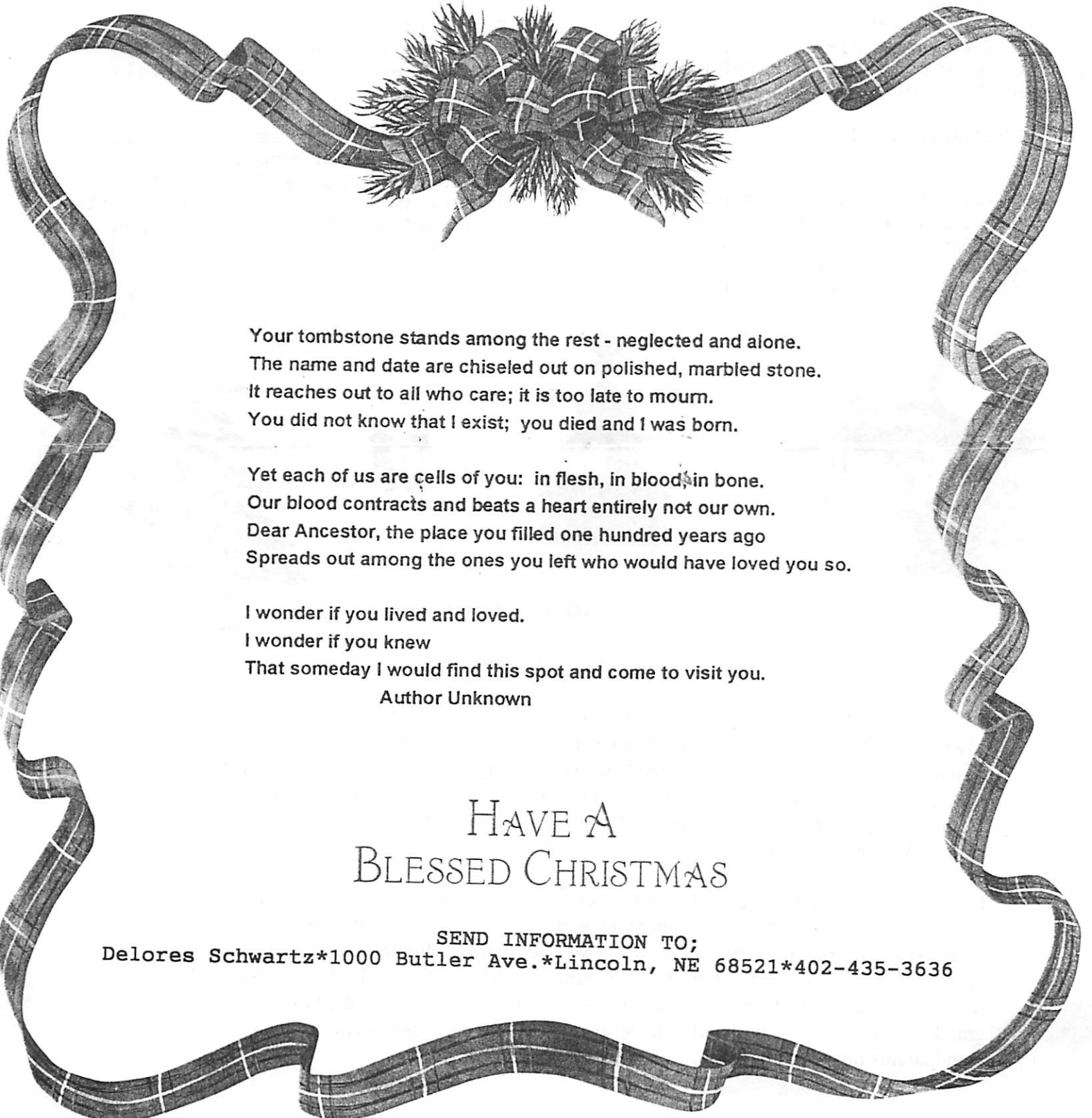




Die Huckere

VOLUME 3, NO. 4

DECEMBER 1998



Your tombstone stands among the rest - neglected and alone.
The name and date are chiseled out on polished, marbled stone.
It reaches out to all who care; it is too late to mourn.
You did not know that I exist; you died and I was born.

Yet each of us are cells of you: in flesh, in blood, in bone.
Our blood contracts and beats a heart entirely not our own.
Dear Ancestor, the place you filled one hundred years ago
Spreads out among the ones you left who would have loved you so.

I wonder if you lived and loved.
I wonder if you knew
That someday I would find this spot and come to visit you.
Author Unknown

HAVE A
BLESSED CHRISTMAS

SEND INFORMATION TO;
Delores Schwartz*1000 Butler Ave.*Lincoln, NE 68521*402-435-3636

ON THE COVER

The front page contains a poem that was in an issue of JERUSLAN NACHRICHTEN, a newsletter edited by Sue Kottswitz. Thanks Sue for permission to reprint it.

IN THIS ISSUE

"Huck and the Story of Rosa" by Rosa Pflaumer Sagel is another Aussiedler project story given to me and edited by JoAnn Kuhr of AHSGR International office.

GENEALOGY CHART

Since the last issue of Die Huckere I decided to order my HIXT surname genealogy chart from Dr. Pleve. I received it the second week in December, but haven't had time to study it as yet.

LAST ISSUE

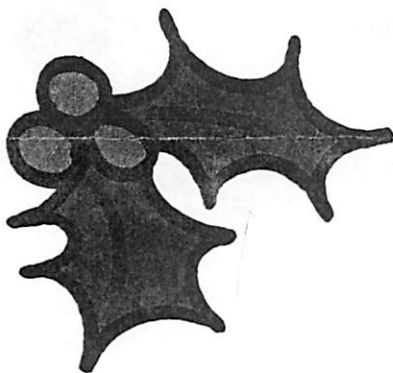
You are probably wondering why no renewal notice for 1999 is in this last 1998 issue of Die Huckere.

Due to the lack of information for future issues it has been decided to discontinue publication of Die Huckere.

From time to time I hope I will receive information to perhaps publish an issue, even if only one page.

I want to take this opportunity to thank all of you for contributing articles and stories for Die Huckere. All were gratefully received and I hope all of you enjoyed the publications.

I look forward to seeing many of you at the AHSGR Convention in 1999 at Casper, Wyoming.



HUCK AND THE STORY OF ROSA

Rosa Pflaumer Sagel

Translated by Jo Ann Kuhr

My name is Rosa Sagel, née Pflaumer. I was born 6 March 1925 in the village Huck. My mother, Paulina Pflaumer, née Schuckmann, was born 1889 in Huck. My father, Heinrich Pflaumer, was born 1890 in the village Nikolaevka along the Volga. My maternal grandparents were Jacob Schuckmann, born in Huck, and Katja Schuckmann, née Pop, born in Balzer. My paternal grandfather was Friedrich Pflaumer, born in Nikolaev, and Tekla Pflaumer, née Krajewski, born in Poland.

I lived in the village Huck until 19 September 1941 when we were deported. I married Ewald Sagel in 1951. He was born in Blumenfeld on the *Wiesenseite*. His father was Reinholt Sagel, born 1910 in Blumenfeld; his mother was a Meisner, born in Blumenfeld. Grandfather, David Sagel was born in Blumenfeld in 1891; Grandmother, Mar Katharine Biffel was born in 1892. My husband and I lived with his grandparents from 1951. Grandfather died in 1974, grandmother 1982. [My husband's] father was taken into the *Trudarmiya* in January 1942, so the grandparents raised my husband.

In 1941 we were deported to Siberia, Krasnoyarsk krai, Bongradsk raion. We were underway from 19 September until 6 October. When we arrived, we were quartered with a family. My mother and two brothers. One was 18 years old and had to go to the *Trudarmiya* in January 1942. The other brother was 13 years old. I had to go to work in the field with a brigade immediately. There we threshed grain until the new year. Then we fanned the grain and sacked it and sent it to the station. Then it was time for spring planting. Then we were again deported, and then we were sent to the Far North. We went by train as far as Krasnoyarsk. Then we had to wait a few days there. Then we went by ship in the Yenisee River until Turchansk. Then we waited on the beach, and after a few days we had to board a barge. From Turchansk we went up the Tunguska River which flowed into the Yenisee. We went as far as Bolshoie Barok (that is a small settlement with a few houses, called "Faktoriya.") We disembarked there, arriving in July. Then we went another 80 kilometers by foot through the Taiga. Some clothing and necessary items were loaded onto a reindeer. There we were in the open until we had built some place to live. But it rained almost every day. We had to carry the lumber on our backs. Winter set in already in October. There was a large lake, and here I fished. When it was very cold in winter, we had to fell thick trees and make lathes for barrels for the fish. So it went until 1946. Then again on the Tunguska River on the barge to Tura.

That was the county seat of Evengensk National Okrug. We were here until 1955. Here I worked in the kolkhoz until 1950 and sowed barley. And potatoes, cabbage, and carrots were planted. In summer we had to go to the hay fields. Hay was mowed on the shores of the Tunguska. We had to pull the boat along the shore 100 to 150 kilometers. Then we felled trees to make hay floats. Rafts were made and the hay was loaded on to them and floated down the river. This was the work from June until the end of September. In winter we sawed wood in the forest and also at home for the businesses to burn. From 1950 I worked in the hospital as an aide. In 1951 I was married, in 1952 we built a house and lived with his grandparents until they died. My mother died in 1951, my brother was alone. Then my sister applied from Uzbekistan (Kagan) to come to her. He still lives there today. So, I was never united again with my family. From 1941 to 1947 we received to eat, according to the norm on the cards: 600 gram bread a day. 800 grams butter, 750 grams sugar, 2 kilograms "Kruppa" [weak gruel] a month. Sometimes not even that.

2. In 1955 we received from my husband's father an invitation from Kazakhstan. So we went to Kazakhstan. He worked in the gold mine. Then the gold mine was closed (there was no more gold). Then we went to Semipalatinsk, also Kazakhstan. New land was being cultivated. There we again built a house and had a little farm (cow, hogs, chickens, ducks, and geese). We also planted a house garden, vegetables. My husband worked in the sovkhos and I again worked in the hospital. The majority of the people in the sovkhos were German. Only in the North was I with five families from my home village. Other than that I did not meet people from the home village. We always maintained the German customs and culture even now.

Yes, weddings, when life was better, were celebrated well. On Saturday the wedding began, about 2 to 3 p.m. until 12 midnight. The veil was removed at night. He everything continued the next morning until 2 to 4 p.m. Usually 100 to 150 people were invited, and it was very joyful, but without the word of God.

Funerals were also performed with God's word, but definitely not the pastor, usually lay brothers. Very many were buried without God's word. There was a lot of food at the home. The body was also at home until it went to the cemetery.

The children received absolutely no instruction in religion. There was no religious instruction in the school. What we knew and heard about God's word was taught us by the grandparents. At first the people gathered secretly, then after 1980 it was allowed. There was a beautiful Protestant Church in Alma-Ata, which the people built from their own resources. Many people went there. Many also found Jesus Christ.

In 1968 we traveled again to South Kazakhstan, 50 kilometers from Alta-ata. Again we built a house and had a little farm. We were here until 1991 when we moved to Germany.

We moved to Germany 22 December 1991. Our two sons had already emigrated 1 August 1989. They then took our papers and applied for a number. We had to wait 18 months, then we received our number, then we immigrated to Germany. We emigrated from Kazakhstan because the national hatred was so strong. The Kazakhs now all wanted to live alone. So it is with all the "black" nations now.

When we came to Germany, there were no large problems, only that one had to finish the papers and register everywhere. That went as long as one was still at the reception camp. But the locals were very friendly with us and helped us when it was necessary. We are both on pension. Thank goodness it is sufficient to pay the rent and also for food and clothing.

We also have our children near us. One daughter with a family and two sons with families. So far they are all working and are all established.

I still have a brother in Russia, in Uzbekistan. He also has a number now and should emigrate from Uzbekistan soon and come to Germany.

Definitely I thank God every day for everything and for all the local people. We have no problems with the local people. Even if one sometimes does not like something, but what can one do? It is the times, and one must take what comes like fate. Quite definitely all is well here. But it is not so easy to forget where one has spent one's lifetime. We survived much, are satisfied with everything.

That is in short a bit about us. Please forgive me if everything is not understandable.

Sincerely,

R. Sagel.

* * * * *

Hello...if someone receives this.

1. Our village was called Huck. I will try to write you about my memories, as much as I can remember, about my village. Unfortunately, I do not know any people here in Germany from our village. I will try also to draw a bit about the village.
2. I remember the following families: Pflaumer, Dietz, Alt, Geier, Kreick, Leichner, Likau (nickname Schaas), Sittner (Kulpeter), Schuldeis, Frick, Michel (Hanschneider), Kindsvater (Gruße, Eckerdt, Koch (Glaser), Weiber, Schneider (Handans), Zitterkopf (oncel Dunker), Schuckmann, Bohl, Brotzmann, Leneschmidt, Loos, Hempel, Huck, Schaaf, Schäfer, Rusch. I do not know where the nick names are from, and I do not know where the families are living.
3. There were a church and bell tower until the beginning of the 1930s. They removed the bell tower and the church was divided into a movie theater, dance hall, library, and reading hall. Then the church holidays were celebrated only at home. It was all forbidden. A pastor came to our village only seldom when there was an infant baptism or confirmation or a wedding. That was into the 1930s. A school master was also there so long. I do not know if the building is still standing, I think hardly. After we were deported in 1941, we never returned there.

The holidays were: 31 December, Carnival; 1 January, holiday; then 8 March Women's Day; 1-2 May; 7-8 November; October fest; and 5 December, Day of the Constitution. These were all Soviet holidays.

4. There were two schools in our village. One school with grades 1-4, one school with grades 1-7. (In the former Prayer House). There was always one teacher for grades 1-4; He taught all subjects. Grades 5-7 each teacher taught one subject, for example: German, oral, written, and Literature, Friedrich Weber; Russian, oral, written and literature, Adler-Dorn; Algebra, geometry, arithmetic, Lydia Strauch; zoology-chemistry, botany, until 1935 my father, Pflaumer, then he was arrested. Then Alex Urbach; Geography, Eckeredt (He was also director of the school); history, Seibel; singing, Weber; sports, Urbach. In the seventh grade there was also constitution and drawing, taught by Seibel. The children went to school beginning at age 8. School holidays were in the summer, from 20 May for the beginning classes. From the fourth grade on there were exams until 1 June. The 5-7 grades went until 5 June. Then the school year began September 1. The only school holidays were five days in November, two weeks at New Year's, and two weeks in March. Yes, I liked going to school, and was occupied with various clubs, i.e. sport, theater, plays, choir, and music. I did not take part in the music clubs.

Yes, my worst memories were definitely when my father was arrested.

5. During recess at school we played ball, sang songs, and talked. During our free time we played various games, played jump ball. The third is usually played with Bannock and also "Schuttspeil" That was with sticks and balls. In the evening often movies. On Wednesday and Saturday there was dance also theatrical pieces in the village. Sometimes artists [performers] also came from the city. We also played cards (but simple, like "who remains a fool") But nothing special. It was more prevalent in the Catholic villages..

6. Until the dekulakization everything was owned privately. They cultivated the land with livestock and had threshing machines, and each farmer worked his land. Which ever farmer had a little bit more was dispossessed and sent to the North to Kotlas and to the Altai Region and to various places in the Far North. The kolkhozes were formed in the years 1928-30-31. Then there were tractors, autos (trucks), and combines. Planting time was in April and May. Sown were wheat, barley, oats, sun flowers, beans, peas. Rye was sown in fall. Harvest began the beginning of June. First was rye and then what ever was ripe. There was no industry, only the M.T.S. There autos, tractors, combines were repaired, also from the neighboring villages.
7. There was a doctor (Waldukart) in our village. The doctor visited the very sick people at home. He gave out medicine and whoever was seriously ill he sent to the Canton seat. There was also a clinic until noon. The doctor was in the clinic, then he visited the seriously ill. The Balzer Canton was 25 kilometers from us. Towards the end there were no more midwives. There was a birthing house. The women had to bear their children there. They stayed there and were cared for for eight days.
8. There was also a "Kindergarten" [more like our day care centers]. I loved to go to Kindergarten. There we played "Cat and Mouse," "A bird came flying," "A little cap", "Little Johnny went alone." I also knew the fairy tales, "Red Riding Hood," "Snow White and the Seven Dwarves," "Cinderella," "The Bremen City Musicians." I have also forgotten much. It was a long time ago. I do not know any witch stories or about superstition. One heard that it was so earlier. One also heard about "Brauchen," also about "Bannen" earlier and "Albfüßen" and "Himmelsbrief." I do not know anything either.
9. There were musicians there. They played violins, guitars, mandolins, balalaika, but I cannot give their names. The kolkhoz Lenin also had a brass orchestra. I knew many folk songs, such as : "Maria sat crying in the garden," "Yascha, Yascha," "Hätt' ich die nicht gesehen," "Im Tale wo der Ostwind wehte," "In Poland steht ein hohes Haus," "Die Lorelei." I have forgotten them all. I no longer sing folk songs. I am not musically talented and also do not play a musical instrument. I love music with holy songs
10. Describe something about our village. Our village had 600 homesteads. After the dekulakization, many houses were torn down.

All the streets in the village were straight, were the same size. In the Lower Village [*Unterdorf*] somewhat lower. There were usually three houses, sometimes two, on each block. One side on the street, on the other side the other houses. Between the houses everyone had a garden. Potatoes, pumpkins, and beets, beans, carrots, and lentils were planted.

The church was in the middle of the village. 1. The church. It was surrounded with lilacs and acacias. 2. The bell tower. 3. The cemetery was some distance apart from the village and the church. 4. Our house. We had house number 478. The numbers were from 1 to 600. 5. The first street was the Green Row (street). 6. Church Street. 7. Village council street. 8. The school street. 9. Water street. 9. There were two dwellings for the teacher. Most of the teachers had their own dwelling. 10. Beginning school. 11. Village council. 12. It was also the Kontor (office) for the collective "Neuer Weg" (New Way). 13. Was the store for clothing and foot wear. 14. Was a store for food. 15. Was the office for the collective "Stalin." 16. was a small carpentry guild. They built tables for offices which were delivered to Saratov. 17. Was a school for grades one through seven. 18. A small shoe shop. 19. The birthing house. 20. The collective "Lenin." 21. Was the clinic. 22. Was the MTS. 23. Was a mill. 23a was a windmill, a little on the hill. At the end it was no longer there. 23a [sic] was a well house. From here pipes went into the ground, it was water system. 24, 25, 26, was built so so. Water flowed out of the pipes here constantly. The entire village obtained water here. In winter the livestock also went here to drink. It was always pure well water. 27. The brook, a small river. There were many fruit orchards. 28. Was the bridge. 29 was the way to go to the neighboring village Dönhof. It was 7 kilometers away. 30. The way to Dobovko. There were two small Russian villages 5 kilometers away. 31. was Borns ditch; it flowed into the brook. There we had a large orchard. 32. Was the Splavnukha, a larger river. There were also fruit orchards. In the summer we went swimming in the river. 33. was a bridge. 34. The path went to Balzer, the canton center. 25 km away. About 15 km was a Russian village, Toporovka. There were also in the vicinity the villages Messer, Beideck, Moor, Anton. We were 35 km from the Volga River.

In short that is everything. If there is someone from our village in the vicinity, one could remember more.

Please forgive that it is not so good. The village was definitely longer.