

Heritage ירשה



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

Volume 3 Number 2

Fall 2001

Kislev 5762



"From the Pres"
a regular column by
Dan Kauffman.

In a number of ways, this has been a pivotal year for our Society. In September 2000, we celebrated the launch of our book *The First Century of Jewish Life in Edmonton and Northern Alberta* and I must tell you the reaction both here in Edmonton and Alberta and in many Jewish communities across Canada has been gratifying. Our Society and our Jewish community owes a great deal of thanks to our past president and editor, Uri Rosenzweig for his dedication and commitment to the book. We have barely one hundred copies left, from a printing of 750 and I must repeat what I've said before...when they're gone—they're GONE.

As I look back at this year, I cannot tell you how delighted we all are having acquired the professional services of Debby Shoctor, our archivist, in March. Her library science background, her strong sense of community and her commitment to preserving, protecting and cataloguing our historical records, photos and audio materials has enabled us to move forward in our efforts beyond our expectations. The great strides we have made in collecting the newspapers of our community are a tribute to her vision and organizational skills.

From a financial perspective, we are healthy. Thanks to Uri's efforts in chapter sales of the book, we have administrative dollars to work with.

"...Notes from the Pres" Continued page 2

From the Archives: The following is an excerpt from our Oral History Collection. **An Interview with Inger Sherman.**

This is Peter Owen of the Jewish Archives and Historical Society of Edmonton and Northern Alberta. It's March 21st, 2001 - the first day of Spring. I'm in the home of Inger Sherman to interview her as part of our project.

Thank you very much for letting me come to your beautiful home and talk to you. Usually we start right at the beginning, Inger, and find out something about the origins of the person that we're interviewing. So, tell me about where you were born and something about your family.



(Inger) I was born in Denmark in 1922. I went to school there. We lived in a small town where there were absolutely no Jewish people but there had been a synagogue until 1937. So, I was 15 years old when it was discontinued. Everybody else moved to Copenhagen where the Jewish community is now.

(Peter) And had your family been in that small town for many generations?

(Inger) I think about three. I remember my grandmother. I don't remember any further back, but she told me she came to that town as a young girl and my father had business with ambulances and things like that. My grandfather even had a horse drawn taxi. He was killed in 1918 because one of the horses ran berserk down the main street. So, that's my beginning-kind of violent!

(Peter) And you took your schooling in the small town where you grew up.

(Inger) I graduated high school in the town—Colbrandis—that was 1942.

(Peter) So that was in the middle of the war?

(Inger) I just got half a year of university in Copenhagen and then the university closed down.

(Peter) Now what was the situation in Denmark, the Nazi conquest of Europe?

(Inger) It was occupied by Germany in 1940. I was in Grade 10. I remember my father looking up and he said, 'These are not Danish planes,' so we knew what they were. The summer before we had been in our summer cottage and we saw a great big white ship. I can see my father with binoculars and he said, 'I wonder what that ship is.' (Continued on page 4)

"... Notes from the Pres"

Thanks to a successful casino in August, we will have the funds to continue Debby's work and acquire the archival equipment we need to help us fulfill our mandate.

We have been able to set up important alliances this year. We are members of the Archives Society of Alberta which enables us to access not only their expertise in helping small archives set up files, but also to access funds to aid in our projects. We continue our wonderful association with the Provincial Archives which will eventually house our collection in their new facility. I have personally visited both the Jewish Historical Societies of Calgary and Vancouver. We will benefit from their expertise and the sharing of experiences.

Our community visibility is very important. We were at the Talmud Torah Book Fair and at Heritage Days and we continue to provide our newsletters to the entire community through *Edmonton Jewish Life*.

Our oral history project continues. We now have over 100 tapes in our collection and thanks to the initiatives of Joy-Ruth and Ed Mickelson, this work continues. This is important work—the memories of seniors in our community must be preserved and it is an area where we could use more assistance.

As we look to the year ahead, our board asks for your help. Our prime role is the collection of material from families and organizations. Our book did not end this work—it has just begun. We must treat this as an urgent priority. The pictures in this newsletter are not merely photo images—they are snapshots of our lives, our struggles, our commitment to our Jewishness. We need to rescue them from basements, garages and closets. They provide us and our children with a sense of who we are

and where we have come from. And tragically, they can disappear and not be recaptured.

We will need volunteer help in our office. If you can devote a few hours, please get in touch with Debby. We will be working on setting up theme displays and slide presentations. We hope to share more stories of our collective history. We will be cooperating with Calgary on our newsletter and on our shared history and will emulate Vancouver's Family History project. We hope to develop our own website and establish links with other provincial and national archives.

I would like to thank our Board of Directors. It has been a pleasure working with you and sharing your enthusiasm for our Society and its mandate. I look forward to this coming year and meeting the challenges together.

**Don't Know What to do
With Those Boxes
in the Basement?**

Bring them to us and we will make sure they are preserved for the benefit of future generations! We accept donations of archival and museum materials which will be preserved, protected and catalogued. They will be placed on permanent loan with the Provincial Archives, where you and your family will always be able to access them. Call, write or drop it off at the Jewish Archives Office. Debby Shoc-tor, the Archivist looks forward to meeting all the members of the Jewish community and chatting about your valuable family and organization memories.

**Phone: (780) 489 2809
Email: jahsena@telusplanet.net
Drop it off: 7200—156 Street
Edmonton, Alberta
T5R 1X3**

**DAVID COHEN,
THE WANDERING JEW**

*by Myra Paperney
Reprinted with permission of the
author and the Jewish Historical
Society of Southern Alberta*

The major exodus of European Jews to North America was the flight of refugees from poverty and persecution to the safety of a free land. Once here, these immigrants usually established themselves permanently in a single location, accepting the harshness of adapting to the New World as fair exchange for the greater freedom and opportunity of the chosen land.

However, a few arch-individuals maintained their status as mythical "wandering Jews", continually searching for new areas to explore and conquer. My grandfather David Cohen was certainly one of these nomadic souls.

Born in Kovna Province, Lithuania in 1878, he was a short, self-assured individual. He first emigrated to London, England, where he painted houses and hung wallpaper in Whitechapel, the old Jewish district. There he fell in love with another Litvak, Katie Goldberg. She had huge dark eyes, small fine features and heavy black hair, which she wore pulled back into the pompadour style of the day.

Although she had arrived alone in London, she had the same steely determination to make it in the New World. Her story was not an unfamiliar one, during pogroms in her shtetl, she had been a special target for the marauding Russian. While her parents had always managed to hide Katie from the lecherous invaders in a crawl space under their small house, they eventually dispatched her to landsleit in London.

The couple married October 18, 1902 and left almost immediately for South Africa. Despairing of the situation in Lithuania, David's family had recently migrated there. The group included his parents, Isaac and Leah Cohen, his younger brother

(continued on page 3)

JAHSENA**Recent Acquisitions**

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

Edmonton Jewish Life - complete newspaper collection.

Edmonton Jewish Life - photo collection.

Edmonton Jewish Times and Record - complete newspaper collection.

Minutes of the Beth Israel Boards, 1930s—present.

Recording of the Joe Shoctor Israel Bonds Dinner, 1978.

Recording of a speech by Lew Hamburger recounting his 1977 hostage drama.

Oral histories of Dr. Bernard Snell, Ernie Cristall, Joseph Brumlik, Inger Sherman and Mandel Nozick.

Edmonton Hadassah-WIZO photo collection.

Vegreville Hadassah-WIZO—text and photo collection.

The Place We Call Home-A History of Fort McMurray as its People

Remember, by Irwin Huberman.

Eva Gorasht—personal collection.

Harry Goldberg—personal collection.

HRS Society-Minute Book 1944-1956.

I Danced with King Farouk, by Rifka Goodwin.

Country Doctor, A Memoir, by Dr. Ben Dlin.

Jewish Life in Canada by William Kuvelek

David Cohen, continued

Morris, and three sisters: Mary, Cecilia and Tilley. Morris soon moved to Canada. Reunited with his family, David paused only long enough to father two daughters, Lily and Jessie. A most enthusiastic letter arrived from his brother Morris, now in Canada. Dave said goodbye to his wife and family and made the long voyage to Canada.

Katie and her two children finally joined him in 1907 in Winnipeg. She wept openly as the wind and drifting snow whipped round her long skirt as she stepped off the train with her daughters.

“We left Gan Aden (the Garden of Eden) for this desolate place?” she reportedly cried. Their second child, Jessie, always remembered swooping down to grab a handful of the white stuff on the station platform. “Mama, mama, sugar,” she said. Then she too let out a wail as the snow touched her lips.

The two brothers, David and Morris Cohen, traveled with their wagons, peddling dry goods and other essentials to farmers living in northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Katie remained in Winnipeg long enough to give birth to their first son, Teddy.

The call of the unexplored regions then drove the Cohen family to the Peace River country of northern Alberta. While his brother managed the business from Edmonton, David made his headquarters in Smoky Lake (south of the Athabasca) insisting that his wife and children remain in Winnipeg.

Despite warnings from her Winnipeg friends, stubborn Katie packed up her brood and her newly acquired household furniture and trekked northward too. The family arrived safely in Smoky Lake but the barge carrying all their personal belongings and furniture remained frozen in the middle of the river for the entire winter.

During spring thaw, fearing that the furniture would soon float free and disappear down the river, several thoughtful neighbours rushed to the rescue. Unfortunately, their enthusiasm was excessive. Instead of presenting Katie with her cherished collection of solid, carved mahogany furniture, all that remained was a heap of firewood. Katie wept briefly then packed once again for Edmonton and civilization.

In 1908 after a brief pause in Vancouver for more supplies, the expanding family took the boat trip north to Prince Rupert, B.C. The town was not yet incorporated. Here on 3rd Avenue Dave, brother Morris and friend, Isidore Director established the first Jewish business in northern B.C. After two years the three Cohen children dared to hope that this home was permanent. Unfortunately, while Katie was in hospital delivering their fourth child, nine-year-old Lily suffered a severe attack of quinsy tonsillitis and died. (In the pre-antibiotic era, abscessed tonsillitis was a dangerous infection.)

The newborn, Elliot, always remembered his birthday, June 19, 1912 with great pain. No celebrations were ever allowed on that day because *(continued on page 7)*

Heritage**ירשה**

President: Dan Kauffman

Past President: Uri Rosenzweig

Vice-President:

Dr. Theodor Shnitka

Vice-President:

Harry Goldberg

Treasurer: Phyllis Adler

Archivist:

Debby Shoctor

Oral Histories:

Dr. Joy-Ruth & Ed Mickelson

Newsletter: Sharon Abbott

Board members at large: Jack Chetner, Peter Owen, Florie Axler, Anita Sky, Cory Felber, Sue Winestock, Ron Wolch.

Mailing Address: JAHSENA, 7200—156 Street, Edmonton, Alberta, T5R 1X3

Telephone: (780) 489 2809

Email: jahsena@telusplanet.net

Inger Sherman Oral History

That was Goering. He was there on holiday, not to investigate the Danish waters, but on holiday. That was in 1939. In April, 1940 they occupied the whole of Denmark.

(Peter) Tell me a little bit about how the German occupation affected the daily lives of the Danes.

(Inger) As the war got worse, it got worse. They took all the food that was available in Denmark and it was sent to Germany. At the end of the war, women and children from Germany were sent up—they occupied our schools and put them in there, you know, sort of camps for German women and children to get away from the bombing in Germany. The police force was taken...while I was in Copenhagen in '43. They took all the police force and actually that was the event that made it worse. I'm sure you've heard about King Christian going on his horse through Copenhagen in the morning and we all lined up and we gave him flowers and so on, but there were a lot of fires in the street. And when they bombed Tivoli Gardens, it was just like they had hit the Danish people in the heart. From then on, there was nobody who sympathized with the German cause.

(Peter) Were there instances of actual maltreatment by the occupying forces?

(Inger) Yes, there were a lot of artists and people important in the Underground who were taken to Germany. They all went to Theresienstadt, which was not the worst of the concentration camps. That was the model camp. And yet one of my friends who was a musician came back with all his finger broken. So, they might as well have killed him.

(Peter) Now, when did you first establish some contact with the Jewish community in Copenhagen?

(Inger) That was actually at the end of the war. Most of the Jewish people were transferred by ship to Sweden and stayed there until the end of the war, and when

the war was ending, I had lined up with the Quakers to go and help somewhere in Europe. On my application I had written 'France'. They had nothing there so they asked, could I go to Poland. OK, I'll go to Poland and that same week that I got my injections and stuff, and actually, I think it was meant to be, my husband and his cousin left Poland to go to France. But then they were approached by the Orthodox part of the Jewish community and they said, 'We know that 500 very religious children from Russia and Poland—some from concentration camps, some picked up by farmers, had arrived in the French Alps. Could you help us? We have two nurses and one carpenter.'

(Peter) So that was about two years after the war.

(Inger) There was still an occupation in Germany and we had to go through different zones. It was rather complicated to get there.

(Peter) But there were still these groups of homeless, parentless children.

(Inger) Some came from the concentration camps. Most of them had been with Russian farmers or Polish farmers during the war. Their parents had left them there

and said, 'Look after them and we'll come and get them.' But of course they never came.

(Peter) And where were they then?

(Inger) They went to a town called Aix-les-Bains up in the French Alps, close to Grenoble. That was the first I had heard about any Jewish community. They simply asked the Red Cross where I had my name in, 'Do you have anyone who would go to France and help?' And since I had put 'France' on my application, they said, 'Will you go there?'

(Peter) So when you took on this assignment with these children, was that through the Quaker organization?

(Inger) No, it was through the Red Cross and the B'nai Israel, the Orthodox part of the Jewish community in Copenhagen. They had one nurse who would go down and one carpenter. We were ten going down together. Some were from the Quakers, some were from Red Cross.

(Peter) How is it that you became particularly interested in the Jewish kids that needed help? Had you had any contact with Jewish people?

(Inger) No, none so ever. I had never seen one in my life (Continued on page 5)



This school picture is probably about 75 years old. We need help identifying the people. There's Hy Baltzan sitting in the middle of the front row. We need the members of the community to view pictures that are regularly posted in the JAHSENA office at the JCC which need the event, the year and the people in them identified.

but we got down there and nine of the ten of us went back within four months because they felt, 'What can we do? We want to teach children to wash themselves. We don't even have a piece of soap. It's useless, we'll go home.' And I was stubborn. I thought, 'No, I'll stay.' And the boys of course were taught. There were a few old Rabbis from Poland coming with them so I sort of took the young girls under my wing and I thought, 'Let them have a few months of childhood.' So we danced and we sang and my mother sent paper dolls down to us.

(Peter) And this would have been in the summer of 1947?

(Inger) '47-'48 and I stayed there until the State of Israel was declared and they were all transferred to Israel.

(Peter) So then you proceeded to Marseilles.

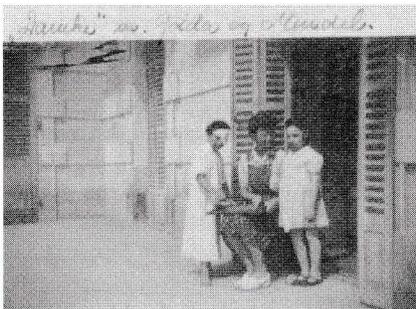
(Inger) Yes, and there I actually met my husband-to-be.

(Peter) So you and he met when you were both in Marseilles.

(Inger) I think we were maybe nine months or something like this and then when he left we had decided we would get married.

(Peter) That was before he left for Canada? And you stayed on?

(Inger) Yes, I stayed on because I had written to Denmark and they said, 'Oh sure, you can get your papers anytime to go to Canada if you're getting married.' And then of



course when they find out he's not a Canadian citizen, aha, it took me two years. So the people I worked with in Marseilles, they said, 'We think you should go to Israel. You have worked for us for so many years, I think you should have the right to see how the children get settled.' So, in January of, I think it was '52, or was it '50, it was after Israel was declared, anyway in '51, I left with 1000 children from the camps in Marseilles.

(Peter) How did you travel?

(Inger) I shipped through the Mediterranean with all the bombs around Egypt and we were 500 men, women and children in one cabin. But it all worked out. The worst thing for me, Peter, was that one boy had a glass eye and I was in charge of getting it in and out in the morning. And then of course, I had clean clothes for all of us for Shabbos, clothes for when we arrived in Haifa. The first thing they did when we came marching down in our fineries was to spray us with DDT.

(Peter) Of course that's right.

(Inger) And then we were taken to a school called Ben Sherman, which I understand before the war was a wonderful school for English, Arab and Jewish children. And now it was sort of a camp for immigrants.

(Peter) And ultimately, what became of those youngsters?

(Inger) Well, they grew up and I think they're very well regarded. They became industrious citizens. The worst I could see was the ones who came back to their families from Arab countries where there were 6,8,9 children and the parents had no education.

(Peter) How long did you stay in Israel?

(Inger) I stayed there for eight months, then my papers had come



Inger with Maiya

through and I could come to Canada.

(Peter) And, of course, you were in correspondence with your husband?

(Inger) Oh, yah. But we were almost strangers when we met.

(Peter) Pardon me?

(Inger) We were almost strangers. You know, a lot of things happen in almost two years. Twenty-two months before we saw each other again.

(Peter) Where did he settle in Canada?

(Inger) He had to take his exams over because there was no way Canada could control what he had learned in Poland. So he was interning in Kingston at Kingston General Hospital. So I came directly from Israel to Denmark and over to Kingston and we stayed there for a year until he got his fellowship and then we looked on the map. He was a skier and would like to be where he could ski so we thought, 'Well, let's go close to the mountains.' And then, at that time, we looked at which was the fastest growing town. Unfortunately, Calgary didn't have a university in those days or else we would have gone - it was closer to Banff. But Edmonton was growing fast because of the oil so we came here.

COUNTRY DOCTOR: A MEMOIR. *Excerpts from a book of personal reflections by Dr. Ben Dlin, Compiled by Dan Kauffman*

This is the newest addition to the JAHSENA library and represents Ben Dlin's early life growing up in Bruderheim, his medical training at the U of A and, recollections as a doctor in Eckville.

"(Dad) ...arrived in Alberta in early 1910, just five years after Alberta separated from the Northwest Territories. A nineteen-year old illiterate who could speak only Yiddish and Ukrainian, he worked as a labourer on the railroad. But he was not content with being a mere labourer. He bought raw cowhides and wild animal skins, salted them and shipped them to the wholesalers. He staked a 160 acre homestead ... just four miles northeast of Bruderheim. ...It was his land, provided he cleared it of bush. I recall horses still pulling out tree stumps from the remaining uncleared acres when I was a kid...Even after he opened a general store in Bruderheim, he continued to farm the land by contracting the work out. Times were good and he worked hard and prospered. By the time the Depression hit in 1930, he owned his farm, the Bruderheim store, one in Lamont and the other in Mundare.

"Dad was a generous man. He was always quietly helping others. Fellow Jews who traveled by horse and buggy through our town on cold winter nights were welcomed to lodge in our spare room until it was safe to travel further. He always had room in our house for traveling religious Jews who needed a kosher home in which to rest and eat."

His memories of his mother were equally vivid. "My mother, Rose, was also born in 1889, but was raised in the cosmopolitan city of Odessa. She was the third in a family of six children, the one referred to as the 'sensible' and 'bright' one by her siblings and their spouses. She met my dad in 1919 while he was on a business trip to Toronto. He told her all about the beauty and wonders of life in Alberta, although he failed to describe the primitive living conditions and the wilderness of the north country. Shortly after mother came to Edmonton, they were married at the home of dad's good friend, Chaim the blacksmith and his wife, Shaindel. As practical and courageous as mother was, however, she was not prepared for Bruderheim. As she stepped off the train, it must have looked much like the frontier towns depicted in old western movies. This, however, was no Hollywood set. What she saw was a primitive prairie village of less than 50 people. A few clapboard, false-fronted buildings lined the dirt street. The wooden sidewalks were elevated about a foot higher than the road to be above the mud in summer and the snow in winter...Mother said, "My first impulse was to go right back on the train and return to Edmonton."

Of Jewish holidays, Ben remembers: "For the High Holidays of Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur, Dad would stop all work and take us to Edmonton. There we stayed in one room at the Royal George



Ben Dlin

Hotel on 101 St. and walked to attend services at our synagogue on 95th St. Dad was one of the founders of the synagogue and so was honored by having a place in the very front row. Passover was celebrated at the home of dad's older brother, Beryl, who lived in Chipman. When we got there, the first thing we did was run into my uncle's general store where, after greeting us, he would give each of us a nice red handkerchief. For me the best part of the excitement was wrestling with my older cousin, Mickey."

"After the move, dad spent his weekdays operating the store in Bruderheim, commuting to Edmonton on Saturday night for Sunday with the family. Our new home in the city's east end was huge in contrast to our country house, and it seemed so luxurious to have running water, electricity and gas...I was enrolled in McCauley school...it seemed really novel to have an entire room for just a single grade.

"Dad was elected to the Board of the Hebrew School. I felt very proud of him, especially since he never went to school himself. That same year mother became active in the Jewish theatre and in Pioneer Women, which raised money to aid women's labour groups in Israel. Around 1937 she became president and I recall her having a group of her women friends to our house to meet with Golda Meir, the national president of the Pioneer Women.

As a country doctor, Ben's feelings about his patients in Eckville have special impact for his readers: "I could not take the pain of helplessly standing by and watching children die from terminal illnesses such as leukemia, cancer, congenital organ abnormalities ... They seemed to understand that something was terribly wrong and like little sick animals, would look quietly with sorrowful eyes, totally dependent on the caregivers. They never seemed to complain. I prayed that in general practice this would be something I would never have to face...For me, facing death with grownups was much easier for they at least had experienced some life, and I soon learned that there was much that I could do. Even back then I realized that death was only a final stage in the life process, and with that as my perspective, I found that one of the most important things I could do was sit with the dying person to listen and talk. The patient welcomed and appreciated the comfort and closeness I offered. Most were not afraid of dying. They wanted to die with dignity, love and freedom from pain. I think that a doctor's only way to shut out the pain of his patients is to be oblivious to human suffering or be so emotionally insulated that one goes through life with little capacity to feel. I still cry every day of my life over the suffering of my patients.

From a Jewish historical perspective, I found the book interesting and informative and Ben Dlin's insights, stories and emotional involvement in his medical practice in a small town in Alberta, fascinating and involving.

David Cohen, the Wandering Jew

(continued from page 3)

of the death of his sister. (Lily Cohen's grave is one of the earliest in the quaint old Vancouver Jewish Cemetery on Fraser Street)

Yet another exodus followed this tragedy. New cars were always Dave's weakness and he bought a huge Buick to convey his family over the Big Bend highway from Vancouver, down through the United States and back up into Alberta.

The Cohen children became advance scouts on these primitive roads and narrow mountain passes. They stood hollering around the corners, warning oncoming vehicles of their approach. This way their papa avoided the harrowing task of backing up - for miles along the twisty, hairpin passages.

Since papa loved nothing better than navigating North America—packing a tent on top of the car - the family spent summers on unfamiliar highways and secondary roads investigating mineral springs where Mama could take the waters. They also dropped in on relatives in Chicago, Pittsburgh, and other points.

Next the family settled briefly in Leduc. With the advent of two more children, Hazel in 1915 and Hymie in 1917, they moved to Edmonton, where Dave and Katie ran ladies' wear stores. The Cohens remained there long enough for the older boys to attend the University of Alberta and for the daughters to marry.

Although the Cohens had a large social circle in Edmonton, in 1933, Dave was once again overcome by 'shpilkes', pins and needles. To fulfill his grand dream, he sold his home and business and dropped off the youngest child. Hy, (then fifteen) with the oldest married daughter Jessie, in Ponoka, where she lived with husband Michael Green. Then he and Katie emigrated to the ultimate homeland—Palestine.

Dave and Katie Cohen stayed there only one year. They had not anticipated the Arab riots in which many were injured and killed. They returned, slightly chagrined, to set up yet another country store in Hay Lake, Alberta, north of Camrose.

Hay Lakes Mercantile was a combination grocery, dry goods, farm implement, hardware store plus two gas pumps. The village had a single main street while several houses and farms lay scattered like a confused flock of geese across the outlying prairie. There was no running water, the electricity was unreliable and the rutted corduroy road down to Camrose was impassable after a heavy storm. It was so remote that their elder daughter marked the telephone pole closest to the turn-off with a slash of bright lipstick. That system was efficient until a fierce hailstorm



The Cohen Family, 1926

destroyed the identification mark. The Cohens lived above the store and the place was a fascinating destination for visiting grandchildren.

After establishing a second store in Camrose before World War II, the senior Cohens finally retired to Edmonton, where their younger daughter Hazel (married to Ted Cristall) lived. Katie Cohen finally had the leisure time to entertain huge numbers of friends with her celebrated cuisine. Adored by children and grandchildren alike, she remained there until her death in 1943.

David remarried and spent his final years in Vancouver near his brother and daughter Jessie. His youngest son, Hy (married to Betty O'Shay) who changed his name to Corday for theatrical purposes, directed, wrote and produced TV soap operas in New York and Los Angeles.

Although his children were often overwhelmed by the powerful personality and mercurial temper of their bon vivant father, the older grandchildren loved the dramatic Passover Seders he conducted, as well as the incredible tales of his travels. He played gin rummy with them (and always won) and pinochle with his brother and son-in-law. He also followed his lifelong interests in politics and gardening.

At age 65, Dave suffered a heart attack while painting the exterior of a commercial two-story building he had recently purchased. He died the following day.

David Cohen left many descendants and remains a larger-than-life myth in family chronicles.

Myra Paperny is the daughter of Jessie Cohen Green and granddaughter of David and Katie Cohen.

JAHSENA Membership 2001 - 2002

Patrons

Eli and Phyllis Adler	Norman and Roberta Hanson	Justice Samuel and Nancy Lieberman	Saul and Toby Reichert
Leonard and Catherine Dolgoy	Sid and Emily Hanson	Leon and Debby Miller	Tulane Rollingher
Joseph and Dr. Cynthia Doz	Dr. Thomas Hardin	Eugene Pechet	Dr. Theodor K. Shnitka
Goldie Estrin	Irving and Dr. Diane Kipnes	Daniel and Trudy Pekarsky	Bud and Eira Spaner
	Dr. Alan Klein		

Benefactors

Solomon I. Agronin	Eva Gorasht	David and Daryl Levine	Thelma Rolingher
Dr. Victor and Naomi Amato	Dr. Philip and Penny Hardin	Joseph and Miriam Lutsky	Abner and Hilda Rubin
Hy and Celia Baltzan	Dr. Myer and Barbara Horowitz	Ben and Jean Margolus	Rose Segal
Jack and Sylvia Chetner	Jewish Historical Society of Southern Alberta	Arless Miller	Tom and Rachel Starko
Dr. Melvin and Ruth Comisarow	Russ and Jan Joseph	Harry and Ruth Nolan	Nat and Betty Starr
Cory Felber	Dan and Esther Kauffman	Peter and Violet Owen	Jake and Ruth Superstein
Dr. Elliot and Dena Gelfand	Charles Koliger	Netta and Frank Phillet	Justice Larry and Marielle Witten
Ron Goldberg	Shimon and Shirley Laskin	Ron and Carol Ritch	Ron and Naomi Wolch
Alvin and Debby Goldsman		Harold and Isabel Rodnunsky	Hal Zalmanowitz

Donors

Dr. Ted and Gloria Aaron	Justice Samuel and Jean Friedman	Rose Lesk	Uri and Mary Rosenzweig
Sharon Abbott	Gertrude Furman	Dr. Sol and Valda Levin	Russ and Gail Rudolph
Dr. Bernie and Miriam Adler	Fred and Rachel Garfunkel	Esther Levine	Sondra Schloss
Marty and Helaine Blatt	Harry and Frances Goldberg	Hy and Miriam Lieberman	Farrel Shadlyn and Lisa Miller
Herschall and Elaine Bookhalter	David Goldman	Dr. Robert and Terrie Margolis	Bunny and Shelby Smordin
Leo Cohen	Dr. Leslie and Lilian Green	Ansel and Rita Mark	Robert Spevakow
Doreen Cohen	Lesley Jacobson	Ed and Suzette Marxheimer	Sydney and Dorothy Tapper
Jerry and Miriam Cooper	Dr. Noel and Diane Jampolsky	Leslie Moss	Jerry and Vi Vasilash
Aliza Derzansky	Leon and Betty Kagna	John and Francie Nobleman	Chaim and Henia Werb
Harvey and Minnie Emas	Cyril and Fay Kay	Mandle and Norma Nozick	Alvin and Sue Winestock
Harold and Becky Fayerman	Martha Kushner	Nip and Essie Olyan	Dr. Marvin Mitchell
David and Cori Friedman		Abe and Nicki Peliowski	

Individual Memberships

Florie Axler	Abe Katzin	Hanna Pollack	Gladys Shuler
Jill (Spaner) Bellack	Hy Leibo	Miriam Rabinovitch	Millie Singer
Joyce Geffen	Cyril Leonoff	Olga Roland	Frank Sklove
Linda Hilford	Rebecca E. Margolis	Esther Samuels	Anita Sky
Zelda Kalensky	Evelyn Miller	Debby Shoctor	Virginia Vogel

Membership donations are used for the operating costs of the Society which is a self-sustaining organization. Membership fees include spouses except for individual membership. Members are eligible to vote at the annual and general meetings of the Society. Fees cover uniform membership year from September 1st to August 31st. Donations are tax deductible.

We thank the above listed people for their support.