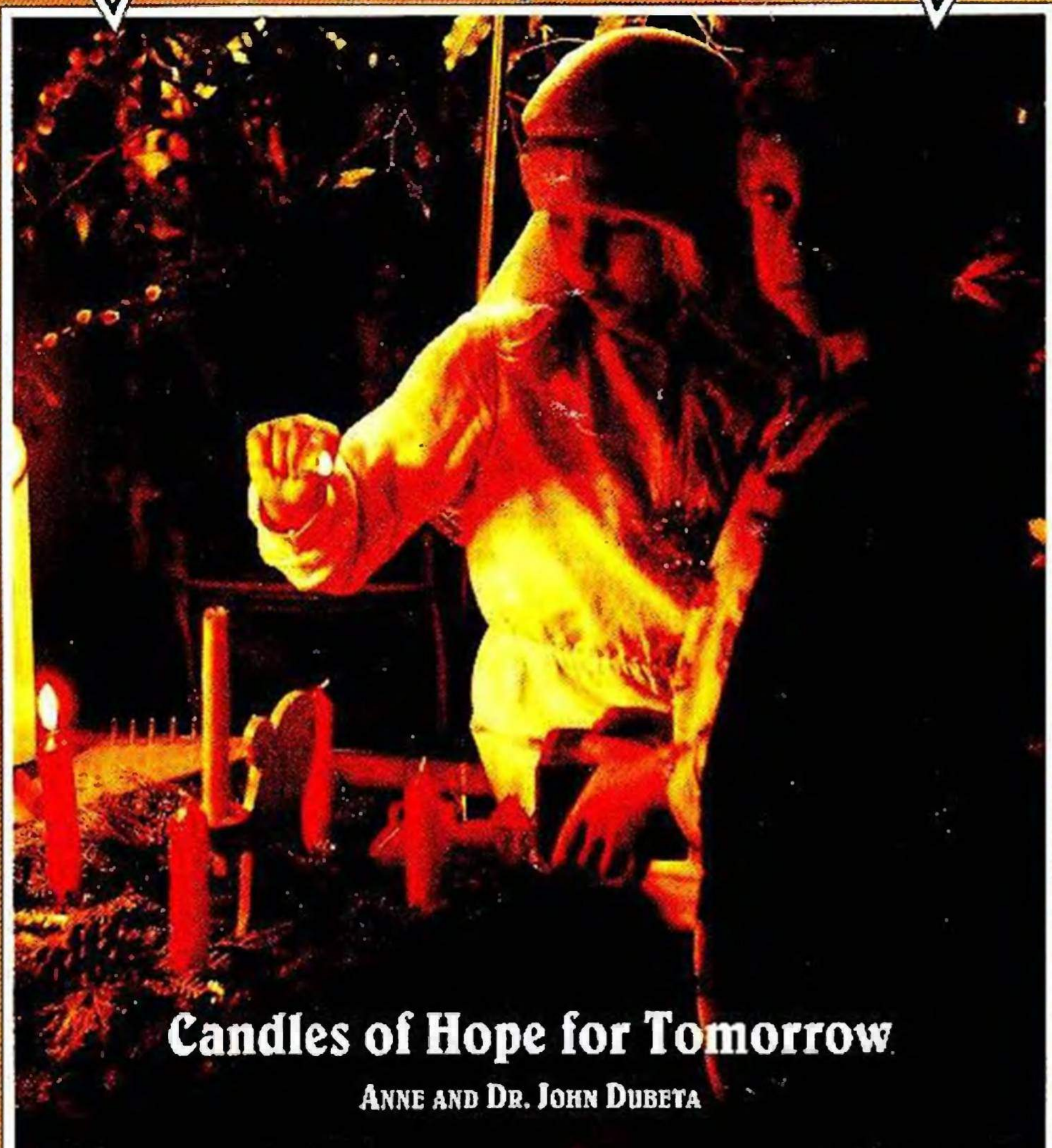


HARVESTS OF DREAMS

1891-1991

Children of Pioneers



Candles of Hope for Tomorrow

ANNE AND DR. JOHN DUBETA

Harvests of Dreams, 1891 - 1991

coinciding with the 100th Anniversary of Ukrainians in Canada, is a 314 page documentary, comprising five chapters, 500 photographs, and 180 original poems commanding much interest and appeal.

It relates in considerable detail pioneer farming at the turn of the Century. It resurrects life and learning in one-room country schools to which we owe so much. It deals with the trials and tribulations of the early settlers and the emphasis they placed on education; religion; community cooperation; good neighborliness; strong family unity; and the preservation of their cultural values and ideals.

The principal author details her early life, her marriage to a teacher, and how she helped him earn his bachelor, master and doctoral degrees in Education.

The book portrays the rigors of the Great Depression; starvation in the midst of plenty; the clash of ideologies; the threat of World War II and Fascism, and the crushed hopes and dreams of a young educator twenty years later during the McCarthy reaction, for having dared to study the causal factors of human misery and to dream about viable alternatives.

Continued on Back Flap . . .

Harvests Of Dreams

1891 - 1991

DEDICATION

HARVESTS OF DREAMS is dedicated to our grandparents and parents and all Canadian pioneers who dreamed worthy dreams and who so richly harvested them for Canada and posterity.

It is also dedicated to our children and grandchildren and the oncoming generations who apply the noble principles of pioneering to help their country and the world grow in freedom and justice, peace, social and economic security, friendship, understanding, and goodwill.

ANNE DUBETA, AUTHOR
DR. JOHN C. DUBETA, CO-AUTHOR AND EDITOR

First published by
JON-N-PUBLISHERS
2769 Benedick Road
Kelowna, B.C., Canada
1992

Copyright © Dr. John and Anne Dubeta, July 1992
Canadian Cataloguing in Publication Data Main
Entry under title:

HARVESTS OF DREAMS, 1891-1991

ISBN 0-9696340-0-5

1. Dubeta, Anne, 1918 — . 2. Dubeta, John C.
(John Charles). 3. Dubeta Family et al. 4. Alberta
— History. 5. Alberta — Canadian Literature —
20th Century (English) I. Dubeta, John C. (John
Charles). II. Jon-N-Publishers III. Title.

FC 3849.K44Z 49 1992 971.23'3 C92-090157-3
F1089.5.K44D82 1992

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Thanks are expressed to family and friends for
contributing photographs and materials; to
Ehmann Printing Ltd. for its exemplary services
and efficiency; and to Mrs. Helen Leggitt for com-
puterizing the manuscript.

Cover Page Photography: Dr. Kenneth R. Dubeta.
Subjects: Grandchildren Lani and Jay, 1987.

Printed by:
EHMANN PRINTING LIMITED
Kelowna, British Columbia

FOREWORD

“Dreams” give birth to efforts and accomplishments. Harvested, they sow seeds of even better dreams and richer harvests. They fashion our lives and our being so effectively expressed by the Lebanese poet Kahlil Gibran:

“...yesterday is but today’s memory and

tomorrow is today’s dream.

“...let today embrace the past with remembrance and the future with longing.”

May our Harvests Of Dreams resurrect your families’ hopes and dreams that yielded bountiful harvests surpassing ours.

PREFACE

Harvests Of Dreams, 1891-1991 largely coincides with the birth of the author’s father in the Ukraine and the birth of his great great grandson in Canada, a hundred years later. It reviews the lives of three homesteading pioneering families in early Alberta and traces their growth and progress over four generations. The story of their lives is in large measure the story of their Ukrainian counterparts now celebrating their Ukrainian Centennial in Canada. It’s a story of courage, hard work and sacrifice; good neighbourliness; friendship, loyalty, love and cooperation; faith, hope and optimism, as they, together with their peers, triumphed over adversity, helped convert a wilderness into a civilization, and bequeathed great legacies to their heirs, now pioneers in their own right.

The book is a vivid portrayal of education in one room country schools; and of the loyalty, love, devotion of the children, parents and family as they accepted the harsh realities of frontier life. Their pleasures were simple and inexpensive and largely of their own creation. Fortunately for them, television and computer games were not yet invented. It bears reference to the cruel challenges of the Great Depression and the ideological rifts and conflicts it engendered at all community levels. Due tribute is paid to our forefathers for preserving, maintaining and transmitting their values and ideals to the rich cultural mosaic of Canada.

Harvests Of Dreams personalizes a young school teacher who reflected on viable alternatives to “starvation in the midst of plenty;” unprovoked imperialist aggressions; the weak League of Nations; the threatening rise of Fascism, and the imminence of World War II. It dwells on the heavy price that he and his family were obliged to pay nearly twenty years later when his doctoral program at Stanford University was savagely scuttled by McCarthyism and its Canadian counterparts during the post-war reaction when mortal enemy nations were converted into allies and certain allies into avowed enemies as new international allegiances were being forged while Cold War

temperatures were being progressively reduced by brinkmanship diplomacy to absolute zero, imperilling civilization and life itself.

It dramatically illustrates that scapegoating, hidden and open forms of torture are not peculiar to totalitarian regimes alone, and that champions of freedom always suffer when powerful vested interests promote their own welfares.

The principal author won her “degrees” in the school of life serving her loved ones. The father of the co-author and editor never had a chance at an education. His Canadian-born son, aided by his devoted, enterprising wife, served Alberta as teacher-principal for forty-one years, and in the process earned two degrees at the University of Alberta and his Doctor of Education degree at Stanford University under most adverse circumstances.

Sections of Harvests Of Dreams cover the authors’ immediate families, concentrating in large measure what family love, ambition, industry, loyalty and cooperation can accomplish.

Readers will enjoy, next to being there, the authors’ seventeen vividly described travelogues, richly supplemented by John’s memorable travel poems. His creative genius, embracing 177 poems, finds ample expression throughout the book but particularly in the final chapter where he philosophizes in “Seasons of Man,” honours Alberta on its Golden Anniversary, and the City of Edmonton and the University of Alberta on their respective Seventy-Fifths; his fellow professionals, and outstanding Canadians such as George Ryga. All family-oriented people will enjoy his birthday tributes to his children, grandchildren, mother, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends. His numerous wedding, anniversary and commemorative poems will also strike sympathetic chords.

Harvests Of Dreams, 1891-1991, recaptures the co-authors’ retirement dreams and the bountiful harvests they yielded. It also lights candles of hope for a brighter and better tomorrow.

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Chapter 1

EARLY LIFE IN THE ADOPTED LAND

Inne Shewchuk Dubeta, a first-generation Canadian, proudly accept the challenging task of preserving for the younger generations and posterity some memorable highlights of my family, their origin, emigration to Canada, their adaptation to an alien culture, and their struggles to survive as wage earners and pioneer farmers. I will describe their ancestral homes, their natural surroundings, their problems and needs, the hardships they endured, as well as their joys and sorrows as they, together with their friends and neighbors converted a wilderness into a civilization. Their story is the story of thousands of others like them who faced an uncertain future in a foreign land. Much of what I say in large measure applies to all early settlers. By substituting their own places of origin and the names of their own loving members for ours, they can enjoy reading this story as their own.

Whose dreams are we harvesting? They are the dreams of our venerable family pioneers who settled in Canada at the turn of the Century; dreams of us, their children, and their grandchildren who have progressed far beyond their expectations. They also reflect the hopes and dreams, setbacks and victories of the readers and their Canadian ancestors who have parallel stories to recall, cherish and relate.

This story begins in 1907 with my father, Fred Shewchuk, leaving his native village of Pozdymyr (about 60 km south of Lvov) and emigrating to Canada from the Ukraine then under Austrian occupation. He waited seven days in each of Hamburg, Germany and Antwerp, Belgium for his ship Lusitania * to embark, and arrived in St. John, Newfoundland on May 1, 1907.

It was an act of fortitude and courage for a sixteen year old, unfamiliar with the English language, and penniless. His last day with his immediate fam-

ily was akin to a wake, because his parents and the aged members knew instinctively that they would never see him again. Mourning over his departure were his maternal grandparents, Efrem and Anna (nee Machura) Golko and his paternal grandparents Jacob and Palachia (nee Lobay) Shewchuk whose only son Kassian, married to Efrozina, parented eleven children, few of whom survived beyond one year. My father Fred, the eldest was born on September 15, 1891; his brother John died in 1918 during World War I at age fifteen. Harry settled in Freeport, Illinois, U.S.A.; Andrew died of cholera in 1915 at age sixteen; Jacob fell victim to it a year later at age nine; Maria, Louis, Phillip and Ivan died in infancy. Pearl, 1906, and Peter, 1914 who maintained an active correspondence with me, continued to reside in the home village.

Fred, facing a very limited future at home, and enticed by ambition-rousing campaigns of the Canadian railroad companies and the Canadian Government offering work and fantastic land-deals to settle in Canada West lest it fall prey to the Americans, decided to seek his fortune abroad. He bade his sad farewell to family and homeland to which he returned only once, sixty years later, for a brief visit to a resounding welcome of his youngest brother Peter and his baby sister (one year old when he left) and their families.

Grandfather Kassian did not anticipate losing his sons to America and therefore tried to further their best interests at home. He apprenticed Fred in boot-making and Harry in tailoring. To dad it was of little value, but to his younger brother who left home for Canada in 1911, tailoring became his only source of livelihood, especially in his principal residence, Freeport, Illinois, where he became well known as "Harry the Tailor".

* This British steamship with 1200 passengers aboard was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine on May 5, 1915 off the coast of Ireland.

Homesteading Days

My father's first job in Canada was building rail-road track at Touchwood Hills, Saskatchewan, followed by coalmining, and a brief visit to the U.S.A., to explore new job opportunities. He returned hurt, disappointed and embittered towards most things American. Penniless again, he worked his way back to Canada, and headed westward where his early traveling companions had settled. He got familiarized with the Homestead Act, and for \$10.00 became a proud owner of 160 acres of land covered with bush, hills, valleys, bogs and a couple of lakes. According to the Homestead Act he could obtain full title to it after meeting the minimal building and land clearance requirements, which in due course he did.

In the beginning there was only a post office in Anning, Alberta, about two miles from the homestead. The Saddle Lake Indian Agency was approximately nine miles south and fairly well developed, boasting a nice Government Agent's residence and a Sacred Heart Mission where my parents baptized me and my siblings.

My father's one-quarter section was one half-mile north of the Indian Saddle Lake Reserve and eventually

four miles south of the village of Spedden. Our closest neighbors were the Hopchins, Tchirs, and Filewyses with whom we enjoyed many wonderful experiences, elsewhere related.

My father was an enterprising man. His life's work was farming, operating a confectionery store, stock buying and mining. He admitted to petty gambling with his fellow miners, separated as he at times was, from family and home.

Between 1907 and 1913 when he married Sophia Habiak, he was a bachelor establishing a log house on his homestead, putting up fences, and working in mining areas such as Three Hills, Robb, Nordegg, Luscar, Cadomin, and Rabbit Hill, Alberta, in order to earn some money for his farm development.



The Log House.

The log house, built on a hill, near a lake, has survived the ravages of time, a witness of bygone days. It was a beautiful spot. As time went on, father built a larger house, granaries, barns, chicken coops, a root cellar and implement sheds. So I should say he was a carpenter as well. Mother's father, Dmetro Habiak, and his sons Steve, John and William, who had a great reputation as builders, occasionally helped him with his projects. When clearing bush, Dad often hired Indians. He paid them with money, or with milk products and/or garden produce. Year after year a bit more of the land got cleared to produce bountiful crops on its virgin soil. There was always a lot of excitement when obstacles such as large rocks or roots had to be dynamited. The trees were cut up for firewood, hauled to dry beside the residence for convenient daily use. The boulders, rocks and stones had to be hauled away by a team of horses pulling a stoneboat, a handmade craft built somewhat like a raft, consisting of a few pieces of cross-joined timber measuring five feet by ten feet. The front of it bore an upward curve to permit it to rise above ground as the horses harnessed to its hitch, dragged it wherever it was needed. After manually loading it full or as much as the horses could haul, the stones were then drawn to some permanent



Fred Shewchuk - 1913.

location, unloaded, and stacked to serve as a fence or to become a permanent rock pile for gophers and mice to enjoy. Even after the land was cleared of them one year, the following year more would appear as though by magic begging to be hauled away anew. Year after year the dumb things cropped out of the ground to engage the services of the old and young alike.

I'm going to take a little time to write about the work on the farm because I have a feeling that the youth of today, especially those raised in the cities, actually haven't a clue how hard farm life used to be, even more difficult than it is now because there were no tractors, big plows or combines in use.

After the bush was cleared, a walking plow was used, pulled by a horse, or ox, making one furrow at a time. The farmer would have to hold on to the plow and at the same time guide his horse or team of horses by pulling at harnessed reins to guide the direction. Then followed the disking, a rotary bladed implement, pulled by two horses to break up the furrows, followed by harrowing drawn in the same fashion. Stone picking usually preceded the seeding of wheat, barley, oats and rye. Following all this were a variety of prayers to keep their precious crops from being frozen, dried, flooded or hailed out.

Soon after the seeding operation, the hay needed to be cut, left to dry, then raked and stacked into large mounds for more drying and hauling near to the barns or within the barn loft to feed the cattle and horses between the growing season. Haying was always an annual ritual for mother, father and children, as weather conditions permitted.

Because of mixed farming, there were always many every-day chores for all the family. The garden needed attention, too. In late July and early August, grain harvesting began. The grain was cut by a binder usually operated by the father or an elder member of the family. The rest of the clan kept walking behind "stooking", that is picking up and leaning together two sheaves of grain followed by three more of such pairs, forming a little house, commonly known as stooks. These were left to dry before being manually tossed into a hayrack and hauled into cylindrical grain stacks for later threshing, or in later years to be fed directly into the jaws of a threshing machine. In pioneering days the whole family, including mother, babies, and older members were in the field together. I know, because I still have scars on my legs injured to the point of infection by grain stubble as I trudged behind mother while she worked. When I got tired I was placed under a grain stook to sleep. Later life was easier for the parents as the children grew older and strong enough to help them.

In the early pioneering days, the small patches of grain were cut by a scythe or sickle and tied in sheaves

with hand-made "ropes" of grain strands. To thresh, a hand-made flail was used to beat the grain sheaves after they were dried and placed on a canvas or dry ground. Upon beating the grain sheaves with the flail, the straw and chaff were tossed into the air for the lighter chaff to be blown away, leaving the heavier cleaned grain behind. The binder machine was a Godsend to farmers. It was a horse-drawn implement that cut the grain and assembled it by a series of canvases and an automatic bundle-tying device, as the sheaves were ejected in succession. This implement was commonly shared by neighbors until their fields were large enough to justify purchasing ones of their own. Perhaps this is the time to mention that not every year was there a bumper crop. It was always a great concern to get the crop cut before the frosts came and damaged the kernels. In those days the frost often came long before the middle of August when the late maturing varieties of grain were not yet ready for harvesting. It would cause the grain to be graded No. 3-6, or even down to "feed", if the damage was severe. This would cut down the price and farm income drastically. Earlier maturing Marquis, Preston and Red Bobs wheat helped to reduce the risk factor.

On August 17, 1931, we suffered a very bad hailstorm that wreaked total destruction. I remember that very dark cloud moving over our area, converting the light of day into total darkness. The hailstones were the size of chicken eggs. We were small and so frightened. Mother and dad held pillows against the windows and prayed loudly. It lasted a short while but all the grain and vegetables were mercilessly churned into the ground. All effort destroyed; life rendered even more insecure.

During the great depression life was extremely difficult. My mother would assemble a 5-gallon can of cream and get only \$2.00 for it. This would be a product of one week's milking of 6-7 cows. Although one was able to survive on vegetables, dairy and poultry, eggs and meat, there wasn't enough money to buy clothes, sugar, flour, yeast and soap. The pinch of the depression lasted until 1939 when the war started. Then miraculously there seemed to be unlimited money and resources for destruction sadly lacking for peaceful growth and construction. In those days there was no medical insurance either, at least none that anyone could afford. There were no jobs. Men travelled the rails, from East to West in search of employment. A great unrest was developing. Demonstrations were organized to send protests and petitions to Ottawa. Confrontations with the police during the demonstrations were common. People who took the lead were thrown into jails and called radicals and even branded as communists. After the war, the economy started to improve and life became calmer and offered opportu-

nities to buy cars, pay for holiday trips, and provide the long-neglected education for the younger set and the more ambitious elders.

School days were a blessing to the children as the activity there was fifty percent fun. Home chores would be reserved for the week-ends and after school. Chores in our home were primarily getting the cows from the Indian reserve where they were sent daily for grazing, followed by milking. When the mosquitoes became unbearable, one of us would have to build a few smudges or smoke fires of semi-dry manure and wood chips to drive the pests away while the milkers shed tears from smoke irritation. Milking was not all too easy, as occasionally you got a whack on the head from the cow's tail, especially when the animal was overtaken by mosquito bites. Then also, we always had at least one young heifer who had her first calf and didn't like to be milked. A sudden kick would send the milk and milker flying in all directions, as the animal protected its udder from the threatening milkpail under it. When the milking was done, the milk was separated through a cream separator turned by hand, with the cream flowing through the smaller spout and the skim milk through the larger one. The cream was promptly stored in cooler places such as well interiors and later sold, when the 5-gallon can was full. This was one of the main sources of income for clothes and groceries that could not be produced at home. Other daily chores consisted of feeding and housing the animals, collecting the eggs, and garnering the food supplies before dusk. After supper the rule was homework, a little fun, and off to bed. Mother would tidy up, pack lunches for the next day and sit down to do a bit of sewing, carding wool or knitting while dad read and kept the fires going. In the wintertime, life was a little easier for the family but it wasn't completely relaxing because every single animal and bird required care.

In early days the winters were very cold so that the barns were filled to capacity. The livestock needed to be fed, watered and cleanly housed so that manure had to be cleared daily. A watchful eye had to be kept on the rest of the stock shivering in the straw piles. Someone had to dress up warmly to brave the knee-high snows, or shovel paths to sources of water.

Other winter jobs for the men were trips to the sawmills to bring in lumber or firewood. Usually a couple of men would go to wooded areas for a few days in an open sleigh to process their cargoes. There was usually a lot of hustle to prepare food and cover for men and horses. A couple of days survival in the bush beside a bonfire was no easy experience. We were always happy to see father get home safely. After this was done, wood-sawing teams were con-

tracted. It was always exciting to hear the saw buzz away and the smell of the raw sawdust tickle the nostrils. Mother would have the coffee pot full and plenty of food prepared as the men had monstrous appetites. After the wood was sawed, splitting began. Usually this was looked after before spring work got under way. In the springtime the children helped to stack the split wood in tidy rows against walls of buildings for further drying and daily use. Sawmills were situated near heavily wooded areas leased by enterprising individuals who charged the general public cutting fees and service fees for converting on the spot the felled timber into lumber, construction materials, fence posts and shingles. In other cases, sawmill operators strictly confined themselves to sawing only.

Springtime was always a welcome sight after each winter. The snow on the roofs melted and formed long icicles along the veranda. Sometimes we would pick up clean ones and suck at them. Little streams of water rushed endlessly downhill towards the lake. This was the time when huge snowmen were made by us kids from the soft moist snow readily rolled into ball-shaped forms. The boys in the family could handle this fun activity very well, while we girls stuck a carrot for a nose, potatoes for eyes, and dressed the snowman in a toque and scarf and whatever discarded clothes we could find. Springtime was also the time when you could ride in the sleigh not feeling chilled to the bone and enjoy the oncoming warmth of spring. Soon the winter would be over and our rides changed from sleighs to wagons, buggies and democrats. A democrat is a thin wheeled carriage drawn by horses for the purpose of transportation only. The seat would have better springs. The horses went faster when harnessed to one of them. I wonder where this sophisticated vehicle got its fancy name. Next to owning a car, it was sheer luxury!

Springtime was also the time of the year when little lambs, and baby goats were born. Sometimes there were twins. Father loved to bring new arrivals to the house so that we could pat them and feed them by bottle and nipple. They were adorable. Baby calves were born in the spring as well, and sometimes the mares would foal. We kids used to love to adopt one of each, name it, and care for it. Our horses and cows all had names so that when any horses were needed to be harnessed or chosen for riding or working purposes any member of the family knew the ones chosen. Our favorite horse was a medium-sized buckskin named Jock of which we all were very fond. This horse was very intelligent and tricky, trying to outsmart father at every turn. One of Jock's tricks was to open the granary lock, have a good feed of oats only enough to satisfy his appetite but never to the point of overeating

and bloating. However, he would leave the door open and sometimes other horses would get in and eat too much creating new risks and concerns. Father would continually invent different types of closing devices and Jock always found a way to open them. We kids as well as our young children, Lillian and David, loved to spend time on the farm primarily to ride Jock who was always gentle with the children while trotting or galloping. If you rode him four miles to Spedden and didn't need him to take you home, you'd tell him, "Go home, Jock", and he would go back by himself. When in 1945 our parents sold the farm, I'll never forget our David's sad face. He rolled his eyes over sadly and said, "No more Jock".

Because my parents' next home was to be in Elk Point, Alberta, the farm, equipment and all poultry and livestock had to be sold, including Jock whose new master was a farmer in the Ashmont area thirteen miles away. Two days later, to everyone's surprise and delight Jock returned "home" for his final farewell. Mom often stated that the saddest part of the transitional experience was parting with her beloved family of animals all affectionately remembered.

The threshing season was strenuous but greatly exciting bordering on romance. I do not know much about the flailing of the grain in the pioneering days as I was too young to remember; however, when the huge thresher was introduced, we all marvelled in awe. It possessed a gigantic appetite as it chewed and swallowed a steady array of grain sheaves at one end and expelled the straw at the other. Its long metal-covered body consisted of a dragon-like mouth housing massive power-driven shredding knives, canvassed conveyors, a series of vibrating screens to separate the grain from the straw and chaff, and a powerful fan that kept blowing the straw out of its cylindrical metallic flume positioned in the direction of the prevailing wind. The thresher was either set between two huge grain stacks, or left open to the approach of horse-drawn hayracks loaded with grain sheaves which the drivers fed into its frontal jaws. The thresher-grain separator was powered by a steam or gas-driven tractor connected to it by a 30-40 foot heavy-duty interfacing drive belt mounted over each unit's pulley wheels. The "threshed" grain was bushel-calibrated before it descended via a piped spout to fill sacks or boxed vehicles alternating between "fillings" and "emptyings" into the granaries. We children delighted in the magic of it all, especially the steadily mounting strawstacks while father's gaze was more concentrated on the grain flow and the bushel-counting device known to be tampered with by unscrupulous "free enterprisers" who either shortchanged on the bushel weights or manually increased the bushel count, or both. Members of cooperatively owned threshing out-

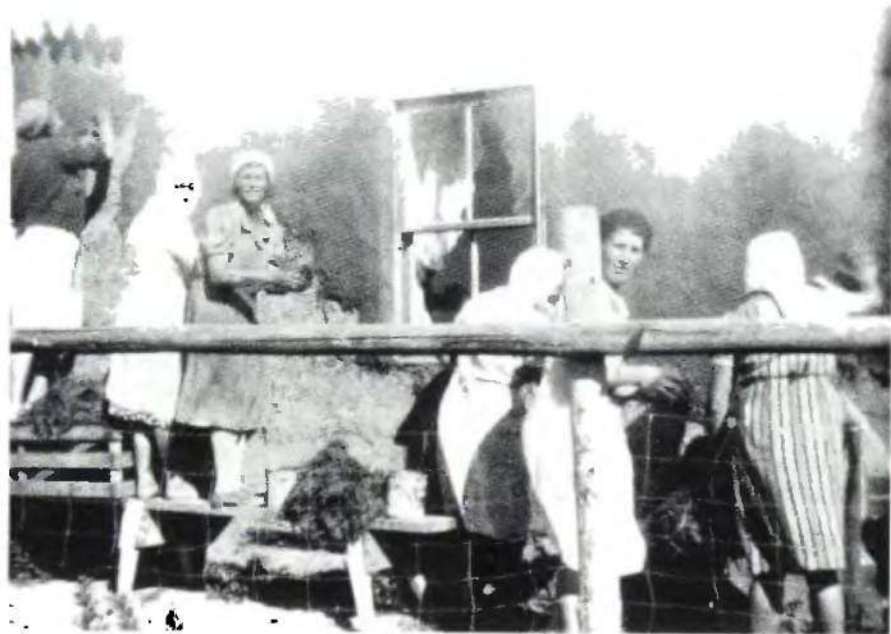
fits had such problems beat at the start because there was no incentive to cheat the "cooperating family."

As the grain fields increased in size and earlier maturing varieties were introduced, the sheaves weren't stacked into cylindrical stacks but brought in directly from the fields. Usually, the neighboring men would come with their hayracks and haul the sheaves to the machine at threshing time. There would be so much action with the thresher working, straw flying, grain pouring, men hauling hayracks full of sheaves, and pitchforks glistening in the sun. Quite a sight as the big operation raced hard against the oncoming fall and the unpredictable weather. There was no rest until all the neighbors had their grain in the granaries. At the beginning, when the threshers first came on the scene, an independent farmer would take contracts to do the job. Later the Cache Lake neighbors in Spedden bought a cooperative machine for themselves and reaped the benefits of cooperative enterprise.

This period was a trying time for the housewife. She had to prepare food for about twelve men, who at the break of dawn had a hearty big breakfast of porridge, bacon and eggs, bread and jams and coffee, before heading for the thresher. For Mom it meant being on the go at 4:30 in the morning to serve an early breakfast and be ready at ten o'clock in the forenoon to deliver a lunch of sandwiches, buns, doughnuts, and coffee to the threshing machine for the men to stop briefly to eat on the run. A big dinner was served at noon. Then at four in the afternoon, another same type of lunch, followed by a full supper at the end of the day for the entire crew who cleaned up and came in to eat you out of house and home. That continued for several days. Although the aunts and neighborhood women helped at times, the biggest responsibility fell on mother. One must remember that there were no convenience foods then and that everything had to be done from scratch. For that occasion father butchered a calf or a pig; chickens had to be killed and plucked, butter churned, and many loaves of bread, cakes, cookies, pies, doughnuts and buns endlessly baked. Besides this preparation there still were the everyday chores and the children to look after. But during the biggest event of the year everything was done in good spirit and stride without complaint.

Another job on the farm was the upkeep of the buildings. The original buildings were of log and plaster construction; even though one barn, granary and implement shed were covered by siding. The siding was painted and needed little maintenance. However, the log and plaster buildings required repairs to the plaster every year. The rains in the summer would release the plaster in places. Whenever there was a pause in the major work in early fall, repairs to the buildings would begin. The process consisted of taking

some fine clay soil (usually brought in by stoneboat from some area nearby) and mixing it into about one-third horse manure and straw with just enough water for a thick consistency to cling to the logs. After the application dried, a fine clay, sand and lime mixture well diluted with water was brushed over both plaster and logs of the entire building for a more attractive and uniform "finishing" touch. Those tasks were usually reserved for the women and children who can vouch that there was never a dull moment for them and the family on the farm as they went from one job to another.



The plasterers.

I have mentioned some of the major tasks only. A pioneering housewife's story alone could fill a volume. I am of the generation born to a pioneering couple that had participated in nearly every farm task and activity great and small. Later I adapted to a different lifestyle of my husband-teacher to struggle, survive and prosper in a totally different setting and activity. Our early upbringing, however, taught us perseverance and determination to achieve worthy goals and objectives and to enjoy the finer things of life. I shall never forget my parental sacrifices, particularly those of my mother who was fully devoted to her family to the point of overwork. There were no diamonds to spoil her. Her children were her jewels.

My father, Fred Shewchuk was a very kind man, with a soft voice. He was never domineering and let all housework or entertainment decisions be made by our mother, Sophia. He always approved and respected her wonderful way of handling the children and appreciated her great contributions and sacrifices.

My only recollection of dad ever spanking me was when he chased me down the hill and over the pig sties and down to the lake where he caught me and gave me a few swats on my back side, for some fault I honestly cannot recall. The only other more severe discipline I remember was his application of his shaving belt to brother Metro who disobeyed him in some way.

Mother didn't like that punishment and I remember him saying, "From now on I'll never touch any of the children; you do the disciplining," and he never did punish us after that. He did have his razor sharpening thirty-inch strap hanging conveniently in the kitchen, which he would try to go for if we misbehaved. Also I distinctly remember his asking us to kiss mother's hand if we pouted after her scolding or swatting.

My father must have missed his family in the old country very much as there were no letters from there for a long time because of the wars and the Cold War years. After the communications began, he could not afford to visit his family and I remember tears on his cheeks when he got word that his father had died. The same thing happened later when his mother died. I felt his loss greatly and encouraged him for years to go to the Ukraine to see again the village where he was born and to meet his brother Peter and sister Pearl who continued to live in it, some sixty miles south of the city of Lvov. Father wouldn't go until he had enough money for a trip for himself and mother. That was finally possible in 1963. At the same time they covered the principal cities of the Soviet Union including Socchi on the Black Sea.

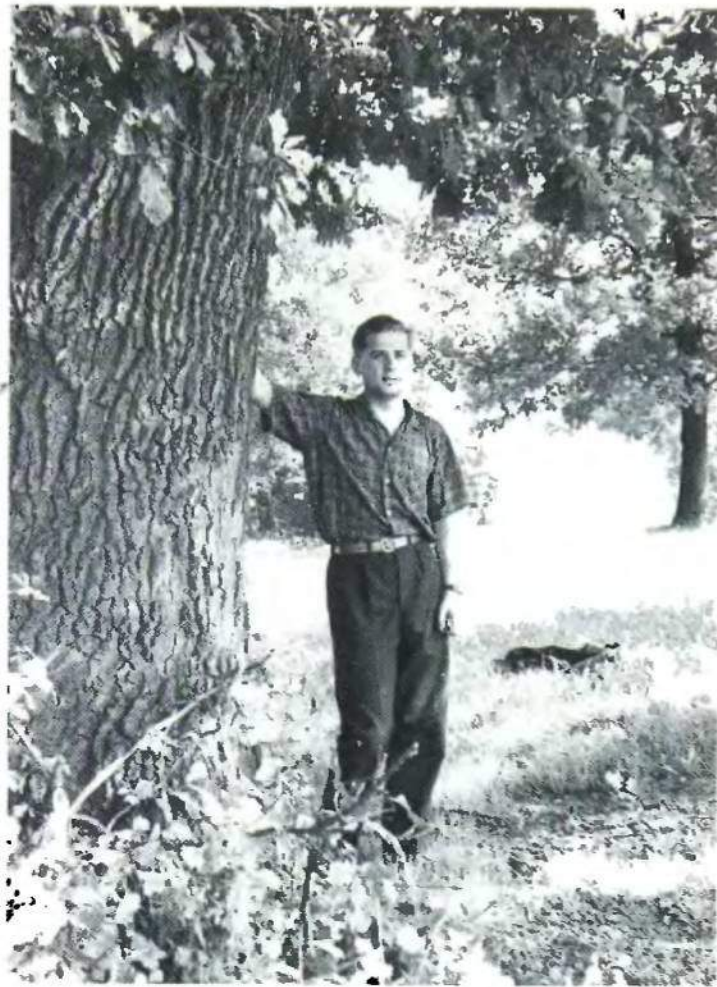
What a reunion it was! The family from the Ukraine described by letter every detail of it. They wrote how they searched the skies for the plane that was bringing my parents to them and how emotional they were greeting one another. They welcomed them with bread and salt in the usual Ukrainian tradition and laden their arms with flowers. After several days of reminiscence and joyful visits they departed in the same manner. They watched the plane fly away till it disappeared completely. My parents met the entire clan there and upon their return we had never seen them so elated, and with departing tears still visible Mother saying, "You have a lovely family there", and Dad saying, "I'm going to go back soon." Father nursed a silent regret that the authorities cruelly denied him the privilege of seeing his childhood village and being entertained in the homes of his brother and sister. However, up to fifty relatives were permitted to spend much time with mom and dad in Lvov. A stay in the village would have been psychologically and financially more rewarding.

Fate did not allow him to return, because four years later father died on March 29th, 1967, at age 76, after a two-month battle with cancer of the liver. Mother's death and Metro's drowning within a two-month period devastated the whole family.

I should mention that my father's brother Harry Shewczuk ("cz" in Polish is English "ch") came to Canada in approximately 1911 at the age of fifteen to join my father. After a short time he departed to



1915: *Efrozina and **Kassian Shewchuk, their daughter Pearl and husband John Chimko; and son Peter. Fred's immediate family in the Ukraine.



1963: Nephew Harry Shewchuk in Ukraine stands beside an oak tree, planted by his uncle before leaving for Canada in 1907.



1972 - Fred's sister Pearl and husband John Chimko.

Chicago, Illinois, where he worked as a tailor. He later had his own tailoring shop under the title of "Harry-the-Tailor" in the city of Freeport, Illinois, U.S.A., where he, blind for several years, lives in a nursing home at age 95, following the recent demise of Myrtle, his wife of 55 years. Harry's first wife and mother of her daughters was Martha Knaf. Andrew was born between the girls, but died at about age eight months. Due to economic circumstances and each of the brothers bringing up families, they were not able to see one another often. It was perhaps in the Forties that Harry and his wife Myrtle, came to visit our parents, followed many times later. Uncle told me that he made fourteen annual visits to my parents between 1947-72. My father and mother took a train ride in 1945 to visit them in Freeport, Illinois, to further solidify the two families. Dad was finally seeing one of his own kin. That gave him much comfort and satisfaction.

Mother, The Homemaker

My mother, Sophia Habiak (Zocia, in Ukrainian) born on July 13, 1897, arrived in Canada in 1911, at age thirteen, with her parents Dmetro and Anna Habiak and three brothers, Steve, John and William. They settled on a homestead adjacent to the Saddle Lake Indian Reserve.

Grandfather Habiak came to Canada for his fami-

ly's sake so that he and his sons could get 160 acres of land for \$10.00 in their adopted land. Having three grown sons to help clear the land must have been a big bonus to grandfather even though it must have been very difficult to make progress when there was little or no income. As in the case of all pioneers they had to find a way to get livestock, seed, machinery, buildings, clear land, and dig water wells in order to be self-sufficient and alive.

It was but four years later that my grandparents agreed on May 13, 1913 to have their only daughter marry the handsome bachelor, Fred Shewchuk, only one and a half miles away. There was no such thing as courting in those days. Mother was only fifteen and one-half years of age, while father was seven years her senior. It must have been very hard for her to leave the security of her parents and take on the duties of a wife in the wilderness. Having her parents and brothers so near must have helped to give stability to the young couple and help them to adapt to their lives in true pioneering fashion.

It was but a year later that Fred and Sophia got a



1963 - Fred, Sophia and Peter meet in Lvov, Ukraine.

*Efrozina Gólko: born October 3, 1864 - died May 1, 1947.
 **Kassian Shewčuk: born March 12, 1865 - died December 10, 1929. Kassian is registered in the village of Pozdymyr

Greek Catholic church record as Szewczuk Cassianus.

son, Metro, on April 28, 1914, and named after his grandfather. In two years' time another son, William, was born but failed to survive beyond three months. Mother almost perished. She was ill for several months. There were no doctors in those days and her help came from some woman curing her with herbs. Mother told us that her complexion resembled pale moss, as she suffered from post-birth poisoning. There was little hope for her. God spared her life and she miraculously recovered to the point that she was able to bear five more children in two year intervals. However, her labor pains were very severe lasting as they did two to three days before midwives were able to effect delivery.

After Metro and loss of William I arrived on April 24, 1918. Having a girl was a great joy to Mamma and she lovingly called me "Nunia" instead of Hania for Anne. I was Nunia until school age and my brother Metro was "Tunio". Both were special terms of endearment that gave great pleasure to all concerned.

After me came Pearl on October 12, 1920; Harry, on October 10, 1922; Zinnia, on March 21, 1925, better known later by her preferred name Stella. Then came Johnny on February 1, 1927, born in the Vilna, Alberta. Hospital under Doctor Eadie's dutiful and benevolent care. Luckily for mom the distance home was only fourteen miles or else she might not have survived her severe hemorrhage one week following her return home. To save her, Dr. Eadie, that great country doctor, drove his team of horses furiously to a point of collapse. Every precious second saved was in her favor. A stillborn child some ten years later proved to be her last. When I think of dear mamma giving birth to eight children, mostly without professional care, I give thanks to God for giving her the necessary strength and stamina to survive her life's ordeals.

Bringing up a family on a farm wasn't easy. Father went coal mining a few months of every year, leaving Mother to look after the farm, first by herself (remarkably well) and later with the help of her older children.

I'm sure that anyone that knew mother Sophia, would agree that she was a very generous woman and a lovely lady. Her appearance was always very neat. Her short hair style with a short wavy bang was unique and so well suited to her face. She found little time for



1925: *Sophia (Habiak) Shewchuk.*

shopping but when she did you wouldn't think that she was a farmer's wife, as she always dressed up smartly and wore an appropriate hat. She was slightly overweight, but if anyone knew mother's cooking, which was super, he would realize why all the family looked well nourished. Her great love was to entertain relatives, neighbors, and friends. She always found time to socialize with young and old alike. Her singing talents were always appreciated at community socials and special occasion programs.

Permit me to dwell briefly on farm life and domestic duties in those days. I know very well because I helped, on my knees, to scrub wooden floors until they looked like polished bleached wood. There was no running water unless we ran for it, as often we did by pails-ful for every conceivable purpose. For laundry and bathing we would

have to bring boilers full of snow to be melted into soft water. In the summertime rain water was caught as it descended from the eaves troughs, or a barrel of water would be hauled in from the lake on a stoneboat pulled by a horse. Our well water was hard and although it was excellent for cooking and drinking, it wasn't suitable for laundry purposes and grooming. Our weekly laundry washes were two long lines of at least fifty feet each, and it was all done on a scrub board and a tub. Usually the clothes were scrubbed twice and the white items that required bleaching would be brought to a boil in a copper or aluminum boiler. Mother often added to the boiler two cups of wood ash bound in a cloth. This ash took the stains out and made our tea towels sparkling clean. Then a cold water rinse was used, before the clothes were strung on the outdoor clothesline to dry. They smelled so good when brought in. In the wintertime, however, the clothes froze solidly and remained frozen, unless they were brought into the house for thawing, drying and ironing. Frozen clothes risked being broken by winds often gusting to thirty miles per hour. When weather was milder, clothes dried completely on the line. We were so pleased to bring them in bleached, soft and fresh. Then ironing followed using a non-electric flat iron, heated on the wood burning stove. There was no polyester in those days so sprinkling overdried clothes and

wrapping them in a towel was common practice, to render ironing easier and more effective. For dress shirts and finer articles that required crisping, a cooked light cornstarch solution was prepared for emersing the articles before drying. Little does today's washer-dryer set realize how much time and affort laundering in the earlier days required. Ironically, many young couples today, equipped with ultra modern laundering facilities, still prefer to spend up to \$1000.00 per child per year on "Luvs" and "Huggies" sums twice what our salaries were in the 1930's —victims of "Mother love" con artists and despoilers of our environment.

In 1929, we owned our first car — a four-door Ford touring with a collapsable roof and convenience beyond belief. That was luxury! However, it contributed to an accident which confined mother to a cast for nine months, convalescing from a crushed vertebrae. This accident occurred near Fort Saskatchewan, en route to Edmonton to keep mother's medical appointment regarding her severe chest pains due to overwork and worry. Going up a steep hill, the car stalled. As Dad cranked it, it commenced going downhill. Mother was frightened as she saw it heading for the ditch, jumped out, crushing her spine. That imposed a great hardship on the whole family, especially me, the eldest girl. It carried a blessing in disguise, because convalescence in a cast restored her back and heart to maximum efficiency.

This is when I got fully initiated into every aspect of housework. I had to go to school as well. Father learned how to cook, bake, and even milk cows which he had never done before. I remember father kneading the bread. It wasn't hard for him because he was strong. He and I would decide what should go into the dough. I knew because I had often watched mother adding the ingredients. Dad always insisted on adding a few handful of washed kernels of wheat for better nutrition. We kids loved the crunch of the kernels, much to dad's satisfaction. There were young children to care for — Johnny, three; and Stella, five. It was very difficult for us without mother. At one time she was brought home in a cast, on a stretcher, because she was very lonely for the family. She stayed for only a short time before returning to the hospital. I can still remember her being transported as the children looked on in dismay and bewilderment. After eight months, her cast was reduced to smaller size to enable her to practice walking. After that she was allowed to go home to convalesce. At last she was back for moral support and direction.

Mother believed in a tidy and clean house. Sister Pearl and I were taught how to scrub and dust at an early age. If it didn't pass her inspection, she would order an improved performance. Her house was her

castle and she did everything to make it look attractive and clean. The walls were repaired and whitewashed annually. Crepe paper flowers were made and hung in clusters. At Christmas time she used to cut up crepe paper streamers and swag them across the ceilings. The holy pictures were draped too. Everything looked so pretty.

"What about the house itself?" you may wonder. The first one was a log house no larger than twenty-five feet by fifteen feet. I barely remember our life in it as I was very young then. Yet I recall the straw mattresses, wood stove and table. It not only served our family but also five or six members of the Hopchin family during their first fall and winter before they were able to build accommodation of their own.

Approximately in 1920 my father built a two-room



1930 - Back row: Tillie Filewych (neighbor), Pearl, Anne. Front row: Harry, John, and Zinnia. Missing, Metro, the eldest.

log house which was plastered. The logs for this house were hewed by a broadaxe, form-fitted and interlocked at each of the four corners. Since in those days there was no insulation, mud plaster was used to fill the crevices, before an exterior wooden siding was nailed on and painted. The interior was plastered, smooth-finished by mother and whitewashed. The larger room had two beds, a large mobile clothes closet, a sewing machine and a table between the beds. Mother and dad slept on one bed; two or three children on the other. Later, four of us children slept on one bed (two at each end), though we often felt that there were dozens of feet between us. The next room was a kitchen containing a wood stove, large kitchen table, cupboards, chairs and benches. Several windows, draped in lace curtains, made the house very cheerful and bright. We lived in that manner for about ten years until father built a large living-room-kitchen extension which accommodated a wood heater, a large

table, stove, and several cupboards. Dad also attached a nice open veranda to the kitchen entrance. We were much more comfortable as mom and dad had a bedroom all to themselves. There was another clothes closet and a dresser, as well as another bed for the younger members, no longer contending with opposing feet.

We were quite crowded, but as young kids, just loved it. I remember how we used to have fun making shadows on the wall after being sent to bed. The coal oil lamp gave just enough light from the table to allow our fingers and hands to make the funniest creatures on the walls and ceiling. That grew to become a nightly contest as long as reasonable quiet prevailed.

After I got married in 1934, Mamma finally got a vinyl floor and a washing machine in the kitchen. Scrubbing wooden floors by brush finally ended along with the scrub laundry board and tub. Life for the women folk in our home was steadily becoming easier until the Great Depression intervened.

I remember dad clearing land, bit by bit, often hiring Indians to help dig out the roots. Sometimes he used dynamite to rip out the boulders and stumps. The farm had nice black soil but the land consisted of many hills. We had two small lakes a fair distance from our dwellings and a large one nearby that extended into the neighbor's quarter. In 1925, a huge moose wading ashore was shot by my father, who proceeded to share his kill with his neighbors. The lakes were surrounded by hay meadows. The hay had to be cut, raked and stacked into mounds every summer. After drying, it was hauled by hayrack and stored in the attic of the barn, or stacked into large haystacks near the barns for cattle feeding. Haying was a family affair demanding the very best from the young and old alike.

Our large gardens kept the cost of living down. What vegetables we were unable to can, we stored in the spacious root cellar that dad cleverly built as a framed cave at the side of a nearby hill. I remember how conscientiously I weeded and cultivated the gardens. Often my back would feel broken but I wouldn't quit. I'd lie on my back for a few minutes only to straighten it out, and then get up again to continue weeding beyond lunchtime, far into the late hours of the afternoon. Because mother handled the food preparation, we children did the gardening for her. We understood that we had to help because we could see that mom had to kill and pluck the chickens, make the butter, knead the bread or do the canning. Large amounts of home-made noodles were made regularly. The dough would be rolled out paper thin and then stretched. Then it was laid out on clean sheets for partial drying, rolled up, and cut across into shredded strips. After being boiled, it was added to chicken

stock or hot milk. Um um good! Periodically shredded strips of noodles were made, dried thoroughly and stored for future use. Everything was laboriously prepared from scratch because prepared foods were either unavailable or unaffordable. Mom deserved full credit for her untiring, sacrificial labor keeping her family of eight excellently fed and neatly dressed and groomed with never a word of complaint. Women like her should be worshipped as saints.

To give added variety to our diet in the summertime, we children would have much fun and hard work picking wild fruits such as strawberries, saskatoons, cranberries, blueberries, chokecherries, and mushrooms. These were canned and made into jam preserves, particularly for our school lunches. The neighbors' kids would come too, to engage in friendly competition in berry picking for their respective homes. Our hard labor was exceeded only by our great pride as we presented mom pailsful of berries for jams and preserves. Occasionally, Grandma Hopchin, who was nearly eighty years old, would come to pick berries with us. She was a great example of how to find berries and scoop them off the tree limbs and into a pail in record time. She was very agile for her age. We always wanted to keep up and become worthy of her pride. Sometimes we'd have a home-made wagon with us to lighten the burden of transportation.

It was fun to take some lunch along and enjoy it in the woods. At times we'd stop to climb trees to collect crow and magpie eggs, blow them out, and save them for government bounties. For similar reasons we trapped or drowned gophers on the Saddle Lake Reserve or en route thereto.

Another item we sold was seneca root. We learned to recognize these plants and went equipped with suitable tools to dig them out, dry them, and then sell them to the grocers. This was also done in competition with all neighboring kids. Gopher tails and crows' eggs paid as little as one cent per unit, but the modest incomes they yielded to spend as we pleased made King Midas envious. We increased our incomes by breaking the longer tails into two.

While fruit picking or bringing the cattle, we were always intrigued by the Indian camp sites, but always stayed a good distance from the natives themselves.

There were few conveniences for easy life on the farm. The winters were very harsh. Freezing temperatures reaching 40-60 degrees(Fahrenheit) below zero were not uncommon. The biggest inconvenience was the outdoor toilet. It was perched precariously over an approximately six foot hole in the ground and used by all members summer and winter. An Eaton's catalogue along with outdated periodicals were set beside the seat for purposes familiar. Only babies up to three

years or so, were allowed to potty. All others kept their daily rendezvous during all weather conditions, fair or foul.

Not all animals could be accommodated in the barns. Milking cows, calves, and horses were given priority. The rest of the stock, after being fed and watered, had to rely on straw piles for some comfort. We had one barn for the cattle and one for the horses. The pigs were housed in a barn lean-to covered with straw and were brought into the cow barn when the sows were littering. The sheep and the few goats we had roamed around in their woolly coats and seemed to take the winter cold quite tolerably well. The chickens, ducks, geese, and turkeys had their own coop. I do not remember any kind of heat in it, so I surmise that their feathery insulation kept them from freezing. As you can surmise, mixed farming during pioneering days was a fulltime family occupation.

Milking of at least two cows during the winter was necessary so that the family could have milk, cheese and butter. The birth of piglets in early spring, followed by calves, lambs and little goats was an exciting time for us all. Our parents took special care to ensure their survival, especially the piglets which were born numbering up to fourteen, often when winter conditions were still very severe. If the sow did not have enough nipples for her brood, father had to bring some of them to the house to be fed by bottle and nipple with dairy milk, until they were big enough to eat from the pen. Every big and little creature was accounted for and looked after.

However cold the weather, chores had to be done. Water had to be carried over icy paths. At the beginning, our water well was half way down a hill. It was hard to carry water up during the summertime but in the winter it was well-nigh impossible. In the late Thirties dad had a well dug on the hill nearer the house, and it was a blessing. He hired drillers, cribbed the walls with cement forms and even put in a pump. The old well was then used to keep our cream cold as we daily accumulated it for shipping. This income was very important to the family as it was used for purchasing groceries or clothing. Before the Depression one could get about \$5.00 for five gallons of cream, but during it, one was lucky to get \$2.50. Even that amount helped mother a great deal to pay for her family's shoes and barest essentials ordered C.O.D. from Eatons in Winnipeg, considerably in advance. The eldest children got the new, the younger ones the hand-me-downs, praying that they would fit and last.

I remember when my slippers or shoes arrived from Eatons they might have been a little tight, but there was no time to return them because the soles of

the old ones were flapping or completely worn out. So one just tried to wear them in hopes that they would stretch and become comfortable. Consequently, I still have the ugliest looking calluses and corns.

Our one-room school called Cache Lake was two miles north of us. The school teacher I remember best was Mr. McIlveny, an older man, who believed in sports and lots of exercise for himself and students. He had students involved at noon in soccer and volley ball. In the winter we built forts of snow carefully combined with appropriate amounts of water for strength and port-hole construction for war games between cowboys and Indians, French and English, tribal wars, Settlers and Indians, or historical re-enactments. Make-believe took nothing away from realism. If there was a wagonful of natives approaching, we hid ourselves in the bushes until they drove past. We never failed to spend some time poking around a recently-vacated Indian camp site. The rawhide smoke smell of the clothes they wore would still linger and excite us. We imagined their life — cooking over open fires. We never failed to marvel over their smoke fires at a distance while bringing our cattle home. We instinctively felt the cultural difference between ourselves and those teepee-dwelling food-gathering people.

Bringing in the cows from the Indian Reserve, where they were sent to pasture for the day, was always fun, too. We usually had a favorite horse to gallop or trot, and often raced to test our riding skills. We would ride to higher elevations to listen for the bell ring of our cattle. One leader cow was usually belled and each neighbor's bell would be slightly different. Sometimes the cows would start coming home on their own, so it would be easy finding. At other times all the dumb things would lie down and rest early, and only rarely would a belled cow move her head enough to give a slight ring. So we'd stop and listen, and listen, and feel real joy if we finally heard our special ding-a-ling. But hearing didn't mean immediate finding. Finer ear tuning to sense of direction helped. Here also were competitions between the neighboring kids - who'd get the cows home the earliest, grab the pails and milk them, and separate the cream, wash the cream separator and put the cream and milk to cool. In the final stage the whole family would be involved as the time of day would be getting late. During the school season there was still homework to be completed.

It is great to reminisce about us young kids having much fun making rafts for our lake. We'd row to the bullrushes to find blackbird nests and collect their eggs for no better purpose than to pelt Bill Hopchin and other intruders with them, a prank he never seems to

forget. Duck eggs were sometimes brought home to cook. In the early days there were many water fowl and birds. This is the reason for government bounties paid in order to reduce the predatory species. At fall time, when the grain was ripe and harvested, the ducks were a menace to the grain as great numbers of them would fly in to feed. My father and all neighbors would go to the fields with their shotguns and would often come home with a string of ducks. This was good eating meat available practically in your own back yard. A lot of work followed to clean and pluck the feathers and pin-feathers. Mother always made the most delicious wild duck meal by pre-frying the pieces of meat in butter, smothering them in sauteed onions, before pouring some rich farm cream over them, and finishing the cooking in the oven or in a fry pan on the stove. A real treat! The feathers and down were saved for pillows and quilts. Prairie chickens, partridges and rabbits (for snaring or shooting) were plentiful. An occasional deer and moose supplemented the family larder. Living off the land kept many pioneering families alive, particularly when frost, drought or hail destroyed their crops.

Our big lake was much fun in many ways. Our father made a wharf adjoining a cleared-out beach, somewhat slightly sandy. Besides rafting, we'd go swimming in the hot summertime even though the blood suckers occasionally would latch on. I hated those things and we girls would scream while the boys always acted tough, and helped to zip them off. At times our bodies were covered with an itch. The old folks said that the wind action of the waves brought the itch-inducing substance to the beach. Usually this appeared after a storm.

There was also much fun for us at the lake shore where a large barrel filled with lake water was propped over a hole filled with wood for heating the water. One by one we'd have a warm bath after heading to the house and bed at the end of the day.

In the summertime when we weren't playing ball we'd go to the spruce trees behind the school fence and build houses. They were fantastic as they were built with trimmed poles nailed from tree to tree, horizontally, and intertwined with willows vertically for walls and ceilings. Then we filled the spaces in between with nice clumps of green moss. The floor was laid with this nice, firm moss, too. After our cozy houses were complete, we ate our daily lunches in them and played family-pretend games. We also used to pick resin off

the spruce trunks, a substance when chewed would turn into real gum. It wasn't too bad. I wonder if I'll ever get a chance to taste it again. This was the only gum available or affordable at the time. It was great fun as we slowly built a little village. Can you imagine us sitting in our moss houses chewing mouthfuls of this resin gum? We were never bored, and time flew quickly. The teacher's bell would ring us in and we'd scoot to our classes very much refreshed.

In June and September, during our noon recesses, groups of students would occasionally run like rabbits in single file over and under barbed wire fences along a well-worn path, speeding and racing for about two miles to our favorite sandy Cache Lake beach, to take a quick dip or just fool around and splash at one another. The boys would always go a hundred feet farther down and skinny-dipped while we girls didn't dare to even look in their direction. Then we'd run back in same fashion, as we had to be back for classes within one or one and a half hours. Sometimes Mr.

McIlveny would give us a half hour more for this activity. He was a very strict teacher but was very understanding about our needs. If we had to make up time, it was done. We were never bored as I can think of many activities we shared. Until this time our school was a one-room classroom with grades one to nine. Indeed, a big job for a teacher at low pay.



1975: Anne D. returns to see "our lake".

My Maternal Grandparents

Grandfather Dmetro Habiak was born on November 15, 1870, in the Ukraine, where he married Anna Bigos in the village of Kupchyntsi. I recall him as a well built, fairly tall man (with strong features and a stronger will) later sporting a bald forehead. Petite, good-natured, soft-spoken grandma was born on April 10, 1871. As a child, I was fascinated by her several strands of coral beads brought from her homeland, and worn continuously. They rarely, if ever, disagreed. Their simple and challenging pioneering lives were a credit not only to us but also to the entire community. I am proud to submit a picture of them among some family members, taken in 1938.

They arrived in Canada in 1911 with their three teen-aged sons Steve, John and William, and thirteen year old Zocia, seeking their family's fortunes. After a brief stay in Stry, Alberta, they decided in favor of a 160-acre homestead bordering on Cache Lake and the Saddle Lake Reserve which added new dimension to their lives as they collaborated with their neighboring Indians by sign language, broken English, and broken Cree. Anna's step-sister Maria, her husband Steve Dumka and their teen-age son Stanley, homesteaded near them, thereby enriching family life in Canada.

They were ably assisted by their sturdy sons and hardy daughter in all aspects of pioneering, land clear-



1912-Dmetro and Anna (Bigos) Habiak.

ing, building shelters for animals and man, fencing; well digging, planting, haying, harvesting, animal husbandry, and countless household duties. Their log-structured thatched buildings plastered with a sticky muck of clay, chopped straw, water and horse manure, shielded them and their poultry and livestock from the severe winters and provided models for their four children who soon became homesteaders on their own within a five-mile radius.

Grandfather's three notebooks provide some insight into their gallant struggle to survive and to progress. In them, he studiously recorded details of his farm operations, from seeding, harvesting, breeding schedules, to marketing and purchasing.

In 1915 they harvested 97 sacks of grain of approximately two and one-half bushel capacity; 119 sacks in 1916; 211 sacks in 1917 and 2215 bushels by 1930.

Prices varied according to grade, weather, and economic circumstances over which they had no control. Wheat prices varied from 25 cents to \$1.33 per bushel, supplemented in 1928 and 1929 by "bonus cheques" of \$80.70; \$80.30; \$126.00 and \$71.49, several months apart, as delayed payments.

In 1922, seven hogs sold at eleven and one-half cents a pound, yielded \$135.70. On June 10, 1926, five pigs provided \$111.00, and one month later seven hogs were sold for \$149.75. During the "Hungry Thirties" of "overproduction", pork prices dropped to 5-6 cents per pound, wheat to 25 cents a bushel, and eggs to 5



Reading L-R: Top row: John Habiak, John Dubeta, Anne Dubeta, William Habiak holding son Peter, Fred Shewchuk. Middle Row: Mary Dumka, Kate (Hopchin) Dumka, grandmother Anna Habiak, grandfather Dmetro Habiak, Mrs. William (Kate) Habiak, Sophia Shewchuk, Steve Bidney, Mrs. Bidney (Jack's mother), Klementi Dubeta (John's father). Front Row: Stanley Dumka holding their first-born son Eddie, Jack Bidney, Lillian Dubeta, Pearl Bidney, Zinnia Shewchuk, Mrs. John (Anna) Habiak.

cents a dozen. Cattle weighing as much as 1000 pounds sold for as little as \$5.00 a head. It is equally interesting to quote prices of some of their purchases: In 1924-25, a 100 lb. bag of flour cost them \$3.30; ten pounds of sugar, \$1.35; a can of baking powder, 20 cents; overalls, \$2.50; skirt for grandma, \$2.50; grandpa's shirt, \$1.50, and a jacket, \$2.25; a clothes closet, \$27.00; a dresser bureau, \$10.00; two fur coats at \$85.00 apiece; two sets of harnesses at \$135.00; false teeth for both of them at

\$60.00 a set; a raincoat for Bill and a suit for grandma, mail ordered from Eaton's cost them \$35.35.

The less they were able to buy commercially, the more self-reliant they had to become not only as a family but also as a neighborhood where a practical form of Christian values and human worth emerged. Time and again I note grandfather's faith rewarded as neighbors who borrowed seed grain from him in the spring returned it in full in the fall or also provided labor during the haying and harvesting periods. They borrowed or rented from one another the more costly items they were not yet ready to purchase. Our world needs more of such trust, cooperation and goodwill as never before, but the pioneering spirit is hard to recapture.

Community cooperation at any level is impossible to attain unless there is love and goodwill within the basic family structure, so evident in the Habiak family. Their sons sought employment wherever possible to help themselves as well as their parents. In 1921, son William sold muskrat skins for \$50.00 of which he gave his father \$40.00 to pay \$17.70 in school taxes, a \$6.00 road tax, and \$16.00 for general home expenses. John and Steve were similarly generous and considerate. Small wonder that their mom and dad bent over backwards to see their children set up homes of their own before or soon after their marriages. By the way of example, I note that on September 29, 1927, grandfather sold 141 bushels of wheat to pay Steve's \$93.00 demand bank note. Records show that on September 3, 1920 he lent his merchant friend Mikitka \$110.00 and a week later another \$70.00 derived largely from his \$119.00 sale of surplus potatoes. When a neighbor's cattle were threatened with starvation during one severe winter, grandpa showed his compassion by sacrificing the thatch covering his family's home despite the fact that shingles replacing it would cost him \$155.00.

They bought only what they could afford and almost invariably for cash, except for the Great Depression years when Spedden merchants - Rosenberg, Isaac Stern, Jampolsky, Boychuk and the Co-op provided the maximum amount of credit which they honored to a penny.

Careful planning, self-denial and sacrifices helped them survive the depression, crop failures, frost, hail, and unfair prices. Year after year their stock inventory and buildings continued to improve, as did the holdings of their married children within easy reach of one another.

The bonds of family unity and love were indeed strong. My mother and uncles never ceased addressing them endearingly as Tatycio and Mamycia (Daddy and Mommy). The prevailing dignity and respect

reflected on our attitudes towards our grandfolks and our own parents modelled on such principles. Many a time did mother send me to assist grandma with her weeding, gardening, hay-making, plastering and domestic chores even when my help was sorely needed at home. In return, we enriched our loving relationships and understandings of our origin and culture as they shared my pride in being able to read to them in Ukrainian and to participate in song, music and dance at the cultural center in Spedden. Some spending money, rare treats and precious items of dress pleased me, a budding teenager, no end.

Religion is reflected as such in our deeds as it is in what we profess. My grandfolks were not atheists nor agnostics but disillusioned Christians turned off in the Ukraine by clerics who did not practise what they preached, possessed little conscience, and slavishly supported an unjust social and economic order. They showed reverence to their Maker in their own quiet way, respected the ten commandments; loved their family, neighbors and friends; and kept aloof from the sectional strife of two rival, contending denominations. Their model clergyman in Canada was Rev. H. Cependa who spoke their language and expressed their humanitarian ideals.

Registered most indelibly in my memory are our loving get-togethers on important occasions, holidays and Christmases when young and old shared their experiences and counted their blessings. Horses harnessed to buggy, democrat, wagon or sleigh provided our means of transport. All my senses remain keenly alive as I recall myself and my sisters and brothers warmly clothed, snugly bundled in wintertime under feather-bed covers, lying on a bed of fresh hay jingle-belling our way to grandma's and grandpa's for Christmas Eve, where always a royal welcome awaited us. En route there we marvelled over the stars, the aurora borealis, and the shifting positions of the Great Dipper. The delightful treats of candies, nuts, and Japanese oranges were generously provided. Christmas Eve meals respected the standard rituals and twelve lenten dishes honoring the apostles, but the Christmas Day feast was something else — delectable home-made sausages, roasts, fish (fried, pickled and jellied), studinetz, pyrohy, cabbage rolls, kutya, dried-fruit compote, fruit and poppy-seed filled pastries, pies and cakes. Braided bread kolaches adorned the long table readied for the guests, not to mention the bottles of soft drinks and "moonshine" for those who could take it.

I often wonder who was more tired and delighted, we the youngsters or our boisterous uncles who frolicked with us on the hay-strewn floors and tossed us past the beams of the seemingly spacious ceiling.

Then for a few brief hours, silent sleep overpowered us as dear grandpa kept stoking the wood-burning heater to keep us warm and comfortable. Weather permitting, we sledged, skated, tobogganed and even ice-fished in nearby Cache Lake during the day before continuing our rounds of festivities in our own home or the homes of our uncles.

Time waits for no man. After 27 years of farm life, 68 year-old grandpa and his 67 year-old bride decided to retire, so that on November 15, 1938 they disposed of their farm, livestock and machinery, to the Soltys family for a sum of \$2850, and prepared to locate themselves on a \$70.00 plot of land in Spedden, purchased on November 29, 1938 from a Winnipeg firm. March 11, 1939 records indicate purchases of lumber and materials; payments to Bill Sadlowsky and Mike

Myzyka for framing; digging a well, and additional furniture and household equipment. Their house, thanks to several hundred hours of free labor on the part of their sons and other family members, cost them \$815.50. The cost of constructing the near-by barn for their poultry and cow was unrecorded. They were on easy street in their cozy layout of a new home, garden, and newly-found leisure. All the family was delighted particularly when the deserving pioneers commenced receiving their old age pensions, at age 71 and 70 respectively on June 30, 1941. But their and our happiness was short-lived. We lost grandfather on July 14, 1942 from bronchial pneumonia and grandmother, largely from a broken heart, on January 23, 1943. The final chapter in the lives of memorable pioneers, our dear and loving grandparents, was fully written.

Thanks

Thanks for leaving your loved ones and your friends behind
In your native country, and your courageous venture to an unknown land;
For your industry, perseverance, faith and optimism,
For developing our latent talents: for your firm and friendly hand,
You braved the hazards of the wilderness and the weather,
Uncertain harvests, isolation, loneliness and strife:
You were undaunted by various obstacles and set-backs,
While you molded a better destiny and a vastly superior life,
Your Spartan life, in clay-plastered, straw-thatched cabins
Containing only rudely-carved amenities, deserve our gratitude and acclaim;
For it was through similar pioneering spirit
That our province and country grew to fortune and to fame,
A land where the quality of man's mind and action,
Determine his importance and his worth;
And not by the color of his skin, the texture of his hair,
Ancestral privilege, inheritance, or accidents of birth,
Thanks for the lands of opportunity and equality before the law,
For the privilege of an education: choice of religion, creed:
For the privilege to live in the land of freedom,
Not obsessed with power, oppression, bigotry, hatred, greed,
Thank you for your sacrifices and all your strivings,
Forgive us for some wrongs for which your loved ones now cannot atone:
And thank you, mom and dad, most sincerely
For establishing us in our Alberta-Canadian home,
We thank you for the privilege and the challenge,
To climb up freedom's social-economic ladder;
And though perfection, as elsewhere, 'tis impossible to attain,
Thanks, dear folks, for a chance to make things infinitely better.

Our Community

Spedden Village began to grow after the Edmonton to Heinsburg railway services began - a great boon to the early settlers now able to use it for travel, shipping, transporting of supplies, and regular mail deliveries. The village as I remember it in the Thirties had a grain elevator, a railway station, hotel, post office, blacksmith shop, shoe repair shop, six general stores, pool hall, confectionery and butcher shop, two community halls and later a garage run by my brother Metro. A stock buying station was built along the railway track to ship cattle and hogs to market. My father, Fred Shewchuk, spent many years buying livestock in Spedden, Vilna and later Elk Point. This was his business sideline which provided additional income for his family, but at the same time exerted more pressure of work and responsibilities on mother and us kids on the farm. Buying and selling was a gamble because prices were manipulated daily at the stock market so that the buyers never knew for certain if they would gain or lose. Had he not been harnessed with a big family and settled on a relatively secure farm he might have chosen business as an occupational career. Besides buying livestock, he also owned and operated a grain chopping mill, which gave him a lot of responsibility.

The small community, 75% of Ukrainian descent, was sharply divided along ideological and religious lines. In religion, there were Greek Catholics and Greek Orthodox who had their own churches aggressively propagating their faiths. My parents, although Christians practising religion at home, were not actively engaged in either church. They supported and welcomed the priests in their home but kept themselves aloof as result of prevailing attitude of the grandparents and their countrymen that organized religion as it was practised in the Ukraine was an unholy contradiction and an instrument of the state for oppression and suppression.

There were two large halls built in Spedden for

social, cultural and political purposes. I remember particularly during the depression years, how divided the population was. The one hall called the National Hall welcomed Ukrainian speakers who emphasized liberation of Ukraine from the Soviet Union, even to the point of idolizing Adolf Hitler and worshipping his National Socialism as the potential saviors of the country. Politically they were far to the right as they supported liberalism and conservatism and the unfavorable status quo.

The other hall called the Farmers' Hall had support of many farmers and workers who fought for better wages, grain and commodity prices. They brought their grievances to the attention of the government by petitions and demonstrations. Their speakers were labor leaders who stressed labor and farmers cooperation, building consumer and producer cooperatives for better pricing, and the socialist solution to national problems at home and abroad. Unemployment was very high. Depression was at its peak and hurting everyone. These speakers also spoke against Hitler's theory as a danger to peace and freedom; and the threat of Fascism in Spain as Franco organized forces to oust the legally elected government, the Social Democratic Party. They weren't paying lip service only as many of them volunteered to fight with the Loyalists against Franco. The ideological split on the world scene was very pronounced and visible at the community level. Suspicion and hostility was almost a way of life.

Each club in its own way made significant contributions to the happiness in the community. Each worked hard on cultural activities. The entire community was involved in staging plays, concerts, dances and even three-day bazaars to raise money for their causes. Both stressed higher education for their youth and encouraged learning their own history, arts and language. As a result this impoverished and economically depressed community succeeded in making a disproportionate contribution of capable men and women to Alberta and Canada in all professions and walks of life.

My parents were associated with the Farmers' Hall. They as pioneers, proud of their own achievements, felt they had much in common with organized labor. Depression years were very difficult, as both groups were victims of unfair circumstance. Wheat was selling at twenty-five cents per bushel. Eggs sold at five cents a dozen. Hogs sold at about two cents a pound. Cows sold at five dollars a head, and so on. Besides, the ever-present threat of war and fascism was a concern to my parents and their associates.



Dad surveying his purchases.

The newspapers were mainly Winnipeg Free Press and some Ukrainian publications that kept us in touch with the world. Their partisan slants were readily apparent.

This community offered us many recreations, particularly sports competitions. Baseball and softball teams trained hard and took pride in being the best. Huge annual picnics were sponsored by our neighboring communities featuring various competitions for girls, boys, men and women for first, second and third prizes. My husband, John Dubeta, played first base in baseball while my brother-in-law Jack Bidney was a superb pitcher. It was great fun to watch or to participate. Spectators had large rooting sections cheering their favorite teams to victory. The games were exciting for young and old alike.

At these picnics, races such as three-legged race, egg and potato race, sack race, wheelbarrow race and 50-100 yard dashes were eagerly awaited as they offered small monetary prizes. You usually got twenty-five cents for first prize, and ten and five cents for placing second and third. As little as it was, it boosted our five to ten cent allowance from our parents for the day, to spend as we pleased at the concession booths. For a nickel you could buy either a chocolate, an ice cream cone, a bag of popcorn, pop or candy. Purchases that lasted the longest were the most popular.

After the picnic there usually was a big dance at the halls to top off the day. It was very sad to see some young men come to the dance and not even have the necessary fifteen cents admission charge. For some, the only solution was to wait until midnight when ticket selling was abandoned and one could then come in and dance till three or four in the morning. Some girls got in without charge because they either supplied some lunch or were on coffee and sandwiches, and clean-up committees.

I remember the romantic Basket Auction dances. Guys had to have money for this as they were expected to bid for the beautifully decorated baskets which belonged to some girl or lady that would be their partner for lunch and the rest of the evening. The bids usually ended in one to three dollar range. It was hard on some lovers as their opponents would intentionally raise the bids to steal their sweetheart for the evening. The girls and ladies put a lot of effort to pack dainty sandwiches, and fancy cakes and cookies. Another social was the Pie Auction Dance. The women folk would bring pies to the dance to be auctioned. These women bringing pies got into the dance hall "free"; the men were expected to buy them and thus pay their dance admissions. Just another way to make money for the sponsors' cause.

These kinds of entertainment were supported by

the entire community so that families of parents, youth and children attended. Even young babies were brought along as young parents who had no baby sitters wanted to dance. During the summer, they would come by wagon, democrat or car. In winter time, all bundled up with down-filled quilts and blankets, they came in sleighs and sleds. Horses, well covered by blankets would be tied to posts patiently awaiting the return home. Dances usually lasted almost to sunrise. The music consisted of banjos, guitars, violins, and drums. The dances were waltzes, fox-trots, one-steps and two-steps, with a few variety dances such as square dances, heel and toe, schottische, kolomaika and polkas thrown in for good measure. Ladies' choices were announced for one or two dances per evening. Tag dances permitted guys to take someone's partner away during the dance, by tapping her partner on the shoulder. This allowed more mixing for more fun. It was nice to see young people from outlying areas come to our socials. Occasionally our young people would attend dances in other communities such as Ashmont, St. Paul, Stry, Vilna, McBride, Boyne Lake, and Two Lakes. Meeting other young people was always a great experience that enabled young men and women to meet and fall in love and in some cases, marry.

Mother sewed us pretty dresses for school and concerts. I remember her dressing sister Pearl and me for a concert in lovely white dresses, tying big bows in our hair, and touching our cheeks with moistened red crepe paper to give us rosy cheeks. This was when we were still under age ten. Her repeated favors to us grew with our advancing years.

Not having fancy or expensive warm clothes never stopped us from having fun, sledding (in home-made sleighs) down steep hills on Hopchin's farm beside the lake. We'd bundle up in whatever was available. I still am thrilled remembering how bright the moon and stars were, and how white the deep snow was. Occasionally the owls would hoot and the rabbits scoot away from us as we trudged to our toboggan hill. The neighborhood teenagers were their own leaders and sports directors and never failed to join in this delightful winter fun.

Skating was another thing we enjoyed as teenagers. Skates were too expensive so our fathers or the older boys used to cut boards about fifteen inches long and four inches wide and embed onto them two parallel strands of wire one-quarter inch thick and two inches apart. They were fastened to our feet by means of leather straps attached to the sides. They were worn on one or two feet, depending on the skill of the skater. They seemed to work as you propelled yourself forward with the help of ski-type poles. On their way to

school, the kids often strapped them on to cross long lakes, faster.

Attending school in wintertime was very hard. There were no heavy boots warm enough. Those who could afford to, bought high-top felt boots and slip-over rubbers in order to keep warm and dry. Those who could afford rubber boots only, survived the cold by wrapping their feet with swaddling rags, topped with home-made crocheted or knitted socks.

The winters were fierce. Many times the parents would take turns driving the children to school and pick them up after school was over. I remember how the frost sealed our eyelids, and icicles and hoar frost formed around our faces as we breathed. Despite the bitter cold, sleigh bells on the horse harnesses made it seem cheerful as we covered up with down quilts and blankets, pressed on to school. This meant a lot of work for the parents preparing sleighs and horses for two daily round trips five times per week. Sometimes neighbors took turns on alternate days or weeks. Regardless, each day was exciting and different.

Let it be known that life in those days was not all hardship. I recall the exciting, happy times we all had with our neighbors, family, and school activities. Our parents made sure that we enriched our lives by taking part in music, singing and dramatics at an early age. We were encouraged to attend Ukrainian classes to learn reading and writing. They also bought a mandolin to enable me to learn music and to play in an orchestra. This music training became very useful after I married a school teacher who was expected to stage two concerts per year. I assisted training orchestras, choirs, and Ukrainian dances, recitations, plays and drills. Costumes for the drills, made from crepe paper, took many hours of work. Parents cooperated to the fullest extent and derived great pleasure seeing their children perform. I and other students thus got our first initiation into fine arts in this small way. My basic knowledge in music served me in good stead teaching school choirs and festival entries. I am proud to say, that my husband's Cache Lake school with my help won second-highest point aggregates at the St. Paul School Division festivals two years in a row during his five-year tenure at Cache Lake during 1933-38.

A second room addition to the Cache Lake school was badly needed and long overdue, but neither Inspector Gibault nor the Department of Education would approve its construction during the economic depression. Imagine the inspector's surprise during his following year's visit to see it completed and operational. Acting on John's recommendation, the cooperating ratepayers of the school district cut their own lumber, provided their own labor supervised by a paid master carpenter, Steve Sadlowsky, and at a cash

outlay of \$880.00 rendered the impossible, possible. All other costs were charged against their tax arrears. It was so nice to have Mr. John Buk as John's highly-valued assistant and co-worker during 1937-38.

The annual Indian Treaty Stampede was great excitement for us. We'd pack into wagons and democrats early in the summer morning and head for Saddle Lake Indian Reserve to participate and enjoy the native activities all day long. Their costume parades were most interesting and impressive. The surrounding tee-pees, squaws and their babies wrapped in leather bunting sacks and young ones dressed in their best finery of beaded clothes and leather head-dresses added much color and excitement. The unique smell of tanned leather permeated the air. Watching the Indians squatted in circles gambling was also eye boggling.

The Stampede usually lasted three days. We generally took in one day only. The natives had big competitions in horse racing, bronco riding, roping and calf tying, ball game competitions, and foot races. It was real fun as we flitted from place to place either to participate or to observe.

Towards evening, a big bonfire would be built and a Pow-Wow would get under way. A Pow-Wow is a dance in which you stand shoulder to shoulder with the natives in a huge circle around a bonfire. While the natives beat the drums you moved along sideways in short up and down jerks in quite a serious and orderly fashion, chanting "Uh-ha-ha-ha, Uh-ha-ha-ha" with rising and falling intonations. After that, we usually packed up for the eleven to twelve mile trip home ending yet another highly anticipated and enjoyable event.

Somehow in those days there was time enough to visit neighbors for a sing-song or card games. Sometimes women got together to card washed wool and spin it into yarn. At other times they gathered to crochet, knit, embroider, or to make quilts. Such productive enterprise contributed to sound mental health and happiness that boredom destroys.

Mother very rarely had leisure time. I remember her frequently sewing till three in the morning. She'd tuck into bed her children except Harry who would refuse to sleep because he enjoyed sitting and watching her sew. She enjoyed having him with her too. This was before his school days when he was free to rest during the day.

There were elaborate wedding parties and community dances which usually lasted near sunrise. The parents and children attended and had a great time. At times the young would be put to sleep wherever a spot of moderate quiet or space could be found, while the parents danced till cock's crow.

The popular Ukrainian weddings usually followed the old country tradition. Community status and pres-

tige of the sponsors were often measured by the size and extravagance of their weddings to which upwards of two hundred guests consisting of prominent community leaders, neighbors, relatives and close friends were invited formally and informally. Guests were accustomed to being welcomed and acknowledged upon arrival before being escorted to the dining table. Most hosts made provision for twenty persons per setting, so that dinner service was necessarily extended late into the evening, up to "presentation" time and beyond; larger homes assigning one room for the purpose managed with two seatings and a free-for-all lunch. Eventually those who could afford to, rented public facilities and catering services, but this was all in the post-pioneer era.

The amount of time, labour and money that went into those home "pottlach" rituals is hard to imagine. They called for butchering of a calf, steer and hog; and dozens of chickens, ducks and geese. Roasts, ground beef meatballs, smoked garlic sausages, and jellied headcheese loaves were made days in advance of the wedding and kept cold and fresh, suspended deeply in wells. Fowl was readied for roasting, and hundreds of holubchi (cabbage rolls) and pyrohy were prepared for baking and boiling. The "pyetz", an outdoor oven of clay and brick, was commissioned to work overtime by those who had one.

Besides the bread and buns required for the wedding, pies, cakes and cookies were made in large quantities even though guest ladies often brought confections for the hostess. In many cases, a lady experienced in wedding food services, was hired at minimal cost for the day of the wedding to take care of last-minute cooking, such as making the soup, boiling the potatoes, making gravy, and making sure that the food was heated and ready for serving. This took a lot of pressure off the hostess, as she was needed everywhere.

A dance floor for the wedding was prepared under roofed implement sheds, barn attics, big tents with an improvised wooden floor in the summertime. In winter the celebrations went on within the crowded homes with the guests finding enough room to do their highly-spirited dances - kolomaikas and polkas. Music was available from local musicians very knowledgeable in traditional Ukrainian songs and wedding dance music. Their instruments were mainly violins, guitars, dulcimers and drums. The weddings usually started early in the afternoon, with the musicians greeting the guests at the door. When the groom arrived, accompanied by music and songs, he was greeted with bread and salt carried by the bride's father and mother. A bride greeted him with a gift, usually a nice shirt. Toasts and greetings were sung by bridesmaids, the

bestmen, the toastmaster of the day and evening, and even by the guest volunteers. These were usually teasing songs to the bride and groom reminding them of their loss of freedom, the risks of marital bondage; their uncertain future, intermingled with lots of love suggestions, some exceedingly risqué and naughty. Most of these songs were of Old Country origin, but the Master of Ceremonies usually added his own versions and additions applicable to the young couple. The bride responded with a blush; the groom with a polite grin. The guests got much enjoyment out of such proceedings, as they crowded around the wedding party.

After everyone had dinner, they headed out to the dance floor where musicians played. They also accompanied the occasional singing of groups of women seated in choice locations singing old traditional Ukrainian songs. No matter what the weather was like, the wedding proceeded as usual. Later in the night, when the dancers were needing a bit of a rest, an important part of the wedding ceremony called "Presentation" (Perepiy) followed. For it the dinner table was covered with a lace cloth, and trimmed with green myrtle and crepe paper flowers in the wintertime, and fresh flowers in the summertime. Braided breads with candles atop were equally spaced on the table. An embroidered or crocheted doily decorated the large plate where the family and guests placed their monetary offerings as they greeted, congratulated and kissed the honored couple. In those days very few wedding gifts were given. Cash was preferred because it served so many purposes.

I should say that when the "Presentation Time" was announced, everyone headed for the table to drink a toast to the young couple. It was preceded by the parents of the bride and groom followed by the nearest relatives, friends and guests. In most cases, there were many tears shed when the bride paid farewell to her home. The mother of the bride often became very emotional as she embraced her daughter; the father choked back his tears, drank his toast halfway, and tossed the balance over his head onto the guests, as a token of good luck. After this presentation, more food was always laid out for a supper, more "Dai Bohze" toasts echoed and re-echoed, usually with homemade illegal whisky, doctored up with caramelized sugar. Some hosts made their own "moonshine"; others purchased it from their community bootleggers. Most weddings had a goodly supply of draft beer, purchased in ten-gallon kegs.

Government-controlled liquor was too expensive. Prohibition resulting from temperance, religious and abstinence groups made liquor more desirable, so that people requiring liquor for weddings and special occa-

sions devised their own recipes and stills and made "homebrew". This illegal practice carried severe penalties so that the illicit product was invariably hidden in woodpiles, in deep snow, in open fields, barns, strawstacks and haystacks to foil the R.C.M.P., always standing ready to catch the culprits (especially those who sold it for profit), confiscate their equipment, and impose fines and jail sentences. It's strange that the stuff that would not freeze at fifty below zero, often brought the drinkers' temperatures far beyond the boiling point!

Like most communities, Spedden experienced a bust and boom until the stock market crash of 1929 rocked the entire world. It gave rise to several years of "starvation in the midst of plenty", mass unemployment and unrest; countless bankruptcies of primary producers; fewer markets; closed doors to higher education and health and medical services; propaganda and scapegoating; conflicting ideologies; unprovoked aggressions, and the growing radicalization of many intellectuals seeking rational solutions to an intolerable status quo.

A "war to save democracy" followed. Prosperity progressively returned not as a result of planned construction but planned destruction of the World War II adversaries locked in mortal combat. When the war was nearly over and the victory of the Allies over the Axis powers was virtually assured, mom and dad commenced a post-war reconstruction of their own lives. Unrewarding farming held promise of a limited future so they decided to change their occupation and life style during their semi-retirement, and initiated "The Elk Point Era".

The Elk Point Era

After thirty-three years on the farm, Fred and Sophia's life changed dramatically. The children were all on their own. The youngest son, John, was attending high school in Radway. The only one at home was Harry and getting married to Susan Wynnyk on August 4, 1946. Susan's willingness to continue teaching and Harry's decision that he had had enough of farming, prepared them for a business career in Elk Point.

Since father had been buying stock in Spedden, Vilna, Ashmont, Elk Point and St. Paul, he developed a good idea which of the areas had most to offer him and his wife.

A quick decision was made to sell the family homestead and a local buyer was available. This was 1944 and land was cheap. They sold 160 acres of developed land and buildings (house, two barns, chicken coops, implement shed, two granaries, original log cabin) with all improvements, at a price of \$2700.00, many times multiplied during several subsequent re-



1950: Fred and Sophia Shewchuk.

sales. A sale followed to sell livestock and implements and a move was on to Elk Point, Alberta, about fifty-five miles from their first pioneering homesite. Mother grieved the most relinquishing the home where she raised her family and played a big part in its success towards providing all her family needs. She claimed that the livestock being sold was the hardest to part with. Only once, twenty-three years later, did she return to her family's abode, ironically only to die in it, her life cycle fully completed.

Fred, my father, chose Elk Point because he came to know it when he bought livestock there for Frank Skarlicki of Vilna. The progressive town had a population of about one thousand. The land surrounding it was excellent for grain farming and mixed farming. It boasted an excellent hospital, well-accredited schools, two churches, a sizeable hotel, a modern railway station, a couple of garages, several stores and restaurants, various recreational facilities, administrative offices, and numerous surrounding lakes for boating, camping and fishing. There he discovered a general store that promised to provide son Harry and his associates a business opportunity in which he himself chose to become a silent partner.

Decisions were made quickly to buy the store and its owner's residence. Everything seemed to fall into place and everyone was pleased.

Mother was delighted with the move as it meant a lot less work for her there where she acquired a lovely furnished four-room bungalow and where she easily won a large circle of friends. Their backyard consisted of two large lots housing a large building suited for car storage and dad's honey culture, as well as sufficient space for her garden, flowers, and small fruits to which she was so fondly devoted.

Mother and dad made friends very easily. They had three children and their families living there too. Soon after their move to Elk Point, mother's brother, John Habiak and wife Anna, moved there with their son Mike Habiak and his family. Uncle John's daughter Mary and her husband Nick Bochon soon after moved just next door to mother and dad. Father did not travel to buy stock beyond Elk Point so that he was home full time. He was so glad that finally he could make his wife's life much easier. My mother used to say, "If only he could have been so helpful to me on the farm", as he catered to her every need.

Mother delighted in keeping her home neat and spotless. For the first time in her life she had an opportunity and time to read Ukrainian books and magazines. She spent a lot of time making quilts and bedspreads for all the family. There were always preparations to host her scattered brood during occasional weekends, principal holidays and special events. Our younger children, Ken and Linda, never failed to get excited as we came within sight of the town, shouting "Yelk Point, Yelk Point". A few minutes after, they were hugging and kissing Grandma and Grandpa, and sampling all sorts of goodies awaiting their arrival. What glorious memories special holidays spent with them hold!



Fred and Sophia stand beside their new home in Elk Point.

We always made a special effort to get there in time for Christmas Eve supper regardless of the distance travelled. There usually would be about twenty of us seated at two tables well laden with the traditional kutya (wheat and poppy), pyrohy, fish, holubchi, mushrooms, borstch, jellied salads, nalysnyki and much, much more.

The Christmas meal generally com-

menced with a short speech of welcome and a prayer, usually by mom. Dad then followed up with "Dai Bohze" (May the Lord grant) toast for health and happiness. In response, all diners filled their glasses with a beverage of their choice, clicked their raised glasses with those nearest to them and uttered a chorus of "Dai Bohzes" in return. Some preferred the term "Na Zdorowlya" (for good health) for toasting and responding in similar fashion. Eating, drinking, chatting and singing (including carols) continued long past midnight.

After dinner the children always looked for Santa Claus to arrive, as the gifts piled around the Christmas tree. Needless to say, at a moment like this, there would be no room for anything else as the gifts were opened and hugs and kisses of thanks were bestowed upon the givers. Sometimes some guests went to mid-



1953: L-R: Back row: David, Anne, Jack, Mother Sophia, Harry, Pearl and Susan. Front row: Kenneth, Lillian, Donald.



1960: Seated: Harry, Stella, John. Standing: Pearl, Metro, Anne.

night mass at the church, while others made plans to attend Christmas mass in the morning.

The evening seemed short with all the excitement, but mother never retired until everyone of us was tucked in beds, sofas, and sleeping bags. Overflow guests were kindly accommodated at cousin Mary Bochon's (next door), Auntie Pearl's, Uncle Harry's or Uncle John Habiak's homes.

My husband always teases me about the time I truly believed that a cuckoo bird was near me in our parents' house. This happened the first day we arrived. Tired and exhausted from a long trip, a big meal and "toasts", I retired shortly before midnight and fell into a deep sleep. My husband, John, was getting into bed at the time the cuckoo clock commenced singing its twelve cuckoos. Suddenly, awakened by the movement of the bed and the singing of the cuckoo clock, I exclaimed, "John, John, Cuckoo, Cuckoo." He never laughed so hard over my startled expression and embarrassment and never allows the incident to be forgotten.

When in Elk Point, during winter, the children skated or played hockey. In summer there was golfing, camping, boating and fishing at various nearby lakes. All the grandchildren loved to come to Elk Point. It was a fun place where the grandparents' hospitality was always warm and welcome.

In his retirement my father added a hobby which turned out to be a business venture. Elk Point's fields of alfalfa and clover gave a special flavor to the honey, readily identified. He started an apiary and found that he loved to handle the bees and their honey. He kept building his bee hives until at one time he had 300 of them, producing tons of honey. He wintered some of the hives, despite the cold winter in Alberta, but ordered most of them from California every spring.

After the World War II there was a shortage of sugar so father went into the production of honey, selling it to the wholesalers in cans, jars and five gallon containers. He also had his own labels and sold it to the grocery stores, institutions and private people. The price was as low as twenty cents a pound. He perfected his equipment so that the honey was very clear and of right consistency. He packed some of the honey that was creamed. That was my favorite. His honey was excellent and he was always very generous with it. He would always say, "Take all you want.



Fred, Anne and Sophia enjoy a cherry snack in Kelowna, B.C.

Eat lots of it. It is so good for you. Enjoy it while I can still give all you want."

There was a lot of hard work lifting those honey-laden trays. Occasionally the family members, John, Jack, Harry and even his grandsons David and Donald helped grandpa, but most of it was his job and he loved it. He loved the bees and handled them gently. In return they hardly ever stung him. I watched him talking to a bee, as it was crawling up his arm, saying lovingly, "pchilochka" meaning "little bee" as he gently waved his arm to make it fly away.

Mother and dad's retirement was indeed happy. They had new interests and hobbies and lots of friends and family. One particular couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Windiuk, close neighbors, very often shared many stories about each other's lives. They played cards, told jokes, had tea and dinners together. I personally witnessed a steady stream of visitors at their door, when I spent about four months with my parents in 1951. They found time to visit more distant children and relatives several times a year and took annual holidays to Banff and Radium Hot Springs in B.C., their favorite holiday resorts. I took them twice on trips to Spokane, Washington, and the Okanagan Valley at cherry season time. Unforgettable trips that gave us so much pleasure; they were good company.

We gave mom a tiny Pekinese doggy which she adored. It was given to us by our friends, Alex and Ann Stuart in Edmonton, but because we already had a French poodle called "Dee-Dee" we decided to present this beautiful tiny puppy to manna. She enjoyed it immensely and treated it like a baby. She often took walks with doggy on a leash trotting beside her. Passers-by would make sure to comment, and because mother loved to stop and talk to people, this little

doggy added much pleasure to her life. But sad to say, one day, just for a second, it chased after something and a car ran over it. Mother cried for many days. We tried to get her another one, but could not find a replacement.

The happy days at Elk Point were clouded with worries about daughter Stella's divorce. They had custody of granddaughter Marsha for some time and would have loved to keep her longer but had to let her go. This brought them much sadness. However, having lots of sympathy from many friends and family comforted them greatly.



March, 1951: Cousins: Ronald Shewchuk, Donald Bidney, Marsha Mitchell.

My father's checker games with my mother's brother, John Habiak, became an almost daily routine. It was fun to sit on the side and watch those two have a friendly competition. For long periods of time the only sounds or words in Ukrainian and English one would hear would be: "Aha", "Anu", "A ya tut", "I'll show ya...", "A ya tak", "A na maish." Very few words were spoken during the fierce but friendly rivalry. I have never witnessed my father and his brother-in-laws argue over any matter. They held much respect for one another. This same respect was instilled in us.

I would be remiss not mentioning the surprise 40th Wedding Anniversary party we accorded Mother and Dad in 1953. Many came from afar. We, brother Metro and families came from Edmonton; Uncle Steve Habiak and his wife Catherine from Spedden; Uncle Bill and his wife and family from Vilna; my father's old and only Aunt Catherine and her husband John Huk and family from Two Lakes, Alberta; and numerous former neighbors and friends from Spedden helped to make the occasion of music, food, and dancing, highly memorable.

We were amazed how well everyone kept the affair secret. We convinced our folks that we came to Elk Point to visit them for the week-end. We kept all others away from the house. On Saturday afternoon we requested Mom and Dad to join us to see a Ukrainian film at the community hall. They were pleased with the rare opportunity. After dinner we arrived at the hall door. While father was taking out his wallet to pay the admissions, the corner of his eye caught sight of Uncle Steve. Mom and dad both started to exclaim, "Uncle Steve is here. Oh! Uncle Bill is here," and so on as they saw them in the distance. Soon after, the corsages were pinned on their lapels and the music

commenced, with the honored couple accorded the first dance. My father had never danced before, but forgetting all inhibitions, he consented to dance with mamma, and to our surprise he did very well. Once started, he never stopped. That night he gave every lady a whirl. Henceforth, we enjoyed watching our daddy making our mother happy by keeping her on the dance floor. She loved dancing but was unable to convince her partner to muster enough courage to venture out for the first dance.



1953: Fred and Sophia dance at their 40th Wedding Anniversary.

The party was delightful with at least 150 new and old friends attending. A wedding cake was set up on a decorated table with honored guests, Mom and Dad, cutting it up for distribution, as tokens of appreciation and good luck. A dinner and speeches honoring the couple followed to make it a truly delightful event.

Ten years later we surprised them with a 50th Wedding Anniversary party at their home, with the closest relatives attending. Uncle Harry and Aunt Myrtle from Freeport, Illinois, were present. The reception was held in their back yard on a lovely summer day. Congratulations and certificates were received and read from federal and provincial governments, followed by speeches and cutting the cake which was served with many other refreshments.

Our parents enjoyed many happy family gatherings. Their eldest granddaughter, Lillian, had a big wedding which they proudly attended in 1963. Every summer my father's brother Harry and his wife Myrtle from Illinois, U.S.A., came to visit, timing one of them with Lillian's wedding. In 1963, immediately after Lillian's wedding, my parents took a trip to the Soviet Union to visit his family in the Ukraine for the first time since he had left his homeland in 1907 at age sixteen. A joyous occasion indeed!

In the early Sixties, Fred and Sophia joined their son Metro and his wife on a trip to Mexico. Though



1953: Guests at 40th: *In foreground: Granddaughters Elizabeth and Gloria Shewchuk; Mrs. Windiuk, Aunt Catherine Huk; John Habiak, Catherine Habiak, Annie Habiak; Anne Dubeta, sons Metro and John Shewchuk.*



1963: Fred and Sophia's 50th Wedding Anniversary.

their trip by car was quite tiring, they were rewarded by seeing firsthand spectacular landscapes, new states and countries, as well as manners and customs of their inhabitants. My father loved the Spanish language, and was proud to have learned a few Spanish words. He bought a Spanish dictionary and vowed that he would return someday, better versed in that romantic language. Regrettably his retirement was not long enough to satisfy more fully his love of travel and exotic cultures. Brother Metro was unable to reconcile Mexico's extreme poverty and wealth, and the contradictions of its religion in theory and practice.

They were fascinated with Mexico City, Acapulco, floating gardens in Xochimilco, bullfights, exciting cactus growths and mountains, particularly Mount Popocatepetl. They also told us of the beautiful

University fascias on their buildings, and the gorgeous frescoes in the churches. They talked excitedly about the Mexican fiestas where dancers in elaborate costumes performed. Our entire family was exceedingly pleased that at long last they were enjoying some new pleasures of life.

The trip initiated by Metro had a dual purpose. The first was that he finally reached a position of being able to afford a little luxury for himself, his wife, and parents. Reason number two was his hope that the trip would appease his wife Emma who was growing restive and uneasy at home. He felt that a trip might help to broaden her outlook and restore peace and tranquility at home. However, their marital turmoil continued, and a divorce followed. It was another sorrow

for mom and dad, interposed with joy.

Four years later our daughter Linda married Robert Papirnick. Despite rather severe winter conditions, mother and father drove nearly 200 miles to attend the marriage ceremony and the catered wedding reception held at our 8 Laurier Place home in Edmonton with nearly 200 guests in attendance.

However, just two weeks later we were advised that dad was seriously ill and required special attention in Edmonton - the beginning of our family's chain of tragic events. Dad had a premonition as he gazed



Guests at 50th: Seated: *Annie Habiak, Sophia's brothers John, William, and Steve; Fred's brother Harry and wife Myrtle, from U.S.A. Back row: Mike Habiak, Fred Shewchuk.*

across the hospital room and said to me, "How I'd like to continue living." I shuddered at the possible seriousness of the situation.

Serious it was, when soon after the operation, the family was told that the doctors could not help him in his advanced form of cancer of the liver. Before long he jaundiced. Needless to say, we were all devastated by the initial tragedy. Because our father was always so strong and active, we expected him to be around forever; we couldn't tell him that it was only a matter of time. We cheered him and visited him daily. Later we were beside him constantly, alternating two family members per night. His suffering lasted five weeks. Following his exploratory operation he died March 29, 1967. Funeral services were held on April 1, 1967, at Elk Point Greek Catholic church with Reverend Cherkawsky officiating, and interment at its local cemetery followed.

While our hearts were breaking over the loss of our father, we were comforted that at least 200 people filed past his casket and offered their sympathies. It was good to know that he had so many friends. A dinner was served after the burial, with Rev. Cherkawsky leading us in prayer.



January 28, 1967, Fred and Sophia at Linda's wedding.

Wearily we returned to our respective homes to try to continue our normal lives. Little did we know that this was only the beginning of a series of bereavements.

As the Victoria week-end approached, my brother Metro Shewchuk, who lived in Sicamous where he operated a garage and service station, felt the urge to go fishing on May 21, 1967. He got his friend to join him by jeep, fully equipped for two days of fishing at Kidney Lake, B.C., some twenty miles away.

After a day's fishing and a big dinner ashore, his friend decided to have a nap. Metro, looking at the lake and seeing the fish jump, decided to go fishing alone. His friend awakened and waited but there was no sign of his return.

His death was anticipated two days beforehand by a teacup reader reading his estranged wife's teacup. On the night preceding his drowning, his youngest daughter, Gloria, fled out of her bedroom in abject terror after awakening from a horrifying dream in which her father's voice summoned her to approach him lying in a coffin similar to the one in which he was buried.

An alarm was sounded to the R.C.M.P., and the family, Stella (his sister) immediately rushed over from Enderby. Brother Harry Shewchuk and his Uncle Bill Habiak rushed to the scene from Spedden and Elk Point. Divers were hired and on the fifth day his body was found in deep water not far from shore. We can only assume that he either lost his balance while casting from someone's rickety abandoned boat, and hurt himself in the process, or else he suffered a heart attack. Ironically, he chose to leave his sturdy, personally-built boat at home. Another bereavement so soon after the loss of our father was a grievous experience indeed. When we called Father Cherkawsky to officiate at another funeral, he was stunned. The funeral service was held in the Greek Catholic church, at Elk



Metro and his fish.

Point as previously, after which dear Metro was laid to rest beside his father's grave. A dinner was served after the burial. He left to mourn his loss, two daughters, Elizabeth and Gloria, one son, Gordon; and his divorced wife Emma, and his common-law wife, Jean.

Mother faced up to the loss of her husband and son exceedingly well, but looked pale and exhausted. Sister Pearl and I gave her full assurance that we would take care of her. Reluctantly we returned to our

work obligations in Edmonton, but promised to return in four days. Mother was left in her home in the company of Auntie Catherine Huk, son John and Metro's friend Jean; her niece, Mary Bochon, next door; and son Harry and his wife Susan and their family, and her brother John Habiak and his wife and family only a few blocks away. My sisters and I felt that we were safe in leaving her for four days before welcoming her to our Edmonton homes.

Within three days we were stunned beyond belief that our precious mamma had suffered a heart attack. Her already weakened heart was unable to withstand the cruel blow of fate. The unbelievable story is as follows:

After Metro's funeral, Auntie Huk stayed with mother to comfort her, but after two days expressed her desire to return to her home in Two Lake, Alberta, sixty miles away. On the third day she missed the bus that would have taken her there. To save further disappointment, mother suggested that her son John, she and her closest friend, Domka Windiuk would drive her home.

Homeward bound on June 1, 1967 at about four o'clock in the afternoon, as they approached her old hometown of Spedden, mother decided to spend an hour or two showing her closest friend the immediate neighborhood and the family home and property owned by them for thirty-three years, sold in 1944, and not even once revisited. It was only four miles off the



May 29, 1967: "Worried" Mamma.

highway and seemed to be an ideal time to show her friend in person what she had on repeated occasions described.

Along the way, as they kept travelling, she pointed out every neighbor's residences and even took a side trip of two miles to show her late parent's homestead, which was her first home in Canada, arriving there at age thirteen with her three brothers, Steve, John and William. After viewing the place, they proceeded to her homestead, proudly showing the still functional entrance gate that her husband had built. They drove into the yard and together systematically reviewed all its contents built by dad — fences, machine sheds, barns, chicken coop, root cellar, and even the granaries where dad sought to outwit our clever horse, Jock. Nothing changed quite as much as the exterior of her family home and the adjacent flower and small fruit garden, once her pride and joy.

After everything was explained, she said to her friend, "Let's go into the house and meet the housewife." They knocked at the door but there was no answer. The door was unlocked, so mother said, "Let's go in for a quick look; the lady must be in the fields working. After all, I feel as though I have returned home, so let's go inside." She proceeded to comment on the general layout repressing her pent-up emotions, but after stepping into the living room, she winced at the severe pain in her chest, unable to breathe, reclined at the nearby sofa with son John and friend trying desperately to help. John ran for the car and rushed to Spedden to summon medical help from Vilna. Her friend held her in her arms to comfort her but within a few minutes our loving mother's life ebbed away on June 1, 1967. Ironically, for the first time she had left her nitro-glycerine pills behind.

Our son Kenneth, of whom his grandparents were so proud, was in his final year of medical studies. Ironically his grandfather died one day before Ken's 23rd birthday and his grandmother died in the late afternoon of June 1, 1967, a few hours before he was awarded his Doctor of Medicine degree, with not even his parents there to witness his joy mixed with tears of sorrow. He had raced from Montreal Expo for the evening Convocation only to be dumfounded by his devastating loss. Her friend was broken up for months over this trauma and related to us every detail of that horrendous experience.

Mother completed her full circle of life in the same house that had given birth and loving care to her children. Coincidence yielded to strange interplay of supernatural forces reflected in the dates and time intervals of our loved ones' deaths and funerals. Only three days after her son's funeral and exactly within two months of her husband's funeral, she joined them

both. Rev. Cherkawsky had never heard of similar tragedies in such close succession. Our continuing love and affection for them helped us bridge our deep sorrow.

Her prayer service was on Sunday, June 5th, at 10 a.m. with Rev. Cherkawsky officiating. Holy Mass was said at both services accompanied by the church choir led by Mike Panylyk whose singing my mother

admired and requested for her husband's funeral. Burial took place at 12 p.m. in the Elk Point Catholic Cemetery beside her husband and son.

Her son-in-law John Dubeta stayed up most of the night to write both in English and Ukrainian the following tributes and poem honoring his beloved mother-in-law.

John's obituary excerpt and poem:

"Good parents are God's greatest gift. For this reason, despite our heavy burden of sorrow, we can count ourselves amongst the truly blessed. We are grateful that our beloved parents spent fifty-four years of happy married life together; that they served as a model for happy family life; that they lived long enough to see their youngest reach his middle age; that they were blessed with thirteen grandchildren and five great-grandchildren of whom they have reason to be proud; that we celebrated with them their major anniversaries, including the 50th, their Golden Wedding, four years ago; for their host of loyal, well-wishing friends; their opportunity to see the world, such as Mexico, U.S.A., and particularly their homeland and loved ones in the Ukraine in 1963; and for the fact that they found so much joy and delight in their own and our company.

They endowed us with many rich qualities of character which generations yet unborn will inherit as an essence of earthly immortality. We have confidence that herein lie the foundations of spiritual immortality when our own span of life is run. May God bless her and keep her. May she rest in peace along with her husband and son, her travelling companions to everlasting life."

Eternal Blossom

Rarest of Mothers, in Canada's domain,
Grafted from Europe's hardy breed;
You grew in body, heart and soul
Denying none who were in need.
In God's own time, you shared your life
With one so worthy of your hand;
Two kindred hearts in unison,
You were top parents in our land.
Nothing too big, nothing too small,
For your generous hearts to bear;
Your family's good, your prime concern,
Each one receiving his fullest share.
You shared our joys and our distress,
Sustained us with a gladsome mind;
Your golden heart overlooked our faults,
Sustained our lives, forever kind.
The thorny cross, by Godly grace,
You covered up with roses rare;
The eternal blossom of your love,
In our sad hearts we'll forever bear.
Respectfully presented by your loving son-in-law,

John Dubeta.

Chapter 2

IMMEDIATE AND EXTENDED FAMILY

My Brothers and Sisters

Brother Metro: 1914 - 1967

My brother, Metro Shewchuk, was born on April 28, 1914 one year after his parents Fred and Sophia married. A grandson delight to Dmetro and Anna Habiak especially since he was grandfather's namesake. He was the one I earlier mentioned nicknamed "Tunio". He was also the first nephew to Uncle Steve, John and William Habiak who just loved all of us youngsters. They never tired to

play with us, raising us to the ceiling and swinging us in every possible way, forgetting that children were not yoyos.

Mother had a hard time getting Metro started at school. She used to say that he'd return after wandering for hours on the road. However, he finally did get going there sharing its rich experiences.

One thing about him I remember is his playing with the garter snakes, then very numerous. He used to take a long pole, twelve or more feet in length, and pin down the snake tails. The snakes' bodies would writhe in all directions, trying to get away. We all watched curiously, fascinated with his skill to pin down those crawly creatures that we wouldn't touch for the world. Husband John boasts of his superior accomplishments as he collected and held in one hand as many as six wrigglers at a time. Soap was put to a severe test indeed!

Metro had a talent readily recognizable in early years. He loved motors. Nothing made him happier than being left alone to disassemble and assemble them. He thus became an excellent self-taught mechanic who turned a hobby into a career after he acquired certification. He progressed from working in garages to acquiring and operating ones of his own.

He was a well-built, good-looking young man, somewhat shy and super-sensitive. At times he overstepped the happy medium between pursuing his love of pool playing and helping mother look after the farm and home when father was absent working in the coal mines. He socialized well with his peers, participated in team sports, and accompanied us to community dances. He became fond of a beautiful girl named Sadie who disillusioned him by succumbing to the romantic wiles of a travelling gypsy, joined his troupe and perfected her spouse's art of fortune telling. He did recover however and within a year or two married Emma.

I recall when Metro and his youthful peers



1929: Metro Shewchuk.

Bill Hopchin, Peter Filewych, and Jack Bidney planned an extended hunting and trapping expedition into Fork Lake country to test their trapping skills in the wilderness for several weeks. They persuaded our neighbor Mike Filewych to drive them to the area residence of an acquaintance Ray Kumpala, who very obligingly promised to drive the fellows back home when they were ready. They set up camp nearby having great hopes of bringing back many pelts that would give them spending monies. Despite their best efforts to stockpile muskrat, beaver and weasel pelts, they had minimal success and were obliged to return home not much richer but wiser.

I remember Metro and the same lads leaving for larger farming areas such as Vegreville, Two Hills, and Royal Park to get work during the harvest season for as little as fifteen dollars a month stooking grain, and a bit more for threshing it. Depression years were very hard on everyone, when better paying jobs were extremely scarce.

In 1938, at age twenty-four, Metro married Emma Beniuk. There was a big wedding, and from then on, he was pretty well on his own, working very hard. His garage business in Spedden was quite successful. He later moved to Heinsburg to operate a general store which he bought from Paul Buck. This store burned down and Metro and his family moved to Lac La Biche where he built a large hardware store. He later sold it to a Lac La Biche resident, Harry Lobay, (Socred M.L.A.) whose family is continuing a successful business there.

Metro then moved with his family to Edmonton, where he built a home and got into a dragline construction work and rock crushing. At this stage of his life, he and Emma divorced. It was a big blow to all the family. There were three children. This separation

was very hard on them and him. To escape this marital tragedy, Metro moved to Sicamous, B.C., where he operated a garage and service station for a few years until his fatal fishing accident at Kidney Lake on Victoria Day week-end, May 24th, 1967, at fifty-three years of age. This tragedy occurred only seven weeks after our father Fred died of cancer of the liver. Just one week following Metro's drowning, our mother Sophia died, ironically in the very same house and home that our parents had sold in 1944. It was too



1991: The Giese Family: Cheryl, Gloria, Michael & Ken.



1938: Day after wedding. L-R: Catherine Habiak, Anne Dubeta, Fred Shewchuk, Sophia Shewchuk, John Habiak, Katherine Beniuk, John Beniuk, Annie Habiak, William Habiak, Emma Beniuk, Metro Shewchuk. Front Row: Harry Shewchuk, Lillian Dubeta, Peter Habiak, John Shewchuk.



1986: Back Row: Anne Dubeta, Gloria Giese, Cheryl Giese; Seated: Michael Giese, John Dubeta.

much for her ailing heart. This was the saddest period of our lives. We lost three loving people too suddenly. Metro loved the Sicamous, B.C., area. Too bad he couldn't have lived longer to enjoy his new environment, and see his children grow up to the beautiful people they now are.

His daughters are Elizabeth, the eldest, married to William Matychuk, now living in Edmonton, Alberta. They have five children. Second daughter is Gloria, John's godchild, married to Kenneth Giese. They have one daughter Cheryl and a son Michael. They live in Stony Plain, Alberta. The third child is Gordon, a grown man engaged in mining, surveying and engineering, with Luscar Mines. Luscar Mines reminds me of my father Fred, Gordon's grandfather, working its coal mines three generations beforehand.

Metro's funeral was May 29th, 1967. His body was interred in the Catholic Cemetery at Elk Point, beside his parents' graves. The strange interplay of numerical dates and intervals surrounding their deaths is stranger than fiction, giving cause to superstitious alarm.

My Sister, Pearl (Shewchuk) Bidney, 1920-1978

When Pearl was born on October 12, 1920, our parents must have been superbly delighted at what they saw, a dark-haired baby, quite different from the fair-haired Metro and me.

Pearl and I were only two and a half years apart so we grew up together and remained close throughout our lives. Being older and taller, I had a few advantages as I got more new clothes, while Pearl at times ended up getting my outgrown items. Not much different from today's families.

We had much fun playing games when we were growing up as there were now three of us, fairly close together. Playing house, Metro would be daddy, I the mamma, and Pearl, the child. Rag dolls were family additions. This game was our favorite, modelled on our own family experiences.

When school started, Pearl's favorite friend was a neighbor's daughter named Pearl Filewych who had a sister Tillie, my age. My best recollection of the two Pearls' friendship was their hand-in-hand walks to and from school and parting with a kiss at the gate. But

there were times when they had a fight on the way and that's when Tillie and I would become involved and got ourselves to the point of not speaking to one another. What was most disturbing was the two Pearls would resume their friendly relationships soon after, while we two older sisters bore grudges for days. If you want to create a better world, let the younger children do it.

Pearl was an active young gal who had a lovely singing voice. She also

mastered the mandolin, joined the orchestra, and danced intricate Ukrainian dances at the concerts. She loved sports and was on the school teams in competition at the local district picnics.

Besides being helpful in all farm chores, her preference was to feed the chickens and gather the eggs. I recall her special interest in baby animals. She was the one who gave comfort and special care to an injured bird, bottle-fed sick piglets and befriended calves, lambs and goats. She was all heart.



Pearl Shewchuk, Doris Bidney, Pearl Filewych.



1938: Pearl and Jack Bidney.

She loved poetry and wrote some poems herself. She once requested a poem from her brother-in-law, John. He wrote her one which she never forgot and recited it many years later to her doctor, while being examined during her fatal illness.

Pearl married a local farmer's son, twenty-eight year old Jack Bidney on January 19th, 1938. Pearl was fascinated with his good looks and athletic abilities. She surprised and disappointed us all by announcing her intention to marry and terminate her schooling beyond Grade IX, because she had the ability to matriculate and her parents were able and willing to see her through high school.

She and Jack started their life in a grocery store in partnership with her cousin Julia and Peter Filewych,



Pearl and Jack, January 19, 1942.

in the village of Spedden. It was difficult to make a living for two couples so they sold out and moved to Glendon to operate a consumer cooperative grocery store.

A son Donald was born to them in 1939. Following his birth, Pearl experienced many problems with her breasts. As an infant, Donald barely survived his bout with spinal meningitis

which may have contributed to other health problems in later years. That was a very trying period in their lives.

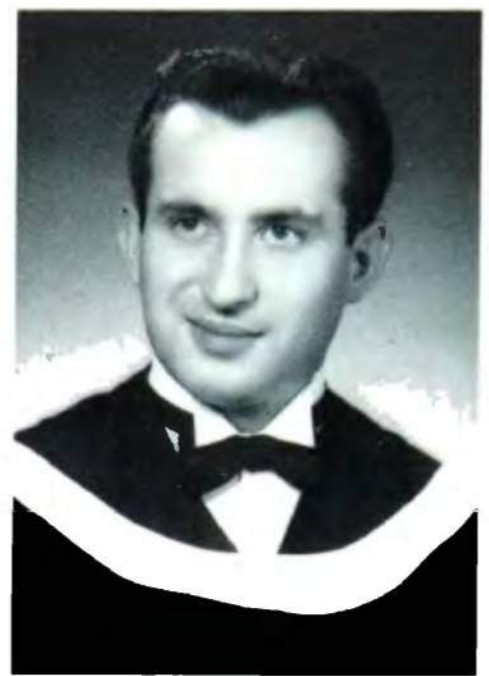
Jack sought other work horizons and ended up working in a pulp and paper mill in Powell River, B.C. In 1941, Pearl and Donald joined Jack there, for about five happy years. Pearl worked in a fish cannery after taking Donald to Day Care centers.

They returned to Elk Point, Alberta, to become partners in a large grocery store with her brother Harry and wife Susan. Our parents, silent partners



Donald Bidney, July 1942

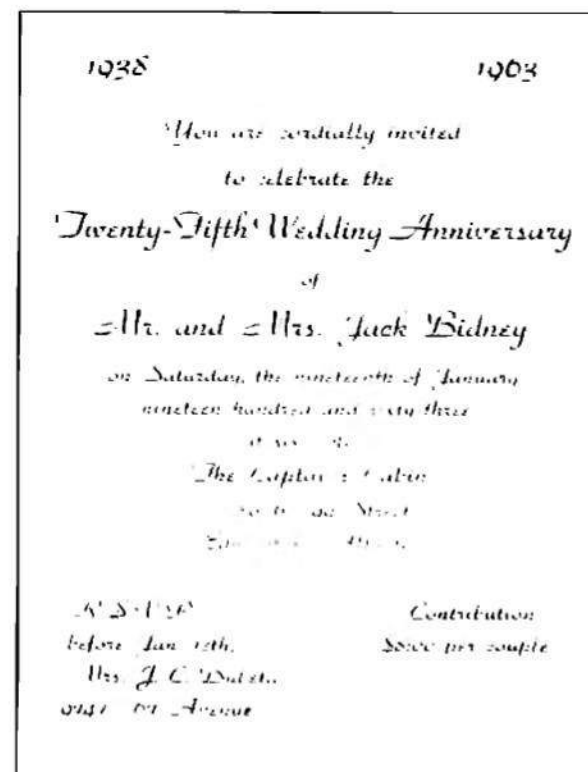
in the business lived there, as did Uncle John Habiak and his wife Anne, and their children Mike Habiak and wife Mary, and daughter Mary and her husband Nick Bochon and their respective families. Mike was the town mayor. The partnership was successful; and business was good. They developed a wide circle of friends. They enjoyed the close family ties: sports, particularly baseball and curling; and the cultural and religious life of the community.



Donald Bidney, U. of A. Economics.

Pearl was very active in the Elk Point United Church where she taught Sunday School to the children and sang in the church choir. She was sadly missed by the church group when she moved to Edmonton in 1956. Their son Donald was entering university and it seemed

logical for them



A 25th Wedding Invitation.

to make a home for him there. Besides, a job opportunity was available for Pearl and Jack in my expanding business, Dubeta Interiors, Ltd.

Pearl mastered the trade well enough to become the head lady in the drapery workroom where she made a valuable contribution. Jack handled all the installation of the custom work completed in the workrooms. They worked hard as a team for which I and my son David, who took over Dubeta Interiors in 1968, are most grateful.

Their life at this point, was quite normal and happy. Nearly two hundred relatives and friends from Elk Point, Spedden and Edmonton responded to the above Silver Wedding dinner and dance, spiced with much wit, humor and bottled spirits. The honored couple was happy to receive hearty congratulations from mom and dad, sisters and brothers, uncles and aunts.



Pearl and Jack Bidney's 25th.

Brother-in-law John, as M.C. was at his best.

On October 15, 1966, their son Donald married Bonnie Whittle in Ottawa, where they both worked.

holding a secure job in keeping with his personal ambition and ability. Life was relatively secure with an insecurity overtone because Donald proceeded to

Pearl and Jack attended the wedding in Ottawa (the bride's hometown) and shortly after, they happily staged their own wedding celebration in Edmonton, as soon as the young couple could attend. After nine years in Ottawa, they moved to Calgary and settled in a lovely home. Soon after, their two children Dana and Bruce were born. (November 2, 1971, and June 11, 1974, respectively) much to the delight of the grandparents. I remember the beautiful bedroom ensemble that Pearl made for her granddaughter, Dana. The same was done for the entire house. They helped the young family in many ways. The biggest demand on them was son Donald who had trouble getting and

*To Pearl on Her Birthday
October 12, 1976*

Pearl, the family conscience, has one year older grown,
The well-named precious jewel, has more than amply shown
Her treasured worth to husband, family, son,
To friends, neighbors, tenants, "boss", in fact everyone
Privileged to meet her, fondly recollects and knows
How in her friendship, compassion, understanding, each truly grows
In spirit, tolerance, goodwill, patience and kindly grace
Towards all earth-born companions and members of the human race.
Never by personal problems was Pearl ever so overwrought
That she retreated to her inner shell and forgot
To comfort and solace others in sorrow and distress,
And through her warmth and sympathy each one duly bless.
She has proved that life's not measured by one's years, but by the quality of living,
Sprinkled with the spice of kindness, and the act of forgiving
Our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us
For in the ledger of life, it's here where most of us take a loss.
Though she's leaving one family circle, she's strengthening another,
Where her role as dutiful wife, dear mom, and fond grandmother,
Will more than fill the void she leaves behind,
Leaving us the losers, for her replacement 'tis difficult to find.
With so much said, I have truly little left to say
Except "Happy Birthday, Sister-in-Law, many Happy Returns of the Day",
Confident that whatever you do and wherever you are,
You'll remain our family's precious pearl, and our Horizon's shining star.

With sincere, best wishes,
Your brother-in-law, John Dubeta.

make heavy demands on his parents, to cover the living expenses. His wife Bonnie refused to change her lifestyle or to get a job to ease the financial burdens.

At this stage Pearl and Jack sold their house on Whyte Avenue in Edmonton and bought a four-suite apartment which was to serve as a home for them and a source of income for retirement. However, their support for Donald and his family had to continue as unemployment aggravated his health problems requiring many tests and evaluations. After countless applications, Donald finally got a job in Victoria, B.C., with the provincial government which paid his move there. However, when the Social Credit Party defeated the N.D.P. Government in 1976, some departments were closed and many employees were dismissed, Donald among them. The parents worried how to help, and proceeded to do so far beyond their responsibility or call of duty.

Pearl terminated her work with our company in 1975 because of health reasons. When somewhat recovered, she and Jack decided to move to Victoria, B.C., to establish a Home Decorating business specializing in the same type of work she had previously done for fourteen years. This was an effort for the sake of their son and his family, the ultimate beneficiaries.

Within three months a lovely studio in Oak Bay area, fully equipped with samples and displays was completed. A mechanized work-room was readied for manufacturing. A grand opening followed early in January 1977. It was soon after that Pearl had a knee operation. She seemed to recover, but three months later her health broke down completely. Those she relied on and trusted let her down. A family business of great potential, guaranteeing jobs and security to everyone was sadly lost.

To save Pearl, the family conferred with doctors in Victoria and Vancouver for every possible help, even to the extent of taking her to Rochester, U.S.A., but she could not be saved. Within a year, after considerable suffering, she died of cancer on April 27, 1978 at fifty-eight. She was laid to rest at St. Michael's Cemetery in Edmonton, Alberta.

The business died soon after because its success depended on knowledge and experience and desire no longer present. It was sold for a song. Subsequently, Jack moved to an apartment in Edmonton where he lived five years, before passing away on March 8,



Dana and Bruce Bidney

1983. Donald divorced in 1981, continues to live in Edmonton, source of income or occupation unknown. His children Dana and Bruce continue to reside in Victoria with their mother Bonnie, who unfortunately for all concerned, rejected our many overtures to maintain close family relations. Alienation from her ex-husband should not necessarily produce a rift with other members of the family sincerely interested in her and her children's welfare.

John's excerpt from his obituary read by Linda during his absence in Corpus Christi, Texas, deserves inclusion: "Your courage made us brave; your faith made us strong; your cheerful, buoyant optimism gladdened our hearts. We are confident that your radiant spirit will continue to shed its benign beams on us from somewhere in the vast universe.

Your life has been our shining star,
Though over, will warm us from afar;
And keep our spirits ever bright,
By converting darkness into light."



*A memorable Christmas for three sisters in 1963.
L-R: Jack, David, Stella, Pearl, Anne.*

My Brother, Harry Shewchuk

Harry was born on October 10, 1922. He may have been mamma's pet because he enjoyed hanging around her, always trying to help. When he was as young as four, he often sat up with her into the wee hours of the morning, watching her sew.

As he grew older, he took on other duties alongside mother. When he reached the age of early teens he was able to handle every type of responsibility pertaining to soil cultivation and seeding, haying, handling horses, cattle, gardening, and every aspect of mixed farming. Father was away a lot of the time buying livestock or mining while Harry and mother handled the farm. Both mother and father were so proud of his responsible attitude, and his love and



Harry and Susan, August 4, 1946.

good care of the animals and all equipment. Harry pursued good farming to the detriment of his own education. He had limited opportunity to attend high school. When business was chosen over farming, he eagerly accepted the challenge and worked hard for its success. He continued to grow in the business world as I shall relate below.



Harry and cousin Bill Habiak.

His growing years from teens to man were quite varied as he found time to work on the farm, to play on ball teams, and socialize

with his youthful peers in community activities. He should receive most credit for being mother's right-hand helper, freeing dad to pursue his business, confident that farming remained in good hands.

My husband John should take some credit for finding Harry a lovely wife. Susan Wynnyk was John's high school student in Warspite, Alberta, where he was principal, during 1942-45. Susan completing her Grade 12, enrolled at the Edmonton Normal School. Because John had so much respect for his handsome and responsible brother-in-law, he secretly hoped that Susan's and his path would cross.

When Susan completed her teacher training, John suggested that she apply for a teaching position at the Cache Lake School, where he himself commenced his teaching career in 1933. By strange coincidence I married John and my brother married Susan soon after their arrivals.

Susan is everything that a wife and a sister-in-law could be to a fine deserving brother. She turned out to be more like our mother than any of us three sisters did. She is generous, hard working, a wonderful cook and hostess. Besides, she is a conscientious and wonderful mother to their two children, Sharon and Ronald who unfortunately suffered a near-fatal accident from which he has not fully recovered physically and psychologically. It is common knowledge that a great number of accidents occur at home where people least expect them. That certainly is true in Ronald's case. During the night the family cat meowed to be let out, something to which Ron was well accustomed. This time, however, he didn't put on the lights, and being very sleepy and tired, he got up and headed for the back door which was at the bottom of a short flight of steps. He tripped and fell through the glass door. He deeply severed his underarm arteries, but managed to get back to the kitchen where his groans and summons for help awoke his parents. They found him bleeding profusely and quickly improvised a make-shift tourniquet to stem the gushing flow of blood. It was a very frightening experience to his parents and himself, especially when they overheard, "Mom, dad, I think I'll be pushing up the daisies." Luckily Elk Point's Dr. Jim Miller and Ron's cousin, nurse Elaine Zayonce were soon on hand to complete the life-saving operation before he was rushed for emergency treatment in Edmonton. Thank God, he recovered. His scar is figuratively shared by all members of his family.

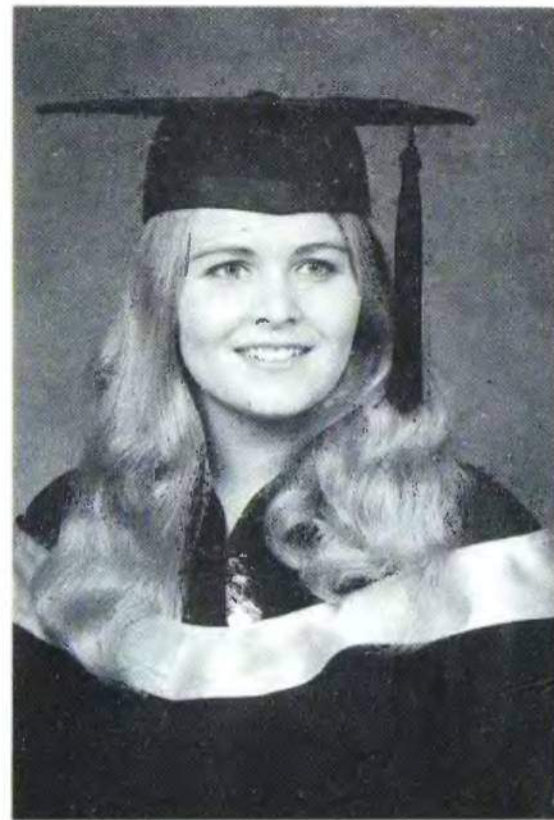
It was soon after Harry and Susan's wedding that life changed for my parents and Harry. The farm was sold and a grocery and hardware business was bought in Elk Point, Alberta, for the benefit of the young couple in partnership with Harry's sister Pearl and brother-in-law Jack Bidney.

Harry and Susan's life in Elk Point was normal and successful. Susan taught school there for several years and worked in the store. They enjoyed everything their community had to offer. They fished, camped, golfed, curled and had many friends. Harry served on the town council for several years.



Ronald Shewchuk.

Harry and Susan sold their store in Elk Point in 1976 and together with our architect son, David Dubeta, designed and in 1978 built in



Sharon.

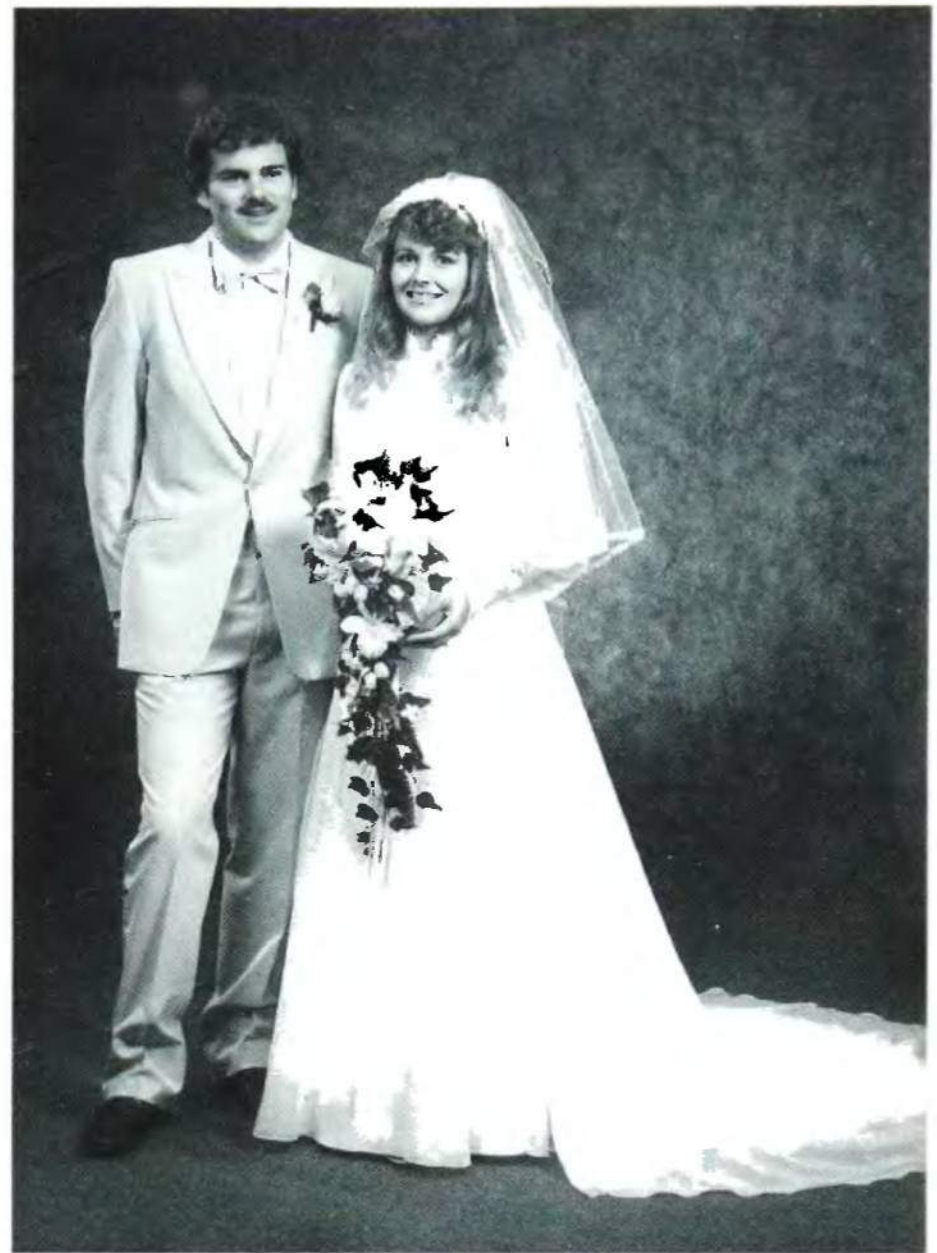
Lloydminster the beautiful Alberta Longbranch Hotel. In 1982, David designed and built his multi-million dollar Wild Rapids Water-slide Park in Sylvan Lake, Alberta. In order to finance his project, he sold his 50% shares to Harry and family, who are presently the hotel's sole owners.

Ronald was a university undergrad when the accident

at home took place. Sharon won her Bachelor of Education Degree, taught in Lloydminster, Alberta for several years, and gave up teaching in favor of becoming an assistant manager in her parents' hotel where brother Ronald has assumed several responsibilities.

Harry and Susan have found time for a brief holiday in Spain, and a few quick trips to Las Vegas to test their luck at the gambling tables, and to find some relief from the heavy demands of hotel management and operation. They are hoping to sell the hotel and retire to pursue leisure activities they so richly deserve.

One of the highlights of Susan's and Harry's life was the marriage on July 23, 1983, of their lovely



Above: Sharon and Jim Pennington. Right: Marty

daughter Sharon to Jim Pennington, her sweetheart of early school days. The well-attended wedding, sporting pink and white theme, was the talk of the town. Another highlight of their lives was the arrival of Marty, their first and only grandson, born in 1987. He is a wonderful example of what makes grandchildren so dear. All the more appreciated because his doting mother barely survived his delivery.



An event to remember was their fortieth Wedding Anniversary on August 2, 1986, celebrated in beautiful Bud Miller Park in Lloydminster, Alberta. Secretly sponsored by Sharon and Ronald, the gala event attracted relatives from near and far. It included nephew David Mitchell from Glasgow, Scotland; best man Arthur Filewych from Edmonton; Susan's sister Anne Stelmack, bridesmaid from Andrew, Alberta; Sharon's mother-in-law, Mrs. Pennington and brother-in-law John Dubeta of Kelowna, B.C., serving as master of ceremonies. It was a barbecue that has seen

few rivals. John's poetic tribute to them on this occasion is contained in Chapter V of this book.



L-R: Anne Stelmack. Susan, John D., Harry, and Arthur F.

My sister Stella (Zinnia Shewchuk) Robertson 1925-1979

A great sadness overcomes me as I prepare to write a brief history of my sister, Stella, who so very much loved life, gave life, lived to give love and comfort to many lives, and died an innocent victim at the hand of a maniac — a common-law husband of her friend Velta Hall. One of the greatest tragedies of our family.

Zinnia, our parents' fifth surviving child, was born on March 21, 1927. Father insisted that she be named Zocia (Ukrainian for Sophia) in honor of his loving wife. The childhood name Zocia soon changed to Zonia which became Zinnia after she enrolled in school, without any family opposition because the new name and its bearer were truly adorable flowers. Shortly after her divorce, Zinnia adopted her preferred name, Stella.

As time went by, she played and romped about the farm with us all. I recall one incident beside our chicken coop which nearly sent Zonia into orbit. As she and I headed towards the coop door to gather eggs, her left eye caught sight of a colorful snake coil which she thought was a ribbon. As she bent down enthusiastically shouting "stonzechka" (ribbon in Ukrainian), ready to scoop it up, the thing moved, and slithered away. Can you imagine her fright!

Zinnia attended Cache Lake School while my husband John Dubeta taught there. He often praised her ability as a student and her marvellous soprano voice. Many times he would say, "It would be wonderful if Zinnia could receive voice training, because she could easily become an opera star."

Because John and I moved to teach in Beauvallon, sixty miles away, we missed some of my sister's growing years. However, when John attended summer school at the University of Alberta in 1941 and I managed the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority home as a

boarding house for sixteen other teachers, my parents kindly lent me her services as a general assistant and caretaker of our two children, Lillian, six, and David, two years her junior. I realized that my baby sister, then fifteen, had grown into a pretty, fully developed young lady, and very attractive to the opposite sex but not yet receptive to their interest or advances. One such admirer was Bill, a graduate student to whom she was introduced by us, at a university function. Apparently, for him it was love at first sight, but definitely not for her. Though at first she accepted a date at the movies with him, when he was approaching the door she panicked and strongly informed me, "I'm not home, I'm not home, I'm not home", and quickly vanished. City life and a university environment was decidedly too much for her at the time, but it could have led to a brighter and happier future than the one she soon after experienced.

After the six weeks in the city with us she returned to Spedden and started high school in the fall. This small town and community was hard to accept but she attended and adapted reasonably well.

The following summer, her sister Pearl introduced her to Joe Mycak (later changed to Mitchell), a Glendon resident and Jack Bidney's co-worker in British Columbia. Zinnia got attracted to him and he proposed. She decided to get away from tiny Spedden so she quit school mid-term and agreed to marry Joe at



Joe Mycak and Zinnia Shewchuk in 1942.

seventeen years of age, after a half year of correspondence. Joe was ten years older, offering her a new style of living. She trusted him to take care of her and hoped for the same love and respect that her mother (married at fifteen) and her two sisters married at 16-17 had experienced.

Too bad her aspirations were not directed toward higher education and self improvement at the time. She had the qualities of a good mind and voice, but lacked the necessary initiative and determination to succeed academically. John was very disappointed that she forfeited her great opportunity for an early marriage.

Zinnia was a romanticist, and an optimist with a trusting and loving soul. She needed love, respect and understanding like most women do. When I compare my young marriage to hers, our respective husbands' attitudes were worlds apart. My husband, although very young too (twenty years old) accepted his responsibility at once. He shared everything with me. Children to him were Heaven's blessings. I could feel his love for me as he always praised and helped me in everything I did. I reciprocated in every way possible throughout what is now, fifty-seven years of happy marriage.

In Zinnia's case, my heart is exploding, wanting to write much about her reasons for finally giving up on her first marriage. My hope is that after ten years of patience, tolerance and cooperation with Joe for her children's sake, they will appreciate hearing why the marriage broke up.

She did not decide to take the children and manage on her own because of the shabby quarters that she was obliged to live in, or the skimpy household family allowances. Her parents and sisters and brother had little when they started, too. It was Joe's irrational jealous nature that wrecked the marriage. She was continually threatened, abused, and charged with infidelity, if she so much as greeted her neighbors in a friendly fashion, or showed any courtesy to a friendly visitor.

The straw that broke the camel's back was when her third baby, a black-haired child, was born. The elder two were blond; this one was different. Grandma Sophia's genes asserted themselves. Though the girl resembled her father more than the blond children did, Joe angrily charged Zinnia with being a whore giving birth to someone else's child, definitely not his. He kept loudly proclaiming far and wide and throughout the entire hospital, "This baby is not mine". At the time when she needed love, appreciation, comfort and assurance that most mothers giving birth receive, he abused and abandoned her without any further visits at the hospital. He alienated the nurses and doctor

against her as if she were guilty. This nearly broke her heart. Before the baby was allowed home he insisted on a blood test to try to disprove his paternity. He didn't come to take her home, and because she had no money for a taxi or even a street car, she was obliged to walk home with their baby, crying all the way. Having a strong recollection of her dear husband's past disclosures of his various means of destroying her without detection, she finally decided then that she had no choice but to leave him and take custody of the children, confident of her ability to do so on her own.

She took her family to Watson Lake, N.W.T., where she was offered a job as a cook. Her sister Pearl and our daughter Lillian both flew down to help her until she could make all the arrangements necessary for family care. However, Joe did not leave her alone. He offered no support, only hindrances. She fought to keep the children; he kept stealing them. One good thing was that his parents were good people who were willing to take care of the children. Our mother took Marsha, the youngest, and was willing to bring her up and give her every comfort, so that Zinnia could have her. To keep hurting Zinnia at every opportunity Joe pretended a fatherly interest not previously shown and kept stealing Marsha from her grandmother's custody. In fact all three children were snatched back and forth several times.

After several unsuccessful efforts to get full custody of the children, Stella and her immediate family and her parents Fred and Sophia agreed to entrust them to the care of their paternal grandparents, the elderly Mycaks, who stood ready, willing and capable of discharging the heavy responsibility. The only consolation to Zinnia was that they grew up together under loving care,



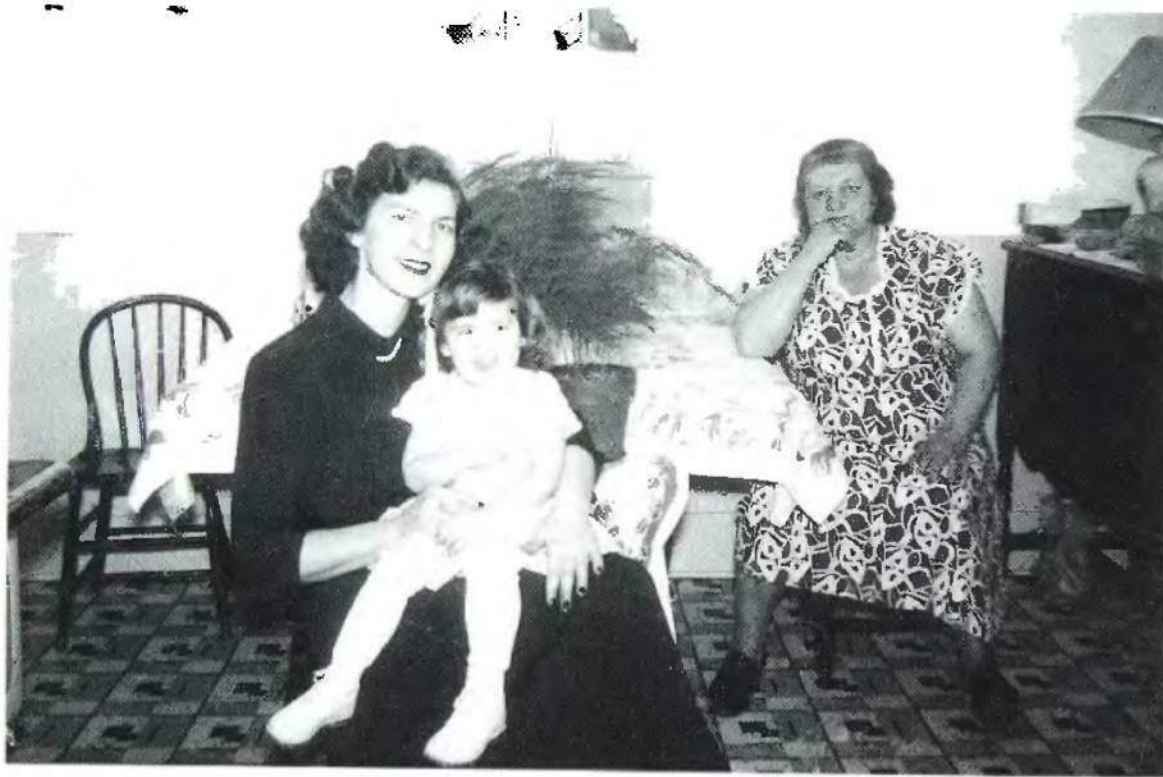
Diane - age 3, born August 5, 1943.

showing no scars of a broken home. Otherwise Zinnia would not have enjoyed any peace of mind.

Zinnia then saw no other way out but to strike out on her own and help the children whenever she could.

She dreamed of the time when she would be financially able to assume full custody. She therefore attempted enterprises beyond human strength and a single woman's ability. Her other hope and comfort was that when they got older and independent to make their own decisions, they would come to her freely. Her thoughts and love for them never faltered.

I would like to make it clear that my statements are based on facts, observed and confided. I simply refuse to suppress all her suffering and pain during and after her marriage. Neither she nor her parents stood in the way of the grandparents' kind and generous offer. They were always nice to Zinnia when she came to spend some time with the children. Our entire family followed with interest their growing years, always ready to help when needed. When Marsha lived with grandparents Shewchuk, they banked all of her family



Stella, Marsha at two and one-half, Mother Sophia.

allowance cheques and added continually a substantial amount until a five-hundred dollar "nest egg" accompanied her departure. I testify all the aforementioned to be true, aware of what C.R. Gibson said:

"It is better to suffer for speaking the truth than that the truth should suffer for want of speaking it".

To break some bond with the unhappy past, she decided to start life anew as Stella. An appropriate choice because while Zinnia symbolized a beautiful flower, her new

name Stella symbolized the beautiful star that she was.

Stella's adaptation to institutional cooking was superb. It wasn't long before she was making top wages as a top chef in hospitals, hotels and in her own enterprises. In her mid-thirties she moved to Valleyview, Alberta where she bought and operated a cafeteria "Hamlet Cafe". Soon after, hammer in hand, she and her carpenters expanded the restaurant in keeping with its growing popularity. Working hard and long, she progressively improved her acquisitions. She bought a beautiful car, a top line New Yorker. Her confidence and self-assurance peaked. Shortly after, she met a handsome oil-rig worker, named Vern Bishop. They developed a close relationship but as time went by Stella realized that this man was nothing but a good-timer, so she decided to end it. He borrowed her New Yorker on a blizzardy winter's day and

deliberately abandoned it on the railroad intersection to see it wrecked. This is the kind of luck poor Stella had with men,

After a few more years she met a highway construction man named Stan Ostafichuk. He was an eligible bachelor of Ukrainian descent. After meeting his family, she accepted his proposal of marriage. Stella craved a nice marriage and was sure that Stan and she would be happy. They planned a lovely wedding reception for the immediate family and a few friends, at the Caravan Hotel in Edmonton. Sad to say, that marriage didn't last long and they divorced. It seemed that here was another very jealous man, who couldn't stand Stella's bubbling personality which worked so

well with her cafeteria clients and staff. As soon as Stan started to abuse her, her respect for him was reduced to zero. A divorce followed soon after so that once again her high hopes of a lasting marriage failed.

Within this period she bought several lots in Chetwynd, B.C., as an investment for her estate, because she heard by grapevine that this area would soon have great coal explorations. Because only one lot was permitted per person, her father, mother, John and I, and her sister and brother, signed up



July 1956: Stella and Anne vacation in the Rockies with their children, David 11 years and Linda 7 years.

for one apiece, and later reassigned them to Stella at cost. This property sold at a handsome profit shortly before Stella's tragic murder, built up her children's estate to over two-hundred thousand dollars. So much won and so much lost! Dreams built and shattered!

Despite her failures to find lasting love that she so much wanted, her determination to overcome all obstacles to success never faltered. She gave every project one-hundred percent of her time, energy and effort. Her natural, bubbling personality, sincere friendliness, ability to laugh and tell jokes like a trooper buoyed her morale and saved her from a mental breakdown when the going was extremely tough.

In the early sixties her "Hamlet Cafe" suffered a bad fire. This tragedy led to much turmoil, strife and insecurity until she satisfied the courts that she was not involved with the fire in any direct or indirect way whereupon her insurance claim was honored.

She then decided to try a new business venture in Penticton, B.C. She purchased a Beauty Salon called "Dawson Hair Stylists", hoping that it would be less demanding of her time because eventually trained technicians could keep operating it at a profit to her. She qualified herself for the job and together with her loyal staff gave it a good try. Because the net profits were far below her expectations, she sold the business.

She loved the Okanagan Valley and since her brother Metro was in Sicamous, B.C., she decided to settle in the area. She purchased a lot in Enderby, B.C., twenty miles away. She took a job as a main chef at the Enderby hospital and built her own home by sub-contracting the technical aspects of it but did the actual construction with minimal assistance. We were delighted to visit her in her compact two-bedroom, fully landscaped, and neatly and modestly furnished home. At last she had one of her own in every sense of the term. A proud queen in her royal domain.



John Dubeta and Stella enjoying a card game in her Enderby home.

Soon after she met Ian Robertson who at first treated her very well. She shared her home with him and adopted Robertson as her name. The name stayed with her but Ian did not. He was a receiver, not a giver, and because his job took him away for weeks at a time, after one such jaunt he forgot to return. The only casualty was her hurt pride. Men! Who needs them? Her fertile mind returned to her usual preoccupation with her children and the prospect of her early re-union with them.

Family tragedies of losing her mother, father and brother who loved Sicamous and lived nearby, impelled her to move again. This time to Ainsworth, B.C., where she purchased an income property named "Mermaid Lodge" nestled against a huge mountain and facing the beautiful Kootenay Lake. This to her was a little bit of heaven as her joyous letters to me indicated. Kootenay Lake is a great place to catch kokanee trout. Stella loved sports of all kinds. I heard of her game-hunting experiences in Watson Lake. In Ainsworth, she was right in her element. She was an early riser and on many occasions would be at the wharf at four in the morning. She canned what she was unable daily to consume. During my visit, I observed her freezer filled to the brim with fish and game as well as oysters and clams dug in person in the coastal sands of Vancouver Island which she occasionally visited when time and energy permitted. She loved nature, excitement and love of accomplishment. This attitude I attribute to her early upbringing by her parents.

The Mermaid Lodge required much repair but that would soon be corrected. So she painted, wallpapered, and refurbished it all by herself. She once described to me by letter, how she had solved her emergency sewer problem. A neighbor and she dug sewer lines during the cold weather, and successfully laid pipes in it. She confessed that it was the biggest test of her endurance as they worked in the cold earth, mud and rain. She was no pansy. She always made and paid her way, no matter how hard it was. She always had lots of self-reliance, optimism, enthusiasm and love of accomplishment.

Her regular weekly letters to me in Corpus Christi, Texas, were always bringing news about her busy schedules. No sooner she got the minor improvements done, she planned trapping the hot mineral water, streaming through her lower premises from the nearby mountainside. She capitalized on her opportunity to purchase a large house and five lots near the highway only two blocks away. It was the perfect place for a Scottish Pub catering to the tourist trade and simultaneously providing her and one of her dear children a suitable livelihood. Not one to hesitate, she com-

menced work on detailed planning and official approvals. Unfortunately a madman nipped her and her plans in the bud. All was not lost. Marsha, her youngest child helped to realize her mother's dream. I have wonderful memories of Stella's surprise visits that called for celebrations by us three sisters. I now experience a great loss and feel very much alone, after losing both of them.



1966: Anne, Stella, Lillian, Pearl.

Understandably Stella was obliged to give her business top priority even though concerns over her three children's welfare came a close second. She found time to visit them at every opportunity, especially her daughter Marsha and son-in-law Neil, in Edmonton, and grandson, Scotty, her supreme delight. Dianne, in Regensburg, Germany, and David in Glasgow, unfortunately, were not equally accessible, yet on one occasion she did find time to have an extended vacation with them in Europe.

It would be remiss not mentioning Stella's devotion to her ailing sister, Pearl. In the spring of 1977, when Stella heard of Pearl's grave illness, she took immediate steps to close her Mermaid Lodge and stay with her. "I must do my utmost to save her," was her top priority. She gave her endless comfort and together with her nephew Dr. Kenneth Dubeta exhausted all medical possibilities for a cure in Victoria and Vancouver. Following that, she struck out for Rochester Clinic, U.S.A., accompanying Pearl, her doctor and her nurse to the famous clinic. Their five-week stay there was more than disappointing because an accurate diagnosis was made in Vancouver following her return. Pearl suffered from inoperative cancer. Prognosis heartbreaking. Pearl would never walk again. All this after the trauma and hardships experienced during the return trip by stretcher during the flight, the air strike, and the last leg of the journey from Seattle by ferry. She stood up faithfully to the

end except for the periodic check-ups on her business operation at Ainsworth.

I should mention that during this period I lived in Corpus Christi, Texas, where I was torn between loyalty to my sick sister and my husband's business obligations. I did manage to come to relieve Stella on three separate occasions, staying as long as two months at one time. Stella's residing in the same province and her willingness to stay, allowed me more freedom of action to fly back and to return. We all tried to save our sister but couldn't. She passed away on April 27, 1978 at age 57, only one year after her illness began.

The saddest story follows. Within a year and a half I lost both sisters. Our loving Stella's life was taken without warning, and without cause by a drunken and demented common-law husband of her best friend Velta Hall who dropped in to see Stella on her way home from the Kaslo Hospital where she that day terminated her valuable services preparatory to assuming her new position as camp cook, some sixty miles away. She wanted Stella to share her pride in the lovely farewell gift she had received. Velta's estranged lover, belligerent and very drunk, appeared on the scene.

What was said is unknown. But the shooting followed in order: Stella, Velta and Fraser, at his own hand on that most infamous day October 27, 1979.



Stella tending to sister Pearl.

I must confess that I, my family and others that Stella's life touched have shed many a silent tear over her untimely demise. Never again will we hear that strong ringing laughter, those comforting words and regular letters, those quiet appearances at our door, those warm embraces and her kindness, those happy crib games with John, those confidential exchanges with our daughter Lillian; exciting talk about future plans she had made; her Scottish Pub designed to bring her daughter Marsha, and her Scottish-born son-in-law Neil and Scotty together as its co-owners and co-workers. Stella's famous pies, her fabulous cooking, her effervescent bubbling laughter, and congeniality are something we and her wide circle of friends have lost forever.

John's obituary excerpt and poem.

At Ainsworth, B.C.: "Stella continues to live in your and our memories through her endless faith, boundless optimism, and gay spontaneous laughter which will long echo and re-echo over these wonderful hills and valleys that she loved."

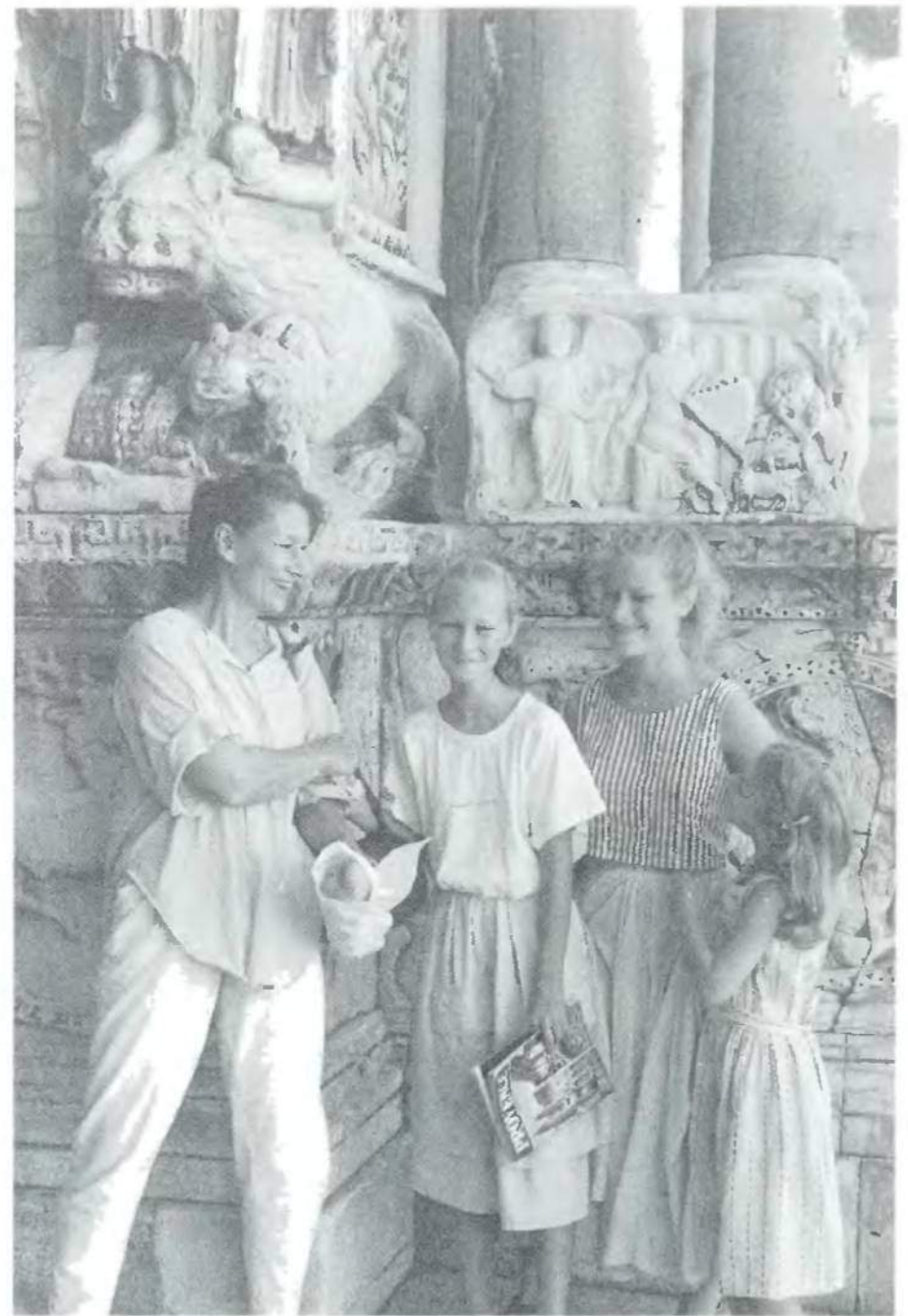
At Park Memorial Chapel, Edmonton: "She bequeathed a richer legacy than many twice her span of life are able to will. She continues to live in the gracious smile of every charming hostess and loving friend. She will live again whenever any of us face hardships and realize impossible dreams.

"Gone is our Mermaid of Mermaid Lodge,
Our Stella into stellar space has flown;
The rich legacy of memories she leaves behind,
Many sorrows compensate, our grief and sufferings
atone."

Stella had three children of whom she was very proud. The eldest was Diane, born in 1943. After completing her high school she chose art as her career and managed to go to Germany to get her training. She met her future husband, Rudolph Koller there. He too is an artist as well as a sculptor practising and teaching his specialties at the Regensburg University in Western Germany. They have three daughters, Ljida, Theresa and Verina who closely resembles her late grandmother.

In 1990 John and I spent a delightful five days with Diane and her family, admired their artistic handiwork, witnessed Rudolph's courageous venture as a freelancer, and strengthened the family ties. Diane's portrait of me on one of her return trips to Canada assumed new meaning. Ljida and her cousin Thomas Haas honored us with their one week visit in August of the same year.

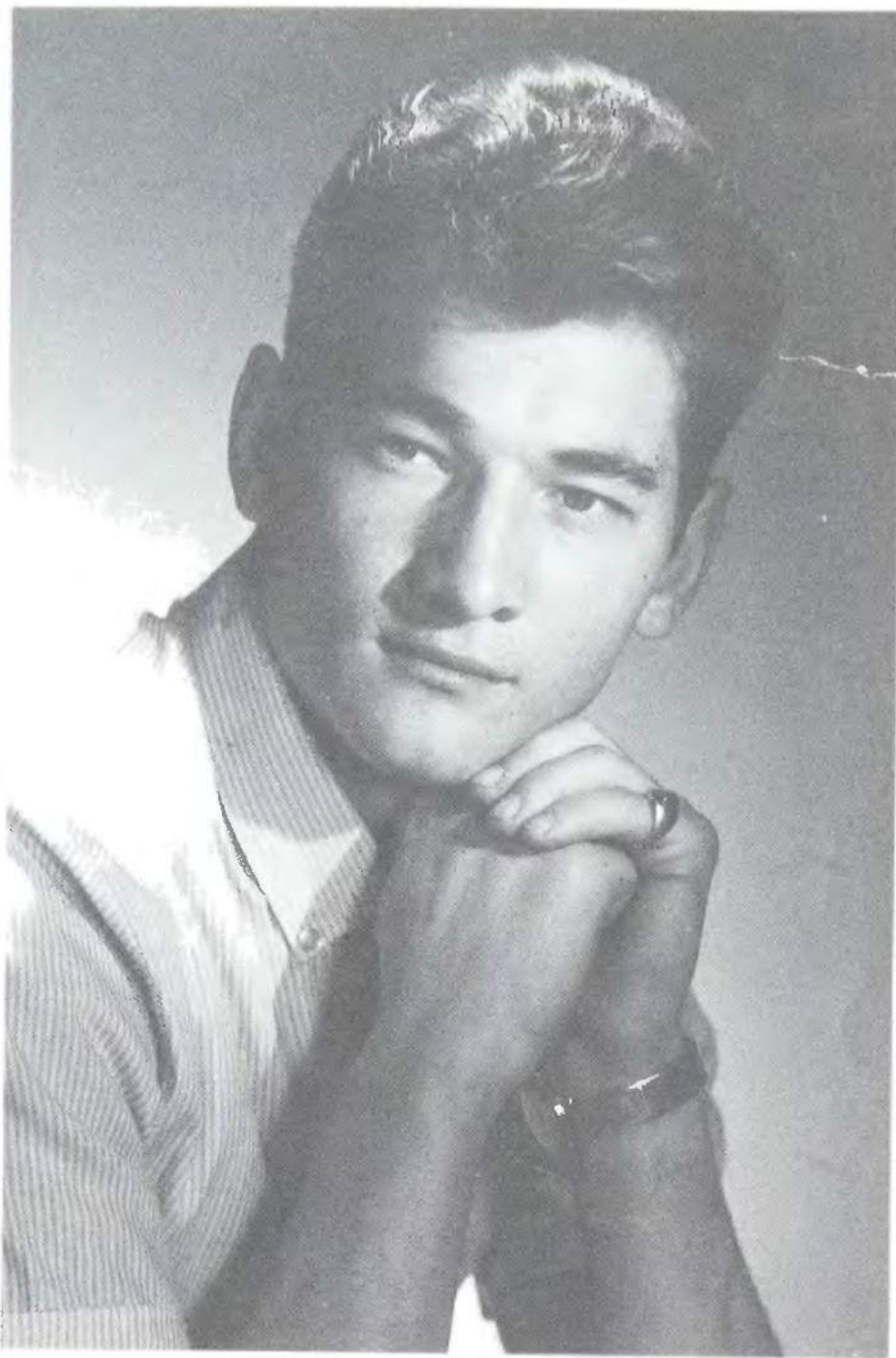
Stella's second child was son David, born in 1944, loaded with mischief, excitement, adventure, and com-



September, 1987: Diane, Theresa, Ljida and Verina in France.

plete unpredictability. He was always closer to his mother than to his father even after the divorce. He got along famously with our children and their spouses, and lived in our home several times, periodically, as well as with his maternal and paternal grandparents. When I told him in Edinburgh in May, 1990, how closely he resembles Grandpa Mycak, he was pleased as punch. Our David and Kenneth treat him with brotherly affection which he reciprocates. They had much fun together particularly during their teens. Their respective career responsibilities have not weakened the bonds of friendship. David is someone very special to us. He was very kind and loving to his family throughout the lucrative years when he was a highly successful offshore deep sea diver exploring oil in the Mediterranean and the North Sea.

David had spent some time in the Navy Cadets, which paved the way for his deep-sea diving career especially, following his training in Los Angeles towards that goal. He spent some time fooling around with scuba diving as a hobby in our local lakes, but before long we kept receiving letters from him about his exploits in the North Sea as an offshore oil explorer in a Saturation Chamber hundreds of feet below the



David Mitchell.

watery surface. He wrote that after three weeks with his family, he was obliged to be on duty up to six months per shift. This sort of work was no doubt very hard on him and his family; however, his earnings were in the six-digit numbers, largely spent on material comforts of his wife and children.

After fourteen years of work under hazardous health conditions, he applied and received a posting to his company's office in Holland as a deep-sea equipment supervisor. The promotion, in recognition of his valuable services and personal worth, ironically was his ruin. The danger he sought to avoid found him driving his car over black ice and an accident that rendered him a basket case — comotose state for over three months, and his arms and legs braced with steel pins to keep his multiple fractures intact. Prognosis uncertain. Only his strength of character and his indomitable will are beating the very heavy odds against him. The damage of the vestibular nerve impaired his speech and balance, that time and determination have improved.

When working on the North Sea job he met a physically lovely Scottish gal named Francis whom he married after a short and torrid courtship. She bore him four beautiful children, named Elise, Christopher,

Nicholas and Anthony, the crowning glory of his life. But his tragic accident destroyed that, too. Though his company stood loyally by him beyond their call of duty, his fair-weather wife did not. She dispossessed him of hearth and home, appropriated David's share of his mother's estate, laid false and malicious charges against him, locked him out of the beautiful home that he provided her and his children, sought to incarcerate him for life in a hell-house conducive to insanity, so that she could take off with an unscrupulous lover and live on her ill-gotten gains in erotic pleasure.

When we met David in Glasgow and Edinburgh in 1990 he apprised us of his three principal objectives in life: to regain fully his strength, health and mobility; to realize a just and fair settlement from his estate, and to become a writer. John is recommending close collaboration with a recognized writer-editor but David is convinced that he can do it on his own. We wish him luck on all three counts. A talented script writer-director could make his life into a highly popular movie, if David is lucky enough to locate and enlist such a person.

Stella's third child is Marsha, born in 1949. My best memory of her is as a child of two, in 1951 when I, Lillian, David, Kenneth and Linda descended on my dear parents from Stanford University in California where John remained to continue his doctoral studies. Our Linda and Marsha were almost the same age. I remember making them identical red, three-piece winter outfits trimmed with white rabbit fur. They consisted of coats, leggings, and brimmed hats, making them look like twins even though Linda was blond and Marsha brunette. Mother and I were so proud of them as we went visiting or strolling around town. Marsha stayed with her grandfolks for over a year, and they adored her. The rest of us returned to Stanford and John.

My next recollection of Marsha is her accident in London, England.

She wrote me describing her misfortune. A short while after her arrival, she momentarily forgot about left side driving in England and stepped into the traffic lane following her glance that the right lane was safe, Canadian style. Though she sustained severe



1952: Marsha and Linda (cousins).



*Marsha and Neil Gillies
September 18, 1974 in Scotland.*



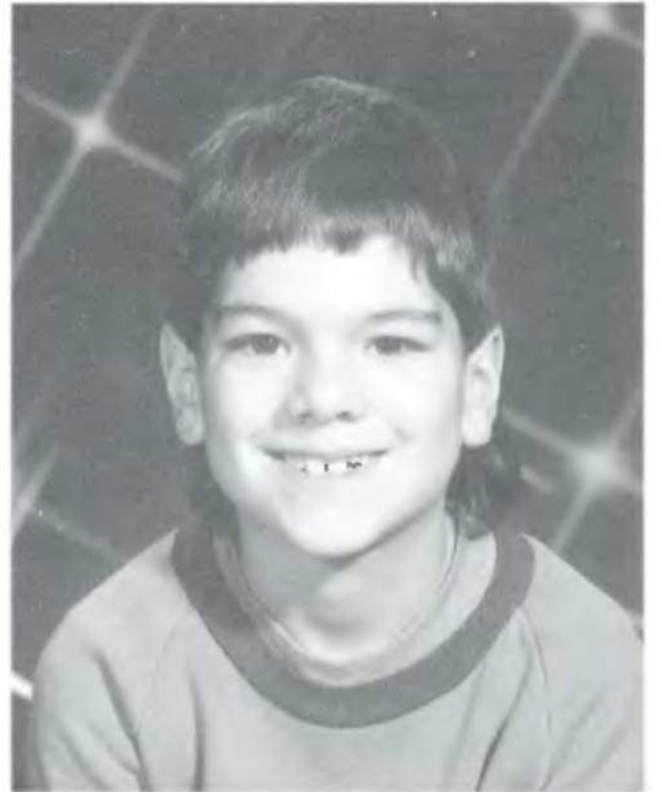
1977: Stella and grandson Scotty.



1990: Scott Gillies.



1974: Back Row: Tom Wattrich, John Dubeta, Anne Dubeta, Joe Mitchell, father of the bride, Marie Wattrich (Joe's sister). Seated: Marsha's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Mycak; Neil, bridegroom; Marsha, bride, and Stella, mother of the bride.



1990: Cameron Gillies.



1991: Gillies' family.



1990: Kyle Gillies.

facial injuries, she staged a marvellous recovery, thanks to medical science that preserved her original features. For that everybody is truly thankful.

The next news from her mother was that she was getting married to a Scottish lad, Neil Gillies, supplemented by the welcome news that they planned to reside in Canada. Her mother, with the assistance of her sisters Pearl and me planned a wedding reception for the young couple, with John as Master of Ceremonies. Stella was delighted to have a daughter and son-in-law within easy reach.

In late 1977, a son was born to Neil and Marsha. They named him Scotty. To grandma he was her newly-lit candle, a plant in full bloom, a clear stream in a muddy brook, and a welcome relief that at long last her life commenced intertwining solidly with her loved ones both near and far. The newlyweds resided in Edmonton for several years prior to Stella's tragic passing. Presently they have moved to Ainsworth where Stella's long-standing dreams are being realized, and where they and their three sons are enjoying the community that Stella loved so much.

Early in October, 1991, John and I spent two delightful days with them, enjoyed their industry and expertise and shared their pride in scholarly Scotty and Cameron better recognized for their athletic ability, (especially hockey) and Kyle, their impish family humorist and philosopher. Scott won formal recognition as an outstanding hockey player in the Pee Wee class in 1988-89; the Bantam class in 1990-91 when the Kinsmen Club presented him with the Most Valuable Player trophy in the Atom Division. Brother Cameron shared honors with Scott in 1989-90. Congratulations!

My Brother, John Shewchuk

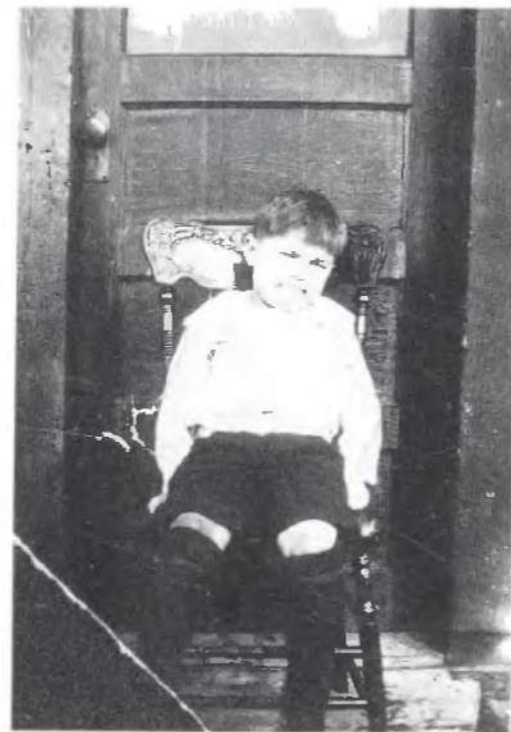
John was the youngest surviving child born to my parents on February 1, 1927. He was the lucky offspring of our family, delivered by Dr. Eadie, at the Vilna hospital. Even more lucky was mother who at long last enjoyed the safety and convenience of the institution.

He was a robust, very healthy looking youngster spoiled by all members of our family. One of my best recollections of him at age three, was his willing but scarcely audible "Ha" in response to our frantic calls to track him down to his chosen hide-aways. He was found at every conceivable place — cupboards, barns, haylofts, machine sheds, under beds and tall grasses. Our main concern was the proximity of the lake. Secrecy and seclusion are typical of his nature even yet. He loves his peace, freedom and life as a confirmed bachelor.

An early incident revealed his cool attitude towards

the opposite sex. He was about four or five years of age attending a concert with the entire family. When he was told that some lovely ladies kissed him while he was sleeping in my arms, he proceeded to spend the rest of the day wiping his mouth and spitting. This perhaps has some bearing on why he is still a bachelor. There were a few ladies in his life but he gently evaded the altar, though we still live in hope. "Ha" has remained his standard defense against our promptings for love, marriage and baby carriages. A spouse and life-sharing partner would be a blessing that he refuses to appreciate.

John spent some of his high school years in Radway, Alberta, staying with us in the school dormitory. He was quite a sports enthusiast. He played hockey and baseball with the school and community teams. Now some forty-five years later he still eagerly participates in sports such as curling and golfing.



1931: John Shewchuk.

We all know that John loves his horse races with a passion, and spends much time at them in the summertime. During the winter he and his buddies gamble at cribbage and pool. Such gambling adventures make his life interesting and exciting. My husband observes that if women were as popular to John as mares and fillies are, he would now be a great grandfather. "Ha"?

John lived with his parents most of his young adult years. He helped his father with stock buying and



1975: John Shewchuk.

shipping, and later became his partner. At the same time, he decided to buy a farm near Elk Point to become a cattle rancher. Several years ago he sold his first farm to retire, but has since changed his mind and resettled on another farm fairly close to Elk Point to continue with his cattle ranching. He does have a lot

of work caring for his cattle all by himself, especially during the cold winter months. Between the parimutuals he spends much time and energy every summer making hay for his livestock.

John presently resides in his late parents' home in Elk Point which he acquired by a token purchase from the estate. He knows everyone there, where family and friends give him happiness and contentment. He is a gentle, peace-loving man well loved by all his family. His nephews and nieces think highly of him, the Rip Van Winkle type that he happens to be. It is hoped that someday soon he will find more time to visit and socialize. He will never get a passing grade in house-keeping.

Uncle Steve Habiak 1893-1969

Uncle Steve was the first child born to my grandparents Dmetro and Anna (Bigos) whom he accompanied at age eighteen to Canada in search of a better life. The entire family were driven by horse and wagon from Edmonton to Stry, from where they soon after located on the family's \$10.00 homestead on the eastern side of Cache Lake, adjacent to the Saddle Lake Indian Reserve.

They lived off the land on animal and fowl, fish and berries, supplemented by the products of their garden and grain grown on their ever-largening land clearings. A buxom lass, Kate Huk, born in Sokal Village in the Ukraine, September 27, 1896, caught his fancy when she was employed at the Strathcona Hotel in Edmonton. They were married in 1915 and homesteaded on a quarter section of land immediately to the west of his parents. After 1942, they farmed at Anning for several years, assisted by son Metro.



Uncle Steve and wife Katherine.

Steve was obliged to ride the rods in search of supplementary income, principally derived from coal mining in Nordegg, Alberta, during the winter months. He made periodic trips by ox-cart to Vegreville to purchase groceries and on occasion to grind wheat into flour.

My earliest recollection of them was from our family-clan gatherings. They were quiet, humble and charming, and most willing cooperators in all family, school, community and neighborhood affairs.

The ages of their six children were closely akin to those of my parents. The eldest, Anne (Mrs. Alex Zacharuk) born in 1916 and I were named in honor of our grandmother; followed by Julia (Mrs. Peter Filewych) 1917; Metro - 1919 - named in honor of grandfather just as my older brother was; Nancy - 1920 - (Mrs. John Sikora); Bill - 1922 - (married to Mary Odynski), and Roman - 1928 - (married to Eva Boyko).

Six of their children and six of us made twelve playful rascals, occasionally joined by two more of Uncle John's and four of Uncle Bill's across from Cache Lake. Because Uncle Steve settled near his parents, it was no effort for us to scramble over a few fences along the well-beaten, winding path to visit his family whenever we visited our grandparents. From there it was but a short hop to enjoy the refreshing waters of Cache Lake, from which we often returned to our loving and gentle aunt's delicious corn on the cob, noodle or potato soup, or pyrohy smothered in butter and sour cream. To top off our happy reunions, we were frequently permitted to sleep in the hay-loft, marvelling at the moon and the stars, and exchanging tales of adventure late into the night. We continued to enjoy our close ties throughout the future years. Anne was my first bridesmaid on November 6, 1934.

In the closing year of 1991, two daughters Anne and Nancy have survived their sister Julia who died on April 30, 1991. Regretfully all three sons have joined their deceased parents, father Steve who suffered a stroke and died at the Lamont hospital in 1969, and mother Katherine who succumbed to cancer in 1957. Metro, single, and a veteran of World War II, died suddenly in 1967; Roman, a victim of a traffic accident, in 1982; and William (Bill) of cancer in 1984. Roman is buried in the St. Michael Cemetery in Edmonton. His parents and brothers are at rest in the Greek Catholic cemetery in Spedden, not far from their memorable pioneering home.

If Steve and Katherine lived today, they would be very proud of their lovely family featured below:



1985: Alex and Anne (Habiak) Zacharuk family: **L-R back row:** Darryl, Cindy, Kim, Otto, Rob, Steve, Edward. **Seated:** Dawn holding Shaun; Edna, mother - Anne Zacharuk, Jean Skeich. **Front Row:** Nicole, Jeannette, Kathleen, J.W., Candice and Shauna. **1991 - New additions missing:** Travis, Carleen, Amanda, Christopher, Kyle and Tyle. **Immediate family are Edna, Jean, Edward and Kathleen.**



1943: Metro Habiak.

John and I had the pleasure of living in Kelowna in the years that their able and ambitious grandchild Jean and her equally ambitious and able husband Otto Skeich resided above us in pretentious Lakeview Heights overlooking our Casa Loma home when they operated the Sambo and ABC restaurants.

Like their pioneering forefathers they lived not for themselves alone. Otto tied down to heavy responsibilities, together with son Robbie, found time to volunteer us their services whenever we were away for two to three weeks at a time. They cut our lawn, harvested our currants and plums, while Jean converted them to jelly and jams over and above her stenographic assistance with a series of John's literary articles.

Their 19 year old daughter Shauna, a candidate vying for Miss Kelowna Regatta - Lady of the Lake title, and a student at Okanagan College, frequently offered her assistance when I entertained family and friends. "I would like a career in which I can help people" reflected her value system and ideals.

Their move to Edmonton in 1986, left a vacuum we could not fill. Jean and Otto's



1985: Julia (Habiak) Filewych family: Son Ernie, husband Peter, Julia, their daughter Shirley Marchak.



1985: Nancy (Habiak) Sikora family: **L-R:** son Don, single; husband John, wife Nancy; son Ron. **Missing Ron's wife Laurie and their son Jason.**



1985: Bill Habiak's family: *Far left: Barry Romanko (Carol's husband), Carol, their son Daniel; Center: Danny, his wife Linda (Bobocel), holding their daughter Lisa; Mother Mary (Odynski) Habiak; Far right: Eugene Leskiw, his wife Linda (Habiak) and their son, baby Ryan.*

superb hospitality at dinners and card games that at times lasted till 2 a.m. are unforgettable experiences. Rob is leading his class in Computer Science at N.A.I.T.; Shauna is happily married to Myles Diamond on Sep-tember 17, 1988, and Otto and Jean are continuing to scale their economic ladder of success.



Husband and father Bill Habiak.



1953: Roman and Eva (Boyko) Habiak.



1985: Roman Habiak family: *Their children - Richard, Susan, Sharon, Gary and Lawrence. Standing: daughter-in-law Irene; son Richard, his wife Linda; daughter Susan, her ex-husband Hyman; daughter Sharon. Seated: Gary, (Irene's husband); mother, Eve (Boyko) Habiak; Lawrence and wife Debbie.*



1987: Jean, Otto, and Anne D.

Uncle John Habiak 1899-1976

Uncle John born on March 10, 1899, was the second son of my grandparents whom he accompanied to Stry, Alberta at age twelve in 1911. As the products of the family's Cache Lake homestead increased, reliance on fish, wild game and berries declined.

He grew into a strong, tall, handsome young man who at age sixteen found employment with the CNR, cutting trees on its right of way for a railroad from Edmonton to St. Paul soon to follow. In 1922, at age 23, he met Annie Wowk, fourteen year old daughter of John and Anna Wowk. After "two dates and a chocolate bar", they were married on February 6, 1922, a year before they homesteaded on 160 acres of land in the north-western area of Cache Lake, 5-13 miles from "home", depending on the season.

There they became well versed in the use of shovels, sickles, scythes and flails as slowly more and more land came under cultivation. Use of horses and farm equipment increased the tempo considerably as the entire farm became arable. John's income from road construction and logging camps helped the hardworking couple to develop a lovely farmstead.

During the great "Depression", their sheep provided them with meat, wool, warm clothing, and fats for homemade soap.

Though the couple lived closer to Vilna, Alberta, Spedden was their social and community center, the heart of their farmer-labor organizations. Uncle kept himself well abreast of world affairs. As John and I exchanged dances with them, we became completely unaware of our age differences. My earliest recollection of Uncle John was that of a friendly, lovable giant who gave us kids playful toss-ups and whirl-about at many clan gatherings.

After twenty-two years of farming, Uncle and Auntie moved to Myrnam, Alberta, where they operated a butcher shop for five years. In 1949 they became co-owners and partners of their son's business in Elk Point. A move much welcomed and appreciated by my parents, and their children already settled there. My father's life was greatly enriched by his friendly checker encounters with his beloved brother-in-law.

Uncle John, victim of severe arthritis for many years, died on June 21, 1976, at age seventy-seven. Surviving him are his wife Annie, son Mike, and his wife Mary and their four children, Marilyn, Carol, Sharon, and son Mike, and one grandchild Chantelle (Carol's daughter): Daughter Mary and her husband Nick and their two children, Yvonne and Tony and five grandchildren. The family continues to pay him respect at the Elk Point municipal cemetery.

Their son Mike born at Vilna on April 12, 1924 married Mary Shmyr (November 14, 1925) in Fort St.



Uncle John and wife Annie.

John, B.C. on September 29, 1944, daughter of William and Eva (Oleksiuk) Shmyr, who arrived in Canada with her parents from Pankowies Village, Poland. After studying Diesel Mechanics in Los Angeles in 1942, Mike established six years later a Massey-Ferguson agency and a garage at Elk Point, Alberta where he served as councillor and mayor for several years. Quite recently they "retired" to farming "a large spread" and live in a large ultra-modern home slightly north of Elk Point. Their farmsite is one of the most impressive in the prosperous community.

The couple's daughter, Marilyn Jean, was born in Elk Point on May 11, 1948. Winner of her B.Ed. at the University of Alberta in 1970, her M.Ed. at the University of Oregon in 1975, and her Diploma in Special Education at the University of British Columbia in 1989, Marilyn



Mike and Mary Habiak.

taught at Elk Point for two years before moving to Abbotsford, B.C. where she serves the Langley School District as Learning Assistance teacher.

Marilyn's sister Carol Anne Maas was born on January 7, 1950.



Grandma Annie Habiak and granddaughter Carol Maas.

After earning her Business Administration Diploma in 1972, she was employed by her father at Elk Point Sales and Service Ltd., followed up by two years with Gulf Service. Currently she is business manager at the Elk Point Municipal Hospital. Her daughter Chantelle was born on January 27, 1982. Hobbies: Hiking, travelling,

cross-country skiing, farming.

Sharon, child number three, arrived on October 29, 1960. Active in community sports and clubs, she attended University of Calgary where she earned her Bachelor of Social Work Degree in 1982, and served the Department of Indian Affairs for four years. She followed that by becoming a child welfare worker with Alberta Social Services in Calgary where she married Dr. John de Vries, mothered two sons, Jonathan (July 6, 1989) and Alexander (June 17, 1991). Outside their careers, Sharon and John enjoy playing tennis, speed skating, cycling, travelling and relaxing at their condominium resort near Windermere, British Columbia.



Sharon, her husband Dr. John de Vries, sons Jonathan and Alexander.

Michael John Habiak Jr. was welcomed to the family on August 20, 1965. He won his Industrial Heavy Equipment Certificate at the Northern Alberta Institute of Technology in 1990 and is currently enrolled there in the fourth year of Heavy

Duty Welding. On June 17, 1989 he married Kimberly Caroline Robbins (born June 9, 1969), a holder of a Business Administration Diploma from NAIT (1989-90). She works for the Alberta Government Telephones as an expeditor. Hobbies: Cross-Country Skiing and Swimming.

John and Annie Habiak's daughter Mary, born in 1926, was much appreciated by her parents as she was by mine. Their next-door neighbor in Elk Point, she



Christmas 1991 - L-R: Mike Habiak, wife Mary, Anne (Baba) Habiak, Chantelle, Marilyn Habiak, Michael Habiak, and wife Kim above him.

was their "daughter Number Four". Her husband, Nick Bochon of Myrnam, Alberta was Elk Point's Imperial bulk agent, an occupation inherited by their son Tony. Married to Yvette, they have two children, Chad and Ashley.



Mary and Nick Bochon.



Tony Bochon, wife Yvette, Chad and Ashley.



Evon and James Murray Family.



Annie (Baba) Habiak and her nine great grandchildren. L-R: Top Row: Kirk, Chantelle, Baba, Alexander de Vries, Jonathan de Vries, Clint Murray, Chad Bochon; Lower Row: Lacey Murray, Carmen Murray, Ashley Bochon.

Nick and Mary's Evon was as good a daughter as she is a wife and mother. Married to James Murray of Marwayne, Alberta, they have four children: Kirk, (11); Lacey (8) and twins Carmen and Clint (5).

Uncle William Habiak 1901 - 1981

Uncle William (Wasy) was my grandparents' youngest son, born on February 1, 1901. He arrived with them to Canada at age ten. An enterprising lad, he was adept at fishing, snaring rabbits and partridges, and gathering fresh mud-hen eggs in the reeds of Cache Lake adjoining the family homestead. The sale of pelts from his trapped muskrats supplemented the homesteaders' scant income. By age eighteen he was earning money on railroad "extra gangs". Saskatchewan harvest fields, sawing logs into

firewood, and ultimately milling lumber for others and for his own homestead five miles east of Vilna, near the north-west tip of Cache Lake, diagonally across from his brother John's.

His future wife, Katherine Pelech, at age eighteen, emigrated to Canada in 1923. After working at her Uncle Steve's hotel at Natal, B.C., for one year, in return for her fare, she met William briefly while visiting her Uncle Harry Pelech in Stry, Alberta, before finding employment at an Edmonton cafe.

In 1924, Grandpa gave his son ten dollars to find himself a wife, with a solemn promise of more to follow. He located his lady love in Edmonton, defied the arrogant restaurateur and stole his employee from under his nose. William and Katherine were married at the Sacred Heart Church in Stry, Alberta on November 19, 1924. Within one month the young couple moved into their own farmstead consisting of a



Married November 19, 1924: William and Katherine (Pelech) Habiak.

barn, a granary, and a one-room mud-plastered, sod-covered house which his mother Anna and sister Sophia had cleaned and whitewashed. Their homestead kept improving in proportion to their joint endeavors.

According to his father's records the three sons' labors, their outside earnings and moneys from trapping made a purchase of many farm essentials possible. Their short-term investments later provided them long-term gains as their parents helped to establish them in homes of their own. I have already mentioned how the married sons cooperated to make possible their parents' retirement home in Spedden, in a return favor.

Uncle William's talents as carpenter, mechanic, tool maker, blacksmith and improviser were widely recognized. Permit me to quote his daughter, Olga Predy's assessment of them: "He repaired his farm equipment, and designed and made many of his own tools. He invented a wood-splitter and designed and built a windmill to pump water. He built a heated caboose for winter travel. He shod horses and pulled teeth. He owned a blacksmith shop in which he did custom work such as sharpening ploughshares and replacing metal rims on wagon wheels, for which he very often received no remuneration. He fixed watches, renovated the delicate leather accordion-type enclosures in cameras, and repaired family footwear. All this besides farming."

He valued and encouraged education and learning. When Errol school burned down in 1940, Uncle and Auntie relinquished their spacious living room for classroom purposes for an entire year, an act of generous consideration much appreciated by the senior class and their teacher, Vladimir Kupchenko. He mastered the violin much to the enjoyment of his family and friends as he played Ukrainian melodies.

He and Katherine assumed active roles in their farmer-labor organizations' concerts, plays, dances and miscellaneous activities in the Farmers' Hall in Spedden. Their first radio in the community was the focal point of interest within a ten mile radius.

Uncle William and Aunt Katherine were always very loving and loyal family members. The best proof of their kind and loving nature is the care and affection they bestowed on their handicapped daughter Patsy,



William and Katherine cut their 50th anniversary wedding cake.

born on April 23, 1947, deceased on October 23, 1970. Mother had no favorite brother. All three uncles were her great objects of pride. They enjoyed their pensioned retirement in 1967 and their 50th wedding anniversary with their family and friends in 1974.

Their surviving children are Olga, born in 1925; Anne (1926); Kay (1930); and Peter (1936). Olga and husband George Predy of Smoky Lake have two children: Warren, a welder in Edmonton, and Melanie, B.Sc., in Nursing. He and Grace (nee Zuber), a hair stylist, parented Larissa

and Jessica. In 1991, to further his family's life style, he spent several weeks in Oman on the Persian Gulf, setting up oil rigs in the desert. His sister Melanie spent two years at the Arviette Nursing Station in Eskimo Point, north of Churchill, Manitoba. In 1991 she took leave of absence to explore Egypt, Morocco, Israel, Greece, Italy and Spain.



The George Predy family: Top Row: Grace, Warren, Melanie. Seated: Olga and George; granddaughters Larissa and Jessica.

Olga, a retired school teacher, and George, a successful entrepreneur of a variety of occupations, are both enjoying golfing, fishing, square dancing, and singing with the "Centennial Choir" at numerous localities which had planned programs to commemorate the 100th Anniversary of the arrival of the Ukrainians in Canada. Travelling to various countries is their pleasant diversion. They recently returned from a successful two-week trip to China.



Anne and Mike Doshewnek, on their wedding day.

Anne, a widow of Mike Doshewnek, (deceased August 1981), retired in 1991 from the government Tree Nursery in Vilna, where she worked many years. She has one son Robert who operates a trucking business.

Kay and her husband Chad Nichols who were successful partners in real estate in Drayton Valley, Alberta, for several years, recently moved to Everett, Washington, where Chad is a partner in an NRS franchise and real estate business. They have three sons: Aaron, Clayton, and Grant.



Son Robert.

Son Peter, principal inheritor of

the family estate, married Jenny Chimko. They have three children: Tammy (Mrs. Eddie Huk); Peter Jr., currently employed in Edmonton, and Kathy still in school. Peter Sr., besides farming, has for several years served as Councillor of the Smoky Lake Municipality.



Tammy's Grade XII graduation day. L-R: Standing - Jenny (mother), Peter Sr., and Kathy. Seated: Peter Jr. and Tammy.



June 11, 1988: Kay Nichols (mother). Seated: Son Aaron, his wife Brenda (Williams) and their children Ryan, Rachelle, and Roxanne.



June 11, 1988: Tammy (Habiak) and Eddie Huk's wedding day. L-R: Kathy, Peter Sr., Jenny, Tammy, Eddie and Peter Jr.



Pretty Larissa Predy, a flower girl for Tammy.

Tammy and Eddie have become farmers on the Harry Huk estate, allowing the parents to retire.

My Uncle Harry Shewczuk

My father's brother Harry Shewczuk born September 26, 1896, came to Canada in 1911 for the same reasons my father Fred did. As a youth in the old country, after only two years of schooling, his father enrolled him to apprentice in a tailoring shop. This training became his livelihood in the U.S.A.

In 1914 he made his way to America and settled in Chicago in 1916 where he worked in a tailor shop for ten years. During this time he fell in love with Marta Knaf, a girl that also emigrated from the village of Lanni, near Lvov, Ukraine. Her parents were Andrew and Tekla Knaf. She had two brothers, John and Nick. We learned later from Nettie that a third brother Peter, emigrated to Peru and married a Peruvian woman, but thus far no further contact remains.

Harry and Marta got married on May 19, 1918 in Chicago, Illinois. During this time three children were born to them. The first one was Anne Harriet, born February 1, 1919. The second one was a son named Andrew, born 1920, but he did not survive beyond eight months. The third child was Nettie, born April 9, 1921. Their lives were somewhat shadowed after Marta's illness began, and devastated by her passing in 1931.



1926: Harry, Anne and Marta.

a member of the Moose Lodge for 16 years. On October 14, 1935, Harry married Myrtle Allan. They worked harmoniously in their own business for many years.

In 1937, Harry became a naturalized American citizen and was able to visit his relatives in the Ukraine in 1938. His younger brother Peter, even



May 21, 1939 - L-R: Nettie (Shewczuk) Juraska; Myrtle (Allan) Shewczuk; Harry Shewczuk; Anne (Shewczuk) Uselton.



1938 - Harry Shewczuk meets his brother Peter in Ukraine.

In 1926, Harry moved his family to Freeport, Illinois, where he set up his own business under the title "Harry the Tailor". His business of tailoring and dry cleaning was a real success. He joined the Fraternal Order of Eagles in 1932 and remained a Golden Eagle for many years. He was also

postponed his own wedding until his brother Harry arrived so that he could be a part of the celebration. Unfortunately, his brother Fred could not be present.

Uncle Harry's father Kassian had died on December 10, 1929, so he was determined to return home to visit his aged mother Elrozina.

Harry's daughters attended colleges in Chicago and soon after carved out their own futures. Daughter Anne married Robert E. Uselton* on December 23, 1944, in an Episcopal Church in Chicago.

In 1962, I met Anne for the first time. She and her husband were very nice to me. They showed me around San Francisco and took me to Pebble Beach golf course one day to see such



1938 - Standing: his sister Pearl, and husband John Chimko, holding son Harry. **Seated:** Mother Efrogina, Harry Shewczuk, sister Pearl's children: Fred, Peter, and daughter Kacia.



Robert Uselton,* Anne (Shewczuk) Uselton, their daughters: Patricia, Marci, and Barbi.

movie stars as Dean Martin, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Fred McMurray, Phil Harris and a few other prominent golfers in action. This was the most exciting day for me. Anne and her daughter Barbi also joined us in 1972 on a trip to the Soviet Union to meet our father's relatives in the Ukraine. She and Barbi followed us by van to Western Europe to the principal cities in Italy, Austria, Switzerland and France, where we parted as they proceeded to England.

Anne and Bob raised three lovely daughters. Pat



1987: Al and Pat Mason, Robert, Amelia and Brute.



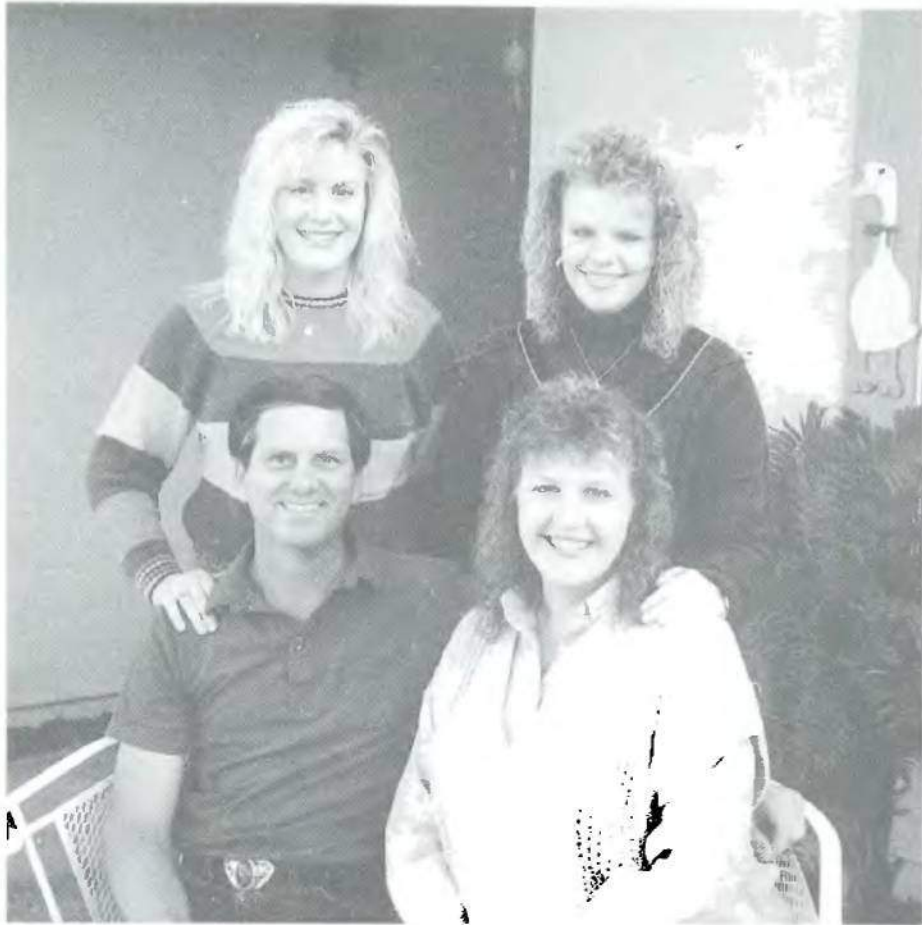
1989: Chuck Blanchard, Patricia (Uselton, Mason) Blanchard, Robert Mason, Amelia Mason, Russell Blanchard, Doris Blanchard

married Al Mason, graduate of San Jose State. Life-long journalist, he became a political satirist particularly after he founded The Santa Clara American in which he espoused the philosophy of the John Birch Society in which he was an active member. They lived in Santa Clara, California, with two children, Robert now 17, and Amelia 8. Pat was widowed in 1987 and two years later became Mrs. "Chuck" Blanchard whose two children have made a family of six.

Marci, married to Jim Fradenburg raised two lovely daughters, Wendy and Stacey. Marci, an artist and ceramic specialist is winning recognition at art shows. Her successful art and craft sales at malls are leading her to a professional career. Jim, recently retired after twenty-one years in the airforce, now has a civilian job

* Robert E. Uselton was born April 5, 1921. He died March 24, 1976 in Santa Clara, California. Anne Uselton died November 18, 1972.

at Aerojet in Sacramento, California. They reside in Rio Linda, California, after spending a few years in Rosehill, Kansas.



1990: Seated: Jim and Marci. Standing: Wendy and Stacey.



1982: Roy, Barbi and their children Clay and Gregory.

Barbi, a military policewoman, married military policeman Roy Cochran of Fort Hood, Texas. They and their two sons Clay and Gregory live in Saraland, Alabama.



1967: Anne Dubeta, Nettie Juraska, Frank Juraska, visiting at the Juraska residence.

Uncle Harry's second daughter, Nettie, married Frank Juraska, now living in Chicago. Frank is a retired detective from the Chicago police force. We visited them twice and enjoyed their hospitality very much. After having met them, I derive great pleasure and satisfaction keeping in touch with them, my extended family.

It is with deep regret that I report cousin Anne Uselton's death in her early fifties in the fall of 1972, just a few months after our trip together in Europe. Her husband Bob died of a heart attack only four years later, a casualty of early involuntary retirement and prolonged unemployment. John and I visited Uncle Harry in Freeport, Illinois, four times. Each visit made me feel as though I was reuniting with my dad. Harry's hands, expressions, and speech are so much like my father's. He is in good health and good spirits despite the loss of his sight over ten years ago. We occasionally phone him and he tells us jokingly that he still loves his "arf and arf". He told us this joke in his earlier years and we often tell it to our friends for a good laugh. The joke is as follows:

"An English 'drunk' kept drinking his 'arf and arf' (half kummel, half rye whisky) until pub-closing time when he was asked to leave the premises. He kept pounding on the door, keeping the innkeeper awake until three o'clock in the morning, demanding more 'arf and arfs'. Finally, in sheer exasperation the innkeeper emptied a potful of liquid from the upstairs window onto the drunkard's head, saying:



April 28, 1979: Our visit in Freeport, Illinois. John D.; Myrtle; Anne D., and Uncle Harry.

'Here's your 'arf and arf'. Half of it is mine, and half from my Missus.'

1992 report from his family advises us that at age 95 he is well cared for at Freeport's Nursing Home. He is quite frail but does enjoy getting get-well and greeting cards from people he knows, gladly read to him by the staff. Myrtle, his wife of 55 years, died on January 17, 1990. They and their children shared happy memories of their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1985.



1963: My parents, Fred and Sophia are welcomed by the immediate family at the Lvov, (Ukraine) airport. L-R: Pearl, (Peter's wife); her sister; Sophia; Katherine Hawrychuk (Peter's daughter); Fred's sister, Pearl Chimko; Nadia Kwasnycia (Peter's daughter); Fred; Uncle Peter; and Kacia Chimko, (Aunt Pearl's daughter).

Uncle Peter Shewchuk 1914 - 1991

Uncle Peter was born seven years after my father had left for Canada. Their joyous reunion in 1963 (after fifty-six years), was my father's dream come true as already described elsewhere.

In 1938, Peter married Pearl Golko, who then was twenty-two years old. They parented two sons and two daughters. In their village of Pozdymyr their life was peaceful and relatively secure. On their privately owned small plot of land we witnessed their comfort-



July 28, 1988: Peter Shewchuk and wife Pearl's 50th Wedding Anniversary.

* Irene Ceruk, born May 15, 1948, is a daughter of Mila and Doctor Steve Ceruk.

able home surrounded by a picket fence and flowers, a separate summer kitchen, a barn for their animals (hogs, cow, heifer, poultry) and a large garden of vegetables, fruit trees and poppy heads swaying in the sun.

The villagers and they, worked hard on the local collective farm, growing sugar beets and grain which provided them a fair standard of living and enabled them to support and educate their family. Highly respected Uncle Peter, during his partial retirement, continued to serve as caretaker of the Collective Farm.

Our memorable visits there in 1969 to attend their daughter Nadia's wedding and in 1972 are forever remembered as they did everything possible to greet and host us generously and warmly. An invitation to us to attend their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary in 1988 was seriously considered but was regrettably missed.

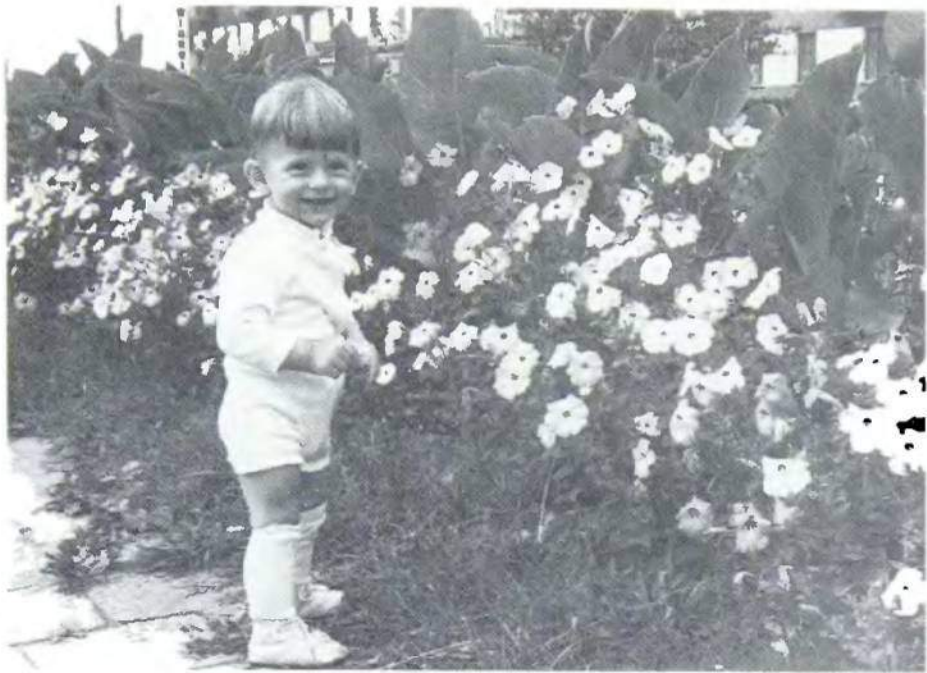
Their first son Harry, born October 5, 1943, Civil Engineer, graduate of Lvov University, married * Irene Ceruk, teacher of music, in 1968. They live in Lvov, and have one son Sviatoslav, now twenty, second year in Civil Engineering.



1968: Harry Shewchuk and Irene (Ceruk) Shewchuk.

Katherine, their second child married John Hawrychuk. They have two children, son Oleh and a daughter Halia. They live in a village near Pozdymyr. In 1990, our visitors from Ukraine, hurried home, by midnight, to arrive at Oleh's wedding.

Nadia, the third child, married John Kwasnycia (both graduates in Civil Engineering), have two chil-



Sviatoslav (Slavchik) assumes a rascally pose in the petunias.



1990: Nineteen-year old Sviatoslav and his uncle Volodymyr Shewchuk romp around with their Canadian cousin, Marty Pennington, in Lloydminster, Alberta.



1972: Parents Katherine (Shewchuk) Hawrychuk and John Hawrychuk. Their children Halia and Oleh.

dren, daughter Vika, born in 1975 and a son, Andrew who followed soon after. It is well to remember that it was this lovely couple that postponed their 1969 wedding for two weeks pending our first visit to the family in the Ukraine. They live in the city of Chmel-nitsky, Ukraine, from where they have recently la-mented their sad lot

— extreme shortage of clothing and provisions.

Volodymyr, their youngest child, served two years in the compulsory USSR army after completing his schooling. After his discharge, he married a lovely girl named



1985: John and Nadia Kwasnycia and their children Victoria and Andrew.



1990: New Year's Greetings: Angel; Volodymyr Shewchuk; his wife Luba; Olga, Roman, and St. Nicholas.

Luba. They have two children, Roman and Olga.

Volodymyr and his nephew Sviatoslav were our first visitors from the Ukraine. They lavished all the family in Canada with many lovely gifts, and were most impressed with the consumer goods in our stores — their most impressive "museums". They were gifted with a VCR each by us and our family. The entire two week visit was recorded and transcribed for their 220 voltage of Europe, but sad to say, the films did not reach their destinations. Even if they're tracked down (two years later) by the Canadian Post Office insurer, Uncle Peter will never view them because he died on November 17, 1991. Hopefully their great aspirations for an independent Ukraine will reward them more kindly.

Aunt Pearl (Shewchuk) Chimko 1906 - 1988

My Aunt Pearl was one year old when my father left for Canada. She and her three brothers, Peter at home, Harry in U.S.A., and my father in Canada, were the only survivors in a family of eleven.

It was pleasant to learn quite recently that our friend Bill Lobay's grandfather, Kuzma Lobay, and my great grandmother Palachia (Lobay) Shewchuk were brother and sister.

Palachia married Jacob Shewchuk. They had one son Kassian who married Efrozina Golko, parents of Aunt Pearl. Aunt Pearl married John Chimko, had three sons and a daughter.



1967: John Chimko, granddaughter Halia, Aunt Pearl and granddaughter Marycia.

Katherine (Kacia) the eldest, relatively less educated, was self-supporting, within close range of her parents. When we met her in 1969 and 1972, she was unhappily married to Peter Mycie and lived apart. She adopted me in a lovingly way, "I want you to be my sister that I never had". She hosted us royally in her own neatly whitewashed home featuring her beautiful embroidered scarves over icons, embroidered tablecloth and bedding. We shared her pride. She

continued to write loving letters but suddenly she became ill and died within two years. Her loss was traumatic to all concerned.

The eldest, was Fred, a school teacher, majoring in Mathematics. He and his teacher wife Lida (Maliy Yuchalivna) taught schools in the area. They have two children, Irene (Irinka), a teacher married to Stepan Boris, a taxi driver



1969 - my cousin Fred Chimko, his wife Lida, and their children Volodymyr and Irene (Irinka).

who have two sons, Andrew and Bohdan. She stays home to make sure her children are well cared for, and hopes that before too long Andrew will take up English and be the family communicator with his relatives living abroad. Since Aunt Pearl's demise she is the one that corresponds with me.



Approximately 1982: Irene, son Andrew and husband Stepan.

The second-eldest is Peter, born in 1936, a teacher of mathematics and science. His wife Stefania (Popybocha, Dmetrivnova) is also a teacher. They live in the nearby village of Nivetz. They have three children Olga, Ihor and Slavic. Olga, a university graduate, is a paramedic. She has a ten year old son who currently has dreams about life in U.S.A. or Canada. Their son Ihor is a deaf mute married to one of his kind. They have one son Nazar. Ihor has mastered his handicap by becoming an excellent craftsman, skillful in all manual arts. He communicates through sign language and also aspires to make his home in North America.

The third and youngest son Harry, a coal miner who earns more money than his better educated brothers



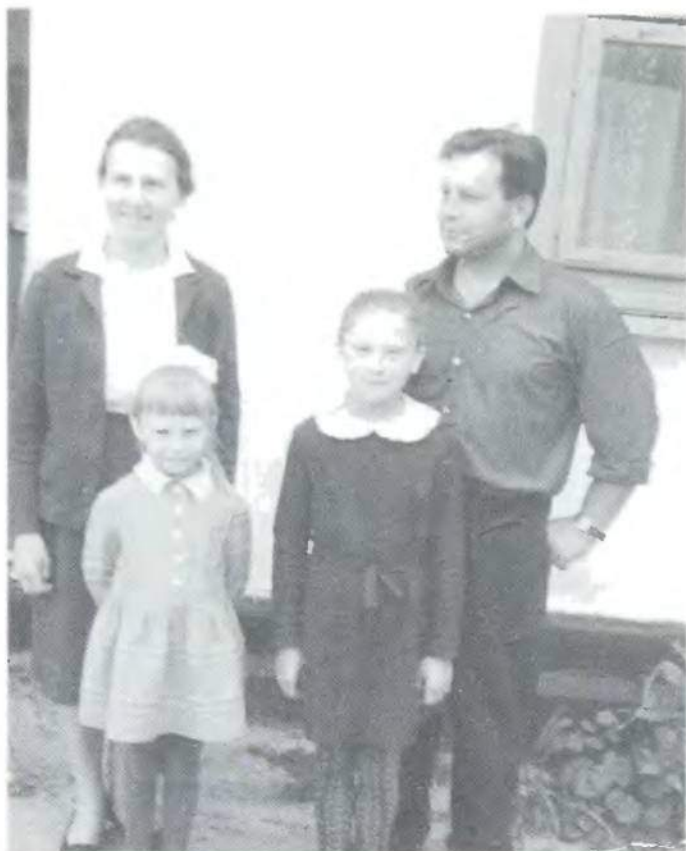
1969: Anne D., Stefania and husband Peter Chimko; John D., children Ihor and Olga. Missing is a third son Slavic, born in 1972. To date we are missing his biography.

do, lives with his wife Stefa and their two daughters, Halia and Marycia, in a modern brick home in Pozdymyr.

Aunt Pearl, an adorable lady, became a wonderful contact with the whole family, after the cold war ended. When my father died and her

other brother Harry became blind, she faithfully maintained touch. I translated and transmitted her letters to him, to be read by his wife Myrtle.

It was a great pleasure for us to see her in 1969 and 1972. She



1969: Harry and Stefa, their daughters Halia and Marycia.

and her family have never ceased to call us "My loving children", as she embraced us. She survived my dad by twenty-one years. Our memories of her and her quiet unassuming husband are enriched by their loving cassette recorded messages we are proud to own.

THE GOLKO FAMILY (Fred Shewchuk's maternal line)

Efrozina Golko (my father's mother) was born to Efrem Golko and Anna Machura. They had the following children: Efrozina who married Kassian Shewchuk (my grandfather); Teofilia, married Nazar Pudluzny; Mokruna, married Wasyl Muzichka. Katherine's first husband was Andrew Shtybel, her second husband was John Huk. Kiprian, married Pearl Huk, John married Catherine Andruschak, and Justin married Paraskevia Pelech.

Since I am familiar with only two of the aforementioned families, Katherine Huk and Justin Golko who settled in Canada, I shall confine my data to them alone.

Justin and Paraskevia Golko and Family

Justin Golko, born in 1884 in the district of Sokal, Ukraine,

like many other European youthful dreamers, bid farewell to his family in 1905 and headed for Canada. In 1906 he and Charlie Federoski became brothers-in-law when they married Parazka and Mary Pelech (daughters of Martin and Zoshka Tupycia Pelech of Miserica, Ukraine), and filed their homesteads in Arnes, Manitoba.



Fred, Justin and Harry.

Justin and his wife parented eight children with only five of them surviving childhood. Developing a semblance of comfort and security on the sub-marginal land proved to be doubly challenging.

Because Arnes, Manitoba, was a great distance from my father's home in Alberta, many years went by before my dad met his Canadian cousins. Uncle Harry from Freeport, Illinois was luckier in this respect.

I consider myself fortunate to have met Justin's daughter Mary Rasch, sons Harry, Paul and Michael and their families on several occasions.

Their daughter Mary, born November 5, 1907, mar-



1946 - Golko's farm, in Arnes, Manitoba. L-Back: Harry Golko, Peter Myshok, Evelyn Myshok, Paul Golko, Tillie Golko, Mike Golko, Susan Golko, Mary Rasch, Otto Rasch. L-Front: Jessie Myshok, Paraskevia Golko (mother), Justin Golko (father). L-Front: Children on knees: Elaine Rasch, Peter Myshok, Jr.

ried to Otto Rasch, has lived at 39 Alloway Ave., Winnipeg for many years. They had only one daughter Elaine Mary Ann, who has dedicated her life to serving God. She trained at the Convent Girls' Home. In 1985 in Angers, France, she was elected General Councillor in their Order of Good Shepherds for a term of six years. Working from Rome as her headquarters, she is a director of religious studies to an English speaking laity. Her letters inform us, "I will be in Spain until mid-January; then, I am off to Ireland, with a stop over in London enroute to South Africa, later, Great Britain and Malta, and possibly in August, I'll be in Canada for some meetings, mom and dad's Golden Anniversary, our Winnipeg Convent's 75th, and meetings throughout the United States through October. After that, I have another meeting in South Africa, then it is back to Rome until Christmas." Whew! I call that globe-trotting.

Sister Elise, their only child, busy as she is, arranges her schedules so that she can come home fairly often to help her aged parents move to a lovely highrise apartment for their retirement, and to assist them during their illnesses. Her father Otto Rasch passed away in the fall of 1991.

Golko's second child, John, was born on September 24, 1909. He and his wife Frances Dachuk had one son Robert, once married, now divorced. John, a mechanic and tinsmith by trade, repaired airplanes at MacDonald Aircraft in Winnipeg, where he lived. He died on December 18, 1970.

Paul, born January 1, 1917, married to Tillie Woroby on July 13, 1946, were blessed with one son Kenny who lives in Gimli, Manitoba, employed by Gardenwine North trucking firm. He and wife, Jean Kressy, have two daughters, Tammy and Melanie.

We hold pleasant memories of the parents visiting us in Kelowna in the early Eighties, along with their Winnipeg friends, Nick and Mary Winchar, and being hosted at their farm home where my husband John and



July 13, 1986 - Paul and Tillie's 40th Wedding Anniversary.

Paul engaged in several exciting horseshoe competitions. Modesty forbids me to declare the winner. Paul spent about five years in the armed forces, stationed in Dartmouth and Labrador. In 1946, when he returned home, he took over his parents' farm until his retirement in 1984. Cancer of the throat precipitated his death on December 2, 1990, at the age of 73. His loss is deeply felt by all the family.

Michael Golko, born December 8, 1919, is an enterprising businessman who owns a general hardware store and Golko Realty Ltd., in Gimli, Manitoba. He married Susan Litwin and parented two daughters: Elaine, married to Paul Stinson, in Nanaimo, B.C.; Pamela, married to Roger Furgalo who have two children, Mallory-Nicole and Tee-Jay. Pamela and Roger are presently operating the family store, freeing father Michael for real estate sales.

John and I were happy to visit them in Gimli, and to host them in Kelowna in 1991, thanks to Paul and Elaine who chauffeured them from Nanaimo to contribute to our Harvests Of Dreams and to pursue our common interests in genealogy.



Mike Golko, wife Susan, Elaine, Pam and son-in-law Roger Furgalo.

Harry, the youngest, was born February 28, 1923. He was married to Margaret Sheffield and they parented two children. Daughter Terry married to John Harder have two sons, Quinton and Justin. They live in Sherwood Park, Alberta. Son Greg is still single.

Harry and Margaret were very compatible and happy. We met them several times in Winnipeg and hosted them in Alberta, but the most heart-warming gathering was in 1979 at Paul Golko's farm.

On October 26, 1982, we were shocked to learn that Margaret suffered a massive heart attack and died, traumatizing her husband and those who knew her. In 1985, we again were privileged to visit the Golko families and found Harry reconciled to his loss and looking forward to his retirement from his life-long position as railroader. His promise to visit us with his new love in the summer of 1987, was disrupted by his fatal seizure on March 30, of the same year.



1979 - Standing: Tillie Golko, Margaret Golko, John Dubeta.
Sitting: Harry Golko, his daughter Terry Harder, Otto Rasch and Paul Golko.

The Justin Golko siblings Katherine died in 1913 at age three months, Bill at age 11 in 1924, and eighteen-month Nettie in 1928.

Justin Golko - Peter Myshok

I was delighted to discover that the Peter Myshok family who treated us so royally in Thunder Bay in 1985 (please see Chapter IV, "Authors' Convention"), traces its ancestry to Justin Golko. Peter's grandfather, married to Zoshka Tupycia, had a son Mike who parented the grandson Peter Myshok on January 3, 1910. The widowed grandmother married Martin Pelech. Their daughter Parazka married Justin Golko. Justin's sister Efrozina married my grandfather Kassian Shewchuk. Thus the four aforementioned families became interrelated through Peter Myshok's grandmother.

Nick Shewchuk (Fred Shewchuk's cousin)

As I continue to delve into the family genealogy, I discover cousins heretofore unknown. One such cousin who surfaced beforehand was Nick Shewchuk (son of Samuel Shewchuk) who had arrived from my father's village of Pozdymyr in the Ukraine and settled on a homestead in Uncas, Alberta, a short distance east of Sherwood Park.

In the early 1970's, my husband, I, and our American visitors, Uncle Harry and Myrtle Shewczuk, made a trip to his farm where we spent an enjoyable day visiting and getting to know Nick and his wife Mary; their son Harry and wife Muriel, and their three darling granddaughters, aged two, three, and four.

Regretfully, I neglected then to obtain some pertinent information now delayed by twenty years, and rendered more difficult because of the patriarch's demise in 1979.

Nick's ancestry goes back to my great grandfather Jacob who had only one son, Kassian. Samuel must have been Jacob's brother or nephew. I have discovered recently that Sam's brother, Leo (Lewko) settled around Winnipeg and his daughter Rose Shewchuk, a nurse, resides there. Nick Shewchuk, born in 1893, came to Canada in the early 1900 with dreams of a better future, and soon after served in the Canadian Army during World War I. When the war ended, he was discharged and joined the labor force in Detroit, Fort William, Winnipeg, and ended up west of Stry, Alberta as a farm laborer on Alexander Tkachyk's farm where he married their daughter Mary on October 24, 1924, bought a farm and lived there for four years, parenting two daughters, Rose and Anne.

They sold the farm and settled in Uncas, Alberta on a farm that included a country store and a post office. Here they parented two sons Harry and John, and kept busy farming and operating the business with the help of the growing family.

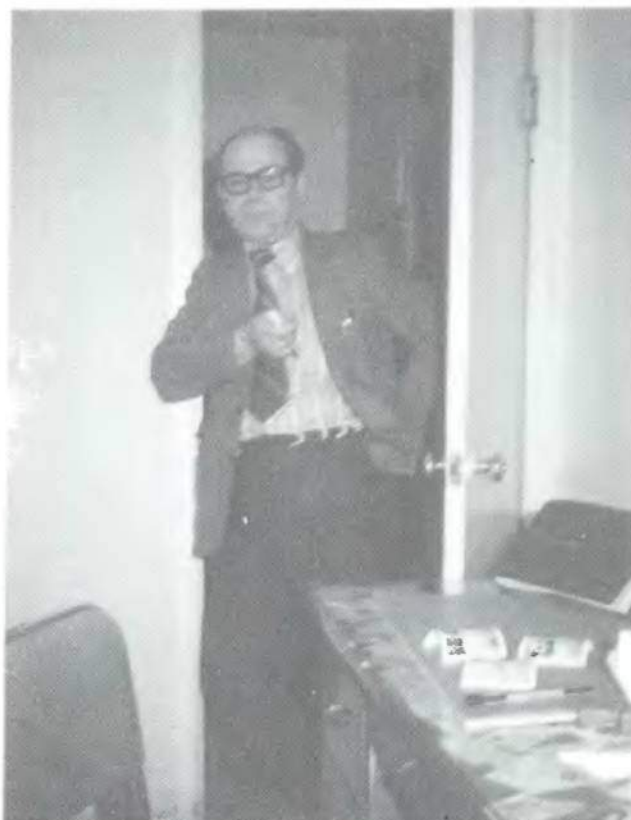


Nick, Mary and bride (granddaughter) Debbie Antoski.

In 1944, their eldest daughter Rose, (whom I recently met), married Joe Miciak of Daysland. They had six children: Donna, Lorraine, John, Brenda, Ernest and Ken. In 1948 they moved to Edmonton where her husband was a successful contractor until his early death in 1961, at age 43.



Joe Miciak.



Walter Lewicki.

who married Joe Boffa in 1969, have three children: Ernest, David Anthony, and Jody Marie. Donna married in 1970 to Brian Koch, parented three children: Crystal Co'Co, Christopher Ryan, and Dusty Wyatt. The parents divorced. In 1980 Donna married to Derek Bain have two sons, Dale and Dylan. Brenda married to Ray Court in 1974 parented three children: Ryan Craig, Bradley Joseph, Sarah Nicole. The parents divorced in 1984.

Donald Marlow Lewicki married Val Butcher and have two children. Douglas Malcolm married Sherolyn Roth and have no family. Kenneth Joseph born on September 9, 1948, never married, and died tragically in 1991.

In 1968, Rose married Walter Lewicki, of Foremost, Alberta and added two sons Donald and Douglas to her family. Her loving family helped her maintain her courage and morale.

In 1969, Lorraine married Ron Moss and they have two children: Justin Joseph, and Amara Allison. Joan,

With her grown family on their own, Rose is enjoying her eighth year of comfortable and happy life with John Belseck, in a retirement that each of them so richly deserve.

Anne, Nick's second daughter, born on September 26, 1926, married Steve Antoski, a school teacher from Wakaw, Saskatchewan. They have five children: twins - Joyce and Janice; Debbie, Valerie, and Alan.

His son Harry, born on December 8, 1931, married Muriel Olderskog in 1962. They parented four children: Mary Ann, Marcia, Michelle, and Michael. A rancher and a certified tree culturist, he lives



1985 - son Ken Miciak.



Family of late Joe Miciak and his wife Rose. L-R: Lorraine, Joan, Rose (mother), Donna, Brenda.



Rose and her three sons: L-R: Donald Lewicki, Rose (mother), Douglas Lewicki, Ernest Miciak, (Ken Miciak missing).



John Belseck and his wife Rose.



Harry Shewchuk.

on the parents' original farm. His prime occupation is making enough hay for his brother's thoroughbreds. His highly accredited wife, a nurse, is presently Director of Nursing at the Foothills General Hospital in Calgary.

Nick's youngest son John, born July 30, 1934 married Marie Vervynck in 1954.



Muriel (Olderskog) Shewchuk.



1984 - Top: Mary Ann, Marcia. Bottom: Michael, Michelle.

They parented five children: Dwayne, Todd, Rory, Dallas and the fifth not determined. Sorry.

The family informs me that John is the proud owner of the "Empire Meadows" thoroughbred horse racing park. He is also the owner of the Empire Hotel in Edmonton and resides in Sherwood Park with his family.

In 1992, Mary is eighty-one years old, living in a comfortable little house in East Edmonton, enjoying reasonably good health. On her 80th birthday she was honored at a big party highlighted by her twenty-eight great grandchildren each presenting her with a red rose. What a beautiful memory she holds! Grandpa Nick died in 1979, and is lovingly remembered.

Uncle Stanley Dumka

Uncle Stanley's mother Maria was a step-sister of my grandmother, Anna (Bigos) Habiak. She, her husband Stepan Dumka and their eight-year old son Stanley arrived at her home from the Ukraine in 1912, before they filed a homestead only one-half mile away. Their hard work and sacrifice found expression in a grand looking house and attractive farm-site.

To my mother and brothers, Stan was another brother. The strong family bond lasted a lifetime.

On February 3, 1925, Uncle Stan married our neighbor's daughter, Catherine, born on February 15, 1906, to Dmetro and Karolina Hopchin with whom she arrived in Canada in 1914. I was a seven-year-old guest at their wedding and well recall what a handsome couple they made. They parented four children, one daughter and three sons: Anne, William, Eddie and Ernie.

Soon after their marriage, they acquired a homestead neighboring my uncles Bill and John, and in truly characteristic manner of responsible, hard-working, thrifty pioneers converted it into an object of pride despite the cruelties of the Great Depression.

Uncle Stan and Auntie Catherine lived not for themselves alone. They were highly motivated socially. Both were active in the cultural and performing arts (Catherine as early as age thirteen) not only in Spedden Farmer-Labor Hall but also its kindred organizations in Edmonton where they retired after forty years of farming, twenty years on the original homestead, and another twenty years on a 320 acre estate near Vilna. Highly respected in every community, Stan served on the Smoky Lake Municipal Council for twelve years, and reeve for two.

As their children assumed homes of their own, and their own health slowly declined, Stan and Catherine sold their holdings and moved to an attractive Edmonton home within easy reach of their loved ones and the progressive organizations they loyally continued to serve in the interest of peace, friendship and international understanding. Even more remarkable when one recalls Catherine's fourteen serious operations and Stan's declining health, particularly in the last three years preceding his death on October 18, 1986. His beloved wife joined him on December 17, 1986. Mourning their great loss are their beloved children, and grandchildren. Husband John remembers with pride the well-deserved tributes he paid them at



L-R: June, Eddie, Aunt Catherine, Uncle Stan, Ernie, William, Anne, Sheila.

their funerals. I am a proud recipient of two lovely braided plant holders made by Aunt Catherine, a talented craft-hobbyist.

William, born on September 22, 1925, was married to Helen Rezewski. They had two children: Joan, who has two sons, and Eugene who has three daughters, both living in the Edmonton area. Helen died in 1984. William presently lives in Smoky Lake, Alberta.

Anne, born at Spedden in 1927, and married to a local man, Paul Stelmaschuk, parented four children: Anthony, Terry, Natalie, and Dean. Her husband's dream of a doctorate in agriculture took them to USA where he studied and worked for seventeen years. They returned to Canada in 1967, and settled in Edmonton, Alberta.

In 1969, the entire family travelled to the Soviet Union and to our surprise we met Paul in Lvov Hotel during our first trip to Europe. A few years later, the parents divorced. Anne has continued to work hard for many years, stalwartly supporting a home for their family.

Anthony (Tony), the oldest son born in Edmonton in 1959, married Oksana Boyko. They have two children, Christopher and Hilary. He has a degree in education and teaches high school and university, in Townsville, Australia.

Terry, second-oldest son, born in Edmonton in 1950, is a dentist, married to Janice Giddy. They have two children, Kimberly and Adelle. His home and practice are in Edmonton, Alberta.

Natalie, the only daughter, born in Bismark, South Dakota in 1954, lives in Calgary, Alberta where she is employed by a law firm.

Dean, the youngest, born at Thief River Falls, Minnesota holds a degree in dentistry. He and wife Gertie Zieter have one child, Grayson. They make



Anthony, Anne (mother), Terry, Natalie, Dean.

their home in Victoria, B.C.

Edward Dumka was born on May 18, 1937, at Vilna, Alberta where he completed his grade twelve. In 1955 he commenced his banking career with the Toronto-Dominion Bank which he served in the capacity of manager at Bonnyville, Alberta (1962-65); Lloydminster (1965-67) and in Edmonton from 1967 to his retirement at age fifty, twenty years later.

On June 28, 1958 he married June Boychuk who had just completed one year of teaching in Edmonton, and who suspended her professional career in 1961 until the youngest of their four children entered kindergarten. The couple's son Brian Alan, was born on August 31, 1961; Shari Lynn on December 13, 1962; Vivian Nadine on May 1, 1965, and Wayne Edward on January 19, 1971.

Brian married to Australian Sally Gower, a teacher of high school art, resides in Surfer's Paradise, Queensland, where he works for Seaworld Narra in the computer department.



Seated: Vivian, June, Ed, Shari. In front: Wayne.



Brian and Sally Dumka.

By the time this book is in print, Shari will have married Australian Paul Dempsey and become residents of her brother's community in Queensland, employed as computer operator; her husband in business administration.



Shari and her husband Paul Dempsey.

Not yet bitten by the Australian bug, Vivian works for Medi-Mart and Home Health Care in Edmonton; her brother Wayne aspires to become a carpenter trained at Edmonton's Northern Alberta Institute of Technology.

Father Ed pursuing golfing with an ex-banker's zeal, claims rich dividends from it. Mother June is back in the classroom. Hawaii, the parents' perennial holiday spot will inevitably yield its first place to Australia, a place to visit their loved ones, and to extend the golfing season.

Ernie, the youngest, born on October 23, 1941, trained in computer science, is employed by Echo Bay Mines as supervisor and installer of their computers both in Canada and United States. He, and wife Sheila (Thirsk) have one son, Troy, whose championship exploits in Moto-Cross racing, and currently pilot training at Red Deer College, have given his doting parents the fullest possible measure of suspense, thrill and excitement, combined with parental prayers.

Troy takes his career seriously as he scores top marks in multi-engine training, and Ground School out of Skywings Aviation in Penhold, Alberta as Pilot-in-Command, logging many hours across the country. The parents have ended up buying a four-seater Cessna 170B Tail Dragger Airplane for his use. His mom writes, "We'll be eating wieners and beans for the next five years, putting him through all this school and training. But he really loves flying and wants to make a definite career of it."

Sheila, logging as many hours in the computer



June 28, 1988: Troy, Ernie, Sheila.

department as Statistics Canada requires, leaves herself enough time for family obligations. 1991 was an exciting year for this charming couple as they celebrated their 25th Wedding Anniversary and Sheila's 50th birthday on July 6th, and August 2nd, respectively, followed by a wonderful two-week Holland America Caribbean cruise.

John and Katherine Huk

Katherine (Golko) Huk was my grandmother Efrozina's sister. She married Andrew Shtybel and had one son, William. Later in 1919, she married John Huk of Sokal, Ukraine where they parented twins Harry and Nancy; another daughter Anne, and Walter in Canada where the father sought improvement of his family's fortune. After five years of diligent and provident toil on his Two Lakes homestead ten miles northwest of Spedden, Alberta, he was able to bring

his family to join him. Together they braved the hardships of the Great Depression and through continued hard work and sacrifice, succeeded to raise their family and achieve a larger measure of comfort and economic security.

Their eldest, Anne, born August 1, 1922 was only seven when she arrived in Canada. A vivacious and attractive young lady, she completed her senior matriculation and captured the heart of a handsome New Zealander, Bruce Cowie, in Canada for the British Commonwealth pilot training program following the outbreak of World War II.



Katherine (Golko) Huk, and her husband John.

Soon after her marriage, she assumed residence with him in Lower Hutt, a suburb of Wellington, New Zealand and gave birth to three gifted children: David, Ian and Linda, all sadly left under her tutelage and care, following her husband's tragic death from heart failure at age thirty-four, on August 3, 1957.

In 1968, in the company of other family visitors, in our Edmonton home, she ably refuted charges that New Zealand's social programs were dehumanizing, paternalistic, and destructive of individual initiative. She capably refuted all that, at least to John's and my satisfaction, by using herself and her orphaned chil-



1943: Bruce and Anne (Huk) Cowie.



1961: Anne Cowie and her children David, Ian, and Linda.

dren as an example. Without the timely humanitarian assistance, she and people like her would have been reduced to poverty, unable to educate their children to the maximum of their native ability. As such they continue to return to society much more than they had received. A benevolent government became her orphan children's new parent, meriting their loyalty, love, gratitude and dedicated service. "Aren't the country's people," she argued, "its best renewable resources?"

The eldest, David John, born October 10, 1946, married Judith Clare Wetherilt, a school teacher, on January 17, 1970 at St. Paul's church in New Zealand.



The David Cowie Family: Bruce, Judith, David and Ann Christine. (1976)

They parented two children: Bruce Robert (1974) and Ann Christine (1976).

David, a business entrepreneur, worked for Fisher Paykel Company and later co-ventured with a Japanese Company. He has since formed his own company D.J. Cowie and Associates, Ltd.

In late 1980's he took his family for their first trip to Europe for two months, visiting Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Scotland and England, and Canada (briefly). Ann counted a total of 202 schlosses (castles) and fifty-six windmills as they toured in a rented Puegot and Escort. They logged 3,000 kilometers in Scotland and England; 3,600 in Europe; and 2500 later in Canada. They all agree that it was a fabulous holiday.

Sailing and racing in their Phase II Sail Boat along the Auckland waterfront, are the family's exciting diversions.

Ian Bruce Cowie born in 1948 is an astute lawyer and consultant, who lived with us for nearly a year while studying and teaching at the University of Alberta. Still single, he lives in Ottawa, Ontario. In 1974, John and I joined Ian for a three-week visit to the North and South Islands of New Zealand and treasure rich memories of our experiences in the most remarkable country of the British Commonwealth. My memoirs in Chapter IV "Travels and Related Poems" include many details about this family. Ian remains the goodwill ambassador between his native New Zealand and his adopted country, Canada, as his mother was. I keep close contact with all the survivors.

Ian B. Cowie

Ian Cowie, our congenial cousin, was born in Blenheim, New Zealand and graduated from Victoria University of Wellington with a First Class Honours Degree in Law in 1970.

He did his post-graduate work in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada and then taught at the Law School, Dalhousie University in Nova Scotia. During that time he directed one of the First Store Front Legal Services Clinics to be established in Canada.

He served as a Special advisor to the Federal Minister of Justice on Legal Aid and related matters from 1974-77 and in that capacity chaired a Commission on Legal Services in Canada's Northern Territories which focused primarily on issues involving legal services to the significant number of Indian, Metis and Inuit peoples located in those territories.

From 1977-85 he worked for both the Federal and Provincial Governments exclusively in the Aboriginal policy issues to Indian groups and governments. In the last years he has increasingly devoted his time to working with a broad range of Indian groups on the structuring, development, negotiation and implementation of self-government arrangements.

At the present time he is retained on a broad range of



Ian Bruce Cowie

Aboriginal issues, by the New Zealand Government, Federal and Provincial Governments in Canada, as well as a large number of Aboriginal groups. He recently served as the Chairman of the Inquiry into Cree Naskapi Commission for the Federal Government, the Crees and the Naskapi of Northern Quebec.

His Canadian dreams have been harvested in the form of fourteen Select Accomplishments in Aboriginal Policies, and fifty-one documentary reports and studies (1985-91), of current interests, pertaining thereto.

Linda (Cowie) Gilbert born in 1951, and married to John Charles Gilbert, reside in Lower Hutt, New Zealand, a suburb of Wellington. They have three children: Paul Bruce (1978); Ian John (1980); and Christopher Alan (1987). This family is very dear to us, because they gave us a wonderful welcome in New Zealand and their continuing communication with us is



1952: Linda and John Gilbert cut their wedding cake.

very gratifying. Her husband John, recently promoted as General Manager - Finance & Treasury, also Secretary of UDC Finance (a subsidiary of ANZ Bank) keeps very busy and happy with his new challenges. Linda beginning to take on part-time jobs, is enjoying working (with pay), after many years of bringing up the family. They and their children are planning their first trip to Canada in

August, 1992, to visit all her relatives, and to see where her mother once lived.

Katherine had twins next, Harry and Nancy, born September 5, 1923 in Sokal, Ukraine. They were six years old when they travelled with their mother and sister Anne to Canada. In 1955, Harry married Mary Koyczan and continued farm-



1991: Paul Bruce, Ian John, Christopher Alan.

ing along with his parents. When Aunt Katherine and her husband lived, my parents Fred and Sophia exchanged many visits, as dad was comforted by her kinship. It was always nice to have them come to our family weddings and anniversaries, and in retrospect we were always on their invitation lists. They lived close to a large lake that had good fishing that yielded dad many sacks of fish whenever he visited the Huk family. During summer and fall they were close to our favorite blueberry picking areas.

Harry and Mary parented three children: Cathy, born June 21, 1958; Annie, January 24, 1956; and Eddie, January 24, 1962. Eddie married my cousin Peter Habiak's daughter Tammy in July, 1988. Together they operate the extended family farm. In 1988, Harry and Mary retired and history was set to repeat itself. After two generations and many years of hardship and toil, the farms have prospered and now provide a comfortable way of life — vastly different from that day in 1924 when John Huk selected Two Lakes, a place to call home.



1988 - Harry and Mary Huk.

Nancy, Harry's twin sister, now deceased, married Peter Chmelyk on September 11, 1940, resided in Fort St. John. They were blessed with seven children: Jane, the eldest, born March 19, 1941, married Rene Bilodeau. Their children are: Debbie, Larry, Ricky, Sofia, and Angie, all of Dawson Creek. Peter Jr. born January 25, 1944, and wife Nettie and their two children, Peter III and Twillia Lee, live in Fort St. John. Kay, born October 30, 1946, and husband Dwight Linley, have three children: Dwillia, Sencan, and Jason reside in Fort St. John. Darlene, born November 18, 1948, married to Albert Poiric and their three children, Karen, Travis, and Troy, live in Prince George. Lorraine, born April 13, 1954, and husband Con

Isenbecker and their two children, Terry and Wynette live in Fort St. John. Gloria, born September 5, 1960, married to Jarrott Jevin, live in Saskatoon. Bonnie, born in October 1964, married to Darren Grvenke have two children, Gennifer and Jordan all residing in Fort St. John.

True to his parents' pioneering spirit, Walter Huk, born on March 25, 1931, continued pioneering in the Galata Creek-Cecil Lake-Fort St. John area to which he was enticed by his brother-in-law Peter Chmelyk and the irresistible fields of golden wheat. Active in community clubs, Walter left his mark as a baseball pitcher, dance violinist, farmer, business foreman, logger and logging superintendent, sawmill worker, and finally as a much-expanded sawmill owner-operator on his present farmsite.

In 1955 he married Lillian Dingman, a young, versatile school teacher who has provided leadership in the Womens' Institute (as its first president), Girls' 4 H Club, and director of the National Farmers' Union. They parented four children: Garry in 1957; Linda in 1959; Dale in 1961; and Della in 1966.

Garry, trucker and partner with brother Dale in a construction company, in 1978 married Cindy Martin. Their children are Travis, Kimberly, and Brandon. Dale is combining trucking, and farming, (nearly two thousand acres), with his dad. Linda, a graduate in business administration, manages an Edmonton firm. Sister Della is completing college. Mother Lillian, the family's loyal mentor and co-provider, is in her third and final year of her Bachelor of Education program. Employed by the Consolidated School district Number 60, she teaches at Clearview, B.C.



1980: Walter Huk Family. Standing, L-R: Dale, Garry, Lillian Dingman (mother-in-law), Cindy, Linda, Della. Seated: wife, Lillian, Travis, Walter.

KLEMENTI AND MARIA DUBETA

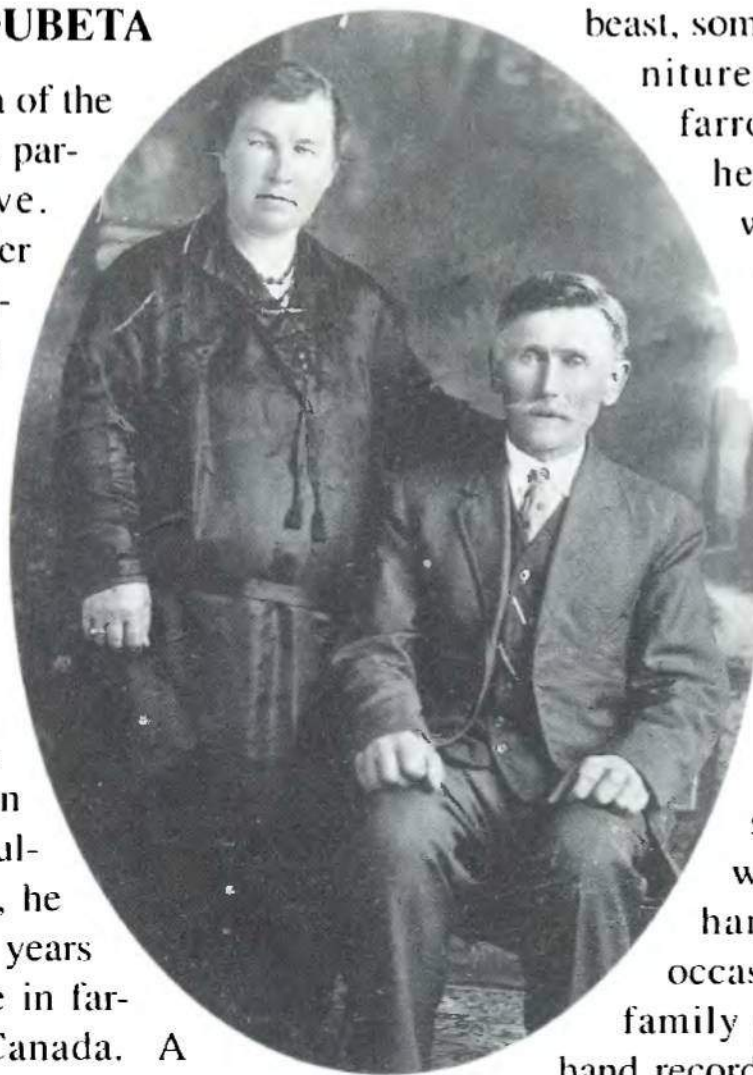
Born in 1867 in the Brody area of the Ukraine, father Klementi lost his parents to cholera at age twelve. Virtually dispossessed by his older siblings, and bereft of any schooling, he was obliged to provide child labor on landlord estates at unbelievably low wages equivalent to Canadian ten cents per day. Work at a local brewery provided greater security so that at age thirty-one he married twenty-two year old Maria Molinski (of Polish descent). Facing a precarious existence on their six hectares of intensively cultivated, scattered pieces of land, he was induced by his wife fourteen years later to seek the family's fortune in far-away and virtually unknown Canada. A remarkable tribute to their vision, faith, courage and fortitude! Little did they know that their initial hardships in their alien land would far exceed those that they had suffered at home. But they came, they strove, and they conquered. Glory to them and their counterparts so deservedly remembered and honored by Alberta's Jubilee auditoriums.

The Dubeta Family Harvest of Dreams by John Dubeta

Klementi Dubeta bid an everlasting farewell to relatives and friends and arrived in Canada in 1911 via Antwerp, Belgium, on the Cunard Liner Lusitania to file a \$10.00 registration fee for 160 acres of land legally known as S.E. 1/4 Section 12, Township 59, Range 21, West of the 4th Meridian, diagonally opposite to one filed by Philmon Hnatiuk, his friend and travel companion, now neighbor.

The homestead's topography rendered it a watershed of the area north and west of it, so that lakes that comprised up to 50% of its land area (especially during the spring thaw) behaved more like rivers. Even many years later cattle stranded on the higher altitudes of it had to be tended to at milking time by way of log rafts pushed to and fro by long poles scarcely touching the bottom.

By alternating sixteen hour work shifts with eight hour rest periods building railroad track (at highly exploitative wages) during the off season, and almost endless labor on the "homestead", he managed to clear some land for a grain field and a garden, constructed a roof-thatched mud-plastered log cabin for man and



beast, some rudely constructed beds and furniture, acquired an ox and a cow, a farrowing sow, a rooster and a few hens, some basic provisions, and welcomed to his Western Canadian wilderness, in 1912, his wife and four children, Peter, Anne, Walter, and Mary.

Before the C.N.R. reached Radway, Edmonton was their market supply center via the Victoria Trail or other uncharted trails of the pioneers' own making, fording shallow rivers and by-passing heavy forests, lakes and streams. They stretched their budget to the limit when they purchased a few second-hand toys for their children, an occasional musical instrument, and a family gramophone and some second-hand records (preferably Ukrainian) to break

the isolation barrier.

Mother, the family scholar, maintained close ties with our close relatives in the Ukraine. Her sacrifice and generosity encountered no opposition as annually she sent materials and money to her loved ones left behind. We enjoyed excellent relations with our neighbors be they Carroll, Hnatiuk, Meleshko, Brueckner, Berglund, Tuomi, Moffatt, Relf, Connelly, Cholowski, Rakowski, Rozak, West, or Gravrock, and worked with them congenially in community projects, but naturally bristled when some bigoted individuals looked upon us as inferiors or worthy of their "Bohunk" epithets. The public schools became the great social equalizers.

We worked as a family unit. Young and old shared all domestic and farm responsibilities on week-ends, holidays, before and after school. The wash tub was also the family bathtub. We had running water only whenever anybody ran for it. We were fed and clothed as circumstances and means permitted. No extravagances unless you can so consider a democrat and a \$750.00 Pontiac in the late 1920s.

We soon learned the wisdom of spending our five-cent picnic allowance on long-lasting candies or peanuts instead of splurging it on a cone of ice-cream, a chocolate bar, an apple or an orange. "Hot dogs", even had they sold at a nickel, carried to us an unpleasant connotation.

Whoever wanted more spending money had to earn it by picking and selling wild berries; winning prizes at school fairs, and commissions on saleable items, peddled from farm to farm; bounties on crows' feet and

gopher tails (sometimes severally dissected); and sale of pelts from various animals trapped or shot. We supplemented our meagre resources by living off the land abounding in ducks, partridges, rabbits, prairie chickens and an occasional deer and moose. There was no crop insurance, social security, family allowance or medicare. Survive on your own or perish, was the way of life.

Misfortune and adversity often followed the footsteps of the pioneers as hailstorms, early frosts, illness and ill health, and animal diseases and low prices exacted heavy tolls. I still harbor eerie recollections of the lamentations after hailstorms destroyed crops or a litter of piglets was found frozen within an hour's rescue of a nightly vigil. On such potential incomes so many hopes and dreams rested. Prices often dropped below the costs of production; costs of living, on the other hand, remained disproportionately high. Starvation in the midst of plenty inevitably bred bitterness, radicalism and discontent of those socially concerned.

Quite understandably, unschooled dad was so pre-occupied with continual labor on the farm, that he relied on his hard-working helpmate to promote education and the cultural arts. On long wintry nights father and children gathered around her at the dimly-lit table to hear humorous and serious Ukrainian poetry, and novels. It was there that my love for literature and creative expression began. Her beautiful voice at church and at home (especially at Christmas and Easter) are life-long memories. A born leader, she was always at the head of Mayday and other festive gatherings.

Both parents were extremely proud of their children's successful involvements in school concerts, agricultural fairs, and community functions. We as a family visited friends and relatives and played host in return. At times when dad and horses were too tired, mother and children walked a return distance up to fourteen miles to attend dances and community programs. She forever encouraged my worthy achievements and ideals as we led normal lives, strengthened by close filial ties.

Mother laid down her cross of unremitting toil and dedication in 1931 just as leisure and comfort were within arm's reach. Father, nine years her senior, outlived her by twenty-four years when he was laid to rest in the Greek Catholic cemetery in Radway, near her, in 1955.

The material vanished; the immaterial has long survived. The values and ideals of our venerable parents and other glorious pioneers remain immortal. Adieu and rest in peace ye molders of our and our nation's destiny. May your benign spirits influence us in exemplary pioneering fashion to help achieve a world of brotherhood and love, peace, friendship, security and goodwill.

Brother Peter Dubeta - 1900-1931.

Two years after I was born on the family homestead, brother Peter left his Canadian home for the United States in 1916 to break the bonds of isolation and unrewarding toil. He was hoping to make enough money to



Peter Dubeta.

improve the fortunes of his pioneering parents, but actually added to their concern by keeping his whereabouts and identity secret for fifteen years before succumbing to contagious diphtheria two months after his mother's demise in 1931. Two family dreams died when his hermetically sealed casket was lowered into an unmarked grave in Reno, Nevada.

Anne (Dubeta) Monchakowsky

Sister Anne has been as much a blessing to her parents as she continued to be and now is, at age 90, to her beloved children, grandchildren and her host of relatives and friends. She faithfully discharged many responsibilities on her parental homestead, kept the "homefires" burning when mom and dad made their bi-annual trips to Edmonton market, and provided us much love and comfort after we lost our mother in 1931.

As an attractive teenager, she was much sought after when feminine brains and beauty were relatively scarce commodities. Even at age four, I was often reduced to tears contemplating the dire consequences of any one of the many suitors stealing her from under our roof as William Monchakowsky finally did in 1919. The eighteen mile distance barrier he thus created (interposed by the North Saskatchewan River) was too horrible to contemplate until I (clad in my homemade blue denim outfit studded with white buttons) attended the wedding and concluded that the newlyweds were worthy of each other. Endowed with much native ability, common sense and practical experience, they were as successful farmers and convenience store operators at Leeshore, Alberta (fifteen miles north of Lamont) as they were after they rescued, veritably from the jaws of the Great Depression, our own ambitious farm operation in Pakan, four miles south of

Smoky Lake, Alberta in 1930. There she and her multi-talented husband demonstrated their skills and abilities in developing the section of land into one of the most attractive farmsites in Alberta. She excelled in home-making, gardening and horticulture; he in business management, carpentry and the mechanical arts. It was also there that their four sons Nick, Stanley, Walter and John and their daughter Emily grew and developed into the successful and respected citizens they became.

Following their brief experience as restaurateurs in Vilna, Alberta, they retired to Edmonton, living in homes worthy of anyone's pride. Cancer claimed William in 1967, at age seventy-one.

The loyalty and generosity displayed to their many loved ones was reciprocated in kind. Anne continued to reside in very comfortable quarters but never alone because her children were her frequent companions. Retirement to St Andrew's Ukrainian Village has richly diversified her life among her many old and new friends that have so much in common. We continue to marvel at her physical well-being, her mental acuity and her almost flawless recall of memorable family and social events as she serenades us between card games with folk songs, we once knew and sang.

A chapter of Anne's rich life cannot be forgotten or ignored. After mourning the loss of her beloved William for several years, she married Steve Bajak, a congenial, compatible gentleman readily accepted by all family members. He, now deceased, commanded our respect and hers as she, a loyal Monchakowsky, proudly bears the Bajak name.

I shall now make brief reference to Anne and William's immediate family.



A birthday celebration for Anne (Dubeta) Bajak. Standing: Her brother Harry, her three sons: Stanley, John and Walter.



John Dubeta visits his sister Anne in her home (1989).

Nick Monchakowsky (1922-1978)

Nephew Nick was born in Leeshore, Alberta in 1922, and educated in Pakan's one-room school. On September 16, 1943 he married Rose Granik, a marvelously family-oriented girl, and soon after established himself in Warspite, Alberta as "Maple Leaf Motors" garageman; Chrysler, Allis Chalmers and U.F.A. - Co-op bulk gas and oil dealer. He served on the village council for sixteen years, mayor of Warspite for five years, and director of the Smoky Lake Senior Citizens' Home for fourteen. After two years of illness he died in 1978 at age fifty-six.

The couple's son Gerald, an accomplished organist and holder of a Motor Mechanic Certificate from NAIT, is a long-distance transport truck driver. Edmonton resident, he is married to Elaine Marko, B.Ed., employed by



September 26, 1968, 25th Wedding Anniversary Celebration. L-R: son Gerald, Nick, Rose and daughter Pauline.

the Edmonton Separate School Board as teacher and consultant in Home Economics. She is currently developing a career in fashion designing. They have three children: Clinton, Corina and Colby, well versed in Ukrainian dancing.

Their daughter Pauline married to Walter Magas on October 19, 1968, was regretfully widowed in 1972. Their daughter Tina Marie (seventeen years of age) is graduating as Legal Secretary in 1992, and Tammy Rose, (eighteen years of age) is registering in Special Education for handicapped children. Mother Pauline is a long-time employee at the Edmonton General Hospital.



L-R: Colby, Clinton, Elaine and Gerald Monchakowsky. Seated: Corina.

Stanley Monchakowsky

Nephew Stanley, born at Skaro, Alberta, and educated in Pakan, married Lillian Serediak of Smoky Lake in 1948. He combined successful farming in Warspite, Alberta, with his long record of service with Edmonton's Canadian Liquid Air from which he has recently retired, as wife Lil has done from her Coral Foods Products employment.

Their daughter Mary Ann and son-in-law Albert Joly are University of Alberta graduates teaching in



Graduation Day, May 25, 1990 - L-R: Tina Marie, Pauline (Mother), Tammy Rose.

Lethbridge, Alberta, where she also makes appearances on its Blue Flame Kitchen T.V. program. They have two sons, Craig and Kevin.

Son Larry, foreman of a trucking firm and wife Dorothy Kirkland, R.N. at the Royal Alex Hospital, have three sons, Neil, Gregory, and Eric.



Stanley and Lillian Monchakowsky.

Walter Monchakowsky

Smoky Lake - born Walter, married to Jean Kolodiazny of Warspite, Alberta on September 4, 1954, is commonly regarded as the family's most successful business entrepreneur. He, ably assisted by Jean, rapidly graduated from Walt's Electric; appliance repairs and sales, a Treasury Branch agency, Motor Vehicle Branch office, and Wildlife and Fishing licensing offices in Smoky Lake, Alberta, to owner-operator of the Windsor Hotel in Camrose, Alberta, and ownership of the Buffalo Hotel in Red Deer.

He and Jean are well schooled in public relations as Walter assumes leading roles in sports and community affairs. For many years he has sponsored the Camrose Merchants Men's championship softball team. They know how to work hard, play hard, and relax as their numerous trips and excursions crowned by their recent Caribbean cruise testify.



September 4, 1954 - Walter and Jean's wedding day. L-R: Jean's parents Kornyl and Mary Kolodiazny; the bridal couple; Walter's parents, Anne and William Monchakowsky.

Their daughter Patricia, born on December 28, 1955, is a 1977 University of Calgary graduate in Education, teaching in Calgary. Married to Ivan Steil of Camrose in 1976, they have two sons, Scott Allan and Paul Patrick.

Bernie, B.A. in Economics, University of Alberta was born in 1957. He forsook co-management of the Windsor Hotel in favor of partnership-management of his recently-founded lumber company in Camrose. Rumors of his imminent marriage remain unconfirmed.

Enterprising and tradition-shattering Sonia (born on February 8, 1963), attended Camrose Composite High School, Camrose Lutheran College, and Olds School of Agriculture. Married on November 2, 1985 to Kevin Berg of Bawlf, Alberta, she has been grain

buyer for the Alberta Wheat Pool there, an efficient home-maker, and recently a proud parent of a son named Colin, born in 1990.

Emily (Monchakowsky) Zukiwsky

It was relatively easy for Emily surrounded by four brothers to steal the family show. Father was captivated by her mannerisms and improvised dancing; her mother idolized her primarily for being a girl, her only daughter with whom she established a close life-long relationship.

Born in 1925 at Leeshore, she married in 1944 her public school sweetheart, Metro Zukiwsky, four years her senior. After farming for four years, they moved from Pakan to Warspite where for nineteen years Emily ran "Em's Confectionery" while her husband became a short-term partner in Warspite Motors with brother-in-law Nick before becoming a caterpillar operator and road grader for the County of Smoky Lake.

Emily was an active member of the Warspite Women's Institute and a successful supervisor of the Girls' Club where she honed and perfected her superior ability in arts and crafts and paper tolle designs. After moving to Edmonton in 1967, she rendered many years of faithful service as cashier and clerk at Woodward's Northern Mall, just as husband Metro did at R. Angus in the capacity of supervisor of maintenance and repairs until his 1982 retirement.

Emily and Metro were charming hosts, and justifiably proud of their Warspite-born three sons and one daughter who rendered them special honors in 1984 during their Fortieth Wedding Anniversary.



Metro and Emily Zukiwsky's 40th Wedding Anniversary (1984).

However, fickle fate dealt them a crushing blow when their beloved parents died in a head-on collision on January 15, 1987 near their former Warspite home. The double tragedy was almost too much for Emily's mother, my sister. Indirectly mom and dad continue to live in the lives of their talented, enterprising children:

Ronald James, their first-born (April 11, 1944), showed early promise of success. He twice won the Alberta Teenage Car Rodeo Championship and followed them by its adult counterpart in 1962. U. of A. graduate in Edmonton, he is school principal, town councillor, prominent businessman and a distinguished hockey coach at Pincher Creek, Alberta. His fellow-graduate wife Patricia (nee Billey) is a reading specialist serving many schools in the area. They parented Shauna Ronine (1965) Kyra Jaunau (1969); hockey star Jarret James (1972), and vocalist Shae Ron Paul (1975).

Dennis Ross, August 24, 1949, the family humorist, scaled the heights from sea cadet, hockey player, member and coach of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association (three months in China in 1983 coaching the Chinese National team; repeated three weeks in 1984), and several times as coach of the "Pacific Team" in Montreal at the Under Seventeen World Championships. Holder of B.Ed. in Physical Education degree (U. of A.), in 1971, Dennis won his Master's Degree in Education there in 1984, and advanced from a principalship in St. Paul, Alberta to Assistant Superintendent in Red Deer, Alberta.

He married Gloria Chernichan, a fellow graduate in Education and parented three avid sportsmen, Dion Ross (1975); Jonathan Nicholas (1977); and Tyler Michael (1980).

Daughter Deana Grace's birth on March 21, 1951, was not unduly hampered by an unprecedented snow storm. Graduate from Alberta College as Medical Secretary, Deana travelled extensively in Europe, Asia and North America before assuming a position of residential security sales consultant with A.D.T. Security Systems in Edmonton.

Ted Michael, the youngest, born on January 10, 1954, found his professional niche in Dentistry. He won his B.Sc. degree at the U. of A. in 1974 and his Doctor of Dental Surgery Degree in 1978 when he won the Dan McCutcheon Honor Award, the International College of Dentists Prize (Canadian Section), and the Denco Undergrad Award. He rendered two years of professional service to the Canadian Armed Forces stationed in Petawawa, Ontario.

In 1978 he married Susan Jane Birse, U. of A.

graduate in Occupational Therapy and presently member of the provincial Social Care Facilities Committee. He terminated his successful practice in St. Paul, Alberta in favor of a partnership at Edmonton's Link's Clinic currently relocated as an ultra-modern medical center largely under his auspices.

An honor to Emily and Metro, and a tribute to their worthy heirs!

John Monchakowsky

John, the youngest of their progeny, born in 1927, and married to Sophie Futoransky in 1950, gave up farming his inheritance in Pakan in favor of greater economic security by way of general trucking in Edmonton.

They were blessed with three talented children. Donald, the eldest, is a computer analyst; his wife Mona, a medical receptionist. They have a daughter Kristin age four, and a son Michael age six. David is a chartered accountant; wife Olive is in data word processing. They have a daughter Leah age fifteen, and a son Christopher age twelve. They reside in Fort Saskatchewan. Their daughter Cheryl, an accredited court reporter, married Burke Hensche, an accomplished computer analyst and programmer, recently returned to Edmonton from Australia. They have a son named Lee, born in 1990.



1950 - John and Sophie Monchakowsky.

Walter Dubeta (1912-1989)

Walter, born on October 17, 1912, arrived to Canada as babe-in-arms, barely surviving the trans-Atlantic crossing. Before long he demonstrated his prowess as a sharp-shooter (96% "kills" of game using a .22 caliber rifle) and artistic sketcher of flora and fauna of that period.

Whenever father Klementi required his special assistance in field and forest, he was unwittingly rendering his son a favor because Walter was neither academically gifted nor inclined. He considered a few grades of public schooling sufficient for his first love, farming.



1934: Walter and Lucy Dubeta.

His friends often teased him that his revenge on compulsory schooling was his buying the one-room McKinley school (after closure and consolidation) and using its lumber to construct a luxurious pig-pen on the family homestead.

One of the first to introduce electricity and running water in his new farm home, he was a "gentleman

farmer", a good husband, neighbor and an excellent worker.

He married Lucy Chepluk of Thorhild, Alberta in September 1934.

They parented three daughters: Caroline, their eldest, married Tom Porayko of Smoky Lake, Alberta now residing in St. Albert, proved to become very worthy parents of five talented sons and two daughters. Nurse Vivian, divorced from journalist-radio broadcaster Wylie Simmons, lives in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, married to RCMP officer Clair Myers. The youngest, Dolores, married to Dave Nowakowsky, lives in Sherwood Park. They have two sons. In 1970, their inherited family "homestead" was sold to permit their retirement in Redwater, Alberta where he died on December 21, 1978 after a very brief illness.

Flights from Kelowna to Edmonton during the Christmas season were unavailable. Luckily I took advantage of the one and only cancellation that required an eight hour stop-over in Calgary. Myself quite ill at the time, I composed a worthy tribute to him that his and my many funeral-attending neighbors and friends would have found comforting. For reasons unknown (not even reading it) sister-in-law Lucy and her son-in-law Tom Porayko denied me the opportunity to deliver it. One delivered by grandson Simmons was excellent. Two would have been even better, so that my denied eulogy is reproduced below, word for word:

In Memory of Brother Walter.

This saddened congregation is assembled to honor Walter Dubeta and to provide comfort and solace to his dear wife Lucy; his beloved daughters Caroline, Vivian and Dolores and their worthy husbands; his adoring grandchildren; surviving brothers and sister; nephews, nieces, and numerous other relatives, neighbors and friends.

Walter's life is over; memories remain immortal. The sorrow of his sudden passing must be tempered by the rays of light that provide some silver lining behind the dark cloud of death.

1. Walter remained healthy and strong throughout most of his life that exceeded man's average span by several years. A son of pioneers, he himself became a venerable pioneer.
2. When the end came with surprising suddenness, the family had several days time to adjust to the inevitable.
3. The parents, Lucy and Walter, lived happily together far beyond their Golden Wedding Anniversary. They cooperated, and complimented one another well.
4. He saw his children well established in life and



September 1, 1984. Walter and Lucy cut their 50th Wedding Anniversary cake.

welcomed the arrival of each of his eleven grandchildren, with joyous expectation.

5. He spent eight years of retirement in comfort and leisure, devoid of pressing cares of life.
6. A good citizen of Canada in general, and Alberta, Smoky Lake, and Radway communities in particular, he always gave far more than he received, during years of want and years of prosperity. He ranks with Canada's best nation builders in peace and in war.
7. An acute student of life, he was not easily fooled by dishonest propaganda or self-seeking con artists.
8. His spirit was kept alive by an innate sense of humor. Personal affronts and slights were effectively warded off by his disarming smile and shrugs of the shoulder.
9. He was an ideal friend and neighbor, always honest, cooperative, and entirely trustworthy, highly respected and well loved.
10. He practiced true Christianity more by deeds than by words, and always tried to do unto others what he would expect them to do unto him.
11. Next to having sons of his own, he was superbly blessed by ideal sons-in-law.
12. He continues to live in our treasured memories, and the noble characteristics preserved in his children and grandchildren in whose hearts and minds he continues to rule as King. We are proud to call him a great family man, a close relative, kind neighbor and friend. May his rewards in Life Eternal, equal the joys he gave us on Earth.

Mary Dubeta (1904-1917)

Mary was born in the Ukraine in 1904. Shortly



Mary Dubeta.

after her arrival to Radway homestead, she suffered a disastrous backward fall that dislocated her spinal column. Her hunchback condition progressively increased. She courageously continued her seven-mile return trips to school but succumbed to her ever-weakening condition early in 1917, a victim of the doctorless days of pioneering.

I am my parents' first Canadian child. Harvests of Dreams 1891-1991 (which I co-authored and edited) and my poems included therein, reveal a great deal about me and my life, so that on this my seventy-eighth birthday, February 27, 1992, I wish to deal more generally with the principles and philosophies which have actuated my thoughts and actions.

I admire the noble principles (industry, faith and cooperation) of the Canadian pioneers and have sought to emulate them in my life and to instill them at all possible institutional levels to help build a better world. In the best interest of social and economic democracy, I have continued to champion the "under-dog" and to oppose any special privilege and power.

I have long regarded manufacturers of tobacco, alcohol and illicit drugs as enemies of the people. I also remember having initiated protests against the cheap exploitation of violence, profanity, vulgarity and pornography for commercial gain under the guise of freedom of expression. We have sadly reached the point that movie makers now employ warnings about violence and coarse language as their principal drawing cards.

I have always been convinced of the principle of "the greatest good to the greatest number" and supported the theory that any society that maximizes the motivation, training and opportunities of the many is vastly superior to one which idolizes and promotes the privileged elite and relies on its "trickle-down" theory to promote human welfare.

My completion of four grades in two years before high school, Grade XII by private study, three years of high school French in five weeks, and eight years of university studies during eighteen years of teaching was less ego-inspired than it was by my consuming desire to render superior service to my family, students and society in general.

I have given the maximum of myself to others and have sought the very best from them in return. Within my means and my ability, I have promoted peace, cooperation, understanding and goodwill at all community levels.

All the aforementioned have found tangible expression in my classrooms and professional services beginning with my presidencies of geographic, regional and local associations. It spilled over into various community services and activities; operation of a co-educational home for high school students away from home; pioneering semesterization and day adult educational programs; rehabilitation of emotionally disturbed adolescents at mental institutes; and furthering the principles of social democracy and consumer cooperation by being a provincial parliamentary candi-

date for the former, in 1948, and director and author for the latter in the 1950's.

My numerous letters to the editor, prize-winning short stories and poems (five in city and university archives) and editorials in educational periodicals edited over sixteen years have championed educational freedom of opportunity and social and economic justice. Even my 559 page Writers of the Okanagan (1985: "talking book" for blind Canadians), and its juror-selected Artists of the Okanagan (1988) counterpart were designed to commemorate and to serve. My involvement with Interculture Canada helped teachers of English in China and Thailand to upgrade their specialty at the Kelowna Okanagan College.

We have shared our travel experiences with our readers in Chapter IV of this documentary.

My ever-loyal wife and helpmate is truly worth her weight in gold. Our dear children Lillian, David, Kenneth and Linda, close relatives and friends, honored us on November 6, 1984 at our Golden Wedding Anniversary. We look forward to our Diamond Anniversary almost as hopefully as we do to the consolidation of all forces of good in mankind to realize in fuller measure the "Fatherhood of God" and "Brotherhood of Man".



1984: L-R: Linda, Lillian, Anne, John, David, Kenneth.

Russell Dubeta (1916-1933)

Brother Russell, possessive of a superior mind and high moral principles, was truly one to admire. Born on March 24, 1916, he quickly asserted himself as a family scholar. His decline in physical health traces back to the day in school in grade eight when he prematurely exposed his spine to the semi-thawed ground on which he fell asleep during the luncheon break. He continued to maintain his academic supremacy for three years when his progressively worsening health was attributed to spinal meningitis which required periodic spinal column "taps" to reduce the mounting pressures. Buoyed by faith, optimism and determina-



1924: Russell Dubeta.

tion, he undertook completion of his Grade XII courses by home study under adversity in a motherless home. He left us suddenly on January 6, 1933 on Ukrainian Christmas Eve, only three days after I had returned to Edmonton to continue my Normal School studies. His Scottish joke, as I was leaving, "What's your price of eggs?" a grocer was asked. "Good ones are fifteen cents a dozen; cracked ones are five." "Then crack me three dozen," continued to linger in our memory. His post-funeral parting kiss to me during my very vivid dream of him in Edmonton, is even more comforting.

Harry Dubeta

Our youngest sibling, Harry was born on August 24, 1917. He possesses an innately practical mind and a great propensity for learning, so that his varied achievements belie his formal schooling. Frequently mechanical engineers have called on him to resolve technical problems that defied their solution. He has created tools that warrant patenting. One of his inventions was used by him on the island of St. Kitts to convert sugar cane into house-building materials. His soapstone carvings are the envy of recognized sculptors.

Mother's early demise and the Great Depression played havoc with his early education. He took advantage of the emerging Youth Training Program and graduated as a full-fledged aircraft repairman in which capacity he found employment with leading North American aircraft firms in Edmonton up to his retirement in the mid-Eighties. He has on several occasions taught his specialty to students at the Northern Institute of Technology in Edmonton, and often became his companies' reliable "trouble shooter" in Western Canada and its northern outposts.

He married Agnes Baranec of Millet, but a series of unfortunate incidents led to a divorce. Principles and

loyalty sentenced him to a semi-lonely bachelor-type of existence tempered by visits of relatives and friends and his beloved and well-established children. Unfortunately the noxious products of the aircraft repair industry possibly aggravated by the residues of his most recent soapstone carvings have weakened the once extraordinarily strong man and reduced his breathing capacity only slightly above survival. However he remains cheerful and optimistic in his modest home, just as proud of his family, his relatives and friends as they are of him.

D a u g h t e r
 Joyce (Dubeta) Benders R.N., born on July 4, 1945, now divorced from John, has found tenure on the staff of the Grant MacKewan College in Edmonton, specializing in Computer Science that takes her to seminars in Africa and Europe. Their children Jacqueline and Quinton are well grown. Her athletic brother Alan Dubeta, B.Sc. (U. of A.) born on

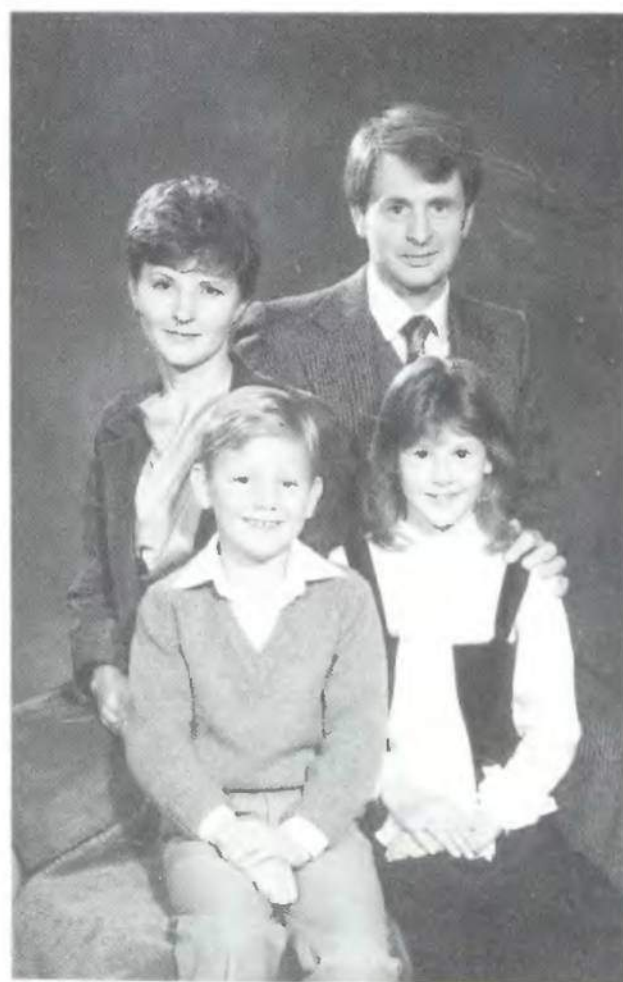


Harry and wife Agnes (Baranec) Dubeta.

September 5, 1961, a student of criminology, is rapidly scaling the ranks of the Edmonton Police Force. Married to Cheryl Lewis of Ingersol, Ontario, they have two daughters: seven-year old Danielle and four-year old Nicole.

His sister Donna Cheryl (Dubeta) Brown was born on July 21, 1946. She, a 1968 holder of Education degree (with distinction) from the University of Alberta, taught in California during 1970-72, in New Jersey during 1972-74, and in the Edmonton Public School system since 1974.

She married Robert Stanley Brown (born September 16, 1946), 1968 U. of A. graduate in Honors Chemistry Magnum Cum Laude. He won his Ph.D.



1980: Dr. Stanley Brown, wife Donna and children Carlyn and Trevor.



Alan Dubeta, wife Cheryl, children Danielle and Nicole.

in Chemistry at University of California in 1972, and proceeded for post-doctoral studies at Columbia University, New York, 1972-74. He has served at the University of Alberta as Assistant Professor during 1974-79; Associate Professor during 1979-84, and Full Professor, 1984-92.

Their children are Carlyn Norene Brown (August 21, 1974), and Trevor Stanley Brown (June 1, 1977).

Janice Dubeta, the youngest member of Harry's family born on July 12, 1955, is an Honors graduate in Radiology, rendering service at medical clinics in Edmonton. She pursues her interest in arts and crafts, and challenges her father as a soapstone carver.



Janice Dubeta.

Chapter 3

OUR LIFE, HOPES AND DREAMS

Although I would prefer that someone else write about me, I have decided to do it myself for the sake of my children, grandchildren and future generations who, I believe, will someday appreciate knowing more about me and my life. My husband John prompted me to write by saying, "Who knows your history better than you do?"

From Childhood to Marriage

I was born on April 24th 1918, the first daughter of Sophia and Fred. I was baptized May 12, 1918, in the presence of my godparents Stephan Habiak, and Celina Wynnyk. My father obtained the following copy of my baptismal certificate on June 12, 1950, when I required proof of citizenship for my temporary residence in Palo Alto, California, where my husband was registered for his Doctor of Education program.

This certificate is a treasured keepsake to our family and a factual proof to my husband that his teasing about my being related to the Indian tribe had a reason in fact. The fact that we lived only a half mile away from the Indian Reserve and about eleven miles north of the Saddle Lake Agency, however, bears only humorous reference to my Indian ancestry.

As a child of homesteading pioneers, I barely

remember living in the first log cabin. I do remember that the home-made wooden beds had hay mattresses and I recall the wooden cradle that my father had made for the first baby and the six that followed.

I grew up sharing the love of my parents and maternal grandparents, and my uncles Steve, John and Bill who played and bounced us kids around throughout our early years. They would lift us up to the ceiling, toss us around and then proceed to rub their unshaven chins over our tender cheeks. The tickling of our underarms and feet was merciless, but nevertheless, we loved those big uncles so much and continued to respect and love them until they died.

I learned from my parents early in life how to be happy with small rewards. I learned from them that if I worked hard, the rewards would gradually grow, and that if I shared my goodness, good things would come back multiplied.

I dedicated myself enthusiastically to cooperation, sharing, and willingness to do any kind of work deemed necessary by my parents. I seemed to set myself worthy goals at all times. I never seemed to worry about how many cows I was obliged to milk, but was happy with the amount of foamy milk I delivered. When it came to weeding the garden or hoeing the potatoes, I was less concerned about my aching back than I was about the job completed. I set goals for myself very early so that by the time I was twelve years old and attending school, I already was initiated into nearly every chore in the house and on the farm, and found time to sew, knit, crochet, and embroider. My self-designed flour sacks were embroidered into tea towels, aprons and dresser scarves. Along with mother, I knitted and crocheted heavy stockings (from our own sheep's wool), to be worn by most of the family in the cold winter. Felt or rubber boots over these stockings were the perfect answer to the bitter cold. I was also very interested in sewing; my grandmother trusted me with fabric to make her a dress. This I managed very well with my mother showing me how to fold the fabric for a neck or arm cut-outs, the trickiest part of sewing a garment. My early introduction to

SACRED HEART MISSION SADDLE LAKE ALBERTA	
Ayamihesikahatchikasuwini masinahikan Certificate of Baptism	
Ni tapawatchimon This is to certify that	<i>Annie Marie Ahowczuk</i> (SIL. 10218)
Otawastuwawa Child of	<i>Fred</i> and <i>Sophia Habiak</i>
E mittawakkt Born on the	<i>24th April 1918</i> at <i>Anning</i>
Ki ayamihesikahattak Was baptized on the	<i>12th May 1918</i> by <i>Rev. A. Hudson omi</i>
Kest totanuk dakwa-ayamihawuk According to the Rite of the Roman Catholic Church	
Otawakawala	<i>Stephan Habiak</i> Godfather
Okawikawala	<i>Celina Wynnyk</i> Godmother
Kest masinahikatek omi Ayamihesikahatchikasuwini masinahikan As appear from the Baptismal Register of said Mission	
Date Awah plain Masmahikan Register	<i>12th June 1950</i> at <i>St. Joseph's</i> <i>no 2, page 127</i> Pastor <i>J. J. ...</i>

Certificate of Baptism.

sewing proved to be of great value throughout my life as I kept myself and my children well-dressed within our budgetary limitations. My love for sewing grew into great challenges and successes in the field of dressmaking and interior decorating, on which I will later dwell.

My mother was an excellent cook and I learned a lot from her about methods of making pyrohy and various pastries; however, before she was laid up with a crushed vertebrae, I cooked very little. Mother made us girls assist her in every situation so that we would learn properly how to scrub floors, polish furniture, wash windows, do the family laundry and take care of the children. Every so often she would ask me to help grandma as she herself could not get away.

Life was not always hard work for me as I remember many happy days spent in school. I enjoyed being on school teams playing baseball, later followed by softball, playing first base in most cases. Participating in school concerts gave me an insight into music, singing, dancing and drama. During the summer vacations, the local farmers' club hired a very talented young lady, Edmontonian Miss Lillian Slifka, who taught us Ukrainian language, music and dancing. My parents bought me a mandolin and I became good enough to become a member of an orchestra. This experience for us country children was exactly what we needed. Concerts were staged at the end of summer classes to the delight of the parents and the whole community. How Miss Slifka managed to get us novices trained in such a short time to dance those intricate Ukrainian dances; blend our voices in choirs and duets, and sing solos; play orchestral numbers; provide orchestral accompaniment to the dances and choirs, and to teach us the Ukrainian language was indeed quite remarkable. The parents cooperated fully and proudly.

This training proved very valuable to me in later years to teach music, dancing and singing in my husband's school concerts and the St. Paul School Division festivals, in which we received second-highest aggregates two years in a row. Not bad for a small country school.

Since I have already related many stories about my families' early activities of work and play, I will now elaborate on my own.

School days were full of fun and excitement. I can still recall the thrilling scents of new pencils, crayons, scribblers, slate boards and chalk we were provided every year on our first day in school. During the hot days our teacher would allow some classes to study between the shading, tall trees. Because our one-room school catered to as many as fifty Grade I - X students, it often became hot and stuffy so that our

teacher's consent to study outdoors was very much appreciated. Meanwhile, Mr. McIlvenny kept a sharp eye on us through the windows facing us and "lo and behold" if anyone fooled around. During the forenoon and afternoon recesses a goodly number of students would race to the dangerous but exciting tall swings strung amidst the trees. One day a near-fatal accident occurred when one boy got hit on his head by a returning swing. We therefore learned how to play safely, and made sure that the younger children confined themselves to their own swings while sharing with us our beautiful recess experiences.

My school was two miles from our farm and getting there was fun in different ways. Occasionally coming to school on horseback saved sometime, whereupon the bridled horse was commanded to return home. We usually walked and trudged through mud and snow, but during extremely cold weather we were driven there, all bundled up under blankets and quilts. Drivers never failed to pick up those walking.

During spring and summer we usually walked to school bare-footed, for reasons of convenience and economy. The dirt roads were often badly rutted so that a municipal grader had a full time job levelling them. Just another hardship and handicap of pioneering.

In the late Twenties, some farmers acquired automobiles as the roads improved beyond the use of buggies, wagons and democrats. My father bought his first Model T Ford in 1929. It was a four-door vehicle opening half way. For starting, it had to be cranked at the front. I can still remember dad running back, grabbing the steering wheel and yanking at the choke to make the engine roar. It was this vehicle that caused my poor mother's crushed back in 1931, when dad drove her to Edmonton to see a doctor about her heart pains. The car stalled near the Fort Saskatchewan bridge and as dad went to crank it, it started moving backwards. My mother decided to jump out because she was sure the vehicle would end up in the ditch. That jump caused her a crushed vertebrae as I have already mentioned, confining her to a cast and recovery for almost a year.

I was thirteen years old and in Grade VIII. Although I loved school, I had a hard time attending because I had to help father to care for the entire family. There were six of us children. Washing the family laundry by hand on a washboard was no easy task. Besides, there was food to be prepared, large batches of bread to be baked, the family fed and cared for, and the house cleaned and countless chores performed. I managed to complete Grade VIII that year but found it impossible to proceed to high school.

Although I was quite conditioned to all kinds of

work, I had to learn many specialized tasks such as making cottage cheese, butter and desserts. Beheading the chickens was the most gruesome. First I chased a non-laying hen or a rooster to a halt, when I made my grab. Then with axe in one hand and the chicken legs firmly held in the other, I placed its neck on the chopping block, lopped off the head and threw it aside to bleed. After that, I dipped the chicken into very hot water for a minute or so, and got on with the plucking, cleaning, and finally cooking the meat which provided excellent stock for home-made chicken noodle soup before the meat itself was smothered in rich farm cream and onions to produce our staple item of diet.

Eventually I became very proficient performing all necessary tasks in the house, garden, milk shed and general maintenance. Mother's complete recovery took about two years, after which time her heart seemed well rested and her back stronger than ever.

The depression (Dirty Thirties) was then in full swing and I recall how difficult it was for my parents to provide the necessary clothing and food for all of us. I remember carrying a pail of eggs (ten to twelve dozen) four miles to our town of Spedden to buy mamma some salt and yeast. The eggs sold for only five cents a dozen. An eight mile return trip by foot to bring home so very little. Our shoes and clothes were largely paid for by five-gallon shipments of cream sold to the Vilna Creamery. The two dollars so received covered only one-third of the cost of a pair of slippers. Most of father's income from the mine and farm went to cover tools, machines, equipment, agricultural supplies and taxes.

When I turned fourteen I began attending an occasional dance and community socials, along with my parents. I felt adequately dressed because mother sewed exceedingly well and occasionally grandmother splurged on a new dress for me. I participated in community plays, choirs and Ukrainian dancing in the Spedden Farmers' Hall, and occasionally joined our local group of artists to stage plays and concerts at our neighboring communities of Stry, Bellis, and Shandro. Return performances came to our community. This was an exciting experience for us as we spent lots of time practicing our performances, and meeting and welcoming young people from outside our small community.

While we performed, we were admired and applauded and became very popular. I, for one, had a great admirer, named Andrew (a resident of Stry, some ten miles away) who kept wooing me for a whole year and kept insisting he would wait for me as long as I wanted to stay single. Although he treated me superbly and expounded his great love for me, I was not ready to be serious, or to commit myself to him in

the future. I was only fourteen coming on fifteen then, meeting lots of interesting guys so that in no way could I promise to be his at a later date. Guess I'm a stubborn Taurus and once I assessed the situation and made up my mind I remained steadfast in my decision even if it hurt the feelings of a friend. This was the only serious love incident of my early teens. Andrew, on a rebound, soon after married a local girl, acquired a family, but sad to say, died early in his life in a tractor accident on his farm.

From that time, I truly believed that a Guardian Angel must have directed and protected me as I soon met an equally nice fella who has taken me through a different type of living which gave me an opportunity to become strong and be my own person. My history will continue to reveal some of my undertakings and educational gains.

I was destined to be married early, because about a half year later a young school teacher arrived to teach in our Cache Lake School and in a couple of months or so we started to enjoy visits and dancing (cheek to cheek sometimes). Not only was he good looking, had very blue eyes and lots of curly hair, he had a JOB. All the nice local guys were having a real problem because of the depression. My hero was making \$600.00 a year and that seemed great.

I must admit that John fell for my parents first. Dad was easy to talk to and mother accepted John's request to do some baking and washing his white shirts for him to ease his batching duties. I must admit mother and I fussed as we never did before. Those shirts were starched, dampened and pressed with the old-fashioned flat iron heated on a wood stove, and folded as though they first came from the store. Scrumptious buns and breads were sent over, too. Actually I recall other teachers in our school being treated by mother in much the same manner because my parents invariably respected their children's teachers, and that mother's show of friendship and cooperation reflected her hospitality and giving nature.

John was a likeable person who took to my mother like a duck to water. I'd say, he churned his way into mamma's heart as he never failed to ask if there was any butter to be churned for her, no sooner he appeared at the doorway. Whenever the cream was thinner he was obliged to churn longer. John lost his mother only three years previously and my mother seemed to fill the void. He was always ready to help milking the cows and took delight that he could out-perform us. Always a competitor even to this day. Finally he noticed me and got more involved with the Shewchuk family. Our courtship became stronger and more desirable. We missed not seeing one another oftener and oftener. My dad became quite a postman as he

made his trips into town. He would deliver my letter to John and bring back one for me on his way back. This went on throughout the first year of his residence and teaching in our district.



1933, Back row: Julia (Habiak) Filewych; Annie (Pacholuk) Filewych; Anne (Habiak) Zacharuk.
Front row: John Dubeta, Anne (Shewchuk) Dubeta; Nick Ratchuk.

For fifty years I have kept my husband's love letters to me in a deteriorating brown purse of that era, but refused to read any of them until now, while writing my memoirs. I always felt that I wanted to read them at some very special event. I must admit I am deeply moved to relive those happy loving days I experienced with my chosen partner of fifty-seven years, and am now pre-

pared to share one of his letters and accompanying poem:

"Dearest Anne:

I feel I must write something to one that has made me feel better, since I saw her yesterday.

I suppose, Anne, that I would be in the very pink of condition if I'd have the great pleasure of seeing you every day. Oh, that flashing smile, my _____ I was going to finish the sentence but I fear it may do injury to my heart because it had the heart concerned. I suppose you'll be in town to-morrow? That will stimulate me even more because,

The sight of you,
My dearest dear
Brings back new life
Adds joy and cheer.

So please remember honey, love,
A smiling angel from above,
In my constant memory, you'll always be
From now unto eternity.

Oh rapturous love
You are divine
Peaceful, loving, sweet and kind,
And thus forever shall it be
As long as I love you and you love me.

Yours till raindrops,
John."

During John's second year of teaching at our Cache Lake School, his sister Anne and her husband, William Monchakowsky, came to visit him. Sister-in-law Anne didn't like to see her brother batching so when John told her about me, she said, "What are you waiting for? You like her; get married".

So they all scooted over to our place and no sooner they walked in and exchanged greetings and some pleasantries, I overheard voices from the kitchen saying, "We have come to ask for your daughter". Wow! I think I nearly collapsed. I knew I loved the guy but I didn't expect action so soon. Not knowing what happened next, I agreed to get married, and to be with my sweetheart every day. Nothing else mattered.

Immediate plans for a wedding within a week were made because John's sister and her husband could not afford more time and money to attend at a later date. William and Anne were a great help to my parents with the preparations for the big occasion. All neighbors, friends and family were invited by various ways and means. I remember mother sending brother Metro on horseback to invite those that they had not yet invited in person, while rushing about with their shopping in Spedden for the occasion. There was no telephone service in our area but a fence post wire telephone was ingeniously used between several neighbors for gossip and announcements of this nature. Recently Rose Gaba, Dan Lewicky's daughter residing in Kelowna, reminded me that I rode horseback to extend her family an invitation to our wedding. All I remember about the barbwire telephone system was my conversation with my parents' neighbor, the late Matt Hopchin, whose voice sounded as if he were across the room from me. It was such a pleasant feeling hearing his happy voice announcing our choir practices.

My dear father sold most of his wheat grown that year to pay the wedding expenses. There was a lot of action as chickens were killed and prepared. Butchering of an animal was done for additional meat supply. Barrels of beer were brought and home-made whisky was accumulated. Neighborhood women and aunts came to help make holubchi, pyrogies and dozens of pies. Lady guests of the community brought beautifully-decorated cakes. My parents' first wedding was handled superbly well and in record time.

As for myself, it all seemed like a dream. I was involved getting my bridesmaids lined up. They were as follows: my first cousin Anne Zacharuk; second cousin Anne Huk; and my best girlfriend and neighbor Tillie Filewych. John chose for his best men, Bill Hopchin, Peter Filewych, and my brother Metro.

Numerous crepe paper flowers were made for decorating the room and table; corsages, and a large flower spray for the Master of Ceremonies, our friend

and neighbor, Mike Filewych who traditionally held it high for attention whenever announcements, toasts and speeches were made.

The day before the gala wedding on November 7, 1934, my parents' friend, Severko Leskiw, a grocer in Spedden, used his nice car, free of charge, to drive us to St. Paul to get married at a Roman Catholic church with Father LaRose officiating. My father, and John's sister Anne accompanied us for moral support, consent, and the necessary shopping. Bill Hopchin and Anne Zacharuk (nee Habiak) were our wedding attendants.

We rushed from place to place and bought a lovely white satin wedding gown, a veil and flower corsages. The wedding bands were the hardest to find and fit. We ended up by getting a gold-plated band for John at a cost of four dollars and mine at two dollars, the only ones available in St. Paul at the time. We then rushed for a civil licence, dressed in full wedding regalia and proceeded solemnly to the altar of the Catholic Chapel as a wedding tune was being played on the church organ, just before my father gave me away.



1934: John and Anne Dubeta.

Full realization of my parting from the family nest brought surges of emotion to me and my daddy. Adaptation to the change challenged parents, bride, bridegroom and family. New faith and hope prevailed. Everyone was pleased because John was loved and respected and trusted to be responsible, caring and providing within his means.

Not pampered or spoiled, I was prepared to do my very best to become a loyal, caring, helpful mate, and supportive in all worthy undertakings of my husband in the classroom extra-curricularly, the community, as well as in his professional growth and leadership.

The wedding celebration got under way in the afternoon with Master of Ceremonies, Mike Filewych lofting his floral symbol of ceremonial privilege and authority to greet the guests, officially welcome the newlyweds, to entertain, to announce, and to conduct the order of events with dignity and decorum to the background of song and music kindly provided by John Filewych, his brother Peter and Harry Leskiw. My parents greeted the groom with the traditional Ukrainian braided bread and salt while the women folk sang in variation lay and religious songs. I presented my husband a gift of a new shirt which he promptly donned. The bridesmaids followed to pin on him a corsage tied with a wide satin bow and long streamers. The bridesmaids collected their traditionally offered tips. Music and dancing went on continually as did the serving of the food on the specially provided long tables.

After everyone was fed, a presentation table was set up with toast glasses, decorated braided breads, flowers and myrtle, and a platter covered with a pretty cloth on which, in accordance with Ukrainian tradition, family and guests laid down their monetary offerings — their "presentations". The wedding party (bride and groom, bridesmaids and best men) all stood along one side of the table and received the well-wishers. Our Master of Ceremonies with his floral spray held high made an invitation to the guests to come forward to give their best regards and gifts to us, the married couple. The parents and family came forward first. The music played while the toasts, greetings, gifts and kisses were bestowed upon us. My parents and I really cried then as we embraced. My father drank half of his drink and flipped the rest over his shoulder spraying nearby guests in a token of good luck to all, common to Ukrainian weddings. The music played cheerful melodies with guests breaking into song. The Master of Ceremonies stamping his feet to the rhythm kept calling on all present to follow the routine until everyone had an opportunity to raise his or her glass to toast us and shower us with gifts, kisses and best wishes. Ukrainian tradition dictated that all future kissing was to be a privilege and prerogative of the bridegroom alone. All others were provided their last chance. As gifts, we received a teapot from my Aunt Anne Habiak and a crystal decanter and wine glasses from our friendly grocer, Isaac Stern and his family. The "presentation" from all others totalled \$105.00, the talk of the community as this amount

established an enviable record during the trying years of the Great Depression. Fifty years later, I have attended family weddings at which presentations of money and gifts were well-nigh \$30,000.00.

After that ceremony, more food, song, dance and varied merriment continued until the wee hours of the morning. Usually wedding preparations require a month or two. How my parents managed so well in one week's time we can only acclaim but never know. In the morning many far-away guests had to be fed again before returning home, but not before some of my cousins, particularly William Shtybel (my great aunt Huk's son), presented John with an ultimatum equivalent to a ransom note demanding a gallon of wine at the gate before I was permitted to pass through. As we settled into the wagon to drive off, William hung on to the horses' bridles, screaming and demanding his tithe until John finally yielded. We then drove off to our honeymoon teacherage.

Cache Lake Years

Only sixteen and a half years old, I didn't even think or worry about pregnancy but apparently was ripe and ready because I became pregnant during the first month. Being pregnant, didn't seem to worry either of us and we talked about having many children. The first three months were almost unbearable. I thought that I would die as the nausea persisted. The sight and smell of certain foods made me sick. In Edmonton, two months after our marriage, I scurried from restaurant to restaurant in search of dill pickles on the menu, forgetting along with John, how readily they were available at a more convenient and economic manner at any grocery store.

John and I decided to take our wedding pictures during the Christmas season when the school was closed for two weeks. This was our first trip to the city together. I felt like a queen when John bought me a long and lovely sequined green gown so well commemorated in our studio photo. I again dressed myself in my wedding regalia (white satin gown and veil) for an additional souvenir. Those are being continuously admired by ourselves, our friends and our relatives. That was my second trip to the city, the first being the time when my father took me there, age eleven, to have my tonsils removed.

As soon as I moved into the teacherage, my father delivered us a cow so that we could have our own milk products. Later they gave us some chickens so that we could have our own eggs. We planted a big garden and had plenty of vegetables. Although our paycheck of \$50.00 a month was little, we managed to eat well and had enough money for other necessities. There were times when John would not get his cheque for



Not bad for two depression kids!

three months because the Local School Board had no money. Most ratepayers were in arrears of taxes during the depression. Provincial grants were very low. Luckily, our credit was good with the local merchants. And lucky for us, John was able to adjust his ancient and overused 22 caliber rifle for wind velocity and distance to bring home an occasional prairie chicken, partridge, duck and rabbit. One kill brought him as little pleasure as it did to the tree-sitting partridge accidentally shot through the neck when the trigger slipped just as John was raising the rifle to take aim.

On August 14th 1935, our daughter Lillian was born at Vilna Hospital. Weight seven pounds, seven ounces. John was very thrilled to see his baby and has often reminisced about the effect she had on him as he visualized her beauty all the way home. John loved all of our babies and talked about having a dozen, only to discover that four children were hard enough to support, especially when he needed funds to further his professional goals. The second year of our happy marriage had me involved in teaching music after school hours. I taught solos, duets, choirs, dances and even managed to get a small orchestra under way. In those

days every community expected its teacher to stage one or two concerts per year, in addition to teaching upwards of fifty Grade I - IX students in the classroom. John's was no exception. Free janitorial services went with the job.

When the day's formal instruction ended, John raced 300 yards to our teacherage to look after our baby, just as I raced over to the school to continue instruction in music, dance and song. My rewards derived from the joys of achievement and the audience acclaim during the concerts that followed. Dual dividends were reaped when my school choruses, action songs, instrumental numbers and folk dances helped John's dramatizations and choral speeches win for our one-room Cache Lake School the second-highest aggregate certificates at the St. Paul Inspectorate festivals two years in a row.

Our nursing baby had to be left in the care of her grandma Sophia, well supplied with bottled milk while I, equipped with a breast pump, headed with John and his students to St. Paul for a full day of competitive performances. We travelled there by a big rented truck. The more privileged John and I sat next to the driver in the cab, while our brave and hardy contestants, together with musical instruments, costumes and stage equipment, occupied its rear. They themselves paid the transportation costs with the \$25.00 received for having cleaned the school windows and the building's interior just a week before.

Because we had won several first and second prizes during the day, we were required to stay for the evening program and official presentation of the certificates. This, of course, delayed our return home past midnight. To stay dry and comfortable, I was obliged to use the breast pump several times that day. We came home to a tired grandma and an upset baby not favoring bottled milk and a rubber nipple. We thanked God for a safe journey and our phenomenal success. After all this tribulation, peaceful living returned to me, while John put his students into gear again for their final examinations. What a welcome summer vacations were! Relaxation and more time with the baby.

John always took his responsibilities seriously, both in the classroom and in the community where he was actively involved in sports and cultural activities, principally in acting and play directing. In September, 1936, his Gr. I - XI classes increased to fifty-two students; his salary from \$600.00 to \$650.00. In return for the three-room teacherage, he was obliged to do the school's janitorial work — sweeping, dusting, washing and oiling the splintered wooden floor, and in the winter keeping the school fully heated from seven o'clock in the morning to the late hours of the afternoon.

When the provincial government raised the teachers' annual minimum salary to \$840.00, the school board began charging more for the "free" teacherage so that the salaries largely remained the same. We continued to pay for our own lights and fuel.

Our life was centered around the school much the same as the year before. When music practices began, our baby required less individual attention because she accompanied me to the classroom. The school children took her from me and she became a popular diversion. When the dancers danced and the music played, it was but a short time before her little feet kicked rhythmically. The kids got a great "kick" out of her readiness to perform and kept encouraging her to keep stealing the show. Because I was successful with our school performances, our community requested me to teach adult choirs for their concerts, especially when the Ukrainian poets, Taras Shevchenko and Ivan Franko were being honored. I seemed to have managed directing several such concerts during our stay in Cache Lake. Children from our school always danced their lively Ukrainian dances to the enjoyment of all.

Early in 1937 before I turned twenty, I found myself pregnant again. My husband had to undergo an appendix operation. Though he returned to school partially recovered after two weeks, I had to add the janitorial work to my schedule. Regardless, we managed to be ready for that year's school festival as before and won another second-highest aggregate award, an achievement worthy of our pride.

When summer arrived, John left for summer school for six weeks, while I and my Lillian spent a relaxed time between my parents' home and our teacherage. Women folk in the area predicted that (because of my size) I would have twins. I found myself very uncomfortable and even frightened because now I knew what it was like to have a baby.

After summer school, John decided to spend two weeks (prior to school opening) selling life insurance. He toured areas from Radway to Vilna in search of subscribers, received numerous promises but actually not enough sales to warrant any change of occupation.

Because of my gigantic size, my parents, John and I decided that I should have medical attention in Edmonton to see me through the ordeal. Dr. Baker promised me that I wouldn't even know when the baby arrived and was true to his word, following some sedation. Opening my eyes, I saw a full room of nurses and Dr. Baker's assistant, Dr. McLennan, at my bedside. Quickly the anaesthetist cupped my nose and instructed me to draw in my breath. Believe me I obeyed at once, and by the time I awakened on October 11, 1937, I was told I had a big ten pound four

ounce baby boy, our wonderful son, David. Needless to say, daddy John was very happy and especially since his predictions of getting a son on Thanksgiving Day came true. We were all very thankful, and especially grateful to our Edmonton friends, the Mokry family, and the Rosenberg family, for their care and hospitality. I enjoyed every minute of my mandatory post-natal ten-day stay in the hospital.

From my raggedy historic brown purse, I found this letter John wrote to me on October 15th, 1937, from which I quote a few excerpts:

“Dearest Anne: I could kiss you a million times, darling, for making good your promise getting me a son. How high did the baby bounce? I’m surely happy to hear you had less trouble having him than Lillian. I coached her to say ‘God bless you, mother’ before you had the child. She responded, ‘Ga bless oo madai’. I bet you felt better each time she said this. I’m indeed proud of my son’s size, weight, length of 24 inches and general capabilities (sucking). You forgot to mention whether he has hair or not. Has he? Does he cry very much? The dear chap is soon going to be a six-footer... Try and bring him home as soon as possible as I want to teach him how to skate and play hockey. Pearl, upon hearing the news of her being double auntie strutted about like a peacock, while Zinnia cried from sheer joy... Boychuk lost his bet that I would father twins and I’ve already eaten the pears I won... With a million kisses from me and Lillian, I’ll say good-bye and good health to you.

Your proud husband, John.

P.S. Extend the Rosenbergs and Mokry and families my hearty thanks and best regards.”

I feel I must explain that Mrs. Rosenberg and her girls had moved to Edmonton from Spedden when their daughters required higher education. Mr. Rosenberg remained in Spedden for a few more years to operate his general store where we used to buy many of our supplies. I was a guest at their house while awaiting the arrival of our baby. They were very nice to me for which John and I were very grateful. Another acknowledgement goes to Mrs. Mokry of Edmonton, who invited me to dinners often and visited me at the hospital almost daily.

Upon my return by train to Spedden, I noticed my mother holding our Lillian, whom I missed so much. She greeted me, her big dark eyes penetrating mine and saying in perfect Ukrainian (translated), “So you bought me a little baby?” What a delight to see her in her pinky-rose furry coat and hat I had sent her from Edmonton. She seemed to have grown so much. Her

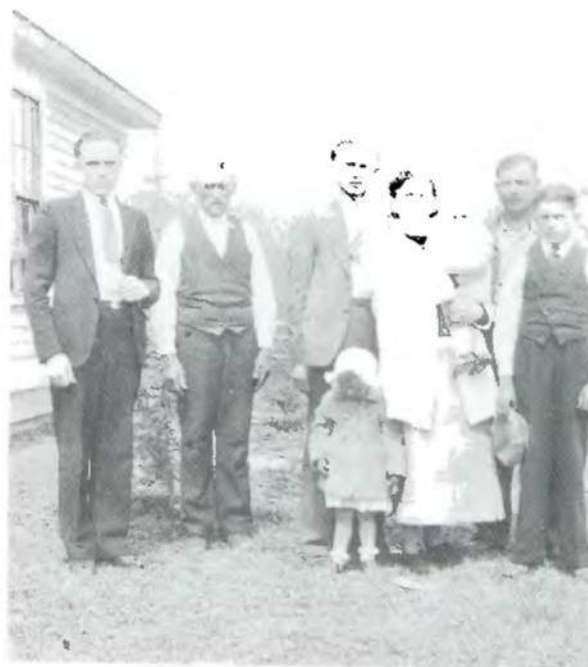
talking had improved greatly during the three week period that I was away. She now spoke Ukrainian very well. Grandma was her close buddy, but the joy of a baby brother for her to love was pure happiness for us all.

Grandfather Fred presented Lillian with a baby lamb to own and to adore. I am so thankful for the privilege of having lived so near to my loving parents in my first years of married life. They helped us immensely with their moral and material support, and their loving care of our children.

Early in 1937 John foresaw a great need for a second room addition to the then overcrowded Cache Lake School. The School District No. 3285 was nearly broke. Grants were very small and grossly inadequate, tax arrears steadily increased, so that neither the school inspector nor the Department of Education would sanction construction of an additional room. At the general meeting of the ratepayers John suggested that the additional classroom be built by giving the delinquent taxpayers credit on their taxes for supplying the labor and the lumber required. This idea was approved and immediately plans were formed to hire a contractor to coordinate the requirements. A contractor, Steve Sadlowsky was hired, and plans were finalized as to who would bring the lumber from the mills and who would provide the labor. Everything went smoothly and the project was finished before the fall school term at a total cash outlay of only \$880.00. When Inspector Gibeault arrived in the fall, he was pleasantly surprised to find the impossible come true.

A second teacher, Mr. John Buk from the Two Hills area, was hired to teach grades 1 - 6 while John taught grades 7 - 11. I acquired him as a boarder, and co-habitant of our small teacherage.

That school year demanded less of me because Mr. Buk took over some of my music responsibilities, but I had my hands full with a boarder, two small children, a milk cow, lamb, chickens and a garden. However, I took charge of another adult concert because Mr. Buk had relieved me of my school festival obligations.



John Buk, Klementi Dubeta, his son John D; Anne D. holding son David, Lillian, Fred Shewchuk, and son Harry.

School year 1938 was the year that winds of change controlled us. John had definitely decided to start his studies towards a university degree. He loved his teaching career and felt strongly that improving his qualifications would benefit him with promotions and salary increases for personal and family good. I was totally supportive as usual, not fully understanding how we alone could do it.

An important prerequisite to university entrance was three years of a foreign language — German, Latin, or French. John had only French I at Grade XI, ten years before. So when school was out he began studying French 10, 20 and 30, (three years of High School French), all in five weeks. He passed with a respectable mark. We often reminisce about our trip to Edmonton to write that memorable “examination”.

We left our children with the grandparents and trusted our 1932 Chevrolet car, bought in 1936, to take us to Edmonton over a badly-rutted dirt highway. It took us a full day because John was obliged to repair six flats along the way. Throughout the trip I held a French book and page after page fired questions at him in English as he responded in French.

THE BEAUVALLON YEARS

Although a second room had been added to the Cache Lake School during the preceding year, reducing John’s responsibilities, he decided in 1938 to accept principalship of a two-room school in Beauvallon, Alberta, sixty miles away, at a salary of \$890.00, a promotion of sorts.

Upon returning home after the French examination, we started making our move to Beauvallon. We hired Mr. Kunik and his truck at Spedden to move our



1938 - Mike Yaremchuk

household belongings, our cow, chickens, and ducks, while we followed by car. We were greeted in Beauvallon by a friendly school board that assisted us finding a two-room house almost immediately at a monthly rental of \$7.00. We found a small barn for our cow and poultry. Our newly-found friend, the late Mike Yaremchuk, provided the hay, and free straw.

While I made our new home more livable, John commenced preparing for the opening term.

We found that community vastly different from Spedden, then predominantly Ukrainian. In Beauvallon, we found Scandinavians, Anglo-Saxons, French, and Ukrainians. The majority of the taxpayers were Seventh-Day Adventists as was the majority of the school population. That religion was new to us, but we managed to assimilate well and became friendly with most of the people there.

Our Lillian who spoke perfect Ukrainian had to learn English quickly because only English was spoken by the neighboring children. She was delighted to have several pre-school girls want to play with her and I’ll never forget a very cute incident. One day, quite soon after our arrival, about six of them gathered in a circle around a sand pile in our front yard. Lillian was three years old and couldn’t speak English. As those children sat around her, she sifted sand over each child’s head, forming little pyramids, and having a great time. I came out of the house shocked at what I saw, exclaimed, “What are you doing?” (in Ukrainian, “Sho tu robbesh?”) only to hear her sober reply, “Ya sobbi niye”, “Not to myself”. She, always so prim and proper, was happy to discover such cooperating friends winning her favor.

Another cute episode we often recall is the time she joined her new friends for a little walk and returned home with several pussy willow branches. She excitedly handed them to me and said, in newly learned English, “Mamma, I brought you some ... um ... um ... um ... Willie Kitties”. Within a month or two she was having less trouble with English than with her formerly fluent Ukrainian.

Another incident about Lillian in Beauvallon was her complete mud plastering of our landlord’s garage windows in the manner that she had seen her grandmother plastering her barn walls during the summers stay with her. Oscar Hansen and we had a good laugh while I proceeded with the clean-up operations.

Since I am on the subject of Lillian’s activities in Beauvallon, I wish to mention her professional performances. When she was four years of age, she simply loved to appear in the local stores, Kaluzniak’s barber shop, or wherever there was an audience to do her tap and interpretative dancing, usually encouraged by those who had discovered her talent. Contributions of their pennies and nickels prolonged her delightful performances. One day when we asked her why she didn’t ask for dimes, she replied, “They may start to give me nothing at all”.

Our David also had a few harrowing experiences. He was then about three years old. Our fenced yard kept him fully enclosed, so once he thought he would

squeeze under the gate, only to find himself completely stuck, awaiting our rescue. His next move to get away was trying to climb over the gate and in the process hooked his overalls onto a picket with no choice but scream as though hell had broken loose. He required much time and attention from me and Klementi, his paternal grandfather. One other enjoyable incident involving David was his wandering off during a rainy day to Spivak's machinery agency lot a block away. When we found him, he was sitting bare-bottomed on a tractor seat full of rain water, completely absorbed in the pretended process of driving the tractor to the accompaniment of his appropriate "Burr ... Burr ... Burr" sounds. In his difficulty to reach the seat, he had lost his short knitted pants which had fallen to the ground.

We enjoyed meeting many new people, and every day offered new experiences. John and I are great believers in mixing work with play so it wasn't long before we were attending whist tournaments and local dances and staging school concerts, community plays, and tap dance competitions.



Eye-to-eye admiration of father John and son David



Our loving Beauvallon "rascals", David and Lillian (1939)

The local grocers extended us credit for groceries until the first month's cheque was received. Cache Lake salary arrears continued for another five and one-half years. For similar reason, John borrowed \$10.00 from the local barber to pay his registration fees for two correspondence courses at Queen's University. Once again we lived within our budget and refrained

from unnecessary cash or credit purchases.

John's new school position was both promising and rewarding. Miss Tkachuk, his junior room assistant, who had music training was a great asset to the school. John's Grade VI - XI classes kept him fully alert and involved. He was elected to the executive of the Two Hills A.T.A. Local, and soon after, presented a thorough, comprehensive and well-received report to its Teachers' Convention on the Rowell-Sirois report on Education. Doing justice to his extra-mural studies "kept his nose to the grindstone".

Because he simply was unable to attend all local social functions, he encouraged me to attend them. We lived about 100 yards from a large community dance hall. Beer barrel polka was very popular then and the music reached our home full blast, especially in the summer when all doors and windows were open. John was understanding enough to encourage me to go and dance, but never failed to appear before lunch time to have a dance or two and take me home.

I was only twenty years old then and loved to dance. The only trouble was that handsome young men showed an interest in me, only to be deeply disappointed when I introduced them to my John around midnight. The local guys, single and married, kept me twirling every time I appeared. This kept me happy and able to cope with John's studies. We were able to enjoy occasional outings together but they had to be limited. I'm glad we were able to respect each other's needs and obligations.

In the following year, 1939, John continued his studies. I managed to get involved with the ladies' tap dancing team with Mrs. Axel Johnston as instructress,

successfully enough to become eventual winners of second prize at Myrnam's talent show. It was an enjoyable diversion. Because Miss Tkachuk handled the music requirements, I recall only one concert involvement in Beauvallon, directing the school choir. My children and my teacher-student husband, dog, cow and chickens kept me busy enough.

In 1939 - 1940 John's father Klementi came to live with us in Beauvallon. He was nice to have around and was a great help when we needed a baby sitter. His home was in Radway, Alberta, the home place of my husband. Father Klementi lived with his older son Walter and his daughter-in-law Lucy on the farm. His transition from "owner" to "roomer" was psychologically disturbing. He kept insisting that he did not want his young sons dispossessed of their share of the family estate as he was at age twelve at the hands of his older brothers in the Ukraine. Understandably life there became more and more difficult so he finally decided to leave his "homestead home" and assume residence with his daughter Anne, and sons John and Harry where he would command more love, respect and appreciation. Anne and husband William helped him get his old age pension shortly before he made his home with us in Beauvallon. He was a healthy senior citizen who enjoyed spending time with us and our children. He had one complaint about our place as we later heard, "They eat too much liver". Because the liver was only ten cents a pound, it was our most affordable protein that some people dislike. On the farm, meat was always plentiful in the form of fowl, pork, beef and lamb. Unfortunately teachers' salaries did not permit such luxuries daily. To diversify his time he was glad to perform janitorial services at the school. On one occasion he surprised and delighted John and his class simulating beautiful nightingale songs, skillfully using birchbark, mouth and hands.

We never failed to visit our parents in Spedden during Christmas, despite many difficulties. During one Christmas recess we left Beauvallon under light snow, thinking it to be temporary. However, the flakes turned into a storm and by the time we got to Dejarlais district, some twenty-five miles away, the storm snow-bound us to a complete stop. To complicate matters, our Beauvallon serviceman, working on the car's electrical system, neglected to re-tighten the battery terminals, thus causing the lights to burn out. Father Klementi was obliged to help John keep the car on the road by issuing directions from the adjacent "running board" on which he stood.

Luckily for us, a French farmer and his family, travelling by horse and sleigh to Christmas Eve Midnight mass, towed us to his home where we were their grateful guests until the roads were cleared and

our frozen car started anew. Those lovely French Canadians did us a good deed on Christmas Eve, without any regret. We maintained seasonal contacts with them for several years.

The return trip in bitter cold was a great source of worry as well. My father prepared hot stones for the car and tucked feather beds around the children and me in the back seat. The trip was even more hazardous as a storm again beset us. The windshield kept freezing over, impairing visibility so that father Klementi helped John cover the last twenty miles to Two Hills by perching himself on the hood of the car, lantern in hand helping him to drive. We did make it to Two Hills and headed for a garage owned by the brother of John Buk, my Cache Lake boarder. He too was home for Christmas and made us comfortable for the night. When John took his shoe off, his solidly frozen big toe "clunked" loudly as it hit the floor. Both brothers worked on it for at least an hour restoring it to life. Father Klementi lamented, "Better had you driven me to the cemetery". The men suffered the most. How silly we were to consider winter travelling under such difficult conditions. But the close family ties beckoned in all weather conditions and we obligingly heeded the call.

During John's third year in Beauvallon, the school required expansion to keep the high school students at home. John campaigned for it and convinced the Two Hills School Division to utilize the large residence previously owned by the Hayward Lumber Company, as a high school classroom. John then had three courses completed towards his degree and hoped that if he built up the enrolment beyond the minimal requirements of fifteen students, and sold enough debentures locally in five days to cover the pro-tem costs not provided for in the general budget, he would become the high school teacher of Grades IX - XI partially freed of his former Grade VI - XI assignment. But Superintendent Fred Hannochock stuck with his policy of appointing university graduates to high school positions, and thus favored a Mr. Morgan, a man of no teaching experience, much to John's disappointment. That unkind act galvanized John to get his degree in record time. Before stopping, he eventually acquired two more, including his Doctor of Education degree from the highly reputed Stanford University in Palo Alto, California. Besides doing full justice to his Grades VI - XI classroom in 1939-40, he completed two university credit courses from Queen's. Before submitting to written examinations of them in Edmonton, he prepared in advance the entire series of pre-Easter examinations for his classes, placed them in the kind custody of his assistant, Miss Tkachuk, and had them completed simultaneously in his absence

according to schedule and in keeping with their vows to respect the Honor Code. A classroom precedent of trust earning trust?

Mr. Morgan thwarted John's hope of teaching exclusively high school in Beauvallon; John thwarted Mr. Morgan in return by assuming the centrally-heated residence of the three adjoining rooms in the Hayward mansion, but the price was high. Our Lillian and David had to be committed to well-nigh complete silence and inactivity so as not to distract the teaching process at the other side of the non-sound proof partition. What pleasure we derived from the comforts of the forced-air furnace, and our son David's artistic skills displayed during the restricted hours! The enforced silence during class hours was as hard on me as it was on Lillian and David.

A more serious consequence of our residence there was luckily averted when John discovered flames breaking through the furnace pipe leading to the chimney, ominously leaping upwards towards the nearby flooring. He soon doused the burning coal and effected replacements of the defective furnace outlets.

I recall how well our children Lillian and David behaved when the high school classes were in progress and how well they obeyed daddy's signals for quietness when he studied. All he would have to do was tap his foot on the hardwood floor and the children would stop whatever noise they were making. To keep our children quiet, a lot of crayons and paper were provided to keep them busy. Our David showed early talent in art as he copied, free-hand, images and scenes from Christmas cards. We were truly amazed how well he managed to capture the twinkle in Santa's eye. His art continued to improve, giving us an indication of his future career. When he reached nine years we got him involved in art lessons. We lived in Warspite then and after getting him to his instructor a couple of times in Edmonton, he was able to take a bus regularly to his art lessons. That gave him much confidence. His progress was remarkable. There is little doubt that his artistic talent influenced his choice of architecture as his profession. I hope the young generation will realize that adversity and lack of money is not always an obstacle to one's personal success if the desire and will are there. The saying, "If there is a will, there is a way", is very true. Living through hardships makes one stronger and more determined so I do not regret some of our early adversities. They not only made us more appreciative of our progressive gains, but also tempered us for the greater hardships that followed.

Our Boarding Houses and Education

During the summer of 1941, my husband conceived an idea of renting a large house near the

university in Edmonton to determine if we could survive by keeping boarders. He had boarded several times during summer school while taking courses towards his university degree and he wondered if this sort of arrangement would work for us. He wanted so much to speed up his studies, and full-time attendance at the university appeared to be the best way. John is a born teacher as I observed, and seemed to love students and teaching. He sought high standards for himself and his students. I saw the guiding light and latched on even though I did not fully understand how much effort would be required.

After making a trip to Edmonton, he and I were able to rent a sorority house, Kappa Alpha Theta, near the university and directly opposite from the University Hospital on 112th Street. We budgeted carefully and concluded that with hard work, thrift and a goodly measure of luck we could make professional progress and do as well financially as the \$950.00 annual salary in Beauvallon provided.

As soon as school was completed, we headed for the "boarding house", started advertising and ended up having fourteen student-teacher boarders. My guardian angel must have been with me as I undertook the heavy responsibilities in addition to that associated with taking care of two children, five and three years of age. At this point in my life I started truly believing that some force was guiding me and protecting me as I assumed bigger and bigger obligations.



1942 - David and Lillian

During the six weeks of summer school I managed to feed my boarders, do the laundry, change beds and keep our huge premises clean with everyone fully satisfied. Mother, very worried about me, insisted that I have my sister Zinnia to give me full-time assistance.

John and I realized that we more than broke even in our venture and that the same expedient could work for us while John attended university full time. After all, it would be easier for him to study and help me than to teach and study. Besides, more courses would be completed in shorter time.

We decided on that course of action, so before returning to Beauvallon we found another large home and completed rental arrangements. Having tendered the resignation, we packed our small belongings and headed for Edmonton to register at the university, and to advertise for boarders so fundamental to our success.

After selling our cow at the stockyards, William Rudkowsky unloaded our goods at the back of our rented house and left for home. Imagine our heartache and despair when the true owner refused us entry to the premises for our intended purpose because the lady tenant who sublet the house to us did so in violation of her lease agreement. The best that he could do for us under the circumstances was to give our life's possessions temporary shelter from the rain. There was a war on in 1941, an acute housing shortage, and ourselves minus a job, stranded in Edmonton with hardly enough funds to go beyond its city limits.

We were in a dilemma, and saw no way out but to look over advertisements and seek another place. The only thing available was a second-story home, large enough for possibly six boarders and us. We reached an agreement with the owner, engaged another truck, and laboriously carted our belongings to the second storey of our newly-acquired premises. The next day, bad news hit us again as the prospective landlady sheepishly told us of her discovery that her property was zoned single-family, therefore, the lease could not be honored. This time tears began flowing freely as we neared the point of panic. Hope returned when prospective landlady No. 2 referred us to the home of her friend who sought a suitable tenant at \$50.00 per month, including utilities, because she had other habitable quarters on site.

The third move got us settled for the university term of seven months with six boarders soon in place. Our income was \$150.00, leaving us \$100.00 to feed (monthly) ten persons (our two children included) and cover general expenses. John had to sell the car to pay for books and tuition. My poor mother was worried to the point of writing her first and only critical letter to John protesting the strain he was imposing on me. He concurred but replied there was no other way that professional qualifications in the best interests of the family could be improved on the meagre salaries that teachers ordinarily received. He assured mother that I would be less abused than pioneering life had abused her. We both were now bent to get to the top in his professional field and searched for a quicker way to get there. The only other solution was spending many years going to summer schools, waiting longer to get higher salaries, and thereby prolonging the family agony. It undoubtedly was hard on our children who

had to take third place in John's life with school, studies and family in diminishing order of priority.

We had wonderful boarders, one of whom was John's brother Harry who was employed at Aircraft Repair. Harry's roommate was a particularly likeable chap, a Calgarian, John Kuzmar, who attended university and became our best friend throughout our life. He had great musical ability that served him exceedingly well both in school and every community he served. While teacher and principal of several Calgary schools, he staged musical and choral programs, locally, provincially and internationally. His young performers advocating peace, harmony and international goodwill insisted that free copies of their recordings be sent to all members of the United Nations. His television and radio programs over many years and close liaison with the Society of Christians and Jews won him wide recognition climaxed by the Alberta Citizenship Award in 1983, under the auspices of its Department of Cultural Services and Development.

He married Fay Nate from Wrentham, Alberta, and raised three wonderful children, Tina, Jerry, and Joy. They are highly respected people and we are proud to be their friends. My husband's toast to brides Tina and Joy were proudly rendered as though to children of our own. Joy, born on our 25th. wedding anniversary, strengthened the friendly bonds. It is a pleasure visiting one another as both parties have now established a

"Your home, our home" basis.

After settling down to our group living, we were happy that John was getting good marks in his university courses, and that I was able to cope with the household chores and the children.

There were ten of



1970 - John and Fay Kuzmar, John D., Anne D., before New Year's Ball

us to cook for, do everyone's laundry, starch and iron many white shirts, and shop very carefully within our \$100.00 monthly limit. Shopping for groceries without a car was difficult. I particularly remember John's hauling by streetcar across the High Level bridge, large bread boxes full of bread and cakes from McGavins' week-end bargain sales. Usually two boxes at the purchasing end, and unloading them one and a half blocks from home, — a risky procedure during bad weather. It was a weekly routine. A big help to us in food provisions came from my caring parents

as they periodically delivered the produce from the farm, consisting of quarters of beef and pork, chickens, ducks and geese, butter, cheese and cream. One time we received a sack full of frozen fish to help stretch our budget. They lovingly made every effort to help us morally and materially for which we remain forever grateful.

Our Lillian started school at Garneau, a few blocks away, while David stayed home. Occasionally he would ride off on his tricycle as far as the university in hopes of meeting dad there. He gave us many a scare as we covered many blocks in search of him, only to end up finding him on the green lawns of the university having a gay time. Our children had to grow up fast there too. They were only four and six years old but considered to be old enough to take a nearby streetcar to Safeways or other groceterias to purchase and bring some household items not on hand. This they did many times on shopping trips with me so the routine was well established. Hazards other than those of the road did not worry us because children were then relatively safe from sex perverts and kidnappers.

We were coming along quite happily and everyone was studying hard and enjoying the university socials and functions such as the Inter-Year plays, especially John Doe in which John played the role of a prosecuting attorney, superbly well, finding the human race guilty of inhumanity to man. Two weeks later they staged it to an audience of British Commonwealth airmen. Drama director Emrys Jones offered John the leading role in the University's spring production The New Gassoon, but John decided to give his studies top priority, and regretfully declined the honor.

During the Christmas recess John was fortunate to get work at the Post Office as mailman, and thus provided the family

some spending money.

Sometime after Christmas, our landlady, Mrs. Robinson, started to give us considerable static. Her concern was that one of her beds wasn't getting a chance to cool off. She complained that Harry Dubeta worked at nights and slept days and that John Kuzmar, his roommate was a day student and



1941: John as mailman.

slept nights. She was hoping that her "bitching" would drive us out of the house and we soon discovered why. She had a druggist ready to move in at a \$25.00 higher monthly rental. We failed to oblige her so that she, not the bed, cooled off.

We went through one real trauma just before the end of the term when I suffered a miscarriage during John's final exams. Very bad timing. I was attended to at the hospital, and immediately after left with the children to stay with my parents. Besides studying, John took over meal preparations and even contrived a new recipe. Not having enough wieners or hamburger meat for a complete meal, he added some eggs, flour and condiments to the hamburger meat on hand, wrapped it around each wiener and dropped them into rapidly boiling water. Our loyal and faithful boarders called the enjoyable morsel "Burgerdogs".

At the end of the university term, John moved all of our belongings to a dingy basement suite shared with brother Harry. John took a job with the C.N.R. as shipper, to earn enough money for fees, supplementing the \$100.00 bursary he had received from the university for the newly-scheduled high school teachers' accelerated program during the war when high school teachers were at a great premium. John was thus able to complete two years of university training in one year.

This was when John truly hit his academic stride. He either topped or shared top place in all his courses. At the same time, I recovered fully at my parents' home. However, my leisure time didn't last long as John wrote to tell me that he was approached by a Mr. R. Brown (later Harry Dubeta's daughter Donna's father-in-law) to take over the University Co-op house during the four-month accelerated term. We were apparently recommended highly for having successfully handled such enterprises. John did say, that it was up to me if I wanted to do it again, and since I felt fully recovered and missed my husband, my decision was to return immediately to take up this position so we all could be together again.

The Co-op House was located slightly west of the University student residences in the region now known as Windsor Park. For some reason, I and the children had to get to the place by ourselves by street car after having been advised of its location. A lovely big house with a surrounding veranda resembling a colonial mansion faced me as I came along the path. Mrs. Bell, my predecessor, on her way out in the forenoon, met me on the way in and said, "There are some wieners in the fridge. Perhaps you will find time to prepare a meal for the students coming home for lunch." Oh my, here I go again!

I remember my frustration as I opened many

kitchen doors trying to find this and that. From then on I got a routine going and enjoyed our association with this group tremendously. Most of our students were engineers who continually played tricks on one another. Good fellowship, fun and hilarity prevailed, well exemplified by a well-remembered incident. Stan Reiten was notorious for spearing with his fork his fellow boarders' buttered bread. Engineering brothers Art and Harry Stevenson plotted everyone's revenge by improvising along the upper mouldings of the dining room's wall a system of intricate pulleys and a water-filled soup can for dousing the unsuspecting culprit, last to be seated. As always, he was well primed for his spearing act just before Bill Clow, a student of theology, pulled the cord to produce a cascade of water over Stan's head, followed by John Kuzmar's hilarious comment, "What a Clow burst!"

Though we were there for only a four month period, we must have left a memorable impression on the institution, sufficiently so to be invited (along with Harry) to a memorable re-union of the 1941-50 residents of the two separate "campus cooperatives" at the home of Norma and alumnus Dr. Clark T. Leavitt, 920 Prospect Ave., S.W., Calgary, on Saturday, September 15, 1984. Of the sixty persons present, one arrived from far away Ottawa.

Ping pong involved a few, but non-alcoholic refreshments; a delightful dinner; individual memorabilia of "Co-op Days"; and music, songs and poetry involved everyone. We became proud owners, a year later, of the 100 page historical book, U. of A. The Campus Cooperative Residence Ltd. compiled by the friendly host and associates. It contains John's "The Campus Cooperators" specially written and read for the occasion.

The Campus Cooperators
by
Dr. John Dubeta

Once when academic training was our main desire;
When professional goals had set our very souls afire,
When ends and means were often incommensurate,
We learned life's most valuable lessons: cooperate, cooperate.

We envied not those who lived in extravagant estate,
Who under more lavish circumstances did indulge and dissipate,
Their fortunes, because in a more meaningful way we learned to operate,
In friendship to dwell and harmoniously to cooperate.

We lived in comfort far beyond mere means of survival;
Our mutual respect and consideration were akin to a spiritual revival,
As our group life provided daily fun and inspiration —
Residual values of our close associations and campus cooperation.

Values which provided strong armor in a world of fierce competition
That sharpens the kill instincts of some, others grinds down through attrition,
Reinforcing our conviction: We have so much fear, malice and hate
Because our fierce competitors refuse more fully to cooperate,

In close family bonds of friendship, goodwill, devoid of strife
Patterned on our campus co-op, a microcosm of cooperative life;
For how else can man resolve problems of race, color and creed
If not through cooperation, mutual respect and satisfying basic human need?

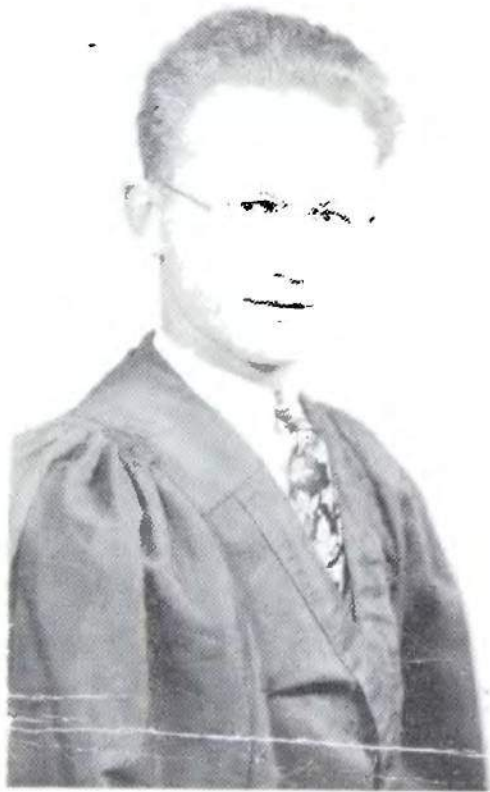
This hope for man's future we must never underrate
For our very reunion testifies that man craves to cooperate;
In a zeal for cooperation a new world will inevitably grow,
And its riches and bounties on cooperating members universally bestow.

Brother-in-law Harry, though not a registered student, got along famously with the group. John Kuzmar also took this accelerated training and joined us anew. I had twenty people to cook for and the summer was delightful in our country setting, with the students sharing a great deal of the work involved.

A day or two after my arrival I was advised of my grandfather's sudden passing. Under the circumstances, my sorrowing mother advised me not to attend the funeral because I had new responsibilities and the fact that I had bid farewell to him just before I left for Edmonton.

As the exams were approaching, John got a phone call from Mr. Peter Kyforuk, chairman of Smoky Lake School Division offering him the principalship of the Warspite School. They wanted him badly and even

promised us a residence and a salary of \$1325.00 per year. This became our seventh move in one year. Good things looked promising for us from then on. John got top honors in all courses during the session, and completed his Bachelor of Education degree requirements in record time - two years in one. An important dream fully harvested.



1942 - John Dubeta, B. Ed.

Our Warspite Years

We were excited and delighted that something permanent was appearing for us on the horizon. We knew that we must get a paying job as our clothes were getting worn out and we needed to get a car and start living a normal life. John accepted the position, so we hired a truck and headed for Warspite. When we arrived, we were met by Mr. Bill Ternoway, who was a town grocer and a local trustee. We asked, "Where is the teacherage that was promised us?" When he pointed it out, our faces fell. He offered to drive us to see Peter Kyforuk on the farm a few miles away.

As we approached the house, Peter recognized us and promptly waived his arms and said, "We'll fix it, we'll fix it", apologizing that with all the harvest work, they were unable to give the teacherage any attention. He promised to take action very soon. After a nice visit and dinner with the Kyforuks, we returned to

Warspite and spent the night at the Ternoways who likewise were very accommodating and remained our very good friends during the three years we lived in Warspite and after.

The next day we moved into this unfinished box-car type of open structure, cleaned it, and placed our furniture around it so that we had a place to sleep, a place to eat, and cook our meals. Crews arrived soon after to add two bedrooms, and divide the original area into a kitchen and a living room. Actually it became quite comfortable and pleasant. In 1942, my dear father, delivered us another beautiful Holstein cow. We had a lot of milk from her so that when some town folks asked us to sell milk to them, we were more than pleased. Lillian and David were then responsible enough to do the deliveries. Sad to say though, about two years later, we lost this beautiful cow in a strange accident. Because student horses were stalled in the same barn during the day, we tethered our cow with a long rope. For some reason, she got her hind quarters roped in, and while straining to free herself of it, broke her neck. The tragedy haunted us for years as we blamed ourselves for having lacked good judgement. This was our last cow as a replacement would have been only a tragic reminder.

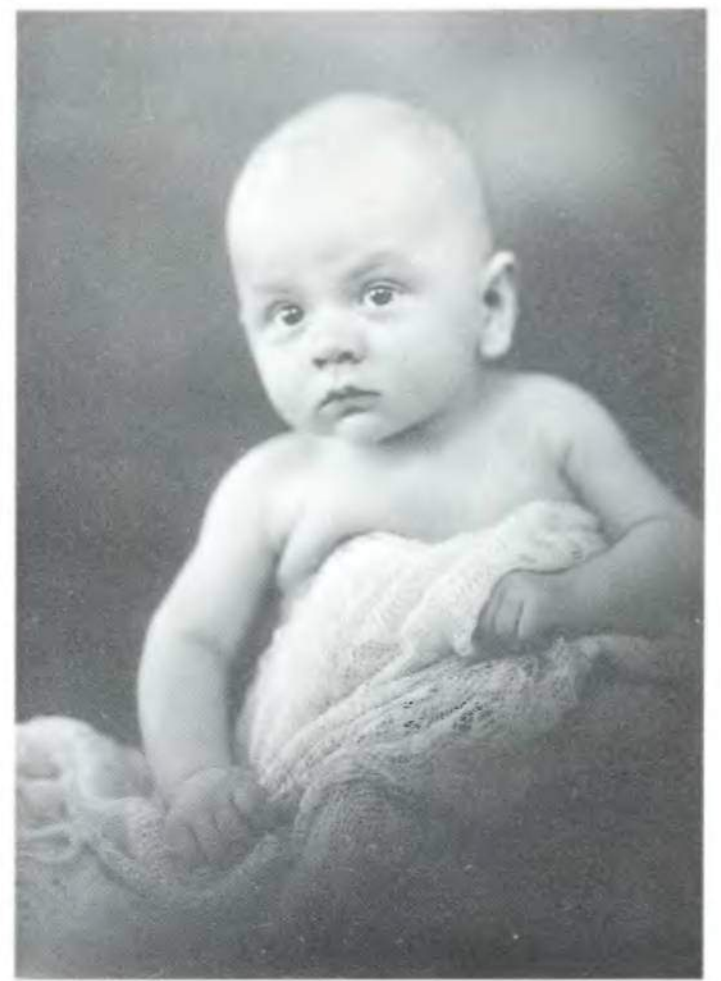
The Warspite community gave us a royal welcome. The people were friendly and cooperative. We felt free of impending exams and young enough to become active in local sports. John pitched horseshoes and played baseball. I played softball with the ladies in the summer, and broom ball on the ice rink in the winter. There were many dances and socials in Warspite and its surrounding area and we missed very few of them. Freedom at last!

John programmed his school for an interesting and successful year of curricular and extra-curricular activities. Having himself played leading roles in summer school and university productions, he furthered his interest in drama by staging one major high school play per year to develop student talent, entertain the community and to raise money for worthy causes. Space permits featuring only one of three, Here Comes Charlie, starring Walter Melnyk. Besides winning great local acclaim, they staged their masterpieces during successive week-ends at Waskatenau, Smoky Lake, Thorhild, Radway, Vilna and Lamont. After sharing the proceeds with the sponsoring student unions they cleared \$650.00 (transportation having been freely provided by the parents) for a school piano and an improved library.

Even more indicative of the varied talents, ability and cooperation of John's Grade XI-XII class were the hand-crafted individualized copies of the 1945 year-book, the incredible Warspite Hi-School Commentator,



Here Comes Charlie actors: **Standing** — Lena Tomkow, Lillian Verbitsky, Rosalie Frinskie, Walter Melnyk, Peter Chahley, Ann Palamarek, Jorgen Hansen, Alice Calvert, Karl Hansen, Elsie Buzminski, Katie Achtemichuk. **Seated:** George Feniak, Frank Holubowich, Walter Dwernychuk; John Dubeta, director.



Kenneth Russell Dubeta.

consisting of all of the seventeen students in attendance, each one having an important role to play.

It wasn't long before we acquired a second hand car from John's nephew, Nick Monchakowsky of Maple Leaf Motors, to go when and where we pleased.

Yes, we were enjoying life here tremendously, but had to face up to life's realities. Just six months after my grandfather died, my grandmother Anna Habiak passed away. It was January and terribly cold. My sweet mother, sad and full of grief, phoned to say, "Better you not come; take care of your own children." She always tried to protect me from additional hardships. The loss of both of my grandparents with whom I spent much time during my growing years, left much sadness in my heart. Yet life had to go on. When one has children who need daily care and a sympathetic and understanding mate to comfort her, one accepts situations and carries on. I soon learned that life can be cruel and that it was up to me to keep myself and family happy and contented.

Soon after settling, John received an enlistment call to the Armed Services. However, his varicose veins and impaired vision disqualified him. He continued to render valuable professional service and supported the war effort via fund-raising drives, the Red Cross, and the sale of Victory bonds.

Our son, Kenneth, was born March 30, 1944 at the smoky Lake Hospital, just one day before free maternity hospitalization was introduced. Despite my best effort to defer the delivery, Mother Nature failed to cooperate. A beautiful, perfectly shaped son, weighing nine pounds, fifteen and three-quarter ounces was added to our family. The children, husband and I were

all delighted and very happy. He ate well and grew rapidly. At three months, our friends William and his wife Mary Filewych visiting us from Smoky Lake remarked, "We cannot believe this is a three month baby", as he lay uncovered in his long lacy dress. We had the greatest joy from his "gooing" ability.

When Easter came, we baptized him, Lillian and David at our local Catholic Church. Godparents for Lillian were sister-in-law Anna Monchakowsky and John's brother Walter Dubeta. Godparents for David were William Monchakowsky and Walter's wife Lucy. Godparents for Kenneth were Metro Zukiwsky and Cecilia Viteychuk. Following the christening we had dinner and a pleasant afternoon.

John's biggest undertaking while teaching in the Thorhild-Smoky Lake School Division was being editor of an A.T.A. Divisional Review for several years. He was able to use his spare time for community and professional work because I freed him from many family responsibilities. John's acquiring his Bachelor of Education degree before coming to Warspite, did not stem his ambition to continue his studies towards his Master of Education degree. He accordingly was back at summer school every year in addition to registering extramurally in Child Psychology at the University of Alberta, and in record time completed the necessary M. Ed. courses, with borderline honors.

Our Radway Years

Three years in Warspite ended by John's promotion to the principalship of a seven-room school in his hometown of Radway, where he as well became supervisor of the school dormitory, known as the Radway

School Home, operated jointly by the Smoky Lake and Thorhild School Divisions. I, with baby Ken, only fifteen months old, and eleven and nine year old Lillian and David, became its matron. My experience handling boarders during 1941-42 gave me and the School Division Boards confidence that I could handle the assignment. The much heralded institution well-known for its student council, division of labor, sports and cultural activities of its 39-52 co-educational students became matters of record. The joint responsibility provided us free room and board for five years.

The School Division Board also recognized and remunerated me for sewing covers for all the mattresses using flannelette blankets which were left behind by the former missionary personnel. While John was at summer school, I managed to paint all the hallways, rooms, kitchen including the silvering of the massive kitchen stove pipes. The entire dormitory was waxed and polished, cleaned and painted to a spanking readi-

ness for its new occupants for the beginning of the school term. The Board recognizing my contribution to the institution's well being, gave me a \$200.00



Mr. A. Siren
Chairman



Mr. J. Dubeta, B. Ed.
Supervisor and
Secretary-Treasurer



Mr. H. A. Kostash
Superintendent
Smoky Lake Div. No. 39



Mr. P. Mersky
Mayor, Village Council



Mrs. J. Dubeta,
Matron



Mr. A. Styra
Radway School
Staff Representative



Mr. P. Kunnas
Executive Director

Mr. A. Eckert
Div. Board
Representative



Mr. M. Wenger
Executive Director



Mr. Walter Harrynuck
Executive Director



Jenny Lemmetty



Walter Shydowski

The Radway School Home.



Radway School Home, 1949-50.

bonus. In recognition of my general services: gardening, general maintenance, canning a couple of hundred jars of fruits and jams plus handling the internal and external social events, the Board granted us \$50.00 per month in the last three years of our stay.

I would also like to mention our cooperating board committee's approval of sending me to attend a two weeks' course in institutional cooking offered matrons at the Olds School of Agriculture. They did this for two years. There I marvelled seeing huge steamers, large cook stoves, and special equipment designed for institutional use. I learned a lot about economical operation, nutrition, and quantity cooking. Recipes and discussions on purchasing supplies were the main topics of the lectures of the Home Economists. Lectures on handling student schedules and group living were very helpful as well. Sharing experiences with matrons from many dormitories prepared me for our dormitory's highly successful operation. The courses and experiences gave me enthusiasm to accept my challenging duties with greater confidence.

Our dormitory took on a professional institutional

character as we furnished it with a large army stove, steamers, large mixers and improved refrigeration. I made cretonne floral sidepanels for the office and reception room windows with matching slipcovers for the furniture. The dining room windows also got cheery floral side panels and its hardwood floors took on a waxed lustre as the student committees regularly waxed and buffed them.



Anne D. at Old's School of Agriculture.

Our dormitory was now well established and recognized as a highly respected institution within the Radway Community and educational circles. It hosted luncheons for important speakers such as Major Frame, Chief Inspector of Schools; Miss Mamie Simpson, Dean of Women, University of Alberta; School Inspectors Dr. John Chalmers, Leo Kunelius, Isadore Goresky, Dr. Tim Byrne, Dr. Bernard Walker, and our own friendly cooperative and supportive school superintendent, Mr. Harry Kostash, who gave the institution and us much moral support and recognition. We were proud to receive many requests from others near and far, to visit us, to learn, and to pattern their own institutions accordingly. Our life in the dormitory was a period that continues to evoke pleasant memories to students and staff alike.



Our "Dormies".

Throughout the five years of operation our dormitory was held in high respect by the community, the parents, the School Division and the Department of Education. We made it a success by improving the facility functionally and attractively and insisted that cleanliness was maintained by our student committees. It was my daily task to walk through all rooms to check on tidiness after the students departed to school.

Study hours were very important and we made sure that two hours daily supervised study periods in the dining room were observed five days per week. Committees were established to prepare hot chocolate and doughnuts, cinnamon rolls or cookies, etc., to follow the mandatory study periods. Conditional on acceptable behavior, the students were permitted post-study dances for an hour or so with Ernie Domshy's dormitory orchestra providing the music, much to the appreciation of all.

This institution was also our home, so our aim was to make the student residents feel part of one happy

but responsible family. A cook and a cook's assistant were the only staff hired for as many as fifty-two residents. I had the total responsibility for planning the menus and the work schedules; ordering the supplies and controlling inventory; and taking charge of institutional and community socials where numerous department of education officials were hosted by us when they were in the area, attending banquets or conferences. John was involved with general supervision, study period, general orderliness, safety of furnaces and power plant, collecting fees and accounting. Preparing for regular teaching duties while keeping a watchful eye on the students was no easy matter, but the effort paid off. The academic achievements of the "Dormies" far exceeded those students who attended school from home.

Because my husband John was involved in many community and professional organizations such as Alberta Teachers' Association, Lions Club, Red Cross, I had to supervise the study hours many a time throughout the week. Only the young and the dedicated could match our contribution. Many a sleep was interrupted by prankster tricks and rowdy behavior erupting in some of the rooms, so occasionally we wondered if the sacrifice was worth the price. Life and work was not easy here but gratifying because most of the students were wholesome and cooperative. I must admit that a few times I had to take a walk around the dorm's periphery to

let my tears flow unnoticed.

Our attitude was that of parents of this big family. We rejoiced with them in their successes in school, the hockey rink and baseball and softball diamonds. We cared for them when ill and troubled, and never retired until the entire house was quiet.

Cold winter months were somewhat frightening as the three-story building had to be kept comfortable by stoking the original, rather antiquated furnaces with coal for the night. The glowing flashes from the furnace room at times left us very uneasy and apprehensive. The noise from our power-plant became more tolerable when John devised an improved muffler system.

There were many times when a staff member was ill or unavailable, so that the additional burden fell on me. The longest service as cook and assistant was provided by Mrs. Jakubiak and her daughter Edna. They were very dependable and especially helpful during our third year of operation when I found myself pregnant at the beginning of the school term. My doctor



Mrs. Jakubiak (cook) proudly holds her godchild, Linda Marie Dubeta.

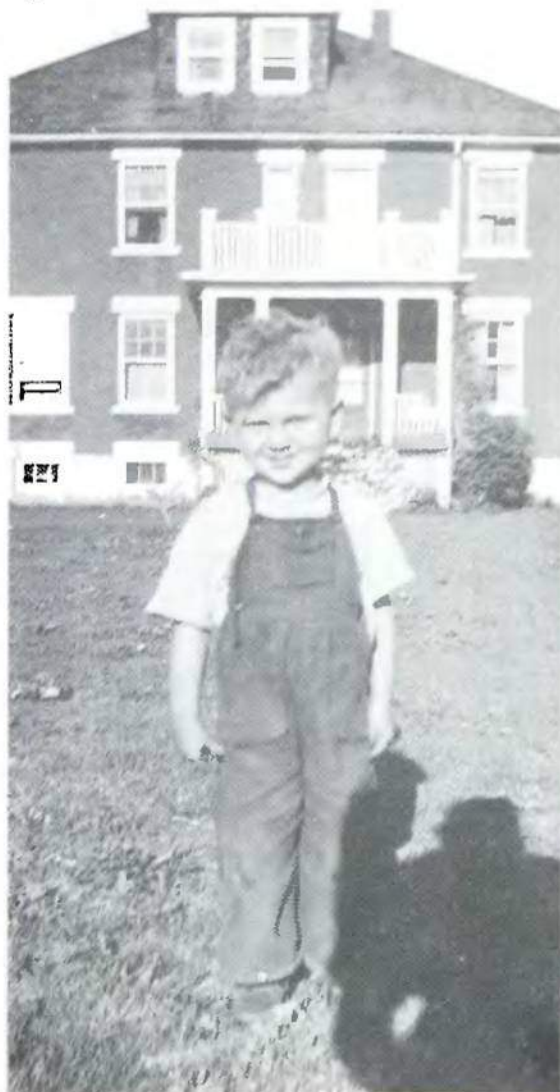
helped me become reconciled to the normal event regardless of its time and place. True to his promise and expectation, the students were even more considerate and kind, and so was the staff. They looked forward to the event in May and made bets about its gender. It was a girl—our Linda Marie was born on May 7, 1949, weighing eight pounds three ounces, a beautiful baby delivered

by our dear friend and doctor, Peter Koziak. The students, and our family were extremely happy. Mrs. Jakubiak was chosen godmother, and Dr. Koziak, godfather, when our lovely addition was baptized three months later.

Hospital visits by my five-year old Kenny were especially welcome and thrilling. He walked daily the quarter of a mile every afternoon to see mamma and his new baby sister.

At times he was clad in overalls not properly secured, wearing unmatched attire and ankle-length, laced or unlaced boots; by-passing nurses and normal regulations. The students and especially the girls, came often, visiting and keeping me informed about the news of the dorm, the bets, and assurances that all was well. Indeed it was a good rest period for me.

The following year was not too difficult raising a baby as the girls



Dormitory in background. Kenneth on way to hospital to visit mom and baby sister.

loved to handle her and take her outdoors in the pram. Edna, our cook's assistant, and our daughter Lillian, loved every opportunity to handle her, too. Definitely there was no baby sitting problem.

Having our children live and grow within this group was not a hardship as they were accepted and enjoyed. When we first arrived at the dormitory in 1945, our young Ken was only fifteen months old and the students adored him. He was their pet, often riding on the big boys' legs as they came down the stairs. When he was between three and four years of age, he called himself "Joe Louis" or "Dubatas Dubetas" as he flexed his arms and supposed muscles. We have a fond recollection of Kenny campaigning for new running shoes in early spring, when to our thinking it was too cold and too wet. The story goes: "Mom and Dad, the boys up town don't like me," he said, "but I think I can defend myself", flexing his muscles with reassurance. Then a worried look appeared on his face and he continued, "Leonard Zinyk taught me jujitsu, but if the trick fails - will you buy me the running shoes?" This anecdote has been often repeated, (among family and friends) for a good laugh.

In 1950, during the last of our five-year stay at the dormitory and Radway High School, winds of change started again. Every summer John had been attending summer schools and by then had completed all courses for his Master of Education degree. He was ready for the Master's thesis or continued studies toward a Doctorate of Education followed up by a major thesis. By this time, John felt we should make a change and



"Dubatas Dubetas".

go to Stanford, California for his Ed. D. studies. He too felt that I should have a rest from group living. We did manage to save some money, hopefully enough to carry us through. That seemed the right thing to do before our two eldest children were ready for higher education. The year was exciting as applications, visa, and photos were arranged. So in 1950, John resigned



1950 - David Dubeta.

and hoped that in one year he would complete all the doctoral courses and perhaps even the dissertation, as well. With a glowing send-off by the community and a tearful parting with the students, at the end of the school year, we hurried to enroll at Stanford one week before the end of June. Our two eldest,

Lillian and David, were sent to my parents until we got settled. The two younger ones, Kenneth and Linda, came with us.

It would be remiss not mentioning the beautiful send-off the community gave us. We were called to a dance in the local hall. The hall was filled with familiar faces. We wondered and even worried if we were doing the right thing leaving the wonderful community. Many came to express thanks for our service. I recall the song the four Radway High School girls wrote for John. They sang it bravely and lovingly then left the stage in tears. Representatives from various organizations spoke kindly and wished us well. They were: Paul Kunnas from the Radway Board of Trade; Mike Snaychuk from the Lions Club; May Bezborodka, President of the Students' Union; Bill Hnatiuk, from the Local School Board and finally the Mayor, Mr. Paul Mersky, who also presented us with alligator skin travelling bags as a souvenir from everyone, a token of farewell and appreciation of John's and my valuable service to his hometown community.



June 1950: Departing day - John hugs Joyce and Donna, (his brother Harry's children) while Klementi stands worried beside Anne holding Linda with son Ken by her side.

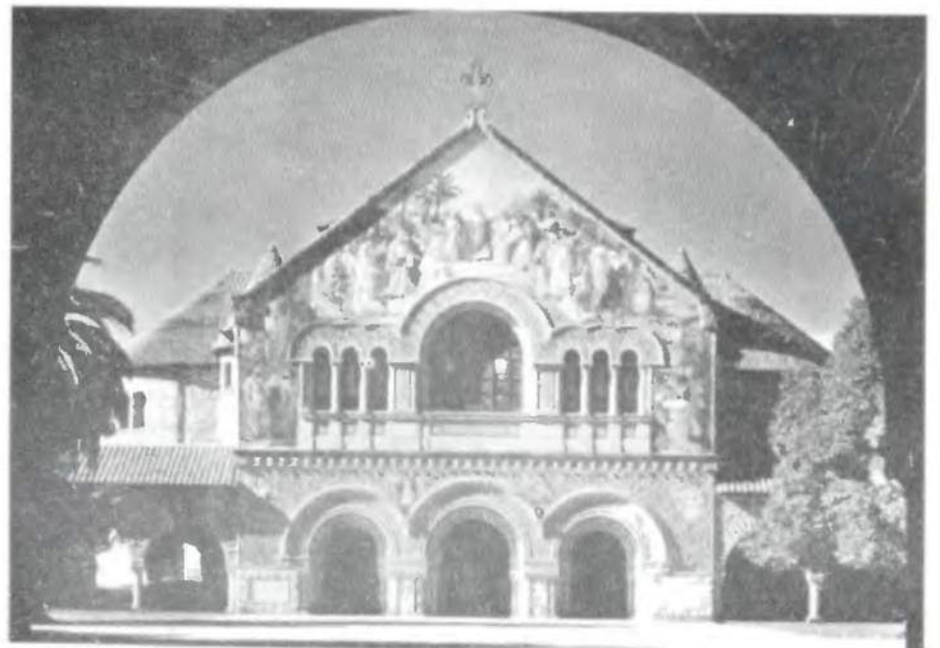
Accepting the Doctoral Challenge

Leaving fond memories of Radway behind, John, I and the two youngest Ken and Linda and a car trunk full of personal belongings, headed towards the U.S. border at Sweet Grass. As we approached MacLeod, Alberta, I asked my husband to reach back to hand me a diaper for the sprawled baby on my knees. No sooner he turned his arm sideways, it slipped out of the socket, an occasional occurrence resultant from his baseball injury. A painful mishap and a slowdown as we had to get help from its medical staff. We lost several hours before his arm was corrected and strapped to his body. We were obliged to continue our trip with John driving one-handed as I had to attend to our thirteen month old child who was at times harder to handle than the car. We were about to be late for the Stanford registration and we couldn't afford any further loss of travelling time. Because it was dangerous driving one-handed, John defied the doctor's orders and even before reaching the border, tore off the adhesive strapping. Luckily the arm, though painful, remained in place.

On the third day, after a long day of travelling, we reached our destination after midnight, stopping at the first hotel in sight. We were all exhausted, and the only thing we wanted was to stretch out and sleep. We were thankful for our safe arrival.

In the morning, John was up early, got registered and acquainted himself with his new Alma Mater, while we surveyed our immediate surroundings.

As I recall, we didn't seem to be concerned about going into another country for educational purposes. We had then a lot of faith in the United States as a good neighbor and were glad of the opportunity and privilege of studying at the world-famous Stanford University.



Stanford Memorial Church, world famous for its mosaic work situated on the grounds of Stanford University. The university founded by Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford in memory of their son, opened in 1891.

John returned from the campus all excited and immediately took us for a drive to show us the beautiful campus. The palm drive leading to the Memorial Church was beautiful beyond description. Later we attended many church services there, and heard many renowned churchmen of various denominations. The Hoover Tower awed and impressed as we rushed about the inner quad. Indeed it was a very inspiring place and we felt most fortunate to be there. We could hardly wait to explore more, but getting settled was our top priority.

An Egyptian Stanford student, Naim Abou-Taleb subletted his home to us. He and his wife Soni, who had two lovely daughters, became our close friends. Stanford was a great place to meet many foreign students. There was an active foreign student club attended by 157 students at the first meeting. John was elected by his fellow students to Grad Council during two consecutive quarters. He also founded and chaired the Student Faculty Coffee Hour during which graduate students had an opportunity to hear world-famous professors expound their favorite themes in a very informal atmosphere. The kids and I immensely enjoyed the Pot Luck dinners on the beautiful green graduation lawns called Frost Amphitheatre. The Hoover Tower hovered above and its chimes regularly resounding from the tower gave this area a truly heavenly atmosphere. We loved it.

However, we soon discovered after three months of the summer quarter, that after paying the Stanford fees, buying books, paying rent and all other necessities, our Radway savings would not prove sufficient. So despite John's hopes that I would spend the term just looking after the family and enjoying California leisurely, and taking better care of my chronic back-ache, we felt compelled to restructure our plans. It was not only important to make our money last until our goal was attained, but also to have enough money on hand after our return home.

At this time, I'm sure our guardian angel again came to our rescue as one day a Mrs. Kay Weiler, Naim's friend visited us and spoke of her need to rent her big house downtown. Our ears picked up the opportunity to take another stab at a student boarding house. We calculated our expenses and our income. It was evident that if we got graduate students to board and room with us, we would be able to have our whole family accommodated with food and shelter. It was a large, beautiful, furnished house, situated on the main University Drive, just perfect for our needs.

I remember what my Edmonton doctor advised me last time I saw him in regards to my back problem. He told me I should wear a sacroiliac girdle every day, so I trudged over to a specialty shop, got fitted, and wore



*Kay Weiler's house that we rented.
Lillian in foreground.*

it for three consecutive years. That helped a lot as I again tackled the task of making a home for thirteen people.

We had a healthy bunch to feed who seemed to enjoy my Canadian cooking and praised me a lot. Every weekday night, seven lunches were packed. That was perhaps the hardest thing to do after a long day of cooking and shopping, laundering and cleaning.

However, it was my department and I looked to no one for assistance.

We had a most congenial group of five men and two ladies, Sylvia and Ellie. This is what Ellie wrote when she presented us with her picture. "To the Dubetas who took me in and gave me such wonderful care and friendship, - they'll never know just how much they helped me to get through what might have been completely miserable days. - Just a note of thanks and a hope that they won't forget. Ellie." A lovely girl who had problems.

Sylvia Nate was a darling gal from Arkansas. We loved her cute accent and her sweet ways with our children and general cooperation. Before we departed, she married Jay Row, an engineering student at Stanford. I found time to make her a wedding gown with a long train. This had to be done evenings and weekends as all other work was a priority. We visited Sylvia, Jay and their daughter in Santa Barbara when John worked on his doctoral dissertation at Stanford after Jay became a full-fledged engineer building overpasses in Santa Barbara. We had a lovely visit with them for a couple of days while on our way to the Rose Bowl parade and festivities on New Year's Day. Sorry to say, not long after, Jay informed us that Sylvia had died, much to our regret and sorrow.

Five of our men boarders were also very cooperative, even helpful. John and I enjoyed their table talk very much as they behaved quite differently from the Canadian students we knew. They constantly argued on how they would get rich by using high-technology or even questionable means to make themselves millionaires. They were not concerned with labor

relations, or standards of living for all peoples, or economic freedom, convinced that private ownership for private gain, rewarding the gifted and enterprising, would solve all human problems in true American style. One actually equated the dollar with human life sacrificed for it at home and abroad. We had to wince at their thinking as we in Canada are much more liberal and more socially conscious.

Our two eldest children, Lillian and David, came to us by train to start the fall term of school. Lillian entered high school; David, junior high, both in excellent schools in Palo Alto. This was a good experience for them and they assimilated with their school mates very nicely. Lillian was ecstatic over the privilege of going to football games at the University Stadium and even meeting and dating some of the players. She made friends with good students possessing high moral standards. Her best friend was Gloria Garcia who lived in the Los Altos hills. Her parents became our very good friends and we enjoyed many a trip to their home, and picnicked with them at Santa Cruz and Carmel.

Carmel-by-the-Sea, a recognized artist's colony, is beautiful but our experience there was disappointing because of the weather. Our experience at the two west coast cities, San Francisco and Carmel, provided us many surprises when we and the Garcias visited them during the summer. We left Palo Alto in summer clothes and loaded the two cars with picnic supplies. When we reached Carmel, not too far away, we found the sea very rough and the temperature very chilly. Disappointedly, we ate our picnic dinner in the car as our vision of basking in the sun in Carmel was shattered. However, we enjoyed viewing the interesting and unique residences and shops so befitting to the area. The same experience was encountered in San Francisco on July 4th, their national holiday. We came to view the celebrations and parades in white summer attire, never suspecting that there too one had to be prepared to don a fur coat, if the sea became fierce and the temperature took a plunge, as both frequently did.

With teeth chattering and sprouting goose pimples, we watched the parade. John hugged little Linda, dressed in summer pinks, within his suit coat to protect her from the cold. We suffered for a half hour or so and decided to drive to Fisherman's Wharf and try to visit the Fleishhacker Zoo area. The shops there were interesting but one glimpse of the zoo and the cold surroundings was enough. Perhaps some other time.

Our lunch had to be eaten in our car looking wist-

fully at the lovely picnic tables, unoccupied. The fog closed in suddenly so we decided to get out quickly as darkness set in. It was a frightening experience to drive along the coast road in the heaviest fog I had ever seen in my life. The sea waves slashed against the cliffs alongside us, much too close for comfort. We feared dropping into them as we inched slowly along, guided by fog lights. But, lo and behold, our surprise came as soon as we got out of that area. We discovered sunshine half way back to Palo Alto and much lovely weather, with many more hours of daylight remaining. A most impressive vagary of nature.

Gloria visited us in 1955 in Edmonton soon after our return. We took her on a trip to our beautiful British Columbia, the Calgary Stampede, and many Alberta landmarks, such as Alberta's Legislative Assembly, where we climbed up to the tower to view the beautiful sight of the river, its valley and the city of Edmonton.



July 8, 1955 - Victoria Park, Edmonton. Lillian, Gloria, Anne D., Linda in front.

John and I revisited the Garcia family again in 1956, and in April, 1987 when we located the widowed Mrs. Garcia in a nursing home, thirty-one years later, happy that she was regularly visited by her loving family. We chatted and reminisced for a couple of hours, fearing that we were seeing her for the last time.

Both Lillian and David were largely self-supporting and had more money for their personal expenses than did their parents. Lillian took on jobs of baby sitting, and housecleaning. David cut lawns, painted fences and pruned trees. Both were paid high wages as they were told their work was as good as any Stanford student could provide. That at least relieved us of some financial responsibilities. They were able to buy cashmere sweaters, quality pants and skirts, and whatever else they required to keep dressed in keeping



Lillian's graduation in Palo Alto, California.

with the rest of the school crowd. This was a comfort to us and we were pleased that they kept up with the school studies and got good marks. Lillian graduated from Paly High before our second return home; David from junior high.

David's best friend was Bob Erickson, his school

mate. Both of them spent many an hour fishing at Half-Moon Bay. David spent a good portion of his money on fishing equipment. Occasionally, he would bring in fish and even small sharks live enough to swish around in our kitchen sink. One late night he returned home more dead than alive after a fearsome storm had severely drenched and chilled him. He had neglected to phone his whereabouts.



Our children pose on graduation day.

Kenneth was six then and started school in Palo Alto. My husband occasionally tells about Kenneth's disappointment when searching for lemon pie in the refrigerator, he cried out, "There is no more pie left and I had only five pieces." Kenneth's greatest misfortune was falling off the half-enclosed ceiling of a neighbor's garage, onto the roof of the car and rolling off it onto scattered lumber studded by long, protruding nails. He hurt himself very badly as his thumb was badly ripped and legs severely pierced. We were indeed lucky that it wasn't fatal, or life-damaging. Ken was the pet of all of our group, and stole the show with his sister Linda, at the garden parties of John's professor and advisor, Dr. Quillen, and the home of Alberta-born Dr. Wallace Sterling, the President of Stanford University. It was not against regulations or unusual for students to bring along their children to

garden parties. Ours were well behaved and highly regarded.

Linda was my little baby and buddy. We were together most of the time as we made up beds, and vacuumed. She hung around me when I cooked and shopped for groceries. As we drove, she always stood behind the front seat and often reassured me with, "I hanging on Mommy." She had lovely silvery blond hair and big blue eyes. The grocery clerks would often warn me as she rode in the grocery basket going through the checking till, "Better watch that girl when she grows up."

The first year went by normally and busily. John was getting excellent marks, passing major exams and qualifying examinations as the hurdles interposed themselves. He kept very busy, as already mentioned, was elected by the graduate students to be the convenor of the Student Faculty Coffee Hour, Grad Council and social committees planning graduate student functions. I freed John from most of the work at home as I seemed to manage. I saw need for a typist to do John's papers and registered at night school for lessons, as we could not afford hiring the current and foreseeable typing. So many a night after everyone was fed, the youngest were put to bed, I commenced laboriously typing John's papers to meet the deadlines. Many a time now I wonder, "How did I have the strength to take on more?" It was my youthful energy, loyalty and enthusiasm. As the third semester neared completion and his visa neared expiry, he reapplied to the proper authorities for an extension ranging from six months to a year to work on few remaining courses and his dissertation under the direction of his University Advisory Committee.

"Separation" Worries

We did not suspect an entrapment when our family car had been admitted for a six-month period (and an extension following payment of a \$450.00 bond); the children and I for two years; while John, the reason for our being in the U.S.A., for only one year. However, not knowing how long the processing of the visa renewal would take, the children and I decided to return to Canada in time for the new school year, trusting that John would follow in record time as soon as his courses and dissertation were completed. We gave up Weiler's home in August, 1951, and I and the children headed North, camping along the way. Our trip to Canada was exciting as we prepared and packed a two-wheel utility trailer, loaded with all of our personal belongings. I hardly knew how to park a car and trailer, but after a few rehearsals, we took off, leaving our Daddy behind. We were doing just fine, travelling all day, stopping at interesting places to camp a couple

of days in the California redwoods. The highway was super and the children were most cooperative. Lillian watched for all the road signs, map in hand, beside me; David handled and kept the younger ones under control at the back. However, no sooner we relaxed, (near Klamath Falls, Oregon), we suffered a terrible shock, which jolted us severely and taught us to be forever vigilant. As we sped homeward at 55-60 miles per hour, our little Linda, then two and one-half years old, was whipped out of the car as she leaned on the back door handle reaching for one of the cinnamon rolls that were being passed around by the children for a snack. During the long trip, the locking pin was released, and as she leaned on the inside handle the door opened suddenly to the onrushing flow of opposing air. In those days, the rear doors of cars were hinged, not at center as now, but at the back. Where were the Ralph Naders then? I felt a whiff of wind and shouted, "What's happening?". Our David answered in a mournful and prolonged tone, "L...i...n...da." "Oh, my God, help us, I hollered", as I applied the brakes as safely as I could and at the same time viewing the heavy flow of opposing traffic, unable to see my child's whereabouts because of the trailer. I was absolutely terrified because she was thrown onto the traffic side. When I finally made a stop and rushed out, waving my hands frantically at all the traffic, there I saw my baby on her unsteady feet, calling "Mommy, wait for me." What a joy! What a relief! as I grabbed her in my arms. She added, "Mommy, I just rolled out." That is exactly why she did not get hurt more. She was dressed in thick legging pants and a fairly heavy sweater and the door pulled her out in a rolling fashion. The multiple rolls made her dizzy and unsteady. We had her bruises checked at Klamath Falls Clinic and were assured that her injuries were not serious. Before hitting the road again, we decided to have soup and sandwiches at a lunch counter. A news reporter happened to sit down beside us, and noticing our faces ridden with concern and anxiety, enquired, "May I ask what happened?" before identifying herself as a reporter, ready to use whatever befell us as a warning to others. We told her everything but insisted that she withhold publication for at least ten days, when we hoped to advise John of our safe arrival. From then on, the car doors were always checked and locked. Linda was held either in Lil's or David's arms the rest of the way home. When I wrote John about this incident, his letters never failed to question my claim, considering it to be a cover-up to ease the multiple pressures he then had to endure. Otherwise, we had a perfect trip, with Lillian and David reading the road map and spotting camping sites. Best enjoyed were those in the California Redwoods; a spot near Portland along the coast, and Banff, Alberta, where we

stayed for a few days. One designated stop in Oregon, four miles from the highway, had only water taps, a tent pad, and toilets in the woods. We slept there only one night. When we stopped, I generally attended to the youngest children and the food, while Lillian, David and Kenneth rushed around to set up the tent, camping stove and beds for the night. I had perfect cooperation. At departure, it was they again who took down the tent and carefully assembled everything in the utility trailer, tying down the canvas cover, leaving us a comfortable car to travel in all day. We generally tried to make about four hundred miles a day, then stop for two to four days to enjoy the area and to rest. We reached Edmonton in safety and stopped briefly to visit our Radway friend, Mrs. Steve Samycia whose warm welcome made us feel less travel-weary.

Though I looked forward to seeing my parents and family in Elk Point, Alberta. I could not repress the feeling of guilt for imposing five of us on them and disturbing their relaxed way of life until John's mission was accomplished and we established a home of our own. I was acutely aware that most of our savings had already been spent, and that our dear mom and dad would be called upon to foot some of the bills. The fact that they did so cheerfully, and willingly, without a word of complaint, placed them in the uppermost parental category. John moved to a bachelor suite to continue work on his doctoral dissertation, the mandatory eight hour written, and the challenging oral examinations. Meanwhile our three children enrolled at Elk Point for the 1951-52 school year. Lillian and David frequently accepted their aunts' and uncles' kind hospitalities to give their loving grandparents more breathing space.

Our Heavy Cross; Dream Disrupted (Victims of the McCarthy Reaction)

My stress was greatly multiplied when John advised me that his application for a stay not exceeding six months in order to wind up his doctoral program was denied, and that all our efforts and sacrifices appeared to have been in vain. So near and yet so far. Why? On what grounds? Certainly not for any causes of recent origin, but for repercussions arising out of intolerable conditions of the Great Depression, not of his making.

He was considered to be an enemy alien, "guilty by association" with left-wing oriented people who gave him his first employment in the Cache Lake school in 1933 at \$600.00 per year when 1500 unemployed teachers were vying for classrooms in Alberta schools. Those same people questioned and protested starvation in the midst of plenty; mass unemployment, misery and want; limited opportunities; an unjust price sys-

tem; bankruptcies and evictions; preventable deaths; unprovoked aggressions, and the growing threat of fascism and war. The same people who welcomed the overthrow of the autocratic tyranny of Czarism and the promise of a planned economy of the Workers' Republic. They jointly wondered why the future ally of the Axis Powers, Francisco Franco who overthrew Spain's peacefully elected social democratic government, was recognized by the leading democracies virtually overnight, and yet the U.S.S.R., that proclaimed "Land, Peace and Bread," beset by interventionist armies, boycotted, scapegoated and maligned as the Great Depression's causal villain, was being denied recognition and admission to the League of Nations for fifteen long years. John had no reason to disbelieve that the revolution in Czarist Russia was but an extension of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" enunciated in France in 1789, and in large measure incorporated in the American Constitution nearly 100 years later.

John became a left wing Liberal because he wanted a more caring Canada; and a more caring and peaceful world. The League of Nations became an impotent body of self-seeking national self-interests. It was unable and unwilling to stem unprovoked aggression by the Axis partners. Their intended future victim received no guarantees of security when the seeds of an unjust Treaty of Versailles had sprouted blind, ruthless, avenging legions of armed men secretly equipped and encouraged by power brokers in the international game of chess. The armament kings were hoping for a field day. Holocausts and bloodbaths of unprecedented proportions were ominously looming on the international horizon. Nobody seemed to care. Cries of left wingers were cries in the wilderness. There was no strong social democratic party in Canada then to provide some hope in the hopeless future.

John saw people starving because they had produced too much. Consumer goods (milk, fruit, cereal grains, etc.) were being destroyed in hopes of bolstering prices already too high. Who can deny that cotton was plowed under, wheat was mixed with tar to fuel steamships while coal miners were unemployed and starving; hogs were being converted into fertilizer to grow more wheat to fuel more ships while people were dying for want of food? Many of the 2,000,000 Canadian jobless (20% of Canada's population) rode the rods in search of employment and braved the police clubs from station to station. Thousands of farmers and city dwellers were being evicted from their homes by banks and mortgage companies, and countless numbers such as John's mother and brother, died much before their time for lack of proper and affordable medical care. He remembers in 1932 sell-

ing forty muskrat pelts for \$2.20. The same fur company that robbed him robbed his neighbor of ninety pounds of cattle hide and billed him \$1.80 for freight and handling. What were the prices of muskrat coats and horse harnesses then? Proportionately lower? Never. He recalls the grief and agony of his parents seeing their entire grain crop consumed by elevator storage charges as the wheat prices kept tumbling from \$1.95 to thirty cents a bushel. A nearby Egremont farmer, unwilling to sell his grain locally at give-away prices, contracted the C.N.R. to transport his carload of wheat to Vancouver in hopes of a higher return. He was obliged to sell half a carload of oats locally to pay the freight charges on the carload of wheat that he had involuntarily lost. How about his costs of production and family survival? Meanwhile holders of Ph.D. degrees worked in soup kitchens to stay alive and brilliant students were hopelessly dying on the vine, as it were. Those who were not radicalized by such lamentable circumstances and events were either insensitive clods or fools. The left wingers, not the status quo fence sitters, were the true Canadian patriots and champions of democracy, and not the villains and traitors they were portrayed to be twenty years later when the ravages of death and destruction had restored a measure of prosperity and a new set of "superpatriots" thrived on the "Cold War" and shifting international allegiances. The irony of this situation becomes readily apparent if the present-day world-wide admirers of Gorbachev should be regarded as heretics and traitors twenty years from now.

John, a perennial advocate of peaceful reform, looked for prosperity based on construction, not destruction, as an aftermath of ruinous wars. He had always sympathized with the underdogs, the needy and the oppressed. His heroes of history and literature were the courageous men and women who languished in dungeons or perished at the hands of executioners for championing truth, freedom and justice. Yes, he was a sensitive intellectual sympathizing with most of the worthy aspirations and ideals of mankind.

John cannot recall doing anything treasonous during those tragic years unless making one or two public speeches against fascism and war could be so considered. He therefore speculates about more recent events that may have triggered action against him.

During the 1950's even consumer and producer cooperatives in the U.S.A. were viewed with suspicion and hostility by big corporate enterprises. Cooperators well remember the slander and abuse suffered by Jerry Voorhis and Helen Cahagan Douglas at the hands of such "free enterprisers". John's 600 page doctoral dissertation, The Educational Implications of the Consumer Cooperative Movement may have

aroused some unfavorable reaction against him. What may have turned the reactionary tide against him even more was his candidacy in the 1948 Alberta provincial election as the standard bearer for the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (C.C.F.), the forerunner of the New Democratic Party. Supporting his Social Credit opponent was Premier E.C. Manning (Preston's father) who termed the C.C.F. as a dangerous party threatening to take Albertans "down the slippery road to Socialism," and five of his cabinet ministers peddling the same line. The Social Credit Federal member of parliament for Vegreville, the late Anthony Hlynka, expounding the virtues of Joseph McCarthy, incurred John's wrath and censure for engaging in deliberate lies that there was no difference between the C.C.F. and Communism. John lost the election by a small margin, but there is no way of knowing how far his political opponents carried the fight beyond the election campaign. He incurred the wrath and promised vengeance of some ardent Ukrainian nationalists who went as far as to encourage their heroes, Adolph Hitler and his Nazi storm troopers to liberate their beloved Ukraine from the "stranglehold of International Jewry and Godless Communism." How truly ironic and grossly unjust, that nearly twenty years later, under vastly changed circumstances and conditions, when their youthful opponent was preparing to crown his professional career with a Doctor of Education degree (entirely on his own and his wife's resources) that his bigoted enemies should have struck. Their adverse reports some twenty years out of date trickled out of the RCMP files in Ottawa to the politically-oriented U.S. Immigration and Naturalization headquarters in San Francisco to cripple his academic career. To them he was nothing more than a sacrificial pawn in their game of ideological chess and changed allegiances following the "War to Save Democracy." Post-war hostilities produced the Cold War. Some American super patriots were determined to hurt liberal-minded individuals by reducing it to below the freezing point. John was one of many thousands of social democrats singled out to win some favor for "McCarthyism" and its Canadian counterparts.

John was dissuaded from publishing his defensive article on the promise of being allowed to complete his doctoral program undisturbed, but that promise was betrayed, and not honored for eleven years. He, from friendly Canada, was tarred with the worst possible brush when his fellow doctoral students from the recently-defeated enemy countries, Germany, Italy and Japan were accepted with open arms and accorded royal welcomes. Right wingers were winning dominance at a fearsome price. Ironically the McCarran Act under which he was charged as an enemy alien

(1933 vintage) was passed six months after his doctoral program was well under way.

In the summer of 1952, John was not permitted to graduate along with his intellectual peers. At Convocation, I and the children, through tear-stained eyes, tried to visualize our loved one in cap and gown, smilingly responding to his well deserved congratulations, only to see him standing nearby, more dead than alive, wistfully beholding his empty place on the resplendent stage. As his doctoral classmates, in full regalia, filed past his near-statuesque form, we overheard his moan, "The agony and pain of Christ during his crucifixion could hardly have been greater than mine."

The special privilege and evil that had condemned his peasant father to everlasting servitude because he knew too little, resurrected themselves during a cruel and shameful period in American history to destroy the peasant's son who knew too much.

John tried to reassure everyone that he in no way interfered with American politics; that he worked very hard at his studies and paid every respect to his school, host country, and staff. There wasn't an inkling of any other interests, and all he asked for was an extension to complete his studies. He believed that faith earned faith, that his past was as innocent as his present, and decided to continue his work so rudely interrupted. Several American colleges and universities had expressed interest in his services before the disaster struck.

Fall set in and winter came. I worried over John and wrote letter after letter to the American authorities assuring them that my husband was no threat and requesting them to be humanitarian and allow him to complete his educational program.

Since there was no response, I and the younger family members, Ken and Linda, returned by train to Palo Alto. We rented a lower floor of a one family residence on Embarkadero. John continued to fight the case and write his dissertation. I, who kept typing his dissertation nearly to a point of a nervous breakdown, was ordered by a doctor to get glasses and a two weeks' rest. The entire outside area of my eyes was a wrinkled mess; the top of my head felt as though it carried a heavy weight. I had never seen myself look so pale.

Because of the accusation and torment that John was experiencing, he began to find difficulty with his dissertation, but he continued to satisfy the advisory committee by researching, and writing.

As soon as school was over for our elder children in Canada, I returned with the younger set to Elk Point by train. Soon after, our family of four and I loaded our car and trailer, including my old sewing machine,

and again chose Highway 101 for our return to California. We had a super trip, camping all the way.

When we returned, John had rented another one-family furnished home. The older children and John picked up odd jobs. I decided to do dressmaking for some extra income. My neighbors, the friendly Oliveras, kidded me many a time about the first thing they would see in the morning was me in the dining room at the sewing machine. So true.

During his unnecessarily prolonged stay in the United States, to become a free man and to complete the purpose for his being there, John had a carefully preserved record of having had seventeen different menial jobs to keep body and soul together. He used a bicycle to cut down his costs of travel.

We were all busy and as happy as the circumstances permitted, praying and hoping that John would get official clearance, because Stanford University was obliged to suspend his finals until he received full clearance from the U.S. Immigration. It accorded him the privilege of writing the doctoral eight hour "final" written examination at the University of Alberta, though the "Orals" on its campus could not be altered.

My sewing was most successful. Our neighbors quickly passed the word around about that "Canadian lady who sews and alters clothes." They arrived, arms loaded with desired alterations, new fabrics and patterns. I had a great system that worked to bring me about \$15.00 a day. Every day, I would cut out one garment, fit a client, and finish one garment. I would make every effort to do an alteration or two. My family was most cooperative. Lillian was able to make the meals or help me with them and do the housework when her own jobs permitted. David did the same, so we managed to be well fed and comfortable even though both parents were struggling. John asked me one day, "How are the children?" because over a period of two weeks of his nightshift work and daytime sleep, they were off to school, and he had no opportunity to meet or see them.

At this point, or soon after, my sewing took a different turn as my satisfied neighbor ladies started to ask if I could sew slipcovers and make drapes. One lady, sure I could do it, brought me her old chair's slipcover for a pattern. Although I succeeded, it did not fit without several corrections. I was about to give up doing such work.

However, as I came to my night typing classes, I noticed a large billboard reading: "Register now for Interior Decorating, Manufacturing, Slipcovers and Draperies." "Of course, that's what I must do," I told myself, whereupon both Lillian and I registered for the course.

Within one semester I learned all the tricks of the

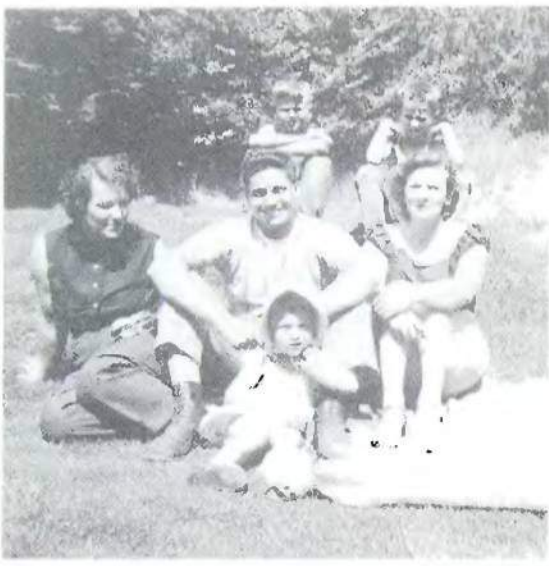
trade in manufacturing, and won the confidence of Mrs. Bird, my instructress. She was an elderly lady who was overburdened with teaching and servicing her private clientele. She helped me set up a proper table at my home and had me sew up her orders with as much guidance as I required. The new work was more challenging and rewarding. I was fascinated with my new discovery and began to speculate about the art of home decorating as a career, as I began admiring gorgeous fabrics and color co-ordinations. All this was happening just when our living necessities were more demanding, so I truly believed that my guardian angel was again guiding me in the right direction.

Although we were managing financially by working part time, John was stymied in his progress because of the stupid and unreasonable accusations. Who needed that? Was it not enough for a democratic society that a family was hard working, law abiding and self-sufficient? Why hold back willing and able people from doing what they know best, providing education that is so greatly in demand? Our democracies need to practise what they preach, or else our "freedom" becomes meaningless. Why pretend that something exists and then punish it for existing?

My husband, always interested in social and economic growth and human betterment, deserved congratulations and encouragement, not punishment and abuse. Unlike many of his peers, he went far beyond personal pleasure and chose Stanford, in his highly respected neighboring country, for his studies, not requiring even a penny from anyone to do so.

The blame for creating all the unnecessary problems rested with idiots, from Spedden and elsewhere, who sent to the Canadian RCMP in Ottawa a damaging report against a young man who was sensitive about the tragedies of the Hungry Thirties. Those reporters, who favored Hitler and his ideology that proved to be so costly and catastrophic during World War II, when millions died, deserve to suffer everlastingly in the Hell that they created on earth for us. Such Christians are far worse than heathens.

Our graduate friends and boarders often remarked that they would not have been able to cope with such a problem and likely would have committed suicide. No one can fully realize our great concern, disappointment and hurt as we waited daily for the visa extension. Someone owes an apology and compensation for all the grief caused not only to us but also to our dear parents and family who worried so much about us, unable to comprehend all the implications and repercussions. Al Davidson, our graduate student boarder, was the first to protest the injustice and to champion our cause. Locally civil liberty people such as Mr. Cerf tried to help us, God bless them.



1951: Palo Alto, California. L-R: Isobelle Burwash (Edmonton); Al Davidson (booster of our morale); Anne D.; **Children:** Linda in front of Al, Ken behind him.

Al testified that during his stay with us as student-boarder he had heard nothing from John that could be interpreted subversive, unpatriotic or undemocratic, and that the ambitious, conscientious, hard-working family man would constitute no more threat or harm to the U.S., while completing his doctoral

program than he was during the previous year's stay.

Mr. Cerf's article to the Palo Alto Times expressed amazement, shock and concern over the injustice to John and our family. He wondered what friendly Canada, their best neighbor, would think of this unfriendly action, and warned that this regretful act was only the beginning of a massive witchhunt that would ruin the lives of thousands of enlightened Americans who respected democracy, human rights and promoted friendship, understanding, and favored improved international relationships and goodwill. The infamous "loyalty oaths" and widespread spying proved him right.

Several of John's doctoral peers who had elected him as their representative to Grad Council volunteered that they had seen or heard nothing about John that was subversive or undemocratic.

Other conscientious, fair-minded people rallied to support John. The Radway Lions Club testified that during the five years (1945-50) there as principal, teacher, dormitory supervisor and community worker he was an exemplary citizen.

Reverend G.A. Sauder, pastor of the United Church, testified to John's Christian Democratic ideals. Ex-Methodist Missionary Mary Yarwood Davies, testified that John had always had a keen inquiring mind that subjected all political parties to close scrutiny trying to discern the differences between their theory and practice. "He is straightforward and generous, has personal faith in God and respect for Christian institutions. He also has high ideals of personal character and service for humanity in the higher education field. A great injustice is being done to call his name in question".

Her husband, Mr. E.W. Davies, John's election campaign manager in the 1948 provincial election, confirmed John's precocious interest in social and eco-

conomic problems as a young student and testified to his sincerity, personal integrity and democratic-mindedness.

Mr. I. Goresky, Superintendent of the Thorhild School Division took a similar stance. Mr. Harry Kostash of the Smoky Lake School Division asserted that John was one of the best principals, teachers and professional leaders that he had ever had the pleasure of knowing and supported his devotion to democracy and good citizenship by quoting from John's editorials in The Divisional Review and submitting several of his articles to the U.S. Immigration Office to support his assessment. His high school inspectors supported him in like manner. Mr. E.E. Roper referred his case to the attention of Mr. M.J. Coldwell, national leader of the C.C.F., and Mr. Lester B. Pearson, Prime Minister of Canada. Liberal Member of Parliament, for Vegreville, Alberta (later cabinet minister and Chief Justice) Mr. John Decore pleaded for redress, saying, "I have all the faith in Mr. Dubeta that he would remain a good citizen of Canada upon his return, or a desirable citizen in the United States should he remain there." A student of his who became Queen's Council testified that John's advice, guidance and encouragement permitted him and many other students to complete their high school and university studies and thereby make a meaningful contribution to mankind. "He set a very high standard of scholastic achievement and personal behavior and his personal example enabled his students to achieve this high standard," he concluded. Dr. L.G. Thomas in whose two doctoral courses John scored top marks in the "finals" and term papers, confirmed John's unquestioned dedication to the principles of democracy, admired his keen insight and his missionary zeal in seeking democratic solutions to social and economic problems at all community levels.

Three thick files bear evidence of letters and submissions to American and Canadian Consuls, Attorneys General, Departments of Justice, the RCMP in Ottawa, Presidents Truman and Eisenhower. A twenty-five page article reviewing the details of his life as a pioneer son of early homesteaders in Alberta and during the "Hungry Thirties" showed that he was an advocate of peaceful, evolutionary change by an enlightened public. Hundreds of heartbreaking hours were spent in appeals, and anxious anticipations of favorable resolutions. Appeals proved to be nothing more than torture devices to dash our hopes asunder.

Finally on February 23, 1953, after having been allowed to remain in the U.S.A., fourteen months longer than the six-month he had applied for to complete his doctorate, he was expelled from the country, mission unaccomplished. The irony of the situation

and events was doubly devastating. John returned his wife and family to Canada in August of 1951 and remained behind at a great sacrifice to prove to the American authorities why he was there, offering himself as a living testimony that his confidence and trust in them would be fully justified. To reinforce that confidence anew a year later, he brought his family back to the U.S.A., to rejoin him, only to have it rudely and cruelly shaken by his enforced separation six months later. Where did he go wrong? Democracy did not win. The family institution so sacred in a democratic society did not win. Academic freedom certainly did not win. The obvious winners were the evil reactionaries who had sacrificed John and thousands like him on the altars of ideological opportunism. The prayed-for dispensation of justice was yet eight years away.

Adjustment to Our Burdens

Heartbroken, he arrived in Vancouver through Blaine, Washington, where a few days later he had experienced a mental blackout regarding an afternoon appointment to a prospective classroom position in Ladner, B.C., on the very same day six hours later that his favorite Alberta high school inspector (Mr. David M. Sullivan, who had championed his cause in the U.S.A.), phoned to advise him that the principalship of a 28-room school in High Prairie, Alberta, awaited his arrival. In place of his English and Social Studies expertise, he was obliged to assume his predecessor's heavy administrative responsibilities as well as Grade XII chemistry, biology and physics courses that he had not taught since 1945, a task rendered doubly difficult only four months before the Departmental examinations. John's morale, then at ground zero was dashed even lower when he discovered that his short term in office qualified him for only 40% of the standard rate of pay. It took much courage, stamina, character, ability and fortitude to do as well as he did for his students, his staff and the much improved community relations.

The children and I remained behind to complete their school term. Lillian was graduating from high school; David completing grade eleven. I continued sewing and taking care of our family. As soon as school was over, we packed our utility trailer with all of our belongings, (including an American T.V.) as carefully as before, and took to Highway 101 and beautiful Canada, driving safely and happily, leisurely camping along the way.

John had to make a decision whether to sign a contract as High Prairie School principal or get a job with the Edmonton School Board. Because our children were nearing university age, we decided to settle in Edmonton, for their benefit, and hoped that the city



High Prairie Staff. L-R: Top Row: S. Smedstad; Mrs. Chemerinski; P. Myronuk; Mrs. K. McKerchar; E.W. Pratt. **2nd Row:** Mrs. Perriam; Mrs. A. Halbert; Mrs. Jacobson; Mrs. Herman; Mrs. Tricker. **3rd Row:** Mrs. G. Basarab; Mrs. Ferris; Mrs. Hollan; Miss Fulcher; Mrs. Richmond. **4th Row:** Miss G.D. Reid; Miss I. Shanks; Miss Betty Domoney. **5th Row:** Miss J. Stokes; J.C. Dubeta; Mrs. Sherrington. **Absent:** Mrs. Hayden; Mr. B.G. Halbert.

would give John more opportunity for suitable positions and advancements. That did not happen. Central office superintendents seemed to adopt the "Cold War" stance towards him. Neither he nor the two other teachers in the Edmonton Public School system possessing doctoral degrees got a penny more for their cost and effort. So much for lip service about higher training. Such persons threatened their positions and had to be held down at all cost. John did get advancements at a personal sacrifice to pioneer programs that few others were prepared or able to handle.

In 1950 John resigned his principalship in Radway in the hope of future positions at the college and university levels. After spending at least \$25,000.00 and completing all course requirements for the Doctor of Education degree, the doors of opportunity were slammed in his face. Gone were the offered college positions in California. His humiliation was complete in 1953 going back to junior high level of service at a

salary he would have commanded three years previously.

Junior high was not his field of interest because he was then trained and qualified to teach at university and college levels, or at least high school. It was a great disappointment. The School of Education seemed to prefer to hire non-Canadians and Asiatics who were barely understood. Some officials there even suggested that John should try for university positions in Eastern Canada at McGill and Queens. After all our horrendous experiences, nobody should have been surprised at our decision to settle in Edmonton. We were not about to take any more dislocations. We had scarcely enough money for a small down payment on a house, such as the one we bought at 10802-63 Avenue just before the 1953 school year got under way.

The Birth of Dubeta Interiors or Dreaming a New Dream



(1953): Our first Edmonton home.

We put all our eggs into one basket to retire our debts in record time, only to discover that John's take-home pay fell \$15.00 short of even meeting the mortgages, utilities and insurance obligations. I stepped willingly into the breach, fully confident that my training in interior decorating would help everyone along the way as John and I set up my first studio and workshop in our new home.

I immediately sought out fabric supplier agents, obtained a licence and Dubeta Interiors Ltd. was born. There was no time wasted as we prepared advertising, and carried leaflets from door to door in search of orders. We had to meet our living expenses and the income shortfalls. Luckily, my guardian angel kept directing people to me and I managed to satisfy most needs. The situation was almost comical as we shifted money from Peter to pay Paul, fully determined while doing so that our family's basic needs and cultural growth were not neglected.

Lillian wasn't able to pursue her favorite career of interior decorating immediately, so she wisely took up a secretarial course at the McTavish Business School. For her degree in Interior Decorating she would have been obliged to go to Winnipeg or San Francisco, something then out of the question. Upon completion of her course she got a job with Canadian Utilities.

David had to take two years of Grade XII, because he lacked final-year courses in French, English, and Social Studies for university entrance. Having too small a program at school, he spent too much time hanging around cafeterias, often leaving his books behind. When we suggested a briefcase, his reply was, "Only fairies carry briefcases." However, he graduated with sufficiently high enough marks for university entrance, aided in part by his father's ultimatum to shape up or ship out.

Kenneth entered grade three at the neighboring Allendale School, while Linda continued to be my companion, playing in the neighborhood. My appointments had to be set for evenings, after school hours or Saturdays when the older children could babysit Linda. With this schedule closely followed, we settled anew in our modest home, started a new job for John, new schools for the children and a new business for myself. Several people expressed opinions that my business would not survive the competition of large department stores such as Eatons, Hudson Bay, Woodwards, Simpson Sears, and the well-established interior decorating studios such as Murrays, dedicated to service and custom tailoring. I stole many pages from their books of experience and soon outperformed them by demonstrating that my slogan, "Satisfaction is the best recommendation" was no idle boast.

It wasn't long before I needed to hire a seamstress and therefore trained my neighbor, Stella Lasecki, who worked for me for twelve years in three different locations, as a highly valuable and dependable employee.

It wasn't easy for me to do business at the very beginning because we owned only one car which my husband needed. Many a time, I found it necessary to load a plastic bag full of samples considered suitable to my customers' requirements and take a bus across town, with Linda accompanying me, in time for my appointments. Many were deferred to after-supper hours when the car was available. Imagine the time lost and the inconvenience, sometimes only to have my brains picked for ideas and later discover that the final orders were placed elsewhere! Thank Heavens, there were only a few such instances.

Our children and my husband were again most cooperative. They all pitched in to help with housework, meals and babysitting. David and John had to learn how to install drapery tracks, under my supervi-

sion. They hauled in furniture for slipcover work and performed countless duties for me and my family's benefit. Usually all this had to be done on Saturdays and evenings after John completed his classroom duties and preparations.

Just two years later following my successful business operated from our first home, my eye caught sight of a beautiful brick-pillared house within a block of the Hazeldean Shopping Center. At this stage we were talking about a better house, and although my husband was scouting around with real estate agents and alone for one more suitable, the pillared home remained an indelible impression in my mind until two weeks later on our way to Ritchie United Church, we discovered it sporting a "For Sale by Owner" sign and a phone number.

It was newly built and by far the best in the block. The children and we peeked through the windows excitedly. We saw a big brick fireplace, shiny hardwood floors, a dining room separated from the living room by brick dividers matching the fireplace, and large windows. The kids started jumping with joy. "Daddy, we must buy it." "It's beautiful!" So we rushed to the phone. "Yes, it's for sale, but the owner is off to Leduc, and will be back in a few hours." We didn't go home, but sat in the car awaiting the builder's return, hoping that we weren't too late for the purchase.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when he returned. We breathed a sigh of relief that the house was still available, and joined him for the viewing. We held our excitement down for fear that our enthusiasm would increase the price, low as it then was, and far superior to the best of eighty-five that John had on record. We loved it even more as it suited our life style perfectly. There were two spacious bedrooms and a large bathroom and a wide hall in addition to the

spacious kitchen, dining room and living room. In the basement the area was framed to accommodate another bedroom, a rumpus room, bathroom and a large studio. Just perfect for our needs. When he told us the price, \$14,200.00, my husband immediately took out his cheque book and issued a \$1000.00 deposit. By comparison, our first home looked like an apple box for which we paid \$11,500.00 two years previously. We felt very lucky. It wasn't very long before we sold the old house and settled in at 9747-67 Ave., in time for the opening school term.

The school for Linda and Kenneth, ideally located only one block from the house, solved our baby-sitting problem. As soon as we moved in, we immediately started to finish the downstairs to accommodate "Dubeta Interiors" while a room for the boys and a lovely rumpus room was being designed and constructed by our talented seventeen-year old David, already a senior grad from the University High School. That year he wanted to be free from studies to find full employment before going to university to study either Architecture or Civil Engineering for which he promised to be ready during the following year. We encouraged him in that line of thinking and were pleased that he located a job with C.P.R. as a brakeman and assistant conductor that paid well, sufficient to meet his first year's university expenses.

My husband and I were absolutely overwhelmed with pleasure over David as he attended to his job conscientiously and found time to help complete the lower part of our new home, converting it into a sewing room and a sample studio, and bedroom. Its bathroom contained a four-foot tiled wall.

The rumpus room that he designed merits description as he custom-built all the furniture in the room, laid flag-stone floor tile and installed an appropriate ceiling and spotlights. A completed fireplace in the rumpus room was included, finished in lovely light brick. Along the opposite wall behind the bar, he built and hung a sliding-glass door cabinet for glassware. On another long wall he designed and built a modern sofa interlacing three-inch woven strips over a wooden base, and topping it with a four-inch rubber mattress, which I later covered. The sofa was canopied by a slanted teak ceiling containing fluorescent lighting, and connected on the left side to a built-in planter, made from the same brick as the fireplace, and topped with a teak divider, which he built as well. Not only did David do all that for us but he also helped to install the draperies and rods as



1955: Our second home.

necessary. The following summer he built us an eight-foot high louvered fence for greater privacy around our back yard. We were lucky to be blessed with such good children.

When the next fall approached, David prepared himself to leave for the University of British Columbia, to study architecture, very pleased that by then he had earned enough money for his clothes, new suitcases, fees and money for books and room and board. John and I wondered what we could buy him in appreciation and suggested a top quality briefcase. "Nothing doing", he responded, keeping the fairy concept in mind. However, his briefcase opinion changed as soon as he registered at the university and started his classes. His first letter home, told us how well he loved U.B.C. and architecture, and shocked us pleasantly by his urgent request in print "PLEASE SEND ME THE BRIEFCASE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE". John and I both shed joyful tears as we read and reread his request and rushed downtown to grant it.



David returns home for Christmas.

In 1956 when David headed for U.B.C., Lillian quit her one year's employment with Canadian Utilities, and decided to strike out for work experience in Toronto where some of her girlfriends were encouraging her to meet them. She was fortunate to get a job immediately as a front desk clerk at the lovely Royal York Hotel for a period of nine months. She saw an opportunity to get a job at Banff Springs Hotel in Banff, Alberta so she returned to work there for three months, during all that time having a nostalgia for interior decorating. She decided to return home to work with me in Dubeta Interiors and register for correspondence lessons in interior decorating from the prestigious New York School of Interior Design. It

was a great decision as we continued working harmoniously for many years.

During that time Dubeta Interiors was making great progress. My home business now required additional staff. I was lucky to hire and train more neighboring ladies, Edna Nelson, two doors from us; Mrs. Parker, four doors down; Freda Lucius, a wonderful German lady, who was our new housebuilder's wife and a marvellous seamstress living just a few blocks away, in addition to my already well-trained and dependable Stella. We began to get overcrowded. I also trained my second-door neighbor and fireman, Peter Gordashko to install drapery rods, because our David was now away and John could not take much time from his very heavy school schedule.

Lillian joined my business. She and I were able to sell enough orders to maintain and support the larger staff. I, besides selling, managed to prepare all orders and cut the preparatory work for the seamstresses. We began to feel overcrowded and decided to take a chance and move the business to a small shopping center, called Hazeldean, only two blocks from our house and just across the road from the school our youngsters were attending. This location was chosen to make it possible for our Linda, now seven years old, to come to the shop after school, should other members of our family not be at home.

To free myself for more time in business, I hired a lady, (Lucius' kin) to do my house cleaning on Fridays. I sent John's white shirts to the laundry. It was simply beautiful coming home after work finding an immaculately cleaned house. This regular routine allowed us to plan weekend outings and occasionally to entertain at home.

Our life was busier than ever. I was now working six days a week in the business, at eight to sixteen hours a day. John, teaching six classes of English at the Strathcona Composite High School, had a lot of work checking assignments till late hours into the night. Kenneth, then twelve years old, was a great help preparing casserole dinners for the family. He was a good student, giving us no trouble. He and Linda enjoyed making large batches of cookies for their brother David at U.B.C.

My biggest cooking was done on Sundays so that there would be something left over for a couple of days. John occasionally prepared dinner, and Lillian often went home earlier to do so. We needed an abundance of food for the growing family. I recall lugging in huge bags of groceries on regular basis. It wasn't long, before we saw need for a full-time housekeeper. We were lucky to hire a hard-working lady, Mrs. Baziuk, from the Thorhild area to look after us for two years. I laid out the recipes for her daily and was

greatly relieved to know that the family had regularly served meals. She was most helpful with the garden work as well. During the winter she kept the driveway and sidewalks free of snow, thus making it much easier for all of us.

Dubeta Interiors became incorporated and set up with beautifully arranged drapery displays, round wrought iron sample racks, swing door racks for sample books, proper lighting, desks and filing cabinets. The showroom, designed by our student-architect son, in collaboration with Lillian, was superb. The back half of the space was laid out as the manufacturing area. Lillian took over the bookkeeping and managing the studio. At the same time she continued her studies with the New York School of Interior Design correspondence lessons and learning the practical trade. Lillian was a great asset to our business as she was very precise for details and added the necessary sophisticated touch to our establishment. I attended to personalized service and home estimates, supervision of workroom manufacturing and installations; Lillian manned the showroom as principal sales lady, bookkeeper, clerk, and business operator, and occasionally took appointment calls. We then had acquired a large brand new station wagon bearing professionally designed window displays identifying Dubeta Interiors Ltd., its services, location and phone number.

Our home was cleared of all drapery samples and the former workshop room converted into the boys' room, set up with lovely maple furniture, matching headboards, end tables, desks and matching chairs, coordinated custom-tailored bedspreads and drapes, making the large room comfortable and attractive beyond belief.

Every summer following his return from Stanford, John spent two weary summer months revising, updating, researching and writing his dissertation, deferring work on them for another year when school commenced anew, because his many classes of English had him working day and night in preparation, and grading countless assignments. That teacher's work did not end at four o'clock. I assure you. Both he and I, however, found time to drive our younger set for their scheduled music and dance lessons.

Although our home and business were organized very well, we did have some setbacks, such as John's landing in the hospital with bronchial pneumonia requiring several weeks of convalescence. Because we were making progress in business, we were not about to abandon our goal of getting my husband's doctorate, his prime objective for years. I got into business primarily to support that objective, so that behind all the activity at shop, school and home, the battle to clear the immigration restrictions continued to

realize the final goal that had cost us upwards of \$5000.00 in appeals and lawyer fees beyond the \$25,000.00 originally invested and lost.

We learned to derive our solace and comfort elsewhere: a beautiful home; John's popularity in the classroom and the respect he commanded in his profession, and his editorial-public relations positions within the Public School Local A.T.A.; the remarkable progress of our children in school; my own business



L-R: Father Fred; wife Sophia; John D; wife Anne; best man Bill Hopchin, his wife Lenore.



L-R: Harry Shewchuk and wife Susan; Linda Dubeta dancing with her godfather Dr. Peter Koziak; Lillian and her father John Dubeta.



L-R: Guests at our 25th. Uncle Bill Habiak; Fred Shewchuk and his son Metro.

success, and our close family ties culminating in our Silver Wedding Anniversary banquet and dance at the Captain's Cabin in Edmonton, Alberta on November 6, 1959, spearheaded by daughter Lillian.

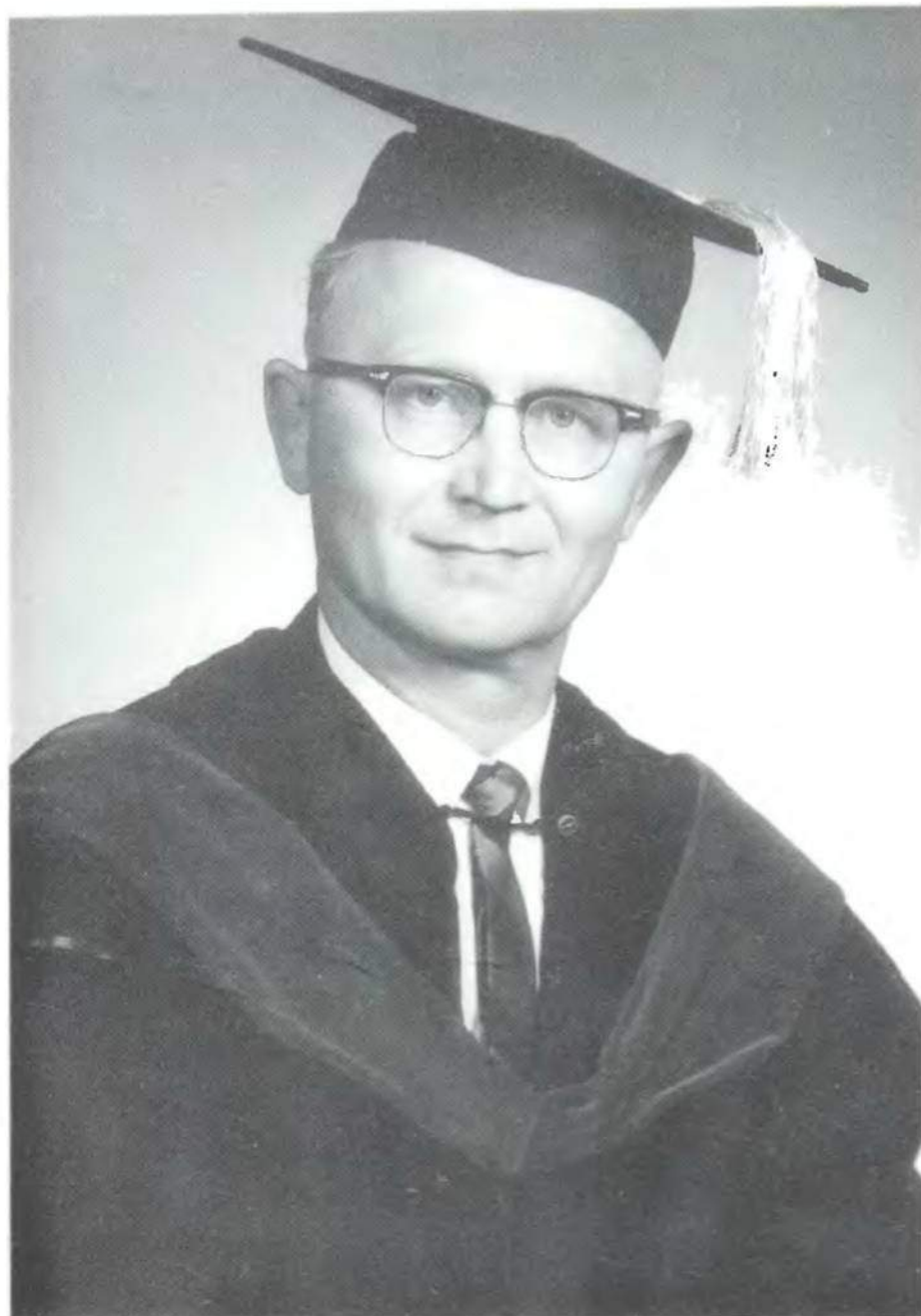
We temporarily forgot about our major setback as we received tributes and congratulations from mom and dad, close relatives on both sides of our family, chosen members of the school staffs (with Carlyle Mayes as guest soloist), and long-time friends from Calgary, Edmonton and the communities where John had rendered distinguished service as principal, teacher, professional and community worker.

Dreams Harvested

Prior to John's return to Stanford, Lillian completed her two-year correspondence course, so it appeared advisable for her to go to New York Design School for a year to get her certification. We decided to hire a full-time accountant, while Lillian went off to New York. Soon after John obtained a leave of absence and a hard-fought-for one thousand dollar grant, after the Edmonton Public School Board's deadline for sabbatical leaves and grants had already expired. He was a victim of yet another ill-timed, ironic circumstance. The sabbatical deadline was March 31; his ultimatum to complete his doctoral program without delay or forfeit it forevermore, arrived in June of 1961. The unsympathetic superintendent saved the School Board thousands of dollars disqualifying John's earned sabbatical, on a small date-deadline technicality. Again he paid dearly.

At long last, after eleven painful years and stressful examinations rendered much more difficult by the passing years, John won his coveted prize, his doctorate from Stanford, a prize that 99.9% of his counterparts would have abandoned long ago. At age 48 it was hardly worth the price of its paper certificate, salary-wise and promotion-wise. But morally, as a victory over man's inhumanity to man, triumph of the human spirit over hardship and injustice, it was and is truly priceless. How can one truly measure the loss of his college-university career and that of thousands of students who were denied the privilege of his inspired teaching and leadership?

He was happy to receive written and verbal congratulations from his professional co-workers such as William Tanasiuk; Mr. G.L. Davies, principal of McKernan Junior High where John had resumed his teaching career; and ironically from Superintendent of Edmonton Schools, Mr. W.P. Wagner, who opposed granting John his deserved sabbatical leave with 70% pay just a year before, and kept promoting many less able and less qualified teachers to positions of trust and responsibility. John, a staunch and loyal N.D.P.



1962: Stanford University Graduate, John Dubeta, Ed. D.

supporter, did not merit the professional advancement that his Liberal, Conservative and Social Credit peers had received.

Full credit and gratitude must be given to Stanford's School of Graduate Studies for its patience, co-operation and goodwill. Normally doctoral candidates are allowed a maximum of five years to complete their programs. In John's case they kindly extended it to eleven years, knowing full well that the reason was not due to his lack of ability, neglect, or lack of desire. Therefore, it was highly gratifying for John to receive an official notice from the Registrar of Stanford University, reading: "This is to certify that the degree of Doctor of Education was conferred on John C. Dubeta by Stanford University on April 6, 1962". A highly prized congratulatory note was received from his remarkable professor and major field adviser, Dean of Education, Dr. I.J. Quillen, reading: "I am happy to confirm that you have passed the final written and oral examinations for the Doctor of Education degree. Congratulations and best wishes! P.S. Sorry I missed seeing you. Best regards to you and the family."

The most heart-warming note was received from our dear friend, Superintendent Harry A. Kostash who had steadfastly championed John's cause. It read:

"Dear John,

It was indeed a pleasure for me to read in the Edmonton Journal, and see your picture there, of your final success in obtaining your Doctor's degree. I was very happy to learn, that after all the setbacks you had encountered you were eventually able to gain your goal. I am certain that any other, without your qualities of patience, perseverance, and ambition would have given up the attempt long ago.

It is therefore my greatest of pleasures to offer you my sincerest congratulations and my most sincere wish that henceforth you will be able to reap the benefits of your efforts in ease and satisfaction.

My sincerest regards to Mrs. Dubeta and the family."

Thank the Lord, our mournful family flag had finally been raised from its half-mast position!

The Growing Success of Our Children and Our Business (The Furtherance of Family Dreams)

During 1957-60 Lillian made a significant contribution to the success of Dubeta Interiors Ltd., not only in business accounting but also her new dimensions in interior decorating. Together we worked harmoniously in all aspects of home decorating, business management, while assuming our respective individual responsibilities to our clients.

Lillian's decorating career soared as she gained the confidence of local contractors: Denn-Ron; Quality Homes; Exhibition Dream Homes; and Golden Construction, as she presented their show homes in professional manner and pleasing style and decor. That represented many hours selecting co-ordinated color schemes, materials, window dressings and accessories; appropriate furniture from Barrymore, Gibbard catalogues and locally; and suitable appliances, floor coverings, tiles and countertops.

Her successful presentations were noticed by discriminating housewives and commercial developers, and led to contract work in highrise apartments and other enterprises. Her most outstanding accomplishment was the ten Golden Village Show Homes in Edmonton, each in a different theme.

It was during the Golden Construction jobs that Jim Stevens and Ernie Stead, their managers, introduced Lillian to Harold Sprague of Sprague Furniture, who referred her to his salesman Ben Matthiessen for accent pieces and accessories required for the show homes. Occasionally she ran into Ben at their own projects, enhancing their secret admiration of one another. Although she dated others, this fellow left an indelible impression on her. She continued to dream about him in New York.

Her New York Interior Decorating program was most exciting to her. She loved the city, her school and the prominent people she met. She was learning a great deal beyond her completed correspondence lessons. Tours to fashionable homes and New York apartments, trips to suppliers of fabrics and wallpapers, and to special studios were part of the dream world into which she was drawn. She returned home more radiant and excited than ever before, sporting her Interior Decorating certificate. She would have liked to continue her studies towards Interior Design, but circumstances were not favorable socially or financially. Her memories of Ben dissuaded her from accepting a marriage proposal from her instructor in New York.

A year later, she flew to Palo Alto, California to visit her close friend, Gloria Garcia, and to become the first member of our



1962 - Lillian and dad meet in Palo Alto, California.



1960 - Lillian.

family to congratulate her dad for becoming a Doctor of Education.

After only three years of business in Hazeldean Shopping Center, we were beginning to feel crowded both in the studio and the workroom at the rear. Lillian's return from New York brought us new clientele.

Mr. George Golden of Golden Construction, became our friend. We were most pleased to work with him on his numerous projects. He owned a business block on Edmonton's South Side on 82nd Avenue and 89th Street. We rented the entire second floor of it for our offices, sample rooms, and a huge workroom.

DUBETA INTERIORS LTD.

— COMPLETE INTERIOR DECORATING —

DRAPERIES • NEWEST FABRICS • SLIPCOVERS • CUSHIONS
UPHOLSTERY • BEDSPREADS • VALANCES • MODERN FOLD
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Both Lillian and I had an office in those new quarters. On John's suggestion, we decided to pioneer Edmonton's first Drapemobile, a model walk-in sample-room van, with John Vianen, our male interior decorator, as operator. We were able to supply him with plenty of appointments, and a full complement of samples, for quick, efficient service to our customers.

Our workroom staff continued to grow so that more installation personnel were required. The business was booming. I was still at the forefront in every capacity. Besides selling, both in the premises and in the field, I trained seamstresses, supervised important installations, and looked after errors and omissions to satisfy one and all.

Lillian and I spent many hours at sample show rooms to purchase and select the most interesting and newest patterns, fabrics and stock with which we always kept one step ahead of the competition. We were up-to-date in theory and practice, and creativity, as I recall the many evenings spent making workable patterns for swags then gaining in popularity.

However, my biggest pleasure was billing my accounts, even if I had to sit up past midnight to do so. We needed a lot of income for our large payroll and overhead. I never seemed to worry if I was making a lot of money, as my greater concern was to be able to

pay all my bills and expenses. A service business such as ours is not deemed to be a big money-making enterprise. Although the gains were hard-earned and not great monetarily, I loved my work and was young enough to spend eight to sixteen hours daily on it, frequently as a labor of love. Besides, my home was very well organized and the family never felt neglected. In the summer of 1961 with David in full-time professional practice, Lillian in New York, and John in Stanford, I was for almost one year the sole provider for the family.

Enterprising and ambitious, we ventured out on a challenging business side-line. In 1963, we were encouraged by some of my American customers to establish an agency for Lan-O-Sheen and Lan-O-Wipe, allegedly two of the most reliable biodegradable, phosphorus-free multi-purpose fabric and household cleaners on the North American market. Shortly after we tested them to our complete satisfaction, Mr. William Mears, founder of Lan-O-Sheen Products Inc., flew to Edmonton from Minneapolis to establish his first Canadian sales outlet. Beyond some product samples and supportive literature, the parent company relied on us to establish the market entirely on our own. Our major difficulty, however, stemmed from our attempt to establish several sister products such as Lan-O-Bath; Lan-O-Sheen Glass Cleaner; Hair Care; boat, car and snowmobile waxes at the same time.

It did not take us long to discover that old buying habits are hard to break, and initial skepticism is difficult to overcome, as we battled competition of many vastly inferior products backed by vastly superior capital and resources. Our success depended on spending a great deal of money in the short term, or establishing product popularity slowly, surely and far less expensively over the long term. We had no choice but to adopt the latter alternative.

Over the ten year period that followed, we convinced many professional and commercial people of the superiority of our products. We plowed back our profits into more and more newspaper, radio and occasionally the very costly television advertising. Cash and consignment outlets in Edmonton and beyond, were established by us and our salaried and commissioned representatives. Two wholesalers agreed to handle the principal products, but required supportive advertising. The growing clientele derived largely from our week-end product demonstrations at the city's principal shopping centers. Often our outlays exceeded our income. Our net profit was the experience we gained. The project was abandoned to others when French labeling was demanded, precisely at the

time we became pre-occupied with our Casa Del Lago condominium development in Padre Island, Texas.

Upon Lillian's return from California, her dream man Ben wasted no time to date her and by the year-end proposed and presented her with an engagement ring. The wedding date was set for June 15th, 1963. We plunged into preparation for a lovely wedding, preceded by numerous trousseau teas and showers. They were married at Robertson United Church in Edmonton. The reception was held at the Caravan



Lillian; Ben; Evelyn Reeves, Matron of Honor; Peter Engelbreksen, best man; Joy Kuzmar, flower girl; Warren Predy, ring bearer.



Honored guests at Lillian's wedding: In foreground, L-R: Harry and Myrtle Shewczuk from Freeport, Illinois; Sophia and Fred Shewchuk, grandparents.

Hotel with 250 guests present. On the following day they flew to Copenhagen, Denmark for their honeymoon. There Lillian met all of Ben's family for the first time. Before returning, they saw more highlights of Europe, especially Paris and Amsterdam.

Lillian's early years of married life were as successful as the outstanding contribution she had made to our business success. Within a few months, although pregnant, she continued to discharge her heavy business responsibility. Eventually she was



Proud grandma Dubeta and her first grandchild, Craig.



My sister Pearl Bidney.

allowed more time for office sales, billings, and work orders up to a couple of weeks before our first grandson Craig was born on December 18, 1964.

By that time, Sister Pearl, and her husband Jack Bidney, were well inducted into our trade and were able to take full charge of installations and deliveries. Pearl became the head lady in the workroom, thereby releasing me to a great extent from the task of cutting all fabrics in line with the work orders. She soon became my trusting workroom

manager and supervisor over twelve seamstresses then employed.

We now saw a need to open a second interior decorating studio in the West Edmonton's Meadowlark Shopping Center, just a few blocks from Lillian's home. A baby sitter for Craig freed her to manage the new location.

David, our own architect, again in consultation with Lillian, designed a lovely studio as we began operations from two locations, I in the South-eastern part, and Lillian in the West. Our advertising covered both locations; our staff increased to twenty-five, and a new vehicle was added. Increased sales commissions provided greater incentives to the decorators. After one year, however, we decided on further consolidation: Selling out of Meadowlark Shopping

Center only, keeping John Vianen in charge of Drapemobile sales, and sister Pearl running the workshop, deliveries and installations out of the Golden Construction building.

Lillian continued to work until Bradley was born on March 19, 1968. After a few months she resumed work on a part-time basis. A traumatic development in their marital relations took place in the early Seventies as an outwardly secure looking couple's life was heading for a divorce.

I need not explain the worry and hurt the parents go through during such times. Yet we chose not to interfere, but offer judicious advice. All we could do was to continue being good parents and grandparents, trusting that the changing relationship would leave a minimum of scars in their wake.

Her husband's European values system, and his utter disregard for her job commitments led to their marital break-up and divorce in 1973. A shattering experience for such an ideal wife, mother, homemaker and supplementer of family income. Her sizeable bonus received from her mother's net receipts following the sale of Dubeta Interiors, and her estranged husband's nickel-and-dimed supportive allowances to their sons, were grossly inadequate to support an acceptable life style. She continued working for Dubeta Interiors under David's ownership, and selling real estate. Later she established a beautiful studio for her Interior Design Concepts, Ltd. in her own home.

Idealists and perfectionists find difficulties bearing countless unpredictable problems facing them as single parents. Her double burdens at times grew to triple ones as she stepped into the stock market speculations. The younger son prejudiced his academic success by holding part-time jobs during the school year primarily to meet the many expenses arising out of his desire to own a car and to keep up with his young "Joneses". He has not abandoned his hopes for an academic career despite his present well-paying job. While working full time, he has committed himself to a full program of undergraduate studies at the Concordia College in Edmonton.



Ben and Lillian Matthiessen, sons Craig and Bradley.



Bradley Matthiessen.

Lillian's determination, character and stamina asserted themselves anew when she staged a marvellous recovery following her near-fatal cerebral aneurism in Puerto Rico early in 1988, and her gruelling battle, with her mortgage insurance company up to this time of writing in 1992. Thank God, for her capacity to survive under most trying circumstances. Her tall and handsome sons, now entirely on their own, are keeping a loving and watchful eye on their mother.

During this term we had a lovely home, designed by David and built in scenic Laurier Place overlooking the Saskatchewan River and the Storyland Valley Zoo, within easy reach of the Meadowlark work place. The hectic pace increased, however, as regular trips to the workshop to check on work under way and completed before installations, and to interpret special design work orders had to be made. "100% customer satisfaction" proved to be very exacting and demanding.



Dubeta residence: 8 Laurier Place, Edmonton, Alberta.

I recall one frightening experience at the workshop at 7:00 p.m., when a stranger found his way through the unlocked street-entrance doorway. I tried to be polite and answered all his questions, carefully concealing my growing fear and concern of finding myself with him alone in the night-abandoned premises. What was my great relief to see him go! Never again, I determined. The foyer and stairways were spooky enough without any strange interlopers. I even

feared entering my car unless I was sure that its doors were well locked and the rear entirely free of surprises. Chicken-hearted I may have been, but nobody could ever have accused me of being lazy or irresponsible.

As I mentioned before, my six-day weeks consisted of eight to sixteen hours of work per day. Rarely could I get home early. Blessed be the phones that I used to keep my family informed of my whereabouts.

Our home was beautiful, situated on a hill facing the Saskatchewan River valley and Storyland Valley Zoo. It was very comfortable and tastefully decorated. The lot was nearly half an acre in size, professionally terraced and landscaped with beautiful trees and shrubs. Our garden at the back produced a large variety of flowers and vegetables. It was a delight for me to spend every possible time I could spare in the garden. Although our patio was laid out for relaxation, I must admit I rarely sat there. However, we did have several big parties with family and friends on it, and entertained as many as eighty-five staff members of the Strathcona Composite High School. We also entertained the staff and student patients from the Oliver Mental Hospital, when my husband was principal of its Kennedy Hall school. So our place, I am satisfied, was used for many happy occasions, including Linda's wedding, and many a dinner party. Entertaining and social life were matters of joy and delight to me, busy though I was. Socializing gave me assurance that I was also a mother, a grandmother, a wife who loved to accompany her husband to every function, even out-of-town conventions. These outlets balanced the other pressures and kept me most satisfied. How could I manage all this? By being organized and supported by my family and particularly my wonderful, understanding husband. We felt if I had to put in that much time into full-time business, we deserved full-time help at home. Our house was always neat, meals were on time, laundry in shape, whether I was there or not. My husband and children were well looked after even though, occasionally managing on their own, if the housekeeper had a day off.

Between 1969 and 1972, we remained very active and happy attending teachers' conventions, principal association meetings; concert series, symphonies, travel series, drama productions as well as His Excellency Lieutenant Governor Percy Page's formal dance series held at the MacDonald Hotel.

Dee-Dee, 1958-1973

It is nice to recall our many summer vacations and week-ends at the local lakes, such as Wabamum, Alberta Beach, Edmonton Beach and Sandy Beach. Whenever favourable weather permitted we packed our tent, camping gear, food, fishing rods and play-

things and headed to the lake of our choice. As we packed the car, our French poodle, Dee-Dee, would be tremendously excited and be the first to sit at the front seat, snuggling under my arm or placing her paws on the dashboard, looking contently at us and the scenery ahead. The poor animal must have felt sadly neglected, when we dispersed daily to school and work. Dee-Dee never left sight of members of the family, and forever raced around the trees to encourage playing with her. We loved this pet and she loved the whole family. Her pretty haircut styles of puffs at the tail and legs, her body smelling of the barber perfume, was a sight to behold, as she proudly pranced around the house, confirming her captivating beauty. Nothing pleased her more than a walk around the block, a trip in a car to shop, or a picnic. We took her wherever and whenever we could. To fool her, we were obliged



J.D. Dee-Dee and her puppies.

at times to communicate by spelling out our words, such as W-A-L-K, C-A-R R-I-D-E, but she soon got wise to that too. This loving pet presented to us by Lillian "on trial" as a puppy brought us much happiness and pleasure.

During the eleven dark years, John felt obliged to miss most of such family diversions, staying at home to update his dissertation and to prepare himself for the doctoral "finals" that kept eluding him from year to year. Those diversions on Sundays, my days off, were a Godsend to me and my children, giving us rest, comfort and relief. They rejuvenated me for the rigorous schedule of each succeeding week.



Pearl Bidney and Anne D. admire the bachelor's bedroom ensemble they had completed.

Sometimes I awoke with a headache, but once I got to the busy shop, it disappeared because I found no time to pamper it. The phone kept ringing, the deliveries going out, the work orders being processed for the seamstresses, and my multiple appointments clamoring for attention at the homes of my expanding clientele. My lunch was usually eaten in the car as I travelled, touching up my lipstick, and reviewing my customers' needs, the main focus of my interest and attention. The streets, avenues, back lanes, and the new sub-divisions were never any problem as I crisscrossed the city daily.

What also gave me a great escape from business was my sudden interest in wine making. I got into wine making rather incidentally, following my return from the Okanagan Valley, where I bought a case of concord grapes, too many for jelly, and not tasty enough for eating. Never interested in wine making that brother-in-law Harry Dubeta had been for years, I decided to call him for help.

He encouraged and offered his equipment, saying, "Crush the grapes, add the sugar and some wine yeast, and let it work." Stage two called for siphoning the delicious bubbling fermentation into gallons, well capped pending my quick return with locks and sulphite from the near-by Wine-Art store. But once I didn't return soon enough.

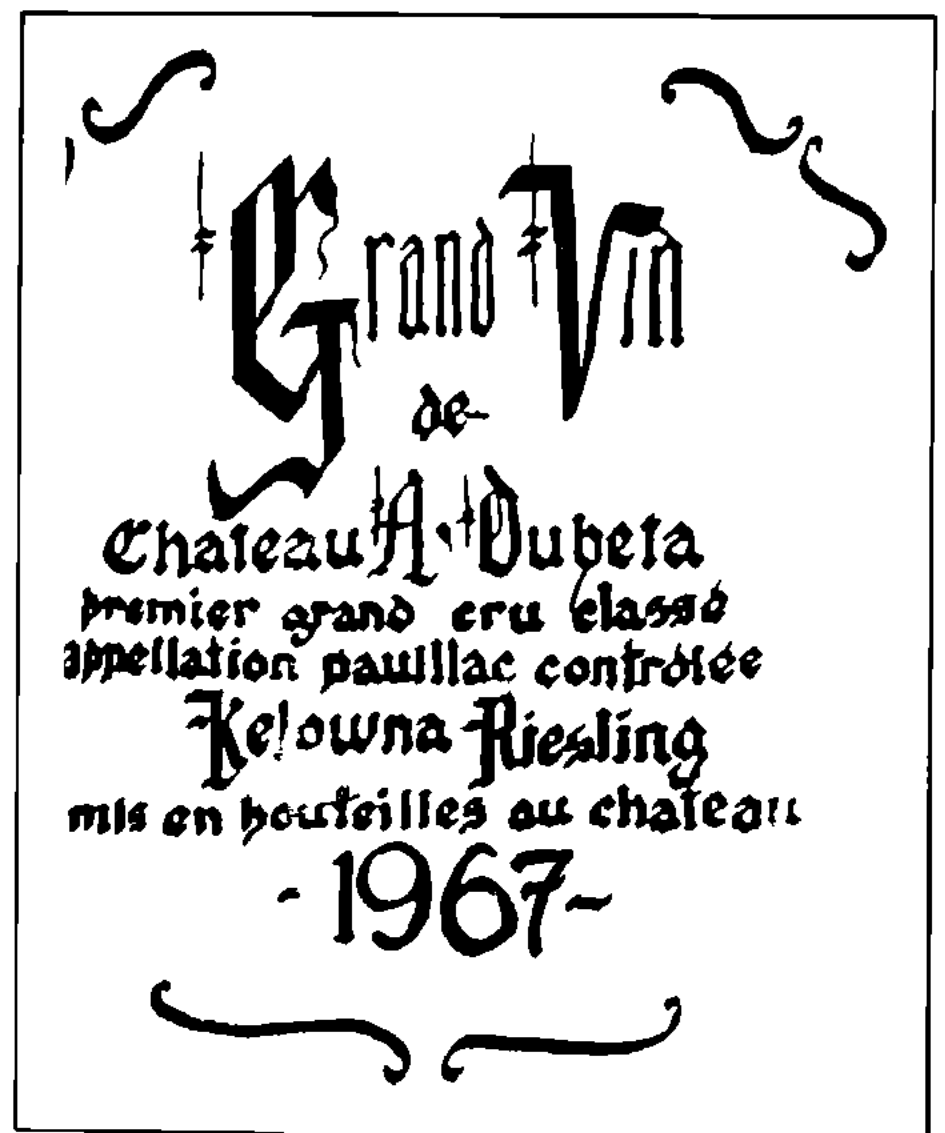
To make matters worse, I brought up the gallons of fermenting wine to the upstairs kitchen even though I had equally adequate facilities in the lower quarters. It was my housekeeper's day off and I was expecting an important meeting at our house at four o'clock that afternoon.

Upon returning home, I was accorded our French poodle's usual welcome of racing madly throughout the eighty foot length, crisscrossing the British India-carpeted living room and master bedroom carpeted in pure white, to vent her pleasure, but this time she was tracking everything with purplish concord grape wine from the kitchen floor when internal pressure had caused one of the gallon containers to crack.

Hysteria took over as tears and laughter intermingled. Because the scheduled meeting was due in half an hour, the wine loss was all forgotten as I raced furiously on hands and knees with all equipment on hand to reduce the alarming damage, thankfully kept to the barest minimum by my prompt reaction. This episode did not deter me from making wine, as I found the Wine Art Shop very encouraging and helpful to produce infinite varieties of fine wine from their varied concentrates. I even purchased an oaken barrel for aging my Italian wines.

Winemaking became my hobby; its workplace, the full kitchen; and storage facilities, on the ground floor

where I kept an orderly and systematic record of the repeated rotations of primary, secondary, and third fermentations, and finally ending up with bottling and labeling. It was both interesting and rewarding as friends and relatives cheered me on. When in Alberta, my record book shows that I had made wine from the following: chokecherries, rhubarb, dandelion and crab apples; and from commercial wine concentrates: Red Spanish, Italian Dry Chianti, white Liebfraumilch, Port and Apricot. Presently in Kelowna, I make wine from our plums, pears, peaches, red and black currants, apricots and concord and other varieties of our own grapes. Liebfraumilch wine is my favorite as the new concentrate yields wine in four weeks. I was pleased to make thirty gallons of it for our granddaughter Dyael's wedding in August, 1989. Each fancy bottle of it (bearing my insignia "Ande Wines") was labeled by her in calligraphic lettering to add interest and delight to the very appreciative guests. The 1967 on the label below bears reference to the birth years of the bride and groom. My "Ande" Liebfraumilch wine was also a great hit with the guests attending Linda and Bob's Silver Wedding Anniversary in Edmonton on January 28, 1992.



Wedding "Labels".

When we sold our Laurier Place home in Alberta, I was surprised that my bottle count of finished wine was three hundred and fifty bottles, requiring secret storage to thwart some known family samplers. Generally, from what I hear, wine making seems to fall

into men's occupations. My husband, however, was far too busy with his own studies, school and community and A.T.A. affairs; attending to the children's needs, dance and music schedules, to offer me much help or competition. He often found it necessary to deliver special orders to customers, troubleshoot, and to install rods, substituting for men on sick leave or too fearful of high places. We still chuckle over Jack Bidney's protest: "You think I'm a sparrow. I wouldn't climb there for all the rice in China." John's help was required occasionally to ensure a smooth working operation, as I called him "Boss" and he called me "General".

I had the honor and privilege for two successive night adult education classes at the Victoria Composite High School, to provide instruction and demonstrations in the art of slipcovering and drapery-making.

Although I was more than busy, one year I accepted yet another position with my Teachers' Wives Club as financial secretary — a straw that nearly broke the camel's back, teaching me to stick to business, family and home.

I must go back to write about David's trip to Europe, following completion of his third year at U.B.C. He asked us if we would agree to his going to Europe to observe its architecture, much highly recommended by his professors. Of course, we agreed and were delighted to share the costs of his trip.

I'm sure it was a most memorable experience for him. He wrote letters often to share with us his wonderful impressions. He bought a motorcycle in Bremenhaven, Germany, and covered ten thousand miles of Europe ranging from Spain to Poland, where he visited dad's cousin Maxim Krawchuk (known as Marcim Stankiewicz in Poland) and family, refugees from the Ukraine.

Before David left, he told us that unless he won some scholarships and did especially well in his examinations, he would stay in Europe for a whole year, working to pay for his field of studies. We were



L-R: Olesia; Maxcim, wife Anelia; David; Oleh.



L-R: Olesia, Anelia, David, Maxcim, Oleh.



U.B.C. school competition winner receives award. L-R: Prof. W. Gerson, Acting Director, School of Architecture; David J. Dubeta, prizewinner; J.L. Morrison, Texaco Canada Ltd.; Charles A. Tiers, Instructor, School of Architecture.

delighted to hear that he once again won a few scholarships, as he stood highest in his class. He returned after three and a half months overseas, looking tall and highly tanned. We were justly proud. His next year was also great academically and scholarship-wise, even though the granddaddy of them all, the \$1500.00 Pilkington Prize awardable to the top grad escaped him as a result of his near-fatal accident, in December in his final year. He placed third. Incredible for one who convalesced for five weeks during the seven-month university term.

As the 1960 first university term ended, David as usual, prepared to come home for Christmas. I pleaded with him to fly home. However, he and two Alberta student buddies, Gene Yuzda, in Architecture, and Leonard Ponich, in Law, decided to drive home by car via the American route. John was in the hospital for a varicose veins operation during the Christmas recess. Only a day after John's operation, I received a call from Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, that our son David

was in a very serious accident. I was relieved to hear his voice as he picked up the phone. I responded, "David, I told you to fly!" "Mother," he said, "I'm OK but Eugene and Len are very badly hurt." Their parents were asked to fly down at once. Leonard suffered a broken leg, required fourteen stitches to his forehead, and was unconscious. Eugene suffered facial injuries that appeared to be beyond repair.

David was driving the car while his friends slept. Leonard sprawled across the back seat; Eugene relaxed in the front seat beside him. They took turns driving. As an oncoming car raced across the highway divider, David was unable to avoid a collision. His car was struck broadside and forcibly thrown into the ditch.

Upon regaining consciousness, he spotted a fire at his feet, luckily stomped it out, and after great difficulty smashed the car's window with his boots, tore off the battery connections, rose unsteadily to his feet, leaned on the car and waved to summon traffic for help. The driver of the other car was found dead, alcohol still reeking from his body. The rest were rushed to the Spokane hospital.

John returned to bed (from the hospital) only one hour before David arrived from Spokane. We saw his chest was all blue. He showed us a half dozen application forms and a packet of cigarettes he had placed in his left shirt pocket, all bearing V-cuts produced by the steering-wheel column. They cushioned his chest and saved his life. My husband never fails to say "The only good thing about cigarettes is the time they saved our son's life." A rare exception indeed for their millions of lives prematurely taken. His 1961 graduation was doubly celebrated!

Upon graduating, he joined Diamond and Clark Architects in Edmonton for two years, when he designed and supervised the firm's complex of school, church and convent in Antigua in the British West Indies. He discovered that building a project there was painfully slow because the natives were impatient with anything that interfered with their relaxed way of life. They were not altogether unwilling to destroy necessary building materials in the process of preserving such life style.



David Dubeta - Bachelor of Architecture.

Upon David's first return to Edmonton, his interview with the local Edmonton Journal published a colorful write-up on Antigua which included this excerpt. "Most of the Antiguans, descendants of African slaves, shipped to the West Indies by the British, are indifferent to work. To them it is a foreign innovation. They express that sentiment by intentionally damaging many of the materials required for the complex I was building, as they were being transhipped by smaller vessels from the ocean vessel holds to their required destination. Carelessness or sabotage produced the same ultimate result of long and unnecessary costs and delays". However, he completed his assignment and tremendously enjoyed living and working in the beautiful Caribbean region unspoiled by "civilization".

Very soon after David moved to Calgary to accept a position with Stevenson Architects, and soon after surprised us with a wife and the cutest little granddaughter



1965: David and daughter Ashley Elizabeth.

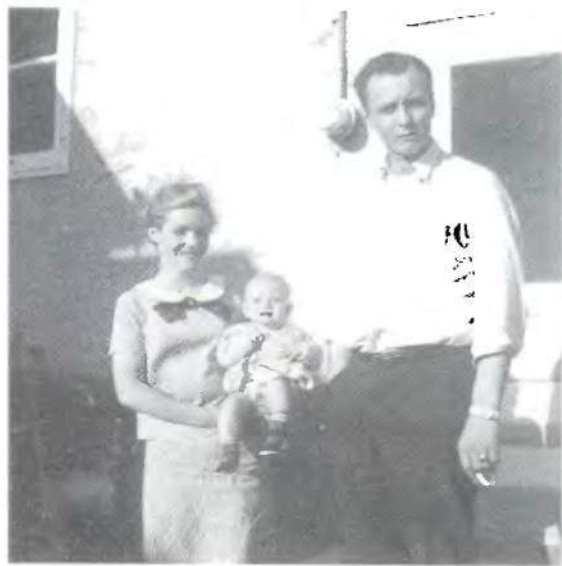
Ashley, born January 5, 1965. His girlfriend, Sheri Sanborn, had followed David to Antigua. There they formed a union, living together for three months. By the time he returned, he (while on a job in Calgary with Stevenson Associates) was welcomed to his and our surprise by two girlfriends, wife Sheri and daughter Ashley Elizabeth.



1965: Our first grandchildren - Craig Matthiessen and Ashley Dubeta.

We embraced them all into our family which at this point was blessed with two beautiful grandchildren, Craig, a son of Lillian and Ben Matthiessen and Sheri and David's Ashley. Our family get-togethers from then on were centered on our little tykes, giving us grandparents a new phase of life, as we began to add in-laws and grandchildren to our nest.

After about a year in Calgary, David worked for approximately two years with Gary Hamilton Architects, in his Alma Mater university city of Vancouver. During this time his most significant creation was designing and supervising the construction of



1965: — Sheri, daughter Ashley, and David.

the Vancouver Centennial Museum and Planetarium on English Bay. Within this period, on September 8th, 1967, a second daughter Dyael, was born to Sheri and David. (In 1990, she became the mother of our first great grandchild, Alexander Wesley McLaren.)

The years of 1963-66 provided us with many joyful experiences. Lillian's wedding in 1963 was the highlight; followed by my parents' trip to the Ukraine, my father's birthplace where after fifty-six years he received a royal welcome, elsewhere reported.

Linda, the baby of our family was rapidly maturing and making excellent progress with her piano lessons, as her piano recitals and her high achievements in Grade VIII music examinations testified. I sometimes wonder if I gave her enough attention during her "teens", but between me and my attentive husband, her sister and two brothers, she always had the family



H.R. MacMillan Planetarium (a Vancouver Centennial Project).



Dyael Leanne Dubeta, at eleven months.

around. Her birthdays were always celebrated even though at times not fully in my presence; however, the food and the cake were always prepared by me, leaving her and Kenneth to take care of the invitations, service and games. Later in Junior high, she was obliged to be more and more self-reliant in matters of personal requirements, always discussed beforehand, approved and paid for. That experience, I am sure, helped her to become a very careful and discriminating spender, especially during the early period of her marriage when she had to be on a tight budget.

Linda was much younger than her Ritchie Junior High classmates. It seemed to us that she was growing up too fast as she at thirteen, insisted



Alexander Wesley McLaren, born May 23, 1990.

on joining her classmates at unchaperoned dances throughout the week. She viewed our concerns as irrational, and our restraints and prohibitions as cruel and unnecessary, so that hassle and rebellions to break our morale followed. We demanded freedom with responsibility and prevailed. Her progress in school was excellent. She won academic honors, Grades 1 to 10, as well as a top award in Home Economics.

During her Grade XI year at the Victoria Composite High School when a student had to be apologetic for having brains, her achievements fell below her native ability. Her move to the Ross Sheppard Composite High School for Grade XII (following our Laurier Place residence) did not



May 7, 1958, Linda's 9th birthday party.

ease matters; however, she graduated with a respectable average, and promptly enrolled in the Bachelor of Education program at the University of



Linda receives a Home Economic Award.

Alberta. She and I went shopping for a lovely ensemble topped by a fuzzy Angora hat. How pretty, dazzling and mature she looked at the initiation tea at the Faculty Club! We and she sparkled with excitement as an academic career beckoned. In her last year in high school we met Bob, her most serious boyfriend, an ardent race-car driver. He was a shy, good looking chap. We chose to dismiss it as a casual association. Not quite so. Linda conceived it an opportunity to assert her personal independence to the point that marriage assumed precedence over things academic, and an ultimate degree yielded to a wedding half way through her first year at university. Our disappointment over the unexpected turn of events could not be concealed, but it was soon tempered by the fact that we gained a responsible, able and devoted son-in-law and a pair of remarkable people, Bob's parents Alex and Margaret Papirnack, as in-laws.

There was a lot of planning and shopping for the wedding scheduled for January 28, 1967 in our 8 Laurier Place home. The 150 relatives and friends agreed that the catered affair in the warm, hospitable setting was one of the best in their memory.



L-R: Alex Papirnack, wife Margaret; Bob (groom), Linda (bride), Anne and John Dubeta.

Seeing our "baby" leave the family home evoked deep feelings. She contributed a great deal of happiness to the lives of us, her brothers and sister. She was our object of pride and admiration at home and the community. John would not have survived his painful ordeal at Stanford University if his precious darling had perished on the highway, en route to Canada. That she was spared so miraculously strengthened our faith and hope to remain steadfast and strong.

The lower level of our home was built with the intent of accommodating our aging parents so that it had a complete kitchen, bedroom, bath, and a large unfinished living room area with a built-in fireplace. It became our newlyweds' first home for eighteen months at a token rental of \$50.00 per month refunded in full when they bought their own home in the Sherbrooke area of Edmonton. We missed them terribly when they moved out of the house. Little Bobby was a delight to have around. His daily crawl up the stairs to visit us in the morning was a heart-warming experience.

Their steadily improved property commanded a much higher selling price. That combined with careful savings and thrifty living enabled them in 1976 to acquire their spacious, lovely home (complete with outdoor swimming pool) in Edmonton. Good husbandry has continued to improve its quality and value.

Linda worked part-time in various capacities for Dubeta Interiors for five years. Besides being a saleslady at the Hudson Bay Company, she established an enviable record with Tupperware and Neutrometrics before deciding to devote herself full time to husband Bob's enterprises and business ventures.

Bob, like his father, is a self-made mechanic, carpenter, and handyman. His early income from welding and the Alberta Dairy Pool was supplemented by net profits from car racing. In 1972-73 he, Linda and their five year old son Bobby spent seven months in Anaheim, California to study the art of auto racing in

all its categories — drag, superstock and funny car. His was the first 200 mile per hour Double A run in Canada.

Professional car racing in Canada and the U.S.A. added a new dimension to their lives. It was truly amazing to see him provide strong competition to wealthy heirs sponsored by multi-million dollar corporations. But the risk, suspense and anxiety began exacting a heavy toll on both husband and wife, so that car-racing was abandoned.

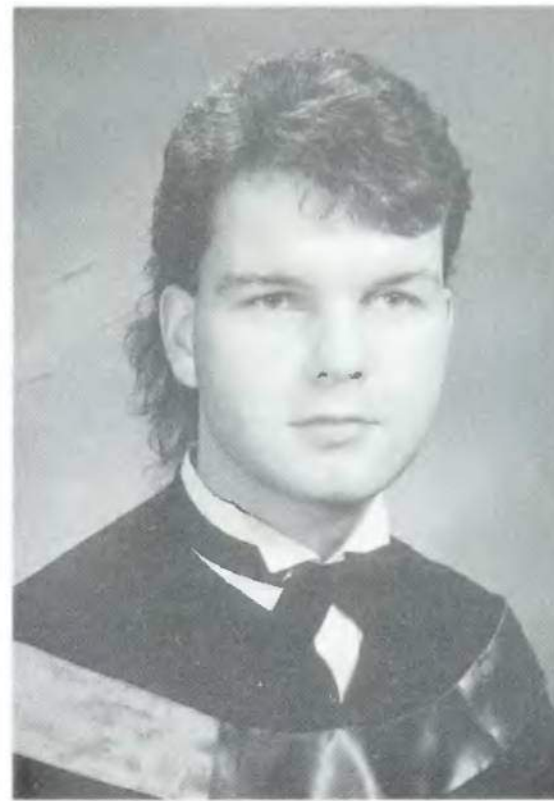
Bob founded Edmonton Van Specialty (van conversions) for Crosstown Motors in 1973 and nurtured its steady growth and development for ten years, invaluable assisted by his equally dedicated and talented wife Linda commanding the office front. He won Zane Feldman's confidence to the point of becoming the firm's manager of the Crosstown Motor City trucking department for two years before going into business on his own.

Racing appeared to be in the blood of these thoroughbreds. It found new expression in their highly successful Northern Star Stables racing as many as fifteen "stake and claim" harness racing horses at one time. They proudly recorded well over three hundred "wins", one hundred fifty of which were "firsts". It was exciting and profitable at its best; risky, costly and worrisome at its worst. To cut down on the costs of a driver, trainer, and two grooms, Bob acquired a trainer's licence. Linda assisted as bookkeeper-accountant.



Triple E Adios wins. L-R: two grooms; Trainer, Hubert Kaul; driver, Don O'Dwyer; Linda; Anne Dubeta; Mr. Snedden, grandfather; Bob Papirnack.

As time and circumstances tempered their adventuresome spirits, they founded their own Trend Motor Accessories in Edmonton in November 1984, and five years later moved into greatly enlarged premises. Their son Bobby, worked with them part time for several years and full-time for over a year following his graduation, Honors B.Sc. in Commerce at the U.of A., and his four-month tour of Europe.



Bob Papirnack II (1989) B.Sc.Comm.

The entire family shares his pride in being worthy recipient of the Rutherford Scholarship tenable for three years at the U. of A. We anticipate his rise on the commercial ladder of success.

The well suited marital team know how to work hard and how to relax. They have travelled to Hawaii, many principal cities of the U.S.A., to Mexico and Jamaica. Bob has frequently assumed a double burden at home to enable Linda to diversify her life via one or more trips a year to exotic places such as New York and Cancun, Caribbean Cruise, together with close female companions, her parents, and mother-in-law Margaret Papirnack.

This enterprising couple that had already experienced so many challenges, thrills and adventures in their first twenty-five years of marriage, was unable to appreciate that a Silver Wedding celebration in the company of their relatives and friends could become a benediction, an occasion for an assessment and evaluation of the principle components of their past success and a pledge and dedication for even a better alliance and teamwork for the years ahead. They became convinced of

this truth in the Lemarchand Mansion party room beautified by sister Lillian, ex-sister-in-law Sheri, and mothers on January 28, 1992; the elab-



1989 - Bob and Linda in Jamaica.

Bobbie has always been their pride and joy, with ample reason. They indulged him in accordance with his worth at home, school and community. He maintained top honors standing at Sherbrooke, Laurier Heights, Ross Sheppard Composite High School, and the University of Alberta where he made the Dean's list.

orate layout of foods, drinks (including my homemade Liebfraumilch), and desserts prepared by the mothers, and close relatives; Master of Ceremonies son Bobby's perceptive remarks; the assembly of seventy congenial, festive friends and relatives; the very well received contributions of the "best man", Ron Hodgson; friendly humor of Mr. Henderson, and the warm-hearted overview of Linda's father, John Dubeta, accented by his related poems.

Linda's and Bob's responses were truly heart-warming particularly when she fought back tears in remembrance of her late father-in-law, Alex Papirnick and her tributes in kind to parents and husband. Bob rose to the occasion recounting his blessings and assurances that their marriage rested on a firm foundation. Newly returned from their two-week stay in Costa Rica and Guatemala they were not only pleasantly surprised but grateful.



Bob and Linda cutting their 25th Anniversary cake.

The Joys of Having Grandchildren

The centennial year of 1967 was a tragic year for us as I lost (within two months) both my parents, a brother, and a host of relatives and friends. The only joy we experienced was the arrival of three lovely grandchildren: Bobby, to Linda and Bob Papirnick;

Dyael, to David and Sheri Dubeta; and Bradley, to Lillian and Ben Matthiessen, each six months apart. Within two years and three months we got five grandchildren. What a riot, when we got together at many dinners and visits at our house! I don't want to create an impression that we didn't love them, but they truly were simply darlings, each one so different and loveable. Our Christmases and Easter holidays were very special occasions because these little people made them exciting to themselves, their parents and to us.



Christmas 1972: R-L: Craig, Bobby, Ashley, Bradley, Dyael: Grandma and Grandpa Dubeta.

Grandma attached conditions to the pretty bunnies the children had received at Easter. If they took good care of them for five years, there would be a five-dollar reward to each. On 1977, she and the children spent a fun day at Storyland Zoo where they collected their bonuses.

We always had a fully-dressed Santa, who during one Christmas Eve, walked over the flat roof of our house. Another year, Santa, (usually Uncle Jack Bidney) with a big pack on his back, trudged through the deep snow, in a cold clear moonlit night towards our



1972: Grandma's gift of custom-made bunnies adorn our Easter table.

front door, while the little tykes watched wide-eyed. They squealed with delight as they ran from one window to another, terribly excited, to the point of requiring panty changes. What a riot! When Santa came in, they were all agog, googley-eyed and oh so good!



L-R: The Bonus Winners: Bobby, Bradley, Dyael, Craig, Ashley, and later arrival Marnie.

There were many things to remember about those five grandchildren. Summer was a time for berry pick-



1968 - Santa's waving "Bye-Bye".

ing, picnics, visits to Storyland Zoo just below our hill; winter tobogganing and sledding on the same slopes. Everybody enjoyed rolling over on our lush green lawns with Dee-Dee jumping all over them, followed up with a large variety of games. Outdoor fun invariably ended with further games and horse-play and banister slides on the inside, whetting appetites for Grandma's delicious lunches. Their birthdays and special holidays gave rise to celebrations. Special cakes, made and decorated in forms of Bunny Rabbit, Big Fish, Snowman, etc., pleased our loveable youngsters very much. Yes, they were naughty at times, but a real joy to us. I shall later describe Texas trip experiences, with four of them in Chapter IV, "Texas-Here come the Grandchildren."

I was beginning to find it more difficult to keep working long hours and carrying big responsibilities when we started to get more grandchildren and in-laws. The family circle was getting much larger and I had a big desire to spend much more time with them.

1967-To Montreal Expo et al

After all the heartaches we went through, John decided that it would be a good idea for us to get away for a few weeks, so with our friends, the Kuzmars in

their new car, we drove all the way to Montreal Expo and Quebec City, and returned via Chicago and Freeport, Illinois. All the way I was still hurting about the loss of my parents and felt tear-choked most of the way.

Our first stop was Winnipeg where I met my second cousin Mary and her husband Otto Rasch for the first time. We had a pleasant visit there.



John and Fay Kuzmar.

John Kuzmar took time to visit his birthplace in Brandon, Manitoba, where his family lived before moving to Calgary. We then drove to Toronto for a brief visit with our Myrnam friend Mrs. William Teresio and her family. We enjoyed Toronto's impressive City Hall, its Legislature, High Park and even the Jewish market.

From Toronto we proceeded to Ottawa to visit my nephew Donald Bidney and his wife Bonny, our friendly hosts. Donald was then an inside civil servant of the federal government. We visited Ottawa's House of Commons and the Senate Chamber, the Rideau canal, the eternal flame commemorating Canada's fallen in two world wars, and thrilled at the changing of the guards. We left Canada's capital city favorably impressed with its variety and beauty.

Montreal Expo, here we come, was the grand climax to our 7300 mile return trip! We were impressed with everything we saw there. The Expo setting was simply divine. The grounds were clean, the service was inexpensive and great, and the pavilions of more than sixty countries of the world displaying their respective talents and cultures were something to see and remember, well-worth the long line-ups involved.

After Montreal we marvelled over Quebec City's (an English no man's land) fortresses and historic battlefields (such as the Plains of Abraham where Wolfe defeated Montcalm), the quaint structures reminiscent of Old France, and its exotic dining haunts complete with french-onion soup crusted heavily with cheese and baked in the brick oven, and the live music and songs by artists from Normandy and other provinces of La France.

From Quebec City we drove to Stratford-on-Avon, Ontario, to share the warm hospitality of Kuzmar's ex-

Calgarians whose new home was a few hundred yards from the world-famous Shakespearean theatre where by lucky coincidence and sheer perseverance we purchased four allegedly non-existent tickets for a marvellous performance of The Tempest.

Following breakfast, we drove through Hamilton, past its football stadium on to Windsor and Detroit en route to Chicago where I met for the first time Uncle Harry's daughter Nettie and her husband Frank Juraska who bestowed on us their gracious hospitality. They gave us a lengthy tour of Chicago and even took us to the famous Chicago Police Station, to show us where Frank worked and to explain their intricate system of tracking down law breakers. He warned us about safety measures required in that city: "Keep windows up, and doors locked." He did not recommend the subway as he said, "We have court cases daily, regarding robberies on the transits." His face fell when we confessed using the subway he warned us not to use. A sheer case of oversight and a speedy entry into the City Centre. Luckily the robbers missed us.



L-R: John Dubeta, Nettie Juraska, Frank Juraska.

It was quite an eye opener for us, in many ways, as we tried to get a good glimpse of this metropolis of mixed races and creeds. A tremendous number of colored people was in evidence; quite a different society from ours back home. We also vis-



Back Row: Mrs. Gersky, Mr. Gersky (Olesia's friends); bridesmaids: Linda Dubeta, Joyce Dubeta, Vivian Dubeta; bride Olesia, groom William Mudry; best men: William's friend from Chicago, Kenneth Dubeta, Ronald Zukiwsky; Anne Dubeta, William Monchakowsky, Sophie Monchakowsky. **Seated:** Anne Monchakowsky; Flower Girls (Gersky daughters), John Dubeta.

ited Olesia, the daughter of John's cousin, Maxim Stankiewicz, and her husband William Mudry and their two sons Roman and Bohdan. She arrived to us from Poland in the early 1960's and was later married out of our 9747-67 Ave., home.

We then left for Freeport, Illinois to spend some time with my Uncle Harry and his wife Myrtle on their acreage just outside of their city where he operated a dry cleaning business, then ready for retirement. The stay there was very comforting to me. I felt I was touching my daddy again because Uncle's voice and mannerism were so much like his. After spending four pleasant days with them, we departed on our long trip home.

Upon our return, we started to think seriously about selling the business, but we were encountering difficulty finding someone that would be brave or experienced enough. Most of the interested buyers felt that this business was very personal and that once I was gone, their chances of success would be minimal. I, on the other hand, was getting tired. Because Lillian was expecting another baby in the Spring of 1968 and thus became unable to stay with Dubeta Interiors, spurred our efforts.

Our reliable decorator, Ray Paquette, was keen about the business but regretfully had limited means.

Birth of David's Business Dream

It all happened during Christmas holidays of 1968, when he and his family came to spend it with us. One morning of his visit, he came to me and said, "Mom. I didn't sleep most of the night." "Why?" I asked. "Well, I can see that this family business could be a good source of income for me, and I have visions of great expansions while keeping it in the family. I feel that I should get involved."

That was alright by us because we knew that he would be the best person to handle it through familiarity and experience. Besides, interior decorating and designing are very closely related to architecture. We drew up an easy agreement in January 1969, and later even dropped the interest when we saw that he was spending a lot of money on costly expansions.

John and I provided David some financial assistance to establish his architectural practice in Vancouver, but when he came home to Edmonton for Christmas, he got inspired to buy the flourishing Dubeta Interiors Ltd., as a secondary business opportunity, then operating out of two locations: one on Whyte Ave., in the Golden Construction building; the other in Edmonton's Westend, in Meadowlark Shopping Centre. He used our gift to him as a downpayment.

Early in 1969 I joined my son's staff as sales lady, trouble shooter, and general consultant, and remained with him for five years. I experienced much less pressure, more regular hours, and fewer appointments that contributed immeasurably to a more normal life.

Within six months, David began looking for a new location conducive to his expansion plans. His final choice was the building at the corner of 123rd Street and Jasper Ave., curiously the very same one that Lillian and I had once considered ideal for our line of business. He convinced his father to buy it on a promise of becoming his long-term tenant. Agreed. Soon after he designed a lovely studio showroom, rod assembly quarters, a receiving room, a staff lunch room, and a spacious workroom considerably enlarged when an inherited tenant was persuaded to move to larger quarters on the upper floor. In the interest of economy and greater efficiency, he closed down the southside location.

As the business expanded, he converted the building's entire ground floor into a studio and managerial offices, and moved the workroom to two separate locations: the household division, a few blocks away; the contract division and Perfect Pleat Drapery Manufacturing to Edmonton's north-west after acquiring in Los Angeles the "Spring Crest" franchise for all of Alberta, to add a new coil spring styling to the draperies. While there, he became fascinated by the semi-automatic and wholly automatic assembly-line machinery. It cost him \$150,000 for the equipment, installation, and staff training to handle the work generated by his newly-formed Dubeta Contract Sales Ltd., and Perfect Pleat Manufacturing divisions. A second delivery van was acquired. The original staff of twenty-five soon doubled to fifty, numbering workshop personnel, installers, interior decorators, sales persons and clerical staff.

David's workrooms continued to produce top quality work. The business expanded to structural reconstruction of interiors (extended form of personalized service) requiring drawing-board sketches, estimates, tendering, hiring sub-contractors and supplying all materials. There was no job too big or too small for his companies to handle. His draperies and Roman shades were tailor-made to dress all varieties of windows and shapes, encompassing an infinite variety of vertical, horizontal and even oblique draws manually or electrically operated. Lambrequins, padded valances, and swags were in full fashion. His decorators were fully confident to sell and recommend everything known to the interior decorating business because they knew that the final products would be custom-manufactured to perfection in the company workshops to please even the most sophisticated clientele.

Overseeing the vast operation, paying the high costs, satisfying the growing staff, endeavoring to maintain a fair margin of profit and keeping pace with his profession taxed Dave's resources and stamina. Differences in values and expectations at work and home developed to a degree that marital relationships deteriorated to the point of an amicable separation and settlement, not only for their own sake but also for the sake of their two daughters and members of the family.

Friendliness and goodwill were not divorced, however, as the best qualities of all concerned emerged to the fore. Sheri and John Kettles, her chosen companion remain our close friends, as close as our subsequently acquired daughter-in-law. Our family circle has widened not narrowed by the separation.

It is common knowledge that many families experience serious difficulties with their "in-laws" in general, over conflicting value systems, beliefs, and life styles. Happily and luckily for us, we kept our difficulties down to a minimum by practicing the philosophy of "live and let live".

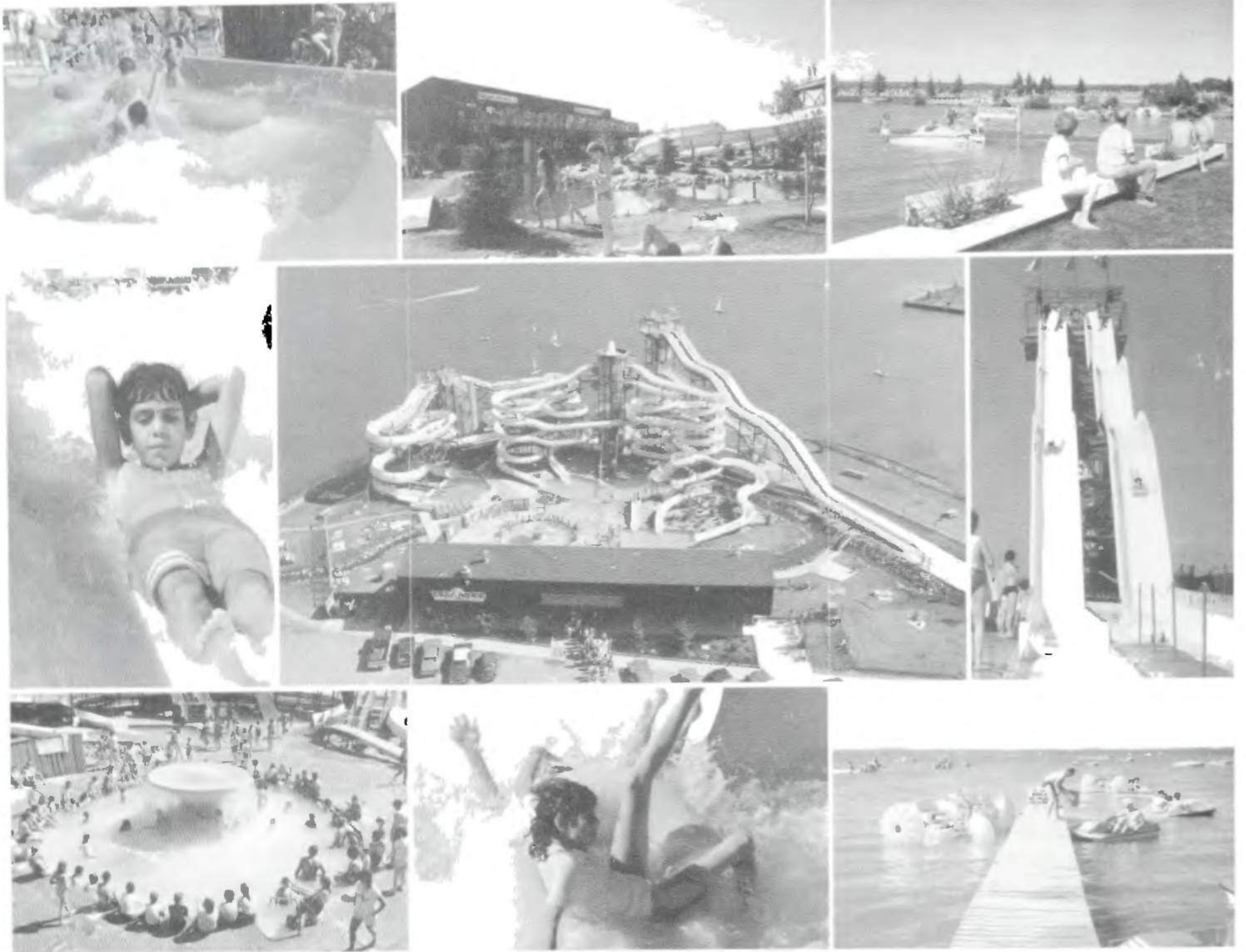
After helping Dubeta Interiors Ltd. become a highly reputable and successful business enterprise, David decided to sell it in order to devote more time to architecture and newer ventures. Several strong buyers emerged, but loyalty to staff prevailed. He staked his company's future on his long-term manageress, much poorer in cash, but richer in experience and know-how. So he thought, but his trust and faith were sadly betrayed



John Kettles, Lillian (Dubeta) Matthiessen, Sheri (Sanborn) Dubeta.

as she feathered her nest at his expense. In eighteen months she destroyed the company that was steadily growing stronger during past twenty-five years. The ten-cents-on-the-dollar "free enterprisers" were routed by David's reserve bid during the first round of tendering. John and I sent them home licking their chops after the second round of selective tendering by marginally exceeding the second-highest aggregate bid. After our eight strenuous months of salvaging operations, the firm finally passed into alien hands when our principle building housing it was sold in September, 1980.

David having previously purchased strategic properties in Edmonton, completed several Alberta Government projects by competitive tendering and became a 50% partner with his uncle Harry Shewchuk in the spacious and attractive Alberta Longbranch Hotel which he designed and constructed in Lloydminster. Requiring money for his pet project that challenged even more his professional skill and creativity - the



Wild Rapids Waterslide Park.

Wild Rapids Waterslide Park in Sylvan Lake, Alberta, he sold his hotel share at a sacrifice price, much to his detriment when unforeseen problems, exceptionally high interest rates, combined with several years of bad weather made survival then extremely difficult. Without our high-stake backing, it would have been impossible.

After nine years of dogged perseverance and judicious planning, he and his project partners are beginning to see some light behind the dark tunnel, becoming brighter and brighter because of careful managerial skills of Ria and himself, his own inventive genius, building and selling numerous "flashfloods" and "tubulators" to the waterslide industry in North America, and numerous expanded services and concessions. His "new" slide vintage 1992 will add a new dimension to the water-slide industry. He shares in daughter Ashley's happy marriage to David Rice, in 1989 and equally in his younger daughter Dyael's marriage in the same year to James McLaren that made him a happy grandfather. The icing on the cake of success will be a deluxe home of his own design on the shoreline of Sylvan Lake, superior even to the masterpieces he had designed for his parents in Edmonton and Kelowna.



David Dubeta, wife Ria and daughter Marnie.

Ashley (Dubeta) Rice

Charming Ashley, born to David and Sheri on January 5, 1965, is our eldest granddaughter. Possessive of superior native ability, she was insufficiently motivated to excel in public school, but demonstrated her true potential and ability when she majored in Business Administration at the Kelowna Okanagan College (1983-84) where her average was in the top decile. We were privileged to add her to our household for two years. She felt so much at home with us, her grandparents, that she expressed no desire to live



Grandpa Dubeta and granddaughter Ashley.

with her dad and stepmother, also in Kelowna at that time.

She pursued employment in her specialty in Edmonton for five years. In 1989, she married David Rice, handsome and congenial co-owner of her employing firm, and assumed residence in St. Albert, Alberta. She is currently upgrading the company's computer program throughout its branches in Western Canada.



Mr. and Mrs. David Rice.

Dyael (Dubeta) McLaren

Ever cheerful and talkative Dyael joined her sister and parents in Vancouver, B.C. on September 8, 1967. She, like her father, is a gifted artist, to which she has added her skill and talent as a floral arranger and calligrapher. She tries for excellence in all her undertakings, be it at home, school, work or cadet training, where two years in a row she was recognized as a top cadet, and a leading candidate for its scholarship award.



Cadet Dyael Dubeta and grandfather John pose on his balcony in Kelowna.



August 19, 1989: Bride Dyael, with her parents, David and Sheri.

Her marriage to James McLaren (a security Guard and candidate for the RCMP) has deferred her Bachelor of Education Program until our great grandson Alexander Wesley grants her permission to return to studies. By that time another child may have some say.

David inherited his third daughter Marnie (birthdate March 18, 1974) when he married Ria (Reilman) Rattray on February 25, 1978. Overindulged by both parents (in excess of daughters



1989: Groom, James McLaren poses with his parents Lloyd and Joanne McLaren on his wedding day.



1991: age 18 months, Alexander Wesley McLaren, born May 23, 1990.



Marnie poses on her Communion Day with grandparents, Andrew and Ann Reilman, and John and Anne Dubeta (May, 1982).



1989: John and Anne Dubeta (grandparents) whooping it up at Dyael's wedding.

one and two), Marnie has consolidated her somewhat scattered forces and developed into a lovely, mature and responsible young lady completing her senior matriculation at Sylvan Lake, Alberta, preparatory for enrolment at Red Deer College in Business Administration in 1992.

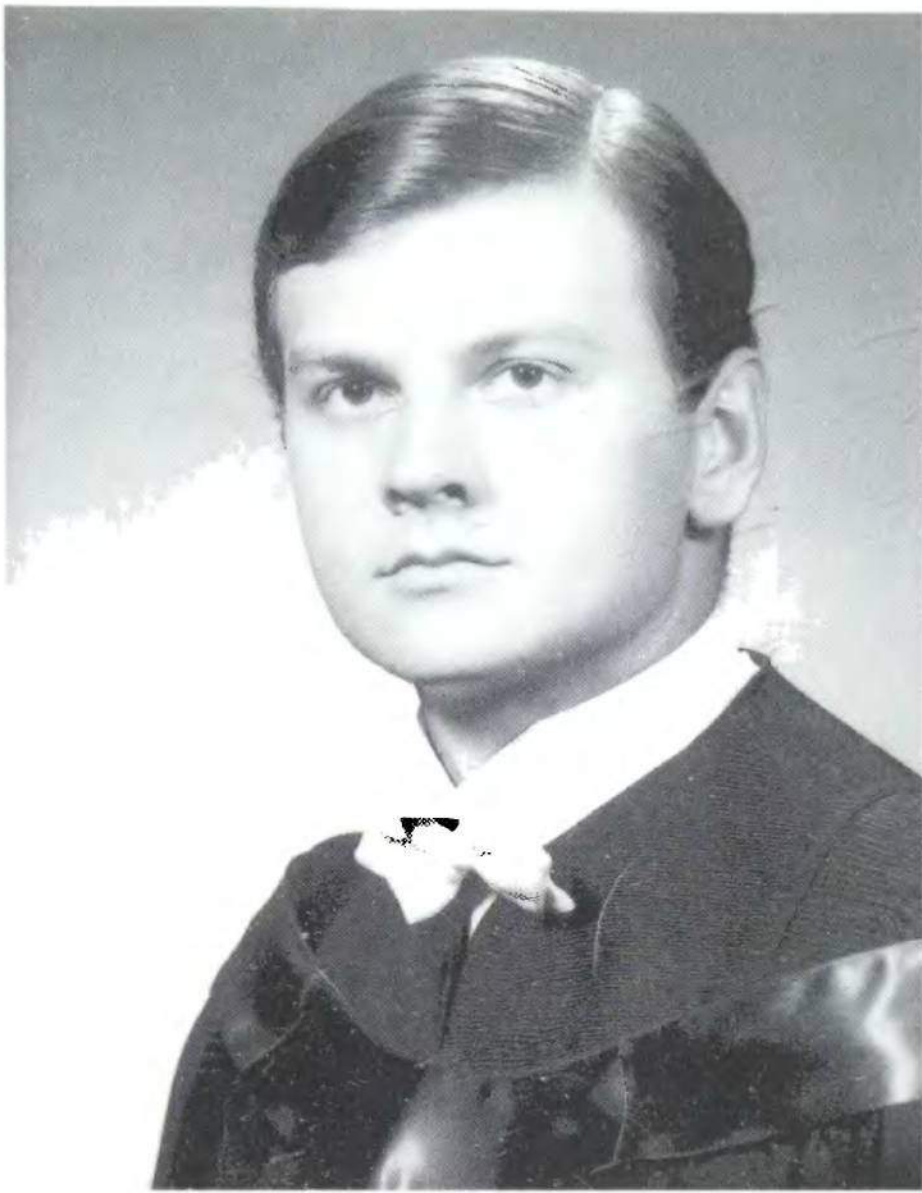
Dr. Kenneth Dubeta's Extended Academic Dream

In 1962, John climaxed the eleven year waiting period by winning his Doctor of Education degree at Stanford. Lillian and David were on their own, and Kenneth (always an honor student) won an honorary

plaque at the Strathcona Composite High School for having topped his Grade XII fellow graduates with a 90% average, the fourth highest in the City of Edmonton, and only one-half percent short of a three year Tegler Scholarship. We were very proud of him not only for his academic achievements, but also for his athletic prowess in football, his leadership qualities, and his oratorical abilities. He had served as president of: Ritchie United Church Hi-C Youth Club; Ritchie Junior High School Student Council; Science Club at the Strathcona Composite H.S. where he served on its Student Council for three years, and narrowly missed becoming president of the entire student body. School of Medicine at the University of Alberta led his list of professional priorities. An excellent choice indeed, well suited to his personality, precision and ideals. We were happy to match the City of Edmonton and University of Alberta honoraria.

Scholarships on need greatly outnumbered those based on academic achievement so that countless classmates of his with averages in the 70's received larger monetary grants only because Ken's mother was supplementing his father's income from teaching by devoting eight to sixteen hours daily to her interior decorating business. Those factors tempered his academic aspirations to remain "top student" at the university as he decided to maintain a happy balance between work and play. Consequently he became highly involved in the Medical Student Union activities, writing skits, devising sets, and staging productions. Our Laurier Place garage became the workshop for the Medical Show extravaganzas. He also found more time for fishing and skiing.

In 1966, a year before graduating in Medicine, Ken decided to follow his brother's 1960 example (15000 km by motorcycle covering eleven countries of



1967: Dr. Kenneth Russell Dubeta.

Europe) by spending an equally long three and one-half month period motorcycling throughout his own favorite European countries. No records were broken, but he still regrets not having spent an entire year there. In his final year of medical studies, Kenneth turned twenty-three, one day after his dear grandfather's death. University of Alberta's Convocation Day of June 1, 1967 beckoned Ken and his classmate friend Al Morrison for a hasty trip by car from Montreal's Expo. Scheduled as a day of glorious celebration for them and us, it became a day of grief and mourning for Kenneth and his family because his beloved grandmother had died under most unusual circumstances only four hours before her loving grandson was awarded his M.D. degree. Such deadly timing, may God forbid!

After graduation, he interned at the Vancouver General Hospital, before practicing medicine at the Links Clinic in Edmonton for one year, and completing a successful year of general practice in Vegreville, Alberta, in 1970, in association with the late Dr. John Lukenchuk. Dr. Ken's general practice there was curtailed by his admission to the Ear, Nose and Throat specialty under Dr. Patrick Doyle at the University of British Columbia for a period of four years.

Kenneth was very reluctant to leave the Vegreville community where he found many new friends, was warmly welcomed, became a member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, and where he delivered seven

babies and won the respect of his patients. He confessed that he would have welcomed many more years in that community, but he responded to the knock of opportunity, because the "timing was right".

A dedicated student and practitioner, Kenneth was also innately motivated to champion worthy causes. Before too long, his abilities, zeal and sense of justice were recognized by his fellow post-graduates when they elected him as their chief spokesman and campaigner in the three western provinces for more respectable remuneration for their professional services rendered while pursuing their new specialty. It was a dangerous undertaking that proved to be worthy of the risk, but crowned by rewards surpassing all expectations.

On September 26, 1970 at the Holiday Inn in Edmonton, well over 200 family and friends celebrated, via a banquet and dance, Ken's marriage to Dody Baxter, a stately and beautiful Dutch Canadian air stewardess and model. Together they struggled through his four years of post graduate studies and the great cost and sacrifice of the twelve month practicum at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children.



Kenneth and Dody Baxter and bridal party. L-R: Dody's sister Beverly, bridesmaid; David Zarowny, best man; Linda Dubeta, bridesmaid; David Mitchell, best man; Bridal couple; Nancy Baxter, mother of the bride; Ashley Dubeta, flower girl; Craig Matthiessen, ring bearer.



Nancy Baxter, Dody, Anne Dubeta.

As a reward for it all, he had a choice of four excellent communities throughout Canada to commence his E.N.T. specialty, but succumbed to a faithless doctor who enticed him to join his clinic in Edmonton. He even used me for his selfish purpose, phoning me to influence Ken's decision, saying over the telephone, "If you are a good mother, you will persuade your son to become my professional partner in Edmonton." It soon became apparent that all he wanted was a reliable substitute during his six-week vacation, and then have him sacrificed on the altar of professional greed and jealousy. To make matters worse, he concealed his intended betrayal and encouraged Dr. Ken to rent his own quarters, equip them with basic E.N.T. equipment on a solemn promise to help him acquire hospital privileges and to refer to him a steady flow of patient clientele. Not only did he fail to refer even a single patient to him, but he secretly conspired with his co-professionals and influential decision makers to deny Ken admission privileges not only at the General and Misericordia hospitals, where he had most influence, but also at other hospitals in Edmonton. Needless to say, we were greatly disappointed and disillusioned because Ken's professional opportunities in Edmonton, the city he loved, were so sadly scuttled.

Disgusted by the attitudes of older, entrenched doctors at the Edmonton General and lack of a teaching program at the University Hospital, Ken applied at St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver for admitting privileges, within three months of his return to Edmonton.

Dr. Doyle, (his medical adviser), helped him to get established in Vancouver where he soon earned the trust and respect he deserves. Kenneth had no difficulty getting hospital admission privileges at Vancouver's St. Paul Hospital, where he has practiced to the present time and where he has been actively involved in teaching its interning doctors and medical students.



1990: Lani (Noelani) Dubeta.

After enjoying fourteen years of E.N.T. -Ear, Nose and Throat surgery practice, and finding that more and more of his practice was being devoted to cosmetic facial surgery, Ken decided to take a break from his practice. To Dody's surprise, he announced one day in early February, 1989, that he had contacted a Dr. Klaus Walter in Heiden, Switzerland, a world famous specialist in Facial Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery for further studies in Europe. Within



1990: Jonathan Jay Dubeta.



1990: Ken, Dody, Lani and Jay.

On December 18, 1978 their daughter Noelani was born, followed by Jonathan Jay on February 8, 1983. After fifteen years we consider them as a welcome second set of grandchildren who love to come to us in Kelowna for summer vacations and special holidays. A unique sister-brother duo they have oft displayed their varied performing talents and abilities. They both attend Waldorf School in Vancouver but 1990 became a worldly experience to these youngsters as they were lucky to live in a cloister in St. Gallen, Switzerland, and travelled throughout much of Europe with their parents.

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a year, he and Dody, Lani and Jay were off to Europe for a remarkable eight months!

During that time, Ken studied with and assisted Dr. Klaus Walter in his private operating room at the Klinik am Rosenberg in Heiden, and visited and worked with other famous facial surgeons including Dr. Rudi Meyer in Lausanne; Dr. Lionello Ponti in Rome; Dr. Heinz Stammberger in Graz, Austria, and Mr. Tony Bull in London. This gave him the opportunity to take his family to thirteen different countries in Europe, including a two-week holiday in Greece and at the same time complete his requirements for his Facial Reconstruction Surgery in Canada and U.S.A.

While in Europe, Dody studied and read extensively on spiritual matters, having more free time to herself, living in the cloister, than she had in previous years, because the nuns helped with most of the basic chores. Most of all, she was free of the back pain from which she had suffered for six years, since injuring her back in a motor accident two months before Jay was born.

The children loved their life on the Kloster Notkersegg "farm" and took the "Eisenbahn" (narrow gauge railway) to school every day. The "Schule" was the Rudolph Steiner Schule (known in Canada as the Waldorf School), where they both loved their schooling in St. Gallen, where they learned a smattering of German, and made many new friends. In fact, when it came time for their sojourn in Europe to end, Lani didn't want to return to Canada.

Life in St. Gallen's cloister built in 1391 was as idyllic as the entire countryside criss-crossed by them in their newly-acquired Saab, nicknamed "Ataqui", spilling over into neighboring Austria, Liechtenstein, Germany, Italy and Greece and sampling favorite ski-



Dr. Kenneth Dubeta and his family ski at Selva-Gardena.

hills such as the Dolomiti-Val Gardena-Selva where they skied around the "Massif" from village to village, doing the "sella Ronda", for several days in between studies. Stopovers in England, Denmark, Holland and Norway, homeward bound, gave Kenneth infinite variety and diversion from his rigorous studies.

The cloister residence, large acreages accommodating barns, pastures for haying, cattle, goats, and grazing sheep, huge sows and boars and dozens of little piglets. Little lambs in the barns were for them delightful experiences.

There were several working men on the staff but when John and I asked them, "Who is the manager here?" they always replied, "Lani is." Ken tells that Lani was up every day at 5 a.m. to help in the barns. Our photos of Lani and Jay at play with their animal friends are sources of sheer delight.



Jonathan-Jay and his pet lamb.

John and I spent two weeks residing in the cloister during our European trip and have written extensively about our Swiss holiday in Chapter IV, St. Gallen-Switzerland. We found the Sisters very friendly, especially Sister Magdalena and Mother Superior Sister Gertrude, who often joined our family for cookies, cake and tea.



1990: Seated: Albert (hired hand), Sister Magdalena, Mother Superior (Sister Gertrude). Standing: Dr. Kenneth, son Jay-Jay, daughter Lani.

Sharing all that with wife and children far beyond his call of duty cost him a fortune to the degree that his great sacrifice and generosity are momentarily in question. Teamwork and placing all feet firmly on the ground will erase any lingering doubts, as success looms just around the corner.

In 1971, we had a welcome visitor from New Zealand, who lived with us for nearly a year. Ian Bruce Cowie, came to teach two law courses and to complete his Masters of Law degree. He is the son of Anne Huk, my cousin, who fell in love with his father Bruce, a pilot-in-training in Edmonton, Alberta under the British Commonwealth Training Program during World War II. They were married on May 6, 1943 prior to her husband's departure for service in Europe. John recalls how she craved his comfort and assurance the day before her departure to meet him in New Zealand following cessation of hostilities.

We wonder who braved the greater challenge, Anne breaking the family bonds with her parents, brothers and sister, for life "down under" several thousands of miles away, or the Canadian family she had left behind. It was somewhat akin to her pioneering forefathers forsaking their loved ones in the Ukraine in favor of a new life in Canada.

John and I greatly enjoyed Ian's company and regard him as another son replacing our fledglings who had left the family nest. There was constant competition in cribbage and table tennis between John and Ian, as well as many verbal teasings and jokes. That Kiwi (N.Z.) accent was always a pleasure to hear as were Ian's expressions of "birds" for girls, "flat-out" for utmost effort. He made it known that turnips, pumpkins and squashes were grown to feed cattle and swine, not fit for human consumption, even though the latter made excellent pies. However, we found him to be a good conversationalist, a deep thinker, with a social conscience. He was an accomplished piano player, an ardent lover of good music, and an ex-member of an orchestra "down under". When he left us to go to Dalhousie University in the spring, we felt a great emptiness. For more details, refer to Chapter II,



1971: Anne Dubeta and Ian Cowie.

Katherine and John Huk Family.

By fall of 1973, we sold our home at #8 Laurier Place, Edmonton, and moved to a lovely highrise apartment, McKenzie Tower at 99 Avenue, and 100 Street, just a few blocks from downtown Edmonton. Our

apartment was on the ninth floor of an attractive, new, security-proof building; spacious lobby; elevators; games room; swimming pool and steam baths; exercise room and a lovely entertainment room for the use of the tenants. It wasn't hard to adjust to this comfort, especially since there was no maintenance requirement. We considered it to be a permanent way of living in retirement.

At the end of the school term, our children, David, Lillian, Kenneth, and Linda surprised us by making us a retirement party in June, 1974. They held it in the entertainment room of our complex with about seventy-five friends and family attending. It was a complete surprise and most enjoyable cocktail party we had ever attended. They served champagne, hors d'oeuvres, as well as a table full of tortes, fancy cakes, alcoholic and non-alcoholic beverages. Everything proceeded to perfection: weather, program, host of friends, loyal and devoted children. Master of ceremonies Kenneth honored his father's retirement from forty-one years of professional service by presenting him with a gold watch and me with a diamond-set gold ring, on behalf of the assembly. He also read a poem that his father-editor had written to honor his retiring peers.



1974: The Dubeta Family at the parents' retirement party.



1974: John and Anne Dubeta are honored at their retirement party.

To the Retiring

Let us pay tribute to our retiring peers,
Once standing on tiptoes, reaching for the doorknobs of the world
(Such as it was, fraught with insecurity, fear, dissension and unrest,
A seething cauldron of contending ideologies
Spilling out into a conflagration prognosticating woe.)
In such inauspicious times, when adults grown,
You rendered yeoman service in classrooms ill-equipped
To eager students battling against frightful odds;
Ill recompensed, but hurling defiance to an unkind world,
You became ardent actors on the stage of life,
In school, home, community, small and large,
Providing leadership, counsel, guidance
By precept and example to young and old alike.
Your dramatic presentations merit many
Plaudits, much acclaim, and numerous curtain calls,
Before reflecting on the epilogue of life,
Fraught with glorious memories, rich experiences,
Recognition, homage, appreciation, satisfaction
In the knowledge and assurance of roles well played.
Stand proud ye worthy servants, enjoy your accolades
In actual fact, or in pleasant, happy retrospect
Of the beguiling past, and the enchanting future,
With courage, confidence and sublimity to the end of time,
Knowing when, with careful judgement and good will,
"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Some Reasons for Bidding Farewell to the Classroom

1974 brought John's and my retirement, at ages sixty and fifty-six respectively. We had concluded that working beyond that stage was not necessary. John's Doctorate in Education merely incurred jealousy and ill will within Edmonton Public School System. Its Central Office paid lip service to higher training but repeatedly refused to pay for anything beyond the six years of university training John had before he earned his doctorate at Stanford. At times it appeared like the Superintendent's revenge for his own failure to earn a doctorate. Too old to seek a professional career at the college or university level, John remained in Edmonton. Politics also had its party favorites. Many less qualified and less able teachers who supported Social Credit, Liberals, and Conservatives got plum promotions; Social Democrat John was being assigned to challenging but low-paying positions that few others desired or were capable of handling. Foul play, dirty tactics, and deliberate discrimination on the part of some petty, self-seeking, self-promoting "administrators" sickened him to the core, so that after forty-one years of studies, teaching and distinguished

professional service, he called it quits, to seek greener pastures. Nevertheless, we were satisfied that John reached his top goal in Education on his own, while bringing up our family of four, and remaining true to his professional and educational principles. He sincerely regrets however, that his noble profession had voluntarily and involuntarily nurtured a few ignoble disciples into positions of leadership, trust and responsibility that led to his early retirement.

Please permit me to elaborate on the aforementioned uncomplimentary statements and assessments that some readers may regard as a case of "sour grapes". John's conception of what the semestered day-adult educational program should be was at odds with some Central Office administrators. He wanted to see it grow in accordance with its popularity and need. Central Office bureaucrats, champions of the status quo, and more interested in saving a vice-principal's allowance, wanted to have it confined to a staff of seven teachers. John's detailed reports on his school's popularity and success appeared to have been systematically withheld from the Edmonton Public School Board. John had to engage in a steady uphill battle to increase his staff from seven to seventeen

members, particularly after he had extended the classrooms hours from seven o'clock in the morning to five o'clock in the afternoon to enable the adult students to register in either the "full-time" morning or afternoon "double-crash" programs, and work during the other half-days. Teachers completed their full day of instruction after having taught any three ninety-minute classes. Student enrollees were thus able to enter university after having completed (as many had done) their Grade IX-XII requirements in only a year and one half, and not the usual four. Monetary and honorary awards encouraged the students to maximize their efforts subject-wise and average-wise. He challenged Central Office bureaucracy that sought to maximize any student's program to three courses per semester, and enabled capable and staff-recommended students to enrol in as many as six courses per semester as one adult student from Malaysia (now a medical doctor in Sherwood Park) had done with great honor and distinction. He scored 100% in each of Math 30, Math 31, Chemistry 30 and Physics 30; 86% in Biology 30, and only 59% in his non-native English 30. Instead of commending the staff and principal for this scholarly achievement, the deputy superintendent was ordered to conduct an investigation, as though they were guilty of some criminal act. He wondered how and why a foreign student was able to stand academically well ahead of his Edmonton counterparts attending the luxury palaces known as composite high schools. By comparison, John's "Old Scona" was ill-equipped, thrice-condemned. Unbelievable! To John who spent most of his waking hours heading this rigorous program, it was a completely unwarranted slap on the face.

At the end of the third year, 1970-71, John discovered that his school would be operating out of the Victoria Composite High School premises; that Old Scona would enjoy a \$100,000 renovation and refurbishing preparatory to its becoming the Grant MacEwan Community College, and that he as principal would not be permitted to serve in similar capacity at the new location because it allegedly was contrary to accepted policy and practice to have two principals operating under the same roof. During the 1971-72 academic year, however, the "same roof" covered three principals, the Central Office bureaucrat who had engineered John's "out" and his own "in", as well as an ex-Composite High School principal who taught a handful of students while attempting, with no success, to develop a T.D.Baker counterpart to the W.P.Wagner School for the work-oriented non-academic students of Edmonton.

John was promised a new and rewarding position. Since "Old Scona" was readied for College status, its

1970-71 vending machine profits bordering \$2300 earmarked for the aforementioned scholarships after all examination results became known, were assigned to Central Office for "safekeeping" for that purpose. The recipients denied any knowledge or presence of any such signed conditions, questioned Old Scona's right to it (John's tenure there having expired) and improperly, if not illegally, spent it on improvements in the school's new location, completely unmindful that they thereby had prejudiced John's honor and integrity.

As a reward for his faithful service as teacher of English, his doctorate, and his successful pioneering of semesterized education in Edmonton's high schools, he was assigned to add to his pioneering skills by being appointed principal of Kennedy Hall, a school for the emotionally disturbed adolescents "imprisoned" at the Oliver Mental Institute, thirty-three return miles from his Laurier Place residence. But note! No travel allowance, not even for the fifteen miles beyond the boundaries of the Edmonton Public School System. Because his staff was reduced from seventeen to four, he suffered a heavy reduction in salary. Compare that with the ex-principal who went to the Victoria Composite school as Principal #3 in violation of the "established policy", saw his staff reduced by nearly fifty teachers, yet continued to receive his full pay.

To enrich the curriculum of the "hospital school", John made regular bi-weekly noon-day trips to the University of Alberta about twelve miles away (eating lunch as he travelled) to pick up post-graduate student volunteers to provide free instruction in arts and crafts, household economics, and woodwork. His Central Office friends called that John's labor of love, in line with his responsibilities as principal, and not deserving any reimbursement, not even the \$240.00 he had personally expended. John's protests fell on deaf ears. He therefore received written authority from Dr. Church, Director of Special Education, in Alberta to recover the \$240.00 from the sizeable "petty cash" fund then on hand. His Central Office "superiors" cried foul and demanded restitution until they realized who had authorized the payment. What added even more insult to injury was seeing his rather lengthy carefully-crafted recommendations for successful operation of adult day schools (co-authored in 1970 with Stan Whitbread, Special Education advisor), considered dead and buried for four years, suddenly become resurrected in slightly revised form, above the signature of the very same person from Central Office who had replaced him as principal of the Day-Adult Continuing Education Center.

John learned that there are more "crazies" outside mental institutes than there are in them. He finds great

comfort in the knowledge that the student-patients who had originally tried to escape from the mental institution where they were confined, began to love school and the friendly understanding they received there. He continues to derive satisfaction from having arranged, while there, correspondence courses for 150 educable adults during their convalescent stay at the mental hospital. John's indelible impression of the "disturbed" students is the wonderful program and setting they designed to honor him one day before he bade them farewell.

John was an innocent victim of reaction even after the Hitler lovers and the Joseph McCarthyites scuttled his academic career at Stanford University. He was kept in "doctoral" limbo for eleven years to weaken his chances of ever becoming a college or university professor. The stigma with which they tarnished him, and their connivance, helped to keep him at the lower rung of the professional ladder.

Fair-minded people such as High School Superintendent Mr. David M. Sullivan who recognized John's abilities, professional dedication, and humanitarian ideals, were prepared to recommend John for high level positions with the Alberta Department of Education even after U.S. Immigration forced his separation from his family in Palo Alto, California, on February 23, 1953. The inspector tracked him down in Vancouver and arranged to have him assume the principalship of the twenty-eight room school in High Prairie, Alberta, where a few days after John's arrival, the RCMP considered it to be their duty to advise ambitious staff members of John's suspended studies at Stanford as an enemy alien. Is there less reason to believe that they failed to exert their influence to prevent John from moving too fast and too high up the professional ladder in Edmonton? True, he joined the Strathcona Composite High School staff two years later as teacher of English (where his students won all the Yearbook essay and short story contest prizes during one academic year), and later co-head of the English Department. The principal methodically kept John off his administration promotion list on the excuse that John's value as a classroom teacher would thus become permanently lost. But should that not have been John's choice? Wasn't that the ultimate objective for his improved qualifications? The fact of his admonition, "You will never receive a respectable promotion from me or the Edmonton Public School System until you cease supporting the New Democratic Party", was nearer to the truth. Sad day for the teaching profession when political allegiance takes precedence over professional training and dedicated service.

While the Edmonton Public School Local's teachers largely supported John's leadership and abilities by electing him for eleven successive years as editor of their monthly Intercom publication, easily identifiable

Central Office bureaucrats by conspiracy or direction conducted a vendetta against him and retarded his professional growth.

Fishing in Alien Waters: Hooked Anew (1974 - 79)

At this point, we made a few bad decisions. The first one was to sell our lovely home and retrench to an apartment for retirement. As it happened we sold our home for \$109,000.00. It resold soon after for \$460,000.00. We could have been its principal beneficiaries. Instead we lost it and more in a well conceived alien project scuttled by ruthless sharks and political enemies.

Our next mistake was buying land in Padre Island, Corpus Christi, Texas, to develop a condominium of forty-eight units, designed by our architect son in a resort area of Padre Island, just a few miles from Corpus Christi, Texas. This beautiful development area was approved by Alberta Consumer Corporate Affairs for sale to its citizens for single and multiple condominiums.

Early in 1973 we were invited to a promotional film of the new venture and were offered a free airfare return trip to Texas to assess its prospects. We accepted it as a post-retirement challenge and a new chapter in our lives. Alberta Consumer Affairs approved it, and because we always felt the USA was a country not unlike ours, and because we wished to spend six months of spring and summer in Canada (during the high rent season on Padre Island) and our fall and winters in the "Deep South" to fish, golf and to relax in the sunshine, it seemed to offer the best of both worlds.

Our architect, son David, must have had some premonition as he begged us not to get involved, but we were not to be dissuaded. While we languished for five long years in suspended animation to make our fortune in an alien land, Utopian dreams crumbled away in Canada by default via our failure to capitalize on the boom by collaborating with David and other members of the family on legitimate projects in Alberta.



Anne Dubeta, Peter Syvenky (Padre Island Sales Rep.) and John Dubeta.

When we landed in humid Corpus Christi, it felt like we were transported to another world. We were met by the company's representative, as if we were royalty. The driver of a large three-seater limousine equipped with two-way intercoms kept solemnly reporting to his senior officers, "Our guests, Dr. and Mrs. John Dubeta have arrived. We are now exiting onto the highway." Soon after another announcement, "We are now approaching Flour Bluff." A few minutes later, "We are now approaching John F. Kennedy Bridge," and so on until we reached the Red Carpet Inn on Padre Island on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, six miles from the city of Corpus Christi.

Upon arrival, we were introduced to the president, vice-president, and their sales lackeys who assigned us to one of their representatives to show us the Master Plan. We were guests of the Red Carpet Inn on the Gulf with free meals and unlimited drinks. We were taken to the bustling, beautiful Golf and Country Club to a banquet and dance. Early the next day we saw the entire area and the best of Corpus Christi by car, and on the afternoon the water-oriented community of innumerable fish and marine birds by boat. The whole idea of homes built on canals in this sub-division seemed very romantic, and great for living.

The canals we found were bulk-headed according to the Master Plan and some construction was already in evidence. We saw buyers like us from European countries, Mexico, South America and the Orient. It was promised to be a development second to none replete with a marina, supreme luxury and sophistication.

Must admit, we were quite convinced but agreed to purchase only one single family lot with reservations. However, we felt that we should discuss our condominium possibilities with our architect son David, who we hoped would come soon after to give us his opinion. John and David flew down a few weeks later and to my surprise voided the purchase of the residential lot and contracted the purchase of three multi-family lots, a stone's throw from the Golf and Country Club, on Cabana East.

It wasn't that we had all the money to build the entire project. We had enough to pay 10% deposits on the land and were assured that if we got 60% presales to Canadian and other buyers, the local banks would provide the money to build, following which mortgages would be provided to the individual qualifying buyers. We would thereby get the money to pay off the bank, and make ourselves upwards of half a million dollars in profits. We knew we could sell the units. With David doing the architectural drawings, me coordinating the interiors, and John generating sales, we weren't afraid of the challenge, and sure of our success.

Our serious mistake may have led to our downfall. We didn't heed David's suggestion to build fourplexes or sixplexes at a time. That would have required much less financing, even if we would have attempted building them on our own. However, both John and I envisioned a complete complex of forty-eight units with health and recreational amenities, elevator service, and special quarters for a resident manager. We conceived a beautiful roof deck recreation area consisting of carpet bowling, dance floor, putting green, barbecue facilities and a food shelter with appropriate seating and full lighting and landscaping. How romantic the night promised to be, under the moonlit Texas skies! This seemed like a great plan and we knew we could put it together. We planned selling units to retiring people like us for a six month residence in Padre Island during the cold weather period and to render them available via a resident-manager as rental property to scores of people anxious to assume temporary residences there during the spring and summer.

Radway High School Reunion, 1945-50

In June 1975, we received an invitation to attend the Radway High School 1945-50 class reunion, so in the luxury of our newly-acquired Cadillac De Ville we "sailed" from Corpus Christi, Texas across the United States to the home of sister Stella in Ainsworth, B.C., from where we proceeded to Edmonton for the celebra-

Casa Del Lago

CONDOMINIUM APARTMENTS



Casa Del Lago.

tion being held at Club Mocombo in St. Albert, where alumnus Walter Baydala and wife were supreme hosts.

To John it was indeed a joyous occasion as he renewed friendship with his students after twenty-five years, proud of their professional and vocational gains as they assembled from various parts of North America. Most of the surviving staff members were present.

The deluxe banquet was followed by a heart-warming program consisting of tributes, humor, reflections and friendly banter capably handled by Master of

Ceremonies John Bencharsky. Dr. George Stefanik from Los Angeles, California was the highest bidder on the auctioned R.H.S. memorabilia. We proudly accepted E. Cummins' artistic rendering of the Radway School Home which housed during those five years so

many of the attending alumni. John ended his well-received speech with his poetic tribute, "To Those Who Came" reproduced below. Everybody danced as they did in earlier years, smiled, hugged and kissed, and parted dreaming of another reunion of tomorrow.

- To Those Who Came - 1975

Welcome former students, to age of parents and grandparents grown,
Yet long in memories of your youthful years in school,
When classroom ties enriched and expanded family bonds
From filial love, peer group relations, and adolescent love
To later fuller expressions and mature relations of parenthood
Repeating the age-long cycle that to us gave birth.
Blessed are the memories of those blissful years
When teachers strove to teach and students sought exposure
To the funded stores of knowledge and experiences
That maintain, transmit, and preserve the cultural heritage of the human race.
Instinctively aware that book learning is in itself sterile,
You won degrees in human kindness and consideration,
To practice give and take, tolerance, compromise, goodwill
To the point that even teachers are considered friends:
So blessed be the efforts and the memories of your great reunion.
Welcome, Radway teachers, of those happy, memorable years,
Regretfully not one hundred percent present, to view
The marvellous products of your great handiwork
In concert with the family, home, community, church and school
That nobly fashioned the staunch pillars of society,
Represented in every walk of life, profession, trade
And assembled here tonight, the crowning glory of your thoughts and dreams,
And though few of us assembled here tonight could claim
That they could not have better teachers or better students been,
Or could not have avoided some thoughtless words or deeds
That oft had strained relations and provided hurts
In the rough and tumble tug-of-war of life,
Blown out of true proportion in the adolescent years,
Yet the fact that we are here tonight, of kindred heart and soul,
Enjoying our rich reunion and memories of the fleeting years,
Is ample proof enough that the residue of goodwill ingrained
During those formative years withstood the tests of time,
Reinforced our value system and served us very well indeed.
The past has paved the way to better days today,
Each day's events contribute to a new tomorrow;
So meet, talk, dine, dance and reminisce,
Drink to the lees the savored wines of yesteryear,
And trust that those who have worked so hard to get you here
Will recognize satisfaction registered on your brows,
That is far more significant than courtesies alone convey,
You have strengthened my morale, and made me thankful, proud;
You've gladdened this day my beloved wife and children dear
Whose lives once closely intertwined with yours,
And emerged the better for it, so thank and bless you all.
My top rewards are that you are happy, glad
That our paths had richly crossed before
And look forward to the time when we shall meet again.

Your former principal, J.C. Dubeta

Returning to Canada in a car purchased in the United States was no simple matter. At our port of entry, Canadian Customs insisted on levying full duties on it even though we assured them that our stay would be very brief. John finally negotiated a deal that our duty-free entry would be determined by the length of stay granted us by the Calgary Customs Office. It was limited to thirty days, barely sufficient time for John to have a suitable baggage trailer constructed, pack our most essential belongings into it, and get Lillian and our four grandchildren organized for their seven week holiday with me in Padre Island, Texas. John stayed behind to promote the condominium sales of Casa Del Lago. For details of our experiences, please see "Texas, Here Comes the Grandchildren" in Chapter IV of this documentary.

During 1974 to 1979, our major task was to get on with our project in Padre Island. Immediately after retirement with preliminary sketches and drawings of Casa Del Lago completed by David, John and I packed our new Valiant car and headed South to engage a contractor, and a lawyer, Mr. Paul Knapp, who in collaboration with John prepared the by-laws and the condominium constitution acceptable in Texas as well as in Alberta with minor revisions (for which an Alberta pirate lawyer sought more in fees than his Texas counterpart did for its entirety).

While our plans shocked and worried many devoted friends and family, to us it was a new experience in a totally different area. Some of the bad experience previously in the U.S.A. was long forgotten and we felt comfortable to return to a neighboring country which had subsequently condemned the McCarthy Era under which John, as a student, blamelessly suffered a big set back to his studies and professional career. In no ways was he involved in politics as a student. His studies took all his strength, energy and all of my help to meet the doctoral challenges, examination hurdles and care of his family of four. He was in no way a subversive as charged. It took eleven years before he finally received permission to return and complete his Doctoral degree requirements. We thought that finally he broke through that curse but the stigma never did really leave him. After seven unimpeded entries, he was obliged to fight two more entry embargoes at the most critical time of the project's success or failure. No one will pay us for what we suffered then but we felt relieved that it was over, so that we could again place our trust in our friendly neighbor. Unfortunately that trust was betrayed anew even after the hunters became the hunted.

With full confidence in our project's success, we bid farewell to all family and eagerly accepted our

challenge. We were still mentally very alert and strong healthwise and felt able to endure the travel to beautiful Padre Island and Corpus Christi with enthusiasm and optimism. The Gulf of Mexico was calling us strongly as we envisioned the rhythmic pulse of its waves against the shore.

After visiting our dear friends John and Fay Kuzmar in Calgary we proceeded to Sweetgrass, Montana, to cross the border and customs. All papers were in order and we continued Southward. My most exciting travelling was when we began to go through cities and towns such as Cheyenne, Kit Carson, Durango, Santa Fe and so on. These places recalled cowboy movies relating to those areas. When we stopped beside a tavern in Kit Carson to get some road information, a fully dressed cowboy with glistening spurs and a hip holster holding a gun drawled the following reply: "Ya'll jus kep a-goin in thar direction, Ma-a-m, then tarn ra-a-ht." This courteous answer tickled my ribs and made me realize that we were in cowboy land for sure. The entire trip taking five days, was exciting all the way through. My dreams of one day travelling south-east through U.S.A. and particularly Texas was now a reality.

We settled into a condominium "Puerto Del Padre" facing our project site "Casa Del Lago" across the bulkheaded canal. Here, every day we planned our strategies to obtain the loans, to get the construction costs finalized; to prepare 2500 sale brochures, business cards, and letter heads; and to engage a Texan lawyer, Mr. Paul Knapp, to prepare the Prospectus containing the By-Laws, Charter and Constitution for our Texas company "Beta Projects Inc.", a subsidiary of Jon-N-Developments Ltd., in Canada. Our general contractor, Coastcon Corporation, headed by Jim Barnette and Larry Smith and our Associate Architect required by Texan Law, Turner, Rome, Cotten and Associates Inc., were ideal, the very best available in Corpus Christi.

Paul and his wife Betty and children Melissa and Jason became our close friends who took great pains to introduce us to many people living on the island, banking and loan institutions, Padre Island Administrative officers, and Golf and Country Club personnel that provided us with unlimited golfing privileges for an unbelievably low price of \$15.00 per month.

We were simply delighted with life on the island as we were hosted at home parties, barbecues and sailings in the canals. Life was very leisurely for many residents. For us less so, because we had to sink or swim with our project.

We eagerly accepted invitations to the local people's festivities such as fish fries, thanks to Father Patrizzi and the hospitality of John and Joy Paramour;

eating crayfish on Jack and Marie Lavers' lawn beside the canal and flipping the shells into the water, before washing our palettes with cool beer. The crayfish were brought in by plane from Louisiana by Jim Ruscito and friends. We shall always remember David Coggins and wife giving us a spin in their boat in the canals and the Laguna Madre, following with the Girrilovitches (Alex and Barbara) and the Fasts (John and Beckie) along with the crab boil following our success to net 145 of them in three hours is well worth remembering.

We were beginning to find out that most residents on Padre Island were military and naval retirees with titles such as generals, captains, and admirals. They seemed to love it there and were enjoying a leisurely life. Many had sailboats moored beside their piers ready for smooth sailing. Every Christmas we enjoyed the annual "Posada" consisting of candlelit, decorated boats and sailboats of local residents and their boatless passengers singing Christmas carols, gliding over numerous canals till midnight and stopping at pre-arranged homes for special treats. This always added to the Christmas mood, delight and romance, as we revelled under the shining moon and glittering stars.

We soon found out about the open church "St. Andrews By the Sea" which we loved to attend. The Grecian architectural pillars holding the roof and back wall almost made one feel transplanted there. Wide concrete steps on three sides led to the church's central seating area. Father Patrizzi preached to a vast congregation of locals and many tourists. He was also the best popular fish fryer at fish dinners. In 1991, he gave way to a young, capable and impressive padre as he himself assumed the pastorate of a small parish in the Corpus Christi area.

We were fascinated with the Texas barbecues, one of which was at the famous King Ranch Auction where Mexican experts roasted large chunks of beef and baked huge pots of baked beans, in huge brick barbecue pits, served along with large bowls of salad and buns. There were thousands of people around enjoying the delicious food, especially the very tender chunks of barbecued beef. To us the auction bidding was also a great experience, as sophisticated ranchers from all over the world along with their secretaries kept buying special breeds of bulls, race horses at unbelievably high prices, as much as \$50,000 for a bull.

The Mexican clubs in Flour Bluff occasionally sponsored famous barbecues at which Mexican dancers in their beautiful costumes entertained the public.

Other great events were the banquets at the Golf and Country Club where the chefs displayed their unique talents, serving all kinds of seafood, particularly a baked 40-50 pound red fish caught for them, fresh from the Gulf. Daily evening music played by the club band added to the dining atmosphere.

One hotel feast in Flour Bluff Hotel boggled my eyes. This was an annual invitation to local patrons by the hotel owner. Our lawyer Paul arranged to include some Canadian visitors. Since we had three couples of Canadian buyers for our condos, we were delighted at the opportunity. John was in Edmonton at the time, so I with William and Helen Chmiliar, Orest and Sonia Skubleny, and Alfred and Anne Strilchuk were thrilled with what we experienced: Texas hospitality!

As we entered the banquet dining room long tables were laden with the following: large bowl of shrimp on ice; raw and cooked oysters on ice; hors d'oeuvres and vegetables laid out amongst dipping sauces and dressings; a whole roasted pig of approximately 200 pounds stretched and decorated and ready for slicing, drew surprised exclamations. Delicious too! Needless to say, it was a great experience to us Canadians, confirming that in Texas everything is done in big style.

Life in this area was indeed different and we learned to assimilate and enjoy the natural beauty beside the Gulf with its long sandy beaches. We didn't waste any time to learn how to catch crabs or spear flounder in the Laguna Madre waters by day, at night with lanterns or battery lamps. We waded in the Laguna by day pushing a shrimp net, and collecting them into a sieved pail attached to our waists by a rope thereby keeping the shrimp alive. The larger ones were our food, the smaller ones were hooked through the scale head for fishing - a popular and most effective method. To preserve the life of the unused shrimp we placed the sieved pail holding them into a water pail or place the shrimps into a wooden cage anchored in the salty water of the canal. Work or fun!

Casting into the waves of the Gulf from Bob Hall Pier was a great experience as we would pull out a variety of fish such as croakers, angel fish, dog fish, whiting, perch, baracuda, small shark, big drum fish, red fish, butterfly drum, pompano, trout and more.

The Texas cowboy fishermen wearing leather necklaces adorned with shark teeth, were a common sight on the pier as they latched on with their heavy equipment to big drum and red fish, and one afternoon a twelve foot shark. There was a lot of rough swearing as the shark was about to pull the rather puny looking individual into the sea or break his back. This chap was initiating his new fishing gear for the first time and had the rod fastened securely in his belt holder. We watched this scene as his rough looking friends laughed and teased him as the shark lunged up and down and ran away with the line several times. Finally after a couple of hours he managed to get the shark near the pier. The cowboy fishermen felt obliged to assist, took their gafs out to bring the "son-of-a-bitch" in as they swore and cussed over and over

again. At last the shark was pulled up on the pier, and to our surprise, hardly moved, completely exhausted. Its weight was estimated at 650 pounds.

One of our favorite fishing spots, eight miles en route to Port Aransas was the Fish Pass where the waters of Laguna Madre flowed into the Gulf of Mexico. Many varieties of fish including huge drums and flounders (commonly referred to as saddlebacks) were readily caught there by casting off shore, especially at night when lamplight attracted them. When John was in Edmonton, I often escaped from loneliness by fishing late into the night. One evening I caught a mess of thirty-one fish, largely croakers and trout. That evening I backed my car to the canal between other campers and cars, and positioned my gas lamp to light up my casting area. Luck was with me as the number of fish on my string in the water kept growing until midnight when I suddenly realized that all campers near me were gone except for the vehicle of a colored gentleman who seemingly was more interested in determining whether I in my garb, was a man or woman, than he was in fishing. How stupid of me! Feeling very much afraid, I gave him precious little time to find out, as I nonchalantly kept casting once or twice as cover-ups for my eagerness to get away. Working desperately against time, I collected my equipment, secured my catch, darted into the car, locked all doors, quick-started it, and tore out of there like a streak of lightning. Thereafter my dedication to fishing was tempered by far greater discretion.

It was much nicer when John and I had these fishing experiences together. Especially remembered is our fishing in Port O'Call, near our lots. It was night, the moon was shining, our gas-lamp lit and shining on the rushing water as we sat side by side on the edge of the canal bulkhead, drinking coffee and eating snacks when bingo! my rod nearly doubled and the reel squealed while the line ran away. I started reeling and could feel a big one. With the excitement and the big one zipping back and forth, my reel got stuck when the big Drum jumped above water close to us. I hollered, "John help! Start pulling the line by hand!" We thus managed to get the giant netted and landed ashore. Incredibly that 15.5 pounds beauty released the hook from its mouth seconds after it was removed from the net, giving me the shivers how close to losing it I actually was. Mr. Drum accompanied me to Canada on the following day and was widely acclaimed by my Edmonton clan as a rare delight.

John's pre-sales in Alberta and overtures for project approval by the Alberta Department of Consumer Affairs kept us apart for periods of up to six months. I manned our Beta Projects Inc. office, and hosted, entertained and toured most of the thirty-nine Canadian

buyers who purchased one or more units of our Casa Del Lago condominium project. Most of them were our close friends and acquaintances, so their arrivals were welcome reliefs from loneliness and boredom, inducing me to make orientation trips of the immediate environs as well as longer ones beyond Port Aransas, Rockport, San Antonio, Brownsville and Matamoros, Mexico. All of us enjoyed golfing, fishing, strolling over sandy beaches, beachcombing, even suntanning.

Rockport featured advanced stages of Padre Island's water-oriented community and an Alligator Farm. Port Aransas led us to the nearby Wild Life Sanctuary where Canadian whooping cranes were the principal attractions. Its Seafood Packinghouse gave us the market access to smoked shark, shrimp, scallops, prawns (at \$3.95 a pound) and lobsters, and the feasts that followed at our Padre Island home. Beyond Corpus Christi, the "Sparkling City By the Sea", its marinas and countless sailboats and watercraft, lay attractive fields of cotton, sugar beets and sorghum. Everybody agreed that we had chosen an ideal community to spend 50% of our co-owners' retirement time.

In 1976 after maintaining two residences, we decided to give up our lovely apartment in McKenzie Tower in Edmonton because we spent most of the time in Padre Island. All furniture went into storage.

In Padre Island we rented a new three-bedroom house just one block from our project. In order to add some income to our dwindling budget I set up an Interior Decorating business, a division of Beta Projects Inc. operating from our home. I purchased a new Singer sewing machine and turned one bedroom into a sewing and sample room. I opened up fabric and hardware accounts with a number of firms in Corpus Christi, San Antonio and Houston and purchased a good variety of samples. I even carried samples from F. Schumacher, New York. Since it was my type of business in Canada with a good credit rating, it was not difficult for me to deal with the same companies in U.S.A., as my importing record was extensive and in good standing. My orders were all custom-made by me; my services became much in demand.

To make it easier for me to handle Beta Projects Condo Office, and my Beta Projects Interior Decorating business, I purchased a telephone recorder which took messages when I needed to make selling calls at homes and offices, or went fishing.

Hurricane scares were the only thing that concerned us and we lived through one of them in 1978. Repeated hurricane warnings on T.V. and Radio came through for several days that one was brewing in the Gulf and could hit our area. Rumors had it that our Island could be run over by the sea. John and I became very concerned as the winds got fierce enough to rip

the palm leaves and days became dark and grey, enveloped in a thick fog. We drove to the gulf and surveyed a very angry sea with its huge waves splashing over the concrete wall.

We kept listening to hurricane watch reports and were advised by the security guards to put away all loose articles that could be picked up by the strong winds as dangerous flying missiles. Everyone was advised to board up the windows, and leave the island for safety. As the eye of the hurricane came closer, we felt we must prepare a get away or else brave the storm as some were doing and saying, "A good time for a party" at the Golf and Country Club allegedly hurricane-proof and sufficiently high enough above sea level and large enough to hold hundreds of people defying the threatening storm.

We finally decided to pack the trailer and maintain vigilance for a quick get-away if circumstances warranted it. Again we drove to check on the causeway separating the Island from the mainland and found water spilling over it. We then drove to the Gulf. The sea looked terribly fierce. Its gigantic breakers kept smashing over the sea wall. We asked a security guard nearby, if we should leave. He replied, "If my job did not keep me here, I would leave at once."

It was then about eleven at night. We decided to call our contractor, Jim Barnette for advice if we should go and what he planned doing. He suggested, "It appears that the hurricane center might be moving slightly southward. I suggest that you wait till early morning. It is still hours away from shore." We followed his advice and welcomed the morning news that the hurricane watch was over, as the storm moved towards Brownsville for its strike considerably south of it in a sparsely populated section of Mexico. Our guardian angel protected us from living through that frightening experience.

A hurricane can be devastating. We witnessed the damage perpetrated by it in Galveston, Texas, three years before when we visited our ex-Canadian friends, Professor Octavia and Dr. Eric Hall, a distinguished and widely recognized professor of biology. We enjoyed very much our guided tour of the university, and his display of scientific biological specimens. We spent a most pleasant two days with them renewing acquaintances, and enjoying their community. Octavia, busy researching and writing her family history, confessed to lowering her professional aspirations in deference to her husband, who in true manly fashion basked in his academic success and recognition.

For some time I had in my bedroom a stranger that I did not know existed, barely averting a heart failure. One morning I opened my dresser's bottom drawer,

out of which a snake-like creature jumped over my hand and head and scooted over the floor and hid behind the headboard of the bed. I went into hysterics to a point of collapse. Finally I took hold of myself and said, "I must do something. This thing is still under my bed." So I called the Padre Island maintenance crew saying, "There's a snake under my bed." Almost immediately two men came over with equipment in their hands and managed to find the scared thing under the lamp table. They said, "It's an approximately ten inch centipede. We took its head off. Would you like to see it?" "No thanks", I said. They assured me how lucky I was that the centipede was not a rattler often discovered under somewhat similar circumstances.

It took some time for me to calm down as I wondered over and over again as to how the thing had lived with me in my bedroom for so long. The outside bedroom door was never left open. I never felt any bites so that it didn't feed on me, but while I slept it must have found enough co-habitant spiders, ants and cockroaches to feast on during the night. I cared not to determine its favorite diet, as I still shudder at the frightening experience.

Admittedly I was lonely and somewhat afraid, but never truly bored. I collaborated closely with Coastcon who tried exceedingly hard to get us funded with long-term finances pre-requisite to a pro-tem construction loan. Because I love the Spanish language and the Hispanic culture so prevalent in Corpus Christi area, I enrolled in conversational Spanish for two semesters of night classes at Delmar College, and earned four credits. Such knowledge made our three trips to Mexico easier and more enjoyable.

Let me not create an impression that we were there only for fun and adventure, because our principal function was to further the best interests of our beautiful project that had so much to commend it. For five long years it was our magnificent obsession, sparing us nothing in time, money, effort and family sacrifice.

The prospective brokers and lenders sought a prospectus, details and documentations. We in turn presented everything, meticulously rendered in top professional form — By-Laws, condominium charter, Canadian-American prospecti; and our artistically rendered, colorful brochure providing full information about our proposed Bachelor, Studio, One, Two and Three bedroom units, (546-1876 sq.ft.); the price ranges; furnishings, appliances, and general amenities. Everyone appeared genuinely impressed and eager to get going. Unfortunately, separate time intervals of four to five weeks had to be allowed to every prospective funder, in turn, so that we lived in continuous suspended animation.

The local banks courted and feted us feverishly, believing that we came from Canada loaded with millions. The National Bank of Corpus Christi invited us to a special dinner in its sophisticated walnut dining room on the upper floor. We soon discovered that bank construction loans would not automatically follow a 60% pre-sale or better (ours bordered 80%), and that banks generally, ceased being mortgagers of long-term loans as a result of their sad experiences with unscrupulous, shady developers in the Florida area where "condominium" inherited an unsavory connotation. Construction money was definitely contingent on the availability of cash for the pre-sold units, or mortgage-backed qualified buyers, so that a mad scramble for long-term financing in shark-infested South-Texas got under way. Our venerable vendor, Padre Island Investment Corporation, suffered from acute tunnel vision of maximizing its profits from land being sold at exorbitant prices, supported by grandiose promises and expectations. The Marina broached for commencement in 1976 for early completion is not even mentioned in 1991. The fishpass, a boon to the area, has been closed for over five years, undredged by an uncaring community. Either by deliberate design or through lack of vision and ineptitude, it failed to create a finance branch through which its buyers could have been introduced to legitimate, honest and responsible money lenders. Instead, they abandoned them to the mercy of countless insincere, lying, unscrupulous slimebags anxious to become rich at the expense of trusting and unsuspecting people. After flashing their hypocritical smiles, they collected the maximum number of percentage commission points and staged their disappearing acts. Some stayed behind long enough to bleed their "clients" white and to pick their bones clean — an eventuality we fortunately averted by having recognized their true colors. Squeezed by the mafia and the McCarthyites, our lot was doubly burdensome. We had good reason to believe that the unholy inquisition was buried when John was permitted to complete his doctoral requirements in 1962 (eleven years late), but its ghost became resurrected in the mid 70's secretly to haunt us anew with deadly vigor of the Desert Storm pursuing not the cheaters and liars in the U.S.A. but once again the innocent victim, John Dubeta. Please permit me to elaborate.

Some lenders such as young Bennett in Corpus Christi, presented themselves as legalized robbers seeking up to 10% commission to provide us with a multi-conditional \$3,000,000 mortgagor. John's fatal error was his failure to accept a relatively good deal out of San Antonio without bargaining for a slightly lower interest rate on behalf of our clients, only to become sidetracked by a better deal from illegitimate

scum operating under the name of 11 West Mortgage Company in Portland, Oregon. After registering our Texas subsidiary Beta Projects, Inc., to further the best interests of our Casa Del Lago enterprise, John was inopportunately prevented in Vancouver from consummating a funding deal with the Portland company because U.S. Immigrations there discovered him on the proscribed entry list. Brokenhearted, he summoned me and our Edmonton lawyer and one time student and dormitory resident in Radway, Alberta, to close the deal on his behalf. He sanctioned issuance of a \$2500 cheque as earnest deposit of good faith. That so-called friend did not have the common decency to place such cheque in escrow pending fulfillment of the mortgage commitment. He actually helped his cronies further by withholding our Edmonton file in his possession containing damaging and incriminating evidence against 11 West Mortgage Company, Inc., when John and other cheated clients persuaded the U.S. Department of Justice to arraign them in court and suspend their illicit operation. We lost much time, suffered great agony and lost our \$2500 (plus \$1000 more in related expenses) to scam artists. John was not allowed to re-enter the U.S.A. for a period of six months and only via compassionate leave to rejoin me. During which time, we have good reason to believe, the C.I.A. and F.B.I. had placed John on a *persona non grata* lending list, free to spend our hard-earned money in the U.S.A., but never to garner a cent of legitimate profit out of an approved project in it.

Broker Lane from Corpus Christi induced John and me to meet him and a money lender out of Miami, in Houston, Texas, allegedly confirmed in the worthiness and soundness of our Casa Del Lago project. He switched sides when they got there trying to persuade John to part with \$60,000 with no strings attached to procure a \$3,000,000 mortgage availability to our qualified buyers. John's insistence to place such money in escrow angered both of them, but saved the money from evaporating. Desperate to gain long-term funding we lost \$500.00 to a scam artist, in Brownsville, circumventing our conditional cheque; another \$1000 to Mrs. Hunt, a Lubbock, Texas, shyster closely collaborating with her Corpus Christi lawyer accomplice, and \$895 to a legitimate lender out of Houston after our witch-hunting friends persuaded our National Bank of Corpus Christi not to have any dealings with it — an exception applicable to our case alone. Mr. Jack Lavers, erstwhile director of land sales for Padre Island Investment Corporation, introduced John to the granddaddy of all illicit lenders who approved to fund our project, contracted to commence construction thereof, and to receive \$80,000 in points within a specified time after, yet insisted on advance

payment with no strings attached. His firm had the audacity to try to stick us with over \$2000 of unrelated conference calls which John refused to pay. Mr. Lane made one more noble effort to bleed us by flying with John to Mobile, Alabama to sign a long-term funding agreement with a so-called highly reputable lender who refused to budge after John insisted to have his commission of \$75,000 satisfied via money placed in escrow at the aforementioned bank.

We were growing very nervous and apprehensive. Our buyers were growing somewhat restive after the Consumer and Corporate Affairs Department in Edmonton in a kiss of death, refused to grant us an extended construction deadline. We pursued various sources of funding in Canada and throughout the U.S.A. to no avail. Having received assurance that multi-millionaire Nelson Skalbania of Vancouver was prepared to assume responsibility for the remaining fifteen unsold units, our Coastcon friends helped us negotiate a 50-50 partnership agreement with Dr. H.C. Tirschwell and Associates to salvage at least half a loaf of bread in accordance with the following agreement:

Tirschwell Investment Company
Corpus Christi, Texas
November 6, 1977

Dr. John Dubeta
Corpus Christi, Texas

Dear Dr. Dubeta:

This letter will serve to outline to you the manner in which I feel your Casa Del Lago Condominium can be constructed and will outline the position my investors and myself would have to take for us to proceed.

This is the essence of this project. Having had the opportunity to meet all of the participants in this project I have come to the first and most basic decision. Howard G. Tirschwell would, by himself, serve as managing partner. Dr. Dubeta has set the parameters within which this project must function. It will be up to Dr. Tirschwell to operate within those parameters. For his services as managing partner, Dr. Tirschwell will receive a salary of \$5,000.00 per annum, payable monthly by the partnership.

Secondly, Dr. and Mrs. John Dubeta will have the right to operate as the primary sales agent until September, 1978. For all sales which they are able to complete and which close, they will receive 5% of the sales price as a commission. If a referral is made by any partner to Mr. Dubeta, that partner will receive 2% commission with Dr. Dubeta receiving 3% commission, also at closing.

Thirdly, beginning January 1st, 1978 and continuing for a twelve month timespan, Dr. and Mrs. Dubeta

will receive from the partnership the sum of \$1000.00 per month, payable on the first of each month in twelve installments, as repayment of certain items of equity investment, he had in the project prior to October 1, 1977.

Fourthly, once all costs have been paid and a profit is beginning to be shown, then the first \$18,000 of profit will be paid to Dr. John Dubeta also in payment of specific equity he has in the project. The next \$175,000 of profit will be payable to the Tirschwell interests. The next \$35,000 of profit will be payable to Dr. Dubeta for equity in the project. The next \$175,000 will be payable to Dr. Dubeta as profit. All other profit will be shared equally between the two equal partners.

This basically is the situation I would require to continue in any other fashion with this project. If you wish to continue our discussion please call me.

Sincerely Yours,

Howard G. Tirschwell, D.D.S.
President.

Immediately after this letter our Agreements on a Partnership was placed in the hands of the lawyer to process, while preparations for ground breaking at the middle of November began. The contractors erected on the building site a huge Casa Del Lago billboard with the contractors, architects and developers identified. The announcement for the local newspaper was prepared, and the T.V. crews and Padre Island officials were to arrive on ground-breaking day.

It was an enormous lift to everyone's morale that finally we would get our project under way. It would mean a big boost to the area in form of materials and supplies, employment, and the loveliest complex in South Texas. However, a disappointing phone call came the evening before from Dr. Tirschwell, saying that he had to back out of the deal. John nearly collapsed and asked "Why?"

"You didn't tell me everything."

"What, for instance?" John probed.

"I'm sorry, I cannot give you full details. I pledged to keep the information secret."

"To whom?", John queried.

"To a very responsible and reliable source."

Another heartache and crushing blow charged to some secret high level interference related to John's post-Stanford years. To be heavily stung for the second time was simply too much to tolerate. With this plan aborted, we felt defeated and completely devastated. We decided to count our losses and return home broken hearted. It was clear that there was underhanded sabotage and interference. With the backing of a multi-millionaire, 89% pre-sales and now a partnership

scuttled, we were obliged to give up in utter despair. "Democracy" scored another victory!

John's morale was so low that he refused to attend the South Edmonton Lions Club, 25th Anniversary banquet and dance, held one day following our return home. He was their branch editor during several years, and twice contest winner of trophies for tall storytelling. He was recognized several times during the evening, we were told, but that personal tragedy divorced him from the human race for months to come.

Our Marital Dream Came True Golden Wedding, 1984

The Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary of John and Anne Dubeta, November 6, 1984, was celebrated on October 13, 1984 at the St. Andrews Centre in Edmonton, Alberta.

Greetings, congratulations and best wishes in elaborate certificate form were received from: Her Excellency Jeane Sauvé, Governor General of Canada; Right Honorable John Turner, Prime Minister of Canada; Honorable Brian Mulroney (and wife Mila), Leader of the Opposition; Honorable Ed. Broadbent, Leader of the New Democratic Party; His Excellency F. Lynch-Staunton, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Alberta; His Excellency R.G. Rogers, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of British Columbia; Honorable Peter Lougheed, Premier of Alberta; Honorable Bill Bennett, premier of British Columbia; Honorable Grant Notley, New Democratic Party Leader of the Opposition in Alberta; Honorable Robert E. Skelly, New Democratic Leader of the Opposition in British Columbia; Honorable Lou Hyndman, Member of the Legislative Assembly in Alberta; His Worship Lawrence Decore, Mayor of Edmonton, and His Worship, John D. Hindle, Mayor of Kelowna. They are proudly on display in our Golden Anniversary album.

John, in excellent spirits, was determined to go beyond the staid formality of most of his "Golden" counterparts, break with tradition and engage in some imaginative humor and good-natured teasing before adopting an appropriately serious tone. We have therefore decided to reproduce the entire program for the readers' interest and amusement.

Our Master of Ceremonies for the occasion (at which 250 guests were present) was our son Dr. Kenneth from Vancouver, B.C.; the historian-projectionist was our son David from Sylvan Lake, Alberta; and our violinist entertaining the assembly with a lovely medley of international melodies, was our long-term friend John Kuzmar from Calgary. Of the six original bridal attendants, Anne Zacharuk, Tillie Filewych, Bill Hopchin and Peter Filewych were still alive and pre-

sent. Tributes of high praise, not included below, were presented by Bill Hopchin, best man; Mary Lobay who toasted the groom, followed by her husband William who toasted the bride, and John's sister Anne who congratulated us in the Ukrainian language. A delightful parody composed by ex-daughter-in-law Sheri Dubeta, friend Betty Roline,



Dr. Kenneth Dubeta, master of ceremonies.

and granddaughters Ashley and Dyael was harmoniously rendered on stage to the accompaniment of Leanne Roline at the piano.



John and Anne and their best man Bill Hopchin.



John Kuzmar, guest violinist.

The guests took full advantage of the hour provided for socializing and cocktails. Daughter Lillian's grace and five-year old granddaughter Lani's prayerful greeting, printed below, preceded the banquet:

"As we gathered here for this truly celebrated occasion, we children feel especially bles-



Honoured program participants: L-R: Willaim Lobay; his wife Mary; Ann Zacharuk; John Kuzmar; his wife Fay; Bill Hopchin; his wife Lenore.



Family Guests: Susan Shewchuk; John Shewchuk; Walter Dubeta; Lucy Dubeta; Harry Dubeta; Anne (Monchakowsky) Bajak; Harry Shewchuk.

sed to have parents so loving, kind, and unquestionably supportive. I pray they remain in good health so that we may continue to share our love and affection for many years to come. Friends and relatives present have been touched by the warmth and genuine hospitality extended by Mother and Dad and have come to pay tribute. Lord, we ask for your blessing on all that are present, friends that were not able to attend, and our loved ones who have departed. Bless this food we are about to receive. Amen."

Prayerful Greetings



Lani

To earth I come
To greet the light
To greet the sun.
The stones which rest
The plants which grow
The beasts which run.
To greet all men here,
Who live and walk
Who work and will
Love God in all.
Then God greets me
In all I do
And I and you
In God are One.

Following the banquet, Kenneth got the program under way with a few insightful and touching observations before calling on John's fellow teacher Mary Lobay, (his one-time vice-president when he served as president) to deliver her toast to him. A superb job that prompted John's much longer reply:

Bridegroom's Response

"Master of Ceremonies, Ken: Head Table Guests, Family and Friends. Ken. I have a public confession to make. You actually were not found under a cabbage leaf in our Warspite garden in 1944, as alleged, because cabbages could not have been sufficiently developed on March 30 when you arrived. Even at the risk of undermining your well documented medical research about cabbage leaves on which you are now a greater authority than Adam and Eve were about fig leaves, this old cabbagehead (pardon the expression) has a growing conviction that more recently recognized causes for conception may have been involved and that I should have addressed you more properly as "Mr. Master of Ceremonies, our true and legitimate son."

Caught right smack in George Orwell's topsy-turvy society of 1984 (this is 1984, isn't it?) the nature of this case or hearing is much more serious than it outwardly appears. Before my fifty year sentence is extended or suspended on grounds of good behavior, I ask you as presiding judge and your intelligent-looking jury to hear my testimony before you pass judgement on the legality and constitutionality of the 1934 marriage ceremony and the contract that sentenced me to marital servitude for nearly fifty years, now threatened to be extended because of suppression of information and improper council. My application to have the marriage agreement annulled or to have the sentence reduced is predicated on the following grounds:

- (a) Disputed age of the principals, the plaintiff and the complainant and the actual length of the sentence to date.
- (b) The possible use of bribery.
- (c) Family conspiracy in violation of a bachelor's constitutional rights to a single, independent and happy existence.
- (d) Use of force and violence via bridegroom kidnapping and abduction.
- (e) Marriage under duress through the deliberate use of recognized foreign substance which induced amnesia or loss of memory, through anaesthesia of far reaching side-effects.
- (f) Deliberate use of forged love letters and other documents to substantiate an illegal act.

In the name of justice and equity, permit me Your Honor, to develop my case.

(a) Age of Plaintiff and Complainant: My life companion and I have attended at least fifty Golden Wedding Anniversaries of old people, but how does this qualify us for one of our own? I have recently turned 70 slowly creeping along to a tender age of 71. My beautiful bride, that she alleges to be, wisely spent several years at each of her 29th, 39th and 49th birthdays and has just turned 50. Now I ask you Your Honor and Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, do I look like a cradle robber of a babe in arms? If yes, that could lead to further charges of armed robbery and armed assault even though I am a peaceful and law-abiding man.

I distinctly remember, as though it was or were only yesterday, having celebrated our Silver Wedding Anniversary in 1959, only ten years ago, and our Fortieth Wedding Anniversary in 1974, slightly over two years ago, and while allowing for some possible amnesia induced by anaesthesia, to be reported later, how can you figure this being our 50th year of marital servitude warranting celebration which you have already initiated?

My bookkeeper-accountant shows a three-year parole period granted for good behavior when Anne and I dwelt apart and not physically on speaking terms with one another. This should actually warrant advancing the celebration by three years, and Your Honor, I wish to appeal your previous ruling that being married without actually ever being on speaking terms with the wife or husband, as the case may be, may not necessarily be bad but actually be very good because such a fortunate arrangement could go a long way towards keeping marriages alive and even preserving our sacred institution of marriage.

(b) I come now to my second and third points: namely use of bribery and co-conspiracy of family to win the love of an innocent but starving young bachelor. How else would home-baked bread, fried chicken, delicately flavored borsch, cabbage rolls (commonly called holubtsi) generously spiked with ground beef; pyrohy smothered in fried butter and onions and rich farm cream, and oodles and oodles of flapper pie could have been perpetrated without the knowledge and consent of Anne's mother and father, sisters and brothers, uncles and grandparents and her cousins and aunts? Unable to weaken my instincts of self preservation, the young lady resorted to semi violence — husband acquisition through abduction, better known as kidnapping or husband-napping, cleverly conceived by herself and diabolically engineered by Bill Hopchin, loosely referred to as my "best man", and their close

collaborator, bridesmaid-elect (and note carefully, close cousin of the bride) Anne Habiak, alias Anne Zacharuk. While my future father-in-law, Anne's dear old dad was busily building a sturdy ladder for her hoped elopement with me some day, Anne decided on swifter and surer measures. Bill, our "best man" pounced upon me from behind the family's duck-hunting blind with the fury and precision of a commando engaged in guerilla warfare and promptly laid me out flat. The conspirators then hog-tied me, hurled me into the back seat, smugly occupied the front seat of Sewerko Leskiw's get-away car, and screeched off towards St. Paul like hell-afire before the aforementioned anaesthesia resultant from the gag saturated with 200% over-proof homebrew had a chance to wear off.

As I lay there in drunken stupor, the husband raiders worked speedily and methodically, raided the St. Paul stores for the wedding stuff and then half-dragged, half-carried me to the nearest church, mistakenly called a sanctuary, where Father LaRose was alerted. Deeply anaesthetized and supported at the rear by the bridesmaid, best man on my left and my unintended on the right, I faintly recollect the proceedings: "What's wrong with him?" Father LaRose queried.

"Oh, he is slightly love sick," was Anne's quick reply.

"Why is he wearing that gag?"

"Oh, he's a charter member of the 'Society of Future Husbands for the Preservation of Long Marriages by Practising How to Keep Their Mouths Shut'," our "best man" spontaneously volunteered.

"Long overdue. I am certain that the need for a similar society for the ladies is equally or even more necessary. Pax Vobiscum," Father LaRose concurred, before adding, "but is he a consenting party to the unorthodox procedure?"

"Yes he is, he is," cried my aspiring bride, nodding her head vigorously as she administered a "sharp elbow" to my side causing my head to droop forward in a decidedly forward nod.

"I see it is unanimous," Father LaRose intoned as he commenced his "Do you take this man?" and "Do you take this woman?" precisely at the point when Anne loosened my gag sufficiently for me to re-echo her sharply prompted "I do" before re-tying the gag more securely than ever. That was my frightful introduction to my gagged existence throughout my entire marriage.

I noticed briefly Anne caressing her newly-acquired \$2.00 wedding ring just as Bill and the

preacher man thrust another one of equal value on my limp and unprotesting finger.

"Now kiss the groom!" Anne #2 commanded Anne #1. This time, Anne #1 gagged.

My \$2.00 rings indeed! They were financed by Anne's own piggy bank lying forlorn and empty, near the gearshift of the get-a-way car.

She now deigns to strengthen her case, and to soften the cruel blow by claiming voluntary action on my part lending credence by presenting and having read before this honorable court of justice, certain love letters allegedly written by me all knowledge of which I unequivocally deny and writing thereof categorically disclaim. They are obviously forged documents unless the amnesia from anaesthesia has exacted a toll greater than suspected. I furthermore refute her claims of having received many more expensive rings in subsequent years. As for the most recent ones loaded with karats, I rise to my defense and say "Most men are not unlike donkeys. When their sweethearts or wives keep dangling carrots long enough before their noses, eventually they are sure to bite."

Your Honor, I plead "not guilty" to the charge of committing matrimony and plead for leniency. I throw myself on the mercy of this court whether or not the marital sentence should continue. You behold me still suffering from shock and loss of memory. Either have my sentence suspended or provide adequate compensation for the many, many years of illegal confinement. I must have the verdict now.

Those of you who consider our original marriage contract valid, shout "Aye". Those opposed, whisper "Nay". I truly believe the "Ayes" have it by a decibel or two, and since the voice of the people is as the voice of God, permit me to say, "God Bless" and to continue on a serious note, trusting your goodwill for having treated such a sacred matter as marriage with such carefree lightheartedness, hoping that my attempt at humorous fiction is superior to the quality of my poetry. Darling Anne deserved the very opposite in high praise and commendation for her truly great qualities which I am prepared to acknowledge with much greater pleasure, in due course.

Anne and I are simply overwhelmed, dear children, by what you have done in terms of preparation, time, money and effort culminating in this beautiful, highly memorable occasion when we re-affirm our love, loyalty and our troth. No less are we overwhelmed by

you, our dear relatives and friends, who honor us with your presence. Each of you is truly prized and valued. I witness among you a very worthy representation of my fellow professionals, students from teaching days at Spedden, Beauvallon, Warspite, Radway, High Prairie, numerous Edmonton schools, and the School for Emotionally Disturbed where it was my great pleasure to salvage several from hopelessness and despair. You are our few amongst the countless friends and acquaintances it was our privilege to make throughout the fifty years of our eventful marriage. All the money of Wayne Gretzky or twice the accommodations of Commonwealth Stadium would prove inadequate to honor all those who had honored us. I wish to convey spiritual gratitude to my dear parents and my sincere thanks to Anne's mom and dad for their wonderful daughter and wife. She is by far a better person than I can ever hope to be.

Bridesmaid Anne and "Best Man" Bill, your repeated kindnesses are very much appreciated. Thank you for your kind remarks and congratulations, dear Bill. You and Anne and Pearl Bidney, Anne Huk, Dmetro Shewchuk and Peter Filewych embarked us well on our adventurous road of life in which we were not lulled by the peaceful waters of the valley nor awed or too greatly overpowered by the majesty and grandeur or the mighty challenge of the mountain peaks some of which we have had the privilege of scaling to the summit, despite the treacherous rapids, pitfalls and even avalanches that evil men devised. They will never know our great satisfaction witnessing the magnificent views, far above the levels of their limited horizons.

Kuzmars and Lobays we are proud and humble to have such great friends as you. We sincerely appreciate the undeserved praise with which you so generously lavished us. Your musical talents, Johnny, are matched only by your golf, bridge and your phenomenal luck in cribbage. Mary, your colorful career is most inspiring. May your aldermanic aspirations be realized on October 22nd. Continue leading a wonderful life with your ideal mate.

Sister Anne, thank you for your sincere remarks in Ukrainian and your best wishes. We love and admire you as do your wonderful children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, prime examples of family loyalty and goodwill. We wish you a very happy birthday tomorrow and many, many more following it.

Would those who attended our 1934 wedding in Spedden now please rise? I again see my sister who encouraged it out of sympathy to my heavy work load, batching, her admiration for wife Anne closely akin to mine, and for her desire to combine her and husband

Bill's visit with a quick wedding in order to save on another seventy mile return trip during the "Hungry Thirties". I proposed to Anne on October 31, 1934. A full-scale wedding, involving the entire community, was held a mere six days later on November 6, 1934. God Bless the dear parents who arranged it so speedily and so exceedingly well. Meriting special mention are Stan and Kate Dumka, our uncle and aunt, who survived several serious operations and once anew are honoring us with their presence. Also brother Walter and Lucy Dubeta who celebrated their 50th on September 1, of this year.

We are pleased to welcome Dody's mother Nancy Baxter and Ria's parents Andrew and Anna Reilman. Andrew is an outstanding Alberta artist, some of whose works grace the wall of our entrance hall in Kelowna. Bob's parents, Alec and Margaret Papirnick, attending the War Amputees reunion in Banff are regrettably absent, but we express pleasure over Alec's recovery and the scorn this very active man holds for his doctor-predicted wheel-chair existence. Warmly welcomed is my one time neighbor in Radway, Alberta, my schoolmate, fellow teacher, and Anne's and my close friend, Evelyn Garn, one of the most gallant and inspiring ladies in Canada.

I shall continue, with your kind patience, with my brief poem written for this occasion:

The glorious rays from our Golden Anniversary
Have cast a splendorous golden sheen
On family, relatives, on us, host of friends,
Events of joy and sorrow, and on all things which
might have been.
These rays have raised our sights and visions,
Induced gratitude to the very point of bended knee
For the rich bounties which we have experienced
In our land of opportunity, always destined to stay
free.
Yet those selfsame rays sharply outline and emblazon
Many worthy challenges and objectives to be won:
Universal peace, security, goodwill and
understanding.
Before our golden threads of life are fully spun.

That great mothers truly never die is well exemplified in the case of my own dear mother and equally dear mother-in-law. My wonderful mother did not live long enough to see all her children married and well established in life. I know instinctively that it was her spirit that initiated the first thought of my marrying Anne, an idea I at first fiercely resisted. Among the thousands to choose from, why Anne? But steadily and surely the reasons became more and more apparent as to why she would rank highest among a million pretty and eli-

gible young ladies. Among my several hundred poems on a large variety of themes and subjects one would discover many pertaining to birthdays, anniversaries, holiday festivities and special events. Since tonight is our special day, permit me to quote briefly from some of them written for my very special person, my patient, loyal, generous, hard working, self-sacrificing and ever-loving talented and appreciative wife.

In one poem I observed:

"You have knitted yourself into my heart,
You have pearled and silvered our family tree."

In another:

"You are one in a million, my loving wife,
Withstanding the numerous acid tests of time
But why a character so wholesome, pure, refined
Is subjected to more refinement is a mystery sublime
That only the good Lord can truly comprehend."

From my latest birthday poem to Anne, I quote:

"Unquestionably, I have been favored beyond
most men,
When kind fate ordained you to be mine,
For I have heard it many, many times repeated
That a better wife than you few men do ever find."

My December 24, 1983 poem merits quoting these two stanzas:

"Since Angels on Earth need more than
Angelic garbs,
Thrifty John presents you with a modest see-
through slip,
Not as a test of his extravagance and generosity
But to see if an Angel in a slip can still make
Old Hubby flip."

P.S.: "We'll keep a secret how you're idolized
Else Pope John the Second may have you canonized,
For if he can find 103 saints in South Korea,
In Canada you'd surely qualify, our Anna Deara."

More recently I wrote:

"What though the fifty years have quickly sped,
Our bonds have strengthened with increasing force,
For marriages' true love and meaningful relations
Are God's most valuable, renewable resources,"

And finally:

"There are many things that senior citizens desire,
But of the million choices I would rather
That we spend our future as we have our past,
Graciously enjoying life and contentedly growing
old together."

"Anne I acknowledge your toast and best wishes

and offer one of mine in return, assuring you, my dear, that if I held my original marriage option anew, I would not hesitate to choose you again as my life companion with or without any divine inspiration of my dear mom. To my dear wife, Anne. (toast followed).

M.C. Dr. Ken, continue with the rest of the program that you so capably have handled.'

Grandson Bradley Matthiessen's Greeting

"In commemoration of John and Anne Dubeta's 50th Anniversary, I, Brad Matthiessen, a grandchild, would like to congratulate them for reaching this goal of longevity which is so deeply imprinted into their hearts. And in dating back there was a time in a young man's life when he wanted to share his life with another. When this time arrived there must have been a mutual bond of something (which as of yet I have not felt) generated by much love, care, and consideration. This bond may slowly dwindle with some people, but it is those who can handle everything as a team and constantly find new meaning in themselves by their internal partnership with each other that survive to sustain the fire. In order to sustain the fire there must be a rare fuel. This is the fuel which has been maintained between these two loving people for fifty years, and I ask you what could possibly be a more wonderful and gratifying experience than to know you can stay with your one true love? "

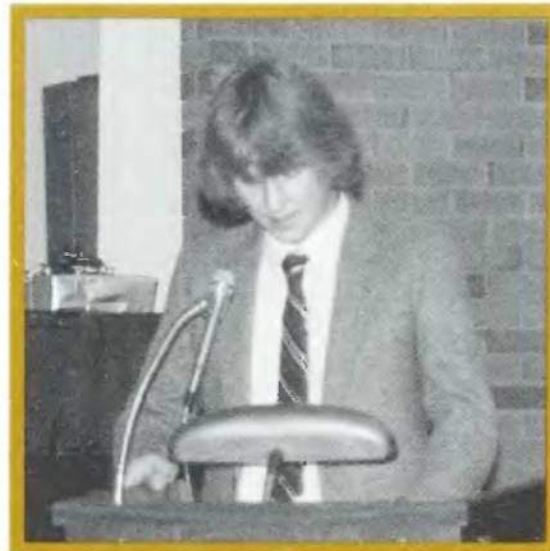


Bradley. (Bobby and Craig wait their turn)

Grandson Craig's 50th Anniversary Speech

"Hello. For those of you who don't know me, my name is Craig Matthiessen. I am the oldest of the grandchildren and felt that I would say a few words on our behalf. Most everyone here has lived a more experienced and longer life than any of us younger generation. The fact that we are younger encourages me to speak on what a Fiftieth Anniversary means to us. We have just begun our lives and our future holds many unanswered questions. I am sure that John and

Anne, my Grandparents, began their lives with a lot of questions regarding their future. but I wonder if they ever thought about their Fiftieth Anniversary when they were so young. Fifty years of happiness together creates an almost envious feeling that they have achieved some thing that may yet be a question in my future. I am encouraged by this night of celebration and hope that some day my grandchildren will have the respect for me that we all have for them.



Craig.

I know that I speak for my brother, my cousins, my aunts and uncles, my mother and all of my grandparents' friends, in saying, that it is an honor to have shared and we will continue to share with such caring and loving people."

50th Wedding Anniversary Tribute by Bobby Papirnick

"I stayed with my grandfather while working at the waterslide in Sylvan Lake the summer before last, and it was an experience that I will never forget. He was a fine trailer mate, but his cooking left something to be desired. Sometimes you'd



Bobby

think he never learnt a thing from grandma's fine cooking talents. I must admit that cooking for someone that gets off work three hours later than your dinner time isn't the easiest task, but perogies aren't the same with the filling boiled out. We all know that some leftovers just don't go together, but my grandfather is not a true believer in this concept. I must have seen some of the most outrageous combinations of dishes destined for human consumption. Putting his cooking abilities aside, he was a pleasure to stay with, and I enjoyed getting to know him better.

I'd also like to mention something about my grandfather's competitive nature. He was never one to let you win because you were a kid - you had to earn it. Upon returning from holidays this year my family

stopped in Kelowna to visit for a few days thus finding myself in another table tennis challenge. Falling behind in games, I changed my strategy giving him a taste of his own medicine. I began closing on him fast, and he knew it. On the final day, the battle was tied at thirteen games apiece, and that was enough for him. He didn't want to lose, and I don't blame him. Even if he had lost the final game, neither my grandfather nor grandmother can be considered a loser in anything they choose to do. Happy 50th Anniversary and many more Grandpa and Grandma Dubeta."

***Greetings From Granddaughter
Marnie (Rattray) Dubeta***

"Grandma and Grandpa, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are journeying toward a great unknown. In that journey some people we choose to be close to, like a friend chooses a friend, but when a woman chooses a man and a man chooses a woman they form that most special and holy bond of matrimony. From that bond they lay their seed which they cultivate and nurture and struggle for. They go along and leave their mark on each person they meet. They live their lives and share the good and bad times drawing them closer to one another.

In these fifty years that you have shared, your seed has grown into the family and friends who have become Family, who have gathered here to congratulate and share in your joy on this very special day — your 50th Anniversary. May God bless you and keep you."



Marnie.

***Family parody: "The Ukrainians Kept A-coming"*
(sung to the tune of "Battle of New Orleans").**

In 1911 Dubetas took a trip
Across Ukrainian plains to a mighty sailing ship,
They crossed the great Atlantic to land on eastern shores
They hopped the CPR to arrive at Radway's doors.

Chorus:

They got more ships and Ukrainians kept a-coming
Came to the farms where the British wouldn't go;
The CPR brought them by the dozens
Hurray for Canada, now our Prairie wheat we'll grow.

Along came Habiaks and Shewchuks and some more
They brought their picks and shovels and
flooded Spedden's shore;
They brought hopes and dreams with a
heavy brow of sweat,
They settled down and started to produce
some "deete" (children) yet!

Repeat Chorus.

Now Maria and Klementi they have a little John;
For Sofia and for Fred little Anna comes along.
Many years went by and little did they know
That in old Spedden town love would begin to grow.

Repeat Chorus.

First came Johnny, a teacher he would be
He kept his eyes wide open and he spied the town beauty;
Anna was a honey and soon to be John's wife
And this was the start of their happy married life.

Repeat Chorus.

The first year "Illusha" (Lillian) the beginning of their clan,
Along came David within a two-year span.
Seven years passing and "Kenu" (Kenneth) shows his face,
Five years more and Linda takes her place.

Repeat Chorus.

Many years have passed, they grow and do their part,
Producing seven grandchildren, each a work of art.
First came Craig and a half Dane he was
Then our little Ashley with her head of Swedish fuzz.

Repeat Chorus.

Then we have Bobby with a little touch of Scott
Along came Dyael to keep up the British lot
Next came Brad a true tall Viking son
Then our little Lani a sweet Dutch honey bun
Two years ago, there came Jay, our "little John"
A namesake to carry Heinz 57 mixture on.

Repeat Chorus.

Now fifty years have passed and you
have shown us how to live,
Along with Grandma's cooking,
Grandpa's poems and the love you always give;
May all your years be golden, as you both so well deserve,
And with this little key, you will find a room reserved.



Dyael, Sheri, Betty, Ashley, Leanne at the piano.



Pianist Leanne Rolene receives John D's congratulations; Ashley approves.

The five accomplished performers presented us with a key to a deluxe Four Seasons Hotel, 26th storey suite, complete with orchid corsages, champagne and many special goodies. Ole!

The Bride's Response

It was preceded by thanks and appreciations to the guests and everybody who contributed to the program and the celebration.

"I am simply delighted to see so many of our friends and family here tonight to celebrate our very memorable 50th Wedding Anniversary. This get-together represents to us a reunion of friends and family who have in many ways touched us in our life thus far. Whether you were a neighbor or school mate, student, staff member, employee, our children's friends, or relatives we love you and want to keep in touch with you always. John and I hope you will all have lots of fun visiting, dancing and socializing, getting acquainted and reacquainted.

Fifty years is a long time to be married but the time went quickly. I found it difficult to accept the fact until we received several sincere congratulations and compliments from persons learning of our special year. Suddenly I began to feel proud and thankful for the privilege of reaching this stage. Now this super-banquet adds icing to our cake. Our cup is overflowing with kindness and gratitude.

My girlhood days are treasured memories of my life on the farm with three brothers and two sisters and my wonderful parents who taught me my basic values such as family love and cooperation. These values had a great impact on me at an early age as I found it nec-

essary to share tasks on the farm. So when I married I didn't know how to feel sorry for myself. I only knew I was to be supportive to my husband and meet all the responsibilities of a housewife just as my Mamma did. With this thought ingrained in me, I had no choice but to be as successful in our marriage as my parents were in theirs.

I will try to relate only some of the blessings I received within these fifty years. My talented husband is the one who usually has lots to say; however, tonight is my night too.

It was a lucky break for me to be married to a good-looking blue-eyed man who is a highly capable, ambitious, sensitive person that has always appreciated my love and support in making our life as joyful and pleasant as he could possibly afford.

I pride myself that fifty years ago I had no reservations about marrying this young man when he slipped a \$2.00 gold band on my finger. It was the best available in St. Paul in my size the day of our marriage as we shopped for all wedding paraphernalia in one day. My bridesmaid, Anne and John's best man, William, can testify that we had no choice. My poor husband could have done worse as ring prices in popcorn satchels were available for 15 cents in those days. To me the ring was a symbol and I am glad that it didn't worry me. Never mind. My patience paid off as he kept favoring me with better and better rings throughout later years and look at this one now. Perhaps I deserve it.

My husband's poetry for me on all occasions such as birthday, Mother's Day, and Christmas has constantly re-affirmed his love for me making me feel wanted and appreciated. He has proven to be my best friend, lover and buddy as we shared our lives together.

My greatest joy is our four children with whom we were blessed. Lillian, David, Kenneth and Linda, I want you to know that you are our precious jewels, our life. Our hope for a continually bright future for you is a daily prayer. You have proven to be as capable of handling great responsibilities as you are worthy citizens of our truly wonderful country. I hope that your experience of growing up with us is a pleasant memory contributing similar benefits to your beloved children.

Our next joy is of course our dear grandchildren who have added much pleasure and excitement to our lives. You are our precious treasures and we look forward to your future growth and development in a world free of nuclear threats or other dangers. My advice is to keep healthy and happy and develop yourself in any field you choose to give yourself self-assurance, independence and confidence. Support worthy causes even at a personal sacrifice because good things in life don't come easily. May your guardian angel guide and protect you always.

I also want to acknowledge our extended families, who gave us loving daughters-in-law and a handsome, dependable son-in-law. You have broadened our family circle. Our hope is that your joys of being a member of our family, has added the same pleasures to you as they have added to ours. With great delight I make a special thank you to John's family, the Monchakowskys, the Zukiwskys and the Dubetas. They have always treated me fairly and lovingly. I do appreciate your kindness to our family and will be forever thankful.

It is a special joy to have friends such as you. Throughout our whole life you have touched us in many ways. Those of you who are younger may wonder in what way. Arthur Filewych's father, for example, was my parents' good neighbor who performed in a very special way at our wedding. He was our Master of Ceremonies, holding high a cluster of flowers, sang and directed the whole traditional wedding proceedings. Our memories of his father Mike are as pleasant as are our memories of Arthur as a baby, youth and loving father of a large family of his own. I would be remiss not to mention our musicians, late John Filewych, Peter Filewych and Harry Leskiw, the three local young fellows who played from early evening to late night, or rather, early morning, adding a very important part to the festivities. Pleasant memories and special thanks to you again.

My happiness would be even more complete, if I hadn't experienced the untimely loss of my beloved parents, brother and two loving sisters recently. My sister-in-law Susan, wife of brother Harry is a great comfort to me as she has assumed many of the characteristics of my wonderful mother. To me she is now a real sister filling the gap of the great loss of my own sisters. Brother John, the eligible bachelor, is here tonight too. He is worthy of being saved.

Such is our story in very brief form. We feel good as we did it on our own. Having a very humble and simple start during the Hungry Thirties, we were able to reach the top of my husband's educational career, demanding many challenges, crossing hurdles, setting goals and bringing up a family. At the same time I managed to take up classes in the interior decorating field which proved to be a salvation and solution to reach the comfort we now enjoy in our retirement years. Kelowna is now to which you all have a standing invitation to visit and stay with us whenever you come to our beautiful Okanagan Valley.

For the young, I hope our life story recollections will give you confidence that if there is a will, there is a way, as the old saying goes.

At this time I would like to drink a toast to my husband and to give thanks for all that he has been to me as I pledge to continue to share my life with the same spirit, warmth, friendship and goodwill as in the past."



Linda

Daughter Linda's Tribute to Mom and Dad

When you are very little
And you wish upon a star
You lack the wisdom and maturity
To realize just how lucky
you really are.

As you grow in mind and body
Through every passing year

Little wants transform to large wishes for the
Health and happiness of a family "Oh so Dear".

It is said that "blood is thicker than water",
We'll all agree that is "Oh so true",
For there is nothing in times of trial
That a family would not do.

One's parents are the pillars of
Guidance, Strength and Hope.
Their love and constant caring
Makes it easier to cope.

And so Dear Mom and Dad,
As your friends and family gather near
With wishes of health and happiness
For the two of you so dear.

Reflect a moment on the past,
Your years of sacrifices and dedication,
Take pride in all who are present here
To show their respect and admiration.

May you stand as models for us all
Having shown us from your past
How to pattern our own lives
To reap rewards that last.

May we take this joyous opportunity
Of your 50th Anniversary celebration
To present this token of our Love,
Our respect, and our admiration.

May we extend our heartfelt congratulations,
Wishes for continual marital bliss,
And for long life, health, and happiness.
Let us seal it with a kiss.



A memorable gift.



1984: John and Anne Dubeta, our 50th Wedding Anniversary.



Bradley Matthiessen, his mother Lillian; Anne Dubeta, her husband John; and grandson Craig Matthiessen.



William Lobay toasts the bride; Dr. Kenneth Dubeta, wife Dody.



David Dubeta, his wife Ria; John and Anne Dubeta.



Grandson Bobby, his parents Bob and Linda; his grandparents, John and Anne Dubeta.



L-R: Just us girls—Dyael, Anne, Lani, Lillian, Sheri, Ashley, Linda, Dody. Missing, Ria. Sorry.

Following Linda's loving poem (her first and only), Kenneth, as Master of Ceremonies, presented on behalf of all the guests present, a Golden Wedding Anniversary painting of us, as a permanent reminder of our most memorable occasion. Page 157 features several 50th Wedding Anniversary family pictures.

Many of our Kelowna friends and neighbors honored us after our return home. After so much love, appreciation and inspiration from so many, we are hoping to realize our Diamond Anniversary dream.

Our Kelowna Activities in Review

After nursing our wounds in 1979 for a week or two in our Avion R.V. parked in Lillian's driveway, we began getting re-acquainted with our relatives and friends. In preparation for a suitable place of retirement, we surveyed properties in Kamloops, the Vancouver area, White Rock, Penticton, Peachland and Kelowna where we bought a beautiful lot in Casa Loma overlooking Lake Okanagan, site of our present home. En route to Edmonton we visited Ainsworth B.C. where I saw my sister Stella alive for the last time, because shortly after, she perished at the hands of a deranged war veteran and ex-common law husband of her closest friend. A devastating tragedy of the greatest magnitude!

After putting our trailer home into winter storage, we moved into a comfortable apartment in Edmonton House, where I became briefly involved with Mary Kay beauty products and quit after recruiting to it six ambitious women. Other needs and interests beckoned.

Circumstances rendered it necessary for John and me to become heavily involved with Dubeta Interiors Ltd., for a period of eight months immediately prior to our selling on September 30, 1980, the building housing it. That enabled son David to determine the quality, size and type of our Kelowna home.

Immediately after he completed its design and working drawings, we headed for Kelowna and its Shasta Trailer Park to select our general contractor and sub-contractors, before spending, at the behest of our Edmonton friends, an enjoyable two-week holiday interlude in Cuba. David's periodic supervisions assured us that quality standards were being maintained.

While the house was being readied for occupancy on July 3, 1981, John and I became heavily engrossed in working and supervising activities involving burying tons of rocks, terracing the back yard and garden, installing drainage and underground sprinkler systems, landscaping, constructing front and rear retaining walls, and gardening, surprisingly successful even in late June.

Our 3000 square foot two-bedroom and study home overlooking a fifteen mile sweep of beautiful Lake Okanagan consists of two and one-half levels, a skylight-studded roof, a spacious balcony complete with built-in planters and benches; patio, playroom, and whirlpool. It bears tangible evidence that I had put my talents and experience as a draperer, upholsterer, and interior decorator to very good use.

Making the retirement home functional, pleasant and comfortable was challenging but we have never adopted even in 1992, the commonly-accepted principles, expectations and behaviorisms associated with retirement.

My first major involvement was with the Kelowna General Hospital Auxiliary where for two successive years I convened book sales that raised for it several thousand dollars.

John's unfavorable experiences with the deeds and pronouncements of several Catholic clergymen drove him and me to the United Church where we discovered a greater spirit of brotherhood, understanding and goodwill that transcended national boundaries, race, color and creed. Ethnic ties and family tradition, however, prompted us to return, so that we became members of the Ukrainian Catholic Church of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Kelowna, thanks to the affable pastor Monseigneur M. Kolodey and the benevolent leadership of his Excellency Bishop Jerome Chimy whose nephews and nieces John taught during 1945-50 in his home town of Radway, Alberta. Even though our prayerful expectations have not been fully realized, we have accepted our personal obligation to make them better.

I had the honor and privilege of being president of the parish Ukrainian Catholic Women's League



1989: UCWL League Day members proudly pose for a picture. **Front Row:** R-L: Bertha Siermaczeski, Lena Baziuk, Mazie Boyko, Elizabeth Seneshen, Sophia Semchuk, Mary Winchar, Ann Wasyluk, Genia Chichowlas, Julia Margolych, Rose Gaba, Anne Dubeta; **Back Row:** Olga Kudeba, Olga Bohun, Stella Mikulin, Mrs. Stech, Kay Lazarowich, Helen Leonard, Father Dowbysh, Helen Dmytriw, Li Hnylycia. Camera did not do justice capturing the following: Pauline Prybysh, Eleanor Dranchuk, Florence Hewko.

one year, attended with its Past President Helen Leonard and parish president Alex Prytula the National Catholic Convention in Vancouver in 1989, and established a record for the largest number of successful fund-raising activities to reduce the liabilities of the new church and social center. Meanwhile John served a two-year term in the church council as public relations convenor and as committee chairman of "Opportunity Night" that raised approximately \$13,000 for the church. Encouraged by

the fact that the church is becoming less authoritarian, partisan and dogmatic, we have pledged ourselves to continue to cooperate and to promote. Our youthful, good natured, jovial, hard-working and conscientious pastor Father Joseph Ostopowich helps keeping our confidence alive.

Readers may enjoy John's teasing poem when the parish paid tribute to Monseigneur Kolodey upon his retirement and departure from Kelowna.

*Presumed Random Reminiscences
of Monseignor Kolodey
by J.C. Dubeta, 1987*

After being born, educated and ordained in the Ukraine, the Lord decreed
That Christianizing people in Saskatchewan there was great need,
But it was truly difficult there fully to serve God,
When you tried doing it never 100% unthawed,
A condition never experienced in Arizona.
A natural phenomenon unknown in Regina, Saskatoon and even in Itona.
Though Arizona thawed me out completely, I discovered to my great dismay,
The impossibility of converting people to Christianity in the U.S.A.,
So that before I from heat prostration there expired,
I was told that from all work I was officially retired,
To live leisurely in Kelowna, on the dole,
Where for relaxation and diversion I could save an occasional soul.
About these leisurely moments I have no reservations, fear,
While my parishioners shifted into low, I shifted into high gear.
After five years of such relaxation, I'm with retirement finally blessed,
To waste my valuable time along with all the very best,
But my greatest reward for staying in Kelowna, most laudatory,
Is that I may have saved you five years in purgatory.
So please keep away from any sins most pressing,
Until we meet again at the new church's official blessing.

John, lover of literature, teacher of English, and an author of several hundred poems (in twelve categories; some published) was happy to become a member of the Canadian Authors' Association. In six months he won the confidence of the Kelowna Branch to become the opening day chairman of the Sixty-First Annual National Conference in Kelowna, June 11-14, 1982 on the theme "The Writer in the Electronic Age." It prompted John to become co-founding director of the Word Processors' Guild with Ed. Hill as President, Lillian Bargholz as Secretary and John as Vice- President



L-R: Ed. Hill, President; Dr. John Dubeta, Director of instruction; Lillian Bargholz, Secretary.

and Director of Instruction. All became committed to electronic writing and future publications.

New Horizons (Federal Department of Health and Social Welfare) Western Division, provided a grant close to \$15,000 to purchase the necessary equipment and supplies. After 900 hours mastering the operational techniques, producing charts and an instruction manual, John taught and graduated five classes in word processing and moved on to honor the literary commitments. To reduce the growing uncertainty and apprehension of the Guild about the gigantic literary project John had in mind, he

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encouraged it to sponsor the Okanagan Mainline Senior Writers and Publishers Association with him as president, and editor-in-chief, ably assisted by a board of sixteen directors.

After close collaboration with Andrew Lukenchuk and Michael Fedoruk, the constitution and by-laws were prepared and the new association was registered provincially and federally, ready for its major undertakings.

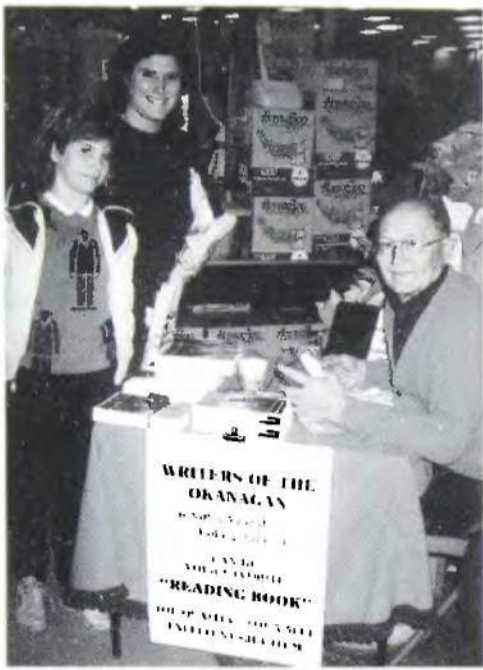
John covered the 25000 square mile area twice, first time for promoting via newspaper, radio and T.V. the purpose, scope and contents and the ways and means (modus operandi) of the first publication, and

selecting his associate editors in the principal communities from which major contributions derived. The second time, to establish market outlets.

Meticulous planning, numerous solicitations and appeals combined with eighteen months of perseverant and dedicated toil were rewarded in the form of the 559 page Writer of the Okanagan Mainline on April 9, 1985. It featured past and present writers from twelve different countries of origin residing between 1845-1985 in thirty-six different communities of the Okanagan Valley. Apparently the biographies, the literary highlights and sampled writings of the "finalists" were sufficiently impressive to be recognized by Pierre Berton in his "Canadian Achievers" program, and by the Canadian National Institute for the Blind that adopted it as a "talking book" for blind Canadians. He was given the privilege of sharing his successful experiences as workshop leader "Preserving the Regional History" at the 65th National Conference of the Canadian Authors Association in Kelowna, June 20-23,

1986. Theme: "The Challenge of Communication." By November 6, 1988 thanks to the organizational skills and technical abilities of artist and Associate Editor Jack Davis, responsible for most of its contents and design, Artists of the Okanagan followed its literary counterpart. It featured from amongst the 1500 slides received, forty-four juror-selected visual artists in color, and thirty in black and white from ten different countries of origin and residing in seventeen different communities of the Okanagan Valley.

My secretarial work related to these books, and our sales and promotions of them constitute about 10,000 hours of the 30,000 hours of volunteer time and labor



Mall marketing by John D.

generally expended. John extended his small influence to the international level as member of Inter-Culture Canada which hosts students from many lands and converts them into goodwill ambassadors under reciprocal arrangements. We were privileged to place at the Kelowna Okanagan College for two years Yichang Tsai from China and Preyong Lertpayab from Thailand, two brilliant educators who adopted us as their Canadian "Mother" and "Father" as we did them as our Asian "sons".

We find time for gardening, canning, wine-making, apple-juicing, golfing, fishing, card-playing, travelling, (please note Chapter IV) and hosting many visitors. John continues to enjoy horse-shoes, table tennis, shuffleboard,

bumper pool, writing "letters to the editor", poetry, essays and short stories. The pictures below confirm some of our recent activities:

We are also long time members of the Retired Teachers' Social Club in Kelowna. In addition to the two other published books, and making his invaluable contribution to our Harvests of Dreams which will hopefully resurrect the dreams harvested by thousands of our Canadian counterparts, John is editing eighty-seven year old Bert Field's family memoirs. God Bless and Au Revoir! May all your dreams come true.

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Kamloops.



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Helga Sauthoff,
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Beryl Amaron,
Kadac

Missing: Dr. Nancy Netting; Mr. James Baker, Okanagan College



Mike Roberts from CHBC TV interviews John about the book Writers of the Okanagan Mainline.



Associate-Editor, Artist-Designer Jack Davis and John Dubeta, Editor.



John D. christens the boat; wife Anne and daughter-in-law Ria approve.



1989: Yichang Tsai and wife Mao Lan.



1985: A beautiful day for fishing. Grandson Bobby Papirnick, John and Anne D.



1990: Yangyi, daughter of Yichang and Mao Lan.



1989: Preyong Lertpayub poses on our balcony.



John, Marnie, David and Ria wash a ton of apples for juicing.



Friends and Neighbors, Thanksgiving dinner. R-L: Doris Dubetz (Vernon); Al Dedels (Neighbor); Edith Vogel (Vernon); Mike Hrgovic (contractor/friend); Mary Harasym (neighbor) John D.



A mere sample of our bountiful garden.



R-L: Joan Hrgovic, Peter Harasym, Joan Dedels, Charlie Vogel, Anne D. (hostess).



Stephanie and Duncan Church's cake for Anne's birthday.



John and Anne Dubeta.

Chapter 4

TRAVELS AND RELATED POEMS

Europe, July 2, 1969

Europe, the Mother of Culture,
 Europe, the source of our Faith,
 Europe, the storm centre of conflict,
 Europe, where Love may replace Hate.
 The Benelux Union; the E.C.C.Plan,
 Are furthering good relations,
 And extending a friendly hand.
 Your heritage and rich traditions
 And the bountiful gifts you bestow;
 Will soon be mine to love and to cherish,
 And be more privileged to know.

Fifty-three Days in Europe

1969 was an exciting year for John and me as we planned our first holiday trip to Europe after thirty-five years of marriage. What made it even more exciting was that all of our family and staff were so glad for us. At a staff farewell party our accountant, Simoni, presented us with going-away travelling gifts: a clothes brush zippered with enclosed nail gadgets, and a leather tie case for John. On the day of departure, my sister Pearl came to the bus depot to pin corsages on both of us. When the bus was pulling out and made the first stop at the lights, there was son Ken tapping on the bus door, to hand us a travelling iron. We had a lovely send-off, as we departed from Edmonton to Calgary by bus, taking Air Canada flight to London from there.

Our flight was very smooth. Sometimes it felt as if we were not moving at all. This was our first distant flight and everything about the trip was most satisfying. It was the beginning of a fifty-three day holiday trip intended to cover a lot of Europe.

Arriving in London, we had only one day there before our flight to Copenhagen. However, we were to have four more days there on our return.

Flying by daylight to Copenhagen was exciting as our plane flew low over islands, channels, and landscapes. During our departure from Copenhagen to

Leningrad by Finn Air, our approaches to the airports of Oslo, Stockholm, and Helsinki were just barely above water clearly displaying the glistening rocks below. I was very glad I had a window seat, but did not appreciate John's nudging my body outward as the pilot tipped the plane to my side.

Our stay in Copenhagen was one of the highlights of the fifty-three day tour. We were welcomed royally by our son-in-law Ben Matthiessen's family. His mother Sulle, and husband Walter as well as Ben's relatives Gitte, Utte, and Arnold made sure that we saw much of Copenhagen. We visited Hans Christian monument; the Little Mermaid in the harbour; the Royal Palace;



Anne Dubeta stands beside one of Copenhagen's statues.

Trivoli Gardens, where we spent a full Sunday relaxing and witnessing a marvelously staged program; enjoying treats at the Chinese Pagoda tea house; the countless fountains, and many Musical Drum bands. We visited the Carlsberg Klyptotek Museums,

many historic sites and the beautiful Danish silver shops where we splurged to buy our children some sterling pieces.

Walter and Sulle also took us on a long trip to Kronenberg to see the Elsinor Castle, Shakespeare's setting for his famous tragedy, Hamlet. This was good for John to see, because he had been teaching this play to his English students



John Dubeta poses with Copenhagen's world famous Little Mermaid.

for years. It was good to see the interior of this ancient structure and the moat surrounding it. A ferocious serpentine fountain nearby was a grim reminder of the Nazi invasion and occupation. From this point we could see Sweden across the North Sea Channel as we watched the ferries navigating back and forth. We then had dinner at the restaurant beside the very busy railway terminal. Our dessert was fresh strawberries with heavy Danish cream such as we have never tasted before. On our return along the countryside we were taken to see Fredericksburg Castle, their King's summer palace, and were fascinated to see so many straw-thatched roofs of residences and tourist establishments along the way.



L-R: Walter Olson, Sulle Matthiessen, Anne Dubeta.

We were hosted at their home as well, with a lovely dinner and a long visit. John and I were impressed with Sulle and Walter's punctuality, arriving at our hotel daily, as they came to take us sightseeing. Their hospitality and congeniality showed warmth

throughout our three day stay, leaving us beautiful memories. We marvelled how easily gestures, body language and common sense helped to break the language barrier. Sulle knew no English.

To Sulle

How proud we are, dear lady,
 From Canada's distant land,
 To arrive in your fair city
 On your birthday to shake your hand.
 The ties with Ben and Lillian,
 And grandsons Bradley and Craig,
 Have been greatly strengthened
 Through the friendships that we have made.
 You have treated us so royally
 That we can only say:
 "From now till you're one hundred
 Many Happy Returns of the Day."

In 1976 Walter and Sulle came to Canada to visit her son Ben and grandchildren. We were very happy to return their hospitality by having a joint family dinner at the Carousel of Chateau Lacombe offering a 360 degree view of Edmonton and its environs.



Craig and Bradley pose in Edmonton with both grandmothers, Sulle and Anne, and "Grandpa Walter".

Copenhagen

Wonderful, wonderful Copenhagen,
 Reputed in tales and in song,
 From what we have known and noticed
 Will never be proven wrong.
 Your statues and museums,
 All steeped in rich folklore,
 The things you love and cherish,
 Are your heirlooms forevermore
 The city of Hans Christian Anderson,
 The heritage of Bishop Absalon,
 Like your famous Tivoli Gardens,
 Will preserve your name in song.

From Copenhagen, we flew to Leningrad for a three-day stay. We felt uneasy as we passed through its vastly inferior looking airport and customs, without incident. The Intourist guide met us and taxied us to our hotel, where our luggage and we were registered. We decided to start our Russian eighteen-day tour by ordering high quality champagne at a nearby restaurant where we ordered some bread and cold cuts still available. No sooner we filled our glasses, the lights began flickering "close-up time". To avoid embarrassment or even arrest, we hurriedly downed the bread and meats, drowned them with three glasses of champagne apiece and giddily giggled our way, half staggering, half flying, to the sixth storey of our hotel room.

In Leningrad we visited the Nevsky Prospekt, the chief thoroughfare of the city; the Palace Square, the heart of the elegant Leningrad; Smolny Institute, an ensemble of structures and monuments located on the banks of the Neva River; Kazansky Cathedral, housing the Museum of Religion and Atheism, and the

Leningrad Mosque. We beheld the golden dome of the world's largest domed building, St. Isaac's Cathedral in rich decor; and the Peter and Paul Fortress founded on May 27, 1703. It defended the approaches to the city against enemy attacks. It later became a political prison within whose walls three generations of Russian revolutionaries languished. Today it is a museum.

To be in Leningrad and not see the Hermitage Museum would be unbelievable. It is housed in buildings adjoining the beautiful Winter Palace of the Czars on the left bank of the Neva River. Founded by Catherine the Great in 1764, it features more than three million exhibits of prehistoric and contemporary art.

The public washrooms, designed for the Royal Court and not for the thousands now teeming through it daily, were dreadful according to our standards. Their plumbing is old, their toilet paper distinctly substandard, and the cleaning devices archaic and medieval in nature. You entered them at your own risk.

Twenty-nine kilometers from Leningrad is the Petrodvorets ensemble, Russia's most outstanding example of palace-park planning. Amongst the most notable sights are the Grand Cascade with the gilded statue of Samson, the Avenue of the Fountains, the Upper and Lower Parks with their spectacular fountains and waterworks. Of the many buildings and pavilions in the park, Monplaisir of Peter I on the sea and the Hermitage are the most striking.

Former capital city Leningrad (once Petrograd, in honor of Peter the Great) bears much evidence architecturally of the Italian masters. Its superb metro system sharply contrasts with its painfully slow-moving elevators. The ship Aurora from which Lenin fired the opening salvos against the Kerensky regime for "Peace, Land and Bread" is still at anchor on the majestic Neva River, but we lacked the heart and time to pay tribute to the hundreds of thousands who perished at the hands of the fascist aggressor during the city's 900 days of defiance. The wonderful Hungarian Circus of colorful clowns, marvellous acrobatics and unbelievable animal acts, highwire acts, music and song were to us symbols of victory and hope of a better tomorrow.

Leningrad

We salute you for your valiant stand
 Against the beastly aggressor
 That desecrated your fair land.
 Your graves pay silent tribute
 To those tragic 900 days,
 What human deed in history
 Deserves more worthy praise?
 The spirit that prompted Lenin
 To overthrow the Czarist might
 Will never cease to function
 In converting any wrong to right.



On the fourth day we flew to Moscow, and went through customs as in Leningrad. We spent three days there too, enjoying the guided tours to countryside castles, the marvellous and historic park of Social and Economic Achievement displaying the best that the fifteen Soviet republics had to offer, and the Astronaut Pavilion with its Sputnik and "Laika" in full view.

All of these pavilions were stationed around a huge fountain sporting gold statues of each republic. It was nice to see the statue of a Ukrainian lady in national attire proudly holding a golden sheaf of wheat to symbolize the republic as the bread basket of Europe and the Soviet Union. The Moscow subway with each station featuring splendid works of art, is the granddaddy of all subways in terms of cost, efficiency and beauty.

There was much to see in Moscow. The Bolshoi Theatre; Pushkin Square with its monument honoring the great Russian poet; and the Moscow Art Theatre and the impressive University Campus were "a must". The Tretyakov Gallery started in 1892 with 1200 paintings, grew to 7000 icons, 1500 sculptures and 34000 drawings, water colors and engravings.



Moscow's University Campus.

We saw a few active churches, and were told that many churches had been converted to hospitals, museums, nurseries and schools. We went on tours daily

and booked concerts and entertainment for the evenings. The Moscow Circus featuring incredible animal acts, acrobats, superb horsemanship, and the city's life-size puppet theatre will never be forgotten.

Red Square, housing the State History Museum, Armoury Museum, the Supreme Soviet, Communist Party headquarters, Council of the Union, and Council of the Peoples' Republic somehow reminded me of the Great Wall of China condensed to a few mile perimeter flanking, in part, the Moscow River. The Armoury Museum's ostentatious displays of obscene splendor, heavily gilded volumes, jewel-studded bibles, instruments of war, dinner services (one tiny cup valued at well over \$10,000 dollars) and trophies of aristocratic benevolence and splendor were indictments of the prevailing corruptions in the church and state begging for changes long overdue.



St. Basil's Church in Moscow, built by Ivan the Terrible in 1560.

Outside Red Square, stands St. Basil's Church, featuring its unique onion-shaped domes and design which cost the designer his sight at the hands of Ivan the Terrible. We were astounded witnessing the long line-ups to Lenin's Mausoleum where 10,000 persons file through daily in sombre reverence. The exterior guards, the air of foreboding silence, the inner steps

leading to the illuminated tomb embracing Lenin's life-like form gave us the creeps. We wonder what the present-time desecrations of statues and memorabilia will herald. The Russian Revolution tried to preserve the relics of Czarism; its modern counterparts seem to be less disposed to preserve the past.

In the Soviet Union, we found the Intourist Service very helpful and accommodating, getting us around by taxi or bus to wherever we wanted to go. For evening performances, we could choose from amongst several ongoing entertainments and the Intourist guide would bring our reserved tickets to the hotel and provide transportation to and from the theatre. We managed to attend a Russian Variety Concert and a Gypsy Concert, both excellent performances.

I must tell about our strange experience when we secured a taxi on our own, after the circus performance. The taxi driver took us on a long drive and parked alongside of a wide road with little traffic. He made every effort to exchange rubles for dollars and to sell us icons. He was very persistent and persuasive but we kept refusing for an hour or so, well knowing the risks involved. Was it designed to put us on trial, or a method of acquiring foreign exchange in support of the growing dissident movement? He finally gave up and delivered us to our hotel.

We also visited the gigantic GUM Department Store and its varied stocks of what we deemed to be vastly inferior merchandise.

We love to travel and survey whatever we see withholding judgement and criticism in the light of the varied circumstances and events that fashion each country's history. Each country's barometer was the degree of its hospitality. In that respect, the Soviet Union was second to none.

Moscow

You withstood Napoleon's merciless onslaught:
You overshadowed savage Fascism's finest hour:
Your Armoury Museum stands in stark testimony
Of the lavishly obscene Czarist-Aristocratic power.
Your Saint Basil Cathedral evokes awe and admiration,
Lenin's Mausoleum evokes an eerie spell:
History itself will finally determine,
Which road leads to Heaven, and which to Hell.
The Moscow Circus easily tops them all.
The Bolshoi Ballet undoubtedly ranks the best:
The artistry and beauty of your Metro stations,
No place in the world are surpassed.
We admired your Park of Social and
Economic Achievements.
We marvelled over your music, dance and song:
You left us enthralled and exhausted.
Your splendors our memories forever prolong.

Our next city to visit was Kiev, the capital of the Ukrainian Republic. The highlight was the city tour that started with a drive to Vladimir Hill, one of the highest elevations in Kiev. It offered an impressive, panoramic view of the city below. From there we continued to Bogdan Khmelnytsky Square with its monument of Bogdan Khmelnytsky, an outstanding Ukrainian statesman and general; passed by the Taras Shevchenko Opera and Ballet Theatre; the Kiev State University; onto the chestnut-tree-lined Kreshchatik, Kiev's main thoroughfare; and the monument to V.I. Lenin standing at the crossing of Kreshchatik and Shevchenko Boulevard. We visited the historical and architectural monuments of Kiev including St. Sophia's Cathedral, a grand and splendid complex of the 11th-18th Century buildings in the centre of Kiev. From there we continued on to the Kiev-Pecherskaya Lavra. Its Golden Gates dating from the 11th Century served as the main entrance to the central part of the ancient city and its fortifications.

We spent several hours at the museum of Russian Fine Art, the Shevchenko Museum, and located the Ivan Franko Theatre where we witnessed two remarkable productions, the romantic The Warsaw Melody in Russian, and the social satire Don Cezar de Bazan, in Ukrainian.

To top off our sojourn, a trip on the lovely Dnieper to Kaniv by hydrofoil was scheduled. Kaniv is a shrine of the Ukrainian people. Not far from the centre of the town, on a mount called Tarasova Hora (Taras' Hill), lies the body of the great son of the Ukraine, Taras Shevchenko, the Ukrainian "Robert Burns" (1814-1861). As he requested, he was buried on a high hill,

"So that the fields, the boundless steppes,
The Dnieper's plunging shore
My eyes could see, my ears could hear
The mighty river roar."

Shevchenko's inspiring words resound throughout the world. His works rank among the best in world literature, as he joined the renowned ranks of freedom fighters. To me, this is highly significant because I, although Canadian born, had been fortunate enough to hear many lectures about him during spring concerts in my town of Spedden, honoring his memory. Besides, I had trained several choirs to sing his songs for those performances when I was a young teacher's wife in that community. It was nice to see many tourists from all over the world laying floral tributes at the foot of his massive fifty-foot monument.

We ended our sunny day there by feasting on Ukrainian pyrohy (smothered in rich cream). Each serving was contained in individual earthen pots covered with crispy dough, all baked in outdoor clay ovens. As we skimmed homeward over the famous river, our eager eyes kept scanning the shoreline for more memorabilia.

Kiev, the capital of the Ukrainian Republic, bore great evidence of its ethnic origin and identity. Traditional carvings, embroidery and weavings were widely extant. One museum featured wood carvings depicting a complete village in a hilly terrain, people, homes, shepherds with animals, all carved out of one large section of a tree. Some carved wooden eagles with wing spreads exceeded one meter. Ornaments and furniture in Ukrainian motif and design showed us that this country did not lose its artistry and creativity.

Our tour through the Catacomb's narrow underground channels, with mummies lying tightly wrapped within easy view, gave one an eerie feeling, and awakened recollections of monastic life, grottoes, and long religious pilgrimages of the deeply religious peasants to worship at such sacred shrines.

Kiev - July 16, 1969

Garden City, Fairy City,
Where the lordly Dnieper flows,
Is reminiscent of your history
Of your recent and ancient foes.
Your Phoenix-like resurrection
Relates a wonderful story.
To me you are fondly remembered,
As a park of Eternal Glory.

After three days at each of Copenhagen, Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev, we were finally emplaning for Lvov to meet my father's relatives for the first time. Meeting us was Uncle Peter Shewchuk, his wife Pearl, their sons Harry and Walter, Harry's wife Irinka, my father's sister Pearl Chimko, and her daughter Catherine. Walter handed me a bouquet of gladioli flowers as we embraced in a genuine family manner.



Anne Dubeta greeted at Lvov, Ukraine airport by her young cousin, Vlodimir (Walter) Shewchuk. (Uncle Peter's son.)



L-R: Pearl Shewchuk (Uncle Peter's wife), Aunt Pearl Chimko, her daughter Catherine, Irinka Shewchuk, her husband Harry (Peter's son), Anne Dubeta, Uncle Peter Shewchuk, John Dubeta, and Vladomir.

The next nine days of our stay in Lvov were filled with many visits at the hotel with many more cousins visiting and re-visiting. They brought over their homemade food to greet us in their customary fashion. I had lost my father just two years previously. My meeting his brother Peter, whose speech and mannerisms resembled my dad's, was a way of seeing him resurrected. We went on walking tours through Strytsky Park, historical cemeteries where Polish archbishops and other notables were buried in house-like chapels, and commemorated by huge intricately carved monuments of marble and stone.

We sat on park benches, ate at their coffee houses, and talked endlessly. What a pity that short-sighted restrictions on visiting villages in an intimate family setting were in effect.

One big problem facing us was how to attend the village wedding of my cousin Nadia and John Kwacnycia, a fellow engineer, already postponed for two weeks pending our arrival. Official permission to enter the village kept shifting from Leningrad to Moscow, to Lvov, and back to Moscow. From Tuesday to Friday, we kept pressuring Intourist to grant us leave, but everyday they kept saying, "Maybe tomorrow", while re-affirming that the village of Pozdymyr was closed to foreign visitors. After three days of no success, we bravely observed, "The wedding is on this week-end, what if we go?" The office personnel shrugging their shoulders was interpreted by us as an indirect consent for us to go without any threat or interference. Early Saturday morning on the day of the wedding, my cousin Harry pre-arranged a trip there by taxi, some sixty kilometers away. Finally we'll see my father's place of birth. We sat silently all the way, as my cousin advised the taximan that we were Polish tourists unable to speak Ukrainian.



The bridal couple. My cousin Nadia Shewchuk and John Kwacnycia.

The wedding was very much like our own wedding in Canada, in 1934. Our parents talked exactly like these people in that far-away land. They remarked how wonderful it was to hear us speak their language, as we were trained to do during our pre-school and growing years.

Every hour of the three-day celebration had something new in action, music, feast and song. At the wedding in uncle's house, many welcomes and greetings were repeated to us and to our family in Canada. There was a lot of food served to about one hundred and fifty guests. Whisky was served straight. Each person would pour his portion and say, "Do dna" meaning "Bottoms up". Cold cuts and bread and pickles were served first; then meat, potatoes, holubchi, garden cucumbers and tomatoes, followed by soup. The meal was eaten very leisurely, with a lot of singing interspersed. There were plenty of cookies served for dessert, and to my surprise decorated tortes on pedestal cake plates looked very attractive and tasted even better.

The singing of the guests filling two large rooms was heart-warming until too many "Dai Bohzes" began distorting voice and harmony. John was wryly amused to hear that the Canadian Communist Party had so much popular support and that Canada was virtually ready for a Communist take-over. He dared to tell them the facts of its impotent state. They couldn't believe that his teacher's salary was then \$17,500.00 compared to theirs of only 120 rubles per month.

Our expectation of a genuinely Ukrainian wedding proved somewhat disappointing. Though the ceremony was essentially the same, the music was definitely not Ukrainian as we had experienced at home. Instead of familiar melodies played on violin, accordion and dulcimer, we heard the communal brass band playing rhythmic Germanic tunes, easy to dance to but definitely outside the Ukrainian tradition.

Before midnight of the first day, John and I ventured out to the theatre-dance hall open to the general public. The master of ceremonies got on the stage,

announced our presence, and declared one dance to be strictly our own.

The next day festivities continued at the groom's home with more singing, greetings, speeches, and more food. John and I responded with our greetings from Canada. We also tape-recorded the singing and many messages from all the family. For us, this was all very special, and a great highlight of our trip.

Some of our family were a bit concerned if we would be permitted to take the tapes to Canada. Following our three and one-half days in the village, we reported their contents and intent as a series of family souvenirs, and obtained official clearance, particularly when John offered them an opportunity to review nine hours of the taped materials. "No questions asked when you arrived, no questions asked when you depart," was their trusted assurance.

Keeping our identity secret, while pursuing the family quest, found expression anew when one day after the wedding, John and cousin Harry took the train out of Lvov to contact John's paternal and maternal relatives in the Brody area. Unauthorized travel of passport-holding aliens was taboo. John humorously recalls what he had in mind if the conductor had asked, "And where do you live?". "In the Catacombs of Kiev," was his prepared reply.

Sad to say, they saw the "stamping grounds" of John's mom and dad, but were unable to contact in Ponikwa and Sochodolya his more immediate relatives some fifteen miles away in Hayi Ditkovetsky (Devil's Forest). Transportation there was unavailable for love or money. A friendly trucker travelling over impossible terrain was denied a gas fill so by midnight the search was abandoned. John and Harry returned to Lvov by lucky coincidence, boarding the Kiev-Lvov bus as it slowed down to a stop circumventing a gravel pile that spilled over onto the highway. That afternoon, we left for the Polish border but not before our surplus of rubles were specifically earmarked for return to our village relatives, as later acknowledged.

The next day we were to leave by train to Kluczbork, Poland, to visit John's cousin Maxim Krawchuk (Marcim Stankiewicz, his assumed Polish name). Most of my relatives came to the railway station to bid us a tearful goodbye, in confirmation of my mother's assessment of them in 1963, "You have a wonderful family in the old country". I have already made reference to each of them in this story.

We observed that they were receiving a good education. Aunt Pearl Chimko's two sons Fred and Peter are teachers and so are their wives. Her son Harry prefers coalmining because of its higher pay. Uncle Peter's son Harry is an architect; his lovely wife, Irinka, is a music teacher. The newlyweds, cousin

Nadia and John are engineers. Other relatives are involved in varied occupations. The cousins' children are also teachers, nurses, or students attending university. They do not own cars, spacious living quarters, or earn high wages but seem to be quite content to have jobs, and enough to eat and wear. Land and air transportation are by far the cheapest in Europe.

Lvov

City of my immediate ancestors
Of more than 700 years' fame;
In history, commerce, and folklore,
I've heard your renowned name.
From the height of Halisky's castle,
Enfolding a vast panoramic view,
My imagination was prompted to ponder
Over ancient events and the new:
The Austrian-Polish domination,
The barbarous Nazi might;
Of your graveyards and memorials,
Honoring thousands who died in the fight;
Yet despite your gains and endeavors
In industry, education, and art:
You will be building on quicksand
If you limit man's mind, hand and heart;
For man is not a mechanical robot
Governed by push-button decree:
But God's most marvellous creation
Who longs to grow and feel free.

Our trip to Poland by train was exciting as usual. Maxim met us on the train a few stations before his home place in Kluczbork. We were happy and proud to meet him, his wife Amelia, his son Oleg, a student of pharmacy in Wroclaw (Breslau) as was his wife Christine. His daughter Halinka was a post-office worker. Maxim's daughter Olesia, is the young lady who came to us in Canada a few years earlier, lived with us for about a year and married William Mudry of Chicago. We made her a wedding and acted as her foster parents. We enjoyed their hospitality for three days as we spent time visiting, shopping for Polish crystal, walking in the parks, enjoying meals in their coffee shops, and most importantly becoming up to date with the respective lives of ourselves and our families. His well-written letters following his discovery of us in Canada could well-nigh fill a book.

Maxim shared many stories about his life in Poland and how he had to escape from his native Ukraine, during the German occupation, when the Soviets arrived to push the Germans out. His heart is with his

people. An exile from his native land, he is unable to return or even use his own language as the Poles are not favorably disposed towards Ukrainians.

Maxim was a railroad shop worker. The children seemed to be getting a good education, but no luxuries

To Cousin Maxim

Hail to thee, my long-lost cousin,
Self-exiled from your beloved Ukrainian land;
How wonderful it is to meet your family,
And to shake each warmly by the hand.
We have shared our life experiences,
And reinforced our family clan,
And hence beseech kind Providence
To enable us to meet again.

were in evidence. Permit me to add that in the late 1970's Maxim visited his daughter in Chicago, following which he was hosted and toured in Canada by my husband John's relatives who accorded him a royal welcome. Unfortunately John and I were in Corpus Christi at the time and thus were unable to return his kind hospitality. Relations were somewhat strained following his notes of regret that he did not return to Poland a rich man. Maxim's talents and abilities were withered in the desert air of cruel times. He died and together with his lovable wife, Amelia, lies buried in an alien land. Our next trip was Vienna by train, with Maxim and daughter Halinka accompanying us to Katowice. There we experienced some confusion and anxiety to get our tickets to Vienna. John summed up that experience in poetry as follows:

Katowice, Poland, July 28, 1969

Katowice, you caught us in your web
Of bureaucracy and malinformation,
When to purchase two tickets with real Polish money
We aimlessly rushed from station to station,
From railway station to Orbis, from Orbis to Cook,
From Cook's Travel to the bank we did hurry,
We rushed to the station, Cousin Maxim and I,
What we heard there made us worry,
One hundred and five minutes of the 120 were spent,
With wife Anne and Cousin Helena wondering why,
With a quarter hour remaining, we lacked the right forms,
We had no choice but to give it another mad try,
We rushed to the bank over half a mile away,
We were asked to go back to Orbis,
The length of the line-up made our hearts sink;
Only seven minutes to go, the train to Vienna we'll miss,
Daunting the scorn and the sharp protestations,
We thrust ourselves to the front of the line:
With frantic demands mixed with moans and lament,
Our passports I grabbed, leaving Maxim behind,
Only two minutes to go even prompted more speed,
Puffing and steaming like the steam engine of Watt,
By-passing all obstacles, four times jumping the tracks,
Back to the baggage, Anne and Helena I got,
Ninety seconds to go, five hundred meters to run,
Over the underground passage to the train with a prayer,
Hoping that by the time that we transferred the baggage,
Maxim and the tickets would surely be there,
We reached Perron 4 with three seconds to spare,
Oh my, what rejoicing and bliss:
For puffing like mad, scarcely any breath left,
Maxim exchanged the two tickets for a short parting kiss.

It was a long trip to Vienna by train, but well worth it because we had a marvellous time in that romantic city of music, dance and song. We marvelled at the elaborate 1441-room Schoenbrunn Palace, and its formal gardens, fountains, and elegant parks. Splendorous Belvedere Palace, the "Garden Palace of Prince Eugene" sported the Baroque architecture of the French, German, and Italian Masters. Vienna's St. Stephen's Cathedral is a work of art; its museums and art galleries are second to none.

We were conducted through the Spanish Riding Stables where we viewed the world-famous Lipizan stallions enjoying their "off season". From there we drove to Mayerling, ordered built by Emperor Franz Joseph I, where his only son Count Rudolf committed suicide.

But the icing on the cake was our trip to the enchanting Vienna Woods and Grinzing Village where the melodious strains of Austria's most famous composers enticed us to enter the various florally-decorated, glamorously-lighted bar-restaurants. Better music was never heard this side of heaven. In eight hours we bar-hopped at least a dozen such concessions. Coins dropped into violins and guitars evoked melodies galore.

Supreme relaxation and enjoyment followed us into Stadt Park where we danced to Viennese waltzes and absorbed the strains of a lively bandshell concert program.

It is worth remembering that Vienna's artistry extended itself to the beautiful and delectable gel-glazed open-faced sandwiches, tortes and fruit desserts that fell victim to our remorseless hunger.

Vienna, July 31, 1969

City of music, waltz and song
You will never cease to be;
For within you dwells the spirit,
That sets all music lovers free.
Your Mozart, Brahms, Schubert, Haydn,
Beethoven and Strauss of eternal fame,
Have enriched the Courts of the Hapsburgs,
And immortalized your noble name.
Your dynasties have come and gone,
You have broken many a tyrant's power;
But your operas, choirs and Grinzing Village
Survive, to render pleasure every hour.

From Vienna we travelled by Eurorail, first class, carrying our baggage on board throughout Western Europe, in accordance with our schedules and hotel reservations. We were completely on our own, making arrangements re tours, travels and entertainment. This

is when we appreciated the easy travelling in the Soviet Union, where Intourist Service for travellers is superb. During our arrivals and departures there, we never handled our suitcases or needed to worry about taxis to get us to and from our hotels. The luggage was brought to our rooms and on departure was picked up from them. The same applied to tickets to performances of our choice.

We were travelling unwisely, I must admit. Two large suitcases, a wardrobe, and a medium-sized leather-covered wooden case rapidly became filled with crystal and marble souvenirs, encumbered by a movie camera and tape recorder. They proved too difficult to carry in a hurry as trains were boarded in competition with fellow-travellers laden with jugs of wine, baskets of food, huge parcels and suitcases. Italian railway stations were scenes to remember as we watched their citizens entrain. We wondered why some men took their dress shirts off when boarding, and soon found out why. The biggest male member would rush into the train, grab a cubicle and with one foot in the cubicle and an arm outstretched across the narrow aisle, he would reach out of the open train window to pull inside the bundles and suit-cases being held by his clan where he staked his claim. At the same time other passengers were similarly engaged, shouting, sweating and swearing. It was easy for us to enjoy the free-for-all comedies because we held first-class railway passes that provided us privacy and comfort.

Venice intrigued us from beginning to the end of our three-day stay. Because our hotel was a good distance from the boat station, we engaged a pedi-cab, as we trudged behind it, over bridged canals, past the Rialto, ducal Palaces and quaint shops and sidewalk cafes, wondering about the past and present lives of residents in that water-oriented paradise.

We visited the world-famous St. Mark's Square and Basilica, (incredibly rich in rare marbles, mosaics, gold and priceless works of art) built between 1063-1073 to shelter the tomb of the Evangelist, Mark. The 324 foot Campanile bell tower afforded us an excellent panoramic view of Venice. The Canal Grande, Venice's main thoroughfare, is lined with over 200 palaces. No visitor should miss Piazza San Marco, an immense square in the heart of Venice, bordered on three sides by palatial arcades lined with outdoor cafes and shops. The Bridge of Sighs connecting the Palace of the Doges, a symbol of Venetian power and glory, to the prison, owes its name to the lamentations of the prisoners being conducted across it to their places of execution for the crime of questioning the special power and privilege of the ruling classes.

We chartered a motorlaunch to Murano, the capital of the glass-blowing industry since 1292, where we

Milan, Italy, August, 1969

Milano, Pittsburgh of Italy.
Second largest city in the land.
You have so very much to offer.
Your detractors are proven wrong, first-hand.
Home of the Roman Emperors,
Headquarters of Napoleon Bonaparte,
Whose victories have turned to ashes,
His legacy: Archo della Pace, the Peace Arch.
Your massive, statuesque Duomo,
Of Gothic spires ranging three hundred sixty-seven feet high,
With its forests of pinnacles, spires and crests,
Captures the heart, soul, and eye:
A wonderful testimony to patience,
Men's ingenuity, faith and goodwill,
Its five centuries of creative genius,
Is a tribute to man's dedication, inspiring us still.
Your Santa Maria delle Grazie,
And its fresco of immortal fame,
Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper"
Which time and the war years were unable to claim.
Gone is the power of Sforza.
Only Castello Sforzesco remains;
Here died your tyrant Mussolini,
Who put your proud country in chains.
Arrogant, boastful, avaricious, he fell victim to his own preachment of hate,
Pray God grant that each bloody demagogue hereafter,
May meet the same callous, ignominious fate,
Of being strung up in public,
By those he wronged and oppressed,
Not honored in Cimitero Monumentale,
His black deeds by poetic justice redressed,
You are a people of art, heart and spirit,
As Scala's Museo Teatrale testifies,
Your Verdi, Puccini, Rossini,
Merit top place in God's paradise.

The next Eurorail trip we took was to Interlaken, Switzerland, which felt like a breath of fresh air. The snow-capped mountains beyond the luscious green resort were most refreshing. The first morning after our arrival was dedicated to a sight-seeing tour of the area.

Words can hardly describe our wonderful impressions of this country's tourist attractions. The Swiss-type neat, flower-bedecked residences with luscious green fields of lawn surrounding them, are story-book scenes. The Alps with snow caps in the distance looked invitingly near, and the Jungfrau Railway continually took passengers to the observatory on the Sphinx mountain for a stopover to Hotel Berghaus for tea or refreshments.

As we toured the town by foot, we were impressed by the cleanliness of the streets and the flower-bedecked shops, residences and hotels. We were entranced with the beautiful lay-out of Casino Kursaal where we spent many hours sitting on outdoor benches amidst the lovely flowers facing the spewing fountains surrounding us. In the evening we attended a magnificent performance on its huge revolving floors of its elegantly-draped stage that would make Las Vegas envious. There we finally heard true Swiss yodeling, international comedians, and were thrilled by the superb gymnasts, acrobats and magicians. All seats were sold out. We concluded that European artists are much superior to ours. Besides the stage shows, the

gambling casino was well attended. The bar lounge at night played very modern music and was crowded to capacity. It may be of interest to note that the only places that John was prevented from tape recording were Interlaken and London.



John Dubeta, wife Anne, boarding a Braider Sea boat cruise in Interlaken, Switzerland.

We were sad to leave beautiful Interlaken, but the delightful scenery stayed with us as we travelled through by train, straining our eyes over the Swiss mountain scenery, country chalets, and the families of men, women and children cutting, raking and stacking hay.

We were now on our way to Germany, with stopovers at Munich, Koln (Cologne), and Heidelberg, for a three-day stopover to view their cities and to enjoy their exciting foods and social events. In Munich we were surprised that the Haufbrau beer drinking place accommodated about 5000 patrons at a time. Our evening there was most interesting, as we watched the Oompapa band players in lederhosen moving about the big room playing requests. There was much singing from the crowd, merrymaking, and even dancing on table tops as they worshipped their litre steins easily delivered by strong, buxom women handling two per hand. The nearby Mathaser House catered to 3500-4000 of the younger tourist set. We visualized David and Ken's presence in each of them before us.

Sad to say this saturnalia was a nightly performance when only three blocks away in Olde Budapest Inn featuring top quality dining and magnificent music of Ivan Gabor and his remarkable gypsy ensemble attracted only a handful of tourists.

We enjoyed Munich's exotic botanical gardens some twenty miles away.



We and Mr. Evans at Olde Budapest Inn.

Munich, August 2, 1969

Munich, thriving Capital of Bavaria,
 You have redeemed your honored name;
 And covered up the scars of war
 Conceived by evil hearts, men of ill fame.
 Though many historic pacts have been broken,
 I trust that one pact will never broken be,
 The pact of improved human relations,
 Of friendship, trust and fraternity.

Heidelberg is nestled within the Neckar Valley, with an old bridge connecting its divided city over a river continually carrying tug boats, pleasure boats and small craft. Its higher elevation, with ancient castles, surrounded by large trees and much greenery, reminded us that there must be a lot of privileged people living in grand style within in those enclosures.

Our city tour carried us to many interesting and historic areas, but the places and things that remain most vividly in my mind are the Old Castle, Old and New University, and "The Great Thun", a wooden wine barrel containing 95,000 litres of wine, continually sampled by tourists. Tradition has it that the court jester Perkeo, sampled a few litres per day. At age ninety-five he tried water and died. The wine glass with its picture became a souvenir of a pleasant memory.

We're glad that we didn't miss seeing "The Red Ox" student restaurant hang-out where we spent a delightful evening among happy tourists and students who sang, and drank their litres of beer, while carving their names on the tables. It was a very casual place which even Japanese business officials came to visit when we were there. Overcoming language barriers, we sang, ate pork hocks and sauerkraut, and toasted each other for goodwill and friendship between our two nations.

Heidelberg

In Shakespeare's Hamlet I first heard your name,
Your ruined castle I beheld only to-day;
Pondered over the wine, dance and song in its various halls,
And the gallant young knights who fell in the fray
While protecting some lady's honor, or for lust of the flesh,
Or enhancing their Lord's sovereign might,
Little mindful of justice, only seeking a boon
From the merciless men who first taught might was right.
Your Neckar River, like the nectar of the Gods,
That inspired many a written romantic lay;
The muses, God bless them, are not yet asleep,
For they prompted the writing of my poem to-day,
But the power once held is not sleeping, but dead,
And all those who held life and death in their sway,
May by Justice's decree and Fate's avenging hand,
Now see their Court Jester, Perkeo, better remembered than they;
To empty their 50,000 gallon wine cask he valiantly tried
By drinking fifteen bottles of feudal-tithed wine every day;
When the doctor ordered water, at age ninety, he died,
So make your own choice between them, and with that choice stay.

After basking in the beauty of the landscape bedecked by numerous medieval schlosses (castles) en route, we were "portered" to Cologne's fashionable Callas Hotel in the heart of the city's fashionable shopping centre. Half a block to the left stood the 500 foot Dominican Cathedral, a shrine that allegedly houses the bodies of the three wise men. It was sheer heaven in the morning to awake to the cathedral chimes, accompanied by a magnificent chorus of song birds nestled in the surrounding trees. John taped a sample of that delight.

Cologne, a Roman Colonia of Agripina-Claudius assumed a population of 950,000 prior to the Nazi attack on Poland in 1939. Eventually having suffered 92% destruction, it now presents a bold and beautifully reconstructed face.

We saw the Art Museum, Offenbach Square, its modern 1950 seat Opera House, the Eau de Cologne factory, the eight single-pylon bridges spanning the Rhine, and countless industrial-commercial complexes (Bayer Aspirin and Agfa film, to mention only two). Its few surviving buildings were high and narrow to minimize the frontages taxes once imposed.

In the church we admired the dining room mosaic of a rich Roman Villa, sporting designs of birds and animals reconstructed with two and a half million varicolored stones. We were lucky to have dined on sauerkraut and pork hocks in one of the surviving 13th

Century restaurants before crossing the Rhine for an open-air concert and dance.

Cologne (Koln)

How wonderfully you're resurrected
From the ravages of war;
Your magnificent cathedral
Is even more inspiring than before.
Let the benediction of this transformation,
To the entire world be known, because
From that everlasting spring will flow
Waters far sweeter than Eau de Cologne.

Our Eurorail trip along the Rhine gave us a panoramic view of castles large and small perched on their strategic and scenic locations. The barges and tourist pleasure boats moved to and fro in rhythmic progression. The dual-track railroad accommodated trains at break-neck speeds travelling in opposite directions. Once as John peered out of the train window at the beautiful scenery around the bend, he barely averted having his head knocked off, thanks to the warning whistle of the opposing train hurtling by. Split-second timing for the six-inch duck. Never again! He no longer needs messages in three languages to keep his head inside.

Amsterdam built on canals, resembling Venice, and sometimes called "Venice of the North", gave us much insight into Dutch history and way of life. It was amazing to be told how Amsterdam city grew, and the pilings that were necessary to support their massive structures. The city tours took us to museums, art gal-

leries, the Royal Palace, on Dam Square, and much more. We walked to Anne Frank's house, preserved as a museum documenting her history and the 6,000,000 victims who perished in the Nazi holocaust. John and I spent many hours reading about man's inhumanity to man and were very moved emotionally.

To Anne Frank, August 1969

Anne Frank, you did not die in vain,
As did six million others of your race,
When madmen's diabolical creed
Of Lebensraum and Deutschland Uber Alles,
To the German fatherland brought infamy, disgrace.

You did not know, nor dared to comprehend
That promptings of your heart and mind, inscribed,
Would light a torch that none could quell,
And highlight with righteous indignation,
The evil deed that evil men prescribed.

Westerbork, Maidenek and Bergen-Belsen,
Treblinka, Chelmo, Mauthausen and Auschwitz-Berkenau,
Buchenwald, Ravensbruck, Flossenberg, Sachsenhausen,
With Strathof, Belzec, Sarni, Sobibor and Lutzk
Catalogue the fiendish deeds initiated at Camp Dachau.

These Nazi camp-abattoirs relate a sordid story,
That prompt the conscience of the human race,
Induced a monument to the Unknown Jewish Martyr,
That the Nuremberg trials, Goering-Himmler suicides
And retributive deaths of Heydrich and Himmler
These blots from man's memory fail to erase.

You died not in vain, lady of vision and dreams,
As the International monument, Bergen-Belsen testifies,
Though Christian charity prompts forgiveness and love
(An easy philosophy for those having far less to lose)
Your admirable spirit defies all meek compromise.

Your death was a brick to the Declaration of Man,
That promotes the building of man's human rights,
Defying all differences of race, color and creed,
That unites all mankind to serve and best interest of all,
And through concerted efforts, reduce all Nazi blights.

Our life's first visit to a Red Light district in Amsterdam confirmed the rumors of its permissiveness and freedom for prostitutes to operate. John got propositioned a few times within a short distance, while I was enjoying a glass of wine at a super performance of my first viewing of a strip tease, spaced between a fantastic, vari-talented international pro-

gram. When on a trip, we are not too different from most tourists who try to sample every sort of entertainment.

A heavy rain curtailed many of our activities. We were getting rather tired after forty-six days traveling, but we still had seven more days in Paris and London before we could fly home.

Amsterdam

Amsterdam, canal city, Venice of the North,
Historic city of freedom and hope;
Where the hated, oppressed and maligned
To live and let live were given full scope.
Home of Erasmus, Henry Hudson, Anne Frank,
Who lit a torch flaming high,
Against man's inhumanity to man,
To fulfill his social contract, or inevitably die,
Just as you have successfully salvaged and reclaimed
Land from the depths of your Zuider Zee,
You will as successfully influence and nurture
Man's realization of his true and fullest destiny.

"Paris" we love it! Bus tours to Sacre Coeur Cathedral on the hill; Montmartre, the artist's colony just behind it; the Eiffel Tower; Opera House; Arc de Triomphe; Champs Elysees and the world-famous Louvre Art Gallery.

We took the train to historic, marvellous Versailles and met on it a Canadian couple, who then joined us to several places in Paris. We spent a delightful evening into the late night sitting across the street from the Moulin Rouge enjoying refreshments and watching the affluent pay \$50.00 admissions which near the conclusion of our holiday was a bit high, so we compromised on a delightful performance on the following night at \$35.00, each in good company. Rubbing shoulders with the promenading multitudes frequenting sidewalk cafes, bistros, and boutiques helped us to assimilate the true sense of Paris.

Paris

Synonymous with Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,
You have made the voices of freedom ring,
And prompted all victims of tyranny and oppression,
With rebellious voice "Les Miserables" to sing,
What museums can e'er match your fabulous Louvre?
What matches the simple grandeur of your
Eiffel Tower?
Few countries can honor their favorite hero,
As your Arc de Triomphe honors Napoleon's
"finest hour",
The spiritual grandeur of your Sacre Coeur,
The varied artistry displayed at Montmartre:
And the enchanting esplanade known as
Champs d'Elysees,
Leave indelible impressions on the mind and the heart.

We loved Paris and our trip so very much, that just the thought that the last leg of it to London would soon bring our adventurous holiday to a close, saddened us.

We caught our train to Calais to board the hydrofoil across the English Channel to the White Cliffs of Dover beckoning us to England's mainland. We then boarded the Eurorail travelling towards London, across the country, never stopping to feast our eyes on unusual farm scenes, especially those hop houses and their quaint chimneys.

London's city tours brought us to more familiar historical places such as Buckingham Palace, the British Museum (which we thought was huge and great); splendid St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey where the greats of England lie buried; Big Ben and the House of Commons; Charles Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop; the notorious London Tower, and its beefeater-costumed guards resurrected history, literature and art.

We did, of course, spend some time shopping at Herrod's to buy me shoes, and a coat for each of us at what we felt were bargain prices.

The crowning glory of our London trip was the superb theatre performances: Four of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales at the Orphium, and The Man From La Mancha at the Phoenix.

London

Thanks for Big Ben's resounding chimes,
Your voices of freedom in Hyde Park;
The beauty of your fabulous Kew Gardens,
And the melodious song of the lark,
Your greatest find honor in Westminster Abbey,
Your British Museum reveres man's noble past:
Your marvelous repertory theatres
Rank high among the world's very best,
Piccadilly Square captures the Londoner fervor,
Tower of London laments a ghoulish past;
May all its innocent victims that perished,
Become duly sanctified, honored and blessed,
Thank you for all of your literary greats,
And all those who blazoned new trails:
Your indomitable spirit and courage,
Over all obstacles triumphs and duly prevails.

The trip home, flying over the Arctic and watching the rising sun glisten over the icebergs was a beautiful sight. We greatly loved the flying trips to the continent and back, but were glad finally to touch down at Edmonton's International Airport. The entire family was as anxious to see us as we were to embrace each and every one of them. A roasted turkey and many trimmings awaited a celebration of joy and thanksgiving for our safe return. We brought them many stories about Europe, John's twenty-eight poems (including the five homeward bound) as well as slides, pictures, and recorded tapes of greetings, music and songs.

1972: Forty-three Day Group Tour

In 1972, we again went on a tour of the Soviet Union and Western Europe for forty-three days, from July 3 to August 15. East-West travel agency approached us to act as tour guides for a group of twenty-one persons. It planned our highly successful trip in 1969, so that we were pleased to accept its offer. This meant a free trip and amenities for John; I as his assistant paid half fare.



L-R: Back Row: Bill Antoniuk, Mr. Yuzda, William Moysa, Anne Bajak, Cheryl Chmiliar. **Middle Row:** Mary Syrotiuk, Nick Syrotiuk, Clara Antoniuk, Tillie Moysa, Mary Zolmer. **Front Row:** Anne Kapyt, Olga Kostiw, Helen Chmiliar, Clare Lewis, Mrs. Yuzda, Greta Gale. **Missing:** William Chmiliar, Anne Uselton, Barbi Uselton, John and Anne Dubeta, tour directors.

It was with great pleasure that my cousin Anne Uselton and her daughter Barbi from Palo Alto, California, U.S.A., agreed to join us in Moscow to tour the Soviet Union after leaving in Vienna their van which carried them throughout West Europe and England. Anne and Barbi had long anticipated the pleasure of meeting their Ukrainian relatives in Lvov and the village of Pozdymyr.



Relatives in Ukraine with U.S. guests, Anne (1) and Barbi (2), beside Aunt Pearl and John Chimko's house in the village of Pozdymyr.

Our complete schedule covered Moscow, Sochi, Yalta, Lvov, Kluczbork, Vienna, Venice, Rome and Paris. In the Soviet Union where we spent twenty-one days, we flew to all our destinations. We took a regular train to Poland and Budapest, and once again relied on Eurorail to cover the second half of Western Europe.

We arrived in Moscow on July 4th and registered in Hotel Ukraina, where we celebrated our arrival by a tour-sponsored champagne party. Following an evening of rest, we were overwhelmed by Moscow's Variety Concert featuring the nation's folk singers and dancers splendorously attired in native costumes. Our group members were greatly impressed with Moscow's subway stations as we travelled to see various tourist attractions.



Anne Uselton, her daughter Barbi and Helen Chmiliar pose beside an impressive statue in the subway.

During our four-day stay, we covered the principal highlights reviewed in 1969, plus a bus trip to Prince Usipov's Archangel Castle some forty miles away. The interiors and the courtyard were beautifully preserved.

Before leaving Moscow, John purchased a new watch that ceased operation one day after



Anne Dubeta poses inside the lovely courtyard.

we landed in Sochi. Its warranty proved as worthless as the watch itself.

On July, 1972 we flew by Aeroflot to Sochi and its luxurious Chaika Hotel. The malaria-infested swamp of 1917 had been converted into a beautiful city and health resort containing the best of social and cultural amenities — a new circus building, travel terminals, a theatre where we enjoyed the opera Gypsy Baron; a dendarium and many sanitarium. Supplementing our enjoyable four-day stay was a bus trip to the Dagomys Tea Plantation where simultaneous translations from Russian into English, German and French provided an intriguing story of tea culture from early stages of growth to its harvest and international renown.



Mrs. Yuzda (at center) listens to the story on tea culture.

The mountain tea house equipped with long polished-wood tables, walls trimmed with carved, naturally treated woods, and large samovars played host as its friendly waitresses sporting dusty pink gowns and matching headbands treated us to capacity



Tea House waitress welcomes us for tea.

with Sochi teas, freshly baked rolls laced with honey and a large variety of home-made jams.

We saw very many people there on vacation, especially children. There were hardly any children in the big cities but in Sochi, there were hundreds of them in the parks, beaches and theatres vacationing under responsible supervision. We were fascinated to watch dozens of them on the apartment balconies, stringing small flat fish from balcony to balcony. We later came upon those youngsters munching on such fish in the parks either as a luxury treat or a dietary supplement. Just another example of how the nation took care of its young.



A welcome rest, at a gorgeous statue-fountain, at a Botanical Garden in Sochi. We were told the Statue of a Woman symbolizes the Motherland. L-R: Barbi Uselton, Anne Bajak, Ann Kapy, William Chmiliar, Anne Dubeta, William Moysa and wife Tillie.

Our group decided to go to the Black Sea beach first thing in the morning, only to find that it was already filled with women, men and children. We were told that the people go to the beach as soon as the sun rises. It was interesting to note that the beach was not sandy, but composed of small and large polished pebbles and stones enticingly glistening under the water for us to examine and collect. At times the footing was slippery and precarious. Hundreds of wooden mats were made available by the authorities to lie on for sun-bathing, relaxing, and to serve as a table-top for lunches brought for the day. Change of attire was rendered easy within a square of towels held aloft by family and friends. Most interesting.

After three days, we reluctantly departed by Aeroflot to Simferopol and Yalta, the Pearl of the

Crimea, famous for its wonderful climate, superb natural environment, comfortable sanatoria, hotels, sea beaches; spacious parks, beautiful palms and stately cypresses, fruit groves, fountains and monuments. Out of our luxurious Oreanda Hotel we visited Lavadia Palace, once the summer residence of Czar Nicholas II, where heads of state of the Anti-Hitler coalition — Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill signed the Yalta Pact on February 12, 1945; and Prince Worontsov's Alupka Palace built by his 80,000 serfs many of whom died in the process. The beautiful fountains and sculptures of lions and Venus remain. Lavish furnishings and paintings are well preserved.

We toured along the Crimea marvelling over the world-famous Swallow's Nest Castle built on a rocky sea cliff by a Russian Count in honor of his lady love. Opportunity did not permit us to inspect at close range the luxurious facilities of the Dombas sanatorium, allegedly reserved for coal miners and their families.



Famous Swallow's Nest Castle at left upper corner. Picture taken from the Crimean highway.

We gently traipsed in but not so daintily tottered out of the Massandra wine cellars which more than compensated for the two ruble per capita entry fee by favoring us with at least twenty varieties of Yalta's prize-winning wines and the privilege of purchasing bottles of them at very reasonable prices.

Our delightful stay in Yalta was topped by a superb program of music, dance and song of Leningrad's Silver Guitars performed highly professionally on its amphitheatre. Timely themes, modern dress attire of slacks and ruffled shirts, precision of movement and versatility of the performers (with microphone in hand) long continue to evoke pleasant memories. Lucky for us, we preserved the sounds on tape.

On July 14, we flew by Aeroflot to Kiev, the capital of Ukraine and one of the oldest and most beautiful cities in the Soviet Union. The majestic Dnieper River, with picturesque hills on its banks, new high-rise buildings and shining, golden cupolas of its ancient cathedral and churches, reflects some of the

best of people's traditions of years past and present. Kiev is the seat of the Ukrainian Parliament and is located next to the former Czar's Palace. At present, it houses the Supreme Soviet and is used as a guest house for foreign dignitaries.

We took our tourists to several historic monuments and museums. St. Vladimir's Monument overlooking the Dnieper River, is at the north end of the main street, Khreshchatik. He was an ancient Ukrainian warrior who was instrumental for bringing Christianity to the Ukraine.

The Ukrainian museum in Kiev has on display many wonderful crafts in wood, pottery and beautiful embroidery and weaving. It was a delight to visit. The Historical Museum with its over 500,000 exhibits was of great interest as well.

Colorful St. Sophia's Church, the Taras Shevchenko University constructed in red brick and pleasantly landscaped was a treat to witness. The Sports Stadium that has a seating capacity for 100,000 people was a surprise to us all as we found it difficult to believe that the USSR had facilities matching those of North America.



Our tour guide Eleanor Stepanko's picture luckily got included here.

Pecharska Lavra (Monastery of the Caves) was a "must" on our list. It was founded in 1051 by two monks, Anthony and Theodosius. Throughout the centuries underground churches were built. The cloistered monks lived, died and were mummified there. Their gruesome remains in well preserved form can be viewed along the walls as one travels along the long narrow paths. An eerie feeling indeed.

We enjoyed seeing this capital again and helped

our tourists to enjoy the best that it had to offer. Unfortunately the Ivan Franko theatre was closed for the season. Our protest received a promise of future consideration.

We were privileged reviewing the educational facilities provided to the city's gifted students. The Soviet Union-Canadian Friendship Society accepted with apparent good grace our numerous constructive criticisms about the undue restrictions of movement and expression. John was particularly vocal to the alarm of his sister Ann (Bajak) Monchakowsky. Most of the group elected participation in the hydrofoil trip to Kaniv to worship at Taras Shevchenko shrine, enjoyment we shared there in 1969.



Our group at Kaniv. Nick Syrotiuk gazes at the 50' high statue of Taras Shevchenko.

Our next trip was Lvov, the home city of our relatives. Cousin Anne Uselton and her daughter Barbi had their pleasure meeting her and my relatives for the first time. Before we arrived there, we advised our Soviet tour guide that in Lvov we would prefer to be left to our own resources to meet and socialize with the relatives. Our guide fully approved as we took care of the ones who did not have relatives there. They were taken on bus tours to many historic places of that old city. Most of us spent many hours visiting with relatives and taking taxi trips to the villages where the families resided. Life in the villages was not much unlike Canadian life in remote areas or on the farms. All villagers owned a plot of land, large enough to accommodate a house, barns, garden and some orchards. They seemed to be well fed, and treated us well with the best they had. Just to be able to visit my father's ancestral home and his place of birth was indeed a wonderful experience.



To see large heads on poppy plants sway in the garden plots and to catch a sight of a stork in its nest on a thatched roof of a barn was indeed a thrill because both related to stories pioneers had often told us.

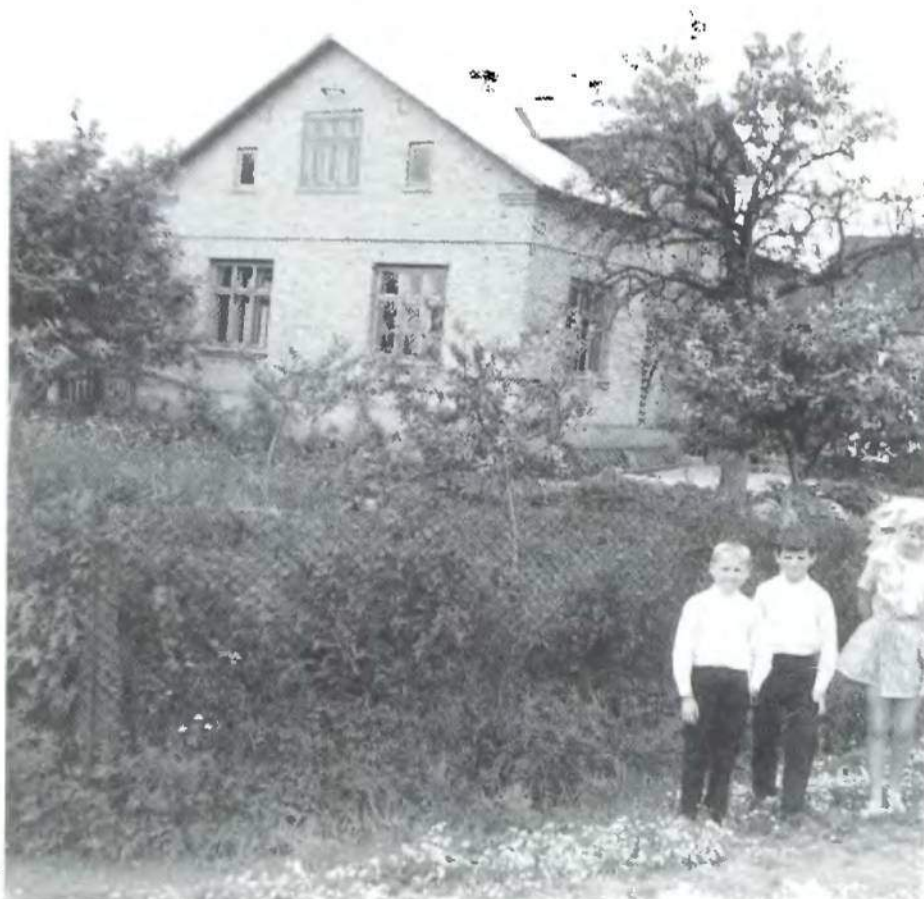
John and his sister Anne Bajak, took a taxi to Kozowa and later to "Hai Ditkovetski", to try to locate the Dubeta Clan, and to observe where their father was born. They found two cousin families, Bill and John Dubeta, living in the village. They were extremely happy to greet family visitors from Canada, revive the relationship, and to discuss their current lifestyles and the status of the Dubeta Clan before and after World War I and II.

John's families did not seem to have any luxuries, but seemed very pleased that their children were

enjoying a good education and doing very well in their studies. One family had the cutest set of identical triplets - three year old girls. There was also grand nephew John's old mother, who remembered when Klementi (my husband's dad) left for Canada in 1911. Though John and his sister met them for the first and likely the last time, they were very satisfied to observe the area where their parents came from.

The families of Bill and John, picked up a few souvenirs of embroidery pieces and ornaments they possessed to give to the Canadian family, in remembrance of that occasion. Although poor, they were very generous. They also made sure to serve them food at both houses and again insisted to treat them to a full course meal at the Brody restaurant before their departure to Pozdymyr, the village of my uncle, Peter Shewchuk.

On the same day Anne Uselton, Barbi and I were picked up at our hotel by taxi hired by cousin Harry Chimko for a day in the ancestral village of Pozdymyr. There we quickly visited all of the relatives. Uncle Peter and his family showed us their respective homes and hosted us lavishly, as also did Auntie Pearl and her family. Her home is the ancestral home of my dad's grandfather Jacob. The name "Shewchuk" remains carved on the ceiling beam. Jacob had only one son, Kassian, who was my father Fred's father. In the old country the family property is traditionally bequeathed to the eldest child responsible for taking care of the aged parents. When my grandfather Kassian died, the estate went to my father's sister, Aunt Pearl Chimko who was obliged to take care of grandma Efrozina until her demise. Now we have been informed that Aunt Pearl's eldest son Fred has moved into the ances-



L-R: Harry Chimko's house. Family children in foreground.

tral home where he and his wife Lida are taking care of his mother, my auntie. They deem it a disgrace to have elders go to a "Senior Citizen Home" or "Staro Dom". With her recent demise, their responsibility has been honorably discharged.

We made a dash to see cousin Harry's new brick house nearing completion at much personal effort and sacrifice. We then took a walk through the family orchard, the local park, and its huge oak trees and a pond where the local fowl, (geese and ducks) were daily brought by some members of the family to graze and swim. That was generally a job for the children or the elders. It applied to cattle as well, in confirmation of the tales we had often heard from our parents.



L-R: Top Row: Father John Chimko and eldest son Fred. Middle Row: Peter Chimko, his daughter Olia, Harry Chimko, Anne Uselton, Barbi Uselton. Third Row: The three sons' children: Marycia, Vladomyr, Irka, Halia, and another girl and young boy at front, unidentified, are all Aunt Pearl's grandchildren.



At center of picture - Uncle Peter behind Barbi leading the family through an orchard and garden.



Anne Uselton in foreground, enjoying a walk with the younger relatives in the village park. Local geese are resting in the background.



An elderly neighbor tends his cow along the back lane.



One "milking" for the Collective. Village residents.

The church across the road from Aunt Pearl's house was nicely painted on the outside and open for services. When I asked my uncle Peter what religious denomination held services there, he replied: "The church is Greek Catholic but it's available to other denominations of the community."

The stretch of village road going past Aunt Pearl's house to the highway and school was now paved. In 1969 it was not, so we saw some progress within the three-year interval.

Since we did not have official permission to take this trip, we hurried to catch the two-hour return bus to Lvov, accompanied by a few relatives. An exciting day, well worth the time and effort.

After Lvov, with half of our entire tour completed, our group temporarily separated as John and I, William and Clara Antoniuk, John's sister Anne Bajak, Mrs Zolmer and Ella Kostiw entrained to Poland; while Cousin Anne Uselton and Barbi left for Prague for a few days before picking up their van in Vienna and following us along our route of Western European cities. The rest of our group left directly for Vienna, our scheduled rendezvous.

In Poland we again visited John's cousin "Marcim Stankiewicz" and his family. We travelled by train stopping at the old border of Peremyshyl to change trains. The period in between gave us an opportunity to visit an historic old church museum. Other Polish museums did full justice to the country's historic heritage.

It took about twelve hours by train for us to get from Lvov to Wroclaw (Breslau) where we spent a day visiting Oleg Stankiewicz and his wife Christina. Oleg is "Marcim's" son and both he and his wife Christina are pharmacists sporting doctoral degrees. A lovely couple. We spent a full day with them on a walking tour around this historic city center. We were very impressed by the many elaborate churches, virtually side by side, indicative of the country's top religious priority.

We were somewhat surprised to see large, well displayed dress shops. The coffee houses seemed very popular. Polish folks seemed to be enjoying their beer (pivo) with gusto, amid lots of chatter. Black market money exchanges supported by local personnel had possibilities; however, we had no part of them. Buying crystal and hand embroidery was our principal obsession.

On July 23, we hired a taxi to take us to Kluczbork, to visit "Marcim" and his family, possibly for the last time. As already reported, both "Marcim" and Anilia died in the 1980's. Some day we may return to renew our acquaintance with Oleg, Halina and their families.

Our next destination was Vienna by train, requiring fourteen hours of travel time, resting, and enjoying the beautiful scenery along the way.

We arrived in Vienna and promptly taxied to our Hotel Intercontinental where we rejoined our group. This time Vienna appeared to be less hospitable and accommodating even though we enjoyed the city tour (no longer free as in 1969). Our visit to the Vienna Woods and Grinzing Village evoked less glamour, partly due to our repeat visit, and the heavier responsibilities that the trip entailed. Everyone enjoyed Vienna's merchandise and its elegant service, style, and its delectable meals. It provided a marked contrast between the West and the East.



L-R: Halinka, her mother Anilia, John Dubeta, neighbor, Marcin.



Our group at Schonbrunn Palace, Vienna. L-R: Clara Antoniuk, Bill Antoniuk, Mary Syrotiuk, Anne Bajak, Mr. & Mrs. Yuzda, Nick Syrotiuk, Mary Zolmer, Clare Ellis.



L-R: Anne Dubeta, Anne Uselton, Ann Bajak, John Dubeta, stand in front of Belvedere Castle, Vienna.



John Dubeta and his sister Anne Bajak relax beside the Sphinx Statue at Belvedere Castle, Vienna.

After three days in Vienna, two couples returned to Canada after John re-routed them via New York. On July 29th, the rest of us boarded the twelve-hour train for Venice, and registering there in the hotel Urania Andre Nora.

Later we took a walking tour covering the historic buildings around St. Mark's Square, the Ducal Palace which housed the seat of the government and the Court of Justice; the Doge's residence and government offices; past the Leads and its Bridge of Sighs, the passageway of the doomed. We were fascinated with magnificent porticos and facades in Gothic and

Byzantine styling, and very intricate designs in bronze, marble, terracotta, and stone. We admired Venice's statues and sculptures, beautiful ceiling frescoes and the Golden Staircase.

We were guided through the Archaeological Museum, Library, Clock Tower, St. Mark Basilica, Baptistry, Sacristy, Ca'd Oro (Gallery), Academy of Fine Arts, the glass factory and much more. Venice, a tourist paradise was particularly pleasurable, strolling in St. Mark's Square, listening to the Italian classical music of the live bands at each concession, accompanied by the flutter of pigeons at feeding time, as we rested, sipped and dined.



Our group at St. Mark's Square, Venice. L-R: Anne Kaptz, William Chmiliar, Helen Chmiliar, Cheryl Chmiliar, Olga Kostiw, Anne Bajak, Bill Moysa, Mary Zolmer, Tillie Moysa, Greta Gale, Clare Lewis.



L-R: Ann Bajak, Greta Gale, John Dubeta.

Everyone marvelled at the skills of the gondoliers as they easily guided their bobbing gondolas throughout the Grand Canal and its watery tributaries. We also worried about the ultimate destiny of this marvelous, slowly-sinking city.

We added a boat trip to Lido on the Adriatic Sea where we spent a delightful day on the long, beautiful sandy beaches, its shallow shoreline, and its numerous cabanas designed for tourist comfort. There John caught sight of an unfamiliar beach game called bocci. Sportsminded John learned its rudimentary skills easily thanks to a cooperating family, and then wended his way where two rival groups were fiercely engaged competitively, with losers providing free wine. At game's end he challenged their two best players to a contest on similar terms, he throwing four balls to their two apiece. John's skill at horseshoes for distance combined with his controlled top spins provided him with a 12-10 victory and a "uno litro de vino". If the opponents had known that he had never played the game before, he probably would have been drawn and quartered. The group and we completed our wonderful day with a seafood dinner consisting of scampi, octopus, squid, eel, and regular fish fillets, all easily consumable by the prairie land lubbers.



Mary Zolmer dips her toes in the Adriatic Sea at Lido. Ann Bajak and Bill Antoniuk look on.

On July 31, we headed for a seven-day stay in Rome and the surrounding area. Our pretentious-looking Patrizia Hotel adjacent to a beautiful large square and fountain overlooking the railroad station, sorely needed its second cleaning since the death of Julius Caesar in 45 A.D. Our only consolation there was our success in thwarting the greedy taxicab hucksters who quoted us 60,000 lira at 1:30 a.m. to transport our group of seven-

teen persons there. We, remembering that it was only three and one-half blocks away from the railway station, decided to walk after paying the porter 1500 lira to follow us with three cartful of luggage.

Rome is an ancient city of history, art and spectacular architecture dating to the heyday of the Roman Empire. It is so massive that six separate city tours at \$6.00 apiece were required to do it full justice. Since we were quite centrally located, we decided to see its principal highlights by walking (even though some pansies wilted on us). Our first walking tour covered the Naiad Fountain; the Roman Forum, the Colosseum, Church of St. John; Holy Stairs, and St. Mary Major Church. The next day, whoever survived walked to the Spanish Steps; the Borghese Gardens and Museums; People's Gate; St. Angel's Castle; St. Peter's Basilica and its vast Dome, and the Vatican Museums. The Vatican City complex, the St. Peter's Cathedral, its Swiss guards and square were the most impressive. Christ and His apostles would never have been comfortable in such lavish quarters. I was most impressed with the Sistine Chapel in the Basilica. The unbelievably superb architecture, sculptures, paintings and art bore unmistakable evidence of Michelangelo's great genius. Enough ruins of the Roman Forum and the massive Colosseum remained to vivify the extravagance, the debauchery, and the cruelties witnessed there at the height of Rome's glory.

While in Rome, we took a side trip to Naples, the old capital of Campania, founded by the Greeks in the 7th century B.C. It was nice to observe its residences built closely against the rising mountains. Laundered clothing fluttering in the breeze from windows and balconies provided a backdrop. We had a short visit there, allowing brief visits to Castel dell'Ovo, its Cathedral, and Royal Palace. The sea front promenade offered us pleasant views of the harbor, its pleasure craft and fishing vessels. Fresh cooked seafood at the beach proved more enticing to the eye than to the taste before John and I and the Antoniuks took a train to Pompei at one-fortieth of the cost quoted us by a taxi-driver who swore that rail service there was abandoned years ago. Beside us stood a young man, who later introduced himself as Rosario Cracco, a Jehovah Witness volunteer guide to Pompei. He said, "If you go to the lower level, a train is just about to leave for Pompei. I know because that's where my mother lives." He volunteered to accompany us there. It was a great help to have him along because the Pompei grounds, facilities and its history were very familiar to him. He was an excellent example of Christianity in action. We corresponded with him for several years, but stopped after our move to Texas.

Pompei, is a world-famous Roman city, wiped out by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 A.D. The

poisonous gasses destroyed all life, the volcanic ash preserved the dead for evermore, so that we were able to witness man and beast (including a Centurion in full military attire) in their original form and size in the excavated sections of the doomed city. The area is quite large with a complete lay-out of residences, temples, market places, streets, bath houses complete with plumbing, fountains and sewage disposal system. Yet only a small fraction of the lost community had been exposed to the light of day.

Another tour took us to the Tivoli gardens to see its hundreds of fountains, grottos and pavilions - a close reminder of its namesake in Copenhagen in 1969. Our fresh air garden walks proved relaxing and enjoyable. For evening entertainment in Rome we went to the outdoor theatre "Teatro dell'Opera" or "Terme Di Caracalla" to see the opera, Aida performed on a huge outdoor stage. It was a fantastic performance and very realistic with live camels brought on stage for a natural setting. A great treat to us all. We highly recommend it for every European itinerary.

The Italian and French Riviera were next on our schedule. A few more of our group departed from Rome, leaving ten of us to continue for ten more days before departing to Canada from Paris.

We arrived in Cannes via Eurorail and settled into Hotel Embassy for a two-day stay. A beautiful, elegant hotel and area that warranted more time if our pocketbooks could withstand the strain.

The next day we decided to take a train to Monaco and Nice because Prince Ranier's principality was high on our visiting list. Monaco is a series of rolling hills and green mountains. At its lower level the bay had hundreds of pleasure crafts and very expensive yachts moored, belonging to the gambling casino jet set. The Prince's castle seemed to be the focal point, surmounting the bay, the hillside residences, the gambling casinos, museums, entertainment complex, and market concessions.

We followed the tourist guide to the smaller games of chance quarters. The larger ostentatious gambling casino studded with tables within an elegant setting was largely reserved for the ultra rich. The casino's large lobby with marble and shiny, polished wood paneling was a perfect setting for the red velvet draperies and swags on the windows. The massive chandeliers and furnishings, along with formally dressed attendants, gave one an impression that this place was for the financial rulers of the world, that kept arriving in highly polished black Mercedes, and Rolls Royces, by yacht and by private planes. Their uniformed chauffeurs, wearing white gloves stood idly by. Some brushed off specks of dust from the mirror-like surfaces as their masters squandered their ill-gotten millions at a toss of the dice or turn of the roulette wheel.

We then went by the fortress, supposedly guarding the principality. There tourists walked among canons, past canon balls piled in neat piles, for a nice view of the picturesque place. We walked to the sea harbor and were told that the huge yachts moored there came from many parts of the world. Finally our Monaco foot tour took us to Prince Ranier's and Princess Grace's castle, their full-time residence. As we lined up for the entry, going past a bird aviary, hundreds of colorful birds, chirped excitedly. From a window, one or two stories above, Princess Caroline was heard playing her piano.

We were able to tour the lower level Art Museum where many original paintings and art were displayed. The Raniers lived on upper floors we were told. We counted ourselves lucky to tread over their footsteps hoping that some glamour and easy money would fall our way.

We then caught another train and stopped at Nice. Our tour there was minimal as the day was getting short, but we enjoyed a meal there and spent some time at the open market.

Returning to our hotel in Cannes, a sad telegram arrived from Canada for John's sister Anne Bajak, informing her that her granddaughter's husband, Walter Magus, had died of a heart attack. This was a traumatic situation, that saddened us all. He left this world at an early age of twenty-nine, a pregnant wife, Pauline, and a two-year-old daughter. We were completely devastated, but life had to go on.

We had enough time there to take another tour, so our kindly hotel clerk, in broken English, advised us that taking a boat to Monkey Island would be an interesting trip. So we got excited and imagined an Island of Monkeys in the Mediterranean! When we arrived there, we searched and searched as to their whereabouts. All we could find were residences of religious monks and decided that if there were no monkeys there, we had better behave like them. So our male gorillas, John Dubeta and William Antoniuk, climbed the trees and hung themselves upside down, while eight of us female apes laughed ourselves sick. The hotel clerk, not well-versed in English, unwittingly termed the island of monks as "Monkey Island".

Our next trip was to Laussane Switzerland, on Lake Geneva, where we stayed at Hotel Carlton for four days. It was a beautiful place that had everything: the clean fresh air; translucent sky; quaint shops filled with quality merchandise and antiques; beautiful beaches with lots of fine sand to sun on; sailboats, and other mobile water craft. A place I would love to spend the rest of my life, but four days were all we could spare.

On one of our days there, we joined a tour bus to the Gruyere Cheese factory, some distance away. It was an

interesting trip from beginning to end, as we travelled through narrow street villages and winding roads, passing countryside orchards and grape vine groves. Our happy bus driver encouraged us to sing as we travelled to see how Switzerland's famous cheese was processed from a daily delivery averaging 900 gallons of milk. The entire production line, storage and aging facilities, meticulously clean, whetted our appetite even more for Switzerland's important export commodity.

From Laussane, we also took a trip to Evian, France, across Lake Geneva, where Anne Bajak gave us some concern by striking out on her own, only to be tracked down several hours later. There we spent a full day exploring this city's seaside, the quaint shops, restaurants, and its beautiful fully-equipped casino nestled on the hilltop. Its elegantly gowned mink-stoled ladies with their formally-attired escorts strongly suggested that dusty tourists wearing casual clothes would be ill-received, so we dined far less expensively nearby, grateful for yet another scenic boat trip.

Reluctantly we left Laussane by train for Paris on August 11, 1972, marvelling at the scenic beauty of Switzerland. For a few days we operated out of Hotel Regent Gardens supplementing the rich Parisian experiences of our 1969 visit. It was particularly pleasant renewing contacts with cousin Anne Uselton and her daughter Barbi who followed our itinerary closely with their newly-purchased European van.

Besides admiring the Louvre, Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, the Sacre Coeur church and the artist quarters, Montemartre, we promenaded down the famous Champs Elysees, sampling cuisine, enjoying its stage shows and French pastries, browsing through shops, and absorbing the atmosphere of Parisian night life. Our second visit to the Palace of Versailles, where the World War I Peace Treaty was signed, did not lessen its beauty, its significance, splendor and charm. My most treasured possession of Paris is a silk scarf souvenir presented to me by cousin Anne who sad to say, survived our memorable holiday experience by only two months.

We found Rome more interesting than Paris; however, it was fun to be there again, and sad that our forty-three day trip was ending. We learned a lot about Europe's culture, and marvelled at its historic architecture and art. Our Canada is an infant by comparison, permitting us to grow with it socially and culturally to a great nation that it is, and greater to be, worthy of our pride. August 15th took us back to the family fold.

The travelling parents finally returned again to their wonderful children who had kept an eye on our garden and property. Luckily nobody pursued the temptation to surprise us with an excavation destined

to become a swimming pool in our spacious backyard. It took thirty-five years of marriage before we allowed ourselves our first trip to Europe in 1969. Now we luckily completed safely and happily our second trip, in three years, to East and West Europe, much richer and wiser by observation and experience.

1974-75: Five Weeks in New Zealand, Fiji, Hawaii, and Sidney, B.C.

After a delightful summer, and approaching Christmas, Ian Cowie invited us to join him on a trip to New Zealand. We couldn't resist such a wonderful opportunity to visit his mother and the rest of the family for the first time and to see his beautiful country. Ian was flying there from Halifax a few days earlier. In our hurry to get away, we gained much but likely lost a great deal more because our prospective sale of our Lan-O-Sheen Products Agency Ltd., proved abortive after our six-week absence.

We were four days short of qualifying for a January 2nd group flight on a thirty-five day trip. This set us back by \$700 - \$800 dollars and cut our stay by seven days, but proved advantageous from the standpoint of stopovers in Fiji and Hawaii on the return home, thus saving us the cost of visiting Hawaii out of Edmonton, as we had hoped some day to do. Our new friends, Bruce and Louise Beisel, our neighbors across the hallway in Mackenzie Towers gave us a lovely itinerary of Hawaii and numerous recommendations, based on their personal experiences there. We set our departure date for December 25, 1974, and return on January 23, 1975. We had a lovely Christmas Eve supper with our family, exchanged gifts, and looked forward to enjoying the New Year in New Zealand.

In a mad rush to get away, we were naive enough to leave our passports behind and were not allowed to board our scheduled flight at 8:00 a.m. out of Vancouver, on December 26th, 1974. East West Travel failed to remind us of this either verbally or via the check-off list. Hence we were obliged to call Kenneth to pick up the passports and deliver them to the Airport for "Special Air Express" shipment to Vancouver, costing us forty dollars, recovered from the travel agency on our return.

We had a bad beginning, followed by a series of happy incidents. While we waited for our 1:45 p.m. departure, our friends Gordon and Barbara Chandler came by to spend a couple of hours visiting. We landed in San Francisco at 3:45 p.m. for an eight-hour stopover before departing for New Zealand out of Los Angeles at 11:55 p.m. In San Francisco we phoned our Palo Alto friends Mrs. Garcia and daughter Gloria, Joe and Kay Weiler, Pat Mason and her sister Barbi Uselton. We

were delighted by their prompt decision to meet us for dinner at the San Francisco Airport. We had not seen them for twenty years, ever since our days at Stanford. We had a lovely visit, took some pictures, shared our Canadian Club, and departed for Los Angeles.

The Pan-Am flight was only half full, so we had three seats to ourselves, permitting us to stretch and sleep in comfort. We arrived in Papeete, Tahiti, at approximately 7:00 a.m. Descending the aircraft stairs we detected a warm, humid atmosphere alien to Alberta. As we walked across the cement walkway to the airport, a large three-inch spider scurried on its eight legs across our path. "A tarantula?" I shuddered!

Inside the airport, we were pleasantly surprised to see Polynesian locals welcoming their families with warm embraces, and laying countless layers of leis and bead necklaces on their necks, making us realize how loving and happy the relatively poor people can be. Our one and a half hour wait for the New Zealand flight was most enjoyable as we also wandered through a huge grass hut just outside the airport. There were many native men and women stringing shells into leis, head bands and other accessories to sell to tourists. We came away buying several souvenirs and wishing that we could have had more time to spend on that entrancing island.

We arrived in Auckland at 12:05 p.m. on December 28th, 1974, after five and a half-hour flight, with me sleeping most of the way, while John spent the time playing crib with a young man from Minnesota and a girl from California, confessing his lucky streak of having won seven single and three triple games.

Auckland airport was a teeming mass of colorful and very noisy humanity consisting of "Kiwi" tourists, Maoris, natives of Cook's Island and many South Pacific Islands, such as Tonga and Samoa. We were quite intrigued with their spirit and carefree holiday abandon. It soon dawned on us that the post-Christmas holidays, including the regular summer vacations for the children were on, and that unreserved accommodations would be at a premium all over the land. Realizing that Wellington was nearly 500 miles away, we saw the folly of our two telegrams announcing our arrival there and promptly placed a long-distance phone call to Anne Cowie advising her of our arrival time. She sounded very excited and advised us to stay at the airport to await her arrival. In the meantime she found time to summon Ian home from the Gilberts (Ian's sister Linda) some fifty miles away. She also arranged accommodations for us in a beautiful motel because her smallhome then had her son David, and his wife Judy and grandson visiting from Auckland for one day. Ian arrived soon, quite breathless with excitement, present-

ed us with a lovely pictorial book on New Zealand, and drove us home for supper. We met David and his family and received an invitation to visit them in Auckland before we departed to Fiji.

Our hospitality at the Cowies left nothing to be desired even though Anne returned to work on December 30th and Ian had a multiplicity of personal things to attend to. Anne drove us to her daughter Linda's at Paraparamu Beach where we swam in the Tasman Sea, picked pippies (an inferior variety of clam) eaten by the Maoris and used as fish bait by others, had a good supper at Linda and John Gilbert's, exchanged gifts and returned home very sleepy indeed. On the 30th, Ian drove us to the beach where we all enjoyed sun-tanning, followed by a trip to the shopping center to Naenae Travel Agency to arrange our tour to the South Island for which neither he nor Anne could spare any time. We decided to splurge and undertook the seven-day excursion by Newman Bus commencing out of Christchurch on January 2, 1975, to which we flew out of Wellington on the same day.

Before the trip to South Island, we were hosted by the Cowie family to a New Year's dinner and dance at the Woolshed Inn in Wellington, where we consumed four bottles of sparkling rose wine, had a big meal, and danced to a lively band led by a Samoan who was the principal vocalist. The "Kiwis" really bounced to the popular hits of contemporary music, even though the traditional paraphernalia associated with our Canadian New Year's parties was lacking. We had a truly marvellous New Year's celebration.

The next morning at 11:50 a.m. we flew to



All set for New Year's dinner with the Cowie's. L-R: Linda Gilbert, John Gilbert, Anne Cowie, John Dubeta, Ian Cowie. Anne Dubeta had the camera.



John and Anne Dubeta join the New Zealand relatives for a dinner date.

Christchurch and booked in at the fashionable Clarendon Hotel (\$23.50 plus meals for the day). Following that, our principal meals, travel and accommodations for the seven-day South Island tour cost us \$614.70 apiece.

We found enough time to sight-see some of the city and took a trip to the Queen Elizabeth Park to witness the accommodations used during the Commonwealth Games recently held in the city. Squash courts and massive swimming pools were the principal facilities in use, but the citizens assured us that they were an asset. Our supper and stay at lovely Clarendon was grand and we left excitedly the next morning by taxi to Cooks Travel to commence our memorable scenic tour of South Island.

We left Christchurch at 8:55 a.m. eyes peeled for sights along the way. Sheep, sheep, everywhere interspersed with many breeds of pure-bred cattle. Homes were mostly of medium size, well maintained and pleasantly landscaped. Roses seemed to be the favorite flowers. Many busloads of tourists and numerous small and average cars testified that the nation was on vacation and that many places of business had closed down for one to four weeks. We passed through Lincoln, Ashburton, Hinds, the principal farm communities, and watched sheep shearing done deftly and expertly. The dry countryside pleaded for rain.

Our group was comprised mostly of Australians touring New Zealand. Our bus driver, Colin Busch, was most congenial and possessive of a great sense of humor. Singsongs and jokes as we travelled made

travelling joyful and easy. Colin's knowledge of New Zealand's history and present modes of livelihood gave us a good idea of the heart and soul of the country. We loved their philosophy and caring attitude.

From the harbor at Timaru we headed slightly north to Lake Tekapo, Lake Tekapo, and Lake Pukaki, where five to six gigantic power generating stations, dams and reservoirs were under construction and scheduled for completion by 1983. Then we moved southward through rugged mountain country bedecked by a variety of vegetation and Tussock grass. Indigo blue flowers bedecked the north slopes of the steep and narrow Lindis Pass to the area of great gold-mining activity in the 1860's. We then proceeded to Lake Wanaka, Arrowtown and finally Queenstown on Lake Wakatipu, the second largest in South Island, with water safe to drink, untreated. Here we spent enough time for John to go fishing. While casting, perched on a rock, he awkwardly cast towards a leaping fish and threw his right arm out of the shoulder (an old baseball injury). After an hour of pain and some morphine injection, it was put into place by a local doctor. The after-effects caused nauseating spells making his trip to Lake Te Anau miserable. Notwithstanding this problem, staying over in Queenstown on the shore of Lake Wakatipu was a real treat.

At Lake Te Anau the highlight was taking a launch excursion to the Glow-worm caves. These caves were discovered in 1946 but developed during the eight years between 1966-1974. A mountain lake 3000 feet above sending 200,000 gallons of water per minute rushing through a fault in the mountain, developed weird formations where glow-worms make their homes. To make access into the caves, foot-paths between guardrails led to two subterranean launches. Gently propelled by hand action along cables, they took us slowly into a dark cave partially lit by myriads of glow-worms whose life span following the egg-larva, pupa and adult stages of development is a mere one to two days. 700 tourists are attracted there daily.

The highlight of this south tour was our trip through Eglington Valley, through the twenty-four foot wide, three-quarter mile long Homer Tunnel to Milford Sounds where Hilroy and Tensing rehearsed their assault on the Himalayas. We were fascinated with our launch trip in the waters of of Milford Sound, where we glimpsed at the beautiful Bowen Falls, Stirling Falls, Lion Mountain, Mitre Peak, and glided along the sheer walls of rock mountains majestically reflected in the crystal-clear deep water. This majestic view and experience will forever be remembered.

From Milford Sound area we started our return

along Lake Te Anau to Lake Manipouri. Then to Mossburn where we saw and visited a 3000 deer farm. The witty proprietress humorously related how the stags prepare for their harems, how they shed their antlers, polish up a new set, the deer temperament, the ups and downs of the business and the current market decline. We learned a lot about deer farming, as well as sheep and cattle ranching in this country. We then headed towards a more prosperous area of Gore where ranching is quite successful. We picked up a marketing quotation that beef was twenty-eight cents a pound. Recession was on anew.



John and Anne D. touring Milford Sound.

We travelled through beautiful South Otago countryside to Raes Junction and Roxburgh, site of a large hydro-electric dam and center of the fruit-growing districts. We followed the Clutha River to Alexandra where we spent the night, had a party, and read literary impressions of New Zealand, in prose and verse. Mrs. Moody's from Cairns, Australia and John's were allegedly the best. All persons aboard were requested to contribute to the coachman's anthology garnered over the years. The gifted and the daring were invited to share their literary creations at the Alexandra party.

It was a fun night of games as well, topped off with sweets and coffee and tea. Actually, everyday on the road, according to New Zealand's style and custom, there was a stop at 10:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m. for tea. They also called the evening meal "Tea". We couldn't resist coming away from this fruit area without buying a box of plums, a basket of cherries, about eighteen peaches and a box of huge apricots to munch on the way and to bring back to Wellington for the Cowies.

The Newman Coachman

In the land of the sheep, one can't afford to be sheepish,
Or be like some ignorant bloke
Who flies over a country and then writes a book
About its geography, people, customs and ways
Confusing his readers for the rest of their days.
So I shall confine myself to what I truly know:
New Zealand's scenic beauty none can dispute,
Its infinite variety is of international repute,
So that during the five days "on tour" that I've been around
I'll make my observations objective, based on experience, and absolutely sound.

And thus dwell on the "new man" on the Newman Coach
Remembering that the term "bus" is a word of reproach
Even touching one's pocketbook, a downright pity,
A slip of the tongue and fatter grows the kitty
From which come the lollies and fruits for the road.
Without any fear of contradiction or beating around the Busch
Colin's an ideal Coachman who knows how to push,
To befriend, to explain, to inspire, and things safely arrange,
To turn his Coach on a penny, and yet give you some change.

He knows every mountain, valley, ewe, gully, pothole
When fallen asleep he drives by radar and remote control.
A snore to the left, a sneeze to the right,
He does his best driving when he is half tight;
A man of good humor, keen wit, "formality be damn",
Among us sheepish tourists, he's our most venerable ram.
Long may he drive with benign goodly grace,
May no mishap ever his proud record disgrace.
So that the Newman Coach under his benevolent care
May never the shame and frustration of another ram share
While tumbling over a sheer precipice, voiced his concern:
"Oh my Gosh, I was tricked. I didn't see that ewe turn."

We were now looking forward to visit Mt. Cook and Mt. Tasman Glacier, but though impressive, they left us cold, perhaps because ice and snow do not intrigue Canadians who experience cold winters. The Australians, however, were awed and excited.

All of our meals at stopping places, consisting of mutton dishes, meat pies, stews and roasts were as generous as they were tasty. The breakfasts in smorgasbord style offered everything from pancakes to sausages, ham, bacon and eggs, and a variety of stewed fruits and dairy products. At Millers Flat, I wrote on my map, "What a meal!".

From Mt. Cook we headed back toward Christchurch, with John tape-recording messages from the passengers whom we promised one day to visit in Australia. Following a two and one-half hour wait at the Christchurch airport, we arrived in Wellington at

7:55 p.m. to be greeted by Anne and Ian who dutifully met us. We stopped at an outdoor pub to sit under high trees, at sturdy wooden tables, to enjoy New Zealand draft beer served in gigantic pitchers. At another time, Ian took us to a downtown bar, to join in a cocktail happy hour so popular with the local folks after their day's work is done. There were no seating areas in keeping with the custom of enjoying cocktails on the move, socializing with the general clientele. A very happy scene, quite different from our lifestyle.

On January 9th, Ian drove us to the Lower Hutt Shopping Center where we bought several wool products: sheepskin rugs, muffs, slippers and sheepskin jackets, for the family at home. I was born to shop and simply cannot resist shopping when travelling, even though I often scold myself for adding to our resultant discomfort.

Ian and his mother Anne were emotionally distraught. Anne, sorry to lose him to Canada, broke down several times; Ian felt no need to be apologetic for choosing his mother's country as his adopted land. She loved Ian very much and desperately hoped to have him close at hand to lean on particularly with David and Linda on their own. Her recently estranged relationship with a long-term confidante and family friend did not make her burden lighter. Individually and jointly we tried to give her all possible comfort and assurance. Ian bid her a tearful farewell as he left for Canada; we readied her for a change by persuading her to join us on a trip through North Island to see her loved ones in Auckland. She supplied the car; we covered the operating costs, hotels and meals en route.

Our destination the first day was Lake Taupo. Anne drove all the way, saying she was not tired. Our rooms were reserved at Lion's Lakeside Inn by John Gilbert, Anne's son-in-law. En route there we passed through Titahi Bay, past Paraparaumu, and Foxton where we camped for one hour or so at Manawater River picnic camp, ate a pleasant picnic lunch, and proceeded through Sansom, Rata, and Taihape (where we stopped at a tavern for a jug of refreshing New Zealand draught beer) and proceeded on to Waiouru, Turangi and Waitahenui. We saw many Maori men, women and children, and much beautiful countryside (much greener than South Island's). We saw snow-capped Tongagiuro Mountain, used as a ski resort. Other mountains were lower, greener and more fertile and grass-seeded by airplane to provide pasture for thousands of sheep and countless cattle. The Maori names and cultural artifacts added authenticity to our unique experience.

We arrived at our hotel at 7:25 p.m. and found its accommodations mediocre but comfortable. Early the next morning at 7:00 a.m. John decided to try out his pocket-fisherman (our children's gift to each of us) on a rocky promontory at the boat wharf and water plane take-off point. Anne and I joined him a couple of hours later, cast several times and decided to go for breakfast, leaving persistent John casting away. He was richly rewarded for his efforts in the form of a four and one-half pound rainbow trout that was the envy of the entire community, passersby, and the hotel staff. Such prizes commonly fell to fishermen and guides miles from shore. Nobody suspected that one flouting his prize so brazenly would not have a licence, but Anne and I soon remedied the situation by getting John to go and get the licences for both of us at a cost of seventy-five cents apiece.

The young hotel chef agreed to prepare the trout for us for dinner. What a treat! Beautifully steam-baked, cherry-eyed, tomato held in mouth, and surrounded on a large platter by celery curls, radish roses, curled carrots, cucumbers and French fries

arranged with an artistic flare. Yum- Yum! Rarely does one enjoy greater succulence. The fish veritably melted in one's mouth. Three of us had a delectable meal for only \$6.75. Besides a generous tip, the congenial chef had a reasonable share of the exquisite trout.

Next morning, John, although tired from some ten hours of casting and hot-pool bathing, rose early to test his luck anew. Fearing a chilly wind, he took his aquascutum raincoat under his arm. Because it was warm as the sun appeared, he took it off and laid it on a flat rock nearby. After moving to new locations to cast, he completely forgot to recover it. He returned to the hotel, took a shower, and then suddenly recalled



Anne Dubeta casts at Lake Taupo, New Zealand.



John and Anne Dubeta show off John's catch

LAKE HOTEL
 licensed restaurant
 open 7 days a week
 7.30am to 10.30pm
 children welcome



John Dubeta and Anne Cowie pose with the lovely rainbow trout. The cat agrees.

having left it on the rocks. He undertook a frantic search to no avail. He reported the loss to the town police, and gave them all particulars, before we left Lake Taupo for Rotorua.

It is to the credit of New Zealand honesty and the efficiency of its police that John received his coat in Canada about three months following our return. That made us and the insurance company happy!

John lost his coat, Anne Cowie ruined her wrist watch she forgot to remove before going into the hot-pool, so we were all rather disconsolate but were considerably cheered when we visited Lloyd and June Cowie, Ian's sheep-raising uncle and aunt at Atiamuri. They gave us a wonderful reception, treated us to a lovely lunch, and showed us their corrals and several thousand sheep properly herded by their three well-trained dogs. Lloyd gave us a thorough demonstration of herding, sorting, drenching and shearing. He had excellent equipment though his facilities were somewhat old. He told us that the wool and mutton markets were severely depressed so that only well established ranchers who had their farm, buildings and home paid for could weather the economic storm. He happened to be in that category. To top-dress his farm for pasturage alone costs him \$300.00; drenching 18-23 cents a head; clipping 22 cents a head; not to mention custody and care, so that \$5.00 per sheep on the market was way below the cost of production. Their lovely home in the valley provided a refreshing panoramic view of sheep and cattle grazing in the mountain reaches. It would be nice to see this place and the wonderful couple again someday. The few hours spent there gave us an insight into the life of a sheep- farming couple.



Lloyd and June Cowie.



Lloyd Cowie stands beside the sheep corral under a branch of a huge tree.

We arrived at Links Motel in Rotorua at approximately 5:00 p.m. and were visited by Lloyd and June Cowie's beautiful daughter and her fiancée. We ate lunch, discussed New Zealand-Canadian politics and retired.

The morning came quickly as we hurried to take the city tour by bus, to the Maori Shrine and an Anglican Church, Rainbow Springs trout and deer sanctuary, and to Wakakarewarewa Maori Village where we saw many original huts, crafts, craft center, temples, thermal pools, geysers, boiling mud, and Maori children diving for money thrown over the side of the bridge. In the evening we attended the Maori Cultural Center for a

marvellous two and one-half hour concert of traditional dances and songs. The costuming alone would have been worth the price of the admission. The ladies in native garb were stately and elegant, their voices harmonizing to perfection. Their male counterparts felt obliged to nurse their inflated egos by converting their faces into fearsome masks and belligerent poses, their macho stances somewhat modified by their lolling tongues with snake-like rapidity, often from ludicrous positions. Polynesian music charms even the most rugged beast, but the commercially-oriented Maoris took a dim view of tourists like John tape-recording it on their own. He defended his right to record what he had paid for and won.



Maori Cultural Center in Rotorua, New Zealand.

On the following day, Anne's son David, his wife Judy and their young son arrived very early from Auckland to escort us to their home. We visited their friends, the Adams, at Waihi, where we lunched. The men played ping-pong, surprised at John's skill. We headed to Mt. Maunganui and Turange Beaches for several hours to have a picnic dinner and to enjoy the finest sand I had ever seen. The day was sunny and the beach was much enjoyed by vacationers surfing on the fabulous, rolling waves. Hawaii, cry your heart out. This area has you beat by a wide margin, well-deserving our return.

We enjoyed with great pleasure David and Judy Cowie's hospitality in their lovely new home and their most interesting city. Judy, baby, and cousin Anne made sure to show us many highlights as they drove us around to the harbours, that are the natural hub for the sea lanes of commerce that crisscross Australia, the Far East, the South Seas, and the Americas. We got



Lunch at Mt. Manganui under a beautiful tree. L-R: Judy Cowie, baby Bruce, David Cowie, John Dubeta, Anne Cowie.



David Cowie and his mother pose in front of a sandy beach at Mt. Manganui, N.Z.

accustomed to New Zealand's left-side driving, and were fortunate to have a knowledgeable driver who was sincerely trying to give us an excellent glimpse of the marvellous 700,000 population city. My best recollection was from the top of the famous One Tree Hill, which offered superb views of the city, its twin harbors and the distant seas. The trip to and from this marvellous viewpoint took us through winding road almost hidden with tropical vegetation of flowering trees, huge poplars and pines sustaining flowering vines intertwined with varied ferns and brushes below. Everything was so very fresh and green.



Anne Cowie holding grandson Bruce in readiness for touring the city of Auckland.

Though the sheltered harbors and bays contained a large variety of water craft, sailboats predominated as they framed in gentle relief the sandy beaches sparkling like jewels in the mid-day sun. Auckland deserved a two-week, not a two-day stay.

Our trip to New Zealand soon ended, but its residual values remained for evermore. In a world beset with problems of race, color and culture, New Zealand achieved harmony between two races of different color and vastly different cultural backgrounds. The Europeans, mainly Scottish, who have dominated this land for one hundred and fifty years, have allowed the Maori culture to flourish, grow and prosper in all professions and walks of life. The rich Maori culture of language, arts and crafts find expressions in concert and dance halls and museums featuring its handiwork in gemmery and shells (principally puau). The intricately embroidered batik and macrame costumes are an integral part of the country and its unique charm. It finds expression in its names of rivers and lakes, mountains and valleys, cities and towns, and every nook and cranny. Fortunate were we indeed to sample it.

We left Auckland's International Airport for Fiji amid scenes reminiscent of Papeete, Tahiti. "Bola! Bola!" here we come! We landed at Nandi Airport safely and were taxied to our booked accommodations at a comfortable hotel which had dining facilities. Our room faced a lovely courtyard, with tropical flowers and papaya trees sporting ripe papayas clustered at the top. Immediately a friendly Fijian maid came by, saying "Bola, Bola" which served a triple purpose of welcome, hello, and good-bye. She showed us the cupboard containing tea bags, coffee, a tea pot and an

electric water kettle, confirming anew that the Fijians are very friendly people.

My memories of Fiji cover a few interesting scenarios. First is its characteristic rainfalls. Rains descended in bucketsful for a few minutes almost daily and then give way to sudden sunshine. Our next experience consisted of a visit to one settlement in Nandi where grass huts surrounded by large breadfruit and palms belonged to the commoners, the larger hut to their chief. The green grass around the huts was very neat. A few chickens darted here and there. We were told that the Chief had full control over the settlement. The holy day (Sunday) was meant to be observed faithfully, with no work allowed, not even picking fruit or cooking.

We considered ourselves lucky in Fiji. We were discovered by a Fijian friend, George, who spotted us tourists, and gave us every sign of wanting to assist us getting around town. His ready smile made us trusting of him as he led us to better eating places, craft stores and shopping marts, loaded with domestic products and imported goods. We gave him an occasional dollar now and then to preserve him in smiles.

The farmers' market was the hub of Fiji's commercial life. We saw strange roots and herbs that constituted the natives' daily diet. Though fruits of various varieties were present, we usually came away loaded with huge fully-ripened papayas, juiciest of grapefruits and tree-ripened red and yellow bananas at remarkably low prices. Our breakfasts consisted of half a papaya apiece, topped with ruby-red grapefruit, enjoyed on our sunny outdoor balcony. What a way to start the day!

The fish market, although smelly, had many varieties of fresh seafood. We walked around each aisle, trying to figure out each strange item. Then we found a social corner for men. They were sitting cross-legged on the floor, dipping coconut half shells into a pottery bowl containing Kawa drink. To us it looked like mud. Ceremoniously they raised the filled shell and sipped as they smilingly invited us to partake. I did my stomach justice by politely refusing. John on the other hand, accepted the offer for a sip or two. I asked him, "How is it?" He replied, "Tastes like mud, alright". We had a lot of fun there, thanks to George.

Another day, George led us to an Australian couple who had just rented a car to tour the island. They were glad to share their car with us as we toured through sugar-cane country, saw their sugar factories, and the Brahma cattle grazing on the ranches. The soil was of reddish color and seemed very productive. We kept driving along the coastline and stopped in the city of Latoka for a good view of lifestyle there. We wanted to continue to the city of Suva (the capital of Fiji), but rain commenced falling in buckets, so we decided to



John Dubeta and the Australian couple pose with the hotel's happy Fijian maids.

spend all the time in Latoka. We began to notice that most businesses and large farming in Fiji was done by East Indian people; the lower level services and jobs were left to the Fijians.

On Sunday, we and Australian friends, took a trip to the Tasmanian Sea. I found pleasure in swimming and sun bathing; John, an avid fisherman, kept casting and going farther and deeper into the warm sea, until a young Fijian cautioned him about sharks. He did manage to catch two baby hammerheads and retreated backwards, casting offshore. He presented his catch to the eager native lads. Once before, off New Zealand's



John Dubeta retreats to shore with two hammerhead sharks he caught in the Tasmanian Sea.



Fijian boys and John's catch.

coast, John had thrown caution to the South Pacific breeze as he waded neck-deep into the warm alluring waters, completely at the mercy of any marauding shark. Classic examples of "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

As we and the Fiji boys happily posed for pictures, we noticed two native men approaching us rapidly, one dressed in a purple tee-shirt and skirt of a large print in red and white. The young boys cringed and stopped smiling. The men angrily waved and in broken English shouted, "No fish, no fish". Nearby stood an East Indian father and his son who explained to us that it was against their religion to fish on Sunday. They forgave us and happily joined us for picture taking, after we told them that we were tourists from Canada.

After exchanging conversation with the East Indian and his son, we were invited to visit his home, a short distance away, to meet his family. We were glad to accept because it gave us an opportunity to discover how people in other countries live. His small, but very neat home, scantily furnished, contained a quiet curtained-off section. We discussed the ups and downs of sugar cane growing and learned much about Fiji and its peoples' mode of living. The man told us of his desire to emigrate to Canada where he had a son living in Vancouver. When we accepted his kind invitation for lunch, two women in splendid attire came out from behind the curtain, to serve us tea and a plate of cookies. They smiled politely and appeared happy to join our company. After an hour's visit we left, wishing them success in Canada.

Just as we were about to drive away we noticed much activity at the neighbor's yard around a flower-bedecked canopy of beautiful bougainvilleas

overhanging picnic-type tables and benches. We were told that a wedding was to take place there and the hosts asked us to stay. However, when I saw bowls of Kawa being brought to the tables, my stomach quickly told me to move on, even though we would miss a grand opportunity to witness a new kind of wedding ceremony and celebration. We came back to our hotel dining-room for dinner and entertainment of song and dance by a colorful Fijian group, doubly happy that a cloud burst was descending not over us but over the sheltered canopy. The atmosphere was great and we reaffirmed our love for Fiji.

As our departure for Hawaii approached our final five-day stay, our friendly Fijian maids gathered around for pictures and farewell, as they kept waving and repeating "Bola, bola". Our George arranged a taxi to take us to the airport where we parted with "Bola, bola" anew.

That being our first trip to Hawaii and Oahu, we decided to make the very best of it. We took a bus tour of the city to get acquainted with the area, and saw several historic places — King Kamahameha's (1758-1819) palace, Pearl Harbor and the gravesite of the ship Arizona; the city's fabulous shopping centres, and palatial hotels. We rented a car the next day and took a drive along the coastline to Marine Life Park where we saw a spectacular show of dolphins, whales and penguins, and proceeded to the Polynesian Cultural Center where we leisurely reviewed the exhibits of the Polynesian Islands of Tonga, Fiji, Tahiti, Samoa and many more. Towards evening we enjoyed a Polynesian dinner and attended a wonderful concert of songs and dances representing many cultures of the South Pacific Islands, Australia and New Zealand.

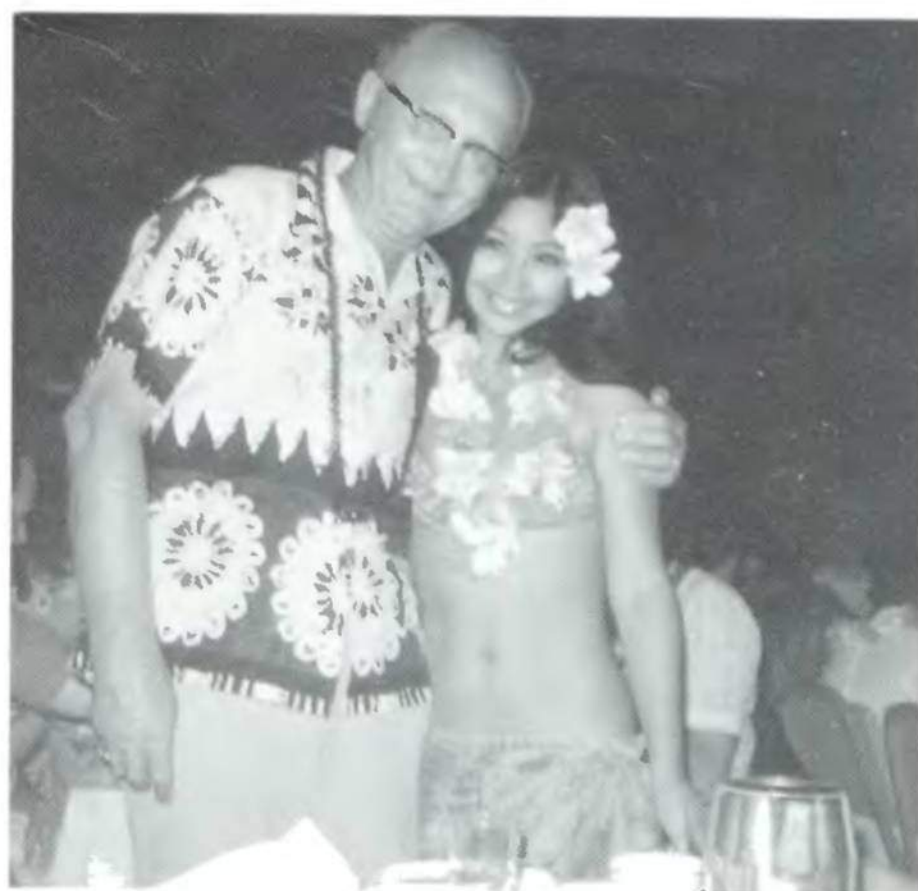


John and Anne Dubeta looking relaxed and highly tanned, pose at the Royal Hawaiian hotel lobby.

The next day, besides spending some time sunning and swimming, we saw a commercially-oriented extravaganza Kodak show, and in the evening attended a delightful supper and stage show, under the talented leadership of Al Harrington of "Hawaii Five-O" fame. It was a fun night and both John and I came away with pictures taken with the star performers. The rest of our days in Hawaii were spent sun-bathing, relaxing at the beach, and watching the prowess of the acrobatic surfers. The evenings were spent parading along with thousands of tourists through outdoor markets and attending hotel shows, bars and lounges. We felt very satisfied with the entire tour. Hawaii was the icing on the cake.



Anne Dubeta gets a hug from Al Harrington.



John Dubeta hugs a star performer of Al Harrington's supper and stage show.

We then lived in an apartment, totally free from worries about maintenance and possessions. Upon our return to Vancouver, we called our friends, Larry and Miriam Lynn at Sidney, on Vancouver Island. They convinced us to visit them for a few days before returning to Edmonton. We had a marvellous visit there, and were so pleased to see their new home and how much they enjoyed their change, even though Miriam was having some regrets leaving her many good friends in Edmonton.



Miriam and Larry Lynn of Sidney, Vancouver Island.

We finally returned home safely and had many stories to share with our family and friends. The rest of the winter was spent enjoying our retirement, attending banquets, celebrity concerts, citadel theatre productions and travelogues. There was a lot of suspense, uncertainty and anxiety related to David's architectural drawings of projects considered suitable and appropriate for our newly-acquired land in Padre Island, Corpus Christi, Texas.

1975: Texas - Here Come the Grandchildren!

Only one year of our life in Texas by ourselves easily gave way to the idea of bringing our four rambunctious 8 - 10 year old grandchildren there for a summer vacation. The kids and their parents trusted me, and Lillian Matthiessen that her two sons, Craig and Bradley, and David and Sheri's two daughters, Ashley and Dyacl, would safely make this journey of 2500 miles.

We had to leave grandfather John in Edmonton to promote sales of the Casa Del Lago condominiums and thus provide grandmother with welcome company. Such excitement one rarely sees as the youngsters got ready for fun on Padre Island.

Grandfather promptly had a U-Haul built for all of our luggage and some light furnishings, leaving the car free for the six of us. With the U-Haul attached to our Caddy, Mexican music tape turned on loudly, we

departed on our journey with most of the immediate family in attendance waving us off until we lost sight of them. Only sad part was that grandson Bobby Papirnick was not permitted to join us.

It was a five-day trip and all went well barring a few worrisome incidents. We overnighted in motels that had swimming pools to allow the children to freshen up after a hard day's travel. All went well until we reached Butte, Montana, when the radiator required some repairs. Our next concern was in Cheyenne and Denver area where we could not find vacancies in motels along the highway, because the Cheyenne rodeo attenders had booked all of them. Some people suggested that we might find accommodations at the resort campgrounds in Craig Canyon a few miles away. Lucky for us we didn't because a disaster had struck there that same night, where well over 100 persons perished in its flash flood. A huge thunder storm and lightning flashed all around us and as dusk approached we realized that our gas tank was getting low. We finally saw a gas station on a high hill, only to realize that it was closed at 7:00 p.m. and would not be open for twelve hours.

As the sky was threatening and the day became black, we made a quick decision to spend the night in the car parked between some overnight transport vehicles. This was indeed a test of patience and endurance as the four children and two adults tried to get some sleep. There were many groans and changes of limited positions, but we survived. We got our gas in the morning, bought some fresh fruits, and were on our way, only to be interrupted soon after for periodic runs into the sage brush to answer calls of nature.

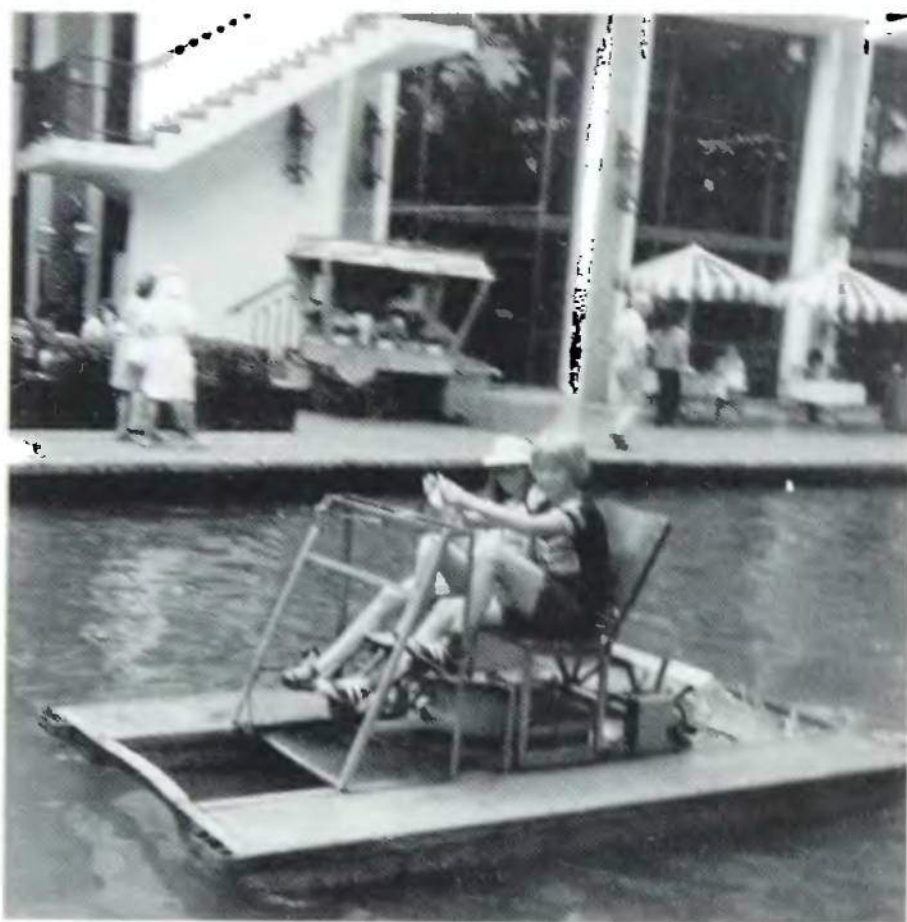
Grandfather followed the weather news and realized that we may have been caught in the flashflood disaster near Craig, should we have chosen it for a stopover. He even had a dream that the children were fighting for their lives in the swirling waters of the canyon. Not hearing from us, he was worried enough to call the police for a search. We in turn kept on going southwards and had full intentions of calling him as soon as we got to Padre Island.

Our next problem was our air conditioner that had stopped working. Without it it became unbearable, as we had to procure ice to keep my foot from roasting at the throttle. Our efforts in Comfort and Kerrville, Texas, and San Antonio to repair the air conditioning over the weekend were unsuccessful, so that we had no choice but drive homewards (the final 150 miles) at night when the air was cooler. While I spent time attending to car repairs, the children and Lillian had a great time in the motel pools and on the river boats in San Antonio.

My darlings endured the trip quite well except for a few minor skirmishes at the back seat, whereupon the victim would be treated to a prime front seat. Ashley's

asthma inducing her to curl up like a little kitten and sleep a good part of the way was worrisome. The children were most impressed with the cotton and sunflower fields and the approaching palms, but the river walk and the Alamo Museum in San Antonio were the icing on the cake.

We phoned grandfather immediately we got to our house in Padre Island and he responded, "Thank God, I hear your voice! Why did you not phone along the way?" I responded, "Sorry, dear, I thought that our long-standing agreement was 'No news is good news', applied."



Craig Matthiessen and Ashley Dubeta, paddle on the San Antonio canal alongside the famous Riverwalk.



Large fields of sunflowers fascinate the children, and Lillian the boys' mother.



The grandchildren have fun in the Gulf of Mexico in a dinghy.



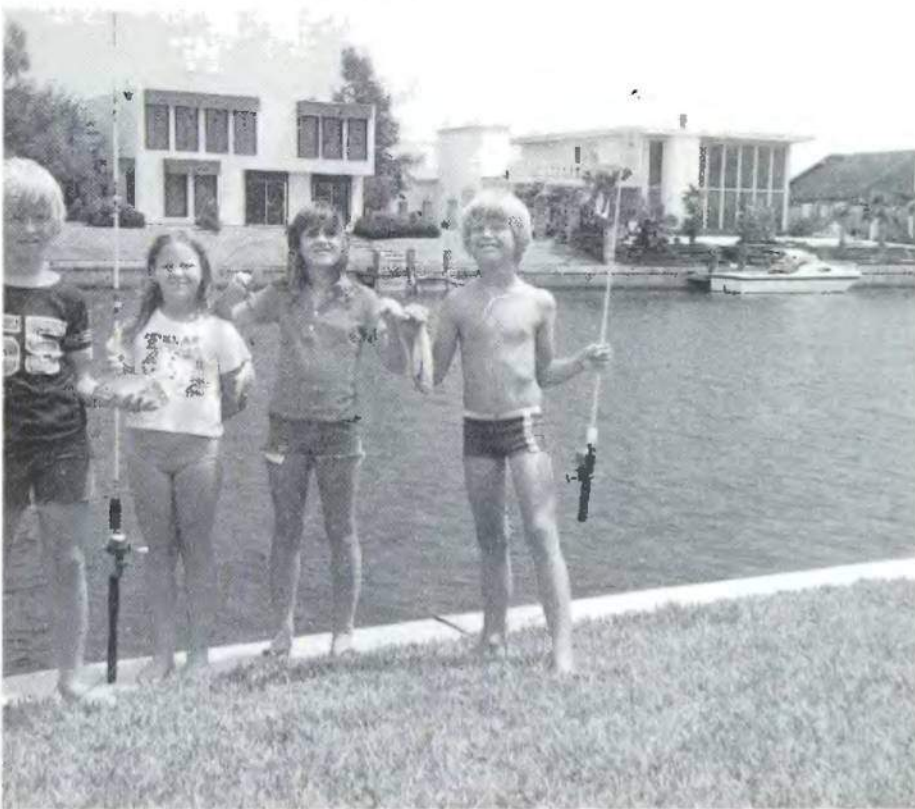
L-R: Craig, Bradley, Dyael and Ashley are delighted to be able to pick and hold fluffy cotton plants.



Digging sea beans and building castles. L-R: Dyael, Bradley, Craig and their mother, Lillian; their Padre Island friend Melissa Knapp, and Ashley.



Lillian Matthiessen basks in the Texas sun on the Gulf of Mexico.



L-R: Craig, Dyael, Ashley and Bradley all have some success fishing in the Padre Island canal off our lawn.



Fun in the sand dunes was unbelievable on Padre Island.

After one week, Lillian flew back to Canada leaving our darlings in my care for seven weeks. Padre Island and Corpus Christi offered much fun for the children as they experienced building sand castles and digging for sea beans in the sands of the Gulf; wading and riding the dinghy in the waves; being treated to a trip to a border town of Matamoros, Mexico; a trip to the alligator farm near Robstown; fun at the Cole Park and at the boat harbor on Corpus Christi Bay, and fishing in the Fish Pass, the Laguna Madre shores, and Port Aransas jetties. The greatest treat for Craig came when he caught a flounder off our bulkheaded canal the very first morning of our arrival. He shouted, "Grandma, this is heaven!"

Nine year olds, Bradley and Dyael, flew to us unaccompanied during the following summer. To this day I keep wondering how these children felt during the long-day trip that required a two-hour wait in Dallas before their last stop. When we met them at the airport in Corpus Christi, they couldn't run fast enough to our outstretched arms. Fishing was their first love, but Grandpa had a difficult time to convince them to stay behind as he, armed with lantern and spear, ventured into the shallows at Laguna Madre in search of flounders. Undue noise always caused them to scoot away.

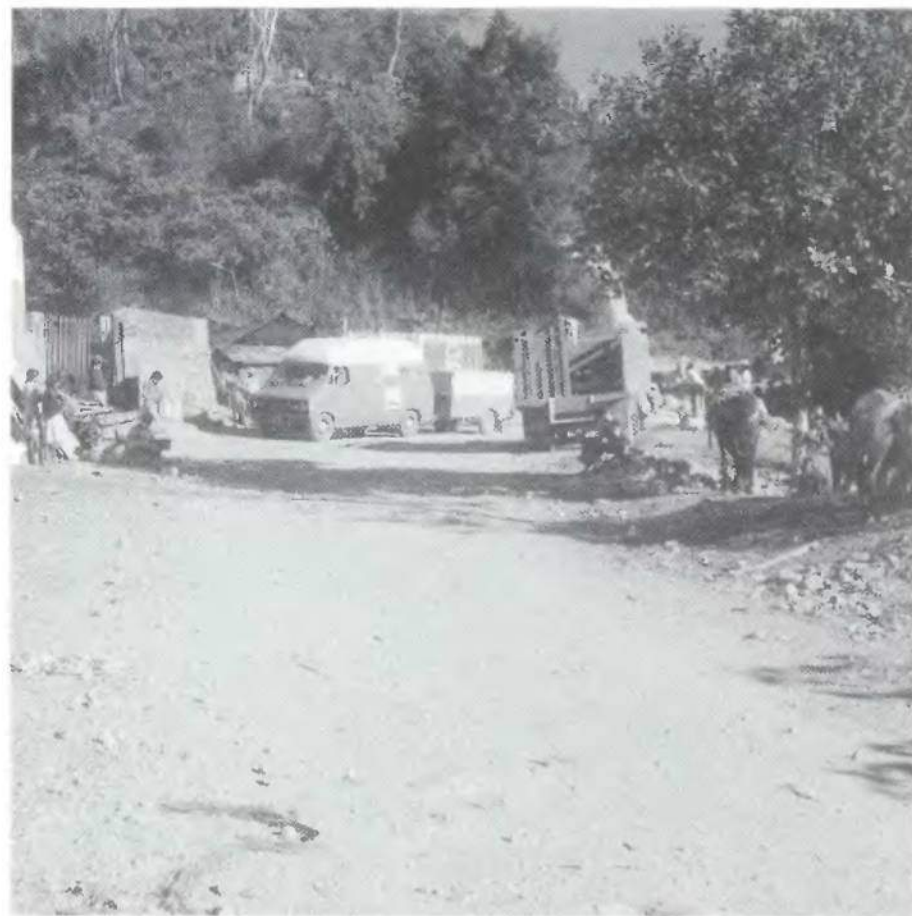
Bradley seemed to have the most misfortunes as he lost his spending money by leaving it on the bed covers in the first motel. Then he left his running shoes on the Laguna Shores while crabbing and fishing. When he returned later to find them, the tide had come in and taken them away. Thirdly, we bought him a great big straw hat in Mexico and when he and Dyael flew back home, he forgot it on the plane. Such minor disasters hurt only the pocketbooks.

Bradley, now at age twenty-three wrote us recently that the stay in Padre Island left a most favorable impression on him and that he had gone to Texas in 1990 during his vacation to relive his wonderful memories. He found that it wasn't the same without grandma there. The weather was rainy, he knew no one, and felt the Texans to be unfriendly.

Roughing it in Mexico for Thirty-Five Days

It is well to dwell briefly on the great deal of comfort we derived from our dear friends, Charles and Edith Vogel who followed us to Padre Island for their retirement. They had hoped to purchase a condominium from us, but since we were not progressing, they bought a home in Flour Bluff on the mainland, just a few miles from us. Together we spent many hours visiting and fishing. They arrived from Calgary for a six-month winter periods, grew a bountiful garden, and left for Canada in the springtime. In 1978, during the summer, we moved into their home and rented ours to

summer tourists. We enjoyed living in their lovely home and had a lot of fun growing a super garden, especially the huge watermelons and squashes. We found out that in this hot and humid area one had to be very alert about bugs, realizing why the merchandising shelves were loaded with insecticides. One afternoon we had lovely corn; by morning the corn borers claimed it all. When we left, Charles and Edith also sold their home and returned to Canada. To shake off our burden of sorrow and heavy losses arising out of our savagely scuttled project, we decided to tour Mexico for thirty-five days, via a twelve-foot, heightened U-Haul called "Hobo Hilton" (our sleeping quarters) and their rather oldish Dodge Van which even poor Mexicans would not covet. Uncertain of our safety, welcome, and road conditions in Mexico, we decided to leave our 1974 Cadillac and the newly purchased thirty-foot Avion trailer in storage in Corpus Christi's Bishop R.V. Center.



Charles' Van and our Hobo Hilton resting at a bus stop.

Late in 1978 the Vogels and we crossed the border at Matamoros and headed towards Cancun around the East Gulf of Mexico. We decided to take a leisurely trip stopping to tour, shop, and sight-see important cities and places. Charles and John did the driving, while Edith and I had fun with cooking of our meals and shopping at the open markets for our daily needs. The Spanish that I learned became very handy. John immediately studied basic Spanish from the books that I had acquired for my classes. He and Edith and Charles were determined to converse with the natives along simple lines, particularly greetings and appreciations such as: "Buenos dias, Senora", or "Mucho gracias,

Pedro". A few simple words and a smile combined with proper body language and hand expressions went a long way. We made progress as we went along, enjoying a new culture, its people, customs, and fascinating scenery.

Mexican people seemed to accept cheerfully the harsh realities of their existence. They all worked very hard at producing, creating, trading and selling on the streets, places of business and the open markets. They enjoyed eating barbecued goat, sausages, tacos, fried beans and peppers, candied sweets made from papayas, mangos and pineapple. These were served from caddies, or from big kettles brought out of their homes by scurrying women, men and children constantly calling, "Compra senores, compra senores". Fear of "Montezuma Revenge" prompted our extreme caution even though "aqua potable" (pure water) didn't always prevent some stomach problems. We preferred to cook most of our meals, but on occasion dined in choice locations.

We travelled through areas of sugar cane, papaya, mango, coconut, citrus groves and coffee plantations. Tobacco harvesting was underway then as we saw in San Andrea, Tuxtla, an array of trucks hauling tobacco leaves for drying in sheds, and ultimate manufacturing of cigars. On the side roads, burros carried large bundles of tobacco and sugar cane on their backs as barefoot or light-sandaled peasants in sombreros, cotton attire and machetes strapped to their belts trudged wearily behind. Sugar cane harvesting was well under way as trucks kept hauling charred sugar cane to refineries in Juan Diaz Covarrubias. Molasses processing plants and alcohol distilleries were much in evidence.

Coffee brought by burros from the higher elevations to the cooperatives, was being spread over large areas to dry in the sun. We were delighted with the fruits of the region and made a daily diet of them. The papayas were huge, some of them up to twenty-four inches in



Mexico's favorite beast of burden.

length. Some varieties had a deep pink flesh unlike the orange ones we buy in Canada. The bananas ranging from the short reddish variety to the yellowish-white ones, were unbelievably tasty. Lemons, oranges, tangerines and grapefruit were very cheap everywhere. Our health visibly improved as we generously partook of these delicious bounties of nature.

Our chosen highway to Cancun on the Caribbean took us through Tampico, Tuxpan, Vera Cruz, Campeche, Merida, Tuxtla, Villa Hermosa and through small villages in Yucatan. Each city was full of history dating back to the days of pirates who pillaged and plundered the coastal areas, now sites of the country's principal oil and petro-chemical industries, bustling cities, plantations and many commemorative statues. At Tampico, a thriving modern city, we traversed a horrendous access road to the Alita Ferry which bore us across the Panuco River. Three miles beyond, we passed a monument to Cuauhtemoc, an Aztec Chieftain who died defying the Spaniards while preserving the secrets of his ancestral treasures from them.

Tuxpan was a nice tidy town of 50,000 people. We proceeded through the old river town of Santiago de la Pina, where an American family operates citrus groves. At Zapatalillo stands a sixty-foot tall Toltec pyramid far removed from its larger peers of Yucatan several hundred miles away. At Posa Rica we saw a big Pemex refinery, a coke bottling plant, and more citrus groves, and shortly beyond at El Tajen, the sacred city of the Totonacs who in the 5th and 6th century built a seven-story pyramid with its 366 "niches", each representing a certain God, one for every day of the year. At Al Farro banana plantations were the chief attraction. Fancy church spires heralded the way at Vega de Altorre, Santa Ana and Rio Santa Ana until the thermo-nuclear electric power near pretty Laguna Verde stole the show.

Veracruz, a city with a "personality" provided our two day sojourn. Mexico's biggest seaport, it's the "most Spanish" place in Mexico. Its harbor brings in sailors and tourists from all over the world and one could see a variety of strollers enjoying the "Avila Comacho Boulevard", a semi-circular ocean span. We photographed the impressive Fort San Juan de Ulua, and one of their open-air streetcars reminiscent of San Francisco's cable cars. Its central park with resplendent tropical trees was ideally located in the Main Plaza between two impressive cathedrals, especially splendid at night. On the park stage we had the pleasure to hear an international concert produced by 205 goodwill ambassadors from all walks of life and many countries, sailing from port to port, spreading friendship and good will (as a labor of love), using the large self-contained ocean liner, Dalau, over a fifteen month peri-

od. Around this park area several night entertainment dance and bar facilities seemed to be well catered and attended by tourists and locals, while the families sat on benches to enjoy the performances on the stage, or watch their youngsters play and romp around the trees and play their little games far into the night.

Before we left the city, John and Charles wandered off to the lovely beach to join several youth playing bocci, and found them very easy to communicate with as they played hard to win. Edith and I enjoyed our walk along the sandy beach, took pictures of the many palm-roofed cabanas (for the convenience of the fun, sea-loving people), nestled in the sand.

Twenty-four miles from the port city of Veracruz lie the ruins of the once-famous city of Zampoala, the Totonac capital which so greatly impressed Cortez and his Spanish Conquistadores when they landed at La Antigua in 1519 where he tied up to a huge tree still standing there. We were also fascinated by the names of the little towns and places: Tecolapan, Tapalapa, Papoctepic, and Coatzacoalcas, as we drove through beautiful valleys.

As we drove further south and east toward Yucatan, every day proved to be highly interesting. We came across huge statues of Presidente Cortines and General Mendez commemorating their historical periods. We marvelled over a twenty-ton Olmeccan head carved from a single block of solid stone. It was mysteriously found in the swamps of La Venta, about eighty miles from Villahermosa, miles away from any known quarries. Some attribute its origin to Acapulco but how it was transported so far only to be discovered at lake-bottom remains a mystery.

One of the largest of the original five heads presently graces the fabulous Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City: three are in the outdoor museum in Villahermosa, and the fifth is in the air-conditioned downstairs museum in the same city. Others throughout Mexico are carved imitations.

Villahermosa, a charming city of flower-lined boulevards, a magnificent plaza, and its imaginatively-conceived outdoor park and zoo, gave us a lasting impression of cleanliness and beauty. We spent



Twenty-ton Olmeccan Head.

the night there parked only half a block from the gates of the palace, guarded by uniformed men. Needless to say, we felt very secure.

Edith and Charles, in Mexico for the second time, promised us the best was yet to come once we visited the ruins of Palenque, Chichen-Itza, Uxmal and Tulum.

After Villahermosa we headed anxiously for Palenque, a Mayan masterpiece, that thrived around 600 A.D., and discovered by the Spaniards in 1750. The sculptured ruins of the temples, pyramids and palaces cover about twenty square miles, but only the central portion had been cleaned and restored. That civilization thrived but for unknown reasons became extinct, leaving only the symbols of its genius behind. Classic Mayan Epoch indicates maximum development between 600 and 700 A.D. The Temple of Inscriptions, commanding a precipitous flight of steps, exhibits highly refined architecture and contains a royal crypt covered by a beautifully carved slab of marble. One has to be here to truly appreciate the incomprehensible feats of the Mayans.

We left Palenque on January 21, 1979 and reached Escarciga for the night followed up by Francisco Villa, the village honoring "Pancho Villa" and thence to Merida and Campeche, along the Gulf of Mexico's Shoreline Drive which sports many impressive residences, hotels and condominiums. Beyond Costa Blanco, at the entrance to Campeche, we beheld and photographed a magnificent glorieta, a masculine Statue of Liberty commemorating Mexico's freedom from Spain. At Campeche we also shot a few feet of film of the largest flotilla of shrimp boats we had ever seen.

We then proceeded to Uxmal ruins of 1007 A.D. but were too late for entry and regrettably had only a superficial glimpse of them from the outside of the archaeological zone considered to be more Mayan than Chichen Itza. The Governor's Palace, a low structure at the top of three broad terraces, is covered with intricately carved stone figures and geometric designs. The House of Nuns is an immense quadrangle with eighty eight bas-relief-adorned rooms. El Adivino (Sorcerer) is a pyramid surmounted by two temples which allegedly were astronomical observatories. We did not miss noticing that every ruin location, was a well-chosen site providing far-reaching views of the surrounding areas.

We purchased a few commemorative cards and proceeded onward through many little old towns with narrow stone-fenced streets and oval cottages (Mayan style) many of which housed more ninos (children) than dwelt in the Old Woman's shoe. We drove slowly and even stopped occasionally to observe the women doing their laundry in concrete-ridged bottom troughs, complete with tap water and designed for height and comfort. They did not seem to know about clothes lines as we noticed that all drying was spread over wooden fence rails or shrubs. We were amazed at the whiteness

of their beautiful, embroidered garments worn according to Yucatan styles, so different from other parts of Mexico. Other laundering was done in the streams and rivers with the washed clothes being spread over nearby rocks and shrubs, to bleach and to dry in the sun.

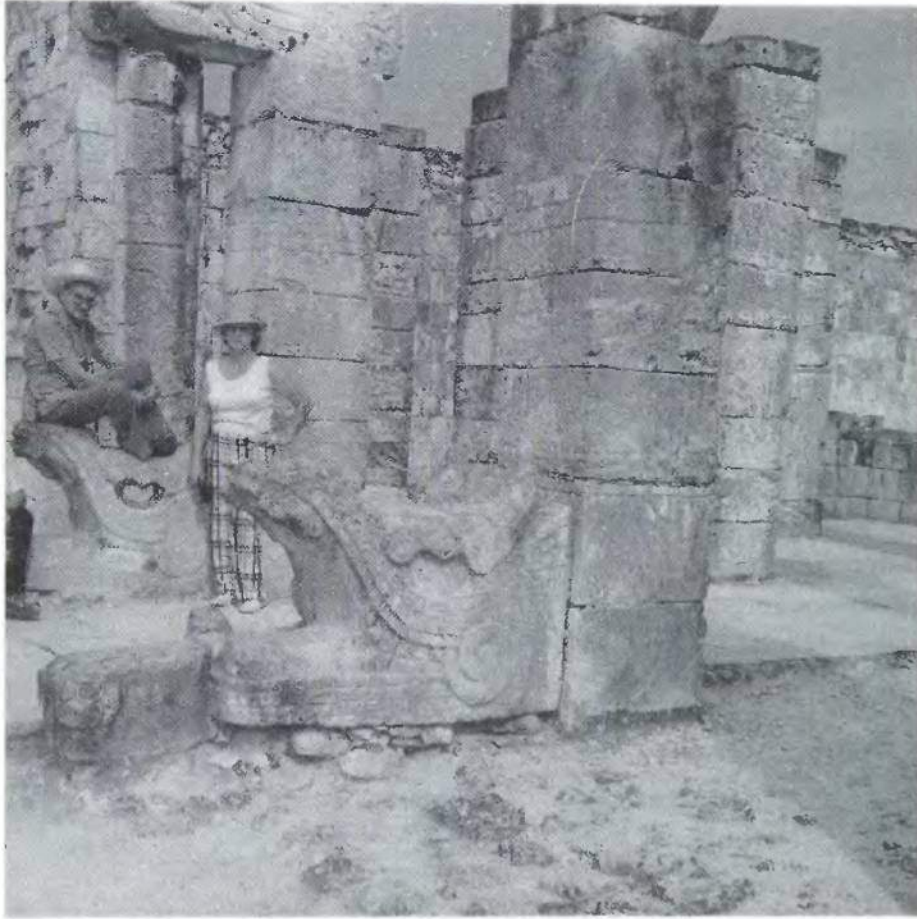
The children and the female adolescents were seen sitting on their stone fences beside the highway, embroidering costumes, and grooming their hair with fine de-licing combs, piling and braiding it, as youngsters frolicked about in normal childhood fashion.

Most of these inhabitants' homes were mud plastered and topped with straw-thatched roofs modernized by having orange-painted doors. An odd burro beside them and some mesh-fencing to help confine a few chickens or pig were the only noticeable possessions. We wondered how these people made their living as they did not look undernourished and wore decently clean clothes.

Little did I realize that some day I would be traveling through the area that grew sisal hemp for manufacturing the binder twine that we used to buy on the farm during the harvest season. Upon arriving in the big city of Merida, we were informed about the varied uses of sisal hemp fibres for beautiful indoor-outdoor carpets, baskets, straw hats, and miscellanea. Edith and I had "a ball" wanting to buy all kinds of hand-made items but ended up purchasing only hammocks, some colorful baskets, a beautiful embroidered blouse for daughter Linda's birthday, and dressy shirts for John and Charles. The market was a veritable Arabian Bazaar or an Italian Flea Market. Its fish market, violating all rules of sanitation and hygiene, robbed us of any gusto for Los Pescados (fish) until we got to the clean and refrigerated fish warehouse of Isla Mujeres where we bought some lovelies and two kilos of rock camaron (shrimp) to maintain our stylish and tasty dining habits. Too bad we did not avail ourselves of the opportunity to sample the region's superb lobsters being exported by air to all parts of the world.

On Day 7, we arrived in Chichen Itza (Mayan for Bum of the Well) one of the archaeological wonders of the world and covering approximately ten square kilometers, on both sides of the highway. The bellicose Toltecs occupied the city about 900 A.D., when it became the religious, political and cultural center of the Yucatan. South of the highway lay Caracal (The Small or Winding Stair) a circular astronomical observatory which most entranced us because of what it implied. Despoiled by time, it was sufficiently preserved to resurrect our wonder about their ingenuity and perfection in developing a very accurate calendar, and significant contributions in the fields of design, architecture and innovations in art, science and social organization. The Temple of the Wall Panels and the

Nunnery have exquisitely carved facades. The newer section to the North of the highway is predominately Toltec. The central feature of the Great Plan is the Castle (El Castillo), a nine-level stepped pyramid topped by a temple. Steep stairs (ninety-one per side) ascend the four sides, each representing the four seasons, and the 4X91 stairs plus the pedestal above total 365, one for each day of the year. So ingeniously were they devised that the light penetration on the main staircase during the Spring and Fall equinox periods (March 21 and September 21) produced shadowy imageries of ascending and descending serpents during the 200 minute periods when the forms join the serpent head at the base.



The Choc Mool in front of the Warriors Temple, Chichen-Itza, Yucatan. Charles Vogel and Anne Dubeta are awed by the ancient ruins.

East of the Castle, the Court of the Thousand Columns has great colonnades of Toltec-style square pillars covered with bas-relief. In one corner of the court is the Temple of the Warriors, with a Choc Mool altar. The Ball Court, embellished with beautifully carved friezes, is the largest of its kind. On ceremonial occasions, the losing team was allegedly sacrificed. The Sacred Cenote (Well) is north of the Great Plaza. Into this pit, thirty-four meters from rim to bottom, drugged maidens were hurled to appease the rain God, Choc. From its murky bottom were gleaned many bones, idols, jewellery and numerous Mayan artifacts. Because the Mayans were allegedly peace-loving and agrarian people, and the Toltecs more warlike, it is speculated that the admixture of the two indigenous cultures, may have induced the Mayans' lower regard for human life and human sacrifice as their high

priests, after a swift incision, extricated the hearts out of the bodies of the virgins being sacrificed. However, it could have been the mainstay of the power and influence of the privileged Mayan priestly class.



Charles Vogel and John Dubeta pose beside Choc-Mool at Chichen-Itza.



John warily descending the El Castillo ninety-one steps in Chichen Itza, Yucatan, Mexico.

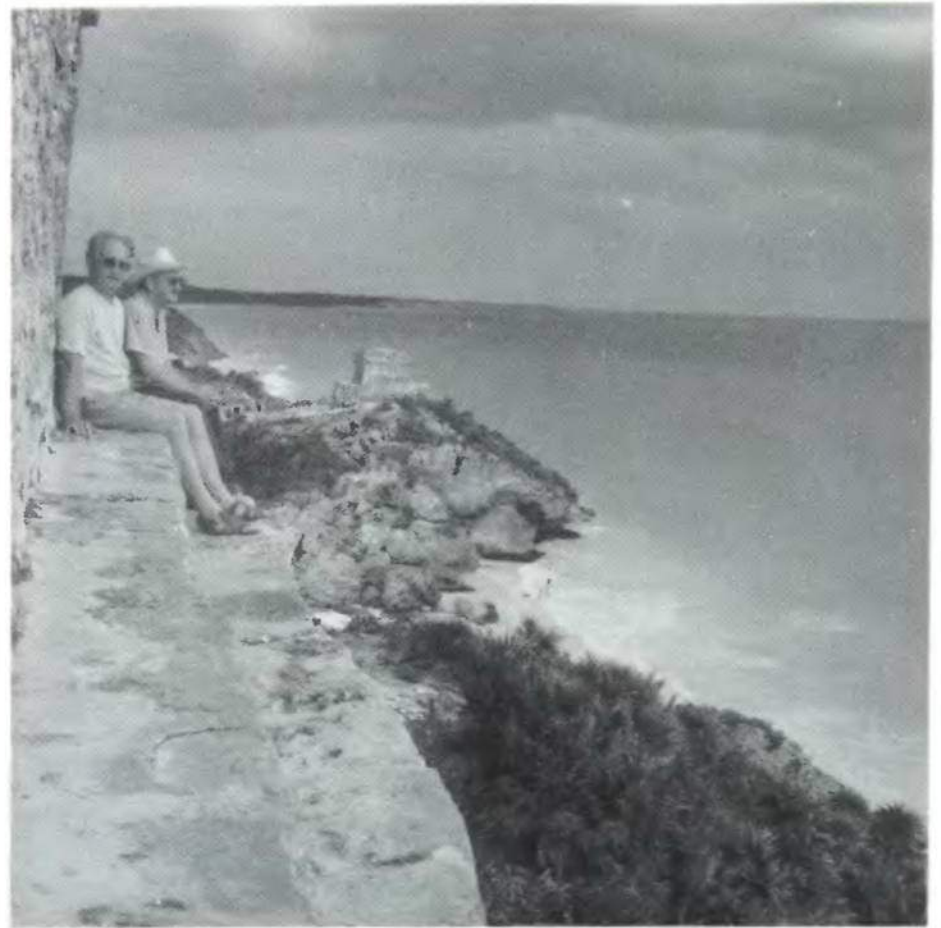
On January 23, we awakened to learn that we were in Cancun suburbs. Edith and Charles marvelled at the tremendous changes that overcame the sleepy village they had visited a few years previously. Its conversion into a thriving resort community was the result of heavy investment capital, foreign and domestic, catering to the tourist trade.

John and I were thrilled at the distant sight of the Caribbean as the perfect azure blue glistening in the sunny rays beckoned us to it in a hurry. We had seen several seas before but none thrilled us as this Caribbean did. We found a lovely spot to park near the beach, between coconut and palm trees growing in the white sand. No sooner had we parked than we were off to the sea to dip in the blue water, satisfying ourselves that it was really warm, clean and wholesome. Our salt-sea hairdos were accepted with more than a grain of salt.

For several days we combined sightseeing, shopping at the markets, doing our laundry, beachcombing and swimming. Here Charles and John got their horseshoes active before including us in some card games. Charles also effected some roof repairs to our "Hobo Hilton" in order to keep us snug and dry.

Having decided to visit Isla Mujeres (the Island of Women), we drove to Puerto Sam to take a twenty-minute ferry to this inhabited island in the Caribbean, so much enjoyed by many tourists from all over the world.

We drove to the south-eastern point where we enjoyed the rugged beauty of the shore, guarded by a small Mayan ruin and a lighthouse, manned by a Mexican and his family dwelling near its base. We strolled to the ruin on the rocky edge of the sea and speculated on the fate and fortune of countless thousands who navigated the far-reaching waters as explorers, merchants, pirates and warriors. John and Charles inched along the narrow concrete walkway beside the wall of the ruin to contemplate and to enable me to take a very nice picture of them, the ruins, and the sea.



John and Charles at the Mayan ruins on Isla Mujeres.

We then drove around the island admiring large flotillas of shrimp and lobster boats, rocky crags and boisterous breakers. We stopped to swim at two beautiful, white, sandy beaches whose waters were very clear but disappointing in the presence of bright lobster skeletons bobbing about. We were angered that the sophisticated seafood company used such forms of disposal, reflecting its primitive mentality.

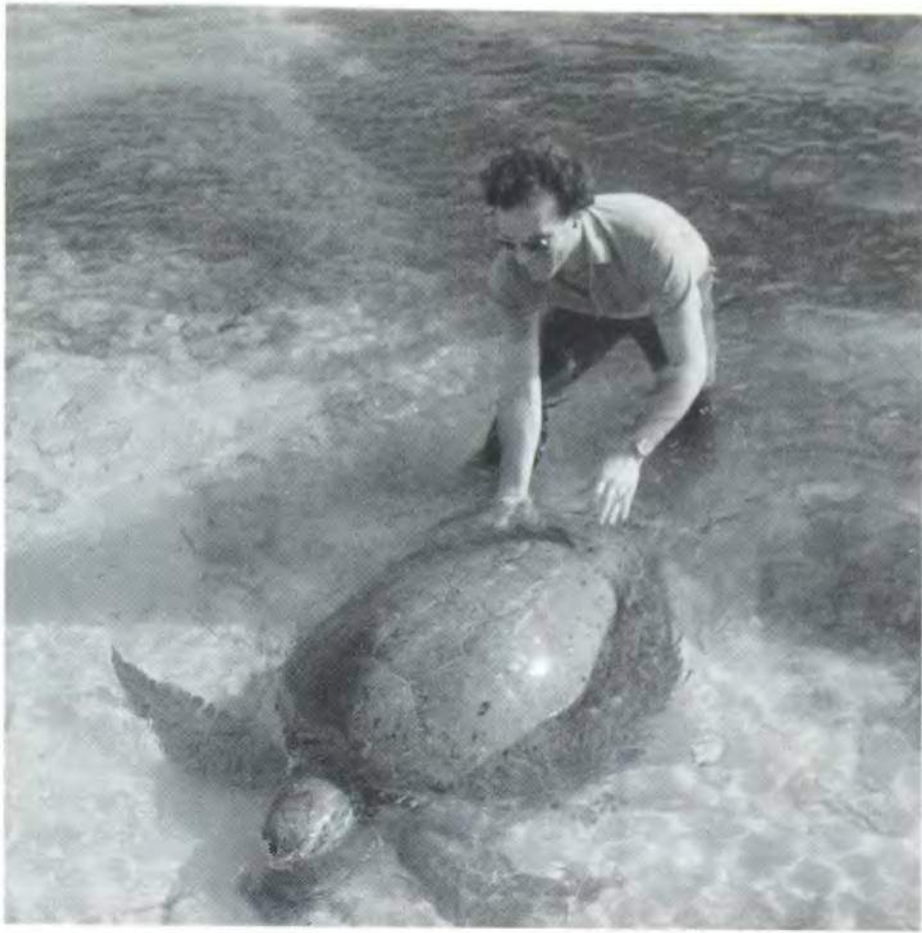
We made an effort to tour their sanitary and refrigerated seafood plant where we bought some beautiful fresh fish at very reasonable prices, and were delighted to buy five pounds of rock shrimp to make several delightful meals along our way, thanks to the refrigerator and cooking facilities on hand in our van. We also saw large tables of lobsters cleaned and prepared for shipping all over the world, but regretfully failed to purchase any at \$6.00 a pound. Such opportunities are not daily encountered.

We had a great time visiting campgrounds and tourists who parked there for weeks. At the beach John met a few of his English students from Edmonton. A pleasant surprise. There we enjoyed huge, tame turtles, tested their ability to hold our weights, and haggled with the natives who brought fresh conch shells from the sea to sell. We bought enough to please the entire family at home. Our "Hobo Hilton" was becoming a freighter accommodating our mounting acquisitions.

We had enough time to wander along the marketing boulevard where vendors offered their appealing wares calling, "Compre Senores, es Bueno". It was indeed a pleasure rubbing shoulders with those native people for a few hours, even though we decided to return on the last ferry to Cancun where the amenities were



John and Charles join a caretaking family of the ruins and lighthouse.



We also took turns to pet huge turtles.

superior. Edith managed to have a letter written to their sons Richard and Jim Vogel and was very anxious to post it from the island. As we lined up for embarkation at dusk, we could see the ferry approaching shore a good distance away. Edith took off to mail her letters, announcing to us that she would be back immediately after finding a mailbox.

It was surprising how fast the ferry approached the dock. We anxiously awaited Edith, but being in the line-up we had no choice but to proceed and embark. Still no Edith. The ferry unloaded in record speed and started to blow its horn for departure. Still no Edith. Soon, we three witnessed its departure (the last trip to the mainland for the day), with a sinking feeling that Edith was left behind with no money and a stranger to everyone. A brief comfort returned when we discovered that the ferry planned a return trip to the island for the night, thereby enabling Charles to return there to locate his wife. When this happened, Edith confessed that she was greatly worried but decided to go to the campground where she had met some American tourists in a hope that they would offer to accommodate her for the night. Although they were sympathetic and ready to help out in that situation, the men in the group teased her by saying, "Wish we could get rid of our wives that easily."

Both of them spent the night in the hotel on the Island while John and I camped on the mainland near the ferry. The very first ferry arrival brought us four together again, completing yet another memorable experience of our great adventure.

We returned to Cancun for another two days. This time John had the pleasure of snorkeling and viewing tropical fish at arm's length, thanks to a Mr. and Mrs.

Trogenson from Minnesota who lent him their snorkel and flippers. He became a veteran snorkeler in no time flat and chased tropical fish in the rocky caverns for at least ninety minutes. He confessed, "Though I nearly drowned as I vainly tried to walk on my flippered feet, I realized that they were for swimming only. Once I clipped my nose and learned to breathe through my snorkel-held mouth, swimming was a liquid delight as I pursued the fearless fish. Caution: Never dive beyond the length of the snorkel lest you wish to breathe in salt water."

We left Cancun January 26th a.m., and proceeded towards Chetumal a delightful progressive coastal city near the border of Belize. (via Puerto Moreles, and Playa Del Carmen). We stopped for two hours at the Xel Ha (Shelha) resort promenading around the stone-ridged lagoons and inlets teeming with tropical fish, strikingly beautiful in the crystal-clear waters gently washing over the varicolored coral reefs, much to the delight of many transient tourists and the permanent guests residing in the exotic, palm-frond thatched "condos" and motels on the tree-shaded compound. This scenic estuary sported numerous snorkelers cavorting after the beautiful tropical fish. A truly beautiful spot to relax and stay for many days where we hope to return for a much longer stay.

Along the way we stopped at Tulum, to view the last of our series of Mayan-Toltec ruins atop of a craggy coast overlooking the beautiful white-capped blue Caribbean. These ceremonial relics, inferior architecturally but superior in the quality and design of the inner murals which have preserved some of the original coloration, exhibited more profoundly the Toltec influence. Their well-chosen sites testify to their eye for natural beauty. We lunched there, and headed for Chetumal, the capital city of Quintana Roo, the only overland gateway to Belize, and the flourishing free port in Bahia Chetumal, so shallow and reefbound that lighting for ships is necessary. Rebuilt after the devastating hurricanes of 1942 and 1955, Chetumal is a modern city with wide boulevards and an esplanade separating the sea-walled bay and the river mouth.

A Mexican rock band played its brassy "hits" with slight variation of sound and tempo as more and more couples were admitted to jive in the walled compound where numerous hucksters and concessionaires plied their wares, so typical all over Mexico, a nation of salespeople causing us to wonder many times, who produces the things they sell. The mournful entreaties of the very young, "Compra Senores" were often too hard to resist.

John and I were too excited to retire early. There was much action in this well-lit local recreation area. We dropped in at a large, thatched-roof discotheque

where drinks were served at a bar, and where couples jived on the strobe-lit dance floor in a psychedelic setting. None could outdo a young pre-teen-age boy, a veritable human dynamo who enjoyed exercising all of his muscles at the same time, solo! Other performers showed off their talents informally, making us realize that this is a cosmopolitan area where tourists, ship-mates, and the native population have much fun.

In the morning, Edith and I contrived a plan to travel back to Palenque and Escarcega where we failed to purchase beautiful stuffed leather baby "crocodillos" when travelling to Cancun. We just couldn't see ourselves leaving this area without those souvenirs. Our highway along the border of Belize took us in that direction anyway.

Our destination now was southward to a highly praised resort Puerto Escondido via Tuxtla Gutierrez, capital of the State of Chiapas. Oaxaca City was a "must" on our itinerary as well.

We studied our map carefully, calculated the mileage and on the recommendation of some vindictive Chicano who "loves" Los Gringos assured us that the shortest "camino" was "Mucho bueno" and would save us at least eighty kilometers. We left the regular highway on his advice as nobody in his right mind should ever have done.

We travelled over some of the most treacherous stone-edged ruts and potholes that plague the gullible tourist anywhere in the world. Save time and gasoline? We were lucky that we saved ourselves and the van and trailer from complete destruction, thanks to the patience and endurance of Charles who crawled over the 100 mile stretch in a record time of nine hours and twenty minutes, after consuming thirty gallons of gasoline.

The only redeeming feature about the "shortcut" was the most scenic mountains and valleys we had ever seen in Mexico; the countless variety of cacti that stood at stark attention as we drove by; the lumber mills, the banana, mango, and papaya groves; exotic vegetation and fruits, and the lovely bunch of plantain John and Charles had the pleasure of harvesting at the roadside and depositing them in the trailer, thinking they were bananas.

Though mistaken for bananas they served us well. We gave many away in return for favors, used a few dozen in lieu of potatoes, and swore that as they fully matured, they resembled bananas very closely.

Another highlight of our panoramic side-trip was Aqua Azul waterfall, meaning Blue Waters, two and one-half miles off a reasonably good road and fifty miles from Palenque. A miniature Niagara Falls with its blue waters cascading over falls and rivulets. Here we rested and the men swam on the quieter edge of this marvellous spectacle of nature.



Oh! the thrill of harvesting a bunch of "bananas" (plantains)!

If only we had the intuitive sense to return to Palenque by taking the much longer route to our next destination. But what the Hell! We believed the Chicano that the road ahead was "mucho bueno".

We survived and reached San Cristobal de Las Casa. Edith maintained that her liver somersaulted. The four of us could not distinguish our neck bones from our tail bones.

San Cristobal de Las Casa, founded by troops of Cortez, lying in a basin ringed by the Chiapas mountains, has winding streets and arcades, low houses with grilled windows and elaborate Spanish churches. Its 16th Century Cathedral in Indian motif flanks the main plaza. The vari-colored costumes of the natives were very interesting and attractive.

We toured the area and parked beside a district park. John and Charles rested and had a few games of crib while Edith and I rushed out to the shops and market, always searching for interesting articles of the region to be used as souvenirs for us and the families at home.

We still had a desire to travel onward toward Oaxaca via Tuxtla Gutierrez, a lovely progressive city, capital of the state of Chiapas. It seemed to be surrounded by coffee and tobacco plantations. We were very impressed by the neatly designed animal forms cleverly cut out of the pruned hedges dividing the main streets.

Having a long road ahead in our mind, we decided to press on to another town before settling for the night. This happened to be Juchitan, a mountain-folk community. There was still time for Edith and me to get to the local park to engage in conversation with our friendly group of escorting teenagers there, as we exchanged English and Spanish.

The rhythmic band in the park was playing "La Cucuracha" and the youngsters encouraged us to join them in some fancy foot work. Who would expect them to be so brave? They were the locals who were so excited to meet someone from Canada, which they knew so little about. On their insistence, we allowed them to walk us back to our van to meet our husbands (Esposos). "Bienvenidos, Senores!" they greeted, followed up with broken Mexican and English dialogue, as they relaxed and listened to some Canadian stereo-taped music.

One delightful morning was spent at the local market observing heavily-clad mountain folk dressed in homespun fabrics bringing in their wares of coffee beans, oranges, tomatoes, strange roots, fruits and crafts. We felt we were truly in another world as we imagined what life for them must be like. I purchased a pair of dolls, of hand-woven fabrics which we proudly display in our home, or carry in our Avion trailer. We found the older mountain folk very shy but responsive to our friendly greetings. To the joy and surprise of the onlookers, John took over the task of pushing a wagon-full of cotton uphill to the market.



John Dubeta takes over the job of pushing a wagon full of cotton to market.

After spending a delightful morning there, we moved towards Oaxaca where we arrived in the late afternoon, three days after Pope John Paul II graced it with his presence. Streamers were everywhere in evidence, especially in the area of the three churches in which he served mass and which we also visited. The Church of Santa Domingo founded by the Dominicans, in the 16th Century is one of the most beautiful Baroque-style edifices that we had ever seen. As impressive as St. Peter Basilica in Rome, but less

statuesque. The 1563 Cathedral stands as a lovely memento to the vision, dedication and sacrifice of the early missionaries and their faithful flock.

After spending more time in Oaxaca sight-seeing and enjoying their market near the church, we made our way to a tourist-travel agency to get confirmation if the short-cut road to Puerto Escondido, a new fabulous resort community on the Gulf of Tehuntepec, was recommended for travel. This time we wanted a more reliable source. Yes, they assured us that the road was in use and "mucho bueno"; so we decided to brave another shortcut, saving us nearly one-half of the mileage involved.

The road, sad to say, was almost as bad as the one from Palenque to San Cristobal, but much more dusty and rocky. We travelled the 157 miles in a little over fourteen hours. It provided vantage points for many lofty scenic mountains and sheer precipitous drops into both barren and sparsely populated valleys. Dotted the inhospitable mountain sides were residences of countless natives who manage somehow to stay alive as they carry their loads up and down the treacherous snake-like mountain trails. Some flimsy huts were actually built along the roadside overlooking gorges 2000-3000 feet below.

Frequently the winding, dusty, mountain trail became dangerously narrowed by dumped road-repair materials. Often battered-looking trucks loaded with natives, chickens, goats, etc., came towards us, needing more than one-half the road. Poor Charles had to keep his eyes on the traffic, ravines and the gas pedal propelling "Old Faithful" at 5-15 miles per hour.

As we trudged over the rocky road at a turtle pace, Charles announced that at the first sign of settlement we would be stopping for the night. Soon after, we saw a few huts on a hillside fairly near to the roadside, but as we approached it, several curious native barefooted people, clad in dark clothes, started coming towards us. I asked Charles teasingly, "Do you think we should stop here?" "No way," he responded, as he pressed the gas pedal to the limit, lurching his vehicle like a jack rabbit over the rocks. For miles ahead, we all kept looking back for reassurance that some banditos were not pursuing us by horse. Guess we had seen too many movies. We travelled into darkness hoping to find a decent settlement, and worried about our gas tank desperately calling for gas. Not knowing what could be ahead, and not seeing anyone following, we decided to pull off on a large curb to rest for the night.

Waking up early to a cool temperature, and still feeling nervous about our location, we hurriedly took to the road. En route we were lucky enough to find a gas station and a little later on we came upon a private tienda (store) perched on the edge of a precipitous

ravine. While the mother attended to our purchases, her child and chickens normally played and wandered around the place. We shuddered how dangerous it appeared but no one seemed concerned. We purchased about 100 bananas, eight limes, one guanabana, all for twenty-five pesos (\$1.10) and had a fleeting desire to sample the juices of a maguay cacti from which tequila is manufactured.

Puerto Escondido on the Gulf of Tehuntepec sports a lovely beach but it is spoiled by the thoughtless natives using it as a refuse dump and garbage disposal. Its potential is promising if the moneyed interests move in to replace the slummy huts with decent homes and places of entertainment, and the ratty dustholes with some tolerable pavement. Nature has played her role well in providing a beautiful setting. It is up to man to provide a befitting sparkle.

We tried some casting for fish from the craggy shoreline where we sacrificed several hooks, sinkers and leaders in vain. We were advised by some fishermen that the "Pescado" (fish) was plentiful about five miles off shore. John got excited and in his broken Spanish arranged a morning expedition only to discover nobody present. Apparently his Spanish was not fully understood.

Sunday, February 4, 1979 modern Acapulco, next on our itinerary, was beckoning us to move on. As we pulled away, we watched a young teen-age girl carrying a basket of family groceries on her head (phenomenon which we enjoyed several places in Mexico). She maintained her perfect balance and equilibrium as her feet carefully picked their way up and down a very uneven dirt road completely oblivious of everything about her, except the pictorial drama of the comic book held in her hands.

It was 9:30 p.m., when we left the dusty "paradise" to get away into the area of clean air and discovered a likely spot thirty-two kilometers down the road to Acapulco. It was beginning to get dusky, so we pulled off the highway and parked adjacent to an Agricultural Technical School, quiet and devoid of students.

As morning barely appeared (5 a.m.), we heard giggles and foot shuffles around the trailer and our "Hobo Hilton", and finally saw curious brown faces peeking in through the glass door and back windows. Must admit that it wasn't a comfortable feeling to be awakened in such a manner in a strange country. So we engaged them in some Spanish, "Buenos dias, yo soy de Canada", and added "Nosotros viajar todo bonito Mexico". (Good day, we are from Canada. We are travelling across beautiful Mexico.)

We heard mumbles of, "No es posible". (It's not possible) as they scurried around our transport. Then they started to rock our "Hobo Hilton". "Oh! Oh! we're in trouble," I said.

Luckily Charles came out of the van confident that mob behavior can be effectively contained. "Buenos dias, Amigos," he hollered. Immediately their exuberance waned, and luckily the school bell rang.

Most of the students were gone by 7:30 a.m., leaving only a few of them and their teacher behind to engage John and Charles in a point-competition basketball game which our men won 12-4.

That day was Mexico's Constitution Day when El Presidente Jose Lopez Portillo was visiting Acapulco approximately 200 miles away. Perhaps this was the reason for the short day at school, to allow participation in the events of the day. Along the way we witnessed several patriotic ceremonies in which military bands and leading dignitaries, cadets and Guides of very neatly dressed children in uniforms paraded to assemble in parks to hear their speakers and songs.

We were truly delighted and almost overawed by Acapulco, the grandiose, resort city of Mexico, one of the more popular rich man's playgrounds of the world. Nestled in a horseshoe bay, it is flanked by high hills with terraced rows of houses candle-lighting them at night. Several subsidiary coves and inlets, provide it with numerous excellent beaches, magnificent hotels, recreation and entertaining facilities. Acapulco, in our estimation, ranks above Honolulu. Few hotels in the world outclass the Pierre Marquis and the Princess where Howard Hughes, multi-billionaire, kept himself secluded from the world.

We camped once during the night beside the City's Acapulco Centre. No one objected perhaps in deference to our vehicle bearing a Canadian license. A nightly admission of \$1.50 to this city's centre per person was well worth attending. Professional concert programs were performed simultaneously from 7:00 p.m., to 2:00 a.m., to those with sufficient energy, curiosity and cash. There was ample opportunity to dine at various levels and locations: to frequent the bars and discotheques, dance, and to assimilate the continuous flow of entertainment.

The beaches were grand and about five degrees warmer than those in Cancun and Isla Mujeres. No wonder that this sunny place is so popular. It was by lucky chance that we met John's former student, John Ternoway and his wife as we parked along a main street. The Alberta license made him poke his head into the van and exclaim, "Long way from home, aren't you?" "Dr. Dubeta! I was once your student. Do you remember me?" "Of course, Warspite, Alberta, 1942-45 up to and including Grade XII."

His parents, general merchants were our best friends in the area and treated us exceptionally well. John Ternoway, always business oriented, is now a prosperous merchant and mayor in Spirit River,

Alberta. This was the tenth year of vacation for them in Acapulco. We were immediately invited to follow him to his rented hacienda where we spent four hours sipping cocktails and swimming in their pool. All of us then undertook a bird's-eye-view tour of the principal hotels and less frequented beaches. It was marvellous of them to familiarize us with the region.



John Ternoway poses for us beside a bread saleslady.

***Foul Play In the Playa (Beach)
January - 1979***

The Acapulco beaches were most inviting,
The thrill of breakers most exciting,
So that simply in no time at all,
We were having a boisterous yet Pacific ball.
Senor Charles swam, dived and cavorted,
And into the stronger breakers us exhorted;
But as he waved and cheered, during one shout,
A gigantic breaker, with a savage clout,
Not only submerged his body, neck and pate
But also whisked away his upper plate
For which he vainly groped and followed,
But Alas! The Pacific Ocean his teeth had swallowed.
One might even say the carrier had fumbled,
As embarrassingly he toward his home goal stumbled.
It was a delicate situation, by gum, mucho funny,
An embarrassing robbery costing mucho money;
But what caused dear Charles most dejection,
Was that his teeth experienced no rejection
As a foreign body, much to some porpoise's delight
Now better equipped for a defensive fight,
While the former owner scratched his craw,
And faced the world with a fallen jaw.
But let's count our blessings, we were lucky,
For things turned out quite well, by cracky,
For despite our many foibles, quirks,
Congenial Charles refrained from gumming up the works.

We felt a great desire to return to this quiet beach once more, before leaving. The weather was super for sunning and swimming. We were having a rollicking time in the waves and collecting most interesting sand dollars, until the breakers whisked away Charles' upper dentures, as John's poem hyperbolically describes.

We returned the next day to comb the beach debris just in case they were washed ashore, but no luck. This experience put a damper on our fun, so we decided to move on towards Mexico City via Cuernavaca. Old Faithful was somewhat asthmatic en route and often proved incapable of holding his liquids as the radiator kept running over. While the men attended to its problems, Edith and I found our way to the markets to haggle with the local hucksters for items we had little intention of buying, except for our daily food supplies of papayas, mangos, vegetables and melons. Shopping was such fun in Mexico and preparing our meals made us feel even more friendly and comfortable.

Cuernavaca, Capital of Moreles, is allegedly one of the most charming spots in Mexico. We learned that the Aztec emperor, Cortez, Maximilian and Carlotta, and Jose' de la Borda, the 1716-60 "Silver King", all had their homes there. We had a brief glance at the fabulous estate and gardens which had originally cost the "King" 100,000 pesos over 200 years ago, and paid awesome reverence to the 1529 San Francisco Cathedral founded by Cortez, and built in a fortresslike fashion of the Franciscans. After touring the city, and stopping for a good meal, we decided to proceed to Mexico City some sixty miles away.

Before 11:00 p.m., on a Friday night, we parked on the city's upper crest overlooking a myriad of lights of this 13,000,000 populated metropolis guarded by nearby volcanic Mount Popocatepetl reaching out over 16,000 feet into the clouds. An awesome and inspiring spectacle on a rarely clear day.

We soon realized a decided change of temperature and the changed quality of air in the city's mountain-enclosed valley. It was cool in the morning, with fog or pollution hanging low. We tidied ourselves up and proceeded to the big city.

Firstly, we decided to lift our spirits by booking our tickets to the Mexico Folklorico Ballet for the evening. Then John and Charles went for haircuts and steam baths, while Edith and I went to a beauty shop for permanents that cost us only \$9.00 each. It was great to get the Acapulco sea salt out of our hair and to get refreshed and ready to enjoy whatever Mexico City had to offer. Indeed, there was no problem as the Tourism Bureau was very eager to assist us with directions and to offer current bulletins on ongoing performances.

During the days we visited museums, art galleries, Chapultepec Park and Constitutional Square

But Alack and Alas! the all important Avenue Charabooscoo
 That we craned our necks to "detecterooscoo"
 At our principal point of intersection, tougha lucka,
 Experienced a change of name to Mexoaca,
 So that we had reached a far different area
 Than the one claimed to have butanea.
 "Por favor, señor, donde esta estacion gasa butano?"
 Their blank expressions betrayed a "no comprano"
 Even before replying, and as a face-saving gesture
 They would smile and prompt us in a wrong direction,
 So that after one hundred and fifty contradictions
 And countless false directions to Pemex stations
 We suffered so many forward - back and right - left turns
 That would give even reptiles many heart burns.
 "For the only way that we weren't shunted
 Was up and down," we sadly grunted.
 And just before being fit to be tied and bellow
 We came across an obliging fellow
 Who leafed through one hundred pages of libro telephono,
 To help us buy our damn butano.
 To no avail, but a young ingeniero drew a plana,
 A place to buy the damned butana, not to-night, but a la manana.
 Because there were several arteries to crossa,
 We wrote the day off as a helluva lossa,
 And when rebuffed again at "Casa Liquado Solo" - no pipa,
 We ate half a broiled pollo apiece, played cards, and went to sleepa.

Refreshed, refurbished, with our nerves settled,
 We smiled and tightened our belts for another day's battle.
 Bad beginning: Mucho kilometers, gasa, but no pipa.
 Our faces fell a mile: trenta (30) kilometers a gasa planta
 Via freeway, across the city, compra afirmiento
 A solid purchase: for gasa planta is near a planta de cemento. Oops!
 We met more gasa stations without pipas
 Than poor Little Bo Peep had blacka sheepas.
 We twisted, turned, back-tracked, cursed and muttered
 And more than once we swore and stuttered
 "Let's eat a mucho mucho beano and generate our own butano."
 Mi Dios! Dos estudiantes helped pobre gringos: Hurra! ya no problema.

Lesson primo a los amigos, Americano y Canadiano,
 En Mexico Butano es mas importante que dinero.
 For you will be mucho mucho thanko
 By keeping a watchful eye on that gasa tanko.



After our search for butane was rewarded, we took buses and the well-run and efficient Metros to the University City featuring modern buildings of national and international fame. The three high towers of the Rectorio with its murals in mosaic; the Science and Humanities buildings; the Central Library completely faced in colorful mosaics of natural colored stones, the Science building and the Olympic Stadium highlighted the 250,000 student campus.

To some surprise we came upon anti-Carter and anti-American slogans on the campus invoking students to march in protest his meeting with President Portillo. It appeared to reflect the attitude of a vast majority of the public and not just the attitude of the well-organized leftist minority, if one could judge from the press reports that the Carter entourage had received a very cool reception. We lined up for a glimpse of it but soon decided to get away from the area in case



Mural in relief and mosaic at University City, Mexico, by David Alfaro Siqueiros.

some unpleasant situations arose. We realized that our vehicles were parked very near to the thoroughfare so Charles felt that we should get out of there and visit the famous Chapultepec Park.

We were impressed when two obliging Mexican motorcycle policemen re-routed us from a very busy thoroughfare ostensibly to save us time and distance to the famous park. We became considerably less impressed when they whistled us down soon after we drove past a school zone and ticketed us with a \$150.00 fine for speeding past it. They offered us a \$50.00 rebate if we paid the \$100.00 without appearing in Court. Charles, fearful of Mexican jails, was willing to pay, but John proved defiant, reminding them that speed limits in school zones did not apply on Saturdays. When he asked them for personal identification and promised to meet them in Court, they staged a quick disappearing act.

Two more attempted scams proved exceptions to the royal treatment accorded to us by the friendly, obliging Mexicans. Our careful records of gas fills and distances travelled thwarted a service station attendant's attempt to add his preceding customer's gas purchase to ours. A beach-combing restaurateur tried to stick us at \$15.00 apiece for a fish meal in his fly-infested dump. The police officer he summoned for our arrest when acquainted with the facts, provided us safe escort beyond his threats.

We greatly enjoyed the park's botanical gardens and its zoo, and we encountered band concerts and fascinating ethnic dancing. A great place for this crowded city's residents to get away to a natural setting, its spacious lake and the numerous boats available to lovers and family groups.

Chapultepec Castle, atop a high hill overlooking the valley of this city, was not ignored. We learned that this was the seat of the Aztec Emperors, started in 1783 and completed in 1840, to become a fortified Military College. Maximilian of the Hapsburgs made his royal residence there in 1866. Princess Carlotta designed its lovely gardens. The aristocratic splendor and its fine trappings and accoutrement were somewhat reminiscent of Prince Yousefop's Castle and the Lavidia Palace in the Soviet Union, the Versailles Palace in France and the Schoenbronn Palace of the Hapsburg-Hohen Zollerms in Vienna, Austria, which we had seen beforehand.



John Dubeta, Edith and Charles Vogel admire the lovely gardens at Chapultepec Castle.

Few nations honor their revolutionary leaders and statesmen more than Mexico if one could judge from the numerous statues throughout the country.

It would be tragic to miss seeing the phenomenal Museum of Anthropology, heralded as one of the "ten wonders of the Art World". As we approached its entrance the 150 tonne Monolith of Tlaloc, Aztec God of Rain was most impressive. The Aztec Hall contained an accurate twenty-seven ton Aztec Calendar stone, a sculptured Jaguar, a replica of Montezuma (Montezuma) Quetzal headdress, a mural of the lake once occupying the City of Mexico area, a replica of the temple of Quetzalcoatl pyramid. Other halls filled with priceless relics were devoted to Mayan, Toltec, Mixtec, Zapotec and Tohascan cultures, exhibiting stone monoliths, sculptures, ceramics, pre-Hispanic pottery, occupational artifacts and various arts and crafts.

On the second floor are ingeniously designed and artistically displayed dioramas of several indigenous

cultures. Impressive murals trace this history of Mexico and her people.

We came away most impressed with the vastness of the museum and were delighted to spend several hours viewing its historical collections, and marvellous displays that nobody should ever miss.

It would have taken several weeks more to see Mexico City's numerous points of interest. However, the constant rain dampened our spirits for more sight-seeing and an urge to return home was upon us. Perhaps another time, health permitting, we'll return to this teeming metropolis.

On February 14, 1979, we were en route to Queretaro founded by the Atoni Indians as part of the 15th Century Aztec Empire. Later it became the headquarters of the Franciscan Monks, and the site of the Guadalupe-Hidalgo Treaty which ceded California and New Mexico to the United States. Maximilian's last headquarters and his place of execution on June 18, 1867, bordered this area.

There we purchased a lovely opal for my ring, admired its local opals, topazes, amethysts and aquamarines at a couple of stores, and decided to press on homeward after a thirty-four day absence, to find a backlog of responsibilities requiring our attention.

The weather was progressively worsening as we approached Monterrey. We had a short, two-hour lunch stop in San Louis Potosi (of 1500 vintage), and Spain's principal source of gold, silver, lead and copper. It is there that Gonzales Bocanegro (in 1854) wrote Mexico's National Anthem first sung in Mexico City's Santa Ana Theatre in the same year.

By 8:00 p.m. we reached Matchuala where John and Charles played cribbage and John attended to his



A familiar scene in Mexico.

infected toe. Edith and I visited the local market and a nearby cathedral where a choir was rehearsing.

In the morning we had an early breakfast, gassed-up, bought some native hand-woven blankets, and proceeded towards Saltillo famous for its native fabrics of cotton, silk and wool, and its colonial atmosphere.

As we moved on towards Monterrey, we nursed our nostalgia for the hospitable warmth and grandeur of Acapulco, and the azure glow of the Caribbean.

We showed some uneasiness over the ever-thickening shroud of fog enveloping us as we made our steady descent down the mountainous terrain. As though by the grace of God, we stopped momentarily to spread the canvas tarp over our personal effects in the trailer, as an added precaution against leakage from the moderate rainfall then in progress. That stop was just long enough to escape a serious pile-up of at least four cars, two transport trucks and a gasoline tank truck a few hundred yards below us after the brakes of one of the transport trucks had failed. Several serious injuries, one known dead. We breathed a prayer of silent gratitude over the precise timing of Divine Providence to spare us from the tragic fate. Praise the Lord!



To Anne on Valentine's Day

El Esposo Romantico de Tierra Bello Mexico

February 14, 1979

Your migratorio esposo, Canadiense,
Has taken a romantic fancy,
And though no Shakespeare or a Milton
And dwelling in a Hobo Hilton,
Will expound as best we can
A tribute to love on San Valentin.
In the run-down town of Matamoros
I observed that love is mucho amores,
And all the places along the way
I've noted that love has had full sway
For there was ample evidence thereof
As ninos popped from every corner, below and above
From peasant huts and noble mansions
As testimonials of love's intentions.
How many a swain in old Tampico
Fell victim to loving pecks upon his cheeko!
And in the more prosaic place, Tuxpan,
Love exacts full measure from every man:
While in the lovely city of Vera Cruz,
There were more than sailors on the loose:
While in the beautiful city of Villa Hermosa
Many an esposo and esposa
Count their numerous gains and losses
From their romantic flings and tosses.
In Campeche, Merida, Cancun and Isla Mujeres
There was enough love even to embarrass

following a four-hour delayed flight from Toronto Airport. Not only were we congenial travel companions on the trip, but also as co-tenants of Villa Cuba, meal partners, co-tourists on side trips, and friendly adversaries (men versus women) during our countless contract whist encounters.



L-R: Anne Dubeta, Bill Hopchin, Stanley Dumka, Helen Chmiliar, maid Andrea, John Dubeta, Kate Dumka, William Chmiliar, Lenore Hopchin, photographer.

We were met by the Unitour representative who after an hour or so got us aboard a bus for the 132 km trip to Varadero, and our comfortable four-suite villa for our two-week stay. Our tour package included three meals per day and maid service, much to the delight of us ladies.



Lenore, Helen, Maid Andrea, Kate and Anne.

Readers may be interested to know that Cuba, exporter of sugar, rum, molasses, tobacco products and beef, is the largest Caribbean Island, 1050 km long, 160 km at its widest point, and only 145 km from Southern Florida. Its population in 1980 bordered ten million.

Fidel Castro ousted Batista (allegedly an American puppet) in January 1959 after two years of civil war. All farms over 67 hectares (including the multi-thousand hectare estates of Castro and his wealthy family) were confiscated and distributed to the land-hungry peasants who had lived in dire poverty. By 1973 their

housing had improved substantially. We personally saw many of their small abodes sporting marble floors, product of local quarries. Later on our approach to Havana, we witnessed hundreds of newly-built, closely concentrated high-rise apartments allegedly being rendered available to families in order of greatest need. During the same interval the number of schools had grown from 7565 to 33,380. The average literacy increased from Gr.6 to 9.5 and kept growing annually. Because most villagers were unable to have their children educated in cities far from home, the new regime proceeded to build colleges and technical schools within easy access of the students, a fact twice verified by personal observation.

Medical personnel at the Varadero beach-grounds told John that all but ninety-five doctors and nurses had fled Cuba when Castro took over, reducing the patient-medico ratio precariously. They claimed that by year-end 1980 their numbers had increased to 3000 doctors, eighty-six medical professors, hundreds of nurses, five schools of medicine and two of dentistry, for the highest ratio of 850:1 in Cuba's history.

Ah, yes, Varadero, near the tip of the Peninsula where Dupont de Nemours (of gun powder, dynamite, chemical and armaments fame), and his multi-millionaire pals decided to build their luxuriant estates. It's nature's masterpiece - a giant garden of oleander, bougainvilleas and flame trees rivaling each other in color against a backdrop of intense greens formed by pines, palms and coconut trees. A warm pleasant breeze (average annual temperature of 25 degrees Centigrade or 77 degrees Fahrenheit) rhythmically sways them as the deep blue waters, embellished with white waves, embrace the soft sand of the beach. What was good enough for the millionaires was good enough for us. Incidentally, the Dupont Mansion now serves as a museum and restaurant. Its lavish quarters, park-like grounds, and golf course (free of any greens fees) are at the disposal of the tourists.

At the nearby restaurant, breakfasts were served Cuban or Canadian style. Our lunches were highly delectable all-you-can-eat buffets; dinners were full-

table service offering a choice of two or more main courses every night, and beverages (beer, soft drinks, coffee, chocolate, tea, and exotic juices). The menus offered delicious creamed soups; an astounding variety of seafood, seasonal shrimp, lobster and crab; succulent roast pork and black beans; spiced ground beef; chicken and rice; steak and onions; numerous pastries, custard pudding, smooth caramel flans, and Coppelia ice cream, Cuba's very own.



Poor Piggy! started up here and ended up on the New Year's Buffet table.



New Year's Party buffet in Villa Cuba.

We spent considerable time at the beach swimming and sunbathing on its clean, soft white sand. For thirst-quenching, we frequented its thatched Cabana

which served a variety of refreshments, particularly daiquiris made from Cuban rum and locally-grown limes. Those services were particularly welcome during evenings when the beach assumed a carnival atmosphere summoning revelers from near and far. Two minutes away from our Villa, it was there that John and I used our English and limited Spanish to best advantage to gain much information about Cuba's new society and priorities. Those we talked to professed their undying loyalties and preparedness to lay down their lives to ward off another invasion by hostile forces from its self-declared enemy. All that information, music, dance and song for the price of reasonably priced drinks.

Also near on hand was a stately resort hotel, Varadero International with its sweeping driveway and manicured lawns, beach cabarets and "Ranchones" specializing in daiquiris, mojitos (mint drinks) and rum cocktails. There sand-covered swimmers, singles, drinkers and tee-totallers felt welcomed. While the males drank, relaxed, and enjoyed music, games and entertainment, we born-to-shop females scurried about for perfume, ornaments, ceramics, custom jewelry, framed shell-artistry; taxidermied turtles and frogs still being preserved as household souvenirs.



"Ranchones"

Some of the more active male tourists responded to the challenge of the Varadero staff personnel for an exhibition game of baseball. Generously enough, they permitted John's team (with him as pitcher) to lose by only a narrow margin. In volleyball it was a draw.

Varadero served as a convenient point of departure for several side trips into the countryside. John joined a group tour to the illuminated, cathedral-like Bellamar Cave, two miles west of Matanzas. It consists of a one and one-half mile of vaulted stone ceiling covering numerous under-ground streams and a

haunting variety of stalagmite and stalactite formations. Though well developed with stairways, railings and lights, one was unable to suppress the feeling of being held in the mouth of the Earth. Relative humidity was very high: 100% in almost all of the galleries. Its water at the "Bano de la American" (American Woman's Bath) is of low mineralization, calcium bicarbonated, and readily drinkable.



Bellamar Caves, Matanzas, Cuba.

Our twice-chartered bus drove us past sugar cane fields, rice fields, citrus groves, rural areas, hundreds of pasturing cattle, secondary schools and technical colleges. We saw how people lived, worked and played.



A countryside Secondary School.

We stopped for lunch at the Bay of Pigs (the site of the aborted U.S. invasion) and then continued to Boca de la Laguna Del Tesoro in South Matanzas to view the awe-inspiring crocodile breeding centre started by Castro in 1959. Its basin and corrals contain several little islands of rock and turba soil where females hatch forty to sixty eggs annually.



Bay of Pigs.

We were told that the crocs at birth measure around twenty centimeters, and during the first six years they grow at a rate of one foot per year. Some of them attain lengths in excess of fourteen feet and have life spans of 100 years.

The "farm" containing 32,500 crocodiles and alligators, anxiously awaited their increase to 50,000 and the commencement of a thriving commercial skin industry.



The Crocodile Farm.

To get to the Guama Siboney Indian Village (Castro's brainchild of 1960) in Treasure Lake, South Matanzas, we had to travel by a motor-driven raft because of the shallow waters. The resort completed on July 26, 1962, features stylized Cuban aboriginal huts constructed of local manglewood. It offers forty-four one, two and three bedroom quarters, totally independent (mostly for honeymooners) accessible either by row-boats or by way of pathways and bridges

because all the cabins are built on stilts sunk in water. It sports a typical Indian restaurant, snack bar, swimming pool, bar, a small Indian museum, power plants, and water purifiers. There were flowers and exotic trees everywhere. One of the islands had a reproduction of an Indian Village (vintage 1500 A.D.) featuring life-like statues constructed by the Cuban sculptress Rita Longa depicting a day in the life of the Taino tribe. Its contact with the mainland is via telephone and ferryboats. A unique experience!



John and Anne en route to Guama.



Wooden bridge at Guama.

Our return trip through the old town of Cardenas, passing monuments dedicated to the Revolution, sugar mills and fishing cooperatives left us with a better understanding of Cuban life. We can only speculate how long Castro will retain power without the aid of the Soviet Union and the crumbled communist regimes. More power to them if they can peacefully survive on their own resources.

Bill and Lenore, devout Roman Catholics, discovered a church easily reachable by foot, or for five centavos, by bus. On December 24, during midnight mass, the parish priest, following a brief service, introduced us to a young priest and his choir from Montreal, Canada, much to the delight of everybody. We also attended the New Year's morning mass.

After New Year's dinner at our principal restaurant, the staff and tourists donned paper hats, and with miscellaneous noise makers and to the rhythm of Cuban music engaged in a snake dance around the premises. They also performed the "chicken dance" to perfection, much to our amazement.

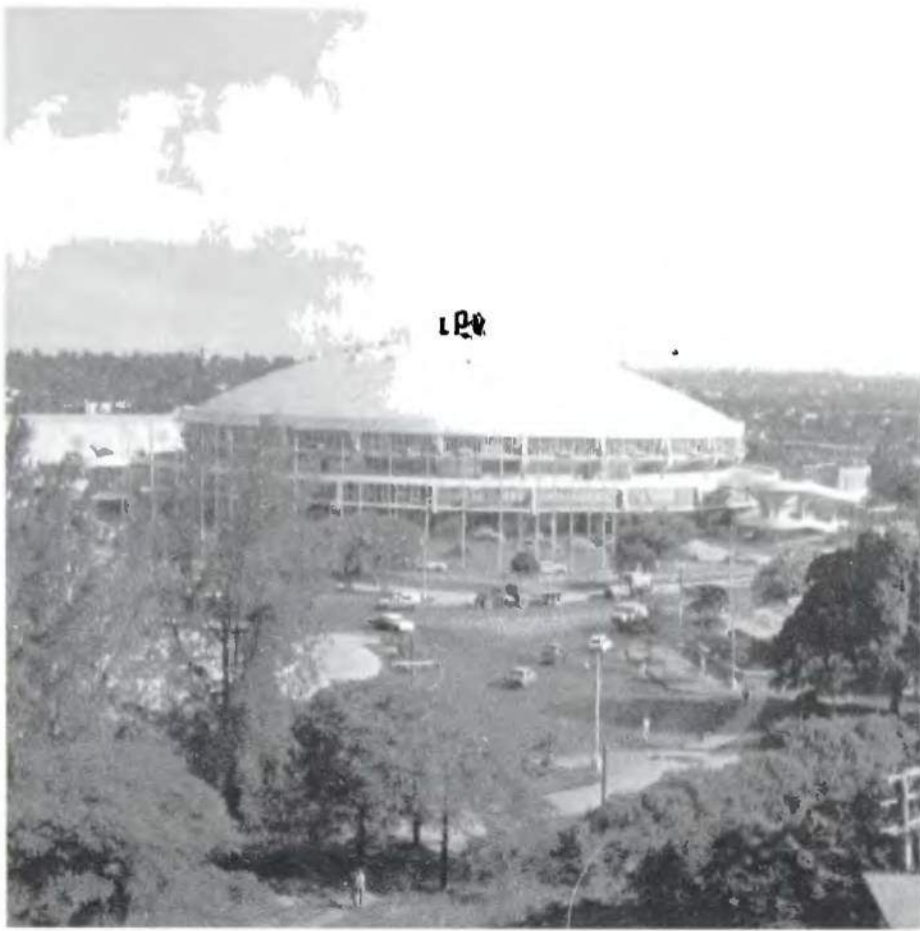
Generally the Cubans treated Canadians in a most friendly and congenial manner. Despite the fact that Americans received relatively cooler reception, many of them braved the official embargo and expressed pleasant surprise over the profound changes that had taken place in Cuba during the short span of twenty years.

To miss seeing Havana and its Tropicana extravaganza was unthinkable. When the scheduled date arrived, John and I left by early bus, planning to rejoin our group on the return bus to Varadero after the performance. Separated as we were, John experienced some difficulty persuading the heavy-handed bureaucracy about our personal identity before the program got under way.

One day in Havana was grossly inadequate, so at best we can only highlight what we saw. The Morro Castle offered harmonious integration with the landscape. Its lighthouse commands the entrance to the port. The Malecon is a broad avenue to stroll and to enjoy the breeze, with the sea on one side and a stunning view of the city on the other. Fishermen were hard at it twenty-four hours a day. Coppelia is a gigantic world famous ice cream parlor that offers an enormous variety of flavors and combinations of first-quality ice cream.

We spent all too little time at the Ernest Hemingway Museum housing the personal effects of the highly respected American writer. The house where Jose Marti was born contained the objects used by him, Cuba's national hero. The Latin American Stadium and Sports City, where Castro officiated during the 1991 Pan American Games, attest to the popularity of sports in general. All of Havana's twenty art galleries and museums are admission-free.

We had but a fleeting glance of Havana's 20th Century Plaza, "The Plaza of the Revolution". It has four avenues converging on it from four cardinal points of the city. In the center of it stands the Monument of Jose Marti, an enormous irregular polygon 105 metres high. Near it is the Jose Marti



Sports City, Havana.

National Library housing 500,000 volumes; the National Theatre; Government Palace; headquarters of the Central Committee of the Cuban Communist Party, and the ministries of the Armed Forces, Interior Transport, Construction and Communication. It is the traditional site of Cuba's mass rallies, a sea of banners, of men and women, of slogans and music where the masses dialogue with their own history.

Havana's Tropicana, once the venue of the international jet set, has two sumptuous salons, Crystal Arches and Under the Stars. There we witnessed from three simultaneous stages, a supreme spectacle of costumes, acrobatics, music, dance and song. The sensual rhythm of its music, exquisite lighting and tropical vegetation as a backdrop, convinced us why Tropicana is a paradise under the stars, a fiesta of the senses.

Our travel companions, William and Helen Chmiliar confessed that only one of the fourteen top performances they had witnessed in Las Vegas was superior to Tropicana's. It was truly the icing on our Cuban cake. Our spontaneous trip there proved to be one of our best, well worth the time and money expended. In fact we feel tempted to return.

1985: Authors' Convention, Family, and the Maritimes.

In early summer of 1985, John and I decided to attend the 64th Annual Conference of the Canadian Authors Association held at Brock University in St. Catharines, Ontario. He wanted to introduce to the national delegation his 559 page Writers of the Okanagan (already a "hearing book" for blind Canadians), an outgrowth of the association's 1982 Conference hosted by the Kelowna Branch.

Our friendly neighbors, Elbert and Joan Dedels offered to take care of our home and garden for two weeks and then graciously extended it by two weeks more after we decided to make a quick tour of the Maritimes.

Whenever we travel by car, as we did then, our itineraries include friends, relatives and golf courses along the way. After spending two pleasant days with our friends, John and Fay Kuzmar in Calgary, we headed for Regina and a day's stay with our favorite New Zealander, Ian Cowie, then a Deputy Minister of Northern Affairs in Saskatchewan, shortly after he had established legal-aid societies across Canada under Federal auspices.

We were treated to a super dinner at one of his favorite restaurants, conversed, and listened to some of his classical music, partook of his readily-prepared breakfast and departed for Freeport, Illinois, home of Myrtle and Harry Shewczuk, my octogenarian relatives. Notwithstanding his 100% blindness, we insisted to exercise him around the block and became painfully aware how truly devastating loss of sight can be. He steadfastly refused to experience "hearing books" as something alien to his lifestyle, and admitted deriving his greatest pleasure listening to Monroe's old-time music, news and world reports.

We enjoyed our four-day stay with them particularly because I saw my late dad in his appearance, sound of voice and mannerisms. I shopped with Myrtle and tried to console her in her recent loss of Russell, her son by a former marriage. We furthered their privacy and our own pleasure by golfing twice on Freeport's superb courses.



Anne Dubeta, Myrtle and Harry Shewczuk.

Bidding our fond farewell, we proceeded to Chicago to renew our acquaintance with John's cousin's daughter Olesia and her husband William Mudry, their grown sons Taras and Bohdan; and my cousin Nettie Juraska whom regretfully we were unable to see. The Mudrys feasted us most royally and strengthened the family ties.



Olesia, William, Taras and Anne Dubeta.

Entering Chicago via Roosevelt Avenue made us hope that the beloved president was unaware of the dilapidation and the neglect facing each side of the thoroughfare named in his honor, for fear that he would lie uneasily in his grave.

We drove past Gary, Indiana, crossed the border to Windsor, took advantage of duty-free purchases, and reached London, Ontario, for a good rest and an even better golf game. From there we established contact with Alan Dubeta's in-laws, the Lewises, in Ingersoll,



Proud Grandma Lewis and Danielle (four weeks old).

Ontario, where we made their acquaintance, shared their gracious hospitality and their delight in having acquired their first grandchild, Danielle.

Mid-afternoon of the following day we reached St. Catherines, registered for the Conference, and occupied our assigned quarters in the dormitories of Brock University. We gained new insights into children's literature, romance novels, Canadian fiction, writing of periodicals, and later audited readings by five recognized authors at the local winery. The "To

Build a Book" theme found tangible expression in a brief book being commenced and completed during the four-day conference. The city played host to us at its banquet; we enjoyed the stage production of Candida at the Shaw Theatre.

There was adequate time provision for two busloads of delegates to tour some of Ontario's central parks, culminating in Niagara Falls all under the leadership of George A. Seibel, author of Ontario's Niagara Parks 100 Years, a book now in our library.

Having decided on a ten-day sojourn in the Maritimes, we wasted no time heading for Buffalo, where we had another opportunity to make some duty-free purchases.

We felt impressed by the huge number of manufacturing enterprises on the American side but became annoyed by an even greater number of toll stations on the freeway to Albany, New York, the state capital. We still feel that road-building using taxpayers' money provides greater equity and accountability. Except for numerous modernistic government buildings, the capital showed evidence of time and disrepair.



A.D. fronting a Government Building, in Albany.

Some "locals" advised us where we could find better shopping and accommodations, so we proceeded there via freeway. The very heavy flow of traffic prevented us from moving into the exit lane, so we turned on our signal lights and slowed down only to be blasted by countless automobile and transport horns. Luckily for us, a traffic policeman stationed in the median, noticing our dilemma, entered the fast lane with full lights blazing, and slowed down traffic sufficiently for us to make our exit. Any heavy fine would have been a bargain after saving our lives. However, our story was convincing enough to change his stern reprimand to friendly service as he led us directly where we wanted to go. Thank God for narrow escape Number 1, as John increased his contempt for unnecessary shopping.

After breakfast we looked forward to travelling through Vermont and Maine to New Brunswick. In order to see the homes and life style of the people, we preferred to use the slower country roads instead of the freeways, but were not impressed. The farmsites, indicating relative poverty, neglect and disrepair were in marked contrast to those we were proud to see on the Canadian side of the border where the houses are larger, newer and much better maintained. In fact they, and the large, lovely lupins we garnered along superior highways gave us a feeling of welcomed royalty.



Anne, and New Brunswick lupins.

Our first stop in New Brunswick (the empire of the Irving family and the erstwhile dynasty of the Hatfield conservatives) was St. John where we enjoyed seeing its harbor, museums, and particularly the phenomenon of the St. John River at the Bay of Fundy where it flows into the Atlantic Ocean, is reversed during high tide for the world's record differential of twenty-seven feet between it and low tide.

After lunch and a fleeting glance at Fredericton, the provincial capital, we pressed on toward Prince Edward Island, reaching the town of Shadiac, the place of embarkation. We secured a lovely bed and breakfast place "Auberge Inn", run by a young French couple. It was indeed a very clean, very well kept manor with shiny hardwood floors, area carpets, oak railings and traditional decor.



Auberge Inn, "Chez Francois".

The proprietors spoke little English but were very friendly and directed us to an excellent place for a lobster dinner, on the edge of town. John vowed that he was going to have a lobster a day after the succulent one he sampled there.



Shadiac Lobster Place. John and Anne await their lobster meal. No.1.

After a super breakfast we bid farewell to this neat town of Shadiac and took the ferry across the Northumberland Strait to Borden in Prince Edward Island. Thence we travelled the Blue Heron route through Summerside and Kensington, New London, Stanley and Cavendish, skirting the shoreline of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We spent some time in the Prince Edward Island National Park, and visited the nearby home of Anne of Green Gables. Homes and churches here, as in most of the Maritimes, were well landscaped and nicely painted.



A typical church in PEI

We then proceeded on to Charlottetown, the provincial capital and the site of the 1864 pre-Confederation conference, well depicted in the film

played daily to visitors at the Legislative Assembly. John's detection of an error in it produced a flurry of excitement and confusion until his claim that Canada's completion of its transcontinental railroad was 1885 and not 1887, was confirmed.

We were indeed fortunate that our presence was timed with the last of a series of cross-Canada programs honoring Canada's 118th birthday. Every province and territory was superbly well represented by that highly talented, versatile professional group of singers, dancers, actors and comedians, clad in appropriate costumes. Perhaps the most popular item was the contest between two stoic Eskimos engaged in varied grunts and groans and ludicrous poses and expressions. The winner was the one who caused the other to laugh first. It brought down the "house".

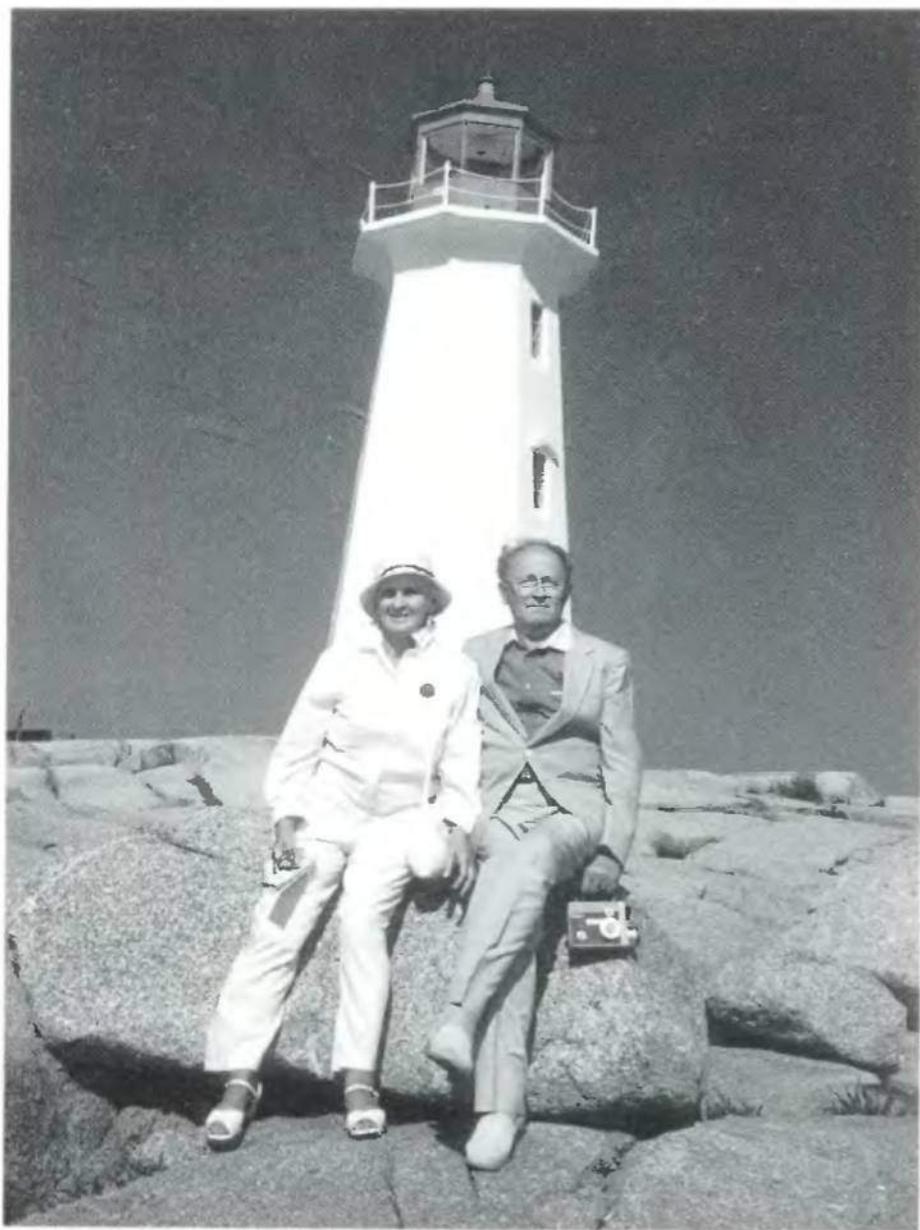
We discovered that captivating Prince Edward Island varies from sea level to 142 meters in height, that its area is one-tenth of one percent of Canada's, and its population is less than one-half percent of the population of Canada. What was most striking about this tiny island commonly referred to by the Micmac Indians as "Cradle in the Waves", and by others as "Garden of the Gulf", "Million Acre Farm", and "Cradle of Confederation"? We were most impressed by the beauty of its countryside; the friendliness and cohesion of its people; their careful husbandry; pride and loyalty; the reddish soil and its verdant greenery, sitting like a jewel in the surrounding sea.

We again crossed Northumberland Strait to Caribou from which we motored through Pictou, New Glasgow, Truro, Dartmouth to Halifax, the seat of Dalhousie University where Ian Cowie assumed professorial duties in law after he left our Edmonton home. It was also the home of Leona Poirier, a top-ranking Authors' Association member who in St. Catherines, extended us an invitation to visit her. She used her car to show us highlights of Halifax and its picturesque environs, conducted us through Dalhousie University, entertained us in her home, and escorted us by ferry to Dartmouth where she was our dinner guest.



Leona Poirier and Anne Dubeta in Halifax.

One of our feature attractions in the Maritimes was the vast array of fishing vessels and piles of lobster traps fronting the shoreline. It was therefore understandable why we spent most of one day visiting famous Peggy's Cove perched on a vast assortment of alluvial slabs of rock surmounted by a lighthouse that many seafaring men must have blessed. To commemorate this unique experience we consumed our largest lobster apiece, to date.



John and Anne at the Lighthouse.



John's Lobster Dinner at Peggy's Cove.

Regrettably the famous Annapolis Valley was not our most generous host because most of its fruits were not yet in season, except for the delicious strawberries that we ate most of the way.

Time was our compelling force. We did not accord Annapolis Valley its just due, as we speeded to Digby for a ferry crossing to St. John, New Brunswick, realizing that we were still 3000 miles from home. Our objective was to reduce that distance daily as much as possible, and at the same time not deny ourselves an opportunity "to smell the roses".



A.D. beside Hwy.2 and the St. John River ponders, "3000 miles more to go".

St. Basille, Edmundson, Riviere-du-Loup and City of Quebec followed in rapid succession. We trained our memories and our senses to relate the past with the present to a point of saturation, particularly when we stopped to dine and rest at historic places such as seigniorial manor; the early settlers' and the coureur de bois' narrow strip-land holdings bordering on navigable lakes and rivers, and the arts and craft shops of French artisans selling historic and contemporary souvenirs which we sampled. At the Artisanat Chamard* store we bought an intricately woven tablecloth and napkins.



Old Manor House.

Our effort to make good time nearly cost us our lives. John was endeavoring to get to the head of the relatively slow moving traffic. At his right, a driver of a small vehicle emerged out of nowhere and crossed

over two lines of traffic to make a left exit. Luckily I called John's attention to the hazard in sufficient time to avert a broadside collision. Though wives are often accused of being overly helpful, they do, on occasion, save lives.

Reader interest does not permit description of historic and picturesque landscapes we encountered at Montreal, the Algonquin Provincial Park, principal cities bordering the Great Lakes, and the mountain scenery en route to Thunder Bay, Ontario, where we visited my distant relative, Peter Myshok and his family for three days.



Peter Myshok, his wife Evelyn, Granddaughter Kathy, daughter Jessie, Anne Dubeta. Jessie's son Larry is missing.

The assembled family greeted us upon our arrival. The parents, Peter and Evelyn, hosted us to a superb dinner, followed by another one at the home of Peter Jr., and his wife Linda at their country home where John surprised everyone with his table-tennis playing ability. The first afternoon of our stay was spent with their beautiful daughter Jessie and her two children Kathy and Larry who had lost their father, a victim of a massive heart attack, mid-summer of 1984. Family sympathy and condolence does assuage much pain and sorrow.

On the morning of our second day we barely averted being eaten alive by Thunder Bay's voracious army of mosquitoes and "noseeums" as we tried to hit the golf ball between vital hits directed at them. To help forget our multiple wounds, Peter and Evelyn drove us past the principal highlights of the former Port Arthur and Fort William cities, lunched with us, and introduced us to the principal amethyst gemmery shop, using products of the Pearl Lake quarry only thirty miles away. We purchased some amethyst ornaments and became proud recipients of our host's generosity in the form of six emblematic souvenir teaspoons, greatly appreciated.

* Address of Artisanat Chamard, Saint-Jean, Port-Joli, Cte' De L'Islet, Quebec.

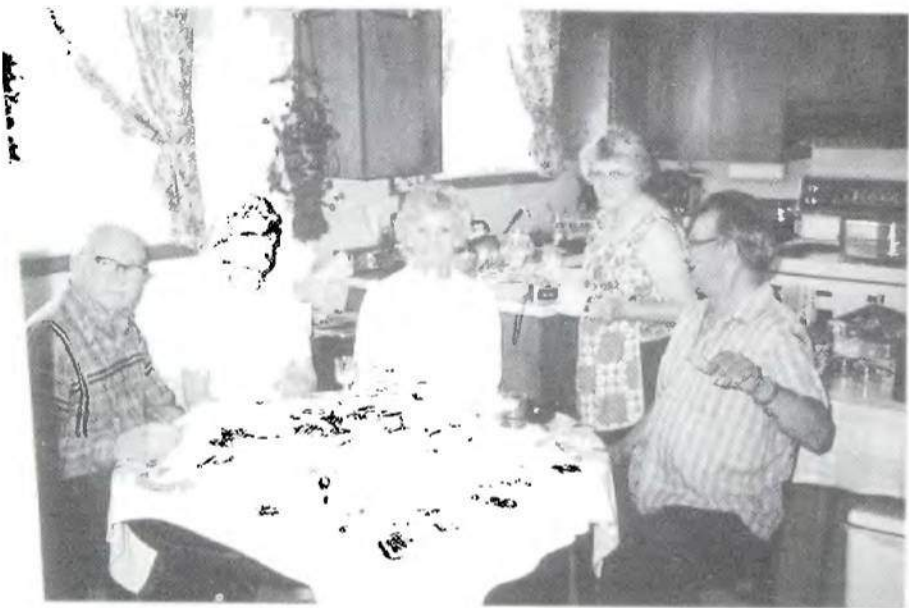
Sad to say Evelyn succumbed to an illness soon after. Except for an occasional letter, time and distance have continued to separate us.

Our next stop was in Winnipeg, visiting my cousin Harry, Paul and Michael Golko, and Mary Rasch and her husband Otto. Harry booked one day off as a fireman to show us the highlights of Manitoba's capital city, including the waterslide patterned on our son's. Our congenial host, Harry, died just two years later.

Next day the Rasches and we took a sixty mile drive to Paul and Tillie Golko's farm in Arnes, where



A.D. and Harry Golko beside Winnipeg's Waterslide.



L-R: Otto and Mary Rasch, Anne Dubeta, Tillie and Paul Golko.



Michael, A.D., Susan.

we visited and reminisced, drank and dined, and where John demonstrated his horseshoe playing ability.

On our return we visited Michael and Susan in Gimli where he is a respected hardware-merchant and realtor. Needless to say, the socializing and feasting commenced anew.

Maintenance of close family ties has paid rich dividends to all concerned, particularly during the writing of this book.

After leaving Winnipeg, we drove non-stop to Lloydminster to visit my brother Harry and his wife Susan, their son Ronald, daughter Sharon and her husband James Pennington. After sharing our travel experiences with them, playing eighteen holes of golf with Harry, a dozen games of ping pong with Jim, and dining to capacity on Susan's superb cooking, we drove to Edmonton to spend one day with our immediate family before taking off for "Home Sweet Home" in Kelowna, much to the relief of our kind caretaking neighbors, Stephanie Church and the Dedels.

The Okanagan

When gratefully I dream and meditate
 About the countless wonders of the Earth,
 I bow my head, and thanks articulate
 For everything Creation gave it birth:
 The lordly rivers feeding opalescent lakes,
 The grandiose, snow-capped peaks mirrored
in the sky;
 Nature's bountiful blessings my blissful heart
o'ertakes
 And lifts my arms in praise of the most high—
 For the harvests of the plains, grandeur
of the mountain,
 The vast riches of the minerals held in store:
 The chorus of the birds, the sparkle of the fountain;
 Just who could ever ask for anything more?
 And then the Lord added to the bargain,
 And gave His lucky ones the Okanagan.

We counted our blessings for having returned safely home from our 10,500 mile trip. We considered ourselves to be doubly blessed for living in the marvelously beautiful land of opportunity, Canada, duly grateful for the vision and sacrifice of our beloved parents and grandparents who emigrated to it. Unfortunately, however, we see Canada slowly disintegrating and falling apart. John thinks he has a solution expressed in his poem on the following page.

The Canada Of My Dreams

The varied beauty of Canada none can dispute.
Its rich resources are ours to command;
The privileges and freedoms we Canadians enjoy,
Are the envy of people in every other land.
But eternal vigilance is the price of freedom,
Why sing, "O Canada, we stand on guard for thee"
And permit demagogues and power brokers,
To change Ottawa, our capital, to Washington, D.C.?
Why enshrine property rights in the Constitution,
Without guaranteeing our right and opportunity to work?
Why corrupt able-bodied Canadians with social welfare
And encourage their social responsibilities to shirk?
Why support ruinous bilateral free trade agreements,
Yet maintain nefarious trade barriers within our own land?
Canada must not remain on the auction block, as it now is;
Selfish interests must lose their established chain of command.
Too long indeed have they held Canada at ransom,
Violating freedom to all, special privilege to none:
Canada needs parliamentarians of vision, and integrity
To reverse the harm that partisan politics has done.
Then only can Canada become a national family,
Possessive of a generous heart and noble soul;
Treating all members with equity and justice,
As they pursue worthy objectives, their national goal.

Vacation With My Daughters 1975: Puerto Vallarta

My very first mother-daughter vacation was initiated by Lillian in 1975. Her wealthy friend, Nelson Skalbania, offered her a condominium in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, so she made quick arrangements to include mother as her guest when she visited us in Corpus Christi. We flew to Puerto Vallarta to spend a week and returned to our respective destinations, counting our blessings.

This was our first introduction to the Mexican mode of life, its wonderful climate, and its tourist attractions. Our accommodations in a high class condo, provided personal security and full services. The spacious private quarters overlooking the Pacific Ocean were beautified by overhanging bougainvilleas, and provided a point of vantage to study the activities of the residents at lower levels of the magnificent complex. Curiously enough we observed them grinding their corn and laundering their clothes in concrete troughs. Turkey gobblers proudly strutted about to remind the humans that roosters are not the only fowl guilty of awakening people in the wee hours of the morning.

Besides a guided tour and souvenir shopping, a trip by catamaran to a lovely, sandy beach near the locale of Elizabeth Taylor's movie The Night of the Iguana was a delightful experience, supplemented by sun-tanning.

I'll never forget the gigantic manta ray (devilfish) possessive of huge wing-spreads, springing skyward out of the sea and splashing their noisy re-entries into it. A somewhat scary feeling overcame us as we noticed large underwater creatures following us on both sides of our catamaran. When we returned to lounge on the beach, rum daiquiris served in coconut shells, decorated by a sprig of bougainvillea flowers were hard to resist, but we paid a heavy price for them in physical discomfort when they precipitated the Montezuma curse we studiously had sought to avoid.

1985: Mexico City, Taxco, Acapulco

In 1985 my two daughters and I took a trip to Mexico City, Acapulco and Taxco (the silver mine city), after I saved my first year's pension to cover the costs involved.

After meeting in Mexico City, we spent four days seeing its museums and parks; shopping; taking the

Folklorico Ballet; having dinner at Garibaldi Square, and staying late into the night to hear and to enjoy the many vari-costumed Mariachi bands competing for popularity, and vying for the monetary rewards being dropped into their instruments.

We spent the better part of one day at the Guadalupe new and old church grounds adorned by the recent statue of Pope Pius VI, commemorating his visit there. We were captivated by the architecture of the new church and its huge altar adorned by many



Linda Papirnick, Anne Dubeta, Lillian Matthiesson stand in front of the statue of Pope Pius VI on the Guadalupe church grounds.

elaborate floral tributes from the adjoining regions. Here we witnessed long processions of the faithful (some burdened with child) using knees, not feet, to traverse the gravelly distance of well over one hundred yards from the street to the wide stairway of the Guadalupe Cathedral and down its long church aisles to pray at the altar. Theirs was a symbolic gesture of dedication and devotion, making our token gestures a humbling experience by comparison.



The new Guadalupe Church in Mexico City. Linda and Lillian in foreground of left corner.

We left by bus to Taxco and Acapulco in order to enjoy the ancient towns and scenery along the way. Taxco mining town is a tourist Mecca as one can spend



Lillian and Linda examine silver jewellery in Taxco shop.



Linda and Lillian pose on the main street in Taxco.

hours admiring the many shops laden with locally-made silver items and many Mexican crafts.

In this old town we were most impressed with the very old churches, adjacent to central parks, that had their interior praying stations adorned with many pure gold statues and carvings. Such delicate precision and artistry we had never before witnessed.

I barely missed purchasing for Linda's home, a large brass parrot priced at \$100.00 and reduced to \$80.00. Her pride and joy was finally acquired by us two years later in Nogales in Edith Vogel's company.

Acapulco beaches gave us much pleasure sun tanning but the surf's strong undertow was on the verge of claiming Linda's life were it not for the benign vigilance of a fellow surfer. She barely stepped on water's edge when the wave struck her and rolled her into it. A lucky chance that a man in the water saw her churning helplessly, grabbed her and saved her. This experience was very frightening to her and to us who at one glance saw her standing at the water's edge and at another, saw her whisked away. It provided us due warning about over-trusting the lovely Acapulco beach, and confined us more to sun tanning, meeting the tourists, and price haggling with the senores and senioritas who peddled tempting wares.

Accompanied by two friendly Canadian gentlemen we met at the beach, we hired a taxi to go to the bull fight and later to watch the cliff divers, both daring Mexican sports that awed us. We revulsed seeing the animals slaughtered for recreation, but became somewhat appeased when we learned that the meat from the animals was being used to feed the needy.

Our fourteen-day tour ended with the daughters Lillian and Linda separating from me in Los Angeles for our respective homes in Edmonton and Kelowna.

1989: New York, New York

In the early fall of 1989 our Linda and her mother-in-law Margaret Papirnick, as hostess, took a trip to Toronto to attend her late husband Alex's Veteran Amputee convention for several days. They had little trouble convincing me and Linda's friend, Bernice Hodgson, to join them in New York for a week following that convention.

I flew from Kelowna, Bernie from Edmonton, and Margaret and Linda from Toronto. We all stayed at lovely St. Moritz hotel facing Central Park. It was the first time in New York for all of us, so that we used all of our energy to see most to its highlights; to shop at its boutiques and massive department stores; to taste the popular New York foods, and to enjoy its theatre and stage shows.

The very first day we headed to the top of Empire State Building (102 floors) to get a bird's eye view of famous New York. Fantastic from every point of vantage. The world famous Financial Centre; Hudson River; New Jersey and its Medical Centre; Newark Bay; the International Airport; Statue of Liberty; Staten Island, and bridges to suburbs were just a few memorable sights I recall.

Manhattan, we learned, was surrounded by waterways of the Hudson River, Upper New York Bay and the East River. We decided to take a three-hour boat cruise around Manhattan Island for a better idea of the complete lay-out and points of interest.

We cruised under eighteen different bridges leading from Manhattan Island to well known places such as Brooklyn, Ellis Island, Governor's Island, Houton and Roosevelt Island, Millbrock and Blackwell Island and the Bronx. It was unbelievable that George Washington Bridge has fourteen lanes of traffic.

Along the way, our guide showed us locations of Hoboken City where Frank Sinatra was born; Gracie's mansion; places where Greta Garbo, Irving Berlin and Henry Kissinger reside; Sugar Hill Apartments where Duke Ellington lives and New York mayor's estate.

We were able to see the fifty-foot diameter Colgate Clock, built in 1920 and considered to be the largest in the world; Marcos Building; Woolworth Centre of

sixty floors; World Trade Centre, 110 floors; beautiful Chrysler Building; United Nations Building; Domino sugar refinery, and the Insurance Building with its spectacular golden, pointed dome.

We were completely overwhelmed by the 151-foot Statue of Liberty built and donated by France. It strongly personifies freedom and offers a perennial welcome to the homeless refugees, the poor and the oppressed of the world.



The statue standing on a 151 foot base has 171 steps to its crown for anyone wishing to ascend them.

We also passed Chinatown, that boasts 600 restaurants; Soho Artists Colony; Greenwich Village; Bronx 265 acre zoo; Hall of Fame, housing presidents George Washington and Jefferson; Grant's Tomb; Cloister's Museum; Rockefeller and Columbia Universities. Locations of four famous hospitals: Lovely Cornell Centre on Blackwell Island thirteen-tower Psychiatric Hospital in Harlem; Goldwater Memorial Hospital and Bellevue Hospital were along our tour and most interesting for their size and the importance of their service to New York.

Manhattan's Yankee Sports Stadium consisting of 57,000 seats, rebuilt in 1976, was an objective reminder of the many games we Canadians had seen played there over the years.

Near the end of our cruise we passed by The Little Light House, built in 1921. Hildegard Swift wrote a book about it, well known to educators and the reading public. As we cruised under eighteen bridges leading from Manhattan Island to heavy populated suburbs, we realized what New York was all about.

We later visited the World Trade Centre and were very impressed with the huge marbled lobby with high ceilings accommodating very tall palms creating an outdoor atmosphere within the interior. The United Nations Building was well worth seeing. Wall Street was on Linda's list but the line-ups to it were beyond our patience and endurance.

Ellis Island, largest immigration centre in the world (1892-1984) is often called Island of Tears because of

the tears of joy and sorrow shed there by millions of immigrants seeking a new life in the New World.

In the district of Little Italy a "Feast of Saint Genaro" was celebrated on the closed streets. All sorts of Italian foods, drinks, music, side shows, open markets all decorated with streamers, balloons and flags, gave us a gala touch of Italy in New York.



Margaret and Linda Papirnick pose before a music stage on "Feast of Genaro" day in New York.

We also visited the Jewish section of Lower East Side on Orchard Street. We did not have to travel to Israel to hear Yiddish or see traditional Jewry in action. The bearded ones clad in dark suits and sporting black felt hats accosted us from their business venues replete with Jewish signs, language, and "top bargain" merchandise.

Shopping at Bloomingdale's Department Store (near our hotel), where the size of a city block devoted entirely to hundreds of perfumes peddled by effeminate fellows, oversaturated my sense of smell. This store had several floors and countless departments to command our attention. The shops near our hotel on Fifth Avenue were utterly fantastic so that we gals did not spare any shoe leather to put New York fashions to a severe test. Bernie Hodgson scored the most points shopping in New York, as she took one complete day to herself to comb Fifth Avenue and adjoining streets to surprise us with the beautifully coordinated outfits she had purchased. A few weeks there could fly by on the wings of a hummingbird.

We took full advantage of New York's countless and reasonably priced taxis. Although Seaport Pier I was a good distance away, we treated ourselves to two trips there because of the marine atmosphere and the freshest seafood, delivered daily from the seaport, was served there. The adjoining unique souvenir shops and boutiques confirmed yet again that most women are born to shop.

To top off our New York holiday we felt obliged to walk through Central Park to its famous restaurant

"Tavern on the Green", for brunch on Sunday. It was an expensive experience but so elegant in decor and service.

To be in New York and not see some stage shows would have been a crime, so we managed to see Cats and Les Miserables, and even dared to attend the "Chippendales Show", but refrained from feeding dollars to the so-called "stars" who employed "encores" as a means of extracting folding money from their gullible and bewitched feminine admirers. Great memories and a great time for the four of us!



Linda savors her delectable lobster at Seaport Pier I restaurant



Linda Papirnick and her mother Anne Dubeta are on their way to Sunday brunch at beautiful "Tavern on the Green" in Central Park, N.Y.

1987: Arizona - California

By the end of February, 1987, we replaced our 1983 Toyota Cressida with its current model, and left Edmonton to spend two weeks with John and Faye Kuzmar in their winter home in Mesa, Arizona. Alberta was completely barren of snow by then, so we envisaged a safe and easy journey into the U.S.A. We were nearly dead wrong two nights in a row.

We stopped for a major part of one day at Pincher Creek, Alberta visiting Pauline, (teaching specialist), and her husband (John's grand-nephew) Ron Zukiwsky, principal of the school there. We reaffirmed our sympathy and condolence on his loss of both parents in a head-on collision in January; wit-

nessed his prowess as a hockey coach; met their talented family; enjoyed their generous hospitality both at home and their luxurious hotel; reminisced, breakfasted, and took off for the American border.

By late afternoon, an ever-increasing snow storm in the mountains of Idaho and Utah made us more and more apprehensive. Soon after darkness had set in, the storm turned into a raging blizzard to the point of covering up the tracks of vehicles only one car-length ahead. John continued driving under the cascading snow's hypnotic spell, using the dimly visible roadside vegetation as a guide to keep him in his outer lane. Accommodations being miles away, he had no choice but to continue driving at 5-6 miles per hour, headlights (for what they were worth) fully on, and all hazard lights working overtime as we kept praying unceasingly to stay on the road and remain collision-free from the rear and the shadowy forms of miscellaneous traffic in the inner lane.

Our nerves nearing the breaking point, we finally pulled in next to a motel, snacked and retired, only to discover in the morning that we were heavily snow-bound. Our new car bore evidence of this as its roof supported a layer of snow four feet high.

Because of our delayed departure, we resolved to drive a few hours beyond our six-o'clock supper, reasonably confident that the preceding night's nightmare would not be repeated, but it was, with somewhat diminished fury, yet devastatingly unnerving. We were as happy to see Salt Lake City as its religious pioneers were beholding its beautiful setting, over a century before.

We were introduced to the Mormon faith and the impressive complex that the members had developed, especially the ingeniously constructed world-famous Mormon Temple allegedly using not steel beams, girders, bars, nuts, bolts and nails, but innumerable leather thongs that have withstood the tests of time.

The attending staff was knowledgeable and congenial. The dioramas depicting the systematic growth of Mormonism (Christianity adapted to the American milieu) were worthy of our admiration. Our tour guide was visibly stunned and perplexed when John asked him why Joseph Smith failed to preserve the gold tablets on which the Mormon religion is structured. His reply was a stroke of religious genius. "In all probability for the same reason that Moses was unable to demonstrate any tangible evidence that he had received God's Ten Commandments at Mt. Sinai." When one is in Rome, he often does what the Romans do and refrains from pressing too hard.

From Salt Lake City we proceeded to Las Vegas where we were lucky to meet four Edmonton couples with whom we attended a spectacular stage show at Bally's and later socialized in their spacious suite.

Because Las Vegas' games of chance were lacking in generosity, on the third morning we bid them unceremonious farewell and by day's end reached our principal destination, Citrus Garden, Mesa, Arizona. Our only regret was that its annual program featuring John Kuzmar's mixed voice choir and the sixty-five member symphony orchestra in which he is first violinist, was already over. Besides cribbage, and contract whist, and "spades" played at home, we enjoyed the Park's facilities for exercising, sun-tanning, swimming, and table tennis in which John was occasionally out-matched by Ontario's erstwhile ladies' champion. Golfing was good and relatively inexpensive. The Koffee Klutches, pot luck dinners and weekly dances, at which we met many "Snowbirds" from Canada and various parts of frigid North America, were also highly enjoyable. The giant flea markets of the area contained inexpensive items beyond belief.



A.D., John and Fay Kuzmar in front of their lovely mobile home in Citrus Gardens, Mesa.

John helped trim Kuzmar's cacti (pinned and needed for a lifetime) before being hosted by Charles and Edith Vogel in their winter retreat in Tucson, Arizona, where we had a relatively more leisurely stay.



John D., Edith and Charles Vogel posing on the steps of their mobile home in Tucson, Arizona.

Our visit with them confirmed that the Vogels either in Corpus Christi, Vermont or Tucson derive a great deal of pleasure growing fruit trees, flowers and gardens. We enjoyed seeing them busy and happy in their perpetual "summer" retreats. The four days passed quickly as we covered Tucson's highlights and made a one-day trip to the border city Nogales for novel items, and to mingle with the native population as we did in 1970. On our way there we stopped for a first-hand visit of the lovely nearby Jesuit mission San Xavier Del Bac. Founded in 1692 and one of the best preserved of all the chain of missions of Father Kino, the stately edifice rises above the surrounding landscape.



We returned to Mesa along the scenic desert route of Highway 89. At twilight time the giant saguaros towering over countless varieties of Mother Nature's cacti marvels produced picturesque spectacles without parallel. Another week with John and Fay in Mesa provided us an opportunity to visit nearby Canyon and its



Even though small as she looks against the tall saguaros.

Arboretum Park featuring many of the same cacti growing in a controlled environment.

Our next stop on Highway 10 was Palm Springs, where we satisfied our trip's secondary objective of determining which area or areas offered us the greatest potential for our winter retreats. John still has difficulty con-

vincing me that the best one is our very comfortable home in Kelowna, which he recommends using as a departure base for short holiday outings to the most popular cities and places in the world. I am beginning to agree.

We braved the heavy flow of traffic to Los Angeles and inevitably its semi-suffocating smog as we located the whereabouts of Carol and Dr. George Stefanik, a prominent heart and cardiovascular surgeon. He was one of John's favorite students and dormitory residents in Radway in 1948-49, and by his own admission John was his favorite teacher. Their palatial residence at Buggy Whip in the Rolling Hills estate was above the city's smog level, and so exclusive that guards command the entrance to it. What delightful and generous hosts they were!



John and Anne Dabeta, Carol, and Dr. George Stefanik.

Stopping briefly in Santa Barbara, we were unable to establish contact with our close Stanford University friend, civil engineer Jay Row who married Sylvia Nate, our congenial boarder from Arkansas, for whom Anne found time to sew a majestic wedding gown with a magnificent train.

Soon after, Palo Alto and Stanford University made us feel at home, even though the campus was barely recognizable beyond its historic Palm Drive, Hoover Tower, and the Inner and Outer Quads and its most memorable Memorial Church replete in its renowned stained glass, mosaic and arabesque. John conversed by phone with some of his surviving professors and conveyed his personal regards to Dr. Paul Hanna, one of Stanford's "greats" who had contributed substantially to the success of the Student-Faculty Coffee Hour that John had founded and chaired in 1950-51.

We lost little time locating our dear friend Mrs. John Garcia, mother of Gloria, our daughter Lillian's best friend in the Palo Alto High School. We were sorry to find her in a nursing home in Santa Clara, but happy to see her receiving loving care and attention from the staff, family and friends.



The Memorial Church in Stanford, California.



John D., Mrs. Garcia, her daughter Beverly, Anne D.

It was equally gratifying visiting our very loyal and friendly landlords, Kay and Joe Weiler who permitted us to convert their large home at 731 University Avenue into a boarding-house for eight graduate and post-graduate students in order to save our limited resources from complete depletion. After hosting us at Dinah's Shack, one of Palo Alto's favorite restaurants, we continued updating our respective lives since 1951, reminiscing late into the night, and promising to meet again in our Kelowna home, a hope not yet realized.

Remember Anne Uselton and her daughter Barbi, our co-tourists of the Soviet Union and Western



Joe Weiler, Anne D., and Kay Weiler.

Europe in 1972? Pat Mason, Anne's eldest daughter and mother of her two chosen children, Robert and Amelia, had just lost her husband Albert only two weeks before, so that we were anxious to offer our personal sympathy and condolence and to strengthen the family ties. Both of her parents died in the early 1970's. Pat demonstrated her courage, versatility, and her adaptability to tragic circumstance. We shared her love and pride in her children and admired her involvement in the Episcopalian church and the community at large. Our close ties, maintained by regular correspondence, are as beneficial to us as they are to her (now Mrs. Chuck Blanchard) and her extended family. Au revoir!



Pat Mason, her two children Robert and Amelia, and Anne D.

Homeward bound, we were happy to see San Francisco again, but studiously avoided the torture chamber known as the U.S. Office of Immigration where American reactionaries and John's political enemies in Canada scuttled his doctoral program, his college career, and stalemated his doctoral degree for long and painful eleven years.

In less than two days our Cressida bridged the distance barrier to West Vancouver where Ken, Dody and our grandchildren Lani and Jay accorded us a hearty welcome. Of our eight-day stay, we spent three days



John D., and Amelia taken in her home in Santa Clara.

in Sidney, B.C., on Vancouver Island with our friends Larry and Miriam Lynn with whom we enjoyed great meals, golf; competition in pool, cribbage, horseshoes and table tennis with Larry; and social outings. We were sorry that Bonnie Bidney (nee Whittle) chose to terminate our relations with her and her two adolescent children for no better reason than that her estranged husband Donald happens to be our nephew. She may one day realize that their further loss is nobody's gain.



Joyce MacKay, guardian of our home.

The "highs" of our trip virtually equalled the peaks of the mountain ranges we passed on our way to our Kelowna home, left in the good hands of our pro-tem tenant Joyce MacKay whose only problem was our locked upright freezer that she had good reason to believe to be "frozen in" and required force-opening. Faulty communication, but all's well that ends well. Once again we were happy to be in our comfortable home, grateful for our safe return.

1988: Caribbean Cruise

Our first Caribbean cruise in 1988 included our daughters, Lillian and Linda as guests. John and I departed from Vancouver while the daughters flew to Miami from Edmonton. Our son Ken and family gave us a wonderful send-off not only by best wishes but also with a personally designed and decorated cake, symbolizing the various highlights of our prospective journey: Palms, ship, shark, etc., topped with a good quality wine.



Anne and John cut into the going-away cake presented by son Ken.

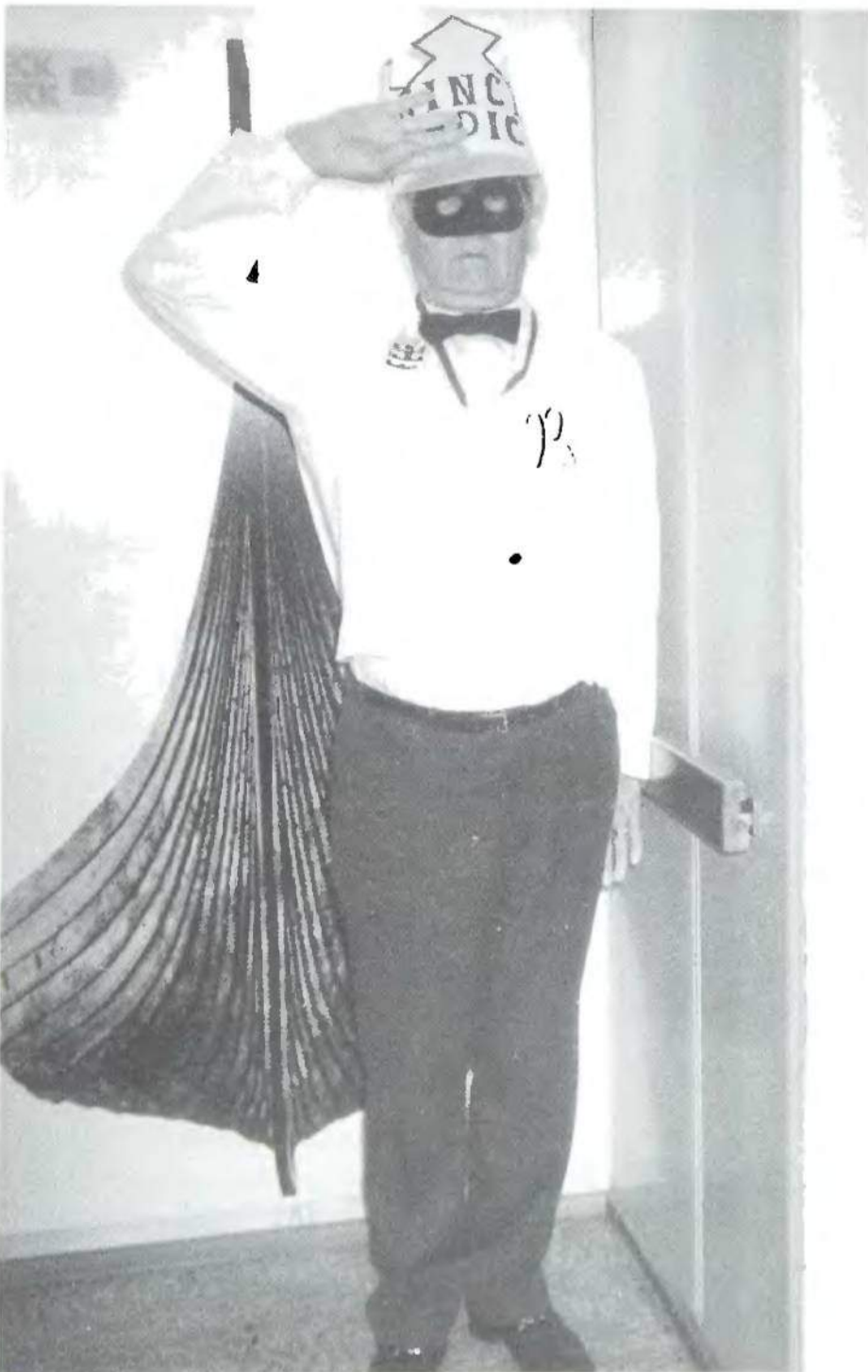
In Miami we four joined 1500 other passengers in the Scandinavian liner, Nordic Prince, for a ten-day cruise. Its facilities were excellent and our first stop was Labadee, Haiti, where we moored in a sheltered bay from which we were transported by a smaller boat to the beautiful sandy shore where we were greeted by a steel drum band playing their native music. We toured on foot to the craft stores and historic sights, fooled around on the shore, and enjoyed a barbecue dinner.

Our itinerary included Antigua, Guadeloupe, Martinique, Barbados, St. Croix, St. Kitts, St. Thomas, and San Juan, Puerto Rico. A day in each port was spent in guided, personal tours. We always had a choice of two or more off-ship activities providing that we were back at the prescribed time. John was considerably annoyed by the fact that the expensive Caribbean cruise repeatedly exacted sizeable sums of money for trips covering the islands' highlights.

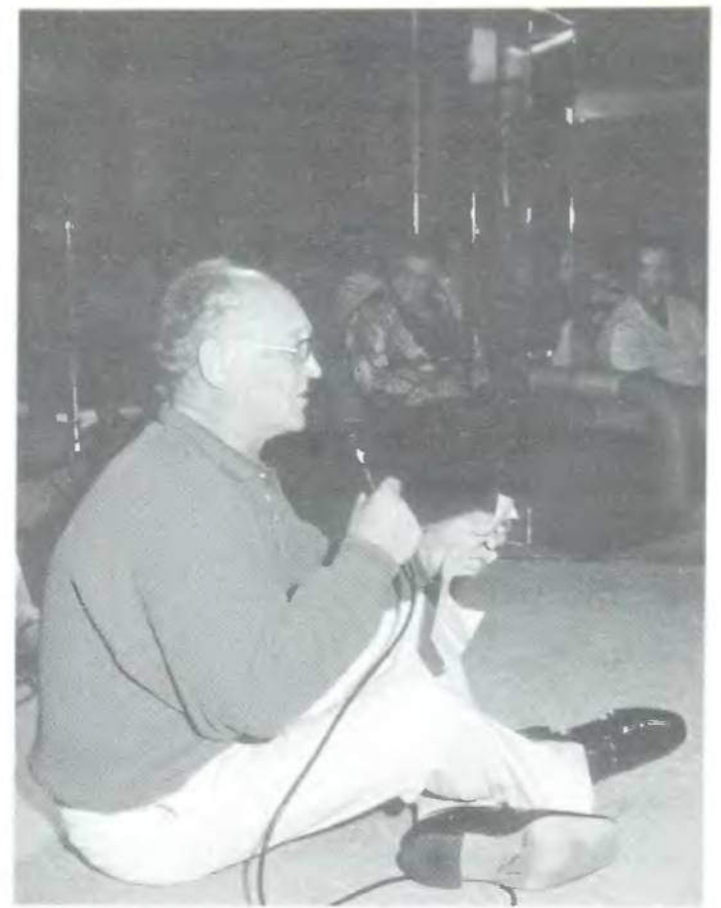


Lillian Matthiesson, Linda Papernick, John Dubeta and Anne Dubeta walk aboard the Nordic Prince.

Compulsory tipping as a moral obligation to keep the service personnel alive (at no cost to the navigation company) was also an imposition. Wealthy ship own-



Prince Nordic.



J.D. performs.

ers should not become wealthier at the expense of their patrons paying the salaries of their crews.

Our most memorable experience was our four-hour fun aboard the pirate ship, "The Jolly Roger" that served rum cocktails without question. To add to the hilarious fun of dancing and socializing, the weather became unruly, keeping the captain and his mates scurrying up and down the rope ladders, adjusting the masts, providing some room for laughter. Cost of the "Jolly Roger" experience was \$25.00 per person.

The regular ship's entertainers supplemented their talents by drawing heavily on each island's top performers. Many famous entertainers were flown in. A masquerade competition was highly successful and guess who won some prizes? John got one of the prizes for dressing as Prince Nordic and I had honorable mention for being Madame Butterfly. The hosts provided for it miscellaneous materials such a crepe paper, wigs, glue, scotch tape, scissors, bizarre glasses and much more with which to create our own costumes. John was one of sixteen passengers who staged a variety program in return. He changed from a stand-up comedian dealing with humorous incidents and situations related to the cruise, to a "sit-down" comedian, sharing two of his most humorous poems.

Every evening dinner meal aboard and the nightly dances at the bar on the top deck were formal. The dinners were based on international themes: French, American, Spanish, German, British, Russian, Italian, Scandinavian, and Caribbean Islands, each complete with national decor. At our table sat two delightful ladies from Memphis, Tennessee. There were no changes in seating and the same waiter served our table throughout the trip. John figured out that we had



Linda and father John stop dancing to pose for a memorable picture.

at least nine meal/snack opportunities per day. The midnight buffets were eye boggling as ice sculptures and beautiful floral arrangements set off the varied fare of sweets, fruits, seafoods, cold meats, special vegetables, cheeses, canapes, fancy breads and buns were offered, but rarely did we have any desire to partake because the cabin's call to sleep and rest proved more compelling.

Our daughters had more stamina to take this kind of exciting punishment of late-hour socializing. Depending on the weather, the dance floor and our berths were either smooth or billowy.

Antigua, largest of the Leeward Island chain, visited by us, is a resort island covered with sugar cane and pineapple plantations, sea-island cotton fields, rolling hills and as many as 365 white sand beaches. It had a special meaning to us because it was there that our David spent two years in the early Sixties supervising and building a school and convent while working for Diamond and Clark architects in Edmonton. Lillian, Linda, John and I hired a taxi for a day and made sure we visited his projects, the town of Antigua, and some historic museums, and residences overlooking the lovely harbor in the English Bay.

Our taxi driver confessed that he had nine children and a wife living in the little white house about two



Linda, Lillian and J.D. visiting the school in Antigua that David designed and built twenty-five years ago.

hundred yards from the road we had just passed, saying, "I provide for them, but I do not want to get married because too many men get stuck with paying alimony." We hoped that it was not a typical case.



Anne and Lillian pose with two Caribbean ladies selling necklaces on the Shirley Heights Hill, overlooking the sea-craft laden English Bay.



A jewelry vender on the beach in Antigua.

We toured St. Kitts and got a glimpse of where John's brother Harry Dubeta spent two years supervising the manufacturing of building materials from sugar cane, using his own invention. Rain forests still cover the hillsides of the three mountain ranges that ring the harbor of Basse-Terre. We took the scenic road to Brimstone Hill Fortress, an awe-inspiring citadel perched 1000 feet above sea level and fortified by the British in the 17th century. Touring the countryside gave us a good idea how the people made their living. Their principal blessings are the hospitable climate, provident nature, and the exquisite natural beauty of their surroundings.

Basse-Terre in French Guadeloupe was a throwback to the 18th Century, excelling in exotic smells, quaint shops, and open markets, where I, an ever-ready shopper, purchased an ample supply of saffron and cinnamon sticks for the use of my family and friends. It provided an interesting blend of French, African,

English and native Carib influence. Rising 4800 feet above it was Mt. Soufriere, the highest peak in the Caribbean, draped with giant philodendron, orchids, bromeliads, mangos, papayas and Ceiba trees.

To us, Barbados, with its wide streets and avenues, ultra-modern shops and buildings, beautiful parks, high level of sophistication and prosperity, was most impressive.



J.D. and Lillian like what they see in Barbados.

We were somewhat surprised at the show-off welcome our Nordic Prince received from the jet-ski and motor boat racers as they seemed to escort our approach. Our night stop here was absolutely beautiful, reflecting the lights of the city and the surrounding area.

In St. Croix we moored right beside a long pier and walked to the port. Our daughters decided to take a bus tour of the island, while John and I spent our time ashore at the fort museum to learn about the history of this Virgin Island. The canons standing guard, facing the sea, are relics of the past. Many established places of business, along the waterfront, were in constant competition with daytime concessionaires peddling their native wares and souvenirs.

As our ship sailed towards St. Thomas, it was a delight to see the residences situated on the hillsides, and to watch the island youth showing off their water skills on jet-skis and speed boats.

St. Thomas was a shopper's paradise because better quality goods were available. Lovely gems and eel leather goods were bought at fifty-percent of our country's prices. It was a fun place to shop and relax at the pretty refreshment booths set in garden-like outdoor patios.

In San Juan, Puerto Rico, our entry to the port was delayed nine hours because strong winds had grounded a freighter in its entrance. Its captain became a convenient scapegoat. Walking within the ship or trying to sleep in a swaying bed was not only dangerous but well-nigh impossible. However, we disembarked, and after one night at our booked hotel, we decided to relocate at La Contessa Inn that appealed to us more.

The first day we decided to tour Old San Juan. Our objective was to take a walking tour to the old church San Cristobal and El Morro (Fortealeza) on the coast. We were impressed with the sturdy constructions of both projects that have survived Father Time. The views were fantastic from these points of vantage.



El Morro Fort.

We then proceeded to Old San Juan shopping areas by taking a city tram that maneuvered along main thoroughfares. We realized that we could get lost there for days. The shops were loaded with fine merchandise, special jewelry, arts and crafts. We ended our day by dining in a Spanish restaurant with food and decor true to its name. Our girls decided then that two days in Puerto Rico was not enough and requested us to forego our stay in Miami in favor of two more days there.



Anne, Linda and Lillian in City Tram.

On our second day, we changed our travel schedule and toured the newer sections of the city, close prototypes of those in the U.S.A. We were surprised to see splendid hotels dotting the coastline, all exquisitely landscaped and complete with casinos and most luxurious indoor and outdoor facilities and amenities, even surpassing the best we had seen in Europe, Hawaii, Cancun, and Continental America. Apparently San Juan was the new "Havana" for the international jet set willing and able to spend thousands of dollars daily on

fun, recreation and super deluxe accommodations. John, a perennial crusader for social and economic justice, was not half as impressed as were his two daughters. There the young offsprings of the rich and privileged were inducted into the lavish life-style of their adult counterparts. The hand of the mafia was visibly etched in bold relief, confirmed by those who knew the details of the disastrous fire that ravaged one of them a year ago.

La Contessa Inn's proximity to miles of sandy seashore provided us a welcome opportunity to sun-tan during our daily promenades, well aware of the high incidence of crime after sunset when we were more prone to use the pool and the lounge facilities.

It was incongruous seeing this historic city in all its glory, replete with costly hotels, hospitals, medical centers, convention and recreation plazas, shopping centers, schools, colleges and universities and at the same time witnessing countless homes and places of business surrounded by multiple strands of barbed wire and barred windows, reminiscent of concentration camps. The lawless, the poor and the hungry, and the unemployed unfortunately resort to crime.

The destiny of Puerto Rico, a Commonwealth of the U.S.A., is closely linked socially, culturally, economically and politically to its motherland. The Congressional and Senatorial elections were then in full swing. The people themselves will be the ultimate determiners of justice for all.

On Sunday, January 24, 1988, all four of us hopped into our rented car to explore the countryside, its famous beaches, the rain forest and numerous plantations. That rented vehicle was destined to remain with us for three weeks when dear, stricken Lillian, fighting for her life, required our twice-daily attention at the University Hospital.

During the two preceding days Lillian was not feeling her best, and declined to take the nature walk in the rain forest in order to conserve her strength for a date that evening with a new acquaintance from Mississauga, Ontario. Upon our return, we all went to our rooms to shower and clean up while she went to telephone to confirm her dinner date for eight o'clock.



Lillian and Linda pose before going to a stage show at Candado Plaza.



Linda and J.D. in the rain forest.

ordered her to be taken to the nearest hospital. It was nip and tuck all the way.

After examination and a Cat Scan, she was diagnosed as having suffered an anachroid aneurysm. She was immediately transferred to the University Hospital for the attention of specialists. I cannot truly describe what Dad, Linda and I went through as we desperately strove to save her from one crisis to another. She was disorientedly conscious after seventy-two hours. The doctors advised that she must be kept motionless to prevent further damage or injury. Countless hours were spent by us at her bedside day and night. After three weeks of vigilance and prayer, we were permitted to fly her on a stretcher to Edmonton's University Hospital, with a night stopover in a hospital in Mississauga, Ontario.

Many changes and decisions were taking place. Our trips home had to be cancelled and rerouted. Poor Bob (Linda's husband) obliged to celebrate his wedding anniversary, January 28th, alone, graciously wired her a dozen roses to cheer her up. Her scheduled two-week trip was now approaching four.

John and Linda spent much time contacting Lillian's insurance companies and phoning her Canadian doc-



A.D. and Linda pose with the anniversary roses.

Just after contacting her date, and exchanging greetings, she immediately collapsed at the pay-phone. Luckily, two tourist girls from Germany were beside her and rushed to call us as the staff picked her up and placed her in an adjoining room. Dr. Ramon Sifre, immediately summoned from across the road, observed, "She is a very sick lady", and

tors about her admission to an Edmonton hospital. Because the nurses were on strike in Alberta, our son Dr. Ken completed arrangements for her admission to a Vancouver hospital if necessary, but the problem was one of transportation. Her transfer by air ambulance, accompanied by a doctor and a nurse, was estimated at \$35,000.00 to \$45,000.00, a cost that her insurance companies refused to assume. The Puerto Rico hospital refused to consider her return by regular flight without our disclaimer of responsibility. Finally, its top neurosurgeon agreed that after three weeks under their care, she would be released to fly home with us on a stretcher-equipped regular flight. Wardair to Mississauga, and Air Canada to Edmonton were very cooperative. John finally persuaded the insurance companies to accept their contractual responsibilities to the full, thanks to the judgement of the Small Debts Court in Calgary nearly one year later.

With all plans in place, Linda prepared to go home. Leaving John to be near Lillian, Linda and I chose to take a one-day trip across Puerto Rico to the city of Ponce on the Caribbean coast, and return via the west-coast highway.

A beautiful highway took us through lush green mountains and valleys, interspersed with flowering trees and pines, residences on mountain sides and valleys lush with tropical fruits. Towns and parks were few, but elaborate.

As we neared the City of Ponce, we saw a phenomenal sight beckoning from the highway's higher elevation. Ahead was a different world. The mountains looked as dry and bare as the residences nestled against them. The Caribbean glistened ahead; we fantasized having a nice seafood dinner at the harbor. However, when we reached the seaport, the restaurants surrounded by multiple warehouses strongly suggested that it was no place for two alien ladies to enjoy a meal in safety, so we speeded on.

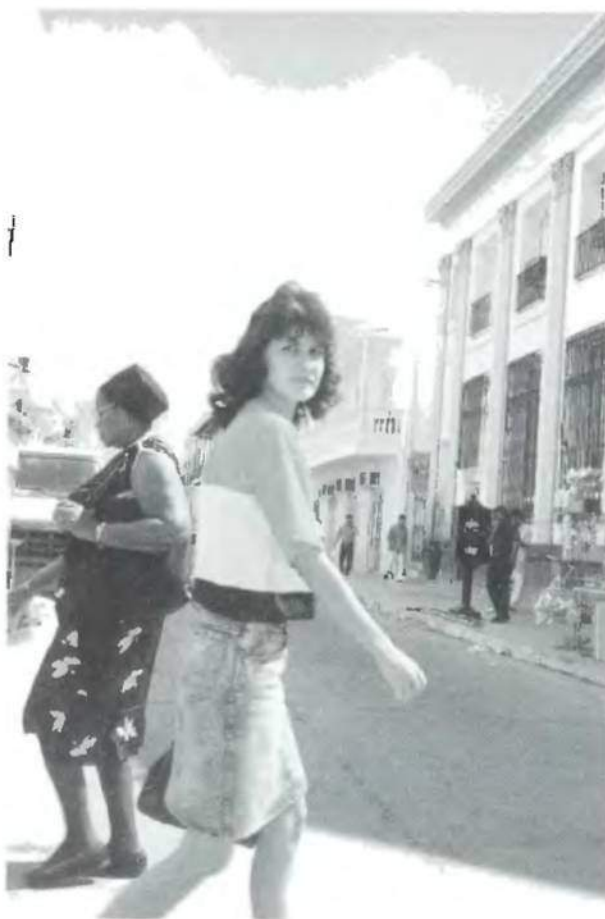


A.D. poses at the monument dedicated "To the Pioneers of Puerto Rico"



Lovely, large, shaped trees adorn this park.

The City of Ponce with its Spanish clay-roofed buildings and Caribbean architecture of French and English influence was worthy of our admiration. The only discordant note were the wrought iron-barred windows, and coils of barbed wire surrounding various properties. Along the streets multi-ethnic vendors were everywhere selling souvenirs, jewelry, tee-shirts and miscellaneous gadgetry.



A typical street scene.

We spent a couple of hours there to have lunch, browse in the shops, and buy some souvenirs for the family. A walk through a nice park led us to the museum, "Parque de Bombas" (old firehall built in 1883) an attractively designed building in colors of brick, black and accents of white and light blue.

Shiny old fire engines added authenticity to this museum, now a principal tourist attraction.

Our trip back through western Puerto Rico was very interesting as we stopped at small villages that relied on the sea for their livelihood. My Spanish was sufficient to carry on conversations with them.

Gambling and fighting-cock casinos were evident along the way, but we had little time to stop to test our luck. The largest seaport city of Mayaguez on the west coast had most to offer. We learned that its population of 69,000 enjoyed a higher standard of living

than San Juan's. We stopped at seaports, resorts and beaches long enough to stretch our legs and wind-blow our hair. However, we managed to get a bird's eye view of half of Puerto Rico in one day as we hurried to see Lillian before the visiting hours were over.

Our trips home and to the University Hospital in Edmonton were handled expertly by the Wardair and Air Canada personnel; ambulances to airports and hospitals made transfers easy and our patient received excellent care en route. The insurance company and John made faultless arrangements.

Lillian's latest Cat Scan (the fourth in the series) failed to confirm the alleged effectiveness of her medication, so that her neurosurgeons ordered an immediate operation, and followed up with a remedial one five weeks later. Luckily a blood clot in her leg was dissolved in sufficient time to save her life for the third time.

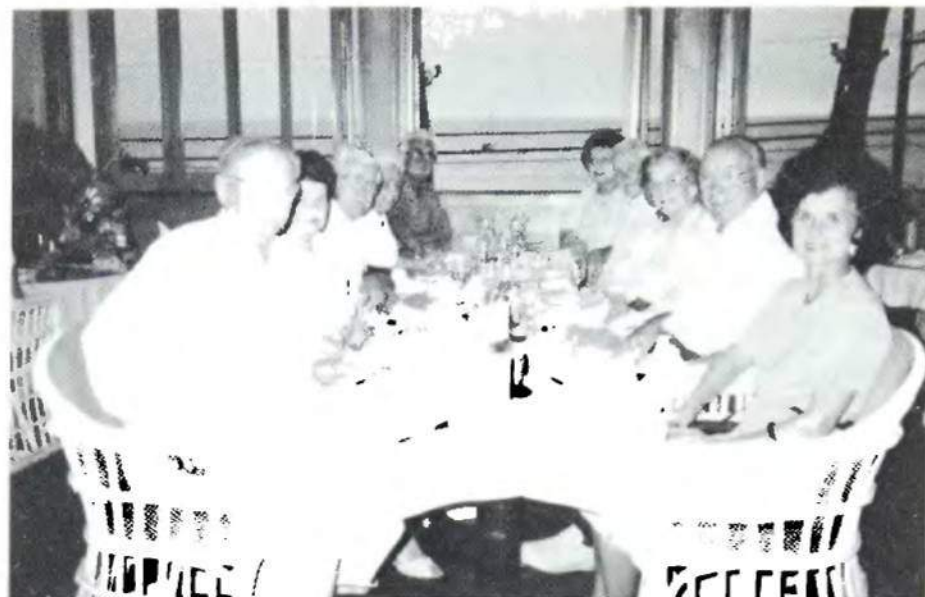
I stayed with her for a total of four months and completed her interior decorating business deals that required attention until I was satisfied with her recovery. It is now three years later and she is able to carry on with her life at a reasonable pace. Her two sons recognize their mother's worth and show steady concern over her good and welfare. Bradley realizes the mutual benefits of returning "home" to live. Craig indulges his mother with regular "outings", the largest being having his mother as his guest to Cancun, Mexico for two weeks in January 1991. They enjoy the lovely meals she continues to prepare for them on regular basis. Close family relationships contribute to her and our general happiness.

1990: Our Banner Year of Travel Hawaiian Islands

1990 was our lucky travelling year. We had a 17-day trip to Hawaii given to us as a Christmas gift by our children, before our scheduled trip to Europe in May for five weeks, and followed it up by a six month winter vacation in Texas from November, 1990 to April 30, 1991.



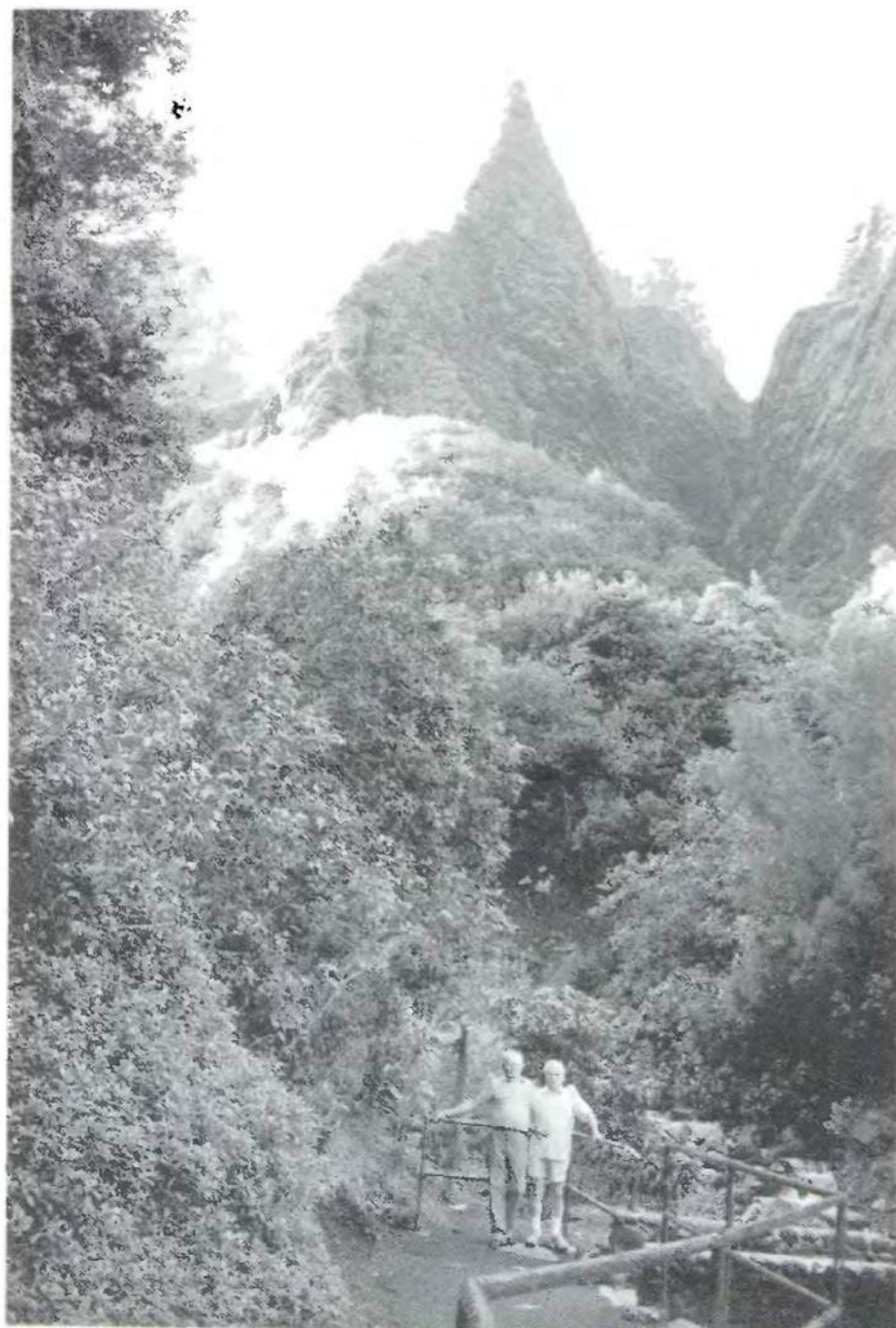
Bill and Mary, Anne Dubeta beside the banyan tree.



L-R: John Dubeta, Kay Shandro, Bill Lobay, Lena Bordean, Walter Dowhaniuk, Mary Lobay, Michael Bordean, Anne Dubeta, Paul Shandro, Marion Dowhaniuk.

We had the pleasure of spending nine days in Maui with my distant relative and fellow Speddenite, Bill Lobay, and his charming wife Mary, our long time friends who have been co-owners of a condo for nine years on beautiful Maui, in Kihei.

It was indeed a pleasure socializing with them. Mary and I shopped and prepared meals; Bill took charge of his carefully-prepared breakfasts before our early beach-walks and humpback whale watches, while John was our "sanitary engineer" feeding the garbage bins.



IAO Needle Mountain, John D. and Bill L. in the foreground.

Our special treat was being included as cocktail and dinner guests at the homes of their relatives and friends, who on two occasions joined us to sample the fares of Maui's favorite restaurants.

Bill and Mary toured us to IAO Needle mountain, the historic pirate-whaler hideaways in Lahaina-Kaanapali, favorite surfing beaches, and ancient shopping centres.

In the park in Lahaina we saw the remnants of an historic fort and jail house. In the vicinity of a harbor that was once a pirate haven and slave trade port-of-call grows the world-largest banyan embracing half an acre. A marvellous spectacle.



John and Anne in a Banyan Tree lookout in Lahaina, Maui.

Trips to the lavish and extravagant hotels, (such as the Maui Prince, Westin and Sheraton and Hyatt Regency) to see the splendorous landscaping featuring waterfalls, lagoons, swans, sculptures, running creeks containing many colorful tropical fish, beautiful greenery and palms, complete with seating chairs and lounges



John takes a ride on a deer sculpture.

for the guests were super delights. Their light confections bolstered our energy and enthusiasm for more.

As we drove past large sugar cane and pineapple fields, refineries and canneries, Bill, an agriculturalist, shared his knowledge on the successes and failures of the island's important sources of income. Tourism, is of course number one.

Paul and Kay Shandro joined us in a Sunday drive looking for whales along the shoreline, and stopping along our way to feast our eyes on the phenomenal skills of the native surfers and parasailers, frequently competing with their international counterparts. We then did what we knew best. We retreated to a quiet park for our delightful smorgasbord lunch. Next day we had our best view of whales romping, diving and blowing close to the shore, from the balcony of Walter and Marion Dowhaniuk's condo, before they hosted us at one of their favorite deluxe island restaurants.

More memorable was our fifteen-mile trip to Haleakala Heights (elevation 10023 feet) to view the craters created by the volcanos over 200 years ago, and to behold the flowering Silver Spur that grows only there, blossoms once, and dies. Of more than passing interest was the fantastic view and the Haleakala National Park, the public Observatory and the ultra-modern Meteorological Weather station serving the South Pacific.

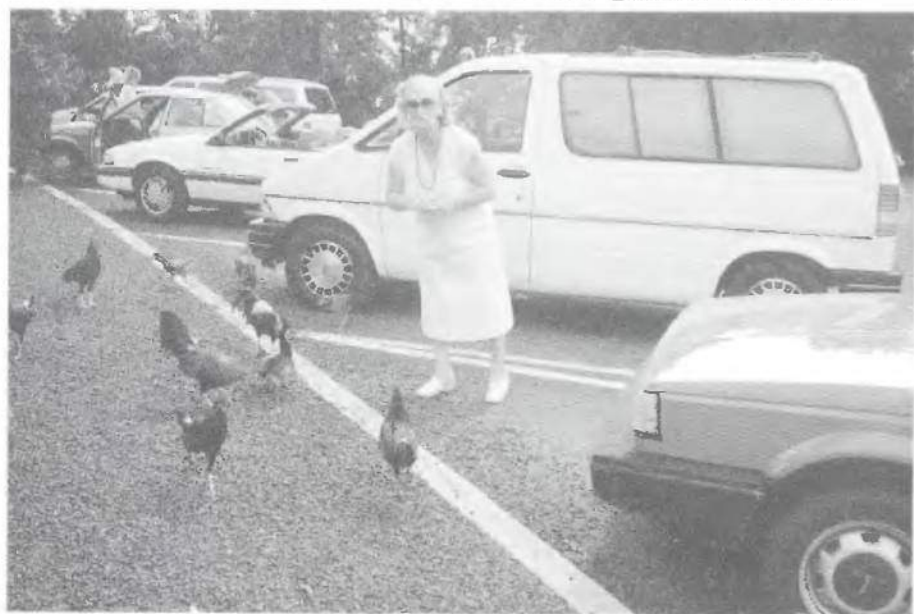
After our European trip, we returned in time for Bill and Mary Lobay's 50th Wedding Anniversary held on June 16th at the Chateau Louis Conference Center Grand Ballroom in Edmonton. John was one of the principal speakers and rose well to the occasion. Having eleven people from Maui attend their special occasion shows the high esteem that this couple commands, both near and far. We were honored and happy to have some of their guests, Frank Molina, his daughter Sheila and her husband Andy Fijikawa and their children Marc and Melissa spend a day and have dinner with us in Kelowna. They surprised us by bringing us three jars of Guava and Mango jams and several Maui onions, even superior to the highly renowned Spanish variety.



The Lobay family taken on their 50th anniversary.

We then flew to Kauai for a four-day stay and thoroughly enjoyed it. We rented a car and for two days travelled through the countryside towns, past taro

fields, along the eastern coastline to Wailua. Points of interest: the frigate and boobie bird habitats, historical parks and sandy beaches, dry and wet natural caves on the north shore, gorgeous waterfalls and sheer green cliffs in Hanalei area. A trip to the Guava plantation and cannery was a tasty experience. We were fascinated to see many colorful hens and roosters scratching out their own living in many parts of the island. They seemed to be on their own, running wild, but trusting the humans who treat them with delightful morsels.



Anne Dubeta feeding forest chickens a crumbled bagel.

Highway 550 took us to the colorful Waimea Canyon and the Napali Cliffs where the Fantasy Island films were made. We returned to spend half a day sun-tanning on the beautiful sandy beach in Poipu. There we also browsed through quaint stores and streets which left us with a desire to return again someday.



Anne beside a gorgeous bougainvillea hedge along highway 50 East, Kauai.

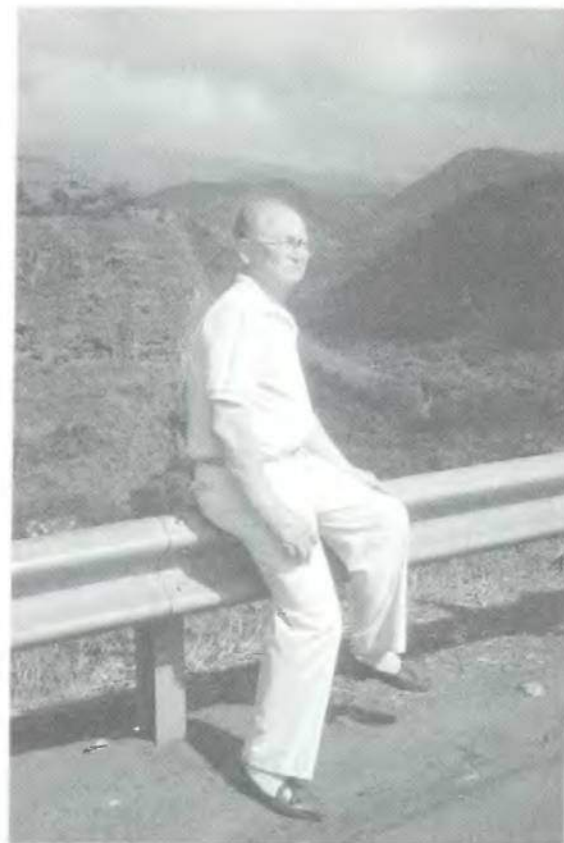
To top off our Kauai holiday we decided to buy tickets to a luau and stagershow at the Smith's Garden Paradise. We thoroughly enjoyed walking through the gardens along the lagoons filled with water lilies and water fowl, on the way to the place where natives roasted the pork underground in their special way. We came on time to watch them unearth it and deliver it ceremoniously to the complex where our dinner was served before the evening program commenced.

The program was performed outdoors on stages overlooking lagoons and superimposed below a simulated volcanic mountain where Goddess Pele emerged

against the background of sparkling flames and ingenious lighting.

Seven different ethnic groups of the Pacific staged a marvellous program from three simultaneous stages almost equalling the performance at the Polynesian Cultural Centre we had seen in 1974.

We enjoyed our stay at the Beachboy Hotel and our daily walks on its



John at Waimea Canyon.



John and Anne Dubeta pose at Smith Garden Paradise stagershow at Kauai.

shoreline. The beach itself was not conducive to swimming, but the sunset glow across the Pacific waters was simply divine. Its entertainment of music, dance and song, provided by the young Kauaians was a welcome bonus.



An afternoon show at the Beachfront hotel lobby.

Our four day stay in Oahu, Hawaii's commercial centre was definitely different. Most noticeable was the general presence of the Japanese. Here we joined thousands on Waikiki beach to sun-tan nearly every day. The walking distance from our Outrigger Reef Tower's hotel made easy access to the waterfront. A top quality Chinese restaurant provided us a top quality supper, surprisingly inexpensive.

Besides shopping and browsing in the many shops, we found time to attend Don Ho's show that left us somewhat disappointed. We felt he was overly casual, too wealthy and "too big for his breaches".

We returned to Kelowna via an overnight stop in Vancouver to be picked up at the airport by our dear neighbors, Duncan and Stephanie Church.

Soon after, we acquired our Sony Camcorder that has provided us many priceless mementos. Our commercially-prepared video tapes, Portrait of Hawaii, Hawaiian Paradise, and the Polynesian Cultural Centre continue to enrich our Hawaiian experience.

1990: "Best of Britain"; Germany, Switzerland.

Why a five-week 1990 European holiday in May shortly on the heels of a three-week excursion to Hawaii in January? The answer is six-fold. Our children prepaid 80% of the Hawaiian trip in appreciation of the contributions they had received from our estate when our Edmonton property was sold. More pertinently John and I had a life-long desire to see more of England, regarded as the Mother of Parliament and the Mother of our Canadian culture. Retired educator, John, wanted to see some of the principal communities of England's literary and historical greats.

We wanted to see Stella's son and our nephew, David in Glasgow; Diana, her husband Rudolf Koller and their three children in Regensburg, Germany; and of course to visit our son Dr. Kenneth, his wife Dody, and our grandchildren Lani and Jay in St. Gallen, Switzerland where Ken was in the process of upgrading his Ear, Nose and Throat specialty to Facial Reconstruction Surgery under the tutelage of the world-renowned cosmetologist, Dr. Klaus Walter, in Heiden's Rosenberg Clinic.

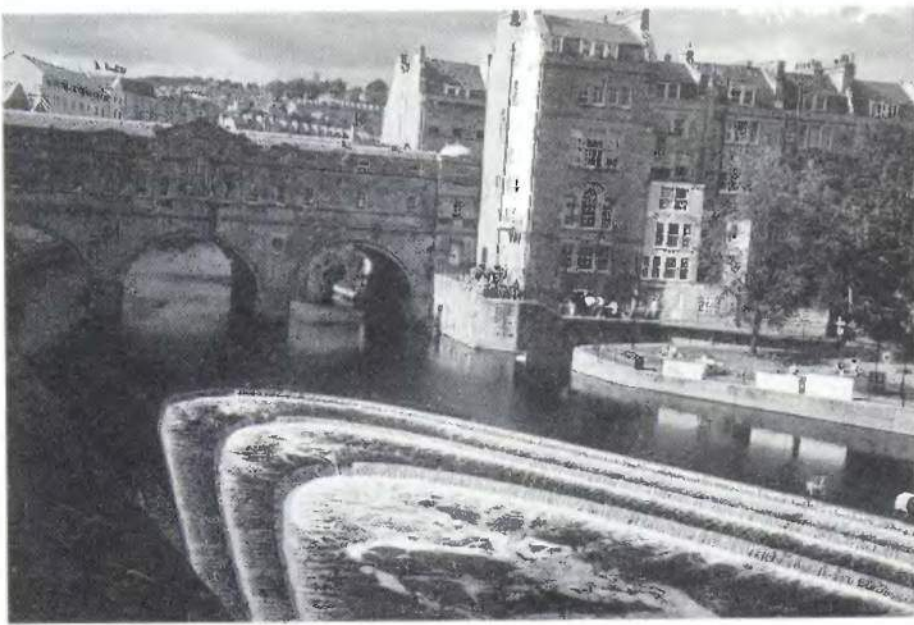
Equipped with three times as much luggage as seasoned tourists normally carry, and supplemented by a top-of-the-line 8mm Sony Camcorder, we arrived at London's Heathrow Airport on May 5th, registered at the Ramada Inn West in South Kensington; walked several miles, ate a hearty supper, and retired early for the May 6-16 "Best of Britain" Tour by Trafalgar Coach. Early on May 6th, twenty-eight of us received greetings from our clever tour guide, John Weinstock, as we left London, drove past Runnymede where King John was forced to sign the Magna Carta in 1215;

viewed the lovely Salisbury Cathedral, and proceeded to ancient Stonehenge (of 2800 B.C. mythical origin, and current mystery surrounding its U.F.O. landmarks), through Dorset to Exeter, and finally through Devon to historic Plymouth, the sailing point of the Pilgrim Fathers who landed at Plymouth Rock U.S.A., in pursuit of religious freedom. A two-hour boat trip of the harbor introduced us to numerous battleships, frigates, destroyers and submarines, both conventional and nuclear. Nowhere else in the world would tourists have shared so much "classifiable" information.

On May 7th, we had a two-hour stopover in the picturesque fishing village of Looe in Cornwall; contemplated over the legendary King Arthur, Queen Guinevere, Sir Lancelot and Knights of the Round Table at Glastonbury where we viewed the remains of the Abbey dissolved by King Henry VIII, as England's Protestant monarch; and continued to Bath where we marvelled at the present state of the ingenious and beautiful hot-water Roman baths constructed there over 1800 years ago. We stayed at Street's Wesson Hotel in Somerset where John spent most of the night devising ways and means of recharging the camcorder's batteries (our room had no adapter outlet).



Anne D. meditates at the lower level of the great Roman baths, Avon.



River Avon adjoining the Roman baths has an interesting waterfall.



A costumed court jester recited medieval poetry on Bath's courtyard.

On May 8th, we entered Wales and beheld the ruins of the 15th Century Tintern Abbey commemorated by Wordsworth's famous poem. We drove through the scenic Wye Valley back into England; explored the countryside en route north to the beautiful city of Chester; strolled past its quaint "rows", and Tudor houses, and inspected its massive cathedral and its impressive walls dating back to Rome and medieval times.



Chester Cathedral. 1540. Formerly a Benedictine Abbey founded by Earl of Chester in 1092.

We enjoyed the culture of the ancient era, and proceeded to the Piccadilly Hotel in Manchester where we dined superbly but were rudely interrupted at 2 a.m., by a fire alarm activated by some convention reveler. Guess what pajama-clad, bare-foot John carried out? His Sony movie camera, of course. In the morning we had a good view of Strangeway Prison where the inmates had gone on a rampage shortly before.

Day 4 took us into England's famous Lake District, a vast area of mountain woodland, pasturing animals, rushing waters and Lake Windemere, the locale that inspired the country's greatest poets - Wordsworth, Lord Byron, Keats, Tennyson and Shelley. John worshipped at Wordsworth's grave, and despite the steady downpour, recorded the chimes of the adjacent church and photographed some picturesque shops, gardens, yew trees from which bows and arrows were made, and the countryside. From there we crossed the Scottish border to Gretna Green where we witnessed the re-enactment of an ancient marriage using our group's personnel for the bridal party and its attendants. All for fun and profit.



Our Trafalgar Coach group "Best of Britain Tour" enjoys a mock wedding at Gretna Green.

On our way to Glasgow, Scotland's largest city of 260 parks and gardens, we shopped at Moffat's Woollen Mills, before viewing the city's 8000-piece Burrell Museum, a private collection of discordant miscellanea from all over the world, as a philanthropist's fancy dictated.

Thanks to Mr. Alex Monroe, Margaret Papirnick's cousin who located David Mitchell in his new quarters, we would not have been able to meet him at our hotel. We found him confident, yet fearful; optimistic, yet pessimistic in the light of unfortunate events. Francis had completely dispossessed and disowned him: secluded his children in whereabouts unknown, and left him virtually fighting against windmills in effecting a fair and legitimate share of his estate. He places great faith in his writing ability, the marketability of his literary product, and the ultimate hope that justice will be rendered. He is greatly in need of a generous and benign editor-agent willing and able to improve the style, organization and content of his documentary. A good movie-script writer could render his life experiences into a movie even superior to Olive Fredrickson's Silence of the North. We rejoiced in the reunion, chatted, reminisced, considered future



May 9, 1990: Stakis Pond Hotel. A delightful meeting with Anne's nephew David Mitchell in Glasgow.



Alex Monroe, David and John D.

prospects and possibilities, and agreed to meet again in Edinburgh three days later.

We left Glasgow on May 10th and proceeded to the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond where we enjoyed a 2-hour cruise, clever commentary, and humorous verse inscribed on tapestry. The theme song forever lingered in our memories as we drove into the highlands and visited notorious Glencoe (the scene of a massacre by a ruthless clan) and through the rugged landscape to Fort William, close to Britain's highest mountain, Ben Nevis, and through the Grampian mountains to Grantown.



John admiring Loch Lomond's natural beauty.

On May 11th we drove through the spectacular Highlands via Inverness and Glen Carron, and ferry-hopped to the Island of Skye where we witnessed long-abandoned chimney-less thatched cotters' huts, sheep crofters, and picturesque scenery. Ashore, John found a squeegee-type rubber foot which provoked some humor.

The Loch Ness monster must have had a luncheon engagement with Lake Okanagan's Ogopogo because it was nowhere in sight as we scanned the beautiful 1000 foot deep, twenty-mile lake. We stopped at Culloden Moor, the commemorative battle site of 1746 where the Highlanders under Bonnie Prince Charles of the Stewart Dynasty were routed by the British under the Duke of Cumberland to preserve the Protestant Hanoverians on the throne.



A castle once inhabited by Clan MacLeod, ardent champions of Bonnie Prince Charles.



J.D. is busy taking pictures of the scene at the end of our journey to the Isle of Skye. In the background stands a replica of the first residence of a pioneer, built 250 years ago, and referred to as The Crofters Black Hut. The original still stands in ruins.



Across the road was a sheep ranch.

En route on May 12th, we viewed Blair Atholl Castle (commemorated in poetry), passed over Birnam Wood (immortalized in Shakespeare's MacBeth) and stopped for two hours at the resort town of Pitlochry where John was more interested in photographing the power-generating dam and the fish hatchery than he was in lunching and shopping. We drove along the River Tay, fertile

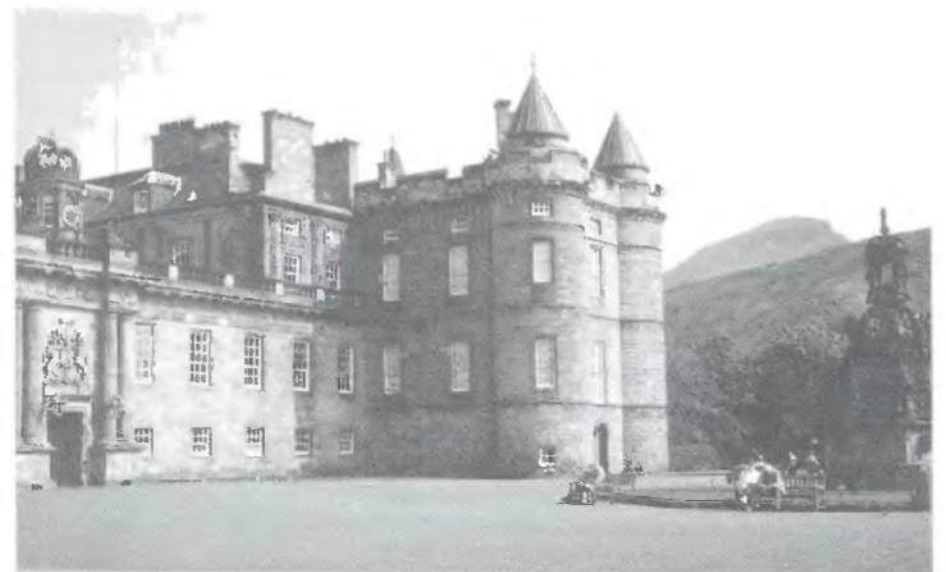


J.D. and A.D. stand beside a memorial dedicated to the Battle of Culloden.



The Highland cattle of Scotland.

fields, through Dundee and stopped to photograph the world-famous golf course, St. Andrews by the Sea, and its imposing commemorative structures. We approached Edinburgh (Scotland's capital city) over the Forth Bridge, soon to admire its famous castle, embattlements, historic museums (warring accouterments), and the invariable changing of the guards. Elegant Princess Street is the city's costly shopping strip. The "Royal Mile" links Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood House Palace, home of Mary Queen of Scots, the same queen that "walked the Bloody Tower with her 'ead tooked underneath her arm."



The Holyrood Palace.

John left me behind to host David while he took an early trip by bus to Sir Walter Scott's Abbotsford Castle on the River Tweed. A marvellous tribute to the gifted but debt-ridden writer who left posterity a treasured legacy via his Museum housing precious artifacts of war, art, and history. David joined us in a day's tour of Edinburgh and a splendid meal at the hotel before catching a train back to Glasgow. It was truly a marvellous feeling to have spent two days with him.



David Mitchell and Anne Dubeta visit Edinburgh hotel.



David and John D. at a stone passage at Edinburgh Castle.

Our second day in historic Edinburgh, the Festival City, was climaxed by a banquet meal and a remarkable program of bagpipe music, colorful costumes, Highland dancing and song, unfortunately not recorded because of a needless prohibition. John finds comfort and pride in having been one of the two men selected from the audience to participate in one of the Scottish dances. "Haste ye back!"

On May 14th, Day 9, we drove southward to England and York through the Cheviot Hills and Newcastle on Tyne, famous for ship building and export of coal. A side trip was taken to Thirsk in deference to Dr. Wight, veterinary surgeon who authored the T.V., series, "All Creatures Great and Small." On distant Sutton Hills we admired a 600 foot chalk-carved image of a large white horse, a tourist landmark.

We awaited York with eager anticipation, and its marvellous Yorkminster Cathedral co-equal with

Westminster as a seat of the Anglican Archbishopry. It had its origin as a Roman fortress in 71 A.D., but distinguished itself more as a vital city of government, commerce and religion during the Norman conquest. Its Minster (a missionary centre) containing 128 stained glass windows dating to the 12th Century, was expanded and completed in stages over a period of 250 years. It survived a disastrous fire in the ceiling, and a more recent one from a bolt of lightning. It has been refurbished, reinforced, and renovated to its splendid state. The stonework foundation alone, in 1967, cost two million pounds. Money well spent.

On May 15th, we visited the fabulous Wedgewood Pottery Centre and its artistic wares preserved on film. In Coventry we were held breathless witnessing the reconstructed cathedral largely destroyed during World War II and its blended counterpart, replete with stained glass, arabesque and portraiture. Archangel Gabriel destroying Satan symbolically told a great deal of the story of Good fighting Evil.

John was truly in his glory in Stratford-on-Avon when frequenting Garrick's pub, viewing sculptured images of Shakespearean key characters in the park, scanning the interior of Shakespeare's family home and Anne Hathaway's thatched cottage, and especially the replicas of the principal characters of his plays, dressed in their original attire. The Sony Camcorder did not do the museum full justice.



Coventry's reconstructed cathedral.



Anne Hathaway's home. She was married to England's greatest playwright, William Shakespeare.

On the last day, we noted extreme contrast between a typical English Cotswold village and Blenheim Palace ("the finest view in England"), the ancestral homes of the Dukes of Marlborough; Winston Churchill's father, Lord Randolph Churchill; and the birthplace of Winston Churchill on November 30, 1874. Ideally situated, superbly landscaped, it was a 240,000 pound endowment to John, Duke of Marlborough and Duchess Sarah from her Majesty Queen Anne for having routed the French at the Battle of Blenheim in France. To describe the size and splendor of the wondrous estate would far exceed the purpose of this manuscript. Suffice it to say that Winston Churchill, one of England's historical greats, chose to be buried not in Westminster Abbey, but in a humble village country churchyard of nearby Bladon where we paid silent reverence to him, his wife Clementine, and the entire family.

The university town of Oxford, the ultimate place of learning for the elite scholars of the world, cast a magic spell over John, far greater than even Shakespeare's Stratford-on-Avon had evoked. The prestigious university where seventy-nine Rhodes scholars per year from various countries of the world study, goes back to the 12th Century. The stone structures date back to Medieval times. The genius of Sir Christopher Wren is present. The buildings housing the principal study disciplines, are appropriately title-engraved. The small chapel evoked reverence to the distinguished Alumni, as we admired the nucleus of Oxford's thirty-five separate colleges.

After a return trip of 2410 miles we arrived in London mid-afternoon, more in need of rest than excitement. We frequented a few nearby pubs, savored the fare of adjacent restaurants, scanned and photographed the world-famous Kew Gardens (not then in their prime), thrice took the subway to the principal sections of the city to shop and enjoy the "Run For Your Wives" production (the better ones being all booked) and prepared for our early departure by train to Dover, and by ferry to Oostende, Belgium en route to Regensburg, Germany to visit (for the first time) my niece Diana and her family. John's growing addiction to photography was ten minutes short of ruining our travel schedule. He joined me at the station all puffed out.

England impressed us as cultured and refined, Scotland as hardy and robust. We enjoyed the varied scenery, the historic sights, the clean fields and cities (barring sections of London); the animal husbandry; the neatly-trimmed hedged fields; the canals, superb bridges and highways; and the luxuriant crops including expansive fields of rape, and of course the numerous thatched cottages marvelously preserved. Courtesy and friendly hospitality characterized both

England and Scotland, each worthy of our appreciation and return. Travel by car from one Bed-and-Breakfast home to another sounds intriguing.

Regensburg, Germany

Our journey through the English countryside to Dover and the ferry crossing to Oostende, Belgium, gave rise to memories of our exciting 1969 return trip from Calais to London. Once anew we scanned the horizon for hop fields and the quaint hop houses topped with their unique chimneys, before embarking for the continent, leaving the White Cliffs of Dover a lingering memory.

The train trip to Regensburg required only one transfer, thus allowing us to relax and even catch some sleep as we travelled during the night. Our arrival was scheduled for four o'clock a.m., and since we were unable to advise my niece, Diana, of the exact time (except for the date), we did not expect anyone to meet us at the station. What a pleasant surprise to see Diana and Rudolf, meeting us there so early in the morning. Meeting her in her adopted land doubled the joy of the encounter. Warm embraces enveloped us as she explained, "I called your son Ken in St. Gallen, to learn the precise time of your arrival."

Our hosts reserved for us a highly recommended hotel unique in character and Bavarian design. We entered into a wide courtyard of cobblestoned floor and ascended into its wide stairway to the third floor of our spacious and modern suite commanding a street view. Welcoming us at the table were numerous refreshments for us to enjoy before retiring and awaiting next morning's eleven o'clock welcome from our kind hosts.



This photo taken from our third storey window, shows the street leading to the city's principal stone bridge over the Danube River and the world-famous St. Peter's Cathedral.

At eleven o'clock a.m., Rudolf and his two daughters came to take us to their home a short distance away. We walked to the Old Stone Bridge (Steinerne Brücke), then came off it on a ramp downward to "Obererwohrd", the island in the Danube where they live.



John D., Verina, Theresa and Rudolf on the stone bridge. To the right is the Danube and the island.

We were very fortunate to have Rudolf and Diana (well versed in art and history), give us a lot of information about their historic and charming old city that originated in Roman times. The Bavarian dukes made Regensburg their first capital. In the Middle Ages, Regensburg was one of the major economic, intellectual, and political centres of Europe; the scene of brilliant assemblies of princes and of great Diets of the Holy Roman Empire. Today, with 130,000 inhabitants, the city is the bustling centre of Eastern Bavaria. The next five days spent with the family, their friends, and touring Bavaria, proved to be one of the best holidays that we had ever experienced in Germany.

Entering the relatively narrow, three-story home of my niece, was a happy and emotional period. For years I longed to visit her and her family in her adopted country and finally my wish became a reality. I only wished that Diana's mother would have lived to walk in my steps that day.

On our first day, the Kollers were scheduled to have a barbecue dinner at Gerhard and Brigitte Wingerter's back yard, and happily we were invited to attend. Diana and all her family, accompanied by us and several casseroles of food, arrived for a most



Gerhard, the master chef, cooks several kinds of meat to perfection, while Verina looks on. Brigitte's German potato salad and white asparagus were the feature items on the menu.

pleasant afternoon to be spent with the family and several of their friends.

The next morning, well rested, we patted our extra large pillows as we crawled out from under the soft featherbed quilt, dressed and hurried downstairs for the hotel's Bavarian breakfast, in order to be on our way to Diana's soon after. We looked forward to spending the entire day with the family, to reminisce and learn about their lives, their country, and our respective families scattered throughout the world.

We took time to visit Rudolf's nearby studio in a building that was once Napoleon's headquarters, still displaying a faded portrait of him on an interior wall. This historic building and their Bavarian home will be even prouder places to visit when renovations are completed, hopefully in our lifetime.

Across the road from Rudolf's studio, we walked throughout a park and gardens that once belonged exclusively to the wealthy merchants and bankers residing there. A dry moat, still visible, indicated that water pleasure was enjoyed, as they cruised around the park and onto the Danube. Large snails (escargot) then cultivated for fine eating, were still numerous as we marvelled about their survival entirely on their own. Rudolf, of course, gave us a good resume of the rich life that once prevailed there.

All of us then got into Rudolf's station wagon and headed for his favorite country swimming hole where he loves to "skinny dip". Diana and we snacked; and socialized as we promenaded along the scenic river enjoying its white swans, numerous water fowl and the "kinder" frolicking in the flowery meadows. Better acquainted and more fully informed about our respective lives, we returned home to our respective duties: Diana preparing dinner, Anne ironing the family clothes, and John playing with their doggie Tralee. Her grated kartoffli (potatoes), deftly molded into "knigli", combined with marinated beef, basted with beer, proved to be a Bavarian delight, as we dined with members of the family we see so rarely.



Theresa, Rudolf, Verina, Dianne, Ijida and John enjoying the meal. Anne photographer

The girls impressed us as charming, ambitious, and worldly wise. The eldest, Ljida, spending her own money, visited us in Kelowna with her cousin Thomas Haas, soon after our return.



Verina patting Tralee.



1990 - Ljida Koller and Thomas Haas pose in Kelowna's city park.

After breakfast on the following day, we eagerly made our way back to the Koller's, to join Rudolf and Dianne on a walking tour of the other side of the Danube where ancient churches, open markets and adjoining shops of all varieties, radiate from the medieval cobblestoned square.

Our first stop was St. Peter's Cathedral, graced by majestic spires that tower over the entire city. The interior is both lofty and spacious. The choir and the south aisle have magnificent stained glass windows - about 800 panels we were told - which date back to the 14th and 15th Centuries. The five canopied altars in Gothic style are decorated with carved figures. Looking from the south tower to the north tower, one can trace the development from early Gothic to late Gothic. The flight of steps leads through a triangular porch to the main doorway with its wealth of ornamental figures: St. Peter surrounded by the Apostles; the Virgin Mary and scenes from her life are only a few of the statues; some of them masterpieces of Gothic sculpture, dating from 1280 to the present.

At the lower level of the cathedral, behind a wrought iron gate, is the clergy's exclusive room featuring Rudolf's sculpture of Jesus on the cross.



A sculpture made and installed by Rudolf.

There is a memorial tablet of Johannes Maier, a member of the Cathedral Chapter, who was executed in 1945 because he pleaded for surrender of the city in order to save it from destruction. There are many historic tablets, statues, tombs and the beautiful art on the ceiling, and altars edged in gold, that justifiably invite historians and connoisseurs of art to come in to admire, study and to explore.

On the south side of the square stands the Alte Kapelle, once the palace chapel of the Bavarian dukes. Entering the church from the Kornmarket, one is reminded of its age by two archaic-looking stone figures. There was a palace chapel here in the mid-9th century under Ludwig, the German. A number of Roman stones were used in the building and a few of them with inscriptions on them, can be seen in the interior of the church. Its magnificent Rococo-style decorations on the ceilings and murals were done in 1747-63 by artists of that period. One can only marvel at the artistic talent in those days. However, its beautiful Rococo-style high altar was done by a more recent German sculptor, Simon Sorg, in 1969-73.

We were so fortunate to have Rudolf and Diane along to explain the history and the beauty of these two structures, but as always we ran short of time and energy. The next day John, along with the camcorder camera, went to photograph, while Diane and I spent time browsing, shopping, and enjoying tea on the Kornmarket square.

Our hosts advised us that to be in historic Regensburg and not to indulge in the fare of "sausages", crusty buns, beer or wine, would be bordering on the sinful, so we gathered the rest of the



John D., Rudolf, and Diane pose in Alte Kapella.

family and headed to the oldest restaurant *Historische Wurstkuche* near the banks of the Danube, where we spent a delightful couple of hours satisfying our palates and watching the boats cruising on the river. Pretty sparrows had no fear of us as they landed on our table for crumbs. David Mitchell, in Glasgow, proud-



J.D. and A.D. admire the beautiful Rococo decorations.

ly proclaimed to us, that he managed some forty-eight sausages when he visited there earlier in the year, to the amazement of our present hosts.

Our fourth day took us on a trip to the country towards Beratzhausen where Rudolf's sister lives, and where Rudolf was born and raised. As we travelled on the autoban and country roads, we admired the rich fertile fields, cattle grazing and numerous historic sights, but the utmost satisfaction was our acquaintance with Max and Marlene Spitzenberger (Rudolf's sister and brother-in-law) and their three daughters, Elizabeth, Sybilla and Lea, and their son-in-law Donauer, father of Max and Marlene's two grandchildren.

We had a delightful visit and enjoyed a wonderful lunch in their lovely home, adjoining a neatly kept and prosperous family plumbing business. We both expressed hope of seeing them in Kelowna some day, as we departed with a gift (a large candle decorated with natural flowers) given to us by our gracious hosts.

In the same town Rudolf and Diane showed us their neat Bavarian-style large three-storey building they own, once belonging to his parents and now used for rental income. We ended the day by feasting on another Bavarian supper meal at the Kollers.

The fifth day was fast approaching and our hosts proposed a trip to Weltenburg, the point of origin of the Danube cruise to Kelheim. Before boarding our cruise boat a short distance away, we spent a couple of hours at Abteikirche Weltenburg, a beautiful Cathedral and Monastery built in 1735. We toured inside the church and were most impressed with the indirect natural lighting effects emanating from the windows of the recessed wall in the rear, that cast a dramatic effect on the theatrical high-altar scene of St. George, the patron saint of the monastery, killing the dragon and saving the king's daughter. Behind, in the bright light, the Immaculate Virgin is crushing a serpent.

The oval space of the body of the church is broken by four large bays subdivided into four smaller bays, each depicting artistic renderings of historical religious scenes.



High-altar scene, at Weltenburg Cathedral.

The marble and twisted wood columns, statues, ornamental friezes, the religious history, the fabulous artwork on the ceilings, leaves one in awe. No wonder, that architect Asam included a painting of himself overlooking his marvellous creation.

We four lunched on Bavarian sausages, buns and draft beer at the outer courtyard of the monastery before boarding the handsome shuttle-service boat Renate, for a twenty-five minute cruise covering the most scenic section of River "Donau" back to Kelheim where Rudolf had returned to await our arrival. Diane served as our welcome tour guide. She pointed out the rock formations known as the "Stone Council", castle-like structures clad in green; sheer cliffs studded with caves, and at the river's narrowest point "Donaudurchbruch", the romantic gorge.

Castles beckoned us from afar. One of the two most impressive ones was the ornate, turret-topped circular Liepzig Castle built by King Ludwig I, during 1830-1863 to commemorate Bavaria's contribution to Napoleon's defeat in 1815. The other was "The Prunn Schloss" a magnificent 12th Century feudal castle perched atop a rocky promontory rising perpendicularly from the river's shore, in defiance of any attack

therefrom. Our imagination completed the defensive portcullis, drawbridge and moat on the opposite side.

After returning to Regensburg, we hosted the Kollers (parents, Ljida, Theresa and Verina) at a deluxe Chinese restaurant, rich in oriental decor, serviced by oriental waitresses proficient in German, a unique experience in itself. The meal was even better. We, Rudolf and Ljida, topped it off with the marvellous Regensburg Carnival featuring spectacular decor, precision rides of dazzling speeds in various formations, games of chance and skill, and of course, the characteristic beer halls of music, dance and song.

Our restful sleep culminated the happiness and contentment we had experienced during our one week's visit. Next morning, the entire Koller family (even Tralee) gave us a loving send-off to St. Gallen, Switzerland by rail for a two-week stay with Ken, Dody, and our grandchildren, Lani and Jay.

St. Gallen, Switzerland

The fleeting scenery enroute was vastly superior to the outlandish prices being charged aboard the train for liquid refreshments and snacks. Lake Bodensee played havoc with John's knowledge of European geography until he discovered that it was the German name for beautiful Lake Constance.

Our encounter with our family, on arrival, was most exhilarating. Words tumbled out of Lani and Jay in wild profusion as they related their unique experiences with the Swiss/German language; Waldorf School and the commuter service by train thereto; their life in the Cloister built 600 years ago; their fond associations with the newly-born animals and birds, ten different species found on the premises, and Lani's growing proficiency at the cello. We found the cloister and its setting equally entrancing.

Dody left for her Bern rendezvous, leaving us five, free to explore the city and the countryside. Ken drove us in his new Saab to Arbon to witness from aboard the Santes cruiser the Swiss Starboard Championship race on Lake Constance.



Cloister St. Maria von Guten Rat, St. Gallen, Switzerland.



Ken, Lani, Jay and the Saab.

After being warmly welcomed and generously treated to cheesecake, orange juice, tarts, wine, beer, tea and coffee by the Saab Corporation, we embarked for the event of the year, only to face disappointment because the Swiss winds refused to cooperate.



Ken and Dad aboard the Lake Constance cruiser.

We proceeded to Apenzell, some thirty miles away, where Lani assured us that we would witness a parade of ceremoniously dressed cows and goats making their annual spring trek to the higher elevation pasture grounds. Instead, we witnessed a much more colorful assembly of men, women and children from all the



Upland pastures, here we come.



The Apenzell quartet.

cantons of Switzerland, preparing for the following day's competitive parade. The crowd's care-free abandon, and the youthful members of a musical family created a carnival atmosphere.

Our bonus that day consisted of beautiful mountain scenery, and picturesque Swiss homes and villages.

Next morning, dressed in our best holiday finery, we



Ken and Jay pose while having lunch in Apenzell.

braved the stomach-churning twists and turns of the road to join ranks with the richly bedecked multitudes.



Apenzell parader in her finest finery.

Before the ninety-minute parade of 1000 gay marchers got underway, John positioned himself at an excellent point of vantage to record it on his Sony camcorder. I captured by camera one of many ladies sporting apparel and headgear costing 10,000 Swiss francs (\$8000.00 Canadian).

Rare yodel cries did no violence to the sound of the

one lone band by then blocks away. After the parade, over 5000 persons assembled in the City Square for speeches of self-congratulations, tributes to Swiss unity, and the virtues of the European Common Market.

After Dody's return on May 28th, Ken drove us to Heiden where he studied cosmetic surgery, and then to one of his favorite areas, Mount Santes where cable cars transport lovers of nature to heights of 8000 feet. That height truly magnified the magnificence of the valleys and streams below and the vari-colored Swiss chalets, constructed for man and beast, that dot the verdant mountainsides. We lunched at an idyllic spot. Mossy-soft floral banks overhung gentle rivulets in which wary trout kept darting from view.



We lunch at an idyllic spot.

Overlooking us was a stately mountain displaying two climbers celebrating their successful ascent. For entertainment, our comedian grandson, Jay, pretended that he was sorely beset by ants from a nearby anthill and danced himself into a frenzy.

On May 29th we were driven to Italy, stopping only briefly to photograph interesting sights and places as we drove through Buch, Sargens, Chur, Thusis, Splugen; San Bernardino, Lugano and finally Como, where in a wonderful city park on the edge of Lake Como, we saw a beautiful memorial to the victims of World War II. It brought tears to our eyes.



The family and St. Bernardino Pass.



Anne, Jay, Lani, and Ken pose on the edge of Lake Como, Italy.

Scenic lakes, numerous illuminated tunnels (some five miles long), waterfalls, and beautiful resort communities accented our memorable journey.

Near Como and the beautiful lake bearing its name are equally beautiful Lake Lugano and Lugano, Switzerland. A tourist paradise if there ever is one, rich in all natural and artificial beauty, ideal for those who can afford daily rates of 250 to 350 Swiss francs at any one of its luxurious hotels. Our supper was but a small sample of its lavish life style.

Between studies, Ken found some spare time to show us the peripheral area. One drive took us past military guards at the Austrian border, and through a civilian port of entry to Vaduz, capital of the sixty-one square mile, country of Liechtenstein where its "prince" dwells in a palatial castle that we admired at close range as we motored past it to the upper reaches from which we viewed its beautiful Rhine River valley. It's amazing what tourist trade and a tax haven can do for a 20,000 population principality. It was nice just being there even though our "shoppers" did not take full advantage of the countless souvenirs and luxury items at their disposal.

The trip that will forever linger in our memory is the one on the Zurich highway crossing lovely farm communities en-route to Schloss Lauben and its principal European attraction, Rheinfall, a smaller version of Canada's Niagara Falls. (Maid of the Mist, included), but approachable from at least four spectacular points of vantage that John's camcorder did itself proud to record. It was a tourist Mecca from all European countries and beyond.

After eating lunch on the banks of the Rhine (and sharing half of it with the lovely insatiable swans ever coveting more) we ascended the flight of steps to nearby Schaffhausen Castle to marvel at its deer in the lower courtyard, the rose garden at the upper level, its defensive ramparts, and its munition storehouse facilities. The view overlooking the river Rhine, the city and the area fantastic from the castle's upper level,

was well worth the stair climb. Time intercepted Ken's desire to take us into the Black Forest, but sufficiently far for us to photograph buildings and scenery characteristic of the area.



One of the beautiful homes we saw in Black Forest area.

We found time to admire St. Gallen's Cathedral almost as ornate and resplendent as Alte Kapelle in Regensburg. Our inspiration carried us to the neighboring world-famous "Stilts Bibliothek" founded by Irish missionary Gallus in 612 A.D. It contains the most comprehensive records of Christianity and ecclesiastical history to date. Its rich decor, authentic religious artifacts, thousands of volumes of leather-bound, gold-inscribed tomes contributed to the reverential atmosphere that permeated it.

Later in the afternoon we had a lakeside barbecue picnic supper a short distance from the cloister.



Ken, Dody and her turkey burgers.

Ken, wanting the duffle bags containing his family's winter and ski gear custom-duty checked for us to pick up at the Frankfurt rail station, on our return flight was obliged to travel with dad to Konstanz, Germany. Regrettably there was no room for me to share their delight in that city's beauty, classic architecture and historic monuments and memorials. Perhaps another time.

On the evening before our departure, we treated our Swiss-Canadians to a delightful Chinese supper at one of St. Gallen's favorite restaurants. A beautiful finale to a wonderful visit.

Our trip by train to Frankfurt was a moving experience. The German people's ability, will and determination, aided in large measure by their bitter adversaries during the disastrous war, wrought magical reconstruction. Frankfurt, 70% destroyed, was once anew a beautiful, thriving center of commerce.

We rejoined our friends and relatives in Edmonton on June 9th, 1990, ready and willing to share with them our rich experiences, one week before our friends' (William and Mary Lobay) Golden Wedding Anniversary to which John made a significant contribution by way of his well-received speech. Those experiences will be ours long to enjoy, thanks to John's rapidly acquired camcorder photographic skills now preserved on ten hours of VCR film classified in four categories: Relatives and Friends; Scenic; Historical and Religious; and Points of Special Interest. A truly memorable and highly rewarding trip became history.

1990-91: Trailing to Padre Island, Corpus Christi, Texas

As though anticipating one of the biggest snowfalls in Kelowna's history, we resolved to spend six months (November 1, 1990 to April 30, 1991) at some southern retreat for "northern snowbirds". What better place than Padre Island, (home of 350 species of birds, 650 varieties of fish, and the whooping cranes), Corpus Christi, Texas? In that water-oriented community which once held such high hopes for us, we would have ample opportunity to fish, golf, socialize, work on our family documentary, and hopefully, by personal attendance, sell two canal-front lots that three jurisdictions have been taxing to death since 1979.

We made our Cadillac DeVille and our thirty-foot Avion residence-on-wheels attractive and roadworthy, bade farewell to our congenial pro-tem tenants, Douglas and Celia Ritchie, and headed out on our five thousand mile return journey.

A bad beginning! The large cartridge fuse, keeping our 12-volt power system alive, was accidentally blown at Westbank, obliging us to spend our first night at Peachland. Its replacement at Penticton was unavailable for love or money. In late afternoon John improvised a circuit breaker that has served us equally well to date; however, at the end of our third day we were only one day's travel away from home.

Our journey soon became a pleasant blend of music, song, and scenery, interrupted only by precarious curves and the vile transports (termed "monsters") that either threatened to suck us into their lanes of traffic, or blow us off the highway.

Utah and Nevada have been termed as "an empty forbidding land of shimmering deserts and fantastically eroded canyons." We marvelled at the varied beauty of their mountains providing a backdrop to glacial lakes. Their heights varied from plateaus, tiered mesas (products of Nature's mammoth terrain graders at work over the centuries), to elevations exceeding six thousand feet above sea level. We glimpsed at numerous escarpments, natural amphitheatres, notches festooned with hoodoos - wind-carved spires, walks, arches and colorful outcroppings reminiscent of medieval castles and the Egyptian Sphinx. The rugged terrain abandoned during the glacial age provided Mother Nature and her weathering agents unique opportunities to polish and refine the varicolored rock strata into marvellous works of art.

If you want rugged, grand, snow-capped majestic mountains clad in verdant greens, holding crystal-clear azure lakes in the palms of their hands, stay in Canada North. If you want to see Nature's artistry at its best, then travel the principal mountain highways south of the forty-ninth parallel.

We were more than surprised by numerous ascents that seemed to lack their compensatory descents. The extensive one north of Beaver, Utah, reduced our mileage per gallon by one-third and exhausted our gas supply twenty-five miles before the nearest gasoline station. That cost us considerably in time and money. Sleet, snow and rain were forgotten by the time we reached Mesquite where we discovered a new motorized diversion: sandmobiles caterpillaring over sand dunes not unlike our more familiar snowmobiles tracking up their snowy terrain.

We reached Salt Lake City perched in an arid valley at 4300 feet. Salt Lake Temple, a monumental granite structure, with three richly ornamental towers, dominates the ten-acre grounds within the walls of Temple Square. It was a privilege once again to admire the home of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Salt Lake Tabernacle, famed for its acoustics and its 11,000-pipe organ. Wishing to celebrate our 56th wedding anniversary on November 6th, we hurried on to Las Vegas in North America's casino and nightclub capital. Lady Luck Hotel did not confirm our tested fortunes. Parlaying small windfalls into "jackpots" was not in the cards. We dined at Caesar's Palace and topped it off with the Champagne 90 stage show at the Marina where the rope artistry and acrobats from Mexico stole the show.

On November 7th, John and I walked the Strip throughout its five-mile length, on both sides of which lie the alluring, ultra-extravagant hotels and casinos such as Caesar's Palace, Silver City Plaza, Hilton Flamingo, Barbary Coast and the Mirage likely top-

ping them all in magnificent splendor. It is framed by a series of large waterfalls cascading over massive artificial mountains ingeniously illuminated. The "piece de resistance" are the half-hourly volcanic eruptions that leave nothing to the imagination. Inside the mirage are two elegant white tigers luring the clientele. We returned by bus to the downtown Casino Center which covers three blocks of Fremont Street, illuminated by forty-three miles of neon tubing and over two million light bulbs. A truly flashy city that depletes bank accounts in a flash.

Contrasting with colorful Las Vegas is the monumental symmetry of Hoover Dam rising 726 feet from bedrock. The bulwark stretches 1244 feet across Black Canyon, its wall 660 feet thick at the base, a mere 45 feet at the top. Behind it the Colorado River backs up for 110 miles to form Lake Mead, one of the largest man-made lakes. We admired the dam, particularly from the eastern bank bordering on Arizona, "the Grand Canyon State."

The change of scenery quickened as the terrain began to level off. Before long saguaro and its numerous kin made their welcome appearance. Further diversion derived from our 8-track stereo tapes interspersed with the vibrant beat of Mexican music and its haunting songs by radio. Beyond the Flagstaff junction, the highway narrowed to two lanes and driving became even more difficult in the face of 50-60 km lateral winds.

We didn't need Wakieup, Arizona, to keep us alert and awake. What a relief to join John and Faye for a two-day stay in their Citrus Gardens home in Mesa, Arizona.

The "snowbirds" there are truly chirping, flitting, and hopping. We partook of their "Koffee Klutch" and program featuring the gambler's "card player" prayer, and the even more appropriate Desert Song. Faye, though not entirely well, was at her hostess best, while John Kuzmar, first violinist in their local symphony, delighted us with the anniversary waltz (our 56th), two favorite Ukrainian melodies, Strauss waltzes and a few vibrant Hungarian-Gypsy rhapsodies.

After settling a few old scores in card games with the ladies, and Lucky K. in cribbage, John got his vehicles in order, as I re-cleaned them for the 1100 mile journey yet ahead. After the three of us exposed ourselves to John D's needling humor (the large cactus at our rear), we bade our cheerful farewells and headed southward into cacti country studded with winter retreats. Three hundred miles north of San Antonio, mesa and temple-like peaks reappeared, and vanished as mesquites and oil wells in harvested cotton fields took over. We noted that every state has something interesting and unique to offer, but our comfort and rest

stops at Comfort, Texas, assumed top priority, after our drive from El Paso. There, taking a wrong turn, took us across the border into the Mexican section of the city. Mexican workers hired on the American side far below standard minimum wages, were returning home to sleep. After an hour and a half the traffic subsided sufficiently for us to make our permitted turn- about to keep travelling for another three hours.

We sped through San Antonio to establish contact with Highway 291 to take us to Corpus Christi, our city of hope and despair where in 1979 our beautiful 48-unit Casa Del Lago condominium project, 85 percent pre-sold, was savagely scuttled by selfish and vengeful interests. Imagery and real mirage delusions confronted us as we neared the coastline of the Gulf of Mexico. Refineries and storage facilities dotted the horizon. As we proceeded along South Padre Island Drive familiar landmarks became resurrected. This time ironically as we reached the John F. Kennedy bridge spanning Laguna Madre and the Intercoastal Channel there were no con artists according us the last of our four royal welcomes between it and the airport as they did in 1974, to induce us to buy land there. This time not even one welcome from the greedy hucksters that suffered from tunnel vision: "We sell; you sink or swim." Introducing the legitimate buyers to legitimate money lenders for a progressive growth and development of the beautiful water-oriented community was never a part of their portfolios.

Steve and Lillian Sawisky, our Canadian friends from Red Deer, Alberta, welcomed us as though we were long-lost family members. After admiring our lots across the bulkheaded canal and later at close range, we settled in the Shady Grove Trailer-Court in Flour Bluff. There we soon made our Cable TV connections and established the routine for weekly potluck dinners, John's poetry readings, 5-cent bingos and my Wednesday luncheons with the ladies at the principal hotels and restaurants of the Corpus Christi area. Golfing and fishing never superseded our writing and lot-selling priorities (via five months of daily advertising).

Corpus Christi's top quality music station had not deteriorated since 1979. Most of the four star "classics" actually merited the designations even though several lesser-starred ones equalled and excelled them. The Gulf War loomed heavily on the horizon and our conscience, buoyed as it was by sincere, high quality, statesmanlike debates we heard in Congress preceding the attack. Canadian House of Common debates, especially the arrogant conservatives of John Crosbie ilk, hide your heads in shame. A fight for a cleaner environment should commence with them.

We missed Father Patrizzi at the roofed, open air Roman Catholic church, St. Andrews by the Sea, but

were often moved by the erudite oratory and clear insight of the much younger Father Goodwin ranked by us in the 95th percentile of dedicated priesthood. The Schlitters, from Kansas, opened their hearts and their home to us during the American Thanksgiving dinner. Ray was more than John's match in the square-type horseshoes. John had one game won but for his desire to throw his second ringer that knocked out the winning one. Steve and Lillian followed suit at Christmas and Easter when we basked in their kind and generous hospitality as we socialized with their friends and admired Steve's handiworks (furniture, vases, lampstands and miscellaneous household items) testifying his great wood craftsmanship skills. For his masterpieces he uses mesquite, mahogany, black walnut, South American redwood and Baltic plywood. Patience, careful planning, and precision tools do the rest.

We were overwhelmed by a dazzling display of arts and crafts in the community center across from Corpus Christi's beautiful Yacht Harbor. Handel's inspiring Messiah (joint effort of Corpus Christi and San Antonio symphony orchestra and choruses) staged in the large three-story Harbor Playhouse, was an event to be remembered.

Adjacent to this theatre and its social-recreational-cultural counterparts, are a series of balustraded and contoured water fountains discharging cascades of bubbly delight up to six feet into the air, particularly dazzling when illuminated at night.



John Dubeta, David Dubeta and his wife Ria beside the Harbor Bridge and the circular fountain.

A few hundred feet upwards from it, a flight of steps between two parallel strips of tumbling waters, led to a museum where we saw the Festival of Lights featuring many traditionally decorated Christmas trees of many European countries and the U.S.A., dating back a century of stylized themes.

Writing and revising kept us busy. Fishing off Bob Hall pier was not much better at night than it was by day. Off our lots or other bulk-headed canals, it had

vastly deteriorated, because selfish interests and short-sighted politicians failed to keep the fish pass open. People equipped with motor-driven boats or wading equipment along the coastline shallows fared better than John did, particularly when the fish left for deeper waters. John, having overcrowded his rubber dinghy

with a battery, motor, tackle box, and fishing equipment lost his deep-sea fishing rod and tackle somewhere in the fast flowing waters of the Humble Channel. John's dual efforts, once aided by Walt Sparks, proved unavailing. Their valiant endeavor is commemorated by John's summing poem:

December 20, 1990: My Humble Experience

Because Humble Channel proved to be a humbling experience,
Permit me to re-channel the order of events in review:
How I cramped my rods, battery, tackle box, motor into my inflatable dinghy,
But failed to show the wind and the current the proper respects they were due.
As I launched off the slimy bank and rowed into deeper waters
I discovered that my fishing rods were positioned facing the rear,
And because I had my 12-volt motor up front and no eyes at the back of my head
I engaged my free hand to explore backwards to recover my gear.
As one reversed rod I proceeded for fishing to bait,
My ears fell out of tune with the dislodged rod and reel that "kerplonked".
And because the current kept sweeping me to the left side of the bridge,
Who knows where and when my rod shouted: "Help Master, I'm drowning, I'm sunk."
Needing much consolation, I related my woe to Shady Grove's Walt
Newly returned from a futile fishing trip of his own:
He quickly commissioned a trailer and boat from his good neighbor, Rex:
"Let's salvage the bugger", he offered. "Enough of your wailings and moan."
"Did you kiss Anne good-bye, and check your will?" he asked after we launched,
Because any dire calamity can us unexpectedly befall:
We have only paddles, no motor; we left our life-jackets behind,
And the plug at the rear of the boat holds back no water at all."
"Walt, quit your kiddin'. I refuse to die 3000 miles from home;
I'm lowering the weighted hook, so get set, and begin to row."
He took all this in, with his familiar, friendly grin,
And commanded: "Stop wasting good time. Where do we start and which way do we go?"
My embarrassed reply was not at all re-assuring:
"My rod 'kerplonked' between those bridge pillars and that little island;
It could just as easily have fallen on the other side of the bridge:
I'm manning the weighted rope and the hook. Keep rowing. Be silent."
At first rowing seemed easy and as light as a breeze:
His groans were in harmony with the groans of his oars,
I controlled the weighted hookline as we crisscrossed the channel,
Concerned that his strain would produce calluses and sores,
The 500 yard dragging area divided by the length of my lost rod
Required that he paddle the boat two hundred fifty times back and fro
I was becoming more and more apprehensive and truly alarmed
That before it was over he would ask me to relieve him and row,
But the kind winds of fate intervened, we were both delighted to know,
As we continued to row, they increasingly galed and they blew,
So that he easily surpassed the extremity of my rod's watery grave,
And leaned back on the paddles proclaimed: "Here John, take over, I'm through."

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The wind reduced Walt's traversals from fifty to ten,
And because Walt labored so valiantly while I sat back and sinned,
Walt took over my tough job of manning the rope, hook, and dragger
While I labored back twice as hard in the face of the wind.
The only value derived from our two futile endeavors,
Was adding a new adage to some learned English panel,
That it is no less easy finding a needle in a haystack,
Than it is recovering a drowned rod and reel in Humble Channel.
We may yet give science and technology a really good try
With Carl Foster in charge of his water sonar sound sounder;
We may not succeed the elusive rod to detect and recover,
But we'll addle the brain of some floundering flounder.
So thank you, dear Walt, for your kind and generous aid;
In return for your efforts you're nursing a severely stubbed toe;
Let this be your comfort and your consolation
That a finer gentleman than you it's difficult to find or to know."

In our Avion trailer home we returned the hospitality of our aforementioned friends, son David and his wife Ria who visited us out of Dallas area where he installed his "Flash Flood" in Garland, Texas, early in April, and daughter Linda who preceded him by three weeks. We cannot forget mentioning Yvonne and Ernie Hayford, formerly from Ghana, in Africa, where he met and married the daughter of Holland's ambassador, there. He was the talented mechanic who kept our Caddy in good health.

On St. Valentine's Day we joined our hosts and friends for dinner at the Holiday Inn, formerly (The Red Carpet Inn) in Padre Island where we thought it to be in our best interest to purchase five lots nearly seventeen years previously. The same venue was used for our dinner of appreciation with Steve and Lillian when Ria and David were our guests.



J.D. and mechanic, Ernie Hayford.

We had our fill of shrimp wherever and whenever we dined but failed to surpass the record established by Ria and David. With a little help from us, they consumed about fifty pounds of the rare delicacy during their one week's stay. We golfed, fished, revisited the



L-R: Steve Sawisky, J.D., Ria, David, A.D., Lillian Sawisky.



1991: Happy days in Corpus Christi. John D., Anne D., David, wife Ria.

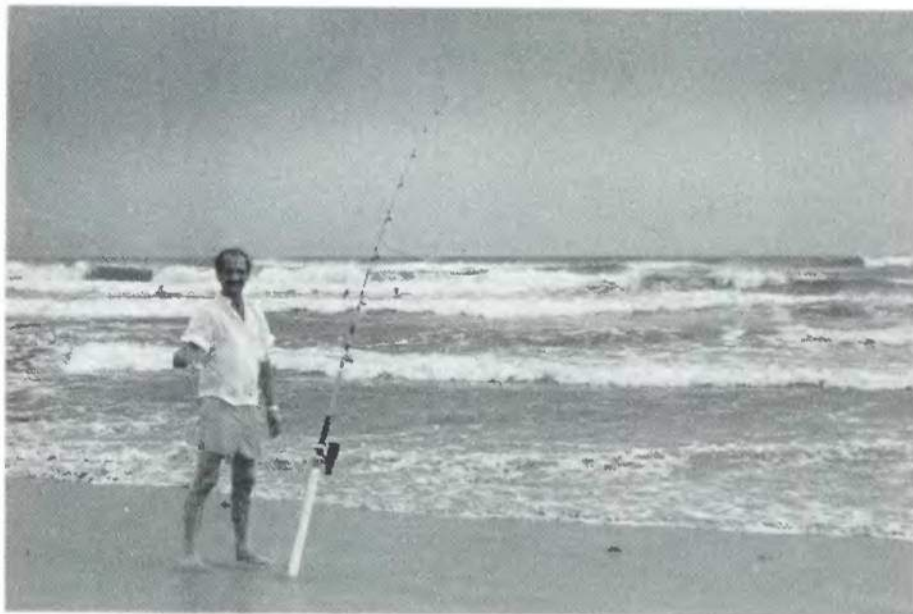
highlights of Corpus Christi, and marvelled at the fast speed boats that had just completed the 200-mile race on Corpus Christi Bay. A week's stay at the Hotel Constante at the Gulf shore satisfied their craving for salt air, sand and surf, as well as a place to enjoy

and our friends Carl and Ginny Foster. If our lots remain unsold for several years, I have a feeling that their owners will be David and Ria, because they love the place.

Linda, our only child who failed to visit us there during the 1974-79 period, was anxious to see the area that seduced us for so long and jeopardized our inevitable financial success in Edmonton. The same physical attraction at the Bob Hall pier, the Padre Island Country Club, the fishing holes, the



Ria D. is all smiles as she soaks up the sun beside El Constante pool.



Fishing is David's happiness.

Yacht Harbor and beautiful Ocean Drive featuring the palatial residences of past and present multimillionaires, and the top quality restaurants, shopping centers and specialty stores were still there, but her parents' hopes and dreams were long dead, never to be resurrected in the area of failure not of their own making.

We and Linda lunched at Snoopy's on Laguna Madre a few hundred yards from the southern foot of the John F. Kennedy bridge just as nearly 100 pelicans swooped within an arm's reach of us to do battle with an almost equal number of screeching gulls battling over a few buckets of kitchen scraps thrown overboard by the kitchen staff. All this was luckily recorded on our Sony Camcorder.

Following that delightful lunch treat, we drove past huge condo complexes on Mustang Island en-route to



Linda Papirnick catches a big one from Bob Hall pier in the Gulf of Mexico at Padre Island.

Port Aransas where we admired a taxidermied display of sheephead, redfish, wahoo, dolphin tuna, tarpin, carvelle jacks, blackhead sharks, swordfish, and marlins gracing the walls of a fisherman supply store. We saw "my" red snapper-fishing catamaran undergoing renovations and repairs, and witnessed a freshly caught two hundred pound monster being cut-up and unable to appreciate the humor of the knife-in-hand expert who joked

that the victim, Warsaw Grouper, was "worse off than he was a few hours ago."

We took the ferry to Aransas Pass and cruised on to the beautiful, long-ago completed canal-fronted community of Rockport on which Padre Island's high hopes were modeled. The latter's current motto seems to be "Kill the intruders with overtaxation of empty lots, or force them to build and join the exclusive club of dwellers on Nature's Paradise."

We stopped at a roadside store that was shockingly unique in appearance and contents — a hodge podge of everything and not much of anything. A "dog's breakfast" of miscellanea ranging from bait to medieval armor, hardly a classic example of "We Texans knows how to run binness." Nonetheless, I was pleased to find a small old fashioned washboard there as a souvenir.

We continued on around Corpus Christi Bay and returned over the Harbor Bay Bridge to catch a fleeting glimpse of the city's recently completed aquarium which we visited on the following day.

Jim Barnette of Coastcon Corporation Inc., chosen by us to build our ill-fated Casa Del Lago project, assured us it would be a rare treat, as it truly was. He combined his talents and resources with Fulton Construction to construct the watery masterpiece where ingeniously designed vertical and horizontal dioramas in realistic settings exhibit small and large marine life indigenous to the area. Most impressive were the giant turtles, stingrays, flounders, drums, groupers, swordfish, jew fish, sharks, (some ranging hundreds of pounds) a monstrous eel, and the painted dainties such

as the zebra and angel fish. Printed data was supplemented by the courteous, knowledgeable staff.

To enrich Linda's experience, she joined me in a 4-day, 800 mile round trip that commenced with the gigantic King Ranch in nearby Kingsville where the Santa Gratus breed of cattle had originated. Next on our list was Port Isabel on South Padre Island, then overrun by the "Spring break" students living it up.



Linda Papirnick poses on the beach with sea gulls and spring breakers at North Padre Island. At background are the El Constante condos, where David and Ria stayed in April, 1991.

After a quick overview of Brownsville, where we spent the night, we crossed the border to Matamoros to shop and to observe Mexican lifestyle. "Spring breakers" in multitudes were there, creating a big hoopla. Travelling along Rio Grande to border cities, we stopped long enough to note the numerous historic monuments and decorated graveyards. Ironically, the Mexican dead are accorded extravagancies that their survivors cannot afford for themselves.

Reynosa seemed more progressive and prosperous we concluded, after touring it for several hours on foot and by car. Nuevo Laredo's "Canada" stores surprised us, as did one ostentatious, multi-storied, ultra modern store, featuring ornamental silver and brass objects; crystal and artistic pottery; jewelry and papier maches that one can be happy to bring home.

Inclement weather robbed San Antonio of its River Walk charm and glamour. After visiting the historic Alamo where the massacre of Davy Crockett, Jim Bowie and their 186 compatriots by Santa Ana led to the annexation of Texas after the Battle of San Jacinto, we supplemented our Mexican purchases of vanilla, soaps and custom jewelry with some ladyswear items at the River Center and the North Star Mall. After spending two days in beautiful San Antonio we returned "home". John was still unable to sell our lots. Sharks seeking them at ten cents on the dollar will have to pursue other bait in the Gulf of Mexico.

In order to host our family members, we deferred our departure date by one week, primary mission unac-



John D. putting up a FOR SALE sign on our lots.



Linda Papirnick and mom pose in Reynosa.

complished. The expiry date of our very costly medical-hospitalization coverages in the U.S.A., prompted our more-hurried return to Canada, three days delayed because of Avion's roof-damage sustained at the North Star Mall entrance, replacement of a drive-shaft in Littlefield, Texas, and the blinding, life-threatening sleet and snow in the Great Divide mountain ranges of Wyoming. The vertical stance that Caddy's hood assumed as we clipped along at sixty miles per hour tested our stamina and courage. Luckily John kept to the road and escaped a rear-end collision that could have been fatal to anyone following us at close range.

En route home we beheld Texan bluebonnets lining the highway; its mobile irrigation systems; cotton storage and processing plants; oil pumps at rest and at work, and numerous cattle feeding stations totalling in my estimation "a million heads", a figure that John ridiculed. Perhaps 100,000. The scenery kept changing from the ordinary to the spectacular as did the elevations in Cheyenne to the 11,000 foot heights of Mt. Baker in Oregon. We covered at least six inter-connected highways as we sped past St. Angelo and Amarillo, Texas; Denver, Colorado; Rawlins, Wyoming; Ogden, Utah; Twin Falls and Boise, Idaho; and the blossoming orchards of Yakima Valley where we joined Highway 97 N. We stopped at the highly captivating

Leavenworth, Washington, featuring an authentic touch of Switzerland and Bavaria, only 235 miles from Kelowna. A place worth visiting for several days.

We knew that Lake Okanogan was not an extension of our Lake Okanagan as we hurried on for some grocery shopping and the Canadian Customs at Oroville, Washington. Having paid our dues, we said "Hi" to Osoyoos, Oliver, Penticton and Kelowna, surprised that its record snowfall had vanished and that so many

homes had mushroomed where we had a vested interest.

The Ritchies accorded us a welcome. Our blossoming orchard greeted us in full regalia, concealing the sad fact that a premature thaw between two prolonged freezing spells would reduce the bountiful apricot and peach harvest of 1990 to a mere handful in 1991. Our richest harvest, however, was our safe return home, grateful that the Ritchies treated it as their own.

Chapter 5

JOHN'S POETIC TRIBUTES TO RELATIVES AND FRIENDS

At age five, John assured his brother-in-law, William Monchakowsky that he would become a teacher. About a year later, after having heard many Ukrainian poems read and recited by his mother, he assured her that he would be a teacher and a poet, much to her approval and delight.

True to his promise, he has throughout his life written several hundred poems on a large variety of subject matters classified under twelve different cate-

gories. Other chapters of Harvest of Dreams contain some of his travel poems, humor, tribute to pioneers, and Canada of to-day and tomorrow. Unfailingly he has commemorated every birthday of his children and grandchildren, and the key events of his close relatives and friends. A representative sampling of them constitutes this chapter. Preceding them, however, is John's philosophic evaluation of life and the hereafter, entitled:

Seasons of Man

Angelic baby breathing the gentle breath of Spring,
 Blessed by security, tender solicitude and loving care,
 Its tiny fingers and ruby toes compete for the benediction of the sun
 As its flaxen curls flutter at Mother Nature's breast,
 The steady growth in childhood is a sheer delight,
 Akin to songs of birds in leafy altars carolling,
 Or melodiously voicing satisfaction after satiating tiny broods their own,
 As babes and nestlings quiver to the tune of life,
 And everything re-echoes the magic of the wedding bells
 As each succeeding day enhances the pleasures of its passing peers.

Growing children holding on to Spring, give welcome to the Summer morn,
 The jewelled dew reflects the sparkling dazzle of their eyes
 As they gambol over hill and dale, cross rivulet and rill,
 Expressive of the surge of hope and the joyous stream of life,
 Their pulsating hearts forever welcoming new experiences:
 Learning, friends, the challenge of work and play, fond ambitions and even fonder dreams,
 As one hand to childhood clings, the other to adolescence reaches forth,
 Independence questions fond dependence for assertion and control
 Throughout the Summer's prime; then maturity; a place in the sun, and babes of their own;
 Their souls and spirits soaring, suffused and nurtured by the Summer's sun.

The Springtime seeds, flowering to full fruition during Summer,
 In the Fall rich harvests yield; - harvests of perseverance and endeavor,
 Garnered and preserved for life to-day, yet ever -mindful of tomorrow stay,
 As the past and future cross their realms of consciousness,
 not unlike the stronger Autumn winds,
 And cooler Autumn sun still stimulating the refining processes of life,
 Middle Age its debut makes. Life becomes yet more precise, demanding,
 sacrificing, understanding,
 Dedicated and responsible unto themselves and others whom it loves and serves,
 Including its progeny completing a Spring and Summer metamorphosis of its own.

Engrossed in Life and Living, the tenants of Autumn scarcely note,
That another Season is fleeting, and that Winter is approaching as gentle as a sigh.
The casual flakes of snow find kinship in the snow-flaked hair of Autumn's hosts:
The receding hairlines are in consonance with the leaf-denuded groves
And hilly copses through which the Autumn zephyrs blow.
The flush of youthful prime pays tribute to recognition, approbation, duly won,
As life greets the climax of its just rewards and dreams fulfilled.
The ever-whitening fields of snow provide a coverlet of bliss,
Enticing Winter's guests to imprint new footsteps on the snows of time.
Winter preserves the cherished memories of the precious seasons loved and gone,
And awakens reveries of new and mysterious Springtimes yet unborn.

Birthdays of Our Children

Lillian (Dubeta) Matthiessen:

August 14, 1983

Congratulations and many happy returns of the day, dear Lillian
For recording another memorable year.
As one inevitably succeeds another,
You become more precious, loving, dear.
You are warm-hearted, considerate and kind;
More geared to the needs of others than your own:
You have enriched all those around you,
By the warmth of friendship you have shown.
We pray that Divine Providence will grant,
More joy, greater happiness, good health;
For together, with close family relations,
They constitute the richest forms of wealth.

On Your Fifty-third

Dearest daughter, almost lost, but miraculously restored
To life and love, through the miracle of science,
Medicine, and professional expertise of men
Gallantly improving the odds of survival.
Welcome, and congratulations on your blessed fifty-third
Birthday, to reconstruct the highlights of your past,
And usher in a happy, glorious tomorrow,
Awakened gratitude, revitalized values, and goodwill
To lend new confidence, hope and assurance
That Life is beautiful and meaningful,
And that we in large measure are essentially
Masters of our destinies and captains of our souls.
Let the fifty-third be the Fountain of your Life,
Sprinkling benediction on all your hopes and dreams
Ultimately to blossom to full fruition
To gladden your heart and elevate your spirit,
And become the crowning glory of the happy years ahead.

August 14, 1991

Congratulations and many happy returns, *darling*
Of our "Leo-Lioness" we're justly proud
Happy to celebrate her birthday,
But not to shout her age out loud.

Another year just makes you dearer,
All succeeding years enhance your worth;
Every year has been a blessing,
Since the first year of your August 14th birth.

David John Dubeta - Architect:

1971

We were thrilled in 1937;
Our first son won wide acclaim;
In the thirty-four years that followed,
Our love has remained the same.

Your Forty-sixth

Congratulations, and many happy returns of the day, *dear David*!
On your forty-sixth birthday this Thanksgiving Day,
May your future even surpass your memorable past
In realized dreams, we do fervently pray.
Of proven ability, strength of character well shown,
Architect "par excellent"; entrepreneur *second to none*.
You have won admiration and deserving acclaim,
And make us happy and proud to call you "son"
So blessings on all your future endeavors,
Gently nurture your components of fame and material wealth,
Yet do place high on your scale of priorities,
Your spiritual needs, and preservation of your physical health.

On Your Fiftieth

Congratulations for spanning fifty years,
Years with distinction crowned;
Another to match your varied talents,
Scarcely ever will be found.
Best wishes for zeal, drive and enthusiasm
To effect comfort and prosperity,
Personal happiness and security,
And an artistic legacy for posterity.

Dr. Kenneth Russell Dubeta:

In Retrospect, 1944-59

Your babyhood was sheer delight,
To us who held you dear;
Your childhood increased our joys,
With the blending of each year.

As you advance to manhood's prime,
Our fondest dreams come true;
No parents could be prouder, dear,
To have a son like you.

To Kenneth, M.D., 1944-69

Lordy, how the time has flown!
Our darling lad, long since,
Into a man has grown.
The boyhood - adolescent years,
Have woven golden dreams,
Of memories, hopes, and fears.
And now, dear son, at twenty-five,
Keep all those cherished dreams alive.

***To Your 46th in St. Gallens, Switzerland
(From E.N.T. to Facial Reconstruction Surgery)***

Congratulations, son, on your forty-sixth —
A bonus that your parents are still alive
To witness your unflagging zeal, ambition
Academically to grow; professionally to thrive.
You've always had worthy ambitions,
Ever since the day that you were born;
Little did ever anyone imagine
That they'd scale the heights of Matterhorn.
Relish and savor their majesty and grandeur.
Climatize yourself to their refreshing air;
So you and everyone you care for,
Will jointly breathe it, and its benefits jointly share.

Linda (Dubeta) Papirnick:

On Your 21st

Our darling "Dormie" has turned twenty-one,
(Though an adult long she has been),
Her pre-teen years provided sheer joy:
A sweeter child had rarely been seen.
A model student who tap danced and sang,
And played the piano like mad,
She was kind and considerate to everyone known;
A lovelier child few parents ever had.
Then came the teen years of self-assertion,
Independence, rebellion, and strife;
I can only smile and be philosophic,
On the impact they had on my life.
Blessings on you, our latest born,
Now that you've reached the age of adult:
As mother and wife you're fulfilling the role,
With your responsibility, one can scarcely find fault.
To further your comforts and supplement some means,
We're donating a second-hand car: don't despair,
For there's nothing with it that can possibly go wrong
That your husband and son can't repair.

May 7, 1972

You're still the girl we love so much
Loyal, steadfast, true;
Life's rich experiences have distilled
And made a nicer you.
Our blessings on your 23rd accept,
"Happy returns of the day", our dear,
May good fortune upon you smile,
This day and throughout the year.

On Your 39th

Congratulations on your 39th, dear Linda,
Though May always symbolizes Spring:
Your arrival on that glorious May 7th
Put a finishing touch to simply everything.
While some "Dormie" wagers lost and won,
Your parents scaled their way to Heaven;
They needed not yeast their "dough" to rise,
For you supplied the necessary leaven.
At thirty-nine, you're still our rising star,
Casting stardust on us fortunate folks below:
May you keep shining with undiminished splendor,
May the brilliance of your beams forever grow,
By keeping the atmosphere more pure and clear,
Eliminating sundry obstructions to the light:
Your benevolent glow will lighten up more Heavens,
And enhance your radiant beauty day and night.

To Our Grandchildren:

Craig Matthiessen:

December 18, 1969

I know a little fella,
Who's just turned five:
A jollier fella
There's none alive.
You don't know his name?
Heh, stop pulling my leg!
Why it's none other,
Than my grandson, Craig!

On Your 13th

Congratulations, dear Craig, on your birthday and age thirteen,
For you're leaving childhood behind by becoming a "teen":
Follow thirteen to nineteen, in accordance with God's benign plan,
And with proper values and hard work you'll truly become a man
In whom your family and friends can take infinite pride,
For in your words, thoughts and actions, there will be nothing to hide,
To achieve worthy qualities, you may ask, "What shall I continue to do?"
So to help you along, let me list but a few
Things that a young man must bear in mind.

If he's to live a full life, and much happiness to find:
Preserve proper balance between work and play,
For even a lawn improperly cared for turns into hay.
Do not be satisfied with anything you do if you can do better,
From doing your homework, achieving higher grades, or even writing a letter.
The things good for yourself, without any fuss, show or bother,
Should apply in like measure to your dear mom and brother,
Who are also human, and want to know that you care,
So that the nice things you want for yourself, stand ready to share.
As you live day by day, recognize that there's a purpose for living,
That through kindness and consideration, you'll develop the art of forgiving
The many things that hurt, are thoughtless and unkind,
For by sorting the wheat from the chaff, your own soul will be truly refined.
God's blessings, dear grandson, your grandpa doth hereby convey,
For many happy returns, on this, your memorable day.

Ashley (Dubeta) Rice:

January 5th, 1971

You're a delight to know
Sweet to behold
A darling granddaughter
Who's now six years old.

On Your Graduation

June 20, 1982

Congratulations, Ashley, granddaughter dear,
For having graduated from school to life;
So enjoy its wonderful bounties,
Throughout your single and future wedded life.
We are proud of your achievements,
Of your principles and values, too;
May everything you dream and cherish,
Cascading come down on you.

A Marital Union?

June 5, 1989

Congratulations on your recent twenty-third,
So accept our expressions of love (and thoughts absurd)
Such as "Life in the Rice Bowl" couldn't be "finah"
Not tradable for all the rice in China.
But your kid sister is on a torrid marital race,
Suggesting another wedding gown all trimmed with lace,
So move your chopsticks at a faster rate,
And a double wedding plan to celebrate.
There are Rose Bowls and Orange Bowls,
Soup Bowls, Porridge Bowls and Rice Bowls,
But if Rice, beyond the Rice Bowl's edge won't hover,
Then throw a forward touchdown pass and bowl him over.
P.S. Take kindly to my oblique suggestions nice,
Marital status preserves the same name, Rice.

(It worked!)

Robert Papirnick:

Age 3, April 9, 1970

Already another year has flown,
From two to three Bobby has grown:
In many ways a delight to see,
One look at him, and you'll agree.
That there are very few around
As charming and witty to be found.
What if he chats from morn till night?
Can you think of a lovelier sight?
Of one so young who can say so much
Not only ear but heart to touch?
Keep chatting on, my darling boy,
For your every word is a song of joy.

On Your 22nd

Congratulations, grandson Bobby on your age twenty-two,
To worthy ambitions, ideals you have always been true;
Your pure stock: the Papirnick-Dubeta pedigree
Is truly honored by your "Honors" Bachelor of Commerce degree.
The \$100.00 cheque is for your most special day.
A forerunner to your continental holiday.
To your graduation and departure, we promise to comply
With another cheque, before you to European countries fly.

On Your Own

Congratulations and many happy returns, Bobby.
On your mature age of twenty-four:
May each of your succeeding years
Bring you happiness more and more.
We're sending you some "birthday cash"
Even though it might seem funny,
Because now that you are on your own
You're in need of much more money.
That situation will continue to prevail,
While the commercial ladder one advances;
Until such time that one resolves
To keep his income well above expenses.

Bradley Matthiessen:

***To Bradley Matthiessen
One Year Old***

O - One cannot fail to see,
N - Not only that you're sweet and fair,
E - Exceeding excellence most rare,
Y - Yet known for one so young,
E - Each day, you show your noble breed,
A - A nordic bold, a pure-bred Danian,
R - Refined and tempered by a Ukrainian-Canadian.
O - One year ago, we all rejoice,
L - Life's thread was truly spun,
D - Dear Lord, a favor grant, and bless our sweet grandson.

On Your Seventeenth, 1984

Dear Bradley, you're now seventeen, plus two days,
Your physical and mental growth us continue to amaze.
In that rarefied atmosphere where your head is scarcely showing,
The size of your earth-bound feet tell us that you're still growing.
We admire your independence, determination and pluck,
That progress derives from industry, not reliance on mere luck.
You have diversified your talents; to higher maturity grown,
So rest assured, dear grandson, we hail you as our own.
Because we're Britain-bound, here's a twenty dollar downpayment,
As assurance that we'll procure you there a fine woolen raiment
Of pure virgin wool (if I can catch an eligible sheep)
In the Downs of England or some rugged Highlands steep.
However, a chief concern troubles me somewhat,
Is how long a sheep stays virgin after she is caught.
But I shall resolve that problem as I concentrate with might:
Catch a roly-poly ewe (in daytime or at night);
Sheer off her fancy locks, her charming virgin wool,
And convert it into our grandson's sweater: "Cool, man, cool."

March 19, 1987

Congratulations, happy birthday, be of good cheer,
You can render it your best and topmost year!
By reducing a ton of pessimism with an ounce of hope,
By giving your ability its full native scope;
By tackling first your hardest daily tasks,
By topping your day with things that relax;
By putting perseverance and determination into full play;
By substantial achievements every individual day.
There's a wide world of opportunity facing the wise,
And more avenues for growth than you truly realize.
If you share the counsel of people who know
You'll be amazed how in purpose and direction you'll grow.
The world had a proud record long before your birth.
So accept its many challenges and show your true worth:
Armed with true facts and experiences you'll sing,
Realizing that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.
So God bless you, dear grandson, you can travel far
For an inner speedometer exceeds the speedometer of any known car.
Invest these \$100.00 bucks in furthering your education,
And you'll travel beyond that of any known mode of transportation.

Dyael (Dubeta) McLaren:

September 8, 1971

You can sing, you can dance,
You can jump, you can prance,
You can joke, you can rattle,
You can kid, and you can prattle.
So much talent I've never seen before
In a bundle of dynamite
Who has just turned four.

On Your 23rd

Dial L-O-V-E and you get Dyael,
Its principal source for family, James and heir;
Her cheerful disposition and cherubic smile
Dispenses it with an abandoned air.
She's a treasure trove of familial bliss,
(All inherited from the paternal line)
If she could stem her endless stream of words;
She would join the ranks of the Divine.
So congratulations and many happy returns
On your birthday and age twenty-three;
If you should ever run short of words,
Feel free to borrow some from silent me.
P.S. With procreation, I thought, you'd scarcely bother,
But before I knew it I became a great grandfather.
For such impetuous haste I forgive you, my pet;
A finer great grandson can't be found on a bet.

On Your 24th

Congratulations on your birthday
And many happy returns of the year;
A happy and timely reminder,
That you continue growing dearer, dear;
Not only by yourself, in person,
(You're always so much fun)
But also for the role you've played
Creating our phenomenal great grandson.

Marnie (Rattray) Dubeta:

March 18, 1982

Congratulations, dear granddaughter, now turned eight,
A girl who is up early and never up late;
Who reads like a trooper, plays five games at one time,
Who can spin a nickel and make it a dime.
A girl who is helpful, kind, loving and sweet,
Another one like her would be difficult to meet.
So play, work, study and have a good time,
Best wishes from now until you turn nine,
When gramps will think of something new then
To wish you the best until you turn ten.
And every year after, by hook or by crook,
You will be remembered in grandpa's good book.

On Your Tenth

You have waved goodbye to being nine,
To which you've added one more year;
May age ten provide much happiness,
And make you more lovely and dear.
Whatever you do, always try to do well,
Action without thought can only do harm;

Patience, concentration and attention,
Will build your character and add to your charm.
So many happy returns of the day, dear Marnie,
May your tenth be your very best:
Just be the "tops" during every to-day,
Your tomorrows will take care of the rest.

Sweet Sixteen

At sixteen you make "Sweet Sixteen" even sweeter,
As those who know you can attest:
In personal charm, looks and character,
You rank high among the best.
Add to your beauty, charm and character
Ambition, industry, worthy goals, freedom from strife,
And you'll have an unbeatable combination
To serve you well beyond your "Sweet Sixteen" of life.

Noelani (Lani) Dubeta:

Age Four

Lani has dear Santa's dimples:
The sparkle of his furry reindeer's eyes:
Her gifts to those who love her
Reach high into the Christmas skies.
Her laughs are the bells of Christmas,
Her smiles match the glitter of the Christmas snow:
She is her parents' lovely Christmas package,
The loveliest Christmas Angel that her loving grandparents know.
So happy birthday and many happy returns, dear Lani,
On your birthday as you turn age four,
It's nice to see you yearly growing older,
With each passing year we love you even more.

On Your Eighth

"L" is for our lovely girl of pretty face,
"A" tells us that she's the apple of our eye;
"N" suggests that there's truly no other like her,
"I" describes the inner beauty we readily espy,
"D" denotes that she's a precious darling,
"U" reveals her underlying charm:
"B" pays tribute to our blossoming flower,
"E" ever-ready to dispel all earthly harm.
"T" is for the grateful thanks we all express,
"A" for having such a sweet Angelic lass.

Birthday in Switzerland

Dear Lani has just turned eleven,
The nicest girl this side of Heaven;
Just two years away from age thirteen
When she becomes our Junior Teen-age Queen.

Even now she is truly royal,
Charming, considerate and ever loyal.
In Canada, Lani, you are near the top,
So while in Europe, please don't stop
Demonstrating for your new friends to see
What a Canadian eleven year-old can be.
Always maintain your common sense and charm,
And nothing bad can ever do you harm.
So as you study, play and grow,
We sincerely want you to know
That you have our blessings from above,
That finds expression in our daily love.

Jonathan Jay Dubeta:

February 8, 1985

One year plus one year is two,
Two whole years of "We love you":
From Daddy, Mommy and Lani too,
About as much as Grandpa, Granny do.
You are our darling curly boy,
Who gives us so much daily joy:
So in body, mind and soul keep growing,
Your delightful charm on us bestowing.
P.S. For a little fellow you can't "beata"
Heaven-sent preserver of the name Dubeta;
That of such good things we're never depleted,
We pray the likes of you will be repeated.

To Jay in Switzerland

February 8, 1990

High yodelee, low yodelee, my Ducky and me,
We're celebrating my seventh yodeling birthidee:
In St. Gallen, Switzerland, Hi Yodel, Hi-Hee,
How lucky can a seven year-old yodeler actually be!
With basket of goodies along the Swiss lake's brink,
I'm leading my Ducky for a swim and a drink:
A breath of fresh air and a High-Yodel-Dee-Lee,
I'm combining Mary Poppins with a Swiss Yodel-Lee-Dee.
I remember my English and sprachen some Deutsch,
I'm leading my Ducky back to our front porch,
While quacking and yodeling high-yodel, high-hee,
The best quacker-yodeler in the entire country.
Our "Sisters"* and family celebrate my seventh birthidee,
And in one great Swiss yodel are congratulating me:
After much practice, everyone will be sure to agree,
That I'm the best yodeler in Switzerland or any country.

Your yodeling Grandson,
Jay Yodel Jay D.

**Sisters of the Kloster Notkersegg, 1399 where they resided.*

Corpus Christi, Texas

February 8, 1991

Who is the lad who answered our prayers and our call
For a grandson deluxe, bright, handsome and tall?

Jay Jay.

Who was the loving brother to fill Lani's need
That proved to become the world's best brother indeed?

Why Jay Jay.

And who is the family's entertainer-dancer deluxe
That promises to shove all other entertainers into a box?

Of course Jay Jay.

And who is the student to top all students to date
To improve life in general and help set the world straight?

Undoubtedly our Jay Jay.

And who is the darling grandson we'll love evermore
As no other grandson has been loved heretofore?

Why of course our Jay Jay.

Great Grandson, Alexander Wesley (Dubeta) McLaren:

Edmonton, May 23rd, 1990

Welcome, dear Great Grandson, Alexander Wesley Dubeta,
The delightful McLaren arrival cannot be better;
It must please your Scottish thrifty heart,
That we have given your account a \$200.00 start.
You have made on us a great impression;
You have treated us with patience and compassion;
But whenever things in life get rowdy, rough
Just say, "Quiet down you guys, enough's enough."
God Bless you, our first and only Great Grandsonny,
For the likes of you, you'll not stay lonely;
Because Auntie Ashley and your kind mom,
Will add to your precious number, and then some.

To My Wife, Sister, and Brothers:

My Papoose

The Spedden hills, the Cree reserves,
Have forfeited their richest store
When Neechemus, their treasured gem,
Was given me for evermore.
With every passing year, I vow,
This precious gem has shinier grown,
That after five and twenty years,
It's the greatest treasure that I own.
My thanks go forth to squaws and braves,
Especially to my maw and paw,
For giving to this trader cuss
The best papoose they ever saw.

On Your 58th

At fifty-eight, you're truly great,
Ever loyal, gracious, considerate and kind;
A more loving, sacrificing wife
It's simply impossible to find.
You've been my helpmate all my life
In everything I've tried or done,
Not only have you pitched in, hands and feet,
But you've made it appear like fun.
You've bolstered my courage and my strength,
Even strangers think you're great;
You truly deserve the best in life
How much longer must you wait?
Though time's not ripe for fortune's smile
To offer all that you deserve or lack,
But as an earnest of my good intentions
I'm starting with a modest Cadillac.

To My Wife and Our Ideal Mother

You have knitted yourself into my heart,
You have pearled and silvered the family thread;
You have preserved apricots, peaches, prunes and pears,
To add delight and nourishment to our daily bread.
Your loving flowers, fruit trees, shrubs,
You've transplanted into our very soul;
The nourishment from your tomatoes, peas and beans,
Has sustained your loved ones and made them whole.
So many wonderful thoughts and deeds,
How can you into one life cram?
You have given help and comfort to so many
And saved even me from many a jam.
Yet you're still a youngster, full of life,
Manipulating typewriter, rolling pin, and ski;
I hope you've had some joy and pleasure
In the Giant Slalom of life with me!
You have managed to nurture and preserve,
The very best juices that life can give;
So many happy returns, our dearest Love,
Long may you please us; long may you live.

To Anne on her 70th

Age Seventy, or better, three score years and ten
Is considered to be the lifespan of ordinary man,
But woman, without sin, is very much tougher
Because she braces her sails when the seas get rougher,
Particularly my Anne, tested in every boisterous sea,
By virtue of having been married over fifty-three years to me,
Her sailing instincts, sharply refined, and ever alert,
Have piloted her family into many a safe haven, port,
Even though at times she has walked the plank,
Her bell-bottomed trousers snapped by some fellow-sailing crank.

She's a sea-worthy Captain, and a stable Land-lubber,
To know her sailing exploits is simply to love her,
Because her mariner heart runs deeper than any known ocean,
Her compass unfailingly set for family love and devotion,
Industry, compassion, generosity, tolerance and understanding
And all human virtues beyond one's true comprehending.
So congratulations, stout sailor, bon voyage on your Seventy,
May your Ports O'Call long remain Earthly yet Heavenly,
As long as you remember these voyages to be simply theoretical,
Because staying home with me is much much more practical:
Cooking, gardening, golfing, and occasionally riding the toboggan,
Indulging your spoiled husband and fishing in the Okanagan.
For after having seen the World, you surely must agree,
Nothing compares with our Garden of Eden life in Kelowna, B.C.

Sister Anne (Dubeta) Monchakowsky, 1976:

On Your 73rd Birthday

Congratulations, dear sister, on your birthday,
For though you have reached the age of seventy-three,
Never in the history of your earlier years
Were you ever more precious to Anne and to me.
For you have been more than an older sister,
You've been almost a mother, too:
For your kindness and consideration
I express my thanks and love to you.
You have never grown old with the growing years,
You have kept in step with the changing ways,
You have maintained the appearance of yourself and home:
You are not older, but better with the passing days,
Count your blessings which your life has brought
From husbands true, to grandchildren dear;
From children to great grandchildren, by all
You are loved and cherished with each passing year.
I wish you health, contentment, happiness,
Strong family ties, many sincere friends and true,
Realization of your fondest hopes and dreams,
Are my birthday wishes, sis, to you.

Brother Walter Dubeta:

*To Brother Walter on his 65th
October 17, 1976*

I have written many a poem
On one thing and another,
But never any in my life
To Walter, my only older brother,
Who has reached the magic age of sixty-five,
An age worth special mention,
Even more important than one's birth,
For it's the beginning of one's pension,
In return for a lifetime contribution
To his country and his fellow man

So that everyone, upon reaching sixty-five
Can benefit from the goodly plan.
You have earned it well, enjoy it more,
For many, many years to come;
Love, drink, eat and be merry
There's more where your cheque comes from.
And for memories of your childhood days
Cherished by rich and poor, the wise and the fool.
I am pleased to present on your birthday
Pictures of your brothers, sister Mary and yourself at school.
My closing words most sincerely do convey,
Congratulations, Happy Birthday, many happy returns of the day.

Walter, on His 71st

Congratulations on your seventy-first birthday,
Even now exceeding man's average span
Of life. But with much leisure, comforts, new teeth,
Lucy's cooking and loving care, you'll surely add another ten.
Please do, because your younger brothers (no mere roosters)
Count on you to set a lusty crowing pace:
A good example in long and gracious living
So they with Father Time could also run a sure and steady race.
So older brother, tune your motor, and keep chugging;
Grind your valves, change your oil and keep plugging;
Meantime your loved ones will hopefully and fervently pray
That your chassis will hold together far beyond your
Golden Wedding Day.

Brother Harry Dubeta:

Harry, on His 59th

Hail "kid brother" long time grown man
Whose memories nearly six decades span;
The early childhood, hopes, dreams and fears,
Quest for jobs, security, challenges of the fleeting years
That brought marriage, family, domestic bliss,
And the ironic circumstances that made it run amiss.
All this and more you've experienced and survive,
Smiled in the face of adversity, glad you're alive;
Proud of your children and their heirs,
Handsome as ever, despite your graying hairs;
Realistic, courageous, lending a helping hand
To many a neighbor: me, your long-time friend.
Congratulations, dear brother, and Happy Returns of the Day,
On your 59th Birthday I'm proud to say,
That before and after losing our darling mother
I've continued to respect and love you, my "kid brother".

Harry, on His 66th

Congratulations for attaining another Volkswagen age,
Reading the very same from front and rear;
Though years pass by in quick succession,
You will remain "my younger brother" dear.
You look "damn good" for the shape you're in,
And comely gals still compliments proffer;
Proving that though the roof is silvery gray,
Internally you have a great deal to offer.
So congratulations, Harry on your sixty-sixth,
At old age always poke a scornful finger;
The future with courage and determination face,
And whenever "chips are down" throw a double ringer.

To Dad on his 75th

Here's to seventy-five replenished years,
Full of laughter, full of tears,
The moon, the sun, the hopes, the fears,
(The stone is polished, but at a cost)
The stars, the seasons, battles lost, and battles won,
Upon the throne of God you stand,
A lonely figure on the land
With arm outstretched and torch in hand.
I'd take it all back, if only I could!
But given a chance, I doubt you would.
Just look about, see what you've given,
What you've received from earth and heaven:
Children, students, a loving wife

Replete, the cycle of your life!
Who sayeth? Say I Your loving son,
Many Happy Returns on this happy day, Ken.

To My In-Laws, Other Relatives and Friends

To Uncle Harry (Freeport, Illinois) on His 82nd

Congratulations and Many Happy Returns, dear uncle,
On your birthday and your youthful eighty-two;
Last year you were honored by the President,
This year, I hope, a simple poem will do.
Best wishes for good health and happiness,
Are sent from your loving niece and me;
We pray that many friends, "arf and arf" * and Myrtle
Will pilot you safely to your birthday eighty-three.

**half kummel, half rye*

To Alec Papirnick, on Your Retirement

This is to Alec, our friend and kin by marriage,
Who merits both our admiration and our praise,
A very civil Civil Servant, a man of varied arts
And crafts, retiring at a prime reversible age

Of fifty-five, when life to him will truly just begin
At his lakeside cottage, or his ideal self-built motor home.
And who knows, stranger things have happened:
Canadian air strikes may settle, by air trips for him to roam
With his dear wife, Margaret, always at his side,
His life gained zest and meaning when she became his bride.
Your relatives, friends, grandson and children
Extend their congratulations and wishes most sincere
For great joys in your retirement, now and tomorrow,
And for many, many a wonderful renewing year.

To Margaret (Snedden) Papirnick

1972

By thinking of me on February 27, at 23:59 p.m.
And my thinking of you on February 28, at a.m. 00:01.
We can save on expensive birthday celebrations.
Yet truly experience a "Scotsman's" birthday fun.

1980

On February 27th God created John,
Subject to much correction;
After midnight he created Margaret
Much closer to perfection.

(uncensored by wife Anne)

1985

I'll think of you at midnight,
That binds February 28 and 27;
When they threw two "angels" down to Earth
To have some peace in Heaven.

1991

Congratulations and many happy returns,
On your birthday of February 28th:
Some day our back-to-back birthdays
Our loved ones should at midnight celebrate.

To Son-in-law, Robert Papirnick

On Your 25th

You're twenty-five years young, but a quarter century years old;
One quarter of your single life you have been married,
But despite racing circuits and maintaining a home,
Your life has been normal and not unduly harried,
But visions of starting lights, and roars of the crowds,
Are toning your muscles and nerves for the spine-tingling meets,
May your judgements be cool, reaction times swift,
To ensure easy victories in all racing heats.
Happy birthday, dear Bob, many happy returns of the day,
May Good Fortune on you and on yours ever smile;
May man and machine be in top perfect form,
For safety and success in each long quarter mile,
So make your fortune, and so structure your life,
For minimal tensions for Bobby and yourself;
And your dear trusting young wife.

On Your 35th

Congratulations, Bob, and Many Happy Returns,
You have lived a highly eventful year;
For almost everything you have said and done,
Have rendered you more truly dear.
Command of your life you have fully assumed,
You muster conviction, confidence and drive;
The way you resolve emergent problems,
Show that you're physically and mentally alive.
Yet you've cultivated a warm friendly touch,
More conscious of the finer things of life;
You have made a model father for a model son,
And a model husband for an ideal wife.
God bless you in all your new endeavors,
If modeled on your superior record of the past;
There's no doubt whatsoever you may have in mind
That with success, good fortune, they'll be blessed.

Daughter-in-law, Dody (Baxter) Dubeta

On Your 26th

Four years have elapsed since you joined our clan,
By becoming our daughter-in-law, after marrying our Ken
Who continues to cherish the prize he has won
Convinced, as we are, that you're number one
In looks, decorum, patience and good will,
Helping her Doctor, up the academic hill
By extending his specialty, from affairs of the heart,
To things less important - the E.N.T. art
Pertaining to hearing, necking and snoring
And upper areas of the human anatomy exploring..
We trust and pray that both you and he
Will enjoy the fruits of your toil and emancipated be
Via security, home, and parental bliss;
Many happy returns, our love, and a birthday kiss.

On Your 42nd

Congratulations on your 42nd, dear Dody,
And many, many happy returns of the day;
To a European transplant returned to Burley Drive,
Please permit me to expound and to say:
Here's to your love, health and happiness,
May your family unit give you ultimate joy,
Preserve your mental and psychological freedom
To counter the wiles and strategy that con artists employ.
May God give you the insightful wisdom,
To discover where your "pot of gold" truly lies,
It's not found amongst vain and delusive rainbows,
It lies in your own backyard, below most familiar skies.

Daughter-in-law, Ria (Reilman) Dubeta

October 15th 1983

Accept our birthday congratulations, best wishes, and timely good cheer.
Each year you are becoming more considerate and genuinely dear.
As a worthy member of the worthy Dubeta clan:
A converted apostle, from one-time critic to an ardent fan.
Thanks to husband David for whom you make a loving wife,
Complementing his admirable qualities, and enriching his way of life.
You assist him with his projects, and take nothing for granted.
Realizing that by mutual sharing strong family ties are cemented.
From all the aforementioned, you knowingly will deduce
High quality Water Slide services and Kelowna's apple juice.
As we see you lovingly develop, and to greater maturity grow.
We lovingly embrace you, and our best wishes bestow.

To Ria, October 15th, 1985

Congratulations, dear Ria, and Many Happy Returns of the Day.
On yet another milestone of your life:
Its richest dividends undoubtedly will be
Becoming an even better mother and a better wife;
For Happiness is a fond, elusive creature,
That eludes you wherever you may roam,
Unless you first fondle it and nurse it
Within the confines of your hearth and home.
So may Peace, Joy and Contentment bless you,
However lavish or humble your future home may be;
It's people who make out of any house a home,
That dwell royally in divine and blissful majesty.

Ex-Daughter-in-law, Sheri (Sanborn) Dubeta

August, 1968

To smell pretty,
And to be quick on the draw:
Just eat a ring
Of Marchyshyn's "Kubasa".
To be perfectly safe,
Just stick around home,
It's guaranteed not to smell
Worse than my poem.

August, 1979

Hail ye, beasts and beasties of the jungle
Not always found in a normal zoo,
Be they hippos, giraffes, gorillas, zebras,
Wearing striped pajamas, old or gnu;
Lyre birds and strutting peacocks,
And all creatures that fly or crawl,
Look to your laurels beaux and beauties
For a new queen doth challenge all,
Of proper stature, busts and buttocks,

Of lionine demeanor, even flowing mane;
Keen perceptions, sharp deductions,
Social instincts, observations bright and sane;
Of royal birth, an August Leo,
One who renders guests content and merry;
Hail and welcome Your Royal Lioness,
Our scintillating hostess, sparkling Sheri!

Sister-in-law, Pearl (Shewchuk) Bidney (1920-1978)

To Pearl, October 12, 1977

Congratulations on your birthday, dear sister-in-law,
Many Happy Returns of the Day,
Permit those who love, honor and adore you,
Their sincerest thoughts to convey,
Life's akin to an ore-refining process,
We're often reminded and told:
It's the intense heat, pain, and suffering,
That delivers the pure platinum, silver and gold,
May your refinement process be over,
For a rare precious metal stays always refined,
May your good health, peace and contentment,
Be yours, precious darling, with joys unconfined.

To Brother-in-law Harry Shewchuk

October 10, 1985:

Congratulations and Many Happy Returns, dear Harry,
On your memorable natal day;
For your continued good health, security and happiness,
Anne and I sincerely do pray.
You are an ideal brother and brother-in-law,
Possessing high intelligence, too,
Well demonstrated by your success in business,
And your marriage to Dear Sue.
We think of both of you so highly,
That we even may disown ya
If you don't reduce your heavy workload,
And retire with us in Kelowna.

To Sister-in-law, Susan (Wynnyk) Shewchuk

I was proud to be your teacher
In Warspite in nineteen hundred and forty-two;
Little did I ever hope or dream
That our paths would cross anew,
As our loyal and beloved sister-in-law,
And a dear member of our family clan,
Strange how life's fortuitous circumstances
Prove superior to man's designed master-plan!

To Brother-in-law Jack Bidney:

We were baseball teammates in early Spedden days.
You as pitcher and I playing first base.
As a brother-in-law you continued to score,
More "home runs" than you had ever scored before.

James McLaren:

Welcome to our family, chosen partner of Dyael.
As a husband and father, you truly do excel;
Your character, high ideals and dedications
Have strengthened our family ideals and human relations.

David Rice:

You have chosen granddaughter Ashley, not us,
So why all the bother and unnecessary fuss?
This little ditty is simply to let you know
How in our esteem and affections, you continue to grow.

Jean Skeich, Cousin:

February 28, 1983

Congratulations on your birthday, and happy returns of the day;
The number of years I won't even venture to guess,
So I predict that it's somewhere between twenty and forty
Of mature marvel of womanhood, you're quite the lass.
In verbal jousts a real champion at quick repartee;
You wear a black belt in genuine, warm hospitality.
You're a prima donna, a diva of the Arts
Personifying graciousness in sumptuous totality.
You are gracious and thoughtful, considerate, concerned;
In rendering assistance you draw no fine line
From pleasant experience Anne and I know only too well
When the chips are down, a Skeich in time saves nine.
So continue being bullish on the market, bearish on the rug,
Crabbie in a cranny and amorous in a hug;
Preserve your joie de vivre; maintain the status quo,
And continue to be remembered as the finest gal to know.
So from Pisces to Pisces: fresh or salt water fish,
To this old flounder, angelfish, you are my favorite "dish".

Ian Cowie, New Zealand Cousin:

On Ian Cowie's 23rd, May 24th, 1971

In twenty-three years, exactly to a day
Since New Zealand's hills and plains
Resounded to sharp protests of dislocation,
Abetted by cries of dolour, moans and pains.
The lad adjusted to change most readily,
To the "birds", the sunshine and the rain.
In due course foresook relying on mere voice

And trusted to his mighty brawn and brain,
When the latter had developed
To its full-fledged, maximum degree,
He swam, flew, sailed and hitchhiked
To a far land beyond the sea;
To the land of frozen rivers,
Where mosquitoes make prognostic tests,
To the home of the Dubetas
Crib, grandchildren, and many unnamed pests.
We hope your trip has been rewarded,
With fond memories and good cheer,
And trust that one highlight of your life,
Was spending with us one year.

William Hopchin on His 78th:

June 24th, 1991

You're seventy-eight, congratulations, and many happy returns.
Thanks for celebrating it in Kelowna, with us:
Since our lives have been richly intertwined,
Your birthday merits some praise, attention and "fuss".
You grew up in the area that gave birth to Anne,
We shared many worthy values and goals,
In community enterprises and humanitarian ideals,
We have enjoyed a brotherhood of kindred souls.
Even in our marriage you emerged "best man",
And reinforced it during our anniversaries, Silver and Gold;
The crowning glory of our close relations
Will be our Diamond that you will grace all to behold.
You have widely explored and struck motherlode:
You garnered your treasures: your lovely family and wife;
May the happiness you brought to our family and friends,
Be yours to enjoy in your rich and exemplary life.

Edith Vogel's 62nd:

E - stands for Excellence and the excellent friend that you are,
D - for the Durable qualities of friendship that we all adore;
I - for Industry, Intelligence and Inspiration that you manifest,
T - for the Thoughtful consideration that others receive evermore,
H - for the Honorable ethics of your Hearth and Home,
V - stands for the Verities and Virtues you so nobly uphold;
O - for the Oblivion where you place our frailties and faults,
G - for the Goodness that in you we always behold,
E - for the Effervescent vigor of your life and your style,
L - for the Lovely demeanor and your ecstatic smile.

The Vogel Birthdays:

March 1985

Marriage is a formal consecration,
That sanctifies the bonds of husband, wife:
But your natal days of March 14th and 18th
Have underscored your blissful marital life.
So dear friend and everloyal wife, Edith,
Embrace your anniversaire, companion of bliss,
"God bless you as you have blessed me, dear Charles
Renew our troth and seal it with a kiss."
So congratulations and many happy returns,
As you celebrate the three events in one,
Cherishing your rich legacies of yesteryear,
Forever grateful, Heaven's will on Earth is done.

Mike Kozub, on His 80th Birthday:

Congratulations, dear friend, on your eightieth birthday.
And for leading an interesting and useful life:
For your warmth and friendly hospitality
Shared with your gracious and most charming wife.
Your comfort, kindness, encouragement and understanding,
During the most critical period of my life,
Were like an Angel's hand and holy benediction
Strengthening my will to prevail in the strife
When forces of evil closed in upon me
In a concerted effort my spirits to defeat.
Who knows how I would have fared in the battle,
Without the friendship of Mike Kozub, wife Mary, Vickie and Pete?
So thank you and bless you Mike Kozub,
May your good deeds rich dividends pay:
May peace, health and happiness richly reward you
For many more years, I do fervently pray.

Peter O'Ball on His 67th:

March 21, 1982

Congratulations on your sixty-seventh, Peter O'Ball,
You have always had much on the ball—
What with motors, brakes, transmissions,
And domestic duties during working intermissions:
Not only did you much mechanically produce,
But also an excellent family, biologically reproduce,
So that you and dear Alice can be justly proud
That important domestic chores were hardly ever disallowed.
So celebrate the Harvest of your Golden Years
And face the future without any fears
For as an expert knowing how to spark your plug
You have yet thousands of miles left to log
On your speedometer of life, in health, happiness and good cheer,
The very best in your future, friend, and the coming year.

Alice O'Ball on Her 70th

Thanks for having a birthday, Alice,
Birthday parties are so much fun;
It gives us a chance to see you, Alice,
Because you're always on the run.
Thank you Lorraine for the invitation,
To share our love with your mother dear;
We hereby give you our full assurance
Another invitation to accept next year.
So congratulations and Many Happy Returns, dear Alice,
For peace, contentment and good health;
Join us in our sincere conviction
That good friends and children are the truest form of wealth.

Alex Stuart's 75th

Congratulations , our dear friend, Alex,
And Many Happy Returns of the Day.
Thank you for enriching so many lives
Encountered along life's way.
May your happiest hours of Yesterday,
Be the saddest hours of your Tommorrow.
May the many years that lie ahead,
Be devoid of serious cares and sorrow;
May the lovely memories of this glorious day,
Enhanced by your loving children, wife,
Continue to bless your Twilight Years.
And convert your Winters into blissful Summer life.

Rose Wengren's 65th
(November 16, 1985)

A rose is Alberta's emblem,
Where grew another lovely Rose,
That flourished in the prairie sunlight,
Fairer than any other flower grows.
Mike aspired to be a farmer-gardener,
Rose approved of him with pride,
He harvested the pretty flower,
The harvester, the groom: the Rose, his bride.
They pruned and they propagated,
Added three hybrids to the parent stock;
The thorns among roses they avoided
They had their share of happiness and luck,
Because Alberta winters are hard on roses,
Even though Rose was a hardy sixty-four,
She and her gardener moved to Kelowna,
Where she hopes to blossom as before.
So God's blessing on you, rosy Rose,
And many happy returns of the day,
For long life, good health, and happiness,
Our best wishes we sincerely do convey.

Larry Lynn, 58th

Fifty-eight years have now receded,
Into fond memories of yesterdays —
Of childhood, home, of school, career,
And marital bliss, the Lord be praised!
You've worked and travelled, played and dined,
Your cup of wine has been richly filled:
Its effervescent spirit has touched your lips —
The purest joys of life, distilled.
A new era beckons just two years hence,
A climax to life's work well done.
Your future, I know, as was your past,
Will be balanced with work and friendly fun.
"Best wishes", dear friend, your friend does say,
"Happy birthday to you, many happy returns of the day,
And may kind Fortune so decree
That wherever you go, we shall neighbors be."

Leah Plotnikoff's 8th

L - is for the lovely girl that you are,
E - is for the eagerness in work and in play;
A - is for your marvellous attitude and attention,
H - is for the happiness and hope you convey.
Because you're so lovely and so gay,
You're the pride of us and Lani and Jay;
You are the apple of your fond parent's eye,
And an ideal apple picker for our favorite apple pie.

***To Evelyn (Gravrock) Garn, November 26, 1975
(School friend and neighbor long confined to the wheelchair)***

Praise the Lord, another year has flown
And our dear Evelyn has turned sixty-six;
Convincing us that we too can do it,
By not allowing loose living and bad habits to mix.
Your inner spirit is truly self-sufficient,
Refined in quality, pure, serene;
From "sweet sixteen" to sixty-six"
You continue to be our reigning queen.
So many happy returns our "Royal Highness",
Accept our sincere congratulations true;
May all the things you love and cherish
Be realized, this year, by you.

Dr. Peter Koziak on his 65th

A noble man chose a noble calling
Ministering to needs of his fellow man,
Serving his nation, friends, church and home,
In accordance with God's master Plan.
Always thoughtful, considerate and kind,
You strove for perfection and high ideals;

For your industry, perseverance and dedication
Now nothing but respect we feel.
You have given much over many years
So that there are now many dividends due:
Keep cashing them on your 65th and after
For they more than belong to you.
We know that you will now diversify
Your interests, add many pleasures to your life;
Revitalize many worthy social interests
And even spend more time with your loving wife.
As a man, with a trained professional eye
We're sure that you'll from life much pleasure borrow
And face many years of retirement
With visions of a grand tomorrow.
So Happy Birthday on your 65th, Dear Friend,
And Many Happy Returns of the Day,
May Joy, Good Health and Happiness
With you and your loved ones forever stay.

Province of Alberta's Fiftieth Birthday, 1955

Hail Royal Princess, sovereign of the vast domains
Whose portals yielded to the primal surge
Of traders, missionaries, frontiersmen, and Law,
Who piloted the most courageous to settle on thy plains.
Your lakes and rivers, mountains, land and streams
Endeared themselves to those who ventured far
To mold a better destiny for children yet unborn,
To cherish thy rich treasures, and to realize their dreams.
Queen of the West, worshipped as of yore —
The toast of those who came to marvel or to stay;
May thy benign radiance with undiminished power
Shine on thy glorious greatness yet in store.
Intercede anew with powers greater than thine own,
That we in friendship, love, goodwill can dwell;
Each mindful of his brothers' needs and cares
To live a Christian life along the ways He's shown.

HAPPY 75th BIRTHDAY, EDMONTON

October 8, 1979

Congratulations, Edmonton! Rejoice. Take time to contemplate
Your glorious past and the land that gave you birth.
Endowed with wealth that none could comprehend,
Graced by natural beauty that won the hearts
And minds of native sons, nomadic hunters bold,
Who prized the Beaver, valued your forests dear,
And worshipped Nature's wonders near and far —
Its mighty rivers, fish-teeming lakes, moose-studded hills;
Majestic buffalo herds, stretching in never-ending lines,
Their principal resource of life and hope in your primeval land
That awaited in suspended animation your memorable natal day
In Alberta, a foster child of Rupert's Land, both royally conceived,
Even the name of Edmonton, melodious to our ear.

Relates to the Hudson's Bay Company and its Deputy Governor's estate
 In the far-away Isles from which you prospered, grew.
 You consorted with peaceful Crees and the bellicose Blackfoot
 Whose Chief, Crowfoot, renowned Statesman of the Plains,
 Through counsel, and Father Lacombe's intercession, rendered your home secure.
 It produced the mighty beaver that yielded rich harvests of fur
 And legal tender that drew most naturally, even magnetically.
 The rival traders, followed by explorers, missionaries,
 Miners, businessmen, settlers, craftsmen, builders, men of law,
 Who with vision, courage, determination, dedication and integrity
 Molded a nobler destiny for themselves and children yet unborn.
 Neither distance, disease, danger, harsh climate or adversity,
 Tempered their spirit, their strength of purpose, their indomitable will;
 Qualities well shared by thousands upon thousands from many lands
 When lines of steel welded Canada's bonds East, West, North and South.
 After the Northwest Mounted Police replaced the rule of gun by rule of law,
 And gave life and meaning to this great Canadian land:
 Long after the Red River Carts, York Boats, Sternwheelers,
 Plying their relayed runs, loaded with venturesome passengers and precious wares,
 From Fort Edmonton and Fort Augustus to Fort Garry,
 And points beyond, to the principal market and supplier, York;
 Aided and abetted by ox-carts, pack horses, stage coaches
 And pony express, laboriously traversing the treacherous trails
 That still bear the names of Athabasca, Victoria, St. Albert and McLeod;
 Their work completed when the gasoline barrel the oaken bucket did defeat,
 Long ere Leduc No. 1 blew in, leaving you oceans of oil and millions, fortunes of
 Midas in its wake, and cars, trucks, and other miracles of transportation helped make you great.
 Mecca-like, you captivated and entranced the adventurous
 And the bold, the young and the old, veritably by the thousands —
 A colorful conglomeration of ethnic stocks and Tower-of-Babel tongues
 Strange, different, sometimes mildly disillusioned, but with singular purpose bent,
 Proudly wearing their Scottish plaids and Slavic sheepskin coats;
 Unmindful of what they left behind, confirmed by an all-pervading religious zeal
 Characteristic of most worthy pioneers; proud of their heritage.
 Their handicrafts, their art, their rich voices, their nimble dancing feet,
 Men playing their bagpipes, balalaikas, mandolins, zithers and steel guitars,
 Ready to plan and to work; to convert a wilderness into a great civilization,
 And to weave, through cultural pluralism, a wonderful Canadian mosaic—
 (So evident in Edmonton during Heritage Days in the William Hawrelak Park)—
 The envy of other nations, and our own eternal pride.
 The disdained "Sheepskins" now sport other sheepskins in their homes,
 Symbols of graduation from most universities in all faculties, in all lands,
 Combining their parents' rich potential and resources with other ethnic stocks
 Be they French, German, Chinese; Jew, Moslem or Gentile, by faith and creed;
 But New Canadians all, veritably from every country in the world,
 To further one another's goals, whilst consolidating their own needs
 Through Industry, Integrity, Progress, the symbols of your crest.
 Bow and pay silent tribute to the likes of Matt McCauley,
 Your first Mayor, in McCauley Plaza's memorable name enshrined;
 Frank Oliver, statesman, builder of Edmonton and the West, of Edmonton Bulletin fame;
 Rev. R.T. Rundle, Father Lacombe and Revs. George and John McDougall
 Who brought purpose, hope and meaning to this once-rugged land;
 Remembered by the Mountain peak, Lac Ste Anne Mission, and
 The historic church and mansion that once graced a hearth and home.

And even by the revolving marvel known well by you and others, as Chateau Lacombe;
 John Gardner, Capital Hill founder, and who by real estate's good fortune
 Became Edmonton's first millionaire, turned gardener by design
 When wicked chance wiped the paper fortune off his hands;
 John Brown, Jasper Avenue's merchant, like Chief Sitting Bull,
 Who asked the Town Council to preserve his squatter's rights
 Only to yield to Court orders, and the council's will
 To remove all and sundry obstructions while straightening Edmonton's streets;
 Bob Chambers, Burns' ardent quoter and disciple
 Creator of "The Tonerville Trolley" up to McKernan Lake;
 Sam McCoppen, the Jolly Undertaker, who the Medical profession "followed";
 Bishop Vital Grandin, though sick, and an invalid,
 Under incredible odds, served his diocese over 200,000 miles over impossible terrain;
 Fighting Joe Clarke, Alderman, Mayor, self-professed champion of the underdog,
 Sports sponsor-devotee, for whom Clarke Stadium's named;
 C R F Kirkpatrick, a banker of true heart and spirit
 Who through enterprise and faithful service helped make your city great;
 And good old stout-hearted Julia Kinski that so well filled her Aldermanic seat;
 Deacon White, Edmonton's first American import
 Who added the fearless "Esquimaux, of the North" now of Edmonton Eskimo fame;
 And Yes! the famous Edmonton "Grads" and their mentor, later known as
His Excellency Lieut. - Gov. Page
 Who recorded in the sports annals of Canada and the World a marvelously different page.
 And countless, countless others whose names are well preserved
 In your streets, buildings, subdivisions all true chroniclers of time,
 Set this, and let us not forget the first white man, Anthony Henday,
 Who led explorers Fowl, Fraser, Hearne, and McKenzie
 To venture, map, record, publicize and make our Canada known,
 And as a precursor of Emily Murphy, Nellie McLung, Irene Parlby,
Elsie Park Gowan and other ladies of renown
 Came fearless Mary Gaboury Lagimodiere, born out of wedlock, first white woman in the West
 Who later mothered Louis Riel, a man controversial, even notorious,
 A name both reviled and admired, but indelibly on Canada's history's page-inscribed.
 And men like General Griesbach, Premier Rutherford, Richard Hardisty, "Wop" May,
 "Black" Dickens, and Henry Marshall Tory
 Who pioneered, and conquered, and placed Edmonton on the map,
 But who can't forget the names of William Tomison and John Rowand,
 Masters in the arts of business, trickery and deception,
 Chief Factors of the Edmonton and Augustus Forts?
 Off moved by circumstance and wise decision, from the water works site,
Legislative Assembly grounds,
 Even as far away as Smoky Lakes Victoria - Pagan area,
 And currently in the now-famous Fort Edmonton preserved,
 The axes of which off having served as places of learning, refuge, entertainment,
 And feasts of boiled buffalo hump and marrow,
 Young buffalo calf, by Caesarian section born or torn,
 Salt geese, white fish, cut beaver tails and dried moose nose (mouffle)
 For appetizer or dessert, interlaced by home-grown turnips, potatoes,
 Slices of bread, and topped by expertly prepared and delicately served, home-brew,
 In tin cups, on plates, devoid of candelabra, fine table cloths, or lace;
 The gay camaraderie of the time, suffusing all,
 And contenting dignitaries like Gov. Simpson, Paul Kane and George Palliser from afar,
 Your forebears taught us how to work and pray,
 And even die in many a worthy and emergent cause,

As the records of both World Wars do proudly testify,
 Though sorely pressed, they promoted still the finer things of life,
 Their arts of peaceful co-existence, accommodation and detente
 Are rich legacies bequeathed to our much-more-troubled world,
 Their makeshift modes of transportation and conveyance, mere precursors,
 To your entrenched position of Gateway to the North
 And through the miracle of science and invention, inevitably, the Crossroads of the World,
 Your schools of learning and your University,
 Of very humble antecedents, operating out of expedient quarters,
 Have made outstanding contribution to all our industries,
 Especially basic Agriculture, to all occupations, and to every walk of life;
 And hopefully, not by accident, but by premeditation
 Tied the rich legacy of Yesteryear to the grand visions of Tomorrow,
 Now Commercial Center of the West, a towering, potent industrial giant,
 Canada's Oil Capital and centre of the Energy Empire of the World,
 You remain unblinded to the finer things of life,
 Your parks and playgrounds, your social-economic-cultural gains,
 (Even the proposed reconstruction of the Saskatchewan River Valley - Legislative area
 By a benevolent government granting you your rightful due, —
 A token from the Heritage Fund designed to serve the common weal),
 Your humanitarian service and kind solicitude to Young and Old
 Show that your heart and soul are tuned to brick and steel,
 Which produce the sky - spanning skyline overlooking your magnificent river valley,
 Blessed with superb leadership and dedication. Ainlay - Roper - Hawrelak style,
 The British Commonwealth Games were the crowning glory of your hopes and dreams,
 Winning deserved respect and adulation of other lands, and even rival cities near,
 Hold high the Torch of Learning; preserve the Light of Life,
 So that the Heritage of the Past, leading to the accomplishments of Tomorrow,
 May justify, "Industry, Integrity, Progress" of your motto dear,
 To be bequeathed, God willing, with dignity, pride and honor,
 To generations yet unborn: worthy, proud Canadians all;
 Privileged and eager, respectfully bowed, as we do now, and proudly proclaiming:
 "Happy Birthday, Edmonton; Many Happy Returns of the Day!"

***The Lament of Great Grandmother Edmonton
 On Her 75th***

My dear Great Grandchild, 'ow much you 'ave grown!
 In bredth, hite and waite: Gosh I hardly knows ya,
 But if you heed the morals an' manners I teached ya,
 Shucks! 'spite all your big odds, I will continya to loves ya.

 Oh, an' all those new relatifs an' their strange furrin' names!
 To pronounce them's as painful as my former miscarriage: *
 Yet wat's an ol sole like me to think and expek,
 From so many annexashuns, furriners an' so much intermaridge?

 But Lord Agoshen! Your growin' from 8350 to well nigh 600,000
 Is quite a gain. Don't you wonder why you don't never redoos?
 An' yet you keeps talkin' of greater and greater aspanshons!
 I'm sartin you're kiddin' your poor Great Granny only to confoos,

 I'm glad you're tryin' to keep some of my homes in repairs
 Eksept here and there for some careless, untidy patches:
 But wat of the others where you was born,
 Destructed by children carelessly playing with matches?

As for them furrin asplosives inside my once preshus home, **
Is enuf to make an old lady like me crumble an' die;
Can't you have them buzz off and bang somewhere's else?
I begs for the sake of our ancestors to please really try.

I hate e`en to menshun them kressents, circles, dead-ends
and changed lovely street names,
To know wher I'm goin' I oft comes to fool stop;
But that's really unsafe in this `orseless-carridge age,
For some blind driver is bound to plow me on top.

Another new-fangled idear, I jes' plum don' understan'
Is this noshun of bilding things undergroun'
Way from fresh air wen 50 below's so refreshin',
Why bild down below wen thers so much room above?
Why the mer thot of this noshun is very depressin'!

Well, them modern hi-rises are purty, speshly at night,
I woodenahave minded to have one of them way down back,
It woodeva made a plum perfek look-out towr,
To prepare me, for an Indian attack.

How well I `members wen 6 miles an hour was speedin' ***
With a dootifool pleesman plain walkin' behind `im,
Now your poor chappy has to bust over one hunnert
In order to catch `im, throw `im in jail, or even to fine `im.

An' the smells of your city, I simply can't stan' `em.
Wat my `orses prodooed was by comparson perfoom:
The smells of some gases, rear-end exhausts and factry waists,
Are not unlike a dead bufflo some stoodents exhoom.

An' datin' and drinkin', an stayin' out late,
Is too shockin' for words, I do `umbly proclaim:
Why many younguns and even some olduns "shak-up"
Before they say "Hi" or learn one nother's name.

An' manners an' curtsy are things of the past,
I am mos' shamed to sadly observe and avow:
An' the langwich I hears on your moovees, Tee-Vees:
I woodaben `shamed to use wen milkin' a cow.

An' the drugs some man called Mafia an' crimmals push,
In my day joodishasly used only wen peoples was sick;
If somehow I wish you cood make them swaller them first,
It would clean out much rubbish by this neat little trick.

I trooly do hope your not havin', these days, too much fun,
With all your fancy trinkets, bubbles ans "mass madia" joys;
Seems a pity that parents spent less money on ther own eddicashun,
Than they now do on booze and ther spoilt younguns' toys.

Thers plain no more respeks fur the feminine sex,
I am ready to give the rood rascals the swich;
But maybee I shoodna blame them at all,
They may be confoosed wich is wich.

I'm also wondrin' why I don't hears good music no more,
An' singin' that peoples can understan':
Why with all that screechin' an' shoutin' at ten Dessy Bells
Is plain nuff to send folk lak me clear `round the bend.

An' that modern style of dancin' gives me the jeebies,
'Majin maintainin' a claim in such haste!
Why a rip-snortin' bronca cood be tamed in less time,
Wat a shame to see so much enerjee goin' ta waist!

O, well, maybe I shood stop a-worryin'
Maybe I have considered too many things of regret;
The world has bin goin' to Hell fur a mitey long time,
But it ain't quite got ther, jest yet.

Footnotes:

- * *Loss of the CPR line to Calgary.*
- ** *Eight second demolition of the Marshall Wells Building by experts from New York.*
- *** *Frank Oliver summoned for speeding at 6 M.P.H over the 105th St. Bridge.*

**75th Birthday of the University of Alberta
1908-1983**

Born of courage, vision, optimism, integrity and high ideals,
Dedication, and incorrigibly buoyant faith of our venerable pioneers;
Our University of Alberta has physically and in stature grown
Throughout the marvellous history of its glorious seventy-five years,
Thanks to the eight presidents of the calibre of Dr. Henry Marshall Tory;
The public-spirited governors of the quality of its founder, Dr. A. C. Rutherford;
Numerous senators and chancellors, men and women of distinction and renown
And generous funding, often close to limits that our Province could afford.
Its Green and Gold, steadfastly throughout the years have symbolized,
Our verdant forests and golden harvests by bountiful nature blessed;
"Quaecumque Vera" its motto: "Whatsoever Things Are True",
Have set the parameters for any University's worthy, noble quest.
Its territorial domain has by more than forty-fold increased;
And its initial investment of \$22,100.00 to more than one-half billion has grown.
Its grandparents: Arts Building, Athabasca, Pembina, Assiniboia Halls,
Have produced a progeny of fifty stalwarts that any campus would be proud to own.
Its cellular structure of 200 books by mitosis to 1,750,000 volumes multiplied,
Spectacularly supplementing the nervous systems and the collective gifted brain
Of the 2070 full-time academic staff from the original five increased,
Metamorphically grown from faculty of one to eighteen, our richest
provincial resource to train:
Young people, as student enrolments grew from 45 in 1908, to 24787 in 1983
In the ancestral home alone, not counting the other three
Of its offsprings: Universities of Athabasca, Lethbridge and Calgary
To provide Albertans nearer home higher education of topmost quality.
Besides its independent adolescents: Junior Colleges in Calgary, Camrose, Red Deer
and Grande Prairie.
The products of the University's rich endeavor inevitably have been,
Its graduates of 20 in 1912, increased to 3344 at the latest date
Swelling the aggregate from 2166 in 1933; 29000 in 1965; and 93469 by 1982
Enriching quality of life and service beyond what one would dare to speculate:
Because as the physical amenities continued in geometric progression to increase,
The values, contributions of its products have more than exponentially grown
Vitaly affecting the quality of our services, our social cultural gains,
The richness of our community institutional lives, and everything we own.
Financed by budgets ranging from \$34000 in 1908 to \$178,000,000 as of today

Leaves one awed and overwhelmed, nursing a nostalgic regret
 That professionals engaged in higher education, the foundation of our nation,
 Equitable remunerations for invaluable services were unable to beget.
 Yet some balm remains: Gifts from great teachers untamished stay,
 Their value by elements of time, inflation ne'er reduced.
 Excellent ones are immortal, perpetuated in heart and mind, and lectures memorial,
 Which their proud record of classroom inspirations to their students had bequeathed, induced.
 Our University had survived the Great Depression, and two ruinous world war wars;
 It extended its proud record of service to peaceful reconstruction and rehabilitation;
 And affected profoundly the lives of hundreds of courageous, dedicated
 Sons and daughters who tyranny defeated and valiantly defended our grateful nation.
 It amply justifies the vast resources on which it's nurtured, thrives:
 The millions from governmental coffers and countless private hands
 (To wit: over \$22,000,000 earmarked for research for 1982-83 alone),
 By way of its full range of professional programs leading to numerous
Master/Doctoral degrees;
 And the quality of its graduands serving Alberta, Canada and many foreign lands.
 They schooled in academics; mentally, physically developed; and through fine arts refined;
 Through sports and recreation strengthened; through team work solidified;
 Personal qualities tested in the cauldron of experience, publications, broadcasts,
 Their antithetical views reconciled, progress toward concensus probed, debates;
 New frontiers of thought developed; prejudices abandoned, mental milleniums reached,
 They provide invaluable service to communities near and far.
 Combine the practical and the theoretical with infinite variety and ingenuity,
 And you get antibiotics, organ transplants, open heart surgery, leg braces, iron lungs;
 Surgical lasers (to cut or weld); photo therapy, fibre optics; improved human relations;
 New varieties of plants and animals; synthetics, microelectronics, cybernatics,
 Miraculous machines of the Computer-Electronic Age, higher standards of living, longer life;
 For people truly fail to understand, comprehend, even begin to realize
 The rich social benefits derived from those who study, research and theorize.
 University leadership and research in primary, secondary and tertiary industries
 Have affected every home; its programs multiculturalism strengthened,
international goodwill enhanced.
 Its Faculty of Extension, bringing the University to the people, a wide community served.
 The pioneering University Hospital the health of Albertans has long promoted and advanced
 As it collaborated closely with other hospitals and Campus expertise
 In countering mental illness, polio scourges, cancer and heart disease.
 And who can remain indifferent and blase to the proud record of Station C.K.U.A.?
 Our great University is much greater than the sum of its component parts;
 So all things considered, an impartial observer will inevitably agree
 How demonstrably the U. of A. has grown to rank Number Three
 Among the great universities of our land. Its multimillion
 Dollars in research, bursaries, loans, scholarships and grants
 Generously aided by the Heritage Fund, its status inevitably will advance
 To command higher international reputation and renown climaxed
 By numerous significant multi-national conferences, and the World University Games
 In 1983, when 4500 top caliber athletes from nearly 100 lands
 Will have staged a major sports spectacular in ten principal events,
 So that the International Sports Congress and its associated Festival Cultural
 Will parallel or even surpass the splendor of the 1978 British Commonwealth Games.
 Lister Hall is a living monument of the recognition and respect
 That the University of Alberta has for its non-academic staff,
 Now ranging near 4000 persons that treat the University as their own.
 Our pioneering University, preserving its enviable record of service and tradition,

Is not oblivious to the needs of the disabled, the underprivileged,
 The sensory retarded, sex inequality, the multiple handicapped.
 So that into the foreseeable future, in collaboration with other social institutions
 It will a pioneer remain to do battle for social and economic justice.
 Economic self-sufficiency, the flowering of the human spirit
 To resolve the man-made problems of poverty, ignorance and want;
 And conjointly with its sister institutions throughout our troubled world
 Exert a concerted effort to close the social gap that technology
and physical science have produced.
 To eliminate the use of force and violence and engines of destruction
 They helped to create, before our highly vaunted civilization is blasted into Kingdoms Come.
 Their weapons of defence/offence must re-dedicated be "Quaecumque Vera":
 "Whatsoever things be true, whatsoever things are honest,
 Whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure,
 Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report;
 If there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things,"
 And decisively act, our threatened Civilization save and Humanity preserve.
 Pray God that Divine Providence and Inspiration
 Will count such as victories before another 75 years are tolled.

To Lani Dubeta and Jenny Lang - 1985:

Adam, the Six-Legged Pony

I am a swift, four-legged pony.
 Adam is my name;
 When I am in full gallop.
 My tail flies higher than my mane.
 But I am often saddened,
 That my legs total only four;
 And often I have been wishing,
 That I had just two legs more.
 Then one day Jenny on me mounted.
 As I trotted over stones and sticks;
 And suddenly I realized,
 That my legs now numbered six.
 And as I gently trotted with her,
 And approached my starting gate;
 Lani mounted on my back beside her,
 And my legs now numbered eight.
 I bent my head in sorrow,
 Lamenting my sad fate;
 I was praying for six legs only
 And now I'm stuck with eight.
 I was truly better off
 As I had been before;
 So I trotted Lani and Jenny to their homes
 And now am happy with my four.

Farewell to Walter and Nadine Fick - 1984

Our dear friends and loving hosts, Nadine and Walter Fick,
 Have played on us a well-nigh unforgivable trick,
 Leaving us downhearted and in a state of shock
 By abandoning us in Kelowna, and moving to White Rock.

Why Angels like you want to leave this Garden of Eden
To dwell among White Rock heathen is beyond our believing!
What good will our telephone be without Nadine's friendly voice?
Without your dear company, how will we truly rejoice?
Kelowna no longer will retain its true charm and grace,
For people like the Ficks it will never replace.
Though Walter wanted to stay, it was Nadine's turn to be boss,
So that White Rock's great gain is Kelowna's great loss.
Our best wishes go with them wherever they roam
As do our prayers for peace and contentment in their new chosen home;
If they truly in White Rock greater happiness find
We are prepared to forgive them for leaving us behind.
You have a standing invitation to be our welcome guests
Without any special invitation or formal requests,
And to maintain our close ties and our good fellowship restore
You will often find us eagerly knocking at your always welcoming door.
So White Rock rejoice, from Kelowna Godspeed,
Your friendship and love we'll cherish indeed.

Dissective Disservice (by Kamal At-a-Turk)

Hail noble bird, browned to a "T"
I'm wondering who's more browned off, you or me —
You lying there in stately grace,
I standing here with "egg on my face",
Suffering from traumatic indecision
About where to make my first incision,
Here in the presence of our august, salivating guests,
Subjected to their critical gaze, their hot requests
For pieces of your delicate flesh,
Reduceable through my inexperience to one great unholy mess.
But it's time for action, no more guffing.
Or else both of us will lose our stuffing:
So fork, knife, courage, on your toes.
Nothing's sacred, not even your beguiling bishop's nose.
By Allah's favor, or by good fortune's lucky quirk,
You may make fame and fortune for Kamal At-a-Turk:
And though his hand is slightly jerky,
Just hold your breath, you lucky turkey!

The Music of John Kuzmar's Life

Prelude, Intermezzo, Postlude
Delineate the principal chapters of John's life:
From childhood, professional preparation
To the blessed time when Faye became his wife
Were prelude years: strong character built,
Social sensitivities sharpened and refined,
Employment gained, family planned, worthy plans envisaged,
In the ever growing vistas of his mind.
The thirty-six years of professional service,
Are a silent tribute to this man; His innumerable deeds and contributions
Are mere realizations of his master plan
During the Intermezzo years, his professional Interlude.

When beyond his call of duty, he continued to give more and more,
To numerous children's choirs, audio-visual arts,
Program co-ordinations, ethnic groups and international relations,
Which his dedication and humanitarianism doubly underscore.
The thousands of young students that he inspired,
The programs to which he lent articulating skill;
Festival Century Calgary International, four thousand voices strong.
Much personal satisfaction in the Intermezzo years instill.
The Postlude days, ushering deserved retirement bliss,
For quiet contemplation of his very much rewarding past,
Give assurance that the music, thoughts that he had long inspired,
Will future generations bless and for many years will last.

To Grand Nephew Dr. Ted Zukiwsky

In the "game" of dentistry and golf,
Strive for that elusive par,
Interspersed with occasional birdies, eagles
As you "drill" them from afar.
May you fill all holes with golf balls,
May your course be green in the sun,
May you have the thrill and satisfaction
Of shooting a "hole" in one.

*To Niece Janice Dubeta, Honors Graduate in Laboratory Technology,
November 19, 1976*

Congratulations, dear Janice, this graduation day,
On your achievement of high renown:
As Queen, you will wear with distinction
Your royal, diadem-studded crown,
Emblematic of your ability and courage
To overcome all obstacles along the way:
God speed and good luck in your chosen career
Are wishes your Uncle does proudly convey.

To the Retired Teachers

Hail to you, brave spirits,
Who in your tender, idealistic years,
Chose a noble calling, wherein
You consecrated your lives
To the pursuit of Teaching
And Learning,
To quicken the imagination,
To flower the spirit,
To nurture young minds,
To appreciate, to value, and to understand.
You succumbed not to the values of the market place,
You strove not for praise nor glory
For their own sake;
You persisted against overwhelming odds,
Secure in the knowledge,
That in your final products

Lie the greatest rewards,
That the twilight years can bring.
For the race well run,
And the task well done,
We pay our tribute,
And extend our thanks.

To Father Nicotine

(Alias Father Puff Puff Cough)

Oh my ever faithful Puff Cough,
My most adorable Cough Puff,
I simply cannot have enough of,
My utterly captivating Puff Puff.
Though my friendly Puff Cough,
Will violate my precious Life Stuff;
I will ne'er forsake my Tough Cough,
But worship everlastingly Puff Cough.
P.S. A Puff in time keeps Cough in prime.

To the Departed:

Ed Hill, Co-Worker, October 17, 1987

Though Ed is gone, he's always near,
To give his loved ones spiritual cheer;
For as we harvest the seeds that he's sown,
He will long be remembered for what he's known:
A hearty advocate of worthy causes,
Unmindful of personal gains or losses,
He selflessly kept good fights alive
From which general benefits would derive.
He leaves a solid legacy behind:
A better family man we'll never find;
His accomplishments are our rich memorial
Friendly Ed needs no better testimonial.

George Ryga Lives

(Great writer and Canadian)

Men's mortal bodies revert to dust, but the spirits of the Great
Live on, like blazing beacons beaming to the ends of time,
Exerting a beneficent influence on countless generations yet unborn.
This is no less true of our dear departed, highly respected George,
An intellectual literary giant, towering well above his less perceptive peers,
Elevating their hearts and minds for a steadily improving world.
People of George's caliber are always born before their time,
Blazing pioneering trails through jungles of deception, greed,
George's peaceful weapons were his masterly crafted words
And sharply attuned mind challenging all shredders of truth and justice,
So that the spirit of man could blossom to full bloom.
His enemies, like ours, are war, poverty, ignorance and want,
And perverters and subverters of democracy, unworthy of the name.
George's spirit stays alive to see his hopes and dreams fulfilled,

So let that spirit and desire be our mentor and our guide
To usher a millennium of worthy human dignity and full pride
That the World's underprivileged Rita Joes true ecstasies may enjoy.
And ploughshare and pruning hooks be the tools of every Tomorrow's boy.
So in this gathering dedicated to hope and sacredness of life,
I extend my deepest sympathy to George's family and to his loving wife.

Edmonton's Mayor - William Hawrelak, 1915-1975

Dear "Bill", friend, benefactor, Great Canadian,
Dedicated community worker, public servant of high renown;
We stand in awe, reverence, and deep sorrow,
Crushed by the sudden abdication of your Earthly Crown.
The mantle of sovereignty, with stately grace,
You've proudly worn, yet never lost the common touch;
No job too big, no task too small,
Have characterized your life; we'll miss you very much.
Your dedication, indomitable courage, and strong will
Remain as beacons in the night,
Inspiring us of weaker mold, bowed and bereaved,
To being worthier participants in the "great fight"
To become, as you have been, our brother's keepers,
And extending a friendlier, more welcome hand,
By sharing your zeal, vision and dedication,
In whatever good the heart, brain and soul may dutifully command.
You have won deserved recognition, many plaudits and much acclaim,
You've also worn your crown of thorns with saintly grace:
Your contributions we'll always deeply cherish.
But your wonderful qualities never successfully replace.

Peter Filewych - October 23, 1987

Your loss is great, and words have little meaning.
To provide the necessary comfort, cheer;
The greatest comfort are your lives well spent —
Peter's memorable treasurehouse of Yesteryear.
A loving thoughtful husband, a father always kind,
A grandfather who new burdens oft accepted, bore,
Whose philosophy of love embraced mankind,
Of his kind the world needs countless more,
So preserve and cherish your all-abiding love,
All lovely memories, always fresh and clear,
For there lie the comforts to your loss and sorrow,
And there lie the blissful hopes of cheer.

To Mother and Father Shewchuk - 1970

Rarest of parents, loving kind,
Have left us, now three years;
Reducing not our gratitude and pride,
Suffused by tender tears.

Unconsolable, lonely, desolate and forlorn;
Viewing through tears the dear still face.
Miraculously, some comforts are reborn.
As I recall her sacrifices born of love.
Her numerous encouragements, advice and kindly grace.
And the impact they have on me, her son.
A smile seems to wreath her lovely face.
And from the veiled mists beyond the valley,
My mother's voice I clearly can descry.
Showering her manifold blessings upon me,
And I am born again. Great mothers never die.

Immortality

(To Betty Shalka, in memory of Martin)

Materially, dear Martin has never you forsaken.
And spiritually he never will;
His benign influence on your thoughts and actions
Will forever guide you, for he is with you still.
Great husbands are eternal,
Their spirits forever glow;
Bestowing infinite blessings
On their loved ones left below.
Memories of them are immortal,
Their progeny attests their worth:
Their inspiration, comfort and love continue
To bless their loved ones left on earth.

Weddings and Brides:

Tina Kuzmar, 1967

Before you sits in her full prime and glory,
A radiant lady, a perfect Queen of Brides;
Her life to date — a proud, recorded story.
She scales the future heights with calm, firm strides.
The heritage of loving care, and childhood,
And cherished memories of a rich rewarding life,
Will bridge the gap between girlhood and motherhood.
As she becomes Ev Miller's loving wife.
Mature in mind and soul, her dreams unfold,
The everlasting joys of years to be:
With gladsome heart, true, confident and bold.
She welcomes all that the Good Lord will decree.
With most sincere wishes, confidence, and pride,
I ask you to rise and toast a lovely bride.

Niece Donna (Dubeta) Brown

May 18, 1968

Hail to Donna, my lovely niece,
In bridal finery, radiant and gay;
May all your cherished hopes and dreams
Be yours on this your wedding day.
Of all your past you're justly proud,

The present view with serene grace;
Your quality of heart and mind
All future problems will efface.
You've had the wisdom to select,
A husband wise and true;
May the bliss of love divine
Stay ever fresh and new.
Have your share of fame and glory,
Of happiness and health,
Knowing that in hearth and home
Is found life's richest wealth.
Salute to you, our Queen of Brides,
Wear thou thy regal crown.
Your subjects rise in tribute
To their majesty, Mrs. Brown.

Grand Nephew Gerald and Elaine Monchakowsky
June 17, 1972

Long may you enjoy life together,
In love and affection continue to grow;
May your family ties and parental affiliations,
Be the richest blessings that you'll ever know.
May the world inherited by your children,
Be free from malice, hate, and greed
Based on peace, goodwill, cooperation
Mindful of each fellow human's need.
May your home be a good example
Of what life for man should generally be,
May the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man
Be your guidelines to Eternity.

Marion (Monchakowsky) Joly and Husband Albert
August 19, 1972

On this your memorable day of days,
When you became man and wife,
Recall the many blessings of your past,
The principal highlights of your life,
The happy childhood, the loving care,
Experienced in your parental home;
No greater treasure will you find,
Wherever you may roam.
Early schooling, graduation, host of friends,
Work experience, pursuit of worthy goals,
The realization of recognition and success
And the treasures that life holds,
You now have many victories won,
To yourselves and your fellow men be true;
May love, good health, and happiness
Be inseparable parts of you.
With congratulations and best wishes,
I hereby end my "say"
May sunshine smile on your lives,
As it does on you to-day.

Cheryl (Monchakowsky) Hensche and Burke

October 30, 1976

Your day of bliss makes me reminisce
Of a similar blessing that once was mine:
When holy vows of marriage
Consecrated material considerations to elements divine.
From patience, tolerance, sacrifice and understanding
To loyalty, faith, cooperation and undying love,
That helped us conquer all our problems,
Thanks to the kindly Lord above.
Though decades pass and times do change
The eternal verities remain forever steadfast, true
May the principles that have guided all successful marriages,
Be the guiding lights that will bless your marriage too.

Patricia (Monchakowsky) Steil and Ivan

August 21, 1976

You have stolen Patricia's heart
By now she knows how you feel;
To commemorate that great event
She'll be forever Mrs. Steil.
May the freedom that love and marriage bring
Provide happiness and joy for evermore,
And make you sometimes wonder
Why that "theft" wasn't made a year or two before.

Debbie (Fick) Boyle and Mark

July 3, 1981

Congratulations on your marriage, Debbie,
And change of name from Fick to Boyle;
May all your future hopes and dreams,
Run smoothly and "according to Hoyle".
Beware the "zero" point of marriage,
The point when one must "fuel" it;
Another hazard is the boiling point,
When one perforce must "cool" it.
By striking an intermediate degree,
Suited to every season of the year;
Mr. and Mrs. Mark Newton Boyle,
Will have nothing to regret or fear.

Joy (Kuzmar) De Nance and Douglas

May 16, 1981

Joy, Hail to Thee, our fairest friend,
Congratulations on your wedding day;
You epitomize the best in womanhood,
In everything you do and say.

And come his next wedding
we can be sure to witness
The bride and groom's great joy
We can be sure to be off hand
The day of his wedding eve.
As a witness I express with pride
The happiness that you now use
To cast our dear and beautiful bride.

Nephew Alan Dubois and Cheryl Lewis

June 28, 1965

A certain City of Edmonton policeman
Was sitting a wide remote field,
That an English, Ottawa lassie arrested him,
Now he's serving a life sentence with rings firmly sealed,
They may make a lovely, arresting couple
Stuck in their domesticated cell,
So congratulations Alan and Cheryl on your glorious wedding,
We are proud being your friends in wishing you well.

Aunt Sharon Stowchuk Pennington and James

July 28, 1965

Sharon, even on example of true splendor,
Exemplifying a quality that makes my daughter dear,
The joy of seeing in my days of matrimony
Has all our wishes and everyone's remaining cheer.
May you always live the good, true and happiness
A marriage of which we can all always share.
May you be the sparkling, effervescent,
The one that we all love and adore,
May the wishes of us who love you so sincerely,
Help make your future dreams come true,
So with our wishes and the Heavenly blessings
We are all with this great love to you.

Grand Aunt Sonia Monchukowsky Berg and Ray

August 2, 1965

A Ray of sunshine has entered Sonia's life
Brightening Sonia's inner glow,
So that her warmth and friendship
Will always flourish and benignly grow.
A well-matched, loving and devoted couple,
Kind, nice, congenial, hospitable, wise,
Will help resolve all emergent problems
As the old "beeborgs" of my size.

Tammy (Habiak) Huk and Edward

June 11, 1988

May the Love that you two now unites,
Always remain steadfast and true;
Be the guiding principle of your lives
In everything you ever think and do.
It can see you through "thick and thin",
Forget the world of turmoil and strife;
Its peace, comfort and security
Can be the "Heaven" of your marital life.
P.S. For love you have searched and fondly looked
Now as Mr. and Mrs. you're fully "Huk-ed".

Shauna (Skeich) Diamond and Myles

September 11, 1988

A polished gem and a sparkling diamond,
Combine their brilliance for family glow;
And ultimately parenting mini diamonds
Undoubtedly a rare delight to know.
Myles, advise your newly-acquired jewel,
That you're not a diamond in the rough;
And that repolishing and reconstructing all its facets
Will be not only very futile, but extremely tough.
Shauna, though diamonds are every girl's best friend,
Not every girl can have a prolonged peep;
Your biggest Diamond is yours forever,
All other diamonds are by comparison cheap.
So glow your individual ways, yet glow together,
Reflect the glories of brilliance divine;
Remembering that unity and cooperation
Produce the Light that will eternally shine.

Granddaughter Ashley (Dubeta) Rice and David

July 18, 1989

Congratulations our dear granddaughter and grandson,
On the historic decision of your Life,
Pledging your full love and devotion
To each other as husband and as wife.
You are a credit to the family institution,
And even a greater credit to our family clan,
To which you, David, are a welcome addition
In accordance with God's master plan.
May He forever bless your joint endeavors,
To reap the full harvests from whatever you shall sow;
May He bless you with security, love and happiness,
And preserve you, a prize to cherish, and a delight to know.

Granddaughter Dyael (Dubeta) McLaren and James

August 19, 1989

Dyael and James, you are excellent examples
Of the best qualities of the Canadian young;
Not victims of today's sins and temptations,
But wearing the laurels you yourselves have won;
Ambition, strength of character, and determination.
And dedication to many a worthy principle and ideal,
Responsible action, self-reliance and self-improvement
Embodiments of true Canadian spirit, exemplary Canadian zeal.
That you have chosen wisely and exceedingly well,
Is attested by your stature and your grace,
Indeed the most compelling reasons
For the McLaren-Dubeta loving acceptance and embrace.
So accept our heartiest and most sincere congratulations,
On this your auspicious and memorable wedding day:
May the magic glow of this glorious occasion
Influence all your Tomorrows, and with you forever stay.

Wedding Anniversaries:

John and Faye Kuzmar's 25th, 1968

The guests of honor, John and Faye
Look back with joy and pride
To those dear days in 1943
When a bridegroom took a bride.
On magic wings the time has flown
Since Faye assumed John's name;
These selfsame years, the sparks of love,
Have fanned into a flame.
The light therefrom has warmed their homes,
And blessed their children dear,
In their warm glow of friendship,
We've basked for many a year.
The harmony of music sweet,
Is witnessed in their life,
Expressed in selfless team work
Of ideal man and wife.
May this your Silver Wedding Day
Bring all your joys to mind;
May all the future years in store
To you and yours be kind.
Be conscious of our warm esteem
Accept our congratulations true,
Our friendship and best wishes,
This day we pledge to you.

Diamond Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. J.J.Leskiw

August 14, 1971

Economic circumstances combined with Fate's mysterious decree,
Prompted John and Anna to leave their native Yastrobich and Wolswin,
To brave tearful partings with loved ones and homeland

And to seek new fortunes in a land beyond the sea.
 This was no gay adventure for the timid or the mild
 But only for the hardiest, the strong, and noble tried and true.
 People of indomitable will and courage
 To forge a civilization from the virgin wild.
 They have won our fond esteem and sincerest admiration.
 To sons and daughter their noble qualities did impart:
 To be sincere, industrious, humanitarian.
 They merit our praise and the plaudits of our nation.
 Well have they travelled on a road decked with silver.
 They have sojourned at Life's Inn paved with gold;
 May the sparkle of their Diamond Wedding Anniversary
 Add charm and lustre to everything they behold.
 They have enjoyed good health, wealth and happiness,
 They have tasted life's wonderful gifts in store;
 May the things which they have loved and cherished,
 Gladden their twilight years to-day, tomorrow, and forevermore.

Golden Anniversary of Uncle William and Katherine Habiak

November 30, 1974

Much have you gained and much accomplished,
 Much have you contributed to the social good;
 Isn't it time now to further your personal welfare?
 Indeed it's our most sincere wish that you should.
 You have the means for health and leisure,
 Spend some time in Mexico, Hawaii, and dear Ukraine,
 Then return to your home, both hale and hearty
 To celebrate a few more anniversaries again.

Uncle Stanley and Kate Dumka's Golden Anniversary

February 15, 1975

Our joyous celebrants, honored couple Stan and Kate,
 We are happy and proud to celebrate
 A highly significant milestone in your life,
 Your 50th Anniversary pledge as man and wife,
 The glorious years that love sustained,
 That industry, sacrifice and faith maintained,
 And your guiding principle: A better tomorrow
 Encouraged your lives through joy and sorrow
 To the proud to-day, your day of bliss,
 When you seal anew your nuptials with a loving kiss,
 Cementing the bonds that made you strong,
 That gave you courage, hope, heart and song
 To fight life's battles through thick and thin,
 To uphold the cause of freedom, ever resolved to win
 For your children, and generations to be
 A society of peace, justice, brotherhood and fraternity,
 So count your blessings, so richly all deserved,
 Your work well done, friends, esteem, good health conserved,
 A loving family, worthy ideals, and high renown;
 Our congratulations and best wishes to wear your
 Diamond Wedding crown.

Peter and Sophie Kyforuk's Golden Anniversary

March 20, 1975

Sophie and Peter, a couple rare
In generosity, hospitality, consideration
To one another, and to others
Rank among the highest in our nation.
Dedicated community workers,
To chosen ideals forever true,
Principled and schooled, humanitarian,
They rank among the highest few.
Gentle, gracious, loving, kind;
Never timid nor too bold,
They have been so busy helping others
That they have forgotten to grow old.
May their youthful zest and vigor
Have full power and full sway;
And bless us with their benign presence
Well beyond their Diamond Wedding day.

George and Olga Predy's Silver Anniversary

July 30, 1977

On silvery wings the years have flown
To your memorable Silver Wedding day:
May the happiness that they have given,
Continue for many more years, I pray.
Till the gold and silver intertwine,
Adding glamor and lustre to your life,
Highlighting the rich experiences
Of Olga, George, an ideal man and wife,
Who in their modest, unassuming ways
Win the respect and admiration of all they chance to meet.
May all your future, as has your past,
Give you happiness and satisfaction in a life complete.

To Our In-laws, Andrew and Anne Reilman's 40th

1983

Congratulations on your Fortieth Wedding Anniversary;
A handsome husband and a charming wife;
Recall the many wonderful experiences,
Throughout your four decades of happy married life.
Accept our sincere wishes for your future,
Your Fiftieth and Sixtieth to enjoy and celebrate;
May your to-days and tomorrows be forever
As lovely as the pictures that you paint.

*Niece Emily and Metro Zukiwsky's 40th
September 25, 1983*

We are told that life begins at forty,
And married life improves at forty-one,
When victories of the past are celebrated,
And plans for continued happiness well begun.
Metro and Emily can be justly proud
Of their forty years of married life;
Their wonderful family, economic security,
Good health and loving relations between husband, wife.
Their children's success is their greatest pleasure;
Their host of friends, their greatest source of wealth.
Their dedication to worthy deeds and principles
Contribute greatly to their physical and their mental health.
So Father-Grandfather, Metro, keep on puttering
With fishing rods, mechanics and gigantic "cats"
Keep travelling on life's happy highways
May nothing you attempt give you any regrets.
And Mother-Grandmother Emily, who personifies the family's best,
Keep practising your talents in the modern arts;
Ceramics, paper-tolling, and various handicrafts,
And friendly hospitality that continually wins our hearts.
God Bless you both, dear niece and nephew,
Congratulations on your marital race well run;
May your future years rich dividends pay, ensuring
Long life, good health, happiness and proper share of fun.

*To Dody and Dr. Kenneth Dubeta's 14th
September 26, 1984*

Your wedding anniversary this year is very special,
For it is highly significant and dear,
A pleasant reminder of our own youthful anniversaries
Now in our Golden Anniversary year.
May life give you rich memories and treasures,
To cherish along your road to ours;
Love, loyalty, sacrifice, companionship;
Many happy years comprised of many happier hours.

*To Peter and Mary Harasym on Their 45th
November 26, 1984*

(Our Friendly Neighbors)

Congratulations on your 45th, dear Pete and Mary,
On your life's accomplishments and the happiness you've known:
Your plaudits, high esteem and admiration
Are harvest garnered from what you carefully have sown.
So the very best to you, our kindly friends and neighbors,
For having reached your marital milestone numbered forty-five;
A prelude to wonderful others along the way —
Towards memorable ones numbered fifty, sixty, and sixty-five.

To David and Ria on Their Third Anniversary

February 25, 1981

May your third anniversary be happier
Than your first and second combined;
May peace, happiness and contentment,
Reign supreme, leaving troubles and cares behind.
May your amorous efforts be truly productive,
For I am still praying for a sharp Dubeta heir,
To perpetuate the family traditions
And with the future his talents to share.
My long-standing campaign of five years,
Brought rich results at the Pacific shore;
So stop fooling around and get serious,
And a bountiful harvest begin to explore.
Among the many blessings of a marital union,
A young son would truly cheer ya.
Should such a blessed event truly bless us,
We'd shout three cheers for son David and six for our Ria.

To Ria and David on Their Seventh Wedding Anniversary

February 15, 1985

Since I am neither a seer nor prophet,
And since wise men seem to come from afar,
My only advice to you dear husband and wife is
"Try to be better than you ever were or are",
For marriage is a sacred partnership,
With trust and love its principal stock;
Hard work and sacrifice its working capital,
Devoid of clever manipulations or reliance on sheer luck.
Its input must be just and fair decisions
With no special favors to child, mother or dad.
Only then a marriage becomes a bed of roses
Providing the best sleep any couple ever had.
For justice, peace, tranquility and mutual pride,
Provide the magic ingredients for even an upward "slide".

To Larry and Miriam Lynn

February 27, 1983

(Anniversary of my birth and their marriage)

February 27th gives me new joy and life;
Much happiness to you as husband and wife;
And evokes much gratitude and thought,
For all the bliss that life has brought.
May the common bonds in strength do grow,
And its bounties on us three bestow;
Strengthen the friendship and esteem
Of this anniversaire and his favorite "bridal team". *

* *Royalty is not what it might seem, I changed my favorite "king and queen" to "bridal team".*

Otto and Jean Skeich's 25th

June 16, 1985

Otto and Jean you are true disciples of Love,
You have honored the grand institution of Marriage;
For nothing that you have ever thought or done,
Did its highest code of honor ever disparage.
The star-dust of Jean's loving gaze,
Has sprinkled the moon glow of Otto's keen admiration.
And produced, in time, a silvery amalgam
That is the envy of the Canadian nation.
Bask deservedly on your marvellous achievements,
Let the Anniversary silvery rays you delight and enfold;
For the highway of life you have chosen to travel,
Will in twenty-five years lead to one of pure gold.

Brother-in-law Harry and Susan Shewchuk's 40th

August 2, 1986

Congratulations on your Fortieth Anniversary, Harry and Susan
A very important milestone in your life;
Congratulations on the marital road that you have travelled
Since you became a devoted husband and a loving wife.
Preserve your charm and grace that is so contagious,
Influence us all to live a life as rich, refined;
Continue to display the fine art of living,
For a lovelier couple it's truly difficult to find.
We wish you joy, security, health and happiness,
Close family ties, rich personal relations and much love,
Continued high respect from those that you admire,
And Golden and Diamond Anniversaries from our Lord above.

Bill and Lenore Hopchin's 40th

August 7, 1987

Bill and Lenore shopped and looked around
Until an ideal mate each had found;
An ideal husband and an ideal wife
For an ideal marriage, and an ideally happy family life.
Their investments in labor rich dividends paid,
Their investments in love firm foundations laid
For a Hopchin dynasty via sons so well modelled,
That with daughters they simply hadn't bothered,
Knowing that if ideal women had any family role to play
Their sons would have to pick them along the way
As they invariably and successfully have done,
To model themselves on ways their parents had so well begun,
So blessings and congratulations on forty marital years well spent,
May the future match the infinite pleasures that to you they've lent.

Alex and Kay Hunchak's 40th

November 12, 1988

Congratulations on your Fortieth Anniversary, dear Alex and Kay,
A memorable milestone of your eventful life;
The crowning glory of your successes and achievements
As a model husband and an ideal wife.
May with loving friends and family,
You continue to be blessed;
May the years preceding your Golden Anniversary
Surpass the years of your remarkable past.

Golden Anniversary of William and Mary Lobay

June 16, 1990

Golden are the threads of memory
That have interlaced your web of life;
Golden were your bounties, harvests,
When you first became husband and wife.
The love, esteem and admiration,
That for you your friends and family hold,
Are worth much more than earthly treasures,
Greater by far than any weight in gold.
May the tender years of Love's sweet dreams,
The mellowed ripeness of your prime,
Be ever yours to prize and cherish,
Unblemished by the sands of time.
May all your past be paved with Silver,
And all your future steps with Gold;
May the joy on your Fiftieth Anniversary
Be the greatest story ever told.

Daughter Linda and Bob Papirnick's Silver Wedding

January 28, 1992

We can discern your successful marriage,
In Linda's silvery glow and Bob's sparkling eyes;
A living testimony that on January 28, 1967,
Each of you had won a noble, cherished prize.
Your timing and precision at your various starting gates,
Confirm your select breeding and high pedigree;
That you won so many trophies in so little time,
Is a fact with which none can disagree.
Your successes to date are most gratifying,
Your kindness and warmth are known far and wide;
You have established a wide circle of friends,
Who join us in saying "You are our objects of pride."
"Congratulations, Bob and Linda, on your Silver Anniversary",
Your mom and dad very proudly convey;
That you're well on your way to your Golden.
We have good reason to hope and supportively pray.

Our Own Fifty-Seventh

November 6, 1991

Fifty-seven years, or twenty thousand eight hundred and five
Successive days and nights of wedded life,
(Fraught with many joys, some sorrows, even broken dreams)
Have flown on airy wings since you and I
First pledged our troth and exchanged our wedding vows.
Recall the love and trust we cherished, shared?
The fond ambitions and high hopes which impelled
Us forever upward and onward to fame and fortune,
Honor and rewards derived from honest toil?
Our indomitable will to overcome all obstacles
That adversaries, chance and fortune interposed?
The tests of character in adversity's cauldron wrought;
Whilst preserving our mutual faith, confidence and our undying love?
Remember, dear, the numberless times that
We drank from the overflowing cup of kindness
Proffered by our dear departed, and the host
Of relatives and friends, and our very flesh and blood,
Our beloved children, a privilege to have had born,
Fondled, nurtured, and to self-sufficiency grown,
An honor to themselves, their children, and the society which they serve?
Remember? But of course! How could you and I forget
The things that constitute the very essence of
Our lives, the joint experiences, the fruits of
Our endeavors, the common ties which
Bind us closer to each other at home and abroad?
A great deal we have striven and accomplished much,
Though far below our brightest dreams, we do command
The respect of many friends and envy of some foes,
That every couple of high principles acquire along the way,
During its productive years, ere twilight fails,
And the zenith of their prowess yields to nadir and
Decline, in progressive withdrawal from the feverish rush of life,
Yes, we've aged and mellowed, decelerated to a slower pace:
The lees and dross of life have cast aside
To better view the intrinsic value of our
Spirits and the truer nature of our refined souls;
The strength of character that continually keeps alive
The will to strive and to experience the joys and
Wonders of things not easily reachable and the yet unknown,
These still remain with undiminished fervor blessed,
Though the sensuous joys of youth may have somewhat treasonous grown,
They're supplanted by things of much firmer, sturdier mold,
A truer insight of our worth and character
To admire, to cherish, to preserve and delightfully to hold.

This final chapter adds yet another harvest to our long series of dreams.

Our venerable pioneers dreamed noble dreams and harvested for us our richest legacies. Every succeeding generation has continued to harvest dreams once considered undreamable. However, man's creative genius is rapidly encountering the law of diminishing returns. If the widening gap between social and technological progress is not significantly narrowed at home and abroad, man's dreams will inevitably become nightmares. A new breed of principled pioneers is needed to build a cleaner and a safer world, and more equitable social and economic systems founded on human service and need in deeper and fuller appreciation of the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man.

Noble dreams will never die; mankind stands forever eager and ready to harvest them, one planet at a time, commencing with the planet Earth that we know best. Permit Mother Earth to remind us what fundamental dreams await the harvesters of tomorrow.

*Dreams Awaiting Harvests
as per
Mother Earth's Intercession*

I am Nature's Child of Countless Ages,
Husbanding my Fruits of Life;
Evolving over eons of unrecorded Time,
Crossing the vast Frontiers of the Unknown,
To realize my Ultimate Destiny, as yet only partially fulfilled.
Probe not the Sacred nature of my Stratosphere
Until you cease destroying all precious Life on Earth.
Unravel not the marvellous mysteries of my Universe
Until you learn to treat with loving care the Earth to you bequeathed.
Destroy not my Life-inducing Breath
With Death-inducing fumes and poisonous wastes
That suffocate all Life that worships Life.
Hurl not the gifts of God at my mournful and beleaguered Face.
Denude not the Flora of my Flowering Body,
Leaving Barren Deserts of emptiness and void,
Stark testimonies of Man's covetous nature, stupidity and greed.
Despoil not the Fauna of my kindred soul,
Leaving it barren, holding no promise of any Resurrection.
Dismember not my laden Arms of Plenty
Rendering them insensitive and devoid of feeling
To lift their tender fingers to touch the Loving Face of God.
Ravage not the bountiful riches I inherit and bequeath
To nurture thankful spirits lost steadily by default.
Help me preserve my stately forests for my Minstrels of Song
To echo Life's benediction to the very Skies.
Help me conserve and preserve the bounties of the Deep
In fulfilment of the miracles of Everlasting Life,
And symbiotic synchrony of Sea, Earth and Heaven.
Join me ye awakened beneficiaries of my largesse
And become true Harvesters of Human Dreams, Hopes, and Life.

J. C. Dubeta

. . . Continued from Front Flap

Most readers will identify with the book's principal families, as they typify their Canadian counterparts over four generations, sowing new dreams and reaping the harvest of their endeavors.

Experiences in business and the professions provide excellent reading to Canadians in general, as also do the seventeen travelogues spiced with insightful poetry and humor by the co-author, Dr. John Dubeta.

Readers will enjoy having Alberta, Edmonton and the University of Alberta honored on their special anniversaries, and due tribute paid to children, grandchildren, relatives and friends on equally memorable occasions. The last poem challenges mankind, in the true spirit of pioneering, to preserve for posterity the generous bounties that Mother Earth to it has bequeathed.

Harvests of Dreams illustrates that truth is often stranger than fiction, and that out of the ashes of incinerated dreams, new dreams are born and realized. It also demonstrates that retirement provides marvellous opportunities to dream new dreams and reap bountiful harvest.

Life must continue to light candles of hope for a brighter and better tomorrow.

ISBN 0-9696340-0-5



Anne Dubeta, Author

Anne (Shewchuk) Dubeta, initiator of this documentary, is a first-generation Canadian, born in Spedden, Alberta in 1918. She was actively involved in all phases of pioneer life on the farm. At age thirteen, she effectively discharged the family responsibilities of her convalescing mother confined to a cast for fifteen months.

As community worker, matron of a large co-educational institution (1945-50), strong ally of her teacher-husband pursuing higher professional qualifications, she applied her pioneering attributes of family love, good neighborliness, industry, self-reliance, loyalty and cooperation. She invariably pursued realizable goals. Her successful interior decorating firm of Dubeta Interiors Ltd. in Edmonton (1953 - 1968) was primarily designed to further the economic security of her loved ones.

Readers will discover her characteristic zeal in her Harvests of Dreams, 1891 - 1991, written to preserve segments of early Alberta life for posterity and to honor her grandparents and parents on the occasion of the Ukrainian Centenary in Canada

John C. Dubeta, B.Ed., D.Ed., is a first-generation Canadian born to his homesteading parents in Radway, Alberta in 1914. Educated in one-room schools, he graduated at the Edmonton Normal School in 1933 with a First Class Certificate, and served in Alberta as teacher, principal, professional leader and community worker for forty-one years.

He is a long-time teacher of English and writer of poetry, essays and short stories, both published and unpublished. (See Edmonton and University of Alberta archives). Member of the Canadian Authors' Association, he has edited rural and urban professional publications for sixteen years; edited and produced Writers of the Okanagan in 1985; Artists of the Okanagan in 1988; life histories of two senior citizens, and most recently, co-authored and edited Harvests of Dreams, 1891 - 1991 which samples nearly two hundred of his travel poems, humorous verse, and poems of tribute, ending with his prize-winner "Mother Earth's Intercession."

The co-authoring couple celebrated its Golden Wedding Anniversary in Edmonton on November 6, 1984.



**Dr. John Dubeta,
Co-Author and Editor**