

## DOROTHY MARGARET GORESKY (SIMPSON)

I was born December 3 1925 to Harold and Florrie Simpson, on the prairie farm at Lindequist, six miles from the town of Battleford, Saskatchewan.

Even as an infant I suffered from eczema and later from asthma. The latter was a frequent problem for me, causing me to miss school concerts and neighborhood parties. Fortunately I “grew out of it” with no further attacks for many, many years.



Dorothy at nine months.

Childhood memories remain very strong. An early one is of the Bertha army worms that marched across the land, devouring everything in their path. Nor was our stuccoed house

with ill-fitting windows any barrier. Up one side, across the rooms, and down the opposite walls. Always going barefoot - how I hated the little beasts for it was impossible not to step on their horrid bodies.

Bare feet? What fun to tread up and down up to your knees in fresh mud puddles or to fashion mud pies decorated with flowers and set them out to bake in the sun. I look in vain today to see children in messy play clothes or bare feet.

Fall harvest brought a neighbor's threshing machine with the harvest crew and heavy work for the women to prepare three hearty meals a day - home-made bread, cookies and pies, meat and vegetables. My pay for helping the neighbor was a tiny colored cream jug, treasured for many years but finally lost.

But there were days for fun and play. The Battle River flowed close by, for swimming in summer and skating in winter. When frozen and blown clear of snow I recall the delight of skimming before the wind for great distances, despite the effort it took to head home against that wind.

Saturday meant going to Battleford to visit Aunt Ann and family, and to buy groceries.

"Dad's Domain", the Wheat Pool Elevator was another source of delight. The mile-walk itself was always an adventure before reaching the building with special noises, sights and smells. The elevator was connected to the office by a raised walkway under which ran the belts connecting the engine in the office basement to the main structure.

To start that motor Dad seemed to stand within the wheel and then give a mighty tug. Slowly, slowly there would be a chug - - chug - - chug - - chug, then a rapid - **Chug**,chug,chug,chug, **Chug**,chug,chug,chug until the shaking office was filled with a rumbling roar.

Dad's welcome, "Time to close up", meant walking together with his stride and my skipping feet to reach home for supper.



As a youngster I could always be found with a kitten. My favourite had been brought from a visit to friends on a Reserve, Dad hoping she would be a good mouser at the mouse-infested elevator. However she had other plans and insisted on always returning home. Never did I name this favourite cat. She was just Puss.

One winter when Olive and Wes moved from the farm to the city, they asked our family to keep their dog, Midge. Midge would have made friends but Puss always turned her back and often the two would sleep back to back on Dad's stomach when he chose to sleep.



Dorothy with kitten



Midge and Puss

Great Uncle Picken lived mostly with Aunt Ann but sometimes he stayed at the farm. There he helped prepare the dinner vegetables and regularly played cards with me. But for some unknown reason it always ended disastrously. On one occasion he accused me of taking his armband and said I must have taken it upstairs and I had to get it. Mother looked everywhere, including a nearby clothes closet. As she emerged she discovered Uncle Picken had both armbands on one sleeve!



Uncle Picken



Lindequist School

School at last! How I longed to join my siblings there with so many others. The little one-roomed, white schoolhouse was meant to hold thirty or more bodies but not the forty it held that year. Can you imagine one teacher instructing eight grades and often assisting others who took grades nine and ten by correspondence and earning a salary of \$400 a year?

Each took their own lunch and in winter often a potato to bake on the little wood stove in the basement to be joined by hot cups of cocoa brewed from sugar, cocoa and milk contributed by families in turn. No modern convenience can duplicate the wonderful aroma and taste of crisp skinned potatoes, perhaps burnt, with lots of butter, salt and pepper.

We regularly spent Dad's two-week holiday at Cochin beach. It was through Aunt Myrtle's, Dad's sister's generosity, that we managed two summers there during the depression. We would set off in the Chrysler with Dad, Mother and Olive in the front seat. The back seats were removed so we could pack in boxes of baked and canned goods, clothing and bedding. There Cliff and I would lay stretched out on our tummies, joyfully gazing ahead. We were off to the beach!!

Surely a Prairie story would be incomplete without accounts of "The Dirty Thirties". A frequent sight on prairie railroads were the numerous "hobos", "riding the rods" from east to west and back in search of work and food. There must be many tragic stories behind all that.

Records show that the winter lows of 1935 and 1936, the coldest on record, were followed by summers with record-breaking highs of 110 to 113 degrees. Winds blew topsoil away and through ill-fitting screens turning window sills into slates on which we drew our names. The next day there would be another similar slate.

Was it just returning rains that turned all this around? The book, *Men Against the Desert* by James H. Gray, writes about the 10,000 farmers who had walked away from their farms and how the land once more became fertile.

There were two organizations responsible for this. The first was 50,000 bankrupt farmers working under the direction of Dominion Experimental Farms, established in 1886 and their

researchers in many associated fields. The second was the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act of 1935. It established myriad new farming practices and new machinery. Farmers were not about to give up the life they loved on their farms and hope was restored.

From the country school I went to Battleford to take grades nine to twelve. Then a fortunate meeting with the new principal led to my enrolment in the University of Saskatchewan in Premed followed by two years of Medicine. The last two years were studied in the University of Alberta where I graduated with an M.D. in May of 1950 followed the next day by my marriage to Walter Goresky.



B.A. from U. of S.



M.D. from U. of A.



Dorothy & Walter cutting the cake.

May 17 1950

Walter and I amicably went our separate ways in 1975

Four children were happily born to this couple



Lynne 3½ months



Infant Mark

Leslie in swing.



Mark at Neudorf piano



Lynne at Neudorf piano



Leslie at Topeka piano  
(None of Brenda)

Below - CHILDREN AS ADULT

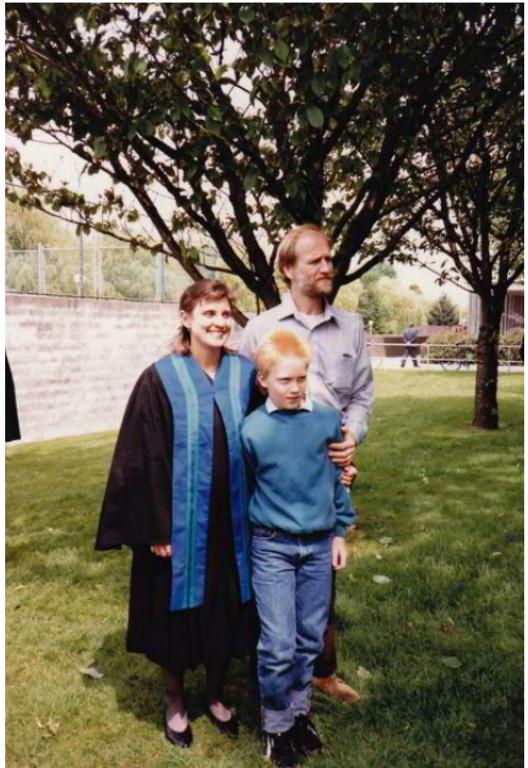


Brian Walker,



husband of Leslie

Leslie's grad from  
Langara





**Lynne in Cartier St. den**

Lynne & I had an equal passion for gardens. The big difference was that Lynne knew the botanical name for every plant.



**Sam and Mandy's wedding**



**Sonja and Raymond  
To be married in 2011**



**Jason Vance and son, Benjamin**



Lynne died June 6, 2005. Although my birthday isn't until December she had detailed plans to celebrate my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday in July when it is easier for family to get together.

T-shirts that Leslie had made for immediate family.



Jason, Sam, Mandy, Bob, Dorothy, Mark, Brian; Cathy, Soma, Leslie.



The front of the shirts have a picture taken in China with Leslie, Dorothy and Lynne and titled:

THE MOST HONORABLE QUEEN EMPRESS  
DOCD0800THY

The back is titled: AND THE DWARVES  
with nine separate named pictures.

Mark - Sneezy; Lynne asleep on a pillow - Sleepy;  
Bob under a hat - Bashful; Brian wide-eyed - Magic Mirror;  
Jason & Keren - Prince Charming; Mandy & Sam - The  
Huntsman; Wide-eyed Leslie - Dopey; Cathy - Happy;  
Soma - Grumpy. Of course Doc was Dorothy.

Most of the things recorded below were what Lynne had planned. Mark & Bob went straight to accommodation at UBC & came here after about 4:00. Les & Brian came in by ferry and car by noon with pyrogis & salmon. Les & I picked up Cathy & Soma at 3:00.

At 4:30 Mark & Bob spirited me away on a pretext to get pills for Bob at UBC, me with no suspicion whatever as to what was going on at home. Back home I roared to the back door to

belatedly meet guests and was greeted by a room filled with balloons, four-dozen roses and everyone blowing whistles and dressed in the shirts described above.

Meeting here were Mark & Bob; Leslie & Brian, Soma & Cat.; Sam & Mandy; Jason & Keren; Sonja & Raymond; Cliff & Betty; Olive, Anuradha & Frank. What a Birthday Party!



**Siblings: Dorothy, Olive and Cliff**

Have I finally come to the end of my long personal account? Is it possibly justified because I started this whole thing and have collected numerous accounts and sources of information? So, in other words, without my interest and work this book would not exist!

There has been a lot to struggle over besides collecting the content. Frustration getting pictures inserted with text beside them. What should come first and what next? And who will be my editor? It certainly needs one.

Mark and grandsons Sam and Jason have given considerable help with the text and looking after the web site. My genuine thanks to them.