

**UHLICH-KNAUTH LETTERS**

**1883 - 1951**

**Translations by Ursula Mahlendorf**

**Transcribed and annotated by  
Susanne Dunbar Barrymore**

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**Edited by Ted Huthsteiner, March 2007**

Combined separate Table of Contents and Uhlich Letters into one document.

Changed font to Arial to improve readability via computer.

Posted this doc (Uhlich-Knauth\_Letters.pdf) on family genealogy web site  
([www.huthsteiner.org](http://www.huthsteiner.org)).

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## UHLICH – KNAUTH LETTERS

### Introduction

To have letters from ancestors who first came to the United States is not something that was common. Some of the early migrants, of course, were essentially illiterate. But even those who were well enough educated to write, may not have had reason. If they had no relatives in their country of origin with whom they wished to keep touch, there would be no reason to write. Some, of course, kept diaries. Even here, there are long periods with no letters from Antonio to his wife, because she was at home in New York City with him, or they were together at their summer home on Lake George.

These letters are primarily ones which were sent to Else Uhlich Knauth. The earliest is 1883, most are late 1800's, early 1900's, with a few later. Most are in German script. There are some from the late 1920s and after, to Else Knauth, from son Peter, studying music in Munich, or relatives. Some are from the Depression or World War II period to Ilse Knauth Dunbar, Else Knauth's daughter. Whenever it is known, the name of the sender and the date accompanies each letter, or group of letters. There are some from Else's father, Gustav Hermann Uhlich and a few from her mother, Anna Stahlknecht Uhlich, who lived in Chemnitz, Germany, to Else, living in New York City, or Bolton Landing on Lake George, N.Y, where they built their summer home, Felseck. Else's siblings were Hans, Susanna, Thekla, and Franz, to whom there are references in various of the letters. The siblings of Antonio Knauth, her husband, were Percival, Selma, Manuel, and Octavio. He had three half siblings from his father's first wife, who died in childbirth with her fourth child. Willie, who is mentioned, is the son of Antonio's half-brother Johannes. There are some letters from Antonio's mother, Fanny Steyer Knauth, Else's mother-in-law, and a few other letters with identification accompanying them. The accompanying family tree on a separate sheet may help show relationships of people who are mentioned in the letters. Ursula Mahlendorf translated them, and Susanne Dunbar Barrymore, daughter of Ilse, granddaughter of Else, transcribed them.

Ursula Mahlendorf, whom I have known since 1958, was professor of German literature at the University of California at Santa Barbara, plus associate dean toward the end of her tenure, now retired. She was born in Silesia, and managed to get to Western Germany just after the Russian occupation of her home territory. In August of 1946, her family, was being shipped, with many others, out of the area, by train. Her train was destined to end up in East Germany, but because a passenger died, the train was held up, and a different one took its place. Fortuitously, hers headed to West Germany, where they went to Bremen. It was here that she had her high school education. She came to the United States to get her PhD at Brown University, MA.

Ursula has been most patient and generous giving her time and skill in translating these letters. Initially, our approach was to just get a rough idea of what was in the letters, and so quite a few of the letters are translated in a sketchy way, and I attempted to write down the translation. After a while it seemed better to use a

Dictaphone, which gave a much more complete rendering. Later I also referred to the letters I was transcribing to try to check spellings of names. This has resulted in a rather uneven presentation, but I do not wish to take any more of Ursula's time to go back over the letters we did initially. Going back over them, as I tried to improve the presentation and add helpful annotation, I have been impressed and pleased with the choice of words and phrasing which Ursula produced so spontaneously, with no opportunity to give it a more scholarly treatment. She was clearly delighted by the good humor of Gustav Uhlich, and she brought out the diverse interests and expressive abilities of both Antonio Knauth, and his mother Fanny.

In an attempt to organize the letters somewhat chronologically, there are a number to Else Uhlich, from Antonio in 1893, which cover the period right after he went to Chemnitz for their engagement, Sept. 14, 1893, written during his return to N.Y.City, until he left NY to return for the wedding, which took place November 28. These are followed by a number by Gustav Uhlich and some by his wife, as chronologically arranged as we could make them, but with no attempt to intersperse chronologically among them, letters from others. There are also a few letters from Uhlichs, addressed to Antonio. Following this there are other letters from various members of the family, as indicated. Customarily at that time in Germany the greeting was followed by an exclamation point. To simplify this presentation this is often omitted, and also attention to paragraphing is omitted, since it would take more space. Many name spellings are simply phonetic, or were not clear. In German a diminutive form is often created with an umlaut, plus adding ...chen, plus some other forms which will turn up, so the reader should keep this in mind. A number of what we would call "nicknames" are used.

KNK refers to Knauth, Nachod and Kühne, banking firm started by Antonio's father, Franz Theodor Knauth, with branches in Leipzig, Germany, and in N.Y.C. When Franz Theodor died his eldest son Percival took his place. Antonio had a family connection with the firm, but practiced law independently, in the law firm Von Briessen and Knauth in New York City. One may read the extensive description of the KNK firm written by Franz Theodor's grandson Theodore Whitman Knauth in 1959. It starts with a short biography of Franz Theodor Knauth, which describes an extraordinary career. Starting with no family financial support, he developed his career into being a successful businessman in international trade, and then through this, established their international banking firm. I have added this biography as an appendix for those who would enjoy knowing more of the family history.

If anyone wishes to use or improve this presentation, they should feel free to do so. I only ask that they credit Ursula Mahlendorf for the translation. It may be possible this whole work with pictures and genealogical information can be made available on a CD.

Susanne Dunbar Barrymore  
September 2001  
Santa Barbara, California

**The following is one early letter, 1883, from Gustav Hermann Uhlich, to daughter Else when she was about 15, living as a helper in a relative's home.**

My dear Else!

I don't want to have Waldemar leave here without giving news of us to you, although you will find out most of it from him directly, and he knows what has happened here at home. Occasionally Mother has bad days because of her old illness, and she must drink bitter water, which, dissolved in wine, is the best for her. Brother Hans is in Elster, and he probably is just as angry about the bad weather as we are here. Rain and sunshine alternate hourly, and bring about that everyone curses the dear Lord, as if he cared. Our guests, the two Saaling's boys have been here since yesterday. Clare Uhlich, and her Waldemar, who has been called up, will therefor not be needing to use a room in the house, and so we are only sorry that we can offer so little to Waldemar. Day trips, which I wanted to take with the children, had to be cancelled because of the inconstant weather, and therefor theater is the only thing we have been able to offer to the boys. According to your reports, you are being offered a lot more, and it seems to me to be too much of a good thing, so that later there will not be much left to offer you in the way of entertainment. That you have been taking lessons together with the Mayrburger children is good news to me. I hope you will write to us soon, but also let us know how useful and helpful you make yourself in the household to your aunt. I encourage you to try to pay back to your aunt and uncle the love you are given, through attentiveness and pleasantness.

The engagement of Lieschen Uhlich with her fiancée has finally been made public, and most likely it has become public by an announcement. As a consequence of this engagement, Martha Uhlich is not arriving this next week, because the engagement is being celebrated next Sunday. Clare is going to Schallenburg tomorrow, where she will spend the holiday with her sister, Truchan. Clare is the same as before, and this one is just as tall.

In addition to our overfilled quarters, we could have also been saddled with little Wolfgang Voigt, and his nursemaid, in order to rescue the little fellow from whooping cough, from which the other Voigt children are suffering, but until now, they haven't come. At the moment, 6 children are running around, one male goat, one cat, 20 ducks, 9 roosters, 10 hens, a mother hen and 13 chicks, and there is a lot to feed and take care of. Aunt and Uncle Saaling are in Dresden, and Aunt Frenzel in Keafor (?), with Mrs. Rehdel, while Willy, with Aunt Martha, wants to be victorious in Swiss valley with her affliction of paleness (TB or anemia ?). I hope you are free of the same, and you don't need to have them bring you milk to your bed, a practice I didn't like at all. The morning air will bring color to your cheeks! I hope you will remain well and healthy, and that we will hear from you soon, and only good things.

With best greetings and a kiss, from your father, Gustav Uhlich, who loves you.

**Antonio Knauth and Else Uhlich were engaged Sept. 14, 1893. There are a number of letters from this period from Antonio to Else, because he had to return to N.Y. to his law practice, get papers ready for marriage, and to arrange for a residence. The wedding was in November. At this time we have found no indication of how Antonio and Else became acquainted, whether through personal contact or arranged by others. Since he was already established in business in New York City, it seems that it might have been arranged. Antonio was born December 2, 1855, and Else was born June 17, 1868, so at the time of their wedding Antonio was almost 38, and Else was 25. Antonio had been married quite a bit earlier to a Dutch woman who died in childbirth with their first child. The word "bride" is used in these letters, but it is the term, which refers to her as a fiancée.**

**Sept. 26, 1893, on way to London.**

My Dear Else,

There was nothing today going right through to London. A direct train left 3 hours earlier, and left us sitting here on the border of Holland, where I stayed overnight in a hotel. Tomorrow to Flissingher, over the North Sea, to England. I'm still in a state of bliss. Little disappointments would run off like water off a raincoat. I was very happy you took our leave-taking well, and I trust that you'll keep your good humor under all circumstances. You get along better with good humor than melancholy. The journey was uneventful as with all good journeys. People sharing the compartment left me alone so I could dream, occasionally interrupted by meals. In Hanover I got the fast train traveling through Germany in comfort, like in America, in large cars, by paying 2 marks extra. On the whole a good trip. It is 10, and I will go to bed, since I must get up early. You won't hear from me until I get to London. I get there late.

A kiss for you and then goodnight.

**Sept. 28, 1893 Antonio to Else**

Dear Else,

Yesterday a letter from Vesel, who stayed with me another ½ hour in Goch.(?) At noon we got to Flissingher. The train stopped for ½ hour at every station. We left at 8 PM for the trip across the North Sea to Queensboro. The sea was calm, and I therefor didn't notice anything of seasickness, except that some passengers suffered from sleeping sickness. That evening we had a wonderful view with the moon in Queensboro, where a lot of warships were anchored. A fast train took us to London. Customs passed uneventfully, but note when you come to London, don't have cigarettes, cigars or spirits with you. I'm here in London Holben Viaduct Hotel, which is a part of the station, in which, through the mediation of a traveling companion, I got a room at half price. But don't tell Hans about it because the gentleman was Jewish, and a very decent human being. Early in the morning I started looking for a passage and

was happy enough to get one on the Lucania, a new ship of the Cunard Line. It's the fastest boat, which exists, and will get me to N.Y. even though leaving one day later than the cancelled Normania. It leaves on Saturday afternoon from Liverpool and all passengers will leave Saturday AM from here to Liverpool. So I'll sit here today and tomorrow. Only annoyed that I won't get a letter from you. I'll send a telegram. I'm leaving on the Lucania on Saturday hoping to get a line from you at the steamer before it leaves. I found out here the main traveling days of the fastest ship (from England) is Wednesday and Saturday, therefore if you write via England, then you must mail the letter Monday or Thursday before evening. The next fastest via Hamburg, where ships leave on Thursday, for that, your letter should be in the mail box by Tuesday afternoon as the connections out of Chemnitz, are bad. Since the early train at 7 o'clock is too late for the most fast train connections for the day. Tomorrow I'll write again. In the meantime I'll empty your little flask of red wine and drink your health because the fog has descended, and a good gulp will help.

**Sept. 29, 1893 on letterhead, "Spiers and Ponds, Holborn Viaduct Hotel, London".**

Dear Else,

London is a beautiful city, so time went by as if on wings, even though I haven't been to the theater nor anywhere else. Life in the street, which one can observe from the top of the omnibus or from the street, is highly entertaining, and since I don't know the town well there is something interesting to see everywhere. Today I visited a business friend whom I looked for in vain yesterday for 2 hours. Then I bought something that you should have worn for your engagement. Just guess! Doing that, the morning passed. After a little lunch in an honest to goodness London Pub, I took a train out to Kensington, a part of town where the upper crust of London lives, and there went to the famous Natural History museum, which is famous for the realistic exhibits which are shown there monthly, and are equipped with explanations of the individual objects. After that I wanted to go to the art museum, but I was so tired I drove to Hyde Park. We have a similar museum in N.Y. where we'll have to go see it together once we are settled there, and we have time for such things. I almost bought a few travel blankets for you, but thought that they might be superfluous. Let me know if you have a large shawl or a blanket. We have many in N.Y. If we don't have enough I'll take along a couple for you. On board ship one needs 2 blankets even if one has a fur coat or an opera coat. Tomorrow morning I leave with the express to Liverpool, which gets you there in 4 ½ hours, and then with the little steamer to the mail ship Lucania, so I won't be able to write you until I'm aboard ship. The following day we'll land in Queenstown in Ireland and I'll mail a letter then. The weather was great. Yours lovingly, Antonio.

PS. Be well, my treasure, and don't overwork doing embroidery on the tablecloth.

**October 1, 1893 Antonio to Else, on board Lucania.**

You probably don't know you've been on the high seas with me without becoming seasick. You've been with me the whole time, where among others I have some acquaintances but no friend. I already looked for a cabin, which would be suitable

for us, away from engine noise and boat motion, but we will go on another line. I inquired where the boat's engine is so as to determine its motion and rumbling, and I selected a deck chair for you, and have had a good time with you. The ship is fine, and the decorations are simpler than the German ones, and the public rooms are more roomy, all of which I prefer. The deck for the first class is so extensive that you can have a good walk, and a roof, so we can sit or walk during the rain. Something I've never seen before.

Yesterday, going from London to Liverpool, I had quite an experience. Only one gentleman shared the compartment with me. He greeted me rather warmly when he saw my name on my hatbox, and explained he was doing business with Knauth, Nachod and Kühne. He gave me his name, which I knew quite well, but when he heard I was not a banker, but a lawyer, and when I named my firm to him, his joy changed to real terror, for he is the man against whom our firm has been conducting law suits regarding patents, and there have been suits which have become quite heated. He is a clever and unscrupulous businessman, whose trade we seriously handicapped. He admitted to me quite naively that we had made him so sick he had gone to Germany to a spa to recover. We had never met each other personally, and now we avoid talking about business, but we had to laugh when we became aware of the whole thing. Now we are friendly to each other like two tomcats. Otherwise, among the passengers of the Lucania there is a N.Y. lawyer whom I know, and another gentleman I met on the (Ombria?), the other 300 are strangers. You don't get to know each other so quickly on an English ship as on a German one. I'm guessing I will travel alone with you, and actually I don't have any need for others other than the exchange of usual pleasantries. In Liverpool I went to the wharf in a Hanson cab, a small carriage with two big wheels, in which the driver sits behind you on a high seat. In Liverpool we transferred in a small steamer to the Lucania, which was anchored in the middle of the harbor. The ship left between 10 and 11 at night, waiting for high tide. It was a beautiful evening and night as the moon came up and the lights of the city were on both sides of the river. I finally went down when the anchor was lifted and am alone in my cabin since the ship is quite empty. I'm glad of that, as the cabin is quite small. You'd laugh if you could see how small a space one can put 2 stacked beds, a couch, and a hand basin and a closet. This AM we arrived at the Irish coast, and steamed past green hills, to Queenstown to get the last mail, and a few passengers. They're just now getting the last mail and I must say goodbye for 6 days. Don't let the time get too long for you and remember you are with me.

**October 4, 1893   Antonio to Else   On board the Cunard Royal Mail Steamship "Lucania"**

That someone gets a letter from his bride on the ocean is the nicest surprise. That's what happened to me. When we were in the harbor at Queenstown for 2 hours I looked in vain at the little steamer which came up to us, for a letter for me, but I didn't see any. The next day, however, to my joy, I found a letter in my cabin, just as if the mailman has brought it a short while ago. At any rate, your mailing it at the station expedited it quickly to Liverpool. The only thing I don't understand is, why it wasn't on the table with the rest of the letters, which had arrived. Writing on this undulating ship

hasn't been easy, but we have a nice writing room here. As usual, some fishermen approached our boat in Queenstown, from which the Irish fishermen and their wives opened up a little trade with the ship passengers. I got a silk shawl for 8 shillings, which I had bargained down from 10 shillings. I hope you will let me know how good a bargainer I am. The harbor is picturesque, and the weather beautiful and everyone was in a good mood when we steamed out, but that didn't last very long. A few hours later the waves got huge, and most of the passengers were affected, and that took a day and a half. But since then it's become beautiful. I wasn't seasick, but I was sleepy, because of the rocking motion. On Friday, Oct. 6, night before last, we were stopped by the fog, and now and again we heard the foghorn, and twice we heard ones from other ships. The sea was quiet, and we could have made 540 miles, but we had to go slowly, so only made 500 miles. Today is, thankfully, beautiful, sun, and smooth ocean. We're getting into American fall weather, and tomorrow a splendid arrival in the N.Y. harbor. According to the forecast we will arrive tonight approximately at 1 o'clock, and we left 10 o'clock from Liverpool, so it took 6 days and a few hours. This way I'll arrive only 1 day later than I told them. As a matter of a fact, the ship is nice, but the food leaves much to be desired. That's different on German boats, and on a Hamburg or Bremen steamer the food will be as good as with Mama Uhlich. I played chess, checkers, whist, dominos, and read some and talked, so the time went well. Last night there was a concert for the sailors' benefit. There were two Chansonette singers who have a winter engagement in N.Y. The whole was quite entertaining. I didn't participate because I didn't have an instrument. On the passenger list I marked the names of the people with whom I became acquainted. They were mostly from Boston, with whom I shared a table, and who know my brother-in-law and Selma. One of the ladies, Miss Hooper, said, before she left Liverpool, she had gotten a letter from Selma, which said she planned to go to Lake George to Bessie's wedding. I doubted that since our engagement telegram from Selma came from the central Adirondack Mountains. One Dr. Havers, a young physician, is attending lectures by Bowditch (meaning Selma's husband) and thinks very highly of him. Bennett and Stern are N.Y. lawyers, with whom I had lawsuits. Hopkins is from Chicago, and knows my friends, the brothers Winslow. Sterrit I met last year coming back from England, and Miss Felton knows Percival as well as Selma. I learned so many connections everyone was very amused. On the back side of the passenger list there is a small map, which shows the ship's route to N.Y. I'm curious to know how your time is spent, taking English lessons, and singing. I forgot to write the songs, which you sang so nicely in the choir. Please list them to bring as part of your dowry. How is your painting going?

We'll be anchoring outside the harbor until the health authorities can come aboard about 6 AM. By 9 AM I hope to be home for breakfast. Manuel will probably come and get me, and for several days I'll be the object of congratulations. So behave yourself so I can only have good things to say, and so you can come over here to N.Y. with a clear A in conduct. People here are very keen on grades and good conduct. I'm looking forward to having a letter from you when I arrive. Perhaps it came on the ship also.

Be well and give my greetings to all others.

**Oct. 9, 1893**

Dear Else,

As I expected, such a wall of business awaited me that I can only write a few words to you. At the landing dock I was received by Berta, Aunt May, Willie and Mr. Englehardt, of my business. Percival joined a little later, and we celebrated a happy and excited return. I immediately went to my office where my employees had prepared a beautiful reception, with best wishes, and a huge bunch of roses in a beautiful glass vase. I felt like a celebrated diva. Then one of the young people brought the flowers to my house. In the evening Percival and May came for an hour. Yesterday, Saturday, I had some meetings, spent the afternoon with the Briessen's, since Mrs. Von Briessen had sent me a container with chocolate cake. Cake of a kind of which I had consumed once before. All of hers! At night I went to Percival's and the whole Whitman family was there to congratulate me. Even the three couples who are newly married. After that we talked about the business of customers and when I left we all went to the apartment which Nora, May's youngest sister, equipped together with her husband Machade. It's small and confined, but practical and friendly. Tomorrow night I, with Machade, who has a lot of knowledge about the houses in the neighborhood, will look at a few apartments. I still need to work tonight, so I will end. I still have to work on a plea to present to the next court. The court will meet next Monday, and the plea will have to be printed before that.

End with a kiss and yours faithfully, Antonio

**Oct. 12, 1893**

My dear good Else,

Two letters at once. That's hardly believable with such distances, and they told me a lot about what you do and think. I feel as if I was sitting next to you, and you were conversing with me even as your head is leaning on my shoulder. The first letter, or rather, the second, of October, lay under my napkin this morning, with another letter from Selma on top, and they all laughed when I put Selma's letter aside and opened yours first and read it. Bridegrooms at the breakfast table have to suffer some rough treatment. Your other letter of the 29<sup>th</sup> of September, with 6 stamps, caught my eye when I got home. That's how the post office plays games with lovers. As far as wedding celebrations, I'm completely of the Voittländer's tradition. I don't like magnificence when I'm myself the occasion of a festivity. I prefer simple comfortable family festivity, but I'm sure that your father will make the proper arrangements. At this point I can't say if I can come by November 28, because I haven't had time to get a steamer ticket, but I'll write soon. In addition to other business, I wasted a lot of time getting papers which make possible our getting married, because as Uncle Bräsig says, "Without papers you can't go bankrupt or get married." (Ursula says that Uncle Bräsig is a traditional story character.) The certificate, which the man with the long beard demands, can't be gotten hold of, and to get a substitute further documents are necessary. I prepared them in proper form and sent them to Albany to the state house to have them certified. The papers will go either tomorrow or on Saturday, out with a letter. If they are not adequate I will have to publish the wedding announcement in the newspaper, but I believe the gentleman with the long beard and the friendly stupidity will

relent if you ask him very prettily. I would like it a lot if your father will telegraph when the papers arrive and that they are in order so that I can leave in the middle of November in peace. My telegram address is Briessen, N.Y., and the word "good" means everything is ok. My birth certificate and baptismal certificate were lost, but I wrote to my friend Dr. Arthur Holmann in Leipzig and asked him to send copies of them to your father. I was born the 2<sup>nd</sup> of December 1855 and baptized there in the Thomas Church. Manuel advised me to take along a large empty suitcase, which I will do, and I'll also bring travel blankets, which you'll need despite your travel fur coat and fur boots. I hope we won't get too many wedding presents, because we'll have to pay duty on all of them. Manuel had to pay \$300 for his presents, and at that, he smuggled their linens - Psst, don't tell anyone. Yesterday, after a long time, I went riding my horse again, and enjoyed his reformed health. I've so much to do I'll scarcely get around to riding him. Tomorrow Mother, Octavio, and Clara will arrive, and on Saturday I have to go to Passaic in New Jersey, and on Monday to Albany, and Tuesday to Philadelphia. Even so, the times for business are such that you have to work twice as hard. Nevertheless, I'm well, and in good humor, and now and then I look forward to our future happiness. Your photographs pleased everyone, and I hope the big picture will arrive soon.

Lovingly, Antonio

**October 15, 1893**

Dear Else,

I just missed the train that was to take me to Albany. In 1 ½ hours I'll take the next one, and this way I'll write you a letter for the one I left at home without finishing it. Mother, Octavio, and Clara arrived safely after a fine voyage during which Mama was only a little seasick, and Octavio and Clara not at all. A number of them received them at the harbor, but unfortunately I couldn't go because I had a director's meeting. They all look healthy. Last night we had a family festivity at Percival's, to which Selma and her daughter Fanny, the second eldest, could come, so all the Knauths could be together except the one future one, whose health we toasted. After the meal, the different Whitmänner and Whitfrauen all came and we had a merry time. But we separated early to give everyone an opportunity to get enough sleep. Now this morning I rode together with Octavio and Manuel to the park. Hermann Kropp accompanied us on his bicycle. Aladin is well and it won't take long before he is fit. During my absence in Germany Manuel and Octavio will take care of the horse. Today is the anniversary of Manuel and Berta's wedding. We were all going to meet at 11<sup>th</sup> street in the evening, but unfortunately the trial in Albany forces me to leave today. The wedding papers did not leave as I expected Saturday morning. They hadn't been returned by the Albany ministry, which had to certify the signatures, and since I'm gone from the office today as well as tomorrow, I asked one of my assistants to have the consulate certify them and then send them Tuesday, or via "Paris" on Wednesday. Let's hope all will proceed smoothly. In my last letter I asked your father to telegraph if all is in order. Our telegraph address is "Briessen, N.Y." I'm frightfully busy and I do business from breakfast to bedtime, with occasional interruptions for meals, horseback riding, and looking at houses. I decided to have a residence for us before I leave, and I'll try to get the most necessary furniture and equipment so we can move right in, right after getting

here. I'll ask May and Mother to provide the kitchen with the necessary equipment as May did for Bessie. Everything else of the furniture I want to get myself when you are here, so you can choose and advise what to get. So immediately you'll get a lot of work to do. Good by for today. I want to eat something before we leave. When do you think your big picture will get here? I'm impatient to see it. Selma suggested that she'll let us have Fanny for a few weeks. Fanny understands German as well as English, and that will be very helpful buying and getting things. Fanny would like to do it. What do you think? Fanny is a very honest girl of about 19. She is somewhat bigger than I am, and weighs about 20 pounds more. She has a child's face as if she were 15, but she is more sophisticated than she looks.

A kiss and off I am, as Senta says.

**Oct. 17, 1893, in the evening.**

My dear Else,

Hooray, your picture arrived, and how beautiful it is. It's a huge joy to me to look at your dear face again, just as it is, and just as I had hoped to have in a picture. I had just returned from my trip to Philadelphia, when Manuel, Berta, Aunt Mary, and Hermann, came with the news that a thick, heavy letter of yours had come. I knew immediately that it would be your long longed for picture, even before I had seen the letter. It will give us all much joy, because the little one of the two of us is not very good in order to give a good idea of how your facial features are. Now I'll take everything back that I said about the photographer, and your long letter was also soul food for me. Now I will tell you how things are going for the trip. I was sent ship lists by the Bremen Lloyd, and I see I can come to Bremen with the Lahn in November. The Lahn is supposed to be in Bremerhaven on the 23<sup>rd</sup>, and arrive in Bremen that same evening. Usually, with customs and other business like that, it is usually late at night until we are in Bremen. On the 24<sup>th</sup> early I can leave then and be in Leipzig by evening, and even that same night, or the 25<sup>th</sup> early, travel to your beloved Chemnitz and into your arms, and then you can do with the wedding whatever pleases you best, either on the 28<sup>th</sup> or (letter incomplete.)

**Oct. 22, 1893**

Dear Else.

Your picture is now living in the bedroom of Percival and May, here in the 76<sup>th</sup> Street. Percival and May and Octavio and Clara left yesterday for Chicago in order to get to the World Fair before it ends, so in the meantime I moved here in order to be company for Mother, and in order to watch over the children. They are thriving quite obviously under my guidance. Hermann Kropp and Aunt Mary also decided on Friday to go to Chicago, and the surprise must have been great for the others when they saw the two others in the morning entering the same train as they did. The six people will have a good time together. Clara, despite speaking no English, demands only that everyone speak German with her. But the Frosty (the title?) Language Book will be good for you, too. Today Sunday we had a wonderful quiet day. In the morning I looked at some apartments that I didn't like at all, and then I went riding for an hour, and

then after dinner I went for a walk with Mama, Theodore and Oswald just a short while ago. Weather is mild so one can leave even a light summer coat at home, and the walks next to the Hudson River were pressed full of people. At the occasion we looked at a place on 83<sup>rd</sup> Street, about 7 minutes by foot from Percival's house, which has quite a delightful little apartment to be rented. The house is new, quite solid, and beautifully built. There are at this time many houses for rent, and some smaller ones, which would be quite all right for us. But I almost decided to take a suite of rooms on one floor, although one will have to pay as much for it as a real little house, and the reason is something you might laugh about. In a house we could not have a servant since the kitchen is not on the same floor as the dining room, but down in the basement, and food would have to be drawn up in a dumb waiter.

Now they are calling me for supper.

After dinner, Papa Whitman arrived, but then he left, in order to entertain a quarter dozen son's-in-law and their wives. Now, let me get back to the apartment, which preoccupies me, and after all, might be of some interest to you. If we take an apartment, it would have a kitchen, dining room, and everything together, and we would only need one servant then, particularly since heating is taken care of by the apartment house. Since foods and everything else are brought to the house, and can be brought up by an elevator, I don't know what you would want to do with more than one servant, and I would worry that you would have too much time on your hands. In any case, I think it is better if we get better quarters in the course of the year when you have gotten use to life here and know the city, the people, and conditions better. In the meanwhile, my motto is, only the most necessary things for an apartment, but that very comfortable. Last Saturday, yesterday, the final papers left here, the papers that are to help us get married. Lets hope for the best. Please telegraph that everything is in good order and then telegraph the date of the wedding and when that is, I'll adjust my leaving for that date. I would like to know a little time before that because my law suits and other business need to be taken care of first. Any date before Christmas is all right with me, and if it has to be later, I will also be patient, but that will be very difficult, because I am really plagued by impatience in a way that it is really fortunate that I have so little time. My little horse has developed splendidly, and is a lot of fun for me, and now I'll have to get a little carriage and get him use to pulling that. Him, I mean, the horse! He has become so fresh he is a lot of work to calm him down in order to drive safely with him. Are you looking forward to driving him? The carriage is actually Selma Kühne's, now Hume, who lent it to me two years ago. The good Selma, who doesn't know how much I like her because of the carriage. Well, enough of my light speeches here, I will not be as frivolous with you, but give you a couple of hearty kisses and look at your pictures a little more. Yours impatiently, Antonio. Mama, who is sitting next to me and reading the paper, sends her greetings and hopes likewise to get one of your pictures, particularly the one that she really liked.

**Oct. 27, 1893**

Dear Else,

Your dear letter of 15<sup>th</sup> of October arrived, and to be sure with the lovely flowery paper, which I like much better than simple paper, despite getting teased about it. It

always brings me a love message into my workaday atmosphere, and it gives me great refreshment. That you hadn't gotten my letter, which I sent from N.Y. Harbor through the Umbria, I'm sorry about. Unfortunately I did not order special delivery to Chemnitz by way of the German post office, and now they are neglecting to send it in a special way, in order to prove to us that they don't bother at all about our love! I haven't touched the cello, and the piano only for 10 minutes or so, and when you arrive you will have to get me to do both again and get me use to it. Instead, I have worked like a steam engine in my office, and today, to my greatest joy, I got a cable from Albany that I won the trial, which I conducted a short while ago before the highest court there. So there are some enjoyable moments in work. But the best is that I can tell you about this. Now I'm beginning to wait with great anticipation for another telegram, which allows me, hopefully, to leave for Chemnitz, because I'm really sick and tired of all this waiting around. Senta calls you Tante Nono, just as she calls me Uncle Nono, that is all you can demand of a child of her age. She points to black people on the street and says "Man, bad." That doesn't mean that they haven't taken a bath, but usually she is right. I am not filling the position of the father of the house at Percival's because of the many demands of my work. Every morning the three little fellows come in their pajamas in my room, and for a quarter of an hour and roll around in bed, or I must tell them a story. Then after breakfast I bring Theodore and Oswald to school, which is always great fun, and in the evening we are together an hour, but not always. Since the Chicago travelers will be back in the middle of next week, I will have to take care of the house 'til then, although I would rather be in my own apartment on 11<sup>th</sup> street and begin to make preparation for a move that will bring us into our own home. But I suppose I'll still have time for that. Fortunately everyone is well, and everything is in good order, that is the main thing. I would like to have a little bit more leisure in business, but under the circumstances that isn't possible, since I have been asked to take care of these things, I mustn't neglect it, and I must take care of other things, so that during my absence everything remains on track. Goodnight now, and I'll go to bed early and get a good night's sleep. I'm not surprised at all Franz (this would be Else's brother) has lost a few pounds. Those few pounds were probably transformed into firmer muscles, but don't you lose more weight, or I'll come right over and get married without papers!

Greetings, kisses and love, yours, Antonio.

**Sunday, Oct. 28, 1893**

My dear Else,

I don't have anything else to report, but since it is just Sunday afternoon I will speak to you for a little while, even though I don't have anything else to write. I still don't have anything more to report about the apartment because Frau Hermann and other acquaintances and even Berta are of the opinion that we could get along in a little house with one servant. The apartments we have looked at I don't like at all, with the exception of one little on 83<sup>rd</sup> Street, and even there a number of things are missing, even though the apartment is quite nice, and has a wonderful view. Basically, for sentimental reasons I would prefer a house, because it would be much more comfortable if we have a house together, and for you to begin your reign in a small house, and like doing that. Naturally, you have to write to me what you like. Mama and

Frau Hermann have begun to hunt for little houses, and yesterday and early this morning I looked at a few, but I will study everything before I commit myself to anything. I would love to ask you what you like best, but that can't be done, because by the time you answer arrives, I hope to be with you already. Yesterday the telegram arrived announcing that you asked the Pope for a dispensation. (This is a bit of Gustav's humor, since they are Evangelical Lutherans.) Well, I hope he will be well disposed to us, otherwise, we'll have to emigrate and get married somewhere else, where people don't put so many hurdles before Amour. This morning the whole Briesen family came to visit, and they asked me to give greetings to you. Just think, our orchestral society has been dissolved this winter. That must be ascribed to the bad times which has caused many families to cut unnecessary expenses, and I think there may be an attempt to revitalized it the coming winter. I hoped that you could sing in our little women's choir, but that is, for the time being, no longer possible. In order to partly make up for that I'll get out the cello, which is standing here, and practice a little. I'm not very good on it, and I'm afraid that the beautiful instrument, which your father obtained for me, will be very angry about the unworthy treatment, which I will, in part, give it. I was very moved that your father thought of me, because he has many other things to worry about, to be thinking about such things as cellos. Give my greetings to your parents, to your sibs, to Grossmama, and the aunts, and don't forget the old uncle, who was complaining about his stiff hand last time. Now our little hour of conversation is gone, and I will take out the cello.

Yours, Antonio.

**Oct. ?, 1893**

The morning before going to Philadelphia, I spent a minute at the office and found unexpected difficulty with the marriage papers, which surfaced with the certification, and I still don't know if the marriage papers will go tomorrow in the morning with the "Paris", but that only means a short delay, and since they are otherwise in order. At any rate, they could leave then Friday or Saturday. Today is Tuesday. So I ask you not to send out the invitations for the wedding until the papers have arrived and have been examined, so there won't be another mishap. I very much approve of the novel Beloved of Grete Richter, since he will make it easier for you two to say good by to each other, and you will have to say good by to your parents, siblings, friends and dear relatives, and take leave of the little garden house. I can only push these heavy thoughts away by deciding to make you happy and satisfied. I am very happy, that in spite of the painful separation, you've kept your good humor. After all, every day brings you closer to seeing them again. I got a postcard from Franz, as brief and racy as his head. Give him and everyone my greetings. I'll show the photo only to my Mother, but keep it otherwise, who loves you most, has the right to keep the picture.

**N.Y.(no date) 1893**

Dear Else,

Certificates and certificates, as if the position of an engagement meant nothing else but paper factories. Tomorrow, a new certificate is leaving which has been certified

by the major, and will eliminate possible doubts concerning the earlier ones. It caused a lot of trouble to talk that substitute major into it, and we can only thank the decisive oratory of one of my assistants, Mr. Engelhardt, whom we want to bless with the blessings of the heavens during our ceremony. I still have a lot of things to do. Another assistant, Mr. Seydem, got married on Wednesday, and has left for a short honeymoon. He is a wonderful fellow, his bride is very beautiful and quite clever, but the wedding left much to be desired for the guests. It was quite American in style, the entire affair was only a collection of parents and friends in the house of the bride. The pastor performed the wedding, and spoke a brief prayer, and then the entire company milled around in the small rooms, without any food, until the bride and groom left after an hour. If our wedding were like that, I'm afraid you wouldn't want to do that at all. Last night we had a small company here at the house, and our brother-in-law, Harry Bowditch, of Boston, came to it, and you were of the company, because of your picture, and quite suitably, also beautifully dressed. Harry gave a kiss to you, and Clara put a rose in your belt, so it made it beautiful. Berta, you see, made a wonderful wooden frame for the picture. Percival and May and Octavio and Clara, are traveling to Chicago tomorrow to the world fair. So as to not leave Mother alone I will move into Percival's house for a week and will have lots of opportunity to look at apartments. Now it is late, and Hermann, who is in bed in the next room, is ordering me to say hello to you, and without him noticing it, I give you a kiss.

**Nov. 4, 1893**

My dear Else,

Letters are beginning to arrive rarely, and I hope that you will not have curtailed your charity too much. But what good is hoping? Before you get this letter I will hopefully be swimming towards you. Your last letter told me many lively and friendly things that I can always be happy when I hear about your deeds and thoughts, and instead of having to console a girl that has been consumed by yearning and love, even while alive. It's really hugely wonderful of you and strengthens the trust that I have in your good mood and capabilities. I am still waiting with great anxiety for the telegram with wedding plans and have been disappointed in my fervent expectations in the most horrible manner. The story is too complicated in order to be written, and I tell you all about it once we get together. Yesterday I got a telegram which created great joy in the encampment here, to the effect that the factory in Hagen has adopted the Vendelts system, so my trip to Hagen had some success, and was not just an unsuitable disturbance of our engagement. Now I must go to work tomorrow, and Sunday I will write more slowly.

Yours faithfully, Antonio.

**Nov. 7, 1893**

My dear Love,

Finally the great words have arrived, and the good telegraph has ended all my waiting. It took a long time, so long that I almost believed that nothing would come out of our wishes, and now it is so quick that I feel as if I could leave tomorrow to be with

you. Your telegram was brought to me by Hermann Von Briessen, with a smiling face, when I was just preparing in my office some witnesses for a trial, and I really had to hold on not to break out in loud cries of jubilation when I read it. The thing was of course immediately interrupted, and I hurried immediately to Percival's business, and from there to the Bremen-Lloyd, where I got passage on the Lahn for the 14<sup>th</sup> of November, and for both of us on the Havel, from Bremen, for the trip on the 5<sup>th</sup> of December. Then I cabled you and you already know the ship by which I am arriving. It would have been better if the Havel had left a few days later, but the Lloyd didn't arrange it that way. The next ship only leaves on the 12<sup>th</sup> of December, and that's too late. To assure us of a good cabin for the trip back I ordered by telegraph to Bremen where they will reserve for us a cabin in the middle of the ship between the numbers 27-63. I am putting in this letter the ship plan so you can see in which room we will live. You shouldn't expect a big living room, with armchairs, but there is a couch, a wash basin, and a little cupboard in the room. The important thing is that it is in the middle of the ship, therefor we will be quite comfortable just as a person is if they are in the middle of a see-saw, lets the ends of the see-saw go up and down. When I came home I found two of your letters, the one of the 24<sup>th</sup> and 26<sup>th</sup> of October, with the joyful news

**November (date missing)– beginning of letter missing. The reference to the Johannes family is probably Franz Theodor Knauth's son by his first wife, and therefor Antonio's halfbrother. The reference to Willie suggests that this is who it is, since there was a son Willie in that family who takes part in the banking firm. (There exists a formal announcement of his becoming a partner in the firm Jan. 1, 1906.) However, he is already there as a functioning part of the firm in 1893, because Antonio mentions his name as one of those who greet him on his arrival by ship back to New York. If this is the Johannes Knauth halfbrother, the reference to the ill relations with people who seem to be Uhlich relatives suggests that these two families were close before Antonio became engaged to Else.**

...That you are going to go to Dresden I like, and if afterwards you feel a loving reception there, that is good, and I will be very happy you feel a need to visit Johannes family. When I sent Johannes the invitation to the wedding, I would like to see Willie and his sisters come, too, and so added an invitation to Johannes and his wife, more as a matter of form. I did that because I really don't like his wife. And also, because I didn't want to bring Johannes together with Frenzels and Tante Schrebel from Dörblen. You see, the three of them dislike each other, which gets everyone to avoid one another. At any rate, I hope that Johannes knows enough about that, not to come. Should I have forgotten to invite Aunt Adele and her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Max Strebel and Aunt Marie from Dörblen, then please take care of that. Even if they are older people and don't like to travel, it is possible they might decide to come, and it would be nice to have them there. The Aunt who brought us up is Aunt Adele, and the other one is just an ordinary Aunt Mariechen. She's very nice and ends every sentence with an exclamation point. Just think, after Mother and I looked at 10,000 houses and apartments, I decided to buy a house – one that is new down to the nails, even newer, because it is not complete. In Percival's neighborhood on several streets new houses are being built, which meet our specifications, and if I can have one at a moderate price,

I'll do so, and maybe we'll both be homeowners before we're married. One of my friends is an architect, and promised to advise me, and I'll write to a builder in a Jewish manner, with a ridiculously low price. I've looked into old houses top to bottom. I can only write one more letter before I must leave. ( Didn't get this part translated correctly)[On next Saturday's steamer. The following Tuesday on the 14.] The train will bring me to Brehmerhaven on the 23<sup>rd</sup>, in the evening. I expect to get to Bremen that same night, and on the 24<sup>th</sup> I'll be at your house. Give my best to the man who will be marrying us.

**Nov. 9, 1893**

My dear Else,

This morning your letter of the 28<sup>th</sup> arrived. We were sitting at breakfast. I had just time to read it and then had to hurry away to the 74<sup>th</sup> Street, where I met my friend Rick, an architect. I had made an appointment with him the other evening to look at a house on 70<sup>th</sup> street, that I liked a lot, and which I felt the greatest desire to buy. But it is only about 8 minutes away from Percival's house, in a beautiful residential area, it is three stories high, and is solidly built, and is just right for us. I had shown it to Mama and Percival and they agreed it was beautiful. Rick looked at the house with me from the basement up to the roof, thoroughly, and he advised me buy it at the price that I had agreed on with the owners after a long haggle. After some individual things like bathtubs, wash basins, etc., which aren't quite finished, we'll take it, or rather, we'll occupy it the 20<sup>th</sup> of December, after our coming back. But I put a down payment to assure that we will get it. We will have to have it papered, and get furniture when we are back, and I accepted Percival and May's invitation that we would stay with them for a few weeks until we can move into it. Well, the moving in will immediately be quite a lot of work for you when you come, but May, Berta and Mama will help you, and otherwise I suggest that we do all that quite slowly and comfortably. During the afternoon a letter arrived from your father which told me the wedding date is the first of December. That's funny, after I knew already through the telegraph that we would get married on the 28<sup>th</sup> of November, and your dear father added a second wedding on the 1<sup>st</sup> of December, and almost at the same time I got another telegram from Chemnitz in Latin (?). When I received it I went immediately to the Staatszeitung (NY German Newspaper) and asked them to publish the wedding notice. The municipal papers here only publish public announcements, of the municipal offices, and they sent me away laughing sarcastically when I came with my wedding announcement, of all things, about a wedding in Chemnitz. I wonder if this is going to cause more difficulties in Chemnitz. If that's the case, let's go across the Czech border, and get married in Bohemia. I'll get the famous Staatszeitung and buy as many of them as I can, so that my friends, boys and girls, won't read it, and I'll send them all to you. Tell your father my most hearty thank you for the many troubles which he took on my behalf, and that I will be of service to him if he should have the same needs from me! Now I have a lot to do now, and I must take hold of the work so that later I won't have such burdensome work, although actually I would prefer continuing to write. Last night I dreamt that someone gave us a huge fire engine with two horses for a wedding present. Thank God this kind of dreaming is stopping soon, and we can console ourselves for the long wait. Give my

best regards to whole family from the bottom of my heart, and a long kiss from your now very impatient bridegroom Antonio.

### **After the wedding.**

#### **Dec. 21, 1893 – Gustav to Antonio and Else**

Until the arrival of your telegram we didn't know if you had arrived. How is Else feeling? Assume Antonio is in good spirits. The female members of the family are concerned and curious about shopping for furniture with Antonio or Mama (Fanny, Antonio's mother). Curious to know about the luggage sent in crates and through customs. About 6 days after you left a Bremen railroad person frightened me by telling me he couldn't send them off because they contain goods of an immigrant. Steamer requires that it be sterilized. I wrote to the railroad that it is the dowry of a newly married wife and textiles and wedding presents. In Chemnitz, it has been free of contagious diseases, and over 100 crates have been sent to the Bremen – US line. Get the bureaucracy off our backs. Open crates and get the money to check them and get the official documents from the U.S. consulate in Bremen. Happy that railroad person wrote to me that he sent the crates. I wonder if the crates have arrived. I only want to do one thing – to wish you a Happy New Year!

#### **Dec. 27, 1893 Gustav to Antonio**

Even three days after Else's first letter we talked to someone who had been on the ship and reported the storm and ship damaged. We were relieved when your telegram arrived. We hope Else is all recovered. Christmas passed without difficulty and was quite nice.

In 8 days we learned Clara Schwartz died on Christmas. On 2<sup>nd</sup> day of Christmas were asked to come to Schwartz's in a hurry. Telegram from Phoenix via Philadelphia, about Paul Schwartz, who died of pneumonia there. His father ordered the body cremated and sent home and the mother cremated so ashes buried together (groups of names) will travel with father Schwartz to cemetery. Anna Schwartz feels guilty that her telegraph about mother caused Paul's death. Two days earlier they had received a happy letter that the problem in his business – sufficient orders to pay his debts (the gold panic), which had caused great problems. The father had lent his son 30,000 marks, now the question is, where it had gone. Now concerned how this can be saved. Asks Antonio to check on this. Schwartz will send you the papers of power of attorney. He gave this order by telegraph so unauthorized wouldn't be able to take over the property – particularly not the account books. Bernhardt (Paul's brother) is in the clothing business in Philadelphia, and he can be of help in liquidating the business. He was employed with Paul, and knows his business connections. He probably knows the life insurance policy Paul had made out with his father as a beneficiary. He would know if this policy has been pawned to get hold of the \$5000 from life insurance – is the most essential. In a letter from back in August he mentions a man (a Mr. Meisner) who might be interested in taking over the business. Mr. Schwartz is willing to leave the larger part of his note on the property if he can make his son Bernhardt a co-owner. At present

must find out the assets and liabilities of Paul's business before anyone can say whether to accept the inheritance or just cash in on the life insurance and leave. Paul was quite sanguine about everything. Would be able to sell his property for \$25,000. Antonio, see if there is a real value or imagined value. The fabrication of Wolfram metal, if it is done by better means than what are at Paul's disposal. Stein, an earlier associate of Paul's, needs to be taken with much caution. Paul's landlady is very reliable. She should be reimbursed for her expenses taking care of the cremation. Same company, which has Paul's life insurance policy, has pawned his mining stocks at most \$1500.

### **Dec. 30, 1893 Gustav to Antonio**

Enclosed is the power of attorney witnessed by the U.S. Consul for \$5, for 16 words. Would have done better to write it out in Antonio's name. This will cost more in the U.S. and might absorb 30% of the assets. I told Schwartz best to give this power of attorney specifically to Antonio rather than the firm. Frau Meyer was not landlady, but housekeeper, and he paid her expenses for her and her daughter. Cremation went OK. Now I hope we have some peace. Susi is getting use to her life condition. Hans is off to Schwartzberg. He'll improve the conditions of the kitchens of the hotels. His mother is happy he may have to lose some weight! Poor Thekla. Because of deaths her hopes to have a great triumph at the Christmas balls in yellow silk were foiled. Else should ignore all these deaths.

### **Feb. 1, 1894 Gustav to "lieber kinder"**

Thank you for the birthday letter. We had a nice family holiday. Thankfully we were alone. The little one (Franz!) is in bed with flu and can't get up. He was to do a difficult job, news of which didn't strengthen him. We visited him to encourage him to get up. Our encouragement was strengthened by the order that anyone sick in the military group must go to the military hospital where he won't get beef steaks and no struggles with father's wine cellar. He does look pale and reduced in health. Mother fattening him up is good, and his landlady is taking good care of him. Hans is official state lawyer in Schwartzenberg, and gets 1200 a year as representative of the state as district attorney in our smaller districts where there aren't district attorneys. He also has other legal business, and works for a judge who must grant him leave if he wishes to come home. The Judge has to substitute for him if he is away, so for this reason he has no leave. For a birthday present he gave us a description of the events of the town – dances follow afternoon concerts. He can dance with the daughter of the house and the servant.

Thekla, curious as she is, also wants to know what flu is like: she left the wash day laundry and tomorrow she will be better. You can imagine Mother's mood when Thekla decided to go to bed, and Mrs. Heiman came for 1½ hours for a birthday visit. Mother didn't go and so has managed to stay well, but she acquired a new sickness. She has a passion for crocheting. Hans expressed a wish for crocheted curtains for his room, so all are crocheting in the evening until the light is gone – Hänchen, Thekla, and Mother.

Sunday the Voitlanders were here with children. We thought a lot about you. They gave me a whole load of greetings, which I'm forwarding. When you are finished with moving and Else and you have more time, you must write the Voltlanders. It would be best to make copies of pictures of your place to send to your friends. We don't want to give your letters, which we share with the family, to God and all the rest of the world. Your siblings living elsewhere do get news. If we put in all the questions they ask, Else would have to fill a copy book. While we're at it, I must add, 40 pfennigs extra postage, so why don't you get a scale?!

How did the contents of suitcases and boxes arrive – breakage, customs? When we heard so much of the gales in the Atlantic we wondered if they were firmly anchored. We're all awaiting photos of house and interiors. Mother would like to know if the curtains are useful. How are you getting along with the English cook (English speaking?) The story about the rabbit made us laugh.

Richard Koena asked Thekla when they met skating to take a cookbook. The American cook wouldn't want to be interfered with. Gave Koena your old and new address. He's leaving from Naples. May already have delivered these trifles. After you are all moved in, you will have to invite in the two "giant babies".

Mrs. Wöllar and Engelhalt visited mother to tell her their sister had gotten engaged to the director of a cement factory. Isn't it curious that the large noses don't hold her back. When I see her I will tell her not to put it into the cement. Mrs. Wöllar did a drastic description of her trip home. Her husband was very happy, and took a liking to Else. Mrs. Wöllar noticed her husband was bare headed. The next day he found his fur cap in his pocket.

Yesterday I met the superintendent of the church who sends greetings and suggest that Else write down the sermons in English and send them to him. Schwart's are quiet now that Paul's affairs are in good hands. Hänchen has to do household here in Elster for Schwarts.

Yesterday counselor Heiman had the 4<sup>th</sup> largest party of this season, with tables set for 90. I will ask her if she is going to gain weight now or wait until she is married. I will enjoy watching her face.

Did you order the Chemnitz News? All newspapers are filled with the agreement of Bismark and the Emperor. New taxes will be levied, hopefully without too much fuss. Here as in America the question is how to levy taxes without much resistance. Our stocking industry is looking forward to the new tariff bill, or at least a new decision. There is little hope for a lowering of the tariff. You wonder how I have time to write so much. We had cold weather 1-2 degrees Celsius, and now rain, very bad, you wouldn't want to put a dog out in it. If you are thinking about Menel (their dog) It is spoiled by all the females and is showing off all his bad behavior and temper. Else, wear woollens so you stay well.

Love from all.

### **Jan 23, 1895 Gustav to Antonio and Else**

It wasn't just for me, but for all of us, a birthday surprise, when a letter in Antonio's handwriting as well as others arrived for breakfast coffee. Thekla and all are sick with flu. I can't stand lying around that long. I have only a little cough and muscle

aches, while Thekla is still in bed. Mother drags herself to the sofa, but then rests. On the 20<sup>th</sup> Franz arrived from ? and was sick, and had to stay 3 days in Meintz. Schlaumbergers thought it was good he is released from moving to Gebweiler, which costs and is much beyond his means. When he is well again he can do 8 weeks of service and then be free to work 2 years – more work and less pleasure. Hans will leave Dresden and will take up employment with a legal firm Rouch, so he can become an associate there. Nachod will give him a practice that he is now taking to Rouch. If only he had finished his exams! Grandmother's health is failing, intellectually, emotionally and physically. (Probably Anna Stahlknecht Uhlich's mother?) Good that Hänchen Uhlich is with her. Hope Else is up out of bed and enjoying the Chemnitzer stollen. In the ice chest of the ship we sent 2 rabbits that are fattened for you in the ? forest. These were sent care of Antonio at work. It would be good if Antonio can notify the house about this. I send you good wishes.

### **Dec. 20, 1895 Gustav to Else (This is anticipating birth of Susanne)**

Because of your last letter Mother runs to the door every time to get a telegram of the good news. All our best wishes I'm sending for the New Years. To see little Ilse again would be the greatest happiness for us.

Weinachts Stollen and some trifles went off yesterday to KNK, addressed to Antonio, and a letter to KNK. Also a list of prices in case of customs. I only want to mention just now the parcel service has notified us they have a whole barrel of apples for us, which will be good if like last year's. No frost, so should be ok, if Mother likes them as well as I do. We will not follow the advice of your packer, but will empty the barrel at once.

England and America bark at each other, but afraid to bite, but it is not good for business. Greetings to Antonio and your sibling.

### **June 4, 1896 Gustav to Else**

We all share joy when we receive a letter from America. Thank you for your news. When we all share the same life, I think we haven't missed anything. Gathered from your letter your good relationship and married happiness, and health of children and general satisfaction on your birthday. We hope all continues, and your husband's health, as well. Wish we could have added something to the remembrance of this day, but transporting makes it difficult.

Yesterday a package with presents from Julian Schuricht arrived from Berlin for which we thanked them. Mother bragged about the plate for ice cream, and it will be better with a fancy spoon.

I sent the things for Octavio since they go to Switzerland soon. I would have liked to have been there and seen Mother Knauth. Tuda Uhlich came from Dresden to visit. I would have employed her as my substitute for inspection and landscape architect for the new castle in the air at Lake George. Before this is done Else will come to visit here. You were thinking of using our garden house for your inspiration for summer residence. Just as you can't turn a child's clothes into an adult's clothes, the garden house is not suitable with 7 bedrooms!

We had bad weather March through May. Now we are having spring bloom; lilac, forsythia, chestnuts, but roses will need two weeks. Peaches bloomed, but only one set fruit. Pears will bear good fruit, apple trees too young. Elsewhere apples are good. 1896 is a good year. We will enjoy the last 4 American apples. I took out ? across from near the pump and put it in the meadow. The shade was too much for the lawn. I also transplanted the pear tree where we play croquet, because it is detrimental to the other trees. Trimmed the hazelnut and left fresh branches. Removed the poplar at the entry and replaced with a weeping birch. By doing these things the garden looks bigger and more airy. The property in the meadow belongs to Maria Reisinger and is the one the Jewish community wishes to buy to build a synagogue. Hers is too narrow, so I'm to contribute a strip of mine to the cause. Since the space for building might be sufficient without my 325 square meters, I should put on a good front to get the most for the 325 meters. It will be decided in the month. A church is at least a quiet neighbor, and won't be too big that it will devalue the remaining properties. The piece belonging to Grandmother is quite busy; besides Aunt Frenzel's lodgers, there are also those of Maria Reisinger. The latter are the children of a carpenter who married one from Dittersdorf. Especially lively is Gehbet (?), paralyzed wife, who is getting better, will leave the management of Dittersdorf felt factory. Before all this (mitweiden?) agreement. He will take the felt manufactory (of a particular kind of felt) and transport the machinery to ? for his son-in-law for an independent job. As a main partner, you can do this sort of thing!

We're all well. Mother benefited from all the work she had to do because Thekla is away (Mother, Atemnot – difficulty in breathing). Being in the garden will be good for her. Hans has lots of work, still wanting good food and drink. He will be on military duty for 8 weeks, and then take his exams. He has had much practice, not worried about the written exam. The oral exam is more worrisome, since there are so many possibilities for them to cover. We're looking for a position for Franz. At the moment the stocking business is not too good. If it doesn't happen soon, I will have to give him a job in my business. (In all of these letters, plus other references, the Uhlich business is not specifically identified. Seems to be cotton fabrication of various things, including thread.)

Thekla returned from Lindenwald looking well. At Whitsuntide the special counselor, minister of state, (owner of Lindenwald, Bethman-Holweg?) has invited Max and Suse to his place in Berlin at his cost for a trade exhibition. Max visited us here for a couple of hours to visit his parents. I went to see him, having not seen him for 5 years. His eyes suffer from nervousness (a tick?) The old Weiskes are well off.

Grandmother Stahlknecht gets demented more and more, with a bad effect on her family.

Give greetings and kisses.

### **June 10, 1896 from Gustav to Else**

Your orders will all be taken care of, but Mother wants to know how to get them to you. Herr Kropp, who hasn't shown up yet, should take something along, or should it go freight? Minna Scheidig's son-in-law has an apron factory in Plauen, and were going

to send samples. Mother and Thekla will select some. Yesterday PM Marie Gottschalk spent an hour in the garden. Mariechen is well. Is going to Scotland to visit.

Sorry the business of Paul Schwartz's, which his heirs have, is failing. Sorry also for Bernhardt's business. Is 71 yrs. Old. Was a friend of Gustav's. Was counting on being able to retire. He had lent money to Schwartz, and because it is failing through heirs. Bernhardt must be dealt with, but with great caution.

Little Ruth, walks around the garden, and reminds Mother of how little Ilse would be. Roses and manicured lawn make a very good impression on the visitors, and we have had visitors every day, including visitors from Berlin.

### **August 10, 1896 Gustav to Else**

It might have been left to me to send the crib and other things. I thought Mother had done it. Found a copy of the order from Antonio to be sent to KNK. List not completely accurate. Crib large. Ilse may grow into it.

Hope your summer apartment is comfortable. You may not need to build. No one here would rent a house for several months, all furnished.

Very grateful to you for sending the Sunday edition of Staats Zeitung. It is very long. Quality of news lower, much to be wished for. Quality of printing suggests not much time to set up. One would like to ask of "Uncle Brasig". Americans are better in quantity than quality. The joke about asses ears, that are hung on our Emperor, are cheap, but misses the point. (Wilhelm, Emp. Braggart, led Germany into WWI) I want to point out to Else that it is a punishable offense to publish jokes like this in the newspaper here.

I want to inform you Mr. Krespari is not the son of our principal, who had only an adopted daughter.

Mr. Kropp spent the evening, had a telegram and had to return to the States. Had 10 days with family – rest, business. News of you since he met your cook at a German RR Station in Gerlits. He met by chance a business contact of yours. He looked better this time than 2 years ago.

Hans returned from Hanover. Is well. Annoys Mother by drinking too much beer elsewhere, is late for lunch. Franz wants to go to Manila, to the same factory where a local factory owner spent 6 years. Factory man, an honorable man, says if ones lives a reasonable life, the malaria is unlikely. Manila is the healthiest of the Philippine Is. I talked to the factory owner to resist this plan. If I oppose Franz directly he would always say "if only I had gone to Manila".

Didn't get to the exposition at Berlin. Would be better if Mother went to Marianbad. It's a big wash day. Put clothes out to bleach and dry in the meadow.

I bought an adjacent meadow from Maria Reisige, and sold it together with 5 meters of my property to the Jewish community to build a synagogue. They would have bought directly. This way I was able to make some money on it. But then the city wanted it for a postal administration center, but asked too late for that.

The garden of the Peters is also being considered. She died – a stroke – and was buried yesterday. Frau Roemish gave birth to a boy. Sorry can't send Thekla to you, although two very good opportunities, and Antonio offered to negotiate. Need

Theka for Mother. Grandmother needs Hänchen (Johanne?) since we can't leave her alone.

### **Oct. 19, 1896 – Gustav to Antonio**

Read your report with pleasure that you are fitting in with the culture at Lake George. Have bought land at Lake George. Looked at plans as castles in the air. Congratulations for the building, for recreation and happy living. So called Swedish wooden house on a stone foundation- in Leipzig papers 225,000 marks, houses of this sort illustrated. Prefab. Please have architect copy plans. We are curious what rooms you have.

We sold property – 15,000 D Marks – have to agree with family – to erect a larger residence with a 2<sup>nd</sup> story and finished attic. If I can get a loan at 3 ½% or 50,000 Marks – for increased rent can charge 3,000 Marks. Then I could use the rent to pay the interest, and save 1000 Marks, and considerably increase the sale value of the property. Will send an architectural plan when ready.

You are to be thanked for what you have done for Franz. I'm sure he will thank your brother (Percival?) who accepts him only because of you and me. I will give an advance to Franz provided he can afford it. Would you suggest how much? Franz can't leave immediately. If later KNK has a position open for him, at that time we would have to find out. For Franz to have a position in my business he would have to take over the spinning business (zwirnerei). Busy getting to know the customers of this business. To introduce to Holland and Sons of Manchester – good name until now no noticeable results can be obtained. I hope it will be successful so I can get someone else to do the work so Franz can go abroad. If not, I will give up the connection with the yarn business – but will wait 3 months.

Spent visit in Leipzig. Your siblings are lovely people. Sent Else a dozen hyacinths. She can raise them in water or in pots.

Curious what your president elect will do. For the Am. Buyers hold back their \$\$\$. Brian – McKinley – would bring about higher taxes. Would be better for Chemnitz. Yesterday dinner with Octavio. Very comfortable.

**Long series of letters from Antonio to Else in Germany, where she is visiting her family and friends. Daughters Ilse and Susanne, aged 3 ½ and 2 ½, are with her. Start in May 1898. In addition, a separate packet of letters, which were from both Antonio and his mother Fanny, sent to Else while, she was visiting in Chemnitz 1898.**

**Antonio to Else, in Germany (on stationary with address 302 W. 76 St, which was the address of Percival Knauth. Percival built this brownstone, and had the family crest on the front, up high, with three clover leaves and a saw. Carroll and Susanne Barrymore went to see it, and the crest is still in place as of the 1990s. Buildings are made into multiple apartments now.)**

**May 5, 1898. Envelope postmarked, May 7, addressed, going “per S.S. Luciana” and indicates is a “Passenger on Steamship ‘Bremen’ from N.Y. to**

**Bremen. South Hampton, Eng.," and says at the bottom "If sailed, please forward to Hillmann's Hotel, Bremen." Reference to "male quartet" at end of letter may be that he was in a singing group, but generally he either played cello or piano.**

My dear little wife,

Our house looked sad when I came back an hour ago from the office. The canary peeped sadly, and I fled after putting on dry things to Mother with whom I spoke about you and your leaving. Now you'll be quite a while on the high seas, and because of the fog you won't even see the light of Fire Island. I was very glad that you were so brave, and that the children were so happy, but I would have loved to have seen you once again from the end of the pier, where Kremer and I looked for your faces in vain. Probably the children got impatient. Shortly after that we ran to the ferry when your ship was already sailing, and we could only see you from a distance, as it carried my loved ones to Germany. Now I'll count the days until I hear about your arrival in Brehmen. Here it is ringing for dinner, which I will have with Mother, Theodore and Oswald. Arnold is in bed, and has a bad cold, but it is supposed to be a little better. Colds seem to be chronic for the Knauth family, and it's only a matter of who has it. I telegraphed your father that you left, and after my arrival at the office, I found everybody in turmoil because of a confiscation of property of Botany Mills, was executed very brutally by ? corporation about which I was quite glad. Your steel pen doesn't go over the paper very nicely, so tomorrow I'll write with my own. I hope you have a good rest. Your husband. PS. On Friday night we just returned from an exhibition of liquid air, to which Percival took us, and we are still all full of the surprising impressions we received. Mr. Kremer came along. Mother bought me a few books and a bicycle belt of very nicely tooled leather. I will probably visit her every day during the days of my "banishment". Tomorrow afternoon we will select the materials for the furniture. This morning I woke from my leaden sleep, and was happy to finally see the sun, but during the course of the day a light rain returned, and I'm afraid in the neighborhood of the coast you will have much the same weather. Tomorrow you'll be at the sand banks, and I hope get over them without fog, because all that noise of the fog horns is very unpleasant. I trust that the calm sailing of the ship should lessen the seasickness a bit, but beautiful weather is best thing for feeling well at sea. Tomorrow the Lucania is leaving, and I give them this letter so that it should be in South Hampton before your arrival. If you find in Bremen or Cologne that you don't have enough money then take your letter of credit to the bank and withdraw 500 marks which will last you a while and not leave you with too much cash. If it happens on the trip as it happened to me at LaRick, don't be sad about that, but just remember the loss of money can be remedied, and that the whole purpose of money is only to make people happy, that you can also be happy with not that much. For Sunday I have announced my visit to Brite's. Wednesday is male quartet.

Give a kiss to Ilse and Susi, and be embraced by your faithful husband.

**Tuesday, May 10, per Ss Britannia, addressed to Baden-Baden, but readdressed to Villa Adolfa.**

Dear little wife,

This letter will probably reach you after you have arrived in BB where you will have much more to tell me about that I to you. After a miserably bad Sunday which I spent with Broties in Scarsdale the weather finally became beautiful and this afternoon I did the first bicycle trip to Grant's Tomb since your leaving. That I stopped on the return at Riverside Drive and the West End Ave. the Blvd should calm you down. As a serious family man I am no longer risking anything on the bicycle. Saturday afternoon I went with Mother first to Johnson's and then to Falkner's where we turned over the entire store, and after that to Sloans. There we found two kinds of material, which we like, and we now told Doenhoefen that the sofa and the wooden easy chairs should be covered with it, and the other chairs with a darker single color material. I hope we selected some things to your taste. It was, at any rate, our taste, and as usual we think our choice is very good. Yesterday and today I spent all day at the court, and tomorrow I will do that too, and now it is beginning to get lighter and lighter. Hasse and Muller began to paint our upper floor, but this doesn't affect the rest of the house, since the doors have already been put in. Tomorrow evening I'll be at the quartet, and I still haven't practiced. I'm really just too lazy to do it, and man can't do anything against his nature. I thought a lot about you, still on the water, especially at night, when the daily work is past, and I am really happy that I have such a brave little wife because occasionally I am really worried when I think about your trip, without fatherly guidance. Give both the children kisses from me, and to your parents best greetings.

Yours, Antonio

**May 13, 1898, Antonio to Else. Reference to the Spanish-American war, officially declared in April; peace treaty signed in Paris in December, ceding Puerto Rico, Guam and Philippines to the U.S.**

As you can see from the address I had dinner here. Before that we did a quick trip to Grant's Tomb. May is at Lake George with Arnold, and isn't here to admire the children's photos, which have been sent to Rockwoods. (This may refer to proofs, since Rockwoods is the photography shop.) I grouped them all around me on the desk and enjoyed all of them. Rockwood took the picture where they tip their heads toward each other, taken in a way that gives the impression that it is from an oil painting. They have displayed this in a gold frame in his store window, so I may have to buy it to avoid their publicity. You may still be at sea, but tomorrow will see land. \_\_\_? Had a very easy crossing even if the weather was stormy. There is not recent news of storms at sea. Wednesday somebody without his wife was here, and we fiddle every week. I've won my trials this week, and now waiting for 2 people next week to debate in trial. Much more comfortable at the office – not so hurried as last month. At home the upper rooms are more comfortable with new wallpaper. They are beginning work on my room. The chandeliers are being regilded, and furniture reupholstered. If we don't have enough money I'll draw on your letter of credit. Mother very touching in her care, and comes often to bring me something to eat. The war makes everybody excited and they're waiting for the next marine battle. Hope it is a short one.

**May 15, 1898, Villa Adolfa**

My dear little wife,

Yesterday at noon I received the glad tidings that the Bremen passed by the Scilly Islands and consequently, in the evening there was a banquet at the Liederkrantz in which the old 48ers took part, and expressed their joy. I sat among my (löntsch) lunch table companions, among whom only Mr. Briessen wasn't there. Schwartz made a speech, which is so typical of the position of the 48ers, and at the same time, is also typical in its attitude of the Germans in America, so that I will send a copy to you from today's Schatz Zeitung. There's quite a lot of political wisdom in the last sentences, and I hope that the present chaos of opinions concerning what we'll do at the end of this war with a clear recognition of Schurtz' words. The external politics of the United States is always influenced by the screaming and the vanity of the press. Our congress is such an irresponsible instrument, that we are in danger of losing the real purpose of the war from sight. Mr. Dressler has taken passage for himself and family on a Hamburg steamer and he will then leave, he probably only for a short trip. I'll try to say goodbye to them on board ship. Today on Sunday I wanted to go Woodlawn with Mother, but it was raining again, so we will have to postpone it. Today I'll pack little box for Felseck and next week I'll add the cane chairs. Henry sent a large easy chair to Felseck for Mother, just the same as she has in her room in Boston, and she was very happy about it. Everybody is trying to make her stay there as comfortable as possible. Goodby for today. Tomorrow I hope to receive news of your arrival in Bremen. Yours, Antonio

**May 17, 1898, Tuesday, per Ss Majestic, Villa Adolfa, Baden Baden. Letter head is for 233 W. 70<sup>th</sup> St.**

My dear little wife,

I'll quickly send you greetings with the Majestic, which leaves tomorrow morning. I slipped away a bit ahead of time from the Jaegerhuber's where we had a fine evening meal together with the family and another few gentlemen. One of these gentlemen was Mr. Korn, whom I knew quite well, because of the trial and Korn against Wiebusch, which you know, in which we defended. One of the daughters served at the table, and it was quite nice and harmless. Mrs. Jaegerhuber is going to England and Hamburg day after tomorrow with the Victoria Augusta, together with Dresslers, accompanied by a 13 year old B(angel)[Ursula interpreted this that he is a bad boy-angel}. From there she is going to Baden Baden where she will meet with you and Tony, together with Papa Wesendonk. Also wishing her a good trip, I also gave her greetings for you. Yesterday early I was made very happy by your telegram since I believed you already in Cologne in the arms of Aunt Mary and Aunt Meta. The children are probably very glad that everybody is speaking German, and that Ilse doesn't need to use her nasal English. I'm really curious to get reports about the travels and how everything went, but now I must close so that the letter can get off.

Your Husband, faithfully. Don't forget to give a kiss to the children.

**May 18, 1898 Fanny to Else, in Germany**

I know you are with your parents in Baden Baden. Wonderful reunion you must have had. Antonio gave me your telegram from Bremerhaven, and I passed it on to

Sunny Side. It's always good to know ones loved ones are on Terra Firma. Awaiting your news, and hope land travels have been pleasant. Antonio immediately let loose a flood of letters about your household. During this time we've had a number of spring rainstorms. Yet May and Arnold and all the Kongers last Thursday all went up to Lake George, and Miss Kongers turned over her house to Blackford. I think that is her sister. Sunday AM Mrs. Knowblouch came back with Henry to Albany by riverboat, and commodore Max is employed in Brookline shipyard. (Here she gives lots of news about acquaintances. Mentions a rental price of \$600, which she and Percival think is too much, should be \$400. Don't have the context.) Weather reported. Even in middle of May, and can't go out of the house. Antonio wanted to go to Woodlawn twice on Sunday. Tomorrow is Whitsuntide, and the birthday of Fanny, and we'll have a celebration. (Not clear who this is, might be a Selma Bowditch offspring, and therefor a grandchild of Fanny Knauth?) The conductor Power is coming in Seidl's place for the Philharmonic. (Anton Seidl died in March, 1898) I accidentally looked at a packet of old dances and found a waltz by Johann Strauss, "My best day at Baden". I have good memories of it – a ball in the rose hall, carriage rides, to castles on a tour with Antonio, etc. Gives more details. May is ending and perhaps some time next week I will move over closer to Antonio to check in. The girls are diligent, and Tam keeps the yard nicely. Give my love to your parents, kiss the children. (on a separate insert in letter) Just think, good Henry got me a tall chair, upholstered, like the one I always admired in the guestroom at Sunny Side, and sent it to Felseck. (This is probably Henry Pickering Bowditch, Selma Knauth's husband.)

**May 20, 1898 –Antonio to BB, Villa Adolfa**

Dear Else,

Our house is so uncomfortable because of the painters in the parlor that I fled here and went to lunch with Mama and the boys, and then together with Loco and Hammer. Now Mr. Knoblauch came and the whole thing became so noisy that we left the boys along and went elsewhere. They are getting too much freedom, to be sure. Percival and May are at dinner at Mrs. Knoblauch. Yesterday Dresslers left, Ned by a large company, among them myself. The weather was this time more favorable, even though we were surprised by a little rain. Mrs. Jagerhoeber is probably already with you when this letter arrives. Today it was quite warm, so that we started the fan, and at that the water at the street was turned off. Everywhere your absence has been used. Our furniture is progressing slowly in the hands of the man who does the upholstering. On the other hand they have made a lot of progress, and our bedroom is already shining in the decoration of the poppies, which are in our wall paper, and it is really beautiful. On Wednesday, when we had quartet, Mr. and Mrs. Whiting came and went. Probably frightened by the false notes. I'll visit them so we at least have a little visit. Give my best greetings to your parents. I think you are all having a good time with each other that you don't need a spa cure, but after all, you do want to do a little of it to cure your rheumatism. Goodnight for today.

**May 23, 1898, Monday, Antonio, to Baden Baden, Villa Adolfa**

My dear little wife,

It's Monday, and nothing arrived. Tomorrow is Tuesday, and it is very much hoped that a letter will arrive here from Southampton, which tell me how you fared on the way. I am curious to know your travel report, and likewise what happened afterwards. Yesterday on Sunday I planned to go to Woodlawn with Mother, which was impossible because of rain the week before. Early in the morning I bicycled to the 76<sup>th</sup> St. and heard there, to my astonishment, that Mother had left to go for breakfast at my house. Now I bicycled back and found Mother busy eating the rest of my breakfast, during which I was company for her, and afterwards I went for a long bicycle trip again. In the afternoon we went to Woodlawn we found Hermann's grave in pretty tolerable condition, covered with blooming evergreens and the bushes full of buds, but since we had no camera, I wrote to a photographer at Mt. Vernon to get a picture of the grave for his mother and his sister. In the evening I was again at Percival's and there met Mr. and Mrs. Fischer and Catherine, with whom I spent a quite comfortable evening. Catherine has grown quite a bit, and almost as tall as May, even though she is only 14, and she has translucent complexion and beautiful face. The evening I visited Dornwreitors and got Mrs. Dornwreitors greetings for you. Workmen are still in the house, and tomorrow the dining room is being tackled, and on Wednesday we'll probably play our quartet upstairs where I'll brag about our new wall paper. Goodby, and tell the children that I still have to work, but I'll come and I'll bring them something good, and give my best greetings to your friends. With a kiss on paper, unfortunately, your husband.

(An enclosure in the letter is a piece of paper folded over, containing a dried specimen of an "evergreen" from Hermann's grave, for Mrs. Kropp. It has oval pointed leaves about 1 inch long, ½ inch wide, and two flowers, not identifiable by me.)

**May 25, 1898 Antonio to Else, in Germany. This letter was in another packet, earlier, so don't have any translated specific address information on it.**

There is an unpleasant pause (for mail delivery). The ship is going elsewhere. Today I waited in vain for the quartet. A mistake on my part. After I played Beethoven, I went to Schwenks for dinner – invited myself. All, exception of Mariachen, all are growing. Arnold is over 6 feet. Tryphon (?) is tall for his age. I'm going to St. Louis early June. One of my lawsuits against Glatz was won, but I lost, since both client and opponent are bankrupt. (more about another case) Now I'm getting one of the rolls, which were for quartet, and smoke a cigarette, and go to bed. Friday finally your ship letters came, and one to Mother, and very happy that all is well. Except Susa's arm? Tomorrow if the weather is better I will go to Boston and have Whitsuntide there. Tonight ? had dinner with me, and I beat him at billiards. Mama is coming in a few days. Rockwood is sending all the photos. I can't imagine not to be with you at your birthday. Let's have a post celebration later.

**May 29, 1898 Fanny to Else, in Germany**

Glad to receive your letter. Antonio arrived in a big rainstorm, and said he had 2 letters from you. Glad Susi is now OK, no further damage, just a strain. I gave your

milk warning to May, who is grateful for the trouble you took with regard to the nice stewardess. Day after tomorrow we'll have Whitsuntide. All May it has been raining. I'll visit Mrs. Eduard Herrmann, if Berndt is transportable. Sunday I went to Woodlawn with Antonio, taking a wreath of white carnations. We found the grave nicely maintained. (This is presumably grave for Franz Theodor Knauth, Fanny's husband.) The rose bush full of buds, and the evergreen full of blue blooms, and the rhododendron almost past. The war noise goes on. Everywhere flags hung out, whether there is a victory or not. For me it is a fake war. I only read the German State paper. One good thing is a whole gaggle of restless heads moved away to fight for the country. Then, ha ha, nobody will attack them. Seems like schoolboy excitement. Wave the flag and let the eagle scream. I don't know where the Spanish fleet is, and they don't either. It's good that Europe is keeping its cool, and doesn't get putted into this witches cauldron, and even Mexico and So. America are unmoved. Theodore Roosevelt, one of the rich Roosevelts of N.Y., who has always been a wild member, has several regiments in Texas, and Texas cowboys, in order to attack Cuba. George Knowblouch entered immediately after he came back from the Arizona mines. Day before yesterday the ? joined up. It is just the right thing for them. Both of them could use a little blood letting.

At your house the plasterers and wallpaper people are gone. I'll visit Antonio on Monday and live in the front room, second floor, which is to be the children's room. I like to be there, and Antonio gets to use his usual rooms, which is good for him, since he is missing you a lot. That will end in a few weeks.

People from Sunny Side had a visit of 4 friends, English, coming via Jamaica and West Indies, to Jamaica Plain. They were at the foot of the hill, and came up by foot at 8 AM. Happily Henry was here, and getting into the carriage. (Henry presumably refers to Selma's husband, Henry Pickering Bowditch, and therefor Fanny Knauth's son-in-law.) They stayed, and were given a place, and on Saturday and Sunday had an Adirondack party like a camp meeting on the square, of Harvard and Boston people. On Monday a lunch, Tuesday a dinner and reception, and Wednesday a breakfast, and then all of them left by ship. Selma wrote, with the heat of 82 degrees during those days, it took a long time to recover. (this preceding report by Fanny of the Whitsuntide activities at Sunny Side, seems to be a second-hand report she has from Antonio, who seems to have gone up there just for the weekend)

On (date?) Fanny had a birthday, and sent her harp to London to be repaired. But you are probably not interested in all that. Have a good time and be free of obligations to write. You'll catch up, and Antonio will let me know what's important. Just enjoy being with your mother and greet her from me. (Includes some information about a plant, 1 meter high, climber.) You can actually make garlands from it. Perhaps your father can check it out.

**(Also there is a separate card about getting the metal parts of some garden tools without wooden handles, since the wood splits with summer heat. Will be fitted with hickory wood in the U.S. Ursula explained that in Germany they use pine, which is not hard like hickory. The Fanny mentioned is probably Selma Bowditch's daughter.)**

**May 30, 1898 Antonio to Else in Germany** (The beginning of this letter sounds as if he is anticipating the trip to his sister Selma K. Bowditch's home "Sunnyside" in Jamaica Plain, MA, but rest seems to be reporting the trip. It is written on Sunnyside stationery, which he may have taken so he could write while returning on the train?) Selma Knauth, Fanny and Theodor's daughter, is married to Henry Pickering Bowditch (1840-1911), who was a medical doctor at Massachusetts General Hospital. His father, Henry Ingersal Bowditch (1808-1892) was also a medical doctor, same hospital. His father was Nathaniel Bowditch, (1773-1838), who was a mathematician and astronomer, and best known as the author of the "American Practical Navigator", which is still used today.

My dear little wife.

I have ½ hour to dinner, and afterward from here to Boston and back to N.Y. I've had 2 good days, which refreshed me, and made me ready for work. Yesterday, Whitsuntide Sunday, Selma put green boughs around the house and many guests came in the afternoon for a big tea party; some Germans with whom we went for a walk in the garden in the evening, and sang songs around the campfire, and had Waldmeister essence punch (woodruff flavored), and it was praised for the leaves floating in it. Also sardines and caviar, so we began to feel as if we were in Germany. I was most interested in one other guest, Carl Berman, one of the best pianists living in the United States, whom we hear play very rarely.

In the morning I went on a long bicycle ride with Ethyl, Fanny, Lili and Harold, where we visited Dorchen (little Dora) who is visiting friends in Newton. (These are probably all Selma and Henry's children – she had something like 13, of which ? lived.) It's still rainy weather, and every day it rains a little, and nature is therefor all the more luxuriant. Everybody liked the pictures of the children. Selma foxed two of them away from me. All send their greetings, likewise Mrs. Ritchie, who is going to Germany in July with her husband. Everyone interested in the children, and enjoy Ilse's cute remarks. When I get to N.Y. I hope to find a letter from you. My thoughts are always going over to you. But you in Baden Baden with your parents are in Abraham's lap. Hope Susi's arm is better. I'm taking many flowers back to Mama. Spring here is really a paradise.

**Antonio to Else in Baden Baden, May 31, 1898, N.Y.**

My dear little treasure,

This morning I met Mother and immediately after that, a letter arrived from Tante Marie, and when I came to the office your wonderful letter from Baden Baden keeps me from working. And now your post card arrived with the view of the house and now I know exactly how and where you are wandering around. That you found a great apartment makes me glad and like the waters in Baden Baden, the salted price we will probably be able to afford for a while. (Ursula explained that this is a high price, and he is making a joke based on the fact that the mineral waters in Baden Baden are very salty.) This is because I have had a fortunate circumstance. Mr. Glatz, whom I defended in a suit for 5 years, for which he never paid anything, since he went bankrupt, writes me that now, since I won the law suit, his own affairs have lightened a bit and he

will pay me at least in part what he owes me. Our joy at the office was no less than the joy over the victory when we won. If the thing comes true it will pay for your trip in Baden, inclusive of the lamp light in the evening and money for drinks. Today Mother moved here into our house, since Percival's house became too restless with preparations for the trip. I am adding the material as you wished. The Turkish pattern is for the sofa, and for the chairs with arms, and while the other chairs will be covered with the brown materials. I hope you don't mind all of this when you come home. Today sleep well, and say greetings for your mother and kisses for the children. From your husband, who is working as hard as a farmer's horse!

(In this letter there was an enclosure written in someone else's handwriting which Ursula found very hard to read. It seems to have been instructions about places to go shopping for various things.)

### **June 3, 1898. Antonio to Else in Baden Baden**

Dear Else,

I hope it is the only time I am not present at your birthday. I don't like that, so we'll have to have a little celebration when you get back. Although there seems to be a lot of time before the 17<sup>th</sup>, this letter will probably be the last which can reach you, because tomorrow at noon I have to go to St. Louis, and from there the letters usually take from 2-3 days longer to get to you. I only want to wish that you spend the day in happiness, and that you don't yearn for your absent husband too much. I occasionally get very impatient to be with you and the children, but there isn't anything I can do about it, and these moods also pass. From early morning until the evening I am very busy so that I don't have very much time and opportunity for contemplating my loss, but my absence at your birthday really made the day hard for me. I have here as a present a rather large picture Rockwood took of the children together, and it is now in a beautiful gold frame on the desk. By having put a fine gauze in front of the picture it looks as if it had been taken of an oil painting, so that way we have the oil painting we always wished for, even if without oil. Something else on your birthday table, I will send you a couple of the childrens' photographs, in an album, and although you have the children with you, I still think you will enjoy it. Day before yesterday, I went to the quartet again, but that is coming to an end because the Floerte are returning home on Lake Champlain. Mother is quite comfortable here with me. Yesterday we were visiting Percival, where we met the Haydn parents, who we liked a lot. Today was Oswald's birthday, and now the two of us sit quietly. Hermann Schweich is expecting me in St. Louis, and will speak to the leader of the Behrenfuhrer (?), which will entertain me. It's 30 hours trip there and 30 hours back, and only a court date in between, which is not very pleasant, and even at that I am missing the Lortsc dinner engagement.

Kisses from your husband.

### **June 8, 1898 Antonio to Else**

My dearest,

This morning, returning from St. Louis, two letters from you were on my desk, and told me so many new things that I don't know where to start with my answers. But

don't be disturbed by that. Continue writing as you do because I am looking forward every morning to seeing your handwriting on the letters. St. Louis was hot, but I was fortunate that the judge took up our case on Monday so that immediately it was our turn, and we had the whole day for ourselves. Thanks to the friendly trouble Hermann von Schweich took my short stay, 24 hours, was filled beautifully with visits and going for drives, so that it was very entertaining. Hermann is in the hands of some very nice and charming families who also gave me a lunch reception. An hour ago I came home and I found Mother and a wonderful table for the Percival family, who will come here in a little while. I met Eduard Herrmann on the street, where he caught up with me, that the operation on Berndt took place a few days ago, and it went well, and the doctors are happy with it. Well, I hope that the little rogue will now be well. Our house is beautiful in the sunshine since the chandeliers have come back, and are reflected by the furniture. And when I came in I was received by a wonderful coolness so that I immediately took a bath in order to get rid of the dust of traveling. Having just left the bath, a telegram arrived that the trial MK and Co. against the swindler Marsten will take place tomorrow in Boston. (MK is probably Manuel Knauth, who had some business difficulties of some sort.) With the help of the telephone I ordered Kramer and ? to go there by night train, but I am staying here, and let my lawyer there do my work. It's beginning to get hot here but the air is still fresh, and the nights are also supposed to be cool. It was really quite hot on the trip. Your spa doctor seems to treat you quite roughly during your cure, which I glad about, because I don't like the people who are always complaining about their health, like the.....? But let's go to Budapest together even if we let Italy go.

Your Loving husband.

#### **June 15, 1898 Antonio to Else,**

Heating and sweating (which rhyme in German) rhymes, not without deeper reason, because during the entire last week we were busy with that rhyme. Yesterday I took a carriage drive with Mother along Riverside Drive, where we went to cool ourselves, but since then the weather has cooled, and become more reasonable. Now we are expecting Otto Uhlich for dinner, who a short time ago tried in vain to come to us. Dr. Krahen declined to come to dinner because of malaria. These choleric gentlemen have difficulty with the heat. Our frog (cool) natures in which I include you, have an easier time with that. Roger Whitman and Ray Sawyer have left on the Yankee for Cuba, and at this point they are steaming to Santiago. And also additionally quite a number of my acquaintances are in the war, in all kinds of positions. We, of course, aren't bothered by the war, since the ? have left, but the preparations for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July are to be more comprehensive than ever before. I will stay in NY to watch for fire danger. I am curious about the political developments ahead of us by the United States, which is in the business of assisting all kinds of overseas scoundrels, and I'm afraid that the new desire for conquest and colonization will be opposed by the more reasonable part of the population, which do not want the annexation of Hawaii, Cuba, Puerto Rico or Moritsia(?). There is nothing more difficult that the seemingly unpatriotic represent in these times as to oppose the general Hooray. Now I must make claret cup (punch) since Mother and Minna say they are completely incapable of doing it. Tomorrow's steamer to Hamburg will take my greetings and kisses for all of you.

Your loving husband.

**June 15, 1898, From Margaret Römich in Bautzen, Bismarkstrasse, to Else**

My dearest Else,

The news by Gretel Fischer that you have been in Baden Baden recently freed me of the uncertainty if a letter (from America ?) would still reach you in Germany. I can announce to you the birth on the 6<sup>th</sup> of May of our second boy, and at the same time tell you something about us. Above all, Else, thanks for your last letters whose answer have been unconscionably slow in formulating. I am glad that I always get good news from you. We could see each other this summer and tell each other everything that has happened during the past three years. Gretel Fischer, in spite of her 4<sup>th</sup> baby, is very eager to come for a few days to Chemnitz. I admire her enterprise, because I don't know if I can get away from here. I still doubt very much as much as I would like to do it. My little boy is, thank God, very lively, but at his birth made some difficulty for me. But before I can leave the little fellow to someone else he will have to be a few months older than he is. How long do you think you are staying in Chemnitz? If the war unrest should determine you to lengthen your stay, then can you visit me in Bautzen. You can not imagine how happy I would be. Also I would really like to meet your two daughters, who are, I suppose, the joy of their grandparents in Chemnitz. Our oldest I could easily take for a journey. With his 1  $\frac{3}{4}$  years he is quite well behaved, even if quite stubborn and wild. Are you taking the waters in Baden Baden and there with your husband, or will you be at home in Chemnitz for your birthday. Could you write me a few lines what your plans are because I would really like to see you, and now my best wishes for your birthday, my dear Else, and greetings. My letter isn't long, but it is late at night, and I don't have that much of a night. My little one needs me day and night.

Love, yours Grete

**June 19, 1898, Antonio to Else**

Dear little wife,

It's a quiet Sunday which I am using to pack the boxes and ready the wicker chairs for Felseck, and also packed a number of things for Bernhardt. My bicycle trip has become impossible because of rain, but now it seems that Mother and I could go for a little drive. Mother and I don't like to walk because she has been suffering for a week or so an unpleasant cough, the same illness that Percival's children had when they left. A boring thing for the patient and for those who have to listen to her. At night I spent the evening at Hermann's, but only found him at home, because Mrs. Hermann was in the hospital where Mrs. ? had had a difficult operation. Mrs. Hermann returned very excited because it seems as if the operation will fail, and the poor woman, with all her own misfortunes, still finds time and strength to support other people. Berndt is better, but he is still quite a sick boy. I'll try to get a fan for him which can give him some cool air in this heat. This last week it actually has been cool. At the office I had a number of happy occasions, to which was added, day before yesterday, the favorable decision in the ? trial in St. Louis, and everyone in the office is in a good mood. But Hunyadi Water and Felseck are still waiting a decision. Day before yesterday I took a passage on the

line which will leave on July 12, and usually takes 9 days for the voyage. Our travel back on the Kaiser Friederick I cancelled for the time being. The Bremen fast steamers are unconscionably high priced, and I believe we can get back for half the money, even if a bit slower. Monday. This morning your letter to Mother arrived, and to me, and also your post card from Vesendank, and we were both very happy about your reports. You should ask Dr. Opis about your further health cure. It seems to me, with your rheumatism as you suffer from, the drinking of lithia water might be more appropriate than bathing, but I'm neither a spa doctor nor any other kind of a doctor. In my opinion, Elster is only effective for paleness. Today the furniture and carpets and suitcases went to Felseck. Now Peter has a son, so now the other boy can call him uncle. Greet everyone there at home. I can scarcely wait to get together with you and the children. But there is no help for it. We won't do that another time.

Your Husband.

### **June 21, 1898 Antonio to Else in Germany**

Yesterday I gave my letter to the Emperor Friedrich, and now I'm afraid that won't leave because of a defective motor, until Saturday, unless a postal official takes pity on it. Mrs. Prehn had a little son yesterday, which will be a blessing for their family life to compensate for the withdrawal of their friends. Mama's cough is better, and I have slept poorly. ? is still in Boston at Mildes. Today was finally the trial, and in the end Newman had to testify about the book. It's supposed to end tomorrow, and we'll probably get a judgement for which we can't collect. MK and Co. office (Manuel Knauth?) was deserted, and I'm about to start a big now case. A new client brought it in with the remark that he was coming to B and K ( von Briessen and Knauth) because the case was a great, important one, and he wanted first class work. So, I got to work at once with the King of Rats, because I will probably have to proceed against 5 or 6 different railroads. It's a disagreement about patents.

On the 17<sup>th</sup> we celebrated your birthday quietly, but with joyful thoughts, and in the evening the Liederkrants celebrated a summer night's festival in your honor, but unfortunately it rained. I haven't joined them yet because I spend every evening home with Mother. Kiss the children for me. They will have grown a bit when I see them in Chemnitz.

### **June 26, 1898 Antonio to Else, in Chemnitz**

Dear Else,

How wonderful fate is. Now we spent just about the whole morning looking for the key basket in order to find the key for the yellow trunk that we want to use next Saturday, and when we finally found it, the yellow trunk key wasn't in it. Unfortunately it is Sunday, and so hot you can't do anything reasonable anyway, and are dependant upon stupid jokes. In the morning at 6 o'clock I went on a bicycle ride, but since then it has become very hot. Yesterday afternoon I went together with Otto on the bicycle when we were surprised by a mighty thunderstorm. Mother is still quite ill, and either in bed or lying on the sofa, but she appears for meals quite regularly, and I always bring someone home so she has a little bit of company, and her cough has become better,

and shortly she'll probably regain her old enterprising spirit. The girls take care of us very well and are quiet and eager and good at providing good food for us. Day before yesterday Dr. Kriegel appeared and gave us greetings to you from Director Müller. He was recommended by Mother, and was very entertaining. He is going on a leisurely tour through the United States, and will probably come by. Dr. Kriegel was recommended to us by Dr. Müller. Dr. Müller lives in Hagen, and has now moved to Berlin, and it wouldn't surprise me at all if we were to meet him on our trip. A few days ago Katzenmeyer, Unger and I went for an afternoon excursion to the brewery Sharmin (?) in Sheepshead Bay, right after Coney Island, and were cooled by the sea wind. It was wonderful outside, and we liked the family much beyond our expectations. Day after tomorrow, a great festivity will take place in honor of Katzenmeyer, who is going to Europe. He has declined having a "Fasclesook" (torch parade) but I believe he'll get his torches anyway, whether he likes it or not. Hunyadi and Felseck haven't been decided yet. If I weren't involved in a new trial the waiting would be quite boring. Mr. Huckslehne is like sitting on coals, which is twice as bad with his cold. Please watch that our children aren't spoiled too much with all the love and attention that they are getting.

Love, your husband

#### **June 28, 1898 Antonio to Else in Chemnitz**

My dear,

Today brought a great disappointment, with a judgement by Judge Grossmann in the case of Hunyadi. We do get a decision with payment of damages, but not for the main thing, which is for the name of Hunyadi, the consequences being that all the swindlers can use the name without punishment in case they still don't distinguish their labels from those of Sachslehne. That's a difficult matter for our friend, and we will appeal the case as quickly and as forcefully as possible. In my opinion the decision is the wrong one, and unjust. We have only been able to read the long decision very quickly, but in many points it seems unsatisfactory. Mother was also quite angry, but not quite as satisfactorily as you would have been. But now something funny last night, I was at the Avion and invited by friend Unger in order to look at the torchlight parade, which was produced by our singing club (or our quartet?) for Katzenmeyer, and ended with a drinking ceremony in the terrace garden. We didn't go to the drinking ceremony, but we spent otherwise a friendly evening, although the German-American ladies did not particularly impress me. Most of them had something quite indefinably common about them. If we enter any of these clubs it will probably be the Liederkrantz. On Sunday Hermann was here, and reported that Berndt is better. The tooth has been removed. I got a fan for him, the same as those they use in restaurants, in order to keep the flies away. It doesn't make too much wind, but for that one needs more power, which one doesn't have in private houses, but it is sufficient. And just think, Selma is still not going to Lake George on the first of July. Hopefully, however, the week after. Henry's trip has been postponed, and Selma is still fussing around with all kinds of preparations. It's too bad for Mother, and I could have stayed a day longer because of the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. The house is getting emptier and emptier without you, and on the 12<sup>th</sup> I am leaving, and that's that.

Your impatient husband.

**July 4, 1898 Antonio to Else in Chemnitz, from NY.**

Dear Else,

Mrs Jaegerhuber is back, and she told me a lot about the wonderful stay in Baden Baden. She is now buying silk which I am supposed to smuggle but I prefer paying customs than arriving with a bad conscience. We have had three of the hottest days we have ever had. Yesterday the Herald reported a temperature of 111°, a temperature never reached before, and in some squares of the city in the shade and in the houses it was approximately 100°. In some cases up to 103°. Today thunderstorms brought some cool air. I wrote to Selma that I am taking Mother on Friday to the Mohikan House, and I hope that the people from Boston in the course of the week will arrive there, and then to Felseck. It was too bad that the entire matter got drawn out such a long time, but at least we survived the heat in good health. Mother's whooping cough is almost healed, and I believe that smoking saved me from it. Blessed be the clouds of smoke. Yesterday the news from Cuba wasn't satisfactory, but today the Spanish fleet was destroyed, and with that the army will force the surrender of Santiago, and now they started with more taxes, and with that our war-crazy population will probably get their lust for adventure cooled. I discovered some linens in one of the suitcases in which there was a lot of stuff of Franz's. The suitcase appeared to me like a suitcase from Felseck, and so now I've gotten everything back except my black vest. In addition to sweating, I'm getting boring, so I shall finish quickly. What do you say about my plan to travel up the Rhine to Koblenz, from there to Utrecht, and then with the Antwerp steamer Noordland home? A trip through northern Germany and Holland costs half of what the Kaiser Friedrich costs, so that we finance our entire trip through the country, and also fulfill my old wish to visit Pelstiers. The greetings from the children from Mrs. Jagerhuber really moved me, and all of our exile will have to come to an end.

Yours in love, your husband.

**July 11, 1898 – Antonio to Else, in Germany**

My dear little treasure.

Just now Mother and I became very excited to find 3 jugs of cider in the cellar next to the pfefferkuchen. Minna serves us the heavenly drink with a big piece of ice. With that it is very comfortable to write. I've been angry the last 3 days because the postal steamers have been canceled because of the sale of several Hamburg ships. But, with a lot of business and visitors, I haven't written. Came back from St. Louis straight to the office, and came home to find the table set to receive Percival's family, and at the same time a telegram arrived telling me to be in Boston the next day with my witness in order to move against the fraudulent Marston. By a lot of telephoning I succeeded in sending Kramer and Milde with the papers, while we had a good time having a goodbye dinner with Percival and family. They returned (Kramer, from Boston) with no results, so will have to go again.

On Thursday we experienced an unexpected pleasant event. In the morning I went to 76<sup>th</sup> St. to say goodbye to Percival's family because I'm alone, and at 11 Selma

and Dora arrived at my office, having gone to say goodbye to Percival's family at the ship. Selma and Dora moved into our bedroom from the St. Denise, and I'm in the anteroom. They left this afternoon. It was a pleasant surprise, and past without any upset, and Selma is getting back more strength. Today your letter arrived, and it was a spiritual lift for me, just as mine are for you, although I'm occasionally deadened by work. The bicycle provides exercise and appetite for me, and for Mother, too, even though she only hears about it in my reports. Tomorrow we go to Scarsdale to visit ? and in half an hour I go to bed. Greet Countess Rantzau. We have her here on the Bismark picture. Kiss the children for me.

Yearningly, your husband.

**Undated letter from Antonio to Else, presumably in Chemnitz. May not be in this 1898 series, but can't tell from content. It is written on hotel letter-head "Aster House".**

I'm just returning from Greenwood, at 12, on to Passaic, to spend the rest of the day with Dresslers. Last few days it's been hot – I suffered a summer complaint – but since yesterday, since I saw Dr. Schaulk in the street, who wrote me a prescription for Bismuth Powder (crowfoot?) which helped more than taking a hard liquor or ? mixture. Since last night I've been feeling well and today I was happy to receive Thekla's letter with your post scripts. Next Friday I'll take the night boat and I'll stay until Tuesday to return. I'm very happy that you've prepared such a nice birthday for Thekla. It is nice that the children had someone to congratulate. Goodby until later, with greetings and kisses.

**Dec. 5, 1898 Gustav to his grandchildren Ilse and Susanne**

My dear little mice,

Greetings from Grandfather and Grandmother and aunts and uncles. I will tell you what it is like now – more quiet than this summer. No one to kiss, no one to put in the corner. Wish to hear you sing the little songs. The chickens have grown up and will lay eggs, and are playing in your sandbox, scratching and putting in droppings. Roses bent to ground and put under fur branches. Winter mild, like an American fall. As a consequence pears became very ripe, taste very good now. Fountain turned off and basin drained. Dry leaves insulate it. Goldfish, meanwhile, have been put into a basin with much water. In the garden house where (vogelschiessen) the bird shooting took place is the place where all the potted plants go for the winter. Wonder if the boxes sent with ceramics, toys and lanterns (lampion) have arrived. The box from America with children's underwear hasn't been sent yet, but the barrel of apples has been sent. Too warm to send frozen rabbit this year. Soon after your birthday it will be Christmas, with tree decorated with many sugar plum fairies and chocolate candies. Kati and Mother must be sure you don't eat too many. Love to parents and Kati. (Kati a servant for helping with the children?)

**May 6, 1899 To Else from her mother, Anna. Else's sister Thekla went to New York to be with Else to help with the household when Else was giving birth to daughter Ursula.**

Looking forward to a letter from Thekla to assure that she arrived safely. Envious that you are together, but glad you can be together. Happy you are well and vital. It is snowing, there is fear of floods. Hard to think of this as the spring month. Garden is tilled, garden house looks well tended, the girls are very good and help in the house. Missing you because the little girls put up the curtains in the garden house. Reports on Clearens (?), plans to move, and other family members, and plan to go to Lindenwald. Postponed moving while in Lindenwald. May 18 Gretchen Stahlknecht would like us to give her a carpet. Thekla will be interested to know we have had flower boxes made exactly like those of the girls, and next week will plant and put them up. Since you are not here, I ? something about the plants. The garden is almost ready. Girls are very helpful. Clare very artistically put up the curtains in the garden house. With melancholy I look at the sandbox where our sweet little ones played for hours. Father has probably already written. Hans sold grandfather's property for 42,000 marks. The aunts wept tears that they had to vacate the garden. Father stilled their tears by erecting ? on our property. 6 of May, Hans came to an agreement with the builder Lachlman, and we can now enjoy our beautiful house without bad admixture of feelings. (Mentions about an engagement, table cloth, yellow, with embroidery.)

**May 29, 1899 To Else from her mother**

Dear Children –

Received news of birth of daughter (this would be Ursula) – week of recovery. Did the sisters agree to the new sister? Susel will be happy with the news. We were there at Lindenwald for a full week. A letter from Thekla arrived in Lindenwald. Hope she recovered from the 25 pounds gained on the trip over. I am on a Diet.

**June 5, 1899 To Else from her mother (Evidently they were in Chemnitz June 1898)**

Greetings for your birthday. Last year had you here, to drink a glass of Henkelsect. Nice of Antonio that he reported. Felt at peace and thank him for his report. Moving to Felseck will soon take place. Receiving congratulations from everyone. All goes well and weather is good. My girls are excellent so I can lead a relaxed life if I wouldn't have to attend to the moderation diet. Lost 8, 8, 11, 20 to go. Who would have thought I would get use to, even like to drink Kneipwater. Hans will be here and 10 days later, then Franz. Sorry for our father. He was use to Franz taking his place. A good relationship. This P.M. news that Waldeman is very ill.

Greetings to Thekla.

**June 5, 1899 Gustav to Else  
(Congratulatory letter for the birth of the new baby, Ursula.)**

A new citizen. Doesn't know that a male citizen was expected. Mother and father and child are well after this event. Adding to this are my best wishes for your birthday. Read in Thekla and Else and Antonio's letters that all is well, and hope she (Thekla) is grateful for the opportunity to be there. Her friends don't write. They envy her opportunity. Else is differing with Kati, and they are letting her go.

Grandmother's property (guessing this is Anna Stahlknecht Uhlich's mother, who seems to be senile) has been sold to Dr. Kaulfers 42,000 marks, cash. I've been asked to be a guardian. Income from invested \$ will have to be transferred to the nurse by name of Johanne Lolling(?), It will be good for the nurse and grandmother. Grandmother is quiet, and sleeps a lot and may live a long time. I will keep the check of \$100. from Antonio's letter and account to him. Thekla should write to Mrs. Octavio (Octavio Knauth's wife). She asked for her address.

**(Following is from an insert in that letter which doesn't seem to relate to it. Another date?)**

Hans, Franz and Thekla got together and had their portraits done in a small picture for their mother with an artist collective from Hannover. The so-called collective formed to oppose the making of poor pictures. Pictures are certified by the collective as acceptable. Your pictures of Ursula are fine, and we thank you.

#### **Jan. 27, 1900 Gustav to Else and Antonio**

The pictures arrived. Thank you. Saw the youngest grandchild in the picture. Grandmother "If only I could fondle like a sausage the little joy bundle." Thekla's description helped us very much as to how the planned reception went. It is quite a plan to have 150 in such a small space. Here all the invited guests would be afraid to be trampled to death. Hans thinks he would have to eat ahead of time. Mother has probably reported that Max and Suse and the Weiske's parents visited, and both couples came at once. Suse left last Tuesday. They stayed at Frenzels. Days of happiness and contentment, especially since Max arrived with great news. The first year of his administration of the estate exceeded all expectations, so in addition to the salary agreed upon Max received 10,000 Marks. He gave 1000 M. voluntarily to his subsidiaries. The judge for whom he is working is very happy he made some money on his estate. For Max, not only the money, but also the moral succor and recognition as encouragement. Judge mentioned to his friends, that not only was it the orderly behavior on the estate, but also the relation with the church and schools.

Richard Follert, whom we invited at New Year, asked to come when Weiskes were here, but because of space couldn't have him until Weiskes left. He cannot be replaced with his patients, and is buying into a clinic. Public health has been his main business, but the clinic will be more affluent clientele. He was accompanied by Frau Berta.

After all this celebrating we return to healthy stomachs.

Married life for Waldeman is unhappy. He is leaving his wife to get a divorce, and is in love with someone else.

Bernard Uhlich and \_\_\_\_\_? Finished doctorate, and has a job as a legal intern.

We went to the theater. Hans and Franz participated in the theater. Franz performed as a "baby".

15 of our goldfish died – 15 degrees C.

Business is good until end of 1899. It is silent now because spinning is organized in such a manner that it can't continue until more ? is delivered.

Thekla has reserved tickets for the Bremen. Antonio advanced the money. We will take care of the accounting when she gets here.

### **June 5, 1900 To Else from her mother, Anna.**

I have your picture in front of me. I'm thinking about the trip to Baden Baden in 1898 with the family. Looking forward to going to Baden Baden again in 1901. Grateful to Antonio that he makes it possible for you to come again. First, congratulations to you for your birthday. Will think of you on the 17<sup>th</sup> of June, with all our love. We'll celebrate, too, Hans will insist on it so your ears will ring! Very sad not to be able to send something for your birthday. Ursula has already a year behind her. We have already a silver goblet for her, but she must come and get it here. Also, Ilse and Susi will be older. Ilse should make another picture for her grandparents. I can see you in my mind at Felseck. We had a wonderful Whitsuntide (4 weeks after Easter). We had visitors (names some, Julius, age 35, serious, responsible, seems happy there.) You will hear from Thekla and Suse.

### **July 18, 1900 Anna to Else, Gustav ends the letter.**

A letter of Antonio's is why I'm writing you today. He says he will go to N.Y. because of Percival's health. We are sad about this news, especially since your last letter indicated improvement. Worry, and frost falls on the spirits of the two nearest families. You wrote so happily about your stay in the country. Last year it was worry about our darling who gave you such worry.

We now enjoy good weather and the garden is splendid – a model of neatness. We won't get away this summer. Expect Max and Susa any time. Thekla wrote that Lindenwald was sold. Max couldn't continue to work there under the condition, and now in Altenberg. Will tell more when they come. Receiving compensation to the New Year. Max hopes to find another place for his management. Sad they were torn out of an environment they loved. Max should do something for his nervous condition. We'll enjoy their being here. Antonio sent many pictures. They are beautiful. I'm waiting for identification. Yesterday, Mrs. Fischer from ? visited. 2 little girls. Looks very healthy.

In the evening a few days ago we went to the casino, outdoor music we attend regularly. Next Saturday Mama Wielcha ? etc., will go to the Tyrols. Hano will go in a week. Thekla wants to go. Tante Frenzel, to Swiezelthal. People from Leipzig were here for a day, as you have been told. Mama (Fanny?) looked well, and intellectually very stimulating. We look forward to next summer to your visit. I ordered salt shakers to match the two pepper mills you sent to the brothers. Our table now makes an elegant impression with the silver and porcelain you have given us.

This afternoon we will give a garden party. There are hens with 15 chicks and 100 gold fish in a basin. Kisses to the children. Is Antonio with you or is the poor man in N.Y.?

(From father) The letter announcing Percival's death just arrived. If Percival hasn't taken care of details of the property, Antonio will have much work.

### **August 26, 1900 From Anna to Else**

We received your letter a few hours ago, and reward you at once with a letter about the past 2 weeks. Susel went to Elsten, and Max to an ocean spa. We met them all in Elsten for a nice visit. We look forward to next year when you will all be with us. Sorry Antonio had a bad impression of Elsten. A special thing to report, on August 25 we learned Max took over the Lindenwald Estate. The bank had sold it to a gentleman by the name of Bethman-Hollweg. He called Max back to his earlier position. You can imagine our joy. Susel is still in Elster to finish her cure. She attempted too much. She was completely down in body and mind. I believe that being assured of her position she will be all right. She'll be here a few days. When she has packed up they will go to Altenberg, and to Munich where all her furniture is. She had had many letters from the people she knows in Lindenwald (where it seems she had some responsibilities) Bethmann-Hollweg is about 25, lives in Berlin, has another estate in vicinity of Lindenwald.

All our holiday travelers are returning looking healthy. Walter's daughter Else is living with us while she takes dancing lessons. She is small and very attractive. She is staying in Franz's room and then to the garden house room. Weiske's are in the guestroom. This winter we want to heat the garden house. It is nicely furnished, so it will be ready for guests. Ilse's picture makes us happy. Antonio's letter makes us glad you survived the great heat wave. Thekla thanks you for your letter. She will write when she finishes taking care of my wardrobe. She reports Greta Storn's greatest wish will be fulfilled. She lives in a summer house in Saxon, Switzerland (a mountainous area in Saxony) since they couldn't take a longer trip. Father adds his best wishes.

### **Nov. 2, 1900 Gustav to Else and Antonio (mentions Octavio's death)**

Bad news, like a stroke of lightning, we received the news that Octavio died, is bad for all of us who had gotten to know this charming man. It is worse for the family. Berta (Manuel's wife) writes that she had to bring the news to Clärchen (Clara, Octavio's wife), who just returned from a birthday celebration for Selma. (Octavio's sister) Poor Mama Knauth. God rests heavy on all the family. She had to lose two sons in the height of their lives, and only knows if the 3<sup>rd</sup> one is alive.(Manuel?) The friendship of the three brothers is now at an end. We hope Antonio's strength will be sufficient to take care of this alone.

In our family death came. Lively Frenzel is no longer with us. Her husband continues to run the inn. He gives piano and singing lessons, and has the 1000 M. investments. Death also knocked on our door. On Sept. 24, when I got out of bed, my left side was paralyzed and my face distorted. I did have a little stroke where I had to stay in bed for 8 days. Then was allowed to get up a few hours and walk. Since then I

have had no coffee, wine or beer. Dr. said I should join the Temperance Movement. I've never been very taken by spirits. I mustn't bend and lift, and I want to work in the garden. The gardener is 76, and I can't help him. Thekla and Mother follow me in the garden and interrupt my parade! But by next summer you won't notice anything about this condition. All this makes me arrange that our business is settled in case of a lethal event. Nov. 7 I want Franz to become a partner and accept half the profits and live appropriately and get the larger share even if I return. The remainder of this incident is that there is a certain nervousness, so I will stay away from stress.

Grandmother\* celebrates her 87<sup>th</sup> birthday, although not aware of it. I've sent some Steinpiltz off to Leipzig.

**\*(Which grandmother this is, is not known through these letters, except one mention that Anna's mother Stahlknecht was deteriorating.)**

**Nov. 21, 1900 Gustav to Antonio**

High time to get on with congratulating you on your birthday after this year of sorrow. May you have a happy Christmas. We are all well. My little stroke causes me some difficulty. Weakness in left side is diminishing. 2 types of very common mushroom, Steinpiltz and morel, have been sent to Leipzig, was subjected to customs – 676 pennies. "Busan Betag", a Protestant holiday to memorialize graves with flowers. China's politics with its indecisiveness "hangs out of my throat" – (in other words, disgusts him.) I'm happy McKinley has been reelected, we need stable conditions over there. As far as business is concerned, it is in a depressed condition, although the stocking business is still good. Followed by a greeting from his wife.

**On an enclosed card from Thekla.**

Send greetings for you for Dec. 2 – your birthday. You will have a quiet day. With Percival and May and all the family, with Herrmann, etc. How are all the children? Have you been conscientiously eating your kind of meat? I hope some is on the birthday table.

**(Percival Knauth died July 17, 1900, at their Lake George Home, Waldeck. Memory lapse by Thekla?)**

**Dec. 29, 1900 Gustav to Else**

This AM we got Antonio's letter with Ilse's amusing drawings. Glad you were anticipating a good Christmas. Letter from Berta. They were gladdened by the children. Hope our presents arrived on time. Should have arrived on the 17<sup>th</sup>. When we opened the presents from you and she wished to be with you, I told her in 100 years science will make it possible. She should just live that long. Willie Reissiger was invited, but not there for Christmas eve. They declined. Was afraid she would spoil their evening in case she got depressed. While I had to play the mourning role, Hans

and Franz sat down with a bottle and Hans came out with a declaration he would get married to Johanna Kaulfers. He had met this young lady at the home of Volklander. She is a good looking, healthy 19 year old, well brought up, who was congenial with us, and therefor we gave our blessing with a sword "ready to kill". Hans has already approached the parents, and it seemed to be expected. The engagement took place in such a way the entire assembly of people there took part. The family there is well off, and the family owns a shop selling papers. They sold the business and took on management of the textile business of Alfred Wagner, and have business relations with me. His wife is a capable haus frau and passionate mother, who has raised 6 girls and a boy. The girls 16 and 17 are naïve, but high spirited girls, who are friends of Else, (who is staying with them). Franz is being courted by the family and knows how to take advantage of them. Through this engagement we are quite preoccupied – many visits and activities are a great burden since I can only drink beer and wine in a thimble!

Your sister and niece got a bad deal. They expected an invitation from us but we can only have them when our guestroom is free. We are still expecting the barrel of apples, even though it has not yet come. Ours are good this year, but we bought American apples for Christmas. Tomorrow we go to Meistersinger.

**Jan. 4, 1901 Gustav to Else and Antonio (reporting Frau Anna Uhlich's death.)**

Our dear Mother has left us. It has hit me very hard. I asked Franz to telegraph you. She died of a stroke. Today I received your answer that you are very sad. I can't think what good things are left in life. Now we do not have her care for us, neither I nor our sons. But let me explain to you the reason and the course of her illness. After the holidays, which brought us Hans' engagement, the two big families had to become acquainted with one another. New Years had a big celebration of the two families, Kaulfers and ours.

We heard by telephone news from Eugen Faitlander's house that Eugen had died. Mother pained but not too alarmed, but she complained the next day about a headache. In the afternoon at 2:30 when I wanted to leave to business she told me she would make the first condolence visit to his wife. I replied, "Let me go with you." At 3 we went in spite of the miserable weather. We were received by Fanny and her bridegroom Riedle, and they told us about the sudden death. Sitting next to mother I noticed her mouth pulled to one side. I asked, she pointed and said "Don't speak". Amelia came in. Mother tried to get up and fell down. I anticipated something terrible. I raised her. She couldn't get up. I knew then she had a stroke. Fanny called Dr. Walter. He came fast. Mother was taken in an ambulance, which the Foitlanders had there, and drove her to our house. All came over. Thekla was at home alone, and is frightened to death. All carried Mother up the stairs and put her to bed, and we tried to get her comfortable. Her mind was already so dulled she thought she was still at Folklanders. Dr. diagnosed a bad stroke affecting the center of her nerves, and ordered that she be kept very quiet with no movement. Mother, with a horrible headache, said to me she would die. I told her not the case, but when alone with Thekla she expressed that her greatest wish was to die before me. Ordered that a particular brooch be given to Hans' bride. Then she told other things to be taken care of in the household. Then

later a new stroke, but remained sitting. On Jan. 2 she spent a bad night, used ice compresses. Her consciousness disappeared. I asked her where she hurt, but she could only point to her head and sigh. The next morning at 7 AM her death agonies started. I sent someone to send a telegram to Suse, and she answered she would come immediately, and we got a deaconess (Protestant nurse) to spell Thekla. Suse arrived at noon Jan. 2. She had left Lindenwald Jan. 1, went up to Elster, in a cold carriage because the steam heating of the train was not functioning. We got her warm again and she was glad Mother was still alive, so she could help take care of her. Dr. Walter said she would not survive the day. She would have pneumonia. Toward evening Dr. came back. She answered the Dr. Clearly "yes", so we were hopeful. I had immediately sent news to Suse that there was hope. But our hope was soon crushed. From the 2<sup>nd</sup> to the 3<sup>rd</sup> was her struggle with death. Franz sat at her bedside all through the night with the nurse and expressed his love for the best of all mothers. She died at noon on January 3. Then her face was suddenly illuminated and with a mild smiling expression which stayed until today, Jan. 4, when they took her to the cemetery chapel. Next Sunday at 12:30 she will be buried. Pastor Hoffman will do the sermon. May the earth be light on her and for you, a loving mother. She was helpful to all relatives and well meaning to all. I sent Jan. 3 to the cemetery to buy a burial plot. I'm writing quickly because my eyes are tearing. Forgive me if my letter is not a model of accurateness.

#### **January 28, 1901 Gustav to Else**

Best of thanks for your letter. Three weeks ago we buried Mother. It was bitter cold, stormy but sunny. 12 degrees C. Hard for so many to come. (He lists people and where they came from, Dresden, etc. A very dignified sermon – he describes this. 120 flower donations, palms, including 3 fan palms among them.) We now have some peace after we answered over 500 cards. Thekla had hands full keeping the household going. Work is good for melancholy. Year's end, there is much to tend in business. Evenings were used to recapitulate the day's events. Now, with Mother's place empty, I'm still overcome with sadness. Must force myself not to resent my fate. After all, I had a happy marriage for 34 years. My thanks follow her to the grave for that. She had many wonderful character traits, goodness of her heart and selflessness, which made all the world her friends. Franz, in his many escapades, owes it to her, that she made it right again. She kept the family together. She is at rest, and her way of doing things will be imitated by her children and grandchildren. Grandmother doesn't know, couldn't understand. All rest is as usual. We do all right. At night I'm alone with Thekla. In two weeks Hans' fiancée Kaulfers visits us. (Mentions other people.) Thekla continues to resist Julian Schuricht.

A week ago we were invited for supper, and went for 2 hours. Parents and 7 children will come here for dinner. Aunt Martha Volklander is ill with nerves, and is presently in Reuch taking a cure.

Yesterday the barrel of apples arrived. Thank you. Only the innermost were not frozen. These were wonderful, and those frozen will be taken care of in the kitchen. Left out too long in Bremen.

#### **Nov. 11, 1901 Gustav to Else**

It's raining, 5 degrees C. outside, hard west wind blows the fruit trees. I'm in the right mood for writing. We're all well here after recovering from a small vessel bursting in my brain. Not allowed to bend down or lift heavy things. Iodine and calcium pills in milk are prescribed. My mouth and my tongue have a salty taste long after I take it. It even disturbs me in my sleep. Franz takes care of the business. Thekla takes care of the house. Hans and Hanne are happy in their new house. Max complains in every letter about the agricultural slump, even though all turns out. Day before yesterday they had a big hunt at Lindenwald. The Baroness of Bethmann-Hollweg didn't do anything, so Susa had a lot of work. CW Schwartz, rid of his business, except he keeps chocolate, oil, and tea, and sells from his apartment, will continue elsewhere. (He writes more news of other people and their business – probably not family.) ? drags music enthusiasts to her house for more social contacts. Last Thursday at the casino we heard the music club give a beautiful concert under the direction of Meierhoff – Paradise ? Perry. 6 soloists, vocal and I especially liked the alto.

Johanna Uhlich, who doesn't have a job since Grandmother's death, has applied for a job as a deaconess (Lutheran Order) and will first do her trial year (apprenticeship) from which she can leave freely if she doesn't like it. Grandmother's inheritance has not been distributed. Heinrich Stalknecht, having completed exams successfully, seems to want to calm down since his siblings aren't interested, and the inheritance will be divided into 7 equal parts. Agreement has not been given by some of the interested parties. Each to get 8,000-8,500 M. So Else is to get 1600 M. Because of the common properties I owed her 9000 M, which she didn't want to collect during her lifetime. I paid an interest at 3½ percent in order to not have to pay this 9000 M, plus interest, because I would have had to take a second loan on our house. Schwartz counted Mother's inheritance as part??? Your sibs agree the money should remain and that I should pay an interest of 4% to you (this transaction is not clear in the letter.)

Last week I also sent many things to you. Box 20 contains a children's cupboard and there is a sack of dried mushrooms, boxes with certificates of their value, worth \$8. Box #5 is a hook for a house bell, valued at \$12. Box with family pictures, no value. Hope boxes arrive well, transfer amount of 106 M. interest, 30 to Else's bank account, and give her an accounting every ½ year.

Business here is poor as in the rest of the world. Bank failures have made all anxious. Roosevelt is turning out to be a protectionist. I'm a peaceful citizen, but if Germany wants to spank Chamberlain, I would do so, too. Look forward to the children. Hilde teaches Ilse and Suse.

We had 16 guests at table for Franz's birthday (lists guests). Thekla made it easy for herself making a pastry of pike ahead of time, and a Prague ham. Punch of pineapple juice to wash everything down. Next Sunday we are going to play skat (like bridge) at our house. I wrote all this gossip because I didn't want to send an empty page!

#### **Jan. 4, 1902 Gustav to Antonio and Else**

The old year has past. It began with sorrow, and it ended in joy. While Thekla and I were in Berlin at the Schuricht's, Franz got engaged to Elsa Woller in Stolberg,

and has been receive well, as Thekla was received in Berlin. Because of our mourning we have not had any engagement festivities, but in several weeks they will take place belatedly. My joy would be double if Mother could be here to enjoy it, and she would have done a lot in that, managing things well! The holidays in Berlin passed with more big social events than suite my mood, but couldn't be avoided. I'm only glad that my stomach didn't go on strike with all the different dinners, but survived the whole week. Father Schneider had an unwelcome surprise over New Year – a small paralysis of his right side, like mine last year. No fear for his life, but it will involve a sick bed of several months. The poor Uhlich's had bad holidays because of the health of the poor blooming daughter Senta. Lene is still depressed. If I remember correctly I have thanked you for the apples. Also acknowledged Antonio's letter and check of \$25. and will take care of his requests. I just met Mr. Zyer who was at our little dinner at the Vienna Coffee house. Had a kidney infection, but looked well. Tonight he goes to Leipzig. You'll still get more news later, so I won't write more. Add only that Holsche didn't bother any further with Mother's picture.

### **Jan. 25, 1902 Gustav to Else**

Thank you for the birthday wishes. I spent it in good health. Hans and Hanna came for noon and evening meals, and many others came to congratulate me. During the last 2 years my stomach is much better, and since Mother's death I've had no migraine attacks as I use to have every 2 months. I think it is because I don't drink beer, and avoid the foods that use to cause me a problem. Unfortunately our holiday mood became depressed through the illness of Father Schuricht, so I let Thekla go to Berlin from the 13<sup>th</sup> through the 19<sup>th</sup> this month, partly so she could herself get immediate news about her father-in-laws health, and be with her fiancée, because the latter will go to England for 8 weeks. The young people have to make a few decisions about arranging a home. When we were in Berlin over Christmas, Father Schuricht showed us a nice building lot in Teptow. I have this in mind if it isn't too expensive, he said. It belongs to the city, but they receive offers for lease. Finally the city went for 120,000 M for 240 sq. meters. This would result if one built a place for two families, for the Jr. and Sr. Schuricht, even though the latter would keep his own place as long as possible. Needless to say these figures put a damper on the desire to build. Julius wrote that his brother-in-law is looking for a suitable villa in the same neighborhood. In case he doesn't find one, Julius' father would consider building. Thekla is planning to get married on the 22 of September of this year. If nothing is available by that time they will move into the Schuricht apartment, which has much room, though doesn't offer many comforts.

Through Schwartz, Thekla has contacted a woman about 30, who is separated from her husband, whom she will instruct in regard to keeping me comfortable, especially in regard to cooking. If she is acceptable, she can run the household until I sell the house, but by that time a lot of water will have run down the Elbe. I'm not in a hurry. Yesterday I sent a small box to you with the gloves you ordered. Silk ones in white were not obtainable in elbow length but I'll contact a factory owner who is a friend and see if I can't get some for you. In case the box has to go through customs I'm including a note to let you know the content. Berta (probably Berta Kropp Knauth,

Manuel Knauth's wife) is writing that the silk jackets were not available, but will be in 2 weeks, and then will send them with the linen aprons. The first year reader is sent as printed matter, plus a new photo of myself.

### **March 3, 1902 Gustav to Else**

I think it's time to send you a sign of life from Chemnitz. Thanks to Ilse for her nice letter. Now she has a new 1<sup>st</sup> year reader, which tells her how to make one letter as big as another. Writing all letters even is better. Can Susi do one in pencil if ink is too difficult? I'm happy the gloves fit. I can send more of them. If I'd known Berta had let you wait for your jackets such a long time I could have gathered them sooner and cheaper.

As you can see from my picture, I was well. The damn barber created such a pointed beard, I had him change it when I learned from your letter you didn't like it.

Others have probably written you that we've given some dinners. Nieces and nephews from Stillenberg and Dresden were with us, and yesterday the whole family Woller and 2<sup>nd</sup> fiancée to a daughter in the Woller family, a young lawyer named Gerber. Thekla cooked the first dinner – Oxtail soup, pastry, venison, and ice cream. It was a joy to see all here. For Woller's dinner we hired a cook so Thekla could be with the guests. Only at dessert there wasn't enough for Thekla!

She'll be able to catch up in 3 weeks as the post office reports across the Channel, and Thekla stays a week in Berlin. They will negotiate many important things. Father Schuricht will bite into the sour apple of buying the city property at 50 M. per Sq. meter and build. I'm sorry you haven't sold your little house because of your concern for the neighbors. Opportunities to sell don't come often, and you must take advantage. An agent could take care of it, and you would be free of the responsibility. I also don't believe your present neighbors would be bothered by a neighbor as you wrote. Such inmates are usually not quiet, particularly if thanks is due only to one party.

After a mild winter of 3 degrees Reamurs, we are now having a spring. The news from where you are reports winter storms and floods. Prince Henry from Prussia (house of Hohensollen) has had a delirious celebration in America. Germany can feel honored that he is so celebrated there. Ridiculous that the U.S. takes the opportunity of a prince who is a 2<sup>nd</sup> son, to stand on its head. Other nations are envious. We won't get anything else from it. The protective tariffs won't become any less. U.S. buys Germany's good will by handing out little tips, while there is trouble in China and Germany has to help.

(He reports deaths of friends, Heiman, 82 years,) Within the 35 yrs. she has been divorced from her husband with a pension of 900 M/year, she saved 10,000. Of this her sister will inherit 4,000 M. That will take care of Schwartzers in their old age, because he will get as old as an old wall.

Hans is all right, but going around today with heavy thoughts. Tomorrow he has to defend a murderer in a criminal suit. Have filled this letter – greetings. Send you a photo of Elsa Woller in a week

### **April 9, 1902 Gustav to Else**

Dear Else –

Your last letter pleased us all since it says you are well and healthy. We enjoyed the news about you renting a larger house. We enjoyed Susi and Ilse's letters which were read by the whole family. Do the children learn English and German simultaneously?

Max Heiman was here. I talked to him at the casino. He will bring greetings to you right after his return (to N.Y.C.) In the beginning he seems to have had business difficulties. Winter was mild, but takes a long time. I yearn for spring. Last 3 weeks we are at 0 degrees, rain and snow and some sunshine alternating. I've been clearing the yard, standing up the roses. It's too wet to dig. The whole bed of crocuses is blooming, and gets the admiration of passers by. Our street is a major thoroughfare. The Protestant school is drawing many students accompanied by carriages, governesses, servants, etc., until they can go by themselves.

My relationship with my renters is quite good. They've had many changes with their servants, but live in good relationship with us. Father Schuricht in Berlin found himself alone and feeling helpless, and asked if Thekla could come for several weeks. They will be receiving Julius on the 21<sup>st</sup> of March – in a few days after Julius returned his father completed purchase of a nice villa. I can't give her a corresponding dowry, but if Julius' father can spend 200,000 M for a house they can afford to furnish it. Thekla being away gave me an idea of what it is like to be alone. The other renters now play a part in the household. Martha postponed her wedding and will stay until fall, but not use to working independently, and needs to be reminded of all sorts of things. ? is anemic and leaves soon. This winter, mostly because of my role as watchdog or escort, there are the young ladies I must escort. I've even come to enjoy it. I'll send some programs so you can see what I have enjoyed. Mozart symphonies that we heard on season tickets are just wonderful, and of course there is more than these few programs. This winter in the theater there were a number of nerve tickling dramas; Long Live Life, the Power of Darkness, Ghosts, and The Greatest Sin, which I saw last night. It was a struggle between free thinkers and the orthodox, the latter drives to suicide the poor scholar who wants the best for mankind, by undermining his opportunities for making a living. In earlier times people titillated their nerves by watching a man being beheaded. Now we applaud an honest man being hunted to death, (ideologically?)

I'm sorry someone named ?Leherenter bothered you by writing a letter. She became ill, but now has found support. As you requested, I gave her 20 M in your name, but told her not to bother you again. This July the ? will celebrate their silver wedding.

Of course not all Germany thought as I did about Prince Henry. They are of course proud U.S. pays so much attention to Germany. I would have preferred to read that the U.S., Russia and ? prohibited the export of horses, then the British would have lost the war against the Boars a long time ago.

Today when I looked through my desk I found a partially completed letter I forgot to send.

The apples kept well. Most were eaten by Hanna and ? , and Woller parents were quite happy when I sent them some. Next winter Woller will ask you to provide 1-2 barrels. Much better than the Tyrolian apples.

**Feb. 17 is the letter he forgot to send, mentioned and enclosed in the preceding April 9, 1902 letter.**

Uncle Schwartz has completed all figures of Grandmother's estate. As I wrote you before, sum of 9000M, which I owed on our common property. This sum is to be used to pay your part of it. I told Schwartz all agreed to this handling. So I owe you the 1718M in addition to the interest of 33.53, so 1751.53. This latter sum I will pay from 1<sup>st</sup> of January at 4%.

Greetings, etc.

**May 16, 1902 –Gustav to Else**

Since the end of March we have no news from you. When this letter arrives you are probably all at Felseck. I hope your weather is better than ours, and all of Europe's. We read that blossom time is a time of snow here. We haven't been able to stop heating, just like in the most severe winter. Otherwise, we're well and lively. Franz is just getting his fiancée from the station. She is arriving from Tiblets, where she has been staying with her grandparents. He'll accompany her to Stolberg to celebrate the holiday (Whitsuntide). Tomorrow night at 10:30 Julius Schuricht is arriving to be my holiday guest. He is so busy he can only spend a few hours, some spent visiting others. For instance, he has to go to Plauen visit relatives of his parents, with his fiancée. Then they must make 5 visits in Leipzig. Then Julius has to visit his father in Bad Nassau, because then Julius is going to England for a month.

Johanna Uhlich, from Gustenberg, who is assisting Lehnchen, if she doesn't get a new permanent position, is to help Franz and me in the household until Franz gets married in March of 1903. Then Kollenchen will take over. At that point we hope Johanna has found something permanent. She could found her own existence if she could get her father's house and use it for summer guests, but she doesn't trust herself to do it independently without losing account of expenses. In case of extreme need she could live on the interest. I advised her to put her money into investments, which would yield, but she is afraid to be forgotten by her relatives.

Yesterday a Robert Lange arrived from Auerhamme to ask me for a recommendation to you on the advice of his parents. He wants to go to N.Y. in 2 weeks in order to continue his studies on electricity, which he took in Winterthur for a year and a half. Naturally I don't want to create obligations for you, but in this case I couldn't say no, and gave him a letter of introduction to you. He has improved much, so should be all right as a visitor. I told him that, but warned him you are probably at Lake George.

How are you and the children, and what are they doing? Greetings and kisses to them, and ask that the 2 bigger ones write, and I expect something in English.

**June 5, 1902 Gustav to Else**

My dear Else.

My last letter must have arrived on Ursula's birthday. When Thekla reminded me, it was too late. Despite that, the festive day didn't pass without a trace, because it was the same day Julius came from Berlin. We all thought about you at midday when

Hansen's was here, when we had a wonderful Waldmeister punch with sparkling water, and then thought of the birthday girl, who at that time was probably having breakfast. God keep her well and happy. And I want to add a birthday greeting to you as well.

According to your last letter there have been changes in your household. Even if you didn't plan to move. Understandable why you haven't written. I am glad that Antonio was able to sell the house on 70<sup>th</sup> St. Hope he also sells the one on 84<sup>th</sup>. Did he "get away with sound skin" (without a loss)? Hope this letter is forwarded. We hear there is a big heat wave in N.Y. Mr. Blum reported that. He works for a moving company. He is spending his honeymoon in Germany, combined with business to save the expense. He spoke no German, but Thekla was able to understand him. The couple had been recommended by the Leipzig business. I'm glad I can reciprocate hospitality.

Here everything goes its normal way, after a cold May, now all is blooming at once, as before they hesitated. The children would enjoy tumbling on the lawn. This week they'll be making hay on the lawn, and they would have fun with that. There are 22 chicks running around, and another 20 are expected to hatch Sunday. Lots of work! Feeding them, and preventing them from hacking each other to death, and watching for hedgehogs and cats. Yesterday Männel (the dog) caught a large hedgehog. In the front garden I've had a flowerbed planted, and the whole garden looks good. Hans really misses the garden. When he has half an hour from the courthouse he comes over.

Julius has been coming every Sunday from Berlin, so I invite Hans and Hanna. Hans' business is getting better. He has enough work, but it's mainly a question of getting rid of older less paying customers, and replacing with better paying ones.

Occasionally I go to Schwartzenal to visit Aunt Marta, who is always ill, and so they don't visit here. Thekla will write about her life. Don't send me a check or money. The small amounts can be covered by the interest.

Greetings to Antonio and children. Please give my best regards to Momma Knauth.

### **August 5, 1902 Gustav to Else**

Thekla's birthday was an occasion to get good news from you. I can also give a good report. I'm well, and even eating cucumber salad, and it even agrees with me. Since Mother's death I have had no stomach difficulties. I found out my stomach is quite all right, and it is only my disposition to create too much bile. Because of that I drink no beer, and have only tea in the morning and evening, and coffee only after the mid-day dinner. If we have company other than Hans and Hanna, we sacrifice a couple of bottles of Mosel of the finest quality. Hopefully Hanna's big event, which we expect in a week, will pass nicely. Thinking back what a bad time our mother had, Hanna has been lucky. Food and drink agree with her. At Sunday dinner we celebrated the birthday with Hans and Hanna, \_\_\_\_\_, and Max Uhlich, whose family is spending the holiday at a spa on the Baltic. We tried to make Thekla forget her fiancée was in England. We had a good soup, veal and young chicken, and lots of dessert, and not a little wine, and we drank your health. I expect between 7-8 your ears were burning.

Aunt Johanna also went to the spa on the Baltic, while her husband George and friend Hermann Holscher went hiking in the Bavarian forest. I was not pleased by the latter's sudden appearance here. I don't think he is productive enough that he could head up a business. If you hear him talk, he is very impressed with himself. He says he could have continued, but was paid too little. I made it clear to him he had been stupid not to learn the silk business. If he really wants to lead a business, he must be able to do everything. He wasn't sent to America to get money, but rather to get knowledge. I think Hermann is a good enough conscientious person, but that isn't enough to make his way in such a demanding business as textile manufacturing.

This year the weather continues like April – hot and cold. It rained every 3<sup>rd</sup> day. It was 10 degrees Re (identification not determined?) Everything grew plentifully, but the farmers only have empty straw sheaths. At Lindenwald the haying went well, but he (Suse's husband Max) is afraid he won't be able to harvest his rye. Very little fruit because it's been cold. In my garden, too, grass and flowers grow tall and need to be cut. The only thing that did well were the roses, and they gave me much joy. In the front yard we have mixed flowers which passers enjoy.

There are many changes in town. The small town is becoming a big one. Next to the police station there is a new street and many new houses along the street. Hotel "City of Gota" was demolished in order to make room for a new street called Friedrich \_\_\_?, and there, large business buildings are to be built. "City of Gota" is relocated in a new place, and is very comfortable. The Firm of Dietzel did all the work, with the help of the city. Hope he won't "die" in the procedure. He has to manage the "City of Gota" himself because he can't get someone to take it, because of the high rent. Had to take a loan of 100,000 marks from the city to do this. In Zwischenstrasse street 2 houses and the smithy were torn down and a large central theater and business center are being built in their stead. Should be done by October, and by Christmas the theater and business are to open. In Peter's yard there is a mighty building, a new main post office and business complex are being built. Plans to start building a new large municipal building in another garden. As a matter of fact, the hill behind our house is a favorite place for building. At Easter, opposite Stickers garden, a new military barracks was built with a new road. New roadways to the suburbs go in all directions.

We have to start to make preparations for Thekla's wedding. Aside from textiles, which ? will contribute, the couple will buy in Berlin. I will give money for the dowry. The wedding is to be in the casino, where they are renovating. Must do with 2 large garden rooms and their ante-rooms. It is where Hans was married. 64 people are invited, and perhaps 55 will come. Thekla will report.

We were interested in the changes in Felseck. Also about the changes reported in Antonio's letter about the children. Lucky for Susa the face she made on the picture is not permanent! Glad Momma Knauth is well. Give her our best regards.

### **Sept. 17, 1902 Gustav to Else. Thekla wedding description, etc.**

Past is all the festive celebration. Good bye to all the guests. Everything was wonderful. It helps me get over the difficulties which come. Julius is still in England, and Thekla has been in Berlin to ride herd on the builders, furnishings, because there is no one to take care of these. Father Schuricht has spent some time in a sanitarium in

Nassau, and now is in another one in San Blasien. His health is better, only his right hand is paralyzed. Thekla has taken care of the dowry of linens here – ordered it through Fladders, and bought furniture with Julius in Berlin. I've not seen any of it. I told Thekla what I can provide and she has taken care of it. The wedding preparations were not simple. The family branching out everywhere, and it is difficult to find a limit for invitations. At first we made a list, and then had to cross off some – not expense, but space. When I wanted to rent the dining room I was told only the two garden rooms would be available, so had to cut the guest list again. Meanwhile, we had sent 60, but only 41 finally were seated. During the last days quite a number declined the invitation, and to send out further ones didn't seem right. Thekla was very sorry her club of friends couldn't be invited. In addition, a week before, the casino administrator told me the dining room would be finished after all. But now we were too few, so we ate in the tea room, and it was quite well and pleasant, and all could be wished for. I'm sending you a program, menu, and a few of the humorous songs they sang. The menu was designed and illustrated by a friend of the Schuricht's, who is a well-known artist in Berlin. (he lists the various wines, a mosel, sonneberg, a French Champaign, etc., nice achievement) in spite of that no one got drunk, though all think Annele Schwartz was quite tipsy. Dancing until 1:00 AM. Let me fill you in on events before the event. Wolfharts came on Saturday from Leipzig. Sunday, everyone from Berlin arrived. Sunday afternoon people from Plauen arrived. Aside from Julius, I got rooms for 20 guests at the Central Hotel. Whoever had arrived I invited for a late Sunday dinner at 1:30. 26 people for soup, carp in wine, stuffed pork, dessert ice, etc. Supper we had 30 people, and we had a cold supper. Waldemar's wife performed songs, and all had a good time, and were sorry to leave by 10:00. The male guests to be sure, went to the hotel, but then celebrated there until 2:30, until the hotel administrator asked them to be quiet. On the wedding day I had everybody be driven to church, and then to the casino, except father Schuricht and I, who were to be witnesses. Waldemar's wife sang for me and my house with her beautiful alto voice. Hoffman the preacher did a wonderful ceremony, and it was festive and beautiful. Hoffman unfortunately had to decline our invitation for dinner because the wife of a colleague had died, and he was to perform the ceremony. The old gourmand must have been really sorry about that, but I was, too. When Walter with his wife was coming up the steps by the altar he had a fainting spell, and he had to leave at once to return to Statberg. Little Lehne, the flower girl, plus Ruth Relisch, stayed with us. Sorry your girls couldn't be here. Karl Faitlander and his daughter Ruth arrived ill from Dusseldorf, and cancelled the day before the wedding. Max Willish had pneumonia, but he couldn't have come because of mourning. Our family circle has shrunk considerably. I suppose it will grow when all our family grows. Han's son will be christened Johannes Otto Gunter, and three generations will be godparents. The old great grandmother Kaulfers, despite 84 years, is still mentally and physically vigorous. Grandparents Uhlich and Kaulfers and then the younger generation Ella Kaulfers and Franz Uhlich. The child to be baptized is healthy. His mother breast feeds him but gradually he is getting use to the bottle, which agrees with him. Beginning of March Franz is getting married. Quite a lot of work preparing the house. He doesn't know if his furnishing will be in some transitional style or art nouveau. If it is the art nouveau it won't last.

Karl Voitlanders 25<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary was solemnly celebrated with a torch parade and wonderful dinner. The factory workers thought of numerous surprises and performed them. A week ago a celebration in the city, when King George came to visit, consisted of 10,000 people parading with torches and emblems of the main branches of industry, marching from various directions to the center of town, gathering before the "Roman Emperor" (name of a hotel) and then quenched their torches and then their thirst in the saloons.

The stocking and glove industry are good, but the machinery industry is slow. Just now I'm getting the address of the young couple in Bozen (Tyrolean Alps) where Thekla and Julian will honeymoon. I'll send Antonio's check there, because they'll be very happy when they hear what they are to buy with it. (here the words weren't clear, but it may have referred to a special chandelier made there.) ...which is to be ordered through Wagners. (On the back of the letter he has drawn a diagram of the seating for the wedding and all the names of the guests.)

### **Oct. 1, 1902 Gustav to Else**

Yesterday I got your letter with insert for Schurichts, and all enjoyed it very much. I sent it on to Bozen, and I'm convinced Thekla and Julius will very much enjoy it. Too bad Antonio couldn't be present (for writing??) Suse left Sunday AM to spend 1-2 days with Frenzels in Berlin. I haven't heard when she arrived at Lindenwald. She only stayed in Berlin 1 day because Sunday PM Max telegraphed if she had left. The estate hasn't been sold, but Mr. Von Batemann transferred it to his mother for her to take care of it, because he wants to go to Kiel to study law and legal economics for 3 years. He had left Berlin because there were too many diversions. Suse must be present for the transfer. But all remains the same for them. If prices for sugar beets and liquor don't depreciate too much, Max and Suse hope to get some of the profits.

My letter with the details of the wedding probably arrived at N.Y. at the same time you did. (from Felseck?) Now I'm only struggling with the bills from the wedding. Han's son, Hans Gunther, is fine. Hanna can at least breast feed but he enjoys his bottle. Hanna has been attending concerts and theater for quite some time. Franz is a straw bridegroom. The whole Woller family has gone to Bozen. The fainting fit father Woller had because of his nervous condition is to be cured by his removal from the business, and by fresh air and entertainment. Wollers and Schuricht have met, and have gone to dinner together. On the 9<sup>th</sup> Richard Follet from Leipzig had a little girl, and announced it in a very funny letter. Too bad the Wilich's are so depressed, or at least Lehnchen is, who has become quite withdrawn, so much so Max is angry about it. Max has been sick with pneumonia for 3 weeks, and only got up 2 days ago to go to work. Schwartz returned from Elster, and is supposed to be well, as is his daughter Anna. Max named her the spinster Anna, much to her distress. Give my best regards and kisses to the children. Are they still tutored by a governess, or going to a regular school? Looking forward to a picture of them.

### **Feb. 24, 1903 Gustav to Antonio and Else**

Dear children.

When you get this letter we will be in the middle of Franz' wedding. The house is finished. This AM 21 (word not clear) filled with furniture arrived from Berlin, after Halpnor and Ebels brought most of the furniture last week. Franz equipped everything well, solid, and even nobly with Woller's money. The parents of the bride are in Wiesbaden and will return a week before the wedding. Too bad you can't be here. I will have to get over that and look forward to summer. It occurs to no one to make a commitment (for a rental) for 3 months, but perhaps it will be better at the end of May or beginning of June. But don't worry, I will find something where you can stay comfortably. Your 2 sisters will be here next week and will find something.

We hear you have cold weather in N.Y., that with the expensive heating costs, is not a good "fit". We've had good weather all through February – that is, we had no real winter, and at this time it seems like spring. The crocuses and snowdrops are blooming, and we'll be sorry when we have snow in March, and a post-winter, as is usual.

The Americans are spoiling our trade with new super charge taxes. We're not trusting the bull market and expecting a bear market. But it would be good if it were to happen differently. Franz wants to spend his honeymoon in Abbazia (Abbadia san Salvatore?) and come back via Italy and Nice. Well, you go on a honeymoon only once.

#### **April 7, 1903 Gustav to Else**

I got your letter and see to my surprise I haven't written in 4 weeks, and must tell you I don't know where to put you up. I'm sure we will. You want to know about the wedding. It was very nice. There were 70 of us, and a good meal and better drink. The day before I welcomed all the guests in the hotel "City Gota", a welcoming which lasted until 1:30 only for 6 guests. The other 60 had gone to bed at 11. At 10 AM we had breakfast in the hotel, and Woller and I went to the registry with the bride and groom. At 12 all of us arrived at the church where the other guests had already arrived. Here a Mr. Reinhardt did the ceremony – a clergyman related to the bride – did a great ceremony. From the church we went to the casino again. If one doesn't need to save and doesn't mind being gypped, such a festivity is easy to have. Then the next day the couple went directly on to Vienna, Trieste, Abbazia, Miramara, Venice, Milano, Garda Lake, Bozen, Munich and then after 3 weeks, home. Great changes here. I put my best furniture into my room, which was once Han's room. The rest I divided among the sibs, and some I gave away, and will have to be gotten rid of, and for 10 days all seems to go well. The young bride is not very experienced, and she seems to need us more than we need her. Johanna Uhlich left when they arrived, to Zöhlitz to take a burden of a stork there (take care of someone's new baby?) She was an all right housekeeper. Her meals were so-so. She needed more money for it than I thought she should. As for your arrival, I don't have anything yet, but am sure we will. I did put out an advertisement and a family responded, I don't know how they would feed you. I'll go to the "Roman Emperor" and see if he will rent 3 rooms. That wouldn't be very far away. All rooms in the neighborhood have been rented. Suse has been making many plans, but they all end with a "but". I'm sure you don't want to be confined in a box, or the basement, and when Antonio comes, it must be better. I've fixed the garden house,

where I could be, and you could use my room and the guest room. Hans Gunther is well, but has shaking fits. It's time to get this to the post.

### **April 25, 1904 Gustav to Else**

Received your letter. Your news that you are moving was new to me. Hope you have found a house that is convenient. Didn't say if Antonio bought or rented – we live happily in our house, and our co-renters are the same. I'm on the list to die, since my body and mind are greatly reduced. I would be happy to retire entirely but can't afford to. There is not enough left (from selling?) the house. Franz doesn't restrict his living style as long as I'm alive. As much as I would like to I cannot come and visit you. Veins are tending to have clots – phlebitis? clot can cause a stroke, so sooner or later, you have paralysis or death. If it happens I'm ready. Hans and wife and children are well. Thekla, who helped christen the 3<sup>rd</sup> child was only here for a day and a half. She and her little girl are fine – a beautiful child. Susa was also here, and then in Altenberg to see her father-in-law, who has gotten better, so he can leave any day and by a fast conveyance. 30<sup>th</sup> of June Susa will pack up and leave Lindenwald. She didn't want to visit there until the contractors have left. Last week I gave to her as a present the credenza, which I had put in the garden house, so she has something for the new home. She is getting 11 rooms, and only furniture for 4, sparingly. The people there seem to be on the whole, Czech, and Susa will have to learn Czech.

How are your children doing in school? Have them write to me in German. Our newspapers would like one battle a week about which they don't have to lie. The Russians are not trying to please them, if they are continuing to blow up the ships. You mention Antonio refuses to have a partner and I feel he should. I understand that concern very well, because he might work himself out of a job. Better to have the firm small, have fewer workers.

Now, my dear Else, greetings to Antonio and to all from here.

### **June 17, 1904 Gustav to Else**

This morning I made a bunch of roses for Hans' birthday, and I also wish to congratulate you, belatedly. May roses bloom for you.

We read in the newspaper that about 1000 people died in a recent shipwreck, including women and children.

You are now at Felseck, watching the building project for Mother (this would be Fanny Knauth). I am well, but I can't walk for more than half an hour. I'm abstinent, don't touch a drop. Others go to taverns. I do nothing in the business. I wish I could come to America, but I wouldn't get farther than Hamburg without dying. You wrote that Antonio is so stressed with overwork. Felseck would be good for him. You report the children are going to school again, a French school. (This was the Veltin School, in New York, where they learned French at once.) Are they behind, having to learn things in French, not German or English?

Greetings from all.

### **July 7, 1904 Gustav to Else**

I got your letter on the 1<sup>st</sup> of the month, and see you also had sickness to battle, with measles, which is not the same as the bad measles (German measles). They can lead to worse things. I'm glad you have finished moving, and hope you've gotten some rest. Glad to hear Mama (Fanny) is well. Your friend Marie Gottschalk contacted me and wanted to know if you had written her. Her letter to you was returned. According to my researches the address was right, but you couldn't have given her an answer yet, anyway. She left for \_\_\_\_\_?, to which I sent her a letter after I had some news from you. I hope she will be useful. She was always capable. Since Thekla has been gone I've had no news of relatives of your husband.

Those of us living here are fine. Hans and Hanna have 2 delightful boys. Kaulfers has gotten rid of one of his clutch of girls. She is marrying the son of \_\_\_\_? She is celebrating her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, and Else will go. There is nothing doing with Else, while her sister Marta is expecting the stork. How is dear Antonio? You say he is thinking of taking an associate. Easily said and done, but then! See how it is going with me. Franz would like 2/3 of everything. If he gets that, he will pay the full rent, of which I keep 1/2, or otherwise! I am responsible for the rent. The Schlumbergers don't quite trust Franz.

#### **Sept. 12, 1904 Gustav to Else and Antonio**

My dear children.

I'm alone today, except that a whole troop of workers are in the house, so I'll see how writing goes today. On Friday, according to your wishes, I sent you the paper curtains and 6 table clamps as a sample, to Bolton Landing, and it cost 2 Marks<sup>50</sup> for mailing.

So, Mariechen Gottschalk arrived. I hope both of you will be happy with the arrangements. I had lost track of that family. Hope all is well.

I saw in your letter to Else that you are all well again. We have all been well, even the little folk. Of course, we here don't celebrate the same family festivities as you do. Those days are past. Perhaps will come later. Last Sunday Thekla sent a photo portrait of her younger. An elegant, graceful child. I hope I'll see them next year, because for the baptisms the Schurichts will come to Chemnitz and bring their brood.

Next Thursday the Schwarzes have confirmation dinner at Brinks for one for whom I was godfather.

Hans and Hanna are well, in the same circumstance as Franz. Franz is now diligently hunting for chickens. There are many this year.

Alma, who was just here, is supposed to have been boastful of her inheritance of 200,000 M. She wasn't with me.

Kaulfers eldest son died of blood poisoning. It's the same son who for several years was working at Flaxes (?) in Leipzig. It is a pity.

Greetings to everybody and Mama. (Presumably he is referring to Fanny Knauth as Mama.)

#### **Dec. 6, 1904 Gustav to Ilse, Susi and Ursula**

On the 17<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> of this month are your birthdays. May you be well, and be good children. Now you have to pay attention that you get Santa Clause to do well for you. He goes from house to house silently in the snow, and for good children he puts down a few gifts, and leaves it to the children what they can use or like.

It is so sad so much water separates us that you can't sing for us or say a poem. I'd like to know who learned her verses best. Here Else is doing the poems best. She had a hard time of it, carrying the Christ child (enacting a play??)

In the middle of January Julius is going to England. Yesterday his father was here and brought many greetings for his little companions. He asked me to say to you that he goes out every afternoon to have a cup of his (barley) coffee. I live better than that, but nothing in the PM, and in the morning I have tea. Occasionally my stomach rebels. God doesn't let the goat's tail grow too long, or he would hit his own face with it.

(In the same letter is a short note to Else and Antonio)

Christmas approaches, and the birthdays of your dear children. I only need to wish you good holiday, Mama, and Mariechen, your new housekeeper.

### **June 6, 1905 Gustav to Else (He may have had another stroke which has interfered with correspondence.)**

Let me write to you today. It will be as bad as my writing is today. My pen is rusted and ink dry, only my love for you all is alive in me. There is cause to demonstrate it now. I want to write this now as your birthday is the 17<sup>th</sup> of this month. Your cares in your last letter are not so great that they can't be conquered. When we, excluding me, have lived for another year, those serious questions which arise for parents will be resolved in time. A serious question confronts me. Cohrs (seem to be a renter in the Uhlich complex) are moving to Berlin in 2 days. He is taking his business there. Chemnitz is too expensive. I don't believe that is the reason. Because his wife has gotten into trouble and taken up with an actor, and is anxious to be reunited with her friends. Cohrs had to accept the actor as a friend of the family in order to avoid a scandal, and the wife, on the other hand, deserted him. She never liked it in Chemnitz. She wanted to get back to Berlin. Cohrs will have to work more, but that is his business. The children were superficially well brought up, but my gardener will be happy when the 2 boys are gone. The garden is every year in full bloom, but earlier this year than usual. We would like to see your children playing there. When you come next you will see all the changes in Chemnitz. All makes room for the new. I would like to make room, too. We are just having a thunder storm, and I need to prepare for it. Greetings to you all and the grandmother. Did you get the 2 rabbits after Christmas?

### **June 4, 1906 Gustav to Else**

The day of your birth is coming up, and I don't want to let it pass without thinking of you. Half of this year has rolled by without my seeing you or the children. Hoping for you next year, but I occasionally doubt it. I haven't answered letters from you, Antonio, or Ilse. I haven't the words, but it's improved a little. You, dear Else, are probably at the lake, and expecting an important event (she was pregnant with Berthold.) Hanna (different last name, not his daughter in law?) is to have her 4<sup>th</sup> in 4-6 weeks, while our

tender co-renter's (Franz's) little girl is graceful, and already walking at one year, and gives me great joy. Unfortunately the firm of Wohle suffered a great loss. The chief, a friend of 40 years, died of a heart disease after a short illness. This holiday they will decide who will conduct the business. The only son is 15. Possibly it will be administered for him. In 2 weeks Thekla will go to Elster, and I'll finally meet her little one for the first time, as she will stay in Chemnitz for 2 days. On this holiday (Whitsuntide) I'm at Hanzen's. It is 12, and dinner is at 2, so I must get dressed.

Greeting to all children and Mama.

**No date has been found so far, for when Gustav Uhlich died. Various people report visiting him as late as 1907.**

**There are a number of letters from Antonio to Else, unfortunately mostly undated, so it is not possible to put them in a definite chronological order. Some internal information in the letters helps, and change of address on the letter head. If he refers to Octavio or Percival, it is before 1900. It helps to know that Felseck was built 1896-97, so presumably they weren't going up there to live until 1897 or '98. Many letters seem to be to her during the summer when she is at Felseck, with the children, and he is in NYC. Occasionally he is writing from some other place, where he is on business. He varies his method of signing his letters, using "Muck", Mann, and Antonio, your husband, and various ways of expressing his affection, both greetings and closures.**

**August 8 (no year indicated, and is addressed from Antonio to Else at Felseck.)**

I didn't know anything about Arnold's accident, but happy it is not too bad. It was bad luck for the little boy. I ordered, in order to surprise you, fireworks, and I'll bring milk, sugar and soap and your camera, for which I have no film.

Edmund Saxlehner officially showed me the drafts of my invitation, and we will leave together Friday night on the boat. We'll go together to the Albany book fair. Unfortunately Monday afternoon he has to go back, and he told me Kaulman is probably going to Montreal on Tuesday. Maybe we can keep him one day longer.

Today Mr. Dressler became the owner of the textile factory in the 130<sup>th</sup> St. He got a great bargain, because he bought it very cheaply. Otherwise, there is still a lot to do at the office, but today is cool, so can enjoy the work better. My heart beats all the warmer for you. With greetings to the whole family. Mr. Peterman, whom I just met here in the club, reports that Mabel Hall got engaged to a Mr. Laurel in Chicago. Too bad it is Chicago and not N.Y.

**1894 letters from Antonio to Else while he is away on business.**

**May 1, 1894, on 233 70<sup>th</sup> St. letterhead.**

Dear Else,

I hope you slept as well as I did on the train. I arrived here early in the morning, and since then have breakfasted and wrote out invitations. The two enclosed, please send them to their addresses. The address to Georg Röhlig you'll get from Mrs. Dressler. I am here at Rennert's Hotel well taken care of. Baltimore in spring is charming, and main streets are kept beautifully clean. Now I'm off to the questioning.

Kiss, your Antonio.

**Another letter, undated, from Hotel Rennert, so presumably from the same period. He says Wednesday evening, near 11 o'clock. On Hotel Rennert letterhead.**

My dear Else,

I just arrived here after I was entertained quite nicely for a while by a new book by Richard Harding Davis. The stories are just like Galligher, simply written, so that you will be able to understand them quite easily. Later by the Ranchoffer, I met three bicyclists, among them a somewhat wounded one. On a country path they met a bull which attacked them, and threw one of them, including his bicycle, over the fence. Another one put his bicycle in front him, and the bull tore it to pieces, while the third one got away with sound skin and sound bicycle. This number 3 of the bicyclists turned out, in the course of our conversation, to be a lawyer, and a former prosecuting attorney from Baltimore. That's why he got away so well! We had a very nice conversation, and took care of number 1. Now I'm tired and will go and rest and will close my letter. Good night!

Your Antonio.

**May 2, 1894, Hotel Rennert, Baltimore. Letter head has 233 West 70<sup>th</sup> Street.**

My dear little wife!

I hope that you slept well staying with the anxious Dressler family. Just think, after a break in, people usually guard twice as much, and are equipped with pitchforks. I am staying at a very pleasant and a bit more elegant hotel and have been living quite comfortably. We stopped interviewing witnesses at 5:30 and then continue in the morning. But this afternoon we will be through with the interviews, because my opponent has to go to NY, and I have to go to Washington. Yesterday afternoon I telegraphed Mr. Dressler that I would be at the Arlington Hotel tonight at seven. Baltimore looks a little more southern than Washington, although on the map it lies a little bit more north, and the weather here gives the impression as if it were a southern clime for leisure. Mr. Freude, my companion, went back last night since he was no longer necessary here. At night I read and went for a walk since I was too tired to visit Dr. Warren, Machado's brother-in-law. Then I slept until this morning at 7, and am now happy and well. Goodby, and give my best regards to all our housemates.

Your traveling husband, Antonio.

**Antonio to Else. Seems to be from Baltimore to their place in NYC. Written on Hotel Rennert letterhead, where it says "European Plan.")**

I don't have much more to report, except that I have a very busy day behind me, and you probably have that also after our move, and that I am yearning for home. For lunch my opponent took me to his club, which is right opposite his office, and where we could get a simple but very good lunch. Tomorrow we will go on with the cross-examination. Whether I am through with it unfortunately cannot be said. Yet we got a whole lot of work done today from 10 to 6 o'clock. The weather is pleasant and cool, and my appetite is good. Goodby my dear and don't celebrate cat battles at night, but sleep nicely. I have a room out to the back so at night is very nice and quiet, since the inhabitants of Baltimore are very peaceful people, so at night, they sleep.

Yours, Antonio

**Antonio to Else, who seems to be at Felseck. Thursday, on Briesen and Knauth stationary**

Dear Else,

Actually I wanted to write to you to say good evening, but I was too tired and went to bed early. The law suits lasting until the very last days, and only allow me to leave here with a heavy heart. Letter number 4 has arrived. Otto is going to get the tickets and I will get the photo materials, and anything further later. Susi's letter led to a lot of laughter, possibly because it is clear that I'm standing opposite the angel in my nightshirt. Sam Colgate died, it's probably a good thing for him, although it is sad. Harry Turk would like to come a week later if it suits us on the 4<sup>th</sup> of August, but I don't know whom you have invited, and told him we will write to him. Green and white materials for the little flags I will bring along, and I am looking forward very much to seeing you again at the dock, and kissing you again.

Antonio

**Dear Else (On Reform Club stationary, 233 5<sup>th</sup> Ave.)**

Your letter, Mama's letter, and Ilse's drawing I enjoyed very much, and tomorrow I will begin the trip with a new belt by Besthoff, and wrapped into an appropriate suit. Fritz will come along, and can sleep in the bird's nest. For May I purchased a large pitcher for flowers or beer, since Lewis and Anger had nothing corresponding to my expectations. I sent a bag of peaches and will bring along film, flashbulbs, and cigarettes. I hope you will get a good rain as we had it today, so that the little "Reyback" (deer?) will not burn down. It would be a great pity if there were a hole in the view. With growing anticipation to see you.

Your Husband

**On Reform Club letterhead**

My dear little wife,

It is simply horribly sweaty tonight, after it had been very pleasant during the day. I just met friend Wilson with whom I played a set of billiards, for which activity one can at

least take off ones coat and vest. Last night Mr. Kleiberg, the young Dutchman came to the club. I spoke with him, whereupon he went to a roof garden while I studied in the bar association the case of a Leipzig banking house. We still have a lot to do, so I am at the office before 9 o'clock in the morning, and don't get out until 6 o'clock in the evening. That's why I haven't gotten to doing the things you wanted me to do, but I'll do it soon. Meanwhile, I am looking forward to fetching the kiss on Saturday which you didn't give to me when I left. I don't feel my throat any more, and I am in good shape.

Your Husband

Dear Little Wife (Sunday, Reform Club, before 1900)

Your special delivery letter gladdened my heart this morning, and did much for the loneliness of my soul. That you all celebrate festival while I'm not there, I am getting around to packing my suitcase just to be there again. I wrote the necessary love letter to Holty & Freystedt. In the gray and rainy weather I went on a successful trip in the city of New York. We looked at the zoo in Bronx Park, which is still being planted, and then we went farther to West Mosholn, near Yonkers, where we took a rest at lunchtime. On the way home we looked at the factory which was recently bought by Mr. Dressler, in Manhattanville, and we look at a house on 106<sup>th</sup> St. which is for sale, and after that we went home through the park. On 5<sup>th</sup> Ave. I was surprised by the rain, but I didn't have any time to change. It is very quiet in the club on Sunday, so I will put my weary limbs to bed very soon. Yesterday afternoon I was in Ramway in the factory since I have to do a lot with Regina, since Percival is no longer taking care of that for them. As a matter of fact, everything is going well. Instead of my evening story, I'll send Ilse and Susi the pictures of father and the goat, and you have to invent a story for them for this picture. With kisses to all of you, and unfortunately I can only kiss you in my mind. Your Husband.

**233 W. 70<sup>th</sup> St. address on next letter.**

My dear,

I didn't think I would create so much upset with the tennis ball, since I wrote you from work. It's past, and Dr. Derning declared that the whole thing was quite harmless. At home everything is ok, and I must quickly leave for work. A check for \$50 I'll put on your account today. Tomorrow morning I'll write more.

Your very busy husband.

**233 W. 70<sup>th</sup> St, Sunday,**

Dear Else,

Within the hour I will leave for the Briesen's, to spend the day with them, although it is raining right now. It's staying beautifully cool here, which is really good for me, with all the lot of work that I still have ahead of me. Mr. Schröder will come along Thursday night, and on Monday afternoon he'll return with me. It's just a pity that Willie cannot come. Robert Lange has appeared, and yesterday I invited him and Willie for lunch at the club. I also invited him to come along to Felseck, although we wouldn't

have any room for him if the two Lockwoods are coming, and since he is not especially good company. But I will have to see him more often. Coffee spoons, blouse, the plush throw, picture frames, and all that are just put into a flat suitcase, into which I now daily put more. I have already reserved space on the Albany steamer from here and back again. I must be satisfied with the Dean Richmond, but I am all the more looking forward to my upcoming long vacation. I long for all of you, and really enjoy my days with you. I bring along a new steel pen for Regina. Lovingly, your husband PS. I have not paid anything of the bills I am sending along, so we won't get confused. But I again deposited \$500 on your bank account so that you will have the pleasure of examining the bills and paying them.

### **On Reform Club stationary, Monday (Before 1900)**

Dear Little Mouse,

I didn't have any adventures today, never the less I want to report that I am happy. Mr. Von Briesen sent a post card from Niagara Falls with a very nice message, and a silly letter with answers to several questions that concerned his trials. He always stays the same. I wrote on several business matters to Octavio and hope that he will write when he is going to come with Clara. Then we will be able to have a good game of Scott. Weather is staying terribly cold, so that you probably have all the fireplaces going. Tomorrow night I'll visit Mr. Ungens, but probably I'll play billiards with Mr. Wilson.

A hearty kiss, your husband.

### **Reform Club, Thursday**

My dearest (Liebes Liebshen)

This morning finally Henry's telegram came that Mother will arrive tomorrow afternoon around 4:15 in Albany, whereupon I telegraphed back immediately that I'll try to reach Albany at 4:15 likewise, and will meet her either at the train, or in the waiting room. Since we are arriving at the same station, this should not be difficult. If she is in the mood to go on in another train at 4:40 then we will arrive at 7:20 at Caldwell's, (doesn't seem to be a town on map) from where the Mohican (lake boat?) will take us to "Knauthian" and that I'll be announcing to you by telegraph. If Mother is tired we will stay in Albany at the Kenmore Hotel, and will come with the first train Saturday morning. Since I have to be at the office by Wednesday, my stay will be somewhat short. But I have taken care of some very important things ahead of time. Last night I arrived in Scarsdale in pouring rain, changed to dry clothes, and spent a comfortable evening with the Brites. They are both well, and greet you. Quite a number of people are planning to visit us in the course of this summer, if it is possible. There were some things missing, which put them in a somewhat bad mood. You are taking better care of me, to be sure, than this nice little wife. A Miss Crave, a composer, was also visiting, very charming, and probably played better golf than piano. For tonight, a Mr. Cramer has announced his visit, whom I am expecting any minute. I am curious how he has gotten use to his new position. If you could get a very nice tan at Lake George, let them take a color photograph of you. A Russian inventor is working on it, and I am interested in his

invention to photograph in colors. He has also shown me some quite nice color transparencies. Well, goodbye for today. I hope I can embrace you by tomorrow.

Yours, Muck

### **Reform Club Friday night**

Dear Else!

Yesterday is was cool, but today it was oppressively warm, and there was devilishly much to do in the office. My good intention to write to you in the evening was prevented by Uncle Ned, whom I met late talking with a gentleman, and then had to treat him to something liquid, because I emptied his whiskey in Waterwatch (?). He told me that John Bensen's mother suddenly died in Switzerland. That is why I won't visit out there. I have never met her. End of next week I hope to spend a few days at Felseck, with Kalman Saxlehner, and finally with his brother Edmund. If you can find room for them it would be nice, if you could invite them with a few lines. Couldn't we put them in the children's room. Mr. Engelhardt is now looking to find a violin player so that we can play quartets. He lives, you see, in a large deserted apartment of his brother-in-law, the photographer. Did you send Tour (Tom?) his money? I paid for all the extras. Last night I was at home, and found everything in good order. Goodnight. Give each child a kiss and keep the rest.

Muck

### **Reform Club Thursday**

My dear,

Under the vine covered roof at the window of the Reform Club I'm sitting and looking forward to seeing you again on Saturday, early. I can't get away before tomorrow night. Finally it's gotten cooler, and I got through the last days of heat quite all right, even if it wasn't very nice. Besh and Enoch haven't sent anything yet, and if the packages haven't come tomorrow morning, I won't pick them up until next week. I hope there is no cheese in the packages. I got a middle-sized sponge, a large horse sponge, cord, and cigars, and will bring them along with Rockwood's photographs. I haven't heard anything from the Brites. Did you invite them? Ilse's drawing amused me quite a lot. Since I can't do it so well, I'll send her a little nice horse, and for Suse, a little flower.

Love, Muck

### **Reform Club Friday**

Dear Else,

This morning two letters of yours came at the same time with a whole barrel full of news. It would better for our Bird if he got a good thrashing at home. He'll get along with his living on easy road as his pension isn't running out, but we should see if a half-bird is better than a whole bird. (This reference may be in response to something in a letter from Else in regard to someone by the name of Bird, whom they may employ at Felseck?) Yesterday I had dinner together with the Saxlehners here at Delmonicos, and then went to see the show in the former Hammerstein roof garden. Eduard will come

along next time when we go on Friday of next week when we are coming, and bring along his camera. Tonight I am too tired and will just say to you good night.

Antonio

### **Reform Club Thursday**

Dear Else!

Last night I was so tired from the holiday I had that I went to bed at 9:30 and slept until 7:30 this morning. The first day of work was really hard. At night I ate together with Percival and then played game of bottle pool. He had consulted Dr. Mendelsohn, who was satisfied with his health, whereupon we emptied a claret cup together. Today we brought Regina to Brachhausen for lunch together, and now I am expected for dinner. On the second of October I am to be in St. Louis, and on the 3<sup>rd</sup> I am to be in Boston. How I am to do that I don't have a clue, but the argument in Boston is before the appellate court, and that's why St. Louis will have to wait. Otherwise things are fine. I just brought the photographic plates to Rockwood. For tomorrow night I have been invited with a trio to Englehardt's, and therefore have to brush up on my cello. Would you get some information about the pianos in Glens Falls, and rent one for the month of September. I think May knows all about it.

With Kisses, your Antonio.

### **Reform Club – August 3, 1899**

Dear Else!

An hour ago Mr. Saxlehner came and invited me solemnly for a dinner at which we will empty a few plates of food to your good health. His friends are all astonished about his looks, and he is expecting a complete renewal of his skin. Mr. Stohrs second daughter got engaged, but the news about that was left in my office and never got to me. I bought a pair of shoes for you, but they are probably a bit flimsier than you wanted them, since I couldn't get the right brown that you wanted in a heavier shoe. Should I bring them along, or should I send them? I ordered tickets for Teckla at Putmans, and I wish her all the best belatedly for the festive day, because this letter won't arrive for the right day. I'm very sorry I can't be there myself to take part myself in the family festivities, but leave me a piece of the birthday cake. Now Mr. Dunn has arrived and wants to go to dinner with me and therefor I end with a kiss.

Your Mann

### **Reform Club –233 5<sup>th</sup> Ave.- Thursday – Envelope postmarked Aug. 31, 1899**

My dear little wife!

Hurrah, only one more day and I'll be on board the ship. Yesterday Enoch's package fell into my hands, and shortly after that Mr. Von Briesen arrived. He looks very well, and told me a lot during a small hour of conversation. Today and tomorrow I have to still get two court cases ready, so that I can leave them for others to take care of. The weather is cool, it hasn't rained yet, I hope there is more rain where you are. With kisses, your Mann

**Letter on letterhead of "The Brunswick" Copley Square, Boston, Herbert H. Barnes, Manager. P.O. address is Back Bay, Monday evening. Postmarked Oct. 3, 1899.**

My little dear,

Since there is a charming little writing table in my room I can announce to you that I took a room together with Mr. Von Briesen in a very fine hotel, after he taught me on the way to play two handed Whist and Pinochle. He has a bad cold, which is why both of us had to drink a heavy stiff rum drink before going to bed. Tomorrow morning the battle of the people will begin. Both of us have a bit of battle nervousness, the same that takes hold of soldiers before the first shot has been fired. Our enemies, who must be in some kind of hiding, probably are gripped by the same emotions. Briesen sends his greetings to Ilse and Suse, and you greet my little friend Lottie (Lottchen freund? The new baby Ursula's first given name was Charlotte.) Isn't it dreadfully cold at Felseck? Here in New York it has been quite cold, and at the Dewey celebrations a lot of people got a cold. Hopefully everything is all right with you, and the children won't get colds. Now Briesen is becoming impatient, and therefor let me end.

Your Mann

**Reform Club – Wednesday, postmarked August 21, 1901, and is addressed c/o J.R. Davenport, Lake View House, Sparta, N.Y.**

Dear little wife,

The game of billiard with Wilson and 2 other people last night was very merry, but I couldn't sleep very well because it was horribly oppressive. This morning it is still oppressively hot, but a thunderstorm is just about to begin. While I'm writing I'm expecting Willie for a meal, with whom I want to spend the evening. Alfred (Whitman?) has gotten some bathing shoes and some wine glasses, but I haven't been able to get leaves of ivory for the piano. I didn't yet get home, either. Tomorrow I want to visit the Briesens where the mosquitoes are supposed to flourish splendidly, despite the oils of Dr. Doty. This benefactor is supposed to be sued by the people of Staten Island, where the hens, which drink water from the lakes covered with mosquito spray, are laying petroleum eggs, which nobody wants to buy. I'm still waiting for a number of letters from you, but I will pay back your neglect of me with generosity. Papa Whitman is back from Lake George, and sends his greetings.

Likewise, your Antonio

**("Willie" is Wilhelm Knauth, is the grandson of Franz Theodor Knauth. He is the son of Johannes, Franz Theodor's son by his first wife. Willie came over and worked in the banking firm, and was already there in 1893 when Antonio returned with his new wife Else. He became officially part of the firm Jan. 1, 1906. He and his wife had bought land on Staten Island which they later lost, being unable to pay taxes during the depression. Papa Whitman is Percival's father in law, father of May.)**

**On Briesen and Knauth letterhead. 49 Wall Street – 4 other lawyers listed. Fritz V. Briesen is in Washington office, 918 F St., N.W., Wash. D.C. Tuesday, only 190...**

My dear,

Mr. Schröder and I looked at each other meaningfully when both of us had breakfast together in the heavy musty atmosphere of the Aster House and thought about our lovely trip yesterday. The weather is horrible here, and yearning for swimming in the lake. Did you get home all right from the pier? Isn't it wonderful how happily Ilse went along on the trip over the waves! Suydam took a holiday and Otto and I have a lot of work to do, but it will be going fine all week. Harry Turk has gone with his family to Summers to recover, but he is much better already. Please write a letter to Harry and Ethel. It would be wonderful if they could come and see us.

In love, Antonio (He just put an A, as he occasionally does.) Please keep Gustav Steyer's postcard.

**233 W. 70<sup>th</sup> St. Tuesday Evening**

Dear little wife!

Having arrived at home I found my nest empty. Selma and Fanny left this afternoon, and I couldn't even give them my last blessing. Mrs. Jacobs almost fainted when she heard that you are only coming back on Saturday. The furniture van is going to get her things tomorrow. She only recovered when I told her she could help me during the day to take care of the house. Three armchairs and a sofa are ordered for you for the early train on Saturday. My trip was quiet because I was reading most of the time, but during the night the ship for a few hours was becalmed. There was fog in the neighborhood of Newburg, and Captain Roe had to stay up all night, in spite of his 80 years, as the barber told me in the morning. Now I want to get the tickets to Albany and put them in to be sent to you from Albany. Theodore and Oswald have just arrived and we are going to eat. I am very much looking forward to your coming home on Saturday, and give all of you some big kisses.

Antonio I have deposited \$500 in your account.

**233 W 70<sup>th</sup> St. June 18, 1902**

Dear little wife,

A whole mass of birthday letters are coming along here, and hopefully get to your hands tomorrow, before the birthday festivities have been completely used up. Bernhardt Schwartz sends his congratulations and some good wishes. My trip was comfortable and shortened by my reading Wilhelm Meister's Journeyman Years (by Goethe) which I'll continue reading tonight. He's a very pleasant fellow, although he is quite younger than I am. He's got some very demanding reading. Everything was all right at the office. Suydem was in Rye yesterday, in a boarding house, and found the long looked for dining linens of the "Maryland Kitchen" and he found those while the owner was absent. The owner is a deceptive 230 pound heavy swindler. He looked through rooms and cupboards, and then had them carried away by the sheriff. They

were approximately in the value of \$1200., and all this despite the outcries of their black servants and the protests of the guests. What they found are the famous Icelandic linens, which we have looked for, for such a long time. Dinner at St. Andrews was terrible. The sauces too spicy. Tomorrow I'll eat at the club. I went across the lake with Dr. Knapp and his daughter, who knows Dora, by way of Helen Chase, with whom she was visiting in Jamaica Plains. But they only went along to Saratoga. Goodby, my dear. Give my kisses to the children and be embraced by your husband.

Mann

**233 W 70<sup>th</sup> St – Saturday morning, postmarked June 21, 1902**

Dear Else,

I've looked for letters from you every morning, but without seeing the stamp of Bolton, and now I hope for my breakfast post to be cured of my yearning. Mrs. Jacobson does take care of everything for me that is necessary, and does it in a very humble way. Yesterday she ate one radish from the garden, but most of them didn't germinate because they weren't sown properly. Potatoes and beans have come up considerably, and we should have a good harvest this fall. The weather has stayed cool, and thus favorable for work. In the office they maintain that I am so sensitive that I hear the cocks crow when they aren't crowing. Now I am busy with a number of cases concerning publishing rights, which offer me a number of new and interesting things to deal with. Suydan and Otto will have to work a lot. Otto will bring his people up to Sparta. The Stats (Deutcher Statszeitugen) and the Herald have probably arrived. I subscribed to them for three months, and that should probably fill the time until all of you come home. Tomorrow I will go on an excursion with Willy, or visit Fügels in Orange. Until now I've had very little time to do anything, and in the evening I just rested and read, or went for a little walk. Give my greetings to Mama, May and to the boys, and kiss the children for me.

In love, yours, Muck

I hope you got my letter with the birthday greetings enclosed?

**233 W 70<sup>th</sup> St. Aug. 22, 1902, three enclosures in envelope. One has embossed decoration on top, which looks like a V inside a D.**

**Thursday night**

My dearest!

I was very happy about your letter, and for tomorrow I hope for a new one. Tonight it is so hot again I can scarcely do anything. During the day it was tolerably cool, so that one could be glad, but the humidity is terribly high and the air oppressive. As a consequence the drawers in the chest, in which probably are the little coats, are so swollen that I cannot get to them. Tomorrow the chest of drawers will be put out in the sun in order to dry out. Barrett has not come yet. A package which contains a washdress hasn't been sent yet. Do you want to write to him? Yesterday night I was in Passaic, and after the gathering the Dressler, Arnold, Kuhn, Pfeil and I went to Mr. Dressler's house, where we had a stag party since all the wives are gone. Mrs. Dressler in Normandy, and Mrs. Arnold in a sanitorium in the northern part of the state

of N.Y. He hopes she will be well in about a year. The poor man has had to bear it for four years, and is of course quite depressed. Prehns are still in Europe, and Kicks in Monticello. I stayed there overnight, and this morning it was raining. Even now there is lightening in the south and in the north. At the office there is so much to do I can't even think about leaving for a long time. After thinking things over I have arrived at a compromise, and I ordered a cabin for Friday night, August 29, and a cabin back Tuesday the second of September. I only invited Suydam and his wife to come along. They will come along with me to Bolton, but leave Monday afternoon, and that only if their 5 children are all right. I was very happy about Ilse's good will. Her good heart will help her surmount her weaknesses. Keep her and Susi well and keep a sharp eye on them, just as we talked about. I am beginning to consider the plans that we talked about a year ago, and will talk to John about it when we see him. Perhaps you can tell him already so he does not feel hurt by my not having paid attention to it until now. Didn't we forget to return Fischer's visit? I hope you'll make amends for us.

Kisses and greetings to everyone from your Manne.

### **Friday**

Dear Else!

Shortly after your letter today didn't arrive, Mr. Werkmeister from Berlin appeared, the owner of the photographic society, and together with him and Mr. Schutze I spent all morning in interesting discussions. He is very conscious of the great importance of our court case for his business and for all art dealers, so that he came to see me because of that, and will probably appear later when we are actually in court. I hope that he is anticipating we will be losing with the two lower courts, and only be able to get our rights at the supreme court. This afternoon I had new trousers for my Marnia (?) suit, and also ordered a warm bicycle suit. Isn't that luxurious of me? The brown bicycle suit can be put to rest then. The tailor liked my suggestion to make button holes so that the trousers could be buttoned to the shirt. It seems that I am still not sufficiently good as a suit specialist. Tonight I'll have a very good dinner, and so will drink to your health. Prosit! Antonio

I hope I have written to you that Mr. Schröder is coming along to Felseck?

**Embossed letterhead, V and D, where he uses the D to start the word Dienstag, Tuesday, before dinner. Envelope postmarked Aug. 26, 1902.**

Dear Else!

In half an hour Willie and his friend by the name of Busch will arrive, in order to play along as a trio of diners. I got your letter early this morning and placed the order immediately at Park and T., after all I did write down a note about it earlier. Peppershakers will follow along tomorrow morning. I always have a difficult time in beginning shopping, because when I am finished at night everything is closed. That's why it is impossible to find a replacement for my house shoes, which I left back at Felseck. After all, couldn't we resurrect the old ones, or gild them a little? Today Mr. Werckmeister told me that he spent Sunday with Mrs. Brite in Scarsdale and heard there that we are good friends. His wife was Mrs. Brite's teacher in Italian. Since he is

here in the States with his wife and son, I cannot bring him along, but I will invite him to come for a little trip which he is beginning on the on the 9<sup>th</sup> of September, and ask him to visit us at Lake George. In my free time I am studying most of the time about publishing rights, since his trial will make his whole collection of paintings either illusery, or will save them forever. It's too bad that I cannot undertake such a long task only in little pieces, because other things cannot wait. I was very sorry about Mrs. Herrmann's news. I only wish one could hear something happy for them. A telegram was sent for their silver wedding yesterday.

Love, your Mann

The Rock Cokko packet I took Monday morning to the grand central depot. I hope it arrived in time to your hands. (Ursula thinks he spelled it this way as a joke.)

**Postmarked Aug. 27, 1902, in a Briesen and Knauth envelope. Wednesday**

Dear Else!

Warren's purchase, if it covers all along the lake front all the way to Ackerman, is a good one, but your description does not make it clear exactly what he has bought. You don't need to do anything in reference to the path. I don't believe we would have any difficulties with Warren. On the contrary, they will be very nice neighbors. Originally he only spoke about getting one lot, which of course I disliked, because then there would have been still other buyers. Today it is very humid, therefor I'll go and smoke a cigar outside. Now it won't take long and then I'll be with you.

Love, Antonio

**Postmarked Aug. 28, 1902. V and D embossed letterhead, with Thursday.**

Dear Else!

Suydam and wife are not coming along after all! Just during the last hour an important arrest took place which will take all day tomorrow and all day Saturday, and perhaps even Monday. Otto is on vacation, and that's why Suydam has to stay here and take care of the matter. Happily, both of them had some difficulty coming along anyway, because they are having their house painted and papered, and Suydam told me that his wife would not be sorry to stay here as she would be at another time. In spite of that, I think it is disappointing to change plans so suddenly. Mother's pince-nez have been at the optician. Plattan and Solio have been bought, and it is only one day until I can come.

Antonio

**Envelope postmarked Sept. 18, 1902, contained 5 separate enclosures, which don't all seem to belong together. Many of them are on Briesen and Knauth letterhead.**

**Sunday evening at 6 (Sonn-Abend)?**

My dear wife,

The news of the arrival of the children of Israel in the holy land next Tuesday surprised me as if it were a flash of lightening from a clear sky, even while it was raining outside and storming. We have been invited on the 16<sup>th</sup> to Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson's, whom I will, of course, invite in return. Mrs. Jacobson stormed through the house, upstairs and down, pushing cushions into slipcovers, and fussed with the curtains so all the rooms have the appearance of having been taken care of by a feminine hand. I think she is looking forward to the visit, and I am looking forward to Henry, Selma and Fanny. It's just too bad that the Ackermans sale didn't happen, but all things aren't finished yet, and possibly there will be an opportunity for another buyer. Here it is unpleasant and cold, and I am planning a trip to Rockaway, where I will probably stay all day. Now I'll write a letter to Berta, to whom I haven't written for a long time. When you get this letter on Monday at noon, they celebrate a wedding in Chemnitz! I hope you are all well. I am yearning very much to have you here again.

Love, your Antonio

### **Monday**

Dear Else!

Yesterday it was as hot here as if it were July, as Emma and Dannereuthers report. It seems unbelievable when one comes home from Sparta. This morning we arrived early, it was quite cool during the day, but the houses here are already so heated up that there is no freshness to be had anywhere. Emma doesn't seem to be able to be ready in a week. She doesn't say that directly, but I gather that from her answers. The woman will only begin to help her tomorrow. Dannereuther advises you not to come back before the first of October, and I also believe that you would be well advised to follow this advice. I haven't heard from Jäckel, but I haven't written. I don't know what happened to the little furs which you gave him, and I'll have to leave the whole matter to you. Tomorrow I will take Carl Schurz Jr. out for dinner. I met him today. With a kiss for every child, and one for you, your Mann

### **Wednesday**

Dear Else!

Why don't you look at the advertisements of the St Agatha School? Turk recommends them very highly. Among the trustees there are some very good names.

### **Wednesday**

My little dear,

In the middle of a bunch of business I have to tell you that I am in complete agreement with your plans about the path. I'm just sorry that it had to be such a headache for you. I hope in the course of time we will have the opportunity to buy the parcel behind us, so that we can get up the road from Warren's property, directly up. Perhaps your present arrangement is the best plan, and has brought us temporary relief. Yesterday's visit and the gathering of the guests at our house were charming. I just would have liked to keep Henry a bit longer, who left around midnight. Selma and

Fanny seem to feel at home and comfortable. Miss Parker didn't appear. Mrs. Jacobson had invited a friend who served us quite nicely. The wedding of the children must have been quite charming. I would have liked to have been there, but it will have to suffice that I telegraph our congratulations to Chemnitz in the name of all the Knauths. I am looking now to arrange to leave on Saturday at 2 o'clock, and return Monday afternoon with the Albany boat. If the Mohican doesn't have a connection to the 7:20 train at night in Caldwell, then send me the buggy to Caldwell Saturday night. And now I have to go back to work.

A.

### **Thursday**

Dearest little wife!

Selma and Fanny yesterday did their first tour through town and we had a good time together in the evening after I had dinner with Fanny at Hahn, while Selma stayed home. Everything is going splendidly at the house. With respect to the few feet of our Felseck house on the plans juts into the path, you don't need to worry. During the trial I took the position that there was no right of way, as a consequence I had no opportunity to show that the path which goes around the house fulfills the same purpose, and the plaintiff was not harmed by it. The consequence was that the judgement recognized the right of way which otherwise would have removed a corner of our house. Your position as an owner is completely different one, because since the time of your ownership the plaintiff had free access to the path. The judgement against me cannot be executed against you, without Mrs. Hays starting a new lawsuit against you. And if she does that then we can show that she herself hasn't plotted her part of the path according to the map. Neither in a width of 25 feet nor the wide circle at the Ackerman's property, and we can show she hasn't lived in the country at all, and Warren, who is the only one who uses the path, wanted that the path be put somewhere else, and gave his permission that it could be moved. Since the right of way has been decided by a court and is a mutual agreement, and has been recognized by the plaintiff and the defendant, the court cannot demand strict adherence from the plaintiff before it has demanded the same of the defendant. That is to say, if there is really damage to anyone. Mrs. Hay's lawyers to whom I told that I had given the house to you, know this situation as well as I do. It's quite right that you don't discuss this matter with Mr. Brown, and the way you planned the path can only be of use for us in any kind of controversy, because it shows that we are trying to create an agreement which will not harm the owners of the neighboring properties.

Goodbye, see you soon. Antonio

**This letter has 233 W. 70<sup>th</sup> St, with numbers crossed off and changed to 322 and 76, presumably indicating they have moved to the new address.**

### **Tuesday**

My dear!

Since Mr. Chottenden spent three hours worrying if he would make his connection in Albany, I drove in peace and quiet to the boat, slept from 10 till half past 7. Here it is humid, and a thunder storm went across town two hours ago but didn't bring any cooling down, and even though it isn't too unpleasant, I arrived at the office at 8, and busied myself till 5 to get through the heap of papers, at least in part. Otto has left for vacation this afternoon, his mother is about to buy the house in Sparta where they think they will be comfortable during the summer, and will have many merry parties. Mr. Von Briesen looks quite tired. He is working hard on a long "brief" (that's the name) [ie, a bilingual pun, since brief in German is a letter] so that I haven't dared to disturb him more than 5 minutes. When I took my hat at 5 and went I unfortunately left my list of things to buy next to my desk, so I cannot do your purchases today. This afternoon I will have to go to Passaic to a meeting, so it will have to wait a little longer. Just now Mrs. Jacobson came by and asked me (in revenge) to read him(?) your letter because she couldn't read your handwriting. I hope you can read my bad handwriting. Give a little kiss to the children, and one kiss to Mother, and a thousand kisses to you.

Your Muck

**Several undated letters from Antonio to Else on letter paper with the earlier address 233 W. 70<sup>th</sup> crossed out, so presumably they've moved. He includes greetings to the children and to his mother, so they are late enough for children to be greeted. Also, since Felseck was built in 1896-1897, presumably it was ready to be lived in at the earliest in 1897, and perhaps not until 1898. Summer of 1898 is when Else takes the children to visit her parents in Chemnitz, Germany, so that may even push it up to 1899, which is the year in which Ursula is born.**

#### **Thursday evening.**

My dear,

It is almost unbelievable that it is Thursday night, although I have been here only for one and a half oppressive days, and day after tomorrow I will be on my way to travel to see you. Werkmeisters will arrive Friday or Saturday a Fort Wm Hy Hotel and this morning I wrote to him that I will leave on Saturday afternoon and be in Bolton by night. We will then fetch the people Sunday morning at the dock when the morning boat comes from Caldwell. I'll stay until Monday afternoon. Hopefully the disturbance at Glens Falls has been removed. We were late by four hours in our journey, and since we didn't have any chance to have supper because no one knew when we would leave, I had to live with Dr. Boas off popcorn and apples, and a piece of chocolate, which fortunately I had in my pocket. Tomorrow morning I will have to go to court. Our imprisoned swindler will try to get out again, and since our proof is not too strong, I must be ready for a difficult argumentation. I'll hope to see you soon. Greetings to the children, and to Mama. Antonio

#### **Wednesday morning**

My dear!

The garden is all green and blooming so it is a joy. Your rubber tree will get a larger pot so that it will be more fitting for our better living conditions. Hopefully Mother is well again. She can't get use to doing less. Mrs. Jüssen will have to talk to her about it. I am very glad that Camilla's daughter Gerda has gotten engaged. That will be good if she is going to go to South Africa with her beloved. Weber and Brinke have processed our order of coal at the old price so that now Frau Jacobson can do a big wash. I'm well. Tomorrow morning I will go to Philadelphia for two days, and then I will get myself ready for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. Harry Turk has gotten ill, either pleurisy, with the chance that it may be pneumonia.

In a hurry, Antonio.

### **Sunday, June 22**

Dear loved one,

Dresslers invited me to spend the day with them, and gave me the permission to bring along Willy, who will be here in a short week, so I am taken care of for a few days. Yesterday it was rainy day, like at the lake, but today everything today looks washed clean, and looks beautiful. What arrangements did you make with Mrs. Jacobson? I forgot what they were, and see the time approaching when I must pay for the first month. When did she start to work for us? Willie has come, and reports that all electric trams aren't going, and therefore we will have to go with the elevated. Ledebor has said goodbye. He's going to Europe on Tuesday, and is sorry that he and Hendrix couldn't come to Bolton because of shortage of time. Goodby, my dear. How is your creeping catarrh? (persistent cold?) Is it persisting away.

With kisses, your Antonio. I'm putting in a letter which is very interesting for Willie.

**Friday, on Hotel Walton letterhead, Philadelphia, no date. Willie did marry Else Janke, and she was a sculptor. She made a bust of Antonio, bronze copies of which several family members have.**

My dear little wife,

My being away from the office got me more time and peace than I usually have, and I find that very pleasant to have nothing to do until 10:30. Unfortunately, Mr. Hoadley became ill yesterday after the questioning, and had an attack of weakness, as he has had it once before after a long illness. It was a good thing we had a room together this time and I could take care of him. He felt better by 9 o'clock in the evening, and both of us slept quite well. I don't know if he'll be well enough this morning to continue. We'll see after breakfast. Under these conditions I could not visit Gertrude, a thing I had actually planned. Else Janke's (Janke?) letter I read with enjoyment. She has handwriting like a man, and will also wear the pants if Willie marries her. My thoughts are with you, and as soon as I get to NY I will begin to pack my big suitcase. Have Ilse and Susie write a little card for me. Has the piano tuner come? If not, then write to Steinway.

With kisses, your, Muck

**Letter on Briesen and Knauth letterhead, with place to fill in a date, 190\_, so presumably after 1900. Monday**

Dear Else,

Yesterday I got the dog man's address from Willie. He had bought a young great Dane from him, and I have written to that man, who lives in Brooklyn. He will come and visit me today or tomorrow and I will try to buy a young pup and bring it along to Felseck. On Wednesday evening a big dinner will be given for Mr. Wallace, who is retiring, and therefor I cannot leave by the Albany boat. I wanted to take the night train, but if the dog man comes, and I get a dog, then it will probably be necessary that I leave Thursday morning at 8:45. Weather is terrible, cold, wet and rough. Yesterday I was at Willie's, and at night at Briessen's. Tonight I am at the Herrmann's. Has Mama's table arrived, and the wheelchair? I'm curious if I'll find Mother with her new furniture. Too bad that the weather makes enjoying nature more difficult. I hope very much that Ilse and Susie will be able to play something of the pieces they are learning for me, so that I can play four-hands with them.

With Kisses, your Antonio

**Letters with 39 W. 76<sup>th</sup> St., so later than the ones with 233 W. 70<sup>th</sup>. His mentioning meeting with May in several letters, with no mention of Percival, suggests that these letters are dated after Percival died, in 1900.**

**Sunday Evening**

My dear little wife,

Probably you are sitting this evening in the living room with all this cold, and warm yourself at the fireplace, just as your Papa is doing here at home. Newspapers announced even snow in Bollston, (Boston?) but I hope with some doubts that heaven has kept you from that misfortune at Lake George. This morning it was bright and beautiful, so that I was able to go for a long horseback ride. At the end I met Mr. Starin and some other old friends at the riding club, from there I went to May for dinner, with whom I spent last night and had a long conversation about all sorts of possible things. She promised that she would write to John Taber and so that he would close the gate in the fence and would remove all traces of the old path that led to it. It is to be closed in such a way that it can only be used as a footpath. One cannot drive through the other opening because there are trees in the way. After dinner we played 4 hands on two pianos, and we want to practice that more frequently, because one plays much more freely with two pianos, than with the usual 4 hand playing, and that's probably the reason why not more work is done for 4 hands. Mrs. Fritz, who takes care of me now, diligently and capably, has cooked fish this evening, which her husband was presented yesterday when he went fishing. It tasted wonderfully good. The first half the two of them had eaten, and I got the second half. Have you seen friend Fritz? He is a man of splendid Herculean figure. He helped me this morning in the cellar, where I found out that the key to the coal cellar was missing. Therefor I haven't bought coal as yet. Can you tell me where the key is? Selma is arriving tomorrow afternoon. I will bring her to the Kaiser Wilhelm II together with May in the evening, and introduce her to his majesty.

Goodby my dear. You can't wish more for warm weather than I do it for you, but what can we do.

Yours, Antonio

### **Wednesday**

Dear "Muttermiz!"

It's really hot here, and the trip here was exhausting, but the smoking carriage was at least gave me the opportunity to take off my jacket and open some windows. The steamer didn't have connection to the 4:10 train, which would have gotten me to NY by 10 o'clock. But it connected to the local at 4:50. It would be good to tell this to the clerk at the Sagamore because he tricks his guests in a really mean way. If Bronson is going to drag stones with his horse then let him drag the stones at the gate posts at May's border down to the place where the round about is to be made. But it is probably more important now to paint the rowboats with shellac and to repair them. I slept well after a short, cold bath, and now have to get to work. Please keep the scroll which contains Senta's writing in my desk.

In love, yours, Antonio.

### **Wednesday evening.**

My dear, brave wife,

What you wrote to me hit me hard, even though I couldn't kid myself that Mother was very very weak, I didn't think that she would die without a preceding illness. After what Dr. Jacobi said, we have to be prepared to lose her without earlier signs. Please telegraph me immediately in case her condition worsens, instead of getting better. At any rate, I will arrive Friday evening by the Mohican, I don't know how long, but I think that I can stay for two weeks. You poor dear, what worry you must have. It is a sad case to see a human life end, but you will probably be consoled that my mother felt better in your care than anywhere else, so that you have made her life in her old age, by your love, more than beautiful as only a daughter could do that for her own mother. You will probably get this letter at 1 o'clock. If you think it better that I come at once, write a telegram. I can either take the 3:10 or the night boat, depending upon the time I hear from you. Now I must bring things to order here, therefor I end with a good night kiss. In love your Antonio.

Saturday night

My dear little Pussycat!

My address is unfortunately not 25 Exchange Place, but is 25 Broad Street. Your other two letters arrived, but unfortunately somewhat belated. I bought two picture today for the twins at Katz's, which he will send by express tonight. After that I went to Gorham and bought fish knives and forks and desert knives and forks for the Herrmann's. At any rate, the silver things are the most useful present, and I think will bring them greater joy that a single big piece. I will take them along, and have them packed in little sacks so that it doesn't look too ostentatious.

Sunday. This morning the weather was great and it stayed that way all day long. I went this morning to Greenwood, and afterwards to the new villa development at the end of Coney Island, where one lives like being in Seabright, only I believe the air is fresher on the coast of Coney Island. I went from there to Dreamland and Luna Park. Many people were sitting on the sand at the beach, and some were even swimming, but their teeth were chattering audibly as well as their bones, and they lit little fires at the beach, which the police of Coney Island soon put out. All day long I read a lot, had lots of fresh air, and got a good rest. Now I'll get the letter to the post.

Good night, Antonio

**Antonio's mother, Frau Konsul Fanny Knauth geb. Steyer, was staying at Felseck, Bolton Landing, Lake George, NY, and died there September 1, 1907. There is no mention of this in any of these 1907 letters, which encompass this period. The one undated letter where she is so ill, preceding this series, may be from this period.**

**Postmarked May 15, 1907, on "Deutscher Verein, 112 Central Park So." letterhead. No envelope, but she is already up at Bolton Landing.**

My dear,

This wasn't the post address. If I have done it during the hurry of the last few days in writing it's too bad, because I have been without news for such a long time, but I will come and get the news myself, because Mr. Rawb (?) from Philadelphia was here and I declined for next Friday so that I can take the train on Friday at 12:50 and by night at 7:15 be in Caldwell. If there is no boat, please send me a carriage. I have to get to the office by Monday, and how I'll do that I don't know yet. But probably there will be some way to do it. Today Mariechen and ? were here for lunch. They will be brought on Saturday by May and the twins to the steamer. At the office it still looks like after an earthquake. Painters, and carpenters and boards are everywhere around and make it difficult to do work. But at least we have our bell and telephones for use. Yesterday I was invited to a solemn dinner at the University Club, which was given by Villards and Dr. Barth. I saw a whole lot of good friends and had conversation between Mr. Victor and Prof. Seligman, and liked it very much. On Monday evening Sternberger will finally speak, Herrmann wrote me about it, and he seems to be well again. I took a subscription together with May for two seats in the German theater. Schurz's want to still wait if they cannot have it together with Willie. For them one evening a week is too much enthusiasm for the theater. Be well, now I want to eat something.

Antonio

**Letter in envelope, postmarked May 19, 1907, addressed to Bolton Landing.**

**Sunday night**

My dear little pussycat,

On the whole way back I was plagued by the thought that I had forgotten to order a carriage for you tomorrow morning, or did you say anything to driver. Perhaps I can

only hope that you will get to the landing in time or that you will ask at Brady's, but I fear that you might wait in vain. We didn't get wet because we had a good cover over us. We got to the train comfortably, and then I went on immediately, but not in the extra carriage, which was added to the train for Saratoga for Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Track. The "Willy's" have arrived, only Mrs. Fritz was expecting them. Good Night! Your Mann.

Antonio was working on a case, which they had lost in the lower court. This was a case in which Hungarian bitter waters, a mineral water, was sold by a family by the name of Saxlehner. Their patented name for this was "Hyundai", and other companies were using their name in such a way as to sell their brand of bitter waters, suggesting it was the same as Saxlehner's. Antonio's firm ultimately succeeded, but went all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, and was won.

**Postmarked August 12, 1907, Monday, addressed to Bolton Landing.**

Dear wife,

After two days of leisure I went to work again today but not yet to the office because I can make it more comfortable for myself at home, and work here on Mrs. Saxlehner's trial. We are facing a very important trial in which we have been beaten at the time being, but at the next court I hope we will be successful. This time against those selling counterfeit waters ("Künstliche Wässer".) Because of that, despite complete solitude, I am not bored, but actually have too little time in order to read everything and do everything that I would like to do. I helped Mrs. Fritz to put the preserves into the wine cellar, and there are quite a lot of them. But then we have just as large a number of mouths, which will eat them. At the stock exchange the mood is excited. There has been another plunge in the stocks, and because of the general shortness of money I'm waiting for the right time where I'll be able to get for Berta a more favorable investment than her present 5% investment. The only trouble is that no one can say whether it'll go down further or come up. Goodby my dear, and this letter must go to the post office.

In love, your Mann

**Postmarked September 17, 1907, early Tuesday, addressed to Bolton Landing**

My dear pussycat!

Hilde must have an unconscionable conscience, such a good a one that it is 9 o'clock in the morning and she still hasn't come down for breakfast. She sleeps the sleep of the just. Mrs. Fritz ordered everything perfectly, so that we could immediately withdraw to our rooms as soon as we arrived here, and I slept through until 7 o'clock. Hilde just came down, and is just as refreshed by a good sleep. I put the letter to Marie last night at central depot into the mailbox, without doubt it should get to the ship in time. In Caldwell the compartment was occupied by a Mr. Elliott (horrible person) for the 28<sup>th</sup>, however I got 7 seats in the parlor car. The trip went fine and quickly to Saratoga, where the train from the north, which was to get us farther, was late by half an hour. Since this seemed to destroy our next connection, I tried in vain by telephone to get cabins on the night boat, but the purser has already left for the ship, but the

railroad seems to have acquired some conscience, because the engineer hurried so much that we were able to get the Empire State express in Albany. Hilde sends her best greetings, and we will now make our way together. Goodby my dear, give all the children a kiss from me, and be embraced by your Antonio

**Postmarked Nov. 5, 1907, on Hotel Sinton, Cincinnati, letter paper and envelope, addressed to 39 W.76 St.**

**Tuesday**

Dear Pussycat!

Court today started at 9:30, whereupon three judges delivered decisions, in an almost empty room for three hours, decisions which they had made earlier. A few small matters followed, and then we had 2 ¼ hours for our case, of which I used an hour and a half for my opening remarks, which is why, of course, we haven't finished, and will proceed with the case tomorrow morning. It is disappointing because in this way I will only get on my way to home tomorrow afternoon at around 3, and will then be on Thursday morning at 9:30 in NY. After that I will immediately go to Passaic where there is a meeting, and afterwards appear there at the house. So far the case went well and the judges, although in the beginning were hesitant, seemed to convert to the opinion that the lower court was wrong when they turned us away. I am working with Mr. Reed on this case. He is on my side. The hotel is modern and beautiful, but I very much yearn for being home.

Love and with kisses for the children. Antonio

**Envelope postmarked Nov. 21, 1907, Danville, VA, addressed to 39W.76 St. Top of letter says Lynchburg, VA, Thursday.**

Dear Mothercat,

Dr. Schwyzer, who advised not to hurry with everything I do, must have written to the Southern Railway, because our train follows his advice most exactly. Instead of leaving from Washington, we left from the large new train station half an hour later, then after a quarter of an hour travel, we stopped over for 2 ½ hours to think it over. The personnel of the train had the opinion that the locomotive was sick, and couldn't go on because of shortness of breath, therefore we had to wait patiently until another arrived and could take us along. Instead of arriving at 2 o'clock we arrived at Lynchburg at 6 o'clock, and we are thinking about it until it will stop, that is to say, until I get off in order to find a hotel to spend the night some place, either in Danville or Salisbury. I'm actually quite comfortable in a Pullman-sleeper, and looking at the scenery was not very pleasant in the morning, but got more so in the afternoon since we got into hilly country. All of Virginia is little populated as far as we have gotten up to this point. Houses are far from one another. Perhaps it is due to the rain that one sees so many more animals out in the open than people. Of the people, many more blacks than white ones. The country is of an idyllic quiet character, and it is probably at the same level of development as it was at the breakout of the war of 1860, which ended slavery and also the prosperity of this country. But it is beautiful scenery, and I can imagine that those who were born here are enthusiastic about their home, and think about harvest songs in

the corn fields. The soil is strikingly red, occasionally dark red, like toothpaste which was in fashion several years ago. Now there is the second call for dinner. I don't want to miss it. Goodnight. My stomach is so well now that it doesn't protest any more. With a kiss for all of you, your Antonio

**Letter has Nov. 27, 1907, Wednesday, written at the top.**

Dear little wife,

Two letters at once arrived from you, from Sunday and Monday, and they brought a lot of news of a happy nature. Too bad you had such a fright with the pipe breaking. It could have been worse if it had happened during the night. This way we got away with a bluish eye. It was probably all right to have them put in new iron pipes, if they are repaired then such a break shouldn't happen for a second time. I have written to Franz. His earlier long letter, which contained such valuable news, is in front of me. I have taken it along in order to read it with greater leisure. I was also very happy about the letters of Mr. Nachod and from Suse. My ride yesterday with Mr. Lockwood from Englewood, was a great pleasure. We rode out to the Biltmore where I delivered a little package for Mrs. Dr. Schenck in order pay her back, and then we rode a few miles along the Swannanoa (?) River up to the height where Vanderbilt's castle is situated, and then a few miles farther through a valley which reminded me of the way from the Wartburg to some mountain in the Hart Mts., which showed the most luxurious vegetation of 20 foot high rhododendrons and other such bushes. Our horses, that didn't look too good, performed quite well. Today I was somewhat tired, and went around leisurely on foot. I've bought a few little things for the children, and among other things came upon a square where I found a sign which said "Waldheim. Furnished rooms to let." Otherwise, you don't see German names here. The Germans never came here. Ashville is full of blooms, the mountain people are said to be of an inferior type, but here many people from the north are living, and from the west, because of the climate that is really excellent, so that one, after a little bit of frost during the night, can go around in a light coat. My light rain coat is very much appropriate for the climate here. My room is small, but very friendly, with a nice bathroom. I made many friends at the hotel because of my piano playing, and I find a lot of entertainment up to Friday, when I'll get home.

Goodnight my dear. Antonio

**Fanny Knauth letters follow.**

**June 16, 1899, from Sunnyside (Fanny Knauth's daughter Selma Knauth Bowditch home on Pond Street – no numbered address in Fanny's address book - in Jamaica Plains, MA. Selma is married to Henry Pickering Bowditch, MD.)**

My Dearest Else,

My heartfelt greetings for your birthday. Have a beautiful day, full of joy, as a precursor of all those that are to follow, all through the year. Yesterday, after many hot, evil days, it was possible to go to town, where I immediately bought you a little present, which should reach you today. It is something for practical use for your up-coming trip,

for the time you cross from the railroad at Caldwell and go across to the boat for the trip across the lake. Even if one finds such a cool down pleasant, it might not be good for the baby. You will enter your dear Felseck in the best of health, wrapped accompanied by my thoughts, my wishes, and quickly tell me by post card how you did arrive.

Last night we had the first thunderstorm. It was short, with a nice rain. Unfortunately the hay was still out, but this AM it is sunny, so it should dry by noon. Just now, Selma called and showed me a gray squirrel which was sitting on the back of a bench in the shade of the elm tree, and it stayed there a long time. Then suddenly it jumped across the lawn to the protective trees. They say here that only red squirrels rob bird nests. Wonder if it is true? The house Bowditch sends their best wishes for your birthday, and send their hopes that they will soon see you. Greeting from your mother and soon to be increased grandmother.

PS. Friedel gave me two empty sparrow eggs for Ilse and Susi. Greetings to the not yet born baby.

**This is a report about an engagement party for one of Selma and Henry Bowditch's daughters, taking place at "Sunnyside", and seems to be spring. Letter not dated.**

Dear Antonio and Else,

My happy arrival you already heard from May, did you not? There is so much happy news. Henry is with you, and will be coming to us tomorrow morning, and then all the people who are coming to congratulate. It is good Lili is here. She is so charmingly helpful. I was just coming inside with her when we saw a whole pyramid of roses waiting for us. Now all the bowls are full of these wonderful roses, and every room in the house full of fragrance of roses. The beautiful bride (to be, because this turns out to be an engagement party she is describing) is sitting in the canoe, with her profoundly happy fiancée, and we'll see the 2 of them only around 11 o'clock. The Doctor is a wonderful human being to whom you will come to open your hearts. (This must be referring to the fiancée.) He is an intimate friend of Dr. Balch, Susi Bowditch's husband. All are happy, and our Lienchen is radiating happiness. The Drs. office is together with Dr. Lovett on Marlborough St., and had been for 5 years. He is 34, and Selma is 21. The Dr. is Ethel's Dr., Henry's family doctor. In short, everything here is full of happiness, and additionally, the weather is spring weather, and it is Patriots' Day, when the Battle of Lexington was fought.

Elliot and Theodora are also out canoeing for the day, but before she left, Theodora fixed everything in the house. The dear housemother! Lili is taking care of everything that comes in for everybody, and the 2 of us receive also, and prepare for tomorrow. This fall the wedding will be, and I wonder how our Lienchen will be as a doctor's wife. Probably capable and busy and ready to help in the most noble sense of the word.

Mama Selma is returning on Monday, and is all well again, and naturally overjoyed at the prospect of the new son-in-law. She is only to have her peace and postpone her return until the waves of joy have subsided. I saw her every 2 days and saw that she got the best of care. Dr. Linkenston of the father's family lives in Newton.

Henry has known them for a long time. A married daughter has 3 children and lives in Cambridge. The doctor's carriage brought Lienchen and tomorrow the whole family will come over here, and Henry will wear his Edinburgh LLD gown and his Knox cap – re gown and black beret. His other gown he will lend to Dr. Porter, a black and brown gown and black cap with a tassel. Greetings to our dear May and the children. I'll promise to do it soon. Selma admires Ilse's wax flower, as do all. Please take your fire lily and put it in a safe place.

Sending my greetings. Your mother.

**The following letter from Fanny Knauth seems to be a report of a lengthy trip in Europe. Not clear if she has been in all the locations and seen all the people she is reporting, or if she is reporting second hand information from the three Bowditches –Selma, Henry, and daughter Selma. I think she is traveling with them, but at one point is in Zurich..**

**September 4, 1901.**

My dear Antonio and Else,

Please forgive my sending a letter to share with everyone. First I want to thank you for the letter you wrote from the ship concerning your sea journey, which you wrote to us to be shared with everyone else. Since then nothing new seems to be added, so we think all went well for you. "We chickens", Clärchen, Hilde, and Monhard people, all are well. Warm days and cool evenings. Our Bowditch trio left Dresden, did their goodbye visits in Leipzig via Doblen, and then went to Naumberg by way of Hälle, and spent some days with Kruges, visited Berta, who is living in Koseno, and also visited Hänchen, who lived for a summer vacation in the Villa Rheingold. (At this point she mentions all sorts of people briefly visited, or seen at a railroad station, went to Heidelberg, Bern, found a place to stay. Describes several people who are doing research about the factors involved in climbing in the high Alps, doing studies on heart and breathing. They conclude that everyone who goes on excursions into the high mountains should have a certificate from their doctor as to how high it is safe for them to go. Henry would have had no problem, but the person with him he feared might. At 1,600 meters the researchers couldn't sleep, and one had to stop every few steps out of breath.)

After the gentlemen returned, the two Selmas came over to us, unfortunately only for a short visit. To our joy and satisfaction, we could see how our Clärchen is so beautiful and comfortable with dear child and lives in the neighborhood of her parents and sister who always took good care of us. They are always striving to do something to make us enjoy ourselves. Sunday we all eat at the Grandparents. Henry would like to, but he had to go to the dentists at once. We were all sorry about that. Our Selmas only stayed 2 days, and hurried to meet Henry in Bern. Since then Selma send a post card from Hasterstegtr ? where she climbed the ? Lämmer glacier. Henry and his daughter Selma went by foot, and Selma mother went in a horse drawn two wheeler, and near the Hotel Winchote? they took guides for the glacier. The next day they came down by the Kändersteg? to the hotel. They wrote on the 30<sup>th</sup> from Luzern where they went by way (long list of place names) to Luzern. They feel well.

We had rain and cold after a week. The following week we had sun, and the swim club of Zurich did a nice fest. There were thousands of people there, who stood on both sides of the river and on the bridge and for 2 hours, watched the funniest performances – largest and merriest entertainment. Day before yesterday was their last festival for the summer, at night time, the city streets, island, castle, all bridges were illuminated with colorful paper lanterns, and spot lights directed toward a pantomime on a float, coming down the river, tied to little steamers where the pantomime took place. The pantomime was a party of ladies and gentlemen, who did themselves proud drinking, and attempting to find a photographer to take a picture of the group, which gradually developed into a quarrel and then they fought, forgetting where they were, and then all falling into the water in all directions, and then they all swam to the club house. After that, 22-25 athletes in white, formed groups, performing beautifully various exercises, done to the clapping of the audience. Then in the middle of the river was a giant fountain, lit with different colors from the spotlights, and then a water fireworks went up around the fountain, and then a huge fire works from the Münster bridge and on the ships in the river, also from the Cathedral Münster itself, and from the post office tower.

September, there is a full moon, and fall flowers are on the mountain meadows, it's the time of mushrooms - butter mushrooms in the markets.

Monhard daughters are with Selma and Harry, traveling 3 weeks to (details of their trip, mentioning Aunt Marie, Carl Kropp, in Bayreuth, saw Parsifal and Meistersinger, Berta returned to Leipzig, is expecting 10<sup>th</sup> of September. Her sister will stay with her. (A bit more about Clärchen, Hilde, Ilse, Susie and Ursula, details not translated.) PS. My letter to May went to Bolton Landing. (Written upside down at beginning of letter.)

### **Fanny K. at Sunnyside, to Else in N.Y. Jan. 20, 1902**

Thank you for your dear letter of the first. It's interesting to me because it introduced me to people I've known in the past, especially the W. Degeners, who have since then been living at 302 W. 76<sup>th</sup> St. May put in a card, and Miss Degener in her letter announced to me at the same time that Arnold is completely well, and Felix and Victor have been in quarantine. Fortunately they got it in a milder form. Hopefully no further unpleasantnesses should occur. I'll write to you in a separate message, the same as I will for May. May sent me Clärchen's letter with a number of enclosures for everyone, and pictures. The main thing is, they are in the best of health. My German trip was wonderful.

May took me to the station, giving me bags of good things to eat – 2 bananas and the best dates, which I love. I left in the most wonderful sunny weather. In front of the terminal when coming into the main hall, two trains collided (this part of letter not completely clear) Dörchen came in with me, and Henry and Harold took us to the car, tied the suitcases on the back. Selma and the twins welcomed us and we came in the house, which smells of oranges. The house is centrally heated, and full of lovely odors. An orange tree in the parlor has many blossoms, which smell. The dining room smells

of lovely spices, and in my room there is a lovely oleander odor – the whole house is filled with fragrance.

Friday in the morning Selma and I took a sleigh ride out to visit Ethel and the baby. She is radiant. I have given her your greetings and messages, and they were received with thanks and joy. She is very happy about the baby carriage with the little covers. Everybody has been giving her lots of presents. Saturday, Selma, Dörchen, Zinchen and I went to the Limbrick Matinet, which sang Bach, "My faithful heart", and other church music, and works by other composers. The wonderful winter weather, a mixture of sun, moon, snow cover for sledding, gives enjoyment to everybody. Evening, friends of the house gather for tobogganing, and it isn't too cold, as it often is. I have good news from my friend Latte, who lives with friends in Edinburg. On the 29<sup>th</sup> of January we'll celebrate ? birthday, and on the 4<sup>th</sup> of February, we'll celebrate Selma's grandmother's birthday. (assuming she is referring to herself. ) Clärchen's pictures and Christmas greetings will follow, but today just this letter.

When we go out we see a little gray squirrel, and on the hills here, a lot of little brown creepers (treerunners- baumläufer) looking for food, because the sun entices bugs and worms to come out. I wonder if Tiffany has sent my new cards with the address 302 W. 76<sup>th</sup> St.?

**Fanny K. at Sunnyside, to Else Knauth at Felseck, Bolton Landing. May 18, 1907**

The Count Waldersee (boat) is sailing away with the sister Gotschalk, toward home, and our Mariechen is gone, all that you know. And since Selma, also went off, I'm living at Henry's, and Harold and Elliot are planning how I am to get to Felseck. Unfortunately, it will be necessary to stay in Albany, and the Tenyke Hotel, and then get the morning train to Caldwell to catch the boat to Bolton Landing. Is the big or little boat going? It doesn't matter which, to me. It will be Dörchen and me, but since Selma isn't here, I don't want to take Fänchen away from our good Henry, because she is his support. I think we can leave by Wednesday. Tomorrow, Sunday, is to be a celebration, for Fanny's birthday. It is Whitsuntide, and the sky has blessed us with mild air and sun, so we can enjoy the benefit of staying outside. I'll probably see Theodore, Oswald, and Arnold at Sunnyside before all go their own ways. The 25<sup>th</sup> is Hilde's birthday, then comes Clärchen's wedding anniversary. Just had a telephone call from Arnold from Milton, that he'll be here for lunch, and probably stay over night. We can all enjoy a summery spring day. As always, he is coming by bicycle, if that's possible, and he looks like the very picture of life. And now it occurs to me, would you like to come and get me. It would be fun, and there's lots of room. Address it to Dr. Henry Bowditch, etc.

How are you? Haven't heard any lines from N.Y. This May was, up to this time, rough and gray. We still had a fire in the fireplace downstairs in the library to have it comfortable, and only a few days good for out of doors, and we had to be well dressed. Looking forward to seeing you. Love to Bertold.

Fanny K. at Sunnyside, to Else Knauth at Felseck, Bolton Landing, N.Y. May 23, 1907

The morning your exhaustive letter and check arrived, and I'm writing to thank you. On Monday 27<sup>th</sup> we'll go to Albany by train, stay at the Tenyke Hotel, and the next day the 12:15 train to Fort Edward, then take the train to Caldwell, and then the boat to Bolton Landing and it will bring us happily to you. We're looking forward to living with you, and will have a lot to talk about. So many things have happened in the last few weeks. The best thing is that Selma is together with Harold and Lili in Warsaw. We had a "Mailgram" when they left the steamer Willhelm the Second when it arrived in Bremen. Greetings from Berlin by Selma, where they had a happy reunion, and then they took Lily by the night train. (Mentions Hans Vanderhilst??)

Meanwhile, here at home this month, we're still firing up the furnace and fireplace to be warm. Outside you have to cover yourself up for carriage rides. Peasant say "May cool and wet, fills barn and barrels". Weather and the temperature are different this year, as the newspapers report, same elsewhere. Vegetation has grown, and the woodruff is in bloom, and likewise ever greens, dandelions, narcissus, Lilac, white and blue and reddish, Judas tree, flowering pear, apple – in bloom. 2 sets of chicks have hatched, and the hens are still setting on eggs. They hatch 2 sets of eggs. I'll see Theodor, Oswald and Arnold (Percival and May's children) next weekend, and then I'll travel myself. Look forward to seeing them at the beach. Love to the children.

**-----There are no letters describing Fanny Knauth's final illness which seems to have been in August to September 1, 1907, when she died. This is presumably because both Antonio and Else were with her at Felseck, so there was no need to write. There are some condolence letters and telegrams, which were preserved, and they are included here. Many are very predictable and repetitious, and add little to our knowledge of the family. In one letter the writer mentions visiting with Else's father, and reports on his health and well being. Since we do not have a date for when he died, we know at least he is alive in 1907.**

**Two letters from Theodor and Wilhelmina Burkhardt. One dated August 26, and a condolence note enclosed later in the same envelope, dated Sept. 17, '07.**

**Letterhead has Theo. Burkhardt, Fernspr. No. 9912, Leipzig, Marienstr. 11A., but hand written indicates that they are writing from Bad Elster, 8/26/07. She makes reference to Else's father, so we know he is still alive in 1907.**

Dear Antonio, dear Elsie,

Our mutual written greetings, which went back and forth from time to time, have almost entirely ceased, which I regret, terribly. It isn't right if blood relatives who liked each other as we did, lose touch with each other without any reason, only because they are too lazy to write. That is the case for us, and also quite probably for you, dear Else. Because I have always been very interested in how you are, and whenever I could get news of you, I always had everybody tell me everything, and we were very happy when last year when you were blessed with a boy, in addition to your clover leaf of girls, and that you and your children were doing very well. Theo's health is not as well as it might be, since for some time his heart has been troubling us, and we were here in Elster for three weeks in June, and end of July to end of August, at another sanitarium for heart and nervous illnesses, in Schloss Marbach (?) at Lake Constance. Now we are here

has a transition until September 7. The Marbacher staff did good services for him, and even I improved my health there, and the last vestiges of a bad typhus illness are overcome. Last year at this time I was already in the hospital in Munich. I got the typhoid through bad water on a hike through the Dolomites. We had planned to take a rest after the hike in Tagonsee (?) and there I got sick, and I was transported by ambulance to Munich. It is a terrible story, isn't it? Theo had a bad time of it for about 10 weeks. Uncle Schwartz, together with Anna and Hanna Uhlich are well. The former, because of his advanced age, is physically not quite in top form, because his stomach goes on strike, but intellectually he is completely there. I haven't seen your good father for a long time. I get to Chemnitz very rarely. Franz came over at the end of May before we left, for a little visit. Is there a chance that you are coming one of these next summers to Germany so that we can at least see one another. All friends and relatives would be very happy if you did that.

A nephew of mine, the son of Theo's sister, who is a widow, has been in New York for  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a year. He is employed with the firm Julius Kaiser and Co. in Brooklyn, as an apprentice. He is a very intelligent and enterprising 19 year old, who has his eyes on everything that is happening in the world. He is not one of those who has been farmed out from here, as if often the case with people who have been sent to America. That is often customary among merchants. He himself couldn't wait to get over there, and I would like to ask for reference for him from Antonio. Rolf Leutner (?) would like to enter the bank business, because in his present firm he does not see any future for getting ahead, so he would like to get a reference to enter the bank business of the Knauth's. To work at Knauth, Nachod and Kühne is his highest wish, to utilize the last year and a half of his stay in America to better purpose. After that he has to come home to do his military service, and before that he would like to learn a great deal. If you would be so kind as to have 10 minutes of your time for the young man, and give a recommendation, we would be most grateful to you. I will write Rolf that he get in touch with you, and then he might be able to give you as a reference. His address is Rolf Lautner, 443 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn. I'm giving you the address in case you want to notify him to come and see you. And now, my dears, I hope everything will go well for you. If Mariechen Gottschalk is still at your home, please give her my greetings, and my very best greetings and love to you, as well as by Theo, who is very grateful to Antonio.

Yours, Willie (for Wilhelmina)

**Black edged note, dated Sept. 17, '07, enclosed with the preceding letter.**

Dear Antonio, dear Else,

I heard today with sympathy that your honored mother died. I want to assure you of our sympathy. We hope that the lady didn't have to suffer, and that she had a gentle death. You were probably at Lake George, and with the departed one during her last hours. We're sending you our best condolence greetings to you and your children,

Yours, Theo and Willie

**To Else, from Aeime de Liagre, Sept. 13, 1907, from Grimma. Evidently a cousin.**

She says she knows they have taken care of their mother for years, and hopes she will have found peace, and she is sending flowers, and it is good that someone came in time to be with her when she died. Is sure she had joy from her grand children, and was surrounded by friends and family at her death. She is expecting a visit from Alfred the next day, and will let him know about the death "of our dear aunt". She hopes they are all well, and thanks them for always welcoming her in their circle.

**To Antonio, from Sophie, mailed from Frankfurt on Main, Sept. 9, 1907. On top of letter is written Leipzig, which may be her home address.**

She reports receiving his condolence letter, for which she thanks him, and says in the meantime your mother also has died, just as my sister Lisa has died. We are very sorry our dear Aunt, whom we have loved and honored, has died. I hope that the mourning isn't too much for you, but consider that she was relieved from her suffering, which she had borne patiently for months. My dear husband, thank God, died only after a short struggle. It was a beautiful death for him, even though for us it was difficult to bear it. We had been in Switzerland, and he had always been tired, and the doctor told him that his veins were in poor shape, and it would soon be over, but we were still shocked. The only consolation was that he didn't have to suffer much.

**A letter with a card enclosed. The writing is very formal, and addressed to "very honored Dr. Knauth." September 19, 1907, from Minna Grosse.**

My family and I send our heart felt condolences at the recent death of the "Frau Consul Knauth". We have very much honored the dear departed, and we understand this is a great loss for everybody, and it is a consolation that our dear God kept her from a long illness. I understood from Miss Hertel that Mrs. Consul Knauth will be buried in Leipzig, and her body hadn't arrived yet yesterday. I will accompany her on her long way, if she will be buried at the side of her husband on her 78<sup>th</sup> birthday, after 33 years abroad. May she rest in peace. I will visit her often, because I was very fond of the dear departed. My most heartfelt condolences for you and your family.

Respectfully, Minna Grosse

**Accompanying card, September 19, 1907, to Else, from E. Stahlschneider, from Wühlau, near Dresden.**

My dear Mrs. Knauth, For you and your husband, my condolences for the loss you have suffered. I am glad I was able to visit the dear departed before she died, and that she had such a wonderful evening of her life, with her children and her grandchildren. I can feel for the loss your house has suffered, and it is nice that she was able to experience the birth of her grandchild. Mrs. Gottschalk was quite struck by this loss, since she had not seen her before she died. I hope she will come to visit me. I would like to hear something more about your family.

I think of you often, with best greetings, E. Stahlschneider.

**To Antonio, from Bernhard Schmitt, September 21, 1907. Postmark Wurzen.**

My dear Friend, The news of your mother filled me with pain and sadness, because she was a special friend for all the Schmitt children, we all owe a lot to her. Her cheerful spiritual being permeated the whole Knauth house, and gave to the whole household the character of a beautiful sociability for everyone who was allowed to come to it. She always put everybody into a good mood, and she also communicated that to all her children. That increased for us the value of your household for all of us. I don't know much about her last years of life, and I would be grateful to you if you could tell us a little bit more about that and her end. I hope that I will be able to see you soon, since I imagine that you will be visiting Europe again after having been gone so long.

I ask you to express our condolences to your dear sister, and I remain your and your wife's faithful friend, Bernhard Schmitt.

**To Mr. Knauth, from Anna v.Briesen, Sept. 4, 1907. Letterhead, "Gernda, Fort Wadsworth, S.I." is on Staten Island. This may be a daughter of Antonio's law partner.**

Dear Mr. Knauth,

I was very moved by the news of the death of your dear mother, and I would like to express my condolences. Although I was prepared for the news, it is difficult to accept when the worst really happens, and when death takes away one loves. I know that you were very fond of your mother, and you will miss her very much. But yet you still have very much happiness in your house, a wonderful wife, charming children, so that you can console yourself. And your sister and sister-in-law competed to make the evening of your mother's life happy and beautiful. After 25 years of friendship, never the less, this has been a great loss. She will remain forever in our memory.

Your old friend who bears this with you, Anna V. Briesen

**To Antonio, from Eduard Herrmann, Sept. 6, 1907, Paradox Lake, Essex County, N.Y.**

My dear Antonio, Yesterday we learned to our dismay that your dear mother died last Sunday. You can imagine that all of us in Paradox, who knew the splendid old lady, share your loss. We heard the burial will take place in Leipzig. Are you going to go there? I hope that all your family are well, and I remain, with best greetings from all our friends here in Paradox, Yours, Eduard

**To Antonio, from nephew Eric, in Leipzig, September 6, 1907**

Dear Uncle, from Vöbaln I learned about the painful loss which you have suffered by the loss of your mother. I assure you of my condolences. All this happened very suddenly, and I suppose nobody had thought it was going to happen. I hope you and your family are well and healthy. We are well, and I am happy as bridegroom, as you can imagine. Every four weeks I travel to see my fiancée and next Sunday I hope to be there again. I like my present position, as I told you before. I have been given two new pair of glasses by Dr. Schwabe, so that now have three of them. One is for outside, and

one for close up, and one for long distance. Now my dear uncle, good by, and my greetings and to you and yours, your faithful nephew, Eric.

**Letter in English, to Mr. Knauth, from Helen M. Dwight, Sept. 8, 1907, with letter head "The prospect House, o the summit of Mount Holyoke, altitude 1000feet, Elisha French Bliss, Prop'r, P.O. Address, Northampton, Mass.**

My dear Mr. Knauth, word has been sent me from New York of the death of your dear mother, last Sunday. I do not like to let the occasion pass, without expressing to you my great sympathy for you in your loss, and telling you how much I loved and admired your mother. I never think of her without recalling her great kindness and hospitality to me and other Americans, when we were in Leipzig, - "strangers in a foreign land."

I regret now, more than ever, that I have seen so little of her during these later years in New York. I wish we might all be more like her, in her kind and generous nature.

In heartfelt sympathy, Yours sincerely, Helen M. Dwight

**To Antonio, from Eliese Krüger, Sept. 6, 1907, from Naumburg.**

My dear Antonio, Now your faithful mother has passed away. Our very beloved and honored Aunt Knauth. We will remember her forever, because she has filled us with the most beautiful memories. I am writing also for all my siblings, who could also tell you we have been especially close to her. When she was in her house in Leipzig, she had a great influence on my life, and on that of my siblings. I have much for which to be grateful to her. (difficult handwriting, and she spends most of the rest of the letter telling about her family.)

Your faithful friend, Eliese Krüger

**To Else, from Marie, Sept. 5, 1907, Chemnitz**

My dear Else, So I wasn't destined to help you bear the hard time of your grandmother departing. My thoughts often flew over to you, and the close the day came for my leaving, the more restless I became. My suitcases had already left for Hamburg when on Friday night, the 30<sup>th</sup> to the 31<sup>st</sup>, your telegram arrived containing the news that grandmama was hopelessly ill, so I wouldn't be of use any more. You can imagine how much I was moved by this news. Mrs. Berta Knauth, whom I visited in Leipzig on the first of September, told me that grandmother Knauth was no longer among the living. My most heartfelt condolences, my dear Else. I was able to be together with your dear good father last week when I went to say goodbye to him, and spent a very comfortable hour in the garden. He is well, and comparatively in good shape. I told him a lot about you and he asked me to give greetings to you and to his family. Thekla had her husband write to me in Hamburg, and they too asked me to give you greetings. Thekla and her children are well. Now I have some pictures for you, which I'm enclosing in this envelope.

My best greetings, from one who is mourning with you, Marie

**To Frau Knauth, from Elise Löwenheim, Sept. 3, 1907, from Königstn.**

I found out from my friend Mrs. Jos. Kühne, a few days ago, that your dear mother was torn away from your side by death. Permit me to express my warmest condolences. I had the joy to meet the old lady in your honorable house, and this made a lasting impression on me. I couldn't admire enough the lively, interesting, spiritual lady who was your mother, and may she rest in peace. In addition I am writing to make good my neglect of something for quite some time. When I left New York some time ago I heard that a little daughter was born to you. I did not express my best wishes to you, and even though belated, I want to do it now. I want to apologize to you for not sending congratulations at that time. I hope you and your family are well, and that you have had a good summer.

I remain the greatest of friends, yours sincerely, Elise Löwenheim

**To Antonio, from Walther and Emma Schmidt, Sept. 10, 1907, from Leipzig**

By way of Berta, we heard about your loss, and the passing of your dear mother, and would like to express our heartfelt condolences to you as the only son, and also to dear Elsa and the children, who have lost their faithful grandmother. I remember her from my own childhood, as Aunt Knauth, enlivened by her soulful, spiritual vitality for the entire family. I appreciated her character and admired her high energy in her later years, so that even in her old age her personality is firmly in our remembrance. As we saw her this last time we couldn't imagine how much we would miss her, and how sadly your family must have spent this summer, when you felt that her strength was ebbing. Be assured of Walter's and my sympathy. We can imagine how you will miss your beloved mother in your life, and we are very sad for you.

Faithful greetings we send you, Walther and Emma Schmidt.

**One cablegram from Berta Knauth, Leipzig, Gohlis, and a telegram from Arthur V. Briesen and Family, presumably in New York City, since this was Antonio's law partner who lived in New York. The Anna V. Briesen included above may be a daughter, or??**

**Thekla Uhlich to her sister Else K. from Chemnitz, Aug. 23, 1901**

You've been waiting a week for news from us. If I don't write nobody will write, and I'm terribly busy with the household and work for the house. Sept. 9, Han's wedding day, is coming closer, and the business and activity for the event is huge. A few days ago the new lights arrived – big chandeliers, simply magnificent. Father is daily at the Ross market for a few hours to help us to get the necessary trades people. Unfortunately he can't remain the whole day, since Franz is here for a short holiday. He is enjoying hunting at Lindenwald and being with sibs. Too bad Max and Suse cannot come to Han's wedding, but we understand that they can't again leave the estate for a longer time, and we won't celebrate the wedding at home, but rather at the casino, and it will be a much larger circle that will come. Few hours ago your greeting arrived here

from the steamer. Your description of your travel companions was amusing. You couldn't get bored with such companions. I wonder if you will stay in N.Y. or will the heat drive you farther. Here it has been cool, like autumn, so in the evenings we can no longer enjoy the garden. Yesterday ? arrived back from Elster, and so I won't be alone these many afternoons. I'm very sorry that Curt Wielsch is sick in bed – without any pain, but with considerable fever, which the doctors think is due to a little heart failure. Unfortunately I can't help. But I have little faith that they'll raise the boy. Senta has returned from school, and has developed very well, so now gets dancing lessons.

Your letter sound happy that you'll soon get to see the freight pieces from Chemnitz. We made an agreement that we should send the conserves of plums and peaches, but I couldn't get them prepared in time before the end of September, and if you want a picture, I ask you to send me a postcard letting me know. This AM I have still to write 4 letters, and for Suse, send off a box of ? Greetings to the little fellows, and now it occurs to me, that you have left a pair of house shoes. Can we pack those into the glass cupboard. Would this pose a problem with customs? I send my greetings. I'll leave you with the thought that the shoes do fit me.

**There are no letters in the period from about 1907 up until 1926. Since Antonio died in 1915, it is surprising there are no other letters from him, nor any condolence letters after he died. By 1926, the depression is being felt, and letters asking for help come. Else Knauth's son Peter is studying music in Munich, and she comes over to visit. Later letters reflect the problems of that period, and others are post-WWII, thanking for care packages they have received.**

**Thekla Schuricht (Else Knauth's sister married to Julius Schuricht, in Berlin) to Else Knauth in Kingston, N.Y., June 4, 1926.**

17<sup>th</sup> of June is coming closer, and if you are to get a visible sign of my thinking of you I must take up my pen, and I'll be with you in my thoughts, which, if they are to reach you, I must know if I am to think of you in Kingston or Felseck. Your family will be there to honor their dear mother and grandmother, and pour good wishes over her. I would like to join them and empty my good wishes over you, but this is not without some egotism – namely that the summer will bring a visit from you. The economic conditions of the world are so bad that it may bring it about that we can only just write each other. In general we've already resigned ourselves to these facts, but it is difficult. You probably heard through Peter that Suse is losing strength continually. Gretel Uhlich accompanying Lisbet to Miran, reported that she found Tante Suse very weak. I am very pained by the thought I may not see her again alive. I got through the long difficult winter not too badly, but unfortunately I don't have enough strength to get along without help in the house, which I would like to do for the sake of my husband, who works from 9 AM to 8 PM without a lunch break, in order to get along without the least amount of paid help. But men don't like to be interfered with by women in their business. He came back from the Leipzig spring trade fair satisfied, and that his business was beginning to take hold in England, but when these might come through he doesn't know. We're all right with our living quarters, and through small means, a paint brush and a pot of oil colors all the rooms got a paint job and look better, and for Whitsuntide,

we have painted the window frames in two rooms. If it were a bit warmer then it would be fun. All of us, me especially, need sun and warmth. I could use it. I have a balcony and it could be full of blooms. You, over there, don't worry about the lack of warmth with the heat wave. Between eating, working and sleeping our life passes. No social life. My only social life is a Kaffee-Klatch with friends. A short while ago we had an unexpected pleasure. Last Sunday the telephone rang, and Richard Vollert came to see a Leibel exhibition, and asked to come for coffee in the afternoon, since they had to leave 7 PM by train. We had not seen one another for 20 years. It was a very comfortable visit, so Vollerts stayed and left by 10 PM. That's when we learned that their eldest lives as a farmer in the neighborhood of Kingston, and will shortly get married. So, the son of a friend of my youth settles in your neighborhood. Shortly after that a Dr. Durberg called and told us his sister in Los Angeles asked a friend of his to look up his friend Julius Schuricht in Berlin, and to tell him he himself would look him up. (This is not an accurate sequence.) He is a very well known portrait painter by the name of Witzoreck, with whom Julius became friends in NY, and hadn't heard from him since before WW I. He married again at 60, we were told, to an oil heiress, and will soon make a honeymoon trip to Germany. They came visiting, and although he had been German, he no longer could speak it. But we got on famously. She is a nice very self-assured woman, and she said on a postcard from Lisbon, where they were taking the cure, that she would like to spend a bit more time with us in August. It's nice that they reacted so positively. He, the friend, when young, was an officer, and had to leave Germany because of a duel. When you are old you like to recall your youth. So, at that, we are not completely excluded from the world at large, and we have Anna at home. She goes to the office, but in the evenings she comes home with a bag of news, and is always informed what's going on in the world. She seems to have come to enjoy her work. Our little one is sweating in Halle in the Seminary, and suffers with dignity the inevitable. It is not easy to go back to school after you have been teaching for a year, but it was necessary to do the exams to be certified as a crafts teacher in state service. End of June she'll come for her 4 week vacation, she'll spend with us. This summer semester Werner Uhlich will be in Halle at the agricultural school. Last October he passed his exams, and actually Lisbet always points out how finished and settled Werner is. It will not be so with Theo, very much the son of his father. I don't have any news of Hans' family, but they are healthy.

Good birthday wishes, and a kiss from your sister.

**Else Uhlich (Franz Uhlich's wife, in Chemnitz) to Else Knauth in Kingston, N.Y. Feb. 24, 1929 (Question whether Franz is still alive at this point. It sounds as if Else Uhlich is having to manage all the household matters.)**

We are sitting in snow and ice, and don't know how long it will take for this letter to reach you, since the trains are running late, and the ships frozen in the harbor. Thank you for your letters and Christmas greetings, and I'm so pleased you enjoyed staying with us, as part of the family. We often think of you and look forward to seeing you either in spring or fall. Gretel will see Peter in Munich in March. She is going to Miran the 23<sup>rd</sup> of March to accompany my sister Lisbett Woller, who is sick, and has been suffering for 6 years following a very difficult time with an inflammation of ? and is

hoping to be cured by being in the south. I'm happy Lisbet can go. The warm air will do her good, because ever since she had scarlet fever she never completely recovered, and has had trouble with her heart and a persistent cough all winter.

Now I'd like to ask you for a favor, and tell me quite frankly if you can't help me. When you were last here we talked about the repairs our house needs, and now they are imperative. The last renter did the final damage to the stairs and the windows must be repaired. And the house with the high taxes now doesn't make enough money, since Sallberg only gives us the necessary sums to live. I wonder if you could give us a second mortgage of 12,000M? The house is worth 150,000M, and the first mortgage at 14,000M is held by the heirs of the Schulherzen(?) I dare to ask because I know you are interested in keeping the house of your father in good condition, and I'd be very grateful if you can. If you can do it, please let me know how high an interest you would charge, and if it isn't possible to help me, let me know and I'll look around here for a second. Please let me now soon, because the repairs must be soon. I hoped very much to avoid a second, to leave the house for my children without a 2<sup>nd</sup> mortgage.

How are you and your children, especially Ursula. My worry child is making good progress, with walking using a walking stick, and she has become freer in her movements. Warner has passed his first exams well, and will be finished in a year, and then I'm rid of that worry. Of the little one, I have good news from Lieske (? A school). After one year he will be through with high school and I'll fetch him home.

Everyone at Hans' home is well, and his two big boys are a great help to him. Roland is an employee in a mortgage firm, and he seems to do well. His whole being has become more self-assured and free. His being the black sheep in the family only made him madder, and I hope now he is on the right path. I will be very happy for him if my impression is right. I hear by way of Ruth that Richard Wollert's son has gotten engaged. Will he stay in the U.S.? Has he become acclimatized? This last summer we were worried about our dear mother, who returned from 4 weeks at Bad Gastein with a very difficult heart condition in addition to diabetes. I didn't think she'd live. She's become very small, but her sturdy nature helped her to recover. Did you go to Florida or stay in Kingston in the winter? Probably you missed having Peter at Christmas, but probably all the rest were with you. It would be great if you were closer. What about Felseck? Did you rent it out for a good price? It must be difficult for you to decide which 2 homes to give up. I'm sure Felseck held good memories for you because of Antonio. I recently got a letter from the Schurichts, which sounded very satisfied. Thekla is resigned to her misfortune, and if she were better physically she would find some other source of satisfaction. Her two girls do cheer her up, and the parents can be happy they are such nice children. My children and ? send their best greetings, and Else, I hope you don't take my asking badly. I turned to you first.

**Else (Franz' wife in Chemnitz) to Else Knauth, in Kingston, New York, April 1929**

I wrote on the 26<sup>th</sup> of February and asked if you could give us a 2<sup>nd</sup> mortgage of 12,000M on our house, and since I didn't register the letter, that perhaps you didn't get it, so I ask the same question, and please don't take it ill. The house needs much repair from the winter damages, and renters are requesting repair of stairs. Additionally it

needs carpeting, blinds and new window frames, and there are increased taxes on the house. At the present, business is difficult in Germany. It's no longer possible to get from Stallberg what I need for daily living. The first mortgage is 14,250M which father took out from the Schulti heirs. The value of the house is 150,000M. I'd be very grateful if you could give me the mortgage, and if it isn't possible, then please let me know. Write me quite openly and I'll try to get one through Hans. I wanted to turn to you first since I know you love the house. Should you be able to give me the mortgage and set a place where I can send the interest, and Hans will help us to get an entry in the county register. Please let me know if you can't. Please write me quickly.

Gretel is now with her Aunt Lisbet in Miran, and she saw Peter in Munich, and I hear you will come to Germany this summer. I'm happy you felt at home with us, and hope you will stay longer. We're all well. Lotte is making good progress with her health, and I'm happy that Warner passed his first exams, and the little one will finish next year at high school. Then I will be better off financially. Then Theo will come here to business school. Everyone at Hans' is fine, but Hans is often depressed, but should be happy that his children are ok. I'd be happy for Hans' family if no more worry about Roland. ? is going to Elster —much cold and snow. Tante Zechling (?) is well and still working. We were worried about my mother, heart and diabetes hurt by the cure. Thank you for ?. Is Ilse's oldest in high school?

**(This is in reference to Jim Dunbar, who would only have been 11, April of 1929.)**

**The following letter from Schuricht in Berlin, to Weiske, in Munich, dated May 16, 1929, was enclosed in a letter from Susanna Uhlich Weiske to Else Knauth.**

My dear Weiskes. I send you the best wishes for a blessed day this holiday (Whitsuntide?). We will spend the day together, and Julius will take a rest, because it means a 2 day interruption of hard work. He has been spending the day with a buyer from Canada, who doesn't speak any German, and who is interested in nothing except business. Especially tiring if he has to spend the evening with the man as well as the day. We are hoping the low weather condition over Germany will move to Russia by Sunday, and we can stay outside on our balcony. I hope especially for good warm weather, in your interests. I could use good weather because I've had a cold the past week, with cough, but that will pass. Tonight we expect Lisbet to come from Halle for holidays of ten days. However, she must spend time preparing for her seminar. Anna Marie is free for 3 days since the office is free on Saturday before the holidays. Tomorrow she is going to participate in the house warming of a friend, the daughter of a lawyer. She still likes her work. I am myself at work with sewing and lace making, after I have finished with the house cleaning, so as to get old dresses into shape. I find by using Persil (a laundry soap, like Cheer, which has a whitener in it, Ursula recalls) and a hot iron and the necessary trouble, can do wonders. Tell me what is meant by Tapeton? (a cleaning agent) Can you restore old wall-papers with it? In my mind I used it for moths and spiders. Apropos of moths, I would like to mention that I hung rosemary bundles in closets, and put them between furs last year, and it proved to be successful.

I bought 3 bundles at the market, for 60 p. and it has the advantage of smelling better than naphthalene. After the holiday all our furs will be put on the balcony and shaken. In the old days I gave them to a conservator, but it is too expensive now. Work is always going on. Yesterday I baked a Whitsuntide cake in the WonderBell, and it came out very well. The hearts of my 2 cake girls will smile, and Julius doesn't despise cake either, so I think we will have a comfortable holiday. Give my thanks to my dear brother-in-law for his nice letter. It makes me glad that he doesn't leave me out, even if Lotte cannot write. Also our greetings to Else.

**(which Else is not known. Lotte is the name Max Weiske is using for his wife, Susa, named Susanna.)**

**To Else Knauth in NY from Susa, in Munich, dated "Witzentide 1929, and with it was enclosed the preceding letter from Schuricht.**

I've been trying to write you for half a year. I wish you a good birthday and good health. I'm sorry writing is so difficult for me, especially since no one can write for me. I've been living in hopes of seeing you in Munich. I hope I'm not mistaken during this whole long terrible winter. What a terrible winter we had this year! We used 350 M for heating, but by spending that we were not that cold. My Max bravely survived this winter, and I admired him. In ice and snow he went to the doctor and apothecary and the welfare office. Thank God that he remained healthy. Five weeks ago he caught a bad cough some place and gave it to me. We are both coughing, and it is really quite terrible. If the winter lets up we will get better. We are daily lighting the stove in the living room.

June 21 (letter continues after a hiatus) Holidays are over. They were cold and unfriendly. Yesterday I got a letter from Thekla, which for simplicity I will put in here. After you've read it you can get rid of it. Greetings to Peter. When we were waiting for him he must already have been in Kingston. Max found out at Nymphenburg what he planned, and we were surprised at the quickness of his leaving. The young people move so quickly. And we wonder how Mr. Scheidaker is doing over there. I don't think the decision could have been easy. I don't write well today. Greetings to you and your family. We in Germany look forward to your visit.

**From Thekla Schuricht in Berlin to Else Knauth in NY, Nov. 19, 1929.**

Dear sister Else.

Horrible hours, days and weeks lie behind and before me. When I returned a few days ago from where I visited my cousin in Plauen, where I went to save myself from a complete nervous collapse, I learned that Walter Laute wrote to you and asked for help for me, and my Anna Marie also wrote you for help. I think I wouldn't have had the courage to write to you, would rather have died. That's why I do all the more thank you. You have promised help and have made it possible with Richard Schuricht and Walter Leute to allow us a minimal income for a while. Anna Marie helped with her income to pay the rent, but what will happen we'll not know yet. Richard saw to it that Julian was taken to a sanitarium. I went to get him this last Friday. The doctor says there is no

evidence of mental defect or insanity, but the suicide attempt was a result of despair. Dr. Seuker has the firm conviction that Julius will be able to work again, as soon as our circumstances are clarified. This question of our circumstances is a very sore point, and depends on the courts acceptance of our filing for bankruptcy, or whether all our debtors will plunder us. It isn't clear in any case that everything will be taken except that which I can prove belongs to me as property I brought into the marriage, or personal presents. Because there is nobody here with a single Mark, if there is an auction. But I'm not very worried. We'll get along with whatever is left. The only thing that's bad is that Julius cannot earn more than 150M a month, because anything above that goes to the creditors. It could be that I could lend my name, but with these economic conditions, all the unemployment, and with the banks having closed, or closing, it is merely a lottery, and so if you get away with a little luck you need to be satisfied, and I mustn't lose courage. I must support my husband because his strength and capacity to work is the only thing that we have for the future. My only support and consolation is my daughter Anna Marie, who has proven herself and has gotten the recognition of all the male family members and the gentleman who met her in connection with her father's work. Our little one, still in Halle, is still helpful. She reduced her expenses, and is giving private lessons, even while taking her exams, and we hope that after Easter, when she has passed the exams, we hope she will get a school position. I think now with this letter you know everything. We send our best greetings, your deeply unhappy sister, Thekla.

Post script. Julius failed with the promise of a second loan. The Reich Credit Society, which promised him he should have an extension on this, didn't fulfill this, and took a large sum, which he needed for his business.

**Thekla Uhlich Schuricht in Berlin, to Else Knauth in Kingston, NY, Jan. 23, 1930.**

Even if I don't have anything much that is pleasant to report, don't be afraid this will be a letter of complaints. It is important to keep you in the picture, and important in my heart to speak honestly with you. Once again I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart that you made it possible for us to register the bankruptcy, even if the bankruptcy brings along with it a lot of hardship, but it has also brought us also a little hope. With Mr. Wunderlich, who as a matter of fact is the executor also for the Scarots and the mayor's bankruptcy, we have a quiet and objective administrator of the bankruptcy, who avoids any unnecessary harshness or blame. Despite that, he could not prevent that all of Julius' mail and packages are inspected. All of his mail goes through the office of the administrator of the bankruptcy and are opened, and whoever doesn't want that to happen must address them to me or to Anna Marie. They also confiscated our phone, because the debtor is not to have quick communication with his environment. They also wanted to confiscate the electric connection, but Mr. Wunderlich arranged to have the electricity in my name. The first question Julius is asked everywhere, is how he can be reached by telephone. He can't use his address, but rather that in my name. You can imagine the result. The business connection with the factory owner at Fortzheim didn't go as we hoped, and the gentleman wanted to have Julius to represent his dishwashing and silver washing (?) and refrigerators.

Considering his circumstances Julius asked for a monthly fixed stipend that would be deducted from his commission, but the gentleman didn't want to hear about that. He is, after all, a Swabian, who is stubborn, as they all are. He wants to keep it strictly on commission. But since the firm is a good one, Julius may not and cannot insist on his way – has to accept their conditions. But now he needs to find something that brings immediate income. Thanks to your big-hearted help we are protected from immediate distress until the middle of March, and then Walter promised his help. The third group from Plouen didn't come through. We got along all right and we will be all right, with the necessary measures of economy. It's made possible by Lisbet's former employer, who esteems her, and who sent her 300 M to pay for the seminary and books. He is the co-chief administrator of East Prussia. So we don't have to spend anything for her. Besides that we contacted the welfare office to get help with the property taxes due in February, and this will reduce our rent by 1/3. So you see we have done everything so we don't have to ask more help from relatives. In order to remove the most handicapping rock out of his way, namely the lack of telephone, Julius took heart and went to the highest administrator of the post office, despite having received many other earlier refusals for a telephone, he presented there his desperate condition. The result of this personal petition is that the post office official placed it in Anna Marie's name, since she is economically independent. Just a few minutes ago a telephone worker was here and returned our old telephone with our old number. I look forward to Julius and Anna Marie coming home and seeing it. With respect to our apartment, nothing has changed up to now. First days of January we took stock of everything. Since aside from my dowry, Julius pawned the largest part of the furniture he inherited from his father to Walter. The value is less than the value of the paragraph so and so which is to be left to the debtors. If the debtors will be satisfied with this arrangement of the execution of the bankruptcy, we don't know. They may disagree and say, let's see if an auction brings more money. 25<sup>th</sup> of February will be the decisive date at which there is a 2<sup>nd</sup> meeting of all the creditors with the executor. Before the 25<sup>th</sup> we can't even think of asking Walter selling some of the larger pieces we pawned with him to make space for an office or to rent it. Wherever we turn, we cannot act fast, because we are hemmed in by regulations we have to observe. But perhaps that's all to the good, or otherwise we would be tempted to simply turn it into quick cash, get rid of things, which in the near future we would need to replace at greater cost. We had the experience of acting too rapidly when we got rid of the Treptow business. That's maybe why the proverb is true, to deliberate first, and act next.

Anna Marie and Julius leave early in the morning; Anna Marie to her office, and Julius to the executor, or looking for work. He still has to work on his books and to assist the executor in managing the exposition for the hotel business in Berlin. He will have to be at the exposition stand for Mr. Speidel in Fortzheim, for whom he is working on commission. Even if he doesn't get paid very much for that, it will be more than meals and travel. He has also made plans to visit the exposition in Leipzig, and hopes to get a few more days work at that. He is on the run all day, and they don't get home until 6 or 7 in the evening. To interrupt for lunch and come home would take too much money and time. All the means of transportation have raised their fares, so as to finance the bankrupt city. Unfortunately, because of all the increase in fares, I have had to give up going for my walk in the Grünenwald. For the 3 of us it would cost 1 M50. As a matter

of fact, we are living with a hidden inflation. You can't buy more than half of what you could in the past. I'm curious how long the price will rise. After all, the city of Berlin and province of Prussia and the entire country are only a business, so that all they do is to open a new hole to fill a smaller hole, and then you go kaput. After all, that's what the Young plan is for.

Too bad you can't come to Germany this year, disregarding the fact of what next year is likely to bring, I would like to see you. I don't know if I will be alive that much longer with all the stress on my health. I don't value my life any more. My life is over, but I would never think of ending it before its time. The 24 hours I experience October 29 have given me a horror even of the thought of it, but I hope God will be merciful on me. I am no longer able to work so as to make a living, so I am a burden to others, especially my diligent girls. So in a sense I have no right to live any more. Their youth and their dreams for the future have been destroyed anyway. Who can think of marrying a poor church mouse without a dowry? A profession, even if the girl likes it, can be no substitute for happiness in a family. But I don't want to be sentimental, but that's the way the realities are, and I must put up with it. In Stollberg not everything seems to be well. Mayor Ersner in my opinion suffering from delusions of grandeur (from his paralysis from syphilis) and the besotted and all too indulgent mother Voller seems to be on the best way to ruin the factory, from what Werner tells us, who meets Lisbet frequently in Halle where he is studying. Our little one visited the Vollets in Leipzig and was well received and asked to visit again. On New Year I wrote Richard and Else and told them what happened to us, and Richard wrote back in a very nice manner. From Hans' family in Chemnitz we learn Hans is complaining he is a miserable cripple. Anna Schwartz wrote me she had the impression that the family is on the rise, even Roland, their perpetual worry, is supposed to have conducted himself well during this last year. Susa's condition is quite changeable. During Christmas she was supposed to have been well, but she surely is quite frail. But she has a husband who is overly concerned, in addition to Else, who is watching over her and waiting on her hand and foot. Every little disturbance is reported to the doctor. I think I'm often feeling miserable. Quite a lot of time in the middle of work I have to quickly lie down so I won't faint. I try not to worry anybody, because I'm alone, and if I worried them they would contact the doctor, and we can't afford the luxury of a doctor. Besides, I know exactly what's wrong with me.

I'm glad up until now we've had a mild winter. At least I didn't need to be cold. We heat 2 rooms, and sleep in a cold room, to conserve what little coal we have. I'm afraid it will still be cold, since I can't imagine a winter without snow and ice. My two workers are coming home, and I must think about making supper. They asked me to greet you. Before ending, I'd like to inform you that I gave 200 M of the 1500M you sent, which weren't needed for the registration of bankruptcy, to Walter Lucker, for his expenses. He explained that whatever debts we had with him are over and forgiven. Now I'll end, and if you will write us, tell us about your summer plans. Also, I know about all your other grandchildren, but about Suse's I don't know. Goodbye and continue to love me a little. I'll continue fighting

**Four letters in English from Else Knauth's son Peter, who was studying piano in Munich, which were undated, but from the content, and references in**

**Max Weiske's letters, seem to be in the fall of 1928. The last one was still in an envelope, postmarked Jan. 16, 1929.**

Dear Mama,

Here I am in IGLS (letter head shows Schloss IGLS bei Innsbruck) with the Pembraurs. We're just having the first few real Fall days and the mountains to the south already have some snow. I'm leaving this pension to go to the "Turmbichl" down the road a way, as the owner is a friend of the Pembraurs, and will put me up cheap. I never really knew how stupid it is to live in the city in the summer when one can easily board a train and in four hours be in these wonderful mountains. An American woman evidently found it out ahead of me and has been studying in this pension for the last week – one of the main reasons why I'm leaving for the "Turmbichl". I only hope that Horhager's girls don't all leave when I arrive down there. Pembraurs recommend only pensions far removed from the Gluinchhof; I wonder why!

But then I don't intend to spend all my time at the piano. Up in this country four hours is enough for anybody to spend indoors. Say, if you don't send me about 50 dollars in the next two weeks I'm going to be spending all my time outdoors! I have (today is the 8<sup>th</sup>) just 265 schillings with me and that is good, at 130 s. a week for just 2 weeks and a long walk home. Could you telegraph the above sum to the Beyerische Vereins (?) Bank or at least a letter telling me to go back to München while the going is good? It's a dreadfully uncomfortable feeling to be just on the scant edge without the guaranty of a safe return home. While I'm up here I want to finish the A major ballad and number 4, besides starting the Italiaenisches concerto. That's rather a large program but the professor thinks I can do it if I apply myself. Mary Ingersoll has also gotten the practicing bug and may come up too with her friend Kay Adams, who is staying with her in München. There is really quite a crowd gathering up here, especially Americans, who are combining their vacation with their study, whereby the Pembraurs combine their vacation with profit-taking.

You have no idea how the fast course stimulated me in regard to having a taste for work. It was really comforting to see that there are people who are relying on the piano for an existence who have less technical equipment than oneself, and despite this fact are moderately successful. It's the first time I've ever been able to look down instead of up.

Well, enough of shop; it's always a sore subject with me. Just now the air up here has more effect on me than any psychological stimulus; it is simply marvelous to live in the shadow of these mountains.

Love, Pete

**(Arbitrarily placed this one next in sequence. Seems to be fall of 1928)**

Dear Mama,

Just to demonstrate how conscientious I have become, I give you notice that Dr. Morriss is renovating my teeth, one by one; four already are filled, one has just had its nerves killed, and eleven more are waiting to be dealt with; its one perpetual toothache, and now, on top of it all, the föen is starting to blow, and is letting hell loose in my rheumatic jaw. Altogether, I'm having a great time with my new gold-schmuck.

Lily (Van Loon) felt, since I arrived here, that I was leading too much of a nomadic life, and was instrumental in getting me into Dr. Morrissette's hands. She also decided that I should meet better people than my vereins-breider, and forthwith introduced me to her girl friend Lily Lange, who was to reform me and convert me into a civilized Schäubinger Künstler (shabby artist). So far the total result has been a very satisfactory love affair, and a big lack of reform. On the contrary, I think Lily is suffering a change from her Bremen training. Her father wrote her "Wenn du mit einem jungen Schäubinger Künstler hier ankommst, setz dich vor die Tür!" and that's that.

Well, what would you do if I arrived with a kaufman's-tochter? Tell it to the old man. I have just started the cis moll fugue and praeludium and am finishing the Moonshine Sonata. If you come over after Christmas I'll play it for you. Tante Sus and Uncle Max send their love, and the rest of the tribe also.

Love, Peter

**(From the content the following letter seems to be in November. The Lis Knauth and Teddy have not been identified so far.)**

Dear Mama,

It's really sad about my finances over here, just at present; but I hope that the coming of the First of December will help things a little. Just at present I am taking my meals at Erika through the kindness of Eliza, and substituting the trolley-cars for the N.S.U. Uncle Max and Tante Sus both lament the passing of the N.S.U., and Lily, although she stands by me in this hour of need, is thoroughly crushed by the blow. Even Winifred and Lily Lange, although they are more or less broke themselves, declare that it was driving economy too far, to lay up the puddle-jumper.

Today, I go to my twentieth dentist appointment. I never had an idea that my teeth were in such a rotten condition. So far, there has been only one nerve that needed killing, although Morrissette was doubtful that I should get away so easily; but there has been at least as much drilling and hacking going on inside my mouth in these last two weeks as there has been all last summer on Tongue Mountain.

The presence of a rotten singer upstairs over Mrs. Gönnerwein's room hasn't helped the jumpy nerves either. She sings Brahms (or tries to) by sliding from one octave to another. Just let Ilse demonstrate what I mean, and you will understand some of my troubles over here.

Anyway, I have one perfect retaliation for the noise upstairs, and Lis Knauth showed me that. One plays the same thing the singer is singing, but half a tone sharp or flat. It always works.

About my own music I can only say that I am gradually learning to read, and that I can do this successfully. (diagram in letter)

It means holding the A down while trilling with the fourth and fifth fingers. And in case it interests, my repertoire becomes enriched by the Moonlight Sonata, the Praeludium and Fuga in cis moll (no. IV) and Clementi Gradus ad Parnassum. The last is a suggestion from the Herr Professor.

Could you send me my Wagner books and with them a subscription to Motor Boating and The Saturday Evening Post? Teddy also would like to know whether he could also have a magazine, namely any one which deals in current subjects on colonial

furniture, and other subjects pertaining to Teddy's work. All his papers are being sent by the Hamburg American Line. They must be at the consulate here by the first of December.

Give my love to the family and all dependents.  
Love, Pete

**The following letter was in an envelope post marked Jan. 16, 1929. Kept his spellings. The reference to coming of age would be his 21<sup>st</sup> birthday, since he was born in 1908.**

Dear Mama,

Yesterday your photograph and letter arrived. You certainly crashed through with that half tone photograph. On my birthday I'm going to show it to the Weiskes who are throwing a party for me. You intimated in your letter that their letters were a bit pessimistic. I don't think you have much to worry about in connection with Tante Sus' health, which seems to me to suffer more through her neurosis than anything else. Uncle Max is far the worse off of the two, since he bears her worries as well as his own. Tante Sus' chief worry is whether she has enough to eat, which, to my mind, is the cause of most of her troubles. If one sits eternally in doom and tries to develop symptoms, as does Tante at the same time following one Kartoffel Knüdle (potato dumpling) with another, it's little wonder that one discovers traces of dispepsia and chronic constipation. Uncle Max goes out every day to his café and at least presents, on the surface, a cheerful and optimistic mien.

As for me, my troubles are genuine. I'm broke – right in the middle of the month – and my friends are sympathetic, and also broke! I'm already thinking seriously of selling my gold teeth back to Morrissette for a consideration. If you want to make my New Year a happy one, send me one hundred dollars, and be charitable about me becoming of age. Being responsible has its drawbacks as well as its advantages.

This summer (beginning of July) Pembaur is giving a "Meister course", which he wants me to attend. I'll send a prospectus over when it's printed, which will probably be next week. Now, what am I going to do!? Shall I stay over here and send Teddy over alone, or shall I come over early and go back with you in time to attend the seminars and the four concerts at the close of the course? I feel that I can't miss the course under any circumstances.

The bulk of the students will be finished artists and composers, who can choose any three pieces at random, play them in concert, then have them criticized by Pembaur and play them as corrected. At the end of the course, the subsequent concerts will be a compendium of the music discussed during the forgoing evenings. He places absolutely no restriction on the type or quality of the submitted compositions.

What shall we do about it?

Love, Peter

The whole family Scheidhacker sends its regards.

**From Max Weiske in Munich to Else Knauth in Kingston December 13, 1928. For some reason he refers to his wife, who is Susanne Katherina, or Susa, as Lotte. At first this was confusing, but it is clear that it is his wife, and the**

**cross referencing with Peter Knauth's letters from that time and place, help confirm this. Note that some of these letters coincide with the time when Else's son Peter is there, studying music in Munich, and having occasion to visit the Weiske's.**

We wish you a merry Christmas, and we hope you will celebrate the holidays in the presents of your dear ones. Lotte wanted to send you a Christmas greeting herself, but since this greeting must get to you by Christmas, I took over the task to send you our greetings and best wishes. For the past three weeks Lotte has been suffering from stomach and intestinal pains which become so painful that she writhes in pain, and she also has fainting fits in addition to heart pains. Since the end of November we had very dull rainy weather, and this may have contributed to her not feeling well. Dr. H. in addition to sedatives, ordered complete rest, and a very light diet. I hope that the recently begun mild weather will improve her condition. Your dear Peter is well off. Yesterday evening he was here for dinner. Too bad he has such trouble with his teeth. Greetings to all for Christmas.

### **March 8, 1929 – Max Weiske to Else**

Since it isn't possible for Lotte to write to you I was asked to report how we are. The very cold winter, to which we are not used, caused difficulty for Lotte. It caused pain and her nerves are shot. She has become weak, and for many weeks she hasn't slept at all. Sleeping medications do not work. She has stomach and intestinal pain, especially bad at night, and neither a strict diet nor medication helps. She hardly dares to eat anything. Dr. Handwerk is very capable and good to Lotte, and no longer knows what to do, and wants her observed in a hospital because of her health, but since all hospitals are overcrowded because of flu, they couldn't do it. During the coldest days her condition was worst. Happily a week ago the frost stopped, and since then Lotte has improved. Our Doctor is hoping she won't need to go to the hospital. Now her pain and sleeplessness and her vertigo are getting less naturally, and hopefully strength will return. She is starting to eat light meals. She needs a lot of rest, but she still can't leave the house. It would probably do her good. Even for the slightest effort she needs help dressing. Our Else felt rheumatic and fever and flu, but she is mending. Thank god I remained well. My nerves are a bit shaky, but will be all right in a while. After all, I'm a tough guy. Your Peter, who is really a dear boy, you'll see in 2 months. Because of carnival, he survived the cold very well. It's really very wonderful that Peter is the star pupil in the Professor's concerts. He seems to be very gifted for music. Peter hopes you will come over with him. We would all be happy, and Lotte improving at the thought of it, and hopes once more to see you. We didn't let Peter know about Lotte's illness so it wouldn't upset him. I hope, my dear Else, that you and your children survived the cold weather.

Fond greetings from your Brother-in-law Max.

### **May 28, 1929 Max Weiske to Else**

Dear Else,

Yesterday we received from Knauth, Nachod and Kühne 790M (?) on your order, 10% of dividends (this financial report not clear, perhaps a fraction from an investment she made) and paid back American balance of your investment. Thank you very much for your generosity. We won't be able to pay back your generosity. I hope God will reward you and your children. Lotte is counting the days hoping to see you and Peter again. For the same reason I'll be short and we hope we can tell you the rest when you are here. Also writing is not that easy for me. Since we have beautiful spring weather Lotte's condition has changed for the better. The long and very cold winter, as cold as Germany hasn't had for years, make it difficult for her. Our very capable physician, Dr. Handwerk, who takes care of Lotte, consulted another doctor whom he knows, during April, and both doctors agreed that a stay in a hospital was no longer necessary. And today Lotte is sitting in the sun in the little garden house. That's progress, and refreshes her life's spirits. Have a happy voyage and a happy Wiedersehen, send our love to all, especially Peter.

January 11, 1929 – From Richard Vollert (?) to Else. This letter Ursula found very hard to read, but says that it seems to be mainly about business. Seems to be a friend, not a relative. It seems that their son Hans Eberhardt has gone to the U.S. to establish business.

Two days ago I sent 300M to Knauth, Nachod and Kühne, and his branch. Will send 400M to ? KA address. Hope the money arrives promptly. I would like to ask that Hans will get your advice and is careful. We have been terribly deceived, as somebody has told you....(after this Ursula found the handwriting too difficult to read.) In the margin there was a note from Ella Vollart saying she would be writing, and the following is perhaps that letter.

### **Jan. 30, 1929 To Else from Ella Vollert**

Your card at Christmas gave me much joy, and I'm returning your sisterly "du". I therefore have the feeling I belong in the circle which includes Richard, since Richard told me about your parent's house. Your home, after all, was the place he really felt at home, and therefore was home for him. Thank you from the depth of my heart for everything you have done for my boy. It eases my separation from him to know he is under your tutelage, because of your being resident in the U.S. You know conditions there so you can give him good advice. We miss Hans Eberhardt very much, and have become very lonely since Wolfgang only comes home during the holidays. We celebrate the holiday at Christmas Eve. The rest of the children of friends were with us, and our youngest is celebrating Christmas on the high seas. We can't know the conditions. If Hans buys a business over there it will be good. He always was diligent and conscientious, as his employers told me. I always spent the summer in the vicinity of the estate where he was apprenticing. I hope he will buy some business over there. The savings we made due to Richard's diligence were lost due to the last war. Hans Eberhardt's letters are full of hope and good character. How is my friend Bernhardt. He won our hearts by his naturalness. We hope if your Munich son comes to Leipzig, he will visit us. I greet you always gratefully.

(Note added to this letter by Richard Vollert)

I'll send you special greetings, despite our cable traffic. Hopefully Hans Eberhardt will be successful as a farmer. Hope he lives healthfully so he can work. If you come to Germany we'll hear more about it.

**From Max Weiske to Else Knauth in Kingston, N.Y. March 1, 1934**

**The reference to Hans is perhaps Else and Susanne's brother? Since Max and Suse never had children, I am guessing the Else referred to in several letters is someone, perhaps a relative, helping in the Weiske's house.**

Dear Else,

As I promised in December, let me tell you how we are. It has been 3 weeks since our Hans found relief from his suffering. God had merged with him. My dear Lotte accepted the news of dear Hans' death with composure. Unfortunately both happy and bad news make little impression. Since middle of January Lotte's condition has become sadder and more anxious. She complains less about physical things but her mental strength is leaving because of Alzheimer's. She can no longer walk except if we support her on both arms, then she can push herself along. We can no longer leave her alone for fear that she might do something unreasonable. In many respects she has become an infant. We have to feed her and admonish her to swallow her food. Last Sunday was again a critical day. Saturday night she spit up 1/3 of a liter. Overnight and Sunday she was restless and excited. At 1 PM she suddenly got very ill and threw up, as had been a case a number of times earlier. After that she was exhausted and lay in bed as if dead. Gradually she recovered. Since then she has been sleeping during most days. She eats very little. We give her a light but strengthening diet. The last few days were hard on me and I felt very stressed. I myself feel tired and am becoming harder of hearing and often breathless so that I can hardly walk.

The four siblings of our Else help us as much as possible. They are helping us to keep our apartment. I hope that dear Lotte will be released from her suffering soon. We hope, dear Else, that you and yours are well. If I can I'll report more in a few weeks.

Your grateful old brother-in-law Max

**There are some letters to Ilse Knauth Dunbar, Else's daughter, married to Henry F. Dunbar. They are from 1939 and later, mostly from Hildegard Holzer, who was the daughter of Octavio Knauth and Clara Monhardt/Knauth, Antonio's youngest brother. He stayed in Germany, and also died 1900. Hildegard would therefor have been a first cousin of Ilse. On the family tree it is indicated that her first husband's name was Drusii Eremie Poppa. In the text there is a suggestion that he was Rumanian, and they lived in Rumania. They had Ileana, who married Dinu Aliman, (apparently shortened from Alimanestianu) and Octavio. She refers to these two in her letters on occasion. It seems that Ileana and Dinu came to the US, and have children. Her husband at the time of the letters is Ernie Holzer. No specific information as to his profession.**

**October 22, 1939. At top of letter it asks "Please write to: Hilde's new address, Rome via Marche 72"**

My dear Ilse,

This is going to be a long letter because I have much to tell you, and therefore I am typewriting. Erni has gone to Florence for a conference, and it is raining, and I have a cold. We don't have radio and television, and I don't like to read all the time, and I can't sing at this point, and then, what is the next best thing to do, is you write to somebody whom you like. For a month I've had a letter started to Ilse, and added to it is a copy of Ted's letter, because I thought it would possibly be of interest to you. But I never got around to writing myself. Not that our household is so big. Unfortunately, it isn't, but I do everything myself, and life consists now almost entirely of being practical, especially today. I don't know who of us wrote to you, but I believe it was I, from our old apartment. March this year I got the unexpected news that my first husband had died. During the last years of his life he had profession which was satisfying to him to some degree, and even brought in something, and he had just started to build a new house together with his widowed sisters. When they wanted to move in, he died. I wanted to see the children, soon, and therefore, everyone advising me to the contrary, because of the political situation, I went, and everything went all right. Illi, who is to graduate from highschool next year, was already living in the new house, has a nice room there with new furniture, book shelves, and desk. These she was most enthusiastic about. Then there is also a huge piano, which she plays on quite a lot, and she has made quite a lot of progress. It is wonderful that she has a young, very nice woman teacher, half Jewish, who has studied in Vienna and Berlin, and who is at the same time a friend to her, and speaks German very well. Illi has a lot to do for school and for her youth movement, where she is a kind of a group leader. She likes to read, and is more a young girl of the old ways. Octavio, on the other hand, is a very much of a modern youth, sports and sports and sports, nothing else. We get along very well, and had a wonderful time together. I'm living again with some old friends. Saying good by was naturally very painful, because everybody was worried to be separated through complications. It is difficult to travel, during these days, quite disregarding the cost, and unfortunately cost play a large role. Just before leaving I had discovered a nice apartment near to the Villa Borgese, and the most pleasant living section of Rome. We moved to it just before the summer heat started. I now have a little bit more room. It is in the neighborhood of a wonderful park, and closer to my friends. And everything else is more practical. Ernie is still hoping to be moved, so that is why earlier he never wanted to move. I don't know if I wrote to you, and I'll see if I have a little picture of Lis. She came to our old apartment where Langers were in the wonderful first years. Lis traveled with me with a wine merchant from Leipzig, who hopefully understands more of wines than about his travels he arranges in Italy. That's why they arrived in Florence at 6 o'clock at night, and were to leave again next morning at 9, and that's why the poor dears went through town during the late evening while the Pitti, Uffizien and all the museums were closed. They did so get an impression of the city. Here in Rome I have rushed around with Lis a whole morning partly on foot and partly by taxi to the Vatican, the Forum, and during the afternoon they already had to go to the Tivoli and in the evening, together with Ernie, we went to a Trattoria restaurant. It was very nice, but terrible way to travel through Italy. No time for anything. Despite that Lis was very enthusiastic and I am very pleased for her. During the summer I was for a while in Zurich, where there was a wonderful exhibit both sides of the lake. It was very nice. Lis

came from Lake Constance, where she was for a few days, and we slept together in the guest room, and had a lot of fun. Lis arrived with many wonderful southern German expressions. Every sentence, she said, starts there with a "ha!" Even if somebody arrives deadly tired home, he will say, beamingly, "Ha!, I'm wiped out." And similar things, which I laughed about a lot. The first evening we heard a wonderful Toscanini concert from Lucerne. It was pure pleasure. Lis then told us that once in Germany the musicians played so badly that Toscanini, struggling for some German words, then broke out with "Dogs!" which the musicians took, because they thought it was justified.

After Lis, Gretel and Martha appeared, the two daughters of Aunt Berta's sister Helene, from Karlsruhe. Again, we looked, all of us, at the exhibit at the lake. I've never seen such an exhibit in such a beautiful space, with so many wonderful flowers. Actually you could go in a little boat quietly through the whole territory, always surrounded by flowers, and occasionally even with a detour by boat through the exhibit halls. And there were wonderful restaurants and bakery shops. Ha! There sitting by the wonderfully blue lake and everything is decorated with colorful flags. A funicular was going across the lake, and in one of the towers there is a restaurant with a charming view of the city, the town and the mountains. Mother came back from Flims and we spent a few days together. I don't know now if I could go to Switzerland. It is supposed to be very difficult. Then I went back to Innsbruck to visit a friend, and from there to Cortina in the Dolomites, where I met Ernie. Unfortunately, our stay there was overshadowed by the approaching events. We could still do two very beautiful tours to the mountains, and after that the buses no longer went, which we would need for larger tours, and after 10 days Ernie was called back by telegraph. He is back now, and that was quite good, because we didn't enjoy the holidays after that. Here there was much to do, then friends came (rest of letter missing.)

**She sent a post card Nov. 16, 1947, from Rome, in English. The reference to Alice is Alice Walton Dunbar, Ilse's daughter, who had a scholarship to study sculpture in Europe that year.**

I hope you got my letter. The package for Alice arrived. I was sorry I could not send it to her, she never wrote anymore, and I do not know where she is! So we eat it up and thank you very much! It was just what I needed for Ernie who is suffering. I hope this will reach you. Please do write soon.

Merry X-mas and love from Hilde.

**February 7, 1949 Rome, Via Marche 72,**

My dear Ilse,

It was a surprise and joy when your dear package arrived, and now finally I have an address, which I have been looking for, for years, and could never get it. I don't know what you meanwhile heard about me. I wrote to you before and at the beginning of the war, and afterwards, but never heard anything about you until your charming little Alice came here, whom I could see here only for a short time because of a recuperation vacation that I had to go on. But I liked her very much. She is a charming creature, and if all your children are like that, even if they are externally very different, so then I can

only congratulate you. You made me very happy and please give thanks to Alice. If you only knew how I unpacked everything with enthusiasm. My German friends and I, whom I fortunately have here, will enjoy especially the coffee very much, but I was especially emotional about the pefferkuchen (presumably the "lebkuchen" the Ilse Dunbar family always made) which I have not had since Germany, or since my earliest childhood memories, and so artistic. Every one of them a little work of art. The little chicken I gave to a little Italian girl whom I like, a Christmas tree to a young Swiss friend here in the house, but most of them we ate ourselves, and kept the paper they were wrapped in, in the cake box because of the wonderful smell, which I still enjoy. I had just wished for a pair of slippers since I never had any, and to the pink skirt, which was a bit too short, I added two ribbons, and I also put more ribbons on it, and now I use it as a cloak when I am doing my hair, or as an apron. It was a wonderful package, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I know how difficult and expensive it is to do such packages, and to get them to post office and pay for it. Illy begged me to have her nylons with runs in them, repaired here, and that was simple, but then to send them, that was difficult. Please pardon the bad writing. I don't have any other typewriter ribbon. Since my correspondence is enormous I have started again to write with the typewriter. Even now I must hurry because we have no electricity from 7 AM to 6 PM. Unfortunately we always need artificial light since unfortunately our windows go out to a dark courtyard, but as a compensation we have the Borghese Park directly close to the house. Ernie and I often go there. We look at the riders, but who these days are quite miserable. My dear Ilse, how are you and Harry and Susy, and who is still at home? How do you like your new home? The pictures Alice showed us are charming. What are your children doing, and are you already grand parents? Just think, I still don't have a picture of Dan. Barbu is charming. I was at least able to see him. He is charming, clever, and dark, as I had always wished my children would be. And his father, Dinu, is a charmer. When Alice was here I only knew that they had fled and had been hidden, and I couldn't tell her any more. Illy still plays piano, and I'm happy that she can listen and go to concerts with Christine and Ted in Washington, and possibly they are together now in NY and hopefully haven't only met Rumanians but also some friends. Ted and Le visited them a few times, even at the farm. Life there was very strenuous and annoying, since the owners know everything better, and don't understand anything matters. But it was the best they could do under the circumstances, and after all, they all loved being in the country. Unfortunately, everything in their home in their home country is terrible, and it is pitiful that they have lost everything. But I realize that they had a fabulous fortune there, and that was the reason why I did not sue to get one of the children, which I could have done, for one thing, I did not want to separate them, and in addition I would have had to bring them up in much more straitened circumstances. Since his (Erni?) money was no longer in existence, and there they had everything in abundance. And I often ask myself if she would ever want to go back. I always give them the advice to just stay with their new life, and not look back. I wonder if Octavio is coming over. I don't know. I hope to see him this spring. Life has been very serious since the war, particularly since April 1945, when Erni got this terrible depression. How is Tante Else doing? Please give her greetings, from Mama and myself. Mama hasn't been writing for many years. She is psychically prematurely old. Ted didn't even notice it because he had practically nothing to do with her. She is

happy to have visitors, and Anna and Laura have to do everything, and for years they have been without a servant. That's too much, and then they have to do a lot for their German relatives. I hope this summer I can get there. It is difficult because of Erni. One cannot leave the apartment empty. Lene is in Düsburg, she is looking for a position and hasn't found one yet.

(Illy's address: Ileana and Dinu Alimanestianu, Little Farm, R.F.D., Barclay, Md.) Perhaps one of you will be able to come there. They do have a guestroom. They would be very happy. It's a wonderful little family, which I often yearn for. You really, Ilse, gave me a lot of happiness.

Thank you, and love and kisses, Yours, Hilde

**Rome, Via Marche 72, December 2, 1949**

My dear Ilse,

I hope you got my letter, which I sent you some time ago. I hope that you are all well and I wish you a happy Christmas and a good New Year. I wonder what is happening with you. Have you in the meantime, become grandparents? I haven't heard from you in a long time, and not either from Gohlis, who occasionally knew something about you. It's too bad that mother rested her so diligent pen so early. I myself am very busy, and have a huge correspondence, which became even huger because of the war. For the last ½ year I have an inflammation of the tendons of my right hand because of strain, so I must write everything by typewriter, which goes more quickly, but which I find horrible for private letters, therefore please pardon me for writing this way. I have nothing much to report about myself, as life has become very unpleasant through many circumstances, in particularly through Ernie's illness, and has been for a long time. Ernie is now retiring so that we will have even more difficult conditions to battle. They weren't too good up to this time, I had to change my life style when I came to Rome, from the very beginning, but at that time we still had some kind of future ahead of us. During the summer I was able to have someone here for Ernie, and then I went to Zürich where I was very necessary, because I don't know how Tante Anna gets everything done by herself, when Tante Laura was sick for months this year, and mother as well, and who should really be living in a home, but because of our lack of money, we can't do that. How all this is going to come out I am not sure. She is already 75, and I often worry what will happen one day when I'll be surrounded by nothing but old and sick relatives, but since I have a lot to do I don't worry my head about it too much, although the children are at this point not too well off either. Danny is the only one who is well off, since he looks like a little splendid Christ child, on his first photos. The children are leaving Maryland these days with a heavy heart and are moving to NY. Dino hopes that he finds something better there. He has prospects for two jobs. Illy thought they would possibly live in or close to Manhasset, because they have an old acquaintance there. I think a German in our age bracket who is well off and very active and helpful, and who could get work for Illy, but I don't know their address yet, but probably Theodor will find it out. I hope that you or someone of the Antonio Knauth family will have an opportunity to see the little family. They are all very nice. Barbu looks on his last picture quite American, and likes to go to school. I hope that they will soon settle down. All this moving around may be interesting, but with children

it's difficult to do that, and it always brings about losses, because they must sell everything when they leave. The pine forest farm is charming, but the chickens got typhoid. They lost 200 chickens with it, and Selma Stone, who visits them occasionally, saw immediately that there was little to be gotten there. The soil was poor, etc. They had very charming friends there, and during the summer they spent with my friend in Rehoboth, where they didn't want to leave, and Illy doesn't want to live in NY, for no other reason than because of the children, but they'll have to see what will happen. I believe Dino imagined everything to be easier. My second news is that Octavio wrote to me recently from Paris, that he finally got a visa for the United States, and that he will leave as soon as he gets a space on a ship. Now he probably still went to Germany from where he doesn't like to leave, in order get his things. He is very curious and wrote to me with a lot of excitement. His idea many years ago to come to the United States is becoming a reality. He thought he would work in Boston with a friend in his engineering profession, but that was before we knew that Alimanestianu's would go to NY. If Ernie weren't sick I would have gone to Paris with him, especially for the holidays, but unfortunately can't be done. He never got to Switzerland and this time it was impossible, too, and he was very sorry. We only saw each other for three days in the Alsace, where we could both get to very easily. Would have been better in Paris, which I don't know well, but he knows well, but considering Erni's retirement, I didn't want to spend too much money, and as it was we could speak to one another there as well. I'm enclosing a picture. How is Tante Else doing, Suse, Ursula, Bertold and Peter? I sending all of them my greetings and send my best to you and Harry and Susi and all the other children, who hopefully are close to you. I think a lot about Alice. I would have liked to have seen her longer. Good wishes and embraces. I am interested in everything that concerns you.

Yours, Hilde

**Ilse Knauth Dunbar's son Edward was in Germany as the war was ending, and then in the occupation troops. Presumably he was billeted at a German residence, and one can see from the following letter that they liked him.**

**October 25, 1946, 16 Reifenberg**

Great greetings to the dear Dunbar family! Dear Eddi!

With great surprise we found out today from our letter carrier that a package from the United States was at the post office for us, and we should come and get it, and we all three of us said out of one mouth, that is from Ned. Therefor the dear brave Eddi hasn't forgotten us, and therefor we have him among us. With much thanks we received all the things you sent. We haven't been able to get such things for years. We could use the dresses because during the war we could only get a limited quantity, and after the war, nothing at all. As concerns the tobacco, we haven't had anything like that in front of our noses comparable in taste and smell. You should see how our brothers-in-law admire the tobacco box. My wife and Hans had a bad cold and therefor your coffee arrived as a wonderful means to cure it. Thank you very much. If you can use something of what we produce, please let us know your wishes, because our friendship I hope will last as long as we and you are alive.

We have another son who is still in Russia, and is missing, and he was very much like your Ned, and you can imagine how much I liked your son being here, and how many pleasant days he made for us. I often have to think when he came into the house and stood with my wife on the staircase, and my wife said to him, "I hope you won't take our chickens," and Ned shook his head and said "Oh no, we won't take them." He had a great influence on his comrades, and as long as he was around everything went very nicely. His comrades also called him a good human being and a good soldier.

Beni, who was on the front with him, told about his fearlessness, which he admired in Eddi. I will now post my letter to him the 24<sup>th</sup> of June. Unfortunately this was impossible until now, since I didn't know your exact address.

My dear Dunbar family, thank you very much once again, and if you should have the opportunity to have anybody here in Germany, you will be very welcome as friends of us here.

In this sense we are concluding our letter and sending our best greetings particularly to our dear Eddi.

Your family Heinrich Riegel  
(Three Riegel signatures under this)

**To Ilse K. Dunbar, from Adolf Jahr, April 4, 1947, in Kohlscheide bei Hachen, Germany, British zone.**

My most heart felt thanks for your letter, and glad to know that the copy has come into your dear hands, and happy that your daughter Eva could read it. I thank fate that I came to know your dear son Edward. He is a great boy. While in the restaurant where I played the Humoreske of Dvorak on the piano, he told me he would visit us. Later we had a few minutes to exchange a few words in the kitchen. His sister is probably of his height. The waltz, if you have the right fingerings for the left hand, can be played easily with a few variations. I forgot to designate those fingerings. I will do that later and send another copy. It would be quite possible that Miss Eva could win a few of her colleagues to be interested in it. I also am working on an orchestral score for this. I can send you copies of that once I am done with it. The censor will surely let it go through censorship. I am of the classical tradition, and the classical tradition is so anchored in your family, and your daughter Suse even gives witness of it, that I would like know if I may send you further creations of my pen, as much, at least, as my time admits. Today is Good Friday, and we're playing the St. Matthew Passion of Bach. We play Carmen quite often, and we had two guests from the Metropolitan of New York, and one played Don Jose in Carmen – a sad, beautiful tragedy. The aria of Michaela is incomparatively beautiful. We read in the papers that Truman's sister is a famous singer in America. (It was actually Truman's daughter Margaret.) Busch was earlier music director in Achen, and went from here to Stuttgart, then to Dresden, and then finally to the United States. Life in the country is always better in the country than in the city. My children, especially Gunther, who is studying in Cologne Conservatory, his main subject is violin, and he also knows how to keep animals. My daughter, when she finished high school, went to theater. Now that we are all completely bombed out, we wonder what will happen at the Moscow conference. Russia, at this time, is the enemy

of the bi-zonal arrangement. The agreement between the British and American zone is that the adults will be given the same food rations, and are to be given a daily ration of 1500 calories, but because of their difficulty with transportation, because of winter and motor defects, we usually get less than 1500 calories, and they did tell us that the food situation in the American zone would be better. The winter was very difficult, and so it was all the more wonderful to receive your great present. This way we had a wonderful Christmas. Spring has come, everything is getting green, and we are compensated for the difficulty of the winter. In spite of that it's been difficult to survive for all Europeans. Probably for us a little more. German money is not worth much of anything. Taxes are very high. I pay 120 marks in taxes every month. Everything we want to buy, such as butter, eggs, is very expensive. A pound of butter is 200 marks, eggs, 70 marks, coffee, 360 marks, an American cigarette, I don't know how much. A suit, 800,000 marks. All these are black market prices, and in the long run no one can keep this up. Yet I believe, that the Moscow conference hopefully will bring a peace treaty for us. My dear Mrs. Dunbar, even though our position is not good, I believe that I can do something for you, in order to compensate you for your generous gift to us. I will send you scores, and also give the right fingering for Miss Eva. I hope other people who love music will also be interested. I look for your letter with great anticipation, and hope that some time again you will find some time for me.

My best greetings for Suse, Eva and Edward, Adolf Johr

**Letter from Lieselotte Uhlich, the one unmarried daughter of Hans (Johannes) Uhlich, brother of Else Uhlich Knauth. Most of the people to whom she refers can be found on the family tree. Letter was addressed to Susanne Knauth Langer, (called Suse in the letters), Stone Age Diggings, Hurley, New York, presumably because she didn't have Ilse's address. Return address was Chemnitz, which was Russian zone in Germany. Following letters reflect the conditions in the Russian zone.**

**December 8, 1947**

Dear Ilse,

Every day I think I should write to you, but until this time I haven't gotten around to it. Always something else is more pressing, but I don't want to let Christmas pass without sending you a greeting, and above all to thank you for the things that you sent, of which everything is very useful, but the most necessary thing were the shoes, of which the low shoes fit me exactly. The pumps are a little short, unfortunately also for mother. At first I had the intention to exchange them, but now I am wearing them anyway, and mother is wearing the others. The clothes have been distributed and altered for individual people. Mother got a wonderful jacket out of the blue pull over, and Aunt Else a wonderful warm vest out of the light winter coat. Hasso's children and Harold's boy got the sports shirt and to his pride, regular pants. (Preceding sentence not clear) Some other things I altered for Arnold's two boys. Hans-Gunther enjoys the under clothes and the woolen socks. Some other things I will work on for the suitable opportunity. Things are such here that we have suddenly lost everything. Other people lost things one after the other, and had always less, because nothing new could be

bought. Therefor be thanked once again. Unfortunately the package which contained the evening dress still hasn't arrived, but I hope every day to get a card saying it has arrived.

Hopefully you have gotten use to your new home. A move like that is never simple, and there are difficulties and unfortunate occurrences. Was one moving van sufficient? My parents hadn't moved since 1913. I don't know these joys and sorrows, but at least once a year we move the furniture around in the apartment so that our friends and relatives said they were going to put wheels on all of our furniture. Mother became a master of rearranging the furniture. With your larger place you probably have more work. You have help, or workers, or has it remained a purely family business? Suse wrote that almost all your children are artistic. I do know about Alice, that she wants to become an artist. How about the others? In this case you won't have much help from your children. But I don't understand one thing very clearly. We only knew that your husband was a teacher, and are no little surprised that you have been working a farm for 25 years. Is that in addition to his teaching, or did your husband stop teaching, and now is a farmer? As I wrote to Suse, I am intending to change my job and to again work in health services, which next to gardening is my favorite thing to do. As a farmer of 50 hectares (? 250 gm), I don't need to fear to be made a state farm, and therefor I can continue to grow some vegetables and fruit and therefor we haven't had to buy anything extra for the last three years. Most people here have not been able to get any fruit or vegetables for several years. My garden is my pride and joy, and helped me over many difficult times. I am thinking of getting extra training in health care and particularly training in X-ray technology, so that I can learn that. The war and time after that handicapped us from getting any kind of education. Aside from that, I don't want to be a burden to my two brothers, because nothing is more unpleasant than that. Arnold, the youngest of us, and I, had intended to open a clinic. It is now very uncertain that we can do that. Until now he is still an unpaid physicians' assistant at the clinic in Kiel in order to learn about dermatology, and hopes to get his practical education there. He also works extra with his colleagues so that he isn't completely the prince consort of his wife, who has a practice in Holstein as a specialist in internal medicine. With our extensive family everyone has a job just to make-do, and everyone is missing something. Worst of all, Hasso and his Else, and also Gretel, with her problems with glands. Our mothers are getting old, and we have to resign ourselves that in these times they will not live forever. How is your mother doing? Unfortunately neither Suse nor Ursula wrote about her. You are living far from Lake George, and where is Hurley? I looked for it in vain in our atlas, but I think it is probably a very little town, but I don't it could be, since it has a university. If you have time with your new house, during the new year, I would be very happy to hear from you about your family and your life. Everything in America is interesting to us, and also very instructive. I thank you once again for your wonderful gifts, and mother and all my brothers and sisters join me in that. We wish you all a happy and joyful Christmas and a healthy good New Year.

With best wishes, your cousin, Lieselotte

**Two letters from Liesbett Schuricht, 1948 and 1951, plus letters from her children. Return address was Bischofswerda, Sachsen, also Russian zone. Liesbett was the daughter of Else Uhlich Knauth's sister, Thekla Uhlich Schuricht.**

**Liesbett married someone by the name of Wolfram Schuricht. From the letters there is the suggestion not clearly stated, that he is missing, perhaps lost in the war, or prisoner of war in Russia? Bärbel is Barbara, the oldest, but crippled with multiple sclerosis according to a note on the family tree, and so restricted in her schooling possibilities.**

**February 3, 1948**

Dear Ilse,

You were right: When your wonderful package came this January, we had a second Christmas, and what a wonderful Christmas. I was happy as a child about all the wonderful things which came out of the magic box. If you only knew in the slightest what a package from America means for us. All of our depressed spirits came alive again, and my heart, which occasionally is beating only weakly, is getting reasonable again, and doing its duty without being troublesome. But what wonderful things you have thought of. The children couldn't decide what they thought was best, the balls or the colorful cloth animals or the hair bands. Our grandmother (presumably her mother Thekla) was really happy about the coffee, and I can't maintain that this left me completely cold. Thank you very much for all your trouble, and carefulness with which you chose the presents for us and packed them for us. Looking at the household assistance in the package, my heart just laughed, and our first searching glance always goes to the shortening tin. That is the most important thing, that which we need most of all. The next glance goes to the dried milk, for its nourishment. We don't get any milk, since too many cows have been slaughtered. Whatever there is of milk is only available for infants and for the Russians, and the tin of chocolate just the right thing for all of our little ones. And with all this talk about tins and packages I greeted them with great joy, but unfortunately for the most part they have disappeared into our stomachs. You were probably astonished that Mother in her letter to you spoke of a wish for herbs and spices. Perhaps you understand it better if I tell you that Mother's taste cannot stand all the ersatz stuff that we get now for the kitchen, and must use. She is so very happy to get the spices from you, and nothing is more dear to her. The wonderful white flour will be a great help for Heidi's 5<sup>th</sup> birthday, which we'll soon celebrate, and will be an occasion to make a cake from white flour. I can see now how my big and little house ghosts will enjoy that. We all of us have become a company of gluttons. Everything is now a matter of groceries, and foodstuffs, because generally the lack of food is so severe, and for us the Lords prayer, our daily bread, has a real meaning. But with every unhappiness there is a piece of good things. We have learned because of the difficult times, to be respectful of everything that God's goodness lets grow in the fields. Humans forget very quickly when the need has passed. The rubber rings for preserves are really wonderful. I have used quite a number of them. The letter you wrote to Bärbel (daughter Barbara) she liked very much. She is not a good writer, or otherwise she would have done it immediately. I can't make her do it because of my professional work. At the nursery school where our children are after school, Bärbel and Wolfram very carefully do their homework, but then they play with the other children, and really don't want to write anything extra, therefor they haven't written. When the children come home at night they have to do all their many chores, and then they are tired and

want to go to bed. I'm happy the children are well taken care of during the day. My own work takes all my time from 8 in the morning to 6 at night, only interrupted by a short lunch break, so there is little time for any other things. But the orthopedic work with school children, which the school doctor gives me, gives me much joy. In this respect doing the job is not painful for me. If only I had enough time for the family. That's what I am lacking. The children say to me, "Mother, you are never there" and that is true. Unfortunately, that is the way it is. I think that you with your farm don't complain about being bored, either. Your house must be in a beautiful neighborhood, and I am surely envious about your living close to a forest. We all love forests so much, forests and mountains. Our children have little opportunity to be close to animals because we live in our small town apartment. That I am sorry about. I don't even have rabbits for them. The children learn little about animals, and how to deal with animals. I hope to be able to change that some time or other. If we only we had peace. The war has been over for nearly three years, and there are still men away as prisoners of war and may not write home to their families. Where in that is the humanity and justice that is so much sung about. They are sacrificed to the golden calf. My children often ask me, "Won't father come back soon? Why doesn't he write? What does he look like?" What shall I tell them? Our yearning for peace is great, if only it could be stilled. But wish that our grandmother could have a peaceful and good end to her life. She will not be with us for long, weak as she is, and I need her practical advice still so much. We must hold still and wait what fate will bring. To illustrate our existence here, I'll send along some coupons of what we can get so you can see how much we get. This is for one adult and one child. Studying it could be worth your while.

And now, dear Ilse, we thank you and your family for your help. God help it that I can once return your favors. With best wishes for you and your family, greetings from your cousin, Liesbett.

The list from the enclosed coupons follows:

For Thekla, Liesbett's mother, daily

300 gms. Bread  
20 gms. Flour  
20 gms. Sugar  
20 gms. Meat  
10 gms Fat  
30 gms Marmalade  
125 gms Months ration of substitute coffee

For Wolfram – child's ration, daily

250 gm. bread  
20 gm. flour  
25 gm. sugar  
15 gm. meat  
10 gm. fat  
30 gm. marmalade

**January 15, 1951 – several letters from the children enclosed with one from Liesbett.**

Dear Aunt Ilse,

Thank you very much for the beautiful spinning top. It dances very nicely. We only realized that it can sing later. We often turn it on, and it dances for a long time. When it goes around you can't see the pictures on it. Jan. 2 school started again. It

has been thawing, and most people have cleared away the wet snow. I am now with a practice group. On Sunday afternoon we have practice. On Sunday we alternate between service for children and a service for the children who are to be confirmed, and I am now about to be confirmed, and I am now at practice. We are now in two groups. At Christmas time our church was very nicely decorated. It would be nice if you could send me a picture so I know what you look like. And now I wish you a happy New Year, and greetings from your grateful Wolfram

Dear Aunt Ilse,

Thank you very much for the colored pencils. I already drew with them, spring, summer, fall and winter. I don't take the pencils to school. I want to keep them. I like very much to draw. I have a lot of dolls in my dollhouse. I have so many that I don't have enough beds for them. Aunt Adelheid gave me a picture for my dollhouse. I have in my dollhouse a living room, a bedroom, and a kitchen.

With best greetings, yours, Heidi

**January 15, 1951**

My Dear Ilse,

You gave us much joy with the package you wrapped so much with love. It was a wonderful addition and conclusion of our Christmas time, and we felt as if it were once more Christmas Eve, with all its surprises and gifts. What wonderful things you found for us. We opened each little package with a lot of anticipation. Wolfram with typical boyish wisdom, told me that I shouldn't use the wonderful soap too much so I wouldn't use it up too fast. He himself finds washing superfluous. The blouse is wonderful in its material and color, almost too nice for me. Nevertheless I will wear it with pride. Bärbel was very enthusiastic about the coat. She will be allowed to wear it this spring. The girl has grown so big that nothing of her old things fits any more, and she looks raggedy. Unfortunately, I don't have much, so I am very grateful for every new piece that is fitting for the girl. Many stones have been lifted off my shoulders so by your helping, and Ilse, the coffee! I would like to give you a letter hug for this medicine if it were possible. It is a luxury, and again and again has revived my lagging spirits, and now, in addition, I can even have it sweet. Thank you very much for everything. In our life nothing has changed since last summer when I spoke with Suse. My work is very demanding, but I enjoy it, but often I also have a lot of worry. Just before Christmas I had seven horrible weeks, and after Christmas another 7 bad weeks seem to be ahead of me. After that I hope there will be 14 good weeks. I often have to think of your daughter Eva. What news do you have from her? We are still hoping for peace, and actually it doesn't matter whether we live in the east or west of Germany. My children are now completely occupied by their schoolwork. Wolfram, in addition to schoolwork will have 4 music lessons a week, which is a special honor for him. 90 of 2000 children were selected for this extra instruction, and he naturally is very proud. He will play recorder in the school orchestra, and later he is going to play the regular flute or a French horn. Heidi must wait another year before she can do her entrance examination for the music school. She is too young still. Bärbel unfortunately, is not eligible since she does not participate in the usual instruction. Her physical strength is quite variable. Her letter shows quite

clearly that not much can be expected of her on unfavorable days, then her hand doesn't write very well. Bärbel is very angry often about it, but she cannot do any better. In school, however, her teachers describe her as quite gifted. For the coming year of 1951 I send you and yours best greetings for all your wellbeing. I hope it will be a blessed year for you and yours.

Your cousin, Liesbett

**January 15, 1951**

Dear Aunt Ilse,

Many thanks for the wonderful pin. I like it very much. It was nice the package came shortly after Christmas. It was very good. We sang a lot. Wolfram is now in the music group. (Kurren davern?) He is very proud. Wolfram and Heidi go sledding a lot. They are very happy with it, but Wolfram also thinks it would be nicer if the snow were finally gone. Second of January school started again, and the two little ones, as they are now called, weren't happy about that at all. Today my school also started.

Thank you very much, your grateful Bärbel

## APPENDIX

### Franz Theodor Knauth

1803-1874

Franz Theodor Knauth was the founder of the banking-house known as Knauth, Nachod and Kühne. It had a branch in Leipzig, Germany, and in New York City, U.S.A., and for  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a century functioned in the business affairs in Europe and America. Franz Theodor Knauth was a resident of Leipzig, and a subject of the King of Saxony. He was also in his later years a citizen of the United States, and his family were residents of New York.

Theodor Knauth, the name he later went by, was born in 1803 in Gohlis, a village outside the city walls of Leipzig, but now a part of the much larger city of today. He was in one sense the “poor boy” of tradition, for he had no money of his own to start with, and he was brought up in very straitened circumstances. He did, however, come from a family both of means and social standing in the very stratified society of the time in Germany. His father, Carl Gottlob Knauth, came from Naumburg on the Saale, a small but important city. It was some thirty miles from Leipzig, a much larger place, the metropolis of central Germany, seat of a famous university, and the home of Johann Sebastian Bach and other notables. Carl’s father, Araham Knauth, was a wealthy merchant, whose firm of Knauth and Bretschneider occupied the ground floor of his own fine residence in Naumburg, and he was a typical example of the “Burgertum”, the bourgeois middle class which was such a characteristic feature of the prevailing social structure. Carl as the oldest son was destined for the ministry, much against his will, and sent to the university in Leipzig. There he found other attractions more congenial to him, billiards for one thing, and when he announced his intention to marry the daughter of the house he lived in, his father cast him off. His life from this time on was difficult, made more so when his father died, and his stepmother took command. He tried to make his way as a private tutor, in which his sister, married to a Leipzig merchant, did her best to help him, but he found the going hard. His son Theodor remembered that in those early days, the children were sometimes called upon to assist in coloring the illustrated programs that were brought out for festive occasions, “such as a gala display of fireworks, a public execution, or the like”. Then war broke out, and following the battle of Jena, Leipzig was occupied by the armies of Napoleon. The mother of the family, showing more initiative than her husband did, now opened a boarding-house for French and Polish officers, and things began to get a little better. In one way or another, the family struggled through.

Little Franz Theodor was ten years old at the time of the great battle of Leipzig, October 18, 1813, when Napoleon first met defeat at the hands of the European Allies. His father, in those days of crisis, lay sick with typhoid fever, and just as the battle reached its height, he died. “My father, during his long illness, never lost hope” his son recalled in his own old age, “and he even gave expression to his joy when during the days of fighting, he heard the thunder of artillery drawing ever nearer. Very correctly, he

took this as a sign that the French were being beaten and would probably soon be driven from the city. But at the entry of the Allies, to which my father had looked forward with such joyful anticipation, he was unhappily already taken from us by death”

So great was the confusion and disorder in the city that the family never could find out where the father had been buried. “On the 18<sup>th</sup> of October” Theodor’s account of the battle days continues, “the Prussians made their appearance in our street. I had found the shooting very interesting, and I went to the window to look, watching in particular a French soldier who stood behind a well, loading and firing without cessation, but before I could see what became of him, I was pulled away, and we all went to the stair-well, where we were safe from flying bullets; by this time, all our windows had been broken. As soon as the shooting stopped, we opened the front door, and my mother took from our remaining stores two baskets of apples, six bottles of wine, and a big loaf of bread, with which we regaled the Prussian Jagers passing by. The men were covered with dust and in need of some refreshment, and gratefully accepted what we had to offer, so far as they were able to express their feelings as they marched by. Corpses by the hundred lay in the street; marauders, both military and civilian, quickly began to relieve the dead of everything dispensable, and it was not long before their clothing and their underwear were gone. Some cut the covers off cartridge-boxes, and made them into shoe-soles. My own attention was especially attracted by gunpowder; this I filled into canteens, which I hid in the nearby Schneckenberg, and in time used up. My favorite sojourn was by the gallows, where I put up a target against a wall, so I could shoot at it without the risk of hitting people.”

When peace was at last restored after two years of an unsettled life, the family broke up, the older children going with their mother to her folks, while the two younger boys were taken in charge by the father’s family in nearby Naumburg. Theodor, now 12 ½ years old, and big enough to work, was apprenticed to Knauth & Bretschneider. There, living in the house of his late grandfather, and busy with the duties of a boy-of-all-work, he put in the next seven years. “Such things as folding paper bags, meting out raisins, and weighting coffee, I learned thoroughly,” he writes, “but in other branches of learning I fell far behind, and only later found an opportunity to acquire a little knowledge.” Then, in 1822, his uncle Heinrich Hüttner, husband of his father’s sister, the one who had stood by his father in his troubles, offered him a job in Leipzig in the firm of Dufour Freres & Cie, the branch there of an old silk-exporting house in Lyons, France. Beginning as a copyist at a yearly salary of 200 Thalers, he spent another seven years in Leipzig in office work, occasionally accompanying the great covered wagon that hauled three thousand pounds of silk goods to the fairs at Braunschweig and other centers, or making deliveries to customers at a distance. Then, as business fell off in Leipzig, he went to the head office of the firm in Lyons as a correspondent, bookkeeper, and cashier. He learned French ways and people, and came to know the language perfectly.

His stay in Lyons was not to be for long. The house of Dufour had connections in London as well as on the Continent, and here the young man from Leipzig found a new and interesting opportunity. We can let him tell about it, for it proved to be a turning

point in his career. "In 1830," so he writes, engaged by Dufour at a yearly salary of 1,000 dollars and free board and lodging I went by way of Paris, Le Havre and New York to Mexico, to the newly established firm of Lewis A. Besson & Co., and there I stayed until 1834 when Mr. Besson died, and Mr. William Leaf in London, a special partner in the firm, ordered me to liquidate the business and return to him in London, to the firm of William Leaf, Crofts & Co. The voyage from Vera Cruz to Le Havre took almost three months, for our ship, "El Aguila Mejicana," Captain Lamotte-Duportail, was delayed by contrary winds and almost constant stormy weather, and we lay for twenty days in Havana, taking on coffee. I enjoyed my stay there, but found it a drain on my resources. Out of consideration for Mr. Leaf, who had already lost about 5,000 pounds in the Mexican venture, which been too short a time in business to develop properly, I had not drawn my salary either on the voyage out nor on my return, and I therefore arrived in London almost penniless. I came to regret my liberality, for Leaf, Crofts & Co. dealt ill with me. Mr. Leaf's real reason for undertaking the venture had been to let him figure as a "merchant" and enable him to enter Parliament, to which as a "jobber", his actual profession, he could not aspire. The fact that he was also implicated in a smuggling affair, rumored to have cost him a fine of 27,000 Lst., added a further touch of bitterness, and made him impossible as an M.P. His firm was really a hot-house product, and when its true purpose proved a delusion, it faded out. When I entered it, I was promised 300 pounds a year; the other employees were paid their wages monthly, but in my case they let two months go by without paying me anything, and when I finally demanded payment, they gave me only half. Of course I quit at once, but because of my sarcastic remarks, and also perhaps out of deference to Dufour, they gave me half the difference. I went back to Leipzig to Dufour, and from there to Lyons, where I served as cashier. After a year in this position, I returned to Leipzig."

What Theodor Knauth acquired in his thirteen years' association with Dufour was a thorough understanding of its business, (merchandise distribution and its ally, banking), a considerable knowledge of foreign parts, and a fluent command of French, Spanish and English in addition to his native German. He was quadrilingual, and equally at home in all four languages, and among those who spoke them. At 32, he was well qualified to rise to the heights of his profession, and he had the interest and support of his uncle, Heinrich Hüttner, head of the Leipzig office of Dufour, who, nearing 70, was getting ready to retire. The time was also fortunate, for Germany was undergoing its industrial revolution. New industries were being planned, and factories were being built, especially in Saxony, which was centrally located and had water power. One of the first German railroads was built, and Leipzig was a terminal. He was, therefore, on the spot where big things were being started.

When he returned to Leipzig after his experience in Mexico, he found that business with Dufour was flourishing. The firm was doing a commission business, not only in Germany, but in France and Italy, and also in the United States. The historic "Messe", the Leipzig Trade Fair, was attracting buyers from across the Atlantic Ocean, where an interest was awakening in German manufactures. The time, following the "July Revolution" in Paris in 1830, which shook the hold of the ruling classes and favored the rise of businessmen, was a time of peace, with no major wars in prospect.

A spirit of enterprise and liberty was in the air. People began to move about and try new things, not the least in Germany, and in the United States.

Theodor Knauth continued in Leipzig with Dufour, as a buyer of hosiery, laces, and "Thibet cloth", a fine woolen material then much in vogue, as a correspondent and as an invoice clerk, at the somewhat meager salary of 600 Thalers yearly. Then, one fine day, a young American made his appearance at the office of Dufour. His name was Samuel Appleton Storrow, and as this indicates, he came from Boston. He had with him a sheaf of orders, and letters of credit to back them up. In Theodor Knauth he found a man who not only knew the business and the German markets, but who spoke English, and together they set out to tour the manufacturers and the various German trade fairs. So well did they get along that they joined forces, and with the blessing of uncle Heinrich Hüttner and perhaps his financial support as well, they took over the Leipzig business of Dufour. They came out on their own, and founded the firm of Knauth & Storrow. The date, March 11, 1839, was the actual birth date of Knauth, Nachod & Kühne, but the business of Dufour, which they took over, went back a couple of centuries before that time. A very old establishment, whose time was running out, came into their hands, and gave the basis for a new one. The new firm was a success from the beginning.

Mr. Storrow, incidentally, was not the only Bostonian to settle down in Germany at that time. A certain Andrew Thorndike did the same thing in Berlin, married into a German family, and his descendants, of the same name, are still to be found there, now wholly German.

But Mr. Storrow died in 1842. Three years was all the time the partners had together, and the blow must have been a hard one for the survivor, coming as it did just as he was getting married. He carried on alone for three years, and then took in his brother-in-law, Gustav Moritz Esche, as a partner, changing the name to Knauth & Esche. In 1848, the year of revolution all over Europe, he lost his wife. His business continued prosperous, however, so much so as to lead him to open an office in New York, the first German firm to do so. He sent over Friedrich Kühne, a young man who had recently come into the office, and Mr. Kühne opened an office at 18 Liberty Street as a "Commission Merchant".

Ten years by now had passed since Theodor Knauth had gone into business for himself, and he had done well. At forty-six, a widower with three small children, his business was, if anything, too small. Both in his home life and the office he needed more assistance. Great things were in the making at that time, for though the revolution itself had been suppressed, the hold of German rulers had been badly shaken. The German people demanded unity, and the two leading states, Austria and Prussia, were each of them willing to take the lead in a union of all the German states, provided the other one withdrew. The struggle continued for twenty years, during which time the country prospered greatly. In the thirty years of peace following Napoleon's defeat, railroads had spread all over Europe, and with them came good communications between the peoples everywhere, news papers and journals of every kind, and mail

communications. Banks were created, customs frontiers abolished, travel and trade made easier. Factories were being built, and country folk were moving to the cities. Almost overnight, Leipzig became a metropolis. Only in the very highest circles, among the royalties and the countless grand dukes and princes, was there no change.

In the United States, similar changes were taking place, though the conditions there were wholly different from those in Europe. After the war with Mexico in 1846, where the United States had been the smaller of the two contestants, its territory stretched clear to the Pacific Ocean, and it was almost empty. To build this up, settlers were needed, and as the news became known to Europeans, would-be emigrants began to stir. American demand for manufactured goods was always strong, far more than England could supply, which gave great opportunities to German factories. England's interest was mainly in the South, from which came the cotton on which her industries depended. Germans were more interested in the northern states, however, and in the growing middle-west, and it was this that led Theodor Knauth to open an office in New York. It is hard to be specific, but there was no doubt that, as a general proposition, America offered great opportunities to a German businessmen.

In 1850 Theodor Knauth married for the second time Elizabeth Fanny Steyer, (born 1830 – died 1907), who came from Naumburg. She was 27 years his junior. In November, with his wife and his children by his first wife, and his wife's younger sister to help along, he set out for New York, to see how Mr. Kühne there was doing. They stayed for nearly two years, during which he took out his own first papers to become a citizen, and in which time his son Percival was born. By the time he returned to Leipzig in the summer of 1852, the terms of new partnership arrangements were settled in his mind. His partner Esche was to retire, whether willingly or not we do not know, and in his place Jacob Nachod, head bookkeeper in Leipzig since the days of Dufour, was to come in. Nachod was a Jew, with a banking background, but Jews had recently been freed in Germany to associate with anyone they pleased, and his banking connections would be a real advantage to the firm. In New York, Friedrich Kühne would also become a partner, and the name of the firm would be Knauth Nachod & Kühne, a fine resounding title not easily forgotten. He himself would be free to travel and keep an eye on his two houses.

The new firm was established and sent out its circulars on August 1, 1852. To document his new position and to take his place among the business leaders of the city of Leipzig, where he had begun so modestly thirty years before, Herr Konsul Knauth (for that was what he was now, consul for the German state of Baden and for the island of Granada off South America) built himself a fine new house to hold his growing family, and they all moved in at Christmas in 1854. He and his partners squared away to meet their new responsibilities, and nothing notable happened to them for fifty years. Their firm grew steadily to real importance, and they all lived comfortably and well, and year by year they tucked away an addition to their capital, a typical example of a successful business as it was supposed to be.

**This biography of Franz Theodor Knauth has been taken, with a few changes and additions, from A BANKING RETROSPECT, which was written about 1959 by his grandson (Percival's son) Theodore W. Knauth, born 1885, died 1962.**