so we are hoping to have more time to enjoy our leisure years with them.



Gladys Linda and Ronald Falcon.



1963, E. Lucy E. (Karpan) Howes.

Stephanie (Barchuk) and Mike Melnyk



1972, Stephanie and Mike Melnyk.

I was born in Nov. 23, 1914. I attended Ukraina and Krydor school where I completed my secondary schooling. Upon completing my grade twelve, I returned to the farm.

In 1935 I met and married Mike E. Melnyk and settled on rented land. We faced the same many hardships as the pioneers, including severe weather conditions.

In 1938, during the depression, with no prospects of a crop, Mike and two of his neighbors decided to go to Alberta to find work. They walked and rode freight trains to get there only to discover that jobs were scarce there too. He made just enough money to return to Saskatchewan and it was back to farming again!

In those days, lights were either coal oil or gas lamps, and a wood stove provided heat and was used to cook with.

During the depression years horses were indispensable and were used for transportation as well as various chores on the farm and all field work. In the winter we hauled cut wood for fuel and even hauled wood to town for a few dollars as money was very scarce in those days.

There were long hours of work which was a part of farming, gardening, and raising a family with limited facilities available. In those days wells had to be dug and the water drawn and carried by hand. During dry spells the wells would go dry, and we hauled water both for house and for the livestock. In

those depression years, we had to work hard and got nothing in return.

In 1944 we purchased Mazurek's land, built a house and moved that same year. In 1949 we bought our first tractor, after which the work got easier but the days seemed to get longer. In order to make money to operate the farm we raised cattle, pigs and chickens, milked cows and shipped cream.

The use of cars in winter meant keeping the roads open. For many winters it was up to Mike and our neighbors to keep the roads open. This was a cold and unrewarding job, as many times a newly opened road would be blown over the next morning.

Electricity came in 1960 to change the way of life on the farm and with it came lights, a freezer, and other conveniences to make farm tasks easier.

With changing times country schools were closed and the school bus picked up the children at the door to take them to Blaine Lake school.

Our family consisted of three sons. Ernest was born on March 8, 1936 and died while still very young. Gordon was born on Nov. 28, 1945. He attended Uhrynów, a country school which was three

miles away. At times it was difficult getting to school during the winter time as the roads were very poor compared to today. After completing grade eight at Uhrynów, Gordon enrolled at Blaine Lake Composite High School. He graduated and remained on the farm for several years. He then went to Saskatoon to work as a letter carrier and later worked in the Duval potash mine. June 1, 1969 he married Claire



1979, Kevin, Gordon, Cindy, Claire, Brian and Darryl.

Bonin. In 1970 they returned to the farm and built a new house. They have four children: Kevin 13, Darryl 11, Cindy 7, and Bryan 5. They all attend Blaine Lake school.

Our third son, Walter, was born on Nov. 16, 1949. He also attended Uhrynów School for six years, then attended Krydor for two years. He completed his high school at Blaine Lake in 1967. He enrolled at the University of Saskatchewan, faculty of Engineering in 1967 and graduated from the U. of S. in 1972 with a B.Sc. in Engineering, Geological Sciences. He



1977, Walter, Stephanie, Mike and Gordon Melnyk.



1960, Threshing on Mike Melnyk farm.



1960, Harvesting, Walter on Binder, Gordon on tractor.



1966, Harvesting on Melnyk farm, Gordon on Combine, Walter on truck.

presently resides in North Vancouver, and works for Esso Resources Canada as an exploration geologist.

In 1978 we moved to Blaine Lake leaving our eldest son Gordon to take over the farming operation. Both, Mike and I are in good health and enjoy helping on the farm, travelling, fishing, and gardening.



1969, Gordon and Claire Melnyk.

Irene (Barchuk) and Paul Hrynychuk

I am one of five children born to Martin and Elizabeth (Fedeyko) Barchuk on August 25, 1916. I was raised on the farm and went to a country school named "Oukraina", just a mile south of my grandparents' (Fedeyko) home. In my early school years we moved to Krydor district where I attended school to the eighth grade.

I remember when I was a young girl and we had our Christmas dinners at our grandparents. Grandma had hay on the table with a white tablecloth and all the main twelve dishes of food. After a delicious meal we children went under the table to search in the hay for nuts and candy. There was also a sheaf of wheat in the corner for a good crop in the coming year. During my holidays from school I stayed with my grandparents and I remember making some tasty golden brown bread in an outdoor oven. The smell and aroma made you hungry. It was great.

There was another time when grandpa needed help to make hay. We had to tramp it on the hayrack and haul it to the yard. My sister Stephanie and I were so thrilled when we were paid 50¢ for that day and



Paul and Irene Hrynychuk family, Back row, L-R: Louise, Paul, Irene, Alice. Front row: Bert, Kenneth and David.



1935, Paul Hrynychuk, winter transportation.

planned how we would spend it on the rides at the Saskatoon fair. That was a long time ago, we were 8-10 years of age at the time, and the rides were the 5¢ kind.

I can still vividly picture my grandparents getting in their shiny black buggy with its well-groomed horse to go to Krydor shopping, which was once in two or more weeks. There were many times, also, when coming home from school we had to go by our grandparents' house and would call in for some cookies and milk, good home baked bread, good butter and cottage cheese which were all made on the farm.

When Dad sold the land we moved away and didn't get to see them as often as we would have liked.

I finished my schooling in Krydor (Grade 8) and then stayed home and helped on the farm. I remember Dad hitching up the horses to the harrows and I went all day walking behind them, barefoot and bruised. Then I decided it would be fun to go help Dad plow the land. The horses were hard to handle and I was a very tired girl of 13.



1944, Harvesting on the Hrynychuk farm.

I married Paul Hrynychuk at the age of 18 and moved to the Borden district to our small farm. We had three children who attended Wheat Heart School for some three years. We sold our place and took over Dad's land in the Krydor district in 1946. The times were very tough, because we had such a setback in the dirty thirties. I remember when eggs were 5-6¢ a dozen. The wheat was 52¢ in 1939 and we sold one cow, to feed the family, for \$8.00. We kept one cow milking for the children.



Harvesting on the Hrynychuk farm before the day of the tractor.

Grandpa passed away in August of 1939 when the farmers were busy mowing their crops for feed.

In 1949 we had another son, Dave, and one more in 1955. They are all on their own and far away. We have 2 grandsons and 5 granddaughters. We don't get to see them as often as we would like to.

We farmed until 1974 and have retired to the town of Blaine Lake, Saskatchewan, population 750.



Barchuk, Hrynchuk, Melnyk, family outing.

Ann (Barchuk) and Nick Malarchuk



1943, Nick and Anne Malarchuk.

In a simple sturdy log house deep in the Saskatchewan plains of pioneering days, a daughter, Anne, was born on April 2, 1922 to Elizabeth Fedeyko Barchuk and Martin Barchuk, their fifth surviving child granddaughter of Eva and Sylvester Fedeyko.



1943, Martin and Elizabeth Barchuk.

The time was to become known as the "Roaring 20's", yet little of that was to be found in the small town of Krydor, Saskatchewan. Here people worked from dawn till dusk, fiercely determined to provide a better and fuller life for themselves and their families.

Anne remembers the occasional visits of her grandparents and enjoying the hearth baked bread. It was such a treat at Christmas when Grandmother Eva Fedeyko would allow us children to play in the straw under the table. What fun that was! Christmas was such a joyous occasion, receiving nuts and oranges, a doll and wicker carriage at the age of four, and a few years later the sleigh rides, and ball games with brother Walter.

However, she also recalls the pain and anguish that she suffered simply for being the only Polish girl in a totally Ukrainian community, especially during her school days. Time dims that pain but does not eradicate it.

In Autumn of 1943, on October 25, Anne married Nick Malarchuk from the nearby town of Blaine Lake, Saskatchewan.

On June 1, 1945, a daughter, Shirley Leona, was born. The family moved to Toronto, Ontario when she was three and a half years old to seek an opportunity for a better life. It was here that Nick decided to go into building and moved the family to Hamilton, Ontario, their second child, Sandra Anne, was born July 25, 1952.

Anne's life has been very interesting taking care of her family and working for a food chain for twenty years. Nick and Anne have travelled all ten Canadian provinces, the United States and the West Indies, and are now enjoying their grandchildren whenever possible, and their remaining years of retirement.



1981, Nick and Anne Malarchuk.

Shirley Leona (Malarchuk) Livingston

Shirley Leona Malarchuk, born June 1, 1945, was an Ontario scholar and graduated from St. Joseph's School of Nursing in 1966. She fulfilled her yearning for travel by spending two years in Europe, both working and travelling.

Upon her return, she promptly sought sunnier pastures and moved to Houston, Texas. Here, a tall, lean Oklahoma boy by the name of Robert Livingston swept her off her feet. They were married in Houston in 1974.

Robert's parents were actually born and raised in the state of Missouri and Robert's father has traced the Livingston genealogy to a Scot who fought on the Plains of Abraham.

Robert attended the University of Oklahoma Medical School and did further training at the National Cancer Institute and M. D. Anderson in



1974, Robert and Shirley Livingston.



1978, Shirley and Robert Livingston.

Houston. His specialty is medical oncology and he is considered one of the finest oncologists in the country. Robert is a Professor of Medicine at the University of Washington and enjoys his work thoroughly.

After more than ten years in nursing, Shirley is



1980, Shirley, Darcie and Nicolas Livingston.

now a full-time mother for Nicolas, 5, and Darcie, 3. Shirley is an avid skier and exercise enthusiast as well as being the fiscal manager of the Livingston household. The entire family enjoys the beauty of the Pacific Northwest and now refer to it as home.

Sandra Ann (Malarchuk) Davis



1981, Kim and Sandy Davis.

Sandra was born on July 25, 1952 at Hamilton, Ontario. She was very aggressive in her studies during her younger years and was an Ontario scholar.

Upon graduation from Erindale College, Univer-

sity of Toronto, in 1973 with a Bachelor of Arts Degree, Sandra travelled and holidayed in the Bahamas. There she met Kim Weldon Davis, and it was love at first sight. They were married the following year at Toronto, Ontario on June 8, 1974.

Kim had travelled all over the world in his



1974, Sandy and Kim Davis.

younger years, as his father was a pilot. Kim served in the Navy for six years.

At present, Sandy and Kim live in Poway, California, a suburb of San Diego. Kim works for the Pacific Bell Company and enjoys his work. Sandy runs the household and they are happy in their new surroundings.

Pauline (Deditch-Worby) and Gilbert L. McCutcheon

My life story begins in the spring of 1923 in the small town of Cut Knife, Saskatchewan, Canada, when I was born the second child to Steven and Alexandra Deditch on March 31st. I was christened and given the name Pauline Olga Grace Deditch at Saint Vladimiers Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church, the same church where my parents had been married. Mother says my godparents were Aunt Elizabeth Barchuk and a distant uncle, Nick Senkus.

My dad was a school teacher prior to moving to



1950, L-R: Ann Deditch, John Worobetz, Elsie Worobetz, Alexandra Deditch, Stefan Deditch, Pauline Worobey, John Worobey, Ihor Deditch and Patricia Worobetz sitting on chair.

Cut Knife from the community of Krydor, Saskatchewan. In Cut Knife he took a position as a dray master working for the Canadian National Railway. He also managed the town livery barn which was owned by two of my mother's brothers, Jacob and Konstantine Fedeyko.

Dad's position kept him extremely busy. Mother had to help out with the draying, in addition to her daily chores of housework and taking care of me. Dad bought a new Model T Ford and Mother learned to drive it, after which she could drive to Rossman to pick up deliveries. She would sit me on the front seat (no seat belts in those days) while she cranked the car until it would sputter and clatter, backfire and finally start. Cranking the car to a start broke her wrist on one occasion. We would drive over the prairie country roads, which were actually Indian trails, to reach our destination. Mr. Katchur, the station agent, and his wife waved and greeted us warmly. They helped Mother load the mail and supplies while I was seated on a depot platform with their small son, Peter. We children watched the car being loaded and soon Mother and I were on our way home.

My fondest memories are of Mother and Dad taking me to visit Uncle Jacob and Aunt Catherine Fedeyko's large farm. I had a great time there. Aunt Catherine was a warm-hearted person who was always smiling and made cakes and rolls for us. My cousin Stephania, was always ready to play with me. We played hide-and-go-seek and ran around as children do. Uncle Jacob was a jolly person and I recall running alongside him as he pulled the red wagon filled with buckets of grain to feed the piglets. On the way back he would put Stephania and me in the wagon and give us a ride. I remember chasing the chickens and turkeys all through the yard but I never

caught any! These trips were fun and always looked forward to.

When I was five years old, we went to live with my grandparents, Sylvester and Eva Fedeyko, on their large farm in the Krydor area. They were two lovely people. Grandfather was a carpenter by trade. He erected a building with a tool shop on one side and an open hearth oven on the other. Dad helped Grandfather with field and yardwork while Mother and Grandmother did their daily chores and tended the gardens. I usually tagged along with Grandmother as Mother had Elizabeth and Annie, my younger sisters, to take care of. Every week Grandmother and Mother baked bread. I would help them carry the bread loaves to and from the hearth oven and they always made me a wee loaf. There was such a delicious aroma floating through the air that I can almost taste it still.

It was near Krydor that I began my schooling. My Dad had had the honor of naming my first school — The Oukraina School — as well as of being the first teacher to instruct at that school. My mother had attended the same school as a student prior to her marriage to Dad who taught there. My grandfather built the lockers and cupboards where students placed their lunches, cups and personal belongings at Oukraina School.

My first grade teacher was a nice gentleman, Mr. Peter Horbay. In second grade I had a new teacher, Miss Ann Lucyk who was a lovely, polite lady. I recall bringing homemade butter to her once a week.

There was a Canadian National Railway crossing that cut across my grandparents farm. One of my parents would walk me across it until I learned to watch out for myself so that I would not be hit by a train.

Sunday mornings, Grandfather and Dad would hitch the horses to the new buggy; Sister Elizabeth and I would sit on the front floor board, Grandfather and Grandmother in the front seat, Mother, Dad and baby sister, Annie, rode in the backseat.

Sunday afternoons we had large dinners and on these occasions I met my other relatives, Uncle Konstantine and Aunt Rosalie Fedeyko, and cousins Paul and Edward. Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Martin Barchuk and their children Catherine, Irene, Stephania, Walter and Ann were also there. Those were grand times.

Two years slipped by before my parents, my two sisters and I moved ten miles away. Dad and Mother bought their own farm and built a house where I grew up in the Oscar Lake community. My father was not a farmer but he was curious to see what he could do with a farm. All the knowledge he possessed about farming had been obtained from books plus a little

help from Grandfather. With Mother's help they struggled along.

I was brought up in a good Christian home, very strict and well respected in the community. I remember my parents had a lot of patience with my sisters and me. My Dad would teach us to say those lengthy Ukrainian prayers in my very early years, and everyday we all thanked the good Lord for our daily blessings.

Times were lean and life was not easy for our family during those difficult years. The grain Dad sowed was almost wiped out by frost and hail. Nevertheless, some grain was saved; enough to pull us through the next year. Even during these hard times, compared to many people we were fortunate. My mother was a seamstress and tailor who sewed clothing for many neighbors and friends. Many a night I would wake up at one or two o'clock in the morning to find Mother still pedaling on her treadle sewing machine and the few extra dollars she earned helped out. Despite our limited financial means, Mother managed to dress us well. Mother had poise, class and style which I was very proud of. Mother made beautiful clothes which could surpass Christian Dior, Givenchy and many others in design and quality.

Dad's broad education and knowledge of law enabled him to do interpretive work for neighboring farmers and friends. Father was sometimes paid in cash, but usually received goods from the farmlands; freshly sheared wool, young calves, piglets and even fresh fish.

Young as we children were, even we contributed to family earnings. I would help Mother dig Seneca roots which we dried and sold for a small profit. We had a lot of cows which we children milked, and then we separated the cream through a Delaval bell separator. Every week Louis Simons picked up our fresh sweet cream in a large truck and hauled it to the North Battleford creamery. We also sold eggs and molded our own fresh butter which we sold to a Krydor store, and all of this combined gave us good cash earnings.

There were a lot of gophers on our farmland which were destroying our grain crops and gardens. My sister Elizabeth and I became quite expert at catching them in traps. Elizabeth was the one who would kill them and cut their tails off for bounty. I did not have the heart to kill them. However, I would help set and help carry the traps. Elizabeth always got more money out of the deal as she did the undesirable work! I agreed this was fair.

Towards evening, when Dad was not busy, he would take my sister and I to the fields. Mother would pack freshly baked bread, butter, bacon and potatoes to take along. Dad would make a bonfire out

in the field. My sisters and I would run around the glowing fire and pretend we were Indians having a big pow-wow. When we roasted corn-on-the-cob and bacon on long willow sticks, and Dad baked potatoes in the wood coals, a sweet delicious aroma would float through the air. Then Mother would join us.

Another cherished memory of my childhood is of an old green trunk Mother had. How I loved to rummage through it, with my Mothers permission. I used to spend hours looking through old photos, dressing in Mother's silk and chiffon dresses, high heeled shoes, and plummed hats, pretending I was an elegant lady like my Mother.



L-R: Elsie Worobetz with Mother Alexandra Wojchuk and sister Pauline McCutcheon.

Farm life was very hard, however, we attended many social functions, and these activities were always looked forward to.

Children were a farm family's pride and joy. We kids helped do farm chores, my particular job being to herd the geese to the lake on the far side of the farm. At twilight I had to bring them home again so that the red fox would not eat them.

In Dad's earlier years he was choirmaster at St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church. Mother was a choir member, and at home we sang Christian hymns and Ukrainian songs. Dad divided us into soprano, alto and tenor sections. I enjoyed the singing very much.

We did not have a Bible in our house, however, Dad could conduct an entire Mass which he had learned in the Ukraine. Father taught us our catechism and scriptures and when the priest visited the nearby church we all attended.

My later school days were at Lancaster School. It

was a four and one-half mile walk each way (no school buses in those days). My first teacher at Lancaster, Mr. John Ostrowski, was strict and had very little patience. After English studies were completed at four o'clock, we would study Ukrainian and Polish. My Dad deserves the credit for teaching me the Ukrainian language. He spent many hours tutoring me and I read and write Ukrainian fluently.

My next teacher was a more patient man, Mr. Grant Fletcher. As much as I hate to say it, math was my weakest subject, and Mr. Fletcher was concerned about it. Many evenings I was brought to tears having to stay late learning fractions. On Friday afternoons we had social classes which included drama, singing and square dancing. The last two hours we were grouped into two sides and we were taken by the teacher on an arrow chase across Mr. Rebalkin's farm. After that we would all assemble back at school to sing "God Save Our King", then dismissed.

My last teacher was Miss Mary Kalin. She was a lovely teacher. I was in my teens then and she had a lot of patience with me, seeming like a big sister to all us girls. After four o'clock she taught us ballroom dancing, the waltz, charleston, scottish and fox-trot. In addition to dancing she wave set our hair and taught embroidery, cross stitch and petit point. I embroidered a beautiful star design on a long sleeve satin blouse and used it as a Ukrainian costume in several plays at our local hall.

I was athletically inclined as a child and played on the softball and basketball teams. I was also in the Girl Guide group. Miss Kalin selected Stella Rurak and I to substitute on the boys' baseball team. We played in tournaments against Alberttown, Krevoshien, and Sich schools. There was a sad ending to my ball playing days when Sam Rebalkin was batting and the bat slipped out of his hand, hitting me on the nose and knocking me out. I was on the ground in a pool of blood and my baseball career was in ruins.

Shortly after that incident my mother became ill. She was bedridden for one-and-a-half years. At that time I was taken out of school. My parents knew I was an obedient, ambitious and trustworthy child. Being the oldest it was my duty to help out with the family necessities, I was my Mothers right hand. I was responsible for all household chores which consisted of preparing breakfast, sending my sisters to school, milking cows and feeding the animals. I also washed clothes on a glass scrubbing board which gave me blisters lasting until the next wash day. I also took care of my brother, Ehor, who was a toddler. Ehor was a quiet and obedient child, for which I was grateful! I also baked cookies and cakes which my sisters would eat after school.

After Mother recuperated, I was able to participate in church activities and the amateur theatrical group. At age sixteen I was allowed to attend box socials and shadow sale dances, chaperoned by one or both of my parents.

Christmas in our home was a joyous and festive occasion, with the traditional tree and handmade decorations adding a touch of color to our house. Christmas caroling was part of the community sharing of this most special time. Special holiday prayers and meals were shared with our relatives and friends. While the fields outdoors glistened with snow and ice. There were sleigh rides across snowy fields, ice skating and skiing on homemade skis that Michael and Walter Lanski, our neighbors, built. We had blazing fires inside which gave our home a warm hospitable glow. The aroma of Mother's freshly baked cakes, cookies and pies filled the house and my sisters and I would hang up our stockings, anticipating the arrival of St. Nick. Our parents made sure they stuffed a small gift, apple, orange and nuts into our stockings. How we treasured the few simple gifts . . . we were happy when Christmas came but sorry when it was gone.

When my grandfather, Sylvester Fedeyko died, I went to live with my grandmother. I had the responsibility of running my grandmother's house. I did all the household chores in addition to milking the cow and feeding the piglet and chickens. The hardest job was shoveling the snow off the pathway to the barn.

Grandmother and I attended Mass at the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church. We sometimes walked to church, but often caught a ride with Mr. and Mrs. Zachary Lychushyn. Grandmother taught me many prayers. She also taught me to cook many Ukrainian dishes which recipes I dearly treasure.

Grandmother's health began to fail and she decided to live with her oldest son, my Uncle Jacob Fedeyko, in Cut Knife while I returned home to live with my parents.

When I returned home I met my future husband, John Worobey, at my Uncle Jack and Aunt Barbara Sass' house. John and I became good friends but nothing more for the time being.

At age eighteen, I moved to Toronto, Ontario, in search of work. I stayed with family friends and found a job at Artistic Jewelry Products. I worked in the shipping department and was later promoted to make-up samples.

John Worobey came to Toronto in 1941 and we were married in a Greek Orthodox church. My cousin, Paul Fedeyko, helped us organize our wedding and was our best man. John and I stayed in touch with our families after our marriage.

John was an industrious and dedicated worker, a



1941, Wedding Day. L-R: Walter Chura, Mary Bobran, John Worobey, Pauline (Deditch) Worobey, Paul R. Fedeyko and Ann Wasylciw.

good-natured person both at work and at home. He worked at Sully Brass Company for six years while I worked five years at Artistic Products and one year at Ponds Cosmetics Company as a lipstick flamer.

John transferred to a new position in Los Angeles, California in 1947. Friends who came from Toronto helped us find a cottage in East Los Angeles. I worked for three years using a zig-zag sewing machine in a lingerie shop, inseting lace in slips.

In 1950 we bought a house in the Los Angeles suburb of Rivera. We were blessed with our first child on January 31, 1951. We christened our son, Johnny Robert, three months after moving to our new home, and I then stayed home as a full time homemaker. Johnny Robert was an asthmatic child and we spent many sleepless nights nursing him. Three years later our second son, Glenn Steven, was born on November 12, 1953.

While the children were growing up, we all attended St. Marianne's Catholic church. For entertainment, our family picnicked, played ball, ice skated and square danced.

My sister Ann and her family moved to Los Angeles in 1956. John and I helped them file their immigration papers. It was nice to visit with relatives again and our children attended the same schools and church.

In 1960 John's health began to fail. I returned to work as sole supporter of our family, working for Lever Brothers Company on various shifts, which was hard. In 1965 John passed away, leaving me the responsibility of raising two sons, one of whom was frequently ill. Faith and prayers kept me going from one day to the next.

As the boys grew up, I was both their mother and father. I helped them with their scouting activities, their paper routes, and twice a week I took them for

piano lessons and to catechism. The boys belonged to a square dancing group and we often travelled to special performances in different cities.

In spite of all the hardships, I never lost hope. After a number of years, my diligent prayers were answered, Johnny Robert outgrew his asthma. Also, I was noticed and promoted to a much better position as a laboratory technician. Praise the Lord!!

Both of my sons were good students, Johnny Robert attending Rio Hondo and Mt. San Antonio Colleges and receiving his Associate of Science degree in Commercial Flight from Mt. San Antonio College in 1971. He also has his private pilots license. Robert now works for Lucky Markets as a rail checker.

Glenn also attended Rio Hondo College. And in 1971 he enlisted in the U.S. Army, spending two years in Germany. When he returned, he resumed his studies. Glenn received his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Redlands in 1983 and is now a Locomotive Engineer for the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Johnny Robert is married to Jennifer Sourp and their three children are: Robbie (fourteen), Heather (nine) and Jessica (two). Glenn is married to Lori Krebs. They have a two year old son, Benjamin, and are expecting their second child in June of 1984.

I remarried in 1975 to Gilbert Loran McCutcheon who has one son, Donald Wayne, from his previous marriage. Donald is married to Alicia Oliver. Their daughter, Dawn, is one year old.



Gilbert and Pauline McCutcheon.

Gilbert is an industrious and dedicated worker in the transportation department of Lucky Markets. He has been in this field for thirty years and has also been a driving instructor for truckers.

After twenty-three years at Lever Brothers, I retired on December 1st, 1983, and now Gilbert and I spend our time together nurturing our garden and cultivating our many rose bushes and travelling.

I owe a debt of gratitude to my parents and grandparents. They taught their children to live by the Ten Commandments, respect for hard work and strong family ties. They also taught us never to forget our heritage and Ukrainian culture.

May each one of us live each day to the fullest, serve our Lord and those around us, to the very best of our ability.

Gilbert L. McCutcheon

written by Gilbert Loran McCutcheon



G. L. McCutcheon on the job.

I, Gilbert Loran McCutcheon, was born in Hollis, Oklahoma in 1925. My grandparents came to the USA from Scotland. My parents moved from Texas to Oklahoma during the Sooner days of 1889. My father's three brothers settled in the same area.

I was the youngest of eight children. My dad homesteaded a 160 acre farm near Hollis and built a nice home on it. Virgin farmland grew very good crops, even during the great depression.

We children walked 3½ miles to a country school, even through snow, sleet, and sand storm. At age fifteen years I drove the school bus. I graduated from high school at seventeen and a half years of age.

After graduation, I enlisted in the U.S. Navy. I spent four years overseas ranging from Casa Blanca, North Africa to the South Pacific and Japan. I served on the Battleship USS Massachusetts. I helped commission it in 1942. In Pearl Harbor I was assigned to

the USS Princeton, on an aircraft carrier. One year later at the Battle of Luzon in the Philippines, we lost the aircraft carrier from a kamikaze attack. I was one of the few survivors. Again, I was reassigned to the USS Massachusetts which operated with the 3rd and 5th fleet, in conjunction with the British ships in the South Pacific.

I have been a truck driver for over forty years. I have driven over 23 million miles without an accident. I have one son, Donald, by a previous marriage, they have a one year old daughter.

On March 30, 1975, I married Paulene (Polly) Worby at the Candlelight Chapel in Las Vegas, Nevada. Our three sons attended the ceremony. Our marriage is based on trust, understanding, and consideration for each other. One of the things we enjoy together is travelling. On my first trip to Canada with Polly, I found the Canadians most congenial and warmhearted, especially her parents. Polly is intelligent, honest, and a compassionate person. She is a Christian with outstanding principles. She is ambitious and very creative in many fields. Polly paints, decorates cakes, does needlework, knits and helps teach craft classes.



Gilbert and Pauline with grandchildren, Robbie and Heather.

I am presently employed with Lucky Stores, Inc. until my retirement. We enjoy our two grandsons and three granddaughters.

J. Robert and Jennifer Worby

My name is Johnny Robert (Worobey) Worby, a fourth generation descendant of Sylvester and Eudokia Fedeyko. My parents are John Iwan Worobey and Pauline Grace Deditch Worobey, both of them



The Worby's: Jennifer and Johnny Robert with children, Heather, Jessica and Robbie.

from the farming community near Krydor, Saskatchewan, Canada. They married in Toronto, Ontario in 1941 and emigrated to East Los Angeles, California in 1947. My arrival was in the early morning of January 31, 1951 at Maywood Hospital. Upon our release from the hospital Dad took Mother and myself home to Rivera, California where they had purchased a new home three months earlier. I called 8429 La Docena Lane home for the next eighteen years.

According to my parents' recollections, I was a sickly child, experiencing pneumonia three times before my second year. At age two, the first asthma attacks started and remained until age fifteen. At age three I experienced the most serious of numerous childhood accidents: tripping over a vacuum cord, I fell on a metal sand shovel, cutting the roof of my mouth. The end result was twenty-two sutures to close the gaping hole.

On November 12, 1953, I had a new companion, my brother Glenn Steven. Our father's pride in siring two sons did not diminish our Mother's disappoint-

ment in not being blessed with a daughter. Consequently, Glenn paid dearly, being dressed in the first unisex clothing (rompers). His beautiful golden curls were to be his trademark until well after his second birthday, when Dad insisted on a haircut.

The early years were spent playing in the backyard in a sandbox and "helping" in the large garden. Many mornings Dad would wake me to see the new born bunnies that mother rabbit seemed to have so frequently. It seemed we had rabbit stew often as Dad was very fond of it. Every Saturday morning was an occasion as I was able to rise at 5:00 AM to accompany Dad to work at Kaag Trophies where he was a foreman. We would light all the casting pots, go to breakfast and return when the lead and other metals had melted.



L-R: Worobey's John, Johnny Robert, Glenn Steven and Pauline.

Elementary school years were spent at Selby Grove School one block from home. The memory of this period is of a happy and carefree time. School was enjoyable but **after** school was when the fun began. Glenn and I would spend our time playing ball, or in our tree house or constructing subterranean forts. At age eleven, I joined the Boy Scouts spending three years gaining considerable outdoor knowledge and enjoying the monthly weekend campouts. My first job delivering the Pico-Rivera News and also Pico Rivera Times Post provided the means to accumulate a nice coin collection. Other interests included collecting baseball cards and comic books.

My intermediate attendance was at Burke Jr.

High for seventh, eighth and ninth grades. After school Glenn and I mowed yards to supplement our monetary needs. This became very important as Dad passed away in 1965, at the end of the eighth grade school term. For after school recreation I participated on the basketball and track teams. Occasionally there were hunting outings, trap and skeet shoots at the local range. After ninth grade, I worked full time evenings and weekends for the L.A. Times Newspaper local Pico Rivera Dealer.

High School years were spent at El Rancho, "The Ranch". There was not a great amount of leisure time. Glenn helped deliver the Times morning edition seven days a week before we went to school and on the weekends. We started at 2:00 AM finishing shortly after 6:00 AM, leaving time for last minute school work and preparation. We used my "new" 1953 Chevy Bel Air for work and transportation to the Southern California beaches. Body surfing and snorkeling were frequent high school period recreation activities. This was the time of accumulating my "old car" Empire of 1953 and 1954 Chevies. The backyard started to take on the appearance of an automotive garage. One wise purchase of a 1931 Model "A" Ford Sedan was made at this time, an acquisition I still have today. High School commencement was in 1969. I married June Penny the same year.

Mount San Antonio College was the choice of continuing education in the fall semester of 1969. Commercial Flight was the course of choice with the same future vocation in mind. My first child, Robert Wade Worby arrived on New Year's Eve of 1969. The next year was eventful as a first home was purchased in Bell Gardens, California. There were two small houses on a lot. Young Robbie had a big play area where he spent the majority of time running away from his overly aggressive dog, Alpo. In the summer of 1971, I graduated from Mt. San Antonio College with an Associate of Science Degree in Commercial Flight.

The next eight months were spent travelling across the Southern and Eastern United States. Upon returning in February of 1972 I took a job as tire curer at B.F. Goodrich Company. On March 16, 1974 a second child arrived, Heather Deanne. The following year brought the purchase of a new house in Ontario, California, along with the closure of the tire plant. By year end I was employed at Lucky Stores Inc. in the grocery warehouse division. A few of the job duties have included receiving clerk, shipping clerk and forklift operator. This is my current place of employment with nine years tenure.

My first marriage ended in 1978 with a divorce and subsequent annulment. After two years

courtship, Jennifer Ann Sourp and I wed on May 23, 1981 at St. Bruno's Catholic Church. We honeymooned in the Pacific Northwest and Western Canada. Upon returning, a home was purchased in San Juan Capistrano near the Catholic mission of the same name. The old mission became our house of worship. Ten months after marriage Jennifer gave birth to our first child, Jessica Fern. In March of 1983 we purchased a house in Laguna Hills, California which is currently our home.



Johnny Robert holding daughter Jessica.



Jessica's Christening.

I consider myself a fortunate man at this time of life. The Lord has been bountiful in providing all our necessities, the many blessings include healthy, loving children and a supportive loving and caring wife. The joy of nurturing and guiding my children provides my greatest reward in life. Daily friendship and companionship of those you love bring ultimate

happiness. I am fortunate to have a hard working and supportive Mother. As sole parent throughout my teenage years, she was loving in her guidance and concern regarding my life. She still shares this involvement to this day.



Worby children, Heather holding Jessica and Robbie.

In closing, I am very thankful to a loving Christ who walks with me, blessing this life of mine in so many positive ways.

Glenn and Lori Worby



1983, Glen and Lori Worby.

I, Glenn Worby, was born in Bell, California, November 12, 1953. I have one brother, Robert, who is three years older than I.

I had a happy and quite uneventful childhood growing up in Pico Rivera, California. Robert and I got into the usual mischief that boys do, including rock-throwing and playing with fireworks. My saddest childhood memory is of the death of my father, John, when I was eleven.

Robert and I were pretty industrious kids, and at ages eleven and eight we started to mow yards and throw newspapers. Within a few years we had saved enough money to buy our first cars and pay for our own insurance too.

My mother, Pauline, had been working for Lever Brothers Co. since Robert was nine and I was seven. My mom had to work rotating shifts. Robert and I did housework and yardwork to help Mom out.

I was a "B" student in school, graduating from El Rancho High School in 1971. I attended one semester of college before enlisting in the U.S. Army in January of 1972. I spent seventeen months in Germany and was honorably discharged in December, 1973.

After my discharge I returned to school. I attended classes for another year until I met my wife-to-be, Lori. I quit school and went to work for Safeway Supermarkets. Lori and I were married in June, 1976. The next year we bought a home (our first) in Pico Rivera and lived in it for two years.

I went to work in 1978 as a Locomotive Fireman for the Southern Pacific Railroad. In 1979 I was promoted to my present position of Locomotive Engineer, and in the same year Lori and I bought a new house in Redlands, California.

In 1981 our son, Benjamin, was born in Redlands on October 22nd. Ben is now a happy, healthy two-year-old. We are expecting our second child in June, 1984.



1983, Benjamin Worby, 2 years old.

I received my Bachelor of Arts degree in Management from the University of Redlands in January, 1984. Lori goes to school part time and should receive her degree in the near future.



Glen Worby driving SSW number 9267.

I am proud to contribute to this book which I know will be cherished by future generations.

Elizabeth (Dedich) and John Worobetz



1948, John and Elizabeth (Deditch) Worobetz.

I, Elizabeth (Elsie) (Dedich) Worobetz, was born in Krydor, Sask., on October 22, 1926. I am the third child of Stefan and Alexandra (Fedeyko) Dedich, and grandchild of Sylvester and Eudokia Fedeyko.

Early Childhood

At the time of my birth, my father, mother, and sister Pauline lived with my grandparents, Sylvester and Eudokia Fedeyko. My father helped grandfather with farm work, and travelled north in search of our own land and home.

On July 31, 1928, sister Anna was born. The hand-me-downs were well taken care of, no doubt about it! Grandmother had a treadle sewing machine and fortunately, both she and my mother were good seamstresses.

The railway ran within two hundred yards of the house. Pauline, Anna, and I looked forward to the daily train and waved from the yard, as it went by.

I must have been four when parents and grandparents had been harvesting in the field, Pauline had gone to school, and I was appointed to mind Anna in the yard. Everything was fine until she began to cry. Holding her hand, I decided to take a short cut down the railroad track to mother in the field. We had only gone a little way when around the corner, a short distance away, the train came towards us. Seeing the steep ravines on each side of the track, and knowing that the engineer could release a cloud of steaming vapour on the ground, petrified me. I had to do some quick thinking. Still holding on to Anna's hand, we made a quick left turn off the track and crouched behind a stone just as the train raced past us. The guardian angel must have been there then too. Anna stopped crying, we went back into the yard and remained there until our parents returned from the field. "... and no more short cuts down the track again!" And I think I lost my baby-sitting job.

Pauline, a few years older than I, had been attending Oukraina School. She obviously enjoyed school, relating about the fun, particularly at recesses. Occasionally, after school hours, her classmate Johnny Worobetz came to play. They built a tent with gunny sacks over a fence wall, and made Anna and I sit in it. They then spilled water over the tent, saying it was raining and that if we sat there, the rain would stop. Suddenly there was another 'cloudburst'. Anna and I, drenched in 'rain' and tears, tumbled out of the tent, and ran into the arms of our protective mother.

My sisters and I were healthy and active youngsters. Being close in age, there were times when we, no doubt, were a handful, particularly for the grandparents whose youngest child having been our mother.

While grandmother was preoccupied with the cooking, sewing, knitting or whatever else, grand-

father usually managed to spend some time with us. He played Ukrainian records on the gramophone. He first wound up the spring by turning a handle. The music came out of a good-sized horn. Occasionally, he adjusted to the middle of the record, a colorful wooden top dancer. As the music played, the little man danced vigorously, moving all parts of its body like a string puppet. This indeed, was a very special treat. We learned to sing many songs, and mimicked the puppet's dance movements.



1938, The family musicians. L-R: Elsie, Ann and Pauline Dedich.

Grandparents had a view master. We sat for hours at a time, looking at the many picturesque scenes from around the world.

Grandfather also made interesting spinning tops. He cut an empty thread spool in half, rounded the middle part with his pocket knife, and whittled a short piece of a willow branch enough to fit snugly into the spool. He then sharpened the bottom part of the stick and the top was ready for play. But grandfather being a perfectionist in all respects, spent several evenings making a good top.

When the novelty of the spinning tops wore off, grandfather was busy making 'foorgalki'. Grandmother supplied the two-holed buttons and string. With the button strung and the string tied, there was a 'foorgalka'. "Spin the string and pull, but be careful, don't get near anyone's hair". Grandfather sometimes got into our hair, or was it that we got into his. But he was a wonderful man — a kind, gentle, patient and humorous man, and we loved him. We loved grandmother, father and mother for all the many other things they did for us.

Life On Dedich Homestead

Father purchased a homestead on the south edge of Oscar Lake, approximately ten miles north from grandparents. After numerous trips, father and mother cleared away enough land to build a two room log house, mud plastered, and whitewashed with lime.

This made a nice, clean-looking dwelling which was reasonably warm in the winter with the stove on, and cool in the summer with the heat off. A log barn was built and a well dug at the same time.

In the early summer of 1932, we moved to our own home, bringing along some furniture, dishes, food and "Lopka" the cow. She was a good milker, and provided the family with a good supply of milk.

Slowly, through hard work and perseverance, there were definite signs of progress on the homestead. More land was cleared, more buildings built, livestock increased and a few implements purchased. It was a thrill to plant potatoes behind a hand plough. Father made a furrow with horse and plough, as we children quickly dropped the seedling potatoes in place, before he came around again and covered them up with another furrow.

Summer was a busy time on the farm as the winter pantry had to be replenished. The vegetable garden took top priority and many hot days were spent hoeing long rows of potatoes. The wild fruit was the main supply of fruit so berry picking was next in order. The picking went on until jars of wild saskatoon berries, cranberries, blueberries, and even some wild strawberries lined the cellar shelves. Berry time always meant fresh saskatoon berry pies, or even more often pirohi or vareniki, the memory of which is still mouth-watering today. Mother spent many long hours in the kitchen canning fruits and vegetables so good meals could be enjoyed in the winter when the snow lay deep.

Mosquitoes were terrible during summer evenings. Smudges were made, and the stock remained near the smoke. Often times father made a smudge near the house to prevent the mosquitoes from entering.

There were also the never-ending potato bugs to be picked off the potato plants in order to revive the plants and still look forward to a potato crop.

The cow pasture was about half a mile down the road from our house and buildings. During the summer holidays, my sisters and I drove the cows to the pasture and remained there making sure they stayed out of the wheat field. Here we could hunt for frogs and watch them swim in shallow pools. The trees were full of different birds' nests. We perfected the skill of tree-climbing, but stayed well away from the owls' nests, as the owls' pecks were ferocious. Various berry patches yielded quantities of fruit, so we were never in need of other between-meal lunches.

Then came haying which was hard work in the hot sun. I loved the smell of dried hay. My sisters and I played around the edge of the sloughs while we put the hay into small stacks that were later hauled home. I always looked forward to the soft hay ride from the

meadows. The hay was unloaded near the barn to make a long sloping haystack which would serve as feed for cattle and horses during the winter. We loved sliding down the freshly-made haystack. Father threatened to "tan our hides", then we would resort to the straw pile for different play.

Harvest time was the busiest time of year. We youngsters looked forward eagerly to the threshing crew coming to our farm. Of course it meant extra work such as shovelling grain in the grain box, or in the granary, or helping mother with extra baking. But with the smell of fresh straw, chaff falling on everyone and everything, and a lot of extra good food, this was another "hay-day".

After all the neighbors' crops were harvested, cattle was then sent to open pastures. Returning from school, Anna and I each grabbed a slice of mother's freshly baked bread, and perhaps a ripe sunflower head out of the garden, and ran the opposite direction we just came from, in search of the cows to be brought home in time for milking. In the distance, we could hear all kinds of cow bells except our own. Our bell cow seemed to find a sheltered spot quite often, and then stand perfectly still. Assisted by 'Liska' our dog, we had the herd back at the corral in no time, breaking all previous records. Small wonder why we girls stayed so slim then!



1924, Winter driving, L-R: Ihor, Alexandra (mother), Ann and Elsie Deditch.

Saturday was mail day. The mail was brought in from Alticane, twenty some miles to Klechkowski (Oscar Lake) post office, three miles northwest of home. Everyone took turns getting the mail, but it seemed as though Anna's and my turn came up more often than anyone else's. During good weather we considered it an outing which enabled us to visit with friends from neighbouring schools. The post master had now replaced the horse and wagon with a 'third-hand' truck which broke down often, causing late

mail arrival and distribution. We looked forward to the Winnipeg Free Press Prairie Farmer with its coloured comics particularly the humorous Katzerjammer Kids. Anna and I made some pen pals through the Free Press receiving a letter now and then.

Then too, the most awaited Eaton's Spring and Summer and Fall and Winter catalogue arrived. It was nicknamed the "prairie Bible", the most looked at book in the house. Most of the shopping was done through the catalogue, and when a parcel arrived, it was like Christmas Day. When the catalogue became outdated, it was relegated to the outhouse where it continued to serve as reading material, until it had been used up for other purposes.



1948, Haying on the Deditch farm. Front to back: Stefan Deditch, John Worobetz, Alexandra Deditch and son Ihor.

Early winter was butchering time which was an all day event. When the pig had been killed, it was singed and scraped until the flesh was smooth and free of bristles. Then the inside parts were removed — nothing was wasted, father even blew up the bladder for a foot ball. It didn't last long, but it was quite a novelty.

One of the biggest problems was to keep the meat from spoiling. During the winter, the meat was frozen, usually packed in snow. Later in the spring, it had to be canned in sealers. Mother cured the bacons and hams, keeping them in brine. When father built a smoke house some of the meat was smoked, especially the 'kobasa'.

Washing clothes in the winter caused considerable extra work and effort. A large wooden barrel in one corner of the kitchen was used for melting snow. The snow water was heated in a copper boiler and poured into a large tub on a bench or two chairs. The clothes were washed on a washboard with homemade soap. White clothes were sometimes boiled in soapy water, rinsed and hung outside to freeze. The clothes

were then brought in carefully to finish the drying. Mother prided herself with the whitest wash in the neighbourhood.

By now, our family had increased by one more. Ehor was a healthy baby, and with all the attention from the family, he was growing up fast.

He was about five when the family helped get rid of the infested mice in the oat stack. Everyone stood armed with cudgels, ready for attack as soon as father picked up a sheaf or two off the stack. The frightened mice scampered in all directions, one managing to take refuge inside Ehor's pant leg, scurrying throughout the body, losing its sense of direction. Above deafening screams, and with hands on our legs, we witnessed mother's exasperating attempts to smother the now delirious rodent, and bring relief to my hysterical brother.

Neither of us children could get away with any nonsense in the presence of company, and if we didn't "straighten up" when we got the "look" from father, we sure wished we had. Mother was strict too, but her slaps didn't hurt so much. We had much respect and pride for our parents and learned to be honest, considerate and respectful children, friends, neighbours, and citizens.

The family always found leisure time, more so during the winter months. Pauline and I played guitar, and soon had a family sing song. I put my creativity to action and soon constructed a "one-girl" band using the wash tub for drum, box and string for a mouth-organ stand, and guitar in my hands, but mother always had practical needs for the tub. Later, father and mother bought me a violin which I learned to play some too, and contributed my musical talents in concerts. One such concert in Krydor was under the direction of Mr. Shurgot.

After Saturday papers were read, we dealt a few hands of "hola", everyone's card game, or "magoose" or the not so popular game of "cheat". Everyone liked to cheat in this game, but no one wanted to get caught, so we'd all disperse for bed.

Father taught us all the many lengthy Ukrainian prayers, and made certain we said them before going to bed.

We attended church when services were held at St. Peter and Paul parish about three miles south west of home. During Easter season, we devoutly participated in confessions, communions, and the blessing of the Easter bread (paska). A special service (prozniak) was held annually on July 12, the most significant church event during the summer. We also attended catechism lessons held in church during the summer holidays. Close contact with church helped enrich our spiritual lives. There were few if any

services during the winter months, due to road conditions, and lack of animal shelter.

Christmas was no doubt the highlight of the winter. The house took on a new look when mother gave the walls a new coat of lime. One still-existing straw mattress was refilled with hay, and the once last choice of bed had now become first and a mad scramble as to who would be the lucky one. There were preparations of different varieties of foods, that would be served to family and guests. My favorite were the poppy seed bismarks (pompooshki). The arrival of Saint Nicholas with some goodies was awaited for with much anticipation, as well a visit by the carollers. When we were older, we too went carolling, singing Ukrainian, English and Polish carols. Sometimes we wished Christmas would never end.

School Years

School . . . school . . . school, it seems that most of my life has been spent attending schools as a pupil or as a teacher. I had fourteen years of the former and twenty-five and some years of the latter. The rest of the time was spent getting psyched up for participating in the educational process or at home on extended maternity leaves. So however anyone looks at it, schooling has always been my life. No memories would be complete without recalling some of my school experiences.

In 1934, I began my grade one in Lancaster School, four miles southeast of home. The one-room classroom was now filled to capacity with forty-six sweating bodies seated, and available yet was standing room only.

My first teacher, Mr. Fletcher, spoke English only, while on the contrary, my English vocabulary consisted of only two words, namely 'yes' and 'no'. Imagine the teacher's frustrations when he asked my name and I said 'yes', or inquired how old I was, and my reply was 'no'!

A pendulum clock hung on the north wall and ticked ever so slowly, except at recesses. I put all my eagerness into motion and soon was able to tell time while my English vocabulary progressed steadily.

Well do I recall the frozen ink bottles, and lunch drinks that we tried to thaw out over the heater.

The school lunch bucket was often a lard or syrup pail with lard or syrup sandwiches. If we were lucky we had peanut butter sandwiches, and maybe even an occasional orange or banana.

The handy lard pails (the more popular) yet served other purposes. In the spring and early summer, coming home from school, we stopped near a slough to drown gophers. The gopher tails then sold at one or two cents each. One of us stood at the hole with a stick ready to hit any gopher that stuck its nose

out of the hole, and yelled instructions to the others to, "hurry and bring more water".

In the late fall the chokecherries would have been touched by frost and in their best taste. Proceeding home from school, we picked our lard pails full which now weighed what seemed like a ton, with the thin wire handles pressing painfully into the bony fingers, making it quite difficult to carry the buckets for the next two or three miles. But all this painstaking effort was very rewarding when mother used the chokecherries to make the most delicious fruit dessert called "chamoola".

The biggest event in the school program was the annual Christmas concert. Preparations began from mid-November, practising carols in the music period, memorizing recitations, and parts in plays in the last period of each day, even starting to learn drills and Ukrainian dances. During the final week, the afternoons were used for dress rehearsals. A stage was set up and stage curtains were strung. Desks were put to the sides and benches were brought in for the audience to sit on. There always was a big decorated tree, and 'Santa' came at the end of the concert and handed out bags of candy nuts and an orange to all the students and pre-schoolers.

Christmas concerts were looked forward to for many reasons. It usually meant a new dress, or a new pair of shoes, or both. Driving up to the school was always fun. We sat in the sleigh box all bundled in warm clothes. The twinkling stars fascinated us — these were our early lessons in astrology.

The joy of every little girl's heart at that time, was to receive an Eaton's beauty doll for Christmas. One year I got a set of wooden blocks, but the following Christmas I was ecstatic with joy when I got that doll. Sometimes mother allowed me to use her treadle sewing machine to sew clothes for my doll, but I made most of her wardrobe by hand. She was the only doll I ever owned, and had become part of me. I wanted so much to take her along when I left home. Now, I wish I had.

Another incident remaining vivid in my mind is worthy of mention. Being older than I, Pauline had just been bought a fifteen-cent magic slate, that I dearly would have loved to have. Upon examination of its thickness, I realized there wasn't just one slate, but two, pressed tightly together in the process of packing and shipping. You, the reader, would only have to live through years of depression and poverty to realize a child's joy over what now might be considered of small value.

School picnics were not to be overlooked either. There we were able to buy a candy or two, and maybe even an ice cream cone. Athletic participation was the highlight of the day. I lost out at the jump pit, but

"look out" at the race track! My natural swiftness enabled me to outrun the sack racers as well, so there was another red ribbon added to my collection.

Having successfully completed my first ten years in Lancaster, I then proceeded to grade eleven in Krydor High School in the fall of 1944, participating in extra curricular activities such as music, choir and classes in the Ukrainian language. I stayed with Lydia Shewchuk at Semenchuk's — the school janitors. Our parents brought in food as often as was possible, and we shared it. Lydia and I occasionally volunteered to sweep the school floors. In appreciation, Mrs. Semenchuk treated us to fresh homemade doughnuts.

Train day was an important day in Krydor, with people always standing around to see who arrived on the train. This one particular day, Lydia and I happened to be there and who should get off the train but a handsome soldier on leave from the army. A few weeks later, I received an interesting letter from John (the soldier). Fortunately, postage was only three cents during the time of our correspondence for the next few years.

Following completion of grade eleven I spent a year in Toronto with Pauline and her husband John Worbey, at which time I was employed by the Toronto Credit Bureau. In 1946, Pauline and John motored to Saskatchewan. I returned with them, re-entered Krydor High School, completed grade twelve and enrolled at Teachers' College in Saskatoon the same year.

In the fall of 1947, I accepted a teaching position at Cheremoz, a country school, north of Yorkton, Sask. My heart had always yearned to be a school teacher, and now my dream had been fulfilled. Here I was, standing in front of a "packed audience" — thirty-six smiling faces, grades one to eight, projecting all the moral support.

From his experiences as a school teacher, my father reassured me that after the first day, things would fall into place. Excited and eager to teach, I soon discovered the same eagerness and enthusiasm in those thirty-six energetic youngsters willing to learn. And they did.

When my family lived with grandparents near Oukraina School, John's parents at that time lived in my uncle Konstantine's house about one half mile away. I was about four when I first met John. Nine years later, while I was attending Lancaster School, John spent two weeks there as a practice teacher. We renewed our first acquaintances, but even then, little did I realize that someday he would be my husband. We corresponded for a few years, after which time we decided to marry and save on postage.

John and I were married in Prince Albert on

January 4, 1948. Our marriage was solemnized by Rev. Cymbolist in the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church of St. George.

In the fall of 1948, while I awaited the arrival of our first child, John assumed duties at Alingly School, twenty miles northwest of Prince Albert with living quarters in the school basement and no modern conveniences. Because of poor acoustics, what seemed like innocent drops of pencils in the classroom upstairs, sounded more like deafening claps of thunder downstairs. On the third year we moved into the newly-built teacherage where Patricia and I could now freely remove our earplugs.

During our stay at Alingly, we depended on neighbours for transportation. We walked for small groceries to a country store two miles away. Although neighbours were considerate and helpful, we needed our own transportation. Even though John's salary was meager, we were able to save eight hundred dollars for a down payment on a vehicle. In April, 1950, we were proud owners of our first new car, but the use of it was limited as after the monthly payment and living costs, there was little money left for gas.

We managed to take an occasional trip to the farm to visit my mother and dad. One such trip was not to be so. About three quarters of the way, the rain came down in torrents. Two miles north of Krydor, we were stuck, deep in the mud. After several hours of frustrations, John managed to turn the car around, and we proceeded back to Prince Albert.

In 1951, we moved to David School twenty-three miles northeast of Prince Albert. The school was an old style of building with a partition at one end for the living quarters — hot in summer and extremely cold in the winter with no modern conveniences, the nearest phone being ten miles away. There were enough students in the district for two classrooms, so John taught grades eight to twelve while I taught grades one to seven.

We rented an old farm house across the field that seemed a bit more comfortable than the school, but also required much heat during cold weather, causing chimney fires. On one such occasion, a house fire was averted with snow applications to the pipes. From then on, John and I cleaned the pipes faithfully every two weeks.

With two pay cheques now, the car could be used more frequently, but the roads were either snowed in, washed out, you name it. Even though the farmers in the surrounding areas had tractors, and offered assistance, our travels had to be restricted.

Two years after our second daughter was born, we had the good fortune of moving into a new teacherage again, adjacent to the new three-room school.

Both buildings were equipped with modern facilities. At last, our pioneering era had almost ended. The people in the neighbourhood were overwhelmed with pride and joy on our behalf, and surprised us with a "house-warming" party.



1957, Our first visit to Los Angeles, California. L-R: Friend Bootsie, Donna Sawicki, Pat Worobetz, Robert Worby, Glen Worby, Cathy Worobetz and Charlene Sawicki.

This was to be our last teacherage as we commuted from our home during teaching years at East Central and Red Wing Schools.

It was here in the northern city of Prince Albert that we settled and lived in, for the past twenty some years. It is here where home is for John and I and our children, who grew up and completed their schooling.

In 1959, John and I took up teaching positions with five other teachers on staff at East Central School, ten miles east of Prince Albert. Teacherages are not provided this distance from town. We rented again, while our house was being constructed.

Finally, on February 4, 1960 our house was ready for occupancy. It was like Christmas again. It wasn't just another dream, it was reality — our own home at last!

Looking back over nearly sixty years of life, one can see the happy moments, the heartaches, and frustrations. Life is simple when we are young, growing more complex as time goes on, only to become more settled and content when one finds peace with oneself and with God.

John Worobetz

I, John Worobetz, son of Filemon and Maria (Manko) Worobetz came to Canada, the Krydor district, as a young boy of seven years of age, in July, 1930.

I was born in the village of Charobriv, County Sokal, western Ukraine.



1983, The Worobetz Family. Seated: John and Elsie. L-R: Cathy, Rob, Patrick, Terry and Pat.

When I was only four years of age, my mother passed away after a lengthy illness with tuberculosis. When my father remarried, we immigrated to Canada.

I do recall, slightly, our long journey to this land which was to become my new home. There was the stop at Rotterdam with its canals, these fascinated me as I never saw so much water in between buildings. Then our long trip across the Atlantic, one could see water no matter which way you looked. It took us a week to cross. Many people were sea sick the whole week. The food on board was of good quality except that they served steaks and roasts rare. So our people through an interpreter asked for well done meat, saying they were not used to that type of meat. As for myself, I enjoyed the silent movies that were shown every afternoon.

We arrived in Halifax on July 5, 1930. From there we were taken by train to Winnipeg, a central point for immigrants settling in Western Canada. After a short stay in Winnipeg we took the train to Krydor, where I completed my schooling.

While in the Krydor district, I remember living in Konstantine Fedeyko's old place near Oukraina School. We were neighbours to Sylvester and Eva Fedeyko. I remember visiting the Fedeykos quite frequently. They were very hospitable and helpful to us.

Two things come to my mind in our association with them. One was their gramophone, which in those days was a most desirable form of entertainment, something like the T.V. nowadays. We used to listen to the records that the Fedeykos had. One had a

song about a worried man who did not know what to do till he contemplated to buy himself a chicken and then the chicken sang for him so he would forget about his problems. The other event I recall was the horse problem that the Fedeykos were faced with in their retirement. They had a one-horse buggy that took them to church, town, and visiting. The horse was young and full of spirit and hard to handle for an older couple. It would balk and take-off with them. They were frightened and concerned. A neighbour advised them to get rid of this young horse and get an older more stable animal, one that would not be so eager to frolic but be satisfied to move at a slower pace. So an old, slow and pokey nag was found. Now Sylvester Fedeyko was a very practical and devout farmer. He took excellent care of his animals and so in a short while, guess what? Yes, this old nag rejuvenated and started acting up for them also.

After several years in the Oukraina School district, we moved to our own place near Zaporozhe School, where I completed my elementary education.

After taking my grade eleven and twelve at Krydor High School, I graduated in June, 1941. While working on the farm for wages amounting to twenty dollars a month, I heard of a short course offered in Saskatoon to train teachers. There was a shortage of teachers during the war years.

While practice teaching at Lancaster school, I met Elsie for the second time as I saw her first when we were small children near her grandparents' place. I didn't realize that within a few years we would be man and wife.

My first school was at Smeaton that is north-east of Prince Albert. After one year of teaching I joined the army. During my stay in the forces I was stationed at Halifax, Winnipeg, Victoria, and Vancouver. I was discharged in May, 1946.

Elsie and I were married, and have resided in Prince Albert area and city. I taught school all these years, being principal in the Prince Albert School District.

During the 1957-58 school year we lived in Saskatoon as I was on Sabbatical leave to further my education towards a B.Ed. Degree. I retired from teaching in June, 1978.

Worobetz Family

We raised a family of five children:

Patricia graduated from Teachers' College in Saskatoon. She married Ian Codling, a school teacher. They have five children: Tara, Jason, Peter, Rebecca and Jonathon.

Catherine completed a secretarial course at Robertson's Secretarial School, Saskatoon. She mar-

ried Doug Wallace, a school teacher. They have two daughters: Jessica and Caylee.

Robert completed High School, is lead guitarist in a travelling band.

Terrance is presently enrolled in a science computer course at the Saskatchewan Technical Institute, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

Patrick is presently enrolled at University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon.

Patricia Ann (Worobetz) and Ian Codling



The Ian and Patricia Codling Family. In order of age: Tara, Jason, Peter, Rebecca and Jonathon.

I was born 35 years ago, on December 16, 1948, the eldest child of two school teachers, John and Elizabeth Worobetz. My first 10 years were spent as a northern Saskatchewan country girl. Although I do not remember my very first home in Allingly, memories are clear of our second, a rented farm house in the Samburg area. Every spring we white-washed the outside of that house, packing the cracks with straw and plaster. On laundry days, mom boiled water on the stove and no running water also meant a walk outside even through snowdrifts to get to the bathroom.

Mom was my teacher from grades 1-5 at David School, just a short walk across the field. In spring, it was muddy so that your boots stuck and the suction would pull them off. But in winter, crossing was luxury for me because I'd get a toboggan ride, the bottom scratching on the stubble which poked through the snow.

I think back to summer days, walking barefoot along the country road to my friend's farm. The tire tracks are hard packed and hot. Stepping off set your toes in the cool soft sand oozing around your feet. Dad had to drive to the post office to pick up the mail so I had a ride home.

It was when we lived on that same school yard in a teacherage that Prince Albert opened their first T.V. station. Besides a T.V., that teacherage also had running water with a pump at the kitchen sink and a coal bin in the basement instead of a wood pile.

After a year spent in Saskatoon where Dad took University classes, we moved into Prince Albert. There I spent the rest of my growing-up days graduating from P.A.C.I. in 1966.

I left the next, light-housekeeping in Saskatoon while attending Teacher's College. There I met Ian, a 6'2" blond, blue-eyed Englishman, president of Teacher's College and a christian. I am thankful to the Lord for pairing me with Ian. Through him I became aware of the importance of needing Jesus Christ as my Savior. We married on June 29, 1968 in Prince Albert and for 16 years we have, together, grown in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Our first five years of marriage, we spent moving around Saskatchewan teaching, Ian as principal, I as primary teacher, in three different small town communities — Bateman (S.W. Saskatchewan), Archerwill (N.E. Saskatchewan) and Punnichy (90 miles North of Regina). Tara and Jason were born to us while in Punnichy (I had retired after two years) — Tara on October 14, 1971 and Jason on January 6, 1974.

After five years in the public school system, Ian was ready for a break. His philatelic hobby became our livelihood when he opened Queen City Stamp and Coin (a small shop) in Regina. It was a good business for both enjoyment and success but five years later in 1979, the teaching call came out and Ian accepted the principalship at Richmond Christian School. So Ian closed up shop, Tara finished Grade 2 and along with Jason and Peter John (December 19, 1978) we all ventured west to Vancouver, B.C., the "land of plenty." The "plenty" part has proved true for us because now we have plenty of kids. Rebecca (November 8, 1980) and Jonathan (February 15, 1983) are both Richmond born.

The Christian School has been good for Ian and

the kids. Ian has much freedom to teach all subjects from a christian perspective.

Tara and Jason love attending the school where they both participate in choir, ice skating and cosom hockey. Jason, Grade 4, is our soccer star, the team's official goalie. He enjoys cadets, a church boys' group where they have bible study, woodwork crafts and play together.

Tara, on the verge of becoming a teenager, has for several years shown great interest in the homemaking department. She loves to bake, cook, sew and is a great babysitter. She is a good choir soloist, takes piano lessons and also enjoys cosom hockey and Calvinettes.

Peter, Rebecca and Jonathan our three pre-schoolers, keep us all well amused at home. Peter will start kindergarten come fall. At present, both he and Rebecca attend Sunday school, tiny tot variety and swimming lessons. Jonathan, a little over a year, and a real chatterbox shows us it won't be long before they too, are playing piano and soccer.

In contrast to my early years, our kids live in a big house that doesn't require white-washing, that has hot running water, flush toilets and to the door mail delivery; paved roads everywhere (no sand to tickle the toes) and a bus ride to school. It is a changed world!



1983, The John Worobetz Family. Standing, back row: Cathy (Worobetz) Wallace and Terry Worobetz. Front row: Rob (kneeling), John, Elsie, Patrick Worobetz and Pat (Worobetz) Codling.

But these words from Isaiah 41:10, which never change, are steadfast and true, I quote to the Fedeyko clan as words of encouragement:

"Fear thou not for I am with thee;
be not dismayed; for I am thy God;
I will strengthen thee; yea, I will

help thee; yea, I will uphold thee
with the right hand of my righteousness."

Isaiah 41:10

Catherine (Worobetz) and Douglas Wallace



1976, Bride and Groom, Cathy and Doug Wallace.

I, Catherine Marie, was born in Prince Albert on March 2, 1955. I am the granddaughter of Alexandra Woychuk, and great-Granddaughter of Sylvester and Evdokia Fedeyko.

Being the daughter of parents in the teaching profession, it seems only natural that my first childhood memories are those of the classroom. It was at East Central School, ten gravel miles from Prince Albert, in my mother's classroom where I first began school. She was a good teacher, or perhaps I should say that I was a good student. However, I enjoyed having mom for my teacher, but did not stay at East Central long enough to be in my dad's classroom.

As we lived in our own house in town, I made many friends here. The school situations for us were of a different nature, and I missed out on all the school activities, so my parents enrolled me at St. Joseph Separate School in the city. Now, my next door friend, Kelly, and I shared the same school, classroom, and teachers.

There were some district rules to adhere to. The dress code for girls was strictly skirts or dresses. The playground was segregated with boys playing on one side of the school, and girls on the other. Students who lived five blocks away from school or more were permitted to eat lunch in school. We lived four blocks away! Not being used to these kind of rules, I found it a little strange, but quickly adjusted and enjoyed the city school.

During my grade four at St. Joseph, I participated

in the annual Prince Albert Music Festival, in the individualized oratory class. I was speechless when the adjudicators awarded me with the highest mark. I also appeared on CKBI Television and was presented with a medal.

Another proud event took place during my fifth grade. I was granted the Sportsmanship Award of the year. The honor of being chosen for this award was excitement enough, but the Home and School committee opened up the first bank account with a deposit of five dollars.

One time my class was asked to write about a humorous incident so I wrote about myself. "During our stay in Saskatoon I occasionally required baby sitting duties. The owners of the house — an elderly couple volunteered to do so (to three-year old me). Mr. Namenko who was blind, soon became the more popular baby sitter. I took his hand, and with a lit flashlight led him downstairs to our basement suite. Seating him comfortably on the couch, I then proceeded to 'house-clean' using a bottle of detergent to wash dishes one day, a can of comet to wash the walls and floors another day, etc., etc. My 'hand work' came to an end when Mrs. Namenko appeared on the scene, and immediately took over the baby sitting responsibilities."

Every Saturday for two years, I attended Ukrainian school organized by St. George's parish. There, I learned a few basics in the Ukrainian language, participated in Ukrainian dancing, and enjoyed going caroling at Christmas.

Summer months were filled with swimming lessons, picnics, and memorable family trips to the west coast, down to California and east to Toronto.

Junior High meant a change of schools. My choice was an all girls school across town — Institute Notre Dame De La Providence. The uniform consisted of a brown jumper and pink long sleeved blouse, with the jumper only two inches above the knee (with the mini skirt in fashion this was difficult to accept.)

During my two years stay there, I participated in intermural volleyball, drama club, school choir and variety nights.

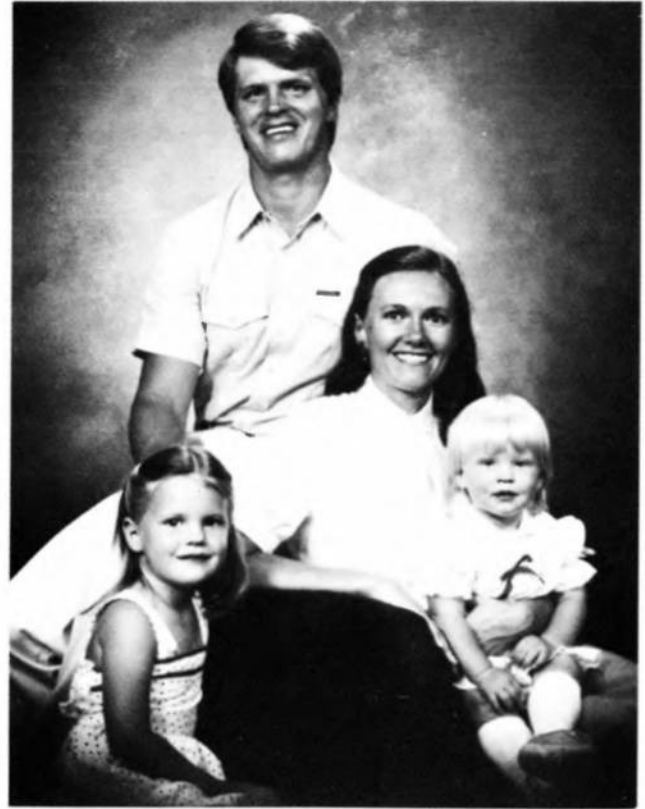
Grade nine for me involved another change in schools to Prince Albert Collegiate Institute. There I met many new friends including Doug Wallace. I took an active part in variety nights and school choir.

I also participated in extra-curricular activities including piano lessons, and was a member of the Pro Rec Club Dancers who contributed their talents in operatic and Winter Festival presentations.

After high school graduation, I registered with Robertson Secretarial School in Saskatoon. Upon

completion of the course, I took on secretarial duties in a business firm in Winnipeg.

I married Doug Wallace, my high school sweetheart in 1976. We made Winnipeg our home for two years where Doug pursued his education and obtained his B.Ed. Degree in the University of Win-



1983, Doug and Cathy Wallace with Jessica (older) and Caylee.



1976, Cathy (Worobetz) Wallace wedding prior to church ceremony. Front row, L-R: Tara Codling (flower girl), Steven Dedish, Cathy Worobetz, Shirley Ashdown (kneeling). Second row: Baba Wojchuk, Elsie Worobetz, Rob Worobetz (kneeling), Petulla Dedish. Third row: Paul Woychuk, Patrick Worobetz, Terry Worobetz, Pat (Worobetz) Codling. Back row: Jason and Ian Codling, John Worobetz and Ihor Dedish.

nipeg and University of Manitoba, and I continued with my secretarial skills.

Doug's first teaching position moved us to Wanipigow, one hundred and thirty miles north of Winnipeg which remained our home for five years. We still used Winnipeg for our major purchases and medical needs.

Doug and I were blessed with two lovely daughters: Jessica Dawn born October 15, 1979, and Caylee Marie born March 30, 1982.

Time for a change and an attempt to get closer to home made Cranberry Portage, Manitoba very appealing. We anticipate moving to Prince Albert making that our permanent residence.

Robert Worobetz



1979, Robert Worobetz, Grade 12.

On a warm summer day, June 10, 1961, a new member joined the Worobetz clan. This much awaited bundle of joy happened to be me, John Robert, a brother for Pat and Cathy.

One of the first things I can recall is the time I had my stomach pumped when I was two years old. Not exactly a pleasant memory I know, but still one of my first. It seems I had been playing around in Mom's purse and had discovered a bottle of pills. Whether it was full or not, mom couldn't remember, so naturally she did what any good mother would do in an emergency — she panicked. When she calmed down enough I reassured her, "It's okay mommy, I not take."

She took me to the doctor none the less. The doctor inserted so many wires and tubes into me, I looked like a porcupine! He finally brought me back to my frantic mother and declared, "Nothing but porridge in this boy Mrs. Worobetz." That's been my life story ever since — always full of something, or being told by someone that I am.

Take for instance the time when I, a young two and a half-year old and full of youthful energy, went

shopping for shoes with mom. I just couldn't sit still.

"You're full of prunes!" the sales lady said.

"I not poons, I Wobbie!" counters I.

Then, there was the time Dad took us to a Christmas Festival at East Central School where he was principal. I felt like a pretty big man for a five-year old, because my Dad was the principal.

"My Dad is the principal here, you know," I remarked to one student, my chest so big making my shirt buttons almost pop.

"You're full of it," said he.

During my elementary school years at St. Joseph, the teachers referred to me as the "walking encyclopedia", because I enjoyed reading our encyclopedia at home and was full of 'it' (information) . . . and so it continued.

Years at Boucher Junior High followed, where I participated in various sports, having had the honor of setting a school record in the junior shot put event.

The most thrilling event was being a member of the school's super basketball team. We won most of the games during the three years of participation!

Then it was the bruising game of football at St. Mary's High School that attracted my interest. During grade twelve, playing left tackle, our team, the Marauders won all league games, losing to Melfort by one point in the final play-offs.

Besides school work and sports, I developed a keen interest in playing the guitar. My first taste of



1983, Sound Fx Telemiracle. L-R: Joe Chad (Vocalist), Mark Sadlowski (key board), Rob. Worobetz (lead guitar), Rob. Hemsworth (drums) and Tony Parent (base guitar).

success came while participating in the band at various St. Mary's school functions, local banquets, parties, and weddings. The band received top award as one of the contestants on CKBI Talent Night. It was an honor to have been chosen to perform at a banquet with special guest Prime Minister Diefenbaker in attendance.

I graduated from St. Mary's High taking top honors in music, and music it has been.

Our band **Sound FX**, joined the Travelling Bands Association in 1981. We have travelled and performed as far east as Ottawa, and Vancouver to the west. The members of the band are: Joe Chad, Rob



Free-spirited Sound Fx members display hijinks

Koltar, who first came to Saskatoon as a member of The Canadian Downbeats at the Red Lion nightclub, sees bright hope for the band because of its originality and musicality.

"There are many positive signs. Radio stations are getting requests comparable to the same numbers as Loverboy. An American agency has made us a standing offer for touring. We've been asked to work

the Telemiracle again, thanks to Jim Scarrow, who has been a good friend. And on the response of the current album, we have to be thinking of going to the studios again," says Koltar.

Saskatoon audiences will see Sound Fx in a show-and-dance at the Centennial Auditorium on Friday, and again at the Capri Motor Hotel nightclub on Jan. 2, 3, 4.

1983, Saskatoon Star, Phoenix, paper clipping. Back row, L-R: Rob Hemsworth, Tony Parent, Joe Chad. Front row, L-R: Rob Worobetz and Mark Sadlowski.

Hemsworth, Tony Parent, Mark Sadlowski and myself, Rob Worobetz. We have just cut a record, which at this time is being pressed in Toronto to be released in September, 1983.

Terrance Worobetz



1978, Terry Worobetz, skateboarding.

I, Terrance Glenn am the fourth child in the Worobetz family. I was born in Prince Albert on August 24, 1963. I am the grandson of Alexandra Woychuk, and great grandson of Sylvester and Evdokia Fedeyko.

Having one brother older than I, and one younger, I remember all the competitions we had with each other. During a game of hide-and-seek indoors, my best hiding place was under the foot stool. My slim body went through a few rapid Houdini contortions, and there I was completely hidden from view.

Short car rides were fine, but taking a long trip, for instance to "baba" and "deedo" in Kelowna would get quite tedious after a couple hours. Patrick and I would have something going in the back seat. Dad would threaten to stop the car. Mom sat between us to keep peace for a while. We enjoyed all our visits with baba then and now because she is the best cook!

I attended Boucher Junior High, a two mile distance from home. Because of my good work in school, I was one of the more fortunate students who got June recommendations, in all my grades, and dismissed earlier for holidays. This enabled me to get a job during the summer.

I participated in various sports; swimming, skating, bowling and curling.

One summer my friends and I constructed a skateboard ramp. We were getting pretty good at this art, until one of my friend's dad discovered some lumber missing while building his garage.

Our family took several holiday trips. In 1976 we took a "Chinook" tour on a Howard-Hughes Air West jet to Los Angeles. Although we had already been there in the summer, this was a Christmas vacation, and much more pleasant weather-wise. We toured Universal Studios where Patrick was picked from the crowd to play the part of Burt Reynolds.

Tuijana, Mexico was an experience of life in a different country. Young boys polished visitors' shoes to make a little money. The merchants sold hand-made wallets at two dollars each. Although we were thirsty, our guides cautioned us not to purchase any drinks as water there is not purified and would probably make us ill.

The highlight of our trips was Hawaii in December, 1978. The New Year's Eve was very different. Tourists spent thousands of dollars on firecrackers that popped in a steady staccato from five o'clock in the afternoon until well into the morning hours. This was a very unusual way of ushering the new year — a very unexpected thrill.

During my three years at St. Marys High School, I worked after school hours and Saturdays and earned enough money to buy a motor bike. This was fast and economical transportation to school and work.

Upon graduating from High School, I received a government scholarship grant towards furthering my education. I am presently enrolled in a computer science course at S.T.I., Moose Jaw, Sask.

Patrick Worobetz



1983, Patrick Worobetz.

On January 7, 1965, there was excitement at the Worobetz house in Prince Albert. Patrick, Wayne a brother to Patricia, Cathy, Robert and Terry was born. Well, who was this bundle of joy? It turned out

to be me, who graduated from Senior High School in 1983.

I don't remember what those first few years of my life were like; but, with all those brothers and sisters older than me, I must have had plenty of attention and also plenty of hand-me-downs.

During my school years, I participated in several sport activities in the city. These were school sports but mostly those organized by the Prince Albert Minor Sports Associations.

For several years I played ball in the minor city league. We were fortunate to win the city championship one year.

In my last year of minor football we won the city championship. Then it was to Moose Jaw for the provincial. Thrills! With a strong team effort we won the tournament playoffs and became provincial champions. One of my highlights of that year was to receive the offensive lineman of the year award.

While at Carlton Senior High, I was a member of the Carlton Crusaders football team. Although we won the city championship each year, we weren't so fortunate at the provincial level losing each time to a stronger North Battleford aggregation.

When winter came, hockey was the main attraction around Prince Albert. All the boys would be eager to do well. Why? Well maybe someday they could become members of the famous Prince Albert Raiders.

I started playing hockey when I was seven years



1979-80 Hockey season. Patrick Worobetz.

old. The following year our team "The East Hill Blues" won the city squirt division title.

The pee wee, bantam and midget divisions followed. All in all I was involved with hockey for ten years. During those years we had great fun and companionship playing in tournaments, practising, raising funds and so on.

During the Pee Wee and Bantam years, I played double "A" hockey. This hockey was more competitive as we played in what was called a centre-four league. The league was comprised of teams from Prince Albert, Melfort, Humboldt and North Battleford. While in Pee Wee and Bantam our teams achieved two championships.

It was an honour and experience for us to participate in the International Bantam tournament at Kamloops, B.C. This tournament includes teams from the U.S.A. as well as those from most Canadian centers.

Now that I have graduated from High School, I tend to look back and reminisce over the years at school and sports, and come to one conclusion. It was all enjoyable and worthwhile giving me comradeship, discipline, and good sportsmanship.

Ihor and Marie Dedish



1958, Hank and Marie Dedish, their Wedding Day, Sept. 27.

I was the youngest of four living children, I had three older sisters and was affectionately known to all as the baby of the family, (even when I was 20 years old — 6 feet tall and weighed 190 lbs.)

I was born on our Saskatchewan homestead, a geographical location of Sec. 22, tp. 45, Range 9, West 3rd Meridian, 18 miles northeast of Hafford, Saskatchewan. It was planned that I was to be born at the Hospital in Hafford, however nature had its own ideas. After a couple of days in Hafford hospital, my Father and Mother decided to head home via a team of horses and cutter along with perehna (feather quilt)

and a charcoal heater. This was 18 miles of country roads and numerous snowdrifts. Needless to say the horses were white when they arrived home and that wasn't their natural color, covered with frost and snow.

I was born a couple of days later with the assistance of a prairie mid-wife and entered this world on 17 December 1934.

Born and raised on a farm like most prairie people are accustomed to, I can start to recollect memories when I was about four and five years old. I clearly recall going to Church with the family with a team of horses and a democrat at Albertown, Saint Peters and Paul's Church, a small wooden structured country church. I remember the parish priest, Father Dreihomeretz, a fairly big man with a big beard which he stroked periodically when delivering the sermon. The children always sat at the right front of the Church under the very watchful eye of the Father, the odd yank on the ear of a mischievous child by Father would make us attentive and mindful of the Services.

I remember the rock picking days on the farm, the area that we lived at was abundant with granite and this was an unpleasant yearly chore. I also recall the haying days in the fall and particularly remember the smell of the freshly cut grass when my Dad would wind through the meadows with a two horse power mower.

The Community where I was born and raised was a mixed farming Community. The area was far from being prosperous but one managed as long as you had a few chickens, hogs and cattle along with a good garden and a few bushels of wheat.

Our farm extended into a good sized lake known as Oscar Lake. I spent many enjoyable hours around this lake during all seasons, either hunting, trapping, swimming, playing hockey or just simply exploring the lake shore.

As all young prairie boys, I also was fond of guns and hunting. I recall when I smuggled a single shot .22 rifle onto our farm, which I acquired from a cousin of mine, I was 12 years old then and considered myself a responsible person to being able to handle the firearm. I was somewhat reluctant to let my Father and Mother in on the secret as I felt that their approval would be frowned upon. However, it didn't take them long to figure out that all the rabbits I was bringing home were not all snared. Seeing that I was providing food on the table I was cautioned about the use of the firearm and allowed to possess same. I remember to this very day when I shot my first coyote. It was a bright sunny fall day when I snuck down to the Lake after completing several acres of oat stooking. Upon walking into a meadow adjoining

the Lake and in the shadows of tall white poplar trees and the wind into my face I noticed a coyote making his patrol across the meadow and pouncing on the odd field mouse to supplement his diet. There was a bounty for coyotes at that time and there was my opportunity as a bounty hunter. From a standing unsupported position I took careful aim and squeezed the trigger and to the amazement of a 12 year old, the coyote disappeared into the meadow grass. I ran to the spot where I last saw the coyote only to find him still alive and rolling around, in my excitement it took me another 10 shots to finish him off. Prouder than anything I dragged him home (about 2 miles) and displayed him to my parents, who were somewhat amazed about my bounty hunting. I eventually did receive my \$3.00 bounty from the Rural Municipality of Redberry.

Lancaster School, a three and a half mile cross country trek was my school from grades one to nine, a rural one room school with grades from one to ten. Walking or the odd bicycle was the mode of travel during Spring and Summer. During the cold winter, horses were used either a team and caboose or a single horse and a toboggan or also even horseback.

My Dad passed away when he was fifty-one years old and I was 15 years at the time. My sisters by this time had all left home and were married and raising families of their own. After a year on the farm by herself, mother sold the farm to a neighbour and moved to North Battleford where I took my Grade eleven at the North Battleford Collegiate. I then moved to the Prince Albert area and took my Grade twelve at David School where my brother-in-law was the Principal. Upon completion of my High School I was somewhat undecided what steps I was going to take with respect to career aspirations. I ventured to commence work as a Store Clerk at the North Battleford Co-op Store. I always had a great admiration for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police ever since I was a young boy. While working at the Co-op Store I played Junior "A" baseball in North Battleford and as a result was in contact with several young members of the R.C.M.P. I was encouraged by these members to join the Force. On 18 July 1955 I was sworn in as a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police after successfully completing the required entrance exams and security screening. I took my entire recruit training at "Depot" Division at Regina, Saskatchewan. The training was a rewarding experience for me and something that I will remember as long as I live. My first education to training was that of putting up the winter hay for 60 plus Quarter horses at the training Depot. After completing the winter storage of some 20,000 bales of



1956, 3/Cst. I.Y. (Hank) Dedish. Training centre, "Depot Division" Regina, Saskatchewan.

hay we commenced our regular training with a full squad on 22 August 1955.

On 7 May 1956 my training was completed and my posting was to Langley City Detachment, a Community in the Fraser River Valley of the Lower Mainland of British Columbia. Four months later I was transferred to Langley Municipal Detachment some 4 miles up Highway #10. Commencing in early 1958 I had one of four trips to the East Kootenays and duties at that time known as "Doukhobor Patrol". The Freedomite group were physically showing dissatisfaction with the Establishment and as a result numerous bombings and arsons were prominent in the Grand Forks, Nelson, Castlegar areas and required additional manpower for stepped up patrols and enforcement.

In September 1958, I was transferred to Burnaby in view of my pending marriage later that month. On 27 September, 1958 I married Marie **Halko** at North Battleford, Saskatchewan. The traditional Red Serge Ceremony was employed to its fullest. I had known Marie while I worked at the Co-op Store in North Battleford. Marie at that time was working at the Provincial Hospital. Marie departed North Battleford before I did. She chose to take her training at the Essondale Forensic Institution near Vancouver, B.C. and graduated as a Registered Psychiatric Nurse. Needless to say I had an interest in British Columbia and thereby my first choice of posting upon completion of training was British Columbia. We bought a new home a month after we were married and gained great enjoyment with the new home, landscaping and all.

August 1961 brought a transfer for us to Sidney, on Vancouver Island. A beautiful location which holds a lot of pleasant memories for us. A four man Detachment at Sidney where I was second in charge. Both our children were born at Resthaven Hospital in Sidney, Steven born on 11 December, 1963 and Petulla on 02 December, 1965. From Sidney we were

transferred to the other end of Vancouver Island, a place called Port Alice and took command as Constable in Charge. Two years later in December 1967 the whole family including the dog arrived at Alexis Creek (75 miles west of Williams Lake) where I was promoted to Corporal and In Charge of the Detachment. The largest Detachment boundaries that you could envision — 200 miles long and 100 miles wide was the area covered by a four man operation. Some great experiences arose while in the Chilcotin country which was known for its cattle ranching, logging and Indian Reservations, a very interesting location for hunting and fishing. At that time a good choice for hunting deer and moose, four species of grouse and excellent Steelhead fishing in the Chilcotin River along with numerous lakes for trout fishing. During the winter months and during cold and heavy snow-falls the moose would get into the Ranchers haystacks and would destroy more than eat. It would be nothing uncommon to find a dozen moose in your haystack any early winter's morning. To keep in practice with their roping abilities the ranchers would rope the odd moose, only to release them after a successful rope throw.

Our children were getting to be experts in the agricultural and animal field. While at Alexis Creek they were instructed in having and caring for a brood of yearly chickens, a lamb, a calf, rabbits, chipmunks, two dogs, cats and an old grey mare. Steven had started his Elementary schooling and Petulla had the pleasure of starting her kindergarten at the age of three where she attended at the Anaheim Reserve for the benefit of the Native Children to learn the English language from her and under the watchful eyes of Sister Ann. During our stay at Alexis Creek, Marie established some memorable contact with the native people there. She had dealings with them in their

native art of bead work and acted as an agent for sale of their products. Marie had a beautiful full length formal dress made for her by the native ladies, moose hide and beautiful bead work with matching accessories of head band, purse and slippers. She wore the gown to one of our Annual Regimental balls (on 13 Nov 1970) at Kamloops and obviously was the talk of the ball. All members of our family are the proud owners of various items of bead work and clothing from the Chilcotin Country.



Cpl. and Mrs. (Hank and Marie) Dedish, Alexis Creek, B.C. 1970. At the RCMP Regimental Ball, Kamloops B.C. Formal gown with accessories made for Marie by the local Native ladies. Moose hide, treated, with appropriate bead work.



1983, Marie, Petulla and Hank Dedish, Kitimat, B.C.

After four years we bid Alexis Creek farewell and moved to the beautiful Okanagan at Vernon, B.C. where we only stayed for one and a half years and moved to the geographical centre of British Columbia at Vanderhoof. Our transfer to Vanderhoof after only one and a half year stay at Vernon was a promotional opportunity and my advancement to Sergeant i/c Vanderhoof was and always will be a very soft spot in our hearts. We experienced happy and joyful occa-



1974, Steven Dedish, 11 years.

sions as well as a very sorrow filled one. Our oldest child was stricken with a blood disorder during late December 1975 and after an intense desire and determination to live we lost Steven to the devastating disease of Leukemia in January, 1978.

On 28 July, 1978 another transfer took us to Kitimat, B.C. the Aluminum City known for its Smelting and production of aluminium. Another promotional move to Staff Sergeant and Detachment Commander. Kitimat is a native name for "People of the snow" and certainly lives up to its name, located on the Northern tip of Douglas Channel, a town of 14,000 population. A Community that is the proud owner of two artificial ice arenas, a year round swimming pool, various recreational facilities and a new theatre located within the local High School. Salmon and Steelhead fishing, crabbing, prawning, boating, sailing and scuba diving are favorite local pastimes. As of May 1983 we are still in Kitimat and enjoying our stay here.

During my service with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police I was fortunate to receive two decorations. I was honored during an Investiture at Government House Ottawa on 30 November, 1973, when I received the Medal of Bravery from Governor General Roland H. **Michener**. Medal was issued in recognition of actions taken when Thomas Edward **Webb** Sr. was removed from his pick up truck after a three vehicle accident which involved a flaming gasoline tanker truck on Highway 97 North at Vernon, B.C. on 15th April 1973.

I also received the Queen's Silver Jubilee Medal upon recommendation by my officer Commanding Prince George Sub/Div on 23 March, 1978. This medal is awarded for achievement and outstanding work within a given profession.

Previous paragraphs have mainly expanded upon my childhood and career days. At this time I would like to add further detail with respect to my wife

Marie and family data. Petulla, has written a short story about herself for the book. Petulla is a young lady of whom we are very proud. A self-motivated and disciplined girl who strives for her utmost best, combined with being an excellent student, a good athlete and participates in extracurricular activities to the fullest extent. Needless to say, we support her strongly in her activities and always believed in taking her to her activities and particularly in her Sports programs stayed to watch her participate. It could have been skating, swimming, basketball, jazz dancing, music festivals or even modeling her sewing wares.

My wife Marie, is one of nine children born to Daniel and Mary **Halko** of Ranger, Saskatchewan. A rural farming community in the Leoville-Spiritwood area. Like many other homestead families, she learned the joys and hardships of the rural settings. It is interesting to note that Marie's two youngest sisters also married members of the RCMP. Marie and I are both avid trap shooters and have added several trap shooting trophies to our den over a period of several years. I still play slow and fast pitch fastball. I played baseball for many years until the legs and pitching arm weren't as strong anymore. I have even resorted to playing "Old Timers" hockey, which is a gentleman's game of hockey with no body checking and slap shooting. I've coached Minor Hockey and Minor Baseball teams for many years and only in recent years I have discontinued these programs. As a family we have enjoyed camping during our summer vacations and travelled into some very remote areas at the various locations where I have been posted. We enjoyed these wilderness trips and gained a great deal of knowledge about nature's ways. We use a truck and camper.

Yearly I make an annual hunting trip for moose hunting within the British Columbia regions. Usually a two week trip into the woods with three or four companions, generally early fall before the cold frosts descend upon us. Moose hunting is our main interest, however we never refuse a deer. We add some bird, duck and goose hunting as well which makes into pleasant and memorable trips.

One can see changes in a person from year to year, as well as our lifestyles. Society changes are dictated by people like you and I. Our modern day society has become a permissive one and only yours, my children and their children will say which way our trends and ways of life will go.

In closing I would like to thank my parents and their parents for making the choice of living in Canada, a Country that all of us should be proud of and "Proud to be a Canadian."

Last but not least I would like to express my gratitude to my cousin William (Bill) **Fedeyko** for



HONORED FOR BRAVERY
 At a special ceremony held recently at Government House in Ottawa, Ont., Canada's Gov. Gen. Roland H. Mitchener pins the Canadian Bravery Decoration on RCMP Sgt. I. Y. (Hank) Dedish, who served in Vernon but is now in

Vanderhoof, B.C. The commendation is in recognition of Sgt. Dedish's heroic actions April 15, 1973 in Vernon when, with the aid of Const. Garry Stankievich, Paul Desmarais, Phil Raber, Len Klinger, Murray Dunbar, all of Vernon, and George

Orom of Salmon Arm, he saved the life of Thomas Edward Webb, Sr., of Vernon at a flaming gasoline tanker truck accident scene on Highway 97N.
 (RCMP headquarters photo)
30 Nov. 1973

Nov. 30, 1973. Newspaper clipping, Ottawa, Ontario.

making a thought come true. He had the fortitude, desire and energy to make this book possible, he has devoted a tremendous amount of hours, days and

months towards a commemorative event. Thank you, Bill.



SERGEANT HANK DEDISH received the Queens Silver Jubilee Medal for achievement and outstanding work in the R.C.M.P. force. Sergeant Dedish was recommended for the award by his officer commanding from Prince George subdivision Superintendent R.N. Baynes.

March 23, 1978. Newspaper clipping, Vanderhoof, B.C.

Petulla Marie Dedish

Birth — December 2, 1965



1982, Petulla Dedish, Grade 12, 16 years.

I am the second and last child born to my parents, Hank and Marie. I was born on Vancouver Island in a beautiful town called Sidney. During the 60's, a popular singer was at the top of the charts — Petula Clark — since my parents had been looking for a name that was strangely unique, they chose Petula but adding another "L" completing Petulla.



1970, Steven and Petulla Dedish, ages 5 and 3 years.

I've lived in several towns in British Columbia, covering almost the entire province. From Sidney, I was off to Port Alice, then to Alexis Creek where I was placed in a kindergarten class for 3 years (I started when I was 3). It was off to the Okanagan, where in Vernon I started my elementary school years. After one and one half years in Vernon, father was given a promotion to a Sergeant and the transfer was to Vanderhoof where I completed my elementary schooling. Vanderhoof will always hold a lot of memories for me and my parents as I lost my older brother of 2 years to leukemia.

In the summer of 1978, the three of us (and my pooch, Corky), transferred to Kitimat where my father was promoted to a Staff Sergeant. Kitimat, a native name meaning "People of the Snow", definitely lives up to its name. Sometimes we receive so much snow that children are walking the snowbanks and touching the telephone wires.

I will be completing my final high school year in Kitimat. The high school carries grades 8-12 and has over 1300 students. It is named after a beautiful mountain that sits in the background of our town, Mount Elizabeth, leading to our school, initials M.E.S.S.

I was a figure skater for 6 years but found I had to make a choice between basketball or skating as the two combined were overpowering my time. Being 5'9" I played basketball, and played for 5 years at MESS, playing for the team in 1980 who won the Provincial Championships.

I enjoy jazz dancing as I have participated in several festivals and community telethons. I have been involved in choreography for individual dance routines as well as group choreography. I worked on the group choreography for a school musical production of God Spell.

In the fall of 1982, I taught 6 weeks of Aerobic Dancing for Teenagers. It was very rewarding and it sure kept me in good shape.



1982, Petulla, "modelling my blouse that I made."



1982, Saskatchewan. Feeding "Bambi".

If I ever find spare time, one can find me sewing, skiing, babysitting, reading, writing poetry or talking a mile a minute. I make a lot of my own clothes and I love it when I am asked to model my accomplishments.



1982, "Aerobic Dance for Teens" class, dancing for the "Aluminum City Telethon" in the Mount Elizabeth H.S. Theatre.

Upon completion of my high school graduation, I will be travelling to Denmark for one year as a Rotary Exchange Student. I plan to learn the Danish language and the ways and customs of the Danish folk. It shall be a very rewarding experience and I plan to gain a year's knowledge equivalent to, if not greater than that of one year's university.

When I return from Denmark I plan to attend the University of British Columbia where I would like to obtain an undergraduate degree in Psychology. Hopefully I will manage to continue and receive a master's degree in either Audiology (teaching the hearing impaired) or Counselling. If those seven

years of school somehow change my outlooks, I can always fall back on Nursing.

I love children and I know whatever career I choose, will always be related to the youth of our Society.

Remember, whatever you put into life is only what you will get out of life.

Send your Sorrows
Cry to the grasslands
Where no one will listen
To your endless tears
That whimper softly
To the morning sun.

Petulla Dedish In Denmark

Experiencing a new education, culture and language is a fantastic learning process. Living for one year in the country of Denmark has allowed me to see the people and how they live. Throughout the year (July 1983 — June 1984) I lived with three different families in a small town on the peninsula of Jutland. I was fortunate to spend 3½ months with each family so I was able to experience different patterns of danish lifestyle.

I travelled by train to school each day, leaving a rural farming area and arriving in a large urban area where I attended a state school in the City of Esbjerg. The state school is a danish "gymnasium" which is similar to a North American High School. Levels 1, 2 and 3 are offered in two major subject lines: (1) Mathematics line and (2) Language line. I was placed in Level 2 branching in the language line. I took danish, english, french, politics, geography, music and physical education — exceptions were made for Latin and German as I hadn't taken these particular subjects prior to my schooling in Denmark. The pupils are close to the age of 16 when they start at the "gymnasium" and at this level they have to have chosen their subject line of preference. The goal of the school is to achieve academically, unfortunately there aren't any extra-curricular activities offered for the pupils. Classes have set numbers of pupils and each class takes the same subjects, therefore the same individuals remain in the same class, and progress in this manner until the third level is completed. If high grades are achieved on the student exams one may enter university and obtain a higher education with all fees covered by the government.

Danish food is delicious; pork, potatoes and vegetables can be described as a typical danish meal. French bread with cheese topped with jam is popular for breakfast. Rye bread with meat slices and dressings is a practical lunch. Hot meals are served in the evenings. Oh, I can't forget the coffee breaks, one in

the afternoon and one in the evening where all the delicious danish pastries are enjoyed.

There are small traditions that are part of the danes, and take time for "foreigners" to adjust to. Shaking hands when invited as a guest, it is important to shake hands with every guest at the social function not only upon arrival but also when saying goodnight. After meeting a friend on a street, one should always remember to "pass regards on to the family" or thank the people for the last evening they spent together. The Danish people don't use bed sheets, they use quilts and find them much more practical. In general, Denmark has a relaxed atmosphere in relation to its people and their ways. Throughout the entire year, I had never been introduced to anyone as Mr. or Mrs. X, it is always on a first name basis.

Learning a second language can be a challenge and it takes a great deal of patience. There are the problems of misunderstanding, mis-pronouncing but it becomes personally rewarding at the point where there are no problems in a "day-to-day" conversation.

Denmark is a beautiful country offering several benefits for its youth and elders. Taxes are high but medical and dental aid are free. Old age pensioners have the opportunity to live in an elderly folks home without worrying about one kroner!

I am thankful to have been able to share a small part of Denmark with you and I am also grateful to have not only learned about a new society but also to learn about people and myself.

Anna (Deditch) and Anton Sawicki as written by her children Donna, Charleen and Ted

Our mother, Anna Deditch Sawicki, was the youngest daughter of Stephen and Alexandra Deditch. She was born July 31, 1928 on her parents' farm in Oscar Lake, Sask. She also grew up there and attended school to the eighth grade.

At the age of 17 Mom went to work as a waitress. She worked the following years at several C.N. hotels; one of these was the Jasper Hotel in Alberta. She also worked in Prince Albert where she met our father, Anton (Tony) Sawicki. They met at a wedding that Dad was attending in which Mom was a bridesmaid. They were married shortly thereafter in St. Helen's church in Brooksby, Sask. in November of 1950.

After they were married Mom and Dad moved to Grandma Sawicki's farm in Brooksby (near Melfort), Sask. During this time, in July 1951, their first child, Donna Cecile, was born. They lived on the farm for



1950, Anton (Tony) and Anna (Deditch) Sawicki.



Tony holding Ted and Anna with their children Donna and Charleen.

approximately 2 years. In 1952 they moved to Edmonton, Alberta where Mom worked for another C.N. hotel. They remained in Edmonton until May, 1955 when they moved to Los Angeles, Calif.

Mom and Dad purchased a home in Pico Rivera a short distance from Mom's sister Pauline and her family. It was here that Charleen and Theodore (Ted) were born; Charleen in December, 1955 and Ted in July, 1961.

Mom was a devoted mother and spent her time at home with her children. Feeling the need for extra income but reluctant to leave us in the care of someone else at this time, Mom began to sit for two small girls in our home. Mom always had enough time and love to share with all of us. She was a loving person and endeared herself to everyone she met. With her open, honest and genuine friendliness she made many lifelong friends who, like us, still mourn her untimely death.



Adults standing, L-R: Vera and Jack McMaster, Pauline and John Worobey and Anna Sawicki. Glenn Worobey holding a cat, Robbie Worobey, Charleen and Donna Sawicki.

In 1968 Mom was diagnosed as terminally ill with Hodgkins Disease (cancer of the lymph glands). This was shortly after she began work as a grocery checker at Safeway. She worked as long as possible but died only one year after the diagnosis. It was a swift but agonizing death. Mom never let us see the anguish she felt at the prospect of leaving her children behind but she constantly worried about our welfare. She always had a smiling face for us and was ever-constant in her love and devotion for her family. A

strong woman with a loving, kind heart, our mom died and left us with a void that can never be filled. She is still missed by all who knew her.



1967, Anna and Ted Sawicki.

Anna Deditch Sawicki died on July 14, 1969 at the age of 41 and left behind her three children: Donna, Charleen and Ted.

Donna (Sawicki) McDaniel

Donna Cecile was born on July 26, 1951 in



Donna and Michelle McDaniel.

Melfort, Sask. The eldest of three, she was the only one born in Canada and remains a Canadian citizen although she still resides in California.

Donna, like the rest, grew up in Pico Rivera and attended school there. She attended L. T. Magee Elementary to the 6th grade, then Osbourne Burke Jr. High to the 9th grade, and graduated from El Rancho High School in 1969.

While in High School Donna worked as a hostess in Bob's Big Boy, a local family restaurant. She continued working there after graduation and soon met and married her husband Riley (Dale) McDaniel Jr.

In October of 1970 the Sawicki family moved to Vancouver, B.C. but Donna and her family, which now included Michelle Ann, born August 31, 1970, stayed behind. Donna went back to work after Michelle was born but not back to the restaurant. Looking for a job with more career potential she began work in the banking industry. She started as a bookkeeper and quickly worked her way up to vault teller.

It was at this time that Donna and Dale separated and subsequently divorced. Michelle was 8 years old at the time and Donna, feeling the need for a larger income and more growth potential, switched professions and began work in the trucking industry. She is currently a computer programmer for Immanuel Transport and is also going to college in the evenings to further her career in computers.

Donna and Michelle, who is now 14, are today living happily in Huntington Beach, California.

Charleen (Sawicki) and Dennis Paquin

Charleen Alexandria was born on December 15, 1955 in Beverly Community Hospital in Montebello, California. She attended the same schools as Donna,

L.T. Magee and Osbourne Burke, up to the 9th grade, but after the death of our mom and remarriage of our dad, the family moved to B.C. There she attended St. Angela's Academy for Girls and North Delta Sr. Secondary School where she graduated in 1973. She then enrolled in Douglas Community College and began work on her B.A.

During High School and College Charleen worked for our father who taught her his trade — watchmaking. When Dad closed his watch repair shop she went to work for Westminster Manufacturing Jewellers and spent the next few years designing and making jewellery.

At the age of 24, Charleen married our stepbrother, Dennis Paquin. They were married in Los Angeles, California and are presently living in Florida. Dennis is a Lieutenant in the U.S. Navy and is the Intelligence Officer for Attack Squadron 81 based at Cecil Field in Jacksonville, Florida.

Dennis and Charleen have three children: Justin Anthony, 4½ yrs., Katherine (Katie) Mae, 3 yrs., and Michael David, 5 mos. The family is currently preparing for a move to Hawaii. They will be stationed there for approximately eight years.



1983, Justin and Katie Paquin.

Theodore (Ted) and Suzanne Sawicki

Theodore (Ted) Anthony, the youngest of Anna's children, was born July 15, 1961 at the Downey Community Hospital, in Downey, California. At the time of his birth Donna was 10 and Charleen was 5. Needless to say, the birth of a baby boy was a delight for everyone.

Ted attended only elementary school in California due to the family's move to Surrey, B.C. in 1970. He continued grade school at Richardson Elementary, went on to Sands Jr. High and was graduated from North Delta Sr. Secondary School in 1978.

Ted has always shown an aptitude for mechanical type repairs. He, like Charleen, worked with Dad in



1980, Dennis and Charleen Paquin.



Ted and Sue Sawicki.

watch repair, but he has really excelled in the field of electronics. He is especially interested in stereo equipment and is currently employed as a car stereo specialist. His goal is to someday be self-employed and own his own business.

Ted was married to Suzanne Skocylas on July 28, 1983 in Surrey, B.C. and they are expecting their first child sometime in July, 1984.

Donna, Charleen and Ted wish to dedicate this story to the person who taught us what it is to love — our Mom. Life will never be the same without her. She touched all our lives and we will be eternally grateful that she was our Mother. We consider ourselves truly lucky and proud that we can say we are her children.

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

HUSBAND		JACOB (JACK) FEDEYKO		Occupation		Taylor - Farmer	
Born	6 December 1887	Place	Nismych, Halychyna, Austria	Place	6-44-8-W3		
Chr		Place					
Marr	31 January 1910	Place	Alvena, Saskatchewan				
Died	19 January 1963	Place	North Battleford, Saskatchewan				
Bur		Place	North Battleford Cemetery				
Father	Sylvester FEDEYKO		Mother: Eudokia WALIGURSKI				
Other Wives							
WIFE		Katerina HORBAY					
Born	21 September 1892	Place	Sulymiw, Halychyna, Austria				
Chr		Place					
Died	25 July 1967	Place	North Battleford, Saskatchewan				
Bur		Place	North Battleford Cemetery				
Father			Mother: Ludlina (Glab) HORBAY				
Other Husbands							
Children	Sex	When Born	When Died	Where Born	Where Died	Marriage Date & Place	To Whom
Mary		14 March 1911		Krydor, Saskatchewan		30 July 1938, St. Michael	Alta
William (Bill)	M					Justine RAYCHYBA	Alta
Mary	F	5 Dec. 1912		Krydor, Saskatchewan		7 Sept. 1934, Saskatoon	GR.
						Peter H. PAULSON	
John	M	27 April 1916		Krydor, Saskatchewan		8 July 1949, Richard, Sk.	
						Alice LANGLEY	
Stephania	F	25 Oct. 1921		Cut Knife, Saskatchewan		16 Mar. 1946, Iowa City, USA	
		18 July 1983		Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.		Howard SCHNEIDER	
Paul	M	18 Jan. 1927		Cut Knife, Saskatchewan		30 Nov. 1957, Calgary, Alta.	
						Claire TANNIAN	

HUSBAND		MARTIN BARCHUK		Occupation		Farmer	
Born	Chr	14 November 1884	Place	Komarov, Halychyna, (Galicia)	Austria	SE 13-44-9-W3	
Marr		14 November 1911	Place	Orlov Church, South of Hafford, Sask.			
Died		16 November 1949	Place	Hafford, Saskatchewan			
Bur		18 November 1949	Place	St. Michael, Church Cemetery, Krydor - Sask			
Father	John BARCHUK			Mother	Catherine PYRA		
Other Wives							
WIFE		Elizabeth (Elisaveta) FEDEYKO		Nismych, Halychyna, (Galicia)		Austria	
Born	Chr	9 May 1896	Place	North Battleford, Saskatchewan			
Died		20 May 1965	Place	North Battleford Cemetery			
Bur		22 May 1965	Place	North Battleford Cemetery			
Father	Sylvester FEDEYKO			Mother	Eudokia WALLGURSKI		
Other Husbands							
Children		Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom		
1	Catherine	F	23 Sept. 1912	Krydor, Saskatchewan	26 July 1934, Krydor, Sk. Louis KARPAN		
2							
3	Stephania	F	23 Nov. 1914	Krydor, Saskatchewan	13 Oct. 1935, Krydor, Sk. Mike MELNYK		
4							
5	Irene	F	25 Aug. 1916	Krydor, Saskatchewan	6 Feb. 1935, Hafford, Sk. Paul HRYNCHUK		
6							
7	Walter	M	14 Mar. 1918	Krydor, Saskatchewan	28 July 1946, Krydor, Sk. Florence WILSON		
8							
9	Anne	F	2 Apr. 1922	Krydor, Saskatchewan	25 Oct. 1943, Krydor, Sk. Nick MALARCHUK		
10							

HUSBAND		Sylvester FEDEVKO	Occupation Furrier-Taylor-Farmer				
Birth	Chr	1 January 1863	Place	Place			
			Ukrainw, Halychyna	(Galicia) Austria			
Mar		1885	Place	NW 6-44-8-W3			
Died		9 August 1937	Place	Nismych, Halychyna, Austria			
Bur			Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan			
Father		Lucas FEDEVKO	Place	Moher (Unknown)			
Other Wives							
WIFE		Eudokia WALIGURSKI					
Birth	Chr	14 March 1863	Place	Nismych, Halychyna, Austria			
Died		17 April 1940	Place	Cut Knife, Saskatchewan			
Bur			Place				
Father		Yakim WALIGURSKI	Place	Moher (Unknown)			
Other Husbands							
Children	Sex	When Born	When Died	Where Born	Where Died	Marriage Date & Place	To Whom
Jacob (Jack)	M	6 Dec. 1887	19 Jan. 1963	Nismych, Austria	N, Battleford, Sask.	31 Jan. 1910 - Alvena, Sk.	Katerina HOBBAV
Kostantin (Nost)	M	24 Aug. 1890	31 July 1964	Nismych, Austria	Hafford, Sask.	16 Feb. 1912 - Fish Cr.	Rosalie BAZAREWICH
Elisaveta (Elizabeth)	F	9 May 1896	20 May 1965	Nismych, Austria	N, Battleford, Sask.	14 Nov. 1911 - Hafford, Sk.	Martin BARCHUK
Alexandra	F	12 Mar. 1904		Nismych, Austria		17 July 1917 - Krydor, Sk.	Stefan DEOTCH

[illegible]

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

HUSBAND Stephan (Steve) DEDITCH				Occupation Teacher - Farmer			
Born	Chr	Place	Place	Born	Chr	Place	Place
9 January 1892		Komaciw, Halychyna, Galicia	Austria				
14 July 1917		Krydor, Saskatchewan (Morobetz Church)					
14 March 1951		Hafford, Saskatchewan					
		Albertown Catholic Cemetery					
Father		Mother					
Other Wives							
WIFE Alexandra FEDEYKO				Place			
Born	Chr	Place	Place	Born	Chr	Place	Place
12 March 1904		Nismych, Halychyna, Galicia	Austria				
Father		Mother					
Other Husbands							
Children	Sex	When Born	When Died	Where Born	Where Died	Marriage Date & Place	To Whom
Pauline	F	31 Mar. 1923		12 July 1941		Toronto, Ont.	John WOROBEY
Elizabeth	F	22 Oct. 1926		Krydor, Saskatchewan			
Anna	F	31 July 1928		Hafford, Saskatchewan			
Thor Y.		17 Dec. 1934		Hafford, Saskatchewan			

HUSBAND William (Masy) FEDEYKO				Occupation Teacher - Businessman - Farmer			
Born	Chr	Place	Place	Born	Chr	Place	Place
14 March 1911		Krydor, Saskatchewan					
30 July 1938		Edmonton, Alberta					
Father		Mother					
Other Wives							
WIFE Justina RAYCHYBA				Place			
Born	Chr	Place	Place	Born	Chr	Place	Place
9 March 1914		Prelate, Saskatchewan					
Father		Mother					
Other Husbands							
Children	Sex	When Born	When Died	Where Born	Where Died	Marriage Date & Place	To Whom
William S.	M	19 Oct. 1939		Lamont, Alberta		4 Aug. 1967, Edmonton, Alta.	Darlene GREEN
Eugene A.	M	29 June 1945		Edmonton, Alberta		2 July 1966, Edmonton, Alta.	Sandra N. SABOE
Dennis P.	M	23 Feb. 1947		Lamont, Alberta		3 July 1971, Edmonton, Alta.	Barbara J PRATT
Katherine E.	F	4 June 1952		Lamont, Alberta		6 Feb. 1976, Edmonton, Alta.	Percy ZALASKY

HUSBAND Ilaril FEDEYKO				Occupation Doctor of Medicine			
Born	Chr	Place	Place	Born	Chr	Place	Place
22 July 1900		Ukrainia, Western Ukraine					
22 April 1933		Ternopil, Western Ukraine					
21 February 1949		Toronto, Ontario					
25 February 1949		Toronto, Mount Hope Cemetery					
Father		Mother					
Other Wives							
WIFE Olga MEDWID				Place			
Born	Chr	Place	Place	Born	Chr	Place	Place
		Lviv, Western Ukraine					
Father		Mother					
Other Husbands							
Children	Sex	When Born	When Died	Where Born	Where Died	Marriage Date & Place	To Whom

HUSBAND William Sylvester FEDEYKO				Occupation Farmer			
Born	Chr	Place	Place	Born	Chr	Place	Place
19 October 1939		Lamont, Alberta					
4 August 1967		Edmonton, Alberta					
Father		Mother					
Other Wives							
WIFE Darlene J.E. GREEN				Place			
Born	Chr	Place	Place	Born	Chr	Place	Place
8 May 1941		Edmonton, Alberta					
Father		Mother					
Other Husbands							
Children	Sex	When Born	When Died	Where Born	Where Died	Marriage Date & Place	To Whom
Patricia Lynn	F	7 Aug. 1958		Edmonton, Alberta			
Joanne Jacqueline	F	15 Feb. 1971		Edmonton, Alberta			

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

HUSBAND Eugene Anton FEDEYKO		Occupation: Project Manager	
Born	29 June 1955	Place	Edmonton, Alberta
Chr		Place	Edmonton, Alberta
Marr	2 July 1966	Place	Edmonton, Alberta
Died		Place	
Bur		Place	
Father	William FEDEYKO	Mother	Justina RAYCHYBA
Other Wives			
WIFE Sandra Norma SABOE			
Born	19 June 1945	Place	Wallingford, Berkshire, England
Chr		Place	
Died		Place	
Bur		Place	
Father	Norman Harold SABOE	Mother	Margaret ANDREWS
Other Husbands			
Children	Sex	When Born When Died	Where Born Where Died
1			
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HUSBAND Dennis Paul FEDEYKO		Occupation: Teacher	
Born	23 February 1947	Place	Lamont, Alberta
Chr		Place	Edmonton, Alberta
Marr	3 July 1971	Place	Edmonton, Alberta
Died		Place	
Bur		Place	
Father	William FEDEYKO	Mother	Justina RAYCHYBA
Other Wives			
WIFE Barbara Jean PRATT			
Born	19 October 1949	Place	North Battleford, Saskatchewan
Chr		Place	
Died		Place	
Bur		Place	
Father	Douglas PRATT	Mother	Jean
Other Husbands			
Children	Sex	When Born When Died	Where Born Where Died
1	Allison	F 10 May 1974	Edmonton, Alberta
2	Michael	M 26 Nov. 1976	High Level, Alberta
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HUSBAND Percy ZALASKY		Occupation: Teacher	
Born	2 May 1950	Place	Wynnam, Alberta
Chr		Place	Edmonton, Alberta
Marr	6 February 1976	Place	Edmonton, Alberta
Died		Place	
Bur		Place	
Father	Nicholas ZALASKY	Mother	Antoinette Van Der Linde
Other Wives			
WIFE Katherine Elizabeth FEDEYKO			
Born	6 June 1952	Place	Lamont, Alberta
Chr		Place	
Died		Place	
Bur		Place	
Father	William (Wasy) FEDEYKO	Mother	Justina RAYCHYBA
Other Husbands			
Children	Sex	When Born When Died	Where Born Where Died
1	Amy	F 28 Apr. 1977	Edmonton, Alberta
2	Erin	F 28 Mar. 1979	Edmonton, Alberta
3	Audrey	F 17 Sept. 1980	Edmonton, Alberta
4	Heather	F 28 Feb. 1982	Edmonton, Alberta
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HUSBAND Peter M. PAULSON		Occupation: Mechanic	
Born	7 April 1900	Place	Bremes Huerles, Norway
Chr		Place	Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
Marr	7 September 1934	Place	Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
Died	21 April 1974	Place	Cur Koile, Saskatchewan
Bur	23 April 1974	Place	North Battleford Cemetery
Father	Lawrence Gustafson	Mother	Karen Rugset HAUKAAS
Other Wives			
WIFE Mary FEDEYKO			
Born	5 December 1912	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan
Chr		Place	
Died		Place	
Bur		Place	
Father	Jacob FEDEYKO	Mother	Katerina HORRABAY
Other Husbands			
Children	Sex	When Born When Died	Where Born Where Died
1	Kenneth	M 27 Aug. 1935	North Battleford, Sask.
2	Raymond	M 14 Aug. 1936	Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
3			Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
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FAMILY GROUP RECORD

HUSBAND		Kenneth A. PAULSON		Occupation Commercial Printer	
Born	27 August 1935	Place	North Battleford, Saskatchewan		
Chr		Place	North Battleford, Saskatchewan		
Marr	3 September 1956	Place	North Battleford, Saskatchewan		
Died		Place			
Bur		Place			
Father	Peter M. PAULSON	Mother	Mary FEDEYKO		
Other Wives					
WIFE					
Born	Marie BELL	Place			
Chr		Place			
Died		Place			
Bur		Place			
Father		Mother			
Other Husbands					
Children	Sex	When Born When Died	Where Born Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom	
1 Kenneth Douglas	M	10 Dec. 1957			
2 Katherine	F	17 Dec. 1963			
3 Karen	F	19 June 1965			
4 Janet	F	2 June 1967			
5					
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7					
8					
9					
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HUSBAND		Ronald John FEDEYKO		Occupation Refrigeration Mechanic	
Born	10 October 1950	Place	Cut Knife, Saskatchewan		
Chr		Place	Cut Knife, Saskatchewan		
Marr	7 July 1979	Place	Cut Knife, Saskatchewan		
Died		Place			
Bur		Place			
Father	John FEDEYKO	Mother	Alice J. LANGLEY		
Other Wives					
WIFE					
Born	Lois Ann TAMKE	Place	Edmonton, Alberta		
Chr	4 April 1949	Place	Edmonton, Alberta		
Died		Place			
Bur		Place			
Father	Raymond Tamke	Mother	Jean MATKOWSKI		
Other Husbands					
Children	Sex	When Born When Died	Where Born Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom	
1 Anthony	M	19 Mar. 1969	Edmonton, Alberta		
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HUSBAND		John (Ivan) FEDEYKO		Occupation Farmer	
Born	27 April 1916	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan		
Chr		Place	Richard, Saskatchewan		
Marr	8 July 1949	Place	Richard, Saskatchewan		
Died		Place			
Bur		Place			
Father	Jacob FEDEYKO	Mother	Katerina HORBAY		
Other Wives					
WIFE					
Born	Alice Jean LANGLEY	Place	Richard, Saskatchewan		
Chr	22 November 1921	Place	Richard, Saskatchewan		
Died		Place			
Bur		Place			
Father	Wilfred James LANGLEY	Mother	Mary Eliza CARTER		
Other Husbands					
Children	Sex	When Born When Died	Where Born Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom	
1 Ronald John	M	10 Oct. 1950	Cut Knife, Saskatchewan	7 July 1979 Cut Knife, Sask.	
2 Douglas A.	M	8 Jan. 1953	Cut Knife, Saskatchewan		
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HUSBAND		Howard Lee SCHNEIDER		Occupation Salesman	
Born	17 July 1915	Place	Montecello, Iowa, U.S.A.		
Chr		Place	Iowa City, Iowa, U.S.A.		
Marr	16 March 1946	Place	Seattle, Washington, U.S.A.		
Died	15 November 1971	Place	Seattle, Washington, U.S.A.		
Bur	Cremated 19 Nov. 1971	Place	Seattle, Washington, U.S.A.		
Father	Ruben SCHNEIDER	Mother	Bessie Mae BILLINGS		
Other Wives					
WIFE					
Born	Stephanie FEDEYKO	Place	Cut Knife, Saskatchewan		
Chr	25 October 1921	Place	Seattle, Washington, U.S.A.		
Died	8 July 1983	Place	Seattle, Washington, U.S.A.		
Bur	Cremated 10 July 1983	Place	Seattle, Washington, U.S.A.		
Father	Jacob FEDEYKO	Mother	Katerina HORBAY		
Other Husbands					
Children	Sex	When Born When Died	Where Born Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom	
1 Howard Lee	M	15 July 1946	Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.	14 Sept. 1968 Seattle, Wash.	
2 Edwin Gerald	M	8 July 1947	Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.	6 Mar. 1970, Seattle, Wash.	
3					
4					
5					
6 Molly Kim		1971	Seattle, Washington		
7 (daughter of Edwin and Margaret)					
8					
9					
10					

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

HUSBAND		Paul FEDEYKO	Occupation	Senior Management Official
Born	Chr	18 January 1927	Place	Cut Knife, Saskatchewan
Marr		30 November 1957	Place	Calgary, Alberta
Died			Place	
Bur			Place	
Father		Jacob FEDEYKO	Mother	Katerina HORBAY
Other Wives				
WIFE				
Born	Chr	Claire Margaret TANNIAN	Place	Calgary, Alberta
Marr		12 November 1933	Place	
Died			Place	
Bur			Place	
Father		Michael J. TANNIAN	Mother	Mary Theresa MAHER
Other Husbands				
Children				
Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom	
1 Michael J.	M 26 Dec. 1958	Calgary, Alberta		
2 Mary Anne	F 6 Jan. 1960	Calgary, Alberta		
3 Nancy M.	F 12 Oct. 1965	North Surrey, B.C.		
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HUSBAND		Bohdan (Bob) HUMEN	Occupation	Truck Driver
Born	Chr	5 April 1941	Place	Alberton, Saskatchewan
Marr		22 October 1967	Place	Hafford, Saskatchewan
Died			Place	
Bur			Place	
Father		Tom HUMEN	Mother	Katherine SHURMA
Other Wives				
WIFE				
Born	Chr	Mary FEDEYKO	Place	Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
Marr		22 July 1945	Place	
Died			Place	
Bur			Place	
Father		Edward K. FEDEYKO	Mother	Anne PROCENTY
Other Husbands				
Children				
Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom	
1 Kimberly Ann	F 1 Sept. 1969	Saskatoon, Saskatchewan		
2 Wendy Lynn	F 3 Nov. 1971	Saskatoon, Saskatchewan		
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HUSBAND		Edward K. FEDEYKO	Occupation	Farmer
Born	Chr	10 December 1912	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan
Marr		19 January 1945	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan
Died		15 April 1963	Place	Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
Bur			Place	Krydor Ukrainian Orthodox Cemetery
Father		Konstantin FEDEYKO	Mother	Rosalie BAZARKEVICH
Other Wives				
WIFE				
Born	Chr	Anne PROCENTY	Place	Libryniv District, Krydor, Saskatchewan
Marr		22 May 1923	Place	
Died			Place	
Bur			Place	
Father		Wasyli PROCENTY	Mother	Olena PANKEVICH
Other Husbands				
Children				
Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom	
1 Mary	F 22 July 1945	Saskatoon, Saskatchewan	22 Oct. 1967, Hafford, Sask.	
2 Rosalia	F 24 Dec. 1948	Hafford, Saskatchewan	3 Aug. 1968, Hafford, Sask.	
3 Lesia	F 27 June 1960	Hafford, Saskatchewan	Wayne MAUTHE	
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HUSBAND		Wayne Kenneth MAUTHE	Occupation	Peace Officer (RCMP)
Born	Chr	14 June 1945	Place	Gladstone, Manitoba
Marr		3 August 1968	Place	Hafford, Saskatchewan
Died			Place	
Bur			Place	
Father		Wilhelm MAUTHE	Mother	Margaret Elizabeth TONN
Other Wives				
WIFE				
Born	Chr	Rosalie Helen FEDEYKO	Place	Hafford, Saskatchewan
Marr		24 December 1948	Place	
Died			Place	
Bur			Place	
Father		Edward K. FEDEYKO	Mother	Anne PROCENTY
Other Husbands				
Children				
Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom	
1 Kristopher W.	M 9 July 1970	North Battleford, Sask.		
2 Mark Edward	M 11 Oct. 1971	North Battleford, Sask.		
3 Derek Wayne	M 4 Mar. 1974	North Battleford, Sask.		
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FAMILY GROUP RECORD

HUSBAND		Paul R. FEDEYKO		Occupation		Retired	
Born	23 July 1916	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan	Place	Toronto, Ontario	Place	Toronto, Ontario
Chr	6 March 1953	Place	Toronto, Ontario	Place	Toronto, Ontario	Place	Toronto, Ontario
Marr	6 March 1953	Place	Toronto, Ontario	Place	Toronto, Ontario	Place	Toronto, Ontario
Died		Place		Place		Place	
Bur		Place		Place		Place	
Father		Konstantin B. FEDEYKO		Mother		Rosalia BAZARKEWICH	
Other Wives		1938 - Anna Lastuk (deceased 1940)					
WIFE		Ann Louise SHUGAN					
Born	9 February 1921	Place	Winnipeg, Manitoba	Place	Winnipeg, Manitoba	Place	Winnipeg, Manitoba
Chr		Place		Place		Place	
Died		Place		Place		Place	
Bur		Place		Place		Place	
Father		Michael SHUGAN		Mother		Anna	
Other Husbands							
Children		Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom		
1	Konstantine	M	10 Aug - 1939	Toronto, Ontario	23 July 1971	New Haven, Conn.	Conn.
2	Richard	M	10 Apr - 1947	Toronto, Ontario	23 Sep 1973	Toronto, Ont.	Ont.
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HUSBAND		Konstantine Paul FEDEYKO		Occupation		Industrial Engineer	
Born	11 August 1933	Place	Toronto, Ontario	Place	Toronto, Ontario	Place	Toronto, Ontario
Chr		Place		Place		Place	
Marr	24 July 1971	Place	New Haven, Connecticut, USA	Place	New Haven, Connecticut, USA	Place	New Haven, Connecticut, USA
Died		Place		Place		Place	
Bur		Place		Place		Place	
Father		Paul R. FEDEYKO		Mother		Anna Lastuk (deceased 1940)	
Other Wives							
WIFE		Constance Marie POSPESIL					
Born	16 November 1939	Place	New Haven, Connecticut, USA	Place	New Haven, Connecticut, USA	Place	New Haven, Connecticut, USA
Chr		Place		Place		Place	
Died		Place		Place		Place	
Bur		Place		Place		Place	
Father		Edward POSPESIL, Sr.		Mother		Concella	
Other Husbands							
Children		Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom		
1	Holly Jo	F	25 Apr - 1972	New Haven, Conn., USA			
2	Stefan K	M	2 Oct - 1975	New Haven, Conn., USA			
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HUSBAND		Richard Allen FEDEYKO		Occupation		Mechanic	
Born	12 April 1947	Place	Toronto, Ontario	Place	Toronto, Ontario	Place	Toronto, Ontario
Chr		Place		Place		Place	
Marr	23 September 1972	Place	Toronto, Ontario	Place	Toronto, Ontario	Place	Toronto, Ontario
Died		Place		Place		Place	
Bur		Place		Place		Place	
Father		Paul R. FEDEYKO		Mother		Ann Louise SHUGAN	
Other Wives							
WIFE		Helen Laura ARGERS					
Born	5 September 1951	Place	Macedonia	Place	Macedonia	Place	Macedonia
Chr		Place		Place		Place	
Died		Place		Place		Place	
Bur		Place		Place		Place	
Father		Theodore ARGERS		Mother		Francis	
Other Husbands							
Children	Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom			
1	Mark Richard	M	10 June 1983	Oakville, Ontario			
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10							

HUSBAND		Louis KARPAN		Occupation		Teacher - Municipal Secretary	
Born	22 November 1911	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan
Chr		Place		Place		Place	
Marr	26 July 1934	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan
Died		Place		Place		Place	
Bur		Place		Place		Place	
Father	John KARPAN	Mother	Anna YURKOWSKI				
Other Wives							
WIFE		Catherine BARCHUK					
Born	23 September 1912	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan
Chr		Place		Place		Place	
Died		Place		Place		Place	
Bur		Place		Place		Place	
Father	Martin BARCHUK	Mother	Elizabeth (Elisaveta) FEDEYKO				
Other Husbands							
Children	Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom			
Elizabeth Lucy	F	2 Aug. - 1940	Borden, Saskatchewan	9 Sept. 1960	Herbert HOWES		
Gladys Linda	F	8 Oct. - 1945	Leoville, Saskatchewan	7 Aug. 1965	Halifax, N.S.		
				Ronald FALCON			

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

HUSBAND		Herbert HOWES	Occupation	Teacher
Born	13 July 1940	Place		
Chr		Place		
Marr	9 September 1960	Place		
Died		Place		
Bur		Place		
Father	(Given name not known) HOWES	Mother	Mary CRUKSHANK	
Other Wives				
WIFE				
Elizabeth Lucy Elaine KARPAN				
Born	2 August 1940	Place		
Chr		Place		
Died		Place		
Bur		Place		
Father	Louis KARPAN	Mother	Catherine BARCHUK	
Other Husbands				
Children	Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom
1	Patrician Kim	F	11 Jan. 1965	Prince Albert, Sask.
2	Kevin Allan	M	23 May 1967	Prince Albert, Sask.
3	Brenda Anne	F	1 Feb. 1979	Battleford, Sask.
4				15 Feb. 1979 - Paul LEMERE
5				Children of Brenda & Paul
6				- Charles Joseph, 11 Jan. 1980
7				- Viviane Marie, 7 June 1982
8				
9				
10				

HUSBAND		Ronald J. FALCON	Occupation	Husky Oil Employee
Born	18 January 1943	Place		
Chr		Place		
Marr	7 August 1965	Place		
Died		Place		
Bur		Place		
Father	Harvey FALCON	Mother	Reanne SAYERS	
Other Wives				
WIFE				
Gladys Linda KARPAN				
Born	8 October 1945	Place		
Chr		Place		
Died		Place		
Bur		Place		
Father	Louis KARPAN	Mother	Catherine BARCHUK	
Other Husbands				
Children	Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom
1	Katherine Lynn	F	6 May 1969	Halifax, Nova Scotia
2	Daniel Keith	M	20 May 1965	Calgary, Alberta
3				
4				Ronald and Gladys were married in Halifax while both were in the Navy. The moved west in 1968. Ron took a course in meat cutting and worked in Edmonton & Okanagan Falls, B.C. Later they moved back to Alberta and then to Paynton, Sask. where Ron is working for Husky Oil.
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HUSBAND		Mike E. MELNYK	Occupation	Farmer
Born	7 January 1914	Place		
Chr		Place		
Marr	13 October 1935	Place		
Died		Place		
Bur		Place		
Father	Theodore MELNYK	Mother	Tillie	
Other Wives				
WIFE				
Stephanie BARCHUK				
Born	23 November 1914	Place		
Chr		Place		
Died		Place		
Bur		Place		
Father	Martin BARCHUK	Mother	Elizabeth (Elisaveta) FEDEYKO	
Other Husbands				
Children	Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom
1	Ernest	M	13 Mar. 1936	Krydor, Saskatchewan
2	Gordon	M	30 Aug. 1946	Krydor, Saskatchewan
3	Wallace	M	28 Nov. 1945	Saskatoon, Sask.
4			16 Nov. 1949	Halifax, Saskatchewan
5				1 June 1969, Saskatoon, Sask.
6				Claire BOWEN
7				
8				
9				
10				

HUSBAND		Gordon MELNYK	Occupation	Farmer
Born	28 November 1945	Place		
Chr		Place		
Marr	7 June 1969	Place		
Died		Place		
Bur		Place		
Father	Mike MELNYK	Mother	Stephanie BARCHUK	
Other Wives				
WIFE				
Claire BONIN				
Born	28 July 1947	Place		
Chr		Place		
Died		Place		
Bur		Place		
Father	Trefle BONIN	Mother	Lucie ARSENAULT	
Other Husbands				
Children	Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom
1	Kevin	M	25 Mar. 1970	Saskatoon, Sask.
2	Darryl	M	24 July 1971	Saskatoon, Sask.
3	Clady	F	28 May 1976	Saskatoon, Sask.
4	Bryan	M	16 Oct. 1977	Saskatoon, Sask.
5				
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FAMILY GROUP RECORD

HUSBAND		Walter BARCHUK		Occupation		Sask. Co-op Representative	
Born	14 March 1918	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan		
Chr.		Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan		
Marr.	28 July 1946	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan		
Died		Place		Place			
Bur.		Place		Place			
Father	Martin BARCHUK	Mother Elizabeth (Elisaveta) FEDEVKO					
Other Wives							
WIFE Florence WILSON							
Born	8 October 1920	Place		Place			
Chr.		Place		Place			
Died		Place		Place			
Bur.		Place		Place			
Father	Walter Wilson	Mother Anne Wilson					
Other Husbands		Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom		
Children							
1	Sharon	F	9 July 1948		David LUDWIG		
2	Trudy	F	24 Apr., 1952		David WILSON		
3	Shelly Anne	F	20 Dec., 1956		Harwin INKSTER		
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HUSBAND		Paul HRYNCHUK		Occupation Farmer (Retired)	
Born	8 July 1910	Place	Hafford, Saskatchewan	Place	Hafford, Saskatchewan
Chr.		Place	Hafford, Saskatchewan	Place	Hafford, Saskatchewan
Marr.	6 February 1934	Place	Hafford, Saskatchewan	Place	Hafford, Saskatchewan
Died		Place		Place	
Bur.		Place		Place	
Father	Fred HRYNCHUK	Mother Annie CHABAN			
Other Wives					
WIFE Irene BARCHUK					
Born	25 August 1916	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan
Chr.		Place		Place	
Died		Place		Place	
Bur.		Place		Place	
Father	Martin BARCHUK	Mother Elizabeth (Elisaveta) FEDEVKO			
Other Husbands					
Children	Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom	
Louise Ann	F	18 July 1935	Borden Hospital	15 June 1954, Saskatoon.	
Alice Gloria	F	15 Aug. 1936	Hafford, Saskatchewan	15 Apr. 1959, California # Wilfred CARRIERE	
Bert Henry	M	9 Apr. 1938	Borden Hospital	10 Aug. 1962, Calgary, Alta. Fred WILSON	
David Richard	M	1 July 1949	Hafford, Saskatchewan	1 Aug. 1961, Edmonton, Alta. Wilma GADGE	
Kenneth Paul	M	3 Apr. 1955	Hafford, Saskatchewan	Penny DOWE	

HUSBAND		Robert B. LIVINGSTON		Occupation Medical Doctor					
Born	3 June 1941	Place	Tulsa, Oklahoma, U.S.A.	Place	Tulsa, Oklahoma, U.S.A.				
Chr.		Place		Place					
Marr	6 April 1974	Place	San Antonio, Texas, U.S.A.	Place	San Antonio, Texas, U.S.A.				
Died		Place		Place					
Bur.		Place		Place					
Father	Lee S. LIVINGSTON	Mother Virginia BOYD							
Other Wives									
WIFE Shirley Leona MALARCHUK									
Born	1 June 1945	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan				
Chr		Place		Place					
Died		Place		Place					
Bur		Place		Place					
Father	Nick MALARCHUK	Mother Anne BARCHUK							
Other Husbands									
Children		Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom				
1	Nicholas Boyd	M	20 Oct. 1978	San Antonio, Texas					
2	Darcie Lynn	F	30 Sept. 1980	Cleveland, Ohio					
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HUSBAND		Nick MALARCHUK		Occupation Farmer - Carpenter					
Born	15 December 1911	Place	Blaine Lake, Saskatchewan	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan				
Chr		Place		Place					
Marr	25 October 1943	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan				
Died		Place		Place					
Bur		Place		Place					
Father	Nicholas MALARCHUK	Mother Mary BINKA							
Other Wives									
WIFE Anne BARCHUK									
Born	2 April 1922	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan	Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan				
Chr		Place		Place					
Died		Place		Place					
Bur		Place		Place					
Father	Martin BARCHUK	Mother Elizabeth (Elisaveta) FEDEVKO							
Other Husbands									
Children									
	Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom					
Shirley Leona	F	1 June 1945	Krydor, Saskatchewan	1974, Toronto, Ontario					
Sandra Anne	F	25 July 1952	Hamilton, Ontario	Dr. B.B. Livingston 1974, Toronto, Ontario K.W. DAVIS					

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

HUSBAND		Kim W. DAVIS	Occupation	Electronic Engineer
Born	17 October 1950	Place	Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.	
Chr		Place		
Marr	8 June 1974	Place	Toronto, Ontario	
Died		Place		
Bur		Place		
Father	B. W. DAVIS	Mother	Donna MCDON	
Other Wives				
WIFE				
Born	Sandra Anne MALARCHUK	Place	Hamilton, Ontario	
Chr	25 July 1952	Place		
Died		Place		
Bur		Place		
Father	Nick MALARCHUK	Mother	Anne BARCHUK	
Other Husbands				
Children	Sex	When Born	Where Born	Marriage Date & Place
		- When Died	Where Died	To Whom
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HUSBAND		John (Iwan) WOROBEY	Occupation	
Born		Place		
Chr		Place		
Marr	12 July 1981	Place	Toronto, Ontario	
Died	14 June 1985	Place	Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.	
Bur		Place		
Father	Isidor WOROBEY	Mother	Melodya WARBNIUK	
Other Wives				
WIFE				
Born	Pauline Grace DEDITCH	Place	Cut Knife, Saskatchewan	
Chr	31 March 1923	Place		
Died		Place		
Bur		Place		
Father	Stefan DEDITCH	Mother	Alexandra FEDEYKO	
Other Husbands				
Children	Sex	When Born	Where Born	Marriage Date & Place
		- When Died	Where Died	To Whom
1	John Robert	M	31 Jan. 1951	Los Angeles, California 23 May 1981
2	Glenn Steven	M	12 Nov. 1953	Los Angeles, California 5 June 1976
3				Lori Lynn KREBS
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HUSBAND		Johnny Robert WORBY	Occupation	Varehouseman
Born	31 January 1951	Place	Maywood, California, U.S.A.	
Chr		Place		
Marr	23 May 1981	Place	Whittier, California, U.S.A.	
Died		Place		
Bur		Place		
Father	John (Worobey) WOROBY	Mother	Pauline Grace DEDITCH	
Other Wives				
WIFE				
Born	Jennifer SOURP	Place	Whittier, California, U.S.A.	
Chr	23 January 1960	Place		
Died		Place		
Bur		Place		
Father	Edward Boyd SOURP	Mother	Sandra Doreen RYDER	
Other Husbands				
Children	Sex	When Born	Where Born	Marriage Date & Place
		- When Died	Where Died	To Whom
1	Robert Wade	M	31 Dec. 1969	Long Beach, California
2	Heather D.	F	16 Mar. 1974	Lynwood, California
3	Jessica F.	F	23 Mar. 1982	Anaheim Hills, California
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HUSBAND		Glenn Steven WORBY	Occupation	Locomotive Engineer
Born	12 November 1953	Place	Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.	
Chr		Place		
Marr	5 June 1976	Place	Whittier, California	
Died		Place		
Bur		Place		
Father	John (Iwan) WOROBEY	Mother	Pauline Grace DEDITCH	
Other Wives				
WIFE				
Born	Lori Lynn KREBS	Place	Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.	
Chr	7 February 1958	Place		
Died		Place		
Bur		Place		
Father	John H. Krebs	Mother	Laverne HALVERSON	
Other Husbands				
Children	Sex	When Born	Where Born	Marriage Date & Place
		- When Died	Where Died	To Whom
1	Benjamin Glenn	M	22 Oct. 1981	Redlands, California
2	Aaron John	M	16 June 1984	Redlands, California
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FAMILY GROUP RECORD

HUSBAND		Ian COOLING		Occupation Teacher	
Born	30 November 1945	Place	Halford, Saskatchewan		
Chr.		Place			
Marr	29 June 1968	Place	Prince Albert, Saskatchewan		
Died		Place			
Bur.		Place			
Father	Llewellyn CODLING	Mother Violet McHARG			
Other Wives					
WIFE					
Born	Patricia Ann WOROBETZ	Place	Prince Albert, Saskatchewan		
Chr.	16 December 1948	Place			
Died		Place			
Bur.		Place			
Father	John WOROBETZ	Mother Elizabeth DEDITCH			
Other Husbands					
Children	Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom	
1 Tara Michelle	F	14 Oct. 1971	Punnichy, Saskatchewan		
2 Jason Lorne	M	6 Jan. 1974	Punnichy, Saskatchewan		
3 Peter John	M	19 Dec. 1978	Regina, Saskatchewan		
4 Rebecca E.	F	8 Nov. 1980	Richmond, B.C.		
5 Jonathan M.	M	15 Feb. 1983	Richmond, B.C.		
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HUSBAND		Ihor Varoslow (Hank) DEDISH		Occupation Peace Officer, R.C.M.P.	
Born	17 December 1934	Place	Sec. 22, Tp. 45, Range 9, W. 3 Meridian,	Saskatchewan	
Chr		Place			
Marr	27 September 1958	Place	North Battleford, Saskatchewan		
Died		Place			
Bur.		Place			
Father	Steven DEDICH (Deceased)	Mother Alexandra WOYCHUK (Previously DEDICH, Nee FEDEYKO)			
Other Wives					
WIFE					
Born	Marie Pearl DEDISH (Nee HALKO)	Place	Consumer & Corporate Affairs		
Chr	9 November 1934	Place	Ranger, Saskatchewan		
Died		Place			
Bur.		Place			
Father	Daniel HALKO	Mother Mary HALKO (Nee FEDUN)			
Other Husbands					
Children	Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom	
1 Steven Ihor	M	11 Dec. 1963	Sidney, B.C.		
2 Petulla Marie	F	25 Jan. 1978	Vancouver, B.C.		
3		02 Dec. 1965	Sidney, B.C.		
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HUSBAND		John WOROBETZ		Occupation Teacher	
Born	18 March 1923	Place	Sokal, West Ukraine		
Chr	19 March 1923	Place	Sokal, West Ukraine		
Marr	4 January 1948	Place	Prince Albert, Saskatchewan		
Died		Place			
Bur		Place			
Father	Fillmon WOROBETZ		Mother Maria HANKO		
Other Wives					
WIFE					
Born	Elizabeth (Elsie) DEDITCH		Place	Krydor, Saskatchewan	
Chr	21 October 1926		Place	Halford, Saskatchewan	
Died	7 November 1976		Place		
Bur			Place		
Father	Stefan DEDITCH		Mother Alexandra FEDEYKO		
Other Husbands					
Children	Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom	
Patricia Ann	F	16 Dec. 1948	Prince Albert, Sask.	29 June 1968, Prince Albert	
Catherine Marie	F	2 Mar. 1955	Prince Albert, Sask.	10 July 1976, Prince Albert	
Robert John	M	10 June 1961	Prince Albert, Sask.	Douglas Wallace	
Terrace Glen	M	24 Aug. 1963	Prince Albert, Sask.		
Patrick Wayne	M	7 Jan. 1965	Prince Albert, Sask.		

HUSBAND		James Douglas WALLACE		Occupation Teacher	
Born	13 June 1955	Place	Prince Albert, Saskatchewan		
Chr		Place	Prince Albert, Saskatchewan		
Marr	10 July 1976	Place			
Died		Place			
Bur		Place			
Father	James Beaty WALLACE	Mother Velma Lorraine CLARK			
Other Wives					
WIFE					
Born	Catherine Marie WOROBETZ	Place	Prince Albert, Saskatchewan		
Chr	2 March 1955	Place			
Died		Place			
Bur		Place			
Father	John WOROBETZ	Mother Elizabeth DEDITCH			
Other Husbands					
Children	Sex	When Born - When Died	Where Born - Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom	
		15 Oct. 1979	Winnipeg, Manitoba		
Jessica Dawn	F				
		30 Mar. 1982	Winnipeg, Manitoba		
Calee Marie	F				

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

HUSBAND Anton (Tony) SAWICKI		Occupation Watchmaker	
Born	8 May 1928	Place	Melfort, Saskatchewan
Chr.		Place	
Marr	5 November 1950	Place	Brooksby, Saskatchewan
Died		Place	
Bur.		Place	
Father	Felix SAWICKI	Mother	Mary KULACKOSKY
Other Wives			
WIFE Anna DEDITCH			
Born	31 July 1928	Place	
Chr		Place	
Died	14 July 1969	Place	San Gabriel, California, U.S.A.
Bur	Resurrection Cemetery	Place	
Father	Stefan DEDITCH	Mother	Alexandra FEDEYKO
Other Husbands			
Children	Sex	When Born When Died	Where Born Where Died
Donna Cecile	F	26 July 1951	Brooksby, Sask.
Charleen A	F	15 Dec. 1955	Montebello, California
Theodore (Ted)	M	15 July 1961	Downey, California
Marriage Date & Place To Whom 1969 - Dale McDANIEL Dennis PAQUIN 28 July 1983, Surrey, B.C. Suzanne SKOBYLOS			
Children of - - Donna & Dale McDaniel Michelle Ann (31 Aug. 1970) Charleen & Dennis Paquin Justin Anthony (6 Oct. 1979) Katherine Mae (5 July 1981) Michael David (27 Jan. 1984)			
Sources of Information			
Other Marriages			
ORDER OF DATA			
NAME John Henry BROWN			
PLACE Bramley, Hampshire, England			
DATE 7 September 1837			

