PART 5: LANGUAGE

The Romanian immigrant came to Alberta not being able to speak English or French. They spoke Romanian - a Latin-based, romance language. This beautiful language was created by the mixing of Latin spoken by the Roman soldiers and colonists with that of the inhabitants of ancient Dacia - now Romania. The pioneers spoke a pure Romanian with some words particular to a Bucovinian dialect. It revolved around the home, culture, agriculture and the Church. Ancient songs and verses were passed on, generation to generation, and memorized by the peasants. The pioneers had learned to read and write Romanian in schools in the then Austrian-Hungarian Empire. In Canada many people mistakenly state that Romanian must be close to Ukrainian. This is not so. The Romanian language is close to Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese. Canadian Romanian borrowed from English some Words for newly invented things which they had not seen before. The Romanian spoken by peasant pioneers was the same pure conversational Romanian spoken by the Romanian people for almost two thousand years.

Counting

1	unu, una
2	doi, doua
3	trei
4	patru
5	cinci
6	sase
7	sapte
8	opt
9	noua
10	zece

Family Members

Mother	mama
Father	tata
Sister	sora
Brother	frate
Grandmother	bunica
Grandfather	bunicul

Colours

red	rosu
blue	albastru
green	verde
purple	purpiu
orange	portocaliu
brown	maro
white	alb
black	negru

Days of the Week

Monday	luni
Tuesday	marti
Wednesday	miercuri
Thursday	joi
Friday	vinery
Saturday	sambata
Sunday	duminica

Common Phrases

Excuse me	nu vasuparati
Good morning	bunadimineata
Have a good day	o zibuna
Good Evening	buna sera
Good Night	noaptebuna
Please	va rog
Thank you	multumesc
You're welcome	cu placer
Come here	vino aici
Happy Birthday	la multi ani
Merry Christmas	Sarbatori Ferecite

Seasons

Spring	primaveara
Summer	vara
Autumn	toamna
Winter	iarna

PART 6: RELIGIOUS & OTHER ROMANIAN HOLIDAYS

When the first immigrants arrived, there was no need to teach the children the Romanian language, the church feast days, the Romanian holidays or the folk songs and dances. For fear of losing their culture, the immigrants began passing it on to their children. Now, much of it was changed, affected by the Canadian environment. The language changed by the interjection of Canadian word endings and the Canadian grammatical structure. This has become of interest to recent immigrants and visitors from Romania. Today, over a century after the first Romanian immigrants arrived in Canada, the situation has reversed itself. The first and probably only language of the children was English. An editorial written in the American Romanian Review, January 1978 by Theodore Andrica tells about the change:

> *Today, when we are bombarded with encouragements to search for our "roots", and when the melting pot theory has been abandoned, our young people are confronted with the problem of trying to learn more about their background. In the case of the Romanians, the beacon of learning should be the church, the organization closest to our people. Lack of teaching material and of teachers makes the task of the churches difficult.*
>
> *The priests are deeply involved with the religious affairs of their respective parishes and cannot always be called upon to do everything for everybody.*
>
> *At the same time, however, our priests should remember that religion, in the theological sense of the word has not been, in the past, the only thing that held our people together. The great factor was a combination of religion and ethnic consciousness.*
>
> *It is important therefore that our church organizations should use some of their energies and resources for the dissemination of information about the cultural and historical background of our people. If this can be better accomplished in the English language, then let the English language be the vehicle for the enrichment of our spiritual and cultural knowledge.*

Another writer, Velentin Hurgol, wrote expounding on the wisdom of using the language of the second, third and fourth generations wrote:

If in 1912 we had a total Romanian speaking community, during the intervening years a new group developed within the old, made of the same blood and flesh but which could not speak the mother tongue of the parents.

Some people fought for the idea of teaching our youngsters the Romanian language – at any cost – without realizing that today an understanding and appreciation of Romanian background and culture can be easier achieved through the use of the English language.

The Romanian culture has survived, despite the general loss of the knowledge of the Romanian language. In order to learn about some of the holidays these first Romanian immigrants celebrated, and which were carried on by their children, they are described here. The customs have changed over the years but are still celebrated and enjoyed by young and old. Not only did these customs and practices differ from one district of Romanian to another, but they have also been "Americanized" on the North American continent over the years. The following are a few of the customs and traditions celebrated today.

How the First Romanian Canadians Celebrated Name Days

All churches are given names. The churches in Romania were either given the name of a patron Saint, for example Saint George, Saint Nicholas, Saint Mary, or an important religious holiday such as "The Resurrection", "The Annunciation" or some other religious event. A parish celebrates its patron saint on the date reserved for that saint. On that day, after the church service, a festive banquet was held, speeches were given, and honour was paid to people or groups of people, bearing the name of that saint. When the weather was good, frequently a parish held the banquet out-of-doors in the church yard, especially in the rural areas. The banquet and activities followed the Divine Liturgy. This event was known as the "hram" of the church.

In Romania it was customary that one of the names given a child be the name of the saint whose day was close to the birth date of the child. If the saint was Saint Nicholas, on December 6, all men and women with "Nicholas" as the root of their name, for example Nicu, Nicole or Nina, everyone who bore such a name was called up to the front of the church and were blessed on this, their names' day. This may or may not be their birthday but their saint's day was usually of more importance to them than their birthday.

How the First Romanian Canadians Celebrated Funeral Services

In her book *"They Crossed Mountains and Oceans"* printed in 1947, Anisoara Stan related her life in Transylvania, Romania beginning in 1916. Her interesting book relates the trials and tribulations of Romanians, caught in World War I and the courage of the Romanian people which enabled them to retain their country. She related many of the traditions of the people. Quoted in the next paragraph from page 40 are her recollections of the funeral service itself which was almost unchanged by Romanians in rural Canada with the exception that typically wake services and funeral services were held in the church.

The service for the dead, with all its colourful Greek Orthodox ritual, is not held in the church but outside the home of the deceased. Relatives, friends, neighbours and villagers collect to pay their respect. Now a group is approaching with banners flying. As they come closer, we see they are carrying the "prapur" which are banners having pictures of the saints embroidered or painted on them. On top there is a spear on which

hang the "mortal towels". These towels are later given to the priests as remembrance from the family. Nearby, we notice a large branch from a tree, on which are placed fruits, nuts, towels and dishes. It reminds one of a small Christmas tree. The gifts are later given to the priests, the cantor and the children as atonement for a lack of charity in the life of the departed one. Now the priests begin the prayers. The old man's church choir, which is directed by a cantor, replies with song to the passages from the prayer ritual, and later sings liturgical music. The deacon, who invariably is a fine singer, now improvises in song the life of the departed. Speaking in his name he asks forgiveness from all and then says goodbye to his family, his friends, and even his house. The service is coming to an end and the priest begins the departure prayer before the coffin is closed. Now the wailing women, who are often hired for this purpose, begin to cry and extol the qualities of the dead and this is a signal for all to start to cry, overcome as they are with emotion.

The procession to the cemetery now starts. A last prayer at the gate, then stops for prayers are made outside the church and at the cross roads. The coffin is lowered into the earth, well fortified with coins to pay for opening up the gates on high. Now the people return to the house and the "Pomana". After dinner is over, the poor and neighbourhood gypsies collect outside. They are then given food and gifts are distributed among them as a last gesture of charity from the deceased.

Romanian funeral services, as well as other events such as weddings and Christmas celebrations varied from one district to another in Romania as well as in Canada. In rural communities, in the early days, many of the members of the local community played a role in preparing the body, building the coffin, visiting the grieving family, lighting candles, saying prayers and bringing food. This was still how the body of the deceased was prepared in rural areas of Romania. On the way in» bringing the body to the church, the funeral procession stopped twelve times and at each stop the priest read a passage from the gospel. The procession included banners from the church carried by family members or good friends. After the internment of the body, prepared food was served to everyone. Originally, food was prepared for the poor as a good deed of charity but times changed and today, after the mourners have partaken of the food, the remaining food is delivered to associations which look after serving food to the poor.

In some areas, the Romanian people were influenced by the customs of the countries bordering them, for example, Hungary, Turkey, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Russia and the Ukraine as well as the early Romans. The common thread was the use of church banners in the procession, the open coffin, the singing, and the gestures of charity. The evening before the funeral service, the wake or saracusta was held. It was not uncommon for the clothing of the deceased to be distributed to the poor and the Pomana which was a feast almost always followed the funeral with the remaining food distributed to the hungry and the poor. In today's society, left-over food is distributed to volunteer societies who feed the poor and many of the deceased's belongings are given to organizations collecting these for distribution to the poor. Flowers are declined but donations are accepted, usually for the church or charitable organizations.

Three additional memorial feasts are held; the first is held six weeks after the death; the second is held six months after the death; the third is held one year after the death. In Romania, a service was also held seven years after the death. This is no longer a common practice in Canada although some families hold yearly memorial feasts in memory of the deceased members of their families.

How the First Romanian Canadians Celebrated Weddings

Patterson (23) reported that weddings among Orthodox Romanians in Saskatchewan had traditional elements. A young man in a rural area would ride on a festively decorated horse from house to house delivering the invitations to a wedding. Romanian folk dress was worn at some weddings. The bride's song lamenting her leaving her family was sung. Woven or braided bread was often held over the bride's head and salt was sprinkled on her head to give her good luck. When godparents (the best man and the maid of honour) were chosen, they had to be of the Orthodox faith. Godparents had the role of giving moral and religious support to the couple as well as to the future children of the couple. In other words, they were treated as true family members. Typically, Romanian weddings in Canada were celebrated on Sunday with the participants taking Holy Communion with the communicants. The crowns were placed on the heads of the bride and groom, accompanied by the hymn, "O Lord Our God, crown them with glory and honour." After the reading of the Epistle and the Gospel, a Litany was said. After the bride and groom had each been given three sips from the common cup which signified the cup of salvation, the priest led the wedding party, the sponsors, the bride and groom around the table three times. They joined hands or each member of the wedding party took hold a long white ribbon while they circled the table. Sometimes each member of the wedding party also held a lighted candle. The table was round, signifying eternity, the priest was censing all the while which indicated the prayers going upwards with the smoke of the incense, and going around three, times symbolized the Holy Trinity. All the while, the choir sang, "Dance, Isaiah..." After more prayers and litanies, the bridal couple, along with the sponsors, signed their wedding certificate, the priest addressed the newlyweds and then the procession left the church while the choir sang the "Hymn to the Mother of God". After the wedding, usually a few hours later, the wedding banquet was held. The wedding dance followed with the orchestra playing Romanian horas and sirbas. Gilbert Johnson (The Romanians in Western Canada page 68 - Saskatchewan History, Vol. XIV, spring 1961) reported that then two groomsmen danced together while the bridesmaids dance with the bride, the object being to prevent the groomsmen from dancing with the bride. The violin is the main musical instrument used. The dancing was done outside on the grass; even in the wintertime, snow was cleared and the dancing was done outside. The "stealing of the bride" occurred in good fun and was done when the groom was being distracted by other groomsmen. A dummy was substituted for the bride; then the groom "angrily" denounced the dummy and had to pay a ransom for the return of his bride. When the party was over, the groom ran into more problems, his way was blocked and he had to pay a toll in the form of drinks to pass by them. The festivities varied according to the districts in Romaniafrom which the parents originated. Some customs have religious connotations, others have district or "sat" traditions. All are used to encourage the guests to give money or material goods to help the new couple start on their new life together.

Weddings are celebrated not usually on Sunday but are held on other days of the week, except Saturday and were held at any time of the day. There are certain calendar days when it is prohibited to hold a wedding service. However, if the wedding date cannot be moved, details of the reasons are given to the hierarch and special dispensation may be received. Many of the old-world customs have been dropped, especially in the urban areas and where third and fourth generations have lost the meanings of the old customs. Some of these include the groom going on horseback to the home of the bride before the wedding; having the "chicken dance", going from table to table offering a drink after the guest indicated how much money he was giving the couple. In today's society, it is usual to bring your wedding gifts to the banquet and attend the gift-opening at the home of the bride the next day. The old customs gradually disappeared, sometimes due to assimilation, sometimes due to mixed denominational marriage, but frequently because the customs are lost as the first immigrants die and there is no one to carry on the old country customs.

How the First Romanian Canadians Celebrated Christmas

In the early days, immigrants could not afford to spend much money on presents at Christmastime. Many would decorate a tree outside in the yard or a large plant indoors. In some homes, the oleander plant was used. This plant was commonly grown in Romania. It represented their Christmas tree. Gifts to children and adults were usually items of necessity, for example, socks, underclothes, shoes. Home-made gifts were very common and were generally wearing apparel or coverings for furniture and similar items. As Romanians became more affluent, gifts were purchased, gift-Wrapped and exchanged when visiting relatives and friends in nearby homes on Christmas day.

When the communist government was in power in Romania, New Year's Day was given more importance than Christmas day. Words were rewritten for the Christmas carols which praised the government. Plugusorul was what the children played on New Year's Day. Boys dressed in colourful sheepskin outfits and pulled a small plough, a plugusor, through the villages, chanting the hour-long poem of the plugusorul and wishing everyone good health and good fortune for the coming year. Christmas in the countryside was celebrated in the traditional way, even though the government did not consider it an official holiday. Christmas carols of ancient origin, called colinde, were sung with children of the villages parading through the streets carrying a large paper star, a symbol of the Star of Bethlehem. The immigrants brought the carols with them. In Saskatchewan, as in other provinces, groups of carollers would go from house to house with "Steaua", the Star of Bethlehem, made out of wood and paper. This star had small icons on its eight points with the Nativity depicted in the centre and was carried by a small child leading the carollers. Often food or coins were given to the carollers in appreciation of their musical visit. Sometimes, possibly on the last stop for the day, the group would be invited to sit down to a full meal with the family.

Among the more religious of the immigrants, a fast lasting for forty days before Christmas would be observed. The fast excluded meat and dairy products and fish was eaten only on certain days. On Christmas day, those who had fasted and had their confessions heard, would participate in Communion during the Holy Liturgy Service.

An interesting article about Christmas carols was written by Archbishop Nathaniel Popp in the SOLLA Journal dated December, 1992 on page 7 which is quoted below:

One of the most beautiful, meaningful and strongly maintained traditions brought by our fathers and mothers to America is the caroling at the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ. Perhaps one reason why this has continued is because it has been, and can be, a meaningful religious experience for carollers and audience alike.

Today's carolling is one of the ways in which the layman, the "un-ordained", takes an active part in the preaching of the Gospel. It is fulfillment of the command to go and preach to all the world. Actually, all singing or hymody is both praise of God and a form of musical lay preaching.

The Word of God, spoken or sung, has power. The carollers are the media bringing to the world this opportunity to experience the power through the simple, yet profound verses of these folk hymns celebrating the birth of Christ. Those who are open and believe, who listen and hear, who live and foster the Good News, will indeed feel that surge of power as they sing and listen. What greater "present" to give or receive than this acknowledgment of God's work among men as told in song! These carols are contemporary with the

songs of the early Church mentioned by Saint Paul, in the sense that they are filled of that same apostolic joy, happiness and gladness.

Having these things in mind, when the carollers come to your home, receive them as preachers of the Good News. Honour them as you would the prophets, the angels, and all the others. Anticipate their coming and prepare an atmosphere of your home. Turn off the TV, gather the family around, invite your friends. Respectfully be attentive and centre your heart on the message they bring.

How the First Romanian Canadians Celebrated Theophany

This service was celebrated by the early immigrants on January 19. After 1923, because of the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar, the Theophany was celebrated on January 6. This feast day commemorates the baptism of Christ by Saint John the Baptist. On that day or sometimes on the day before, the priest holds a religious service in the church to prepare the holy water. The faithful arrive at the church before the service starts, carrying their washed bottles or containers which are filled with the holy water and used by the believers daily or when someone becomes ill.

The priest, carrying a cross, a sprig of aromatic basil and a brass bucket of holy water, visited the homes to bless them and their occupants with the holy water. In advance of the arrival of the priest, a table was prepared on which was placed a lighted candle and a cross. All radios and television sets must be turned off. Preceded by the homeowner carrying a lighted candle and chanting an Epiphany anthem, the priest sprinkled holy water and blessed every room of the house and every person present, as well as the Lenten food the people may have prepared for his visit. Basil is regarded as a symbol of purity and youth. In areas where there was a natural source of water, it may be a custom to proceed to the water carrying banners and holy icons. When arriving there, a piece of ice was cut in the form of a cross, after which the service was conducted there.

In some parts of the country where there was a body of water nearby, the faithful went to the waterfront where the traditional blessing of water was held. Then the cross would be thrown in the water. In Romania, young people would jump into the water to retrieve the cross and thus receive a special blessing.

How the First Romanian Orthodox Canadians Celebrated Palm Sunday and Holy Week

Palm Sunday, the Entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem, is the beginning of Holy Week, culminating in the Resurrection. Pussy willows (instead of willow branches as used in Romania or palm leaves) were used by the Orthodox Canadian Romanians because of their availability in early spring) or green branches were brought into the church, blessed by the priest and distributed to the faithful who took them home. They displayed the pussy willows in their homes for a year until they replaced them with newly-blessed ones.

On Wednesday of Holy Week, the sacrament of Holy Unction was celebrated. This service was conducted by seven priests, each one, in turn, anointed the participants with Holy Oil which had been blessed. They were anointed on the forehead, on the ears, on the chin, on the chest and on the wrists, once by each priest. Basically, this service was performed for the sick as well as the dying but, in Holy Week it was administered to all the faithful who came to the service.

Thursday was the day for the Reading of the Twelve Gospels. All were read with short litanies at the conclusion of each. These gospels related the complete story of Jesus entering Jerusalem, suffering on the

cross and being crucified. At the conclusion of the service, the Epitaph, the replica of the tomb of Christ, was brought out of the altar.

Great Friday is a remembrance of the lamentations. This is an evening service. The faithful are divided into groups and each verse of the lamentations was sung by the groups rotating their turns. Where the church still used Romanian, one or more groups sang their verses in Romanian. In some churches, the cantors were included in the rotation. The service was divided into three parts; there were also three distinct melodies for each group. The congregation, holding lighted candles, circled the church three times. On re-entering the church, a beautiful hymn was sometimes sung, "Mergi la cer", which means "Rise to heaven."

On Saturday evening, the Resurrection Service was celebrated. The faithful entered the church around 11 p.m. At the beginning of the service, the church was in total darkness; then the priest came out of the altar with a lighted candle and called to the people to "come and receive the light". When everyone's candle was lit, there was a procession out of the church and the church was encircled three times. When the procession stopped at the doors of the church, after a small service, the epitaph was raised and people walked under the epitaph to enter the church. On entering the church, everyone sang "Christ is Risen" and the Epitaph was again taken back into the altar by the priest. Holy Week was a week of strict fasting by all Orthodox Christians.

How the First Romanian Orthodox Canadians Celebrated Easter (Pascha)

It is impossible to celebrate Easter (Pascha) without celebrating all the important church events leading up to Easter. It begins with the Sunday of Orthodoxy which celebrates the veneration of the holy icons. The Sunday before Easter is celebrated as Palm Sunday where congregations were given willows. In Romania these were branches from trees, in some churches in North America they imported palm branches and, in a small town in rural Saskatchewan, they used branches of pussy willows which had just started to open up if spring arrived early. This was followed by Holy Unction service usually celebrated on Wednesday, followed by the reading of the twelve gospels on Thursday, the lamentations of the Passion of Christ on Friday. On Good Friday the "aier" or "shroud" was taken from the altar and venerated by all who were at the service. It was born by four men and taken out of the church, carried around the church as part of the service and brought back into the altar. As the "aier" was brought back into the church, the hymn "Mergi la cer" or "Rise to Heaven" was sung by the faithful. The custom of singing the lamentations was usually done by dividing the congregation into groups. The Resurrection Service started near midnight on Saturday. People who never or seldom went to church were usually the first to arrive for the Resurrection Service. Divine Liturgy immediately followed on Sunday morning following the service, Easter baskets which each family brought from home, were blessed. These usually contained ham, sausage, Easter breads, coloured eggs and other non-Lenten foods. The people would either gather in the courtyard or in the hall to share their baskets and break the fast together. Next was "Bright Week" which was a fast-free week and a week of joy. For forty days the greeting was "Christos aInviat" or "Christ is Risen" and the reply was "Adevarat aInviat" or "Truly He is Risen."

In an article by Alexandru Nemoianu of the Heritage Center and published in the "Information Bulletin", the following article was printed in the Volume 2, Number 3 Issue dated Spring, 1985.

"Published in the "America" newspaper of April 8, J 909, this article is an advice regarding the proper way to observe Easter Sunday. It is almost certain that it was written by Rev. Fr. loan Podea. The author stated very clearly his reasons to publish the article. "In this country, so far, we miss sufficient churches and priests...that is the reason I publish these very short rules about the way the Romanians in America should take Pasti... (Pasti is a traditional item at Romanian Easter, it consists of bread and wine and is blessed by a priest).

"Each Christian has to observe the holy day of the Resurrection in a special, festive way...In the morning, everybody has to stop any futile activity, to wash and to put on the best clothes he possesses...It is very helpful to congregate together as many as possible in order to pray and sing. Especially they should sing 'Christ is Risen'. It is also appropriate to read a beautiful sermon...Nobody should consume alcoholic beverages or smoke prior to receiving Pasti...The oldest in the group is to distribute the Pasti...On this day everybody has to stay sober and by all means should avoid quarrels or fights...those who will behave otherwise will commit not only a sin but will prove in front of the community that he is a good for nothing villain. "

Traditions have changed over the last one hundred years in Canada. They have also changed in Romania under the rule of the communist government. The Canadians from Romania came from a number of districts, each with its own way to celebrate religious and cultural traditions. However, for all of them it was very important to attend church prior to Easter Sunday. On Saturday night, everyone gathered for the Resurrections Service. "Christ is Risen" was sung many times throughout the Divine Liturgy Service. Before the service began, it was very moving to participate in the "receiving of the light", each participant going to light their candle from the flame of the priest's candle. In Romania, after carrying their lighted candle as they walked home from the service, the people extinguished the flame on the threshold of their homes, that is, on the top frame of the entrance to their homes. Of course, as they walked home from church, one could see an ocean of lighted candles on the streets following the termination of the service. When you were greeted with "Christ is Risen" you replied "Truly He is Risen". At the midnight Service, baskets of food were brought to be blessed; in the basket were red coloured eggs and all the foods the women of the household planned to serve at the breaking of the fast.

Women who were artistic would paint the eggs using dye and wax to form intricate geometric or religious symbols on the eggs in readiness for Easter. As the tradition died, the eggs were dipped in dye made by boiling onion skins, beets or made in other ways. During the Easter dinner, it was the custom for everyone present to select a coloured hard—boiled egg to crack on someone else's egg. The way to crack the egg was to challenge someone else's egg, saying "Choc noroc". When an egg broke, the owner of the egg pealed and ate the egg. Of course, each one was expected to eat their broken eggs. The person with the only unbroken egg was considered to have "noroc" or luck. In some areas, the custom was for the broken eggs to be given to the one whose egg was still unbroken. The fancy decorated eggs were not the ones used for "choc noroc". The week following Easter was called "Bright Week" or "Saptamana luminate". No fasting of any kind took place in this week. Festivities were enjoyed by young and old. If anyone died during Bright Week, the funeral service differed because the deceased was considered to be especially blessed. These feast day and other celebrations were brought by the early immigrants. They have been adapted but, in essence, have retained their religious meanings and are continuing to be celebrated by third and fourth generations.

How the First Romanian Orthodox Canadians Celebrated Baptisms

Godparents were carefully selected by the parents before the baptism of an Orthodox child. These may be the godparents of the bride and groom but in many cases, they are different people. The child was brought forward into the church by the godparents. The mother entered the church only after40 days of giving birth. If the child was sickly, baptism was usually done very soon after birth. During the baptismal service, the priest blew gently on the child's forehead, mouth, and breast to blow away the evil. The godmother renounced Satan in the child's name and promised to believe in Jesus Christ and serve only him. The child was dipped in water three times and wrapped in a white towel. The child was anointed on the forehead, breast, shoulders, ears, hands and feet with chrism which was blessed by a bishop. The child's hair was clipped in four places in the form of a cross. The clippings may be given to the mother or godmother. Usually a dinner was provided for a small group of invited guests.

Christmas Traditions

Mary Romanko

I often sit back and think of the years gone by. I reflect on the Christmas holidays I had as a child and feel that nostalgia within me. With that feeling comes the thought that my children have missed a lot. I do not know the right place to begin so I shall start on a Christmas Eve when I was only ten years old.

Everyone was full and content after a festive dinner and as we all; children, relations, and guests sat around and visited, told stories, and sang carols, and one of the youngsters came running in excitedly announcing: "THE HORSE IS COMING! THE HORSE IS COMING". Everyone as if on cue got excited, young and old alike. We ran outside into the crisp frosty night and starry skies to hear for ourselves. Yes! You could hear those jingling sleigh bells! Oh, yes but definitely the horse is coming! From the north, oh, about a mile away, closer now just over that big hill. Now you can hear the "Hey, hey", louder and louder as they approached our gate in an open sleigh drawn by a pair of lively (or should I say spooked) horses. They were very swift and dashing which made their sleigh bells tinkle so merrily. We all ran back inside; everybody got busy pushing chairs around for ringside seats and to clear floor space for them to dance. Now they arrived - a five-point star is shining in the window, a candle lit inside showed up the nativity scene brightly.

They started caroling of the three wisemen, the shepherds, and the star of the east. A knock on the door, an old man enters with a long wool beard and a black nose a big hump in his back and heavily dressed in a sheepskin coat and pants. He asks permission to come in and dance for us. "Of course, welcome!" Says my father. "By all means do come in!"

One by one they all trudged in. Grandpa limped in first followed by Grandma cradling a babe in her arms, followed by the Joker dressed in a fancy top hat, tuxedo coattails and carrying a cane. Then came the Devil dressed all in white. Oh, he was scary! Long red horns and a big red nose and even a long red tail. But he also had jingle bells on!

Oh, the excitement of it all! Almost too much for us children, but some got brave enough to shake hands with them. Now the Horse came in - ahh how handsome he looked! The man who sported him wore a red cap and a red tunic and carried a sword. The white Horse was beautifully bedecked with stars and ribbons and with his arched neck held high his head as if to show his pride.

The Policeman followed and as soon as the violinist and harpist set up to play, the Policeman gave the signal and the prancing Horse began his dance, a very deeply intricate step. Next Grandma and Grandpa joined in followed by the rest of the characters. Each had their own style of dance: a performance you never did see. These steps are passed on from generation to generation and not very many can do them.

They also had an Indian or a Gypsy or both whichever they chose to take part and add to the performance. In between dances or rest periods they joked, begged and bartered with the folks and a great time was had by all. The Gypsy would read palms for a nickel or sell you walnuts or whatever goodies he had in his bag. I'll never forget the one who borrowed my doll and to this day has never returned it.

All of a sudden more noise outside. Oh, my goodness! Another Horse is coming! The star at the window! The knock on the door! Excitement supreme! Will the two horses fight? Will they have enough room? When the music started up again, both horses started their dancing in unison. We clapped and jumped up and down with glee as it was a sight to behold!

Too bad there were no television cameras in those days to catch those antics.

All this is imprinted in my book of memories. It is hard to describe but it is as vivid today as it was in the days of old. Only a few of the ones taking part remain today. You can almost call it a dying art, as the horse dance step is so intricate that not many can perform it.

The host, in this case my father, offered them food and drinks - the spirits of the times which they all enjoyed. The donations were given and finally the Policeman called "Forwards", which meant they all must leave to call at other homes. He often had a hard time rounding them up as there often was a stray one reluctant to leave. After they had all left, the awe of it all was instilled in us for some time. The funds they collected would enable them to sponsor a dance social at someone's home. A large house was preferred as they were well attended by young and old alike.

We would stay up all night waiting for carollers. Though some fell asleep the lights were never put out as that was the signal to carollers that they were welcome anytime. All of these customs and traditions date back to pagan times but we still enjoy them to this day.

In Romanian Christmases gone by, there was a religious aspect too. The supper with the twelve meatless dishes was held on Christmas Eve, which we celebrated on January 6. The carollers and the Horse and the Irod came on the 7th, then again on the 14th, which is New Year's by the Julian calendar.

The Irod was a charade of King Herod and his search for the Christ child and was performed by men except for the angel. They enacted the story of the soldiers going house to house to find all the male two-year olds to kill them. This was very impressive and to us children. Though not quite understood it held great reverence as our parents related it to us later.

January 19 was the last holiday of the season, the feast of Jordan and the Blessing of the Waters.

The seeding of wheat on New Year's morning was a symbol of prosperity. In the verses of rhythm and rhyme were the meaning of goodwill and wishes of good health, wealth, hope and happiness. Last but not least, love and kindness for your fellow man. Merry Christmas - "Sarbatori Fericiti".

The Spanish Flu

Nick Hauca

The dreaded flu came circa 1918-1919. Many people were not aware of the symptoms of this dreaded disease which left you sick and very weak. There was little to be done except go to bed and rest. It was common that within a day everyone in a household, as many as six or more would be stricken, weak and at times not able to eat, drink, or sleep.

In most situations it was the older ladies that attended the sick. People affected by the flu lay in a feverish sweat for days before noticing any small improvement. The best remedy was to keep a patient warm, inducing sweating without chilling. The grandmas usually insisted on people huddling together, usually on hay or straw beds, wrapped in very heavy covers, in a hot room. "Keep warm and sweat" was their ultimate advice. Even of those who went to the hospital, few lived. Keeping warm and sweating on the trip to the hospital was a task.

At that time there was not enough knowledge about the flu, no medication, no doctors close enough for most patients. George P. and Eleana Hauca lost their first-born son to the scourge of this dreaded flu.

To make matters worse, three other maladies of the time, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and pneumonia, also took their toll. Funerals were quite prevalent in those years. The processions were small - only relatives, close friends, and neighbours usually attended. Coffins were locally made by the area carpenter. Embalming was not around then and old ladies usually prepared the body for burial. No funeral directors, no hearses, nothing sophisticated. The procession to the church usually followed a wagon, sleigh, or buggy. What great sorrow!

Canadian Identity and Romanian Roots: Personal Reflections

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IMPRESSIONS and PROBLEMS OF AN IMMIGRANT FROM ROMANIA

Vasile C. Matache

The immigrants from East European countries, and particularly from Romania, coming to Canada and to Alberta, during the last years, deserve attention not because of their numbers but because almost all of them had to face many particular difficulties from the very moment when they took the dramatic decision of leaving their native country and until they succeeded to get establishment and obtain a job in line with their qualifications, here in Alberta.

When common people from West European countries or United States decide to emigrate to Canada, they are usually motivated by the hope of finding better working conditions or business conditions, in other words, higher earnings. They have relatively few legal difficulties in leaving their native countries. They know they will find in Canada conditions of life more or less similar to the existing conditions in their countries. Most of them are familiar with a real democracy. In addition to these, the British and the North American immigrants have the big advantage of speaking English as a first language. Also, their professional training and academic recognition are basically the same as that of Canadians and therefore more understandable and more relatable to any prospective Canadian employer.

The immigrants from Romania and from other East European countries are deprived of all these advantages for reasons that most of you already know.

The living conditions in East European communist countries are different. The wages and salaries are low. Even in East Germany and Czechoslovakia the annual income per capita is about half of that of West-Germany, Sweden and North America. It is still lower in Romania and Bulgaria. The justification is the necessity of a continuously high investment in heavy industry.

On the other hand, there is a limited supply of consumer goods, a chronic shortage of industrial goods, food and services.

Because of these conditions and of the particular concern that the tasks of every Economic Five-Year Plan must be achieved according to the term or even before the term, the communist governments of Eastern-European forced a tough discipline in the plants, state and collective farms and in the offices as well. In addition, in order to avoid any manifestation of opposition that could finally topple the existing regimes, a far-reaching limitation of the civil rights is imposed.

To have a more accurate image of the life in Romania, and in the East European countries in general, I do mention that half of the news offered to the people by all mass media concerns “the high achievements of the regime in economy”, “the big enthusiasm of the workers, headed by the communists (of course) in performing these achievements”, “the continuing increase of the living standard” and so on. Almost all the performances presented on TV, in stage theatres and cinemas, even the variety shows, are influenced by political propaganda.

Among the few improvements brought by the communist government in Romania, and in other East European countries, one can mention the free medical care, a reasonable level of rent and the increase of the duration of the elementary school. Unfortunately, some of these advantages have their disadvantages. The free medical assistance is not always completely free, rent for a state-owned apartment has increased alarmingly in relation to the purchasing ability of the employee. Also, the government has experienced unexpected results with the change of education programs. The younger generation no longer accepts the modest standard of living of their parents. Despite the political propaganda in schools, very few young people believe in communism.

PART 7: A BAKER'S DOZEN

Excerpted from *A Baker's Dozen:* by Pearl Murray

Chapter 2: A Baker's Dozen

Mom was almost twenty when her first child, John (Ewon), was born. It was a difficult birth. With no mother to help and share her new experience, it must have been a frightening time.

During the early 1900s, new mothers were expected to stay in bed for a whole week after a birth. During the twenty-some years that followed, my mother delivered the baker's dozen, thirteen of us in all. I'm sure the week of required bed rest after each birth was her only respite from an otherwise heavy schedule of caring for an ever-growing family.

All births were registered at the local country post office. Father provided English names. Our Romanian names were not registered. Unfortunately, English was not the postmaster's first language and at least five family members' registered names were misspelled. These errors only surfaced once they reached adulthood and needed accurate identification.

The year after John was born, Gladys (Sanfira) joined the family. She was named after Mother's mother. Gladys was followed by Mike (Mihai), then Dan (Metro). Mom's fifth child, a girl, was named Helen (Elena), after Mother's only and dearly loved sister.

That first group of five was close-knit. They walked to school together and helped each other with schoolwork. They played and worked well. My parents depended on them for help with chores and seasonal commitments that came along. Oh yes, there was grumbling and complaining, but everyone was expected to help.

The second and middle group in the baker's dozen included Nick (Nicolai), Steve (Stefan), Kathleen/Katie (Katrina), and Pearl (Pakitsa). We communicated well with the older group, especially Steve, who was always there willing to help. But we also were close to the younger group when it came along. That group began with George (pronounced Gee-orgee, "g" as in go), followed by three sisters, Lucille (Domnica), Bertha/Beth (Veronca), and Adeline (Anitsa). George, in the middle of five sisters, was constantly on guard lest he be over-ruled by the females.

The Romanian names and language were generally used during our family's early years. However, as time went by, we children attended school and English was spoken more and more. During the casual transition, language became a mixed bag; it did not matter what language we used; it was understood. By the time the last group of four came along, our parents spoke a lot of English. Consequently, the younger members of the family understood the mother tongue, but found it awkward and humorous to use.

Chapter 3: The Big White House

All of Mother and Dad's children at some time lived in the "big white house" and the summerhouse that was situated north of it, but there were other houses before those were built.

I have a vague recollection of my father mentioning a shack, his first home on the homestead. The shack was quite near the lake—I would think about the middle of the present garden area, which is on the south-facing slope between the big white house and the lake. He lived in it while still a bachelor. I remember a strange story he told us of coming home from cutting hay with a scythe. In his absence an intruder had been in his humble home. As he retrieved his few kitchen utensils from a shelf to prepare a meal, he noticed the stub of a burnt candle and a spent match in the bottom of a cup. He took the cup to the lake a few hundred feet away and quickly washed it out. Even though he was too tired and hungry to dwell on the likely act of witchcraft, he remembered the incident all his life.

It is likely that Dad built his second house in anticipation of his marriage to Mom. The couple had three little ones, John, Gladys, and Mike, when that house met with disaster.

It happened when Dad travelled to Vernon, B.C., to visit his sister Dora Kazamerchuk. He found the Alberta winters severe and while visiting his sister, he scouted the area for the possibility of relocating there for the warmer climate.

Mother and the little ones were left behind. While baking bread, Mother got the stove hot. It is likely that the soot in the chimney caught fire and burned the house. The family escaped but a pig in a lean-to shed attached to the house did not. They also lost the few documents that they possessed.

Dad built another home on the highest point farther north. Even though he could see most of his land from that vantage point, the house bore the brunt of the cold north wind. It was small. Each of the two rooms was about 12 feet square.

With the family growing in numbers, they needed a larger home. So, Dad built the white house that we grew up in. The summerhouse served as a temporary residence after the fire while the big house was being built. When the larger house was complete, the little house on the high ground was sold to a farmer near Hairy Hill. Since there was no way of moving the building, the logs were numbered, and the house was dismantled and then put together again in its new location.

By today's standards, the big white house was not big. The main floor was a living/kitchen/dining room. The trap door behind the pantry wall led to the dirt cellar that kept potatoes fresh all winter. Jars of preserves and the occasional wooden boxful of apples (often sent by Mother's sister and brother-in-law, Helen and Mike Cucheran, from Vernon) were also kept in the cool cellar.

The upstairs, one large open room with a double bed in each corner, was full most nights. Later a wall installed in the middle made two rooms. The chimney ran up near the stairs and provided warmth in the winter. A dormer facing south was Dad's attempt at design and light.

All the buildings to that point were built with available materials—logs off the farm. Few nails were used. Logs were shaped at their ends to make them fit and were often reinforced using an old-fashioned drill that made holes for handmade dowels.

Even though most of the buildings, including the summerhouse, had the ends of the logs protruding in the corners, Dad trimmed the ends on the white house. It was special. As well, the logs on that building were squared to make for flat sides. That, I presume, was done by hand, using a hatchet, axe, and hand-saw. What a lot of work! But Dad wished to build a fine house.

The site for the building was excellent except for one thing. On that location the house was protected from north winds by the higher ground behind it. The front view consisted of two lakes joined by a channel and surrounded by willows, poplars, and reeds. The landscape and waterfowl on the lake provided moments of pleasure and a feeling of peace. Upon rising in the morning, one always glanced at the lake and had the feeling that all was well with the world. However, the site presented the problem of stability. With cement for piles unavailable in those times, Dad's challenge was to build a stable building on shifting sand. And he did it using rocks!

Dad discovered a seam of clay east of the granary. Water and straw added to the clay, and mixed by the children stomping it with their bare feet, resulted in filler for cracks between logs. In the case of the white house, after the filler dried, both the interior and exterior walls were made smooth with coats of soft, pure clay. The final step was a couple of coats of whitewash.

In amazement, from a safe distance, we watched our mother make the whitewash. Lime in powdered form was bought. When added to a bucket of cold water, the mixture bubbled and boiled as it was stirred with a wooden paddle. Often bluing, used in laundry to make white clothes whiter, was added to produce a whiter paint. As well, when fine washed sand was added, the paint adhered to the clay.

Each spring Mother checked the walls. Cracks or holes where the clay had fallen out were refilled and repainted.

In mid-winter one year, our home was almost lost. On our return from school we found the family in shock. That day Lucille, who was about five years old, was bored. She had gone upstairs, found a candle, lit it, and proceeded to make wax dots on the trunk near a curtained window. She had seen older siblings make dots of wax on their hands and called them measles. But she got too near the curtains. When they caught fire, she was too frightened to let anyone know. However, Mother's sixth sense prompted her to look up the stairs. Nick, then seventeen years old, said he was the first one up the stairs but the heavy smoke stopped him. In the meantime, his father rushed past him, pulled down the curtain, and in heavy smoke fought the fire. He told us that he was about to give up, when, by the grace of God, he got the fire under control.

Over the years, the house witnessed many events. There was the whir of the cream separator, the spinning wheel, the knitting machine, as well as the radio, and family discussions, disagreements, teasing, and laughter. Some Sundays, its walls vibrated as friends and neighbours gathered to sing hymns accompanied by the organ (I had purchased the organ while attending summer school in Edmonton). During the war it saw the concerns of parents and saw neighbours gather around the radio to hear Dad translate what was happening in Europe. The house absorbed the aromas of cooking and especially that of baking bread.

In time the house experienced a quiet period, except for days when grandchildren again filled it with the sounds of laughter.

Sadly, after many years it tired. It began to lean and sag. It would come down and give way to a small bungalow.

Chapter 4: My Grandparents – Who Were They?

When I was a child I did not know about grandparents. Except for aunts and uncles, there were no special older people who came to our house or whose houses we visited. Because grandparents were not part of my life, I did not miss them. As I grew older, I learned that everyone has four of them. But even though I must have had four as well, I was not aware of any of them.

The following account is information I gleaned from hearing my parents discuss instances in their lives involving their parents—my grandparents.

My maternal grandparents, Stefan and Sanfira, lived in Romania. But like many from that part of Europe, they too would venture forth to the New World.

A few years before Alberta became a province (1905), Stefan and Sanfira and their young family of five left their homeland for Canada. Their third child, Maria, who would later become my mother, was only five when they left. We know little of their homeland. At one time my mother told me that she thought that they came from Moldavia in Romania.

The ocean voyage across the Atlantic was long and tiring. The young family landed in Halifax and then took the long train trip to western Canada. Maria remembered little of the arduous trip from Europe to Alberta. The voyage must have been hard on the family, but especially on Sanfira.

Stefan applied for a homestead, but before he could build a house, winter approached. Despite the fact that he was a woodworker, he did not have the time to build a house. Consequently, the first winter was spent in a dugout, a hole dug in the side of a hill, with a roof of logs and clay to keep out the rain and snow. Mattresses of straw lined much of the floor.

Food was scarce, and before the family acquired a cow and chickens, much of their food was wildlife: grouse, ducks, fish, and sometimes rabbit. Stefan was often paid for his work with a sack of grain or a slab of pork. If my grandmother was anything like her daughter (my mother), she did without food for herself in order that her family was fed. But the harsh existence would take its toll on her.

Several years after arriving in Canada and living in poor conditions, Sanfira's health deteriorated. Was it influenza or pneumonia? No doctor was available to determine the cause of her death. Sanfira left her husband and a young family of five. The oldest was about twelve.

Stefan was devastated. Since he did carpentry work and was mostly away from home, he could not care for his young family. The children were put with strangers. Maria ended up with an English family near Hairy Hill. Her new family had two boys somewhat older than Maria. Maria's kindly manner and dedication grew on the family and they decided they wished to adopt her. As well, Maria liked her new family and home. She was glad to have a mother figure to teach her about the finer things in life. After learning English, as well as housekeeping and cooking, she was happy.

A couple of years later, just as she was starting to go to school, her father came to claim her. He wanted his family back together. And so, Maria, at age eleven or twelve and still a child herself, looked after the other children in the family.

A widow from another district visited one afternoon. The children were alone while their father worked. When they got hungry, they ground wheat between two special stones, mixed the resulting flour with

water, and fried pancakes. They shared their meagre meal with the guest. She ate, left soon after, and never returned.

Stefan's gun was important to him. Many a meal depended on his marksmanship. But his gun would also be anything but a blessing.

As time passed, the family continued to subsist. Necessarily, the children became inventive and independent.

At eighteen, Maria met Fred (my father), a sinewy and brilliant young man of whom her father Stefan was not particularly fond. However, the match (made in heaven, I believe) blossomed and they married. It was after they were married and began a family that Stefan had a fatal accident. He was cleaning his gun. I do not know about cleaning guns, but it seems that to do a thorough job it was necessary to heat up the barrel. When Stefan pushed the end of the barrel into the stove, gunpowder that was still in the gun discharged. His thigh was shattered and he bled to death. So, my maternal grandparents were gone before I was born. There were no pictures of them.

Who were Stefan and Sanfira? What did they look like? Did they have aspirations?

My mother had often mentioned Grandpa Stefan's red, curly hair. But in spite of the belief that people with red hair had a mean spirit, he had a kindly and mild manner. His sons, my uncles, were of medium height and build. I like to think he looked like them.

If Grandma Sanfira resembled her two daughters, she was short but made up for her stature with love and kindness. She prayed for her family as she suffered in silence.

I can only visualize what my mother's parents were like from the stories that my parents shared. I wish that I had known them.

My paternal grandparents, Helen and Paul, were strangers to me as well. I have not seen photos of them either.

Paul and Helen lived in Romania. They had four daughters and finally one son, Fred, who would later become my father. Life was difficult in Romania. Like his father (my great-grandfather) before him, Paul worked for a landlord. When Fred was a teenager, he was already following in his father's footsteps. He would never own land but he and his children, and their children, would work for landlords as his forefathers had done before him. One tenth of the farm produce was his pay. It was most difficult to feed a family with that arrangement.

News came from Canada from former neighbours who had lived under the same conditions before they had immigrated to Canada. In Canada they could get one quarter section of land (160 acres) for only the ten-dollar filing fee. To be a landowner was too good to be true. It was hardly imaginable. Fred and his oldest sister and her husband planned on immigrating to Canada. He was only sixteen. Fred dreamed of owning and working on his own land. He was tired of being awakened at 5:00 a.m. to clean barns and cut grain. He was young and adventurous.

So in about 1907 Fred was in a new country where there was the possibility that in a few years he could own his own land. That was his ultimate dream.

Helen, my grandmother, died in her homeland. A scratch or poke by a branch on her head became infected. The condition worsened and eventually took her life. It seems that Paul was somewhat reluctant to leave his homeland in spite of the difficult living conditions.

But Grandfather Paul and his other daughters did follow some time later. By the time they arrived, I believe that Fred had already applied for land.

Although the legal age for applying for land was 21, Fred applied when he was only nineteen, claiming he was of legal age. His intentions were honourable.

Paul lived for a while with his married children who had homesteads in the Deep Lake, Sandy Lake, and Moose Lake communities. Their dreams of living in the Boian area, named after the community in their homeland where they came from, did not come to pass. All homesteads in Boian had already been claimed.

As his children struggled to provide for their families, Paul decided to venture out on his own. He travelled north of the North Saskatchewan River and there found a new wife. He started a second family. Again, he had four daughters, but Fred was his only son. It seems that he did not visit his children south of the river. He struggled to support a new family; the river was a natural barrier and he was elderly. Ties with his first family seemed broken.

I would have liked to have known my grandparents. Even photos would make thoughts of them more meaningful. Unfortunately, cameras were not readily available in those times.

From the stories I heard from my parents, I can only admire my courageous grandparents and the difficult lives they endured. With faith and trust in God, they ventured into the unknown. They hoped that their struggles would make the lives of future generations easier.

Even though I did not know my grandparents, I must love them. I appreciate their sacrifices for me. I am part of their humble lives and I shall remember that all my life. I know that they were fine people because they were parents of my own dear parents.

Chapter 11: “E” Stands for Eaton’s

In the early 1900s new Eastern European immigrants had little or no knowledge of the English language and few opportunities to learn. Newspapers were rarely available. Television had not yet been invented. The scant world news reaching the community did so via the grapevine or crystal radio sets, with verbal translations by the few bilingual neighbours.

However, there was one readily available and constant source of “English as a Second Language" education: the Eaton’s catalogue. With the help of their children, who were learning English in school, and the pictures in the Eaton’s catalogue, the new immigrants began to understand the language of their adopted home.

The Eaton’s catalogue advertised everything: hats and spats, coats, dresses, men’s suits, underwear, bloomers, fabric, toys, books, household goods; you name it—Eaton’s had it. Shoes included sandals, loafers, pumps, galoshes, leather boots, felt boots, cowboy boots, rubber boots, and more. Cloth was available in muslin, print, corduroy, denim, linen, silk, and wool. Through Eaton’s, the new Canadians learned about order forms, money orders, and C.O.D.s (cash on delivery). The catalogue served as a fashion

magazine too. The girls studied the pages full of models—the dresses, the shoes, the hairstyles, and even the stances—as they dreamed of wearing the clothes they could not afford. Young men admired the men's wear: the shiny black shoes, the double-breasted suits, the hats that portrayed masculinity.

Two large Eaton's catalogues were expected each year: one for summer and one for winter. When a new catalogue arrived in the mail, the old one was retired to the outhouse, where it continued to serve as a fashion magazine, as well as toilet tissue. Generally, the back-index pages were torn out first, followed by the other less desirable sections. When a young family member was late for dinner or shirking chore responsibilities, he was likely perusing the big book while sitting on the throne.

In our community, Deep Lake, the T. Eaton Company and the post office were trusted and held in high regard. Our post office was operated by Mr. Shalka and the district was ultimately named after him. An order taken in for the Tuesday or Saturday morning mail pick-up resulted in the arrival of a parcel precisely one week later. It never failed.

Eaton's service proved honest and fair. If merchandise was out of stock, it was substituted with an item of equal or better quality. If it cost less than the article ordered, the difference was made in coupons—soft green coupons, which were used to pay for future orders.

At the age of four, I too became indebted to Eaton's for kick-starting my early education.

It all happened on an extremely cold winter's day. Dad and the older boys decided not to cut trees that day for the next year's supply of firewood. It was just too cold! Besides, Mother could use their help indoors. A wool quilt was nearing completion, and had reached the stage where Father's help was important.

The previous spring, the wool had been shorn off the sheeps' backs. That summer, when the rain barrels overflowed with soft water, the wool was washed in several soapy baths, rinsed, and laid out to dry. The clean dry wool was stored under a bed until the winter came. Then during the long cold evenings, our family sat together in the large kitchen/living/dining room, pulling the wool to loosen the fibres. The soft and fluffy mass was then carded into batts, which were layered between two sheets of cotton print and loosely hand-basted together. Rather than take the time to hand-quilt, the assembly was sewn securely together by machine. At that stage, many hands were needed to hold the bulky quilt level with the sewing machine.

Father stood behind the treadle, directly in line with the needle, pulling just enough to guide the stitching. Mother sat in front of the machine, pumping the treadle, while feeding the quilt through. The other available family members held the quilt up to prevent it from flopping and sagging. It would take most of the day! After the first few lengths of stitching, the chore proved boring for a four-year-old like me.

I pretended to help, but mostly rubbed my face on- the soft fluffy wool. The lingering fragrance of lanolin was nice. Later, I sat on the floor under the wool canopy, watching Mother's foot tirelessly pumping the machine. This was a private place. I liked private places.

The aroma of cooking chicken filled the room. For lunch, Mother would remove the boiled meat from the hot water and sauté it in sour cream. Vegetables were added to the broth for soup. The smells made me hungry.

My canopy disappeared as the quilt was gently rolled up and set on a cot. The stitching would continue after lunch. The sewing machine was rolled from the centre of the room towards its permanent spot near a window. A small nook was created. The spot was enclosed on four sides by the wall, the sofa, the desk, and the sewing machine. I crawled over the treadle into the secret enclave. It felt good to be alone.

I pulled Father's bulky sweater from the couch, using it as a rug on the cold floor. I stood up and explored my surroundings. Mother's big shiny scissors lay on the top of the sewing machine. I reached for them, knelt down, and tried them. They were too big for my small hands and there was nothing nearby to practise my cutting on. I stood up again. On the windowsill were four soft green papers. They were nice. They were beautiful. Each had a large diamond shape with a symbol in its centre, as well as a border of tiny diamonds along its outer edge. Now, I planned, if I could cut out each diamond, I might use them on the checkerboard for a special game. I took the green papers and ducked down again.

The scissors were too big to handle easily. I would have to use both hands. All the big diamond shapes would be cut first. The cuts were sloppy. The paper bent between the cutting blades. I concentrated. Then I jumped as an anxious voice called, "What are you doing?"

My sister Helen pushed the sewing machine just enough to get into my private nook. She knelt beside me.

"You shouldn't cut these. They are Eaton's coupons. They're like money. We can send them to Eaton's to buy things." She guided my index finger and traced the symbol in the big diamond shape. One vertical stroke and three horizontal branches.

"This is 'E.' See," she pointed out. "And 'E' stands for Eaton's." She pointed to numbers on the coupon—fifteen cents, eight cents, twenty-four cents, twelve cents. "This money is half of a pair of shoes for you. It can buy one shoe."

"Why would anyone want one shoe?" I wondered.

Helen mixed flour and water and pasted the coupons onto a sheet of paper. "Maybe Eaton's will take these. But don't ever do that again."

The "E"'s in the diamond shapes looked curious. I was about to crawl out from under the sewing machine, when I noticed a snake-shaped symbol on the machine. I traced it with my finger.

"What's this, Helen?" I asked.

"That's an 'S.' 'S' stands for Singer. See the S-I-N-G-E-R? That spells Singer. It's the company that made the machine. And your name starts with 'P."'

My formal learning had begun, and there was no looking back.

Chapter 50: Religion and Our Family

When I look back on how our parents handled religion in the family, I marvel at their attitude. As we became adults, we had the freedom to worship in churches of our choosing. All the churches we chose were of the Christian faith. That was a comfort, I am quite certain, but of course, those were different times. My parents came to Canada as children so it is unlikely that they remembered religious experiences

or observations of their parents and grandparents. My recollection is that Dad's sisters and their families leaned towards the evangelical faith. I recall being in a church in Lac La Biche, and admiring Uncle John's craftsmanship. He had built the altar in that church. He worked with wood, like his father, my grandfather, Stefan.

Probably because we lived in a predominantly Ukrainian Greek Orthodox community, my parents sometimes attended the church at Ispas. That was likely for convenience and acceptance. As a child I attended that church only a very few times. To me the church service and the building were mostly a curiosity—the huge candles, the tiny angels painted on a blue ceiling, the aroma of incense, the chanting, the robed priest who spoke in a language that I did not understand. It was all fascinating and interesting, but I did not learn much about God or the Bible. I do believe that most of my siblings experienced similar observations. We youngsters flowed with the tide. We did what our parents asked us to do.

Probably what influenced our lives and knowledge of the Bible most was the community visits by missionaries from the Prairie Bible Institute (PBI) at Three Hills. The ground-breakers were two young women who grew up north of the river. I was in elementary grades when they held Sunday School at our Deep Lake School as well as in homes that were open to them. Several years later Reverend Waldy and his family moved into the district. They rented a house across the road from the former Shalka Post Office. They, too, held meetings in schools and people's homes. Our parents opened our home to them. There, Mrs. Waldy accompanied the singing by playing the organ we had in our home. On warm summer Sundays, the music and singing of hymns floated through the barnyard. Some neighbours came to our house for the services; other Greek Orthodox believers had nothing to do with it.

In the summer two young women from PBI held Bible School, first in the small, abandoned Skoreko house and later in what was called the "Bull Corral," which was an open platform with limited shelter where dances were sometimes held during the summer. Since the moonshine ran freely at the dances, our parents discouraged us from attending. I had never been to one of those dances, but I spent summer days there helping the two missionaries with children's Bible School.

I think it was during that time that I learned Bible verses that have been a comfort to me throughout my life: "Jesus said, 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me"'; when tempted, "Get behind me Satan. I will follow the Lord and Him only will I serve." Two favourites from Isaiah I often think of as I look over the fields. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help comes from the Lord." When things go wrong, I remind myself, "This is the day which the Lord hath made. We shall rejoice and be glad in it." During this time in history it is most important that God is part of our daily lives; honour Him before men and He will honour you in the kingdom of heaven.

When I was young, I thought I would live forever. But life flashes by so quickly. However, it is a comfort to look forward to the everlasting life which He has promised as long as we accept Him as our Lord and Saviour. God keep and bless all our wonderful family, and families everywhere.

PART 8: A PAIR OF SKATES

Excerpted from *A Pair of Skates:* By Sandy Lutic

FARM ACTIVITIES

At the beginning of 1940, things on the farm were slow. It was cold, and snow drifts effectively stopped car travel altogether. All our animals—cows, chickens, and pigs—were always kept inside their respective barns. Our horse, Prince (which we used for buggy and cutter duties), and a team of horses (used for farm chores and trips to town or church) were kept in the barn. The other horses were always outside, feeding

from a straw pile and getting water by eating snow. Winter was a time to haul grain to the grain elevators in Hairy Hill.

We had only a quarter section of land consisting of 160 acres, but that changed when my father bought more land and expanded his operation. From the land, wheat was the main grain that was sold from our farm, along with occasionally barley and oats. The coarse grains were used to feed the pigs, chickens, cows and horses. Cows were fed grain (chop) only at calving time and sometimes in the spring before the grass turned green in the pastures. Horses were fed oats during the spring field work season only because horses, like humans, require more energy when they are working in the fields pulling plows, harrows, and other farm machinery for 8 to 10 hours per day. Otherwise they survived on hay, straw and grass.

On our farm, pigs were fed chop—ground oats and sometimes a mixture of barley. This grain was ground at the chop mill, usually in Hairy Hill, but sometimes a local farmer would come with his grinder and tractor and make chop right on the farm. The grain (oats) would be loaded into a sleigh or wagon box from the granary and taken to town to grind at an elevator type building where the grain would be unloaded into a pit then elevated into a bin where it was released into the grinder. From the grinder, it came down a shoot back into the wagon box. While we were picking it up in town, we purchased groceries, coal oil for lamps, and batteries for the radio. The mail was also picked up at the post office. Upon arriving back home, the chop was unloaded into a granary beside the area where the pigs were fed.

Haying

Haying was a summer function. Hay meadows were in lower areas when the fields could not be cultivated or small areas when it was not practical to take machinery and work these fields. There were two different types of hay—swule hay and seeded hay, bronze grass alfalfa. Usually in July, hay was ready to be mowed. We had a two—horse pulled mower, which cut a 4- or 5-foot swath. Once the hay was raked into piles, a two-horse hay rack would come and men loaded the hay off the ground with pitchforks. When the rack was loaded, the hay was hauled and unloaded into the loft in the barn, or haystacks were made in a fenced area to hold this hay until winter or spring where it was fed to calving cows or the horses doing spring work. Swule hay was harvested once per year, whereas alfalfa would be harvested twice.

Gardening

Gardening started with the ordering of seeds from the Eaton's catalogue, usually in March. My mother did the ordering of seeds as she was the one fully in charge of the garden. In the early '40s there weren't many seed catalogues to choose seeds from, Eaton's and Simpson Sears. As time passed, more seed catalogues or flyers came out where there was a better selection.

Some of the seeds would be planted in small pots and pans. Next, a hot bed was built for the seeds to germinate. The bed was a log enclosure covered with manure, then some sand, then about 4 to 6 inches of black dirt was placed in the hot bed. The bed was started in April and the manure gave heat for the germinating seeds. If there was a possibility of frost, which happened quite frequently in April or earlier, it was covered with blankets and a binder, which is a farm implement that had a canvas to convey the grain to the bundle tier. It was stored in a dry place and used to cover things when needed.

Another method of increasing heat was to place storm windows over the hot bed. The sun's rays would produce heat, thereby promoting growth. The main seeds planted were cabbage, tomatoes, and cauliflower. By the middle of May the garden is plowed and harrowed. A small field was also plowed in the field near the granary in some years.

Potatoes were the first to be planted in the garden and mostly in the plot in the field. Next the peas, carrots, onions, garlic, beans, and turnips. Flowers were planted after the hot bed tomatoes, cabbage, and cauliflower were transplanted. With sufficient moisture, all the seeds would come up, as well as the weeds. The garden had to be weeded as many as three times. The potatoes were hilled, which means dirt was pulled from around the plant to cover the roots and new potatoes that were starting to grow. If the new potatoes were not covered with dirt the sun would turn the potatoes green, harming the taste of the potatoes. Hilling potatoes had nothing to do with the end of the school year, just something that happened at the end of June, usually at the end of the school year. Soon after, canning started.

Canning on the Lutic Farm

The canning season began in June. Saskatoons were picked. Fruit was canned. Saskatoons mixed with rhubarb made a very delicious jam.

Next came garden vegetables, and raspberries from the garden. We had a fairly large patch of raspberries—four long rows. In good years we had more raspberries than our family could use. These berries had to be picked every three or four days. It was not my favourite pastime; however, this was our job and it had to be done. It was kind of a boring job and seemed like it was never ending, especially in the hot month of August.

People would come and pick raspberries and we were paid by the pound. By the time canning was all done, my mother would have canned over 200 glass jars. After all the preparation—cleaning, sorting, packing into jars—the jars were closed with a rubber seal and glass cover, then tightened with a metal ring. The jars were then placed in the canner, then boiled for whatever time was required. They would be taken into the cellar for storage until winter, or whenever they were otherwise needed.

Cucumbers were an important item in the garden as they were picked and placed in a barrel in the cellar. Wooden barrels were used, approximately 30 gallons. Brine was made out of salt, vinegar and water. This preserved the pickles for almost six months. Another garden item that was preserved in barrels with the same formula was cabbage, which was used to make cabbage rolls. This barrel was also in the cellar.

Cabbage was also shredded then placed in a 10-gallon crock, again in the cellar, for sauerkraut.

Cheese (ranet) was also placed in a 10-gallon crock, again in the cellar. Whole milk was used to make this cheese. Ranet tablets would be placed in the milk, which would curdle the milk. It would then be placed in a cheesecloth strainer, where it would form a ball six to eight inches in diameter. Once the cheese ball dried, it would be shredded or crumbled into small pieces, salted, and placed in the crock. Brine was kept on top to keep the cheese from-drying. This cheese was similar to feta cheese purchased in stores.

Along with the items mentioned came a very large amount of potatoes (maybe 50 bags). These potatoes lasted until June or July when the new potatoes were available the next year. These potatoes were also

used for seed potatoes. Carrots, turnips, onions, and garlic were also stored in the cellar. Cellars could be dug under a house before it was built, but more often than not, it was dug afterward.

In our house, the cellar was about five feet deep and approximately 12 feet by 12 feet. Houses were built with stones to keep the floor and walls off the ground, creating a breezeway under the floor. In the fall, farmers would place straw or even manure to keep the cold from entering under the floor or the cellar. The ground in the cellar never froze because of the depth of the floor and also because of the heat that escaped from the main floor. The entrance to the cellar was a trap door that was cut into the floor.

A ladder or stairs were used to enter, and a lantern had to be used to find the items you were to bring up, as there was no electricity. The cellar was used almost daily.

Cutting Firewood

Wood kept the houses warm during the winter months when gas, propane or electricity was unavailable or unknown to the Europeans who came to Canada. The settlers in our area liked their homesteads because they had an abundance of trees (wood) that they could use—something they lacked in the old country. Wood was used to make fires to cook meals and to heat houses.

In our generation, trees were cut down with an axe and piled so they could be hauled to the farm. A sleigh pulled by two horses was used to haul these logs, which were unloaded into a large pile. These logs were sometimes cut in 16-inch pieces with a Swiss saw, but the practice in the 1940s was to contract a farmer with a tractor or homemade table saw with a 30-inch blade. The saw was run by a belt pulley from the tractor to the saw. This operation required four or five men. The logs would be picked up by three or four men, and one person would feed the log into the blade while the others would hold it to the right level. One person would be on the other side to catch the 16-inch pieces and throw them into the pile. Again, the woman of the house had to feed the men, as it was usually an all-day job if it was a huge pile.

The wood was still not ready to take into the house. It had to be split. This was a slow and tedious job. Each piece was placed on a block and split into four or six pieces, then picked up and thrown into another pile.

If not too green, the wood was now ready to burn in the cook stove or heater. Most of the trees used for heating were poplar, which burned very quickly; the stove had to be stoked very often. The solution was to buy coal, which was available in town. The grain elevator agent stocked coal for sale. Car loads of coal would be shipped to towns from coal mining operations in places like Wabamun and Drumheller, Alberta. The coal would be unloaded from the boxcar, down a shoot to a shed that the elevator agent owned. This coal would be unloaded manually with a shovel.

Father would go to town with his sleigh and horses to purchase coal and bring it home where it was unloaded into a shed. From the shed, the coal was hauled in a bucket into the house and fed into the heater and cook stove in the evening after all the cooking for the day was completed. In the 1930's and '40s in Alberta, this was a huge industry until heating oil, natural gas and propane were used.

DAILY CHORES ON THE FARM

Daily chores on the farm often centred around looking after the animals. In the wintertime, there was usually one cow that provided milk for the whole family. This milk was not separated but was left in a container so the cream was skimmed off the top for coffee, baking etc. The cow was milked twice a day and she produced about 10 litres at each milking, about 20 litres per day. I recall that a little milk was always poured in a little dish for the cats that lived in the barn. Any unused milk was fed to the pigs.

Caring for Cattle

Cattle were let out of the barn during the daytime all winter long. They would have their drink of water and then go out to a straw pile, which was usually near the farmyard. My father did not like his animals drinking cold water from the well, because when cattle drink cold water when the temperature is -20 C or more, they seem to hump their backs. This is not good, especially for cows that are in calf, so he would heat the water in a steel circular basin. He would light a fire to warm the water during the cold winter days. The cattle and horses had a wooden trough to drink from. What was pumped into the trough would freeze quickly. Adding warm water helped prevent freezing. The animals, especially the cows, enjoyed this, probably because they felt cold or humped all day.

Skating on the Farm

At the end of the day, my father (or whomever else was available) would bail the water that was left in the trough and throw it to the side of the well. This water formed a sheet of ice, and this is where I put on my first pair of skates. I was about seven years old when I first tried skating on the well on our farm. Skating was not a big thing in our family, but it was a big thing for a Canadian boy living on the prairies. At school all the students, including most girls, skated during the lunch hour. The boys played hockey and they all had visions of playing professional hockey for the Toronto Maple Leafs. I fell many times but eventually learned to stand up and move on my skates. From there, I graduated to a pond across the road at Toma's farm.

Feeding the Pigs

Another chore involved feeding the pigs their chop, morning and evening. It took a litter of pigs approximately six months to reach their desired weight of about 200 lb. (90 kg). We must have raised 100 hogs for sale in the early 1940s. During WWII, hogs could be sold in the $40 to $50 range - a very good return because the wage for an employee in a retail store or garage in 1940 was probably $120.00 per month. At that time, my parents had a net income of approximately $3000.00. Going back five years earlier, their income was approximately $800.00 per year, or less.

Chickens and Eggs and Chores

Chickens also had to be fed. They were fed whole grains as well as chop. A special water pail was provided, which had to be replenished daily during the winter. This water would freeze, so the heated water in the tank helped. A chore that often fell to Paul, Andy or me was picking eggs from the nests. We had approximately 100 chickens in the winter, and they laid around three dozen eggs per day. We definitely didn't eat these many eggs each day. These extra eggs were sold to an egg grading station agent, which brought in money mainly to buy groceries. The agent shipped the eggs to larger centres where they were sold in retail stores. There was no heat in the chicken coops, but roosts were made out of wood with a platform below to catch the droppings. The chickens roosted close to each other, and because of the height of the roosts, they were able to keep warm even during the coldest weather.

In early February, the days start getting longer and our thoughts turned to weather warming, snow melting, and spring coming. With springtime approaching, it was time to order chicks from the hatchery in Edmonton. Chicks were ordered in different categories—females for laying hens, males either for meat or for sale to poultry-killing plants. Turkey chicks were also ordered, though they were shipped about a month later. Special arrangements had to be made in the brooder house to have it cleaned and heated days before the chicks arrived. There was a special heater called the brooder. It was a hood that fit over the stove that stopped the heat from rising to the ceiling, and kept the heat close to the floor.

Picking Up the Chicks

When the chicks were to arrive, they had to be picked up at the CPR railroad station in Hairy Hill, a distance of four miles. This was done with a sleigh and two horses. Blankets and quilts were used to cover the chicks after they were unloaded from the heated rail car. If the weather was warm and roads were in good condition for horse travel, there wasn't a problem. If a snowstorm happened on the day of the chicken arrival, the trip back to the farm was slow, and there was a possibility the chicks would catch colds and fight for survival. Once the chicks arrived home, they were fed chick starter in trays and water from special dispensers. The chicks came in cardboard boxes, approximately 50 per box. They were unloaded by hand near the heater where they would run around and gradually start to eat and drink.

Keeping the Chicks from Dying

Once darkness set in, the chicks had a tendency to sit on the floor and go to sleep. If the temperature was a little cool, the chicks would bunch up together and they would suffocate. If the chicks arrived when days were shorter, a lantern was lit to keep the chicks moving longer and stop them from bunching up together. The light also gave them an opportunity to start eating and drinking before bedtime. It was customary for someone to stay up all night to survey the chicks for the first two or three days. I never had the job to watch over the new arrivals but I remember my brother Peter and my Dad doing it. Unfortunately, there were chicks that died during the early stages. The bodies were buried
in a manure pile.

Calving Time

March and April were calving time on our farm. There was some way of knowing when a cow was ready to calve. The cows were always kept in the barn in a larger stall for calving. All of our cows in the 1940s were milk or dairy cows. A few days after the cows calved, the calves would be weaned and fed skimmed milk until they were ready to graze in the pasture.

Milk, Cream and Cream Separating

After cows calved, they were milked twice daily. The milk was brought into the house where it was separated. The cream was collected, and if the weather was warm, the cream was lowered into the well where it was cooled until there were three gallons. Every farm that had dairy cattle had a three- to five-gallon cream can. Whenever the cream cans were full, they were taken to the CPR railroad station in Hairy Hill and shipped to the dairy in Edmonton (Palm). After the shipment, a cheque would come through the mail, which belonged to my mother for grocery money. Every farm had a cream separator that had to be turned manually to separate the milk from the cream. I had to separate milk starting at about age ten. If I turned the separator too fast, the cream was too thick, and if I turned too slow, the cream was too thin or milky. When the cream was shipped to Palm Dairy, it was tested for density. If it was found to be too thin or milky, the price fell drastically. In the spring, summer and fall, the cows would go to the pasture where they would have to be brought home to milk. In the morning, they also had to be brought to the barn for milking.

A lot of work was involved with raising dairy cattle—bringing them to the barn, milking them twice daily, separating the milk twice, washing the cream separator twice daily, storing the cream in the cool well, taking the cream to town for shipment, and picking up the empty cream can when it was returned from the dairy in Edmonton.

Pigs, and My Own Piglet

Pigs were either kept in pig barns or straw piles. Sows would farrow twice a year, usually having six to 12 piglets. These piglets would feed on their mother's milk for approximately six weeks, then they would be separated from their mother and started on their chop and water diet. When I was about 10 years old, our sow had a litter too large for her to feed. I was given a little pig to raise. I started feeding it milk with a bottle and nipple, with dreams of having my own pig that I could sell.

Unfortunately, after three weeks, my piglet died. I cried. I had been very happy about having my own pig, but I never named him. Maybe after he grew a little bigger, I would have. After bottle feeding him for about three weeks, I thought that I had another three weeks and I could stop the bottle feeding and feed him the regular food that the other piglets eat, but unfortunately my get-rich scheme failed when my father told me my pig died. I was sad about what happened and also my brother Paul teased me about my scheme and I cried. Cause of death was unknown, perhaps the cow's milk did not agree with him.

During this period, our pigs were allowed to roam freely in the pig yard. The pigs loved to play in mud and water when it rained. They also loved the slop that was given to them with their chop. They favoured raw vegetables such as carrots, potatoes, and turnips. My father would plant about an acre of oats for the pigs

to feed on. When the grain was about a foot tall and green, the pigs would go into the field and enjoy a feed of green oats.

Annual Pig Butchering

Twice a year, a pig was butchered to provide meat for the family. A pig was chosen when it reached 200 lbs. The pig was roped on the legs and brought out into an open area not far from the well and barn. All four legs were tied, pulling the pig on its side. In this position, the pig was slaughtered. The slaughter was done by my father or my brother Pete. After this, straw was scattered around the pig and the straw would be set on fire. What this procedure did was burn all the hair off the pig's body. Later, other methods were used, such as torches.

After this procedure was completed, the pig was then placed on a clean platform and butchered. The head was cut off first, then the internal organs were removed. The hog was then cut into quarters and hauled into the summer kitchen or other building where the meat would hang until it was cut into pieces. Butchering a hog and hanging the meat took two people about a half-day. The four quarters that were hung in the summer kitchen were supposed to stay for a week so that all the blood drained and the meat would be tender.

The head was saved and used to make head cheese. My father would cut the head into pieces and my mother would make the head cheese. The legs were used for pork hocks. Even the pig's skin was cleaned and was very good to eat. If it was winter, the meat froze and could stay without spoiling. In the springtime when pigs were butchered and refrigeration was not available, meat had to be processed almost immediately. Mother would fry the pork and put in into a crock pot where the fat would keep the meat from spoiling. The meat was canned in the glass jars where it was preserved indefinitely. Bacon was sometimes smoked or salted by my father.

Turkeys — My Mother's Money-Making Project

We also raised turkeys on our farm. They were brought from the hatchery in Edmonton. They received the same attention as the chicks, however, they were bigger and easier to raise. The turkeys had to be kept in a different barn and were fenced in a yard of their own. When they grew older, they would fly out of the enclosure and made nuisances of themselves around the yard, jumping all over the yard and vehicles etc. In November the turkeys would be slaughtered at the farm. The feathers were plucked and the insides cleaned. The turkeys were sold for Christmas dinner festivities. This was my mother's money-making project. My major job was to bring feed and water for the turkeys. When I was older, I was asked to clean the pens that the turkeys stayed in.

Horses for Work and Transportation

As far back as I can remember, we had horses. A horse named Prince, who was our buggy and cutter horse, was used to go to town, church and visiting. His main purpose was to transport Floyd, Con, and Alice, my siblings, to high school in Hairy Hill. A buggy is a four-wheeled carriage that carries two or four or more

people, depending how it is built, usually pulled by one horse, sometimes two horses. A cutter is basically the same but instead of wheels it has runners that slide on snow and ice.

After Alice graduated and left home, Prince was getting old and unable to perform any other duties, so he was shipped to a fox ranch slaughterhouse. I don't know where the word "fox ranch" came from, maybe at one time there were fox ranches that used horse meat.

I recall the day Prince was sent away because Mother was very upset; she cried to see Prince go, as he had served the family very faithfully for many years. Father also had a team of two horses, which were always used for field work.

One year we had 12 horses, brother Peter had a quarter section and father had two and a half quarters. A quarter section means 160 acres, 2 ½ quarters means 400 acres. When the federal government surveyed land in Alberta, they surveyed it into sections of land: four quarters of land made one section. So, the horses were all used in the fall and spring for field work. Very often we would take work horses horseback riding, as we had no riding horses. Work horses are larger in body and size, and feet and legs are larger than riding horses; riding horses are slimmer, and their legs are usually longer. A comparison would be a defensive-end on a football team and a long-distance runner.

Occasionally we would use horses to drive cattle from our farm to the Hairy Hill farm three miles away. Once, when discing was being done, one of the five horses did not start and a crossbar hit his leg and broke it. A disc is a farm implement that is used for cultivating soil. Before tractors, discs were pulled by horses. The horse was unhitched and the harness taken off the injured horse. The horse could not stand up and was put down in order to put him out of his misery. Everyone felt bad about losing a horse. Especially a good work horse that was in the family for a long time. The horse was buried in a pasture not far from where it was injured.

Horse Jumping

Father purchased a horse for field work, and that horse would jump fences when he thought the grass was greener on the other side. We decided we would ride this horse and see if he would jump when we rode him. We used a fence rail and raised it about 1 foot each time, getting the horse to jump 3 feet off the ground while someone was riding it!

SUMMER ACTIVITIES

Summer vacation was a time we all enjoyed. At about the age of 6, Ed Zaharichuk would come to the farm to stay with his grandparents. His parents would put him on the train in Edmonton, as John was working and Dora had the younger children to look after. We would pick him up at the railroad station in Hairy Hill. He would stay with us, and would stay with his Uncle Harry and Aunt Mary Serbu and their family for a while. Other cousins that would stay with us were Pearl and Alice Esak, Donald Fedorak, and later Audrey Zaharichuk.

Sports Day at Boian

Summer meant Sports Day at Boian. The day started with baseball including teams from our other communities. On site was a shed or booth where hot dogs, pop, dixie cups (ice cream) and watermelon were sold. The event ended with a dance for the adults. At this time there was no dance hall, so the dance was held outdoors on a deck or platform with no rails. The orchestra that played at some of these dances featured our cousins, the Esak Boys.

Willingdon also held a Sports Day similar to the one in Boian, but much bigger. A sports day was an entertaining event as most of the families lived on farms, therefore it was exciting to come to an event where everyone was wearing their best clothes and could visit while the baseball games were played, and enjoy a hot dog and pop.

Sports Day School Dance

The dance usually started at about 9:00 p.m.; as kids we usually gathered around the grounds anxiously waiting for the dance to start, hear the band play, and see what fellow would ask what girl to dance. At those dances, girls usually came alone or with a friend, not a dancing partner. The girls or women sat or stood on one side of the dance floor and the boys or men on the other side. When the music started, the males would always cross the floor to ask the females to dance.

If there was a shortage of males, some of the girls would be wallflowers most of the night, or the opposite if there was a shortage of women.

Vegreville Exhibition

Another summer event that we attended was the Vegreville Exhibition. All the midway events (gambling, toss the ring over the bottle), midway rides (Ferris wheel, merry-go-round), the tents with girl shows (girl shows were an actual burlesque type show with dancers and strippers), fat woman/ man, and the haunted house were all new and exciting for the Boian farm boys.

The Willingdon Fair

The Willingdon Fair was a big event too. In the years after WW II, the horse exhibit was one of the foremost events, as well as the cattle and the hog exhibits.

It was sponsored by the Willingdon and District Agricultural Society, and the objective of the fair was to promote quality livestock and produce in the district. All the livestock and produce were displayed and judged for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. My raspberry entry, for which got 1st prize, showed that our patch was the best in the district and other people may want to grow this type of raspberry. Inside the school, there were the produce, baking, and craft displays. I participated in some displays such as grain, small bundles of wheat, oats, barley, and garden items (carrots, onions, and raspberries), all of which we grew in our garden.

Blueberry Picking Time

In about the middle of August came blueberry picking time. Before our automobile days, we would go berry picking with a horse and buggy. It was approximately six miles to the Desjarlais Ferry, which we crossed. Crossing the river on the ferry was exciting for a prairie boy who found the way the ferry was guided across the river interesting. Also, I didn't know how the horse would react crossing the river on a ferry; they sometimes got a little nervous and had to be held down.

After the ferry we travelled another three miles to the blueberry field near our Father and Mother's homestead. This was a very exciting time as we got to cross the North Saskatchewan River on the Ferry, then pick berries. It was enjoyable having a picnic or lunch out in the blueberry field or bush. This continued for a few years, then we got our car. We went into the same area, still taking the ferry, but the travelling time was much shorter. It was a totally different experience travelling in a car, with more time to pick berries and enjoy the scenery.

Most years, blueberries and cranberries were plentiful unless there was a frost in the spring, which stunted their growth. A pail or two of blueberries, as well as some cranberries, were brought home where my mother would can them so we could have blueberry fruit in the winter. The cranberries were used to make jam.

HARVEST TIME

Harvest started in the later part of August. The grain harvesting binder was brought out of storage, and any visible defects were repaired. A binder is an implement that cuts grain that is standing in fields, pulled by four horses. The binder would cut the grain, then tie the cut grain into bundles (sheaves), then drop them on the ground to be stooked. The canvasses had to be in good order, with no rips or tears. If there were any major repairs, they were taken to the shoemaker in Willingdon.

Harvest time also meant that binder knives had to be sharpened or blades replaced, and binder twine had to be purchased. Twine came in paper bags, usually six balls to a bag. The heavier the crop, the more twine had to be used.

When the binder cuts the standing grain, it has a device to tie the grain into bundles. Crops or standing grain differ from year to year, depending on weather conditions, amount of rain, etc. If weather conditions are good, crops will grow taller and produce bigger heads. That is where the term heavier crops comes in. Taller crops, with larger heads means more body and more twine is used.

Our binder required four horses to pull it. Once the horses were hitched up, starting the first round was more difficult—it was made in the opposite direction because the horses had to be on the outside of the grain unto the canvasses, then up to the area where sheaves were made and dropped, then they would be released from the carriage. When the grain is cut, the binder has a device to tie the grain with twine into a bundle or sheave. These sheaves drop into a carriage and when the carriage had four bundles, the operator would drop the bundles on the ground where they would be ready for stooking.

As the binder continued, another four sheaves were made and dropped. When the field was completely cut, there would be nothing left but the sheaves lying flat on the ground. This was not acceptable because if it rained, the sheaves lying on the ground would get wet, and the grain would sprout or spoil. To solve this problem, the sheaves had to be stooked. Stooking is placing the sheaves in an upright position. I would start by standing two sheaves leaning against each other, then standing six more sheaves around the first two to complete a stook.

Most stooks had eight sheaves. This kept the grain heads in an upright position when it rained. The water would drain down so the stooks would be dry when they were ready for harvesting. The grain that was cut had to set in the stooks for approximately two weeks for the heads to dry. The weeds that were cut stayed green longer than the rape grain. Barring any heavy rain, which was common in the fall, we waited for the threshing machine. Stooking was done by our family—Pete, Con, Paul, Andy and me. Mother did stooking when the family was too young. Women stooking was very common. Stories were told about women who were in the field stooking a few days after they gave birth to their child, taking her babe into the field with her while stooking.

Harvest Excitement: Arrival of the Threshing Machine and Crew

At a very young age, the most exciting event for me was the arrival of the threshing machine and crew with their racks. Father never owned a threshing machine, but hired a farmer who owned both a tractor and threshing machine. The threshing machine owner would charge a fee for the amount of grain that was threshed. It was customary for each farmer to provide a hay rack with horses and a worker in order for his grain to be threshed. It was normal for each threshing machine to have eight racks and workers to keep it running continuously.

Threshing was a tough job for the workers as they started at about 7 a.m. and threshed until 6 or 7 p.m. Horses had to be harnessed before the workers started, and after completing a long day, the workers had to unhitch the horses from the wagon, tie them to a fence, feed them and take their harnesses off before supper. The whole crew would then come into the house to eat.

This is where the woman (my mother) would have to prepare a large meal for 10 to 12 workers. This was not an easy task as houses were small, and trying to please a hungry crew isn't always easy. The family did not eat with the threshing crew. Our house was too small to have the family at the dinner table with the 12 or more workers, but I always enjoyed the stories and jokes that were told.

Their food consisted of meat, potatoes and a couple of vegetable (peas, carrots, cucumbers). Dessert was usually pie or fruit (canned peaches), coffee and tea. There was a lot of joking, storytelling and teasing. Usually there was one person the crew would tease and try to roast.

Besides the eight workers with racks, there was also the threshing machine owner and a separator man who would grease the moving parts, adjust the belts, etc. It was the responsibility of the farmer to collect the grain that was threshed and haul it to a granary for storage.

In the earlier years, a wagon would be used to collect the grain at the threshing machine, and then unload the grain with a scoop into the granary. As time went by, a grain loader and operator were hired to elevate

the grain into the granary. All the farmer had to do was back up to the elevator and shovel the grain into the bucket, which would move the grain up into the granary.

Two wagons and boxes were usually used as one threshing operation. Straw was a very important commodity when threshing. Cattle and horses depended on this straw for feed during the winter months. Father liked to have a small straw pile for the pigs to bed in. In the evening, when it started to get dark early, the threshing machine would be moved to the centre of a field and the straw would be set on fire to give the men hauling their racks some light, as well as the workers near the machine throwing their sheaves into the feeder.

When the wagon had collected the grain, and threshing was finished at our place, they moved on to the next farm. Rain was a big factor when threshing. If it rained and only half the field was finished, the tractor and machine would have to sit there until there until the stokes dried and were ready to thresh again. The house would prepare food for the following day, but if it rained, the crews would not be there.

Harvest Tasks After Threshing

When threshing was completed, it made the farmer with cattle and horses happy because they could let their livestock into the fields; the grass in the pastures was dry so they had grass, straw, and small bits of grain to eat. Most farmers liked to disc, cultivate or plow their fields after harvesting to kill weeds. Cultivating made the soil better for absorbing moisture. After the threshing was completed, the grain was all stored on the farm. Soon after harvest, farmers would start hauling their grain to grain elevators, usually their nearest town. This was the main source of income for the farmers, and farmers were paid at the time of delivery by the grain company so they could pay bills, buy winter clothes, etc.

First Snow and Horseshoes

As the first snow came—bringing with it frequent freezing rain—it was difficult for the horses to pull wagons or sleighs uphill, even with empty loads. The horses' hoofs and feet were flat with no grip and therefore very slippery. To right this problem, horseshoes were placed on the horses' hoofs. A spike was driven through the horses' hoofs and then attached to the horseshoes. This was sometimes done on the farm, but most of the time the job was given to the blacksmith in Hairy Hill. These horseshoes stayed on the horses until Spring.

Horseshoes were only placed on Prince (our buggy and cutter horse) and the team of horses that were kept in the barn for farm chores and trips into town. Horse hooves grow just like our toenails and had to be trimmed with a sharp blade or knife that was hit with a hammer.

Horse Haircuts

Another task with the horses was giving them a haircut. The manes and tail would have to be trimmed at least once a year. Sometimes the hair would grow so long that it would grow over their eyes. The horses' tails could be trimmed very short; however, this was not a good idea as their tails were used to swat away flies and mosquitoes.

Brother Pete Gets Married — November 1944

In November of 1944, a wedding took place on the Lutic farm. Brother Pete married Mary Cucheran. The couple got married in the United Church in Vegreville, and a wedding party was held at the family farm house. A dinner was served to approximately 30 guests, with a dance after. The music was supplied by Martin Svelka. Drinks of beer, wine and moonshine were served all evening.

I was nine years old when the wedding took place. Our house was small so not many people were invited. The bride and groom and wedding party sat at the head table and a delicious meal, with many Romanian dishes, was served. After a few short speeches, the living room was cleared of tables and chairs, the two-piece band began playing, and the wedding party began dancing and all the other guests joined in.

After some dancing, a table was set up for the donation ceremony, which was a Romanian tradition. The bride and groom stood behind the table, with groomsmen on the left of the groom and the bridesmaids on the right of the bride. The guests' parents first approached the bride and groom and made a presentation; men donated money, the women always donated a gift. It was a custom for the men to kiss the bride and all the bridesmaids, and the ladies to kiss the groom and all the groomsmen.

The couple moved into our summer kitchen and lived there for about a year. From there they moved to the Metro Harrison farm, which Pete owned, into a cozy one-room house. Because Pete worked with Father, we had a frequently used road going across our field into Pete's and Mary's farm. This road was even used by cars if it was dry. Going around would have meant travelling almost three miles.

SCHOOL IN THE 1930S AND '40S

Travelling to School

Back in the olden days, before all-weather roads were built, when winter and snow arrived, the roads easily became drifted in. Travel with cars, trucks and school buses was impossible. Children living on farms had to travel four to five miles (six to eight kilometres) to their rural schools.

Some students would walk to school if they lived near enough, while others came in sleighs drawn by two horses, or more commonly a one-horse cutter. The more fortunate students came in a "caboose." A caboose was built like a little house, on runners like a sleigh, with a door and window in the front. The driver could direct the horse on the road over the heavy, drifted piles of snow. Another unique feature of the caboose was that it had a stove inside with a stove pipe chimney to let the smoke escape. This certainly must have been cozy on the way to school on those cold days!

Once the students who had some distance to travel arrived at school, they would unhitch their horses and take them into the barn. Back in those days, all rural schools had barns built for the waiting horses. Feed was brought in the sleigh to feed the horses while they waited for their journey back home.

Some children were too young to travel to school alone--the "beginners" or "junior graders." Some parents would make arrangements to have an older boy or girl, usually a friend or relative, live with their family during the school year, in order that the older child could transport the younger children to school.

The Canadian Romanian Society's Honorary President, Bill Yurko, was once one of those boys who lived with a family to help with transporting younger children. Bill lived with the Metro and Katie Toma family. He would accompany their children to school while he attended high school in Hairy Hill. Bill would use a horse and cutter, and when the snow melted, he would use a horse and buggy. Perhaps a name like "Buggy Bill" would have been appropriate.

School Children's Clothing

Long underwear was often worn by both girls and boys back in those days. The girls always wore skirts or dresses with long stockings, however stockings over top of long underwear would seem a little unfashionable today! Undoubtedly, many children would arrive at school with frostbitten feet and hands. I did not arrive at school with frost-bitten hands or feet, however one very cold day I went skating and playing hockey during our lunch hour. I had a frost-bitten big toe. It was about -30. In years prior to this period of time, rural schools would close during the winter months. Not many children today would enjoy stepping back to those "good old days"!

PART 9: HISTORY OF IOAN TOMA AND FAMILY

Excerpted from *History of Ioan Toma and Family and the People that Touched Their Lives*

A History of

Ioan and Veronica Toma

and the community they helped establish in Canada

IOAN T TOMA AND FAMILY – THEIR BEGINNINGS IN BOIAN, CANADA

I, John J Toma continue to carry on the traditions I grew up with understanding the importance of passing on the stories of my parent's immigration and settlement in the Boian area in Alberta, Canada.

It all started when Canadian land agents traveled to "the Old Country" to encourage people to immigrate to Canada. Land guides would point out where land was available for immigrants. By 1883, almost 62 million acres of land had been surveyed in Western Canada and a new country was being born. In addition to homestead land, immigrants could buy 640 acres at one dollar per acre for the purpose of farming or ranching. This land was without residence conditions or improvements.

Early Immigrants

One of the Canadian land agents traveled to Bucharest and word of the available Canadian land filtered down to the cities of Chernivtsi and Boian in the province of Bucovina, which was then part of Austria but now known as the Ukraine. According to the book entitled Biannual by history professor Vasile Bizovi, one of the first two men to immigrate to Canada from Boian in 1898 were Eluita Rauluic and Ichim Yurco.

Rauluic and Yurco were afraid that no one from Boian Romania would come, so Eluita Rauluic (being the only one who could write) sent a letter back home saying "Come to Canada for it is very good here: lots of land, chickens and ducks that are wild and easy to catch".

The first winter Rauluic and Yurco stayed in the Andrew area, at what they called a "bordei" which was built by the Canadian government for immigrants to have a stop-over place to stay until they found the land they wanted to homestead or purchase. To make room for others coming through, immigrants were not encouraged to stay in the bordei too long.

Ichim Yurco settled on SW 30 56 13 W4. He immigrated with his wife Oftenca and daughter Joana. In the beginning, life wasn't easy for immigrants and this was no different for the Yurco family. That winter the Yurco's daughter Joana passed away, at only five years old. It was a very sad day for them. It is believed Joana Yurco may have been buried at the Crooked Road Cemetery, as it was one of the only cemeteries in existence in the Andrew area at that time. Because Ichim did not have additional children after their daughter's passing, he gave his farm to his nephew Constantine Bezovie, with the understanding that Constantine would take care of him in his old age.

Eluita Rauluic bought and homesteaded on the south half of SW & SE 2 57 13 W4 (known as the Desjarlais area). In 1930, Eluita Rauluic moved to Pierceland, Saskatchewan where he and his son Nikolai homesteaded. Eluita's descendants built a store in the town of Pierceland that is still in operation today.

The Toma Family Immigration

A year after Rauluic and Yurco immigrated, my father loan also immigrated to Canada from Boian. In Boian, he had farmed for a living but like many Romanian people he rented land. He worked the land by hand (without machinery) on land owned by "landlords" (as my father called them). My father was considered a 'peasant' who would work the land and received a percentage of the income that was generated by the

harvest. At this time, loan was married to Domnica Hutzcal and together they had three children. Sadly, the children passed away in the Old Country.

With all the talk of new land at very low price in the "new country," my father and his wife Domnica got caught up in the excitement and decided to go to this new country called Canada. They had heard about its homestead land for which they had to pay only $10 for 160 acres.

Under the St. Laurent Act, Queen Victoria had opened the borders to immigrants from the lower Balkans, so the Toma family knew that they would pass immigration without too much difficulty. Since my father rented land, he had nothing to hold him back. Also, the Canadian Pacific Railway had promised to sponsor immigrants wanting to relocate to Canada, as payment when they arrived at their destination in Western Canada. The immigrants were required to work on the railway for a two-year period (with pay). So, along with their family, Ioan and Domnica Toma applied to come to Canada. loan sold his livestock, the small implements used to work the land and any goods that he could not take with him.

In 1899, the whole Toma family immigrated to Canada – Toader and Sanda Toma, their three sons (Ioan, Bill, George) and three daughters (Ioana Cucheran, Maria Harasim and Domnica Esak) – making it truly a family affair. According to the book titled *Boianaul* by Professor Bizovi, my grandfather Toader Toma owned 2.34 hectares of land in Boian, Bucovina in 1868 which he sold so he could immigrate to Canada with the family.

When they arrived in Edmonton; the Canadian Pacific Railway let the family stay in the "bordei" in the basement of the railroad station for a limited time until they decided which way to go. The basement was quite large (50 X 100 feet) but had no furniture. On average at any one time, there were about 100 people passing through.

My father loan Toma knew that in the Old Country the Jews were generally known as storekeepers and tradesmen, and he knew it would be helpful to befriend them so he went looking. He found a Jewish man who owned a clothing store around 101 Ave and 102 Street in Edmonton, Alberta. This gentleman was able to read and write in Romanian as well as in English, they became very good friends. In later years when loan came to Edmonton for business reasons, the clothing store would be the first place that he would go to for directions and at times his friend would accompany him when he needed a translator.

Ioan and Domnica's next move from Edmonton was to go east to the Andrew district where they heard there were some Romanians, mostly from Moldovia, Austria. They had met up with Eluita Rauluic and Ichim Yurco, who were still in the Government built bordei. Rauluic had been doing all kinds of jobs, as he was an astute carpenter.

The Romanian immigrants decided to homestead east of Andrew where they established the Boian community.

The Humble Beginnings of Andrew

The Canadian Pacific Railway had built a rail line, just as the Hudson Bay Company had built trading posts across Canada, and one post had been established at the Métis Crossing of Pakan (also known as Lobster Landing) in 1847. Before the town of Andrew was established here, this was where the early settlers went to do their trading – by the edge of the North Saskatchewan River. The surveyed land was being set aside

and designated for war veterans, schools and the general public to claim. As many as 380,000 acres were specifically designated for immigrants as homesteads.

Whitford was a small hamlet between Andrew and Boian. In about 1895, Archibald Whitford was the first storekeeper on the east side of Whitford Lake. The first schoolhouse was built around 1898 and named Whitford (after the area); a second schoolhouse was built 10 miles further to the east and was named Manawan (meaning Egg Lake in Cree).

Barwick and Whitford had been part of the rebellion that involved a group of Métis men who fought for settlement along the North Saskatchewan River. One location on the North Saskatchewan River is referred to as Batoche; where Louis Riel, his Lieutenant (Gabriel Dumont) and the Métis group famously fought their last battle for the rights of the Métis. From this experience, Louis Riel composed a song (in French) about the Métis rights before he was hung.

Since Andrew Whitford had been instrumental in helping the Métis, the small-town Andrew was named after him. John Barwick had built a halfway house where two major trails met: the Winnipeg trail and Calgary Pakan trail. John Barwick was a good friend of Andrew Whitford, so he chose to honour his friend by naming his halfway house the Andrew Hotel. John Barwick also opened a general store in Andrew in 1900. The Andrew General Store and the Hotel he operated and owned were the humble beginnings of the Village of Andrew.

In 1902, a post office was built in Andrew, under management of Robert (Bob) Stewart. Bob Stewart was not only the first postmaster at Andrew; he was also the sub-land agent and Justice of the Peace. Bob Stewart had the first telephone installed in 1908 for the area. His Ukrainian wife Mary Stewart was given the important government job as interpreter (English and Ukrainian) from 1902 to 1910.

The Community of Boian

The Toma family decided to go further east as the land between Edmonton and Andrew was already taken. Mary Stewart, acting as the translator, made the applications much easier for most of the immigrants. The new Boian was named after the village in Bucovina, from where the settlers originated.

Of all the land available, my father's brothers selected school land to settle on, and his sister's husband also selected school land in the same section. One sister and her husband selected Canadian Pacific land. The third sister and her husband selected land just south of the Canadian Pacific land. Later, in 1923 my father would buy the remaining CPR quarter section to put all the family within two miles of each other.

My father's original land was a homestead at SW 20 56 14 W4. He also exchanged some homesteads with other homesteads in the area. Once the landowners agreed to exchange homesteads, Ioan Toma would contact the land agent to notify them of the property title changes.

Once the family was settled on the farm, my father took advantage of the Canadian Pacific Railway offer and went to work for the railway in the Lethbridge area.

THE CHILDREN OF LOAN AND DOMNICA TOMA

Ioan and Domnica settled in Canada within the Boian Alberta area, building a full set of farm buildings for their mixed farming operation on SW 20 Range 56 Township 14 West 4th Meridian (SW 20 56 14 W4). At that time, they added to their family by having five children; Sanda, Ioana, Bill, Nick and Mike.

Sanda married Pete Hudema from Midway, AB. On the day of the wedding, Pete came to pick up his bride with a team of coal black ponies that no one could get close to except Pete himself. Sanda and Pete moved to North Star in the Peace River Country where they farmed. At that time, North Star had the only flourmill for the area so it was considered a booming location.

Ioana married Vasile Henitiuk. They farmed near Hairy Hill for a few years, and then they also moved to North Star in the Peace River Country.

Bill married Katie Stefantz. Bill worked at Swift's packing plant in Edmonton as a foreman. A book could be written of Bill's tricks and jokes. One of the stories I recall him telling was of him walking when it was pitch dark from the homestead to home. "It was always darker then," he would say. As the story goes, he bumped into an object on the road. Being the only time, he ever admitted to being scared, he explained how he crossed himself with his tongue in his mouth. He said this gave him courage to say, "Who goes there?" It turned out that "the object" was only a neighbour walking on the road.

Nick married Sarah Henitiuk and farmed in Pierceland, Saskatchewan. Every year, Nick would catch fish from Cold Lake (by Grande Centre, Alberta) and Pierceland Lake (located half in Alberta and half in Saskatchewan), and peddle his catch in the community and surrounding towns.

Mike never did marry; he always would say he had so many sweethearts that he could not make up his mind whom to choose. Mike farmed at Hotchkiss in the Peace River Country and was very successful. More details about Mike have been captured in a separate chapter later in this book.

One of the first expenditures for Domnica and Ioan T Toma was a team of Indian Ponies. It was uncommon for farmers to purchase Indian Ponies for farm work; typically, farmers purchased oxen because they were cheaper than horses. Domnica and Ioan T. Tomas' Indian Ponies were one of the first Indian pony teams in the community. The following account relates one of Ioan's adventures when he used the Indian Ponies to help a neighbour in need, as written by Sam Serbu, a neighbour to the north of the original homestead.

"Maria Serbu, who lived north of Ioan T Toma's farm, went to his place and asked that he take her second son, Peter, to a doctor because he had a terrible pain in his left arm. Ioan T Toma immediately walked across the snow-covered fields to his father's place and asked his brother George to make the trip with him. The two men proceeded to make a rough sled from poplar trees, filled the sled with slough hay, hitched the Indian ponies to the sleigh, and then rode to the Serbu house. Maria proceeded to bundle up the young lad and placed him on top of the hay, and the three of them then started their winter journey to Edmonton. It was bitterly cold and the two men took turns walking behind, or sitting on, the sled and driving the team. They followed the trail through the bushes westward.

Some three days later, they arrived on Jasper Avenue and First Street in Edmonton. They went to the small clothing store that was owned by a man who spoke Romanian. This was the same man that my father (Ioan) befriended when he first arrived in Edmonton on his way eastward.

Ioan asked him if there was a doctor or hospital as they had a very sick boy who was getting worse daily. The storekeeper told them to follow the trail northward to St. Albert where there was a hospital and doctor. So, the travellers thanked him and set out again. In time they reached St. Albert where, sure enough, there was a hospital.

The boy was hospitalized; loan and George T Toma began their long trek back to Boian. Sometime later it was learned the doctors (Dr. Whilclaw and his assistants Drs. Park and Blais) had to amputate the boy's sore arm. Peter had been put to sleep and his arm was removed just above the elbow and when he regained consciousness, he naturally asked, "Where is my hand?"

Once Peter was healthy enough to leave the hospital, he was taken to a convent where the Nuns took care of him until he recovered completely. The Nuns also helped Peter adjust to having only one arm. For five years, Peter stayed at the convent, where he went to school and became very fluent in English and French. He went on to become a teacher and taught at Desjarlais School for many years. He was considered one of the best Romanian teachers around.

Another one of loan T Toma's adventures was when he bought a steam engine and threshing machine. This equipment was badly needed by the farmers in the district for harvesting their crops. Farmers would put their sheaves on a rack (a flat bed with side railings), hook the rack to their horses and haul all their sheaves to one location on their farm. The sheaves were put in stacks leaving a space in between the rows for the threshing machine.

Father Ioan would hire an engineer each year to run the steam engine that ran the threshing machine; and he then would proceed to where the farmer's stacks were located, to run the sheaves through the threshing machine. Years later, loan purchased a tractor so he could run the threshing machine himself. Owning a tractor made moving the threshing machine easier and more convenient. loan could now hire himself out to the farmers on his own, rather than wait for the engineer to do the work. As time passed, Ioan's oldest son William learned how to operate the threshing machine and tractor, which enabled him to eventually take over. However, he did not make a profit; as a result, the threshing machine and tractor was repossessed. Within the appendix, is a statement listing receipts and disbursements for the farm operations for 1931, General Creditors listed within the statement were identified as expenses incurred by William for items unknown.

Another misfortune was when Ioan hauled enough wheat to Vegreville to fill a train box car; he decided not to sell the wheat waiting for the price to go up. When he did arrange to sell his wheat, he found out that it was already sold with the proceeds being disbursed to his oldest son William. William and the elevator agent were taken to court, my father did not press charges; however, the Grain Company involved pressed charges on the elevator agent.

Another time father had a load of pigs (about thirty) he took to Edmonton for sale, his intention was to pay down the mortgage with the profits of the sale. Unknown to him, his son (William) was charging groceries from Diduks Store in Willingdon; as a result, the storekeeper put a lien on the proceeds of the sale of the pigs. When the load arrived at the stock yards in Edmonton, the trucker (John Svekla) told him that he will not receive any money as the lien was set on the whole load by the storekeeper in Willingdon. Another setback and my father came home without any money.

Another event worth mentioning involved Gregorie Toma and John Porozni. Gregorie and my father were good friends, so much so my father was a witness at Gregorie's wedding. As with many other farmers in the area, my father had a mortgage on his land. John Porozni wanted the quarter of land (father owned) located next to his land. The mortgagor of the property (a gentleman by the name of Singer) agreed to have father's mortgage reduced if he would sell a quarter of his land; however, this agreement was done without father being present or aware of the negotiation. Gregorie Toma approached father requesting he just make a cross by his name and everything will be alright, not realizing what he was signing was the agreement to sell a quarter of land (NE 17 5 6 14 W4); these events happened around 1932. Shortly after, Singer drove into my father's yard and told father that he signed a document agreeing to sell one quarter of land; because of this, he was reducing the amount of his mortgage. Father, not seeing any way out of this arrangement, went along with the decision. However, the friendship with Gregorie ended from that time on.

Around 1908, during the flu epidemic, loan lost his wife Domnica, leaving him to raise their five children on his own. Sanda, the oldest, was about 10 years old at that time; Mike was not quite a year old, and Ioana, Bill and Nick were younger than Sanda and older than Mike. At the time his wife died, Ioan also had the flu and could not even attend her funeral.

It wasn't long after Ioan married Veronica Stefureak, who came to Canada from Romania with her parents and her son from a previous marriage. Veronica (known as Beca) had been born July 9, 1889 in the village of Chahor, Bucovina, Romania, the eldest daughter of Toader and Elisaveta (known as Little Beca) Stefureak. As a child, my mother learned to do the usual household tasks and attended the village school, where she mastered the basic skills. She also learned Ukrainian along with Romanian so that at a young age she was already bilingual. She married as a young girl and had one son from this marriage. However, when her parents, along with her brothers and sisters, decided to immigrate to Canada, she took her son Floyd with her and accompanied the rest of the family making the journey to the "New World."

When Floyd was about 33 years old, he changed his name to James Burke and moved to the United States. Floyd changed his name in order to help establish himself in the new country. At that time, your name was very influential in how you were received. People with an English heritage/name were able to get jobs more easily than others. Floyd (also known as James) secured a job working on freight ships that traveled between Seattle, Washington and Anchorage, Alaska, operating the ships' loading winches.

MIKE J TOMA

Mike J Toma was born on November 21, 1906 – in Boian Alberta, the youngest child of loan and Domnica. When his mother died during the flu epidemic, in 1907, it was very hard for the family as the oldest sibling was barely 10 years old at the time. Their stepmother, Veronica, (my mother) took care of all the children as if they were her own. They all respected her like a birth mother and she showed no favouritism.

My step-brother Mike was given a horse that he trained and looked after on his own. One of the tricks he taught the horse was to mimic him. The horse would walk slowly when he did, and then when Mike would walk spryly, the horse would also lift up his head and walk the same way.

My step-brother (Mike) was especially known for a particular Romanian custom at which he excelled. Settlers followed the "old" Julian calendar, so Christmas was on January 7. Mike and Bill, along with the

boys from the community, would “dance the Christmas Horse,” traveling from house to house performing, using a horse-drawn sleigh and dressed in the costumes for the various characters they represented. Below is a brief description of the characters performing this activity:

The General – dressed in army attire, (jacket, hat in red), shined boots and sword at his side.

Horse — dressed in its finery (bell, ribbons, mane made of yarn, decorated with stars, all reflecting the Romanian colours of red, green, and blue) with the General riding and guarding it.

Husband and Wife– called the 'Old' man and 'Old' lady, dressed in their winter best, representing the household.

Jew — dressed in black representing the business people and carrying a deck of cards that he would use to tell the onlookers their fortune.

Woodsman — dressed in white slacks and shirt with a customary belt and carrying a trista (a cloth bag woven by a loom) over one shoulder and across his body, holding trinkets and garlic candy and nuts that he would try to sell.

Indian — dressed in clothes made of leather, face painted (or at times under a mask) and feathers in his headband, carrying the hatchet. [This was a unique Canadian character added to the Romanian ritual representing the Native people to the settlers.]

Musicians — two people would come along and provide the music for the characters to dance to. They commonly used a violin and a chimbala to play on.

Everyone, with the exceptions of the General, Old Lady and the Musicians, had an appropriate mask so they would not be recognized.

When the team arrived at a home, the characters would sing at the window while the Old Man would enter the house and ask permission for the group to come in and perform. As the Musicians started to play, the Old Man, Old Lady and the General with his horse would start, and then the Jew and Woodsman would join in. The Indian would join in as he pleased, hopping, hollering and jumping around as he enjoyed taking part in the activities. The characters would approach the family, friends, and visitors to join in the dance; the Woodsman would stop every so often to try to sell some of his items, and every so often the characters would rest and tell their jokes to the onlookers.

Veronica (Beca), Mike's stepmother, would always encourage the boys to perform the Horse Dance, for she enjoyed it very much and enjoyed watching her children having fun. I was told by George Hutzcal, who played the Old Lady of the group, in his opinion, from seeing others perform this role; Mike was the best dancer (performing as the General in the traditional "Dance of the Christmas Horse") in the community.

Mike later moved to Hotchkiss, Alberta in 1931 where he homesteaded. He worked for Herman Martin in Berwyn for several years and used the money he earned to improve his homestead. His thoughts were always in Boian and he would keep in regular contact so he could keep informed on all the news from there.

To show his appreciation for what his father and stepmother did for him in his younger days, he willed all his property to the old home place – where I (John J Toma) lived at the time. My step-brother (Mike J Toma) died in Kelowna, British Columbia on Nov 20, 1970 while he was on holiday. He was brought to St. Mary's Orthodox Church, which he attended when he was younger. My step-brother was laid to rest in the Boian Cemetery among the family and people that he grew up with. I will be forever grateful to my step-brother, Mike.

PART 10: MEMORIES: MY FAMILY – LIFE AND TIMES

Excerpted from *Memories: My Family – Life and Times:* by Mary Louise Baranic

A TRIBUTE TO MY DAD

I remember, as a small child, how Dad always told us how much he loved us and how proud he was of us. To him we were the most beautiful children he's ever seen and the apple of his eye.

When the cold winter nights were upon us, he would get up and see to it that we were well covered and maybe put an extra blanket on us. In the morning he would be up early to stoke up the fire and when we had to get up the house was toasty warm. This was long before central heating was in. when the school bus got stuck in a snow drift a mile from hoe, one cold winter day, somehow, he knew and came looking for us with Tommy the horse and sleigh. What a relief it was for us to see him, as we were quite cold trudging through the huge snow drifts. When the Christmas concerts were held at school and the children were on the stage ready to sing "O Canada", we would be looking through the dimly lit gymnasium to spot our Mom and Dad. What joy it brought to our hearts to spot you and Mom there! Now we go to your Christmas parties and you are all lined up in a row in your wheelchairs anxiously watching the door to see when we would arrive. When you spotted us, the smile on your face said it all! My, how the roles have reversed!

Dad, you told us many times how much you love us and, maybe we haven't told you enough that you are special to us too.

It breaks our hearts to see you pass the time away by looking at pictures and reminiscing about happier times and waiting for the 2 o'clock and 4 o'clock pills and wondering if it's Monday or Thursday because all the days seem the same now. It's Easter tomorrow, will someone come to see me? They are all so busy now with their own lives and have children and grandchildren of their own.

Dad, I'm glad you have six children. This way we can all come on different weekends to see you, and this way you are not alone so much. Then we go home to our busy lives and you sit and cry and tell us how lonely you are and how much you miss Mom. We miss her too, but we still have you and you have us. We wish we could take you home with us, but you need 24-hour care. They are taking very good care of you here, Dad, but I know, like you said, you wish you could turn the clock back and we were still small and

Mom was with us. Those were happier times for you. As I write this, Dad, I have tears in my eyes. I hope you can hear me say, "I love you", once more.

You say your world is silent and you can no longer hear the birds sing or the whistle of the train. You can't see very well. It's hard to recognize which grandchild come to see you today. They are all so tall now and look so much alike. My heart breaks when I hear you say this.

When we were small you taught us how to pray and be thankful for even a glass of water, a crust of bread, or the gentle rain that fills in the crops. It was a blessing from God, you would always say. Now that you are in your sunset years, we pray that God will be with you and watch over you and ease your discomfort. And also, to be thankful for the good nurses and doctors that are keeping a watchful eye over you. I love you, Dad, and you are the apple of my eye, too! May God bless you!

ASK ME AND I'LL TELL YOU

As I visited the senior's homes and Long-Term Care, these are my thoughts and theirs.

As I sit here alone with my thoughts of happier days when I was young, I think about my children and grandchildren. They are so busy with their own live. When they come it's such a short visit and they want to know if I'm well fed, if I'm okay, is the food good. But I have a well full of information inside me waiting to burst out. Don't you want to hear what it was like when I was your age? Where I come from? What it was like?

I once was young, had a job. I could walk, run, and dance. I was once handsome too.

Did you know that when I was a young lad of 8 or 10 my mother, my two brothers and I were dodging bullets for four days and stayed hidden in the cornfield and potato fields? All we ate for four days was raw potatoes. Did you know that the scars on my legs are from the shrapnel from the bullets I was dodging? Had I been killed, you would not be. Sit with me a while if you care to listen.

Do you want to know what happened after the corn fields? Ask me and I'll tell you. Do you know why I'm so thankful for a crust of bread or glass of water? Ask me and I'll tell you why.

Don't you want to know what my mother looked like or my dad? You have my mother's looks and my father's eyes. Don't you want to know about my brothers and sisters that you never met? Ask me and I'll tell you, if you care to take time to listen. I'm lonely here. I need someone to talk to. When I'm gone, this information will be gone with me…all you have to do is ask me and I'll gladly tell you!

- A Father

AFTER THE CORNFIELDS…A STORY TOLD TO US BY OUR DAD

I was born in Romania in the early 1900s. it was a country with gently rolling hills and lush green forests. The summers were hot and the winters were mild, much like that of Penticton BC. We grew up on fruit from the cherry, apple, plum and apricot trees. A fish pond ran through the corner of our yard, but we were not allowed to catch any. We used to keep apples in the manger of our barn, like we keep potatoes

in the bin here. Every morning the cuckoo bird that was perched on the roof of our house would wake us. Storks were a common sight and often they would make a nest in our chimney. Life was simple but hard, much like the early pioneers of Canada. Our main staple of food was "Malaga" (cornmeal mush). We were considered lucky because we had a cow from which my mother would make "binza", a cheese that was salted and packed in a wooden barrel for the winter. The garden supplied us with all the food, and the clothes were all homemade. We owned a few acres of land, maybe 10-15 acres in total. It was scattered in parcels of five acres here and seven acres there. Seeding was done by hand by holding a "Trista" over your shoulder with wheat in it. We were considered lucky because we owned a horse or two and a walking plough.

In those days, wolves used to run in packs. One winter night, five wolves were seen clawing their way through the straw thatched roof of the barn, trying to get at the horses. All we could do was chase them away with torches, pitchforks, and hoes, because we had no guns.

When I was a young lad of 8-10, we stayed hidden in the potato and cornfields for four days. All we ate were raw potatoes. Bullets were flying back and forth over our house. The soldiers had come and killed our only cow. My mother cried and begged them no to kill her, so one army sergeant felt sorry and brought her the liver.

Shortly after that we were taken to a train yard to be sent to some unknown destination. We had to work long rows of potatoes and corn. I was small and could not work that hard and I do remember the winters were cold. We were given rations of black bread and water. It's only by the grace of God that we all survived. Had we not been taken away, we surely would have been killed by getting caught in the crossfire.

After four years or so, we came back home. I can't recall too much, but I do remember walking a lot. The house was in such shambles. The windows were broken and the door was hanging on one hinge. Cows and horses ambled through it freely. There was famine in the land, as war destroys everything.

After the war, things seemed to improve. Crops were being planted again and the warm climate made things bearable.

When of age, I did my three years or so in the army and learned to do the Cossack dancing. Later, for many house parties in Canada, I was asked to do it.

The years went by and there wasn't much chance for advancement. The land was divided and subdivided for generations and all a son could inherit is maybe an acre or two. Taxes were high and interest rates were higher yet. So, I sold my two white horses and paid my fare to Canada to join my three brothers who were already established.

In 1933 I set sail on the ship "Stutgard" and arrived in Halifax on March 13. I planned on working a few years and then going back with some money in my pocket. War again was looming on the European horizon. My mother wrote me not to come back, I never saw my parents again.

I worked for a number of years in the Timmins gold mines. Then my cousin and I purchased a hotel in South Porcupine, Ontario for $5000 each. Wanting to see more of Canada, I headed out west. I went to work on the Alaska Highway for a year. I came to Alberta to meet some Romanian people by the names of Simeniuk and Hanituik. I met my wife, Alice Kucheran, at a New Year's house party in 1943. We were married on June 4, 1944 at the Boian Marie Romanian Orthodox Church. My wife did not want to leave her family, so

I sold my share of the hotel and bought a quarter of land one mile north of the church, and later, another quarter.

I was priest's helper (Palimar) for a number of years and was also the local barber. Every Saturday, neighbors would come for a haircut (no charge), just for the company.

We had six children. Together, my wife and I farmed. In 1978 upon my retirement, I purchased a house in Willingdon. In 1980, my wife passed away at the age of 59. I now have 13 grandchildren and 7 great grandchildren. I am now in Long Term Care in Vegreville.

I have lived a long peaceful life with a lot of blessings. Thanks be to God for a country like Canada where there is peace and freedom from want and fear. I often cry over the fruitlessness of war and, it still hurts after all these years to talk about it. I pray to God that there never be another war. May God bless Canada and you all.

THE BEAR CUBS

In the late 1930s or early 1940s our Dad, Eli Malin, worked on the Northern Ontario Railroad system as a section man. He and his partner were given a section house to live in. They had two bunk beds, a wood stove, a coal oil lamp and basic staples of coffee, sugar, tea, honey, flour, bacon and beans, and of course cornmeal.

One day, the train killed a mother bear, leaving two orphaned cubs. As Dad and his partner were walking the tracks, they came upon the two whimpering cubs beside their dead mother. Dad and his partner removed the dead mother bear from the tracks and took the cubs to the section house. They were so cute, they would follow Dad and his partner all over, and when they would come back to the section house after work, they would run to greet them.

But they weren't cute cubs for long! In a few months they grew and demanded more food. They would feed them milk, berries, honey, and whatever leftovers they had. One day when they came home after work, they found their section house in disarray! There was flour, sugar, coffee, and honey emptied all over the floor! This happened once, twice, and then the cubs began to get aggressive! Then they knew that it was time for the game warden to take them away.

The cubs were not tied down to stay, they were free to leave, but they didn't. I guess they felt that Dad and his partner were their parents. When the truck with the cage came to pick them up, they obediently climbed. As the truck was leaving, Dad could hear them whimpering – Dad felt sorry to see them go and he never forgot about them.

A TRIBUTE TO MY BONICA – MARY KUCHERAN

My grandma was a Romanian lady who came to Canada in the early 1900s with her husband. Being widowed at an early age with eight children, she had to be both mother and father to her children.

She raised chickens, sheep and cattle to supplement her income. She provided the wool and I can remember her spinning the wool into yarn on the long winter nights. Cows supplied her with milk, cheese, and butter. Chickens were never bought from a hatchery. In late February, hens were set in old apple boxes ½ full of straw which were then set under the kitchen bench. A long rug was hung on the bench to cover the boxes; you had to be careful not to move around too much when you sat down because you might get a nip on the back of your leg from an angry hen. How would you ladies like to have that in your modern kitchens?

She had no phone, power or running water, yet her clothes were always sunshine fresh. When a gasoline powered washing machine was purchased, I thought she was rich!

She always had a large garden in which she grew her vegetables from seeds collected from the previous year's crops. The garden was surrounded by chokecherry and pin cherry trees, and saskatoons were plentiful. This was her supply for jam. In the cellar, she always had pork and beans made from beans she grew in her garden, canned chicken, sauerkraut, pickles, potatoes, and beets. The fruit was crab apples and plums.

Every Sunday when there was a church service, she had the buggy hitched by one of her sons and she would ride off to church dressed in her beautiful Romanian kimishoi (blouse), wide belt (kinga), silk fringed shawl, and navy crepe skirt which she kept only for church. In her hand she took a few mint leaves and as they wilted, they gave off the aroma of spearmint gum. She was always happy. She taught me the Romanian language and a few songs. At 4 years of age, I was bilingual – thanks to her! She was so beautiful and strong with her deep blue eyes and white natural curly hair. When she held me in her arms, I felt so secure.

I remember one cold winter night in 1949 or 50 when a stranger pulled up to the house in his sleigh. Two bachelor uncles went out to greet the stranger and it turned out that he needed lodging for the night. In no time the horses were bedded down and the stranger walked into the house. He had on a long red toque and red coat that went down to his ankles, long white hair, and his beard was long and frosted from the cold. Being a brave girl of 4 or 5, I asked him who he was. He said, "Santa Claus." I believed him and he gave me two Japanese oranges. In the meantime, Grandma (Bonica) had a plate full of fried potatoes, bacon, eggs, hot tea and bread made in her clay oven (cuptor). After the hearty meal was eaten and the table cleared, they all sat around the table and exchanged newsy events. There was no TV; radio was only for the news because it was run on batteries which were quite expensive. The next morning, after a hearty breakfast, the stranger left for Lac la Biche. That's how it was in those days.

Its many, may years since my precious Grandma left us, and I will always treasure my memories of her. I'm passing them down to my children and grandchildren.

Bridal party Nanoshe + Nonashal Toma
ALICE + ELI MALIN
Bonetta Mary Kicharan + John Moskal (nosho

ALICE + ELI MALIN
with baby Marion
at Baserabos

ALICE MALIN. Bonica
Helen Kizima from Lethbridge
MARION.

1949- The house was just being built.

Our Bonica Mary Kucheran, Mom, Alice Malin
Dad Eli Malin, Marion + Georgine
little girl in screen door is Eleanor Romenko.

1946
Laurraine
Bonica
Mary
Kucheran
+
Marion

Mosho Eli Malin Was very proud of his Romanian Heritage

April-2000 Easter a few weeks before Mosho Eli Malin passed away.

79

ELI MALIN Soldier in Romanian Army

PART 11: ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE

Excerpted from *One Hundred Years of Solitude: Romanian Immigrants in Canada:* by Irina Culic

THE FIRST WAVE: PROMISED LAND

The first immigrants from Romanian lands arrived in Canada in 1898, from the village of Boian in Bukovina. They were Ichim Yurko (Ichim Jurca) and Elie Ravliuk (Iliuta Rauliuc) with his wife and four-year-old daughter. They were soon joined by other thirty-some families from the same village. By January 1901, in the district of Boian, Alberta, named after their origin place, around one hundred Romanian families were settled (Popescu, 1986; Zawadiuk et al., 1998). Small communities of Romanians formed in the surrounding area, about 100 kilometres North-East of Edmonton; in Saskatchewan, North-East and South-West of Regina; and along the Saskatchewan-Manitoba border. Until 1921, about 30,000 Romanians settled in Canada's prairie (Patterson, 1999]. Most of them came from Bukovina, as well as Transylvania and Banat, parts of Austria-Hungary at the time; ten percent came from Bulgaria, Macedonia, Greece; only five percent came from the Kingdom of Romania (Patterson, 1977: 13; Patterson, 1999; Popescu, 1986].

Romanians were lured from their homes to Canada by the offer of 160 acres of land in exchange for building a home, breaking thirty acres of land, cultivating crops, and actual residence on the homestead.

In 1897, Minister of Interior Clifford Sifton visited Bukovina and Galicia in a campaign intended to encourage peasants to come to Canada. Member of the recently formed Liberal government (1896) which had pledged to populate Canada's West and transform it into the country's granary, he had a clear depiction of the required immigrants:

"When I speak of quality I have in mind, I think, something that is quite different from what is in the mind of the average writer or speaker upon the question of Immigration. I think a stalwart peasant in a sheep-skin coat, born on the soil, whose forefathers have been farmers for ten generations, with a stout wife and a half—dozen children, is good quality." [Sifton, 1922: 32).

Exactly such were the first immigrants from historical Romanian lands. Before WWI, more than 8,000 Romanians had come to Canada. By 1921, their number increased to almost 30,000 (Patterson, 1999]. Most of them came from Bukovina, and together with Transylvania, the two provinces accounted for 85% of Romanian immigration to Canada up until the 1920 (Patterson, 1999). The typical passage of the

peasants and their families had them set off in carts to borderland stations, from where they took the train to Hamburg or Bremen. Embarked on passenger steamships or cattle boats, they arrived in Halifax, and then crossed Canada by train to Winnipeg, whose Immigration Hall functioned as the gateway to the West. From there they travelled to their destination by whatever means available: trains, wagons, horses, or by foot.

While national legislation and police regulations generally made it difficult to advertise and recruit immigrants from most continental European countries, booking agents, motivated by the commissions from steamship companies and bonuses from the Canadian government, developed knowledge and skills to evade them (Petryshyn and Dzubak, 1985: 50-3; Petryshyn, 1997). State officials and their private enterprising associates in the origin lands used vigorous advertising, propaganda, and networking to organize groups of families for the passage. The Austrian administration helped through liberally issuing one-year temporary passports to young people, while entertaining hopes that the peasants would engage on a round-trip. Bankers deemed subsidizing immigrants more lucrative for the return of their investments through cash flows and remittances, than borrowing money for farm improvement (Rasporich, 1982: 36). Through its agents operating in many European locations, the Canadian Pacific Railway (CPR) offered packages of passage over sea, work, and land at relatively low prices. Fellow villagers already landed in Canada were the most efficient device of this complex assemblage in convincing peasants to embark in this adventure, whose reward was extensive land of their own.

Their historically specific experience of living in an imperial borderland made peasants from Bukovina, rather than from other regions of what was to become Greater Romania, embark to Canada. The changes in political administration, multiethnic cohabitation, complex class, ethnic, and political relationships, and intense contact between village and town shaped their availability for huge, life-changing projects (Barton, 1975: 1-90; Bobango, 1979: 3-4). The names of the first recorded Romanian immigrants to Canada, mentioned at the beginning of this section, are not Romanian, but Ukrainian. Many of the family names of those first pioneers from Bukovina, whose tombstones rest in the prairie cemeteries, sound Ukrainian: Hlopina, Holovaci, Moscaliuc, Porojnic, Petruniuk, Romanko, Savaliuc, Seminiuk, Soprovici, Zaharichuk. Yet, their third and fourth generation descendants declare themselves of Romanian origin at present day Canadian census surveys, and work to promote their version of Romanianness through enactments of a collective memory of migration [Popescu, 1986; Asociaţia Română din Canada, http://www.arcanada.org; Canadian Romanian Society of Alberta, Edmonton-Boian, http://www.canadianromaniansocietyofalberta.org].

Ukrainians were the most numerous ethnic groups in Bukovina at the beginning of the twentieth century. At the 1910 census, those who declared themselves Ukrainian represented 38.4 per cent of the population, followed by Romanians with 34.4 per cent, 12 per cent Jews, 9 per cent Germans, and others, including Poles and Hungarians [Livezeanu, 1995: 49). Moved to Bukovina from Galicia in great numbers in the second half of the nineteenth century, the majority of them were peasants, and were not recognized politically. By contrast, Romanians had historically enjoyed representation in the government of the duchy and cultural rights. But those who settled in the same districts and regions of Canada intermarried, whether Romanian or Ukrainian, and used the Romanian language to communicate. They experienced the same tough conditions of grim weather, arduous work in the fields, loneliness, and isolation. The need for cash and food forced them into schemes where the man worked at the CPR or in the cities for several months a year, while the wife lived in the homestead with the children, off a household — garden and sod house — strenuous to manage. (Popescu, 1986; Patterson, 1977]. The shortage of Orthodox priests, and the bad

quality of the monks sent to Canada by the Metropolitanate of Moldovia, in Romania, made Romanians turn to the help of Ukrainians to build their churches and serve in them as priests [Bobango, 1979).

Alongside "Romanian" and "Ukrainians", other fellow adventurers arrived around the same period from Bucovinian lands. In 1882, a group of Volga Germans, relocated to Bukovina after 1871 for fear of drafting and dwindling privileges, came to work for the CPR and build their farms (Patterson, 1977: 8, 17]. A report to the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada from 1891 (House of Commons Canada, 1891: 97, 98) describing several German colonies in the West, around McLean, north of Balgonie Station, refers to Romanian speaking Germans, and to Russian or Romanian types of dwelling built by these pioneers. A number of Szeklers, a Hungarian people that lives overwhelmingly in three counties of present-day Romania, came from Bukovina to settle in the same areas of the prairie. Bucovinian Ashkenazi Jews had started to migrate to Canada's West in the 1870s and continued to come, joined by fellow Romanian Jews from Basarabia and the province of Moldovia. Many of them spoke Romanian, and Romanian functioned as *lingua franca* in places like the Dysart region in Saskatchewan, where they all settled (Patterson, 1977: 18-19).

The commonality of practices and arrangements entailed by the terms of their cohabitation in Canada, and the commonality of political and economic regimes experienced in the country of origin, partly account for their formation into an ethnic group self-denominated as Romanian. It was initially prompted by their struggles with the Canadian authorities over the allocation of land sections, as they strived to settle in compact areas. The solidarity grown out of cooperation and dependence needed for sheer survival, and the shared language and memory of native land were the matter of the Romanian ethnicity formed on Canadian soil. This becoming as Romanians was also mediated by WWI, as a few men joined the Canadian Forces and celebrated postwar Greater Romania, enlarged with Bukovina, Bessarabia, Transylvania, Partium, and the Romanian Banat, as their homeland (see accounts in Popescu, 1986). The experience of the war and Romanian nationalism ignited through parts of North America by diplomats and Orthodox clerics triggered the transformation of "*home"*, which for most immigrants meant their street, village, or region, into the *"homeland"* or *"vecheatara"* (the Old Country). The narratives of Romanian identity, homeland, and ethnic origin, and the works that edify them, whether internal, such as the building of Romanian Orthodox churches, or external, through state-generated categories of ethnic origin, document Romanian ethnicity in Canada.

Most of the descendants of the first pioneers from Bukovina, while collecting the stories of their parents and grandparents, and while recollecting their own experiences as sons and daughters of tamers of Canada's West, ground their narrative construction on a foundational error. They claim that the village of Boian, the hearth of the original Romanian immigration to Canada, now in Ukraine, belonged, at the genetic time of their arrival, to Romania. This slip of memory stands as an act of collective baptism. It aligns a specific awareness of cultural distinction historically contoured in a multinational empire, with a national project materialized in a "state of Romanians" - Greater Romania - which would incorporate their land as one of its own historical lands, and with an identity that had to be settled in the new country, to clear the lasting confusion of officials at entry points which had been recording them alternatively as Austrians, Germans, Romanians, Ukrainians, Ruthenians, Hungarians, or Russian [Popescu, 1986;Woodsworth, 1972].

This identity supported the life chances and the sense of self of migrants and their descendants by reflecting their increasingly well-placed position in a hierarchy of racialized ethnicities and nations. Until 1962, Canada practiced various immigration politics of exclusion based on racial, national, and cultural grounds

(customs, habits, and modes of life), geographical area of origin, unsuitability with regard to the climate (euphemistic formulation for “race"), potential for assimilation, and others. The Immigration Act of 1906 aimed to prevent “undesirable immigrants" by adding restrictions and expanding categories of the "prohibited", and by giving the government legal authority to deport immigrants within two years of landing for reasons including disease, becoming a public charge, or ‘moral turpitude’. The 1910 Immigration Act gave huge discretion to the government to regulate immigration through Orders in Council, and furthermore increased restrictions and grounds of deportation. Immigration fell dramatically during WWI. When in 1923, after the post-war period of economic low, Canada started again to encourage immigration, Romanians, as nationals of non-preferred countries, were admitted only as agriculturalists, farm labourers, domestics, and sponsored family members. From the few accounts of the early migration of Romanians to Canada, no hostility from the locals’ part or from "Canadians" themselves was shown toward them. In contrast, the more numerous histories, memoirs, and studies of the Ukrainian first immigration to Canada (mostly from Galicia and Bukovina) are marked by traumatic reports of negative reception as *"non-preferred continentals"* - dirty, garlic-smelling, filthy, drunken, penniless, ignorant, holding unintelligent methods of farming (e.g. Czumer, 1981; Woodworth,1972). Romanians distinguished themselves expanding the boundary of whiteness and locality through hard work, industriousness, and self-improvement. These peasants which were “of exceptionally fine physique" and "good quality" as fodder for the domestication of the great prairie stayed peasants, and many of their children became farmers, on increasingly larger holdings of land. Other of their children, and almost all of the following generations moved to the cities into liberal professions, business, services, or administration.

The narrative about an earlier Romanian ethnicity in Canada is built on the stories of adversity of the first pioneers. *When my father arrived there [to his allotted land section, in Southern Saskatchewan] there was nothing, nothing. Only the sky and the ground [...] They were all given a square mile for ten dollars. But the weeds were this deep [she shows the length of her arm], the rocks were this big [she shows the height of her thigh], the mothers all went to pick the rocks, put them on the stone boat, and dug the weeds, and plough was two oxen.* (Filmed interview from 2005 with Dorothy Nicholson, born in Canada in 1915 to a father who immigrated in 1907)

During the great depression, and in the following years, hardships multiplied, as various natural disasters stroke parts of the prairie inhabited by Romanians. Storm, dust and wind, Russian thistle, and grasshoppers are mentioned by this interviewee for successive years between 1932 and 1937. Many Romanians from Alberta and Saskatchewan moved to Montréal, Toronto, Hamilton, Kitchener, or Windsor to survive economic bankruptcy and draught. The Canadian government paid relief to those who remained on the land ($32 per month for a family of twelve, and piles of flour and beans). WWII however produced greatest dislocations. Most Romanian men joined the army, while women took employment in factories in the cities. Very few returned to the farms, and when they did, they went back as university graduates, utilizing modern means of agriculture.

The narrative was thus fixed by a final departure from an early experience of farming in the prairie. In the late 1980s and 1990s the third and fourth generation of Romanians have started to collect, talk, write, and perform accounts of a Romanian identity and ethnicity in Canada. While the (otherwise antiquated and dialectal) language was lost to English, and Romanians assimilated to an urban Canadian society, the narrative became separated from their actual ongoing experiences, cemented into a myth, and started an autonomous existence of its own.

PART 12: WHERE MONEY GREW ON TREES

Excerpted from *Where Money Grew on Trees: A History of the Romanian Pioneers of Lennard, Manitoba.* By John Goodes

NO ESCAPE

In the walnut tree, the cuckoo's cry,
Tells me it is time to say good-bye

Thus laments an old Romanian folksong, rendered in desperate, wailing tones, a blend of sorrow and despair. These lyrics and melody struck a strong chord in the hearts and minds of many small farmers and peasants in the Carpathian Mountain region of Eastern Europe at the end of the nineteenth century. Here, in the former Romanian principality of Bucovina, peasants toiled hopelessly under the burden of overpopulation, shortage of land, unemployment, political and social oppression, and even starvation. These conditions were notably prevalent in the part of Bucovina that had been under Austro-Hungarian domination since 1775. With their land occupied by a power whose base was thousands of kilometres away, in Vienna, there seemed to be little hope for them in the future. Escape, indeed, appeared to be their only salvation, but where would they go?

Over many generations, the economy of this beautiful land of rolling hills, clear mountain streams, lush meadows and wooded mountainsides had been under the control of the nobility (*boerime* in Romanian). Through their grand estates, these nobles (*boeri*), owned the majority of the commercial enterprises and most of the agricultural resources. By 1890, they held approximately 95 per cent of the land, leaving only five per cent for the peasantry. As for the peasants, every patch of soil in their care was dedicated to the production of food for survival. Over the generations, their small holdings had been divided and sub-divided among their offspring until the total number of farms in the region increased to the point where some of them were no larger than a garden plot. By 1900, 49 per cent of the landholdings in Bucovina were less than two hectares in size.

Because of the lack of tools, equipment, and power to properly work the soil, even these small holdings were not productive. Most of the work was performed by human labour, since horses and oxen were a

luxury which most peasants could not afford. Primitive tools and equipment, such as wooden ploughs, hoes, spades, scythes, flails and sieves were the main implements used to cultivate the soil and harvest the crops. The peasant farmers were ignorant of crop rotation for soil enrichment, and did not have the acreage to adopt this practice. The use of artificial fertilizers was out of the question because of the cost involved.

It was estimated that, in the Carpathian region, each peasant needed 14 acres (5.6 hectares) to provide sufficient food for himself and his family. However, by the late 1890s, about 70 per cent of their farms were less than half that size. Because the total amount of land available for ownership by the peasants was limited and in short supply, the price of land in 1900 was about $80 an acre, and some was being sold for as much as $400 an acre. If a peasant wanted to borrow money to buy land, the interest rate was between 52 and 104 per cent. Moneylenders were usually the Romanian nobles, or tavern keepers, who were predominantly Jewish. In addition, land taxes were among the highest in Europe.

The peasants were virtually hemmed in by the landowning nobility. While a few fortunate ones had the benefit of access to pastures and forests owned by the state or big landowners – usually in exchange for labour – the majority did not enjoy this privilege. Many peasants resorted to stealing hay and wood from the nobles' estates or government forest reserves, under the cover of darkness. Eventually, wood became so scarce that there were instances where it was sold by the kilogram. In some areas it was a crime to cut down a tree.

While most peasant farms were self-sufficient operations, the need for some cash was always present. Taxes had to be paid, babies baptized, older children wed, family and relatives buried, and feast days celebrated. Since there was little commerce or manufacturing in the region, the few jobs available to the peasants were in public works, such as road building and maintenance, or on large estates owned by the nobles. The rate of pay on these estates was 10 to 14 kreuzes for a 14 to 18-hour day. In those times, 100 kreuzes made up one gulden, worth about 46 U.S. cents. So, in effect, the peasants worked for less than 10 cents a day. For this pittance, they sometime had to endure scoldings, humiliation, and even whippings. Often, they were obliged to work for only their meals or for small measures of flour, meat, potatoes, beans or corn.

Under these deplorable conditions, theft was common, and alcoholism endemic. It was in the interest of the rich landowners to keep the peasants drunk and underpaid. Nobles owned most of the taverns, so they again profited from the peasants' misery. By the late 1890s, the average annual consumption of liquor in Bucovina and Galacia reached 26 litres for every man, woman and child.

Another hardship, imposed on the peasants by the state, was the requirement of the sons to serve two years in the Austrian army, upon reaching the age of 18. In addition, they had to spend one month a year in the army reserves. In a way this was beneficial for the young people, as it exposed them to something different from the drudgery of peasant life. However, in times of war, these young men were considered expendable, and they usually formed the front ranks of the infantry or cavalry – cannon fodder for the enemy. Ironically, some of the skills that these young men acquired in the Austrian army would serve them well later, in the Canadian frontier. In addition to the discipline, they were taught how to use certain tools, how to build corduroy roads and how to handle and care for horses.

The peasant was also at the mercy of local elected officials. These authorities were usually the richer peasants or farmers who were often strongly influenced or controlled by the nobles. Because it was in the

interest of the nobility to keep the poor peasants impoverished, in order to use them as a dependable source of cheap labour, they frowned upon local authorities hiring them for public works, or providing other forms of assistance. Local officials usually had no alternative, but to comply. These officials also abused their powers in other areas, such as land assessment for tax purposes, approving loans, and aiding the destitute from the communal treasury. Since they were also responsible for the village police, issuing certificates of poverty, and granting exemptions from military service, they yielded great power in the community. The poor peasant and his family were trapped in a system from which it was almost impossible to escape. They had little chance of freeing themselves from the chains of poverty, ignorance and helplessness. They were prisoners of a harsh socio-economic system; trapped by it in their own land.

CANADA BECKONS

Just as the peasants of Eastern Europe appeared to be going through their darkest period, something that was happening in Canada was about to change many of their lives. While the former Romanian province of Bucovina, and the former Polish province of Galicia, staggered under the weight of humanity, huge tracts of good potential farmland in Western Canada lay empty. The rich black soil, which had remained undisturbed for thousands of years, provided pasture for the vast herds of bison that roamed the area. This scenario was about to change forever, as colonization was about to begin. The Canadian Pacific Railway had completed its famous line through the prairies to the West Coast in 1885, but the people it was built to carry did not arrive. In 1896, only 16,835 immigrants arrived in Canada from Britain, Scandinavia, Germany and the U.S., the preferred sources of settlers in Western Canada, and most of these went to the cities.

The lure of free land did not seem to be working, in spite of all the efforts and arrangements that had been made by the Canadian government. An Order in Council, which was ratified by the House of Commons on April 25, 1871, established that lands in Western Canada would be divided into square sections consisting of 640 acres (260 hectares), covering one square mile. Each section would then be divided into four quarters of 160 acres each. An area comprising 36 of these square-mile sections would be called a township. The Canada Lands Act was passed one year later. It decreed that any male or female British

subject, as well as anyone prepared to become a British subject, and was over the age of 18, was eligible for a quarter-section of this land in Western Canada, free.

The only cost involved to the applicants for this land was a filing fee of $10.00. The immigrants were required to file for themselves, although a father, brother, son or sister could file for a family member by proxy. In order to gain ownership of the land, the homesteader was required to break and cultivate 25 acres, and live on the land for at least six months of the year for three years. Only the even-numbered sections were available to the homesteaders.

The homesteaders could also file a pre-emption, which permitted them to buy a neighbouring odd-numbered quarter, once they had obtained title to their own homestead, for $1.00 an acre. Two sections of land were set aside in each township for schools, and were to become known as School Land. Another two sections were still held by the Hudson's Bay Company, from whom the federal government had acquired the territory. The odd-numbered sections belonged to the Crown or to the railways, as part of the original land grant given to encourage development. These could, however, be bought by the homesteader for cash. But by 1896, there had been few takers of these generous offers.

In 1896, the federal Conservative government was defeated and the Liberals, under Wilfred Laurier, came to power. Clifford Sifton, a 35-year-old lawyer, a Member of the Manitoba Legislative Assembly (M.L.A.) for Brandon North, and provincial Attorney General for Manitoba, had switched to federal politics. He won his seat and became the Member of Parliament (M.P.) for Brandon constituency. Sifton was appointed Minister of the Interior by Prime Minister Laurier in 1896. The Prime Minister gave him the job of settling the immense tract of unsettled land stretching out 1,000 miles, or 1,600 kilometres, from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains. Sifton recognized the enormous potential of the Canadian West, but knew that in order to tap this wealth, the area had to be populated with immigrants. His immediate goal was to fill the West with practical farmers, and no one else. He decreed that no city people, shopkeepers, clerks or tradesmen would be welcome.

Under Sifton's predecessor, Frank Oliver, Canada's immigration policy relied on the attraction of people "with character" who would develop the country's resources and lead "the way to a new and better civilization for all of Canada." The political agenda was largely permeated by efforts to define the "Canadian Nationality." During Oliver's time, ethnic and cultural origins of the prospective immigrant took precedence over occupation. Canada, particularly Eastern Canada, was still inspired by Imperialistic thinking.

Sifton discarded this policy, which was based on social considerations, and concentrated on one of economic development, through agriculture. The preferred immigrants from Britain, Scandinavia, Germany and the United States had not arrived in droves, as hoped. In fact, the greatest influx of British immigrants had been poor people who were assisted by charitable organizations in Britain, with the goal of ridding the country of paupers. Emigration was seen as a way to help them to get a fresh start in the colonies. Unfortunately for Canada's plan to fill up the empty West, these immigrants were not attracted to the harsh life on Canada's frontier.

Sifton's attention shifted to Eastern Europe, an area that had previously been seen as a place of "marginally desirable races" who would "dilute and muddy the purity of Canada's Anglo-Saxon origin." Now, unlike the U. S., which welcomed the downtrodden, Canada was intent on accepting only those immigrants who would contribute to the nation's wealth and would not become a burden on the public purse. Where they came from was no longer as important. Perhaps America offered liberty, but Canada offered free land,

claimed the politicians. By 1900, Sifton made it known that almost anyone who had the means to get to Canada would be accepted, if they had farming experience. This included Eastern Europeans, those described by Sifton as "men in sheepskin coats....and their stout wives and half-dozen children."

Under the new government, Canada's former selective approach to immigration and method of promotion were discarded. Immigration would now be carried out "in the same manner as the sale of any commodity - on practical business principles through advertising." Hundreds of thousands of pamphlets, extolling the virtues of Western Canada, in several languages, were distributed by the Canadian government, shipping companies, CPR, and various agents, throughout the Carpathian region of Eastern Europe. This promotional effort concentrated on Polish Galicia, where the population was largely Ukrainian, and on Bucovina, where the inhabitants were predominantly Romanian. Both of these regions had been under Austro-Hungarian rule since 1772 and 1775 respectively.

Regardless of where these people lived, or their ethnic background, they were all referred to as "Galacians" by the Canadians. The identity problem was even more prevalent among the Ukrainian population of these regions, especially those living in Bucovina, who called themselves Ruthenians. They preferred this designation because it set them aside from other Ukrainians from Galicia, who were considered to be unduly influenced by the Polish regime and the Roman Catholic Church. The Romanians, in turn, referred to them as *"Rus"*, pronounced *"roos"*. Some Romanians, who considered themselves to be of the Latin race, bristled at being lumped in with the Slavs and called Galacians. Nevertheless, these names would follow them and the Ukrainians to Canada and identify them for many years to come.

THE EXODUS BEGINS

The news of free land in Canada spread quickly through the Carpathian region. For many in these regions, news of free land in Canada was seen as the only hope of escaping a life-sentence of toil and hopelessness. Across the ocean was the Promised Land. There, 160 acres of fertile soil, which could be had for the asking, was waiting for them. Sifton's aggressive promotion of Western Canada reached Bucovina around 1897. Pamphlets and agents of the shipping companies ignited the imagination of the peasants in the region, and the quest for the "men in sheepskin coats" was on.

The individual immigrants from Bucovina did not leave much detailed information regarding how they arrived at their decision to emigrate. However, it is known that someone had to bring the news and information to the villages, and in all likelihood, this was the result of Canada's promotional efforts. The first contact between the prospective immigrants and the Canadian government was usually made by an agent who, in most cases, was a prominent citizen of a regional centre, such as Chernautz or Suceava. These agents were paid a certain fee for each immigrant obtained by them for Canada. Sifton predicted that once one or more families from a village or community made the move, they would act as magnets in the new country and other immigrants would follow them. The task was to get the first emigrant from the village to leave.

In the part of Bucovina from where most of the Manitoba settlers came, the process appears to have begun in a number of small villages in the vicinity of Cernautz. These were the Romanian communities of Voloca, Corovia, Chahor, Aspacia and Mologia. Most of the Ruthenians (Ukrainian-speaking immigrants), came from Hlinitsa, Stirchea and Zuchca, and other villages that were in the same general area. This was a predominantly Romanian-speaking region, which had withstood the Austrian influence for several generations. Romanian was still taught in the schools (to those who could attend), and the Romanian Orthodox Church remained strong. Any Austrian influence was passive and subtle. It was particularly evident in infrastructure, improved postal service, personal discipline, pride of home ownership and domestic architecture, (particularly their ornately decorated gates and fences). Some people, especially those who attended school or served in the Austrian army, spoke some German.

The whole story of how the news of the "Promised Land" arrived and was received in Voloca and the other villages was never fully recorded. However, bits and pieces of how the drama unfolded were gleaned from the memories of those who experienced it, or those who heard it from their parents, grandparents, and others. These stories can be pieced together into a portrayal of what may have happened in a particular family or group.

The Lennard story begins in 1898, in a whitewashed cottage in the village of Voloca. News of the free land in Canada had already spread throughout the community. A meeting was held, in a house owned by a local resident, involving a group of relatives and friends. They had come to discuss the information that the agent from Chernautz had brought regarding free land in Canada. The owner of the house was a widow, Dominica Paulencu. Attending the gathering were her two sons, Ion and Gheorghe; her son-in-law Nicolai Pentelicuic, Elie Burla, Ilie Elia, his sister Natalia Holunga, Ion Axinte and Mihai Bordian.

They talked about meeting an agent from Cernautz who had gone through the village earlier, announcing the availability of free land in Canada. He had explained that much of the land had already been taken, but that there was still a considerable area of the country to be settled and good land could still be found. However, he warned that they would have to hurry if they wanted to take advantage of this offer, as the better land was being taken up quickly. The agent had distributed pamphlets and shown pictures of settlers

who had already obtained homesteads, standing in the fields of grain. Other photos featured their homes, farmyards and animals.

Meetings of this type would take place in various homes in the villages over the next several months and years. While many of them had never heard of Canada in their isolated communities, the glowing reports coming from there were exciting, and fired their imaginations. Later, when letters began to arrive from some early emigrants from nearby villages, describing the freedom and abundance in the new country, the stories became increasingly exaggerated. Claims that in Canada money grew on trees, half made in jest, soon sounded plausible.

By October 1898, seven of the 10 people who had met in Dominica Paulencu's home reached a decision. Dominica and her sons Ion and Gheorghe; Nicolai Pentelicuic, his wife Marina and three children, Anghelina, age six, Calina, age 3, and Ilie, age 2; Elie Burla, his wife Zanfira and children, Eugenia, age 9, Grapina, age 6, and Nicolai, age 4, would be the first to set out for Canada. Ion Axinte and Mihai Bordian and Ilie Elia decided that they would follow at a later date, as eventually did Elie Burla. The agent in Cernautz was apprised of the decision, and he, in turn, advised the shipping company of their interest. A representative of the shipping company, acting on behalf of the Canadian government and the CPR, took it from there. The representative explained to them what the move would entail and where it would lead.

The people were advised that they would be responsible for the cost of train transportation from Chernautz to Hamburg, Germany, plus the ocean voyage and the travel by train from Montreal to their final destination. While on board the ship, they would be supplied with meals, but during their train travel they would pay for their own food. The agent asked them where they would like to live in Canada and they replied, "Anywhere that has water and many trees."

The prospective immigrants were told that they could take a 20-cubic-foot trunk, plus separate bags for each person. As soon as they had acquired their passports, a certificate of sanity, and a health certificate saying that they were free from communicable diseases, their travel arrangements would be made. The required credentials would be issued by the county office (primare). By February 1, 1899, all their documents were in order and they set about selling their small land holding, houses, and the belongings that they would not be able to take with them. Because of the shortage of land in the community, there were many eager buyers for the properties. These were young men who wanted to get married and needed a place in which to live and start their families, but few of them had enough money to pay for the properties. Eventually, however, with the help of their expanded families and loans, several young men came forward with the money. Another obstacle had been overcome and one of the strongest links to the old life was about to be severed.

The agent advised them that, "Because of the weather at their destination, their travel would begin around April 1. Finally, March 31, 1899 was set as the day on which the first group of people from Voloca would depart for Canada. The shipping company representative told them that this would allow them sufficient time to construct some shelter for the next winter and also break up some virgin soil for a garden. News of the group's pending departure spread through the village, and a church service was held to pray for a safe voyage, and for health and prosperity in their new home. Streams of people passed through the homes of their departing relatives, friends and neighbours, and many tears were shed.

By the middle of the month, the final preparations for departure had begun. The emigrants set about using the space in their 20-cubic foot trunk to pack what they thought they would need in their new homes. This

included their "Sunday best" clothing, bedding, pots, and garden seeds including beans, garlic, onions, horseradish, "*lobida*" (a yellow or red-leafed plant used in soups and for making rice rolls), poppy seed, hemp seed, beeswax candles, bottle of holy water and a prayer book. Seeds of the absinthe (Wormwood) plant (pelin) were discreetly wrapped in a piece of cloth and stowed among the belongings. This plant would help to keep their beds free of bedbugs and fleas when they settled into their new homes, but would infest their pastures and roadsides many years later. If there was room left, tools, such as a sickle, scythe, flail, hoe, draw knife, saw, auger and bits, chisels and wood planer were fitted into the trunk. Icons were packed between the pillows and, sometimes, even a picture of Austrian Emperor Franz Josef. "He is a good man," they would say. "There have been many who were worse." He had, indeed, let them worship in the church of their choice in their own language, and also use the Romanian language in their schools.

Then the fateful day arrived. Relatives and the close friends and neighbours gathered to see the departing villagers for the last time. There were smiles at first, but a melancholy mood set in as the enormous gravity of the event sank in. Most of them knew in their hearts that they would never see their relatives, friends and neighbours again, even though they promised to come and visit as soon as they made their fortune in Canada. Meanwhile, they would write. Soon, some began to cry; the women first and then the children. The men stoically wiped their eyes with the sleeves of their shirts. They sang a song, *God grant you many years*, *(Multsi ani triasca),* and then someone called for silence. Prayers were recited by the priest and deacon. The prayers asked for God's blessing and His protection for them on the voyage, and finally, for health and prosperity in the new land.

The departure of these villagers from their homes had to be an enormous, heart-rending experience. Most of them had lived all their lives in their close-knit families and communities, and never ventured more than several kilometres from their villages. Now they were abandoning the lifestyles and traditions of many generations. But perhaps, the most distressing trauma was leaving behind family members whom they would never see again. In his book, *The Promised Land*, Pierre Berton writes about how one immigrant woman explained it later: "Inexpressible grief seized my young heart...The parting and the mournful keening (wailing) were heartbreaking. Old and young wept as they bade us farewell, perhaps forever." Many of the emigrants were still in the prime of their lives, and their parents were still living, and for some, also the grandparents. These were all, in many cases, left behind.

On the day of departure, a neighbour with horses and wagon arrived to take them to the railway station. The trunks and bags were loaded onto the wagon. There were more handshakes, hugs and kisses, and more crying and prayers, then they settled into the wagon and rode away, most of them never to return. Before they left, some had stopped and picked up a handful of soil from their yard and wrapped it in a handkerchief, made the sign of the cross and tenderly touch the door panel of the house. As they rode toward Chernautz, they lifted the wrapped soil to their mouths and kissed it; a final and lasting tribute to their beloved land.

THE VOYAGE

The train trip from Cernautz to the German border would take about 10 hours. Individuals and families, some of whom were also leaving for Canada, continued to board the train when it stopped at other villages in Bucovina and Galicia. The seats, made of hard wooden slats, were soon filled, and some passengers sat on their bags in the aisles. The Volocans had brought shoulder bags (striasta) filled with bread, cheese,

hard-boiled eggs and sausage, and did not need to buy food from the vendor who walked through the train. They talked in quiet voices and stared out the windows at the changing and unfamiliar landscape as it slid by.

After the long trip from Cernautz, through Galicia, the train reached the German border. The emigrants were told to disembark and go to a building to wait for their train to Hamburg. They were herded into a large hall and ordered to stay there until the next train to their destination arrived. A Russian policeman and a German officer stood beside a desk with a sign of the shipping company above it. The emigrants were escorted to the desk, and the shipping agent checked their documents and tickets, and then pointed to a door. Here they were given a quick check-up by a German doctor. Those who did not pass, or did not have sufficient money for the rest of the journey were sent back. Those who passed were told to wait while their baggage was disinfected.

There was little to do as they waited except watch the other emigrants as they milled about. Some tried to sleep on the hard wooden benches. Their food supply was getting low and they looked for a place to buy more. They discovered that a canteen, which was purported to sell food, sold only alcoholic beverages until noon. After that they could buy a meal of soup, boiled beef, potato salad and bread for the equivalent of 25 cents. The Volocans pooled their remaining food and decided that they could save the money for later. A special immigrant train pulled into the station and they were led to their section of the coach. Along the way, they were pursued by hawkers who tried to sell them religious trinkets, fancy breads, sausages, pocket watches and knives.

So far, the group from Voloca had not been exposed to the scams that earlier emigrants had suffered on their journeys. Those travelers were often hounded by crooked agents, peddlers, and even fake doctors. The petty hucksters seemed to congregate at railway stations, transfer points and seaports. They would talk the frightened and ignorant peasants into paying for fake documents, and goods and services which they did not need. Some of the naive peasants would trust the scam artists with their money and never saw them again. The officials had no alternative but to send the penniless peasants, who had been tricked, back home. This activity reached a peak in 1886 to 1889. Later, the authorities of the countries involved increased their surveillance in order to avoid having to transport the destitute victims back to their villages. However, some hucksters continued to slip through the net, and with their ability to speak several languages, still managed to coerce some unsuspecting travelers into parting with their meagre financial resources.

As the train traveled through Germany, the passengers from Voloca began to feel the separation from their homes growing. Food, that they brought with them, and which was prepared in Voloca, was now all gone, and when hunger faced them, they were obliged to buy food on the train. Those who were brave enough to venture out of their coach discovered a canteen where food was sold. Here they were introduced to bratwurst on rye bread and German ‘cheese, which was so different from the sheep cheese (kasha) to which they were accustomed at home. Those who stayed in their seats could wait for the vendor who passed through the car selling sandwiches, coffee and sweets. Twenty-four hours later the tired and hungry travelers reached Hamburg.

The port of Hamburg was one of Europe’s major embarking spots for the Eastern European emigrants. The train pulled into the station near the docks and the emigrants disembarked. They stared in confusion and fear at the sea of humanity moving around them. The Volocans stayed close together and waited until a Romanian-speaking official directed them to the shipping company’s office. Here their tickets were

checked and any outstanding charges paid. The company's doctor performed the mandatory medical examination and advised them if they would be allowed to board the ship. Once again, anyone who did not pass the medical test or did not have sufficient funds to continue the journey was sent back home.

The travelers were advised that their trunks would be placed in the ship's hold, but that they would be allowed to take their bags with them. They made their way across the pier, wading through a sea of strange faces. Families huddled close together. Children, with fear showing in their eyes, hung on tightly to their mother's skirts. Some of the people around them were dressed in unfamiliar clothes and spoke in strange-sounding languages. Among them were some with dark skin and black piercing eyes, which reminded the Volocans of the Gypsies back home. They followed the shipping company's agent up the gangplank into the ship, each carrying their heavy bag. A steward met them on the top deck and led them down to the ship's hold.

The ship was one of many which were used to transport cattle from North America to Europe, and immigrants from Europe to North America on their return trips. At the end of each trip, the ship was converted from one use to the other. On the Europe to North America journey, it was fitted with temporary wooden partitions, which divided the lower deck area into compartments. Down below, the emigrants followed the steward through an aisle between the two whitewashed partitions, which spanned most of the length of the lower deck. There were doors every few feet and one by one the groups of passengers ahead of them were shown into these compartments.

The Volocans were assigned several adjoining compartments, one each for a family or for two single men or women. The accommodations were clean and smelled of fresh whitewash and disinfectant. The floors appeared to be freshly scrubbed. Each compartment had a single light bulb and contained two cots, a table and two chairs. In one corner was a basin and water jug, sitting on a washstand. The cots were covered with a Grey flannel sheet, white pillows, and a brownish-grey woollen blanket. On the table were a water pitcher and four glasses. Even these scant surroundings were a welcome respite from their two days of train travel, and provided them with an opportunity to sit down and relax, away from the noise and crowds of people.

They set down their bags and washed their hands and faces. After settling into their compartments, they visited each other to compare quarters and to exchange comments on their accommodations and the journey thus far. A short time after the activity in the aisles had subsided, and it appeared that everyone was settled in, a Romanian-speaking steward arrived and advised them on when and where they would take their meals and what areas of the vessel were open to them. He said that the ship would not be leaving until all the passengers were accounted for and the trunks and other cargo loaded. They were instructed on emergency procedures and shown where they could fill their water pitchers. There would be no hot water in their quarters and the water available on the ship would not be sufficient for bathing and laundry.

Sometime later, following a flurry of activity on deck and below, the ship's horn blasted and her belly groaned. They felt a shaking and rolling motion as the vessel pulled away from the dock and headed out of the port. Excited voices from the other compartments flowed over the partitions, and then settled down to a dull murmur. The travelers were on their way to a whole new World, where a life which many of them would not have contemplated, not even in their wildest dreams, awaited them. Unknown to them, their status had suddenly changed from emigrant to immigrant.

The first few days were pleasant enough for the travelers. Most of them had never traveled before and the novelty of living on a seafaring vessel was exciting and different. The meals were served on the main deck in a special dining area for the immigrants. They were served porridge with milk and white sugar, black bread, biscuits, cheese, and tea or coffee for breakfast. The mid-day meal was the biggest. Hot soup, boiled beef ribs or ox-tail, potatoes or rice, cabbage, white bread, an orange, and tea or coffee were the usual fare. Fish or beans were substituted for meat on some days, especially Fridays. In the evening, a light meal of cooked cabbage or turnip, beans, black bread and tea or coffee were the menu. There was no milk for the children and they had to drink tea or coffee, which were strong and usually only luke-warm. But to the Volocans, who were familiar with scarcity, the amount, variety and quality of the meals was adequate and they did not complain. They were especially attracted to the white bread and sugar, which were rare commodities back home.

Access to the main deck was limited and they spent their days visiting each other and talking about their old homes, their past and their anticipated future. Soon they were brave enough to venture out of their quarters and meet with other immigrants on board. Most of these came from several Eastern European countries. There were Poles, Russians, Ruthenians, Hungarians and a few Germans and Austrians. Word got around that there were passengers in another part of the ship who were in permanent cabins. They were sometimes seen on the main deck, dressed in fancy clothes and speaking German, English, Yiddish or one of the Scandinavian languages. They had their own dining area and were free to roam around the deck as they pleased.

It was a rare occasion when a ship sailing between north-western Europe and Canada did not encounter a fierce North Atlantic storm, and this one was no exception. On the eighth day of sailing, the message came down from the captain, through the stewards, that the ship was approaching a weather front and would be in rough waters for a few hours. Passengers were instructed to remain in their quarters, fill up their water jugs and secure anything that might roll or slide. As the passengers reacted to the news, excited voices wafted across the partition walls on the lower deck. Then all was quiet.

Late in the afternoon the vessel encountered the storm head-on. The heavy, rain-laden dark clouds moved in, and the ship's horn sounded its warning to other vessels in the area. While the passengers on the lower deck had no windows to observe the conditions outside, the darkness revealed that that storm had begun. The ship rolled gently at first, then bobbed up and down roughly, as the waves became higher and stronger. Sounds of people suffering from seasickness could be heard, first among the children and then the others. The stench of vomit filled the air, and the voices of people praying were punctuated by blasts from the ship's horn. The ship's movements became more violent as it rolled from side to side, and up and down. Soon, water from the overlapping waves flowed through the aisle.

For what seemed like a long time, there was no let-up in the storm. Those who had watches reported that it had already lasted over 10 hours. In the darkness, most of the lower deck passengers did not know whether it was night or day. They were unable to leave their quarters to get food, and even if they could, they would not have been able to hold it down. Soon hunger pains, thirst and the stench became overwhelming and wore heavily on their weakened bodies.

Then, just as suddenly as it had started, the storm subsided. The motion of the ship became gentler, and then smooth. While moans of the suffering were still heard in many quarters, the sounds of panic died down. Members of the ship's crew appeared with mops and pails, and the great clean-up began.

Passengers from the lower deck were allowed to go to the upper level during the clean-up. Here the sun was already shining, brilliant and warm, against the wave-scrubbed vessel.

As the ship continued on its westward course, anxiety set in among the immigrant passengers. They had been on board the vessel for 12 days and wondered how much longer the voyage would take. Rumours circulated that it could take another week. The meal routine had returned to normal, but the quality of the food had deteriorated. The bread was now stale and the meats had a foul smell. Their stomachs had not recovered, and food intake was difficult. The stench was not totally removed from the lower deck and water was not available in sufficient quantity to wash their bodies or clothes. Some of the immigrants were beginning to question the wisdom of their decision to leave their homes in Voloca and elsewhere.

One morning, after what seemed like an eternity, there was a sudden outburst of excited voices on the lower deck. The news spread quickly that someone had sighted land and they were approaching their destination. The stewards came down and advised that they would be in Montreal in 12 hours. The vessel entered the St. Lawrence River and sailed between the two shores visible in the distance. Next morning, the stewards instructed the passengers to get their belongings together and be ready to disembark in two hours. After 16 days at sea, they would be arriving at their new home - Canada.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION AND WORLD WAR II

The Great Depression of the 1930s struck the community with a vengeance. The survival skills and frugality, which the pioneers had brought with them from the old country, served them well during this demanding period. As the dark dust clouds blew in from the Western plains, the district remained green, protected by the trees, which had originally attracted the settlers to the area. The numerous lakes and sloughs provided sufficient hay to feed the livestock, and water for the animals and gardens. The residents also believed that these bodies of water attracted the occasional rain shower, which other more open areas did not receive. But in spite of this, crop production was reduced and the prices of grain and livestock plummeted. New sources of income had to be found.

The population of fur-bearing animals was being depleted because of over-trapping, so the farmers once again turned to trees to provide them with some cash. Businesses and residences in Russell and Inglis continued to need firewood, and the district farmers readily met these needs. The government officials, who had been puzzled by the logic of the Eastern Europeans settlers choosing marginal land, might have now understood the foresight that could only come from the lessons of a peasant culture.

CHURCH AND RELIGION

To the oppressed and economically burdened people in the Carpathian region of Eastern Europe, the church was a haven of spiritual devotion and inspiration. The mysticism and morality inherent in the church's rites and teachings gave comfort and direction to the parishioners, and an escape from the sometime difficult realities of life. So, it was not surprising that a perceived need for religious expression and communion emerged quickly among the homesteaders. Those who first settled in the area found themselves isolated from other kindred settlements and had to build their religious infrastructure from the ground up.

They began the process in 1901 by raising a primitive wooden cross, made from a felled aspen tree, on the section of homesteads belonging to Elie Burla, Ion Paulencu, Gheorghe Paulencu and Nicolai Pentelicuic. Because they had not yet discovered the location of the survey markers showing the boundaries between the quarter sections, they were not certain on whose land the cross was located. It later turned out to be on the Western edge of Elie Burla's property.

None of the families involved had brought a Bible or book of liturgy with them and they had to settle for readings from a sacred book, which accompanied one of them from their village. Since Gheorghe Paulencu and his sister Marina had received some schooling in Voloca, they were delegated to do the readings and lead the prayers around the outdoor cross. Sometime later, Marcu Zelinskie arrived in the district with religious books, which he had brought from the old country. Since he was also literate, he was appointed to lead a more elaborate form of worship in their outdoor place of devotion. Zelinskie was not ordained and could not perform the liturgy. However, he did perform the rites of baptism, marriage and funerals.

By 1903, more settlers had arrived in the area, and the pioneers felt that they needed a more formal place in which to hold their services; one that they could use the year round, rather than only during the warm seasons. A church committee was selected, consisting of Elie Burla, president; Gheorghe Paulencu, secretary; and Ion Paulencu, director. With the help of some of the other new arrivals, they erected a small log building, plastered with clay and topped with a sod roof. A small window with several tiny panes was acquired and installed to allow some light to enter the dark interior. They were now ready to hold indoor services. Grigori Gabor, who recently arrived from Corovia, Bucovina, acted as sexton. The St. Elijah Romanian Orthodox Parish was born and the new church was consecrated on the Feast of St. Elijah *(Hram),* on August 2, 1903. The parishioners chose St. Elijah, the Old Testament prophet, as the patron saint, a name with which they could also honour Elie Burla, the man on whose land the church was located. It was the second Romanian Orthodox parish to be established in Western Canada, the first one being organized in Regina a year earlier.

That same year, a most remarkable man arrived in the area. He was Petru Hackman, a former Justice of the Peace (J.P.) from Aspacia, Bucovina; a literate man who spoke several languages. Hackman immediately became involved in the new church community and soon became its spiritual leader. Because he was not ordained, he also could not perform the liturgy, but he did perform all the other sacraments, including marriages, burials and baptisms.

During this period, local parishioner, Ilie Elia, began a letter-writing campaign to the Metropolia of Moldovia-Suceava in Bucovina, asking for an ordained priest for the parish. A new priest would not arrive until 1907, but meanwhile, Petru Hackman continued to conduct the services. Each Sunday, regardless of the weather, he walked the several miles from his homestead in the Shell River valley to the church. He demanded no pay for his services, but would graciously accept small gifts in kind from members of the congregation.

In 1904, his son Plasiu was killed in an accident while helping his father to break sod on their homestead. This had a profound effect on Petru, and he turned to a life of fasting, meditation and prayer. He became a healer, and is purported to have saved the life of Agrapina Gabor during the Great Flu of 1918, by praying over her. She survived and lived to be 101 years old. When Petru Hackman died in 1931, it was said that there was no sign of decay in his body, even after it had lain in the summer heat for three days, without embalming. Fr. Ghenadie Gheorgheu, who officiated at the funeral, declared that this was, indeed, the sign of a saint. Petru Hackman is buried in the St. Elijah Cemetery. Regrettably, the location of his grave, along with many others, which were marked with wooden crosses, is no longer known. However, his name is the only one featured on a common memorial now honouring all those whose graves were lost.

In 1907, St. Elijah received its first ordained priest when F r. Ion Mihalovici arrived from Basarabia, Romania. He spoke both Romanian and Ukrainian. Ion Paulencu had donated two acres of land adjacent to the existing churchyard, and a primitive log manse was erected to accommodate the new priest and his family. Fr. Mihalovici was married and had children, one of whom died while he served at St. Elijah. No one remembered where the child was buried. One of the first functions performed by Fr. Mihalovici was to consecrate the land upon which the parish was planning to build a new church in the future. The priest was paid $30.00 a month, plus what the parishioners could contribute for special occasions, such as baptisms, marriages, house blessings, etc. Fr. Mihalovici also served the churches at MacNutt and Canora, where he traveled by horse and buggy.

The original log church was becoming too small for the growing population in the community, even though the parishioners all stood up during the services, and utilized very little space. By 1907, there were already about 30 member families in the parish. The pioneers were now more prosperous and ready to consider erecting a bigger and better church building. In preparation for this, during the winter, some of them went to the sawmill at Mountain House, east of the community, and cut down spruce trees, which were then sawn into square logs. They now had one of the main materials needed to construct their church. Meetings and planning sessions were held throughout the winter. By early Spring 1908, they were ready to commence construction. It was calculated that each member would have to contribute $16.00 to cover the material costs. All the labour would be performed by volunteers, except the job of designer and lead carpenter.

To undertake this job, they approached Alexie Slusarchuk, who had come to the district from Hlinitsa, Bucovina, in June 1903. Alexie was blacksmith and a carpenter, and had helped several settlers build their first homes. The design chosen was a rectangular building with rounded corners in the roof, which was common to churches in Bucovina. The walls of the building were made from square spruce logs, covered with wooden siding, and cedar shingles were used on the roof. A separate bell tower was also constructed. The royal doors were made from local lumber. Alexie Slusarchuk designed and crafted these doors, based upon the memories of the pioneers who recounted what they looked like in Bucovina. A choir loft was built at one end, above the entrance.

Again, there were no pews installed in the church, and the worshippers would stand throughout the whole service. Some forward-thinking pioneers had brought certain relics with them from the old country, such as-banners, candle holders, wooden icons and crosses. A pioneer craftsman named Sopka carved a wooden chandelier. By August 2, 1908, the church was ready for the service celebrating the feast of St. Elijah, its patron saint. Fr. Mihalovici performed the liturgy.

The second ordained priest to come to St. Elijah was Fr. Vasile Balfon, who was from Romania, but could also speak Ukrainian. Fr. Doroftai Constantinescu, who spoke only Romanian, followed him. With the number of Ukrainian parishioners increasing, there was some controversy brewing regarding engaging priests who could only speak Romanian and, after Fr. Constantinescu left, efforts were made to locate bilingual priests.

NONIE & MIKE SHEWCHUK IN FRONT OF ROMANIAN CHURCH
BUILT BY PROCOP, JOHN, & SAM AXENTY

FESTIVALS

Some of the fondest memories that people have of the old days in the community involve the celebration of holy days and festivals. While Easter was the most important holiday of the year in the life of the church, Christmas was the holiday that was most anticipated, especially by the children. Probably, the next most celebrated festival, after these two, was the feast of the patron saint of the parish - St. Elijah in Lennard and St. John the Baptist in Shell Valley.

In the early days of the community, Christmas was celebrated on January 7, according to the Julian calendar. Preparation for the holiday began with a six-week Lenten period, during which meat, dairy products and eggs were not consumed by those observing the lent. For the school children, the preparations began earlier, with practice for the school Christmas concert, starting in late November or early December. The Christmas concert was held just before the school break for the holidays. Most teachers attempted to give each child a part in the performance. Carol singing practice began several weeks before the concert, as did the rehearsals for plays and recitations. On the night of the concert, all the proud parents gathered to observe their children in the performances. Two sheets, which hung on a cord stretched across the width of the school room, were opened and closed between acts. The school was lavishly decorated with red and green crepe paper streamers and paper bells.

During the time leading up to the Christmas concert, the youngsters also made arrangements for the carolling tour, which would take place on Christmas Eve. Partners for the occasion were carefully chosen and were usually the neighbours' children and other close friends and relatives. A carolling group usually consisted of three or four singers, and rarely more than six. While practice time was minimal, plans involving the route to be taken and the mode of transportation, which was usually on foot, were carefully

made. Some of the older boys carried a "Star," which was a large circular star-shaped lantern with five points, about 24 to 30 inches in diameter, and an icon on each side. A candle inside the "Star" illuminated the icons and the transparent star points. The lantern was held at shoulder height by a wooden handle at the bottom of the "Star," while the carol was sung.

For the carollers, the excitement and anticipation were overwhelming. The time finally arrived and, after sundown on January 6, the carollers set out, visiting the closest neighbours first. Their arrival was anxiously awaited and they were welcomed by the people in the household. The carollers approached the largest and most accessible window and asked if the occupants would accept the carol (called *Koliada* or *Kolinda* in Romanian); this was a traditional formality, as it was not likely that anyone would say "No." Usually, the carollers without a "Star" would sing outside at the window, while the carollers with the "Star" would be invited inside where their prop would be more visible.

Early in the life of the community, the carol which was almost universally sung was *Three Kings from the East, (Trei Crai de la Rasarit),* but later a new carol was introduced, *O What Great News Bethlehem Reveals, (O Ce Veste Minunata Vifliemul ne Arata).* When the carol was finished, the carollers offered wishes for good luck and good health, and were invited into the living room of the hosts. Here there was already evidence of the preparations that had been taking place for several days. The house was scrubbed clean and kitchen smelled of Lenten foods cooking on the stove. In the "Great Room" the table was set ready for the late evening meal. Some families spread hay under the table in honour of the Christ child's place of birth, the manger. The man of the house thanked the carollers and presented each of them with a coin, ranging from a penny to a dime, depending upon the prosperity level of the family and the abundance of the harvest. The mother would offer them an apple or an orange and a fruit-flavoured drink. The carollers moved along quickly, as they had many more houses to visit and carols to sing.

In the homes, the younger children's excitement grew as they waited for the special Christmas Eve meal and listened to stories about the mysterious things that occur on that night. One of these was that the cattle in the barn spoke for the only time in the year. The children schemed among themselves on how to sneak into the barn and hear this, but the parents warned them that the cattle would not speak if anyone was around. The wide-eyed children listened to other stories of falling stars and the heavens opening up. They also heard about the rare appearance at the door of a ragged old man asking for food and warmth. Since this was usually an angel in disguise, it was a good idea not to turn him away.

The Christmas Eve Lenten meal usually consisted of fish, potatoes cooked in oil, beans, a root vegetable and boiled dried fruit for dessert. Honey-sweetened, boiled wheat was served to ensure that a good crop would be harvested in the coming year. The young, sleepy-eyed children usually went to bed after the late meal, but the older people remained awake until near morning, as carollers from the other ends of the community were still likely to arrive.

While the man of the house and the older boys were doing the chores on Christmas morning, the women were busy preparing the first non-Lenten meal. If the family went to church, the meal would be served after the service. If there was no service, or the family did not attend, the meal was served in the late morning. It usually consisted of boiled or roast pork, cabbage rolls, perogies, headcheese, cooked meat and sauerkraut, braided bread *(kolach)*, and boiled prunes and dried apples for dessert. The exhausted carollers from the family arrived home after midnight or early morning and, after eating, went straight to bed. At church, the regular liturgy was served, unlike Easter when a special service took place.

Another Christmas custom that the settlers brought with them from the old country was a pageant called *Irod* (Herod). This consisted of a travelling act which went from house to house on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, performed by local actors, and which depicted, an encounter between King Herod and the three Oriental kings, a shepherd, a priest, and an angel. In the drama, the three kings condemn Herod for the atrocities that he had committed with regard to the Christ child, and the anger that this had aroused throughout the world. The king reacted belligerently, and swords were drawn, but before the scene turned violent, they all agreed to settle the argument with a song. Usually the carol, current at the time, was sung by all. The actors were treated to a drink and some food and left for the next house. Costumes depicting the time in history, and the part played, were worn by the actors, such as cloaks, crowns, swords and other distinguishing props. The pageant made its last appearance in the community in the late 1940s.

The Irod in 1947
L. to rt.: Nick M. Toma, Santa Claus; Peter Lutic, wise man; Mertin Romanko, soldier; Floyd G. Toma, Herod; George J. Toma, soldier; Toder N. Hauca, treas.; Steve K. Iftody, wise man; Half-kneeling Nick Nickifor, director; Kost N. Kelba, wise man.

Another travelling show was one that visited the homes on New Year s Eve (January 13, by the Julian calendar). This was an unstructured performance called *Malanka* by some countrymen from Bucovina and *Capra* by others. It consisted of a loosely organized group of local young men dressed in scary costumes depicting grotesque human characters, animals and the customary goat. Upon being invited into the house they performed a few shenanigans, sang a song accompanied by a violinist, had a few drinks and some food, and then left for the next house. The children watched the display in horror from the steps leading upstairs or from behind their mother's skirt. The tradition came from a practice, common in the Carpathian region, of wearing weird masks and clothes to scare away the evil spirits for the whole year. The goat was symbol of innocence and stability that kept the confrontation between the two sides - the good and evil - from turning violent.

The local youngsters were also involved in the New Year's activities. As on Christmas Eve, groups, who were usually the same as those who went carolling, called again at the homes in the community. Once again, they asked if the family would accept the performance, this time called *Haicat*. It consisted of a long, light-hearted recitation given by one or more of the groups at the window, concerning a good man and the problems he experiences in his fields during the growing season, and an encounter with the local miller. The recitation was assisted by a chorus of "*Hai Hai*," after each verse, accompanied by the ringing of a bell. It ended with wishes for a good crop and prosperity during the year. The performers were invited in and each given a coin and some food. On New Year's morning, the children put some wheat in their pockets and, after throwing some toward their parents and across the room, they went and repeated the act at the closest neighbour or relative. This throwing of the wheat was accompanied by good wishes for a good crop, prosperity and health in the New Year.

At the end of these two holidays, the young people who participated in the carolling and New Year's recitation were feeling prosperous. The coins, which they received, would usually add up to several dollars, depending upon how many homes they visited and the generosity of their hosts. For most of them, this was the most money that they would have all year. During hard financial times, this money came in handy for buying items of clothing or things like ammunition for their hunting rifles. The Eaton's catalogue received considerable wear as the decisions on how to spend this annual bounty were made.

Easter Day was celebrated; following the Julian calendar, utilizing a complex system based on the phases of the moon. Sometimes the day coincided with the Gregorian calendar Easter, but more often there was a difference ranging from one week to as much as a month. From the church's perspective, Easter was the most important religious holiday of the year and was preceded by a 56-day period of Lent. This significance was reflected in the Easter church service, which followed a special liturgical order and was often performed after midnight or around sunrise on Easter morning.

The service began with a procession of the priest and members of the congregation walking around the church three times, led by cross and banner bearers, and each person carrying a lighted candle. A special hymn for the occasion was sung as the congregation circled the church. Meanwhile, the inside of the church remained dark. While the priest and congregation processed around the church, the sexton, cantor or reader remained inside. At the third passage of the door, the priest knocked on the church door and declared: "Open the door for the king of glory." The person inside then asked: "Who is the king of glory?" The priest responded "Jesus Christ who is risen from the dead." After three of these exchanges, the door was opened and the priest and candle-carrying congregation entered the dark church and joined in singing

Christ is risen from the dead, trampling down death by death, and to those in the tombs, restoring life again. The lights were then turned on and this chorale repeated many times during the service and the liturgy.

During the three-hour long services, which were common during the early years, the young men of the community observed a custom that had been brought over from Bucovina. Since most of the Easter services were conducted sometime after midnight, darkness prevailed during most of their duration. The young men carried branches and wood from the nearby bush and lit a large fire that was kept burning during the whole service. In earlier days, some of the young men jumped over the fire three times, a practice, which was purported to result in good health and luck throughout the coming year. A similar ritual was carried out at some homes on the eve of Great Thursday, the day preceding Good Friday. The children, and the whole family, participated in gathering branches into a large pile after which the father set fire to it. They stood around the fire enjoying its flame and observing a tradition, which may have been handed down from Pagan days.

At the end of the Easter service the priest blessed the baskets of food that were brought by each family and arranged in neat order. The baskets contained a large *"paska,"* which was a round braided loaf of bread with a mixture of cottage cheese and egg in its centre. Coloured eggs and other items of food, such as sausage, cheese, sweets, garlic and salt were also arranged in the basket. Upon returning to their homes, the parishioners had a big dinner, preceded by a slice of the blessed *paska* and a coloured Easter egg.

The meal usually consisted of soup, meat dishes, macaroni loaf, head cheese, cooked sauerkraut and pork, fruit preserves and cake or cookies. The adults toasted each other with spirits, which were usually home-made, and then participated in an egg cracking contest. Each person chose a coloured egg and held onto it until someone with a stronger egg cracked it. The tradition was that the person whose egg remained unbroken was entitled to all the others, but usually each person ate his own egg. In the early days, the Easter celebration lasted as long as three days, but as the years went by it was gradually reduced to one day - Easter Sunday.

Another church holiday which was observed in the early days, and continues to this day, was Epiphany. It was celebrated on January 19, following the Julian calendar. It commemorates the baptism of Jesus in the Jordan River and also the revelation of the Trinity, when the dove flew over Jesus and a voice said, "This is my beloved son." In some villages in the Carpathian region of Romania, this holiday is still celebrated on the ice of a nearby creek or river, where water is drawn and blessed by the priest. The blessed water is then taken back to the church in a procession led by crosses and banners, with the priest and members of the congregation following. In Lennard, the holiday involved blessing the water inside the church. Later in the week the priest and deacon or sexton would visit each home in the community and blessed it by sprinkling with holy water.

Another unique church custom took place on Ascension Day (*Ispas*), 40 days after Easter Sunday. After the church service, the priest blessed the graves by walking past each one and sprinkling water, which had previously been blessed. Following the blessing of the graves, some families served a lunch or meal on, or beside, the graves of their deceased family members. Since this holiday always took place in late May or early June, it was a pleasant time for people to get together and enjoy the warm outdoor weather, and also visit and partake of food in a picnic setting.

The feast of St. Elijah was known as *Hram*. It was celebrated on August 2, following the Julian calendar. This was a happy occasion that observed the anniversary of the parish and also honoured the patron saint,

Elijah. Following the church service, part of which was held outdoors for the blessing of the water, the congregation members returned to their homes. During the rest of the day, they celebrated with friends and relatives from their own and other parishes who went from house to house, feasting and visiting. A dance was held at the local hall in the evening. The celebration was repeated by the visitors who reciprocated on the feast day in their own parish, such as St. John's Parish in the Shell Valley, on July 7.

BAPTISMS, WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS

In the early days of the parish, most baptisms were conducted in the parents' homes. The husband, a friend, relative or neighbour, would bring the priest to the house, where they would be joined by the godparents (*nas* - pronounced nash). The godparents were usually favourite relatives or good friends of the parents. In the baptismal ceremony, the baby was completely immersed in a container of water and anointed with oil by the priest. At the end of the ritual, the child was officially received as a member of the church body.

Weddings were a happy, and often costly, celebration, sometime lasting several days. Often the groom would visit the prospective bride's parents and seek permission to marry their daughter. They discussed the groom's capacity to support a wife, and the extent of the bride's dowry. A week or so before the event, an usher (called Flower Boy) went from house to house in the community formally inviting the guests to the wedding. The usher was decked out with ribbons and a boutonniere and carried a straight, freshly peeled stick, topped by a handkerchief with brightly-coloured pompoms on each corner. He usually traveled on horseback, continuing a custom that was prevalent in Bucovina.

Wedding ceremonies were normally held on Sundays following the regular church service. In a unique ritual, the bride and groom were crowned by the priest; then, wearing their crowns, they followed the priest around a ceremonial table three times, the priest carrying the cross. After receiving communion, the couple was declared man and wife. Following the ceremony, the newlyweds went to the bride's parents' home where many guests were already assembled. They were met at the door by a small band of musicians, usually consisting of a violin and a dulcimer (*cymbali*), an instrument consisting of a large number of strings stretched across a flat, hollow soundboard, and played by striking these with wooden plectrums. As the wedding couple entered the house, the guests clapped to the music and cheered. The couple, the best man, and the bride's attendant (also called *nas*), then sat at the table, flanked by ushers, bride's attendants (flower girls) and the parents. A stack of large braided breads (*kolach*), topped by a candle, stood at the centre of table in front of the bridal couple.

After an extended dinner and short speeches, the formal presentation began. Two ushers called the names of the guests, starting with those closest to the families, and invited them to come forward and partake of a "sweet toast" (*pahar dulce*). Generally, the donation was in cash, but the women sometimes donated home-made pillows, quilts, sheets, handkerchiefs and other popular items for the home. The ushers announced the gifts for all to hear, and usually exaggerated the amount of money donated. For example, 10 dollars would be announced as a thousand, and 25 dollars as twenty-five hundred. The non-monetary gifts would be described as "a very fine and beautiful gift." Some people would donate several chickens or other fowl, to help the couple start their own flock.

When a couple married, it was generally accepted that the groom would have a home where he would take his bride. This usually meant that the newly-weds would be "starting from scratch," unless they came from well-to-do families. The-bride's dowry usually consisted of one or more cows, a sheep or two; some chickens, and on occasion, even horses. She was also expected to have a large "hope chest" of quilts, blankets, sheets, pillows, dish towels and other everyday household items.

After the dinner and presentation, a dance was usually held in the bride's house or, in the warm seasons, outdoors on a platform constructed by the bride's father. Next day, the closest friends and relatives returned to toast the married couple once more and then to see them leave for their new home. The bride and groom mounted a horse-drawn vehicle, in which some of the gifts had been loaded, and left to the strains of appropriate music played by the duo.

Among the first musicians to play at weddings in the community were Alexie Slusarchuk, who played the violin and his brother Miron, who played the dulcimer. In later years, Peter Delesoy was the violinist and Steve Duchak played the dulcimer. Other musicians who played at weddings over the years included brothers John and Peter Cheropita. On occasion Tinutze (Varzar) Herzog and Nestor Holunga played violin and Dennis Chewka of Shell Valley played the dulcimer.

Up until the 1940s and early 1950s, most of the people in the district who died, did so in their own homes. The sexton of the church would be one of the first to be alerted and he would ring the church bells to announce the passing to the whole community. Word spread quickly and soon relatives, friends and neighbours gathered at the home of the deceased to help. In the early days of the community, the body of the deceased was bathed and dressed by community members of the same sex. Embalming was unknown. While this was happening, others were building a casket from local lumber, and sometimes painting it black with a white cross on the lid. The body was placed in the casket and taken to the living room of the house. Here, the people would come and view it over the next three days. Food was usually laid out on the table for all who paid their respects.

Relatives, friends and neighbours came by to support the family during the three days. In the evenings, a wake took place. If the weather permitted, the young men would play games outside, one of the most popular was the 'Guess who slapped you' game. A player, who was "it" would lean over and place his head in the open hands of another player, or into a cap held by the player seated on a chair. The player who was 'it' placed his open hand on his buttocks and one of the others would slap it. If, and when, he guessed who the slapper was, that individual would become 'it'.

Neighbours or friends always volunteered their time and labour to dig the grave and fill it in after the graveside service. On the day of the burial, the casket was hoisted onto a horse-drawn vehicle and driven slowly to the church. A person carrying a cross from the church preceded the "hearse". Another was the candle-bearer, and others carried religious banners. The priest, who either walked in the procession or rode in a conveyance, stopped the procession from time to time and offered prayers for the deceased. Women, walking in the procession would sing a dirge lamenting the passing of the individual, and wailing. Upon arriving at the church, the casket was taken inside and the funeral service conducted.

Upon completion of the service, the procession was formed once more and walked toward the cemetery. During the procession, the processors sang *Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Eternal, Have Mercy on Us.* A brief graveside service was conducted and the coffin lowered into the grave. In the early days, some people were known to throw coins into the grave; and the deceased's treasured keepsakes, such as a favourite religious book, cross, pipe, or military medals were placed in the casket. A sturdy wooden cross marked the grave. Unfortunately, these markers did not stand the test of time and today, many of the graves in the St. Elijah and other pioneer cemeteries are unmarked.

A unique tradition, which continues to this day, involves holding a memorial called *Pomana* at the one-month, one-year and seven-year anniversaries of the death of a person. On these occasions, a special memorial service is held following the regular Liturgy. The special memorial service ends with the family lifting the table upon which the memorial baskets sits, containing breads, fruits and drink, while singing Memory Eternal (*Vecnica pomenere*). This is usually followed by a dinner or lunch served in the church basement.

As things in the community changed, so also did the traditions of baptism, marriage and funerals. By the 1960s, baptisms usually took place in the church; wedding receptions were held in public halls, and most deaths occurred in hospitals. Bodies were embalmed and kept in the funeral home until the day of the burial. There were no more wakes and the funeral procession only went from the church to the graveside.

NAMES

Elsewhere in this work, reference is made to the importance of names of people and places when researching and recording history. Some geographic locations, for one reason or another, have been settled by people from many different countries and cultures. Canada and the United States of America are good examples of this. Here one finds a variety of names of many national origins.

In some locations where there has been little or no migration movement historically, names of persons and places are closely related to the locality where they have evolved over many generations and are, therefore, good identifiers. This is especially true of many European countries, but also in older societies elsewhere. Bucovina more closely resembles North America than Europe in this respect. The reason for this is because

of its location at the edge of Eastern Europe. For several millennia, there have been great migrations of people from the surrounding geographic areas moving through the region. Wars, persecution, and economic necessity were the usual causes. Many of these transients, including enemy soldiers, stayed and were assimilated into the local society, but their original names remained with them. This mosaic of names followed the people from Bucovina to Lennard and once again contributed to the diverse character of the community.

The roots of names usually indicate their origin. For example, Romanian names generally end in *cu, ian, a* or *ar*, such as Paulencu, Mintencu, Chescu, Ungurian, Titian, Bordian, Bezenar, Poclitar, Popa, Holunga. Ukrainian and Canadian influence sometimes changed the *cu* to *ko*, e.g. Mintenko.

Ukrainian names often end in *chuk* (*czuk* in Ukraine), e.g. Slusarchuk, Sawchuk, Stolarchuk, and Federchuk. Onofericuic and Pentelicuic are probably forms of Onofreichuk and Pentilichuk that became Romanized over the generations. It is interesting to note that Onofrei and Penteli were common first names in Bucovina.

Some names in the Lennard district ended in *uik* or *iuk*, e.g. Galatiuk, Wachnuik, Guraluik, Daneluik, Merinuik, and Savluik. There is some interesting speculation about the origin of these names. Some people in Romania maintain that they are a carryover from the days of the Turkish occupation of Romania and Bucovina. They explain that names ending in *uc* (pronounced *uik*) are common Turkish names. In fact, some geographic and heritage locations in Romania still carry names with this ending. One of these is a famous 500-year-old attraction in Bucharest called Hanul alui Manuc (pronounced *Manuik*), which means Manuc's Inn. Manuc was a wealthy Turk living in Bucharest during the occupation.

Names that end in *ici* or *aci* usually have their origin in Serbia, e.g. Mihailovici, Ivanovici and Holovaci. Names ending in *ski*, such as Motososki, Oseski and Melishinski are of Polish origin.

There is evidence of other national origins in the names of the people that came to the Lennard and surrounding area from Bucovina, as follows:

German: Hoffman, Gherman, Strutz, Gudz, and Hackman.

Jewish: Cohen and Hertzog.

And even English: e. g. Deacon, Keeper, Boston, Pitts and Lucas.

Names tell other interesting stories. For example, nevestuica means otter in Romanian. Burlac means bachelor, and Ungurian means "from Hungary." Burla is the name of a village in Bucovina, and Gorda means "fat" in Spanish. Stratulat means "a broad vegetable bed" in Romanian.

Names became Romanized, Russified, and Anglicized and altered in many ways through the generations, due to changes in geographic location and geopolitical influences. In addition, other factors contributed to this situation in Canada. When the immigrants arrived in Canada, some of them could not spell their names for the immigration and other officials, and their European documents were not always legible. Consequently, the names were then spelled phonetically and continue that way to this day. Also, for many years, it was not beneficial to have a foreign-sounding name in Canada, and many names were Anglicized to escape this rejection. But in spite of all these changes, in most cases, the basic root and sound of names remained unchanged.

Through the efforts of some current and former residents of the Lennard district, many of the original names of Lennard and Shell Valley pioneers have been preserved. Much of this is due to the recollections of one of the last surviving pioneers, Agrapina Gabor, whose daughter Maria recorded them for posterity. Following is a list of Romanian and Ukrainian families, and single individuals, who arrived in the district from Bucovina between 1900 and 1914. The list does not include all those who arrived as young children (All first names are the ones that the immigrants brought with them. To the extent possible, surnames are also spelled in their original style. Last names appear first).

FROM VOLOCA (ORIGINAL)

Paulencu, Ion

Paulencu, Gheorghe

Paulencu, Dominica

Paulencu, Marina

Burla, Elie

Burla, Zanfira

Pentelicuic, Nicolai

Gabor, Grigore

Gabor, Alexie

Gabor, Agrapina

Gabor, Marina

Eli, Elie

Eli, Stefan

Strutl, Grigori

Axinte, Ion

Zelinskie, Marcu

Zelinskie, Onofrei

SECOND WAVE (VOLOCA)

Onofericuic, Nistru

Onofericuic, Isidor

Onofericuic, Saveta

Bordian, Mihail

Mintencu, Zanfira

Burla, Gheorghe

Burla, Nicolai

Axinte, Ion

Axinte, Pricopi

Mintencu, Nicolai

Mintencu, Grapina

Mintencu, Petrea

Mintencu, Aleonte

Mintencu, Gheorghe

Mintencu, Constantin

Gherman, Precopi

Romanovici, Maria

Gherman, Artimon

Gherman, Katrina

Titian, Ion

Bezanar, Aleonte

Mintencu, Iona

Cheuca, Tanase

Ceuca, Precopi

Chescu, Nicolai

Chiperi, Precopi

Chiperi, Nicolai

Dohei, Elie

Cohen, Elisaveta

Cohen, Artimon

Dubinski, Ion

Unchalenko, Dominica

Gorda, Tanase

Gorda, Elie

Gorda, Mihailaki

Gorda, Gheorghe

Gorda, Florea

Gorda, Pentelai

Gorda, Metrutsa

Pentelicuic, Elie

Pentilicuic, Calina

Guraluik, Simeon

Guraluik, Grigori

Guraluik, Procopi

Guraluik, Toderi

Pentelicuic, Alexie

Pentelicuic, Maleona

Gheorghetsa, Gheorghe

Gheorghetsa, Aleonte

Gheorghetsa, Tanase

Gudz, Alexandru

Mintencu, Maria

Gudz, Toderi

Popovici, Zanfira

Holunga, Toderi

Holunga, Nestru

Holunga, Vasile

Paulencu, Eli

Savluic, Saveta

Savluic, Nistru

Savluic, Varvara

Savluic, Ion

Hlopina, Nistru

Onofericuic, Saveta

Holovaci, Tanase

Mintencu, Oglia

Holovaci, Pentelei

Holovaci, Nicolai

Holovaci, Precopi

Holovaci, Alexie

Ursulak, Rosanda

Hofman, Ferdinand

Hofman, Anton

Guraluic, Saveta

Hofman, Victor

Hofman. Ion

Mintencu, Ion

Mintencu, Dominica

Hartzug-Varzar, Tinutsa

Lupascu, Andron

Lucaschuk, Toderi

Lucaschuk, Alexie

Lucaschuk, Nicolai

Manaila, Ion

Onofericuic, Maria

Motososki, Kozma

Mintencu, Maria

Melishinski, Iftodi

Pentilicuic, Saveta

Onofericuic, Aleonte

Ostaficuic, Toderi

Pentelicuic, Vasile

Pentelicuic, Erimea

Poclitar, Nistru

Poclitar, Toderi

Pentilicuic, Dominica

Popovici, Pentelei

Popovici, Procopi

Rau, Vasile

Salahor, Procopi

Seminuik, Nicolai

Seminuik, Vasile

Sadoway, Nistru

Bordian, Margalena

Tirlion, Procopi

Toderian, Vasile

Ursulak, Veronica

Ungurian, Dumitru

Pentilicuic, Anghelina

Ungurian, Nistru

Ungurian, Petrea

Unchelencu, Vasile

Unchelencu, Stefan

Unchelencu, Procopi

Beleski, Tanase

Brenzere, Onofrei

Ungurian, Artimon

Ursulak, Gheorghe

Pentelicuic, Maria

Valian, (first name unknown)

FROM COROVIA

Gabor, Grigori

Babii, Dominica

Gabor, Alexie

Burla, Agrapina

Zelinskie, Marcu

Zelinskie, Onofrei

Bulbuk, Toderi

Bulizuik, Ion

Delitzoi, Anita

Bulizuik, Petrea

Nevestuic, Frusina

Gabor, Leontina

Gabor, Mariwara

Chiperi, Eli

Chiperi, Toderi

Chiperi, Maria

Delitzoy, Petrea

Bulbuk, Verona

Oucuic, Zamfira

Holunga, Samael

Holunga, Marcu

Deacon, Ion

Chescan, Nistru

Holunga, Mihai

Holunga, Ion

Holunga, Casandra

Holunga, Katrina

Nevestuic, Veronica

Haric, Nicolai

Haric, Simeon

Haric, Gheorghe

Haiic, Lazar

Zelinskie, Anghelina

Harobitz, Gheorghe

Hmelniski, Nicolai

Hudima, Ion

Gabor, Odokia

Gabor, Frusina

Iakawanchuk, Gheorghe

Mudrac, Lazar

Hlopina, Leontina

Nevestuic, Nicolai

Nevestuic, Isidor

Bulbuc, Maruca

Wouchuk, Nicolai

Romanuik, Alexie

Romanuik, Vasile

Unchelencu, Dumitru

Wouchuk, Veronza

Zitaruk, Gheorghe

FROM CHAHOR

Hertzuczak, Anna

Hertzuczak, Maria

Kobluk, Margalena

Daniluc, Maruca

Babiak, Ion

Babiak, Maria

Ceornei, Pavel

Danilencu, Alexandru

Danilencu, Maria

Flundra, Stefan

Flundra, Zanfira

Flundra, Alexie

Flundra, Dumitru

Flundra, Gheorghe

Hemenuik, Margalena

Kobluk, Dominica

Humenuik, Alexandru

Humenuik, Nicolai

Humenuik, Ion

Humenuik, Katrina

Hertzuczak, Ion

Hertzuczak, Metrutsa

Korchak, Petru

Kobluk, Gheorghe

Kobluk, Vasile

Kobluk, Maria

Babiuk, Maria

Hertzuczak, Eleana

Nevistuic, Isidor

Pentelicuic, Saveta

Nevistuic, Ion

Stolarchuk, Nicolai

Stolarchuk, Anna

Stolarchuk, Vasile

Kobluk, Margalena

Todorovici, Gheorghe

Ungurian, Constantin

Vasilenchan, Petrea

Vasilenchan, Dominica

FROM STIRCHA

Bezan, Gheorghe

Bezan, Stefan

Bezan, Kozma

Bodnaruk, Mihai

Bodnaruk, Alexandru

Haranuik, Margalena

Choropita, Ion

Choropita, Natalia

Choropita, Vasile

Daneluk, Dumitru

Haranuik, Miron

Horechka, Vasile

Lucas, Nicolai

Lupascu, Toderi

Merinuik, Axinte

Merinuik, Eleana

Merinuik, Nicolai

Merinuik, Grigori

Merinuik, Gheorghe

Merinuik, Parasceva

Palmaruik, Toderi

Rosca, Toderi

Rosca, Anna

Rosca, Ion

Rosca, Nicolai

Romanici, Dominica

Bielic, Eleana

Bielic, Toderi

FROM HLINITSA

Slusarchuk, Axinte

Slusarchuk, Alexie

Slusarchuk, Anna

Slusarchuk, Miron

Zelinskie, Dominica

Slusarchuk, Ion

Choropita, Saveta

Burak, Ion T

Eurko, Gheorghe

Gushel, Petru

Hutzulak, Ion

Sanek, Petru

Cherowka, Constantin

FROM ZUCHCA

Lungul, Petrea

Lungul, Vasile

Lungul, Mihail

Prokopatz, Anita

Oseski, Frusina

Oseski, Vasilina

Oseski, Ion

Prokopatz, Alexie

Avram, Frusina

FROM MOLOGIA

Bordian, Vasile

Bordian, Ion

Bordian, Petrea

Bordian, Margalena

Ceornei, Ion

Iftodi, Vasile

Mosorinchon, Gheorghe

Mosorinchon, Maria

Mosorinchon, Ion

FROM TSURANI

Galatiuk, Arseni (via Canora)

Kudeba, Eleana

Trebush, Constantin

Trebush, Maria

Romanovici, Maria

FROM ASPACIA

Hacman, Petru

Hacman, Anna

Hacman, Eugenia

FROM CUICUR

Matacuic, Toderi

Matacuic, Tanase

Moseruc, Nicolai

FROM DRACHENSA

Sawchuk, Isidor

Marina Kisiluk

Sawchuk, Ion

Wincharek, Eleana

Sawchuk, Pentelei

Purshagu, Anna

Kurchak, Petru

FROM OSTRITSA

Toderiail, Gheorghe

Choropita, Saveta

FROM CITURA

Wacnuic, Sandie

FROM SUCEAVA

Martinuk, Dumitru

VILLAGE UNKNOWN

Avram, Elie

Antonuic, Ion

Federchuk, Katrina

Artimencu, (first name unknown)

Axinte, Artimis

Antos, Dumitru

Bordian, Mihail

Bordian, Maria

Bostan, Silvestru

Lungul, (Jessie)

Balanuik, Ion

Bodnaruk, Alexie

Burak, Vasile

Cuidric, Nicifor

Chiperi, Nicolai

Cocia, Victor

Cobluk, Dumitru

Deacon, Ion

Evaniski, Vasile

Gorda, Mihail

Gorda, Toderi

Guraluik, Spiridon

lvanuik, Stefan

Elash, Gheorghe

Muscialic, Simeon

Masuruk, Nicolai

Masuruk, Elisaveta

Ostaficuic, Nestru

Presniak, lon

Petz, Alexie

Petz, Stefan

Rurak, Manolia

Subinski, Nicolai

Starchuk, Vasile

Salahob, T oderi

Sasck, Gheorghe

Sopka, (first name unknown)

Flundra, Maria

Todaschuk, Petrea

Trachuk, Gheorghe

Tarek, Ion

Tocar, Penteleiv

Tocar, Artimon

Zuk, (first name unknown)

RETURNED TO BUCOVINA

Baradu, Gheorghe

Chescu, Toderi

Elie, Constantin

Culiuc, Procopi

Holovaci, Filip

Ihnatuik, Gheorghe

Lantaruk, Vasile

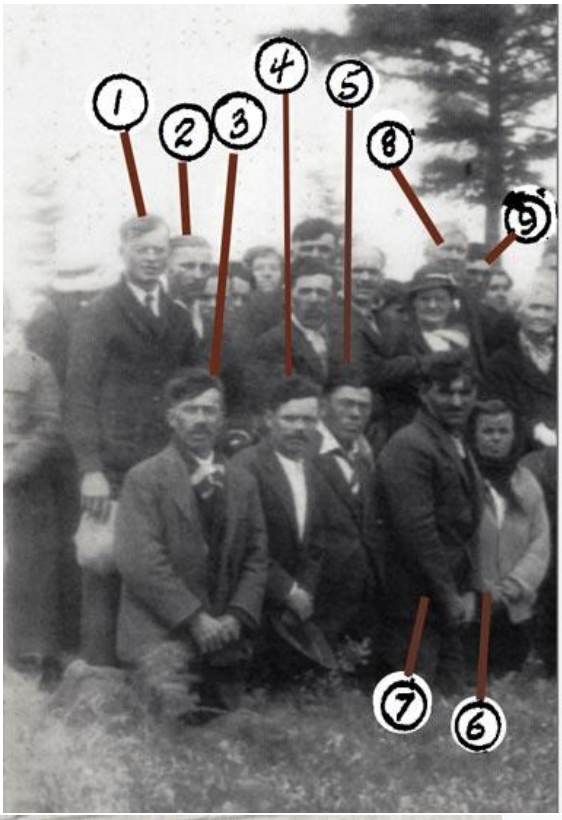
Romanuik, Veronica

Mintencu, Ion

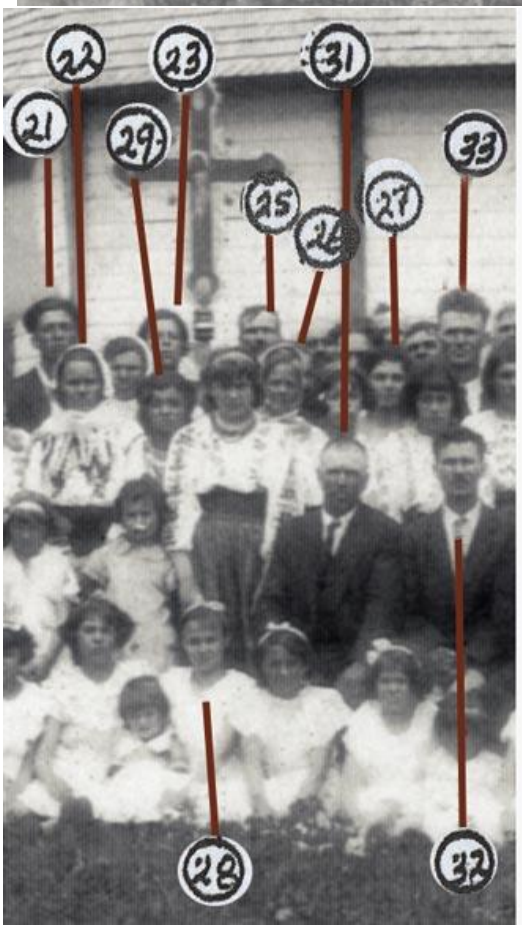
BORN ON SHIP

Onofreicuic, Vasile

This list indicates that at least 350 adult individuals and families arrived in the Lennard-Shell Valley district from Bucovina between 1900 and 1914. Add to this the number of small children who accompanied their parents, and the figure could be close to 500. A significant number of these new arrivals did not establish permanent residence in the community. A few returned to Bucovina, but many more left to look for opportunities elsewhere. By about 1925, the population movement had stabilized and the permanent families were established in the community.



1	George Mintenko
3	Nihalki Gorda
5	John Brenzen
7	Louis Besniar
9	Bill Stolarchuk
2.	Peter Hlopina
4	Grigore Goruliuk
6	Ioana Bezniar
8	Nestor Holunga



21	George Ungrin
23	Sam Ungrin
25	Fred Gorda
27	Lena Bezan Gabor
29	Lena Goraliuk
31	John Titian
33	Peter Gabor
22	Mrs Kozma Bezan
26	Leontina Hlopina
28	Mary Burla
32	Nick Burla

43 Louis Mintenko
45 John Paulencu
47 Pentelai Holovach
49 Eli Paulenko
53 Ted Paulencu
42 Elsie Paulencu Popescu
44 Elsie Ungrin Sodaway
46 Eli Burla
50 Jim Martin
52 Mrs Louis Mintenko
56 Ganza Romanowich Paulencu
58 Lena german Paulencu
68 Ted Sodaway

51 Nestor Onofreichuk
55 Johnny Poclitar
57 Victoria Paulencu Goroluik
63 Vasily Holunga
65 Ann Gabor
67 Ina Paulencu Starchuk
71 Jack Goraluik
54 Denis (Tanase) Chewka
64 Nicolai Holovach
66 Barbara Paulencu
68 Ted Sodaway
70 Agrapina Gabor