

REMEMBERING MY FATHER – CARL HUNEKE

A CALIFORNIA STAINED GLASS ARTIST



June 19, 1898 - June 18, 1972

By Marge Huneke Blaine

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Terramar
4370 Alpine Road #201
Portola Valley, CA 94028
Phone: 650-851-8006
www.terramar.com
mblaine@caprop.com

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A CALIFORNIA STAINED GLASS ARTIST

This book was written for my children

Timothy Michael Blaine
Gregory Hartnell Blaine
Connie Lee Blaine Ahern

And my grandchildren

Nicholas, Alexander and Christopher
Laura and Mia
Michelle Lee and Meagan Lee

By Marge Huneke Blaine

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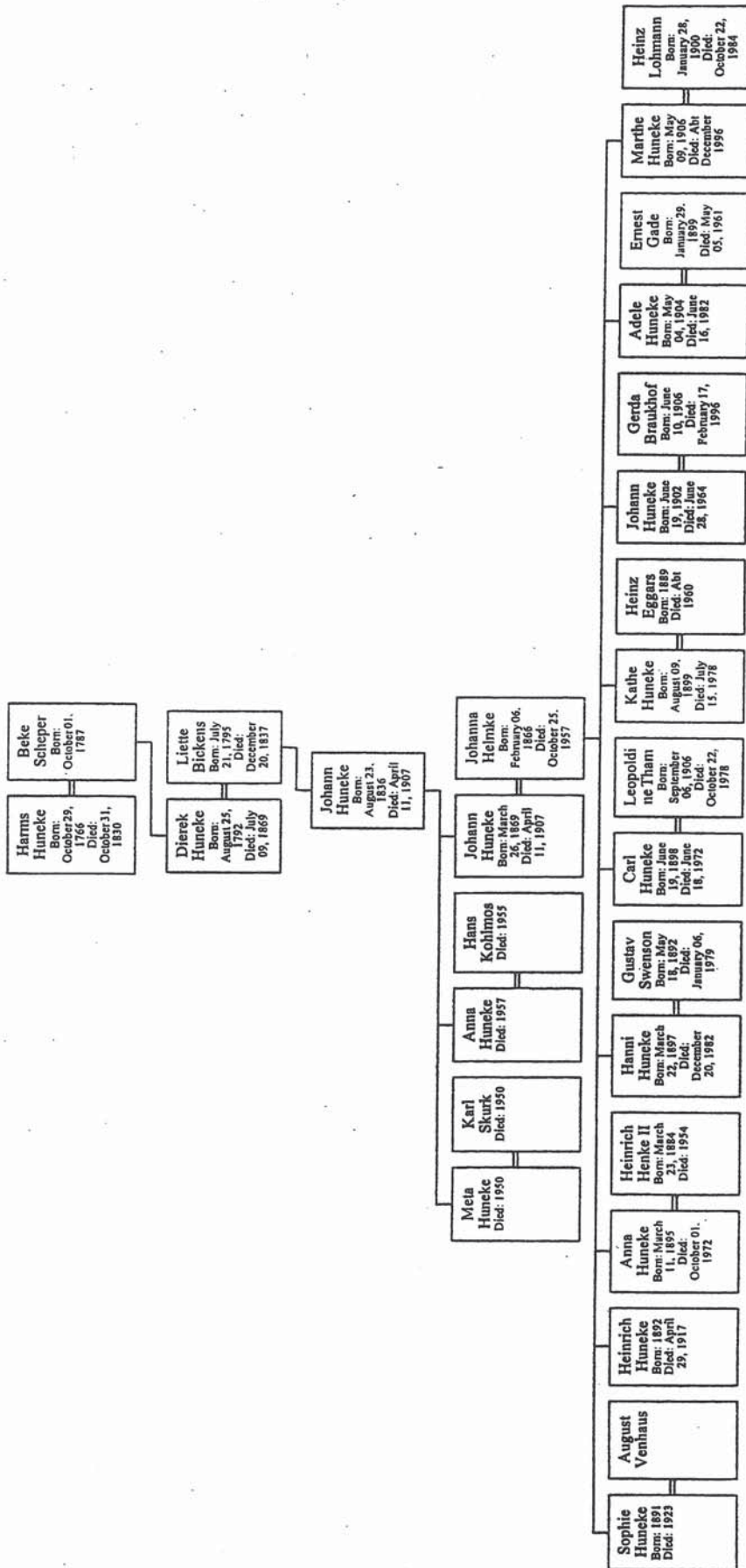
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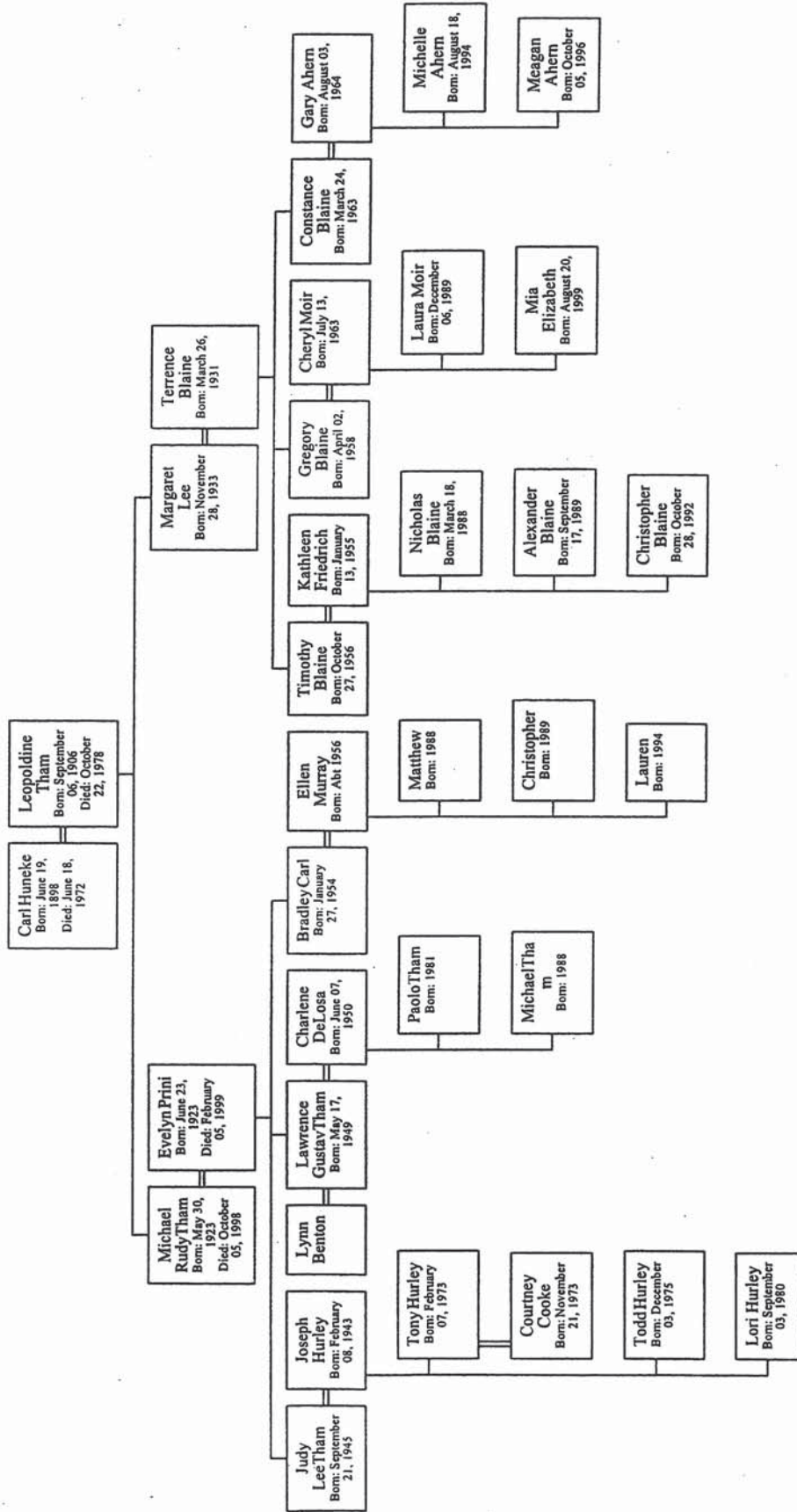
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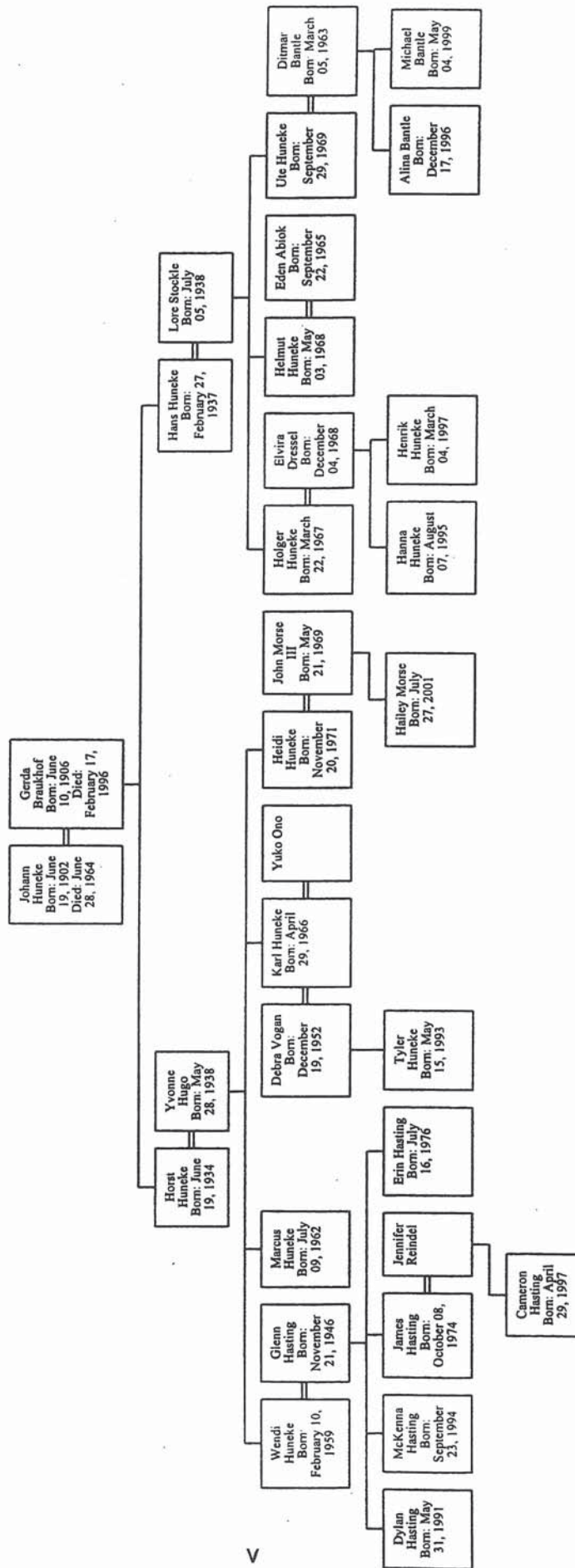
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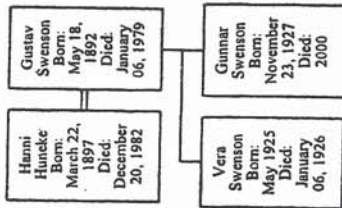
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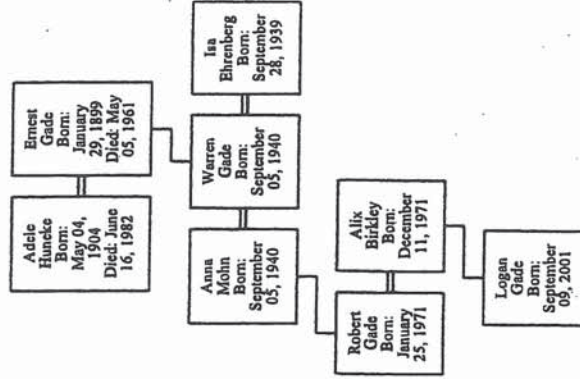
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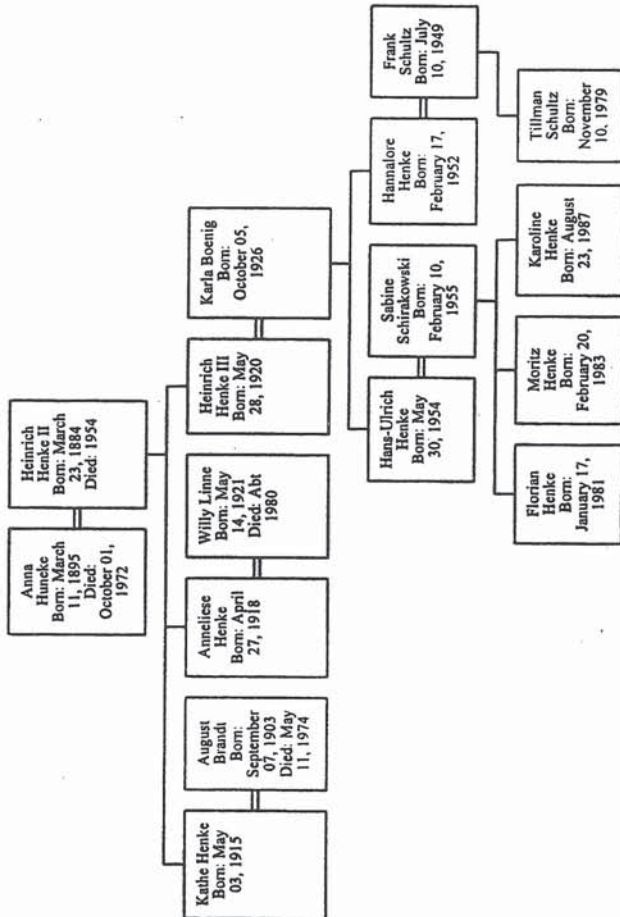
Descendants of Hanni Huneke



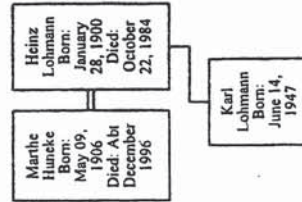
Descendants of Adele Huneke



Descendants of Anna Huneke



Descendants of Marthe Huneke



REMEMBERING MY FATHER – CARL HUNEKE A BIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER I – 1898-1912

Johanna moved slowly about the kitchen. The sky was dark in the pre-dawn, the kettle cold and the fire nearly spent. Her pains had started during the night, as she lay next to her husband in their bed in the small home they had built for their growing family. It was Sunday and she was grateful that Johann would not go to his job at the Postal Service in Achim today. Soon she would wake him and send him to get the woman who would act as mid-wife.

She stirred the fire and soon had a small, brisk blaze that took the chill from the air. She pumped water into the large kettle and hung it over the fire. Sophie was now seven and a responsible child. Johanna could depend on her to feed the little ones. Bread had been baked and put aside, butter was stored and some dried apples and raisins would complete the Sunday breakfast. Heinrich, though only six, would be able to buy some milk from a house nearby. Sophie and a neighbor would care for the little ones, Anna, three and Hanni, fifteen months, until the women from the Lutheran Church group came to help.

Now Johanna's pains were in earnest. She woke Johann and he moved quickly to dress and prepare for this day when another child would be added to his family. First the bed must be stripped and lined with materials for Johanna to lie on during the birth. Then a good supply of wood would be chopped and brought in to the kitchen. Dawn crept across the sky and gray clouds made it clear that summer had not yet arrived on June 19, 1898.

As the morning hours slowly passed, Johanna labored on her bed. She tried to forget the waves of pain with thoughts of family, friends and Achim, the little town in which they lived. The village of Achim by Bremen first appeared in the historical records in the 12th century and was a bone of contention between the Bishops of Bremen and Verden. Finally in 1866 it became part of the Prussian state, where it remained. By 1898 the village had 1500 residents, including many relatives of Johann and Johanna. Johann's sisters, Meta, who was married to Karl Skurk, and Anna, who was married to Hans Kohlmös, both lived at the other side of Achim, so the families, though good friends, did not see each other as often as they wished. Johanna smiled as she remembered the laughter, singing and dancing when they were together.

Finally at eleven o'clock in the morning, Johanna's labor reached its crescendo. She pushed hard one more time and her fifth child, a boy, was born. He squalled lustily as if announcing his presence to the world. Johann was excited at having a second son after three daughters and Johanna smiled quietly. After some discussion the boy was named Carl Johann, though Johanna wanted another name.

Three days later, on Wednesday, June 22, Johann proudly walked to the Registry of Births and declared to Herr Hentze, the Registrar, that the boy's name was Carl Johann Hünecke. But at home, the discussions continued with Johanna, about the child's name. Finally, to put the matter to rest, the young father trudged back to see Herr Hentze on Wednesday, July 5, two weeks after the boy's birth. Herr Hentze smiled as he added one more name for Johann's new son. His name was now officially Carl Johann *Jacob* Hünecke. At home Johanna smiled quietly when Johann reported; "All right, Johanna - It is done". **(Note I-1)**

Johanna was happy with her brood, her home, her large garden and her husband. Many times after a long work week, she and Johann, with the little ones in tow, would go to visit his sisters, Meta and Anna, and their families. They would sing, dance and most of all, laugh together. The children were put to sleep on the floor near the fire and all the parents would enjoy some time together. Johanna was soon pregnant again and on August 9, one year later, another daughter, Kathe, was born. Carl was only fourteen months old and soon learned to hold out his arms to Sophie, his oldest sister, for attention.

Carl had a special surprise on his fourth birthday. On that day his mother went into seclusion in her bedroom again for a long time. Finally, as in the past, a loud wail announced the arrival of a new baby. His father came out of the room with a broad smile. "Carl, we have a new little brother for you. This time he will be named for me and we will call him Hans." Carl was happy to have a little brother since he believed that girls were not as much fun to play with. He had hoped that Hans would be able to play right away, but soon returned to playing with his younger sister, Kathe, when he learned that boy babies took just as long to grow up as girls.

Each year, all the children anticipated Christmas. The adults kept the doors to the front room closed for several days. The children tried to peek through the cracks, but were scolded away. "Shoo...Shoo... Go away or there will be no Christmas celebration for you." Finally on Christmas Eve all the children gathered outside the door to the front room. They were dressed in their best and stood wide-eyed, waiting. Then the door was thrown open and they marveled at the great, green tree in their house. It was aglow with lighted candles. Its branches were heavy with oranges, dried fruit, nuts and candies. The children all came in and stood around the tree, eyes wide with wonder. The whole family sang "O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum, wie grün sind deine Blätter". (O Christmas tree, O Christmas Tree, how green are your leaves). Then they sang other songs, but the favorite and most sacred, was saved until last, "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht; Alles schläft, einsam wacht". (Silent Night, Holy Night, all is calm , all is bright.)

At the end of winter it was the custom to do a huge "spring cleaning" of the entire house and all its contents including furniture, rugs, bedding and clothing. The boys were set to work beating the dust out of the rugs that were hung on a line. The girls had to help Johanna scrub all the bedding and underclothes. Large washtubs full of soap and water were set up in the back yard, with fires underneath, so the clothes could boil. The girls took turns stirring the boiling mass with a stick to be sure the clothes moved around. Sophie watched the toddlers to be sure they did not get close to the huge kettles of boiling water. Afterward the clothes and bedding were hung to dry in the fresh air and

cleansing sun. Each spring this ritual signaled the turning of the seasons and the little house smelled clean and everything shone.

During the summer all the children played and worked in the large garden behind the house. Johanna grew many vegetables and fruits in the garden to help feed her large family and all of them were expected to help with the work. Sometimes the family had a milk cow and a pig, but sometimes they bought milk and pork from a neighbor. They didn't have a pet, like a dog or cat, because Johanna had no time or extra food for such a luxury. The hens couldn't really be thought of as pets, although they were quite charming when they paraded around in the spring, followed by their clutches of chicks. But in the end, they were there because they had a job to do like everyone else. Sometimes the family raised rabbits, but nobody liked killing them or eating them, so they had to go.

Summer was also a time to visit the rest of the family more often. Now that Sophie and Heinrich were older and there were more little ones, Johanna and Johann would take the two youngest with them to visit and leave the others at home with Sophie and Heinrich for an evening away. Then all the parents would laugh and sing and forget their cares for a few hours. The best times for Carl were when Tante Anna and her husband Hans Kohlmös and their large family would come to visit the Huneke family. Hans was a favorite with all and the children called him Uncle Mös (Moose). He was a cigar maker and worked at home doing piecework for the cigar co-operative. He also played musical instruments at local taverns from time to time, but this was considered less than respectable so it was seldom mentioned. He also painted pictures with oil paints and the children, especially Carl, loved to watch him draw and color. Sometimes he would let Carl draw with his pencils and paint with his brushes.

Johanna and Johann were happy with each other and Johanna found herself expecting yet another child although she would soon be 39 years old. Sophie was almost fifteen and already a big help to her mother, especially with little Adele. And Heinrich at 14 was a handsome boy who helped with the household chores. He was a good student and he might be able to go on for more education. Carl loved his big brother and happily followed him around all summer.

In June 1904, Carl was six years old. He was very excited because he would now be able to go to school at the end of summer with the older children, Sophie, Heinrich, Anna and Hanni. He would be sorry to leave Kathe and Hans behind since he had much fun playing with them. But he would be happy to leave behind the new baby, Adele, who cried a lot. She had been born on May 4, 1904 and made a lot of noise in the household.

At the end of summer Carl started school with his big brother and older sisters. On that special first day of school he waved goodbye to Kathe, 5, and Hans, 2, who stood behind the picket fence in front of the house as he walked off jauntily holding Heinrich's hand. As usual Adele, the baby, clung to Johanna who waved goodbye with a handkerchief in her hand. Heinrich and Carl were followed by the older girls, making a small parade of Huneke children going off to the school which was two blocks away from their house at #13 Feld Strasse in Achim bei Bremen, Germany.

From the beginning Carl loved school and was a good student. He was soon reading well and doing the required arithmetic. Now his life had expanded beyond the picket fence in front of the home and large garden behind. Every day he could go off to school with the other children in the town and return home again in the afternoon for the midday hot meal. Sometimes he carried an apple or a piece of bread to school. As he got older, he explored other streets in the town, always stopping in front of the bakery with its tempting offerings in the window. As he came close to home, he liked to run down the front walkway with a stick in his hand, rat-tat-tatting on the picket fence in front of his house until Hans ran out to join him. One day as they ran down the walk, they stopped in amazement as a black machine noisily rolled down the street, belching smoke and moving very fast! Horses did not pull it. Instead a haughty looking man wearing a hat and chewing on a big cigar as he gripped a wheel, was apparently steering the contraption. They had never seen anything like this before and soon found out it was called an automobile. It was 1905.

During his second year of school, Carl came home to find yet another baby sister had arrived. Martha was born on May 9, 1906. She was very pretty and looked like Johann, with her full lips, arched heavy eyebrows and dark hair. Johanna was tired, but soon recovered in time to do the spring housecleaning with the children. Now that she was forty, she hoped there might be no more children, but then one accepted what God sent. She had a good husband, a sound, though small home and a wonderful garden which provided bountiful vegetables and fruit during the summer. She was grateful for all the good that had come to her. She was proud of fifteen-year-old Sophie who was becoming an attractive young woman. She was learning all the housewifely virtues and would hopefully marry well in a few years. She told Anna and Hanni that they must study well in school and then learn how to be good wives so that they could "hold themselves high." "Pay attention to me girls; if you sell yourself as a herring, you will be eaten as a herring." Heinrich, at fourteen, was a son to be proud of. He had just finished mandatory schooling and would go on to a good apprenticeship right away. The future seemed hopeful for him. Carl was already a good student and Johanna dreamed that somehow he might go on for higher education.

Little Martha was good though she was lean like most of Johanna's babies. But she was more content than some had been and this gave Johanna some peace. Martha pulled herself up on chairs and smiled at everyone as if she were proud of herself, but she did not yet have the courage to take her first step alone. Johann's job was going well, and he had a good wife. As the long winter came to an end, the whole family looked forward to spring. The children had been sick with colds, but now most of them were well enough to be in school. Johanna and Martha also had been sick but were recovering.

Then in April 1907, Johann became sick with a heavy chest cold. He tried to inhale steam from the kettle and to huddle over the fire for several days, but nothing made him feel better. He felt hot from the fever and then had chills. He wrapped himself in blankets and huddled in his bed. He thought of his father and grandfather and those ancestors who first came to the little village. The earlier Huneke's were farmers on the other side of the Weser River, but the first to come to Achim had been his own father, who was also named Johann. He needed to tell his sons more about these things. He had to get well to raise this family with Johanna. Finally a neighbor suggested a remedy, which she

claimed had worked for some. "If you walk barefoot in the long grasses, wet with the early morning dew, it will cure your fever and the chest congestion." Johann told Johanna dejectedly, "I've felt sick like this for a whole week and I'm not getting any better. I'm going to give it a try. Anyway, it can't hurt." Soon after that early morning walk, Johann's chest cold and fever accelerated to something the doctor called Galloping Consumption. He was dead within the week at age 38.

Johanna's grief was profound. As was the custom, Johann was "laid out" in the small front room of the house in his best suit. Neighbors and family came to share their sorrow with the widow and her nine children. On the day of the funeral all the children and Johanna were dressed in their best to pay the final respects to their dead father as he lay in a coffin in their house. That day a photographer took a picture of Johanna and all her children holding an embroidered sampler. It read, "Ich geb' es gern". "I give gladly", but each of their faces showed deep sorrow. There was no gladness in their lives on that sad day.

Johanna knew she had to be brave. But how could she, a widow with nine children, manage to survive? The future was bleak. The Lutheran Church members poured out their heartfelt sympathy with food and help with the children and household needs. Johann's dear sisters, Meta and Anna, promised help to the family, but they were already burdened with large families and modest assets. Johanna knew that somehow she had to find a way to support this family until each child reached age fourteen, the end of mandatory education. At that time each of them could be apprenticed to a trade and would be able to help her by sending money home for the remaining children. Sophie was already apprenticed to a good home as a housemaid and a small amount of money was sent to Johanna each week for her service. Heinrich must now be apprenticed. Further education was no longer a consideration. His employer would also send a small amount each week to Johanna. That still left seven children at home for her to care for.

Thank God, Johann had been a government employee. Two decades earlier Prince Bismarck, the German Chancellor, had introduced a modest welfare state in Germany and Johann's widow was eligible for a pension. But soon she understood the reality of that pension, which was very small and totally inadequate for her large family. She learned that Achim was changing now that the railroad had come to the town. The town was on the main line between Bremen and Hanover. Bremen was rapidly industrializing and many of the factory workers, unable to find affordable housing in Bremen, came to small towns like Achim for room and board and commuted to Bremen by train.

Now Johanna understood that her home was her best asset. Though it was small, only two bedrooms, there was a large attic covering the full size of the house. She and the five girls still at home could sleep in the two bedrooms downstairs and the boys could share the attic with boarders, who would pay for their food and lodging. All the children could help her with the large vegetable and fruit garden in the summer. The girls would help with the washing, cleaning and cooking. And the boys must help with the gardening and wood chopping. It would be hard work, but they could do it if they all worked together.

Before long the first prospects knocked at the Widow Huneke's door asking for a place to sleep and eat. They were shown the attic space where many pallets were laid out on the floor. They were told they would have a place to sleep and would get breakfast and the evening meal each day in exchange for weekly rent. The accommodations were simple but clean, the food adequate and the price was fair. Soon the word got around that this was a good place to stay. The attic in the little house at #13 Feld Strasse was now filled with hearty German factory workers. Often there were as many as nine boarders plus the children and Johanna in the house.

Heinrich, Carl and little Hans had to share the attic space with the men while the girls were secured downstairs with their mother. Most of the boarders were Social Democrats and were anti-clerical. They displayed irreverent attitudes toward the Kaiser and toward all religion. They were also fun loving and boisterous, enjoying the companionship of the children since most were away from their families. They played many games during the long winter evenings and the boys were allowed to watch. The men often enjoyed the game Skät, which was played with three people. At first there was bidding, and the successful bidder played against the other two, so it became two against one. The players could double or redouble each other and when that happened, there was great shouting and excitement by both the players and observers. Sometimes Johanna would hurry up the stairs to the attic if the shouts were too much. "Hush, hush - it's too loud up here. The old roof will fall in!"

One of the men was an avid chess player and was always looking for a good game. When no one else was available, he taught young Carl how to play. Carl took to the game right away and soon honed his skills with any boarder who played chess.

The boys loved having these burly men in the house. The house felt more complete with them, even though nothing could replace the father who had died too young. Carl came home from school full of new ideas. He wanted to share them with someone, but his mother was always too busy to listen. Sophie, Heinrich and Anna were all away for long hours working as apprentices, and their wages were sent home each week. So Carl shared some of these ideas from his teachers with the rowdy boarders. The men loved to sing the old German songs, so Carl sang a song for them, one that the children were required to sing in school. "Heil Dir im Siegers Kranz" was a paean of praise to the German Kaiser and meant "Hail to You in Your Victor's Laurels." The men roared with laughter and slapped their knees. They guffawed, as they made up new words, which they said suited the Kaiser much better. "Heil Dir in Ziegen Stall, Siegen gibt es Uberall." These words meant "Hail to you in the goat pen, victories can be found everywhere." **(Note I-2)** Carl laughed along with them and sang the irreverent words to the other boys in the schoolyard though he knew better than to sing the perverted version to the teachers. But he taught them to his little brother Hans and they paraded around the back yard chanting and shouting the unholy words. Then Johanna, usually distracted with her work, paid attention and took a broom to them, chasing them around the yard. "Shame on you - no more of that. You're learning nothing but bad things from those boarders." When Heinrich came home, Carl sang the words for him and he laughed hard, but said "No more of this at school, Carl, or when Mama can hear. The Kaiser is a good man and you must show respect." Carl nodded his doubtful agreement, but he continued to enjoy the company of the disrespectful men who shared the attic with him and his brothers.



Above: Johanna Hüneke and her nine children; from left, Adele, 3, Martha, 1, Carl, 9, Johanna, 41, Anna, 12, Heinrich, 15, Sophie, 16, Hanni, 10, Kathe, 8, Hans, 5,. Probably taken when Johann died.

Below left: Johann Hüneke, sometime before his death at age 38. Below right: The Hüneke home at #13 Feld Strasse in Achim bei Bremen, Germany.



Occasionally the men tried to make up for their behavior by bringing candy for the widow and her children. They knew how hard she worked to feed and care for her children, as well as all the boarders. In spite of all Johanna's hard work, money was scarce and luxuries like candies were a cause for excitement.

The long winters passed and each spring it was time for the annual spring cleaning. Only now it was a major ritual since there were many strangers in the little home. Everything was used hard during the long winter months. Bed sheets were washed twice a year, once in the spring and again in the fall. At the same time all the mattresses, blankets and pillows were taken outside in the fresh air and beaten. After the attic was scrubbed clean with brushes and hot soapy water, everything was put back and the same system was applied to the downstairs rooms. The girls had to help scrub the floors downstairs with brushes and the boys had to take the rugs outside to be beaten with sticks and beaters. Carl and Hans hated this job because the dust billowed around them and filled their noses and eyes with grit. Finally the house was clean enough to suit Johanna and they would all start on the summer garden.

First the soil had to be turned and mixed with manure. Then vegetables of every kind were planted so Johanna could feed the large number of people who lived in her house. It was this large garden that made it possible for her to provide. All the children had to help plant the beans, peas, carrots, chicory, parsley, kohlrabi and greens of every kind that flourish in summer. Then they had to plant the root vegetables like potatoes, turnips, beets, and rutabagas that provided their winter food. During the summer everyone had to help with hoeing, so that the water and nourishment in the soil went to the vegetables, not to worthless weeds.

The little girls, Adele and Martha, were happy when the older children were not in school. They followed Carl, Kathe and Hans, dancing and skipping and imitating their songs and rhymes. Carl and Hans liked to tease the girls and they were especially gratified, when any one of the girls reacted by crying and screaming. Johanna often seized her broom and ran after the boys, shaking it at them. "Carlie and Hans! You boys stop teasing the little girls and come finish your work!" Kathe usually ignored the boys' antics and little Martha quickly learned to toss her head, turn her nose in the air and walk away. But Adele was different. She cried and screamed which delighted Carl and Hans with her reaction to the teasing. One time they made up a verse about a "fidele"- a kind of spider, since the word sounded like "Adele", their sister's name. The verbal tease went like this: "Fidele, fidele, de-da-de-da-de-da" in a singsong. Adele got hysterical and screamed "Mama, mama they're saying my name is like a spider!" And the harried Johanna came running with the broom. "Carlie and Hans, stop calling your sister a 'fidele' or I will take this broom to you." Carl and Hans snickered to each other with Adele's reaction. It was worth all their mother's threats to hear Adele scream and cry. Then they perfected their teasing, so that they no longer had to do the singsong. All they had to do was look at Adele and say "F-f-f....." and she would scream "Mama, mama, they're doing it again." Now the boys could look at Johanna and say in truth, "But mama, we only said 'f-f-f-' and it meant nothing." Even Johanna could only shake her head slowly and wish that school would start soon.

During the summer as the berries ripened, Johanna gathered pails and all the children followed her to the woods to pick raspberries and red currants. These favorites were eaten fresh, but were also used for a special treat, Rote Grütze. When there was a surplus of fresh raspberries and red currants, they would be boiled in a large pot of water. After the juice of the berries had turned the water crimson, it was strained through a cloth into another pot over the fire. Then sago, a lumpy starch like tapioca, along with honey or sugar, was added until the brew thickened into a heavy red pudding. It was served warm or cool, and sometimes with milk or cream if any were available.

At the end of the season all the root vegetables were harvested and carried down to the dirt cellar to be stored. During the winter, potatoes, turnips, carrots and rutabagas were used for every day meals. The excess peas and beans were dried during the summer and sacked before being placed in the cellar. The fruit trees were tended carefully to be sure that they produced a full crop during the next summer. Everyone enjoyed fresh apples and plums as they ripened, but it was important not to waste a single piece. The dried fruit was used during the long winter to sweeten bread puddings and other grain products. Johanna and the older girls made jams and jellies during the summer so that the tangy flavors and needed vitamins could be enjoyed during the year.

Johanna sometimes slaughtered a pig or had one butchered by a neighbor. The small pieces of meat were salted or smoked and were used sparingly during the year. The usual meal consisted of vegetables and potatoes in a large pot, sometimes with a small piece of salt pork added for flavor. This fed all the children and the boarders. There was an occasional treat like bread pudding at Christmas. Johanna would save pieces of stale bread and when she had enough they were broken into bite sized pieces and placed into a large pot with a tight cover. Sometimes dried fruit and raisins were tucked in among the bread pieces. When the pot was full of stale bread, milk, eggs, sugar and vanilla were beaten to a frothy broth, and poured over the top to fill the pot. It was then sealed and steamed over the fire, standing in a large pot of boiling water for three or four hours. Then there would be feasting for all. By the end of winter they all were tired of the same diet—a small piece of salt pork boiled for hours with potatoes and turnips until thickened.

In early spring, green kale was the first fresh vegetable from the garden since it wintered over from the year before. Everyone was so hungry for fresh green vegetables that the first kale dinner was anticipated with relish. All helped to pick baskets of kale which had to be washed three times in successive pots of fresh water, to remove sand lurking in the crevices of the curly leaves. Finally the leaves were put in large pots to boil along with a piece of smoked pork for flavor. Johanna usually used the humble sausage, pinkleurst, instead of smoked pork. She frequently “thickened” the kale by adding steel cut oats. Kale heralded the end of winter by providing the vitamin C which their bodies craved.

The daily cooking and weekly washing were a never-ending job for Johanna and the girls. The boys were responsible for maintaining the wood supply and doing other outside work. Underwear was changed once a week and usually baths were taken in a large washtub once a week. People slept in their long underwear in the winter. In the summer people were cleaner.

Now that he was getting older, Carl visited his Uncle Mös more often. When he was with Uncle Mös, he was allowed to paint. Kohlmös enjoyed Carl because he thought the boy showed talent. He taught him how to use the charcoal and pencil to make pictures of what he saw around him. He encouraged the boy to sketch frequently and to paint also, if he could get his own paints. In the meantime he shared his paints with Carl. “Carl, look at your schoolmates closely and make your eyes remember how they look, so you can draw pictures of them later. Make a small sketch when you see something you like, so you won’t forget it. Always use oil, if you can, so your pictures will last longer. All the great painters used oil.” “I like to draw but can I earn money making drawings, Uncle Mös? Mama says everyone must earn money.” Uncle Mös smiled and said he understood Johanna’s concern, since she was a widow with many children to feed. “When my dear Anna makes too many complaints like that, I go off to the tavern to play music and sing with the men. Come Carl, let me teach you some of my favorite songs.”

Life was hard in the years after Johann’s death, but they all managed. Working together was a way of life in winter and in summer. School was a welcome break and Carl was a good student. He tried hard to do well because he began to think that if he was a good student, he might somehow be able to earn money by making drawings.

(Note I-3)

REMEMBERING MY FATHER – CARL HUNEKE A BIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER II – 1912-1920

Carl finished mandatory schooling and was ready for an apprenticeship before his fourteenth birthday on June 19, 1912. In his heart, he hoped against all reality that he might be able to go on for further schooling. Somehow he felt that if this were possible, he might be able to do more drawing which was his favorite pastime. He enjoyed the time he spent with Uncle Mös, who thought Carl had talent. Kohlmös steadfastly encouraged Carl to pursue his interest in drawing and painting. His teachers encouraged him to be a good student, though not necessarily to be an artist.

One day Carl's teacher sent a message home to Johanna. Carl handed it to his mother and stood attentively while she read the message. "What does it say Mama?" "Ja, Carlie, the Schoolmaster says you should go on for more school, so he will speak to the Lutheran Council about you. You know, Carl, this is impossible. Even if they were to pay for further schooling, you must become an apprentice as your older brother and sisters have done. I need your wages to help feed and clothe the rest of the children. It would be impossible." Carl looked serious, but in his heart he was not so very disappointed. He was not as interested in school as he was in art.

On a Sunday afternoon some weeks later, a group of three well-dressed citizens, leaders in the Lutheran Council, came to call on the Widow Huneke. The children were all sent outside while the visitors sat in the front room of the house sipping coffee and nibbling küchen that Johanna served. Carl lingered around the doorway to hear what he could until Hans' pleas of "Carlie, Carlie, come play with me" were too much and he ran to the front walk to play with his brother. By now there were more automobiles in the town and a large black shiny one was parked in front of their house. The boys inspected the machine as closely as they dared, without actually touching it, to see if they could figure out what made it run. After a while the three important looking people came out the front door of the house. Carl and Hans jumped back from the auto and scampered to the side of the house. They peeked back around the corner just in time to see Johanna wave goodbye from the front door.

Carl ran inside. "Mama, what was it about? What did those people say to you?" Johanna put on her apron and hurried into the kitchen where she began to cry. "Carl, I am very proud of you. The Lutheran Church has agreed to provide the money for further education for you as the Headmaster at school recommended." She stopped to wipe tears from her eyes with the corner of the apron. "I'm sorry that it is impossible for me to accept their offer for you. I need the money you will earn as an apprentice to help me with the rest of the children." Carl told his mother that he did not mind; he was ready to start working anyway and looked forward to learning a real job, even as an apprentice, to earn money.

In his heart, he had determined already to work at something that would allow him to draw and paint, but he had not yet dared mention this to his mother. Now he thought to himself, "Maybe this is the right time to tell her."

Johanna's mind was already distracted with the busy tasks at hand for the Sunday afternoon meal for her family and the boarders. "Mama, I have been thinking for a long time that I would like to be a painter." Carl hoped his mother was listening. Johanna did not respond. He tried again. "Mama, I want to be apprenticed as a painter." This time she paid attention. "Ja, Carl, I'm glad you have given this some thought. Have you thought about whom you would like to work for?" "No Mama, I thought I would let you find someone as you have done with Sophie, Heinrich, Anna and Hanni." Johanna nodded as she bustled about the kitchen. As she did for her older children, she would ask around the town to see which business might be able to take Carl on as an apprentice. She was grateful that Carl wanted to be a painter, since house painters were usually in demand and it should not take too long to find someone who could take on an apprentice.

Her inquiries quickly brought results. Soon after Carl had finished his schooling and just before his fourteenth birthday, Johanna told him to prepare to meet the employer to whom he would be apprenticed for the next few years. She walked with him down the streets of the town until they came to a house with a shop behind. There were many paint buckets, brushes, and ladders. "Frau Huneke, I see you've brought your boy! Let me have a look at him. So, Carl, are you ready to learn to be a painter?" Carl stared in disbelief at his proposed employer and the evidence of his trade. He painted *houses*, not *pictures*! Carl was silent for some long moments and then blurted out "No—I mean *no*, I don't want to be a house painter!" Johanna looked at him in astonishment not knowing what to think. The man continued "So?? Your mother has misinformed me then. What is it that you *do* want to learn?" Close to tears, Carl blurted out "I want to be a *painter*. I want to paint *pictures*". The house painter laughed heartily, though Johanna did not share the humor. Carl shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, unsure where this talk was leading, but more confident now, that he was determined to follow his dream. "Ja, Frau Huneke, I'm sorry, but it seems you have brought me a boy who is unwilling to be an apprentice here. I'm afraid I cannot help you." **(Note II-1)**

With head held high, Johanna walked swiftly down the streets with Carl in tow. He followed along, knowing that he had reached the first serious crisis in his young life. He knew his mother was angry, but he also knew that he could not, could *never*, be a house painter. When they arrived home, he followed his mother to the kitchen. She turned to him in anger. "Carl, how could you do this to me? You know how hard I work to make ends meet. You know how hard I have tried to place each of my children in good apprenticeships, so that each can learn a good trade. You told me you wanted to be a painter. What else could I think you meant? Who put it into your head to paint pictures? Who said you could earn a living painting pictures?" Carl said quietly, not knowing what to expect, "Uncle Mös, Mama. Uncle Mös said I was good at drawing and even at painting, if I get the paints and brushes and paper. Uncle Mös said it was important in my life to do what I love. And I love to draw, Mama." Johanna shook her head angrily. "Uncle Mös, Uncle Mös! What mischief that man causes! It's easy for him to talk, with his head in cigar smoke and his

feet in the tavern, playing music for the beer drinkers until all hours of the morning. It's fine for him to tell you to make a living from painting pictures, but it's something he has never been able to do. His poor wife has always struggled for every penny all these years. Carl, I want you to learn something so that you can make a good living. If you choose art, you will choose a hard life for yourself and any family you might have." Carl looked at the floor and said quietly, "Mama, I only know that I love to draw and if I could do a job like that, I would have a happy life." **(Note II-2)**

Johanna started her round of inquiries once again. But now she was asking for something much more difficult. She sought an apprenticeship for Carl in a job where he would be able to draw and paint pictures. Though she asked throughout the town, the answer was always the same. "Not in Achim. Not here. There is no job like that in Achim." And finally, "Why don't you try in Bremen? You'll have better luck with different kinds of jobs in a bigger town like Bremen. In Bremen they have bigger businesses." And so Johanna made endless inquiries until finally she found a shop in Bremen that made stained glass windows for churches and fine homes. Messages were sent back and forth and finally it was agreed. Johanna would bring Carl by train to Bremen to meet the owner of the business.

On that important day in June, Carl awoke long before dawn. He was dressed and waiting in the kitchen when his mother came in. She bustled about the kitchen and gave instructions to twelve-year-old Kathe to take care of Hans, Adele and Martha while she and Carl were gone. She told them "We will be back on the evening train with good news we hope". "Good luck, Carl," whispered Kathe to her favorite brother. She hoped her older brother would have the chance to do something that he really loved rather than just work to earn a living. Next year it would be her turn and she was quite sure that she would be apprenticed as a housekeeper like her older sisters.

Johanna and Carl hurried to the station and boarded the commuter train for Bremen. Carl was excited as he watched the countryside speed by. The green fields of northern Germany had always seemed flat and monotonous, but today Carl stared out the window, not noticing, because his heart was pounding and his head was full of dreams. They arrived at the station in the bustling city of Bremen. Johanna read her directions to the business carefully and they made their way through the busy streets until they located the shop. They stood on the sidewalk in front, appraising the shop, which might hold Carl's future success. Carl took a deep breath as Johanna led him to the door and knocked. The door opened quickly. "You must be Frau Huneke and this must be Carl. I am the owner of the shop and I've been expecting you. My name is Fritz Bauermann."

Carl took an instant liking to this small, gentle man. They talked for a while and then Carl was asked to show some of his drawings. The man looked at them, smiled and seemed pleased. Then he gave Carl some paper and pencils and asked him to make some sketches of what he saw on the street outside. Carl did so, and once again, the man seemed pleased. Then he took both of them to the work-tables in the shop and showed Carl the different types of work the men were doing. One was making large drawings called cartoons and painting colors on them. One was cutting large colored sheets of glass into small pieces shaped like the paper patterns. And yet another was taking the pieces of

colored glass, laying them out in a prearranged pattern and leading them together. Carl stared wide-eyed. He had never seen such things before. "Does this kind of work seem appealing to you," asked Herr Bauermann?. "Yes, it does. I think I could be very happy doing this kind of work," said Carl eagerly. "Well then, you must remember that it will be a long time until you have learned enough to do the kind of work these men are doing. In the beginning it will be your job to sweep the floors, to sort the scrap glass and to run errands for us. Only when all these tasks have been completed, will you be allowed to begin to learn some of the jobs being done by the men at the tables. You must be here six days a week working long hours for very small wages, all of which will be given to your mother. Are you interested?" Carl beamed at the kind man and shyly answered, "Yes sir. I am very interested. When shall I come to you?" Herr Bauermann smiled and answered, "Tomorrow at eight o'clock in the morning will be fine". He walked them to the door of the shop and Johanna and Carl left. **(Note II-3)**

Once they were outside the shop, Carl told Johanna "I am so happy to be going to this job. I like this man very much. The work is something that I would really like to learn. Thank you, mother, for finding this place for me". Johanna closed her eyes and said a silent thank you to whatever forces had led her to this place. She was happy for Carl, happy that he would have an opportunity to do something he loved. Maybe he would be able to make a living with his drawing after all.

Thus began the best time of Carl's young life. Each morning he got out of his bed before six, dressed quickly, took some coarse bread, a piece of cheese and dried fruit, if available, and ran off to the station to climb aboard the train to Bremen. For the first time in his life, he carried a penny in his hand each day. He smelled the bakery long before he saw it and every day he stood in front of the window staring hungrily at the golden, crispy pastries. Each day he tried to resist the temptation to buy one since the penny was to last him for the whole day. Each day he failed. He would enter that wonderful, warm place and emerge with a delicious pastry. Then he raced for the train, always reaching it just in the nick of time. Leaping aboard at the last minute he promised himself each day, that he would eat the coarse bread now and save the delectable pastry for later. And each day the pastry vanished within a few minutes of leaving Achim with Carl's hungry stomach temporarily satisfied.

Carl was so engrossed in all the activities at the shop that the days melted into weeks, and then months. Fritz Bauermann took a special interest in him and after a few months took Carl aside one day. "Mein junge (my boy), it is important that you practice your drawing and painting in a better way than you have been doing. You have some talent, but you can learn so much more if you go to an art school. There is such a school here in Bremen. They have classes at night, which you can attend after you have finished here in the shop." Carl hung his head as he said, "But I have no money for tuition. My mother needs all my earnings to help feed my younger brother and sisters at home." He added, "But I would like to go to art school if that is somehow possible." Mr. Bauermann shook his head slowly and replied "Hm-m-m. We'll see. We'll see."

A few weeks later Mr. Bauermann gave Carl a card. On it was written the name and street address of the art school in Bremen, and the name of a man he was to meet at the school. He was told, "The tuition has been paid for. You will go to class one night a week, after you have finished your work here at the shop. That one night a week you may sleep here in the shop. It will be warm enough for you and I will give you a blanket. You can also take your evening meal and your breakfast with me and my family, since we live next to the shop." Carl absorbed all of this; a slow smile came to his face. Finally, he could draw and paint with no complaints that he must do other chores.

That night he couldn't wait to share his news with his mother. He rushed into the kitchen after dark to find Johanna. "Mother, Herr Bauermann has made arrangements for me to go to art school one night each week. I told him I didn't have the money, but he said it was all arranged. He said it would be all right with you. He said I could sleep at the shop one night each week and that I could take my evening meal with him and his family." He stopped abruptly. Johanna did not seem surprised. She smiled quietly and nodded her head. "Ja, Carl, I'm happy you will be going to art school. I only hope you will be able to earn a living someday with your art." Kathe, his younger sister had overheard. "I'm very happy for you Carl. I know how much you like to draw. It will be wonderful if you can earn a living doing something you love". Then she whispered, "Sophie, Anna and Hanni all work very hard doing housemaid's work, which none of them likes. Next June I must also leave school to apprentice as a housemaid. And Heinrich is working hard in a factory. I'm happy that you will have a better chance to do something you like."

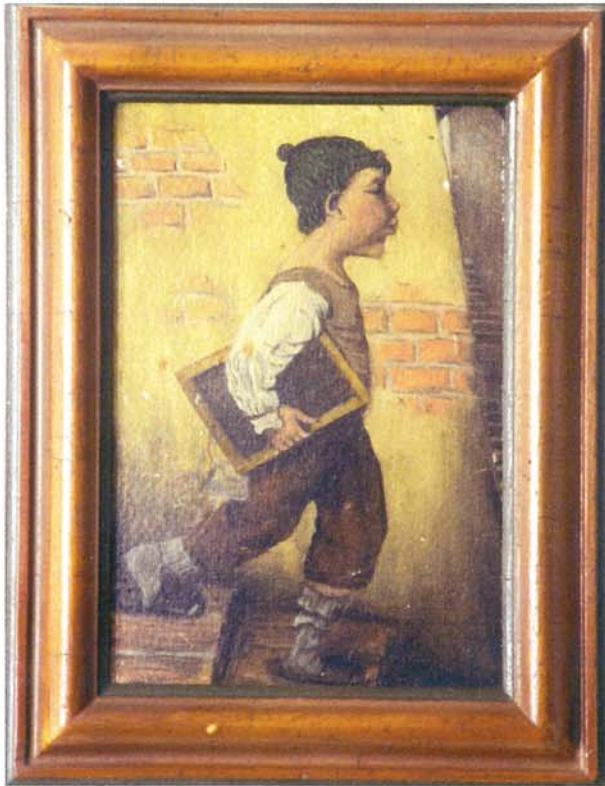
After work the next evening, he dashed down the streets of Bremen toward the Art School. He became engrossed in drawing pictures as part of his assignments from the school. He was encouraged to sketch constantly, putting to paper the things that he saw. He sketched people on the train, co-workers at the stained glass shop, passers-by on the street and his friends and family. Soon he was working with colors, using oils on paper, cardboard, cloth, wood and almost anything else he could find. In class he learned about dimension, perspective, proportion and balance of color. For the first time in his life his schoolwork and his assignments complemented what he wanted to do, not what he had to do. He felt doubly blessed to have both an apprenticeship that he loved, and a school that he loved. After several months, one of his assignments was to paint two portraits from life, showing how the subject felt, as well as how the subject looked. He was hesitant to paint anyone he knew too well, like family members, because he thought they would make fun of him. He did paint two pictures, however. One was of a boy, and one was of a girl, each on the way to school in Achim. He tried to show the boy, about his brother Hans' age, whistling, hands in pockets, with a carefree air about him, not caring too much about the slate he carried or his school work. He was disappointed with the result. It was hard to make the mouth look right. Then he tried painting a little girl, about the age of his sister Martha. She carried an apple in her lunch basket and was worried about an examination she must take in school that day. He felt that one turned out better. His teachers were pleased with his progress too. He was encouraged to study the old masters at close range whenever possible and to copy other works. He was also encouraged to examine political cartoons in the newspapers, as well as the comic strips, as examples of graphic art. **(Note II-4)**

Each day he traveled on the train with many of the boarders who lived in his mother's house. They were still a rowdy bunch and he listened quietly to their jibes at the pompous Kaiser and the German Government. In 1913 most citizens were urged to celebrate the twenty-fifth jubilee of the Kaiser's accession to the throne. Most of these men were hard working factory workers who did not feel they were represented in their efforts for better wages and working conditions. Carl still played chess with one of his favorites and occasionally joined in a game of Skät if they needed a player, since he was now proficient in both of those games.

His apprenticeship was going well and he was beginning to learn segments of the art of making stained glass windows. At times he was allowed to assist in leading the small pieces of colored glass as they were pushed together to form a design. After the assembly, each leaded joint had to be soldered. Sometimes he held the solder for the craftsman, other times heated the irons in the small fires that he tended. He learned to cut the glass pieces and occasionally he was allowed to cut some simple pieces of the pattern.

But his favorite task was helping the owner wax the colored glass pieces of a large design to a clear glass pane, set up like an easel. The shadows, draperies and faces could then be painted onto the glass pieces. That was where the most creative art work was done. Clothing on the figures was shaded to represent draping, and exquisite faces were painted. Fritz Bauermann did this work himself. Frequently he let Carl watch him and sometimes allowed him to paint simple draperies or backgrounds on the glass. After the artistic shading was done, the individual pieces were removed from the clear glass easel and each was baked at a high temperature in the kiln. During the baking, the paint melted into the colored glass, enough to "stain" it permanently with the artist's painted design. Of course, Carl's other tasks also continued: sweeping floors, tending fires, cleaning the worktables and running errands through the streets of Bremen.

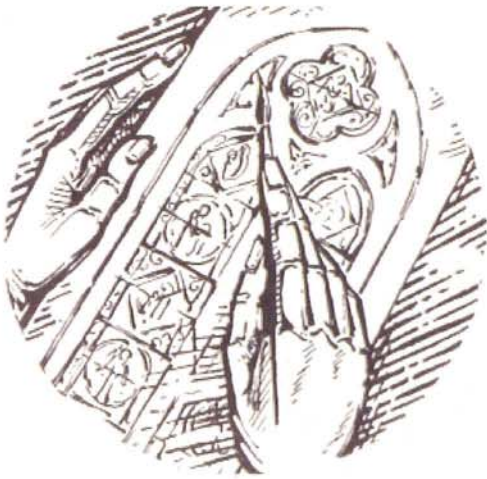
He came to know Bremen as well as he knew Achim. He loved the old city with its legend about the Bremer Stadtmusikanten. These were four farm animals – the donkey, the dog, the cat and the rooster- which once warned the town of a fire in the night, by braying, barking, meowing and crowing. The city was saved from disaster. A whimsical statue of the four of them, standing one on top of the other, crying the warning, stood in the town square as a reminder of the past. Carl smiled up at it as he ran past, attending to his errands. He promised himself that someday he would draw a picture of the statue. Deep in thought, he did not hear the horse drawn delivery wagon, clamoring toward him. He looked up just as the horses came upon him. He was dragged below their hoofs and the wheels of the wagon. He heard screams and shouts, as he drifted to unconsciousness. The wagon driver and bystanders knelt beside him and thought the boy was dead. They discerned his heart beat and were relieved he was still alive. He had a deep gash across the bridge of his nose and his right ear was torn off, barely connected by a flap of skin. The ear was held carefully to his head as he was taken to the Hospital in a wagon. "Who is he? Where is he from? I think he is an apprentice at the stained glass shop. Hurry up! Fetch the owner of the shop and tell him what has happened."



“One was of a boy, and one was of a girl, each on the way to school in Achim



He loved the old city with its legend about the Bremer Stadtmusikanten. These were four farm animals- the donkey, the dog, the cat and the rooster- which once warned the town of a fire in the night, by braying, barking, meowing and crowing. The city was saved from disaster. A whimsical statue of the four of them, standing one on top of the other, crying the warning, stood in the town square as a reminder of the past.



DESIGNING

The steps in the production of stained glass windows are briefly as follows:

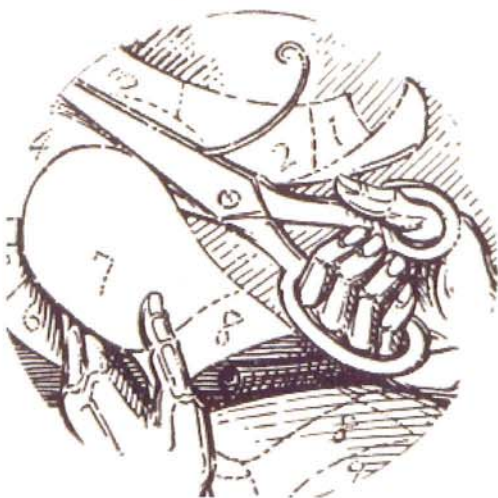
The making of the design comes first. It is a small scale study of the window, intended to convey an impression of the full-sized window.



CARTOONING

A template is produced after taking measurements of the actual window openings. The template is a pattern, usually on heavy paper, of the actual size of the space to be filled with glass. A full sized drawing called a cartoon is prepared next, generally in black and white.

From the cartoon, cutline and pattern drawings are made. The leadlines are the outlines of the shapes for patterns to which the glass is to be cut. This drawing serves as a guide or reference for the subsequent placing and binding with lead of the many pieces of glass.



PATTERNING

The pattern drawing is a carbon copy of the cutline drawing. It is cut along the black or lead lines with double-bladed scissors, which, as it cuts, simultaneously cuts away a narrow strip of paper, thus allowing sufficient space between pieces of glass for the core of the grooved lead. This core is the supporting wall between the upper and lower flanges of the lead, which is like the letter H lying on its side.



CUTTING

The glass is then selected from the large stock always kept on hand. The glasscutter places the pattern on a piece of the desired color, and with a diamond or steel wheel cuts the glass to the shape of the pattern.



PAINING

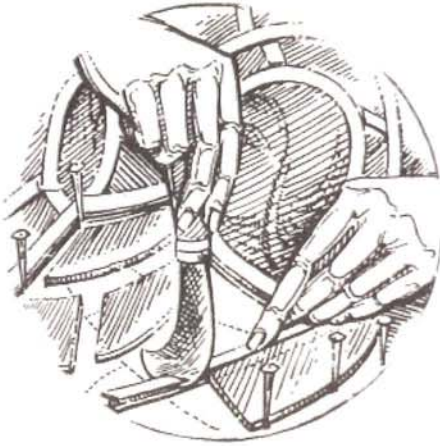
After the glass has been cut, the painter takes over. He paints on each piece of glass, with special vitrifiable paint, the main outlines of the cartoon. Further patterning is applied in halftone mattes to control the light and bring all the colors into closer harmony.

Much of this painting is done while the glass is up in the light, held in place on a plate glass easel by means of beeswax. In this way the painter approximates the conditions in which the window will eventually be seen.



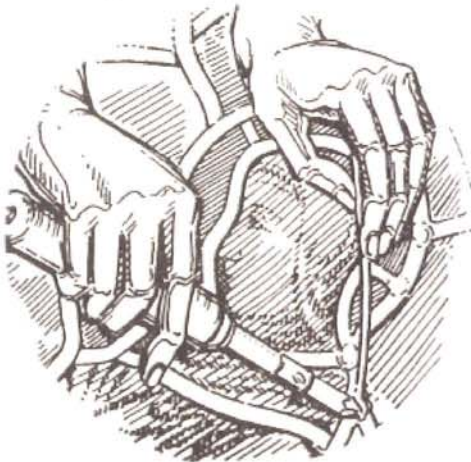
FIRING

These painted pieces are fired in the kiln at least once and perhaps several times to fuse the paint and glass.



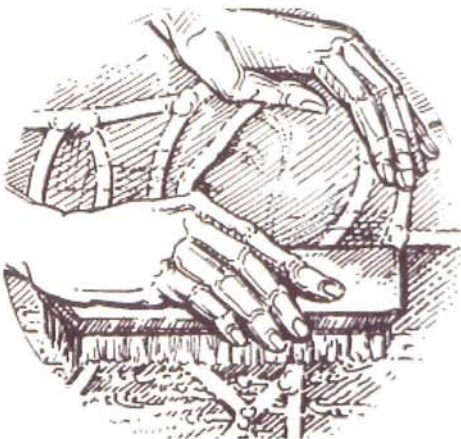
GLAZING

The glass is now ready for the glazier. The cutline drawing is spread on the glazier's bench and laths are nailed down along two edges of the drawing to form a right angle. Long strips of wide lead are placed along the inside of the laths. The piece of glass belonging in the angle is fitted into the grooved lead. A strip of narrow lead is fitted around the exposed edge or edges and the next required segment slipped into the groove on the other side of the narrow lead. This is continued until each piece has been inserted into the leads in its proper place according to the outline drawing beneath.



SOLDERING

The many joints formed by the lead are soldered



CEMENTING

The entire window is cemented with putty on both sides to make it firm and water-tight. The window is made in sections of a size convenient for one man to handle.

After the completed window has been thoroughly inspected in the light, the sections are packed and shipped to their destination where they are installed and secured with reinforcing bars.

Fritz Bauermann came to the hospital and saw how seriously Carl had been injured. He looked terrible, but the doctors believed that the boy would live. However, they were concerned that he was still unconscious. They told Herr Bauermann, "Contact the boy's parents. They should come as soon as possible." The owner said, "He has only a mother and she lives in Achim with younger children, but I will send a message to her." The doctors began to work on Carl's ear and nose. After stitching the ear in place, the doctors expressed confidence that it would regenerate with no loss of hearing. His broken nose would mend, although he would probably always have a scar. They continued to worry however, because he was still unconscious. They could only hope that he would soon revive.

Johanna received the message about Carl as she worked in her garden. Distraught, she made arrangements for the younger children's care so she could travel to Bremen on the next train. She must hurry to be at his side. Johanna agonized on the journey, not knowing if Carl was still alive. "First I lose my husband, now my son, Carl. This is not fair. This cannot be. And even if he is alive, will he be well, or an invalid?" In Bremen she hurried to the Hospital to Carl's bedside. To her relief he was awake. Better yet, he recognized her. His face was terribly disfigured with a large cut, diagonally across the bridge of his nose, much swelling around his head and face and black stitches all around his right ear, where it had been reattached to his head. But he was alive! They told her that Carl would recover although he would be in the Hospital for about six weeks. He moaned as he tried to say, "I'm sorry, Mother. I'm sorry". After her tears had subsided, she was assured that he would be well taken care of and returned home to Achim, when he was well. She traveled to Bremen to see him each week and was relieved to see progress in his recovery. He had good care from the nurses and doctors, and Fritz Bauermann came to see him often. The six weeks finally passed.

After a while at home in Achim, he resumed his apprenticeship in Bremen. He still continued doing errands, but he never forgot the terror of seeing the horses heads and hooves bearing down on him. Now he always looked carefully each way, and tried not to daydream about the surrounding scenes he wanted to paint. Most important, after that incident, he always avoided horses.

Soon he was back at his art school one night a week. He painted a fat monk with a puckish grin, his face wreathed in cigar smoke, on textured cardboard. The piece reflected his somewhat irreverent attitude about religion and priests in particular, an attitude developed from listening to the boarders at his house. His irreverence was not discouraged at the art school. Though the School was traditional in its classical art training, many of the students were somewhat bohemian, and the teachers did not try to alter that behavior in their students.

Carl was urged, however, to turn his puckish sense of humor to better ends. He was urged to copy some popular comics from the newspaper. He did every day, until he got a feel for that kind of drawing. Perhaps someday, with practice, he might create his own cartoons, or comics, for the newspaper, thereby putting his sense of humor to good use. In November 1913, he selected "Fipps, der Affe" by Wilhelm Busch. It was about an

ape named Fipps, who lived in a house with a rotund, black bearded Captain and two mischievous boys. The boys pulled and teased the dog, cat and ape, as they all romped around the house. He copied the drawings in his notebooks for two years, in four separate copy books, as a form of art exercise, even when he could not attend art school. (Note II-5)

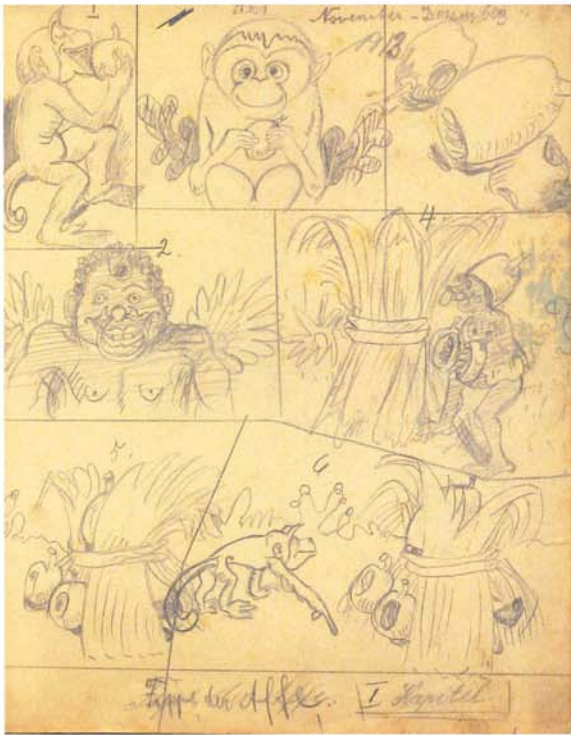
The political climate in Germany was worsening. The Kaiser had ceased to be a friend of peace. Although he exercised his personal influence toward peace efforts on many occasions, he had come to agree that war with France was inevitable. The immediate cause of the war was the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, at Sarajevo in Austrian Bosnia. In August 1914, with a few shots, a fanatic Bosnian teenager, seeking to "correct" Serbian wrongs, succeeded in setting Europe on a road to destruction and ruin, from which it has not yet fully recovered. World War I had begun.

For a while, as war raged, life continued for Carl without change. By the middle of 1915, it was feared that the stained glass shop would have to close. There was little new work, though repair jobs were steady. Finally Fritz Bauermann was notified that his shop was a non-essential business and must shut down. All employees of eligible age must either get jobs in essential industries, or go into the Army.

Johanna was frantic. Heinrich, Carl's older brother was already in the Army. If Carl went too, she would be at risk of losing her two oldest sons, and she was already a widow. She urged Carl to try to find a job in an essential industry so he would not have to go into the Army. This suited Carl since he had never had patriotic tendencies. He found a job in a steel mill in Bremen and started working there immediately. He hated many things about the work. The heat of the ovens was relentless and many of the duties were dangerous. He frequently worked near the large vats of molten steel as they were poured into molds and feared injury or death. He considered it his duty, to do *only* as much as was as necessary to keep this job throughout the war, so he could stay out of the army. At the same time, he continued art classes whenever they were offered, and painted when he could find any suitable material to work with. The owner of the shop kept Carl's name on the books. In this way, Carl received his "Guild" papers as a glazier on March 31, 1916, even though he was actually working at the steel mill at that time.

Life continued as the war moved through Europe. Carl's sister Kathe, at 17, was already apprenticed to a household and was away from the family home in Achim six nights a week. Hans, at fourteen, would soon be apprenticed to a company which drilled wells for water throughout Germany and Poland. He would be able to work instead of joining the Army because drilling wells for water was considered an essential industry. Adele, ten and Martha, eight, were still at home with Johanna and attending school. Carl sometimes spent the night in Bremen instead of taking the train home to Achim. Most of the factory workers he knew on the train were now in the Army. Life was changing as the war escalated though Johanna, with her home and large garden, was able to live reasonably well.

One cold evening in the Spring of 1917, Carl walked home from the station and hurried into the kitchen at #13 Feld Strasse in Achim. His mother was sitting at the table, dressed in black, hugging her arms to herself and rocking back and forth in a chair, as she moaned



In November 1913, he selected "Fipps, der Affe" by Wilhelm Busch. It was about an ape named Fipps, who lived in a house with a rotund, black bearded Captain and two mischievous boys. The boys pulled and teased the dog, cat and ape, as they all romped around the house. He copied the drawings in his notebooks for two years, in four separate copy books, as a form of art exercise, even when he could not attend art school.



quietly to herself “My boy, my boy, they have taken my son. I’m a widow and now my oldest son is gone too.” Thus, Carl learned that his older brother Heinrich had been killed on the Western Front at the Battle of Lille, in France on April 29, 1917. He was twenty-five years old, unmarried and now dead before his young life had really started. Carl comforted his grieving mother and sisters awkwardly, thinking to himself, “And I suppose it will be my turn next. Well, not if I can help it. I will stay with the steel company as long as I can stand it”. The family was informed that Heinrich’s body was buried at the battlefield in Lille in France and his personal items would be sent home, if possible. The German government was very sorry for his death and appreciated the great sacrifice he made for his country.

The war continued with summer bringing some relief from the mud of the trenches at the Western Front. Still Carl managed to keep his job at the steel mill though he was becoming more fearful for his personal safety each day. Now his paintings were done more as a respite from worries about the war and the family’s safety and well-being. His paintings were dark and foreboding. Though they were lovely scenes, they were painted in depressed colors and subdued tones. In 1917 he painted “Autumn Stream With Swans” and later “Winter Scene With Snow Covered Cottage”, which was copied from a postcard he had found in Bremen. Most of his paintings were still exercises that he copied from old masters, or postcards or any other pictures that he saw and liked.

The months dragged on bringing winter and cold. Christmas was celebrated in a halfhearted way, for the family had lost its spirit. The old tradition of singing the familiar songs around the Christmas tree was done with sadness. The girls were all going off to homes where they worked hard as apprentice housemaids. Heinrich was dead and Carl was next in line for the Army. Carl said that he did not know how much longer he could hold out at the steel mill in Bremen. He could only hope that the war would end before he might be called to serve.

He held out as long as he could, through the long spring and summer of 1918 but finally he joined the German Army late in 1918. His job at the steel mill had become so dangerous that he eventually believed he would be safer in the Army than he was tending the boiling cauldrons of molten steel. When assigned to a Field Cavalry Unit, he was more afraid of the German horses than any potential enemy, since he still feared horses desperately. He managed to do duties that were as far away as possible from the horses. But one night there was a commotion in the corral. He was ordered to go with some others and see what was wrong. Several horses had broken loose and were running around the corral, shaking their heads and manes wildly and kicking out at anything in their way. Carl was terrified, but managed to remain unharmed in the incident. But he vowed that he would be transferred to some other, *any* other, regiment, but the Cavalry.

His mother and his sisters wrote him, and sometimes he even received their letters. In October Hanni wrote to tell him she was betrothed to a teacher, in Göteborg, Sweden, named Gustav Swenson, but the wedding date had not been set. On October 12, 1918, Carl wrote back sending “hearty wedding hellos and thank you for your nice letter from Achim.” He also enclosed a picture from his Field Cavalry Group and wrote “I hope you will find me in there. Your brother, Carl.” During the next few weeks Carl continued to

scheme for ways to leave the Cavalry before he was killed by the horses he feared more than any enemy.

But neither he nor his fellow soldiers knew that by October, 1918, the German army in the west had already been decisively beaten. The new Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, was ready to enter peace talks, but not on the basis of admitted defeat, which we now know had its justifications. Ludendorff, the military leader, was adamant and the Chancellor had no choice but to send a request for a suspension of hostilities to President Wilson in the United States. The six weeks of Prince Max's government were feverishly divided into an exchange of notes between the German and the American governments on the one hand, and streamlined internal reforms on the other.

Under threat of revolution and mutiny, the antiquated Prussian structure of the government was transformed, which met the approval of the discontented as well as the progressive Germans. These reforms revealed Germany's total military bankruptcy, which, after four years of censorship and fraudulent communiqués, was perhaps the biggest shock of all. The Kaiser declared himself ready to abdicate as German Emperor, and lead the troops back to Germany as King of Prussia. He was informed by his generals, that the troops would no longer follow him and their oath of allegiance had lost its meaning.

Many of the men in Carl's regiment were Bolsheviks - left wing revolutionaries. He feared they would involve him in their plans to return to Berlin to overthrow the government. He wanted no part of politics or revolutions. When the Versailles Treaty was signed on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month in 1918, his Regiment had already disbanded and the men were returning to their homes in disarray. Carl arrived home, relieved that his time in the army had been mercifully short. Johanna thanked God that she did not have to sacrifice another son to the war.

Within a short time, Carl returned to the stained glass shop in Bremen. He was now twenty and had started there when he was fourteen years of age. With six years of experience, he had moved well beyond the initial tasks of sweeping and errands. He moved through the various worktables in the shop, learning glazing, leading, kiln work and most important, design. Fritz Bauermann began to rely on him to do some limited design work under his guidance.

These were hard times in Germany with military defeat, revolutionary political change and upheaval and finally hyper-inflation. In 1914 one American dollar had a value of 4.2 German Reichsmarks. By November 1923, one American dollar would buy four trillion two hundred billion German Reichsmarks.

Even now, in an age in which inflation has become a household word, it is difficult to convey a sense of meaning of this plunging decline in the worth of the one commodity that, more than any other, serves man as a means of rational measurement of his situation. For millions of Germans these figures created a lunatic world, in which all the familiar landmarks assumed crazy new forms, and all the old signposts became meaningless. The



“He painted a fat monk with a puckish grin, his face wreathed in cigar smoke, on textured cardboard.”



“In 1917 he painted ‘Autumn Scene With Swans’.”



“He also enclosed a picture from his Field Cavalry Group and wrote ‘I hope you will find me in there. Your brother, Carl.’” Carl is in the last row, farthest to the left. Oct. 12, 1918

simplest of objects were given monstrous value- the lowly kohlrabi shamefacedly wore a price-tag of fifty millions,- a penny postage stamp cost as much as a villa had in 1890. "In 1923 an advertising chief of a rubber factory had a monthly salary of 200 billion marks. Everyone was paid twice a day and then everybody had a half-hour's leave so that he could rush to the stores and buy something, before the next quotation of the dollar came out, at which time the money would lose half its value."¹ The economic prospects for a young man in Germany did not look bright.

Carl still went to art school classes whenever he could and one of his assignments was to paint a still life- a bowl of fruit, flowers or an arrangement of artifacts – whatever he chose. He decided to copy a picture of a bowl of oranges. They had now become so expensive, he could never have one to eat, so at least he could enjoy looking at them. He copied from a picture of a still life and painted his picture in oils on cardboard.

By the time the painting was finished, his youngest sister, Martha, was fourteen, old enough to leave school and be apprenticed as a housekeeper. This was a special moment in the household. Johanna had now been a widow for thirteen years. Martha was not yet one year old when Johann had died. Johanna would finally see her last child begin the road to independence. Martha was one of Carl's favorite sisters and to note her completion of schooling he gave her the oil painting of the oranges. She was overjoyed with the gift, but he made light of it, saying, "Mattie, since none of us can afford to buy an orange at thousands of marks each, and since they don't grow in the garden, you might as well enjoy looking at them." (Note II-5)

Carl began to spend more time with Uncle Mös on Sundays, sharing ideas about drawings, paints, materials and life in general. He talked about the idea of emigrating to America. Köhlmos encouraged him to reach out for a better place, where he might have a chance to be successful with his art. Carl enjoyed watching Köhlmos paint, because he was whimsical, which Carl admired immensely. Uncle Mös painted simple country scenes and gave Carl two that he particularly liked. One was of two ragged, but charming dogs, something that never lived in the Huneke home. The second was of two smiling old German men, bemused by a hand puppet "show", performed by a Gypsy man, along a roadside fence.

In spite of the hard times, the Huneke children were finding their places in the world. Anna, the third oldest child, had married Heinrich Henke II on July 15, 1914, when she was nineteen years old. Her husband was a honey merchant, and Anna, no stranger to hard work, pitched in to help him with the business. Her first child, Kathe Henke, was born one year later and Johanna became a grandmother. Three years later, in 1918, Anneliese Henke was born and Heinrich Henke III followed in 1920.

Sophie, Carl's oldest sister and closest friend to Johanna, her mother, continued to work and was not anxious to marry in haste. She listened well as Johanna continued to preach to her girls- "If you sell yourself for a herring, you will be eaten as a herring". Hanni had already become betrothed to Gustav Swenson, a Swedish teacher and she would move

¹Erich Maria Remarque, *Drei Kamaraden* (1938) Ch 1.

there after the marriage. In the course of her apprenticeship, she had taken care of the children in a household and now aspired to be a kindergarten teacher. And finally Sophie, the oldest, agreed to marry August Venhaus. They were married in 1922 and she moved away from Achim.



“He decided to copy a picture of a bowl of oranges. They had now become so expensive, he could never have one to eat, so at least he could enjoy looking at them. He copied from a picture of a still life and painted his picture in oils on cardboard.”



“Uncle Mös painted simple country scenes and gave Carl two that he particularly liked. One was of two ragged, but charming dogs, something that never lived in the Huneke home. The second was of two, smiling old German men, bemused by a hand puppet ‘show’, performed by a Gypsy man, along a roadside fence.”

REMEMBERING MY FATHER – CARL HUNEKE A BIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER III – 1920-1930

Carl continued to develop his skills in the stained glass shop. He received his craftsman certification papers on September 29, 1921. In 1922 he completed his training as a stained glass artist. As inflation continued to rage unabated, success in stained glass was meaningless if he could not save money fast enough to buy a dish, or a piece of furniture, much less a house. Nevertheless, he continued to work, hoping that things would improve.

Carl discovered girls and they seemed to find him attractive. The scar where his ear had been sewn was no longer noticeable and the scar across the bridge of his otherwise small, attractive nose, only added interest to his face. He loved to laugh, sing and have fun and was not at all serious about government, politics, religion or even the everlasting inflation that plagued them all. The fact that he was an artist appealed to several girls who thought he was both bohemian and cute. One of these was Trüdchen. She was plump, practical and serious and Carl thought she had a pretty face. Most important, she had a happy, but rather strong personality and he liked that. She was not afraid to say what she thought and she urged Carl to do the same.

Uncle Mös encouraged him to leave Germany and emigrate to America. He shared his thoughts with Trüdchen and she approved of his dreams. While he delayed action, the United States moved ahead with the National Origins Act of 1924. Germany was considered an unstable government and the U.S. had largely shut its doors to German citizens. The U.S. would now only accept a limited number of German immigrants, up to 2% of the total Germans counted in the 1890 United States census. Carl knew he had to make a decision or he would never escape the economic turmoil in Germany.

Sadly, Johanna received word that her oldest daughter Sophie, had died while giving birth to her first child, a son. He was named Kurt, as his mother wished, but he did not survive the traumatic birth and was buried with his mother in 1923. Carl painted with a vengeance, sensing that he wanted to leave something of himself behind if he ever got the chance to go to America. He painted "Autumn Scene" and "Pink and Red Roses" for his mother, in 1923. He had exchanged letters with his cousin, Ernst Gade, who was living in San Francisco with another cousin, Bette Heide. Ernst and his cousin Bette were willing to sponsor Carl, but he must apply to the American Consulate for papers to enter the United States. On February 18, 1924, he received an affidavit from Bette for Carl to emigrate, but it was only valid through December, 1924. He immediately submitted an application to the German government for his passport and his emigration papers. Now all he could do was wait.

He had delayed telling Johanna of his plans, for fear she would try to discourage him. Instead, when he told her, all she did was look down and smile quietly to herself. "Carl, I only wish good for each of my children. If this will make a better life for you, then I will be happy." But she wiped the tears that came when she was alone. She thought of her large family, now dwindling until she would soon be alone. Sophie and Heinrich were already in their graves. Anna lived far away in Hamburg, busy with her three children and her husband's honey business. Hanni was now married and living in Göteborg, Sweden. Kathe had married Heinz Eggers last year in Achim, but had moved to Hamburg with her husband. Now Carl would be leaving too, and he would be so far away that she might never see him again.

At least Hans would stay in Germany, though she only saw him twice a year when his travels as a water well driller allowed him a visit home to Achim. He made good wages and always gave money to Johanna to help with the household expenses. Adele and Martha worked as housemaids. She had to think about finding husbands for each of them before they got too old. Maybe she had done too good a job telling them not to "sell themselves as herrings". Both seemed disinterested in any of the young men who came to visit. Both were attractive enough, but Martha, especially, could make herself quite haughty when she put her nose in the air, tossed her head, closed her eyes and flounced off, leaving a confused young man standing there wondering what he had done wrong. Adele was not quite so disdainful, but seemed determined to find someone who might give her a better life, with less hard work than she had already experienced in her young life.

Trüdchen knew that Carl was waiting for his papers, but she hoped that they would not come until after Christmas. She had prepared a special gift for him and wanted to give it to him personally on Christmas Eve when all Germany celebrated the birth of Christ. Carl watched each day for messages, but the months dragged on until he finally realized that this year would pass but he would not yet see America. But on December 5, 1924, he received a surprise. It was an official Permit to Enter the United States from the American Consulate. Unfortunately it didn't mean anything unless he also received an Emigration Permit from the German government and that he did not have. Once again he hurried to the Government Center and asked about his papers. He explained earnestly, "My Permit to Enter is only good through December 1924. If I don't leave this month the permit will be void. I must have the Emigration Permit now". The official nodded sagely, said nothing and moved on to the next person in line. Just in case he should get his papers, Carl looked into passage on steamship lines and found that the last ship to leave Hamburg for New York was the "Orduña" of the Royal Mail Line on December 24, 1924. He could still book passage if he got his papers. **(Note III-1)**



Autumn Scene, 1923



Pink and Red Roses, 1923

The days passed slowly, but finally, on December 16, 1924, Carl's emigration papers arrived. Everyone received the news differently. Carl was jubilant! Johanna was resigned. Trüdchen was despondent. Hans was sad to learn that his only brother was leaving Germany. Uncle Mös was outwardly pleased, but knew in his heart that he might not see Carl again. Adele and Martha were delighted, each immediately thinking that his passage might pave the way for her eventual emigration. Fritz Bauermann of the stained glass studio was joyful for his protégé. He felt so proud that he had participated in Carl's excellent training all these years. Along with his natural gifts, Carl might become a great stained glass artist in America. It was certain that Germany did not hold great promise for the talented young artist.

Now there was frantic activity to prepare Carl for departure and to prepare those who loved him to say "auf wieder sehen" with a minimum of tears and regrets. Once he paid for passage, the Royal Mail Line made many arrangements for him. He would board the "Orduña" and sail from Hamburg harbor on Christmas Eve, Wednesday, December 24, 1924. He had his ticket in hand for berth #783 in Third Class, along with 457 other passengers. He was grateful that steerage class no longer existed on reputable ships. Herr Smolka at the Hotel Schlesischer Hof in Hamburg, wrote him with confirmation of a room for the night of December 23. In addition, he learned that the medical examination, formerly required at Ellis Island, New York, could now be done in Hamburg, Germany. That way he would be assured of quick entry to America. Royal Mail Line also arranged a ticket for a train from New York, south to Washington D.C., the capitol of the United States. From there the train traveled west, across the country to San Francisco, California. He wired his cousin, Ernst Gade, in San Francisco, telling him the date in January that he would arrive at the train station in Oakland, across the Bay from San Francisco.

He said goodbye to friends and family and spent some time walking around Achim, which had been his only home. The village had grown during his twenty-six years there. He went to the graveyard to visit his father, Johann. "I may never be here again," he thought to himself. He packed his belongings carefully. A suitcase would be kept with him and a trunk would be delivered to him in San Francisco. He included the picture of his family, taken on the day of his father's funeral, his father's picture, his mother's picture, the cartoons he had done at fifteen, of Fipps, der Affe, and several of his paintings, as well as all of his certificates, credentials and licenses. He might well need to prove his abilities in America.

All too soon, it was time to leave. His sisters, Adele and Martha, hugged him with more excitement than sadness. His brother Hans took his hand and shook his head slowly from side to side saying, "Auf Wieder sehen, Carl". Johanna tried to stop her tears as she hugged her son. Then he had some time alone with Trüdchen. She pressed a small package into his hand. "I wanted to give you this on Christmas Eve, but I must give it to you now since you will be aboard

the ship by then. Remember me, Carlie, and don't forget to write me. We will see each other again before you know it." With a hug and a jaunty wave, he climbed aboard the Achim train, which would take him to Hamburg. "Wieder sehen...wieder sehen, Carlie." The sweet sounds of home were in his ears as the train clickety clacked, taking him farther away.

He settled back in the seat as he had for so many years, when he took the train each morning to the stained glass studio in Bremen. But this time he looked at the flat fields of Germany as if he were seeing them for the first time. He tried to commit them to memory, just in case he never returned. As he sat there, thinking, his hand brushed his pocket and he remembered the package and letter Trüdchen had given him at the station.

"Dear Carl,

I wish for you the best of everything in your journey to America. I share your dream for a better life. Though I will miss being with you at Christmas, I look forward with great anticipation to next Christmas, when I believe in my heart that we will be together again.

Love, Trüdchen".

He looked at her picture as he held the large white handkerchief she had embroidered with his initials. He leaned back and closed his eyes, wondering what next year would bring.

The train arrived in Hamburg. He and several others were met by a representative of the "Orduña" and taken to the Hotel Schlesischer Hof for the night. The next morning a German doctor from the "Orduña" came to the Hotel to perform the necessary immigration examination, which would allow Carl to enter America without prolonged examination at Ellis Island in New York. After a perfunctory examination, he was declared fit and his passport and permit papers stamped accordingly.

Soon he was aboard ship. He made his way to Third Class and found that berth #783 was spare, but acceptable. His quarters included several bunks, but it turned out that the ship was not full, so the cabin was not as crowded as it might have been. Soon his cabin mates arrived and he found that they were all German boys, going to America, though not to San Francisco. They were all leaving home to find a better life in a new world.

The "Orduña" moved through the cold waters of the North Sea. Most of the passengers stood at the rails until the mist shrouded the land and they could no longer see Germany. The cold air chilled them and they turned to go into the common room for a meal. It was Christmas Eve! The crew of the "Orduña" had



Carl and his mother, Johanna. 1925



Trüdchen



Johanna Huneke, 1925

provided some cheer and even had a small Christmas tree. Soon the passengers were singing the old songs of home, and learned some new ones too. They stood around the small tree, singing "O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum". And they saved everyone's favorite for last "Stille nacht, heilige nacht". The sound of the strong young voices drifted across the water and if Germany could hear them, she might say, "Woe to me. My young, strong ones leave to find a better life in a new place. Woe to me."

On New Year's Day, 1925, they toasted each other with "Prost!" They who had been strangers were now friends. The "Orduña" stopped in Southampton for supplies. Carl and some of the others disembarked briefly. They looked at England with little interest, as it lay shrouded in winter fog. **(Note III-2)** Their sights were on a distant horizon, and their dreams were not to be deterred by other distractions. The ship left England and made her way across the Atlantic to New York. Since the sinking of the Titanic in 1912, ships crossing in winter avoided the perils of icebergs and made a more southerly crossing. Carl leaned on the ship's rail and looked out at the sea, mostly gray, with skies to match. He found some chess players and sometimes he found a threesome for Skät. Then the common room would rock with the shouts of the young men, in the excitement of their games. And sometimes he could pass hours in quiet contemplation of a chessboard, head to head with a worthy opponent.

The days passed and excitement mounted. They would arrive in New York tomorrow, Monday, January 19, 1925. Their gear was stowed, bags made ready and they stood on the deck for hours peering at the horizon. Finally there were shouts of "Land ahead !" The journey was nearing its end. Some would stay in New York; others would board trains for other parts of America. But all knew where they were going since they were not permitted to enter the United States without a sponsor who would be responsible for their welfare. Carl's sponsors were Bette Heide, a distant cousin and Ernst Gade, a cousin who lived with Bette in San Francisco. His train tickets had been arranged in advance and he knew that his stay in Ellis Island would be brief.

As the "Orduña" moved slowly through the harbor, the Statue of Liberty was visible in the distance. They approached Ellis Island and looked up at Lady Liberty, a mighty woman with a torch. Someone translated the words at the base of the statue:

*"Keep ancient lands, your storied pomp.
Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to be free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the tempest-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."*

Carl brushed the moisture away from his eyes, with the back of his hand, and looked away from the statue. He liked the words. He and the others asked nothing more than an opportunity to work hard, use their talents and perhaps become successful in this new country they would call home.

The ship docked and all the immigrants disembarked at Ellis Island. They shuffled toward the administration buildings as directed, carrying the one bag they were permitted. They had all heard stories about Ellis Island, where federal commissioners could become jailers detaining a teeming population of immigrants for undetermined periods of time. However, since the 1924 National Origins Act, the Ellis Island gateway to the “promised land” had all but slammed shut. Ellis Island looked like a deserted village. Carl and most of the others had already received medical examinations and approval for entry in Hamburg, as permitted by the Act. They moved through the immigrations procedures quickly and by January 21, two days later, Carl was on the train to San Francisco.

He and the others were soon ushered to ferries, which took them to trains in New York. There they boarded different trains, going to all parts of America. Carl said goodbye to his new friends from the ship. Most would never see each other again, but they had shared a great adventure – leaving their homeland for America.

Carl boarded the Southern Pacific Lines train to San Francisco via Washington D.C. He was shown to berth #7 in Tourist Car 5A, a sleeping car. He stowed his bag and moved to his seat where he could take a look at New York through the windows. The teeming crowds in the station scurried around, each with determination and apparent disregard for those around them. They were dressed in warm winter clothes, just as everyone was in Germany. As the train slowly pulled out of the station, Carl craned his neck to get a better look at this great city. He looked up at the huge buildings they called skyscrapers. Everywhere there were automobiles in the streets, more than he had ever seen in one place before. He was told that half the families in America now had an automobile of their own! Crowds of people covered the sidewalks, each hurrying somewhere. But the gray overcast winter sky was no different from home. At least that was a familiar sight. He soon learned that the Tourist Class dining car served adequate food, but he could not buy a glass of beer. In January 1920, Americans had enacted the Eighteenth Amendment to their Constitution prohibiting the sale of alcohol.

As the train picked up speed, it passed many unattractive buildings, crowded together in shabby neighborhoods, with poorly dressed people on the streets. There were fewer automobiles here too. Another lesson learned! Not everyone in America was rich.

Then, the countryside paraded by his window, as if it were showing off for the new arrival. The fresh white snow hid many imperfections and to Carl's eye, the towns and villages of America looked a little like Achim and Bremen. After a few hours the conductor announced that they were approaching Washington D.C., the nation's capitol. Once again Carl craned his neck to see as much as he could. He would not be allowed to disembark as the stop was just long enough to board and disembark passengers. The sky was still overcast and he was told this was common for most of the eastern seaboard states in the winter. He glimpsed a view of the Capitol Building, with its magnificent dome. He saw large expanses of open areas with monuments, large elaborate buildings and bare trees surrounding them. All in all, he thought Washington D.C. a city befitting the title, "Capitol of the United States". He wondered if he would be able to come back some day to see it again.

Finally the train began its westward trek across the country in earnest. At first, the land was flat and the names British in origin – Cumberland, Virginia and Charleston, West Virginia. But soon the names took on a foreign sound- Kentucky and Missouri- and the train climbed over tree-covered mountains – the Appalachians. He slept in his berth, but never more than one or two hours at a time. He wanted to see as much as possible of his new country. They crossed the great Mississippi River. They passed Saint Louis, Missouri, then the land become flat again. For the most part, they followed the old emigrant trail of the early American pioneers who had trekked across the plains to California seventy-five years earlier. They and their families were in covered wagons drawn by oxen. Carl was grateful that he could ride in comfort, even sleeping in a berth and eating at a table, on his trek across America. The states slowly passed before his window. There seemed to be no end to the plains of Kansas, followed by the high desert leading to the Great Rocky Mountains which loomed ahead. The train picked its way through the passes of Colorado and Utah and when they descended again to the flat land on the west, they were in the barren desert of Utah and Nevada. Carl began to have doubts about this America. There were no great cities and few towns and he rarely saw anything but empty snow-covered prairie and desert.

Eventually something ahead loomed large and dark. The train took forever to move closer, but finally he saw a mountain range, which looked like a high dark wall, with no passage. This must be the Sierra. He thanked God that the train knew the way, for the sheer mass of the mountain range, from the vantage of the desert floor, was awesome. Now he could not sleep for excitement. This was the last barrier to California and his journey would end.

The train climbed into the passes of the Sierra. Towering, jagged, snow-covered peaks surrounded them and the train seemed as small and insignificant as a toy. They passed through miles of snow-sheds, which protected the tracks from avalanches. The train continued to pick its way through the Sierra, and they passed Donner Lake, the site of the doomed pioneer group. Finally, they

reached the summit! The mountains continued for many more miles, but the endless climb was behind them. Now they passed through high meadows, deep in snow, surrounded by forests of pine trees, whose branches were laden with pillows of white snow. It was all so beautiful that Carl's eyes were fixed on the window hour after hour.



Then the snow began to diminish. Soon there was none on the trees and only patches on the ground. The train began a slow descent. Carl caught glimpses of a great valley ahead, which he thought must be California. They passed through foothills where small towns along the way, appeared clean and friendly. Smoke curled from the chimneys. They reached a vast expanse of flat land and approached Sacramento, California's capitol city. They passed through, stopping only to pick up passengers. He caught a glimpse of a large domed building that was the Capitol. A steamship paddleboat on the Sacramento River was docked near many wooden two-storied buildings along the shore. There seemed to be bustling activity with automobiles, wagons and pedestrians everywhere. And most important: there was no snow! The sky was overcast, but after all, it was winter, even if it was California.

The train continued on the last segment of its journey to San Francisco. The land was flat for several hours, then foothills appeared ahead. They were low and *green*, even though it was winter. Soon they passed through the gentle foothills, and Carl caught glimpses of a large body of water ahead. San Francisco Bay appeared in its glory. The sun sparkled from a clear sky on the huge, blue bay, which was surrounded by green hills and low mountains. He was enchanted by its beauty.

The train passed through industrial areas, towns and finally Berkeley and Oakland. It came to a stop at the Oakland Terminal. Since San Francisco was on the tip of a large peninsula, with no bridges connected to it, the only access was by ferry boats. Carl gathered his bag, which had been packed for a whole day, and prepared to leave the train.

As he stepped off the train to the platform, he faced a crowd of unfamiliar faces. He stopped there for a moment and heard a shout. "Carl, Carl, Over here !" He stepped down into the crowd, moved toward the voice, and was soon grabbed in a hug by his cousin, Ernst Gade. "Welcome, welcome to America and to San Francisco," boomed Ernst. "Come, let us get your trunk from the baggage car and we'll be on our way to the ferry and to San Francisco across the Bay." Arrangements were made to deliver the trunk, which had arrived safely, and Ernst guided Carl to the nearby ferry.

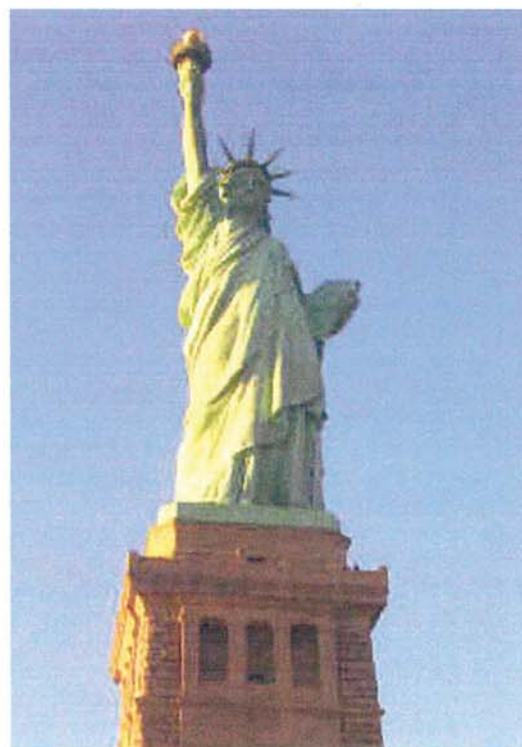
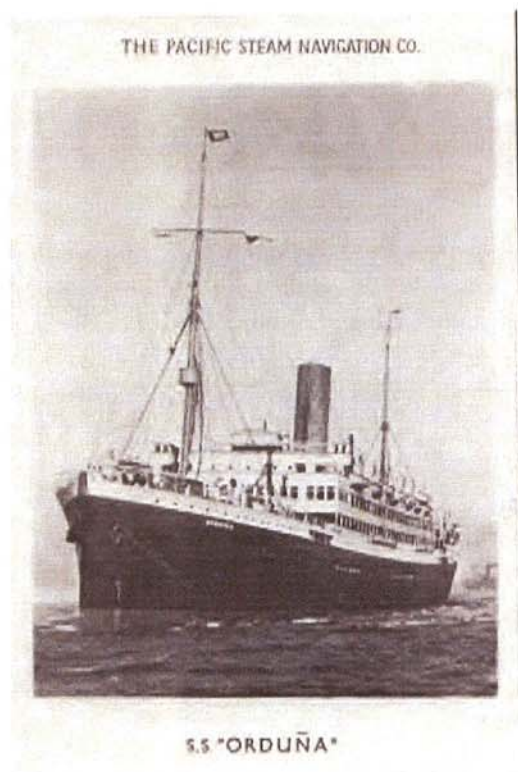
Carl saw the city of San Francisco gleaming in the sun. He stared as the ferry plied its way across the choppy waters of the Bay. They passed a small island covered with green shrubs and trees. "That is Yerba Buena Island." explained

| <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-around;"> <div style="text-align: center;"> <p>Ehefrau</p>  </div> <div style="text-align: center;"> <p>Lichtbild</p>  </div> </div> <p style="text-align: center;">Unterschrift des Paßinhabers</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Carl Heinicke</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">und seiner Ehefrau</p> <p style="font-size: small;">Es wird hiermit bescheinigt, daß der Inhaber die durch das obenstehende Lichtbild dargestellte Person ist und die darunter befindliche Unterschrift eigenhändig vollzogen hat.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Achim (Hann.)</i>, den <i>7. April 1924</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>W. ...</i></p> | <table border="1" style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <th colspan="2" style="text-align: center;">PERSONENBESCHREIBUNG</th> </tr> <tr> <td style="width: 60%; padding: 2px;"> Beruf <i>Glaser</i> Geburtsort <i>Achim</i> Geburtstag <i>19. 6. 98</i> Wohnort <i>Achim</i> Gestalt <i>schlank</i> Gesicht <i>oval</i> Farbe der Augen <i>blau</i> Farbe des Haars <i>blond</i> Besond. Kennzeichen <i>keine</i> </td> <td style="width: 40%; text-align: center; vertical-align: top;"> Ehefrau <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 100px; width: 100%;"></div> </td> </tr> <tr> <th colspan="2" style="text-align: center;">KINDER</th> </tr> <tr> <td style="text-align: center;">Name</td> <td style="text-align: center;">Alter Geschlecht</td> </tr> <tr> <td style="height: 40px;">/</td> <td style="height: 40px;">/</td> </tr> <tr> <td style="height: 40px;">/</td> <td style="height: 40px;">/</td> </tr> </table> | PERSONENBESCHREIBUNG | | Beruf <i>Glaser</i> Geburtsort <i>Achim</i> Geburtstag <i>19. 6. 98</i> Wohnort <i>Achim</i> Gestalt <i>schlank</i> Gesicht <i>oval</i> Farbe der Augen <i>blau</i> Farbe des Haars <i>blond</i> Besond. Kennzeichen <i>keine</i> | Ehefrau <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 100px; width: 100%;"></div> | KINDER | | Name | Alter Geschlecht | / | / | / | / |
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Above: Carl's passport describes him as a Glaser, from Achim; born in Achim on June 19, 1898; lean build, oval face, blue eyes, blond hair and no distinguishing marks.

Below left: The S.S. Orduna, the ship on which Carl booked passage.

Below right: The Statue of Liberty today.



Ernst. "It means 'good herb' in Spanish. Many of the names here are in Spanish. And that tower ahead of us is the Ferry Building. It's a very important terminal because all transportation from the east and the north must come to San Francisco by water. They say that bridges will be built some day, but I don't know how soon that will be. For now, the ferries are fine."

Carl listened and watched everything. As they approached San Francisco, Carl saw a bustling harbor throbbing with ships from all over the world. Soon they entered the Ferry Building and exited onto the streets of San Francisco. He had enjoyed the fresh salt air smell and now reacted to a totally different aroma. The smell of roasting coffee drifted from three large coffee importers on the waterfront: Folger's, M.J.B. and Hills Brothers. There was a broad street in front of the Ferry Building that led through the busy downtown all the way to two mountain peaks in the distance. "Ah yes, those are called Twin Peaks", said Ernst. "Come let's catch the number five Fulton streetcar which will take us home." They climbed aboard and soon were making their way up Market Street. It was busy with people, streetcars, automobiles and vendors. They got off and walked the last two blocks to Bette Heide's home on Arguello street.

Carl was pleased with the clean streets and houses. Many of them were old and some were a Victorian style, but they were neat and orderly. Small businesses clustered along the streets and shoppers walked along the sidewalks. And most important, the weather was beautiful. "Ernst, is it always like this?" He laughed, "No. But often, in winter, we have many sunny, cold, days, but never any snow!" Carl shook his head slowly and smiled. When they arrived at Bette's home, Ernst opened the door with his key and led Carl upstairs to Bette's flat. Bette appraised the slender young man with light brown hair and blue eyes.

Bette's face was pleasant with round glasses pinched on her small nose. Her thin lips smiled above the knob of a chin. Her shoulders were slightly stooped, but her body was nicely rounded. She wore a comfortable apron with large pockets, which covered most of her dress. "Welcome, Carl. So, we have another German boy to live with us." Carl heard her perfect English. Then she spoke a little German, but it sounded strange to him. She showed him the house and he was pleased at its order and cleanliness. She led him up to a sunny, cheerful attic bedroom that he would share with Ernst. There was one double bed in the room, so they would share the bed. She showed him the kitchen where she would prepare breakfast and dinner for them each day except Sunday. They discussed a price for the rental of the room and meals and agreed to the arrangement.

That night, the cousins talked. Ernst caught up on news from home. Carl asked many questions about San Francisco. Exhaustion allowed him to sleep on the small bed that he shared with Ernst though he was not used to such close

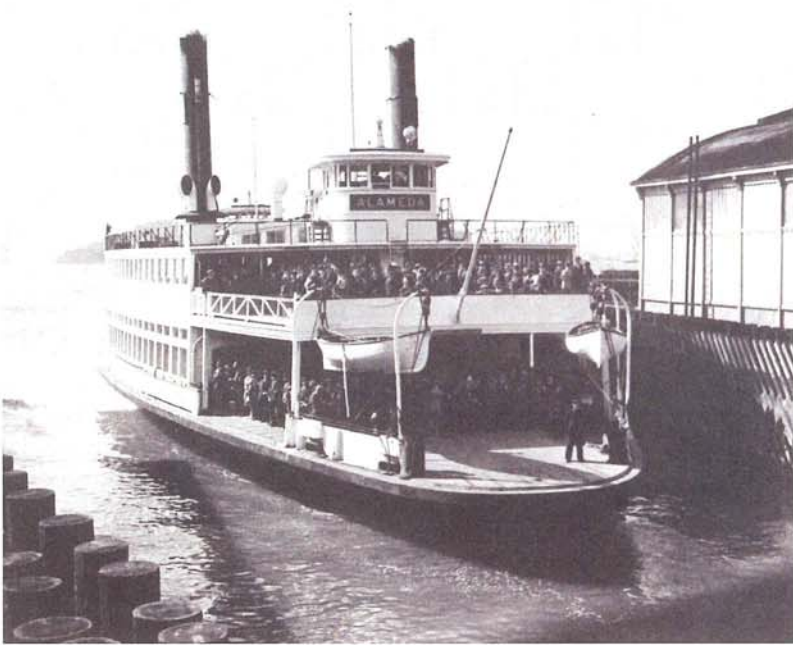
quarters. He was grateful to have cousins who were already settled and who were willing to give him a helping hand.

The next morning his first effort was to find a job. San Francisco had a thriving economy, so he was directed to several places where he might find work that did not require English. He did not expect to find a job in the stained glass field right away, but he tried to find something related. By the end of the day he had a job as a warehouseman at Habenicht and Howlett, a glass supplier near North Beach. He thought that through them he might at least become acquainted with stained glass studios in the area. Some of the men in the warehouse spoke German, and some spoke Spanish, so he got along. That night he attended his first English class at night school.

There were many Germans in the class, but there were also many Hispanics, mostly from Mexico, who were recent arrivals to San Francisco. He enjoyed being with the Germans because it felt good to speak his native language. But, as he learned more English, he found that he also enjoyed the company of the Mexicans. They were jovial, loved to sing, and cooked good food, though it was strange to him. He was attracted to one in particular. Her name was Carmen and she had a beautiful face, with deeply dimpled cheeks, below huge, luminous dark eyes. She shared Carl's joy in singing and had a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice. So at the same time he was learning English, he was also learning Spanish and she was learning German.

Soon, through his cousin Ernst, as well as his new friends at night school and at work, he was accumulating a circle of friends, mostly German, who included him in the activities of the young immigrants in San Francisco. As a lighthearted attractive young bachelor who aspired to be an artist, he was welcomed. As soon as his English improved, he began to fill his evenings and Sundays with art school, hiking, chess, Liederkranz (a men's singing group), and any other activity to which he was invited. He loved Golden Gate Park, which was only two blocks from Bette's home. Every evening after work he would walk to the Flower Conservatory in the Park and enjoy the beautiful gardens. As daylight lengthened, he explored farther into the Park – the huge Children's Playground, Stow Lake, with Strawberry Island in the middle, the casting ponds and Polo Fields and the expansive meadows framed by eucalyptus, cypress, pines and palms. One of his favorites was Spreckels Lake with the "Portals of the Past" reflected in the water. What a panoply this San Francisco had for him.

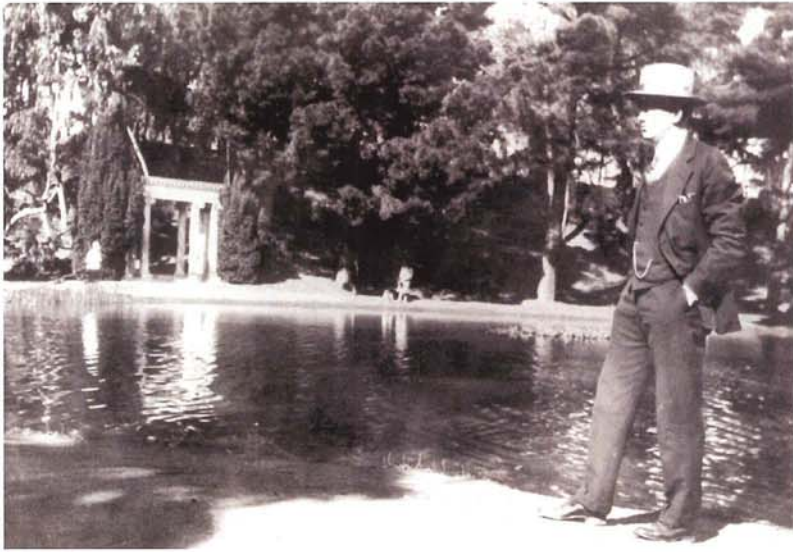
Most Sundays, especially in the foggy summer, he would get on the ferry at the Hyde Street Pier with his friends and cross over the Bay to sunny Sausalito, where they would take the train to Mill Valley. There they got off and hiked up the old Pipeline Trail on Mount Tamalpais. At the top they would stop at the Buttermilk House for a cold glass of buttermilk from a wooden churn, or steam beer from a stein. Then they crossed the road and hiked down the trail to the Tourist House, which was owned by the German Natur Freuden. There, in



Top, left: "He stared as the ferry plied its way across the choppy waters of the Bay."

Top, right: "There was a broad street in front of the Ferry Building that led through the busy downtown all the way to two mountain peaks in the distance, called Twin Peaks."

Bottom, left: "They climbed aboard and soon were making their way down Market Street. It was busy with people, streetcars, automobiles and vendors." (This 1918 picture is the DeYoung Building at Market and Kearny.)



Top, Left: "One of his favorites was Spreckels Lake with the 'Portals of the Past' reflected in the water."

Top, Right: Carl and Ernst in Golden Gate Park.

Below, Left: Carl at left with friends on the ferry to Sausalito.

Below, Right: Carl playing chess at the Tourist House.

return for work and a small membership fee, they could sit on the sunny wooden platform deck and play chess or talk with friends. Often the old Victrola was set up in the window of the Clubhouse kitchen above. Then the platform was used for dancing "The Rhinelander", polkas and waltzes. In the spring there was Maifest, in the summer there was Kinderfest, followed by Oktoberfest in the Fall. The crowded platform vibrated to the rhythm of the German band while many couples danced around and around on the platform, which was suspended above the hill sloping down to the distant Pacific Ocean. Beyond the platform, the great redwood trees of Muir Woods rose from the valley below. At the end of the day, they retraced their steps to Mill Valley to catch the last train back to the ferry in Sausalito. There they sat as a group on the lower deck and sang German songs. They were bathed in the light of the sun setting behind the Golden Gate. The lights of San Francisco twinkled a welcome as the weary young people returned to their homes.

There were always activities in this cosmopolitan city; parades down Market Street, concerts at the Band Shell in Golden Gate Park, excursions to Playland at The Beach, German Song and Dance Festivals at the California Hall on Polk Street, even occasional German meals at Schroeders Restaurant in the Financial District, though it catered mostly to bankers and stock brokers.

Carl continued to make inquiries about a job in the stained glass field until Edward Lapotka, the owner of Church Art Glass, hired him. At last he was back in the field he had studied for so many years in Germany. Mr. Lapotka had several men working for him and he jealously guarded knowledge of the process of stained glass making. Each man was given responsibility for a small and specific part of the whole process. Each man was allowed to learn only his part of the process. No one was allowed to watch what the other men were doing. Carl already knew the whole process of stained glass making, because he had learned it in Germany. Nevertheless, Mr. Lapotka positioned him at a particular station and that is where he stayed.

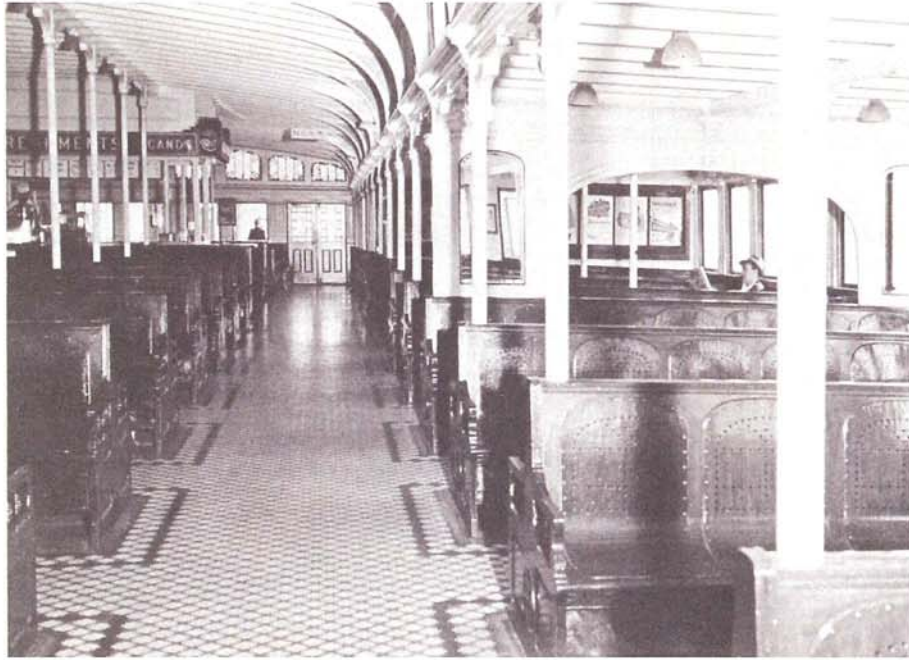
Before too many months, Carl had saved enough money to repay Ernst the money that had been forwarded for his fare to America. He also sent home some money to his mother. After that he began to save as much as he could, though he did not believe in totally depriving himself. He had already seen enough of that. Ernst had begun to invest in the stock market. Carl was curious and Ernst explained some of the intricacies of this thing called "investing". Carl watched what was going on and soon learned that most of his friends were also investing and becoming rich quickly! It seemed that this was a way to make more money than saving it in a bank. After watching for a few months, he became impatient and wanted to participate in some of the profits that his friends were getting, so he found a stock broker and started investing in the stock market.

Both young men were greatly concerned about filling their stomachs. Not only did each remember early privation, they were young, healthy males, who walked miles each day. Bette, in an effort to curtail the expense of feeding these two, limited their food ration to one potato and one helping of meat and vegetables at each evening meal. Each would have eagerly consumed much more, but she insisted that was all that would be provided. One day Carl found a time to talk to Bette alone. "Bette, I need more to eat. I want two good sized potatoes on my plate each evening, along with the rest of my meal. In return, I will give you an extra twenty-five cents a week, but I want this to be a secret between you and me. Don't tell Ernst." Bette smiled her agreement. She enjoyed the idea of extra profit since the lowly potato only cost pennies. She also enjoyed the thought of having some fun with the serious Ernst. It only took one meal for Ernst to notice that something was wrong. "Bette, Carl has two potatoes on his plate. I only have one. Would you please put another on my plate." "No, you are mistaken, he has the same as you." Ernst was dubious, but decided to be quiet and watch. Each evening meal for several days, the same inquiry and the same answer left him frustrated, with a grumbling, half-full belly, and a bitter feeling that his care-free, but wily, cousin was somehow responsible for this obvious inequity.

Carl was becoming restless with some things at Bette's home. He and Ernst were becoming less compatible, even though they still shared a bed. Ernst was serious and often dour. Carl was fun-loving and lighthearted. Ernst was concerned about finding a suitable wife who was frugal and who cooked the kind of food that agreed with him. He was having difficulty finding a suitable candidate in America. Carl only seemed to be interested in lighthearted flirtations and had few restrictions about the kind of woman who might please him. He seemed to have no difficulty in attracting a number of them. Ernst was offended that the carefree Carl disregarded the sweet letters from Trüdchen. Carl felt that Trüdchen was part of another life. He would be happy to see her if she ever came to San Francisco, but he would not bring her over himself. Ernst felt this was unconscionable. When Carl received letters from Trüdchen he sometimes asked Ernst to answer them for him. He did not feel he was good with words, and he wanted to keep the correspondence going. Ernst was outraged at this suggestion and refused to cooperate.

Within a year of Carl's arrival, he and Ernst moved to a flat at 709 6th Avenue, which gave them more room. Finally they no longer shared a bed and the food issue was resolved. They each provided their own food. Eventually Carl moved again to an apartment at 622 41st Street. **(Note III-3)**

Carl enrolled in art school again and enjoyed the discipline of painting. He did four small oils, depicting the four seasons. They took many months to complete, but made a perfect set. One was "Spring-Rowboat on River"; another "Summer-Flowered Stream Bank"; then "Fall-Birches and Maple in Color"; and finally "Winter-Snow Covered Cottage By Stream". He had painted the latter



Above: "On the ferry they sat as a group on the lower deck and sang the German songs of youth. They were bathed in the golden light of the sun setting behind the Pacific. The lights of San Francisco twinkled a welcome as the weary young people returned to their homes."

Below: "And there were always other activities in the cosmopolitan city. Parades down Market Street, concerts at the Band Shell in Golden Gate Park, excursions to Playland at The Beach."



from a picture several years before, but decided to try it again with some improvements. Honing his artistic skills always gave him great pleasure.

During this time he enjoyed the company of a number of young Germans, including Carl Feldman and Werner Heintzen. Carl Feldman was in Bremen from 1918 to 1922 during Carl's apprenticeship years and they knew each other there. Carl Feldman came to California in 1923 and worked in Petaluma for a year to pay off his immigration debt before coming to San Francisco. There he met Werner, who came from his home town in Westerstede, Germany. Carl Feldman suggested that the three of them, plus Henry Duser, his future brother-in-law, live together. Carl accepted, happy for the opportunity to move to larger quarters at 557 Sanchez Street. **(Note-III-4)**

The four bachelors enjoyed Sundays at the Tourist Club, hiking, ski and snow excursions with the Tourist Club to their house at Norden, sunning on the sand at Stinson Beach, hiking in Muir Woods, Liederkranz singing nights, Sunday concerts in Golden Gate Park and all the other wonderful things San Francisco had to offer. There was hardly a day when some interesting activity wasn't available to them.

In the meantime Carl had discovered the thrill and profit of the stock market. He learned that buying on margin could make even more money. Confident that a given stock's value would rise, he put a down payment on the stock, expecting in a few months to be able to pay the balance of the initial cost, plus receive a hefty profit. Carl had such great success with buying on margin that he tried to convince Ernst to join him, but Ernst was much too conservative. He held shares in Transamerica Corporation, the holding company for the Bank of Italy, which changed its name in 1921 to the Bank of America. He continued buying prudently, wisely, slowly and steadily and most important, *always for cash*, never on margin. Carl laughed at him and continued buying on margin. **(Note III-5)**

Carl got letters from home frequently, but did not write home as often as Johanna wished. His mother told him that Hanni had her first child, a beloved little girl, in Sweden, in 1925, but the child died within the first year. Now she had another child, a boy named Gunnar. But, strangely, Hanni persisted in dressing the boy as a girl and treating him like a girl. Even though the boy was still young, Johanna was concerned about the result. Carl mused at such gossip from home and thought to himself that he was happy to be in San Francisco, rather than in Achim, with the petty gossip and activities of a small village.

During this time Carl met a woman named Lee Laurson. She was plump and buxom, with a beautiful smile and a wonderful voice. Although she spoke

German, she spoke English without a German accent. She intrigued Carl, though she was not always with the group of young German people he knew well. He asked his friends about her and was told, "I think she's divorced and has a child; a young boy who is being raised by her mother and father." But this didn't stop Carl. He wanted to find out more about her. She was self-assured and independent; she worked hard and always seemed to have a job. Although he was interested in her, he listened to his friends who warned, "Carl, you can do better than that. You're a young bachelor with a good job and even better prospects for the future. More important, I'm sure you have accumulated a small fortune in the stock market by now. You can pick and choose whomever you want. Not only is Lee divorced with a child, she's too fresh and opinionated for you. There are lots of girls who are nicer." Carl smiled and said nothing, but Lee still interested him.

Carl, Carl Feldman and Werner Heintzen went to Yosemite with the Sierra Club. They were awed at the incredible beauty of the valley. The towering granite cliffs, the thundering waterfalls and bountiful meadows were more beautiful than anything they had ever seen before. When Carl learned that he could explore all of Yosemite with the Sierra Club, it became a passion. He returned as often as he could, climbing to the tops of Vernal Falls, Yosemite Falls, Glacier Point, Half Dome and all of the major trails in and around the Valley. He heard more about the high country, more remote and inaccessible, but worth the effort to get there. He went to Parsons Lodge at Soda Springs with the Sierra Club. He always stopped to cup a handful of the cold mineral water bubbling from the Soda Spring. As he sipped he looked up at the snow-capped granite peaks around him and thought, "Wunderbar! The Sierra is wunderbar!" He had heard about a six week summer adventure with the Sierra Club. He longed to join them. Now he thought to himself, "This might be the time."

His stock investments had succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. The value of his stock portfolio was now worth almost \$40,000. Astonishing! He had only been in America a few short years and had already accumulated a fortune. What a wonderful country! What a wonderful place to live! He gave himself credit too. After all, he had dared to risk his money, buy on margin and had chosen his investments well, and they had made him rich. He deserved to take six weeks off work to join the Sierra Club on their summer adventure. He deserved to treat himself well. He worked hard, saved his money, invested well and now he was more than comfortable. He was rich.

He approached his employer, Edward Lapotka, and told him he would like to take six weeks away from work, without pay of course. Mr. Lapotka was surprised to learn that Carl intended to hike with the Sierra Club during the entire time. He said it would be all right. They would have to find some way to cover for him. But he thought to himself, "I must be paying him too much if he can afford to take off so much time without pay."



“Carl enrolled in art school again and enjoyed the discipline of painting. He did four small oils, depicting the four seasons. They took many months to complete, but made a perfect set. One was ‘Spring-Rowboat on River’; another, ‘Summer-Flowered Stream Bank’; then ‘Fall-Birches and Maple in Color’” and finally ‘Winter-Snow Covered Cottage By Stream’. He had painted the latter from a picture several years before, but decided to try it again with some improvements. Honing his artistic skills always gave him great pleasure.”





Above: The two Carls at Muir Woods. 1926

Right, top: Carl Feldman, left; Carl Huneke, center; Stinson Beach, 1926

Right, center: Carl, center, with two friends, playing chess.

Below: Hot pools, probably near Calistoga. Carl is fourth from the left.





Top, left: Donner Summit around 1927.
Center, left: Tourist Club cabin at Norden.
Left: Carl and Rudy Weederman
Bottom, left: Group in the snow. Carl, right.
Top, center: Carl in the snow.
Top, right: Donner Pass Road around 1927.
Bottom, right: Carl skiing on wooden skis.



“The four bachelors enjoyed... ski and snow excursions with the Tourist Club to their house at Norden”

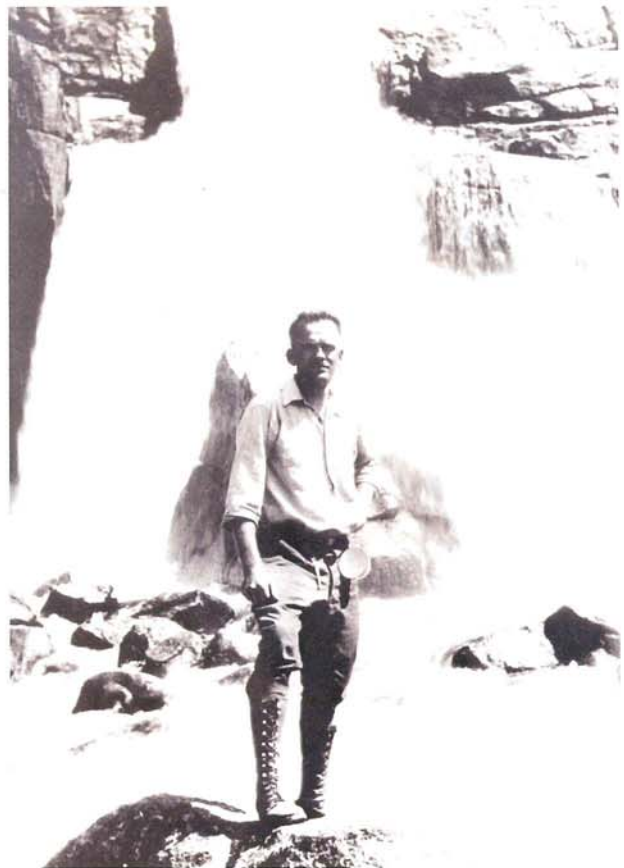




“They continued on the trail along the Tuolumne River. A group picture was taken on the bridge above Glen Aulin Falls. They rested many times along the River, sometimes stopping for pictures alongside a waterfall.”

Above: Group picture on the bridge above Glen Aulin.

Right: Carl at California Falls, along the Tuolumne River.



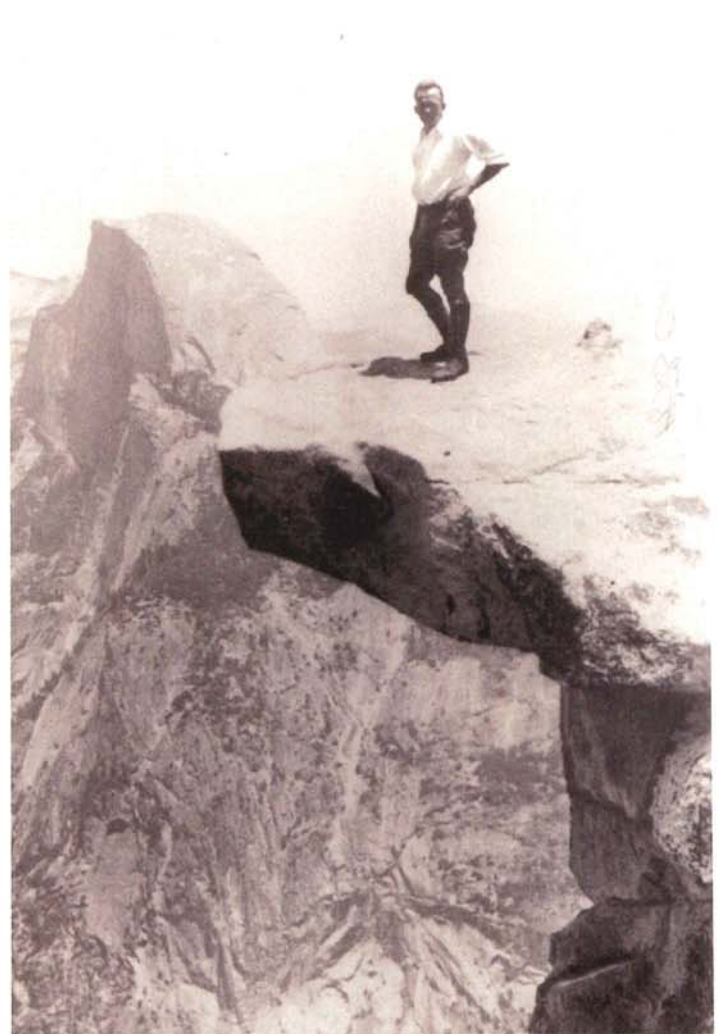


“Each day’s activities became routine after a week on the trail. Mules carried supplies, sleeping bags and some of their personal gear. Camp cooks prepared the meals for them and camp was made at pre-arranged locations. Afternoons, after the day’s hike was done, they washed their clothes, relaxed, and played cards or chess.”

Above, left: Carl, sitting on a rock.
Above, right: Carl, at left, washing clothes.

Right: Carl at Glacier Point.

“Carl stood on a dramatic rock outcropping and surveyed all he had seen in the past six weeks. He gave a joyous yodel, which all had come to know. Their hike was nearing an end, but the beautiful Sierra and the friendships made were unforgettable.”





“There were always parties and dinners at the little house, with the bachelors attracting many eligible young women. All the traditional German holidays were celebrated enthusiastically: Pfingsten in June, Oktoberfest in autumn and the favorite, Christmas.”

Top, left: Carl at the head of the table; Werner Heintzen is third from the left; Carl Feldman, second from the right with Herta on his left, almost out of the picture.

Top, right: Carl, bottom right. Rudy Weederman to the right behind him. Werner Heintzen second from the left, first row.

Bottom, left: 557 Sanchez Street. Carl painted in front of the attic window in his room.

Bottom, right: Carl, back row, right. Carl Feldman, center, with Herta, front row, at his right and his son, Carl, on his lap.



The Sierra Club adventure was arranged. During that six weeks they hiked most of the major trails in the High Country of Yosemite. They stopped at Tuolumne Meadows, signing their names at the Sierra Club's shelter, Parsons Lodge. They stood around the roaring fire in the fireplace and enjoyed the shelter of the Lodge for a while. The Springs were protected by a rough wooden enclosure and each small group stepped inside to sip cold mineral water bubbling from the ground at Soda Springs

They continued on the trail along the Tuolumne River. They took pictures on the bridge above Glen Aulin Falls. They rested many times along the River, sometimes stopping alongside a waterfall. The waterfall at Glen Aulin campsite was wonderful and they stayed for two days. The hike to Waterwheel Falls was several more miles down the canyon. Huge wheels of water shot into the air as the heavy winter snow pack melted and ran down the rocky channel in the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne River. Each day's activities became routine after a week on the trail. Mules carried supplies, sleeping bags and some of their personal gear. Camp cooks prepared the meals for them and camp was made at pre-arranged locations. Afternoons, after the day's hike was done, they washed their clothes, relaxed, and played cards or chess.

They hiked back up the canyon and crossed Tioga Road to Miller Cascade where they camped for two days. Carl took the opportunity to walk up the Dana Fork and the Lyell Fork of the Tuolumne River. He found a wonderful place to rest a mile up the Lyell Fork. It had a perfect sandy beach with rocks for skipping into the water. The beach was framed by thick moss and grass under the large trees. The water cascaded down the granite, which sloped into the water. He enjoyed the sound of the water and his thoughts wandered to Lee, the woman who intrigued him. He thought to himself, "If I should ever have a child someday, I would like to walk here with him."

The group left Miller Cascade and hiked up the Lyell Canyon, on a long trek over Donohue Pass, just north of Mount Lyell. From there they went on to Mount Ritter and the Minarets, in the Ritter Range. They took time to explore this remote part of Yosemite. Their return was through the Merced River Canyon, past Washburn Lake and finally to Merced Lake. After resting there, they continued to Half Dome. Most of the group climbed Half Dome, though many of them had done it before. Then they hiked to Nevada Falls, crossed the Merced River and made their way to Glacier Point. Carl stood on a dramatic rock outcropping and surveyed all he had seen in the past six weeks. He gave a joyous yodel, which all had come to know, surveying the magnificent scene. Their hike was nearing an end, but the beautiful Sierra and the friendships made were unforgettable.

When he returned to San Francisco, Carl resumed working at Church Art Glass and investing in the stock market. The four bachelors were soon to become three, because Carl Feldman had met Herta, the girl he would marry. He had

saved enough to buy a house at 557 Sanchez Street. Carl Huneke agreed to rent an attic room from the Feldman's. They needed the extra money and Carl needed a place to stay. Besides he enjoyed them both and Herta was an excellent cook. Meanwhile the good times continued with the remaining three bachelors attracting many friends, both men and women. There were always parties and dinners at the little house, with the bachelors attracting many eligible young women. All the traditional German holidays were celebrated with enthusiasm. There was Pfingsten in June, Oktoberfest in autumn and the favorite, Christmas.

Carl continued his oil painting and did a still life "Roses, Apples and Plums" for Carl and Herta Feldman as a wedding gift. He loved Yosemite so much that he painted a large oil of Vernal Falls in full flow, which he kept. After Carl and Herta's first child, Carl, was born a year later, he presented them with another painting of the countryside around Bremen

During 1929 Carl watched the stock market carefully. Herbert Hoover became President of the United States in Spring, 1929. He said "I have no fears for the future of our country. It is bright with hope." Germany's economic system had collapsed by the end of 1928, but America continued to prosper like it would never end. Americans, earning more than they ever had before, filled their homes with the latest gadgets and machines. People stopped saving money, betting instead that they could multiply their gains in the stock market. Companies that capitalized on the latest technology saw their stock prices quadruple in a single year. Disney created the first Mickey Mouse film, Eastman exhibited the first color motion pictures, Amelia Earhardt was the first woman to pilot a plane solo across the Atlantic and the Charleston was the dance craze.

Now that Carl had accumulated so much, he began to fear a drastic drop in the stock market. He subscribed to a financial service and read financial news constantly for warning signs of a downturn. Finally as autumn approached, he decided to cash out all his stocks. He believed that the stock prices had just climbed too high and were ready for a "correction". His strategy was to sell his stocks at a high price now and buy back later, after the prices dropped, as he felt they must. All of his margin stocks were now paid in full and after paying his stockbroker's commissions, he cashed out for \$40,000. Then he put his money in a bank account, sat back, watched and waited.

He didn't have to wait long. Early in October, the stock market started an orderly decline. By late in the day October 23, the market declined sharply, but rallied the next day. On October 24, people began selling their stocks as fast as they could.

By eight in the morning in San Francisco the panic was on. Major local companies like Firemen's Fund and The Emporium all had major losses early in

the day. The New York Times screamed the news in headlines in October and they echoed throughout the country.

The New York Times
October 24, 1929

**“PRICES OF STOCKS CRASH IN HEAVY LIQUIDATION
TOTAL DROP OF BILLIONS”**

“SAYS STOCK SLUMP IS ONLY TEMPORARY”-Professor Fisher-

and finally, on Black Tuesday, October 29, 1929

The New York Times
October 29, 1929

**“STOCK PRICES SLUMP \$14,000,000,000 IN NATION-WIDE
STAMPEDE TO UNLOAD”**

October 29 was the beginning of the Crash. Within the first few hours after the stock market opened, prices fell so far as to wipe out all the gains that had been made in the previous year. The Dow Jones Industrial Index closed at 230. Since the stock market was viewed as the chief indicator of the American economy, public confidence was shattered. Between October 20 and November 13, when stock prices hit their lowest point, over \$30 billion disappeared from the American economy. It took more than a decade for many stocks to recover.

Carl was appalled as he watched the economic disaster unfold. Each day brought new stories of fortunes lost. He was grateful that he had sold all his stocks, but felt regret for those of his friends who had not done so. Most of them were more conservative than he was and had not been buying on margin; however, they had lost a considerable amount of the value of their investments.

Carl still had enormous confidence in America's strong economy. He believed, as did many others, that this "crash" was a needed correction to an overheated marketplace and that recovery would start within a short time. He watched the stock market carefully for indicators that it was on the rise, so he could buy in again. Through the end of 1929, stock prices continued to slump. Between October 1929 and February 1930, the interest rate was lowered from 6% to 4%, which increased the money supply. The market responded by climbing in January, February and even into March 1930. Carl was ready. With full confidence that the bottom was behind and nothing but prosperity was ahead, he invested his entire \$40,000 in stocks that he believed were at bargain prices.