

APRIL 2024

PORCH & PARISH

EXCELLENT LIVING. ENGAGING STORIES.



THE HOMES ISSUE



The Enduring Spirit
of Elizabeth David

The Enduring Spirit of

20	SCHULIN Elisabeth 17 F S	I-1051335	No
	c/o NCWC C.A. Dorio Suite 500 Romain Bldg.	Stateless	
21	SCHULIN Michael 6 Ma S	I-1051145	No
	c/o NCWC C.A. Dorio Suite 500 Romain Bldg.	Stateless	

Form 1-455
TREASURY DEPARTMENT
United States Customs Service
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
Immigration and Naturalization Service
(Rev. 1-3-48)

Form approved.
Budget Bureau No. 41-5019-3.

MANIFEST NO. 35

OF IN-BOUND PASSENGERS (ALIENS)

Class DP from ~~Germany~~ ^{Germany} ~~to~~ ^{to} New York, N.Y., June 4th, 1952

USNS "GENERAL R. M. BLATCHFORD" arriving at port of New York, N.Y., 14 JUN 1952

LINE NO.	FAMILY NAME-GIVEN NAME RESIDENCE IN UNITED STATES	AGE (Years)	SEX (M-F)	MAR- RIED OR SINGLE	TRAVEL DOC. NO. NATIONALITY	NUMBER AND DESCRIPTION OF PIECES OF BAGGAGE	HEAD TAX COL- LECTED	THIS COLUMN FOR USE OF MASTER, SURGEON, AND U. S. OFFICES
1	SCHULIN Gesa 45 Ma c/o T.B. Wilson, Wilson Ranch, RFD No. 1, Williamstown, Kan.			MI	I-1142950 German		No	TA EXEMPT
2	SCHULIN Katharina 41 F c/o T.B. Wilson, Wilson Ranch, RFD No. 1, Williamstown, Kan.			MI	I-1142952 German	169	No	TA EXEMPT
3	SCHULIN Richard 11 Ma c/o T.B. Wilson, Wilson Ranch, RFD No. 1, Williamstown, Kan.			S	I-1142951 German		No	TA EXEMPT
4	SCHNEIDER Helmut 23 Ma c/o A. Fohler, 120 Falsaid St. Rochelle La, HI.			S	I-935446 German		No	TA EXEMPT
5	SCHNEIDER Frans 33 Ma c/o NCWC B.M. Kida, 2608 W. 3rd St. Chester Pa.			MI	I-1051349 Stateless		No	TA EXEMPT
6	SCHNEIDER Elisabeth 23 F c/o NCWC B.M. Kida, 2608 W. 3rd St. Chester, Pa.			MI	I-1051348 Stateless		No	TA EXEMPT
7	SCHNEIDER Theresia 30 F c/o NCWC B.M. Kida, 2608 W. 3rd St. Chester Pa.			S	I-1051397 Stateless		No	TA EXEMPT
8	SCHNEIDER Helga 6 F c/o NCWC B.M. Kida, 2608 W. 3rd St. Chester Pa.			S	I-1051399 Stateless		No	TA EXEMPT
9	SCHNEIDER Maria 2 F c/o NCWC B.M. Kida, 2608 W. 3rd St. Chester Pa.			S	I-1051143 Stateless		No	TA EXEMPT
10	SCHNEIDER Josef 29 Ma c/o NCWC 149 Madison Ave. New York, NY.			MI	I-1097483 Stateless		No	TA EXEMPT
11	SCHNEIDER Rosina 27 F c/o NCWC 149 Madison Ave. New York, NY.			MI	I-1097484 Stateless		No	TA EXEMPT
12	SCHNEIDER Josef 30 Ma c/o NCWC 149 Madison Ave. New York, NY.			MI	I-1056737 Stateless		No	TA EXEMPT
13	SCHNEIDER Elisabeth 22 F c/o NCWC 149 Madison Ave. New York, NY.			MI	I-1056736 Stateless		No	TA EXEMPT
14	SCHNEIDER Josef 61 Ma c/o NCWC 149 Madison Ave. New York, NY.			MI	I-1056735 Stateless		No	TA EXEMPT
15	SCHNEIDER Johanna 57 F c/o NCWC 149 Madison Ave. New York, NY.			MI	I-1056734 Stateless		No	TA EXEMPT
16	SCHNEIDER Maria 51 F c/o NCWC 149 Madison Ave. New York, NY.			MI	I-597273 German		No	TA EXEMPT
17	SCHNEIDER Josef 57 F c/o NCWC 149 Madison Ave. New York, NY.			S	I-597272 German		No	TA EXEMPT
18	SCHNEIDER Josef 57 F c/o NCWC 149 Madison Ave. New York, NY.			S	I-1030671 German		No	TA EXEMPT
19	SCHNEIDER Josef 57 F c/o NCWC 149 Madison Ave. New York, NY.			S	I-1051334 Stateless		No	TA EXEMPT
20	SCHNEIDER Josef 57 F c/o NCWC 149 Madison Ave. New York, NY.			S	I-1051333 Stateless		No	TA EXEMPT

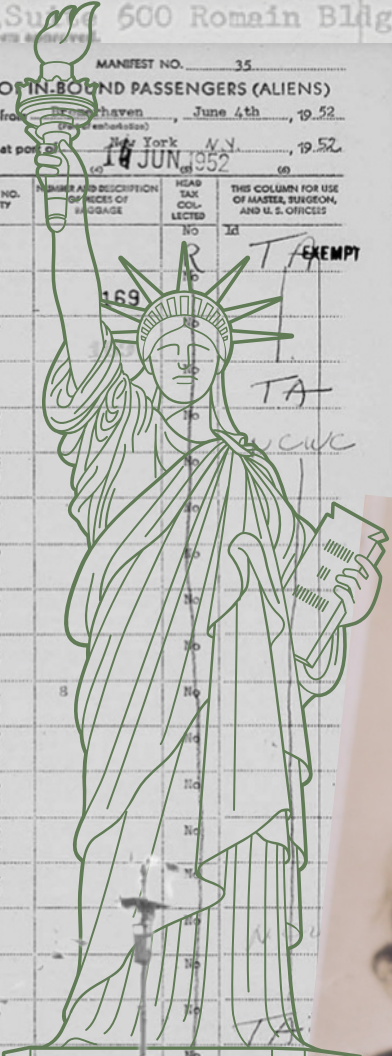
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7		No	TA EXEMPT
8		No	TA EXEMPT
9		No	TA EXEMPT
10		No	TA EXEMPT
11		No	TA EXEMPT
12		No	TA EXEMPT
13		No	TA EXEMPT
14		No	TA EXEMPT
15		No	TA EXEMPT
16		No	TA EXEMPT
17		No	TA EXEMPT
18		No	TA EXEMPT
19		No	TA EXEMPT
20		No	TA EXEMPT



While researching this article, staff writer Lauren Pope discovered this photo of the ship, as well as its manifest records, documenting Ms. Elizabeth's immigration. The General R M Blatchford, carrying the Schulin Family, arrived in New York on June 4, 1952. Its manifest listed the Schulins as "Stateless."



accumsan lacus, sed interdum wisi nibh nec nisl. Voca- stant nec augue. Quisque aliquam tempor magna.

Elizabeth David

BY JEN GENNARO

Ms. Elizabeth David, a petite 89-year-old woman with a strong Cajun accent, lives in a neat little home in Americana. Her daughter Debbie Guilbeau, a longtime Realtor and Norwood resident, visits daily to check on her. By all accounts, Ms. Elizabeth leads a very normal American life that bears no clues about the atrocities of her early years, and the lifelong heartache she has only recently begun to speak about.

Her memories of the specifics, like which year exactly, aren't sharp. Partly because she was so young at the time, but also because her parents did their best to shelter her from all of the facts, and would seldom speak of traumatic events afterwards.

Born Elizabeth Schulin in Yugoslavia in 1935 as the fifth of an eventual eight children, Ms. Elizabeth's early years were spent in a two-room house with a dirt floor. She slept on a homemade mattress and wore wooden shoes. Her daddy was a cattle farmer and grew a big garden to sustain the family. Though the second World War would not be officially declared until 1939, Hitler and the Nazis had been in power in Germany since 1933, and eventually invaded Yugoslavia in 1941.

Around this time, her father and her oldest brother John (pronounced YOH-han) were kidnapped by the army while working in the fields one day. Her father returned home two weeks later and would never speak about what happened. John was never seen or heard from again.

"We don't know what happened to him to this day," she says with tears in her eyes. "It's hard to talk about...I'm sure he's not living." Soldiers would take boys when they turned 15, kidnapping them to recruit to the military, she recalls. The Nazis also had a program in which children who fit an "Aryan profile" were taken from their families and "re-educated" in Germany, never to be seen by their parents again.



John Schulin, Elizabeth's older brother who was kidnapped by soldiers during WWII and never seen again.

Writer's note: Ms. Elizabeth's family was Catholic. While more than two thirds of the Jewish European population were exterminated during the Holocaust, it's estimated that over a million non-Jews were also killed in concentration camps, with a larger number displaced and persecuted.

Yugoslavia was a war zone, the sound of sirens in the background a near constant companion. Ms. Elizabeth recalls the presence of Nazis in the street, particularly at night, as they made the rounds looking for young boys. After John was taken, her family harbored other boys at night to protect them. They didn't think to look at our house because they already had John, she says. Small victories.

Her mother gave birth to another baby, Karl, around this time, and young Elizabeth, not older than five or six, was his primary caregiver while her mother worked in the garden and around the house. "He cried so much," she says sadly. "We didn't know what was wrong. They didn't have doctors or anything like that," she says.

One night, all the ladies came to pray for him. They were dressed all in white, she recalls. Baby Karl died that night, before he even turned a year old. The family never knew the cause. "He didn't even know how to walk yet," Ms. Elizabeth says.

World War II was intensifying, and her other brother Frank was coming up in age. Maria, the eldest sister, was by then married. The family made the decision to leave everything out of fear that Frank would be taken too. Sadly, Maria stayed behind with her husband. They never saw her again, but Maria did survive. They were able to write letters to each other much later in life, but by then, Elizabeth had forgotten how to speak the language, and Maria could not speak English.

Along with hundreds of other families, by choice, the Schulins boarded a train to Austria. That's all they knew of their destination. The train was a box car, not a passenger train. For three days or more, they rode in the windowless, dark train with nothing to eat or drink and not enough room to lie down.

Somewhere along the way, the train stopped, and all passengers were ordered to undress and go into a building to take a shower. "If we go into that building, we'll never come out," Ms. Elizabeth remembers her mother telling her, matter of factly. She thought they were going to get gassed. But they did get out, and, she says with a chuckle, "We had a nice shower!"

The train made one other stop before Austria. Everyone was starving, and there was a little country store. "I'll go get a loaf of bread," her mother says. "Don't follow me." But the young Elizabeth did follow her, and a plane flew overhead and began shooting at everyone. "Mama threw herself on top of me and said 'don't move,'" she recalls.

Finally, they arrived in Salzburg, Austria in 1942. They, and all of the other families who had made the trip from Yugoslavia, were sent to a camp for displaced persons and assigned living quarters. "Two rooms again," she says. "A kitchen and a bedroom, with bed after bed after bed."

It wasn't a work camp, and they were free to come and go to school or work. While she doesn't recall the name of the camp or who was running it, research shows that NATO operated eight "displaced persons" camps in the Salzburg area, three of which were more permanent settlements. The last one closed in 1952.

Her mama cooked at night—a lot of chicken soup, and wild lettuce soaked in vinegar. Her mother gave birth to two more children, Michael and Theresa, who are still alive and living nearby in South Louisiana. Life began to get a bit better there, although there were soldiers hiding in the woods behind the camp, and the sound of artillery would still be heard for another three years.

The Schulins remained there long after the war ended, having forged a community with the other displaced persons. Elizabeth enrolled in an all-girls school, and her teacher was a kind German woman. She became close friends with three other girls, all from Yugoslavia. Three of the four shared the first



Elizabeth as a child with her mother and Baby Karl.



Elizabeth with her best friends in Austria.

name of Elizabeth, though they chose to go by Leisl, and one was named Mitzy. "We spent all the time together! Especially on the weekends," riding bicycles, she recalls.

In 1952, they were chosen to immigrate to America under President Truman's Displaced Persons Act. The act was designed to resettle displaced European refugees by granting them American visas as long as they were sponsored by an American family.

The family set sail for the United States, immigrating through Ellis Island in 1952, then boarded a train for New Orleans. Elizabeth was 17 years old. War and tragedy were all the teenage Elizabeth had known. She thought that's just how things were; she didn't know how sweet life could be.

The Lorio family of New Roads was their sponsor. The Schulins settled in a house on Lakeland Road. Elizabeth learned English eventually, as did her mother and surviving siblings. Her father never did. He worked as a cattle farmer for Dr. Cecil Lorio.

"I loved it," she says of her first impressions of Louisiana. "It was different. It was freedom," though she missed her best friends terribly and was never able to reconnect.

She met her future husband Leroy David in 1953, and he soon shipped off to Korea after the war ended. For two years, she recalls, they wrote letters back and forth. They married in a small Catholic ceremony in New Roads three months after he returned.

Elizabeth and Leroy were married 64 wonderful years before he passed away in 2020 at the age of 87. They raised two children, then were blessed with four grandchildren and 11 great grandchildren, who she delights in being around. Traces of her native tongue have been erased—having been married to a Cajun for more than six decades, Ms. Elizabeth talks like she was born on the bayou. The family made their home in Central, but spent as much time at their camp on False River as they could. They went Cajun dancing every weekend, loved to fish, and enjoyed entertaining and cooking for a crowd.

Her mother, Katarine Poss Schulin, outlived her dad by several decades. Ms. Elizabeth recalls that in 2000, as her mother lay dying in a nursing home in Baker, every man that walked through that door — doctor, grandson, etc. — was John to her. She called out to her long lost son as she left this world.

As Ms. Elizabeth reflects on her remarkable life, her story serves as a poignant reminder of the importance of remembering the past. "Everything now feels like *deja vu*," she says, referring to the current war in Ukraine and global tensions. "It feels like everything is how it was just before the war started."

Yet, amid the echoes of history, she finds solace in the resilience of the human spirit. For Ms. Elizabeth, each day is a testament to the triumph of hope over adversity, a reminder that even in the darkest of times, there is always the promise of a brighter tomorrow. Through it all, she has cherished the simple joys of life—family, community, and the freedom to savor each moment.



Ms. Elizabeth with her husband Leroy on their wedding day and milestone anniversaries.