

The Fifth Generation

Master Carl Bogenschneider had, as we saw, from his brief marriage to Friederike Boy their only son, Carl, my father. His long marriage with the second wife Johanna produced eight children. Ida, Mathilde and Johanna died in quick succession from a scarlet fever epidemic that ran through the Randow county in the spring of 1853. Four of them died at a young age.

The eldest daughter, Auguste, a beautiful girl, married Karl Brandt, the owner of a bakery and flour store in Stettin. She died in 1871, leaving behind one son, Berthold.

Besides Auguste, the sons Ernst and August grew up and are still living today, as well as the daughter Marie. Ernst was not strong as a child, and when grown he learned the bakery trade from his brother-in-law Brandt in Stettin. He has developed into a strong man who has overcome various adversities in his life, and demonstrates expertise and diligence in his profession. When newly married, a case of typhoid fever had him at the edge of his grave. His wife also fell ill and died from the treacherous fever. Ernst now lives with his second wife, Mathilde, and is assisted by his son Hans, who works in his father's business in Züllchow near Stettin.

August Bogenschneider spent his childhood in Gramzow with his playmate and cousin of about the same age, August Bailleul. Eleven years ago he came back to his parents' house in Völschendorf. He learned from his father and took over the carpentry business and customers, as I said previously. Actively encouraged by his wife Emilie, he has managed to buy two house plots that are situated near the Apfelallee municipal hospital in Pommernsdorf near Stettin. He has two living daughters. The oldest, Margaret, is married to the county accountant Paeglow in Stettin, while the younger Magdalene still lives with her parents.

The only remaining daughter of the old Bogenschneider couple is Marie, born in 1855. She helped her brother Ernst in the difficult days when he was ill and when he lost his wife through death. Since then these siblings share a special bond with each other. Marie moved to the manor Grünhof in West Prussia and lived a carefree existence. She lived as a child of the house and eventually took part in the care of Aunt Augusta. For years she then lived in Dobrin near Prussian-Friedland, in a pretty country house as the wife of the property owner Carl Joppen. Widowed since 1905, she has lived for some time in the household of her only daughter, Louise, who married a relative, Albert Boy, the Royal Telegraph Secretary.

The young Carl Bogenschneider, my father, was not aware of the loss of his birth mother, because since childhood he was raised alongside his step-siblings from his father's second wife and honored her as his own mother. Under the rural roof of his parents' house he grew up to be a strong boy who made himself useful in all the duties of household. He was a child of nature. In the forest he overheard the hare and the deer, and he rejoiced in the songs of birds and imitated with precision the call of the cuckoo and the "Bülow bird," which announced the rain.

Only later did an eventful fate compel him to use all the forces in his struggle for existence.

Until the sixteenth year of life Carl remained at home, and at age 14 he was confirmed by the pastor Schallehn, and he came with a handsome greenish-gray "Kalmuck calvary coat." He was to learn the craft of carpentry from his father, but he received no training, because my grandfather was busy at that time and for months was at remote locations. My father didn't

know what to do, but he was not inclined to follow in his father's craft and he chose the occupation of miller.

There were in the Stettiner forest close to the Falkenwalder road seven natural ponds, each of which fed a water mill. They lay conveniently in the mountains terraced one above the other, and they became a strong flowing brook that gave the enterprise the name "seven-brook mills." The third mill was tall in height -- it was called the mountain mill -- and belonged to the master Blaurock, who was also owner of a windmill in Wussow. In these two mills my father spent his training, which extended from the years 1856 to 1860.

In contrast to the unsatisfactory training time learning some other ventures those years, my father received satisfaction from this work, and when he thought back to this time, the time passed quickly with the hard work and he was amidst scenic surroundings. It reflects the mill poetry that drew the poet's words:

*A mill I see flashing out of the alders;
With noise and singing the mill wheel turns.
See the building, so cozy, and the windows shining;
Oh, welcome, welcome, sweet song of the mill!*

Work in Blaurock's mills did have some issues. Some nights they couldn't sleep when they had to produce large orders of flour. Once they passed their apprenticeship, they were expected to produce in a night one and a half Wispeln (a Wispel is twenty-four bushels) of ground flour. The amount was modeled on the amount produced by the older employee Henry Duvinage, a skillful, energetic man who had thoroughly learned the mill craft when his apprenticeship ended. Tough and weatherproof, Duvinage showed no weakness. In winter water holes were created in the ice of the pond and the latter would take water from the hole to wash, and most of his toiletry was completed on the ice. Quite often the winter cold left ice on the ceiling under which the weary lay down for a short nap. The food preparation was easy; it consisted primarily of a flour soup called Kliebensuppe. Although nutritious, it lacked appeal because it was served year in and year out and was served three times a day, morning, noon and night. Master Blaurock was a rough, but insightful man. His wife portrayed herself as a refined lady. Blaurock's son Hermann was the same age as my father, and he learned about agriculture and the operation of the mill. He was almost killed one day by a falling millstone, a French runner. My father almost was a victim of his profession. It was a biting cold, starry night in December. While he was busy trying to take a blade from the wheel of the windmill, it began to turn and began to lift my father up and he had to jump down from above and lay almost unconscious on the ground.

In late summer of 1858, my father had the opportunity to close the Wussow mill in the mountains. At this time, Prince Frederick William, the future Emperor Frederick III, was observing a service field exercise. Hermann Blaurock and my father worked in the fields, and my father's task was to pull the big rake. During the exercise, the prince dismounted from his horse, and his aide struggled to bring the saddle in order. Noise made by the rustling of the rake, made the animal rear and jump. Initially the prince gave my father an angry glance, but unconcerned he moved the rake and the prince hollered "Do me the favor and go away."

Thus passed the training years, and after he acquired the "testimony of the journey" in March, the new miller moved from there in the autumn of 1860. Master Blaurock often expressed later that he had been his best and most reliable apprentice.

A few days later, in October, 1860, my father replaced the white coat with the king's uniform. From Kolow, the former residence of his father, he went to the second (Pomeranian) Battalion in Greifswald, where he volunteered following a passion.

The battalion, which was organized in 1838 by the great Bismarck, had no separate barracks, but rather the soldiers lived with citizens in neighborhoods, usually several assigned to the same home.

My father was assigned to the third company. Again he enjoyed a wonderful time, a time of powerful movement and faithful companionship, and he was even happier when with seven companions in the battalion he was selected to a singing group that sang at festive occasions and other occasions. Here the polyphonic sentence sounded: "I wonder what on earth pleases the hunter!" and the magnificent hunting call:

*"The ground steams, the heights glow,
What a happy hunting in the forest green!"*

In his later years, my father often thought of his time in military service, and told of the joy and sorrow of those days of hard service and the cheerful feuds in which hunters and students of the university competed. Then there also was the perpetually hungry comrade Foth, who when escorting a bread truck secretly took some fresh bread for the clerks for himself, and from behind the truck, ate uninterrupted without chewing each ingredient to the last chunk. And the hunter Otto, his captain explained, will use his poor military diploma as a riding blanket! He was a farmer and came from a good family. His second lieutenant (the Baron von Troschke) asked if his father had more stupid sons like him, and he replied cheerfully and truthfully: "Yes, my father says he has, and that he is much more stupid than I am. He is a second lieutenant."

Times and people deteriorated since then; probably all the boisterous youth are already on the lawn.

At that time, when my father served the king, my grandfather bought the windmill in the village Scheune near Stettin, which was already spoken of earlier. And the purchase had as mortgagee the landowner Gernershaufen. My grandfather, who had the best intentions for his family, wanted my father to operate the mill because he was a trained miller. Unfortunately, the property was so indebted that the last owner, the mill master Koch, had given up. Since Gernershaufen claimed eight hundred dollars in mediation, a larger sum of money was required. Having the situation explained to him, my father consented to pay the bills and to buy the mill with the two thousand dollars he had received in a court-filed, maternal inheritance.

For a year, a journeyman worked in the mill, and my grandfather reclaimed his son from the military, and he returned home as a two year reservist in December 1862 to take over the work at the mill. From then everything went well, and happiness returned to the Bogenschneider house like earlier days.

In the military, my father had made the acquaintance of a neighboring landowner, the son of Mayor Wilhelm Schröder from Klein Reinkendorf near Scheune. When the latter returned to his parents' house, a warm and lasting friendship developed between the comrades and

extended to the mutual families. Wilhelm afterwards took over the legacy of his father and the mayor's office, which he held and successfully managed until his death, in October 1912.

Yet another friendship arose at this time with the family Rachut. On a small area between Alt Tonen and Pommerensdorf lived a retired prison officer from Naugard. "Old Rachut" was well known because of his unusual physical strength. This good man later served as a nurse for my mother and helped when in need. Equal to him was his daughter, Louise, a good and industrious girl who helped the family Bogenschneider. One son, August, was a sergeant in the artillery in Stettin and as such took part in the upcoming campaigns. In the 1870s, the friendship was renewed in Berlin, where Louise, married the young William Babin, and had her home. There, in the friendly Moabit district, the aged widow still lives near her son and daughter. I enjoyed visiting the family, and I fondly remember the times when I followed my parents there.

In the spring of 1864 my father took a trip from Scheune to West Prussia, to visit his uncle Alexander Boy in Flatow and the relatives Boy on the manor Grünhof near Prussian-Friedland. The plan of his uncle was to join him with his only daughter, Ida, but this did not meet the wishes of my father. In Prussian-Friedland he learned of a sister of the wife of his uncle Alexander, who was the young widow Caroline Aminde (nee Dumke), and he felt an affection for her, and this woman became the companion of my father and my mother.

As a result, my father was encouraged by the Grünhof relatives repeatedly to buy a mill in that area. He hired employees to run his operation and therefore tentatively went again the next year to Prussian-Friedland. But it was not with the intention of purchase, but it was the unforgettable twenty-two year old widow that took him there. Again, the mill became the millers field of work, and the engagement with "his Linchen" soon took place.

In the time while the son was absent, my grandfather left the Scheune mill and laid his rights and concerns on the shoulders of others. My father was recalled to Scheune, and young and inexperienced, he took over the mill property with all the debts and a new mortgage, which were set up in favor of the step-siblings Ernst, Marie and August. With such financial exposure, it was foreseeable that the property could not be kept in the long run, but for the time being this was not expressed by the young master. On his birthday, 30 January 1866, he married Caroline Aminde. The wedding was celebrated in the home of the bride's parents in Flatow, and was one of the last rays of hope before a long list of problems that my parents soon had to face.

The Dumke Family

John Dumke, my mother's father, was born in 1800 in Petzin, West Prussia as the son of the landowner Christian Dumke who at a time was a cuirassier in the squad. At twenty, he enlisted in Kaiser Franz Grenadier Guards regiment in Berlin, and after the military service he remained several years in residence where he refined his social skills. This later was well noted back in West Prussia. No wonder that he was sought after as a bachelor, and that other girls did not like the diminutive Johanna Louise Redmann who indulged him in Flatow, and he offered her his hand.

However, Johanna Louise received a rich heritage from her home life. Widowed three times, her mother possessed from all the marriages a farm so that she could offer something to her daughters. Despite this she practiced utmost diligence and frugality prevailed. Even into her

old age the widow Redmann worked alongside her son-in-law like one of the servants. One could hardly imagine how hard she worked., and often daughters Ida and Caroline sighed near tears, "Oh, this night is like one year for farmers!" Even as small children, my mother and her siblings had to make themselves useful in the household. So they first were responsible for the herding; later, they participated in the field work and all the obligations of the house and the farm economy. They had to knit and spin and weave, and the work even extended to the production of raw materials such as wool and canvas. It was a varied full existence, with no idleness and boredom, and their work as children made them incredibly energetic people, who shrank from no labor and didn't complain. They treated their parents with childlike obedience and respect.

My grandfather Dumke was a forthright and ethical man who knew how to deal with all the difficulties of life through a positive conciliatory philosophy. His advice was freely sought by all men, and because of his openness, he was very popular. He was a frugal person, and usually only on the day that he as a member of the church council "poured coffee," as he drank a glass of brown beer. His only recreation was on Sunday afternoon when he lay down on his bed for a quick nap.

Six children grew up in the house. It had been fourteen, but eight of them died at a young age. Frightened by the thought that an evil fate would deprive them of even more children in the future, my grandmother went into deep mourning. She hoped to avert a disaster by a visible sign of her humility and made the peculiar vow that her daughter Ida as a sign of humility would only wear black clothes. And see, no new death occurred! It was not easy for the innocent victim Ida, who in her youth wanted to wear the brighter colors worn by her siblings all those years.

Caroline, my mother had a merry heart and was always pulling funny pranks, but it was also easy for her to help those embarrassed. So a little story should be mentioned about when she was guardian of the geese. At the top of the martin birdhouse, stood a handsome gander who did not like to be on the land, but preferred the water. He would swim with his flock out on the lake, so it was hard to lure him in the evening to return to the land. But the guardian had an idea. She tied a rope around the leg of the animal so that at any time she could draw him to shore without difficulty. The idea was good, but it just happened that the said "gander" pulled so hard on the rope that it tore off his leg. The gander had to be slaughtered, and the grandmother was so angry that she made the little one eat the goose by herself all at one time. But the grandfather intervened and invited all the family members to self-sacrifice themselves and share in the punishment.

My mother had a sense of humor and a propensity for pranks until her old age. Even in the later years, when she had shortness of breath and heart problems, she still joked amidst her afflictions. But then my mother would say: "I wish I could have one hour of my life back." It was evidence of the thorny path given to her.

Their industriousness, combined with the spinning and weaving talents of the Dumke daughters naturally increased their dowry. They did not need to wait long for a long time for suitors, and when young they already entered womanhood.

The oldest, Wilhelmine, became wife of the manor tenant Manske. A manifold fate guided the pair to Prussian Friedland and they established themselves and died there at an old age on a small piece of property.

Ida, the next daughter, married the already mentioned Alexander Boy, the uncle of my father and farmer and owner of a mill. She was an untiringly active woman, who supported her husband with strength and intelligence. Her children also thank her for their growth and support.

Similarly, Ida Pauline, the next younger sister of my mother, married the bank official Knoblauch in Berlin. She also operated with untiring diligence and set her mind and willpower to achieve a superior position in their social circle. Even at a young age, she founded a business, from which she obtained a decades-long income, from which no good man would need to be ashamed. Pauline took care of her widowed mother, the old grandmother Dumke, who lived with her (in Berlin, Magdeburg Street No. 35) arriving in 1879.

The last of the sisters, Berta, gave her hand to the competent bank official Kaiser in Berlin. This brought the only member of the Catholic faith into our evangelical family. In 1908, he died of apoplexy, without having achieved the success one could expect from such great talent and skill.

Gustav, the only son, was expected to be the heir to the family and was his father's favorite. He was favored over his siblings. Inspired by the desire to get rich in a short time, he went to Berlin and then to America. Here he was joined for a time by his wealthy cousin, William Dumke, but after a few letters to the relatives, nothing more was reported of him. Since 1873, he, like so many victims of the emigrant fever, is lost in America.

Already mentioned by me elsewhere, my mother was widowed when she married my father. At eighteen, in Prussian-Friedland, she married the master butcher Aminde who was from a French refugee family, and who progressed beyond his education. The marriage was of short duration. Aminde, who loved his young wife tenderly, suffered from a lung disease as a result of a cold and died in the arms of his poor wife. She was twenty-one years old, with three children, a pair of twins and one child born after the death of her husband. Four times she had to overcome the funeral wreath, because the children soon died in succession. During the illness of her husband, the young woman had much grief and frustration. Two sisters of her husband, who had separated from their husbands, usually came with their children at her table. They indulged in intrigues and gossip and embittered the already grief stricken housewife's life. Besides this, the continuously fighting parents-in-law were often present and she had the burden of a large business and household. All this was too much for a twenty-year-old, but she did not lose perspective and relied on her inner drive.

After the death of her husband, Caroline Aminde for some time ran the butcher shop alone. Then she dissolved the business at the behest of his parents. They took the possessions and the money for themselves, while the house and land they left to the daughter-in-law, who originally brought a dowry with farmland and two barns. She was previously loved by a concerned husband, but now was completely on her own without family and income. But she was not discouraged, with the little money she had she furnished some rooms in her house, and by renting them to students of the Friedlander teacher seminar, managed a modest livelihood. When on Easter 1864 my father appeared for the first time visiting his relatives in West Prussia, he also paid a short visit to the lonely widow. This visit was significant for the young people, because it led to life paths together and united them in a common destiny.

My Parents in Scheune near Stettin. The War of 1866.

The first home of my parents, as we saw, was on the mill property in Scheune near Stettin. Before the settlement, my mother sold her house (which is called in view of its repeated mention the Aminde house) to her brother-in-law Alexander Boy, who now moved his residence from Flatow to Prussian-Friedland. Of the agreed purchase price, which was a very cheap price of two thousand crowns, my mother took half in cash, while the other half was deferred. Those two thousand dollars and a strong work ethic was the property my mother brought her second husband, my father, in the marriage. However, the greater part of the money had to be immediately used to repay the liabilities that grandfather Bogenschneider had from the acquisitions of the mill, and the remainder was used for the procurement of the property.



It was a beautiful and favorable location near the crossing of the Berlin chaussee and the road to Scheune. Also, as it turned out, it possessed a treasure of clay and gravel. But it only helped the subsequent owner obtain large profits, because my parents based the property value on its current use and without the resources. My father was deterred by an incident not to excavate the property. With some occasional earthwork, two human skeletons which apparently had been there for a long time, were discovered on the property. Perhaps they were fallen soldiers, or perhaps they were victims of some dark act. The troubling find was immediately buried again. But my parents remained troubled and they thought much about future hardship.

A few months after my parents were married to each other, the war between Prussia and Austria broke out and my father was called to the colors. In the Danish campaign of 1864, he had not fought since the Second Army Corps, to which he belonged, was only partially mobilized. Now, on 14 May 1866, he went as a reservist to the Royal Grenadier Regiment No. 2 in Stettin, and from there to march into enemy territory.

My mother was alone on the land and had to leave the milling to a journeyman. But he was a mischievous man, who took advantage of the lack of oversight to enrich himself and his helper through secret sales of flour and falsifying records. During this bad situation, my mother suddenly fell ill with cholera. Wrestling with death, she lay on her bed all by herself, because others feared the contagious disease and left her alone. But then appeared as the savior the old Rachut, who we knew as a neighbor and friend of the Bogenschneider family. He came from his house and single-handedly helped the seriously ill woman. Despite his age and rheumatic complaints, he came to care for her, and without fear, he sat at the bedside, with his only defense against his own infection being an occasional brandy.

My mother overcame the crisis and took slow steps to recovery. The miller, whose machinations had reduced the customer base, was released and my mother's cousin, Friedrich

Dumke, a native of West Prussia, took his place. He was an industrious and skillful man, and for the rest of my father's absence he oversaw the mill operation.

We continue to lay a wreath, woven with deep, heartfelt gratitude, on the grave of the dear old friend of my parents, the faithful Rachut.

Meanwhile my father endured all the hardships of the campaign, steeled in work and weather, he endured heat, thirst and lack of sleep. On 28 and 29 June, he was in the battles of Münchengrätz and Gitschin, and on 3 July he took part in the great battle of Königgrätz. In all the battles the bullets whizzed sometimes in close proximity, but he escaped without injury. He often later told with enthusiasm about each battle that served as the prelude to the time of embattlement in which the unification of the German people took place.

The war brought heavy, bloody days; but it did bring some peaceful and serene images. Like the one mentioned by my father that he witnessed during the fight in Gitschin. The Prussian troops penetrated the place at night. They surged through the streets and there was a tumult and cries of pain. Then a door opens, and in her nightly garb appears an elderly woman, who scolds them to stop the noise and asked with a loud voice for peace. "It is night-sleeping time! Decent people do not make such a spectacle!" But none showed an understanding for the desires of the old woman. A number of powerful explosions came raining down to provide illumination for the road and forced her and her shy husband inside.

Königgrätz! In a persistent struggle, the Prussians under King Wilhelm hold off a powerful hostile force. But they do not succeed in progressing because the Austrians, in secured positions, defend themselves by disciplined, effective fire. The forces are ready to launch an attack. In the morning light the army of the Crown Prince moves forward, and now starts the turbulence of one massive last attack.

In the course of the struggle, the old company to which my father belonged, had instructions to cover the Prussian artillery, and for this purpose they set up as shooters swarming in a large manure pit. Now storms roared as the cannons approached. By chance close by was my father's friend from home -- Sergeant Rachut. The next moment, the cannons fired against the enemy, and the gunners took off their Wassen uniforms, and worked in the sweat of the brow. Quickly the homeland companions greeted each other, and besides the joy, my father also gained materially from the reunion. He had not eaten for a long time, and now meat and bread from the Rachut saddlebags were placed into his hands with a short throw.

At a high point of the terrain, the battalion commander Major von Stelting had stationed himself. Unexpectedly, they had remained spared from enemy fire. When my father tried to get a glimpse of the battlefield, the officer pounced on him with some stern words. He probably came here because he saw that there was no danger. In this area, however, when the words were spoken, an extremely sharp bombardment of the hill began. The shells struck to the right and to the left blowing up the ground. But now the royal grenadier did not move from the spot and proved himself honorary in that he was not afraid of the danger.

The sight of the dead bodies and the wounded had become a habit in a few days, but a battle between the Prussian dragoons and Austrian cuirassiers left a lasting impression on my father. It was the blind striking and thrusting of man against man. My father was not allowed to shoot for fear of hitting a comrade. The Prussian Lancers intervened in the battle, and in a terrible carnage the Austrians were overwhelmed and they then ran away in a pack.

It was a wonderful evening when the battle was over. For miles around the watch-fires blazed in the sky and the warriors were happy. Lying on the ground, my father wrote on top of his knapsack to his wife the news of the victory and his well-being.

By early the next month, the brief successful campaign for Prussia ended, thanks to the improved weaponry of its infantry and superior leadership it unexpectedly quickly gained the upper hand. But the troops had suffered greatly from the heat of the sun and tormenting thirst, because the overheated soldiers on march were forbidden to drink water. But the cholera spread and many soldiers died on the ground.

In September they went back home. As everywhere, there was a jubilant reception in Stettin, with oak leaves and bunches of flowers on the bayonets as the heroes marched into the city. My mother was among those who awaited the return in the street, and with jubilation greeted them on King Street as her husband approached. With her was her brother-in-law Brandt and his wife Auguste, and Wilhelm Bogenschneider, the youngest brother of my grandfather.

My parents were happy to be reunited after a long separation, and to work together in a new business, a business, however, that would not last that long! At the end of the following month my mother gave birth to her first child. It was my brother Carl, a healthy, chubby boy. He was not affected by my mother's disease. At the same time uneasiness persisted, for the problems that started with the acquisitions of the mill continued.

Brandt, the brother-in-law of my father, had actually taken over the mortgage of my father's stepsiblings for one thousand dollars. When it came time to pay the supplies, he did not have the money, and he gave the document to the Jewish millers Roth and Omann in payment. They demanded that my father pay the debt with cash money. My father unable to do this, and in seeing that he had no other options, gave up the mill to the former owner. In the following foreclosure he was deprived of the beautiful land. Apart from his own two thousand dollars, my mother also lost half of her possession, the thousand dollars she brought with her to Scheune. This was the first blow that hit my parents, and was the beginning of the problems that were to follow. Brandt's lack of business knowledge created a situation that caused my father's failure, and who in his kindheartedness had to pay for.

We will lower the veil over it and leave those worries of that time in Pomerania to follow my parents to a new home.

In Prussian-Friedland there was a windmill, on which my father had temporarily worked in the years 1864 and 1865, for sale. It had become vacant by the death of the builder and owner Wollermann and could be acquired through a court purchase. With the confidence that they would be more successful on this land than the earlier one, my parents moved to West Prussia in early 1867 and took over the new property for the price of six thousand dollars. As a deposit they used the remaining thousand dollars my mother had from the sale of her (Aminde) property and which her brother-in-law Alexander Boy had deferred and now paid. The old grandfather Dumke, my mother's father, contributed one thousand eight hundred dollars, for which he took a secondary mortgage.

My Parents in Prussian Friedland

*As for your long, anxious hours
Far away a new nest found
And trembling stand at a barren threshold,
Since Mrs. Worry was again on hand
And spread out her arms in blessing
And blessed you and your house
And she blessed them that in the depths
Annoch slept the sleep of non-being.
(Sudermann: Mrs. Worry)*

They were at Wollermann mill for little more than three years, and the property was still not profitable. Above all, the land was unproductive because it was rocky and needed years of treatment to be capable of producing enough income. Nevertheless, my parents with all diligence took the plow to hand to fill in when the milling business revenue dropped. But adversity of every kind made them ashamed.



Two wings on the windmill broke due to improper handling by the miller Kolterman. Their replacement was expensive and that money had to be borrowed. There hardly remained enough for the basic necessities of life for the young miller couple. Koltermann almost burned down the mill because of difficulties, but the mill was uninsured. There was another mill that the owner burned because of the low population in the area and he was imprisoned for many years. Millers had a reputation for being dishonest, and thefts were common. Several times my father surprised the journeymen and helpers when they stole flour and counterfeited the sale of flour and bread. Dangerous firings then followed.

My parents felt powerless when during the summer of 1869 there was not the slightest wind to drive the windmill. No milling could be done, and my father was even forced to get for their own use flour from a water mill. Now my parents tried another source of income -- a bread bakery. For this purpose, they used a furnace that Wollermann had installed in-house, and a

journeyman knew how to operate the furnace. The cousin Alexander Boy, who lived at the Amine house in the city, took the bread to his home to sell. Maybe everything would now be better when my parents made a regular income through the operation of the bakery. Alexander Boy gradually sold the bread for three hundred dollars, but that income was not sufficient and was spread out over a long period. As a result of all these hardships, my parents were unable to pay the interest on the mortgage on the property.

The creditors, who were afraid for the security of their money, threatened now with foreclosure and raised the suspicion that the involvement of the grandfather's secondary mortgage had been a sham maneuver. Because of his involvement and to safeguard his own money, the grandfather Dumke bid on the property at the judicial sale and purchased the property and mill in November 1870. To cover the unpaid interest, all the harvested grain, the horse and cart, and other possessions had to be given up by my parents. Also, the dwelling had to be vacated immediately upon the request of the official receiver. The few belongings, which remained, were covered with snowdrifts and bitter winter cold weather in the yard, including the birthplace of one and a half year old little brother Gottwalt.

So three hard years had gone by, years that had hardly a bit of sunshine that brought joy and laughter, and my parents were back on the ground. A bad fate and the lack of funds with which they struggled since the failure in Scheune, now totally took their possessions and existence.

The departure from house and home, which had been a place of hope was staggering. Grandmother Dumke had rejected crying in her home. But she felt sorry for her daughter, who never thought of herself, and didn't even have boots for her feet. But as many women in hours of misfortune, my mother showed that quiet composure which springs from the consciousness of innocence, and the constant fulfillment of duty.

My grandfather Dumke had sold his property in Flatow and came to Prussian-Friedland to retire on a small plot near the entrance of the city (on Marienfelder Way). It was the one that later passed into the possession of his oldest daughter Wilhelmine Manske. After the judicial sale of the mill property, he took it as his residence, and my parents temporarily moved into his house.

But the old man was only in that home for a few weeks. Every year at winter time, he suffered from lung problems, and he came down with a severe cold. As a result, he died after a short illness on January 26, 1871.

Since the mill demanded proper handling, and my grandmother could not manage the property, she sold it to her oldest son-in-law, Alexander Boy, at a price that was less than a thousand dollars, the price that grandfather Dumke had paid for it.

Alexander Boy for years also had a difficult time with the mill, but the lower cost of acquisition and revenue from the milling and from livestock helped him finally to make a profit. Gradually, the arable land was fertile, and other circumstances, such as the construction of a road, helped to raise the value of the property. The further history of the mill is briefly told. Up to Alexander's death it remained in his possession, and after him it was taken over by his wife, Ida. Finally, the son Erich too over the place, and he kept it until 1911 and then tore it down. At that time the property was sold to a distant buyer (Meisert), who transformed the mill place into an open field.

For half a century people had labored here with the utmost effort, to wrest a livelihood from a stubborn soil. My parents, who worked so hard to be successful, had been denied. They were very bitter, and it caused extreme tension and humiliation for them. This was found out years later from her.

Grandmother Dumke moved back to the city plot at Marienfelder Way after her husband's death, where in the meantime my parents had found their refuge, and my mother again was forced to leave the former Amine house, which until then was where her brother-in-law Alexander Boy had lived.

At that time the great German-French War raged. It was a bloody mass battle of the German tribes against the hereditary enemy. It was a great time to put an end to the shame and disruption of the German nation, and fulfill the wistful dreams of youth, and turn it into truth and reality.

My father, who was in the thirty-first years of life, joined the militia, and he was therefore no longer in the field, but remained in the military. Beginning in January 1871, he initially walked to Thorn, where he was transferred to the Infantry Regiment No. 61 in Bromberg.

Again, my mother was alone. But this time she was in an even worse situation than during the campaign of 1866. Not only were the house and land lost, but she also had three small children to support. My mother had no opportunity to earn any money, and other sources of income were not available, but she lived with us children thanks to her parents.

Her father, the old Dumke, died. She always felt for him a heartfelt love, and through his quiet and enduring good nature he had given her comfort and consolation in adversity.

During the night his death my mother had a very poignant dream, a visit to her home by her father. Kneeling by his bed, she wept about the bitter separation and she complained to him about her concern for the future. As she caressed the dying man, he comforted her: "My daughter, you're going to have hard times for a long time, but then it will go very well for you." My mother confided that this promise was like a star when darkness later surrounded their lives.

Another appearance took place like this. It was in the guardroom of the replacement Regiment No. 61 in Bromberg. In evening silence my father was sitting smoking by the stove, and only now and then he heard the noise of his trump card-playing comrades. Then there was a knock at the door, as if someone wanted to come in, but no one seemed to call my father. After some time, the same process repeated, again unsuccessfully, for no visit occurred. When, for the third time he heard the pounding, my father quickly sprang to the door, but when he looked out, there was no one there. Only my father had heard that knock. Two days later he was in possession of the news that at that hour he had heard the knocking the grandfather Dumke had his closed his eyes.

Superstition was alien to my father, but yet he retained a belief that the incident was somehow linked with the death of his father-in-law.

In a short time a second life was lost. Weakened by the strain of the last few months, my mother gave birth shortly after the death of her father. But the little one died after two days,

and he was placed in the coffin of the grandfather, lying in his arm, and entrusted with him to the earth at the same time.

The devotion that my mother had for her father later found expression in a monument that she had set in the churchyard of Prussian Friedland for the deceased.

My father was in the service of his country for only a few months, as the deluge of the war that claimed so many victims, came to an end. Great peace and victory feasts were celebrated everywhere on German soil in town and country, and sent up the feelings of joyful gratitude for the guidance of human destiny.

Thus came in April 1871 the return of my father, a dear picture that is the first ever memory of my life. At the Amine house window my mother sat, busy as always with knitting, and at her feet sat the long-awaited dapper sergeant. He was wrapped around her knees and spoke to her with tender words again and again about how pleased he was to be with her. But the harsh reality overshadowed the happiness of the reunion: it was time to create a new existence.

The grandfather Dumke once had given a farmer Barts in Flatow two thousand dollars to buy a mill for his son-in-law. According to traditional custom, he had given the money without a certificate but only on a handshake that Barts would show his gratitude when the opportunity would arise. My father, who remembered this fact now hoped he be a miller at the mill of the son in law and came from Prussian-Friedland to him. Blankwieder was between Flatow and Krojanke. The round trip was a distance of nine miles. Since my father had no money to travel there, he walked in a pouring rain, and traveled back the same day. But he returned home without having achieved anything, because he had not gotten the job immediately, nor did it appear that there would be one. Upon further consideration and the advice of the relatives, my father finally decided to go to Berlin. The timing was propitious because it was the beginning of trade and commerce that rose to unexpected heights, and the possibility of secure advancement was offered to many thousands in residence. So my father hoped, there was an opportunity for him and his family's future to be found.

In July of 1871 he traveled to Berlin.

My mother had to leave the rooms in the Amine home, because her brother-in-law Alexander Boy sold the property, but she found a new shelter in two low parlor rooms of a half-timbered house (opposite the former home), where the policeman Adam lived and who later became a friend of my parents.

It is here where I first remember events from my childhood, connecting people and events. I remember my first playmates, the fraternal siblings.

We Siblings in Prussian Friedland

My older brother Carl, who as has been said, was born on the mill property at Scheune near Stettin and developed into a strong, bright boy, who made it incredibly easy to raise high hopes. He was ahead of the rest of us not only in age, but also in his natural intelligence. This secured him the fraternal rule, which he understood and perceived with sensible dignity. That he was therefore usually responsible for the pranks of the younger ones, should not be surprising in that this is the usual way of growing up.

The brother, Gottwalt, who was born after me, was of great mental agility. Like Carl, he had a natural intelligence, but this was more in the form of mischievousness, when turning us one against the other. He was a master in distracting our attention in order to grab the pieces of meat, which rarely came as a delicacy on our plates. At Christmas in 1871, my father came from Berlin to Prussian-Friedland to spend the festival in the company of his own family. He brought us kids toy soldiers, and also for Carl and me each a picture book. For the two and a half year old Gottwalt, such a gift was not yet appropriate. Playfully he snatched my book, and said that he would put it in the fire in the stove, and then said with a satisfied smile: "Well, I have nothing, you have nothing." This is the first Christmas that I remember. Despite their plight, my parents had decorated a fir tree that chased the problems away for awhile with its bright lights, and the joy was also multiplied because of the presence of the long absent husband and father.

In February 1872, the newly-born brother Ernst was in the cradle. Carl and I had to concentrate on letting the little one sleep.

The following is a report of myself. I was born on the 9 December 1867 on the mill property of Friedland Prussia at a time when snow and frost were present in the world to welcome the Magi. According to former custom, babies were entrusted as soon as possible to the blessing hand of the church. I was taken when I was four days old to be baptized in the city despite the cold. I well was well protected by my Godmother Aunt Ida Boy who carried me in the folds of her cloak. Maybe the wintry chill had given me a cold, because I accompanied the final blessing of the pastor with sneezing three times at appropriate intermediate times. The "wise" women interpreted through this event that one day I would have property. This sort of notion was common in the areas where they inspired the wishes and hopes of a laborious working country people.

I had flax-colored hair when young, and it could be seen from a distance. I only gradually got the dark hair color of my parents. When I was two and a half years old I got my first pants. They were my pride, but I enjoyed them only for a short time. One day I came too close to the kitchen fire, and the main part of the pants burned in the scorching flame. In its repair, patches were used in such abundance that it led others to call me the annoying name "the little shoe maker." My character was different than that of my siblings. I was less active than they were and thought more in a naive way about this and that. A tendency which is often referred to as reflection. This was accompanied by the desire to make things, such as natural or man-made, and to check out on their ultimate cause. Only this was usually quite impractical, because when I saw, for example, one day, that my father's pocket watch had stopped, I wanted to put a hammer to it to get it going.

The location of the Adams's house, where my mother lived since the summer of 1871, gave the children the opportunity to play at the nearby market place. There, the playing was practiced by preference, in which a child was trying to catch the other. We ran between the houses to the old church at the center of the square, racing each other. One day I was run over and thankfully I escaped with life and limb. In the immediate vicinity of our house was a steep sloping path that led down to the city lake past the courthouse, it was a place of winter pleasures. We used solid planks to slide fast, and safely travel to the bottom. Another pleasure we called "flipping." We threw clumps of clay to the top of a willow as high as we could. Whoever was able to throw the highest and most lumps, became king. This significant rank was also given to one of us siblings that could undress himself the fastest at bedtime. My brother and I welcomed the festival of Easter in 1872 finding the branch of the Easter birch at grandmother's

house. This custom was common in the eastern provinces as Easter morning risers were surprised with the merry pranks of those with a verdant birch branch. Lying in bed, individuals had to give the pranksters a gift and this usually consisted of eggs.

With the meager resources that were available from the remittances from my father at this time, it was not easy for my mother to run the household as she had four young mouths to feed. But she often made it possible, as in later years, to manage with very little. We always were cleanly dressed, and on the wall in the hallway was a shelf lining up boots for our restless feet, whose tips were provided after the fashion of the place with brafs protection edges.

On Sunday, my mother gladly went to church. Looking back, I can see her in the hoop skirt and colorful colored long scarf as she walks with reverent seriousness through the market place with that big song book in hand, disappearing into the house of God. On the whole, she kept up her pious trust in God all her life, in which she took comfort and strength in the difficult days of her life.

At this point let me introduce a personality who was a member at the church in Friedland, the old servant Kopelke. This man was a widower, and he did not have to care for a family. But despite having enough money, he had a funny trait in his life. His favorite food was a thick pea slurry he cooked for himself year after year, making enough to store for a whole week. The solid slurry was wrapped in a paper bag and placed in his coat, and it gave the church man sustenance during his day's work, because regardless of the place or time he ate from his bag of pea slurry to give him strength for his work. The pea cooker compares to another city original: the former Lieutenant Picarde, who was friendly with a glass of alcohol, and proclaimed himself a man of war. His preparation for saying goodbye was comical in nature because before starting to leave he "strengthened himself." He got up and walked past his potion and stood some distance away and proclaimed his steadfastness. He then rewarded himself for this, turned back, and drank the glass of alcohol.

The surging enthusiasm everywhere about the success of the German weaponry in the war against France also overtook us children. With fresh voices singing "The power on the Rhine", whose text we always limited only to a repetition of the verse: "Dear Fatherland, have no fear!" It gave us a lot of joy and the voice of the newly established country.

*"When the Prussians marched into France in 1870,
Did Napoleum smear his boots with petroleum."*

In a homecoming, an infantry division, with music and flying banners, marched through the town in the early summer of 1871. We boys were quickly called to the place, and we followed the cheering hordes by the mill gate to the Dobriner Way.

However, at the beginning of the war, opinions were divided about the prospects of victory, and there were many people who found it difficult to believe in a failure of the French armaments. The quarreling and debating had no end. Two citizens had the idea to replace the predictions with a symbolic example. A goldfish and a young pike were brought and placed together in a water vat. The goldfish was the Germans and the pike the French. It was expected that both would fight each other, and the outcome of the struggle would be important for the enemy nations. But see, none of the other fish did any harm, they swam peacefully around each other, and then there was nothing to the prediction of the outcome for the great nations.

Despite the loss of belongings, my parents had a quiet satisfaction because of their children, and they were filled with the hope of a speedy reunion. But fate tested them even more, even to the edge, because sickness and death left their devastating track. In the spring of 1872, my mother fell ill with smallpox, which took its toll. It threatened the entire area. Again, my mother saw the shadow of death, but she overcame this attack and rose eventually to recover from her deathbed. Fortunately, the disease did not leave even the slightest marks on her body. Soon after, epidemics attacked the area children, namely cerebral meningitis and scarlet fever in conjunction with diphtheria. The diseases invaded and destroyed those who looked forward to the future with their young eyes. In the few cases where a child won the battle with spinal meningitis, it left the child deaf and dumb. Also, in our home death struck, and we children were infected with scarlet fever and diphtheria, and all my siblings were snatched away. Ernst and Gottwalt in the same hour, and in a final flourish, Carl, five days later. I myself overcame the infection, but I had to suffer for years with dangerous side effects. Wrapped in a blanket, they carried me to my last farewell to the brothers as they slumbered peacefully in their small coffins.

Already at the beginning of her illness my mother had moved with us children into the big house of our grandmother on the other side of town. There, my brothers died, and there my mother and I regained our health. Four strong boys, and I was the only one left, belongings were lost and the parents were separated: it was for my mother a terrible time. The deepened pain both parents experienced made them desire even more to be together soon. Since we were now only a few people, my parents were hoping to be able to find a suitable home in expensive Berlin, despite the low income that my father had at the time. Almost the only belongings my mother took with us were the nice beds, in the first days of September 1872. We met in Berlin at the east train station on Güstriner place. My father was waiting for us on the train platform. The long separation had made him a stranger to me, and the disease had robbed me of openness to others. Holding my hands behind me, I went back to the train station wall to avoid my father in childhood shyness. Deeply moved, the severely tested parents saw each again.

My Parents in Berlin

A decisive step was taken. Our family came from rural conditions in which by virtue of their descent and they started out at the bottom of the large city, and with the new location arose entirely different tasks and requirements for the younger generation.

Friedrich Dumke, a previously mentioned cousin of my mother, had settled in a house at No. 24 Münzstrasse in Berlin after his marriage and established at the corner of Dragonerstrasse a small business. My mother and I initially stayed with him. My father in 1871 also had stayed with him a short time after his departure from Prussian-Friedland, and had then taken employment in the arts and entertainment district of Moabit. At this time there was a great population explosion in Berlin and there was a tremendous housing shortage. However, my parents soon succeeded in obtaining a residence at No. 18 Grenadierstrasse.

This was on the third floor of a courtyard building, and consisted of a room, a chamber and a kitchen, and offered a view of a projecting roof to the courtyard. Narrow spiral stairs lead up to it. But despite the simplicity of the environment, my parents considered themselves happy in the knowledge that they lived together and possessed a home life. I myself did not mind the small kingdom, because it gave me an opportunity to play, and I often amused myself, sitting on the inclined roof, to send soap bubbles into the world. Also, I was attracted to the rain

gutters on the roof edge, walking out to the edge, for which of course my father registered his "strong" displeasure.

Like in former times, my parents had both good and serious days granted to them in the new home. Thus a little sister (Luise) pleased us by her appearance, a healthy, happy child. But within eight months she died from convulsive teething, and again the hill of a young grave rose.

By the end of 1872, we celebrated the first Christmas in Berlin and it was made special with a wooden gun and a hand crank box as gifts from my parents.

In our building lived for a time the merchant Kuenzel, a sensitive young man and a pastor's son from Silesia, who spent time with me and often surprised me with gifts. I thanked him for his stimulation and instruction. My father also spent time with me in his free time, and several times we took little Sunday walks away from the city. We walked down the path through the Schönhauser to Lothringerstrasse, a path that quickly led to an open area, because immediately behind those roads were the distant village Pankow and Weissensee, and there were large open fields. Today it is where the Schönhauser Allee is filled with a maze of streets and houses. This was also where the lone "Windmühlenberg" was located with five busily clattering mills. This interested us most.

Simultaneously a plethora of other images emerge, which take me back to that "old" Berlin, of which I received a strong, lasting impression despite my youth. Volatile and sometimes random selection are outlined here.

A Look Back at the Old Berlin

A long time ago the patriarchal simplicity and modesty has disappeared in Berlin, but this magic world city offers no substitute for the pleasures that then prepared us children of the yard and the quiet street. How happy and free we moved on them!

The month of Pentecost came to the country, as shouts of cockchafers (June bugs), cockchafers, pieces of three needles, a cheaper price, which was based on the fact that every year a more plentiful abundance was in that exchange item! The first song I sang as a five year old referred to these cockchafers.

*Cockchafer fly, your father is at war;
Your mother is in Pommerland, Pommerland is spent.
Cockchafer fly.*

From pins we made a product of our own skill for fun, windmills made of folded paper being blown on wooden sticks in the wind.

Sometimes we saw at our court the Savoyarden and their menacing dancing bears, or apes whose acrobatic jumps amused us. We looked at men through the mysterious eyeglass, and we devoutly listened to the sounds of barrel organs, which pleased the eyes at the same time with images and moving dolls. For the most part we had the bagpipers and those grotesque musicians, who with reed flute and timpani and bells and little ringing bells played their "court music." All these people came at their own expense, because the money rolled in and everyone gladly gave of their own profits.

Because the waves of joy still filled people over the three successful wars, it produced a confident lifestyle, which showed itself particularly in the carefree spending of money. Yes, even the simple craftsmen, bricklayers and carpenters, drove to work in closed cabs around the city, proud to be able to afford this. This was because their daily wages amounted to twenty to twenty-five Marks.

At the same time I also often saw men, who actually carried the traces of battle as former warriors, particularly those with wooden legs and crippled arms, pale, and wearing the soldier caps on their heads.

Next I will look and review a number of localities that have since disappeared, or have gone through fundamental changes and taken on a whole new look.



Spree.

The Hercules bridge! How many times did I go to visit it and stand in awe before its wonderful fabled characters, and nearby was the famed Stempel shopping area, from where I picked up the coffee for my mother. On the way I came past small houses that were old and needed work, but yet they provided the people hospitable protection. Their basement entrances and front stairs opened to the sidewalk, and also the doors opened to the old emblems of the guilds: the key of the locksmith, the horseshoe of the blacksmith and the pretzel of the baker.

Turning from Alexanderplatz onto Königsgraben there was a row of houses from the time of Frederick (1712-1786), among them was one where Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm* was

written in 1765. Just down from there, where the Central Market Hall was located, was a wooden footbridge, the Kunowskzbrücke, that bridged the Königsgraben on the way to the new Friedrichstrasse. There, peeping from behind lilac bushes and beautiful green plants, was the cottage of the Roch family who was entitled to collect tolls, and their representative energetically collected the copper charge from the window.

At the time of our old Emperor William, the passage through the courtyard of the Royal Palace to the Lustgarten was free, and I often went that way through the silently defiant walls. On both sites rose, at the start of Advent, stalls of the Christmas market, that dear old Christmas market, to which even the former members of the Royal House descended the stairs. How modest were the treasures which it presented! There drummed on the horsehair thread the woodland devil, its bass was drowned out by the blaring light of the six guns. In a colorful group three sheep, jumping jacks and the recommended "Berlin jokers." In the tent were the sounds of a harmonica and a toy trumpet, and there emerged the aroma of freshly baked lard cakes. In other areas were piled high mountains of flour cookies and "Naute," gingerbread and sugar hearts, of apples and silver plated nuts! All these glories framed the stalls of the Christmas pyramids and the fir trees, and of dancing snowflakes playing. Especially at night we kids marveled at the beauty. Who suspects today, what a wealth of poetry and modesty, of cheerfulness and genuine delight were hidden in the airy and fun area of the city, which was located at the venerable castle. I think back, and instinctively, my lips inwardly repeat, the intimate, homey song, "Oh you joyful, Oh you blessed, You grace-bringing Christmas time!"

To the left from our home the way led to Hirtenstrasse and the so-called Scheunenviertel (barn area), a tangle of old, narrow streets, which are now gone and have given way to the Bülowplatz area. Near the center of that area at the corner of Hirten (Shepherd) and the Kleinen Alexanderstrasse (Little Alexander Street) was a simple, serious schoolhouse, the city school where I received the first lessons. Just moments from this and our apartment was where Kaiser Wilhelm Strasse intersected the Münzstrasse, lay the beautiful Victoria Theatre where operas and films were so well received. I imagined those glories through the announcements at the entrance of the theater, the "Journey Around the World in Eighty Days," "The Children of Captain Grant" and others in large letters.

Gradually through thrift my parents succeeded in better establishing themselves and to better their situation little by little, and my father received a more lucrative position as foreman in the factory Harbarth, who was, if I'm not mistaken, a distant relative from the West Prussian homeland. As the workplace was far away at No. 3 Dresdener Strasse at Cottbus, we moved to the Reichenbergerstrasse No. 162 to be closer. But it was not a happy place because of the high rent, and we lived there only three quarters of a year. Then we moved in April 1876 to Adalbertstrasse No. 72 - later renumbered 86.

It was a small but comfortable home on the first floor of the front building. From it we could see the ABC Protector, a higher boys' school, which was housed in a separate side building in the courtyard across from us. That place of knowledge led to the goal of a one-year certification, and was the property of our new landlord, Louis Herbst. Soon I was added as one of his pupils.

Near our apartment on the Mariannenplatz were streets that had areas that were covered with sod and therefore were suitable for playing games, especially for hunting a large variety of butterflies that flew there in large quantities. Often I would go that way to my father's workplace near Cottbus place. Between Cottbuser and the Admiralstrasse, there stood under

the trees a low old country house, the restaurant "Zur Linde," whose garden was a paradise for the middle class. In this whole area the street traffic was quite light and we could even identify the daytime trains, ringing and wheezing with a great effort as they transported coal from the Görlitz train station past Skalistzer road to the gasworks on Gitschiner street. Sometimes a train would stop on the tracks, and so we boys in an act of courage, climbed over the coupling of train cars.

Down from the Cottbus Place near Cottbus Street and Admiral Street, the road was nearly undeveloped, and only a solitary house stood here and there. Also, on Gitschiner street in the area of the Halle Gate and Belle Alliance Street up to Tempelhof fields were lightly settled. Even the current horticultural gardens at Victoria Park at Kreuzberg at that time were nothing but desolate, barren sand hills, intersected with some canyon-like depressions. Near the present Memorial Bridge, was the "Lehmkute," a public house from the pre-march period, a place to have an excellent wheat beer (Cool Blonde). It overlooked the Tivoli Restaurant, which was dominated by freedom battle memorial at Tempelhof field, and was an inviting place for a drink under the trees. Today it is the garden serving the Schultheiss brewery.

Now the walk went to the nearby Hasenheide Park, the last remnants of the distinguished Brandenburg beauty on the outskirts of the city. Here the nature-loving middle class spent Sunday with the kids. How often did they ask the stunted pines, the painfully poignant question:

*Who made you, you beautiful forest,
Mounted together up there so high?*

And what a mess at her feet! Attracted by the Sunday filling of the Jewish purses, merchants came near to gather the shoppers in screaming auctions. The gigantic gingerbread was raffled by lot. A married couple serving as street minstrels played on a lyre telling the myth of a "chilling ballad," explaining the song with childlike grotesque images.

Freely accessible from all sides, the heath surrounded the Jahn playground, who was the father of gymnastics. It served a green pathway to wander with one another to Castle Mountain Brewery, later the New World in Nixdorf (Neukölln).

As we go over the Berlin side of the road, we see a long row of beer and coffee gardens, situated behind hedges in rural simplicity, and one is reminded of the well-known verses:

*The old tradition is not broken;
Families can make coffee.*

Graceful manners did not flourish there, but people probably joked and were in foul moods. Far removed from school musical accompaniment, was a swift carousel, with its popping dynamometer making sounds like rifles on the shooting ranges. There were sausages and dice playing booths, tents with jugglers and fire eaters, and sea monsters and all the wonders that a respective fair visitor's heart would want.

Also there were dance halls in abundance. "Accelerated by flattering ways, pairs danced in the round," the cooks with their Sundays treasures, the naive blond infantryman. In addition one sang the songs of the "Kanapee" and "At the Green Shoreline of the Spree."

In the Gratweilschen restaurant, the present Union Brewery, males and females rattled on roller skates on an asphalt track, the Skating Rink. Temporarily then came into fashion the roller skates with cumbersome simple tools, and after 30 years later went back to the graceful form of the sport today. Soon after, naturalized fast running, a movement that united the best runners in competition took place on the track of the small garden of Gratweilschen, and on weekdays it drew the young and many friendships developed. On weekdays the wealthier citizens went to the Hasenheide. Their goal was the Cafe Heine at the corner of Fichtestrasse, an old pub with a garden restaurant, which retained its popularity into the first decade of this century.

Two very popular entertainment gardens were on the edge of today's Kaiser-Friedrich-Platz: the Heidereiter and the Kellers Hofjäger. There were beautiful children's parties especially in the latter, which delighted the kids with parades on harvest wagons, with dancing and sweet falling rain, torchlight processions and chants. An important role was given here to the puppets of the puppet theaters. Artists, of which Linde was an almost celebrated size. The first question of his puppets to the children gathered was: "Are you all here?" The answer was a confident loud "Yes!" After that another question: "Have you any money?" a hundred-voices: "No!" The puppets then promptly said: "Out!"

The current strict access to the military shooting ranges in the port Heath was then not in place, and we often ran as unsuspecting boys on the ramparts back and forth with great energy chasing our ball. Finally, one thinks of the picturesque guard house that was a neighbor of the Hofjäger. It housed the post for guarding military installations. As in ancient times, in the evening the guard house lowered a barrier over the undulating sand path, which today is the Lehniner and Siboldstrasse.

The text of the popular waltz from the "Green Shore of the River Spree" was not wrong, because the banks of the Spree and the canals were in large part unregulated, and invading the shallow water was actually a lush lawn. Also, access to the water was free almost everywhere, so we boys had the opportunity to play in nature, in the grass and reeds, and with water beetles and snails. In the winter, we loved the solid ice, as we slid from shore to shore in rows, and even timidly ventured out as skaters. What a pleasure it was for us when father once took a winter walk with me and the four year old brother Fritz and took us near the present urban port across the crystal cover of the Landwehr Canal. And how afterwards we tasted the steaming coffee that we were received from our mother!

Also in the area of the zoo, the Spree did not flow in a straight line, and because of that it looked more beautiful than today. In addition, among the tents cavorted numerous rowing boats. Gondolas and tour boats were on the water with a concert of barrel organs. This gave a picture of cheerfulness and cordiality, which now we probably search for in vain.

However, the streams did not have those monumental stone bridges, which are so common now in the city. On the Spree there were almost entirely hewn wood bridges with folding sections that had to be pulled out when a barge when through the passage.

This old Berlin, much of which is not evident today, influenced my childhood and youth. So much appears to me as strange in review. The canvas tents of a weekly market were erected on the quiet, sandy Dönhoffplatz. From the Spittelmarkt one could see the age-old church, the Getraudtenkapelle. Often I stopped at its wooden door to view the dim interior.

Upon entering the Dönhoff place in the Leipziger Strasse, where today there is the older part of the Tietzschen department store, was the comfortable middle class "Concert House," where the conductors Bilde and Mender swung their white canes. It was very popular, and a respectful and appreciative audience filled the hall every night. It also served another very helpful cause, because the Concert House was the most reasonable and reliable place for weddings in Berlin.

We turn back to the Spittelmarkt and come on the narrow Gertraudtenstrasse to the Mühlendamm. Here decrepit, deteriorating little houses stretch over to the whey market, with its useless semicircular canals and dark grounds, a forgotten piece of the Middle Ages. From this basic cell, from which gradually developed today's Berlin, a city of the margraves with millions of inhabitants and the Kaiser's residence.

Near here lived the Jewish shopkeepers and the dawdlers, of which was sung in the vernacular:

*On the mill dam
A man sits with a sponge ...*

Behind the tree lined streets lay the urban mills. Here the view of the Spree was that of fishery plants and the ancient working places of the dyers, who put their materials out on crooked wood galleries for drying. Here also was the old Köln city hall, which was at the intersection of Scharren and Gertraudtenstrasse, over-looking the quiet and serious fish market. The details of this building are stamped into my memory because this is where I began in the year 1888 my position as student of the Berlin municipal government. I received here my first lessons in bureaucratic wisdom as a trainee, in the room where once the meetings of the City Council had convened.

At the Molkenmarkt beyond the Mühlendamms was the weathered cluster of buildings of the police headquarters, the former city bailiwick. From here it was a few steps to the city hall on Königstraße and to the new market, where the resplendent tower of Sankt Marien reached upward. Near this church with its incredible crucifix, was a ring of houses, where a narrow lane to Königstraße was left empty because of the king's wall that was despised by the inhabitants.

On the way over the fishermen and the island bridge one came to the Cöpenicker Road, and then along to the Silesian Gate. Here still stood another remnant of an old city wall with the low gate where the guard tower stood. It now was a tavern that eked out its existence from the cab drivers drinking its "zweeter Jüte." We continued to go past Sachses Wellenbad with its artificial waves into the Silesian forest and from it through wild forest areas to Treptow. It was a tiny community, because from forest and green meadows appeared only a few moss-covered little houses with small gardens. It was so secluded that I gladly made a Sunday's walk here with companions.

Treptow was considered far from Berlin, as well as the other suburbs Schöneberg and Wilmersdorf, Lichtenberg and Rummelsburg. All these villages offered their attraction to happy nature walkers who wanted to be "in the country." Yes, even the wealthiest families went there to spend the summer months quietly and happily in low farmer rooms and simple gazebo. I went to each of these places once, with school friends or with parents, who made it possible to travel there by Kremser (gate car) for a few pennies.

There was also Stralau, the quiet fishing village on the River Spree. In midsummer, old and young streamed out to its folk festival, the Stralauer catch, to taste the national dish of eel, cucumber and wheat beer and to be part of a large swarm of people. New Year's Eve here in Berlin was almost like a carnival because to get a real fish course one needed a fake nose and glasses of window glass. Only once did I see this hilarity. It has gradually faded from existence, and is now probably gone forever.

About 1882, a school trip led me to Tegel, where reeds and forest stood, and with its ancient house and its memories, the great Humboldt radiated its own charm. Later a horse-drawn tram made it easier to get there. We also went to Pankow and Niederschonhausen. The former was particularly favored by adult dancers, and on Schönhauser Avenue the Puhlmann restaurant, which was very popular for many decades, was located.

As the most beautiful, but also the furthest hiking destination, was Grunewald. After all this time, there were not as many houses as in Berlin and Charlottenburg, and the forest was far away in lonely silence, an idyllic, undeveloped area without noisy people. So I went here on a Sunday visit. Youthful enthusiasm in the heart, we went to the Schildhornhalbinsel where there is a monument with the alleged shields of the slavic Jaczo. (Since then, the column was replaced by a larger new one).

We traveled back to Berlin. In my childhood, it was still a quiet town with a rather leisurely lifestyle. It did not have the roaring and raging, with the din and noise of today's metropolitan city.

Its oldest part gave the impression of provincial backwardness. Its cobblestone streets were irregular and angular between the houses, but it was mostly airy and light in mood. And where was the sewer? Until approximately the late seventies gutters ran continuously along the sides of the streets collecting the wastewater from the houses in a turbid river. It ran to a former fortification ditch, black and green, a twisting moat inside the city, and ending near the museum peninsula in the river Spree. The ditch and gutters did not only make one hold one's nose, but they also affected the traffic, because the gutters to the house entrances were covered with planks, which helped transition from the pavement to the road embankment. When the water was dammed by thunderstorms, the wide planks were washed away. Otherwise they served as a place for us children to play the popular Brückmännchen game, so named after the bridge watchman who tried to catch the crossing companions.

Not only through games, but also in other ways, useful and useless, was our youthful courage and agility expended, especially in the yard of Adalbert Street No. 86 on the gymnastic equipment that belonged to and that was maintained by the Herbst school. It provided us boys an opportunity for athletics and fun when we were out of school almost on a daily basis. There was also a wall next to the adjoining properties, near the Naunyn and Oranienstrasse, with gardens in the yards. There were grapes, and visits there were often not restricted to platonic flirtation with the sour, but so good tasting fruit.

Spring and summer lured us after the winter captivity to play outside on the yard and the road. Speed was practiced in a game of tag, marbles were played with small stone balls, and the trieseln, which with the impact of primitive whip wood gyroscopes were set in motion. Later on the clear-fresh days September appeared the paper dragons, products of our own talent, as we let them easily climb in flight over the Tempelhofer field.

That field stood in the heart of Berlin, as it was the place for the brilliant military parades that were held in spring and autumn reviewed by the top military officers. There, glittered, sparkled and flashed from helmets, swords and rifles, from saddlery, medal chains and cannons. And in the midst of the radiating sea were the Emperor and his retinue of enthusiastic ladies, Crown Prince, Prince Frederick Charles, the field marshal Molike and all the victorious commanders of the last war.

Yes, it was a time filled with great men and impressions, and I like to return to the images that have stayed with me from those years. Like the magnificent illuminations on the occasion of the Three Emperors' meeting on 5 September, 1872. It was to me, a young newcomer to Berlin, something incomprehensible. I was almost scared when my father led me through the mass crowds to the brightly illuminated town hall on Königstrasse.

Many times, I saw such a spectacle, because also on the anniversary of the Battle of Sedan and the birthdays of the ancient sovereigns were celebrated with festive lighting. For the birthdays also came the princes of many countries to give their congratulations, and receptions with their courtly splendor reached across the road to the reverently awaiting crowd. Even the young from Berlin came at their own costs, because there was no school and they came to Linden and positioned themselves to view the historic corner window of the Imperial Palace, and to march together with the marching commands of the guard. I also let the magnificent images of the ramps and the sight of the representatives of the great men of the time affect me.

I saw one famous person, the popular Field Marshal "Papa" Wrangel, in the summer of 1876 on Dranienstrasse. While he trotted along side the car, the Count tossed some copper coins among the swarming youth as was his custom.

I saw another great man eleven years later: Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor of the Empire, when he left his palace. From under the cuirassier helmet one could see the large eyes of the powerful man before whom all the states of Europe bowed.

Much activity ensued when the Crown Prince or the most revered old Emperor showed up! Enthusiasm and cheering arose along the streets ... Hail to you, Emperor! I was fortunate to see those world-historical heroes and receive a greeting from them a few times.

But it was a painful day, on 9 March, when the German Kaiser (*Wilhelm I, 22 March 1797 – 9 March 1888*) breathed his last breath, and a world stopped in mourning.

Laid out in the apse of the cathedral, the deceased received his homage from the nation and every day thousands welled in deep devotion to pass his coffin. Continuously, day and night, they flooded the area of the Linden and the Palace Square, just to get a glance of the face of the noble, highly revered one. I myself stood in the Palace Square since early in the morning and was finally wedged in the crowd between the castle and the old row of houses on the river Spree, and this limited my ability to move forward. I waited for nine hours, but I was not able to get into the cathedral.

However, I was on the Linden witnessing the overwhelming funeral procession in moving the sleeping one from Royal Cathedral to the Charlottenburg Mausoleum. Endlessly, the procession moved to the sounds of Chopin's funeral march through the veil wrapped Brandenburg Gate, where the inscription reads: Vale senex imperator! (Hail to the Emperor!). Walking, firm and pale, Crown Prince Wilhelm, was representing the Emperor, because at that

time Emperor Frederick was gravely ill in the southern part of the county. It was a very hard winter, and the formations of soldiers on the Charlottenburger Way suffered severely from the cold, and many of them had to be taken away on horses.

But as serious and cold as that day was, it brought me a joyful surprise. I arrived at home frozen and hungry, and my mother handed me an official letter: my summoning as supernumerary by the Berlin municipal authorities. It had arrived just a short time before.

There are many more memories that I could relate about the old Berlin and a period that changed so many things, but let me get back to my relationship with my parents.

To the Goals

The year 1876 had a special meaning for our family: my parents added the last branch to their family as my brother was born. Our lives were closely linked because we shared the good and bad days and the joy and suffering.

On 30 August during a school break, my father called me into the house and introduced me to Fritz, whom the stork had just brought. Delighted, I looked at the small one, but when I wanted to kiss him, he moved away from me with tremendous screaming and fidgeting.

At this time my mother was struck with child bed fever, and only after a fight lasting for weeks did she recover despite the lack of suitable care. Only I, a young kid, was available to care for the newborn child (I was nine years old). A few years later my father came down with a fever and measles, and was in great danger because of his age. Finally, however, my parents learned from this and bought life insurance.

Regardless of her weakness and physical delicacy, my mother always strove to wisely use the earnings of the father through strict budgeting, and in order to put savings aside. Because of



this I was expected to watch over my brother and to help with the domestic work. I loved to read and draw, but I had little spare time because I had to watch little Fritz.

In October 1879, my parents gave up their home at Adalbertstrasse No. 72, and obtained a more suitable place on the first floor of a house at Adalbertstrasse No. 2. Here lived with us a high school teacher at the Andreas Gymnasium, Doctor Bethke, a handsome man who had acquired the Iron Cross during the war of 1870/71 as an artillery officer and still held the rank of lieutenant in the Premier Reserve. We admired him because of the knowledge that he shared, and he and my father had a habit on Sunday mornings to chat an hour while smoking a cigar. We were very saddened, when Bethke, who had fallen into a dispute with a supervisor, shot himself in frustration because of unfair treatment.

In those years my mother had to survive a life-threatening surgery, yet they were still determined to make a large purchase. Through hard work and thrift, my parents had the sum of twelve hundred dollars in hand. To supplement my father's income, my mother decided in the autumn of 1882 to establish a small business at Stallschreiberstrasse No. 47 selling "oil, lights and soap." In a short time they developed it so that it produced a considerable profit.

Business was especially brisk before the holidays and I gladly took the opportunity to help my mother more than usual. Many a night we worked in the small shop and prepared customers' orders.

A rewarding but difficult task was made even more difficult because my mother was physically weak and she caught a cold several times so severely that she had high fevers. But even on those days, although she could barely walk due to weakness, she showed an amazing drive. She went to her business and performed all the duties of the business without any outside help, and only for short periods did she occasionally sit down on her chair in the yard. As the year 1888 approached, my mother had saved seven thousand dollars. However, her health had so deteriorated that she had to sell her business the fall of that year at the insistence of her doctor. My father still remained at Harbarth, who had moved his factory to Skalitzer Road No. 142 on private property.

Now we lived for a year, from October 1888 to 1889, at Cottbus Road No. 3. But accustomed to working and striving, my mother would not accept doing nothing and having the family rely solely on the income of the father. Their goal was a source of income from which they could benefit and make for more carefree living in their later years. So the parents bought an income producing property.

It was the time when a glorious change raised the simple Prussian capital Berlin to the rank of a world city. The alleys and lanes and the old-fashioned houses where the forefathers lived, faded away. Then, the old white beer pub was replaced to make room for Bräu place, with its bars and cafes with music. The telephone became common and the electric lamp, the tram and the big business houses with their thousands became normal. The suburbs of Berlin, formerly small country villages, grew to become proud municipalities, and became part of the city in their tasks and purposes.

Those early years were long gone when you could quickly purchase land with few resources and receive high gains. But after searching and negotiating, my parents managed to find a house that met their needs at the corner of Sebastian Street No. 53 and No. 64 Alexandrinenstrasse. It was an older house, as many are today in Berlin, and they bought it in July 1889 from the cloth manufacturer Reinhold Wolff for the price of 171,000 Marks. My mother understood that the acquisition was at a reasonable price and that they could gradually generate a good net income. For a long time it was more than 6000 marks per year.

With the beginning of the summer my father gave up his position at Harbarth and took over on 1 August the management of the property that remained in his possession for two decades. On 1 October 1889 we moved to the new home. My parents were delighted that they were now again on their own property. Through thrift, perseverance, intelligence and honesty they had finally battled back their way to success.

Certainly, my parents did not forget the past worries, sorrow, and suffering that would make the hearts of other people tremble. But that was far in the past, and had brought them nothing but shocks and disasters, as again and again the question of fate entered their lives.

There were still many difficulties to be overcome, pertaining to the development of the house and the mortgage, but then they also disappeared, and prosperity gradually returned to our home. It strengthened our confidence in the future of our family and allowed a modest quiet enjoyment of life. Hours of socializing came as dear friends were sitting at our table, where my mother always received warranted attention and praise, and provided excellent conversation. As a former holder of the green cloth, my father joined the "Association of Former Fighters of the German Army" in the winter of 1884. He was very loyal to this club and he was a welcome member. He was especially happy when my brother Fritz and I accompanied him to the club activities, and we enjoyed their well-organized festivals, including the annual club recognition meeting.

Since my mother was allowed to leave the house only on warm days because of her asthma, she liked to look from the window at the bustle of the street, and her favorite place was at the right window of the living room. Here she could view an elm whose branches stretched from the house to the sidewalk, and here she occasionally sang in a low voice one of those dear old songs from her girlhood: "Tired Returns a Wanderer Back," "Beautiful Is the Youth, It Comes No More" and others.

But I never saw my mother idle. Even in moments of relaxation, she at least did handiwork, and only when she became weak in recent years, did she lie down for a short rest on the sofa. Because of her desire to work and be active, even though the economic situation allowed it, she never let herself be assisted by someone else: but only my father assisted her. It was a happy time when the parents took care of the household and we grown sons participated as we were able. All the paperwork fell on me, and my mother used to say jokingly, for such work I should consider myself her secretary.

But unfortunately my mother could not ignore the signs of her deteriorating health. Especially during the change of seasons she suffered breathing difficulties, and finally she had to struggle with bouts of heart weakness. Convinced that death would come quickly to her, she had everything well-ordered, even her blouse, stockings and a slim white skirt hanging in the closet. Since in winter she had to give up going to church, she read the Bible and the hymnbook at home. But during the mild summer days she was strong enough to go outside.

To promote their health, the parents sometimes took up a summer residence near Berlin, at Woltersdorfer Schleufe and Fichtenau near Rahnsdorf. The strengthening desire for the forest and the distance from the big city noise always created a good rest. It cleared and refreshed my mother as she returned to the urban home in the fall. My brother Fritz and I also went there for most of Sunday to be with our parents and did not return to Berlin until Monday morning.

Like all the big city apartment buildings, it also caused a lot of work and complaints, particularly when the frustration with tenants and contractors increased. But there were also days of rest and internal collection. Nearby the bells of the Luisenstadt church rang their melody and the church was filled with the pious for serious devotion at festivals.

How nice it was for Christmas! Early on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, Fritz and I returned home from work, and in a festive mood, the final preparations were made for the coming

hours. Then we went with our father to the Christmas service, which was celebrated with the glorious uplifting of the Christmas tree in our dear old church. My mother remained inside due the winter cold, and while at home she prepared food and drink and made everything pleasant. Fritz then played the piano, we shared gifts, and the glimmer of a fir tree adorned the corner room of our apartment and sent its resinous fragrance in all the rooms. We were all together, and while outside the snowflakes danced, we listened to our father, who told of his life, of his parents' house and the distant days of his childhood.

Home of our parents, a stronghold of comfort and confidence, how much love have you given us boys. We sat warmly in you, even as we already had for a long time become fledglings!

At Easter our mother never neglected to give us a stern message as a gift. A few days before her death came at the dawn of Easter morning, she came to Fritz and me. She said to us: This is the last time. You are old enough to get married. Next year you will be alone with your father.

With her life-long partner, she looked back to the far-off time of common struggles and worries, and with him they had the desire to once again see their sites even in old age and to set foot on native soil. To fulfill the desire, the parents made a trip in the summer of 1901 to West Prussia. Unfortunately, my mother declared that she would never go back to Prussian Friedland again.

It happened as she said.

The last important task she had was to settle the mortgage on our house, which expired on the first of April 1903. Then came a cold spring that led to her last sickbed. As she left to care for and support a sick old tenant, she already had the fever of pneumonia, the deadly rhyme to which she would succumb in five days, on Saturday the 25th April 1903, six-thirty in the evening, as she slumbered gently into eternity.

Many people followed her coffin when she was buried in peace on 29 April at the old Luisenstadtkirch cemetery on Bergmannstrasse. We remember the poignant sermon of Pastor Knauert of the Luisenstadtkirche, whom we personally knew. Here, an appropriate gift was given to my mother: the fulfillment of a desire she often expressed. It was a beautiful sunny spring day, the birds were singing, and trees and shrubs were showing their first green buds. The grave is located in the third row on the second avenue side. By her side was his place, which at the same time my father chose for himself. A granite obelisk stands at the head of the silent place, and as suffering and burden had not prevailed against the faith of our parents, we gave them the inscription of Sirach 51, verse 35 [27]: "I've had a little time, effort and work and have found great solace."

My mother had the build of fine and medium-sized woman, who enjoyed in later years a certain plumpness. In this she resembled her own deceased mother, and she also inherited from her the dark brown eyes and dark hair, which remained in its original beautiful color and fullness to death.

My mother was a wise and strong-willed woman who found satisfaction only in work. With an aversion to idleness she had a deep dislike for the comfort of those groups of many women who visited over coffee and conversed about vain and petty things. Her principle was "work and do not despair," and thus she steered the ship of our family safely through all perils.

Mature in life and suffering, she was averse to conflict. She stood firm only in a legitimate defense. Nevertheless, she suffered many wrongs, when according to the laws of nature she expected love.

After the death of my mother, the household had to be entrusted to outside female help. Their help assisted my father who was overwhelmed with the economic affairs of the household. But he still worked in the affairs of property and in the welfare of the joint household. He alone was now our head, and our love and concern were solely for him.

My father appreciated a vigorous walk, and it was his desire almost daily to go with me to the Luisenstadt cemetery to our mother's grave. All those hours were filled with chatter, and especially they were about the past and the fate of our family problems. Moreover, my father was an early riser with great interest and understanding of weather prediction. This is explained by his original profession: for the city dwellers the weather is just a question of greater or less convenience, but it is the question of life for farmers and millers.

My father was never political, but as a former soldier and a son of a rural family, he was deeply loyal to the king and therefore a member of that party.

For several years we saw with growing concern my father dealing with the same ailments which my mother had fought: asthma and symptoms of hardening of the arteries. To mitigate this, we went in the summers of 1907 and 1908 to the Bavarian mountains, for the use of wholesome baths in Tolz. With good results, my revitalized father returned to Berlin. Later, he liked to tell of all the beauty that he saw on those trips from Munich and Schliersee, from Wackersberg and of his climb to the incomparable Zwiesel.

Soon after, it was the fulfillment of a long-held desire: he welcomed the entry of a daughter-in-law, my Lisa, into our family. Also, in the following year, 1909, we were travel companions, and we opted for the small and intimate Bad Steben in Frankenwalde. At the same time, we also wanted to give my young wife her privacy, as we looked forward to the arrival of a sprout.

It was in the autumn of the same year. His age and the stress of being a homeowner had increased my father's desire to be free from his property, all the more so because the house was outdated and was beginning to deteriorate. He therefore sold it 1 October to the merchant S. Deutsch, who acquired it for the price of 182,500 marks. Although the profit was not large, it was enough to allow my father now to live entirely on his pension.

My brother Fritz worked towards a military supply certificate since 1895 at various bureaus and was eventually hired in Lichtenberg near Berlin as an assistant magistrate in a Bureau. After my father sold his property, he and my brother in September 1909 moved to Lichtenberg to the house at Normannenstrasse No. 20. He was obligated to transfer his residence to the place of employment. Here we joyfully celebrated on 30 January 1910 our father's birthday and the completion of his seventieth year. His joy was increased by the presence of the little grandson Hans-Joachim. At that time, however, my father began to fail because all the struggles in his life had weakened him and he approached the end of his life. Moreover, my brother fell ill. Hostility from coworkers and severe management affected him so that he had to take a long treatment in a sanatorium. When this happened, the apartment was swapped with another one at Weichselstrasse No. 14 (Lichtenberg) in September 1911. This was the last one that my father lived in before his induction into the eternal dwellings.

In search of relief for his bad heart, in the summer of 1912 I went with him to Silesia in the spa Rudowa. But the results did not last, because the heart and respiratory problems soon became problematic again. When my brother, in the beginning of October, went to stay after a short recovery in the suburb Tichtenau, my father stayed in my and my Lisa's household for that time. He was happy that on the beautiful warm autumn days he could go from our apartment to the nearby Luisenstadt cemetery to visit the grave of our mother. But every day he had agonizing attacks of breathlessness. In one of them, the last, his heart failed and it stopped forever. It was on 12 October 1912, on Saturday evening at 10:15. He knew that he was near his end, and my father died in my arms and followed his beloved wife, our mother, into eternity. He also died as a devout Christian with the name of God on the lips.

On Wednesday afternoon we carried him to his partner after a farewell service, which was consecrated by the beautiful, dignified words of Pastor Thiessen of the Luisenstadt church. To honor their brother, the eldest of the family, came from afar the siblings Ernst, August, and Marie. In a show of friendship many representatives of the veteran's association and fighters from the wars of 1866 and 1870/71 accompanied the coffin. Above the tomb was the green silk cloth of the flag, which my father himself followed so often. The last time was two weeks before his death at the funeral of the old comrade Loth. Then they took the water taxi over to the Hasenheide, where a last toast was raised to the "equestrian Heath", dedicated to honoring the memory of our good one.

*Receive him, Lord, in grace
The brave comrade --
Now he went to rest.
And we, companions of his youth,
Included in the old loyalty
Close the lid of his coffin.*

*Cheer to quiet, your brothers!
Also, we are weary and tired --
Until it reached us.
Look forward to the blooming spring --
He overcomes his wreaths ...
Maybe the next for me.*

As a long-time resident, where he achieved his advancement and possessions, my father wished to die in Berlin. That came to pass, for in the immediate vicinity of his faithful companion, he breathed his last. The official departure from Lichtenberg back to the domestic capital as a citizen was made before his going to the tomb.

Still another wish needed to be put in order: from the time of the campaigns my father possessed military decorations, which he tended to put on at festive occasions. They were now orphans. In order to secure for them a worthy place, we gave them for safekeeping to the Luisenstadtkirche on the Sebastianstrasse, where my father always felt deeply moved. There they hang together with other witnesses of a large martial time

*"To honor the dead
The survivors learning."*

Like my grandfather, my father was of medium size (1.65 m). At a later age he showed his muscular build and compact form. Over gray brown eyes was a large forehead, which made appear serious and melancholic. My father had a gregarious nature, inclined to entertainment and chat. To his pedantic ancestors he owed an organized mind and the joy of learning through good books. His rural ancestry accounted for an enthusiastic affection for nature. Behind the simplicity and modesty of his nature were the characteristics of a brave character that was free of falsehood and conceit. As carrier of the Boy family blood, he possessed considerable thriftiness, but unfortunately he had to put up with another maternal inheritance, a slight excitability, which occasionally left him off balance. What he lacked in self-determination and ability was supplemented by the wisdom and powerful features of his companion, our mother. As they supplemented and encouraged each other, they both loved each other until death.

Rest gently you good and splendid parents! We sons think back in love and with grateful hearts of you. Your education and guidance and your painstaking care did everything for our good. For you held your hand over us, if our foot stumbled, and encouraged us, if we were on right way. How great was the bitter lot you tasted. How much misunderstanding did you have to go through in order to walk upward! Your life should have always been carefree and richer in joy as your earned!

But you fought a good honest fight. May the Lord God reward you in eternity, for what you worked for in the temporal!

His peace be with you!