

Memoirs of

GERDA

KIES

SCHLICHTER

This is for my children and grandchildren, so they will know about the life of their mom and grandma.

My Mom and Dad

First a little background on my mom and dad, how they found each other and how they grew up.

My dad was born in Niemes Czechoslovakia (CSR), March 22, 1901. He had two sisters, Ilse and Trude.



Mom and I with my Dad's Sister Ilse

Ilse married a man who had three children and they lived in Prague, CSR.

Trude married Max. They had one son and they lived in Reichenberg, close to us.



Dad's Sister Trude and husband Max

My dad's father had moved from Niemes to Reichenberg and was teaching tailoring in college. He also was a talented painter, and he had wonderful pictures hanging in the house where he lived. His wife died young of diabetes, but he remarried a woman who had two daughters. Dad's stepsisters Gretl and Mitzi, lived in Vienna, Austria.

My dad learned a trade and after working in different places he ended up being a bus driver. He drove a route from Reichenberg to a little village outside of town.

My mom was born on November 27, 1902, in Muenchsdorf, a very little village in Boehmerwald, also in the CSR. Her dad was a schoolteacher. Since little villages only had one teacher, they lived in the schoolhouse, on top of the classroom. It was a large family. My mom was the youngest of eight kids. There was a set of twins, but one of them died at birth. So she had three brothers and three sisters.



Mom with her sisters Lies and Hanna

It was a teacher family. Her mom was a handicraft teacher in that school and her sister Anna was also a handicraft teacher. Sister Lies and

Hanna were grade schoolteachers, each teaching in a little village around that area. Hanna never got married and Lies married in her forties, to Uncle Franz. He was a bachelor and worked in a bank. They had no kids.

Her brother Willi was also a teacher, married to Fini. They lived in Vienna; they had no kids. The other brother Julius was married to Ida. They had no children. He lived in Vienna too and had a job in the government. Brother Franz was married to Herta. They lived in Leipzig, Germany, where he worked in a factory. They had an explosion there and he was killed, leaving to mourn his wife and three kids, Lore, Jochen and Dieter. Herta never remarried. She raised the kids there till they were bombed out during the war. That's when they moved to Neckarsteinach, where she had some relatives.

My mom's dad died when she was twenty-eight. He was a diabetic. Since mom did not have a chance to get an education, because she had to stay home help her mom, the other kids had to give her some money.

When the time came to be married, dad was building a house about one hour drive away from Reichenberg in a small village, were only a few houses existed. His house was right at the edge of a big forest, with a big garden. It was a beautiful place. But he had run out of money, and



My Dad's House

since he was looking for a wife, he put an ad in the newspaper: "Looking for wife with money!" I guess it made its way all around the country and reached my mom, who was ready to get married and searching for the right man.

With the money she had received from her brothers and sisters - she was the girl who could reply, and so after a brief courtship, they decided to get married.



Postcard Image of Haustau

The wedding was in Hostau close to where mom was born. It was a big wedding.

They made their home in Reichenberg, where my dad lived and worked as bus

driver. They lived in a big five story apartment house.

The house in the country was completed, but dad's work did not make it possible for us live there. My grandpa (dad's dad) who was retiring at that time rented it and moved there. It was an enjoyable time for my grandparents living there. Grandpa had rabbits, chickens and doves. The garden was well landscaped and in the summer he went in the forest every morning looking for mushrooms and berries.

When they got married, my mom and dad were both in their thirties, so they started a family right away. One year later was my arrival on this earth.

Everything went fine, my dad just had to go across the street to where the bus garage was, where he picked up the bus to drive. We lived on the ground floor in the big apartment house, which had

some advantages: when you locked yourself out you could climb in through the window. This happened a few times.



Wedding – Church Entrance

My childhood was very pleasant. My mom took good care of me. I had playmates around the house and went for lots of walks with the stroller.



Wedding - Inside of the Church

Sundays, we often visited Tante Trude, dad's sister who lived about forty minutes away. Her son Werni was a year younger than I, so we always played together, which was very enjoyable for us.

At age three, I started gymnastic lessons, twice a

week, about a thirty minute walk one way.

Sundays, Mom and Dad usually went for long walks in the forest or on the mountains. It was mostly a whole day venture. There was always an opportunity to stop at a Gasthaus for a drink or a meal. When I was very little, they had a special carrying purse that was unfolded and I could sit in it and was carried between them. A bit later I was pretty good at walking.

The political situation got tense. Sudetenland, where we lived, lays between Germany and Czechoslovakia. At that time it belonged to the Czechs. The Czechs never liked the Germans; so we were not treated very well.

We had already found a cave by our house in the forest, where we planed to hide if things got too wild. But it was not necessary, because Hitler came into the picture.

again, where we belonged. Of course, now the Czechs were the underdogs until the war ended; when it went the other way again, with vengeance! Two different nations in one country never was any good.

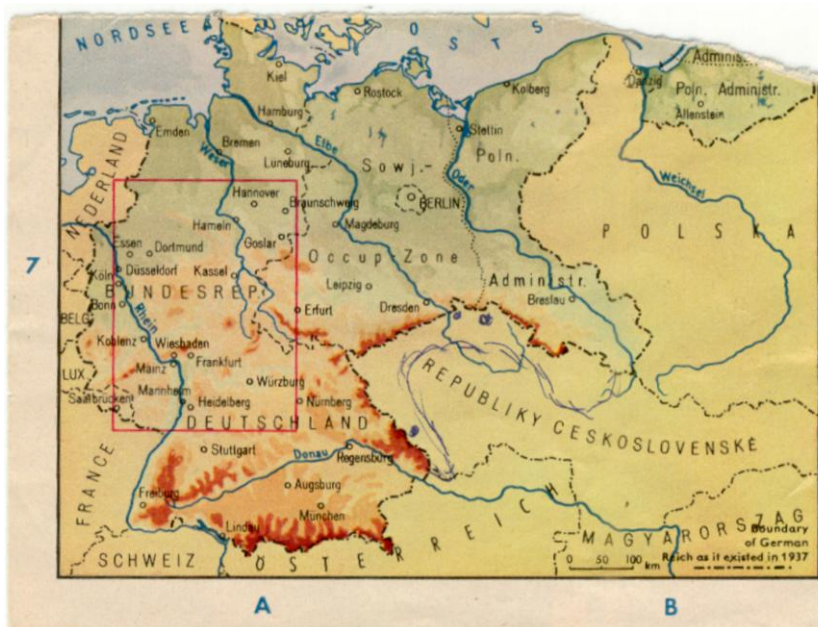
I was fortunate to attend a Kindergarten that had just been built. There was a room with small beds where we had a nap after dinner every day. It was a very nice place.

In 1939 I started school. It was about a twenty minute walk, so at dinnertime, I usually walked home and then back again. Not far from our house lived a girl who went to school with me. Most of time I called on her and we walked together.

In my spare time, I always found playmates. In our apartment house were two or three kids. Across the street there was a girl my age; she was my best friend. But we could not attend school together because her house belonged to another school district. We usually played around the houses.

In the summertime we had a lot of fun in the grass. There was a big patch behind our house; it was close to three feet tall. We made all kinds of roads through it. Of course I had lots of bee-stings every year.

In the wintertime, we took our sleds and skis to the hill just beside the house. That kept us always on the go. Of



Map of Sudetenland Area

There were a lot nice places to go, because our city was surrounded by mountains. The landscape was beautiful in all directions. In the winter, we took a big sled along. We would drag it about two hours up the mountain and then came the long awaited ride down which made it all worthwhile.

When I was about five years old, things started to change.

After he captured Poland, he came and took the Sudetenland back to Germany.

It was a very interesting time. People were waiting for the day, and then when it was announced that he is coming, we all went uptown and watched him march in with the German army. He was riding in a car and people cheered and were happy. So we finally were with Germany

course with playing in the cold, came a lot of colds and coughing all winter.

For other entertainment, we went to see a movie sometime or we went to the puppet theatre. The theatre was so hilarious and the kids all enjoyed it. There also was a panorama. I went there often. It was a dark room, with a round middle, that had chairs all around and like binoculars you sat there and watched the pictures go by, like watching slides.

Summer holidays we always spent with our grandparents. My Mom and I went to visit her family, her mom and sisters in Hostau. It was a days' ride with the train. Hostau was just a little village, where grandma lived. Mom's sisters lived close by, but also in little places. Two aunts were teachers there; the other aunt was married and they had a Gasthaus (an Inn). There was a lot of walking required. Each place was about an hour, to an hour and a half apart.

Some years, the brothers from Vienna came too, so there was a family reunion. Grandmas' brother and sister lived a short train ride away, so we usually went to see them too. His son Herman had a small farm and kids my age, so I looked forward to going there. They were also in the honey business, had bees, and often we could help to make the honey, which was real interesting for us. My favourite thing in this holiday was all the farm animals. I

was bugging my aunt always "mulein gehn" (lets go see the cows), so we visited all the farmers and petted their animals. We stayed six weeks and when we got home there was just enough time to visit dad's parents, who lived in the house that they rented from us.



My Dad's Parents

Summer was a very busy place there, because my grandmas' daughters were there for a visit and Tante Trude (dads' sister) too. Dad took his holidays and we all went there. We always had a good time there. Not too far away, there was a big lake where we went swimming. When Tante Gretl was there, I went fishing with her. There were nice creeks in the forest and we never came home empty.

Well, after two weeks it was back to school. While we were in Hostau I was really intrigued with the piano my grandma had I was playing around with it and was eager to learn it. So we had it shipped to us and I started with my lessons that fall. I was taking flute lessons a year already, which I continued.

Now, back to the political situation. Shortly after Hitler came to take us to Germany

the war started. Things were going really good for the people. There was enough work for everybody, the autobahns were built, and Volkswagen came on the market. He wanted people to have cars.

The young boys all had to go to be soldiers. I am not sure, but I think it was from ages 18 to 35 years who had to go. My cousins all were soldiers: one was on a ship, one on a plane, one by foot; don't know what the other was. They all had close calls but thank God they all came back alive and well.

My dad was in uniform too, but not at the front, just at home for reserve. My dad's sister Tante Trude, who also lived in Reichenberg, had her husband Max go to war. So she was alone with her son Wernie who was a year younger than I. Even when I was very small we would "visit each-other" often on weekends. It was a nice walk of forty minutes to their house.

When Onkel Max was gone, the visits became more frequent, and Werni became my best pal. We got along so good and always came up with ideas to spend our time with pleasure. In winter we went skating, skiing or sled riding. We had snow all winter long. In summer we would go swimming or played some games, which quite often ended in a wrestling fight, but that belongs to growing up.

In November of 1940, I was fortunate to be surprised with a little sister we named Trautl. When I woke up in the morning my dad told me about it. During the night my mom went to the hospital, apparently I slept through all that. We could not visit the hospital, there were no kids allowed. Tante Trude came and helped out while mom was gone. When she came home with the baby I was happy, since I was seven at that time, I was sort of a babysitter already. Things went OK. She grew up and when she was close to a year old and she started to stand we noticed with one foot she was always standing on her toes.

So it was on a Sunday on the way back from Tante Trude that we decided to go "see a doctor" the next day. So we went and the news was not good. She had something wrong with her hip and had to be put in a cast for three months. They did it right there, the legs are put up to the hip and then spread apart all the way. It was a big shock for us but we just had to get used to it, of course she could not sit, and she hardly fit in the buggy. At that time it was like an epidemic so many kids had that problem, that they manufactured special baby buggies, that were bell-shaped to accommodate those braces. It went by and when they took them of it was ok. She had to start all over to learn to stand again and in no time she was running. It came from the poor nutrition

the mothers had during the war.

I finished my four years of grade school and went on to high school. With ten years I had to go and join the Hitler jugend, which was a youth group. There were about ten in one group. We got uniforms which we always had to wear -something like scouts. Every week there was a meeting and we had to do a lot of things. If there was any special event we had to march with a lot of groups and boy groups too. It was very strict. Even if it was very cold, you could not wear a jacket, you had to do as told. We also did a lot of sports because Hitler wanted a healthy nation. One night a week and there were always a lot of competitive events like running, jumping and all kind of things. On our meetings we did a lot of crafts, one day each month we had to go and help the mothers, which he cherished highly. You had to take the baby for a walk so she could have a rest, usually in a stroller or buggy depending how old the child. Hitler wanted the woman to have lots of kids, he even awarded them a special cross, silver or gold. I think it was silver for four or five and after that gold. My grandma had the gold, since she had seven kids.

In 1943 Hitler came to our town again. That was a big event. We all went and lined the streets to get a glimpse of him. Everybody had little flags to wave. I can still see it before me, when he drove

by, Goering was with him in a nice car. That year we also saw the zeppelin flying over us, an amazing sight.

I finished grade school and started grade five in high school. That was the time you had to decide if you wanted to go on with schooling or just finish your eight grades and then maybe go to a trade school. Anyway, since we were a teacher family, I planned to continue the line. When we started in September, you had to make a choice in language. If you had a notion for a doctor, you took Latin, otherwise English or Czech. I would have liked to learn English, but there was such a bad teacher, that everybody hated, so I went with the Czech group. It was not too bad for about four months, then the air raids started. Lots of times at night the alarm sounded and you had to run into the basement. That was not a good thing. It was just a small hallway and all the people from the whole apartment house had to go there. Well we took a chair and we sat there, sometimes for hours, until the siren told us that it was over. You sure were sleepy the next day. The houses all had to be dark, everybody had to have blinds that let no light out. There was a special guy who went and checked. If he could see any light shine through somewhere you had to pay a fine. Well the planes came more and more often and the alarms were not only during the night anymore. We went

to school and mostly had to run home when the alarm sounded. I finished one year and it was in the second year when this all happened. So by January 1945 school ended. They needed the schools for military purposes.

That was the time when people were told to get out of town, if possible, especially women and kids. So my mom decided to take us kids to grandma in Boehmerwald. Dad had to stay since he was needed to drive the buses. We figured it would be for a few weeks and so we took some clothes with us and left in March. The train ride was horrible, because every train was overfilled. You were just shoved around, the timing was all out, but we got there anyway.

My grandma did not live in Hostau anymore. She lived with my aunt Hanna who was teaching in a small village about eight kilometers from Hostau. So we borrowed a little wagon and put our suitcases in and Trautl on top and started to walk. The first half was not too bad, but then it went all up hill, so we were happy when we finally arrived. My aunt lived in the schoolhouse, there was only one classroom for all the kids from the village, about 12 -15 kids, so she taught all grades. We had a bedroom that was upstairs. Downstairs was a kitchen and a bedroom for Grandma and aunt. So we five women made out ok. I went to school for a few

weeks, even then the war was getting close to the end.

At night we could hear the planes fly over us and we went outside where we could see how they bombed the cities close by. It was quite a sight, because before they threw the bombs they threw something like a Christmas tree to light up the sky, so they could see where to bomb. We just prayed that on the way back they had no bombs left that they may want to get rid of. Fortunately, nothing happened to us, but at home where dad was, a bomb fell at the neighbour house, my friend there got killed.

Life during the war was really bad especially for us who lived in the city. Farmers always had food, but we were on rations. Every month you got a card with all your rations on. It was different for kids and people who had to work hard, they had some extras. So you just could not buy anymore than what was on the card, which was very little: maybe two pounds of meat per month, that included cold cuts. When you went to the butcher, he took off every ounce that was too much, so everybody was saying we just wish for the day when he would say "it is a little more. ..can I leave it on?" I still think about it when I go and buy cold cuts, today. A little milk and butter, a few eggs and some ugly bread. It was just bad. Clothing was not much better. Here too, you were given a card that told you what you could have. Maybe three-to-

four pieces of clothing, the choice was yours. Shoes were the same, a pair or two a year. But they opened special places where you could trade, especially for kids who just grew up so fast, so you took a pair there and found some that fit you.

Well back to our home by grandma. There was a farmer across the road where I spent a lot of time. They had a girl my age and also one Trautls' age. We played mostly together. The girl was a bit retarded, but we got along well. There really was nobody else in that village to play with. I enjoyed getting involved in all the farm work: cows were my favourites, so to milk them was my dream.

When we were visiting my aunt Anna, who lived about twelve kilometres from us, they had a Gasthaus and a few animals. I learned to milk there. So back home I went to the farmers and asked if I could help them milk. They were happy to get some help and so I had my wish and enjoyed doing it. Mostly I got some milk for a reward, which helped to feed our family.

In May it came to the grand finale. The war was so close. Not far away was the front where the fighting was going on day by day. As they came closer, the Americans pushed their way toward us, winning all their battles with the Germans. We could see that we were losing the war. One day the German soldiers

came to our school and made it their headquarters. It was a turbulent time. All weapons around you and battle plans made. We were sent to the next villages to spy, to see how far back the Americans were. It went on for a week or so then the day was here when they came to our village. You could hear the fighting going on outside of the village. We were just sitting and waiting to see what would happen. Then one of the cannon shots hit the barn next door and it went into flames. Finally the mayor and some men went to meet the Americans with a white flag to surrender. There was just one bad thing where the barn got hit, there was a German soldier hiding there. He was a special Werewolf, (special forces). He was supposed to get away and accomplish a special mission. Since he had nowhere to hide now because of the fire he came to us. That put us in great danger, because you cannot hide a soldier. The German soldiers were all gone and the Americans came rolling in with their tanks. Of course now they made their headquarters in our school classroom. They brought their wounded soldiers there, they took our blankets for themselves and they died over night. There were two of them. The next day all the dead soldiers, German and American were buried. Thrown in a deep ditch which the people from the village had to dig, covered it up and that was it.

The soldier who was with us, we explained as a nephew and it was ok. He left the next day. The Americans were not bad to us. They left after two or three days, then the war was ended. Well it was a big shock for some people who really believed in Hitler like my uncle in Vienna. He and his wife went up to the mountain and shot themselves, they could not take the defeat. It was sad news for all of us, especially for grandma.

The war had ended, but it did not go for us as expected. Germany was parted in different regions. We were by the Americans, and Reichenberg, where my dad still was, belonged to the Russians. So we had no chance of going home again to be together.

It was a very depressing and sad time for us. So we five women lived on quietly in the schoolhouse. It was summertime. Trautl and I played with the neighbour girls and sometimes helped the farmers making hay. The grass was cut with the machine and mostly the women went with a rake to turn it. That had to be done quite often till it was all dry. In fall I helped the farmers with their harvest. Potatoes, which were turned up with a machine had to be picked up in wire baskets and put in sacks. So I went to different farmers and that kept me going. As reward I got some food which was very much needed by my family. After the wheat, rye and barley was

harvested it was put in a big shack and after that the threshing began. The machine went from farmer to farmer not everybody had one. So I always helped to give the bundles of grain to the machine, that was usually a lot of fun for us kids jumping around on all those bundles. Then we harvested beets and cabbage, which was made into sauerkraut. Since there was not much choice of vegetables in winter, each farmer made a big barrel of sauerkraut. So when I helped the neighbour I was selected to be the one in the barrel to trample it down, pretty neat! It had to get all watery.

There was also a lot of work making firewood for the winter. The tree stems were cut into pieces and then with an axe you had to chop them into smaller sticks which were piled up into round piles. I spend a lot of time doing that. We were not starving, milk and eggs we got from the farmers, which was our main food. We also had potatoes and flour. Meat we got here and there. If we wanted to buy something in a store we had to walk four kilometers. There was a butcher and a baker there. Sometimes we went, but you could not buy too much, because there was no fridge to keep things long. In summer, my mom, aunt and I went into the forest to pick berries. Blueberry, raspberry, strawberry, loganberry, and also mushrooms were picked. All of that was then preserved for the winter. The raspberries were made into

Syrup for drinks. Mixed with water it was delicious. Strawberry became jam and the other berries were put into bottles and used in the winter with regular pancakes and potato pancakes. The mushrooms were dried and used for soup and sauces.

For fruit if you had an apple or a pear you were lucky. During the winter we did a lot of handicraft. I learned to embroider, to make lace, a special way, also learnt to spin wool. We got a spinning wheel from one of the farmers and so I had a chance to practice.

That was in fall 1945. The political situation had changed, the Americans had moved out of the Sudetenland and gave it back to the Czechs, where Hitler had taken it before. So that was when the bad times started for us. The Czechs always hated the Germans and treated us accordingly. We lived in fear, because whenever they felt like it, they came to our village, two or three went into a house, searched through it and took whatever they liked. You just had to sit there and let it happen. If you said anything, they would beat you up.

I remember being alone with my little sister and my grandma when they came. It was so scary. They took a few things and went. Next time, when they came I was with my Mom. They took my watch and jewellery. That was so sad, ...but they never

came again. Of course people started to hide things, so they would not get them. Usually you heard about it the day before they came, so we took our bikes and threw them in the cornfield. In a shack in our garden we buried some dishes.

At the beginning of 1946, the Czechs decided to ship all the Germans to Germany where they belonged. That was done village by village. We did not know when our time would come. About two weeks before, they would send you a notice, telling you to be ready at eight in the morning with a box of not more than 50 kg. Well we were waiting, for that dreadful day.

The neighbours where I always was with the girls took off one night and went over the border. When morning came and all the animals were left and nobody there to milk or feed them. There was an uncle with his wife there, they came from Dresden, where they were bombed out. He was a waiter and had no idea of farming. So I went over and looked after things, told them how to feed and I did the milking for them everyday, morning and evening. There were two cows to milk, so I took some milk home for my family which was very much needed. Milking was not always that easy, because we also had the bull for the village. When the cows were in heat they brought them over and we had to take the bull out for them. But he did have a nose ring so he was not able to

get too wild to handle. In the stable he was chained next to the cow I had to milk and often I had to make a quick get away when he turned that way. I also went out to the field with the cows pulling the wagon. One day there were so many flies and the cows went wild and ran away with the wagon, with me on it. But it turned out OK, I calmed them down after a while. That's how I spent my days till we had to leave.

During that time smuggling started. Since you could only take 50 kg when you had to leave, people started to smuggle some things over the border to Germany which was only a good two hours walk away. We were doing it not just for us but also for other people who paid good money for it and we needed that too. It started in winter and was very dangerous. We knew some people in Germany right at the border and that was where we were going. Mostly we went in a group of six to eight. At night in winter, we were all camouflaged, everybody had a white bed sheet wrapped around and was carrying a big back pack. I did not always go along. We just had to hope that the Czechs would not come at night to our house and find us gone. The way to the border went mostly through the forest, which gave us some protection. If we heard a patrol we would hide in the bushes. Close to the border the trees ended and you came to a grassland and then the river, which was the

border. So you had to jump over it and were in Germany. Another 10 to 15 min. and we were at our destination. After unloading our packs and taking a bit of rest we began the walk back home, a bit easier but still a two hour walk, with danger lurking around every corner. Once, when we were at the river, somebody fell in. That was not a good thing. Some times we would see a patrol and had to go home again. So all kind of things happened. One day a soldier came out behind a tree and grabbed my mom at the backpack and took her to the police station in the next village. They took away the stuff and she had to pay a fine. That was lucky, they could have done a lot more. It was dangerous but also exciting these trips. That was the end of it, we did not risk it anymore after that.

In May, the day came when we got our notice to be ready in two weeks with a box of belongings not more than 50 kg. So we packed up and stood at the road on that day. Just think for a minute how you would feel if somebody would tell you to leave like that, everything you worked for; your house, furniture all gone, you have nothing. We were especially worried with our grandma, who was 80 and not in the best of health.

So the Czechs arrived with big trucks and the boxes were loaded up and we loaded on top of them. We were driven to the next village. There was a train station. After being

unloaded there, they opened all our boxes, looked through and took what they liked. We had some pants for our dad which they took. They said there is no man here you do not need them. There were more trucks there which came from other villages. After we been through the control we were all loaded back on the trucks and taken to the train station where they put us into boxcars and we got a ride to the camp. It was not too far away. The camp was a huge lot with a high fence around it and quite a few barracks. We were sent to one of them. Inside were a lot of bunk beds. So each grabbed one as there home base. I cannot remember how many people we were, but there were many. So you had no privacy and sleeping was not always easy with snoring. One night the top bed was breaking and somebody fell down on top of the other person. There was a lot of excitement that night.

For your meals you took your plate to the lunchroom and got some measly food. There was not much to do, so we kids just played around in the yard. After a week stay there, we were told to be ready the next morning to be shipped out. With the trucks we were brought to the train station and loaded into the boxcars and off we went.

Sitting in the dark, not able to see where we were going or when we would get there was not an enjoyable time. Once in awhile they stopped so we quickly opened the door and

peeked out, wondering where we were. After many hours we crossed the border and were in Germany, at the Bavarian town of Furth im Walde. We all had to get out, which felt good, and then we had to go through a delousing process. Women and men separated. You went into a building took your panties off and they sprayed powder under your skirt and your head. Then back in the train and we continued our journey to the unknown, maybe another day. Then the train came to a halt and we were told this is Sinsheim, a city where we will be staying in a camp till they will bring us in one of the close-by villages, where we have to make our new home. Everybody was happy to get out of that ugly train and when we got to the camp, it looked a lot better than the Czech one. Also the meals were a bit more likable.

We spend about a week there and then we had our last transportation to a small village called Tiefenbach. It looked very nice, surrounded with some forest and hills where they grew grapes. In front of the city hall we were unloaded and there we sat on our box waiting for what would come next. The people there had to give up any room they could spare and take us in as refugees. That was not well taken by them. Who wants to take strangers into their house. But they had no choice, so the farmers came and picked whom they liked to live with them. The families who were with men got picked

first because they could help with farm work. By late afternoon we were the only ones left sitting there. Nobody wanted two women with an old grandma and two kid girls.

That was a sad time for us. I will never forget that day. Finally the mayor came and tried to find a place for us. It was by an older lady, who lived alone where we should get one room. When the mayor went there to tell her that we were coming, she would not let anybody in and had a bit of a heart attack, so they could not force her and we had no room. Since we could not stay on the street they brought us to an old house, where a crazy guy lived. It had a big gable roof and so we could sleep in the attic on the floor, where they brought us some straw from a farmer. At least we had a roof over our heads. Early in the morning the man came up, he looked kind of scary and started to talk weird. He was old with a long beard. The next day it was settled with that lady that we got the room there, which was just a small bedroom. So we had two beds in there, a table, a stove and a small shelf to put some pots on. We had to sit on the bed, there were no chairs and no room. My aunt and grandma slept there. My mom, Trautl and I had to go a few houses away to sleep. There we had a room with three beds, that was all you could fit in.

That was our new life. My dad he was taken out to Germany from Reichenberg, but that was occupied by the Russians. So when he came to Germany it was in the Russian Zone and since they let nobody over the border we could not get together. We had not seen dad for over a year now.



Tiefenbach – with Aunt Hanna

So we got acquainted with our new surroundings and the people there, who were quite friendly. It was me again who looked for work. The neighbours were farmers and it did not take long for me to go over there and find something that I could help with. Since food was very scarce for us, my family sure appreciated when I came home with some goodies that I had received for my help. Maybe a piece of cake or bread, or some Apple wine. There were many fruit trees and vineyards around the village, so the farmers all had a lot of wine and especially apple wine. They also grew tobacco there, where they needed help on the fields, to

pick the lower leaves of the plant. Then they brought them home where family and friends got together to string them up then they were hung to dry.

Fall came and a lot of harvesting was going on everywhere. Since we had not much to eat, we were still on rations 860 calories a month. We refugees saw a chance to get some extra food by picking up on fields, what the farmers missed. When they did the potatoes, we waited by the field till they left and then with luck found some little ones. The same with the wheat, maybe you could pick up a sack of grain and get some flour from the mill for it. They grew sugar beets too. When they delivered them and brought them to the scale where they reloaded them, there some fell off and we were there to pick them up, and cooked Syrup from them.

In the forest by the village the trees were mostly leaf trees. Some were beech trees, they dropped their seeds on the ground and we were crawling around to pick them up. We spent many hours there, lucky that year were many, that is not always the case. You would then take them to an oil factory and get some oil for it. Every little bit helped. Then came the day when the whole village harvested their grapes. We had never seen any grapes grow so it was a big adventure for us, and good eating too.

I started school that fall and went to grade eight. There were grade seven and eight together in one room. We were seven girls and eight boys in our grade. I made out quite well, because some of the things they taught I had already learned back home in my first High school grade. Especially in handicraft, I was the best, because I could do anything. Knit, crochet, embroider, spin, and make lace. Things nobody else could do. That teacher was amazed to see what I could do. We also had some cooking classes. We had to walk to the next village for it, but it was good for me, because the girls were all able to bring the stuff that we needed to cook I had nothing to bring. We got along so good together and two of the girls became my best friends. We always spent the Sundays together at one of their houses, playing games, going for walks in summer, sleigh rides in winter. Sometimes we went to a movie, had to go 4 km to the next village.

Then in spring 1947 we were lucky to improve our living quarters. We got two rooms in the house beside the church where the priest lived with his lady cook. That was a big change for the better. The rooms were quite big. One was our bedroom, mom, Traudl and I, the other was our living room, kitchen and bedroom for Oma and Tante Hanna. We put one bed in and Hanna slept on a cot, which we put in our bedroom during the day. We had a

table and chairs, a small kitchen cupboard, a stove and a washbasin on a stool. There was no running water, we had to get it from a well, pump it in a pail and carry it home, from about 100 ft away. We all felt satisfied and happy in our new apartment.

In summer of 1947, we finally got through all the paperwork and our dad could come from the Russian zone to be reunited with us. It was over two years that we had not seen him, so his arrival was a happy event for all of us, especially for my mom, I would think, she must have missed him the most. There was enough room for sleeping, since my mom had a queen size bed already.

Then came the problem finding work for my dad. There was nothing in Tiefenbach, but there was a family much further away, that had a business digging gravel out of the Rhein River. It was on an arm that came off of the main stream and there they had a digger and a small ship where this was done.

So my dad took the job, but he had to be away all the time, because it took an hour by train, and another hour by bus, and then a long walk to get there. He was sleeping on that ship with some other men. Once he was alone over a weekend, that's when I went to visit him. That was quite interesting for me.

We still were short of food so we three women did a lot of

handicraft, which we traded the farmers for food. Once, we crocheted curtains for a hotel. That was a big job, they had a lot of windows. We also did lacework. We made a wedding dress for a girl, which also was a lot of work. Then I went to my aunt, mom's sister Anna who lived half a day train ride away. A farmer there was looking for somebody to spin the wool from their sheep. That was my assignment. It took me about a week. I went there in the morning and then slept at my aunts' place, then came home with a generous payment of food.

In 1947 I finished grade school. For graduation we took a bus tour, and our class also had a party. But there was not much I could do. In England they were looking for housekeeping girls, a couple girls went. I applied too but I was too young. You were supposed to be at least sixteen. Then there was a drugstore in the next village, they needed someone to help with housekeeping, so I went there and got the job. I could only go home every two weeks. The job was with a middle aged couple. During the day they worked in the drugstore, which was at the street level. The upper floor was their living quarters. That was my domain. I had to cook, clean and iron. They came up to eat but were not very talkative. I had my own bedroom. The work was not bad, but being alone all day and not going out of the house, or seeing anybody,

drove me nuts. I felt like a prisoner and after the first two weeks when I went home, that was it, I never went back. I needed people around me, somebody to talk to.

So I was looking again for something to do. In spring of 1948, my girlfriend and I decided to go to business school. We had to write a test and were accepted. It did not start until September, so during summer I kept doing all kind of odd jobs. Still did a lot of handicraft, went swimming to a swimming pool that was 4km away. That was not so nice, especially when you had to walk in the afternoon, the sun burning down on you.

At this time of my life, meeting boys came into the picture. On Sunday we girls went for walks and the boys did the same. On some place or another you met and mostly continued the walk together. In time you met the same boys more and more and a closer friendship or courtship developed. There also were a lot of dances, due to special occasions, also in the villages around Tiefenbach. That always meant an hour walk there and back, but we had a good time there and walking home with the boys was even more enjoyable.

Then school started, it was a two-year program. I got a scholarship, because we had no money and my grades were excellent. We had to go by train every day at 6 o'clock. It was a one-hour ride and a

twenty minute walk to school, to get there. It was in the next town Bruchsal: very sad looking at that time because it was all demolished from bombing. Everywhere you looked were ruins. Sometimes under a pile of rubble there was a store.

School was from 8:00 am to 1:00 pm, so at about three we were back home. Usually we had homework to do. Our subjects were: English and French, (five hours each per week); shorthand, bookkeeping, typing and some other things. The first year went quite well.

On the train we had a good time, mostly a bunch of young people sitting together. We played cards. I did knitting, and all kinds of things went on.

By that time I was dating George and my girlfriend got closer to the teacher that lived in their house. So our going out together changed to each going with the boyfriend. I joined the church choir, since I liked to sing and it was such a nice group of people that the practices were something to look forward to. Of course after we finished George was waiting to take me home, another nice ending to the evening.

The choir did a lot of different things. Not only did we sing in church on Sundays, we also sang at funerals and weddings, which was special. In the evening the choir went to the house where the wedding

party was and we sang some loving and funny songs. The bride and groom appeared at the front door and listened, at the end we all got invited to the Gasthaus, where they served us beer and pretzel. Was always something to enjoy. We also made a bus tour every year. Once we went to Bavaria to the castle of Neuschwanstein. That was one of the nicest castles I have ever seen. There were so many places to go and so much to see. It was always a rewarding trip and a lot of fun on the bus. We also did some plays at Christmas time, to raise money. I loved acting and was mostly included in the cast. What fun it was in the rehearsals and after usually a boy taking you home.

In spring of 1949, my grandma died. She had breast cancer and suffered a lot in the last year. They did not operate on old people then, so it progressed in her. Her arm was twice the size it should have been and the breast just wasted away. Terrible to look at. She was at home, a nurse came and looked after her for the last weeks she was on morphine.

When I started going out with George, he was an apprentice carpenter and worked 4 km away. He went to work everyday with his bike. There were more people going there working in that factory, so they went together. Once a week he had to go to school, the same one that I went to, so we had the pleasure of riding

on the train together. We sure were looking forward to that, because we did not see each other often enough.

In 1950, my school ended, we had a nice graduation, went on a bus tour in the Black Forest, a wonderful trip. It was hard to find a job at that time, but the bank in Bruchsal, where I went to school was looking for two people and they wanted the best students from our school, so it was another girl and I that got the job, which started right away. So my train ride continued in the morning, but now I came home at six o'clock. I was very happy with my working place. The personnel there were friendly and the work I had to do not bad. It was a two story house. The banking went on downstairs and I worked upstairs in the booking department. One girl put the cheques through the machine and I sorted it out and checked it and put it in the boxes for the customers to pick up.

That was in July, 1950, when I started. After one year I was doing the bookings on the machine. That bank had some branches; one was in a village, where my train went through, so I was the liaison between them. On the way home I took money with me and the banker from the branch met me at the train station to pick it up. I guess I was lucky not to have been robbed sometime. I usually carried about 10,000 Mark with me. It was a risky business for me.



Me and my fellow Bank employees

I sort of lost my girlfriends, when I was going steady with George. Clara went to a convent to become a nun and Bernadett found a job in a village close by, where my bank branch was. She also was going with our grade school teacher who lived in their house. He was a refugee too, but he was ten years older. They got married after I came to Canada.



George and his Parents

Then came that summer day in 1951 that changed the future for me. George told me they got their papers to immigrate to the United States or to Canada. Since the States had a draft into the military and the Schlichters' did not want their only son to become a soldier, they decided to go to Canada. It was in November

that they had to leave. It was quite a shock for me to hear that, of course we made plans right away that he will work and hopefully as soon as he has the money for the fare to let me come there too. Well it still was hard to think of being apart who knows how long. We loved each other very much and it was a long way going over the ocean.

My parents were not too happy either when I told them the news. They would lose a daughter. But my mind was made up, I will be together with George, even if I have to leave my family behind. So we spent the few months together as much as possible, always planning the future and with sadness seeing the days of our love life coming to an end. Well the big day came, we said goodbye and hoped our love would be strong enough to reach over to another country. We all waved when the train left the station.

Soon the first card came with the ship, they were letting me know they arrived safe and sound. They arrived in Quebec. In Quebec City they were in a camp that was a former warehouse. Here they hoped to get a job. A job was offered to George, to work at a power dam, but this required his mom and dad to go to Ontario to work. Since they did not want to split up they refused. After a few weeks without any success of finding any work they wrote to a relative who was farming by Lethbridge, in Alberta, asking for a chance to find work around there. He suggested to come there to work in the coalmine. But since they were not allowed to bring any money with them they had nothing to pay for the train fair. So the government lent them \$450 that brought them to Lethbridge.



Uncle George & Family - Lethbridge

The uncle and his wife had a small farm about six miles out of Lethbridge. That's where they stayed over winter, helping on farms until his dad could start in the coalmine. That was when they rented two rooms in the city. In spring, George finally found a job in a lumberyard. From there he got hired as a carpenter. So the future looked a little better.

One sad thing happened. He was fixing some furniture for the landlord, where he earned \$5.00. He was so happy, this was the only money that they had earned so far. He was working in a shack behind the house and when he cleaned up and put his wood shavings into the stove he money accidentally landed in the fire too. All they could do is watch it shrivel up as it burned and feel bad.

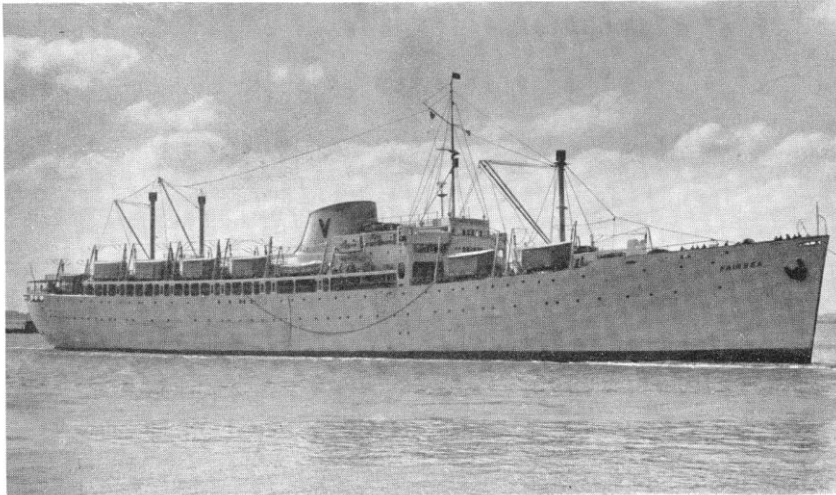
But otherwise it was going good. George was going to school at night twice a week to learn English and saving money to bring me over. The Post made good business, our letters were going steady and our love kept growing stronger.

I was kind of lonely for a while, but then I got together with one of my classmates, Anita. She had a boyfriend that was in the military, which was a must at that time in Germany. And he came only home every few weeks, so she was lonely too, and we spent the weekends keeping each other company, talking about our love lives and plans for the future. We would go to movies or dances. There was always something going on in the villages around. I had many boys around me, but none could make me forget George.

In summer of 1952, in my holidays I went to Vienna to visit my grandparents. They had lived in our house by Reichenberg and after the war they would have been shipped

to east Germany, but my grandmas' two daughters living in Vienna, they got permission to take them there.

Anyway, I was looking forward to seeing them again. It was five years since we were together. The train ride was exciting, the lovely scenery on the way there was just wonderful. And to meet my Oma and Opa was the best of all. I had the best time of my life there. The city itself has so much to offer; two beautiful castles, the famous Stephans dome, the burial places of the kings, the big amusement park. So I was on the go every day. I visited all these places and left the park to the last venture. It was very big and all the latest rides available: the biggest Ferris wheel. I enjoyed myself and came to the looping wheel, after my ride was done I got acquainted with the owner, who was a young guy. We hit it off together. He let me have lots of free rides and invited me for a motorcycle ride the next day, a Sunday, to show me some nice places outside the city. So my grandparents allowed me to go and he came in time, picked me up and off we went. He brought me to a very nice place, a little mountain with a Gasthaus on top. We strolled around and had something to eat, but had to go back soon because he had to be in the park afternoon to open the rides. Well my time came to an end and I had to say good bye to my grandparents. It was sad, I loved them very much and it was not much



MS „FAIRSEA“ in Bremerhaven bei der Austahrt nach Canada

MS "FAIRSEA"

hope for me to see them again. Well it was an unforgettable holiday.

By fall George was writing that things were going well and he has enough money to pay for my ticket to come to Canada, so he asked my Mom for my hand in marriage. Of course my parents were happy, they liked George, but were also very sad to see me leave, not knowing if they would ever see me again. (At that time you could not fly around so quick get together seemed very remote.) They asked George to wait till after Christmas, so that we could all spend the last Christmas together. That was OK and he booked my trip for the end of January, which was the next ship to come. We had to be engaged, I otherwise I could not get a Visa. So I bought some wedding rings and had them engraved, put one on and was engaged. Then I had my wedding dress made so at least my family could see me as a bride.

My Tante Lies paid for it. We had a big crate made where I could put all my belongings in. In January they had a big going away party for me from the bank where I worked. It was quite nice in a restaurant in Bruchsal, the bank director made a speech and others, got a big book with all their signatures in it. That was my first speech when I had to thank them for it. I could not believe how hard that was.

On the 24th, the day of my departure had come. It was one of the hardest things I ever had to do, saying goodbye to my family, not knowing when we would ever see each other again. But at the other end I was looking forward to being in the arms of my sweetheart again, which I had missed so much.

By train I went to Bremen, a city on the North Sea, where the ship was waiting. We were in a camp there for a couple of days, people came

from all over Germany and we all got organised there. It was nice because you got to know people and heard all kind of stories, why they wanted to go to Canada. There were many young girls like me who went to there boy friends. Some just wanted to get married and then divorced so they could be in Canada. Well four of us girls went to the port to see the ship. It was quite impressive. I had never seen a ship before, and we were all excited. The next day we were taken there with buses and got on board. It was not a luxury liner but a freighter. They had loaded the ship with grain on the way to Germany and then put some bunk-beds up in the rear, and that was our quarters. So you just grabbed one and put your bags on. I had one on top, the older people had to be down. After that we went on deck to see when we leave. At 4:00 o'clock the ship started to go. We were in the North Sea and had to go through the English Channel to get to the Atlantic. It was a big storm forecast. After awhile there came a guide on board with a little boat from England who manoeuvred us through the channel, but the storm came quickly, the wind started and it got worse. It was an experience I will never forget. The waves kept coming and getting bigger and bigger. Most people went down below. There was maybe one or two others left with me on deck. The waves came as high as a house and swept over board, so finally I had to go down or be swept off.

Well coming downstairs was the worst thing you can imagine, every body was puking. The floors in the toilet and the hallways were swimming with puke, the crew was trying to sweep but did not get far. That smell just did it to me I joined the crowd. Most people were seasick not me I just could not see all that so I went to my bed and it was like a cradle I thought no wonder babies like that. It was the worst storm in history and did much damage everywhere, in Holland and England. It lasted a few days, then it was calm and we were able to go on deck again, could not stay long it was very cold. The first days were no fun, with mealtime coming and I was hungry so I tried to get to the dining room. It was some experience, walking on a rocking boat was worse then when you are drunk. But I made it, was a big room with tables and benches, but not many people there who felt like eating, but the few of us had fun doing it, since the food you put on the table was slipping away with every up and down the ship went hitting the big waves. The food was not good at all, it was such a big change from our German food, being used to our rye bread that white Mc Gavin bread was awful, the eggs were from powder and so on. How happy I was to have a few goodies that I brought from home. The rest of the journey was quite pleasant, very boring, nothing to see when you went on deck and

nothing to do down either, talked a bit and did some reading, After twelve long days we were cheering to see some land again and finally landed in St. Johns, New Brunswick. We got off, had to go through immigration, had a chance to buy some grocery items, since we had a four day train ride before us.

Was not much we could buy, could not talk or read what was in the cans, that was our first encounter with the language problem. Kind of weird if you can not communicate. We were then directed to the train, that was close by. It looked good, the seats were to pullout and you could sleep at night, on top were very big wide shelves for luggage. But unfortunately an old lady was sitting at the other seat, and she would not move so I could pull the bench out. That left me sitting all night very unhappy. So I was thinking what could be done and came up with a solution. Next night I crawled up in the baggage compartment that folded down and made my bed up there. It was wonderful.

The days were going by slowly, there was not much to see, the scenery got worse to look at, sometimes we played cards, there was a couple going to Coaldale, so we got to know each other. There were not many stops on the way, maybe one in each province, where some people got out. What we found amazing were the colourful roofs on houses it looked so

different, since we had only brick or slate shingles back home, also was odd to see old shacks and new big cars beside. Why have such a nice car if you can only afford to live in an old shack? Time went by and we came closer to our destination. It was the next morning at 10:00 am when we were to arrive in Lethbridge. I was getting all excited and could hardly wait. So the last time I climbed on my shelf and put myself to sleep, I heard my name being called, that woke me up, was about six o'clock in the morning we had stopped in Medicine Hat. Looking around to see who had called, there was George standing in the door! What a pleasant surprise that was. He came with his landlord, who had to bring somebody to the train here, so he came along to pick me up. Well that was one of my happiest moments in life. So we had a nice ride home together in the car, which was a thrill by itself, because to go by car has not existed for me till then. and being with George made us both feel like being in heaven.

Coming to Lethbridge, another surprise was waiting for me. they had bought the house they were renting, and the landlord was moving out in the near future, so we would then have the house for ourselves. Wow, who would have thought to be able to own a house so quick.



Schlichter's first House in Lethbridge

The Schlichters' welcomed me in their home, but for now we only had two rooms. George had made a bed for us already and we could sleep in the bedroom. His Mom and Dad put a bed in the other room, which was our kitchen living room and their bedroom, which gave us plenty of room, there was no living room furniture no TV to watch so we just sat on a kitchen chair and were happy. After a lot of talking we got on with our new life. In the evening I went with George to his English class where he was enrolled and attended weekly, so that was our weekly outing.



Then we tried to arrange our wedding, we went to the sheriff and got legally married, no problem, but it was not valid without a church wedding. So we went to see the priest to get it done as soon as possible. But had to wait since I had not brought my baptism certificate with me to Canada. So I wrote home and they sent it. It took about three weeks, then we had to be announced in church for three Sundays so our wedding day was set for 21ST of March.

The rest was not hard, I had my dress so we bought a veil and flowers, a suit for George and inviting guests was easy we did not know many people. The landlord was the best man and his wife my maid of honour. The uncle with his wife from the farm and Mr. and Mrs. Spiszar, who were friends of the uncle and that's why they knew the Schlichters'. They also had lent them the money to buy the house. Which was very nice, since they only met them a few months before. There was



another Hungarian couple living on our street and they were invited too. We planned a little celebration after church in our house, so we baked and cooked for it.



The big day arrived and so did the big snowstorm. It started snowing and blowing the day before and continued on. The landlord was driving us, so we shovelled the way to the car and made it to church.

Only the Spiszars came to church, who gave mom and dad a ride. There we were, but no priest, he had to come from Coaldale and due to the weather was delayed. But he finally made it and the ceremony could get under way. It did not take very long and we were pronounced as Mr and Mrs Schlichter.

From there we had an appointment at the photographer, easier said than done, the car would not move, the wedding party had to push and struggle to get us going, but with a lot of effort we made it to Jordans Photography for the picture, which turned out well. After a lot of slipping and sliding we got home and everybody got ready for a good meal. The uncle could not come because of the weather, so we were only ten people, luckily they lived on the same street or we would have been alone.

The meal was enjoyed by all of us, but the conversation was not going so good especially for me, all the people spoke Hungarian,



except me and the landlords wife, she only spoke English but the evening went by and our married life began.



George was working as a carpenter and I was looking for a job which I found as a cleaning lady in the St. Michael's Hospital where I worked until October. After a week of work, one night I got so sick, they had to take me to the hospital. The doctor checked me out and told me something, which I did not understand. So the next day the nurse somehow got through to me that I could have gone home yesterday, I am OK but expecting a baby. That news was well received and our family was happy. I also found a job in St. Michael's hospital as cleaning lady, got \$ 80.00 per month.

I liked the job and it did not take long for me to understand English, because all my lessons in Germany paid off. I worked till October and then I stayed home waiting for the baby.

In April, our landlord moved out and we had the whole house. In the two rooms we had Mom and Dad stayed, and we took over the other part of the house; bedroom, living room and bathroom for all of us. Then there was a small room with a slanted roof which we made into a kitchen. George built nice cupboards and at the front and side a small porch. In our kitchen was a door in the floor to go to the basement, where we had to put coal in the furnace to heat, but by fall we had a gas line and I got a nice gas stove, which I still have. We had a nice garden, where we grew good vegetables, George had a workshop in the back things were going very good.

By fall Dad got laid off at the mine where he had worked and by that time they knew Mr. and Mrs. Weber, Stengls' Mom. They were going to Picture Butte to work in the sugar factory over winter, so Mom and Dad went with them. They rented an apartment together and worked there over winter. The two rooms we had empty in our house while they were gone we rented out to an older couple, from Switzerland. They had a car that came quite handy when on November 28 at two o'clock at night my labour started, there was no hurry so

we waited till morning, when we asked them to drive me to the hospital.



Me and Our First Child - Edith

I was in labour for 12 hours and I was in so much pain, but nobody seemed to help me. The nurses just came and went and let me suffer. I swore to myself I will never go through that again.. By 2 o'clock our little girl entered the world. She was over 8 lbs and I had to be cut and stitched, but everything went well. We did not have a name picked yet, so we had to think quick. I always liked Edith Ursula in Germany so that was our choice. After five days in the hospital we were allowed to bring her home. That's when my sleep through nights ended. She was not one of those good babies. But I got used to it and she grew up with a lot of love and gave us all a lot of pleasure. In spring Mom and Dad came back. Dad found a job at the city and since Mom was home in the same house, I was looking for a job again too. Found a housekeeping job by a working family, who had five kids, the older ones were in high school already and then there were two little ones not school age yet. I went there in the morning, when they all left and looked after the two little ones. For dinner they

came home and cooked something quick and left again. I made the beds, cleaned the house and so on, until the big kids came from school, I then went home.

In that one year we still did not have any new friends, only the Hungarian ones. But in November of 1954 the Stengels came to Canada, to the Webers, who were Stengels' parents.

So we finally had somebody to get together with and that's how we became friends for life. Webers' just lived in an old little house which was not big enough for all of them, so George built them a new one, close to St. Basil school. We could easily walk there and our visits were frequent. They had nobody they knew so we had good times together. Also the Korschs' moved to our street and Joe their only son who was a bachelor George's age, looking for a wife, came often to us. We played cards and had all kind of fun.



Partying with our Friends

In 1955 Georges' cousin Czink Hans came to visit us from Germany. He also was looking for a better life in Canada. His mom, George's mom's sister, died young and he was living in Germany with his Dad. He had two sisters

who lived in Hungary. So he stayed with us for a while, and worked in the mine. He had an accident and broke his ribs and was not able to work, for some time.



New Years Party

That was in winter of 1955. By that time I was pregnant again expecting at the year end. Well we had a New Years party planned at Stengels new house. Hans and Joe Korsch who had a girlfriend then to bring along and us. Around 5:30 pm, when we just got ready to go, my labour pains started, so my party was in the hospital. George took me there and then went to the Stengl Party where they all celebrated. In the hospital the atmosphere was full of excitement, all speculating about the New Years baby. The doctor asked me, do you want a tax deduction or a New Years baby?

There was no decision for me, Henry did not want to wait for any fame or glory and me neither, "Lets get it over with!" By 10:00 o'clock our boy had arrived. Henry was over 8 lbs again and I had to go through cutting and sewing like before. The labour was less then half the time and a lot easier for me. I would have needed a lot more attention after because things

were not all right. But the doctor was in a hurry to get to his party and they just threw me into a dark room where someone else was sleeping. I was bleeding so badly that I finally got a nurse to come, who was not friendly at all and did just change my pad and left me. At that time I did not know how wrong it was, but I realized how it should have been by my next birth. Even the next day when the doctor came was not much done and I was still bleeding badly.

When Dad heard the news at the party they had even more reason to celebrate. After five days I went home. We only had two bedrooms in the house so Edith had to move over to mom and dads' bedroom. George made a bed for her and the baby got the crib by us.

In the summer George and his parents went to hoe sugar beets on the weekends. That was good pay and soon we had the house paid off.



Our First Car

In 1955 we also bought our first car, for \$325.00 from a friend of Spiszars. It was a Ford, very well kept and roomy, black and shiny. By that time we got to know the Deuschle. They came to a

farm for beet work, and their son Hugo was a carpenter too and after a while George and Hugo started a company together. They had all kinds of jobs out of town and so they bought an UNIMOC. It was a German vehicle like a one ton truck and tractor, because it was able to make power and had all kind of attachments that were useful for their job. They even worked on an Indian reserve down by the river where there was no power and the way down was very steep. It went for a couple of years, but then it did not work out so good with the partnership and they quit. That UNIMOC had a big drawback, because their jobs was a far ways to go and that thing would only go 40 miles per hour on the highway so too much time was spent on the road.



Our 2nd Car

It was a good try so George started to work for Bird Construction after that, where he stayed for many years. Their work was mostly out of town and he was gone most of the time, only home on the weekends.

In 1957 we bought another car. It was a dodge, black and aqua in colour. So we were set to go places. The first trip was to Calgary heard so much about it and so we all



went wanted to see the new Jubilee Auditorium that was built for Calgary and Edmonton and also got to go the Zoo with the kids. It seemed very far and there was not much of Calgary at that time. The first houses started on Macleod Trail after where the Chinook Mall is today. There was very little around town, that was all but we had a marvellous time and soon were off to our next outing, a trip in the mountains to Waterton and Logan pass. This was also wonderful. We saw bears, that was a thrill and of course the rest of it is an ever lasting memory.

In 1957 I started working again as a seamstress at Logan Knit. They knitted the material and salesmen went all over to sell the dresses. We were eight girls. But after some years they went bankrupt. I said I could sew and hoped to learn it quick and it worked.

Our next project and dream was to build us a new house. One for Mom and Dad and



Our First Two New Houses

one for us beside each other. In 1958 we bought two pie shaped lots for \$800.00 and \$900.00. They were only three blocks from our original house, in a new area. The City had opened up some lots on 11TH Street and 12TH Avenue, north.

Soon we started building. It was mostly done on weekends when George was home, his dad helped and slowly by fall of 1959 we were able to move into Mom and Dads bungalow. It had two bedrooms and we lived there together till our house was finished in the summer of 1960.



Our House with the Duplex Addition

It was not nice at all, there were no sidewalks from the City and when it rained it was a messy business. We had a split level with two bedrooms over the garage. What a joyful moment that was to move into our own house, a lifelong dream come true. When I was a little girl, some friends of ours from back home bought a house. When we visited with them and I saw a house with a baby room and a balcony. I wished so much to have a house like that in my future life. So that's why that was such a dream come true. Especially the kids room, which I never had

till then was my favoured place.

One day I felt really bad in the morning, had to throw up but went to work anyway and after work I went to see a doctor, who diagnosed me with an appendix and sent me to the hospital for an operation right away. I just went home to pick up a few things and George brought me to the hospital. They operated that night and when I woke up it was all dark and I had to figure out what happened. When I felt my stomach I noticed that it was all over. It was only a minor operation and after two days I could go home. Things went well the kids had only a block to school and kids in the neighbourhood to play with.

In 1961 we decided to take a trip to Germany. After eight years I would finally see my family again. I had missed them so much and could hardly wait to see them again. It was me and the kids going, the flights were not so simple at that time! We started out at 5:00 in the morning with a taxi to Calgary. It was in July there was a couple from Coaldale they were going with us. Henry had a bad nosebleed and got quite messed up, not a good beginning. From Calgary we flew to Saskatoon, then Winnipeg, and onto Montreal, where we had to change planes and wait till evening to take off to Paris, where we arrived at 9 in the morning and after an hour waiting

finally boarded the plane to Frankfurt.

My brother in law and my mom picked us up with the car and drove to Mannheim. My parents moved there in 1954 shortly after I had left, because my dad had a job offer from a firm that he knew from CSR our hometown Reichenberg.



My Mom & Dad & Sister and our Kids

My sister Trautl who was a teenager at that time finished school and was working in an office, where she had a boyfriend Ernst. Trautl became pregnant and they got married in 1959. They each were living with their parents because he was still at the University to study engineering so they could not afford an apartment, even after she had the baby, a boy named Martin she lived at home.

In 1961, Ernst had his degree and got a job and they got an apartment right across the hall from my parents in a big rental unit on the fifth floor, with no elevator.

In 1961 she had another boy Frank. So when we came to visit we stayed at my parents and were together with my sister too, which was very convenient.



Ernst, Trautl, Martin, Frank, Edith Henry

Our four kids had a good time together and so did we. Had a chance to see all my aunts and cousins again. I was shocked when I first saw my mom after all those years, she had aged so much, times were not easy for them. Well time went quick and we had to say goodbye again but this time the outlook for a future visit was not so impossible anymore. My mom planned to come and visit us soon. After they brought us to Frankfurt we had to fly over London and wait there for hours to take off to Toronto, where we had to run to catch the plane to Calgary and flew from there right to Lethbridge.



Our 1961 Ford Meteor Convertible

The welcome at the airport was a happy one, we were missed and surprised to be picked up with a brand new Ford convertible which George had gotten as payment for a house he was to build for some people in Fort Mcleod. They had won it at the fair so it worked out wonderfully, we

sure were speechless, what a super car.



On the Road with our New Car

In fall Henry started school and with such a car we were set to travel and planned to spend Christmas in California Los Angeles with Dads' sister and family. They had not seen each other for years and the uncle had lung cancer and was not given a long time to live, so they wanted to see him once more.

A few days before Christmas we left at 5:00 am in the morning, we had made a bed for Henry in the back where the roof goes in, and it was comfortable for all of us. I took some shifts in driving and we drove through the night. An unbelievable experience was the change from winter to summer in a matter of an hour. When you drive from Utah down the hill and come to the dessert with a difference of 50-60 degrees Fahrenheit.

We came to Vegas in the morning. There was not much of a town yet, everywhere around signs land for sale, we were saying who would want to buy any land here in the middle of the desert. We would be rich today had we done it. We went through the strip which

had a few casinos the Horseshoe, Golden Nugget etc. which is the road through middle of town now.

It was hard for us to come from subzero temperature to that heat, in the 80s hit us hard but we got there by I at noon after wiggling us through that traffic we stopped by their house. Thirty five hours of driving.



Bahnners with their daughter

The Smelaks lived together in one house aunt and uncle with their son Johann and his wife Mitzi with their daughters Helga and Renate. The welcome was great and we were happy to relax. Soon we had recovered and could enjoy the scenery which was amazing for us to see all the nice flowers and palm trees, unbelievable. They showed us all kinds of nice places and one day we ventured to Disneyland.



Smelaks new Car and House

It was not easy to drive on that freeway and it was so foggy that we did not see the sign, But Los Angeles ended

shortly after Disneyland and we realized that we must have missed it. Turned around and by then the fog had lifted and we found it. We spent a memorable day there had some problem finding the car when we came out, because there were only a few cars in the morning, and we did not pay any attention to remember the place, in the evening the parking lot was filled and we were searching for a long time. We had to say goodbye and they promised to come to visit us soon.

Things were going OK. George built the house in Macleod and we did a lot of work in our garden which was so huge with the two pie shaped lots. Opa brought some trees from the Experimental farm where he was working now, got laid off by the city and found a good place there, which he enjoyed working with plants. He stayed there till retirement.

In 1963 the Shmelaks from Los Angeles came to visit. The uncle had died the year before, so the aunt came with them. We spent a nice time with them. We went to Waterton, etc.

We finished a big room in our basement, which was partly my sewing room, I was sewing most of our clothes. We had lots of friends by then and so our basement saw a lot of parties, they had no room and so was it always our place that was swinging.

Every New Year, birthdays and what ever came along. Since our garden was so big Opa and George came up with the idea, to build an addition to our house, make it a duplex so we could all live on one lot and rent Opas' house out. Was done in 1964 and was kind of handy for the kids to run to Oma and Opa.

In the summer my Mom came for a visit, that was a happy time and she could see how we live here. We made a trip to Waterton and on the way home the car gave us problems, it did not get gas properly and was just jumping. It was serious but Mom and I, we laughed so much that we had to go all the way home like that, hoppety hop! Also went to Logan Pass and in St. Mary by that store we stopped and to our surprise there was an Indian chief in full attire nice feathers and all waiting to take pictures with people. Mom was thrilled to stand beside an Indian having her picture taken. They turned out so good and were a big hit when she got back to Germany. Was always hanging on her wall. She was here for six weeks and so we went for another trip to B.C, cherry picking, which we had been doing at those years.



Picking Cherries in Creston B.C.



Petting the Deer in Yak B.C.

The scenery on the way is so beautiful in a rest area when we stopped there was a deer wandering around that we could pet. And coming to Creston is always amazing when you come out of the forest and see that lovely fruit valley. My Mom had a great time. It was nice for all of us to have her with us for awhile, but time came to an end and we put her back on the plane in Calgary and she had a lot of stories to tell when she got home.

George's cousin Hans who went to Kitimat in 1956 found a job in the Aluminum factory and got married to a woman who had a daughter but they had two kids together Sari and Anton. She came once to visit us, and we were always invited to come there. She would not go in a plane, because a fortune teller told her she would die young by accident.

In spring of 1965, Hans was planning to build a house in Terrace, about thirty miles from Kitimat, where he had an acreage bordering the Sceena River. So he asked George to come and help him with the framing. Since we always planned to go there we thought that was the perfect

time. Oma and Opa were looking after the kids and we went for two weeks. We stayed over night in Salmon Arm B.C. and arrived there the next day at 5:00 pm, it was 1300 miles. The trip was very interesting. We were amazed with the wonderful scenery, but when we came closer to our destination, things got a bit rough. They were just building the roads, one place we came they were blasting the mountain and we had to follow a big cat on a narrow rough strip with a deep gorge on the side and the river below, that was sure scary. But we made it safe and sound and continued on partly built roads through the forest till we got there. Kitimat was started when they started that Alcan factory so they just cleared a piece of forest and built it there. We took a tour through the Factory, which was very interesting, had a look at the inlet where the Pacific Ocean comes in, close to the factory. George and Hans were working on the house, I stayed with his wife and kids, we sometime drove to see them. We had a nice time together and after the two weeks the house was framed and we went home.

At that time I was pregnant again, which was a big surprise, but it seemed to be like an epidemic happened to all of our friends, who had kids like us and started all over after ten years. Krajewski, who had their twins before us, Auers, Nagys, Schuetts all had the same

thing happening. Was kind of weird?

My workplace went bankrupt in 1964, the knitted dresses did not go so good anymore, there came a lot of knit material on the market and so they could not pay our wages, which we lost, they closed that place. But the boss did not give up completely, he rented an old store on 13 St. N. and put a big table and sewing machine in, with an embroidery machine and hired me to work with him to make some lions club jackets, which we were doing before too. Well I agreed, so he cut them out it, was a vest, that had to be embroidered on the back *ALBERTA LETHBRIDGE*. In the front was a name and a crest and felt trim all around.

Which I all did, and got paid so much for a jacket. It went on for a few month, he was often late with the paycheque, but I liked the job and stayed anyway. One day I was alone in the store, he was there for a while, burnt some garbage in the back and left. All of a sudden I looked and the back of the store is on fire. So I just grabbed my coat and purse and ran to the neighbour to call the firemen. It left a lot of damage to the store, our material and machines had fire and smoke damage. He had no money to rent another place, so I got the sewing and embroider machine in our basement and worked from there. He brought me the cut vests and took the finished ones. That went on for a while but then he could not pay anymore and had to give

up. Since they owed me wages, from the bankruptcy, he left me the sewing machine as payment. I was happy with it, at least I got something out of it. And I did so much sewing at that time. After that I worked part-time at a mens' clothing store downtown as a tailor, to hem and adjust the suits and pants they sold.



Edith & Henry with New Baby Don

Well in October, 1965 Donald Dean was born. Dad took me to the hospital in the morning and everything went OK, but after the delivery, my uterus did not contract as expected and I kept loosing blood. I was put in a special room and the nurses had to take turns to massage me, they had blood ready for transfusion when finally it stopped. Dad could come in dressed like a doctor. After I got to a regular room I could not get up for a few days because I had a vein infection. My legs got wrapped in tensors and when it got better I was happy to walk again.

After five days I could go home., but my trouble was not over for a long time. I did not feel good my back was so sore I could hardly walk, the doctor

told me it comes from having a baby, but it got worse and finally some doctor diagnosed it as a gallbladder infection. I had to go in the hospital right away was put on intravenous and stomach pump and had to stay for ten days, which was over Christmas. That was not so good, wanted to be home with my baby, which I had to stop nursing. After I was dismissed, they booked me for an operation in February, 1966. A few years previously I had two attacks and then they told me that I have gallstones. But after that I had no more problems it was being pregnant that brought it on again.



Edith & Henry with Martin & Frank

So I had the operation, which was a big one, the worst I ever went through. I was six days on intravenous and had a hose come from my stomach, after that my arms were all black and blue from all that poking and going wrong. After ten days they let me go home. It was hard to have three kids to take care of, and in March I was pregnant again. My body had to go through a lot. Those were three bad years for me.

In summer of this year we had some bad news, Hans in Kitimat and his wife had a head on collision with their

car and both got killed. So Oma, Opa and George flew there to the funeral to see about the kids. They decided to bring them to Lethbridge and they would look after them, because I had my hands full, could not handle six kids. By that time we had put an addition on our house to make it into a duplex, so Oma and Opa would move in there and rent their house out. The two lots were such a big garden that we figured we have enough room on one lot. That worked out OK. George built a workshop in the basement of the addition and a garage for Opa in the back. We still had a huge garden. We had a nice patio in the back between our two back doors so it was very convenient to run from one house to the other. Our house was getting too small again had only one bedroom for four kids, so Henry was sleeping at Omas, till we later built a bedroom for him in our basement.

When the kids, Shari and Anton came from Kitimat they needed Omas bedroom. When Gary was born we had both cribs in our bedroom, which was frustrating, when one started to cry the other one woke up. Gary was due at the beginning of February, but on January 3; when I went to see the doctor all was fine, but the ride home with the bus was so bumpy, that must have helped to start my labour. That night I was alone. George worked in Pincher Creek that time, so Opa took me to the hospital and shortly

Gary was born. It was an easy delivery, a month too soon so he was just over 6 lbs. But he was healthy and it went well, except my veins were so inflamed again. I had to stay in bed and the doctor recommended to get them stripped, which I did later that year.

Gary did not want to nurse and I got blamed for his weight loss, was under 6 lb. Every time when they brought him to feed he was sleeping and would not wake up. I got somewhat better in time, when I was home was OK I could feed him when he was hungry. It was quite a hard time with the four kids and the two next door. Dad was mostly out of town, so I had to manage. I had a lot of trouble with my periods and after they did a D&C which did not help they scheduled me for a hysterectomy in the spring of 1968. Things were fine after that.



Opa Kies and Tante Lies visiting us

In the summer of 1968 my Dad and Tante Lies (moms sister) who lived with them came for a visit. They wanted to see how and where we lived. So we spent a nice time together, showed them all the nice places around us. Don got sick while they were here, he had to go through

some painful moments, he had an infection in his penis, had to be in the hospital for a few days, was hard for him, but it was OK after. The six weeks were over and our visitors left us again, was hard too say good by.

George had built some houses on weekends when he was home and it seemed there would be a market for it, so he quit his job and started as a contractor on his own. It was time to be around home after all those years out of town.



George's New 1/2 Ton Ford Truck

We bought our first truck, there were always people coming who wanted houses built so it kept rolling along quite well. Opa helped too at the weekends and Henry was able to help by that time he was 14 -15. He was saving for a motorbike which he bought then.



Don & Gary with our Prize Potatoes

In 1969 we made plans to spend Christmas with the Shmelaks in Los Angeles. We were invited and we

wanted to take Don and Gary to Disneyland.



The "Boys" at Christmas

Since we were all going, one car was not enough so Opa took his car and Edith and Don went with them and we had Henry and Gary in our car. Our friends the Nagys wanted to go to Disneyland and figured to drive down with us. We left early in the morning, all three cars, we were the leaders, since we knew the way. It was bitter cold 30 below zero, the roads were slippery and snowy. That time the highway was going through towns and it was just a little town before Greatfalls that started our bad luck.

As we had to stop for a red light, Opa who was behind us, ran into us, our car was not damaged but his radiator was leaking. So we drove to Great Falls and found a garage where they would fix it. It took quite a while and everybody was getting edgy. It upset our schedule, the Nagys had a hotel booked and wanted to get there in time, we

all felt uncomfortable. They did not want to go alone either, so after a few hours delay we were ready to continue our trip. I offered to drive Opa's car, because he was upset about the mishap but he insisted he was fine and wanted to drive. We were the first car again and after about an hours drive which was in the mountains and curvy roads, we noticed there was no car coming behind us. We could not see too far so we waited, but nobody showed up. We turned around to see where they are, after we passed through a couple of curves we saw the Nagy's car and a van standing there. We were puzzled, stopped to get out to see and got the shock of our lives. Opa's car had missed the curve and rolled down a deep embankment to the river, lucky just landing before it on the roof by the passenger side.



Opa Schlichter's Car at the Accident

Nagy's who were behind saw it and a van driving by too. They stopped to help. When we arrived they were down by the car and helped Oma and Opa with the kids up the hill. Edith who was in the back seat was tumbled around but managed to crawl out the back window which was broken. Opa got out through a window with only a few

scratches, but Oma, who was holding Don on her lap was severely injured. Don was OK. Oma was in shock and could not feel any pain yet was able to walk up the hill to the van, where the people let them stay till help comes. It still was so cold and they were not dressed for it, when you drive you don't wear your Parka.



Opa's Chevette at the Auto Wreckers

We were driving back towards Great Falls to find a place to phone for an ambulance, but it was out in nowhere and we had a hard time and had to drive far till we finally found a phone to call for help. After a long wait the ambulance came and took Oma and Opa to the hospital in Great Falls. We followed with our car and the Nagys went on to California. After the doctors examined her they found she had a broken collarbone and two breaks in her arm, besides that she had pneumonia. She got a cast on her arm and Opa stayed with her, first he could sleep in the hospital then he was in a motel beside there. We went home, it was a sad Christmas for all of us.

Oma was in bad shape, it took three weeks till they could transport her to the Lethbridge hospital by ambulance, where she had to spend another month. It took a long time till

she was well again. Of course she was never well again. She suffered all the later years with arthritis that set in her shoulder from that injury. Well life went on Opa bought a new car and things were going well.



Edith & Henry in our Rented Camper

In 1970 we noticed that Edith has a curved spine-and-after the doctor diagnosed it as Scoliosis we sent her to Germany to see some specialist in Heidelberg, there were the best. It was a question of an operation or not. They advised her to leave it, the operation would be to risky, unless it gets worse she be better of that way. So she had a nice holiday with Traudl and seen her grandparents there and other relatives.

She also went to Europe once before with Oma and Opa they went to Austria were Oma and Opa had their brother and sister married to each other, they also visited Hungary to see their former homestead and relatives there.

Edith graduated in 1971 and started worked during summer and started in the University here in Lethbridge, which was just built and opened then. After one year she wanted to go to Calgary and so she spent another year there, where she

was living with some girls in a high rise apartment close to the university. After that she decided to go to SAIT and get her degree in Chemistry there. She was sharing an apartment with some girls for one year and the last year she shared a basement in a house with Henry, who had graduated from high school in 1973 and was attending the University of Calgary.



Edith as a Teenager

By that time Edith had found a boyfriend and was engaged to be married after she finishes her school, which was in April, 1975 and the wedding was set for June. So we planned a big wedding, since we only had one daughter, where we could do the arrangements.

We invited all our relatives and friends from far away and from here and most of them came. Oma and Opa from Germany, Shmelaks from Los Angeles, Schlichter Omas' Uncle with his daughter and granddaughter from Barrie, by

Toronto and some friends from B.C.

So Omas' and our house were filled to the limit. But we managed and all had a good time together. So June 14 was the big day, we were 145 people all together it was in a nice hall with a lovely dinner served and the evening was a celebration with dance, drinks and enjoyment.

It was a special meaning for the Germany Oma and Opa to attend at least one wedding of their grandchildren. Edith and Doug went on their honeymoon to California, by Los Angeles, where the Shmelaks had a cabin at the beach and had offered it to them.



Our New 1971 Chrysler Newport

In 1972, Oma and Opa decided to move back into their house so we had to rent out the half of our house where they were. That was a lot of trouble, we had bad renters, who wrecked the place, there the wall in our bedroom was between their living room and we could not get any rest because they were loud. Our house was small for our family so we wanted to build a new one.

In 1975 we build our new houses, Opa and Omas and ours. It was very nice to

move since we needed more room.



Our Second New Home and New Car

We also bought a new car and went for a trip to Toronto, where Georges school friend and his family lived and invited us. So Gary and Don came with us and Henry who was still in University, was flying down and meet us there. The trip was very nice, we got there on the 3rd day and enjoyed being with those people. We seen a lot and on the way home we went over Niagara Falls, was very interesting, then over Chicago to Milwaukee, where we visited some distant relatives of George. After doing some sightseeing we continued our way home, stopping at some more interesting locations, Corn palace, Caves in North Dakota etc. until we finally got back home safe and sound. In 1977 I went to Germany for the Celebration of my dads 75TH Birthday, that was in March. In summer we had some friends come to visit from Germany, Georges best friend Gerd and his wife Gerlinde. We spend an enjoyable six weeks together showing them some of the beautiful places in Canada, mountains and Lakes. At the same time we had Georges Cousin Marianne and Family come for a visit from Los Angeles, but they stayed not

too long and we went together in the mountains, where they went back and we continued.



Celebrating our 25TH Anniversary

In 1978 we celebrated our silver Anniversary, it was a wonderful party and it made up for the wedding which we never had.



Frank with his Girlfriend

That year in summer something terrible happened. My sisters son Frank, who was 17 at the time while walking along Rhine River after they had a flood found a revolver. He tried to shoot but it did not work, so he took it home. That evening when he was in his room with his girlfriend, he wanted to show off and held the gun to his

head and said jokingly "I'm going to shoot myself". Well guess what? The gun worked this time it went off and he was killed. That was just so horrible to see that and for all an awful event to forget and get on with life.

In 1980 we had the pleasure to become grandparents. Edith was blessed to have a little girl Lana. One big step in our lives, and the beginning of a lot more grandchildren.

In 1977 Henry finished University as engineer, had a job lined up but wanted to go on a tour through Europe, which he did, quite an adventure. After that he worked in Calgary and was going with Lori when they decided to get married in the summer of 1981.

In March of 1981, I went to Germany. My dad was getting 80, Edith and Lana came along with me. My parents were thrilled to see their great grandchild. It was a big Birthday party, all the relatives came together and we could all see each other again. In summer we had Henry's wedding in Calgary. It was very nice. They came to live in Lethbridge after awhile he built a house and decided, to go back to University in Salt Lake City for a degree in architecture in 1982. That year my parents had their golden anniversary.

In summer we had visitors. Georges cousin Ferry and his wife from Hungary came for six weeks. It was not to easy

since they spoke just Hungarian, not much German.



Terry, his wife and the Shmelaks

George drove to California with them to see the Shmelaks. They are cousins too. It all worked out great and the time we spent together was memorable.



Lucy Schlichter

That year we were lucky to get our second granddaughter Lucy from Henry and Lori.

In 1983 I went to Germany with Don and Gary. We rented a car and drove to all kind of nice places close to my parents home. Then Don and Gary went alone by train to Austria, where they visited Georges aunt and uncle by Salzburg. They made some stops on the way to look at different sites.

That year Edith gave us our first grandson Kevin. From here we go to 1985 we went to Salt Lake to see Henry graduate, was very impressive and enjoyable.

That year we had visitors the Shmelaks came with Mitzis brother and wife from Australia, who were there for a visit. So we went for a nice trip to the mountains and spent a wonderful time together. They invited us to come and see them in Australia.



Baby Adam with Lucy, Lana & Kevin

In 1983 Schlichter Opa died after a long battle with colon cancer, he was 75. That same year Adam Michael Schlichter was born to Henry and Lori.

It was in March: in June George took his Mom to Europe to visit her sister in Austria and all kinds of relatives in Hungary and Germany. Also dropped into see my parents. My Mom past away a few weeks after, just fell over when she was going to bed.

In 1987 my sister Trautl came to visit us and we went with her to Los Angeles to the Shmelaks, where we had a good time and seen a lot. They came with us on the way home and we spent a few days

in Las Vegas, where there is always excitement. We could not miss Siegfried and Roy and after going through the casinos we said good by to Shmelaks and continued our journey back home. We took a little time to see Bryce Canyon, which is sure something special to see, and we got back safe and sound.



Gary & Lisa's Wedding Celebration

In 1989 it was another wedding to celebrate. Gary and Lisa got married in November. They had been living in the house from the Spiszars, an old Hungarian couple who had no kids. We had been taking care of her, after her husband died, she was in the auxiliary hospital and when she died in 1989 we inherited her house. It was an old house so we demolished it and built two houses on that lot for Don and Gary.



Martin at his desk at work

In 1990 my sister came for a visit again. This time she brought her son Martin along. So we had a nice time and travelled around our surrounding areas.



My Dad's 90TH Birthday Party

In 1991, in March, was my Dads' 90TH Birthday, so I flew over to celebrate it with him. It was wonderful. We had a get together in a restaurant where all my relatives showed up and after a delicious meal we had a lot to talk and celebrate. He still was in good health, only with walking was a problem. His knees hurt a lot. But that year in November he died of a heart attack. So I had lost both of my parents.



Edith's & Henry's Children

In 1992 we decided it was time for a holiday and we arranged with Shmelaks to take an Alaska cruise. That was one of the most elaborate adventure. I had never dreamed that such a thing would happen in my life, being on the Love boat that we always seen on TV. I felt like a queen. being pampered like that. Just amazing how big such a ship really is. The meals were extraordinary, and being waited on all the time was unbelievable. The special night they had with

culinary show where food was carved and beautiful arranged, with Ice sculptures, just something to see. We stopped at few places where we could see different things. Took a tour to the Yukon, went to a salmon bake and came home with a wonderful memory.

Then we also had vacation in Australia, we flew with Shmelaks from Los Angeles to Sydney, where Mitzi's brother lives, they picked us up at the airport, after eighteen hours of flight. and we spent a wonderful time with them. We all flew to Cairns, where we had a motel together and we took some tours. First to the corral reef, that sure was interesting to see all that life under water. Then we went with a train to a scenic ride up the mountain, where we continued with a bus to a rain forest. There was so much to see and we could not wonder enough about everything. After a city sightseeing we flew back to Sydney. Some friends of Mitzi's brother had a cottage near the ocean and we were all invited to come there. Over a weekend we went there, about two hours from Sydney. What a delightful place. Irmtraud, the owner, took us for a walk on the beach, and what unexpected things we saw. Crabs, oysters, seashells galore any size and model. Was quite a walk to remember. And the beautiful birds all over, parrots any size and colour of course the kangaroos were hopping

around too, just had to look out the window.

That was our last trip, because Oma had some heart problems and so we did not go for any long trips anymore.

In 1993 we celebrated our 40TH wedding anniversary.

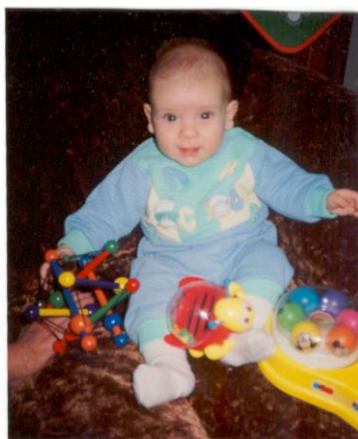
I think the rest you all know, we were blessed with eleven grandkids and I hope to bring you a little inside in my life. I can only wish and hope, that yours turns out as good or better than mine.

Love you all.

Your Mom and Oma.



#6 - Amanda Schlichter [Gary & Lisa]



#8 -Mason Schlichter [Don & Loretta]



Savannah Schlichter [Don & Loretta]



#7 - Sadie Schlichter [Garry & Lisa]



#9 - Maegan Schlchter [Gary & Lisa]