

**DISCOVERY**

The Journal of the

תגלית

# JEWISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY of Southern Alberta

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Max Bercovich at the reins, c. 1920, hauling grain with a six-horse team at a Nanton area farm.  
Photo - Max Bercovich

## Order *Land of Promise* Now

Orders are now being taken for copies of *Land of Promise*, our printed pictorial history of Jewish settlement in Southern Alberta, which will be published in mid-1996.

Price of the book is \$50. A limited number are being printed, and each copy will be numbered.

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An order form is printed on the last page of this issue.

## Diaspora Museum Seeks Jewish Family Trees

The Museum of the Jewish Diaspora in Tel Aviv is encouraging Jews everywhere to record their family histories and register them at its Dorot Genealogy Center, a computerized data base which can connect names from various sources.

The Dorot Center can provide IBM-compatible software called Personal Dorot, or charts for manual preparation. There are some charges for software and name registration, but many services are free.

Please call the JHSSA office at 258-5300 for a copy of the Dorot Genealogical Centre's brochure, or contact them directly at Beth Hatefusoeth, The Nahum Goldman Museum of the Jewish Diaspora, PO Box 39359, Tel Aviv 61392, Israel.

## Featured in this issue

- Rose Wolfson Waterman; A harsh land recalled
- Land of Promise: Book nears completion
- JHSSA News
- New photos
- Jews in the 1941 Census

## Rose Waterman - a Harsh Land Recalled

Excerpts from the autobiography of Alberta Jewish pioneer Rose Waterman, as transcribed by Beth Kettner, Winnipeg, June, 1987.

*The Rose Wolfson Waterman autobiography is one of the most graphic and colorful personal histories to reach the JHSSA. It is frank and detailed and provides a vivid contrast to the romanticization of "shtetl" and prairie homestead life found in many other memoirs. It presents a woman's point-of-view, and recalls anti-Semitic incidents (verified in other sources) of a nature somewhat uncommon, fortunately, in Alberta's Jewish history.*

*The name of the predatory neighboring family has been altered in this version.*

*Rose Waterman's story is an excellent example of what the JHSSA has been urging our readers to do - record their family's history. Rose's children encouraged her to tell her story, and recorded it for others to study and enjoy.*

I was born in Chadrin, Russia, at approximately Shevoois time. I have no definite records of my birth date, so settled on June 3, 1903. I was delivered at home with the assistance of a midwife.

My mother, Basha Malka Gelfond, was the second child of a family of seven born to Sholom and Chia Sora Gelfond. At sixteen she met and fell in love with a handsome, debonaire young man, Reuben, and they were betrothed. Reuben presented my mother with a pair of gold and diamond inset earrings; she never took them off and had them on when she died.

Reuben came from a very religious and aristocratic family and was a carver of very special furniture by trade. When he reached the age of 18 he decided to make himself unfit for the compulsory Russian army service. He punched a red-hot rod through the calf of one leg. It didn't heal. It festered and infected the bone and eventually he lost his leg. He was crippled and the wedding was off.

My father, Jacob (Yankel) Wolfson was born in Pachischa, Russia. He was an optimist, a hard worker and always humming while he worked. His greatest pleasure was reading. Dad was the second child of Isiah and Hascha Rachel Wolfson. They had an older daughter, Basha.

Then suddenly grandma died, leaving her husband with two little chil-



Wolfson family at Rumsey farm, 1927. Left to right: Ed Wolfson, Jacob Wolfson, Leah Wolfson, Rose Waterman, Pearl Wolfson, Basha Gelfond Wolfson, and Phil Wolfson. (Rose was pregnant in this photo; missing are Wolfson sons Sam and Haishe.) Photo-Patricia Waterman Kettner

dren. Grandpa remarried shortly and he started raising a new family. There were five boys and girls. Dad's step-mother made life for the two older children very hard, and Dad left home when he was only twelve years old. When he became 18 he served the customary three years in the Russian army.

My maternal grandparents Sholom and Chia Sora Gelfond lived in Chadrin near their shul (synagogue,) and grandpa spent most of his life in and with the shul and all the duties in that connection. He was a very gentle person, and he was always teaching and studying.

My grandmother Chia Sora was a special person; no matter how difficult times were she never complained. She created a very happy atmosphere at home. They raised seven children: Yashe, Basha Malka (mother,) Michum, Itchuk, Meyer, Laya, and Libba.

When grandma was expecting their youngest child she was, as usual, weeding someone's garden to earn a few pennies, when she went into labour and the baby came. She tore the cord and tied it and wrapped the wee little girl in her petticoat, and

then put her into the weed box and managed to get home. That was aunt Libba.

Zeida Sholom died at age 37 of a burst appendix. I was an infant and their first little girl grandchild. He begged Mother to put me on his bursting stomach. There wasn't any medical help.

Baba Chia Sora lived to age 94. After all her surviving children emigrated to Canada, she was brought over. She lived in Winnipeg with her daughter Libba and husband Sam Wolfson and their three children. In later years she went to Calgary to live with Mother and Dad.

Mother and Dad were married and lived in Chadrin. Dad became a blacksmith by trade.

Their first child was a stillborn son, and then about a year later I was born. When the Russian-Japanese war broke out, there was conscription of every able-bodied man, and that started an exodus. Any way a young man could manage to get on a ship to cross the ocean by any name or by any means to any country, he did.

Dad landed in Canada. His brothers found themselves in the USA and it took them over 30 years to find and

get in touch with each other. It was about two years before mother and I joined Dad in Winnipeg.

The Royal Alexandra Hotel was being built in Winnipeg and as Dad was an excellent tradesman he got employment with them immediately. When mother and I arrived, we went on to Calgary, where Dad worked for the railway, doing some blacksmithing, rivetting, etc.

We rented a room in a large house with other one-room tenants. The only heat was a little wood stove in each room. But it was home, we were together.

Within a couple of years Mother gave birth to a chubby little dark haired girl and we named her Sylvia. The problem was having to bathe and change her. No matter how close we got to the little wood stove it was cold, and little Sylvia developed pneumonia and died.

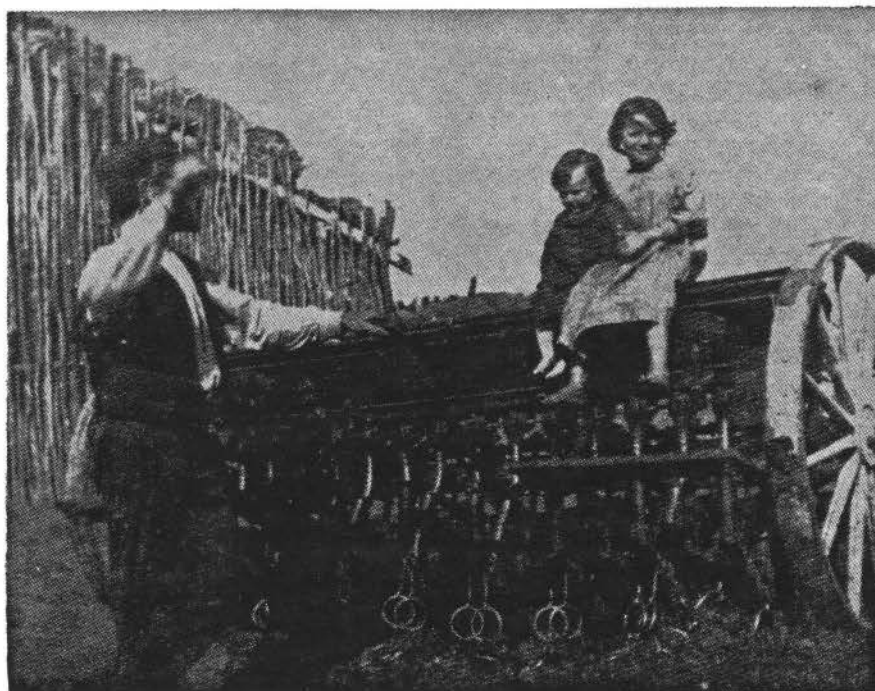
I was only five years old but I looked older and my parents registered me at school. I began to learn the English language, the Canadian ways of living and how to play and be with other children. It was a wonderful new world and I loved it.

We went into the wilderness (east of Olds) to homestead in 1906, on land which happened to be next to the Smith family. The Smiths were ranchers, a family with several young sons and daughters. They had a house and barn and a corral for their stock. They owned Smith's general store and post office and a lot of wild stock (horses and cattle) and a few broken-in saddle horses.

They always carried guns and used them, and no one dared admitting just what went on. They were merciless.

We put up a tent and lived in it through lightning, thunder, rain, and storms, until with the help of other new settlers, a pair of oxen and a stone boat, the men cut and hauled up enough logs from a nearby coulee to put up a building. It had one door and one window. We moved into our new home.

By then we had a cow and a new calf, so we had milk. We also had a few chickens. Dad found it necessary to go to work in Calgary for a little ready cash. He didn't have any trouble finding work; mostly he did blacksmith work for the main railway and hotel. He always brought groceries and other necessities when he came



Farm scene, Rumsey, c. 1911; Jacob Wolfson and children Sam and Rose (right)  
Photo-Patricia Waterman Kettner

home.

There were no fences so the only way we could keep the cow from wandering off was to keep her calf tied to a pole. All this time the Smiths were working on a scheme to annex our land, and tried everything possible to make us give up.

One morning our cow and calf were gone. One of the Smiths had untied the calf and they wandered off. We were frantic and started running in every direction until we found them. We dragged and pulled the calf back by rope and the cow followed.

Mother was in her eighth month of pregnancy and the strain almost killed her and she lost a little boy. He was buried on a hill in the wilderness.

When Dad was returning to Calgary to his job he had to cross a river to get to Trochu and catch the train. As he was crossing the river on a hand-made raft, Joe, the eldest Smith son, tried to drown him. Dad was an excellent swimmer so he managed to get across alive.

That winter a couple of bachelor pioneers who were not yet settled or equipped stayed with us. It was bitter cold, and we had to continually chop and split wood to keep the fire going day and night. Mother kept running in and out chopping wood, and then warming up. The men would run out, take the ax away from her, chop a couple of pieces, and rush back shiv-

ering. Then Mom went out again chopping.

The Smiths continued harassing us and trying to get our land and they succeeded. They worked up a court case and trial, and because Dad was an immigrant and didn't speak or understand English, he had an interpreter. Instead of giving the true facts, the interpreter said whatever was more suitable for him to keep on the right side of the Smiths.

In 1908 we moved to a homestead near what later became Rumsey. Our land was in the Price School District.

We built a one-room shack and furnished it with a black kitchen stove on legs, an oblong table with benches on both sides, and a bench below the one window to hold a pail of drinking water and a wash basin. There was a slop pail under the bench, a double bed, and a bin at one end of the room to hold the next spring's seed grain. There was a trap door in the middle of the floor over a hole in the ground to keep our dairy and vegetables cool or, in the winter, from freezing.

We now owned two mares, two year-old colts, a cow and calf, and a few chickens. Dad cultivated a few acres of land and grew oats to feed the stock and enough seed wheat for planting more acreage next spring. Mother had a garden.

The next spring we had two new colts. Dad set up an anvil near the



shack, and the neighbors brought their plow shares to be sharpened and horses to be shod. He made a few dollars. He was happy as a lark. So many possessions.

One morning when we got up and went out to enjoy our crop and garden and stock all that there was left was the two mares. The two yearlings and the two young colts were gone. No one would dare say anything, as if nothing had ever happened. It was the men with the guns, the ranchers, the Smiths.

Dad did manage to buy an adjoining acre of land from our neighbor, a Mr. Benedict. We were granted title to the land on August 7, 1912.

My parents were quite orthodox so when it was time for the High Holy Days we needed a synagogue to pray in. So our handful of settlers packed families, clothes, and food into democrats and wagons and travelled across the river by ferry to the more improved and prosperous Jewish settlement near Trochu.

The most prominent Jewish settlers there were Mr. and Mrs. Laizer Waterman. They had a large family of boys and girls in their teens and early twenties. They all worked on the farm and lived in a large comfortable house near a beautiful winding lake that was always full of geese and ducks and birds. Their yard was spic and span, full of turkeys and chickens, etc., and an enormous vegetable garden, and of course cows and horses.

Nearby lived his much younger brother, Pinya Waterman and his wife Sarah, and their seven children, Bertha, Ike, Max, Esther, Mary, Beth, and red-headed George. They were very poor and lived in a tar-papered shack. It had one very large, almost empty room, so that's where we all congregated and conducted the religious services.

After the services each family went to their different stopping places for meals. We celebrated as best we could with candle lighting and wine to make it "yontiffdigh." As we were a family of only three, we stayed with Pinya and Sarah Waterman and set a yontiff table and all ate together.

Since I was the youngest and at a cute age, everyone made quite a fuss over me, especially the Laizer Waterman family and their adult daughters. They dressed me up fancy and put a big silk bow in my curly hair



Gelfond sisters, Rumsey, c. 1910; l to r, Basha Wolfson, Libba (Wolfson) and Leah (Kaplan.)  
Photo-Patricia Waterman Kettner

and were showing me off. They sat me on a saddle pony and led him around for me to see their beautiful yard. But I wasn't too happy because all the other children were older and roughing it up, and having a wild time and I was not included. I was too young.

Max Lewis Waterman, the second son of Pinya and Sarah, was a few years my senior in the gang. He didn't know I existed. Years later Max and I were married.

Pinya Waterman had gone to Jerusalem from Hungary; he was the son of a whiskey blender. Sara Adler, his wife, came from Austria, from a very religious and musical family. One of her brothers was a Chassid in Jerusalem all his life and she was a neice of the famous harmonica player, Larry Adler. Pinya and Sarah were both sixteen years old when they got married and lived in Jerusalem among the Arabs in peace.

Pinya's profession was writing Sefer Torahs - he was a scribe. Their three older children were born in Palestine and then they emigrated to Canada. They filed for a homestead and got one near Trochu, and while Sara and the young family tried to make the improvements which were legally necessary, Pinya worked in Calgary as a whiskey blender and commuted when possible. He was very charming and knowledgeable.

At times during the severe cold winters I missed school for weeks or even months or I stayed with the Laiba

Raskin family near Tolman School and went with their children, or I would get a lift with the McNaughton children in the back of their democrat with the rough boys going through obscene actions and using filthy language while their only sister sat like a princess in the front seat.

Both Tolman and Price were one-room schools with grades one to eight and one teacher. At Price school our teacher was Miss Carmichael. She was in her twenties, very pretty, charming and devoted to the children. She came from Calgary and found a place to board close to the school with Mr. and Mrs. Mason and their three daughters.

We loved Miss Carmichael. So did Mr. Mason. One day after she returned from summer holidays for the second or third term we were told that the school was closed. Romance had broken up the Mason household; they split up and their beautiful home was for sale and the teacher was gone.

After that my brother Sam was born - a son. He was named after my mother's father Sholom. My folks built a large one-room log house onto the shack, making the shack into the kitchen. The large log room had two windows. It had a belly heater and served as a living room, dining room, and main bedroom, and it had a Winnipeg couch. There was a biffy outside.

It seemed that mother was always pregnant, never really feeling well, and always in need of help. And Dad had more than he could handle; he worked from dawn to dusk. Every year and a half there was another baby. Mother cried, but Dad kept on, saying that every additional child brought additional luck. Finally we were a family with seven children: myself (Rose,) Sam, Haishie, Edward, Philip, Leah, and Pearl.

Conditions did gradually improve. Every year we seeded more land, had more and better crops and more stock, and we raised chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese. I helped Dad stook and stack the grain and Mother with the household chores. We got a hand washing machine, a cream separator, a butter maker, and an ice cream maker.

We got a bathtub for our weekly

baths and a few other luxuries.

Sunday mornings were usually wild in our house, what with four growing boys and two younger sisters. There were pillow fights and chasing and screaming, while Dad and Mother were filling the table with loads of fresh dairy products, vegetables, and fresh-baked bread and buns.

We always managed to observe Pesach (Passover.) We ordered kosher meat and kosher products from Calgary. We scrubbed our house clean, made sure there wasn't any "hometz." Mother and a neighbor, Mrs. Fagan, baked our own matzos at her house because she didn't have any small children. All dishes were changed for Pesach week.

When everything was spic and span and all the shelves were stacked with kosher groceries, it was time to bathe and put on our best clothes. We would bring water from a well and heat it in a large metal washtub. The first to bathe was the youngest; then we added hot water and the next to bathe was the second youngest, and so until Dad was the last.

We nearly always had a guest for the seder, usually a lonely Jewish bachelor.

The day started at 6 AM. Dad would do a little blacksmithing for the neighbors, then we would all have breakfast. We would help bring in the cows for milking and the horses to be harnessed for work. We would separate the milk and make cream and butter and buttermilk and cheese.

Mother would set fowl hens in little boxes on their eggs to raise young ones. She seeded and looked after a large vegetable garden.

A shochet came from Calgary occasionally to kosher-kill, but we had kosher meat and poultry only at times, because the only cold place for storage was the small cellar.

In autumn the yard was alive with every variety of fowl, and in our garden we grew every variety of vegetable imaginable. The pastures were alive with stock, and the fields were lush and bursting with ripe wheat and oats ready to be harvested. The binder was checked and oiled and ready to start harvesting in the morning. We all had a feeling of great accomplishment and prosperity.

As we were all ready for the morning and stood estimating the value of



Picnic at Banff, c. 1925; l to r Max Waterman, Sam Wolfson, Rose Wolfson and Mary Waterman. Max and Rose were married in 1926; Sam Wolfson was Rose's brother. Photo-Patricia Waterman Kettner

our year's hard work, a very dark cloud appeared. Instantly it started to storm, with heavy lightning and thunder, almost as dark as night, with devastating hail stones bigger than the largest walnut.

The crops and garden were knocked right into the ground. The hail killed fowl and injured anyone running for shelter. Windows were broken, buildings were damaged, and everything was left flat and bare. In no time at all the clouds disappeared and the sun came out, and we stood there not quite sure if all this really happened or if it was just a bad dream. A few miles away all they got was a bad wind storm.

I passed my Grade XII exams at the Rumsey High School and my life on the farm was finished. It was decided

that I should go to Calgary and take a course at Business College. This was my first ride on a train and my first time away from home and family.

It was like stepping into a different world. The train ride seemed very exciting, with all the electric lights and steam whistles and people getting on and off at station stops, and as we got nearer to Calgary the very bright electric lights, the hustle and bustle, and finally my Auntie Liba meeting me on the platform. She was living in a room, sort of housekeeping and working as a seamstress.

My folks were emotionally concerned and tried to place me with a "ballibustishe" family, so they arranged room and board with an orthodox family who had a little butcher shop. They had a two storey

## DISCOVERY

Editors **Jack Switzer, Jay Joffe**

The Editors welcome submissions for publication relating to areas of Calgary and Southern Alberta Jewish History. All articles should be typed, documented and sent for consideration.

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house and quite a large family and I was to share a room and bed with their second daughter.

Their eldest daughter Alice was an usher at the Variety Theatre, where they featured all kinds of vaudeville and very loud gaudy chorus girls. It was a first for me to go to a show of any kind.

At this time conditions became better back on the farm. My folks decided to order most of their groceries in large quantities from Calgary, and after enquiring through the Guttman's, I was told I could get 10 or 15 per cent off on a good-sized order from Frico Stores, owned by Pinea Waterman and sons. I went to their office - they owned nine grocery stores and a warehouse.

A young man around his middle-twenties looked after my order. The next time I came to settle the bill he was also there. He was Max Waterman, the same Max I had played with when I was five years old when we congregated for Rosh Hashanah near Trochu.

He would pass the Guttman's house and offer to walk me home, and that's how we started dating. Our courtship was great. We wined and dined and took in all the stage plays with all the greatest actors that were coming through at that time.

Before I realized the situation, a large diamond ring was quietly placed on my finger. Max and I went to the farm to visit with my family. We were married on February 26, 1926. We had a small noon wedding at the Waterman home. My mother and dad came from Rumsey and we had all the relatives that were in Calgary and a few friends. Leontine Guttman organized and arranged everything.

The ceremony was performed by Rabbi Smolensky in the old traditional custom. A canopy was put up in the living room and Max and I were under it with my mother, dad, Pinea and brothers and sisters. They circled around us seven times and Max broke the glass, and we drank wine. Mazel Tov.

We had a reception with much singing and good wishes. We left by train to Vancouver late that afternoon. It was a beautiful, sunny day. Mother Waterman wasn't at the wedding - nor sister-in-law Beth - as mother had

## JHSSA News

### New in the Harry B. Cohen Library

The Harry B. Cohen Genealogical Library now includes over 80 books, 11 videotapes, numerous journals, and a variety of other material, including pamphlets, catalogues, etc.

Most of the material can be borrowed by JHSSA members. Regular office hours are Wednesday afternoons, from 4:30 to 6:00 pm.

### Some recent acquisitions:

- How we Lived, 1880 - 1930; a documentary history of immigrant Jews in America; Irving Howe and Kenneth Libo, 1979, 360 p.
- The Jews of Lithuania, a History of a Remarkable Community, 1316 - 1945; by Marsha Breenbaum, 1995, 405 p.
- Konin, a Quest, by Theo Richmond, This widely-reviewed book, the product of a British journalist's seven-year search for the history of his parents' home town, presents a detailed portrait of Jewish life in a small Eastern European town, interwoven with the life story of the town's holocaust survivors. Fascinating reading. 1995, 543 p.
- The Making of Czech Jewry; National Conflict and Jewish Society in Bohemia, 1870 - 1918; Hillel J. Kieval, 1988, 279p.
- Resource Guide to Eastern European Genealogy; Federation of Eastern European Family History Societies, 1995.
- Survivors of the Holocaust in Poland; a Portrait Based on Jewish Community Records, 1944-1947; by Lucjan Dobroszycki, 1994, 164 p.
- To Free a People; American Jewish Leaders and the Jewish problem in Eastern Europe, 1890 - 1914; Gary Dean Best, 1982, 240p.

### Some recent donations to the JHSSA archives include:

- A Journal containing membership records of the Calgary Chevra Kadisha, 1910 - 1911, donated by Lillian Zuidema. Unused pages of the ledger contain bulk candy recipes from Israel Guttman's Empress Confectionery and Ice Cream Parlour. This journal is particularly significant since it contains the names and addresses of many Jewish households in the city.
- Commemorative Photo Album, presented to Charles Waterman on his 85th birthday in June, 1964, by the Friends of the Calgary Hebrew School; donated by Al Rubin.

serious abdominal surgery and Beth was with her. They were living in Vancouver. Mother remained ailing and frail and required care. Beth and Mary divided their time between the two homes in Calgary and Vancouver.

We spent a couple of days with Mother and Beth and took the boat to Victoria and on to Seattle. We had a great honeymoon for a month. We had access to all the wholesales and I outfitted myself from head to toe.

After we returned from our honeymoon, we furnished a suite in the Devenish Apartments - a living room with a pull-down bed, dining room with pull-out bed, kitchen a bathroom - very spacious and bright.

We were very happy. Max was six feet tall, a little on the heavy side, always pleasant, gentle, and easy-

going. My folks adored him, and so did my brothers and sisters.

On August 4th, 1927, we became parents of a healthy six-and-a-half pound daughter. My mother and my sister Pearl arrived from Rumsey that night. We named our daughter Patricia Lois.

*A son, Daniel, was born in 1929. In 1936 Max, Rose and their children moved from Calgary to Winnipeg, where Max operated a food processing plant. He died in 1975, followed by Rose in 1986.*

*Their children, Patricia and Daniel, still live in Winnipeg, where Patricia Kettner, a former architect, is an artist, and Dr. Daniel Waterman is an optometrist.*

*Two of Rose Waterman's brothers, Phil Wolfson, and Sam Wolfson, live in Calgary.*





Young Jewish women enjoy a "flapper" pyjama party; c. 1926, Calgary. Front row, left to right - Rose Bercov (Groberman), Hilda Smith, Rose Waterman. Middle row, left to right - Bessie Shumiatcher (Shapiro), Pearl Goldstein (Levey), Etta Kronick (Ghitter), Rose Applebaum, Fanny Diamond (Gallay). Back row, left to right - Sally Ziselman, Claire Ghitter, Ruth Wener, Pearl Goldstein, Fanny Malkin (Nagler), Isabel Benjamin (Stark), Polly Rosen.

Photo - Patricia Kettner

## Notable Numbers – Jews in the 1941 Census

According to the 1941 federal census, the 1760 Jews of Calgary made up 2 % of the city's population of 88,904. Currently, about 7000 Jews form only one percent of the city's population.

Canada's "most Jewish" city in 1941 was Winnipeg, where the 17,027 Jews comprised 7.67 % of the population.

Montreal had the most Jewish citizens in 1941 - 51,132, or 5.66 % of its 903,007 overall population. Toronto was close behind, with 49,046 Jewish persons, 7.35 % of that

city's total. Montreal, Toronto, and Winnipeg housed two-thirds (68.8%) of the 170,241 Canadian Jews counted in the 1941 census.

Other Jewish numbers for 1941: Vancouver, 2812 Jews (1.02 %); Edmonton, 1449, 1.54 %; Regina, 932, 1.6 %; Saskatoon, 685, 1.59 %. Ottawa had 3809 Jews; Hamilton - 2597; Windsor - 2226; and Quebec City - 376 Jewish residents (.03 %).

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## Special Thanks

Special Thanks to Calgary B'Nai Brith Lodge # 618 for its recent generous donations to the Jewish Historical Society, and to the Alvin and Mona Libin Foundation for its ongoing valuable support. Thanks also to the Community Council and the Calgary Jewish Centre for their continuing support.

We are still accepting \$100 donations for your inclusion in the Friends of the Book section of Land of Promise.

## Photo Updates

Photo captions in our last issue contained some errors. The father of the Katzin family in the page one photo should be Max Katzin, not Morris Katzin.

Our requests for help in naming those in the 1915 social group photo that accompanied the Bessie Diamond story brought the following list from Sabine Helman.

Top row - left to right: Sabine Nagler (Helman), Lou Fradkin, Marjorie Nagler, Fanny Nagler, Lou Diamond, —Levine (Mo Levine's brother, from Vancouver);

Middle row - Joe Diamond, ? , Herman Nagler, Debbie Marks, Moe Levine, Ruth Gesheit;

Bottom row - Edith Barron, with son Walter, Abe Cass (of Toronto).

It seems that Bessie Diamond, the subject of our article, was not even in the photo. She was mistaken for her sister, Debbie Marks, who closely resembled her.

At right is a photo of Bessie Diamond (c. 1915), in her girl guide uniform, recently sent to us by her daughter Marcia Diamond Cohen, of Toronto.



## Thank you to our Tribute Card users

Thank you to the following persons who used our historical photo cards to honor their friends in the last few months of 1995:

Mel & Therese Nagler · Les & Hazel Cosman (Vancouver) · Joe & Laila Leinburd · David & Delsie Dworkin ·  
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