

Success and achievement, an inspirational true story

By JOHN VARTY SR.
An Achiever -

Arthur, a young lad arrived in Tweed in 1953. He was a DP (displaced person) accepted for immigration under the Canadian Government's order in council #PC 3112 - of July 23, 1946. This Government Order was issued to assist thousands of European folk uprooted by the savagery of war and labelled "displaced persons".

After quick approval in a hastily organized Canadian Government Office in Europe and after agreeing to work on a farm for a year Arthur would then be free to establish himself in our great country. Immigrants arrived with great expectations for a better life after enduring the horrors of WW2 - a war whose purpose most did not fully understand.

Arthur arrived in Tweed, Ontario, after a gruelling ocean voyage on a crowded former troop ship to Halifax and then by train to Belleville. He was destined to work on our farm. The platform scene at the railway station was emotionally charged: each DP anxious but yet dubious to meet their farmer. The trip home to Bogart was interesting for me, a young teenaged farm lad. Arthur spoke little English and of course I spoke NO GERMAN but amazingly we communicated. I learned some German - Arthur learned basic English. These were interesting, times.

Arthur was short in stature but tall in effort and ambition. He worked hard, never

found. We were concerned for Arthur's well being in Toronto and had arranged for him to keep us informed through my father's brother George, a Toronto school principal. After learning that Arthur was unable to find any type of work in the big city a job was offered by Tweed's own Rashotte family. Rashotte's construction division was building homes in

three times in the past 40 years but recently learned that he now lives in Kelowna, B.C. In late August, 2002, while driving across Canada with my nephew Jim to B.C., (in a jeep, wow!) we stopped overnight in Kelowna. I called Arthur at 5 p.m. Saturday, September 1st, (Labour Day Weekend). Arthur and Anne were at home and without hesitation I was invited to their new home. Arthur picked me up in his Chevy 1/2 ton and drove me around this interesting city in the Okanagan. I was so impressed with his superb command of the English language. We drove to their magnificent home overlooking the valley and Okanagan Lake. Naturally Arthur, (now over 70 years of age) had built their home. Arthur has arrived!

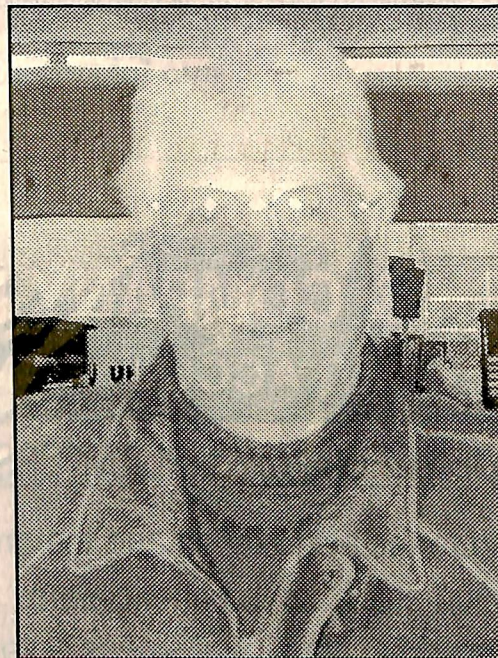
What an interesting evening! We laughed! Our discussion took us back to Tweed, back to the kindnesses of my dear parents and back to those early days of hard work and struggles on the farm.

Arthur considers the farm at Bogart as "HOME".

I am so very proud of Arthur's achievements. This story of accomplishment is a boost to young and old alike. His achievements are prime examples of the benefits of forward thinking, hard work, determination and above all a belief in one's abilities.

Opportunities abound in Canada "Special Note"

In the 50's the terms "Displaced Person" and "DP" dredged up uncomfortable, negative feelings for me and my



Brockville. I recall Arthur's enthusiasm as he built himself a rugged carpenter's tool box (with a broom stick as a handle). He went to work with a passion and soon understood the entire construction process.

Arthur met and married Anne, an industrious, energetic Dutch gal.

Five years after arriving to work on our humble farm Arthur became a *Canadian citizen*.

Arthur and Anne moved to Calgary, continued to work the construction boom and later moved to Edmonton where he