

*Grandma Cecilia Beitel's Trip to Austria in
1936*



Cecilia Beitel travelled alone from her home on a farm in Stayton, Oregon, to her native Austrian homeland in 1936 to visit relatives whom she had not seen since she immigrated thirty-five years earlier. Her father died in 1892, and her mother passed away in 1903, two years after Cecilia came to the United States. None of her siblings ever made the trip across the ocean to America. When they last saw her, she was twenty-three, now she was fifty-eight. In the midst of the Great Depression, Cecilia may have been encouraged to travel by the lower costs to Europe because of the Olympic Games in Berlin that summer.

It must have been very difficult to leave her husband Alois and their children behind. Sons John, Tony and FB still lived at home. Gus would get married while she was away. Agnes was already in the convent, and Betty, who would now be in charge of cooking and cleaning for the home, was only 12 years old.

Fortunately, she kept a journal of her trip, at least for most of the way. Written in an old composition book, the original diary ended up in the possession of one of her daughters, Sr. Agnes Beitel SSMO. About forty years after the journal entries were made, Sister Agnes decided to preserve the story by typing it exactly as her mother had written it. Eventually, she made photocopies of the typed edition and gave one to each sibling. Sister Agnes titled the diary "Mom's Diary of Her Trip to Germany June - 1936".

In addition to the diary, Cecilia left behind a small, plain, cotton sack, filled with souvenirs of her trip. The bag was found in one of the old family trunks in the Beitel farmhouse. Having recently come across this bundle again, we decided that these treasures should be shared with the whole family. So we combined the diary and other mementos into this document.

Original spellings have been retained. Bold items in brackets are explanatory material added by Sr. Agnes at the time of original transcription and by Elizabeth (Beitel) DeAngelis at the time the diary was transferred to electronic format.

We are grateful to Sr. Agnes for her decision to type and share the diary with us. And we shall ever be grateful to Grandma (Cecilia) for writing down her thoughts and allowing us to experience her grand adventure so many years later in a world much changed and yet still the same. God bless you!

Jack and Elizabeth DeAngelis, November, 2003

The original typewritten, photocopied transcript was converted to electronic format by optical character recognition. We used 12pt Baskerville font to set the body text in Adobe InDesign. For distribution via our web site we converted the final document to Adobe's Portable Document Format (PDF).

Cover photo: Ustron, Poland, 19 July 1936. *In to the garden*. Cecilia is standing third from left.

J.M.J

JUNE 2 Can't realize that I am in Idaho. I want to begin writing down the happenings of my trip. After I left poor Betty and Papa, I felt like I lost the whole world, but I prayed God should help me and on we went. The conductor came— a friendly man, which is almost second nature of the S.P. employees. He looked at my ticket and said—



Cecilia ca. 1900

“Aha, this is going to be a nice trip for you lady.” After a second he had found a companion already, an elderly lady going to London. He introduced us. In Portland I certainly got a shock. I always thought I would go with the U.P. (Union Pacific) and my ticket was written to the Northern Pacific. So they directed me to my train which stood on track 7. When I came to my berth, my suitcase lay on my bed. They took it out of my hands and took it here long before I came in. I wanted to go to bed right away because I was tired. I heard a lady say, “Well, this is the standard of yesterday.” I think she meant, because we were in the tourist car, but everything is just as nice as it can be. I slept the biggest part of the night and dreamed there were 4 horses

hitched to a railroad car. They pulled so hard because it seemed they were deep in the mud. It is raining here and it is dark, just like at home yesterday. We are passing through a rather nice valley. The train goes at a pretty great speed. It makes writing difficult. We are not transferred until Chicago. To think I wanted to see Weisers [**Dan and Bertha, one of Alois' sisters**] in Columbus [**Nebraska**]. Now I am going south of New Rockford, N.D. [**Alois's sister, Mina and her husband, Frank Allmaras lived in New Rockford**]. I had breakfast in the diner; a bowl of oatmeal, a soft boiled egg, some toast and coffee— 68¢. For supper last night I had a bowl of tomato soup (15¢).

JUNE 3 Nothing to tell except that old lady is really too feeble to travel alone. Today the train crew wanted to make up for lost time. If we dared to walk a little, we were cast from one side to the other. I ate very little. I had hot milk, black bread and figs (canned) and am feeling okay.

JUNE 4 I'm sitting in coach 777. I'm glad that I am out of Chicago. [**Now she is taking the New York Central, on the Water Level Route.**] I am feeling fine except that

I was careful what I was eating. That old lady almost got on my nerves, and that sick one tried it awful hard to make the whole car sick. This morning she hollered, "My pocketbook is gone." She thought she left it on her berth. I was already dressed and sitting up. No one passed through the sleeper. I told her to go back to the dressing room. I guess that's where you left it. Porter came to help her and said to me in a lowered voice, "She can't fool me, nobody took it." Finally she listened, went back and found it.

Time gets long. In front of me is a nice Lady from Montana. She goes to Ohio. I begged the conductor for a timetable. He said I should have gotten one at the station. I told him I got my ticket in Salem Ore. So he said "I'll bring you one" and he did. Now I can watch the stations.

JUNE 6 Some country and scenery, Ohio; and New York seems such nice fields of clover and alfalfa. Corn was not very big. New York seems to be a place for grapes and factories. Albany, Cleveland; those big buildings - a person almost gets scared when the train pulls in the station. Arriving in [**Grand**] Central Station. I was crabby because the German Lloyd didn't meet us there. So, naturally, you got to hire your own transportation. After I had my luggage on the boat I felt better but so tired. I walked around in New York so much till my feet hurt so much, I had to take a rest in Central Park, where I met an Irish Lady, who told me very much about the city of New York. We talked until I had to go to the dock. Coming here I was very kindly directed to my room. I undressed and washed and went to bed- slept so good, never heard the other passengers coming in, and never knew when we started. The beauty of this ship I can not write in words. The dining room had flowers in every corner; bouquets of [?] on every suitable place. Each additional table had a pot of flowers; all were planted and grown in there. The food is excellent. I wanted oatmeal, so I got hot milk with it, besides the cream. After breakfast we went on the deck. It was indescribably nice, but no more land to see, the atmosphere is absolutely a tonic for nerves. I have heard we have a priest on board this morning. We had no Mass, but the headquarters will let us know if there [**will be**] a Mass tomorrow morning. There are so many on board, every room is taken. I feel so good, because I slept so

good. Just opposite where I am sitting is a big picture of a castle illuminated by electricity. The steamer crew speaks a queer German. Its more "plat" than Berlin.

This is JUNE 7 How the time is fleeting! We had Mass at 7:00, High Mass at 10:00. There were so many in the chapel it was filled to every corner. There were 2 ushers; Collection for the disabled Catholic Seamen. After church, Te Deum was sung. They rang the bell just like at home, only I believe it was something like a graphophone behind the altar. This ship carries a crew of 1000, and 1800 passengers. It is all filled. I am sitting at a writing table in the writing room. There are such deep soft carpets and such wonderful furniture. The sea is so quiet, nobody is sick, and if it would not be for the machinery down below, (the vibrations) we wouldn't know we are on water. I would be perfectly contented, but there is a tingle of homesickness mixed with it all. If Betty and Papa would be here, or at least one of the boys. Such you are almost unable to take alone in spite of everybody is very kind. We are 4 in a room, I would rather be alone. I heard the trumpet. Do not know what it is for, but everything has a meaning and you have to get acquainted first. It is warm and the windows are open all around the ship. One thing I notice is the german doorknobs, European style. That's what I have not seen for 35 years.

Monday, JUNE 8 This morning the sea is pretty high, there will be many that wish they would be home and one of them is I. Not so much fun if the floor gives way and you think you are flying. Many of the passengers use the elevators. I prefer it too instead of walking. There are 3 elevators on this floor; one for baggage; 2 for people. I went to Mass this morning and received Holy Communion. The Lord is with me, let come what may. I have 7 dresses with me, but I feel out of place because I ought to have 20 if I would want to dress like many of them do. A different one for every meal and an evening dress besides. I wish we would meet a steamer, but so far we have not seen any. O my! Everybody gets pale and complains of not feeling just right. The roses and fragrant flowers fill the air full with the finest perfume. Stewarts and stewardesses are walking with medicines and eats to the rooms. I thought I seen the captain of the ship but it

was the first officer. The captain must have 4 stripes around his coatsleeves. The boy on the floor wants to help me so I can see Captain "Ahren". Our priest has light trousers on this morning. This morning I was called to the guide [**she must be referring to the Val Peter tour guide**]. He even wanted to know how much money I was carrying with me. He goes along to Prague.

This is JUNE 23 What a pause I left unwritten. It was just the same till our arrival in Bremen, except for the loss of my glasses. My, how I missed them. I was sitting in the writing saloon by a writing table, when some Ladies called me to come along, they were going on deck. I had just written a letter to Weisers and was taken up with a book in the library, the steward wanted me to read. I jumped up and of course I couldn't see unless I took the glasses off, and ran towards those that called me. I thought I had everything but noticed soon my glasses were missing. I went back but they were no place to be found. As a rule, if somebody finds something, it is brought to the chief steward and so I went there and told them. They had several glasses there, but none were mine, and they never were brought there either. They thought maybe somebody had some alike and thought they were theirs, but I don't believe it now anymore, because by this time, they should have found out. They wanted to send them after me, if they would be found. And now I want to mark down the most important happenings, that I can remember. At about 8:00 o'clock on the 12th of JUNE we seen BREMEN in the distance. Everybody got excited, and about 8:30 we were there. At CHERBOURG FRANCE we landed just 24 hours before, and in SOUTH HAMPTON ENGLAND we didn't go in, but a boat came out and got the English passengers. We seen the English coast and some buildings in the distance. And now Gustie called me for 10:00 o'clock lunch. We had liverwurst and ryebread. When we arrived in BREMEN, all passengers were called in groups. We were left off into the revision dock, but they never bothered my luggage. I was through in a hurry. I was so dry and drank a glass of beer, and at 10:30 we left Bremerhaven in the train. I guess by this time everybody realized they were no more in America. I was in second class but there was nothing fancy. In my little coupe was a woman from near Prague. She had been visiting her parents

in MISSOURI, a thing that was turned around for once. I believe most of the time, rather the children are in America. When we neared Prague, she showed me her place, which was on a hill. She showed me the Wilson bahnhof [**train station**] and there was her husband dressed in black. He must have been some kind of an officer. She told me her husband was no farmer, she was playing with the farm. I didn't especially like her because she smoked cigarettes. I took a little dinner at PRAGUE, which was a big dumpling, vealsteak, and a glass of bier, with a roll. I figured it out in American money, it was about 75¢, and up to now, I know we can live a lot cheaper in America. We certainly made good time from PRAGUE to Olmitz then I had to transfer again to the Trappaner Zug [**Tropfen? Train**]. We had a bunch of "Checkish" German soldiers in our car, they were singing because they were going home. Arriving finally at end station, Grosstohl, it was getting dark. Nobody but I got off and even the little depot was locked already. I was feeling kind of blue, went to a little house next to there and asked if they knew if somebody had a car to bring me up to MOHRAU. They knew of none except one little truck-car and they told me which house I would find the owner. So I went to ask, but left the suitcase by the people I was asking. There was no satisfaction. I was told they couldn't haul people with their car, it was just for freight, so I left, and went back to the first house, begged them to keep the suitcase overnight and started out to walk. About 10:30, just 24 hours after we landed, I was by my sister's house. How tickled my sister was I could see that, and for that matter even the brother-in-law was nothing but gladness. It certainly is more to see a sister after 35 years than when you can see them of- tener. I was pretty tired and went to bed just as soon as we could depart again. When I got up to this room, and that is where I am writing now, I saw some of my mother's things and felt quite at home. The next day was Sunday and they had a big celebration in the village, so I met some of my school chums and what is the sad thing about half of them are resting on the cemetery already. My sister MINA and brother JOHN I met together and it is a favor from heaven, that I could see them again.

It's JUNE 26. This morning Mina's HEDWIG and I went to Romerstadt, I

thought I would get my glasses, But they were not there. When we started it was warm. We had some shopping to do. I got 2 kilogram [?] meat from Schaffer daughter. It was 20 Kronen, one dozen [?], 2 1/2 Kronen, my how expensive, or terrible high everything is in this mountain corner. At noon we walked fast, we seen a thundershower in the west and we didn't want to get wet. We could have taken the bus, but I wanted to see how I could stand the walk. It is farther than to Stayton from our place [**about 3 miles**]. People were making hay and on Frau Feith's place the Festenhof, they had oxen hitched to the hay rakes. I asked a lady from Harachsdorf, to whom the Festenhof belongs and she told me it belongs to Frau Feith and that Mr. was dead and the only son was studying somewhere. There we were by a nice Hotel. She said that belongs to her too. Just imagine, a big nice hotel by the woods in Harachsdorf, that Lady said they are doing a wonderful business. My, we passed some fields again, according to how everything stands, food should be more reasonable. I went to a confectionary [**dry goods store**]. That lady said if it wouldn't be for the factories, they wouldn't do such good business. When we came to MINA's house it was quarter after 12:00. She had cauliflower soup and barley biscuits, filled with quark [**curd, cottage cheese?**] and boughten cherries. I stayed there, about 4:00 arriving here. I have a key to the front door. They were all in the field. The hired girl works too from four in the morning till about half past seven in the evening. It is 20 to six now. Wonder how long I'll be alone. I'll get me some "sourbrunn" now, maybe after that if nobody comes I'll walk to Johanna Schiebel, which is an old Lady, but who is a cousin of us and who knows all the history of this village, please do not think she is mean, she just remembers things so good. I heard something rattle on the front door, going to the window a young fellow was there with a bicycle, he said he wanted to invite Herr Weihs, which is my brother-in-law, to the cino [**theater**] to Klein-Mohrau and he wanted to buy eggs from Gustie. When people see me they always want me to come to their houses, but I'll not do anything like that. I have to answer so many questions. I get tired of it. I guess I'll have to invite them to come to America.

JUNE 27 A nice morning, but cool. I coughed so much this morning, I wished

it would let off, it's just about choking me. I never thought I would catch a cold like that. Gustie is baking poppy kuchen, but a little different than I always do. We stomped it in a big iron moiser. She cooks it in water and puts dried cooked pears in with it. I don't know why I am so tired.

This is JULY 4th. In the morning I wrote a letter home and yesterday I wrote one to Sister Liliosa [**Agnes**]. I was out in the field (helped again in the hay.) Yesterday I had a bad day. I coughed so much my sister MINA gave me a bottle of "spitz wegerich" cough syrup. She cooks it herself. I didn't get time to write. We cut a dress at Mina's place and she wants to sew it for me. I am considering going to Teschen and that will make another hole in the pocketbook, because I don't want them to feed me for nothing and the ticket and the visa cost money too. If only my cold or what it is would let off. I believe it must be the climate that vexes me that way. I've rested good last night, it was about the first night that I did. Herr Schinzel, Schmied [**Blacksmith?**], Peppies son, and his darling young wife came here a little while ago. The young lady is a daughter of Kimmel, Anna (Frau Schreiber [**her married name**] Durseifern [**town name**].) They want to take pictures so I can have some to take along home. Frau Schreiber and her sister Marie Kimmel, where I was at the wedding as a girl, are all resting already. My but it seems everybody got old quick and died. I always think the Lord had a special liking for me, when he inspired me to go to some other country. I believe they suffered so much through the wartime, that's why Marie Vogel is no more amongst the living either. And when it comes to the boys side, my, a person must learn that only a few that were lucky returned. All over they include the fallen boys, on the monuments they rest with them spiritually. The other evening we went over to Werbergers and the old Father is quite a talker too. He was in the battlefield too. Frau Kreisel/Schrott Resie[**'s**] daughter, who is Frau Oberlehrer [**Principal**] are real nice folks too. Frau Kreisel runs her place nice enough, her son is to take it off her shoulders pretty soon. He will get married - Franz Kreisel, [**?**] one of the missing boys. My brother Hermann told us of a boy he was so good with and whom he seen shortly before he got killed. They can surely tell stories. Gustie just brought me a letter from brother

HERMANN. He is so excited already he don't want me to go home without coming to see him first. My, I better write for my reservation soon, but I go to TESCHEN [**to see her brother Josef**] first. It is getting dark, maybe it rains again and we have a lot of hay standing waiting to unload. Well, the hay is in the loft, the hired girl scrubs the hall, Gustie the kitchen and I went to church to confession. Tomorrow I am supposed to be candleholder for little Hedwig Schallner. Here the big people hold the candle [**for the First Holy Communion ceremony**] while at home in America, little children do it. We unloaded 2 big loads of hay. Brother-in-law Weihs can sure pitch fork in, he is as strong as a bear, but he is not as bad as sometimes we heard. He wants Gustie and me to go and see his brother and family in Klein Mohrau. He is not that bad kind we sometime class somebody. Don't we find the biggest faults in those people that are so good and kind otherwise? I have a little time so I'll pray and write for the rest of the day. I feel at home in the room. There are 2 pictures in here, we had at home in mother's house. One is St. Joseph and the Child Jesus with —[**something that Sr Agnes couldn't read**]—— printed on it. The other one of Our Lady of Lourdes and the French girl, Bernadette, which says—[**also unreadable**]——. Another picture is brother Hermann, enlargement, brother Joseph's wedding picture, two more big pictures of Jesus and Mary and Marie Schallner. On the other side there is a bigdress comode, guardian angel pictures by my bed, 2 Alpine pictures. My sisters have all they need, but they work very much, both of them.

Sunday JULY 5th. This seemed to be a fairly happy day for it was children's First Holy Communion Day, they were in white with wonderful candles and Myrthen reaths in their hair. Even poor me had the honor of being sponsor for HEDWIG SCHALLNER. I went to Holy Communion, after church I went to my parents grave. Coming here, Gustie had her second breakfast already and was ready to go out in the field. My but nobody seems to keep holy the Sabbath day. I don't like that, it seems the Lord blesses them with such abundance, but they ignore it, they think it is like that, because they know how to work fields. I've seen Herferts going with 2 hay-racks going for hay, they have a hay fork, like we have at home, but the pullies run around the house instead around the barn at

home. We want to go to the old Waldmuhle [**flour mill**] where the uncle and Grandparents lived when Daddy [**Alois Beitel**] was a little boy. I hear something stir downstairs, I guess they come home.

This is Monday, JULY 4th [6th sic] I am sitting up here in the room, do not know what to do today. Gustie and the girl have a little work in the field, not enough, that it is necessary for me to go along and so I want to write the breinlesteiner ausflug [**trip to the Breinlesteiner restaurant**] down. We made dinner yesterday. Porkschnitzel, cabbage and “dumplings”. Gustie cooks the cabbage good, she uses caraway seeds to cook it, then she fries bacon and a little onion, puts a little flour in it then water, mixes the whole thing with a little vinegar. Also I enjoy very much those soups, I always liked her soup already before I went to America, we had liver dumplings in it. At 1:00 o’clock Schinzel Adolf came here and took Gustie’s and my picture. There was something always we couldn’t get ready to go. We had to take the Schallner girls along, because they had to work real hard (it was fun). They got a lot of hay in and so Gustie had to push a baby carriage. Finally we started coming up to the upper street. Anna Bernt was looking for us already. Where are you staying so long, we are waiting. We started towards OberMohrau, coming towards ‘Blitz’ [**nickname**] Schinzels, We found out my cousin, Cecilia Bernt had come from Oderberg, she told me then in the evening. I wanted to come up anyway, but brother JOHANN, who is her boarder had brought the news of my coming so she wanted to come a little earlier in order to meet me. This afternoon I have to come and make them a visit. So we were soon in Breinlestein. We heard the Neudorfer music when we got nearer, they had waldfest [**forest festival**] up there. We had a pleasant afternoon because we met Herr Schinzel (teacher in Janowitz) and wife and their two children, so we sat in the shady timber and talked till it was getting dark. It was then made out that we want to clime [**climb**] the hohe heide [**high hill**] sometime before I leave, after I came up from TESCHEN again. That Neudorf has certainly improved too since I left. We didn’t go to the waldmuhle [**mill in the forest**], we had no time, but I was told there isn’t a thing there anymore; that fire destroyed everything and the walls were torn down. We then went to Mina’s for supper

and she accompanied me till Frau Maier's house. Gustie had went home earlier to do chores and she was looking for me. We went to bed right away. I've been out now to buy a stamp for a card to Wesermunde, Germany; 1 krone and 20 heller. After this I wanted to see Klothilde Kohrbach, but she was out working in the field for somebody, but O, I found out how it goes in this familie [**family**]. Anna, her sister, was there. She cried to me all the time, but we had to go outside. She told me how much she has to starve, nothing to eat, and when there is some food, the others eat it, they always looked at her she put something in her mouth. What a life! And how many of those poor undernourished people, when they have worked so hard for those rich farmers for almost nothing and they are old and broken, they can see where they stay. O, why, why is there such terrible things in this world, a little justice and it would all be different. She told me she has no strenght[**sic**], when she tries to walk she has to sweat so much, because of hunger.

And this is JULY 7th. We had a great time at Frau Schinzels house. She is quite a talker. She told us of many incidents that happened during the war period. One thing was comical. There was such a food shortage they had butchered a hog, there was fatless day, nobody was to eat any fat or meat in anyway. She said, you know we had to have servants (they always had 2 maids and 1 or 2 hired men.) Now, what should I cook, and I had sausages in the oven. They were roasting to beat the band, and just then a policeman, Gendarm, came in. Mr Schinzel was burgermeister [**mayor**] for 9 years. She didn't know what to do, he wasn't supposed to smell that sausage and so she hid it with some tight coverings in the bed. I told Gustie when I came home and she said, "I tell you, they hid it. They didn't want to give it to the Gendarm, as a rule they caught the little food for themselves. That's the way they done in Karlsdorf, Herr Werberger told". This forenoon we went in the air. I helped spread grass and even mowed a little with the sickel. We unloaded a big load of hay, then I went upstairs to rest and write a little. Helped to clean vegetables for dinner. We had kalekraut, potatoes, pork meat, and a very good soup. Gustie knows how to cook, she didn't run a guest house for nothing. There is a truck with vegetables coming

around once a week. They sell pretty reasonable. They also have fruit. I have received a card from Bro. Joseph and John. John [**from Oderberg**] is staying at Josephs [**in Teschen, Poland**] till the 13th. They want me to come down. I was invited to come to Romerstadt to Schrott Marie with Cecilia Bernt Frau Risher. Schrott Marie is Frau English. But I thought I better help Gustie a little. We want to go to Klein Mohrau to see the Weihs relations soon and I don't want them to lose much time on account of me. I got some sauerbrunn, helped unload another load of hay and now I want to go to Mina's house to see if she started my dress. When I came there Mina said "you are coming just at the right time". We fitted the dress then I started for Gustie's again. Mina went with me as far as Mrs. Laube (an American). I had some supper there and in talking, she told me she knew a lady in Nebr[aska]. Her name was Anna Miller as a girl. She married a Lorenz, he died, she had 2 girls, then she married again and moved to Oregon. She had corresponded with her for a time then it kind of went to sleep and she would have liked it very much, if she would have kept up that correspondence. She also said her father was very sick in Omaha. She went to see him, she went visiting somewhere and on the return she wanted to see him again, but he was not there, he had passed away. I asked her what town those people lived and she couldn't remember. I said it wasn't Spaulding. She got white all over and said-"yes". And so we both knew that same lady, we couldn't get over it for a long time. She then went along to Gustie's to see the picture and it proved to be true. So it is true we do know somebody, somebody knows too, somewhere in the world. This forenoon Cacilia Rischer, Bernt came to see me. She had been in the cemetery. She stayed here until almost dinner time. We had 10:00 o'clock lunch together.

JULY 10th. I am at my brother Josef's in Teschen [Poland]. I came down from Mohrau yesterday. I got ready because Josef and John wrote a postal card to come at once because Josef was not so pressed with work and because John was here yet. TESCHEN is a wonderful town. It smells nice and clean. But the trip was a little eventful. Gustie accompanied me to the bus to Werbergers and like many times, somebody shouted already, "Good morning". It was Cacilia

Bernt Risher, she went to Klein Mohrau to see her sick brother-in-law. From there on, they wanted to go to Buchbersthal to her daughter, from there on to Maria Hilf bei Zuckmantel. [?] bei Sunday evening, she wants to be in Oderberg at home. We had a most delightful little conversation and she wants me to come to Oderberg on my return trip from here. In Wildgrub came a sick man on the bus. He said to another man he was going to Jagendorf to see a doctor, with stomach ulcer. We arrived in Troppau in no time because we were going with the Schnellzug [**fast train**]. I just noticed the wonderful fields laden with a harvest so rich and I remember telling somebody, nobody ought to starve in this country. They shook a little but made a sad gesture, to tell me this was to there sorrow not the case. It is really so, nobody actually starves but there are very many that haven't got enough to eat. In TROPPEAU I was kind of lucky; nobody said anything. I stood a little while I seen the little train smoking and ready after I looked a while I said, I want to go to Schonbrunn and it was highest time, in a minute we were gone. Why don't they call it out; I was wondering, but I guess that's sloveny for you. Arriving in Schonbrunn I had to transfer once more, but [**there**] was a little episode before I got there. Next to me in the car was a Roman Catholic priest. He was friendly, we got to speak and I found out he had been in America in N. Dakota. I told him where my sister-in-law [**Mina (Beitel) Allmaras**] lives and he knew too. He told me he wanted to go to Mt. Angel so bad up on the hill [**referring to the Mt Angel Abbey, Mt Angel, OR**], also to Scappoose, Oregon. We then talked a little longer and we found out we both knew Father Nessel in Scio, [**Oregon**] he said he knew him personally.

This priest's name was Father Balloon, and he wants me to bring best regards to Father Nessel and also to America. I thought this was a special event meet somebody like that. Coming to Mahrish Ostrau I had to go to the Polish consulate for my visa to Poland. I made a mistake not getting it at home; it almost cost six dollars here. [**It would have only been 4 dollars plus 50 cents postage.**] Of course it is not easy to go to a strange speaking office for a visa, you have to fill out an application and just do it if you have a Polish blank. I was just breaking my head in two, when a man came in and looked in my paper. I couldn't make anything else out except the date of my birth and my signature. He kind of looked in my

face and said, "So, don't you know me anymore", I told him kind of disgusted, "No". He noticed my helplessness and took the paper away from me, sat down on the other side of the table and wrote, asking me questions. In between he told me he was the man from TESCHEN that brought brother Josef up and went fishing with a couple of other guys. Now I knew, but felt flabbergasted how in the world he should just happen in here. He then asked if Josef didn't tell me of his trouble. I said, "yes, partly" and that was the reason he was in from TESCHEN with his wife and two other men, one was from the ministerium from Warsau. So he helped me, first went from Herod to Pilate, and then he said, now my business takes about three fourths of an hour and then you can go home with us. I felt glad but this time it was a very narrow escape to an accident, also to me. Everything went fine, they wanted me to sit in front with Mr. DeLong and Mrs., and those 2 other men sat in the rear. I was afraid to talk, because we had some high guys in the rear and I am glad I didn't. We were over half towards Teschen when we met a roadroller, they call it here, strassen walze; we turned to the side and before I knew anything else, we had our car all full of glass and wheat and rye and oats and the poor man on the bicycle that has that little sack of grain on his wheel, laid moaning with his feet over the right light, that was of course broken, and covered with his blood, bended backward. The horror of it all, He was unconscious and bleeding from his head something terrible. His bicycle was with only one wheel laying in the ditch. Mr. DeLong was bleeding. He got a piece of glass in his face and his right hand was cut in several places. Just imagine, I sat in the front, the glass flew all over me but not even a scratch I got. Mrs. DeLong was saying, I just don't know how you could escape something like that, you were sitting in front. Well, you have to take a little good luck along on a journey and I hope I can keep it until I am home again. We had to stay on that place for several hours. Two doctors came soon, they helped to wash Mr. DeLong and clean his wounds and took care of that poor fellow, that came running into us, but I guess he couldn't help it, he was coming downhill and I believe he lost control over everything when he realized the situation. I thanked the good Lord I wasn't hurt; the ambulance and police came and my name was taken down too and so many people came the street was filled with old and young.

After everything was over we came in and called Josef by telephone. It was not long, he came to the Delongs.

JULY 11. As a rule, you have to get acquainted first, but it is easy, when you see you are welcome and my brother Josef was certainly tickled that I came and paid him and his family that visit. Yesterday Josef had to go to the town council to give notice of my arrival, he had to take my passport along and John said [a] little while ago, they must put their nose in everything to sniffle. In the morning while Josef tended to my business, John and I went around town. In the afternoon I stayed in and sat on the divan most of the time, because my left foot was swollen and hurt. In the evening my nephew [engineering] Schiebel and his young wife came here and had supper. We talked English and while he talked a little funny, I surely knew what he was saying. They stayed till after ten, and to bed we went. Before I laid down I rubbed my foot with spiritus [alcohol] and some herbs in it. This morning we went to Josef's working field where he spent the best days of his life to the Knabenerziehungsanstalt [school for boys]. They were all glad to see him, sometimes he has to come and help yet. After viewing all his work, the planting of roses and of perennial plants, the wonderful tower and fountain, one metrologische [botanical garden] station right by the entrance there was a flowerstand with flowers from top to bottom also to the side, right- - a big waterbasin, with goldfishes and many more things. He has lived for that institution. After receiving a big bouquet of flowers, we left and went to the cemetery to visit the graves of his first wife [Anna] and other relations. We seen the Kluckies [family name, wealthy Jewish people] tomb too. We marched on back home and Josef's dear wife had a very good dinner ready for our hungry stomachs.

JULY 13th. We went to Castlegarden after dinner on Sat. I found some ripe flower seed from the rockery. We walked all around way up to the ruins, and there was much to see. We also looked into the chappel, where the old Hapsburgers used to attend Mass. Then over to the tower called the piasten tower. TESCHEN or Polish called [?] is an old city and has the following history. There

were three brothers traveling east in the timber, each in a different direction. They must have lost each other, because they found themselves all by a spring, called the Three Brother Brunnen [**Spring**]; for joy they built the tower. There was at a time a so-called piasten dynastie in Poland. The three brothers names were, Bolko, Lessko, Eirsko (?). We spent quite a time on that hill and when we got home we had huckleberry kuchen and coffee. One can't get lonesome when there is something on the program all the time. Yesterday we went to church in the forenoon. There are 6 priests in that parish. Masses commence at 5:30 in the morning; we went to the German Mass at nine o'clock. I never seen so many people going and coming from church before, and you can notice too how they cling to the Blessed Virgin. We went to sit in a side chapel with an altar of a wonderful picture of Our Lady. That picture was all decorated with pearls and other jewels. We then strolled around town, went over to the Czechish side across that bridge; each time you got to show everything [**official papers**]. We went to see Johanna[**Josef's second wife**]'s sister who is a widow and who works at the depot. In the afternoon we were to come to see Hermann, who is the son of brother Joseph. He is Diplom Inginer [**diploma engineer ?**] for the firm — Brown Bowers: Rohr Lielinski. Hermann is a fine fellow. In. Baden, Switzerland is the main factory. They are building all electric like motors, generators, even railroads. There is supposed to be a branch too in New York City. Today we could have gathered more material, but the weatherman has rain called good for today. Johann is sitting in the house too. Josef put his rubbers on and went for meat. They are having it nice, but everything has to be bought. We wanted to go and Josef wanted me to see how he grafts roses. [**German script sentences follow— evidently telling how to graft the roses.**] This afternoon we went around town again and visit the chappel of the fallen Swedish prince and the weather cleared up to some degree. We have seen the Garden where they made peace at the wartime, with the Swedes. It is called the Friedens schluss [**Peace-War End**] garden. TESCHEN is an old historic city. It dates somethings back to 810.

JULY 14th. An old rainy day again. People are starting harvesting and it would be better if the weatherman could have hung out “nice”. Everything is so

rich in the fields. Rye is almost laying flat to the ground. I have seen that all the way down from Mohrau to here, over Troppau. Also the oats is awfully heavy, and barley and wheat the same thing. They are having the nicest alfalfa and clover patches and gardens you can see anyplace in the world. There is just the one thing the poor are down because they don't get enough wages. Bro. Josef gets 150 slotties [**\$10**] a month pension, which is about 30 dollars from that, they have to buy all that's needed in a household, and buying coal and paying 30 slotties house rent for 2 rooms, nothing else, but a dirty little roof room. He has to work to make both ends meet. If I look out the window, there is one farmer wagon after the other with one or two horses hitched on; a queer picture after seeing nothing else at home, but automobiles. There are very many bicycles, because it seems to me people have to have something. Josef and I went to the Villa Troschok, where he has charge of the garden. It's all new, but he has much accomplished already. He showed me his stuff under glass, planted some roses in sand where they stay and grow until next year. Then they will be planted to their permanent places. Something I liked especially, and that was the edelweiss and the "never before seen" mint. He has cucumbers. They cover all the ground. Potatoes they dig already, while the cabbage has a good hold in between. He has [**a**] compost pile made from weeds and everything that you can think of, he told me, there were 500 Kl limedust in it, on top there are pumpkin vines growing making one pumpkin next to the other. In one corner of the garden are fisolen [**beans**]. The garden has strawberries on 2 sides one row are monthly strawberries. The rockeries they call alpines. We had seen the garden, then we've seen the houseplants in the flower room. The boy of that familie is always here to see the boys. Mr. or Pan Troshock is ingenier [**engineer**] also. When we came home Johann was patching his shirtsleeves. You can see how accurate he is and oh so saving. Well, believe me, they can only live if they save until they can't no more. Otmar [**Josef and Johanna's son, later he became an engineer in Dusseldorf, he travels to many foreign countries**] takes violin lessons everyday, he plays with very much ease, like it was nothing. Hermann is the pianist, He played for us Sunday and a person sees how he puts every fibre of his being in his music. He played for about an hour, a few difficult pieces from Paderewski and

Beethoven. I also forgot to write down what we had for lunch, while at HERMANN'S house. Anna, his wife, pulled the table out, covered it with a nice cloth, and put little glass plates around, something like butter plates, then she put little glasses on it; liquer glasses, then she had oblaten[**cookies**] mixed with other fan— [**some kind of fillings**] in the center. After this we had brodchen[**white bread**], black bread, on top we had boiled sliced eggs, cream cheese serv—[**unreadable**]— wurst, garnished with parsley. I watched her putting the liquer in the glasses. She didn't pull the cork off the bottle but had a different thing with a tiny tube in the center, that made a fine stream and there was no danger of spilling. If I could only describe how nice their cozy apartment looked, but just the mirror in the dressing table was exquisite, and that wonderful picture above their beds of little Jesus feeding the doves sitting on his Mother's lap. It is so big, about 2 1/2 feet high and about 5 feet long. I thought of our little wall calender which has the same picture in Betty's bedroom, but only a miniature. They got it for a wedding gift. They also got an Oriental picture from one of his colleggiates. Betty got it from Father Scherbring's housekeeper, Anastasia. We went out into the country about as far as Harachsdorf from Mohrau, Josef was to see to those roses for a man here in town who owns the place in the country. He had someone to plant wild roses and now he thought them big enough to be grafted. Josef and I made the lead while Bertram [**Josef and Johanna's other son**] was to go to Hermann's wife to tell her to come down here, we had scheduled to go someplace else. So when we got out there, Josef started trimming, he has the same scissor as Daddy [**Alois**] has at home, and when he had only a few bushes done, it started to rain something awful. That renter's wife brought me a heavy shawl and talked to Josef, they were certainly having a conversation, but hard for me to understand, because it was polish. We then had to go to the house and wait till the shower was over. The Sun came out nice again and Josef said, "it's too wet, so you better go and see if you can meet them, they must be coming by this time." It was upon a hill, Josef showed me the direction to Oderberg and in the other direction our little bunch came already. Otmar came without breath and Bertram close after him and then the 2 ladies with my brother Johann. We all went back soon and watched all the trees on the way back. There was one man

picking pie cherries. We've seen many castanien [**beautiful tree, not fruit**] pear trees quite heavy with pears, apple trees, other cherries, black and white walnut trees, but they were bare, elms and oaks and many other varieties. We were all hungry and on the way we turned into a restaurant and had cheese and buttered ryebread with alcohol-less beer which is called "[**soda water ?**]". Johann had other beer. After that we trotted home. After a while Josef came following us, he had stayed to work a little longer. This country, landscaped so perfectly. The little houses are standing a little to the roads and the fields are just like a nice garden, they are changing crops continually, that is why you have that most exquisite panorama. And they must understand something about trees too. But one thing I can't understand, Johann told me, they are hitting the walnut trees in autumn, I believe that's why there are no nuts on. I slept so good last night but a little while before I woke, I dreamed I had come home, but I couldn't find Papa and it scared me I couldn't sleep no more; that's why I am sitting here writing so early, everybody else is sleeping yet. In the meantime Johanna got up, she is starting the fire now. I can hear them too upstairs. I must come back to the country once more. Josef knows history pretty good, he showed me a little chappel in a garden where there is buried a soldier of high rank of the Swedish wartime. He also told me when those generals Hindenburg, Makensen and others were here in Teschen and set the line and made out the river Olsa was to be the line. There was a fresh place, in the palace chappel where they had broken the wall and hunted for somebody dead thought to be buried there, but didn't find anything, so they had it masoned closed again. And this morning it is so nice and we went to go over the bridge to Czeschish Teschen. It sure is queer here. Outside the window the Polish soldiers march up and down, and across the bridge the Czeschish are doing their marching. The Polish have the caissons, and the others get the barracks only. The Polish soldiers are singing real nice while marching by here. We have been in Czechish Teschen. This forenoon Johann, Hermann's wife and I, we also went to see Steffi, Annie's sister, [**Sr. Agnes noted that Steffi Ciahatny is a sister-in-law to Hermann's wife. Steffi used to send Christmas cards to John & Hilda Beitel, maybe others. We used to wonder how she was related to us.**] who works in a lawyer's office and who got acquainted with an english speaking

guy. He works in the German Czeskish bank, he goes to England for his vacation, last year he was in Norwegia. We had a wonderful afternoon, we went to Johanna's sister to the Zugsfuhrer[**train conductor**]'s widow. Hermann's wife and Bertram were along. We had coffee and cake and wine. Annie played the piano and tried her best to entertain us. Finally we had to go home. We came to the upper bridge, I never noticed somebody shouted "grus Gott" [**"good day"**]. It was the fellow that knew me. He was on duty when I crossed the bridge the first time with Josef. Teschen seems to be a busy city, people are up early in the morning, it was only 6:30 this morning when a man who had 3 horses hitched to a wagon loaded with bricks, hit them so much with a switch, they were supposed to pull a lot up hill, that was too heavy for them. I felt like going out and tell him a word or two. My sister-in-law said, "oh, he would get too vulgar. There is a police dog laying outside in the hall named "Jugo"; if he wouldn't be so old I would sic him after that man. Our cat's name here is Jurek, which is Georg in English. The country around here has a very Polish look, there are many married ladies wear a kepiec around their forehead. This is kind of a cap white as snow, then a little cloth and on top a bigger cloth so there is nothing to see of their hair. Only married ladies wear that. It is all very interesting but for me it is mingled with a little homesickness. Nothing like home even though its really nice. We went to the thirthlfall [?] this afternoon. Johanna really had the ironing to do, but she wanted to go along. Johann is leaving for Oderberg tomorrow and he wanted me to see this particular place before he goes. We met Josef's first wife's brother. He just preferred to speak Polish, even though I judged him to be a very decent guy. As much as I know, Anna didn't speak much German either. That gardenland can't be beat anywhere. I've seen even corn, it comes out with the blossom. I wonder how big ours is at home.

This is JULY 16. I don't know why I am so homesick. I hope nothing is wrong. As soon as I get to Mohrau again I'll write for my reservation right away and home I go.

It's JULY 17th. The funniest thing — I dreamed last night I was in Mohrau

bei Gustie's house, I wanted to walk across the bridge bei the church stairs, there was a wagon loaded with grass and clover. Betty and another girl were sitting on top, all at once the load upset and Betty was way under the grass. I heard she was hurt, then I woke. Then when I went to sleep again I dreamed I was home, just arrived from my trip and everybody told me August and his young wife [**Gus and Ann, who had just been married June 30**] had went to Europe to get me. The other day I dreamed I came home and Papa was no place to be found. I told Hermann's wife here in Teschen of my dream and she said [**Next few paragraphs are written in German script, which I could not translate.**] [**I found out it was something like the following.**] "Oh no, God would not let anything like that happen to your family, when you have only this one time gone so far from home." [**What follows is three different recipes. One for making potato dumplings, one for making sauerkraut their way, and a marmalade recipe.**] [**This is on pages 36 and 37.**]

[**The German script on page 28 tells how many kilometers make a mile in the various countries, etc.**]

JULY 18th. Johann left for Oderberg yesterday, we accompanied him to the depot. He is exactly the old Johann and so good he doesn't have anything to say and I can bet with ease that he never his insulted anybody in his life, whenever the hour of his departing comes he'll not be sorry for anything. He showed me in his quiet way all he thought would be of interest to me. I asked him, if he wouldn't come to America, and he shook his head and said, "no", "that's too late." He gave me to understand that I'd never have to worry about him, even though he is kind of crippled and has no home of his own, and to think I worried much about him. Johanna went shopping, it is 9 o'clock, she ought to be back pretty soon. Tomorrow we want to go out in the country to see her brother and family. The boys want to go with me to a certain monument, but Josef told me to tell them to send Otmar out with a little lunch to him. He wants to finish oculating [**not sure what that means**] roses today. I have written more in Teschen than any other place. I am just recalling what we seen in the Papiergarten.

Besides many other things, there were many wonderful flowers.

JULY 20th. Here yet, but if everything goes right, will leave for Oderberg this afternoon. We went to see Johanna's folks in the country yesterday. We, Johanna and I got up at 5 o'clock in the morning, went to church, stayed for 2 masses, even had Benediction, coming home Josef had just started the fire, we then had breakfast and at 8:30 left on the train, Coles,ow [?] to Ustrum, when we came to the depot, Hermann [**Josef's son**] and wife were there and we were a happy little party. Coming out there we had to walk quite far, you have to expect that, here are no autos is every corner, although we seen about 8 waiting for the train to pass, they are all sommerfrishlers [**vacationers**]. We walked up a hill arriving there. I've seen right away, they were neat and clean and very gentle. The one room reminded me of Nick Heubergers [**friends back in Sublimity, Oregon**] at home. Holy pictures from one end to the other. They also had a beautiful statue of our Lady of Lourdes, also in a bottle they had the crucifixion of our Lord, it is very clever put in. They had the table set, with sausage, cheesekuchen, bread and butter and coffee. It was 11:00 o'clock and we ate and about 1:00 o'clock we had nudel soup, cucumber salad, vealroast, beef and cooked potatoes with fried bacon and again coffee. Hermann soon put his camera up in the nice garden in the real Polish little farm home. I couldn't talk with the ladies, but Mr Stellar [**a relative of Annie Schiebel, Hermann's wife**] could speak german. We had our pictures taken in the afternoon. [**The photo on the title page.**] Then we went up the hill to the caroles quelle [**fairy spring**], there we 3 ladies had our picture snapped again. I don't want to forget to mention the wonderful atmosphere in those huckleberry bushes. There came a couple of butterflies, Hermann called one Trauermantel. In the garden we seen an admiral. I believe Tony could have got interested. Coming down we had some more lunch and then went walking back to the station. We was altogether lucky, because we were sitting in the train again when we encountered an awful thundershower. The Stellar family consists of Grandmother, Mother and Dad, and 5 children. The oldest girl's name is Anna. She works in the kitchen in the convent in Ustrum. Then was Helen, she is a Sister in the convent. Then the big boy's name was Alois, at home. They are

all Polish, but I just remember the youngest girls name Julska (Julia) then Stanislaus (Stasheh). I just mention the fields, it sure looks rich, we even seen deutckebonnam [**beans**]. I told Josef we had them also in the garden but they had so many black lice [**aphids**] on them we didn't raise them anymore after that. So Josef said just fix them after sundown with extract of tobacco. [**He was right about that, Black Leaf 40 was very effective on aphids, but it is also very toxic. Remember that if you want to smoke!**] We got home all O.K. between 2 thunder showers and when we were here it surely cracked and lightened between those walls here in town. It was very hot through the night. We were in Czechish Teschen, seen Mrs. Anna Selincky [**Annie Schiebel's mother-in-law**] and I've went to the bank to get some money, also seen the DeLongs, and found out that, that poor man who ran into our auto is recovering in the hospital. Mr. DeLong said he was even making jokes already.

Tuesday in ODERBERG.. JULY 21st. [**Oderberg is her brother Johann's working place.**] Teschen is in back of me. It was nice, but I had to say good-by. Josef, Johanna, Anna [**Mrs Selincky**], Otmar and Bertram accompanied me to the depot. It was touching when those 2 boys began to weep "Tante soll da bleiben". [**Something like, "Auntie should stay."**] The little trip was uneventful except for 2 ladys, who seemed to think it their best chance to trash their family episodes out. Arriving in Station, brother Johann was waiting. I had a chance to go up to Mohrau, with Mr. DeLong, but I couldn't go against my promise I had made to my brother. I slept fairly good at my cousins, ate huckleberry Kuchen for breakfast then we measured Oderberg again with our feet. We went to the park, to the cemetery and I was shocked how many are taking their last rest here in this dark city of Oderberg. I've noticed a name on the right side of the gate. (It remembers a person of a neighbor.) Joseph Sitter. Outside the gate I found the word, PAX. Certainly I hope everybody rests in peace. There, are some of whom I knew too. We then went to a store. I got myself a little dress and was that fellow enthused I could speak a little English. Coming up to my cousins again, dinner was just about ready. We had vegetable soup, potatoes, cabbage and those good Patties, I slept a little while, they listened to the radio.

(Recipe: Mash the raspberries in a big glass jar, 5 liter, let stand for about 1 week, the berries will raise and fall, and when this is done, drain through a cloth, after this another day is required, then drain again. After this, weigh the juice and the sugar, cook for 10 minutes and fill in bottles corked tight. Use in wintertime in tea. Use all kinds of berries.).

JULY 22nd. Yesterday afternoon, both my cousins went promenading again. Frau Schiebel wanted to show me her husband's grave. Johann was supposed to work, but he stayed out for my sake. We came home at about 6 o'clock then my other cousin from Pudlau came to get us to go over to her home. It was 10:30, When we got back, and — because I overstayed my bedtime, I had a heck of a time going to sleep. Brother Johann went along too. On the way home we talked a lot and looked up in the sky and looked at the stars. They were curious if we could see the same. I had to explain. I told them about the dipper, it was right there, but we could not find the little dipper. I am supposed to go to Mohrau with quarter to one train. I am sitting at my cousin's cozy little kitchen. It is real nice and I like it so much. She too is very clean. Johanna was working in Hungary before the war and when it broke out. She too knows of a war story. The Czechs were fallen in. Mr.[?], where she was, wandering around in the woods. They would have killed him had they found him. Johanna and her Mrs. [**her boss**] had everything packed ready to leave, when they got there. They had to flee without anything. They had only one skirt, so when Mrs. went out she wore it and when Johanna went out she wore it. They left the dirty clothes and the preserves and after those ornery people were through, they had spilled the preserves over the dirty clothes.

JULY 23rd. I am back at Gustie's. I came here last night at six o'clock. Everything went O.K. on the way home. Arriving in Freudenthal I came in with the bus to the Hauptplatz [**middle of town, courthousae or capitol**]. Then took the Schinzel bus and while it was pretty bumpy it all went good. When I came in they told me everybody had expected me here last Sunday to go along to Heidebrudl; and I was also told of my letters that had come in. I am glad they

are making it at home, but of course a person never knows, up to date, what may have happened and I want to go home soon. We had tea at Mina's house, had to stop at Frau Schaffers, went back to Gustie's and went to rest.

JULY 24th. We went to Kleinmohrau to Rudolf Weiss [**brother to Gustie's husband**] yesterday. It's 11 o'clock and I must write. For this afternoon we want to go to Petrarks [?] and in the huckleberries. I have written three letters and two cards, this morning. Gustie's baking Kirschenclsla [**cherries in dough (baked)**]. I can smell them. We certainly had a good time out in Kleinmohrau, we went through the furchhammer [**furrows**] over the fields. When we reached their farm we seen them all working, a hired man, 2 sons, one hired girl and two daughters, even Mrs. Weiss was working hard. Mr. had been to the market with hogs. Mrs. Weiss was very glad when she seen Gustie, who is my sister, and Mrs. William Weiss. She also greeted me very kindly. We three ladies started for home in a jiffy because we seen a shower coming and it was cool, I was a little chilled. We had to see their cows, first, 12 of them and about 6 or 8 head younger stock. Everything else outside was in very good order. Then we went to the house, she started coffee right away. We then ate and talked, we even were told how they handle manure. They call such handled manure, edelmist. No wonder they raise such immense crops. After that we were given the pleasure of listening to a three piece orchestra. Mr. Weiss is Kappelmeister [**conductor**], he played the violin, one of the boys played that wonderful flugel piano [**grand piano**], 2 other pieces, a flute. But was I astonished, I never dreamed we would meet in such a house. That just shows into what family Gustie came through her second marriage. They are wonderful people, she is also a very nice lady and what made me most glad, that everybody liked Gustie as well. She was Tante Gustie all over, no wonder brother-in-law Weiss, wanted us so bad to go there. One of their boys plays in the band in Karlsbrunn too. One very comical thing happened. They had an old man there working, and it was an old acquaintance of mine, whom I always tried to dodge when I was a girl. I was told he had asked if that really was me, of course he never dared to speak to me. I was told of a concert they called the Weiss concert, where Mr. Rudolf Weiss played the piano with one hand and

a trumpet the other. They had 13 Weisses in the band, girls and boys together. We stayed till late and then walked home, which took us over an hour. We went to bed right away.

JULY 25th. Frau Marie and I went to the Tenfelsberge [**Devil's Hill**] to hunt Mina and her two girls. They left early but we couldn't find them anywhere so we sat on the ground and talked till we thought it was about time to go home. Arriving at Mina's place, she hadn't come in yet. So Franz [**Bernt, Mina's husband**] put barley clesla in front of us. Frau Marie and me, because he said you must be hungry. We each pitched in while he went to the Gemeinde Kanzlei [**City Hall**] to see the burgermeister [**mayor**] for some necessary business. He wasn't long then we thought we better go. We were as far as Bischofs when we seen the huckleberry people come. They had 5 liter (5 quarts), that wasn't very much for such a long time. We talked things over, then finally went home. Yesterday was Saturday. I scrubbed my room and cleaned it, then dressed and went to Mina's, put elastic in my dress, ripped some on the other. We were due at 5 minutes to 12 at Frau Marie's. She wanted to play host for us 3 sisters and herself for a dinner at Wehrbergers. So we all went and had our table set in the extra zimmer [**special room**]. Can't forget we had a nice bouquet of flowers too. We had good soup, porkroast, cabbage, and dumplings and beer. Then cherry kuchen and coffee. I had eaten so much we stretched it out till 3 o'clock, then I said we have to go. I want to go out in the fresh air and walk. So I went to see Frau Petrasch, she had invited me to pay her a visit. We talked too until she wanted to serve coffee, but I told her it is impossible for me to eat. We finally went, she accompanied me to the bonemill, looked at her poppy patch and I had to say goodby. I came in here, but just drank a cup of tea and went upstairs, prayed a rosary and went to bed, slept all night. I wanted to go to Annaberg today, because it is the feast day of St. Ann, but it is raining so I stayed home and later in the day we went to Kleinmohrau on the hill they call the Muttergottesberg. They had renovated that little chapel and were trying to pay for by gathering the people. They sang and played good enough. At 9 o'clock we had High Mass for once with Benediction. It's Wednesday. It seems I don't even get time to

write here sometime. We went to Kleinstohl yesterday to see Frau Jilg (Schinzel Marie) but when we came down Mina, Anna and I, she was in Mayke flachsfield. Her husband was home with a sore leg. He works in a rockpit and somehow he got hit and after 2 weeks it got sore, he had to go to a doctor. Marie was sent for right away and she came as quick as she could. She said she was waiting a long time for me and this was her first time out and then I came. Mina and Anna went up hill in the raspberries. They had about 6 quarts (6 liter) when they came down. We went home before dark. I went out with Marie and pulled flax to see if I could do it yet. On Monday we washed up at Mina's and patched stockings in the afternoon. I have seen almost everything I wanted to see, so I wish I could soon go home. I am expecting an answer from Bremen. Hope it will get here so I would know when to pack together soon.

This is July 27th (?). Yes, the answer came and it said to take the Columbus back on the 7th of August to leave Bremen. This is something, I haven't been to many places where I wanted to go. We went to the Konigmuhle or rather the place where it stood. We couldn't see anything except some brush and some piled up stones. Not even a flower or anything that would remember that a human being ever lived there. We got home kind of late, because Mina promised some old people to bring me there. They were sure tickled. They remembered all those old souls like Kuhmel, the Veiks and so forth. The old man said he was 81 years old. The old lady went bent together to the knees but she served bread and butter, milk and cherrykuchen, some hospitality. Then when it was late already we had to meet Schrott Rosie (Frau Kimmel) of course that was the limit, we just couldn't go. What all she knew what we done together in our young days. My but that was another surprise I got.. That house was so perfect a farm home, you couldn't find many times. She absolutely wouldn't let us go and her daughter was still worse, why they just about had me to push off my going home, but I told them finally, I must go.

This is the 31st of JULY. We went to the Kohlerberg yesterday. Frau Mair and I. On the way over she told me she thought I might come to Europe once

more and if she wasn't alive anymore I should visit her grave. We just wandered all the way over (we walked) about those beautiful fields. Coming through the Yankishbush there were some people looking for sponges [**mushrooms?**]. There are very many this year. Frau Maier then told me about a fellow named Rudolf Leitner who lives in Kotzendorf and who has a very big farm (Meierhof). He grew up in the neighborhood of my Mother's youth. Their daughter had married and got \$100,000 as a wedding gift. We certainly talked that day and much about the days before I left for America, the first time. We finally had climbed the hill and once more stood the beautiful church of our Lady auf dem Kohlerberg, before me. We entered through a side door and but for only 2 people who were kneeling and praying, the church was empty. We went up to the communion railing and I prayed for my loved ones at home and also for a safe return to them for me. My friend was through sooner than I. We then went to all the altars. The main altar has the picture of our Lady; of course, the big picture behind the main altar is of Mary visiting Elizabeth. Then the first side altars are dedicated to the Sacred Heart left to Mary and right to Jesus. The second ones on the left side to St. Liberatus, he is there in a glass coffin, whether it is the real relic I do not know, but I think so, because he lays just like being dressed after death. He has a priest's garment on, has white gloves and on the 4 fingers are most wonderful rings on the right hand. On the opposite side is the St. Joseph altar. On the 3rd row is our Lady of Lourdes altar, and on the right side the altar of the sorrowful Mother. My friend asked me what I thought what picture the one between the first 2 altars was, because it is so immensely big and on top is a mirror, I thought it was St. Elizabeth, she has roses in her apron and a beggar sits by the door in front of her. They also have the Christus of Limpio picture in this church. When a person looks at those old style doors and at the walls, one remembers those people, that worked so long ago to build the beautiful churches. After we had seen everything we walked down to the town of Freudenthal. They have now a big seminary educating boys for the priesthood. This is outside of town. We then had to go to the "wechsetube" [**bank**] for I was short on money and I need it for the trip. We then ate a bite, looked at the store windows and went after that up to the church once more. We left Freudenthal at 20 to four, were up

hill about half an hour, Just said 3 Hail Mary's and we had to depart for Mohrau; we came home tired, I couldn't almost make the threshold of my sister's and kind of stumbled in. They laughed already, because they heard me, it was dark, they were having supper. I had rum tea with punch and ryebread with butter, talked a little while and went to bed. One more thing I'd never forget and that is that crucifix, almost life size in that church and it looks so real. Jesus is gasping for breath.

AUGUST 1st. Today we wanted to go to Karlsbrunn, but it rained all night and everything is all soaked through. It is not nice for harvesting, I hope they get their rye and all that grew so good stuff in. Yesterday I went up to Mina's. Franz got my stuff from Brun [a big city] for my coat, he just wanted to make me a coat {**Franz was a tailor**} and so I thought I can use it and besides it is a nice remembrance. We made one visit to Kimmels in the forenoon, which was short, then I sent Anna over to Josef Kimmels whether they had time, I wanted to make them a visit too; because I promised them. I wanted to stay half an hour, but O my, I didn't come back till almost dark. She just knew how to keep and entertain me, and all the history, I will keep to myself. I've went to Mina's to tell her we want to go out to Kleinmohrau to Weiser's, but the weather don't want to clear up, so I don't know what we will do; But we went. We walked out and when we got to the crossroads Herr Weiss, his 2 sons and his youngest daughter came, each on a bicycle, they wanted to see us. So being so close we told them to just go on, we would make a short call at Weisers then come home with the bus. Weisers had very nice rooms, 4 of them and a kitchen, it just happened that their 2 daughters from Ostram [?] came home too in a few minutes. One is a candidate for the convent and had very much likeness with Marie Krist [**a relative on the Froemel's side**] of Humphrey, Nebr. We were served muskatel wine with pastry and that hour went awfully quick. I had to go and try my coat on first on the way home then went back to Gustie's and we had tea and the best sausage you could ever have in the world. Yesterday, Sunday, we went to church first, then I went to Frau Maier, who's tea and poppykuchen waited for me, since supertime, the day before. At noon we all had dinner at Wehrbergers. Nudel

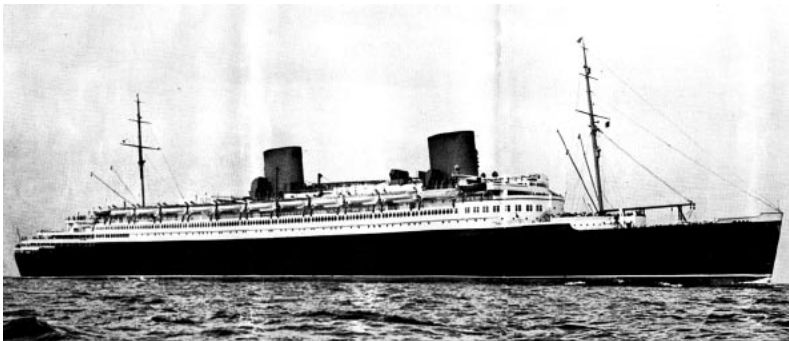
soup, pork roast, cabbage and dumplings and beer. At 3 o'clock we had coffee and strizel. I could have drank all the goodies but I refused, because I didn't want to lose my mind.

AUGUST 6th. Wednesday. There happened a lot in between the time from Mohrau and now. Tuesday morning we had to get up early, and on Monday we didn't get a chance to go to rest. People came to bid me Bon Voyage till I was to bed and there were a few that came to my bedroom and sister Minnie said there were some to come but she told them I would retire early. Sister Minnie slept with me, because she was going along till Bodenbach. Josef Schallner brought us to the depot. It was a chilly morning. We took the electric till Kriegsdorf and made the mistake of not taking the fast train till Prague. We thought we were in Prague soon and here we lingered around the Moravian border. Later we were told to transfer in Bohmishtrubau [**a city**], we wanted that fellow to let us know when we would get to that station, so he came and said we are now at Bohmishetrubau. Minnie and I had to talk most all the time because it was our last chance to be alone. We drove around and around on the slow train, stopped at every station, but finally we arrived in Prague. Minnie stayed by the baggage and I went (instructed a little) to the German Lloyd Office. I had no idea, but I was due for another surprise. When I got there, I was politely told I was not due there until the next day. I told that fellow I had my sister waiting at the depot and must go on till Bodenbach, he should please help me along, for I couldn't come back to Prague. So finally he said he would take care of me. He was asking dates and names and how I became an American citizen. I told him I wanted to make a much hurried trip to my brother Herman Schiebel, he was writing and when I mentioned that name he just stopped writing for a moment, but said nothing. Then he told me I had to have a statement for my money to get across the border and to be able to keep it. I said, it is here, then like in Teschen I had to leave my money on the Czechish side. He then got interested and asked whom I visited in Teschen, He said his home was in Teschen too. I told him I had been to my brother Josef Schiebel and then we were both glad and of course surprised. He then told me he knew brother Josef and his son

Hermann. They had both been together in Vienna in the technical highschool for so long. He gave me his name and when I would write I should not forget to send his greetings to my nephew Hermann. So we both laughed and I told him that this world wasn't really big enough, the Lord would have to make it grow and make another extension, we always find somebody that knows somebody. We shook hands most interestedly, then, and he took addresses from home and from brother Herman in Schemel and from sister Minnie in Mohrau. He told me they would be notified right away if we arrive safe in New York. They are getting it in by telegraph. Then I went back to the Masarick [**first President of Czechoslovakia**] depot and told Minnie of my experience. She then was curious who that could be and I showed her that fellows name and she knew those people too. We then took the fast train to Bodenbach and arriving there we took an automobile and went 60 kms out to brother Herman's. He had just come home from Bohmish Kamnitz [**a city**]. He had not found us there. Everything was nice there and everybody was pretty well, also the little newcomer for whom I should be sponsor. I fixed that all up with my sister, she is to take my place next Sunday when they will take him to church and baptise him. We talked until late, went to bed, but it is strange to sleep in a different bed always and so I have to push that off till I get home I guess. Minnie and I were shown around the mill, he also weighed us and I had 57 1/2 kilogram, Minnie had 74 1/2; so you know she is not so thin. Herman is the boss and the other 2 millers come to ask him for advice. I noticed the politeness, "Herr Schiebel." The whole building is to his service and it is pretty big. Hermann does all the writing. He also runs a little store, selling bread and flour and chick feed and other stock feed. But the afternoon was soon here and we had to say goodbye too. Minnie was weeping now just as bad as she did when I left the first time I went to America. I had good luck again, a friend of Hermann went to Bodenbach with the truck and took me along. That saved me coming with the local train and also the walking to bohmesh Kamnitz. There was no happening except we just stopped a long time in DRESDEN and then made up again by going like sixty. We got to BREMEN pretty fast, if I have to say it. We were awaited by a Lloyd man and taken to the Lloyd home. We washed and combed and had breakfast at 8:00 o'clock. We had coffee, black

bread and butter and jam and rolls and each one had one egg. It tasted real good. We had no time to eat supper yesterday. I was glad I had taken a tea with rum in Bodenbach before I left. I am writing in the dining room in the Lloyd hotel and every time you try and go down the frontsteps a camera man gets you for a picture. I will try and write Mrs. Gisler in Switzerland a few lines, before I leave.

This is AUGUST 7th. On the ship again. I have slept good last night. I wished I would have that nice Lady with me, but she could not get room in the tourist class anymore, so she had to go to the 3rd class. She begged me to visit her and If I have a chance I certainly will. We had breakfast in the Lloyd home, then right after that we all walked to the Station, arriving there, we had to have our red slips examined, then we had to separate to our classes. The train was



S.S. Columbus

waiting, we went kind of slow to Bremerhaven [the actual port of Bremen]. I noticed the tiny little homes and gardens till al-

most out to the sea. It was a nice morning and everybody feels good. The train stands about 2 blocks from the pier and we left our hand baggage in our seats in the train. There are boys with wagons (some of them run with a little motor), inside they hand the coffers out the windows and haul them to the ship, then the stewarts carry them to the various cabins. I have seen, they have a rolling elevator, they just throw them on and up they go, one after the other. The ships music played and the sun was shining. It seemed to me they were all glad like myself to go to America again, even though we are a far way from it yet. I was curious how they would put that bridge away. They have funny rigs, up is a man, he turn the wheel and that awful long arm has a chain hanging down. That arm comes over on that chain, hang ropes with hooks on, they hook that on and the bridge

is very gently taken away. Then come men, they loosen the other holders, big ropes are fastened to the ship and I noticed an elderly man had a narrow escape. He had to jump just at the moment otherwise he would have been at the water down below. The steamers horn had finally blown the third time and we felt the vibrations of the motors; we were going, pulling slowly away from the docks. The water became very dirty when the ship began to move. People were crying and singing and some of them laughing, but to me it seemed a solemn thing. They sang, "So, so we ich dich liebe, so, so, lieb der an — nuch," meaning Germany. Then "Auf Wiedersehn" and last, not least, the national hymn, like our Kaiserlied. Friends waved a last goodbye. There were two ladies with baby buggies, they had colored glasses over their infants faces. I was glad my sister Minnie was not here, because I think the departure is even more sad here, than any place else and I was also glad I don't have any of my children in back of me, but that I can soon see them if nothing happens. Two more weeks and I may be home. After departure we were told we should now get our tablecards and return the shipticket. We had dinner a little after 12:00. We were shown our places in the dining room. Dinner was good. I had a little tomato with a salad dressing and shredded vegetables. Bratwurst, sauerkraut, [?], and mashed potatoes. Pineapple jelly, coffee, buns and a banana. But dear Lord, please help me, I do not like my tableneighbors, they are not like those on the Europa. Seems to me they are old maids thinking themselves awfully big. They just pull the soup sideways from the spoon. O, well something must be a little [?] [**annoying**], but I am a little meany [?] about it. I wish they would get seasick all the way and stay in their cabins. The ship is just as nice and clean [**as**] on the Europa but, as far as I can see now, something like the parlors are a little smaller. My cabin is 903 and is quite a little lower. I had it one deck up from the dining room in the Europa and this is one deck lower. I had to take what I got, there was no room anymore. It is an inner cabin too; no outside windows. So, I guess I'll go on deck and take my rosary along. Maybe I'll get some more inspiration to write.

Saturday, AUGUST 8th. One day gone already. We have watched the coast of England for quite a while. I have rented a [**deck**] chair this time, be-

cause if I walk long I get tired, then I want to sit down out in the fresh air. We are going slow, again, we are stirring up the water to mud. It can't be so very deep I guess, just deep enough to get through. While I was standing by the railing, an old lady came and said. "I just pity those poor English people. They are supposed to have a good king, but I'll tell you, one time he was in a hotel and ordered strawberries. Before he started to eat he asked, 'Do other people have strawberries too?' They told him 'no', so he said, I wouldn't eat them either, — but then he went on a hunting trip and that did cost the people 60,000 pounds. Do you think, he is a good king?" I then went to the upper deck because she wanted to tell me, how good she had been, while in Germany; visiting the sick and the poor, — and I thought it was just going a little too far. I am well satisfied with my cabin, I am all to myself. We had Mass at 8:00 o'clock this morning. Communion was given too. There are 2 Sisters on board, but I don't know what order. There is a priest student here too, he has a little black strip in front on his white collar. He served Mass. We then had dinner.

AUGUST 9th, Sunday. We landed at CHERBOURG, FRANCE towards evening yesterday, at the same place where we landed with the Europa coming over. They have thrown out some mail and freight, and I believe, 3 passengers. The French workmen begged for cigarets and they were given a few baggages from the tourists. I forgot to mention, we were pulled out of SOUTHAMPTON by other boats, but here we could crawl out ourselves. I have not slept so well last night; I thought, — I ate a little too much for supper. When I heard the trumpet (melody: Ich hat einen Kameraden) that's the way they call when they want people to get up, I got up too. The trumpet sound in emergency cases is seven short and one long, I hope I'll never hear that. We are also instructed by pictures how to put life belts on. It is now a little after 11:00, we had church at nine and about 1:00 o'clock we are going to land in IRELAND. We cannot see the Irish coast, because of fog. There are quite a few people on boat, some will get off in Ireland and of course others come on. It was a beautiful picture to see the Irish boat come so majestically over to us. We could not go in close to the land. The music played to greet the Irish. I feel a little blue, I know we are not going to

see land from now on until America. I hope for a good voyage. The tablewaiter told me he always thought I was going to England and here I was going to NEW YORK. I wished I would be there, or for that matter, clear at home. Some people are always laughing, I don't see why they have to giggle so much. We are connected with radio. They print it and anybody that wants to read it can do so. Seems to me, there is nothing but communistic and socialistic stuff going all over the world.

AUGUST 10th, Monday. We just got up from the dinner table. Those that were on the table first with me are gone. I have not seen them getting off, but I believe, they are not on the ship anymore. I have the most pleasant company you can wish for. Mrs. [?] from Lincoln, Nebr. The lady opposite is a missionary from the Presbyterian church and the younger one is a Methodist working in China. She is a nice little thing, although I am not a Methodist. One place on the table is empty, we are five and the table accommodates six. Our tablewaiter is so big and fat he just sweats when he runs around. The sea is kind of rough, it makes little hills and we are of course hopping along. Many are sick. I am just fine. I do not know why it doesn't affect me more. I had the honor of speaking to the captain this morning. Nobody recognized him when he came and shook hands with everybody. He makes his round everyday, anybody that would have a complaint to make, would get the chance. But I am sure nobody will have to do such a thing. This ship is also pretty fast, we are over half across. [**The North German Lloyd claimed that the "Bremen" and the "Europa" were the two fastest ships in the world, and the "Columbus" was their next best. They called them express steamers.**] They are giving the declaration blanks out and it didn't take me long to fill out mine. But I do wish there wouldn't have been anything like that. Well, my jewels don't bother me any and I am quite far from the 100 dollar line. Most people are nice, but there are some that really belong to first class, although I can't tell whether they are millionaires or lunatics. And those smoking ladies, a person wonders where all the money comes from, such people need. I spoke to an old lady from Oakland, Calif. She is 85 and when I told her that this was Captain W. Dahne, her children, also white haired, had to

lead her out on deck so she too could tell the captain she was 85, and he is the one to bring her across the ocean. Her daughter is a teacher and is here too. She teaches junior high. I've just found that young girl that sits with her mother, by our table, is a teacher of English in the University of the state of Nebr. in Lincoln. No wonder she is so attractive; a person notices that something. As much as I know we are to land Friday evening or Saturday morning. We are to have tea now with concert, this takes place every afternoon.

AUGUST 13th Another 2 days, everybody gets excited. Our menu card had "homewards"[?] on and we are going fast, this old Columbus is by far not so slow. I was told we had fog last night and they blew the horn. A good thing I never heard it. I think I would have been scared. We are going to eat our farewell dinner tonight, and if I am not mistaken it will be a pretty gay one. We are just having the right kind of people for that. It is so warm, the fans are all running to help cool it off a little. To think to be at sea and have all the comfort you can wish for. Mrs. Cannel said, they were going to pack a little this afternoon. The windows are all open. That old ...**[something must have interrupted her and she never finished the sentence.]**

AUGUST 15th After all the excitement, of arriving at NEW YORK we finally got off the ship and anybody that never went through something like that does not know what it is, — That noise and that racket. I got up 3 times at night, because I didn't want to oversleep. We had Mass at 5:30 and I wanted to go to Holy Communion. I got up at 4:30 and when I looked out the window I saw a very lighted up steamer, a ship from Bermuda. We were standing still and after a while pulled up to 42 [—? **probably the pier number**]. It was nearly noon when I got to go out to the gates. I thought I was lucky that custom officer just made me open my suitcases and said right away, you can close it again without stirring around in anything. He told me yet, from what railroad station I will have to start my home journey and said you better take a taxi, you have those bundles and you couldn't very well go with the bus. After arriving at the Pennsylvania station I went to the ticket windows right away and enquired when my train will leave

and found out, it wouldn't go till evening, at 9:50 so that means waiting. I had that letter for Mary Bittmann (Frau Ludwig) so I checked my baggage and left for 73rd St, I didn't have any trouble finding the first address and was told poor Mary was hopelessly sick and was in the hospital on Welfare Island across the Eastriver. This proved not to be so easy; went from one ward to the other and the patients, O my God, what a suffering; where is the luxury and the beauty; I seen one lady praying the rosary through the window, also my friend, Oh I'll never forget that. She just about screamed when I had to leave, she wanted me to stay longer, so the nurse went to the Dr. but she said I had to go. They are the poorest of the poor. We then had to say a hurried goodbye, I was preferred to go in, it was not visiting day, so I thought I better hurry. I walked all the way down to this station [**Penn Station**], about 3 miles or 49 blocks, and found the way. I guess I know NEW YORK, but please, let me go out and home. I've got all I care about this city. I am sitting at the ladies waiting room and was lucky again. My validation ticket agent was so nice, he even asked if I have had supper, having this journey ahead.

(Mom's diary ended here.)

Cecilia still had to travel all the way across the country by train. It is really too bad that she didn't write anymore. The only record we have of events on her return trip is a memoir by her youngest child Betty (Silbernagel). Betty wrote years later that her Mom took the southern, and longer, train route home. It so happened that Grandpa (Alois) owned some land in Florida, and this is how that came about ... Betty wrote, "Dad [**Alois**] suffered from sinus problems and headaches. He finally decided that the weather was too cold for him [**in Nebraska**] and he made plans to move. He told me of going to Salinas Valley in California. He liked it better there, but he didn't know anyone and it was not a German settlement. Next someone talked him into settling in Florida. He bought a place there sight unseen. He kept it for years and paid taxes on it. (I remember getting letters from Florida.) The place was on swampy ground and there were always taxes for drainage. It was located a little southwest of Melbourne. When Mom [**Cecilia**] came home from her trip to Europe, she found out that she could go home by train the Southern route for the same price – so she did. She stopped to see the place. She was not very impressed. The stand of pine timber was all

logged off and most was just grazing land. After Dad heard this he tried to sell the place and, being unsuccessful, he just quit paying taxes on it. The State became the owner. I often wondered what happened to it.” **[So do we, Aunt Betty]**