



Agnes v.Glehn 1882	Alice v.Glehn 1909	Andreas v.Glehn 2000	Christian Luther 1917	Edmund A v.Glehn 1875
Edmund T.v.Glehn 1860	Emmy v.Glehn 1930	Erwin Bernhard 1930	Renate Epinatieff 1991	Felix v.Glehn 1930
Ferdinand Luther 1927	F.Justinus Luther 1895	Gerda Luther 1960	Margarethe v.Glehn1960	Holger Luther 1955
Lars C. Luther 1956	Margarethe Luther 1930	Margarethe M.v.Glehn 1910	Romo v.Glehn 1915	Senta Bernhard 1955
Winfred Bernhard 1998	Walther v.Glehn 1915	Glehn Child 1845	Emilie v.Glehn 1843	Mathilde V.Bernhard 1900

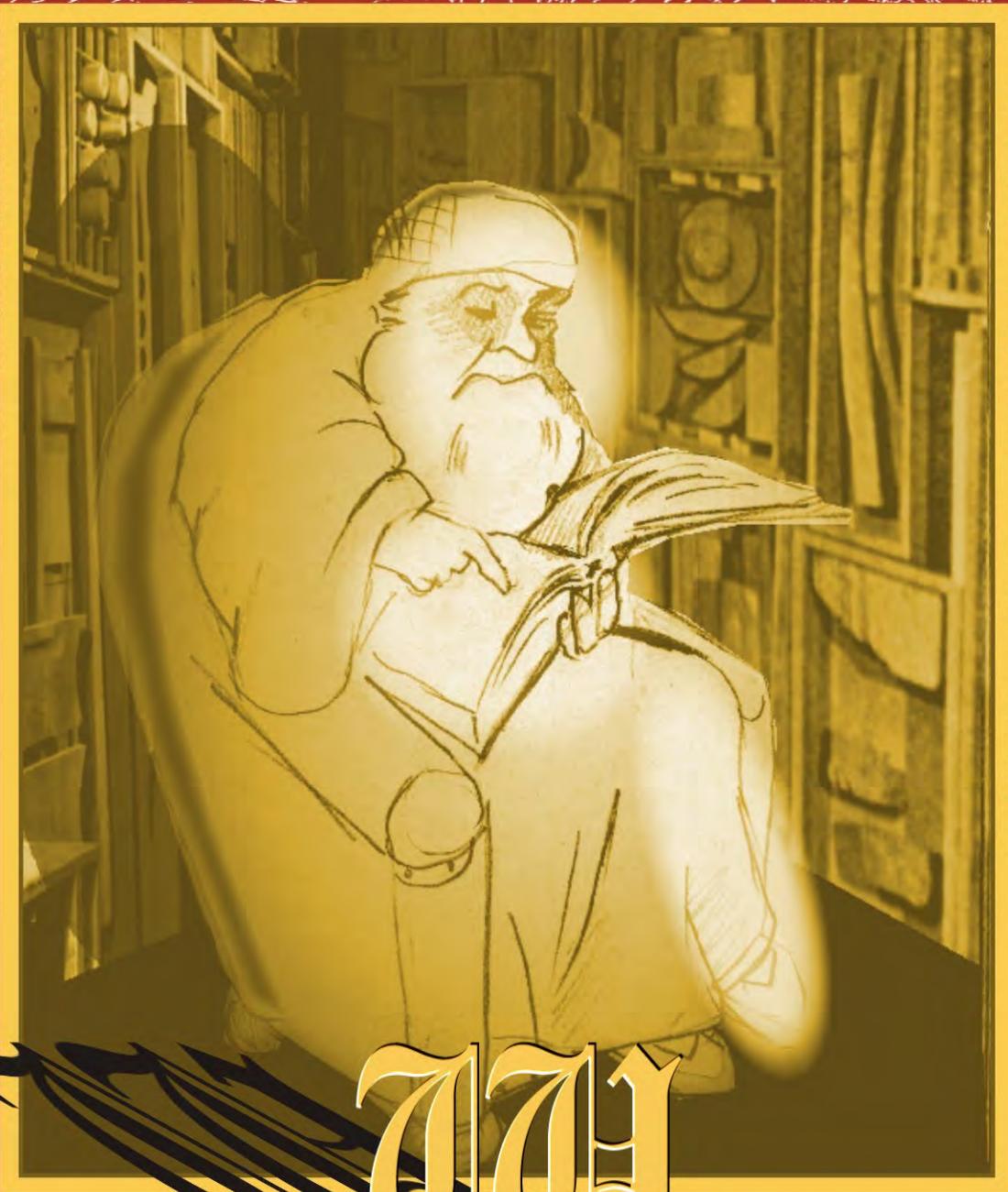
Family Book

Stories of the Luther and von Glehn Families

by Lars C Luther



1/15/2018 - . . . noddng by the fire . . .



When you
Are old and grey and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire
Take down this book and slowly
Read...

11/9/2010

Why would I be thinking that any reader of “My Family Book” is an old bearded man? I shouldn’t be, because my crystal ball is very cloudy. You may not even be holding a “book” by the time you are reading this! You may have downloaded a file from a cloud memory onto your handheld reading pad or something even weirder. Even if you are not an old man with a white beard, keep on going; I would love that.

The quote, by the way, is from a poem by W. Butler Yeats; go on – Google it. I had read a lot of German 19th century poetry in my teens and only after learning enough English at Marietta College did I begin to read and appreciate the wonderful world of English poetry.

If you are reading this, I hope that you are curious enough to take a little while to browse. Maybe you would like to get an idea about why my parents chose to emigrate to the U.S. Or maybe you would like to see a photo of your great grandparents, to look for a resemblance or know what they did for a living. Let me help you. Here is a bunch of photos and drawings: you pick one, and I will tell you what you are seeing to the best of my knowledge. The past century was hard on my family and so much has been lost to war and repeated migrations from country to country and much has been forgotten.

I started to write and illustrate the pages in this collection around 1995, when I got my first computer drawing program, called “Altamira”. I immediately fell in love with the lady Altamira, but realized soon that I would have to upgrade my computer to make use of her full potential. That, of course, led to upgrading the software. In 1997 I got my version 8 of “Corel Draw” and slowly began learning to use it. I had so much fun making frames for my family photographs or drawings, building them up from little snatches of scanned ornamental art. And now it is 2013, and I am still obtaining old photographs from friends and family and even a diary from my great-grandmother and learning from them about my parents and their ancestors and thus have an excuse to make more pages. The computer has helped me to find family members who then sent data and photos, and it also helped me to unearth family history. The exciting story of Edmund T. v. Glehn’s artist’s life in Munich came to life for me due to a tip from a Kaulbach scholar in Germany. And only by relentlessly querying Wikipedia and its Estonian and Russian versions about a Russian architect, my great grandfather Rudolph v. Bernhard whom we did not know much about, did I finally come to the sad realization, that, during a week’s stay in Tallinn, I had walked right past one of the churches he had helped design.

While I was writing, some people in my parents’ generation sent me their biographies. There was Lotte, my mother’s foster sister, who asked me to translate hers and put it on the computer. Hein Hoffmann, my uncle, sent me his story: “Remembrances of an Estonian”. Very impressive both of them: regular narratives progressing neatly through the years; I learned a lot of good stuff there. Then there was the “History of the Family Koch”, a collection of unrelated stories about Koch family members by various contributors, friends and relatives. This format I found to be more to my liking; my mother used it also to tell stories about various family members. Writing and illustrating two-page stories one at a time without worrying about how each is going to impact the other pages in the collection, was the only way to go for me, because I acquired material randomly and because I had so much to learn. There were so many errors in my understanding of what had gone on before my time, that I often was forced to revisit stuff I thought I was done with in order to correct the spelling of names, to change dates, and sometimes even to throw out everything I had written, because I had been misled by my own or other people’s imaginations.

I am exceedingly grateful for all the help I have received from my daughter Molly (Margarethe) who has both the interest in family history and the technical skill to transfer my stories from the “Grandpa Box” to the “Cloud” where it can be easily accessed by a large circle of relatives and friends, and where they will be safe from fires and floods. She has put many, many hours of work into this endeavor and I have been glad for her insight and helpful editorial suggestions.

2/18/07

While this book carries the title "Family Book" on the spine, it doesn't say there that its author is Lars C. Luther. You would find this out soon enough if you kept on reading, but maybe I, this Lars C. Luther, should mention this fact right at the beginning. I don't look at all like the old man in the picture and I hope you don't either; I never have suffered facial hair to grow on me. But I liked the quote, which comes from a poem by W.B. Yeats, and thought the old man in the poem would have to be a Santa Claus type.

This idea of not ever having to finish and be done with it was more or less clearly in my mind even when I started it. "It's an ongoing project", I have always told my wife. I find that I have to keep going back to pages I wrote long ago for revisions because something there was wrong or badly expressed, and I can do this because the project is not all wrapped up. I also felt that if I had done what most self-respecting people do when they write an autobiography, which is to begin at the beginning and to proceed chronologically, I might lose you very promptly. I am not an author who can spellbind his reader; I feel the need to coax him along with interesting pictures and short text

sections: reader snacks, so to speak. And so this collection of pages is not a book, despite its name. You, the reader, can read willy-nilly here or there, choosing whatever might catch your interest.

The drawback with this presentation is that I often end up repeating myself and also that you may have to search randomly and furiously to find something that you want to re-read. Old versions of this collection won't agree exactly with newer ones.

My mother told me repeatedly: "Dumb goose that I am, I should have listened more closely to what my grandmother was telling me while she was still alive". Even though she felt she hadn't learned anyway near enough about her grandma's life at the Czar's court, she had plenty to tell, which she did in her "Family History" which is included here; I have even in some cases been able to verify and amplify her stories. I hope you get a chance to read them.

A couple of clarifying points: I have entered most of my family into a genealogy program called *Family Tree Maker 2005* which is on my computer. My mother was Margarethe Maria (von Glehn) Luther; we called her Mutti or just Mu. My father was Ferdinand Paul Martin Luther; he was called Fred or Freddi; we called him Vä. They both came from the capital of Estonia, Reval, and I was born there. Reval is now called Tallinn.



February 2017 – In 2007 I refer to my “Va-book”. Molly managed to put most of this material on the Internet on a site she called Halmalu (after Janet’s parents, Hal and Alma, and the Luthers). Since then I’ve made dozens of albums with different titles and somewhat different contents. Now Janet has gone through and edited this material and included it all in just two albums: *Family Book* and *Stories of a Lucky Man*. The former is mainly about my ancestors, the Luther and von Glehn families; the latter is about my life.

So now, ten years later, Molly has a new challenge!

3/2/2007

Dear Molly,

Here finally is a revised version of my Digital “**Va-book**”. I am so pleased that you are interested in this old and even ancient stuff. I know eventually all of you, my children, will be, but I think that maybe most people don’t develop such a feeling for the past until much later in their lives, when they are less concerned with the present. I myself certainly didn’t.

As you probably know, in the Va-book I have stuck to a one-page format consisting of a front and back page. The front page is usually a picture (.jpg) and the back is a text (.doc). Please look for either one of two (identical) Excel files (xls): “KEY-VABOOK” or “Vabook-pics” in the folder called Vabook with sub-folders: “**images**” and “**texts**”. They show for each page which picture goes with which text; at least as of now. There are more texts than images because some pages have text on both front and back.

I have added about 15 pp since the last disc I sent you. Relatives have been good about sending me wonderful photos, some of which I had never seen before. So feel free to look around in “materials” and “relatives”. If you see a photo you want to know more about, please tell me, maybe I can make one or more pages then. One of the reasons I sent you all the extra stuff, is that it will not be lost, if anything should happen to our house, like e.g. a fire. Also if you should like to look in any of the other files, such as “memoir”, “letters” or “misctexts”, please to do that.

Love, Dad

My family lived in
Reval, Estonia,
when I was born



My family book is meant to have something for the browser as well as the curious reader with a question or two. It started out with only the vague intent to help rescue my very modest and reticent father from total oblivion. He died before any of his great grandchildren (you?) were born. But as I worked on it and gathered information and pictures from relatives, I began to feel that here was a chance for you and me and maybe others to gain some perspective on the family in terms of individuals, generations and even strings of generations. Things repeat themselves! Thus 250 years ago some of our ancestors left their homes in Wroclaw (in what is now Poland) and the Lausitz region in what is now eastern Germany and set out for Estonia. Whether they were attracted by opportunity or fleeing political or religious oppression is not clear, but they left their homeland, houses, families, work places, and friends for the unknown. While their displacement appears small on the map, this was a big decision. There were no phones, radio, or newspapers then to keep in touch or to prepare for the new. Even letters were not for common folk, being expensive and hand carried by travelers.

Six generations and 200 years later homelessness happened again in my family. My parents had to get away from Estonia in 1939; the alternative was death or deportation to Russia. And they only had one week to pack their things. They had no choice but to go to Germany with all the other people of German extraction in Estonia. My mother had grown up there, so it was not as foreign to her as to my father. But the loss of home, extended family, friends, and workplace was terrible for both of them. The collapse of the German nation at the end of WW II left them in a strange part of Germany, facing hunger, poverty and hostility. They saw no future there and just wanted to get out. My mother remembered the name of her cousin in the USA and wrote to her. Tante Senta responded with kindness and eagerness to help. I will always remember her with gratitude. After a long struggle we were allowed to immigrate to the USA.

My parents found much happiness here and met many wonderful and helpful people, but they, especially my father, never felt at home here as they had in Estonia. My brother and I had not been emotionally attached to any country and loved the opportunities we found; we could make ourselves at home anywhere. But that is not the same as being an American. I think it may take a hundred years for a family to be emotionally embedded in a land or a city the way my family was in Tallin. You might hear your boss say: "I knew your grandpa, we went to school together." Or somebody points out a house to you, where your great grandfather used to live. However, with today's mobility can this kind of thing ever happen again? Will someone in the future really feel rooted in some part of the States? Will someone have to pull up stakes once again? I hope he won't, but if he does, may he know about the past.

My Ancestors in Germany and in Estonia

Luther

von Glehn

Mickwitz

Bernhard

First Name	Birth date		First Name	Birth date		First Name	Birth date		First Name	Birth date	
Daniel	1574	C	Peter	1568							
Georg F. II	1602	B	Peter	1592	B	Jakob II					
Georg F. III	1636	B	Heinrich	1639	B	Friedrich	1659	T			
Phillip W.	1683	B	Peter	1679	B	Christoph F. I	1696	P			
Georg C.	1717	B	Adrian F.	1707	B	Christoph F. II	1743	P			
Christian W.	1774	B	Peter G.	1753	B	Justus J.	1786	P	Gotthilf B.	1782	P
Alexander M.	1810	B	Edmund T.	1800	D	Justus E.	1812	F	Rudolph	1818	A
Ferdinand J.	1838	P	Edmund A.	1841	B	Alexander A.	1848	E	Erwin G.	1852	A
A. M. Christian	1878	B	Felix	1879	B	Gerda E. M.*	1881		Margarethe M.	1879	
Ferdinand P. M.	1907	B	Margarethe M.	1909							
Lars C.	1936	E									

*born in Helsinki

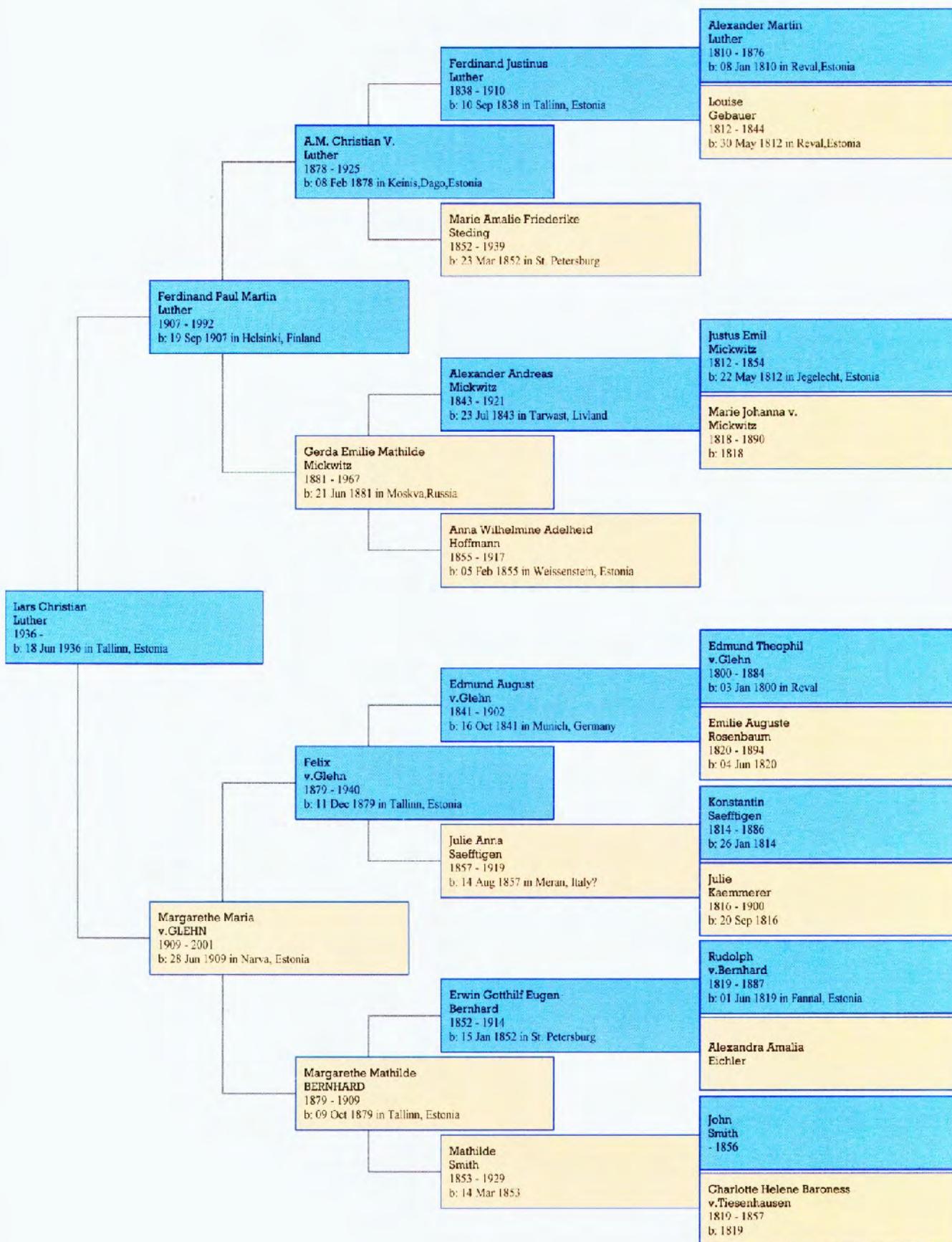
- A Architect
- B Businessman
- C Clerk
- D Doctor
- E Engineer
- F Farmer
- P Pastor
- T Teacher

blue: born in Estonia

yellow: born in Germany

Note: It is of course a great simplification to say that our ancestors came from Germany and moved to Estonia. Neither of these countries existed back then. It would be more correct to say that our ancestors were Germans living in various regions of Central Europe and that they moved to a province of Imperial Russia.

Ancestors of Lars Christian Luther



Standard Pedigree Tree

FERDINAND JUSTINUS LUTHER

b: 10 Sep 1838 in Tallinn, Estonia
m: 22 Feb 1869 in Sasykino, Russia
d: 03 Aug 1910 in Tallinn, Estonia

A.M. CHRISTIAN V. LUTHER

b: 08 Feb 1878 in Keinis, Dago, Estonia
m: 30 May 1905 in Tallinn, Estonia
d: 03 Mar 1925 in Tallinn, Estonia

MARIE AMALIE FRIEDERIKE STEDING

b: 23 Mar 1852 in St. Petersburg
d: 04 Dec 1939 in Stettin, Germany

FERDINAND PAUL MARTIN LUTHER

b: 19 Sep 1907 in Helsinki, Finland
m: 11 Jul 1935 in Tallinn, Estonia
d: 19 Aug 1992 in 1483 Saucan Meadow Ct,
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

ALEXANDER ANDREAS MICKWITZ

b: 23 Jul 1843 in Tarwast, Livland
m: 17 Jul 1877 in Moskva
d: 28 Feb 1921 in Helsinki, Finland

GERDA EMILIE MATHILDE MICKWITZ

b: 21 Jun 1881 in Moskva, Russia
d: 11 Jan 1967 in Liebenburg, Germany

ANNA WILHELMINE ADELHEID HOFFMANN

b: 05 Feb 1855 in Weissenstein, Estonia
d: 02 Sep 1917 in Helsinki, Finland

LARS CHRISTIAN LUTHER

b: 18 Jun 1936 in Tallinn, Estonia
m: 23 Jan 1980 in Kensington, Maryland
d:

EDMUND AUGUST V. GLEHN

b: 16 Oct 1841 in Munich, Germany
m: 18 Oct 1878 in St. Petersburg, Russia
d: 21 Jun 1902 in Tallinn, Estonia

FELIX V. GLEHN

b: 11 Dec 1879 in Tallinn, Estonia
m: 01 Dec 1908 in Tallinn, Estonia
d: 25 Mar 1940 in Waldenburg, Germany

JULIE ANNA SAEFFTIGEN

b: 14 Aug 1857 in Meran, Italy?
d: 27 Dec 1919 in Gdansk (Danzig)

MARGARETHE MARIA V. GLEHN

b: 28 Jun 1909 in Narva, Estonia
d: 28 Dec 2001 in Phoebe Home,
Richlandtown, PA

ERWIN GOTTHILF EUGEN BERNHARD

b: 15 Jan 1852 in St. Petersburg
m: in St. Petersburg
d: 12 Apr 1914 in Tallinn, Estonia

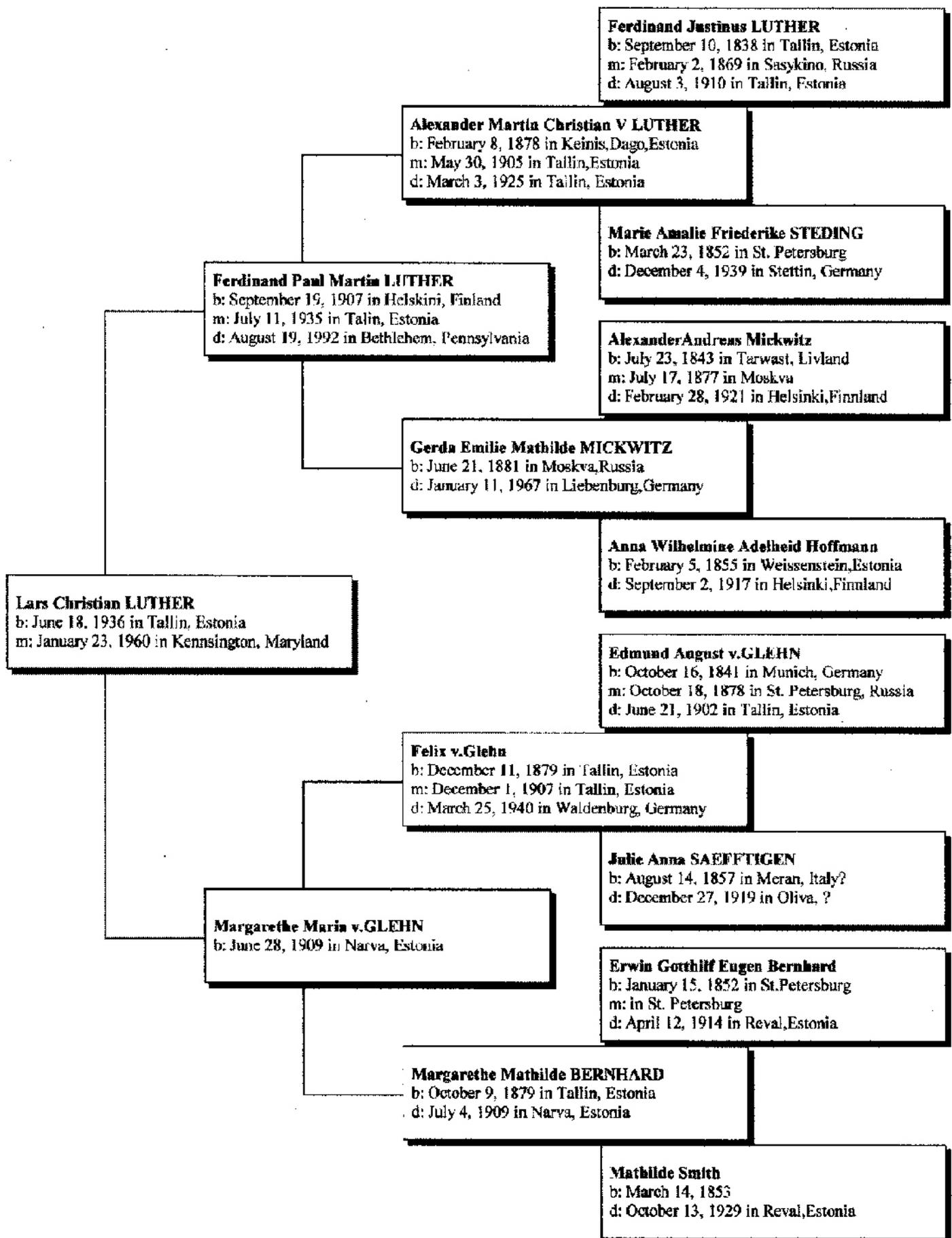
MARGARETHE MATHILDE BERNHARD

b: 09 Oct 1879 in Tallinn, Estonia
d: 04 Jul 1909 in Narva, Estonia

MATHILDE SMITH

b: 14 Mar 1853
d: 13 Oct 1929 in Tallinn, Estonia

Ancestors of Lars Christian LUTHER





FELIX VON GLEHN



A.M. CHRISTIAN LUTHER



MARGARETHE M. VON GLEHN
NEE BERNHARD



GERDA E.M. LUTHER
NEE HOFFMANN

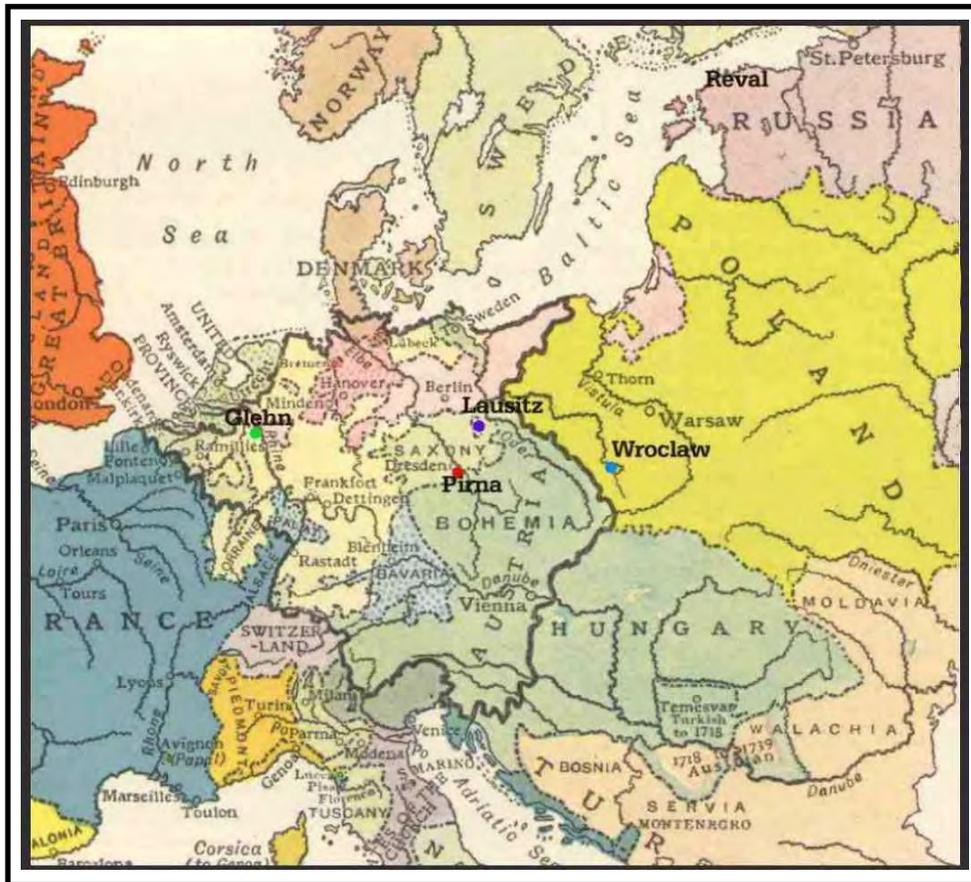


MARGARETHE M. LUTHER
NEE VON GLEHN



FERDINAND P.M. LUTHER

EUROPE 1715



Three of my four grandparental families came to Reval (now called Tallinn, Estonia) from Central Europe, and they probably came after the Russians had taken Estonia away from the Swedes in 1710. This happened at the same time as the plague was killing more than 15,000 people in Reval including most ministers and doctors. The town only recovered slowly over several generations. The fourth family, the **von Glehns** probably came from a small town called Glehn in the Rhineland. The first von Glehn in Estonia was Heinrich, who came in 1637. While **Mickwitzes** go back as far as 1583, to Simon Mickwitz of Lubinaw in the Lausitz region of what is now eastern Germany, the first Mickwitz in Estonia was Christoph Friederich I, according to a book called: “Stammtafeln nicht immatrikulierter Baltischer Adelsgeschlechter” by Alfred von Hansen, 1933. **Luthers** emigrated from Wroclaw (now Breslau in Poland) when Georg Christian Luther did not like the 1742 takeover of his homeland by the Prussians and moved to Reval. The **Bernhards** believe that their ancestors lived in Pirna near Dresden possibly as late as 1775 and that a minister by the name of Bernhard(t) came from there to Estonia one or two generations before Rudolph Bernhard who was born in Estonia in 1819.

2/14/2019

Different Worlds

Mutti had handwritten this in German. Lars has translated it into English.

For a long time I have hesitated to write about our experiences and our life in Reval. Or should I take them with me to my grave. Who would read about these stories of flights, pursuits and Bolsheviks? So much has been written about it. Why should I add more to it? The world in which I once lived has disappeared forever; it doesn't exist anymore. But maybe it will be interesting to one of our descendants to learn from which strange world we have come.

“The beautiful people” here are quite different from us. We really came right out of the medieval times –the city tradesmen guilds and vassals, i.e., those who made an oath of fealty to a king or a Kaiser, which counted more than nationality. The country barons had their ruling nobility. All I know is that the ruling nobility was chosen. Their cities had their mayors. Both of these kinds of leaders acted out of duty and without pay. Next to the mayor were the city counselors who apparently were chosen from only certain families. Our Glehns were such a family. Our relatives, the Kochs, were also such a family. The free merchants (not servants) belonged to the Hanseatic League. They formed a club, the Schwärzhaupter Brotherhood [*black head club – a kind of fraternity*], which was called this because the patron of the merchants was St. Mauritius who was an African Negro. Why that was so I can't say. Then there was the Grosse Gilde [*big guild*] to which the most capable and knowledgeable were elected. (Uncle Erwin Bernhard was elected to the Grosse Gilde.)

The still unmarried sons of merchants belonged to the Schwärzhaupter Brotherhood. At first hired help did not belong in that club, but later on, when the club needed more money, they were allowed to join, at which time they would take anyone who could pay. Thus the quality sank under zero because of all the riff-raff who joined. That happened in about 1929 when I returned to Reval. The tradesmen had their own guild, the Kanute Gilde. They were not highly esteemed,

and those in society had nothing to do with them socially. Many “Germanicized” Estonians were among them. The lowest social order consisted of Estonians. (I am ashamed to write this, but we still lived in the Middle Ages.) Another class consisted of the literati, primarily the pastors, who, in our society, had a university education. The doctors, the pharmacists and some teachers – those were the people who sat in reserved spaces in the restaurants where they congregated in the evenings in order to discuss things. In the university city of Dorpat (now Tartu in Latvia) all teachers also belonged to the literati, however, they had a higher standing than those in Reval, as I understand it. There were two schools in Reval: first, the Ritter- and the Domschule [*Knight’s and Church school*] was for the aristocrats who were not home-schooled and the government worker’s children and other patricians. (*The richest people would, of course, have tutors teach their children at home.*) The second school was the Real Schule [*a vocational school*] where the “little people” went. In the Domschule Greek and Latin were taught; in the Realschule English and French. Because of the Russification, Russian was taught in both schools, later on, also Estonian. But that happened only after the First World War.

In daily life one had to adhere to one’s social class. The aristocrats danced in the “Aktien club”, ordinary citizens danced in the Schwarzhäupter Club. Later on, in my time, these distinctions were relaxed. I’ve danced, for instance, only in the Aktien club because Uncle Erwin thought that the Schwarzhäupter Club was too uncouth. I was there once and I thought it was disgusting. The festivities had been so nice – as it said in the newspaper – that women’s panties were found on staircases. Once was enough for me – never again.

Tallinn's Social Structure

(material found on the Internet)

Unlike the ethnic structure of the rural population, where the manor houses and vicarages formed tiny German islands in the surrounding sea of Estonians, the Germans had a majority in the towns. As late as the first half of the 19th century, 40–50% of the town population was German while 30–40% was Estonian, and the percentage of other nations 10.

Throughout the period, a strict social structure was maintained in Estonia. From the demographic point of view, the Estonian population in 1782 was divided according to social class as follows: nobility 0.6%; the clergy, townspeople, and other free people 4.2% (excluding the Swedish 'free peasants' of the coast and islands, resident since the 13th century); peasants, of whom most were serfs, 95.2%. The split between social classes in Estonia was further deepened by the virtual coincidence of the borders between social class and nationality. The most important category in determining one's social allegiance was the differentiation *Deutsch* and *Undeutsch*.

The first comprised the German nobility, intelligentsia, or *litterati* — as this relatively homogeneous social group could be called in the Russian Baltic provinces — merchants and artisans. The total proportion of Germans was 3–5%. The somewhat disparaging label *Undeutsch* referred to the Estonian and Latvian peasants and the lower ranks of townspeople. But neither the Estonians nor the Baltic Germans formed a separate integral national group in that pre-national era. Nobility quite clearly reigned supreme over other Baltic Germans, primarily because of its lands and political privileges.

8/19/1998

Brief Biography of Margaret M. Luther (by her son, Lars C. Luther)

Margarethe Maria von Glehn was born to Felix and Maria von Glehn in Narwa, Estonia on June 28 1909. Her mother died in childbirth. Margaret, as she called herself when she became a US citizen, was raised by her aunts Alice and Agnes and lived with her father in Reval, (now Tallinn) Estonia. Her grandfather was the American consul in Reval. She remembers walking as a little girl to the house of her grandmother Bernhard near the towers of the old city gate in the medieval town.

When the Russian Revolution came in 1917, her family fled to Germany and broke up. She came to live with the Loefflers in Zigahnen (an estate in East Prussia, now Poland) and was raised by them together with their daughter, Liselotte (Lotte) of the same age. Lotte's aunt, who had studied art, gave the girls their first art lessons. Margaret finished high school there and then returned to Estonia, where she was adopted by her uncle Erwin Bernhard. In Reval she worked at a Ford car dealership and took some drawing lessons at night. She met Ferdinand (Fred) P.M. Luther and married him in July 1935 and lived for four happy years in Noemme, a suburb of Reval. Fred loved to sail and they would often go on weekends to Walküll, a country place by the shore of the Baltic Sea. Their first son, Lars, was born in 1936.

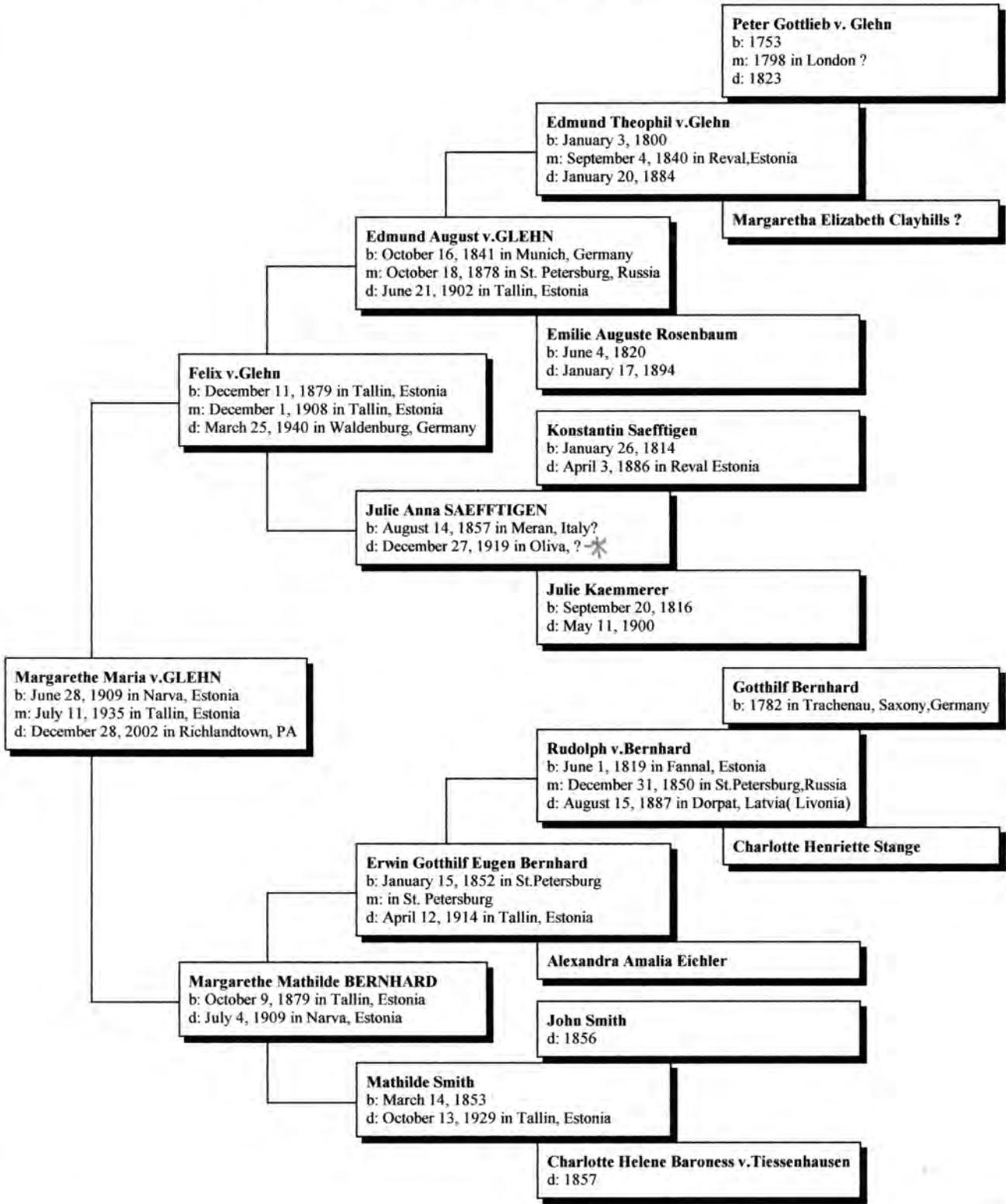
In 1939 their life was shattered. Hitler and Stalin divided up the Baltic states and Poland between them and brutally moved people to suit their plans. Fred and Margaret were told in September that they had one week to pack their things and that they would be moved to Eastern Germany. They came to Gdansk and in 1940 Holger was born. Margaret nearly died from an embolism that year. Fred was drafted by the German army in 1941 as an interpreter and went to war in Russia. In the winter of 1945 the Russian army swept across Germany and Margaret and her two children fled to safety in the West of Germany. There after months of anguish the family was reunited with Fred, who found Margaret at the home of Lotte v. Cardinal in Glücksburg, Germany. There was no money to pay the rent and very little to eat. Margaret found work with an artist who made and sold gifts and souvenirs. Soon Fred and Margaret set up their own craft shop and she began to cut portrait silhouettes professionally. Gradually she extended her range to flower pictures and Madonnas. She refined her talent and created a clientele and had exhibits in Germany and Denmark.

Fred and Margaret applied for immigration to the US already in 1947, but it did not come about until 1955. A cousin of Margaret's, Senta Bernhard, who taught at Marietta College, sponsored the family. Margaret and Fred lived in Marietta, Ohio for about fifteen years. She worked at the public library and ran a very successful story hour program really thrilling the kids by giving them small paper cutouts of the characters of the stories she told them. All the while the silhouettes kept pouring out, mostly garden and wild flowers, but also religious and mythical subjects. Fred worked at a local plant as a carpenter and made frames for her pictures.

In 1970 they moved to Philadelphia at the invitation of the Lutheran Church to work at the Glen Foerd estate; Fred as a gardener, Margaret as a guide for the many visitors who came to see the mansion. There they discovered, cared for, and displayed many art treasures, which the original owner, Mrs. Foerderer, had collected. In 1978 they retired to Basking Ridge, NJ, living in a senior citizen complex, Ridge Oak. Margaret continued cutting silhouettes and Fred did carvings in wood and bone. Both of them sold many of their creations and some of their faithful clients drove out to Basking Ridge to buy them.

Fred died in 1992 and Margaret was invited by Lotte, her childhood companion, to live with her in Ottawa, Canada. Together they went to many concerts there. At that time Margaret was nearly blind due to macular degeneration and the first signs of Alzheimer's were apparent. In 1997 she came to a nursing home near Bethlehem, PA. She died on Dec. 28, 2001.

Ancestors of Margarethe Maria v. GLEHN



* 1382: Gdynia became property of the Cistercian abbey in Oliva, now Oliwa.

12/4/2008 – Translation of a letter written by Roman v. Glehn to Margarethe v. Glehn:

Leslau, Jul. 1, 1941

Dear Tibbukens (*nickname for my mother in the Glehn family*)!

In response to your postcard I here give you the data concerning your ancestors as far as I know it: and for the paternal side:

Great grandparents

Dr. Edmund Theophil von Glehn
born Jan. 3, 1800
died Jan. 20, 1884

married on Sep. 9, 1840
in Reval, St. Nicolai Church

Emilie Rosenbaum
(nee Baroness Rosen)
born June 4, 1820
died Jan. 17, 1894

**Konstantin Ferdinand
Säfteigen**

born Jan 26, 1814
died April 3, 1886

Julie Kämmerer
born Sep. 20, 1816
died May 11, 1900

Grandparents

Edmund August von Glehn
born Oct. 16, 1841
died June 21, 1902

married Oct. 18, 1878 in
Petersburg, Petri Church

Julie Anna Säfteigen
born Aug. 14, 1857
died ? in Oliva, Free City,
Danzig

Parents

Felix von Glehn
born Dec. 11, 1879
died ?, 1940

married Dec. 1, 1908
In Reval, St. Olai Church

Margarethe Mathilde Bernhard
born Oct. 9, 1879
died Jun 23, 1909, Narva, Estonia*

The data for my mother you will get from Aunt Agnes – or Emmy; unfortunately I have no documents. I have added your mother's baptismal certificate, since this document might be of use to you. Your father's birth year is correct, I believe, but I have no proof. All other dates are reliable and OK. I am not adding anything about generations older than Great Grandparents, because you didn't ask for that. The data wouldn't be complete anyway, because the ancestors of these women were not recorded, as in former times people were only interested in the men of the family; i.e., the carriers of the name. Still there is some material available.

We are living in incredible tension with regard to the events in the East. How wonderful that we still are alive to witness them. I have often planned to write to you, but the waves of a paper war have closed ever tighter in over me and suffocated any activities that would not support the tread mill. I am rather tired and stressed and regret immeasurably that the factory won't let me go, otherwise I would be in the middle of those great events. The children have all grown up and are all doing very well. Grittel's farm work runs along nicely and gives her much pleasure but is also much work. We like to think of you and hope that you may recover in view of the flood of wonderful news and regain your courage. From what I hear, you are busily working also – that is very good of you. The thought that within a reasonable time we all might once again be able to return home is intoxicating! I hope it won't be destroyed.

Many most cordial greetings to you both from your Romo.

* Note: Mu was born June 28, 1909; her mother died shortly hereafter; we think on July 4, 1909

Obituary

Margarethe Maria Luther, nee von Glehn, 92, died Friday, Dec. 28, 2001, at the Phoebe Richland nursing home. She had previously resided in Basking Ridge, NJ and in Ottawa, Canada.

A consummate artist, she worked primarily with scissors and paper to make strikingly delicate silhouettes: intricately cut portraits, flowers, grasses, fairy tale illustrations and religious images. One of her recurring motifs was the Madonna. She was a member of the American Guild of Papercutters, and her art has been exhibited many times, most recently in New York in 1999.

Born 1909 in Narwa, Estonia she was the daughter of the late Felix v. Glehn and Margarethe M. Bernhard v. Glehn. Her grandfather was American consul in Reval (now Tallinn), Estonia, in 1902.

She had a turbulent life being forced from her home three times during the two world wars. She emigrated to the U.S. in 1954 with her husband, the late Ferdinand P.M. Luther, and her two sons, Lars C. and Holger M.

She is survived by these two sons and their families, including four grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

In lieu of flowers the family requests memorial donations be sent to Phoebe Richland Health Care Center, 108 South Main Street, Richlandtown, PA 18955.



Zigahnen - 1920



probably circa 1928 in Marienwerder



1929

Margarethe Maria von Glehn Luther
6/28/1909 to 12/28/2001

Walkull - 1937
(with Lars in the cradle)

In Zigahnen with two
beloved fox terriers, one of
whom was named Flick





in Marietta OH
c 1965



Christmas

1959

Working in the
Cottage at Glen
Foerd, Philadelphia,
PA - 1971

**Margarethe
Maria von Glehn
Luther**
6/28/1909
12/28/2001



In the library at
Marietta, OH,
circa 1956



1980

1997



1992



c 1940

Working in
the Cottage at
Glen Foerd,
Philadelphia,
PA - 1971

**Margarethe Marie
von Glehn Luther**

2/28/1909

12/28/2001



In the library at
Marietta, OH,
circa 1956



1980

1997



1992



1981 in Basking Ridge, NJ



Memoirs of Margarethe Luther recorded by Elsie Stoddard during 1991 and 1992

My great grandfather, Kontantin Säfftigen, was a goldsmith and later on I heard that the goldsmiths of Meran, Austria, were the best in Europe. So he got an invitation from the Czar to be his court jeweler and the whole family consisting of father and mother and two girls moved to St. Petersburg where they stayed until he retired. And then he decided to go to Tallin - I say Tallin - at my time it was Reval. Estonia was a part of the Russian Empire, a province, and the capital of that province was Reval, or as the Russians pronounced it "Reh-ville". And there at the outskirts of the ancient city, which was surrounded by a wall with watchtowers, I mean beautiful, but parts of it were broken down because the city grew and they needed room.

And there in the outskirts he bought some land – several acres, I wouldn't know how many – and built a huge mansion of the finest materials. The finest glass and everything had to be of the best. And the same thing was true of his furniture and there he lived in the first story, which was a little high. It was not ground floor but a little elevated. And then (there) was the second floor and the third floor. The first floor the old man with his family inhabited until his younger daughter (that was my grandmother) married and then got the second floor.

The other daughter named Agnes never married. She had fallen in love with a Swedish man and – usually the Swedes were not highly rated in Estonia because most of them were fishermen and lived at the shore. Now what this man was I don't know, at least Dad said "No, you are not allowed to marry. You can marry another man." An uncle of mine wanted to marry but she never accepted him. She loved this man and then renounced.

And it was at that time so that the young man went first to Dad and asked before he was allowed to propose or Dad proposed and in this case Dad asked my grandmother "Do you want a poor nobleman or a simple man with much money" – that was another uncle of mine – and she said "I want the nobleman" knowing that she had lots of money and so he didn't need to worry. I think that was so. At least she married my grandfather, Edmond von Glehn, who was anglophile.

Now most of my family lives in England and they come originally I think, that's my idea, from the French branch, which died out and some of them went over to England because they are spelling their name in the French way de Glehn and not von Glehn. In French is that also a title. Now there he became a businessman and was sent to Honolulu where he spent many years and collected as a hobby the most beautiful shells which he brought home and sometimes I was allowed to go to that box and take all these marvelous shells out and admire them. I loved that. And in silk paper wrapped was a little dried up seahorse and that was the greatest marvel for me.

But he returned to England and proposed to his cousin Isabelle de Glehn and was turned down and he was so, so sad, that he left England and came back to Tallin and then married my grandmother. But he remained an Anglophile. His library consisted of English books only. He wore only suits, which his tailor in London had to make for him with the result, as my aunt told me, he had the measurements of the young man and later in life he put on

weight so the sleeves went to here and there was always something strange about it. But he insisted on that – only English. I think that they were very happy together.

My grandfather played the violin, but also the piano and he was a composer of light music – waltzes and polkas and mazurkas and little pieces. And so often in their company he sat to the piano and started to play waltzes and everybody danced. (That an old lady told me later. That she had been often on these parties.) But he never published. He took it as a hobby I think. He painted also but I have only seen one painting. It was well done. He had copied in sepia some famous painter's work and pretty well done.

Now this mansion of his was so, that in the middle when you came up the staircase – it was a pretty wide staircase – then you came first into an anteroom where you got rid of your wrappings - in winter your fur coats and so on and so forth and there was a big stelage where you could hang them. And when I wanted to listen to quartet which my father had every Wednesday, then I hid behind all these greatcoats on a board which held that thing together and I was mighty proud when one of these guests left and took his fur coat down he did not discover me! And to this day I still feel how proud I was. Because I adored music. Or I stood behind the door and listened.

On each side was a smaller room - a drawing room I would say – with a fireplace. Otherwise it was heated by big tile ovens, which were heated in the morning – they had many channels therein so that it was an enormous block of heated stone which kept the rooms fairly warm. Each of these smaller drawing rooms had a beautiful bay window – very outspoken – and there was always - before that there was a big arch and in that arch stood a beautiful Christmas tree. I still remember that and it had to be a real big one. And these trees were my glory and as every kid does, I think, I went around until I found my favorite pieces – where they were – and that was a little angel made of wax who had a little skirt of blue muslin. I still see that thing. And there was a little glass mushroom which had a red cap and white dots on it.

And on the other side was a Turkish sofa richly decorated and there I romped. It had sideboard rolls, you know? And I climbed on that roll and then jumped on that sofa. It had good springs so that I bounced. I still think of that. And sometimes the fireplaces were lit also. Otherwise it was heated by these tile ovens. And then there was one little room where my two uncles lived and a third room – that went like that – where my two aunts slept - and I. And on the other side then it went round and there was big dining room and there was another big room which donned on the courtyard – that was my grandmother's sleeping room. I have never known my grandfather. He died when I was born or shortly before and I remember that we were sitting in the open window with my aunts; it was spring; it was March and already one warm day. And the church bells were ringing - I don't know for what purpose. At least it was marvelous so that I still see that scene.

The kitchen was in the souterran. I was not allowed to go into the kitchen because my father was afraid that my clothes would smell of kitchen and that was not right. When I went to

play outside when I was 5 years I had to wear gloves that my hands remained white. And I had to wear a hat with a brim that I didn't get a tan so I had to be swan-white. I hated it. As soon as I went on I pushed that darn hat into my neck and when I had these gloves on – they were finger gloves – and a charming old lady had knitted them extra for me out of silk. I tell that what I did – how irreverent I was. And I hated these gloves. And I decided to get rid of them. So I got myself some mud and water and rolled that all on my hands. And did that for two hours. And then all that was gone from these hated gloves. Then I was called to lunch and I gave these wonderful gloves back to my aunt. My aunt glared at them. She didn't say anything, sputtered only and went to my father and told him what a nonsense it was to give a kid these silk gloves to play outside. And that her opinion was to abandon these gloves. I did not have to wear anymore gloves but the darn hat I still had to.

Now each member of Russian society had to speak faultless French. Therefore my father and his sister and brothers had to learn French with a French governess, Mademoiselle d'Auber, and my aunt spoke very good French and I had to speak only French with her. But I cannot remember how I learned it. I was five. Kids learn a language like that. I mention that because the Waldorf schools make the kids when they come to school with six years in Germany – as here at seven – they first learn languages. And I once met two little girls who were at that school. They spoke Latin; they spoke French; they spoke English; they spoke German and learned Greek. And it didn't bother them. Arithmetic comes when they are ten years old because then the brain is so far developed that they can think abstract. Before that it is very difficult.

Father was the eldest in the family. And my grandmother laid on her knees before him. If she did it when her husband lived I don't, of course, know, but later when he was head of the family everything had to go his way. And I remember it was Good Friday and he wanted to have on that day a quartet evening. And my grandmother objected. There is no music on Good Friday. And my father very calmly said, "We can say a prayer before." And that was that.

But my two young uncles – now they were ten years younger as my father. They teased her. And they had the habit of standing on their heads. And then they stood somewhere in the room totally motionless on their heads and then she passed - Oh. And then they were happy.

Also, and that scene I remember to this day and I remember the breakfast table with the silver coffeepot and silver creamer and sugar and everything wonderful and my uncle wanted some more coffee. He glanced at me and said, "Sil vous plait un peu de bon café." (It must be ". . . du bon café") My grandmother was so irritated that she took her Meissen cup, got up and went into her room. And he grinned at me and I grinned back. We remained friends for life. She had a hard time with her brood, in all she had eleven children, but three were stillborn and two died and I never saw them. And one of them was not quite right in his mind and had to stay in the asylum. But sometimes he was allowed back home and that I dreaded because he loved me tenderly. I had, like you, my tresses here and then he would croon to me and kiss my tresses. I feared him. And once I heard him scream at my grandmother, "March into

your grave, old woman.” And that I hear to this day. And from that day on I trembled when he came that he would scream again.

And then I had a girl with whom I had to play because she was a relative. And there was something funny about her. When she spoke her saliva was running. Later I heard that she was not quite normal and her mother gave her to her sister – unmarried sister – that she raised her. She could devote more time for her. She was a very pretty girl but she still spoke like that that the saliva dribbled out. And she was retarded. But otherwise she looked very pretty. But as that came to be spontaneously – I couldn't tell why. I loved the company of other kids. I had a very good friend among them. But this girl I couldn't stand and I was always afraid of her.

Once my father took me for a ride. He kept two black horses, a coachman and a pretty dark car with blue upholstery. And to sit in that car and drive with horses beside my father – I was in heaven. We didn't talk much. He didn't talk with me and I tell you why. When I was born my mother died – after nine days of the blood clot – at that time they had no means against blood clots (today they can dissolve them). And therefore he resented me. And he resented that I was only a girl and not a boy because before me she had a stillbirth and that was a boy. And he has never forgiven me that. I adored him; he hated me. That was the game through my whole life.

And then came the war when I was just five years old – the First World War. And we had hunger and shortage and my Grandma Bernhard ran into the country and every place to get some butter for me. She was very great in taking care of children. She was, I must say, a formidable woman as far as I can judge it. And now was a strange thing in our family. My father was one month, or two months, younger than my mother and the two mothers: my Grandmother Glehn and the other Grandmother Bernhard were great friends, put both children in one baby wagon or cart and then they chatted and promenaded at the beach. We had still a picture of that. And so it went – visiting back and forth with other relatives. And my Grandma Bernhard did not want that my mother marries my father and I think I know now why: he was gifted for music only and highly gifted, but he had no idea of business, not the faintest idea. He had studied chemistry also to have something besides his music and worked as a chemist in St. Petersburg (I don't know where he worked). But music was his only expression up to World War One. Both my uncles had to go to war but my father was not drafted because he had something with his heart. He had bicycled very much in his youth and they feel that he has overloaded his heart or something like that. At least he was not accepted. And so was the brother of my mother, my beloved Uncle Erwin because he was the only son of his mother and that was a law in Russia: if a mother has only one son he will never be drafted that the son could take care of her so he didn't have to go.

But that was what was hard on me in my youth that Grandma Bernhard having grown up at the court and was then later lady-in-waiting to one of the Grand Duchesses, was completely Russian and my father was German. So when I went to visit my Grandmother then she made me knit washcloths for the soldiers because she made endless parcels for the Russian soldiers. And I heard the great deeds of the Russian army. When I went back home - I lived

then already with the Glehns – I heard the great deeds of the French and the English and the Germans. And I was confused. And then the Revolution came over to our country too because, after all, we were a Russian province. And the Estonians hated the German overlords. It was pretty much like America, only in miniature. You had slaves in the South and so these poor Estonians were enslaved too because they were property of the landlords. They were not allowed, just as the Negroes, to take a job. They had to stay there where he ordered them and the whole property would be sold to somebody else or, if somebody married and had the estate – say, a lady - then the whole population went with it. And I can very well understand that they didn't like it because they had been people for themselves until King Waldemar the Victorious of Denmark conquered Estonia and christianized it – that was in the early Middle Ages.

It was about July or August in nineteen hundred forty-four when people started to whisper in the streets: the German front is not holding; they are retreating. Of course they were not allowed to say it with big voices because everybody from the officials said we are still winning the war. But the truth was different. And many people who could afford it went West to escape the Russians because it was already clear to them that the Russians are going to invade Germany. Now the authorities put a stop on that and said whoever goes West without special permission is not getting any food cards and that meant starvation.

At that time I had a dream - and it was a very vivid dream so that I remember every detail. I was walking with a dear uncle – brother of my mother – the road to the seaport where we always went in summer together for sailing because he had a beautiful yacht and some yacht club was at the end of the seaport. It was a long way and we went in good cheer and then turned right – the seaport was square – and then went along the big barns where all the goods were unloaded to the end of the quay and there was a bell to ring and then the mate of the club would come with his motorboat and set us over to the club. And just as my uncle rang the bell he turned around. He was white in his face, glared at me and screamed at me, “Flee, flee!” And I turned around and looked at the other side of the quay and there I saw a train ready to go because it belched black smoke. And it was loaded with people; they were sitting on the roof of the coaches. They were hanging out of the doors and sitting on the steps trying to get inside the coaches by the windows, hanging on to the bumpers and running after the train when it started slowly to move. And all these people looked filthy, gray, tired and angry. And then I awoke and I thought, “Has Uncle Erwin come to warn me? Is that reality? Should I try to flee?” But it was forbidden. And I served the bookstore which was especially bad to leave according to the authorities because we provided the schools with schoolbooks so we were on a special status. And I said, “I cannot flee. I have no people whom I know in the West in the country that I could live without food cards. So I have to forget it. And I forgot it.

Around New Year the last days of December, '44, Fred came once more on furlough. And we had a wonderful time together. At the end we were sitting down and he told me how bad the situation was and they were already in Poland and would soon go over the German

frontier because they were very close to it. And he said, "You will certainly have to flee. But let's have in mind the address in Glucksburg of your friend, Lotte von Cardinal, and that will be the place. You send your address to her and when I come out I will report to her too. Then we might find each other." And then he went away. Sometimes the Nazis said, "Yes, you will have to flee. At least make ready a backpack – we called it "rucksack". And put there into it a nightgown, some fresh linen – underwear – and a set of flatware for eating and some toilet articles: a piece of soap and so on – stockings – but just the bare necessities – and for each one a towel. You will be back in a fortnight, so don't worry." So I packed rucksacks for everybody. Lilli made her own, but for the boys I took most of their stuff in mine but put a little bit for them in small rucksacks. And took, fortunately, the jewels of my mother along which saved our lives later. But I didn't know that, of course, ahead. But forgot to take my beloved icon and that I shall never forgive myself. It was a beautiful icon of John the Baptist with a beautiful brass oklad which gleamed in the evening light and was my great comfort. But you see when you have to flee in the middle of the night you can't think anymore and that happened to us. In the evening there came a radio report at 6 o'clock: the Russians are beaten back. You stay at home and everything is fine. So I wanted to unpack; at that time I still trusted governments, not the Nazis, but governments. And Lilli came to me and said, "I have a strange feeling. Please leave the rucksacks packed because something might happen." And I said, "All right, Lilli. If you will sleep more peacefully I shall leave them and unpack tomorrow. We went all to bed. At 1:30 the sirens howled over the whole town. It was a racket which my younger son still remembered. I jumped out of bed, heard somebody bump against the front door. I ran; there was an official of my husband's company and he said we have to get all out immediately. The Russians will be here in two hours and the company gives you a flat back – a flat carriage – it was just a board like a table and then wheels underneath and two horses and old Mr. Tucholskie. He was a First World War veteran with a wooden leg – he and his wife they are going to guide you. And there was in the house also another lady who lived over us and her son was just on furlough and she came too. We took the boys' sleigh for coasting. Now this kind of sleighs you don't have here – it was about that long [gestures] and had a nice soft seat so that two kids could sit on it and we had bought it for the kids – for both kids. And I wrapped them into our heavy quilts – took them from the bed – and set them on that sleigh and I was sitting on the rucksack – my big rucksack and Lilli on hers because there were of course no seats. It was just like this table. Beside that the young son the Tucholskies was on furlough too and he went with us and he saved us. So we set out and it was a horrible sight. It was, of course, middle of the night and from all the houses along the street we saw people just streaming out with bundles, with cartons, with bags, with everything, everybody furious cursing and cussing all over the place. And when we came out on the big road west there people were already marching. But when they saw that we had horses they tried to climb on our carriage of course. And when the Tucholskies screamed at them and said get out of here, they started of course cursing us and evil words so ushered the horses on to go into a trot. Then our dear doctor came – he was still allowed as a doctor to have a car – and he drove by with his car and they just showed him the fist. (That was a thank you for all his help he had given them.) But people were desperate. And so we trotted on until we came into a forest and then slowly all the noise faded away. And then later on Tucholskie drove step by step. Then I must have fallen asleep or dozed because I have no remembrance of this stretch because we arrived at

Rosenberg, the next little town, in the early morning. And it was January and then the sun doesn't rise too quickly. And there we stood now. It was cold; the wind was blowing. We didn't know where to go, what to do. The horses had to be put into a stable to have some food and drink and we didn't have anything. Somebody – a man – said, "I shall go back to Eylau and see if the Russians really have come." He knew every nook and corner and could snoop around there. And we waited for him to come back. It took about two hours or so. And he said, "Yes, the Russians are in Eylau and we have to go on."

What we did the whole day I don't remember but at night we were sent to a woman's apartment where we were allowed to spend the night in her living room on the floor. She made ready to leave next day by train. And there were soldiers who spent the night there too. They had a chicken which they fried and they had, of course, vodka or whatever they had, they were screaming and yelling. It was not a very nice atmosphere. But we were so dog-tired that we fell asleep on the floor.

There was no other way; we had to go on the next day west because we couldn't go back anymore. Now that was a clear day with sunshine and it was a little friendlier as the night. We first went on a big highway, very slowly of course, but Tucholskie didn't tell us anything. He had his plans made because we could not go to the big bridge at Marienburg built by the Templars. There was their castle and a church and a famous portrait of the Virgin Mary with the Child which was demolished in the Second World War - to my grief because it was a beautiful Gothic figure. But that was so crowded. Evidently nobody knew about bridges. Everybody crowded at this place. Nobody could get ahead anymore; it was a throng and they all were stuck there. And the Russians threw bombs on them. Our dear doctor – she was a pediatrician – she took care of my children – she was a charming woman – she got killed there as I later on heard.

So our Mr. Tucholskie took his own way and I had no compass. I had no idea where we were going. So we came – there were farms on both sides of the road – many farms. Many were already abandoned and I still remember a beautiful farm. It was a big courtyard with a little pond in the middle which was frozen. And one beautiful black and white cow was lying there with broken feet. And the other cows were standing around – you could see how well kept they were. I looked into a window. There was the rooster with his chickens all sitting on their perches and they knew, I had the feeling, that they were abandoned and ready for death because he was sitting like that – hunched with his head among his feathers. And I felt so awfully sorry for these poor, poor abandoned beasts. The horses they had driven out into the fields and the government had sent some soldiers to catch them to save the horses. But who will save chickens and cows? And then there were other farms where they had big cars like your covered wagons ready to have the family loaded on that big wagon protected from, I don't know how you call that kind of thing, a big piece of material which is made rainproof. And one wagon I remember they had even a kitchenette inside where the smoke came out. So they made ready for a long, long journey.

And then we had to turn North and came on a dirt road. And that dirt road was just for one car and not more. And there was an endless row of fleeing villagers. And now these men

said "Stay behind. Stay behind. You are not allowed to pass us. But Tucholskie didn't care. His son jumped down, took the horses by the bridle and one wheel was in the ditch and the other up and so we went driving through these cursing villagers. And that happened several times. It was not very pleasant. So we drove until midday. Then I stupid girl, instead of taking the meat left over for the kids which I had taken and a bread into a silver jar, I put it into a tin can so I lost all my silver. But at least we had something to eat. Lilli and I ate just dry bread. And then we proceeded again and I have no memory anymore what there was. You get from the cold and from all that horror – you get kind of numb.

But about – it must have been 6 o'clock – we turned into a little town which was called Stuhm. Now they have all Polish names so I can show it to you on the map, but I don't know the Polish name of that little town. People were, just as in good times, the streets were crowded. People were shopping. People were coming back from work. It looked so different after all that what we had seen. And there was a hotel and Tucholskie stopped there to put the horses into a stable and feed them which he did and we went into the hotel and asked for a room for the night. We could get it. Yes, of course, they said, it seemed to me like a wonder. Then we went into the dining room and we got fried potatoes and a fried egg each which I had not eaten since we left Reval. It was delicious. We just enjoyed it. And then we retired and we had just put the boys into bed when suddenly there was a banging at the door and our upstairs neighbor barged in and said, "I have just met a man in the street and that man told me that we have to go North and there we will find a bridge." Who was that man? But I didn't ask. She said "Make haste. The Russians will be here in a short time." So we put clothes on the kids again. I felt only sorry for the poor horses after they had driven us for a whole day. Now again out and in the cold. So we went North and when we had left the town it was such a beautiful, peaceful night. The stars were all shining. There was no one in the broad highway, not a soul. It was completely still. And I had the feeling of a deep peace. I felt God was protecting us. He sent his angels with their wings over us that nothing will happen to us. And this feeling lasted for quite a time. About 3 o'clock – now this highway was very high – I looked down and there was the Vistula. I saw the big river going. So I thought "Maybe there will be a bridge after all."

And after awhile we saw on a promontory was a big house. It was lighted and I thought "That must be a club house because it looks as if it's not a private house." And Tucholskie drove down to that place and told us to disembark and go into the house. Probably he knew it because he was a long-time resident of the area. And we went in and that was a big hall and certainly it was a club house because you could see that was the room where speeches were held and all kind of activities. There was a big iron stove – that high. And somebody had made real tea, which I had not tasted since I came from home – and distributed for each arrival a cup of real tea, which was a blessing. And then I put the kids each on two chairs so that they could stretch out and sleep and we sat down on chairs and waited until about 5 o'clock.

Then Mr. Tucholskie said, "Let's go." So there we were back on our seats, Lilli and I on our rucksacks, the kids huddled on the sleigh and we went on. And after ten minutes I saw the

bridge - a huge bridge of stone where two cars could go - and empty. There was not a soul on that bridge. And I couldn't get over it.

How come that these people sit there all in Marienburg and get killed by the dozens and hundreds and here IS the bridge – and how come that Mrs. Panhousen (that was her name) met a man who was the man who told her that? If it was a secret of the administration, how come that he tells that to a woman he doesn't even know? So this remains a riddle for me; I shall never solve that. I can only say God helped us – and that was all.

And Tucholskie took the road down to the bridge and he came on the bridge. And when we were at the middle of the bridge a snowstorm set in. Big flakes came and they were more and more and more and poor Lilly was sick; she had caught a cold because her clothes were not so very warm. And when we left the bridge it was such a snowstorm that I could hardly see. Now maybe there was another car or wagon on the bridge but it was a fleeting moment. It could have been a hallucination that everything was buried in snow.

And we saw that on the hill at the right side there was a camp – a military camp – and Tucholskie took the chance and drove us up and the soldier who was watching there took us in and treated us as guests because we were the only ones. And we were given food, and we were given each a cot to sleep after all these sleepless nights. We thanked them as much as we could. The next morning Lilly got a good load of aspirin and felt much better. So we embarked again. In the morning we were again treated to breakfast and then the friendly soldiers let us go.

When we turned around to go to Stargard I was meditating because I knew that an old aunt of Fred's was living there whom I liked very much but I had forgotten her address. From deep down under suddenly came the answer – the address – because when we got there we had to report to the authorities and tell them where we wanted to go. Otherwise they put us in some kind of a camp. So we all took leave from each other and what happened to old Mr. Tucholskie who had driven us all the time and to the others I don't know anymore. We just went to see the Hoffmanns and that was an old lady grandmother, mother and daughter. The father was in war and grandmother was a widow and the daughter was unmarried yet. And they gave us a room with two beds and there we four people slept. So the next days I got food for us. I got food cards. I went with the sleigh for coal that we could warm our place and we settled down there as good as we could with the few belongings we had with us. When I went to take a look on the city it was a nice city with a little river and a beautiful church. I went to that church too. A big promenade was there. These are faint memories of it.

Life started to go its way and we were wondering, "Should we stay there or shall we one day come back?" Nothing was heard. So I decided one day to go to the authorities – to the commander of the city – and see if I could get any information. Of course, he didn't say anything. He just brushed me off and that was it. When I stood there a young officer came to me who had often been in my bookstore and said very slowly to me, "I'm not supposed to tell you, but get out of that town as quickly as you can because the Russians are going to take

it." I thanked him and walked away, and my heart was heavy: how should we get out of there? Meanwhile there was a call that women could come to the hospital and peel potatoes and in return we would get a good helping of nourishing soup so I went potato peeling. There were all these old women from the country and they peeled a potato in no time at all. Now it took me quite a while, and they all laughed at me. But I got my soup; that was the main thing. So for awhile we had a nice soup every day. And then one day I went out again to look for some bus possibility or anything to hear if we could get out. And there I saw two men shot at the wayside and heard that they were two people who had tried to rob the refugees and they had shot them to death and left the corpses there to show people what happens when they try such a thing. It was a bad sight.

And then something awful happened and I can't forget that story. I had each child on one side of me at the hand and out of a distance of about a hundred yards a door opened and about thirty women came out all in rags and tatters and shawls over their heads and the SS behind them with whips and just beating them all the time. And I understood, of course, that they were Jewesses. And I had suddenly – I had a rage in myself – such a rage – I thought two thousand years we have had Christianity and that happens now. These SS are just beating our whole culture to pieces with their whips. And I started running to get those whips torn off them. It was of course an idiotic idea because they would have killed me at once. And suddenly I felt weights on my hands and then I thought, "My god, there are my little boys. What will happen to them? If they kill me what then?" So I stopped short and didn't do it. I never knew and I always have bad conscience somewhere that I didn't do that what I planned to do in protest.

Then I turned around and there came a truck. That was the truck of the company where my husband was working before he was drafted. I knew many of them and they were all sitting on that truck and I called to them and asked, "Could you take us along? My husband has worked for you." "Oh no, we can't." And they drove off, and I thought "That is mighty awful because he is after all a member and has to go fighting and they can't help his wife and children." Luckily they didn't take me because they drove right into the Russians. But that I heard much later.

So we decided – that means Lilly decided – that she would from now on sleep in a camp to hear if in the camps were anybody who were knowledgeable about an opportunity to go away. One morning she came and said, "Well, today the last train is leaving Stargard for the West." So we took our little sleigh and put our rucksacks on it and started for the railroad station which was far off. It started snowing and blowing and it was a cold, cold day. It must have been around the first of February [1945] or so. When we came to the station there was a stationmaster and I asked him and he said, "Yes, the train is coming. But not yet." So I said to Lilly, "Would you mind and go back in a hurry and tell the three old ladies that they have to come too because it's the last train." And they had packed their things already. So Lilly went away. And the storm was blowing harder. I placed the kids on the sleigh and covered them up with a quilt and waited. And lo and behold the train came and I asked the stationmaster, "Is that the train?" "Yes, it is." Now Lilly was gone. And I stood there and thought, "What now? My duty is to save the kids and my duty is to take care of that lonely

girl because her mother is in Eastern Prussia still and all her people.” And suddenly I had a kind of a vision: I knew her mother and she was right before my eyes and looking at me very sternly and saying, “Don’t you abandon my child.” And I thought, “No, I can’t do it. (She was young; she was 18 or so – 17) She is now in my care and I can’t do that.” And I decided to stay.

And the train started going and I looked at it and thought, “Well, there it goes. I should have boarded it – maybe, maybe not. I don’t know.” So we waited on. After awhile Lilly came back radiantly. “Oh, the old ladies say, ‘Come back home. There was good news from the radio. The Russians are beaten back’ and they have made bread soup and cherries and we shall have a good dinner together.” So we all went back. But, in between I have to say the Nazis constantly told, “The Russians are beaten back.” And the Russians were already shortly before Berlin. So it was all nonsense that they were telling us. So we stayed on but then a few days later there was in the morning a call in the streets. Everybody to the railroad station. There are three trains which will take you away from Stargard.

So we again packed our things in a hurry and took our sleigh and ran off. And that was a huge crowd. And when we boarded one of these trains it was a cattle car and the dung was still in it and there were about 20 people in it and it was dark. It was only that we could look through a hole where we were going. The others surmised this and surmised that. Nobody knew where they were taking us. So it went all day long. And about 5 o’clock in the afternoon we reached Gdynia; that is the harbor of Gdansk. That is now Poland. And Gdynia I knew because that was the place where we landed when we had been fleeing from Estonia. And I remembered that there was living our organist from our church whom I loved. So then first we waited because there was an announcement that the trains would go on and we should stay inside. And two trains left, but ours did not leave. And we were informed that our train is too short and it’s going to stay in Gdynia. Now I thought, “My goodness. Now we get stuck here.” But it was our good luck because these two trains went also into the Russians as we heard later.

So they transported us first to a cinema theater where there was camping on the floor. We put our quilts on the floor and slept. That’s what Holger remembers. We got there some food and drink and fell asleep. And at 7 o’clock in the morning I got up and rang at the door of our organist. He and his sister were home and they said, “Yes, come in. We cannot take you, but I know a Herr von Vietinghof. He is supposed to take refugees in and he will be very happy to have Baltics and not some peasants from heaven only knows where. So he rang up Mr. Von Vietinghof and we were welcomed. So we had there a room and we had a very nice evening and it turned out that he had been a friend of my father and he was delighted to meet me. And we had a very nice evening together; I still remember that.

Next morning he told me, “You know, you can’t get the train from here. That is impossible.” And then remember my dream of that train and he just described to me that train just as I had seen it in my dream – in my vision – or dream or whatever it was. “And my son-in-law is first officer on a ship which will transport refugees to the West. I’ll see that he gets tickets for you.” I thought, “Well, this is more than luck, or God is really good to us.” And he did

and informed me that I should the next day go and telephone from my friend the organist a certain number and verify that we are there and that we can get the tickets. So I and the children went there and I went upstairs into his studio and took the telephone and informed them and they verified our tickets and when I put the telephone down the kids came in and screamed, "Dad is here, Dad is here." And behind them Fred came!

So it was absolutely fabulous. Now he was on a semi-island which was called Kurische Nehrung. It's a long streak like a band of land with one little opening so that you can get in and out. It's not a lake, but it's still the ocean only it's a strange formation. And he was stationed on that Durische Nehrung, as they called it and had taken off a few days, as they anyway had nothing to do, to ask the organist if he had any news from us. And there we met! So I took him to the Vietinghofs and we again had a lovely evening and next day he went to this place and got the tickets and in the evening we took leave of the Vietinghofs (as we thought so) and went to our ship. It was full – all the cabins were taken. People were in the corridors, camping, one family beside the other; you could hardly walk there. And we were escorted to the deepest bowels of the ship. And there on the bed were the Vietinghofs! So we were in one cabin. But I went back – Fred had escorted me and I went back and escorted him back and then we took leave from each other and that was the most horrible leave of my life because I had little hope that he would ever escape from the Russians there. And I would have loved to accompany him and be killed together with him but the kids – I had the kids to take care of and guard their lives. So we took leave from each other and I went back in tears to the ship.

Now we settled somehow. The kids were placed on two chairs and we slept on the floor and somehow we survived there. Next morning the ship left and at once there was a Russian plane which threw bombs on us, but fortunately we were not hit. But now it was to get food and that was very difficult because of all the people camping in the corridors. So Lilly who was young and strong, she was the food master and got into the kitchen and got the food. The kids were here and there and amused themselves. Kids are kids. They don't see the – if you don't tell them the dangers and even though, they wouldn't understand it. So next day or overnext day we were informed that the Allies had mined all the sea around the harbor of Kiel where we were bound to go and we couldn't possibly go that far. But we would get some ships who are escorting us in case something happens. So there was a big flotilla beside us of destroyers. And we passed exactly the place where a few days before a big ship with refugees had gone to the ground – and it was an eerie feeling.

And we boarded then at the island of Rügen. That is a big island which is, I think, before Pomerania. And I thought, "I'm grateful that we get off of that ship with all these mines underfoot." And I wanted to take the first train – there were three trains again waiting for us. But Herr von Vietinghof said, "No, I have always been a good master when we were traveling together. I shall choose the second train." And I thought, "Well he is an old gentleman and a friend of my father's and I shall not raise hell and I shall keep my mouth shut." So we all settled in the second train. The two others went straight South and into the Russians. And our train went up to Denmark – in the direction of Denmark. Now when we passed the city of Lübeck, the Vietinghofs took leave because they lived there and came

home that way and we went on and on and on and finally came in the morning already to Flensburg. That is a big city at the Danish border and in an hour's drive there is the castle of Glücksburg which in former times belonged to the Danish kings and was their summer residence – an old, old castle. It was built into a lake - I think 1200 and something. And the Prussians had taken this southern Schleswig away from the Danes in a very gory battle.

And we got down and the authorities wouldn't let us get out, but fortunately I had a little slip which I had gotten in Stargard that we were bound for Glücksburg and as I showed it they said, "Oh, then come down." So we went to the next book store and I asked if I may telephone there. I called up my friend in Glücksburg if she still wants to have us or should I report to the authorities. She said, "No, come right to us. We have to take people, and we are happy to have you instead of strangers. And you go now to the harbor and there you will see a little ship which is called 'Libelle' and you take that ship and it will carry you to Glücksburg."

And that's the way we got there and we lived there where we didn't have a room for ourselves. We all lived – the kids were in one room and I slept on a sofa when her husband came home as a half an Englishman; her husband (his mother was English) he had to work for the English because he knew English so well and was in a different town – came home only over Sunday. And then I moved to the sofa.

Now the bad thing was: I told her, of course, I'm going to pay you and you figure out what I owe you for all us living with you and eating with you. And she said 250 marks – that will do. And I went to the bank – I had 4,000 marks in the bank and wanted to draw it – and the bank said, "All Eastern accounts are closed." And I had 20 marks in my pocket! I was crushed! How shall I get that money? Now the job hunt: Nothing of course. A little resort town and packed with refugees. So I met a nurse – a big, stout nurse – and she said, "You can come and work in the kitchen for us in the hospital." And that hospital was right beside the house where we lived. So my duty was: in the morning I had to go into the basement where they had rutabagas – not the good ones, but the bad ones for the cattle and they were all rotting - there was a stink you can't imagine - and cut the bad places out and the good ones will be cooked. And that I did all morning long. That was the beginning. Then I got a job in the afternoons to make dresses for the nurses which I did. And then at night I did silhouettes. And so I got the 250 marks together.

So I worked – it was April by then – and on the 3rd of May – that was Armistice Day, but I didn't know it – I had heard that a ship had come from the East and had anchored in Flensburg. So I thought: I'll go down to Flensburg and see if I can meet a seaman – a sailor – and ask him if he knows anything of those people on that semi-island. But it was all cordoned off. No a soul was to be seen. And I was so disappointed. Again no, no, no news of my husband. Sadly I went back to the bridge of my little ship. Suddenly I saw: there stood my husband! Armistice!

Now his story: He was with his company on that semi-island, Kurische Nehrung, and his commander had gotten a ship. Most of the soldiers didn't exist anymore; it was just officers

and a few soldiers and the ship was large enough to bring them all. All of a sudden a big Nazi Gauleiter [a governor] – he was a mess, this man – stealing and horror – as the Nazis were then – and said: I take the ship and you get all off and the general said: No. That ship - I have taken that for my soldiers and they are going too. And he settled with him. How he did it, I don't know. But these evil people are usually cowards and an honest person is not a coward because he knows that he is right. So my husband was the last one to board the ship.

So they went also to Kiel and disembarked there and the general wanted to stay overnight on the railroad station. And Fred walked up to him and said, "I have an awful bad feeling. Let's get out of town – somewhere else." Luckily, the general listened to him. They went out of town. At night was a great bombing of Kiel and the whole railroad station was in shambles. Next morning he said when the news came that it's Armistice Day, "Now you go all home." (Now he had my address in Glücksburg.) So they all tried to get some kind of car or a truck and set out and at 10 o'clock, I think, there was no shooting anymore. Planes were overhead but they didn't shoot anymore. And they all had no idea of that: that it was Armistice. And that was the way, he had come then all day long and overnight, that I saw him then on the bridge and that way we were reunited.

This was the story of '45 and now comes the story of '55.

My cousin, Senta Bernhard, who had invited us to come to America, was a professor of new languages at Marietta College and she and her late husband – he was dead by then but he had always tried to get us to America because evidently he was fond of my mother. So we were called for an interview after we had failed with another interview and that was a very bad man who had done this interview. Now the churches had taken over and we were interviewed by a Lutheran pastor and that was Pastor Otto of Fremont, Ohio. When we came to him he took, of course, all our dates and then he asked, "What have you done?" And I placed before him several postcards of my silhouettes and told him, "That's my cutting work. That's silhouette-cutting." He pushed it aside and said, "That's impossible. You can't cut that with scissors." And I got angry and said to him, "No, I'm not lying. Please come to our place. I'll show you that it can be done." And he looked at his watch and said, "Well, it's 5 o'clock. At 8 o'clock I want to see my very dear friend, Gunter Ramin." I said, "What? Gunter Ramin – he is my god. He is the organist of Bach's church in Leipzig." And now he was all smiles, Pastor Otto, and said, "Ok, I shall come." So he and his secretary, we all sat into a car and drove up to our place and we made coffee and had a wonderful get-together and showed him all our work. Then Pastor Otto said, "You are going to make a crucifix for me." And I said, "No. This is something – a topic – which is only for the very great ones and I cannot do that." "You will do that for me," he said. I said, "No." "You will do that for me. I want it." "Well, ok, I shall try it." I have done it for him and it was a huge picture.

That way I met Pastor Hackenberg who is our dear friend, because that picture hung in the church of Canton, Ohio, and he read my name, Margaret von Glehn, and probably, as he was the best friend of Pastor Otto, Pastor Otto told us once then he heard that we had come to America so Pastor Hackenberg went later on when we came to Glen Foerd in Philadelphia. He suddenly came out of a meeting there, shook my hand and said, "I know you since 20

years." I gazed at him and said, "How come? I don't know you." "Oh, yes. I know you. Your picture is hanging in my church." That was the beginning of our great friendship. I love that man. You know, he is a great preacher and a great Christian. But he has a marvelous sense of humor. You can laugh with him as with no other person.

When we were at Glen Foerd I did volunteer work with all that art work there because the mansion was loaded with collections – the finest collection was the 4,000 etchings the lady owned. Every American - Tim Cole, especially, who was her special friend. Then, of course, all the other great Americans. Then French ones. And the great German ones – Dürer and all these of his time. Then the great English ones and the Spanish ones – Goya and these. I have catalogued them all because they were all not catalogued and that can't go on so nobody could find anything. Then there were glass collections. Then there were first-edition collections.

Then there was a collection about Blake and she had herself 16 Blakes – originals – and she had the biggest private Blake collection in the whole of America. Eleven of them when she died went to the museum, but we still kept 4 of them which I adored. And there I learned to cherish Blake. When I saw him first he was too overwhelming. Then I started to look at him and look at him and the more I looked, the more I liked him. They are powerful pictures, powerful!

When I did that I found the most wonderful Dürers and there was one of Erasmus of Rotterdam who Luther had tried persuading that he should join the Revolution. He was the greatest scientist of his time. But he declined. As a child I couldn't understand it because it was the truth. It was rotten what the Catholics did. Why did this great man not join? Probably, I now see, that he was so far above the situation that he saw that all that would come out would be bloodshed which later on happened – the 30 Years War – and he didn't want one part of that bloodshed. I framed that, and it was a marvelous picture. He was sitting writing and in the foreground was a vase with the most delicate wildflowers. It was so beautiful that thing that I couldn't forget it.

There were Whistlers and he got famous with his four seasons and Miss Tonner owned Spring. We stood always before his Spring and I said, "I shall rob it." "No, I shall not rob it." And so we played back and forth because we both loved that picture. And then I made a whole wall of only prints and threw everything which was no good out because they were pell-mell. But what amused me most was Mrs – now pardon me – Mrs. Tonner's favorite picture. Now I have to say Pardon me – it was over the mantle, you know? And it was some Bedouins at the nocturnal fire and he had placed one in the foreground with the back and a huge behind and I thought, "How can a painter do that?" And they told all very proudly – Mrs. Tonner came every evening to see that picture. She had the most wonderful pictures. And then there was another horrible thing: that was as big as this door, but wider, and then came the frame – a heavy golden frame – and that was a copy of Murillo's Ascension of the Virgin. I looked at that picture and said, "That cannot be a genuine Murillo. It is so badly painted that it can't be." And I was a little mad that she put that bad picture there. Then I read the appreciation of a man from New York who was an appraiser. He had appraised the

frame only, not the picture, and gave the explanation that in Spain such dirty copies were made for the mission churches in America. But the frame was carved and gilded and that was 55,900 dollars, but the picture not a cent. But he had good things. He had good English pictures, very good ones.

And then she had a porcelain collection and she had a lace collection. She had a glass collection and first prints. And for the ladies I had a special thing. I had found in the basement a big box. I was supposed to open every box to see what was in it. And I opened it and there were the clothes of Mrs. Tonner's mother in it from about 1880 or '85. And they were beautiful. And I used them. When I had ladies, then I brought them always to these clothes. And they were absolutely enchanted about the silks, the velvets, the little buttons which were cloisonné and gold. Ah! It was wonderful! There was a black lace dress – a long one – and I thought, “One day I put that lace dress on, take a wild hat and walk down in temerity the grand staircase which leads to the gallery.” But I never got to it. Now I'm sad that I didn't.

Then she had such a small Bible [gestures] – not bigger. It was done 1893 in England. When you wanted to read it you had to have a magnifying glass and that was in the back. So I told the ladies – you couldn't see it with your eyes even if you had good eyes. I did it always that way: I gave them the little book and the magnifying glass and let them now read.

But in the glass case was a Bible that high [gestures] with the most marvelous etchings in it. Then I showed them what you can do with that. And they had fun. These were nice times I had there at that time. With all these collections there was always something to see, always interesting things.

[Elsie Stoddard asks: So you were kind of the curator and tour guide and then Fred worked outside.]

Yes, he was offered the directorship but he turned it down because he didn't want to leave his roses alone – 55 roses. And he did marvelously with his roses. And you know why? There is that little Poquessing River who empties into the Delaware. And the park was high – as about the ceiling higher than the Poquessing – and they had raked the leaves through years and pushed it down and there he had the finest black mulch he could find. And he carted that mulch on his roses. And they bloomed and bloomed. Real gardeners came and said, “How can you do that?” But one thing I did: we listened always every Friday there was a lecture of a famous Philadelphia gardener and he talked also about roses and said, “Never cut a rose long-stemmed. But only as far as the first leaf with five leaflets because that eye is the strongest. So you will have much more flowers if you don't do it. If you leave that alone.” And I strictly did it. And that together with wonderful dirt and the real cutting made it – it was incredible.

I still remember one morning. It was a glorious morning in June. The sky was blue-blue, the sun shone; it was all in gold. And my own mockingbird called Amadeus was sitting on the telephone post singing. And the roses in bloom – I thought: that is Paradise. How I got to

be friendly with that bird I don't remember anymore. But at 6 o'clock in the morning he was singing before my window. That meant: is my breakfast ready? That meant that I had to buy yellow raisins, not dark ones, cut them in half and bring them on the little balcony. Then I called all over the park, "Amadeus, Amadeus. He knew it. He came like the wind, his white feathers glittering in the sun, would perch on the railing. Then he would greet me, one wing hanging, and I would make like that [gestures] and I said: Please help yourself. I had it all built up. And he then took one raisin and then I said: Please help yourself to some more. And we had games. He was calling. I came out on the balcony and said: You are the most wonderful bird in the world. I love you. Then he sang. Then I said something. Then he sang and we had once a singing contest. Now I can't sing anymore. So I whistled from Mozart's The Marriage of Figaro. Now I cannot whistle very well. And he knew it. And you know what he did? He was sitting on a branch and he made this way [gestures]. Now he started with a flourish out-singing me all around – beautiful – just like Mozart. I loved that bird.



11/14/2002

My mother as a baby in the summer of 1909.

I don't know who is holding her in the photo. It could well be Ilinka (Helen), the Estonian nurse maid.

Ilinka took her for her weekly visits with Grossmama Bernhard. Or they would walk through Reval. Once Elinka took her down to the harbor, where a German ship had docked, and the sailors were eager to talk to girls. Aunt Agnes was very cross with Ilinka when she heard of where they had spent the afternoon.

Mutti remembered that one of the free-range chickens living in the garden was "hers". Ilinka would run all over the yard every morning to find where that distracted chicken had laid the egg du jour, which was then cooked for my mother.

A few pages written by Margaret Luther, translated 1/24/06 by her son Lars.

Dear Christa (*Armstrong*):

Since you enjoyed so much what I told you about my sons*, I decided to put down for you all kinds of stories which have happened to me in the course of my long life. They are crazy stories and will entertain you, I hope. Too bad I can't type at this late hour, but I hope that you can read my handwriting, even though my history teacher said to me: "Margarethe, your handwriting is like Charlemaine's" (as we know, he was able to read a little, but never did learn to write).

Before I tell you about my family and everything that happened, I must present them to you: My great grandfather Theodore Bernhard was a private architect of Tsar Nicolai I. He was highly honored, was knighted, and enjoyed special privileges, because he had discovered the reason why St. Peter's Church in Rome had developed a crack, which had defied the efforts of all local architects. It was quite simple, they had bricked up a window and that resulted in the wrong kind of tension. Great grandpa had them open up the window again and close the crack, and with that the damage was undone. Brains! Great grandfather had innumerable children, among them a pair of twins, my Grandfather Erwin Bernhard and August B. They looked so much alike, like peas in the pod, that their brides couldn't tell them apart. They dressed alike too, so that they (*the brides*) would always embrace the wrong brother. And the brothers would laugh themselves silly.

Once they decided to go over the top. August was the director of the St. Petersburg Conservatory. Uncle August came in for work in the morning and handed the servant his coat, hat, cane etc. and entered his office. Five minutes later my grandfather arrived and gave the servant the same coat, hat, cane, etc. – the poor servant believed that he was dealing with a ghost and fainted away.

My grandfather married Mathilde Smith. She was lady-in-waiting to the Grand Princess Marja Alexandrowna. My great great grandfather was an English Captain, John Smith, who had eloped to Russia with the daughter of a Scotch Earl. His son, also John Smith, married a Baroness Tiesenhausen, whose two sisters were ladies-in-waiting at Court. Since she died young, my grandmother was raised by her two aunts and grew up at the Court. When she became an adult, she likewise became a lady-in-waiting to Marja Alexandrowna. She received her entire dowry from her Princess when she married, and I myself have worn out her stockings. My grandparents moved to Reval, where my Grandfather was city architect. They had two children, my mother, for whom I was named because she died soon after my premature birth. She had a brother, Erwin, whom I will get to later. He was highly intelligent and witty. My mother too was highly intelligent – all the men in Reval loved her conversation – she was exceptionally pretty – but her head was full of stuff and nonsense. She made appointments with innumerable suitors, who were always begging for rendezvous, and then stayed at home – because she loved only my father. The Bernhards were all Russian-oriented and loyal to the Tsar. My father's family was German, however. When they married they agreed never to talk politics.

** I do wonder what she wrote!*

My grandfather Glehn was totally English-oriented. The majority of my family lives in England, and my grandfather lived in England for many years and loved England. He only read English literature and had all his clothes made by his London tailor, who had his measurements from his younger days. Hence all his suits were always too short in the arms and too tight, but he didn't mind. He married Julia Säfftigen, the daughter of an Austrian Jeweler from Merano, who for reasons unknown had emigrated to St. Petersburg, Russia, there to become a court jeweler and to accumulate a great fortune. He retired to Reval, built a castle with two guest house wings in a large park – everything had to be the best – and had himself painted in a sable trimmed officers uniform a la Mephisto by a famous painter. He also had his two daughter painted by a “famous” Russian painter who would come to Estonia every year with pre-painted portraits of his “victims” without heads, but in expensive garments, e.g., my grandmother in blue satin, standing on a balcony and dropping rose petals. Her sister, Great Aunt Agnes, an old maid, but very beautiful in black satin with Venetian lace, a book in front of her, thoughtful, with her head resting on her hand. I never did learn whether she indeed was literate! The marble bust of my great-great grandmother stood in one corner of the hall – she looked like Pallas Athena – in the other corner a marble bust of my father as a small boy. What great lengths were gone to for status' sake. Also in the hall hung the life-size portrait of my Great grandmother Glehn, painted by Kaulbach. She was the illegitimate daughter of a Baron Rosen and called herself Emilie Rosenbaum or Baroness Rosen, as suited the occasion. In addition there was there was a painting by an unknown painter of my great-great grandmother Glehn wrapped in a splendid red shawl; she had been forced to marry a rich suitor, Herr Gahlenbeck, a ship owner. She couldn't bear it and absconded with her lover – and bully for her!!!

Since that time the Glehns and the Gahlenbecks were archenemies. On top of that there was the circumstance that the Glehns were forever marrying the patrician Kochs and the Kochs had Arab blood in their veins. Peter the great had been given a slave who was said to have descended from Hannibal of Carthage. This Arab received estates in Estonia from the Tsar. Since Arabs are permitted to have many wives, most families were related to Hannibal. So too were we via the Kochs, an old patrician Reval family, who clearly showed Negroid features (no longer visible in me). People lived happily in Estonia as long as the Muscovites did not come to plunder, something that didn't stop until Peter the Great's reign. At this point I want to call attention to Werner Bergengruen's book: “The death of Reval”, which is very funny, and paints Reval as it really was. Today our dear old Reval is called Tallinn.

Grandmother Glehn had 10 children and no sense of humor. Two of them were still-born and two died, that left my father, the eldest, my three aunts and two younger sons, the youngest being Walter, who was my friend. He was 12 years older than I. Every morning when I came for breakfast I heard strange noises of pain from the adjacent chamber belonging to my Grandmother Glehn: the chambermaid was lacing her up in her corset. One morning Walter came to breakfast at the same time as I. There was a strict law at our house requiring everyone to speak correct French. Grandmother arrived for breakfast and Walti (as I called him) and I were there too. Walti said with a smirk: “S'il vous plait un peu de bon café” (it should be: du bon café); whereupon my grandmother took her Meissen cup, got up and sailed off into her own chamber. Such awful French is intolerable to an educated person. Walti grinned and I grinned right back – we were rid of her. Very mean of us!!! When Walti had passed his High school Finals he immediately had to go off into WW I. But I don't want to write about that.

1/29/2013

When my mother was a young girl she lived with a family Loeffler in a manor house near Marienwerder, now Kwidzyn, in East Prussia, now Poland. Lieselotte Loeffler was her age and an only child; her mother, Emmy, wanted a live-in companion for her. In 1919 she heard from a friend of a Baltic German family von Glehn who had recently fled their homeland Estonia after the Russian Revolution 1918. This was my mother's family consisting of her, Gretel, her father, Felix, and three aunts: Agnes, Alice and Emmy. Felix von Glehn wanted a better life for her than what he could give her after having lost his mansion in Tallinn and his business; he had owned a monument stone cutting company. The two families agreed that Gretel would be raised and educated with Lieselotte, Lo, in Zigahnen. Felix would come now and then to visit with his violin, and was always welcome at the Loefflers, because he played it very well. Lotte's mother was an avid piano player and had been given first class training in Berlin. He would play with Emmy and listen to the girls playing piano and assign them pieces to practice.

Gretel and Lo lived the life of princesses and yet had a wonderful time playing and rough housing on the estate, which raised cows, sheep, horses, pigs, and poultry. Mr. Loeffler was known among his friends as the "Pea King". Of course Gretel missed having a mother and on many occasions felt, that the Loefflers always were favoring Lo. So it was good that she found consolation and support from her aunt Agnes, her mother substitute since birth, who had become a companion to a lady living on another estate in Seubersdorf, only a short walk away. At first the two girls had private teachers of varying abilities and it is amusing to read Lo's accounts of these early school years. Later they attended the Lyceum or Girl's High School in Marienwerder. After graduation Lo intended to leave home to study piano in Kiel in West Germany, and so it became time for my mother to leave the Loefflers. She moved back to her birth town, Reval, or Tallinn as it was called now that Estonia had become an independent state.

In Reval she was adopted by her uncle Erwin Bernhard and now lived with his family. He had married Annemarie Stackelberg after his divorce from Alice, Gretel's aunt. They had two boys, the younger of whom had polio. Gretel helped caring for him; but she also had a job: she worked at a Ford dealership in Reval in the parts department. She found a dear companion and friend called Ilse Schilling and frequented coffee houses with her to smoke cigarettes in defiance of convention. Ilse wrote a poem for Gretel in which she called her my Alley Cat and this poem preserved.

Now, many years after my mother's death I wonder: wouldn't you think, that after a 10-year absence she would have wanted to revisit her father's mansion. She has described for us as it was during her childhood from basement to the third floor and from main house to the two wings, which were for stables and guest rooms. It still was there right outside the old city wall, even though somewhat dilapidated after having served most of those ten years as a club house.. But she didn't mention anything like that to me, nor did she seem to have had any contact with other von Glehns.

Gretel and my father met because her uncle Erwin and my father were both working for the A.M. Luther Plywood Company and had known each other for a long time. Freddie, as his family and friends called my father, was then taking his deceased father's place as a protector and emotional support for his mother, who was suffering from depression. His older brother, more of a go getter, had moved to Helsinki and was working his way up from sales person to manager. At one time Erwin told him how proud he was of Gretel, when she had finished a really good silhouette. Freddie was then apparently invited for supper at the Bernhards, and he began to take a fancy to her. He liked her shyness and the modest manner of scraping her bread with a small amount of butter*, as he reported in his war diary. One clear fall morning he fell in love with Gretel, when he noticed her as she was walking past the Luther's balcony armed with a folding chair and an easel. She was on her way to sketch a flaming birch tree. At another time they had met on the train and walked together for a stretch until they arrived at Long Street, where their ways parted. "From then on", he wrote, "I acted like a somnambulist, so certain was I of my steps". On the thirteenth of December 1934 he was at home with only his little sister Christel, and planned to cook a nice meal for Gretel, even though there hardly was anything at all in the kitchen to make a meal of. "I noticed with palpitations that the potatoes had not been cooked well," he addressed her in his diary. "And then we went to listen to "music", what kind I can't remember anymore. I felt that I had acted quite slyly and contemptibly by posing the question so suddenly. I could have waited a little longer. And then, after briefly explaining the practical possibilities of living together, I overcame your doubtful "Yes" with a shy kiss."

* It is amusing to note here, that when I first invited Janet for supper at my parent's house in Marietta, my father noticed and occasionally commented on the generous amount of butter she used on her bread.



Liselotte Loeffler and Margarethe von Glehn - c. 1920

This is an excerpt of a 1998 Christmas letter from Lotte Cardinal (née Löffler) in Ottawa in which she talks about her childhood in Zigahnen (then Germany, now Poland):

....and my thoughts wander back to my childhood days in the country where nature was all around us. In the long winter evenings we made Christmas presents. Our beloved cook, Frau Rettmanski, whom we called “old Rett”, started to make the dough for Pfefferkuchen already back in August, because Pfeffernüsse taste so much better when the dough has been standing a long time.

I was born before WWI [12/31/1909] and at that time most of the estates did not have electric light yet. The cows were milked by the light of stable lanterns, horses were fed and so were the sheep and the pigs. Inside the house there were the cozy petroleum or alcohol lamps, but they were only lit when it became quite dark. The twilight hour had a very special kind of charm. When I was small Mutti [*Lotte's mother*] told me all the wonderful Grimm's tales which I soon had learned by heart. My beloved nurse maid “Nanna” sang folk songs. My earliest memories are about her putting me into the rocking chair so that I could see out of the window. Behind the gate the sun sank into a sea of gold while she sang: “Golden evening sun, never will I see your splendor without wonder”.

I had no brothers or sisters and when I was 9 years old my parents adopted Gretchen von Glehn. Her mother had died in childbirth and her father and his siblings fled the Baltic countries from the Russians in 1918. It was marvelous to have a companion of the same age.

How great to come home before dark with cold finger tips from sleigh rides and to warm up on the bench near the tile stove [*“kachelofen”*]. There was no central heating then; each room had a wonderful tile stove, most of them with a compartment for baking apples. No baked apple tastes as good as those that have simmered slowly on the stove and have spread their delicious fragrance. When we went to bed everyone got his own candleholder with a lit candle.

We loved those exciting sleigh rides in the winter, gliding over the snow and hearing the sleigh bells on the horses. Sometimes it was already night when my parents came to bring us home from neighbors or the town. The night sky was spread above us and the stars shone so bright you could grab them. They never shine brighter than on a cold clear winter night. We learned to recognize

1998 Christmas letter from Lotte Cardinal, continued

the constellations: the big dipper, the swan, the Pleiades and my favorite, the belt of Orion which is only visible in winter.

And how magical were those big parties - the rabbit hunts, the birthday celebrations - mostly with all the neighbors and friends. In the great hall the long table was set with beautiful china, silverware, wine and champagne glasses and most festively the colorful cut glass which we called "Römer". The giant chandelier with the glittering prisms in the middle was lit with innumerable candles. No electric lights can be as lovely as candles. Candle light has a special coziness and charm. For my birthday which falls on the last day of the year there was always a big children's party. The best part was when we got a horse to pull a string of sleighs. My, how the last sled whipped back and forth and invariably threw you into a snow bank!

When Gretchen and I turned 9 my parents deemed it important to give us dancing lessons so that we could learn manners and also to dance well. My future in-laws had the same idea for their boys and since my parents and the Cardinals were friends, the three Cardinal brothers visited with us in the country for winter, fall, and Easter vacations. Their summer vacations though were spent with fishermen on the Baltic shores.

After the sleigh rides on the last day of the year we always danced till midnight. My mother played the old dances, such as waltzes, Polkas, Rheinlanders, Polonaises, Krakowiaks on the piano and she was a very good pianist. Later, when the more modern dances such as the Tango came up, we got the gramophone to dance to. At midnight we had punch and pancakes and all sorts of games of chance - we melted lead and poured it into cold water to guess our futures from the bizarre shapes of the solidified lead. We made little boats out of walnut shells and equipped them with small candles. They were placed into a bowl of water and made to drift by paper strips onto which fortunes were written. When they came close enough to a strip to singe it, you had to quickly grab the strip to find out what the next year would bring before the paper was burnt. On the stroke of midnight all the stable boys gathered in front of the house to "crack out" the old year with their long horse whips. It rang out like a volley of gun shots. Father then of course rewarded them with money and brandy.

This happy, carefree time of our youth now lies back so far that it sounds like a fairy tale. But it is a source of energy for my old age.



Zigahnen

Of Mice and Cats





9/18/2000

Sometimes the grain harvest in Zigahnen was so plentiful, that some of the sheaves had to be stacked up next to the barn in huge piles called “Staken”. When the Staken then had been worked down in the thrashing machine, only piles of loose straw and lots of grain were left on the ground.

Meanwhile the mice had lived under the sheaves and busily fattened up for winter. Even when the protection of the sheaves was gone they were loath to leave such riches and stayed around for more. Thus they became easy victims for two small girls, Lotte and Gretel, who had hatched a plan to make their three adorable kittens very happy. They took a feed sack and moved in on the mice. My mother was especially clever at catching mice with her bare hands, totally unconcerned about being bitten. When the bag was half full of squirming, wiggling mice, the girls went home ecstatically. In the house somewhere they found the cats and dumped the bag right on top of them. The kittens got it all wrong. They were frightened out of their small cat wits and bolted as though the devil was after them.

Lotte does not remember whether anybody got mad at the girls for letting mice loose around the house. Chances were that nobody ever was the wiser.



Two Views from Mutti's High School Town



Herrmann-Balk Schule

Marienwerder
(now part of
Poland)



Domturm
(Church Tower)

3/22/04

My mother and Lotte were taught at home in **Zigahnen** by various live-in private teachers. You can read about their early school years in her autobiography. Their first teacher was a recent High School graduate, the beloved Hulda Schmidt, "Dittchen". When she left after a few years to get married they got the odious Herr Nagel who disgusted them with his habit of using a toothpick while teaching and occasionally using it as a pointer. School ran from 8 to 12 in the morning; they had all afternoon off to play.

When the girls were about seventeen (1926 or 27) they split up: Lotte went far away to Kiel in West Germany to live with an uncle and to attend public school with the aim of eventually going to the conservatory there. Mutti came to live in **Marienwerder**, the closest larger town in the area, where the girls up to then had been driven in horse and carriage for their weekly piano lessons with Fräulein Gibbe. She roomed in a pension (a boarding house) with Mrs. Celestine v.Tippelskirch and her daughter Christa. After three years of attending the Oberlyzeum (High School for girls) called Herrmann-Balk Schule, she worked her way up from Obersekunda to Oberprima and got her "Abitur". Christa, who eventually ended up in New York as Mrs. Armstrong, gave Mutti a program of one school function on Nov. 19, 1928, which tells us that Mutti (Grete v.Glehn, someone fortunately had penciled in) soloed on the piano with two pieces by Schubert. She also sent us a photo of the Marienwerder Domturm (the clock tower of the cathedral). During lunch hour Mutti and her best friend, Helga v.Brockdorff, sometimes would climb up the many stairs to the top of the Domturm to enjoy the wide view of the Weichsel (Vistula River) valley spread out before them.

When I visited Mutti at Zohlman's during her last years she told me stories about the many ways she and her classmates had devised to torture their teachers. There was e.g. the snowball hastily scraped together from the first snow on the windowsill of the classroom and thrown up at the ceiling right above the teacher's seat. Some of it clung there and slowly melted dripping icy water on the bald pate of the unfortunate geography teacher.

In the pension of Celestine v.Tippelskirch there lived also Heine v.Brockdorff who was attending a Gymnasium (a high school) in Marienwerder. He and Mutti and the nine-year old Christa got to be good friends and gave each other animal names from a book by Manfred Kyber they were fond of. Mutti was Miesimissa Pfofenpuff, the cat, Heine was Nalagiri Lappenhaut, the elephant, and Christa was Flora Flossenfroh, the trout. The loving way my mother talked about Heine, there must have been a little more than just friendship. His photo (on the right) was among the family photos my mother hung over her bed in Basking Ridge and Ottawa. When she told me about him she always sadly added: "He was killed in the war".



Heine

Girls just want
to have Fun



M.v.G.



3/22/04

My mother and Lotte were raised to be representatives of the nineteenth century German concept : the “höhere Tochter”, the upper class daughter or debutante. The “höhere” received a High School education, piano and dancing and French lessons and continuous role model demonstrations in deportment by their mothers and aunts. Along with that came material comforts like indoor plumbing and servants. If she had a sizeable dowry she would be able to marry advantageously, but if she didn’t she might build on her art education to qualify as a piano or aquarelle (water-color painting) teacher. Certainly an academic career was out of the question and so was business school. My mother’s aunt Agnes was a typical example: she started out as a piano teacher and ended up as a companion to a rich society woman.

Our higher living standard and a higher level of universal education have erased much of the class differences so important to people of that time. While elitism still exists it is not as evident as it was a century ago. We still may employ servants but treat them more as equals and nowadays a cleaning woman is a business person who comes to the house like a doctor did then. A lady of my mother’s time had to constantly advertise her class position by dress, language and fair skin. In addition she had to demonstrate severe self-discipline in her daily actions to avoid scandalizing her peers and on a lifetime scale she was expected to be fair and generous to her servants and be responsible for them.

Lotte’s mother was such a role model who felt responsible for “her people” as a mistress of her estate. She made sure that her farm workers unstintingly received what was specified in their unwritten contract such as housing, a garden plot, a pig, and free medical attention. And she felt that she could not abandon them when the Russian army overran her country in 1945. She repeatedly refused to leave and flee to her safety and so suffered a horrible death.

My mother had internalized much of this attitude even though little of the debutante was left after the losses and miseries of WWII. She felt she could not abandon Lilly on that train station in Preussisch Stargard in order to save herself and her children. On the other hand she also held on to her class-consciousness and kept a punishing eye out for the gaucheries of the “pleb”. Occasionally in Glücksburg she would make a caricature silhouette of a local prominence such as a minister or a pianist. They were hugely appreciated by all but the victim. Unfortunately there exist no copies of those caricatures. An early silhouette of hers: “The Street Sweeper” will give you an idea. The bottom vignette is taken from the painter-poet Wilhelm Busch’s work. Both my mother and Lotte loved his work in which he gently poked fun at the somewhat lower classes.

3/17/07

ALLEY CAT

In Reval my mother had a good friend, Ilse von Schilling; nicknamed “Fox”. Before Mutti was married she occasionally escaped the restrictive supervision of her adoptive father, “Uncle Erwin”, and drank coffee and smoked cigarettes with Ilse in Reval cafés. The two remained friends even after the resettlement in 1939: I found a letter from “Fox” dated 1957 and mailed to Marietta. During their Estonia days Ilse wrote a poem dedicated to my mother:

The Alley Cat (for Gretel Luther)

*I'm very much an alley cat,
With badly matted fur and somewhat shy.
I often put on a terrible face
(Which later I might deny).*

*In your kitchen only I am well mannered
Here the fire burns bright and warm.
Here I don't gulp my food but daintily lap it
And snuggle purringly next to your arm.*

*And tell you about my alley cat life,
About sunshine and rain and barking dogs.
And about those who give me food -
And you quietly smooth my matted fur.*



A silhouette of Semiramis, my parent's cat in Basking Ridge

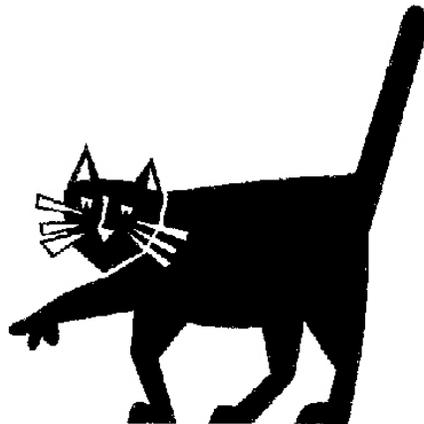
Die Strassenkatze

(an Gretel Luther)

Ich bin wie eine Strassenkatze,
recht stark verwildert und etwas scheu
und zeige gern eine scheußliche Fratze
(die ich dann später vielleicht bereu').

Bei Dir in der Küche nur bin ich manierlich,
dort brennt das Feuer so hell und warm.
Dort schling ich auch nicht, sondern lecke ganz zierlich
Und schmiege mich schurrend an Deinen Arm.

Und erzähle Dir vom Strassenkatzen-Leben,
von Sonne und Regen und Hundegebell
von denen die mir zu Fressen geben,
- und Du glättest mir leis' das Fell.





Mutti in Zigahnen



My Family in Ostpreussen

When my parents had to leave Estonia in 1939, they were brought to a part of (now) Poland, where Germans and Poles have lived together for centuries in an uneasy peace. This is a map of a part of the region that was called East Prussia before WW II.

In a way that was a homecoming because my grandmother's family (Mickwitz) originally came from Poland. However, that was no comfort to my parents who had lost their home in Estonia.

Northwest of Gdansk (Danzig) is Gdynia or Gotenhafen where my brother Holger was born. South of Gdansk you can find Kwidzyn or Marienwerder. That's where my mother lived as a girl on an estate called Zigahnen. In the war years (1939 - 1945) my family lived in Hlawa (Deutsch Eylau), marked by the red circle. When my father went off to war in 1941, my mother started working in a bookstore and found a live-in baby sitter, Lilly to watch over my brother and me. And I started going to school there.

On the night of January 18, 1945, the sirens rang, and we had to flee from the advancing Red Army. We drove in a horse-drawn open wagon from Hlawa to Sztum that night and slept in a movie theater. Then on the next day we crossed the Wista (Vistula) river with an icy wind nearly blowing us off the bridge. But what luck to find that bridge! It was brand new and not on the maps yet. That is why it was not jammed by refugees like the other one. So we made it safely to Starogard. With the river holding up the Russians we could stay for about a week while Lilly recovered from a terrible cold and while a cover was put on our open wagon. I was very disappointed when I found out that we weren't going to travel any further in that fancy wagon. Instead we got on a train to Gdansk. We were very lucky to get on the right train. Had we boarded one of two others that left that day we might not have lived because the Russians bombed them. A few days later we boarded a ship, the Waida, which took us to Sassnitz on the Island Rügen (not on this map). Again our luck held. Another refugee packed ship, the hapless Wilhelm Gustlow, was torpedoed and sank. From there we took a train to Flensburg. Lotte von Cardinal, my mother's childhood companion from Zigahnen, lived in Glücksburg about six miles north of that town, and that is where we stayed until we could emigrate to the USA.



9/17/04

Since my mother didn't have a mother of her own to teach her how to mother me, she relied on "Tante" Gertrud Luther. Gertrud was the sister of Alexander Martin Christian V, my grandfather. She was head nurse at the Katharinental Sanatorium in Reval, and she was also keenly interested in crafts, especially weaving. As a nurse she told my mother what to do when I ran a fever, when I should be started on grated carrots and all those other thousand things about baby care.

But Gertrud also had studied weaving: from the simple weaving of linen cloth to difficult patterns in different colors. She knew everything about this craft. She offered to teach my mother about weaving, not so much because she wanted her to weave, but because she wanted her to know enough so that she would be able to design suitable patterns for Gertrud. My mother liked this idea very much and started regularly to pack me up and spend some time in Gertrud's craft shop. There I was set down with a bunch of colored yarn leftovers, which seemed to suit me. This went on until we all had to leave Estonia.

Both Margarethe and Gertrud admired native Estonian folk dress; so it was not a great surprise that Margarethe's big weaving project was a wool peasant skirt. Unfortunately, she admitted, it ended up being so heavy that she couldn't wear it comfortably. And yet she seemed to have no trouble lugging me around at the age of two.

Gertrud, a younger sister of Magda, who painted the sunset aquarelle, survived the resettlement and also WWII. She even started a new craft shop in Germany after the War. But I don't believe that we ever got to see her again.



Tante Gertrud in 1895

Gertrud (Elisabeth Fanny Margaretha) **Luther** (1875-1929) was the third eldest child of Ferdinand Justinus Luther.

My mother wrote this about her:

Tante Gertrud's story.

Tante Gertrud was one of the many sisters of Vä's Father, Christian Luther. She was a nurse and went to St. Petersburg to nurse the blind in a big institute. She did so well that after some time she was entrusted to run the institute. When the revolution in Russia broke out, she fled to Reval and was hired as the head nurse of her brother-in-law's clinic (It was not an asylum). There she served many years, until her brother-in-law, Dr. Hugo Hirsch, went bankrupt. I was told that she then went to Finland to study weaving for two years. When she came back she started to weave and sell her excellent work. She had studied all the different patterns as (*from*) the simple weaving of linen cloth to difficult patterns in various colors, also "satin stitch" and picture weaving. She knew how damask was done. She knew everything knowable about this craft. She opened up a small shop where she sold her own work and (*what*) other people had done. One day she told me, that she wanted me as her future designer, but that I had to learn the craft thoroughly first. I agreed enthusiastically. Vä bought me a small loom and I worked it over, so it had the regular pedals. Once a week Lars and I went to work, where I studied and worked and Lars played with odds and ends of different colors. He liked it. (*I was younger than age 3.*)

So it went until we had to leave Reval (*1939*) for good. Tante Gertrud ended up in Posen (Poznan now) and was the first one to opt for a shop for crafts and open up business. She did very well there. Until again we had to flee West, as the Russians marched in (*1945*). So again she had to leave everything behind. But she did not give up, though she was quite old now. Her nephew, Franz Paulsen, started a dyeing shop and again Tante Gertrud helped him as a consultant. She never gave up, learned something else and got (*back*) on her feet again until the last days of her life.

For me she is a symbol of courage, endurance, and imagination. She never gave up, was never desperate (*despairing?*) and discouraged, as so many others were. She did not say anything, but did something. And through her will power and good reliable work, she always succeeded. She is one of my leading stars of my life.

The tablecloth.

This you, Janie, shall have when I am gone. When she gave it to me, I can no more remember, but I used it on very special occasions in her honor. It is unbleached linen with a wide green band around. I mainly used for Christmas in older days. It is still in mint condition and I shall keep it that way, if no unforeseen accident should strike. As you, Janie, like the Luthers, you are the one who will appreciate it most. May you spend happy times with Tante Gertrud's handwork.

Love, Mu

(*Sadly, I have no recollection of this tablecloth.*)



Portrait of Margarethe M. von Glehn Luther painted by C. van Auwers in Glücksburg – 1945
Frau Auwers was a coworker of Mu's in the studio/gift shop in the Hotel Ruhetal in Glücksburg. Mu is portrayed in the half-long black sheepskin coat which Vă had brought back from Russia. She had worn it on the flight from Deutsch Eylau and continued to wear because it was warm and totally indestructible. (The artist has made this coat look a lot nicer than it really was.)

5/21/2005

An Interview with Margarethe Luther

In the fall of 1953 a reporter of the Flensburg Avis, the Danish language newspaper in Flensburg, came to interview my mother at our apartment in Glücksburg.



The artist working at her drawing table

My mother knew very well how important it is for an artist to have media coverage and, as a good story-teller, she took care to feed the reporter's hunger for the picturesque and unusual details rather than sticking strictly to the dull and literal truth.

I've translated here the oldest surviving newspaper interview, which I have translated from a Danish paper. I added a few clarifying comments in brackets. It appeared one month before she was to participate in an exhibit sponsored by a Danish art association.

Lars C. Luther



Illustration to "The Nightingale". Notice the great extent to which the artist is using lines. This is most evident from the volcano in the background. Because the entire picture is cut out of one piece of paper "all the black is hanging together", but this is done with great finesse.

Friday September 4, 1953

Unique Silhouette Art

A visit with Mrs. Margaretha Luther, Lyksborg, whose
silhouettes have gone out all over the globe * Hers is
such a unique technique that she can't be a member of the
silhouette cutter's association * A life on the run *
The scissors were the first thing to go into her rucksack

Isn't that a beautiful and unusually finely executed woodprint, the one hanging over there, exclaimed the Franciscan monk some time ago when he visited one of the cloisters of his order in Rome, where he saw a picture of St. Francis of Assisi. A brother who was with him answered that it wasn't a woodcut but a silhouette cutting by Mrs. Margaretha Luther, or, to use her maiden and artist's name: Margaretha von Glehn.

Similar exchanges can be heard in different languages many places in the world, in Europe, USA, or Canada, when people first see her work.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther now live with their two sons in a modest two-room apartment in Lyksborg [Glücksburg, Germany] where you will meet a slim, small woman – busy drawing.

“I was born in Reval or, as the town is called in Estonian, Tallinn. That means “Danish Castle” or “Danish Town”. It was founded by Valdemar II. [Valdemar Sejr in Danish - Sejr means “victor”.]

This is the lady's first answer after being asked to talk about her work and herself. “Since then I have traveled a lot,” she continues, “all my life running from Bolshevists and now I am here.”

First and Last Dancing Elf-Girls

Over Mrs. Luther's drawing table hangs her last completed work: Dance of the Elf-Girls.

– When did you first start to cut silhouettes?

– When I was about 14 years old, well, that is now 30 years back. The first silhouette was called the “Dance of the Elf-Girls” too, but it was so poorly done that it is a good thing in a way that it was lost on a flight. Fortunately we only lost dead things, not loved ones on our flights – and no scissors either, she adds with a fine smile and continues a little later: Well, every time we had to leave I have always packed my scissors first to make sure that they would be with me. I wouldn't be able to cut without them, of course. Fortunately they don't take much room.

– The unusual thing about your cuttings is that unlike other silhouette cutters you don't just cut on the outline and work with areas. You cut “holes” into your subjects and work with lines. How did you arrive at this mode of expression? Where did you learn that?

– The only thing that I have been taught is drawing. My teachers were the Russian professor Anatol Kaygorodoff and the Estonian Friedrich Koppel. I have had no real model.

The idea of cutting holes into subjects is my own, and I don't believe that anyone else on earth cuts just this way.

– Your first subject was “The Dance of the Elf Girls”, and your last completed work has the same subject. Are you partial to elves?

– Yes, elves interest me because they belong to the figures of fairytales and legends. These figures – and religious subjects too – are my favorites to work with. I feel that they are best shown in black and white pictures. The people, trolls, and dwarves of fairytales are either black or white in a sense. The same is true for figures of myths and legends. Furthermore in fairytales and legends the “other world” always intervenes in the action forming a bridge between the two worlds, between white and black.”

Clear Language: black on white

– I have been challenged to learn artistic painting, to work with color, nuances, soft transitions, etc. I said No. In my work nothing gets blurred nor is anything painted gray on gray. The contrast between black and white is the concise language I wish to speak.

– Do you belong to a certain school of art?

– I can't really say I do. When I cut flowers I try to reproduce nature, even if it ends up somewhat stylized. My cuttings of religious nature have something in common with Russian church art.

Lili Marleen became a nightmare

– How many silhouettes have you made over the years?"

– I have no idea, but there have been thousands. To figure this out even approximately is impossible. Some cuttings are finished in a few hours' time after I put down the first guiding pencil stroke on the backside of the paper. Others sit there for several days or weeks of work.

The most difficult problem I ever had to face was presented to me in Kiel during the war. A young lady came to me and asked for a picture of a tank for warfare. I had never seen such a monster and had to find one before I could begin to draw and cut it.

One subject that turned into a nightmare after I had cut it several hundred times:

That was "Lili Marleen at the lamppost". After more and more people had seen the first cutting they ordered an exact copy of it. And then there followed more orders in the same manner... "Marleen" rode me like a nightmare, but now fortunately she is history.

Wants to illustrate H.C. Andersen

– Aside from these two cases have you generally been asked to do proscribed work or have you always worked with whatever inspired you at the moment?

– Both. I have made some cuttings according to people's wishes, more or less, others exclusively per inspiration.. One of my greatest wishes is to illustrate H.C. Andersen's fairytales, which I love immensely.

During the conversation she also talked a little about herself and the background of her work. Among her ancestors are a Russian Court architect, a Swiss watchmaker, and a goldsmith who specialized in filigree work. Her [grand]mother was an Englishwoman. She herself was born in Estonia. Today she speaks Danish and her sons go to the Duborg school. [I don't think she ever spoke more than a few words of Danish. I, Lars, went to the Duborg School, and Holger went to the Christian Paulsen School, which were the two intermediate Danish schools in Flensburg.] Once the entirety of the family's possessions was contained in three rucksacks.

Builds on the Heritage of her Family

All through everything she has held on to the artistic heritage she had received. Architecture and filigree work also use lines, but she has gone on and found her own artistic expression understood by all. That her art is unique is clear from the curious fact that the German silhouette cutter's organization has denied her membership because she does not exclusively work with shadow pictures.

One has to admire the knowledge, technique and ability and not least the prodigious work that has gone into all her work. A small woman, but a fine artist.

*

Mrs. Luther will be showing some of her work in the exhibition being arranged by the South Slesvig Art Organization for November here in Flensburg.

parvus

[Presumably "parvus" is the pen name of the author of the article.]

Noblewoman Cuts Paper With Art

By JOAN PERKOLUP
Of The Bulletin Staff

Margaretha Luther has to be either a European aristocrat or an artist.

She is a small woman, fragile and almost diminutive in size, who looks out of clear blue eyes. Her fine blonde hair is pulled away from soft, velvety skin and tucked high in a single knot at the back of her head. She speaks in a quiet, lightly accented voice and sits erect, but at ease, her checkered skirt falling in graceful folds around her.

Mrs. Luther is both, born 61 years ago to what she called one of the foremost families in Estonia, a Baltic Sea country, she works in an art form she calls "art silhouette."

She first started as a young girl and worked at it throughout a life she describes as one of "flight, revolution and war." She once was marked for assassination by the Bolsheviks.

ALL THIS behind her, Mrs. Luther today works in the living room of an almost European-like cottage in Torresdale. She and her husband, Fred, 63, an artist who works with inlays of wood carvings, moved to the cottage this summer from Ohio where they had lived since coming to this country in 1955.

The cottage is on a 17-acre estate called Glen Foerd, located behind an iron grille entrance way at 5001 Grant ave. and owned by Mrs. Florence Tonner, an 88-year-old widow who has willed the property to the Lutheran Church upon her death.

The Luthers—he is a direct descendant of Martin Luther's uncle—were hired by the church as caretakers. Mrs. Tonner lives in a "mansion" on the estate with her own household staff, according to Mrs. Luther.

Mrs. Luther's art silhouette pictures often have been mistaken for fine pen and ink drawings.

She uses tiny scissors (the blades are only a half inch long) and every figure in each picture is what remains after she has cut away the "background." The pictures resemble, to a limited degree, the negative of a photograph. The technique is similar to the old-world art of shadow-cutting, but the results are much more intricate.



Photos by Joseph Tritsch, of The Bulletin

LETTERING IS ANOTHER ART perfected by Mrs. Luther which she learned as a young college girl in Germany. She and her family fled Estonia during the Bolshevik Revolution.

MRS. LUTHER starts with a piece of drafting paper. She lightly sketches a scene or portrait on one side and sprays the other side black or another color.

Working from the sketched side, she begins to clip, slowly and carefully, first from the inside of an object then around the outside. After weeks, a fragile, latticed design forms on the dark side of the paper, a web of unbroken lines.

The finished product, gently mounted dark side up on rice paper, is breathtaking.

Mrs. Luther admitted she has chosen an art which is "nerve wracking."

"It takes great concentration. If you are drawing, you can wipe it (a mistake) out, but if you cut, you can't. You have to be completely precise," she said.

"When I was young, I could cut 12 hours a day, but now I can't do that. If I do it late at night, I get all worked up and can't sleep."

Mrs. Luther said, however, that she has "lots of orders" from area customers to add to the thousands scattered all over the world. Her works have been exhibited in Estonia, Denmark, Germany, Ohio and West Virginia. Some friends are trying to arrange a one-woman show in the Philadelphia area, possibly this spring.

"They (the customers) come with ideas but if they are merciful they say, 'Do what you want.'"

"SOMETIMES THEY come up with strange ideas. One wanted a tree, a snake, a snail and a frog all in one picture so I worked out the three animals intricately and put the tree as a shadow in the background."

Mrs. Luther, formerly Margaretha von Glehn, was a 13-year-old school girl in Germany when she first tried art silhouette.

"I saw one in a window and it entranced me so I had to do it, too," she said. "I've always been painting and drawing. I just got black paper and cut out a fairy. It was horrible but then I started to train myself."

She was five when World War I broke out and eight at the time of the Bolshevik Revolution.

"We belonged to one of the foremost families and were all on the black list," Mrs. Luther recalled. In the late 1800s, her grandmother was a lady-in-waiting to an imperial princess and two great aunts were ladies-in-waiting to the wife of Czar Alexander II.

"We learned later that we were to have been killed on Feb. 25, 1918, about eight months before the Czar (then Nicholas II). The revolution was already on then." But the assassination of her and her family was averted when the Germans invaded the Baltic States a few days earlier. The Bolsheviks "left in a hurry," according to Mrs. Luther, leaving their records behind. It was from these records that the von Glehns learned of what they escaped.



USING TINY SCISSORS, Margaretha Luther, of Torressdale, cuts away the white "background" of her unique art silhouette pictures. The picture takes form in unbroken lines on dark underside of paper.

SHE, HER FATHER, grandmother and aunts fled to Germany, where her father later died of consumption. She attended school there, but returned home in 1929 to work as a bookkeeper for an American car agency. Six years later, in 1935, she was married to Luther who was working for his uncle's plywood concern, the largest in Europe at the time.

"We thought we were all set, but then World War II broke out and again we had to flee," she remembered, still with disbelief in her voice. "The Baltic States were given to Russia in a treaty between Hitler and Stalin."

The goal was to make it to neutral Sweden. Afraid neighboring Finland might fall to the Russians, they sought a route through Germany. "We lost our heads," Mrs. Luther said. "We got caught under the Nazis and Fred was drafted as an interpreter because he knew Russian."

The years ahead were hard. Mrs. Luther, by that time the mother of two small boys, ran a bookstore in Deutsch Eylau, then a small town in Eastern Germany and now a part of Poland. But the Russians were pressing closer and again they had to flee.

"WE CAME to Gdynia (then in Germany, now Poland) and there my husband met us by accident. He was searching for us. He knew an organist there and asked if he knew us. He didn't think we were there, but just wondered if the organist knew anything about us. And there we were."

She said her husband, who had to return to duty, put them on a ship bound for Kiel, a German port. "I just wanted to get out (from Eastern Germany). I didn't want to fall into the hands of the Bolsheviks because that would mean certain death," she said.

8/19/05

Translations of Excerpts from an Art Encyclopedia

”Lexicon deutschbaltischer bildender Künstler“, Kuno Hagen, 1983, Verlag Wissenschaft und Politik

Luther, Margarethe, nee v.Glehn, Silhouette Artist, born June 28, 1909 in Narva. Father: Felix v.Glehn, Chemist, Mother: Margarethe, nee Bernhard. Husband: craftsman Ferdinand Luther. Early work with silhouettes, Autodidact. Lived in Reval. 1939 Repatriation to Gdingen (formerly Gotenhafen). After the war in Glücksburg and in Flensburg. 1955 Emigration to the USA. Lives in Philadelphia since 1978 in Basking Ridge. Active as silhouette artist in Europe and USA, Exhibits in Reval, Flensburg, Kiel and the USA.

Work: Silhouettes – often in large format – with filigree-like execution of fine, pen-and-ink like lines. Achieves 3-dimensional effects in some works by including rice paper between layers of cutouts. Predominant motifs: Grasses, Flowers, Insects, Spider Webs, Religious Themes, Fairytales and Portraits. Lithographical Copies of her Silhouette “Christmas Triptych”. Exhibited at the Art Museum in Bern, at the Main Seat of the Order of St. Francis in Rome, in the Lutheran Church in (Springfield) Ohio (lg. Crucifixion Silhouette) and in the Church of Holy Communion in Philadelphia (Christmas Story).

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American Antiques, June 1977;

Informationsblatt der CSG, **10**, Nov. 25, 1947

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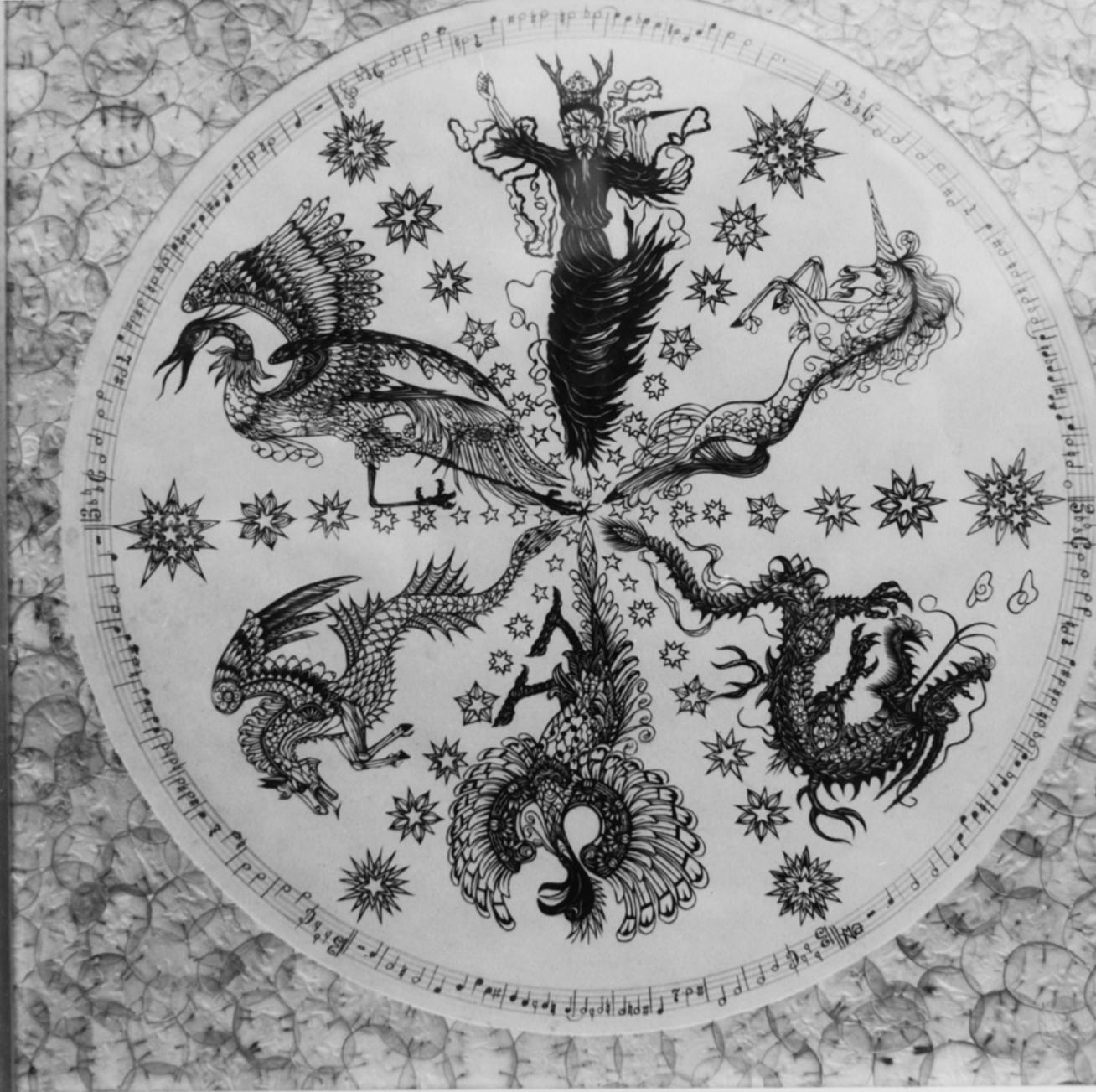
The Columbus Dispatch, Sunday Paper Magazine May 26, 1957 (w. 7 Reproductions and 2Photos)

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The Bernhardsville News (Bernhardsville, NJ) Feb. 15, 1979 (w. Reproduction and Photo)



4/1/2017

Probably sometime during the 1990's, Mutti wrote a letter to a man named Klaus Zentz for publication in the newsletter of the Deutsche Scherenschnitt Verein (German Silhouette Society). Wikipedia used this as a source, as well as our Halmalu website, for their article about Mu. Dr. Zentz wrote as follows about Margarethe von Glehn Luther's work "Ricerca". ("Ricerca" – pronounced "rich-er-kar-uh" is an elaborate instrumental composition such as a fugue or waltz.) He said she wrote in English, which he had freely translated into German. Now I have translated the entire article into English:

My son Holger asked me once to create for him an illustration of the Ricerca. That is an immensely difficult project. I thought about it for two years, until I found a way to express what this music means to me.

For that I first had to go back to my childhood. When I was six years old, my father, who was a violin virtuoso, practiced the great Chaconne for solo violin written by Bach. *[Note that for Mutti there was only one Bach: J.S.]* I listened with suspended breath and felt that something frightfully great and exciting came my way, something that moved above my head and came from a spiritual plane far away – something I would now call the cosmos. That was the way I always felt with music of Bach's music. I studied Bach for twelve years.

To represent the six voices (of the Ricerca) I could not use angels, because those winged live forms have been represented in a sentimental and even banal manner ever since Victorian times. So therefore I invented beings that down on our earth would not exist, but can be meaningful and also frightening. Along with stars they can create a spiritual cosmos.

Counterclockwise from the top:

1. the Shaman
2. the phoenix
3. the Venetian Horse Dragon
4. the great Bird Roc
5. the Chinese Dragon
6. the Unicorn

Into the outer circle I have written the first seven of the Ricerca staves which form the musical themes. The different instrumental voices are indicated by their key notes.

This impressive silhouette is an expression of the personal feelings of the sensitive and musical artist Margarethe von Glehn Luther and may very likely belong with her most important creations.



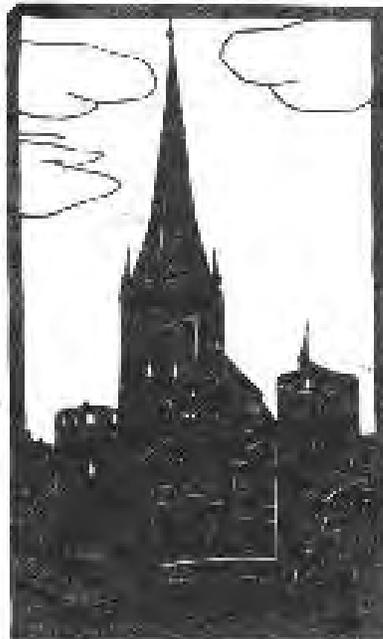
Strandpforte

12/18/00

As a very old woman in the Alzheimer's home in Richlandtown, PA, my mother would return to her hometown Reval (now Tallinn) every day. She would retrace the steps from her father's house to that of her grandmother Bernhard nearby. And she would walk through the "Strandpforte", the ancient city gate leading to the harbor, and look up at the city's coat of arms with its cross reminding the visitor of the Danish origins of Tallinn.

She was a happy young child – always singing. Her aunt Agnes was a good mother to her and called her Tibbu (chicken in Estonian). She loved her nanny Ilinka (Helen), who took her for walks through Reval. One of the free range chickens living in the garden was "hers". Ilinka would run all over the yard every morning to find where that distracted chicken had laid the egg du jour, which was then cooked for my mother.

Later, after my mother had finished high school and had returned to Reval in 1929, she lived with her uncle Erwin Bernhard, who had formally adopted her. Again she walked the old streets and learned to love the old towers and the churches. She made some of her first silhouettes then, like the one of St. Olai's church below.



St. Olai's church

St.

Dear Christian,

It is so unusual that you (of all grandchildren) asked me in 1987 to tell you the story of my life. I personally did not think of it as worth mentioning, but nevertheless I now realize that you and your generation has the right to ask me what happened to your grandfather and what he made of his life. As good as I now remember you may hear the story which in retrospect looks more adventurous and expected as made by my own resolutions.

My early childhood (born September 1907 in Helsingfors Finland) I spent in Finland some 50 miles north of Helsingfors in Leppäkoski (Finnish meaning Aspenfall) where my father, Christian (1878-1925) was at the time manager of a brick factory which belonged to the Finnish branch of the Lutherans. I grew up in a totally Finnish environment, although our language inside the home was German and, from my mother's side, Swedish.

There was no lack of kids my age, because all of the factory workers lived in small cottages in our back yard, and there were lots of children. At that time it was normal for a family in a certain social position, as we happened to be, to keep a vast amount of maids – a cook, cooks' helper, chambermaid, a children's maid called mummu who took care of my older brother Olaf and me. The total household was then ten, which seems just right. My father had a big stable of horses. There were no cars at that early period (1905-14) and all traffic went by horse and buggy. As extension of the brick factory there was a fairly large farm with cows, sheep, geese, chickens, etc., gardens and fields. So we kids had always big company and never a dull moment.

Through the estate ran a big river (Turijoki = Lumber river). We had a nice floating bathhouse where we could row and swim. You see the conditions were excellent for the excitement and fun for us kids.

My first prep school was Finnish. Politically Finland was then attached to Russia of the Tzar – and so we were Russian citizens (until 1917). We lived in Leppäkoski until 1914 – in my recollection the most fascinating time of my life – endless excitement and fun.

I developed special skills as finder of the best edible mushrooms (borwicks) and outdid even my parents, but there were plenty of wild berries to be found and eaten, especially the wild strawberries which one could smell 100 feet away with more flavor and taste than any garden variety, and there were yellow massberry (like a raspberry) which grew in abundance in wet places. Unfortunately, the moors and woods were infested with copperheads, so we really learned how to watch our steps.

Russia proper

In 1914 my father got a new job as manager of a plywood factory in Russia (Staraja, Russia) south of Leningrad. So we got on a lengthy railroad trip and started a totally different life in Russia. We had to learn the new language and adapt to the life in a city. And the First World War had just started. We went to a Russian grade school, but I hardly remember the time; it was frightening to say the

least. The Russians, usually friendly people, were now expected to hate the Germans, and we had to shut up with our home-language and speak Russian – all in all an unpleasant experience.

It did not last long, fortunately. My father was called into the army and went to Finland for the service. So we, the family, packed up again and went back to Finland as well. But our Paradise was shut tight; we had lost it forever. We rented an apartment and had to reorganize totally. We had to find new friends among the neighborhood kids – not an easy task – but the worst thing was that our father was not around. The unit he was assigned to was in trouble. The Finnish soldiers were not ready to go to war with the Germans. So the whole unit was punished and sent to the far eastern part of Russia for the whole period of the war. It was very fortunate for my dad, so he survived and could return to us in 1917 after the revolution.

We had in the meantime relocated again. This time to Reval, Estonia, in 1916 [*when he was 9*]. Our grandmother (father's mother) had just moved into a larger apartment and took us (mother Gerda, brother Olaf, sister Renate and me) in. This was again a total new beginning. Estonia was still under Russian rule. First language: Russian, then German and Estonian on top of that, which had to be learnt. Looking back now it seems to me that our life until then mostly consisted of learning new languages. We did not at that time know that we still had to dive into another language (English) and very deeply. But maybe we had acquired a certain readiness for new languages – as it was not very hard to find our ways later in life with the Danish language – very closely related to Swedish (which we already knew). But Estonian – also related to Finnish – was again something else!

1916 – 39

How happy we were when Father returned in late 1917 as a free man. It was still wartime and Estonia under Russian dominion suffered – like usual, no food, no clothing, no heating, no light and the very strongly felt national feelings of Russians against Estonians and both on top of it hating the Baltic-German minority. Even we as schoolboys had to be careful not to speak German on the streets. I was at grade school where we had daily courses in Russian. Later, after 1918, we got daily Estonian courses.

It was on February 24, 1918, that the German troops advanced to Reval and freed us from the revolutionary Russian troops, who had then already started to arrest Baltic Germans by the hundreds, especially the upper social class people, and on the black-list were Mutti's family, the Glehns, too.

All these hundreds were supposed to be shipped to Siberia. We were lucky in a way that the German troops eliminated this danger – otherwise it did not help much economically. On the contrary, it got worse. The Germans provided themselves from the already very scarce food supplies – especially bread, butter and meat disappeared totally – even potatoes, the staple food in Estonia, were gone, so it was a very mixed blessing.

My father, who had many friends among the landed gentry, was able to get our family through this bad period. Later it got worse when Germans left in October and Estonians took over the government. They did it very drastically by depriving all the big landowners of their estates (20,000 acres was reduced to 400 acres) with pay. Practically this meant for hundreds and thousands ruin. But you have to realize that the Estonians were free for the first time in 700 years of slavery and from that angle it seemed really not too harsh a measure (as the Russians intended to kill them). As we all remember now the freedom of this country and the neighbor countries lasted only 20 years and again the Russians occupied this area and still intend to keep it.

Back to our family: My father died in 1925 [*when Vä was 18*] and our family had again hard choices. My brother Olaf left for Finland and managed to build up a nice existence for himself – almost the American way from working in the harbor as a laborer and then up the ladder.

1934

I got a job at the factory where my dad had worked. Mu and I met and we decided to start a family. In 1936 Lars was born and we had the feeling that the Luther family would continue to live in Reval where they had been since 1736 and Mu's family since 1550.

In conclusion to this first part of my story I have to say that even changing from Finland to Estonia did not matter very much because the climate, living ways, language were much the same – the basic feeling remained – to be at home and part of the land and its history, which gave us a sense of security and continuity. This came, however, to an abrupt end.

1939

This chapter of my life I try best to forget as I now see the total absurdity of warfare as such – to settle political questions – it is grotesque – covered with heroic words of dedication and patriotism, always hitting hardest the little, harmless people and solving never any real problems between nations. Was it unfortunately an inheritance from our caveman fathers or maybe even earlier (already the amoebae did devour their neighbors).

Then something absolutely unimaginable happened to our whole minority group of Baltic-Germans (15,000) of Estonia. We received an order from Hitler (then a stranger to all of us) to pack up and leave our country within four days and for good. Estonia was still a free country although rumblings from World War 2 had been heard from Poland – heard but not taken seriously. But then a fear spread that the Bolsheviks may be taking over again and with only 15,000 troops in Estonia and no airplanes – no tanks either – there was no chance of keeping them on hold for even an hour.

Well, we really stuffed our few belongings in crates, boarded the waiting ships and said goodbye to our likewise totally speechless Estonian friends. But our reaction was pure instinct and our minds were numbed and sad.

In a couple of days we entered the part of Gdynia, which had just been occupied by German troops. The Polish population was just packed on trains and taken to Warsaw or somewhere else and we had to make a house in the fully equipped apartment where the food and plates still stood on the table and the beds were not yet made. We really got our second shock right there. This was war again, hard reality, disgusting in every detail, and only the beginning for us. There were no jobs, no money, no hope. But very soon we learned to see how German efficiency and improvising worked. In a couple of weeks most of the able-bodied got a job, any kind of course, a place to live and look around. But it took all of us a long time to get over the abrupt change of life, our loss of our home country – this sad mood stays of course within both of us for our lifetime (although we have found a very substantial compensation in the fortunes of our children and grandchildren.).

Mu and I decided to make our permanent home in Germany proper, to avoid the depressing feeling of living in a Polish home. Through connections of Mu we found a job and a place to live in Deutsch-Eylau. I got a job in a sawmill, Mu in a bookstore (the only one in town, and they had the handicap

of limited supply because of the war) and she can tell some funny stories about the various customers. Lars came after school to her office, sat on a table and read books from the shelf (and forgot everything about bad times).

My job took me through most of the forest of Eastern Germany arranging the transportation of logs from the various locations where the trees were felled – mostly huge oak trees (often 3-6 feet in diameter). It took me a while to persuade the local farmers to get their horses and pull the logs out of the woods to the streets from where they got loaded on trucks and then to the mill. The difficulty was basically the price for this handling, which was a government thing and the farmers resented. But I was actually having a good time, riding with a nice motorbike for hours and hours through the well-kept woods of the German forests (comparing with the wilderness in this country).

In 1941 my job ended. I was inducted to the army as a Russian language interpreter and, after a six-week course in Berlin, sent to the East – Smolensk. The war with Russia had just begun and I got my first impressions of war right there. It was October and the wet period had started and the roads were rivers of mud. But I was then 34 years old and really did not get upset (as I would today).

But in 1941 I did not really think and argue that way – on the contrary I even fancied that the German army could beat the Russians and maybe free my home country (as they had done before in 1918) and in the end we would get home again. How little one realizes that fate has its own rules for the big game of life on earth. Our unit was deployed in the middle part of the 2000 miles of front (from the arctic to the African mainland, and in 1942 we really worked our way close to Moscow (within 40 miles). We spent most of the time outdoors, constantly moving – the first two years eastward – from then on westward.

1944

After the assassination attempt on Hitler the 20th of July 1944, even the normal soldier knew that the chances for a victory were slim. And in January 1945, when we crossed the German border, we realized the end was near – no, it was already there!

During the four years of war I had only twice the chance to get a short vacation. I could do nothing to help Mu with all the difficult decisions of leaving Deutsch-Eylau. Her flight with the children is a long and gruesome story. She should really write it down as an example of a miraculous game fate sometimes decides to play. During the last stages of our flight we were lucky to meet and at least design a plan where to meet again in Germany – outside the Russian dominion.

May 3, 1945

The war ended abruptly, but not yet for me. Mu had, after many near-death escapes, managed to reach Glücksburg (close to the Danish border). I saw her for a couple of days in May and then was taken prisoner-of-war by the Americans (of all things) in Attychy, France, where I got to know the first black people. On September 1945 I was released!

1945 – Glücksburg

There we were with three rucksacks (bags) of property for Mu and the kids – and a small bandbag for me with a change of underwear – planning a new start of life. Our only asset was our youth and a

certain courage. There was no home, shelter, or money; all the savings we had were in the bank in Eastern Russia and could not be drawn on in the West.

We found a very problematic place to live for a couple of months with the Cardinals, Lo and Kurt. But as they asked a considerable payment for this shelter, we had to look for some income. Mu worked first as kitchen helper in a hospital for a few pieces of dry bread – and found then a job with a man (a refugee from the Rhineland) who put up a shop for art paintings, etc. – what we would call “arts and crafts”. Mu found somewhere a pair of small scissors and that was the moment the silhouettes got started in her life.

When I returned in September 1945 after my captivity in France we had to move from the Cardinals and by a lucky chance found a place with Mrs. Zeise; two rooms (no water, no kitchen, no toilet) but a shelter which gave us cover for 10 years. I started a little woodworking shop with a handful of tools I got from a former businessman in the Rhineland: saws, knives, files, etc. I had to travel 500 miles on top of an open coal wagon; there were no passenger trains at that time – but then again, I was young!

Once I had an order for a toy – a dwarf with one flexible leg. It was walking on a slanted board. It was quite a complicated contraption. I still remember my frustration – it did and did not walk – only at a certain slope of the beam – then down it walked at a nice and steady pace.

I got plywood from my former connection with a factory in Finland so I really could do all kinds of little carvings: angels, dwarfs, boxes – which were then painted by Mu. I made my own saw blades from old clock springs and brushes from my hair – somebody gave me an old farm motor. In the first years after the war there was hardly anything available – of course no food or clothing either.

In Fall we used to walk over the fields where potatoes had been harvested and one could find a meal or two. We picked berries, mushrooms – and once in a while I had to walk for 10 miles to a small fishing village where I was likely to buy some fish. Groceries were rationed for two more years, but as soon as the old mark was revalued everything was again on the market, of course at a price. Glücksburg means “lucky castle”; it was really lucky for us – we survived!

The boys were fortunate that they were accepted at the Danish school. At that time the Danes still nourished political dreams. The northernmost province of Germany, Slesvig, had a mixed population: half Danish and half German. The local Danish-speaking and thinking felt that they could choose to be absorbed by Denmark – and the Danes sent teachers, money and other support over the border to get this part of former Denmark back, which was lost in 1866 (under Bismarck) to Germany.

I was lucky to get a job as slojd (wood-working) instructor at the Danish school and Mu was later a full-time silhouette cutter, mostly for Danish customers.

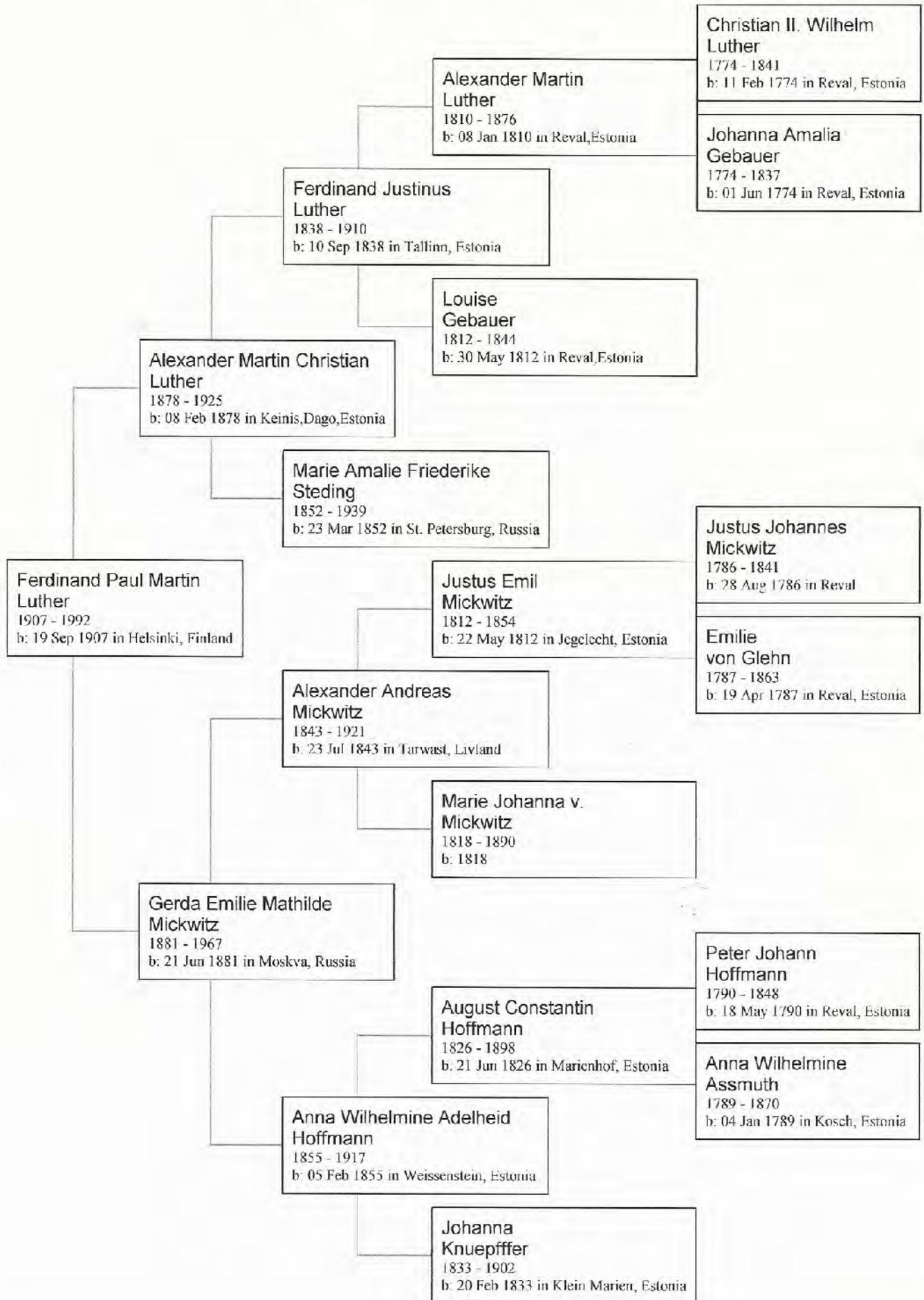
We tried to immigrate to Denmark – but failed. They had already their share of displaced people, so it was for us fortunate. At the same time we had feelers to Tante Senta Bernhard in Marietta, Ohio, whose late husband (a cousin of Mu) already in 1939 at the beginning of the Second World War had invited us to the States. So after long negotiations with the USA immigration office we got finally the permission to enter. That was in 1955 – a day to remember – July of 1955 – not the 4th – but for us it really became our Fourth of July – freedom.

There was still a strange event to mention. We had just settled in the train for Bremen to take the boat to New York when our former Danish school principal came to us and tried to persuade us to cancel our trip and stay in Europe. He promised Lars a scholarship for the University at Copenhagen. We did not get excited and remained seated. In hindsight we realized that this was the best solution.

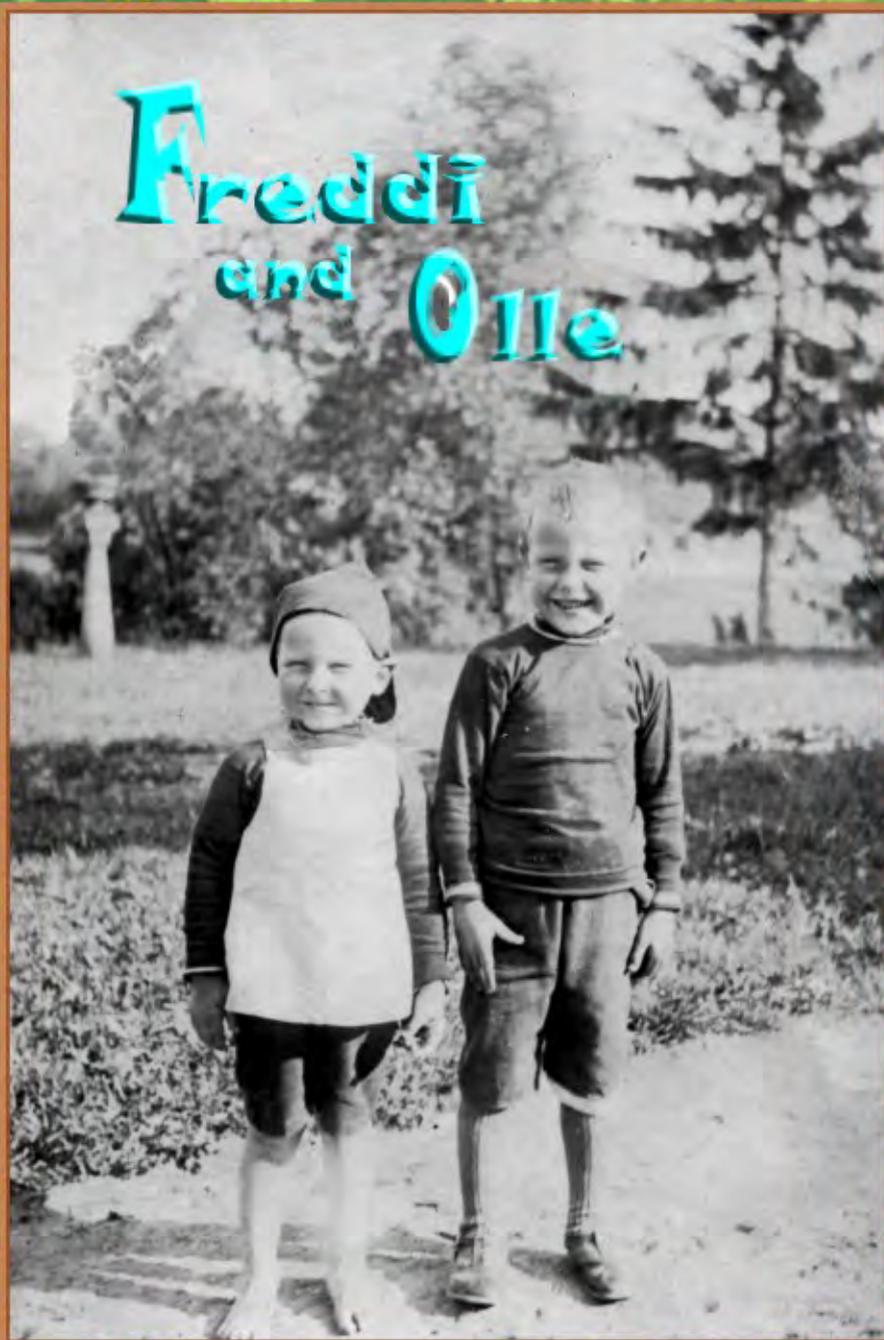
After our five-day trip over the Atlantic we saw the silhouette of New York and passed the Statue of Liberty – but don't ask us how we really felt! We were now totally adrift – no money, no home, no job and very nervous (the two of us at least). Senta and Winfred [*her son who was several years older than Lars*], then total strangers, met us at the pier. 1500 people disembarked, we cleared the customs (nobody bothered about our 21 bundles) and we were guests in a strange country – without the least idea how our future could develop – breathtaking the pace of life in New York.

We were as numb then as 15 years previously when we had had to leave our home country. First we had to adjust to the language – this was at least a beginning. Senta took us to Paradox in New York State (Adirondacks) where she had a nice summer cottage. This was for us the first vacation after almost 15 years of toil, and that was really the nicest thing that happened to us. We kind of relaxed and started to hope.

Ancestors of Ferdinand Paul Martin Luther



Freddie
and Ollie



1/12/04

Freddi, as my father was called by family and friends, and his brother Olle (Olav) lost their childhood paradise in 1914, when their father got a new job in Russia. Their life in the city of Staraya Russa (south of St. Petersburg) was unpleasant because Russia was at war with Germany (WWI). Their native language, German, was now the language of the enemy, and the boys learned quickly to avoid speaking German at school. The family left Russia again in 1916 for Estonia, where most of their relatives were. But they found postwar Estonia not to be so German-friendly either. Estonia had achieved independence from Russia at the end of the war, and native Estonians began to shake off the centuries of domination by the German landowners and city officials. Olle left for Finland soon after graduation from High School looking for a better life there, while my father stayed with his widowed mother in Reval and began working for A.M. Luther, the family-owned plywood company. Then WWII began in 1939, and the brothers were separated for a very long time. They got in touch again by mail after the war, but they wouldn't see each other again until 1983, when Olle and his son Tom and his family came to visit us in Basking Ridge.

I remember that Olle called from Finland while my father was so sick at our house in Bethlehem. The call came just shortly before my father's death. The brothers talked for a long while, and my father commented that the call had made him feel good. "Everything is all right now", he said, "it was like old times".



Lars, Fred, And Olle in Basking Ridge 1983.



Sommer 1921 Bergaholmen, Schweden

- 1. Gunnar Mickwitz, Georg Blossfeld, Christian Luther, Freddi L., Olle L., Axel M.
- 2. Margreta, Hugo Hoffmann, Brita, Ragna, Dagny Mickwitz, Kete H., Ernst Brasche, Karin M., Gerda
- 3. Antra, Gjert, Niels, Renate

In this picture from 1921 we see
Fred, his brother Olle, his sister Renate . . .



. . . and their mother Gerda and father Christian.



FERDINAND P.M. LUTHER 1910



c.1932



FRED, MARGARETHE AND CHRISTAL LUTHER IN WALKULL ~1935

Ferdinand Paul Martin Luther
(9/19/1907 - 8/19/1992)



During WWII - c.1943



FRED LUTHER CA. 1943

Ferdinand Paul Martin Luther
(9/19/1907 - 8/19/1992)



FRED LUTHER AND PANSEY 1959

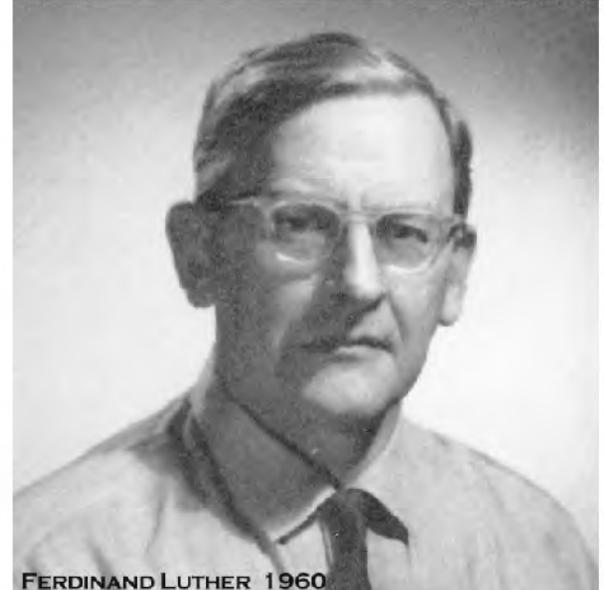
Right: With Pansy in Marietta;
Below: Passport photo 1951;
1959; 1960



FRED LUTHER PASSPORT 1951



FRED LUTHER 1959



FERDINAND LUTHER 1960



Left: 1965 - At
Chris's baptism

Right: 1966 - With
Molly and Chris

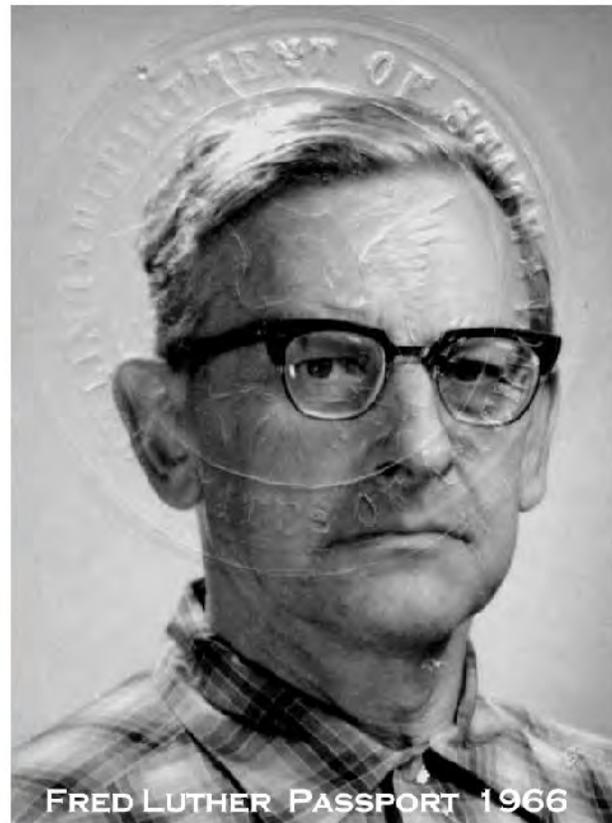


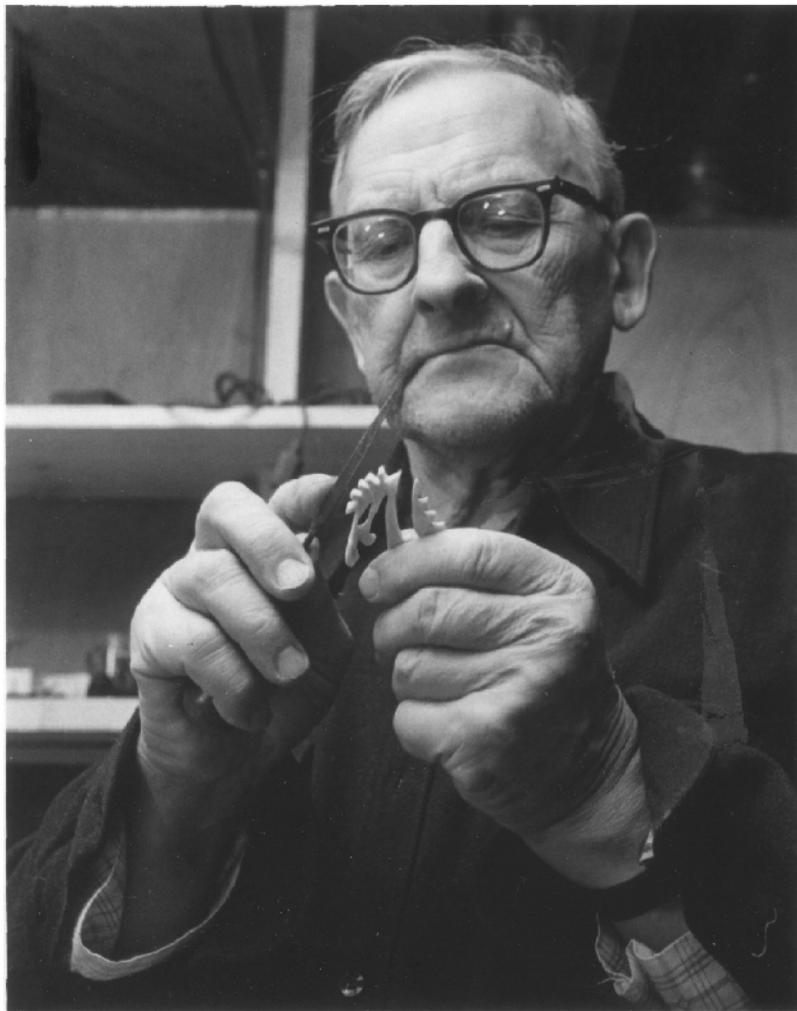
Below: 1983 - With Olle in Basking Ridge
NJ; Olle's son Tom, Va, Olle, Lars and Erik



Ferdinand Paul Martin Luther
(9/19/1907 - 8/19/1992)

1966 passport photo







revised 9/9/2016

My father finished his high school education in 1927. We have his diploma still; he was a good student, a pretty solid B. He despised over-ambitious people, calling them “Streber”, strivers. His high school, the “Domschule”, was located on the cathedral hill (Domberg) near the Marienkirche, the cathedral of St. Mary. The institution dates back to the fourteenth century (although the present building dates back “only” to 1845) and was the preferred school for the German-speaking citizens of Reval, but only for young men. During the First World War teachers were required to teach in Russian. My father who attended school during Estonia’s brief period of independence took Russian, as well as German, Estonian, Greek, Latin, and English courses. As a gentleman he only got C’s in Russian and Estonian. Sciences were then not separately taught; instead he took something called “Natural History, Hygiene, Physics and Chemistry”.

In his wartime diary he wrote about another facet of his teenage life:

I should discuss my extracurricular student life, which seemed more interesting and more important to me than perhaps it should have been. One (activity) was called “Equestrina”, a club which all the students in my class belonged to and which was celebrated by turn in different private homes with tea and sandwiches and baked goods at first and later with beer, cigarettes and the most wonderful Schnaps. There were lectures, but conversation and other things were at least as important. Frese sometimes played the piano and Eichhorn the violin. Coryus would present songs, but all in all there wasn’t much talent. There was much juvenile optimism and braggadocio.



The building of the Domschule in Reval and a modern memorial tablet

AKTIEN-GESELLSCHAFT
FÜR MECHANISCHE HOLZBEARBEITUNG

A. M. LUTHER

IN ESTLAND

POSTANSCHRIFT:
TALLINN, PERNU 69

FERNRUF:
TALLINN 426-00

DRAHTWORT:
LUTERMA-TALLINN

CODES:
A. S. C. 5th & 6th. BENTLEYS
WESTERN UNION, MOBBE-HOLZCODE

BANKEN:
EESTI BANK, KREDIT BANK
S. SCHEEL & KO., TARTU BANK

IHRE NACHRICHT VOM

IHR ZEICHEN

UNSER ZEICHEN

TALLINN, DEN

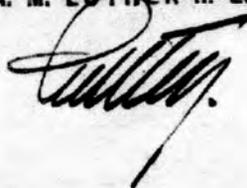
10. Oktober 1939.

Z e u g n i s .

Herr F e r d i n a n d L u t h e r war seit September 1929 an unserem Werk tätig, und zwar anfangs als Beamter für Materialeinkauf und Spedition, später als Chef der Einkaufsabteilung. Herr Luther hat diesen verantwortungsvollen Vertrauensposten vorbildlich ausgefüllt und zählte zu den wertvollsten Gliedern unserer Arbeitsgemeinschaft.

Wir können Herrn Luther als wertvolle und tüchtige Persönlichkeit wärmstens empfehlen. Er verlässt unser Werk im Zusammenhang mit der Umsiedelung der Volksdeutschen Estlands ins Reich.

AKTIEN-GESELLSCHAFT
für mechanische Holzbearbeitung
A. M. LUTHER in Estland



1/19/2008

This document is a letter of recommendation given to my father by his employer. In the Fall of 1939 the great resettlement of the Baltic Germans forced my father to give notice at A.M. Luther. It was the first of a number of difficult steps for my parents into the ultimate hell of total poverty, homelessness and uprootedness at the end of the war in 1945. Their only consolation may have been that millions of other Europeans were in the same boat or even worse off. Lotte, my mother's youth companion, often said that in those awful post-war years people helped each other in unanticipated and unprecedented fashion.

The letter says:

October 10, 1939

E v a l u a t i o n .

Mr. F e r d i n a n d L u t h e r has been employed at our factory since September 1929, first as buyer of materials and of shipping, later as the director of the Purchasing Department. Mr. Luther has filled this responsible position of trust in a exemplary fashion and was considered as one of the most valuable members of our staff.

We highly recommend Mr. Luther as a valuable and competent person. He leaves our company in connection with the resettlement of Estonian Germans into the empire (Reich).



ShareownerCompany
for mechanical
wood processing
A.M. Luther in Estonia

Alexander Martin Christian Luther V in 1921

2/23/2014

Letters from the Front

Letters sent by Vä during WW II: 1942 – 1944

About these letters: Hein Hoffmann, my uncle, who had married my father's younger sister Christel, was a psychiatrist with a practice in Liebenburg in the Harz region of Germany about 100 km WSW of Berlin. We visited him and his family several times, the first time when his son Wolf Dietrich was a teenager, another time when the USSR crumbled; we sat around his TV and watched as tanks thundered into Moscow's Red Square. We shared his concern when Wolf "turned communist" to the extent that he participated in a youth congress in Moscow. Wolf saw the light eventually and made peace with his parents. I have had an ongoing correspondence with Hein nearly until his death, when Wolf took over, on email now, and reported on his parent's final years. Hein died in 2013, while Christel now is suffering from dementia. Just before that Hein and Wolf collaborated on a genealogy of the Hoffmann family in Estonia and now all over the world and sent us copies. They had asked for family data and for personal histories to be included in a companion volume. My father's story of his childhood and youth and continuing from there through his family's emigration to the USA was published in the form he, Vä, had written for Christian, his oldest grandson.

In the process of disposing of his parents' house, Wolf found a bunch of letters that my father had written to his mother Gerda during WWII from the Russian front. I am very grateful to Wolf that he offered to scan them and email them to me. I had read my father's WWII diary and have used much of the information in my family book. These letters, which I translated promptly, show a different side of him. My mother and "Mammi" (pronounced like "mummy", not mommy) never did get along very well. My Father walked a tightrope trying to make peace between them, but I remember many a fight between my parents about her and the rest of the Luthers during my adolescence.

One almost amusing consequence of my mother's intolerance of the "Luthers", took place in 1963, when Janet, Molly and I were in the process of going to Denmark for my postdoctoral year. My mother was determined to prevent any contact between the Luthers and us three. So she began to vent about Renate's husband, Bor, who had contracted tuberculosis during his 15 years of POW imprisonment in Siberia. She told us we mustn't under any circumstance visit with Bor and Renate, because Molly might get infected with TB. So to pacify her we had Molly vaccinated prior to leaving for Hamburg, where Bor and Renate came to visit us at our hotel and we visited them in their home. To this date Molly reacts positive to TB tests and she was quite concerned until we could enlighten her.

One reaction to these letters is that my father was a Mommy's boy; another is that he may have been soft-soaping her to beat the band. The right answer is probably somewhere in-between. But that is not the only thing that emerges from this correspondence. One thing is that he confidently believed that the Germans would win, and then send him and his family back to Estonia. This is what Hein had believed too, and he on one occasion explained to me why he had been a "Nazi". Estonia and the other small Baltic states had nearly been overrun by Russian militias, just after the Russian revolution in 1918. These militias (rather than regular troops) burned estates and killed the owners and even tried to capture the capitals, like Reval/Tallinn. All the German Balts rejoiced when German troops marched into Reval in 1925 and won the independence from Russia that Woodrow Wilson had planned to give them.

Another thing these letters show is his faith: he believed that he was "in God's hands" and that fear of death was unnecessary. Another was his love of Russian nature. We must be aware while reading his mail, that it was censored. He was never allowed to reveal where his unit was and what was going on militarily. Sometimes he has given some hints.

On the Eastern Front September 18, 1942

Dear Mammi.

Today on the eve of my birthday my thoughts go out to you and dwell on the old days at home; but regardless of how many homes we have had and how often we have had to move from our home lands, the most important thought for me has remained: Mother. Even though sometimes there may have been a touch of misunderstanding or tension due to the character difference between you and Gretel, I have always fundamentally been in favor of a harmonious existence together. When that did not happen, it may have been my shortcoming, but not an intentional one, and there were so many other attendant difficulties.

Because of all the hardship and the suffering that befell us in rich measure with the Black Fall of 1939 (*the repatriation*), all the trivial misunderstandings have fallen away and can no longer separate us. Even though I am the husband of a woman and the father of two sons, I am nevertheless your son and at home with you as I was once, when I still scuttled around through the rooms of Rauaniemi (*his first home in Finland*) in nothing but my undershirt*. Because my inseparable and truly innermost treasure remains the font of memories as fresh as yesterday's of Leppäkoski via Staraya Russa, Sipilae, and Reval – they are alive inside me and will be until the end of my life.

I surely did cause a lot of grief for you in my childhood and many a long worried night later as a student in my school days. If the truth be told, I never really have apologized for those worries. Maybe later I did try to compensate a little by wanting to stay at home with you. But I did that only poorly and not really a whole lot. A child is not aware of the burden he is, and, when he does become aware, it is often too late. And yet I must say for me the memories of that time are surrounded by a golden glow that illuminates even the darkness of the present. When everything on a bad day totally depresses you, all you need to do is to dip into the live treasure of your memories, to emerge happy and grateful for such a wonderful and blessed youth.

And, I like you, am poor in expressing my thoughts and need to be pressed hard to find my way to the language of the heart. This language shall say to you that I still owe you a lot of thanks, even if it has to be done by letter, as it unfortunately can't be otherwise. I want to tell you from my heart that I am deeply grateful for all your care and protection, and that I only wish that I might be able somehow to give back to you according to my strength and ability. Why is it that man is so poor at appreciating the good times, and even sometimes fills them with worry and anger. Whenever I compare any single day of former times with the present, I must admit that none of them were even remotely as uncertain and depressing as the present, with one exception, and that was the time after Papa's death when everything was black and dark. And this pain in spite of being so long ago is just as fresh and alive. In dreams one may see all the happy days, be it in Walküll, Reval, Leppäkoski; everything has the clarity and purity of a happy memory and makes you rich again regardless of all external poverty. And thus you can recognize - (*illegible*) - of workmanship and value.

If I should be so lucky to return home and to live a life, I shall consider every single day as a personal gift that must not be wasted. Now my little Lars has become a school boy and will step into the footsteps of his ancestors. Also little Holger has taken off his baby dress and is said to be quite clever already. You have to see them sometime. Couldn't you come for a few days? Tante Emmy (*Lotte Cardinals mother in Schoenfliess*) will be glad to have you. Or you might get together with aunt Gertrud (*Luther*), Kete (*Hoffmann*) and Magda to persuade Gretel (*to come to you*).

The letter I wrote recently was a little pessimistic about the future but even today the situation doesn't look much better nor clearer, and many things may happen yet. Here at the front one is totally in God's hand and the enemy tries every day to get his way.

An immensely difficult and great effort is exerted by the small infantry unit now in darkness, cold, and rain without any protection in their little hole facing the hostile tanks and guns without relief for days and weeks and even months on end. Even World War I was not as hard. They are true heroes and the people at home will never be able to thank them adequately.

The food however is good. There is no comparison with the lean meals the Russians get.

And who is responsible that these people here and there must be exposed to this torture? The fate of the (*German*) nations or only the Jew?** Whoever is responsible carries such a heavy burden of guilt that there is no adequate punishment for him. What is done here to the human body is an endless bloody crime against humanity.

And yet on the other side is the individual sacrifice that the soldier makes for his homeland, brilliant and heroic as a star. I hope we soon will have victory and that at least here in the East again peaceful work will supplant the thunder of the guns. And may the Jew receive just punishment for his betrayal of humanity.

The greatest gift for me would be a furlough and the reunion with my loved ones.

I hope that tomorrow will bring mail from you and Gretel to make it a feast day to celebrate.

Greetings to my siblings (*Renate and Christel*). A greeting and a kiss for you from your grateful son who asks for forgiveness for much sorrow from

Your son Freddi

* *A cultural difference between old, romantic German and modern USA: children did run around without pants or diapers in the Germany of the past if you can trust the drawings of Ludwig Richter.*

** *My father wrote: "Juda", which I believe means the Jewish people.*

Jan 20, 1944

Dear Mammi,

Thank you for your detailed letter from Jan. 7. So I know how you spent Christmas and how you are doing. I hope that it will continue to be quiet where you are. After two days at the front, where I was supposed to be remaining, because Andreas (?) was wounded, I have returned again. But also here everything is quiet and there is nothing much to do. Therefore I am mostly left to my own devices and can read and take walks. At the front, too, it is said to be quieter now. But I expect it to be a short pause only.

Iwan (*the Russian army*) has lost a mighty bunch of feathers and will assemble his decimated forces. Unfortunately I have not heard anything from home since Jan. 8. I hope it is just the mail. Your Christmas packages haven't arrived yet either; will they ever arrive here? Here it is raining every day with 1 to 2 degree C. during the day and -1 to -2 at night. This winter sure is very peculiar. At other times we would have had the hardest frost "Kreschenkie morozui" How is Hugo (*this may have been Renate's first husband; he died in the war*); has he written? Please send greetings when you write. For Christel I am hoping that Hein was able to come home for the holiday and that he is not vanished. Any news from Ferdi Gebauer? (*I don't know who this was*).

Please say hello to the sisters (*Renate and Christel*). Love and kisses from your son

Freddi



20. 1. 44

Liebe Mamma, danke dir für deinen aus-
führlichen Brief vom 7. Jan. So weiß ich
wie ihr Weihnachten verläuft und wie es
auch geht. Hoffentlich bleibt es bei euch
auch weiterhin ruhig. Nach 2 Tagen vom,
wo ich am liebsten bleiben sollte, weil Andreas
wieder verwundet wurde, bin ich wieder
nach hinten gekommen. Aber auch hier
ist es alles still und wenig zu tun. So bin
ich denn größtenteils mir selber überlassen
und kann lesen und spazieren gehen.
Vorne soll es jetzt auch etwas ruhiger geworden
sein. Aber es wird wohl nur eine kurze Pause
sein. Ivan hat ja mächtig Federn lassen
müssen und wird zunächst die zerschossenen
Verbände sammeln. Leider bin ich schon
seit dem 8. Januar ohne Nachricht von zu
hause. Hoffentlich liegt es nur an der Post.
Seine Weihnachtspäckchen sind auch wohl
nicht gekommen. Ob sie noch je hier ein-
treffen? Hier regnet es fast täglich - +1° +2°
am Tag - 1° -2° nachts. Ganz eigenartig ist
es wohl mit diesem Winter. Jetzt waren
vorst gerade die härtesten Fröste -
"kreschennanie morozy" - Was macht Hugo
hat er geschrieben? Grüss ihn bitte wenn
du schreibst. Für Christel freute ich mich
dass Heim zum Fest dort sein konnte
und auch jetzt nicht unerreichbar ist.
Ist was von Ferdi Gebauer zu hören?
Grüss bitte die Geschwister -

Es liebt und küsst dich dein Sohn
Ferdli

March 22, 1944

Liebe Mammi,

Thank you for your long detailed letter of March 3, so now I know again how everybody is doing. I too am worried about Olle (*his brother Olav*). It must have been very difficult. I hope that Hugo also has recovered. I can well imagine that right now you are having some very worried days. But I believe that all our worries can not change what God intends to do with us.

Out here so often I have found that when one is inclined to speak of an “accident”, then a great calm has come over me, whether shots are heard or if I have to pass through a great forest. Great dangers are lurking everywhere – but I am in God’s hand.

Right now things are calm here. Iwan (*the Russian army*) is attacking somewhere else and spares us. Also above in the air he has left us quite alone since Christmas. Probably he can’t do as he well might wish. But nevertheless it will be quite a while before he gives up. He doesn’t give us much time and tries our patience. Indeed our only anchor is our store of lovely memories of the good old times and the hope for a victory that will be the foundation of a new beginning.

Just now I have an awful lot to do, and that makes time go faster. Here already is the beginning of Spring, the days are noticeably longer. In the morning it is light already. Unfortunately the weather is very bad and wet, little sunshine. Now, my dear Mammi, cordial greetings and kisses from your son

Freddi

Greetings to the sisters

O. U. den 22.3.44

Liebe Mamma, danke dir herzlich für deinen
langen, ausführlichen Brief vom 11.3. So weiss ich
doch wieder, wie es bei dir aussieht. Wegen
Ole bin ich auch schon unruhig. Es muss ja
wohl sehr schwer gewesen sein. Hoffentlich ist
stets auch gesund durchgekommen. Ich kann mir
denken, dass du eben wohl sehr besorgte Tage durch-
machen musst. Aber ich glaube doch, dass alle
unseren Sorgen nicht verhindern können, was
Gott mit uns vorhat. Ich habe das hier so oft er-
leben müssen, wo man geneigt ist vom "Zufall"
zu sprechen, und so ist in mir auch innerlich
eine grosse Ruhe geworden, ob es schiesst oder ob
man durch grossen Wald fahren muss. Es laurt
doch überall vielfache Gefahr - aber man ist in
Gottes Hand. Eben ist es bei uns ruhig. Der Luan
macht wo anders seine Angriffe und spart uns
aus. Auch aus der Luft läst er uns schon seit
Weihnachten ganz in Ruhe. Ich kann wohl nicht
mehr so wie er möchte. Aber trotzdem wird es
mit ihm wohl noch ein ganzes Weilechen dauern
bevor er das Rennen aufgeben wird. Es läst sich
viel Zeit - und spannt uns recht auf die
Geduldprobe. Ja, als einzig ruhigen Pol haben
wir zur Zeit unsere herrlichen Erinnerungen
an die gute alte Zeit und die Hoffnung auf
den Lieg, der die Voraussetzungen für den
Neuaufbau schafft. Eben habe ich recht viel zu
tun, wodurch die Zeit schneller vorüber geht.
Es ist nun schon Frühjahrsanfang, die Tage werden
merklich länger, am Morgen ist es schon so
hell. Leider ist das Wetter recht schlecht, kalt,
windig und nass, nur selten Sonnenschein.
Nun, meine liebe Mamma, sei herzlich gegrüsst
und genützt von deinem Sohn Fredeli.
Grüss die Geschwister.

April 7, 1944

Dear Mammi,

Today your letter arrived with re-usable envelope (?) that we were going to try; I want to thank you not just for the letter but also for the birthday kringel (*sweet bread*) from Christel which arrived in good shape and tasted great. Today is Good Friday and the radio is broadcasting the St. Matthew passion. The music seems to come from another world, which has permanently closed its doors to us. Every note was generated and learned with incredible difficulties under the baton of old Sewigh in order to please the entire Reval family.

Now this is all over with and gone. Now we are presented with other questions about life and death of the German people worldwide. It appears to me that the time when we lived in Reval was somehow our youth, regardless of the age of each individual. Now we are presented with the possibility of two outcomes: survival or death, no third is possible. And this exclusion somehow makes the suffering and the pain of each individual acceptable. I am a little late with my cordial Easter Greetings.

Love and kisses from your son

Freddi

May 16, 1944

Dear Mammi,

Thank you for your letter from May 6. I have just been away for a few days and found the letter "at home". For the approaching Mother's Day I send you the most cordial greetings. My thought on this day of honor of mothers shall be firmly with you. 1000 memories of old times are awakened. It is truly so, that our lives consist of memories only; the moment is too quick for us to really grasp, and the present exists only for the purpose of trying to cast a hopeful glance into the future.

But still I want to say, that if I accept all the givens of the external life, I am opening to the moment with great joy. It is the most beautiful and most cheerful of the seasons. The landscape is charming and full of flowering fruit trees, cushions of gigantic sizes of violets, lilies-of-the-valley, and swamp buttercups. A broad river valley with inundated banks. A bird paradise unlike anything I have ever seen. Almost all the birds you can imagine are gathering here. Storks in huge quantities, cranes, ducks, wood cocks, shore birds, swallows and 1000 more.

Yesterday an old fisherman and I caught a turtle the size of a soup plate. Unfortunately not many fish, but they will be here when the floods recede. The time for collecting morels is regrettably over, but I did make good use of it. Our commander has shot 12 pheasants, which we dined on together in the casino with a rare, luxurious red wine. Yes, you see that sometimes in a time of war you can forget the war and enjoy the moment as much as possible. I will have furlough mid June, it's a wonderful feeling to look forward to it.

Now, dear Mammi, here is a very cordial kiss for Mother's Day and to a soon-to-be reunion. Say hello to the sisters,

Your son Freddi

July 3, 1944

Dear Mammi,

Now I am again on the way to the East. The wonderful time is over and the hard time begins again. The days in Eylau were great. Most of the time the four of us were on the water, and Gretel and I enjoyed ourselves indescribably. The children really already are small people with whom much beautiful experience is possible.

Thank you, dear Mammi for your letter which told me that you love me and that our visit gave you joy, which is exactly what I wanted. I have a very strong contact with you even though for long times we are separated. Once when you have the time and desire, go and see your grandchildren and try to find out whether I am somehow alive in them. You know me best from the very first years. Gretel too will enjoy seeing and talking with you. I know that for sure.

And that could continue so if, God forbid, your apartment were to be demolished (*by bombs?*) and you needed to come to live with us. The days with you were such an important part of the whole and belong to it so intensely, that they are unthinkable without them. I thank you also for everything you did for us and what you sent with us.

Love and kisses from your son

Freddi

July 11, 1944

Dear Mammi,

Today a brief greeting while on the road to tell you that I am well. The weather is in every way hot*. Yesterday I said goodbye to the old Venemaa**. I am happy in a way, even if for sure that something is up.

I hope that you won't have to worry about Hugo (*Renates's first husband*).

Everywhere things are getting hot. Yesterday we came through a huge forest area with more strawberries than I have ever seen. I ate so many, I almost got ill. This is a very rich country where we presently are***.

Please greet the sisters from me. A kiss

Your son Freddi.

** I am speculating that he means: the Russians are attacking and that his unit is retreating. Mail is censored.*

*** Must be an Estonian friend I never heard about before.*

**** Another hint about his present whereabouts?*

11. 7. 44

Liebe Mamma,
von unterwegs heute nur einen
kurzen Gruss, dass ich gesund
bin. Das Weiter ist in jeder
Beziehung heiss. Festeru verab-
schiedete ich mich vom alten
Vennema. Ich freue mich ja
gewissermassen, wenn auch
etwas Wehmut dabei sein mag.
Hoffentlich braucht Ihr auch
Hugoo wegen keine Sorgen
zu machen. Es geht ja über-
all recht heiss her. Festeru
waren wir in einem riesen
Waldgelände wo es so viel Erd-
beeren gab wie ich es noch nie
erlebt habe. Ich hab mich fast
krank. Bin sehr reiches Land
ist es in dem wir eben stehn.
Grüss bitte die Schwestern
herzlich. Kuss Dein Sohn
Heoldi.

Aug. 2, 1944

Liebe Mammi,

I haven't been able to write for a long time because of a lack of paper, but now I found a friendly donor, so that again I will be able to write to you on a regular basis. I had asked Gretel to write to you about me. Personally I am as well as I was before.

I have gotten out of Russia hale and sound in spite of the partisans and the mines, which lately have given us a lot of grief. Here everything is almost like it is at home, no large forests, swamps and endless meadows full of flowers and creatures. I shall always remember this endless, unconquered, and unspoiled land, despite all its dangers.

I don't like it when people have to reshape every square meter of land; that makes them small and egoistical and materialistic. But, of course this war is about space.

Wish to God that he may finally solve this problem, so that our children may be able to breathe freely. The decision is coming at us with giant steps; the next weeks already will tell us all we want to know. Up to now we were in a safe corner, but soon Ivan (*Russians*) will start to push us here too. Up to now, that is until the beginning on June 23, which I did not get involved in, we have gotten away pretty well. Who knows what Bor* will do now, as Iwan is not far away anymore. Have you heard anything about Hugo, and how is it about Olle, did you get to see him? I am thinking of you a lot. May God at last give us a break and be merciful.

Love and greetings from you son

Freddi.

**Bor is Boris, a Russian-born Estonian, who joined the Germans for the same reason my father did. He also became Renate's second husband after spending 15 years as a Russian POW. Hugo was Renate's first husband; he was killed during the War.*



Feldpost

From Lower Austria

Sdp. Austria 0044 Abs

(6)

Pösch / Wankinger
Burggrabenweg 4-8



Sep. 12, 1944

Liebe Mammi,

Thank you for your birthday letter which I received yesterday. It is so wonderful to get news.

For a year now a colleague* has been with us, whose family remained in Paris. This poor man is in a very bad situation. But many have similar problems. Who knows whether we ever will see our loved ones in Finland again. It is so terribly sad that everything was lost that once was ours. Everything will be different, cold, impersonal and empty. But maybe everything will turn out for the better and one can build a new but harder life. But everything must go as it will, we can not even foresee the next few hours, let alone days or weeks. At home all the poor people are sick with a bad diarrhea that seems to have gripped everybody in Deutsch Eylau. I hope it will be over quickly without weakening them. The situation is somewhat difficult with food and medications. We are alright, only it is starting to get cold here. As we in fact almost totally live outdoors and only are in tents at night, we feel the cold. But our life is certainly healthier, as there are hardly any colds. Things have calmed down again; it has been very lively. Who knows what Hugo is doing, did he ever get back to his unit? I am not so pessimistic about Olle, he probably will remain in Sweden. But we have only this one thought, hoping that this war will soon be over – it has lasted far too long already.

Please give greetings to all the relatives and friends and also the sisters. It is important to have much patience and confidence. A kiss from your son

Freddi

** This is surely his Russian friend, Boris Triapkin, who was taken prisoner in France after the surrender meetings where both had been brought by their commanding officers for their language skills. Boris was released before my father was and was able to bring news about Freddi to my mother in Glücksburg. If Boris had been captured by the Russians he would have been treated as traitor.*

D. U. U. 12.9.44

liebe Mamma,
danke dir sehr für deinen Geburtstagbrief, den
ich gestern erhielt. Man ist ja so froh wenn
man noch Nachrichten erhält. Bei uns ist
seit 1 Jahr ein Kollege von mir, dessen Familie
jetzt in Paris blieb. Der arme Mann ist sehr
schlimm dran. Aber vielen geht es jetzt so, wer
weiss ob wir je unsere Lieben in Fribourg sehen
werden? Es ist wohl so unbeschreiblich traurig, dass
alles verloren ging, was einst unser war. Es wird
alles anders, kalt, unpersönlich und leer. Aber
vielleicht wendet sich doch noch alles zum Guten
und man wird ein, wenn auch arbeitsreiches,
Leben aufbauen können. Aber es geht alles seinen
Gang, wir können nicht einmal die ersten
Stunden voraus sehen, geschweige denn Tage oder
Wochen. Zu Hause sind die armen alle krank,
der schlimme Durchfall scheint ganz byzant
gepacet zu haben. Hoffentlich ist es bald vorüber
ohne sie zu sehr zu schwächen. Es ist ja auch
mit Diät und Medikamenten etwas schwierig
Uns geht es gut, uns fängt es an etwas kalt
zu werden. Da wir noch fast ganz im Freien
leben, nur nachts im Zelt, so fühlt man
doch etwas die Frische. Gesund ist das Leben
aber sicher, denn es gibt kaum Entsetzungen
Jwan ist eben wieder ruhig geworden, er war
aber nicht lebhaft gewesen. Wer weiss was nun
Hugo macht, ob er zur Truppe kam? Mit alle
sch ich nicht so schwarz, er wird wohl in
Schweizer bleiben. Aber doch hat man nun
einen Gedanken, hoffentlich geht dieses Krieg
bald zu Ende, er ist schon zu lange gewesen.
Bitte grüss die Verwandten und Bekannten
auch die Schwestern herzlich, man muss
viel Geduld und Vertrauen haben. Es bleibt
bich dein Sohn Fredli

Marietta, Nov. 4, 1957

No salutation, but this letter was sent by my father to his mother Gerda Luther

It is time that you got a letter from us. We have had a very busy time and finally I can sit at home for two weeks and rest. So I will use the free time and the beautiful view to tell you a little about us. It is late in the Fall, the leaves this year again were very colorful, but now they have mostly fallen to the ground. During the day it is still warm, not to say hot. Just now I came home from a little walk with a handful of mushrooms. Violets are blooming everywhere. But daylight is late in the morning and dark comes early. The flu season is on here, Lars and Holger, had to take time off, while we oldsters were spared. But it was not serious and is already over.

Today both boys have “dance night” and are very into it. Both of them are Juniors – Lars in college and Holger in the high school; next year they will be Seniors, that means they will be finished in both cases. Then we will have to see what comes next. Fortunately the passage (*to the USA*) is almost paid for, then maybe it will be possible that we can pay for Holger’s college education, since it is open to question whether he will get a scholarship – not because of (*his*) grades, but one per family is probably all we can hope for. Lars’ continued education is also uncertain. But there will be some way.

In the factory we had a very busy period, there is always building going on – one truck load after the other leaves with housing lumber. As almost all houses are built with lumber, a lot is needed. It only takes a little longer than a month before a house with 4 to 5 rooms is habitable. They are dry, warm and airy. Mostly they are southern-style houses, everything on the ground floor with a built-in garage, which can be used as an extra room. Heated with central gas or electricity, water and often 2 bathrooms – a large garden and an open hallway, about (\$)20,000 all included with water and lot, etc., so it would be a little high for us – but hopefully within reach for Lars.

I take it that you are back in Helsinki now. Hopefully you have an easier winter and no strikes. Recently I received a form letter from Hans Paulsen and thus learned the addresses of the many relatives still alive. I hope a book* will be made available and that would be at least a modest guide to the past. Neither of the boys are much interested – maybe Lars a little more than Holger, because he knows a few more

people. On free evenings, when Gretel cuts silhouettes, we read (*a book by*) Weleschina (??), it is very interesting, because we both know about those times. To the young generation it is more of a fairy tale. Right now we are at the chapter about Steiner, sometimes very amusing because of her remarks about Marie Steiner.

Tonight Gretel is in Sistersville, a small city northeast of Marietta, where the richest people of the entire, somewhat poor, area live. Oil, coal and chemicals are likely the sources of the money. Most of the time she brings an exhibit of her art work and all her public including even the gentlemen are enthusiastic. Now she often has to cancel, because it gets to be too much for her. Hereabout there is this thing about club life. Everybody feels obligated to join some sort of a club. If one hasn't joined yet, he gets elected to it, he even may be called for by car, if he doesn't want to. Most of them, however are happy to join. There is always the most harmless conversation and light suppers, never alcohol, dancing or that sort of thing. Maybe those take place under other names. Most of the time these (*clubs*) are so-called Church groups.

At this time I have to care for five ponies; our landlord, Mr. Christy, is so busy as the chief engineer of the business that he doesn't have the time for that. There are three older ponies and two foals, very sweet, but a little competitive when they eat. This way my involvement has been enlarged to include farm work. (*There are*) Bantam hens and cocks, and two cats in addition to the ponies. This has always been my hobby, the illusion of a farm. Yesterday I collected a bag full of hickory nuts in the woods around here behind our lot. They can only be cracked with a hammer and are the favorite food of finches, cardinals, etc. They are a kind of walnut. Often in the evening skunks or raccoons come to our garbage dumps, and then for while you will notice a strong odor. Regrettably they have to cross the highway in order to drink from the river or to catch fish, and then they often get run over. There are however so many of them that nobody seriously worries about them. The groundhog has already gone into hibernation and will only reappear in February. But the little slug-a-bed ** is still wide awake.

Soon it will be Christmas and we wish for world peace. Sometimes it seems so scary. We can only hope that good sense prevails and that everybody shows good will.

* *This may be the Genealogy of Karl Johann Paulsen, the blue Luther Book.*

** *Siebenschlaefer – I don't know what he meant.*

This is a note written by Gerda Luther on the margin of Freddi's letter from Marietta, Ohio, dated Nov, 1957, which she had apparently sent on to Renate. Freddi's siblings were Olav (Olle) , Renate, and Christel.

Dear Nate (*pronounced "Nah' ta", that is, Renate*)!

Please write a copy (*of this*) to Christel, so that she too has something from Freddi. I believe that he is very tired, and that is no wonder, this is the first vacation in a long time. And he is probably very happy also not to be in the clubs, that is not his nature. But with his animals he is quite happy and will take good care of them! - Here meanwhile winter has arrived without snow but with -4 deg. C. And with wonderful sunshine! On Wednesday and Thursday I will be at Olle's. He himself will be away, he is traveling, but I will stay with them overnight. Tom (*Olav's son*) has gotten good grades, he is now in his second year, but the important thing is that he is very happy in this school. I hope reason will prevail and he will admit that he has to learn. Olle's leg is not quite well yet, it looks so bloodshot. The doctor thinks he should go to the hospital, but he doesn't have time for that.

Thank you for your dear letter. You really have gotten into a lot of work, I hope that they (*Renate's employers*) will get a (*cleaning girl*) soon. Can Bor (*Renate's husband Boris*) keep up with his work? Getting up a 6 o'clock is rather a little early. Does he have any time during the day to rest? (*Boris is recovering from TB from the POW camp*). Hopefully soon he can find (*easier?*) employment. How is Bor's mother? I want to write her too but had to write to so many relatives and now Aunt Lenchen's birthday is coming up and others are in the pipe line. I will visit Uncle Ricko (*Gerda's brother*) this week. I haven't gotten to see him yet. However he is in bed with a fever. I hope that it isn't serious. Pardon me for making so many errors in the copy (*of what ?*), I must try it again. Did you get a letter from Christel, Miss Waldmann is so often sick unfortunately.

Adieu my child, say hello to Bor and have a kiss from your old Mammi

If you have read some of the entries in the war diary that my father (Ferdinand Luther) penciled during the retreat of the German Army from the Eastern Front, you may understand how deeply depressed he was. His first entry dates from Jan. 31, 1945, but the horrors of the war that were engraved on his soul date back to a time three years earlier while the German Army was still advancing. What he saw and heard about the murderous treatment of Russians in Russia during the first years of the German advance pained him just as much as the later events when the German population was subjected to the same punishment as the Russian people had been exposed to in the beginning. He did not have to do any fighting himself; he was enlisted as an interpreter with the rank of a "Sonderführer" or "Sdf", i.e. an officer with some limitations. The retreat had started already in 1943 but now he was made aware of the fact that his own family, which included his wife, two children and also his mother and sister and many friends and relatives, were in extreme danger and that all private communications were cut off. In his own words expressed in a letter to "Gretel" (my mother) of February 8 he wrote: "I can't live without you. If at least I knew whether you were still alive, everything would be easier to bear. But this uncertainty is my undoing." I have this awful suspicion that his job as an interpreter involved interrogation of Russian partisans, which likely would have involved torture. That alone would have been enough to destroy this very gentle man. My mother told me that he suffered terrible nightmares after his return home.

He invited me (at age ~15) to ask him about the war. I tried to, but all I could come up with was: "It must have been awful! I have seen a movie in which soldiers were just mowed down in machine gun fire". "Well", he said: "That is not the way it was." And there we dropped the subject.

I have more trouble following him in another passage where he wrote: "The Jew must be destroyed." Like most Germans who were aware of the settlement of WWI which was framed by Henry Morgenthau, the American member of Roosevelt's administration who proposed certain border shrinkages of Germany in the Versailles treaty, he doubtless thought of Morgenthau as "The Jew" and Hitler cleverly stoked the fire.

An excerpt from my father's war diary written during the final days of WWII

In February of 1945 the German Army had almost been pushed back out of Russia. My father feared that his family probably already was fleeing from the Russians as no doubt was rumored, and so it was; we had left our home in Deutsch Eylau on Jan 18, just two hours before the Russians started their bombardment. He kept writing about his worries and sorrows in his war diary which miraculously came to us with one of his friends, who was released from a French prison earlier and who made the effort to show up in Glücksburg where we had ended our flight.

My father must have heard the German Schlager (hit song) "Hörst du mein heimliches Rufen?" (Do You Hear my Secret Calling?) Then it was sung by a sultry chanteuse who promises to appear in her lover's dreams, if he were true to her. It must have been spooking in his head as he wrote the following thoughts and confessions on February 8. His unit managed to get on a ship back to Germany a few weeks later. Notes in Parentheses are my explanations. - Lars 2016

Feb. 8, 1945

My Love, why did you not come to me last night? I had waited so intently for a sign from you. Last night aunt Gertrud (Luther) came and told me to visit Mama (his mother) soon. I told her that I would do that on Saturday. And then I saw Mama, much younger than she looks now, but she was crying. Now I know that she probably is no longer in this world. Is she too a victim of this war? How many of our relatives and friends may already have been killed or murdered? (Is this) the end of the Baltic Question? What would have happened if we resolutely had stayed? (in Estonia) We probably would have been spared the bitter disappointments (of not getting back to Estonia) but it still

would have been the end. What will be will be as it must. Today is Thursday which always has been our special day (their engagement day). Will you come to me tonight? That would be so wonderful. Yesterday evening I saw the polestar and Venus but not Orion - maybe because I don't know where to look. I am so nearsighted both in spirit and in body, and I also feel so heartick. Yesterday, my Love, I knew that I can't cope with this situation. How often have we said in former times that a new world that is now in the making would not arrive until the old one was destroyed first. But how hard it is to acknowledge this for a fact. I am too crushed to be able to start again from scratch. I can't be without you. If at least I knew that you were still alive everything would be easier to bear. But this uncertainty is my undoing. I just got out your dear picture and then I completely immersed myself into your eyes, my stars.

How deeply I am in your debt. Please forgive my personal mistakes. Then all that will be done to me would be totally irrelevant.

This is a poem I found among my father's papers. it is probably about a rail road trip on furlough from the front in 1944, but written at a later time.

Homeward

Marienburg,
Braunwalde,
Neuhakenberg,
Stuhm,
Stuhmsdorf,
Rehof,
Rachelsdorf,
Marienwerder.

This has no rhythm,
This has no rhyme,
Totally dry and without élan,
This how we traveled home,
When the world was still whole.

Third class, or maybe even Fourth,
“Bulk load”, it said so
on a sign next to the track,
Lupines and grass grew there.

And we yanked up the window pull
And secured it on its last hole.
And that fragrance, I can smell it still.
Sweat covered, unwashed and old,
And every couple kilometers on hold.
An entire hour spent on that short stretch.
but once it's over: Happiness.

Then we arrived,
Here we belong,
Now life again has meaning and sense.

Mu and Vă

Who were Mu and Vă? They were Lars's parents, Margarethe (Gretel) Maria von Glehn Luther and Ferdinand (Fred) Paul Martin Luther. Their gravestone in Union Cemetery, Slatington, PA, tells you the bare facts of their lives:



So you can see that they lived long lives – Vă was 85 when he died and Mu was 92 when she died – and they died far away from their birthplaces. (Lars and I had put the little flowers by their grave and also the stones which we had brought from their beloved Estonia.)

Now I hope you will wonder a bit. What were they like? How did they end up in Pennsylvania? And, probably, why on earth did Lars and I call them Mu and Vă? In answer to the last question: They were German-speaking Baltic people, both of whose families had lived for generations in Estonia – mostly in the capital, Tallinn, which was then called by its German name, Reval. The German words for mother and father are *mutter* and *vater*. *Mutti* is similar to our word mommy; *mu* is like mom. *Văterchen* (literally little father) is similar to our word daddy, plus, when I joined the Luther family, it was clear to them all (though not to me) that I couldn't pronounce *Văterchen* properly, so it was shortened to *Vă*.

But what were they really like? To me they were the best of in-laws: caring, talented strong and kind, and I loved them. Luckily, we have many examples of their beautiful and imaginative art work which remind us of them often; we both still miss them.

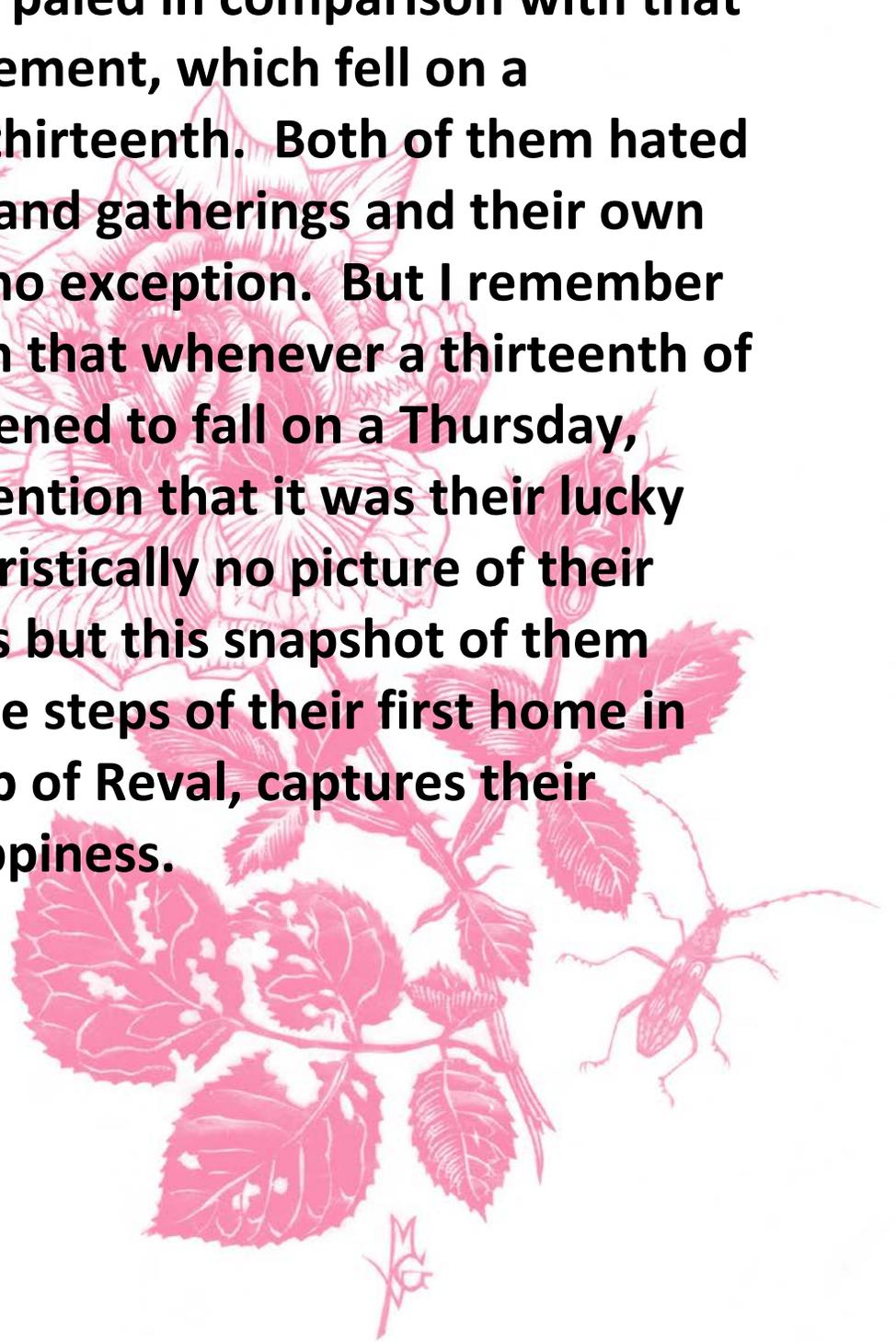
So read along and I hope you will learn to know them too.

Janet E. Luther – 10/25/2016



1/9/1999

My parents were married on July 11, 1935, but for them the significance of this date paled in comparison with that of their engagement, which fell on a Thursday the thirteenth. Both of them hated family events and gatherings and their own wedding was no exception. But I remember from my youth that whenever a thirteenth of a month happened to fall on a Thursday, they would mention that it was their lucky day. Characteristically no picture of their wedding exists but this snapshot of them standing on the steps of their first home in Järve, a suburb of Reval, captures their newlywed happiness.



1934

December

13

Thursd



My Parents.

March 22, 2009

My father may have been a bit of a playboy in his school years, but when I knew him, he was a very quiet, almost reclusive man. His letters from the Russian front during WWII, which I was lucky to inherit after his death, however, showed how much emotion was hidden under his phlegmatic skin. His older brother, Olav, in a conversation, dismissed him as a romantic dreamer, and this judgment was not modified by any reference to a possible war trauma. Olav had left his widowed mother after graduating from High School and started a successful career in a neighboring country. My father emotionally supported his mother during his High School years and after graduation contributed to her financial support and to that of his younger siblings. His uncle Martin was a major industrial player in their hometown, Tallinn, and my father was expecting to advance quickly (from the ground floor) in the Luterma Plywood factory, the family business which was managed by Martin. WWII changed all that.

When shortly before the war he married my mother, a *de facto* orphan, she probably came to resent his family ties and filial responsibilities. Whatever she told me about his mother and siblings during my growing-up years was tainted with antagonism and contempt. Her own mother had died in childbirth, and she had grown up in a foster family in Germany after her father and his aunts had fled Estonia during the Russian Revolution. She was adopted by her uncle after her return to Tallinn. She claimed that her father had abandoned her, but she also confessed to guilt towards him, because she had disappointed him in many ways but especially by marrying my father, “a Bourgeois”. She was very insecure and shy in her young years.

My father bore her attacks on his family patiently, he never fought back in my presence, and wrote pleasant letters to Gerda, my grandmother, which I have read and presumably also similar letters to his sister Renate, whose courage he admired. I felt sorry for him in my teenage years, but I also felt a little contempt for his weakness, much as I hate to admit it. During my college years I acquired enough self respect to be able to stand up to what I felt were my mother’s manipulative ways. And ever after I tried to distance myself from her as much as possible. She, of course, was extremely unhappy about this: “Why does Lars hate me so?”, she once burst out to my wife. She once told me that I was like a block of ice. I made peace with her during her last years in the Alzheimer clinic.

Returning to my father’s war experience, it is my strong suspicion that he voluntarily brought more suffering upon himself a few months after his miraculous escape from Russia in 1945. According to my mother he had happened to run into his military commander and was commandeered to help as an interpreter during the final negotiations with Allies. He ended up in a French POW camp and nearly starved to death. I have a letter from his wartime friend, Boris Triapkin, who wrote that he had visited my mother during those months of absence and was told only that my father had disappeared. She had never gotten word from him except shortly before he was released. In a letter my father apologized to her for not having been able to let her know what had happened. Before his return he had suggested to my mother that Renate should come and live with us, because she had been widowed by the war, and I can only imagine what kind of reception this idea would have received. After his return he may simply not have been able to face the desperate poverty that he found his family in, after having dreamed about being rescued from death in Russia. And maybe my mother’s unforgiving attitude tipped the scales for him. So he may have run away. My parents have never discussed this in my presence.

My mother had great strength. She did talk about having an “iron discipline”. During the flight from Eastern Prussia she did not falter but pushed on. We had luck too, as we escaped from the Russian encirclement in Gdansk to the West unharmed. She had agreed to meet up with my father in Glücksburg, where her foster sister Lotte and her four children lived in the lower half of a rather large villa. Lotte made room for us with open arms. After the immediate danger had passed my mother started to build a new life. Her bank account in the East had been wiped out; she had nothing, no food, no money, no clothes, except what we wore. She soon found work in a nearby sanatorium peeling potatoes, where she also got some food. She began to cut silhouettes for occasional sales, thereby laying the foundation for her artist career. She also worried and feared for my father, who found her about three months later. But three months later he was gone again. I was nine years old at the time and could not understand her plight; she did not complain and kept it all together.

When my father returned a second time he was very weak from starvation in the POW camp in France; he couldn't walk up a mountain. Slowly over the next nine years my parents built up an arts and crafts shop that made enough money to keep the family going. My mother applied and got her children into the Danish school system. She also wanted to immigrate to the U.S. as soon as possible, but it took many years to get permission to come to this country. Meanwhile my father gradually got stronger and recovered from his war trauma, although he had terrifying nightmares.

February 14, 2018

The Great Trek

Mutti has hand-written this account of their flight from Reval to what is now Poland in 1939. She began in German which Lars has translated, then apparently came back to it some time later, writing, this time, in English. (There was some duplication, which we have tried to eliminate.)

Dark shadows often precede great catastrophes. Most people don't see it. Others push it aside, and a few understand the signs of the time. Uncle Erwin was such a man. One evening when we all sat together at tea he said, "Be aware of this. Russia will soon win back the Baltic countries." I heard what he said, but it seemed to me to be sometime in the future, unlikely to happen soon.

Tante [*Aunt*] Annemarie was clairvoyant. She had seen many things before they happened. We three – Tante Ann, as we called her, her youngest brother Jochen Stackelberg, and I – once went on a trip to visit the famous monastery of Petshorij built into a rock and, farther away, a convent deep and lonely in the vast forests. Jochen owned a Harley-Davidson motorcycle with a sidecar. I sat behind him holding on – as the "klammer Beiwagen" [*"hold-on monkey"*], as we called it. We drove along the Estonian coast and then turned southward in order to see an old Russian cloister.

In the neighborhood was also a nun's convent. When we arrived there Tante Ann said that, just for a moment, she wanted to look into the church; the nuns were just holding a service. "I do this always," said she. "I light a candle in front of an icon, and I say my prayer. I'll be right back." We waited and waited outside – ten minutes, twenty minutes, a half hour. Finally after 45 minutes Tante Ann came back totally white in the face, broken in body and soul, tears streaming. "You know it well," she said, "that I see things that will happen. I have seen something awful." She felt sick, and we drove home as fast as we could. She refused to tell us what she had seen. Two or three years after that she died; she was only 45.

When we fled Reval in 1939 I knew what she had seen.

Mutti has continued in English:

Impending cataclysms usually cast their shadows ahead before they occur. I have witnessed such a shadow and read about another one. Long before we had to leave our beloved country, I had a strange vision – or whatever that was – years before it happened. But I did not understand what it meant.

My friend, whom I called Fox, and I had been on a long stroll along the beach and the woods and came back home after 11 o'clock at night. It was in June when we have the "white nights". The sun is rolling under the horizon for two hours and then rises again. It is so light that one can read at this time by the rays from the hidden sun. This light is strange, eerie, and does not cast shadows. Everything is like a dream and becomes somewhat unreal. Fox and I parted at the steps of the exchange to go home. Suddenly I saw a very strange sight: Out of the "Weckengang" [*bakery way*] which leads to the old marketplace and to the Rathaus (town hall) emerged five men in black Medieval garb with black berets on their heads. The man in the middle of them wore a heavy golden chain, obviously the mayor with his senators. They walked along cars and horse-drawn carts as if all that did not exist for them. They talked to each other with their heads hanging and bent over as if they were carrying a heavy load. They seemed to be deeply afflicted with a great sadness. Then they turned towards the clubhouse of the Blackheads and vanished like a mist. "Fox, did you see them?" I asked. "Yes," said Fox. "I wonder why they were so heavily laden with sorrow. Our country makes great progress, and people are happy."

I forgot this event – but as we had to leave Reval forever, I remembered this scene and understood. It was an omen, like that of Tante Annemarie, who had seen something much more horrible when she went into that Russian church of a convent at the Russian border.

We often rallied at the evening tea table after supper at Uncle Erwin's for a chat, a custom in Russia, where people chat, discuss, and philosophize until deep at night. One such evening Uncle Erwin said, very solemnly, but quietly, "Do not think that

we shall be free. Russia needs the Baltic ports and will get them back.” Nobody said a word. We all knew his great intelligence and, when he said such things they carried tremendous weight. I refused to believe it. I was young and happy and had my darling Lars – I wanted to be happy without shadows. In 1937 Tante Annemarie died and Onkel Erwin followed her in 1938. He suffered from cancer of the lungs and the great German physician, Sauerbruch, performed the operation. It was a success – but his heart gave way. A few days later he was dead. He was cremated, and his urn sent home. I loved Onkel Erwin. As I stood before his open grave with the urn covered with his fraternity cap, it seemed to me that everything ended. Heartbroken, I stumbled home.

It was in October of 1939 on a Saturday that we were invited to an evening dinner party at Fred’s uncle, Dr. Hugo Hoffmann (father of Christel’s husband, Hein) when the news was broken to us that Hitler had made a treaty with Stalin that Russia gets all the Baltic countries back and Hitler removes the ethnic German citizens back to Germany. Tuesday the first ship would leave. You know, when you get a very heavy blow, you become semi-unconscious. It is impossible to even grasp it – to understand it – you are in a daze. It took some time to understand the reality. Pack up and leave forever – from Reval!

No, no, no, never was my reaction. Let them murder me, I shall not go. Never. I said that to Fred. In this moment Lars came running and put his sweet head with his silver blond curls on my lap. I looked at him – Lars murdered by the Bolshiviks – before my eyes? Never. Never. How could I decide about the life of my child – condemn him to death because I loved my old town so dearly? I said to Fred, “We have to go.” And he said, “Uncle Martin is leaving too!”

Fate had spoken. We were allowed to take costly antique furniture with us and silver and jewels in the value of 500 marks per capita - a pittance because our wealth consisted of silver, gold and jewels. The land had been taken away from the aristocracy during the “Agrarreform” [*agricultural reform*]. There were penniless old ladies who had jewels which were worth thousands of dollars, but the stupid German ambassador who had made these regulations had not the faintest idea of our situation.

At that time we still were babies – as we see it now – and did not want to be dishonest. “A Luther does not cheat,” said Vä. So I sold most of my jewels for a sandwich, among them Grandma Bernhard’s emerald ring. (I am still ashamed of my stupidity and gross naiveté.)

We would have taken all our furniture along as it was all antique and very stylish, but, again, we babies took only the best. (Later, on our third flight, we lost everything anyway. So what?!)

When we passed the Estonian customs officers we showed our family silver (my mother’s) and the baptizing vessel too. The officers told us that this is ancient Estonian craftsmanship and we cannot take it along. They placed it on a certain table. Vä was heartbroken. In this moment I had the strong underlying feeling that we shall get it back! “Do not worry,” I said. “One day we shall get it back. I know it!” [*In fact, they did somehow get the baptismal bowl back. We don’t know how. Christian has it now.*]

After that I went on the deck of the ship. There was my church, St. Olai (opposite to Grandpa Bernhard’s house) – the symbol of Reval; a dark cloud had wrapped itself around the top of its highest spire with the golden cross. The church cried to see us leave. Then I sobbed too – alone – from the very depths of my heart.

We sailed. Prussian drill was practiced on board the ship. At 8 o’clock sharp was breakfast. Breakfast: one cup of some incredible substitute for coffee, a slice of bread with “kunstthonig” (some horrible substitute for honey). At a table opposite us was the Baroness Stackelberg (one of the hundreds of Stakelbergs). She was Russian-born and a former lady-in-waiting. When she was late for breakfast – and she always was – she was bullied in the real German way by the waiter. She had a wonderful way of absolutely ignoring him. She was charming, and we loved her.

What else happened on that horrible journey I have forgotten. We landed at Gdynia (at that time called Gotenhafen). We were sent to a Polish home, where we would live under strict supervision of the Nazi party. We got a pretty nice house of a laborer. But to my extreme horror the former inhabitants had had to leave in a hurry – The beds not made, some scarce food on the table, the dishes not washed. That

night I was so desperate that I was ready to hang myself in despair. Fred had a bottle of cognac; I got drunk for the first time of my life.

What had become of the Polish people who had lived here? Murdered? Deported? Flung out of the train into the snow in Russia where there was absolutely nothing? The Nazis did that as I understood later.

In the basement I found some potatoes – food was strictly rationed, very scarce, and very bad. Vä had volunteered to help distribute the luggage of the refugees. All I could give him for his day of work was some cooked potatoes and a slice of bread, but later it got worse than this.

The house was cold – no heating, no wood or coal to cook meals. How we survived I do not remember, but every morning I went to an empty lot where there were some weeds growing. That was my comfort. I was half-dead with homesickness.

The Relationship of Ferdinand (Lars's father, called Fred) Paul Martin Luther (1907-1992) to Martin Christian Luther (1883-1964)

Fred referred to the last president of the family plywood factory A. M. Luther (also called Luterma) as "Uncle Martin".

In fact, they were first cousins, once removed:

Alexander Martin Luther 1810-1876
1810-1876

Christian Wilhelm Luther IV
1857-1914

brothers
(with different mothers)

Ferdinand Justinius Luther
1838-1910

Martin Christian Luther
1883-1964

first cousins

Alexander Martin Christian Luther
1878-1925

Ferdinand Paul Martin Luther
1907-1992

The Beginning of the End, Reval, 1939

by Martin Christian Luther¹

Following a starlit fall night the sun stands high in the sky like a ripe fruit. We walk over the warm dunes in the half-shadow of the pines and smell the resin. We lie in the hot sand on the beach and idly contemplate the far islands beyond. The air is shimmering over the calm water. Before sunset, when the ducks landed in the bays of the small islands we would shoot at them from a motorboat. In the evening a bright round moon was standing in the sky. Forest and sea were calm.



We sat on the open veranda in the yellow light of the hanging kerosene lamps and dined on the red lobsters cooked in dill. When our heads started to heat up from the cold schnapps we took a walk through the shadow of the birches down to the sea and sat and relaxed on one of the giant rocks dreaming while looking at the moon over the treetops of the island. The waves played soundlessly about the rocks in the still air, the night and the peace in our slightly tired hearts.

That year we enjoyed exceptionally beautiful and quiet weeks in a rather hot early fall.

Then we returned to the house in the forest near the city. In the morning when I drove to work I saw the silhouette of the town with its towers across the sea and in the evening when I drove home to rest the bright lights of the city and the colorful lights of the harbor.

One evening, when I stepped into the house, Franzi² called out to me saying: "Today around noon two Russian airplanes were flying over the city quite low and over the marketplace! What happened? Russian airplanes flew low over the city!"

The words sounded to me as though they were news from far away; however, when this fact had sunk in, it occupied my whole consciousness, and like a loud echo I still can hear Franzi's last words, "What happened?" I called a few friends and got hold of Mori who confirmed the fact and his voice sounded very worried.

I turned on the radio: "Invasion of Poland . . ." So upsetting.

Franzi put away her letter-writing pad and we talked until late in the night endlessly repeating the questions: "Why? What really has happened?", and the answer that we could

¹ Martin Christian Luther (1883-1963) last President of the plywood factory A. M. Luther

² Franziska Leontine Luther (1882-) nee Vahrenhorst, divorced Irschick.

³ Konstantin Paets (1874- 1956) Estonian President

⁴ Wilhelm Baron von Wrangel (1894-1976) President of the German Cultural Administration

⁵ Karl Selter (1898), Minister of Foreign Affairs of Estonia 1938/39

⁶ Wjatschelaw Michailowitsch Molotow, (1890-1986) Minister of Foreign Affairs of Russia

⁷ Johan Laidoner (1884-1953), Supreme Commander of Estonian Forces

not find became an unspoken worry which we could fathom but not express. In the fog of falling asleep I awoke again and again with the feeling and the thought: Russian airplanes over the city and the invasion of Poland . . . Very tormenting.

The executive meeting at the state bank had begun at 8 a.m. Somebody knocked on the door. I was asked to the telephone. "This is Colonel Grabbi, aide to the State authority. President Paets³ wants to talk to you as soon as possible in the castle of Katherinental. Please no later than 9 am and, if possible, in the company of Baron Wrangell⁴."

I dialed 563-63, Wrangel's number. A calm voice answered, "Wrangel here." "Good morning, dear Willo. Paets has just called me via Grabbi. He is inviting you and me to talk with him in Katherinental." – "Yes, I'll come. I'll be there a quarter of nine, is that ok? We were supposed to be there no later than nine."

Slowly and with fast-beating heart I drove the long straight street, turned through the open wrought iron gates into the broad driveway and parked the car in front of the colorful carpets of flowers. At the end of the tree-lined walk stands the Russalka statue at the edge of the autumnal sea (a memorial for a sunken ship). The aide received me as I entered the narrow, well-lit vestibule. As I was taking off my coat, Wrangel entered and gave me his narrow hand. The aide led us up the steps and asked us to wait in an empty hall with a high ceiling and then went with quick steps through the door that leads to the President's office.

Wrangel asked me in his quiet way: "Do you know what Paets wants from us?" – "No idea, dear Willo." Silently we looked out over the park and took in the allegorical paintings and the white angels on the high ceiling of the hall. The silence was broken by the aide: "Gentlemen, the President asks you to come in." We went through the small blue salon into the inner office of Paets whose short compact figure got up from the chair at his desk when we came in. He greeted us in the natural manner that I expected from him. "Thank you, gentlemen, that you have come. Please sit down. You probably have already heard that our foreign minister Selter⁵ is in Moscow. He went there in order to talk about a trade agreement. When, a few days ago, a Polish submarine that was detained in our harbor, had disappeared, Molotow made the remark that we clearly were not in a situation to protect our neutrality. Yesterday the Russians claimed that a Russian steamer had been torpedoed in the Narwa (the Narwa River that runs from the Peipus Lake into the Baltic Sea), when it was anchored there. Now they insist that they are going to come to our aid in order to protect our neutrality. Molotow⁶ demands that we allow the Russian troops to have bases in our land which they will occupy and which the Russian generals consider to be strategically important. If we do not meet his demand by 3 pm today the Russian troops will invade our borders."

In that moment the telephone rang on Paets's desk and he took the receiver. A brief conversation followed in which Paets recommended restraint. He replaced the receiver: "Those impetuous generals! Laidoner⁷ just telephoned that our generals have decided, that if a Russian airplane should fly over our borders today, they will give the order to shoot." You heard what I told him. But you see how serious the situation is. I have an important request. It is important to me that Selter has the chance to talk with the German foreign minister who is also in Moscow now. Selter has tried, but the Russians seem to put obstacles in his way, it seems to me. Would you please try to talk with Mr. Weizacker⁸ through your contacts in

Berlin to ask Mr. Ribbentrop⁹ to get in touch with Selter. Yesterday I asked the German attaché, Mr. Frohwein¹⁰, to come and make a suggestion to Berlin. This morning Mr. Frohwein called to say that he cannot do that. – But gentlemen, we are in a hurry! Please do your best. I can be reached after 11 am in the Foreign Affairs Department where I will be waiting for a telephone conversation with Selter. Selter wants to tell me before 3 pm whether he has been able to come to terms with Molotow.”

As we said goodbye to Paets a question went through my head: what friends do I have in Berlin? I knew no one of importance there. But perhaps Wrangell did? On the way to our cars we decided upon the following: Wrangell would drive to the Department of German Culture and try to telephone Hasselblatt and ask him to go to Weizacker as soon as possible to acquaint him with Paets’s wish. I would drive to the German embassy, inform Frohwein, and discuss the situation with him.

In the embassy I was immediately brought to Frohwein. He knew about the situation through a conversation that he had yesterday had with Paets. I informed him what Paets had told us and that Wrangell was going to call Hasselblatt and ask him to visit Weizacker. In our discussion of this very serious situation I told Frohwein that, if the Russians were to occupy the country, it would be the end of the Baltic Germans. It’s a given in the history of this country, that once the Russians occupy the land, they murder the inhabitants, and rob and deport them. Frohwein replied that it depended on what Molotow and Selter will agree on. If an agreement between the countries concerning the bases can be made there would be no danger for the population. But if the Russians came as a fighting army, the population would be in great danger. I replied that the situation of the population in any case is very critical and very dangerous and wouldn’t it be possible for the Reich to give the Baltic people the possibility to escape.

As I left the Embassy I met Wrangell. He had gotten in touch with Hasselblatt who had promised him to talk with Weizacker as soon as possible. I got into the car and drove automatically – along the coast, through the wet forests to the quiet house. Fortunately, I found Franzi in front of the bright flames of the fireplace, and I related and we discussed the events of the morning, about the seriousness of the situation and about my grief. Because this was now no longer something unknown, that caused my fear. Now it was just a great sadness that came over me and I felt almost bodily pain as you might expect from a decision about your future. What will the news be that Selter will communicate from Moscow. Franzi listened to me very calmly. She exuded a warm restfulness as always when a decision needed to be made in our lives, when there was fear that fate might hand us a very dark outcome.

But now I had to go to the plant. At the door I met Mrs. von Minding who came to visit Franzi for lunch. She had no idea, like most people. There is something ghostly about knowing something awful about to happen when talking to a person who doesn’t. In the office I called Schulmann, Bremen, and Wolff to me and informed them of the events and of the decision that was only now happening in Moscow. I asked them to keep silent.

⁸ Ernst Heinrich von Weizaecker, Diplomat and Secretary of the Office of Foreign Affairs

⁹ Joachim von Ribbentrop (1893-1946) Minister of the Office of Foreign Affairs

¹⁰ Hans Frohwein, last German ambassador in Estonia

Shortly after 3 p.m. I was back with Franz. She met me in the hall. While we said hello, the phone rang. Oberst Grabbi informed me on behalf of the President that I should not worry, he had gotten the news that everything was o.k. So the agreement had been reached. The Russians will not come in as a fighting army. But I still wouldn't believe that everything would be ok, because I have no faith in either Stalin or Molotow. Once the Russians are in our country, they will never leave voluntarily. The momentary fright had fallen away but a great sadness stayed in my heart because now the homeland of the German Baltics was lost.

Details of the Repatriation

The agreements about the bases between Russia and Estonia were signed in Moscow. Without pause, day and night, the tanks of the Russians came over the highways. The peace of the small towns, the idyllic peace of the islands, the quiet bays on the sea where the bases were, was broken. A mute despair gripped the population because only a few had the hope and the faith that the Russians would be satisfied with just the occupation of the bases. They knew that the moment when the Red army crossed the borders of their bases the Russian terror would fall over the country like a dark blanket. A successful escape seemed impossible because the borders were most forcefully watched. The ships which left the harbor would be examined for hidden escapees and an airplane to Finland would be shot down as a warning. In these days a few gentlemen came from Germany. They brought us the news that the Reich, the Party, had decided to repatriate the Baltic Germans in one big group to Germany. When this news got around there was a sigh of relief throughout the Baltic houses. But it was only a short respite because the repatriation, although it meant a rescue from death and terror, was a goodbye to the homeland. "Forever" For most Baltic Germans, especially the older ones, this meant a slow death.

In the following weeks and months the painful feeling of saying goodbye was numbed by the many small worries caused by the preparations for the repatriation.

New faces emerged from Germany who had a different way of life than that of the Baltic people. In conversation they used words which were not in the vocabulary of the Baltic people. The Baltic people would notice them and only later understand their meaning. They would look into the new faces for hints about the uncertain future and listen carefully to the strange words to see whether they might betray something of the future existence. When alone again doubts arose about what we had heard like bubbles in clear water which stands over a swampy ground. We shook our heads but a warm feeling of gratitude for the help from Germany beat down the doubts. Soon there was an armada of ships in the harbor. The Baltic Germans boarded. It seemed as though, underneath the many colorful pennants which flew from the masts of the ships, which were steering toward the German coast, was a black flag of grief.



A Love Letter

This letter is one of the few things that my mother was able to take with her in 1945.

7/7/35

My dear Gretel.

On Friday when I climbed on the bus and got out at Lamme I had a bad conscience - I should have stayed with you and you would have been happier again. But now I have decided: after the 1st we will never part again - I will no longer go off by myself and leave you behind. If I hadn't seen something very funny on my way I would have arrived being very miserable.

You know the place where we waited for Mammie, when she walked with Marianne, I heard grunting from the bushes, continuously and sounding very comfortable - and what was going on - a black and white striped pig of youngish age had draped himself in front of a cow and allowed himself to be licked from top to toe - it was so funny that I laid away my sadness and laughed out loud for a few moments.

Today is Sunday and with joy I see Tuesday approaching - then I will come to you - it's wonderful that we won't have to worry about separations anymore.

Gretel, I am sorry that I recently again expressed myself badly when I told you that I loved you without worrying about any ifs and buts - I had wanted to say that from now on we will both strive not to worry about any of those things - I didn't intend to make you feel guilty - I know I have no reason whatsoever to do that.

Gretel, please, please believe me that ever since the 13th (engagement day) I have taken you ever deeper into my heart and that nothing can come between us - I won't let anything else in and between us there is only one thing and that is larger and stronger than all others.

Today I will also send you the old letter and I hope that you will have happy eyes again when I come.

*I love you very much and kiss you
your Freddi*

Vä's sister Christel fled with Adolph (Adja) von Mickwitz from Posen to Dahm in Germany in January 1945. Adja has written the story in his *Erinnerungen* (Memories). Here are pp 309-313 from Adja's book where he writes about the event). It is translated from the German original and somewhat edited:

The Flight 1945

10.1. The Trek

. . . on the 20th of January we were told that we had to pack our things within two hours and leave the country. Helter skelter the most important and necessary things were packed. Mrs. Hentschel, Christel Hoffmann, (and also a different Christel), Norbert, and Aunt Manja Hemmelmann were on one wagon with the driver Erika. I was the coachman on the other wagon which carried Olli, Edith, and our Bombenkind Herbert Heinrich ("Bombenkind" means a child who'd been sent to them to escape the bombing of Berlin). Each of the wagons was pulled by two horses. Another wagon, packed with food for the horses and heavy suitcases, was drawn by four horses and driven by a Polish man and Sonne. Also six horses were appropriated for the transport of Black Sea Germans.

Following instructions we drove off at 1 pm from Neidfeld in the direction of Santomischel (Saint Michael), which was 6 km from us. We arrived there at about 2 pm and had to wait pointlessly until 5 pm until everyone was assembled for the Trek. (These caravans of refugees were called "Treks".) At 7 pm we went on toward Schrimm, about 8 km, which took us 14 hours, so slowly did we travel. The horses were cold due to the slow speed and were difficult to control with their fiery temperaments. The journey through the dark forest at -21° C with constant worry about the horses was stressful; in addition to that we had to wait at the bridge in Schrimm over the Warthe River, until the mass of traffic on the bridge had been untangled.

Soon after Schrimm we were annoyed to find ourselves held up again because a Trek of about 35 or 40 wagons, fully packed, drove by us and would not let us through. In the last wagon sat Waldemar v. Wrangel, who was the owner of all this. One could see that he had prepared for the Trek months ago – one could not have assembled these covered wagons so quickly. On each wagon sat a Polish man, so that he had about 35 to 40 Poles with him instead of the one that we had with us. The strange thing is that Waldemar v. Wrangel never arrived anywhere. We were the last ones to have seen him.

On January 23rd at 9 am we were at the last of our energy as we arrived at the farm estate, Gratz – 38 hours underway without having closed an eye all this time, without stopping even once to feed the horses. We stepped down and went into the almost completely stripped building where we got hot milk and were Olli fell into unconsciousness. With her blue lips she looked like a corpse and seemed to have no pulse. However, she revived and then fell asleep. After two

hours we were underway again. At this point suddenly we discovered that Mrs. Hentschel's suitcase was missing. We never discovered who had stolen it.

The journey continued for ten more days. Each day we stopped twice for two hours each, fed the horse and we ourselves ate whenever we could and slept for short periods. Somewhere on this journey my foot froze. I didn't even notice at first and then only felt it a bit because it was cold outside and I had other worries. In those eleven days we have only lain down and slept at night twice and that was once in Neutomischel, a private house, and once in a hotel in Schwiebus, and then once again in a some sort of inn for three or four hours.

Still in Poland we suddenly lost Erika for hours – that was one of the worst times of our Trek – when we found her again, Sonne had disappeared, but came back after a day or so.

It was hard to see the corpses along the road which belonged to relatives but had simply been abandoned in the forest. They were no longer suffering, but the sight of their frozen limbs caused me pain.

In Schwiebus suddenly Christel (the other Christel) lost patience. She decided to go by train with her mother and son. Christel Hoffmann and Manja Hemmelmann joined her, and also our Berlin "Bombenkind", Herbert Heinrich, who complained a lot about the pain in his frozen leg. Olli, Erika, Edith and Sonne stayed with me. We were joined by a stable boy from Schroda who was not sympathetic to us, but was still welcome because our only Pole had left us in Schwiebus, and so we needed a coachman.

He helped us in a wonderful way with unharnessing and feeding the horses and immediately agreed with Erika's suggestion that we should get a good covered wagon. This selfless action showed me how much people love Erika and how right it was that we always treated our Polish people (he means servants) in a humane way.

All this time that we trekked we didn't really know where we were going. Blindly we followed the others; where they went, so did we. Thus we came to Dahme and now we found some familiar faces. Dahme turned out to be the official endpoint of the Trek from Schroda. Here part of the Trek stopped; others continued on . . .

Excerpts from my father's WW II diary

February 24, 1945 - Now three days have passed - days that are like years - eternities and seconds. And yet I want to write up what happened to you and me, because it sounds in the telling like a fairy tale and still we both were allowed to experience it with our own senses.

I heard via the grapevine - but I wrote that already - that we had permission to go to the city so on February 21st at 5:30 I drove with a truck via Dirschau to the little town. There I asked for permission to go to Gotenhafen (*Gdynia*) which was also granted - astonishingly - although I really didn't have the correct papers. In Gotenhafen magical forces pulled me from the railroad station to the Bismark Strasse 26 to Grohmann's (*a friend from Reval, organist at the Olai church*).

And now imagine my heart, soul, body - as I open the front door - Lilli, i.e., a girl, shouts, "Look, there is Väterchen!" I totally turned to stone and could hardly ask Lilli, "And where is Frau Luther?" because silently I was afraid that you weren't there. But Billo (*Lars*) was already running up the stairs and I behind him - and there you came to meet me, my life, real and yet not real. Then we sat at Grohmann's in the kitchen and you told me - but first I could not comprehend this happiness and wonder. The tears came by themselves. They were tears of relief after a horrible cramp, the black days. I want to tell your story briefly because I see in it the wonderful divine guidance.

On the 18th of January at midnight you were frightened out of your sleep by the sirens and a short time thereafter you were ordered to go immediately to the Rosenberger Highway and from there to move on cross-country in a northwesterly direction. The day before Dornbusch had given permission for you, with Lilli and the children, to take a place on Schlobach's (*Vä's former employer at the sawmill*) horse carriage. You also took a backpack and two blankets - that was all. And the journey went via Rosenberg, Riesenburg, the Dirschauer autobahn bridge to Preussisch Stargard. There you stayed for three weeks with the teacher Hoffmann-Fellin. Schlobach's horses stayed there and also Lilli was supposed to have gone with the Tuchels (*neighbors and coachman*). However, probably out of love for Holger she was persuaded to stay, this faithful person.

But then there was again another evacuation and you had to go on a G-transport called "mother and child" in a cattle car on to Lauenburg. In Gotenhafen, however, you by chance got stopped and you were lodged in mass quarters in a movie theater "Stern" ("star"). You went to Grohmann's in order to get private lodgings. You found shelter at the Vietinghoffs – oma imimesed. (*This is in Estonian which we don't know how to translate.*) He knew of several ship connections and was asked by a certain lieutenant general Käckler to come along with the "Wadai" to Flensburg and this friendly man was prepared to take you along. There were no tickets anymore. But as you said so rightly, when something is meant to work out, all the roads open up by themselves – or God opens them – and everything is easy and clear. I was able to help you carry your things and get you settled in a warm and light cabin. How everything worked out! On the 23rd of February at 13 o'clock you were supposed to set sail for Flensburg via Swinemünde and from there try to reach Glücksburg. I hope everything will work out well and Lotte can meet you there. I pray to God that He will hold His hands over you and blind the enemy's U-boats.

March 8, 1945 – My Love (*he is addressing my mother*) I want to retrace all the stations of my life that have been of some importance to me and see how it played out.

1907 – born in Helsingfors – up to 1914 in Leppäkoski – a wonderful youth in the true nature of Finland. Lauri Salokallia, with whom Olle and I as a trio had a lot of fun, Mumin ? (*can't read*), that faithful person, Aino, the nanny, Räsänen, the machinist. Boat trips on the Kernala, the Wanaja, on the Pusijoki. 1914 – Staraja Russa. Pappi (*daddy*) as soldier – we (*came*) to Sipilä in 1914-15 - there we fooled around a lot. Visits in Helsingfors with Gunnar, Uncle Richard. Uncle Alexander and Aunt Hertha lived with us. Grandpa (*must have been Mickwitz*) came to visit.

In 1916 in the early fall we came to Reval to Grandma (*probably Marie Luther*). We moved into Pernausche Strasse 1-3, Mama, Olle, Renate and I, Grandma and Aunt Nora. Often Uncle Ralph came to see us. We went to school in the little Domschule in the Tartarenstrasse – I started there in the second grade. Hellmuth Hirsch Mühlen, Gerri Koch. Slowly we advanced year after year. In 1916-17 but also in later years I was in Kusal during vacations – a wonderful time at an impressionable age. Miss von Dittmar, Aunt Magda ran the household – gave us drawing lessons. The parsonage was a meeting point of many people – the Ramms, the Nerlings, the Stackelbergs and all the relatives: the Paulsens, the Hirschs. In 1918 I was a guest in Igest with Oswald Lemm, more accurately with his son Ernst (plane accident near Fellin in 1931 or 2). This happened at the time of the occupation (*Russian*) but I wasn't aware of it. Unforgettable was Feb. 24, 1918, when the Germans marched into Reval and the Red nightmare disappeared. We sat in the garden with Trude when we were told that the Germans were moving in. It was a happy moment. In October they moved off again (my love, then I didn't even know you existed) and you made your first trip to Danzig. Then came dark years 19,20,21 with the Bolshevists closing in on Reval. They were stopped at Jegeleht (?) and then came the peace of Dorpat. I still remember the day when my father came home from Galitsch in 1917.

I forgot to write this down earlier: Father immediately found work at A.M.Luther and since that time I too had a foot in the door with them. The old Sipelgas there gave me carpentry lessons.

In 1918 I was Sextaner (*a grade in the old German system*), there being no Septima, and was present when the Domschule was reopened by Pastor Stromberg. Prince Heinrich and Adalbert were there as guests too. School vacations and dances! My nine school years there covered the years from 1918 to 1927. Many school hours were unforgettable but vacations and free times were best of all. Excursions, school events, Gym Club (Ahlers), Boy Scouts (Ramm) in a happy and easygoing time. Pueni Taube took over the class and guided us through the Greek and the Latin world. He was feared but good. Blossfeld was principal and Winkler was the history teacher, Schilling was the German teacher and Hühnerson taught math. Almost all them are gone now. In 1924 on December 1 there was a Communist putsch (*coup*) which took the good inspector Grünwald away from us. My first student love, Erika Brasche, lasted from 1922 to 1924/5, I think. Trude Weiss, Margarete Paulsen and Erika, Werner Luchsinger, Romo Hesse and I formed a small circle and were together all the time. We were later joined by Klara L, and also Heddi Harpe and Margarethe Camesascer. A never ending series of school and other festivities swept over us. In 1920 or 21 we got our first dancing lessons (*here two illegible words*) etc. A colorful world of new impressions and tensions.

Pappi's death on March 3, 1925, was the most devastating blow to me ever except for the present one. I was at school when I was called out of class and was told that I should go home because my father was in bad way. Pappi died in the early hours of the morning of angina pectoris, a heart ailment that had been discovered too late, overexertion in the business and in clubs. The evening before he had been quite comfortable, and had taken a bath. I can still see him in his bathrobe saying good night to all of us – it was to be the last time. I have still cried many years later because I missed him so much as a friend and advisor.

But now I have forgotten to write down that he gave us the summer house we called Walküll (which had formerly been called Benita). He bought it in 1923 for 175,000 mark (*Estonian markaa*) from the Baroness Ungern. The summer of 1924 was wonderful with him. Uncle Erich was there, Aunt Luise. We did much hunting, sailed. With father I experienced a frightening trip through a storm from Reval to Walküll as we brought the Saga (*the sailboat*) over. Well and then (*after Pappi's death*) we lived on with Mama. On March 25, 1925, Christel was born and grew up as the last to leave the nest.

But now I must think more accurately, because then I was already 18 years old and while those 18 years passed by in a thoughtless rush, the second 18 years left me with permanent impressions of various experiences and confrontations. From now on I will proceed more slowly, and I must dwell on the first 18 years a little longer to try to do them justice. I should discuss my extracurricular student life, which seemed more interesting and more important to me than perhaps it ought to have been. One (*activity*) was called "Equestria" a club which all the students of my class belonged to and which was celebrated in turn in different private homes with tea and sandwiches and baked goods at first and later with beer, cigarettes and

most wonderful Schnapps. There were lectures but conversation and other things were at least as important a part of it. Frese sometimes played the piano and Eichhorn the violin. Coryus would present songs but all in all there wasn't much talent. There was much juvenile optimism and braggadocio.

Then there were the girls of whom Margarethe probably was the most valuable one, but I didn't recognize this fact because of my exclusive infatuation. Maybe that was fortunate because with Erika it was a purely platonic relationship; I don't know whether that was because of her or of me – I neither know nor can explain. Maybe it was an attitude which to this day keeps me from making decisions to act, like when later I think: "you should have done so or so". You too have often complained of my lack of resolve and suffered because of it. This lack of decisiveness has been part of me since my youth. The right ideas always occur too late to me. The only right thing I ever thought of in time happened on December 13, 1934 (*engagement to my mother*) and was not delayed by indecision. And now I have made you particularly unhappy with this decision. Now you are left with two children and I can't protect you from your awful fate.

No, it's no use to write about those first years of ones life of conscious decisions. Everything is immature and still in progress. All the colors of the spectrum are shimmering and waves of emotions and thought overwhelm very little action. If only the school had brought me up to a point where I would have understood the importance of continuing my studies over temporarily earning some money at any price, which is what I thought I had to do after getting my High School diploma. However, study and school became so repellent to me that I just couldn't bear to be in a classroom anymore. It is possible that William Yücum did that to me – sometimes it seems to me that this was true - and this resistance was transferred towards Dorpat (*University*). My father's will would have broken up this resistance – he would have made me study medicine; my mother couldn't do it. I couldn't bear the idea of five long years of study and the tremendous costs to mother. As it was it cost her only two years (*to support me after father's death*), but then I still didn't earn enough to support her, just barely enough to get by. It was a mistake as I can see now. Then there were the years following my father's death up to my High school diploma. I continued running around with girls in a senseless fashion. I was a guest at all the dances. Concurrently the diploma was earned just so-so. I worked in the summers at A.M.Luther at the lumber- yard, unloading lumber; Etjold was my foreman. But I did that because I enjoyed working at the factory. I worshipped Uncle Martin and a greeting from him, a little friendly smile from him made me happier than anything. He was my total ideal, the unattainable.

Then there were the Beka (?) evenings. Heddi joined our circle and made me love Estonia in a way I didn't fully understand. I wrote many letters – even to Sweden – for some long years wooing her, but when I began to do it in earnest, it was too late. Either she did not want me or she was already taken. On a wonderful summer day I sailed with Viktor Hanpe to Wiesö. The sun was shining brightly, small clouds drifting on the blue sky. We walked over the fields. Tell me Heddi, when was it - it must have been in June or July of 1932 – but I am jumping ahead. Are you still free? My question came out like lead. And I had not expected her answer: "no". But I held out till I was in Wallküll again before I broke down and cried

bitterly. I wrote to Heddi that I wanted to fight for her, but she told me not to write. I saw her a few times later, but she didn't see me, she saw through me. Her birthday was on the 6th of May and I suffered honestly, heavily but it was over, for sure. I tried once more to build myself a home. I loved or thought I loved Klara and wanted to marry her. But soon she sent me her engagement notice as answer. She wrote that she liked me but not enough to marry me.

But I have really digressed. I didn't mention other amusements – and there were some – unfortunate only because there were too many of them. The Yacht club and wonderful sailing trips from 1926 until 1935. I was Gösta's crew member on his boat sailing to almost all the islands between Helsingfors and Stockholm – year after year – really wonderful free time – water, sky and white sails. The women who came along were no temptation for me, even though I often longed for the great, genuine love. I always felt above that, and this arrogance kept me away and hurt me very much later because I fell into a horrible temptation that has really caused me a lot of trouble over the years and which has robbed me of much vitality and many illusions or ideals. But a life that has been lived cannot be lived again.

Gretel, if you knew how guilty I feel toward you in all this and everything. You really should damn me and cast me away. If you don't do it anyway I have to thank your greater love. It carries me so that I can't fall even now into the void. I know that I will find you in the beyond and that you will meet me with outstretched arms – my love – God be with you and hold his hand over you. This I pray for ardently and stronger than ever.

10/24/07

My mother tended to be dramatic in her speech and letters – a drama queen? Well, she was a good storyteller too. I have translated two letters I received from her at different times, which show the range of her mental ups and downs. The first one is from Marietta. In 1965 Holger and I had both left home and my father had been spending too much time with a married woman, Anita Lavender. He helped her with her gardening, while my mother was brooding in a Librium fog and wrote me a birthday letter.

Five years later they made a trip to Glen Foerd in Philadelphia for a first look at the place where she and Vä were to spend the next eight years. She wrote me a very different letter then describing her impressions. I have written a summary of these two periods in their lives to give you some background. Both periods had their ups and downs, of course. The early years in Marietta were full of hope and excitement for all four of us, including my mother, but gradually loneliness and sickness eroded her vitality and enthusiasm. Similarly the rapturous feelings my parents experienced in their initial time at Glen Foerd eventually gave way to negativity as roving bands of kids in the park, too much work, and worry about retirement overcame them. In each case a solution or deliverance, as my mother would have said, came from a totally unexpected direction. We should learn from their experiences.



This Polaroid photo was taken in January 1959 by Janet's father on a visit to Marietta.

2/25/2006

My parents lived in Marietta, OH, for 15 years, from September 1955 to July 1970. In that time first I and then Holger successively and successfully finished our BS degrees at the College. My father worked for Marietta Concrete as a carpenter all those years, while my mother worked for ten years at the Marietta Public Library and then for five at the Marietta Department store: "Bonhams". There were good times and bad, but never any idle ones. My mother was always tirelessly busy in the evenings cutting silhouettes, unless she was working on extra projects for the library. And my father likewise was spending all his evenings in the small basement making frames for Mutti's silhouettes or working on bone jewelry or wood projects. Marietta Concrete was an inexhaustible source of wood remnants.

My parents made many good friends, among them Helen White, a free-lance reporter who wrote a large number of articles about their art work which appeared in the "Marietta Times" and the "Parkersburg News". My mother's best friend was her neighbor, Mintho McNeill, the lady who loved her visiting heron and could not deny him the goldfish in her pond. Their landlords, the Christys, were very dear friends too and looked out for them. Senta Bernhard continued teaching at Marietta College for a number of years; she and Mutti could have lunch together every day, because the Public Library happened to be next door to Senta's rented apartment.

The bad times? My mother got very sick at one time and had to have a kidney removed. My father agonized over the payment of the hospital bills. In the early sixties my mother had fallen into a deep depression and gotten hooked on Librium. She and my father quarreled a lot. In 1966, when my grandmother was dying of cancer, we paid the air ticket for my father to go and visit her in Germany. We didn't know then that my father might have chosen not to return.

In 1970, when my father was 63, an opportunity arose for them to semi-retire. Pastor Otto, who had facilitated our emigration, wrote to them with the news that the Lutheran Church was about to inherit a 16 acre estate in Philadelphia, "Glen Foerd" from a Mrs. Tonner. But the lady needed a caretaker for her large garden in her last years, one who "would oversee the gardeners in their work". It sounded too good to be true.

And so one summer night, my father's driving preference, they departed from Marietta with all their furniture and cats and dogs and wood remnants. When they got to Glen Foerd nobody there was ready for them. My father called us in Basking Ridge in great distress. Janet hurriedly arranged with our good neighbor, Mrs. Ostrom to take the kids for the day. When we arrived, things were already looking better. They were to move into a lovely, roomy house, "The Cottage", and we helped to unload their stuff and still found time to walk through that lovely park.

The next years were to be some of the best ones in my parent's life. They always referred to the house where Mrs. Tonner lived as "The Castle", and they discovered there one treasure after another.

June 15, 1965

My dear Lasse,

Hopefully your birthday package has arrived in good condition, and hopefully you two have spent the day agreeably. For me it is a sad day of remembrances. What does an old person have but remembrances of life - of when I still could light the birthday candles for you, and could set out birthday presents chosen with love – gone, gone – just like in Andersen's fairytales. Enjoy your time and be happy, my dear boy, as long as you are able.

I have a few things to tell you and I ask you to take them the way they are meant, an old friend with life-long experience speaking to a younger one, to give him something that might prove useful. What I want to talk about today is an affirmation of the undying power of love. Love never dies, just like Paul, the apostle, said in his hymn of praise to love (Corinthians I, 13). Martin Luther's translation makes it into a wonderful hymn; in the English text it is nothing.

Väterchen has really truly come back home, his awareness has returned and with it the right values. Of course I hold the door wide open and bid him welcome, and I tell him so as to ease his deep guilt feelings; what I know: it was not his fault, in his depression he lost his ego and awareness. This, Anita, the vampire, took advantage to inflame his passion with all her devilish tricks. I see all this clearly in retrospect from what she has said. There are no excuses for her even though she created a smoke screen with talk of "Christian compassion", something even her minister does not believe, who clearly understands that she just wanted to excite and magnify her small ego and much more. By means of all kinds of maneuvers I have finally succeeded to avoid a potential scandal, which might have wiped out Vä's entire future and cast us all in a precarious light. I have been terrified of this. Now Vä understands how much I have loved him and still love him, and that love does not die. He also begins to remember you all and what you mean to him.

Such women really should be behind lock and key. But what has happened has happened, and what we must do now is to try and see what works to help Vä overcome his guilt feelings. It was kind of a delirium, a kind of fever of his soul growing out of the despair that made him numb and lifeless. All these things one may read about in psychology texts. It is possible to look at what happened as a disaster but not something to feel guilty about. Guilty, as I said, however, is Anita, who knowingly took advantage of the situation, just to amuse herself at other peoples' expense.

Another thing please: Mama (*Vä's mother*) is now in a senior home; I assume that Renate has written to you and again has asked for money (*she has never done that*). Please don't send any directly to her except through Vä, as we have agreed upon. Since we both now can work again, we can send money if Vä wants to. We have talked about this. But it makes no sense that they should be paid twice, just so that Renate can drive around for the fun of it at other people's expense. So if you should want to give money, please, I ask you, do it through Vä. If you wish, I can send you Bor's and Renate's letters so that you can convince yourself of the shameless demands, not requests they have made. Why this is so, I could again explain to you in terms of C.G. Jung's (*psychology*) as well as why Renate and Mama were so beastly to

me while bowing and scraping to Olav's (*Vä's brother*) wives. All those things have their psychological reasons and have nothing to do with personal values, meaning that Elsie and Margaritha should have been 1000 times better than me. It is quite different.

If you can, Lasse, write a loving letter to Vä, he loves you, and now that he has awakened, you may be able to guess how he must be feeling. He is the most decent person I have ever met. To return into a devastated home is "frustration", we have to help him. We will build it up again.

Don't worry about the library. I am now working upstairs and don't have to concentrate on difficult work while being exposed to the jabbering of Mrs. Schramm (*a co-worker*). My main occupation is the study of the Reference Section; I look carefully at all the books on our shelves, read the relevant critiques, and inform myself. In addition I have to answer the stupid questions of the public.

Helen White (*her journalist friend*) has been asked to give a lecture for father's day somewhere. It appears that she wants to take issue with the common belief that the number of births should be reduced. She wanted to know which father has sired the most children, probably for the purpose of encouraging competition. The Mormon leader Brigham Young had 56 children from 27 women and holds the American record; Lord Urghast (?) holds it for England for 36 children from one wife. African chieftains and Islamic kings to my knowledge have had many more, but she was only interested in America and England. For digging up nonsense like that a person is paid \$130 per month. Next week we plan to drive to Columbus; I had received an invitation from a gallery to exhibit there. I hope something will come of it. Somewhere in a neglected corner of my heart I am still hopeful, quite absurdly, yet one day to be able to live off my art and not to have to work in libraries anymore. I have to go there now, having waited at Senta's, so I tell you goodbye and wish you every imaginable good thing. Greetings and kisses to all in your family and love to you,

Your old Mu.

Note: the Italics are mine

I found this drug label among Mutti's papers.

FRONTIER SHOPPING CENTER
PHONE 373-2961 MARIETTA, OHIO
Reg. No. 7206
This Prescription cannot be refilled non-copy-glans
75774 Date 3-22-67
Patient Margurite Luther
One tablet, 4 times a day.
100/16.68/cbc "Norpramin-25"
refillable x
R.A. Jenkins. Reg. No.

Translation of a letter written by Mutti shortly after a first visit to Glen Foerd but before they actually moved there. The italics are mine.

Monday, June 8, 1970

My Dear Ones,

Vä (*Fred*) told me that you are thinking of parking the kids at the Mathesons and come to us and take a week's vacation. That would probably turn out even more successfully once we will have moved into this Fairyland. We don't have that much stuff and I believe that we will have arranged everything within a few days except for books and LPs. This place is the one to get a good rest. You can't believe what a wonderful garden this is. Such splendor I have rarely seen, probably it is the most beautiful of its kind and it has everything. There is nobody here to bother you; you have the entire huge place to yourself. You can sit down in the rose garden or you can lie on the lawn under the old high trees, or you can sit in the pavilion and look out over the water and watch the ships. You can also sit near the little pond and watch the one goldfish that still is there and look at the three sculptures that stand in it. Wherever you might drive to you won't find 16 acres for yourselves alone, even for money. We will take along the big double bed, then you will always have a made up bedroom with us. The old lady never leaves the house anymore, so you would be there quite alone. Think it over whether this might not to be thing to do for really getting a thorough relaxation.

As I walked around there I had the feeling that this is the place to rest from all discomforts of life. When you step through the big gate everything behind you sinks away, and you are in Fairyland. Birds I have never heard before sing there and thousands of roses bloom in the rose garden. It reminds me so much of Seubersdorf and Aunt Miederle Frankenberg, where I loved to be when I was 16 years old. Except that this place has a much more outstanding art collection. The old Seubersdorf place was more beautiful and tasteful; this overdone Victorian palazzo is not to my taste. But there too was a park with old trees and a rose garden. While there was no water, there were endless forests where you could easily get lost. But the magic was the same.

We have official permission to drive the old lady's Cadillac, so when you desire to drive in style to Philadelphia, help yourself. You have to have seen the inside of the house, it's impossible to describe, because it is straight out of "Arabian Nights". It is so cluttered up that there isn't an empty place on any wall up to the very high ceilings. Every quarter hour an old grandfather clock sings out. A magic darkness reigns everywhere as the windows are covered up by heavy drapes. Only one narrow, hall-like, ell-shaped room that borders the windowless living room has any light. The view is over the water; in front of these windows is a patio with many chairs to enjoy sitting in the outdoors. Dr. Myrom (*their future church boss*) already dreams of evenings there after conventions. This patio is raised slightly. Water drips from a decorated pipe into a basin with goldfish. What these animals live on is anyone's guess.

On the right side of the ornate staircase is a huge house organ with gilded pipes. On this organ Mrs. Tonner plays "Home, Sweet Home". The staircase leads to the art gallery, which is built like the Tate. It is two stories high. The walls are plastered with paintings and of course all pell-mell. Not like the Guggenheim. You have to pick out the good pieces for yourself. I stood a long time in front of two wonderful Corots. An early VanGogh, a small Rubens, very expensive but not very beautiful. One narrow wall was devoted to English painters: Reynolds and Laurence and one other I didn't know. Well, you will see for yourself.

In Reval we had a popular cookbook, which was in use everywhere. In addition to recipes this book gave advice on how to decorate and how to behave in society. We have had endless fun with it. There you could read about setting up small tables with family photographs. Well, this is exactly what you find here. Everywhere you see such small tables with countless photographs in overly ornate silver frames. (The antique store "Calico Bonnet" where we always went with Holger would be proud.) It also said in that book that when a gentleman comes to visit he should place his top hat under his chair. Väterchen should of course have followed that advice.

She has a great lot of books, and I noticed a large number of books about art. They are lying around everywhere, and I would have loved to take a look inside. The pride of the book collection is a complete series of bound Life Magazines. That is such a scream. Everywhere in the house are shelves with Life Magazines. In one small room she has fine prints. The museum has taken note of that; also of her Blake collection. In the middle of the round arch which leads to the art gallery stands a very old table, Flemish, I believe, covered with a Greek tablecloth. Next to it a cast iron candelabra, French or Spanish, small chairs from France, and on the table an annunciation by Blake. In front of that, gewgaws from all around the world – no comment. This is the altar of the house. Next to it is the organ of "Home, Sweet Home".

The old lady, however, is charming. Her enthusiasm for everything Beautiful and Good is touching. She is so frail and weak and so terribly lonely that I feel for her. One is compelled to embrace her and comfort her like a small child. By the way she is said to always be losing her letters and keys. Let us hope that it will be possible to forcibly unlock the door to our house.

I am only hoping that everything will go smoothly on Thursday. Väterchen is really looking forward to this. He had been very worried about our future here. More and more workers had been let go, and it looked as though the place might soon be closed up. Add to this that he by and by has gotten tired of doing the work of two people, as Theis does nothing but stand around all day and tell Väterchen: "that can't be done, this won't work!" Maybe Väterchen would have been sent to work in Parkersburg, which would mean cleaning forms (for casting cement). A horrible kind of task, more expenses and dirty work. He is a different person since this came up. His voice sounds different. May God let him not be disappointed. That for once he has work he likes, that the end of his life may become easier. I do hope!

Now I have to get to work. Good bye my dears and fare well and hope to see you soon.

Love,
Your Mu



A flower arrangement of my mother's



*My parents, Molly and Chris on the porch of the
"Cottage" in Glen Foerd. Summer 1970*

2/25/2006

Mrs. Tonner lived only till August of 1971, and her black butler Norman, who had helped my parents get started in their new work, retired. Then the Lutheran Church took over and had temporary administrators (retired ministers) stay at Glen Foerd, in general making life harder for my parents. It probably was difficult for the Church to decide what to do with this white elephant of a "Castle". The house had many rooms and a large kitchen and living room and was charming throughout but it probably wasn't very suitable for retreats or meetings as the Church had hoped. There were also many problems with the heating plant and the sewer of the mansion. In the last years of my parents' residence extensive renovations were undertaken and a suite of motel-like rooms for overnight guests were built, but I doubt that these improvements ever paid for themselves. Still over the years many administrative meetings were held at Glen Foerd and my parents always hosted those and made lunch for their "guests" and received grateful acknowledgements.

Meanwhile someone had suggested giving tours of the house and the garden as a money making proposition, and my mother was delighted to arrange them. She took this duty very seriously. She put flower arrangements in all the rooms and acquainted herself thoroughly with the "treasures" of the house. There was a large (but not totally rain proof) skylight art gallery with maybe 100 original paintings, none of them remarkable in her opinion. But she took great pride in showing off the gorgeous little mahogany library with some very valuable medieval "Books of Hours", a very extensive print collection boasting an original Dürer woodcut and many fine prints by Philadelphia artists. A favorite with all her visitors was "Mrs. Tonner's Closet" with a number of old fashioned dresses – things to wear for tennis and lawn parties. There was Mrs. Tonner's large organ on the landing of the grand stair case and Mrs. Tonner's stained glass chapel. Mr. Tonner's spiritual needs apparently were adequately taken care of in the "beer garden" in the basement. A summary of her tours has been preserved: in the years from 1974 to 77 she conducted nearly 8000 visitors through the house and was paid a total of about \$1500. At the same time my father was paid \$350 per month for the garden work. If the physical work had been done by assistants, as he had first been given to understand, his task would have been easier. But in fact he actually did most of it himself and there were an awful lot of bushes to be trimmed and leaves to rake up in the fall. At his request the Church bought him a tractor and a chain saw.

After eight eventful and joyful years at Glen Foerd all that work got to be much too much for my father and at age 69 he needed to retire. But the Church, to his very great disappointment, was not willing to let him continue to live at Glen Foerd as he thought had been the understanding. So in the year 1977 we had to help him find a place to live. Money, of course, was a big constraint. Fortunately the Presbyterian Church in Basking Ridge had started building an affordable independent living "Village" overlooking the Big Swamp, and Janet managed to secure an apartment for them. We all were so grateful when this happened, and in the spring of 1978 they moved in with their cat Semiramis, who was not strictly legal but tolerated.

1/23/2004

One of my mother's greatest fears was to be thought a worthless person – the other was of being abandoned. Her father, Felix, tested her at an early age by giving her drawing lessons. She didn't do well enough to satisfy him, and so she learned about conditional love. With her passionate dedication to her art she was eventually able to prove him wrong. It took all her life but she did gain the recognition she needed.

Felix had grown up as a privileged young man but maybe he got caught up in his family's fear of being snubbed by the upper crust of Reval, the old aristocracy of the landed Barons. I imagine him to have undergone the torments of Marcel Proust. His own father, Edmund, was a grain exporter who had married a *nouveau riche*, a daughter of an Italian jeweler, who wasn't even a member of Reval's second tier aristocracy, the Great Guild crowd.

I have no first-hand knowledge of my grandfather, no letters even. All I know is anecdotes told by my mother which all center on the theme of social acceptance. There is the story about meeting a fraternity member during his student days in Leipzig. When this young man had spit out his title (baron or count maybe) Felix offered his name: "just Felix von Glehn, but I do have four first names". That was clearly a joke, because he had only one, but this "clever repartee" was remembered and often retold. The family also recorded with satisfaction that once at a ball a lady observed him making his entrance and swooned: "Now there is a true blue blood!" Then there was the incident Andreas told me about how Felix once impulsively had tossed the family's dinner plates (on the floor maybe) because they were not good enough. It wasn't good enough either to have the family tree traced to 1500, it had to be forced across great gaps in historical knowledge to prove descent from a robber baron of the XIIth century.

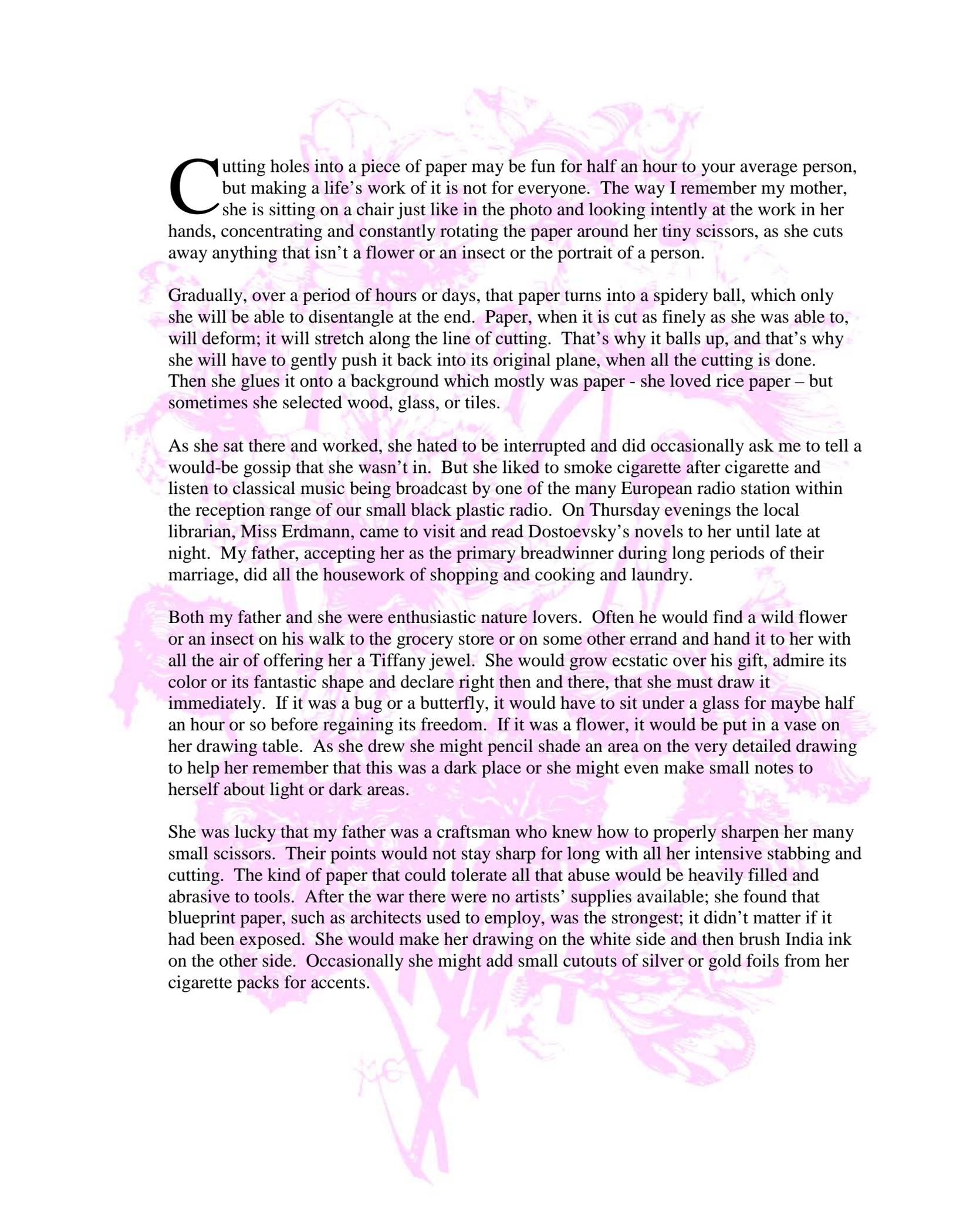
After returning to Reval from St. Petersburg, Felix ran a stone-cutting business, but his heart was in his violin case. My mother learned from him and his family that to be worthwhile you had to love and know "good music", and "good literature", speak French, and to be able to retell all the pitifully un-funny anecdotes about the barons in the mansions up on the Dome hill.

Felix did not marry a baroness, interestingly enough. He married his childhood sweetheart, the daughter of a Reval architect. It is a great pity that she died so young. She might have been able to ease his fears.

As an adult, my mother's derived much happiness from collecting silver – and polishing it. I remember how excited she was about discovering a huge hoard of silver ware hidden in the basement of Glen Foerd. The antique shop of Mrs. Rafferty near Glen Foerd was her Aladdin's cave, as were the art and book collections of Mrs. Tonner in Glen Foerd. Money itself and the art of making it were embarrassing to her, but she craved the display of wealth, even borrowed wealth. Maybe it served as a security blanket for her.

Why stir up all this stuff so much? Because I would like to understand why my mother was so unhappy at times in her life, when she ought to have been happy. After both Holger and I had left Marietta, she once stayed with us for about two weeks in Basking Ridge (1968 or so), a basket case of Valium addiction. Status obsession was a major source of disagreement between my mother and me because it directly affected choice of a life partner.





Cutting holes into a piece of paper may be fun for half an hour to your average person, but making a life's work of it is not for everyone. The way I remember my mother, she is sitting on a chair just like in the photo and looking intently at the work in her hands, concentrating and constantly rotating the paper around her tiny scissors, as she cuts away anything that isn't a flower or an insect or the portrait of a person.

Gradually, over a period of hours or days, that paper turns into a spidery ball, which only she will be able to disentangle at the end. Paper, when it is cut as finely as she was able to, will deform; it will stretch along the line of cutting. That's why it balls up, and that's why she will have to gently push it back into its original plane, when all the cutting is done. Then she glues it onto a background which mostly was paper - she loved rice paper - but sometimes she selected wood, glass, or tiles.

As she sat there and worked, she hated to be interrupted and did occasionally ask me to tell a would-be gossip that she wasn't in. But she liked to smoke cigarette after cigarette and listen to classical music being broadcast by one of the many European radio station within the reception range of our small black plastic radio. On Thursday evenings the local librarian, Miss Erdmann, came to visit and read Dostoevsky's novels to her until late at night. My father, accepting her as the primary breadwinner during long periods of their marriage, did all the housework of shopping and cooking and laundry.

Both my father and she were enthusiastic nature lovers. Often he would find a wild flower or an insect on his walk to the grocery store or on some other errand and hand it to her with all the air of offering her a Tiffany jewel. She would grow ecstatic over his gift, admire its color or its fantastic shape and declare right then and there, that she must draw it immediately. If it was a bug or a butterfly, it would have to sit under a glass for maybe half an hour or so before regaining its freedom. If it was a flower, it would be put in a vase on her drawing table. As she drew she might pencil shade an area on the very detailed drawing to help her remember that this was a dark place or she might even make small notes to herself about light or dark areas.

She was lucky that my father was a craftsman who knew how to properly sharpen her many small scissors. Their points would not stay sharp for long with all her intensive stabbing and cutting. The kind of paper that could tolerate all that abuse would be heavily filled and abrasive to tools. After the war there were no artists' supplies available; she found that blueprint paper, such as architects used to employ, was the strongest; it didn't matter if it had been exposed. She would make her drawing on the white side and then brush India ink on the other side. Occasionally she might add small cutouts of silver or gold foils from her cigarette packs for accents.

Sometimes immigrants find success and happiness; but the other side of displacement is the black sun of loss. The strain of burying the past, losing one identity and embracing another can be overwhelming. Home is an indelible place. It is the landscape of unfiltered experience, of things felt rather than thought, of the world absorbed before it is understood, of patterns and thoughts that lodge themselves in the psyche and call out across the years. When home is left behind or shattered, an immense struggle often ensues to fill the void. Roger Cohen, born in London to South African Jewish parents, wrote these lines in a memoir called “The Girl from Human Street”. His grandparents had left Lithuania at the turn of the 20th century to avoid persecution

Reading this at New Year of 2015, I thought of my parents. They suffered much more from such losses than Holger and I ever did, because in Estonia they had established an identity in terms of marriage and income, and the larger family of relatives and friends. My mother, never having had a mother herself, suffered the most. In fact she lost a father also when he placed her in a foster home after the family had fled to Germany in 1918.

But all was not despair and sorrow for them. I do recall my father resting in his hammock under an immense willow in Marietta and writing a poem to go with his intarsia picture:

August

*Tonight an evening star swept through my old willow tree
The dangling branches tried in gracious sways
To catch the gentle breeze –
While hosts of locusts pulled their strings
For their nocturnal celebration.*

by Fred Luther – 1966

And my mother wrote a paean to Glen Foerd when she first saw this place and fell in love with it. In my mind she accepted her stay there as a gift of fate trying to make up for the loss of her parent’s home in Reval.

Mutti wrote this in English as part of her stories about her cousin Senta. The italics are mine.

In Marietta, Ohio, where we lived the first 15 years of our stay in the United States (1955-1970), we had a friend by the name of Penrose. He was running an antique store, helped by his nephew Bob. Penrose knew everything, whatever conversation came up, he knew everything about it, be it art, music, sciences – everything. He was above that a great storyteller, as we soon found out. He knew a lot about the old times at Marietta and what interesting people had lived there. We loved to listen to him and our get-togethers dragged out until far after midnight. All his stories he had gotten from his grandmother, who must have had a phenomenal sense of humor. She had married a minister and divorced him when she found out that he had a chain of brothers clear down to San Francisco. Many of those stories I have forgotten, but three of them I still remember.

Marietta must have been a quaint little town in olden days, inhabited by queer people. There was one man for instance, who was besotted by the Romans. Every day he posted himself on a flat stone by the river Muskingum which emptied into the Ohio River just where Marietta was situated. There he gave orations in Latin to an imaginary audience about various topics. Everybody knew it, but nobody gave him the honor to listen to him. But that did not bother him at all.

The Evangelists of olden days had no TV to their aid, but had to travel around the country from village to village and to towns.

Once an Evangelist turned up, a really fiery one. After a flamboyant sermon he exclaimed that his faith was so great that he would cross the Muskingum on the simple bridge of his great faith. This proof of his indomitable faith would take place next Sunday at eight o'clock. There are always some people among us humans who are doubters. At Saturday night those people examined the Muskingum River and found out that a plank had been placed from one riverbank to the opposite one. After this finding they took a large saw and, with the help of a rowboat, they sailed to the middle of the river and sawed a great crack into the plank. Next day, after a flamboyant sermon, the Evangelist started to walk on the river. The congregation stood silent in awe. Then it happened: the Evangelist suddenly disappeared into the river.

Marietta was a beautiful little garden town. Everybody had a lovely yard around the house. This was a reason to have garden parties. Everybody had them and everybody loved them. At that time there were three professors at Marietta College who loved to elucidate about various topics when they met at those garden parties. Their last topic was the sex of God. They had been debating about this question for many years without ever solving the problem. At that time a lady moved to Marietta who could be compared to a bird of paradise talking residence in a chicken coop. She was the unchallenged queen of the garden parties. Every married woman at Marietta got into the habit of tying their husbands to their bedposts. Once the lady departed for Boston on the occasion of her mother's demise. When she came back from Boston there was, of course, again a garden party and

the lady dropped in. She was well adorned with her mother's pearls and her mother's laces and gracefully accepted everybody's sympathy. The three professors were, as usual, knee deep in their debate about the sex of God and for this purpose had retired to a cozy place in the yard. The lady approached them too and after the three gentlemen had expressed to her their sympathy, the lady raved about her dear mother. "My dear mamma was such an angelic person," she exclaimed, "So was so good to everybody and did so much good especially to the old men. I am sure that God himself rose from his heavenly throne to take mamma's hand to escort her personally into Paradise!" Professor Goddard, the one with the long red parted beard, rose and said very gravely: "Gentlemen, I think that solves our problem!"

Our library at Marietta was getting ready to celebrate her 100th anniversary at the time when I was working there as a cataloger of nonfiction, as a story teller to the kids, as an artist, and whatever else was necessary to be done. I even helped to destroy the millions of cockroaches who had taken over the basement of our library. They occurred there from great great-grandfather to the tiniest baby. Our librarian, the most capable person I could think of, wanted to show the very beginnings of the library at the time of the founding of Marietta, the oldest town in Ohio.

At that time the library consisted of a bushel basket under the bed of the town's clerk where everybody could get a book on Saturdays if he donated one for the library. The prevailing stock of books had been donated by General Rufus Putnam who got the whole area of Marietta in compensation for his services at the Revolution. Our librarian wanted to put up that bed with the bushel basket filled with books underneath it. So we had to hunt for a bed high enough to accommodate a book-filled bushel basket underneath it. That turned out to be an impossible task, as modern beds are much lower. She informed me that in olden times people kept their babies in trundle beds which were shoved under the parental beds to protect their babies from cold drafts.

We looked everywhere for a high enough bed for that purpose without finding anything suitable. The museum only had such an antique bed, but that we could not get. So we two friends went into the country where an old farm woman lived on a faraway farm, hoping that in her house we might find what we needed. So we started out.

When we passed the Ohio River our librarian spied an old house sitting close to the river. "This house," she told me, "has a queer story. Once long ago, it was sitting on yonder hill. But the lady of the house did not like it. She wanted to have her house right beside the Ohio River. So her husband borrowed 40 oxen from all his neighbors and on a given day all the people of Marietta were invited to witness the moving of the house to the riverbank. Everything went fine. The house was moved without damage and later on there was merry making accompanied by hard cider. It was fall. It was a wonderful celebration. The sexton rode home on his mule the other way around keeping its tail close in his hands and leaving it to the mule to find his way home."

Our librarian talked a long time to the old farmer's lady but such a bed she did not have any more. So we had to display the bushel basket only without the bed.

**Written for the burial of my parents' ashes in Union Cemetery,
Slatington, PA on 5/31/2004:**

Dear grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Fred and Margaret Luther, and dear in-laws. And you too, Betty; I feel that you are with us here today, just as you have been with us to celebrate so many of our Luther Days in the past. We owe you special thanks for giving us a place in your family plot in this charming cemetery surrounded by a peaceful countryside. There were times in my parents' lives when they had despaired of ever resting side by side again.

We are here today to say goodbye to Fred and Margaret. Those of you who knew them will agree with me that they were good and kind people, interested in everything and interesting, because they had seen so much of the world and of nature and people. Those of you who did not know them, and that unfortunately includes all of you great-grandchildren, you would have loved to meet them and talk with them and watch them do the things they loved to do. They observed nature and saw its beauty in everything that moved or grew, be that an animal, a flower, a cloud, or a feather. My mother has spent a good part of her life drawing flowers and insects and cutting silhouettes of them. And my father too often felt moved to grab a piece of wood and carve it and shape it until it mirrored back to him nature's beauty as he had seen it somewhere on his wanderings.

Both my parents were Russian citizens and subjects of the last Tsar, Nicholas, when they were born: my father in Finland and my mother in Reval, Estonia. My father moved to Reval as a teenager. Now that city is known by its Estonian name: Tallinn, but while they lived there it was known by its Russian name: Reval. Both loved this ancient city and its people and told my brother and me about it often. Reval had what you nowadays would call diversity – in spades. Over the centuries a colorful and bustling mix of Estonians and Russians and Germans and Swedes and Finns had worked together and built their city together. They had traded and crafted and gotten along with each other. So they knew each other's languages well. My father too spoke many languages: German he knew because his father's family spoke German. His mother's family spoke Swedish and so he knew some of that language. He had to learn Russian in school, because they lived in Russia after all, and he learned some English during a one- year's business experience. And he knew Estonian fluently, because most of the people around him were Estonians. Likewise my mother could speak four languages, including French, because her family felt that was important to them.

In addition to the ethnic variety there was religious diversity. My mother's family was centered on the St Olai church: they had all their baptisms and their weddings and funerals there. It was one of many Protestant churches of Reval, and it had the tallest tower in all of Northern Europe. Lightning struck it regularly and over the centuries it had burned and was rebuilt many times. The St Nikolai church was my father's church: his grandfather had been a minister there. Then there was the Russian Orthodox Church on the hill. There you would get the best show in town at Easter time with processions and incense and gold.

Everyone went there to look and participate at Easter. And there was a Synagogue too serving a community of more than 2000 Jews.

Against all this tolerance and “live and let live” arose Hitler’s shrill cry from Germany about German supremacy. Though my parent’s families were proud of their German heritage and actively maintained it, there was very little sympathy for Nazism. My parents and their families and friends tried to ignore Hitler: he clearly was a madman and far away. But they couldn’t ignore him once his soldiers suddenly appeared in Reval and told all the German-speaking people there to pack their suitcases and be ready to be shipped to Germany within a week. There would be no time to bring their furniture and their pets. Ten thousand of them were deported to Eastern Germany and distributed over different towns. They were separated from friends and family and had to find new jobs and housing. Soon thereafter my father was drafted into the German Army and sent to the Russian front. His knowledge of Russian was needed by the Nazis to help them fight the Russian resistance. His unit came to within 40 km of Moscow when finally the Russian Army rallied and turned the tide on Hitler. And then Fred and his fellow soldiers were told to try to make it back to Germany on their own. During the following months he had no knowledge whatever about where his wife and children were. Were they alive even? He couldn’t know in the utter chaos following the collapse of the front.

A miracle happened – maybe several. He escaped from Russia without being taken prisoner. He found his family safe in Western Germany. But there was more hardship yet. Several very bad years of hunger and poverty followed. There was little food. People in the bombed-out cities of Germany died of cold and starvation. My parents applied to the American authorities to enter this country as soon as they had been able to establish contact with my mother’s cousin in the US. It took them eight years of determined effort to get permission to come here.

Once they had made it to this country, life got a lot better. My father and mother got jobs and Holger and I went to school. When both he and I had gotten our degrees, my parents felt that they had done their life’s work. With incredible tenacity and determination and after a lifetime of hard work to earn enough money to get by, they had been able to give their sons a good start in life. They never made enough money to own a house or even a new car and they never were able to save enough money to retire the way we take for granted. But they were well satisfied with their lives having made many good friends here and having seen and experienced more than any of us ever is likely to.

We owe them a great deal of gratitude for how they worked to make a more comfortable life for us and for what they could teach us about loving life and the beautiful things it has to offer.

Now it is time to say goodbye, Fred and Margret, and we thank you.

1/16/2013

Concerning Julie von Glehn's Diary 1892-1902

by Lars C. Luther

This book is precious if you care at all about family history. It is a bit of a miracle that it has come down to us at all. First, there were not many diarists in our family. Secondly, Julie von Glehn's original diary was rescued from almost certain destruction during the collapse of the German Reich in 1945. Roman, the 8th of Julie's 9 children had it in his possession when he lived in Leslau, now Poland. Sometime in January 1945 he and his wife Margarethe (called Grittel) and his children Roma, Gita, Amata, and Andreas joined a trek of other refugees to escape from the Russian invasion in a manner very similar to my mother's flight. Like my mother, Roman and Margarethe must have packed only the most precious things plus whatever clothes and food they deemed essential on a long slow horse wagon ride in an unusually cold and snowy winter. Somewhere along the way the long row of carts and wagons came to a halt because a shot was fired. Roman and another man volunteered to investigate before they dared drive on. Only the other man returned to the wagons. Margarethe and her children had to go on alone; only at the end of their trip did the other man tell her, that Roman had been killed, possibly by German soldiers and in error.

When Janet and I visited Andreas in Stockholm in 2007, I saw on the bedroom wall a drawing made and signed by Margarethe, now long dead, showing a grief-struck woman on a wagon holding the reins. She had lost her husband on the same awful journey during which their monetarily most precious possession, the diamond studded tiara that had been part of Julie's dowry, got lost, as mentioned in Andreas' foreword.

Thirdly, the diary had yet to be made accessible. It had been penned in a now almost forgotten German hand, Sütterlin. Gita deciphered the content and typed it up. Andreas took the family photographs, hastily torn out of an old album that Roman probably considered too heavy to carry along on the flight, and scanned them. He e-mailed them to me upon my request; most of them I had never seen before, and I wish that I could have shown them to my mother. She had described some of the paintings that hung on the walls of Julie's house in Reval where she grew up and some furniture as she remembered it in her own memoirs. I was thrilled to recognize some of those paintings and things in the photos. Andreas combined them with the diary pages and had the manuscript handsomely bound. Unfortunately he passed away before he could mail me a copy of this book. I have Amata to thank for mailing it to me and hope that it may mean something to some of my descendants. To help with that I have translated excerpts.

5/5/2012

My great-grandmother Julie v. Glehn

My great-grandmother Julie was born August 14, 1857, in the town of Meran in the Austrian province of Tirol. Her father, Konstantin Saefftigen, was a jeweler* who took his family to St. Petersburg and worked to supply the Czar (probably Alexander II and his Czarina Maria Alexandrovna) with expensive baubles. At one time he submitted a platinum crown or tiara studded with 28 huge diamonds as per the Czarina's request. She refused it because it was too plain. Lucky for Julie, because as part of her dowry it pacified the Glehn family, who had initially looked down on her as not quite worthy of marrying Edmund August v. Glehn. The tiara got lost in Poland during WW II.

In Julie's time and place love marriages were not common; an immediate example of a failed romance was her sister Agnes, who fell in love with a Swedish "commoner" and ended up as an old maid in an apartment of the three-story mansion with two guest wings that Konstantin built for his family in Tallinn. The irony is that Konstantin was as "common" as, well, as anybody – but just rich enough.

My mother who lived in that mansion until she was 8 or 9 has written about the mansion and her family and knew her grandmother Julie and the troubles she had with getting laced into her corset every morning. Julie died in Gdansk shortly after Felix, her son who believed himself in mortal danger** during the Russian Revolution, had taken her there with his immediate family.

In May 2012, I received a copy of Julie's diary spanning the years from 1892 to 1902 from Amata v. Glehn in Sweden. Amata's sister Gita has transcribed it from the original (written in the Suetterlin*** hand, probably) to a typewritten manuscript. Amata's brother Andreas, whom Janet and I met in Sweden in 2001, edited it and had it bound. Now with a little luck it may outlive all of us.

* There exists a reference to a Leopold Saefftigen in St. Petersburg who fabricated a rose gold medal with a Romanov crown as an imperial gift to a Russian clergyman in a "Heritage Auctions" gift catalogue of 2008.

** It is worth noting that Felix's younger brothers stayed in Tallinn and were unharmed. Muttis's uncle Erwin, however, whose mother Mathilde Bernhard also had worked for the Czar, was incarcerated during the unrest in Tallinn in 1918 and was lucky to escape over the ice to Finland.

*** Suetterlin was still in use in Germany at my time. Lilli, our 19 year old au pair in Deutsch Eylau, had learned it as the proper hand to use at her school. But in my school time it was not used anymore.

7/14/2012

Dear Amata,

I must write and tell you once again how very much I appreciate your gift of Julie's diary. It's not only about personal data or the little happenings in her life, but also about the atmosphere of the social life in old Reval. When she speaks of the Bernhards, I know that she has my other great-grandmother and her family in mind and that she really thinks of Mathilde as her best friend. Some others like e.g. Ida von Glehn Koch I have read about in other places. But many of her acquaintances and family that she has coffee with and meets at parties are naturally quite unknown to me, and will just have to remain that way. I even have trouble telling her own children apart because she often refers to them by pet names. But this all still tells you about the kind of life she led.

I now have a much better understanding of my grandfather Felix in view of his adventures and demonstrated courage on his first solo velocipede tour. What she however didn't talk about, even though she has definitely hinted at them, were the legendary episodes of bad behavior that eventually led to his banishment to St. Petersburg, and that others have hinted at.

My mother has written down some of her memories of the great Glehn house and also about Julie herself. But while she loved Aunt Agnes, i.e. Felix's sister, like a mother, she knew her grandmother Julie only as a somewhat strange person and Julie's sister, also named Agnes, by name only. After reading the diary I know more about the older Agnes and Julie and their mother Julie Käemmerer and even about an Uncle Ernst, who turned out to be a great pillar of support for Julie.

And I now have a feeling for Julie as a human, her great joys and tragedies, and her almost excessive enthusiasm about travel and flowers and theatre, music and poetry. She was no ordinary housewife, but had great élan and a true love for her huge herd of children and her good Edmund.

I hope you are enjoying a good summer, neither too hot nor so chilly, as Julie describes the Reval summers.

From here the only event worthy of note is the sudden passing of Janet's mother. She fell on July 15, broke a hip and died in the hospital shortly thereafter without pain and with full consciousness. She was 97 and always had an outstanding memory for all her many acquaintances and family. She has never forgotten anybody's birthday.

Cordial greetings from your

Lars (and Janet too)

Linde Amate,

Dampfung, 14. Juli 2012

Ich muß dir doch noch mal sagen, wie sehr dankbar ich dir bin für die Arbeit von Jülich Umgebung. Es handelt sich ja darum nicht nur um persönliche der Arbeit von dir die kleinen Feinheiten in ihrem Leben, sondern auch um die Anwesenheit der alten geschichtlichen Botschaft in der sie leben. Denn sie von dem Landesherrn weiß, weiß ich, daß sie meine anderen Angelegenheiten und ihre Familien im Sinn hat, und daß sie wirklich von Mitleid als ich den besten Familien habe. Den richtigen anderen, wie z.B. die von Gelsenberg, haben ich noch nie gesehen. Doch wie ich ihre Gedanken und Familien mit ihnen sie lassen wird und die sie in Geschichtlichen weiß, sind und bleiben mir natürlich völlig unbekannt, und ich muß es eben belassen.

Wegen ihrer richtigen Linde kann ich keine Aufmerksamkeit geben, weil sie die oft nicht mit Aufmerksamkeit identifiziert. Diese Feinheiten geben jedoch Linde von ihrem Leben.

Ich habe mich nie wie andere Verständnis von meinem Geschicklich und bekommen so wie meine Gedanken und für die letzten, die es auf meine neuen Aufstieg mit dem Dilemma bezieht. Das Jülich jedoch weiterbringen hat, obwohl sie das nicht finden hat, warum die Engländer Epochen, die dann zu meine Überwindung nach Aufsteigen führen und auf die anderen mit Leichtigkeit ändern haben.

Meine Mühen hat ja nicht aufzugeben von ihrem Feinheitsgefühl und der großen Gelsenberg hat und auf von Jülich leben. Aber was ich sie heute Augen, alle seine Disziplin, wie eine Mühen leben, warum sie zu ein nicht als eine alte, neue befreundeten Partner und Jülich Disziplin Augen mit bei Mann. Auf meine Leben ihre Umgebung weiß ich ja zu mich über Augen und ihre Mühen, Jülich Leben, und wegen wie meine Augen hat. Das ist als Jülich große und verantwortliche Arbeit nutzlos.

Und ich habe jetzt nie Gefühl für Jülich als eine Mühen, ihre Familien und die große Umgebung, und ihre befreundeten übertragene Längstzeit über Rhein, Linde, Mühen, Damm und Rhein. Die neue kleine Längstzeit, hat die große Leben und eine große Linde für ihre Linde und ihre guten Freund.

Ich hoffe die hat eine ungewöhnliche Damm, nicht zu früh von zu früh, so in die Botschaft Damm die Jülich befreundet.

Den sie ist natürlich nicht die plötzliche Tod von Jülich Mühen zu befreundet. Die sind um 15ten Juli, bevor eine Zeit und nach bald davon im Hospital aber ohne Disziplin und bei vollem Landesherrin. Die neue 97 und hat immer nie befreundet Aufsteigen für alle ihre Überwindung und Gedanken; wie hat sie immer Aufsteigen weiter.

Englische Arbeit, von einem Land und Jülich auf.

Foreword to Julie von Glehn's Diary 1892 –1902

by Andreas von Glehn, written in 2005

translated by Lars C. Luther in 2018 [*comments in italics*]

Julie Anna von Glehn, ne Saefftigen, is the daughter of the court jeweler Carl Theodor Saefftigen in St. Petersburg. [*I note a problem here. Andreas says: Carl Theodor Saefftigen, whereas his father, Romo, in a letter to my mother dated 7/1/1941, said: Konstantin Saefftigen.*]

She marries on February 28, 1878, the Consul and Merchant Edmund August von Glehn (1841 -1902) and moves into the great Glehn's house on Garden Street 12 in Reval, Estonia. The family is not happy with this marriage and considers the union a "mesalliance". When, however it became known that her considerable dowry included a platinum tiara set with 28 large diamonds the critical voices fell silent. The tiara (diadem) that had been ordered by the Czarina, but was deemed too simple and rejected by her. It will be lost in Poland during WW II in 1945.

The von Glehn family is at this time well established and has close ties to the Russian Czar and to the court. The family is considered to belong to the old German Aristocracy and to the families of the Reval City Elders. Five members of the von Glehns have been First Elders of the Great Guild. Julie's father-in-law Edmund Theophil, (1800 – 1884), Court Counselor and Knight, is the personal physician of the Czar and received the Russian hereditary Nobility Patent in 1862.

Edmund works for the firm Glehn and Co.(?) that was probably established by his grandfather and he has little time for his family

During the summer months it is fashionable to drive to Cathrinal or – if not to relatives or friends – to the beach house Strandheim, bought in 1898 by Edmund.

Edmund's cousin, Alexander Nicolai von Glehn, (1841 - ?) continues building a castle Hohenhaupt (Jelgimeggi) which was acquired by Peter von Glehn, (1743 –1843). Inspired by the Spanish architect Antonio Gaudi he builds an observatory and statues for his park: a crocodile and a giant.

In Russia live Major von Glehn, commander of the Ussuri – Cossacks (1891) and the botanist Peter von Glehn (1835 – 1876), who carried out research in Siberia at the direction of the Czar.

Estonia at that time is a Russian Province – a member of Russia's "German" Baltic Provinces, and her lifetime coincided with the reign of three Czars. In London, where a cousin of her father-in law, Robert Wilhelm von Glehn, had established himself, Wilfred, among others, is born in 1870. He made a name for himself as a painter. Robert's daughter, Louise von Glehn, born (1850), marries Mandel Crighton, Bishop of London.

There is close contact with the English von Glehn – or, as they themselves prefer: "de Glehn", and photos of adults and children – the latest technical wonder – are exchanged among the families.

So it is a large family, and Julie has nine children:

Felix 1879, Agnes 1880, Emmy 1882, Alice 1883, Martha 1885, Edmund 1889, Alexander 1890, Roman 1895, and Walther 1897. Martha dies in 1890, only five years of age and Alexander is only 19 when he succumbs to many years of sickness.

Julie ends her diary in 1902, when her husband – Edmund August – dies. Her grief, her longing for her beloved Edmund and her deeply felt loss are heartrending.

She has worked on her diary for 10 years and it is a description of daily life from the perspective of a mother. There are happy hours and days but also many worries especially about the health of her children. Only very cautiously a strong wish for a more interesting life emerges. Thus days and years pass by and she is firmly entrenched in her role as a mother.

Julie's life is a time of history-making changes. In England strong forces are at work to destroy the long standing privileges of the aristocracy and to establish societal improvements. France is mired in the Dreyfus scandal. Germany is seeking a more active role in global policy and to join the other Great Nations in establishing a foothold in new colonies. The USA that Ernst von Glehn – Edmunds brother – returns from, as related in the diary, is building up an armed navy and is initiating warlike actions directed at Spain and the Philippines.

The populations of all the nations are increasing and social unrest initiated by Nihilists, Anarchists and Syndicalists is increasingly aggressive.

It is also the time of Sigmund Freud, Max Planck, Emile Zola, Richard Strauss and the first telegram traffic across the Atlantic. It is the time of the first airplane and the belief that the last vestiges of evil and brutality will be vanquished.

In Russia the Czar Alexander II is murdered in 1881 and his son Alexander II dies in January of 1894 from the same influenza that takes away Julie's beloved mother-in-law, "Mama", Emilie Auguste von Glehn, ne Rosenbaum.

Social and nationalistic forces are active to fully integrate the Baltic Provinces with Russia. The educational language becomes Russian in 1887, the local courts and the police turn into federal institutions, that is to say: Russian. The conversion to the Orthodox Religion continues apace.

In Estonia strong nationalistic tendencies emerge and the rights of Estonians versus Germans are championed at the same time as the "Russification" process. All that doesn't touch Julie much – she lives a sheltered life surrounded by family and friends, but she is aware of her "wonderful life" and grateful to the Lord that it is so! She travels to Dresden and Berlin and feels the pulse of modern life and takes rides on the "Electric".

A great number of people are mentioned in her diary. Unfortunately she has very little to say about von Glehns other than Edmund's brother Ernst, whom she praises as best friend and support. Her father-in-law [*Edmund Theophil von Glehn who had died in 1884*] is not mentioned at all.

Julie has great love for her family and strong enthusiasm for Music, Art, and Literature. She attends concerts, museums and the theatre, but above all she loves Nature. Her warm and poetic descriptions of the natural world are deeply felt and are only exceeded by her longing for a more interesting, thoughtful and understanding life.

We are grateful to her, that we may hear her voice, and that she has left us with such a beautiful image of her presence and her family.

Her Grandchild [*Andreas von Glehn*] in the year 2005

August 2018 translated by Lars C. Luther [Lars's comments in brackets]

Excerpts from the diary of Julie v. Glehn (8/14/1857-12/27/1919), copied by Gita v. Glehn, her granddaughter. Lars has chosen mostly excerpts which refer to her oldest child, Felix, who was born 12/11/1879, married 12/1/1908, and died on 3/25/1940. (Julie was Lars's great-grandmother. Felix was Mutti's grandfather. Mutti was Lars's mother.)

We celebrated Felix's [thirteenth] birthday on Sunday the 29th [1892] instead of on the 28th. He had a very "fat" birthday table and received, among other things, bicycling clothes, and an emblem, both of which he put on immediately in order to bicycle to high school. Then he had an accident; he fell against an iron post and got a bad cut under his eyebrow which Dr. Adelheim came and stitched in the evening. He was very brave, but on the next day he managed to have another misadventure. He filled a glass pipe with mercury and held it over the fire. Naturally it exploded. Fortunately no glass splinters got into his eyes; they were painful, but only reddened by the smoke.

On the 20th [of January 1893] Felix visited the theater for the first time in order to hear Madam Allemande in "The Little Bell of the Hermit" by Maillart. Unfortunately we chose badly; the music was very fresh and funny, but the text was nothing and the Madam Allemande did not rise to level which she reaches in other roles, so that we were rather sad and disappointed that we hadn't gone the next day to hear "The Merry Wives of Windsor".

On Sunday the 31st [of January 1893] Felix went for the first time to Herr Kunze in order to play quartets under his guidance and found it wonderful. They played quartets of Mozart, and next time they will go over to Haydn.

Yesterday on March 2, 1893, there was a very well-done concert in the high school auditorium under the guidance of Herr Brunow, and Felix played first violin. I was very happy that he enjoyed this. As a solo he played the "Cavatine" by Raff's which he played very bravely since it is, after all, no small thing to play in such a large hall filled with people. I hope his musical abilities continue to blossom.

On March 16, 1893, we took a walk with the children to the harbor [in Reval]. Actually we had wanted to go over the ice to Katharinenthal but it is already covered with wet snow so that one can no longer go that way without getting wet feet, so we had

to give up – to Felix's great disappointment. The children jumped with pleasure in the deepest puddles. Finally it now gets to be spring. We saw the first starlings the other day in Katharinenthal, and I also heard them already in the garden.

May 3, 1893 – Yesterday there was a student soiree at the high school at which Felix played his Berlioz solo. Fortunately, he got through it. The ensembles were especially beautiful, particularly the Bach "Air". Even though it is May nothing is warm yet.

May 9, 1893 – In spite of there still being ice on the sea, we made our annual trip to Rocca al Mare. Edmund, Felix, Kurt Zoega, and Gregori came on bicycles and I, with three girls and Tommi, came via horse and buggy. It wasn't very warm; at the beach one feels the cold, but we found a lot of anemones and hepatica.

On the 5th of June [1893] Felix came home with rather good grades and promotion to the fourth class. Hurrah! Now we can all enjoy the summer.

On St. John's Day [June 24, 1893] in the afternoon Edmund went out with Felix and Agnes to the races. I stayed home with Alice and both the little ones with Mama. On the 27th there were bicycle races. [Felix and Gregori were competing, and Felix won by just 2 minutes and 37 seconds.]

Mama and Ernst have moved in on the 1st of September [1893]. Ernst is a brother of Julie's husband, Edmund.] We have really gotten to like Ernst. He shares my concerns and sorrows for my children like a good brother and will help me discipline them. His name, Ernst, is not in vain; he has an almost holy desire to maintain order and ensure that the good name of von Glehn will continue, because in our house a horrible laxness has taken hold. The children have been raised much too permissively and are getting wild, and to remedy that will be very difficult. I see it as a blessing of providence that Ernst has been sent to us. He will now enforce strict discipline because, the children have overwhelmed me, and I have no household help. It will therefore, be a blessing when a man with iron will creates order in this slipshod situation. I have understood this for a long time and felt that if friends would have an insight into our family that they would immediately recognize the lack of order that has developed. I have had the clear feeling that only God could help us in this dilemma. My strength has not been equal to my tasks. Everything had been declared reasonable. [This seems to be directed toward her husband, who, apparently, felt that everything was just fine.] Now God has declared: up to now and no further. I sense now a new courage because the children are, all of

them, of the ages where it is not impossible that a change and improvement can be made with God's help. [In 1893 Julie was 36 years old. Edmund was 16 years older. They had seven children, ages 3 to 16 – Felix was the eldest. They would later have two more children.]

December 19, 1893. Today it is eight days since the concert was given in the high school. The auditorium was so full that we had to stand in the eighth row of the choir. The heat was horrible, so high that the strings of some instruments actually broke. Felix played not nearly as well as he can because the heat and the new uniform were problems. For the first time he had a gala uniform. I was not particularly impressed by the long coat tails. I am so much looking forward to Christmas this year. Alice is talking so much about a huge doll that she saw in a shop window; I have bought it a long time ago.

January 6, 1894. The Christmas that we all longed for as children is over, and the wonderful Christmas tree has been stripped of all its finery, put outside, and burnt. It was a wonderful Christmas Eve and all the children were really happy. The little ones with their horses and building blocks went to bed early. Alice was so happy about her doll that she thanked me several times.

On June 18 [1894]: This afternoon Edmund and Felix went out to go by bicycle to Baltischport. I had been driven with the children to Katharinenthal and we sat for a long time on the stones at the beach because it was such a wonderful warm evening. On Sunday the 19th I took my gang to Koseh [a place where many rich people had summer houses]. We were received very kindly by Misi. Mrs. vonSeidlitz was there with her daughter, both of them very pleasant to talk with. After coffee we made a boat trip to Brigitten [the cloister] and back. When we returned at 9 pm Edmund and Felix were already back. They had arrived at Baltischport on Saturday evening and had stayed overnight with the mayor Demin. On Sunday morning they had explored the big city and the even larger harbor and had from there bicycled to Davis where they dined with five very old ladies in the castle and had enjoyed the beautiful park there and had arrived home at about 9 pm, very proud of themselves. We have continuing summer weather, no excessive heat – always a little wind in the city and everything tempered.

Mama and Agnes [Julie's sister] traveled on Saturday the 18th by ship to Wapsal. They made the trip without getting sick. Edmund and Felix will go by bicycle to Wapsal tomorrow in order to see them there. I hope that the weather stays nice.

On July 10th [1894] Felix went with Robert Osse and Ernst Bätge for the third time to Kapsal and this time the expedition worked out well.

On the 25th of July [1894] we couldn't go this year to Koseh for Uncle Andreas' birthday because Edmund was not well, very stiff as if he'd swallowed a stick. He looked funny, and we laughed a lot about that, although Felix was not happy about it.

On the 14th of August [1894] my [37th] birthday was without rain. The children had all gotten up at 5 am and had decorated the balcony with garlands, little flags and greenery so that it all looked very festive. In the corner stood a folding table with many flowers and many presents. Alice played her birthday piece very nicely piano-four-hands with Aunt Agnes. After the afternoon chocolate, the four children – Agnes, Emmy, Alice and Alexander – recited as though they were spring, summer, fall and winter. Very nicely done. They had chosen this themselves. The picture they had drawn themselves and it all succeeded very well and gave me much pleasure. In the evening the garden was illuminated with nine lamps, and we sat for some time because it was already one of the last warm evenings; now it seems that the summer has come to an end. The clear sky was star-lit. There were fireworks in my honor, and we watched the rockets which, like fiery snakes, rose into the night sky and fell back to the earth as a rain of fire. This concluded my birthday. How many may I yet be allowed?

Yesterday on the 27th of November, 1894, we celebrated one day early Felix's 15th birthday. He had his cousin Antropoff and Erwin Bernhard and they played quartets. Edmund played cello.

On December 5, 1895, there was a dance for Felix and Agnes which was a gift from Grossmama. They danced very happily until 2 in the morning, and it was very amusing to see them imitate the grown-ups.

On April 21, 1896, the student concert was held in the auditorium. It went very well and everyone spoke of the capriccio written by Herrmann for three violins: Antropoff, Paulsen and Felix. It was very well received.

December 12, 1896 – Felix has recovered to his good nature this fall. He stays at home a lot and has gotten friendlier toward his siblings. Also he is much easier to get along with.

July 29, 1897 – *Felix is studying hard for his exam in August and I will be so happy when this stage is over.*

August 16, 1897 – *Today our Felix [age 18] left his parental home for the first time. Just now Edmund drove with him to the train station to bring him to (St.) Petersburg to the Petri school. One should think that this will be the best thing for him. With God's help, he needed to be placed in a different environment and onto his own feet. It is very hard for me to send him to (St.) Petersburg of all places.*

October 1, 1897 – *For a long time this book has not been opened. A little brown-haired boy gladdens our hearts. [This refers to the birth of Walter on 3/15/97] Alice also has overcome her pneumonia. From Felix there is always good news. We must work very hard and he enjoys it. Only he must overcome his homesickness. We are all already looking forward to Christmas when Felix will come and we will all be together again.*

On the 21st there was the baptism of our little Walter. In the morning Felix arrived. He looks healthy, has grown a little bit and is so happy to be at home.

On the 25th of December [1897] – *Yesterday was a wonderful Christmas Eve – everyone there and healthy. Little Walter is thriving exceptionally well and says already "agon" [?]*

On January 6th, 1898, we accompanied Felix again to the railroad. The separation was very difficult, much more so than the first time. His first letter, which came today, was also very desperate about St. Petersburg, which he doesn't like at all.

February 18, 1898 – *Twenty years wedding anniversary; in the hall were blooming hyacinths, yellow wallflowers and azalea in remembrance of this day twenty years ago. The time has flown by and yet it is also in my memory as though it were yesterday when I drove to the church at 6 [am] o'clock. Beautiful – wonderful twenty years they have been, even though sorrow and difficult hours were there too, and we are full of thankfulness for all the good things, love and beauty that we have had. Eight healthy, thriving children giving us great pleasure growing up. Also in our memory is that beautiful little girl who died 5-1/2 years ago and who was a sunbeam in our lives. [We have Martha's dates as 3/25/1885 to 1888 – maybe that's wrong.] We hope that we will continue to be together for many, many more years. [Julie was 41 and Edmund was 57 at this time.] One would so much like to know how the children turn out before*

one closes one's eyes. Poor little Alice had pneumonia three times this year. The others were healthy; little Walter thrives. Felix was here for Butterwoche ["butter week" – This is a Russian Easter Orthodox religious and Folk holiday taking place the last week before Lent.] for 5 days and for 8 days at Easter and he was studying busily for his high school diploma; I so much hope that he'll pass.

May 21, 1898 – We finally moved out to Mürkiss; it was cold and rainy up till then and one could not think of moving. Since then we have had ideal weather. Each day is more beautiful than the last. [Mürkiss is probably their summer beach house outside of Reval.]

Felix doesn't write at all. We've only heard from others that his exams went very well. God bless him. He has worked hard; may he now enjoy the pleasure of success. Life is wonderful here. The outlook upon the sea is magnificent and always changing; one wants to enjoy it all day long. The birds begin twittering early, the larks soar into the sky, the nightingale sings, the cuckoo calls. Spring's perfumes are everywhere. Every day my chest expands and my heart meets all this spring grandeur. If now, on top of everything, Felix will come and rest and enjoy it all, everything will be twice as wonderful.

May 30, 1898 – Sunday on May 21st – a wonderful morning. Edmund, Alice, Adi and Alex went to the harbor to get our boat. On the open sea they were overcome by a strong thunderstorm. Fortunately, they have not gotten colds. On Tuesday, June 2nd – finally – a telegram that Felix has passed his exam; he will be here tomorrow.

June 21, 1898 – After a rather difficult time of learning the confirmation day of both of the two oldest children (Felix and Agnes). May it be a blessed day for these two darling, good children. Both have become so dear to our hearts and we give endless thanks to the will of God who has graciously led them so far in life and we trust will also protect them in the years to come. May the confirmation day be a polestar for their whole lives!

On the 28th (in June 1898) Edmund and Felix traveled to Courmal to visit with Aunt Ida.

On the 14th of July [1898] we traveled to Helsinki with Felix and Alice; the weather is clear and wonderful. The water hardly moves. No one on board is sick. We went all

over Helsinki, a beautiful clean city with a lovely park, large houses, beautiful boutiques but very expensive! The coaches all have rubber tires; the city has a very foreign look. All day we explored; in the evening we went by rail to Wiborg, an important, smaller city, but just as clean with a park and beautiful private houses. Along the Saimaraual to Laeola where Jule received us and where we spent wonderful days in the pine forest there were black currants, cranberries and mushrooms in huge amounts. Our trip back via St. Petersburg [where her parents lived] went well and I was delighted that in this way we could also see St. Petersburg with electric illumination. All went very well and easily and we were all very happy to see each other again.

On the 5th of August [1898] Minna Spiegel arrived, whom we had not seen for almost four years. It was a very happy reunion and there followed many wonderful hours together. In spite of rain and much wind the summer was very pleasant, in spite of Mr. Bernhard's sickness which struck suddenly like lightning. [Erwin Gotthilf Eugen Bernhard (1852-1914) – his wife was Mathilda Smith Bernhard who was Mutti's grandmother] Of course, I shared fear and worry with Mathilda to help comfort her until finally from St. Petersburg finally better news came.

We have often been in Koseh this year. It is easy to reach by foot; Amalie and Carl are such charming hosts. Last Sunday especially, and the first days of September were just wonderful – clear fall days – warm as the summer seldom was this year. We took a walk including Alexander and Dagmar to Likkat and over the mown meadows. We arrived home at dusk.

On the 11th of September [1898] we moved back into the city.

Felix left on August 16th [1898] and is already homesick. This semester he is even unhappier than before. School is easier than last year; only French gives him a problem. Mathilde is here for a short time and brought good news about her husband [Erwin] who is fortunately well again. Unfortunately, we've seen very little of each other lately because I've had a terrible cold.

Tiny Walter [born March 15, 1897] gives us all much pleasure; he walks on his tiny feet through the whole house and amuses us with his love for pictures. He is decidedly a smart little man; he looks around and sees everything but doesn't talk yet. He has 11 teeth, eats everything and has accepted being weaned.

On the 8th of February of 1893, we had ourselves photographed for our children and now again on the 22nd of November of 1898. I am very curious to see if the picture will be good and give pleasure to Felix.

On New Year's Eve (1898) we stayed at home. On December 20th Felix had unexpectedly come home early because he had had two weeks of influenza in St. Petersburg and we celebrated a wonderful Christmas evening together. Agnes and Felix played the first two movements of Max Bruch's concerto. Emmy played a polka of Rubenstein and has made good progress this last semester. Felix and Agnes were invited to a ball at Anna Dehio's; Emmy and Felix played a *lämmerhüpfen* [lamb's bounce?] at Tante Misi's. On New Year's Eve Hilda, Anna Baneten and Sigrid Wilken were with us. Edmund had already a few days ago a very bad toothache and lay down just as soon as he came home from the office, so that not much could be planned so that he could have a rest. The goodbye to Felix on the 6th (January 1899) was very difficult. The poor boy is becoming unhappier every time we see him. I was thinking about this goodbye the whole next day. Also the worry about his health and especially his heart gave me much sorrow.

On the 8th (January 1899) we went to the theater with Edmund. The play was the "See Cadet" with a brilliant operetta singer, Miss Selma Schaeder.

On the 3rd of March [1899] Felix was here for the five days of Butterwoche [see p. 6]. I had wanted him to recover and be entertained as much as possible. Of course, he found it wonderful to be home and saying goodbye was again very hard. Our property on the beach we have recently named Strandheim [beach home].

On the first of the Easter holy days, the 18th of April [1899], Romo lies in bed with a high fever which puts a damper on our holiday festival. Felix came on Good Friday. He had abandoned the exam because of the Russian [difficulty with the language?] so he will stay at home for four months. Work has progressed nicely in the Strandheim with new wallpaper and also enlarged with a veranda which has a wonderful view of the water. Outside it is 14 degrees C [~58 degrees F]. Everybody has gone to Catherinental without heavy coats. I'm at home alone with Emmy, Walter and Romo. The little Walter is the joy of my heart. He is a rather difficult child since he can't speak yet, but is a darling little man. Right now he sits next to me in my rocking chair and looks at pictures and if we look at each other he laughs so mischievously and one can see all his little white teeth.

On the 16th of June [1899] – Up to yesterday very bad weather nearly all the time – cold, stormy and rainy. Felix has given us great worry. He got sick with very painful appendicitis. Now he is walking with a cane and looks very sad. The children have all recovered well and are thoroughly tanned. Walter has grown really fat, has lost a little of his beauty and cries a lot and is disobedient. He plays with the children of the Brell family and they sometimes bite one another. We have a lot of fun. The garden must be clean and tidy and the trees must be trimmed in order to make everything nice. But since there is very little sun, I don't expect to have many flowers.

On the 21st of June [1899] Felix was brought to the hospital where he will be operated on tomorrow. He was put into a large, beautiful and very shady room and one of the very nice sisters [Catholic] will take care of him. We finally have wonderful warm days. For many weeks – half of May and half of June had gone by with constant rain and cold. Finally everything in the garden seems to begin. Even a rose is in bud.

On the 22nd of June [1899] I drove with my brother-in-law Alfred at 1:30 pm to the hospital and waited until the operation was over. It was a success and I saw Felix while he was still under anesthesia asleep in his bed. Now we hope that everything will be normal and work out well.

On the 23rd – I visited Felix today. He has a lot of pain in his back and such a miserable expression that I am very depressed.

On the 24th – Today is exactly like yesterday. Terrible pain. I came home so very sad.

On the 26th – I did not visit Felix yesterday and today I am quite astonished at how much better it goes. He was already allowed to lie on one side, and he began to eat. The atmosphere was quite different. Appetite and sleep had returned – two good signs. Praise to God that everything went so well. Today he will get his stitches out, and in one week he will come home. I am so happy!

On the 3rd of July – Today Felix came home. Two nurses lifted him into the wagon and the ride home was still a bad experience for the poor boy. When he came home he was immediately received by everyone, including Erwin and Andrea. He lies now in the garden and is happy to be home again. His nurse, Sister Eva, was charming and I have learned to love her. She has the selfless, admirable calling of a Sister with a warm heart who only finds satisfaction in healing the pain of others.

July 24th [1899] – Felix makes progress every day. He can already take somewhat longer walks and can enjoy life again. He played trios twice with Uncle Alfred in the evening, accompanied by Lilly Bätge. She played Mendelsohn's concerto so brilliantly that Felix will never forget it.

We have all in all had a month of warmth from the middle of June to the middle of July. Then came constant storms and cool temperatures. Therefore there aren't many fruits and berries. We didn't have many flowers; there is too much shade. Everything is thin and straggly. In the Bernhard's garden everything blooms because there is more sun, but the storm has ruined everything. Everything is thrown down by the wind. It will be very difficult to achieve much since it is exposed so to the winds from the sea. I don't feel so very well. Everything is pushing and pulling on me and the noise that goes on around me all day long brings me low. Wonderfully refreshing would be a little trip with new intellectual experiences. In all of the newspapers there are such beautiful pictures of wonderful lands in all their beauty and I don't know anything about them, so that my heart delights in seeing them. My homeland will always be dearest and one will always return to it thankfully. A nameless longing for new things, things that make you think, will stay unfulfilled. Life is so short and life goes by so quickly and was only trouble and work. If you had wings you could fly out into God's wonderful world and see perennially snow-covered mountains and hear avalanches thundering down into the valley. If only that would come to me and take me out into God's wonderful world.

On the 8th of August [1899] Yesterday there was a charming get-together with Ida and Nicolai in Tannenrode. Unfortunately it was very wet outside since it had rained all day and was moist and chilly so that one could not walk outside. After supper the young folks danced very happily.

On the 20th of August [1899] School has started again. We had a few ideally warm days. Felix went for one day to St. Petersburg in order to see the Director and tell him that he will stay in Reval until Christmas. Gretel [Felix's future wife, Margarethe Mathilda Bernhard] travelled day before yesterday to Kostroma [Russia]. Yesterday we arranged to build a fence as preparation for planting fir trees.

On the 30th [August 1899] we had 185 fir trees planted. They look very fresh and stand up like soldiers. Let's see what happens with them.

October 8 [1899] Since the sixth of September we are now in the city [Reval]. Romo suffered stomach pains for a long time and was in bed. Felix works busily and is being tutored in Russian, French and violin. His violin has been repaired by Lindemann, who is a unique person, and Felix takes great pleasure in the instrument. Agnes is busy and supervises the boys in the evening while they do their homework and since that's not easy, she earns her first money. Mama fell down and has suffered a lot; now it gets slowly better. Alice does exercises for her back and it seems to be helping; she appears to be more erect. Gretel came back from Kostroma and Moscow. Slowly it now gets to be winter again. In Strandheim everything will differ. Trees are being taken down; roads are being repositioned; lawns are started. In short, it will become entirely different from what it was and, after all, everything had been so nice. Let's see if we will enjoy this renewal.

Now we have December – icy cold even though warmth was predicted until Christmas. On Felix's birthday [Dec 11] the Bernhards and Adelheid were with us. Quartets were played and there was some dancing after evening tea. Now he is 20 years old; a big chapter of his life lies behind him. May he make progress and pass his exams! The charm of Christmas and all its pleasure is over. The little ones were so very happy and now it has been decided that Emmy will go to Petersburg too and she will go into an art school. The siblings [Felix and Emmy] will travel together in the first days of January.

1900

The turn of the century was greeted with a punch bowl. What will the coming year bring? Hopefully much happiness and blessing for the children's health and both bodily and spiritual growth.

On the 19th of June 1900 – What will the summer bring us? That was our last question of the fates when I laid aside this book and so much hardship came. On the 10th of May suddenly my mother's heart, which had been beating steadily for all my 43 years in love and devotion, stood still. The more time passes, the greater is the loss.

On the 5th of July Felix arrived. He had passed his exam but over that she [presumably Julie's mother] couldn't take pleasure. Yesterday on the 18th she also missed Emmy and Alice's confirmation days with a wonderful celebration. May it be so that our memories of her will be a blessing for us.

On the 12th of August I departed with Papa [her husband Edmund] and Adi [their son, Edmund August] for Riga and Imenau. On the 14th we left Adi who had to stay in the parsonage. We stayed with Agnes in Bildringshof for two wonderful days, one in Riga where we registered Felix for the polytechnic school and we admired this very clean and beautiful city with its wonderful parks and churches, especially the Domkirke [cathedral church] with its cloister.

On the 5th of September Felix was here for a few days from Riga. He was admitted to the polytechnic school without any further exams. He is now playing [violin] with Grete. Outside it is wonderful. The weather is warm and dry. We hope that we don't have to return to the city yet.

9th of September [1900] Betty Saefftigen died so unexpectedly and suddenly.

January 1901

Christmas is over – the first one without parents! Our children were all here together again and enjoyed, together with the Bernhards and Bielensteins, happy holidays. long walks, one trip to the theater. New Year's Eve the Bernhards were with us. Yesterday on the 21st [of January 1901] we celebrated Elsa Kayserlings marriage downstairs at Agnes's. [Julie and her family lived on the top floor of her father's big house in Reval. Her younger sister Agnes lived on the ground floor.]

Uncle Eduard died the beginning of January – the last of the old generation.

February 18th [1901] Felix got his colors – great jubilation! [That means he finished his degree.] On the 8th Felix had passed his most important exam – botany. February 18th is our 23rd anniversary – a whole table full of flowers. In the morning Edmund and I went to an exhibition of paintings on the Weretehagin. Then we had lunch and coffee with Mary and Erna Husen – later the Bernhards. 23 years – I can hardly believe it. The days went so quickly with joy and suffering rushing past.

On the 23rd of February I brought my sister Agnes and daughter Agnes to the train. They are beginning their trip abroad. Agnes had all day had the most awful migraine so that I didn't see her at all on the last day.

On the 25th of February – Coffee and quartet with Certinis, Stukkey, Miss Segell.

On the 25th of March – Got many interesting letters from Agnes from Riga, Berlin and Dresden; unfortunately the enjoyment was again disturbed by the migraines. Felix came home from Riga. He had gotten his colors in February and wore his blue hat and ribbon. He looks really splendid. Adi came on Palm Sunday. His health has improved, but otherwise there is still much to be done. [He was apparently somewhat mentally impaired.] The weather is cool – rainy and dreary – about 34° F. We went in the evening with Lilly deOries and Mathilde to the theater to see the St. John's Fire by Sudermann.

On April 9th [1901] Mrs. Bernhardt died after a short illness in the circle of all her children. Burial in Ziegelskoppel cemetery with clear, windy weather. Alfred was just here from Moscow. I eagerly await letters from abroad – always very interesting. Agnes travels with open eyes and much enthusiasm, observes correctly and evaluates clearly. In Riga student unrest has closed the college and we expect Felix any day. His health has improved, his shoulders are broader and he is more robust.

On the 6th of May – Ascension Day – we moved to Strandheim [the beach house]. The weather has already been beautiful and dry for weeks. On the 18th Emmy arrived without any drawings so that we aren't clear about her progress. On the 19th Felix drove with Mr. von Wahl and several others to Baltischport.

After a long time the first rain arrived which the garden had been thirsty for. On the 20th thunderstorms arrived just as we did at luncheon. On the 18th the Bernhardts also moved out. Erwin is in the middle of his final exams. Up to now he has done well.

Beginning in 1902 the diary deals primarily with Edmund's final illness and relates poignantly how Julie copes with his death. In January 1902 Julie is 44 and Edmund is 60. The oldest of their eight living children, Felix (Lars's grandfather), is 22 and the youngest, Walther, is 4. (Another daughter, Martha, had died in 1888 at age 3.)

1902

New Year's Eve! Bernhardt's with us for the celebration. However Edmund fell sick with typhoid and we had to greet the New Year without him.

January 20th – Now Edmund has been lying in bed for 20 days. Thank God it is a mild typhus. The fever is not so high, but it keeps coming back so that it seems that it could last many more days before he can leave his bed. The children are gone again. Unfortunately the Christmas spirit was dampened by Papa's [Edmund's] sickness. The children were still so happy to be home in the parental house. In the beginning Adi behaved well – so well that we thought we could believe in a huge improvement. Romo has entered a French music school which he likes very much and he also learns from Alice with much pleasure and makes big efforts. I hope it goes well with him in the future. Hopefully the unrest in Riga has settled down so that Felix can continue his studies.

February 28th – Our 24th anniversary! How time flies and the children grow and I don't feel very old myself [she is 44] – in full possession of all my strength as if I could move mountains. That will probably also soon begin to slowly go downhill.

Edmund's health improves, but very slowly. The fever is not high, but constant and progress may continue for a long time yet. Today he and Agnes surprised me with a wonderful basket of flowers which now stands in front of me and smells wonderful. In the middle is a little palm. Around it are narcissus with hyacinths and lilies-of-the-valley, wonderful aroma! Romo has hurt his foot and limps around in his room. Alex too, but he is at least able to go to school.

On April 4th 1902 – We are still awaiting for Edmund to improve. On April 1st the new month started with kidney problems and my worry grows. He is only allowed milk and groats and toast and his strength is not improving. Easter is nearly here. Since Christmas he has been a prisoner without fresh air, with any exercise. Outside it's wonderful spring weather, in spite of frozen water in the harbor. In six weeks we will be able to think about getting out there [to Strandheim]. May it please God that Edmund is healthy again by then so that he can move out there and recover quickly in the fresh air. This year has begun with great difficulty. Agnes [Julie's sister] too is tormented with her arm and lies in bed with weights on her arm. It's a good thing that Anna Martesson is there with her so that she isn't so alone. My family was taking turns being

sick and so we are flooded with sickness so that one gets all upset with frayed nerves. God help me.

On April 18th 1902 – Yesterday Edmund had a good day, so hope came back to me. He has slept well, eats well with us, and took part in the conversation. Today his temperature is high again so that I am again worried. Dear God, help us out of this misery.

April 24th – Edmund had his operation. [She doesn't specify what this was for.] Oh Lord, you have helped beyond prayers and understanding. You have heard us and kept us going. Thank you, great merciful God.

April 26th – Edmund is doing well, but my poor Agnes fell on the street yesterday and was brought to the hospital.

May 22nd – Weeks full of anxiety and sorrow lie behind us and probably there will be more to come. But there still is a glimmer of hope since yesterday. On the 21st there was a discharge of pus and we can now hope that others follow and complete health will be restored. God help us. Outside it's spring; the trees are green, the birds sing and our travel to Strandheim now just depends on Edmund's health and the possibility of transporting him there. Agnes is still in the hospital and is said to be very impatient. Poor thing; she also suffers a lot.

June 2nd 1902 – A second discharge of pus. We still cling to the hope that these discharges will finally stop. June 6th – Edmund has now gotten digitalis for the first time in order to improve his heart function because it seems that, since the 13th, we know that camphor doesn't help; he will not take the pills and requires a lot of persuasion to get him to eat. Every time eating is a pain for him and the portions get smaller and smaller.

6/20/1902 – Last attempt by the doctors to raise (Edmund's) heart activity with saline injections – causing awful shivers lasting for one hour and 5 min. I wish they had spared him this torture; it didn't help, they were all standing around his bed and saw his pain which was fruitless.

Edmund had wanted to move to Strandheim (Beach home) and had told me to order a carriage in good time; he needed to recover outside the city.

And a beach home received him, a different one than the one hoped for and longed for, a home surrounded by waves, the last one. Oh, what great quiet loneliness surrounds me, the loneliness of the soul, which asks without receiving an answer, which yearns without reaching the object of its longing – the great, great loneliness! Growing each day, getting more depressing, since he who was the center of my life went from me. Now I am a fallen leaf, driven by the winds, rolling on the ground; steering out of the harbor again, which the ship of my life had entered, into the wide open sea, victim of wind and waves.

And the long, bitter time of suffering, always in memory, always before my eyes – this chalice of pain that has to be fully emptied – the patience to suffer without complaint – the memory of all the hours of bitter anxiety, hopes and bitter disappointments and then the last great moment waiting for the last breath. When this heart stood still that had been so steadfast – so intensely loved – the hand cold that so often had held mine with a steady warmth. Why, why so early? In the middle of a beautiful life – and all that we enjoyed together is gone. And now I am so alone, so awfully alone in this big world – maybe for years to come.

August 15, 2002 – Yesterday, my birthday, we spent without him, without his greeting! Without his love! Once more in this life to be held in his arms, to look into his eyes and to hear his voice! Never, never more; only a dream and also not even that; nothing but the remembrance of all the love, goodness, faithfulness – a curtain fell down in front of everything that had been beautiful and worth living! A new life has begun, one without him, always without him. Only to have in front of your eyes the memory of the last terrible illness and the wish to do something loving for him just one more time.

September 12, 2002 – Alice got sick and is in bed, instead of going abroad day after tomorrow, as she had wanted.

September 18 – The fever increases. It seems that Alice has gotten typhoid fever.

September 22 – Alice's condition is not so worrisome. As soon as it is possible to travel I will bring Adi to Harzburg.

October 5 – Journey with Adi to Riga. Awful heat in the train's compartment. I went with Edith Schmidt to Dorpat. I arrived in Riga on October 6th with an awful migraine; after taking some aspirin it got better. I looked around for Felix who, of course, was still in bed, but he was happy to see me.

October 7 and 8 – At the Reinbergs in Riga for dinner. Their children awfully nice and well behaved. On October 8th I went to the train at 3:40 pm where Marie Schwarts surprised me. We were so happy to see each other again after 24 years. She introduced me to two students of theology, Burmeister and Burehardt, who were to be my travel companions and who looked out for us. On October 9th at 8 in the evening I arrived in Berlin, and was met by Else Merten at the train and we went to the boarding house Linden at Königsgrätzerstrasse 109.

On October 10th early in the morning we went to the zoo where Adi saw wild beasts for the first time and was wild with joy and did not want to leave. In the Münchener Löwenbräu [restaurant] our dinner was good and very cheap. In the zoo there is a new ostrich exhibit built in old Egyptian style – long with eaves on the right and the left, in back one or two sphinxes were glowing in the red evening sun. In front of that was an immense arrangement of palms – all the pillars and edges painted with Egyptian motifs. In the afternoon we went shopping and spent the evening chatting with Else until bedtime. Adi was well behaved.

On October 11th we left Berlin via Magdeburg, Halberstadt, Hsenburg, then to Wernigerode toward Hartzburg. Wonderful day – the area was beautiful – first hilly, soon turning into mountains. In Hartzburg we found Mr. Reiche after some trouble. His wife, young and beautiful, received us in the courtyard and brought us with many words of greeting into a room. Mr. Reiche arrived soon after. The apartment, which is being rented for the time being, is small and narrow, but very beautifully situated, and the air is just wonderful. After our morning coffee we immediately went to the new house which will be a fantastic building at the edge of the oak forest.

October 12th – A long walk in the morning with Adi and Mr. Reiche through Stübenthal and Eichenberg, which is being built, and then home. In the afternoon I was just starting to write letters when the family Schiller arrived whose son is with Mr. Reiche. On Sunday, the 13th we drove out with some difficulties. We were really supposed to go to the Brocken [a famous mountain], but the wagon arrived too late and so we drove instead via Papenberg and Breitenberg [two mountains] to the Stiefmütterchenklippen [step-mother cliffs]. There Mr. Reiche and I got out and walked through a wonderful forest to the Feigenbaumklippen [fig tree cliffs] – colossal stone ruins which are lying in layers on top of each other. Then to the Käseklippen [cheese cliffs]. From there a wonderful lookout over the Ogerthal – to the left the Ansberg

behind the Broeken. Gradually through the wonderful forest to Ogerfall [waterfall] which falls from a considerable height. Below us lies R??kerhall where we had lunch. We walked by Kurfürstentfelsen and Mariafelsen to Waldhaus, where we drank coffee, which was truly awful, then back to Harzburg.

The Schillers said goodbye in a pique because they had not gotten to see the Broeken and they already had to leave He is a real parvenu [social climbers] with all his money – rough and uneducated. He seated himself in the wagon and I had to sit in front and other boorish tricks. He is this way and she so overdressed with diamonds for a tour in the country – really common people. I was very happy when they left.

Monday October 14th – I visited Sophie Hasse in Hannover; they welcomed me in a very friendly way. Hannover, as much as I have seen, looks to be a very big city. The big villas are green with climbers up to the big balconies. Some are boarding houses in Pompeian red. The Kaiser Park which goes around the entire city is very beautiful. In Lerte, which is the last station before Hannover, lives Gertrud Stockmann; they were the ones that Sophie was going to visit with her son Curt. The latter was a huge brunette, very handsome. On the whole I didn't see very much of him.

On October 16th 1902 – My Edmund's 61st birthday! A beautiful, sunny day; the fog is gone. All of Harzburg is bathed in sunshine. I walked alone at the foot of the Burgberg [a city with a castle] along to the oaks and then through all of Harzburg through the Stübehenthal on the return. I remembered his last birthday, as we were allowed to celebrate with him just a year ago. He appeared before me as he did that morning at the coffee table and took pleasure in his modest birthday presents. In the evening came Misi with a white chrysanthemum bush and Anne Martesson brought him eyelamen and in the evening when he lay down under his new blanket he thought: That's how my shroud will look. And in the next year God took him from us! As I walked through the forest all alone amid the wonderful rustling colorful autumn leaves which many workers were raking up – I thought of all this – how so many of his remarks were about his approaching death. I wonder whether he really was feeling so sick or whether he didn't want to worry us so much or whether I just had the feeling that I should be prepared for all eventualities. One worries unnecessarily – one will not get an answer. Only one thing is certain – that the heavy loss, missing him from week to week with be hard. The longing to see him again or hearing a word or just getting a glimpse of him once more grows more intense. As time passes I understand more the horrible time that has enveloped us; the unarticulated sorrow of his children – the little ones especially.

Such sorrow in the thought that the little ones, who don't understand at all, will grow up without him. Without the moral strength which would have been available to them – now they will be without all this love – the large, warm unselfish love that understood everything, forgave everything, which daily enveloped them. What has God taken from us when he took him? How bereft we are because we must go on living without him and without all that he meant for us. Where on God's wide earth is there anyone whose soul loves me as his did? Where could I have found so much advice and comfort? He who was so sensitive that he always did the right thing is all of life. That has all gone forever now. Who will now stroke my cheek as this dear hand did on the last night which preceded the great goodbye? What may have been in his soul – what great goodbye thoughts – blessings for his children – what a great love, what pain, what sorrow. Only you, great God, knows all that. You who allowed all this to happen – whose decisions we cannot understand; allow us someday to find one another once more – there where no separation will ever happen again.

On the afternoon on October 16th we walked through the beautiful forest in the afternoon sunshine up to the Burgberg and there stands the great monument to Bismarck on top looking out into the mountains in the distance. His monument protects two great figures – commerce and honesty. On his monument it says in big letters: We don't go to Canossa! [Canossa was a Holy Roman Emperor – see the Internet. This means that we are proud and don't beg for forgiveness.] We went through the Rebbukligger [?] to the dairy and at the Etlersberg down to Harzburg; now the mountains give a clear view of the Brocken. Adi was very well-behaved all this time, but only wanted to come back home. After a while he got adjusted.

On the 17th of October I said good-bye to him and drove with Herr Reiche to Goslar, a picturesque, picture-book town the old part of which shows beautiful gray-tiled roofs which look very pretty with the red autumn leaves. The new part consists of very elegant villas which are mostly built in the true old German style with exposed wooden beams and balcony decorations which are painted in many colors with widely over-hanging roofs which are usually covered with red-brown glazed tiles supported by a thick, multi-colored wooden beam. That is a particular characteristic. We admired all these houses and then we went by the "Zwinger" [kennels?] and the "Kaiserhaus", which is a long, old structure, and now totally renovated with a chapel for the Kaiser's grave on the left. It is high up and overlooks all of Goslar. On the right, Kaiser Barbarossa with his red beard with an open helmet – with one hand he holds the reins of his horse the other one is

on his chain-mail-covered hip. Thus he looks out thoughtfully over the land. The horse is also covered with armor. Both horse and rider give the impression of great calm. On the left is the picture of Kaiser Wilhelm in modern military uniform; I didn't like it as well. I could not tear my thoughts away from the serious appearance and majesty of his person. However, since it was getting late we had to go into the huge hall with pictures of emperors which were described in the handouts. I stood at the grave of the Kaiser at the ruins of what was once a great hall, the foundations of which had been excavated. In the basement there once stood a statue of a knight and his squire. The old town hall at the market with a small pillared hall was also very beautiful. The pillars are all different, partly decorated with cut-outs, and the tops of the pillars are all different too. At 3:40 o'clock my train left for Dresden so I said goodbye to Herr Reiche, to whom I'd given my child to take care of once again and arrived in Dresden at about 9 o'clock with Elsbeth, who just last Thursday had a party and showed off Louisa as a bride. I, however, stayed in my room. All these new impressions in Harzburg and Goslar, the good-bye to Adi – all this was so much on my mind and it hurt so that I had no interest in mixing with strange people. Soul and body were tired.

The next morning on the 18th I visited with Anne and Tschen; however, did not find them at home since it was Reformation Day. So we all went – all the Chrbaechs and I – in the afternoon along the Elbe to Saluppe. It was much too foggy to see far out into the distance and enjoy it. But the air was warm and very nice. We went through a large garden and then home again.

On October 19th [1902] in the morning I went with Elsbeth to buy Louisa's trousseau. At lunch I was again with Anne. After lunch there were two hours of motets in the Burg [castle]. Also at 4 o'clock in the Church of Our Lady where an even more beautiful motet was played; between them we were in a large garden where the roses stood in full bloom and there were also hedges with many differently colored leaves – very beautiful.

Thursday November 14, 1902 – We went to the museum. Right away in the stairway: - Christ healing a sick child by Gabriel Max; gorgeous in expression and liveliness; a colossal painting by Louis Avarez also in the stairway: King Phillip sitting on his rock hears the report of his Käthe. The picture of Gustav Richter is simply marvelous: Jairus' daughter is being awaked from the dead; there I stood for a long time fascinated by the beauty of the girl on the stretcher. Then Wilhelm Kaulbach: The Battle of

Salamis. In a round room there hung "The Seasons" by Wislicenus who also created the emperor pictures in Goslar. There was a painting by a Dutchman Melchers in quite a new style of painting, but also very lively: "The Family"; - the father and the nursing mother looking up questioningly. From there we went to the Pergamon exhibition and admired the frieze from an old temple; Pillars from the temple of Troy, one discovered in Pergamon and a well-preserved copy of the Athena of Phydias.

On Friday the 15th we saw in the museum the of the Dutch school van Eyke's wonderfully executed themes such as Mary with the Child in the church, a Madonna, and a Karthäuser monk. In the second room Teniers and Rubens. In the third, Rembrandts; a preacher consoling a widow - Portrait of His Wife.

The Italian School: Andrea del Sarto; Mary with the Child; Titian's self-portrait; Murillo's Holy St. Anthony with the little Jesus surrounded by angels - it's the pearl of this whole part of the collection and wonderful! - and the Mater Doloroso by Guido R. I would have loved to stay here longer with all these magnificent things, but they were closing, so now quickly we went into the stairwell to see Kaulbach's famous Treppenbilder (pictures made to be mounted in a stairway?). They are so huge that they make a fantastic impression.

Saturday the 16th [November 1902] I departed for Riga by train. The journey was over in a flash. The passengers always wanting to change cars as it got much colder beginning in Frankfurt; there it began to snow. In Riga it was already full winter - 10 degrees centigrade. I stayed Sunday the 17th and Monday the 18th in Riga, visited Marie Schwarz and the Rheinsbergs and met up with Felix in good spirits on Tuesday the 19th. In Reval we were met by Agnes, Alice and Romo at the train station. At home the eyelamen were in bloom on the table, Alice had baked a cake, Agnes had made a long bread, and it was very good to be home again. It had been bitterly cold abroad when the winter came without snow! Alex I found looking better and he has recovered remarkably, but his heart problem is a great worry. Alice isn't healthy either; probably she will recover only if she goes abroad, where she would be forced to live more rationally; with this kind of life there is no improvement.

December 24, 1902. First Holy Evening without you, my dearest love! The brilliance of the flames will shine and then go out and the children's joy will pass; they have no idea, of course, these innocent souls, what they have lost! Be amongst us with your blessings and your never-ending love. Oh, how different it has been this past year, and also the pressure on me – the horrible pressure! And now everything is my responsibility, and you are so far. The bells ring out the Old Year; this awful year of 1902 that I will never forget.

An excerpt from Julie's diary dated March 25, 1894 (p. 37)
– when Julie was 36

Translated by Lars C. Luther 1/18/2013
[Translator's notes in italics]

On the birthday of Martha *[her deceased daughter (1885-1888)]* I was with Agnes *[Julie's daughter aged 13]* and Gretel *[Margarethe Mathilde Bernhard aged 14 who was my – Lars's – grandmother and Mathilde Bernhard's daughter]* in Ziegelskoppel and laid a fresh wreath on the grave. *[Ziegelskoppel was Estonia's largest Lutheran Baltic German cemetery, located in the suburb of Kopli in Reval. All the parishioners of St. Olai and St. Nicolai churches were buried there. Ziegelskoppel was destroyed by the Russians after their takeover in 1939. The gravestones were used to build a wall for defense.]*

I also went into the chapel and straightened the wreaths for Papa and the grandparents and all those who were dear to me when they still were alive in this world. The first green grasses were sprouting in the warming sun whose light sparkled on the surface of the sea *[the Baltic]* and drew sparkling stripes on it. The larks were fluttering in the blue ether and a mighty stillness surrounded us. I love to be in Ziegelskoppel! The holy silence there over the loved ones penetrates your heart, and a mournful mood woven from loving remembrance and sadness fills it up. How quietly they all rest from their lives filled with work, troubles, worries and restlessness. The wind sighs over their graves in the crowns of the trees, and the eternal sea sings with soft wave slaps the ancient song of the greatness of God and the transience of men.

LEO TOLSTOY



THE NOVELIST LEARNS
To Bicycle

The author of "War and Peace" took his first bicycling lesson at age 67, only a month after the death of his 7-year-old son, Vanichka. He was still grieving, and the Moscow Society of Velocipede-Lovers provided him a free bike and instruction along the garden paths on his estate. He became a devotee, taking rides after his morning chores. "Count Leo Tolstoy ... now rides the wheel," declared Scientific American in 1896, "much to the astonishment of the peasants on his estate." A close friend noted: "Tolstoy has learned to ride a bicycle. Is this not inconsistent with Christian ideals?"

5/7/2012

Felix and his Velocipede

There are hints in Julie's diary that she had difficulties raising Felix, her oldest child and my future grandfather. Without going into more detail, she writes that her hands were tied, that there were too many excuses made and too little discipline. *But she does report a little episode that took place sometime after his thirteenth birthday. He experimented with mercury in a glass tube. He held it into a fire (candle?). When it exploded, she was so grateful that he did not get glass splinters into his eyes.

Now I ask you, how could a young boy find mercury and a glass tube? When he was playing with a thermometer, of course. And why was he holding it into a fire? Well, he just might have tried to coax it to show a fever, to guarantee him a school holiday. He must have been a handful sometimes. I have heard stories from my mother and my uncle Andreas about temper tantrums, breaking a set of dishes that were substandard in his estimation, and long unexplained absences from home. In middle school he had to repeat a grade on account of bad marks.

On a more positive note: Felix must have been very enthusiastic about bicycling! On this 13th birthday he received a "velocipede" outfit and some sort of button or pin (membership in a bicycle club?) He and his father, Edmund, went out together on bicycle trips. One of these rides on May 3rd, 1892, took them to Rocca al mare, a park at the western end of Tallinn, while Julie and the girls rode there in a coach. But his first long distance trip on a bicycle sounds like a bravura act. Here is how Julie describes it:

Today on the 28th of May 1894 at 3 pm Felix started out on his first extended bicycle tour from here to Hapsal.**

May 29. At 10:30 pm he was back.

May 30, early. Here are his adventures: At 3 pm on the dot they set out: Mr. Gloeckner, Mr. Krause, Osse, Gregory and Felix and reached Kegel (Keila) without any incidence, when Felix noticed that Gregory's tire was going flat. Mr. Krause was the only one who had had the foresight to bring a bicycle pump, so he offered it up, and the tire was inflated again. They all drove on for 10 more verst (1 verst = 1km or 0.6 mile). At this time the gentlemen declared that they weren't going any further and drove back to Reval (Tallinn). Not one of the young riders thought about asking to borrow the pump; they just went on. Now they had about 66 more verst to go and Gregory gradually lost more air. Walking their bicycles they came to an inn, where they bought a thick rope which they wound around the wheel after removing the tire. Thus they continued for 10 verst, before the rope broke, and they had to push their bikes through the forest. At 12 midnight there was a heavy rain which fortunately didn't last too long. In the forest they spotted many glow worms, heard insects making noises and an owl hoot: "March on bravely"! Around 3 am they arrived at a farm house, where an old woman gave them three cups of milk and five pieces of rye bread, which cost them 12 kopeks. For the last three verst to Hapsal Osse shouldered the broken bike and carried it. Around 9 am they arrived in Hapsal and went to a hotel, where they were given a room and coffee. They

attempted to get some sleep, but only Osse succeeded at that. After 20 minutes they went to the ruin and looked around in the city of Hapsal. Osse and Gregory now ordered a car to take them home for 16 rubles; but first they had lunch together: beefsteak and eggs for each of them. After that Felix set out homeward on his bike all by himself. He slept on the way in a ditch because he had fallen asleep on his bike and fallen off it, and he finally arrived at 7 pm at Hegelfall in Kegel. As all his energy was spent, he asked at the post office about renting a horse and wagon to drive him home, but the postmaster advised him to wait an hour and a half for the train. As Felix didn't have any more money on him, the post master lent him 70 kopeks, for which he was able to get a ticket and a bottle of something to drink. He arrived at home well and sound at 11:30 pm, only ravenously hungry, because he hadn't eaten anything since the lunch at noon in Hapsal.

We can't be grateful enough that Providence so mercifully protected the three boys in the forest and for letting them find good people everywhere, who nourished them with food and allowed them to sleep in their houses. We hope that this was a good lesson to the young men, which is not to undertake something, that might have very serious consequences. In any case they exhibited powerful capabilities as well as bravery and the resolve to care for themselves – 14, 15 and 16 year old heroes.

Lars' comment: This story contrasts with my own 1954 bicycle trip after graduating from high school: from Flensburg to the tip of Skagen with my school pal Jens Uwe Ramm. We set out in good weather, and, if I remember correctly, we got to Skagen in 4 or 5 days (~200 miles). We stayed overnight in youth hostels. But then the bad weather set in, and it rained and rained, while we pedaled our way back home. It always rains in Denmark but usually not all day long. I had the advantage of having a poncho which covered my thighs and lap; poor Jens got even wetter than I. Yet I was the one who caved after two days and got on a train with my bike. So I deserted my friend, who refused to give up. He didn't mind much but asked for the use of my poncho.

Yet I was 4 years older than my tougher grandfather was during his endurance test.

* Julie had moved up in the world through her marriage and into the unfamiliar territory of the upper crust, where males were given much more elbowroom than they had in the bourgeois environment she had grown up in. If I give credence to the funny stories my mother related about Felix's younger brothers coming home drunk in the wee hours of the morning, I would say she had totally lost control by the time they grew into young adults.

** Hapsal is a small town on the western Baltic coast of Estonia, some 40 miles from Tallinn.

5/9/2012

Three Birthday Celebrations in One week

13th of August 1894. (*Sister*) Agnes' birthday passed without rain, a great rarity. We went downstairs for hot chocolate and tea. Nobody besides Tony Hinze and Miss Ackermann had come. The presents from the children turned out a success and seemed to have given pleasure.

14th of August 1894. My birthday also passed without rain. The children had gotten up already at 5 am and had decorated the balcony with garlands, small flags and greenery, so that it looked very festive; in the corner was an unfolded card table with many flowers and many presents. Alice played for me very nicely four hands with Aunt Agnes (Julie's sister). After the hot cocoa in the afternoon the four children, Agnes (15), Emmy (13), Alice (11), and Alexander (5?), dressed up as Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter, gave very nice speeches. They had selected the texts and created the tableau by themselves, and it succeeded very well and gave me much pleasure. In the evening the garden was lit by nine lamps (*candles surely*) and we sat down there yet for some time, because the evening was one of the last warm ones. Summer seems to have ended. The evening was starlight clear and somewhere fireworks were set off in my honor. We watched the rockets that rose like fiery snakes into the night sky and fell back again as a rain of fire. That ended my birthday (*her 37th*)! How many more, I wonder, will I be granted.

When I came home from coffee with Mathilde (*Bernhard, my other great grandmother*), Julie Schroeder (*a friend of the family from St Petersburg*) was just driving up (*surely by coach*) – great joy, greetings, and introductions downstairs. On the 20th of August, Mama's birthday, rather a lot of congratulants showed up. On the balcony downstairs it was nice and warm also. (*Sister*) Agnes though stayed in her bed. On the 21st Mama and Julie (Schroeder) came to coffee and for the evening, while Agnes and Edmund went out to celebrate Anna Ploschkus' Polterabend.*

On the 25th they all made an excursion to Rocca al mare, where the roses were yet still in bloom.

Enough to make you dizzy? Three weeks later on Oct. the 16th it is Edmund's birthday. She so wants to make a nice party for him but feels that she hasn't done enough. How can you compete with fireworks? And he isn't feeling well; she wonders whether he will live much longer, but she doesn't say why she thinks that. Her friend from St. Petersburg returns home but promises to be back for the baptism! What? She didn't tell her diary, but it turns out she is 6 months pregnant. I know that only by looking ahead in the genealogy. Her next baby, Roman, to be Andreas' father, arrived on the 19th of January.

*A German wedding custom in which on the night before the wedding the guests break porcelain to bring luck to the couple's marriage.

Julie needs a vacation.

Sept. 20, 1893. Julie Schroeder (*a friend in St. Petersburg*) arrived this morning, very rested from her trip abroad.

April 2, 1894. A view out over a blooming, sweet-smelling wallflower onto the endless sea and the blue sky, budding trees and shrubs, bird twitters and lark song over the meadows, a mighty longing in the heart – out to the ship parting the waves majestically and racing towards countries where the violets already are in bloom and where the Arts and the Sciences bear wonderful fruits, where the human spirit is alive and creates with restless effort.

Oh, just once to escape the paralyzing humdrum existence, once to throw off the cares of daily meals and wardrobe and the needs of the body. To be able to move one's wings in an effortless upswing and to fly with the fleeing clouds, to see new countries and new people, to share new interests, and, even if it be for a short time only, to glimpse another world of Thought, of Activity, of Life. Life is so short, its most wonderful years vanish so immeasurably fast. Days melt into days, month into month, year into year; and it is always the same whatever, with the only difference being that youth flees! But, of course, there is no such hope, and Schiller's words come to me again and again: "Longingly I stretch my arms toward the beloved shadow; but I cannot reach it, and the heart is unfulfilled". By "shadow" he probably means something else – some beloved being – all that lies far beyond you, far, far away. You know that, because you want to get away to see, to admire, and to learn before you have become all bitter and stale.

June 25, 1895 **From Abroad**

Tharandt, near Dresden. Finally my dearest wish came true, and I was able to travel abroad. On the 7th (*old style or Julian, or the 19th by Gregorian calendar*) I left Reval on board the **Wasa**. Saying goodbye to my family was very hard for me; they all remained on the quay, while the ship quickly left the harbor, and I felt so bad about leaving them. I couldn't go back at this point, and Mr. Bering soon got me to think of other things. I was very grateful to the old gentleman, otherwise I wouldn't have been able to enjoy the view of my beloved old Reval; and it did look marvelous; we could still see the spire of St. Olai until 6:25 pm. When we had come to Nargen, two more sails were raised and we quickly passed Strandhof, Baltischport. The sea was almost calm; nobody on board got (*sea*) sick, except for one lady who remained invisible, until we got to Stettin. On the second day around noon we passed the Norra from Finland, with handkerchiefs waving and shouts of "hurray". Many onboard are from Reval, and we soon became one big family, reading chatting, eating, working; it was very friendly. The view onto the open sea was overwhelming: only sky and water and sea gulls; the sun dipped like a blood red ball on the horizon into the sea. I stood alone at the bow of the ship, while the others had supper, and looked out into this majestic infinity and felt myself to be just an atom in the cosmos. I loved watching the keel of the ship parting the waves; the water sprayed up and sparkled like a thousand diamonds in the sunshine. The passage into the Grosse Haff through the Kaisercanal is magnificent. Swinemünde situated on this canal is very clean, with elegant hotels on the quay. (*And on and on she travels to Berlin and Dresden etc., till she is back home again on July 14th.*)



von Glehn

2/20/2010

My mother, **Margarethe v.Glehn**, was never matter-of-fact or prosaic when she told stories, and her family history is no exception. She starts it by talking about an old castle in Germany and goes on to tell about **Peter v. Glehn** in the year 1120 and robber barons. That is all fantasy, whether entertaining or not. It is not her fault; her entire family promulgated that belief, and Andreas v.Glehn, my uncle, traveled to Germany and was certain that he had sat in the library of his ancestral Glehn castle taking notes.

Johannes Paulsen, a respected Estonian historian and the author of our Luther genealogy has also worked on a v.Glehn genealogy. Collaborating with a German historian he tells a different story. The important thing to note is that Glehn is a very common name for many localities in the Rhineland and neighboring Holland. Glehn is a Celtic word for river. Basing genealogical conclusion just on such one name and at the same to ignore huge, century-long gaps in the record is foolish.

I obtained a typed manuscript of the Glehn genealogy of Paulsen's and translated the introduction. You can read it later on in this book; it is fascinating. According to it, the first reliable record of a v.Glehn goes back to a (very acceptable) Anno 1500. A **Johann von Gelehn** lived in Aachen and owned a house near the Kockerell Strasse. The first Baltic German representative of the family is Heinrich, who moved there in 1662.

So with fond regards and apology to my mother, I recommend this version of the historically verified story of the v.Glehns.

Lars Luther

The Glehns

By Margarethe Maria von Glehn Luther
September, 1980

Near to Dusseldorf is an old castle surrounded by water which is called Glehn. Va has visited it and read the history in an old book there. The story runs like this: In the year 1120 Peter von Glehn got that castle from a prince or the emperor (I don't know which) and was made the knight of this castle. But lacking funds he turned to be a robber baron and 150 years later (I do not remember the exact date; Walti has the whole story and pedigree up-to-date) the archbishop of Fulda or Main (that differs too in the retelling) the Glehns were besieged and the castle burnt down. They fled and resettled at Aachen, became merchants and went to Lubeck where they joined the Hanseatic League and around 1550 went to Reval. There they became a senator family pretty soon. Peter v. Glehn led the Blackheads as their Major to meet Peter the Great when he visited Reval. Va still belongs to that Club. Now it is just a social club, like a country club.

My great-grandfather Glehn was a physician. He already at his time thought: "It is all in your minds." and never prescribed anything else but castor oil and sugar water (to calm down nerve stress) as the vicious gossip tells. He saw once in a house a beautiful seamstress, Emilie Rosenbaum, and decided to marry her (which was a scandal at his time). But in reality she was a bastard daughter of a Baron Rosen. At least, she had to study French and they got married. She must have been very charming; everybody loved her and the great painter Kaulbach painted a life-size picture of her and a second one – much more beautiful – in an Italian straw hat with a rose, which I loved.

They had two sons, Edmund, my grandfather whom I never knew, and Alfred. Alfred was a cellist, married first a Polish "street girl" according to Tante Agnes, got divorced and married then a Russian girl, Kathryn – I do not know her family name - who was a singer*. At the Russian Revolution they fled from Moscow to Berlin where he joined the German Philharmonic orchestra and she gave singing lessons. There were no children.

**The second marriage was to Katharine Runitsch.*

My grandfather Edmund became a business man, went to England and loved England. He spent there many years and was sent also to Manila for a long time. The main part of the Glehns live in England and he fell in love with his cousin Isabel. But she refused him. He returned to Reval and married the daughter of a very rich court jeweller (fore-runner of Faberge) by the name of Safftigen, who had emigrated to St. Petersburg from Meran, Austria, with his family. The jeweller's wife was of Swiss origin.

They had two daughters: beautiful Agnes and merry Julie. Edmund married Julie. (Agnes remained unmarried because she was not allowed to marry the man she loved.) Julie and Edmund had ten children: two were still births and two died very young:

1) My father Felix was the oldest. He studied chemistry and music. He was a concert player, first rate, but quit because of stage fright.

2) Agnes, who was supposed to raise me. She was a pianist, had graduated from the conservatory and played very well. She was a piano teacher. She was the most unselfish, angelic creature I know.

3) Emmy. She was a secretary, very clever, cunning and, alas, very selfish.

4) Alice. Beautiful. Studied French in Switzerland and tutored people in that language. Married Uncle Erwin Bernhard, my mother's brother, and got divorced because of my grandmother Bernhard.

5) Roman called Romo. Studied economy at Leipzig. Had to interrupt his studies because of World War I. Served in the Russian army. Nearly died from typhoid fever (fleckfieber) but survived, came back to Reval, started as a worker at a cellulose plant and as he was very capable and intelligent, he worked his way up to be a director or as you would say here, vice president of the plant. He married Grittel Koch, "The rose of Estonia" as she was called. He was either killed or shot himself during their flight from East Germany to the West during World War II. They had five children. The oldest boy died as a baby. Then there was Roma who died from kidney trouble, Gita who is in a wheelchair, Amata who is a secretary, and Andreas, their only son, who is a businessman. They all live in Stockholm, Sweden.

6) Walter called Walti, my special friend. He graduated from Gymnasium and had to go to World War I right away. The Bolshevists caught him and debated behind the door of the room where he was imprisoned which way they would kill him. He jumped out of the window and managed to come back to Reval. He married first Karin Baroness Stackelberg of Ingermanland. Had two children: Kay (boy) and May (girl). Had to divorce his wife on the command of his father-in-law and went to Berlin to study conducting. He played the violin and the viola very well. He was a very good chamber musician.

Then he married Dora Baroness Stackelberg of Fegtfeuer who was a concert pianist and had studied with Claudio Arrau. Her mother was Spanish from Argentina, a de Vedia. Under her mother's name she played jazz for the American military officers. They had two children, Mark Olaf and Barbara. Mark Olaf lives now with his widowed mother - as far as I know Barbel, as she was called, married first a musician. This marriage was unhappy, but before they separated, he died. Now she is married to a Count de St. Simon Durkheim who is an art teacher. I do not know either her or him.

Walti's first wife, Karin, married a Mr. Glinka. They moved to South Africa. She was very happy with him. Kay stayed with his mother, married an artist from Riga, Latvia, who is very famous – she even had a one-man show in Rome. May married a Finnish gentleman by the name of Frank von Veh. They have two boys. Olaf, Vä's brother, knows them. I do not.

Dora Glehn, called Dotzi, took up painting in her later years, abstract style, had a one-man show and got a very good report. Sold a lot of paintings. She is also writing plays for radio. She is eminently gifted. When she was young she was a celebrated beauty. Some people get everything - but still are unhappy.

My grandfather Edmund v. Glehn was American consul. When I was born the stars and stripes were flying over our mansion. He was a composer of light music - dances, especially waltzes; when I still could play the piano, I played his waltzes by ear. Now, alas, I cannot play any more. Many people have told me how wonderful it was, when they had a party and my grandfather settled down at the piano and played

his waltzes. They were very elegant and spirited. He was also a painter. In our small salon was a painting of his; it was very well done, as far as I can remember.*

My great grandfather Saftigen had our mansion built at the outskirts of Reval with a big Park behind it. At the sides were the two "cavalier houses": one for guests and the other for the laundry, kitchen and the living quarters of the footman and his wife. They were identical. My grandfather lived on the first floor and his daughter Julia with her family in the second floor. The third floor I never saw. There were guest rooms and rooms to store away unwanted furniture. The kitchen was in the basement plus the living quarters for the cook and the maids. As a curiosity for our times:

I was not allowed to go into the kitchen, that my clothes should not attract kitchen odors. (Of course, I went from sheer curiosity.) There were endless rooms and cellars, and I had the feeling that it was a labyrinth where you could get lost forever. I write about the "laundry kitchen" because in olden days they cooked the white things (sheets, shirts, etc.) in soapsuds in huge kettles.

** Actually Edmund died in 1902, seven years before my mother was born. I am sure, though, that she was right about his talents as a musician and about his being an American consul. A kind librarian at the Library of Congress was able to check this out and found that Edmund von Glehn's name appeared in the US Foreign Service List as an "agent" in Reval in 1884, but no longer in 1905.*

In her diary his wife, Julie, describes Edmund's last days. He died of a heart condition. She survived him by 17 years and died in 1919, probably just before Felix and his sisters fled to Germany.

A List of Consuls and Agents of the U.S. in 1890

24

UNITED STATES CONSULAR SERVICE.

PORTUGAL AND DOMINIONS—SALVADOR.

Place.	Name and title.	Where born.	Whence appointed.	Date of commission or appointment.	Salary.	Fees for year ending June 30, 1889.
<i>St. George</i>	<i>Joaquin J. Cardozo</i> Agt.			Jan. 7, 1879		\$10.50
<i>St. Michael's</i>	<i>William W. Nicholls</i> Agt.			Dec. 16, 1889		98.50
<i>Tereira</i>	<i>Henrique de Castro</i> Agt.			Sept. 17, 1875		51.00
Funchal, Madeira	Thomas C. Jones C.		Ky.	June 16, 1886	\$1,500	133.00
Do.	William J. G. Reid V. & D. C.			Aug. 16, 1889		
Lisbon	George B. Loring *C. G.	Mass.	Mass.	Mar. 30, 1889	5,000	748.50
Do.	J. B. Wilbor V. & D. C. G.			Aug. 8, 1883		
<i>Faro</i>	<i>F. L. Tavares</i> Agt.			June 1, 1879		No rep't
<i>Oporto</i>	<i>William Stuee</i> Agt.			Nov. 10, 1876		172.50
<i>Setbal</i>	<i>Joaquin T. O'Neil</i> Agt.			Aug. 27, 1874		No rep't
Mozambique, Africa (b) C.				1,000	1.00
Do. V. C.					
<i>Lorenzo Marquez</i>	<i>James McIntosh</i> Agt.			Aug. 9, 1887		No rep't
Santiago, Cape Verde (b)	Henry Pease C.	Mass.	Mass.	Aug. 7, 1882	1,000	41.40
Do.	José P. Borjas V. C.			May 18, 1883		
<i>Brava</i>	<i>J. J. Nunes</i> Agt.			July 3, 1862		85.35
<i>Fogo</i>	<i>J. J. de S. Monteiro</i> Agt.			June 17, 1874		No fees.
<i>Sai</i> Agt.					Do.
<i>St. Vincent</i>	<i>Joseph H. Hasty</i> Agt.			Sept. 5, 1888		391.42
St. Paul de Loando, Af ca (b) C.				1,000	5.00
Do.	Robert S. Newton V. C.			Oct. 17, 1868		
ROUMANIA.						
Bucharest	A. Loudon Snowden † C. G.	Pa.	Pa.	July 1, 1889	6,500	No rep't
Do.	Wm. G. Boxshall V. C. G.			Dec. 2, 1884		
RUSSIA.						
Archangel (b)	Ferdinand Lindes Act'g C.					Fees. No rep't
Helsingfors (b) C.					Fees. 63.00
Do.	Herman Donner V. C.			Jan. 21, 1879		
<i>Wyborg</i>	<i>Ludwig Pacius</i> Agt.			July 28, 1885		No rep't
Moscow (b) C.					Fees. 886.00
Do.	Nicholas Wertheim V. C.			Feb. 27, 1889		
Odessa	Thomas E. Heenan C.	Pa.	Minn.	Oct. 29, 1885	2,000	133.50
Do.	John H. Volkmann V. C.			Mar. 23, 1877		
<i>Batoum, Padi, and Tiflis</i>	<i>James C. Chambers</i> Agt.			Feb. 8, 1886		No rep't
<i>Rostoff and Taganrog</i>	<i>John Martin</i> Agt.			Dec. 23, 1870		Do.
St. Petersburg	John M. Crawford C. G.	Pa.	Ohio	June 20, 1889	3,000	439.00
Do.	William H. Dunster V. C. G.			Jan. 11, 1888		
<i>Cronstadt</i>	<i>Peter Vignis</i> Agt.			Mar. 21, 1883		No rep't
<i>Liban</i>	<i>Simon Schreiber</i> Agt.			Aug. 21, 1886		54.00
Rere	Edmond Von Gleim Agt.			Feb. 15, 1884		No rep't
<i>Riga</i>	<i>Niels P. A. Boraholdt</i> Agt.			Apr. 12, 1880		273.50
Warsaw (b)	Joseph Rawicz C.	Russia	Russia	Mar. 11, 1875		Fees. 47.00
Do. V. C.					
SALVADOR.						
Sau Salvador	Henry R. Myers (n) C.	Germany	S. Dak.	Feb. 19, 1890	2,000	2.50
Do.	Frederick Baruch V. C.			Dec. 6, 1887		
<i>Acajutla</i>	<i>Henry Jones</i> Agt.			Aug. 30, 1889		654.00
<i>La Libertad</i>	<i>Emilio Courtade</i> Agt.			July 15, 1887		742.50
<i>a Union</i>	<i>John B. Courtade</i> Agt.			Aug. 17, 1888		322.50

* The Consul-General is also Minister-Resident.

† The Consul-General is also Minister-Resident, and accredited to Serbia and Greece.



Strandheim

Julie (1857 – 1919) and Edmund August von Glehn (1841 –1902) owned a beach house near Reval called Strandheim. My mother has never referred to it; possibly it had been sold by the time she could remember things. This shows their daughter Alice (1883 – 1956) as a young woman.





EUROPEAN DIVISION

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

101 INDEPENDENCE AVENUE, S.E.
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20540-4830

July 28, 1998

Dear Mr. Luther:

This is in response to your inquiry concerning Edmund von Glehn, American Consul in Reval, Russia, in the late 1800's. As I mentioned in my phone call earlier this month, the Foreign Service List May 1890 and December 1891 issues give Mr. von Glehn as U. S. Agent in Revel (sic) as of 1884. As we have a gap in the Foreign Service List, I called the State Department Library, whose staff told me Mr. von Glehn was no longer named in the 1905 listing.

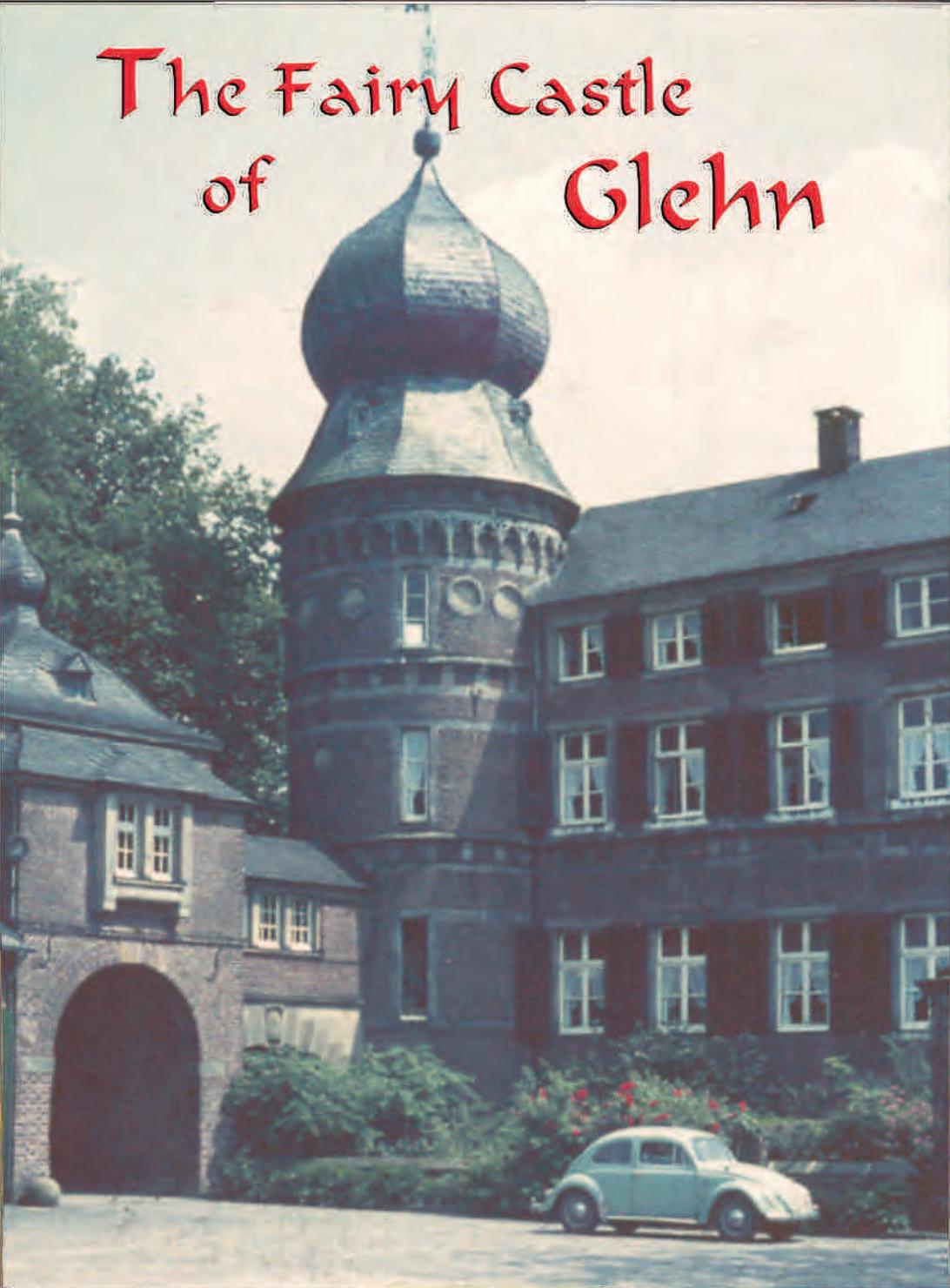
Should you have any further questions, please call me at 202-707-8498 or e-mail me at tspi@loc.gov.

Sincerely,

Taru R. Spiegel
Reference Librarian

Mr. Lars C. Luther
OEC
Lucent Technologies
9999 Hamilton Blvd.
Breinigsville, PA 18031

The Fairy Castle
of
Glehn



Revised 9/05/2004

When my mother first told me about the venerable family of the von Glehns that I was a member of because I was her son, I was deeply impressed. "Our family records go back to the 10 or 11th century," she said with satisfaction as we sat on a dirty and torn sofa. "Your father has been to see the castle and has talked to the present owner. Unfortunately," she added, "our forefathers were robber barons, and the archbishop of Mainz laid siege to the castle and drove them out." Nevertheless, I got the message that "robber baron" was an honorific and that the important part was "baron" and not "robber".

I remember once as a teenager saying to her bitterly: "You always talk of nobility and how rich your family was, and here we have nothing". She replied then that she would not speak of it anymore, and I was ashamed.

Much later in life, when my wife Janet and I made our "Castles of Germany" trip, we set out to see the castle my father had visited when he worked in Duisburg for a year (1952). But while we easily found the nearby village of Glehn, we got only blank stares when we asked for the castle of Glehn. People would tell us to go and see the Dyck castle, and so we did. It is a wonderful castle in a grand old park with a moat around it. It has a terrific armor and gun collection and one of the owners in the seventeen hundreds was a dedicated botanist and took great pride in his park and species trees. The episode with the archbishop of Mainz is an important part of the history of the Dycks. But from what I saw, none of the former or present owners were called "Glehn" or "von Glehn".

Later I made the acquaintance of Andreas v. Glehn, my cousin in Sweden. He wrote that he had found the real Glehn castle and that it was not the Dyck castle. He sent this picture with his Volkswagen in the courtyard. He said that he had inspected family documents in the castle library. According to him the Glehns had "gotten away" after their defeat by the archbishop. But all this is so long ago that this may just be wishful thinking.

In 2003 I received upon request a "von Glehn" genealogy researched by Johann Paulsen, the same historian who did our blue Luther book. What Paulsen wrote has put all my unease about fancy castles in Germany to rest. It appears that the oldest ancestor of the von Glehn family who is documented historically was a Johann von Gelehn who owned property in Aachen and died in 1568. He can be linked by a reasonable argument to the assured ancestor, Heinrich, who moved to Estonia. There is no historical evidence for kinship with any German knights.

3/31/2012

Andreas von Glehn was one of the few members of my mother's family that I got to know personally. He was my mother's first cousin, the son of Roman, who was one of the youngest of the many (10) siblings of my grandfather Felix (Mutti's father). In 1999, two years before my mother succumbed to Alzheimer's in 2001, I realized that I had to organize all the family documents that she was going to leave behind. She had written an account of her family and her life, when she lived with her father's family until up to her eighth year in 1918, when Felix and his immediate family fled Estonia, and when she came to live with the Löfflers. As I read her stories, I realized how many of her "facts" were hard to believe. Especially balking at her assertion that her family dated back to German knights of the 11th century, I started looking around for "von Glehn" material. That is when I began to regret not having made the effort to meet Andreas, who had been to the States several times on business, and once came to visit Mutti in Basking Ridge. I could have taken a day off work! And now all I knew was that he lived in Sweden somewhere.

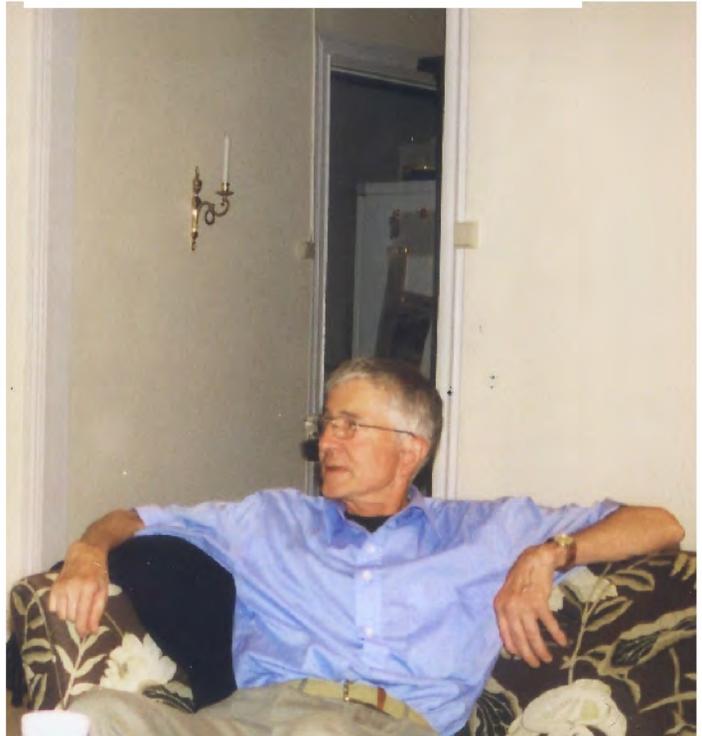
The Internet helped me find him: I Googled his name and home country but only got the name of Marianne, his wife, and with that only a postal address. So I wrote to her and got a very nice letter back explaining that she had divorced Andreas ten years previously, and that she had told him about my wish to get in touch, and that he would. Some time went by while I anxiously waited to hear from him. It turned out that he had been in Tenerife on vacation and had the misfortune to contract Legionnaire's disease, nearly died of it, and only now was able to email back. In the six years we then corresponded (he died in 2005) he kindly sent me a lot of material: old photographs, a postcard Felix had written in 1903 while he was studying chemistry in Germany, and a partial genealogy. But that showed that he too was a firm believer in that ancestral Knight from 1100 AD.

He proudly emailed me a photo of his Volkswagen parked in the courtyard of the castle he had identified as being the one this Knight von Glehn had been driven out of by the archbishop of Mainz. He had studied the books in the castle library. Of course I never argued with him about his discoveries, but I did write to the German Baltic Genealogical Society and requested material about the Glehn family. To my surprise I got a full and complete account, starting with a certain Johann von Gelehen in Aachen, and proceeding to the first von Glehn in Estonia, and continuing without gaps to the present time. It had been prepared by the same historian who wrote the Luther Genealogy, Karl Johann Paulsen.

The story of the early years (after Johann's death in 1568) is not totally documented and requires a little argumentation, but it seems orders of magnitude more believable than the descendant chart which Andreas and his Reval ancestors in the 19th century drew up and chose to believe in and which has a gaping hole of 400 years.

If you, Kirsten, read this you may recall a vacation at Glen Foerd (there is that **Glen** again, which means river and is of Celtic origin and is quite ubiquitous), when you and Mutti drew up a descendant chart which proudly started with that Knight. I don't really insist on destroying myth and glorification of our family story, but a modest truth is so much more interesting and less likely to be ridiculed.

Andreas von Glehn ~2000



Andreas, Janet and Lars at the Vasa ship in Stockholm in 2001



Translation of a document received from the Deutsch-Baltische **Genealogische Gesellschaft**, Herdweg 79 D-64285 Darmstadt, Germany.

by Eberhard Quadflieg

Aachen, Nov. 22, 1965

The Family von Glehn

The first representative of the family von Glehn in Reval was the merchant Heinrich von Glehn who immigrated to that city in 1662 from Lübeck and died there on July 3, 1693. He married Agneta Meyer around 1665; she was the daughter of Hans Meyer and Agneta Riesenkampf, born 1642 and buried on January 8, 1708.

Heinrich von Glehn was born in Lübeck on April 6, 1639, the son of the citizen and merchant Peter von Glehn and Lucia Karstens, the daughter of Peter Carstens, citizen and merchant in Lübeck, and Lucia Junge. Heinrich's father had come to Lübeck from Aachen. This happened between 1612, when the second Protestant revolution in the old Reichsstadt (free city) had collapsed, and 1625, the earliest date of a list of emigrants of the Lutheran congregation in Aachen, which no longer shows his name.

Peter von Glehn belonged to a Protestant family. He had been baptized on June 29, 1594, as the son of Peter von Glehn. In a fragment of a Lutheran church register containing marriages and baptisms as well as participation in communions, the entry is as follows:

1594 VI 29 Petter von Geleihen's child is named Petter.
Witnesses: Mr Johann Engels, Jacob von Wurzelen,
Susanna von Glehn

The mother is not mentioned. She is listed in Reval sources as Barbara Schrecken. There was no family Schrecken in Aachen. The mystery is removed if the family name is regarded as a feminine form; the pertinent masculine root is Schreck. Translating this High German "Schreck" into the Low German "Schrick", we arrive at the name of a highly respected old Aachen family, which also had joined the Reformation. Subsequently, however, the youngest branch went back into the Catholic fold in 1580 as a result of a schism within the Protestant group and after that took a leading role in the Catholic Party.

In the above mentioned church register Peter von Gelehn (Gelhen, Geleihn) is mentioned several times, as a witness of baptisms in 1594, 1595, 1597, and 1607 and as a participant in communion in 1605 and 1607. Barbara von Gelehn, probably his wife, is mentioned in 1606 as a participant in communion and as a witness of baptism in 1597.

The family name crystallizes to von Gelehn in Aachen, which insures the emphasis on the last syllable. It is purely a name of origin, which is based on a very common word in the previously Celtic area, meaning a river and it appears as Glan, Glen, Gelehn. Thus we find a Glehn near Kuss in the county (Kreis) Schleiden, just to mention a name on the left bank of the Rhine. For the origin of the family von Glehn, however, only the village of Geleen near Sittard, in the Low German (Dutch province of) Limburg can be considered likely. This village is situated on the Geleen Brook, the name being of (Celtic) origin. Today it is known for its state operated coal mine. Nearby one finds Obgeleen (Upper Geleen), Miinstergeleen. Migration from there to Aachen is a very natural step. When that happened cannot be ascertained, but it must have been before 1500.

In Aachen the family appears already in the first half of the 16th century and lived on the Jacobstrasse "auf der Pau", i.e. that part of the street between the Trichtergerasse and the Kockerellgasse. Ownership by a Johann von Gelehn is mentioned here, who died in 1568. He must be considered the oldest known ancestor. His son was very probably Mathias von Gelehn, who married Oeckel (Adelheid) von Trier, member of the famous church bell foundry family, who as a widow participated in communion in 1592, 1595, and 1597 with the Lutherans. Her father was Peter von Trier and her cousin was the famous Franz von Trier, who was Catholic and in 1658 recast all the bells and the carillon of the Munster (cathedral) of Aachen after the city-wide fire of 1656. He (Franz) also cast the bronze Font of the Karlsbrunnen (fountain) on the square together with his son Jacob von Trier and the foundry master Dietrich Lanner from Nurnberg. This font exists still today. It was cast in 1620 in the house "Eselskopf" in the Eselgasse (Esel = donkey; kopf = head; gasse = street) which today is Buckremerstrasse 2-4.

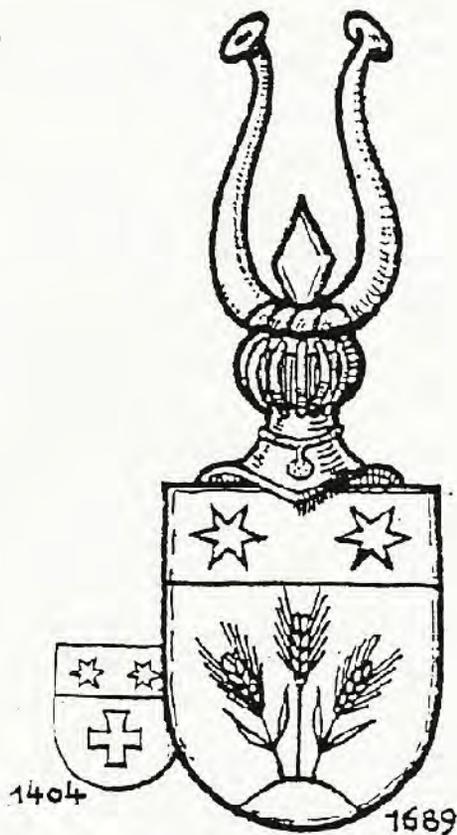
Peter von Glehn must have been the offspring of this marriage. He first appears as a member of the revolutionary (Protestant) council of 1580-1581, where he played a role as an alderman of the guild of carpenters. The association with the guild should not be interpreted to mean that he was primarily a working carpenter. The political rights, that is participation in government, could be practiced by a spokesman for the guild in all medieval cities thus also in the free city of Aachen. Thus the guild functioned as a political club. It appears as though Peter von Glehn was a manager or entrepreneur; maybe he ran a lumber store with interests in common with the carpenters guild. It is also possible that he was interested in the trade with the East, considering the emigration of his same-named son. The Protestants of Aachen, if they were Calvinists, usually leaned towards the Northern Netherlands or Frankenthal, whereas Lutherans favored Hamburg and Frankfurt. Peter's heirs were subjected to a fine of 100 Reichsthaler in 1602 for (Peter's) participation in the overthrow of the Old Council. A certain Arnold von Glehn, who quite possibly was Peter's brother, received a fine of 25 Reichsthaler. The above mentioned Susanna von Glehn, witness to the baptism of the emigrant Peter, may be considered to have been his aunt. His mother Oeckel von Trier appears as a godmother in 1606 as Olida von Glehn.

Thus the family in Aachen may be characterized as Lutheran entrepreneurs who through marriage were allied to the highly regarded families von Trier and Schrick.

An analysis of the vital dates demands a correction, however. The alderman Peter von Geleen of 1580-81 cannot have been the father of the emigrant (to Lübeck) because his heirs were fined in 1602, implying he was already dead. The Peter mentioned in the church register as communicant in 1605-07 must therefore be his son, and the emigrant his grandson*.

* Note: Karl Johann Paulsen who put together the following family tree does not go along with some of Quadflieg's deductions.

In 2003 I wrote to the Deutsch-Baltische Genealogische Gesellschaft
 The following is the material I received about the von Glehn family.
 It was assembled by Karl Johann Paulsen, the same man who wrote
 the blue Luther family book.



v. Glehn

43. - Glehn, Heinrich v., 1689 $\frac{7}{2}$, Test. der Wwe. Gutfilter. W. 2 Sterne im Schildeshaupt, im untern Felde 3 Kornähren. H. Eine Krante zwischen 2 Büffelhörnern. Der Stammvater der hiesigen Familie Johann v. G. aus Lübeck wurde 1659 Schwb. Fahne, Löbn. Beschl. Taf. II. giebt das Wappensiegel eines Tilmann v. G. vom J. 1404, welches auch obige 2 Sterne, statt der Fehren aber ein Kreuz aufweist."

Mottbeck, Siegel... S. 15.

QUELLE:

K. J. PAULSEN

NEUE SÖLZE 25

11 126 1 1898

Here is the von Glehn genealogy compiled by Karl Johann Paulsen

S t a m m f o l g e :

- 9 (94) Johann v.Gelehrn (-) (* um 1500), 1568 +, Hausbesitzer in der Jakobstraße "auf der Pau" zu Aachen
Sohn:
- 0 (96) Mathys v.Gelehrn (0-4) (* um 1535), 1592 +, Unternehmer, ∞ Ceckelgen v.Trier (0-4) gen.1592-1606, (kl.F) (MS: sie)(AS: Claes Bruymann)
Kinder (anders als bei Quädflieg):
a) Peter siehe Nr.1
b) Arnold wurde 1602 mit 25 Reichstaler Geldbuße belegt;
∞ Mergen (Mariechen) Kesselbusser (-), Lutheranerin
1595
c) Mergen (Mariechen) (-) ∞ Lambert Lignon
d) Dietrich siehe Nr.01
e) Susanna Taufzeugin 1594
- 01 (99) Dietrich v.Gelehrn (1-5) (* um 1576), Lutheraner, ∞ Jehenna Wespian (-), ging 1606 mit ihrem Mann zum Abendmahl;
Kind:
a) Maria ⊕ Aachen 5.6.1597 (Taufzeugen: Matheis Schein, Catharina Rethans, Engelgen Speckheuwerts)
-
- 1 (98) Peter v.Gelehrn (1-5) (wird von Quädflieg in Vater und Sohn aufgespalten, was jedoch zeitlich zu unmöglichen Folge

rungen führen müßte, weswegen hier von Quadfliegs Meinung abgewichen wurde) * um 1568, als Lutheraner erwähnt in Aachen 1594 bis 1607, mußte 1602 auch Bußgeld bezahlen. ∞ vor 1594 Barbara Schrick (2-6) (Adelheim nennt sie "Schrecken") (kl.F) (MS: Margen v.Werdt)(AS: Engel)

Söhne:

- a) Mathis II. * um 1592, besaß um 1621 einen Anteil am Haus "zum Hirtzhorn", ∞ Agnes v.Wyler (-) (AS: Jakob v.Wyler)
- b) Peter II. ⊕ Aachen 29.6.1594 siehe Nr.2
- c) Emond ⊕ Aachen 18.9.1598 Taufzeugen: Lambrecht Palm, Adam Johann Ramachers Sohn, Jenne, Jacob v.Wursselens Hausfrau.

2 (100) Peter II.v.Glehn (2-7) ⊕ Aachen 29.6.1594, + Lübeck wanderte von Aachen nach Lübeck aus, einem beliebten Auswanderungsziel lutherischer Rheinländer, Bürger und Kaufmann in Lübeck; ∞ I Elisabeth Wollmar (-) ∞ II Lübeck vor 1639 Lucia Carstens (1-1) (MS: Lucia Junge)(AS: Peter Carstens)

Kinder:

- (?) a) Johann * Lübeck 1628 siehe Nr.21
- II b) Heinrich * Lübeck 6.4.1639 siehe Nr.3
- c) Elisabeth (2-8) * 1644, ⊕ Reval St.Nic.19.12.1683; ∞ Reval St.Nic.2.5.1670 Sveno Alinus siehe "Alinus" (A5) Nr.1

21 (102) Johann v.Glehn (0-8) * Lübeck 1628, ⊕ Reval St.Nic. 29.7.1672, Kaufmann in Hamburg, siedelte nach Reval über, Bürger dort 11.1.1659 (BB.II,546); ∞ Reval 1659 Gertrud Riesenkampff (2-4) * um 1618, ⊕ Reval St.Nic.8.8.1691 unt. Stein 59, siehe "Riesenkampff" (A4) Nr.2 g) (MS: Agneta Schmidt) (AS: Gert Dunt)

Tochter:

- a) Gerdruta ⊕ Reval St.Nic.5.8.1720 unt.Stein Nr.65

*There is controversy about Peter
 Amadling argues there are father & son Peter
 (I & II) Paulson says: can't be*

30 (103) Heinrich v. Glehn (2-2) * Lübeck 6.4.1639, unt. Reval 3. ♀
 - St. Nic. 10.7.1693; Kaufmann, siedelte 1659 od. 1662 nach Reval über,
 Bürger dort 27.11.1668 (BB. II, 793), Ältester der Gr. Gilde, siegelte
 am 7.6.1689 (RR. III, 372); ♀ Reval St. Nic. 30.11.1668 Agneta Meyer (2-5)
 - * 1642, ♀ Reval St. Nic. 15.1.1708 - siehe "Meyer 98" (A5) Nr. 2 e)
 (MS: Agneta Schmid) (AS: Cathrina Meyer); sie sind ihre
 Kinder, alle in Reval geboren, St. Nic. getauft:
 a) Peter III. * 20.10. ♀ 4.11.1669 siehe Nr. 4
 b) Johann II. ♀ 27.12.1670 siehe Nr. 31
 c) Agneta (3-8) ♀ 3.3.1672, ♀ Reval St. Nic. 26.3.1734 unt. Stein
 (1767; ♀ Reval St. Nic. 30.8.1710 Johannes Klein (O-L. Nr. 912)
 ∞ II Reval St. Nic. 24.4.1711 Andreas Alberti (siehe "Alberti" (A5) Nr. 2 c) m. 15 (9
 d) Gerdruta Elisabeth (3-2) * um 1674, ♀ 7. ♀ Reval St. Nic. 14.1.
 1753 unt. Stein 152; ∞ II Reval St. Nic. 2.5.1704 Bendix v. Schoten
 - siehe "v. Schoten" (A4) Nr. 4, 2; ∞ II Reval St. Olk. 18.2.1711 Joach-
im Warnecke (siehe "Warnecke" (A4) Nr. 17
 e) Barbara ♀ 30.3.1677, ♀ Reval St. Nic. 19.4.1697
 f) Anna (3-9) ♀ 29.10.1679, + (St. Nic.) 23.8. ♀ 29.8.1716, ∞ Re-
 val St. Nic. 12.12.1705 Arnold Dehn siehe "Dehn" (A4) Nr. 3
 g) Margaretha ♀ 25.10.1682, ♀ ebd. 6.2.1684 unt. Stein 152
 h) Dorothea ♀ 13.2.1685, ♀ ? ebd. 12.10.1704 unt. Stein 59 -
 unter dem gleichen Datum läßt H-H. Dorothea mit (∞) unter Stein
 65 begraben werden; viell. bedeutet (∞), daß sie verlobt war?
 Nr. 65 war ein Riesenkampfscher Stein.

31 (105) Johann II. v. Glehn (3-9) ♀ Reval St. Nic. 27.12.1670, + Re-
 val 2. ♀ St. Nic. 8.8.1737; Revaler Bürger 13.2.1713 (BB. III, 72),
 Erkorener Ältester der Schwarzhäupter, Kaufmann in Reval; ∞ Re-
 val St. Nic. 13.2.1713 Catharina Elisabeth Sendenhorst (1-1) (* um
 1686) ♀ Reval St. Olk. 18.8.1754, St. Nic. unt. Stein 152 siehe "Sen-
 denhorst" (A5) Nr. 11 b) (MS: Catharina Witte) (AS: Franz Heinrich
 Sendenhorst)

Kinder, in Reval St. Nicolai getauft:

- a) Agneta Gerdruta ♀ 30.9.1713, ♀ St. Nic. 20.11.1719 unt. Stein 152
- b) Hinrich III. ♀ 16.6.1715, ♀ St. Nic. 22.5.1739 unt. Stein 152
- c) Peter V. ♀ 29.11.1717 ♀ St. Nic. 5.2.1730 unt. Stein 152
- d) Johann III. ♀ 27.6.1721 siehe Nr. 32
- e) Joachim ♀ 23.10.1726, ♀ Reval St. Nic. 6.4.1752 unt. Stein 152

32 (108) Johann III. v. Glehn (2-10) ♀ Reval St. Nic. 27.6.1721, ♀
 ebd. 11.1769, Revaler Bürger 22.4.1757 (BB. III, 689), Kaufmann in
 Reval, Ältester der Gr. Gilde. ∞ Reval St. Nic. 13.5.1757 Anna Eli-
sabeth v. Husen (4-18) ♀ Reval St. Nic. 2.8.1734, ♀ 21.7.1789, sie-
 he "v. Husen" (A4) Nr. 7 a) (MS: Dorothea v. Wehren) (AS: Andreas
 Luhr)

Kinder:

- a) Peter Johann * Reval 20.6.1758, + 21.10.1813, ♀ Ziegelskoppel
 24.10.1813, - Assessor, Lieutenant, Schwarzhäupterbruder in
 Reval 9.2.1784
- b) Anna Catharina (3-19) * Reval 20.1.1760, + 30.4.1787 im Kind-
 bett, ∞ Reval St. Nic. 4.3.1781 Johann Andreas Steding (DFA. 13,
 103)
- c) Dorothea Elisabeth (3-19) * Reval 27.5.1762 ♀ St. Nic. 31.5., +
 Reval 20.10.1803, ∞ Reval St. Nic. 21.8.1785 Andreas Gottfried
Walther
- d) Catharina Gerdruta (3-19) * Reval 28.4. ♀ 2.7.1764, + Reval
 27. ♀ 31.8.1803; ∞ I Reval St. Nic. 18.5.1792 ihren Schwager
Johann Andreas Steding (DFA. 13, 103) ∞ II Reval 4.11.1802 Carl
Gustav Lembke
- e) Agneta Helena (3-19) * Reval 2.10.1765 (?), ♀ 7. ♀ 10.2.1813
 (? bei Brasche ist ein Versehen passiert, das nicht geklärt
 werden kann: er gibt Agneta Helena und ihrem die genau gleichen
 Daten) ∞ Reval St. Nic. 28.6.1806 Friedrich Weiß

4 (105) Peter III. v. Glehn (3-6) * Reval 20.10. ☉ St. Nic. 4.11. 1669, + Reval 2. ☉ St. Nic. 9.9.1742; Revaler Bürger 5.5.1703 (BB. II, 1622), Kaufmann, Ältester der Gr. Gilde, Ratsherr 1721 -1742; ∞ I Reval St. Ol. 12.5.1703 Anna Ursula Lindemann (2-11) ☉ Reval St. Ol. 20.8.1685, ☉ St. Ol. 8.11.1710 unt. Stein Nr. 160 siehe "Lindemann-O" (A5) Nr. 2 a). (MS: Elisabeth Hase) (AS: Joachim Clocovius); ∞ II Reval 8.5.1711 Catharina v. Drenteln (3-16) ☉ Reval St. Nic. 6.3.1687, ☉ St. Nic. 14.6.1761 unt. Stein 118 (MS: Dorothea v. Weh-

ren) (AS: Margaretha Gerwig)

Kinder:

- I a) Agneta Elisabeth * Reval 6. ☉ St. Ol. 11.3.1704, + 23. ☉ (3-12) St. Ol. 28.2.1745; ∞ Reval St. Nic. 21.11.1721 Simon Blanckenhagen siehe "Blanckenhagen" (A4) Nr. 5
- b) Heinrich II. * 12. ☉ St. Ol. 14.5.1705
- c) Anna * 10. ☉ St. Ol. 13.7.1706
- d) Adrian Friedrich * Reval 24.12.1707, ☉ St. Ol. 29.12. siehe Nr. 5
- f) Johann Andres * 1. ☉ St. Ol. 4.7.1710
- e) Peter IV. * 30.1. ☉ St. Ol. 2.2. ☉ St. Ol. 25.8.1709
- II g) Catharina Elisabeth (4-17) ☉ Reval St. Nic. 18.3.1712, ☉ ebd. 20.3.1768, ∞ Reval St. Nic. 25.11.1729 Johann Christian Lohmann siehe "Lohmann" (A4) Nr. 6
- h) Anna (4-17) ☉ Reval St. Nic. 15.6.1713, + Reval 29.3. ☉ St. Nic. 5.4.1736; ∞ Reval St. Nic. 11.10.1733 Johann Christopher v. Husen siehe "v. Husen" (A4) Nr. 7
- i) Christian Heinrich ☉ Reval St. Nic. 16.11.1714 ☉ St. Nic. 26.12.1710
- j) Gerdruta Dorothea ☉ Reval St. Nic. 23.8.1717, ☉ St. Nic. 12.2. St. 6 1743 unt. Stein Nr. 59
- k) Peter VI. ☉ Reval St. Nic. 2.11.1720 siehe Nr. 41
- l) Barbara Helena ☉ Reval St. Nic. 23.5.1723, + 13. ☉ St. Nic. 18. 4.1739 unt. Stein 65
- m) Heinrich Johann ☉ Reval St. Nic. 23.4.1726 siehe Nr. 4, 1
- n) Margaretha (4-17) ☉ Reval St. Nic. 29.11.1730, + Reval 17.3. ☉ 24.4.1803, ∞ Reval St. Nic. 30.1.1763 Joachim Heinrich Gernet siehe "Gernet" (A4) Nr. 5 a) *see Noffbeck p. 224 last part*

4, 1 (108) Heinrich Johann v. Glehn (4-17) ☉ Reval St. Nic. 23.4. 1726, ☉ ebd. 27.7.1760 (Kb. St. Ol.) unt. Stein 104; Schwarzenhäupterbruder 10.3.1748, Revaler Bürger 13.10.1758 (BB. III, 712); Kaufmann in Reval; ∞ Reval St. Nic. 5.11.1758 Anna Catharina Buchau (2-18) * Reval 18.10.1738, + ebd. 21.7.1760 ☉ St. Ol. St. Nic. 24.7.1760 unt. Stein 104, siehe "Buchau" (A4) Nr. 8 a) (MS: Gertrud v. d. Busche) (AS: Johann Knökert)

Sohn:

FOR A (4, 2) (110) Christian v. Glehn (3-19) * Reval 19. ☉ St. Nic. 23. 4.1760, + Weißenstein 12. ☉ ebd. 23.11.1832 Revaler Bürger 10. 1.1785 (BB. III, 1150), Kaufhändler und Ältester der Gr. Gilde in Reval, Teilhaber einer Lederfabrik, lebte später in Weißenstein, Ratsherr dort; ∞ I Kegel/Estl. 17.1.1785 und X 1791 /93 Margarete Wistinghausen (4-19) ("Beiträge" S. 42) * 3.8.1767 (MS: Anna Hauenschild) (AS: Claus Preen); ∞ II 1797 Auguste Dorothea Berg (1-1) * Ruttigfer 24.3.1775, + (?Moskau) 20.12. 1858 (MS: Maria Charlotte Stamm) (AS: (A5, 17, F) Johann Christian Berg)

Kinder:

- I a) Anna Margarethe (4-20) * Reval 4. ☉ St. Nic. 12.10.1785, + Pillistfer/Livl. 23.9.1867; ∞ Reval St. Nic. 4.10.1801 Die- rich Georg Mickwitz siehe "Mickwitz" Nr. 8
- b) Emilie (4-20) * Reval 7. ☉ St. Nic. 19.4.1787, + Dorpat 27.1.1863, ☉ Pillistfer, ∞ Weißenstein 21.7.1811 Justus hannes Mickwitz siehe "Mickwitz" Nr. 71

SILHOUETTE

OF CHRISTIAN & FAMILY

& KOTZEBUE (DRAMATIST)

see book "REVAL/TALLIN" ERIC THOMPSON

- one great grand mother of BARBARA HAUER

- c) Eduard * Reval 13. ☉ St.Nic.25.3.1788
 - d) Eduard II. * Reval 24.9. ☉ St.Nic.7.10.1789,
Revaler Kreisschüler, dann besuchte er das
Gouvernements-Gymnasium 1805-6 (Hr.Nr.39), Student (Intelm.),
Kaufmann (Hrad.)
 - e) Maria Elisabeth * Reval 2. ☉ St.Nic.19.10.1791, ☉ 17.10.1792
 - II f) Johann Ferdinand * 16.3. ☉ St.Nic.8.4.1795, diente in der Gar-
de.
 - g) Theodor * 9.8. ☉ Reval St.Nic.1.9.1796, + 20.1. 1892 od.
1802
 - h) Pauline (2-20) * Reval 25.11.1797, ☉ St.Nic.20.12.1797,
+ Reval 20.11.1880; ∞ Reval 10.1.1818 | Christian Fried-
rich Carl Gustav Lampe geb.Hofmann siehe "Lampe 11" (A)
Nr.1
 - i) Leonhard * Reval 28.11. ☉ St.Nic.15.12.1798
 - j) Alexander * 21.6.1800 siehe Nr.4,2,1
 - k) Elisabeth * Reval 1. ☉ St.Nic.10.1.1803, ☉ 14.7.1849, sie
war befreundet mit Jenny Hesse geb.Laß in Weißenstein.
 - l) Emil * Reval 18.1. ☉ St.Nic.14.2.1805, verschollen ...
stud.med.in Dorpat 1826-31 (Alb.Ac.Nr.2225), Lehrer der est-
nischen Sprache am geistl.Seminar in Pleskau, lebte später
in Reval.
 - m) Julie Minna (2-20) * (Weißenstein?) 6.5.1806, + Reval (St.
Ol.) 9.6.1886, ∞ Weißenstein 11.11.1826 (Amb.) Emanuel Budde
 - n) Theodor * Reval 25.5.1807 siehe Nr.4,21
 - o) Paul Leonhard * Weißenstein 6.3.1810 siehe Nr.4,3
 - p) Constantin * Weißenstein 24.4. ☉ ebd.10.5.1811
bes.das Gouvern.-Gymnasium
in Reval 1822 (Hr.Nr.416), Apotheker in Moskau
- 4,2,1 (113) Alexander v.Glehn * Reval 21.6. ☉ St.Nic.6.7.1800,
*(2-20) Dr.med., Arzt in Sibirien; ∞
Feoktista Iwanowna Galkina (-)
Kinder:
a) Alexandra (1-21)
∞ Michael Iwanowitsch Basche-
now
- b) Iwan * 20.6.1829, Friedens-
richter, ∞ I Elisaweta Pertzowa (-)
∞ II Natalie Block (-)
- c) Ludmilla (1-21)
∞ Nikolai Matwejewitsch Swerjow
- d) Nikolai * 15.12.1833, Offizier
5.2.1852, Oberst und Kommandeur des Ussurischen Fußartille-
rie - Kosaken-Halbbataillons im Amurschen Heere 26.2.1876
(Amb.), verabschiedet als Generalmajor 26.9.1895.
∞ Alexandra Jewgrafowna Matkowa (-) od.Markowa
- e) Anna (1-21) ∞
Anton Franzowitsch Komarnitzki
- f) Wladimir lebte im Gou-
vernement Kasan 1895, Ehren-Friedensrichter der Stadt Kasan
1915, Wirkl.Staatsrat 20.11.1914 (Amb.) ∞ Maria
Alexandrowna Kotelnikowa (-)

QUELLE:
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4,21 (113) Theodor v.Glehn (2-20) * Reval 25.5. ☉ St.Nic.7.6. 1807, + Reval 21.3.1883; bes.das Revaler Gouv.-Gymn.1822-32 (Hr.Nr.414), Aktuar am Revaler Rat, Sekretär des Stadt-Kon-sistoriums, Zollsekretär, erhielt den Wladimir-Orden 4.Kl. und dadurch den russischen Adel; ∞ Reval Domk.30.7.1843 Jo-hanna Josephine v.Oettingen (1-20) * Arras um 2.11. 1808, + Reval (Domk.) 19.4.1890 siehe "Oettingen" (A4) Nr. 6/1 a) (MS: Louise Johanna v.Schilling)(AS: Hans Holthusen)

Kinder:

- a) Oscar Theodor Christian Reinhold * Reval (Domk.) 7.6. 1844, bes.das Revaler Gouv.-Gym-nasium 1855-64 (Hrad.Nr.1604), später Privatier in Reval.
- b) Auguste Marie Louise ☉ Reval (Domk.) 19.6.1846
- c) Louise Marie (2-21) - vermutl.mit der Vorhergenannten identisch - * 1848, ∞ Konstantin Christoforo-witsch Klingenberg
- d) Alexandrine Wilhelmine (2-21) * 30.3.1849, ∞ Nikolai Grigorjewitsch

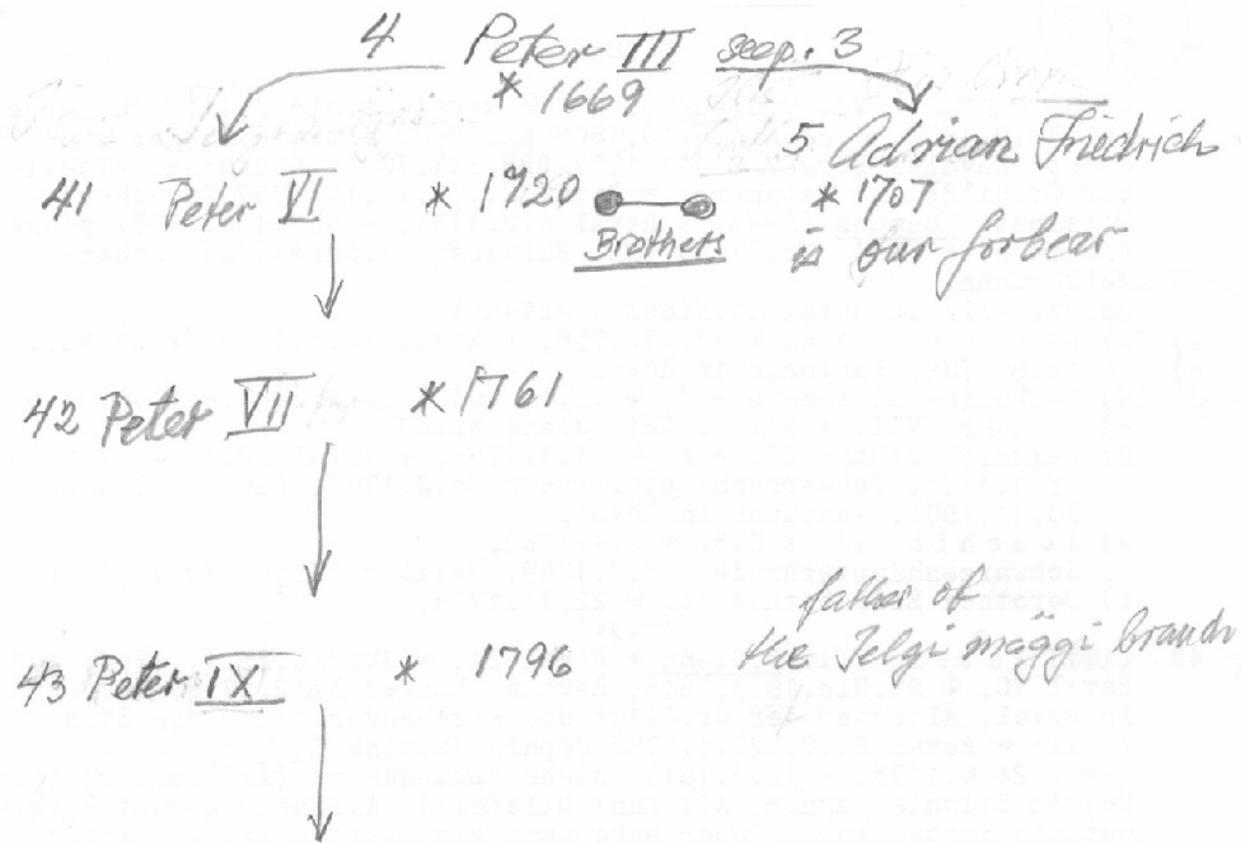
Knaut

4,3 (114) Paul Leonhard v.Glehn (2-20) * Weißenstein 6.3.1810, bes.das Revaler Gouvern.-Gymna-sium 1822-32 (Hrad.Nr.415), trat in die Akademie der Wissen-schaften in St.Petersburg ein, Dr.med., Arzt in Sibirien; ∞ Amalie Langerig (-)

Kinder:

- a) Ludmilla od.Cäcilie (-) * 15.8. ∞ Moskau 7.1866 Karl Robert Lehmkuhl
- b) Oscar Nikolai * 22.2.1844 od.22.11.1845, Chef der Gouvernements-Gendarmerieverwaltung in Rjasan 13.9.1899, Oberst 31.10.1899, Chef der Transkau-kasischen Eisenbahn-Gendarmerieverwaltung 1901-03, ∞ Jasinskaja (-) (Amb.)

QUELLE:
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ZIESS LÖNEBURG



44 Alexander Nicolai * 1841

The owner - and according to my mother - designer - of the Castle Lohenhaupt in Nõmme suburb of Tallinn. He built it around a living tree and also created two rather large "statues" a "giant" and a "crocodile" for the garden.

The castle was in ruins at the end of the 19th century and now serves after rebuilding as a student center and concert hall.

If you are in Tallinn

tell the Cab driver: "Jehoi Los(s)"

41. (108) Peter VI. v. Glehn (4-17) ♂ Reval St. Nic. 2.11.1720, + Reval 30.9.1808, ♀ St. Nic. 6.10.1808 als "der älteste Bürger dieser Stadt" Revaler Bürger 21.11.1757 (BB. III, 702), Kaufmann, Ältester der Gr. Gilde und Ratsherr, ∞ Reval St. Ol. 11.12.1757 Dorothea Elisabeth Lohmann (5-18) * Reval 4.2.1736, + ebd. 4.4.1803, siehe "Lohmann 96" (A4) Nr. 51 a) (MS: Elisabeth v. Salza) (AS: Johann Wettermann)

Kinder, alle in Reval St. Nicolai getauft:

- a) Eberhard * 8. ♂ 13.12.1758, + Reval 16.8.1789, ♀ St. Nic. 18.8.1789, Kaufmann in Reval
 - b) Catharina Elisabeth * 7. ♂ 12.3. und ♀ St. Nic. 14.6.1760
 - c) Peter VII. * 21.11.1761 siehe Nr. 42
 - d) Heinrich Johann II. * 8. ♂ 11.1.1766, + Reval 20.1. ♀ St. Nic. 23.1.1823, Schwarzenhäupterbruder 18.2.1789, Revaler Bürger 20.11.1808, Kaufmann in Reval.
 - e) Joachim II. * 8.3. ♂ 2.4.1769, Schwarzenhäupterbruder 18.2.1789, Revaler Bürger 20.11.1808
 - f) Dorothea Elisabeth * 16. ♂ 22.11.1776, (5-19)
- 42 (111) Peter VII. v. Glehn * Reval 21. ♂ St. Nic. 25.11.1761, + Reval 10. ♀ St. Nic. 19.3.1846, Revaler Bürger 31.12.1796, Kaufmann in Reval, Ältester der Gr. Gilde und Kirchenvorsteher von St. Nikolai; ∞ Reval St. Ol. 20.5.1792 Sophia Justina Lützens (2-17) * Reval 24.8.1773, + 12.2.1815 siehe "Lützens 6" (A5) Nr. 2 e) (MS: Hedwig Sidonia Wagner) (AS: Anna Bilefeld) Adelheim glaubt - vermutlich irrtümlich - Peter habe noch ein zweites mal geheiratet; so eine Heirat ist aber nirgendwo nachweisbar, wenn auch denkbar, da Peter schon 43-jährig Witwer wurde.

Kinder, in Reval St. Nikolai getauft:

- a) Sophia Elisabeth (3-20) * 5. ♂ 22.8.1798, + Reval 15.9.1836, ∞ Reval St. Nic. 2.1.1820 Joachim Christian Printz siehe "Printz 5" (A5) Nr. 4
- b) Peter VIII. * 15. ♂ 19.11.1794, ♀ St. Ol. 20.4.1795
- c) Peter IX. * 17.8.1796 siehe Nr. 43. Haus Jelgimäggi
- d) Margarethe Paulina * 4. ♂ 26.5.1801, ♀ St. Nic. 11.4.1802
- e) Alexander II. * 15.7. ♂ 9.8.1803, + ... 1839, Besitzer von Mehheküll in Estland; bes. die Revaler Kreisschule, die Domschule und das Gouv.-Gymn. in Reval 1819-25 (Hrad. Nr. 260), stud. oec. in Dorpat 1825-9 (Alb. Ac. Nr. 2082, Alb. Est. Nr. 114), ∞ Orrenhof 3.4.1832 Auguste Juliane v. Belli (1-20) * Wesenberg 18. od. 13.11.1791, + Wesenberg 29.8.1857 (MS: Margarete v. Hahnboom) (AS: Carl Belli)
- f) Wilhelmine (Minna) * 17.6. ♂ 18.7.1808, + Reval 5.3.1828, ♀ St. Johannis/Jerwen, ∞ Reval St. Nic. 31.8.1828 Theodor Ferdinand v. Gebhardt siehe "Gebhardt 8" (A5) Nr. 21
Ihr Sohn war der berühmte Maler Eduard v. Gebhardt

H a u s J e l g i m ä g g i

43 (113) Peter IX. v. Glehn (3-20) * Reval 17.8.1796, + Jelgimäggi (Ksp. Kegel) 24.11.1843, bes. in Reval die Domschule und das Gouv.-gymnasium 1809 II - 1814 II (Hrad. Nr. 72), stud. med. in Dorpat 1814-1818 (Alb. Ac. Nr. 975); Besitzer von Jegimäggi (Ksp. Kegel), Gemeinderichter und Kirchenvorsteher in Kegel; ∞ I Reval Domk. 27.6.1823 Sophia Elisabeth Burchart (2-21) * Reval 24.11.1803, + Jelgimäggi 17.6.1824 siehe "Burchart" (A4) Nr. 9 a) ∞ II Reval St. Ol. 28.5.1831 seine Schwägerin Auguste Caroline Marie Burchart (2-21) * Reval 13.11.1811, + Jelgimäggi 5.10.1862 siehe "Burchart" (A4) Nr. 9 h) für beide Frauen: (MS: Anna Hauenschild) (AS: Balthasar Schumacher)

Kinder:

- I a) Peter X. * (Kb. Kegel) 19.4.1824, + (Kb. Kegel) 30.12.1826

Haus Jelgimäggi

- II b) Peter XI. * Jelgimäggi 27.11.1835, + St.Petersburg 4.4.1876, Domschüler in Reval, stud.Zool., dann Botanik in Dor-1855-58 (Alb.Ac.Nr.6286, Alb.Est.Nr.509); er bereiste Ost-sibirien, privatisierte darauf in St.Petersburg und veröf-fentlichte seine Reiseberichte, bereiste auch Westeuropa und war zuletzt am botanischen Garten in St.Petersburg angestellt. ∞ St.Petersburg 11.1871 Leopoldine Berg (3-22) * (DFA.13,S.13) (MS: Ebba Cumming) (AS: Johann Henrik Holmberg)
- c) Maria Elisabeth (3-22) * Jelgimäggi 16.6.1840, + Ke-gel 11.7.1874, ∞ Jelgimäggi 3.7.1864 Max Wilhelm v.Fick (DG.79,98)
- 44 d) Alexander Nikolai * Jelgimäggi 16.7.1841 siehe Nr.44
- e) Julie Wilhelmine * Jelgimäggi 19.9.1842, + 9. ♀ Re-val St.Ol.14.6.1867
- f) Marie * Kumna (Ksp.Kegel) 30.12.1843, ♀ 9.1.1844, + 29.7. ♀ 1.8.1884
- 44 (116) Alexander Nikolai v.Glehn (3-22) * Jelgimäggi 16.7.1841, Kirchspielsrichter, Be-sitzer von Nömme und Jelgimäggi, ∞ Reval St.Ol.28.5.1866 Ca-roline Henriette Marie Berg (1-2) ♀ 1847, + 18.3.1896 (DFA.13,13) (MS: Sophie Riola)(AS: Johann Henrik Holmberg)
- Kinder: in Jelgimäggi geboren:
- a) Manfred * 20.5.1867 siehe Nr.45
- b) Elsbeth (2-23) * 30.6.1869, ♀ zu Hause 10.8.1869, + Re-val 19.1.1931, ∞ Reval St.Ol.28.5.1897 und X Eduard (Ned) Carl Ewald v.Baggehufvudt - Wassalem siehe "Bag-gehufvudt" (A4) Nr.9
- c) Nikolai * 21.5. ♀ 23.5.1872
- 45 (117) Manfred v.Glehn (2-23) * Jelgimäggi 20.5.1867, + Bar-bacena (Brasilien) 30.5.1924; Arrendator von Jelgimäggi zu Lebzeiten seines Vaters; er war ein fommer Mann und ließ sich von den Baptisten wieder taufen 7.10.1893 (Brief von Arpád Arder, April 1987), wanderte 1918 nach Deutschland aus und 1923 nach Brasilien; ∞ Reval St.Ol.24.1.1897 Elisabeth Charlotte Auguste v.Stackelberg (3-23) * Reval 14.2.1874, siehe "Stackelberg" (A4) Nr.2,9 d) (MS: Anna Elisabeth v.Witzendorff)(AS: Anna Kippe)
- Kinder: nach Mitteilung von Karin Lihotzky
- a) Dorothea Renata (3-24) * 19.11.1897 ∞ Manuel de Carrascosa
- b) Peter XII. * 20.4.1899 siehe Nr.46
- c) Karin (3-24) * 24.9.1900, ∞ 22.8.1927 Dr.Eduard Lihotzky
- d) Ruprecht * 25.12.1905 siehe Nr.451
- e) Gertrud (3-24) * 15.9.1907, + (ermord.) Berlin 1945, ∞ 1933 Dr.Oskar Wühlke
- f) Luitgard (3-24) * 24.9.1916, ∞ Günther Eberhard
- 451 (120) Rupprecht v.Glehn (3-24) * 25.12.1905, ∞ Rogeria de Lopez (-)

Kinder:

Haus Jelgimäggi

- a) Arnold
- b) Irene (-) * um 1938
- c) Wilma (-) * um 1944

46 (119) Peter XII. v.Glehn (3-24) * 20.4.1899; Lourdes
 (-) ∞ I N

∞ II · · N · N

Kinder:

- I a) Manfred II. jung +
- b) Hans Heinrich * um 1939
- c) Manfred III. * um 1941
- d) Elisabeth (-) * um 1943
- e) Ines Hildegard (-)

II f)

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5 (107) Adrian Friedrich v.Glehn (3-42) * Reval 24. ☉ St.Ol.29. 12.1707, + Reval 22. ☉ St.Ol.26.9.1788, Revaler Bürger 19.6.1744 (BB.III,507), Kaufhändler, Ältermann der Gr.Gilde; ∞ Reval St.Nic.5.7.1744 Justina Catharina Riesenkampf (3-48) * Reval 13.3.1722, + Reval 30.6. ☉ St.Ol.4.7.1784 siehe "Riesenkampf" (A4) Nr.4-1 e) (MS: Metchen Kock)(AS: Anna Berckhan)

Kinder:

- a) Carl Philipp * Reval 23. ☉ St.Nic.27.9.1745, + 3.5.1746
- b) Anna Catharina * Reval 26. ☉ St.Nic.30.11.1746, + Reval 14. ☉ St.Ol.17.9.1775
- c) Justina Margaretha (4-49) * Reval 3. ☉ St.Nic.7.8.1748, + Reval 1801, ∞ Reval St.Nic.3.7.1797 Peter Johann Lorentz
- d) Gerdrutha Elisabeth * Reval 9.10.1752 (St.Nic.), ☉ St.Ol. 16.12.1790
- e) Peter Gottlieb * Reval 2. ☉ St.Nic.5.3.1751 siehe Nr.6
- f) Agneta Dorothea ☉ Reval St.Ol.5.11.1759, + Reval 24. ☉ St. Nic.26.2.1767 unt.Stein 128

6 (110) Peter Gottlieb v.Glehn (4-49) * Reval 2. ☉ St.Nic.5.3. 1751, + ebd.1.2.1823; Kaufmann und Ratsaktuar in Reval; ∞ Reval Domk.7.5.1798 Margarethe Elisabeth Clayhills (3-49) * Reval 20.1.1776, + ebd.4.11.1843 siehe "Clayhills" (A4) Nr. 42 f) (MS: Margaretha v.Weahren)(AS: Adolf Ebers)

Kinder, in Reval Domk. getauft:

- a) Edmund Theophil ☉ 3.1.1800 siehe Nr.7
- b) Robert Wilhelm (William) ☉ 25.12.1800 siehe Nr.61 Englischer Zweig
- c) Emmy ☉ 14.9.1802, + Hapsal 30.1. ☉ Reval 1867
- d) Nancy ☉ 22.6.1807, + Hapsal 1. od.4.8.1885
- e) Molly (4-20) * 3.4.1809, + Reval 16.1.1871, ☉ Kosch; ∞ St.Petersburg 13.9.1831 Andreas Christian Koch (DG. (1863-1879,265) see KOCH BIOGRAPHY)

Englischer Zweig

61 (113) Robert Wilhelm (William) v.Glehn (4-20) * Reval (Domk.) 25.12.1801, + Sydenham b.London 22.7.1855; bes.das Gouvernements-Gymnasium in Reval 1813 II -- 1815 II (Hrad.156), dann das Gymnasium in St.Petersburg, wurde dann Kaufmann in England ∞ Agnes Duncan (0-0) * 27.8.1814, + 14.1.1881

Kinder:

- a) (To.) * und + London 3.1836
- b) Sophie (1-24) * London 3.8.1837, ∞ 9.4.1863 Dr.med. Paul Hasse
- c) Alexander Augustus * London 16.9.1838 siehe Nr.62
- d) Olga * London 10.10.1839
- e) William Robert * 19.1.1841 siehe Nr. 61,1
- f) Margarethe Emilie (Mimi) * London 13.5.1842, + 8.1.1886; hochbegabte Pianistin, Meisterschülerin von Hans v.Bülow, der sie in seinen Briefen wiederholt erwähnt.
- g) Edward Arbuthnot * London 19.9.1844, + 8.4.1894
- h) Ida (1-24) * London 3. od.13.12.1845, + Tannenrode bei Kosch (b.Reval) 11.10.1931; ∞ Sydenham b.London 25.8.1870 ihren Vetter Nikolai Christian Koch (DG.79,266/7)
- i) Ernest Greigh * London (?) 27.4.1847, Kaufmann in London.
- j) George Alfred * 15.9.1848, Fabrikdirektor in Mülhausen, ∞ 3.1878 Lucille Gros (-)
- k) Louise (1-24) * Sydenham 7.7.1850 ∞ 8.1.1872 Mandel Creighton

Englischer Zweig

- l) Harry * 3.5.1852
Prediger
- m) Oswald Arnold * 22.8.1853 siehe Nr.611.
- 61,1 (116) William Robert v.Glehn * 19.1.1841, +
1905, Kaufmann in London, ∞ 21.7.1877 Sophia Löwe (-)
* Stuttgart, 17.8.1847.

Kinder:

- a) Lila (-) * 25.8.1879
- b) Rhoda (1-22) * 3.7.1881,
Kammersängerin, ∞ Christ
- c) Erika (-) * 26.10.1886

- 611 (116) Oswald Arnold v.Glehn (1-21) * 22.8.1853,
Maler in London, ∞
Agnes Brown (-)
Kind:
a) Betty (-) * 1908

- 62 (115) Alexander Augustus v.Glehn (1-21) * London 16.9.1838,
Kaufmann in London, ∞ 21.
8.1865 Fanny Henriette Alice Monod (-)

Kinder:

- a) Robert Eduard Ronnię (René) * 4.7.1867, + 4.10.1881
- b) Louis * 17.4.1869, - Lehrer in Cambridge
- c) Wilfried Gabriel * 9.10.1870 siehe Nr.63
- d) Lillian (1-22) * 1872
∞ Dr.med. Rist
- e) Rachel (1-22) * 1874
∞ March
- 63 (117) Wilfried Gabriel v.Glehn (1-22) (nach A.Knüpffer) *
9.10.1870, + 1953, stud.Malerei a.d.Kensington-Schule
und in Paris bei Delaunay und G.Moreau; Maler; seine Werke sind
in d.Nat.Gallery, in Melbourne, Sidney usw. Er hatte eine Sonder-
ausstellung in Paris bei Durand-Ruel; erwies sich als virtuoser
Nachfolger von Whistler und Sargent. ∞ Jane Edensor (-)
Malerin; sie stellte 1907 in London und 1913 in Düsseldorf aus

Kind:

- a) Liane (1-23) de Glehn - Thibaut (-) Malerin, lebte in Pa-
ris, stellte seit 1924 aus.

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7 (113) Edmund Theophil v.Glehn (4-20) * Reval 3.1. ☉ Domk.1.2. 1800, + Reval 20.1.1884, bes.die Revaler Kreisschule, dann das Gouvern.-Gymnasium 1813 II - 1814 II (Hrad.Nr.155), dann das Gymnasium in St.Petersburg; Dr.med., bekannter Arzt in St.Petersburg, angestellt im Seecorps, Hofrat, hatte den Stanislaus-Orden, erhielt den russ.Verdienstadel; lebte in München 1840-43, wo er mit W.Kaulbach befreundet war (dieser hatte Glehns Frau porträtiert - das Bild ist im amerikanischen Kunsthandel verschollen), bekannter Atheist. ∞ Reval St.Ol.4.10.1840 Emilia Auguste Rosenbaum (0-0) * 4.6.1820, + 17.1.1894

Kinder:

- a) Edmund August * München 16.10.1841 siehe Nr.8
- b) Alexander Wilhelm * München 11.4.1843, + London 17.1.1878, bes.das Revaler Gouv.-Gymnasium 1853 I - 1860 II (Hrad.Nr.1527), Kaufmann in London, ∞ Mary Jones
- c) Emil Clemens * München 1845, bes.das Revaler Gouv.-Gymnasium 1855 I - 1862 II (Hrad.Nr.1605), wurde Landwirt.
- d) Emilie Josephine (Misi) (1-21) * Reval 22.10.1846, ☉ ebd (St.Ol.) 18.12.1846, + Reval 30.7.☉ (St.Ol.) 2.8.1879, ∞ I Reval 30.10.1864 und X 1874 Carl Johann Heinrich Gahlnbäck siehe "Gahlnbäck" (A4) Nr.42 ∞ II Montreux 2.10.1876 Georg Gustav Hermann v.Peetz siehe "Peetz" (A4) Nr.7-1
- e) Ernst * Reval 16.9.1848 ☉ St.Nic.31.9.1848, + Reval 23.4.1894, bes.das Revaler Gouv.-Gymn.1859 I - 1868 I (Hrad.Nr.1778), stud.jur.in St.Petersburg 1868-9, Glied des Kommerz-Gerichts in St.Petersburg, zog nach Weinsberg/Württ. 1879, literarisch tätig, ∞ Lotte Berlé (-)
- f) Paul Friedrich * Reval 31.1. ☉ St.Ol.11.3.1851, bes.das Revaler Gouv.-Gymn.1862 I - 1869 I (Hrad.Nr.1929) Landwirt in Estland, Kaufmann in Moskau.
- g) Molly (1-21) * Reval 20.10. ☉ St.Ol.6.12.1853, + Arolsen 7.10.1940 (BT), ∞ Reval Domk.7.8.1877 Alfred v.Wendrich siehe "Wendrich" (A4) Nr.111 a)
- h) Constantin Alfred * Reval 6.1. ☉ St.Ol.26.2.1858, + Berlin 22.12.1927; bes.das Revaler Gouv.-Gymnasium 1868 I - 1876 II (Hrad.Nr.2249) bes.die Ingenieurschule in St.Petersburg, stud.dann Musik; er war ein hervorragender Cellist, langjähriger Professor für dies Instrument in Charkow und Moskauer Konservatorium, Direktor dieses Instituts (A.Knüpffer), seit 1919 in Reval musikalisch tätig, ging dann nach Berlin; ∞ I u. X Valeska Rzewska (-) ∞ II Wladikawkas 27.7/9.8.1907 Katharina Runitsch (-) * Wladikawkas 23.9.1883 (MS: Anastasia ...)(AS: Alexander Runitsch)

* mentioned several times in Julia's Diary

8 (116) Edmund August v.Glehn (1-21) * München 16.10.1841, + Reval 21.6.1902, bes.das Gouvern.-Gymnasium in Reval 1853 I - 1857 I (Hrad.Nr.1526), Kaufmann in Manila, später Kassierer, zuletzt Geschäftsführer der Fa.Mayer u.Co. in Reval (siehe "Mayer 2"(A5) Nr.5; Hausbesitzer in Reval, komponierte Walzer und and andere Tanzmusik (A.Knüpffer); ∞ St.Petersburg 18.2.1878 Julie Anna Säfftigen (1-7) * Meran 14.8.1856, + Danzig 27.12.1919, siehe "Saefftigen" (A5) Nr.31 a) (MS: Julie Kämmerer)(AS: Andreas Spiegel)

Kinder, in Reval geboren:

- a) Felix * 28.11.1879, siehe Nr.8,1
- b) Agnes * 25.2. ☉ St.Ol.17.5.1880, lebte 1939 in Marienwerder/Wpr., 1947 in Kellinghusen, Kr.Steinburg.
- c) Emmy * 12.2.1882 ☉ St.Ol.17.5.1882, + in Schlesien in ei-

- nem Lager bei Breslau 17.1.1945
- d) Alice ²⁹(2-22) * 14.3. ⊕ St.Ol.29.5.1883, + in Holstein 1956; ∞ 11.9.1909 un X 1912 Erwin Bernhard (Alb.Fr.Balt.Nr. 361), sie lebte 1947 mit ihrer Schwester Agnes
- e) Martha * 25.3. ⊕ St.Ol.12.5.1885, + Reval 19. ⊕ 22.9.1890
- f) Edmund August (od.Constantin) * 17.3.1889, + Heilanstalt Seewald um 1934 (oder Reval 1930)
- g) Alexander Georg * 15.7.1890 (od.1893?), + Reval 1909 od. 7.1912
- h) Roman (Romo) Johannes * 7/19.1.1895 siehe Nr.81
- i) Walter * 3/16.10.1897 siehe Nr.9
- 8,1 (148) Felix v.Glehn (2-22) * Reval 28.11.1879, + Waldenburg /Schles.25.3.1940 (BT); Abiturient der Petri-Kirchenschule in St.Petersburg, stud.chem.in Riga, dann Leipzig 1900-1907, cand. chem, Ingenieur-Chemiker, war erst tätig a.d.Alexander Newsky-Manufaktur in St.Petersburg, ging aber dann nach Deutschland; ∞ Reval St.Ol.12.1.1907 od.1908 Margarethe Bernhard (1-1) * Reval 9.10.1879, + Narwa 7.7.1909 a.d.Reise von Reval nach St.Petersburg; (MS: Mathilde Smitz)(AS: Erwin Bernhard)
- Kinder:
- a) Margarethe Maria (2-23) * Narwa 28.6.1909, Scherenschnitt-Künstlerin; sie hielt zeitweise ihre Familie mit ihrer Kunst über Wasser; (Kuno Hagen 89b/90a), ∞ Reval 11.7.1935 Ferdinand (Freddi) Paul Martin Luther (DFA.13,80)
-
- 81 (119) Roman (Romo) Johannes v.Glehn (2-22) * Reval 7/19.1.1895, + 22.1.1945 (BT), a.d.Flucht versehentlich von Volkssturmlenten erschossen; Domschüler in Reval, stud.Nationalökon.in Leipzig, war bis 9.1924 in Danzig, bei den Nordischen Papier- und Zellstoffwerken in Reval tätig 1925-39, zuletzt als junger Direktor; nach der Umsiedlung in Leslau als Prokurist bei der Weichselmühlen-A.G. tätig; betätigte sich in Reval als Cellist. ∞ Reval 15.11.1923 Margarethe (Grittel) Molly Bertha Koch (3-24)(DG.79, 272) (MS: Margaretha v.Wehren)(AS: Ernst Christoph Bähre) + Dj.11.2.68
- Kinder; in Reval geboren:
- a) Dietz * 17.9. + Reval 18.10.1924
- b) Roma Wendela * 11.1.1926 ULE.2567, + 25.3.1974 (BB.308,18a) Krankenschwester in Lüttjensee/Holst. bei Familie Glinka.
- c) Gita Adriane * 15.6.1927 ULE.2561, + Djursholm (Schweden) 25.5.1981 (BB.392/3,18b)
- d) Amata Helene Dorothea * 6.11.1933 ULE.2560
- e) Andreas Claus Gebhard * 12.2.1937 siehe Nr.82
- 82 (122) Andreas Claus Gebhard v.Glehn (3-25) * Reval 12.2.1937 ULE.2561
- ∞ Målhammar 3.7.1965 (BB.203,11a) Marianne Treschow (-)
- Kinder:
- a) Louise Carin Charlotte (-) * Stockholm 23.8.1967 (BB.231, 13a)

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9 (119) Walter v. Glehn (2-22) * Reval 3/15.10.1897 ULE.2566,
 + Erlangen 9.3.1978 (BB.353,15b); Bankangestellter, Geiger und
 Dirigent, lebte 1948 in Pitzling a. Lech bei Landsberg; soll
 wegen falscher Angaben verhaftet und verurteilt worden sein.
 ∞ I Helsingfors 27.10.1923 und X 1935 Carin Ebba Mari-
 anne Fn.v.Stackelberg (2- x) * Moloskowitzky b.Narwa 19.4/1.5.
 1899 siehe "Stackelberg" (A4)
 Nr.2911 a) (MS: Gertrud Uexküll)(AS: Sven Wilhelm Houberg)
 ∞ II Kurküll 27.9.1937 (od.26.9.1936) Dora Elisabeth Fn.v.
Stackelberg (2-24) * Kurküll 1.2.1907
 siehe "Stackelberg" (A4) Nr.273/1 c) (MS: Carmen
 Arce)(AS: Friedrich Michaelis) sie lebte 1947 getrennt von
 irem Mann in Erlangen.

Kinder:

- I a) Marianne (May) Ellen Hjördis Louise (3- x) * Helsing-
 fors 15.10.1925
 war 1947 Auwlandskorrespondentin in Hamburg, ∞ Donald
v.Veh siehe "Veh" (A5) Nr.44
- b) Walter Kay - Eric * Helsingfors 12.7.1929 siehe Nr.0
- II c) Mark Olaf * Reval 24.3.1939 ULE.2565
 wanderte nach Canada aus 1957
- d) Barbara (-) * Posen 10.7.1941
- e) * Wolfgang * Forchheim 4.8.1945, + Erlangen 3.12.1963
 (BB.183,15b)

0 (121) Walter Kay - Eric v. Glehn (3- x) * Helsingfors 12.
 7.1929 Kaufmann
 ∞ Johannesburg 24.10.1953 Roswita v.Briskorn (3-25)(BB.62,15b)
 (H.T.II,31;WPr.40) (MS: Charlotte Jacobson)
 (AS: Hermann v.Pape) Über sie BB.376,7c

Kinder: (lt.WPr. 3 Söhne)

- a) Frank - Holger * Johannesburg 9.1.1956
- b)
- c)

28.5.87

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REI 21335/1980

Glehn Castle

The Glehn Castle (Estonian: *Glehn loss*, also Mustamäe Manor, German: *Hohenhaupt*) is a castle on the hillside of Nõmme, part of Tallinn, Estonia.

According to Wikipedia (as of 2017) the manor was designed and established by Nikolai von Glehn on the northern part of the lands of his Jälgimäe Manor to become his new residence. The castle was completed in 1886.

The castle is surrounded by a park with several buildings like a palm house (1900–1910), observatory tower (1910) and sculptures "Kalevipoeg" (1908), "Crocodile" (1908), all of which were also designed by Glehn himself.

After Glehn emigrated to Germany in 1918 the castle was looted and fell into decline. In the 1960s, restoration of the building commenced. The renovated palace was inaugurated on the 24 March 1977.

Alexander Nikolai von Glehn was born in 1841. According to Paulsen's von Glehn genealogy he died in 1896; Wikipedia says he died September 7, 1923, in Brazil. He was a son of Peter von Glehn IX (1796-1843), married to Auguste Caroline Marie Burchhart von Bellawary. After a departure for Germany in 1918, he went to Brazil to treat his ill son, Manfred von Glehn (1867-1924).

Alexander Nicolai married Caroline Henriette Marie Berg in 1866.

Their son, Manfred (born 1867) married Elisabeth Baronesse von Stackelberg in 1897, and In 1903 the family emigrated to Brazil.

(A Russian film, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, was shot around the castle in 1981.)



Our relationship to the Glenn Castle in Tallinn

(Note: the page numbers refer to the genealogy)



Alexander Nicolai was the owner and - according to my mother - designer - of the Castle Hohenhaupt in Nõmme, a suburb of Tallinn. He built it around a living tree and also created two rather large statues for the garden: a giant and a crocodile. The castle was in ruins at the end of the 19th century and now serves, after rebuilding, as a student center and concert hall. If you are in Tallinn tell the cab driver: "Gehni Loss"

The Glehns

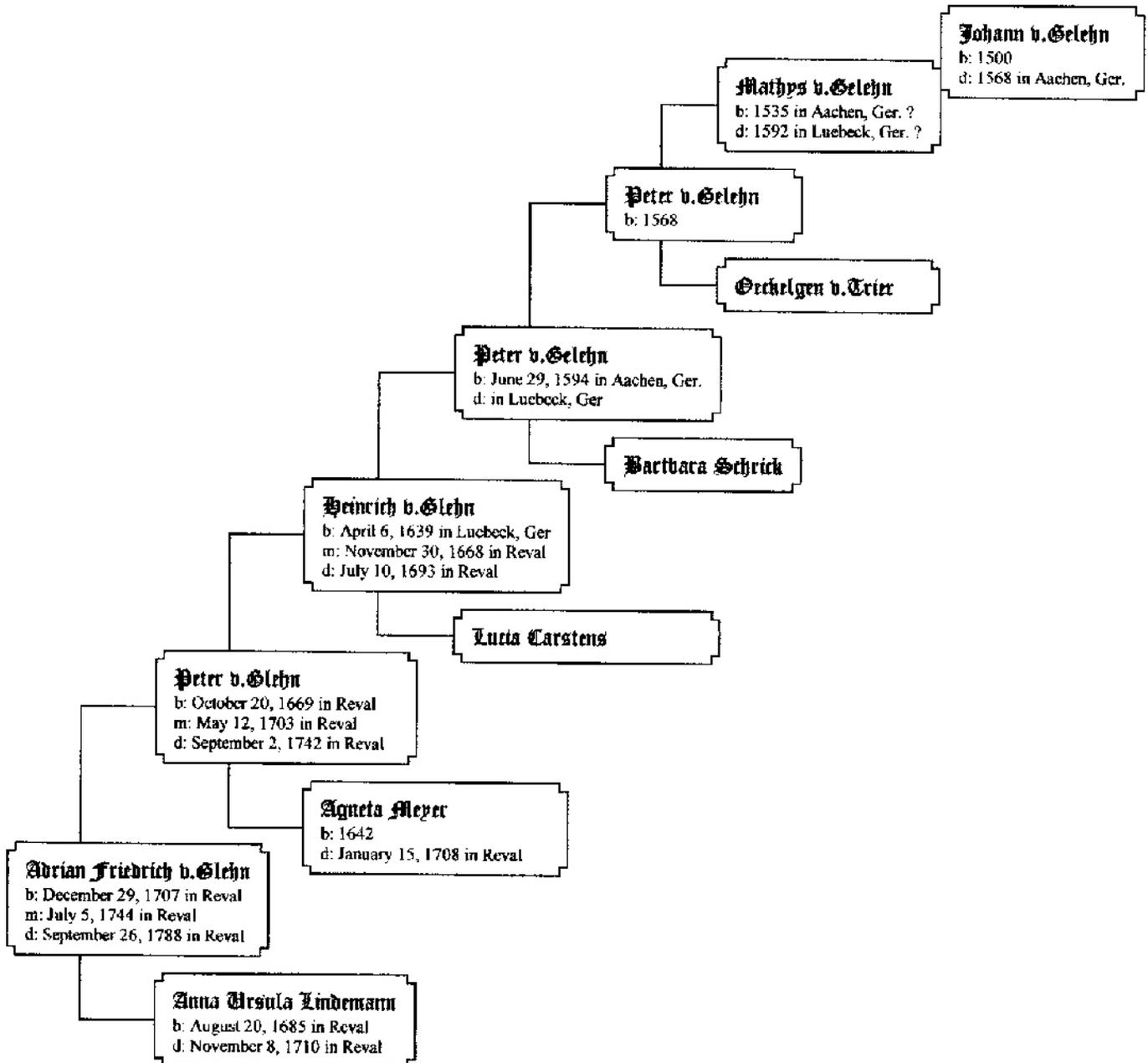
The Numbers correspond to Paulsen's genealogy

Johann (v. Gelehn)	*	ca. 1500
1) Peter (v. Gelehn)	**	
2) Peter II (v. Gelehn)	Merchant	June 29, 1594 Aachen
3) Heinrich	Merchant	Apr. 6, 1639 Lübeck
4) Peter III	Merchant	Oct. 20, 1669 Reval
5) Adrian Friedrich von Glehn	Merchant	Dec. 29, 1707 Reval
6) Peter Gottlieb	Merchant	Mar. 5, 1751 Reval
7) Edmund Theophil	Physician	Jan. 3, 1800 Reval
8) Edmund August	Business Man	Oct. 16, 1841 Munich
9) Felix	Chemical Eng.	Nov. 28, 1878 Reval
10 Margarethe	Artist	June 28, 1909 Narva

* the only fact known about him is that he owned a house in Aachen.

** listed as a Lutheran in Aachen, had to pay a fine in 1568 for religious reasons.

Ancestors of Adrian Friedrich v. Glehn



Ancestors of Edmund Theophil v. Glehn

HEINRICH V. GLEHN
B: APRIL 6, 1639 IN LUEBECK, GER
M: NOVEMBER 30, 1668 IN REVAL
D: JULY 10, 1693 IN REVAL

PETER V. GLEHN
B: OCTOBER 20, 1669 IN REVAL
M: MAY 12, 1703 IN REVAL
D: SEPTEMBER 2, 1742 IN REVAL

AGNETA MEYER
B: 1642
D: JANUARY 15, 1708 IN REVAL

ADRIAN FRIEDRICH V. GLEHN
B: DECEMBER 29, 1707 IN REVAL
M: JULY 5, 1744 IN REVAL
D: SEPTEMBER 26, 1788 IN REVAL

ANNA URSULA LINDEMANN
B: AUGUST 20, 1685 IN REVAL
D: NOVEMBER 8, 1710 IN REVAL

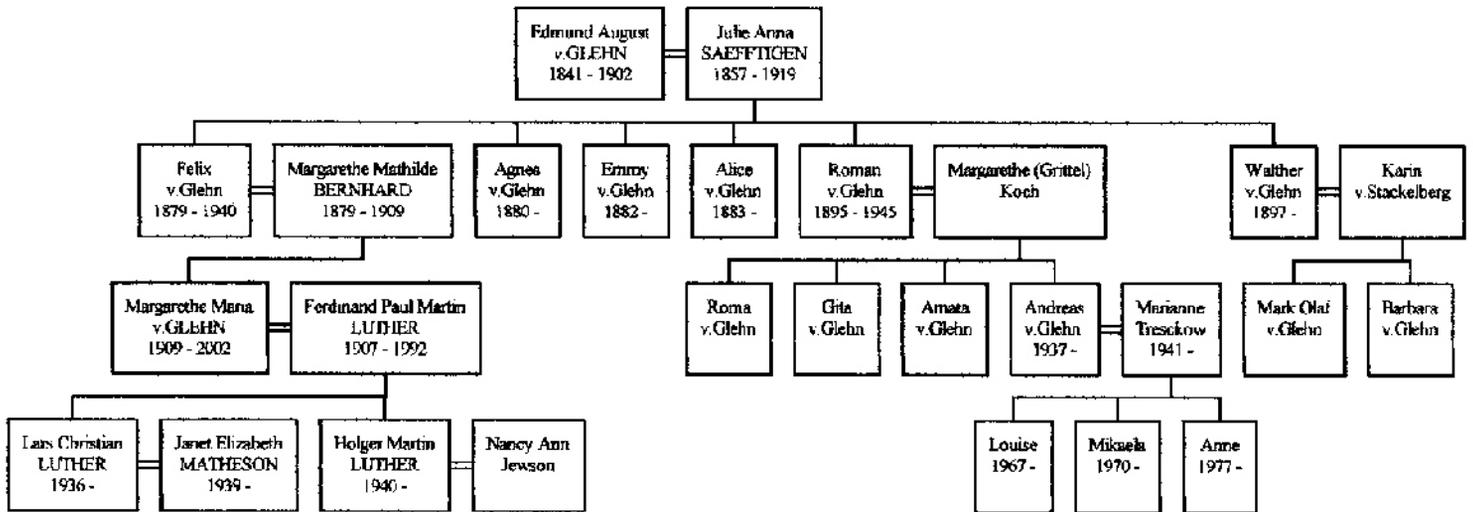
PETER GOTTLIEB V. GLEHN
D: MARCH 2, 1751 IN REVAL
M: MAY 7, 1798 IN REVAL
D: FEBRUARY 1, 1823 IN REVAL

JUSTINA CATHARINA RIESENKAMPFF
B: MARCH 13, 1722 IN REVAL
D: JULY 4, 1784 IN REVAL

EDMUND THEOPHIL V. GLEHN
B: JANUARY 3, 1800 IN REVAL
M: SEPTEMBER 4, 1840 IN REVAL, ESTONIA
D: JANUARY 20, 1884 IN REVAL

MARGARETHE ELISABETH CLAYHILLS
B: JANUARY 20, 1776 IN REVAL
D: NOVEMBER 4, 1843 IN REVAL

Descendants of Edmund August v.Glehn





Edmund von Glehn
Doctor and Painter

8/20/2004

Edmund Theophil von Glehn (1800-1894) was a remarkable man, and that is why we know more interesting things about him than about more recent ancestors. He had a medical practice in St. Petersburg and later in Reval, and he was so successful as a doctor that he received a medal from the Czar and was elevated to Court Physician. Nonetheless he must have been aware of how little a physician of his time could do for his patients. He practiced medicine before bacterial diseases were understood and before the importance of public hygiene was appreciated. No wonder, since drugs such as aspirin (1893) or Salvarsan (1903) had not yet been invented. What he did was to prescribe placebos (sugar pills) and alternating cold and hot baths; in other words he honored the physician's creed: First of all do no harm. When he started his practice he was competing with barber/physicians who bled their patients and collected the blood to let it congeal into a pudding for diagnostic purposes.

In 1840 he married an illegitimate daughter of a German Baron von Rosen and, probably to avoid the scandal that was touched off by this misalliance, he took a sabbatical and went to study painting with Wilhelm v.Kaulbach in Munich. Kaulbach was a very fashionable painter at that time and therefore detailed biographies of him exist. Edmund was mentioned in one of them (Mueller) and from the text one can easily conclude that Edmund and his little family for a while belonged to an intimate circle of four painters and took part in their activities. Thus he and his wife and his little son, Edmund August, my great- great-grandfather, were incorporated into frescos (The Four Seasons) that the four painters created on the walls of a summerhouse (Himbselhaus) on the Starnberger Lake near Munich.

Kaulbach also twice painted Edmund's lovely wife, Emilie, and those portraits were hanging in the Glehn house where my mother lived in her first eight years. There she also saw one of Edmund's own paintings. The Kaulbach paintings were lost when the house was sold in 1918 but you can see them in photographs which Andreas von Glehn kindly sent to me.

Edmund lived in Munich from 1840 until 1843. His first three children were born in Munich, all the rest in Reval from 1846 on. So it stands to reason that Edmund did not return to Petersburg but set up a practice in Reval. He became known as an outspoken atheist. This photo is a detail of a formal portrait of him and two of his children dating from about 1870. While my cartoon maybe seems irreverent, I have the greatest respect for Edmund; he must have been an interesting and talented and unconventional man.



The real Edmund Theophil v.Glehn,
Court Medicus of the Czar



JULI



12/5/05

If you read the previous page about Edmund v. Glehn and his friendship and glory days in Munich with the painter Kaulbach, you would be surprised if I had not followed up on the story. Was all this true? Is the “Himselhaus” still standing? Are the frescoes still there? In the first round I came to a standstill after inquiring at a travel bureau in the Starnberger Lake area: nobody knew anything about this house. But I did mention my quest to a friend from Glücksburg days by name of Gert v. Hassel. He had lived with his parents in the same house as we did then: Miss Ziese’s big old pile of yellow brick on the Sandwigstrasse. He is, oh, maybe five years younger than I am. He settled in Bavaria and started a correspondence after my mother’s death. In one of his letters he mentioned that he loved to sail his boat on the Starnberger Lake. So on the spur of the moment I told him of my quest in my Christmas letter. Two weeks later I get a small package containing a book entitled “Das Himsel-Haus”.

“It is still standing”, he wrote, “and lived in and taken good care of”. Turns out my source was slightly inaccurate calling it Himsel Haus and perhaps this made Gert’s search a little harder. The book he gave me, by Erwin G. Hipp, essentially confirms the stories of artist life, parties and high jinks and is full of glorious illustrations. There are quality reproductions of the frescoes called “The Four Seasons” which are the ones containing the portraits of Edmund’s family, and the author offers a reprint of a lengthy article concerning an impromptu procession, which culminated in the painting of these frescoes. This article originally had appeared in a local newspaper (left nameless, unfortunately) around 1887. You can’t imagine how thrilled I was by this gift. My search, prompted by the observation that one of Mutti’s ancestors was born in an unlikely place, ended up by opening a wide vista into a totally forgotten world and time. My parents did not know about any of this, I am sure. My mother would have been so proud to tell me about it.

In the picture entitled “Juli”, Emilie v. Glehn is the lady with the fishing rod. She appears to have had some angler’s luck; two fish are sticking out limply from the net she is carrying. In another reproduction Glehn himself appears as old man winter with a fantastic beard which, judging from his formal photographic portrait, was only slightly exaggerated.



Detail of the “Winter” fresco shows Kaulbach in a red fools cap and Glehn as old Man Winter.

Mutti has written:

Grandmamma Glehn (*Julie*) was a power house, as the American expression goes. She decided that I must exclusively wear embroidered white dresses. Every evening my hair was to be wound around curlers and then each morning the curls were to be shaped with a curling iron. I hated that of course, because it was so boring. She decided that I only ate a certain kind of chocolate and refused all gifts of other kinds of chocolate: “She won’t eat that”. I was unhappy, because I certainly would have. Furthermore she was convinced that I had to be some kind of a Wunderkind, because there was so much talent in the family that it all just had to be condensed in my small person. When I was all of four years old I was to have painting lessons. Hence a well-known painter, Clara Feodorovna Zeidler was summoned from St. Petersburg to develop my great talent. She only taught master classes. Child psychology had not evolved yet. The first lesson required that I should draw and then paint an autumnal chestnut leaf exactly and realistically. I erased and erased until the paper had holes in it; she then spent the rest of the lesson doing the task herself; but that meant “Blood and Tears” for me. For her last class Clara brought in a black felt hat with an upturned rim decorated with a bunch of cock feathers. Then she handed me a large white sheet of paper and a large piece of charcoal. It was the ugliest hat I had ever seen and I hated it. Well, trust a four-year-old with a piece of charcoal and force her to draw a thing she hates with it!!!! The coal ended up all over my white dress and on my face. When grandmother came into the room, her Forget-me-not blue eyes rolled out of their sockets. All my clothes were sent to the laundry, I myself was sent to the bathroom, and Clara Feodorovna went back to St. Petersburg.

My aunt Agnes, the pianist, was next: trying to teach me to make music. I soldiered on and made it up to Schumann’s “Happy Farmer” which I played so beautifully that the entire family left the room. I was a flop. My father had his turn when I turned seven years old. He

posed a glass square ash tray in front of me and bade me draw it. I had no clue about perspective, and so everything repeated itself: I erased until holes appeared in the paper, but the ash tray obstinately refused to appear standing up, there always was one side dropping off. After an hour's time my father came in to check my progress. He took a look at my desperate efforts and said angrily: " You did that very poorly". He took the ash tray and the drawing pad and withdrew to his room. I was a zero and no good and totally below average. A failure. And I continued to be that in his view. He had dreamed that I as a twelve- year old would be standing on a stage playing a violin concerto by Mozart. Instead I baked cakes in the sand box.

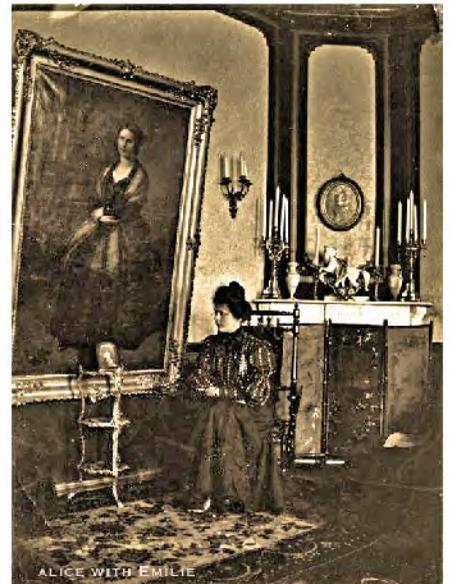
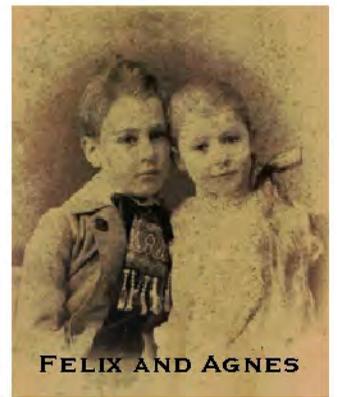
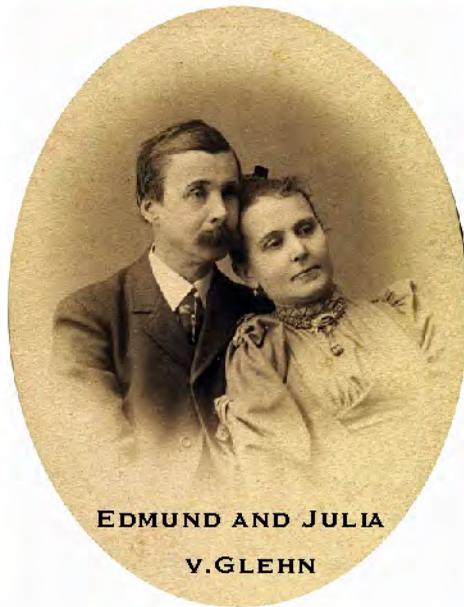
I was a late bloomer. When as a nine year old I came to Zigahnen, I started to draw on my own. And I started to make up stories, telling them to Lotte at night. They were extremely dramatic, sad stories: the stage was littered with corpses of the heroes, I bawled at their tragic fates. My one comfort was to draw their burial sites. I remember a tomb by the sea with a simple wooden cross underneath a tree; there my hero rested and listened to the swell of the waves and the wind in the branches. Sometimes he rested in a white marble temple in a cypress garden or under a gothic arch carved into a rock with torches blazing in eternity and a guard of honor with drawn swords. I shed hot tears for my stories and the deaths of my heroes.

When I was 12 or 13 years old I saw a silhouette in a shop window in Marienwerder – I believe it was a Madonna. That turned out to be my fate. When we returned home to Zigahnen, I didn't bother to take off my fur coat, but grabbed a scissors and some paper and began to cut a fairy, but she had no neck. Then I learned to cut in front of a mirror. So it went all my life long. I **had** to cut until this very day. This year I will celebrate my 60th anniversary. I have told this story many times in my silhouette lectures, and people have always been amused by it.

8/20/04



Edmund Theophil v.Glehn, the Court Medicus, his daughter, Molly and his son, Edmund August. This according to an inscription on the back of the original photograph written by Andreas v.Glehn's mother, Margarethe Koch v.Glehn or Grittel. Edmund August was born in 1841 while Molly is 12 years younger (as given in K. J. Paulsen's genealogy). Assuming that Molly looks to be around 20 years of age and Edmund A. is about 32, then the photo would have been taken around 1870, which is early for a photograph but not unreasonably so.





Molly von Glehn – 4/3/1809 – 1/16/1871
Wife of Andreas Christian Kosch
(Painted by Timoleon Neff)

2/24/05

Molly v. Glehn (1809-1871) was a sister of Edmund and a Great-grandaunt of my mother, and her life unfolded well before those of my parents. My mother never mentioned her to me; what I know is from a book of Koch family memoirs, especially the adoring tribute written by her daughter Maria Amalia, "Misi". Molly was one of the more beloved figures in Reval society; she had a niece also named Molly.

Aunt Molly married a very wealthy (estimated worth 5 million rubles in 1880) merchant and banker, Andreas C. Koch, who also was the German consul in Reval and whose firm traded with London houses (Mendelsohn, Rothschild). The Koch family owned Kosch, an estate 8 km east of Reval, near the still visible ruins of the ancient cloister of St. Brigit. Kosch was the summerhouse; the family also owned several large houses in town for winter living. The main house of Kosch was a massive pink stone building set in a large park with a wall around it. Other Koch-owned houses with names like Tannrode, Waldfried and Friedheim were nearby; this "village" must have been huge. During her father-in-law's time members of the imperial family, among them Alexandra Feodorowna, the wife of Nicolai I, would frequently come to visit from the nearby castle Katharinenthal, their summerhouse. One of the Kosch houses was where Felix and his siblings played chamber music (see the page "Hausmusik") in later years, when Ida Koch was the hostess.

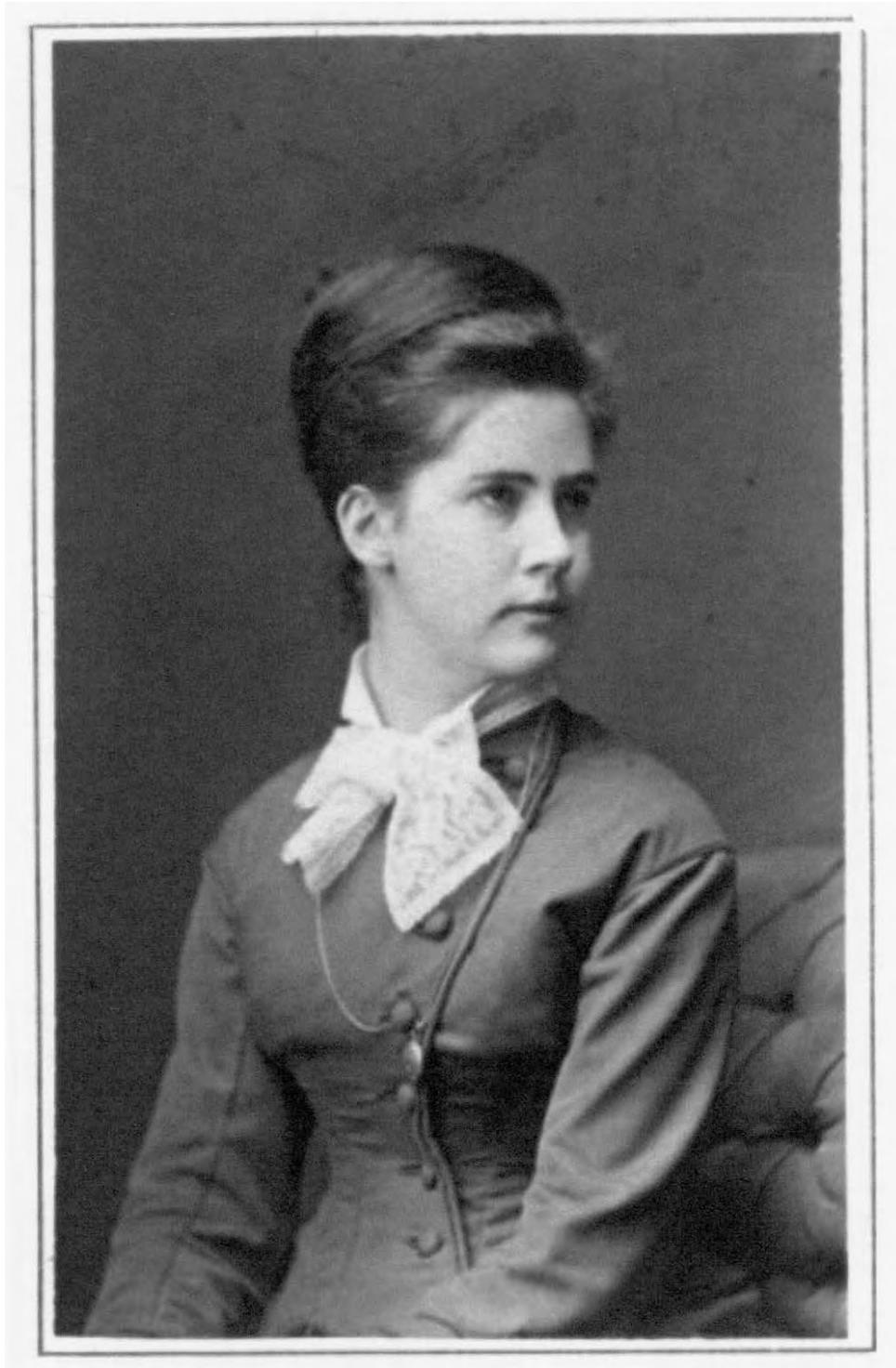
As the wife of a banker and diplomat Molly spent much time being a hostess and she was always dressed and coiffed by the time any of her eight children would get to see her. Never did they get a glimpse of her in a bathrobe. She had a wonderful sense of humor and would joke and laugh with her children. In the morning she got up early and would first discuss the day's program with her staff and then attend to her correspondence or visit friends and relatives; in the afternoon she would entertain her guests. Though not a member of the aristocracy, she was totally at ease with her many aristocratic visitors. She was very generous and invariably responded to the many letters she received asking for money, advice or comfort. She was never angry or heard scolding any of her staff.

Misi described her thus: "She was tall and slender and of an impressive appearance. Her brown hair was parted and artlessly framed her youthful, happy face with the brilliantly blue eyes. She had a porcelain complexion and blushed easily."

Isn't it a comfort how after enough time we get to be saints?

"Alt Kosch"





Molly von Wendrich, nee von Glehn
1853 – 1940

(niece of Molly von Glehn Koch and friend of Julie von Glehn (my great grandmother))

This is the front or possibly the garden side-view of the Säfteigen/von Glehn mansion on 24 Garden Street (Aia Tennav) in Reval (Tallinn). It was built by my great grandfather Säfteigen for his family after his retirement. He had immigrated to Russia from his hometown of Meran in Italy, and was a jeweler.

His daughter Julia married Edmund A. von Glehn. They had ten children, of whom only six lived; the eldest was Felix, my grandfather, who sold the house hastily in 1918 and fled from the Russian Revolution. He went to Germany with his 9-year-old daughter Margarethe (who was my mother), and his three sisters and brother Roman. His youngest brother Walter had been drafted into the Russian army.

The photo may have been taken between 1900 and 1910. My guess is that the house was built around 1875.



Revised 1/31/2017

My cousin Andreas v. Glehn* took this photo of the front of the house when he visited Tallinn in 1999. He was met by an old woman there, who spoke only Russian and Estonian. She said it belonged to the Estonian state and was then a children's home.

When Janet and I visited Tallinn in 2007 we were deeply disappointed to find only a huge modern sports hotel at the site on Aia Street.

My mother lived in this house from 1909 to 1918. She wrote:



Glehn House 1999 on Aia Street in Tallinn

My grandfather Säfftigen had our mansion built at the outskirts of Reval with a big park behind it. At the sides were the two "cavalier houses": one for guests and the other for the laundry-kitchen and the living quarters for the footman and his wife. They were identical. My grandfather lived on the first floor and his daughter Julie with her family in the second floor. The third floor I never saw. There were guest rooms and rooms to store unwanted furniture. The kitchen was in the basement plus the living quarters for the cook and the maids.

*Andreas and I were first cousins once removed. That is, my mother Margarethe (Mutti) and Andreas were first cousins. Margarethe's father, Felix, and Andreas's father, Roman (Romo) were brothers. Their parents were Edmund August v. Glehn and Julie v. Glehn (nee Safftigen).

Note: There is also a mansion called Hohenhaupt outside Reval, in the suburb on Nömme which was built by Peter v. Glehn (1796-1843).



Edmund A. and Julie v. Glehn



EDMUND AUGUST V. GLEHN ~1875

Wrong



Getting warmer



Wrongish



Right!

Handwritten signature

2/24/2013

Mutti about Julie von Glehn

*G*rossmama Glehn had ten children and no sense of humor. Two of them were stillborn and two died, so the only ones left were my father, the oldest, three sisters, and two younger boys. One of them was Walter, the youngest, and he was my friend. He was only twelve years older than I. Every morning when I came for breakfast I heard strange sounds of pain from the adjacent chamber: the maid servant was squeezing her (Julie) into her corset. On one occasion Walter was there for breakfast at the same time as I. There was an iron law in our house that you must speak faultless French. Grossmama came in for breakfast and Walti, as I used to call him, said with an evil grin: "Sil vous plais un peu de bon café". It should have been: "du bon café", whereupon my grandmother picked up her Meissen cap and retired to her own chamber. Such deplorable French no educated person could suffer. Walti grinned — and I grinned back — we were rid of her. When Walti had finished High School he immediately was drafted into the (Russian) army of WW, but I don't want to write about that.



reat
grand-
mothers



9/04/2000

The German- and Russian- dominated Reval of the nineteenth century is a lost world. The city lives on as Tallinn, capital of Estonia, and we may hope it will now forever live free from foreign oppression. A century ago Estonia was part of Russia and the Czar was the ultimate authority. In the capital of Reval, however, the Germans ruled the city as they had for hundreds of years. But both the Russian and the German power were coming to an end with the century. While the Czar (Nicholas II), whose grandfather had been killed by terrorists, visited Estonia, his visits were encumbered by security worries. When my mother was a little girl, she often walked with her nursemaid on the main street of Reval. She remembers one day when an officer on horseback shooed them into a side street as the Czar's carriage was coming through.

My two great-grandmothers, Mathilde Bernhard and Julie von Glehn, were best friends long before they were in-laws. They had a lot in common. Both were of predominantly German origin and their families had done well for themselves in the Czar's service. Mathilde had been a nursemaid for the Czar's (Alexander III) children. She was the daughter of a Scotsman, John Smith, who had come to the court as an English teacher, and a lady-in-waiting to the Czarina, Charlotte Tiesenhausen. Julie was the daughter of Konstantin Säfftigen, a court jeweler, who in his later years had built a mansion in Reval on Aia (=garden) street, not far from the house on Pikk (=long) street, where the Bernhards lived. For us the only tangible connections with Mathilde are the silver spoons with the "MB" initials, part of her daughter's dowry. Yes, there was also the "imperial handkerchief", a gift from Maria Alexandrovna, (wife of Alexander II), which my mother had treasured for many years; I think Holger has it now.



When Julie's son, Felix, and Mathilde's daughter, Margarethe, were babies around 1880, the two mothers walked in the park outside the city walls side by side, pushing their baby carriages, long dresses sweeping the ground with their hems, large-brimmed hats and maybe parasols. Much later, when the children had grown and promised themselves to marry some day, the mothers still walked in the same park. Margarethe was said to have taken a photo of them on their walk and with a wicked sense of humor to have called it the "Gemütter", which roughly translates into a nonsense word like "motherthing". Perhaps she wanted to call attention to their inseparability.

Revised 2/3/2013

ROMAN V. GLEHN



11/12/2002

My mother wrote:

Roman was called Romo. He studied economy at Leipzig, but had to interrupt his studies because of World War I. He served in the Russian army. He nearly died from typhoid fever (Fleckfieber) but survived, came back to Reval, started as a worker at a cellulose plant and, as he was very capable and intelligent, he worked his way up to be a director or, as you would say here, vice president of the plant. He married Margarethe (Grittel) Koch, "The rose of Estonia", as she was called. He was either killed or shot himself during their flight from East Germany to the West during World War II. They had five children. The oldest boy died as a baby. Then there was Roma, who died from kidney trouble, Gita, who is in a wheelchair, Amata who is a secretary and Andreas, who is a businessman. They all live in Stockholm in Sweden.

Andreas has confirmed that his father was shot by the Nazis in the last days of the war for sympathizing with Jews. The entire celluloid plant had been moved to Leslau (now Poland) by the Nazis in 1939. Roman was probably running it during the war. Margarethe, Andreas' mother, fled from the Russians in 1945 just as my mother did. They ended up in Hamburg. As Margarethe had been studying art in Sweden before the war and even had a house there (?), it was possible to get her family out of Germany early.

Another version of Roman's death was told by Amata. The family, including Roman, fled before the Russians from Leslau in a trek of wagons. They came to a halt and Roman and another man went to find out why. Only the other man came back. Grittel had to drive on with her family and reached West Germany. Then that man told her that Roman had been killed by a shot - maybe by mistake (friendly fire).



Roman von Glehn was Mutti's uncle (a brother of her father Felix). Roma was Roman's oldest daughter (b. 1926) so this photo is probably from 1927

2/25/03

**Margarethe von Glehn
(nee Koch)**

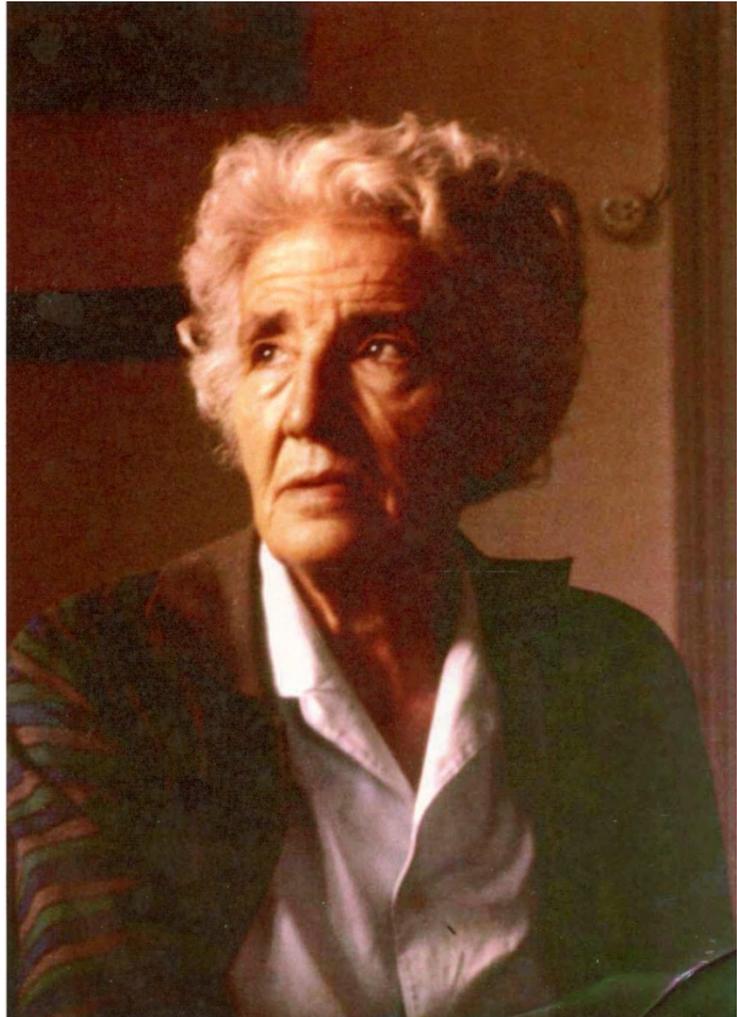
Margarethe, nicknamed Grittel, was the wife of Roman von Glehn (nicknamed Romo) and the mother of Andreas and Amata, both of whom we met on our trip to Stockholm in 2001.

Grittel Koch had lived and studied in Sweden before she married in 1923 and joined her husband in Estonia; she may even have owned a house there from what Andreas told me.

The family was relocated in 1939 to Leslau, Wloclawek, Poland. During the war Roman worked for *Weichselmuehlen AG*, a cellulose plant there. Many Jews were killed by the Nazis during that time, and Andreas recalls that when he was about six years old he would come upon strangers in his home standing on the steps to the basement; they were secretly being brought to safety.

In the last days of the war Romo was shot. Andreas doesn't know how; Paulsen says the Volksturm (civilians in a last-ditch defense against the Russians) did it by mistake. Amata told me that Roman was shot investigating a gun-shot while escaping with his family from Leslau in 1945.

Grittel and her five children (age 8 to 19) got away from the Russians in 1945 by horse-drawn vehicle pretty much like we did. They came first to Hamburg and lived there for a while until Grittel could get them out of Germany, probably on the strength of her prewar ties to Sweden. Andreas recalls bad days in his school time: the Swedish children called him Nazi and beat up on him.



We have a letter (written in German) dated 3/17/2008 from Christel's husband, Hein Hoffman with this translation of Estonian text from the Internet concerning the Glehn's musical life.

Alfred von Glehn's father, Edmund Theophil von Glehn (1800 – 1884) was a medical doctor, having inherited the Russian title of nobility (*the "von"*) from his father. Alfred was the youngest of six sons and two daughters in his family . All the sons studied at the Government Gymnasium (*this being the name of the **Domschule** in Russification times*).

In the von Glehn family much music was made. The oldest of Alfred's siblings, the businessman Edmund Theophil (1840- 1902), played the violin and was one of the founders of the Reval chamber music society in 1888 and also an active member thereof until his death. Many of (*Alfred's*) brother Edmund's children were good musicians, meaning they were able to play several instruments.

Felix von Glehn (*Mutti's father*) played the violin, Roman von Glehn was a capable cello player (he was, e.g., participant in the Aino Tammes concert of 1926), Walther von Glehn played violin and viola; he gave solo concerts. Moreover he was a member of the orchestra of the "Estonian Theater" and played the viola in a string quartet with Johannes Paulsen, Alfred Pappmehl and Raymund Bööcke.



Glehnische Hausmusik

10/24/2002

Hausmusik is, as you might guess, music made at home by amateurs. The Glehn family loved classical music and was good at playing it. Edmund v. Glehn had taught himself to play the piano. At parties he would sit down at the piano and entertain the guests with waltzes, some of which he had written himself. My mother also played the piano very well and was invited to perform during her high school functions. She had memorized some of Grosspapa Glehn's waltzes and thought they were very good. Felix, her father, was an accomplished violinist and owned an Amati violin according to my mother's foster sister Lotte.

Helmut Dehio writes in a memoir included in the Koch family story (*Geschichte der Familie Koch*, p.181) that his aunt, Ida Koch, made a tradition of arranging concerts at the family's vacation house on summer evenings. These must have taken place in the years prior to WW I. He reports that all the players of string quartets and piano quintets were from the sibling circle of the Glehn family. That would have been Felix and his youngest brother Walter on violins, another brother Roman on the cello and Agnes playing the piano. I can't tell who could have been the fifth player. Dehio also fondly remembers musical evenings at the Glehn's town house.

Agnes and Walter both eventually became music teachers; the others remained active amateurs throughout their lives. Mutti told me that her father's repertory included such difficult music as the Chaconne of J.S.Bach and the Beethoven and Tchaikowsky violin concerti. He would sometimes visit Zigahnen, where Mutti and Lotte grew up, and would play music with them there. He assigned different sonatas to the girls: Mutti was to practice Mozart sonatas and Lotte was given Beethoven's *Champagne* Sonata.

In the photo of the trio making music in the Glehn house on 12 Garden street in 1902 (or so) we see Agnes, Walter and Roman. The portrait on the wall is of their mother, Julie, painted by the German painter Kaulbach.



Kellinghusen 23. II 61.

Mein liebster Herzensliebster -
Danke dir 1000x für deinen
so lieben Brief - u. die Beant-
wortung aller meiner heiklen
Fragen! Mein Armes, Du tust mir
so leid
so auf
Deiner
rechner
drüber
geant
viele
Schwe
Wir
in G
mein
chen



AGNES V. GLEHN ~ 1900

Agnes v. Glehn was my grandfather Felix's sister. She raised my mother in her mother's stead. She was a piano teacher and spoke French fluently. After moving to Germany with the other Glehns in 1939 she became a companion to Marie (Miederle) Frankenberg, who lived on an estate (Seubersdorf) near Zigahnen, where my mother grew up. There she could visit her and she often stayed over. There were many stories she delighted in telling about Miederle and her butler, Kleinfeld, and her lap dog, a dwarf dachshund. When Miederle died, Agnes moved together with her friend, Mariechen Buddenbrock. After the collapse of Germany in 1945, she and Mariechen came to live in Kellinghusen, Schleswig Holstein, not far from Glücksburg. Unfortunately we never got to visit her there, travel being difficult then. In 1961 Agnes wrote a letter to my mother shortly before her death, addressing my mother as "Tibsichen" (little chicken) and signing as "Tannebia", as my mother called her as a child.

**Felix and Agnes
von Glehn
about 1883**





EMMY, ALICE, AGNES, AND FELIX V. GLEHN 1885

Letter from Agnes v. Glehn to Margarethe Luther

February 23, 1961

My dearest heart Tibsichen (little chicken)

Thank you 1000 X for your dear letter - and for answering all my troubling questions! My poor child, I am so sorry that once again I upset you so much - I can tell just by looking at your handwriting!! I very much appreciate your answers and give you much credit for answering so willingly and painstakingly. May God give you much joy, many blessings after this difficult passage in your life. We are so far from each other, but in my thoughts I embrace you and press your dear little head to my loving heart so you might know how sorry I am for you and much I feel for you! How I would love to take away all the bad times and know that you feel safe and happy with your beloved Lars! - I would be very pleased to get a picture of Holger as you promised - but don't do this, if it is expensive - I am sure that you must save every penny!

Now I must tell you, that I have felt very poorly this last fall and winter – to my despair I have suffered from diarrhea every day – sometimes more, sometimes less – but always abnormal stools. My dear lady doctor has given me different medications - unfortunately none have worked! Now she is sending me to our local hospital to have my stomach, liver and gall bladder looked at and to get an X-ray. I am now already waiting for several days - but unfortunately I have to continue waiting until a bed is available, since the hospital is full!! And that is very annoying on one hand, but on the other I am pleased every evening to be able to lie down on my own lovely bed and to sleep by myself and take care of everything alone rather than in public. My dearest – as soon as I know anything for sure, I will write. My loving, golden Mariechen has made it easier for me as much as she could and has taken over all the burdensome tasks – and has brought me out into the fresh air whenever the weather has been mild and quiet – which I am infinitely grateful for. Fortunately this winter we have had almost no snow or frost – still the cold has bothered me a lot and may possibly be the cause of my illness. Work and reading help marvelously to be able to deal with waiting and nervousness. Now I will close with 1000 warm wishes for you, my darling heart, may God bless you and always protect you – you and your loved ones. 1000 thanks again for all your answers from your old Tannebia.



Alice and Friends

10/18/2009

This is Alice (pronounced “Aleese”), Alice von Glehn. The time is around 1910, the place is her parent’s Victorian parlor on #12 Aia (Garden) Street in Reval, Estonia.* She is the younger sister of my grandfather Felix von Glehn. In 1912 she married Erwin Bernhard, the younger brother of my grandmother, Margarethe Mathilde Bernhard, a case of a sister marrying a brother-in-law. The marriage didn’t last long. She had an affair with a Russian officer, and her mother-in-law, Mathilde Bernhard, insisted on a divorce. Within eight years the Russian Revolution began to unfold, driving Felix to sell the house and flee the country with his family, including my mother, who was born in 1909.



Emilie, Alice’s grandmother, is the lady in the large oil portrait, which had been painted around 1840 in Munich by W. Kaulbach. Emilie was the center of another family scandal. That is why Edmund and she were living in Munich for two years.

So what do you think? Is this before or after her brief marriage? The picture is posed, but she is not smiling as in the previous picture. My mother was a small child then, and this was the time she remembers, when her father regularly had chamber music evenings with his family and friends, when her younger brothers, Romo and Walter regularly got drunk at the tavern, and when her grandmother every morning was painfully harnessed into her corset by the maid.

Alice earned a living as a teacher (languages, probably) in Germany and lived through two World Wars. In 1947 she was living with her sister Agnes in Kellinghusen, Holstein.

My mother told me that her uncle Erwin saw a picture of Alice in my mother’s room after she had returned to Estonia in 1929 and had been adopted by him. As she told it, he said to her: “Gretel, don’t ever get divorced”.

* My mother had told me # 24 Aia Street, but the Glehn family album says # 12.

On the previous page Alice is shown posing in front of a painting, probably a portrait of Emilie von Glen, wife of Edmund Theophil, the physician. Here is another view of the same painting.

The painter Wilhelm Kaulbach, famous enough to rate his own entry in the Encyclopedia Britannica, painted in Munich from 1825 until his death in 1874. Paulsen notes that Edmund Theophil v.Glehn was a friend of his and that Edmund's first three children (Edmund A., Alexander W., and Emil C.) were born in Munich, over the period from 1840 to 1845.

The v.Glehn family then moved to Reval, where the other five children were born (Emilie in 1846, Ernst in 1848 – he only lived for a year, Paul F. in 1851, Molly in 1853 and Constantin A. in 1858).

Edmund August was born in 1840 and would have been five at the time they left Munich. It is therefore quite likely that the portrait of the small child holding a book is that of the oldest, Edmund Augustus. A photo of this portrait was labeled *Glehnsches Kind* by someone in the Romo Glehn family, likely Margarethe (Grittel), who may have saved the photo by removing it from a (heavy) album in 1945 before fleeing from the Russians.

Kaulbach painted the mother, Emilie, twice, once in the grand style and once in a smaller portrait with the "Italian straw hat" my mother remembered. That may be the portrait hanging on the wall in the Haus Music photo. I can't see a hat on the lady, but maybe she is holding it.





My mother wrote about Alice several times:

Alice was beautiful. Studied French in Switzerland and tutored people in that language. Married Uncle Erwin Bernhard, my mother's brother, and got divorced because of my grandmother Bernard.

Uncle Erwin's first wife was my father's youngest sister, Alice, whom he adored. She was beautiful but, regrettably, lacked intelligence. The whole thing went wrong. They got divorced because Grandma demanded it – as far as I know. They both continued, especially Uncle Erwin, to love each other. One of those tragedies.

When Aunt Alice decided to marry Erwin he carried her in her arms through all three stories at Grandpa's house. For a time they lived at St. Petersburg, but the whole thing went wrong. Grandma demanded the divorce . . . Erwin and Alice regretted it all their life long. Aunt Alice once said to me, "Gretel, never get divorced, you hear me!". Uncle Erwin stood before her photo, which I had on my writing table (she was beautiful) and stared at her picture with great sadness. I removed the picture. (Mothers-in-law, keep out of the lives of your children, that I learned from this tragedy.)

Note: My mother did at one time say that Alice had had an affair with a Russian officer and that was why Mathilde Bernhard insisted on the divorce.

Trio D dur.

1. Ouverture à la française.
Con discrezione (Lento.)

Violino I.
(Flauto.)

Johann Ludwig Krebs (1713-80).
Bearbeitung von Hugo Riemann.

6 *dim.*

10

13 *ff*

17 *piu*

20 **Vivace. (Fuga)**

27 *sf*

34 *f*

41 **B** *cresc.* *f*

47 *f* *dim.* *mf*



Felix von Glehn 1879 - 1940

This is what my mother wrote about her parents in her Family History. I have edited it slightly for clarity:

Felix von Glehn

(My father)

My father was the oldest of the ten children of my grandparents, Edmund and Julie Säftigen. He was very handsome and very gifted, and my grandmother adored him. Grandma Glehn and Grandma Bernhard, Mutti's maternal grandmother, were close friends at this time, and their two children, Felix and Margarethe, were packed into one baby carriage, and the two mothers were always sticking together. The two children grew up together. My mother was the dearest friend of Tante Agnes, Felix's sister. She, Agnes, was sometimes annoyed with Grete, because when she came to visit, my mother plunged into a book and got lost in her reading. But Felix and Grete both were determined to marry each other. My mother waited nine years until my father had finished his studies as a chemist and a violinist. He started to play as soloist. But he suffered badly of stage fright, and once his mind went blank out of fear, and he had to quit his concert. He never tried again.

My mother was courted by many young men, among them Dimitri Muschketoff, who was so rich, that he did not know how much land he owned in Siberia. Grandma liked Dimitri; so did Uncle Erwin. They all tried to persuade my mother to choose him, but she wanted Felix only. Finally they got married and moved to St. Petersburg where he had a job as a chemist. Her first child, a boy, was a stillbirth. Pretty soon she was pregnant with me. She wanted to have her child in the house of her parents, so in her eighth month she set out for Reval. But at Narva, at the frontier of Estonia, suddenly the premature birth started. She was brought to a hospital and I was born at 3 o'clock in the morning. After nine days a blood clot entered her heart. She just bent over me, and fell over and was dead.

This blow my father never overcame. It really was the end of his life. Often he sat down to the piano and played "Death and the Maiden" by Schubert – the significance of it I understood much later. He was a broken man. His second sister Emmy somehow got him under her influence, which became more and more total after he had to flee from Reval and lost everything. The end was a tragedy. He was but her baby and totally dependent on her. He first contracted tuberculosis in his lungs, which got healed, but a little later he miserably died from cancer of his stomach.

I shall not write up all the details of this tragedy – it hurts too much. He was a splendid musician, and Lo Cardinal still holds that she never heard anybody play Bach's great Chaconne better than he did.

Ancestors of Felix v. Glehn

Peter Gottlieb v. Glehn

b: 1753
m: 1798 in London ?
d: 1823 in London ?

Edmund Theophil v. Glehn

b: January 3, 1800
m: September 4, 1840 in Reval, Estonia
d: January 20, 1884

Margaretha Elizabeth Clayhills

Edmund August v. GLEHN

b: October 16, 1841 in Munich, Germany
m: Oct 18, 1878 in St. Petersburg, Russia
d: June 21, 1902 in Tallin, Estonia

Emilie Auguste Rosenbaum

b: June 4, 1820
d: January 17, 1894

Felix v. Glehn

b: December 11, 1879 in Tallin, Estonia
m: December 1, 1908 in Tallin, Estonia
d: Mar 25, 1940 in Waldenburg, Germany

Konstantin Saefftigen

b: January 26, 1814
d: April 3, 1886 in Reval Estonia

Julie Anna SAEFFTIGEN

b: August 14, 1857 in Meran, Italy?
d: December 27, 1919 in Oliva, ?

Julie Kaemmerer

b: September 20, 1816
d: May 11, 1900

A Postcard for Felix



1.

2/10/2005

Sometime in 1903 this post card was put in the mail in Reval, Estonia, to Mr. Felix v. Glehn, my grandfather, who at the time was a 24-year-old chemistry student in Riga, Latvia. Notice that it is a Russian postcard with Russian stamps. The cancellation stamps say PEBEAb, which is the Russian way of spelling Reval, and the date may have been the 23 of Feb. (II in Roman numerals), but I can't say for sure. It is addressed to Herrn Felix v. Glehn; Herrn is short for "An Herrn", German for "To Mr", and the short text on the other side of the post card is also in German. This illustrates nicely how German-speaking people living in Estonia at that time were using the Russian post office, because the country was part of Russia, but continued speaking and writing in their mother tongue.

The post card is signed by "Mary". I am guessing this was Mary von Husen, wife of the Danish consul in Reval and a friend of the Glehns. She got to be the godmother of my mother when my mother was born in 1909. She wrote about the building featured on the post card and has identified it as the ??? theater, but I can't decipher the name. It's not important probably, but here is what she wrote:

"It's not beautiful, is it? Cordial greetings from Grete. Grete is acting crazy today, as you sometimes did. No matter, Grete says hello. Greetings from Andreas (Mary's husband, I think). Signed "Mary"

This somewhat ditzzy message which seems to have been composed in bits and pieces judging from the different handwriting styles probably says: Grete loves you. Now Grete, I am sure, is my future grandmother, Margarethe Bernhard. While Felix and Grete were not yet engaged, they had promised each other that they would get married sometime. It is possible that it would not have been proper for her to write herself, or maybe she just didn't feel like writing that day.

When I was about 17 years old I visited Mary v. Husen in Denmark. She and her husband had opted not to leave Estonia in 1939 when most Baltic-Germans did. Perhaps they thought they had diplomatic immunity. Well, the communists deported them to a camp in Siberia, where her husband died. She survived and eventually made it to safety in the West. Unfortunately I don't remember anything about the visit.



Here are notes from Julie v. Glehn about Felix and Grete's wedding

8/15/1906 Yesterday declaration of engagement of Grete and Felix. Now congratulations from everywhere, pleasant evening in the family with Felix his good old self. Now start the visits for them and a wonderful free time.

8/26 Now my boy is gone again, my dear good boy. May God protect him. Today on the 27th he is already so far away from home, so awfully far. And who knows when we shall see each other again. Separation and avoidanee, that is life!!!

11/28/1906 Today my boy is 27 years old. May God protect him. How the years have flown by and yet I see everything as clearly as if it had happened yesterday. Today I read a poem by Th. Storm to his sons: " Always be truthful..." etc.

9/21/1907 Was this ever a day today. Who could have known in the morning how wonderful the day would turn out to be. (Felix (27) has found a job and this great worrisome wish has come true. How soon my prayer was answered, how wonderful life is now.

11/26 We travel with Gretel to Ptbg to find an apartment.

1908 Today Matilde traveled to Ptbg in order to make a home for the children, came home on the 9th with Felix as a surprise. On the 12th (December)* at 4 pm the wedding ceremony took place in the Olai church. Pastor Winkler gave a very good speech and exhorted them to honor their vows, an exhortation which is quite appropriate considering the views of today's generation, while I am sure that the two children who have been faithful to each other for seven years will continue to be steadfast until God's will parts them, may they have a long rich happiness... After the ceremony there was a reception in the house and they came to us for tea before their departure.

** Julie uses the Russian calendar, which is ahead of the Western (Gregorian) we use which reports the marriage date as 12/1/1908.*



My grandparents, Felix and Margarethe Mathilde (“Gretel”) v.Glehn, started their married life in 1908 in St Petersburg, which is about 200 km from Reval. That was a long distance at that time, but there was no national border. When my mother, Margarethe Maria, was due to be born, her mother took the train from St. Petersburg to Reval. Halfway there she had to get off in the small Estonian town of Narva because the baby was on her way. Tragically Margarethe Mathilde died of an embolism a few days after giving birth.

My mother has written an adoring tribute to her mother, collecting all the little things she heard relatives say about her. I hope you can find it in her collection of stories about her relatives. But it is not much and there are no heirlooms either. All those got lost in the two great wars that shook Europe in the next 50 years. My grandfather “abandoned” my mother, as she says, and it sounds true enough. Once, after she had moved back to Reval and lived with her mother’s brother, Erwin, she made a long train trip to Silesia, Germany, to visit her father and to bring him some money that a relative in Reval had given her to take to him. The little photo, which I believe was taken on that occasion, shows her looking away from the camera unhappily. Many years later in the nursing home she talked bitterly about that visit. Her father wouldn’t talk to her and she despised Emmy, Felix’s sister who lived with him.



Felix, Margarethe (my mother), unknown and Emmy, ca. 1930



Mutti's mother

Margarethe Mathilda von Glehn

10/9/1879 - 7/4/1909



Grosspapa and Grossmama
Bernhard

STAATSRAT ERWIN V BERNHARD
AND MATHILDE NEE SMITH

10/18/02

In the summer of 2002 Winfred Bernhard sent me this picture of my maternal great grandparents. My mother often reminisced about “Grossmama Bernhard” and how as a small girl she loved to visit her apartment on the Langstrasse in Reval. This apartment was on the top floor of an old house built directly into the much, much older town wall of the city, so that one of its many defense towers became an integral part of the house. Grosspapa Erwin had set up his study in the top floor. He was an architect for the city and among his duties was restoration and maintenance of the old fortifications.

One little pun he was said to have shared with his architect friend had its basis in their common work. A “Tor” in German can mean both a gate and a fool; “Torheit” means foolishness. So one of the two architects points to the city gate he has been restoring and says: “Das ist meine Torheit”. And then, pointing at the other’s similar project: “und das ist deine Torheit.”

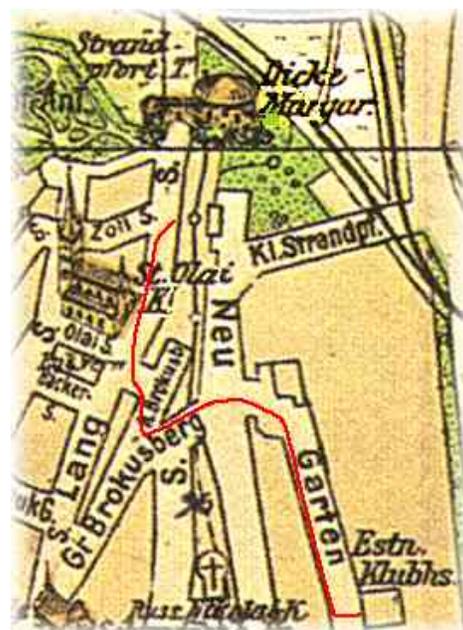
The apartment had a fine view of the harbor and also of the newer part of the city outside the city wall. That’s where the Glehn’s magnificent house was located. My mother said that some mornings my grandmother would wave from her balcony over to greet her fiancée, Felix. When my mother was a very small girl she lived with the Bernhards. She remembers her grandfather playing piano for her: lively music to dance to and sweet lullabies at bedtime. Later she lived at the Glehns with her father but would make a weekly visit to her widowed Grossmama Bernhard. Her nurse Ilinka would dress her warmly and walk her the ca. 1000 feet, not as the crow flies, believe it, in the crooked old streets to 64 Langstrasse.

She remembers the scary dark spiral staircase in the tower, which apparently led to a back door of the apartment. Her happiest memory was of blowing soap bubbles from the balcony and watching them float gently down the long distance to the ground.

My mother’s walk from her father Glehn’s house to her Grossmama Bernhards apartment.

I believe that the Glehn house later became the Estonian Club and that the small circle to the left of the Langstrasse marks the tower of the Bernhards.

Note the Dicke Margarethe at the Strandpforte and the St. Olai church.



Four Generations of Bernhards



Rudolph
Gothelf
Bernhard
1852 - 1914



Erwin
Gothelf
Bernhard
1852 - 1914



Ida Bernhard
1885 - 1943



Margarethe
Mathilde
Bernhard
1879 - 1909



Erwin
Bernhard
1881 - 1938



Margarethe
Maria von Glehn
1909 - 2001

*I found this article in a Russian encyclopedia in the Lehigh University Library. It is the **Encyclopedia Slovar**, edition 1905 by **Brockhaus**. I had been made aware of the article's existence by a letter written by Ida Herrmann, Senta's mother. It translates freely as follows:*

Бернгардъ (Рудольфъ Богдановичъ, 1819—87)—одинъ изъ лучшихъ русскихъ зна-токовъ строительнаго искусства, сынъ ре-вельскаго архитектора, началъ свое образо-вание въ существовавшей въ Спб. архитек-турной школѣ Толя и блестяще окончилъ его въ строительномъ училищѣ (нынѣшнемъ ин-ститутѣ гражданскихъ инженеровъ). Вслѣдъ затѣмъ ему были поручены по вѣдомству пу-тей сообщенія важныя работы, между про-чимъ облицовка заново гранитомъ береговъ р. Фонтанки. Позже онъ занималъ должно-сти архитектора одной изъ частей Петербур-га, городского архитектора, директора стро-ительнаго училища и члена технического ко-митета министерства внутреннихъ дѣлъ. Въ 1864 г. акад. художествъ присоединила его къ своему составу въ качествѣ почетнаго волн. общника, а въ 1870 г. присудила ему званіе профессора. Въ теченіе многихъ лѣтъ онъ преподавалъ въ ней строительное искусство. Онъ славился въ особенности какъ знатокъ конструкции куполовъ и потому многократно получалъ отъ правительства порученія сви-дѣтельствовать нововоздвигаемыя купольныя церкви въ разныхъ мѣстахъ имперіи, руко-водить подобными постройками и исправлять поврежденія въ уже существующихъ цер-квяхъ. Важнѣйшія сооруженія его въ Спб.— зданіе евангелическаго госпиталя и домъ германскаго посольства.

Bernhard (*Rudolph Bogdanovich*, 1819-87) - One of the best Russian architects, son of a Reval architect, began his professional education at the St.Petersburg architectural school TOL and completed it with honors at the present Institute of Civil Engineering. On the strength of his record he was given important assignments by the ministry of transportation, among others the cladding of the banks of the Fontanka river with granite. Afterwards he successively took positions as an architect of the city of St.Petersburg, as a director of the architectural school and as a member of the technical committee of the ministry of Internal Affairs. In 1864 he consulted for the Academy of Arts and in 1870 he was elected to be professor and he taught architecture there for many years. He was especially famous for his expertise in the construction of domes and that is why he was asked many times by the government to inspect newly constructed cathedral domes at various

locations in the empire and to manage such construction and to repair existing damage in such churches. The most important of his buildings in St. Petersburg are the Evangelical Hospital and the building of the German Embassy.

I find one thing in this article especially interesting: his expertise in dome construction. Family lore, not always reliable, has it that the Tsar had asked Rudolph to go to Rome to assist with repair of the great St. Peter's Basilica. It seems that the dome had developed a crack that defied the efforts of the local architects. Rudolph found that a window below the dome had been bricked up at some time and declared this to be the cause of the problem. The window was opened up again and the crack disappeared.

4/8/2003 – I obtained an article about Rudolph in the Deutsch-Baltisches Biographisches Lexicon. It lists among his accomplishments: 1878 Member of the International Commission for the Investigation of the Stability of the Peter's Church in Rome

The Bernhards

By Margarethe Maria von Glehn Luther

as part of her Family History – 1980

According to Senta, the Bernhards came to Thuringia from Hungary around the year 1000 A.D.

Gottlieb Bernhard was a minister. He fought a duel which was forbidden by law and therefore he fled to Russia with his family. (He is my great-great grandfather.) They lived in great poverty, if it was eastern Estonia or already Russia, I do not know. Gottlieb died young. His son, Theodore (or Bogdan in Russian) wanted to be an architect. He went to St. Petersburg to study. But as he was so poor he could not rent a room and slept under the bridge of the Neva River. The next I know about him is that he advanced to be the Private Architect of the Czar. He built churches all over Russia (Senta). I think his wife was a von Jaeger, but I have forgotten her first name. They had many children: the twins Erwin (my grandfather) and August (Senta's husband's father), and a daughter Ida (Senta's mother).

St. Peter's Church in Rome had a crack which no architect could repair. It broke open again and again. The Czar decided to send them his architect to help. Old Theodore looked the case over, discovered that one window of the Church had been closed and filled in with masonry. He decided that this caused a wrong pull on the wall, had the window reopened, the crack was mended and held tight. The Czar was so proud of his architect that he gave him the medal of St. Ann with four big diamonds and knighted him with a big title and great privileges. One of those privileges was that he did not need to carry a passport and had the liberty to travel wherever he wanted. (Aunt Alice Glehn Bernhard).

My grandfather Erwin Bernhard became an architect, too, and earned a title of Titular Rat. (I have no idea what that meant.) His twin brother August studied music and became the President of the Conservatory at St. Petersburg, which was under the special protection of the Great Duchess Maria Alexandrovna. My grandmother Mathilde Smith Bernhard was her lady-in-waiting.

My grandparents Erwin and Mathilde had two children: my mother, Margarethe Mathilde, and Erwin August (my beloved Uncle Erwin). They settled in Reval, now Tallinn on the map, the capital of Estonia, which at the time of the Czar was a Russian province. We all were Russian subjects. My grandfather was one of the two town architects. He died when I was four years old. I simply adored him; he was goodness and kindness in person. He was the one who first taught me music appreciation. Every morning he played the piano for me, and I danced through the whole apartment. When I was put to bed and was deadly afraid of the: darkness alone, he played again the piano for me until I fell asleep, comforted and happy. He had his house built at the town wall, including one of the old towers. The view over the harbor and the Finnish sea is unforgettable to me. He chose for himself the highest level of his house, I think because of that magnificent view, and rented out the two other stories.

Grandma Bernhard was a highly educated and intelligent lady. She was an absolute perfectionist, what she did, she did perfectly. I think, she ruled the roost. She spoke fluently Russian, French, German, English and as much Estonian as she needed to converse with her maid – Lisa who served her for thirty years and belonged to the family.

Uncle Erwin studied engineering. But he was a very good businessman. He worked for the Luther plywood plant first at St. Petersburg, later at Reval. He had the reputation of great intelligence, so that his Jewish friends said that he could easily be one of them. He was very witty and many people feared his sharp wit. He helped many, many people but never talked about it. He played the violin and had a collection of old Italian violins: a Stradivari, an Amati, a Guarneri cello, a Ventapana viola, and others. He gave them to talented people to play, except his beloved Amati. He loved sailing. We went every summer sailing together. Tante Annemarie never went with us. He had the most beautiful yacht I ever have seen: it was built by Estlander, the best boat builder in Finland. Its name was "Ariel". In former times he went hunting. He read voraciously; I remember that he devoured a book a day. When something went wrong in the plant or office, he was called on. If something new had to be organized, he had to do it. He loved fun, and we two had endless fun together; I know that he loved me and was even proud (???) of me. Nothing was

good enough for me. I loved to dance, but no ball was safe enough or decent enough for me to attend. Only one occasion was allowed – the annual ball of the Countess Stackelberg. (So I danced alone on the dining room table, to learn not to fall off. Or I trained to dance the staircase up and down – of course, the waltz.)

Uncle Erwin's first wife was my father's youngest sister, Alice, whom he adored. She was beautiful but, regrettably, lacked intelligence. The whole thing went wrong. They got divorced because Grandma demanded it – as far as I know. They both continued, especially Uncle Erwin, to love each other. One of those tragedies.

Later he married Annemarie, Baroness Stackelberg from Hördel. There were hundreds of Stackelbergs, and they were ordered or put into pigeonholes according to their estates. Tante Annemarie was very intelligent, very charming, a real grande dame but perfectly natural and with a kind of democratic attitude. Not like the rest of those aristocrats on their small kingdoms of estates who looked at you through their nostrils only. She was that which you call in this country straight-forward. This little story, which she told me herself, shows that best. After the Germans had taken Reval in World War I, the brother of Kaiser Wilhelm II, Prince Heinrich, was to visit Reval. The big house or mansion of Tante Annemarie's grandmother – always called in French "grandmaman" - was chosen to house the Prince. Tante Annemarie was put into charge to see that everything was tip-top in grandmaman's mansion. As she was one day there to look after things, she opened the door to leave the bedroom and found herself right in front of the Prince. According to etiquette she should have dropped into a court bow (Hof-knicks). Instead, she threw up her hands and exclaimed, "My God, are you tall, how will you fit into Grandmaman's bed!!!" The Prince laughed, and they had a very pleasant conversation about the extermination of bedbugs and fleas. At the end the Prince bowed to her, kissing her hand. Proudly she said to me, "I was the only lady in Reval whose hand the Prince has kissed."

Tante Annemarie was clairvoyant. I have lived up strange things with her, and she has told me others. But these stories I shall tell separately. They had two sons: Erwin (3rd) and Jurgen. Erwin became a businessman, and Jurgen studied architecture. I lost track of them.

The third brother of my grandfather was Wilhelm. I do not know his profession, but he collected fairy stories and had one thousand volumes. Besides, he was a very good water color painter. His daughter visited with Senta at Paradox in her last years. He had a son, too, who was a minister. More I do not know about him.

Grandma Smith Bernhard was the daughter of John Smith, an English teacher at the court. My great-grandmother was a Baroness Tiesenhausen. She married John Smith. She had two daughters: my grandmother and Victoria, who was hunchbacked and married a Russian officer. I forgot his name. My greatgrandmother had two unmarried sisters: Emilie and Mathilde (or Mary?). They both were ladies-in-waiting to the Czarina. My Greatgrandmother died very young so the two aunts Tiesenhausen brought up the two girls. They grew up at the court. Grandma once showed me where she had lived with her aunts in one of the cavalier houses at the Cathrinthal castle, which Peter the Great had built for his wife, at the outskirts of Reval. [*This castle is now a museum called Kadriorg.*] Otherwise, they lived at St. Petersburg, Czarskoje Celo or in the Crimea. The golden chain I gave you for your wedding belonged to great-greataunt Emilie Tiesenhausen.

The father of John Smith, also John Smith, had eloped with the daughter of a Scottish earl. He was an English sea captain, and they settled at St. Petersburg. Why, I do not know. My great-grandmother, Marie Smith Tiesenhausen, painted miniature portraits and cut portrait silhouettes.

Margarethe Mathilde Bernhard
(my mother)

As I never saw her, I can only tell you what other people said about her. Grandma did not talk about her. I think it hurt too much, and Uncle Erwin never mentioned her for the same reason. As far as I know, she must have been a very extraordinary person, everybody loved her. I never heard a bad word about her, and Reval excelled in nasty gossip (small town habit). Everybody who talked about her to me (being her daughter) praised her beauty, her intelligence, her great kindness and helpfulness. Her main habit was to say, "Ich hab, ich kann dir geben" (I have it, I can give it to you).

Tante Agnes said that she was her dearest friend – but she constantly frustrated her. When she visited with her, she grabbed a book, retired into a corner and read. The rest of the world did no more exist for her. She told me, too, that she was a very fine Mozart player. When she went to the opera she came home and played by ear everything she had liked in that opera. Tante Agnes said that she played the entire opera, but that was probably an exaggeration.

Her minister, who confirmed her, said that when she entered a room, the room lit up. Fred's aunt, Mirjam Mickwitz, raved about her enormous dark blue eyes, like cornflowers. An elderly gentlemen, Herr von Benckendorf, had tears in his eyes when he learned that I was her daughter. (I always felt very miserable, as I certainly was by no means a worthy replica of her. I think that is also the reason why my father abandoned me. I do not blame him.) She dressed with great care. My father once showed me a picture of her - very small - wearing a white dress and a very beautiful white hat with white ostrich feathers; she looked gorgeous.

Of course, she had scores of suitors. To get rid of them (she wanted my father and no one else) she promised to each one a rendezvous on different places – and never showed up (Tante Agnes). She had auburn hair, long, so that she could sit on it

and very thick. She wore it sometimes like a crown or crow's nest. Once, at a big party at Moscow the tresses fell into her soup plate. That was a splash!

She had the most beautiful hands I have ever seen, in reality or in pictures, very slender, long and snow white. She could not buy gloves; she had to have them extra made for her. At Paris at the occasion of a big affair of a party, a gentleman could not take his eyes off her hands (Tante Agnes). Sometimes she could be mischievous. Aunt Mary von Husen, my godmother and my mother's very dear friend, told me that once at school they got into an argument. My mother put Mary into a waste basket and hung her out of the window. (How she did that, Aunt Mary did not tell me.) Grandma was very ambitious, she knew how intelligent her daughter was, and when she brought home a B from school, Grandma took her down.

My father adored her. I still see him at the piano playing Schubert's "The Death and the Maiden", his eyes looking far, far away into the realm where she might be now. Of course, I was nothing compared to her, I understand him very, very well. Believe me, her death was sudden. She bent over me, her baby, and dropped dead from a blood clot.

The greatest praise I ever got in my life was from Grandma. Once she said to me, shortly before her death, "Outwardly you do not resemble your mother, but in your ways you resemble her". (I do not believe it!) She was just kind but still, it is the greatest praise for me.

She had a hunch that she would die young. Tante Mary told me that she once said to her, "I have to be good to Felix (my father) because I shall not live very long". She died when she was thirty-three years old. The darlings of the gods die young said the Greeks.

Erwin Bernhard
(my mother's only brother)

Uncle Erwin was younger than my mother. As all Bernhards were, he was very intelligent. He loved to read. School was boring, of course. He found a way out of that dilemma. In the morning he left the house and carried besides his schoolbooks a volume of Dostoevsky, a candle and matches. He re-entered the house through the courtyard, went into the old tower on the winding staircase, lit his candle and read until the time school was over. Then he came home looking as innocent as possible.

During the warmer season Erwin went bird hunting (instead of to school). His rifle he must have hidden somewhere in the darkest corner of the tower.

All this went on until a letter arrived from the school president that Erwin could not be transferred to the next class if he should miss one more school day. Next year he was more conscious about the amount of days he could be absent.

Uncle Erwin had one deadly enemy among his co-students. The two boys decided to fight it out in a duel (not with weapons). The duel was to be carried out at the slope of the "Domberg" (the mountain which was crowned with ruins of the castle of the Templars). This duel was a wild fight until both boys rolled down the slope, but Erwin got the victory, as Grandma Bernhard said, who told the story. How proud was she of her Erwin!

He studied engineering at Riga, Latvia, and belonged to the famous Fraternitas Baltica. My mother was often invited to their dances. He led a merry life there and loved to remember those days.

He also liked to remember the times when he was in charge together with other scientists to measure a lake in Siberia. They lived on a float, probably for safety

against bears. Once as he was enjoying some wild raspberries, he saw suddenly a big brown bear at the other side of the raspberry bush eating away.

The wall over his cot was richly decorated with pictures of beautiful girls. They teased him endlessly because of that.

It comes suddenly to my mind that at Riga he roomed together with his friend, Gustav Baron Pal. He trained to be a good pistol marksman. He shot the flies from the wall. (I wonder about their landlady!)

Later he worked for the "Luterma", the plywood concern which had plants all over northern Europe and belonged to Martin Luther, Vä's uncle. Uncle Erwin worked at St. Petersburg.

When Aunt Alice decided to marry Erwin he carried her in his arms through all three stories at Grandpa's house. For a time they lived at St. Petersburg, but the whole thing went wrong. Grandma demanded the divorce – as far as I know. Erwin and Alice regretted it all their life long. Aunt Alice once said to me, "Gretel, never get divorced, you hear me!" Uncle Erwin stood before her photo, which I had on my writing table (she was beautiful) and stared at her picture with great sadness. I removed the picture. (Mothers-in-law: keep out of the lives of your children; that I learned from this tragedy.)

World War I broke out, but Erwin was exempt from being drafted as he was his mother's only son. This was a law in Imperial Russia. Then the Bolsheviks came and naturally Erwin was arrested and put into prison. At this time he had been living alone with his servant-cook Leni from Reval, an Estonian girl, who adored him. Leni managed – nobody ever knew how – to bring his food every day. As she was sure enough of the guards, she took his beloved Stradivari violin along, warm clothes and food and managed to get him out of prison – nobody ever knew how she did that – and set him on his way to Finland – to freedom. So he walked with his violin under his arm in the midst of Russian winter over the Finnish border. Finnish farmers gave him food and shelter – they hated the Russians and still do – until he finally arrived at Helsinki. From there he called up his parents and returned home. Leni followed him, probably by train. Leni stayed with the Bernhards during all her life. She was the

concierge and occupied a small apartment at the basement of the house together with her sister and her nephew. She watched over the house and all the belongings of Uncle Erwin like a tiger. All his tenants feared her more than the police or the Bolsheviks.

Vä's father, who was Vice President of the Reval plant, managed for Erwin a job at the old Marine harbor, where the birch logs were kept in a basin or first piled up into high mountains. He was in charge of that place and in charge of sending the right amount to the plant. There he had some tame wild geese he loved and a tame crane by the name of Jurri (Estonian word for *George*). Erwin always shared his lunch with Jurri. He was seated on a birch log at the foot of the gigantic mountain of logs. One day at lunch Jurri was restless, he refused to eat, ran away, came back, and ran away again. Something was very wrong, Erwin felt; he got up and followed Jurri, who evidently wanted to tell him something. In this moment the mountain of logs collapsed and slid down like an avalanche into the water. Erwin would have been killed without Jurri's warning.

Later he was transferred to the office of the plant and put in charge of buying everything the plant needed. Above that he always was called to straighten things out when something went wrong or to organize new enterprises of the plant.

The German lords and the Estonians, who were still kept in a condition of serfs and peasants, were at odds with each other. Erwin knew that this had to be altered, that the Estonians should be regarded as equal human beings with the same human rights as the German overlords. Therefore, he created a cooperative business company where Germans and Estonians collaborated under equal rights. Vä was also one of them. It worked fine and was the beginning of a totally different democratic attitude between the two peoples living in the same country and calling it their home country. Vä worked in Erwin's department. They were great friends (long before me).

Uncle Erwin loved horseback riding. He had his horse "Violet" in the Maneje (*stable*) where Tante Annemarie had a horse, too. There they met and later on got married. (I named my rocking horse after his horse, "Violet".)

Probably at that time he started his collection of ancient Italian string instruments. He had his Stradivari, Amati, Guarneri cello, Ventapana viola, etc. He bought also antique furniture, ruby glasses, brocades and other things he valued. He kept some of these treasures in an antique cupboard with an oval glass window. To my dismay Tante Annemarie used it for filling with all kind of real junk. But Uncle Erwin laughed at her ignorance about those things.

When I came back to Reval and lived with him and Tante Annemarie, he was a loner, his friends of yore having died or been shot by the Bolsheviks. It was the time of the "Agrar Reform" in Estonia, when the big estates of the aristocracy were taken away from them and the land was distributed to the people. Many of these lords found themselves beggars overnight, many of them became real farmers; others had no jobs. Uncle Erwin helped many of them to get jobs – but he never talked about it. People honored him but feared him at the same time because of his superior intelligence and sharp wit. With one witty sentence he could straighten out some scoundrels or stuck-up dumbbells.

When his younger son, Jurgen, contracted tuberculosis of his bone (one leg), he decided to buy a house in suburbia where the air was more favorable because of the wide forests of pines. It was a duplex and an acre of garden land - better say sand – went with the house. Then he became a gardener. But the soil was poor and had to be improved by compost. In one corner was a big heap of compost. The Luther plant made its glue for its veneer out of blood which the plant bought from slaughter houses in Hamburg, Germany. Sometimes such an iron barrel with blood went rotten and could no more be used in the plant. These barrels Erwin bought as fertilizer for his compost heap. I remember a certain barrel which arrived in the garden and had to be emptied on the compost. Jochen and his friend Jurgen Matthisson – called Piima Onkel, because he had worked at Hordel for the Stackelberg's with their cows, milk and cheese production. *[Note that Onkel is German for Uncle.]* Minnie the housemaid and Ants *[stet]* the garden maid were also there for the big event of opening the bung of the barrel. As Piima-Onkel touched it, the whole thing exploded – the bung was never found – and a geyser of red stinking lava hit everybody – it was such an odor that I fled into the windowless toilet and shut myself up there. The others needed days to get rid of the mess. But Uncle Erwin had his fertilizer.

When Hitler came into power, Uncle Erwin said one morning to me when we had breakfast together, "Gretel, go take your Aunt's paint box with oil paints and go and paint Hitler's face on the big pumpkin on the compost pile. Let him look towards the street." I was enchanted; that was fun! I painted Hitler, and I must have done it pretty well because all the neighbors, who were pro-Hitler, were furious. The pumpkin grew larger and larger and Hitler's face was distorted to the grimace he really was. It was a muffled scandal. Uncle Erwin despised and hated Hitler. But he had the laughter for himself together with all of us.

Onkel Erwin had a genuine Caucasian tulip. It was a wild flower. Brilliantly red (I never have seen such a red color in my whole life), the leaves were speckled with purple. This tulip was his baby. He did not want it to be fertilized with the pollen of other tulips. So he took a fine brush and fertilized it with its own pollen. But to avoid insects bringing other pollen to it, he needed some fine net to prevent that. He demanded my bridal veil for that purpose. I gave it to him, of course, but I regretted it because I wanted to keep it forever.

One evening when we had our usual evening tea with Jochen as a guest, Erwin suddenly said, "Don't be fooled, the Russians will claim the Baltic States back, they need the harbors of the Baltic Sea." We all were very upset because of this remark, we all knew his intelligence, but at that time there was no sign of this purpose. I soon did not remember it any more – but soon after his death it all came to pass.

One year after Tante Annemarie's death Erwin died of cancer of his lungs. Professor Sauerbruch, a celebrity in Germany, performed the operation. But his heart did not stand it, and a few days after the operation, he died. He was cremated in Germany, and the urn was sent back to Reval. I remember myself staring at the open grave with the urn in it and on top of it his cap of the Fraternitas Baltica. I sort of died with him. He was dearer to me than any other of my relatives. Later, when we had to leave Estonia, I was grateful that this terrible event was spared to him. The cemetery where all my dear ones were buried was ploughed and destroyed. There is no trace left of them all.

Tante Annemarie Baroness Stackelberg Bernhard

Tante Annemarie was the only daughter of George Stackelberg and his wife Marie Baroness Toll Stackelberg. They had five sons, beside her. They lived at the estate or small kingdom of Hördel (see my silhouette), a castle which had been built by the same architect who had built Versailles, France. Her father wished her to be a good horsewoman, and when she was four years old she was placed on a horse without saddle or bridle and had to learn how to sit on a horse. She became a fabulous horsewoman and used to ride a very noble but very capricious horse which walked more on its hindlegs than on its four legs. But it had Arabian blood, and she used to say that she was flying on her horse.

They had a neighbor at walking distance, the Baron Staelgreifenklan. He was very interested in history. Every day Annemarie was walking over to visit with him and read history with him. He used to praise her intelligence. Her profile was nearly identical with that of the famous Egyptian Queen Nefertiti. If she would have worn her headdress and painted her face like Nefertiti, there would have been little difference, like twin sisters. She studied painting at Geneva and painted exceedingly well. But when she got married, she saw that she could not be a good wife and mother and an artist so she stopped it entirely. She never more touched a brush again (very regrettably!) But she urged me to continue with my silhouettes and saw to it that I got lessons in art. I studied then with a Russian painter, Anatole Kaygarodoft, of great renown, at his studio. There I learned a lot.

Tante Annemarie was broad-minded, exceedingly intelligent, had a wonderful sense of humor, and was a charming person. As she had never learnt housekeeping, her house was in a devastating state of disorder. She was accustomed to a personal maid (Gürtelmajd) who was in charge to pick up her clothes when she changed and looked after everything. As she did not have that after she married, her house drowned in dust. But she did not mind. She cheerfully put all kind of junk into a costly cupboard with a glass window, all kind of junk, odds, and ends, where Uncle

Erwin kept his precious antique ruby glasses and other treasures. Her silk stockings turned up in her paint box and other such happenings. Uncle Erwin enjoyed her total ignorance with laughter of all such things. He loved and enjoyed her just as she was. First thing, when he arrived at the plant, was to call her up to inquire how she was.

She was totally unmusical. But she loved to sing (unbearable for Uncle Erwin because she sang off-key). So she decided to sing at the bathroom. These old houses had no bathroom. It was later installed in the basement, and you had to walk down ninety-nine steps on a winding staircase in the old town tower which Grandpa Bernhard had included into his house. There, in the warm bath, Tante Annemarie sang. Unfortunately, the staircase had a marvelous acoustic, and her singing could be heard at the third floor. Uncle Erwin had a fit of laughter. Yet she loved to listen when he played his Amati violin.

She was a charming and interesting and witty hostess; nearly every evening some people – mostly her relatives – flocked in for tea after supper.

Her youngest brother, Jochen, (who was for years my boyfriend) nearly came every day. He was a splendid entertainer and used to tell anecdotes and amuse the whole company. Sometimes "Vogeltante" came too (her name was Else Alisch – but about her I shall have to write a special chapter).

Every Friday she joined her club of girlfriends. It was not a club in the American sense, but a bunch of ladies who were friends. This bunch of ladies called themselves the "Dalfac" a word composed of their first names. Uncle Erwin hated that. This reunion took place alternately in the homes of the members. When it was at our place, Uncle Erwin took me to the movies. He was furious about all the commotion with baking cakes, all the silver on the table including his silver samovar with the bowl with the two peacocks. "Weiber sind schädlich" (Women are harmful), he used to say and took off with me. Once, I remember, we came back from the movies, and the ladies were still there chattering. He made me climb a ladder and peek through a window at the top of one door and report to him everything I saw. Then he went to bed grumbling. Jealousy? Probably.

Tante Annemarie was clairvoyant by nature. It happened often in our country – my godmother, Mary v. Husen, was too, all the Stenbocks, etc. Once long before World War I she was riding her capricious horse. Suddenly, she saw Hördel mansion in total ruins – just as it looked after the Agrar Reform. When I was visiting with Vä to listen to the Thomaner Choir on the radio, she suddenly said to Uncle Erwin, “Just now Gretel is getting engaged.” (It was true.) Uncle Erwin laughed at this kind of nonsense. Once we made a tour on Jochen's motorcycle, Tante Annemarie and I. She was seated in the van and I was perched behind Jochen. We rode along the coast of Estonia to the East, then turned south to visit a famous monastery built into a rock with marvelous icons. After that we visited a convent in the wilderness. There was a church service, and Tante Annemarie said that she wanted to go for a few minutes into the church and light a candle, as it was her habit, before a chosen icon. We waited and waited with Jochen about three-fourths of an hour, until she finally came back – in tears, white in her face. “You know,” she sobbed “I see things sometimes, but I have seen something too awful to tell you.” She was very sick. We rushed home as quickly as possible. She never told us what she had seen – but later it was clear to me that she had seen the disaster of our Baltic people, that we all had to leave and that the Bolsheviks, would take over. She never recovered from that night. As I once complained about something, she said to me: “Do you know how good you have it now!” I always remembered this exclamation later. She contracted tuberculosis of her lungs and died in 1937. One year later Uncle Erwin died from cancer of his lungs. At that time I was totally crushed – but later I was grateful that they did not have to leave the country they loved both so dearly. She ordered to be buried without any church ceremony at 5 o'clock in the morning – Her oldest son took her coffin to the cemetery and there she was buried – nobody present – as she had wished.

P.S. An anecdote.

As I had mentioned, Tante Annemarie was totally unmusical. Once there was a great event at Reval. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra was to play under Eugen Jochum. It was in January, and it was ice cold – 25 Celsius below zero. The box-office was supposed to open at eight o'clock in the morning. Reval was a music-loving town. People queued up before the concert hall in the middle of the night. Tante Annemarie went at six o'clock, and I had to replace her at seven o'clock. When the box-office opened, people bought fifty tickets at once. Three people were still before me, then the box-office closed – sold-out. A woman had a nervous breakdown. I went home like Napoleon's soldier after the battle of Beresina [*a reference to a one-time well-known German poem telling about the defeat and despair of Napoleon's soldiers*].

Later came the news that whoever would house a member of the orchestra would get one standing ticket. Of course, we housed one, and Uncle Erwin housed another one. We all rallied for 5 pm tea at Uncle Erwin's the day before the concert, and by then our philharmonic guests were there too. Suddenly, Tante Annemarie asked, "Have you also a lyre in your orchestra?" The two musicians were stunned about her total ignorance (she meant a harp). Uncle Erwin silently took her ticket out of his pocket and handed it over to me, saying, "If she asks such questions, she is not prepared for the concert."

Vä and I had fought all day long over who should go. I said he should go, and he said I should go. Now we both could go. It was magnificent – and Tante Annemarie did not mind one bit. I love Jochum; no one else has ever conducted the overture to Mozart's Figaro more beautifully, more elegantly or more inspiringly. I can still hear it in my mind. Mozart is "Pater Seraphicus" to us. The theologian Karl Barth has remarked that Mozart should be sainted. We agree enthusiastically.

Vogel Tante (Bird-aunt)
(her real name was Else Alisch)

I include her into my memories about the family story because of the funny stories we lived up with her. She is a remote cousin of Uncle Erwin. Don't ask me how. She got the name of "Vogel Tante" because she called all her nieces and nephews "Vögelchen" (birdie). She was stout, even fat, had a rather broad face but her eyes were sparkling with vivacity and intelligence. Her hands accompanied everything she said. Her fingers and arms were loaded with rings with diamonds and other precious stones and always five or six bracelets which were ringing like small bells when she talked. She had been living at St. Petersburg but fled because of the Bolsheviks. She owned an old, old house at Reval three doors from Uncle Erwin's house. The front door was studded with big iron nails and there was a door knocker from heavy iron. When you opened the door you came into a hall with a floor of thick stone slabs about a square yard wide, which had been tilted this way and that because of their age. You had to walk very carefully not to break your legs. A small window domed into the street with a stone seat at one side for the lady of the house to watch the traffic while spinning yarn.

In the rear of the hall were a staircase on each side which led to the second story. A long gallery united the two. Both sides ended in a long corridor. From there you entered the living rooms, bedrooms, etc. The key to her house was as long, maybe even longer, than this sheet of paper is wide and heavy.

Her father had been a famous architect. She had one sister only. This sister was a little deranged, as I feel, she talked in a strange way, setting the letter K before each word which started with a vowel. She was in rapport with some spirits (I do not know how) and these spirits sent me this message: If I remain courageous I shall have always help of any kind.

Vogel Tante had spirit, a fabulous courage and know-how. She was the curator of the famous Eremitage Museum at St. Petersburg. When the Bolsheviks stormed the Eremitage to destroy it, she stood there like a block of granite, screaming at them and chased them out. She stood there on guard until the Bolsheviks finally understood what a Museum of such treasures is. Then the “government” took over, and she left for Reval. But thanks to her the Eremitage was saved from destruction. Knowing her so well, I am sure that this was true. She has not told me that story – (maybe she did) but I think somebody else did who had seen it.

She liked to talk to men only; women were too stupid for any real interesting conversation – usually politics. She loved to talk to Uncle Erwin – usually she did the talking – he listened with an expression in his face which was a mixture of arrogance, humor and kindness to people who were not to be taken too seriously.

When I poured tea for her, she always said in Russian: nalej, nalej, ne shaley (pour, pour, don't be stingy!) Her cup had to be filled to the very brim.

One evening Tante Annemarie's brother Olaf came for a visit. He was a lawyer and lived at Perssan. Perssan was known for her fine smoked eels. He had brought one. Tante Annemarie took me aside and said: We two girls shall just take a small piece of that eel and leave it for the men who love it." Jochen, her younger brother, was there, too. When the eel was served, Tante Annemarie took a small piece, I let it pass by and handed it to Vogel Tante. She looked at the platter, looked around at everybody at the table. Then she wiped all the eel cuts on her plate. Evidently she loved that dish!!

Jochen Stackelberg had a close friend who was known under the name of Piima Onkel (milk uncle). (His real name was Jurgen Matthisson.) He had once been at Hördel taking care of their cows, milk, cheese, etc. He was even taller than Jochen, broader in his shoulders – but the size of his skull was very small. He had a girl friend by the name of Licky (last name I never knew). Licky had rented a room at Vogel Tante's. One evening when Piima Onkel brought her home, they heard Vogel Tante yelling for help. The sound came from the bathroom. They both ran to her assistance. There was Vogel Tante stark naked in the bathtub, the water gone and she was stuck in it. The heat of the water had made her fat swell and she was stuck

and could not move! They pulled, pushed, but they could not get her out. Then Piima Onkle had a brilliant idea: being strong like a couple of oxen, he pulled out the plumbing and rolled the bathtub over and spilled Vogel Tante on the floor. Rescued a la fiss (*this must mean without clothing*), do you think that she was embarrassed? Oh no, not Vogel Tante. She took things as they came – Bolsheviks or bathtub so what!

But there was one thing she dreaded: MICE! One day she announced that there was a MOUSE in her kitchen and that she desperately needed help. Now, I was known as a good mouse catcher. We had practiced mouse hunting with Lo (*her foster sister*) at Zigahnen (the name of their estate). When the grain was threshed from the big "Staken" (towers of thickly packed grain sheaves), we went there and caught the mice with our hands. We became rather efficient at this sport. It had been discussed at some occasion. So, Vogel Tante gave a mouse dinner. Silver, candles, fine food and all. The guests were Jochen and I, Piima Onkel and Licky. After dinner we all were led to her kitchen where the mouse was stationed. There was also an iron bed for a maid – in case she would need one. I spied the mouse running along the wall, Licky screamed and jumped on a chair, Vogel Tante disappeared. The mouse fled under the bed, I too, and there I got her. I passed the mouse to Jochen who carried it outside. I was feted like a queen.

Twice a week Vogel Tante taught me Russian. She was a fine teacher, but meticulous with my pronunciation. "I want you to learn good Russian – po [*stet*] Moskowsky - you do not say a - A - A – A". I was not allowed to read Russian books alone; I had to read aloud to her because of the good Moskau pronunciation. We had wonderful hours together with Turgienieff and others. I remember her with gratitude, admiration and laughter.



Kaarli Kirik
Rudolph von Bernhard

The architect Rudolph v. Bernhard of St Petersburg, who was on the Commission to restore the Dome of the St. Peters Cathedral, was also vitally instrumental in building Karlii Kirik (Charles Church) in Tallinn or Reval, which is located downhill from the Government building and the Dom Kirche, the heart of the old city, on the corner of Toompulestee and Endla streets. There has always been a significant Swedish community in the city and it asserted its presence by naming its house of worship for the Swedish king Charles XI (1670-96) on whose decree a church had been built on the site in the XVIIth century. The church bell had survived the fire which destroyed the church in 1710 and bore an inscription proclaiming that it been donated by the king.

Kaarli Kirik was completed in 1870, when Rudolph, at 51, was at the height of his career. The principle architect Otto Hippius may have asked him as an expert on domes to handle the roof of the church, which would have no internal support.

The web site of the Karlii Kirik congregation mentions several important people who contributed to the erection of the new church building. Among them are “two professors from St. Petersburg, Rudolph von Bernhard and Otto Pius Hippius, the former being the designer of the roof and the latter being the church architect.” An Estonian Wikipedia article notes that Bernhard’s wood constructed ceiling was a great achievement at his time and goes on to mention his invitation to deal with the crack in dome of St. Peter’s Church in Rome.



Karlii Kirik



German Embassy Building in St. Petersburg, Russia

GERMAN EMBASSY BUILDING (11/41 St. Isaac's Square), a monument of Neoclassical architecture. In the 1740s, a two-story stone building was constructed on this site, which belonged to Court Jeweller Kh.G. Hebelt (1760s - 1802). In 1815-20, architect V.P. Stasov rebuilt the house in the Empire style. Its facade was designed in 1870-71, in the spirit of Eclecticism. In 1873, the house was bought by the German Embassy, which had some of its interiors redecorated by architect R.B. Bernhard. In 1911-13, the building was totally rebuilt in the Neoclassicist style according to plans by German architect P. Berens. The monumental facade of the three-story building is made of dark red granite; the frontispiece is finished with columns, and the wings of the building are decorated with pilasters. The construction manager was architect Mies van der Rohe, and sculptor E. Enke created the Dioskuroi (the sons of Zeus) sculptural group on the tympanum. Many prominent German masters contributed to the gala halls' decoration with paintings, sculptures and fretwork. The furniture was made in Germany according to drawings by Berens. The St. Petersburg artistic community held a mostly negative attitude toward the German Embassy Building. The Teutonic style, hostile to St. Petersburg architecture, was criticized by A.N. Benois, N.N. Wrangel, G.K. Lukomsky. In July 1914, after Germany declared war on Russia, the house suffered significant damage due to rioting. In 1922-41, the building accommodated the German Embassy; during the siege of Leningrad, a war hospital was quartered there. Today the building houses the Administration Board of the Ministry of Justice and the Chief Technical Commission to the President of the Russian Federation for the Northwest Federal District. Restoration work on the building began in 2001.

Translated by Lars March 4, 2017

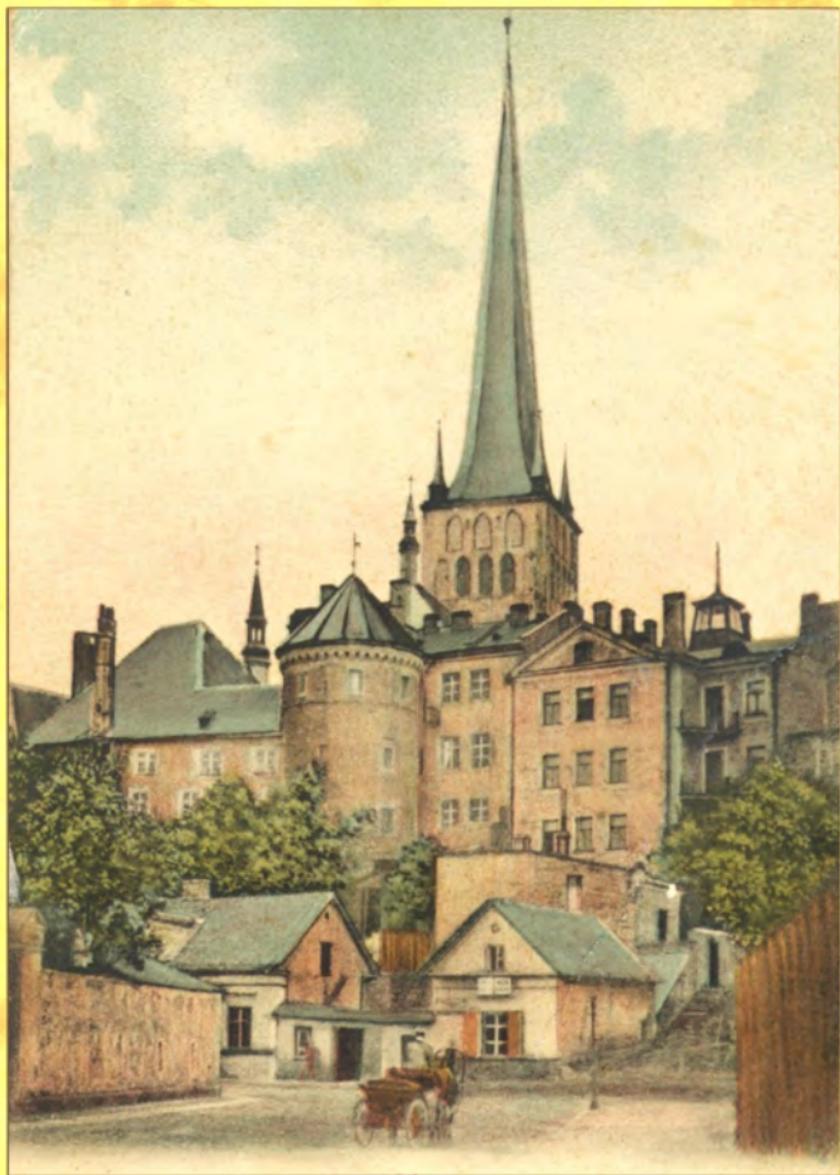
The story of the architect who had built Reval's oldest and tallest church, St. Olai's (also spelled *Olaf's* or *Olav's* – called *Olevista Kirick* in Estonian – believed to have been built in the 12th century)

as told by Mutti

The Olai church tower is 139 meter high. Such a high tower cannot be built by a human, unless he had made a pact with devil; thus thought the pious citizens of Reval.

When the church was finished, the architect fell to his death. To the horror of the citizens a toad came out of the mouth of his corpse. That proved that the architect really had made a pact with the devil. His soul had changed into an ugly toad. The pious citizen had a relief made of stone that depicted this frightening event. It was fastened to the wall of the church where the dead architect had fallen and where the toad had come out of his mouth. I have seen this relief with my own eyes.

Lars' Comment: I have not been able to find any reference to a pact with the devil related to the building of the Olai Church in the near 600 p. book by Nottbek about Reval's history and monuments. But there is a description of a Cenotaph (an empty grave) in the church which is decorated with a toad. That however was placed there as a symbol of the lowliness of the human life on earth.



St. Olai Church and the Bernhard's house and tower.

Postcard from Reval to the USA.

8/13/06

I found this text on the back of the color post card of the St. Olai church entitled “Parthie an der kleinen Strandpforte”.

Dear Aunt Ida,

1/V 1910 (*May 5, 1910*)

Finally, finally the picture of our house in Reval: the tower and the two windows on every floor nearby. Today I remembered my promise to send it to you. I hope that you soon will have some vacation and some good weather with it, or do you intend to stay in NY. Today is Russian Easter. Gerda and Erna went yesterday to the Russian embassy church for the Russian service. (Here a sentence got cut off)

The signature is illegible to me; it may be Russian pet- or nick name.

The sender must be either Erwin or Mathilde v. Bernhard judging by the address “Aunt Ida”, and of course the phrase of “our house”. I knew from my mother that they owned the house with the fortification tower but not how many stories it included. I have no idea who Gerda or Erna may have been.



The Bernhard's Living room in the Tower.

12/16/2008

The photo on the next page shows the Bernhard's house on Pikk Street (Langstrasse) in Tallinn as it looked when Janet and I saw it on our visit in 2007. It was built in 1883 as you can see from the lower circular plaque. It is connected to one of the large and well- preserved towers (Hattorpe Seguna) in the city wall. It is likely that Erwin B. Bernhard as a city architect designed it as an apartment building, when he began working for the Russian-Estonian government in 1877. His first child, Erwin, Mutti's beloved "Uncle Erwin", was born in 1881. The family lived in an apartment on the third floor with rooms in both the house and in the tower. The two photos show a room in the tower and were sent to Winfred Bernhard's family sometime around 1909 when my mother as a baby would have seen it for the first time. The square plaque on the wall near the street entrance now announces "Tallinn Kantselei" which means Tallinn Administration. It is not clear to me whether this means that the house nowadays is under the protection of the chancery or is actually the site of some of its offices.

When Janet and I saw the house it appeared immaculately restored and freshly painted like so much of Tallinn's old town for the tourists to enjoy, a Disney world of sorts. You can guess at what it may have looked like after WWII and during most of the Soviet Russian time by sneaking peaks behind fences. But we must be grateful for the restorations and preservation of old Reval under the new Estonian management.





Left: Lars in front of the Bernhard house on Pikk Street in Tallin during our visit in 2007.

Below: A postcard dated May of 1898. The arrow indicates the Hattorpe tower to which the Bernhard house was attached. The tall Olai Church is behind it and the Stoltung Tower is to the right.



1/26/07

In May of 1898 Mathilde Bernhard, known to my mother as “Grossmama Bernhard”, mailed a postcard to Bernd Herrmann, Senta Bernhards’s younger brother, who lived at 147 West 103rd Street in New York as is shown on the other side of the card. It was mailed on the second and arrived at the New York post office on the 27th. Mathilde was the wife of Erwin Bernhard, the town architect, and Bernd’s uncle.

The message underneath the drawing showing his house, which is distinguished by the fortification tower (black arrow) and dwarfed by the 400 foot tall St Olai Church, is written in the old German handwriting called Sütterlin and reads as follows:

To my dear, lovely little boy I send many greetings and wish him a quick recovery. On this picture you will see the tower that is part of our house. Much love from your Aunt...

Sadly Bernd died soon thereafter, I believe in 1904.

In what I believe is Senta’s handwriting is a penciled note: The tower is a part of the Bernhard house. The postcard is entitled: View of the “Little Coastal Gate”, or the “Kleine Strandpforte”, as opposed to the “Grosse Strandpforte” next to the “Fat Margarethe”. There is no such gate anymore. It was already torn down in the 19th century, before this photo was taken; but the name had stuck.



This is a part of the list of the towers of Reval found in the book:

Geschichte und Kunstdenkmäler der Stadt Reval by Eugen von Nottbeck (1896)



Fig. 19. Die Süderpforte um 1800 (nach einem Aquarell von C. Buddens).

Nr. 11, 12, 13 und 14 grosse wohlerhaltene Thürme von hufeisenförmigem Grundrisse, z. Z. von der Stadt der Militärverwaltung in Benutzung gegeben. Das Thurmverzeichniss von 1410 führt sie auf.

Nr. 15. Der Rentensche Thurm, 1410 genannt, wurde 1880 niedergelegt, um dem Neubau eines Wohnhauses Platz zu machen.

Nr. 16. Ein Thurm ohne Namen von hufeisenförmigem Grundriss, im Verzeichniss von 1410 erwähnt, ist bis auf einen geringen Rest abgebrochen.

Nr. 17. Die grosse Strandpforte ist nur noch in der späteren Umgestaltung aus dem Jahre 1518 erhalten, auf die wir später zurückkommen.

Im Mauerzuge zwischen der grossen und der kleinen Strandpforte erhoben sich drei Thürme:

Nr. 18. Der Stolting, ein Thurm von kreisrundem Querschnitt; gut erhalten; jetzt im Besitze der Erben des Konsuls des Deutschen Reichs Andr. Koch. Er diente besonders als Wachtthurm zur Insel Mohn hin. (Kämmereibuch 1451.)

Nr. 19. Der Thurm achter Hattorpe, mit dem Wohnhause des Gouvernementsarchitekten Bernhard verbunden und ausgebaut.

Nr. 20. Der Thurm hinter der (ehemaligen) russischen Kirche; etwa im Jahre 1854 abgebrochen.

Nr. 21. Die kleine Strandpforte; zu Anfang dieses Jahrhunderts sammt dem Vorwerk niedergelegt.

Translating in part:

Nr. 19. The tower Achter Hattorpe, connected to the apartment of the government architect Bernhard and extended.

Nr. 21. die kleine Strandpforte; torn down at the beginning of this century along with the outer defense work.

2/14/2018

Mutti wrote this (in German) about her grandfather Bernhard's house:

My grandfather Bernhard had built his house into the ancient city wall [*of Reval*] and had incorporated the old tower [*Hattorpe*] into his house. He lived on the top floor of the three-story building because of the wonderful view of the sea. The tower with its gothic ceiling was his workroom. The original embrasures [*gun openings*] were converted into windows. The tower was accessed on a winding staircase of 99 steps down to the basement.

Since in Reval (*at his time*) there were no bathrooms, uncle Erwin [*his son*] had a bathroom built in the basement. His second wife – Aunt Annemarie, baroness Stackelberg from [*the estate*] Hördel was totally tone deaf but loved to sing. When she took her bath down in the basement she usually sang full-throated without realizing that the old tower carried her singing right up to the top where it could be heard clearly. Uncle Erwin was in agonies, she sang so badly off-key. He was very musical, played an Amati violin, and collected old Italian musical instruments. He owned a Stradivarius which he lent to a very gifted Jewish musician, Raja Feinstein. She could play the concerto for two violins of Bach all by herself; she whistled the second voice while playing the first.

I took piano lessons from her sister Anja, who was charming. She immigrated to Israel. I don't know what happened to her sister Raja and her parents when Estonia was bartered off to Russia along with all the other Baltic provinces in 1939. We had to flee, because the Glehns were all blacklisted along with the Luthers. During the First World War on February 25 in 1918 we Glehns were all scheduled to be shot dead. On that day the Germans captured Reval, and so we stayed alive. The (black) list turned up later, and that is how we know.

Only a small fraction of Hördel (the estate) had remained after the agrarian reform [*German Landowners of large tracts of farmland were forced to give up most of their land to recently liberated Estonian small farmers*]. But with work and diligence the Hördel owners – with Patrick Stackelberg as the tenant of his mother, whom we all

called Dodo, like all her many grandchildren did – succeeded in buying back the land parcel by parcel. The Estonian government had erred in making the parcel size too small; the farmers could not make a go of it. So Patrick bought the land back including the manor house which was half in ruins. But now it was their house, where they had all lived. When the owners of Hördel, of which there were four brothers and one sister (Aunt Ann), again had recovered their former borders, the men took off their hats and in humility honored the land that had nourished them. I liked this custom; it was more than a gesture.

In Hördel I received the rank of a “saint”. I told stories that I made up to all the grandchildren of the old baroness whom we all called Dodo – with love. They had a young nephew of Dodo's there as a field hand, called Toll Edu, later Baron Edward Toll. He was very much interested in me, but he explained: “She is now a saint. One cannot come close to her” – because I always told stories to the kids or was on the meadow because of the flowers. I am just an oddball, as one says here, and noticed nothing around me.

In Hördel it was the custom that Dodo presided at the head of the table. The men sat to her right and the women to her left. Georg Walter, the oldest son, had a rough furred watchdog of remarkable size. My cousin, Erwin Bernhard (Uncle Erwin's son), had a long-haired dachshund who was crazy and there was yet another dog that I have forgotten. When we sat at the table the dogs were under the table. Once they all got into a crazy fight. Georg Walter's watchdog was so large that he could lift the table like an earthquake. There was an awful ruckus and all ended under the long skirts of Dodo, who, being used to total self discipline, remained sitting. The commotion then settled down.

In Hördel they had a so-called kitchen pig. It was a big, sturdy sow. Once she got out of her stall. Of course, that ended up being a big fuss. Jochen, Piima Onkel [*“piima” is Estonian for “milk”*], and the robust kitchen cook ran behind her. Although Jochen Stackelberg, as well as Piima Onkel (he was a dairyman in Hördel), were so strong that each could carry a tractor on his back, and, although they all pulled on this pig, they couldn't get her out of the mud. And the cook, a robust Estonian woman, couldn't get hold of the pig. With incredible shrieking and

squeaking the pig squirmed free of the hands of these three heroes and disappeared. I stood there shocked by the power of this animal. Two Vikings and a Valkyrie were powerless against this well-fed kitchen sow. The squeaking and the cries I will remember until my dying day:

Jochen Stackelberg, who could lift a tractor with his shoulders, Piima Onkel – his friend who was even stronger than he was – and a kitchen maid up against an old sow lost the fight and were powerless.

Early Memories

My first memories are of Grossmama's [*Mutt's grandmother, Mathilde (Smith) Bernhard – her mother's mother*] kitchen when Iinka showed me a star which shone through the window and said, "Look, that is the eye of your dead mother that looks down from heaven on you." I did see the beautiful star with happiness, but all the rest I didn't understand.

I remember being naked on a changing table. In front of me stood a small bathtub. It was brown and yellow flamed – dark red underneath.

Grossmama's cook Lisa stood in front of a huge stove, thick and fat and smiling friendly. She was stirring a cook pot. Grossmama left the kitchen. She was very slender and had a beautiful figure. Her black silk dress shimmered as only silk can, the small train and flounce flew out behind her. Her shiny black hair was fashioned into an artful knot.

I slept in a crib made from heavy woven ropes. In my grandparents' bedroom I was terribly afraid to be alone in the dark. Grosspapa knew that. Then he played the piano for me. That was wonderful and healing. He drove away all the bad spirits of darkness and I could fall asleep without fear. Once my mother came to me. She

floated over me and sat with her back to me at a table with many other friendly ladies. They all talked together, but I didn't understand that. My mother wore a dark turquoise colored silk dress and it glowed in its heavy folds. I was very happy to see her. In the morning Grosspapa played music for me on the piano. Sometimes I joined in; I tinkled a descant at the high end. It sounded awful, but once a note fit in. I was unbelievably proud of that. Most of the time, however, I danced through the whole house to his music. Once I went into such great ecstasy that I wet my pants. Ilinka said, "If that happens to you again, you'll have to wash your own pants." I took them off and went down the 99 spiral stone steps which led to the laundry in the basement. Carefully I began to walk down. The stairway was totally dark. In horror Ilinka stopped me before I fell.



Soap Bubbles over
Reval

12/2/2008



nce upon a time there lived a little girl named Margarethe, named after her mother, who had died only a few days after giving birth to her. Margarethe lived with her father, Felix, and her aunt Agnes but often went to visit her old grandmother, who lived nearby on Pikk Street in a very high stone tower. This tower had been built centuries ago and everybody in Reval called it Hattorpe. It was one of about 35 towers, each one of them having their own special name and they all were part of the mighty fortification wall around Reval in Estonia. A spiral stair case led all the way up from a dark and spooky entrance hall to the top, where Margerethe's grandmother had a cozy apartment. Margarethe was never afraid on the worn and uneven stone steps, but she was always glad, when at last she had reached the top, especially on this very fine summer morning with the sun greeting her through the windowless openings of the tower facing the harbor in the Baltic sea.

Her grandmother had a surprise for her this morning. She gave her a cup full of soap water and an old clay pipe, and she taught her to blow soap bubbles, beautiful, large, wobbly, and iridescent soap bubbles. "Take your soap water to the tower window", she told Margarethe, "and watch the bubbles drop down on the roof tops below!"

Margarethe let the bubbles fly off her clay pipe and watched the sea breeze carry away her fat bubbles and all their tiny children. They would reluctantly take the air, drifting up and down, gradually losing altitude. And who knows now, but her grandmother may have watched her sorrowfully and remembered the many mornings when Margarethe's mother excitedly had waved down from the same place to greet her sweet heart Felix, who then as now was living in the large house on Aia Street just outside the city walls.



The Bernhards' Tower

Left: an old photo from 1929 showing the Hattorpe Tower and the Olai Church behind it. (Note that Mutti would have been 20 years old in 1929.)

Below: In this photo we took in 2007 from the top of the St. Olai Church you see the towers: starting from the left, the squat Dicke Margarethe, the tall Stolting Tower next to it, and, just peeking above a gray house, the Hattorpe Tower (in front of the parking lot).



12/13/2008

I have told the story about Mutti and her soap bubbles as though I had been present, but in fact I made it up from various bits and pieces. My mother had at one time told me how as a child she had been blowing soap bubbles and letting them drift down the tower behind her grandparent's apartment in Reval. She remembered it as a golden moment of her childhood. I can't recall when she told me this anymore, but it happened much before I ever got to see Reval myself. Once Reval had changed for me from a mythical medieval town of her childhood to a real and accessible place, and I had actually found the old grandparent's house on Pikk street (# 64), I started to wonder about exactly which tower it could have been. The difficulty is that there are two towers close together, but they are on the other side of the houses along Pikk, and you can't see them from there. Then I got the postcard, that her grandfather Erwin Bernhard had sent to his sister Ida here in the US, which showed what the town wall looked like from the other side, but that didn't identify the house. The next time I got to be in Reval, I walked as close to the wall as permitted, but I was still in doubt about the spatial relationship of the two towers. We also got to climb up the stairs on the nearby "Fat Margarethe", the magnificent Swedish tower, which now is a museum. From a balcony we could see the two towers end on, but that was not too helpful either. One important thing had changed between Erwin's time and ours: a small city gate called "die kleine Strandpforte" (small beach gate) had been torn down at the turn of the last century leaving only the "grosse Strandpforte" which, by the way, is attached to the Fat Margarethe. Because of this, communication between one side of the wall and the other has been disrupted.

So imagine my surprise when just on the spur of the moment I recently googled "kleine strandpforte". A reference came up to a book about Reval and its fortifications by the historian E. Nottbeck. The absolutely amazing thing, however, was this: Google has put this entire book on line as part of the program to digitize all of the books at Harvard University Library. So after downloading the book, I was able to "leaf" around in it, and soon I came across a little footnote in the description of the tower "Hattorpe", which clearly states that the "government architect" Bernhard had an apartment in the tower (the book appeared in 1896), just where Erwin's postcard had indicated it with an arrow. Nowadays "Hattorpe" tower appears on any modern tourist map of Reval.

So, even though we can't go there and climb up the old and spooky stairs, because the house and apartment seemed unoccupied, at least we can identify it (there is an intriguing Russian memorial plaque on the wall). It is entirely possible, however, that in time more and more of old Reval will become accessible to tourists, and when that happens, one or more of us will be able to stand where Mutti stood and look out over the wide Baltic Beach.



This photo was not labeled. I am guessing that it is Mutti with her aunt Annemarie Stackelberg.

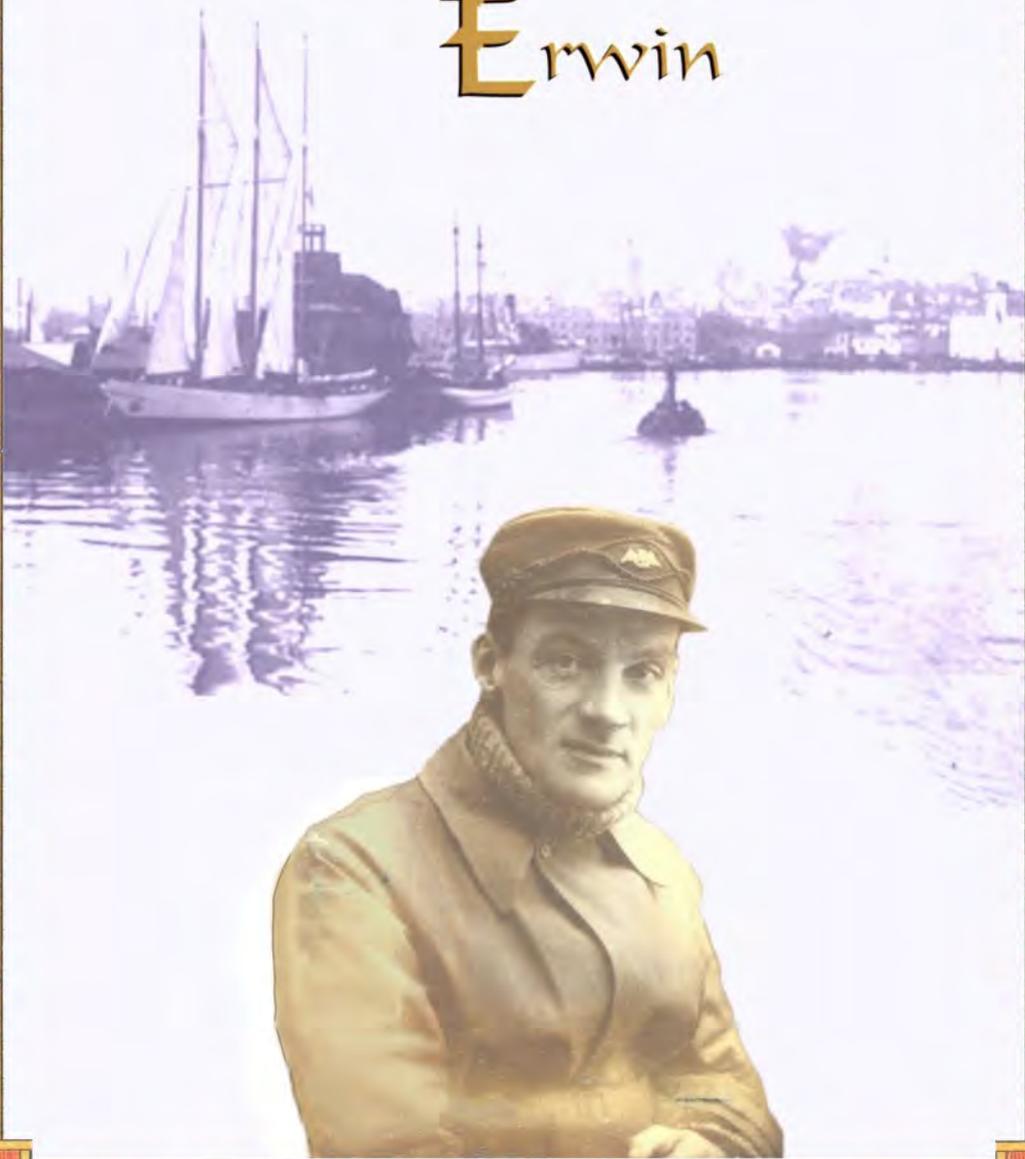
Mutti wrote about Annemarie:

Aunt Annemarie, baroness Stackelbert from (the estate) Hoerdel was totally tone deaf but loved to sing. When she took her bath down in the basement she usually sang full throated without realizing that the old tower carried her singing right up to the top, where it could be heard clearly. Uncle Erwin was in agonies, she sang so badly off key.



This is one of Mutti's early silhouettes ca. 1930. It shows the mansion called Hoerdel in Estonia, where she visited many times with her uncle Erwin and aunt Annemarie, the former Baroness von Stackelberg, who was born there.

Mutti's Uncle
Erwin



11/9/04

Uncle Erwin Bernhard was my honorary grandfather, he adopted my mother in 1932 after she had returned to Estonia in 1929 when her time with Lotte's parents was over. The adoption was only a formality, a convenient way for her to obtain Estonian citizenship and a work permit; she kept her maiden name. He took her in as his daughter when her father didn't, and she lived there for about six happy years until she got married. If you want to know more about him you must read what she wrote about him in her family history. She tells about his school and university days, about his terrifying adventures with the Bolsheviks, and about his two marriages.

Strangely she forgot to write about his love of sailing and his regatta-winning sailboat, the "Ariel" and how she regularly accompanied him on his yacht trips. Many times she told me that she used to walk out to the yacht harbor after work to meet him there and was told: "You are not to look either right or left but you come straight to the boat". Then they would sail on the waters between Estonia and Finland, the Gulf of Finland, and because the "Ariel" was a small, fast boat, sitting low in the water, they would get very wet on windy days. In the last days of her life she sometimes would burst out unexpectedly: "Klar zum wenden" ("Clear for tacking"), which was what Erwin would always shout when he tacked and the sail would come over. She loved him and his quiet, thoughtful ways very much.

Both Uncle Erwin and Aunt Annemarie died relatively young within a year of each other just before the resettlement in 1939. My mother sometimes stated that she was sorry that they had to die so young but was glad that they were spared the loss of their homeland and the war. Nobody seems to know anything about what happened to their two sons, Erwin and Jürgen.



The Ariel in Reval Harbor

On the back of Uncle Erwin's photo it says in my mother's handwriting:
"Uncle Erwin's Motto: God's are the wind and the waves.
The sails and the rudder are yours to regain the harbor".

This is a translation (by Lars Luther *with comments in italics*) of a letter from **Annemarie Bernhard**, nee von Stackelberg and wife of Erwin Bernhard, to **Ida Herrmann** nee Bernhard in Annapolis, MD, USA, daughter of Geheimrat Rudolph von Bernhard.

Dated by post stamp: Jan. 9, 1937, Tallinn (Reval), Estonia

Dear Aunt Ida,

We wish you, even though very belatedly, a good New Year, especially good health and much love and friendship. It is a great shame that America is so inaccessible; how I would love to see you and chat with you and hear about old times from you, about your parents and siblings. We live here so completely without relatives on the Bernhard's side, and I often regret that I didn't ask my mother-in-law (*Mathilde M. Bernhard*) about this or that. Well, so completely alone is not quite right, because a few weeks ago an elderly Miss Meyer showed up here. She has lived in Reval for a long time already, but regrettably she appeared only now. A great, great pity that she hadn't been able to decide to do this while my mother-in-law was alive. She would have been so interested (*to meet*) her. She is the granddaughter of Friedrich Herrmann Bernhard, who had married Rosalie Heimberger, and was an older brother of your father, whose daughter Lisinka had married a Meyer. This daughter Lisinka apparently has often been in your house, as her mother was in straightened circumstances, she even got married at your place. Our Miss Meyer, her daughter, has been a teacher at various institutes in (St) Petersburg and also later has taught here in Reval. Now she is living in a home for old teachers together with a friend.

Nowadays many people are interested in family research, thus also a cousin Meyer of our new cousin. She has studied the church records for him and maintains that your grandfather Gotthilf Benjamin Bernhard (or Bernhardt) was born in Trachonau in Saxony in 1732 (and confirmed in Zwickau), immigrated here, and then married Charlotte Henriette Stange. Miss Meyer's mother, Lisinka, used to own a diary of Gotthilf Bernhardt's into which his father had written him many good maxims and pious advice. This diary unfortunately has been lost to the Bolsheviks.

My mother-in-law had told me, that the Bernhards came from Lohmen in Saxony near Pirna. Erwin's sister Grete (*my grandmother*) still has owned a picture of the place but unfortunately this is lost also. Moreover she told me that not your grandfather but your great grandfather had built the castle Fall here. Please tell me what all you know about these ancestors, also about the brothers of your father; (my mother-in-law talked about one of them who was a tobacconist in Moscow). All that interests me so much. Your grandfather was an architect, wasn't he, or a builder? And what was his father? The old Bernhards, weren't they pastors in Saxony? Also please if you know anything about the parents of your mother, the Eichler's, every detail interests me.

I have (*i. e. own and have drawn*) here a coat-of-arms of the Bernhards, it was very well done in cross stitch and is said at one time to have decorated a towel holder. The monster (I am referring to the somewhat awkward drawing of the coat of arms in the letter) is supposed to have been a bear.

I am enclosing a few small pictures that the children have made. We now live in this house, above and below are we; on the left side are Gretel (*my mother*) with her husband, Gretel's mother-in-law upper right.

Notes to the History of the Family Bernhard.

(apparently written by Hermann Bernhard, husband of Ida)

The man who one day would be Geheimrat Rudolph von Bernhard, Professor of Architecture at the Academy of Arts and for many years the Director of the Imperial Institute for Civil Engineers was born on May 20 (=June 1, Gregorian Calendar), 1819 on the estate Fanahl (or Fannal) in Estonia and died on Aug. 3 (=Aug. 15) 1887. His mother's maiden name was Stange. About his father only sparse oral data have been handed down. Grandpa Rudolph lost his father when he was about 14 years of age. The family fell into great poverty because of the death of the father, the children had to work before they had grown up and appear to have suffered through many difficult years. Aunt Ida Herrmann (Rudolph's second daughter) does not remember any comments from her father about his father or about his youth. On the contrary he seems to have avoided talking about those times, because in addition to neediness and poverty unpleasant incidences seem to have occurred within the family. An uncle Stange, maybe the brother of his mother, had accumulated some wealth in St. Petersburg (?) but was not stirred by any familial obligations when his sister lost her husband and was left impecunious with a large number of children. On the contrary he did not even show any interest in his relatives when the young Rudolph after many years of hardship had prepared himself so far as to be admitted to the Academy of the Arts in St. Petersburg. He showed him the cold shoulder as the English saying puts it so well. That brought about that Rudolph in later years did not want to have anything to do with the Stanges, once he had succeeded to wealth and position in the Russian capital and now was courted by the Stanges. One nephew Stange was active in the well known lamp store of Krummbuegel and seemingly a co-owner. I, Hermann B(*ernhard*), met this nephew Stange in person in Dresden in the nineties (*the 1890's*) as he was parading about with a twenty-year-old wife. But my parents only reluctantly acknowledged him when they accidentally had run into him there in the city. They never have visited him. Later he seems to have bought into "Weisser Hirsch" near Dresden and seems to have acquired a certain standing in the community. At least the authorities of the suburb felt obligated to name a street Stange-strasse in his honor.

With regard to the origin or perhaps less formally the birth land of Rudolph there are a few doubts that must be removed. It is a rare thing when the grandchildren can't recall the given name of their grandfather, or better can't remember ever to have heard it even, and yet this seems to be so in the case of the paternal grandfather of the six children of Rudolph von Bernhard. Aunt Ida knows absolutely nothing about her grandfather.

Additionally certain errors seem to have created more mystery about the figure of our great grandfather than exists anyway. Uncle Will (Wilhelm) B(*ernhard*) in St. Petersburg, the third son of Rudolph, was in the possession of a Conduitenliste (*resume*) of a Friedrich B(*ernhard*) in his office which he read to me and remarked that this proved that his grandfather had not immigrated but had been born in Estonia and had been active as a civil engineer working for the government. Unfortunately I can't recall the data. When I told this to Aunt Ida, the sister of Wilhelm B(*ernhard*), she said that must surely be an error, because Friedrich B(*ernhard*) would have been the oldest brother of her father. It turns out upon inquiry from Miss Ella Meyer, that her maternal grandfather had been a civil engineer, thus contradicting the claim of Uncle Will.

I still remember very well the little picture of the church in Lohmen near Pirna, that hung in the room connecting the tower with the apartment in the Bernhard's house in Reval. There is a question whether that was a lithography or an etching. If it were the latter then it might very well be from the 18th century. As far as I know the first lithographs did not appear until the 19th century.

I had a disappointment with respect to Lohmen, when I visited pastor Gebauer in the beginning of April, 1909, in Liebethal near Lohmen, about 3 to 4 km from the alleged place of origin of the Bernhards. Pastor Gebauer had in his library a book that dealt with the diocese Pirna (it is possible that diocese is not the right word). This book listed all the pastors that had been employed in the diocese Pirna in the 18th and 19th century. In Lohmen there had been NO pastor Bernhard. Maybe there had been an assistant pastor (adjunct) Bernhard. However I found that a Bernhardt (with a soft or a hard “T”) had been active as a pastor in a parish with a Slavic double name in the third quarter of the eighteenth century. The second name of this parish is Ocrilla. It is situated near Radeburg, that is to say east of Pirna. At that time I did not know, of course, that the Saxon ancestors in our family had added an extra T at the end, otherwise I would have traveled to XYZ-Ocrilla.

Now the question remains whether maybe this “Bernhardt” was the father of Gotthilf. Then it would make sense that he wrote pious maxims into his son’s booklet. Maybe the pastor from Ocrilla had been moved to Trachenau.

What did Gotthilf do for a living?

Concerning the activities of our grandfather Rudolph von B(*ernhard*) I have some very exact data from a Russian Brockhaus Encyclopedia (*the same, I am sure, that I found at Lehigh University*). In the public library on 42nd Street in New York there is a Slavic section. There I found a two-chapter article about Rudolph Bogdanovitch Bernhard. I had it copied and safeguard the copy among the family documents. I am happy to offer to make additional copies.

Grandpa Rudolph’s siblings were as Aunt Ida told me the following persons: Friedrich, Jacob (who wears a uniform in the family album and also probably was a civil engineer in government service), an unmarried aunt Natasha, and Otto who was a merchant in Moscow, and another sister whose name is unknown.

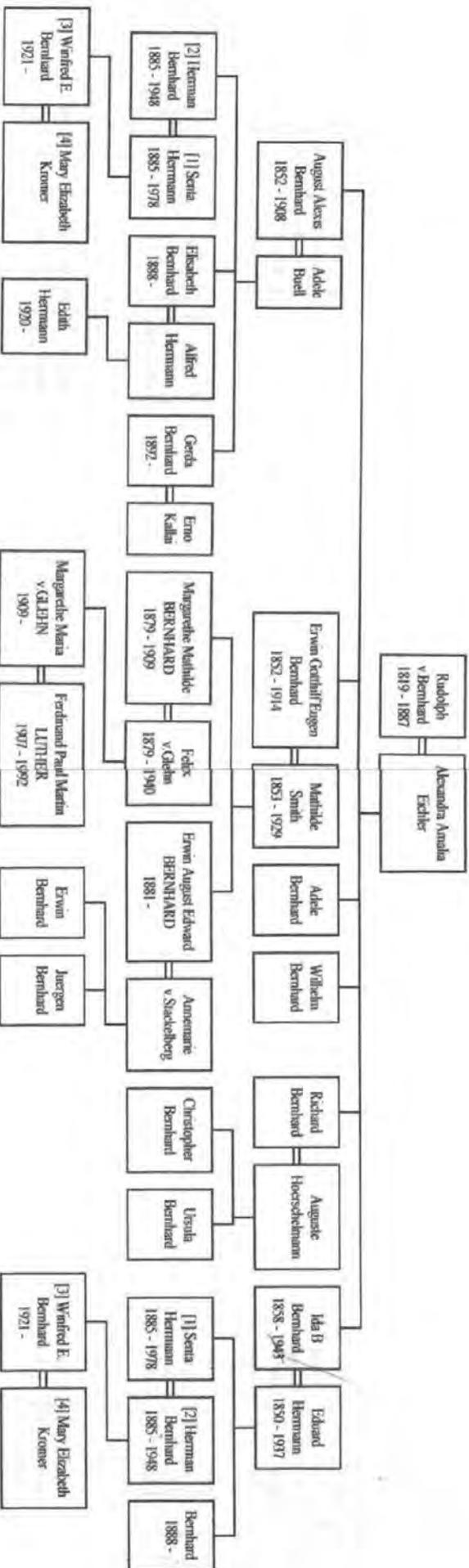
Friedrich’s descendents: Aunt Lisinka, married to Dr. Meyer in Wenden.

Jacob’s descendents: Uncle Anton Bernhard in St. Petersburg, water and road building engineer and Wirklicher Staatsrat, Excellency, married to Anna, nee Punchel, daughter of Pastor Punchel in Pleskau (Pskow). A sister of Anna Bernhard was married to a Mr. von Basler in Livland. Children of Anton Bernhard: Alice, born around 1883 in St. Petersburg, married to Mr. von Hueberett in St. Petersburg, teacher at the Reformed School. Two sons of this marriage, which was dissolved before WW (*I*).

Edgar, born about 1885 grew up in St. Petersburg, went to Munich, where he moved in artist circles, without reaching a professional goal. Supposedly he later returned to St. Petersburg.

The last page of Bernhard’s letter is only confusing. I substituted the descendent tree for it.

Descendants of Rudolph v. Bernhard



Mutti wrote this in English. She wrote some of the material twice, so I have edited it to avoid duplication. The italics are mine.

Stories cousin Senta used to tell

Senta Herrmann Bernhard invited us to come to this country when she heard of the miserable deal of Hitler and Stalin concerning our Baltic countries: Stalin was to get back all the three countries – Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania – but had to let go to Germany all the people of German (and European) descent, who were forming the upper classes.

Senta immediately invited us to come to America. Unfortunately, her invitation was three days late. We had already been shipped to Germany. Her letter was sent back, we never got it. Sixteen years (1939 – 1955) we spent in Germany until we finally got the permission to come to the USA.

Senta was a close relative of mine and so was her husband, Herrmann Bernhard. His father (*August*) and my grandfather (*Erwin*) were twins. Senta's mother was the sister of those twins. So I came back to my mother's family.

Senta's father had been a musical "Wunderkind" and so was his brother Carl. Edward, Senta's father, played the violin, his brother the piano. As they were the sons of a poor grade-school teacher in the Black Forest, their father had not the means to educate them as their talents demanded. The King of Württemberg was informed of this situation and ordered the boys to be educated on his expenses. Senta's father, Eduard (Edward) practiced daily 12 hours. Both boys graduated from conservatory at Würzburg, the capital of Württemberg.

But when they were drafted for their military duties, Edward balked. He decided to flee to Russia, in order to avoid the military service. He went to St. Petersburg. There he contacted August Bernhard (my grandfather's twin brother) who was president of the St. Petersburg conservatory. Uncle August told Edward that there was a vacancy in the St. Petersburg Philharmonic, the first violinist having passed away. He informed Edward that there would be a competition for that job.

At that time Pan-Slavism was very much in vogue already, and though Edward was far superior to the Russian applicant, the Russian one was chosen for the job. Edward was furious!

Meanwhile he had fallen in love with August's sister Ida. He married her and took off for New York. He became a sought after violin teacher, chamber music player, and soloist. He played together with the N. Y. Philharmonic orchestra, which he often directed as a conductor. Or was the soloist when the orchestra's conductor, Kurt Thomas (*probably she means Theodore Thomas*), a celebrity, wanted Edward to be the soloist.

Edward got his brother Karl also to come to N. Y. and they played together in concerts. They arranged tours together. Senta was born in N.Y. where she grew up and loved N. Y. ever since. Once a year she had to visit that beloved city. Her younger brother died in childhood.

Edward's wife, Great Aunt Ida Bernard Herrmann had no idea about cooking. Ida was a Russian lady, and in ancient Russia people of social standing had lots of servants to do all the housework. So, Aunt Ida had no idea whatsoever about cooking. When she and her young husband set up house in New York she had to do her housework herself, and she had to COOK!!! The first time she had to do that, she dutifully bought a chicken at the market. At that time chickens were not prepared by the butcher to go right into the frying pan. Aunt Ida bought her chicken and put it right into the cooking pot, without removing the innards. They dined in a restaurant that evening.

Later on they had maids – immigrants from Europe. But since that day Aunt Ida learned how to cook.

Years went by and Uncle Edward made nice money. He bought a house in New York City and later a summer house in the Adirondacks. There we lived our first summer in the USA. It is a beautiful place on the shore of Lake Paradox close to Schroon Lake. Unforgettably beautiful!

Senta was a born scholar. She wanted to study, to read, to inform herself. She turned out to be an excellent teacher. As she often mentioned to me, teaching meant living for her. She was allowed to go on teaching at Marietta College in Ohio until she was 72 years old, as they could not replace her!!! She taught modern languages – German, French, Russian, but she could teach Latin and Greek likewise. When she was 89 years old, she wrote me that she was just reading Copernicus in Latin for pleasure!!!!

She wanted to graduate from University in Philosophy and had written her doctor's dissertation on Duns Scotus (*a philosopher from the Middle Ages*) when her mother ordered her back home. Mother was dying and did not want to be taken care of by a hired nurse. So Senta never got her doctor's degree, which she resented during all her life. I feel very sorry for her. She was a scholar from the bottom of her heart and soul. In each life story of people I have known there always is tragedy.

In the family of my mother, storytelling has always been a beloved art. One of my great uncles succumbed to fairy stories and had a collection of one thousand fairy story books. Senta loved to tell stories; so did one of her uncles. I love to tell stories too and I have done so since my childhood.

Senta told me many stories, which had happened to her dad, whom she adored.

Once the conductor, Theodore Thomas, decided to tour the South of the U.S.A. with Edward as soloist and first violinist. They had included a smaller town in the South. When the orchestra arrived, Thomas went to the box office to inquire about the sale of tickets. "Nothing sold," said the man. "Why?" screamed Thomas. "You failed to invite the local band to play along with you." The local band was invited, and they had a sold-out house. Of course, they had a rehearsal. They started with one of Beethoven's Leonore Overtures. There a horn has to sound from far away to indicate the rescue of the hero and heroine. The band's horn player blasted into his horn with full power. Thomas interrupted. "Once more," he said. The horn blower was even louder. Thomas got furious and screamed, "What does it say in your score?" "pp," said the horn blower. "And what does that mean?" screamed Thomas in a rage. "Pretty powerful!" was the calm answer.

The same overture Thomas played at one of Minnie Guggenheim's open air concerts at New York. Thomas had placed his horn blower far away in the adjacent park for the sake of a proper effect. The young man who played the horn was waiting for his signal when policeman arrived, who, furious that somebody dared to disturb the concert, screamed at him, "If you dare to blow one note, I shall arrest you!" No explanation helped. The poor musician had to flee to the orchestra.

When Uncle Edward had bought his house in N.Y. he invited all the soloists who came to N.Y. for a concert to stay in his house. So they needed help. At that time many young girls came over from all parts of Europe to work as housemaids. The Herrmanns had many of them. They had maids from many countries. One of them loved to wash the windows at the third floor of the house, allowing her legs to hang out of the window. Another was told, while being in their summer house, to pick some apples for a pie for dinner. They had some fruit trees on the meadow behind their house. The maid obeyed. After a few minutes she came running back screaming in horror, "The devil, the devil." Everybody was aghast. "The devil is in the apple tree," screamed the maid, refusing to pick the apples. Aunt Ida went to look. A porcupine was happily munching Aunt Ida's apples, sitting comfortably on a branch.

A friend of theirs, a lawyer in San Francisco, had asked Aunt Ida to send him a maid. She had to be old and ugly, as the young ones married after a short time and went away. After a long search she found an elderly woman, who seemed not likely to please anymore any self-respecting gentleman. She sent the old woman to San Francisco. There the lawyer's coachman waited with his equipage for her and drove her up to the house of the lawyer. They talked a lot during their journey. When they stopped before the lawyer's house, he came out to greet her and to help her with her luggage and reached for her suitcase. "No, no," she said, "leave it in the car. I just got engaged to your coachman; he can take my luggage to his house." It was a time when there was a considerable shortage of women!

Senta's Paradox home was certainly beautiful. I loved it. One day Fred had fished out of the well an ichneumon wasp and had rescued it from drowning. He set it up for me for a portrait which I

did while the wasp was drying. While I was getting ready for my drawing a big spider was walking up and placing itself right before my drawing pad. "OK," I said, "if you want your portrait done, I shall do it." I designed the spider – it was very handsome. It was sitting motionless until I was done. Then it walked away. While I was drawing the spider a chickadee was perched on my chair looking with greatest interest at what I was doing. Only at enchanted Paradox have such things occurred.

Schroon (*Schroon Lake, NY*) was a small town at that time (1955) when we were there. There was the beautiful Lake and a beautiful meadow surrounded by hills on all sides. I have been told that the Canadians came in winter to Schroon for skiing. In summer this meadow was used for rallies of various kinds. Once Billy Graham had a big meeting there and so on.

One day Jehovah's Witnesses had there a big meeting. One of the old farmers who lived nearby was sitting on his porch, enjoying his Sunday morning, smoking his pipe, his feet on the railing. Suddenly a flashy red car stopped before his house, a lady came dashing up to his porch and yelled at him, "Have you found God?!!!"

The old farmer took his pipe out of his mouth, spat over the railing and said calmly, "I did not know that He was lost!" The red car vanished.

Speaking of Jehovah's witnesses, when we lived in Germany and somehow made a living with our crafts, Jehovah's Witnesses bothered us every single Sunday. Fred is by far too kind to throw them out. So they started to be more and more aggressive. One Sunday I was working at a silhouette – a Madonna – for a client. The Witness scolded me for working during Sunday. We started to talk – I was angry. He boasted that there were more than 300,000 members in his Church who all were saved!! I asked, "How come the Bible is mentioning that 144,000 will be saved only?" He got up and vanished, never more to come back again. So we got rid of them.

Senta's father, Edward, was up in age when he converted to Theosophy (originally he was Roman Catholic). He studied Madam Blavatsky and invited all kind of people who were Theosophs. Among those guests was one man who strongly believed in natural spirits like fairies and gnomes. This man had been roaming in the woods and had discovered a meadow where – he was absolutely sure – the fairies would dance. He persuaded Edward to go there with him at Midsummer's night. They went and hid in the underbrush. They waited and waited – suddenly they heard some noises of somebody approaching. "There the fairies come!" said the man to Edward. Yes, somebody came – not fairies but a big, old skunk.

When they went to Paradox from New York City, they took first the ship to Albany, which was fun, and from there they proceeded by horse-drawn cars to Paradox.

Once there was a great public affair at Lake Placid, I forgot what it was, at least a historical event. Teddy Roosevelt was the President at that time, and he attended this great event. A horse-drawn carriage was ready for him at Albany. Teddy settled in the carriage but was annoyed that the coachman did not pay the slightest attention to him. Finally he asked the coachman, "Do you know who I am?" "Yep." from the coachman – that was all.

Once Edward had among his students a very gifted Jewish boy. He decided to help him and took him with him to a big Jewish dinner party. All the guests said, "Nice to meet you!" He always replied but: "Ditto." Edward could not promote him.

Some Anecdotes

My grandfather, Erwin Bernhard, and his twin brother August (Senta's husband's father) looked exactly alike until their old age. Not even their brides could tell them apart, as they had the nasty habit of even dressing alike. The brides always embraced the wrong one – as fama tells. (*Fama is the goddess of rumor*).

One day they had special fun. August went every morning to the Conservatory. He passed his hat and his fur coat to the butler and went into his office. Five minutes later my grandfather walked in giving the same hat and fur coat to the butler looking exactly like the President and walked into the office. The poor butler blacked out.

One Sunday Grandpa Bernhard visited one of his supervisors to talk things over with him. The supervisor was just sitting at his lunch table, eating a goose – all alone. He invited Grandpa to sit down and said, “Will der Herr Architekt auch so ne kleine Vogel essen?!! (Mr. Architect, would you (*also*) like to eat such a little bird?!!

I had one very dear friend in Reval; that was Ilse Baronesse Schilling, commonly known as Schilse. I called her “Fox”, because she skipped just as merrily along always having fun and laughter just as my fox terrier used to do, using three of his four legs only. We met regularly once a week either in my home or hers. Often we met also at a little cheap cafe which Vä called: Die Fuhrmann's Kneipe because it was situated in a little lane called “Fuhrmann's Gasse” (Horsedriver's Lane) and “Kneipe” means a saloon. It was not a bad place, but a cheap one: fifteen cents for a glass of good coffee. Tea and coffee was served in such places the Russian way, in glasses. Fox was very democratic, she talked to everybody and was kind to everybody. Once she asked the night watchman of his office if it was not very tedious to walk around the building all night long. He replied, “Yes, now it is tedious since the misters von Glehn (Romo and Walti) are no more around. Then it was always fun. But now – no. Walti and Romo did awful things during the nights when they had been drinking too much.

Once she had friends overnight at her home. It was the Baron and the Baronesse Rarisch von Traubenberg. The Baroness was the daughter of a humble innkeeper in the country – but Fox did not make any difference. She loved her. We had been together for our ritual evening. When we came home she saw to her dismay and fury that her dear girlfriend was attacked by a drunkard. She ran to her help and placed her fist into his face. “But Schilse,” said her friend, “this was Andrea!” (her husband). She had hit the wrong one.

She was a fine poetess. You will find some of her poems among my "leftovers" when I am gone.

The annual ball of the Countess Staekelberg was a big event. It was a "Wohltatigkeits Ball"; the tickets were expensive and the money went to the poor. That was a ball everybody had to attend.

Tante Annemarie decked me out in my mother's ball dress from Turkish silk (altered according to fashion). I put on some rubbers not to get wet feet. The whole thing was very ceremonial. First you had to bow low to the Countess, her daughter and son (both were short-witted as the evil fama told) and then you were free to dance. The ball took place in the Clubhouse of the Aristocracy. As I started to dance, I was dismayed that the floor (parquet) was not polished, it was nearly impossible to move on it. After awhile I looked at my feet – I had still my rubbers on. No wonder! Fox was having a vivid conversation with Baron Pillar, lost her hankie, stooped to pick it up and fell over with the chair. Next morning, when Uncle Erwin went to his barber, he entertained him with the events of that famous ball. "It was glorious," he said, "one lady danced in her galoshes and another one fell down with her chair and all," It was, of course, the talk of that little gossiping town.

The Koch's were a highly esteemed Patrician family in little Reval (where everybody knew everybody and everybody was somehow related to everybody). Onkel Nicolai Koch had married Ida von Glehn from England. She never learned to talk German right. As a true Glehn she loved music. Every once in awhile my father and Tante Agnes had to visit and to play Bach for her. Once as this happened again, Onkel Nicolai was sitting in his easy chair half asleep. Tante Ida asked, "Nicolai, lang weilst Du Dich (are you bored)?" He answered, "ze Tode (to DEATH). A little later there was a tremendous crashing and bumping on the staircase. Aunt Ida limped in and said, "Nicolai, I just fell down the staircase, and you do not move a bit?" "Ach, meine Liebe, ich dachte, es sei Sophie (Ah, my dear, I thought it was Sophie)." Sophie was his sister!

Sophie had married Roman von Antropoff. They had an estate somewhere in the country. She was rather scatterbrained, and he was really witty. Once, shortly before Christmas, Aunt Sophie had decided to throw a big party and invite all Estonia. The invitations were sent out (probably by her secretary) and poor Sophie forgot all about it and took off to St. Petersburg for Christmas shopping. When the guests arrived from all over Estonia in their horse-drawn sleighs, the house was dark. Only some servants were there. Tableau. (*Voila*)

It was the custom of the Aristocracy in the country to come to Reval in Fall to sell their products and have fun, parties, theater, etc. at the same time. Most of them had houses or even mansions on the "Domberg", the mountain where the ruins of the castle of the Templars stood. In English you say to fly a kite, in German it is: einen Drachen fliegen lassen (to fly a dragon). Roman and Sophie Autropoff walked up the steep Domberg when they met a friend. "What are you doing here?" asked the friend.

"Ich lasse meinen Drachen steigen!" said Roman. (In German the wife is referred to as the house dragon.) It means: I fly my house dragon.

But the wildest story happened in the country. Roman and Sophie were invited to a party and as the weather turned to a snow storm, the guests stayed overnight. The guest rooms were usually in a row on the second or third floor. One of the guests overheard the following conversation between Roman and Sophie:

Sophie: Roman, give me the chamberpot.

Roman: Why do you want the chamberpot?

Sophie: I want to brush my teeth.

Roman: Better use water

Tante Annemarie's friend, the Baron Stael von Greifenklau, came to Reval too to the big parties and events. He owned a house on the Domberg. His sleeping room was on the third floor and boasted a small balcony. Every morning the Baron stood stark naked on that balcony to take an air bath. He wore rubbers only. Some friends had noticed this habit and reproached him for doing so. "People will see you there stark naked!" they said. Calmly he replied; "Des Menschen Augen sind Erdebunden." (The eyes of men are earth bound) and continued his habit.

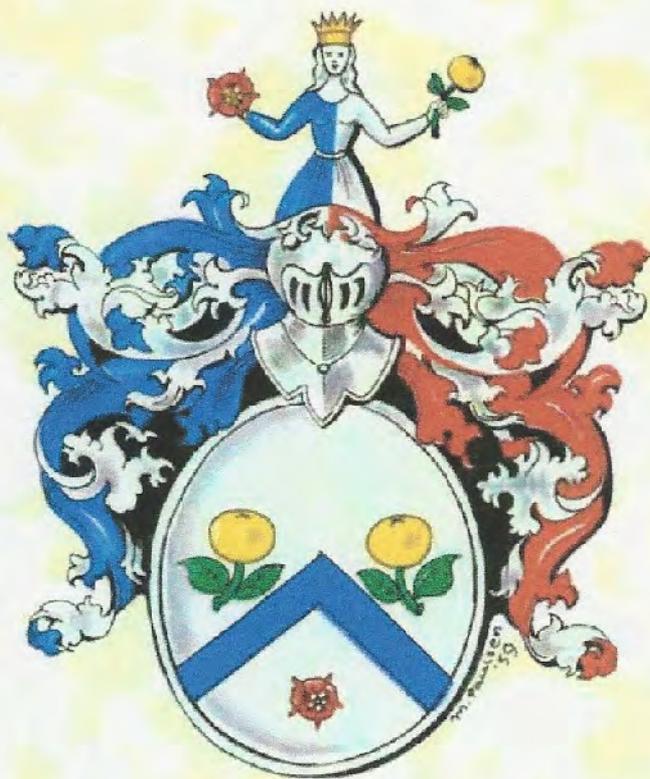
I have to add a story which happened to me with the curator of the Reval Museum, Baron Stael von Holstein. I took heraldry with him. He was very gracious to me, taught me well and one day took me to his own home to show me his collection of ancient books of heraldry. There was a particular one which I loved, it was gloriously done and contained all the family crests of those families who were vassals of the Emperor. His own crest was among them. But at the end the herald had invented the crests of the three Holy Kings who went to adore the Christ Child. (The book dated back to 1400.) Above this bonus, he invited me to give me a special tour through the Reval Museum. Naturally I was elated about this honor. The Baron was short and stout. The Museum mostly contained Rococo furniture (Louis XVI) with spindly golden legs and backs upholstered with embroidered silk. When he started to talk about these treasures he allowed himself to plump down on one of these fairy chairs. I was in a frenzy that these delicate fairy chairs would collapse under his weight. I did not dare to say a word, but I kept praying in my heart, "Dear Lord, please do not allow the dear old man to come to grief." So we walked through many rooms, and it was always the same. At the end of the tour the old Baron kissed my hand and said, "Miss Glehn, you are the only lady who has not asked silly questions when I took her through the Museum." I still feel guilty because at school I drove my German teacher nuts with my questions. It was only that I had to pray for him which shut up my silly mouth.

Though I decided not to talk about myself, I shall add this story which happened when I was at School in Unterprima (Lars will know). It is one of those stories which were tragic at first and ended up well:

Our history teacher, Dr. Bayreuther, was very severe. We were sore afraid of him. It was Friday before the first of Advent and we all felt Christmas approaching. It had started to snow and soon the window sills had big cushions of fresh snow-white snow. At recess we were allowed to stay in the classroom and open the windows for fresh air. Suddenly a wild snowball battle started; the balls were flying everywhere, snow was tucked into our necks and ran down our spines. Christmas spirit made things even worse – it really was an Alexanderschlacht which we fought. Then the bell rang. Next lesson: History with Dr. Bayreuther. We shuddered as we came to our senses. The whole floor was a pattern of puddles and melting snow. Our desks were under water and our books swam

around like boats. We were wet to the bones. Dr. Bayreuther stood at the entrance petrified when he saw this mess. Then I discovered that right over his desk a big snowball was sticking to the ceiling melting away in occasional droplets which would hit his totally bald head. Dr. Bayreuther fumed about the mess, settled down on his desk – pitch, there came the first drop. He jumped to his feet, looked up, saw the snowball, pushed his desk more to the windows and screamed, “You all will have a 3 for your bad behavior for Christmas.” That meant Christmas was out. A 3 in Behavior in the Report was as much as a knock-out. We all spent a sad and dreary weekend. All the joy of Christmas was gone. It was the saddest first Advent Sunday I have ever experienced.

Monday morning first lesson History with Dr. Bayreuther: Helga and I were sitting in the last row at the window and beside us was the Advent wreath hanging with one red candle. When Dr; Bayreuther walked in he seemed to sleepwalk as if he was somewhere else. He settled down at his desk, bent his head and shut his eyes. Our class speaker got up and said, "We have permission to sing a Christmas carol at Monday morning during Advent time." He grunted. We looked at each other and burst into singing the longest Christmas carol we knew. Dr. Bayreuther fell asleep – he even snored a little. Surely, he had been at a party and was still under the influence of heavy drinking. So we continued singing one carol after the other. We had an excellent Music teacher; we knew lots of songs. So we kept on singing until the bell rang for recess. Dr. Bayreuther woke up with a jerk like a frightened rabbit. He smiled sheepishly and vanished. We kept our mouths shut and so did he. We had a 1 (*the best, like an A*) in behavior. Christmas was saved and double as wonderful as ever.



Fam. Luther in Reval

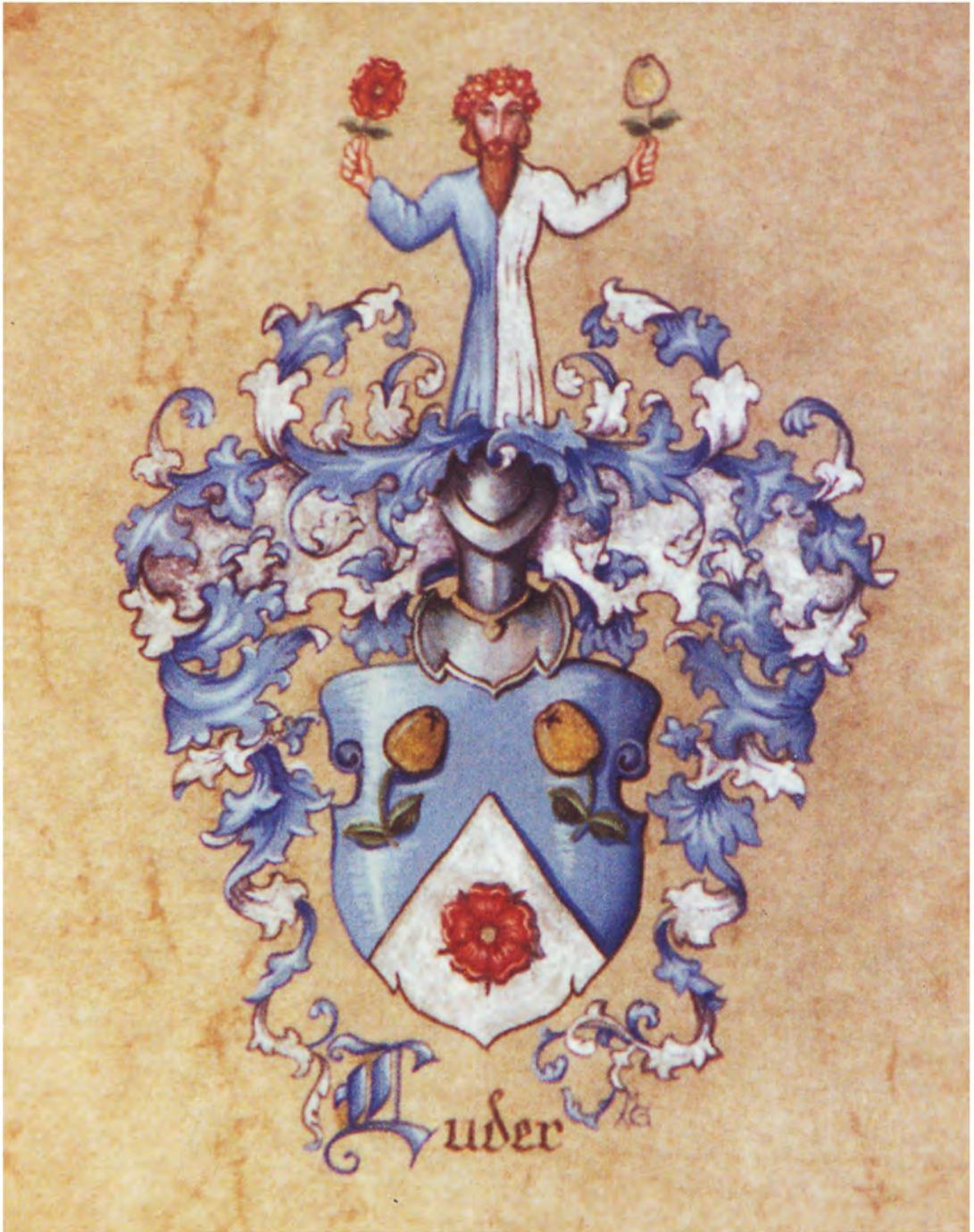


Not only were the Baltic-Germans the victims of Nazi-Soviet collusion, they had become an anachronism within their own homeland. For seven centuries the Germans in the Baltic maintained a disproportionate influence in the cultural, political, and social life of their host countries. In the thirteenth century German merchants migrated to the Baltic region, followed in the next century by the Order of Teutonic Knights. The Germans colonized the Baltic, converted the inhabitants to Christianity, and made them serfs in a feudal economy which lasted until 1816-19. Still, peasants could not hold land until Tsar Alexander II enacted the Agrarian Law of 1849. With forced labor also abolished that year the peasants' lot improved, but until World War I they had no chance at self-determination.

With the end of W.W. I came independence for the Baltic countries, which asserted their nationhood by expropriating agricultural property that had for hundreds of years belonged to German landlords. This land the new governments distributed among farm laborers and small landholders, with little or no compensation to the former owners. In Estonia, former owners received monetary compensation for lost property; in Latvia and Lithuania former landowners retained fifty to one hundred hectares of land for individual use.

Of the land expropriated in Estonia, about 86.5 percent belonged to Baltic-Germans, who in turn comprised only 1.6 percent of the entire population in 1922. In Latvia, about 71 percent of the land was contained in larger holdings, with the remaining 29 percent owned by small holders. As in Estonia, the German minority owned most of the larger land holdings, yet they represented only 3.2 percent of the population in 1920. Germans in Lithuania were concentrated in Memel and they held no major agricultural lands, which were in this case owned by Russians.

Many Baltic-Germans sought a living in the cities, where they flourished for a time under generous and enlightened minority laws. Estonia was especially progressive in this respect. The Constitution of 1920 permitted individuals to declare to which minority they belonged. Minorities could establish autonomous cultural institutions and use their native language in local government bodies. Germans, Russians, and Swedes could address the Central Administration in their own language. Until 1934, and the dictatorship of Konstantin Päät, the larger minorities, including the Germans, had political parties. In January 1934, in response to the Liberator's League's alleged plans to pull off a Nazi *coup*, President Päät declared martial law and banned all but his own political party. Aside from political activity, the Germans continued to enjoy their cultural heritage in Estonia.



**The Coat of Arms of the Luther Family
Granted by Emperor Maximilian in 1570**

The Luther coat of arms was painted by my mother as a Christmas present for my brother. (We got the calligraphied Christmas story.) She also wrote in beautiful lettering on the same parchment the entire, very long list of titles of Maximilian II and the reasons for granting the nobility patent: good deeds and faithful service. But Maximilian was a Holy Roman Emperor; why would he do any favors for the reformator's family just at the very worst time of the religious schism? Holger knew the answer: it was a different branch of the family (Luder, as it correctly says under the shield) that was honored with the nobility patent. These Luders lived in Lübeck and were very rich merchants. They gave (lent?) vast amounts of money to the Emperor, who always needed more money for fighting wars. Whether our branch of the family (the poorer one), who descended from someone living in Saxony, really is entitled to calling it the Luther coat-of-arms is not clear to me. Of course it doesn't matter anyway; it's all decorative only.

An excerpt of the patent letter:



As you can read it says: We Maximilian the Other (the second)
By God's mercy elected Roman Emperor of all time....



Christian II Luther 1774 - 1841



Alexander Luther 1816 - 1876



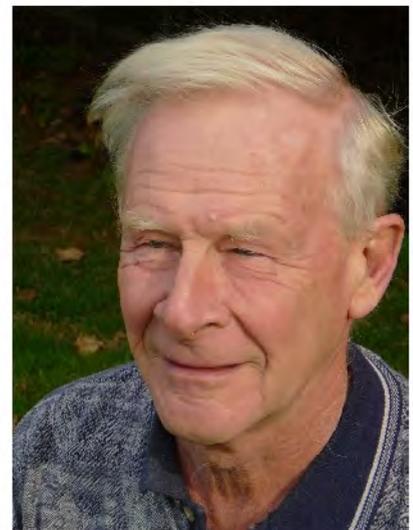
Ferdinand J. Luther 1838 - 1910



A. M. Christian Luther 1878 -1925



Ferdinand P. M. Luther 1907 - 1992



Lars C. Luther 1936 -

Here are six generations of my Luther ancestors for whom we have photos or paintings.

The following is translated from the blue Luther book; the numbers associated with persons in it are given for guidance. All dates before 1917 are probably for the Julian calendar. *All italics are my additions.*

Christian II Wilhelm Luther (#8 on p 64) **Feb. 6, 1774 – May 18, 1841** He apprenticed with the merchant Stamm in Dorpat (Est. Tartu). In Jan. 1787 he joined Samuel Jencken in Reval, in Sept. 1789 to Johann Heinrich Arwell whose house on Karri Street he later bought. In 1832 he bought a large lumberyard, the site of the future A. M. Luther Company. He became a member of the city council on Sep 18, 1818. Elder at the St. Nicolai church. He married his cousin **Amalia Gebauer** (*of whom there is a picture in the book also*).

Alexander Martin Luther (#9 on p 66) **Jan. 8, 1810 – Sept. 22, 1876** Merchant, hereditary honor citizen, First Elder of the Great Guild, Church Council at St. Nicolai, owner of the house #12 Karristreet and a lumberyard. As such he was the founder of the A. M. Luther Company in Reval, which was grown into a large organization by his two sons, Christian and Carlos. In his obituary in the “Revalsche Zeitung”, 1876 Nr. 221, it says: “thanks to his strong personality, quick and accurate judgment and his extensive practical experience he has performed recognized service for the welfare of the town”. His sister-in-law Henriette Lampe described him as a man who always was willing to help others when it became necessary. First marriage to his cousin **Luise Gebauer** on Jan. 24, 1836, second marriage on May 19, 1846 to **Therese Luise Berg**, a niece of his first wife. Third marriage on Sep. 15, 1855 to **Henrietta Carolina Steding**, a cousin of his second wife.

Ferdinand Justinus Luther (#91 on p 76) **Oct. 9, 1838 – Aug. 3, 1910** He attended the Domschule 1850-1857, studied theology in Dorpat 1859-1862. He was pastor in Emmast and Keinis (on Dagö), and at St. Nicolai. Oberpastor, clerical advisor to the Consistory, Pres. of Evangelical-Lutheran Club, member of the city school board. He married **Marie Amalie Friederike Steding** in Sasykino Feb. 2, 1869.

Alexander Martin Christian Luther V (#92 on p 79) **Feb. 8, 1878 – Mar. 3, 1925** He attended the Domschule 1888-1889, Nicolai Gymnasium 1893. Agent at A.M. Luther. *He was an administrative director of the brick factory Rauaniemi, Finland from 1904 till 1914.* He married **Gerda Emilie Mathilde Mickwitz** May 30, 1905.

Ferdinand Paul Martin Luther (#93 on p 80) **Sep. 19, 1907 – Aug. 19, 1992** He attended the Domschule in Reval and graduated in 1927. Employed at A. M. Luther until 1939 *as a wood purchasing agent*; after the war craftsman *in Glücksburg, Germany*. Immigrated to the USA in 1954. Mill worker *at Marietta Concrete* in Marietta, Ohio. Married **Margarethe Maria von Glehn**, born in Narva, *Estonia* June 28, 1909, silhouette artist.

Lars Christian Luther (#93a on p 81) **June 18, 1936 –** *He attended the Duborg Skole (High School) in Flensburg, Germany. Immigrated to the US in 1954. Obtained BS in Chemistry at Marietta College in Marietta, OH 1959, and a doctorate from Indiana U. Bloomington, IN, as a student of Prof. Walter Moore. Postdoc at H.C.Örsted Inst, Copenhagen, Denmark 1964. Lifelong employee as MTS (Member of Technical Staff) at Bell Labs, Murray Hill, NJ and Lucent at Macungie, PA. On Jan. 23, 1960, married Janet Elizabeth Matheson born 5/24/1939 in Slatington, PA.*

The blue Luther Genealogy book has this to say about our ancestor **Georg Christian Luther**. (Inserts are from other sources.)

Born in **Breslau**, Germany (now Wroclaw – pronounced “Vrotz-waf”, Poland) in 1717

(This city gained a new and bloody chapter in its turbulent history during the events of World War II, when Breslau became the last stronghold of the Third Reich in the struggle against the Soviet forces. Dubbed 'Festung Breslau' ('Breslau Fortress') by Hitler, it was the scene of a brutal siege lasting 14 weeks and that cost the lives of 170,000 civilians, 6,000 German troops and 7,000 Russian troops. Finally the city capitulated (the last to do so, four days after Berlin) on May 6th 1945 in a state of absolute ruin. An estimated 70% of the city was destroyed. Those German civilians that hadn't been killed or evacuated were left at the mercy of the Red Army, for whom 'liberating' the city went hand-in-hand with drunken marauding, rape and pillage.)

He came to Estonia in 1742 from his birth city (“Father’s City” in German. What prompted him to emigrate we don’t know. It is possible that there were political reasons , because it was at the time of the First Silesian War, in the wake of which Breslau went to Prussia. In Reval Christian at an advanced age (55) became the ancestor of the Luther family in Estonia and Finland. At first he worked as an apprentice in the store of the widow of the town elder Thomas Heinrich Schrewe; later he the opened his own store and also became an Alderman of the Brewer’s Guild. Georg Christian died in the year 1800 in Reval, Estonia, now Tallinn. In his Death Notice in the “Revaler Weekly News” 1800 No. 40 it says: “The knowledge to have lived in the World in such a way, that he did not have to be afraid of looking back, eased for him the transition into a better World in the last hour of his life, and in full possession of his mental acuity he gently went to sleep.” A satisfying marriage of 29 years enhanced only by quiet and domestic bliss, extended the goal of his days so significantly. My sons grieve with me over this bitter loss. M(aria).H. Lohmann.” (She was his second wife.)

(I, Lars, believe I have a lot in common with Christian. My life too, has been a total success: I don’t have a criminal record either. I wasn’t the first Luther in the US, but I too was blessed to become the ancestor of a wildly successful Luther family branch in a new world. And the description of his marriage fits mine too.)

Christian arrived at an opportune time. Reval in 1742 was slowly recovering from a brutal onslaught of the “Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse”. While the Great Nordic War (1700-1721 – for Estonia it ended in 1710) between Russia, under Peter the Great, and Sweden, aspiring to supremacy in Europe under the ambitious Karl XII, had interrupted all trade and daily life, the other Horseman, the Plague, practically wiped out the populace: less than 10 percent of the citizens survived. Many families died out, all cultural life (schools and churches) was extinguished. The surrounding farmland had been laid waste, so that there was no grain to sell. The city had no income from real estate or from the ship-borne trade with Western Europe.

As time passed calls for help went out from Reval to the “Motherland” : “Preachers and Teachers needed”. One who responded at the time when Christian came was Christoph F. Mickwitz, another of our forebears. He arrived in 1743 and was ordained to serve as the pastor of the Domkirche on the hill, Toompea.



Just one paragraph about this print. When the school year of 1945 started up after a long summer in Glücksburg, where we had ended up after the war, I found myself in a class of 80 students. This incredible situation was due to a teacher shortage caused by the war and by the overwhelmingly huge number of refugees stranded there. The poor teachers could barely keep order.

One day our assignment was to copy some detail of our choosing from Dürer's famous print reproduced in our reading material. I can't remember what detail I had selected, and maybe I even had misheard the teacher. I have no idea what I had done wrong. In any case next morning I was in trouble, i.e. on the teacher's bad list. I wasn't the only one; a long line formed and one by one we each got a smart whack on the hand with the teacher's pointer. The long wait was worse than the punishment. But in retrospect I can see why the teacher may have selected this print. It was what had just happened to Germany, and we – the young Germany – should remember it.



Christian Wilhelm Luther II

Feb. 11, 1774 – May 18, 1841

In 1786 he was apprenticed to the merchant Stamm in Dorpat (Tartu) in Latvia. In 1786 he came to Reval (Tallinn) and in 1787 was employed by Samuel Jenkin and then by Johann H. Arwell. In 1832 he bought a large lumber store where later the firm A.M. Luther was started. He became a member of the town council in 1818, and an elder of the St. Nicolai Church.

He married his cousin Johanna Amalia Gebauer in 1801 and had nine children, among them Alexander Martin, who became the first director of A.M. Luther.



Johanna Amalia Luther

June 1, 1774 – March 4, 1837

She was the daughter of Johann David II. Gebauer, Oberpastor at the Nicolai Church in Reval (Tallin)

Ferdinand Justinus Luther

1858 - 1910



Pastor at St. Nicolai Church in Reval

1/9/1999

When Janet and I made our Baltic cruise in 1998 we wanted to be sure to visit the church of St. Nicholas where my great grandfather, Ferdinand Justinus, had been a minister. He started his career in 1862 as a student minister to small rural communities on the island of Dagö (Hiiumaa). Eventually he became “Oberpastor” in Reval and sat on various boards. He authored articles published in Reval magazines as mentioned in the blue Luther Book. My mother thinks he must have been something of a domestic tyrant because my father’s aunts would only talk of him in whispers. But that may have been the norm in his Victorian day.

We found the church converted to a museum. During WWII a bomb had fallen through the roof and ignited the pews. While the communist regime did not encourage church use, it did restore the building and made it into a show place for the considerable art treasures that had been preserved. Among them is the famous “Dance of Death” painting by a Lübeck painter Notke in the late 15th century.

Oberpastor Luther is mentioned in a very funny collection of stories based on historical events by a German writer Werner Bergengruen; it is called “Der Tod von Reval” (The Death of Reval). Unfortunately I don’t think it exists in English translation. The relevant passage is found on p. 68 in the German text.



The German text under the figure of the Empress reads as follows:

I know Death wants me. Never have I been so frightened. I thought he might have made a mistake, because I am still young and I am an empress.

I thought I was very powerful, but I never thought about him, or that anybody else might want to hurt me. Oh let me live, I beg of you.

Detail from the “Dance of Death” by Bernhard Notke – 15th Cent.

The Ghost of Reval
or **A remarkable Man.**

A story told by Werner Bergengruen in his book

**Der Tod von Reval: Kuriose Geschichten
aus einer alten Stadt**

* (The Death of Reval: Curious Stories from an Old City)
in a chapter called:

**Bericht vom Lebens – und Todeslauf eines
merkwuerdigen Mannes.**

(An account of the Life and Death of a remarkable Man).

This book, in German, has not been translated into English and is fairly long,
so I have retold the story as best I could. (August 2013)

* Copyright 1949; note that Reval is the old name for the capital of Estonia which is now
called Tallinn.

Karl Eugenius de Croy was a wandering mercenary in a Europe slowly recovering from the devastations caused by the Thirty Years' War. He had been in the service of the King of Denmark, the Netherlands, as well as the German Emperor and lately that of the Polish King August. He distinguished himself as a professional soldier and he advanced in rank, but invariably his raging temper and his excessive drinking, gambling and indebtedness brought him into trouble. After a recent scandalous and much laughed about scene, King August deemed it necessary to remove him from his court for a while and sent him with an errand to his ally, Peter the Great of Russia.

Peter was one of the two adversaries in the Great Nordic War (1700 – 1721) and was at the time engaged in the siege of Narwa, the Estonian town bordering on Russia. Karl the Twelfth of Sweden was rapidly advancing to relieve the Swedish forces garrisoned in Narwa. Peter, convinced that he will lose the Battle of Narwa, sought to disengage himself from the disastrous defeat he saw coming. He was in desperate need of a commanding General for his army. After a brandy-soaked night in which de Croy proved himself a worthy drinking companion and after three days of inspections and discussions, during which he exhibited good soldierly sense, Peter unceremoniously appointed de Croy his commander in chief, threw a note to that effect on the table, and left per troika equally quickly.

As Peter expected, the Russians were routed with great losses. Now the Duke de Croy was a Swedish prisoner along with nine other Russian generals and was eventually brought with them to Reval (now named Tallinn), at the time the capital of the Swedish province of Estonia. There they got their swords back and on their word of honor they were allowed to move about freely. The Duke de Croy was the only one of the prisoners liked by all of the - mostly German - inhabitants. He generously treated whomever he met, without regard to nationality or standing, to food and drink. Once he offered French red wine to Estonian peasants. But his untamed nature again got the better of him. One day he went to the harbor and onto the pier with an ax and rammed it into three newly arrived kegs of aquavit. He invited all bystanders, yelling "Come all and drink the water of life - for free!" Watching them drink greedily his own greed overcame him. He jumped into the fray he had caused, pushed away two drinkers, knelt down in their middle of the crowd and drank from the bottom of the barrel. One of the sailors meanwhile tried to defend the kegs with a drawn knife.

De Croy continued to live and eat and drink with his guests without any worry about the future. Never mind that the small pension granted by the Swedish king just barely would cover the interest on his growing debt. He signed all his bills with a smile, and the tavern owners all granted him endless credit. They well knew that, as the scion of a prominent and immensely wealthy family in the Netherlands, he would be bailed out and so expected that they would be paid every gilder he owed once the war was over.

After several months of imprisonment an order came from Karl the Twelfth that all the Russian generals were to be moved to Stockholm. De Croy's creditors were warned about this, and in a heated discussion with the Swedish viceroy of Reval, von Poorten, they demanded that De Croy stay to guarantee their investment. Von Poorten promised to do his best to persuade the king to exempt him. The king wrote back: "You keep the drunkard, better let him plunder your town rather than mine". So de Croy continued his merry - and unhealthy - life in the town and on the town.

In his second year of imprisonment he died in his bed in a bedroom he had rented in one of the finer houses in the city. He had been ringing a bell wildly before a servant found him. The doctor declared that he had suffered a hemorrhage. It was a far better death than that fate had in store for his creditors. The plague hit Reval four years later in 1710 and nine of every ten of its citizens died of it. They had never been paid.

The immediate reaction of de Croy's creditors was to call a meeting with the viceroy. The total of the losses was tallied and amounted to far more than anybody had believed, worse than the loss of a ship loaded with merchandise. Von Poorten had an idea: "We will keep the body of the Duke in ransom. We shall not bury him with any pomp or circumstance or clergy, and this will guarantee for us, that the Tsar, or the Polish king, or his own family will have to settle his debts before one of them can do the honorable thing!" And so it was done. Aldermen and viceroy followed the simple pine casket, and watched as it was placed in a niche behind a screen in a chapel of the St. Nicolai Church. Then the viceroy spoke the "Our Father", and then everyone trooped out and partook in a memorial supper which the duke would have enjoyed.

Letters were written by the informal association of creditors to kings and the de Croy family about the dire predicament of the Reval merchants and the necessity of a Christian burial for the Duke. But nobody answered any of them, except for King Karl of Sweden who wrote after having ignored the first letter. After the second he let the gentlemen of Reval know that, if they would insist on an answer, it would be: "Throw the pig onto the garbage heap".

Not long after deposition of the body, strange goings-on in the church were reported: "A scream was heard from the empty church at midnight, a breaker bar was found in the niche behind the screen and the casket had been forced open". The face of the dead duke was found to be pink and healthy; a smile had formed on his lips: as if to say: "You can do anything you want with me now. I don't care anymore!" The rumors grew and were further embroidered. The church decided to leave the casket open and to charge admission. At last the Duke was beginning to pay up.

The question remains: why and how did the Duke's body not decay? Savants were consulted and talked about "salpetric" emanations, but nobody was convinced. Instead

people preferred to believe that the huge amounts of brandy consumed during his lifetime kept his body in such lifelike condition. The years rolled by. After the plague and the hunger times came better ones with throngs of tourists anxious to see the famous mummy and eager to pay any admission. As church mice had damaged his uniform it was replaced with a more splendid one.

When at one time a leaky roof threatened to damage the exhibit, the body was secretly relocated one night by the church custodian to allow hasty repairs. But a witness, Miss Rutz, the organist working late, got a glimpse of the Duke moving through the aisles, seemingly on his own feet. Horrorstruck, she fainted away. Next morning the rumor circulated in Reval that the Duke's ghost had been seen walking through the Nicolai church at midnight. And new reports of people encountering the ghost of the General at various locations in Reval were spreading like wildfire. The custodian and the pastor kept quiet; the rumors did not hurt admissions.

Again several decades passed. The new authority in Reval is now the Tsar's representative, Mr. Skalosubow, an energetic and ambitious bureaucrat. Soon after taking office he reports to the Russian authorities in Moscow, that he has discovered an intolerable situation in Reval: a famous Field marshal of the Grand Russian Army is lying unburied in an open casket in a Reval church like a circus attraction. He must now be buried with the appropriate honors to avoid negative perceptions about Russian authority. In time and after some head shaking his superiors agree and command a state funeral. The current minister, **Oberpastor at the Nicolai church, Ferdinand Justinus Luther*** is going to conduct the funeral service. It is to be a simple service attended only by ten representatives of the Russian government. Luther and the other clerics of the church watch as the body is lowered into a newly created crypt inside the church. Then Luther says the Lord's Prayer and intones: "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust". And so de Croy has finally been laid to rest after nearly two centuries of wandering.

*** My great grandfather. He lived 1838 –1910, pastor since 1862 at the Nicolai Church**



A. M. Christian Luther
1878 - 1925

3/3/07

When my grandmother Gerda Luther died in 1967, Christel, her daughter, sent me her German Bible as something to remember her by. I realized that this Bible was her husband Christian's Bible, given to him by his father Ferdinand Justinus, the minister, on his confirmation day, August 9, 1895. I found two things in that Bible: a photo of Ferdinand Justinus, probably from that time, and the letter from Christian to Gerda that told about his internment in Russia in 1916, a story I have told on Christian's page.

The dedication of the Bible was written in a beautiful hand (probably Ferdinand's), in the old fashioned German script called Sütterlin and it is reproduced below. Since Sütterlin is hard to read I must tell you what it says. First there is a Bible verse, it is Eph.(esians) II, 19 and 20. Then: To our dear son Christian for industrious use. Reval on the day of the confirmation August 9, 1895.

So seid ihr nun nicht mehr Jüden und Fremdlinge,
sondern Bürger mit den Heiligen und
Gottes Heubgenossen, erbauet einander
der Apostel und Evangelien, die Jesus Christus
den Himmel ist. Eph. 2, 19 u. 20.

Unserem lieben Sohne Christian
zu fleißigem Gebrauche.

Beval am Tage der Confirmation
d. 9. August 1895.



!895 CONFIRMATION OF CHRISTIAN LUTHER

Alexander Martin Christian Luther's Confirmation

The photograph taken in 1895 in front of the St Nikolai church in Reval where their father, Ferdinand Justinus, was the pastor shows 11 siblings. They are:

Back row standing: **Gertrud, Christian, Magda**
Middle row standing: **Lenchen, August, Johanna, Karoline**
Front row sitting: **Ralf, Nora, Louise, Reinhard.**

Maria Magdalena (**Magda**), the oldest, was born in 1872. She studied art in Paris, I believe. She did not marry and died in 1941. She painted the watercolor "Evening at the Lake – Estonia" which hangs in our bedroom.

Johanna Caroline Louise, b. 1874 married a pastor and died in 1929.

Gertrud Elisabeth Fanny Margaretha, b. 1875, was a chief nurse at the Hospital Katharinetal in Reval. She was a weaver and taught my mother the art. She died in 1948 in Germany.

Alexander Martin **Christian**, b. 1878, was a manager at the firm A.M. Luther and later manager at the Rouhaniemi brick factory owned by the Finnish Luthers. He was also my grandfather. He died in 1925.

August Ferdinand, b. 1879, was a chemist and worked for Höchst Chemicals in Germany. He died in 1934. He worked with aniline dyes and was said to have been colorful. *

Helene (**Lenchen**) Amalie, b. 1881, married a physician, Hugo R. Hirsch, director of the same Hospital as her sister Gertrud. I vaguely remember spending some time with their children. She died in 1948 in Germany.

Reinhard Martin Georg, b. 1883, died 1899.

Karoline (Line), b. 1885, married into the Paulsen family, possibly the genealogist of our Luther book. No death date given, hence after 1959.

Ralf Johann Ferdinand, b. 1887, studied theology and became a German Pastor in Dorpat, Estonia and died there in 1931.

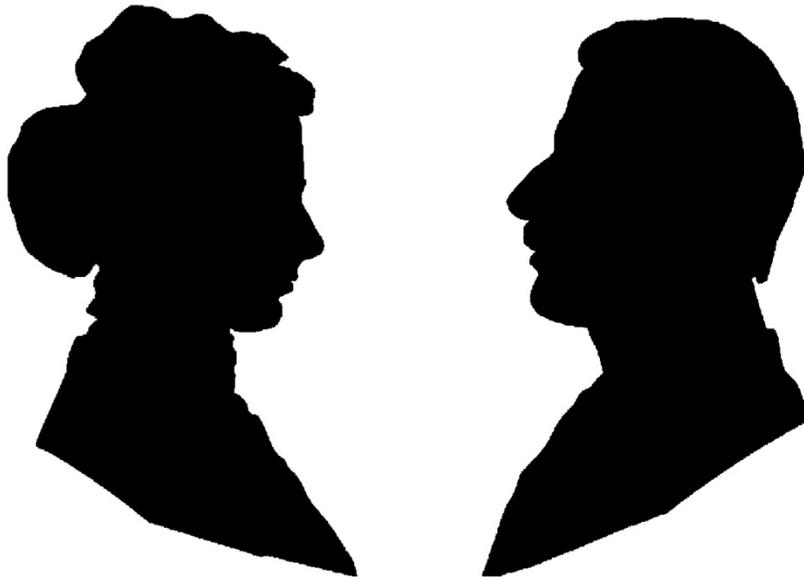
Louise Agnes Betsy, b. 1889, married a physician. No death date given.

Nora Clementine Anna, b. 1891, married a mining engineer in Germany. She died in 1932.

* I, Lars, worked for the American Cyanamid Co. in Bound Brook, NJ, during the summer of 1959. I handled a pink dye and was warned that it might cause cancer. Soon my hair, my steering wheel, my clock radio, and my telephone were pink.



GERDA AND CHRISTIAN LUTHER WEDDING 1905



Gerda and A. M. Christian Luther

February 2017

Gerda was my grandmother, my father's mother.

A couple of months ago I was contacted via email by a second cousin named Anneka Ekland who lives in Sweden. (Her mother was Anita and Anita's father was Ricko, a brother of Gerda. Anneka is compiling a book about Gerda called *Faster Gerda* (*Faster* in Swedish means *father's sister* or, we would say, *aunt*) and she has asked me to translate this into German. She got my address from my first cousin Wolf-Dietrich Hoffmann. (Wolf's mother Christel was my father Vä's sister.)

Re the silhouettes, she said: "I got them from Wolf. I don't know who has made them. It could be Gerda's brother Ricko, my grandpa. He did that kind of silhouettes, with the help of a lamp and shadow and then making the picture smaller with special drawing construction."



A. M. CHRISTIAN LUTHER - 1905



A.M. CHRISTIAN LUTHER (1878-1925)
IN RAUHANIEMI CA. 1910

A. M. Christian Luther (1878 - 1925)
Clockwise from above:
c.1905; In Rauhaniemi, Finland c. 1910; Management and employees at the Rauhaniemi brick factory (Christian and Gerda Luther at extreme right) c.1910; Christian and Gerda with their eldest son Olav in 1907; Gerda with Olav



GERDA AND OLAV LUTHER 1907



CHRISTIAN, GERDA AND OLAV LUTHER - 1907



GERDA MICKWITZ ~ 1885



GERDA LUTHER 1928



**Gerda Emilie Mathilde
(Mickwitz) Luther
(1881 - 1967)**

Top: c.1885; With her brothers
Paul, Axel, and Richard (Ricko);
Middle: as a young girl;
Bottom: c.1928; 1964

Führer
durch vom Jahr 1878

REVAL.

1. Geographisch-statistische Notizen S. 1-4
2. Geschichte der Stadt Reval S. 4-56
3. Würdigkeiten S. (41-67)
56-
4. Institutionen u.
Tätigkeit f. Besucher Revals S. (68-80)
5. en.



1. REVAL

Geographische Lage: unter $59^{\circ} 26'$ nördl. Breite u. $42^{\circ} 24'$ östl. Länge von Ferro; - im Hochland unmittelbar am

Meer des finnischen Meerbusens.
Klima. Grundsätzlich u. sehr veränderlich wegen
der Eiden im Ostland vorhanden u. Stürme u. Stürme.
Gerda Luther
Schroffe Übergänge von der Kälte zur Wärme u. umgekehrt
sind nicht selten. Trotz dessen aber ist das Klima gesund
u. häufige u. heftige, vorherrschend aus S.W. u. aus N.O. we-
hende Winde reinigen die Luft u. verhindern ein grös-

2/21/1999

My grandmother, Gerda Luther, was born in Moscow in 1881. She was the daughter of an engineer, Alexander Mickwitz, who moved to Helsinki and there set up a small factory to prepare meat extract intended as a health booster for children suffering from tuberculosis. As a child, Gerda ate a lot of left over, very dry meat. She met and married my grandfather, Christian, in Helsinki and moved with him first to Staryia Russia south of St. Petersburg and then in 1916 to Reval. Since Christian died quite early, my father took his place as the man of the house. Often he felt he had to be at home to help her overcome bouts of depression. My mother never got along with her, nor with Renate, my father's younger sister. Renate felt that my mother was intolerably stuck up about her aristocratic origins, and my mother thought that my father's family was just so incredibly bourgeois. "Imagine, in the middle of a Bach sonata, Renate said something about doing windows with baking soda." And Renate said: "and wherever Gretel (my mother) visited she brought along her silhouette work and ignored everybody."

I got to know Gerda a little better after the war when she lived by herself in a little rented room not far from us in Glücksburg. She sometimes babysat my brother and me. Once she took me to a fair and bought me a small erector set. She had much time on her hands and decided to copy an entire prewar travel guide to her beloved hometown, Reval, by hand. Page after page she wrote in a steady unassuming hand without making mistakes. She was able to get away from war torn Germany to a better life in Helsinki where my father's older brother, Olav, lived and ran the Rauhaniemi brick factory. She often was able to send us things we couldn't get in Germany. In 1953 she saved enough from her meager social security money to send me a ship ticket to come and visit her in Helsinki. There I met Olav and his family and also two aunts, Bärbi and Martha Luther, with whom Gerda rented.





The A.M. Luther Company was founded in Tallinn Estonia in 1877 and continued to manufacture wood products under different names until 1940. First it was the "A.M. Luther Company for Mechanical Woodworking" and ran advertisements like this one which I found in the *St. Petersburger Zeitung* on microfilm in the Library of Congress. The Grand Prix of Paris had been given for the revolutionary invention of waterproof glue. A.M. Luther responded to economic changes by reorganization and alliance with other companies such as Venesta of London and became A.M. Luther Venesta. That company's logo was a purple-blue oval, which I saw as a child on a suitcase made of plywood. Many, many years later I saw it again with Janet in New York City, when we had gone to see an exhibit of Aalto's work (best known for his coffee filter shaped vase). Aalto had designed furniture for A. M. Luther Venesta, so the logo was visible on a chair shown in the exhibit. The suitcases I got to see again too; they were exhibited in a museum for Estonian Crafts in Tallinn.

There exists a very good book about the company's long history; it was written by Juri Kermik and was published in 2004.

Newspaper Ad 1902



The **A. M. Luther** furniture factory was created by Christian IV Wilhelm Luther (1857-1914) as a sideline to the hardware store of his father, Alexander Martin Luther. Christian started the factory operations by making plywood seats for chairs. Alexander was the father of both Ferdinand Justinus, my great-grandfather, and the above mentioned Christian IV. Another Alexander Martin was “Uncle” Martin; he was the big honcho in the Luther family of the 19th century. My father was grateful for a smile from him when he first joined the company as a carpenter apprentice. Both he and Erwin Bernhard, my mother’s uncle, were employed by A.M. Luther. The invention of a waterproof glue made from animal blood by a company chemist (Paulsen) was the entry point for the firm to international scope, as this made it possible to manufacture tea shipping containers for an English company “Venesta”, which operated the tea trade between Ceylon and London. A.M. Luther went public in 1897. The factory (under a different name) is supposedly still in operation today, but we didn’t observe any activity on the site when Janet and I were in Tallinn in 2007. While the tall smokestacks were still standing, the entire quarter was an urban slum with run-down liquor and tobacco stores.

My father recalled the horrible stench of the barrels of blood imported by the company. At one time he was responsible for getting them through customs.



A.M. Luther in 1930.

Hi-Tech Breakthrough of 1896



Double Eagle of Russia

Outside Oval Lettering:
"Water Proof" in three
Languages

The Luther coat of arms

Inside Oval Lettering:
Company Name in
Russian

Grand Prix Paris 1900

One of the A. M. Luther Woodworking Company's most important contributions in the development of plywood technology was the introduction of waterproof glue in 1896. This glue was developed by the Luther brothers' cousin Oskar Paulsen (b.1869), a chemical engineer who joined A. M. Luther in 1893. Paulsen's patented waterproof glue enormously widened the field of uses for plywood, and it was the main factor behind A. M. Luther's fabulous success in the Russian and foreign markets. In addition to plywood furniture the glue was used to make plywood suitcases, hatboxes and barrels.

There is an undocumented story that a senior partner, Ernest H. Archer, of a London tea import firm had decided that tea chests should be made from plywood, but found that the plywood that vendors were offering fell apart in water. He came upon the Luther waterproof plywood only by accident: he was walking on the beach and found a piece of it still intact despite being in the water, and carrying the A. M. Luther trademark. A new company, Venesta, was eventually founded with a directing board that included two Luthers and W.F. Raban, General Director of the Darjeeling Tea Company. Venesta made lots and lots of money.



A.M.Luther Factory ~ 1900

A. M. Luther Mechanical Woodworking Factory

Father Christian Wilhelm IV (1857-1914) and son Martin Christian (1883-1964) were successive directors of the well-known Estonian plywood furniture company which was founded in 1883 and by 1900 had become the largest plywood and furniture manufacturer in Russia.

Luterma (the A. M. Luther Mechanical Woodworking Factory) was renowned for its high quality plywood, which was used



for the manufacture of suitcases and pails as well as furniture. The company's early furniture types included office and railway furniture as well as domestic designs. In 1908 Luterma established a sister company in London, the Venesta Plywood Company (the name Venesta deriving from Veneer and Estonia), its international outlook being supported by the establishment of branch offices in many European countries including Germany, Sweden, France, and Italy.

By 1914 much of its output reflected a straightforward functionalism although there were occasional examples of striking innovation as in the sculptural, flowing forms of a screen of 1908 (Model no. 1138) anticipating developments in Finland by Alvar Aalto and Artek. With the closure of Russian markets after the First World War, Luterma played an important economic and social role in the production of furniture, a significant amount of which was geared towards utilitarian, everyday types. Prior to the First World War Luterma had boasted one of the largest furniture departments in the Baltic Countries, producing folding chairs and tables for the British market alongside domestic, public, and office furniture for Baltic markets.

With the considerable expansion and industrialization of Tallin arose the need for production of a new furniture range that would be suitable for the rapid growth in the provision of rationally planned apartments and housing designed to cater for the expanding working class. Luterma had begun to develop its interest in this sector through mounting a competition in 1919 for well-designed inexpensive wooden furniture for small flats. Alongside such initiatives Luterma converted its Tallin warehouse into a modern showroom for an extensive display of domestic and office furniture. In the mid 1930s the company promoted a 'Furniture for Everyone' initiative supported by the Ministry of Economics, producing flexible modern designs using standardized forms with interchangeable modular units that could be combined in different ways. Such designs embraced the principles of Modernism and empathy with the *existenzminimum* ('living in a minimum space') design aesthetic that had been explored elsewhere in avant-garde circles in Europe—in Vienna, Warsaw, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, and other cities involved in progressive large-scale housing programs. In Britain, Jack Pritchard who worked for the Venesta Plywood Company, Luterma's sister company, was involved with the architect Wells Coates in the design of the 'minimum flats' at Lawn Road, Hampstead (1932), and the Isokon plywood furniture designed by Walter Gropius and Marcel Breuer. Luterma's similarly adventurous, but less high-profile, policy continued until 1940 when Estonia was annexed by the Soviet Union.

My Grandfather Christian Luther



Revised 1/30/2005

Alexander Martin Christian V. Luther was a Russian citizen living in Finland and an officer in the Russian army during WWI. He and his unit were suddenly and without prior notice sent to a remote Russian city (Galich, ~300 miles northeast of Moscow) because their loyalty to the Tsar was in question. A postcard he sent to his wife Gerda to let her know what had happened to him was found in the Bible given to Christian by his father Ferdinand on the occasion of his confirmation in 1895. Gerda had the Bible until her death in 1967. It came to me in 1988 to pass on. I have translated his message from the original Swedish.

16 April 1916

My dear girl! What can I tell you? This much, that I am still alive. As to our future, it has now gotten even darker than it was before the departure. After a journey that took more than 16 hours we arrived yesterday at noon not (in good shape?), because the night had to be spent in a sitting position. After arrival we had to march from one end of the city to the other and back again. Toward evening we arrived at our present destination point, the isolation camp Ochtu. Here we — spent the night rather — in — and without our things, which had remained at the train station. Today we got our things and get to spend? the next night(s)? in a better way. With Gertrud (probably his sister) we could exchange some words on the telephone. We are being very closely watched and can escape nowhere.

Note: the last two lines are illegible and so is the line on the left edge. (Signed) Chr.

Notice the address to **Mrs. G. Luther** on the post card; it is written in Russian (Cyrillic) script.



Mickwitz

2/16/2008

Mickwitz was my grandmother's maiden name, and the name of a very remarkable family which has been dated back to 1583, the year Simon Mickwitz died. He was the "Burgmeister" of the castle of Kamenz, a city now part of Eastern Poland. I believe that meant that he was the manager or administrator of an estate which perhaps had been deeded to a monastery, a common practice then. One of his direct descendants, Christoph Friedrich Mickwitz II, 1743-1801, was born in Reval after his father, Christoph Friedrich I, had moved there from Koenigsberg, an outpost of Germany in the Northeast, and had been entrusted with the spiritual care of the Baltic barons at the very old and very distinguished "Domkirche" on Toompea hill in the middle of Reval (Toompea = church + chief). He probably had received the call to Reval after the big plague of 1710, which had wiped out most of the clerical profession there. He is also credited with re-establishing the Domschule in 1724, the High School preferred by all the Germans of the city, and which my father and his generation still attended.



Christoph Friedrich I and his son, Christoph Friedrich II

The son of CFM II, also a pastor like his grandfather and father, was awarded the diploma of Russian hereditary nobility in 1832 and thus became: Christoph Friedrich II von Mickwitz.

As another feather in their cap the family claims to be related to the famous Polish poet Adam Mickiewicz (1798 to 1855).

But my grandmother was a very down-to-earth woman, certainly compared with my mother, and never talked about how distinguished a family she had come from. Most of the Mickwitz family, in Finland anyway, quietly dropped the "von" which, after the Russian Revolution, no doubt was a wise thing to do.



Alexander Mickwitz and
A. W. Adelheid nee Hoffmann



Christoph Friedrich I. Mickwitz.

Ob.-Pastor a. d. Ritter u. Domkirche
zu Reval.

* Königsberg i. d. N. 1696, † Reval 1748.



Christoph Friedrich II. Mickwitz.

Pastor zu Marien-Magdalenen in Estland.

* Reval 1743, † Marien-Magdalenen 1801.



Propst Dietrich Georg v. Mickwitz.

* Marien-Magdalenen 1778, † Marien-
Magdalenen 1846.



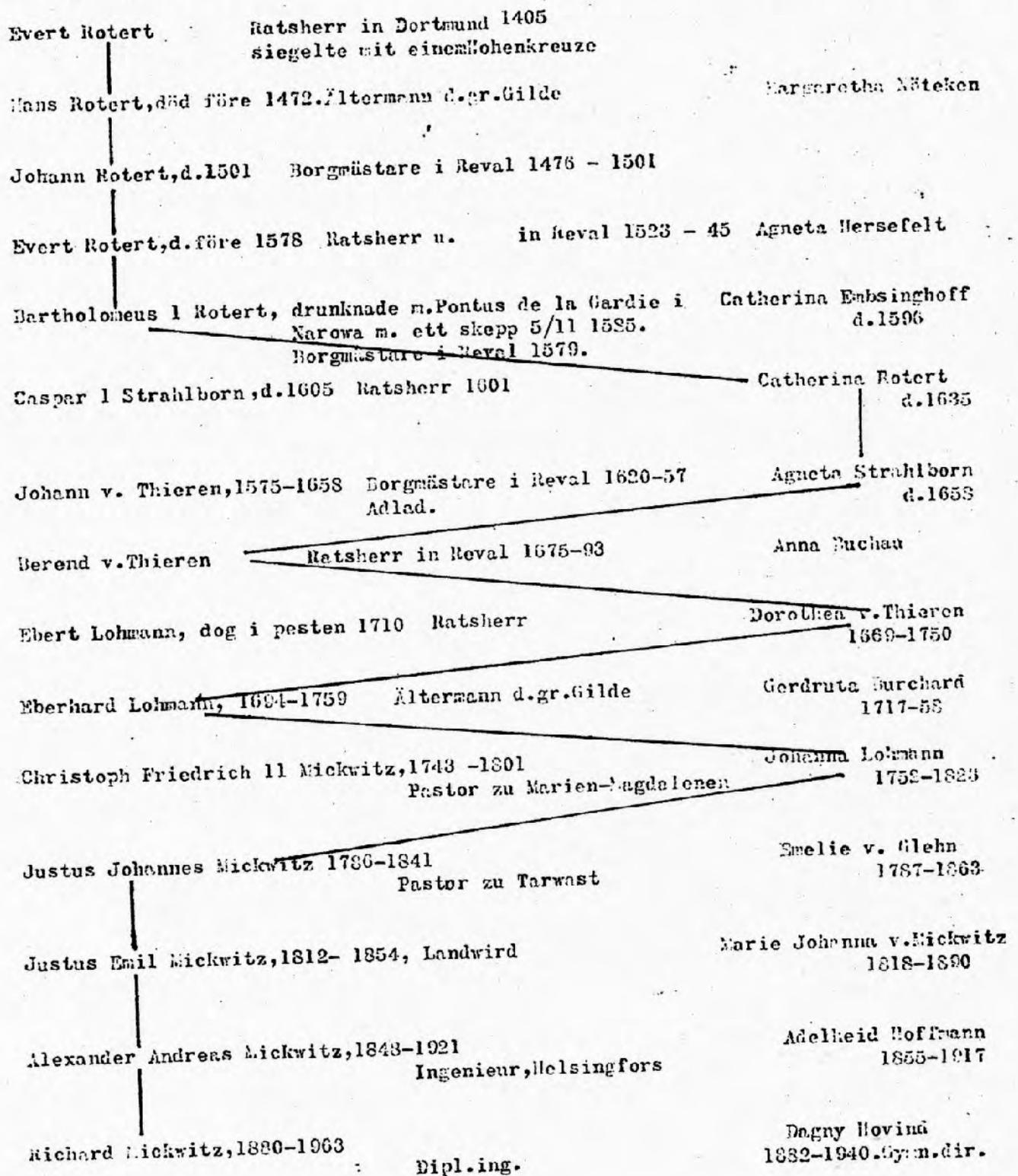
**Anna Margarethe v. Mickwitz,
geb. v. Glehn.**

* Reval 1785, † Pillistfer 1867.

We found this Genealogy of the Mickwitz family with Mutti's things. Va's mother was born Gerda Mickwitz. Her father was Alexander Andreas Michwitz (1848-1921)

Mickwitz
Familien Geschichte

13161 1

Förfäder och mödrar i rätt nedstigande led== tabell 2 t.o.m. Berend v.Thieren

Tabell 2 Förfäder och mödrar i rätt nedstigande led med beaktande av
hur man kommer längst bakåt i tiden

Henning I Rumor f.1383	Köpmän och Ratsherr i Reval	
Albert Rumor (Rumoer) d.1468	Borgmästare i Reval 1450	Gertrud
Henning II Rumor (Rumoer) d.1485	Borgmästare i Reval 1479	Margaretha
Hermann Luhr d.1535	Ratsherr i Reval 1507-35	Gertrud Rumor
× Thomas v.Werne (Weren) d.1554	Borgmästare i Reval 1550	Grotke Luhr d.1540
Peter v.Speckelsen d.1635	Borgmästare i Reval.Ratsherr v.Cämra 1602-35	Dorothea v.Wehren
Johannes II Burchard Apotekare	Ältermann d.gr.Gilde i Reval	Dorothea v.Speckelsen d.1640
Christian III Buchau f.i Stralsund 1617	d.i Reval 1672	Anna Burchard d.1663
Berend v.Thieren d.1693	Ratsherr i Reval 1675-93	Anna Buchau 1641-1668
Ebert Lohmann dog i pest 1710	Ratsherr	Dorothea v.Thieren 1669-1730
Eberhardt Lohmann 1694-1759	Ältermann d.gr.Gilde i Reval	Gerdruta Burchard 1717-58
Christoph Friedrich II Mickwitz 1743-1801	Pastor zu Marien-Magdalenen	Johanna Lohmann 1752-1823
Justus Johannes Mickwitz 1786-1841		Emilie v.Glehn 1787-1863
Justus Emil Mickwitz 1812- 54	Landwird	Marie Johann v.Mickwitz 1818-90
Alexander Andreas Mickwitz 1848-1921	Ingeniör Helsingfors	Adelheid Hoffmann 1855-1917
Richard Emanuel Mickwitz 1880-1903	Dipl.ing. Helsingfors	Daguy Novind 1882-1910 Gyn.dir.

Alternativ till denna tabell räknat från Thomas v.Werne på fädernet i.st.f.mödrarnet:

Margvard I Bertholt	Borgmästare i Reval 1400	
Margvard II (Marcus) Bertholt	Borgmästare i Reval 1457-76	
Reinholt v.Werne (Werden)		M.Bertholt
Tönnis (Antonius) v.Werne		Castine Schutte, vars far var borgmästare i Reval 1475
× Thomas v.Werne (Weren) d.1513	Räts herr i Reval 1510-13	

Summary of the Mickwitz Genealogy

This is my interpretation of the schematic

1. Evert Rotert (1405-?)
2. His son Hans Rotert (? - 1472) married Margaretha Xöteken
3. Their son Johann Rotert (? – 1501)
4. His son Evert Rotert (? – 1578) married Agneta Hersefelt (1523 – 1545)
5. Their son Bartholomus Rotert I (1585 - ?) married Catherina Embsinghoff (? – 1596)
6. Their daughter Catherina Rotert (? – 1635) married Caspar Strahlborn I (? – 1605)
7. Their daughter Agneta Strahlborn (? – 1653) married Johann von Thieren (1575 – 1658)
8. Their son Berend von Thieren married Anna Buchan
9. Their daughter Dorothea von Thieren (1669 - 1750) married Ebert Lohmann
10. Their son Eberhard Lohmann (1694-1759) married Gerdrata Burchard (1717 – 1758)
11. Their daughter Johanna Lohmann (1752 – 1823) married Christoph Friedrich Michwitz II (1743 – 1801)
12. Their son Justus Johannes Mickwitz (1786 – 1841) married Emelie von Glehn (1787-1863)
13. Their son Justus Emil Mic hwitz (1812 – 1854) married Marie Johanna von Michwitz (1818 – 1890)
14. Their son Alexander Andreas Michwitz (1848 – 1921) married Adelheid Hoffmann (1855 - 1917)
15. Their daughter Gerda Emilie Mathilde Mickwitz (1881 – 1967) married Alexander Marten Christian Luther V (*called Christian*) (2/8/1878 - 3/3/1925)
16. Their son Ferdinand Paul Martin Luther (9/19/1907 – 8/19/1992) married Margarethe Maria von Glehn (6/28/1909 – 12/28/2001)
17. Their son Lars Christian Luther (b. 6/18/1936) married Janet Elizabeth Matheson (b. 5/24/1939)
18. Their children are Margarethe Jane (b. 3/15/1962), Christian James (b. 5/28/1964), Kirsten Elizabeth (b. 3/30/1966) and Erik Paul (b. 3/10/1968)

Helsingfors

13-14 February 1894

Dear Mama!

I congratulate you on your Birthday and wish you much Happiness to your 38th Life Year. Yesterday there was an awful Snowstorm so that today there was much snow on the ground. I hope that we soon will be able to Ski. I now have 644 postage stamps. I borrowed Erik's "Good Companion".

It is very interesting. The main story is "The Oilprince"; it is also by Karl Mai, it is a very funny story. I have already handed in my composition, it is called the "Trojan War" – it turned out to be about 10 pages long, not so very long. If the weather continues there will again be good ice; today there has been frost all day. Please write and tell how many stamps and coins Alexander has and say hello to everybody from your son.

Axel

Comments from Lars: A schoolboy at the turn of the 20th century didn't have a smart phone; he read adventure books. (Karl May was **the** German adventure author for young and old even at my mid-century time). This schoolboy collected stamps and coins and loved snow and ice.

Axel v. Mickwitz was the brother of my grandmother Gerda so this letter was written to their mother, Adelheid Hoffmann (1855-1917) for her 39th birthday. The congratulatory wish of the time is for "Your umpteenth Life Year", not for your umpteenth and one Birthday – so I heard from Wolf- Dietrich Hoffmann.

I don't know who the other Alexander referred to was.