

Stormy Lake Destroys Home of Immigrants

A thoroughly exhausted family of seven sat in bewildered silence yesterday afternoon while a Sunday school class sang three lusty choruses of Yes, Jesus Loves Me.

Heinrich Kubart, his wife and five children were completely oblivious to the joyous discord. They were so close to nervous collapse that none could sit at ease. Conversation seemed pointless and painful.

There was a time, just a few months ago, when the Kubarts could relax and laugh. Yesterday, in the austere Salvation Army citadel at Long Branch, happiness was a memory. In one shattering blow all their new-found possessions, a home, furniture and clothing, had been wiped out.

Heinrich Kubart is a 45-year-old German immigrant of medium build, long jaw and quiet manner. He came to Canada eight months ago from Arnberg, in the Dortmund region of West Germany. He brought with him his wife, daughters Ingrid, 16; Annelie, 5, and Ursulu, 3, and sons Wolfgang, 14, and Arno, 7.

When the Kubarts disembarked at Halifax they possessed \$500 and a fleeting acquaintance with the English language. In Arnberg, Heinrich Kubart had been employed in a factory manufacturing synthetic rubber. In Canada, his English would have to improve before he could claim a good-paying job.

"Ve cum to Toronto," he said. "Ve haff no friends but ve hear about Toronto. Ve haff liddle bit money and ve gedt along."

Heinrich obtained employment as an orderly at the Ontario Hospital on Queen St. His family moved into a few bare rooms. They stretched their budget and counted the coppers until they had scraped together \$800.

"Ve findt heuze in Long Branch," said Mrs. Kubart. "Five rooms cottage. Liddle bit close to lake, but it is heuze of our own."

The Kubarts moved in on Nov. 15. They paid \$64 a month, \$30 to reduce the mortgage and the balance to interest and taxes. Their home was at 535 Lake Promenade.

"Nice place," put in 16-year-old Ingrid. "Ve haff our own heuze already."

But on March 13, misfortune called at the back door. During

one of Lake Ontario's periodic storms, waves broke heavily against the back wall. An entire bedroom was wrenched loose from the building and swept into the lake.

"Ve lose bedroom suite," said Mrs. Kubart. "But nobody hurdt. Ve happy."

Most of the debris had been cleared when, at midnight yesterday morning, another storm visited the ill-fated home of the Heinrich Kubarts.

"I was fast asleep," Kubart said. "About midnight ze windows cracked. Glass all arrounde. Ze roof errack. Den ze valls. All around is vader. Maybe 10 inches. Ze windt make badt noise. Ze heuze shake."

Kubart rallied the family, attempted to soothe the crying children and herded them toward the back door. By this time, pebbles, rocks and boulders were showering through the gaping hole in the back wall.

"Ve run to kitchen," said Ingrid. "Whole heuze rocking."

The father led his wife and children through ankle-deep water up Lake Promenade. The fury of the storm was increasing. Their house was by now battered off its foundation. Walls and ceiling had fallen in. Clothing and furniture were piled in debris and soaked with spray.

"Ve try and gedt hotel room," Kubart said. "All full up. Ve call police. Ve call fire house. Ve haff no friends. Den some people take us here. Ve sleep on floor and chairs. People are goodt."

The Salvation Army provided makeshift accommodation for the first night. All day Heinrich Kubart, his wife and five children huddled in the assembly hall, their reverie broken only by the occasional appearance of a Salvationist with fruit and candy, and by the next chorus of Yes, Jesus Loves Me.