



Grandmother Marianne Remembers

As a young girl growing up in Molidorf one must learn to shoulder responsibility early in life and even learn to do chores one hates without complaining.

On her family's farmstead in Molidorf there were lots of cats that were tolerated as part of the defense against mice who would decimate the harvest.



But in the spring when the litters of young kittens got to be too much of a nuisance then it was her job from young on to dispose of these kittens. She had to gather the young litters together in a sack and carry it down to the Molidorf grundloch to drown them.

She hated doing this job ...just hated it with all her heart. She said the poor little kittens would scratch & wail endlessly. For a little girl the trek to the water seemed endless and the bag got heavier and heavier to carry the more the kittens struggled. The wail of their



cries was like thunder in her ears. Yet she knew better than to go home with this job left undone.

Finally reaching the edge of the water & having located a large enough rock to weigh the bag down properly, she accomplished this horrendous task. Poor grandmother could never bear to be around cats for the rest of her years and would make every effort to avoid contact with them if at all possible.

This story of life in Molidorf was told by Marianne Geml (nee Haberkorn).

Grundloch: A pond made by a deep pit in a quarry that was the source of clay used in making the adobe-like bricks to build the homes in the community. Usually such quarry areas were located on the outskirts of the Banat and Batschka towns and were considered community property. Eventually this deep depression filled with ground water, rain run-off and/or melting snow and thus became a community pond.