

My Life In East Germany

By Jutta Cleaver

Editors Note: Jutta Cleaver is a remarkable young matron, who is now living in Nyssa with her young son. She came from Germany four years ago and made her home here. She has attended Mrs. Ann Mathews' seventh grade English class this past year to increase her knowledge and correct usage of the English language. She has taken typing, German, U.S. Government and History. She is a most cheerful and remarkable person, full of ambition and determination.

The following story is her story written for an English assignment.

Schooling in East Germany

I am from Germany, but you know there are two parts of Germany, East and West. East is Communist and West is free like the United States.

I was born in East Germany and went to school there for five years. Every morning we saluted the flag in uniforms; for girls it was a blue skirt and a white blouse with a blue bandana. Boys would wear blue pants, a white shirt and a blue bandana. After saluting the flag all the students went to their classrooms quietly and sat in their seats. We weren't allowed to talk in class, and if we did, and the teacher caught us, we had to write one hundred times, "I am not allowed to talk in class."

We had to turn in the paper the next day at school. We had to do this on our own time at home. If we didn't bring our one hundred sentences in, we had an additional one hundred every day. If it got up to five hundred times, you had to bring in your parents, and the teacher would talk to them. The same day you had to stay after school and write the sentences with your teacher there, no matter how long it took you.

Living in East Germany

When I was small, everybody in East Germany received food stamps. I remember one time when I was five years old, I stood in line from five o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock for three eggs!

My family had a garden, so we had plenty of vegetables. At this time in my life it didn't matter how many food stamps you had, or how much money, there wasn't very much food available.

When I was twelve years old I tasted my first banana. Until that time I had never seen one. My aunt, who lived in West Germany, sent us a package of bananas, and since I had never seen one before, I tried to eat it without peeling it. It was so bitter that I threw it away.

These were the conditions under which my family and I lived until we managed to escape to West Germany when I was thirteen years old. We weren't the only ones who had to live this way—some families were worse off than we were, especially the ones who didn't have gardens.

Escaping to West Germany

When I thirteen years of age my father left for West Germany, leaving behind one wife and five children; I being the oldest. One day after he was gone the secret police in East Germany came and tore apart the house looking for him. After they could not find him, they kept a close watch over

the house and all our actions. One particular man continued to follow me. When I told my mother, she did not believe me; she thought that I was just imagining everything. So we devised a plan so that she could see him watching me. I went down to the lounge in the center of town to buy my mother a bottle of pop, the man who was standing under the lamp post followed me all the way there and back. After that, needless to say, she believed me.

My father wrote us many letters, and we received all of them, but as the communists were censoring the mail my father did not receive even one of our letters. Not knowing this, my mother went ahead and made plans to leave. She and I, because I was the oldest, went down to the police headquarters to ask for permission to leave the country. Of course they would not let us. So my mother decided that we would get out of the country secretly. My mother wrote and told my father that we were leaving on the following Monday, on the railroad train. Due to unexpected occurrences that I'm not really sure of, we had to leave on Saturday. We left that morning at 5 o'clock, because that was the only time that no one from the secret service was watching us.

Three stations before we were to stop at East Berlin, the train was stopped by a Russian officer and two police officers, one man and one woman. They started checking ID cards of all the people on the train, no matter what age or sex. As they checked the ID cards, they checked to see if you were on a list that they had. Fortunately our names were not on the list, because we had left two days before we had planned to leave. If we had left on Monday, our names would have been on the list. To be doubly sure that we were not people trying to leave the country, they asked my mother where we were going. She lied and told them that we were going to see our aunt in East Berlin. The officer then proceeded to question each of us children that were old enough to answer. If we had not answered the same thing as my mother, they would have arrested us. Though, of course, if they had known that we had no belongings with us except what we had on, and bottles and papers for my brother who was only six months old, they might have been more suspicious.

When we reached East Berlin, we switched to the subway. For approximately five hours we rode back and forth from East to West Berlin, not daring to get off because we could not be sure if we were in West or East. Not having ever been there before, we could not tell the difference simply by looking, and we could not ask some one due to the fact that they would more than likely report us to the secret police. Finally we took a chance and got off. Fortunately we were in West Berlin.

We then called a cab, and my father came and picked us up. We were free at last.

"Real Goodness of America"

To me the word America holds strength and security.

because that is precisely what America is. It is a wonderful place to live. I find serenity almost everywhere I look. While other countries are in a state of war, we are at peace.

Being born in a Communist country, East Germany, I can really appreciate the many splendid things around me. In America all people are looked after and taken care of. We are clothed and fed well, receiving all our necessities.

People here are free to think and act for themselves. Of course there are certain laws that we must abide by, but these are laws made for our own good and welfare. They are made just in the way the constitution reads. "For the people, by the people, of the people."

Swim Lessons Begin Monday

Vern Lords, Nyssa swimming pool manager announced that swimming lessons will be given in two sessions this year with the first one beginning Monday, June 14 and the second session will be Monday, July 12.

Lessons will be given in the following divisions if enough interest is shown; beginners, advanced beginners, inter-

mediates, swimmers and advanced swimmers. Adult swimming lessons will be given if enough interest is shown. Those interested in the swimming lessons should sign up at the pool this week.

Lords also wishes to remind everyone that Friday nights at the pool are family nights. This evening is set aside for family fun and enjoyment. Children will not be allowed unless accompanied with their own parents or parent.

There will be no adult swimming during the noon hour this year.

Two Named To Dean's List

Named to the Dean's List at The College of Idaho, Caldwell for the spring semester which ended May 28 were: Miriam Kunkel, sophomore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kunkel, Nyssa; and Carolyn I Pratt, sophomore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Pratt, Adrian.

* Reminder *
* There will be a blood *
* drawing at the Eagles *
* hall, Tuesday, June 22. *
* *****



SHIVERING KIDS HELPED OPEN THE down, according to pool manager Vern Lords. Nyssa Swimming Pool for the summer Monday. The sun was warm, but heating the tower. plant problems kept the water temperature

In the drink with beautiful Milk.

Make a splash with your family and friends and serve them frosty, colorful milk coolers! Excite their mouths and your imagination . . . almost anything goes with milk! Scoops of ice cream, fresh fruits and juices, gelatin or pudding mix, candy or nuts, toppings, jams or jellies. It's refreshingly simple! Just use a blender or electric mixer to combine ice cold milk with your favorite summer flavors. The result: A cooling, refreshing beverage that will have the whole crew clamoring for more.

Let each member of the family create his own, or try one of the delicious, beautiful milk cooler suggestions below:

Pineapple-Peanut Paddle

- (one serving)
1/2 cup very cold milk
2 scoops vanilla ice cream
2 tablespoons creamy peanut butter
1 tablespoon crushed pineapple
1/4 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 crushed ice cubes
Dash of cinnamon

Combine all ingredients and blend until smooth. Pour into a chilled glass.

Purple River

- (one serving)
2 large scoops vanilla ice cream
1/4 cup very cold milk
1/4 to 1/2 cup grape juice, chilled
1/4 cup halved seedless green grapes
2 tablespoons toasted slivered almonds
Whipped cream

Combine vanilla ice cream and milk; blend or beat until smooth. Add grape juice and blend completely. Stir in grapes and almonds. Pour into large chilled glass. Garnish with whipped cream and additional slivered almonds and a whole green grape if desired.

First Mates

- (two servings)
3/4 cup very cold milk
4 large scoops vanilla ice cream
1/2 ripe banana, sliced
1 cup sliced fresh peaches
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 tablespoons undiluted frozen lemonade concentrate
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon malt powder

Combine all ingredients and blend or beat until smooth. Pour into chilled glasses.

Berry Buoy

- (one serving)
Lemon sherbet
1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 drop yellow food coloring
1 cup milk
Fresh strawberries or raspberries

In a mixing bowl place 1 large or 2 small scoops sherbet; beat in lemon rind and food coloring. Gradually blend in milk. Pour into chilled glasses; garnish with berries.

Play the "You Can Canoe It" game on Radio KSRV

Don't miss the boat! You could be the winner of a 16-foot Klickitat canoe, like the one below. A Klickitat canoe will give you years of ecologically sound fun on Oregon's waterways. See Klickitat canoes at:

The Outdoorsman

Dairy Farmers of Oregon

Bicentennial Bell Will Ring At Jordan Valley

A bell will ring in a newly erected tower built by the Sagehen Club and Lions Club of Jordan Valley, June 19, depicting the Bicentennial celebration beginning, according to Mike Hanley, chairman.

Hanley went on to say, that local enthusiasm is high in Jordan Valley in welcoming the hundreds of expected guests for this big occasion.

According to Hanley, a "special" freight wagon will be on display - the wagon has a wealth of history - the big wheeled monster was pulled by sixteen head of oxen, hauled eight tons of freight and was 20 feet long.

The Con Shea, Denis Driscoll, John Catalo and James Gusman partnership used the wagon in hauling freight from Umatilla and Winnemucca.

The "TOP OP" - Bicentennial celebration starts at 9:30 a.m. at the Allen Baltzor ranch, Hanley concluded.

BICENTENNIAL PUNCH

- In a large bowl mix:
1-1/2 cups sugar
1 cup lemon juice
2 cups cranberry juice
2 cups orange juice
2 cups strong tea
1 to 2 bottles white Puerto Rican rum

Pour into a large punch bowl, or, in season, a hollowed out pumpkin shell. Add ice cubes. Serves 12 people twice.

For a free recipe booklet "Pour an Easy Rum Party" that gives food and drink recipes for ten party occasions, as well as tips on how to set up the bar, write to Dept. JP, Rums of Puerto Rico, 1290 Avenue of Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

