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HERITAGE

The Journal of THE JEWISH ARCHIVES & HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF EDMONTON & NORTHERN ALBERTA

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"Recapture History" by commemorating your special events by sending one of our tribute cards. There are 10 cards to choose from. This photo of the General Store is one, the rest are displayed on the back page of this issue. Call the JAHSENA office, and for an \$18.00 donation we will send your message.

JAHSENA AGM

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*Thank you to the Edmonton Jewish Community
Charitable Foundation for the grant providing us
with an office laptop computer.*





From the President

HOWARD DAVIDOW

October 2020

I, like many others, am not an original Edmontonian. I have always enjoyed reading about history. I have been fortunate to be involved with JAHSENA, a very involved and devoted group of people who believe that the history of Jewish Edmonton and Northern Alberta should be preserved and shared.

On February 15, 1996, a group of individuals, including several current members, assembled for the inaugural meeting of the Archives & Historical Society and Jewish Federation of Edmonton with logo Edmonton & Northern Alberta JEWISH ROOTS. The founding member was Uri Rosenzweig, z'l.

A major long-term objective of this new entity was publication of a history of the Jewish Community of Edmonton and Northern Alberta, with a target publication date of 2005, the centennial of Alberta. This objective was achieved, along with several other informative and meaningful publications over the years.

The work has changed in many ways since the first Jewish people settled here in Northern Alberta. It took roughly 100 years before our Jewish community formally began to assemble an organized historical record. At some point between February 15, 1996 and May 21, 1996, our present title came into existence.

The second meeting was held on March 21, 1996 with a guest speaker,

Dr. Sandra Thomson, Director of the Provincial Archives of Alberta. She spoke about the history of the Provincial Archives, its mandate and services, and provided some volume statistics. I feel that what she said almost twenty-five years ago is totally relevant today. She expressed the relevance and importance of record keeping, which is something that, we, presumably at the apex of living species, consciously do. We have been endowed with the gifts of being able to communicate with others and to record events that enable those coming after us to learn about our past. She went on to state "The archival record is not only important to the individual that produces it. It is important because it must take its place in the larger archival record of this province and this country. Archives are the memory of a society. Your community's efforts to preserve its records will allow future historians to know that your community (our community, writer's words) lived and worked and contributed to Alberta."

To some degree one might feel that I am preaching to the choir. My concern, as I look at the composition of our board, is that everyone is over the age of 60 and some of us are in our eighties. We live in an era of rapid technological advances; we have many creature comforts and are able to live without having to struggle to

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HERITAGE

The Journal of the Jewish
Archives & Historical Society
of Edmonton and Northern
Alberta

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A JOURNEY WITHOUT REFUGE:

THE EARLY YEARS OF GEORGE GOLDSAND

BY DANIEL ERIN

The story of George Goldsand's family is unique. They fled not one, but two totalitarian countries for very different political reasons. These escapes were perilous and fraught with the uncertainty and terror that so many people experienced under bureaucratic machines that ripped people and communities apart. To make matters worse, the countries to which George's family, much like many other Jewish families, were trying to escape did not want—and would often obstruct—their attempts at resettlement.

At this point, it is important to note that George's family represents a significant but little-known fact about European Jewry who—for the most part—did not survive the atrocities of the Second World War be-



Helen, Hans, Rosa, George prior to leaving Soviet Union c. 1932

cause countries such as Canada and the United States closed their doors to Jewish immigration.

Grischa Goldsand (subsequently re-named George by an immigration officer in Quebec City) was born in 1935 in the U.S.S.R to his parents, Hans and Rosa. His older sister, Helen, was born in 1933. Hans was born in Vienna in 1905 and was too young to have served in the Austrian army in World War I.

His older brother was drafted and was wounded.

After graduating from technical school with a degree in Agricultural Administration, Hans was left navigating the turmoil of post-war Austria and the Great Depression. It was difficult to find work and at one point Hans considered emigrating to Palestine. He did not pursue this goal, because he discovered a job opportunity in the Soviet Union. After years of post-revolution devastation,

FROM THE PRESIDENT

Continued from page 2

put food on our table and a roof over our heads. We have a range of diversions to occupy our leisure time. It is easy to take history for granted and to focus only on the present. I am inviting one and all to consider supporting your community's important historical work with your membership support, your presence and involvement, your community records and artifacts.

While you are reading this newsletter, you will see important information about our upcoming Annual General Meeting. We are obliged to hold this meeting in public. You can be well assured that we are taking sensible and complete precautions to ensure the safety of all present.

Chevre, we are all living through a time and worldwide conditions that most of us never anticipated would happen in our lifetimes. The lifestyles we were so used to liv-

ing and expected to keep on living, with perhaps a few bumps along the road have been severely curtailed for what we all hope is a reasonably short period of time. We are in the cusp of (or perhaps are already in) the season of self examination and looking forward to improvements. May we all be inscribed for a year of peace and contentment. G'Mar Chatima Tova.

Respectfully submitted,
Howard Davidow



Goldsand family with grandparents in Vienna 1938

Joseph Stalin was in the process of establishing the farm and industrial collectives that became known as The Five-Year Plans. The country needed western Europeans with the education for administrative positions. After seeing these advertisements, Hans and his elder brother—a civil engineer—decided that the salaries and living conditions seemed feasible,

and they began an adventure in the U.S.S.R.

Upon arriving in 1930, Hans became the Director of a sugar beet collective in what is now the Eastern Ukraine. There he met Rosa, whom he married in 1932. They had two children, Grischa and Helen. In the course of his work, Hans got into some administrative disagreements with some well-positioned Soviet bureaucrats. In the midst of the existing tyranny of the Stalinist regime, such disputes often led to sudden disappearances to various Soviet prisons. Hans was advised by friends that, as a foreign national, he should probably take advantage of the opportunity to return to his native country. While he was free to leave, this was not the case for his wife and children, who were considered Soviet nationals and would require exit permits which were almost impossible to obtain. Countries such as Canada and the United States closing their borders further exacerbated the family's dilemma, as the influence of Nazism was expanding in Western Europe.

It was at this time that the possibility of Canada as a destination first arose. Fortunately for the Goldsands, Rosa had several first cousins who had emigrated from the Soviet Union to the Edmonton re-

gion fifteen to twenty years earlier. One of these, Luba Panar, lived in Vegreville where her family owned a general store. In 1937, during the period when Hans and Rosa were under pressure to leave the Soviet Union, Luba, visiting family in the U.S.S.R, learned of the Goldsand family plight and first considered the possibility of getting the young family to Canada, even though Canada's borders were closed to Jewish immigration at that time.

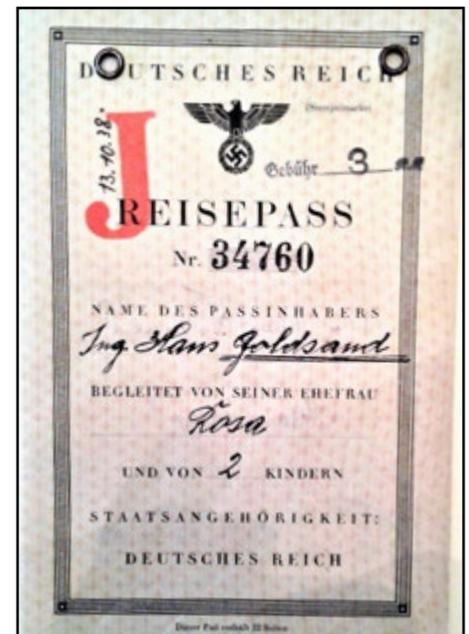
With the pressure to escape mounting, Hans became desperate and, in late 1937, moved the family to Moscow, where he determined that the family had a better chance of meeting an official who could provide them with exit visas. His plan worked. In February of 1938, Hans was called to the NKVD's office (a precursor to the KGB), an office he had visited many times in his desperation to obtain visas. On this occasion, an NKVD official ripped the calendar page of February, 1938,



Deutsches Reich Passport issued Sept 29, 1938 exourubf Oct 13, 1938



Canadian Citizen Cert c. 1948



2 week passport

from a wall calendar, tore it in half, gave Hans one half of the page, keeping the other. He told Hans that his family could have the exit permits to leave the country with him, but there was a catch. Aware that Hans was planning to take his family to his home in Vienna, the official explained that within the next weeks or months, a person would arrive at his family's apartment with the other half of the calendar page and Hans must serve as his guide in Vienna. After clearly reviewing the names and addresses of Rosa's family in the Soviet Union (they would clearly be hostages), Hans was free to leave with his family. They left immediately by train to Vienna, arriving mid-February, and stayed with Hans' parents in their apartment at Naglergasse 11 in the First District. Three and one-half weeks later, on March 13, 1938, Hitler's army marched in with the immediate subjugation of the Austrian government. Hitler himself came to Vienna on March 15 and addressed

a mass rally of 300,000 people in the Heldenplatz, located about 3 blocks from the Goldsand apartment.

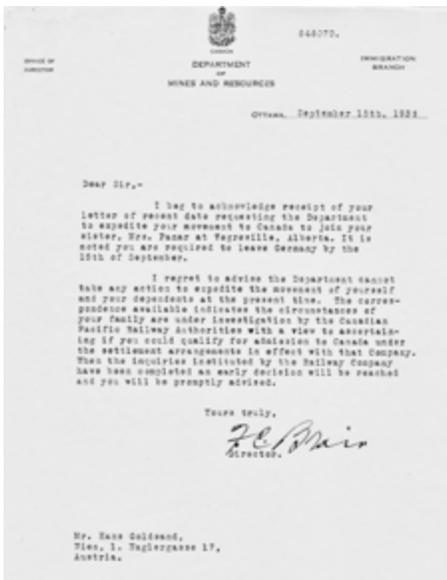
Not long after the Nazis had occupied Austria, Hans was caught up in a mass arrest by the Gestapo. The Gestapo routinely rounded up young Jewish men and imprisoned them in a regional precinct with a jail, where they would face a tribunal of three Gestapo officers. Many of the people abducted in these round-ups were eventually sent to Dachau. This form of harassment proved to be an effective means of terrorizing the Jewish community, and Hans narrowly escaped the worst possible outcome.

During Hans' first arrest, there was an officer who appeared to be sympathetic, and Hans convinced him that he was indeed trying to leave the country. The Gestapo released him with a deadline for when he and his family had to leave

Austria. The family's attempts at departing the country failed, and Hans was re-arrested by the Gestapo and was required to appear before the tribunal of three officers. Fortunately for Hans, the sympathetic officer he first encountered was also a member of this tribunal. They again agreed to release Hans, but gave him a firm deadline of October 1, 1938, to leave the country for good.

The family was now facing an emergency. With an inescapable deadline and nowhere to go, the situation was becoming desperate.

While the family's prospects were deteriorating in Austria, Luba (Rosa's cousin) was trying vigorously to get the family into Canada, but Canada's policy at the time—under the stewardship of Frederick Blair—was to limit the immigration of Jews to Canada. Thus it took continuous lobbying to help the Goldsands gain safe passage to Canada.



Fred Blair, Director of Immigration, refusing entry to Canada but acknowledging requirement to leave Austria 1938

DONATION CARDS

JAHSENA has donation cards with historic pictures on them available for purchase. Mark your special simchas by sending a donation to JAHSENA. Contact the office for more details at: 780-489-2809. We have received the following donations:

MAZEL TOV

To Graham Usher and Paula Globberman on the birth of their grandchild, Arlo Mae, from Michael and Colleen Paull.

SYMPATHY

To Rosalie Shaw and Family on the passing of Gary Levine, z'l, from Michael and Colleen Paull.

To Naomi Wolfman and Family on the passing of Morley Wolfman, z'l, from Michael and Colleen Paull.

To Hymie Lieberman on the passing of Bebe Lieberman, z'l, from Cory Felber.

To Jack and Rowena Schwartzberg on the passing of Bebe Lieberman, z'l, from Cory Felber.

To Norman and Evelyn Schayer on the passing of Bebe Lieberman, z'l, from Cory Felber.

To Howie and Debby Sniderman and Family on the passing of Sydney Sniderman, z'l, from Michael and Colleen Paull.

To Howie and Debbie Sniderman and Family on the passing of Audrey Sniderman, z'l, from Michael and Colleen Paull.

To Phillip and Toni Gold & Family on the passing of Harvey Emas, z'l, from Michael and Colleen Paull.

October 1st came and went; the family still had no place to go, so Hans and Rosa acted on rumours that it would be possible to flee to Ethiopia. They found an agency promoting immigration to Ethiopia, got the requisite supporting letters, and, to replace their now invalidated Austrian passport, a unique German passport issued to Jews with an expiry date in 14 days. With these documents, the family fled to Italy en route to Ethiopia. However, they never made it as the Italian border guards denied them entry. Upon return to the Austrian border, a guard informed Hans that the family could stay in a storage shed for a few days to make a decision about what to do next.

With a plan to hike over the mountains to Switzerland, the family returned to Vienna to obtain provisions. George remembers that his father was a straight-laced guy who wanted to return to the Gestapo, hoping to encounter the “sympathetic” officer, and explain what occurred to them on their way to Ethiopia. The family argued and pleaded with him not to return to the Gestapo precinct. Nonetheless, Hans decided to return. The “sympathetic” officer was not there, and Hans was thrown in jail.



George (Grischa) Helen c. 1940

Shortly after Hans had left, the family heard a knock at the door of their apartment. A knock on the door was always a terrifying event. Who was it? Was it the Gestapo coming for the family? Was it the NVKD officer in need of a Jewish guide in Nazi-occupied Vienna? When the door was finally opened, it was a messenger from the Canadian Pacific Rail office with tickets to Canada. Now all that remained for the family was to get Hans out of a Nazi jail before he was sent to Dachau. The Canadian agent promptly went with the necessary papers to the Gestapo office.

As the main objective of the Nazis at that time was to rid Austria and Germany of Jews (*judenrein*), the presentation of these papers al-



George on the farm outside Vegreville c. 1940

lowed Hans to leave the country. The family took a train to Paris and then to the Port of Cherbourg in northern France, where they boarded a ship to the Port of Quebec.

Hans and his young family had been allowed into Canada in large part thanks to the work of Rosa's cousin, Luba. However, another important reason for the family's admittance into the country was Hans' background in agriculture. But, there was a misunderstanding among the Canadian administrators. They thought that Hans was a farmer— not an agricultural administrator. Consequently, Hans had to work near Vegreville as a farmhand on a section of land clearing brush and performing other tasks.



Dr. George Goldsand c. 1990

Note: George Goldsand graduated in Medicine from the University of Alberta in 1959 and completed his specialty training in Internal Medicine in 1964. In 1967, following additional training in Pittsburgh, he returned to the University of Alberta to head the first clinical division of Infectious Diseases in Canada. He practiced and taught at the University of Alberta until his retirement in 2001. In 1985, he was appointed Associate Dean of Medicine in charge of all fields of medical specialty training. He has been honored with many awards in recognition of his achievements in patient care and in medical education. George and his wife, Judy, have three children, John, Gary and Janice, and seven grandchildren.



Helen, Rosa, George on the farm c. 1940

These conditions were not healthy for the family. George suffered from childhood asthma; being on the farm exacerbated his symptoms. Also, the farm was becoming unsustainable so, in 1941, the family moved to Edmonton where George started first grade.

Although this was a better situation for the family, the Canadian government was incredibly unhappy that Hans was not working as a farmer. Hans was able to find work in other industries in Edmonton, but the officials interacting with him were insistent that he work as a farmer. The government threatened to deport the family if Hans did not return to work as a farmer. They they sent numerous letters describing the Goldsands as “enemy aliens” and informing Hans that the war was the one thing preventing the family from being deported. The mail came to represent a threat similar to that of a knock on the door the family had experienced in Vienna.

The uncertainty stemming from this precarious state lasted for eight years. It wasn't until 1948 that the Goldsands were made Canadian citizens. Indeed, for all of George's young life, he and his family lived



George, Rosa, Helen, Hans in Canada awaiting on immigration status c.1947

as stateless people with tangible evidence that no country truly wanted them.

George still has the receipts for the fee to obtain Canadian citizenship. In 1948, the cost was \$7; \$5 for

Hans and Rosa, and \$2 for George and Helen. With a wry smile, George observed that citizenship in Canada was cheap. At least, monetarily...

JAHSENA Recent Acquisitions

These items have recently found their way into the archives, and are available for research purposes:

Israel DVDs and magazines from Cindie Thompson.

Several Genealogy books from Ida Agronin.

Papers, photos, and articles about Dasha Goody from Brandy Graesser.

Several editions of the American Society for Yad Vashem from Ruth Pakes and her sister, Doreen Horwitz.

Various certificates, including a copy of his parents wedding ketubah, newspaper clippings and a book: *The Perfect Petalia* by Marlee Soroka from Ken Soroka.

Menorah Curling Club and B'nai Brith curling patches from Judy Goldsand.

Family photos, booklets, and clippings from Cory Felber.

A complete set of Heritage newsletters from Gail Rudolph.

Papers, clippings, and booklets of various organizations from Netta Phillet.

Papers relating to Temple Beth Ora from Francie Nobleman.

Beth Tzedek articles and kiddush cup from Stan Bronson.

Cards and clippings of various organizations from Stephanie Hendin.

Beth Israel blueprints from Marshall Shoctor.

Holocaust books and CHW magazines from Helen Conroy.

Family photos from the families of the Seba Beach and George Goldsand articles published in this Heritage.

We are still accepting donations of books relevant to local family or organizational history. Should you have any questions about donations, please contact our office.

IN APPRECIATION:

A special thank you to Sharon Abbott who continues to comb through all local publications and brings us clippings, invitations, flyers and magazine articles.



Sarah, Leah, Len, Gabrielle Dolgoy, Tevie Miller c. 1989



Josh, Tevie and Arliss Miller sailing at Seba Beach

Memories of Seba Beach



Josh & Cathy at Seba Beach c. 1958

CATHY MILLER-DOLGOY'S SEBA STORY

My first memory of Seba Beach is assisted by photographs, as I was a toddler at the time. For many years, our family visited the cottage of Abe and Betty Miller, our grandparents, and had wonderful times in the water fishing for minnows, building sand castles and playing with cousins. The atmosphere was relaxed. The days were long, filled with fun, lots of time with parents and grandparents and good meals. The cottage was one big room with several bedrooms, a large fireplace with a mounted deer head and a wood stove in the kitchen, that was always warm (except first thing in the morning). The stove and the fireplace heated the cottage. I must not neglect to mention the outhouse, which was an intimidat-

ing experience. Initially water for the cottage came from community wells.

As I grew older, I looked forward to visits to Seba even more, where we were allowed to roam the beach, play for hours outside and visit the store with penny candy, the mini golf and trampoline parks. During these years, the Paull family took over the cottage, and an inside toilet was added, that was operated by filling the bowl with a dipper of water from the pail nearby. A well was drilled.

Ultimately, my parents purchased a nearby cottage when I was 12 and summers were spent at our cottage, only 8 cottages away from the Paull cottage. Summers were filled with playing with siblings and cousins, attending sailing camp, play-



Miller Cabin on Seba Beach

ing board games and cards and reading, during the evenings and rainy days. In the evenings or on cool days, I enjoyed toasting marshmallows and making popcorn over the fire. I also looked forward to visiting with my summer friends, kids who lived in other neighbourhoods in Edmonton and who I did not see all winter. We hung out together at each others' cottages and in the motorboats on the lake. It was great to get caught up with friends.

My favourite memory is the leisurely sails with Dad in his Y flyer. Though he participated in the weekly sailboat races, he usually crewed the boat and recruited a young man in the community to skipper the boat. But our family sails were leisurely and gentle. We were not in a hurry to get anywhere. In fact, often, we were becalmed and had to wait for the wind to pick up so that we could get home. Sailing was a good time to visit. It was peaceful and quiet. No noisy motorboat engines.

As I got older, the cottage became my favourite retreat, a place

to unwind, read books and leave the pressures of the city behind.

I was so fortunate to have the family cottage to share with our kids. We spent weekends and weeks at a time at the cottage when our kids were young. They, too, enjoyed the lifestyle at the lake, spending lots of time outside, having the independence to walk to visit cousins or friends on the beach. They also took sailing lessons, walked after supper to get an ice cream cone at the burger shack or the tea house. Now both locations are gone, but ice cream cones



The Dolgoy girls at Seba Beach – Leah in front, back l to r Rebecca, Gabrielle, Danielle, Sarah

are available at the general store or the mini golf course. Many birthday parties were celebrated at the cottage with family, friends and classmates.

Seba provides the opportunity to slow down, appreciate nature (the sunrise, sunset and smell of the outdoors and the call of the loons). It is a place to focus on family and friends. We spent part of our honeymoon at the cottage. It is full of wonderful, important memories for me and I think we might have also created some of the same memories for our children.



ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

DATE: Sunday, October 25, 2020
TIME: 2:00 pm
LOCATION: Beth Shalom Synagogue

JOSH MILLER'S SEBA STORY

The Miller and Paull families established a beachhead at Seba Beach when our Grandpa Abe bought a cabin there in the 1940's. With several other lake options around Edmonton, family lore holds that Grandpa Abe opted for Seba because the name was an acronym for "Abe's".

The cabin was rustic— just a wood stove and fireplace for heat and no indoor plumbing. A path out back led to a secluded and spider-infested outhouse that would scare the crap out of you on a moonless night. It would also help explain any future propensity for anal retentiveness.

Around 1964, my parents bought a cabin just down the lake-front. This 1950's era dwelling had plumbing and heating and was more to my mother's liking. Every summer on weekends we would decamp from

the city and Seba became an idyllic and fun retreat for our family.

My father, Tevie, had been in the Sea Cadets, where he acquired a love of sailing. We owned a Y-Flyer, which wasn't the swiftest class of sailboat, but could provide some thrills in a high wind. They're difficult to tip over, yet this was a feat I managed to achieve on several occasions.

We knew what to do if we flipped because our parents had put us in sailing courses at the Edmonton Yacht Club which, for the record, wasn't quite as tony as its name. The club held sailboat races on the weekends (and still does). The races started early, so we'd be roused out of bed at 7:00 a.m. on a Sunday to haul ass out to the course in time for the starter horn.

One Sunday morning when I was about twelve, the lake was still. With no wind, there was zero incen-



Michele and Sophie Miller at Seba Beach

tive to enter the races and risk getting becalmed for hours with nothing to do but watch the jackfish jump. That's why, when my dad roused me to go sailboat racing, I was baffled.

He assured me the wind would come up by the time the starter horn sounded. I wasn't on board with this (literally!), but we rigged the boat and headed out. It took us an hour to get just 500 yards off-shore and it was obvious that there would be no sailboat racing that morning.



l-r Arliss, Tevie, Lisa, Michele, Josh, Sarah (in Cathy's arm), Cathy, and Rebecca c. 1982;

What, I wondered, was the deal?

It was right about then that my dad cleared his throat and asked me if I knew anything about... sex. Oh, God, please, no. He was going to deliver The Talk. Whenever he had previously tried to deliver The Talk, I would be infused with dread, concoct an excuse and make an escape.

Today there would be no escape.

I tried to convince him that I was already “in the know.” My friend’s father was a doctor and we had often skimmed the medical texts in his home when his parents were out. These books had plenty of photos, so we knew what various body parts looked like and “what went where.”

Unmoved, my dad launched in. I was reluctant to admit it, but as I listened, I realized I had been rather ill-informed and that this information could potentially be quite valuable. At one point I asked whether he and my mom still “did it” and could have done a spit-take when he replied, “Of course.” I felt queasy. Adrift on a glass lake, it wasn’t due to motion sickness.



Sam and Ben Miller at Seba Beach



Josh Miller Sailing at Seba Beach c. 2019

Eager to end the ordeal, I assured him that I already knew everything he had just told me and asked if he was done. He smiled and nodded, pleased to have fulfilled his obligatory paternal duty. I grabbed the paddle and hastily navigated our boat back to shore.

It would be just a few years later (okay, five) when I had the chance to put all this valuable information into practice and frankly I was glad to have a firm grasp of the matter. Knowledge, I had come to learn, was a great way to rise to the occasion or get to the bottom of things.



Hannah Miller on paddle board

I smile now when I think of the calculation involved in getting me into that sailboat on that windless day for The Talk. I was so desperate to flee. If today I were to somehow find myself stranded with my dad in a sailboat, it would be like glimpsing a snapshot of heaven.

When Dad fell gravely ill in 1996, I accompanied him on his last visit to Seba Beach. I vividly remember standing on the pier, watching him stroll slowly along the shoreline one final time, scanning a flotilla of sailboats tacking in the distance. It was the saddest of moments.

For our extended family, the lake has been the locus of so many life events... childhood discoveries, coming of age moments, remarkable milestones and sorrowful transitions. My own family now has a cabin out there and someday-- whether in a sailboat or around a firepit-- my grandchildren will hear the stories of our bygone glorious summers at Seba Beach.

And then, as such things go, they will write their own stories.

LISA MILLER'S SEBA STORY

It is difficult for me to come up with just one memory of Seba Beach as it has been such an important place in my life. I don't remember coming to the lake much as a small child when we shared our grandparent's cottage with the Paulls', except for maybe the car rides. We had to have landmarks, such as the half-way house and who could spot it and yell it out first. At least it stopped us from asking our parents "Are we there yet?"

In the mid 1960's my parents bought a cabin 9 doors away from the original family cabin. It had running water (full washroom) and a furnace, both were much loved by my mom Arliss. Being so close to the Paulls' meant that my siblings had friends nearby. It also led to some very memorable games of spoons at the Paulls' large dining table. Spoons was akin to musical chairs and, as I recall, my Aunt Helen was very good at it.

Speaking of my Aunt Helen, when I was in my early 20's I would work the weekends in the city but have Monday and Tuesday off. I worked at CFRN TV which at the time was on the highway on the west side of the city. Same highway we'd take for the lake. My car would be packed up and when I got off the news at midnight I'd drive to the lake, because I've found, there is nothing better than waking up at the cottage. On a nice day I'd wander the beach to visit my aunt. We'd often have a wonderful bowl of beet borscht or gazpacho soup for lunch together at her cottage and she'd join me for dinner at ours.

But let me digress for a moment. In the fall of 1968, our parents agreed to host a university student for a year from Japan. Nobuko arrived at the end of the summer and the first place we took her was to Seba Beach. Coming from a traditional Japanese home, we blew her away in probably the first 12 hours. Arriving at the cottage, Mom was wearing slacks. Women in Japan did not wear pants. Then Dad BBQ'd dinner. Men in Japan did not cook. And finally, after dinner we went for our regular walk on the country road, walking side by side with Dad. In Japan, women walked a few steps behind men. Welcome to Canada and more importantly, welcome to life at the lake.

My first ever job was pumping gas at the marina on Lake Wabamun. The marina was about a 10 minute car ride away or 7 minutes by boat. I was only 15 and so mom would spend the days at the lake with me and because she never much cared for the boats, I'd drive it to work, after all, I was too young to take her car. Weekdays at the lake were always at a differ-



Ariana, Jordan, and Lisa in Seba Beach Regatta shirts c. 2019

ent pace than weekends, quieter, but with the regulars. We were next to a public access point, and so our beach was always full of families and kids for me to play with. Anyone else remember a game in the water, floating on toys like inner tubes and someone would yell "horsefly," and every head would go under the water to avoid getting bit?

My brother Josh warned me about our Dad's infamous sailboat ride wherein he'd get you out far enough from shore and then tell you the Facts of Life. There was a spot on the lake that dad usually avoided. On shore there was a hill and it seemed to block out the wind on



Fall 1997 clean up leaves at Seba l to r Tevin (baby) Ariana Farrel Shadlyn Lisa Miller Tobin



Arliss Ariana c. 1990

the lake. In my case we did go out on a windy day, but then he guided the sailboat to that spot knowing we would get stuck there for a good half hour. I was a teenager and having me all to himself he then asked me if I ever tried drugs or would do so. That was a fairly long boat ride back.

My father Tevie liked to putter. He was always fixing or painting something at the lake. I think it was his release from his daily work duties in the city. I like to think that he passed that on to me, as you won't see me with power tools or a paint brush in the city, but I too have learned the



Family group shot at the Paull's after Sam & Hannah's B'Nai Mitvah Summer 2003



Tevie and Gerry Swersky paddling in the sailboat

art of puttering and doing odds jobs at the lake. I often say "I think he's looking down at me and smiling."

Over the years we all invited friends to the cottage, some enjoyed waking up to the smell of Dad cooking eggs and onions. Others came years later, hoping our parents were not here, but I'll save those stories. Recently I visited a Talmud Torah classmate of mine in Ontario at her lake cottage. She and her husband built it about 3 years earlier. When I asked her why a cabin at the lake, she answered that she had so many good memories of spending elementary school weekends up at our cottage and wanted that for her family. I was surprised and pleased.

Fortunately, we've been able to raise our three kids at the shared family cottage at Seba beach. When the kids were young, my siblings and I had a rule. Any family could book exclusivity Monday through Friday. But the 10-12 summer weekends were open season for all to share. When our girls were young, both my parents came out to join us and really got to know the young kids, as lake time together is just so much different than being in the city. And on weekends all of our kids spent time with the Dolgoy and Miller kids, tightening the bond between families.

While our kids have all left Edmonton for school and jobs, they still make a point of getting some Seba time in. And over the years, we've seen them bring their significant others back here to share Seba with them. With close to 90 years of traditions and memories for the Miller family at Seba beach, it was too difficult to pick out one story to share.



Toban, Tevyn and Cem in motorboat at Seba

MICHAEL PAULL'S SEBA STORY

The origin of the name "Seba" beach has an air of biblical days.

Genesis 10-7 – Seba as one of the sons of Cush.

Psalms 72-101 "The kings of Sheba and Seba will offer gifts."

Isaiah 43-3 "I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee".

But Seba was chosen as it filled the postal authority's requirement of a "short name" for the Post Office. Nothing biblical about it!

The first building on 813-1st Street was a large boat house. It had a roof, three closed in sides with the east side open. Later, walls were added and it was made into a summer rental house right on the beach. My grandfather, Abe Miller, after renting it for a few seasons, bought it in the 1940's.

The cottage had 3 bedrooms, an outhouse, no running water – we had a pump outside for water to use for washing dishes. The fire burning stove and fireplace heated the place up at nights. Our neighbors (their families are still our neighbors) would walk back and forth, with drink in hand, enjoying the friendship and openness of lake.

My early recollections of Seba are different from my siblings. My



Skating at Seba Dena, Colleen, Samara, Alex, Michael Dec 1997

sister Barb had the ability to go up and down the beach and make friends wherever she went. My brother David seemed to always get into some mischief with our cousin Josh. I remember them catching frogs farther down the beach but that area is all cabins now. I sat on the beach and played in the sand. Back in those days, there was no sunscreen, it was baby oil or nothing and no hat. I was known as "little brown bear" by my Uncle Saul and was content to do nothing at all.

My mother, Helen, had very few rules, (1) sleep in as long as you want (2) Rest time after lunch for 1 hour, everyone quiet in your room. My dad, Cecil, would either come out at night during the week and head back to work in the morning or just come out on the weekend with more food. The cottage was my mother's sanctuary, her place for quiet, reading books and playing scrabble.

In 1988, the original cottage was torn down and an all-season cot-



Grand & Great grandkids Alex, Dena, CECIL, Adam, Hannah & Micah, Jared & Ella, missing Samara & Colin c. 2020

tage was built. The things that I miss most about the old cottage are:

- ✦ The moose head hanging over the fireplace. It seemed like his antlers grew every year, but it was the ceiling slowly falling down.
- ✦ The knife that locked the door. It was jammed between the door and the wall. We would lock up the cabin for the winter and then crawl out the bedroom window.
- ✦ The "indoor plumbing". It was toilet with a water bucket beside it. You ladled water in the bowl and then stepped on a pedal to flush everything down.
- ✦ The nightly ritual of washing dishes and drying them by hand and putting everything away immediately.
- ✦ The peanuts in the upper part of the old stove had a special taste.



David, Liz, Bill, Cecil, Barb, Michael, Colleen Seba Beach c. 2020



Hockey at Seba December 1998



Cec's 1st Birthday at Seba Beach with all the grandkids c. 1992
Dena, Adam, Alex, Samara, Jared



Cousins Alex, Adam, Samara, Jared, Dena August 1997

COLLEEN PAULL'S SEBA STORY

My first visit to Seba Beach was for Cecil's 50th birthday party. There were a lot of people there, spilling out of the cabin, celebrating the day. I remember the sunshine and looking out to the beach and lake. Cec's birthday is July 2nd, and we have been celebrating it on the long weekend at the lake for many years now. In 1992, I started taking a birthday photo of Cecil with his five grandchildren every year.

Mike and I loved going to the lake in the winter. One of us would crawl in the back window and pull out the knife "locking" the door for the other to get in. We would light a fire, crawl into sleeping bags and play cards until the cabin was warm enough to move around in just our jackets. We got engaged while cross country skiing out there.

The new cabin was finished in 1989 just in time for us to start going

out with our new son, Alex. In 1991 Samara and Dena were also enjoying being at Seba. We went out every summer, spending as much time as possible. Mike continued the tradition of his father of coming out a few nights during the week then spending all weekend. Summers were filled with cousins, visits from family and friends, tubing and later water skiing. Uncle Bill and Cousin Will would take the kids tubing with the big boat and built a rig that attached to the small boat and they learned to water ski holding the pole alongside the small boat. Many a neighbor and relative kid screamed with delight (or fear) when Bill and Will took them tubing!

Seba Beach had a regatta every August long weekend – there were foot races, canoe battles, beach volleyball, sandcastle building, the boat parade and we even had floats

several years in the land parade. I understand that Helen was first runner up in Miss Seba Beach when she was sixteen. I don't know when they stopped that, but I don't remember it ever happening!

The winters were just as fun. We went skating on the lake, skidding, snow shoeing or just walking out to watch the ice fisherman. A few years Helen organized Chanukkah out there and as many relatives who could would come out and we would have a hockey game, light candles and eat latkes.

Cecil turned 91 this summer and the pandemic put a damper on this year's birthday celebration as well as big family gatherings. Happily, Cecil, Barb and Bill, David and Liz, Mike and I and all our families had a couple nice days where we could get together but still social distance and enjoy fun at the lake.



The Paull Family at Seba Beach c. 1999



Learning to ski Barb, Samara, Graham (neighbor), Bill Alex skiing



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