

Dayna is currently completing her Grade 12 and plans to enter the University of Saskatchewan in the fall, and is considering a career in the medical field. She has enjoyed playing sports and still plays baseball.

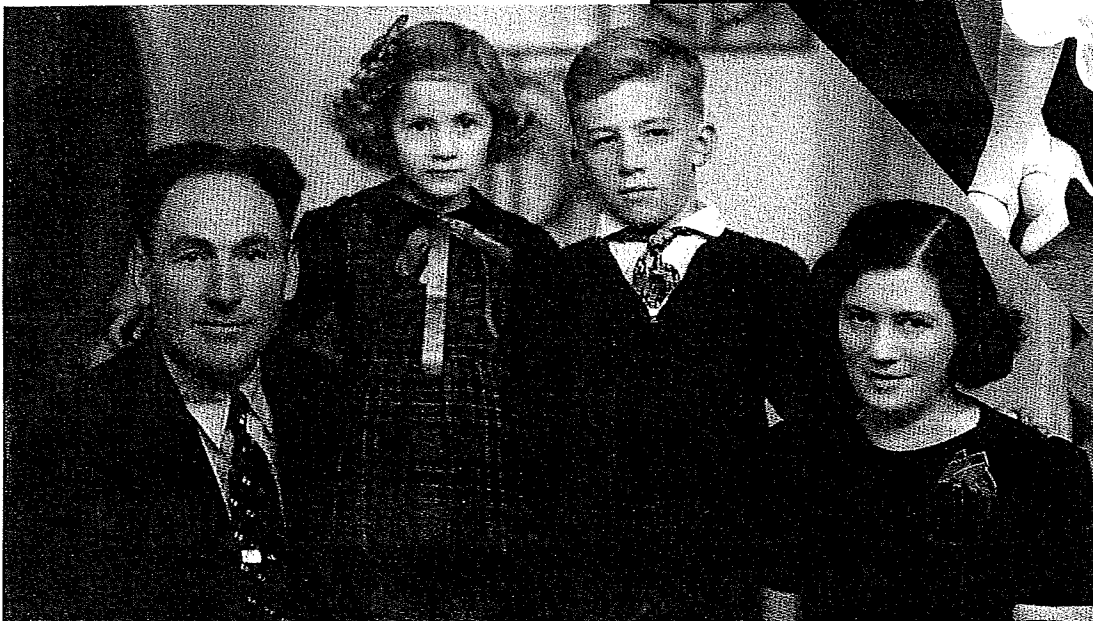
Delanie is completing her Grade 9 and is also an excellent student. She is always eager and willing to try something new, whether it's learning to play a clarinet, or to take part in a drama class. She, also, is keenly interested in sports, playing baseball and hockey.

Eunice and Ed feel truly privileged to have their family all living nearby. Each grandchild, with their unique personality, have given them much joy. Retirement years are spent traveling, painting, gardening, golfing and feeding grandchildren!

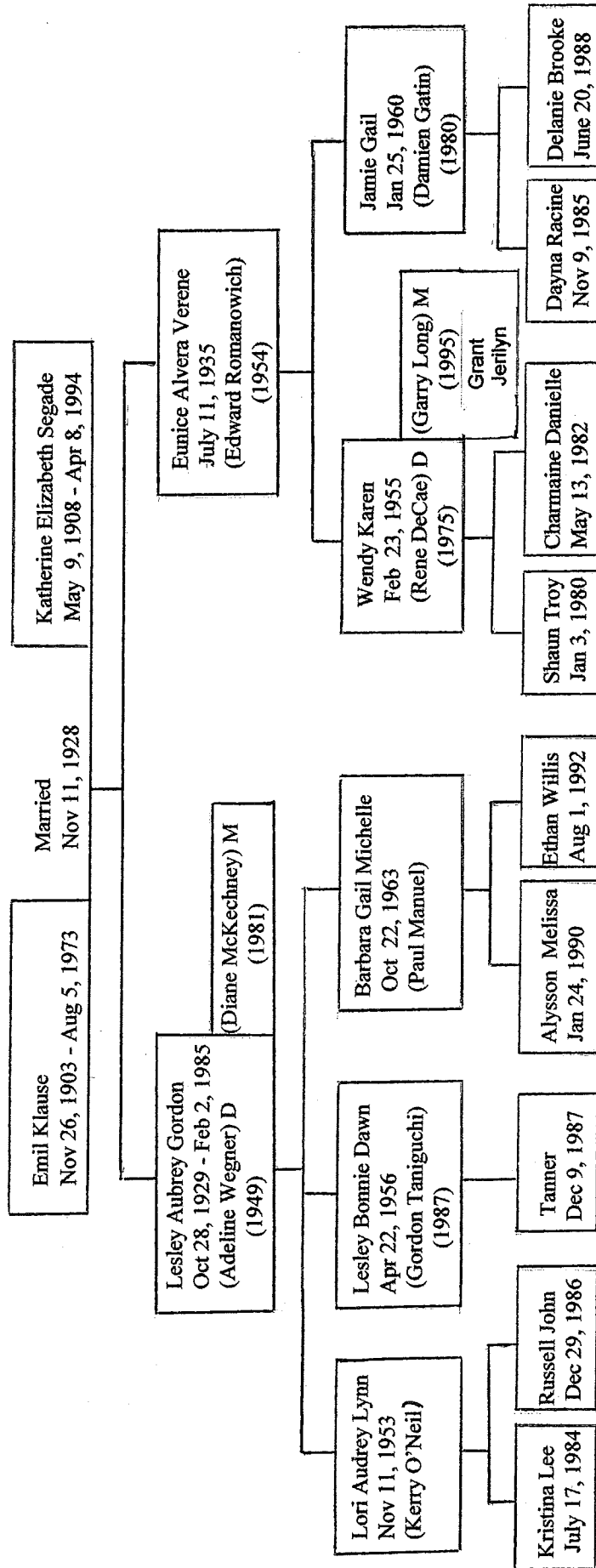
Emil & Elizabeth
1928



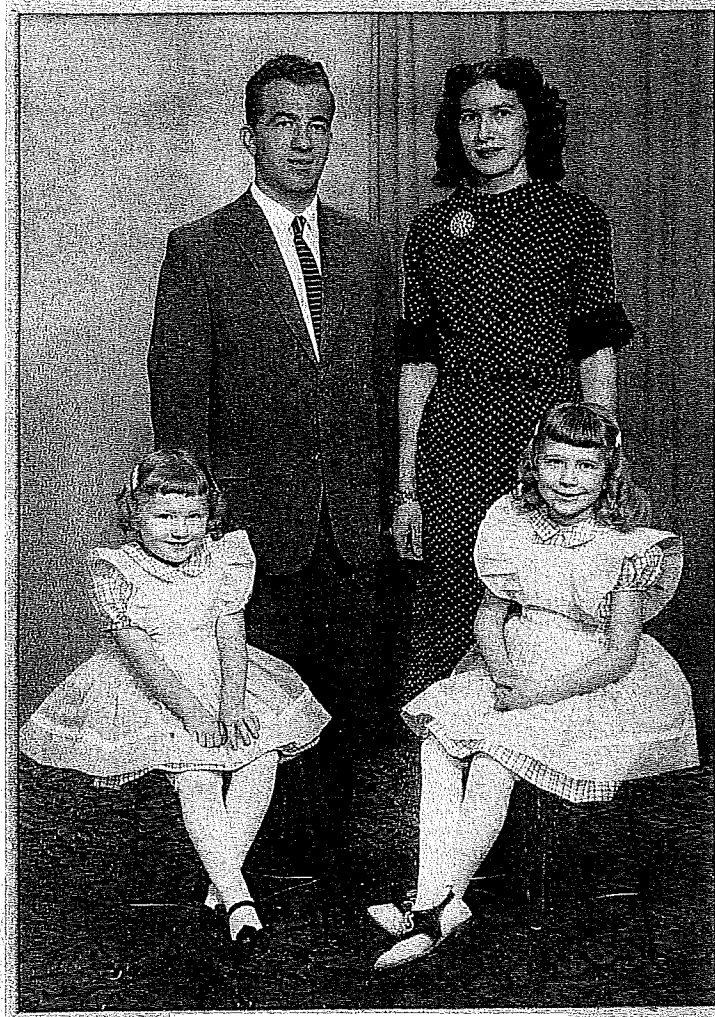
Emil, Eunice, Aubrey, Elizabeth



EMIL KLAUSE FAMILY



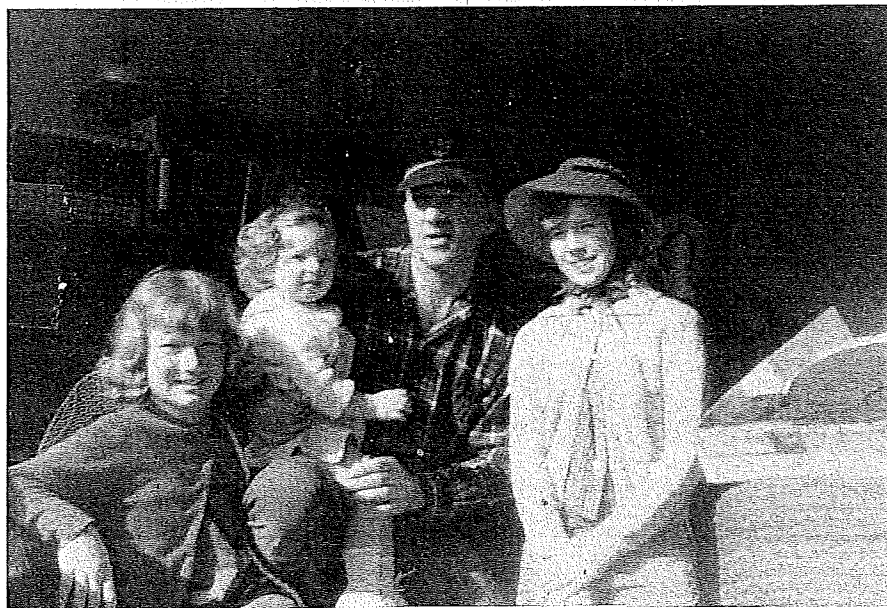
AUBREY KLAUSE



Aubrey, Adeline, Bonnie & Lori



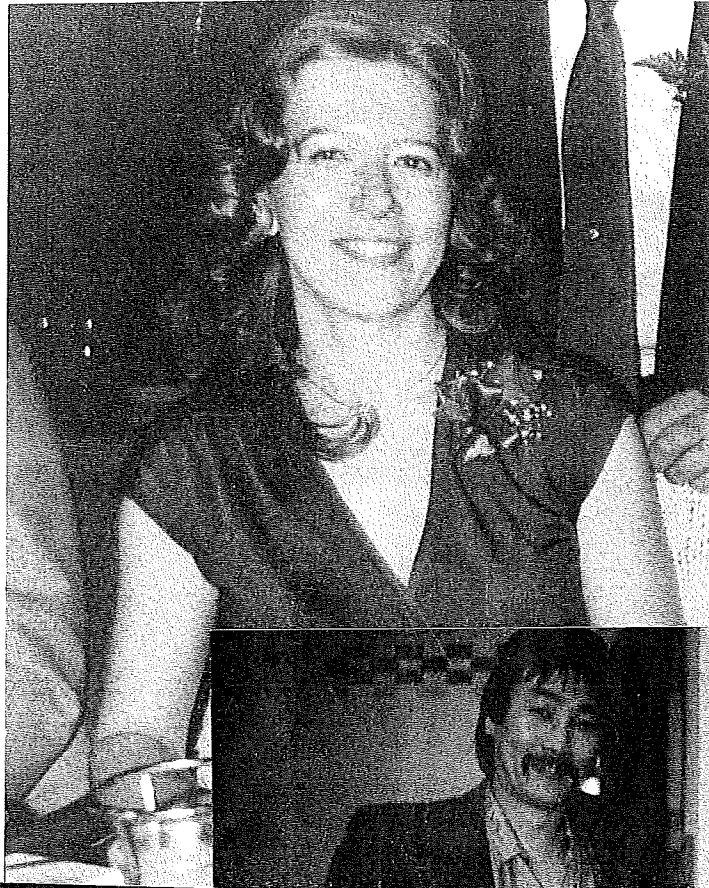
Aubrey, 5 yrs



Bonnie, Barbie, Aubrey & Lori

Aubrey's girls:

Lori O'Neil



Bonnie & Gord Taniguchi & Tanner

*Barbie & Paul Manuel
Alyssa and Ethan*

Memories of a prairie farm kid's life in the '40s
The days of "Syrup Pails and Gopher Tails"

By Eunice (Klause) Romanowick

Our lives were enriched by the presence of aunts, uncles, cousins and grandparents, all living nearby. Family gatherings were many. However, on one of these occasions, tragedy struck when Aubrey, a young tot, was accidentally scalded by a pot of boiling water. At the hospital, Mom overheard a nurse telling another, "I don't think the Klause child will make it through the night." Miraculously, he did! Always knew Grandma Oshe had heavenly connections. Aubrey bore frost-like scars on his entire chest for life.

A couple of years later, Aubrey tempted fate again. Gyp, the dog, guarded him while wandering near a dugout, amidst cattle and horses, barking until help arrived.

Cold Saskatchewan winters were no deterrent to socialize. The family would climb into a sleigh box with, perhaps, a coal foot warmer and a blanket thrown over the human cargo. Dad, in his huge fur coat, perched on the top seat and guided the team of horses across the snow covered field, harnesses clinking and sleigh creaking, gliding along the dark, cold night. Somehow, the stars seemed brighter than

Long winter evenings were often spent honing crokinole skills. Dad and Aubrey were considered skilled players, and enjoyed competing with the neighboring Gabert family.

The depression probably caused years of deprivation for our parents, thus, resourcefulness became a necessity. Mom was a master at stretching a dollar, repairing and making over (fashionably now called "recycling") Flour and sugar sacks would take on new life as brightly embroidered pillowcases and tea towels. Grandma Oshe braided beautiful rugs from castoff or worn garments. Cellar shelves were lined with canned fruits, vegetables and chicken, ensuring plentiful winter meals. Water did not come from a tap. It was "schlepped", by pail, from a well some distance away. Running water? we did the running!

Hospitality was very evident in these times. Visitors would often require Dad making a quick trip to the chicken barn, and with axe in hand, produced the beginnings of a chicken dinner. On one of these occasions, however, the axe slipped, and a toe was gone.

A very frightening sight that I vividly remember was a winter chimney fire. Live embers rained on the roof. A roar would be heard in the chimney and Dad hurriedly ran to cut a tree switch to loosen the burning soot from the chimney.

Playtime required ingenuity and imagination. The Eaton's catalogue was a wonderful source for making paper dolls. An afternoon's entertainment might be spent skipping stones on the dugout, sliding down a haystack, riding pigs, or catching gophers. Aubrey would commission me at the front hole, flooding it with water, while he manned the back door with a club (no animal activists in those days). Crows were also a target with a "22".

Wartime meant rations. Everyone was issued coupons for items made with sugar, I still remember being sent into the grocery store, coupon in hand, to purchase a tin of Empress jam. After the war, Mom and an aunt were jubilant over again being able to purchase nylon stockings.

1945, and the war was over. The good news was broadcast on the radio and Mom sent me to the field to tell Dad the good news. He immediately unhitched the horses and we headed to Yorkton to join the throngs of celebrating people on Peaker Heights

Throughout these years, Mother Nature did inflict problems. Grasshoppers invaded. One summer, an assault of army worms wiped out virtually all foliage, and covered everything. I remember running out of the house, barefoot, and slipping off the steps ... yuck!

Aunts would gather together to hand-stitch colorful quilts, mounted on a huge frame. While they stitched and gossiped, the men cut wood or chopped feed.

A quarter bought a comic book, a chocolate bar, and... a bottle of Orange Crush.

My assistance at cow milking time was not particularly requested, and probably was considered more of a detriment, but what kid could resist rewarding a waiting cat with a few shots of milk? A swat in the face with a grungy cow's tail usually made for a quick retreat.

HAPPINESS WAS:

- * Threshing time. What fun it was to ride on top of the sheaves on the hayrack.
- * Making ice cream (with real cream), filling the sides with ice and salt, then turning the crank.
- * Christmas concerts at Whitesand School - an amateur production, at best. A stage was erected, planks were laid for seats, crepe paper costumes rustled through the Star Drill, and lines were recited in monotones, and then, of course, the arrival of Santa.
- * Dad arriving home from Springside with horse and sleigh, and the mail included the Eaton's catalogue.
- * When your syrup tin lunch pail contained a sandwich made with "store-bought" bread.
- * Graduating to light brown stockings, fashionably held in place with rubber sealer rings.
- * The first signs of spring with crocus on the hill, tiger lilies in the pasture, and Mom's sweet peas.
- * Glorious afternoons at Devil's Lake, finally emerging from the water with prune-like skin.
- * Summertime, and soft peach papers in the outhouse replacing the scratchy Eaton's catalogue.

*What fun it was to travel again
And take a trip down Memory Lane
Old photos let us visit a while
As many will surely bring a smile.
Things thought forgotten
Come perfectly clear,
Remembering loved ones we hold so dear.
So, let's pen and share our history
To leave a lasting legacy*

Eunice

Ed, Wendy, Eunice, Jamie



Charmaine DeCae, Garry Long, Shaun DeCae, Damien Gatin, Delanie Gatin
Wendy Long, Eunice and Ed, Jamie Gatin, Dayna Gatin

WENDY LONG

eldest daughter of Eunice and Ed

Lots of good memories come flooding back when I think of the farm and the good times spent there. I remember a mouse running across the kitchen floor (luckily Mom stood me on a chair to put my coat on!) I remember crying when I discovered that my coat had been left hanging on the rake pole in the garden and the mice had eaten holes in it ... I remember Santa coming to visit at Grandma and Grandpa's in Yorkton (it was really Uncle Aubrey) ... I remember visiting the school house where Uncle Aubrey taught school - it had a hatch in the kitchen floor!! I remember the dining room table at the farm was the biggest table I had ever seen the swing Grandpa put up for me in the barn getting to ride in the back of the truck with all the grain out to the field. I could go on forever with memories like these, and I think I was only about 3 or 4 years old.

Mom and Dad moved to Saskatoon in 1955, and even though I don't remember where we lived at first in a basement suite in Sutherland, I do remember the basement suite on Avenue J. Every now and then, I drive by that house, just to see if it's still as I remember it. The Queen came to Saskatoon one year and I had a flag to wave to her, but she didn't look to my side of the street as they drove by, which upset me a lot.

Mom and Dad built a house on Louise Avenue in 1959 and as a matter of fact, they're still there! I don't need to drive by and see if it's as I remember it; we all go back often for Sunday suppers, or just to visit. My sister, Jamie, was born in January of 1960, shortly before we moved in. I remember Mom would put her in the jolly jumper and I would pull her back to the piano bench, letting her swing the entire length of the living room, much to the horror of Mom, but Jamie squealed with delight! To this day, I hate hockey, because I was left to babysit her on Saturday night and all there was on TV back then was "Hockey Night in Canada." I still cringe when I hear that tune.

After completing high school and a secretarial course, I had various secretarial jobs with an insurance firm, a lawyer's office and finally at City Hall.

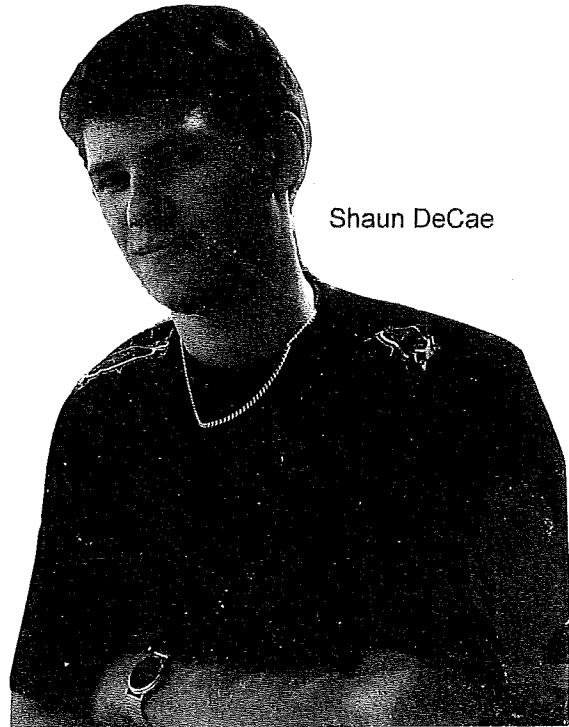
I was married in 1975 and have 2 children, Shaun, born January, 1980 and Charmaine, born in May, 1982. Shaun did very well in school, but his passion is in his art work. He does wall art for commercial spaces and sells a lot of his art work to various businesses around the city. He is an avid snowboarder and plans a trip to the mountains as often as he can. He also builds bicycles, called "lowriders" and has won several trophies in Canada and the U.S. for his innovative creations. Dad and I were accompanying him to one of these bike shows in Las Vegas, when we were in an accident, which totalled the trailer and his bike in it. Shaun was devastated, and we never made it to the show that year. Luckily, the three of us were not hurt, but that accident replays in my mind more often than I'd like.

Charmaine also did very well in school, and is currently pursuing a career in nursing. She is tall and lanky, and like her mother, she loves clothes. I guess we came by that honestly, because I always remember Mom shopping for clothes. She sews when she decides there is something she desperately wants. She also plays the piano very well. Even though I took piano lessons for 8 years, she is definitely a better piano player. She takes after Grandma, as she plays well, too. Both Shaun and Charmaine went to the same high school I did, which was a little freaky going back for parent-teacher interviews, especially when their teacher remembers teaching me.

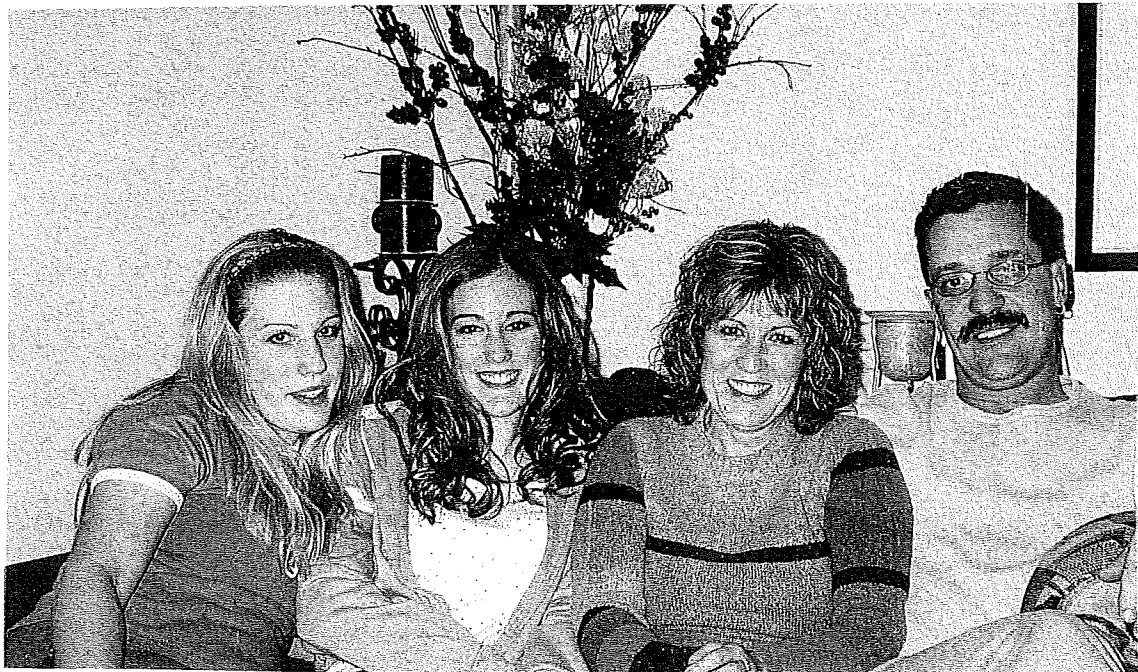
In 1986, I began interior decorating, which has proven to be my passion. It is a very rewarding job, and I love every minute of it. I have worked for several builders in Saskatoon, and have done several showhomes in Calgary and Edmonton, as well.

I was re-married in 1995 to Garry Long. We still live in Saskatoon, and probably always will. Garry's home town is Lady Lake, which is not too far from Yorkton, where I was born. (We really do live in a small world!) Garry is the Vice-Pres. of Construction at North Ridge Developments, a local housing firm. Garry also has 2 children, Grant and Jerilyn. Grant has just completed his B. Comm., and Jerilyn is planning her third trip to Australia, and will probably end up residing there. I guess there will be a trip to Australia in our future to visit her, a future plan I'm looking forward to.

Wendy and Charmaine



Shaun DeCae



Delanie, Dayna, Jamie & Damien Gatin

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