

## The old times

My grandmothers name is Theresia, she was born in 1952 . My grandfathers name is Johann and he was born in 1939 . They have been married for 50 years now, a very long time. They have 4 kids. They grew up on a farm and there wasn't a kindergarden in those times. When it was possible my granparents took their kids to work.

My grandfather made an apprenticeship as a tailor for men's clothes in the workshop of his father. After that he went to the army for 9 months and then he worked in his father's workshop again. He sang in a men's choir and in a church choir so his music taste was traditional. He liked traditional songs and churchmusic. He went to an elementary school in Diex for 4 years, then he went to the secondary schools in Griffen and after that, he went to a vocational school in Völkermarkt. When he went to secondary school, he slept in the home of nuns. In elementary school his headmaster shot down a bunch of keys, if they weren't friendly. In secondary school, they got punches from a pointer. When he went to the professional school, he had to walk 13 kilometers and after school the same back, he walked about 3 hours each time. Going home took him even longer because it was uphill. When he had free time at work, he went skiing. He sewed his own clothes and they always looked good. They celebrated a lot, not birthdays, but name days.

My grandma went also to the elementary school in diex, she walked 4 kilometers every morning. In winter when there was a lot snow, the ribbons were frozen so they couldn't open the shoes. She went to the secondary school in Völkermarkt. She walked 30 minutes to the bus station. Her parents had a farm and there she was a home apprentice and two times a week she went to the vocational school to völkermarkt. Then my grandmother went one year to a technical school in Eberndorf and slept in a boarding school. She only was allowed to go home once a month. At home, when she wasn't nice, her dad gave her a big paper and there she had to write "I am not allowed to ...." a hundred times. My grandmother went to paris once, to visit her daughter when she worked as an au pair. On saturdays in the evening she listened to the radio, when callers could wish what kind of songs they wanted to listen to on the radio. Their dresses and skirts were all tailored.