



# The Bukovina Society of the Americas NEWSLETTER

P.O. Box 81, Ellis, KS 67637-0081 USA

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Membership Dues:  
Lifetime \$150.00  
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## SOCIETY NEWS & EVENTS

- Welcome to our newest life members, Jeff and Stacey Seibel, Cheryl Cox and Patricia Miller.
- Professor William Keel, chair of the Department of Germanic Languages and Literatures, was honored upon retirement at the University of Kansas for his 41 years of service. His research and publications included extensive work among the Bukovina German immigrants to Kansas. He was a presenter at several Bukovinafests. He was co-editor with Prof. Dr. Kurt Rein in the publication, German Emigration from Bukovina to the Americas. This has been the most important and most popular publication available on the Bukovina Society website STORE.
- Due to ongoing changes in postal mail costs, the website STORE has been simplified. An email to the Society will be promptly responded to with final costs.
- The Bohemian German community in Puhoi, New Zealand, celebrated their 156 year anniversary of settlement in June of 2019. We receive their newsletter as an exchange publication.
- Historical Novels are defined as a novel that has as its setting a period of history that attempts to convey the spirit, manners, and social conditions of a past age with realistic detail and fidelity to historical fact. Two such books were recommended to us authored by Helen (Wininger) Livnat on experiences of Jewish families with experiences as those from the former Bukovina. Shattered Paths and Waiting for a Miracle, are available from Amazon in Kindle or paperback.

## BUKOVINA-GEN MOVING TO A NEW FORUM!

Back in the mid-90s, as the internet began to open up for the regular people, Beverly Muntain was working with an organization called the Great Plains Free-Net (GPFN), based in Regina, Saskatchewan. As e-lists became popular, she was looking for one that would have information on Bukovina. The closest she was able to find was Banat-Gen. When she asked her Bukovina questions on that list, she was told to start her own Bukovina e-list. And so she started Bukovina-Gen on the GPFN. It was the perfect marriage of non-profit organizations.

About 10 years later, however, people were finding little use with the original Free-Net idea. When the GPFN voted to dissolve, she had to find a new home for the list. At that time, Yahoo was the best place. It was trying, at times, dealing with an organization that had better things to do than host lists, but it was home-sweet-home for about 15 years.

As of October 28 of this year, though, Yahoo shut down the ability to upload content (like images of genealogical records). In December, it will be getting rid of groups completely.

When Beverly announced this to the group, people were wondering what we should do. Doug Reckmann had an idea: Let's set up a forum on the Bukovina Society of America website. Another perfect marriage, as the BSA has been involved with the list since the beginning. In the last few weeks, Doug has set up a forum. He, Beverly, and Greg Barker (Web Development Consultant) have been working out the registration kinks. We hope to have it ready in the next few weeks for BSA Members, the loyal Bukovina-Gen listers, and new Forum Users to register and share their genealogical questions, triumphs, and aid.

# WHERE TO, MATE? TO THE END!

By: Kath (Plach) Garofali

(From the memoirs of my father, Carol Plach)

## Part One: The Unknown Guest

My father was named after King Carol, the first King of Romania. Not quite sure as to why, but maybe his parents had a premonition that by bestowing the royal name upon their youngest son, he would display the same strength of character. Fortunately for us, he wasn't named after King Carol II, an 'enfant terrible' who apparently earned quite a reputation as a playboy, exhibiting notoriously scandalous behaviour. Looking back over my father's journey, he certainly earned his proverbial crown. He has always remained so resilient and positive, and never shown any bitterness, despite the many challenges that life threw his way. When sharing stories of his early life through the war years, my father said, "Do not commiserate too much with my hard times, because that part of my life was also the most exciting".

The youngest child of four, my father was born in Czernowitz in 1927, on the seventh anniversary of the Treaty of Sevres, which assigned this area to Romania. Although it was in the same geographical area of Bukovina, his parents were born in Austria and he was born in Romania. His mother's parents were Polish. Had my father continued to live in that region, we children would have been born in Russia and any grandchildren in the Ukraine. He never imagined in his wildest dreams that his children would be born in far-away Australia.

With his 'royal' start to life, my father had an idyllic childhood. However, in 1939, with the clouds of war gathering, life as he knew it was about to change. My father was twelve years old and his brother, fourteen. During the turmoil towards the end of that year, he remembered his father saying, "I am glad you are both so young, the war will be long over by the time you are of military age". My grandfather died in 1942 and was spared the future 'news' that his oldest son was missing in action on the eastern front and my father, at seventeen years of age, narrowly evaded military service in the dying days of the war in circumstances that were, at that time, punishable by death.

In 1940, when the Russians marched in to Romania, the ill-prepared Romanian army barely had time to withdraw. War planes flew over Czernowitz in never before seen numbers and tanks rolled up the hill past the family home three abreast, their heavy iron tracks dislodging huge pieces of stone from the roadside kerbs. Light and heavy motorized artillery passed by in an unending parade, followed by truck loads of soldiers. My father and his family were trapped behind, in what was later appropriately called, 'the iron-curtain'. A much loved uncle and aunt, who were vacationing in the south when the

Russian occupation occurred, were left stranded with only their holiday gear. Twenty-nine long years passed before my father saw them again.

When school closed for the long summer vacation, my father had no idea that he would go to Germany with his immediate family that autumn, and not see his hometown again for more than fifty years. There were no goodbyes to fellow pupils and it would be another six long years before he would recommence his formal education.

His last summer in Czernowitz was full of fun and freedom from school. With the Romanian currency, the 'leu' losing ground against the Russian ruble, there was a constant stream of pocket money in previously unheard of amounts to spend on ice-cream and sweets. The four children were not fully aware of their parents' dilemma. The difficult decision as to losing life's hard-won possessions in order to escape the ill-reputed, harsh communist rule, in exchange for another dictatorship in Germany. At that time, not yet recognized for what it would ultimately become.

Under an agreement between Nazi Germany and Communist Russia, all Germans in the occupied territory of the Bukovina were to be allowed to resettle to Germany. People were anxious to escape from life under Russia's dreaded secret police. My grandfather made some donations to the Red Cross in order to gloss over the fact of his having a Polish wife. He hoped the family would eventually be granted permission to return to the southern unoccupied part of the Bukovina.

Czernowitz gave the family a memorable farewell with its best weather on the day of their departure. As they waited aboard the goods wagons, my father remembers standing on the limited luggage they were allowed to bring along, looking out through the small openings, very excited about the unfolding adventure. He was only thirteen years old and was completely unaware of what lay ahead; the permanent loss of a 'home' and the eventual disintegration of his family.

The train crossed the Russian border many hours later without incident, much to everyone's relief. They stopped in Przemyśl in German occupied Poland for refreshments. German soldiers welcomed the 'homecoming Germans' and proudly guarded their train. Eventually the final destination was reached and my father and his family were accommodated in an old castle in a village not far from Goldberg in Silesia. My grandfather continued to petition to return to the unoccupied south of Romania and although passports were eventually granted, the transit visas for the journey through Hungary and Slovakia were not. My father's immediate family remained in Germany and were moved from camp to camp as they were considered 'problem people'; they did not want to be re-settled. My grandfather became deeply disappointed with Hitler's Germany.

In the early summer of 1941, the family were transported by overnight train to occupied Poland. The food was meagre and the camp rough. Families were settled on farms cleared of their Polish owners often while the 'stove was still warm'. It wasn't long before they were moved again and found themselves in a camp in Kalish. My grandfather got on well with the manager of the camp, an elderly captain who, like my grandfather, had also served in the Austrian army during the first world war. He advised my grandfather to remain where he was and to make the most of the situation. The family took his advice and the children were enrolled for school. However, life in this camp was short lived. Sometime after the invasion of Russia, they were moved to a smaller camp in Silesia; a little town called Neumittelwalde, about 60 kilometres east of Breslau. My father and his brother were allotted to a farm to provide 'manpower' while their two older sisters were sent to do office work in Breslau, returning to see their family on weekends.

At the end of the season, my father was 'rewarded' by the camp commandant with two weeks in a Hitler Youth Camp. He had never been away from his family before and left for occupied Poland with great trepidation. They were issued with uniforms; one for training and one for formal occasions. The 'lucky' participants were blasted out of bed early each day with loud marching music. They had to complete a brisk run and complete a round of punishing exercises before showering and changing for a pre-breakfast parade and inspection. The conditions were harsh and my father was terrified of not passing scrutiny and suffering the strict and often painful consequences. There was no talking allowed during mealtimes, long mornings were devoted to 'indoctrination' and afternoons to exhaustive drilling.

My father was filled with dread on hearing that every participant was to perform an act of courage. This involved each boy 'standing' upright on their knees with hands behind their backs. When the leader approached them, they had to fall without bending, smack on to their faces on the ground. When it was my father's turn, he fell forward and felt the great wallop to his head. The leader claimed to have turned away for a minute and missed his fall, demanding that he do it again. On the last day of the torturous camp, an SS officer came to speak to the boys. He sternly lectured them, "Do not fraternize with the Polish people as they are the scum of humanity, vermin equal to the Jews". With a Polish mother, my father felt the full force of that 'hit' too.

A few months later, another SS officer inspected the camp where they were housed in Neumittelwalde. When asked by my grandfather to assist him in his endeavor to return to southern unoccupied Romania, the officer turned his back to my grandmother and said in front of their four children, "Why did you marry a Pole?"

Around this time, my grandfather developed a stomach

disorder. Despite multiple visits to a doctor and being prescribed medication, his health began to deteriorate. My grandmother, who had always run a tight ship at home and wielded her fair share of authority, also appeared to be unwell, losing interest in her daily chores. One evening she overstayed her time in the bathroom and the door had to be forcibly opened. She had hurled herself from the first floor window to the concrete below and was found bruised and disorientated. An ambulance arrived the following morning to take her to a hospital, apparently for observation in case she had more serious injuries. Instead, they admitted her to a mental institution and it was two weeks before she was allowed to return to her family. This only increased her despair. My grandmother had good reason to feel depressed and helpless; her husband was seriously ill and her eldest daughter had become pregnant.

My father's niece was born in May 1942, in a hospital in Gross Wartenberg, twelve kilometres away from their camp. In the months following her birth, my grandfather's health worsened and he was diagnosed with well advanced cancer. He was admitted to a hospital in Breslau and the family visited from their camp whenever they could find a means of transport. My father despaired at the circumstances inducing his mother's apathy; homeless in a foreign country, with a gravely ill husband, four children to provide for and also a granddaughter. The news of the baby's father's death on the Russian front was another cruel blow to mother and daughter. In October 1942, my grandfather asked to come 'home' from the hospital to be with his family. Within a fortnight, in their small room, where all his life's possessions were stored, he was relieved of further agony. My grandmother received a telegram from her brother in Romania, on that very same day, four hours before her own husband's death, "Father has died. Come immediately".

The family had only been allowed to remain in the same camp for such a long stretch of time due to my grandfather's illness. They soon found themselves uprooted again, this time to a camp in Lodz, Poland. My father remembers the horror of seeing a ghetto cordoned off in a large area of the city filled with many visibly undernourished people. The Polish population were also being rounded up in daytime raids and sent to German factories as forced labour. There were no goodbyes; families suddenly found themselves without a mother, father, son or daughter.

Without a living 'German' father the family had become a ship without a rudder; at fifteen years of age my father became a 'man' overnight. His mother, keenly aware of their tenuous situation, was careful not to jeopardize the precious lives of her children and young granddaughter. She stoically told her family, "The year ahead is as yet an 'Unknown Guest'. We all, young and old must expect it to be good to us" and urged them to surrender to the hands of fate.

To be continued.

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# THE RESETTLEMENT FROM BUKOVINA 1940 EXCERPT FROM THE MEMORIES OF FER- DINAND BESSEI FROM BADEUTZ

Translated by: Michael Augustin

## About the author

Ferdinand Bessei was born on October 19, 1912, the son of farmer Johann Bessei and Rosalie Presser, born in Badeutz on February 4, 1939. He married Hilde Melcher from neighboring Satulmare. The wedding ceremony was performed by Pastor Hans Rein.

After the turmoil of the war described below, he worked from 1945 to 1948 at the 'Strassen- und Flussbauamt' (road and river construction) office and then until his retirement as a welder at the railway repair plant both in Kaiserslautern. In 1971, Ferdinand Bessei retired prematurely due to illness. He died on October 21, 1984 in Krickenbach, Kaiserlautern County.

Ferdinand Bessei put the following notes down in handwriting after his retirement. In 1984, his daughter Inge Jäger typed and printed them for the family under the title "From Bukovina to the Palatinate - my family's life before, during and after the resettlement". In his foreword he wrote: "Actually, these records were not meant to be my personal recollections, but should describe the fate of a group of ethnic Germans, which had emigrated at the end of the eighteenth century from southwestern Germany, has found a new home in Bukovina and in 1940 returned to the land of their ancestors. However, I believe that my personal recollections, which I more or less share with many thousands of Germans from Bukovina, is the best way to describe the history and the development of this ethnic group."

He dedicated the memories to his wife Hilde and his children.

## Background

The ethnic Germans of northern Bukovina had been waiting to be resettled since the occupation of their territory by the Soviets on 29 June 1940. In the light of the expropriations and imprisonments, which the Soviets immediately started, as well as the worsening living conditions, the resettlement seemed to be the only possible solution.

Until November 17 43,641 people had been brought by special trains from the collection point Chernivtsi via Cracow to Silesia. Before the conclusion of this action, on 22 October 1940, after 14 days of negotiations, an agreement with the Romanian Government had been reached, which included

also the ethnic Germans of Southern Bukovina and Dobrudja in the resettlement. Although there was no immediate peril of a Soviet occupation, this had a rather lasting effect on the Romanian part of the country also. The incredibly close border, reports of refugees, the experiences of the chaos of the retreat of Romanian troops, continued requisitions of horses and wagons, weapons exercises, constant squads of troops and last but not least the faintest idea that everything could get even worse, all this spoke for the resettlement. On top for us in Badeutz came, that the new front line run across our fields, where they dug 12 m wide and 2 m deep antitank ditches and trenches. All this started in mid-July, right before the harvest. All these circumstances have contributed to the fact that almost all Germans opted for the resettlement, not just cheering, but also with no hesitation.

On November 3, 1940, the head of the relocation command South-Buchland-Dobrukscha, SS-Oberführer Siegmeier, arrived in Gurahumora. At the same time 19 local representatives moved to their different locations. The one in Satulmare was responsible for us. There we were registered. The Department for Relocation of the Volksdeutsche Mittelstelle issued following appeal: "Due to the agreement of the Government of the German Reich and the Government of the Kingdom of Romania the ethnic German population can freely and unhindered leave for Germany at their request. We call on all German-born to report to the German representatives in the specified places and to express the desire to relocate."

Once the local representatives had settled in, everything went very fast. At a community meeting, we were informed about the whole procedure and about what we were allowed to take with us. We were allowed to take along: Clothing, bedding, small household appliances and furniture. Furniture was not taken much because of the size. We ourselves have not taken any furniture. At this time, I was also back home. I was stationed at the Romanian military in Campina. On October 22 I got a 30 days' vacation. When registering we got on an ID-card with our personal relocation number. We had the numbers 327/095, -096 and -097.

Then we started preparing to emigrate.

We sold a part of our grain and livestock and bought clothes, blankets and the like to take them with us. Due to a sudden oversupply of agricultural products as well as appliances and household contents, these things have become dirt-cheap. Everything else that we wanted to buy, however, became so expensive that one could not buy anything anymore. Boxes and suitcases had to be obtained in order to pack everything well that we wanted to take along. A German-Romanian commission went from house to house, registered and appraised all remaining assets: House, yard, field, livestock, as well as equipment and household goods. Everything was handed over to the Romanian State. He had committed himself to reimburse the German State for everything, who



in turn should refund us. I have no information how far Romania has fulfilled their obligations to the German Reich until the end of the war.

#### **Note**

We later received a small compensation in Germany. It fell short from what we have lost, but in view of the lost war it was at least something. After the war my parents got social assistance for a while. My father died in early January 1951. My mother later received a pension from the 'Lastenausgleich' (burden-sharing program) for our lost property until her death. In addition, Hilde and I received about 7,000 DM in several installments until the year 1970. In this sense the compensation was low. But if we had stayed in the Bukovina and been expropriated there, as it happened there after the war, we would not have got anything for it.

#### **Departure from Dornesti**

On November 20, 1940, we left our home forever. We were in a group of almost 500 people, our family being five of them: My parents, my wife Hilde, myself and Gertrud, who was just 11 weeks old at that time. With wagons we had to go to the station Dornesti. Before the departure everyone had gathered in front of our house in the big village square. Some families stayed behind, they came with a later transport. At the farewell all remaining Germans and many Romanians were present. Various German and Romanian personalities held speeches. The Romanian villagers could not believe how we could leave home and farm and go into the unknown. Many cried because they did not suspect anything good.

It was about 8 km to the train station Dornesti. It were mostly Romanians who brought people and luggage to the railway with their wagons. Most Germans had sold their horses and cars. We, as well as some others, drove with our own wagon to the railway from where a Romanian neighbor brought it back. We had already brought all the big luggage to the train the day before. Our property was taken over by Romanian administrators.

Ultimately, only two Germans in Badeutz stayed behind. It was an old woman who did not want to leave her homeland, and a young man who was married to a Romanian. Members of other ethnic groups were allowed to relocate if they were married to Germans, but not otherwise. In Satulmare only five of 1,060 German inhabitants remained behind.

The German resettlement commission had everything well organized. When we arrived at the station, a German special train was already waiting for us and a lunch was also provided. Towards evening the train left. We drove over the Carpathians, Dornawatra, Cluj, Budapest to Bruck an der Leitha. That was the border crossing to Austria at the former imperial border.

Our Gertrud was ill with boils. It was ordered that she should be taken to a children's clinic in Vienna. There we had only a short stop and mother and child had to leave the train. How the two fared, my wife herself will report later. Our train continued via Munich and Augsburg to Bobingen, where we arrived on November 23. We were taken the last 2 km to the camp in Straßberg by car. Overall 43,641 individuals from South Bukovina and 52,129 from North Bukovina, altogether 95,770 persons have been resettled.

#### **Camp Straßberg**

In Straßberg we came to a large barracks camp. We were received in the dining room and then distributed to the rooms. They were large rooms with two-storey beds. Several families had to live in one room. In our room we were three families with a total of 14 people. Otherwise, the camp was well furnished. There were washing and bathing facilities for men and women, as well as toilets. The camp also had a well-equipped canteen Kitchen and a dining room where we shared the meal.

Accommodation and meals were free and we got a small allowance, as well as laundry detergent and other necessities. Later, the people who had jobs had to pay board wages and their allowance was cut off.

#### **Irregularities in provision**

two weeks of camp life, we experienced the first disappointment. The food was not very abundant, but you could get along with it. We got two slices of bread in the morning, some butter and coffee. For lunch they served a warm meal, in the evening again two slices of bread with some sausage, cheese or other, as well as tea. That would have been reasonably acceptable. But on one day at lunchtime, the camp leader came to the dining room and explained that the food was rationed and that we already had used up three quarters of our ration of bread for the next four weeks in the first 14 days. We would now have to make do with a quarter of the monthly bread ration for the next 14 days. We were all very depressed. How should things go on like this? Neither of us could say anything about it because we did not know what we were really entitled to.

But we did not quite trust the whole matter. The next morning we got a slice of bread that was only half as thick as one of the previous two slices. A man did not eat his bread that morning, but took it to his room. Coincidentally, on that day a doctor, who made hospital visits in the camp, came to this room. The man showed the bread to the doctor and told him the whole story. The doctor took the slice of bread and said, "Something's wrong, I'll take care of it." It was not long before we got our two slices of bread, which were even bigger than before. How it all came, we have never found out.

## An odyssey

As already mentioned, my wife Hilde had to leave us with our child Gertrud in Vienna. Here is her story:

“Gertrud was taken to the Karolinen Children’s Hospital in Vienna, and I myself was taken to a detention center in the ‘Unteren Augartenstrasse’. The medical examination showed that Gertrud had to stay in the hospital for a longer period. Therefore I should follow my husband’s transport. But nobody knew where they were gone. After lengthy research, I was told that my husband supposedly was in a camp in Bayreuth. On December 4, 1940, an accompanying person took me there. The information however was wrong, my husband was not there. The search went on, mostly by phone. They found out that there was a Bessei in Chemnitz in camp 28. On December 5 I went to Chemnitz in Saxony with another companion (I was not allowed to travel alone). I arrived there on the December 6 and immediately experienced the second disappointment. Although there was a Bessei in this camp, but I did not know him and nobody did know anything about my husband. I was accommodated in the camp and supposed to stay there until my husband was found. Camp 28 in Chemnitz had been set up in a palace of Marble. In a large hall, there were 360 sleeping arrangements in two-story sleeping accommodations, which were all occupied.

It was December 23, 1940. I thought of Christmas, of my husband, my child, my parents, and all my relatives, where will they all be, I thought. In my thoughts I also remembered the cousin of my husband, Leopold Walter (he was just called “Poldi”), who had been in Germany since the spring of 1940. I knew his address - my husband knew it too. I had not thought of this possibility before. I had nothing but my clothes on the back anymore, not even money for a postcard. From the warehouse management I got a postcard and sent it off immediately. I was lucky! One day after Christmas, I received the answer with my husband’s address. He had previously written to his cousin. Nevertheless, I was only allowed to drive to my husband in Straßberg on 10 January 1941. I arrived there on January 11, 1941.

At the end of January 1941, Gertrud was also brought to our camp by a nurse from Vienna. Her illness was cured, but she still had her birth weight of 4 kg.

## Naturalization

On September 1, 1941, the Naturalization Commission came to our camp. In the next two days the so-called ‘Schleusung’ (passing) took place, i.e. we were examined for descent and health. The resettlers were divided into two categories, so-called A-cases and O-cases. The A-cases were destined for the Altreich. These were families, which were not of German descent, as well as mixed marriages and those, which were not in good health. They were supposed to work in the industry

later. The O-cases were destined for settlement in the east, where they also arrived in late autumn.

The naturalization was completed on September 4, 1941 with the delivery of the documents and a closing ceremony in the gymnasium in Bobingen. Now we were German citizens! At this point I would like to add that during my stay in the Strassberg camp I worked in a dynamite factory in Bobingen. It was nice, clean work, but very unhealthy and dangerous. Later, the division I was working in, blew up, there were dead and injured.

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## LONG LOST AUST RELATIVES – FOLLOW-UP

By John Aust Losee – Jalosee@yahoo.com

This is a follow-up of a story that appeared in the June, 2019 Newsletter. In that story I related how in 2016 through the use of AncestryDNA testing I was reunited with the granddaughters of my grandfather’s long lost half-sister, and a 111 year-old mystery of what happened to my great aunt was finally solved!

My grandfather was William John “Bill” Aust, born March 9, 1897 in Pe Ell, Washington to Jacob “Jake” and Margaretta “Maggie” (Koerber) Aust. His elder half-sister was Emma Marie Aust (later Emmy Lou Thomas), born in June, 1887 in Ellis County, Kansas to Jake and his first wife Regina (Sabolka).

Around 1905, Jake and Maggie decided to move from Lewis County, Washington, back to Ellis County, Kansas. At the time Emma was already 18 years old, and opted not to go with them. Instead, she moved to Seattle, and was never heard from by the rest of the family again.

As the years passed, Bill went on to marry my grandmother Anna Maria (Weiler), a girl he met while stationed in Niedermendig, Germany during WWI. They had a daughter (my mother) Rosa Maria “Rose Marie”, and moved back to the US, settling in Schenectady, NY. Rose eventually married Irving Harold Losee, and I, John Aust Losee was born to them.

Meanwhile out on the west coast, Emma eventually married and had a son, Samuel Maris, Jr. Emma and her husband divorced, and she later remarried Leon Ellsworth Thomas, who adopted her son, who later changed his name to James Jolley “Jim” Thomas. They settled in California. Jim eventually married Lois Littlejohn and they had two daughters, Cristie, and Bettye.

For nearly 40 years I’ve been working on my family tree, and

out in California Bettye and Cristie looked into their ancestry as well. Finally in 2016, after both Bettye and I had taken AncestryDNA tests, and turned up as second cousins, we started talking, and after much discussion, we realized her grandmother was my grandfather's long lost half sister! We were both very excited, and have been exchanging information and stories ever since! My grandfather would've loved the fact that his big half-sister drove an ambulance during World War I - while he too was serving in the army!

This summer, Bettye and her husband Marc decided to take a vacation in Boston. When she told me their plans, I was excited because Boston is just a 3 hour drive from Schenectady! When I told Bettye that, we quickly made plans for me to drive over to Boston while they were there, so we could spend a little time together. So, while Bettye and Marc were in Boston in September, I drove over early one morning, and we spent the day together! Finally, after 114 years, our two branches of the family were reunited! The only sad part was that Carol Ann (Ellis) Ackley, another cousin of ours' (granddaughter of Bill's sister and Emma's half-sister, Margaret Elizabeth (Aust) Ellis), who lives in Broomfield, Colorado, and who had hoped to join us, was unable to come.

It was a very nice day in Boston when Bettye, Marc and I met. We met at Faneuil Hall, quickly got some food and sat down at a table outside in Quincy Market. We visited for a couple of hours, then walked through Boston to see the Downton Abbey Exhibition that was still going on there. Afterward, we spent another couple hours having supper at a nearby brew pub with outdoor seating. Then it was back to Quincy Market, where after a couple of drinks, we finally bid each other farewell. Throughout the visit, Bettye and I talked constantly about our families, and "our family". It was a great day, and we both hope to get the opportunity to visit one another again someday!

Until we meet again, we've decided to try and locate other members of the Aust family who have become "lost" to us. Emma had a brother Frank Aust, who was married to Ida Nancy (Black). They lived in Chehalis, Washington, and had 3 sons (Melvin Leonard, Warren Leroy, and Lee Edmond) and 2 daughters (Ella Kathleen and Frances Ida). Years ago, I was in touch with the sons, but have lost touch with their families since they passed. Emma and Frank also had a sister Minnie, who married Dobbin D. Irwin and had a daughter Marguerite. Minnie later remarried to Clifford Arthur Ray. Marguerite first married Herman Henry Meyers, and had a daughter Donna. She later married Joseph William Arcuri, and had a daughter Barbara and a son Frank Joseph. Bettye and I hope to someday be reunited with members of these branches of our family! If anyone reading this knows of them, please e-mail me so we can try and contact them.

Bettye and I hope you've enjoyed hearing about our happy

reunion, and wish everyone the best, and good luck in your own genealogical endeavors!



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## ZWEIBACH

By: Pat Windholz

Translated from the German: Twice Bake, so called because after baking, it can be eaten as first baked or put in the oven again to make crispy slices. This recipe, submitted by Marcy McClelland, was passed down from Maria Aust, Adabelle Zachman's mother. Ingredients vary among the ethnic German communities.

4 eggs	1/4 tsp cream of tartar
1 cup sugar	1/2 tsp lemon flavoring or juice
1 3/4 cup flour	chopped nuts (optional)

Beat eggs hard; add sugar and mix well. Mix cream of tartar with flour; add to egg mixture slowly. Add flavoring. Chopped nuts may be added if desired. Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees in waxed paper lined pan. This helps to release the cake from the pan. After cooling, cake can be sliced and lightly toasted.

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## WILSON KANSAS ANNUAL CZECH FESTIVAL

Note: The Bohemian Germans of Bukovina had ties to the Czechs of which the Society has reflected in publications and the website.

*Dobry den Vitame Vas na Wilson, Czech for Good day!* We welcome you to Wilson, was heard repeatedly throughout the town of about 800 to visitors at the 2019 After Harvest Czech Festival.



## BUKOVINA SOCIETY

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The heritage was in full display in the Miss Czech Princess Pageant, where girls competed for the titles in their age groups of Mini Princess for ages 4 to 7, Little Princess for ages 8 to 10 and Princess for ages 11 to 13.

In addition to wearing the traditional dress called a *kroj*, the girls had to show knowledge of their family history and answer questions about Czech culture. The younger girls were asked what their favorite tradition is, while the older girls got tougher questions, such as what year the Czech Republic became a country and the name of the prime minister of the Czech Republic.

The winners of the princess pageant become ambassadors, riding in the festival parade as well as attending events in nearby communities and participating in the cultural showcase at the Kansas State Fair.

During the festival pageant, the festival crowned the Kansas Czech-Slovak Queen. After serving her year as the Kansas queen, she will compete in the national pageant in Wilbur, Nebraska.

The reigning national queen, has traveled more than 30,000 miles to 11 states and visited the Czech Republic. She worked for about two years to restore the beadwork and other elements of the *kroj* she wore.

In addition to the pageant, traditional Czech food was served and traditional dances, including a maypole dance, are demonstrated and the Wilson Community Band performed. The Wilson festival is the largest of several conducted in Kansas. It is home of the world's largest painted egg, towering 20 feet high.

