

STAN - STANLEY - JOHN KRANYC – KRANJC
BY GRACE OF GOD I AM SLOVENIAN
BY MY CHOICE I AM CANADIAN

Canadian Slovenians are lucky people because we are citizens of the two great countries in the world, Canada and Slovenia. I do love my native country Slovenia but I love my home country Canada even more

My Father: Janez Kranjc
My Mother: Ana – Neta (Turk) Kranjc
My brothers: Stefan Kranjc and Mirko Kranjc

My Father

My Father was born in the village of Ndanje selo and lived there all of his life. During the Austrian empire he attended Slovenian school in Smihel.

After the first WW and Italian occupation of Slovenian territory (Primoska region) he attended only a few years Italian school. This was because his parents needed him to help with the work on the farm which was the only way for them to survive. He was the first son of Janez and Katarina Kranjc. His brothers were: Franc, Alojz, Peter, Rudi and Anton. In the past there were always several children in the Kranjc family. It is interesting to note that there were never any girls born in the families of the first born son. Our Anita was the first one.

My Father was a very intelligent man and the best singer in that part of Slovenia. He taught himself to play the organ by using a key board drawn on a piece of cardboard and became a very good self-taught organist. As an organist he played in the Smihel church for more than 15 years. He was a very good soloist, musician, choir master of church and cultural choirs in Smihel. He was teaching Slovenian national songs which were not liked by Italian fascists. Because of this, many of his choir practices were at our house since we were further away from the town and there was less of a chance for Italian fascists to hear the choir singing. After several years he did purchase an organ and was playing and singing at home.

In the book "Premiki in kraji na Pivki v preteklosti – Organist once and today" my Father is mentioned as one of the organist in this part of Slovenia. Translation from the book: "Janez Kranjc was an excellent soloist in the church choir and an Organist and an excellent musician. His musical school was very modest and humble. Because he did not have an instrument he did draw a key board on a piece of paper and practiced without the sound.

His will was very strong and he became a solid church and cultural choir's leader. In his small house on the edge of the village by one candle by the organ he was teaching national and very demanding Slovenian songs which were prohibited by Italian fascists. After the Second World War he was working as a mail man. In the year 1952 he was told by the Yugoslavian communists to quit playing in the church or lose his job. Sadly he did stop playing" End of the book translation.

Father had very good knowledge of all the work on the farm. There was no task that he could not accomplish with excellent results. He was also employed in the lumber industry in Pivka. When there wasn't any work in the factory he was working on the roads and railways. As a mail man he walked many kilometers daily and many times carrying parcels. I knew how hard his work was and I promised myself that when I earned some money that I would send him a bicycle. After I arrived in Toronto from Alberta I learned that Slovenian Mr. Kacicnik knew the rules for how to send things to Yugoslavia and I asked him to make arrangements to purchase a good bicycle in Italy and send it to my Father. From Italy the bike was mailed to my Father. He wrote me a thank you letter and said "My work is now sport".

My escape from Yugoslavia caused my parents a lot of hard times. It is probably part of the reason that the communists ordered my Father to quit the church and threatened that he would lose his job if he didn't comply. Father died from lung cancer at the age of 65.

I am proud of my Father, uncles and grandparents. They were honest, hardworking people, proud Slovenians, good singers and musicians.

My Mother

Mother was born in Trieste which at that time was part of the Austrian empire. At the age of one year she lost her Father. In Trieste he was

robbed, hit on the head and pushed into the Trieste Ocean Canal, where he drowned.

After her Father's death, her Mother moved back to her native village Polane or Veliko polje, Primorska region as she didn't have the means to live in Trieste. My Mother lived with her Mother until her Mother remarried and moved to Ndanje selo. This is where my Mother met my Father and they got married at a very young age. I was born when she was 19 years old. Mother was a bright, friendly and very smart lady and she loved good conversation. She was very inventive, and resourceful. She could create a lot from very little, especially when preparing food. She always looked at things positively and even in bad times she smiled. She loved us dearly and took time to teach us respect for other people, believe in God and prayer. Her long hair was always neatly combed and well managed. Many times before she went out she would plait her hair into long braids and arranged her braids in many different positions on and around her head. She was always encouraging me to study. Many times she said to me: you are too alive, curious and interested in the world and you will probably not be happy to live in Ndanje selo. However I am sure that she never thought that I would leave so young and move so far away from home. I know that she was very sad after I left, especially because I didn't tell her. Not telling her or anyone else was also very hard for me, but I did it because I knew that the communists would interrogate my parents and if they knew of my plans they would put them in jail. The police did question both of my parents but they could not tell them anything because they didn't know anything about my plans. They did take it out on my Father and told him that he must stop playing organ in the church or they would fire him from his job.

Mother always wrote to me when I was in Trieste, Germany and Canada. She was always concerned that I would get into trouble. After my Father past away she lived alone in our house. She also came to visit us and lived with us for a few months in Mississauga. The last year of her life she lived in the old age home in Postojna. She died in the hospital in the city of Koper from diabetes in 1994 at the age of 81. Mother and Father are buried in joint graves in a cemetery in Smihel near the town Pivka.

My Brothers

Both of my brothers Stefan and Mirko are younger than me. I remember very well their birth days and my Mother's counseling words of how I must

look after them. Despite our love for each other there were times when we did have arguments and fights, especially with Stefan. Mirko was still too small and loved to smile.

I left home when Stefan was 15 and Mirko was 10 years old so we really did not spend much of our lives together. During my high school years I lived mostly in the youth home in Postojna. During the summer vacations I spent a lot of time in a voluntary youth camp (better said compulsory) working without pay for the Yugo Government in city of Zemun, Serbia and other parts of Yugoslavia. I hated every part of it "Udarnisko delo".

After 15 years I returned home from Canada for a 3 weeks visit. By then they were both grown up men and we had a lot to talk about. Stefan's wife name is Marica and they have daughter Zdenka and son Darko. Mirko's wife name is Olga and they have two daughters, Mirka and Karmen. Stefan died in 2007 and is buried at the church cemetery in Pivka. Mirko still lives in their house in the village of Kal near the town of Pivka.

Grandparents Turk (my Mother's Parent's)

As I recall from my Mother told me that, her Father was a buyer and seller of animals, mainly horses, cows, sheep and pigs. He would buy the animals from the farmers and then sell them to meat markets in the cities mainly in Trieste. One day he sold several animals in Trieste. On his way home he stopped at the food market by the ocean canal in Trieste. Three men hit him on his head, took his money and pushed him into the ocean canal where he drowned. Grandmother couldn't afford to live in their house in Trieste so she returned with her children to a house they owned in her native village, Veliko polje, Primorska. After some years, Grandmother remarried and as mentioned above moved to Nadanje selo. After her second husband died, she returned with my Mother's sister Marica and brother Joe back to her house in Veliko Polje where she lived the rest of her life. My Mother was then married and stayed in Nadanje selo.

My Great Grandfather (my Grandmother's Turk Father) was Joze Skapin. His house was next to my Grandmother's house also on Veliko polje. My second cousin Srecko Skapin now lives there. The name of the house is Miklavcicevi. One of the Great Grandfather's daughters married a man with the name Kalc and moved to the town of Gropada which is now in Italy. She had two children Franc and Milka. Franc is Oskar Kalc's Father. Oskar

now lives with his wife Jelka in Kriz near Sezana, Slovenia. Oskar is the Father of Megi and Renee.

In 2008, Megi and Renne visited Canada and stayed at my house for a month. They held several cultural courses at the Slovenian Summer Camp, the Simon Gregorcic Club grounds, the Slovenian church in Hamilton and Brock University in Saint Catharines Ont. Approximately 50 Slovenian children attended.

We also visited many places in Canada and USA including Baltimore and Washington. One of these visits was with Rene and Mike Curreri. They are great ladies and I had a nice time having them stay at my house and traveling with them.

Life under fascist's Italy

After the First World War, western allies dictatorially agreed to give the western part of Slovenia to Italy as a gift to reward Italy for joining Great Britain in the WW. They didn't care about democracy and didn't ask our people under what flag or what country they would like to belong. Our people lost all their rights to their language, political choices, good jobs and much more as it was taken away by Italian fascists. During the years between the first and the second World Wars, Slovenians on their own land became Italian slaves.

Because of this slavery our people in the Primorska territory under Italy formed one of the first fascist resistance organizations called TIGER. Their objective was to destroy fascism and to unite Slovenian land and people with the rest of Slovenia. Many lost their lives in jails and by Italian bullets.

As a young boy I myself remember a lot about life under Italian rule. I still clearly remember my first day in Italian school (Slovenian schools were forbidden). At home we were speaking only Slovenian but in school only Italian which I didn't understand. I didn't even understand my name, because Italians changed all Slovenian names to Italian names. My name was changed from Stanislav Kranjc to Stanislavo Carnielli. My teacher was a young Italian girl and she did not speak one word of Slovenian, only Italian.

On the large black board in front of the class was written the following in Italian: "Qui si parla soltanto italiano" which means "Here we speak only Italian". She was nice to us but insisted that we were now Italians. At noon they served us a modest lunch and after lunch we usually played sports for an hour or more and then listened to Italian politics. Stories of how good Benito Mussolini was as leader of the Italian fascist party.

Boys were all registered in the Italian fascist youth organization "Ballila". They provided us with fascist uniforms: black fascist Mussolini cap, black fascist shirt, green up to our knees socks, short green pants and fascist scarves around our necks. Every Saturday "saboto fascista" (fascist Saturday) we had to come to school in the uniforms and march up and down the road and scream "VIVA DUCE (Benito Mussolini} VIVA ITALIA" Live Duce Live Italia. My parents and grandparents looked at all this sadly and said to me: all things come to an end and so will end this black devil and our slavery.

During these years many of our people immigrated to many parts of the world. They were living with heavy hearts for peace and a better life.

Some of my first memories

My first memories go back to the day my brother Stefan was born, December 20, 1935. I was just over three years old. My Father took me into my Mother's bedroom. Mother was in bed and took little Stefan from under the covers and she said "this is your brother and you will have to look after him".

Next thing I remember my Mother telling me the story of St. Nikola. (I am not sure if this was the same year or a year later). She helped me to place a plate on the table in front of the window. She then asked me what I would like St. Nick to bring for me. I said I would like to get an accordion. We then said a prayer.

The next morning I got up early and on the plate was some apples, one orange, some candy, hazelnuts, a wooden stick and a small toy guitar. Mother said St Nick didn't have an accordion and this is why he got you a guitar. He also left a stick and said that your Father and me can use it if you aren't good.

I always wished for an accordion. Years later I again asked my Father to get me one. He said: "Stanko, I would like to get you an accordion but we don't have the money". I responded, "The first money I will earn I will buy myself an accordion"

Lost in the bush

I was 4 or 5 years old when my uncle Lojze was drafted by the Italian army. Many villagers came to the middle of the village to say good bye to him. MyUncle and his friends then left and walked to the village Smihel to have some drinks and to say good bye there. With all the commotion in our town I didn't get a chance to say good bye, so I followed them to Smihel to say good bye there. On the way back home I took the wrong path. The more I walked the more I was in the bush. I knew that I was lost, but didn't know where I was and it was getting very cold. I got to a river and was too scared to walk across it. There I sat down, started to cry and fell asleep. When I woke up a tall man was standing in front of me. I didn't know who he was.

He started to ask me questions like what my name was, how I got there and much more. All I could tell him was that my name was Stanko and that my uncle went to the army. He then put me on his shoulders and carried me to his home in Narin. They gave me some warm milk and bread. This man then took me home. We got to my home late at night and the whole village was looking for me. I don't know the name of this man but I do know that his house was in the village of Narin and was named Pikcovi. My parents first gave me hell for what I did but when I told them that I went to Smihel to say good bye to my uncle, they understood and were nice to me. Uncle Lojze learnt about what happened and when he returned after many years he brought me a few candies and gave me a nice hug.

Catholic Church and Religion

My parents and Grandparents were very religious people. Learning the catechism and Catholic religion was a must. Priests were constantly preaching the importance of praying. To tell the truth I found praying boring, I had lots of other things going through my mind and prayed only when I

had to. During mass it felt like we were there forever because I hardly understood anything they were saying as mass was in Latin.

Boys and girls had to kneel on the cold stone floor, girls on the left and boys on the right side of the altar. On the side of us sat the priest cook who constantly watched what we were doing and she reported everything to the priest. When we went to religious school, the priest would deal with the situation. One Sunday during mass I did throw a little gravel stone toward the altar with the objective of hitting one of my friends. The observer saw what I did and told the priest. When I came to school the priest asked if what the cook had told him was true. I said yes, that I had done it but I didn't mean any harm and that it was just for fun.

The cook and the priest then decided the penalty and punishment for this mortal sin. They decided to make me kneel on a small stool. The priest was standing in front of me and put my head between his knees. He pulled up my pants so that they were tight on my rear end and started to beat me with a flexible wooden stick. The cook was watching and counting. The penalty was 10 hits. When he came to 10 the cook said now one more for me and the priest hit me one more time. My rear end was so sore that I could hardly sit. The priest then told my parents and they also punished me, but they did not beat me like the priest did. My penalty was doing more work around the house. In all of my life I was never punished like that day and I never forgot it. The priest was not a bad man but he was influenced by the cook and did what she wanted.

A few times as I was walking home from the high school we met with the priest by the parish house. He was very interested in what they were teaching us in High school and he always gave me some good religious advice. When I was in the lumber camp in Alberta he once wrote to me and asked me to remain a good Christian. Shortly after he died and is buried in the center of Smihel cemetery. His name was Ivan Vadjal.

Life with my parents and Grandparents Kranjc

For a few years we lived with my Grandparents in Ndanje selo. After that my parents purchased a house and some farm land from Frankovi in Ndanjeselo. This house was just above my Grandparents house and the land between the two houses was owned by my parents and grandparents.

I was around 4 years old when we moved and remember very well the moving. My first thing that I took with me was my pillow case and my guitar. In our house there was no electricity, no running water, no indoor washroom and many other things that we have now, but my Mother said "Thanks to God, Stanko we are now at home".

Life was very difficult because of poorly paid work and a big mortgage on the house. We lived mostly from what we had on the farm. We had cows, sheep, chickens, pigs, and rabbits. We mostly ate potatoes, cabbage, beans, bread, polenta and other vegetables from our farm. On Sundays after the mass sometimes we had meat soup with noodles and small portions of meat. Sometimes Father purchased some cookies which my Mother divided amongst us, at times there was just one cookie per person.

Many times there was no money to even buy pasta and rice. Besides working on the farm my Father worked in the lumber factory in Pivka, most of that money was used to pay the mortgage on the house. We were neighbors with my Grandparents and I used to spend a lot of time with Grandfather and Grandmother (Janez and Katarina Kranjc). I was the first grandchild in both families, Kranjc and Turk. They all loved me and I could not stay away from them. Grandmother would always give me piece of bread and many times I had lunch or dinner with them. Grandfather was 15 years older than my Grandmother and had a very good outlook of the world. With his two brothers, Martin and Anton, they spent around 10 years in the USA. Part of this time they were employed in the brick factory in Conneaut Ohio which is same town where Elsie was born. After there was no work in Conneaut they moved to work in the bush.

He told me a lot about America and was the first one to give me hope that someday I may see America. It was very interesting to listen to him telling me about his 30 days cross the Atlantic Ocean on the steamship to New York. How the fish were swimming behind the ship, jumping out of the water and eating scrap food dumped overboard. He told me how they worked in the bush, and how wolves would howl, especially during the cold winter nights. All three brothers took a picture in the bush in front of their sleeping cabin. I looked at this picture many times in their house. Grandfather liked to talk about how big and rich America was with many rivers, lakes and mountains. After they saved some money all three of them returned back home. Grandfather and Martin built new houses, got married

and had nice families. Anton was killed by lightning when he was digging a basement during construction on a house. Shortly after they returned back home the First World War started. Grandfather and Martin were drafted by the Austrian military and served as Austrian soldiers all through the war. Grandfather was wounded and captured on the Russian front. The Russians then sent him to work in Siberia as a prisoner of war. He didn't want to talk a lot about the war other than it was a horror best not to talk about. In his life he sadly experienced Russian Communist, Italian Fascists, German Nazis and Yugoslavian Communists.

He was a conscientious and proud Slovenian. On 26 of July, 1991 in Ljubljana during the celebration of Independent Slovenia, all I could think of was how nice it would have been if my Father and Grandfather were at the celebration with me and Elsie. It really is too bad that they did not live to see an independent democratic Slovenia.

Great grandparents Penko - my Grandmother Katarina Penko Kranjc

First I would like to point out that there is no relation between Elsie's parents (Penko) and my Grandmother.

Grandparents Penko also lived in Nadabje selo in a house named Podvasnicerjovi. Their house was on the part of the land called odvasnice. Podvasnice actually means under the village. All the Podvasnicerjevi were very good singers and this value and talent still remains with the present generation. They are still good singers and musicians. I visited with my Great grandparents quite frequently. They were older in years and had a hard time doing physical work so I would help them with things like picking fruit, bringing the water from "Pilova pipa" which was running water into pilevo korito and other things around their house. Many times they sent me to the store in Smihel which was called "Strenar store". They never gave me money to pay. The store owner Strenar kept the record in his book of what I got and Great Grandfather would pay for the things when he went to the Gostilna (bar) for a drink which was usually a glass of red wine. Great Granddad had a habit to use word: "sacramento" and when I did something that he didn't like he would say "Sacramento, why are you doing this?" or "you are like sacramento lightning". I ate with them several times. Before we started to eat we prayed and thanked God for the food in front of us.

Most of the time we ate corn mocnik, corn polenta, and potatoes served in warm milk. All three of us would eat out of one bowl. After most of the food was gone and there was a few small potatoes still floating in the milk they left them for me to catch them. After the meal was over we would pray again. Both of them were very poor but very happy and thankful to God for what they had. They were much happier with small things than generations with plenty of everything. Granny was born in the village of Palcje near Pivka. She was a very peaceful and friendly lady. She gave me many, many nice hugs and always told me how good of a boy I was. They both died during the Second World War. Great Granddad died under his apple tree on his beloved Podvasnica, near their house. They were both buried in Smihel cemetery. Their oldest son Tony went to the USA in his young years and never returned back home. In this book I will write a short story about him called the visit and death of Uncle Tony Penko.

A visit to my Grandmother Ana Turk in Veliko Polje and my Aunt Marica in Vrabce toward the end of the year 1938 my Mother told me that we were going to visit our relatives in Veliko polje and in Vrabce which was above Vipava.

I can remember how excited I was to hear this news and started to plan for this trip. To me it felt like I was going to the end of the world. It was my first time on the train and on the bus. We started to walk from our house to Pivka (at that time called St. Peter na Krasu). Then we travelled on the train from Pivka to Postojna and from Postojna on a bus to Pod-Nanos. During the time we waited for the bus my Mother bought me a small package of peanuts. I had never had them before. From Podnanos we walked to Vrabce to visit my aunt who was my Mother's sister Marica. My Mother prepared several gifts for my aunt and for Granny. These gifts were butter, eggs, other goodies and the nicest live rooster. When Granny was in Ndanje selo she concluded that our chickens were bigger than what she had so she asked for the rooster to change the type of chickens she kept. I was caring for the rooster with his head sticking out of the bag. People were looking and laughing. When we walked up the hill toward Vrabce it was so windy that the wind knocked me down and the rooster jumped out of the bag. Good thing that rooster had tight feet and could not run too far. So I like to take some credit for improving the chickens on the hills (Na VRHEH).

We first stopped at my aunt's house on Vrabce. My Aunt prepared some hot chocolate and some cookies and then I went to bed. The next morning my Mother and I walked to Grandmother's and uncle Joze (Pepi) in Veliko polje. After a short discussion we let the rooster free and he quickly found company among Grandmother's and Miklavcicevi's chickens. Miklavcicevi are our relatives that live in the birthplace of Grandmother. We stayed at Grandmother's for a few days and then returned back home.

Picking wild strawberry and raspberry's

On the pastures and bush lands there were a lot of wild strawberries. They were much smaller than the strawberries that we purchase in the stores but they had a much better taste and I don't recall eating better strawberries anywhere in the world. While I was looking after the cows that were grazing on grass I would pick strawberries as well as raspberries and blackberries. To carry them home I used to make bags out of birch tree bark. Bark was removed from the tree and then pinned together with small thorns from the raspberries bushes. Mother served the fruit with milk or cream. Black raspberries were the best.

Picking mushrooms and my first business

In our forests there were plenty of different types of mushrooms. In my very young years my Father explained to me and showed me the good ones to eat and the poison mushrooms. The best and my most favorite mushrooms were (Jurcki) with black and brown heads. My Grandfather made me a nice basket plaited out of willow branches which I used for picking and selling mushrooms, apples and other fruits. First I went to pick mushrooms with my Father and Grandfather but it didn't take long to learn all I needed to know to be a very successful picker. My Mother encouraged me and said that if I picked nice mushrooms I could go with her to Trieste to sell them. It did not take me long to pick more mushrooms than we could carry to the train station in Pivka and then on the train to the food market in Trieste. Besides mushrooms my Mother was also selling eggs, butter and a small lamb that my dad butchered before our departure. In Trieste in the food market by the canal and red bridge (Ponterosso) we rented a space and placed our goods on a table. This was approximately the same area where my Grandfather Turk was robbed and murdered. It didn't take long before

everything was sold. We were both speaking Italian well enough to do the business. We then went into a restaurant and ordered a bun with Mortadela and a drink. Mother had a glass of wine and for me she ordered an Orancata Orange drink. I was extremely excited on how well I sold the mushrooms and about travelling on a train and getting the opportunity to see the city.

Preparation of sauerkraut

Every year we had a good crop of cabbage. To keep it preserved for the winter we used to make a lot of sauerkraut. Grandfather was grating cabbage and was placing it into a large wooden barrel which was the same type as he used for making wine. I had to wash my feet and then my Grandmother would give me white socks to put on my feet. She would lift me into the barrel and I had to walk on it and press down on it as much as possible while Grandfather kept grating and adding cabbage to the barrel. Every so often Grandfather added some salt for preservation and for taste. When the barrel was full it was covered and dated. It took approximately 27 days for the cabbage to get the proper sour taste. As I think of the old days I can see that the older generation knew what is good and healthy for you as sauerkraut can be considered health food. It is very good for the digestive system and contains many healthy nutrients. In Canada I made sauerkraut the way I learned from Grandfather and it always turned out very good. Many times I placed sauerkraut into jars or plastic bags and kept it in the freezer. It keeps well. My way of cooking sauerkraut is my way, which is somewhat different (richer) than what is prepared in Slovenia.

My way is:

- I mildly wash the cabbage before cooking.
- Taste it first to see if it is too salty or too sour
- Add and cook with the sauerkraut Slovenian sausages- Kranjske klobase or some other smoked pork sausage - one sausage per one jar of Sauerkraut.
- Add 2 cloves of crushed garlic for each jar of sauerkraut
- Cook it until it is All-dente, not too hard or too soft boiling approximately 45 minutes should be removed to cool

- Drain sauerkraut and place it back into the pot, keep it warm
 - Cut sausages into small square pieces and set aside
 - Sausages are normally done after 25- 30 minutes of boiling and
- Cut 1 medium size onion for each jar of sauerkraut, fry onions in the Canola oil to golden brown and add the onions with the oil to the sauerkraut in the pot
- Keep the mixture warm and mix it very well
 - Then add the sausage pieces to the mixture and again mix well
 - Turn off the heat and keep it in the pot a few hours or overnight so that flavors have a chance to blend in
 - To cooked sauerkraut you may also add as a side dish boiled potatoes and cooked red kidney beans
 - Serve it anyway you like. It is good and healthy

Slaughtering pigs at home

All farmers raised pigs and this was the main source of fat used for frying and cooking everything where fat was required. In some instances they used butter. Olive or vegetable oil was too expensive. My Grandfather was also a good butcher and slaughtered many pigs in our village. He knew how to press the knife into pig's throat and cut the artery to the pig heart so that pig bled and died quickly. The first slaughtering I participated in was at Grand Parents house.

To slaughter the pig they used:

A large wooden box called (TRUGA) or casket. Turned upside down.

- Later the used it to place dead pig in hot water to remove hair.
- Four men grabbed the pig, one for each leg and placed it and held it on the casket with the pig screaming its head off.
- Grandfather grabbed the pigs head and pulled it backward so that the neck was open and exposed. He then pushed the knife into the pig's throat, making sure that the artery was cut to bleed the pig. Usually it was the lady

of the house (in this case it was my Grandmother) that captured the blood in the pan which was used to make blood sausages.

- They then turned the casket with the open top upwards, filled it with hot water and they started to remove the pigs hair. My uncles and granddad liked to have some fun and usually found something to have fun with. So they found a job for me to help with the slaughter.

- They then cleaned the pig and started to cut it up in different pieces.

This was always done in the morning and for lunch Grandmother prepared pigs Liver which was heavenly good. This was probably the only day of the year that we ate meat until we were full.

Picking wild hazelnuts

In our forests we had plenty of hazelnuts bushes, and picking nuts was an annual sport for me. Wild hazelnuts were smaller than what we buy in the stores, but were very tasty. Grandfather showed me how to make egg shaped plated basket made out of willow branches with a square door on the top. Hazelnuts were stored in the basket so that they could dry and were eaten mostly during the winter months. Nuts were usually ripe at the end of August and were easily removed from the peel sockets. Some years the crop was better than others but regardless of the crop I did pick some every year so that we could enjoy them by the open wood fireplace (ognisce) during the cold winter months. My Uncle Lojze was always full of fun and said to me: you must pick hazelnuts and give some to girls to enjoy, girls will love it. You should also sing to them a hazelnut song: In his beautiful baritone voice he would sing me the hazelnuts song:

Be mine, be mine and I will pick hazelnuts for you

Be mine, be mine and I will shared them with you

Be mine, be mine and I will pick more for you

In Slovenian language the song is much longer and rhymes much better. Picking Hazelnuts was a lot of fun and a few times I did share them with the girls, however I never did sing the song to any of them.

Hunting wild rabbits

There was always a shortage of meat during the war times. My Father and Grandfather told me a lot about wild rabbits and their life habits. Then they showed me how to make wire snares and how to place snares in the bush fences to snare the rabbits. The snare was placed so that rabbit could not see it and when the rabbit was trying to go through the fence he got snared, usually around the neck. The more he tried to pull through the fence the more the snare would tighten around the neck and eventually the rabbit would strangle. In different parts of the forest I placed around 200 snares and most of the time I would check them daily to check on my luck. My first rabbit was a really nice and large one. When I brought him home every one was happy. My reward was rabbits liver which my Mother prepared and it was delicious. During these years I did catch many rabbits and many times the foxes got to them before I did. This one time German soldiers were on patrol and saw me carrying a rabbit. They started yelling to stop but I didn't stop because I knew that they would take my rabbit. I ran faster than rabbits into the forest and got away from them. I knew that it was not nice snaring animals and I didn't really like it but we were in hard times and we did what we needed to do to survive.

Start of the Second World War

My memories run back to years between 1940 and 1941. There was a lot of talk about the second World War and German attacks on many different countries. Crisis and shortage of everything started. The Italian fascists started to mobilize our men young and old into the Italian army. Many of the Slovenian men didn't want to fight for Italian fascist government and started to join Yugoslavian Partisan's. They were not communist's, they just wanted the Italians off our land and to live in a democratic independent country. Communists were lying to them and promising free country after the war, which did not happen. Western allies let them get away with it and Slovenia minus part of the regions of Primorska and Koroska became part of Communist Yugoslavia. Our people were forced from one dictator to another and they couldn't do anything about it.

Life during the Second World War

During the war people really suffered as there was shortage of everything other than fear, torture and killing. Most of the men were in the war, Mothers and wives didn't know if they would ever see them again and many didn't. Italy started to prepare their army to attack Royal Yugoslavia. Our part of Slovenia was still under Italy and our land was covered with Italian military trucks, tanks cannons and other military equipment. All the schools were closed and Italian soldiers occupied the schools. Because of the food shortage we children went to army kitchens to beg for food. We never got any until after the Italians were fed. If anything was left over the kitchen cook would give it to us. Many times I went home with an empty pot.

I remember one evening begging my Mother for a piece of bread and she would not give it to me. I started to get mad and told her that she was a bad Mother. She hugged me and said: Stanko I would like to give you bread but I can't because if you eat it now there will be nothing left for tomorrow. She started to cry and we both went to bed hungry. Now that I have my children and grandchildren I understand how hard it was for my Mother.

As the war went on, Tito Partisans started to come to the villages demanding food, despite the fact that we didn't have enough for ourselves. Grandparents Kranjc were living alone as my uncles were in the war. They needed help with everything and I spent much of my time with them, helping with everything. In the spring we started to plough the land, plant potatoes, beans, cabbage, corn and other vegetables and grain. During the summer we had to clear weeds, cut grass, make hay for the cows and a lot of other farm work. My Grandfather said to me: Stanko you are the oldest grandson and someday this land will all be yours. He made a point of showing me all the land markers. He said you have to look after your land and must know where it starts and where it ends as neighbors will take it a piece at a time if you let them. I know that he meant what he said but the fact is that today I don't have anything in Slovenia that I could say is mine. My Grandparents land and house was inherited by my cousin Milko Kranjc and my parent's house and land was inherited by my brothers. I do wish all of them and their future generations all the best and hope that they do enjoy what they inherited.

In September 1943 Italy attacked Yugoslavia. Not even one shot was fired. The Yugoslavian army moved back and Italians marched into Yugoslavia like they were going on vacation. Our people could not believe that Yugoslavia lead by King Peter had such a weak and bad army. When Italians moved out of the schools we started to attend Slovenian classes. Our teachers were called Partisan teachers and were teaching only Slovenian language. My Father was teaching singing and helped with organizing the play in which I did play a role of a shepherd playing and singing a shepherd song " Zakrivljeno palico v roki za trakom pa sopek cvetic, A curved shepherd stick in my hand and a bunch of flower's around my hat. I also played this play under the communists but they did change the song wording to; Gun in my hand and bombs around my belt. I was dressed in a Partisan uniform and held a real gun in my hands.

At home we had an organ. The organ was kept in my parent's bedroom. The view from this room was beautiful as our house was high up on the hill facing west and you could see a beautiful valley, many villages and mountains. My Father played and sang many times. At times my Mother and I would sing with him. These were really nice and memorable times. We were short of many things but singing and playing organ was a good and enjoyable family life. Father did take the time to teach me to play the organ and by the time I went to high school (Gimnazia), I was playing quite well.

Both my parents and Grandparents were religious people. Going to church every Sunday was a must. I have some real nice memories of many events but like to mention one Easter Sunday. Mass started at 7am and after the mass there was a long procession around the church which we all attended. Grandfather was leading the procession and was carrying a statue of the risen Jesus. After him was my Father leading the church choir singing Easter songs. I was with a group of boys in the procession enjoying all that was happening and was proud of Grandfather and my Father. After the mass we went home and had Easter breakfast consisting of blessed Easter food: eggs, ham, bread and Potica. Unfortunately Easter was only once a year.

Capitulation of Italy and war tension

In 1943 Italy capitulated, Italian soldiers threw their arms away and were running like scared rabbits back toward Italy in fear of Partisans and Germans. All the boys picked up a lot of guns, ammunition, bombs, and other army equipment. Most of these arms we gave to Partisans and some we kept for ourselves. One Sunday we went and sat on a hill (Breg) and watched Italian soldiers walking towards Smihel and hiding in the Narins corn fields. We loaded our guns and started to shoot over their heads enjoying ourselves and screaming "Italians go home (Lahi go home)". Shortly after the Italians left, the Germans arrived and started patrolling and controlling our part of Slovenia. As I recall they came to our village only twice, mainly because Nadanje selo is somewhat remote and I think that they were afraid of Partisans. After the capitulation of Italy the Germans arrested thousands of Italian soldiers. I once observed two Germans arriving on motor bikes to Ribnica near the river Reka - Reka. They disarmed around 100 Italians. Then they lined them up. One German stood in front of the line and one in the back of the line walking toward Pivka. Where they sent them from there I don't know.

In the year 1944 the war became more and more tense. Partisans were attacking Germans wherever they could. They were blowing up railroads, trains, railroad stations and everything that was considered useful to the Germans. American and British planes were flying over our village toward Austria and Germany to bomb German and Austrian cities. At times they also bombed some of the establishments serving Germans in our area like a railroad bridge in the town of Prestranek between Pivka and Postojna. The Partisans started to attack Germans with small British and American planes. They attacked them on the roads, on the railroads and on the trains to Reka, Trieste and to Ljubljana.

One day I was in our vineyard (NOGRAD) above our village and I noticed along transport train going from Pivka toward Reka - Croatia. It didn't take long for two small fighter planes to fly over and observe the train. In a few minutes they returned, flying over and shooting the rail road cars with machine guns. Soon the train was on fire. Nearby there was a tunnel (By Narin) and the train engineers attempted to hide from the plane in the tunnel but they were not successful. When the engine showed up on the other side of the tunnel the planes dropped a few bombs and the train's journey ended there. Railroad cars were loaded with food like sugar, rice,

flour, a lot of ammunition and other things for the German army. When people found out what was in the cars they broke into the cars and started to take all they could. Sometimes the fire ammunition in some of the cars started to explode but this did not stop the people from getting what they could get.

There was a man, I think that he was from Narin, and he was carrying a bag of flour when he was hit by an exploding bomb. He gave his life for a sack of flour. Several times I was watching the planes attack other areas like the train station in Pivka and the German army on the road toward Trieste. I found all this very interesting and in a way enjoyable knowing that Germans were getting what they deserved. This was not a movie; it was a real life experience.

Germans killed my aunt Marica and took my uncle Joze (Pepi) to a concentration jail in Germany.

As I was walking home from my Grand- parent's house, I heard my Mother crying and screaming "No, no, not my Marica". In front of the house was a man which I didn't know. Without being asked he said that the Germans have killed your aunt Marica. Then my Father came along and this man was explaining what happened. Marica was taking some milk to her friends and in that house were three Partisans. The Germans circled the house, arrested and killed all three Partisans in front of the house. Marica came out of the house to go home and the Germans opened fire and killed her. At home she had two sons, Franc and Milan. Her husband was somewhere in the war and the children were left alone. My Mother decided to go with this man to see the children. My Father said "Don't go they will kill you" but she did not listen and went. There was no transportation and the man and my Mother had to walk from our house to Vrabce which was probably a good day's walk. After a family discussion, the children's uncle took the boys as he didn't have any children of his own. From Vrabce my Mother went to visit her Mother on Veliko Polje and found her crying. Then she learned that the Germans arrested uncle Joze and took him to jail in Trieste. My Mother then went to Trieste begging the Germans to release Joze but they had already sent him to the concentration camp in Germany. After the war my Mother found out that Joze died in the concentration camp only ten days prior to the end of the war. She was told that he was still alive when the Germans burned him like many other prisoners.

End of Second World War

The last and heaviest battles between the Germans and the Partisans took place at the end of April in 1945. German battalions were moving from Croatia toward Slovenia. The Partisan's army established three battle field lines to stop them. The biggest battle was on the first line around Ilirska Bistrica. The Germans that made it through the first line had to fight with the Partisans waiting for them at the second line and many were captured and killed in these battles. Many German soldiers that were scattered all over the place were being hunted, captured and many killed by the Partisans. All Slovenian men had to join the Partisans to clean up both the dead and live Germans on our land. One of these men was my Father. My uncle Peter also joined as he was an officer in the brigade. The brigades name was PREKOMORSKA BRIGADA and it was mostly made up of the boys and men that the Italians had mobilized during the war and these men were captured by allied forces in Italy as Italian soldiers. The Allies knew that they were forced to serve in the Italian army and knew that they could count on them to fight the Germans. In Italy they trained them, armed them and then sent them to battle the Germans in Yugoslavia. My uncle Tony, my Father's youngest brother, was also in this brigade. Unfortunately he was killed by the Germans somewhere in Croatia shortly after he got off the boat. One of his friends was captured by the Germans and after the war returned home from Germany. He told the following story to my relatives: The Germans were waiting for them. The Germans attacked them when they were getting off the boat. Tony, himself and some others were shooting their way from the boat to the forest. The Germans came after them and either killed or captured them. They had quickly run out of ammunition because they only had what they could carry. There was no help from anywhere. He said that he saw Tony sitting on the snow dead, leaning on a birch tree. He said that Tony was probably wounded and could not go any further and died there. After the war my uncles and Father were attempting to find Tony's grave but unfortunately they never did and his final home is probably by that birch tree. Tony was only 7 years older than me and the two of us were as close as brothers. It really broke my heart when I found out that we would never see each other again. He was 17 years old when the Italians drafted him and died a few years later. I still remember the Sunday morning when a truck of Italian soldiers drove into our village. An Italian officer said that he wanted to talk to all the boys and men. Everyone was gathered in the center of the village and one by one they selected people and told them to go on the truck. They took all the

men from 16 years of age and up. They closed the truck and drove them away. That was the last time I saw Tony.

In this part of the world the war ended when Tito's Partisans freed Trieste from the Germans in May, 1945. After the battles were over the Allied forces told Tito to move out and they moved in without firing one shot. All the dirty work and lost lives were mostly Partisan Slovenians. It is sad and very unfortunate that my family lost Aunt Marica, Uncle Joze and Uncle Tony who were all killed by the Germans.

In Canada we have Remembrance Day on November 11th to remember all the victims of the First and Second World Wars. We wear a poppy on our jackets which is a symbol to remember all the casualties. I purchase three poppies every year and I pin them in my car in honor and remembrance of my lost ones.

Death of my best friend Riki

During the month of May in 1945 it was quite warm in Slovenia. The burying of dead bodies from the war was urgent work. People were talking about the appearance of typhus. I am not sure but I think that my best friend Riki died from this disease. We were going to the same school. Riki was a very good student and there were many times that she helped me with the Italian language. She was full of life, Slovenian have a saying "Ziva kot zivo srebro" which means like life silver. She was good looking and very friendly with everybody. She always had nicely plated hair with her braids arranged in many different ways. I think that her Father was from Trieste and he spoke very good Italian. Riki and I talked a lot about how we would go to a Slovenian school after the war and what we would become in the future. At that time life was terrible but we were dreaming of a bright future.

One day I came home and my Mother said that Riki had died and that she would be buried the next morning. Both Mother and Father told me that I must not go to see her because the sickness was very contagious. It was tradition to go and sprinkle dead people with holy water (Kropiti). It is hard to describe how deeply this news hurt me. I went from our house to the hill Breg and looked down on Riki's house in Smihel. It did not take me long to start walking toward her house to see her. I knocked on their house door

and Riki's Mother asked me to come in. We then went into the room where Riki was laying in her white dress, covered with a see through cloth. It is a

Slovenian tradition to sprinkle the body with holy water using a rosemary plant branch. During this time we both cried. I remember the Slovenian traditional saying " Razmarin za spomin" which means Rosemarie for remembrance. We then went into the kitchen where Riki's Mother washed my hands and gave me Schnapps to drink to kill the germs. When I returned home I told my parents that I went to see Riki. They didn't say much and didnot appear to be mad as they knew that we were good friends. My Mother then made me wash my hands again and drink whisky. The next day I went to Riki's funeral. They carried her in a nice white casket. By the grave I said goodbye to her. The first time I returned home from Canada I went to look for Riki's grave but could not find it and Riki's parents no longer lived in Smihel. During my several visits to Slovenia I drove by their house several times. No one is living there and the house is falling apart.

Freedom - Svoboda Celebration in Ndanje selo

During the summer of 1945 the youth in Ndanje selo organized a play and adance. They asked me to participate in the play and to play Partisan. They made me a nice Partisan uniform, Tito hat with a red star on it, Italian rifle, pistol and some paper bombs hanging on my soldier belt. They changed the wording of the Shepherd song to Partisan song and from shepherd stick to a gun and left the same melody the same as I sang in previous performances. My Father was one of the leaders of the play and didn't like the change the communists made but he had to be quiet. The play and my singing went verywell but I was not happy with the changes they made and would have preferred to sing and play the Sheppard as I did in the past. After the play ended they started to dance which I was not interested in and in any case I was too young to dance. With my gun I went to our forest Lazica and for fun started to shoot in the air.

Preparation for High school and my departure to youth home – Gimnazija.

During the summer of 1945 I spent a lot of time studying Slovenian language with a hope to pass the tests and to be accepted to Gimnazija. In July I passed all the tests and was accepted to start the first year of high school. After that in August I went with my Mother to Postojna to register and to organize things necessary for my stay in the youth home. The order by the school was that I had to be in the youth home by the last week in August as the classes started the first week in September. Mother prepared some of the things I needed and the time came to leave my home for the first time in my life. The evening before my departure I went to say goodbye to my Grandparents Kranjc and the next morning to my Grandmother Turk. Then I went to our stable and said goodbye to all our animals which I dearly loved, they were my good friends. Then we walked with my Mother to Pivka and from there on the train to Postojna.

When we got to the youth home we saw a cement floor in the basement covered with straw. The caretaker said to my Mother “we are not ready and the boy will have to sleep on the straw”. My Mother’s reply was “it is not bad as he is use to it”. Before Mother returned to the train station she said to me “ Stanko it is very hard for me to take you away from home and I know that you will probably never again be completely at home and things will not be the same. I know that there is no future for you in Ndanje selo but all ways remember that you are ours and that we love you. You like to learn and it is good for you to get an education. She then hugged me and started to cry, with tears in her eyes she walked to the train station returning home. In this place there were already some boys but I didn’t know anyone and was very lonely. After a few months they moved us to a youth home which was in very poor condition; no hot water, constant problems with electricity, and no heating. Four boys stayed in one room. For heat we had a wooden stove but many times we had no wood. Most of the time we had to do our homework by the light of a lantern. Our meals were served on the other side of Postojna in Paternost house, close to rail road station. There was a shortage of food and the food we did have was very poor. After the war there was shortage of everything including paper and other school supplies. There was a big change in my life in thinking and teaching. At home I used to go to church to learn religion. Here they started to teach us evolution and saying that there was no God. I did learn evolution very good, life from the first live cell to now and about the big globe explosion BIG

BANG that give us all the planets including our world, but no one ever answered my question: where did that first cell come from? Who gave it life? Where did this big globe come from and why did it explode? The only answer I got from a Professor was "Not in my or your life will we get the answers". How then I could believe in evolution and not in God? I asked myself; If God is almighty then evolution can also be his work. As the time went on the situation was getting even worse when they started to teach us about Marx, Lenin, Stalin, Tito and about bad America and good Russia. The communist leaders became angels, Russia a haven and America a hell. I didn't believe any of it but could not do anything about it. It also hurt us students when we had to march and sing communist songs including "Slovenia Ruska bodes Ti". Slovenia you will be Russian. All other subjects were good but history and politics were unbearable. As a student I became a very bewildered and had a hard time believing anything but still did ok on my exams. I remember my parents and Grandparents saying "Study what they are teaching, do well in your exams but remember that many things are not what they are teaching you". In 1948 Tito cut relations with Russian Stalin and we were sure that Democracy was on the way but this never happened. However life for our people was better under Tito than would have been under Stalin. Now Tito and Belgrade were on top and life in Yugoslavia improved.

My first employment at government tourist and entertainment office, district of Postojna

After high school I got a job at the main office of district of Postojna. My Father's cousin Albin Penko was the secretary of this district. He told me that there was opening in the tourist and entertainment department. It was hard for me to believe that from the start I got such a good job. At that time there were many government canteens operating in different towns of Postojna district serving mostly government employees and communist party loyalists. My first job was to divide the meat among these canteens based on the number of members in each location. The Directors of these locations were older and tricky people. When they saw a young boy with such responsibility they were jealous and they caused me many problems and asked me for more meat and other food for their areas. In this position I had many other responsibilities I was asked to handle. One of them was to control the quality of whisky and wine as many bar operators were blending water with the alcoholic drinks. There were also a lot of drinks sold illegally

and many times police seized drinks and brought them to my office to deal with. Many times when I came to work I found all kinds of bottles of homemade whisky which was seized from the ladies selling it mainly around the train and bus stations. All these drinks were donated to government canteens and restaurants and distribution was very politically painted. Members of the communist party were worth much more than other people. I knew that to keep this job at the age of 18 I would have to join the communist party. This I didn't like and it really bothered me. They were also constantly asking me to join the youth organization and do the voluntary work for the good of the country.

Employees of this district were also responsible to manage the Government election in different towns and villages. They sent us to towns and we had to prepare voting areas as per regulations, hold speeches and tell people how good our Father Tito was and convince people to vote for him.

In the voting room there was only allowed Tito's picture and the Yugoslavian Communist flag. All religious material had to be removed. On the voting table were two voting boxes, they called them black and white, white for Tito and black for against Tito. The objective was to get voting balls in the Tito's box. I only handled the election once and that was in the small village called Knezja Njiva. I arrived there Saturday afternoon to prepare the voting room and hold a meeting with the villagers. The meeting was attended mostly by older people. I felt like I was talking to my Parents and Grandparents. I was saying what I was told to say and not what I would like to say. I also had a problem removing the pictures of Jesus and Mary from the walls. When the Police arrived Sunday morning to inspect the voting room they saw the pictures on the wall and asked "what about the pictures?" I said "o ja, they are too high up on the wall for me to reach". The Police then took them down. They were good guys and they probably suspected that I didn't want to remove the religious pictures but didn't say or do anything about it. As all this was going on I could see the owners of the place how sad they were. I did what I had to do and in this village Tito won with a large majority.

Job at Yugoslavian railroad station in town of Pivka

After I returned from Beograd Serbia I went to the City Nova Gorica to register in the transportation college but they did not accept me. They said that they didn't have room. And that they first hire people employed in transportation. I returned home and asked for a job at the railroad in Pivka but was told that I must be 18 years old. The Director of the station told me to come back when I was old enough. This was a good honest man and on November 15, 1950 he hired me. My job was coordinating documentation of all railroad cars so that trains were properly assembled for Reka, Ljubljana or Trieste. Pivka is a central location where transportation of rail traffic for which the above mentioned cities is assembled. For example if a car came from Reka and needed to go to Trieste it was connected to the next train for Trieste. It was also very important to calculate the weight of the cars so that the proper number of men who handled the brakes were assigned to the train in question. At that time brakes were still manual. People at this station were very nice to me and they were teaching me and helping me in many ways. In March 1951 I went back to Gorica to register for College and again they rejected me, because of the draft that was planned into military service.

Wedding of my uncle Rudi and Aunt Ani

Uncle Rudi invited my parents to his wedding but my Mother didn't want to go because she felt that she didn't have a proper dress. She asked me to go with my Father, uncle Lojze, Uncle Peter, and their cousins Micka and Albin; he was the secretary of Postojna district government office. From Pivka we traveled by train to Ljubljana. They were married in Ljubljana city hall. Both Rudi and Anny were Ljubljana police officers. After a lunch in Ljubljana at the dining room Sestica we walked to Ljubljana train station and then by train to Semic in Bela Krajina. With us we had a musician {SOTLAR} playing button accordion. In Semic Anni relatives were waiting for us with two nicely decorated horses and carriages taking us to Ani home.

On the way musicians were playing and all of us singing and yodeling all the way to the house. The wedding celebration was held at Ani home. In total there were around 30 people in pairs, served on two nicely decorated tables. Since I didn't have a girl friend they invited a nice 16 years old girl from that town to sit with me. I was sure that uncle Lojze had his fingers in

this arrangement as he was always joking with me about the girls. He was sitting on the opposite side of the table winking to me with both of his eyes. At first it was a little difficult to talk but once we got going it was great. Being from different parts of Slovenia we had a lot to talk about and after the supper we were also dancing as the party went on into early morning hours.

The next day all the guests went into the wine cellars tasting wine. I didn't go because my girl friend invited me to her house and again we had a lot to talk about. After 3 days partying we returned back home. At that time there were no telephones in houses and the only communication was writing letters. We wrote to each other a few times but my mind was already oriented on how to escape from Yugoslavia which I did not talk about with anyone and our communication ended.

Voluntary (compulsory) work in Belgrade – Zemun, Serbia, Yugoslavia

In Postojna they were constantly asking me, in a way pushing me, to join the Slovenian youth brigades and do some voluntary work for our country Yugoslavia as this was a good promotion for better jobs in the future. Finally I decided to join on the bases that we worked in Slovenia. The organizers promised that we will work in Slovenia but once we arrived in Ljubljana they told us that we are going to Serbia. I got mad and the leaders reported me to the Yugoslavian secret police (Udba). Two of these police men came to me and said "we hear that you are against going to Serbia" I said yes "I was promised that we will work in Slovenia". One of them then asked "What are you going to do in Slovenia?" I said "We can all go to Postojna and clean out Postojna caves, which were damaged during the war so that we can start to get tourists". They left and shortly after they returned and said "we hear that you are a good student and a good worker but you do have two big problems. One is that you talk too much and the second one is that you do not respect the Yugoslavian brotherhood. This train is going to Belgrade and you keep your tongue behind your teeth". Inside of me was just burning but I had to be quiet. Shortly after we arrived from Primorska approximately another 150 boys and girls arrived from other parts of Slovenia in total was approximately 200 of us going to Belgrade. They named us "First Slovenian hit brigade" (Prva Slovenska Udarna Brigada). They loaded us in railroad box cars, sleeping on the floor covered with straw and shipped us to Belgrade. In front of us there were a

few cars loaded with prisoners. On one of the station in Serbia the train stopped and they changed the train locomotive. A few of the prisoners jumped out of the car, ran and tried to jump over the fence. The police started to shoot, two got over the fence and one fell in front of the fence. Were they wounded or killed I don't know as we continued our trip to Belgrade. We arrived to Belgrade at midnight. As we got off the train the first thing that I noticed was around 20 wagons loaded with corn stalks and men sitting on the ground around fires. I said to myself "This is our capital? What a shame". From the station we had to walk one hour to a large wooden shack. Here they served us some bread and coffee and told us to go to sleep, again sleeping on the straw. It was evident that other people stayed there before us as the straw was broken up into dust.

Shortly after I fell asleep I felt things crawling around my neck. That straw was all infested with fleas and bed bugs. Around 10 am we started to walk from Belgrade toward the city of Zemun to our working camp. Before we arrived to the camp we stopped in a building and they separated the boys from the girls and asked us to take all our clothes off and get in line. Then they cut off all our hair and then we went through hot water showers. When we got out of the showers they gave us new uniforms and kept all our clothes. In the camp they assigned us to different work stations. All of us from Primoska were assigned to work with brick layers constructing buildings. Our job was to supply all the material like bricks, mix cement, sand and water to the brick layers.

A few days after I got new shoes without socks I got a blister on my foot which got badly infected. I had to get medication to prevent blood poisoning and I was in a terrible pain but still went to work. My second accident was when we were doing our work one of the brick layers yelled "pazi" meaning look out. As I looked up a brick came down and hit me on my face.

Everything went black and I passed out. When I came to I was all wet from water and blood. My colleagues were throwing water on me to wake me up. Blood from the wounds was all over my face and burning in my eyes. I had a really bad headache and all I could think of was will I go blind. They took me to the hospital to stitch up all the cuts on my face. The accident happened when one of the brick layers cut a brick in half, a piece of it fell out of his hands and came down and hit me. I was in really bad pain and didn't go back to work for about a week. Some of the scars are still evident on my face from this accident. It was interesting to see that in the camp

there were youth from many parts of Yugoslavia except from Serbia. Even then it was evident that the Serbian plan for Slovenia was "You work we will boss you". I returned from Belgrade in August totally disappointed with Yugoslavia and decided that I was not going back to my job in Postojna, because there was way too many politics involved. I decided to get the job in transportation where there was much less politics. It was after I returned from Belgrade that I started to think about escaping from Yugoslavia, but did not discuss it with anyone.

Death and funeral of my Grandfather Janez Kranjc

In 1951 Trieste was under the control of the Americans and the British. Six years after the Second World War life in Yugoslavia was still very hard and poor. The Communist government was dictatorial and unjust. Borders were closed to most of the people and to get the permission to leave Yugoslavia was impossible. They knew that once people crossed the border they did not return. Thousands of people, especially the younger generation, were escaping to Trieste and to Austria. From there they were immigrating to many parts of the world including Canada and the USA. Escaping was a big offence and was risking your life. Many people were captured and sent to hard labor prisons and many were killed or wounded crossing the Yugoslavian border. I was very disappointed in everything that was going on and started to think of how to escape to Trieste. My problem was that I didn't have any money to pay for a guide to help me get across the border, like many other people did. Nevertheless I decided to escape and started to prepare my own escape plan.

My Grandfather Kranjc was very sick with bad asthma and the doctor said that he will not live much longer. This held me back as I wanted to stay home as long as he was alive. On Easter Sunday 1951, I was working in the railroad office in Pivka and a man came and told me that Grandfather had died. I finished my night shift and went straight to my Grandparents house. My Father, uncle Lojze and Grandmother were in the house. Grandmother said "Grandfather went to another world". I went into the room. I sat next to him on the bed, crying and thinking of the nice times we had together. We really loved each other and I had a lot respect for him and his life. When I came out of the room they told me how peaceful he went to sleep and died exactly at 7 am that Easter Sunday when church bells were ringing and the Easter procession was taking place around the

church. To me this was a supernatural event as he was the one that for many years in the procession carried the statue of the risen Christ. The funeral was on the following Tuesday. He was buried in the grave of his son Frank who died at the age of 20 from pneumonia, 20 years before Grandfather. After they placed the casket in the grave we prayed. I was looking down into the grave. As they started to bury the casket with the soil I said quietly to myself "Goodbye Grandfather, thank you for everything, I will see America". From the cemetery we all went to the restaurant Strenar had a bite to eat and some drinks for which I contributed some of my pay to help to pay for the funeral. Now I was ready for my escape.

Military medical examination – Visterenga

Shortly after Grandfather's funeral I was called to report for military Medical examination in Postojna. With me were also my friends Vinko Stavanja, Karl Lenarcic and Stane Lenarcic. All four of us were found to be fit for military service. I would probably be called that fall to serve in the Yugoslavian air force for 4 years. This really disturbed me as I thought this would be four wasted years and so this was another reason to escape from Yugoslavia. After the examination we had a few glasses of wine and by train returned back to Pivka. To our surprise there was a nicely decorated carriage hitched with a pair of horses waiting for us when we arrived at the railroad station in Pivka. The horses belonged to Joze Kalistrov from Ndanje selo. In the village people were waiting for us, especially young girls were waiting for us to dance in the old bar in Bedgorjov house. The old tradition was that if you were accepted into the military girls would pin on your jacket a flower with long colorful Ribbons- Pantelci. If you had a girlfriend that really liked you or loved you she made sure that your decorations Ribbons were long, sometimes down to your feet. On the picture it is evident that my decorations are very short. I am sure that if my friend Zorka would be in Ndanje Selo, my decorations would be much longer as we were also good friends. Many times she wrote to me in Canada and visited my Mother at her home and later in the senior's home.

Escape from Yugoslavia (Slovenia) to Trieste

I didn't leave Slovenia (at that time province of Yugoslavia) because I didn't like Slovenia but rather I left because the government was dictatorial and

the living conditions were very bad. I was full of life and wanted freedom to do what interested me and to see the world, but the borders were closed and guarded by the police and Yugoslavian army. One Saturday at military training a Serbian officer said: Our borders are guarded so that even rabbits can't cross them. Leaning on my rifle I said to myself "O ya, we shall see", thinking of my escape the following Sunday. That Sunday I got up early in the morning and fed our animals. I had breakfast and went to church. In the church I went up to the organ-loft where my Father was plying organ and singing in the church choir. My Mother, Grandmother, and brothers were all at this mass. Looking down all I could think of was "is this the last time we are all at the same mass". I did say a few prayers for my safe journey. I was also still thinking of if I should tell my parents and concluded not to do so, because I knew that the police would interrogate them after I left. From church I went to Strenar bar and had a drink and then I went home to have lunch and after the lunch I went down to the village where men were playing Balina (Boche-balls) and played a few games with them. Here I told Vinko, Karl and Stane that I was going to the dance in Cepen, they said that they were also going to the same dance. From there I went home. My Mother was sleeping in the bedroom and Father was still at church choir practice. I looked into the bedroom and silently said, Zbogom Mama – Goodbye Mother and left. Brother Mirko was in the kitchen and asked me to get him a piece of bread. I then asked him if he would take the cows to the pasture and he said that he would. When I came in front of the house I turned around and had a good look at it and started walking down the road toward Zerinov house. On the way down toward the village I had tears in my eyes. On the road I noticed a pool of water from the rain and I washed my eyes. I then walked with my three friends to Pivka and on the train to Cepen to cut down the 60 km distance to Trieste.

At the dance were several girls I knew but danced only a few times as my mind was on how to get to Trieste. At this dance people were talking about my four friends that attempted to escape the previous week. The news was that they were all killed on the border. I knew all of them well and at one time discussed with them to jointly escape but didn't agree with their plan. Up to that time I didn't tell anyone about my plan to escape but then decided to tell my friends before starting my walk toward Trieste. When I told them that I am escaping to Trieste Karl asked me if he can go with me. And then Vinko said he would also like to join us. I said yes, but remember that it is your responsibility and if things go wrong don't blame me and they

both agreed. Stane said "not me, I don't want my bones buried on the border". Prior to telling them my plan I purchased a bottle of wine. We each had a drink from the bottle. Before we started to walk we agreed that we will walk only during the night and will select remote areas away from towns and roads. We said goodbye to Stane, he went back to the railroad station and the three of us over the mountain Vremsica toward Trieste. The first night it rained all night and we were soaked. During the day we were hiding in the woods and drying our clothes. The next night it was raining again. It was very dark and I lost my sense of direction. Instead of going straight toward Trieste we went way too far to the north. Up to this point we didn't have anything to eat. Our last meal was Sunday lunch. The following day I said to Karol that we must go and get some food as Vinko, more than me and Karol, was getting sick and weak so we left him hide in the woods. Karol and I decided to go to a house on a farm away from a village. Karol was staying on guard outside of the house. I went into the house. In the house was an elderly lady. I asked her to give me some bread and milk. She said that she didn't have any and to go home. I didn't believe her and said "Lady sit in that corner and don't move". She got scared and obeyed my order. By then she probably knew that I was one of those trying to escape. I opened a cupboard and found a large round loaf of bread, broke off more than half of it and before I left I told her not to move out of the house. We then went back to the woods and divided the bread among the three of us. This was the only food we had between Sunday lunch and Thursday supper in a refugee camp in the town of Opcine, Territory of Trieste. The third night we got close to the border and we were waiting on a hill by Sezana for it to get dark so that we could cross the border during the night. Between Sezana and the border it was maybe 1 km. We hardly walked but instead crawled on our knees and pulled ourselves on our bellies. We were hoping for the rain but unfortunately it was a very clear night. In this area the army and the Police had orders to shoot to kill, so we did not take any chances by walking. In many areas the army had stone protected areas so they could hide behind the stone walls. As we got close to these bunkers it was hard to know if anyone was in them waiting and ready to shoot. This one bunker looked suspicious to me so we stopped in front of it waiting to see what would happen. It was all quiet and difficult to judge if anyone was there, so we decided to test it. I got a stone and threw it over the wall thinking if anyone is there they would react thinking that it was a bomb. As the stone dropped a big Jack rabbit jumped over the wall and scared the hell out of me. We than knew that no one was there and started to run toward the border. We were so close that we could see the

clear part of the border and then the shooting started. We dropped to the ground. I asked Karl "Are you hit?" and he said no. I then asked Vinko if he was hit and he also said no and I was also ok. We then realized that they were not shooting at us but someone else close to us. We then started to run again like three wild rabbits and got across some border wire.

Just at the border Karl noticed a cherry tree and wanted to pick some cherries that were still green. I told him to forget the cherries and to keep running and soon we were over the border. We could not understand the shooting until the next morning at an Italian Police station on Opcine where we met several Yugoslavian men still in Yugoslavian army uniforms. They also escaped but did run into an army patrol and that's when the shooting started. These men were also armed and returned the fire. They said we cleaned the border. Not far from the border in Trieste territory we had to cross the railroad. There were stone banks on each side of the tracks which we had to cross. We didn't want to walk by the tracks and were looking for a level area to cross. I said to Karol "it looks like it is not too deep, we could probably jump on the track and then crawl up on the other side". I was the first to jump and before I hit the tracks something jammed my feet and I landed on my belly protecting my face with my hands and arms. Stones on the track cut my arms and I was bleeding badly. Karol bandaged my wounds with a torn part of my shirt until we got to the refugee camp. We got to the city of Opcine around midnight. One of the Osteria (bar) was still open and we stopped to get something to drink. Shortly after we got there the Trieste Police showed up, arrested us and took us to the Opcine Police station where we spent the night. In the morning they questioned us and in the late afternoon they took us to the Opcine refugee camp. We got there just before dinner and finally after four days (Other than that bread I took from that lady) had something to eat.

After we got to the camp the first thing on my mind was to write to my parents to let them know that we were ok. It took more than a week before my letter got to the post office in Pivka. My Father was a post man and on Sunday went to postal office to check the mail and found my letter. Years later when I returned home for a visit a lady told me "we knew that Sunday that you got across ok, because of your Father was happy and sang beautifully in church.

It really bothered me that I didn't tell my parents that I was escaping but I knew that they would be questioned by the police and if they discovered

that they knew of my plans they would put them in jail. Police did question them but they could not tell them anything. Mother wrote to me that she could not believe that I would do something like this. I am still sorry but I still think that I did the right thing.

In Opcine and Trieste Refugee Camps – May 25 to July 22, 1951

In the refugee camp we lived in tents. The first three nights I slept very badly, because of bad dreams. I dreamt about all the things I thought and feared before and during the escape. I dreamed that I was caught by the police, wounded, detained in prison and much more. I hardly ate any food but was very thirsty and had to get up during the night to drink water. The food in the camp was not particularly good but we ate hot food three times a day and received fresh bread daily. After a few days we received a refugee card permitting us to exit and enter the camp as the camp was guarded by camp and Trieste police, allowing only refugees to enter. After a few weeks I walked to visit my relatives in the village of Gropada. They were very surprised and not very happy that I ran away from Yugoslavia and it took me some time to explain to them the reasons for my escape. They felt that Yugoslavia was good and that I was too young to go around the world by myself. For dinner they prepared extremely good spaghetti, much better than at home or in the camp.

After three days in the camp I started to investigate the possibilities to emigrate. My decision was already made to first try the USA and Canada and if I was not accepted by these two countries I would try Australia. There were many opportunities to register for South American countries but I didn't want to go there, because of poor standard of living and corruption. I did register for Canada and Australia. I registered for Australia just in case Canada did not accept me, as it did happen to thousands of people. I soon realized that USA was not a good option, because of the War in Korea and Americans would expect me to join the military and probably end up in the war in Korea. All my hopes were on Canada. Australia called me first for an interview but I said that I was sick as I didn't want to go before I knew what will happen with Canada. Soon after Australia all three of us Karol, Vinko and me were called for interview with a Canadian representative and the interview went very well. After 3 weeks they moved us from camp Opcine to Jesuitti refugee Camp in Trieste. This camp was once an old prison and

the situation was much worse than in Opcine camp. There were a lot of bad people in this camp with fighting, stealing, and black market goods going across the border to Yugoslavia and much more.

Shortly after our arrival in Trieste, Canada called us for a political interview. Again all went well as we were really too young to have any political baggage. After the political interview we were called for a medical examination. Karol and I passed the examination but Vinko was rejected and placed on medical treatment for his lungs. Unfortunately he lost the opportunity to immigrate to Canada until he was considered healthy. Karol and I were very sorry but couldn't do anything about it. After passing all Canadian requirements Karl and I were called for the final interview with the Canadian Counsel, who arrived in Trieste. The talk at that time was that there were 15.000 people in Trieste Territory that would like to immigrate to Canada. Some had been waiting for years so the chances of being accepted to Canada were very slim. By the interview building there was a long line of mostly young people waiting for an interview. Our names were on the list and we were called in by the alphabetical order, so I was called just before Karl. A lady said "Counsel speaks Italian and English and asked me if I needed a translator" I said no and that I would speak with him in Italian. When I entered he greeted me in Italian. The first thing he asked me was how old I was. I said 18 years old. He said that he did not believe me. I said that I would be 19 in November. He then started asking many other questions about school, family, reasons for my escape from Yugoslavia and where did I learn Italian. I told him that before the War I was attending Italian school. I think that based on all this information he concluded that I was not lying and that I was 18 years old. He then wanted to know what I would do in Canada. I said everything you want me to do, and maybe later I would like to go back to school. He smiled and shook my hand and said "I wish you all the best". Karol was next in line. When I came out I said to him that counsel was pleased when I said that I will do anything Canada wants me to do. I was eagerly waiting for Karl. When he came out he told me that he was asked the same questions as I was. We were told that in a week they would post a list of names of people accepted to Canada. It was a long week.

A list of names was finally posted on the board in the camp. There were so many people looking for their names on that list that it was hard to get close to the board. Most of them were walking away sad, mad and some crying, because they were not on the list. Finally I pushed my way close enough to

read the names. I looked at K" and saw Kranjc Stanko followed by Lenarcic Karl. I screamed "Karlo we are going to Canada!" In this happy moment we hugged each other with tears of happiness in our eyes. Of hundreds if not thousands of people interviewed there were only 92 names on the list. After a few days they informed us how to get ready for departure from Trieste. We then faced a new challenge, we needed to register and to be accepted in IRO (International Refugee Organization). To be accepted was very important, because this was the only way to get paid transportation to Canada. In order to be accepted we had to sign a contract with Canada that we will work a minimum of one year for \$60.00 per month, this way we would pay for our trip to Canada. Again Karl and I were fortunate to be accepted in a very short period of time and were ready for our trip. IRO held a few sessions with us explaining the travel procedures and what to expect in Canada. They were also good enough to give us new suits and shirts before we departed for Germany to get on the boat in Bremenhaven.

A few days before I departed for Germany I went to my relatives in Gropada to say goodbye. They again advised me to stay in Trieste and not to travel so far, but my mind was made up and I was looking forward to go to Canada. They promised me that they will come to the train station to say goodbye. Franc Kalc in Gropada was my Mother's first cousin and my baptism God Father. He gave me a green wooden suitcase, which was given to him by the British when they returned him home as an Italian prisoner of war. It was a few hours walk from Gropada to Trieste. I was very tired when I got back to the camp and fell asleep on my bunk bed which was in the walkway of that building. During the night as I was sleeping someone stole my wallet and everything including some Italian Liras and some pictures I had in it. Whoever did it thought that I had my Passport to Canada in the wallet, but they were mistaken. I knew that passports and other documents were being stolen and sold on the black market for good money. As soon as I received the passport I made a secret pocket in my jacket and kept it away from the wallet. I am still sorry for the pictures I lost. So I went to Germany completely broke. I am 99% sure who stole my wallet but had no evidence and it was too late to prove it. My relatives and some friends did come to the station to say goodbye but I didn't tell them that I was robbed.

Journey from Trieste to Germany – Bremenhowen

July 22, 1951 I departed from Trieste by train to Germany, Bremenhowen, Relatives from Gropada and some of my friends including Vinko came to the railroad station to say goodbye. Some of them were very sad, because Canada did not accept them. It was very hard for me not to have Vinko go with me and Karol. We assured him that when we got to Canada we would help him to come to Canada. After the departure from Trieste I fell asleep. In the morning the train conductor gave me a package with my name on it. In the package was some meat, bread and some underclothes. How this package got on the train I don't know. At the station there were many people saying goodbye and wishing us good luck that I don't remember getting it. My relatives probably gave it to conductor. Traveling on the train was very nice and exciting. We arrived in Brevenhowen at night and were transported by a truck to a refugee camp which was managed by the Americans. This was a much better camp than in Trieste, nice clean buildings, rooms, surroundings and much better food. Early in the morning I was awakened by a pleasant music that I had never heard before. Looking out of the window I saw two men in uniforms raising an American flag. The song playing was "God save America my home sweet home." These memories take me back to that morning every time I hear this song. After a few days they asked me if I wanted to do some work in the camp. I immediately enrolled and got the job in the kitchen. They were not paying much but it was better than nothing as I was completely broke. My first job was peeling bananas. I had never had a banana in my hands before and this was the first time that ate one.

These bananas were very small but also very tasty. I am not sure but I probably ate about 20 of these small bananas that day. During the time working in the kitchen I met a very nice Ukrainian girl called Ruza, she was 17 year old and traveling to Canada with her parents. They also lived in the camp but in the family buildings. Ruza invited me to come and meet her parents which I did. I had no problem talking with them in Ukrainian because I did study Russian in high school, Russian and Ukrainian languages are very similar. Her parents were still very young and her Mother could not believe that at such a young age that I was traveling by myself. These people were very nice to me and it looked like they had some money as Ruza did buy me a beer a few times. During the stay in Germany I got to know Ruza very well and then traveled on the same boat to Canada. On the boat when weather was good we would sit on top of the

ship and we talked about the many things we would do in Canada. Ruza was planning to go to school, she had parents to look after her, but for me it was a different story and I was sure that I had to go to work. Bremenhoven to Halifax on USA ship "General Sturgis – September 2 to September 12, 1951 At that time the political situation around the world was very tense because of the cold war between the USA and Russia. Americans were bringing thousands of military troops to Germany. All these boats were returning empty back to the USA. IRO organization used this opportunity to arrange our transportation on these ships to Halifax, Canada. Afterwards, the ship would continue to sail to New York. On the ship men were sleeping in military areas on bunk beds. Families and ladies had their cabins. As we got on the boat they sent us to Red Cross. There they gave me one of the biggest and worst injection needles in my chest which was extremely painful. I don't know why we were given this as we had all the necessary medication in Trieste. Knowing that in September the ocean could be rough and people would get sea sick the first thing I said to Karol when we got to our sleeping quarters was to suggest taking the top beds. This was because people might be vomiting from the top beds. Soon after we got our beds we went to dinner to a self-serve dining area. I have never before seen such a big food serving area with so much various types of food, and drinks – no alcohol. During our supper the boarding was completed and the boat was ready to start our journey toward Canada. Most passengers were rushing to the top of the boat.

It was interesting and in away sad to see some guys on the ship throwing long ribbons to their girlfriends on shore. On each end they held the ribbons boding farewell. Once the ship got far away the ribbons broke and fell in the water, they remained on different parts of the world. After it got dark and we were in bed I heard a voice over the speaker: Slovenians lets meet on top of the ship and get to know each other and sing a few songs. Karol and I jumped off our beds and ran to the top. Around 20 of us gathered, shook our hands and immediately became good friends. As the ship was sailing into the dark we started to sing Slovenian song " Zaplula je barcica moja"(my ship is sailing). During the last part of the song " (Povrni se barcica moja)" Return my ship" I heard someone saying "Will we ever return?". We then went to bed and spent the first night on the sea. The following morning I went for breakfast. Again I was very impressed with the amount and selection of food. It was a beautiful sunny morning and after breakfast I went to the top of the boat where I met Ruza. We enjoyed the sailing and the conversation about many things. The first three days were

very nice and enjoyable and we spent most of the days in the open on top of the ship. Then overnight you can feel the boat rocking back and forth and the sea waves were getting larger and larger. The following morning the dining room was practically empty as people were getting sea sick. The floor in my sleeping quarters was all slippery from people vomiting. Karlo and I were happy to have the top bunk beds. During the day they closed all ship doors and were saying that waves were so high that they were extending and reaching over the top of the ship. We had to stay in our sleeping areas mostly on our beds, listening to the boat making cracking noises with the boat rolling up and down and sideways. Everyone was sick. Mess and stink from vomiting in this closed area was very bad, something I will never forget. I was thinking that we will end our lives on the bottom of the sea.

After three days the sea has somewhat improved and the doors of the ship were opened. All white from sickness we went out to get some fresh air. After this bitter experience the sea was good all the way to Halifax. Slovenians met as a group and individually many times and discussed our future in Canada. I also met Ruza several times on top, watching the sea waves and discussing our future dreams. Ruza was a beautiful, friendly, bright girl, I could see that she liked to be with me and I enjoyed her company. Her parents were also very nice to me. There were also times when I was by myself sitting on the back of the ship admiring the fish and dolphins swimming behind the ship and jumping out and in the ocean. Here I remembered stories my Grandfather told me about how he saw off the boat fish swimming and jumping out of the water on his 30 days trip to America. Towards the evening on the last day on the ship I heard people yelling "We can see land! We can see Canada!". I quickly went to the top of the ship. People were all packed on one side of the boat so that I could not see anything. I then climbed on a crane which was probably used to lift heavy military equipment. From the top of the crane for the first time I saw Canada. It was a gorgeous sunset as we were slowly sailing toward Halifax.

It was dark when we arrived in Halifax and we were told that we will stay on the ship till the next morning. I slept very well for about four hours then I woke up thinking of what awaits me. In the morning families were first to get off, followed by ladies and men were the last to get off. As I got off the ship the first sign I saw was "Welcome to Canada". Here they gave me a tag with my name and Edmonton written on it. Then they gave me some

other documents like train ticket, meal tickets, Landed Emigrant document and told me to hold on to this document which will serve me all my life. Next stop was Red Cross, here they asked me how I felt and offered me a glass of fruit juice. Then they sent me to a small group of people who were all going to Edmonton. I was very pleased that Karol was also in this group. Most other people went straight to the trains. During this waiting time Ruza came and said "Stanko, we are already on the train, we are going to Ontario, Where are you going?" I showed her my tag with the name Edmonton on it and said that I didn't know where this place was. She didn't have much time and was afraid to miss the train. She embraced me and said "Oh, I am so sorry that you are not going with us". We embraced each other and wished each other all the best and I thanked her for all the nice times with her. As she was leaving I could see her wiping tears off her eyes. I went to the wash room to wash my eyes. This was a very friendly and good family and I was sorry that we didn't stay together.

In the port Pier 21 I waited for the train a long time, walking back and forth. Then I noticed on a wall a map of Canada and started to look for Edmonton but could not find it. Close by there was a man sweeping the floor. He looked to be Italian so I asked him in Italian if he knew where Edmonton was. He said "young man, don't look down there for Edmonton. It is up here and pointed to it". I could not believe that they sent me so far. I could feel my heart beating. I then called Karol and showed him where we were going but he didn't make much of it and said "They will not send us where there are no people and if other people live there then so will we". I was grateful for his courage.

Travelling on the train from Halifax to Edmonton, Myrnam and Work on the farm

The railroad cars looked good but were equipped with wooden seats that were hard. It was a long journey. Karol and I sat together. Shortly after the train got going the train conductor came and said something to us, but we did not understand what he was saying so we just sat there. Shortly after that he returned and repeated the same words. I motioned to him with my hands and shoulders to show that we didn't understand. He then pointed to the door in front of us and said "Boys go Am,Am, Am Opening and closing his mouth" and then we knew that he was telling us to go and eat. We got up and went into the dining car. There were amazingly beautiful tables

covered with red table cloths and decorated. On the table was a basket of buns, butter jam and sugar. We thought that this was our meal and started to eat the buns with butter and jam. Soon the basket was empty so the waiter got us another basket of buns. Then a Ukrainian lady told us to not just eat the bread and that they would be bringing us other food. Soon we had soup, salad, roast beef and blueberry pie. I don't think that I had ever had such a good supper in such a nice dining room ever before.

The train was roaring on, blowing a whistle at every road crossing. This sound of whistling stayed in my ears for many months after I was in Canada. The land was all very flat and I missed the mountains back home. Here and there was a wooden house and to my surprise usually in front of the house was a car. This was hard to understand. Back home only very rich people had cars. I was thinking if they have money to buy a car how come they have such poor houses. The nice part of it was that there were many lakes and rivers just like my Grandfather told me.

In Montreal we had to change the train for Winnipeg and in Winnipeg for Edmonton. Once we were out of Winnipeg we hit the Canadian prairies. I never saw such big farms of grain, mainly wheat in beautiful golden colours and ready for thrashing. I made a comment to Karl that one thing was for sure in that they had plenty of bread in Canada. With the wind blowing the golden wheat ears it look like golden sea waves. Finally after the five days and five nights we arrived to Edmonton.

On the train station in Edmonton we were met by an IRO representative. He drove us to the emigration building and told us that from here we would be taken to work in designated areas as per our contracts. Communications went well as long as they were speaking Italian and Ukrainian. After a few days as were turned from breakfast a farmer was waiting for us. Karol was told to get his suitcase and go with this man. I asked Gurba if I can also go with Karol and he said no. Karol sat in the car and we said goodbye. It all happened so fast that I didn't even think to get Karol's address. Now I was all alone in this strange and unknown land. I was then told that they were going to send me to work on road construction but the next day they said that the company went broke and that they would send me to work on a farm.

The following day they drove me to the Edmonton train station. There they purchased a train ticket for Myrnam Alberta and told me that a farmer would wait for me at the station. He also told me that Myrnam was a small Ukrainian town and that I should not have problems communicating. In Myrnam no one other than me got off or on the train. The postman took some bags off and put them on his carriage hitched with two nice horses and the train was on its way. I looked around for the farmer but no one was there. It was almost dusk and quite cool so he told me to sit on the carriage and that he would deliver the mail and then he would let farmer know that I had arrived. As he was making his deliveries I sat on that carriage with people looking at me which made me feel like a mailed package from Europe. He then took me to a restaurant and said to wait there. It took hours and no one showed up. While I waited a nice young Ukrainian girl about my age came and asked me if I would like to order something. I said that I didn't have any money. She returned with a big piece of blueberry pie and hot chocolate. Again I told her that I didn't have any money but she replied that it was ok and that I could pay when I had money. She then sat down and asked me my name and told me that her name was Mary. She continued to ask me many questions including where I was from, but she really didn't know the world I was telling her about.

Finally late in the evening a man arrived and asked me to go with him in a truck. I thanked Mary for the pie and the nice company. She said I know these people and we will see each other again. I was thrilled with her kindness and friendliness. We then traveled for a period of time to his farm. When we got there he showed me a room where I was to stay and told me to wash myself and come to the kitchen for dinner. In the kitchen he introduced me to his wife and two of his daughters who were also my age. They looked to be very alive with big smiles and talked a lot to each other, probably about me, but I didn't understand English. In the morning he showed me how to drive a tractor and operate the binder to cut wheat and arrange it into bundles. The next day we started to harvest wheat on a very big parcel of land. Everything was going well and I worked during the day and spent the evenings talking with the girls. They were very curious about everything as I don't think that they had ever traveled any further than Edmonton.

After some days a nice car drove to the front of the hose, it was immigration agent. He asked me what I was doing at the farm. He asked me how did I come here and that he had sent me to another farm. I

explained to him how I got there. The farmer then said "Don't blame Stanko. No one picked him up, I am also a farmer and need help so my friend called me and told me that he is waiting in the restaurant so I went to get him. The two of them then discussed something in English which I didn't understand. I was then told to get my things and go with him. I asked to stay with these people but he didn't listen and asked the farmer to pay me for the work performed. Actually all he needed to pay me as per the contract was \$2.00 per day but the farmer shook my hand and said that I did good work and paid me \$50.00. My first earned money in Canada and I could hardly believe it, as this was close to one month of my contract pay. Agent then drove me to another farm. The moment after he introduced me I could feel and see that things didn't look good. The first thing that this farmer told me was to put my stuff in the granary (Spikler) and go with him so he could show me how to harness horses for the next day cutting and bundling of wheat. He was still using horses and not a tractor to do this type of work. As it was getting to be dusk he asked me to come in the house for supper. There I met his wife, two children and his Father. All evening he was telling me what work I will have to do the next day and that I will be sleeping outside in the wood fabricated granary. Cutting and thrashing wheat went on until middle of December when some of the wheat plants were already covered with snow.

During the day I worked out on the wheat fields and in the evening I had to feed horses, pigs, milk the cows and do other farm work. To start with I was not in good enough shape to do such hard work and at night couldn't sleep from the pains all over my body. From feeding the heavy wheat bundles into the thrashing machine with large forks my fingers were all swollen and very painful every morning to the point where I could not open them. Farmers wife saw the problem and told me to soak my hands in the cold water to reduce the swelling. We completed wheat harvesting just before Christmas. Some of the thrashed wheat was mixed with ice and had to be dried by hot air before it was stored in the large grain silos in town.

By this time I was not not paid anything and before Christmas I asked him to pay me. He really got mad at me and said that he would not have the money until he sold the wheat. In reality I knew that he was selling wheat as it was delivered to the grain storage in town. Mike's wife, children and his Father were nice to me but Mike was something else. After Christmas they all went away, I guessed that they went on vacation. I was left alone to look after the cows, pigs, chickens and horses which was okay. At least I

had some peace and was able to cook some of the food I liked. Ukrainian food did not appeal to me because I was not used to having practically everything with cream, milk and butter including their beets soup - Borsch. After they left I killed a nice chicken and made myself some good chicken soup, Slovenian potatoes and salad with vinegar and oil. Winter was long and cold and I had to do my daily work. On one of the farms they also had wild horses and in the winter I had to go there to break the ice on a pond so that the horses would have water to drink. On this farm I met a neighbor, he was a boy named Ed. During our discussion Ed asked me how I was doing at Mikes. He said that Mike had a lot of workers before you, but no one could stand him, my Mother is concerned that he will destroy you. No one likes him and he is in dispute with everybody. He then invited me to come and visit and to play cards with them. A few days later as I was putting on my jacket Mike asked where are you going? I said to visit neighbor He said no because we had a lot of work to do the next day. I said that I was going and that I would do my work tomorrow. Mike did not like it but I went anyway, looking forward to meeting some other people and to learn more about Canada. These people were very nice to me and gave me plenty of good advice. Ed asked me to go with him to a Ukrainian dance. I was concerned, because I didn't have proper clothes but I went anyway. At that dance they were playing western music and dancing polkas Ukrainian Style but I had no problem quickly adjusting to it. During the evening a nice young girl in a nice cowboy style dress came to me and said "Hi, do you remember me? Mary, we met in the restaurant". I said that I remembered her but I still didn't have the money to pay her. With a smile she told me to come and dance with her and all will be paid for. This really boosted my morale as there were many good looking Canadian boys she could dance with. We talked and I learn a lot that evening. She told me to join the youth organization so that we could see each other more. On the way home it was snowing so badly that we could hardly see the country road, but I was so pleased about it all because these young people were so nice to me.

On one cold day after I had my work done farmer found me sitting in the barn and started to give me hell. I lost my temper and really told him off. I said you are treating me like a slave. You are worse than the Communists that I ran away from and I am not taking it any more. It looked like he was going to hit me but I was holding a pair of large forks in my hands that were used to clean the stable and was ready to use them if he made a move toward me. I then told him to pay me or I will inform the police and the emigration in Edmonton and will request that they move me from here.

Fortunately he left the barn, but life from there on was even worse. I knew that I was still bound by the contract and didn't want to do anything that would complicate my stay in Canada. The neighbours family was good to me and said that they would help me to contact emigration if I wanted them to do so. On several times I went to visit them in the evenings. Besides good advice they always prepared a good snack: Homemade bread, butter, blueberry jam and chocolate milk, and it was all was heavenly good. This was a big family, some were already married. Ed became my best friend. I told them all about my problems with Mike which was no surprise to them and they agreed to help me contact Emigration. It didn't take immigration long to come and visit me on the farm. Agent asked me to tell him my problems. After that we met with Mike. He asked Mike if he had paid me. Mike admitted that he hadn't paid me and said that it cost him money to buy me clothes and feed me and that I was getting more than I deserved. He was told "Pay him. I will be back. If you don't pay him I will look into the situation. Stanko is your employee but emigration is still responsible for him". Agent left and returned shortly after. Beside other questions he asked if I was paid? I said that he did not and asked him to please take me away from there. Agent said ok and told me to get my belongings and put everything in his car and that enough was enough. It didn't take me long to get ready. I said goodbye. Emigration took him on and made him pay later on. This ended one of the worst times and jobs in my life. I then worked on another farm until I went to work in the bush.

Travel and work in the forest

After consultation with emigration representatives I went to work in the bush in Alberta. From Myrnam I traveled on a truck to the lumber camp. These trucks were used to transport lumber out of bush and to deliver supplies and other camp needs. Most of the travel was very slow and mostly on the bush roads. On the way to the camp we crossed two Indian reserves. I was surprised at the living conditions of these first Canadians. Very poor housing made out of wood logs and openings between the logs covered with some kind of mud. Children ran out on the road watching us as we drove by. Part of the trip was crossing a river which scared me, thinking that truck may turnover into the water. The forest was mainly spruce, pine and here and there a birch tree. We arrived in the camp in the evening just as lumber jacks were eating supper. These men scared me, they were rough looking. The camp owner introduced me as a young boy

who grew up under communism and someone who knew the world and would not let anyone take advantage of him. The owner was saying all this so that they would not bother me. He also told them that I was under age and couldn't drink alcohol. He was then talking about the dangers and accidents working in the woods. He even made a comment to that I shouldn't worry because if I got killed they would bury me in the spring. Later I learned that they didn't bury anyone in the winter because the Ground was deeply frozen. When I asked one of the workers what they did with the bodies he replied that they stored them in the shack where they keep frozen meat over the winter so the wolves couldn't eat them. No one was killed or died during my stay there so I never experience what they were saying.

Cook Aleck asked me to get a plate and he gave me large knife to cut a piece of roast beef. I have never seen such a large roast, he said cut all you want, I did and the piece nearly covered all of my plate. He then told me that there was no shortage of meat and bread.

Alec then took me and showed my bed in a wooden bunk house, constructed of wooden logs and a pair of small windows in the front. I immediately knew that I saw this type of structure somewhere else but could not figure out where until 1965, when for the first time I visited Slovenia and visited my Grandmother. She was waiting for me in front of the house. After a long greeting we went in to her house there I saw a picture of a similar cabin with my Grandfather and his two brothers in front of it. It was taken in USA. I asked her if I could have this picture and she said not while she was alive because she had very little about my Grandfather. Grandmother died some months before my second visit to Slovenia. My Mother gave me a package and told me that my Grandmother wanted me to have it. The package was wrapped with plain paper and inside was the picture I just mentioned. With the picture was a note that said "Stanko, here is a picture so you can have it as a memory of Grandfather". This picture is now over 100 years old and is displayed in a prominent place in my house, reminding me of Granddad and my life in the bush. In the bunk house where I slept there were four beds, two on each side and one on top of each other. Three were occupied by other men and mine was the top and still empty. The beds were made out of wood and for mattresses we had straw. As bad as it was I had no problem sleeping, because when you are working all day outside in very cold weather you are so tired that you probably would not have problems sleeping on rocks. In

the center of the structure we had a wooden stove which we kept burning all the time.

Weather in this part of the world is extremely cold -20c was not unusual and got as cold as -40 c. We worked 6 days per week. On Sundays we got a little rest and sometimes I went hunting. There were plenty of rabbits and other wild animals including Moose and wolves. In the camp they had a very young dog and at times I took him with me. This one time I shot a rabbit and prepared it the way my Mother used to do at home. People thought I was crazy to eat rabbit since there was so much other meat. I offered a piece to the dog and he just walked away from it. At one time I shot a moose and gave it to Indians. The Indians estimated that the moose was approximately 4 years old and that it weighed Around 380 kg.

There were also plenty of wolves, but they are so fast and move between the trees so I could never hit one. During cold nights they were howling so loud that they kept waking me. Many times I remembered the stories Granddad told me about his experience with wolves in America. In the bush we were cutting down mostly large spruce trees and then sawed them into different shapes for the lumber yards. Usually we kept the fire going to warm up, as it was usually very cold. There were also some Indians working in the camp. I used to listen to them but did not understand what they were saying. They could not pronounce my name Stanko so they called me Staku. They were friendly and nice to me. I could see how they respected nature and were faithful to their God which they called the Creator or Spirit. They believe that their God was older, better than ours and that our God brought them only bad things. As per Canadian law Indians had no right to buy alcoholic beverages but whites were selling alcohol to them for much higher prices. When they were drinking it was best to stay away from them and also from their women as they were very jealous. One of the men in the camp had a good looking 16 years old daughter living on the Indian reserve and he didn't mind me talking to her but other men told me to stay away from her or you will end up with a knife in your back. However I did talk to her and she enjoyed talking with me. I felt sorry for her, because she was so poorly dressed. If this girl would have a nice proper dress and a shower she would be a beauty. She was very serious and when she was talking with me she did look straight in my eyes. At one time I asked her: why are you girls always running away when you see us? She said: "my daddy told me that white men are not good men, White men make a baby and leave" I started to laugh and I could see that I

hurt her feelings and I said that I was sorry. She offered her hand, looked me in the eyes and told me that it was ok. Her Father told me that girls liked mint candy so the few times I went to town I bought some and as we were driving through the reserve the children would come to see us and I would throw these candies to them and then watch how they were picking them up.

In 1952 during the Christmas holidays the owner closed the camp. Everybody went their own way, mostly home to see their relatives. I had no place to go and did not want to stay in the bush by myself, so I decided to visit Karol on the farm in Camros, Alberta. I first traveled on a truck to Myrnam, then by train to Edmonton and by bus from Edmonton to Camros. I wanted to carry with me a bottle of whiskey, so that we could have a drink when we met but I was still underage and couldn't buy one. In Edmonton I went in front of a bar and saw a man that looked like he liked drinking and asked him if he would buy me a bottle. He asked what he would get and I said "one for you and one for me". Soon I had a bottle. Karol was waiting for me at the bus station. I was on the back of the buss waiving to him but he did not recognize me. We both had changed a lot, especially dressed in western clothes with cowboy hats on. I finally got to the door and saw Karol walking away. I jumped off the bus, my coat and bottle hitting the side of the bus door and the top of the bottle broke off. All soaked from whiskey I ran after Karol as he was walking toward the car he was driving. The first he said was how much I had changed and the he didn't recognize me. Karol then drove me to the farm where he was working. There was still about half of bottle of whisky in my pocket and we had a drink right out of the broken bottle. The owners of the farm placed another bed in Karl's room and we slept in the same room and had a lot to talk about. Karol then told me that we were invited to the neighbors for dinner. When we got there we were greeted by girls and their parents. Then we sat by the dinner table. The Father started praying before the meal was served. Karol told me that these people had some different religion and they did not drink alcoholic beverages. As they were all praying we just held our heads down and listened. They did serve a nice western meal. It didn't take me long to note that one of the girls had her eyes on Karol most of the time. Her name was Norma. On the way home I told Karl that Norma really liked him. He laughed and said that he thought so too. He then asked me what I thought of her. I said that she was a beautiful, friendly and very nice girl. He then asked me if I liked any of them. I said yes and that they were nice girls but

in a week I was going back to camp and that I was thinking of leaving Alberta to go to Toronto and so I would probably never see them again.

Karol was surprised by my plans. I said that I just wanted him to know but that he should do what is right for him. People on this farm were very good people and good to Karol, they even promised to help him get some land so that he could start his own farm. After a week with Karol I returned back to the camp. During this trip I got a cold and returned sick. My tonsils in my throat were all swollen. I had a high fever and was unable to go to work.

During the night I was thinking of the conversation at home about my Father's first cousin Maria Kranjc who at the age of 19 died from swallowing pus from infected tonsils. I was not sleeping all night to make sure this did not happen to me. I stayed awake all night making sure that if the pus in my tonsils burst that I didn't swallow it. In the morning I got up and went to the kitchen to ask Alec what to do. He boiled some water with a lot of salt in it and said gargle your throat and spit out everything and don't swallow. As soon as I started to gargle my tonsils broke up and I spit out a lot of pus. I then continued gargling all day without eating or drinking anything. The day after I felt much better and soon after I went back to work. I promised myself that as soon as I got some money I would have my tonsils removed which I did after I started to work for General Mills. Winter days are short but during this winter the days felt like eternity and I could hardly wait for the spring to get out of this cold and lonely place.

I informed the camp owner of my plans and he told me to stay until the spring and that we would go to Edmonton and would apply for some free government land (500 acres). As an immigrant you can probably get it free and pay \$1.00 to make it legal providing you stay in Alberta and work the land. Then you can farm in the summer and work in the bush during the winter. It all sounded and it probably was good but my heart was not in it. I just could not see myself being happy living in this part of the world.

At the end of March I had a final discussion with the owner and we agreed on the amount of money he owed me. The money was deposited in the bank and he honestly paid me as per the agreement. His advice was to keep the money in the bank and that he would send it to me when I get stabilized in my new home. However I did not agree and took all the money with me. On the day I parted I said goodbye to everyone including the dog, got on the truck and got a ride to train station and then by train to

Edmonton. During our parting words the owner said to me that it was too bad and that we would have made good partners if I had stayed. I promised that if I ever returned to this part of the world that I will come to visit them.

Travel from Alberta to Ontario, Toronto

By train I traveled from Myrnam to Edmonton and from Edmonton to Toronto. In Edmonton I stopped and purchase some nice clothes. Most of the clothes I had in the bush I threw away. I bought a nice blue suit which cost me \$38.00. At that time this was lot of money.

This trip to Toronto was much different and more enjoyable than the trip from Halifax to Edmonton. I had some money, was able to speak enough English to get along and didn't need a conductor to show me with (am, am, am,) gestures to go and eat. Also, my contract with Canada was more than completed. I was very happy that I didn't have any major injuries from working in the bush. I was healthy, free and ready to plan my future.

Arrival and beginning of life in Toronto

I got off the train in Union station and walked to Front Street and asked a taxi to drive me to Joe and Frances Lenarcic house on 23 Marchmount road. Frances came to the door and was very surprised to see me. I asked Frances if they had any room for me. She said that if I liked I could sleep in the room with Vinko. By that time Vinko had come to Canada directly to Toronto and settled with the Lenarcices. We than discussed the room and board and agreed on a price. Later Vinko moved to another Slovenian house (Padruznikovi) but I remained at Lenarcices until the day I got married.

Some months later Karl also came to Toronto and also stayed a Lenarcic's until he got married which was the same day as I did. We had a double wedding. At that time, Janko, Smrdel, Vinko Stavanja, Karl Lenarcic, Frank Lenarcic, Alojz and Milka Lenarcices and I all lived in the same house and with all of us being from the same village we had a lot to talk about.

My first job in Toronto

I learned that Slovenians celebrated mass every Sunday in an Italian church on McColl Ave. and decided to go to church the first Sunday I was in Toronto. There I met Stefan Horvat and Martin Kolaric and they told me that an Austrian business man was hiring people to unload lumber off the rail cars and I started to work the first week I was in Toronto. We were being paid 90cents per hour. For me it was only a temporary job and three weeks later I got a job in the cheese factory for \$1.05 per hour. My job was slicing and supplying sliced cheese to women to wrap in square packages by using a wrapping machine that wrapped the cheese in plastic. There were over 20 women of all ages from 16 to over 50 years old working in this department and the older women took advantage of me and gave me all kinds of problems. I was still young and too inexperienced to deal with them but this was good experience for future advancement. During this time I fulfilled my promise to my Father and bought myself an accordion. Since I knew how to play the organ I had no problems quickly learning to play the accordion. Frank Lenarcic was also learning to play guitar and both of us practiced in the kitchen. One evening Joe told us to take that devil out of his kitchen but we didn't listen. Shortly after this we both started to sneeze. Joe had opened the gas on the stove and went out of the kitchen. It did not take long for the two of us to get out of there. The owner of the cheese factory was named Sam and he was tight with his money. A year later I asked him to increase my pay, because I felt that he knew that my work was worth a lot more than he was paying me. He got mad and said that I should be happy to have a job. I started to look for another job and when I was hired by General Mills I quit.

Meeting Elsie and our wedding

When we were with Karol in Trieste he received a letter and \$10.00 from his uncle in the USA. Karol invited me to go to a restaurant to have a plate of spaghetti. As he was reading the letter I noticed a family picture and asked Karol who the girls were in the picture. He told me that they were his cousins. I then asked him if they were married. He said three are married but the youngest is not and she is still living with her parents. I then asked him to thank his uncle for the letter and the money and to tell that girl that someday I will come to get her.

Three years later Karol's uncle, (Elsie Father), Elsie and her Mother came to Toronto to visit Karol. This is when I met Elsie. I had a good look at her from her toes to her eyes. She was dressed modestly in a nice dress covering her knees. Her hair was arranged nicely and she had no make-up on her face. I liked what I saw. During the conversations in Lenarcic kitchen I noticed that Elsie was bored, because we were just talking about the old country which she really did not know much about. I asked her if she would like to go dancing. She turned to her Mother, and after a short conversation with her she said that she would like to go. At that time I didn't have a car and told her that we would go by bus or streetcar. She said that she could drive as they had a nice new Plymouth car.

We then went to Ukrainian dance on College and Spadina. I really did not expect Elsie to know to dance Polkas, Waltzes and Tangos but to my surprise she was a good dancer and we had a great time. When we returned back to the house we sat in the car and talked for a long time about many things. The next morning we all went to church and after lunch I again asked her to go with me to High Park. There I rented a boat and we were paddling in High Park Lake, took some pictures and then went for dinner in a High Park restaurant. During these conversations Elsie asked me if I would write to her. I said that I was still going to school and that I couldn't write very well in English. She told me not to worry and that she would correct my letters and mail them back to me. She joked that writing to her would be my homework.

The day after they returned home Elsie called me and thanked me for a goodtime in Toronto and a week later I got her first letter. From then on we wrote to each other weekly and talked on the phone many times. We also agreed that we would meet in Niagara Falls on the Canadian side as I still didn't have Canadian citizen papers and could not go to USA. In the summer of 1954 I selected and purchased an engagement ring and asked Elsie to come to Niagara Falls. She came by bus to Niagara Falls on the American side and then walked over the bridge to the Canadian side where we met. During the day we walked around the falls and in the evening I drove her in my rented car out of town and we parked above the Niagara River. I didn't know how to present the ring to her and waited for some time. I then simply said "Elsie I would like to give you something and I hope that you will accept it and that you will like this gift". She just looked at me and said nothing. I then opened the ring box, took the ring out of the box and asked her do you accept this ring? She gave me her left hand and said

“Yes, I do”. I placed the ring on her finger and said “it is not a very big diamond but I love you. I really don’t have much money”. She looked at the ring and said “Stan. The ring is beautiful I love it and I love you”. We then kissed and hugged each other for a long time. I felt like I had the whole world in my hands. Up to this point I didn’t have anybody or anything in Canada that I could say was mine, now I had my Elsie. We then started to talk about getting married but we didn’t have much time as Elsie had to take the bus back home. I drove her to the front of the bridge and she walked back to Niagara falls USA to catch the bus. I then drove back home to Toronto.

Shortly after that I applied for an American visa to go and get married in the USA. Their first question was why I wanted to go to the USA. I told them it was because I wanted to get married. Their answer was no because they did not like immigrants to marry Americans because they would have the right to stay in the USA. On the way home I told myself that I was a dummy because if I had just said that I wanted to go on a vacation there would have been no problem getting the visa. I then called Elsie and told her that I could not come to the USA because the Americans didn’t want to give me a visa to go and get married there. Elsie told me not to worry and that she would come to Canada and we would get married in Toronto. After thinking about this situation and talking to Elsie and her parents we decided that it is better to get married and to stay in Canada because in the USA I would be drafted and would probably end up fighting in the Korean War. I was immensely grateful to Elsie and her parents for their understanding and loved Elsie even more.

We then agreed to get married in Toronto on July 23, 1955 and started to prepare the documentation, wedding arrangements in the church and the reception. Elsie had no problem getting all the necessary documents from the church in Conneaut but I had a lot of trouble getting mine mainly because of the communist system back home. Finally the Slovenian priest was satisfied by getting assurance from two witnesses (Janko Smrdelj and Frank Urbancic) that I was baptized, confirmed and had first communion in Slovenia.

I wrote to my parents and told them that I was getting married and who future wife was they answered back and told me not to do it. They said that I was still too young and that American women are spoiled and expect husbands to cook and to clean. I could not blame them as at that time this

was the opinion of people back home. They were just repeating what they heard from other people. I wrote back that Elsie would be my wife and that we would get married in July. This was the end of this discussion and all was ok from there on. They respected and loved Elsie. After we presented our documents to the priest Father Jacob Kolaric he told us that before he could marry us in the church that we should get a civilian marriage license and get married at City hall which we did one week before our marriage in church. We then brought him our marriage license and all legal requirements were done.

I rented a two room apartment, kitchen and bedroom on Arlington street north of St. Clair Ave. in Toronto. Elsie moved to Toronto a few weeks before we got married and lived in our rented apartment. I lived at Lenarcices until the day we got married. Elsie purchased dishes and several other things in the USA. Among them was a beautiful stainless steel cooking set which I am still using. The first thing that we bought together was a stainless steel coffee pot which is also still in use and reminds me of the first cup of coffee we cooked together. Elsie loved flowers and at that same time I bought her a nice pot of violets and I am still keeping that pot and many times grow violets in it.

As per our plan we did get married on July 23, 1955 in the newly constructed Slovenian church on Manning Ave, in Toronto. That same day Karol and Ivaka also got married and we had a double wedding in the Slovenian church and a joint reception in the Lituianian hall at the corner of College and Assington streets in Toronto. I had made most of the reception arrangements before Elsie came to Toronto but after she came she helped a lot with the final arrangement like ordering the flowers, decorations and much more. We split the reception costs with Karol.

The mass was at 11am and after the mass we went on Yonge Street to take the pictures. After the pictures we went to lunch in a European restaurant near Honest Ed's on Bloor street west. From the restaurant we went to the hall for the reception.

In total approximately 100 people attended the mass and the reception. Among them were Elsie parents, her sister Veronika and her family, Elsie's Aunt Mollie and her family, some of Elsie's and my friends and Karol and Ivanka's guests, about 50-50. Elsie's sister Millie could not come, because

on the same day she gave birth to her daughter Beckie. Unfortunately there were none of my relatives at the wedding.

The main cook at our reception was Tocka Kastelic and we had a Slovenian orchestra playing called the Sun Shine trio. It was a gorgeous day and all went well until midnight when Toronto police arrived and asked me why the bar was still open? The law was that on Saturdays the bar must be closed at 11.30 pm. I said that this was a wedding and that everyone was having fun and that we weren't selling the drinks and so I didn't tell the bartenders to stop serving drinks. They told me to close the bar unless I wanted to spend the night in jail and walked away. I didn't tell anyone anything and people told me that an hour later the Police returned, took a look around and left. On Sunday after the wedding everyone went home including Elsie parents who were being driven by Elsie's friend and her Maid of Honor Jennie Baker from Conneaut Ohio. Before they departed Elsie and her Mother were hugging each other and crying for a long time. Then her Mother said to me "We did a good job to raise her, she is a good girl. Now she is yours, please look after her. God bless you". I said that I would and gave her a hug and a kiss. She then sat on the front seat in the car and Jennie drove away. Her Father was sitting on the back seat and as they drove away he was waving his hat in farewell greeting.

We still didn't have a car and went on our honeymoon for three days to Crystal Beach on Lake Erie, Ontario, by bus. Sitting on the bus I joked with Elsie "See, I did live up to my promise that we would go on our honeymoon in a limousine with our own driver". It was a bus and it had a bus driver. We had a good laugh.

Employment at General Mill's Canada LTD. September 22, 1954 at 1330 Martin Grove Road, Toronto, Ontario

I was not happy at the cheese factory so I started to look for a better job. Ed Tooke who was also working at the cheese factory told me that an American food company was constructing a new plant in Rexdale, near Toronto. He said that they will hire employees and that he applied for a job as a Supervisor. A few days later I went to General Mills to apply for a job and made an application. They said that they didn't promise anything and they would contact suitable people for further interviews. I had little hope that they would call me however after three weeks they called me for a

personal interview and a test. I had a problem with my English but did answer all the questions and didn't have problem with mathematics and physics. Some other questions seemed silly to me but I answered them anyway. For example, one of the questions was which was heavier, milk or cream. Another question was what would come to your mind first if you came to work and the factory was burning? Would you recommend that your wife feeds the baby with her or bottled milk? Later in life I did understand the meaning of these questions as they touched on human thinking, morals and skills.

Some weeks later I was called for an interview with the Plant manager. Before I went I talked to Ed about it. He told me that this was a very aggressive company and wanted sharp aggressive people, not to be afraid to give strong, quick and sharp answers. The factory was still under construction and in front of it was a long line of people waiting for interviews with the Plant Manager - Director of operations. He was dressed in a very nice white uniform like suit. He asked me if I had seen the long line. I said that I had seen it because I had been in it and it was raining outside. He aggressively continued "we have a lot of applicants and I don't have much time, tell me why you think I should give you a job". I then remembered to be aggressive and said that he should give me a job because one day I would replace him. He took a look at me and I saw a small smile on his face. He then asked some other questions and said that they would inform me of their decision. I went home thinking that I probably did not have a chance but did learn a little about how to look for a job. Two weeks later I get a call. They asked me if I was Stanley Kranyc and I said yes. They then said welcome to General Mills Stanley, you got the job. They told me to come to the office to get all the necessary instruction about the company and when to start to work. These people were very friendly and much different than during the interview. They gave me all the information I needed and they told me that I would start to work in the warehouse and that my pay will be \$1.60 per hour plus benefits. I could hardly believe it as everything was so much better than in the cheese factory.

I then went to the owner of the cheese operation and told him that I would be leaving in two weeks. He wanted to know where I had gotten a new job but I didn't tell him because I was afraid he may contact General Mills and say something bad about me. A day later the owner came to me and said that if I stayed he would give me 25 cents more per hour. I said no thanks. At the end of my last day I went to thank him for the job, but he was very

upset and said that one day I would be back begging for a job. At GM I started unloading and loading trucks but only for 3 weeks. I then was transferred to a processing department that produced chocolate cake mixes.

At first I was an assistant to someone from the USA who taught me how to operate the equipment and make cake mixes. I started with chocolate and ended with white cake mixes. After three weeks my teacher was moved back to the USA and I was on my own, responsible for this operation. Here I remained until the summer of 1955. On July 1st I asked for two weeks of vacation to get married. Management was happy about this when I told them the news that my future wife was American.

When I returned from my vacation I was transferred to a large silo warehouse which contained bulk storage of wheat flour, sugar, corn, oat flour and other ingredients to produce GM products. This was not just storage but also the preparation area for all these ingredients for different products like blending different ingredients, drying and pin milling sugar and flour, bleaching flour with chlorine. The operation was very updated and automated. With a push of a wrong button you could cause a lot of damage. There was a total of 15 silos each containing up to 50,000kg of different products. All the products were received in railroad cars and unloaded into the silos by vacuum. I also had to learn to analyze several chemicals and all the preparations had to be made as per company formulas and government specifications.

In 1956 GM constructed a new cereal plant and I was transferred and trained in the USA in cereal manufacturing operations. My next transfer was to management. As previously outlined I was promoted and served in all management positions in manufacturing up to and including Plant Manager. I was and probably still am the only immigrant in GM that made it up to this position. The final decision to promote me to Plant manager was made in GM head office in Minneapolis, Minnesota. After I was told that I got the job I asked to see Ken Rocstrof. He was the Manager that hired me and the one that I told him that someday I would replace him. I went to see Ken in his office in Minneapolis, when he saw me he said "Stan what brings you here?" I said Ken, I came to tell you that I lived up to my promise. I have just been promoted to a Plant manager in Toronto.

I told him to call his wife and that we would all go out on the company expense. We had a great time and remained friends all of his life. One other interesting experience was when we started to produce snacks and we needed cheese and so our company contacted cheese manufactures in Canada to determine who had best quality cheese for our products. One of these companies was the one that I work for before going to GM. One day I was called to reception to talk to a representative from this company. When I got there I noticed that representative was the owner that told me that someday I will be begging him for a job and to come back. I said "Hi Sam, how are you and what brings you here?" He said that he was waiting for the Plant Manager to discuss the possibility of selling some cheese. I told Sam that he was looking at him and that I was the Plant Manager. He was speechless. We then discussed the cheese situation. It is a small world. Many years later General Mills decided that they want to be in the pasta business and purchased Lancia Bravo Pasta and sauces operations in Toronto. Next to the old plant they constructed a new up to date pasta manufacturing plant. Besides manufacturing pasta and sauces they had a very large food products import business, mostly with Italy. Employees in this operation were mostly Italians and most of them had a hard time with the English language. General Mills replaced top Lancia bravo management with their own people. Since I was trained by GM, speaking Italian and knew European people they asked me to transfer as a Plant Manger to GM Lancia Bravo division. I managed this operation for GM from 1975 to 1990 when the operation with me included was sold to another American company – Bordens. With Bordens as a Plant Manager- Director of operations I managed Lancia Bravo and Catelli fresh pasta operations (Catelli was also owned by Bordens) till Lancia Bravo was closed down and most of pasta manufacturing moved to Catelli in Montreal and to the USA. Catelli fresh pasta was sold to an Italian company in 1995 and I retired.

Elsie first job at Simpson's downtown, Toronto, our first house and our Children

Shortly after we got married Elsie got a job at Simpsons in downtown Toronto. She was responsible for the section selling kitchen pots, pans and other kitchen necessities. She remained at this job until one month before Anita was born. Elsie then stayed at home for 19 years, raising our children. When Betty was in her second year of high school, Elsie got a job

as sales lady selling baby clothes at Sherway Mall for one year and after that she got a job as a sales person at Loblaws-Zhers. She retired at age 58. After one year of marriage we saved enough money for a down payment on our first house. This house cost us \$13,000. We had \$3000.00 and had a mortgage of \$10,000. This was a semi-detached two storey house. We converted one room into a kitchen and rented the second floor. With the rent money we paid the interest and some of the capital. After Eddie was born we sold this house for \$15,500 and bought a year old detached house with 3 bedrooms in Etobicoke, Toronto for \$17,500. The owner of this house was a Bank Manager, he was transferred to London Ontario. We made a private deal and got the house for \$3000 less than what was the original price. During the time we lived in this house Betty was born. Elsie wanted a 4 bedroom house and I wanted a double garage, so we sold this house for \$40,000 and bought a one year old side split detached 4 bedroom house with a double garage in Mississauga for \$54,000. We lived in this house for 22 years and sold it for \$250,000 and built a new house in Bolton Ontario. To build this new 2 stories detached house it cost us as much as what we got for the house in Mississauga. When I look back over the years I lived at 15 different addresses and I hope that I don't have to move again other than to the Slovenian Assumption cemetery in Mississauga, to join Elsie. Elsie was a super wife, Mother and Grandmother with a golden heart. We all miss her a lot. Elsie always wanted 3 children and I agreed with her. She had 3 sisters, Millie, Veronica and Tillie all older than Elsie. I had two brothers, Stefan and Mirko both younger than me. My Father had 4 brothers younger than him and my Grandfather Kranjc had 3 brothers younger than him. In the Kranjc family history there were no girls born to the oldest son and our Anita was the first. All the first boys were named Janez or John but my Mother said enough of Johns and named me Stanislav or Stanko. Elsie said that in your family it is all boys and in mine it is all girls and that it was hard to know what ours will be but all we wanted was for the baby to be healthy. When Doctor Haber called in the middle of the night and told me that I had a beautiful daughter I said a girl? He said yes and she is a beauty. Early in the morning I went to the Mount Sinai hospital to see this new Kranjc princess. We named her Anita Marie after my Mothers name Ana and Elsie Mother Mary. When I wrote to my Mother that we have a girl she was all excited and wanted me to send her a picture.

Before Eddies birth I was sure that we will have girls like Elsie family and I was surprised and happy when the doctor called me and told me that I had

a nice son. Eddie had Jaudice and had to be transferred from Mount Sinai to Sick Children hospital for some blood transfusions. Elsie was at Mount Sinai and Ed was at Sick Children and I had to deliver Elsie milk for Eddie to Sick Children hospital daily. At that time I was working shift work and I also had to look after Anita which was very hard to do. This was the only time in our life that I asked Elsie Mother if she would come to Toronto and look after Anita until Elsie get home from the hospital. Mother said that she couldn't come because she had to cook for Grandfather and Debbie. I really needed help and was hurt. I thought that for one week Grandfather could cook for himself and Debbie, but I never said anything about it and I never held it against them. I then asked Danica Zele to look after Anita while I was working and she did help me a lot during that week. At that time there was no medical insurance in Ontario and everything had to be paid cash. To save the ambulance cost I took Eddie in my car from Mount Sinai to Sick Children. At first the hospital told me that I couldn't do this but then said it would be ok if a nurse came with us. And so I took a nurse because it was not as expensive as an ambulance. When Eddie was discharged to go home I got a very high bill to pay. They even charged me for blood transfusions. I asked them how they could charge me for blood when I had been donating blood to the Red Cross since I was 18 years old. But it did not make any difference, I had to pay. I told them that they were getting my blood for free and now they are charging me for it. I never again gave my blood so that they could make money on it. Finally Eddie and Elsie came home and we resumed normal life.

We were then thinking of having another child when Eddie was around three years old but my health was not good as my stomach was giving me a lot of trouble. I went to see the company doctor. He sent me for a stomach examination and they discovered stomach ulcers. The Doctor gave me some medicine and put me on a diet. He also told me that I was working and worrying too much. At that time besides demanding work, mortgage on the house and family I was also going to the University of Toronto in the evenings, taking business administration and my system was completely run down, so I decided to quit University. I was really concerned what would happen to Elsie and children if anything bad happened to me, so we decided to wait and see how things would turn out before we had another baby. Fortunately I did get well and didn't have to have an operation but to this day I have to watch what I eat, especially fried foods because they don't agree with my stomach. This was the main reason why Betty was born 7 years after Eddie. When we were expecting

Betty, Anita wanted a sister and Eddie wanted a boy. Betty was born around noon in Trillion Hospital in Mississauga. When I came home and told Anita and Ed that they have a nice sister, Anita was screaming from happiness and ran out to the street to tell her friends. Eddie was at first sad, because he didn't have a brother but immediately said "it is ok to have a sister" and added that he would look after her. All three of us went to the hospital every day to see Betty and Elsie. Also all three of us went together to pick them up and bring them home.

Our Children

One of my greatest gifts to my children and Grandchildren was the gift of Canada. I am very happy that in my young years I had enough vision, strength and luck to choose Canada as home for me and my children. Canada is the best country in the world. I am also proud to have been able to provide them with a good loving family life and the opportunity for Elsie to stay home and to look after them. We also give our children an opportunity to get the education, they all did ok and are now raising their families in the same family environment and love the way Elsie and I did. It makes me feel very proud and happy when we all get together and I see how well they get long and enjoy each other company. I hope that this will continue for many generations that will follow us.

Children's weddings

Anita was the first one to get married to Brian Rasksen. Brian's Mother was born in Canada and his Father in Holland. We organized and paid for the Wedding held in the Slovenian Church and celebration was in the Slovenian hall on Browns line in Toronto. Approximately 350 people attended the dinner reception. Slovenian cooks prepared an excellent dinner, Slovenian bartenders served the drinks including wine from Slovenia and a Slovenian orchestra was playing. It was a great night as all went very well. The next day we invited around 100 people for brunch at our house in Mississauga. Brunch was served on our nicely decorated back yard and we all had a great time. After brunch was served, people started to return back to their homes.

Ed and Mary Lou's and Betty and Joe's weddings were similar to Anita and Brian, they got married in the same church and reception was in the same hall so I will not keep repeating the details.

Our grandsons and grand daughters

We have six grandsons and two granddaughters. Whitney is the oldest granddaughter. She is the daughter of Anita and Brian born on October 16, 1986. She graduated from University of Brock. She is presently living with her parents and is employed in Toronto. Meghan is the daughter of Eddie and Mary Lou. She was born on December 13, 2002 and is attending catholic school. Kyle is the oldest grandson. He is the son of Anita and Brian born on August 10, 1989. He completed Industrial management studies and graduated in 2011 and is working with his parents in their manufacturing operation in Toronto. John and David are the sons of Ed and May Lou, both attending Catholic school. John was born on October 5, 1995 and David was born on July 2, 1998. Jacob, Daniel and Justin are sons of Betty and Joe and all three are attending Catholic school. Jacob and Daniel are twins, born on May 6, 2000 and Justin was born on April 17, 2003 I love them all and I am very happy and proud to have a family where we love each other. They all loved their Nana and miss her very much. They remember her chicken soup, apple strudel, pancakes, decorating Easter eggs and many more beautiful moments spent with her. Many times they wonder why their Nana had to die.

Our dog Bunny

On many occasions Anita and Eddie asked me to buy them a dog. Anita wanted a dog with brownish red color with a white hair belt on the neck, white hair socks on its feet, a white hair line between the eyes and a white hair tip of the tail. It took me some time looking for such dog. Then I saw a newspaper add which sounded that they may have such a dog. On Saturday morning before Easter we drove to Scarborough to see three young pups. All three were still in the nest with their Mother. Anita picked one out of the nest, had a good look and said that it was just what she wanted and Ed liked it also. I paid the owner and we were on our way home. Since this was Easter week the kids named the dog Bunny. Betty was then two years old. We all loved bunny. She was a lot of fun and was

like a member of our family and traveled with us on many of our trips. She lived to be 17 years old. In her last year she suffered from cancer. We had a veterinary surgeon give her an injection and she was put to sleep peacefully. No need to say that there were many tears.

Family travel and vacations

During the first 15 years of our marriage we rarely traveled, mainly because we could not afford it. Most of our summer weekends we spent on the Slovenian summer camp and a lot of those weekends we ended up working on the ground as this land was in very poor condition. During my vacation we traveled many times to Ohio and stayed with Elsie's parents and sometimes with Elsie's sister Millie. We also visited Elsie's parents on many holidays like Easter and Christmas. The roads then were not as good as they are now and several times we got stuck in snow storms. These trips were very economical and also gave Elsie an opportunity to spend time with her parents and friends and an opportunity for our children to get to know their Grandparents and relatives. We also visited some Canadian cities like Ottawa and some smaller towns.

Family trip to western Canada

Although we still had a small mortgage on our house in 1973 we decided that during the next 5 years our whole family would travel across Canada, the USA and Slovenia. My objective was to give our children an opportunity to see Canada, the country where they were born. Next to see the USA where their Mother was born and if we still had some money left, visit Slovenia, to meet my relatives. We wanted to have all this accomplished before Anita was 18 years old. I am very pleased that our plan was realized. We bought a new tent trailer with 3 double beds and first started traveling in Ontario, camping in several provincial parks and visiting different towns and cities.

In the USA we visited several cities including Washington, visiting the White house and experiencing Washington Cherry blossoms. Some other cities were Cleveland, New York and much more. For a good part of 1974 spring we were eagerly getting ready to travel from Toronto west to the

Pacific Ocean, to visit Winnipeg, Calgary, Banff, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria. The first day we drove from Toronto to Sault Sainte Marie. The landscape was beautiful with the exception of Sudbury where the landscape was burned from the acid from Sudbury lead mine. Driving from Sault Sainte Marie around Lake Superior to Thunder Bay was enjoyable as the nature is a real pleasure to see. The third day we traveled to Winnipeg. From Winnipeg we traveled across the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and then to Medicine Hat in Alberta. Here we experienced a major wind, rain and hail storm. We parked the trailer in Medicine Hat Provincial Park and observed black clouds and lightening blowing toward us. I used our large rope to tightly secure the trailer to two trees but when the wind started to blow I didn't think that the trailer was safe enough so I took another rope, put on my bathing suit and went outside to hold the trailer, so that the wind would not blow it away. Elsie and the children were safe in the trailer. It felt like eternity, but I think that it did not take more than one hour for the storm to die down. No need to say that I was soaked and exhausted and at a same time happy that nothing bad happened to us. We spent the night in this park and the next day continued our trip to Calgary, Banff and the Rocky Mountains.

Children were all excited and wanted to camp on the highest part of the mountain. I was as excited as they were so I listened to them and drove the trailer as far up the mountain that I could. When I looked down and saw where we were I got scared. Betty was full of life and I was afraid that she may tumble down the mountain, so we tied the rope around her waist and tied her to the trailer. We camped on this mountain for three nights and during the day observed many beautiful mountains, Rocky mountains lakes, visited Banff national park, had a enjoyable lift ride to the top of one of the mountains, visited Lake Louise and attended the world famous Calgary Stampede. This is a western country and we purchased western clothes with Cowboy hats and all looked very smart. The last day we drove from Banff to Jasper Hot Springs. We visited a native reserve and enjoyed some fine native entertainment and native dances. Anita was studying art and we took many beautiful pictures with the objective that she would paint them using oil paint so that we would take them as gifts to our relatives in Slovenia. The kids really enjoyed the diverse wild animals, moose, deer, goats, and bears. In Jasper there were three spas, cold water, hot water and a pool with mixed cold and hot spring water. The kids really had fun swimming. From Banff we traveled to British Columbia. The mountains, rivers, and waterfalls between Banff and Vancouver are breath taking.

There is so much to enjoy that it is hard to put it all in writing, if I did this book would be like a bible. Most of the way we traveled by beautiful Bow River that winds and twists between and around the mountains like a snake. On this drive we took our time to enjoy the nature of our beautiful land. On the way we camped in two Provincial parks and one night stayed in a motel because it was raining. The camps in the National parks were all very clean, with running water, showers, indoor toilets, grilling or BBQ equipped with plenty of fire wood. We had a very good family work program. When we got into the camp Ed and I would put up the trailer and then went to get the wood to start the campfire. The girls went to get the water and started the supper. After the supper we sat around the fire talking about our experiences that day and about the plans for the next day. Usually we were all tired and did not stay up late. Anita and Ed were sleeping on their own beds and Betty usually slept with Elsie and me. One night I woke up and there was no Betty on our bed. I quickly went outside and found her sleeping on the ground by the trailer. On our side the trailer was not properly closed and during the night Betty fell out of the trailer. She was sleeping so hard that she did not even wake up when she hit the ground. As I took a look around the trailer, I noticed that there was a bear close by picking food from a garbage container. Another incident was when we were robbed at a camp. Our Cooler was stolen. When I reported it to the camp management they told me that some other campers were also robbed and that it probably was teenagers traveling with bikes that needed food and drinks. The camp employee told us to keep our eyes open when we drove out of the camp and that we would probably see the empty cooler by the road. We did this and did find the cooler left by the roadside.

The trip on the boat with all of us plus our car from Vancouver to Victoria City was also very interesting. Victoria Island and the city were beautifully decorated with flowers and a very nice place to visit. On the way home from Vancouver we took different roads so that we could see as much of Canada as possible. Here I remembered that 22 years ago after I had left Alberta I made a promise that if I ever returned, I would visit owners of the bush camp where I used to work. I said to Elsie that we should go and see them in Myrnam Alberta. We first went to the house where they used to live. A lady told us that they built a new house and that they had moved. She gave us the address and it did not take long to find them. I knocked and Carol came to the door. I asked if Bill was home. She said yes, he is reading the paper. When Bill came to door he looked at me and said Stanko? I said yes it is me. Carol then asked "what happened to

your beautiful hair?" I told them that my family was in the car and they told us all to come in. She said bring them in and started to serve the children some snacks. Bill quickly got on the telephone and called all the people I knew. Soon we all met in the town's restaurant where on my arrival to Myrnam 22 years ago, young Mary served me blueberry pie and hot chocolate. They were all happy to see us and gave us such a nice reception that I will never forget. It felt like I was at home. I asked for Mary but they told me that she got married and lived in Edmonton. We wanted to leave and camp in the camp park, but they insisted that we stay in Bill's house. The next day as we were leaving I took the children to the town general store where I bought my first chocolate in Canada (Sweet Marie) to buy them some chocolates. At the counter was a lady who was still there after 22 years. Back then she looked to me like she was 100 years old and now she didn't look any older but she did not remember me.

From here we traveled to the province of Saskatchewan, then across the province of Manitoba to Winnipeg. In these two provinces we enjoyed the beautiful prairies with large wheat, barley and other grains and beef farms. In Saskatchewan we ran into a nasty rain and wind storm. From far away we could see black clouds and dust ahead of us. As we got closer we stopped in the restaurant and waited until it was over. We could see wheat plants, soil dust and even some roof material blowing by us. We got to the camp in Winnipeg Camp grounds Saturday evening and stayed there for a few days. On Sunday we went to mass at a Slovenian church called Our Lady of Lourdes. Mass was offered by a Slovenian priest called Father Joze Mejac. After the mass we went into the church hall and met many Slovenian people including Father Mejac. They served tea, coffee and good Slovenian cookies. It was a great experience for all of us. They also suggested many nice areas for us to visit. On our return back to Ontario we camped near Thunder Bay on the north side of Lake Superior where we also saw a few bears. We then continued to the camping grounds in Wawa. In this town we met several Slovenians living there, they were working in the gold mine. We enjoyed their company, listening to their life experiences and visited some beautiful parts of this northern part of Ontario. We also went fishing and caught some nice pickerel fish. This is Moose and Blueberry country and we tasted some tasty Moose meat, blubbery pies and to my surprise good blueberry wine.

On the way home we stopped on our land by Silver Lake, near the town of Gravenhurst. Here we camped for a few nights to get some rest and to

catch a few fish. This was a great family trip. We saw a lot, learnt a lot and had a great time. Elsie said many times that this was our best trip. On the return home we decided that the next year we would travel and see the Province of Quebec and all eastern provinces in Canada including Newfoundland.

Family trip across central and Eastern Canada, from Toronto to Newfoundland

We were much better prepared for this trip than when we traveled out west because we had a lot more experience. From home we traveled to Quebec and camped there only one night. From Quebec we traveled to New Brunswick. In this province we visited several interesting tourist sites and towns. From New Brunswick we drove to Prince Edward Island (PEI). At that time there was no bridge between New Brunswick and PEI so we had to transport our car and trailer on the PEI Ferry which was enjoyable and very interesting for the children. PEI is the smallest province in Canada and we had an opportunity to visit most of the cities, towns and camping parks. The soil in this province is mostly all red and very good for growing one of the best quality potatoes in the world. Besides large consumption of PEI potatoes in Canada a large quantity are exported to the USA. For three days we camped in the PEI provincial Park at the mouth of the St Lawrence River and Atlantic Ocean.

For many years I was wishing to do some ocean fishing and this was a perfect opportunity to fulfill my wish. Prior to departing on this vacation I made arrangements for Eddie and me to go on an ocean fishing boat. On this boat we sailed way out on the open sea where it is the best fishing in the world for Cod and Mackerel fish. All the equipment and great food was included. Once we were out on the open sea where we could see only ocean waves gently rocking the boat, Captain stopped the boat and asked his men to bate the area with sardines and then we started to fish about 60 meters deep. On the boat we each had a box and the fish limit was a full box.

On the boat with us were three other Fathers with their sons so Eddie had a good friend to fish with. Ed got the first bite and the fish was so big and strong that I had to help him get it to the boat. Then others started to get bites and everyone was catching fish. Ed's first fish was a Cod and about 8

pounds Every time we dropped the hook in the water we got the fish, mostly Cod and Mackerel. Both were difficult to land, Cod because they were large and Mackerel because they were real fighters and swimming all around the boat. Once I noticed that it would not take very long to fill our box I stopped fishing and let Ed fill up the box. I then went on top of the boat, ordered a drink and enjoyed watching the boys catching fish and took some pictures. I was thinking of what we were going to do with this fish. I knew that we could only take a few with us in our cooler to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. When we returned the sailors cleaned our catch and asked what we wanted to do with the fish. I said to Ed that we would only take enough for 4 or 5 meals. I then asked the guys what to do with all this meat

They suggested that we donate it to the home for the elderly and poor People as they would be happy to get it. It was hard for Ed to give most of the fish away but he was happy that needy people would get it. In the evenings we sat around the campfire by our trailer for several nights and had BBQ fish and enjoyed the campfire. During the day we were sunbathing, walking on the beach and visited and explored several towns. From this wonderful place we traveled to Nova Scotia and from there like in BC with our car and trailer on the Ferry to Port Obisc, Newfoundland. This was around a 10 hour overnight trip. The children were very tired so they quickly went to bed.. Elsie and I went to the bar for a drink but the ocean was so rough that you could hardly hold the drink without spilling it, so we also went to bed listening to the waves beating against the boat. In the morning after we got off the boat the first thing in Newfoundland the children noticed was the Canadian flag flying upside down. From here we traveled approximately 1800 km to the capital city of St John on the Atlantic coast.

There was not very much to see and traveling through this land was kind of boring. St John's one of the oldest cities in Canada and in North America. We set up a camp approximately 30 km outside the St John and traveled to the city daily all three days we stayed there. St John bay has a very narrow entrance with deep water. Natives were telling us that this bay was used by the Americans in the Second World War for shelter because of the narrowness of the entry point. This gave them good protection from German submarines. In Labrador which is northern part of Newfoundland they discovered a thousand years old settlement, where people lived hundreds of years before Christopher Columbus arrival. What happened to

them no one knows but these settlement houses are still there as a National historical Site. In this province there are also several military posts built by Canadians to protect Canada from American invasions prior to and during the American Canadian war in 1812.

On Sunday we went to Mass in the St. John Cathedral. This is the oldest church in Canada and North America. It was a beautiful sunny morning but I was not sure how to get to the Church. I stopped the car on the street and asked a man for directions. The man told us to follow this road and to pass a few streets and to turn here and there and soon we would be there. We all had a good laugh but eventually did find the church. The church looks old but is very nice.

After the mass we drove to the ocean to dip our feet into the Atlantic Ocean. Our plan was now fulfilled "traveling across Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific". The children also had another goal and that was to taste pizzas across Canada and to find out where in Canada they make the best pizza so we decided to go and get a large pizza and have our lunch by the Atlantic like we did by the Pacific Ocean. When we returned back home we ordered a large Pizza from Milano's Pizza bakery at the West Mall, a walking distance from our house. Then the decision was made that the best pizza in Canada was Milano's within walking distance from our home.

On our way back to Portobasc we didn't stop much and only camped once. From Portobasc we sailed to Halifax Nova Scotia. This trip on the way back was much more enjoyable. We were sailing mostly during the day, the sea was much calmer and we were able to spend some time on the top of the ship enjoying the trip. Halifax was to me a very interesting city, as this was the city where I first stepped on Canadian soil 24 year prior to this visit. In Nova Scotia we took our time traveling and camping by the Atlantic Ocean including the famous "Cabot Trail". In this province Slovenians settled in the late 20's - 30's and built the first Slovenian Cultural home in Canada, but after the Second World War most of them moved out searching for better jobs than working in coal mines. Camping in of the Cabot Trail camps one Sunday afternoon as I was taking a shower I heard Eddie screaming "Dad! Dad! Something bit Anita and she is going blind". It is hard to describe my concern. I quickly got dressed, put Anita who was still in her bathing suit in the car and drove her to the nearest hospital. During all this time Anita was blind and I did all I could to reassure her that she would be ok, including promising ice cream when we got back from the hospital. When we got to

the hospital there was no Doctor and the nurse had to call the Doctor on duty which took more than two hours before he showed up. During the time we were waiting Anita kept crying "It hurts and I am blind". I kept telling her that she would be ok and at a same time praying to God. "Please don't let this girl go blind". The nurse was placing cold ice cloths on Anita eyes and telling her that she would be ok. .About half an hour before the Doctor arrived at the hospital, Anita said that she could see a shiny spot. I asked her if she could see and she said not but she could see something bright. Slowly her vision started to return without any medical attention. By the time doctor arrived she had blurry vision which was slowly improving. The Doctor said that she may be allergic to a sting and that shocked her nerves which probably caused loss of vision, he assured me that she would be ok. Nevertheless, I told him off and said that it was not professional of him to be away from the hospital while he was on duty. Elsie, Betty and Ed were waiting for us and when we returned it is impossible to describe our joy. As I promised Anita, we all got in the car and drove to town for an ice cream. We could never figure out what did sting her, but whatever it was, was very nasty.

From Nova Scotia we traveled back to New Brunswick and then continued to Quebec where we visited the Catholic Shrine, church of St. Anne and said a few prayers. During our traveling in New Brunswick we ran into a very bad weather storm. It got so dark that it was hard to see the road, We turned off on a side road and into a forest where we again had to fasten our trailer to the trees and stayed in the car until it blew over We then drove to one of the oldest cities in Canada, the city of Quebec where they speak mostly French. We went to dinner in an old French restaurant where they spoke only French. Anita was then taking French in high school and tried to order our food in French but they were just laughing at her and the same thing happened to me at a gasoline station when I was purchasing gas. These people probably all could speak English but were too proud to do so. It really made me mad and I promised myself that I will never again go on vacation to Quebec and to this day I only went there when I had to on business. From Quebec City we drove to Montreal, from Montreal to Ottawa and from Ottawa back home.

Before we started our trips I purchased a new car, 8 cylinders engine, Ford LTD. This was a large car with plenty of room for the children and strong engine to pull the trailer. These were long trips and I had to have something for the children to do in the car. The best activity to keep the

children busy was to have them write down the license numbers of the cars and trucks that were from outside of the province we were in. For each plate number I promised the children 5 cents. That was their money and they could buy anything they wanted. This really kept them busy across Canada and the USA. When we arrived at our destination I paid them so they had some of their own money to spend. During the bad weather or if we were too tired to drive we stopped overnight to stay at motels throughout Canada and the USA.

Family trip to Slovenia and to Italy

After we completed our voyages across USA and Canada we started to make preparations for our trip to my native country Slovenia. I prepared a large school board and started teaching my family Slovenian, so that they could have some conversations with my Mother and other relatives. Anita started to paint oil paintings of Rocky Mountains off the pictures we took when we traveled across Canada with the objective to give them as gifts to my relatives. I started to do some draft wood carvings for my brother's restaurant and other relatives. We worked during our spare time throughout the year to complete our gifts. Finally the day came for our departure to Ljubljana Slovenia. We traveled on a Yugoslavian JAT charter plane from Toronto to Ljubljana. Slovenia was still part of the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia. The nine hour flight was great and without any problems. The children were very excited as this was their first time on a plane.

After we got off the plane the Yugoslavian border Police started questioning us about many things. They also had a problem understanding why I was traveling with a Canadian passport and Elsie was traveling with an American one. To my surprise these officers only spoke Serbian which bothered me but I didn't say anything other than answering their many questions in Slovenian. I was sadly thinking it is the way I thought it would be before I escaped. Serbians will rule Slovenia. Once we got through customs we met Mirko and Olga and after short greetings I went to pick up a rented car which I paid for in Canada before our departure. We then drove to Mirko's place and stayed there overnight. Shortly after we came to Mirko's house we went to visit my Mother. This was a very beautiful but at a same time an emotional moment as this was the first time my Mother, Elsie and the children met. Mother had a nice prepared dinner and we had a lot to talk about. I was very happy to bring my loved ones to this beautiful land

and that they had an opportunity to be together, but also very sad, because my dad was not with us, he died only 7 months prior to our visit. Prior to our trip to Slovenia there was a major Earthquake in the region of Primorska which caused millions of dollars of damage to homes, churches and other establishments. On request of Bishop from Koper, Slovenian Community in Canada organized a campaign to raise some money to help these people. At that time the Canadian dollar was very valuable and in demand in Slovenia. Bishop asked our Pastor Father Kopac to see what can be done to raise the funds and to bring cash dollars to him in Koper. This was against the Yugoslavian law as all transactions had to be in their money, Dinars. Father knew that we were going to Slovenia and asked me to take the money. I said no if they catch me I will end up in jail. He said you are going with your family and they won't check you, so he convinced me to take the money. When Father Kopac gave me the money he also gave me a sealed letter for the bishop and said that he was sure the Bishop would be happy and would probably give a Bishop's blessing. No one other than Kopac, Elsie and I knew of the situation. Both Elsie and I were concerned of what may happen but did handle it very well and did not show our concerns. We spread the money in many parts of our luggage and our bodies. All cash was in 100 dollars bills. Fortunately they did not check us at the border and we got through the security check ok.. After we visited my Mother the first thing we did was visit the Bishop. When I got there the Sister opened the main door to the Bishop's residence in Koper. I asked her if I could see the Bishop and told her that I was from Canada. The Bishop didn't know that I was coming, because Father Kopac was afraid to write about it because Communist agencies were checking the mail. She came back and said ok and escorted me to the Bishop's office. I introduced myself, we shook hands and I started to talk but the Bishop was just listening. Then I remembered the letter and gave it to him. After he read the letter I could see the smile on his face. I then gave him the money and asked him to count it. He said no need to count, Father Kopac trusted you and so do I. He put the money in his desk and said lets have a drink. That was probably the best slivovic (Plum brandy) I ever tasted.

Elsie and the kids were waiting for me in the car and when I returned a big load was off our minds. When we returned back home Father Kopac thanked me and asked if I had received a Bishop's blessing. I said yes, a drink of the best slivovic (plum brandy) in Slovenia. We had a good laugh and were happy that we could help.

We then traveled all over Slovenia and visited many nice and interesting places like Bled, Bohinj, Slap Savica, Brezje, Elsie's predecessors houses on Dolenska where her Mother was born and Ndanje selo where her father and I were born and graves of our relatives. We drove toward the Alps and visited Kranjska Gora and then drove over the mountain Vrsic, down to Kobarid, Gorica, Ajdovscina and back to Mirko. On Bled we stayed two days, visited Bled Island and the mountains around it. We visited the capital of Slovenia Ljubljana several times. It was also interesting to spend some time in Postojna, the town where I attended High school, worked in the Government office and as a student tourist group leader in Postojna caves. We also visited my uncle Rudi in Novo Mesto and his vineyards in Bela Krajina. To take some rest and spend some time with Mother we stayed with her for a few days before we departed for Rome in Italy. Before we departed for Canada I booked a hotel in Rome, walking distance from the Vatican.

We stayed in Rome 2 days and had a great time visiting St. Peter's church, Sistine Chapel and many other interesting, historical places in the Vatican and in the city of Rome. It was great that hotel was close to most areas I mentioned because we could walk. Driving in Rome is for Romans. One must have a lot of patience and calm nerves. We parked the car in the guarded garage near the hotel all the time we were there. The Hotel Manager told me not to park it by the hotel if you want to have a car to drive back to Yugoslavia.

The theft in this city was unbelievable. Things in Rome were very expensive other than wine. A small bottle of coca-cola cost more than a liter of wine. I was joking with the kids that they better start drinking wine in place of soft drinks. All three days were very hot and during the nights we were boiling the place and people driving unbelievably fast. We did stop in the few places to have for something to eat and drink and get the gas. At one place I locked the car keys in the car and had no spare to open it. I walked to a garage and asked a mechanic to help me open the car. He said that he didn't know how to do it. I then asked him for a large screw driver and a wire coat hanger. We then both went to the car and I unlocked it by pushing down the window with a screw driver and pulling up the door knob up with a coat hanger. This man was very surprised and said to me that now he knew how to steal cars. It is nice to visit Rome but once is enough.

From Rome we traveled to Venice. Before Venice city we drove the car on a ferry to the Island Lido where we spent several nights. During the day we sailed by boat from Lido to Venice. In Venice we did a lot of walking and exploring many interesting and historical places. Here I remembered my Grandfather telling me that the pillars of Venice are from Slovenian Karst-Kras. These pillars are made of oak trees which grow very slowly on the Karst grounds which makes them the hardest and most durable of any wood in the world. Venice is a very unique city and is one of a kind which makes it very interesting and expensive but the air in Venice has a very unpleasant smell. Between Lido and Venice we traveled daily by boat. Taking a ride on a "Gondola" was pleasurable and did give us the opportunity to see parts of the city that we would not be able to see walking. It was good to stay overnight outside of Venice in the hotel on island Lido. The service and food was excellent and the seafood was great. From the island we returned back to the outskirts of Venice and then continued our trip to Bologna.

In Bologna the President of the Brabantti Company made hotel reservations for us. When we got to our rooms we noticed on the table fruit, a bottle of champagne and a note that welcomed us to Bologna and told us to give them a call when we got there. When I called them they invited us out for dinner in one of the best places in this city and it was a very nicely decorated dining room. Before we got there I told the kids not to forget to say prego (please) and gracias (thank you).

We all ordered our meal and only Betty was quiet. The waiter asked her what she would be having and Betty replied pizza prego. He laughed and said that they didn't serve pizza and he left. When our meal was served there was also a fair size pizza on the plate for Betty with a comment that it was made especially for her. The Brabantti manager showed us the city, pizza tower and historic Roman roads restored to their original state. I spent a day in the Brabantti office on business discussing improvements for our Pasta manufacturing equipment in Toronto and a possibility of purchasing a new pasta manufacturing line. The morning before we departed I went to the hotel desk to pay our bill and said to Elsie that this was going to cost as these people think that we are millionaires. With the bill was a note that read "Stan we are very thankful to you for everything you did for us in Canada. We are pleased that you visited us and glad to in a small way to repay you. I looked at a bill and amount owing was 0.00". I could not believe it as I knew that it was not cheap.

From Bologna we traveled to Trieste and stayed in a hotel near the all night. During the day we visited several places in the city including the market where my Grandfather Joze Turk was robbed and murdered, visited the old building where it used to be a refugee camp and where I stayed before my departure to Germany. The next day we visited my relatives in Gropada near the town of Obcine. When we got to Gropada I was not sure of which road to take to where my relatives lived.

We saw two elderly ladies walking on the road and I asked them if they knew where house #69 was that belonged to the Kalc family. They said "O ja" straight ahead, you are on the right road". As we drove away I heard one of the ladies comment in surprise that a German speaks Slovenian so well. We rented the car in Slovenia but it was rented by Slovenia from Germany and had a German license plate and this is why the ladies thought that we were Germans. Relatives Kalc in Gropada were surprised to see us. Nearly 25 years had gone by since we parted in Trieste and they had never met my family before. Franc and Milka Kalc were my Mother's first cousins and my baptism Godparents. We stayed for a few hours and then drove back to Slovenia. The day after my Mother invited us for dinner. I was glad, because I knew that we will get some good homemade soup. When we arrived the children first ran to Mother's dog Arko and played with him. The cooking aroma of chicken soup and "Tenstan kromtir" Slovenian way potatoes was making me hungry. To make the soup Mother killed one of her chickens by chopping off the chicken head with an ax. When we sat down to eat the children did not want to eat the soup. I was surprised because I knew that they liked this type of soup, but they did not want to tell why they didn't want to eat. I asked Betty, she took me outside of the house and showed me the chicken head with an open beak lying by the wood stump. Betty said that Grandma had killed the chicken. The children had never seen anything like this because in Canada we buy meat never thinking of how and where it came from. Before our departure from Slovenia to go back home we invited all the relatives for a dinner in the well known dining area "Predjamski Grad" near Postojna and had a very pleasant time and opportunity to say goodbye. I wished that my Dad and Grandparents would be with us but unfortunately this is how life is. To see us off on the plane came our Mother, Mirko with his family and Steve with his family. At Brnik airport we took a family picture. Unfortunately this was the last picture where we are all together. We flew back on the same plane to Toronto.

I have some were nice memories about this trip but also some not so nice ones. It really bothered me when some of the people called us Tujci which means foreigners and when they were laughing at our Slovenian language, especially at Elsie and the kids. This showed me their disrespect for us and their arrogance. But I said to myself and to Elsie that we should forget it because they don't understand what they are doing. To be a good Slovenian it takes more than just speaking the language. Slovenian cultural traditions and Slovenian values are also important and we in Canada are practicing them maybe more than the people that were looking down on us.

These people did not understand how difficult it is for children from another country to learn Slovenian. Most of them were never away from home. I heard many times from young Slovenians in Canada and USA "we cannot talk Slovenian but we are proud to be Slovenian." I didn't hear one young person say so in Slovenia. I do and always will love Slovenia and I didn't leave my home land because I didn't like it. It was the communistic dictatorship and very poor living conditions that made me leave. I did a lot for Slovenia and much more than many people at home that are now benefiting and I never expected or got anything in return, including my predecessors inheritance. I left it all to my relatives. From the bottom of my heart I wish all my relatives, friends, Slovenia and all Slovenians a good future and to enjoy what they inherited including their language.

The end of our long family trips

Elsie and I were very happy that we achieved all we were hoping to achieve before Anita was 18 years old. After our trips were completed we decided to sell our trailer and to build the cottage on the Slovenian Summer camp grounds. We placed a sale note in the paper and asked only a few hundred dollars less than we paid for the new trailer. It did not take long before it was sold. The first buyer that came offered \$500 less than asking price. I said no but that I was willing to drop the price by \$250 dollars. He said ok. I told him to pay cash money and the next day he came with the money and paid me. He laughingly said that he liked the trailer and was prepared to pay me the full asking price. I responded by saying that I was prepared to sell it for a lot less than what you paid me. We shook hands and had a good laugh. It was a good deal for both of us. We used the trailer

for over 5 years for the cost of \$500 dollars plus some added equipment that we purchased beside the trailer.

Some other interesting trips and experiences

Business trip to GM Chicago

The Chicago plant management called me and asked me if I could come down to help them resolve some of snacks processing problems which were similar to ours in Toronto. These people were always of big help to me and I was obliged to help them. I departed for Chicago that same day. Being in a big rush I was late getting to the airport and I heard the announcement that plane for Chicago was ready for departure. As I got to the gate they were waving me on and I did get on the plane. Shortly after we were in the air, I heard the Captain's announcement welcoming us aboard and that we would be landing in New York. When I heard New York I called the stewardess over and asked her if I had heard right and that we would be landing in New York. She said yes. I said but I was supposed to go to Chicago. She then said with a smile that she was sorry but we can't let you get off now. I still don't know how I got on the wrong plane. On the plane from New York to Chicago I had a seat by a young Mother with a little baby. As the plane started to take off this baby started to cry and throw up. The poor Mother didn't know what to do and after a while she also started to cry. So I said let me walk with the baby up and down the aisle. This worked and the baby fell asleep. I then sat down with the baby and held it for a long time, afraid that if I gave it to the Mother that the baby would wake up and start crying again. The baby woke up shortly before we got to Chicago and was not crying.

Trip to General Mills Plant Managers meeting in Arizona USA

The company was making plans to construct a new food manufacturing plant and wanted input from the Plant Managers on the plant design. A few months before this meeting I had met Elsie's Aunt Josie at Elsie's parent's house in Ohio. She was saying that no one ever visits her in Phoenix. Not knowing about the GM meeting I told her that one day I would visit her. The meeting was going very well and we were ahead of schedule. When all the work was completed our Vice President told us to take a few days off and

have some fun. Most of the Guys were talking about going to Las Vegas and some other fun places. I didn't say anything until the boss asked me what I was going to do. I told him that I was going to visit my Aunt who lived in Phoenix. With a big laugh he said "O ya, how old is your aunt?" Everyone started to laugh and for the rest of my days when we met with these guys they would ask me how my Aunt in Phoenix was. I did visit her and had an opportunity to meet her son John and his wife. We were talking until the early hours of the morning.

Trip to retirement party in Minneapolis, Minnesota

The Director of GM health and safety was retiring and GM organized a very nice retirement party for him. We were friends for many years and every time he came to Toronto we had a great time. The company invited me to his retirement party representing GM Canada. The party was held in a beautiful Golf course dining room. When I walked into the room I noticed a large silver Christmas tree. As we were standing around having a drink I noticed a man pull something out of this tree and eat it. When I got closer to see what it was I noticed a large block of ice in a shape of the tree with large shrimps with silver tails in the holes drilled in the ice. It was something to see and the large shrimps were tasty.

After the meal each of us was asked to say a few words about our retiring friend. I was introduced as the GM representative in Canada and in joke that I was Yugoslavian. Then the MC said that he had better duck because if I had a gun I would shoot him because he knew that I was always telling people that I was Slovenian. Then someone in the room yelled "Zivela Slovenska Potica" which means long live Slovenian potica cake. After the ceremony I went to meet this man. He was a third generation Slovenian and only knew some Slovenian words but was proud to be Slovenian. He was employed by GM in the USA.

My first business trip to California

GM USA and Canada Plant Managers meeting was held in Monte Ray California on the Pacific Ocean on the Bob Hope Golf Course. I flew from Toronto to St. Francisco and then rented a car and drove to Monte Ray.

This is a very beautiful part of the USA. The meetings were held in the morning and lasted between 3 and 4 hours. In the afternoon we played golf and in the evening there was plenty of other entertainment. All the Plant Managers were Americans and considerably older than me and had fun calling me the “kid from Canada”. They were all a lot more experienced than me and very good golf players. Nevertheless they treated me well and with respect despite the fact that I was an immigrant and not an American. During our golf game the Plant Manager of GM Lodi from the operations in California asked me to come with him to see the Lodi plant. At that time this was the largest, most up to date and automated plant in GM food manufacturing. During our car trip to Lodi we visited many wineries and tasted many different types of wine and food. GM was respected in Lodi and when I got to the hotel I was treated like royalty. All around this town are grape farms growing Zinfandel grapes. At that time the farm workers were on strike and there were acres and acres of dried grapes waiting to be picked. Except for a few almond trees there was plenty of good agricultural land around the plant that was empty. I asked John why they didn't plant more almond trees on this land as it would look really good and he agreed. Many years later before Christmas I was informed by the post office to pick up a package from California. In the package was a large can of almonds with a label on the can that read “specially packed for Stan Kranyc” and there was a letter from John thanking me for the suggestion to plant almond trees and saying this is from our first crop and to enjoy. I enjoyed every moment of this trip and learned a lot.

Business trip to Milan Italy where I was robbed

Due to a fact that I did know the food manufacturing process and equipment well and did speak Italian I was sent to various food shows and equipment displays in Italy and other parts of the world. One of these trips was “Fiera Milano” in Italy. Aside from many other things I was interested to see the Milano subway. On the last day in Milano I decided to take the subway from the food equipment show to the hotel. As the train doors opened and I wanted to enter the subway car three men grabbed me and two of them twisted my arms behind my back and the third one grabbed my wallet from my pocket. They then pushed me in the car, the doors closed and the train took off. I kicked the one that took my wallet very hard and I saw that he had fallen down. Unfortunately I injured my toe so badly that I could hardly walk. At the next train station I went off the train and to the

police station. There was a line of people reporting other crimes. I reported what happened but to them this was no big thing as robbing in Italy was normal. I was asking them to give me a temporary driver's license so I could rent a car to go and visit my Mother in Slovenia but they refused to give any documentation other than I was robbed. From the hotel I called Elsie and asked her to report to the police and to cancel all my credit cards. I then called my brother Mirko. I told him what had happened and he said that he would come and pick me up the next day. In the wallet I had all the documents other than my passport, credit cards and around \$300. All my other money was in another pocket that they didn't have time to take. As I travelled around the world I always remembered my parents saying that you should never put all of your eggs in one basket.

Business trips with Elsie

Since I was the youngest of the plant managers I didn't know a lot of things. The other Plan Managers knew how to benefit from their positions but I hardly ever took any advantage in my position. At one of the meetings in Florida I noticed that the other plant managers had their wives with them so I talked to one of them about it. He asked me why I didn't bring my wife. Shortly after that meeting a meeting was held in Tucson Arizona. I told Elsie to pack her bag because she was coming with me. I asked our traffic department to order two return flight tickets and made arrangements in the hotel where the meeting was being held. Elsie made arrangements for someone to look after the children and I made arrangements for two weeks of vacation. After the meeting was completed we rented a car and drove to Mexico and from Mexico back to Arizona to visit Elsie's Aunt Josie and her cousin John, near Sunset City. John did give us the directions how to get to their house but the more we drove the more we were in the desert. It was getting dark when I noticed a light. We drove to this house to ask where we were and how to get to John's house. To my big surprise John answered the door. We didn't know that they had a house in the desert. The next day we went for a walk in the desert and I had a look at John's garden. I don't recall seeing such nice vegetables anywhere. All this land needed was water and John had it because him and his neighbor drilled a deep well and had plenty of water. John told me that we would visit his friend on his farm the next day. His friend was a Serbian immigrant living in the USA and was married to a daughter of an Indian Chief. As we got close to the house I noticed a nice driveway with orange and grape fruit trees on both sides of

it. The house was very large western style with large swimming pool and many other nice facilities. They gave us a very nice welcome. In the backyard the workers had a BBQ going with pig, lamb and turkeys. They took us on a ride to see their grape farm which was unbelievably large. The farm grew white Thomson grapes and raised beef kettle. The farm was equipped with all automated equipment. I asked how they managed to make all this wealth. He said that he got rich because he wasn't able to get a job. When he got to the USA no one wanted to hire him so he got a job on the farm in Arizona. In his spare time he planted some fruit trees and they were growing very well. He then asked for a Government grant to get some land and to start some research. The Government was interested what could grow in that area and did give him some financial support. Shortly after that he met an Indian girl who was the daughter of an Indian chief and they got married. Shortage of water was a problem in this area, but with his wife Father's help they constructed a canal to get the water from the Indian lakes to this land and this made the farming very profitable.

His wife was a beautiful, smart and friendly lady and they had a bunch of beautiful children. During the supper and late into the night we talked a lot about many things, especially about Yugoslavia, President Tito and how we escaped from Yugoslavia and made our new life in new countries.

Getting my Canadian citizenship

In 1956, after five years in Canada I was qualified to get Canadian citizenship. After I made an application they sent me a book outlining the responsibilities of Canadian citizens and other information about Canada with a request that I read it and remember it so that I could properly answer the judge's questions at my citizenship interview. Later I was informed to be at 1200 Bay Street in Toronto at 9am on September 12 round 25 people already there. They all looked young and I don't think that anyone was older than 30years. The program started after the judge arrived at his bench starting with the playing and singing of the royal anthem. In the information I got I was told to learn and to sing the national anthem. After that the Judge greeted everyone and asked the Protestant Reverend and all of us to say a prayer.

After the prayer they called us in alphabetical order in front of the judge. When I got there I greeted the judge, he said thank you and started to ask me questions starting with what I had done for myself during the last five years that I had been in Canada. I told him that I had: learned English, completed my contract in Canada, earned enough money to travel and see part of Canada, was on my fifth job and was employed by General Mills Canada, met a nice American girl and got married, I was never unemployed and my wife was working as well, bought a house in Toronto and now we have a mortgage....and here he stopped me. He said "very good, congratulations, you are a perfect Canadian and I wish you and your wife all the best in the future in your new homeland Canada". The priest that was sitting next to the judge told me to place my hand on the bible and asked me to promise to respect and obey the laws in Canada. I said that I would. After that he said a prayer "We pray that God may bless you and those dear to you in this land in which has become your home." After the prayer the judge gave me my Canadian Citizens papers. The priest then gave me the bible and said that it was a gift from the Queen. I still have this bible as a reminder of the day I became a citizen of one of the best countries in the world. After the swearing in we all got our documents we had a nice reception and were served various foods and non-alcoholic drinks. I was a little upset because my name was not properly spelled on the citizenship papers. It was KRANYC and not KRANJC. This was by a mistake due to the way the Canadian document was written in Trieste, the J was written like a Y. To make the change I would have to go through a long legal process. On my request they later added Stanko Kranjc. On the way home I did feel good thinking about all I had gone through and all that I had accomplished during the past years. I was thinking that there must have been some protecting hand that protected me from so many dangerous situations that could have caused me much harm and even death.

When Elsie got home I showed her my papers. She was happy and said that now I could go to the USA without any problems. I then said to her that she would have to wait a few more years before she could get her Canadian citizenship. She then said that she was an American and would never ask for Canadian citizenship. She said that she was an American Slovenian and didn't want to be anything else. I could see that she was thinking about this and I told her that I respected her wishes and would never force her to change. As a landed immigrant in Canada you have all the rights as a citizen other than you cannot vote in the federal elections

and this is no problem. Elsie always traveled with an American Passport and proudly introduced herself and died as an American Slovenian. My first return to Slovenia at that time still under Yugoslavia. In 1965 the President of Yugoslavia said that all Yugoslavians that left the country illegally and have no criminal records may return for a visit without any problems. The Slovenian travel Agency lead by Dr. Peter Urbanc started to organize the first charter flights from Toronto to the new airport in Brnik Ljubljana.

It was over 14 years since I escaped from Yugoslavia and I hadn't seen any of my relatives so I decided to go for a visit. I was really looking forward to seeing my parents, brothers, Grandmother Kranjc, and many other relatives and friends. Many people were telling me not to go and that you couldn't trust the Communists. I knew that the only law I broke was to escape without the government's permission. I never did anything wrong and did a lot of good for Yugoslavia including a lot of unpaid work in Slovenia and in Serbia. I was thinking if worst comes to worst and they put me in jail I would find a way to escape and get back to Canada. Seats on this first flight from Toronto to Slovenia were sold very quickly. Urbanc rented an airplane with four propeller engines as jet motors were still not in operation. There were 150 seats on this plane. In July 1965 we flew from Toronto to Brnik Ljubljana. We had to land twice to take on the gasoline. There were only Slovenians on the plane including my two friends Karol and Joe Lenarcic also both from Nadanje Selo. There were free unlimited drinks and food on the plane and we were drinking and singing most of the way to Slovenia.

Over the Alps, as we were getting closer to Slovenia the pilot made an announcement saying "ladies and gentlemen we are sorry but we are out of drinks. This has never happened before but you have drunk this plane dry". This trip was special for me and Karol. We escaped together and came to Canada together. As the ship sailed from Germany to Canada we promised each other that if we ever returned we would return together and now our dream was coming true.

As we got off the plane, the Slovenian Polka band was waiting for us and playing old traditional Slovenian songs which brought tears to many eyes. When we got to the entry point it was a different story. The policemen were not very nice and spoke only Serbian, asking many, many questions, looking and reading a report in front of them. Finally they started to give me

the following orders: I had to report to the police station within 24 hours and not leave home without letting the police know, I had to go to Postojna for interrogation and I must change my dollars into Yugo Dinars.

After all this long process I finally got out to the open area of the airport where my brothers Steve and Mirko were waiting for me and Joe's and Karlo's relatives waiting for them. I did recognize my brothers but they sure looked different, they were kids when I left and now they were good looking men. It was an emotional moment when we hugged each other. From the airport they all drove us to Ljubljana for a late lunch (Kosilo) in the well-known, old restaurant Sestica in the center of Ljubljana. As we were sitting at the tables having wine and waiting for the food to be served I noticed a police officer with a lady holding hands and walking towards our table. As they got closer I recognized that it was my uncle Rudi and his wife Ani. My heart started to beat as I didn't know what would happen. Uncle Rudi was very upset when I escaped and I didn't know what would happen. As usual he was in his police officers uniform and armed with a pistol. Rudi and Ani walked straight to me and Rudi said welcome home Stanko. We shook hands and as he hugged me he said let's forget what happened, "blood is not water." Latter he gave some very good instructions on how to handle myself and what to do and if I had any problems to let him know. They also invited me to come and visit them in Novo Mesto.

In Postojna on the way home I requested that we stop in the gostilana in the center of Postojna. This was the restaurant that during my high school years I walked by hungry many times, promising myself that someday I would have money to buy what I wanted. Well this was the time and I wanted to buy everyone a drink as we were too full to eat. From Postojna they drove us home to Ndanje Selo. I was so surprised that everything looked much smaller than I remembered. In Ndanje selo people were waiting and greeting us by the Lipa in the center of the village. After a while Joe and myself started to walk toward our homes when we met one of the (as the name of the house in Ndanje selo). Joe wanted to shake his hand but Franc told him to get out of the village and that he was a fascist prostitute and to me he said that I was a traitor too. On account of this a fight nearly broke out as my brother Steve said to Franc that he had not right to treat us like he was because we were there with government approval. Joe said to me that we should leave this place and go to Trieste but I said no way and that it would give Franc satisfaction that he scared us and made us leave. I then walked to my Grandmother's house and she was

sitting in front of the house waiting for me. It was a very warm and happy reunion with her. We both had a drink of Brinjovec (Brandy that tastes like Gin and is made out of Juniper Berries). She told me that she is still picking juniper berries and making brandy out of them. From Grandmother's house I went home to my parent's house. My Father shook my hand and my Mother was hugging me and kissing me for a long time. A few hours after my arrival home my Grandmother came to the house to tell me that two policemen were at Franc Keslanov's house and said that they would probably come to see me. I said that I was not concerned. The police did not come to see me and later I learnt that they came to Keslanow to tell him to leave us alone and that we are legally in Yugoslavia.

Reporting into the police station seemed to me stupid as they knew where I was and for how long. I did go for an interrogation which turned out to be no more than a friendly discussion with one of the students that I knew from my high school days. There were some forms to fill out which she said told me not to worry about and that she would look after it.

Shortly after I arrived home I rented a car in Ljubljana and with this car I went all over Slovenia including Italy and many times took Karol, Joe and my Mother with me. At that time things were still very poor in Yugoslavia. There was a shortage of everything and the Yugoslavian diner had very little value so everybody was asking to change their dinars into dollars which was illegal. Since I had a Canadian passport I could go to Italy where there was plenty of everything if you had dollars. Several times I drove to Trieste to buy things that they didn't have at home. The problem was that I had a Yugo(visa) for only one entry into Yugoslavia and on a return from Trieste they stopped me at the border and told me that I had only one entry. I asked why they didn't tell me this when I rented a car in Slovenia. No one had told me about the entry problem. I said I have to take the car back to Ljubljana. After much questioning they finally did give me the entry visa and charged me good money for it. Then they started to check what I had in the car. I said I didn't have anything that I could purchase in Yugoslavia and most things are for my Grandmother. The policemen told me to close the trunk and to go. I didn't pay any duties. Besides the food I purchased a refrigerator, a stove and a washing machine for my parents and helped them with other things. I did visit uncle Rudi, his wife Ani and their daughters Jelka and Milena and my relatives Kalc in Gropada near Trieste. This visit was good and it was good to see my parents, Grandmother and other relatives and friends but I really missed Elsie, the

children and Canada and I was looking forward to getting back home. At the same time it was difficult to leave all the relatives knowing that I may never see many of them again.

From Ljubljana we flew to Gadwick Scotland to refill the plane. Shortly after the plane took off from Gadwick the pilot said that there was a problem with the transformer and we must return back to Gadwick where we made an emergency landing in the dark. In Scotland we waited more than 24 hours to get the plane fixed. The good part of this was that they put us up in a nice hotel and took us on a tour of Scotland. Back home relatives were waiting for us not knowing what had happened. Later a lady told me that everyone on the farm prayed for us and it looks like the prayers helped.

My Mother visit to Canada in 1977

After the death of my Father, Elsie and I invited my Mother to come and visit us in Canada. At first she said that she couldn't come but after our visit to Slovenia in 1976 she changed her mind and came for a few months. She did enjoy many things, especially our children, however all of the time that she was in Canada she was home sick and missed her house, chickens and her friends. We took her many places and showed her many things but she still missed her home. During the time she was in Canada Elsie's parents celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary and we all went to the celebration in Ohio. She was not used to long trips and could not believe that we drove that far. After that trip she told me that we were all spoiled and that at home things were simpler. I did understand her. All her life she lived in poor conditions and to her even having a car was a big deal. Before she returned home she thanked us for bringing her to Canada and said that she could hardly wait to get home and to enjoy the beautiful view from her house. She wanted to see her chickens and have a good chat and a cup of coffee with her friends. She said your coffee here tastes like water and in comparison to the coffee in Slovenia.

Canadian Slovenian community

Shortly after I arrived to Toronto I joined the first Slovenian youth organization at the Slovenia parish on Manning Ave. This organization was still not formally organized. Several times we got together to discuss the future. In 1954 the Slovenian church was completed and at the opening

and blessing of the church we served dinner (Kosilo) in the church hall after the mass. This was the first time in Canada that Slovenian youth served dinner. This event turned out so well that it became Slovenian tradition in Canada and to this day Slovenian youth are still serving most of Slovenian banquets and other events. For the blessing of the church many Slovenian people arrived from many parts of Canada and Cleveland USA including Elsie's Mother and her friend Jenny. After we got married I didn't have much time to spend in this organization however with Elsie we attended mass most of the Sundays and kept in touch with the parish events. In 1962 we sold our house in Toronto and bought a new house in Etobicoke (at that time Etobicoke was not part of city of Toronto) and we joined a new Slovenian parish and church on Browns line. We attended the blessing of this church, Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, and remained members of this parish and many other Slovenian organizations until now.

Slovenian Summer Camp by Bolton

In 1957 Joe Kastelic purchased 20 acres of land in the name of Slovenian parishes. The objective was to have a recreation area outside of Toronto for Slovenian people to meet, enjoy each other company and enjoy fresh air. At first we called this land the Slovenian Farm and later the name was changed to Slovenian Summer camp. After the land was purchased Elsie and I drove up in our 1954 Plymouth car to see this land. We were not very impressed. The land was in very bad shape, groundhog holes and brush and wetlands covering most of the land. I said to Elsie that we may call this a farm but there will never be here any corn, wheat or potatoes. With hard work and financial support we made this land one of the nicest Slovenian summer camps in Canada. Elsie and I were one of the first members and started camping when the farm was open for the public in 1958. First we had a tent, then we purchased a trailer and later on we built the cottage. At this time there are only a few of the original members still alive and I am thankful to be one of them. You can read more about Slovenian Summer camp in the book the 40th Anniversary- 40 years of History, Culture and Religion, by Editor and Chief Stane Kranjc.

Slovenian Scouts in Canada

Shortly after the Church of Miraculous Medal on Browns line was constructed, the Slovenian Scouts organization was formed with the name 24 Lakeshore, Etobicoke. Father Kopac and some parishioners asked me to join. I did enjoy being around youth and shortly after I was elected as Scout President. There was a lot of work but the committee and parents were very cooperative. We were still young and full of energy and enjoyed each other company. After the Boy Scouts were organized the Ladies League started to think of forming Girl Scouts- Brownies, but they needed a lady with a Scouts diploma to get the Canadian girl Scouts Charter. Ladies in the league were all born in Slovenia and had a difficulty with the English language. Father Kopac asked me to talk to Elsie. He said, she is the only one that can take the scouts course and get the diploma. I did ask Elsie and she said ok. She completed the required course, got the diploma and shortly after the Parish got the charter and Elsie became the first Scouts - Brownies leader in our parish. In this first group was also our Anita and later also Betty. Eddie also joined scouts and started in the Cubs group. Being involved in Scouts, our family life, my demanding job and my education took up most of our time. About the only recreation we had was camping in the Slovenian Summer camp. Besides being President of the Scouts, I was the secretary of the parish committee and of the Slovenian Summer Camp under the Camp Presidents Stank Suligoj, Stefan Serec and John Kuri. For nearly 20 years I was responsible for organizing the annual Slovenian day celebration including preparing the celebration program plus other Slovenian activities. This was not an easy task as there was still plenty of politics involved that had carried over from the 2nd WW, but with a help from other committee members over the period of years we were able to get out of this political bickering and started to concentrate on Culture, traditions, history and religion and involving young people. I am still a member of the Slovenian Sumer Camp- SSC and in the Committee the only founding member as all others are second generation Slovenians are a very capable group of people which assures a long life for SSC. Both Elsie and I were founding members not only of the Scouts but also of SSC and other organizations and are proud and happy to be able to have made many contributions over the past 50 years.

Our Silver Wedding Anniversary

This celebration was organized by our children Anita, Eddie and Betty in the backyard of our house at 444 Abruz Ave in Mississauga, In attendance were over 100 people including my brother Mirko, his wife Olga and daughters Mirka and Karmen from Slovenia, and Elsie's relatives from Ohio including her Mother and sister Veronica. We were told that we must leave the house in the morning and return at 5 pm. As we drove close to our house we could see that our street was full of parked cars. As we got to the backyard everyone was congratulating and wishing us all the best. The back yard was decorated and set with white tables and blue chairs which children borrowed from the company where I was employed. There was a large self serve table loaded with appetizing tasteful food and a special bar. It was a great day and none of us could even imagine that three weeks later we would be attending Elsie's Mother funeral.

Birth of Slovenia nation, Canadian Slovenian Congress - CSC, Slovenian World Congress – WSC, All Slovenian committee – VSESLOVENSKI ODBOR-VSO

In 1989 we started to see the opportunity for an Independent Democratic Republic of Slovenia. In the town of Draga near Opcine meetings and discussions were taking place to organize the World Slovenian Congress - WSC with its objective to attain Slovenian Independence and Democracy. Shortly after we formed Canadian Slovenian Congress – CSC. At first called Konfereca Zdomskih Slovencev which means Conference of homeless Slovenians. I didn't like that name and at the first membership meeting I made a proposal to name the organization "Canadian Slovenian Congress-CSC". This proposal was accepted and approved by all present at that meeting. At the CSC founding meeting I was elected as Vice President, Programs Coordinator and constitution sub- committee President. We in Canada were the first in the world to form a Slovenian Congress and others followed including WSC. Forming the CSC Constitution was a difficult task as there were many different opinions. I did make a point of reading Jewish, Polish and other Constitutions to have a good knowledge of what is needed and came to a conclusion that we needed something of our own. There were many discussions with the committee members and finally we arrived at the document that was approved by 99% of the CSC members. We then started working on many different projects including helping Slovenia to prepare for their first World Slovenian Congress –WSC.

To help the WSC purchase office equipment \$18 000 was raised in Canada and we sent the money to the WSC committee which at the time was still operating in Austria. After the first Congress meeting, 90% of Slovenians voted in Referendum for an independent Slovenia. June 25, 1991 was declared as a date to proclaim the Independence. Leaders of the WSC and DEMUS government wishes were that Slovenians abroad join Slovenians at home to form the WSC that was scheduled for June 27 and 28, 1991 in Cankarjev Dom in Ljubljana. The leaders also encouraged Slovenians to attend the independence celebrations in Ljubljana. The recommendation was that Slovenians in Canada elect 12 delegates, 10 delegates representing CSC and 2 delegates representing Slovenian Canadian Council. I was elected as one of the CSC delegates and attended all of the activities in Slovenia. Elsie wanted to go with me but I told her not to come, as it could come to a war between Yugoslavia and Slovenia. She said however that if I was going then she was going and so we both went. We flew to Trieste where we rented a car and drove to my brother Mirko's house in Slovenia. As we were driving toward Mirko's house we noticed a large line of Yugoslavian tanks ready for battle. When we got to Mirko's I said this does not look very good and they are ready for war. The following day we visited my Mother and after a few days we drove to Ljubljana. On the way to Ljubljana near Prestranek we noticed what looked like a different type of army. We stopped the car and went to see who the army was. As I got close I noticed a Slovenian flag on their army hats. I said that I was from Canada and asked who they were. They answered that they were the Slovenian Territory Defense They looked very serious and did not allow me to take a picture of them or their equipment. I said good luck to them and they said the same to us. At this time I remembered the words of USA secretary Baker on YUGO TV: "We the USA support united Yugoslavia". I said to Elsie that there would be a war and the two of us would end up in the middle of it. We then drove to the Hotel Lev in Ljubljana. There was hardly anyone in the hotel besides some of us from Canada and the USA. Bishop of Ljubljana Sustar offered us an office in one of the church buildings where we were meeting to help form the WSC. On June 25, 1991 the Slovenian Government voted for independence and the whole country started to celebrate. The next morning I went to the post office in Ljubljana to purchase the first Slovenian national post stamps and post cards to be mailed to our children and friends. In front of the main post office there was a long line of people who wanted to purchase the first Slovenian stamps and the first Slovenian

money called Tolars. There was a limit of five stamps per person but I told them that I was from Canada and that I needed more because I knew many people that would not get a chance to get any. They agreed to sell me 20 stamps. By the statue of poet France Preseren and by the three bridges the youth were dancing and celebrating the free and Independent Slovenia. Bars were full of people drinking, celebrating and having a good time.

On June 26 at 3pm Bishop Sustar was offering a mass for the safety of Slovenia. The Cathedral was packed with people including many leaders of New Slovenian Government and representatives of Slovenia outside the Slovenian borders. In his homily he said: Today let the bells ring, and bonfires burn, but this time not in the fear of the aggressor's like it was in our history. (Historically when Turks were attacking this part of the world people were informing each other of the danger by burning bonfires and ringing church bells.) At that point all the church bells were ringing and bonfires burning across all Slovenia. From here we went with our Canadian friends Jozica and Ivan Vegelj to the bar where we read the newspaper Slovenec, had some food and drinks and then walked to the celebration scheduled to start at 8 pm. The National Square in front of Parliament was full already at 5pm. Everything that was going on was an historical event. I was curious to see what would happen to the Slovenian flag with a red communist star that hung in front of Parliament. Before the program started they played the Yugoslavian national hymn for the last time and lowered the flag to be kept in the Slovenian historical center. On the other side of the street was a much larger pole by the newly planted Slovenian national tree Linden-Lipa, waiting for a new Slovenian flag. During the time we were waiting for the program to start Yugoslavian mig jets flew over our heads very low with the objective to scare the people. Some of the young people thought that they were congratulating Slovenia and did not realize that objective was to scare us.

At the start of the program armed Slovenian Territorial army marched in, then the Government representatives came and we were waiting for President of Slovenia Milan Kucan. Finally President Kucan arrived and for the first time the National hymn was played as the new flag was raised. Bishop Sustar blessed the flag, the Lipa and the people and said some prayers. As I was standing and taking all this in I kept thinking how great it would be if my Grandfather and my Father were with me to see what hundreds of generations was hoping for, an independent, democratic

Slovenia. In his speech among other things President Kucan said to enjoy and that tomorrow would be another day and it was as that night war started. The celebrating went on into the night. We returned to the hotel around 1 am. Elsie turned on the television and we could see Yugoslavian tanks from Croatia driving toward Slovenian. We went to bed but could not sleep not knowing what was ahead of us.

On the morning of June 27, 1991 we went to Cankarjev Dom to attend the founding meeting of WSC. In front of this building we met our friend and priest from Canada, Father Valentine Batic. We had a short conversation about the war before we entered Cankarjev Dom. I was very surprised to see most of the Slovenian government representatives including the President of Slovenia and president of Slovenian Government, Bishop Sustar and most other leading people in Slovenia in attendance. I kept thinking that I hope that this place is well guarded. If the Yugoslavian army attacked this place it could be the end of Slovenian independence. Thank God that all went well. Speakers were talking very positively and were resolved that we would do everything that needed to be done to protect our new country. After this opening celebration the WSC delegates had a meeting and were divided in different groups to work on various projects. I was asked to be on the committee to work on the WSC Constitutions and insisted that WSC must include all Slovenians regardless of their differences. All this work was being done as the war was taking place. I went to the hotel late that evening and had a late dinner with Elsie and some other friends from other parts of the world. As we were eating a plane flew by very close and with so much noise that the windows in the dining room shattered. The next day we both went back to Cankarejev dom to finish the necessary Congress work. By this time most of the roads to Ljubljana were blocked with tanks and other army equipment and many people could not report for work. So they needed our help in many areas. As Delegates we also started to write letters to governments around the world asking them to help Slovenia and to stop the war. We were also translating Slovenian Leader's letters and speeches (like Jelko Kacin, Lojze Peterle) from Slovenian to English and talked to reporters especially from the western world explaining to them the truth of what was going on. I did say to a reporter from Canada that my children were in Canada and that they will save me your newspapers. If you write tings about Slovenia that is not true I will have you on the cross when I come back. His answer was: "What makes you think that you will ever return from this mess". I said I will be back, because our people are defending this country and we will win.

We had the television on all the time following the progress our army was making especially with so many tactics that caused the enemy many problems all over the country. It was also nice to see that all the Yugoslavian army personnel and prisoners were treated with respect, disarmed and sent home. We were all so pumped up that if they did ask us to pick up the guns and fight we would do so, but we didn't need to as they had enough qualified people and we could do much more good by communicating with the world and asking them to stop the war and to recognize Republic of Slovenia. In the Holiday Inn hotel in Ljubljana we met with Slovenian representatives from the USA and discussed the situation and what more could we do to help.

One of the subjects discussed was what would happen if Yugoslavian Planes attacked Slovenia. The Opinion was that in this case many Slovenians may escape to Austria or Italy and that it would be a good idea to make some preparations for these people in the mentioned countries. In Celovec Clagenfurth Austria they had a meeting to discuss Slovenia needs for the future. Elsie and I decided to travel to Austria to attend this meeting. The problem was that our rented car was blocked by military vehicles and the roads were all blocked by the military. We decided to leave the car in Ljubljana and to travel to Austria by train. We were told that was probably the last train going to Austria. From the hotel we took the taxi to Ljubljana train station and as we got there the sirens started to blow indicating airplane attack. With other people we went to a shelter near the airport. In the shelter there was a first aid box but it was locked and there was no key. I went to look for someone with a key in case we needed medical supplies. I went through the door to the street and the door locked behind me and I could not return to the shelter. Elsie remained in the shelter with some friends from Cleveland and I was out on the street. Finally a young man came in a jeep into the underground parking. I asked him to help me find my way back to the shelter and he did so. The sirens ended and there was no attack. I asked this man to drive us to the train station as we had very little time to catch the train. Just then the sirens started again and he said that we couldn't go right now. I convinced him that the siren indicated that all is clear from the attack. He believed me and did drive us to the airport and we got on the train just in time. The meeting was attended by Slovenian representatives in Austria, Yugoslavian Councilmen in Austria, Marjan Macen, dr. Joze Bernik from USA. I attended this meeting as President of ALL Slovenian Committee.

At this meeting it was concluded that we should start a campaign all over the world to help Slovenia financially, morally and politically for the Slovenia world Recognition. After a few days stay we traveled to Trieste and after talking to some Slovenian representatives we returned back to Canada.

On my return to Canada we cancelled the funds collection for flood victims in Slovenia and started a fundraising campaign to help Slovenia. During the few days in Austria we visited Slovenian historical locations and then traveled by train to Italy as we felt that it was not safe to return to Slovenia. The car that we left in Ljubljana was not returned to the car rental in Italy as per the rental contract. I contacted Lev Hotel to find out where the car was but no one knew. Finally and after weeks of searching they did find the car, safe guarded at the Police station in Ljubljana and it was returned to Italy. All this time I had to pay the rental costs. These were nerve racking, hardworking and extremely expensive times, costing us a considerable amount of money as all expenses and contributions to WSC were made out of our own pocket.

On return home there was a lot of work piled up and waiting at my job and in the Slovenian community. There were long days and short nights. As President of All Slovenian committee I was involved in forming Slovenian Radio program "Voice of Canadian Slovenians", "Financial campaign for Slovenia", and the "Information center" We continued several protests against Yugoslavian attacks on Slovenia and demanded the aggression to stop and the propagating of Slovenia's right for independence, democracy and recognition. Many discussions took place with the Canadian government officials and many letters were written to External Minister Barbara MacDougall and Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, justifying Slovenian independence and recognition. At that time the Canadian Conservative Party was in power and very friendly and supportive of President Bush and his USA Republican Party which did not support Slovenian Independence. They still supported a united Yugoslavia and we were concerned that the USA may be convincing Canada not to recognize Slovenia.

As president of All Slovenian Committee, Vice president of Canadian Slovenian Congress, and Director of Canadian Slovenian Chamber of Commerce, I wrote several letters to Prime Minister Mulroney and External Minister Barbara MacDougall and had many discussions with Provincial and Municipal politicians explaining the situation in Slovenia and justification for

recognition asking them for their support. As it is well known the USA did not recognize Slovenia on January 15 1992 as did Canada and many other nations around the world. I am sure that the unity of Canadian Slovenians and our united stand, involvement and demands was a major contributing factor that Canada did recognize Slovenia the same day as did many other countries.

As president of All Slovenian Committee in December 1991 I made a proposal that the Slovenian Community in Toronto should organize a celebration on the January 15th, 1992 to celebrate Canada recognition of Independent Slovenia. There was a lot of hesitation to do so, because many people were not sure if Canada and other countries would recognize Slovenia. I asked the Parish priest if the church hall was available and if we could reserve it. At first Father Plazar was somewhat skeptical but then he agreed to it. At a VSO meeting there were many questions mostly because people were not sure what would happen. They were asking me what would happen if Slovenia was not recognized. My answer was that if Germany and the Vatican granted recognition so will Canada and if Canada doesn't then we will make the biggest demonstration in our history. Finally all committee members agreed and we went ahead with preparing the cultural program.

We selected sub committees for communications, marketing, preparation of the hall, food, drinks, finances, parking and the purchasing of over 20 flags of the countries we were hoping that would recognize Slovenia. Cooperation from most Slovenian organizations was great, but some right wing political party's members did not attend the celebration, because they felt that there were still many communist party members in the leading roles of the new Slovenian government.

We then started sending out invitations to prominent people in Slovenia and Canada. In Canada we invited Bishop Ambrozic, Barbara MacDougal and Prime Minister Mulroney. The invitation was intended also as a message to the Canadian Government that we expect them to recognize Slovenia on January 15, 1992. We also invited representatives of many countries and several leaders of Multicultural organizations and the response was great. Time went by very quickly and the program was ready. People got very excited however there was no word from Canada until January 15, 1991 at around 7 pm when we got the telegram from Prime Minister Brian Mulroney stating:

Office of Prime Minister of Canada

RELEASE: Jan 15, 1992 AT 16.56 PM - IMMEDIATE

CANADA RECOGNIZES THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE REPUBLICS OF SLOVENIA AND CROATIA.

Prime Minister Brian Mulroney today announced that Canada has recognized the republics of Croatia and Slovenia of the former Yugoslav Federation as independent states. Both republics have declared their independence and asked for international recognition.

The Prime Minister noted that the Yugoslav Federation as we have known it no longer exists and cannot be reconstituted by force. He indicated that, before establishing diplomatic relations with Slovenia and Croatia, Canada will wish to be satisfied with respect to their plans for adherence to the principle of Helsinki Final Act, the Charter of Paris and other CSCE documents, particularly regarding full respect for human rights and the protection of minorities.

Canada will continue to apply the United Nations embargo on the export of all arms to this area of conflict. The case of other republics remains under review.

Over 1000 people attended the celebration. There was not enough room in the hall for everybody as many people were standing in the entrance of the hall and in the parking lot listening to the program on the speakers.

As President of All Slovenian Committee I was asked to open the celebration. As I got up on the stage and looked at the people in the hall I was overwhelmed by the number of people in attendance. Knowing that we had a number of prominent speakers I limited my speech to a welcome and thanks to everyone for their contributions, help and their presence. I then extended a greeting to our new recognized country Slovenia with some of the following words:

“Greetings, to an independent, democratic, free and recognized Republic of Slovenia. A thousand greetings on behalf of all Slovenian Committees, Slovenian organizations and in the name of all Slovenians in Canada. Slovenian people’s dreams are today a reality. Our nation today is recognized by the world and our people are now masters of our land and its future.”

Applause in the hall was deafening and went on for a long time. After the applause ended the prominent speaker's including Bishop Cardinal Alojzius Ambrozic and many cultural performances continued. At the end we baptized a free, democratic, recognized Slovenia with champagne and friendly discussions. To this day this was one of the biggest, happy and historical celebrations in the history of Slovenians in Canada.

Father Tone Zrnec described the event in Word of God - Bozja beseda publication with these words – Translation from Slovenian:
“Greetings Recognized Slovenia – God Bless you.

On the day of recognized Slovenia Jan 15, 1992 there was a big holiday in Toronto attended by many prominent guests including Arch Bishop Dr. Lojze Ambrozic, guest from Slovenia Ivan Biziak, representative of Canadian Government Patric Bojer, German General Council Rolan Fournes, representatives of Croatia and France and over 1000 Slovenians. In the program there was participation from Slovenian choirs and dance groups, and many more would have liked to participate but it was not possible due to the lack of time. The Catholic Women's League donated Slovenian sausages and other meats plus Slovenian baked goods to the kitchen. Many contributed their time to decorate the hall with flags and to make sure the parking was well organized. Champagne and many more other drinks were offered to bring the celebration to the highest level. Everyone who attended were satisfied and happy. Thank you to Stane Kranjc, President of All-Slovenian Committee, initiator and organizer of this evening, for this excellent idea. You deserve all the recognition.”

Canadian Historical Museum “Pier 21” in Halifax, Nova Scotia. On November 23rd, 2003 at the 75 Anniversary of “Pier 21” Canadian Multicultural Museum, Canadian Slovenian Historical Society (CSHS) unveiled a plaque and Slovenian flag in this museum. Some of the finances for the Plaque were covered by the All Slovenian Committee, but most of the expenses including travel to Halifax and all other expenses were covered by the individuals attending. As a President of Canadian Slovenian Historical Society-CSHS I made most of the arrangements and attended the celebration. Due to a fact that I am one of the Slovenians that made my first steps in Canada on this location, I was asked by the President of Pier 21 to also be a guest speaker and to talk about my first moments on arrival to Canada. The plaque unveiling was attended by Pier 21 President, 20 Canadian Slovenians from across the country and Ambassador of RS Hon.

Veronika Stabey. President of Pier 21 congratulated Slovenians in Canada for the plaque and many contributions made to Canada. Some of his words were: "Slovenians in Canada contributed a lot more than what they received from Canada." In my speech I outlined a short history of Slovenians in Canada, my first hours at Pier 21 and my travel to Edmonton Alberta. Before the plaque unveiling we also met with Governor of Nova Scotia. She congratulated us not only for the plaque but also for being good Canadians.

She really did not know much about Slovenians in Nova Scotia so I took the opportunity to inform her of the presence that Slovenians had in Nova Scotia. I informed her that Slovenians built the first Slovenian Cultural Home in Nova Scotia between the first and second World Wars. She was very surprised and thankful for this information. At this celebration President of Pier 21 thanked me for all my efforts and presented me with a picture of the ship I arrived on to Pier 21. Under the picture is written: "Stan Kranjc arrived at Pier 21 in Halifax Nova Scotia aboard of The General S.D. Sturgis on September 12, 1951"

Wording on the Plaque is:

TO ALL SLOVENIAN WOMEN AND MEN WHO MADE THEIR FIRST STEPS ON CANADIAN SOIL AND BROUGHT THEIR SLOVENIAN CULTURE TO CANADA.

Canadian Slovenian Community and Embassy of the Republic of Slovenia.

Representative of Slovenians in Canada and Member of the Government Council of Republic of Slovenia for Slovenians Abroad

In the year 2006 Slovenian government approved a law giving Slovenians outside Slovenian borders' rights to elect their representatives and rights for the Slovenian government to appoint them to Government Council for Slovenians abroad. Canada was given the opportunity to elect one representative. All Slovenian Committee and Slovenian Embassy in Ottawa organized the first Convention of all Slovenians in Canada. Invited to the Convention were the representatives of Slovenian organizations and institutions in Canada.

The convention was held in November 2006, at the Slovenia Center on Browns Line in Toronto. Delegates were discussing, problems, ideas and

many situations of the Slovenian community in Canada and then they nominated six (6) candidates for election for the representative of all Slovenians in Canada. From these six candidates I was elected. Never in my life did I even dream that I would be representing all (approximately 50,000) Slovenians in Canada. This opened and started a new life for me. Some months later the President of Slovenian government, Hon. Janez Jansa appointed me as a member of the Government Council for Slovenians abroad representing Slovenians in Canada. At the first Council meeting on July 3rd, 2007 in the president's palace in Ljubljana, the President appointed me as a senior member of the Government Council. This meeting was attended by the representatives from: USA, Australia, Argentina Brazilia, Italy, Germany, England China, Serbia, Australia, Bosnia, France, Canada, Ministers of The Slovenian Government, World Slovenian Congress, some other organizations in Slovenia, the secretary for Slovenians abroad, the President of the Parliament committee for Slovenians abroad and organizational personnel. The meeting was managed by the President of Slovenian Government Hon. Janez Jansa. Program agenda was:

1. To form Government Council of The Republic of Slovenia for Slovenians abroad
2. Exchange activity ideas of the Representatives
3. Objectives and work program
4. Other

After the meeting President Jansa said to me, "Now we go and meet the media and each of us will give a review of the meeting, you can speak on behalf of the council."

This really surprised me and as we stepped into the reporter's room I could see the TV cameras and radio turn on and the newspapers reporters looking and writing. I quickly remembered some of the things from a Toronto University public speaking course I took on how to handle such a large and unexpected event and I did not panic.

The President was talking about the new Council law, about objectives and pointed out that this is the first time in the Slovenian history that Slovenians abroad have a representation in Slovenian Government. He then introduced me as the Representative of Slovenians in Canada, and senior member of the Council for Slovenians Abroad. Cameras were then on me. I started by saying:

“In my name, name of the council and Slovenians in Canada I bring you greetings and good wishes. We Slovenians outside the Slovenian borders are very happy and thankful to Slovenia for forming the Government Council for Slovenians abroad. We are yours and you are ours.”

At this point they gave me a nice applause and I was in good form to talk further about our united work for the good of all of us around the world and in Slovenia. “We are yours and you are ours” words came to mine at that particular moment and were reported in Slovenia and abroad. After that I went with the President to join the rest of the group for lunch and dinner. That afternoon we had many discussions of the situations around the world and how we can unite and work together for the good of all. It was very interesting and enjoyable to meet so many interesting people from so many countries and be able to exchange our ideas.

The following day with Elsie we visited World Slovenian Congress and University Library - NUK in Ljubljana. With management, we discussed various issues and programs. The third day we were both invited to Slovenian Parliament and I was asked to give a speech. This was a good opportunity to talk about the history, programs, accomplishment and plans for the future of Slovenians in Canada.

Since then the Government Council had four meetings in Ljubljana, I attended all of them but only two with Elsie as she unfortunately passed away. These meetings were all very short and there was not much time to say and present all the issues that should have been discussed. At several meetings I presented my issues in writing so that they could be discussed outside these meetings.

Our first proposed strategy was approved by the Government and many things were realized and improved including the formation of the Ministry for Slovenians abroad. All these years I also attended meetings of Slovenians abroad held in Parliament and was a guest speaker on three occasions.

In 2010 during my stay in Slovenia I was also invited by the Slovenski Tabor to speak at Dolenske Toplice about our youth program in Canada and what needed to be done to attract youth to participate in Slovenian Community around the world.

Membership in Slovenian Organizations

As I am writing these memories I am still a member of the following organizations:

Slovenian Summer Camp, Simon Gregorcic, Canadian Slovenian Chamber of Commerce, Canadian Slovenian Historical Association, Canadian Slovenian Congress, All Slovenian Cultural Committee, Slovenia Credit Union, Slovenian Parish of Mary of Miraculous Medal, Representative of Slovenians in Canada and Member of the Government Council of the Republic of Slovenia. All of my work over 50 years was honorary and besides the work I substantially contributed to Slovenian Community in Canada, Slovenia and to my relatives. What we build in Canada was paid with the money contributed by Canadian Slovenians.

Canadian Slovenian Chamber of commerce

In 1990 we formed Canadian Slovenian Chamber of Commerce (CSCC) with the objective to unite Slovenian Businesses in Canada and Slovenia. As a founding member I was elected as a Director and in 1994 I was leading the First Canadian Slovenian Trade mission to Slovenia.

In this group were sixteen business people and Mayor of Mississauga Hon. Hazel McAllion. We held meetings in Slovenia with business people at the Slovenia Chamber of Commerce in Ljubljana, Koper, Maribor and Metlika. We established the first communications program between business people in both countries and discussed the cooperation of business establishments on both sides of the ocean.

Canadian Census program and CSC

In 1994 I was elected as President of Canadian Slovenian Congress. Besides much of the other work and responsibilities with Elsie, we attended the second session of the World Slovenian Congress in Austria.

In 1991 there was only 8,500 Slovenians registered in the Canadian Census. This really bothered me as I knew that the number was substantially higher, but people were not registering as Slovenians. At one of Congress meetings I proposed to start better communication by asking people to register as

Slovenians in 1996 Census. With help from the Congress Secretary Josie Vegelj and Dr. Habjan we wrote and mailed out hundreds of letters across

Canada asking and informing people to register. I also took the opportunity to talk about the importance to register in all my speeches and meetings of the Slovenian Community. The results in 1996 were hard to believe as 25,700 people registered as Slovenians. I continued this program until 2006 and by this time the number increased to 36,000 registered Slovenians. This number is now used by everyone in Canada, Slovenia and around the world. It is estimated that there are approximately fifty thousand Slovenians that currently live in Canada.

Coordination of the Slovenian Community

As the Coordinator of the Slovenian community and Member of Slovenian Summer camp Committee after the recognition of Slovenia, I had been organizing an annual Slovenian Day, Canada Day and Slovenian Independence Day, which were all included in one program till 2012. Several times I was also a main speaker at Slovenian Day and Slovenian Cultural Days. These are important celebrations uniting Slovenians. I hope that they will continue in the future.

Canadian Slovenian Historical Society

During my many years working in the Slovenian Community I noticed the need to collect and preserve the history of Slovenians in Canada. For over twenty years I had been collecting history from the first Slovenian in Canada 1855 (a period of 150 years). My objective was to write a book. "Slovenians in Canada from Atlantic to Pacific 1855 – 2000". After some time I realized that this project was too big for one person and that I need more people to help me. I discussed the situation with many leaders of Slovenian organization and made recommendations that we form a Canadian Slovenian Historical Society (CSHS). A large majority supported me and agreed that it was a good idea. My first objective was to get all the major organizations involved and to attract as many young and qualified people as possible. After I had a qualified group of people we formed and registered the organization. At the founding meeting in 2002, I was elected as a President.

CSHS main objectives are to: "Acquire, arrange and preserve history of Slovenians in Canada" The next challenge was to find a suitable and lasting location to store the material and to have a permanent place to meet and work. After much research I concluded that the best place would be Slovenian Seniors Home Linden - Lipa. I then contacted Dom Lipa

President, Darko Medved and explained to him my proposal. He then discussed the proposal with the Dom Lipa Committee.

A lot of talk and work was needed before the proposal was approved. Darko did a great job and the two of us prepared and signed first agreement between CSHS and Dom Lipa. By then I had retired from my job at Borden and donated all of my office furniture and other office supplies to CSHS. To start with, we did not have a dollar available and we covered all the expenses out of our pockets. I contacted most of organizations in Canada and asked them to write their history and I wrote around twenty articles by myself. These articles were the first historical material donated to CSHS.

In 2006, I was elected Representative of Slovenians in Canada. The members at the convention, who elected me, demanded that I do not keep any of the major responsibility in the Slovenian Community, so I had to resign as CSHS President and Jozica Vegellj was elected as my replacement. I can proudly say that CSHS has very capable, hardworking people and is progressing very well, which always was my goal.

Charity and voluntary work

From my young years I felt good if I did something good and helped other people. This feeling remained with me all of my life. Besides helping my parents and over fifty-five years of honorary work in the Slovenian Community I contributed substantially to the Canadian community and too many needy people around the world.

The company where I was employed was very generous with their contributions to the needy. As a manager, I had to prepare an annual and a five year budget plan on a yearly basis. In these plans I always included ten percent of my time to charitable and voluntary work. The President of the company thanked me for my dedication and help to others.

For several years we had a goal with the operational managers of other organizations to acquire ten thousand kilograms of food on a monthly basis which would be donated to Canadian First Nations and the needy in many countries around the world including Slovenian missions in Madagascar and other parts of the world. We were working closely with Dr. Simone and

The Canadian Food for Children organization, which were a big help providing the funds to cover food transportation costs. Several times I was elected in various Canadian charitable organizations as an organizational leader. A few to mention that I still remember

1. President of United appeal in Rexdale, Ont,
2. Founding member of Share Life.
3. Founding member of Priests pension fund Sheppard trust.
4. Toronto Food bank.
5. Slovenian Mission Circle.

With my daughter, Anita, we also helped to raise funds to build the Hospital in Toronto. To this day I still help others. At a same time I am thankful to God for all the good He granted me and my family.

Car Accident, June, 1987, near town of Palgrave, Ontario

This year we demolished part of our old cottage and started constructing a new addition on the Slovenian Summer Camp (SSC). On a Sunday morning it was a nice sunny day. Elsie and I decided to go to the Slovenian mass on SSC and to see how the construction of the cottage was going. In the town of Bolton we stopped and had a coffee and then on Highway # 50 we continued our trip to the SSC. North of the town of Palgrave on Highway # 50 are two sharp curves and on the curve south of Highway # 9 a car traveling south (about 100km per hour) crossed the line and hit us head-on. I was doing at around 60 km / hour.

As I saw the car crossing the line I steered my car to the right to get out of the way but there was no time it all happened in a few seconds. We were hit in the front left light and driver door, and this is why I had more injuries than Elsie. They could not get me out of the car and the firemen had to cut the metal with torches.

Before the impact I lifted my left hand in front of my face and the right hand in front of Elsie's face and this prevented a lot of damage to our faces. My hands were full of broken glass and it took a few days before they removed all the glass pieces from my arms and hands. After the hit I asked Elsie, "Are you ok?" She said, "I don't know it hurts all over my body."

I was also in terrible pain all over my body and could not move because I was trapped in the twisted car metal. I felt wet warm clothes and I knew that I was bleeding. How long it took for the ambulance to pick us up, I don't know as I was passing out every so often. I know that they took Elsie out much before me, because to get me out they needed to cut away all the car metal that I was buried in. We both had safety belts on and the police said that the seat belts saved our lives. The bad part of it was that safety belts broke our shoulder bones and some of our ribs.

Elsie was fortunate not to have internal injuries but for me it was a mess as the broken ribs cut my lungs and caused internal bleeding for days after the accident. They had to operate and insert tubes to remove the blood. The lost blood was being replaced by blood transfusions. We were both taken to Orangeville Hospital. Elsie came home after a week. I was transferred to Trillium Mississauga Hospital because they did not have the facilities in Orangeville to treat my injuries. I stayed in the hospital for over a month and was in therapy for a year. To treat our injuries it cost over half a million dollars and all we paid was the difference of a regular and private room. Despite what is being said in USA and around the world I can say that the Canadian health care system is okay and I am thankful for what they did for us.

My Fishing

My first catch was a trout in Slovenia in the small river called "Skrnik", not far from my home. At that time I did not have any fishing equipment. I noticed a trout in a basin of water in the river. With stones, I directed the water away from running into the basin. On the other side, I removed the sand and stones so that the water drained out of the basin and trout remained on dry sand. I grabbed the fish with both hands and took it home. In Canada my first fishing experience was Indian ice fishing. First they cleared the snow off the ice, made snow walls as wind protection and started the bonfire on the ice. Then they drilled the holes in the ice, placed cases of beer by the holes to sit on and started to fish by baiting the fish hooks and dropping them in the water. All the equipment needed was a small wood stick with a fishing line attached to it and fish hook at the end of it. Some of the fish they cleaned and seasoned with their seasoning and grilled them on the wood fire. This was all new and enjoyable to me as I never even heard of this kind of fishing.

Government of Ontario job with Department of Lands and Forests

I read in the newspaper that there were openings for part-time Department of Lands and Forests Safety Instructors. The requirement was that one needed to take a course and training. I applied for the position and took the required course. I then got the badge as Lands and Forests Safety Instructor. This qualified me to teach, where I could hold the courses at my home and issue Gun licenses. I did this for a few years before they changed the regulations and eliminated all part-time Instructors. There was an opportunity to stay on as a full-time employee but wages were much lower than what I was earning at General Mills. During these years I trained several people including Slovenians that just came to Canada and had a hard time speaking and understanding English. I did not make much money but I did learn a lot about the nature, fishing, hunting and government regulations.

Fishing with my colleagues

At General Mills there were several managers that were good sportsmen and enjoyed fishing. Three times a year we went fishing in many different parts of Ontario and Quebec. Sometimes we drove as far as 800 kilometers north of Toronto, not only to fish, but also to enjoy the nature.

Being an employee of the Department of Lands and Forests I knew many good places to go fishing. We all had large company cars and some of the men had their own boats, which we took on our cars wherever we went. On one of the trips in the middle of May we drove to Quebec to explore some of the lakes that not many people knew about or would go fishing there. To get to the lakes we had to paddle our boats on the river connecting the lakes a long way but once we got there the fishing was really good. The first day we got all the fish we wanted, had a nice fire grill, ate all the fish we wanted and had more than a few drinks. During the night we slept in our tents. Towards the morning my tent collapsed down on me, because it was loaded with snow which we did not expect and it was getting very cold. I turned on the radio and heard that the storm and cold weather may continue for some time. In the morning we decided to return back to our cars which we left in the bush by the river. The water on the lake was very rough and the waves were slowing us down. Then a wave of

water flooded my outboard motor and the motor stopped. There were two of us in each boat but we could not get the motor restarted. We had to paddle for many hours to get back to our cars. Again we camped there for the night. Being tired and not thinking very clearly we left our food and all the fish outside our tents. When we got up it was all gone and we noticed a bear enjoying our food and fish. This was a real adventure that I will not forget.

Fishing on Lake Georgian Bay

They say that there are 30,000 islands on this large lake, I did not count them but I know that are a lot of them. I learned that in this one spot of the lake, there were the largest Pickerel fish in Ontario. We decided to go there and try our luck. We decided to rent a large boat with a guide to take us there.

After many hours of sailing I asked the guide, "Where are we? Are we close to the water falls where we wanted to fish?" He said, "Oh yes, it is not far." A while later, I asked again the same question and got the same answer. Then I noticed that the guy was drunk. All this time we did not pay much attention to him, believing that he knows what he is doing. We then knew that we were lost. The water was getting very rough so we decided to stop by the first island we found and spend the night on the boat. As we got close to an island we noticed a small cottage. We got off the boat to see if anyone was there but the cottage was dark and empty. Then we noticed sign on the door: "Department of Lands and Forests - Employees only" I said, "I am an employee, let's go in."

Since we had no key we had to break in. The cottage was equipped with beds, a wood stove, canned food and everything we needed for the night. During the night there was a big storm with high winds and it sure felt good to be sleeping on a safe bed. The next morning we continued our journey, but before we left I wrote a note with thanks and left my name to let the owners of the cottage notify me of the damage. To this day no one said anything. We never got to the intended waterfalls, but I did catch many fish in other spots on the lake

Family fishing on Lake Nippissing

Eddie was ten years old and I wanted to take him fishing. We decided that the whole family will go. We rented a cottage in the town of Sturgeon Falls, north of Lake Nippissing, Ont. Elsie and Betty stayed in the cottage and I took Anita and Eddie fishing. We rented a fairly large boat because I knew that Lake Nippissing can get rough in a short period of time. On the boat we travelled on Sturgeon River to Lake Nippissing and then a fair distance on the lake where I knew that there was good fishing. The fishing was good and we were having a good time. It got dark very quickly and I noticed white caps on the water which meant that lake was getting rough and unsafe. I made sure that we all had life jackets on and started returning to the hotel. I knew that we were too far away from the river and hotel so I started sailing toward the closest land. The water was getting very rough and I was worried that the kids may get scared so I asked them to lie down in the boat. Then the motor stopped and I could not get it started. All I could do was manually paddle with boat paddles and steer the boat so that the waves did not hit the boat sideways.

We were at the mercy of the wind, not knowing where we were going, but I was confident that we were being pushed towards the land. Finally I could see the light moving and I knew that we must be close to a road. We then reached the shore but could not get out of the boat because the waves were moving the boat back and forth from the land. I then noticed some white birch trees and I threw the anchor a few times from the boat and finally secured the boat. We then got out, leaving the boat and the fish in it. We walked toward the road where we were picked up by a car and taken to the hotel. The children were great, they were not scared; they had fun and had a lot more confidence that we were okay than I did. Ice fishing on Lake Tammagamy Northern Ontario My colleagues and I went ice fishing several times. On one of these trips we did not catch any fish. When we went to pay for the motel we told the owner of our bad luck, his reply was, "You should have been here last week, the fish were biting like crazy." I said, "Oh yah, I guess they always bite the week before." These friends of mine pulled many jokes on me, so it was time for me to pull one on them. The following year was my turn to make the reservations. We agreed on the date. I called the motel and set the date, but one week earlier instead. When we got there the owner said, "What are you doing here? You should be here next week."

My friends looked at me, "What is going on?" Then I said to the owner, "Yes but last year you told us that fish bite one week before, so here we are." He didn't know what to say and we all had a good laugh. He did get us rooms and prepared some food. The next day we went fishing and did catch more fish than the daily limit. Since then I have a saying, "you want to catch a lot of fish, go fishing a week earlier."

Death and funeral of my Father Janez Kranjc

In July 1975 my Mother wrote to me that my Father is not feeling well and that he is the hospital in Sezana. After that no one said anything until October when Mother wrote to me that my Father has lung cancer. This was really bad news. I knew that this was one sickness that not much can be done about it. On my birthday Nov. 13, 1975 Mirko sent me a telegram stating: "Father is very sick, if you want to see him alive please come home."

At work we were in serious contract negotiations with employee unions. All night I was up thinking and making preparations to go home that day. In the morning I called the Union negotiator and asked him if we could postpone the negotiations until I returned. He agreed and said, "Stan, go home and we will continue when you come back." Then I called my superior President of the company and explained the situation. He also agreed and said that he will keep an eye on things until I return.

Elsie started to prepare the things I needed for the trip. I went to the Yugoslavian Embassy in Toronto to get the Visa to enter the country. While I was waiting for the Visa I called the Slovenian Travel agency, Kompas and asked them to get me a flight to Slovenia that evening. I did get the Yugoslavian Visa and the flights tickets were delivered to our house by Taxi. At 5.30pm I was on the plane to London and from there to Slovenia. At Brnik Airport I rented a car and drove home late in the evening. When I walked into our house I heard people praying in my parents' bedroom. I walked upstairs. The room was dark and lit with a few candles and no one paid any attention to me. I sat on the bed and hugged my Father and asked him if he recognize me? He said, "yes, Mirko." I said, "no, not Mirko I am Stanko from Canada." He open his eyes wide open and said, "Did you bring your children?" I said, "Sorry but I couldn't." His reply was, "Oh, then I will never see them." Then my Mother noticed that it was me, and she

hugged me. We both sat on the bed holding my Father's hands and prayed for a long time. Late that night Mirko drove me to his house to get some sleep. The next day I was with my Father all day, he was in a terrible pain and could not even swallow the water.

The evening got chilly and it started to rain, thunder and high winds developed. As the night went on it got worse and worse, I never saw raining so hard. At around two in the morning part of the hill behind our house broke off, slid down and covered the back part of our house. Soil and trees were half way up to house window. Then the water started to run through the window into the kitchen. I went to get a shovel to dig a canal to direct the water away from the house but it was not successful. I was in my summer shoes and my clothes were totally wet and cold. I then just opened the front door and let the water run out of the house. It was like a river running through the house.

All this time my Father was dying upstairs and my Mother was crying her heart out. This was a devils night and I never experienced anything like that in my life and I hope I will never again. During the day I dug the canal and diverted the water away from the house, then helped my Mother clean up. In the evening Mirko came and said that he will stay with Father and for me to go to his house and get some sleep.

I just fell asleep and Mirko came back to tell me that Father died. We then returned to our Mother and started arrangements for the funeral. The funeral was well organized and a lot of people attended including my Father's church choir, singing goodbye to him in front of the house, in church and by the grave, it was really moving.

In the village is a large high stone cross. The funeral procession stopped by the cross with the casket on a four wheel carriage. Everything was quite. I did not know what was going on. Then one of the villager's came to me and said, "We are waiting for you to say something. It's a tradition that the oldest son says a few words before the body leaves the village." I did not know that. I did not know what to say. Then these words came to my mind: "Sorry, I have been away too long to know the tradition, I don't really know what to say other than thanks to all of you for coming and if my Father ever did anything wrong to anyone I ask for your forgiveness." My voice was trembling and I was in no shape to speak. Then the priest and everyone started to pray "Our Father".

The Funeral then continued to the church and after the mass to the cemetery. The choir was singing songs my Father loved and people showed him a lot of respect. After the funeral we had lunch in the Strenar Restaurant where I had an opportunity to talk to many people that I had not seen for many years. The following day my Mother said to me, "Father did not leave any Will and now the three of you, have as much right to the property as I do."

The next day I went to the Postojna court house and made my will stating that anything that belongs to me I am giving to my Mother. This way my Mother became fifty percent owner of everything. After all this I was very tired. On my way home there were a lot of empty seats on the plane and I was able to get four of them to myself, I got a blanket and slept most of the way to Toronto.

The last visit and funeral of my Mother, Ana, Aneta (Neta) Kranjc – Turk

When my Mother was not able to look after herself, Mirko made arrangements and took her to a senior's home in Postoja. We got her the best room we could but she was not happy in the home and missed her house very much. Every time I went to Slovenia I visited her as many times as I could and like in all the past years helped her financially.

In September 1994 was the last time I visited her. I noticed that her health was getting worse, due to a bad case of diabetes. The last time I visited her she said to me, "Stanko I really feel bad, because you are the only one that did not get anything from me and Father and you did help us so much. What should I do with my property? I don't have a will." I said, "I helped, I did it from my heart, I never expected anything in return. I know how hard the times were when you were bringing me up." I said, "Don't worry about it." I could see that I comforted her. Before I left her she said, "Give me your hand and help me get up. I would like once more to go for a walk with you out on the fresh air."

We did go for a short walk looking over the Postojna valley toward the mountain Nanos. We both knew that this was probably the last walk and

my last visit. I then helped her to get back in bed, hugged her and with tears in my eyes said goodbye.

In mid- December Mirko called me and said that Mother died in Koper hospital. The next day I departed for Slovenia, arriving in Ljubljana late in the evening. At the airport I rented a car and drove to Mirko's house. The weather was very bad, cold and it was snowing. The roads were hardly cleared and on the radio they were telling people to stay off the roads, but I slowly got to Mirko's safely. Karmen was the only one at Mirko's and she told me that they were all at Mirko's cottage where my Mother was resting. I then wanted to get some flowers.

With Karmen in the bad weather and icy roads we went to Ilirska Bistrica to get the flower as this was the only open flower shop in that area. When I got to the cottage I walked straight in the room where my Mother was resting and by myself spent a long time with her. Then Olga came and asked me to come out. The cottage was full of people including my two cousins which I never met before, Milan Serazin and Frank Skapin.

The next day was the funeral, again very bad weather and we had a hard time walking in the snow to the church and to the cemetery. It was the same as for my Father's church choir came to sing at the cottage, church and cemetery.

After the funeral we went to the same restaurant as for my Father, had some food and drinks. Mirko and I paid all the expenses as we did for my Father. A few days after the funeral, I departed for home.

Visit and death of my great Uncle (My Father's uncle) Tony Penko – 1964

Elsie's parents came to visit us and on a Sunday we all went to the Slovenian Summer Camp to a mass. Later on that afternoon, shortly after we got home I got a telephone call. When I answer someone said, "Who are you?" I said, "You should know, you called me." He then said, "I am Tony Penko from Nadanje selo." I said, "Oh no, Toni Penko is sitting here with me." He then said, "Tony Penko- Podvasnicerjev." I got the shivers, as all my life I was told that my great uncle Tony went to America before the first World War and that he got killed in the mine. I then asked, "Where are you calling from?" He said, "Here in Toronto Ford Hotel." I said, "Wait in the

lobby I will come there.” With Elsie we both went to see him. As I walked into the lobby I recognized him because he looked just like his Father. We then told him to pack his belongings and come with us to our house. Now both Tony Penkos from Nandanje selo met for the first time in North America and they had a lot to talk about as they were good friends at home.

The next day Elsie’s parents went home and I had time to talk to my great uncle about a lot of things. He told me that he left home disappointed and this is why he never wrote home. He said, “I spend most of my money on the drinks.” He also said that he was never married but that he had a son, and that his son didn’t know that he was his Father. He said, “After I die please find him and give him whatever I have, which is not very much.” Then he started to tell me that he came to Canada, because he was in danger in USA and that the “KU KLUX KLAN” wanted to kill him. As I traveled in USA, I had heard of this organization and heard that they did not like immigrants, Catholics and blacks. Over the years my uncle had arguments with them. This sure made me concerned, because if they found out that he was with us they could hurt my family and my uncle agreed that they are capable of doing a lot of bad things. He then said, “I will not stay long, I will go back to America”, but he did stay with us for a few months. A few months after he left I got a call from Ontario Provincial Police telling me that my Uncle committed suicide in Union Town Pennsylvania. They said that I had to go identify that the body and bury him. The next day we left for Ohio to Elsie’s parents’ home.

The following day we left the children with Elsie’s Mother and the three of us; Elsie, her Father and I drove to Union Town PA. After the long drive we first went to police station. There they told us that they found my uncle dead in front of the hotel, and that he jumped out of the window.

They gave us the key to the hotel room and gave us permission to enter. We got in the room all we found were some clothes and a half bottle of whisky. I looked out the window and saw a roof of another structure under the window and said, “How can this be? This room is at a back of the hotel. They found him in front of the hotel and if he did jump out of the window he would fall on the roof under the window.”

None of what they told us made any sense. We went back to the police and told them our findings. They got mad and told me that I am not going to tell them what happen, they said to bury him and to go back to Canada. Elsie’s

Father said to me, "Don't get involved you are not American and you will get nowhere." I then went to identify the body. His head had wounds all over it, but it was recognizable and I was sure it was Uncle Tony. We then started to make funeral arrangements to bury him in the Catholic cemetery but the parish priest said no, because my uncle was not going to church. He then agreed to bury him in the part of the cemetery where the land was not blessed.

At the funeral we met my uncle's friend Jack Svelc. I asked him several things including about my uncle's son. He said to me, "don't open up this situation, you can cause a lot of harm." He said, " in any case, the boy was drafted during the Second World War and got killed as an American soldier in Sicily." My uncle told me that his friend had his bank books so I asked for the money and told him that we should send the money to my uncle sisters and brother in Slovenia. I then made the arrangements and made sure that the three sisters, Antonija, Malija, my Grandmother Katarina and Tonys brother Aloz wife Marica got the money.

The following day we drove back to Elsie's parent's house. This was for me unforgettable, nerve raking and a costly experience. I could write a book about it.

Death of my brother Steve – Stefan

Steve died on December, 22nd 2006. Darko, Steve's son, called me and told me that his Father died. He said that Steve fell down and was dead. He also told me that the funeral will be the following day. This made it impossible for me to attend and on top of that I had a bad cold. I did visit Steve and his family that year and he told me that he had very bad diabetes. He said he had to take needles daily and that his vision was getting worse, but I did not think that he would die that soon. He was buried in the church cemetery in Pivka. I did visit his grave every time I was in Slovenia and it was always nicely decorated.

Trip to Slovenia with Elsie, to attend Natasa and Marko Wedding

My first cousin Milan invited us to the wedding and we enjoyed the opportunity to join them in the celebration. As per tradition of Primorska region, wedding celebrations started a day before the marriage. This is

when the village young men get together and demand that the groom pays them if he wants to take Natasa out of their village. Negotiations and drinking went on for a long time before an agreement was made on what Marko must pay. On the wedding day most of the people invited to the wedding had the lunch at Natasa's home. After lunch we went to historic place, ZEMONO where they were legally married and then from ZEMONO we all went to the local church in their village Stomaz by Sezana, for the catholic marriage ceremony.

This is a historical church and it was interesting to see the priest celebrating the mass still wearing the old traditional mass clothing. After the mass and the marriage ceremony we were all invited to Marko's parents' house for snacks and drinks. The dinner and dance celebration was held later in the Old Vipava Winery, which went on most of the night. With Elsie we returned to Milan's house at around 5am and we were one of the first people to leave the party. During all that time they served food most of the time with the last course being grilled wild pork served at around 1am. I had a rented car and my job was to drive the musicians, which I enjoyed because they were playing most of the time during the celebration. It was a wonderful and enjoyable wedding. We pointed out to relatives that our Betty was getting married a month later and Natasha and Marko decided to come to Betty's wedding on their honey moon. It was a great time to have them and after Betty's wedding we drove them to many places to visit in Canada and USA.

Slovenian Summer Camp Book." 40th Anniversary"

40 Years of History, Culture and Religion 1958 – 1998"
Editor and Chief Stan Kranjc

There were a lot of conversations to write a book on the Slovenian Summer Camp - SSC History at the celebration of SSC 15th anniversary, but it never happened. For more than twenty years people were talking about this book.

In 1996, I was elected as a SSC committee member for the third time and was asked to take on this project. A committee was also elected to help me with the work required and get the book completed for the celebration of SSC 40th anniversary. This objective required a lot of work as there was

hardly anything written or preserved over the past 40 years. Never-the-less we completed the project and the book was published as per our plan. As Editor and Chief. I am very thankful to the many people for their help and especially to all the book committee members and my wife Elsie.

The book "Slovenians in Canada from Atlantic to Pacific – 1855 – 2005" This book is still not completed mainly because I do not have enough time to do it. I did a lot of work and I hope that Slovenian Historical Society will get the book finished in my life time.

Stan and Elsie's golden wedding anniversary

Fifty years later our 50th anniversary fell on a Saturday like our wedding day. The celebration was organized jointly with our children and took place in the Slovenian dining room in Lipa restaurant on Queensway Ave, in Toronto. Just like our 25th anniversary, we invited our relatives and friends, which was a total of ninety people. Sadly there was no one from Slovenia and many of our friends were no longer alive.

Our children decorated the hall with flowers and many pictures of our life momentums. It turned out to be a very special and enjoyable evening. The meal consisted of several meat dishes complimented with many side dishes, drinks, Slovenian wine and many sweets and baked goods prepared for us by our friend Milka Zunic. Our friend Boris Grmek entertained us with his dance music.

Before we went to the reception we took a professional family picture in Bolton and individual family pictures of our children families. Before the meal was served Father Batic blessed our new rings and we renewed our promises made fifty years ago. We then hugged and kissed each other like we did fifty years ago.

Our children and all our guests wanted us to say a few words mainly of what it takes for fifty years of a successful marriage. "First I thank everyone for joining us and for all the help to prepare this celebration and then thank you to Elsie for her love, fifty wonderful years and all the things she done for me from the day we met. There is not only one answer to fifty years of good marriage. First is that we loved each other and made a promise in front of people and God that we will live together until death do us part.

Second is respect for each other. Each person is different and we have different ideas, beliefs and wishes. As we get older love becomes different than it was when we got married. Then there is family. There is nothing nicer on this world than our children, wives and husbands. Wives, husbands, children and health must always be in the first place in our life. Many times we must overlook, and suffer when things don't go the way we want them. This is the time to remember that we got married for better and for the worse. Not everything in life is always good. Life is not always honey and flowers. It is very important to be happy with what you are and with what you have. If one starts to look at others who are more successful, better looking, richer people and want to become what they are and what they have you will never be happy. It is also important to belong to a church community and to remember that it is God's will for what we are and for what we will have. Voluntary work is never paid with money but it is paid with good feelings that you did something good. We did a lot of good things, not only in Canada but in Slovenia and USA. As we get older we must look at things as they are and make the necessary changes, giving each other freedom, trust and keep communication open."

I then again thank everyone present and around the world for so many things given to us. I then passed the microphone to Elsie. She also thanked everyone for joining us and thanked me for a wonderful fifty years. Then she said, "I don't have a speech but I do agree with what Stan said." I then closed by saying, "Enough of this ceremony. Let's have a good time."

Trip with Elsie to Western USA and to Alaska

A few months after the 50th wedding anniversary we travelled across four western USA States and British Columbia. It was a very enjoyable trip especially for me. During my working years I visited many of these places but very seldom did I have time to see so many interesting things. From Vancouver we took a Cruise to Alaska on the "Holland American Cruise" ship. We visited several cities and other interesting points. The cruise program included one day searching, digging and sifting for gold in one of the Alaskan rivers. We found twenty-four dollars' worth of gold which we kept as a souvenir. We also went for an Alaskan salmon dinner prepared by Natives by the river where the salmon was captured. The fish was grilled on the wood fire and was different but very tasty.

We also visited one of the rivers where the salmon was spawning. There were so many of them that the bottom of the river was black and alive. We heard a lot about the warming climate and in Alaska we experienced an event where a mountain of ice broke off and plunged into Pacific Ocean. The captain stopped the ship so that we could see this event that would probably be a once in a lifetime experience. This convinced me that the world is really getting warmer. This was a great trip unfortunately it was also our last one.

Business, Cultural and Social trips with Elsie

When the children were old enough and Anita was responsible enough to watch Betty and Ed Elsie started to travel with me on most of my trips in Canada, USA and Europe. After I got elected as Representative of Slovenians in Canada and named in the Slovenian Government as a member of the committee for Slovenians abroad, we had so many invitations that it was not possible to attend all of them. We were out just about every weekend at different social functions and were having a great time.

Elsie's sickness and death

In November 2007 we drove to our cottage to rake the leaves around our cottage on SSC. I noticed that Elsie's face was yellow - gold color and asked her how she felt. She said, "I am fine nothing hurts me." I said, you must go to see the doctor, but she kept saying I am okay. The next day I called the doctor and made appointment for him to see her. The moment the doctor saw her he said I am sending you for an x-ray. The X-ray revealed that she had stones blocking the gall-bladder tubes. An appointment was made at the hospital for the removal of the stones a few days after the x-ray. She was told that she could go home the same day after the operation.

During the operation they discovered that there were no stones, but there was a large tumor blocking the gall-bladder tube. They made the analysis and discovered that it was cancer.

I waited all day, not knowing what was going on. In the evening the doctor told me the bad news and said that there is no cure for this type of cancer. He said that they inserted a tube to remove the discharge from the bladder and that Elsie must stay in the hospital. All this happen on Nov. 13th, 2007, which was my birthday.

At first I thought this was a bad dream. I then went into the room to see Elsie. On the bed I gave her a hug and asked her what they told her. She said, "They told me that it was a tumor and not the stones. Will I have to live with these tubes all my life?" I did console her as much as I could by telling her that they will research tomorrow. I did not say anything about the cancer. Elsie stayed in the hospital and I drove home knowing how serious the situation was and that in this short time our life changed forever.

I knew that we had a thorny road ahead of us. I promised myself that I would do everything in my power to help Elsie. I also remember that we had fifty-two years of a beautiful marriage and that many people are not that lucky. I then started to think how to tell this bad news to our children and came to the conclusion that I would tell them the way things were. I knew that they were waiting to find out what happened in the hospital. When I got home I called Anita and told her what happened, she started to cry and Brian and Anita were at our house shortly after. The same was happening with Betty and Eddie.

That night I hardly slept. I got up early in the morning and went to the hospital to see Elsie. That day more tests were made and it all confirmed that it was an un-curable cancer and that they do not recommend any kind of operation as they think it will only cause her a lot of pain.

I then called our family doctor Dr. Morningstar and asked him to meet with me and discuss the situation. He said to come to his office in the evening. He told me that he was talking to the specialists and that there was no cure for this cancer. I demanded that they send Elsie to Princes Margaret Hospital (Cancer treatment Hospital). This is known to be the best cancer hospital in Canada and one of the best in the world. He promised that he would do his best and said that Princess Margaret hospital is much occupied. He said during this waiting time we will send her to Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto for more testing. This way we would have results from three different hospitals and would be able to make good decisions how to go from there. He then said, "We call this cancer 'quick murder'; it comes

with no warning and kills everyone that gets it.” He said, “Elsie was my patient for years and she was always in good health, I don’t get it. Now she will need your help more than ever.” He asked me if I had any sleep last night and gave me some sleeping pills to help me get some rest. He checked my blood pressure and said that it was no surprise that it was high under these conditions. I ask him his opinion on how long does he thought Elsie has to live? He said, “I am not God, I think she has six months. ”He noticed tears in my eyes, put his hand on my shoulder and said, “Stan, you and Elsie had a good life and have a nice family, remember that at some time we will all die. Calm down and live with Elsie the best way you know all the days you still have ahead of you.” From that moment on that was my objective.

After a week I took Elsie home and we looked after her with help of two nurses. Two weeks later Anita and I took Elsie to Princes Margaret Hospital where they did their analyses and in the evening the doctor called all three of us into his office. He was short and to the point. He said that they will not do any kind of operation, because they would only cause Elsie a lot of pain. This was a first time Elsie was told that there is no hope to cure the cancer. She looked at me and I could see the tears in her eyes. I said, “Elsie, we all love you and we will do all we can to be with you” She said, “I know that you will.” With Anita, we gave her a hug and a kiss and went home. Elsie was very brave and accepted this bad news much better than I would be able to do.

At home we placed a television and a table in our bedroom so that Elsie could eat there when she could not go down in to the kitchen. Two nurses came to the house daily, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. They also trained me to look after changing the gall-bladder discharge bag and other help needed.

I did all the cooking and cooked only food Elsie preferred. When she could not come to the kitchen, we both ate in the bedroom. After ten days the tube from the bladder was blocked. I called the ambulance and we took her to the hospital. They made another operation and inserted a larger tube. After two weeks the tube was blocked again and the ambulance took her to the hospital again for another operation. When she came out of the operating room she was crying and said to me, “Stan I don’t want any more of these operations. Let it be, what will be.

The doctor said to me, "Elsie must stay in the hospital. She needs more medical attention than you can give to her at home." In the hospital we were lucky to get a nice room and a bed by the window. She was placed in the palliative care section of the hospital. From that day on to the last day of her life I was with her in the hospital every day. I usually got there in the morning and stayed until the evening when Betty, Anita or Eddie came and stayed into the late evening. After sometime I was told by the hospital that I must find a private debilitated home for her and to move her out of the hospital, because there is nothing more they can do for her and that they badly needed the room.

I first contacted the Slovenian Seniors Home Linden Foundation - Dom Lipa in Toronto. I got a quick answer: "We don't have any room. If we get room we will let you know", but no one ever called back. I did understand that if there is no room, there is no room, but no one did anything to help us. This really upset me, because Elsie and I worked and helped a lot to get this home built. I was one of the first people who pointed out to President of Slovenian Parish committee, Albin Blatnik who was at that time also a Real estate Agent, to buy the property. I was also in the first group of people to go out and collect the money to purchase this property and from there on contributed in many ways including walking in several Walkathons to support Dom Lipa. Now that my Elsie needed help, there was none. The home was occupied by some of the people that never did one hour of work or donated a dollar to Home Lipa or other Slovenian establishments.

We then found a nice private room in Trillium Home in Mississauga at nearly double the price of what foreigners were paying in the Slovenians subsidized Dom Lipa. The location and the private room were excellent. Most of the time we were able to order food that Elsie liked. Many times I went into the kitchen to order things that were not on the menu. In the evening I cooked chicken soup for her as this was the only food that she wanted me to bring her, as the soups in the home were not very good. At this location we stayed with her 24 hr per day as Elsie did not like to be alone. I was there during the day and our children stayed during the night which was very difficult for them, because during the day they had to go to work. At one time I asked Elsie if she wanted me to bring something from home to decorate the room and she said, "Yes, bring me our family picture from our 50th wedding anniversary, the cross that is on the wall in our bedroom, and my first communion rosary."

I brought all these mementos and placed the family picture on the wall in front of her bed. She kept the cross in bed with her with rosary wrapped around it. I was thinking, now I see what is important in life. All the gold and jewelry I bought for her did not mean much.

The walls were also always decorated with many drawings, good wishes and pictures from our grandchildren who came to visit her many times. For Christmas, the nurses got Elsie ready and I took her to Anita's where we had a family dinner. Elsie was happy to see us all together, especially the grandchildren. I really did not feel like eating as all I could think about, was this was going to be our last Christmas dinner with Elsie. For Easter we prepared the dinner in the Trillium home dining room where some of our friends joined us.

Our family doctor also visited Elsie every day and when he was on vacation he made sure that his replacement came to see her. We were all doing what we could to make sure that Elsie was not in pain.

During the day I used to take her in the wheelchair to Tim Horton's coffee shop. She enjoyed their coffee and here and there a donut. The doctor was surprised that she lived as long as she did. He said that many people die within a few months. She died six months and two days after she was diagnosed with cancer. Our doctor was only two days off his prediction. One day when Elsie was still able to talk and think clearly she said to me, "I would like to tell you my wishes, get a pen and write them down. I know that I will be buried in the Slovenian cemetery. On my grave plate beside my birth and death dates I like to have two words: 'TOGETHER FOREVER'" I think that with these words she wanted me to know that she wished for me to be buried next to her. "I would like to be dressed in my blue suit that I was wearing on our 50th wedding anniversary. Make sure that you divide all my jewelry between the children and grandchildren. For my pallbearers ask: Kyle, Whitney, Brian, Joe, Joe Jaklic and Joe Slobodnik. The funeral mass should be in the Slovenian church but in English so that everybody will understand. Ask Father Batic to say the mass. The funeral lunch should be in the church hall after the mass so that everybody attending the mass can go for lunch. If any money is donated give it to Slovenian children Victoria Fund." People donated a nice amount of money and also a lot of flowers. Most of the flowers were taken to Slovenian Summer camp to decorate the chapels for Corps- Christy procession.

“She said life must go on, go and live it. When your time comes we will be together again.” She died on May, 15th 2008. That day when I came to her room she was not talking and her eyes were closed. I asked her if she was in pain and she motioned with her head – no. She had hard time breathing and I could hear gargling in her chest. I knew that the water was drowning her lungs. At around ten in the morning I called all three children and asked them to come to her room, because mom’s life was ending.

All three of them were in the room very quickly. We all sat by her holding her hands and telling her that we were with her. She did not open her eyes but I was sure that she knew we were all with her. A few minutes before the fourteenth hour we could see that she could not breathe. I put my arms around her and slightly lifted her head at that moment her eyes open wide open. She looked at Betty, than her eyes turned and she looked at Anita and then at Eddie. As I was holding her I was on the opposite side of the bed, she then turned her eyes and for the last time looked at me and closed her eyes. I felt three strong heart beats and she passed away. Tears came out of her eyes. We sat with there and prayed for a long period of time before we called a nurse and asked her to call a doctor to confirm her death. We then all went to funeral home to make funeral arrangements.

To give Elsie's relatives in the USA an opportunity to attend, we delayed the funeral until May, 22nd 2008. The visiting hours in the funeral home were: May 20th and 21st at 14 to 16 and 19 to 21 hour. The funeral ceremony and holy mass was offered by our friend Father Valentin Batic. The Pallbearers were: Kyle, Whitney, Brian, Joe, Joe Jaklic and Renee Curreri replacing Joe Slobodnik as he was away in Slovenia. The funeral home was decorated with family pictures and many flowers from friends and relatives. We also made a video of her life from her birth to her last days of her life. The video was constantly playing during the visiting hours. Over a thousand people visited the funeral home which was a good indication that Elsie was liked and respected.

On May 22nd at nine-thirty in the morning, before they closed the casket people lined up and said goodbye to Elsie. First friends, than relatives, our family and finally I was left alone with Elsie to say my goodbye and to thank her for fifty-two wonderful years of our marriage and a year of knowing each other before we got married.

Her first communion rosary was removed off her hands and the cross that was presented to her by her friends as a wedding gift was taken out of the casket to keep by her children. At the end I said a prayer for her, gave her my last kiss and left the room.

From the funeral home we drove to Slovenian Church, Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal on Browns line. The mass started at eleven in the morning. The church was packed with people. To start, Betty went to pulpit speaking on behalf of our family. She outlined some of her Mother's life accomplishments, good times, our love, major loss and thanked her for all the good she did for us. Following Betty, Whitney and Kyle spoke about their good times and things they remembered about their loving NANA. Finally, Father Batic said many nice things and good deeds she did and thanked her for her many contributions to the Church and to the Slovenian community.

After the mass everyone was invited to the hall for lunch as per Elsie's wishes. The main cook was Maria Sorsak and food was served by ladies- Elsie's Girl guides and Slovenian youth. After lunch we then took Elsie to her final rest on the Slovenian section in Catholic Assumption Cemetery 6933 Tomken Road, Mississauga. This is where we bought graves many years ago. After the catholic funeral prayers we all, one by one, placed flowers on her casket and said goodbye.

After the funeral, my children and I drove back to the hall to pay the cook and to cover the rest of the expenses. There was a lot of food left and people were happy to take it home.

On the way home I was thinking how quickly my life changed. My parents and some other people were good to me but no one was as good to me as Elsie.

Now next to Elsie is a grave is waiting for me and then Elsie's wish will be completed "TOGETHER FOREVER." On the grave bronze plate I added, TO LIVE IN THE HEARTS OF THOSE YOU LOVE IS NEVER TO DIE. The loss of Elsie is one of the saddest things in my life. There is so much more we could have enjoyed in our golden years but it was not meant to be. She was my wife, companion and friend. I am very thankful to her and to God for the life and wonderful years we had together.

Elsie, I love you. Thank you for everything and rest in peace.

First meeting in Slovenia with Slovenian Government Megi and Renee visit in Canada

On the invitation of the President of Slovenian Government Hon. Janez Jansa I attended the first meeting of Slovenians Abroad on July 2, 2007, in the presidents Palace in Ljubljana representing Slovenians in Canada and as Member of the Government Council for Slovenians abroad. Elsie came with me to Slovenia.

At this Government meeting and few days later in the Slovenian Parliament in my speeches I presented Canadian Slovenian Community and its successful past in Canada from its beginning in 1855 to that day. After these meetings with Elsie we visited Slovenian Word Congress SWC and Nation University library NUK in Ljubljana and discussed several issues including Canadian Slovenia History. After one week of work in Ljubljana we visited several of Elsie's and my relatives including my cousin Oskar Kalc, his wife Jelka and daughter's Megi and Rene in the town of Kriz near Sezana. Among other things Megi told me about her program of pictures of Slovenian motives. She also told me about her art work "Talking hands" I agreed that these programs would be good for Slovenian youth in Canada.

We agreed that we will try to realize this program for the following year. On my return to Canada I contacted the Director of Slovenian School in Toronto and proposed this program. The school was in agreement. I then wrote a letter to the Slovenian office for Slovenians abroad and asked them to financially support the program, which they did after Megi applied for the funds. Slovenia did not cover all the expenses and some financed I covered on my own, never the less Slovenia was of big help. Our plan was to have the programs in month of July 2008. Unfortunately, during this time Elsie got sick and died before Megi and Rene came to Canada.

The President of Slovenian Government invited me to a second meeting for Slovenians abroad which took place in Ljubljana in the first week of July 2008. After the government meetings I again visited the Kalc family and we finalized the program. Megi and Rene departed for Canada same day I was

returning on another plane. We departed only a few hours in the time difference and had time to have a coffee with Oskar and Jelka at Ljubljana airport. We arrived to Toronto only a few hours apart where Anita was waiting for us and drove us to my house where the girls were staying during their stay in Canada.

To have the girls stay with me after Elsie's death was a pleasure and they enjoyed themselves during their time in Canada and USA. It would have been much nicer if Elsie was still with us.

The programs and motives classes with Slovenian children all went very well. We even had all our grandchildren participate. After the program was completed I took the girls to Baltimore to visit Rene and Mike and from there visited Washington.

I also took the girls to many places in Ontario including Ottawa and the thousand Islands. On the way to Baltimore we visited Niagara Falls, and then drove to the Buffalo Airport where I left my car and from Buffalo took a plane to Baltimore.

In Washington we also visited the Slovenian Embassy. Mike also organized a very interesting visit to the American Navy Academy where he graduated and served in the Navy for many years. As we got to Academy parking lot there was a sign: "Welcome" Reserved for Slovenian guests" From Mike and Rene's we returned back to my house in Canada.

My best friend Mary (Suligoj) Cimpric

A few years after Elsie died I met Mary. She is also a widow. Her husband Frank passed away four years before we met. She has a son Gregor with a wife, Tatiana, and a granddaughter Emily living in Toronto. Both Mary and Frank are Slovenian, born in Slovenia in the same region - Primorska of Slovenia as I was, so we have a lot in common and a lot to talk about of Slovenia and Canada. We did know each other for many years before our spouses passed away but did not associate with each other. Normally, we saw each other at picnics at Simon Gregorcic camp grounds or other Slovenian celebrations.

Mary owned a house in Toronto. A few years after we met she sold that house and bought a house in Bolton only a kilometer away from my house, so we could now see each other more often.

Mary is a very good cook, good looking, friendly, generous, intelligent hard - smart working and in fashion dressed lady, loves to help, laugh and live the style of life I like. We really get along well and are excellent company to each other. I hope we can stay healthy and enjoy life in the years ahead of us.

My final words in my life story

I feel very fortunate, lucky and thankful to hundreds, if not thousands of people that were of help to me from my youth years to this moment. They deserve a lot of credit for my accomplishments.

I worked hard all of my life and everything I have we put together with my wife Elsie. We had over fifty wonderful years together, a wonderful family and many friends in Canadian and American communities and in Slovenia. It is so sad that we did not spend more golden years together. I feel that there is and always was a special hidden hand that helped me, led me and protected me through many dangerous and challenging events during my life. There is something much larger and powerful than we know looking after us and our life.

I am humbly thankful to God, my parents, grandparents, to Elsie, to my children, grandchildren, to Mary and to all the people that helped me and supported me. Thank you for your love, support, help, protection and guidance I got from you. May God repay all of you.

I am dedicating my story "LIFE IN THE LANDS OF LIPA AND MAPLE" to my children and grandchildren with my love and best wishes for the future. My wish and hope is that they will always remember the importance of family love, unity and their roots. These are my main reasons for writing my life story.

With all my love!
Dad, Stan, Stanislav Kranjc-Kranyc

SUMMARY

Stanley John Kranyc

Born: 13 November, 1932 in Nadanje selo, Postojna region of Slovenia. (At that time this part of Slovenia was part of Trieste community under Italy)

Married 23 July, 1955 with my wife Elsie June Penko, Slovenian descent
Born 1 October, 1932 in USA, Conneaut, Ohio

Our children are:

- Anita Marie
- Eddie Steven
- Betty

Our Granddaughters are Whitney and Meghan

Our Grandsons are Kyle, John, David, Jacob, Daniel and Justin

Education.

In Slovenia:

- 4 years of Italian school
- 2 years of private Slovenian school
- 4 years of high school

In Canada and USA:

- 2 years English language
- Business Diploma, International School Scranton Pa. USA
- Diploma in Food Technology- Pest Control USA
- Diploma Management studies, Ont. College of Arts and Technology,

Toronto.

- Industrial Management Certificate, UFT.
- Certificate, Food Processing Technology, St Clair College, Windsor, Ont
- Safety Instructor Badge, Department of Lands and Forests, Ontario.
- Diplomas in: Health and Safety, Money Management, Labor and

Human Relations and Negotiations.

- I also attended many different business educational courses in Canada and USA.

Escape from Slovenia- Yugoslavia:

I escaped from my homeland Slovenia (at that time under Communist Yugoslavia) on May 22, 1951. My friends Karol Lenarcic and Vinko Stavanja escaped with me. We walked for three days to Trieste which at that time was under USA administration. Karol and I departed from Trieste to Germany on July 22, 1951. On September 2, 1951 we departed from Germany for Canada. We travelled on an American military ship called the General Sturgis. After 10 days we arrived in Halifax, Nova Scotia at Pier 21. It was here that I took my first steps on Canadian soil on September 12, 1951.

From Halifax I traveled on the train 5 days and 5 nights to Edmonton Alberta. After a few days I was sent by train to Myrnam Alberta to work on a farm. The following year I left the farm and went to work in a lumber camp which was also in Alberta. In the spring of 1953 I left Alberta and traveled by the train to Toronto.

Employment in Slovenia:

Part of 1949 and 1950 I worked in Postojna in the tourist office. During the summer of 1950 I was in the youth brigade working in the City of Zemun near Belgrade, Serbia, Yugoslavia. From November 15, 1950 to May 1951 I was employed in Pivka at the Slovenia Yugoslavian railroad (JDZ) in the transit office.

Employment in Canada:

1951 -1953: worked on a farm and a lumber camp in Alberta

1953 -1954: employed in a cheese factory as a machine operator in Toronto

1954-1975: worked for an American company called General Mills Canada LTD in Rexdale, Toronto. I first worked as a regular laborer and then later as a machine operator, operating various machines producing cake mixes,

1956 -1958: promoted to Processing Supervisor

1959 -1961: promoted to Packaging Supervisor

1962 -1963: Maintenance and Sanitation Supervisor

1963-1964: Production Superintendent

1965 -1968 Production Manager

1969 -1975: Plant manager. I was responsible for all plant operations including Labor relations and Contracts negotiations. We were producing and distributing approximately 200 different food products and employed 180 unionized workers, plus approximately 20 salaried employees. Main products were cereals, cake, other baking mixes and snacks.

In 1975 I was transferred to General Mills Lancia Bravo division in the capacity of Plant Manager. In 1990 General Mills sold this division with me included to another American company, Borden's. I worked for Borden's as Plant Manager- Director of Lancia Bravo and Cattelli Fresh pasta operations till 1995. In total we were producing and importing approximately 300 different food products and drinks. We were producing 40 million kg. of pasta, 10 million kg. of sauce, various types of cheeses, vegetable oil and approximately 100 imported products.

In 1992 Borden's shut down this operation and moved most of the production to the USA. I was the only employee left with various responsibilities like; relocating equipment to other plants and preparing buildings for sale.

When all this work was completed I was offered other jobs within Borden's operations, however none of these offers were acceptable and I decided to retire in 1995.

Honorary work in the Canadian Charitable and Sports Organizations:

1963: President of the Slovenian Scouts organization in Toronto

1966: President of the United Appeal, Rexdale, Ontario

1975 – 1988: Organizing and donating food for the organization "Canadian food for children". Other than the many shipments sent around the world we also sent several shipments to Slovenian missionaries in Africa and Madagascar.

1975 – 1977: Teacher – coordinator of business school "Junior Achievement"

1976- 1977: Assistant hockey coach.

1977- 1980: Member of Food Bank

1978: Founding member of Catholic organization "Share life"

1984-1991: Member of city of Toronto Industrial Committee.

1998: Founding member of Priests pension fund "Shepherd Trust"

Honorary work in the Canadian Slovenian Organizations:

1954-1955: Member of the first Slovenian youth organization in Toronto

1958- 2012: Founding member of Slovenian Summer Camp, Bolton, Ontario; 15 years SSC Secretary and Events Coordinator; Slovenian Days, Canada days; Slovenia's Independents Day Coordinator.

1962 to present: Member of Slovenian parish Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, 7 years as Secretary.

1976: Founding member and one of the first members to acquire funds to purchase the land and to build the seniors home "Lindon Foundation Dom Lipa" in Toronto.

1990-2009: Founding member of the Canadian Slovenian Congress- CSC serving as an Events Coordinator, Treasurer, Vice President and President.

1956 to present: Member of Slovenian Banks- Credit Unions.

1990-1995: Founding member and one of the first Directors of the Slovenian Chamber of Commerce – CSCC.

1990-1993: First President and founding member of the "All Slovenian Committee "VSE SLOVENSKI ODBOR" VSO" (Later named All Slovenian Cultural Committee – ASCC). We also formed: Canadian Slovenian Information Center, Radio "Voice of Canadian Slovenian", Funds raising Committee to help flood victims in Slovenia and fund raising to help Slovenia achieve independence and recognition. I helped financially, morally and politically.

1991: Delegate and founding member of The World Slovenian Congress – WSC Ljubljana on June 27/ 28, 1991. I participated preparing WSC Constitution. Later and during the Yugoslavian army attack on Slovenia I participated in Cankar Home in Ljubljana preparing many resolutions addressed to various countries to stop the war and to recognize Republic of Slovenia including communications with English media.

1901-2006: Initiator and coordinator of Canadian Slovenian Census program with the objective to inform Slovenians in Canada to register as Slovenians. In 1991 there was only 8500 Slovenians registered. In 1996 the number increased to over 25.000, in 2001 it increased again to 30.000 and in 2006 increased to 36.000. This number of recognized Slovenians in Canada is being proudly being used in Canada, Slovenia and around the world.

January 15, 1992: As President of VSO I initiated and coordinated of one of the largest celebration in the history of Canadian Slovenians. On this day

Canada and many other countries in the world recognized the independent Republic of Slovenia.

1992: Initiator and coordinator of Slovenian Day in Marine Land, Ontario. With the help of Marine Land Owner John Holar and many Slovenian organizations we made enough money to purchase a German Skin healing apparatus and donate it to Maribor Hospital in Slovenia.

1994: Leader and spokesperson of the first Slovenian Canadian Trade mission to Slovenia. We held meetings with Slovenian Chamber of Commerce in Ljubljana, Maribor and Koper.

1998: Editor of Slovenian Summer Camp book "40 years of History, Culture and Religion" It took several SSC committee members and me more than a year to get the historic information and finances to get the book completed and printed.

2002: Initiator, founding member and first President of The Canadian Slovenian Historic Society (CSHS). I had started collecting Slovenian historical information years before the Society was formed. During this time I contacted all Slovenian organization in Canada and ask them to write the history of their respective organization. I also wrote around 20 historical articles. All this historical information was donated to CSHS. I also researched the best location for the site of CSHS and finally decided that the best location would be Slovenian Seniors Home, Linden foundation (Dom Lipa) and then proceeded to negotiate with Linden Foundation management. I am very grateful for the agreement signed by the Linden Foundation President Darko Medved and myself as the President of the CSHS. This is now a permanent home of CSHS.

2001: Coordinator and spokesperson for Slovenian Community in discussions with Canadian government representative of NATO. We presented a strong case and recommended that the Canadian Government should support Slovenia's acceptance in NATO.

2006: At the first Canadian Slovenian Convention in Toronto I was democratically elected as REPRESENTATIVE OF SLOVENIANS IN CANADA.

2007: Appointed by the President of Slovenian Government Hon. Janez Jansa as a Member of the Government council for Slovenians abroad and (STARESINA SVETA) senior head of the government council for Slovenians Abroad.

Still a member of the following organizations:

- Slovenian Summer Camp –SSC
- Simon Gregorcic Cultural Association
- Canadian Slovenian Congress
- Canadian Slovenian Historical Society
- Slovenian Senior Home “Linden Foundation”
- Slovenia Credit Union
- Representative of Slovenians in Canada
- Member of the Government Council of the Republic of Slovenia for Slovenians abroad.

Recognitions

1978: Recognition by Arch Bishop of Toronto Philip Z. Pocock, for contributions to Toronto Archdiocese Share life Program.

1991: Special recognition by Government of Slovenia and first Slovenian Government President Lojze Peterle for selfless help to Slovenia during the attack by Yugoslavian Army and war in Slovenia.

1991: Recognition and thanks by Mayor of Toronto Art C. Eggleton for the contributions to city of Toronto.

1995: Recognition and thanks by Canadian Slovenian Chamber Commerce for the contributions to Slovenian business in Canada and in Slovenia.

1996: Thank you letter from Cardinal Aloysius Ambrozic for excellent coordination of Baraga days in Canada.

2001: Recognition and thanks from the Secretary of the Government of Slovenia, Magdalena Tovornik for successful work with Slovenians in Canada.

2005: DECORATION - “ORDER OF SLOVENIA” by the President of the Republic of Slovenia Dr. Janez Drnovsek for earned contributions to Slovenian Community in Canada.

2006: Thank you certificate from Statistics Canada for contributions for successful Slovenians registrations in the Canadian Census.

2007: Recognition by Slovenia for the contributions to establishing Canadian Slovenian magazine “Voice of Canadian Slovenians”

Plans for the future:

- Spend as much time as possible with my children and grandchildren.

Help them as much as I can

- Travel
- Continue to help Slovenian Community in Canada
- Continue to represent Slovenians in Canada, serve as member of Slovenian Government council for Slovenians abroad and be a positive advisor to Slovenians in Canada, Slovenia and other parts of the world
- Continue to help Canadian Slovenia Historical Society to accomplish organization program and continue to donate Canadian Slovenian historical information with a hope that someday my proposed book "Slovenians in Canada from Atlantic to Pacific" will be published
- For 50th Slovenian day celebration, prepare and publish history of 50 Slovenian day's celebrations on Slovenian Summer camp
- Attend and help Slovenian cultural celebrations as much as possible