

Preamble to the biography of Dr. Hans Wolfgang Wohlrab by Hans Frank
Wohlrab, Grandson.

The biography of my grandfather presented here is authentic. Authentic in the sense that I had it typed verbatim. Since the spelling rules have now changed somewhat within the last 120 years, I have taken the liberty of adapting some words without, however, alienating the meaning of these in any way.

In addition, I would like to make a few remarks about this document. Let's start with a small anecdote, without which this biography would not be complete.

My grandfather had now, in 1942 advanced to the position of Head of the Market Regulation Department in the Main Department of Food and Agriculture of the Government of the General Government of Poland under Hans Frank. "President" was Karl Neumann (Döbeln), with whom I was still connected in friendship years later. So such he then introduced and supervised the rationing with ration cards."

Well, and my grandfather not only knew about the impending rationing, he also helped organize it. And, of course, as a loyal, devoted, Prussian civil servant, he didn't benefit from it. My grandmother was still angry with him for years for letting her and his family go off the deep end. "He could have informed us at least a few days before". But no. All should suffer justly. Already admirable and also shows with which unconditional devotion my grandfather was at work.

What is very clearly missing in his autobiography are words of sorrow, regret and compassion for the victims of National Socialism. His protective claims regarding his work during the National Socialist era complete the picture. Dr. Hans Wolfgang Wohlrab, it must be said in summary after reading this autobiography, was a heartless Bureaucrat and he remained true to his convictions until his death. His political attitude and the associated world view, arrested in the imperial era, consolidated in fascism, is like a rock in the surf of change. Many souls have been wrecked on this kind of rock. They still continue to do so.

Hans Frank Wohlrab in December 2020

Witness
of the
20th century

Dr. Wolfgang Wohlrab
Bodenteich

Bodenteich March 1983

A series "Witnesses of the Century" is currently running on German television. It is about interviews with celebrities who were born around the turn of the century. I was too: on Jan. 14, 1901. Even though I am not a celebrity, I experienced this century with all its ups and downs together with them. And this period was so rich in elementary events, which also had a decisive influence on the professional course of my life, that it seems valuable to me to write down this period from my point of view. It will be interesting for my descendants to learn how I, and from 1929 onwards together with my wife Friedel, née von der Ohe from Luttmissen, survived these elementary events such as two world wars, the night of the bombing in Dresden, an inflation, a currency reform and many other things.

What should I start with? Perhaps with a memory of a celebration that remains with me as the earliest of my childhood: the baptism of my younger brother Hans Christoph in Dresden-Blasewitz, Bartheledesplatz 3. I was three years old at the time! I can still see a large room, decorated with many green plants. There were many people there and leaning against the door frame was Dr. Pötzsch, our family doctor. Only this picture, nothing has remained of the course of the celebration.

And another memory from my "early days". At our property - a beautiful villa with garden - the streetcar drove, which my father used daily for the journey to the office. We were a small group of boys together, who were somehow out on silly pranks. My older brother Hans Joachim gen. Jochen said: "I'm going to ride by here on the streetcar without paying". I ran to the stop Rathaus Blasewitz, and when the "electric" stopped there, he jumped on the rear buffer and off he went! The intention was to jump off again at the next stop, which was just behind our house. But - it did not stop there. So Jochen jumped off, everything went well, but of course he was dusty and dirty. So his jacket was hung on the fence and he was knocked about. Unfortunately, that was not the end of the matter.

The conductor, who knew my father well from daily driving, reported. And the father, who was very strict with and three boys, spoke the words to Jochen: Come to my room! These four words were greatly feared by us. Now, since it gave for my brother a mighty beating. Yes, we three

boys got a good and well-deserved beating from time to time. I think they were useful for our further life.

In all our childhood years we had a Kinderfräulein. My first was Frau Deutsch, whom I had not known because I was still in diapers. She had a trick for calming screaming children: there was a restaurant near our apartment on Barbarossastraße in Dresden-Schrießen - where I was born. Here she met, if she should take me for a walk, with a friend. So that I was now quiet, she gave me beer to drink, with success, I slept. Thus I became accustomed to alcohol in good time. When the matter came out, she was immediately dismissed.

Before I came to school we moved to the Schillerplatz, so to speak the center of Blasewitz. We had a 7-room apartment there, together with a nanny and a cook. The view from the window on the 2nd floor was of the driveway to the Elbe bridge to Loschwitz. This was known as the "Blue Wonder" because of an elaborate iron construction. If you wanted to pass it, even by streetcar, it cost two pfennigs. This reminds me of an observation we made from our balcony that we always had to laugh about. When the fire alarm went off and there was a fire over in Loschwitz, the fire department - harnessed with horses, of course - would come racing up and next to it a crowd of boys and girls who wanted to see the fire. So they went to the bridge and at the cashier's booth for the bridge toll, it was over for the children. Sadly they went back.

It was at this time that I first attended a wedding, as a flower scattering child. All the guests were driven by hackney carriages to the Church of the Holy Spirit in Blasewitz. There we all stood and waited for the bride and groom. Nothing came! Finally it was discovered that there was no coachman to pick up the bride and groom. And when they finally came, everything went well. We two children were also invited to dinner at the Bristol Hotel in Dresden. I only remember that there was a lot of eating and a long time. Then we were ditched, home.

For many years we had Miss Elisabeth as a nanny. I have fond memories of her, and even in later years we were in contact with her. Although I have little memory of the first years of my life until I started school, this time has stuck in my mind.

In 1907 I came to school, of course to the "Bürgerschule". In the house next to it was the "Volksschule". The children of the common people went to this school. Today something like that would be unthinkable. My cousin Bernd Mücklich, son of my father's sister Aunt Frieda, was in the same class. We often played together over the years, since M's also lived in Blasewitz.

After three years I could go to the Realgymnasium, just across the street from the Bürgerschule. Cousin Bernd came to the Royal High School in Dresden-Neustadt, whose principal was my grandfather for a long time.

On Sedan Day, September 2, there was always a day off from school to commemorate the victorious battle in the war of 1870/71. Once we went on a class trip by steamboat up the Elbe to Niedersedlitz. There was bird shooting with a crossbow at a wooden, colorful bird on a high pole. It was agreed that everyone should bring a small gift, so that the victory ceremony did not consist only of words.

Now I must add here that we children played a lot with tin soldiers at that time. We had a lot of them, mostly German and French, but also Indians, knights and Romans. In our large apartment at Schillerplatz, we could use the floor of an entire room from time to time. And so whole armies were led into battle. Now, however, smoke was to be shot. For this we had a small, tinny cannon, from which one pea could be fired at a time. And if the pea hit, the fighter or fighters fell down and were dead. That was a bit tedious, because the cannon always had to change sides after three shots, to the enemy.

For the Sedan celebration I had donated a pea cannon with the silent ulterior motive: perhaps you will win it yourself. Then we would have two. And right! By chance, certainly not by outstanding marksmanship, I won the second prize. I was allowed to choose and - I left beaming with happiness with my own cannon.

In those years we always went to the Baltic Sea, to Ahlbeck, during the summer vacations. Mom, Kinderfräulein and the three of us boys. From time to time my father joined us for the weekend. This was financially feasible, because my father worked as a financial councillor at the "Generaldirektion der KglSächs. Staatseisenbahn" (Saxon State Railway General Directorate) and got discounted travel for himself and the family. I think we were there 11 times in a row. Bathing from the beach chair was out of the question, only from the bathing establishments: Gentlemen, ladies, families.

One year we were at the North Sea, in St. Peter. It was possible to bathe only at high tide, and from the "bathing cart". A closed box on wheels, in which one undressed, we in striped bathing suits and mummy in a bathing costume with a big hat. Now the bathing horse came and pulled the cart into the knee-deep water. Now we could bathe - we couldn't swim yet - until the horse came again and pulled the cart ashore. Nobody thought that this was all very complicated and time-consuming.

We also went to the Erzgebirge to Zinnwand. There we lived with family Schelle, he was a shoemaker and also had some farming. We were wearing leather pants and one of them had gotten a hole. Schuster Schelle mended it. However, he had only but only dog leather. Since the leather of the leather pants was rough and the dog leather was smooth, these pants had a shiny eye seen from behind.

The church had been newly built. I was allowed once with the sexton in the tower to ring the bells. He rang the bells, and then I was supposed to continue ringing. But I did not know that one must let loose. The rope pulled me up into the air, I let go in fright and hit the ground. Since then I did not go along. My brother Jochen had wounded a goose with bow and arrow, which belonged to the landlady of the "Saxon Rider". My mother had to pay for it and we also ate it. From Blasewitz we made beautiful trips: to the Dresdener Heide or with the steamboat to Pillnitz. We often went to Saxon Switzerland, the Elbe Sandstone Mountains, and I still like to think of the Bastei, the Lilienstein and Königstein with its fortress, the Wolfsschlucht and the Uttewaldergrund. Those were then day trips with food from the backpack. In the summer we went every day, even when it rained, to the Elbbadeanstalt to Mr. Naumann. When I think of it today, I shudder, the water was so dirty. But there were no other outdoor swimming pools. We always went right after school, so lunch wasn't until 1/2 2 o'clock. The soul of the regular bathers was Pastor Freiesleben. He never missed a day, and when he had a wedding ceremony, the carriage came to the baths and picked him up there.

I also learned to swim there. I also took a swimming trip to Dresden twice. With the current, it certainly lasted an hour. An escort barge had the things on board and at the first bathing establishment in Dresden we went "ashore". Back with the barge, which was clocked along the shore. Against the current, that was a long tour.

Our clothing must still be mentioned. We always wore the Kiel sailor suits: dark blue with a large open collar, black tie with a white bow, short pants and socks, even in winter. We had four sets: everyday at home, school, Sunday and for special occasions. The latter also came in white with

a red tie. Other mothers reproached my mother for the fact that we walked around with bare knees even in winter. It did not hurt us.

In 1913 my grandfather Enzmann died and my mother was able to buy a beautiful villa in Emserallee in B., the construction of which had just been completed. A pretty front garden planted with many roses, and to the back much lawn with paths and a few birch trees. A small corner with strawberries. It was a very spacious house. On the mezzanine floor large living hall, drawing room, large dining room, father's study, kitchen and toilet. On the 1st floor parents' bedroom, children's living room and bedroom, my mother's room, stranger's room and bathroom. On the floor a room for Jochen and a lot of space for our railroad. Locomotives of course only to wind up. In the basement girl's room, plättstube, heating, laundry room and wine cellar. We were very happy in this house, it was a paradise! Special reason: the large adjoining property was undeveloped and completely overgrown with trees and bushes. Ideal for Indians and robber games.

A short insertion about our small animals. At Schillerplatz, we had turtles in a box on the balcony. One had climbed out of the box and fell off the balcony, two stories down. We were able to recover it unharmed. In the Emserallee we had found a fire salamander. We had him with us for a long time, his name was "Theobald". We found a female finch that had broken a leg.

Mutti had it a few months after the leg was splinted with a match. Then "Otilie" could fly away cured. And in the garden lived a hedgehog family. They got milk in the evening and we watched from the kitchen balcony. We also had grass-green tree frogs in square jars with a little ladder on which they were supposed to announce the good weather. We had to busily catch flies for them.

Also on walks and hikes we could observe all kinds of creatures: Slow worms, grass snakes, adders, fire salamanders, toads, tree frogs, cockchafer and many other small animals. I make this insertion only to point out how infinitely poor today our nature has become. Hopefully the today awakened environmental protection does not come too late!

Before I now report further, I want to write from my parents and ancestors. Father, as the son of the Oberstudienrat Ernst Martin Wohlrab, studied law and was active in Bonn with the Deutsche Burschenschaft Alemannia, which he always remembered with pleasure. He was quite a serious nature and the distance from us children to the father was always great. I can't remember that he spent an afternoon playing with us, for example. Certainly, he was very occupied by his job, but even during our few walks with him to the Dresden Heath, there was hardly any particular cordiality. Once in the summer of 1911 I was with him for 8 - 10 days on a hike in the Jizera and Giant Mountains. They were wonderful days in the midst of never before seen mountains, valleys and forests, up to the Schneekoppe. However, I do not remember that we became particularly close.

After working as a financial councillor at the KGL Saxon State Railway, he moved to the Saxon Ministry of Finance, as a senior financial councillor and finally as a privy ministerial councillor. I believe that he fulfilled his professional duties with great seriousness. However, I will briefly describe his daily routine to show in what peaceful times we lived.

Early at 8 o'clock a carriage with a uniformed coachman came to pick up the briefcase. At 9 o'clock he took the streetcar to the ministry. There, all written work had to be done by hand, since there were no typewriters yet. There were only office servants who carried the files from room to room. About two o'clock he came home for lunch, then there was a "dormus" and usually a spar. Now the file trolley had come again and from 5 - 7 o'clock he then sat in his study. And if we boys became too loud, there was a thunder storm. I did not know any sporting activity with him.

His father was the model of a scholar. He was a classical philologist and published several books. The most famous was the "Altklassische Realien" (Ancient Classical Realities), which was required as a textbook in many high schools. He left a "Vita", a description of his life, in which his career and scientific works are recorded. It is still available. At last he was rector of the "Königl. Gymnasium" in Dr.-Neustadt. and as such a highly respected man. After his retirement he was granted many more years. In these years he wrote the vita himself on your typewriter. I still remember a visit to him on Ermelstrasse in Bl. I was allowed to type letters on this wonder machine.

From him is also an agenda (diary) left, which he wrote as a student in Bonn and Leipzig in 1855. The writing is so small and delicate that it can actually only be read with a magnifying glass. It is a highly interesting contemporary document.

I hardly knew the grandmother, Clara née Jenke, because she died already in 1904. Her father, Johann Friedrich Jenke, was the founder and director of the Dresden Institute for the Deaf and Dumb. Her brother was general director at the Krupp company in Essen. I did not know him anymore. But his wife, Aunt Annchen, did. She lived in a very distinguished villa on Parkstraße in Dr. She was the epitome of gentility in the whole family. On her birthday, there was a big congratulatory party, to which we boys were drilled beforehand to be polite, kissing hands and all.

Here I do not have to remember a dear woman, with whom we were not related, but who was in and out of our family for about 40 years. Aunt Grete Bieneck. She came from Silesia and was deaf and dumb since she was three years old. The deafness was complete her speech was difficult to understand. We, who were often with her, and also our children, could understand her well. Especially with children she was very busy. Her favorite was my brother Christoph. When he was young, he was allowed to visit her once a week by streetcar. Every time he came back with an upset stomach. Our children loved her very much. ***She lived on the Gneisenaustreet. Mutti has In Dresden and has perished in the bomb night on 13.2.1945. ????***

About my other ancestors on my father's side I will be brief. we come from Reichenbach in the Vogtland. There they had a red, tan and chamois tannery. There is a record of the generation going back to 1497. An Anna von Berge in Triptis in Thür. married a catholic priest Hans Brühshwein, who was canon in Freiberg in Sa. in 1516. In the next generation the name Bratfisch (what nourishing names!) appears and after 10 to 11 generations the name Friedericke Wilhelmine Klotz, my great-grandmother, appears. This information comes from Albert Wohlrab, a brother of my grandfather. Further ancestors of the Wohlrab line are not known.

My mother Madeleine gen. Leni, née Enzmann was of petite figure and always a good and loving mother to us. Until she was 97 (!) years old - she was always happy when one of the children came to visit her. She came from the noble and middle-class Enzmann family in Chemnitz (Karl Marx Stadt). Since she always had enough staff - in the Emserallee, for example, a parlor maid, a cook and for laundry a flatwoman - she did not have much to spare for housework. She always went on trips with us, to the sea or to the Erzgebirge. She also hardly ever played with us boys. That's what the nanny was for. How completely different are today's times!

My grandfather was a very respected lawyer in Chemnitz. He was also active in the city parliament and was head of the city council for more than 25 years. For this jubilee he got a gift, which then decorated our apartment in Dresden: Kaiser Wilhelm I on horseback in bronze. The figure stood on your black marble base and this in turn on a massive wooden column, the whole was 1.50 m high. The night of bombing also destroyed this gift of honor. In Chemnitz there is still an "Enzmannstraße" to this day.

He spent his retirement in a large apartment in Südstraße in Blasewitz, directly on the banks of the Elbe. We always liked to go there as children.

My grandmother Anna née Rowland came from Glatzen in Bohemia and spent years of her youth in the Arva in Hungary. Her father was a forester and as such chief forester of the compossessor council dominion ARVA, huge count wall estates. He was considered a forestry authority. There are detailed records of the Rowland family by Anna Schörmer née Rowland. These records were handwritten in neat script. I copied them with the typewriter.

My grandmother was a very active woman. In Chemnitz she had founded and directed a cooking school for young girls. We had a lot from her, since she died only in 1925. I still like to think of Sunday invitations from grandparents to the steamboat restaurant in Bl. The menu cost 1.75 M and for us children 1.25 M! Grandma also lived on Schillerplatz and across the street from her was the "Elite Reform Kino Salon". From time to time we were allowed to see a movie there.

Here I must remember my mother's only sister, Aunt Hannnah. She married the Austrian Captain Michael Mitterwallner, who was later ennobled for his services: Edler von ... She was a very lively and great woman whom we loved very much.

After this excursion into the past, back to the chronicle. We write the year 1914. I had read the youth book "Seekadett Hans Eisenhard", and in me the desire can arise to become a naval officer once. Then my parents were consistent and I came into the KGL.Sächsische Kadettenkorps. I went - 13 years old - with pleasure and I was an enthusiastic cadet. Even today I like to think back to that time.

My parents took me there and after an initiation ceremony we went to the parlor. We had to change our clothes and when I stood there in my white uniform as my parents left, my mother looked around a little sadly. Certainly, we were kept strict and military, but good and cheerful comradeship united all of us. Our teachers were officers and the sciences were taught by civilian teachers in the "Paukerstall" (*teacher's room*). Curriculum of a Realgymnasium. I came to Untertertia and stayed until Untersekunda at the end of 1918. In the meantime my brother Jochen had come to the Fürstenschule St. Afra in Meissen, also with boarding school. I mention this for the following reason: if one wanted to compare these two schools, St. Afra was highly scientific and demanded a lot from the students. The Cadet Corps did not demand so much from us - and that was good. But it was always enough for the demands of life.

Looking back, a few words about the years 1901 - 1914. We later described those years as a tranquil time, not at all comparable to the hectic pace of the present years. As an example, I have already described the daily routine of my father. The youth grew up in quite orderly circumstances. After school, of course, they went to the military. Most went enthusiastically to "serve the fatherland and to be able to defend this fatherland perhaps once". The soldier's profession was highly respected and if "she" could go out with her grenadier, every young girl was proud. Going out was only in uniform. The officer rank was especially highly respected. The variety of colorful uniforms contributed a lot to this.

After completing compulsory military service, everyone could choose the profession they were most inclined to. There were no or only a few apprenticeship shortages and unemployed people in those years. Wages and salaries were also satisfactory, as there were no wage or collective bargaining disputes. The crafts had a "golden bottom", the factories, which would be described as small in today's terms, were privately owned and flourished. Cars - only very occasionally -, airplanes, radio and television did not exist, the news was in the newspaper. And so it is understandable that in the twenties one often heard: yes, in the imperial era, everything was better! Kaiser Wilhelm II himself contributed little to this.

I came there in April and on August 1, 1914, the First World War broke out. The cause was the assassination of the Austrian heir to the throne in Sarajevo. On the 1st and 2nd day of mobilization we were opposite the barracks of the departing regiment No. 177. We helped where we could and let ourselves be infected by the enthusiasm with which these soldiers went to war. As they marched off, they sang with soldiers decorated with flowers. Women and families walked alongside - and no one guessed what was in store for them. For the first time all the soldiers were in field gray, the colorful uniforms had disappeared. The Pickelhaube, the helmet, was still there, but with a gray fabric cover.

We cadets, of course, continued to wear colorful. Blue skirt with red collar and lapels, both with Gardelitzen. Bare buttons, which had to be diligently cleaned with the button fork and Sidol, peaked cap and light gray coat, on which the side pockets were only marked; otherwise someone would walk around with his hands in the pockets. In addition white leather shoes. From Oberterzia onwards, a leather belt with side arms and, for example, a helmet with a bright tip and scale chains were worn when going to church every fortnight. For the helmet there was a cone-shaped helmet shaft in black, which was always used during the Sunday visit at home. In it was then the body vest, a very pretty blue jacket, which was worn with black trousers next to the drill gear as a second house suit. On the street we had to greet every officer, non-commissioned officers did not. In the last year I was also a non-commissioned officer, and my father should have greeted me! I have to add something to that.

The marriage of my parents was disturbed in the first years of the war. My father had moved out of Emserallee and was living on the White Deer. My mother had a childhood sweetheart whom she mourned - even into her old age. This was probably one of the reasons why my father decided to enlist as a volunteer to defend the fatherland as a good patriot. This decision deserves great recognition also because at that time he had been rejected by the military because of his poor eyesight.

Now he was 52 years old! He came to Zittau for basic training, where we boys also visited him once. The sight of him in uniform, his pants in knobby cups and on his head the kitty (a cap without a visor), has remained in my memory to this day.

Basic training was over fairly quickly and he went straight to the Western Front. He was promoted preferentially and perhaps after half a year he had become a lieutenant. During a storming attack, as he was rushing ahead of his company, he was badly wounded. A shot missed by a hair's breadth under the optic nerve. He was sent to the military hospital in Cologne. My brother Christopher and I, we visited him there, it was quite an adventurous trip for us as the trains were no longer running on schedule in the 4th year of the war. In Cologne he showed us the city. In great admiration we stood in front of the cathedral.

When he came home, his face showed a large scar. The hole had been patched with skin grafts. Because of his front-line service - he was, after all, a ministerial councilor - he was decorated by Saxon King Friedrich August with the Commander's Cross of the Order of Albrecht with Swords.

My brother Jochen was also a soldier. Since he was not fit for field service due to a stiff knee - an accident in his youth - he was assigned to a weather station in Lorraine.

At the end of lower secondary school I left the cadet corps with the ensign examination. Behind me were four wonderful years of youth, because despite all the discipline and order, I always enjoyed being a cadet. My two brothers enjoyed being at the boarding school in Meissen just as much. And now I would like to add a few thoughts about the education of boys today. The contrasts are as great as black and white!

It already begins in the parental home. One pays homage to the anti-authoritarian education, the child should have its freedom. Therefore, a minimum of discipline can hardly be achieved at school. The eagerness to learn, which the teacher is hardly allowed to demand anymore, is written very small. And when the mass of students leave school, there are large gaps in education, - and at work there is trouble, unwillingness and failure. Then or right after school comes the long-awaited "freedom" and it is bummed. The next step is then the march into the drug scene. And those who are drafted into the Bundeswehr in the course of compulsory military service are only to be pitied, because they are going into bondage. No one wants to see that they are being trained to defend the fatherland - a term that is no longer used - in the event of an emergency.

In my thoughts, I want to disregard the great professional difficulties that young people have been experiencing for a few years now, because these have their roots in political developments. Terrible, since a few years the youth unemployment! My comparison referred only to the growing young, boys and girls.

When we left the cadet corps voluntarily - a part of them remained there - most of them enlisted in the Lord and were hired there as ensigns. I had enlisted with four comrades in the Imperial Navy in April 1918. Of these five, only Heinz von Holleben is still alive, with whom I meet again once a year at a crew meeting.

We went to the naval school in Flensburg. There was an entrance examination there, which we managed well. The basic training lasted three months. In addition to the purely military disciplines, we had nautical science, signaling, maritime regulations, and so on. The foot duty was very tight, so that from time to time also one folded over. We were in the 4th year of the war and the rations could not be quite sufficient. On the fjord we had to pullen (row) cutters and learned some sailing.

In July we came on the training ship "Freya", an already somewhat old steamer. She lay a lot in the Flensburg Fjord, but we also often went out into the outer fjord. There we mostly sailed back and forth as a target ship for practicing torpedo boats. The torpedoes passed under us or even nearby, and then surfaced. But every now and then there was loud blaring of the signal horns: surface runner! The torpedo was zigzagging on the surface as a result of a malfunction in the control system. The torpedoes were not armed, of course, but Freya had to give "AK-Forward" (extreme power ahead) to avoid a bang.

We had gunnery drill, clean ship, nautical drills, and lots of instruction, including naval warfare. In addition to the sea cadet crew, there was a crew on board to operate the ship. We did not have to work as stokers, but we had to participate fully in the coal transfer, a very dirty business. There were special "coal pouches" for this, Drillich suits.

During the training ship period, part of the crew was always on board the "Grille" for 14 days, a small ship of considerable age. With the exception of the engine and boiler plant, we had to drive the ship ourselves, under the supervision of a lieutenant captain, of course. Most of the time the voyage went only to the outer fjord. I was lucky, however. The captain's family was on vacation in the Baltic Sea resort of Prerow. So we sailed through the Fehmarn Belt to the island of Zingst. There was a dance in the small town in our honor, very funny. On the outward journey we lay on the first day at the mole of Travemünde. Four of us went to the Kurhaus, and one of the comrades had injured himself and was wearing a bandage on his arm. We had hardly sat down when we were offered a round of coffee and cake according to the motto: oh, so young and already wounded!

October 1918. After three months we were distributed to the fleet. I came with five

comrades on the armored cruiser "Von der Tann". It belonged to the reconnaissance squadron with the armored cruisers "Hindenburg", "Derfflinger", "Seydlitz" and "Moltke".

We had a nice little mess hall to ourselves, and it didn't bother us that this room was designated as the "battle morgue" in case of emergency. We cruised for 2 - 3 weeks in the North Sea as far as Dogger Bank and Skarerrack. We sea cadets had the task - one on starboard and one on port - to search the water surface with a very sharp periscope for enemy submarines and floating mines. We did this duty day and night in four-hour shifts. These trips were not without danger, since the whole North Sea was full of minefields and enemy submarines could attack. A flotilla of minesweepers with deployed equipment always sailed in front of our squadron.

Meanwhile, World War I was nearing its end. Heroic deeds of the German Army, Navy and Air Force have been reported in detail elsewhere. The question was, however, why did the revolution in November 1918 break out in the navy of all things? I believe that this fact was related to the continuing inactivity of the Navy during the four years of the war. At the beginning it was the act of Captain Weddiger who sank three English cruisers with his submarine that triggered the enthusiasm for the navy. And on May 31, 1915 the naval battle off the Skagerrak. The submarine war that started later could not achieve great successes. All this was not enough and caused displeasure. The planned deployment of the entire High Seas Fleet came too late. On October 31, 1918, the entire High Seas Fleet was assembled in the outer jade off Wilhelmshaven. Amm said it should go against the English fleet, which had left for the North Sea. Suddenly, the engine crew on the liners Thüringen and Margraf went on strike. The strikers could be forced to get off, but the whole fleet action was called off. We armored cruisers were also involved and we steamed off again to the North Sea. In the meantime, however, the revolution continued inexorably, especially in Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. On November 7, our squadron approached the coast and we dropped anchor. There came a signal from the coastal fort Schillig (b. Wilhelmshaven), which was after all equipped with guns. "Either set the red flag or sail again". The commander gathered the crew on the quarterdeck and read the signal. Everyone refused, and the commander grumbled back, "In agreement with the entire crew, the imperial war flag remains flying!" But things turned out differently.

During the night a pinnacle with revolutionaries came alongside. They woke up the crew and the next morning we were RED! The stokers had stormed the rifle lockers, occupied the bridge and locked the officers in the cabins. We cadets were left alone.

Now, of course, we were to go to port. Since the Jade fairway is difficult, the commander agreed to take the ship into port with the officers. We raised anchor, but fog came up so thick off W. Haven that we had to drop anchor again. In the evening the fog lifted and we were able to enter the harbor. I cannot forget the picture! The lock lit up as bright as day - that was impossible during the war! And all the quays were packed with cheering people who enthusiastically greeted the comrades from "Von der Tann". It was like returning home after a victorious battle. We sea cadets stood in front on the forecastle and we were close to tears. We had lost our goals and ideals!

On November 9, it became known that the emperor had fled to Holland. Suddenly a tremendous noise started: all ships let their steam sirens howl. This droned for quite a while in light and dark tones. Then all the signal ammunition was shot. Green, white and red stars, probably half an hour lasted this magnificent fireworks. And when the ammunition was shot, the spotlights came on. Everything was brightly illuminated, the night became day. All this was beautiful, but one should not ask about the occasion.

After two or three days the order came to disarm the ships. In particular, the gun ammunition had to be manned ashore. We sea cadets worked for two days. It was hard work. For example, the

shells of the 38 cm guns had to be rolled and erected on shore. One man alone could not do it, they were so heavy.

After these two days we went to the soldiers' council and said: we've had enough! We want to go home. There was no objection and we set off for home. It was a good thing that we got off the ship; because a few days later the whole fleet left to go to Scapa Flow for internment under English guard. After about a year, the German fleet sank itself there.

The trip home was quite circuitous. Anyway, on the second day I landed at the main train station in Leipzig in the evening. I had to spend the night in the waiting room. It was full of soldiers from all branches of the armed forces, mostly with red cockades and other revolutionary insignia. After a threatening request, I had to take off my "Von der Tann" cap band, and from my sleeve I had to remove the imperial crown, the insignia of the naval cadets. In the morning I landed in Dresden, warmly welcomed by my parents. They had been very worried, because a newspaper had said that "Von der Tann" had run into a mine.

What now? I went back to the cadet corps, which was now "civilian" and called Landesschule, in order to take the Abitur. (High School Diploma). At first from home, i.e. from Borsbergstraße. Mutti had sold the house in the meantime. For the way back and forth I had a bicycle with steel spring tires, since there were no rubber tires. Soon I was living entirely in the boarding school, together with my classmates whom I had left in April. I was again the oldest in the room and in the evenings I told my young comrades in bed about the Imperial Navy.

So I was extremely busy until about February 1919, when a decree came out that war veterans who reported for "border guard duty" could take the "Notabitur". (*Permission to obtain a Highschool Diploma under Emergency aspects.*) Then I shouted: Here! A school-leaving examination was staged for me alone, and it is probably understandable that it was not a brilliant academic achievement, both in terms of demands and performance. But I did it! I had a high school diploma, the quality of which nobody asked me about later.

At the Saxon border guard we got gray uniforms somewhere, I as an ensign! Then we went to the Ore Mountains, Seifhennersdorf near Olbernhau. In summer it is beautiful there, but now it was April and there were still remnants of snow everywhere.

We were maybe in company strength and did field service exercises there. I don't remember if we only had recruits or if the majority were field service members. We lived in private quarters, that is, with small farmers or craftsmen. After a few weeks this time came to an end. We were transferred to Dresden to a barracks near the "Waldschlösschen".

During this time, Freikorps were formed in many parts of Germany, which tried to fight as "front soldiers" against the socialist and communist governments. The Kapp Putsch in East Prussia, the freedom fights in Silesia were the outstanding events. However, nothing changed at first.

Our next garrison was Oschatz near Leipzig. There we did drill for months. However - I got a letter from one of my naval comrades, who wrote me that the Kriegsmarine would be rebuilt and I should come. I went to Kiel - and they wanted to keep me there right away. But that was not possible, because I was an ensign in both armies. So I went back and wrote a request for transfer to the Navy. That was just a few days away when the company commander called me into his room and congratulated me on my promotion to lieutenant, I was just 18 1/2 years old. I then withdrew my request for transfer.

I was now platoon leader of the machine gun company. And we spent a few peaceful weeks in Oschatz. **Then, because of communist unrest under the gang leader Max Hölz**, we were transferred to Plauen in the Vogtland, the whole battalion. At first everything went quietly. But

when the communists fired into our barracks from a small hill, that was enough for the major. The next day we captured the town of Plauen.

Max Hölz (* October 14, 1889 in Moritz near Riesa; † September 15, 1933 near Gorki, USSR), spelling also Hölz, was a German communist.

H. was considered one of the most popular communists in the Weimar Republic due to his actions against industrialists and landowners in the Vogtland region, but he was hardly able to exert any influence in the KPD because he came into conflict with its leadership. - H. grew up with his siblings in a poor, strongly Christian family. When he was two years old, his parents moved to Hirschstein on the Elbe. After attending the village school in Bahra, H. worked for two years as a farmhand on a farm in Leutewitz near Riesa, spending his free time intensively studying books. In 1907 he obtained employment as a volunteer in Dresden, but a few months later went to Baden-Baden to work as a house servant in a boarding house. A year later, H. moved to London to study geometry at the Chelsea Polytechnic, also acquiring knowledge of railroad construction and surveying. He financed his studies by working as a kitchen boy and wagon washer. In 1909 he returned to Germany and worked in Berlin as a house servant. At the same time, he joined the Young Men's Christian Association and the "White Cross" moral association, to which he belonged until 1914. During this time he found work as a technician, but a lack of knowledge in this activity caused him to study in Dresden for a few semesters at the Technical University. To finance his studies, he worked part-time as a bowling setter and projectionist. Weakened by high workloads, he was also found unfit for military service at his general muster due to suspected tuberculosis. In 1912, he found employment as a surveyor's assistant in Falkenstein, where he settled. At the outbreak of World War I, H. volunteered for the Saxon Hussars in Großenhain. With the 27th Reserve Army Corps under General Adolph von Carlowitz, he saw his first combat before Ypres (Belgium), and shortly thereafter became a dispatch rider with the 106th Reserve Infantry Brigade. He was awarded the Iron Cross and the Friedrich August Medal and rose to the rank of corporal. A year before the end of the war, H. met the imprisoned communist Georg Schumann, whom he was to guard with other comrades, and who was to have a decisive influence on his fate. In 1918, H. was wounded and admitted to a military hospital, and shortly thereafter was discharged as a war-disabled person with a monthly pension of 40 marks. But the war and the encounter with Schumann had shaken H.'s previous world view. In November 1918 he participated in the formation of a workers' and soldiers' council in Falkenstein. H. also became a member of the USPD. On January 14, 1919, he joined the KPD, founded a local group in Falkenstein in the spring, and was elected to its local leadership. Falkenstein had about 15,000 inhabitants that year, half of whom were adults without work. They tried to organize themselves and founded the Unemployed Council, at the head of which H. was elected. H. was mainly concerned with practical matters: he saw to the procurement of fuel and demanded unemployment benefits from entrepreneurs and landowners, even under threat of violence. This resulted in the deployment of Reichswehr troops against the Unemployment Council and H. was now wanted by the authorities. He then hid in the Saxon-Bavarian border region. In 1920 he returned to Falkenstein and participated in the fight against the Kapp Putsch. H. formed his "Red Guard," which consisted of about 350 armed fighters, took power in Falkenstein, and with the help of the Guard freed several communists from the regional court prison in Plauen. Shortly after, they occupied the town of Markneukirchen and demanded 100,000 marks from the mayor, which was paid. Because of his violations of party discipline, H. was expelled from the KPD at the district party congress in Chemnitz on April 6, 1920, refusing to cease armed struggle even after the end of the Kapp putsch. He fled with his unit and disbanded it at the border with Czechoslovakia, where he was recognized as a political refugee. In November 1920 he was readmitted to the KPD, but on condition that he henceforth submit to party discipline. In 1921, after the outbreak of the March Struggles in Central Germany, a communist revolt also known as the March Action, H. returned there. With his unit, which now numbered about 500 men, he organized armed raids on banks and industrialists and proclaimed a soviet republic in the Vogtland region. But the fighting was soon put down and H. had to flee again, this time to Berlin, where he was arrested on April 15, 1921. He was sentenced to life imprisonment for alleged manslaughter of the landowner Hess. H. began his imprisonment in Münster prison and was later transferred to prisons in Breslau (Polish: Wrocław), Groß Strehlitz (Polish: Strzelce Opolskie) and Sonnenburg (Polish: Słońsk). Through the mediation of the KPD, he married his second wife while in prison, after his first had divorced him. In 1928 H. was released after the miner Erich Friehe confessed to the manslaughter of the landowner Heß. After his release from prison on July 19, 100,000 workers greeted him the next day in Berlin. In September 1929 he moved to the Soviet Union. There he worked in various functions in the apparatus of the Comintern and became an honorary soldier of the Red Army. On 15.9.1933, according to other sources on the 18th, children found his body on the bank of the Oka near the town of Gorky. It cannot be ruled out that H. became a victim of the Soviet secret police, especially since he had increasingly come into conflict with the communist leadership of the Soviet Union.

Shots were fired during the invasion, but no one was injured. I had to occupy the town hall with my machine guns. I positioned the MG's on the second floor at the windows, with the firing direction to the market place. The square was barred with barbed wire, but on the street behind it normal traffic was running. For example, mothers with their baby carriages walked in front of the "muzzles of my MG's!

I think this feat lasted only 2 days. Then came an order to march off by foot to Leipzig. I was mounted on a rather tired gelding. He had a dark coat and people called him the "velvet donkey". We had several horse drawn vehicles, but also trucks. We went through Thuringia, but since threats kept appearing, we had to march with strong side cover. This went well for three days, then we spent the night near Berga/Wieda. Then suddenly a "war situation" arose!

We were supposedly surrounded by 20,000 communists, who were equipped with 120 machine guns, among other things. In this post-war period one could get weapons anywhere. Our battalion was to be destroyed because we were allegedly supporters of the Kapp Putsch. Today we would probably say: right-wing radicals. But we had nothing to do with that. We were a regular unit. So it would have been complete nonsense to let it come to a bloody confrontation.

A truce was decided before a shot was fired. Peace negotiations" took place in the inn. During the negotiations I noticed that the enemy was slowly advancing. I entered the negotiations and reported. Thereupon the advance was stopped. The result of the negotiations was not very glorious: we had to give up one third of our weapons to the communists.

This was done, but of course they were largely cheated. Thus we reported my MG NCO: they will have little fun with the three MG's, because I kicked in the belt slide plate with the heel of my boot. The MG's were useless.

The "commander-in-chief" on the side of the communists was supposedly the Thuringian prime minister, Freiherr Von Brandenstein. And - it is a joke - this gentleman was the uncle of my naval comrade Heinz von Holleben! When we met later we laughed heartily about it.

The next day we went on to the next railroad station under escort of the communists and to the loading. We were supposed to go to our garrison in Oschatz, but - the next morning we were in Leipzig.

After some time there was a mutiny in the machine gun company! The non-commissioned officers, somehow unsatisfied, declared us officers dismissed. This led to the arrest of the ringleaders, and we two platoon leaders were given leave of absence.

This mutiny later gave me a document of which I was very proud because of its rarity. I received a letter from the Reich Court in Leipzig, the highest German jurisdiction, with the following content: "Your trial for high treason has been dismissed according to the Amnesty Law of ...". Not everyone gets such a letter!

But soon I was called to Leipzig to take over the "light combat platoon 19". This was a coveted and independent assignment.

I had about 25 men, a car and three armored cars, which must have been left over from the war: Raufbold was the best: armored all around with a rotating turret and equipped with five MG's. It was intended for street fighting. Therefore, it had two drivers and also two steering wheels, front and rear. So it could disappear in the street fight if necessary without turning backwards. Speed up to 80 km/h, that was a lot at that time. Rinaldini was an open platform truck with 4 MG's and a 9 cm revolver gun. And Roland a truck that was rebuilt with iron plates, also four MG's.

It was wild times back then! Once I came from the city and I heard that in precinct was shot. It was my heroes. They were shooting across the courtyard at Roland and wanted to see if the armored plates would hold. They did not!

My typist once stole my pistol, which was lying on the cabinet, while he was presenting me with signatures. The same guy the comrades wanted to throw through the 1st floor window into the yard for comrade theft. I was able to prevent a murder just in time.

I had a Negro sergeant who had fought under v.Lettow-Vorbeck in Africa and was decorated with several medals. He was a great patriot. But unfortunately I had him only 8 days. I was told by my predecessor, a captain, that when he drove into town in a two-seater car, Neggaz always sat in

the back. Then, when someone on the street shouted: You Noske pigs (Noske was the socialist Reichswehr minister), then the Negro jumped out, slapped the shouter right and left and jumped back into the car. I had a Negro sergeant who had fought under v.Lettow-Vorbeck in Africa and was decorated with several medals. He was a great patriot. But unfortunately I had him only 8 days. I was told by my predecessor, a captain, that when he drove into town in a two-seater car, Neggaz always sat in the back. Then, when someone on the street shouted: You Noske pigs (Noske was the socialist Reichswehr minister), then the Negro jumped out, slapped the shouter right and left a few times and jumped back into the car and went on. My heroes had been celebrating in the city and were singing the Deutschlandlied on Peterstraße in the center of Leipzig. Already there was a scuffle with communists and in the process he shot one.

The armored cars were forbidden according to the Treaty of Versailles. There was now an interallied snooping commission that controlled the observance of the treaty regulations. When this commission reported to Leipzig, I was ordered to leave. So I went with "all hands" and wagon to the firing ranges, which were far outside the city. There we spent four days, during which I organized shooting exercises from a moving armored car, with little success. Then it was back to the barracks.

Thus the 1st of October 1920 approached. The 100,000-man army was formed. As one of the youngest officers, I naturally resigned. Behind me lay 2 1/2 turbulent years, which were also of decisive importance for Germany. For me it was again: what now?

I had already let my parents know in good time that I was interested in agriculture. My father had already found me an apprenticeship, which I was able to start as soon as I was released. I came to Mr. E. Wolfstein, Rittergut Günz in Vorpommern, near Stralsund. A 2500-acre farm, the soil light to moderately heavy, 12 teams of 4 horses each. Everything was driven by four horses from the saddle. A large cowshed - the dairyman was also the yard master - with 177 head of cattle including young cattle and people cows, deep stable. A flock of merino sheep and about 20 fattening pigs. My master was Inspector Kellermann, who had a hard time with me at first, because I had no idea about anything and could not even distinguish wheat from rye. Friedrich Wilhelm Loeper from the Friedrichsfelde estate on the Oder was the second apprentice, a good comrade.

The Wolfstein family: Gracious wife and snooty daughter (18) acted decidedly genteel. Our family connection consisted only in the common meals. At the table, the word was rarely addressed to either of us. The boss was very grumpy and during the whole time of my stay there was not one hour of pleasant and free conversation.

I learned and experienced a lot during the 15 months. Once I was constipated for three days and had to lie down. Finally I got an irrigator, of course the one from the cow barn. Loeper had to do the enema. I had a team of horses, I learned to milk and I had to work from morning till night. There was a people bailiff and a team bailiff. I can spare details about this apprenticeship year here, because my apprentice diary is still available. Almost all the inhabitants of the village worked on the estate.

I had to pay 120 marks per month as an apprentice. When in the second year there was not the slightest change in my activity, I asked my father to terminate this activity, which also happened. When I left, Mr. Wolfstein had nothing else to say to me than: Travelers should not be stopped!

I spent my second year as an apprentice at the university farm Rittergut Cunnersdorf near Leipzig. My father had been given this position by Professor Dr. Falke, who was also the highest boss. The administrator was Martin Jokusch and the farm manager was Karl Leibbursch. The

household was run by his sister Berta B. There was also a young administrator, Mr. Kallmayer. In the house we were a cheerful and good community.

The farm covered 173 ha with heavy to medium heavy soil. Cultivation of all 4 types of grain, potatoes, sugar beets, fodder beets, rapeseed and legumes, plus meadows and permanent pastures. Livestock: 8 horses, 23 dairy cows and 22 young cattle, 15 draught oxen, a flock of navy meat sheep and pigs: 1 boar, 5 breeding sows and offspring.

As a university farm, the farm naturally also served science. Many trials in the fields for varieties or fertilizers, also trials in the pastures. It was part of my job to set up and supervise these trials, a very interesting task. There were also animal trials, especially in feeding. In sheep, there was an attempt to promote wool yield by a special agent, unfortunately without success. I also took this remedy myself for hair loss with the same "success".

Of course, we often had guided tours with students of the Institute of Regional Economics of the University. Business management studies were also carried out, or the numerical material for them was compiled. For example, each cartload had to be weighed full and empty on the cart scales. Even during the harvest, this was well established.

In the beginning, Miss Dietrich, a somewhat older but very simple-minded woman, was in charge. She had to suffer a lot from our pranks. So she had sprained her arm once. Karl B. smeared her arm with violet-blue pyoctanine and in the evening she had to hang her arm in a loop from the ceiling. The next day she was healthy. Or: under her pillow there were some bird eggs. "Oh, how beautiful! Now the birds are already nesting in her bed because they won't be disturbed there!"

Karl B. had his birthday on March 1. We celebrated the night before because he was traveling. We had only currant wine! It tasted very good to all of us, but we did not know its effect. It lasted exactly three quarters of an hour - and nobody was sitting at the table anymore! Everybody was lying down! Since then I make around fruit wine a large bow.

I was also able to learn a lot in Cunnnersdorf. Details are recorded in my apprentice diary. In the fall of 1922, my two-year apprenticeship was over and I took the apprentice exam at the Peres manor.

Karl B.'s bride lived in Habitzheim am Odenwald, near Darmstadt. Through his mediation I was able to do my third year of practice there with Mr. Georg Heil. The second "young administrator" was Karl's brother Wilhelm. A warm friendship bound me to him for a long time.

The "Hof" belonged to the Prince of Loewenstein,-Wertheim-Rosenberg and was leased by the Heil family already in the third generation. It was an excellent farm in every respect. In the village there were at least 10 - 12 small farmers and that meant that the whole field was divided into smaller and larger pieces. At least a land consolidation had just taken place, so that the worst fragmentation was eliminated. The fields of the 800-acre estate were divided into 15-20 pieces and were scattered all over the field. The soil was good and medium, the terrain was hilly. Crops: cereals, potatoes, sugar beet and others, such as lettuce.

Technically, the farm was very advanced. A hall with a stationary threshing machine and pneumatic grain conveyor to the granary, there automatic scales. Horses a medium-heavy blow. A large cattle shed for milk and fattening. Own milk truck drove daily to the city of Dieburg. Pig husbandry not very large with fattening and sow husbandry. In the fall, a fruit press house was in operation: apple juice production. And - the first motor plow! In 1922, it was a motorized plow with two high iron wheels. For road travel, thick wooden blocks had to be screwed between the grapples

every time. Darnieder and I, we were the motor plow drivers. The plow ran well, but on sloping terrain it slid easily.

In the autumn I came there. It was a particularly wet autumn, so I still remember the potato harvest. A fully loaded (horse) wagon was bogged down in the wet field. The attempt to pull it out with a team of 16 (!) horses failed. Two empty wagons had to be driven next to it, and it was reloaded. Four horses then pulled out the empty wagon. The potatoes went into a potato cellar, piled about 1.20 m high. When they were rearranged by hand in the winter, half were rotten!

Every year, from about May to October, Fulda girls also came to work. In their homeland there was only poor agriculture, so that they had to earn money away from home in the summer. They were quite capable and hard workers, but also lively and funny, and they had very beautiful home songs.

In Habitzheim I was able to learn a lot about modern agriculture in this intensive farm. Especially nice and pleasant was the family connection. We both belonged fully to the family and naturally took part in all celebrations. Since there were also two apprentice cooks, there was some dancing every Saturday evening. On these Saturdays Wilhelm and I were always in a hurry, even though they were such nice evenings. We both had girlfriends in the village. And from them we got to hear something when we came late. Mine was called Marie Renkel, Wilhelm his Dottchen, derived from Dorothea. Her father had a small inn where we met, it was always very cozy. During the week, of course, we also visited our girls from time to time. So that it was not so conspicuous, we occasionally took a pair of boots over our shoulder to the cobbler. And then the next morning at breakfast you could sometimes hear from Frau Heil: "Well, Wilhelm, are your boots broken again?"

We had to get up very early - always by the week - because the boss was of the opinion: when the Swiss (milker) comes to the farm, there must also be a caretaker. Mrs. Heil, a very efficient housewife, who also took care of the farm management, was also always up early. And then it happened that she asked at breakfast: is the newborn calf a bull or a cow calf? She knew it long ago, but I often did not.

The oldest daughter Margrit had become Mrs. Büchenschütz in the meantime. Sister Liesel, who married Karl B. after Margrit's death, and brother Heinz were still in school.

I spent a very nice year in Habitzheim, which I always remember fondly, and which ended in October 1923. Afterwards I made a trip through southern Germany. In Freiburg i.Br. I visited Mois (Ellen Ruth), my cousin and daughter of Aunt Hannah. Then through the Black Forest, partly hiked, to Lake Constance. In Windhag lived my cousin Paul Hellmut, brother of Mois. He was a senior engineer at the Dornier Aircraft Works. And here I experienced something that had to do with supernatural things.

In the evenings, four of us sat together at a round table with scraps of paper with the letters of the alphabet scattered along the edge. Everyone had to think of a question to which he wanted to have an answer. Then everyone put his index finger on the edge of a wine glass, which then moved back and forth between the letters. It should develop thereby an oracle saying. The results of the other three oracles I do not know any more, but mine was so amazing that I want to report about it.

Relatives of the Heil family lived on the Mönchhof near Mainz. (Today there is a freeway junction Mönchhof). I went there once or twice and met the two pretty daughters. One of them had taken a fancy to me and I asked the secret question, if I would see this girl again?

Now I must add that the Mönchhof was located in the territory occupied by the French at that time. To enter the country, one had to bring some kind of identification document. And what was the oracle saying?

"Passport and means are not available until Easter!". Everything was true - we were in October - I did not see them again. Is there any explanation for this?

On my trip I was still in Garmisch and on the Zugspitze. And then I went to study agriculture at the University of Leipzig. Here a remark. In Habitzheim I had learned that it was possible to enroll at the University of Giessen without having to prove attendance during the semester. I did this with the help of a friend. For the matriculation I was present, but then he did the An- and Abtestate for me. So I gained two semesters.

When I was already in the "second semester", I actually wanted to listen to a lecture. So I drove to Giessen without paying attention to the date. It was an academic holiday! Now I wanted to learn something, but unfortunately the trip was in vain.

So I came to the University of Leipzig and according to the college booklet I was already in the third semester, but: Knowledge none! At that time one needed to study Diplomlandwirt after three years of practice 6 semesters. Three natural sciences: Physics, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, zoology and botany. Then three agricultural in business management, arable farming, plant breeding, animal husbandry and water management (drainage). I may say of myself that I was diligent, because I finished the study after five semesters (+ two black in Giessen)! In this time I took however at the same time the special examinas in animal and plant breeding, which were additional. Theoretically, I would have had to study eight semesters for these exams.

A reason for this gallop study was also that we had just in these years the inflation, and my two brothers Jochen and Christoph also studied. For my father a big burden! And BAFÖG (*Government Grant given in Germany nowadays*) was not known.

This rapid devaluation of money could only be endured if one had foreign currency. Through Jochen, who had been in Sweden a lot with student exchanges, I had Swedish crowns. They were stable in value. It was unimaginable that, for example, a stamp cost 10,000 marks, then 100,000, then 500,000, then 1 million, then 5 million, etc., up to the highest stamp value: 3 billion! That's all I want to say about this difficult time.

It turned out to be an essential advantage for overcoming these difficulties that I became a corporate student. In October 1923 I was accepted as a Fux in the "Akademisch Landwirtschaftliche Verbindung Agronomie". I have never regretted this decision. At that time we had only agricultural students as a fraternity brother. This had a great advantage: we had the second floor in the ancient pub "Kaffeebaum" and could set up a lunch table there. Many of the old men lived on the estates around Leipzig and these supplied the lunch table constantly: Potatoes, vegetables, in autumn rabbits or even carp, etc. In terms of nutrition, we were better off than the rest of our fellow students.

Leibverhältnis/ Leibfux / Fux (Fox)

"Leibverhältnis" is a term from the field of student fraternities and refers to the relationship between a "Leibburschen" and a "Leibfuxen".

A freshly admitted "Fox" to a fraternity can immediately or only after a few weeks or months choose an older fellow, with whom he has built up a particularly high level of trust, to become his "Leibbursch" (also called Leibvater or Biervater in some fraternities), whereby the fox simultaneously becomes the "Leibfux" (also Leibsohn or Biersohn) of that fellow. In ladies-only fraternities, other terms (e.g., Weinmutter) are often used for the role of "Leibbursche". The "Leibbursch" assumes the role of mentor, supervises and advises the "Leibfux" in all fraternity matters, and speaks for the

“Leibfux” in the convention. The special relationship between Leibfux and Leibbursch - the Leibverhältnis - continues beyond the time of the Fuxen and is often the basis of a close lifelong friendship. Often, after the Fox has been accepted into the relationship, a Zipfelt exchange is carried out between the Leibbursch and Leibfux.

If the Leibfux also becomes Leibbursch of a Fuxsen, the original Leibbursch is colloquially called Leibopa (or Bieropa) of the new Fuxsen, who is his Leibenkel. Each fox has only one body boy, but a boy can have several body foxes. Thus so-called Leibfamilien (or beer families) are formed, which sometimes take on dynastic forms. Leibfüxse of the same Leibburschen call each other Conleib or Leibbruder.

In my Fuxensemester the corporation started with racket mensurations (*fencing bout*), furthermore the wearing of Couleur (ribbon and cap in the colors green-white-orange) in public. I fenced five times. As a left-handed fencer, I had been drilled as a left-handed fencer. This was not favorable. There were few left-handed fencers and therefore I had to fence mostly against right-handed fencers. We fenced against "Agronomie Hallensis zu Halle", alternately in Leipzig and in Halle. There was no left fencer there and so they told the best fencers: you can surely stab this left fencer easily. And so I only ever had particularly difficult opponents. In the first match I had a rejection. The temporalis vein on the right side of the head was pierced. The doctor patched it up, took 6 underbonds and 10 external needles. Everything half so bad! In the evening I also participated in the Mensur pub.

The evaluation of a Mensur is solely about whether the “Paukant” (*A colloquial term for the Fencers*) stands his ground and shows no fear. If he sticks his head away once when he gets a blow, the Mensur is canceled. The bloodstains that may be inflicted are not decisive. In the case of a somewhat serious wound, the doctor can, of course, immediately break it off. The protective clothing such as chest and body protectors, thick neck bandage, iron grilled goggles covers the fencer in such a way that a serious injury can hardly occur. With the saber fencer this would be more possible. And to say this right away: in today's time I am against student fencing. It simply doesn't fit into the times anymore. There are enough other sports which are connected with tension and courage.

It was a nice and joyful time next to my studies in such a community. In the 3rd semester I became a Fuxmajor. I had a lot of fun with the young boys and had to teach them good manners, so to speak, e.g. the Couleurkomment (which I had written) or the Bierkomment, very important!

In the summer semester 1925 - to the 55th foundation celebration of the connection I was first-chartered. In the largest Leipzig pub, the Palmengarten, the festive commemoration took place. A large festive assembly, also a colorful picture, since all wore Couleur, the Chargen in Wichs with bat. I had to welcome the large number of guests of honor, among them several professors, the representatives of the federation and friendly corporations and those of the city of Leipzig and to hold a speech. Afterwards a ball took place, the ladies had sat on the gallery during the commer and watched from above.

The evening before, a festive event had taken place in the hall of the “Kaufmännisches Vereinshaus”. Here, too, many corporations were represented, including about 20 batches in Wichs (*Parade Uniform*). Our Wichs consisted of white skirt and trousers, long boots and gauntlet gloves, cap in striker form. Everything paspolized with green-white-orange cord, plus shoulder sash of the same color and the bat.

That evening, a "country father" was stung. This is an old traditional act by candlelight, which is completely set on fatherland love and loyalty. There is a lot of singing with piano accompaniment. The opening words are:

All be silent,
Everybody incline

To serious tones
Now his ear.

All stand at the long tables, the chairs behind them. On these, the batches pass along step by step according to the song and hold out the spear to the one standing at the table opposite. The latter impales his cap on the spear and at the end of the table the batch has 12-15 caps back again until everyone has his cap back, now with a hole. Later this cap is given into delicate hands, which then stitch the hole with silver thread in the form of an oak leaf.

I chose Karl Büchsenschütz as my bodyboy. A second Leibfux of Karl was Otto Friedrich, gen. Fietje from Hamburg. We were close friends all our lives until he died of emphysema in 1977. He was a clever and also witty friend who, for example, also wrote most of our wedding newspaper. Karl passed away in about 1960.

I finished my studies with the Examinas: Diplomlandwirt, Tierzuchtinspektor Saatzuchtinspektor. (*Graduate farmer, animal breeding inspector and Seed breeding inspector*) Afterwards, I got a position as an animal breeding inspector, which Prof. Golf had arranged for me, on the Glambeck manor, Arnswalde district in the Neumark region, with Mr. Zierold. It was 4,000 acres, with some forest and a lake of 200 acres. Part of it was farmed from an outlying estate. The farm was well managed in and of itself, but had a lot of light soil. I had little to do with field management. I was responsible for all animal husbandry, and the boss said that if I had an animal husbandry inspector, then I wouldn't need a veterinarian anymore. So I had to take care of all kinds of animals and I can manage quite well with that.

A large cow barn was worked on by one Upper Swiss (*Schweizer/Swiss is the name for the men who milked the cows and were responsible for the processing of the milk up to a certain point, depending on the operation*) and two Lower Swiss. Every time the milk controller was there, I had to make exact feed calculations according to protein and starch values for the milk yield of each individual cow (in groups) and it was fed exactly according to performance. I had to compile the feed mixtures myself, since there was no mixed feed yet. On the feed floor I had certainly 12 - 15 different feeds.

Besides a distillery, there was also a small dairy. The milk was churned and went to a Berlin hotel. I had a lot of trouble with it, because often the butter didn't want to solidify. I called in the manager of the neighboring dairy, but his advice was not very successful either. I was not a trained dairyman! Of course, this also caused trouble with the boss - and he was a very bad guy.

Perhaps one fact illuminates his character: when I arrived there, he was conducting a divorce case before the Reichsgericht in Leipzig. The highest German court! Besides, there were at least three or four other lawsuits going on, he had a row with everybody! Also at work. His daughter, whom we rarely got to see, was quite a broom! Mr. Ziold not only wanted to be distinguished, but he was also very stingy.

At meals we had to stand punctually behind the chairs and waited until the gentleman came. And he often kept us waiting on purpose, although he knew that our lunch break was not long. And then we often had herring with jacket potatoes, served by the servant with white twisted gloves! Just because that was a cheap meal.

Or harvest festival: people had gathered in front of the castle. He stepped onto the terrace, thanked them with a few pithy words and then was not seen again. On the barn there was probably beer and dancing.

I had caught up with my Leibfux, Joachim Fueß, who was working with the people on the outworks. He and I did not endure these lousy conditions for very long. After just under a year, we left. When Mr. Z. then called Professor Golf and wanted a replacement for me (I was already the second!), he told him: if you can't get along with Mr. Wohlrab, then I don't have anyone else.

In Leipzig, Professor Golf immediately had another job for me. I got a position as an animal breeding manager of the "Oldenburg Sheep Breeders Association" in Rodenkirchen i.O. at the Lower Weser. The breeding area of this association extended over the whole peninsula between the mouth of the Weser and the Jadebusen.

I called my Leibfux and asked if I could drop by his place, since my journey took me past Ebstorf. This fitted very well! In Uelzen, in the Hotel Stadt Hamburg, there was just "Hildesheimer Ball" that evening, an event of the former students of the agricultural college in Hildesheim. Directly from the train we went to the hotel, changed clothes and - into the hall.

I knew Julius' sisters, Elly and Leni, from Leipzig. But in their midst sat Friedel von der Ohe, their cousin. Why it happened to both of us, I don't know. Anyway, we partied together all evening.

At dawn we walked to the train for the first train together with the parents von der Ohe and Helms. On the street I met a strong man who carried my suitcase on his hump to the train. There were no cabs. In Ebstorf we said goodbye: it was quite beautiful, but let's not even start writing, it will end soon. That was in February 1927.

I went to Rodenkirchen and took up my position there as breeding manager and managing director of the breeders' association. I lived with Mrs. Müllergen. Aunt Mali-. My living room was also my office and upstairs I had a tiny little bedroom, modest but neat.

Immediately after my arrival, there was a general meeting where I had to give a lecture on the "German White-Headed Meat Sheep", which I had never seen before. My predecessor had carried out extensive examinations of the wool for quality and strength on behalf of the Leipzig Animal Breeding Institute. I had evaluated this material for my lecture.

It was a robust, heavy marsh sheep, which went all year round on the pasture. Very precocious, lambs already in the first year, usually twins, but also often triplets. The coarse wool produced a high yield.

Since I had to be on the road a lot I bought a motorcycle, a "Bayerland", a forerunner of the BMW motorcycles. In the third year I had my first car, in 1929, a small two-seater Opel. The first Opel small car was green and called the "Laubfrosch", the next one was blue, called the "Schwalbe". It had a folding top and a small trunk.

During my visits to the farms, almost only Low German was spoken. So there was nothing left for me to do, I had to learn this language. That went quite well, only my Platt had a slight Saxon undertone. And when I came to a farm, I first had to "get in". Then there was always a schnapps and a cigar. "Nu ward irst mol snackt" and then it went to the pastures. Most of the members were very interested in breeding and so there were some disputes about choosing the right buck or about breeding questions. In the beginning it was not easy for me.

Yes, and when I had visited about the fifth farm at noon (+schnapps + cigar), then one was already easily elated. And in the evening I had to be careful on the way home. But nothing ever happened and "pro mille" worries did not exist yet!

Then in July a catalog had to be printed, because in August the inspections took place, i.e. recognition of the individual animal as a breeding animal, or recognition. The sheep were gathered in about 20 places and had to be presented individually to the Körkommission.

The Körkommission, Theo Kloppenburg, Heinr. Fuhrken and I, then judged the animal and decided whether an entry in the stud book could be made. Then Didi Busch, a Farmers son, went into action and clipped an ear tag. For the approvals we needed about 10 days, and apart from getting to know the Marschenland and meeting a lot of people, such a trip was also quite interesting.

In these years we also attended the exhibitions of the German Agricultural Society (DLG), I think in Dortmund, Cologne, Hannover and Leipzig. The breeding animals for these shows were already selected in autumn and given to a reliable breeder in care. The exhibitions took place at the end of May. Here we were in competition with the breeding areas Holstein and Stade. Almost always we could win the top prices, because the Oldenburg breeding was the most advanced. I met Professor Golf-Leipzig again as a judge at the shows. In the Oldenburger Land several animal shows took place in the summer, where I was a judge.

In the fall we held a premiere and auction of breeding animals in Hamburg-Altona. The buyers came from Holstein and Stade. Yes, and in the evening? My three gentlemen from the board instructed me to provide amusement for free. So we had a hearty dinner in "Alt Bayern" and when it was finally nine o'clock, we went to the "Alcazar", an excellent Varieté with a program until after midnight. By the way, it was the best Varieté I have ever seen.

In Rodenkirchen there was also the office of the "Wesermarsch Herdbook Society", which dealt with cattle breeding. Such herd books contain large amounts of performance results of the cows, which are waiting to be evaluated. This gave me the idea to do a doctorate on such a topic. After consultation with Prof. Golf in Leipzig, I had the topic: the inheritance of the percentage milk fat content in the Wesermarsch. The task was to verify a theory that had been put forward by the animal breeding director Köppen in East Frisia. I was able to confirm it. It was a big job, but I was able to do it on the spot. In the spring of 1929, I had completed the concept of the work in typewritten form. I sent it for revision to my brother Dr. Berndt in Leipzig, who was working as an assistant to Prof. Golf. He promised to review it, ... but when I went there at the beginning of April, it was lying there untouched. Since I had only four weeks of vacation, I went to Golf and told him that I had to postpone the doctorate, which was not easy because of my professional activities. As a result, Golf invited me to his apartment for two evenings, and we went through all the work. I was very grateful to him! But now it had to be written.

A stenotypist did this with great diligence. The fair copy was very laborious, since many genealogical tables had to be written. Finally I could hand it in, but 14 days of my vacation were over.

Now it was time for the oral exam! With three professors, one hour each! I had no choice but to choose two professors besides Golf who were known to be gracious. And for this only the subjects geology and mineralogy came into question, for which I never had a big interest. Now I was cramming like a madman. I don't want to hand down the ordeal of the three exams to posterity. But I was so down with nerves, after all, that I cracked up a bit on the third exam. The mineralogy professor had insight - and you had made it! At the ceremonial presentation of the doctoral diploma, my brother Christoph was standing next to me, on 17.5.1929. This caused the dean of the philosophical faculty to remark: "But the old man at home will be pleased!" To my bride I sent a telegram: "Good day, Frau Doktor!"

Yes, now I have to catch up on something very important. In the summer of 1927, Julius Helms had invited me to take part in the agricultural field tour in Ebstorf. So I went there with my motorcycle, and the round trip with about 20 horse-drawn carts went via Oetzfelde, Velgen to Luttmissen. There I saw Friedel again, in the afternoon in the garden and in the evening at the ball in Ebstorf. And already at this ball it became (almost) clear to us that we would go through life together! Those were very happy hours!

Soon after that Friedel went to Wangerooge for 14 days. From Rodenkirchen I could easily get there. So we spent two very happy weekends on the island. At the second meeting we were so far that we got engaged in the Café Demenpfad. In November I went to my parents-in-law for a consultation and was able to embrace Friedel. At Christmas the engagement took place, but only on a small scale because of a bereavement in the family.

The day after Christmas we drove to Dresden and experienced a "big reception" at the Neustadt train station. On the day before New Year's Eve, there was a celebration to which the entire Wohlrab family and what belonged to it were invited. My otherwise sober father took his little daughter lovingly in his arms.

In 1929, plans for the wedding matured. Of course, I wanted to get through my doctorate first, and so the 29.5. was considered. After the doctoral examination I flew to Dresden. It was my first flight in a small propeller plane that had about 10 seats. We flew at an altitude of about 100 m and for the distance of about 120 km we needed 55 minutes! Shortly at my parents and the next morning to Luttmissen. From there we quickly went on to Rodenkirchen. There I had rented a small house from "Mudder Buss", which was now furnished together with mother-in-law.

On 28.5. the civil marriage took place in Ebstorf. A downer fell into these festive days: my father was ill and could not attend, prostate cancer. Today perhaps a cure would have been possible, but at that time even a professor summoned from Bonn (his brother) could do nothing. He died on the 4th of Advent 1929 at the age of 66. It became a sad Christmas.

We drove to the registry office in glorious weather with father-in-law and Mutti as witnesses in the open Landauer, coachman Willy, who had been on the farm for a long time, had wished that and from his whip fluttered a white ribbon.

In the afternoon, the out-of-town guests arrived: the Wohlrab family, four of Friedel's girlfriends, and five Bundesbrüder. It was a very funny wedding night until father-in-law had to call it a night after midnight.

For the wedding ceremony we had a bridal car, which was provided by the seed farm in Ebstorf. (Father-in-law was one of the founders). With us drove two flower scattering children. From the church, in addition to the 60 or so guests, there were many people who also attended the wedding ceremony. The celebration with dinner and dance took place in the Hotel Marquard and was held in a cheerful atmosphere.

Around midnight we said goodbye, drove to Uelzen and spent the night in the German House (no longer exists). The next morning we drove to Bremen and in the afternoon to Rodenkirchen. We had a very happy time in our little house. Later, when our daughter Christa was born, we had a nice apartment, which also had room for my office.

We were in Rodenkirchen for almost seven years, it was a wonderful time! We had a big and nice circle of friends, I had the "Mattey-Klub" on Sundays and Friedel had a wreath (*A "Kaffeeklatsch" with the girls*).

Not to forget the Rodenkircher market, a huge fairground event over four days in September. We still think fondly of those lovely people, of whom unfortunately only a few are still with us.

During these years a change had taken place in our German fatherland. National Socialism under Adolf Hitler had found more and more followers. His principles and slogans, e.g. the right to work, found more and more approval among the people. And the marching columns of the SA and the SS were greeted enthusiastically everywhere. This is understandable at a time when Germany had seven (!) million unemployed. By cleverly stimulating the economy, to which rearmament was later added, full employment was soon achieved. At that time, no one could have foreseen the catastrophic further development. I myself joined the NSDAP in March 1933, not exactly out of enthusiasm, but following a trend of the times.

In the summer, an SA formation was also formed in Rodenkirchen and I was given the task of giving these young people basic military training. I drilled with them for a while, but then it was over, because my activity in Rodenkirchen was coming to an end.

We went to my mother's in Dresden for Christmas 1933, with our children Christa and Jochen. For the New Year's Eve party, Friedel and I were together with cousin Bernd Mücklich in your big pub in the city. Here we met my federal brother Helmut Körner, the regional farmer leader of Saxony. A conversation revealed that he could urgently use me in Saxony. And so it came about that we moved to Dresden at the beginning of 1934.

I had the task to build up the "Milchwirtschaftsverband Sachsen" (*Milk Economy Union Saxonia*). As a sub-organizer, there were already five milk supply associations. The entire dairy industry had to be reorganized. In the case of the dairies, the main task was to close down the many unprofitable operations and to collect the milk deliveries in large farms. After implementation, this measure proved to be very successful. Such drastic measures, however, were only possible because of the Nazi market economy.

After two years, the State Farmers' Leader brought me into the State Farmers' Association (the market associations were outside). The new task was particularly interesting: setting up the office for "food security".

These offices were set up all over Germany. Their sole purpose was to prepare a wartime food economy, especially immediate measures in case of mobilization. This work was, of course, secret, and therefore the Stelle für Ernährungssicherung (ES-Stelle) (*Department of Nutritional Security*) was also the sole point of entry for all "secret matters" and "Geheime Reichssachen." I myself and my co-workers were especially sworn to secrecy. All documents were kept in two armored cabinets. I was given a direct telephone line to the apartment so that I could always be reached in the "MOB case".

In each of the 28 district farmers' unions in the country I had an ES staff member, also with an armored cabinet. It was part of my job to visit all these field offices once a year and monitor security.

So what was really done? In the farms, it was necessary to clarify whether the farm manager was immediately drafted. If so, can a family member or neighbor continue to run the farm? If this is not possible, should the farmer be put UK- (indispensable)? In the same way, all land trade and food distribution had to be secured. A selection was made from the food enterprises and these were declared as "essential for war and life" (K.u.L.-Betriebe), e.g. slaughterhouses, dairies, jam and

canning factories, and so on. These K.u.L.-businesses also had to be secured: Personnel, raw materials, operating resources such as motor vehicles and fuel. The managers of the factories were also sworn to secrecy. I had to make these commitments.

We had set up a mob calendar that showed exactly what had to be done on the 1st, 2nd, and so on. Monday. In the agricultural and food sector, I was the defense commissioner for all of Saxony. But everything connected with the ration cards was handled by an official of the Ministry of the Interior. Thanks to this intensive and extensive preparatory work, the mobilization in the food sector then worked out completely.

Thanks to this intensive and extensive preparatory work, the mobilization in the food sector then worked out completely.

In 1936, I was appointed a civil servant for life as an agricultural councillor and in 1939 as a senior agricultural councillor.

On September 1, 1939, the Second World War broke out. Today I say that this was the biggest mistake of the Nazi regime, which had been so successful in all areas. Apart from the inhuman consequences, this war led to the total downfall of National Socialism. Also, this war was the logical consequence of the "liberations" already committed before: Memelland, Sudetenland and Austria. Thus the "Greater German Reich" was born!

The real driving force for this war - we found out only much later - was the megalomaniac thought of an Aryan - that is Germanic - Europe with the serving Slavic peoples of the East!

Without this knowledge and with the enthusiasm that had seized the whole nation in the first years of National Socialism, our troops went to war with great confidence of victory. They also won great victories all over Europe, from the North Cape to North Africa, from the Atlantic to the Caucasus.

But when, after the USA entered the war, almost the whole world was against us, it became clear that the war could no longer be won. The German people would have been spared endless suffering if they had surrendered unconditionally at the beginning of 1944. But from Adolf Hitler, who was obsessed with his delusion, one could never expect surrender. And his paladins and generals did not dare to intervene. The only assassination attempt failed. I do not want to write more about these war years, since these difficult years can be read about in detail elsewhere.

The work of my ES post naturally came to an end after the outbreak of the war. I took over the main department III in agriculture as department head. Apart from agricultural production, this was the most important area: market regulation. It encompassed all market activities involving agricultural products, a particularly difficult task in wartime. The market associations, e.g., the dairy association, were responsible for the control of the goods in detail. No local supply gaps were allowed to occur as a result of distribution errors. This was only possible because all farms were registered and all goods had to be offered to the associations. However, such a fully controlled market order is only possible in an authoritarian state. In the large field of economic market organization - in other sectors as well - one must concede the Nazi regime complete success. And nobody in the economy had the feeling of being limited in his liberties, because the success was acknowledged.

No, it was not all bad what National Socialism had created! I think for example of the Reichsarbeiterdienst. There were all the school-leaved youth from the street and lasting values were

created, e.g. meliorations. And when you talk about the innovations of the Third Reich, you can't go past the Jewish question.

So, the Nazi regime rejected the Jews for racist reasons. Thanks to an excellent propaganda, wide layers of the German people followed these thoughts. One would probably not have objected either if the Jews had been given a reasonable period of time - perhaps 10 years - in which they had to leave our country, with family and all rightful possessions. However, the way in which the Nazis wanted to solve this question, and solved it, was rejected by the entire nation.

Already the discrimination by the obligation to wear the Star of David or the marking and thus boycotting of the Jewish stores was felt as cruel and unbearable. And then during the war the gathering of the Jews into ghettos and the deportation to extermination and incineration camps would never have been possible with the knowledge of the German people.

Yes, and why did this people do nothing against it? If someone would have stood up against it, he would have immediately wandered into the next concentration camp never to be seen again. And just out of this fear nobody would have joined him. The few assassination attempts have been held. The tyranny of the NSDAP was just so strong that every rebellion meant the own death sentence. But now enough about the "Third Reich", which today hardly plays a role in the young generation.

In the meantime, we had conquered Poland and the Ukraine, and the Polish territory was turned into the Generalgouvernement with the headquarters of the German administration in Krakow. Landesbauernführer Körner, who in the meantime had become the agricultural chief of the entire Ukraine, summoned me to Krakow. I became deputy head of the Market Organization Department in the Food and Agriculture Division of the Government of the General Government. The president was Karl Neumann (Döbeln), with whom I remained on friendly terms for years afterwards.

Here, interesting and multifaceted tasks of the market economy arose under completely different conditions than in the Reich. The main task was to capture everything that was produced. All agricultural products of this agricultural country were needed for the supply of troops. We developed an effective system.

In exchange for the delivery of grain, the Panjes received ration coupons on which they could buy all items of daily use. Without these ration coupons, there was nothing. In practice it looked like this: The grain was delivered village by village. A long column of Panjewagen drove off to the city, some had only a few hundredweight on it. After delivery, they received bills and could now go shopping: spades, hoes, cow chains, but also foodstuffs such as sugar, salt, pasta and, above all, vodka. When the convoy returned home - because of the long distance, they also drove at night - the convoy from the neighboring village would meet them and there would be a cheerful reunion: "Go there quickly, there's everything there, especially vodka!" So this worked quite well.

For the distribution of agricultural products we had economic associations: livestock, dairy, sugar, potatoes, eggs. They were grouped together in the Central Chamber and were under the authority of the E.u.L. Department with me as the Central Commissioner. This was also a wide area of work.

After about two years I was appointed to the Presidium of the E.u.L. Department as a direct assistant to the President. New tasks awaited me here, among others I became the head of the domain department. We had declared some particularly large Farms to be domains, in which important tasks of production were carried out. For example, there was a very large farm in Galicia

where Koxagis was grown, over 1000 acres, and the sap from this plant was used to produce buna, which was very important to the war effort as a rubber substitute.

Another domain was Gumniska near Tarnow. I have to tell you a little more about this plant, because I was often there, also together with Friedel and the children. I will try to describe from memory the size of this farm. The owner was the Polish Prince Sangushko, who, however, had fled to South America. The prince's mother still lived in the castle and was respected.

The estate included: 10 000 acres of agriculture, divided into 10 estates. On these estates there were valuable dairy herds, pig and sheep breeding, including a Karakul herd. Furthermore: 11000 Mg. Wall connected with 2 sawmills and a furniture factory, 50 fish ponds with intensive cultivation and a large poultry farm with rhodelands. Also a jam factory. And horse breeding: a Gidran main stud (the Gidrans are a Hungarian horse breed) with 120 mother mares in large rearing stables. In spring it was a wonderful sight: 100 broodmares on the pasture with foals at foot! And now the most interesting branch of the farm: an Arabian thoroughbred stud lan Abu Urkub. These stables were Christa's whole friends. These Arabians were trained on the nearby racecourse and ran on the races in Warsaw or Lemberg (Galicia).

The whole complex was managed by the German estate director Jakob Rauert, a splendid fellow with great horse sense. He was assisted only by a German secretary. He did all the work with the Polish directors and plant managers, with whom he had such a good relationship that he was asked to return after the war. He did not. My family and I spent very nice hours in the Rauert house. I also went hunting there and shot a strong buck. One of my first tasks was to set a salary for Herr Güterdirektor. We soon reached an agreement through life insurance.

Another task of the E.u.L. Department was the production of educational films for Polish farmers. Once it was about the peasant horse breeding. We were able to make good recordings at your big mare show in Sanock. Friedel was also with us, and in the evening we had a wonderful time with the district farmer. In the bright morning we could not get admission in the small hotel. I then climbed up the gutter and was able to reach the bedroom via the balcony. In Krakow we had the casino of the main department E.u.L., where we also spent very nice hours.

I took the hunter's exam in Krakow and was assigned a hunt of about 100.000 acres in the Beskids. The hunting ground belonged to the Polish Count Romer, but he had died. The large estate was managed by the Countess, who was reserved towards us, but otherwise very orderly. I was occasionally able to help her a little by allocating, for example, artificial fertilizer. My partner in the hunt, Mr. Bögelsack, and I occasionally spent the night in the manor house and were often invited to lunch.

The hunt was very mountainous, mostly wooded and where there were fields, there was also a farmhouse. The Poles almost always lived in the middle of their fields, so no closed village location. We almost always spent the night with the Polish forester. No running water, no electricity! On the hunt I was accompanied by a hunting helper whose name was seyons = hare. I think he was a perfect game thief. But he guided me well.

The population of roe deer was good, there were no red deer or wild boar. I shot three bucks and four does there. Once in autumn we held a driven hunt to which we invited colleagues. We shot 16 rabbits, the first two of which were immediately sent into the house so that we had something to shoot. There was some snow and a little frost. The Polish forester was well acquainted with the installation of the boilers, so that the hunt went off to everyone's satisfaction.

President Neumann had appointed me "Hofjagdmeister". I had to prepare the big hunts and to lead their organization and execution. A number of guests of honor always took part, on the one hand from the government and on the other hand generals from the army and air force. These field hunts always brought great distances, because the hare population was very good.

On one of these hunts we had assumed to shoot 1000 hares, which was quite possible. Hunt ran for two days and on the trail were "only" 942 creatures, including a few pheasants and three foxes. We were 28 hunters and about 200 beaters. Very large kettles were formed, into which the hares ran. When driving into the best cauldron, the hunters stood all around on heights, in the middle in front of us a large meadow ground. There it swarmed with hares, which had all run together there. And when we came closer, they made lunges in groups. 6 - 8 pieces rushed towards a hunter. At best he could shoot two, the others got away. This kettle brought a distance of 160 (!) hares - and the same number probably escaped.

Early in the autumn of 1944 we held only one driven hunt, because the danger of the partisans increased more and more. Since the general was also involved, a company of soldiers was taken and distributed among the hunters. Everything went well. In my hunt in the Beskydy I went there only once in the summer of 1944. Then it was too dangerous because of the partisans.

Because of the increasing air danger of the large German cities, my family had received permission to leave for the Generalgouvernement in December 1943. At the beginning of my stay in Krakow, I had lived in a large and luxurious villa together with three colleagues. We had a maid there, with whom we could communicate only in French, a parlor maid (Bronja), a cook and a laundress. But because Governor General Hans Frank had promised this villa to another gentleman, we had to move out after 1 1/2 years.

The new lavish apartment with about 10 rooms on the 4th floor (with elevator) was located in the center of the city at the market place, which was now of course called "Adolf Hitler Platz". We looked from the window at the very beautiful Marienkirche, which contained a famous carved altar by Mathias Riemenschneider. We also looked at the "Tuchhallen", a historical shopping center, especially for folklore articles.

Friedel with the children lived with us in the villa for a short time, but then they moved to the market square. In this apartment we had Bronja and cook Sophie with us.

The children had to go to school, Christa to the German high school in Krakow. We took Jochen to a German boarding school in Zakopane, where he felt very comfortable. Since there was a lot of snow in winter, he learned to ski well there. Yes, and Peter. He was in the first year of school and went to elementary school. There were difficulties there, if only because of the writing.

In the meantime I had rented an allotment garden, to which we had to go by streetcar. At that time, however, we had already moved again, to a 5-room apartment on the outer ring road, and we had taken Bronja with us. And since in such a garden also a summerhouse belongs, one built me in the agricultural central office a rather large summerhouse. Unfortunately, we were able to use it only a few times, because ... the German eastern front was wavering and the Russians were advancing.

In the summer of 1944 all German families had to leave Krakow! I had business in Berlin and took the two boys with me.

I had business in Berlin and took the two boys with me. In Berlin I put them on the train and they went to Luttmissen. Christa and Friedel stayed until the last appointment, they went to Dresden. In August we met there, and we had to take Christa and Jochen to KLV camps (Kinderlandverschickung).

In Prague we spent the night together in the "Alcron". Jochen was sent to a camp near Pardubice, later he changed to Taus near Pilsen. Christa's first camp was quite good, then she came

to Bschesno. All the camps were in Czechoslovakia.

As the Eastern Front came closer and closer to us, the intention was to defend the city of Krakow. All Germans fit for military service were put into formations and given basic military training. We had police uniforms and the 98 rifle. As a former lieutenant, I had to take over a platoon, about 100 men. The best time was always when it was time to march out. In a hilly area, a large suburban park, trenches were dug and there we made great maneuvers. K.Naumann, who led the other platoon, always played "Tito"! That was the partisan leader (later marshal!) in Yugoslavia who fought against the German Wehrmacht. As serious as things were, we had a lot of fun doing it.

That was not enough defense. The whole team of the government and the units went east by train on two Sundays. There, trenches were dug. Everybody was allotted a measured piece, and with that they had a good time until the afternoon. The second time we were near Ococim, a small town with a brewery under German management. Naumann chartered a panjewagen and I was sent off. When I returned with my "beer wagon," there was great rejoicing, of course. When one thinks of these "defense measures" today, one can only say: it was complete nonsense! The Russian did not care about such things at all.

And in those weeks another task came to me. The valuable breeding stock in Gumniska was to be evacuated to the west in case of danger. In the course of the preparations, I had traveled to Warthegau together with General Director Rauert to look for a large farm that could take in these animals. In the district of Wollstein we found a farm Eichgraben, 5000 acres with a lot of pasture land. The Reichsbahn had provided two long transport trains. In the fall of 1944, the time had come. Of course, not all breeding animals could be taken, only the most valuable ones, e.g. the Arabians. The evacuation succeeded. During my last stay in Eichgraben I could see that everything had arrived well. But ... if one thinks of the further course of the war, all the effort had been in vain. Everything was given to the Russians!

During my last stay in E. I experienced an interesting hunting afternoon. The forester picked me up with his team at the manor house. At a small, dense pine bush I shot two rising pheasants. Then, in the wide field stood about 50 field deer. On the forester's advice, I shot a doe standing off to the side. Then the forester shot a poaching dog. Next, a rabbit bush. I shot two without difficulty because so many were darting around. Then it was off into the woods for a deer. There was a capital one on a cutting! No, not that one. I lined up, and the forester pushed off a thicket. But too soon the stag fled into the wide field.

The situation was getting worse and worse. In the middle of January 1945 the Russians had already reached the German border near Katowice. Our rail connection to the Reich was thus interrupted. Then came the evacuation order for the whole government. In order to salvage the motor vehicles, each person authorized to drive had to take a vehicle with him. I had a rather large car (Horch?), which, in addition to the luggage, was of course also occupied by a colleague. The E.u.L. drove closed in column on the only still open road southward. Destination of the day: Izdebnik, the E.u.L. estate, where we often had meetings together and where we lived. The estate distillery made a very good yashembiak!

Usually it took a good hour to drive there. But this road - the only escape road left - was jam-packed with civilian and Wehrmacht vehicles. I think it took us five hours. Dinner in Isdebnik - and now my escape "home to the Reich" became a bit adventurous! Naumann came to me and said: "You have to drive back, our truck of the Landw. Zentralstelle broke down far behind with clutch damage. On board are all our coffee and tea supplies, and you'll have to fetch them."

Together with a colleague with a second company car - our luggage stayed behind so that we could load quite a lot - we drove back and also found the truck. It was reloaded, and our cars were tightly packed. The second car could leave a little earlier.

On the onward journey came a: Stop! A Wehrmacht patrol under a real general stopped each car. The general: what are you loading? Me: government car! Load: coffee and tea. The general: confiscated! I had to pull over and join a column of other confiscated vehicles. I said to the captain

leading the column: I must inform my president in Izdebnik and ask for a short stop there. This was done.

I then got Naumann out of bed at night. He could do nothing despite his SS-Standartenführer uniform.

So we drove on during the night until we reached Bielitz the next morning. There was no sign of any more guarding of the confiscated column. So I continued to act at my "own discretion". I met a gentleman from the Landw. Zentralstelle who asked me to give him a ride since his car was broken down. Since I was alone in the car, I gladly did so. Due to this long drive at walking pace, my gas was now running out. I was in the Greater German Reich and without gasoline coupons there was nothing. I drove into a Wehrmacht barracks and asked: gas against coffee? And that worked, my tank was full.

We then drove on via Mährisch-Ostrau to the Altwater Mountains. There was snow there and it was not cleared. We got through until we were stuck in a snow bank at dawn. From a farm we picked up an IWAN (*Iwan is a derogatory term for Russian*) guest worker (*The term guest worker here is highly misleading, they were forced laborers and treated mostly as slaves*) to clear the road and continued our drive to Neisse. I had done the whole trip in the uniform of a police lieutenant and that was an advantage here and there.

In Neisse I stayed one day with the Klaka family. Maria was my secretary in the market order in Krakow, now married to my successor Kurt Bette. From him I put on a suit and left the uniform there. I also drove the car into a garage there, because I didn't want to burden myself with it any longer. I did not have a gasoline license.

I was carrying a truck from the Krakow Property Administration, which I could use to get around. I lay in the back between boxes and crates and it was quite cold. The destination was: Stohnsdorf near Hirschberg, the alternate headquarters of Hauptabteilung E.u.L. At night, toward morning, the truck came to a standstill, the diesel line had frozen. All the days we had frost at 5 - 10 degrees. I got off, my luggage consisted only of 10 pounds of coffee. I took a milk truck to the next town, which even had a train station. After changing trains, I reached Stohnsdorf, where I met most of the E.u.L..

I explained to Naumann that I had lost all my luggage because of the stupid story. He told me that a trek was on its way from Izdebnik, carrying my luggage as well, and that I should go to meet it. So I got on the train and drove through the Czech Republic to Mährisch-Weißkirchen. From the station I had to walk another hour to a large estate. There the trek was supposed to stop. This was also confirmed to me, but when would it come? In the evening I heard news and it was reported that the Russians were just advancing in this area.

Therefore I left the next morning. At the train station I was told that a clearing train was expected to go to Prague. It also came and had two passenger cars. So I went along and when I woke up the next morning, we were in Wiener-Neustadt, about 50 km south of Vienna. I really didn't want to go there! Finally I caught a train that went to Prague. And from there I went to Dresden. When I arrived there, of course I looked very degenerate, unshaven and unwashed with a margarine carton as "luggage". But of course I was received with great joy. I have described this return from Krakow in a little more detail because it really was something of an adventure.

At the end of January 1945, the war had taken a total turn! On all fronts only retreats. North Africa, Italy, invasion of France, Norway, Finland - all lost! The Eastern Front was in East Prussia and Silesia. Today, after 38 years, one must say: What a madness!

This was the end of my time in the Generalgouvernement. 3 1/2 years, it was a highly interesting time with tasks, which brought again and again new experiences in Poland. And it was a really successful time in the E.u.L. (*Food and Agricultural Sector*) sector during the years of the war. We were able to increase Polish agricultural production in a short period of time, and above all we managed to capture agricultural products to a large extent. This was of great importance for our troop rations. In addition, we in Krakow had many amenities in daily life that were no longer available in the German Reich.

I would like to describe one episode. There were no more domestic helpers in the Reich. However, there was a possibility to find Ukrainian girls from refugee camps in Krakow. I wanted to fulfill three wishes: for my sister-in-law Ruth and our baker's wife in Dresden and for my sister-in-law in Berlin. I obtained the necessary permits and went to the camp guarded by "SS" in the barracks. The camp director showed me some girls and I felt like a sultan at the slave market. When I had chosen three, the girls were told what I wanted and they happily agreed.

In the evening they were brought to me on the train and I asked fellow passengers to make sure that they got off in Dresden-Neustadt. This also worked, the girls worked well and willingly.

(Here I must add a comment. A "Refugee" Camp guarded by the SS? Very unlikely. I suspect that he went to a Concentration Camp and asked to get some girls who were there as forced laborers. No wonder they were happy to leave!)

At the end of January 1945, the war had taken a complete turn. On all fronts only retreats! On all fronts only retreats. North Africa, Italy, invasion of France, Norway, Finland Everything lost! The Eastern Front was in East Prussia and Silesia. Today, after 38 years, one must say: What madness!

What a strategic nonsense! Our troops were in Africa and on the Arctic Ocean, on the Atlantic and on Crete! How should this war ever end victoriously? Especially after the USA had become our enemy. But this is reported in history books in detail. And nevertheless!

We had at this time still hopes for a turn! So intensively the propaganda had made us believe in the improbable effect of the new wonder weapons. It concerned the first long-range missiles whose development was finished, which did not come however any more to the use. (The atomic bomb did not exist yet)! Today the rocket weapon belongs to every Wehrmacht.

I had already picked up our daughter Christa in November 1944 from her KLV camp. There were very bad accommodation conditions there. In the meantime, Friedel had already taken Christa and Peter to Luttmissen. Now I had to fetch our Jochen, who was in a KLV camp in Taus near Pilsen.

So we took the train again, via Prague to Taus. There was quite a bit of resistance there, since the boys were supposed to stay in the camp. I took him along anyway and we landed happily in Dresden. The Klaka family from Neisse had also arrived in the meantime, and we were able to arrange quarters for them in Luttmissen.

The Hauptabteilung E.u.L. had also arrived in Dresden. Naumann asked me to stay with him for the handling of everything. I did not!

I had the following thought: When my sons will ask me one day, what did you actually do in the war? Then I would have to say: I was UK (indispensable) for the whole war! So: I went to Major Dierich, my comrade from the Cadet Corps, now with the Wehrersatzinspektion. And so I became a lieutenant again on February 12, 1945 (!) and was supposed to take part in an officer training course. I went straight to the clothing store and was back in uniform. I had permission to sleep at home at night. And that night came the bombing raid on Dresden!

We had given our apartment at Wintergartenstraße 19 to refugees from Berlin, because our family was in the General Government. Now, after our return, we lived with my mother in Dinglingerstraße. She was quite ill and had been discharged two days ago from the hospital in Arnsdorf - not in good health. Friedel had therefore gone with her to the Friedrichstadt Hospital (Dresden), where they wanted to keep her right away. But she did not want to come until the next day. And then came the bombing!

13.2.1945! This completely senseless attack was one of the most inhuman and cruel catastrophes of this world war. Strategically senseless, because Dresden had hardly any armament industry. In addition, Dresden was overcrowded with refugees. The number of dead has never been ascertained without a doubt. There are figures between 30,000 and 200,000 dead. I think the latter

figure is the most probable. There have been enough reports about this attack in the literature, so that I can limit myself to the personal experiences of this worst night of my life.

We lived with Mutti, Friedel, Jochen and me. At 9:30 p.m. there was an alarm. Jochen was sitting in the bathtub. When we looked outside, there were "Christmas trees" everywhere, bright magnesium lights floating slowly down on parachutes. They made the night bright as day and they were considered a sure sign that an attack was coming. And it started very quickly, too. We were in the basement with the occupants of the house and heard bomb impacts everywhere, near and far. The lights went out, candles on. A bomb fell in the immediate vicinity. I looked and found that our coal cellar was on fire. So we had to get out.

Before that there had been a break and we went upstairs. Small fires that we were able to extinguish and some property damage. Down again.

Friedel grabbed a few blankets, which were quickly wetted and we fled. Outside, there was fire everywhere. House Number 19 had taken a heavy hit. In front of the neighboring Joseph-Stift (hospital) lay wounded who asked that we take them with us. We could not. There was a tremendous storm of fire and sparks, which drove sparks through the air from every source of fire. Friedel had Jochen, I had Mutti, whom I had to support very much because of her illness and weakness. Through the firestorm our blankets flew away quickly. It was hell! I lost Friedel and Jochen in the process. I got as far as the big garden with my mother and found a bench on which there was still a free seat.

I ran back to check on my sister-in-law Ruth and her children. When I had made my way to Wintergartenstraße, I found that she was no longer in the house with the children. (she had fled to Aunt Frieda). On the way back, I heard the screams of a girl in the Großer Garten. It was a BDM girl who was slightly wounded and whom some fiend had thrown down to rape her. I reached for my pistol, but he fled immediately (thank God!). The girl didn't need any more help.

Mummy was still sitting on the bench. Suddenly someone said: here lies a dud (*Unexploded Bomb*)! So immediately again. Where to? In the boiler room of a villa on Karcherallee I found a place for Mutti to sit, together with other people.

I walked on to the apartment of my coworker Hans Heinichen, who lived in Strehlen. I assumed that Friedel had fled there. It was a redemptive reunion when we were able to embrace each other there in the crowded air-raid shelter. I now went with Friedel to fetch Mutti. As we ran back with her, I was able to flag down a military truck that took us all the way to H.'s.

Now it was getting light and we had to go on. I thought of Merbitz in Goppeln. He was chairman of the livestock association and well known to me. He had a farm in G., about 8 km from Strehlen, where we were now. When the three of us arrived there after 1 1/2 hours, we were able to get temporary quarters, even though everything there was already overcrowded with refugees. I was able to find a one-horse carriage with which we drove back and fetched Mutti. Mrs. Heinichen with a sick child went with us. Finally we got something to eat. I was given eye ointment, since my eyes were so inflamed by smoke and dust that I could hardly keep them open. During the night we slept somewhere in the house, as a result of the excitement we had gone through not much of it. There were also refugees sleeping in the horse stables, close together.

The next morning I tried to put together a trek with the Goppelner farmer to the next railroad station. Freital came into question, about 20 km. I got three teams with ladder trucks on which I could transport old and sick people. When the trek was supposed to start, there was another attack! Already the third one that morning! Nevertheless, we left at about 11 o'clock.

Just behind the village there was an unexploded ordnance on the road! So we had to make a sideways turn over the field paths.

In the afternoon we arrived in Freital. Friedel and I, we went to a butcher and baker store to get something to eat. These stores gave free food without food stamps, perhaps because we looked so filthy and torn. After all, we had nothing with us, Friedel her handbag.

There was a small train that went to Meissen via Wilsdruff. Our friends, General Deckert and family, lived there and we hoped to find temporary refuge there.

The train arrived in Wilstruff late in the evening, and that was the end of the line. A very nice conductor offered us quarters. We slept in a very small apartment - another refugee couple was already there. Mutti in bed together with a grandma, Friedel and Jochen on a padded bench and each other on a sofa in the freezing cold living room. And yet we had 5 degrees of frost.

Thank God the first train left already at 5 o'clock in the morning. It was crowded with rush-hour traffic and refugees, but it got us to Meissen. Deckert's were happy that we were saved. We stayed there for a few days to recuperate and get back into shape as human beings.

I went with Hans D. to the clothing store and completed my military outfit. With the assistance of a general, this was done very quickly.

I wanted to try to save something from our air-raid shelter in Dresden. Through the district farmer leader, whom I knew well, I got a team with a farmer and two fat cold-blooded horses with a table wagon. It was a long trip, from Niederwartha via Cossebaude to Dresden. We came from the west and had to go through the district. It was terrible. My wonderful Dresden, so destroyed! The fires were almost over. Past the ruins of the opera, the Zwinger, the Hofkirche, the Elbe bridges broken. We could not go the direct way because some roads were closed. Finally we were there. The house had burned down, but it was possible to get into the cellar, where it was very hot. Nothing had been looted yet. We loaded a lot of things onto the table wagon, including our silver suitcase. Then we went back. There were charred bodies everywhere in the streets. They began loading the bodies onto carts.

We packed our wagon load into a large cellar in Niederwartha at the home of an acquaintance. He was the chairman of the fish trade and well known to me. Later we wanted to pick up the things. Yes, they are still there today! From there I only drove to Meißen.

We wanted to know what had become of Ruth. Friedel and I took the train to Coswig and borrowed two bicycles from Ilse Starke, a good friend. Then we biked to Hellerau, shot at by low-flying planes on the way. We met Ruth at the home of my brother Jochen's friend. She was worried about her oldest daughter Jutta, who was a BDM girl at the main station at the time of the bombing. It turned out later that she had fled to our relatives in Reichenbach in the Vogtland.

But we wanted to return to Luttmissen, even though I actually had to go to the barracks in Dresden. Through Hans I got special leave "to save the family". On the first day we got to Leipzig via Döbeln. It took us a whole day, otherwise two hours. In the evening we went into the large station bunker. Mutti got a couch in the sickroom, the three of us spent the night on the bench. At least there was a large portion of noodle soup. Early in the morning we continued, in Magdeburg we got an alarm: we had to go into a deep brewery cellar. Finally, we continued to Stendal, where we had to change trains. Alarm! This time only into the station tunnel. Finally we continued in the completely overcrowded train to Uelzen. We had to spend the night and found refuge with Katja Starke, Ilse St.'s sister-in-law in Coswig. Everything was very primitive. The next day by cab (!) to the train. Soon a train left for Ebstorf. There we could finally embrace our children Peter and Christa. The train from which we had just got off was shelled by low-flying planes just behind Ebstorf, 8 dead! And as we drove happily united on the road to Wessenstedt, new bomb squadrons passed overhead, circled by fighter planes. There was nothing to be seen or heard of any German defense. We had no more air force.

After two days I set off again for my officer training course. In Leipzig I learned that it had been transferred to Glauchau. When I arrived there, the major wanted to dress me down. But when I explained to him that I had made an effort from Meissen but had not been able to get a connection, he calmed down again. The course lasted until the middle of April 1945 and then I was to report to a regiment in Plauen i.Vgtl. But the rail connection there was already interrupted by the Americans. So I went with a comrade in the direction of the Erzgebirge mountains to get to Plauen by going around the top, so to speak. Again and again we had to go into the ditch because of low-flying planes. Via Aue I came to Schwarzenberg and stayed with the district farmer leader Köhler. I stayed there for two days, rested and took wonderful walks in the forest. Then I went on. But I never made it to Plauen. In Adorf a "patrol service" checked me and since I could not go to Plauen anymore, the patrol service took me.

That was a nice club under a lieutenant colonel. We drove in the Vogtland - as far as still possible - and in the Egerland the roads at day and night and looked for "deserters". Fortunately, we did not have much success, and the task was no longer taken very seriously, since the war was over.

I had the misfortune to be assigned as a "combat commander" in an Egerland village. So I gathered the village council in the evening and we discussed what to do. Prepare bridges for blasting (the river was very small), there was not enough time for tank trenches, so we dug trenches. From a military point of view, of course, this was all nonsense, and there were hardly any weapons available. And so I was very glad when I was recalled after two days.

On May 9th, the day of the German surrender, our small troop was disbanded and everyone had "free maneuver". I drove together with Major Künzel in the direction of Bavaria, knowing that we would probably not get far. Very soon there came: Stop! Americans, one stopped us and immediately said: I am a Jew. We had to drive to a large meadow where several German Wehrmacht vehicles were already parked. The next morning we drove on by ourselves, there were no guards. Soon it was over again. We had to turn in our car and arrived at a tent camp in a meadow near Lottengrün. The American rations were good, but modest. After a few days we went on to the barracks in Plauen. I wanted to go there, but not as a prisonnier de guerre! We were in the same barracks from which I left 25 years ago to conquer the city as a lieutenant and platoon leader of the MG company.

I have described the period from my departure from Krakow to here in some detail because it was full of moving events for us and because it also cost us a lot of nerves in those wildly moving days and left indelible memories in my mind.

The war had ended with the German surrender. All of Germany was occupied by Americans, English, French and Russians. The major cities and industrial areas were largely destroyed by bombing. Daily life was quite difficult, since there was a lack of everything. At least, one did not have to starve.

The Yanks in Plauen had set up a large typing pool for discharge papers in a large gymnasium, which also worked quite quickly. I wanted to go to Luttmissen in the English-occupied zone, but at this time it was still closed. I met Major von Kunow. He had received permission from the camp commandant to travel far around the country to get food for the camp. When I told him that I knew the Saxon district peasant leaders well, he asked me to come along. He had touted his good knowledge of the country to the Yank captain, but in reality had no idea.

We drove off in a German commander's car, provided with an American trip ticket over 300 km in radius. We were stopped many times, but were always told: OK.

The next day we drove to Erfurt, because nearby his uncle, Count X. had a large estate. And a few villages away, my boy Karl Büchenschütz was sitting on Rittergut Vehra. Great reunion joy, and from both estates we could also buy something.

Then we drove to the Leipzig area, to the large estates of Wenzel-Teuschenthal and to my brother Seidler in Gärnitz. We bought all kinds of things together and the goods were then picked up by trucks.

One day the captain asked if we should not go to the area of Halberstadt, which Kunow of course answered in the affirmative. And so we left early at 4 o'clock, two Americans were sleeping in the back, they wanted to go to H. In Halberstadt they knew exactly where to go: to a bakery, and there were two buxom girls! We said that we would pick them up again at 17:00.

We ourselves went to Neuhandelsleben to Dr., Reinhard (colleague from Krakow). He was there on a large estate and we spent a relaxing day. Our Ami's stood punctually at the road, and we drove on in the direction of Erfurt. We dropped the two off at a Ami camp and we stayed overnight with our friends. The next day we picked up the Ami's and in the evening we were back in Plauen.

One could ask: why didn't you leave on this occasion? We wanted to have proper release papers, because otherwise we ran the risk of being caught again at the next opportunity. And in Plauen, people were constantly being released. And that was wrong!

The time came when the Russians advanced to the border of today's GDR. Therefore we were suddenly loaded onto the train in Erfurt. We drove to the west. On the way there were hardly any guards and many of us escaped. We arrived at the Babenhausen camp near Hanau. Here it was bad, lots of barbed wire and we had to lie on the bare stairs in a horse stable.

And again suddenly trucks came. We quickly gathered our poor clothes and v. Kunow and I, we just got on the last truck. And that was wrong again! Half of the officers did not come with us - and these were discharged in the next few days!!!

We drove via Frankfurt - the Negro drivers drove like savages - the Westerwald to Siershahn, a large camp under the open sky. After a few days the camp was taken over by Frenchmen. They were very bad days, because it rained often and we were lying on clay soil. Three of us had dug a cave in a small slope. On the second morning we were awakened by a call: "Get out of there! Then the cave collapsed.

After three weeks we went on to Koblenz and the next day to France. In Vaucouleur near Sedan was our next camp. A verse from your poem, which I later wrote in Mulsanne, best describes the conditions there.

We lay in the park, hatred everywhere!
Harassment and frisking, constant torture.
Hardly anything drinkable, very bad food.
We will never forget Vaucouleur.

After 8 days we went further west to the Thoreé camp. We lay in poured halls for four weeks with poor rations. On 8.9. further on to Champagné in Brittany.

We stopped for five months,
Gloomy and foggy, dark and cold.
Weakened by hunger, with empty stomachs.
Many a comrade could not bear this!

Yes, it was very bad. Of the old men, 15 died every day, and we were 1500 officers. We experienced the first Christmas there:

And when the bells rang in the homeland.
Then we sang Christmas carols.
Our thoughts were at home with our loved ones.
And yet it remained dark and cold with us.

After that we received news from home for the first time. Then we had to march on foot - 14 km - (some of us couldn't do it anymore) to the Mulsanne camp near Rennes. There they gathered 6,700 officers. Here we lived in Nissen huts, corrugated iron barracks. The camp conditions were somewhat improved, and finally we were able to receive parcels. The food was poor, the agriculture consisted of pine trees and sand.

Among so many officers there were naturally experts in all scientific fields. And so the camp academy already started in Thoreé was considerably expanded to numerous scientific fields. I had taken over the sector of agriculture and had one staff member each in animal breeding, plant breeding, and arable farming. I took over business administration (in Plauen I had found by chance the book: Schlipf, Lehrbuch der Landwirtschaft and took it with me). We had considerable numbers of listeners, since above all the younger officers were anxious to acquire additional knowledge and thus also to shorten the monotony of camp life. In the spring of 1947 we also held examinations.

The candidates received a certificate which was stamped by the German camp authorities. With this certificate they received credit for one semester in Göttingen. We had courses in theology, philosophy, technology and natural sciences.

After ten months, the following lines were written:

What no one hoped for, only a few thought for,
Today we celebrate the second Christmas!
As prisonnier behind barbed wire.
And all only because the duty one did.
To the homeland the thoughts pull,
Where children's eyes today glow with expectation.
We hope that all, despite hardship and suffering,
A blessed time be for all.

Christmas 1946. In the spring of 1947, layoffs began. The Frenchman had once again let loose a questionnaire in which, among other things, the Nazi past was asked. I gave the lowest rank: Block Leader. And that was once again a mistake! (it was also not true). Yes, there is no cure for bad luck. All the higher Nazi ranks, e.g. Ortsgruppenleiter, gradually came to be dismissed, only not the block and cell leaders. Why? So quite a number remained behind.

I still have to mention one peculiarity: from Siershahn until the end of Mulsanne I did the Fourier for my group, about 40 officers. The food, such as bread, spread, bad fruit, onion, etc., came from the kitchen. Came for 40 men from the kitchen and I had to distribute them. This was often very difficult! For example, I got 8 round loaves of bread, each of which had to be divided into 5 parts, but all of which had to be the same size. I had built myself a scale and now tried to divide over a standard piece. Or I got a lump of spread, which had to be divided 40 parts. Also for this a way was found. Since we were all starving, my activity was always closely watched and supervised by the comrades. And I have not met a Fourier who has kept up this work as long as I have. Most of the time they failed, trying to get their own advantages. But - the comrades were also grateful to me, for my activity.

June 1947: loading again. This time we went to Baccarat near Epinal in the Western Vosges. We were in a barracks, I lived in a "docent's room" with two comrades. The rations were poor. One day 5 men were wanted for a special mission. I was among them.

We marched early, guarded by a Moroccan, to the firing ranges in the middle of the forest, about 3/4 of an hour away. Here we were to work up a wind break. In glorious summer weather, we were glad to be able to create something. To the Moro we said: You sleep! Escape would have been pointless. Alternately, two of us went for a walk and we worked hard with axe and saw. At noon the food came out, of course we got a work allowance. So we lacked nothing except freedom. This lasted 3 - 4 weeks.

The Frenchman had given permission to the comrades from the forestry to go for walks. I gathered the farmers and those who wanted to become farmers and we joined the excursions. Then, in the forest, the experts gave descriptive lessons, for example, on wall management. We evaluated grazing animals for their breeding value and visited a farm where we were interested in agricultural machinery. We were allowed to stay away for the whole day. So the time in Baccarat was at least a little more bearable.

At the end of October, release was finally approaching here as well. As we stood at the camp gate to march off, the loudspeaker sounded: "Freude, schöner Götterfunken, Tochter aus Elysium" from Beethoven's IX Symphony. After a few days in Bretzenheim, we went on to Munster Lage. For the first time I made a phone call to Luttmissen!

After two days we were driven by truck to the employment office in Uelzen. I was able to persuade the drivers to drive back via Ebstorf. I held out the prospect of a good lunch and sugar beets for distilling schnapps) in Luttmissen and so they drove me there.

For months I had imagined the reunion in joyful thoughts. I must describe it in some detail,

since it was one of the greatest, joyful movements of mind in my life. After 2 1/2 years, I was finally back with my loved ones!

The day before, I had called Friedel and announced my return home the next morning. She had therefore driven with the car with Christa and Jochen to Ebstorf, meeting point Marquard's Hotel. I also drove by there with the truck, but nobody was there. Since the drivers could not wait, we drove to Luttmissen. Here I learned now the mishap. Friedel had done some errands in Ebstorf. But there was one person who was very happy: Peter. He could not come to Ebstorf and was in bed with measles. But his great sorrow now dissolved into great joy: he could greet his father "as the first".

I immediately called Ebstorf and when they came to the farm we were in each other's arms. In her first joy Friedel's first word to me was: You beast! She had been looking forward so much to the journey home together. It was the middle of November 1947! I was, even during the captivity, in good health, but very emaciated, 120 pounds. 2 1/2 years lay behind me, they were absolutely lost.

Here I will insert a review of the fate of my brothers during these war years. Jochen was a teacher at the Dreikönigsschule in Dresden. In January 1945 he was drafted into the Volkssturm. This consisted mostly of older, undischarged men; it was, so to speak, the last call-up. In the same way, young people under the age of 18 were also drafted as flak helpers, some of whom were killed in action. It was terrible! After a short basic training Jochen came to the Mark Brandenburg as a sergeant. And when the Russians invaded further and further into Germany, he was killed in action near Königswusterhausen. He lies in a mass grave in the Heroes' Cemetery in Münchehofe.

Ruth had fled with the children to Aunt Frieda (my father's sister) during the bombing. After Jutta had rejoined them, they also wanted to come to Luttmissen. But Fritz Rust could not keep the intended quarters any longer because of the many refugees. They found good accommodations with Ernst Rust in Wieren. This was even favorable for Ruth, because she could immediately work there as a teacher at the school, still 18 years.

Brother Christoph had great physical-technical knowledge and was drafted into the Aviation Ministry in Berlin. I don't know much about his work. Among other things, he worked in Peenemünde on the development of a night flying device for night fighters. There was also the development of the wonder weapons by which still 1945 a total turn of the war should be brought about. However, these rockets were not used. He was able to end the war without imprisonment and ended up with his family on a farm in the Wesermarsch.

Conditions in Germany during the first two years after the war were very, very difficult. Every town and village was overcrowded with refugees. In addition, there was the huge destruction caused by the bombs. Even on the farm in Luttmissen, Friedel didn't have it easy. With three children and my mother. She received a welfare payment of 125.-Mark. There was no place that wanted to pay my civil servant salary.

When I came home, Fritz gave me six acres of land in the spring of 1948, on which I grew vegetables with good success for over two years. My co-workers were, besides Friedel, Walter Beißer, a comrade from the war captivity, Maria Bette and her sister Martel Schumann. Both co-workers from Krakow, who had also stayed in Luttmissen.

When we started harvesting - and we had a good harvest - we drove to Ebstorf with horse and wagon Friedel went into the houses and called out: the vegetable woman is here! We sold well. Since there was still little vegetable production that year, we were able to get good prices. After all, the first harvest brought in so much that we could buy furniture for a bedroom. This was a good time, especially since the children also got school lessons again, which had been suspended since the spring of 1945, starting in the fall of 1945.

In the winter of 1948/49 I worked together with Walter B. in the Forest of the neighbor Heinr. Porth. However, I soon had to stop because of tendinitis in my forearm.

In February 1949 I got a position as a seed breeding manager at the company I.H.Deicke in Uelzen, a business for vegetable and flower seed trade. I had to build up my interesting and varied field of work. It was about the propagation of all these seeds. For this purpose, I created a large

breeding garden, concluded propagation contracts with farmers and gardeners and also made breeding selections myself. Through experiments I wanted to achieve unforeseen mutations in flowers. For example, in primula malacoides (lilac primrose) injections with the sap of autumn crocus. Or the irradiation of lupine seeds with X-rays. Or crosses in bush beans: this was quite difficult because the flower buds had to be pollinated before they opened. This could only be done with a head magnifying glass. Unfortunately, I did not live to see the success of this work, because I left after 3 1/2 years. The boss said that he had now learned so much from me that he could continue this work alone. My salary during these years was unfortunately very low.

In the spring of 1953, I was commissioned by the Lower Saxony Landvolk to put on a district animal and business show in Uelzen. This was a big organizational task, which made me a lot of work, but also a lot of friends. On a large showground, for which a huge grandstand had been erected, an equestrian tournament took place, along with demonstrations of breeding animals and agricultural machinery. In large tents the companies of nutritional science had exhibited and on a wide area there was a large agricultural machinery show. The event lasted three days and we had a very good attendance.

After that I was asked to go to Burgdorf to organize a similar show there. It was not quite as big, but it was a good success.

But now I have to think of my children. Christa had finished school in 1949, then went to a domestic science school in Ebstorf and finally did a practical year on the Hofschwiechelt domain near Peine. Yes, then there was a young man in Luttmissen with Uncle Fritz, and his name was Otto Körtke. Anyway, in 1953 a big wedding took place in Röhren near Bodenteich, and a young, happy couple moved into the beautiful, large farm. Our daughter had become a farmer's wife. Today, after 30 years, we can say that God's blessing has accompanied this marriage until today.

Jochen had finished school in Ebstorf, and the teachers advised us to send him to the high school in Uelzen. Because of the poor transport connections at that time, he would have had to live in Uelzen. But we were so poor that we could not finance this.

So he went to the Rhineland and started as a miner at the Lohberg mine in Dinslaken. Looking back, it can be said that he was successful in his job, even though he became diabetic in the third year due to overwork. For the last 10 years he has been a department manager at the large and modern Walsum colliery.

In addition to school, Peter had devoted himself entirely to agriculture. He was a great help to Fritz on the farm. But then he had thought that without a farm of his own, he had little chance of advancement in agriculture. And we couldn't buy him a farm. Even before he finished school, he wanted to go to sea.

I went to Bremen and was able to get a place for him on the training ship "Deutschland" - a sailing ship that was firmly moored in the harbor. Here the boys got a basic training. After six weeks he could sign on with the shipping company "Hansa" - Bremen on MS "Kadelfels". The first voyage was to the Persian Gulf, India and Burma. He has been with the shipping company "HAPAG/LLOYD" - Hamburg for 25 years and has been working in the head office on Ballindamm for 10 years. Through a lot of diligence and initiative he has reached a very respectable position as "operator" = head of department for the East Asia voyage. So today we parents can look at our children with pride and much joy. They have all successfully made their way with their families - about which we will have to report later.

We had brought my mother happily to Luttmissen after the Dresden attack. But she was so ill that she had to be taken to the hospital in Bevensen. We hardly believed that she would come back. We could not find out anything about her condition because there was no telephone connection. Nor could we visit her, because the English occupation had forbidden any leaving of the village.

Only after 5-6 weeks were Erika Rust and Friedel able to go there with horse and cart. They drove in the belief that Grandma had probably died. But she was cheerful and happy to go home with them. Since there was no clothing, the three ladies shared what was available. Mutti stayed with us until 1947. Then she moved to Rosenheim, soon came back and in 1951 she went to Reichenhall completely. There she stayed for 19 years until shortly before her death. We had brought her to Bodenteich 2 months before her death. She died in 1970 at the age of 97!

And so the year 1954 approached. Anneliese Abel, a friend of Friedel, owned a large mushroom farm in Katzenstein near Osterode (Harz). Her farm manager, a very good expert, had unexpectedly resigned, and she urgently needed a successor. She offered me this job, and I accepted it, although I pointed out that I had no expertise whatsoever. In order to gain at least some experience before starting, I had previously worked for 4 weeks in a mushroom farm in Freden an der Leine.

At the beginning of my work in Katzenstein I was faced with a difficult task, because in the cultivation of mushrooms a lot of mistakes can be made. The plant included 10 cellars for cultivation of mushrooms, which gave an average daily harvest of about 6 hundredweight. In the canning department the mushrooms were sorted, blanched and canned. The sale was almost exclusively canned. This included a nursery with two greenhouses where flowers were grown, including gerbera, bell cyme. In addition, a few acres of agriculture. The entourage comprised 77 people. In addition to a team of horses, there was a large road train that traveled daily to bring in horse manure.

For me now the following difficulty arose: the normal work like putting up and moving the manure, bringing it into the cellars, spiking it with the seed material, covering the mound beds and finally harvesting could be done well with the well-rehearsed people. But artificial fertilizers had to be given like potash, phosphors and lime. However, my predecessor had taken the "recipe" with him, and none of the people knew the quantities. So I had to mix it myself. And here a great danger arose. Until I could see the effect of my fertilizer application, 3 - 4 weeks passed and in this time 3 - 4 new cellars were created. If my recipe was now wrong, a considerable crop loss could result from reduced harvest. I was lucky! From the first harvest I had only good results.

In the lime rocks near Osterode were big caves made as well as long corridors during the war, in order to build an underground armament factory. However, this did not come to pass. We grew mushrooms in these "cellars", with good success. But the growth was very slow here, because it was not possible to heat these rock cellars. These cellars do not reach the optimum growing temperature of 18 degrees.

I built a large cultivation house with 8 rooms on two floors. In addition, we were able to lease large cellar rooms in Göttingen, which also brought good yields. By these measures I had achieved that at my departure the daily harvests amounted to 12 hundredweight, I had been able to double the yields.

After 3 1/2 years I finished my work in Katzenstein, because Hans Abel had grown up in the meantime and wanted to take over the farm himself. He continued to run it successfully and even expanded it.

We found a nice circle of friends there and were also members of a bowling club in Osterode. Our son Jochen got engaged to Helga Kruse during this time and then also celebrated his wedding in the small church in Lasfelde. Helga Kruse was at home in Wittingen.

I had received an offer to take over a mushroom farm in Speyer. I went there and found such bad conditions in the cellars and such an unpleasant boss that I left after three days. After this misfortune I got an offer from Erwin John. He was Abels' neighbor and had a small factory for beer fittings. Now this was a technical factory and it was interesting for me to get an insight into such a production. I worked up technical controls there and did a lot of static calculations. My work there was not intended to be permanent anyway, and so I ended it again after half a year.

Mr. Rathsmann-Braunschweig, a large-scale potato wholesaler, was looking for a specialist to set up a mushroom farm. We drove around together looking for large halls. That's how we came

to the Muna site in Bodenteich. I was very glad that on my suggestion these halls were leased. Because 4 km away was Röhrsen!

The extension of the halls was started immediately: Heating system with steaming room, ventilation, a roofed place for the preparation of the manure and the procurement of fish boxes, which I got by the wagon from Bremerhaven. In the fall of 1959 came the first harvest.

In the meantime we had moved from Katzenstein to Röhrsen, because we could not get an apartment in Bodenteich so quickly. We lived there for a year, then we got an apartment at Ostpreußenweg 10, where we lived for 23 years.

My truck was constantly on the road to bring in fertilizer, partly from the surrounding area. Last year I fetched the fertilizer from Hamburg-Flottbek, a large riding stable with over 100 horses. For the sales we had a driver with VW-Van and when this was not enough, a second driver was added.

Difficulties arose only when a series of hot summer days came with temperatures of 25 and more degrees. We could not keep the heat out of the interior of the halls, despite the fact that the halls were only ventilated at night. Then the mushrooms shot up there was a big harvest and then it was over. When this happened at the beginning of a harvest period, there was quite a lot of damage. Unfortunately, I could not reach the harvest quantities we had in Katzenstein here. Probably in Bodenteich the growing rooms were not so favorable.

Since after 3 1/2 years my pension matter had come in order, 1963 left. I then worked for a few months at the Bodenteich dairy, where I was particularly involved in milk control.

On behalf of the Hanover Chamber of Agriculture, I then worked for probably 7 years as a seed assessor. Potatoes, all types of cereals, sugar beet seeds and occasionally grass seeds were identified and graded. This activity made me very much friends, since it was very interesting and varied, and one had also quite a responsibility. For if I had to withdraw a field - and this happened often - then this meant a considerable loss for the farmer. I worked in the districts of Peine, Braunschweig, Königsutter and Gifhorn. Sometimes, when one had to walk through the grain fields in the great heat of June/July, it was very strenuous work. One also covered many a kilometer in one day. That's why I called it a day.

Then I took potato samples for a company in Uelzen. I did that for two years in the fall and got around the whole district of Uelzen.

And finally came a last activity. Again on behalf of the Chamber of Agriculture, I worked as an inspector in the "Quality Control for Table Potatoes". These controls were primarily for the protection of the producers. Previously, the recipient of a wagon of table potatoes, e.g. in the Rhineland, could object to the delivery for various reasons (fraudulent intent). He then demanded a price reduction or the return of the wagon. For the farmer in any case a loss. In order to put a stop to this, this quality control system was created at the consignor's location. If the consignment was now provided with a quality certificate, arbitrary complaints were no longer possible. I first worked in Wieren and Wrestedt and then for several years at the Eppe company in Westerweyhe. Here I had a very good cooperation, because the company itself attached great importance to the delivery of flawless potatoes.

The checks had to be carried out very carefully, as a lot of details had to be taken into account. And if one was not careful, it could happen that the delivery was objected to by the recipient. Then an inspector went to the recipient, and if the complaint was justified, it was quite unpleasant for the inspector. However, I was able to work with success and left in 1974. Finally:

Quitting time!

I want to make an insertion here and now, in 1983, and try to make the development and growth of National Socialism understandable to posterity until the terrible end. We have sometimes heard from the present generation: how was it possible that no one put a stop to this horrible development? Yes, if you did not live through this time, it is really difficult to understand it in retrospect. There is an extensive historical literature about the "Nazi time", but I will try to describe this time from my point of view.

You have to know that in the years 1925 to 1933 - the year of the "Machtergreifung" - we had a big economic slump, a weak government and finally 7 million (!) unemployed. Starting in Munich, a constantly changing popular movement of good, German patriots had developed, which then led to the founding of the National Socialist German Workers' Party (NSDAP). Its leader Adolf Hitler, was able to inspire his audience at political meetings. One of the goals of the party was the fight against communism, and it was for this that there was much support. The fight against the Jews began only gradually and was argued in this way: the Jews are a human race that we do not want to have and that only causes harm to the German people. Nobody could have foreseen how this anti-Semitism would develop.

The economy was boosted with great success - precisely by an authoritarian government. The automobile industry was promoted, the construction of highways came into being and soon the Wehrmacht came with a large armament. Success: the unemployed had disappeared. In agriculture, which was the closest to me, there was the "production battle", i.e. the controlled cultivation produced only what was needed. In addition, the market order directed the products to the places, of the need with regulated prices. The farmers were satisfied.

For the young people leaving school - boys and girls - came the Reich Labor Service, a very beneficial institution. (How well we could use them today!), These columns were used for land improvements and did really positive and useful work. The school youth were in the Jungvolk and the Hitler Youth. They all wore uniforms and I think most of the boys and girls belonged to these formations with enthusiasm. My children: Christa was in the "Bund Deutscher Mädchen" and Jochen in the Jungvolk. In addition to all these formations, there were also the Schutztruppen: the SA and the SS.

Great political successes were achieved, which made us all believe that the new state leadership was on the right track. The invasion of the German Wehrmacht into the Rhineland, which was a demilitarized zone, brought this important industrial area back under German sovereignty. According to the slogan: "Home to the Reich", territories were returned to the German Reich where mainly Germans lived and which had been separated after the Versailles Peace Treaty: the Memelland, the Saarland and the Sudetenland, the latter even in agreement with the European Great Powers. Hitler's greatest deed was probably the annexation of Austria; "Greater Germany" came into being. I still remember the day when this news came through the radio. Aunt Hannah from Salzburg - she was a good Austrian patriot - was just with us. She was cheering with excitement!

Those were the years 1933 to 1938: brilliant successes everywhere and in all areas! Yes, and then one must understand - even today - that almost the entire German people stood enthusiastically behind "our Führer" and cheered him wherever he appeared. He came to Dresden once, and we always lined up where he could be seen.

And then the war came! Before that, a non-aggression pact had even been signed with Russia. The invasion of Poland brought the declarations of war from England and France, and disaster took its course. My family and I, we were probably a little anxious by these events, because one could not guess how this war should end. The Reich Propaganda Ministry made sure that such sentiments could not arise, and the entire German people fought and worked only for victory.

The checks had to be carried out very carefully, as a lot of details had to be taken into account. And if one was not careful, it could happen that the delivery was objected to by the recipient. Then an inspector went to the recipient, and if the complaint was justified, it was quite unpleasant for the inspector. However, I was able to work with success and left in 1974. Finally:

Quitting time!

I want to make an insertion here and now, in 1983, and try to make the development and growth of National Socialism understandable to posterity until the terrible end. We have sometimes heard from the present generation: how was it possible that no one put a stop to this horrible development? Yes, if you did not live through this time, it is really difficult to understand it in retrospect. There is an extensive historical literature about the "Nazi time", but I will try to describe this time from my point of view.

You have to know that in the years 1925 to 1933 - the year of the "Machtergreifung" - we had a big economic slump, a weak government and finally 7 million (!) unemployed. Starting in Munich, a constantly changing popular movement of good, German patriots had developed, which then led to the founding of the National Socialist German Workers' Party (NSDAP). Its leader Adolf Hitler, was able to inspire his audience at political meetings. One of the goals of the party was the fight against communism, and it was for this that there was much support. The fight against the Jews began only gradually and was argued in this way: the Jews are a human race that we do not want to have and that only causes harm to the German people. Nobody could have foreseen how this anti-Semitism would develop.

The economy was boosted with great success - precisely by an authoritarian government. The automobile industry was promoted, the construction of highways came into being and soon the Wehrmacht came with a large armament. Success: the unemployed had disappeared. In agriculture, which was the closest to me, there was the "production battle", i.e. the controlled cultivation produced only what was needed. In addition, the market order directed the products to the places, of the need with regulated prices. The farmers were satisfied.

For the young people leaving school - boys and girls - came the Reich Labor Service, a very beneficial institution. (How well we could use them today!), These columns were used for land improvements and did really positive and useful work. The school youth were in the Jungvolk and the Hitler Youth. They all wore uniforms and I think most of the boys and girls belonged to these formations with enthusiasm. My children: Christa was in the "Bund Deutscher Mädchen" and Jochen in the Jungvolk. In addition to all these formations, there were also the Schutztruppen: the SA and the SS.

Great political successes were achieved, which made us all believe that the new state leadership was on the right track. The invasion of the German Wehrmacht into the Rhineland, which was a demilitarized zone, brought this important industrial area back under German sovereignty. According to the slogan: "Home to the Reich", territories were returned to the German Reich where mainly Germans lived and which had been separated after the Versailles Peace Treaty: the Memelland, the Saarland and the Sudetenland, the latter even in agreement with the European Great Powers. Hitler's greatest deed was probably the annexation of Austria; "Greater Germany" came into being. I still remember the day when this news came through the radio. Aunt Hannah from Salzburg - she was a good Austrian patriot - was just with us. She was cheering with excitement!

Those were the years 1933 to 1938: brilliant successes everywhere and in all areas! Yes, and then one must understand - even today - that almost the entire German people stood enthusiastically behind "our Führer" and cheered him wherever he appeared. He came to Dresden once, and we always lined up where he could be seen.

And then the war came! Before that, a non-aggression pact had even been signed with Russia. The invasion of Poland brought the declarations of war from England and France, and disaster took its course. My family and I, we were probably a little anxious by these events, because one could not guess how this war should end. The Reich Propaganda Ministry made sure that such sentiments could not arise, and the entire German people fought and worked only for victory.

Poland was occupied after a few days, then we invaded France, which very soon surrendered, plus Belgium and Holland. Our troops were victorious everywhere: in Denmark, Norway, Denmark, in North Africa up to Egypt, in the Balkans occupation of Bulgaria, Romania and Greece as well as Yugoslavia. In the Atlantic, our submarines fought against the American convoys with heavy losses.

Despite the enthusiasm about all these successes, the first doubts arose: how should this war against the whole world end? When the USA entered the war, these doubts grew.

The campaign against Russia had made good progress at first. But the winter of 1942/1943 brought a change. In severe cold and lots of snow, an entire German army was trapped and destroyed at Stalingrad. Now the war should have been ended somehow, but the word surrender did not exist for Adolf Hitler. In the meantime he had become a megalomaniac (in the medical sense),

made himself commander-in-chief of all troops and the entire generalship had hardly anything to say. The only assassination attempt on Hitler, which unfortunately failed, took place during this period.

The NSDAP had already built up an organization before the war, which seized or supervised even the last Volksgenossen. Anyone who tried to oppose National Socialism ended up in a concentration camp (KZ). That there were such camps, one had experienced, but nothing more. So a confession to communism, for example, meant agonizing suicide. These things were then intensified during the war, and only in this way can it be understood that no one was willing to put a stop to the escalation of ruin. Anyone who has lived through these times will confirm this. Hopefully my lines will also find understanding with posterity!

The Jewish question should be brought to the "final solution" in the war years. The many Jews in Poland were locked up in ghettos, which I myself saw in Krakow and Warsaw. Terrible! They were also collected in the Western states and sent to the gas chambers at Auschwitz along with the Polish and German Jews. Except perhaps from rumors, the German people knew nothing of these inhumanities. I can confirm and explain this for myself, my family and my acquaintances.

And so, on May 9, 1945, this terrible war ended. The German Wehrmacht was defeated or destroyed at sea, on land and in the air. The "Third Reich" completely collapsed, the cities completely bombed and thus large parts of the civilian population, women and children destroyed. The whole country occupied by Allied troops. We were facing a famine, but it was finally prevented. We ourselves had lost everything in Dresden: our home, our apartment and our professional position. I myself was a prisoner of war. So much for my memories of Germany's most difficult time in this century.

Now I want to open a new chapter: our travels. After the 2nd World War the circumstances had consolidated again somewhat, one could think also again of journeys. After my mother had settled in Bad Reichenhall, we went by car several times to the Alps and ended up in Reichenhall. Together with Jochen we went to Venice, then twice to Lake Maggiore. Our first airplane trip we made to Sicily to a vacation camp near Catania. From there to Syracuse and Taormina, and I was on Mount Etna (3000m) Up to 2000 m you could go by bus, then we went with small jeeps through a deep snowy landscape to the observatory. Thick fog! But one could go to a hole where red lava glowed.

Our next flight was to Arenal on Mallorca, 1968. We had Peter's son Frank with us. Peter went to sea and his wife Anneliese (Aschi) had left him. Frank was with us for 4 years.

In these years we were regularly in the summer at the Baltic Sea in Haffkrug. 1971 flight to Bajamar on Tenerife. There were 20 degrees warmth in February and I bathed every day in the same warm water. We liked it there so much and went there again the next year, this time to Punta des Hidalgo. Both times we also went to the island, twice with acquaintances to Pico de Teide, but also to the carnival in Santa Cruz. The parade was full of music, singing and bright colors, happy people everywhere.

Our son Peter, who had sailed many countries and over all seas over the years - last as I.Offizier -, had been ordered ashore by the shipping company and after a short stay in European ports was now in Canada with headquarters in Montreal. I visited him in 1973 and went there and back with cargo ships of HAPAG/LLOYD: Burgenstein and Buchenstein.

It was a wonderful sea voyage. There is a tape and an illustrated album about this and about the stay in Montreal.

I was in Montreal for 5 weeks, the weather was good, but often very hot. We baptized little Nicole Stephanie in a German church, went camping for three days in the US state of Vermont, took a trip to an Indian reservation and finally Peter drove me to Toronto. There we visited the daughter of my brother Christoph, Helga Weick and family. After visiting Niagara Falls, we started our journey home by ship from Toronto. A wonderful and interesting trip. From Rotterdam I still visited Amsterdam and ended in Dinslaken with Jochen.

In 1974 we were in Haffkrug in June, and there it happened: I stumbled and broke my femoral neck bone. The operation took place in the hospital in Eutin (nailing). It went well and was successful, but... I had prostate problems for a couple of years, which were successfully fought by injections of hormones. In Eutin this matter was treated badly or perhaps wrongly, in any case I had to endure very severe pain at times during the 4 weeks there, which weakened me very much. For treatment of the prostate I was transferred to the University Clinic in Hamburg, Prof. Dr. Klosterhalven. The operation had to be interrupted because of heart failure! When the operation was to be continued after 10 days, I had developed jaundice. After another 10 days the operation could be finished. Friedel lived with Peter in Wentorf and visited me every day. Finally, after 9 weeks, Peter could take me home. I was so emaciated that the inhabitants of the house said: this will not work anymore! August 24, and it took me until Christmas to recover.

The following year we went by car to Switzerland: Lake Thun, Interlaken, Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen with an ascent to Kleine Scheidegg with the magnificent panorama of the Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau. I also went up to the Schildhorn, 2970 m.

The year 1976 brought me the most beautiful, interesting and longest trip of my life, to India! I had booked a ship journey on the MS "Altenburg" of the sea shipping company Rostock, GDR, which lasted 146 days. As passengers only a married couple from Potsdam was on board, with whom I got along well. The general cargo ship called at the following ports: from Hamburg, Bremen, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Bilbao, Mediterranean, Suez Canal, Red Sea, Persian Gulf with Dubai, then Bombay, Cochin, Colombo on Sri Lanka, Madras, Calcutta (here we were for 10 days), Chittagong in Bangladesh, then return trip Kakinada, Colombo, Indian Ocean, Red Sea, Mediterranean and Atlantic to Vlissingen in Holland, where I disembarked and was picked up by Peter.

In each port we could go ashore until the ship finished loading and unloading. We saw a lot because of that: in Bombay a lady of German descent showed us the city and also the surroundings with her car. There were day trips with a bus in Bombay, Colombo, Madras and Calcutta. In Calcutta (approx. 10 million inhabitants) was just New Year celebration. We took a night bus ride through the city together with the crew and had overwhelming impressions.

We could observe the deep Hindu faith by visiting many temples and pagodas. I recorded the whole trip in a report and free photo albums. I also reviewed audio tapes, but unfortunately they have been lost.

I would like to mention that we had a very good shipboard community, despite the fact that the ship was from the GDR. I was able to talk freely with all crew members, even about political things, from the captain to the ship's boy. The food on board was excellent. All in all, a very great trip!

In the meantime, we had moved our Baltic Sea quarters to Sierksdorf. Unfortunately we had to give up this room in a new building directly at the beach, after 4 years, because the house was rebuilt.

Now the year 1979 was approaching: the year of our golden wedding. We wanted to celebrate it in California with my brother Christoph. We drove by car to cousin Bernd M. in Schweppenhausen, who then took us to Frankfurt airport. The flight lasted with a DC - 10 over 14 hours with a stopover in Bangor in the US - state Maine. Christoph had a nice little house in Goleta near Santa Barbara, about 100 km north of Los Angeles. For the celebration Chr. had invited to the noble hotel Kalabassas near Los Angeles: Daughters Gisela with Parvis and Sigrid, Dori's daughter with her husband and an acquaintance. There was a very good dinner. Christoph gave a nice speech in German-English and I gave an English speech which was received with applause.

From Goleta we made a few excursions in the very mountainous country. On foot we could go to the beach of the Pacific Ocean. It was three wonderful weeks. Unfortunately, we had some difficulties with Dori, not only language-wise. On the day of departure we went to Disney Land, which we liked very much.

On departure there were almost some difficulties. A DC - 10 had crashed near Chicago, all passengers dead. This resulted in a worldwide grounding of all planes of this type. We were lucky: our plane was the last one allowed to take off for Europe. After a stopover in Gander, Newfoundland (Canada), we landed in Frankfurt late in the evening, where Bernd picked us up. It was a wonderful trip and I am still happy that Friedel survived it well despite her age.

The next year we made a trip to the GDR together with Bundesbruder Erich Gasch. We drove with two cars, we to Köthen, he to Saxony. Then we met in Leipzig at the regulars' table of the Leipzig agronomists in the Ratskeller. It was a reunion after long years. We stayed overnight with the widow of Bdr. Günther in Modderwitz.

The next day we went to Dresden. In the center - Prager Straße - I hardly knew my father city again, so changed everything! Partly not bad at all, modern, but my old Dresden no longer existed, the bombings had destroyed it. We had a good lunch in an Interhotel on Pragerstrasse.

Then we drove to Wintergarten Strasse, our last apartment. There everything is just changed. On the property of No. 19 there is only a barrack. The Joseph Stift has been rebuilt, it was our neighbor. Then to Blasewitz, Emserallee. The villa where we lived from 1924 to 1918, unchanged. Here all the villas are still standing, but they look gray and dirty, because nothing is renewed. Then my way to school, past the house where Uncle Karl, the painter, lived. It has disappeared. My citizen school and Realgymnasium unchanged. We drove over Schillerplatz, where we lived in a very large apartment from 1906 to 1914. Over the Elbe bridge to Loschwitz and up to the Weißen Hirsch. In the Luisenhof with its magnificent distant view we drank coffee. After another overnight stay in Modderwitz, we drove back to Köthen and stayed there for another day with Gretel Oehlert. When we crossed the border again in Helmstedt, we breathed a sigh of relief. Everything in the GDR is so sad and depressing. There is a lack of everything. The inhabitants of the GDR don't know any different, but when you come from here, you can see the stark difference between the standard of living here and there. And that 35 years after the war!

In the next two years, apart from the Baltic Sea, we were in Riezlern, Kleinwalsertal, Allgäu. Peter always spends the summer vacations there with his family. We found a very nice pension, apartment with a large balcony and a view of a quite magnificent alpine panorama. This year, 1984, we wanted to go there in June for the 4th time.

In May 83 I made a very great Norway trip. With the ferry from Kiel in 19 hours to Oslo, after 2 hours by train further to Bergen in 9 hours. A highly interesting trip up to 1200 m height and about 2 hours long through thick snow (14.5.). From here by the daily mail boat, which passes the North Cape and along the Ice Sea coast to Kirkens and back. The accommodation and food on the almost new ship "vesteralen" was very good. The trip is very varied past high, snow-capped mountains, but also through narrow fjords with steeply rising shores. We had good weather and could sit a lot on deck in the sun. Only on the coast of the Arctic Sea it was quite cold with a strong easterly wind. A particularly steeply rising mountain range are the Lofoten, which lie far off the Norwegian coast. On the return trip, I disembarked in Trondheim and took the train from there to Oslo to get to know some of the interesting interior of the country.

Dear reader! If you have followed my memories up to here, I will try to summarize the tremendous progress of this century in some fields of science and technology!

Let's take the car: I think in the year 1912 I have seen the first car. In the meantime, technology has made the car perfect in terms of reliability, durability, speed, fuel economy and comfort. It has become a commodity of daily life, with the result that you can't find a parking space in any city right away, and that the millions of cars pollute the air with exhaust fumes to such an extent that there is talk of serious environmental damage. This is where "progress" can become a detriment.

Or let's take the airplane. I first saw a French aerobatic plane with my father in 1913. The strongest development in this field was brought by the two wars. Here, necessity became the guiding principle of development. And when I think of the bomb squadrons in the Second World War, here too progress became a curse for mankind. Today, with the introduction of jet technology,

"jet jets" with their great speeds are buzzing around the entire globe, making the journey from continent to continent a flight of a few hours with all the comforts. At the same time, with regard to the millions of airplanes, a great safety of this now indispensable means of transport has been achieved.

Or take space travel: in 1969, the first astronaut landed on the moon, an act that years before was considered a complete utopia. More landings followed, and today the lunar journey has almost been forgotten. Today we have space stations in the atmosphere, satellites for news transmission and weather forecasts, and space probes that fly by Mars or Venus and transmit to us images of these planets that were previously unimaginable. People are already planning passenger flights into space!

Or let's take the atomic research: I mention here only as keywords the atomic bomb and the atomic power station. With the devastating effect of an atomic bomb the second world war was ended. Today, with the nuclear weapons of their armaments, the great powers are able to blow up the whole globe and destroy all life. This is probably the greatest and most terrible "progress" of this century!

The Soviet Union has deployed a large number of such missiles aimed at Germany. The Western defense alliance NATO has demanded their dismantling in two years of negotiations. Since the Soviet Union has not agreed to dismantle its missiles, American Pershing IIs are being deployed in Germany and other Western countries at this very moment. Naturally, these actions have unsettled the entire population. After all, the opinion seems to be gradually gaining ground that a war with nuclear weapons in today's strength is simply not feasible, because both sides possess these weapons and when such a projectile strikes, all life is destroyed in a wide radius, people, animals and plants. The land would not be usable for years.

The nuclear power plants should help to ensure the ever-increasing demand for energy and can thus supplement or replace the natural sources of power. This can become a sensible development. The number of opponents of nuclear power, who are afraid of the possible damage of such a power plant and the radioactive contamination of the surrounding area, will probably gradually decrease, after these plants receive more and more new safety requirements due to the ever new experiences. Despite the fact that more than 100 nuclear power plants are operating successfully in the world today, no significant accident has yet occurred.

In recent years, the issues of environmental protection have become more and more prominent. In our animal and plant world, many species have already disappeared simply because the environmental conditions have been changed. Very badly, in the last two years a forest dieback has started worldwide. Today, the causes are not yet fully known, but industrial exhaust gases are certainly involved. Today, companies with large incineration plants are required to decontaminate their exhaust gases, and they want to introduce unleaded gasoline for cars.

Or take computer technology: I don't think the word "computer" existed at all until the middle of this century. But without them, space travel, for example, would be impossible. This field probably started with pocket calculators, which are already used in schools today. We have machines of all kinds controlled by computers, and this development has led to the construction of robots, which have found their way into the automobile industry in particular. However, this technical progress inevitably leads to another problem.

With regard to the profitability of the company, people today increasingly want to replace workers with technology. And so the great problem of unemployment arises. Under Hitler, there were already 7 million unemployed, but they were quickly eliminated by stimulating the economy and by rearmament. Today, at the beginning of 1984, we have over two million unemployed! No one knows a successful recipe for getting them back to work. Part of the reason for this deplorable state of affairs is that in the years after the war we brought in foreign workers: Italians, Yugoslavs, Spaniards, etc., over a million. The further influx has stopped, but a large part of these guest workers have settled here.

This problem does not only exist in our country, but in all European highly developed countries, also in the USA and in South America. And what are the causes? I recently heard a lecture on television in which, after detailed consideration of all the circumstances, the speaker came to the following conclusion: The world population has increased so much in the last 100 years and will continue to increase at this rate, so that in the foreseeable future the natural bases for food and thus also for work will no longer be sufficient. The explanations were so clear and supported by statistical figures that I consider this hypothesis to be quite possible.

Or let us take agriculture, an area in which I have a say: At the beginning of the century, only horses on the farms, the only machine the plow. Spreading fertilizer, sowing, hoeing and harvesting, all by hand. The farm full of servants. Then came the manure spreader, the drill, the mower and the thresher, and finally the tractor. On my first apprenticeship we still hoed grain by hand.

Today, on a medium-sized farm: 1 - 2 men work. Grain and beet drilling, planting potatoes, weeding, harvesting with the combine harvester, potato and beet harvesting, all this work is done today by the machine with one man, for potato harvesting still 1 - 2 women. Horses are kept only as riding horses, dairy cattle has declined sharply because of overproduction of milk and because today no one wants to muck out. Pigs are fed automatically, the same in poultry keeping.

But besides these visible changes, one should not forget that the yields per hectare have increased by 50% in the last 100 years. Similar successes have been achieved in both milk yield per cow and in increasing the quality of agricultural products.

I will conclude this review of the various fields of science and technology here, although I know that it is far from complete. Nevertheless, I believe I have shown through these few descriptions that this century has brought truly revolutionary progress.

Before I bring my chronicle to the end, I want to report about the time since 1945, thus after the 2nd world war, in rough outlines. For 38 (!) years we have been living in peace in Europe. This has not happened in the last two centuries. Unfortunately, this is not the case in the wide world. There were wars in Korea, several years in Vietnam, as the Americans had to withdraw. Then in Angola/West Africa and in Somalia/East Africa and the other places in Africa. In Central and South America there have been many revolutionary struggles that continue today. And for at least 25 years there has been fighting in the Middle East between Israel, Jordan, Lebanon and Syria with no end in sight. For two years, Iran and Iraq have been at war, with no end in sight either. So you can almost say: peaceful Europe!

At least daily life is running smoothly here. From year to year the prices rise, but the wages and salaries go approximately with. Politically, we are currently governed by a CDU/Csu and FDP coalition, which is having great difficulties because the SPD, which previously ruled for 13 years, left behind a huge national debt. Partly to blame is a major world economic crisis that is now slowly beginning to recover.

I have left out of this memoir the growth and flourishing of my three children and families to this day. This was done intentionally, because they form the next generation. After all, they have been with us for half a century. However, in this report I want to at least commemorate the current "state of affairs" of the family.

First of all, I would like to say that all three families are in well-situated positions today due to their own initiative, diligence and professional skills, so that we do not need to worry about them and our grandchildren. This is a great joy for us parents and we would like to thank you three from the bottom of our hearts for the fact that we can live an old age without family worries and cares.

Otto and Christa have now been farming in Röhrsen for over 30 years with good success. Daughter Ute is currently studying at the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna. Klaus is in Kiel in the last semester of his degree in agriculture. Thomas is also farming in Röhrsen.

Jochen (divorced) and Rosemarie Nebelsieck (doctor's widow) live in Dinslaken. Jochen works as a department manager and mining engineer at Walsum Colliery. Son Jens studies journalism in Münster in the 5th semester. Jörg finishes his compulsory military service in October

and then also wants to study business administration in Münster. Of Rosemary's daughters, Susanne is the oldest. She works as a pedagogue for speech-impaired children. Heike is completing an apprenticeship in occupational therapy for the sick in Cologne. And Gunda is graduating from high school and wants to go into agriculture as an apprentice.

Peter (divorced) is married to Margret née Seroka. He is a department manager (operator) at the large shipping company HAPAG/LLOYD in Hamburg and lives in his own house in Wentorf. Frank (from their first marriage) is an apprentice in a motor vehicle repair business. Stephanie has just started high school and our youngest Christian is due to start school in August.

I will now come to an end with my notes about this 20th century. I hope very much that I have given you, dear reader - you may be one of my grandchildren or even a great-granddaughter? - I hope that I have given you the impression that in these 80 years really profound events have shaken Germany. It took a lot of energy to build up a completely new life for the family after 1945. I owe a great deal to my wife Friedel, who was very energetic in caring for our three children, especially in these difficult times, while I myself was a prisoner of war.

But I owe the greatest thanks to my Lord God, who has kept me in such good health until today. I often go hiking, and in the summer I go every day to our beautiful forest swimming pool and swim 400 meters. And I am especially happy that at 83 years of age I can drive a car without difficulty. Our vacation trip in the summer of 1983 was 2700 km!

God willing and if I stay healthy, I intend to add a supplement to this report in 10 years.

Bodenteich in May 1984.