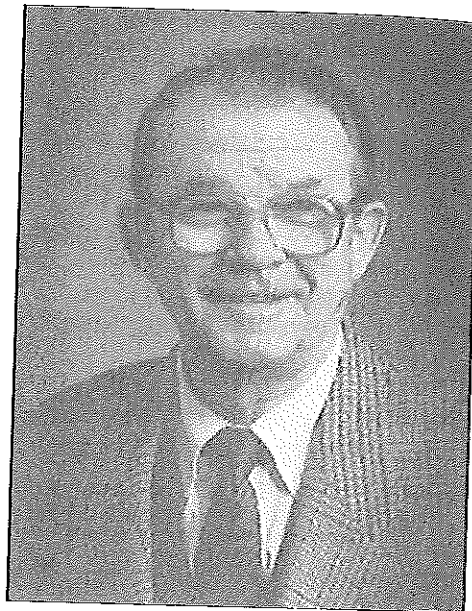


Hubert J. Reinthaler, O.L.S.

1926 – 2002

By Harold F. Reinthaler, P.Eng., O.L.S.(Ret.)

Two years ago, while he was conversing over the internet with a representative of a newspaper in Austria, a request was made for him to supply an autobiography so that they could run a human interest story. The following is my abbreviated English translation of his autobiography.



Dear Honourable Dr. Kloibhofer:

In 1926 I was born in Gurten, Austria. There, I studied the first 4 years of my schooling, and then went to Gymnasium (*a sort of middle school*) in Ried. In 1939, my parents moved from Gurten to Obernberg am Inn where my father became the Chief of Police.

In spring 1943, at the age of 17, I was enlisted into the German army. In the war I was stationed on the Eastern Front, near Riga. There, I was wounded and came back to Germany. After that, I was sent to the Western Front, and then, was captured by the Americans. We were transported to France and they put us into prisoner-of-war camps. I had the good fortune to land at a French farm. There, with my acrobatic pitch fork abilities I was able to earn my daily bread. I was treated well by the farmers, much better than other prisoners-of-war. In March 1946, I was released and went back to Austria.

In spring 1946, I went to Vienna to study Geodesy at the Technical University of Vienna. The years after the war were particularly difficult, especially for a working student, and work prospects were not rosy. The zest for action and youthful giddiness drove me away early, far away. I did not finish my studies there, but instead, later finished my professional training in Canada.

In December 1951, I started my odyssey to Canada, which has lasted 50 years; how the time goes fast. On December 28, I came to Toronto; it was a rainy, cloudy, gloomy day. I soon realized that I had to find a solid job, and eventually found one with an engineering company. There, I worked on a big pipeline project which lasted a whole year. By this time I had learned the work quite well, and also the people, the language, conventions, customs, and generally, the lifestyle. The bad impression of that awful first day in Toronto had virtually blown away.

In December 1952, I flew back to Austria to marry one Hilda Herndl of Obernberg. In January 1953 we got married and today we are the parents of one son, one daughter, and grandparents of 4 grandchildren, 1 boy and 3 girls. The family must naturally be provided for; that necessitated my profession.

The proprietors of that engineering firm, Marshall Macklin Monaghan, were 2 geodesy professors at the University of Toronto. I had luck in that I was able to practice there and write my examinations for my Ontario land surveying license. Ontario is a big territory and it offers a great deal of surveying opportunities. I worked for 8 years for that firm. Then I changed to become self employed in surveying and later went into partnership with a colleague. Our firm was active under the name Schaeffer & Reinthaler, Ontario Land Surveyors. In the 1980's business was very good and we had 38 employees but in the 1990's down to 20. In the Toronto area we have subdivided a great deal and surveyed many facilities, including buildings, roads, pipelines, etc.

That all lies in the past. It was very interesting work, often troublesome, but also fun. I was young and could shoulder a lot. Eight years ago I sold my interest in the business and am retired. Since then we cheer on our legacy in our children. Two years ago, I had a stroke which has taken away my horsepower. Thank God I don't have any crippling effects. Now I occupy myself a lot with the internet by browsing the whole globe, and that is how I came to contact you.

Best wishes from Toronto,

Hubert Reinthaler

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