

The Sixth Generation

"Just the thought is yours, not the output." (Shakespeare)

As we saw earlier, of all the siblings that fate gave to me, only the last-born, youngest brother Fritz remained. I am intimately connected with the events of his life and share with him in both the good and bad times. And the bad times were many!

On 1 April 1877, Fritz was baptized in St. Thomas church, and he then attended Luisenstadt secondary school, in order to become a merchant after his confirmation. At age eighteen, in October 1894, he entered into military service, as a volunteer in the third battery of the guard field artillery regiment No. 2, whose home was the old Frederick barracks in Kupfergraben. But after barely four months of service, he had an accident and was injured by the kick of a horse above the left eye on the forehead and as a result he became an invalid.

He was given a military pension and through the civil service bill he received the opportunity like me to pursue civil service, a career that promised better progress than the eventful career of a merchant. He was first active in various public authorities at different places. Finally, he was employed since January 1901 at the Office of Management in the Lichtenberg Bureau as an assistant and then becoming a senior assistant magistrate in the city. He demonstrated conscientiousness and good writing in his new profession, but he desired and was better suited for a position in administrative field services rather than working with the pen.

Fond of music, Fritz liked playing the piano, and his enjoyment of nature led him on beautiful and instructive trips. So he went through some German provinces, and yes, even in the summer of 1905, he travelled to the shores of the Mediterranean.

Fritz was a very kindhearted and open person, but his sensitivity often led to difficulties and created enmity and misjudging. With a stately body stature, which towers above our older family members, Fritz originally was a happy person. But obnoxiousness, fights and spitefulness for many years in his last managerial position made him gradually depressed and finally affected his health in such a way that it was acknowledged by the service and on 1 March 1913 he received a pension.

It would be presumptuous to make myself the subject of extensive coverage, but in the context of this chronicle, I will briefly report in broad outlines my own experiences.

In appearance and attitude I am like my father, and I feel I also have some of his inner qualities, especially in my strong emotions and communicating, and the propensity for intuition and experience. An overwhelming enjoyment of nature leads me to hiking and going out into the countryside and meeting people much like my ancestors, and I prefer the simplicity of rural conditions such as coarse food and simple living and thinking. I have an interest in the performing arts, drawing and painting. As a grandson, I inherited thriftiness, but unfortunately also great soft-heartedness.

Different from that of my parents, outwardly my life has been free of vicissitudes and misfortunes. But that is only external, for it also has not been easy. There were excitements and disappointments, and hurts and internal struggles. I will not go into them. But in whatever

happened, I kept my ideals and always strove for the possession of a right attitude. Do others recognize this? We know:

*"Everyone sees what you seem to be,
Few know who you are."*

My youth coincided with the loss of my parent's possessions and the struggle for survival, and they therefore thought that I would share in the concerns and help in their work. Because my mother was ailing constantly, and my father absorbed in work, I helped to provide assistance in raising the younger brother and assisted my mother in her work. How often have I sighed as a boy, if only I had less of a burden and would be able to run free and happy like my playmates. It was not easy at the time, since we had our business on Stallschreiberstrasse and my mother often lying ill from disease. At that time, I assisted with the income by providing education to younger students, so I tutored the brothers Emil and Albert van Asten for six years until their second level.

My parents were strict with my education. I felt the rough hand of my father if obedience or childlike insight failed. As already reported, in the years 1876 to 1878 I was a pupil at the Herbst boys school at Adalbertstrasse No. 72. On the Feast of St. Michael in 1878, I entered the Luisenstädt vocational school (upper six-form high school), an institute providing free tuition and a better educational background, and I was happy to achieve at the highest level through great diligence, while other schoolmates advanced more easily.

I still like to remember that time, and also the teachers, from whom I learned science, most of whom have already been silenced forever. Thus, the mathematics professor Heyden, the sharp thinker who sat for hours with us students in class excursions to a meadow or the like, and who taught us to solve math problems in our heads. Furthermore, Professor Reinhardt, a chemist and physicist whose always safe experiments and analyzes always excited our admiration. There was Privy Councillor Lampe, an eminent mathematician and scholar with an all-round education, who afterwards held a professorship at the Technical University of Charlottenburg. Professor Gerberding, the Ordinary of the Prima, taught us religion in German and French. He was extremely mentally sharp and eloquent, and he made us fearful with his demands, especially in the German essay. But I felt a lot of joy in learning from the art teacher Dworzazek, for he was an academic painter, who taught by word and example, and was excellent in promoting our drawing skills and our love of art.

With deep reverence I remember finally our warden, Privy Director Bandow. Friendly and liberal in his views, he was a good teacher, a teacher who reached the hearts of youth. It was he who gave my life direction, for through his recommendations and personal intercession he encouraged me to go into municipal service, a career that has given me status and income, supply and safety. As far as words can express, may they also witness to the intimate gratitude that I hold for the good and noble man forever.

Diseases in childhood had threatened me repeatedly with death, and I came twice into immediate danger as a student with the possible loss of life. First, on 2 September 1884 at the great railway disaster in Steglitz in Berlin. My parents and brother Fritz were also there, and the arriving train almost hit us, but we were lucky that the train derailed the other way. There were forty-two dead and more than a hundred seriously injured lay on the platform. In its details it was a terrible, unforgettable sight. Note that the Steglitz disaster gave rise to the subsequent tunneling at stations, which at that time nowhere existed.

Two years later, on an autumn afternoon in 1886, I walked by the old industrial buildings on Kommandanten Street, a group of ostentatious buildings whose roofs were decorated with meter high zinc towers. A violent storm raged that day and made it difficult to continue. Suddenly one of the towers broke loose, and it fell from above almost grazing my body, and with a great noise fell directly in front of me on the sidewalk. My last days on earth were not yet counted on this day in May.

The Easter of the year 1884 saw me confirmed. Together with my class friend Richard Rogge (today's Prince Court Secretary of State in Berlin), I confessed my Protestant faith on 23 March before the Head of the Consistorial Council Noel, the top clergyman in our Luisenstadt church. As a son-in-law of the superintendent Hetzel, he was related by marriage to my head master Professor Bandow, who likewise was married to a Hetzel daughter in his first marriage.

This was followed by my Secunda and Prima years (*the second and first or highest class of a first grade secondary school*). This time gave me the tools for my life and led me to the officer profession. I started this on 3 April 1888, immediately after the Easter holidays, first as a student of the municipal authorities supernumerary.

I then transferred to the school office of the "old Ranzau" to receive my first training in records by Secretary Mannlich, an old original citizen of Berlin, who told funny jokes and used hilarious phrases. His work requirements were not heavy. He usually seasoned it with a glass of beer from the "privy councilor tavern" on nearby Scharren Street. He then added another activity which he call "badgers," which actually meant sleeping.

Later for training in cash management, I was assigned to the main foundation fund. Here I became friends with the six years older secretary Gustav Schroeder, a highly educated man, skilled in writing and speech, and a man who soon became a welcome guest in my parents' house. As travel companions in the years 1897 and 1899 we cavorted in the waves of the East and the North Sea, and even today, with our wives, we see each other in our own homes.

After another half year, I came to the United Bureau in April 1889, an administrative body which was headed by the highly talented and skillful manager Arendt, and where I became acquainted with the nature of official correspondence. Arendt was also the treasurer of St. George Church in Berlin and enjoyed an adjusted income in that position. He was accused and found guilty of widespread embezzlement of church funds and he was released from his duties and spent years in prison.

My last training was in writing and calculations that I learned in the Financial Bureau, and then I moved to the Salary Bureau and took over the independent Cost Recovery Bureau and soon transferred to the Income Tax Bureau. I remained there for two years until 1 October 1892, the beginning of my military service. The Income Tax Bureau records required much work, and the highest standards for its officials. At that time tax reforms were instituted by Finance Minister Miquel, which required changes in the Bureau and its business procedures. Every day I worked late into the evening, and I did not give up the usual teaching and helping my father in the home as a craftsman. Since I was also preparing for the secretary examination, I studied at night, and often I did not get any sleep.

By September 1892, I took the significant test on which my job and future life depended. This was done over four days and ended with the oral exam on 29 September, under the auspices of

Mayor Zelle, who was incidentally chosen that afternoon by the city council for the office of the mayor. With a commendation from the lips of the mayor, I left the exam room and received the congratulations of my parents, who had come to meet me at city hall.

I made a serious effort, which sometimes strained me financially, to keep my contacts with dear friends from my school days, and many times we sat together to debate social and scientific issues. They and some others were guests in our home, especially when the modest celebration of my birthday brought us together.

Top in all knowledge was Paul Nantke, who came from humble circumstances, and who today is an university professor in architecture. Then Wilhelm Kletke, a good reasonable human being, whom we admired in all of our classes from Sexta through Prima (*the six levels in a high level secondary school*), but unfortunately he succumbed to heart disease many years later. In a neighboring house on the Stallschreiber Street lived Alfred Hellmuth, a highly qualified painter. I thank him for some suggestions and instructions for painting and for the wonderful hours visiting with this debonair young university graduate.

I also found like-minded friends among the colleagues in my office, and our interactions were useful and enjoyable. Thus, the diligent and industrious Dr. Deichen, was my successor in the school deputation, but unfortunately he left his native capital to run the City Council in the administration of the city of Danzig. Then there were Sassnick, Lehmann and Dr. Crasselt. With the latter, I only knew him in my traveling years, but we agreed on the views of life, and we often walked far and near on Sundays and we jointly looked forward to a lively exchange of ideas in the beautiful nature. Today Crasselt is a busy lawyer in Charlottenburg.

In the summer of 1889, my parents had bought the house at Sebastian Road No. 64. To assist in the task of putting it into good condition and to improve the mortgage, I shared most of my income with the parents, and from the little that remained I covered my need for clothes and books, as well as the cost of my military equipment. Two days after my exam on 1 October 1892, I was wearing the King's uniform. I did not want to serve in a regiment too far way because I wanted to be close to my parents. I chose the Brandenburg Infantry Regiment No. 64 (Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia) in Prenzlau and Angermuende.

I was a soldier with passion and enthusiasm. Any kind of physical exercise was easy for me, and soon it became evident that I was good shot with a rifle. As a result, the strands of a second shooting award adorn my sleeve. I also had the pleasure of being on the only float trip of the battalion, because rarely a soldier came to the "ride," since it demanded a smooth swimming performance of five quarter hours. As a result, I enjoyed good training in the swimming honored institution of General von Pfuel on Cöpenicker street in Berlin, in the barracks of the Guards pioneers. Popular because of their traditional customs, the institution saw the students of higher educational institutions, the learned, and older officers seeking the mastery of the water.

I found in Angermuende a simple but friendly room in the house of artist and gardener Muchow on Schwedter gate, across my barracks. It was at the end of the city, surrounded by gardens, that the house also had a view of the small parade ground of our battalion, the dreaded "grindstone."

When my mother was ill in June 1893, she came to my home for some time, and was cared for by the woman Muchow. She soon recovered in the fresh air and friendly environment. Even

my captain, who had heard of her, inquired after her health and conveyed his greetings and best wishes through me.

The captain, Giessner by name, was a just but strict commander who put high demands on the one-year volunteers. These, he said, would have to learn as much as other soldiers in their three years of service. No less were the demands of my platoon commander, Lieutenant von Woedtke. I thanked both officers for the benefits of a thorough education that prepared me for the service at the front.

There were two of my comrades, whom I served with and dealt with daily: Ramdor and Dr. Sommerfeld. The latter, a chemist by profession, was a tremendously dramatic storyteller, funny and quick-witted, he always knew how to improve "mood", but unfortunately he lacked the sincerity of character. In Ramdor we admired a language genius, who at the age of twenty-four years had a command at that time of eight languages, spoken and written. Later he moved to distant countries, even as far as China, but he finally matured and became refined and took a professorship at the University of Palermo and found a home.

The maneuvers in the summer of 1893, took me to the eastern and northern part of Uckermark and into the Pomeranian Randow, i.e., the home of my father. Oddly enough, it was even in the immediate vicinity of Penkun and Krackow where the oldest ancestors of our family, of which I reported earlier, had lived. That is precisely the same route, that my father maneuvered thirty-one years earlier in the summer of 1862 as a member of the Pomeranian Jaeger Battalion of Greifswald.

During the year of service, only Ramdor and I were promoted. I was promoted in October 1893, when I was ready to leave the battalion, as a sergeant with the qualification of a reserve officer. Because my school annuals mentioned simply the position of my father, it was, however, not a simple matter to obtain the promotion. I did not want to become a reserve officer later, but I wanted to achieve it in that year, which was possible under the existing provisions.

With regret, I took off the uniform to return, after a period of healthy outdoor exercise in the metropolis, to the "service desk" at my office, the Berlin municipal authorities. I was immediately hired on as Secretary for Lifetime, with my seniority backdated to 1 July 1892, the starting date of my peers who did not become soldiers.

Now I received the proud salary of nineteen hundred Marks, which permitted me to put larger savings aside. Apart from the payment which I paid to my parents regularly for food and accommodation, I soon had the amount which my parents had advanced to me during the military service. Yes, after years of living with my parents, I wanted my own home, and I was pleased to have saved fifteen thousand Marks.

On Monday the 2nd October 1893, I joined the accounting branch of the Directorate, a department that completely met my interests, and in which I remain through various transformations up to today. After spending time in salary administration in the (red) town hall, I moved into the newly completed office building on the Mühlendamm, and then later, in November 1908, I moved to the area of the former Ephraim's palace at the corner of Post Street.

At that time the accounting department was headed by the old bureau chief Deutloff, a very imaginative man whose stylistic clarity and exactness filled me with respect.

I saw many colleagues come and go over the years: good and faithful people, but also selfish and hypocritical ones and those who found satisfaction in shop talk and petty gossip. So it will always be.

My active duty in the military service was not yet completed because I still needed to complete two eight-week exercises in the reserve. So I went in the spring of 1894 to the Infantry Regiment No. 37 in Krotoschin, and in the months of May and June of 1896 to the Infantry Regiment No. 14 in Graudenz. Here I was able to connect and spend friendly hours with city councilman Tettenborn, who formerly worked in the office of the Berlin municipal authorities, and with whom I had previously been on good terms.

I left as a sergeant of the reserve troops, and voluntarily renounced my continuation as an officer cadet. I was happy to have served as a soldier, and it was a positive time that inspired me, but I did not have the sufficient desire which is required of those wearing the officer's uniform.

After military service, began those years in which I did not need to strive for position and my future, so I was able to devote some of my time engaging in hobbies. I subscribed for several summers to the already mentioned Pfuel swimming pool, meeting with a number of acquaintances I passed the time in swimming, diving and all sorts of artful jumps. Even in winter I used to exercise, and I did gymnastics in the third division of the gymnastic community in Berlin, in the gymnasium of a local school on Long Street. Later I went over to the club for physical exercise, which was held evenings in the hall of the Luisen high school gymnasium on Wilsnacker Street, but then I severely sprained my right hand, and I had to refrain from further gymnastic exercise.

However, I continued painting and drawing, especially watercolors and sketches with chalk and pen. There were so many images that could be used as wall decorations, and even portraits of my family members. Unfortunately, most of them are in the possession of others and strangers.

Starting in 1899, I attended lectures in the winter months at the University of Humboldt Academy, from which I drew wonderful instruction, and was enriched in so many ways. I also read good books, and gradually I was able to create a selective, rather than extensive, collection of books. Although I found reading pleasurable, I had little interest in card games such as Skat, and the like. It seemed like a waste of time to me.

With joy I waited for the summer months, when I had my vacation from service, and because then I went traveling and hiking. In the winter I already developed a plan for then, and in preparation I brought out the tools of the rambler with backpack and stick,

*“where over rivers, lakes, land
the sky its dome stretches.”*

So I viewed the beautiful German fatherland with its cities, cliffs and seas, the Alps of Tyrol and Bavaria, and Switzerland with its meadows and beautiful lakes. Twice I traveled to the golden shores of the Mediterranean. In the summer of 1904, I went to Italy and across to Tunis

and the ruins of ancient Carthage. I saw the eternal Rome with its hills and buildings, the Forum, the Christian catacombs and the vast shimmering dome of St. Peter's Cathedral. The Tiber was followed by the azure Capri grotto and the beautiful Naples Gulf. From the gloomy Pompeii, I climbed into the crater of Vesuvius, and finally was enveloped by the beauty of the sun-drenched Riviera.

Two years later, my brother Fritz joined me. From Switzerland we first took the route via Genoa to Ajaccio, the home of the terrible Bonaparte. Then we went on clear blue waves continuing to Algiers and Tangier. The port was still free from the Empire of Morocco. What a strange world opened up to us there! Reluctantly we left there on a steamship to the Rock of Gibraltar, studded with its cannons, and then to the poetical Hilpanien. After driving through the Sierra Nevada, we reached the picturesque Granada and its shining tower, that sublime monument of Arab architecture, the half thousand year old Alhambra.

These were the days of my life. With the few resources that I spent, I received pleasure and instruction, and they still light up my memory as a beautiful rainbow that stretches far and wide to me even now.

I move ahead several years. Being with my parents and brother Fritz, I was not without family life, so I had not taken the initiative to marry and to found a home of my own. In 1903 my mother died. Some time passed, and with it, I approached the end of my 30s. Even my father was older, and he thought that with the sale of our house, Fritz and I would be lonely. This finally encouraged me to seek a girlfriend to call my own. Through kind fate, I found her in Elisabeth Conrad, a good-hearted girl to whom I was attracted. She was the daughter of the former chancellery advisor Adolf Conrad, of the General Royal Order Commission in Berlin.

On 16 September 1907, we saw each other for the first time at the art exhibition at the Lehrter station, which Lisa visited with her parents. Attracted by her friendly-natural nature, after that I often took the opportunity to meet her in the company of her parents. Then I also made home visits accompanied by my father, and finally I asked her to tie the knot on 24 May 1908. At that time Lisa's parents moved from St. Paul Street No. 12 to an apartment at Paul Street No. 20, and here on the first day of Whitsun we celebrated our engagement in the presence of our mutual members and relatives.

I became part of a family whose members are devoted to sincerely loving each other, and operating in a quiet, friendly manner. Her character is thanks to her father, a prudent man who seldom is unhappy, and is undemanding for himself, but is always concerned about the welfare of others. Quiet and firm in word and deed, he has a distinct sense of duty, the type of the old Prussian officials, and also like them in outward appearance, because he still has the customary beard with shaven chin just like at the time of the old emperor. Lisa's mother, a spry woman with a lively interest in the things of the world, has a happy nature, is kind and also strives to promote her loved ones.

Similar to my origins, Lisa's parents families, whose cradle stood far away from the residence on rural ground: and of them I will report the following few words.

The Conrad and Schlieve Families

The grandfather of my father-in-law, Adolf Conrad, who still called himself in the native dialect Kunert and Cunart, was a lease miller in the Silesian Hansdorf (Kreis Sagan). At the

time of the war of liberation, he gave up milling, in order to acquire in the neighboring Zeissau a small farm. When, at the age of fifty-three years, he followed his wife, née Wende, to rest, the property went to his son Gottlob. However, after only a few years in 1836, Gottlob swapped for another farm in Liebsen, near the Brandenburg Lusatia. Here Gottlob expanded his activities to weaving, and expanded with tenacious diligence, and he improved his land on the property. He died on 28 February 1885 at the age of seventy-five years, five days after the passing of his wife Marie, born Heinze.

His marriage produced the daughter, Beate, and the sons Edward, Julius and Adolf. As the eldest, Edward took over the business, but he was less inclined than his father to run a farm, and he later sold parts of the property and eventually sold all of it.

While the sister Beate remained unmarried, the brothers formed their own families in their home area where they still live today. They all wore with honor the King's uniform and took part in the battles of the great war. They acquired the position of civil supply officers. Julius and Adolf even became military professionals. Today, Julius lives on a pension earned as a railway cashier in Essen on the Ruhr.

Adolf came into the world as the youngest of the brothers and sister on 16 February 1846 in Liebsen, and in the quiet of the home village he grew up as child of nature. Peaceful at home, nevertheless he took part gladly in the usual pupil fights of the older and younger school classes, as if it were in preparation for his future profession as a soldier. Already as a boy, he showed a preference for farming and gladly looked for the opportunity to go behind the plow and harrow of his father. At seventeen years old he left these, in order to follow his brother Julius to the non-commissioned-officer school in Jülich. From there he, as a youth, joined on 1 June 1866 the second guard regiment of Berlin.

He soon became acquainted with seriousness of the war effort. On the 14th of the same month, he already marched with his regiment into the Austrian campaign. After the engagements of Burkersdorf and Königinhof, he then went to the large decisive battle at Königgrätz. He survived every battle. Almost worse than the gunfire was the bread shortage and the exhaustive heat, particularly in Königinhof, where they had a heavy fight in the hot sun going through stubborn corn fields.

Like 1866, Adolf Conrad was available in 1870 to march with the outbreak of the war with France. But the young non-commissioned-officer Neske, who was to stay with the replacement battalion, in the enthusiasm of war wanted to fight the enemy. Instead now Conrad had to remain behind. It was probably to his benefit: because directly in the first combat Neske was hit in the head with a bullet and fell, possibly by the bullet destined for Conrad.

After coming home with the regiment, Conrad became the budgetary sergeant of the second company. Already, after four years he could muster out, in order to enter a favorable calling in civil service.

At age twenty-one, he met in 1867 his future wife, Berta Schliewe, who at that time had come from her home in West Prussia to Berlin. As the mother of my wife and as a member of the family that I am close to through my marriage, I also want to add a few words about her.

Berta Schliewe was born on 14 August 1840 in Zastrow, West Prussia, a place which was near the birth town and home of my own mother in an adjacent county. Her father Ferdinand

Schlieve had originally forfeited his property by marriage, the inheritance to Alt-Körnitz, and had finally served as administrator of the manor Bärenwalde. After troubles and worries he died, highly respected and esteemed in his profession, in 1875 in Zawada, West Prussia. His wife, Henriette, was of strong character, an educated woman, a woman who did the best for the prosperity of their children. For years they lived near Prussian-Friedland, that very town, which has become known to us as the town of my parents and friends. Here in my place of birth, the children grew up, and Berta Schlieve even knew my mother, who was still with her first husband Aminde's hearth and home at that time.

Berta grew up in the Schlieve house with three siblings, one sister and two brothers. Also, with them was the stepsister Marie, who was the oldest of all, and came from a first marriage of the mother. While Marie married the distillery inspector Klawonn, the younger Mathilden remained unmarried, and after a number of years she followed the sister Berta and helped in their house.

Then there were the brothers Ernst and Hermann. Facing ambitious and high goals, they went the route Adolf Conrad had taken, with voluntary military service and to the position of an official. Even as young soldiers in 1866 they fought in the Austrian war, and when they returned from the years 1870/71, both carried the highest recognition award for soldiers, the Iron Cross.

Even after their military service, the brothers remained in the royal service. And Ernst in a green shirt was an assistant for the Prussian customs authority until he left several years ago to retire, and as a widower followed his son Oscar to Munich.

Hermann, the youngest of the siblings, is particularly pleased at the success of his vocational calling. Proficient in his office and a highly respected man, he became the Bureau Chief of the General Staff and thus wears the Prussian officer's uniform with the rank of Major.

From him we turn back to Adolf Conrad and his fiancée Berta Schlieve.

Through a long courtship, they both preserved their fidelity to each other. Only when he received a higher income, when he became a sergeant in 1872, allowed them to marry. As the bride's mother was no longer alive, they received merely the paternal blessing for the wedding and the small festival of commitment was in the house of her step-sister Marie Klawonn in Woltersdorf, West Prussia.

Soon three more years were over, and Adolf Conrad was no longer tied to the military profession, and already in February 1875, he left the troops and immediately joined in the service of the Bureau General Order Commission. Here he became over the years the department head of the financial council, a title, to which he could add "Secret" since April, 1913.

To the young couple a first child was born, the son Alfred, while they were still in their military home in the barracks of the second guard regiment on Friedrichstraße. The father wanted Alfred also to go into official service. He was educated in the training course of a secondary school. He acquired the position of a district court secretary, and as such he works presently in the courts of Sommerfeld on the Mark.

Alfred was followed by the younger Max, a smart, sensible child, who succumbed at the age of five years to diphtheria.

To him and his brother Alfred, a girl finally joined them: Elisabeth, who today takes the road of life with me. Born on 20 August 1879 at Paulstrasse No. 5, she grew up as a happy young girl and was the sunshine of the household. She was sheltered from evil by her parents love, and she did not learn the struggles and worries of a severe life. Early on she had blond hair with a superabundance of ringed curls, while petite and quiet of nature.

At their home at Rathenower Street No. 88, the parents were neighbors for a year to the barracks of the fourth Regiment Guards. In the morning the music of the soldiers caught the attention of the little Lisa and she liked to watch when she got out of bed, going to the window and viewing the source of the music. She happily went to the private school of the headmaster de Mugica (Wilsnacker Street), and in the winter, with snow on the streets, she loved it when the maid appeared with the nimble ski carriage to take the little one home.

It is no wonder that the kindness of the parents was repaid with her filial devotion, which she so faithfully expressed in times of peril. When the father took a rudder ride in the summer of 1894 with Lisa and an old gentleman to the Baltic Sea bath Dievenow, they were surprised by a storm and waves that put the three in high risk. So Lisa was to remain in the village Hendebrink until the storms subsided. But she refused and said that she wanted to remain with her father. If we go under, I want to die together with him! This beautiful love of a child she showed often to relatives in days of illness or misadventure and comforted them. In fixed faithfulness, she has the quiet ability, in joy and sorrow, to keep an even disposition, and even on the darkest of days she maintains her kindness.

So I got to know my Lisa, and she gave me her hand to walk on my side.

The time of our engagement, which extended over the summer of 1908, we dedicated to the errands and purchases for the coming marriage, which we celebrated on our wedding day on Thursday the 22nd October 1908. By the way, a member of the Hohenzollerns, the popular Prince August Wilhelm, also married in Berlin on this day.

My brother Fritz and uncle Hermann Schlieve were witnesses at the registry office No. 12! We were married at the legal ceremony, and in the afternoon we went to the church at the altar of St. John at Alt-Moabit. We asked pastor Knauert of the Luisenstadt church to render his professional services, and he used Goethe's words "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" as his basis. Not only was his speech wonderful, but the sacred hour was beautified with the singing and violin playing of some artistic friends. Among the guests, the uniforms of Uncle Hermann Schlieve and his sons, the military vets Gerlach and Dorst, especially stood out. They were spirited and eloquent, and headed a beautiful celebration in the rooms of the Berlin Ressource, Dranienburger Street No. 18.



Our home was located on the fourth floor of the house at Kaiser-Friedrich-Platz No. 2 and the corner of the tree lined Gneisenaustrasse. Well chosen, it met all of our needs, because the location gave us the opportunity to check out my father on Sebastian Street, as well as the in-laws in Moabit, which we could easily reach by bus and the electric tram. In addition, its three rooms face the square and the streets and give us a wide view of the Evangelical Garrison Church and the surrounding promenades and the well known Luisenstadt cemetery. So we can see the lawn and trees, the coming and going of the seasons, and we are delighted with this substitute for rural nature, as is to be rarely found in major cities, especially the gigantic Berlin.

The generosity of Lisa's parents made our home beautiful and comfortable, and made the love and care of my Lisa pleasant, as it should be: a place of peace and confidence above all doubts and all misunderstanding. It was also a place of hospitality. A common circle of acquaintances loved to come and visit, visits on birthdays and other family celebrations, which my father also would attend.

In the first year of our marriage, in the summer 1909, we went for a few weeks to that small bath in Steben, which was already mentioned earlier, in the Bavarian Frankenwalde. Together with my father, who followed us, we spent happy days under the roof of our landlord, the hereditary farmer Wolfrum, on the Hämplahöhe.

After those days, followed some heavy, moving hours, because soon after the return from Steben, 13 August 1909, Lisa gave birth to a child. It was Hans-Joachim, the youngest of our family who appeared late in the evening to us. In the morning of that day, mother Conrad came as a nurse, and in her hands, the young mother gradually overcame the aftermath of pain and danger. Also, Hans-Joachim enjoyed her care, and he happily and forcefully waved his hands and feet, but he refused the milk bottle. Because apparently he desired a living source, we had no choice but to find a nurse, the petite Thuringian Auguste Hoeche.

We live in the age of fast events. What our parents and ancestors had not seen, has shown itself to young people in the shortest time: the flying man. On Sunday, the 29th August 1909,

appeared to the cheers of all Berlin for the first time with his dirigible, Graf Zeppelin, the aged inventor. After he circled over the Tempelhof field in homage to the German Emperor, he also circled in a nice bow over our Garrison church, and so from the nursery my Lisa could also see him.

In the summer of the following year, there was an event whose sighting is not granted to every man, the appearance of Halley's Comet. We saw the star in the evening twilight over the house at Gneisenaustrasse. It will not return to the earth until it completes its journey in a long seventy-five years. What family members will then be alive? Will our Hans-Joachim witness its recurrence, or perhaps even younger family members will lift their eyes to it? Want a benevolent providence that we were able to see it once!

On Sunday, the 12th December 1909, a small train moved from our house over to the Garrison church, where Division Pastor Mueller called our child to the community of evangelical Christians and baptized him Carl Adolf Hans-Joachim. As usual, the two grandfathers gave their name to him, and it was also true that one of our direct ancestors named Carl, was now represented in six generations of the family. Also, duties as sponsors were shared by close relatives: my brother Fritz and my brother-in-law Alfred Conrad, as well as Uncle Hermann Schlieve and Aunt Pauline Knoblauch. The baby rested in the arms of the latter while being baptized, as the holy water of the baptismal font was sprinkled on the forehead.

It seems that Hans-Joachim stands under the sign of the traveling star, even before he came into the world. So in the summer of 1910, he took part in our trip to Sulza in Thuringia, a journey in which he acquired the dignity of the "annuals" and simultaneously the ability of an independent vision. On the way back from Bade Rissingen, Lisa's parents joined us in Sulza. We therefore had the opportunity on 13 and 14 August to celebrate the first birthday of the grandson and the grandmother's seventieth birthday. Alternating with the mountains, we went the following summer of 1911 to the beach on the Baltic Sea in the pretty Zinnowitz, because this time we wanted to let our boy get the benefit of sea air. Soon after that began a long period of events. My brother became sick, and the discomfort of my father gradually increased. I took advantage of a holiday in 1912 with my father - as previously reported - going to the hearth bath Kudowa. In order to promote the travels of Hans-Joachim, my Lisa went with him, accompanied by a friend (Anny Ludwig) to the North Sea resort Wyk.

This was followed by an even more difficult time, because my brother did not recover, and the iron will of fate took our father from us. Like so many other shocks in my life, they greatly influenced me. I gradually went into deep thought and felt a deep seriousness. Despite the adversities, I found real satisfaction, especially in the beauty of nature, and in the bosom of domesticity at the side of my dear wife and child, and in the usual work on the tasks of my profession. Also, for me there was an important place: the cemetery of the Luisenstadt congregation with its beautiful installations and the numerous old trees. It is very close to our home, and we can see it from there and are a few steps from our beloved parents, who are there in an eternal sleep. Then it draws me to quiet contemplation and introspection, and to remember the days when we were happy together.

We are but a short distance from our beloved Garrison church, that house of God, which is stretched up to the sky, and can be seen from our window. I sit here often with my Lisa when the polyphonic singing of the earthly warrior resounds in praise of the Lord.

To us fate has led up to this point. For years we have been able to participate in the blessings of peace in our country, a peace, however, that was threatened by powerful envious enemies many times before, and its continued existence seems hardly safe. Only under its wing my parents were able to struggle against deep distress and to purchase a new property, which they have now placed in the hands of their sons. Our task is to consolidate this, and with it the possession of inner values also entitling us to existence. We also saw with my parents, with even the best intentions of fighting fate, the results were those fate decided. It is this will that we need to be aware of:

"Life is a post which the Lord gives us, and we must stand until he dismisses us."

Looking back, I see in the distance my youth sinking, but while I still receive their greetings, already around me plays my son, Hans-Joachim.

He grows, cheerful and lively, a child of the city, with a view of the world in an environment that is completely different from that of our rural ancestors. This for me raises the doubt whether this world is better and the development of our boys better. Unfortunately, it is clear that the urban youth lacks in natural learning opportunities, and is inclined more to detrimental development than the rural development. I would therefore like Hans-Joachim to experience more than one culture and promote it so that he is physically up to the task of life. May Providence, in whose hands we all are, make him a carrier of good qualities, then, to the extent possible, may his parents' love point him to the right goals.

But we who unite in our common love of a child, give us the strength to fulfill this obligation and grow with him up to the time that we grow old and see ourselves replaced by a younger son of a good character. Be it permitted for us to share with him:

*... at his world of May
Up around us, the flower falls,
Up around us roams the fog
And we are the frosted head.*