

## DAY 10—SATURDAY, JUNE 16

### On to Ternopil

The 6:00 am wake-up call caught me in bed. At 7:00 am, I met the gang for our last Hotel Nadia breakfast. Romana explained that she would not be on the bus ride to Ternopil. There was some more research she wanted to complete and that she would take a taxi to Ternopil, joining us later.

Our bus driver was Andrei and he helped us stow our luggage. We were off by 9:00 am. Andrei informed us that it would be a 2 hour trip to Ternopil. Harry noticed that we were taking the same route that we did yesterday on our side trip. We passed Ostrynnia, proceeded to Monastirska, past Buchach and north to Ternopil. Sure enough, we arrived at 11:00 am.



Andrei was not sure where the hotel was located and asked for directions. The directions led us into a traffic jam at the Ternopil Flea Market. There were cars moving in every direction causing a massive gridlock. The Flea Market was huge, with every imaginable item on display. Harry liked what he saw and indicated that he would definitely be visiting this market during our stay in Ternopil. It would take us 30 minutes to negotiate our way through the market. We could see our large hotel looming, in the distance.

We finally reached Hotel Ternopil. It appeared a bit on the seedy side. I checked in with the hotel staff and ask for Natalya, who was handling our hotel and tour arrangements. I checked about the city tour set today for 2:00 pm. Natalya thought that it was for tomorrow. Originally the tour was set for tomorrow, however we changed the arrangements, while still in Canada. We received an e-mail confirmation from the hotel acknowledging the change of date. I showed Natalya the paper confirming the new arrangements. It appeared that the staff did not read beyond the third paragraph, where the acknowledgement was confirmed. I pointed out on their own computer screen, the agreed to changes. They sheepishly agreed that they had made a mistake. Natalya covered by claiming that it was another Natalya who had made the rearrangements and hadn't passed on this information. They now

did a last-minute scramble for a guide and bus. After placing a few calls, Natalya informed us that the tour will have to be for 3:00 pm, which suited us for it gave us a chance to grab a bite to eat.



Repairs were going on both inside and outside the hotel. There was scaffolding on the outside, including outside my hotel window. The elevators were small and making strange noises. The hotel had hot water hours, from 9-12 am and 7-11 pm. There was also a Casino attached to the hotel. Something I would definitely stay clear of. Hotel Ternopil overlooks Lake Ternopil. It is on the south-east corner of the lake. Across from it on the south-west corner is the hotel Halachyna, which was owned by the same company and appeared more modern.

After, checking into our rooms, we met downstairs, in the dining room for a quick bite. The dining room had seen better days and probably was the place to dine during Soviet times. The room was large and we were the only patrons. The menu looked good and we order our usual borshch and salads. After our lunch we settled into the comfortable sofas in the lobby and waited for our city tour people.

Just as I was almost nodding off, I was informed that someone was waiting for me in the lobby. It turned out to be the priest from Shidlivtsy and a young girl who acted as his translator. I had earlier been corresponding with him regarding my visit to my father's village. He was prepared to take me to Shidlivtsy this evening and show me around. I had to inform him that I was about to go on a tour and that I had already made arrangements for tomorrow, with a translator/driver. The translator/driver would meet me tomorrow for the side trip to Shidlivtsi and it was too late to cancel his services.

The priest told me that he had two services to perform on Sunday and that we could meet at 11:00 am at the bus station in Husiatyn. I agreed and thanked him for coming to see me at the hotel, which was a good distance from Shidlivtsi. I had earlier written to him about the arrangements and

indicated that I would be using a translator/driver. I apologized for any confusion on his part about the arrangements. I guess he too, like many others, didn't read beyond paragraph three.

The bus driver and guide arrived punctually at 3:00 pm. Our guide, Liliya Morska was very pretty and bore a striking resemblance to the actress Catherine Zeta-Jones. Her command of English was excellent and she spoke almost without an accent.

We first did a bus tour around Ternopil. Liliya seemed to know the history of every major building and monument. She commented on the destruction during WWII and that Ternopil was called the Ukrainian Stalingrad, due to the massive destruction. On reviewing the history of Ternopil, Liliya pointed out that Ternopil had been destroyed on a number of occasions. She commented on the neighbourhoods and pointed out a suburban neighbourhood, which was often referred to as Canada. The wide sprawl of concrete buildings in the suburbs is typical of an earlier Soviet architecture. However, the centre of town, around the hotel, was very green with trees and shrubbery and was very inviting. This part of Ternopil was rebuilt, preserving the pre-war, Austrian-style architecture. The town centre sits between the artificial lake, to the west and the train station, to the east.



After the bus tour, we went on a walking tour starting from the front of our hotel. Behind Hotel Ternopil is a long set of steps leading to some parkland on the lakeside. We opted to forgo the walk to the bottom of the steps, given the time and that there was much more to see of the tour—plus, while it was a long way down, it was a longer way up. At the top of the stairs is a great view of Lake Ternopil, a man-made lake. Ternopil is very green city. Near the water's edge, is the small 450-year-old Zavyzhenska Church. It is referred to as the 'Church on the Pond', as it was where the Cossack leader Bohdan Khmelnytsky gathered his troops before fighting the Poles in Zboriv in 1649. Liliya recommended that if we had time, that there were pleasant boat rides on Lake Ternopil, which would cost only a few HUA's.

Adjacent the hotel is the Ternopil Castle. In 1544 the castle was constructed and repelled its first Tatar attacks. The castle was rebuilt as a palace in the 19th century. The fortifications were removed along with the tower and gate. Then an ordinary wall was built around the new palace

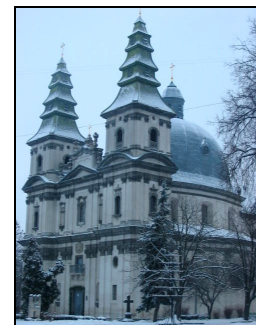
Next, we proceeded along Zamkova Street (our hotel is located on Zamkova Street) where we saw a large white government administration building. It is nicknamed the "White House." We then walked to Hrushetskoho Street, a lovely street, with many historic buildings. Liliya pointed out the English Language University that she had attended. She added that there were courses offered there for being a tour guide.



We then continued to the tree-lined, Taras Shevchenka Boulevard, Ternopil's leafy showpiece and a popular hang-out. It was a nice venue for a stroll, with lovely landscaping and fountains. Here there is a large statue of Taras seated and looking down at passers-by. I took a picture of a young boy seated under the gaze of Taras. On its northern end is maidan Teatralni. This is a large square with

the neoclassical Shevchenko Theatre (Ternopil City Theatre) which highlights one side of the square. It resembles the Opera House in Lviv. After that, we went to the main pedestrian artery, Sahaydachnoho Street. Apart from Sahaydachnoho Street, Ternopil has other streets blocked off for pedestrian use—something we definitely need more of in Toronto and other cities of Canada.

**The Dominican Church & Monastery**, is located at the western end of Sahaydachnoho Street. Built in the mid-18th century, its twin towers rise from a baroque facade. It is the city's finest silhouette and is seen on many postcards. Attached to the Monastery, at 14 Sahaydachnoho Street, are the **State Archives of Ternopil Oblast**. We will be visiting the archives on Monday to do some serious research.







The northern end of Sahaydachnoho Street opens up into **Maidan Voli** (Free-Will Square), another smaller square with many bright banks of raised flower beds and plenty of places to sit. The Maidan Voli is conveniently located directly across from our Hotel. Later, I would enjoy sitting on the benches

of this square as I people-watched and took in Ukraine.

We finished the tour in front of our hotel and thanked Liliya and the driver for the tour. I asked her if she would be willing to be a translator/guide for any future TUGG research trips. She agreed and gave me details on how to contact her.

On the recommendation of the hotel staff we decided to have supper at a place called “Stary Mlyn” or Old Mill on 1 Brodivska Street. I could not walk there and decide to take a taxi. The others felt up to the walk. Stary Mlyn is off a busy intersection and has a small parking area in front, which allows taxis to pull in and let their customers



out. After twenty minutes waiting at the front of the restaurant, I decided to go in, in order to get a large table. A small band was playing traditional Ukrainian songs, which I thoroughly enjoyed, along with a cool beer. Eventually the gang arrived just as the music ended. The restaurant has three levels and it known as a Shynok or museum restaurant. Hanging of the walls and ceilings are many various artifacts that one would have found in Ukrainian homes and farms a hundred years ago.

Stary Mlyn boasts authentic Ukrainian food and atmosphere. The staff is dressed in traditional garb. Their menu is on a wooden plank and in Ukrainian. The young fellow who took our order had enough command of English to explain what was on the menu. I ordered their green borshch and a bowl of 3 kinds of varynyky. I found it to be the absolute best green borshch I had ever tasted.

After returning to the hotel, I decided that I needed a cool beer and went to the outdoor patio bar at the rear of the building. The Vizniowski's would join me and we chatted about what we had seen on the tour. Shortly after settling in, the hotel staff informed me that someone was waiting for me in the lobby. I went there to find a fortyish woman, a younger woman and a young man waiting for me. It turned out to be Olha Vitek (nee Shklar), her daughter Tatyana and son-in-law Serhii. I had earlier been in correspondence with Olha regarding the Shklars of Sydoriv. My grandmother (father's mother) was Teklia Shklar and she had been born in Sydoriv. I wrote to the mayor of Sydoriv asking if there were any Shklars living in or around Sydoriv. I received a letter from Olha, indicating that he had received the letter and that her father was a Shklar and that they were living in nearby Kotsiubynchyky. Her roots might be the same as mine. I invited them to join me at the outdoor patio for a drink and to talk.

I earlier wrote Olha that I would be staying at the hotel and visiting Shidlivtsy and Kotsiubynchyky on Sunday. She came to the hotel to drive me back with her. I again had to explain that I had already made arrangements with a driver/translator and that it was too late to undo. Her son-in-law had some knowledge of English and with my limited Ukrainian, we managed to communicate. Olha gave me a sheet indicating the Shklar Family group record that must have come from a Parish Family Register, which included the birth date of my grandmother Teklia. She said she got this information from the church in Sydoriv. This intrigued me because I thought that this record would have been gotten from the archives or from a local RAHS Office.

I proceeded to copy the information when she told me to keep the sheet. I thanked them and walked them to their car, during which my calf muscle became re-injured.

I re-joined the Vizniowski's, telling them that Olha was probably a distant cousin and told them of our conversation. We discussed tomorrow's plans. I would be side-tripping it to Sydoriv and Shidlivtsy; the Vizniowski's would side-trip it to Hrabovets and Kupchyntsi and Romana would side-trip it to Bolechiv. The Hrynkiw's would be sightseeing around Ternopil.

Returning to my room I made sure that my camera batteries were fully charged and that the picture album I had prepared in Canada was at-hand for

me to bring to show possible relatives. I had trouble getting to sleep, wondering about how I would react and hold up during the visit to my father's village and the villages of my grandparents. I placed a 6:00 am wake-up call.

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## Some Background on Ternopil .

Ternopil is a city and the administrative centre of the Ternopil Oblast (province) situated in Western Ukraine on the banks of the Seret River. It is located approximately 132 km south-east of Lviv and 137 km north-east of Ivano-Frankivsk.

The exact date of the founding of the city of Ternopil is not known, but there is a reference to its destruction in 1524 by the Mongols. The nucleus of the city was a castle, constructed on the ruins of Sopilche. Sopilche was an ancient Ukrainian fortress which was destroyed during Khan Baty's campaign into the Carpathians.

In 1540 a fortress was built here by Jan Amor Tarnowski as a Polish military stronghold and in 1544 the Tarnopol castle was constructed and repelled its first Tatar attacks. In 1575 it was plundered by Tatars.

In the 17th century the town was almost annihilated in the Chmielnicki Uprising. Later Ternopil was almost completely destroyed by the Turks and Tatars in 1675. It was rebuilt but did not recover its previous glory until it passed to Marie Casimire, the wife of king Jan III Sobieski in 1690. The city was later sacked for the last time by Tatars in 1694, and twice by Russians in the course of the Great Northern War in 1710 and the War of the Polish Succession in 1733. In 1747 Józef Potocki invited the Dominicans and founded the beautiful late baroque Dominican Church (today the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception of The Blessed Virgin Mary of the Ternopil-Zobriv eparchy of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church).

In 1772 the city came under Austrian rule after the First Partition of Poland. In 1809 the city became part of the Duchy of Warsaw but in 1811 the region came under Russian rule. In 1815 the city (then with 11,000 residents) returned to Austrian rule in accordance with the Congress of Vienna.

During World War I the city passed from German and Austrian forces to Russia several times. In 1917 it was burnt down by fleeing Russian forces. After the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire the city was proclaimed part of the *West Ukrainian People's Republic* on November 11, 1918. During the Polish-Ukrainian War it was **the country's capital** from 22 November to 30 December after Lviv was captured by Polish forces.

After the act of union between *Western-Ukrainian Republic* and the *Ukrainian People's Republic (UPR)*, Ternopil formally passed under the UPR's control. On July 15, 1919 the city was captured by Polish forces. In 1920 the exiled Ukrainian government of **Symon Petlura** accepted the Polish control of Ternopil and of the entire area, in exchange for the Polish assistance in restoration of Petlura's government in Kiev. This effort ultimately failed and in July and August, 1920 Ternopil was captured by the Red Army in the course of the Polish-Soviet War and served as the capital of the *Galician Soviet Socialist Republic*. By the terms of the **Riga Treaty** that ended the Polish-Soviet war, the Soviet Russia recognized Polish control of the area.

Since 1922 it has been the capital of the newly created Tarnopol voivodship that consisted of 17 powjats. The colonial policies of the Polish authorities, especially the assimilationist ethnic policies, affected all spheres of public life. Ukrainians were restricted in their rights and were severely prosecuted for any attempts to oppose the Polonization. This created a strong backlash and strengthen the position of the militant *Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists*. In 1939 it was a city of 40,000; 50% of the population was Polish, 10% Ukrainian and most of the remaining part was Jewish.

During the Polish Defensive War it was annexed by the Soviet Union and attached to the *Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic*. The Soviets continued the campaign against the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists aided by the information given to them by the former Polish authorities. The Soviets also carried the mass deportations of the Polish part of the population to Kazakhstan.

In 1941 the city was occupied by the Germans who continued exterminating the population by murdering the Jews and sending others to forced labor in Germany. In 1944 the city was taken by the Red Army and the remaining Polish population was expelled.



Since 1991 Ternopil is a part of independent Ukraine and along with other cities of Galicia is an important center of Ukrainian national revival.



**A monument to Patriarch Josef Slipyj outside the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception of The Blessed Virgin Mary**

Slipyj's life story inspired the Australian writer Morris West's 1963 novel ***The Shoes of the Fisherman***. West's protagonist is Kiril Pablovich Lakota, the Metropolitan Archbishop of Lviv, who is freed by the Soviet Premier after twenty years in a Siberian labor camp. Hollywood's film version appeared in 1968, starring Anthony Quinn as Lakota/Kiril I and Laurence Olivier as a Soviet villain. It was nominated for two Academy Awards.

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## DAY 11—SUNDAY, JUNE 17

### Ternopil—Side Trips to the Villages

I was up before my wake-up call rang. I gathered my notebook, cameras, monopod, album and bottled water. I realized that today may be a bit costly, so I got some extra HUA's from the money machine next to the hotel. Outside, it was already hot and humid at 7:00 am.

The Vizniowski's were half-way through their breakfast, when I join them in the dining room. Their guide would be the same one I used on my side-trip on Friday—Roman Yurtseniuk. Roman also arranged for a large van for the six of them. My arrangement was with a young driver, Oleh Stechyshyn. He came highly recommended from a Ukrainian genealogical discussion group contact. Romana made her own driver arrangements with someone she had used previously. On the way out of the dining room, we each gathered more bottled water from the buffet table and headed for the lobby to await our drivers.

Roman and his driver were already waiting in the lobby at 8:00 am, when we entered. I wished the Vizniowski's a good trip and they were off. My driver arrived shortly after along with three others. They were Oleh Stechyshyn, his wife Iryna, her friend Anna Sukhaniuk and Vasyl Verbovets'kyi. I was wondering how all of us would comfortably fit into a car. I followed them to the parking lot where there was a large van. It was owned by Vasyl and he would be the driver, Oleh and Irena would be interpreters and Anna was along for the ride. I think that she was also Vasyl's girl-friend.

Today, I got a good appreciation of the poor state of some of the country roads. Portions were rife with potholes and Vasyl would skillfully zig-zag his way through the maze. The bumpiness of the roads made conversation almost impossible.



En route to Husiatyn, we stopped off in Kopychyntsi. Here I took some pictures of the railroad station. My

father and his brothers would have transferred at this station when they left Ukraine to come to Canada. I took pictures of the exterior and interior of the station. This amused the staff. While clambering over the tracks I felt my calf muscle again starting to ache. Anna Sukhaniuk turned out to be a nurse and she told me that I probably needed some calcium to help with the healing process.

Our next stop was Husiatyn and the railroad station. Again, it was a transit point that my father and his brothers made on their journey. For my father Antoni, he would leave his beloved village of Szydlowce (Shidlivtsi) on Tuesday, November 20, 1928. First he was transported by wagon to the train station of Husiatyn. From there he transferred to a train going to Kopychyntsi. Next, by train to the city of Ternopil. Then, to Lviv and on to Warsaw. From Warsaw, the train took him to the Port of Danzig (Gdansk today), arriving on November 29. From Danzig he boarded a small steamer to Antwerp, Belgium and then on to Southampton, England. On December 6, aboard the SS Montroyal, he crossed the Atlantic and arrived on Sunday, December 14, at the Port of St. John, New Brunswick. From there, he again boarded a train headed for Union Station in Toronto. On December 16, Antoni (Tony) was met at the station by his older Brother Iwan (John), who had earlier come to Canada in 1923. Tony was sixteen and John was twenty-three and both would never return to Ukraine.

I again took pictures of the station in Husiatyn. It had been rebuilt after WW II, but it was here that my father and uncles made a stop-over. We then drove to the bus station, where we were to meet the priest, Vasyl Demchyshyn at 11:00 am. At 11:25, Vasyl arrived in one car and his assistant Myroslav Baluk, arrived in a van. Vasyl had his wife and daughter with him. They apologized for being late, stating that the morning service was longer than expected. They indicated that we should follow them.

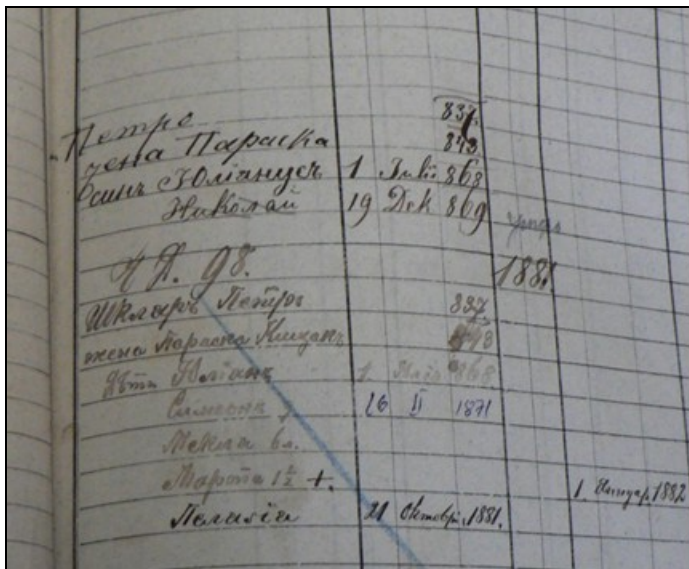
First we drove to Sydoriv and to the cemetery. Here we were led to the Shklar grave-site. My paternal grandmother was a Shklar. The cemetery was very over-grown with weeds, vines and stinging nettles. My calf muscle was really starting to throb at this point. Fortunately, my camera monopod, served me



well as a walking stick. Nearby the cemetery was the Sydoriv Greek Catholic Church. A ceremony was still in progress, so we killed time by exploring the church grounds and a near-by derelict Catholic Church building.

The Catholic Church was empty and stripped of all church paraphernalia. There were bits of ceiling, which had fallen and the floor was in rough shape. I asked why this church was in such a state. The priest, Vasyl, told me that up to 1991, the church was used to store items during the soviet period. Afterwards it again became an operating church. Unfortunately the few faithful parishioners died off and there were no more Roman Catholic parishioners left to carry on. I wondered who would have stripped the church bare. Perhaps the icons found their way to other Roman Catholic churches?

After the Greek Catholic service was over we met the Sydoriv priest, who invited us into the church. We went to an office, where the priest asked us to sit. He then had his assistants



bring me a number of church metrical books for both Sydoriv and for nearby Shidlivtsi. The metrical books contained birth, marriage and death records going back to 1740. Now I knew why the archives did not have these books—they were never turned over. They were supposed to be turned over to the RAHS Offices in 1940.

This angered me, because I had spent a great deal of time looking for these records, to no avail. I had supposed that they probably had been destroyed during the Wars, given that this area was on the border between Austria and Russia and later Poland and the USSR. There are probably similar situations in other parishes, where the books have not been turned over. It took my coming to Ukraine to make this discovery and what a hopeful discovery! Now I know there are records going back to 1740.



I was hoping that the priest would bring me all the books and that I pick which book to look at. Instead he asked me who I was looking for. He then had an assistant bring the relevant book and he would look up the name. Unfortunately, the assistant had trouble reading the pages and kept showing me the wrong names. After a while I asked if it was permissible for me to look for the names, myself. They agreed and I asked for the register which listed the families. I quickly located the family of Petro Shklar and there was my grandmother, Teklia and her birth date, February 17, 1874. The family record also revealed that Teklia's father Petro was born in 1837 and her mother Paraska was born in 1843. It also listed Teklia's siblings.

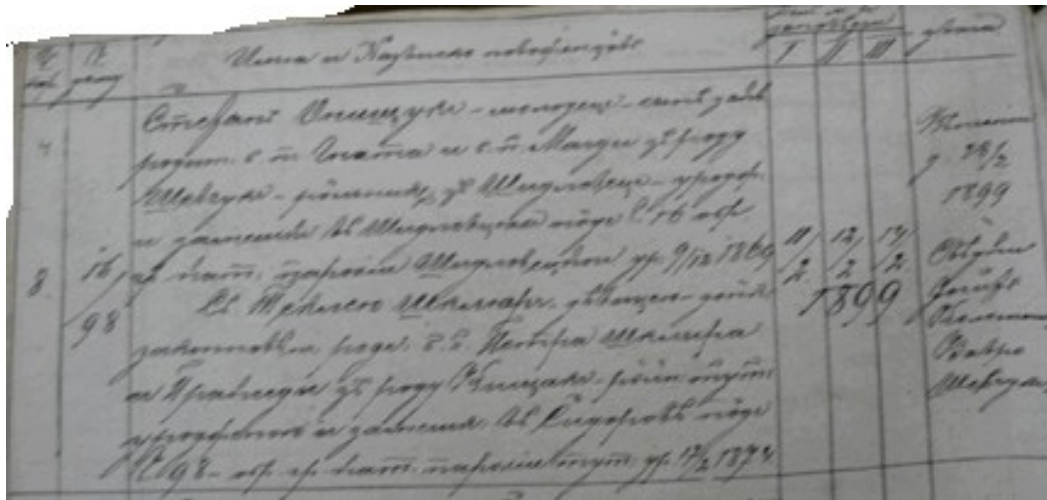
Here is what this page revealed.

	<b>Born</b>	<b>Died</b>
Petro Shklar	1837	
Wife Paraska	1843	
<b>Children</b>		
Yuliiian (Julian)	1, July, 1868	
Nikolai	19, December, 1869	
Symon	16, February, 1871	
<b>Teklia</b>	<b>17, February, 1874</b>	
Marta 1-1/2 +	1879	1, January, 1882
Pelahiia (Pelagia)	21 October, 1881	

I asked for the marriage records and they brought me the Marriage Banns, which records the three announcements in the church of intention to wed and the wedding date. Here I found the three announcements being made on February 11, 12 and 14, followed by the wedding on February 28, 1899. It also indicated that Stefan Onyschuk was the son of Hnatii (Ignatius) and Magdalena Shewchuk. Stefan was from house #16 in Shidlivtsi and was born on December 9, 1869. His wife, Teklia was the daughter of Petro Shklar and Paraska Khischok. She was from house #98 in Sydoriv and was born on February 17, 1874.

I took digital pictures of these pages. Since there were a dozen people waiting while I was doing the search, I realized that I had better cut it short. I thanked the priest and the entourage and placed 200 HUA in their building

fund box.



The priest, Vasyl, next led us to an old woman's house. She was a Shklar. She was very jovial and very talkative and yappy, but was making no sense. She had a very thick, long, curly, white hair growing out of her chin and it waved up and down as she spoke. This was disconcerting since you spent more time looking at this fluttering hair than at her face. The priest grew very impatient with her, as she never directly answered a question posed to her. After twenty minutes we determined that she was a Shklar through marriage and not related to Teklia and that she knew nothing about Teklia's family. We quickly thanked the old lady and bade her good-bye. She kissed me good-bye, like I was a long lost son and we left.

The drive to Shidlivtsi was memorable for the scenery. On the road out of Sydoriv we stopped for a moment to view the remnants of an old castle.



The road leading into Shidlivtsi was about the size of a single-lane driveway that you would find in Canada and it was in good condition. The trees on both sides of the road formed an arched canopy, which blocked out the sun and created the feeling that you were driving through a tunnel. I imagined the Onyschuk boys walking down this road any time they visited Sydoriv. I thought to myself, “Did it have a tunnel-like feel to it back then?”

Soon we pulled up to a large overgrown cemetery. The priest told me that it was very difficult locating the graves until he remembered that I had written him about my grandparents dying from Typhus. There was a section in the cemetery set aside for Typhus victims.

We went through a small opening in a wire fence and along a path, which was overgrown with vines and huge weeds. It was hard to keep from stumbling as the vines criss-crossed the paths. This part of the cemetery obviously saw few visitors over many years. It was like the cemetery was sending a message—stay out!

After a few minutes of stumbling along the paths, the priest stopped at two crosses, made out of pipe. Stepan’s was upright and Teklia’s was lying against a tree. The priest sheepishly said that he would need permission from the church to straiten the cross. Perhaps they saw it as an omen of something. He took a large leaf and rubbed the small, metal plaque on Teklia’s cross and it brought out the etched words “Teklia Onyschuk died 1918”



While at the grave-site, I imagined my father and uncles watching, first their father and a month later their mother being lowered into the ground. My father was six at the time. I saw a small, scared boy crying and not



understanding what was happening to his family. At this point I completely lost it.

I asked if it was okay to take some soil from the graves back to Canada. The priest obliged and taking my comb, he used it to dig up some soil, which we placed in a plastic bag that I carried with me. This was my most emotional moment of the trip.

After the cemetery we drove to old-man Pastuch's house. He was 104 and knew and played with the Onyschuk brothers. As we approached the house a



small, fat dog announce our arrival. A woman came out of the house to greet us. She had been expecting us. I had earlier written a letter to the priest indicating that I wished to locate Pastuch. After a few words and hugs, she went into the house and helped her father out onto a chair on the front porch. He was crippled over and very hard of hearing. His eyesight also appeared to be failing.

The priest introduced us and asked if he would answer my questions. His daughter acted as a go-between and she had to shout our request into his good ear. I couldn't help wondering if his deafness resulted from her shouting. Pastuch replied, "Of course!"



He revealed how he used to play with the Onyschuks and he rhymed of their names a couple of times by saying “I remember Antin, I remember Semko, I remember Iwan, I remember Mykhailo, I remember Petro, I remember Pavlo, I remember Mykola.”

I asked him about Stefan Onyschuk and his siblings. He revealed that that Stefan had three sisters and no brothers. One of the sisters married a Pastuch, but was not from his direct family. We saw that answering our questions was tiring him, so we thanked him and his daughter and bade farewell. The fat dog barked at us as we exited the Pastuch’s yard. I asked that we next visit the village well that the Onyschuks used.



Even though the well, at first glance, appeared to be no longer in use and ready to fall down, there was a worn path leading up to it suggesting that it was still in use.

I had heard a story from a woman from Windsor, Ontario, named Helen (Honorata) Teoniw Dubinska. She was in her nineties, when my cousins

and I visited her. She was born in Shidlivtsi and her house was next to the community well. She remembered the Onyschuk boys going to the well for water. She also remembered Teklia being taken out of the root cellar on a stretcher after she died from Typhus. The family had to live in the cellar, when their home was leveled. She also told us about how the village had been leveled during WW I and that only two homes were left standing. I wanted to see this well as a place where my father and uncles visited daily.

Next, we went to house #16, the Onyschuk house. It had been rebuilt following the War and the ensuing Civil War. It was nestled in a small cluster of houses and small barns. It appeared that it had been vacant for a number of years and the outside was overgrown with shrubs and weeds.

When the Onyschuks first lived there the roof was thatched. Now it had a steel roof, which was very common to this area. The house was square with a white exterior. An old woman approached us. She was the owner of the house. The priest asked if it was okay for us to see the interior. She agreed and opened the front door.

There were four rooms and no hall-way to connect the rooms. Each room had a door, opening to the others. The first room appeared to have been the living-room and there was a trap door in the floor. This led to the root cellar. This must have been where the family lived during WW I and the Civil War. I peered down the hole and saw nothing. Next time I come here I must bring a flash-light. The room opening on the right of this room, appeared to have been the kitchen area. The door on the far wall of the living-room opened to what was probably the main bedroom. The room to the right of this bedroom opened to a smaller room, which had been used as an office. This was the only room to have some furniture.



The office had a table, up against the wall and a desk against an adjacent wall. The desk drawer was sitting on the table and it was full of old pictures, a few documents and some letters. The pictures were curling from the moisture in the room and they were in a scrambled bunch. Looking through the pictures, I recognized that some of them were of my Uncle Sam's family. The letters were also from Sam's wife, Nellie. The priest asked the woman, what was going to happen to the pictures and letters. She indicated that they were of no interest to her and that I could have them. We carefully stacked the pictures and letters and I put them in a folder in my bag.

Later, in my hotel room, I examined the pictures and found a very old one of a three young women holding flowers. Two were standing and the one



seated between them appeared to be wearing unusual shoes. I was excited, since this woman matched the description of my grandmother, Teklia. She wore a special shoe to adapt to her clubbed foot.

After my father and his brothers emigrated, their house was sold by Sam to Oleksa (nee Demkiw) Teoniw. She was a teacher, married to Modest Teoniw. They let their son Jeftifij Teoniw and his wife Eugenia Kischak live in the house. Jeftifij lived there until his death in 1996 at age 90. Jeftifij and Eugenia had no children. That explained why the house has been vacant for several years.

We finished the Shidlivtsi visit by going to where the boys used to swim, the Zbruch River. We parked along-side a building, which was the local mill and served three villages. It had a water-wheel and a small canal running along-side. The canal had a dam at one end. There was a small bridge crossing the mill canal.



The Zbruch River is about 30 to 50 meters across at various points. It appears to be fairly shallow and is fast flowing. On either side of the river valley are gently-rising hills. The land is lush with greenery and the local

farmers use the valley to graze their cattle and other animals. There are clusters of geese, chickens and the odd goat roaming the valley.

There is a hanging bridge which spans the river and you see the odd person crossing over. On this side of the river is the Ternopil Oblast (Province) On the other side of the river is the Khmelnytskyi Oblast. Shidlivtsi spans both sides of the river and administratively used to be part of the Ternopil Oblast. There are about 150 homes on this side of the river. On the Khmelnytskyi side there are 300 newer homes. Consequently, the authorities decided to place Shidlivtsi under the administration of the Khmelnytskyi Oblast.

I was still planning to visit Olha Vitek (nee Shklar) in Kotsiubynchyky. However my calf muscle was throbbing and it was after 6:00 pm, so I decided I had better not further aggravate my injury. I told the priest that I would like to head back to Ternopil. I had brought some papers on immigrating to Canada and handed them to him. He had earlier written to me, asking if I could sponsor him to visit Canada. I had to explain to him that it would be impossible for me to sponsor him, in that I was not related, nor could I provide him a job as an employer. I suggested that he contact his Canadian relatives and ask them. I had earlier sent him the names of people in Canada that had his surname. I told him I would see if there are other ways to get him to Canada. He appeared very disappointed, hoping that I would bring him good news. I thanked him for all his help and gave him 500 HUAs for his trouble.

We drove back to Ternopil. In the Hotel parking lot, I asked Oleh Stechyshyn, how much he wanted for his services. He told me 350 HUAs. I thought I heard wrong, thinking maybe he meant Euros. I asked him “Napasheet, bood laska,” (Write it down, please!). He wrote 350 HUA. He was undercharging for his services, so I gave him 500 HUAs and invited him, his wife Iryna, her friend Anna Sukhaniuk and Vasyl Verbovets’kyi to supper. I asked him to pick a nice restaurant. He said he knew a great place and that it was very reasonable. We drove to the restaurant “Stary Mlyn” or Old Mill on 1 Brodivska Street. I had been there yesterday, but I didn’t let on that I had been there before. I oohed and aahed about the interior and the food and afterwards thanked them for their great service. I would definitely call on them again and recommend their services to others.



Back at the hotel I met the rest of the gang who did their side trips. Everyone had a lot of exciting news about what they found. It was a great day for everyone.

## DAY 12—MONDAY, JUNE 18

### Ternopil—The Archives

Today we would visit the **State Archives of Ternopil Oblast**. It is attached to **The Dominican Church & Monastery**, located at 14 Sahaydachnoho Street, which is on the western end of the street. Built in the mid-18th century, its twin towers rise from a baroque facade. It is the city's finest silhouette and is seen on many postcards.



The Hrynkiw's would be sight-seeing, since this archive had no files relating to their search. At 9:00 am., the rest of us would make the short walk to the Archive. It was only a five minute walk from the Hotel Ternopil. Outside 14 Sahaydachnoho, we posed for pictures before entering.

The archive suffered incalculable damage during WW II. Even so, as of 1984, the archive contained 2,832 fonds (record groups) with over half a million storage units. The fonds, which are of interest to genealogists include:

- Fond 487, series 1, which consists of over 314 files of Greek Catholic and Roman Catholic Church records, covering the period from 1784-1912 and 1920-1944, from towns in the districts around Ternopil.
- Fond 486, series 1. Covers Orthodox records from 1838-1907.
- Fond 485, series 1, which consists of 86 files of Roman and Greek Catholic church records, covering the period of 1784-1903 for the Brzeżany deanery, Borszczów deanery, Zbaraż deanery, Kopeczyńce deanery, Skalat deanery, Trembowla deanery, Czortków deanery and the Ternopil deanery.

- Fond 484, series 1, which consists of 293 files of Orthodox Church records from Kremenets district, Volhynia, covering the period of 1838-1907.
- Fond 426, series 1, which consists of 238 files of Roman Catholic Church records from churches in the deanery of Kremenets in Volhynia covering the period of 1766-1946.

In addition there are fonds covering emigration records from the area and Szematyzms, which were annual handbooks listing offices and office-holders. There were schematisms for government, churches and educational institutions. If you had ancestors who worked for government, a church or a school, these schematisms could yield valuable information and add to one's genealogical pursuits.



After entering the front entrance to the archive a guard showed us to the director's office. The Director, Bohdan Vasyl'ovych Khavarivs'kyi, greeted us very warmly and ushered us into his private office where he ordered in extra chairs for us to sit. He spent thirty minutes explaining what items they had which would interest us. He remarked how more and more genealogists were using the archives

and how that was important. He also gave a brief outline of the history of the Ternopil archives. After a while he called in a photographer to take group pictures. The photographer would also take pictures of us doing research in the Reading Room.

I explained how our group wished to make an annual genealogical tour to Ukraine. The Director then escorted us to the Reading Room where our spravy had already been set aside and placed in a metal cabinet. The woman, who was in charge of the room, called our names, one-by-one and handed each of us the metrical books we had ordered. Our group occupied over half of the desks. I was wondering, what did they do with large groups?

The routine here was more relaxed and we weren't asked to submit our individual letter of introduction until we were comfortably doing our research. The protocol of submitting an individual letter outlining the

purpose of our research appears to be the same in every archive. The Lviv archive has a strict requirement that this must be done before one can gain entry into the Reading Room. The Ternopil archive is more relaxed about this matter, requiring it at some point during our research.

Ramana had recommended an outdoor café called the “Potato House,” near the archive, so when I needed a break I checked it out and the menu was quite varied.

At 5:00 pm, the Reading Room lady indicated that the room was closing shortly. We packed our bags and went for a bite at the “Potato House.” I noticed one of the restaurant patrons gnawing on a large beef rib. The way he was attacking it indicated either that he was starving or that it was very good. I decided I too, needed such a meal and ordered it along with what I thought was to be potato pancakes. I got the ribs and regular pancakes with syrup-not a good combination-but the ribs were delicious.



The weather had been hot and sticky over the last few days. Finally we had some rain to cool the air. The shower lasted for an hour and cooled things down to a comfortable level. After the shower ended we decided to head back to the hotel. On the way back, some of us stopped off at a grocery store near the hotel. I pick up a couple of beers and some yogurt. I decide to call it an early night and enjoyed my beer and yogurt while watching the BBC.