Fragments

Edit

Family Photographs and Stories

Eszter Biró

I would like to thank everyone who helped me to realize this book:
Vadkerti Edit, Jaclyn Arndt, Balasi Ágnes, Bóka B. László, Huttera Erzsébet,
Sédy Eszter, Suhajda Zoltán, Sultis Éva, Anna Thomson, Vándor Jutka, Mom

and the help of Bischitz Johanna Integrated Human Supplier Center
Supported by the Ministry of Human Resources

During the era in which men had to serve for three years, I was a fiancée of a soldier for three years.

During the era in which men had to serve for three years, I was a fiancée of a soldier for three years. My groom, at that time, worked in statistics, making the census. This is how we met. We were colleagues. This was the first time cardpunch was used. We had to process about ten million cards to get the result. My mother always told me he wasn't right for me. I will outgrow him.

In the third year, about three months before his discharge,
I wrote him a letter in which I terminated my bridalhood.

In the third year, about three months before his discharge, I wrote him a letter in which I terminated my bridalhood. I cried for him. I couldn't do it face to face; he was at Dombóvár serving as a soldier. He wasn't close enough. I cried when my mother came to fetch me at the office. I was unstable as well. Therefore he received a letter, in which I tried to explain in a better-worse way my decision. When he was demilitarized, he asked to meet. It was hard, because I didn't have any problems with him. Just someone else came around. We talked on the phone, then he came over. We went to Déryné restaurant. He asked me if I was happy. I told him I was. He got married to a Polish woman and they lived together with her mother.

I took a risk as we were only engaged for such a short time. He wasn't yet divorced. He was married before, however after two weeks we left from the vacation in such a way, that he was set to marry me.

Our wedding was a dream come true. I had a fiancé, but I left him. At that time people used referrals to go for a vacation. Due to a sudden exchange, I received one. Someone exchanged the City Council's vacation tickets and they were offered to me, and one of my colleagues. My mother bothered me to go, go. She hoped something would happen. She nagged me that much that I said yes. What happened was that there I got to know, as a partner in conversation, this elder strange man. I knew my mother would love him. She always said I would look up to him. My fiancé was a really nice guy, but an ordinary person. My mother was afraid I would get drained in that marriage. It wasn't that she didn't like him, but he was ordinary and would have dragged me down with him. However, from the first moment, she approved of my husband. He was handsome, and a real man. I took a risk as we were only engaged for such a short time. He wasn't yet divorced. He was married before, however after two weeks we left from the vacation in such a way, that he was set to marry me. My poor fiancé; I still feel bad for him.

I loved to look good. It gave me confidence. But I didn't have to go far, because my husband was the real leader in it. He was good looking, as well as he was elegant. He was my partner in it.

Our wedding was in February the next year and lasted for 52 years—as long as my husband was alive. In the resort we could spend our days in peace. We talked about what we liked and what we didn't. He told me, if he had money, what way he would dress me. What he would select based on his taste. He imagined everything such as furs. I loved to look good. It gave me confidence. But I didn't have to go far, because my husband was the real leader in it. He was good looking, as well as he was elegant. He was my partner in it.

As my mother predicted—that I would
outgrow that other person—that happened.

As my mother predicted—that I would outgrow that other person—that happened. If he is a real man, then the feeling is natural; it is in everyday interactions and reactions. This put you in a certain state, which relaxes you, and it makes you calm. What it means is that I can trust that person, rely on him, if I have a claim towards this person. What can I get from that individual, what can I expect from him? If he looks uncertain, then it makes me think there is nothing fixed I can build on. Can I trust him; can I rely on entirely? Then the weekdays can come. Thank God we had that.

Our living room was a library. We never had any problem with our marriage. The only problem was my mother-in-law.

The huge amount of photographs, the stories come from him. He was very intelligent and well read. When he passed away I had to sell about 4,500 books. Our living room was a library. We never had any problem with our marriage. The only problem was my mother-in-law. Without any hesitation, I can say that his thinking was colourful, you could never be bored next to him. He always found the subject, the way to treat the other person, the courtesy. He would have never greeted anyone with just saying hi.

I asked her to lend it to me for my wedding. She agreed, however she asked me to take very good care of it. In that era it was quite unusual to get anything from the USA.

The wedding dress gave me a thrill. One of my colleagues received it for her wedding from America. It was a moaré silk dress. I asked her to lend it to me for my wedding. She agreed, however she asked me to take very good care of it. In that era it was quite unusual to get anything from the USA. When we left the church it was minus 22 degrees. The snow was pilled up on both sides of the street; it was at least a metre high. We got into the taxi and I didn't realize that I shut the door on the dress. I called the drycleaners, told them it is not a rush, I am going for a honeymoon. By the time we arrived home I was nerve-wracked about the dress. The drycleaner came with a huge car in which the clothes were hung up. For my dress he reached into a basket and gave it back to me. The mud can only be cleaned with water, but their machine can't be used with water. The pattern of the dress would have disappeared as well. I stood there with a dirty dress and with an uncomfortable situation, as I had to give it back. I never asked anything from anyone before and I swore to myself I wouldn't again.

After a while my husband put it into his mind to
marry me again, this time with a Catholic ceremony.
I told him if this is what he really wants, we should do it.

This is our second wedding. I am a Calvinist and he was Catholic. As a Calvinist I could marry a non-Calvinist. But it wasn't the same with Catholics. Officially on paper we were married in the Calvinist church at Szabadság tér in 1954. After a while my husband put it into his mind to marry me again, this time with a Catholic ceremony. I told him if this is what he really wants, we should do it. A lot of years passed between the two weddings—about 20 years. My husband had a spiritual father, which is customary for Catholics. He had a mansion at Pesthidegkút. The biggest room in the house was furnished as a church. That's where we got married.

Our life was colourful. We went to so many places. We travelled a lot. When we had to decide whether to buy a car or travel. I said no car, let's travel. The train can take us anywhere.

Our life was colourful. We went to so many places. We travelled a lot. When we had to decide whether to buy a car or travel. I said no car, let's travel. The train can take us anywhere. Silently I told myself this way my husband can do what he wants. This way there was hardly a chance that he would go down to the garage on Saturday morning and come up on Monday. Instead we went everywhere together, moved together. If he liked something, I never stopped him from buying it. The swords, the plates came from the places we visited. They also represent the taste that chose them. The Japanese sword with the golden handle was bough here. He was a collector but a reasonable one. If he wanted to buy something we managed somehow to pay for it. We didn't have a lot of money; we were ordinary people, and we adjusted to that.

There were many atrocities, but we didn't have to pay extra taxes just because we didn't have children. Not to mention that we lived with my mother-in-law for 18 years.

We didn't pay extra taxes during the Ratkó era. It was just a mean story. There were many atrocities, but we didn't have to pay extra taxes just because we didn't have children. What happened was that he was almost deported in 1956. He was summoned to the police station in Pauler street. They tried to get a confession out of him. He was elected secretary of the workers' council. The president of the council was one of his colleagues, a kind, blonde lad, a real gentleman. He was the president, the first person. My husband was the second. They worked together in the 1st District's City Council. My husband was an attorney at the department of architectural issues. At Pauer street he was tortured and threatened by a policeman and his small twitching palm. Then they let him go. It was such a messed up world that it didn't make us want to bring children into it. Not to mention that we lived with my mother-in-law for 18 years, on the Feszty Árpád street, in a 54 square metre flat. That was a lot; it wasn't easy.

He wasn't an attorney for long. Before 1956, he was working at the District City Council's architectural issues department, then he got fired.

He wasn't an attorney for long. Before 1956, he was working at the District City Council's architectural issues department, then he got fired. Fortunately he wasn't inspected thoroughly, but the president was in jail for six years. Fortunately my husband got away. His brother, Lajos Vadkerti, who was working at the Budapest City Council, who had a good head, he could help. He managed to place him as a director of a social home at Pestlőrinc. From there on he stayed in that profession. First as a director of a smaller institution; later he became the head of the Budapest Method Clinic. This was placed at Hungaria Avenue. Originally it was a nun priory. This is where the tram turns to Erzsébet királyné út. It was a huge institution and two other smaller homes belonged to it as well.

When I graduated there was no hope that anything would get better, and that the country would rise again. We lived in an explicitly broken world. Only those people could have survived it, those who lived through the war. They already learned fear and giving up.

I worked with punch cards. Originally when they started it, it was the first time they used American computers. It had a punch-card system. We had to process 10 million cards. Our base was Rákóczi high school for the machine park. The beginning and the end of the process were there, but there wasn't enough space so it had to be moved. There was another school close at Lövőház utca; they took the big machines, the ones that filled half the room, and the puncher there. I got this position unintentionally. I couldn't get a job. After graduation we couldn't do anything. We were just hanging for about eight months, between 1949 and 1950. I didn't have money to go to study in a university. My father didn't live with us anymore. His dentist lab was bombed, and only a kilogram of plaster was left of it. My mother didn't have a job either. When I graduated there was no hope that anything would get better, and that the country would rise again. We lived in an explicitly broken world. Only those people could have survived it, those who lived through the war. They already learned fear and giving up. I stayed with the subject. I was a data processor. Later I switched to the office of statistics. We had three shifts and we didn't get extra payment. Then I was fired for salary fraud from there. They called people together in the office of statistics to tell everyone what a bad person I was. I met one of my ex-colleagues at Ferenc körút and she told me that she didn't want to be seen with me. By this time there were more opportunities for me, as there were more machines. Közért started to build a machine park to process their products. They stopped it later because it was too expensive to dispatch it to small businesses. By that time the Ministry of Economics had a machine park at the bank of the Danube in Buda and I got a position there.

I had dyed blonde-pink hair. It was a big deal at that time.
It was something noticeable. I was so proud when I walked in
Váci street; people turned to look at me. My self-esteem really liked it.

This is a picture taken after the 1956 revolutions. A friend of ours got a package from America, and this dress was in it. She lent it for us for this photo. This dress was a big deal at that time.

This was an exercise class for housewives in Alkotás street in the Sports Hospital. We went there for years. We had two trainers. One of them was elderly. When aerobics came in, the jumping didn't fit her age.

This was an exercise class for housewives in Alkotás street in the Sports Hospital. We went there for years. We had two trainers. One of them was elderly. When aerobics came in, the jumping didn't fit her age. At her home, she lived at the beginning of Böszörményi street; she was working with disabled children. The centre room of her flat was furnished with wall bars and other stuff. So she reached out to us from the Sports Hospital whether we were interested in going there for class. From then on we had exercises there until she died. We were in groups of three to four people. So she trained us there. She had all the equipment there anyway, as she was training disabled children there.

The skirt was so tight that I couldn't get on the tram. I needed to squeeze in a certain position in order to reach the stairs. I couldn't walk up in it in a straight line.

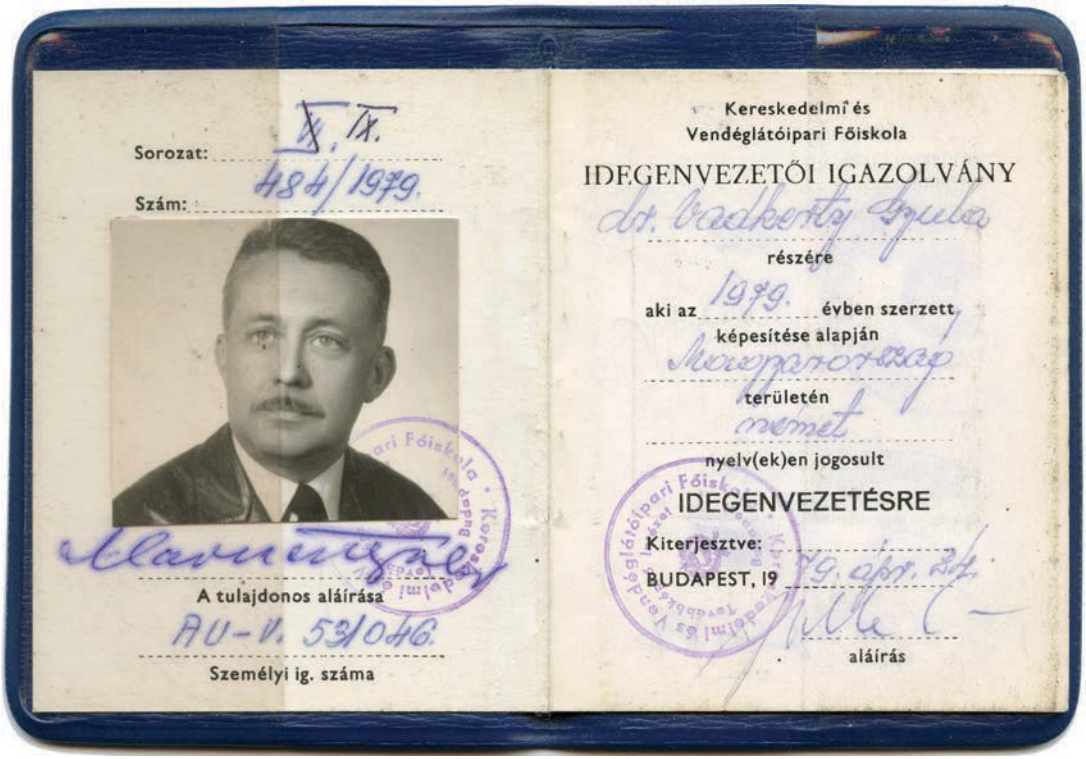
This photograph was taken in our flat. It was an early coloured photograph. It was used; it was always out in the flat to see. My mother sewed the dress. She made every crazy thing I asked for. The skirt was so tight that I couldn't get on the tram. I needed to squeeze in a certain position in order to reach the stairs. I couldn't walk up in it in a straight line.

We used to spend about two months there every year. When the cool weather arrived at the beginning of September, and we had to shower in cold water, we went home.

This was taken when we were rowing at KGM (Ministry of Smelter and Machine Industry) resort's terrace on the bank of the Danube. We stored our kayak there, which came with certain services, such as ironing, washing. They had this water base camp at the Danube, which included a marine and two tennis-courts. We used to row very often with the kayak—however, not for sport. We had a weekend house at Rómaipart, which was near to it. We used to spend about two months there every year. When the cool weather arrived at the beginning of September, and we had to shower in cold water, we went home.

When we went to bed, many times, my husband told me that he would tell me a story. He created stories to tell me, then said good night and we fell a sleep.

Our beds were behind each other. Therefore our toes connected when we lay there. When we went to bed, many times, my husband told me that he would tell me a story. He created stories to tell me, then said good night and we fell a sleep. He loved to create stories. I believe these kinds of people, who have energy to dream tales, are all nice and relaxed. We didn't have arguments. At the end of the day one of us said I am sorry. This was natural; we couldn't go to sleep in anger. We would go over it and make an effort to resolve it.


Sorozat: X. IX.
Szám: 484/1979.
A tulajdonos aláírása
AU-V. 52/046.
Személyi ig. száma
Kereskedelmi és
Vendéglátóipari Főiskola
IDEGENVEZETŐI IGAZOLVÁNY
dr. Vadkerty Gyula
részére
aki az 1979. évben szerzett
képesítése alapján
Magyarország
területén
német
nyelv(ek)en jogosult
IDEGENVEZETÉSRE
Kiterjesztve:
BUDAPEST, 19 79. ápr. 24.
aláírás

What were real fun were our journeys together, and the people we got to know.
Before he retired he became a licensed travel guide.

What was real fun was our journeys together, and the people we got to know. Before he retired he became a licensed travel guide. He wanted to do something in his spare time. His customers loved him. From this lifestyle we gained vacation partners for the next 15 years. Every year we went to visit this person and that person. This meant for us fun, happiness and a way to get to know many people. As all people are different, if this hadn't been in his nature, we would have missed a lot from our lives. It would have been a shame as we got to learn a lot, as you can always learn. There aren't many people who can learn everything, and filter the information. Our life was colourful as we could experience so much.

It was a tiresome job; he had to please 30 to 40 people. He had to react, create safety, it is not an easy job. It is hard work.

My husband was a tour guide. We have a lot of pictures from that as well. He worked for Novotel. He always accepted visiting groups; never took them out of the country. First he started to work for Novotel but later more places came in. This was really good for us. It was a tiresome job; he had to please 30 to 40 people. He had to react, create safety; it is not an easy job. It is hard work.

His passengers adored him. Due to this we spent four or five days, with four to five German families for 15 years. That is why there are so many things on my wall, because we went to so many different places with them. It didn't cost us anything. They took us by car.

His passengers adored him. Due to this we spent four or five days, with four to five German families for 15 years. That is why there are so many things on my wall, because we went to so many different places with them. It didn't cost us anything. They took us by car. Only if we travelled alone did we have to spend money on something we wanted to buy or do. Otherwise we were kept as visitors. I only experienced the good side of being a tour guide. He got the hard part. We travelled until he got sick.

The first thing I knitted for them was an overall for Barbara. A few days ago Barbara visited me with her suitor. It is fantastic that she wasn't even alive when the friendship started and it still lasts after 28 years!

Our most cherished ones, the Horst family. This little baby is Barbara. They were from Passau. The first time we went there, for four days, Barbara wasn't yet born. I was knitting a lot during that time. The first thing I knitted for them was an overall for Barbara. A few days ago Barbara visited me with her suitor. It is fantastic that she wasn't even alive when the friendship started and it still lasts after 28 years!

We travelled every year. The summer season was scheduled. We were at a couple's place and we received a telephone call from another couple that we must visit them as well.

We travelled every year. The summer season was scheduled. We were at a couple's place and we received a telephone call from another couple that we must visit them as well. We had a chance to go to Münster in north Germany. We received the call in Passau. We didn't know whether we should go there, or not. So we asked Horst. He said that he didn't want to push us, but even if Münster is an expensive city, it is worth going. Next time we had a similar invitation from Münich. We asked Horst again. He said Münich is even expensive for them. But we solved the problem, because the family from Münich gave us a lift. We were home delivered.

When we arrived to their place as visitors, the husband brought a guidebook with him. He told us to read it through, tell him where would we like to go. Our summer holdays were full. The expected us in so many places.

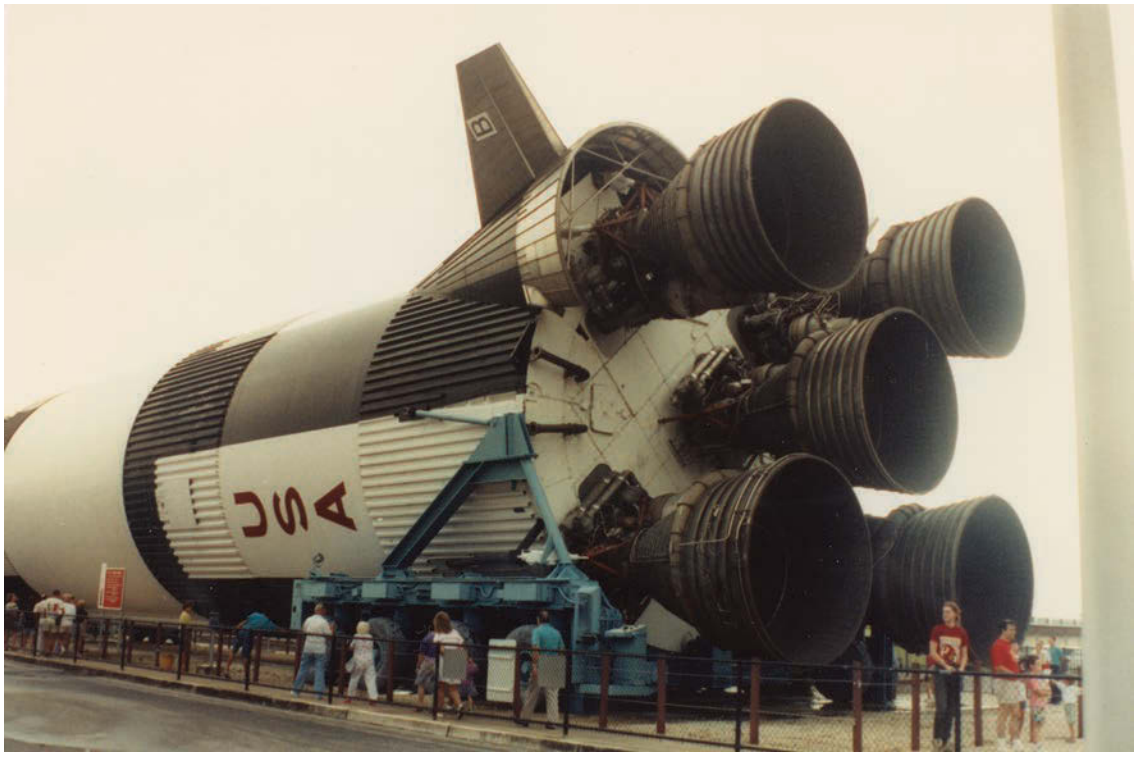
Bavaria was amazing; there are no other words for it. There was a tourist office in Bavaria and we became friends with the owners. My father gave many tours to their groups. When we arrived to their place as visitors, the husband brought a guidebook with him. He told us to read it through, tell him where would we like to go. The front row of seats of the bus were ours. This is how we managed to go to South Tirol twice. With them we went to other places also. They were a young couple. The wife ran the shop. The husband didn't like that kind of work. He was an auto mechanic, so he drove the double decker. They were fairly rich. Sometimes they gave us gifts, apart from serving as and treating us as visitors. We almost didn't have the opportunity to travel by ourselves. Our summer holidays were full. The expected us in so many places.

My husband worked as an escort on the train. They arrived to the borders at midnight. This way the passengers could relax and sleep. He dealt with administration and with the passports.

He worked on the Orient Express. He did it four or five times altogether. Then, they terminated the line. Some kids threw stones at the windows. The Swiss owner got fed up with it. He couldn't let it happen. My husband worked as an escort on the train. They arrived to the borders at midnight. This way the passengers could relax and sleep. He dealt with administration and with the passports. This is how he travelled with a group, but only a few times. I travelled on it as well, once to Vienna once to Strasburg. It was amazing—even in the toilet there were flowers. There was a piano in the salon wagon, and on the evenings people in formal dress were dancing. As soon as the train got into the station, someone would run to the florist at Keleti station. They ordered many kind of flowers, from orchids to bouquets. The top part of the train where the luggage were stored was decorated with them.

After that horrifying era finished he set off with his best friend, who was an engineer. This was still in the big waves of emigrations. They had a two-seated motorcycle. Kató had to stay; one of their children was only three months old.

My very good friend Kató, who invited us to the USA, for three weeks. She was my colleague. She emigrated years ago. Her husband was the Secretary of the Workers Council in a mine at Tatabánya. This was a dangerous environment. The miners had significantly different behaviour. They were miserable people who worked exceptionally hard. So it was expected that something would happen with their leaders. His major sin was that he owned a restaurant. After that horrifying era finished he set off with his best friend, who was an engineer. This was still in the big waves of emigrations. They had a two-seated motorcycle. Kató had to stay; one of their children was only three months old. You couldn't just set off to leave with two small children. They went West ,and they managed to get to America. First they went to London, but he didn't like British people. He never drank, and they always said cheers for the Queen. He got fed up with it. He started to look for jobs in newspapers, and eventually found one in Pittsburgh, America. All together they were separated for seven years, until Kató and the kids could leave the country.



They had several parked there; there was only one out to launch. It was exciting. Especially when you realize how tiny you are next to them.

The husband became quite successful in his profession. On our journey he was quite excited by the Cape Canaveral NASA launching station. They have guided tours there. We could see the rocket. They moved it, pulled it, on a six-kilometre-long route along the shores. They had a gadget, which pushed it slowly every hour, until it reached the shore from the building area. It was also interesting to go inside of a rocket. They had several parked there; there was only one out to launch. It was exciting. Especially when you realize how tiny you are next to them.

My father wrestled when he was young. Just for fun, not for competitions. My father's mother was German; his father was Serbian, Kisvics. My mother's side comes from Transylvania. My parents met at a dance school. Their neighbour was the dance teacher who organized extra classes. My mother came to Budapest after Trianon.

My father Károly Stankovics. He was a clinical dental technician. First he thought he would be a goldsmith. After 1918, after the war, there was poverty. Nobody bought golden jewellery. Therefore he changed his profession to the dental area. His work was fine. After the war he didn't had customers and his lab was bombed.

Margit got married than divorced. Her marriage was a failure and she moved in with us. This happened around 1935. I had two aunts; both of them lived with us.

This is my aunt Margit, my mother's sister. I can't show any pictures of my grandparents. They came from Transylvania but they died before I was born. It happened sometime after 1914. My grandmother had eight children and two servants, who they had to provide for. Margit lived with us. There weren't many siblings left after the First World War. They served in various armies, on foot and at sea. In 1930 five of them were alive, but not the parents. Margit got married than divorced. Her marriage was a failure and she moved in with us. This happened around 1935. I had two aunts; both of them lived with us. Margit lived from her alimony. My other aunt, Ilona, worked in statistics. She didn't live with us from the start, but during the war her house was bombed, and got destroyed. She didn't have anywhere else to go.

When my mother arrived they told her that "I was left to play alone quite a lot of the time." That someone distracts my father.

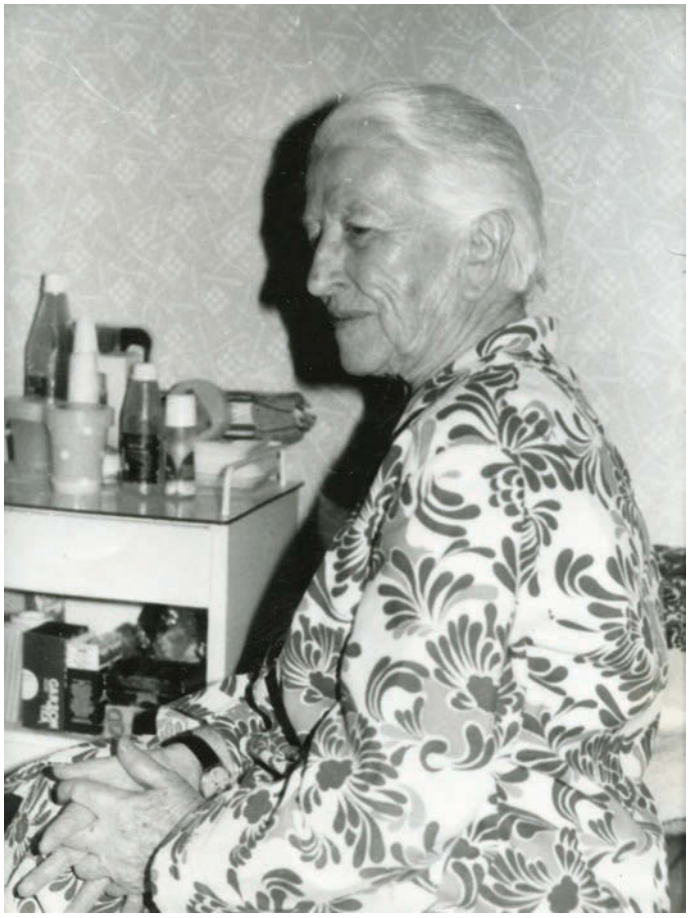
I suffered from quinsy all the time. My general practitioner told my parents that removing my tonsil wouldn't resolve anything, as they were protecting the body. They should take me somewhere higher with clean air. This is how we got to Jósafő. At that time my father's business was running. Therefore my parents switched places after each month. In this one month, my father met this other women. There was another man without a wife and with a daughter, same age as I was. When my mother arrived they told her that "I was left to play alone quite a lot of the time." That someone distracts my father. This is how it started. Later my father left us. He didn't really expect the women to get divorced. She had a daughter the same age as me. Her husband was a car repair guy and earned well. This woman chose my father for love and financially her husband. She was ugly by the way. I can't imagine what he fancied in her. When the idea of divorce came into the picture, my mother went to church. There she swore to herself that marriage between two people last until deaths do us part.

This went so far that my father offered her that, if she wanted to, she could move into his place; he would be delighted to live with her. She moved to my father's place and they lived like a married couple, in peace.

After a while my father practiced together with a dentist friend at Bartók Béla street. Every evening my father took some material to the dentist clinic to practice, even when he didn't have any customers, just to be around the place. The dentist knew this woman, who was in trouble with her second marriage. Her attorney husband used her. She was useful for him to look after his children until they graduated from high school—then she became useless to him. Through this dentist my father got to know her and her story. Her life became miserable when a new woman came into the picture, even if she was already a second wife; the other one became the third. That one was young with a lot of energy to destroy their marriage. This went so far that my father offered her that, if she wanted to, she could move into his place; he would be delighted to live with her. She moved to my father's place and they lived like a married couple, in peace. We got along well. She was a kind peaceful creature. Erzsike was shy and could accept anything. My father cried so hard when she died from breaking her pelvis. He cried because he felt how terrible is to be alone.

My mother was sick; she had a stroke and needed care.
For 18 years she lived in a home up on Márton mountain.

My mother, my father, and my man in the ’70s. Katalin Szarvas, my mother, had her typical Szekely surname. My mother was sick; she had a stroke and needed care. For 18 years she lived in a home up on Márton mountain. We couldn’t arrange it any other way, as my mother-in-law was still alive and we lived in a two-bedroom flat. I used to go up and fetch her and sometimes she spent four or five days with us. I couldn’t bear the thought that one of them was missing out on Christmas.



On Sunday I made lunch. After lunch my man went to sleep, and Erzsike stayed at our place, smoking some cigars. My father was not a smoker and he always complained about her smoking while me and my father went to visit my mother.

It was interesting that my mother said that the most important thing is that the child's soul should not be harmed. She wanted peace in the family and for me to have a father. Even after I was married. She started to organize dinner for every week or every other week for me and my father and my man. All of us had to be there. After my mother got sick, we went together with my father to visit her. She was in this social home for 18 years at Mártonhegyi street. Every Sunday we visited her. On Sunday I made lunch. After lunch my man went to sleep, and Erzsike stayed at our place, smoking some cigars. My father was not a smoker and he always complained about her smoking while me and my father went to visit my mother. My mother never knew that my father had a relationship for 16 years with Erzsike. Her visits were always peaceful, because Erzsike understood this.

They were a rich family and lived under good circumstances. His elder brother was László Vadkerti and his uncle was Gyula. Gyula married my mother-in-law in order to be able to support their education.

Practically half of the Vadkerti family roots are from Germany. My mother-in-law's name was Katalin Ulrich, which is a typical German name. My husband's father came from the Vág area. They lived for years at Besztercenaszód. When Naszód was conquered and became Romanian territory, they migrated to Budapest. Mother-in-law didn't wanted her sons to be Romanian. His father's name was Lajos Vadkerti as well. When my husband was six years old, his father passed away. The family had a beer brewery, and he worked in the office there. They were a rich family and lived under good circumstances. His elder brother was László Vadkerti and his uncle was Gyula. Gyula married my mother-in-law in order to be able to support their education. László was a bit weird. I always had the feeling that he was hiding something. He just didn't talk about things, never explained why he did or didn't tell us something. His wife with my mother-in-law locked me out of the flat once. They didn't like each other but they hated me more. That was the dynamic. Both marriages consisted of grown-ups without children, which could have been the bridge between us. After a while, László stopped visiting his own mother.

The grave of the Vadkerti family. We didn't visit it often, only on the Day of the Dead. Gyula passed away a long time ago. It was a huge tragedy, his stepfather's death. His skull was crushed.

The grave of the Vadkerti family. We didn't visit it often, only on the Day of the Dead. Gyula passed away a long time ago. It was a huge tragedy, his stepfather's death. His skull was crushed. They lived close, on Attila street, at a ground-floor flat where the window next to the gate was as high as a human being. Uncle Gyula became a book collector, so his walls were covered with books. He was already ill that time. It was relatively late after the siege but the city was still on lockdown. A gypsy book agent used to visit him, and he wanted a series of books, but Uncle didn't want to sell them. The agent left. After two months he reappeared because he wanted those books. Uncle Gyula told him once and for all that they were not for sale. The guy took out half a brick that he held under his armpit and with 17 hits crushed Uncle Gyula's head. When my mother-in-law arrived home, there was a pool of blood. She was a cashier at Rácz Bath. Uncle Gyula, who she married for show, was the director of Széchenyi Bath. Which was good money. The gypsy book agent was caught and hanged. Soon after that they moved to Feszty Árpád street. They had to leave that flat. There were so much blood, that they had to trim the wooden floor. It wasn't liveable anymore.