

## EXPERIENCES OF A GLOGOWATZER SIXTY YEARS AGO

Balthasar Lock, born in 1933, relates his memories of the village events during his childhood and younger days Glogowatz which are presented here as a graphic supplement to the brief church history of the village. The interview with Balthasar Lock was recorded by Erwin Kilzheimer in November 2004 and afterwards edited grammatically and stylistically for reproduction by Hans Gehl. In the following text, the author gets a chance to speak on his own.

### My Schooldays

I remember that Teacher Grofe always had the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> grades. The 3<sup>rd</sup> grade was led by Teacher Etienne who came from Mercydorf.<sup>1</sup> In the 4<sup>th</sup> grade, we went to the nuns since everyone was together anyway. Earlier, the girls were with the nuns and the boys with the teachers.<sup>2</sup> During my schooldays, there were only a few teachers.

The following data about the briefly-mentioned teachers are contained in the *Heimatbuch Glogowatz* 1988, Section "Education and Upbringing":

- *Wendelin Vormittag*, known as *Teacher Grofe*, was a native Glogowatzer (\*1885; +1970). He taught as a teacher and principal from 1904 to 1954.
- His wife *Katharina Vormittag* née *Hilbert* came from Neuarad (\*1883; +1954). She taught the upper girls' grades from 1904 to 1933.
- *Johann Etienne* immigrated from Mercydorf. This teacher taught from 1926 to 1956 with interruptions.
- *Johann Gehl* (\*1914; +1945) immigrated from Lenauheim<sup>3</sup> and taught the 6<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> grades from 1938 to 1943.

I did not go as far as the 6<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> grades (a joint class) because the war broke out then. For a while, the second cycle of school, as one says today, was even in Micălaca.<sup>4</sup> Because at that time there were no more German classes in Glogowatz, the bigger pupils in the 5<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> grades went to Micălaca. During the war, the grades 1-4 were also in Romanian. The nuns also were not allowed to teach then (because the denominational schools were subordinate to the direction of the ethnic groups from 1942-1944). Consequently, only Romanian teachers were allowed to continue teaching.

We had only a slate with a sponge and a slate pencil. In the school, one wrote his lessons on the slate which one carried under his arm on the way home. In the process, often everything was wiped away by the time once was home, especially when it rained. One had to get the schoolbooks himself. The pupils of the higher grades always passed the books on to those following; nevertheless, there were not

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<sup>1</sup> Carani, 22.5 miles SSW of Glogowatz

<sup>2</sup> Male teachers

<sup>3</sup> 36 miles SW of Glogowatz

<sup>4</sup> 2.7 miles WNW of Glogowatz, now part of Arad

enough books. Many children had to study together with the neighbor children. In my schooldays, there was only rarely homework.

School began at 8 o'clock AM. At noon, one or two hours were free and teaching continued in the afternoon as well. Many pupils, who lived farther away from the school, did not go home at noon. They had their meager midday meal, mostly sausage and bread, with them. Afterwards, the lessons went on: one could say an all-day school today. The lessons ended at 4 o'clock PM because at 5 o'clock in winter it already grew dark. There was still no electricity; the connection only took place in 1947. At 8 in the morning, it was indeed still dark. Because of that, there were two big lights, two kerosene lamps, in every classroom. Earlier, there were still fat lamps in the village as well. The wick was molded in fat and naturally it smelled accordingly. The fat lamps worked like candles but there were wax candles only later. The class blackboard was still not anchored in the wall but stood on a three-legged stand. Only in the 1950s, were the blackboards fastened to the wall.

On Sundays and holidays, the pupils assembled in the schoolyard before going to church. One had to stand in pairs and during the "Zusammenläuten"<sup>5</sup> go into the church as a body. Afterwards, one came out again as well, first the grown-ups and then the pupils. One went back to the schoolyard and then was free. At that time, there was Pastor *Johann Wolf* and one assistant pastor in Glogowatz. The assistant pastor mostly held the early Mass, the pastor the High Mass. The assistant pastor also gave the religious lessons in the various school buildings.

### The Celebration of Kermis

In my childhood and younger days, the kermis festival was celebrated on the weekday on which it fell, not always on Sunday like later. Most of the people were indeed farmers and they were home on the feast day. Earlier, the kermis festival was celebrated on the square in front of the church. Only in 1964 or 1965 was the festival moved to the kermis place known to us today in the "großen Schlut"<sup>6</sup> (extension of the Kirchengasse,<sup>7</sup> Strada Horia<sup>8</sup>). The pastor at that time *Franz Pettla* asked the church council to move the entertainment place of the kermis celebration because everything was dirtied around the church and that was unreasonable for the house of God.

The Karussells (merry-go-rounds) were put up between the church and the school in the Schlossberg<sup>9</sup> direction. I can still remember that in 1942 sales booths were put up on the Kirchengasse and drinks sold in them. For example, *Franz Freer* (called "Jockl"), who had learned his butcher trade in Neuarad and also owned a butcher shop, had stands. Then there were also the innkeepers and butchers *Anton Wess* (father and son) and *Franz Engel*, who put up stands and sold drinks. Food was not offered because the people ate at home. Only wine and schnapps were sold. At that

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<sup>5</sup> Together ringing; all the bells in the steeple rang as the third and final ringing before Mass

<sup>6</sup> Big pond

<sup>7</sup> Church Street

<sup>8</sup> Horia Street

<sup>9</sup> Castle hill, actually the ruins of an ancient church

time, beer was still scarcely requested by the farmers, although there was a beer brewery in Arad.

## The War Reaches Our Community

### *Radio News at Butcher Simon Triff's*

In our neighborhood on the Lange Gasse<sup>10</sup> (Lenin Street), No. 80, lived the Romanian *Simon Triff* (actually Trifu) who spoke fluent German. In 1941/1942, he owned a radio with batteries, one of the first radio receivers in the village. The neighbors, the parents and grandparents, met at his place when there were reports about certain subjects. We children also liked to appear at this radio party. Mostly, a German station was received, presumably from Austria; that I no longer know so precisely. In Arader movie theaters, war films were also shown at that time.

Simon Triff had put up a tree trunk on the street in front of his house and installed a kerosene lamp on it. In the evening, the lamp was lit with the help of a ladder and in the morning extinguished again. At this time, that was the only "Straßenlanterne"<sup>11</sup> in the village.

The people related that the Triff was supposed to have been so rich that he kept the money in sacks. He had a butcher shop and the military was a big customer with him. He slaughtered a lot of sheep and cattle for the military. Swine were rarely slaughtered by butchers since every farmer kept and slaughtered swine himself. Only in summer was a swine occasionally slaughtered for the wealthy customers and fresh sausages and crackling made from it. But mostly cows, oxen and sheep were slaughtered.

Triff owned a butcher shop on the highway where the post office was later and after that the glass works. Today, the building stands empty. On the Brettergasse,<sup>12</sup> at the alley, he also had a house where he had laid out a big ice pit (ice vault). The ice was chopped from the frozen-over Marosch (River) in winter and stored deep in the ground packed with straw. With this ice, the meat was chilled in summer. The slabs were about 30 cm<sup>13</sup> wide and 1 meter<sup>14</sup> long. The farmers delivered the ice on sleds and were rewarded for it. They received a good "Kirmesa,"<sup>15</sup> in the course of which there was good eating and drinking. The ice lasted until September-October. All the butchers did it that way. At the "Jockl," the ice hole in the ground could even still be seen in 1955/1956, but it was no longer covered. In the course of time, it was filled up with rubbish.

Simon Triff had only one son who was married to an Engelsbrunnerin<sup>16</sup> and was killed in action in the war. The descendants of the Triff family immigrated to the USA in the 1970s.

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<sup>10</sup> Long Street

<sup>11</sup> Street lamp

<sup>12</sup> Boards Street

<sup>13</sup> 12 in

<sup>14</sup> 1.1 yd

<sup>15</sup> Romanian *chermeză* 'Entertainment with food and drink,' from French *kermesse* 'fair,' after German Kirmes. HG

<sup>16</sup> A woman from Engelsbrunn, Fintinele, 3 miles SSW of Glogowatz, across the Marosch

### ***The Front Moves through the Village***

At Christmas 1942, a trailer, presumable for the German officers, stood on the Frankengasse<sup>17</sup> (today Strada Republicii) near the “office” of the ethnic group, where the school is today. The German military had a big, richly-decorated Christmas tree and celebrated there.

In June 1943, all the young men liable for military service had to assemble in the office on the Frankengasse. There, a speech was made, at which I was not present however. Those drafted into the German military marched, with march music accompanied by the remaining men, up to the highway, to the “Motor,” our electric small-gauge railroad. The local leader of the ethnic group, Johann Schmalz from the Brettergasse (today Strada Reformei), went to war with the so-called “volunteers.”

The war action in Glogowatz took place on the 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> of September 1944. The Hungarian army had come on their last advance over the village fields from Sanktanna<sup>18</sup> to Glogowatz about five days before. On the highway near the mill,<sup>19</sup> the military closed its formations and moved to Arad. The Hungarians occupied the city and the communities up to Nădlac<sup>20</sup> and came back again after that. As an eleven-year-old, I saw a few on horseback and other on horse wagons filing past in an easterly direction on the highway. The Hungarian army, however, only got as far as the ditch between Sîmbăteni<sup>21</sup> and Paulisch;<sup>22</sup> there, they got into position. Admittedly, the Hungarians had no chance against the Russians who shot at them from the heights of the chain of hills and struck back devastatingly.

The few survivors withdrew. The Hungarian military could not expect help in the Romanian villages Cicir<sup>23</sup> and Mândruloc;<sup>24</sup> they were even shot at by the population of these villages on the passage through.<sup>25</sup> Because of that, the Hungarians shot back in Sîmbăteni and heavily damaged the church steeple because they were attacked from there. The church steeple was only repaired in the 1950s. Some Hungarian soldiers assembled in the Glogowatzer office before their withdrawal.

The Russian army laid out a battle line near the Five Hills, which stretched from the railroad tracks in the north to the Marosch dyke in the south. But only a few Hungarian soldiers offered stubborn resistance and shot at everything that ventured near them. One Hungarian soldier set up his machinegun on the highway in the middle of the village and held out to the last round. Because of that, the Russians and Romanians laid out a defense line outside of the village.

One related that two old men, a German and a Romanian, who lived on the Lange Gasse at the edge of the village observed the clash. The corn still stood on the fields and one saw that something was moving there. The German had been the First World

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<sup>17</sup> Franconia Street

<sup>18</sup> Sîntana, 8 miles NNE of Glogowatz

<sup>19</sup> The mills on the highway were steam-powered

<sup>20</sup> 30 miles W of Glogowatz

<sup>21</sup> 6 miles ESE of Glogowatz

<sup>22</sup> Păuliș, 10 miles ESE of Glogowatz

<sup>23</sup> Csicsér, 3.7 miles ESE of Glogowatz

<sup>24</sup> Mondorlac, 3.1 miles ESE of Glogowatz

<sup>25</sup> Romania had switched sides in the war.

War; perhaps he also spoke a little Russian. Both of them took a white cloth, tied it to a stick and went towards the Russians with it. They begged them to spare the village since only good and peaceful people lived here. The Russians did not need to be afraid of the village population. The Hungarians had already withdrawn to a large extent and still produced only occasional skirmishes.

Two houses away from my parental home, a barn caught fire during the clash during the day. There, straw and chaff (screening) had been housed after the grain threshing. The threshing machine at that time still worked differently from today's combine harvesters; during the threshing, coarse and fine "screening" was produced. Since nobody was able to go outside to extinguish the fire, the blaze quickly spread; the people feared for their houses. Fire extinguishers were not available; only water buckets were at disposal.

At that time, I was not home but on the Tschikegaß<sup>26</sup> (Strada Avram Iancu) with my uncle *Franz Weber* and my cousin *Barbara Weiglein née Weber*. This cousin had no children. In 1941, she had married Johann Weiglein but her husband was with the Romanian military in 1942, came home in 1943 and immediately went to the German military. My aunt, the mother of my cousin, was deceased. Because the war was rampant, no lessons took place in the school year 1944/1945. In September, *Katharina Müller*, who later married *Josef Gantner*, and I were like their children in the house with my uncle and cousin and took over lighter jobs. When the clash began, we were in the cellar at the neighbor's because the house of my uncle had no cellar.

### ***War Victims in the Village***

On the 21<sup>st</sup> of September 1944 at lunchtime, our neighbor *Magdalena Baumann*, an older woman, came to us. She lived at the corner of the street opposite from my parental home. The brave woman, who had ventured onto the street during the shooting, told us that we were supposed to go quickly to my parental home because my mother was dying.

Since at that time the people waited in cellars or rooms for their safety, we knew nothing about the happenings in the village. I was only eleven years old. My cousin took my hand and said, "Come, we'll go as slowly as our Lord wants." Then we snuck carefully alongside the houses up to the highway. On the highway, behind the house of the "Jockl," where the culture center was in the end, there was a café with dancing; there, the Romanian military had set up its clothes and munitions depot. When we thus arrived there, a Hungarian soldier lay in the ditch. I still see him in front of me today: the top of his head was smashed, presumably struck with a bayonet. The corpse was only removed two days later. We somehow snuck unhurt to the other side of the highway and reached home. There, we were informed about the tragedy of my mother.

My grandfather, Franz Weber, told us that a shrapnel (shell with a charge of pellets) exploded and my mother, Elisabeth Lock née Weber, was wounded on her head by a fragment. She had been afraid namely that the fire could flare up again in the neighborhood and asked my father, Peter Lock, to turn over the chaff with the

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<sup>26</sup> Csiky Street

pitchfork and pour water on it in order thus to extinguish hidden nests of fire. The chaff stood in a pile behind the manure pile beside the barn which was full of hay and straw. The “coarse screening” had already burned and still smoked now. Then my father turned the chaff over and my mother poured water on it. When she went to fetch water the second time, it happened: a fragment hit her on the head and wounded her temple. She immediately fell to the ground and died after a few minutes, at most after a half hour, at the age of 33 years. My brother Peter was only four years old. One laid her in the lean-to shed (“Abhängerschopfe”) where she bled to death and died. My grandmother, Elisabeth Weber née Reichert, asked my cousin to remove the blood of my mother from the site of the tragedy. Only four years ago, my cousin told me at which place she buried the blood: at the well upright of our lever well.<sup>27</sup>

Now, one needed a coffin. But from where does one get a coffin now? Since there still was shooting, one was not sure of his life. Nevertheless, my father went to the Brettergasse to the Schmalz-Carpenters, father and son. While the son *Georg Schmalz* was in the war, the father *Peter Schmalz* continued to run the carpenter’s workshop. From him, father got the coffin into which mother was laid in burial clothes.

On the same day as mother, another Glogowatzer on the Kirchengasse was killed when he wanted to climb over the fence to the neighbor. His name was Johann Kaiser and was born in 1926; therefore, he was only 18 years old.

### ***An Unusual Burial***

In the meantime, the Russians had already gone through the village and were moving on to Arad. Naturally, they had also entered houses to look for enemy soldiers. So they also came into ours and asked what was wrong here. People had indeed gathered: my grandmother, my cousin, my father’s sisters and still other relatives. After the Russians learned what had happened, they cursed at first. But then they stepped to the coffin, crossed themselves and moved on.

Now the burial had to be organized. Someone went to the pastor and the church bells were rung as well.<sup>28</sup> Pastor *Johann Wolf* promised to come to the burial but not to accompany the funeral procession to the cemetery. He would come straight to the cemetery to bless the deceased woman there; anything else was too dangerous. Because of that, the hearse could not be used either. One brought the stretcher and the coffin was carried on the shoulders of four men from home to the grave.

The funeral procession was accompanied only by family members and by two men from the neighborhood. Even grandfather remained home because he was a corpulent man who weighed 125 kilos<sup>29</sup> and therefore could not go far. He mostly sat on the bench in front of the house and watched as the farmers went to the fields. Therefore, our small funeral procession went, outside the Lange Gasse, by the alleys across the highway and somehow arrived at the cemetery. The grave had already been dug by the gravedigger *Josef Schmidt*.

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<sup>27</sup> The water bucket was lowered and raised at one end of a lever.

<sup>28</sup> Deaths in the village were announced by ringing the church bells.

<sup>29</sup> 276 pounds

The pastor had also snuck into the cemetery with a bag. In the bag, he had his vestment and his book. He put on his vestment, took his book and blessed the grave. The coffin was lowered into the grave and the funeral was finished. Then the pastor quickly took off his habit, removed the biretta from his head and stowed everything in his bag. Dressed in civilian clothes, he went discreetly on secret paths back to the rectory. The four men filled in the grave, we went home and the burial was finished.

I related this event to Pastor *Franz Pettla* again this year and begged him to read a requiem Mass on the anniversary of my mother's death. Now, sixty years have already passed since the day she died because mother was killed on the 21<sup>st</sup> of September 1944.

### Other Events

When the Romanians heard that the Hungarian army was coming back, many from the village and also from Arad fled to Minisch<sup>30</sup> and farther eastward to friends and relatives. From Glogowatz, a German by the name of *Michael N.* also left because he was a Communist. He lived in the Hanefeld,<sup>31</sup> took his slippers under his arm and went onto the pasture field in the Marosch direction. His neighbor from the other side of the street *Magdalena M.* asked him, "Mischka,<sup>32</sup> where are you going?" He just answered, "The Hungarians are coming!" To that, she opined, "Just let them come, they don't matter to us!"

Later after the coup, Michael of course continued being a Communist but a really poor one. He was not just the "fifth wheel" but the "seventh wheel on the wagon," namely an insignificant fellow-traveler of the Communists. People said that both of them always teased each other namely because they were with the same director, (she in the Arader "Uzină Electrică"<sup>33</sup> and he in the textile factory "UTA") as detailers, i.e. employed as cleaning workers. When Vetter<sup>34</sup> Mischka said, "Lena,<sup>35</sup> the time is coming that the director will carry out his chamber pot (called "Schärwe") on his own," she answered him, "Mischka, that will never come true!" Also later when the Communists were already in power, both of them still worked at the same jobs. And Bäs<sup>36</sup> Lena still teased Vetter Mischka like earlier, "Mischka, you did say..." He only answered that, "Yes, but..."

The Russians moved on relatively quickly. A bus for the officers stood near us and their military kitchen was also housed in our shed; there was cooking for the Russians there. On the Lange Gasse, there was still another military kitchen for the soldiers. The Russians were here one time, there one time, they went and came again. That lasted only three days, however, then they were gone. In September 1944, the front moved farther and farther and in May 1945 they were already in Berlin.

### Experiences with Romanian Colonists

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<sup>30</sup> Miniș, Menes, 10 miles ESE of Glogowatz

<sup>31</sup> A section on the northwest edge of the village

<sup>32</sup> Mickey

<sup>33</sup> Electric works

<sup>34</sup> Literally "cousin" but a common form of reference for men related or not

<sup>35</sup> Diminutive and nickname for Magdalena

<sup>36</sup> Diminutive for female cousin, also a common form of reference for women related or not

My uncle *Franz Weber* married again in 1945. His daughter, my cousin, was abducted to Russia. My grandmother lived on the Lange Gasse with us two children, my grandfather, however, with my uncle. All the cows were also brought there and milked together. We still had a little field but my uncle was alone and we were alone. I was only 12 years old, my grandmother an old woman and my grandfather could no longer work. So we mutually helped each other and only did that which we could manage.

With the support of all the relatives, we “took down the crop” in the year before the colonization. Earlier, wheat was indeed harvested with the scythe, the sheaves tied with grain ropes<sup>37</sup> and piled up in sheaf crosses (sheaf piles stacked cross-shaped) before the threshing.

### ***The Colonists Come***

When the Romanian colonists came in October 1946, my uncle and I were in the field where we were sowing winter wheat. It was a fine, sunny day. The news spread among the farmers in the field, the colonists are in the village and would confiscate everything when one travels to the village. That was actually so. The colonists waited at the edge of the village, stopped the horse wagons and forced the people to get off and traveled on themselves. The strange Romanians who took their share that way, as a rule, got nothing more during the distribution on the “old cemetery”; they had indeed already served themselves.

My uncle now thought about what he was best supposed to do. I was only 13 years old and also did not know what to do. We traveled across the railroad tracks and across the “middle reclaimed parcel,” where the combine was put up later, farther to Mândruloc. There, my uncle had a good Romanian friend. This man agreed that we would remain with him. We, therefore, traveled to the yard and unhitched the horses. I remained in Mândruloc and my uncle went home on foot to ask about the way things stood. A short time later, my neighbor *Sebastian Höllich* together with *Johann Höllich* (called “Dreifixl”<sup>38</sup>), with whom he served as a farmhand, also came to the Romanian in the neighboring village. Vetter Johann Höllich soon got going on the way home but Sebastian and I remained in Mândruloc for 10 days. We helped the Romanian friend with the tilling and with other tasks.

Since the situation did not improve and the colonists still confiscated the draft animals and all the agricultural equipment in Glogowatz, my Vetter<sup>39</sup> Franz came and said, we really could not escape the situation nor remain here forever. We, therefore, traveled home. Then, a Romanian colonist came and declared that all the animals and all the equipment is his property. My uncle had just bought a sowing machine from Germany in 1942 and nothing could be done with our colonist. Because of that, the machine was loaned to Mândruloc and it soon was ruined there.

### ***Dispossession and Deprivation of Rights***

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<sup>37</sup> The ropes were made from the grain stalks

<sup>38</sup> Three little sorrels (horses)

<sup>39</sup> Actually his uncle, see note 34

The colonists, without exception Romanians, came in spring 1946 or at least tried to. They were informed by native Romanians that new owners were sought for houses standing empty and ownerless fields in the village. That was thus propagated by higher authorities; the German population was supposed to be weakened and annihilated in the end. The abduction to Russia took place in January 1945. Men between 17 and 45 years old but also women between 18 and 30 years old were abducted. At first, the colonists came only occasionally and could be driven away by older, still strong men. On the highway for example, the “*Jockls Vetter Sepp*” (Josef Freer) lived. Together with men from his neighborhood, he thrashed individual colonists and drove them away.

In autumn 1946, the colonists came in greater numbers and well organized. They immediately occupied the village hall, dismissed the German mayor and put a Romanian in the office on the spot by a coup. With that, the surveying of the field, the distribution of the parcels and the marking (“*Stickel schlagen*”<sup>40</sup>) were begun immediately: Up to here, it belongs to George; from here to there, it belongs to Petre, and that’s that! The Glogowatzer plat is indeed large, more than 7000 hectare.<sup>41</sup> They divided the fields which were close around the village among themselves. Then, it was announced on the drum;<sup>42</sup> all the farmers who own cattle, horses and wagons as well as agricultural equipment are obliged to bring everything to the old cemetery (the future sports field). What was one supposed to do about it? There were indeed only older people and children still in the village; the others were in Russia or still had not returned home from the war. So all the owners brought all their possessions to the collection point and the colonists divided everything among themselves. After that, they divided the houses among themselves and moved in.

As a rule, the colonists got the front rooms situated toward the street in the long farmers’ houses. One was handed over helpless to total despotism. In many houses, the situation was catastrophic; the Germans and the Romanians constantly argued and also fought. The Germans did not want to give up without a fight but the Romanians had all the rights and succeeded. Other families came to arrangements with the inhabitants, came to terms with their situation. Many also succeeded in constructing a friendly climate. One just had the colonists in the house and had to make the best of it.

### ***One Had To Live Together Somehow***

Our colonist *Ion Dușan* lived in the front room together with his 17-year-old wife. They always went through the “middle kitchen,” where the entrance was and where my uncle lived at that time, to the “vodde Stub” (front room). I must say, however, that my uncle and the colonist got on well with each other. The colonist was born in 1923 and my uncle in 1898. Ion obeyed my Vetter Franz as if he had been his father. Ion had been in the war, came home and was colonized with his two horses and a

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<sup>40</sup> Stake pounding

<sup>41</sup> 17,290 acres

<sup>42</sup> People were summoned to announcements by beating a drum at street intersections

wagon. His family came from Hălmaġiu<sup>43</sup> in the west Carpathians and owned only a little field. Earlier, the “Motzen”<sup>44</sup> from the mountains came to the villages of the plain with apples, homemade wooden tools or quicklime and exchanged their goods for grain. On the Tschikegasse, a colonist from Hălmaġiu had moved into almost every house. Also, the future mayor (called “Richter”<sup>45</sup>) *George Țițca*, a friend of our colonist, had moved into the area from Hălmaġiu.

The colonist *Ion Dușan* had become friends with my uncle and both worked together the first 2-3 years; after that, each worked for himself. I served with the colonist for a year; because everything was expropriated, one had to pay for his subsistence somehow. There, I got my meals, two suits and two pairs of shoe a year. I was indeed quite young; we understood and got on well with each other. Also, we remained in contact later. Ion bought a house in the Șega district of Arad later and worked as a carter. I visited him occasionally in Arad.

The colonists were between 20 and 30 years old. They had served with the Romanian military and were therefore “Bezugsberechtigte.”<sup>46</sup> Through the agrarian reform, they got a five hectare<sup>47</sup> field which they were able to cultivate until 1950 when the compulsory collectivization started. Almost all the Germans were dispossessed. Among them, however, there were also a few entitled people. For instance, when the husband had been killed in action with the Romanian military, the widow got allocated a parcel of field.

## The Village Changes

### *New Village Administration*

The German village board was only dismissed when the colonists came. It still continued to exist in January 1945 when the people were caught together for the deportation. At that time, *Johann Reichert* (called “Schnell”<sup>48</sup>) was still on the village board. Since he had learned Russian in the First World War, he was an interpreter at first and later he was appointed as a community servant (Kleinrichter<sup>49</sup>). At this time, the administration and bookkeeping was still in German. The vice-notary Josef Vormittag also still remained in office later; from there, he retired. The Hungarian *Bartok* was the bookkeeper; in the Communist times, one had reactivated him from retirement under the mayor *George Țițca*.

When the colonists came in 1946, they also assumed power in the village hall. The first election was in the same year; at that time, “die Sonne”<sup>50</sup> was voted for, which was the symbol of the Communists. In Glogowatz, however, there was no voting. The Germans had no franchise, only the Romanians and they had to go to the polls in the neighboring Romanian community Mândruloc. Most of the newly-

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<sup>43</sup> 58 miles ENE of Glogowatz

<sup>44</sup> Native Romanians who lived in the west Carpathians

<sup>45</sup> Judge, the members of the village board were “Jurymen”

<sup>46</sup> Acquisition-entitled

<sup>47</sup> 12.4 acres

<sup>48</sup> Quick, speedy

<sup>49</sup> Small, petty judge

<sup>50</sup> The sun

elected mayors only remained in office a few months. When for example, three Glogowatzers were elected who could not write at all. At first, they held elections as they liked. It went like that until 1947. Then little by little, laws came out and now they had to follow them. A colonist by the name of Hotăran from the Kirchengasse was mayor of the community for two years. Afterwards, he was back from where he had come here. Then, the unmarried Romanian *George Țița* from Hălmagiu was elected mayor of the community and remained in this office for about 20 years.

### ***New Occupations***

The last abductees to Russia who had survived came home in 1949. Since all the homesteads were expropriated, our people had to look for work in the city where the businesses had been nationalized in 1948. The women mostly found work in the textile concerns and the men mostly in heavy industry. Many worked in the factory “Strungul” (the lathe) which had come from the merger of four small private concerns: “Juhasz,” “Ablanzy,” “Hönig” and “Janto.” In the beginning, the concern was called “Victoria” and later was renamed “Strungul.” Many men were also employed in the “Cooperativa” (cooperative), others in the freight car factory.

The German workers were highly-regarded in the concerns for their industriousness and reliability. “The Motor,” our electric narrow-gauge train (from Arad via Ghioroc<sup>51</sup> to Pankota<sup>52</sup> and Radna<sup>53</sup>) served them as a means of transport. In severe winters when there were tall snowdrifts between the villages, the “Motor” also no longer got through. Then, a snowplow had to shovel the path open first. It that provided no remedy either or the train was very late, we walked the seven kilometers<sup>54</sup> to work or home.

In Glogowatz, all the private stores were closed. Then there were just the “Cooperativa” stores. At the “Bika-Stall” (stable for male breeding animals) there still was a bakery which had already existed before the war.

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After the author’s short look back at his schooldays and the kermis celebration, personal, vividly-described experiences from the passage of the front through in September 1944, from the dispossession of the German farmers and the move in of the Romanian colonists in autumn 1946 follow. The home comers from the deportation to Russia had to look for new work for themselves in the city industries.

The references to the cohesion of the extended family and to the living of the nationalities together are noteworthy: *Simon Triff* is integrated into the German population; Romanian friends in Mândruloc are reliable helpers in crises, and even the forced cohabitation with the colonist *Ion Dușan* turned out peaceful; the good relations even continued to exist after his move to Arad. Human

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<sup>51</sup> 9 miles E of Glogowatz

<sup>52</sup> Pîncota, 19 miles NE of Glogowatz

<sup>53</sup> 14 miles ESE of Glogowatz

<sup>54</sup> 4.4 miles

greatness and adaptability are part and parcel of the outstanding character traits of the group of people described.

(Edited by Dr. *Hans Gehl*, December 10, 2004)

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The translator's notes are intended for those not familiar with Glogowatz. The history and culture of the village are covered in detail in *Heimatbuch der Gemeinde Glogowatz im Arader Komitat* by Dr. Hans Gehl. The translator apologizes if the notes are unnecessary or tedious to old hands.