Volume 3



Ruben Gallé (Ed.)

Strolling Through Istanbul in 1918. The War Memoirs of the German Private Georg Steinbach

MEMORIA. FONTES MINORES AD HISTORIAM IMPERII OTTOMANICI PERTINENTES

Edited by Richard Wittmann

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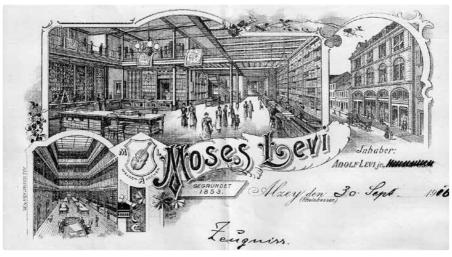
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Title page: Georg Steinbach on a postcard sent from Istanbul to his parents for Christmas 1918.

Editor's Preface

We passed by the Princes' Islands and arrived in Istanbul in the late afternoon. It was an emotional moment when we went ashore, and I stood almost exactly where I had stood earlier as a young soldier. That was 45 years ago!

This quote comes from a letter that Georg Steinbach wrote on May 11, 1963 to his friend and former employer Karl (Levi) Lennart. In it, he tells of a Mediterranean cruise he took with his wife on the occasion of his 50th anniversary at the *Moses Levi* clothing retailer, which brought him to Istanbul for the second and last time. My great-grandfather George Steinbach was born on March 8, 1899 in Alzey, a small town in Rhenish Hesse. He had five siblings and his father worked as a shoemaker and museum attendant. Georg Steinbach went to the local elementary school and then completed a commercial apprenticeship at *Moses Levi*. There, he met his future wife Wilhelmine.



Letter head of the company »Moses Levi, « Alzey, 1916

In November 1914, the Ottoman Empire had entered the war on the side of the Germany-led Central Powers. It was supported in the region by the German Asia Corps, the so-called Pasha Army. The diary presented here commences four years later. In the spring of 1918, at the age of 19, Georg Steinbach was drafted and volunteered for a military operation in Turkey. He left the province of Rhenish Hesse for the first time and, after short stops in Darmstadt and Berlin, he immersed himself in the Constantinople (Istanbul) of the Young Turks. For five months, from June to early November 1918, Georg Steinbach remained in Istanbul as a German soldier. As the course of the war meant that the Ottoman capital remained at a distance from the war's hostilities, he was spared from direct combat. In the months from June to October, he instead had

the unexpected opportunity to explore the city and the surrounding area by taking prolonged walks and to record his impressions in his diary. As a consequence, we have a unique personal testimony about Istanbul in the last year of the war. It is written from the unusual perspective of a young man of a foreign army, who, with an urge to explore and a prolific pen, documents his perceptions of the everyday life in the alien metropolis amidst the calamity of the world war.

My great-grandfather's imagination was no doubt influenced by the clichés of the Orient that prevailed at the time in Germany and Europe. It was as an exotic place of longing characterized by sensuality and decadence. In Karl May's Orient cycle, one read about the adventures of Kara Ben Nemsi and Hajji Halef Omar. In the prewar era, buildings appeared like the mosque-inspired Yenidze cigarette factory in Dresden. Finally, there were numerous »Orientalist painters« such as Gustav Bauernfeind and Ferdinand Max Bredt.

For all of them, the Orient was a strange and yet, at the same time, a fairy-tale world. It was a world of exotic spices, smells, colors, and sounds. It is already dim – a beautiful evening. People are returning home from work. Water sellers drive their cask-laden donkeys. It is all so new to me, so strange, and yet so charming. Memories from my boyhood are awakened at the point where the imagination vividly seizes the mythical Orient.

Istanbul diary of Georg Steinbach

My great-grandfather discovered the dream world of the Orient for himself. He was reminded of the tales of »One Thousand and One Nights«: the Grand Bazaar and its merchants, the Hagia Sophia, the palaces, the howling dervishes and, of course, time and again, the shimmering blue Bosporus. Thrilled about the foreignness, size, and variety of the city, he jotted down countless impressions in his letters. It was these notes and his subsequent memories that later gave rise to the diary, which contained sensations that would stay with him as long as he lived.

Georg Steinbach learned of the war's impending conclusion in Istanbul and disembarked with the German hospital ship *Jerusalem*.

Upon his return to Alzey, he took up his earlier job again with *Moses Levi*. Besides the department store in Alzey's Antoniter Strasse, the company was also a nationwide textile wholesaler. After the Nazis' seized power, the conditions for the Levi department store became increasingly precarious. The business could be maintained until 1936. However, because of the Nazis' boycott of Jewish shops, Levi was forced to abandon his property. He finally emigrated to the United States in 1939. My great-grandfather nonetheless remained with the company, where he worked as a procurator.

1 Comment by the series editor: Even though Steinbach consistently referred to his war recollections as a his wdiary, a certain fluidity of genre definitions not withstanding, the lapse of time in between the described events and the penning down makes this text bear more resemblance to a war memoir than to a diary in the classical sense being characterized by the dailiness and immediacy of the recorded observations (Sidonie Smith and Julia Watson: Reading Autobiography. A Guide for Interpreting Life Narratives. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2010. 266).

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Excerpt from a smaller diary kept by Georg Steinbach prior to his Istanbul war memoirs. The entry in the left corner dated 1 March 1918 is in Steinbach's own hand and describes his physical examination preceding his recruitment into the Landsturm militia.

In our family, an exchange of letters has been preserved between Georg Steinbach and Karl Levi that was initiated after the end of the Second World War. In many deferential, but also warm letters, the correspondence continued up until the death of my great-grandfather in 1975.²

Along with the diary of his time in Constantinople and the communication with Karl Levi, Georg Steinbach passed on to us other diaries that provide insights into everyday life. None of these, however, is as detailed, interesting, or as well-written as this one.

During both of Levi's two visits to the old country in 1951 and 1956, he met with Georg Steinbach. The closeness of the former employees to the Levi family was further expressed by the fact that the »old Levianer,« as they called themselves, regularly met. They also kept the former owner and boss up to date on both personal and business-related matters. Among Alzey's citizens, Karl Levi was well known for his charity work. It is recalled, for instance, that he distributed wagons full of coal in especially cold winters to the city's poor.

The diary describes Georg Steinbach's period of military service. It starts with his conscription on April 23, 1918 and ends with his return to his civilian job on May 15, 1919. The original diary, written on the basis of letters and earlier notes, is dated March 1920. Though it has unfortunately not been preserved, there are several bound copies which my grandfather Albert Gallé prepared and which form the basis of this publication. A collector and archivist in every respect, he considered it his duty to document and preserve our family history.

My father, Volker Gallé, still remembers receiving two colorful slippers which were brought home from the Mediterranean cruise in 1963 referenced in the letter. Later, he used the diary as a basis for a radio program, which examined the encounter between the Orient and the Occident in the writings and memories of Georg Steinbach.³

For my part, the diary and the correspondence were a discovery that brought my family history to life. They also helped me to understand, more than ever before, that life is history – history that first needs to be experienced and then wants to be told. I personally visited Istanbul in April 2014. Of course, the diary of my great grandfather was packed in my suitcase. I also had a great desire to get to know the Constantinople that he knew.

I would like to thank Dr.Richard Wittmann, who kindly agreed to include the diary in the Orient-Institut Istanbul series *Memoria*. *Fontes minores ad Historiam Imperii Ottomanici pertinentes*. Additional thanks go to Mr. Erald Pauw, whose generous support made this illustrated edition possible.

Ruben Gallé, Görlitz, December 2017

The radio feature from Südwestrundfunk (Rhineland-Palatinate) aired on October 30, 2010 under the title »Tausendundeine Nacht schwarzweiß – Istanbul 1918 im Tagebuch eines deutschen Soldaten und in der türkischen Literatur« in the program »SWR2 aus dem Lande.«

Strolling Through Istanbul in 1918. The War Memoirs of the German Private Georg Steinbach

Alzey, March 1920

While my soldier and war-time experiences still remain fresh and alive in my mind, I shall try to put down this epoch of my young life in writing so that it should stay just as fresh in the years to come!

On a daily basis, as if a prayer, whenever I recall a particular day of my life as a soldier, I turn it over and over in my mind, seeing the event in ways that I hadn't before. How each day was an experience! We took each day as it came, and enjoyed the adventure.

My conscription into military service occurred at the young and fresh age of nineteen years. Finally the day that we all had been waiting for came. I was called up to serve the Fatherland! It was with this noble feeling that I embarked upon my journey.

23 April 1918! It started with a beautiful, somewhat cold spring day. Goodbye father, goodbye mother! Off to the Worms district command! Decisions are made briskly here and I soon find myself in an escorting column in transit to the train in Darmstadt. Anna and Aunt Bettchen accompany us to the station.

Aha – the barracks (an old train station). There is a good atmosphere among the hundreds of newcomers. In a not very appetizing food bowl, I receive my first military rations – oatmeal and dried fruit. Then we were immediately divided up on the parade grounds into companies, platoons, and took our barrack quarters.

And now it's evening! I find myself in a cold room, amid a circle of unknown men – my comrades. Everyone grabs »his« bed and it is two men to a locker. \facsimile p.2/ There's a lot of confusion and restlessness in the process. But after the first order of business is done, everyone is still able to eat some *»Mutters Mitgabe*«¹ as his usual supper. Then I climb into the *»mantrap*,« feel like a soldier, think of home, and fall asleep.

The first wake-up call! I feel absolutely worn out. All my appendages hurt, but soon the discomfort goes away and there are more important things to do. At noon, everyone is already wearing field gray as well as they can and has a gun etc., – there's also a long homily on soldierly duties. I'm wearing a sad-looking uniform jacket, a pair of gray and green patched trousers, and a dreadful pair of extra-long boots. I already feel the harsh reality as a soldier!

The next morning, the drills start, which is followed by five weeks of strenuous service. We now have, in the month of May, the best weather on earth. I acclimated myself tolerably well in the operation and am supposedly a halfway "awe-inspiring" infan-

1 Mutters Mitgabe refers to the food the conscripts brought from home.
The information in the footnotes is provided by the series editor with the kind assistance of Sibel Koç. Our thanks go to Christopher Reid and Sara Nur Yıldız for the English translation and review of the text and footnotes.

tryman. I already have behind me the first soldierly pleasures of sharpshooting. It has taken its toll on my weight: I have become oddly skinny.

It's a sunny day in May. The lilacs are blossoming and the sky is blue. We're in the midst of a training session in the second troop when the sergeant comes. Something new to report? He then reads out: »The compagnie will voluntarily put forth ten men for the Pasha Army.«² Faltering and hesitation! In everyone's face one can read: So soon already? No one says anything for a minute and a half. Five step forward, then myself, and others. An hour later I am together with six comrades – we are made »fit for duty in the tropics« – the »elixirs« well tolerated.³

And tomorrow – Pentecost – I'll be home. Oh, the glorious hours of the first and last opportunities to be together amongst my loved ones. How one now learns to appreciate the intimacy of family life and longs for chit-chat in ones own home. Extraordinary feelings are awakened – I realize \facsimile p.3/ that the loveliest hours are those at home.

May 27, 1918

It is starting! Once again, father, mother, Lisabeth and Aunt Bettchen salute from the platform; then the train is out of the station. This is how I see the world for the first time. How big and far away and unexpectedly new everything is to me. Frankfurt–Hanau–Bebra–Eisenach–Halle–Berlin! I can hardly believe that this is how everything is. A feeling of pride makes me feel grand and free – off to Berlin, off to Constantinople! In the morning at eleven o'clock, we arrive at »Anhalter station.«⁴ At first I didn't realize that I am now in Berlin – a city of a million. Here hustle and bustle prevail! I see the Brandenburg Gate; the Adlon Hotel catches my eye. Freedom is now a thing of the past. I am a soldier and headed for the barracks, the Second Foot-guard Regiment, Berlin N[orth] 24, 107 Friedrichstrasse.

Life at the Berlin barracks is exactly like that of Darmstadt. I'm very aware of the fact, however, that the food is worse. I encountered turnip sauerkraut and dried vegetables in a similar form in Darmstadt. I'm having burnt so-called semolina (*Griesbrei*) for the first time. The first »Berlin horse sausage« satiates my excessive hunger quite well. As a popular auxiliary food, I grab a black, sweet beer in the canteen. The old saying – »Hunger is the best cook« – rings true in my case.

With few duties to keep us busy, we, the young recruits, amongst all the other older ones, are falling apart a bit. Yet, we are experiencing too much of a good thing, and

- 2 The Pasha Army refers to the Asia Corps (Asien-Korps), a detachment of German soldiers sent as military support to the Ottomans during World War I.
- 3 Although it is difficult to know exactly what is meant here by "elixirs, "e it possibly may be a reference to ingesting some kind of preventative medicine against disease in preparation for joining the Pasha forces.
- 4 The Anhalter station is the railway terminus in Berlin.



Summer 1918 playbill for »General Yorck« at Volksbühne theater in Berlin. Courtesy of Landesmuseum für Kultur und Geschichte Berlins.

are glad to take things as they come. On Sunday I also venture out, with much caution. Friedrichstrasse, the Reichstag, the Victory Column, Iron Hindenburg, Siegesallee, Unter den Linden – they are all sights that I can easily get to. With every step I take, I try to remember where I came from and how I got there. One was inculcated at home with caution, caution, and more caution; it was hard not to also think that Berlin was full of temptation and danger. \facsimile p.4/ I also visited the Zoo, Charlottenburg, etc. On this stroll, I get lost. But I manage with a bit of quick thinking and a reliable subway to find my way again and back to Friedrichstrasse. For someone from a small town, Berlin is not agreeable for an extended period of time. I very much miss the freedom, open fields, and meadows. Every night a number of soldiers are recruited from our division to participate as background actors in the theater. This is how I became acquainted with the great theater *Volksbühne* (»People's Theater«). The theater had a large revolving stage. At the time »General York« and »King Lear« were being performed.

From the stage, I saw only red heads in the theater down below, lined up one after another, which seemed very peculiar to me.

5 The Volksbühne, or »People's Theater,« located in the Mitte district, was founded as a theater for the working classes.

I recalled the *Saalbau* theater in Alzey and was somewhat disoriented.

Time passes by quickly, very quickly, and we move out on June 5th. We march for a full hour (I am the last one) to the embarkment point. Along the way, I run into a schoolmate, Karl Heher. At that moment I did not know it would be for the last time!

Finally, at midnight, we are all given a berth and our train starts to lug along. As a group of eight, we share a third-class compartment. I hang very uncomfortably in a tarpaulin, which I attached to the luggage rack. It is tremendously difficult to climb down again from this contraption at night and yet I have such a desperate need to do so. One gets used to everything, and, a few days later, I turn my tarpaulin into the finest cradle.

The next morning, we wash in a brisk, clear stream near a train stop. Then the journey continues through peaceful Saxony, which confronts the spectator's eye with pure unadulterated charm. Small villages pass by and beautiful meadows array themselves in rows. Here and there, people are harvesting hay. At eleven in the morning \facsimile p.5/ our train halts in between stations. We have a wonderful adventure here: Over behind the hedges, ripe fruit are shining in a cluster of cherry trees. How many hungry, longing eyes must have looked over there? The people call us to come over and one soldier after another climbs over and up the trees. Three-quarters of our transport are ultimately spread out, sitting among the trees and eating to their heart's content. You never know when you'll have cherries again. The activity became increasingly colorful and louder, until the locomotive whistled for departure and the last managed to just catch the train

At one in the afternoon we passed Dresden and at four we were in Pirna, our first collection site. There, after 18 hours, we receive our first meal, which tastes surprisingly good. Pirna! We remain here a day, as another department of radio operators and artillery are set to arrive. We are in the "White Horse." In a large hall [of the inn], straw is scattered about and serves as a night camp. In the evening, I drink a bottle of Uncle George's good wine. At night I freeze miserably on the sawdust without a blanket. Oh, how everything is so different from what you imagine from your decent, middle-class upbringing. Early in the morning, at five o'clock, I'm already up and rub my stiff limbs. After drinking coffee with the others, I go into town and down along the Elbe. For a full three hours, I lay in the glorious morning sun, and enjoy my existence and the lovely world. The lower valley pulls charming Dresden down with it, and in the upper valley, there's the oh-so-beautiful Elbe Sandstone Mountains (Elbsandsteingebirge). In the afternoon, I go again down to swim in order to continue the journey, feeling fresh with renewed strength: "If we return home victoriously, a German rose should blossom for

⁶ Pirna, a small Saxony town near Dresden in the Elbe River valley near the Czech border, served as a garrison during the First World War.

me. – Roses, roses bloom beautifully indeed – beautifully indeed«!⁷ \facsimile p.6/ We thus move on from the town singing. Everywhere windows opened and people wave goodbye. It is a beautiful evening as we go along the Elbe, through the Elbe Sandstone Mountains, and across the border into Bohemia. The »Saxon Switzerland,« with its peculiar, beautiful rock formations, passes us by in a long chain. Our train travels very slowly and it is as if we are being offered time to absorb all the beauty of the landscape and as if we were being told, »Look at your beautiful German homeland – protect it!«

And, slowly, we cross the border. Bodenbach!⁸ Here we are supplied with coffee, bread, and sausage. I will never forget a sight that I had never seen before. During our stay, many people arrived and begged. Give us bread, just a piece of bread. They were in a miserable state.

Scenes of hunger to an extent which one had never seen before in Germany. All the soldiers gladly give what they can and we are taken aback by this misery.

The journey continues through Bohemia – a gentle land of rolling hills with mostly wooded summits. During the night, we pass by Prague. The next day, at noon, we are in Brno. ⁹ We stay here for three hours, during which we are fed and otherwise manage to pass the time. There is porridge with meat. Except for the train station, one cannot see anything of the city itself.

Our train rolls on to Hungary. Some interesting outings provide a pleasant change of pace from the eternal monotony of the long journey. The Hungarians variously greet us with joyful calls of \acute{E} ljen (»Hurrah«). At a brief station stop, a young girl hands out beautiful red roses. We were absolutely delighted by this.

Another scene! We are driving straight through a narrow wooded valley. People stare at our train, for \facsimile p.7/ the sight of a military transport is not a peaceful image. Our Sergeant Bröver then says: »In the future, the people will one day also talk about us Germans and how we drove through the territories like the Huns!« By all appearances, he's right. The hanging guns, bayonets, shovels, pith helmets and other equipment may very well have appeared threatening although it was not the case. We are in pretty good humor and at the moment thinking of anything but war.

On a lovely Sunday evening, we are in Budapest. It dawns and we can see in the distance, indeed, above the Danube, the city enveloped in a bluish haze. The last city that we came into contact with in friendly territory is Semlin. ¹⁰ Here, I eat cornbread for the first time.

- 7 Quotes from German marching songs of World War I. The second line (Rosen, Rosen blühen schon fürwahr) is probably quoted from the song "Krieger, Krieger ruht im offnen Feld wie im Zelt« (anonymous).
- 8 Bodenbach, or Podmokly in Czech, is located in northwestern Bohemia at the confluence of the Elbe and Ploučnice Rivers. It is about an hour and a half by railway travel from Prague.
- 9 Brno is a large Czech city lying in historical Moravia, which in 1918 had a large German-speaking population.
- 10 Semlin, or in Serbian Zemun, lies just north of the city limits of Belgrade.

Awaiting us in the morning sunshine are celebrations in Belgrade. We therefore arrive in Belgrade, Serbia's capital. The war began here, so to speak. Enemy territory!

It presents to the eye an extraordinarily graceful picture. The first city with a southern character. I stand for some time on the banks of the Danube lost in thought. Peaceful musings pass through my mind, in contemplation of nature, the beautiful blue Danube, and Belgrade in the sun. I am stirred by a world of emotions – why must there be war? I sense nothing of it, and yet it is there. To my right, I see shot up rows of houses, barricades, wire entanglement. Protruding out of the Danube are several sunk steamers. And again, in the meadows along the shore, cattle graze peacefully.

And, now, we head into Serbia. One sees hut villages, grazing cattle, and pigs. The land itself is a peaceful hill country. The villagers come to the train stations to barter and beg. They offer \facsimile p.8/ us eggs and thin, wide, meter-long sausage. One tricked a comrade of ours. He came just as the train was about to leave and, standing on the foot board, offered us eggs. The trade happened very quickly, but the eggs were empty. The swindler had finished them off, and nicely glued them together, which naturally was discovered with much fuss.

Serbia's second capital – Nish¹¹! We have been here for more than a day at the station. Part of our transport moved on from here to Macedonia. What we were able to see of the »city« disappointed us greatly. Pigs were running around in one street.

It is very hot here during the day and, at night, while on guard, I can feel an October-like cold. Early in the morning, we make our way to the immediate surroundings. The countryside makes a very odd impression. We do not see any well-ordered agriculture, for which the soil is probably too meager. Here, a ragged shepherd boy is sitting with his goats. There, two Bulgarian soldiers head off wandering somewhere. They resemble craftsman apprentices. And over there,

German medics have opened a field hospital. At some distance, a high rocky ridge rises up abruptly, which has a substantial Alpine appearance. In the afternoon, we go for a swim under the leadership of our lieutenants. The river–(the Nishava or Morava)¹²–makes a bend right there and plunges over a craggy rock. A lively bustle of activity unfolds here within minutes. In the water, we play tag, which is especially fun, for you can swim here in amusing ways – slipping on a sandbank with your belly or pretending to run only to then immediately fall back into the deep water. It is splendid here! Nothing clouds our mood – everyone – and we are all soldiers – surrenders

- 11 Known as a Bulgarian town in the Ottoman period, Nish, or Niš in Serbian, became part of independent Serbia in 1878, and served as the Serbian capital during the First World War. When the Central Powers conquered Serbia in October 1915, Niş was occupied by Bulgaria during the war years from November 1915 until October 1918, when the city reverted back to Serbia.
- 12 Although the author equates the river Nishava with that of the Morava, it is actually a tributary of the South Morava River which runs through eastern Kosovo and southern Serbia.

to the moment. The blissful day is smiling upon us! Before we return »home,« several old Western front fighters produce a musical instrument – rod bridge wire \facsimile p.9/ and an empty meat canister serve as a violin – and accompanied by a squeaky harmonica, they make for an excellent welcoming march.

At around four o'clock, the journey continues. A Turk from Munich, present during the transport, explains the difference between Muslim and Christian grave stones. The former have round or oval columns with a ball or hemisphere as a decoration. We now drive along the Nishava through a barren limestone mountain range; dwelling on its walls are screeching jackdaws. The valley is very narrow. It only allows enough room for the train tracks, which often take us through shorter and longer tunnels.

At wake-up call the next morning, we are in the station of Sofia.¹³ It is still very early and the clouds hang low under the mountains. On this day, I see this natural spectacle for the first time. Here, we finally receive warm food again, a bean soup nicely cooked by Bulgarians with meat that tastes delicious. The »capitulation« that follows, however, does not bring about the desired result – there is only one serving for each man.

There lay the city of which I have heard and read so much. The station is – like in Germany. Over there, you can see a large church, nice clean houses, roads with trees. All this makes a good impression. I don't know exactly if it is Sunday. The locals cut a pleasant appearance and are neatly dressed. I especially liked some of the costumes worn by the women in bright colors, with white and red dominating. The men's costumes are noticeably sober. They wear black knitted boleros, black breeches and a similar kind of fez made of cloth. Underneath the bolero flashes a white blouse. A man then comes, apparently a priest. He wears \facsimile p. 10/ a black cassock and high black fez made of cloth. His long beard gives him a patriarchal appearance. Several passers-by kissed his beard. We just stand there and are amazed and ponder. Everything is so new and so grand and unknown.

In the afternoon, our train rolls out onto the lowlands. Meadows extend everywhere – steppeland. In the distance, you can see the outline of a mountain range. The evening sun appears above the open countryside and spreads a sense of peace. A herd of cows and horses can be seen returning home. During a short stay, our soldiers (*Landser*)¹⁴ sing cheerful songs into the evening. I feel my heart strings being tugged. I think of »home« and feel a great yearning to be there. It is a solemn hour: The train tracks ascend sharply and the train has to go slowly. The area is somewhat brisker and more romantic than the plain lying behind us. On this trip, I can see the first mountain with permanent snow and ice¹⁵ – Philippopel. ¹⁶ The hot, outrageously hot sun blazes down

- 13 Sofia is the capital of Bulgaria.
- 14 A German colloquial term for a German army soldier. In the text it is misspelled as »Lanzer«.
- 15 Probably the 2,915 m tall Mount Musalla in southwestern Bulgaria, which is the highest peak in the Balkan Peninsula
- 16 Plovdiv; Greek: Philippopolis.

on upon us. This is real tropical weather – persistently dry and sunny. I sweat a fair amount in my sturdy field gray. It is nine in the morning and we are allowed to go into the city. So we head out. There, we meet a woman with a girl who talks to us - in German – in a welcoming and friendly manner. We tell her about our home and she is exceedingly pleased to speak with people fresh from the home country. We continue on our way. The city clearly has an Oriental character; it is very different from all the other cities I have seen so far. There is a deafening noise on the »Grande Rue.« Wagons are driving up and down in a furious gallop. People shove past each other; horses, donkeys, sheep, dogs and screaming merchants all push and rush by in such a tumult that I \facsimile p.11/ can hardly describe it. This was the tempestuous image – the Orient. We now come to a bridge that leads across a fairly wide river. I think it must be the Maritsa¹⁷ from my geography lessons at school. The water does not seem very deep. We see many birds of prey and many storks and herons. We go back to where we came from and make our way through the crowd for a second time. I still recall a lovely sight: Atop a not especially high minaret, a stork stands on his nest. Down from the tower, the muezzin cries out his sustained al-il-alla-ilalla!18

We stop off at a cafe and eat excellent ice cream. We feel like civilians. Now, it is time to go back to the station. There are three deviled eggs per man and noodle soup with meat. We remain in the station over lunchtime and observe the figures of a slovenly cadre of Bulgarian soldiers.

The onward journey leads us across Adrianople¹⁹ through barren land. The Balkan Wars came to mind; they must have been somewhere around there. I also soon see the individual sites that were indelibly etched in memories from my boyhood. The newspapers at the time reported of horrible things on the Balkan front, especially between the Bulgarians and the Turks. I read Kirk-i-lisse²⁰, Lüle Burgas²¹ and later, Tschad-Taltscha.²²

Soon, however, the scene changes. The railway line is now running along the sea. What a beautiful sight is offered to us now! Here is the wondrous blue sea, a blue sky, and a cheerful sun-filled landscape. Herons dive rapidly and birds of prey circle in the air. The landscape has put on its most beautiful dress and utterly takes hold of my heart, which has never seen such a miraculous sight. \facsimile p. 12/ For a while, we stop in St. Stephano, 23 a lovely seaside town on the Sea of Marmara. Our journey then nears its end. We were on the train for a fortnight and fairly well settled in the compartments. Now, we

- 17 The Marica, or Марица in Bulgarian (also known as the Meriç in Turkish) is the longest river in the Balkans. Originating in western Bulgaria, it flows to Edirne.
- 18 This is a garbled version of lā 'ilāha 'illā llāh or la ilaha illallah, the correct form of the Muslim call to prayer.
- 19 Edirne.
- 20 Kırkkilise; today's Kırklareli.
- 21 Lüleburgaz.
- 22 Çatalca.
- 23 Yeşilköy.



German Embassy, Taksim. Postcard postmarked on 20 November 1915. Private collection of Erald Pauw.

pack our things and, approaching the final destination, there's great excitement about the things to come.

The panorama of the landscape passes by like a colorful, intense strip of images. Rapt with attention, I look out the window; I cannot get enough. But one sight exceeds all others of the beautiful landscape. Constantinople in sight!

The blue water of the Bosphorus Strait, the tremendous force of the unruly cluster of colorful houses, the mighty palaces in shiny white – the lively boat traffic: it all creates a scene of colorfulness, magnitude, and beauty, the sight of which entrances the eye. I'll never forget this moment, because it was the most intense and the most beautiful.

We finally disembark and encamp in the troops' kitchen. We eat and are deloused.

Two hours later: Attention! – Right Turn! – March! In miserable heat, our path takes us through a dusty harbor street. My load is too heavy and I fall behind the troops. A short porter offers to carry my things and so I hang my carbine around my neck and march off to catch up to the boys. We then arrive at the Taksim barracks.



Taksim (artillery) barracks, Taksim Square. Postcard postmarked on 10 March 1904. Private collection of Erald Pauw.

»Being a soldier certainly means being of good cheer!« (»Soldat zu sein, ja das heißt lustig sein!«) How right the author of this song was. We stow away our »clothes« and put on our yellow khaki suits. We then clatter off feeling the utmost pride. Enno, my friend since Nish, and I head out. The Taksim barracks are situated at a high elevation, so we go down the hill. To our right stands the German \facsimile p.13/ embassy.

It is already dim – a beautiful evening. Working people were returning home. Water sellers drive their cask-laden donkeys. It is all so new to me, so strange, and yet so charming. Memories from my boyhood are awakened at the point where the imagination vividly seizes the mythical Orient.

We have now reached the bottom [of the hill]. Before us stands a large white palace, which we had already seen from the train at our arrival. It is the Sultan's palace – »Dolmabagtsche«. At the entrance, stand two suntanned Turks as honorary posts. What a glorious building. For me, the whole magic of the Orient is concealed within it. We are excited about all the new and magnificent things that we have seen. And right up front! There again is the Bosphorus, the beautiful, blue Bosphorus. In the evening, it has now very dark blue hue. A boat with Turks wearing fezes and veiled women has just docked.

24 Dolmabahçe.

This, too, is so new to me; the women wear a veil in front of their faces. Some wear it from above, so that the whole face is hidden. Others wear it from below, so that the eyes and the forehead are free.

From the square, we have a beautiful view of the Asiatic shore, where graceful villa towns extend. A canon right beside us just fired off three shots. We direct our steps back to the camp. We are overhead. It has now become dark and down there in the lowerlying parts of the city hundreds of lights are already shining. Not far from us, a band plays German operettas and marches.

We sit together on the walls of a Muslim cemetery. The cypresses portrude upward like ghosts and the clear starry sky arches upward. I find myself \facsimile p.14/ succumbing more and more to the magic and even Enno is silent. Again, after a while, we leave the square. I think effusively about *Die Rose von Stambul* (The Rose of Stamboul). We are tentatively in march readiness. How often do I hear during these days an old soldier's dictum: The soldier always misses out on the greatest time of life! At that time, I observe our immediate surroundings.

The Taksim barracks! It's a big, square building, high up in Pera. Large arched windows, long gatehouses, and colonnades give the building a foreign, Mediterranean appearance. Inside, there is a large courtyard for drilling. The interior furnishings are very primitive. There are large white-washed rooms without beds and lockers. Simple wooden bunks serve as our night camp. I've experienced so many new things over these last few days. A comrade told us that Turkish deserters were hung at Taksim Square. In fact, I see a lot of recruited men in the barracks courtyard who are handcuffed together in pairs. They are supposedly soldiers. I see Turkish officers maltreat their men with slaps to the face. In the Turkish military, groups of nine men eat from a large, flat copper bowl. And how paltry is their meal. A Croat told me in broken German how hard he had it in the K.u.K troops, almost all of whom spoke German.

I had once believed that law and order prevailed throughout the world, but here I see so much injustice. Oh, how beautiful Germany is. And it is evening once again.

There is a concert over in the Taksim Gardens. Sweet music drifts over to my ears. So I go there. Then I see a magnificent sight. A well-maintained park, people in fine civilian clothes – a cheerful company – on the podium a lively band. I sit down at a small table with a white table cloth and communicate to the waiter that I would like \facsimile p.15/ a cup of tea. A good hot tea is served to me in fine »Chinese« porcelain, which I sip with great pleasure. The orchestra now plays *Die Csárdásfürstin*²⁷ (The Gypsy Princess) in a

²⁵ Die Rose von Stambul (The Rose of Stamboul) is an operetta in three acts composed by Leo Fall in Vienna in 1916.

²⁶ Beyoğlı

²⁷ Die Csárdásfürstin (The Gypsy Princess) is an operetta in three acts by Hungarian composer Emmerich Kálmán. Composed in Vienna in 1915, the work was a war-time hit.



Open-air concert, Taksim. Postcard postmarked on 9 October 1917. Private collection of Erald Pauw.

way that is unfamiliar; but I now begin to feel at ease. Then the garden movie theater starts and on the white canvas a funny gypsy film is shown in French and Turkish.

I have seen enough and – paid enough, and I head home. The sound of sweet music remains in my ears and I then nod off to a heavenly sleep.

We have no idea what is in store for us. We are commanded to the harbor today. The first big steamer! It is on the wharf and sticks out of the water like a house. Strenuous work awaits us – we need to load this steamer for our comrades in the Caucasus, who have been liberated from captivity. Now, the trucks rush up, bringing a plethora of clothing and food in boxes and sacks. The cranes busily whiz up and down and slowly fill up the ship. The captain gives a poignant address, describing the plight of our freed comrades. We now toil and haul with redoubled zeal. A kind of activity prevails that causes one's eyesight and hearing to fade. And so it went into the dark of the night and finally the ship's interior was filled.

Two trucks bring us to our quarters. Loud soldiers' voices intone wistful songs into the quiet of the night. – And the sandman comes creeping again within ten minutes. One rests quite well after hard work. At 16 men, we form a transport division and ar-

rive at the station \facsimile p.16/ Sirkedji. Sirkedji. Our barrack, where we will move into our quarters, is situated on the shores of the »Golden Horn.« This is the beginning of a capacious life. Guard duty, unloading wagons, transporting prisoners, etc. are our main activities. As hard as military life often seems to me, I'm also able to relish its most enjoyable aspects. Often the night posts on ships present marvelous and unforgetable moments. An impression of the atmosphere! It's midnight. I have just climbed the gangway to take over the watch. On deck, I stumble several times over the Turks sleeping there. Then, I'm at my post. – How nice the night is; the night watch is quiet and mysterious. Supported by my carbine, I lean on the railing. Humming, I stare into the night; it has me under its spell. The waves slap incessantly on the hull. A tug boat passes nearby with its red light. Otherwise, nothing stirs. Beams of light flit through the darkness, and over there – splendidly – they conjure up the sleeping city, dazzling clusters of white houses – a beautiful picture, but only for a few seconds! The spotlight beams!

Today, we're in Jedikuli³⁰ to fetch Serbian prisoners of war. It's a hot day in July and the sun is blazing mercilessly against the dry ground. We have the prisoners together and are now resting on the slope of the mountain. How wonderful it is here! The sea is blue as far as the eye can see. The infinite blue sea is always an invigorating and graceful sight. The *Mahon* and *Leichter*³¹ barges move peacefully along the horizon. In front of us is the famous »Dog Island«, ³² but duty calls again and we march on through a miserable, sandy stretch. Our prisoners are totally exhausted and neglected in a pitiable state. Only a few individuals carry themselves with a proud gait. We rested a lot and at \fac-simile p.17/ last we arrived in Constantinople. Here, we encamped again in the Taksim barracks. »Opitz and Steinbach drew the first number for guard duty.« Indeed, as the youngest, one has this good fortune, but it is also fitting. There are four days of guard duty until we are replaced. After two more days, we return to our posts, and are to set about transporting the whole clan to Asia Minor, to the city of Konia. ³³

From this day on, I am detailed to the commissariat of the military mission. I finally made it! Now, I at least have a job that suits me better than life in the transport division. The company certainly no longer satisfies me. One day, the entire command is drunk and behaving like madmen; the next, there is an ethical crisis; and the next we're stealing! It is shameful how the war has affected many soldiers!

- 28 Sirkeci.
- 29 This recalls Goethe's famous poem, *Weite Welt, breites Leben,* translated into English by Edwin Zeydel (1955) as »Spacious world, capacious life,« and which advocates living life to the fullest.
- 30 Yedikule, a seven-towered fortress, was used as an Ottoman prison until the early nineteenth century. During the First World War it was used to imprison war captives, as is clear from this memoir.
- 31 Mahons and Leichter are barges which load and unload ships at port (Josepf Grunzel, *Bericht über die wirtschaflichen Verhältnisse des Osmanischen Reiches* (Vienna: Hof- und Staatsdruckerei, 1903), 124, 126, 249.
- 32 Sivri Ada, one of the Princes' Islands in the Sea of Marmara.
- 33 Konya, a city in central Anatolia.

So! »*Landsturm* Militia Recruit« (*Landsturmrekrut*)³⁴ Steinbach reports to the commissariat of the *Militärmission*! I learn the ropes quickly and soon take care of the entire correspondence of Division 21a. I enjoy it. The whole »bread needy crowd« comes up to my table in order to get a hold of the prized *Eckmeck*. That means vigilance is necessary so that no one pulls a fast one as the *Landser* has no better business than to sell bread. That's because the vast majority of the civilian population only has cornbread to eat. There is also white bread to buy, which is very expensive. The dealers pay four times the price for army bread than the soldiers at the field bakeries.

»I feel like an important person«! When I walk through the »Grand Rue [de] Pera,«³⁵ many comrades greet me smiling and many porters cheekily greet – first – the *Land-sturm* \facsimile p.18/ recruits. Despite the hard work, my duty here continues to suit me. The military mission is housed in one of the most beautiful and tallest buildings of Constantinople. The house has a flat roof, where I often linger during the midday hours. At our feet, there lies the big, big city – a beautiful sight to the eyes. The colorfulness of the Orient repeatedly fascinates me. When evening comes, one is presented a stunning scene. To the west, rising up from the »Golden Horn« is Istanbul. This district contains primarily the government and is embellished mainly with numerous mosques. The sun is now going down slowly! Oh, how wonderfully alluring these impressions are. The city still lies in bright light; the day has reached its peak. Now, shadows sink into the valley. The sun is bright yellow and becomes orange and dark red. Oh, the city of Istanbul is completely in the shade now and on her back ride wonderful silhouettes.

Hassan, Mehmed, Ali, Mahir, Hussein and Mustapha are the names of our Turkish orderlies. Ali is a cunning Arab, about whom Mahir often says **Araba tschok vena - Inglish para war - Araba Inglish Inglish para jork - Araba war.**

Araba have no character and can be bought for money. Mahir is the best of all of them, a cheerful, dark Anatolian. Sometimes you can talk to him in a primitive Turkish for several hours and can actually get to know some of his thoughts. Once, we were down at the sea to pick up provisions. He hauled the load and so I let him have a short break. I then explained to him various German words and he was thrilled that he could repeat one word or another. Then he came to life and told about himself. \facsimile p.19/ He is married. His wife stays at home - a *housewife.* One son is a soldier - *Askja* (asker). He raved a great deal about his hometown. We then got on the underground rail, 37 but it was jam packed due to the crowd of civilians. He started to complain about those who got out of doing military service: *They all buy their freedom from the military with money, and he, because he is poor, has to serve.* He then clenched his fist at the [in-

- 34 The *Landsturm* comprised militia military units which were drafted as a reserve force in times of war. They generally lacked the training and combat experience of the regular army and navy. manned by troops generally of inferior quality.
- 35 İstiklal Caddesi.
- 36 Erroneous rendering of a misheard phrase.
- 37 The Tünel funicular is a short underground railway line connecting Pera (Beyoğlu) with Galata (Karaköy) that was built in 1875.

justices of] society he hated as much as we do. I am amazed! Rather than »holy war,« he thinks of this injustice, the difference between rich and poor. Where did he get such ideas, as someone who did not go to school, and who only knows the religious beliefs of the Muslims? Often he comes to me and tells me what he thinks and he has become quite dear to me, this simple upright Mahir.

The road to Pera to the soldiers' mess hall, the off-duty – soldiers' mess hall! It goes through the harbor district. The dust flies up and an unpleasant smell reaches my nose. The sun blazes downright tropically. One trader crouches alongside another along the road and praises his wares. Hundreds of melons are spread out on a large cloth. Over there, there are cherries, apples, apricots, etc. In the smallest niche, there is also a shop; one little business lines up next to the other. At the corner, my »friend« nods to me. He is so nice to me because, now and then, I buy eggs and rancid butter from him. He sits there from morning till evening, waiting for his clientele. His shop is probably four or five square meters in size and still offers everything imaginable for cooking and baking. I go to him and the storytelling begins. He is Russian! I wonder how he deals with customers. As a soldier, you're a universal genius and even understand people in their own language. \facsimile p.20/ Beside him was a Greek who had a profitable restaurant with his partner. There, they baked and fried all day on a stone oven that didn't look very appetizing. The two men had a booming business from morning to night. There is one business next to the other. There's the »Eckmecktschi, « (bread seller; ekmekçi), the »Joghurttschi, « (yoghurt seller; yoğurtçu); the »Kaffeetschi, « (coffeeshop owner; kahveci), the »Melonentschi« (!) (melon seller; karpuzcu) and all the other »-tschis, « and they all trade - trade and eke out their living.

Now, I arrive at the big Galata Bridge. What dynamic life prevails here, where all the traffic takes place between this side and the other of the »Golden Horn.« Electric trams, automobiles, carriages, lorries and carts whiz back and forth. A flock of sheep then wanders over and scurries on both sides of the bridge and thousands of people push each other to and fro. Here beats the hot pulse of the metropolis.

And now I'm over in Galata. Imposing houses alter the scenery once again. Over there, there are the large »million-Mark houses« (»Millionenbauten«) of the Wiener Bank, Orientbank, Deutsche Bank, etc.

Here, the stock market holds sway. The shipments are unloaded in the vicinity and it is the cheapest conceivable trading venue. I turn right around the corner and climb up the famous stairway street.³⁸ A colorful sight is once again before my eyes. The smallest corner alleys ascend upwards. It would serve well as a typical romantic scene for a painter. Imagine hundreds of paved stairs ascending the hill. Right and left we see old houses built in every style, their roofs almost touching one another. There is an extraordinary amount

38 Yüksek Kaldırım.



German sailors' club house, Galata, 1917 or 1918. Private collection of Erald Pauw.

of commerce going on here, with loud screaming merchants. You can buy and sell anything, from revolvers to machine guns, and from the most ordinary to the finest jewels – \facsimile p.21/ simply anything you could possibly want and for which people have some kind of use. Even here thousands of people carry their loads, day in and day out – uphill and downhill. Truly a colorful picture – a unique example of the southern character.

I'm now up in Pera! You would think you were in a big city in Germany, for there is a European district here. The banks, shops, manners – everything is in tune with modern Europe.

Here is also the soldiers' mess hall, where I settle down after my journey. At least there is a little bit of the German homeland. One runs into compatriots and comrades from the neighborhood. Since I started at the commissariat, I eat here as well. The administration offers lectures; you can even occasionally enjoy movies and concerts. The »Goeben« orchestra³⁹ delights us from time to time with its good German flair.

39 This refers to the orchestra of the Goeben, a German World War I battleship which, in 1914, while trying to escape the British navy in the Mediterranean, changed flags for that of the Ottoman Empire, which at the time was still neutral, and and was renamed *Yavuz Sultan Selim*. The German orchestra, a fixture of every big warship at the time, however, continued to play under the new Turkish command.

It is half past nine in the evening and I make my way home. There is considerable activity on the »Grand[e] Rue [de] Pera«40 and in the »Petit Champs.«41 I ride the underground rail⁴² down to Galata. The night air brings a pleasant coolness from the sea. I walk across the Galata Bridge - Stambul lies asleep before me. The Turks are currently celebrating their biggest religious festival – »Ramazan.« They have decorated their mosques and now in the dark of night minarets radiate glorious wreaths of light. The eye is confronted with a strange, unusual scene. At first, one thinks there are stars that shine in the darkness of the night. At home as well we hold a celebration in which the lights radiate a cheerful confidence and joy in our hearts. And here! These Muslims also rejoice heartily during their »Ramazan« and decorate their tall, slender minarets with wreaths of light. How this tugs at the bonds that unify man. We are all God's children and hope and trust in Him! Now, a call to prayer of the muezzin reverberates through the night. From the mosque \facsimile p.22/ »Djemir Kapu«⁴³ the loud and long-drawnout Alla-il-Alla-a! can be heard. I'm at home in Sirkedii⁴⁴ among my circle of comrades. A game is put together and a marathon skat game is played under the light of a defective lamp. Part of the group sits there and chats away the time. I sit down among them. So the day passed by well enough and we did not go to sleep until midnight.

Today is Sunday! The eternal blue sky shimmers and the sun cheerfully casts its rays into our barracks. The feeling of Sunday is within every one of us. One feels it deep down that today is going to be a special day – this is apparent even in the nature around as, as the day is especially revitalizing. Everyone makes an effort on Sunday to repair his uniform, shoes, etc. There is a lot of talk and a lot of laughs. The coffee has already been drunk. Fügner and Weber return from their night post and brusquely get changed. On Sunday, we all have our own special tasks and so today I do the laundry. I don't care for this job, but when I'm done, I am overcome by a feeling of pride, like that of a proud housewife.

I have proficiently brushed and rubbed and now, I have to rinse out the clothes. I then walk over to the sea and pour my bucket out. Next, I hang my shirts, underwear, etc. over several olive branches and leave them out to dry in the sun. Last but not least, I also remove my little friends and get rid of the bedbugs and fleas. Although I know for certain that they'll pay me back twofold in the evening.

It is now noon and I'm hurrying to reach the ship. The steamer embarks at one-thirty in the afternoon. First, the panorama of Galata-Pera-Tophane pass by. On the

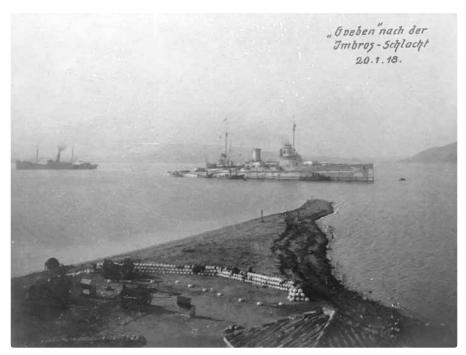
- 40 Today's İstiklal Caddesi, the main pedestrian artery of Taksim.
- 41 The *Petits Champs Gardens* was home to a theater, which staged open air opera performances on summer evenings, as well as western-style restaurants and cafés. Luxury hotels offering »European comfort« for travellers were located along the Boulevard of the *Petits Champs* (Meşrutiyet Caddesi), parallel to the Grande Rue de Pera.
- 42 The Tünel (see note 36).
- 43 Demirkapı.
- 44 Sirkeci.

wharf, there are barges \facsimile p.23/ and several ocean steamers, which sailed in a few days ago with cargo from the Black Sea. Innumerable small barques, spanned with white cloth, rock their passengers during the ride. In Galata, you see large stretches of burned ruins – indeed, it burns often in Constantinople. Over there, the stump of a minaret protrudes into the air as the vestige of a mosque. The Muslims believe »Alla[h] willed it« and no longer rebuild at the site of the ruins. The steamer continues on its way: Now, the palace of His Majesty »Dolmabagtsche« passes by. It is a magnificent and monumental structure, located right on the shore of the Bosporus. Now, we are at the first pier of a suburb of Constantinople. All the houses here are wooden. They have been gracefully built up the hill, one higher than the next. At the wharf, there is a small beach promenade for those who were tempted by the holiday. A little bit further on, village youth are running around. They splash into the water head first, diving from the *Mahon* and *Leichter* barges. It is lovely to behold how the little brown chaps strain to get into the wake of the steamer. I want to linger on here forever, amid carefree youth and the graceful landscape.

We carry on, and new and beautiful landscapes follow one after another. The course of the Bosphorus bends once again. You can see a ruined castle on the banks; signs of an earlier fortification.⁴⁵ The sun burns hot, the blue water glistens. The Bosphorus gets wider, the hills along the shore are bare and only covered with low undergrowth. The Turks do not undertake any forestry management; they plunder their forest, cut everything down, and do not cultivate any new trees. Do they think perhaps that »Al-la[h]« will permit new trees to grow?

Gradually Stenia⁴⁶ comes into view, where the Goeben⁴⁷ is located. Now, I see the brave ship before me, of \facsimile p.24/ which I had previously heard so much. Everyone respects it; the Turks, the British, and the Germans speak with pride and great esteem of the Goeben. A broad, stocky structure, it rests like this in the safe harbor. In front, I see two powerful guns that have probably already had occasion to exchange some serious words. The Breslau⁴⁸ unfortunately no longer exists. We now pass by Jeniköj.⁴⁹ There are three heavily equipped »black devil« torpedo boats here. Atop the mast waves the war flag of the Turks, a red flag with a white crescent. Jeniköj itself is very appealing: One sees modern stone houses, and, not least, the beautiful German navy mess hall, on whose terrace several proud sailors revive themselves.

- 45 The castle Rumeli Hisarı on the European shore.
- 46 İstinye, a village on the Bosphorus.
- 47 The SMS Goeben was a German battlecruiser named after August Karl von Goeben. It was launched in 1911 and used during the Balkan Wars and at the beginning of the First World War, together with the Breslau as part of the German Mediterranean Division. In 1914, while trying to escape the British navy in the Mediterranean, it changed flags for that of the Ottoman Empire, which at the time was still neutral, and was renamed Yavuz Sultan Selim.
- 48 The SMS Breslau was a cruiser of the Imperial German Navy. Together with the SMS Goeben, it formed the Mediterranean Division during the Balkan Wars. After beeing transferred to the Ottoman Empire in August 1914, it was renamed Midilli.
- 49 Yeniköy, a village on the Bosphorus.

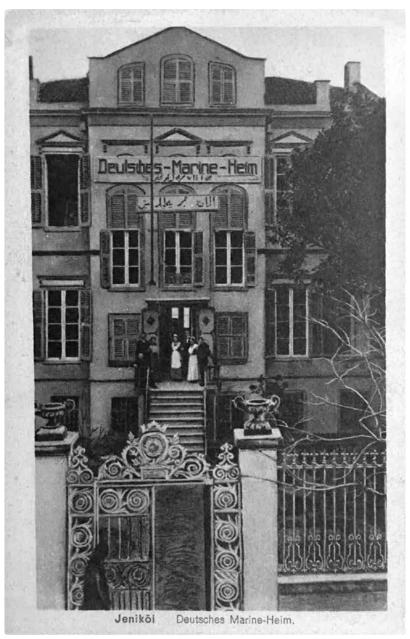


SMS Goeben after the Battle of Imbroz (20 January 1918). No postmark. Private collection of Erald Pauw.

The steamer now moves from one bank to the other, first over to the Asian side, then back to the European bank. Some passengers stand because the steamer is quite full. Before me sits a group of Greeks, one of whom has a mandolin. They sing a beautiful, melodious song, much, much nicer than the monotonous tootling of the Turks. The beautiful scenery and all the new experiences do not fail to leave their imprint on one's mind. One becomes reverential. I'm alone, as always, because on such occasions I do not need anyone. I recall an apt aphorism that I once read on a villa in Eberstadt. »I neither begrudge the world of its joys, nor any of the newly colored haze; to live a quiet life and bask in solitude is also a gallant art«!

Before us rises a wooded hill, a very rare sight given the local conditions. Located in the green shade there are several beautiful houses. Before our sight proudly flies our black-white-red flag on the mast! Here is Therapia⁵⁰, the summer residence of the \fac-simile p.25/ German embassy. And there's another thing that draws us Germans here – it is the German military cemetery. Here lies »von der Goltz Pasha« and many others like him. My comrade Clemens from Darmstadt was also recently buried here.

50 Tarabya.



Club House of the German Navy, Yeniköy. World War I. No postmark. Private collection of Erald Pauw.



Club House of the German Navy, Yeniköy; seen from the Bosphorus. World War I. No postmark. Private collection of Erald Pauw.

One station further and I'll have reached my destination. The bay of Bujuk Dere⁵¹ and [the village of] Bujuk Dere itself stretches wide. The clock shows four-thirty and I have a good hour and a half stay. I resolve to go up the mountain, from which one apparently has a wonderful view. I am the only German here and feel very strange. But I jauntily walk through the village and up the mountain. It is barren like all the mountains here. Here and there stands a fig tree or a walnut tree. Other than this, only low scrub flourishes, such as blackberries, broom, and the well-known Levante herb. There is no path, so I go cross-country. I'm up on the top in little more than a half hour. There, the wondrous sea extends far and wide. Gray, mysterious masses of water of the »Black Sea«: here the Bosphorus ceases. The waves create white froth on the shore, and lap upward on the rocks. And, again and again, they roll in, giving a mighty performance. To the right, the coach house stands alone. I sense within me that I'm witnessing something great, the impression of powerful, divine omnipotence.

51 Büyükdere.



Summer Palace of the German embassy, Tarabya. Postcard postmarked on 1 April 1900.

Private collection of Erald Pauw.

And behind me! There is the lovely blue Bosphorus, the image of the harbor, and the silent landscape in the evening sunshine. Some trawlers roam the bay. Two ocean giants enter slowly and drop anchor.

Once again, I look out to the sea, and then climb downwards. I pick another little bouquet of blackberries and Levante herb for my parents, as a keepsake of the reverential hour. \facsimile p.26/ On the ship, there is plenty of activity; all are elated, probably about the beautiful day. The Greeks sing melancholy, Mediterranean songs. It has become dark. The lights shine over to us from the shore. I sit sideways at the ship and indulge in my thoughts. The day was lovely – I experienced something to remember. At around nine o'clock, our steamer docked at Gospolis⁵²; I'm back at home.

Good evening, George! Enno, my friend since Nish, was expecting me. I was very pleased and tell him all my impressions from the most colorful to the most serious moments. He then protests reproachfully: »Why didn't you take me with you?« Well, where were you? He takes pains to vividly and appealingly describe his experience to me, but he does not succeed. He enjoyed the pleasures of the city and now feels empty inside.

52 Istanbul.

At home! Enno watches over me like a father. My sandwich with substitute lard and sweet tea tastes splendid. We then settle down in our camp and continue to talk in a whisper for a long, long time!

Actually, there is no such thing as a special experience, for instance, because of a special day. No, every day that a person experiences is special, unless people decide to regard it as nothing else other than ordinary.

Tonight, Fichtner proposed that we go to the dervish monastery. Every Thursday evening, the dervish community meets there. There is a full moon. A starry sky arches overhead. We go down to the »Golden Horn« and to an abandoned neighborhood. The dervish monastery, an old wooden building, is located in the middle of tall cypress trees. Unfortunately, we cannot all go in for a lack of space. So, we climb a fence and from there we notice a poorly $\frac{ep.27}{illuminated hill crest}$. After a while, we hear a signal, whereupon several male voices begin to sing or pray in a particular rhythm. We hear the same in slow and fast repetition: Allilaillalalla – allilalilallallal – allilaillallallal – allilaillallallal – allilaillallallal

For a long time, we listen and let our comrades talk about the most frightening things. This is apparently what always happens: the faithful sitting down with their legs folded. The dervish, a man wearing a high fez, gives a sign, in response to which those present start to twist their upper body from left to right. And with simultaneous singing, which we can hear outside through this ministration, one after another falls into ecstasy, a state in which the person is no longer aware of what he was doing. They run with their heads into the wall. A German teacher shows us a 40-cm-long skewer, which the dervish would thrust through a person's cheek and then put the tip into the wall. This sect is called the »howling dervishes.«⁵⁴

»Thou shall labor for six days, but the seventh is the day of the Lord and thou shall do no work!« As in civilian life, this divine command has also been transferred to the military. For six days, I walk in the morning across the big Galata Bridge to the underground rail, which leads to my place of work. Only on Sunday is my duty limited to the hours from nine to one in the afternoon and sometimes it is even canceled. Sundays are my holidays, which take me out into the surroundings. In this country, there are three holidays during the week. The Muslims celebrate Friday as Sunday. The Jews on Saturday and Christians on Sunday. Since there are very many Greeks and Christians in Constantinople, you could say that our Sunday is celebrated by the majority. I even insert leisure time into my daily routine. A day hardly passes when I do not \facsimile p.28/ let my gaze

⁵³ I.e., lā 'ilāha 'illā-llāh, "here is no God but God.«

⁵⁴ The Howling Dervishes are a (*Rifa'i*) Sufi brotherhood founded by the Iraqi shaykh Ahmad al-Rifa'i in the twelfth century but spread through Anatolia in the thirteenth. During their rituals, they recite the 99 names of God mentioned in the Quran while hypnotically swaying until they fall in ecstasy (*zikr*), which is why they are referred to as howling.



Haydar Paşa train station. Wikimedia Commons, viewed 7th December 2017. https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Haydarpa%C5%9Fa Terminal, %C4%B0stanbul (12967656905).jpg#file.

wander for a short time out toward the city and the sea. All the sublime natural beauties and the fantastically beautiful cityscapes act as a balm for the soul – leisure time!

We took the steamer to Haidar Pasha.⁵⁵ In about half an hour I'm over there, in Asia Minor. I now go across the bay, pass Kadiköj⁵⁶ and Moda, to Feneraki Bay.⁵⁷ It is nice and quiet here. I find it difficult to describe how I feel here. My mind is overwhelmed by impressions of beauty, of strangeness, of mystery. I, a soldier in a yellow uniform and strapped with a bayonet – I am here. I only feel delight about everything that is here. Now, I am standing at the precipice. Below, there is the sea; in the distance, the Princes' Islands. I climb down to swim. You do not need a bathing suit – other than a few boys, nobody is there. What a pleasure it is to jump into the clear, cool water. You can see right to the bottom. The sea water, though, is extremely salty. We now are given a few gestures. We are a jolly group. We stand on the pier and tell each other cheerful and merry little stories. My goodness! A barge is approaching with veiled Turkish women – we don't actually have any swimwear on. With one leap, we're in the water. That was fun. Now, we swim out to make our way into the wake of the steamer. Oh it's lovely –

⁵⁵ Haydar Paşa on the Asian side of the Bosphorus was also the location of a major railway station serving as the departing point into Anatolia.

⁵⁶ Kadıköy.

⁵⁷ Fenerbahce.

the sea, the sky, the sun. I stay here the whole afternoon. Then it's back the way directly right along the shore, past Moda to Kadiköj and Haidar Pasha. I look freely and full of confidence; my heart is joyful. To the left is the sea, in the distance is Seraglio Point⁵⁸, and behind Constantinople lies the evening sun. Many soldiers wait \facsimile p.29/ for the steamer. They stand on deck in groups in conversation – the ship is fully occupied. Now, the sun shines red like a large fireball. It then sinks downward and gray blue fog hangs over the city. It is slowly getting dark and the ship puts on its lights. Turks and Greeks have a singing competition. It starts modestly, but hauntingly: »Once a boy a Rosebud spied«!⁵⁹ Everyone falls silent and throughout the ship the soldiers' intense singing roars – »Heathrose fair and tender!« This charming song of the homeland resonates eerily beautiful in a foreign country.

My path often leads me to Kadiköj–Moda–Feneraki. The old attractions, the blue sea and the beautiful coastal scenery always stir me. Many an hour I sit by the sea and sense the beauty of the world. It's truly wonderful to be alive and to be a soldier.

Schuberitz, our beloved »Papa,«60 has received the »Iron Cross«. How proud the fortytwo year old is – when he goes out, everything must run like clockwork. He is married and has four children. He was in captivity in Russia, from where he escaped and returned to Germany. He likes to show a photograph in which he is attired in a Cossack uniform with a soldier. In this guise, they managed to flee. Now he is here with us. His camp is next to mine. We talk to each other like peers about serious and humorous things in life and thus form a good friendship. We spend our leisure time in the evening mostly together and debate about politics, religion, war experiences, and more.

Sunday evening! This evening, thoughts concern home. How different one's home feels once you're no longer there. With longing, one thinks of the intimate hours spent with parents and siblings. \facsimile p.30/ How often have I not acknowledged these moments and have dismissed them with a wave of the hand. To me, it was not good enough and too ordinary. And today! A deep sorrow pervades my heart. All the precious little moments now appear in the loveliest tableau – delicate, gentle, loving. Only now do I realize the value of the words of my parents and their deeds and learn to esteem family life – for myself!

If you still have a home – a calming influence in the largely stormy, throbbing world – thank God and be content. New courage swells from these hours of contemplating togetherness and then you hear: »Spring must certainly be on its way«!61

⁵⁸ Sarayburnu, in English the Seraglio Point, refers to the historical promontary of intramural Istanbul where the Topkapı Palace and Gülhane Park are located.

⁵⁹ This is a line from the love poem "">Heidenröslein« or "Little Rose of the Field« composed in 1771 by Goethe."

⁶⁰ Or Sergeant Major (Kompaniefeldwebel).

⁶¹ This is a reference to the line *»Es muss doch Frühling werden«* of the poem »Hope« (*Hoffnung*) by the 19th-century German poet and playwright, Emanuel Geibel (d.1884).

Who's coming? Schulwitz, Bachmeyer and a third are ready to join the walk. Back there, in »real Stambul,« there is surely also something to see. Off we go. First to Achmed Square. It is a large, open space planted with trees. The square is adorned with two, three high obelisks made of gray stone. There is the »Hagia Sophia,« the famous mosque that our teacher had already taught about in school. Now, we have come close and marvel at the old building's formidable scale. A broad and massive high dome of gray rock rises in the middle. Several buildings are still connected with this main structure. Five (!) slender minarets tower upward on the sides. We pass through the vestibule and reach the main entrance. There, a few dark figures are sitting who grant us entry in exchange for baksheesh. We are given large slippers and then tiptoe through the dim side aisles. The columns and walls have been wrought with fine mosaics. Now, we are under the dome! We are surrounded by a profound silence. Above us, the massive dome bulges \facsimile p.31/ that is painted with two large frescoes. Cooing and shrieking, jackdaws and pigeons fly in and out. In front, to the right, a large stone altar rests on pillars, upon which several priests are sitting. Huge chandeliers hang from the ceiling. The floor is covered with Persian rugs. One lies closely next to the other, and is always aligned for a supplicant. Here and there Muslims perform their prayers. Here an officer, there, an ordinary soldier, and there a poorly dressed civilian. For some corner of the room, the hollow and elongated moans of the preacher resound. Once again, the supplicants bow down eastwards.

I feel strange, as we sneak across the room as curious gawkers. And yet, I sense the consecrated place. We are now over in the right-hand colonnade. As we had learned from our teacher at school – here is the hand print of the Turkish conqueror of the »Hagia Sophia. We turn here to the exit and are glad to see the sun and the trees again.

There, now, is the »Grand Bazaar«! The tales from the Arabian Nights are very much alive in each one of us. With these preconceptions, we enter into the large halls with curiosity. The scene vividly recalls something of caravan camps and an abundance of gold. And yet it looks so different! We wander through long, crisscrossing passages that look rather intimidating. Everything is shrouded in semi-darkness, and yet there is lively commerce here. A »jeweler« has a store that is very weakly lit with electricity. A grocer has a petrol lamp whose transmission of heat causes a small metal wheel (*Schällenrädchen*) to move in circles. Oh, it is great fun. At one dealer, there is »real Oriental gold embroidery« for a large sum of money. At another, one buys »authentic« diamond rings and »gold« items. The trader with »Apolda woolen goods«⁶³ is silent; oh, there is one dealer next to the other. I \facsimile p.32/ will not even spend a para;⁶⁴ they all look like rogues. I like to think that one can experience many things here, that especially

⁶² I.e., Sultan Mehmed II known as Fatih, or the Conqueror, who seized Constantinople from the Byzantines in 1453 and converted the Hagia Sophia into a mosque.

⁶³ The Thuringian town of Apolda in east-central Germany was known for the production of knitted and woven fabrics which constituted an important factor in the town's industry since the early 18th century.

⁶⁴ Para means money or coins in Turkish.

the famous pickpockets are stalking around. Finally, we make our way again into day-light. We're at the very top, at the War Office. Together, we go a little further through the remarkably quiet Muslim quarter. I buy fresh, blue-green figs for my supper. Then it's back to Sirkedji in the barracks. In the evening, we are at the Seraglio Point and enjoy the evening atmosphere by the sea. How nice and quiet it is here. On the water lies the haze of the evening. The last rays of the setting sun gently illuminate Skutarie⁶⁵ and Haidar Pasha. Then the night comes.

The Turks again celebrate another major religious festival, the »Kurban Beiram.«⁶⁶ Everywhere you can see people gearing up for the holiday. There are a lot of chickens, mainly Welsh chickens, turkeys and roosters being transported about. The transport of a sheep for slaughter presents an especially memorable scene: The Turks do it in such a way that they take the sheep by »piggyback,« i.e., put it on their backs. It looks like this: The hind legs of the sheep are tied in the front; the Turk takes the front legs across both of his shoulders. The sight makes you burst out with laughter: a man heavily laden with a bleating sheep. As I've been told, the slaughtered sheep is distributed among the poor during the celebration. The doorposts are then coated with blood. It seems like a kind of atonement festival.

Somewhere, during this time, I see a particularly well-dressed Muslim in the old national costume. He is wearing a traditional bolero in blue with black ornaments and braids \facsimile p.33/ and a dark green bodice. He has adorned his neck with chains. The trousers, typical Turkish pants, are tight-fitting and buttoned at the legs. The back-side extends down to the knees. Slippers and bright yellow stockings serve as footwear. About the body flashes the inescapable red waist belt. Smiling giddily, he walks along with his »blue-ribboned« fez placed somewhat nonchalantly upon his ear.

16-17 September 1918.

The whole street bears a festive character. The houses are richly adorned with numerous flags, the blood-red flag with a white crescent. The »Golden Horn« is strewn with Mahon boats and sailors who want to make good on their holiday. All the ships and small steamers are likewise decorated with abundant flag pennants. Oh, what a colorful sight! The brisk wind causes the waves to crash into each other, exhibiting white froth. Everywhere it is a holiday, which is fitting for the gorgeous autumn day. Otto must be coming home tonight from his furlough. Oh, how I look forward to hearing all the news from Alzey. What a pleasure it was already, when I bumped into him, coming from the *»Jildirim«*⁶⁷ division in Pera Street. One face among thousands of people – an »Alzeyer.« Now, I'm sitting by the light of a flickering candle and waiting. The train is not coming. I'm heading over to sleep. Everyone is already in a deep slumber. I adjust my knapsack,

- 65 Üsküdar, on the Asian side of the Bosphorus.
- 66 The Feast of the Sacrifice, known in Arabic as the '*Īd al-aḍḥā*.
- 67 Yıldırım.

and put the cartridge box and the bread properly in place. Then I get into »bed.« The knapsack is stuffed with bread and cartridges and serves as my pillow. How many times have I slept well on it, and even today I soon extend my weary limbs into a sweet sleep. Otto is here! What a miracle – a few days ago he was with my parents in Alzey and now he is here. I then learn about all the many little bits of news and for a short time I feel closer to my dear home.

Today, I'm heading over to Stambul again. There is the »Sublime Porte,« which I've already \facsimile p.34/ seen once in the cinema in Alzey. Then, I go upwards to the mint 68 and to the Seraglio Gardens. The flora is autumnal. Golden sunshine floods over the blue sea and the countryside. I stand at the top of the mint and my gaze wanders into the countryside; in my heart, I feel a deep sense of tranquility and a deep desire for home – a desire for peace.

There are so many little episodes and anecdotes from this time! Constantinople has a lot to offer, especially now in late summer of 1918. High-level statesmen are coming from Germany. The much-talked-about sheikh of the Senussis⁶⁹ is visiting the Sultan. Delegations from Georgia, Grusinia and other Caucasian states also visit the Sultan. More often than usual, the »Royal Fire Division« (*Leibfeuerwehr*) and the »Royal Household Navy« (*Leibmarine*) move through Pera – Galata – Arnautköj⁷⁰ – with music. The train station Sirkedji is always decorated for prominent arriving and departing figures.

The Sultan has died! He will be buried with great pomp and transferred to Eyub.⁷¹ One feels, indeed, that the death of this man means something. The first rumors of peace buzz through the cadre of troops.

The king is dead! - Long live the king!

Overnight, a new sultan began his reign. ⁷² Yesterday, the flags were hanging solemnly at half mast. Today, they are now set again at full mast and fluttering gaily in the wind. The barometer of public opinion has also gone up and one is generally more confident again.

I'm going today to Kurutschesme⁷³ in order to visit Otto, who is there in the military hospital. The hospital is located in a suburb of Constantinople in quiet seclusion. It is

- 68 The mint, or darphane, is located on a hill going up to the Topkapı Palace.
- 69 Ahmad Sharif, the Shaykh of Senussi, was the spiritual and political head of the Senussi Sufi order which was founded in 1837 by the Algerian shaykh, Sayyid Muhammad ibn Ali al-Senussi (1787 1859). The Senussi held sway in the Sudan and Libya. They fought against the British and the Italians during the Senussi campaign in North Africa from November 1915 to Febrary 1917, which resulted in an Allied victory.
- 70 Arnavutköy.
- 71 Traditional burial ground of the sultans.
- 72 Sultan Mehmet VI (r. 1918–1922), the thirty-sixth Ottoman ruler, ascended the Ottoman throne on July 4, 1918. He was the son of Abdülmecid I and brother of Mehmed V, the previous sultan.
- 73 Kuruçeşme.



German rear-echelon military hospital in Constantinople, Kuruçeşme. Postcard postmarked on 18 July 1918. Private collection of Erald Pauw.

in the vicinity of Rumeli Hissar. It is a pleasant Sunday \facsimile p.35/ and I stay there the whole afternoon. The Bosphorus steamers drive past, packed with people who take advantage of the Sunday to visit the silent, dreamy towns and villages along the Bosphorus. In the evening, Schulwitz, Enno and myself get together in the division of Major Huber. We sit there for a long time in conversation about our current situation – war and peace. Did it look like we would be going home soon? The summer is coming to an end. Early in the morning, dense fog hangs over the sea. The lovely sun then radiates in its old glory until noon – and yet – as good as its intentions might be, there is something wistful, like a farewell, in the air. The foliage turns brown and the last fruits are harvested. The merchants have filled their booths with figs, chestnuts and nuts.

Autumn is coming – scenes from home pass by in the mind. Outside, it is the dead of night! Peace prevails in our circle of storytellers. Everyone is in a reverential mood, wistfully thinking about the distant, dear, German homeland. We then quietly disperse. It should and must come to an end. In the Balkans, there is an oppressive humidity; one senses that something must happen.

What is it? What is the news?

The English were victorious at Nazareth, the front is teetering. Aleppo is lost – Damascus is under threat. The English land at our backs near Medina. The news follows in a rush. Hey, what a blow, the calamity begins.

The troops move off to Gallipoli. The Eleventh Infantry goes to Macedonia. The warning signals resonate piercingly. The scene also changes \facsimile p.36/ at the harbor. A number of torpedo boats constantly cross up and down and the submarines proudly and busily drive in and out. We have a huge roll call and it seems as if the war is starting again.

Another blow! »Revolution in Bulgaria.« We are cut off from the mainland. On a foggy morning the Sixteenth Landwehr Division lands as our reinforcement and settles in camps near Makriköj. ⁷⁴ Constantinople is to be defended. But nothing stirs from Gal[l] ipoli; one only senses and feels an oppressive mugginess. We're trapped; there is no way out for us. The front in Syria has completely crumbled. What will become of us?

The Sixteenth Landwehr Division has been unlucky and immediately incapacitated by dysentery and typhoid. Day after day, the pilots come and bombard us. These are days of long expectation that test our nerves to the utmost.

There is no attack and we generally settle down again.

On October 10, 1918, I become sick and get terrible diarrhea. On October 16, I enter the military hospital with a high fever. I feel miserable and can no longer stand on my feet. My »diet foods« include unsweetened cocoa water, unsweetened tea and oatmeal soup. After three weeks, I'm steadier on my feet again and every day risk going out into the fresh air. We indeed have an exceptionally lovely outing in Kurutschesme. I lie in the quarantine barracks together with five other comrades. At ten o'clock in the morning, we place our recliners before the barracks and bask in the still very warm October sun. Unconcerned about our future, we chat away the time \facsimile p.37/ and delight in our wonderful surroundings and the beautiful nature. We are only one step away from the Bosphorus. The entire traffic moves in front of us on the water. Ships drive in and out, and torpedo boats shoot past. To our left, a luxury yacht has been moored for several days. The panorama extends all the way to Stambul and Scutari and up to Bebek and Rumeli Hissar.

My interest in the day's news is slowly returning. I get hold again of the newspaper. The $Ottoman\ Lloyd^{76}$ has a few articles on the Turkish truce, which has now become a fact.

- 74 Bakırköy.
- 75 Kuruçeşme.
- 76 The Osmanischer Lloyd was a German- and French-language newspaper based in Istanbul that ran daily from 1908 to 1918.

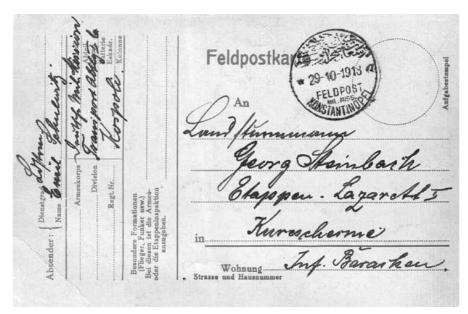
Text side of a wartime correspondence postcard (Feldpostkarte) sent to Georg Steinbach by Emil Schulwitz. Postmarked on 29 October 1918.

Short, confused reports about the poor state of our situation very much depresses our mood. General Townshend⁷⁷ is in Constantinople. Former British prisoners of war fill the streets of Gospolis!

Our doctor said: »Properly enjoy the lovely scene while you can – soon, we'll be going home«! And yet again I can enjoy the beautiful blue water and the landscape in autumnal garb.

During this time, I even get mail. A dear letter from Lisbeth with roses from Willi. How this pleases me. A steamer brought mail from Romania. I recover quite rapidly and am soon wearing again my dear field gray instead of the hospital gown. I'm feeling so at ease and am outdoors the whole day. On November 8, the temperature still measures at 42 degrees Celsius in the sun. Today, we received official word that we are going to Germany. On November 9, we will travel to Gospolis in trucks. I have my gun and knapsack again and feel strong, so that the sickly environment about me feels peculiar.

⁷⁷ General Charles Vere Ferrers Townshend (1861–1924) was the British army officer who led the disastrous siege of Kut in Mesopotamia in 1915–1916, resulting in a humiliating Allied defeat to the Ottomans. Townshend spent the rest of the war in captivity, detained at Prinkipo (Büyük Ada), the largest of the Princes' Islands in the Sea of Marmara.



Address side of a wartime correspondence postcard (Feldpostkarte) sent to Georg Steinbach by Emil Schulwitz.

Postmarked on 29 October 1918.

We drive through the city on heavily loaded trucks. \facsimile p.38/ The comrades sing humorous songs and the locals stare at us. The mood is pro-English; the Greeks especially are now suddenly wearing all British cockades. On the streets, mighty divisions of the Turkish navy encamp to secure order. Now we are down below in Stambul.

Before us at Seraglio Point is our ship, the hospital ship Jerusalem. It is tranquil there and provides a peaceful impression. The hull is painted white with two large green stripes. On the side, a mighty red cross radiates.

How strange – one should be happy to go to Germany and now, with a melancholy feeling, I bid farewell to this foreign land. We soon embark and at twelve o'clock the anchor is lifted. Our ship moves slowly away from the pier. With vigorous cheers and goodbyes, we take leave of the comrades staying behind. I lie at an open window and continue to look back for some time. I strongly impress Stambul, with its many mosques and minarets, into my memory. Now, the image is shrouded in blue haze. Then it's off to the next bend (in the river). Stambul, I will never forget you! I have experienced you so deeply; I have seen and learned so much.

Gentle, colorful images pass by. At four in the afternoon, we head out into the open sea. It's raining a bit and the sea is rough. I watch from my window the powerful swel-



Embarkation card for the hospital ship Jerusalem, issued by the German rear-echelon military hospital in Constantinople (Kuruçeşme) on 8 November 1918.

ling of the waves. The head-high waves crash along the steep banks and plunge again backwards foamy white. Our ship cuts across the oncoming waves and the massive volume of water causes the ship to rock from front to back and vice versa. I can sometimes catch hold of the waves for a moment, but then the \facsimile p.39/ trough of the sea yawns once again. It is truly an imposing spectacle of the mighty water element.

I have to close the window, as I'm also starting to feel wobbly myself. So I lie down, stretched out, on my bed my thoughts wander to the days of my childhood, to home, Alzey, war and peace. Oh, what good fortune. I've been able to experience everything and now a childhood dream to head out to sea is also being fulfilled.

Approximately 200 comrades are together in the one room. Next to me on my left is an emaciated young corporal with a serious heart condition. Like so many of my other comrades, he was plundered by the Arabs in the retreat from the English. Scantily attired without shoes and coat, he had to wander through inhospitable areas of Asia Minor until he ran again into a squad of soldiers. He thus arrived with the remnants of the Pasha Army at Haidar Pasha. Sick and miserable like most in our room, he was now on his way home. Thus echoing through all the tales of comrades is the woeful withdrawal of the troops. I reflexively think of Napoleon's retreat from Russia.

At night, we are on the high seas. We have a lot seasick men and a disgusting odor prevails due to the frequent vomiting. I am awake very early and at daybreak I can't hold out any longer and go up on deck. Fresh seawater banishes the fatigue from my eyes.

On a troop transport steamer, things are starting to get quite animated. We see all kinds of different scenes. Here, some sailors sweep the deck clean of all debris with a powerful water cannon. There, a cow is slaughtered. The kitchen is in the stern. Here, it simmers and steams for the many hungry mouths. On the long ship corridor, the comrades \facsimile p.40/ squat down and sing. Others smoke and play skat. There are also are those who can't bear the ship's rocking. I once climbed down into the boiler room. But I didn't last even a minute in the heat and climbed back up.

So, I walk from back to front and vice versa, for everything is so new and strange to me.

In the afternoon, there is something unusual to see: Several comrades have discovered a cloud of smoke on the distant horizon. I also climb up to the bow of the ship. The storm roars over the vessel and I only manage with difficulty, holding onto the anchor chains, to make it to the very front. I also now see the plume of smoke. Now you can see a dot. That's a steamer, we venture. The dot gets larger and comes closer. We closely watch as things unfold. The ship – the boat comes closer. Now it's nearby and a Turkish gunboat, swaying precariously, speeds past. It was a joyous moment for us, to again see a ship in the endless water wasteland.

The sea is infinite. The eye is not able to discover a fixed point anywhere. The gray black sky hangs above us, around us is water – water – water. Here, nature insists on its omnipotence and humans feel awestruck.

In the late afternoon, an islet comes into view. It is so small and yet so defiant that the waves impotently smash against the hard rocks over and over again. At the front corner of the islet, there is a rigid and erect lighthouse. The small island does not seem to be inhabited. But the water has life. Not far from us a school of dolphins continuously turns cartwheels. The creatures know the shipping lines well, as there are always \fac-simile p.41/ good-sized morsels of fish to be caught.

It's night again and, again, the morning dawns. Land is in sight – after a determined search, I can see a long solid strip through my window. The strip becomes clearer and clearer. It must be the coast of southern Russia.

There is elation everywhere about the fact that we will have soon survived the ocean journey. The sea, contaminated with mines, could easily become dangerous. I now march on deck. Hey, the water is really cold. Most of the soldiers no longer wash themselves. I soon disappear again and observe the coastal scenery from my window. A city

now comes into view. The coast and the city approach ever closer. In the afternoon, we steer into the harbor of Odessa. Our ship is moored at the wharf. It is already winter here and snowing and miserably cold. At the same time, we still had summer-like temperatures in Gospolis three days ago. The Russians wear fur hats and heavy coats. Bread sellers and food merchants soon develop a brisk business with us. Individual traders even speak Turkish and in response to our question <code>%* katsh g[o] rousch** (kaç kuruş)</code>? we receive the prompt reply <code>%* besh** or *% on g[o] rousch,** depending on the price. Of course, we do not know the Russian language yet. You pay in any currency, in piasters, rubles, crowns or mark. The mark is the preferred form of payment; then follow, according to value, rubles, piastres, and crowns. In the distance, slovenly looking Ukrainian bands of soldiers (soldateska) head to their guard posts. For our concepts of discipline, it is an inconceivable sight.</code>

It is seven in the evening on November 11, 1918. The door is opened. A soldier rushes in and reads excitedly aloud: "The ceasefire has been \facsimile p.42/ signed! In Germany, revolution has broken out – the dynasty has been overthrown! Wilhelm II has fled to Holland." In Berlin, there is street fighting. Fighting is taking place at the Maikäfer barracks (Maikäferkaserne), etc. The news hits us like a thunderbolt. Many shout "Hurrah." I and a small part of the comrades are silent. Oh, what a big blow, we can't believe it. I'll never forget this moment.

The next morning we're offloaded, but must return to the ship as no rail cars have been provided. One doesn't notice that Germany is in a state of revolution. German soldiers leave for their guard posts, just like before. But in the afternoon, there's a revolutionary incident: German sailors sink a nearby auxiliary cruiser. The German war flag hangs forlornly on the mast of the ship, which was initially burning.

Nowhere is there a German newspaper to be found from which one could learn anything. Everyone is on edge. We live in anxious and uncertain state about the fate of our homeland and our loved ones at home. The word revolution did not fail to have an effect.

Traces of the Russian Revolution and the Bolsheviks are easy to perceive. Former soldiers do brisk business on the street with every conceivable sort of item. Tattered women and children beg for anything they can get. Abject poverty and colossal inflation prevails in the city. Along with all this, it is bitterly cold.

Railroad cars are finally provided. The hours turn into days and the impatience grows. After another day, we also get \facsimile p.43/ a locomotive. So we camp again for a long time in the car. In one of these Russian cars, we have nine men to a compartment. Three men lie on the right and three on the left on the benches and wall shelves. Two lie on the floor and one in the hallway. The air is thick, but because the cars are unheated, the whole lot of us cries out when the door opens to the deck.

We depart on November 15 in the evening. At first we can hardly believe that we're leaving. But it pulls and pulls and our train really begins to roll. After ten minutes, it comes to a halt again. What's going on now? It was just a dramatic pause due to the major's schnapps. Now, our train is moving »like the devil.« Outside, the snow is thick. Like the others, our car is unlit. The mind secretly stitches thoughts together about home – oh, it really can't be so bad. Then we sleep peacefully on our hard beds.

Our train stops again. We have to fill the coal car ourselves with wood, otherwise, the Russians would let us stay standed here. The major often climbs atop the locomotive with our good schnapps. The train then starts moving again. We tell each other about all sorts of things and get ourselves all worked up. The soldier opposite me, a »bold mischievous farmer from Fulda, « secretly holds on to his half-hidden rosary. He doesn't tip the scales in one direction or the other. Another soldier, a city dweller from Lower Franconia, blue-eyed and fair-haired, has no other concern than to make sure that his mustache remains properly standing. He wears it with a protective cover around. Beyond this, he is a phlegmatic person, little bothered by the events. Kurt Galass, a civil servant from Berlin, lies up top the whole day, without moving or washing. I only know that his father is paymaster in the Navy. When the food comes, he reaches for his bowl \facsimile p.44/ and eats with satisfaction. Above me lies a man from Haifa in Syria. He is a stolid Württemberger who emigrated with his father at an early age. Now he lives with his wife and four children in Haifa and operates a large wheel-making business. He's a good Protestant, whose tongue I managed to loosen when I intervened in a dispute on the separation of church and state. I said that, however things turned out, a Christian would remain faithful to the Church. In the silence he then sought me out for conversation. Outside on the platform and in the aisle at the window he tells me about the inwardness of the Protestant faith as opposed to Catholicism. He tells me of the German colony in Haifa and Jerusalem. He talks about the tragedy of a desperate individual on the Carmel mountain and much more. Otherwise, he is silent and careful not to speak.

Birzula!⁷⁸ It is a town in the Ukraine, where we make our first big stopover to supplement our provisions. We then just wander into town. It is market day today. The whole market seems to consist only of meat and sausage. There, one pig is hanging alongside the next. Ham, sides of bacon and sausage are piled up in abundance. Given this wealth, it is hard to comprehend that the country is in distress. But it is, which is why these lovely things cost a fortune. Everyone thinks – if only we had some of these delicious things at home. Isn't food the only thing on our minds these days?

The major climbs atop the engine again, so that the journey can continue. We find it amusing that the staff only drives when schnapps has been given out. So we drive through long stretches, partly in snow, \facsimile p.45/ partly through open fields where

⁷⁸ Known as Podilsk in Ukrainian, and Barzula in Romanian, the city is part of the greater Odessa district and is a major railway stop on the Odessa line going north through the Ukraine.

winter crops are cultivated. We reach our destination on November 25. We are in Holoby, ⁷⁹ a massive freight station. It is the point to which the standard gauge railway of the German military railway runs. We remain here one day. The thermometer shows a bitter minus twelve degrees. The area is completely snowed in. But the winter has its appealing side as well. It is a very atmospheric sight, the widespread snowscape – the snow-covered Holoby. The trees are magnificently decorated with thick frost. Moreover, there is a deep silence throughout the surroundings. German soldiers are walking here and there who have some kind of employment. The snow crunches and the lovely sun shines from the blue winter sky.

The next station is Kovel. ⁸⁰ Here, we are disarmed and for the night move into quarters in a cold and large Russian estate. The comrades chop the paneling and the floor with axe and spade in order to make a fire. However, the large room does not get warm, so the destruction was quite pointless. Now, one actually increasingly notices signs of the revolution. Somewhere I read »Council of workers and soldiers.« Our officers, doctors, and chaplains have quietly left us. A sergeant has therefore taken over command. But the whole military unit has also been virtually dissolved. Since we have no more meals, we go to the Kovel Rations Office to see what we can get. The first to go there received something. But the last of us came away empty handed. We go to the station to spend the night there. A young man with a blue cap and white eagle, however, points beyond us and says: »Here is the Polish station commandant.« How, what? There are also Poles! But they were our allies, made autonomous by the emperor.

One disappointment follows fast upon the other. We feel within us a sense of impotent rage. After a restless \facsimile p.46/ night, we take the first, best train to Brest Litovsk. We want to continue on to Germany. But we are told that the train standing by was overcrowded and we would have to wait. Our patience was at an end. We storm the barrier and everyone frantically searches for a place on the footboard of the platform or in the corridor. For everyone, the only thought was of getting home.

We now learn about everything that had happened. Poland has become independent. Germany is ruled by councils of workers and soldiers. The Rhineland is occupied. Your head is sent reeling, you hear everything as if in a dream.

At one o'clock, we are in Bialystock. A Polish mob will not let the train pass. They have been routed by a squadron of Hussars. Cheers, the German border! It sounds like our salvation. It has now been reached – we are on German soil. We see German civilians, women, girls, men. German is spoken! The train rolls through Masuria⁸¹. I'm utter-

⁷⁹ Holoby, or Goloby, is a Ukrainian town in the south-east vicinity of the center of Kovel.

⁸⁰ Kovel is a city in northwestern Ukraine and the site of a major battle between the Central Powers and the Russians in 1916 during the First World War.

⁸¹ Known as Mazury in Polish and Masuren in German, Masuria is a region in northern Poland famous for its many lakes.

ly surprised by what I see here. It is not at all the wide, marshy, barren land that we think it is. No, here, too, a friendly nature cheerfully greets us. A river wends it way through the grasslands. There, a beautiful, blue lake appears and then another small town shows itself in the background. The few civilians who get on speak openly and sincerely with us and give off a confident, decidedly German impression.

We pass by Thorn⁸² and Posen⁸³. Early the next day, we arrive in Berlin's »Silesian Station« (*Schlesischer Bahnhof*). All the platforms and stairs are crowded with soldiers. Red armbands and red flowers adorn the »Extra-Revolutionaries.« \facsimile p.47/ The epaulettes and cockades are pulled off of the soldiers. I continue to wear them calmly. I push forward and hurry past the Reichstag and the Brandenburg Gate to the »Anhalter« railway station.

Now, I'm sitting on the train and take a deep breath. The last step has been taken. Bitterfeld—Halle—Erfurt—Bebra! Everywhere, you see the same scenes of returning troops, material transport trains, red flags and armbands. At the train stations, enormous welcome signs greet us. Everything touches me in such a peculiar way that I do not know what to think. The scenes do fit at all with how I imagined my »homecoming.«

Bebra at two in the morning! The station is crammed with the military. The majority are adorned with red flowers, bouquets, and armbands. Where did all the red flowers come from? With great difficulty, we scramble our way through and, without showing much deference, we make it to the train to Frankfurt.

I'm trying to recall! Is it really true? Does everything lie so far behind me and I'm going home? Oh, I would have imagined it all so differently.

At two-thirty in the afternoon, I actually arrive in Alzey. Georg Schwinn takes away my only remaining weapon, the bayonet. Right by the tracks, there are some comrades my age who have already been home awhile. But I push ahead and look forward to the uniformed greeters. Katy (Kätchen) comes rushing out from the office of Böhmer. I hear – »Georg;« before I know exactly how I feel, I'm being hugged and kissed.

Where are you coming from? From Constantinople! Soldiers are marching past! Flags are waving! At the Rossmarkt, Lisbeth and mother come running and then I'm in the kitchen! – I'm overwhelmed by thousands of emotions, yet \facsimile p.48/ I have no words to describe them. The happiness is full. I'm home!

I sit in front of the sink. Everything around me is as usual. There is the washing machine, and there are the chairs and table, all as before.

- 82 Toruń is a city in northern Poland on the Vistula River. It was historically part of Prussia and the German Empire until 1918 with the foundation of the modern Polish state.
- 83 Poznan is a city in west-central Poland, which was part of the German Empire until 1918.

In half an hour, we openly said everything we needed to say. I then breathe a sigh of relief, eat and drink and sleep once again in a bed.

I can stay in Alzey for two days, then I must go. The French are coming! On December 3, I'm departing again to the 115th Infantry Regiment. I stay on another day in Darmstadt and visit Heinrich in Eberstadt. Then I go to the new garrison of our regiment – Erbach im Odenwald.

We are now soldiers of the republic!

The mental adjustment went quite smoothly. Externally, life as a soldier in the new state has no form. The officers have no power and the squads do not want to serve. One no longer sees any reason to be a soldier at all. The use of soldiers in any military service at present is out of the question. And so everything will go as however it goes. Every day you get a day older and wait impatiently for the day of discharge. I try to make my life as comfortably as possible. I move in with S. Baum in Am Brühl in Erbach. Next, I'm transferred to Kirchbrombach. I'm quartered together with Kurt Grübel at Mayor Friedrich's for eight days. I then go to the Rais family, where I have a room in Michelstadt. Here, I have the most wonderful time. Together with the daughter Laura and the whole family, I discuss openly all aspects of life. All in all, \facsimile p.49/ I recognize that the Odenwald has grown on me in the four months I'm there. When I think of Erbach and Michelstadt, or the beautiful walks in the snow over Bromich, Böllsteiner Peak, to Wersau, it will be a precious memory to me. What a glorious sight, the view from the Böllsteiner Peak into the Gersprenz Valley and over to the mountains and the Neunkircher Peak. Even Weiten-Gesäß has its stories to tell.

After new military formations have been constituted, the discharging of our cohort from 1899 begins. In early April, I am among the first to be discharged. At Georg Karg in Michelstadt, I buy the necessary civilian clothes. With a little box and a bundle under my arm, I head home. First, I stop off again at Heinrich's in Wersau. Then, I camp out for one night on a bench in Frankfurt's main train station. We're not allowed to enter into the occupied territory without further ado. The French first take us to Griesheim in quarantine for three weeks. Now about 700 people inhabit the former barracks in Griesheim to the enjoyment of the French. We are deloused and vaccinated and receive bad food. We are patient, which we learned of course as soldiers. For three weeks, we walked around behind barbed wire and wooden walls like prisoners. It was fortunate that many comrades from Alzey shared the same fate.

Everything passes by, even the quarantine. We are allowed to return back home on April 28, 1919.

Due to the life of a soldier, one is in fact a bit savaged. During the first few days, I don't know what to do with myself. I do not want to go the store and otherwise the prospects

are not very good. I've almost forgotten my profession. All my comrades feel like me; no one is able to really connect with life.

\facsimile p.50/ On May 15, 1919, at the request of my young boss Mr. Karl Levi, I return again to the store. I am happy to acknowledge now that I've gained a lot from the past year. I have seen and heard great things and bad. My understanding of the world has changed. With the thought »Now life begins in earnest, « I return again to my profession. A new life has begun!

Georg Steinbach



May, in Many 1920.

Mil nier meine Toldaku & Kriegs Leih immel so frisch med libhafh im Pilde ish und wal diese Zeih fir mich eine Epocle im minem grugen Leben bildeh, so will ich versuclen, sie Lies in Schrift wieder zulegen, danich sie nier and fint spähere Zeihen ebenso frisch erhalten bleikt!

Allåglich, als ob es im gibet, ware, shope ich in Erinnerung and irgend inner Tag meines Irldahulben, und beschäftige mich mit dem Eraignis, wober ich oft, Sussidhen übet im bokommunis whalk, die ich früher mich gekannt habe. Es mar anch jeder Tag ein Ereignis! To wie der Tag Kann lift man ihn auf sich wirken und lift ihn zum Erlebnis werden.

Jung und frisch numgelugelrig findet mich meine Einbernfung gum Kurerdunst. Endlich ist der Pag da, auf den jeder von sons lange gewaket hat. Tok bin berufen, dem takeland zu dienen! Mit deisem hebren Gefülle Ante ich meine Peise an.

23.4. 1988 Ein scloner, elwas Kalter Trüllingskag beginnt. Inf Nideselen Vaker, auf Niederselen Author- 'Morros - Figirks Kommando! Hier fallen schulle Embellüfe mud bald befindt ich mich in einer es Karherken Holorme auf dem Transport zm Palu nach Darmsladt. Anna mod Tank Pittelen begleiker mm zm. Palu.

Sha-die Kaserne (alter Jahnhof). Es herseld, gut Himmung muler den Hunderken Sunangekommenen.

Jan einen, wielt gang appetitlieden Essmapf empfange ich die erste Toldaken Kost - Gries bni & Dorrobat - Modang werden wir auf dem Kasernenhof, gleich in Kompagnien, Korporabsolaften « Huben ein gekelt.

Mud min ist is Mend! Tol befinde mich in einer Kahlen Grube, inmitten einem Freis mubekannter henschen - meinen Kameraden. Ein peter beschlagnalink , sein "Poth, und je zwei Mann Milen sich einen Tpind.

Dabei Lerrscht, deun ein großer Directinander und Nirrill? Nachdem aber das Enk geschaffl ist, resell jeder wool choaron Anthus Milgale "als sein gewolntes Mendbrot. Dann shige ich in die Talle, fühle mich als Toldak, denke nach: hanse mud sollafe ein.

Das erste Erwaclen! Tel fille miel mie gradet. Me Gliedte hun mit wet dool bald verget das und er gibt, willigere Ding gu hun. Fis gum hittag ist ein poler schon feldgrave so gut er eben get mod lat Groch che, -- and eine lange haralpredigt über solds tiscle Pilielten. Mich Kliedet ein elend, weiter Vafferrook, ein Paar gran mid grin geflickte Hosen und ein Paar über die kaape lange, scheckte Thifth. Jet verspirre schon die raute Virklickeit - Toldat!

Am nachsten Morgen beginnst das exerzièren num es folgen finst Noclen strammen Dinstes. Ver Labere petgh Marah Mai mud das sclonste Vetter auf Erden. Tok habe mich in den Petriels so hidlie's eingewöhrt mud soll habb wegs ein "strammes" fufantrist, sim. Die ersten Toldaku=frenden inn schaffelieben labe ich schon hinter mirt. Auch habe ich einen ernsten Zell au Gewicht gezallt. Jet bien murkwindig mager geworden.
Es ist wieder ein somniger Maintag. Der Rieden bliefe

bs ist wieder in souriger Maintag. For Frieder bliff and der Flimmel bland. This haben chen in greiten Zug Instruktionrochunde, als der Fletwebel Romanh. Has is well News gibt? Da light er and solon: bompagnie stellt is have find the Pascla Source - Societlige vor. Zandern und Jogen! In allen Gesichten light man - so schull schon? Alle schwig, 1/2 + 1/2 himmh. Finefe broken vor, dann and ist, med berdere. Eine Shunde spaker hin ich mit sechs Kameraden, Sopendiens, filig - Ghinin gert vertragen.

Und morgen - Ofingsten - bin ich zu banse. Oh ber-

Lick Hunden des enken med lethen Poissammenseins me Kreise meiner Lieben The lernt man jetzt das innige Tamikin belen schäffen med selnt sietz nach emem Planderständelen Baleim-. Ungekannt Gefülle werden wach und die

schönsten Thunden sind die, wenn ich im Gedanken zu Laune bin

275.1918. Es gelt los! Indiamal grupen vom Paturstig Take, Inthe, Lisabeth must Tank Pettelen, dann ist der Eng am der Halle drawsen -- To sele ed denn gmm erspenende die Welt. The grotp and fern med wie sungealent her ist mist Alles. Trankforth - Hanan - Petra, firenast - Halle - Portin! Tet Kamm is garniett farson, daß alles or int. Ein skotges Gefüll macht mich groß mud frei - mach Portin, mach Lamsantinopul! Morgens mm 18 Uhr falren wir im Sulables Palalof" ein Tel labe garniett Zeit, zu begreißen, daß ich num in der Killiam. Stadt Perlin bin 62 Lie Lenscht ein machtiger Petrib! Jet ode das Brandenburger Tor, das Sobel Palon falls mit auf. Und mm ist die Treibeit varber. Jet bin Toldak, must Romme in die Taserne 2 Garde Regiment zur Crafo, Berlin 1. 24 Treidrich straße 107.

Das Bulines Kastereuleben glick dem von Darm.

Stadt haargenan, mer das Essen, was ich sehr empfinde,
ist schlicker Ribensamerkrank und Dörrgemisse Kenne
ich in einer ähnlichen Form schon von Darmstadt Lee.

Nen ist min angebraunder, sognannter Griebrei. Die
erste Poliner Gerdenverst' stillt vorzüglich, meinen übermäßigen Kringer. Ho beliebt Peitork hole ich min dazu
mi der Landin schwarzes, sieges Pin Inch beimirt bewahtLeikh sich das alle sprichwork. Henger ist der beste Vect?

Dienst Labou wir sehr wenig med wir junge Petrake maker all den andern Alben, verledern dadurd ein wenig. Es geschielt mus zwiel des Guten, aber wir skelen es gerne ein Journag gehe ich anch einmal, sehr vorsichtig, aus. Friedrichstraße, Richtaggebände, Figersäule, Einener Hindula sind alles Elenswirdigkeite, die sol so ohn keiteres orreichen fol mottle mit in nibermiebener torsicht, da bin sel bergekommeng dost mußt, der lin. Im zu hanse aus murde einem eingeimpft, torsich, torsicht und modeimmal; da dach man auch gleich, daß in Perlin alle terführe und tilde wären.

And den, Zoo", Elasto Memberg, n. s. w. besickige ich cirmist. Bu diesem Gang verieve ich mich. Es gelingt mis aber, mit in bischer gewandleits und der gukn Untergrund-balu, mich wilder gn Rolls und in die Friedrichstrafte gu finden Fir einen Heinstäder ist es woll auf die Daws wich school I Perlie Jel varnife sets die Frileit, Teld und Turcu Fan mores Ablg werden geden benot in Angall at Rommandierts, die als Hadisten im Theater mitgurviken haben. Auf diese thise leverk set das große Theater Rennew (die Wellerbinhow) -las Theater latte eine große Dolbine. Es worden zu dieser Juis grade " General York und " King lear" anggefile Fon der Tilme ans, sal wie im Jaal mmi lander vote Koffe, muken, neben, überimander, was mit sels Ramisch volkam Johdacht an den "Saalban" in Apey and was gang verwort. Idnell, site schull ist die Zuit verflogen und am Abend des shu Juni ricken wir ans. Tolle in Hunde marschiren wor (ich als Lepter) gmm Verladeplatz. And diesen Nege breffe ich imm Ichalkameraden, Kal Hehn, Joh glande damals wich, dass es das telstemal ware -! Endlich walks um 12 ller sind wir Alle unkergebracht much musir Ling setyt sid, gerrend, in Tewegung. En acht Mann, Seilen wor mis in ein Abhil 3th Klasse. Tol lange selv unbegnen in einer Lelbaln, die ich am Gipacknets befoligh habe. Es bereitet mind mosagliell Marke, maches immal and dieser Talle beram grockique and ich habe is doch so dringend notig. han givolut Julbaln, das sclomk Figurbett genacht.

In nachsten hargen waschen mir im in einem frischen, Klaren Flisschen, gelegentlich einer Ralkstelle. Dann gelt die Falt weike direch's friedliche Tachsenland, das sich sauler und frisch amuntig umserm Reschauer Ange bickt. Da zielen Kleine Doffer vorüber mid lang rulen sich die Sclänen Wiesen. Da und dort sind die Level bei der Tenernk - - - Um 11 Uhr milhage Lall

muser Ling and freier Frecke. Her haben hier im schouss Externis. Driben hinter den Hecken, lendhen not am wines Kirschbammaulage, die reifen Truckt. Kieviel hungrige, beget licht Angen mogen da himiler gesclant haben? Die Leuk rufen mm gr himbergukommen mud so Kletker denn einer wach dem andern himiler mid himans auf die Paume To sitzen dem sellieflich drei Weekl imseres Tramports vertill auf den Farmen und essen nach Hergenslerst Man weifs will , warm es mieder chirscher gibt. Immer bruke und lanker wird das Treiben, da wheith die Lo Romotive gnt Mfalth und es gelingt den Letyten gerade worl den fabrenden Jung zu orhanden. Um 1 Uhr passieren wir Dresden mid um 4 Uhr sind wir in Pirna, unserer ersten Januelstätte. Nach 18 Thunder exhalter mir hier die erste Kost, melde mit anserordentlich gut schnickt Firma Wir liegen hier inun Tag, da mod in Mhilung Tunker und Atillerie gu mo Romunk. Hir liegen im " hipon Rop" In inem gropen Saal ist Strol gestrent and dient mos als Nach Mager Am Aberid Southe ich die eine Clascle von Gukel Georgs guten Thin. In der tack friere not dend and minus How olve Decke. Oh wie ist aller dock so anders, wie man is sich im guten, birrgetich, Leben vorsfells. Frich som & Uld bin sil schon mundly und reibe mil die skifur Glieder Nach dem Kaffer Surfang gete ich in die Hadt mid himmter au die Elle drei Amnden liege ich in der berelichen Morgensamme, freme mich meines Daseins mid der schenen Welh. Las Tal himals gill das schone Dresden und das Tal himanf, das act so schow Elbsandshins Gebirge Am Nachmillag gele ich wordmals himmeler Jum schvimmen um die Witerfalt frisel und gestäkt, antreten zu Können. " Hem nist siegrich nach der Keimat gichen soll mis and ein dentseles Roslein blülen - Rosen, Rosen blühen schän finswals - schon finswals"! -

So gilen wir mit Grang ans dem Städscher Überall offnen sich die Tensker und die Leuk winken zum Posclier Es ist in roundersclaner Abend, wahrend wir, entlang der Elbe, durch's Albsandskingebirge über die Grunge nach Tohnen himemfalren. Die, sachsische televing mit ihren eigenstig, sclonen Fels farmationen grill in langer tette an uns variber. Umer Jug falch gang langsam und es ist, als ob som git getoku sein sollke, all die Telenleiter der Landschaft ins som aufgrundmen und als ob man mo sagen wollke, " Tich Dime sclane dentsell Himah - sclitge sie"! Und langram passieren wir die Grenze. Jodenback! Kier worden vir veryflegt mit taffer, Brot mud Hirsto. Ein Bild, das ich mie gesten habe, halte ich fest, Wahrend mores Superblatts finder sid viele hence ein und bethelve. Giben sie mis frot, Brok ein thickle mmr. Das sind janmolide Teenen des Kringers van denen man in Deutschland in diesem hape doch wich weip. Die Toldatur giben alle girne mid wir sind versclagen of dieses Elends. - lie Falt gelt weiter direct Polinen - in saufter Kingelland mit muist bewaldeten Kolen. In der Nacht passieren soir Grag Am nachten Tage mun die Nithags Leit liegen wir in Brium. Win Laben Lier inu Sufullalt vandrei Thurden, wähneddersen wit respfligt werden und um sonstigen Zeitvertreit schaffen. Es galo Hirsebri M' Reisch. Fon der Stadt sellst, Kann man anser der Balulofspatie michts schen. Umor Eng will weiter mm nach Hugara. Einige, interessante Landportien, bieten im ewigen Emerli der langen fricke, eine angewelme Abeveckslung. Von der Ungares werden wir resoliedentlich mit frendigen, Eljen Rufu begrieft The inem Kungen Hations aufurkall verkilen junge hådelen, wunderban, rote Posen. Hir famen in herplich darriber. Ein andres Bild! Vir Jahren grade durch ein enges Waldfal Die Leuke schanen nach moerne Zng, denn es

ist Rin friedliches Tild, der Anblick imes Militartrams ports. Da aufort umer Juguant Prover: Tou um Dentschen, wirden die Tolker spaker and einmal erzällen, dap wir dwel die Lander Julien wie die Kunnen"! Dun Anschlu mach hat er and recth. In Langen die Gewelre, Likugewelre, Elippen, Propenleline and anderes Amorishings zung, was woll richt wild ansolu mag Mon is interest anders. Him Laben rich guten Kumor med denken gegenwaltig an alles Serdere, als an Krieg. In inem schönen Tourlag Mend liegen wir in Gudapest. Es danmert und vor selen in blantichen Durish gehillt, drüben, woll über der Donan, die Shalf liegen Die lepte Salt, die noit in Freunder: land berifren ist Tendine. Hier esse ich zum erstenmale Maisbrot. For mo ligh in bargensonninglang die Fiste Gelgrad. Belgrad, die Hauphfalt, Serbium, haben wir also erreich Hier Lat der Krieg sozusagen angefangen Timbesland! Es ist ein amerordentlich annuliges Tild firs das Auge. Die orde Halt in sind landiscleur Geprage Lange stele ich, in Gedanken versrinken, an dem Ufer der Donan Friedlich Gedanken zielen durch meinen Gint, in Petrackling der Mahrt, der schoner, blanen Donan, Pelgrad im Tomurbad. Eine Well von Gefüllen right sich - warrem mufo da Trig sim? Tel fille so garriells von ihm med doch ist er da. Riells von mis all ich gerselossene Hamerreilen, Barrikaden, Iralburlane Inder Donan versenth ragen imige Dampfer - - Und wieder - in den Uferwieren grast friedlich das tich. Und min gell's mach Forbien himin. Man silk armelige Kirkenderfor, grasende Killerden and theweine Das Land selbot int in friedlicles Berg land. In den Kalkeskellen langen die Doffenohner ge sammen um zu landelu und zu bekelu. Six biehu

mus bier med meter lange, dimme, brite Turst are biner & hat inen mour tameraden hiningelegh. Er Kam, gerade at der Jug alfabren wollke, and bok auf dem Triffbrett sklend, fin an. Du Handel ging sels schull doch die fier waren beer. Der Januer latte sie amgebrunke mud selow restallet, was nativities muter Hallot first : gestellt wurde. Serbiens zweik Haupts last - Nisch! Fin liegen hier inter inen Tag auf dem Palulof. Ein Teil museres Transportes, wickt, von lier mad hazedorien ab. Has wit von der Hatt gn selen bekommen, enHandly um selv. In einer Strape laufen die belweine muler. Kier ist es bei Tag selv leifs und nachts verspirkt ich bei inne Tacke, Moberliche Kälfe. Am frihen Margen pilgern wir in die nachste Umgebrung. Das Land mach einen ans gesproclen fremden Eindruck. Vir selen Keine woll geardrett Lambrithodaft, dafint ist der Roden wall zu Rarglich. Da sight im gerlumpter Kiskenbul mit ninen Ziegen. Doch wandern gwei bulgarische Toldahen irgendwo hin. Til machen inne Emdruck mi Kandwerkilomschen. Doch driben labor dentrele Sanitater in Geld la garett aufge= sollagen In imiger Entferning wheth sich schroff in Lolet Felsgrah, der ein ordentlich alpenniapiges Amalen Lat. Am Sachnithag gilen wir muser Gilrung unseres Lenhants relivirmnen. Der Flup - (Visava oder Morava) mach gerade eine Tregung and stings sich über fels: iges Jeskin. In wenigen himskur entfaltet, sich liee ein leblafes Treiber hir spieler im Nasser nachlaufer, was dadwel besonders reignoll ist, day man hier listing robwing dort mit dem Banche auf ime Tambank motoch, sich skelly um zu laufen und gleich darauf wieder in biefes Wasser falls. Kier ist is Levelich! Keine Jarge trubs muser Genich - alle geben sich dem Augenblicke him sind Goldah Um lach der prole Tag! To wis wieder " nach lanse" Rammen, laten imige alle Hestfront = Rampfer in Minikinstruments - Thange - They - Dralt

und leere Fleischbirdse - = Juge - hergeskell und guitele understilft von iner Aundharmonika, einen varzig = lichen Empfangsmarsch. buin Transport befindlicle Tinke an Minchen, Mark um den Unkroclied groiscles molan edaniscles und cloist. Grabsteinen Time bestehen am einer muden oder ovalen Taule mit iner Kugel oder Halbkugel at Abschluf. Hir fabren jetzh, inklang der Nisava, durch ein ides ters Ashingebinge, an dessen Hande Samende, Kreischende Dollen nisken. Das Tal ist selve eng, sodato mor noch Platy fire die Palulinie frei ist and die filt selv of dutch Kingere and langere Innerels. Jim Neckruf des machsten Margens, liegen wir im Palulof von Topia Es int noch selv fruk und die Wolken Längen Tief under dem Perge Dieses Nahrrschauspiel sele set hent zum ersten male. Fir whalken hier endlich wieder immal warme Host, ime row Bulgaren gut gettockte Polnensuppe mit Heisel die mir ansgezeichnet selweckt. Die daraiften erfolgte . Kapitulation" fel jedoch m's Wasser - es gab fint Jeden mot eine Fortion. Da liegh mm die Start, von der ich Achon soviel gelist und gelesien Labe. Der Palulof int - wie in Dentelland Dort linker sielt man wine grope Kircle, schow, saubert Kanser, Arapen my Fammen. Das mach aller einen grahm Eindruck. Ich mit wiell ob gerade Tourtag ist. Lie Leuk machen imme groten Ein= druck und sind sauber gekleidet. Es gefallen mit besonders enrige Tracken, die von den France in ans = sellieplich Kräftigen Farben gelalten sind, wobei weif und vot im Hauptrolle spielen. Die Tracken der Manner sind entelieden michterner. The Aragen pelmany, gistickt Poleros, schwarze Knielosen und ebensolden Inches Under dem Polero lenchet im miss Glosse. Da Kommt im Mann, anscleinend in Priester. Er tragt

inen schwarzen Valaar und Lohen, schwarzen molfez. 10 Ail amen langer Part macht er viner partriardalischen. Emdouck Emige, vorbeigelende Lenk Kinsen simm Pak Da stell man men und stand mid sinut. Alles ich so neu, so groß und unbekennt. Am Nachmillag well mover Jug in die Ebene himans. With delness sich Wiener - Steppenland. In der Germe sielt man die Unwisse eines Gebirges. Abu der weiten Landschaft liegt die Mendsonne und brikh Trieden and Josh Kelsh ine Herde Küll mid Perde heim The einem Kronzen Superlally singen moures " Langer" problicle Lieder in du Mend himin. Ner ist is well min's Herr Jel denke an him und fille Siepes Seimmel. Es ist eine firerliche Thursde! Die Palulinie skieß stark an und der Lug much lang= sam fabren Die Gegend ist chivas friscles mud romantische wie die hinke um liegende Ebene Ich sele auf dieser Jahoh den ersten Perg mit ewigen Telese und Eis --Philippopel! Rif, mverschant beip brench die Somme auf mm mieder Es herrsell nichtiges Gropenwetter - anhalfend trocken und Tomunclein. Ich schwitze ordentlich im forten feldgran Es mit woll 9 the varmitage and wir direfer in die Hart gilen to pilgern nir also los. La begegnet mos ince Fran with inew Nadolen and notet mer levilles med foundlics, dented an Mir giben ils Perclaid. riber die Keimah und sie ist anserordentlich prol mit frisch am der Kinnah Rammender hemelen sprechen gu Kannen. This gehier weiter In Hast brigh rein orientaliscles Geprage, int gang anders, als all die andem Starte, die ich bis getil geselin habe. In du , grande Rue" beroch in alreit betaubender Lann. Da fabren Entroverte him mud her in schoellsten Jalogs. Munden schieben ancinander varbei, drängend und lastend . I agu Pferde, Inel, Schafe, Hunde mud schreiende Terkäufer alles in inun Direcleinander, das ich mich

beschriben Rame - las ist das work shirmiscle Bild - brient Hit Rommen mm an in Bricke die über einen grewlich breiter Auf Limiter fill Tchdenke, das ist woll die Maripa - gograplishunde am der Schule -. Par Marser scheich mich selv Mich Man will viele Paul vigel und viele Hirele und Fischreiber. Wir gelen den Mig gwick nord willer mes gime gweiter male durch das generge Ein hirbscles Bild halke ich fist. Auf der Gritze inns micht sehr hober Minarch stell in Hord and seinen Noch. Tom Town herst ruft land, der Aruggin sim langgezogenes M-il-alla-il-alla! Tis Rebren in ein baft ein mid essen fines Eis labei Rammen wit more wie bivilisten vol . Ann gell's gwick gin Palulof Jum foren gild es pro ham dri gesoffen fier mud Andelsuppe mit Reisel. Uben hittag liegen wit moch im Palulof mud when Wilder iner liderlicles, bulgarischen Soldaker Ra. - Sie Miterfahrt filet um über Adrianopel durch in oder Land. Die Palkan Kriege Rommen mit in den Jim, Lies irgenduro minpen die doch damalo generen sim Tot sele and bald ingelie Osk, dit nins and mines Anaburguit imambischief ingepragh habe. Die Mitungsberick wurten damals van grenlichen Dingen auf des Palkaufrout, besonders gwischen Julgaren und Vinken, zu bericken. Da lese rol tirk i lisse, Lile-Progas und spake Tolad-Talfrola. Rald aber anders sich das Gild Die Tabulinie lauth mm am heeve entlang Welch' in Actiones Gild books sich uns jelgh! Da ist das wunder = bar, blam Neer, der blam Kimmel und die laclende Tomulandsclaff. Tischreiber Sancles schull und in der

Last star schandes Elist angerogen mod nimus min Let star schandes Elist angerogen mod nimus min Keng, das mod mi diesen Munderanblike gisoland Let,

gang und gar gefangen.

Any liegen wir nech in It. Stefano, inem 12 schenu Padeplaty, am Marmarameer. Dann gelt more Tallh dem Ende que Kingele Tage lagen wir auf der Palu med latter mis in den Abhilen molt get eine gericket Sum baben wir more Jaclen gepackt und mits größte Thamming auf die Rommenden Dinge gells or dem Ende que Wie in bruker, hepiger Mildstreifen zielt, das Panarama der Landsdaft variber Andadling schaue ich gum Tuske himans, ich Ram mich nicht sath selen. Doch im Pild, inbestriff, moch alle andern der solonen Landschaft. Tours landinopel in tielt ---! Die blane Masserstraße des Posporus, die gewaltige Wrills der bunten Känfermapen, die machigen Palaste in glangendern weifs - - - der lebhafte Toliffrrenkelt. das alles with ein Pild van Fruskeit und Große und tolanlit in desseu Aublite sich das Ange verliert. Nie werde ich diesen Angenblik vergessen, denn er war de Gewaltight und Tclimste. Jobsh skigur wir endlich and med lager an det ImppereMinde. This essen mud werden entland. Zwei Thunden spiker! Selbung - Gruppen Roland rechts schwenkh - marsch! In imen elender Ritge filts miner Meg durch im stanlige Raferstraps. Mir wird die Traglash gu solwer und ich bleibe hinder der Truppe gwick Em Klimer Landfrager bilch sich an meine Saden zu trage und so lange ich meinen Karabiner um und manchibre. dem Inngen nach. To langen wir in der Taxim Raserne Holdat go sein, ja das Lupt lerstig seine . Wie recht Lat der Porfasser dieses Lides . Vier Laben unnere , Klamsten "werstand mud unne gelben Khaki Ingige les Emmo, men France van Misch Les, med ich gehen los. Die Taxim Rasone liegt, hood and so skigen wir dem himmerter. Reclts van sens liegt die dentrole

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Botschaft. Es ist schon dammich - in wounderschöuer Mend Die Schafferder Rebrew beim, HarrerverKäufer breiben iln, mit Fassclen beladenen Esel. Es ist mit alles so new, so freud and dock so bieb, betauch Eximer= ruger and meiner Knabengeich werden wach, we sich die Fantasie leblatt mit dem mardenreicher Gnich befasste. His sind plat under angulangh for uns whell sich ein großer, weißer Talath, den wir bei mmerer Einfalk vand Juge and schan geschen haben Es ist der Palask des Istlans - Dolmabaghschi - For dem Eingung stelen quei brangebranche Tirken Elrenpossen. Welch eine hurlicles Fanwork Es ist gewalting in seiner gripe, ruch an sclaver Fankunst. First mich verbirgh sich hinker ihm der gange Gunganber des Crients. Fin sind beguister von all dem Nenen und Grapeerte was wir selen. Und recht vorne! Da ist wieder der Bospones, der schone, blane Rosporus. Er Lat jetgt am Abend in gang dunkelblam Farbung Eben ligh in Book mit beferten Firsker and verschlierker France an And das int mit so new; die France Aragen vor deur Gesicht einen Sellier Einige Aragen ihn von oben, sodafs das gange Gisich verdickt of Andere trager ihn von nuten, sodaf die Augen und die Stirme frei sind. For Halpe and haben mir eine schow Answich, Lumber nach dem ariatischen Ufer, wo sich ammitige Willen: startchen fingilen. Toeben fenert eine neben nors His wenden misere Schritte wieder dem Lager gu ther sind oben Es ist num dentel geworder mind drunken in den hefergelegenen Hadtheiller glängen bereits hunderk von Lidlern. Nicht weith von mos spielt eine Kapelle denticle Eperation und Kärscle. Wir sitzen guninam and den Kawern inus mahamdanisely Friedlofs Juspensferhaft ragen die Cypnessen und hoch willt sich der sternklan Himmel. Air wird

der Jamber immer größer und and Emmo ver? showing. Nach mider iner Mile verlapour wirden Plate Ich denke intersclivinglich an die . Post von Hamba Fir ligen vorlanging in Marsolbereitsdaft. His off Love ich in diesen Vagen ein alker toldakunoch. ... Lie größte Girder Leben - sell der Toldak vergeben"! Tol betrack mind in dieser Just survere malere Um. gebring. Die Taaim Kaserne! Sie ist in großer, quadratischer Ban Lock oben in Pera Grope Bogunfurster, lange Torhallen und Collonaden verleiben dem Ban unen fremdensindlandischen findruck. Innen ich ein großer Hof, grun fortzieren. Lie innere finrichtung ich scho primities to sind grope, getindle Tale The Petter and Sprinde The Nachhager dienen mes impache Hoppritschen Mistil Never whebe id in disen Tagen. Ia writth more in tamera dap druben am Pasimplaty die bahnen flücktigen inten gelängt würden. Tok nele im Kanmenlot Astsäcklich viele rekrutierk Neurolen, die zu zweizu mit band = schellen ancinander gefesselt sind. Tie sollen Toldaken werden. Tak sele hirkische Offiziere ihre Toldalen mit Chafrigen Araktieren Binn Sinkischen Militat ernen ge new Mann am inel gropen, flacten Kupfersclind. Und wie Kargliof rot it had Eine Kroak enjall mind in gebrochenen Dentsel, wie schwer er es beiden Kink Truppen Labe, die fast alle dentich spräden. The Latte dock gedach, dat Ordning und Rich in der ganzen Well sei und sele hier doch soviel Umrecht. It wie seloit ist is in Dentsolland. Und wieder int er Abend Im Taxingaker, driber ist tangert . Es well lieblide Amik an mein Ohr Togele ich dem him. La sole ich im herrliches Bild. Ein gepflegter Park, Kunden in finen Jivilkleidern - will problicle Girelloclaft - aufdeur Podious ine prisell Amik Rapelle. Ich welme an inem weiß gedickten Tirolden Platy und verstänlige mid mit dem, Gles

and ime Passe See. In finew, dinesischen Vorgellan wird mil ein guter, heiper Tu serviert, durich mit großem Wollbelagen sollinge. Die Rapelle spielt getzh die bhardas firstier und freud, beginne ich mich doch woll gu füllen - - - - Tital beginnt sogal das Gatentino und riber die weepe Linwand laith in lustiger Jigemerfilm in frangosischer mid takisder Tyracle. Tot habe gung geselen und - gung bezall und book den Keinweg an Noch Klingt supe hunik in miner Chris und darm schafe ich einen gottlichen Tohlaf. Commer wissen wit moch wiell, was man mit mus vor hat. Hir werden abwedsclud Kammandierh mad mirpen harte in den Hafers. Les erste große Tudampfer! La liegt er am Kai mud ragh hoch wie in Kans andew Farser Elmer hart ind selwere Abeity - wit minper diesen lampler laden find nomer and Gefangemoclath befreiten Kamerad, im Kankasus. Felyl sansus Lastantos Leran and bringen in Lasten und Säcken eine Elmnenge Tleidung und hryflegung Goodaftig sansen die Kramen auf med at & fillen langsam das teliff Du Haufmann Lalk eine makige Amprache und schildert die Not der befrieher Kameraden. Shist doppelher Siper wird um gescliepth und geschaftet, Es herrolf in Leben, dap einem Horn und telen vergelf: To gelt is bis in die dunkle Nach mud undlich ish der Scliffsbands gefüllt. Zwei Las lautos bringen nos in muser Guartier. In die Rube der Vacht Somen Kraffige Toldaken Siminen, welmuts volle Lieder. -Und wieder in so himsen selligle Tandenaumlen Nach getaver Arbeit ist gut rulin. In 16 ham bilder wir im Trans post Abhiling mand Rommen ander Dalulos

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"Tir Kedji zu liegen. Direkt am Ufer des "Goldmen Horrs spelly more Paracle in der wir Gualice begilen. Yan num an beginnt in bunks Leben Rache schick Maggan amladen, Jefangen tramportion n.s. w. das sind move Laughtatig Keiker. To hart mit das Toldahus liber off and volkament, so givine is ilve doct die scländen Liter ab. Herrliche, moergepliche Munde sind off die Nachpasken auf teliffen Em Stimmings= bild! Es int hithernach Eben skige ich die Toliffstreppe, give Ablasung, himany. And Deck stolpere ich verselied enthich, wher die da schlapenden Tinken Dann bin ich auf Poster - - Iclair ist die Nacht; rulig und ge= heirmis voll ist die Runde. Tel lelen, auf den Karabines gestityt an der Reling. Immend where ich in die Nach; six hat mich in ihrem Janu Unablassig Klabolen die Wellen au den Solifformuff. Doth gielt ein Schlepper mil seinen rober Lielt variber. I amd regt sich midto. ---- Da Luschen Lichtlegel durch das Dunkel and dort - herrlich - dort gambers sie ans der schlafenden Half, blendend weiße Känsergruppen ---- in sclines Lichtbild, mor find tekninder! Der Scheinboerfer smelt! - ---Kriegsgefangen einzubringen Es ist ein heifer Julikag mud die Some brent warmlies and den brookenen Boden. Wir Laben die Gefangenen beisammen mud rache, petel am Derges Mang. Hie Levelich ist es Lier! To with das Auge selen Ram, blank das Mur. Es ist in immer wieder, friscles and amuntiges Bild, das mundlide, blane News. Am Horizont segula pridlict Malanen med Leicher Gerade and liegh die bekannte Annale Insel. I look die Plick ruft, zwinck und wit marsdieren weike durch eine elende, Samlige Stroke. Unsere Jefangenen sind Artal erschöpft und ver: waldook grun obarmen. Im fingelie tragen rich in stolgen yang. Wir rasken sets off und langen

endlich am Mound in Normfanlinopel an die 17 lagern wit wieder immal in der Vaxim Kasorm. Opity und Minhael zichen als erste Ammuer auf Posten. Ta als Jimgsker had man dieser Glick, doch es ist and so rect. Es milen sich mach vier Tage Hade an, bis mit endlich abgelish werden Sad give weiteren Tagen gichen wir writent and Porker und rollen die tippe wach thein Asien, der Hadt Komia Gringen. Tel werde von hent an abkommanding auf die Intendantent der Militar Mission Endlich errich that whalk is weingskers in Beschaffig = ring die mis mehr zmagh als das Leben bei der Transportableilung Bu Gesellodaft, belagt mint abolut will much! Kenk ist das gange Tommando besoffin med gebärdet sich wie walnsinnig, margen gibt es eine Sithenaffaire und inbermorgen Klant man Es ist sclandlich wie der Krieg auf rich Toldaken gwill hat Floo! Landsformerellout, Skin back meldet sich! bei der Inhudantal Sil. Shirs! Tel habe mid schull eingearbeikh mud wledige bald den gesamke Brief. wedsel der Abkilling 21. Das mach min Spap. Da Rommh die gange " Frotbedint Higensolare" vor mein Tischehen mm das so gesnelle, wertvolle " Gollmeg In Nangen. Da heifok es anfgepafok, daße einer Keinen Schwindel bribt Es gibt fit die " Landsen" namlis Rein besseres Geschäft, als Brot gn reckänfen Die grope hand der Pivilbevilkering hat namlich sur Maisbrok gu essen Go gibt and Maipbrot gon Kaufen, was sels heres ist. Fire das tommis book gablen die Kandler den vier fachen Preis als dix Toldake bei den Feldbäckereien. Ich fange an mich als Persanliof Keit gn fuller! Them ies durch die grand me Pera schrike, grupen läcklud viele Kameraden med mancles " Postepur' griph vorland - grund - - den Land =

sprinnerkruhu. Trotz vider Arbeit gefallt is min fort: gesetyt gut die toilital Mission not in einem der schänsten mid Löcksten Gebände Komstantinopels unkrachrach Des Kans ist mit inum flacten Dad versilen and dem ich oft in den Mittago hunde vorwill. Ia ligh zu mourn Fripen die große, große Hart. Es ist in selones Bild das das Honge do soll. Die Brutfarbigkeit des Evients gefallt mind immer wieder. Tum der Abend Rammh bietet sich ein über= walkigenoles Bild. Im Worken van mor high, vam goldnin Horn' and higund, Mambel Dieser Starthil whall var allent die Regierung mod in besonders geschmickh durch sols ville hosolen . Am all die Jonne langs am under ! Oh mie herrlich gambert sie Bilder Stock liegt die Statt in bellen hicks, du Vag ist auf seinen Kilepunkt angekommen. Topk senken sich Ichather in das Val. Die Journe int hellgelt, wird arange and dunkelist GL die Half Hambul liegh gaing in Tolather und auf ilreni Rinken withen wunderbare Tilleretter. Harran, Melmed, Mi, Malit, Knowing mind Anstapla Leipen more Sinthiscler Grdomrangen. Mi inf im listiger Araber, van dem halid oft haghi, Araba Arolok vena - Inglish para was - Araba inglish Inglish para jok - Avaba mal". Er minh dannih die Sraber Lather Reinen Claraller mod waren fint Gild Kanflich. Malir int der Desk von Allen, in I munterer, relwarger Anabolier. The mande Thursde noteh man mit ihm primition tinkings mud doch lornt man so im bisclen Gedanklen von ihn Kennen. To waren mis cinnal maker am beere mu Haren zu lolen Er schleppte die Last mid ich gännte ihne daler im Schnaufpanse. Dabei erkläre ich ihm rer= Schiedene dentsche tothe mud frent sich riesig, dap er das eine mid andere Not wachsprechen Rame. Dame wird er lebendig mud ergällt van seinen Verhaltnissen

Or int vor Leivalet Sime Gran ist go Lame . - Hamm handlett Ein John ist and Joldat holga - ton seine Kinnah schwarmt er soll. Wir falren jeth mit der Unkergrund bala und stant sich der Betrieb Aurol viele Zivilisten. Da meint er dem indem or den Clarakker der Drückeberger Menny , sie alle Ranfen sich mit Geld vom Milital los under, weil er arm ist, muf dienen. Dann ballh en die Vanok gegen die and van nor so gefante Goellsclaft, Ich stanne! Thoty " Leiligem trieg' deutt to doct an diese Hingeredlig Keith, die Untersoliet macht prisolen arm mid reich Holer Lat er die Gedankler der Keine telale besnock und und der frommen Gamber der Maha. medaner Kennt? 6# mod Kommt er gn mint a orgallh was ex so denthe mud ich labe ilu recht lieb gewonnen, diesen einfacten, braven Malir. Ein Jang nach Fira in das Toldakulein! Dium Afri - Toldakur Leine! Es gelt den alten Gang durch's Refervierbel In Hand fliegh and mid is Kannich inem widerlicher Gernos in die Nase Die Toure breunk so realt tropised Amf der Strape Locks Kändler neben Handle und preist seine Name an Kier biegen auf ein gropes trick gebreikh hunderte Melonen Dort gibt. to Kind clen, Apple, Aprillosen n.s. w. In fast jeder Bridisk ist amerden woch im tellanfsladen; is will sick in Goodaftelen andas Andere Da glisch an der Ecke micht mil eben min " Treund " gr. Er int mis der habb so foundlist, weil ich dann und warm Eier mul rangige Britter bei ihm Kaufe. Ia sitell er vom Marga bis from Hend and warks and sime Sundsolaft. Sim Laken ish well 4-5 gm groß mid bickt troppelene alles möglicht gum Moden und backen. Tot gete gu ihm him med solon gelk das orgallen los. Er och Prose! Jet windere nois wie man mit der Amoleu greelt Romunh. Man int eben als Toldat Universal. genic and rougheld sich mit den tolkere and any die Spracht.

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About ilm hat in Griecle mit seinem Compagnon ein einträglides Speischans. Da batt mid brat weden gangen ag anseinem wenig appositielen Thinofen! Die Riden Laben im Bombengoodaff, von fruit bis in die Nacht. To hangt ein Goodeft neben dem Andera Es Rement der Eckmeckboole , Jogharts = Ascli, Taffebodi, Molonentodi und alle andre Taclis' mud alle handele - Landele mud laber il Im: Harimen. Tetyt Komme not an die große Galaka = bricke Hei weld im reges Liben herrselt lier wo sind der gange Torkels growsolen disseits and junito des , goldnen Horn" atopielh. Da sansen die Elektrische, die Purtos, die Drood Ken, Magen und Fuhrmerke himiber und Serviber Dann wandelt in Idapherde dahin und auf beiden Tikn der Dricke Lasken und schieben sich hansung Munden herüber mid himiber Kier grockt der Leife New der Millionenstark. Hames andern men dan Dild. Da propen Millianen banken' der Viener Dank, Grienbank, Jentsche Dank etc. Lie Lorselt der Dorsenverkel : Die Sclipp ladungen werden in der Sale gelisch med is ist der den Khat gimbigsk Kanlebsplay Tot liege realts me die Ecke und skige die berichente Erepperstrafe hinauf. Meld ein bunker Dild in mm wieder vor meinen Angen. This shigt das Pleine Timbelganden in die Kill Tim einen Maler gabe es in romantiscles, clarakteristiscles Bild. Mandenke sich die Lundesk geppasterken, soliefen enppenstufen den Burg Linauf. Rechts und links Langen alke, in jeglichen Till Mank Ramer, fast ihre Dader gmannen Daber Leaselt Lies ein armondentlides Gesclaffsbetrieb der lank odreienden Tottenfer Man Ram Lies alles Kampen und verkaufen, vom Revolver bis grun Marchinen.

geweht, vom ordinarsken bis grun finden Juwelen,

interhaught rin Mer was is gibt und wofil die Munden regend eine Termendning Laben Finch hier lasten Samunde Mounden Sagein, Sagans - bergant und hergab. Wahrlich im bunks Bild - in thick snotlanlister Eigenah. Ital bin ich oben in Pera! Man mint in cines Grof Naul Dents clauds go nin, dence lies ist das Enropainierke Die Panku, die Goodafte, die Lebensmanieren, alles ist and das moderne Europa gostimmi. His ist nom and das Toldakuleine indun id. mid mad minum They misderlasse. Do int doct wenigodus ein bischen denhole Kinnah. Ban bifft sich mit Lands lenku, mit Kameraden am der Paclbasschaft. Tildem ich auf der Inkudantal bin esse ich and hier. Die Leitung bieket Volsige; and timo und torgete Kam man grunilen zu when med laren bekommen Die Tapelle der , Goeben Afrent uns dann und wann mit guter, dentocles Eigenal Es ist abends 1/2 to day generalen und id take meinen Leinweg an Anfdes, grand Am Pera' mud im Petit Clamps Lerselt wood großer Betrieb Tel falre mit der Untergrundbalen hunnter nach Galata Die Abundluft brings rom Beer Les angenelous Vielle Ich schrick riber the Yalakabricke - Stambal ligh schlafend vor mir. Die Tinken friern gegenwartig ihr gropher, religions Fort - den Ramaran die Laben ihre Moschen geschmickte und jeff im Dunkel der Nacht, lendhen vorsteen Minarch heralide Lielter Krange Ein eigenatiges, ungewohntes fild briefet sich dem Ange. Fint den ersten Angenblick meint man is seien Moure die da in das Dunkel der tack glangt Hard bei soms you have fiven wit in Took bei dem som die Lieller prote Juversich und Trende in's Roye atrablen Und hier' And diese Mohamedaner fremen nich berglich iber ibren Parmaran' und schwicken ibre balen, schlanken Minarto mit Lichter Krängen The gull sich da das Emleitsband der Menschen. His sind alle Jothes Kinder hoffen and vertranen and ilm! Total gill sich im Gebets. ruf des Muzzim durch die Nacht Tondes Moscher

"Djurin Kapin" Klingh land und langgegogen das Illa-22 il - Alla - a! il-Alla-a. Tenurades. Da sitzt eine Portie und spill beim thein iner solledhen Lauge ilven Danerskah Ich sitgt in Teil und verplandert sich die Pit. Joh retze mich Livyer To ich is denn henk gang quintlich und not schlafen wat mm 12 44 Kuch ist Tourtag! Der evoig, blane Himmel lendlet und die Toune wirt laclend ihre Grallen. in unsere Faracke. In cineme jeden von nor skolk, der Soundag. Man füllt es in sich, daß beuk ein besonderer Tag sein ump und man sicht es dramen in der Nahur, die lenk estra find encleint. Eine jeder with sick, sine Uniform, die behale n. s. w. sountag= lick in Stand yn setzen. Es wird viel gesproclen und viel gelach. Der Kaffer ist solon gebrunken Engner und Feber Rommen vam Nachporten gwinck und schnaller minauff, at his Tourtag hat man eingelig besondere Tobeiku med so habe ich henk Wasche. Jel made diese Arbeit mich gerue, aber, soum ich ferlig bin, überkommt, mid ein stolges Gefühl, so mi= gefahr, wie das einer stotzen Hamfran. Tel Labe min hicking gebinskh und gerieben und um mis ich die Wardle noch answarden. Da gele ich limiber au's Meer und griepe meinen Kubel ans. Damas belege ich einige Glivensträndler mits meinen Hemden, Unkerlosen etc med überlasse sie dem Tonnenbrand. Zuguksletzt viroke ich mod minen Kleinen Fremolen den Nangen und Plolue and den Leib. Doch set weif schon jetzt, dap sie mit am Abend die Robining doppell guittieren. Es ist Mittag guvarden und ich eile mich gum Teliff yn Rombila. Um 1/2 2 Eller ochwanner du Dampfel als. Zmiacloh gill das Fanorama von Yalaka - Fira - Tophani variller. Am Kai ligen leichter

and inige Oceandary for die vor imiger Jague mit Fracht vom solwargen Meer eingelaufen sind Umjällige Klim Nachen mit weissem Jellhol überspannt schankler ilve Passagien auf der Spazierfalt. In Galata milk may große Flacken Frandruinen - es breunt in Konstantinopel ja so off Last ragh der Through ins Minarcts als Rosh einer Moselle in die Luft, Die Nohamedawe glauben , Alla Lats gewollt" mud banen die Brandskätter nich mehr auf. Der Daruffer zielt weiter seine Salu Setzt. gilt der Polast seiner Magestat " Dolma bagssele" vorüber. Es ist in gropartigu, gewalliger Jan med stell. direkt am Elfer des Bosparers. Tetal sind soit au der ersten Anlegestelle, einer Torstadt von Konstanlig angelaugh. Hier sind lander Holphainer. The sind summing den Perg hinauf gebank, ein Löher als das Andere! Am Kai ist eine Klime Grandgramenade find die, die der beiertag beramlockt. Ehwar weiker Spielt die Dorffregend. Fon den Kalonen und teickern platelin sie topp vor in's Vasses . Es ist lieblich an. grodanen, wie sich die Kleinen, brannen Kertolen anzbeurg um in die Dampfervellen zu Kommen. Hier möchte mino Plick immer verweilen, bei der frohen Ingend, der ammtigen Landsdaft. Ticke gell's, new med solow Landsclaften love sing imander ab. Wieder Krimmet sich der Jos poros. . An den Ulfern sill man eine Forgruine; Zeiden einen chemaligen Refestigning. Die Towne breunt leifs, das blane trasser glitzert. Der Josposno wird breiter, die Uperberge sind Kall med ner mit miederen Gustripp berhanden Die Tinken Areiben Reine Forst. wirtschaft, nie treiben Raubban an ihrem Wald, Lang, alles ab mid banen Rime neven Danne au 66 sie woll denken "Alla" wird neu Janne waolne lassen? --Allmallies Rommel Theria in Tieth, wo are Joeban liegh. Am site ich das saffere Geliff, vor mind, von

dem ich früher schou so viel geläst habe For ihr Laben alle Respekt, die Tinken, die Luglander und der Denticle sprich mit Holy and Hodachung von de Goeben". Ein breiter, gedrungener Pan, to ruth sie ine sicheren Hafen Torn sele ich gree mäckige Janeneu, die woll sclow mandeual im combe Sprach geredet haben Die " Breslan" lebt leider mich mils. En gelt som an Tunkij vorbei. Da liegen drei "schwarze Tenfel" Torpedo book schwer boskinokh. Auf dem hash well die triegeflagge der Tirken, rotes Took mit inuis meissen Halbmand Junikon selbot ist selv sclow: han silt moderne Theirelaines mich gulett, das sclone, dentscle Marincheine, and derne Terason sich einige, stotze katrosen er frischen. In Daupper falth imm von einem Elfer grun Andem, bald auf der asiatischen, bald auf der enropaincles Sich. Die Passagiere stelen Jum Toil, dem du Dauffer ist gut besetzt. For mit sittle eine Gruppe Grioben, von denen einer eine Mandoline lak. Tie singen einen schonen, melodieschen Gerang, viel, viel schoner als das monotone dudeles des tirken. Die sclow Landschaft und all das follen der Vener verfeller wielt ilve Kirkung auf das Innere des Muncleu. Man wird andacthing Ich bin allein, wie immer, weil ich bei solden Gelegubeiten niemand branchen Ram. Mint falls eine scloner Jimspren em, den id immal in Ebersfalt an iner Villa geleren babe Er beifst: , Night mind' ich die Melt ihre Honnen, moch all den neufarbigen Dminh; skill leben and innam sich sommen, ist and eine Saffere Krinst"! For mos whelt sich ime waldige Anhole, ein gang rellenes Dild find hierige Verhältninge. Mithen im schattigen frim stelen einige schone Kanser. For inem flathert stoly am haste die Plagge ochwan weip- rot! Hier ist Therapia, des Tommersity der

deutsdew Hotolaft. Und nod elwar ist, was um Dentsele Linkerzielle is ist du dentsele Helden friedlof. Hin liegh, vou der Golty Parcla" und reprander andere anch min Kamerad blemen von Darmstadt ist seit Kurger Just hier bestattet. Noch eine Station weiter und ich bin an meinem Jule. Da delnh sich weit die Broth von Frynk Dere" mid "Frynk Dere" selbsk. Die Eller geigh 1/25 Eller und sol habe reidlid 1/2 Thurden aufurtalh. Ich sielme mit vor auf den Berg In gelen, von dem man amclined inen herrlichen Am blick hat. Fol bin hier des einzige Dentsche med fille mich selve freund Dock minner geld's demel's Doff much den Burg Linau Er int Kall, wie alle Pjerge . Hier mud da sklen em Geigenbaum oder ein Amsbaum Im Elbrigen gedickt met miederes Gestripp wie Browberren, Giroster med das wollbekannte Levant. Rrant Ein Weg ist wicht vorhanden, so gele ich guer feldein. In ever goden balben hunde bin sol aben. In delat sich with mud breit das wunderbare Mur. Grane, unbeinliele Massen Wasne des solwagen Murs. Dot List der Bosporus auf Weif sclämmen die Wellen am afer und læken den Gebour Linan. Und immer and immer wieder rollen sie berau in madligun Spile Reds skell eins am eine Ruine Tel fible in mind, dap es Awas Grosses ich was rd sele, du Sindruck madliger, gothlicher Allgurals. Und hinter mir! Da ist der liebe blane Jospanns, das Bild des Kapers, und der skillen Landschaff im Abendsonnendein Einige Trawler Ziclen dovoch die Jack. Javei Oceanvieren falvan langram in mid werfen Suker. Nocheimmal sell sol zum her mud strige dann abwarts. Find die Setern pflückle ich moch ein Gransclen Brombeeren & Levantekrant, zum Andenken an ine andachlige Munde.

And dem Toliff heresold reges Leben, alle sind fruiting wrigh, woll über den solonen Tag. Mie Grieden singan relivermitigs, sindlandisole tieder. foist dunkel geworden Tom Upor glanger die tiether leinber. Ich sitze reihvats am teliff und lange minen Gedante mads. Der Tag was solon - sel labe etwas welch - --Um 9 Ulls Awa legt mores Daupper in Cospoli an, ich bin wieder gu hame. Inhu Abend Ichard! Emmo min France van Nincl her hat mich erwaket. Tol frem mids seld mod orgalle when all mine Cindricke van bunker bis grun erustesten homent. Da Klang is vorworte. voll: " harum hast In mid midt mitgenommen"? Fa - wo ward Da ? Ex gibt sich Mile mit sein Exe belowing bunk and solon gu solilder, doch or gelingh ilm midt Er hat die Grunders des Groß Start med getyle ist ilm innestiof so less. In hame! Emmo had valetic find mid grough Tostreffliol solowoll, mind meine " thalle" mit Tolmaty worty mind sinsene Tee. Dann legen wit mer auf mores Lager mod lange, lange mods enjällen wit som im Flinkerton -Es gibt ingential gar Kein besonderes Externis, Awa bedingt and ince besonderen Tag. Nein, ein jeder tag, den man erlebt, wind ein Erlebmi, ween man ihn squimmet wie er igh, ihn g midle zmm Alltag iverden låfst. Henk abund mach Fielher den Forsellag in's Dervised Kloster zon gelen Teden Donnerslag abend breffer sich doch die Dervind Gemeinde En ich. Tollerand ilber um willt mit ein sternklare Kimmel. Wit stagen himmel gram , foldness Rossi" in eine verlassenes Fierkel. Millen in Loben Jupressen lingh, das Derwich Klaster, ine aller Hotzban Leider dir fere wit will alle Lineies, wegen Platymangel. To Klettere wit and einen Jame mud when fou da einen sellecht

orlendkhur Tanne Nach einen Wille Lover wir ein Judlen warant unber Mannerstimmen in einem besonderen Ryknin zn singen oder beken beginnen. Mir läven immer dasselbe um langramer oder schueller. Mlilaillalalla - allilalillallalla - allila illallalla --Lange Jeit harer wit zu med lapen nur von numeren Kameraden die odanvigsken Dinge erzällen fo soll immen so zugehere die Glänligen sitzen auf ihrem Johope die Penne gekrengt. Der Derwirds, in Look befigher Rame gill in Jublen werauf die Lenke anfangen dem Cher: Rösper von links nach rechts zu wackele under gleidguitigen Gesang den wit von ausen mitaulöven Kamita Lines diesen Durch quat einer nach dem Andern in Jekstase, in Instand in dem der Kounds mich mit weef was or Sut. The remen mit dem Kopf gegen dix Wand findenticles letre quigle uns inen ca 40 cm langer This mit dem der Derwinds die heuse durch die Packen which mud sie dann an die Nam spillet. Diese Jokk num man die leulenden Derwinde". . Jucha Vage sollst du arbeiten, aber am sieben. An do if der Tag der Kerre, dar sollst der Reine Make han! Dieses gothical Gibot Lat sich, wie im bringerlichen Leben, and and das militariscle inbestragen Sides Vage wander ich in der Trile inter die große Galatabrückle Luiber zu Elnkegrundbale die in mine Abeito skatte minules. Men Touckago inthe gettingthe Diend row 9 2141 - 1 Ull mud and der wird mandmal ge = Arichen. Lie Toundage sind mine Testlage die mich hinars in die Unigebrung führen Tierzulande gibt es dri Fierlage in des Noole. Die Molamedanes piern den Freitag als Tountag. Die Finden den Tamstag und die Christen den Tonntag. Da in Tom lankings sels viell Grieden med Christen ros heren, Kann man Sague, dass umer Sountag von die Metheit geseiert wird. Ich selbot lege mit and in du Altag meine Trienfunden. Es vergelt fort Rive Tag an dem sol nicht

fir Knoge Zeik meinen Plick himans auf die 28 Shath med auf dar Neur solweifen lasse. All die Abene Sahnrsclönleiher und dar plantontisch selone Stärkbild wirken mie Patram fin die Gele-Teienfunden --!

Mil dem Dampfer mach Kardar Parcha. In iner halben Thursde Awa bin ich drübere in Kline Asien. Tel gile mm die Broll über Kadikoj med Moda nach der Generaki broth. The info solin skill. Ich Kann is solwer solildere wie is mit zu huke ist. Bein Time ist umfangen von Sindricken der Telan Leit, der Trundleit, des Geheimmis volles. Tel, Joldat in gelber Uniform und umgeschrallt mit Tishing evel - ich bin hier. Ich pille mer im House inter all das was his ist. Telgt skle ich am Telsablang Souther ist das Meer, driben sind die Tringenisselu. Ich skeige limmber gmm schwimmen. Man brandt Rive Tadehose - is ist awar ine past Imagens mie mand da. Su wie springs is sich so fin in das Klan, Kille Nap. Nan Rann lis auf den Grund schein. Am das Murwarres int ungchance salzig Jept Rommen mod in paar Conterreider. Da vind wir dum im fidele Goodbolaft. Wir stelen auf der Mole med ergeller men leiter med frot Klime Geschicken Menschen Kind dort falt im Kalu mit vendleicher InKinnen - nor Labon ja Reine Jade. hosen an fin Jety med wir sind in Warnes. Das was in spaps. In wird himans goschwommen mm in das Wellempiel der Dampfer zu Rommen. Oh is ist school - das Meer, der Kimmel, die Some Einen guten Nachmittag blibe ich hier. Dann gelt es zmrick den Mig direkt am Ulfer enslang über Roda nach Kadikoj mnd Kaidar Poscha Der Blick int frei and goversichlich, das lerge fool. Links int das Ment driber int die Gerail spitze med Linker liegt inder Abundsonne tomstantinopul. Till Toldakus washen

and den Daught. In Gruppen stelen sie auf Deck im Gisprach - das Soliff ist vollboshyts. Tely lendled die Some rot wie ein großer Tenerball Lann sinkt sie himmeler und granblane Abel Langen sich über die That to wird langram dunkel and das Scliff weekt sime hielly and Tinken und Grichen singen um die With la begiruh, Mlin doch dovoldringend , tal in Knab' in Roskin she "! Alles vershimment and when das Teliff brams relivered, hifer Toldahugerang - Poslin and der Alaide" Es ist erschiethered schon in der Tremole das solian Lied der Himat. Min My fill mid woll oft him was Kadikoj - Moda - Temeraki . Immus Sniber mid die alke Righ, das blance Meer and die sclone Tinskulandsdaft. Mande Munde sitze id am heer und empfinde die Schönleiker der Welt to ist doch schon gur leben mud go Rampfen --Idulevity, more lieber, Papa", Las das Eiserne Kning erhalden. His stoly ist er das der greinind riwrig jelrige - wome er amgelt imp alles wie am tolmir. chen Klappen. Er ist verlierabet much lat 4 timoler. In Amoland Ram or in Gefangenschaft, und ist von dost entwisder and man's Dentselland gmickgikells. to zeigt gerne in Totografie ansder mit einem Toldake Laben sie die Vences beworkstelligt. Ann ist er Lier bei um tein tager ist realts neben mit. This engallen ums wie gleidaltrige Munden über ormke mid heitere Dinge des Lebens und schliefen so guk Tremdschaft. Ummer Preizent am Plend verbringen wit meisten zusammen. I a wird debattiert inter Politik, Religion, Kriegs erlebnisse and anderes melo. Tommhag Plend! Die Gedanken gehören lenk Abend de Himat his enclaint jett die from Keinah wo man sie missen mup Mit Ilwordt deuth man an die Aranku Hunden die man mit den Elsern und Jeodsonter

verlebt. The off Labe ich diese Thurden micht gewirdigh mud bin mit imer Kandbewegung darüber himreg georgen Es was mis wielt gut genneg und zu allte Und beach! Tiches the gill mil durch's Herg. All die lieben, Kleinen Mornerte orscheinen getil im lieblichsky Tilde, gart, sauft, liberall Telf eral externe so's du West der Work der Stern und ihre Taken und lerne so das Familien leben schätzen - Fir mich! Home du mod eine Fermat hant, einen rulenden Pol in all dimer Amounisclen, poclenden Ungebung, so danke Joth und sei zufrieden Nener Lebensmit quill and diesen Hunden des Gedanken Birsammen: Sims und dam klingt is in es mup doch tribling werden !! Her gelt mit ? Ichelwitz, Backmeyer med mod in dritter sind boreit mit gu spagieren. Da hinken in " cell Spannbul" mup doch and was gos silen sine. Mrs gell er los. Zmischok zmm Solindplat. Es ich in grope, frier Platy mit Farmen beflamps Len Stat juren gwei-drei bobe Obelisken am granem Thin. Dott and die Rgia Topia' die bekannte Mosclee von der sur des Letre schan in der Tchule erzällt hat. Fetzh sind wir nale berange Kommen und stannen inber den machigen Umfang dieses alken Janwerks Bruit und massing whelt sich in der Mith in hoher Trypil ban am granem Justin. Hit diesem Hauptban mind

mod metrere Banken verbunden Pm den Geiken ragen fing schlanke Monarets. Mir Arken doms den Vashof ein und gelangen gunn Kamphingang. Ia nigen ein paar dinkere Geskalken, die sum gegen einen Packschiol den Eintritt geskallen. Mit erhallen große Paulo felen mud schleichen sum dem die lalb. dunklen Geskengange Die Jaulen sund Wainel sind mit feinem Mosaik gesteikt.

Jett sehlen wir im Kuppelban! Es herselt eine hife

fille. Elber mo willt sid die madlige tuppel

die mit zwei großen Tresken ausgewall ist. Gurrind und Kreischend fliegen Sollen und Tanben im und ans. Realto varne rult and Sanlen ein großer Their alter auf dem einige Priester sitzen Gevaltige Kronlendler hängen von der Decke Lorab! Les Poder ist mit Lunderker Perserhapsiel beligh . Einer ligh dicht am andern immer gericht fint gibet. Leer in Offigier dall in Toldat und dott ein sellecht gekleideter Jivilor Aus ingend ine Nisole des Ranmo Nonen Loll und langgerogen die Flagelande des Prinkers Ernent bengen sich die Beker gegen Esker. Joh Romme mind markwinder var , walrend wir als nungierige Gaffer down den Parun selleichen. Und dach file and ich die gott geweilte State. His sind mm driben in nother Tailengange. Der leber hat is in der totale schon wealt - Lier ist der Randaldruck des proberers des Pgia Tophia " fint des Tinkers. This menden men Die dem Imgang gon und sind frot des wieder die Tour und die Banne gri selen. Dott mm ist des "Grande Bages"! In jedem vou mus sind woll die Marolen aus lansend ind ines Nacht lebendig. Mil diesen Vorbegriff Arten wir neugierig in die großen Hellen em Ehvar von Karawanenlager mud Goldreid. Sinner in men leblast in Bilde. Dool is siell gains anders and - - -! This wanders done lange, kin and give laufende Gange die nell milialie ansolen Plles ist in hall-dunkel gelielt und doct herrsell lies in leblapper toket. Ein Immelier" hat inen gang schwact - elektrisch belenothler Laden Ein Tolowalwarenhandles Lat in Skinollich and dessen Kitze anstrallung ein Schellenrädelen im tris bewegt wird . El es ist amisant Bu inun Handler gibt es , who orientalisale Goldshickerein find schauer Gold Bu einem andern Kauft man , with Brillanbringe und " Gold' waren der Kändler mit, apoldar Wollwaren ist spill; of es ist in Samlles suben dem Andern. Ich

gebe Reinem and most inen gara gu losen, sie when alle and wie Spitz buben. Tot glanbe gerne, dap man hier mander erleben Ram, dap besonders die beriebenher Vandendicke bier itt Peren treiben. Endlich langen wir wieder an Vagisticht an Firt sind gang blew am briegsminishrimm Genniman gelt is much in Thick doved die heuk so stillen Molamedanerviertel Tel Range mind priscle, blanging Ligen fine min Abendbrok Sann gelt's grick nach Tirkedy in die Baracke. Am Abend liegen wir an der "Twailspitze" mid genich. die Abendofinnung am Meere. Wie schon rulig ist. is lier. And dem Warnes light die Dumpholielt des Abendo Lie lepter Fraller du untergelenden Tome lapen & Kularie mid Hardar Poscla sauft auflindler. Lann Konnut die Nacht. Die Tiroken firem wieder ein großer, relig: soses Fost, den " Turban Birram" Allen Halben sich man, dap Jum Frierlag gerindet wird Es werden ville Kilner, Lauppiaclics Webschiebner, Troblemen und Halm herum trampotiert Em besonders origine eller Bild billt der Gransfort einer gum sollachten berkimmten Hammels: Lie Pinken maden das so, daß sie den Harrinel " huckepack" rulinen, also auf ilven Ricken setzen. Las sill so am. Die Kinker= being des Harrings werden nach vorn ginammen. gebunden Die Vorderbeine nimmt der Tinke über seine beiden Schultere Ian Bild ist gmm, gniebolen Der schwirbeladene Mann und der blockende Rammel. This ich ergallungswise verneline, wird der geschlack. Me Hammel am Test maker die Armen vorfielt hit dem Bluk winder die Tintfosher bestriclen. Es List sich an wis eine At tersolennigs fist. Irgendero sele ich in diesen Vagen einen in der alken National. Mach besonders fine gekleideten Moslem Er Magh in mit schwarzen Conamenten med Tressen benaltes

Tolero, dazu in dunkelgrines Rieder And Lat or Ketten. 33 schunck angeligh. Lie Hosen, sypische Tinkenlosen, sind straum autigend und an der Deinen geknigt. Der Hinty gelt bis in de Twie Ms Inpheklidning dienen Sellappen med hellgilbe Thrimppe. Elber dem leib lendlet die unvonmeidlide rok Leibbinde Leichsinning und lacklud gell er da einher, den "blanbebambelhen" lig ehvar selief auf dun 61x. Die gange Rask bragt ein postider Gyprage Die Stauren tragen niden Plaggerndunck, die Hutrok Talue mit dem weifen Halbemand Las golden Harn ist besät mit. Malouen und leglerer die alle ihren Trier Rag halker wollen. And alle Teliffe & Lamperden tragen violes Plaggenningel schunk 6h is ist in Jakenprachiges Bild. I'v stramme Kind lapt die ancinander sellagenden Wellen weiser sclannen Aller ist in Filestag, passend grun farbuprachigen Hortet. Mo mus bent nacht vom Ukant gn= ruck Kammen. It wis bis ich gespannt auf all die Nachrichen am Apry Has was is doch schow in Frence, als sich ihn von der Mitty "Tildirin" Noumend, in der Pera-strafe getroffen habe Under Samueden von Benschen ein Gesicht - im Meyer". Som sitze ich beim beleint einer flacklernden Gerze mid wahr. - - Der Ing Kommt. mich. Ich gele himiler gun sellaper. Aller sult selon in hiefun Sellaf. Tel ricke minun Tomister growth, lege die Patranentaschen und das Brok richtig Laun Brige and ich in's Bett". Let Tornisher amgefüllt mit Brot . Patr. Varchen int mein Roffkissen. Mir off habe ich schon gut darauf geschafen und auch leuk strecke ich die middie Glieder bald im sinfren bellaf. 6 the ist da! Weld in Hunder - vor ein paal Vagen was er bei den Albern in Abyey, petol ist er lier. La Malor not dem all die vielen, Klemen Munigkeiten und für Pennie Spik fille sel die liebe Keiman maler Asim Gang but fills wieder mach Thambul. Is int die Me Book" fel late sie sclou ein=

mal in Hyey im Kino geseles Jann gole ich 34 hinauf nach der Mourne med nach dem Jerailgarten die Nahm ist Kerbellich Über das blane her und die Landrelaft flukk goldner Jonnenschein. Ich sell oben an der Mourne med wert schwieft nien Plick in's Land Im Hergen trage ich kiefen Iniden mod eine Siefe Telesmolk, nach harri - - nach Frieden.

Vieviele Rleini Alebrisse med Anckdoku hat man in diens Zeit! Roms handingpel briket. viel, besonders gett im Spatsonner 1918. And Dented. land Rommen lote That manner Der vielbergrochen Tcleich der Gennesen bernell den Gulban. Mondenne, an Georgian, Gravinien und andern Rankavischen Haaken bisnohen ebenfalls den Inlfan. Efter als soush gill die " Leibfenerwell" und die " Leibmaris" mit Musik durch Pera - Galata - Armantkoj -Der Balulof Firkedge ist immer godwickt fil ankammende und abreisende hole Possilial Keike In shirled der Gullan! This gropew Tomp wind or burdigt und nach, Egul inberfill lock man filth, dap der Tod dieses Mannes chowas que beduch hat Die enten Friedens genicht ochwirren dinol die Truppen Kärper. Der Kaning ist Not! - Es libe der Kaning! Liber Nacl las in never Inthan die Serrschafts angeticken Gostern Lingen die Flaggen Avanning auf Hallmash Henk sum sind sie wieder auf Toll. mark gereigh und flather linkig im Winde. Such das Stimmingsbarometer it wieder gertiege med man int allgemein wieder zwersichtlicher. Ich fabre henk himans mach Kimutrolesme, mu 6Ho der dort ine Lagarett ist, gu besucleu. Das Lagareth liegh in ever Torstalt Tampanhinopels in stiller Abgeschiedenheit. · Es ist in der Nale von Rumeli Kisnar. Der Tombag

WI ACROM and we blish du ganzen rachustag doll. 35 Die Bosparusdamples patren varbei, vollbesitzt mit Musselen die den Jonnhag benntgen, nu hinam in die skillen, verbrämmten Hädhelen sund Dörfer am Bospoons zu bunden fabren. De Mend bringh mis, tchulwitz, Emmo and mich in der Abhilung des Magor Huber gmanny La sitzen wir lange im Gespräck inter unsere gegen: wähige Lage - Knieg und Frieden. Ob wir workt hald reach hanse Rommen? Der Jommer gelt seinen Ende entgegen Tril margens laugh dich Nobel inber dem Meere. Bis gum Mittag stralls dann die liebe Jonne in alle Herrlickkeit - doch - so gut. sie es and meint, es ligh so choas whinistiges, wie van Abschild in der Luft. Das Land farbt sich mid die letzten Trick werden abgiernell. Lie Kambles haben ihr Samle gefüllt mit Teigen, Kastamin mid Minnen. Es wind Herboh - himallide Bilder gilen im Geins Variller. Drawsen ist high Nach! Es leverall Pule in more Erzäller Kreist. Ein jeder ist in andachliger Firmmin denth wehnisting and die ferne, liebe, dentsche Kumaf. Ichweigend gelen wir anseinander. En muß und mufo June Ende Rommen Infolin Balkan herroll enne drickende Schwill, man fillt, dass Awas Rommen mup. Was ist's, was gill is News ? Die Luglander sind durch bei Nagareth, die Front ist in Nanken. Mepps int verlance - Damas Kens ist bedrock Die Englander landen im Ricken der Unsere bei Medina Die Nachrichen inberghingen ein= ander. The was in Tollag 'Das Unteil beginnet. Die Oruppen ricken nach Galipoli ab. Die, Alfor Tager" geh'n nach Magedanien Gellend Soney die Harmengnale Auch im Kafen andert sich

das Bild Standing Kreenzen einige Torpedo books und goschäftig stoly Jahren die " Il Book" ein und ob des trieg new aufange. Noch ein Gollag! Revolution in Bulgarien! Mit sind van Forbland abgeschiebles. In inem nebligen Morgen landet go moures Korstakung die 16th Landwels Division and begill Feldlager bei Makrikoj. Tombantinopel soll vorkidigt werden. Doct is right sich nichts von Galipoli der, man alast und füllt nur eine drückende Gelwülle. Wit sitzen in der Galle, Kein Answeg ist fire ums noch offen Die Growt in Syrien ist num vollsfandig dwelbrocler Was soll ans sun sverden? Die 16th Landwell division hat Pack and ist durch Ruh und syphose Erkrankungen direkt Rampt. Jufalig. Tag fint Tag Kammen die Plieger und beaasch" mis Es sind Tage banger Erwahung, die die Novven bis grun Prosersku reigen. Es erfolg 1 Kein Tugriff und allgemein beruligh. man sid wieder. 10. GKAbler 1918. Ich werde Krank und lekon fundblane Invelfall. Im 16. 6Khober Ramme ich mit holem Giber in's Lagarett. Mis is p cleud go Much und sich Ram micht mitt auf der Deinen steller In miner diaper Tostor gehören ungegnokerter Wasser = Rakao, sungeguckerker Vee mid Haferflockensuppe. Nach drie Wochen bin ich wieder fisher auf den Bing med wage mich jeden Vag himans in die frische Luft. Wir Labou and cine gar yn sclower Propert-hall dramen in " twent - tolesme". Fet liege in der Infeltions barake mit noch find anderen Camerada ginammen with som geli the skellen wir sunere Liegestable var die Boracke mid sommen min in

and mod scho warmen EKtobersonne. Unbesorgh im mover Jukempt verplandern wir die feit,

fremen mus siber amount swalled Mangeloning and die 37 schone Nahm. Wir haben um inen Schrift gmm Bospons. For mer roll sich der gange tekkehs auf dem Masser ab. Ichiffe fabrew in med airs, Torpedo book flipen robii. Links vot non liegt seit einigen Tagen im Luxun yrck VON Pullet. In Timsicht with tis mad Hambal a Mentaria mud himant nach Bebek ma Rumeli Kissas. Langram interessiven mid and wieder Vagernenig Keeken. Ich nehme die Vagergeitung wider and Hand. Let Commanische Loyd" bringt spadiche Mikel über den gni Tatsade gewordenen Mirkisclen Waftenstills Name. Knoge, wire Birichte über den schlichen Stand umserer Jacke drücken als die Himming. General " Torons end" ist in tomfantin apel Elematique englische Kriegsgefangene füllen das Trapenbild Cospolis! Homes Rough micht: " geniessen sie wol ordentics das liebliche Bild, - bald werden wir mach Lame Jahren! Und ich frem mid dann auch wieder riber das schane blane Harres mod Lambel aft in Lerbsflichen Kleid. In diesen Tagen whalk ich sogal Port. Einen lieben Drief von Lisbeth wil Rosen von Willi. the mich das frent. Ein Damphe hat Tost and Rumania mitgebracht. Tel gener sels rasch med trage schan wieder statt des Lagarettkleid's mein liebes feldgrau: Mit igt's so wall gon Monde und ich bin den gangen Tag im Trice. Pour & November surpen wird noch 42. bels. in der Joune Henk whalken wit endgilligen Descheid, day wit was Dentselland Romenen For 9. November werden wit in Laskanton mach Cospoli gefabren Tol habe wieder mein Gervet 1 and Torrister and fille mich Roaftig, sodal mind meine Rranke Ungebring Momine vorkamul. And Lockbeladenen Lantanton falven wil

and die Hall. Die Kameraden singen linkige Liedel 38 und die Bwölkerung glotzt um au. Die Minmung is, b pro inglises, gang besonders die Griolin bragen um auf cirmal alle englische tokarden Pres den Grapen lagor starke Abkilingen Sin Kincles Marine you Tidering der Enderung . Som sind wit dreuben in Hambul Forme an des Trailspitze liegh mon Scliff, das Ragantocliff " Townslew". Andig liegt es da med biekt im Bild des Triedens. Les Anupp net weiß gestrielle mit gwei große grimen Araifen An der Lik lindkt im mackliger rotes trung. This sonderbal man sollhe sich fremen mad! Dentochland on Rammen and men whene in mit einem weben Gefüll Moschied van diesem persolut Land. -- Bald and mit eingesclifft und mm 12 llhr werden die Taken gelieldet Langsam list sich nemer Schiff rome Kai Elnka Kräftigem Komral und Midle. when oderden wit von den zmrickblickenden tamerode, Tel liege an iner Genskerlucke med schau lange mode growick. Tief prage ich mir Sambul mit simme willen Moncheer und Minacks in's Godachins in Tell skill dos Bild in Hauliclen Duros gelill - Dann gelt's um die nachske Anroe -- - Dick Hambul werde ich mie vergepen! Ju tief habe ich dich webt gurint gesten and glerut. Lich, partige Bilder gielen vorüber. Um 4 Uhr nachmi Mags fatren wit in's offere Meer himans . Es regnet im bisclen mud das Malet ist un. rulig. Ich bestacht van meiner Gunterlucke am das gewaltige Wellerspiel An der Skil Ufer Siman lecken hamfole Weller und stingen weiß schämmend wieder zmrick Unser Scliff schnidels die amollenden Moque med die gewaltigen Wassermassen lapen der Geliff von voru nach hinker mid migkelich schanckeler. Ich Raum mandenal die Wellen Roma greifen, aber dann galuk

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glich wieder das Wellental Pabrick is ist in imporantes Idampiel des madligen Wasser Alements. Tot mup die lucke selliepen, dem is faugh an and in mirt wackelig gn werden. To hege ich mid dann lang gestrickt auf min Lager Sie Gedanken solvrifen ab m die Tage der tind. heit, nach hanse, Myry, Krieg und Frieder El welder Glick Alles darf ich erleben med jeff wird in Ingenderaum, immal auf dem Meere zu falren, and erfüllt. Ungefall is & Kameraden sind in dem einen Raum beisammen. Mour sind links light in abgogether Junger Unker offigier mit imme schweren Horgleiden. Er ist auf dem Rickgung vor den Lugländern, wie rich andere Kameraden, von den Arabern ausgeplindert worden. Notdinstring when Telule much Mankel bekleidet mufst or durch murithame Jegenden Elinasiem wandern bis et wider auf inen trupp Toldaken skiep To Kam at mit den Roshen der, "andas Armee" in Harder Parda" an Frank und lend wie die meinten in movem Cann gill or mm mad, der Keimal to Klings durch alle Sozillungen der Tameraden der jammervolle Rickzug der Vouppen Ich denke minvillKirlics an den Rickzug Sapoleons ans Ruplant. In der Nacht sind wir and hoher See This haben sels ville Sukranke und von dem vielen Abreclen herself ein widerlicher Geruch. Ich ein schon seht früh mucher and bein ersten Morgengranen balk sel's mill much an und skeige au Deck. Eriscles Germanner verbreibt mind die Midig Keik am den Angen. Huf inem Truppentrampoldampfor gell es melt buil gu Aban sielt alle miglielen Bilder. Da figur eninge Matrosen mit inur Kräftigen Massa. spritte das Deck rein von allem Umral Del wind in Rind quellaclet. Im Kinkersoliff in die Kriste. In brodelt und daught is find die vielen hungrigen Mäuler Auf dem langen bliffsgang Locken die

Samuaden und singen Andere nanchen und spieler "Kat". Sin sind and alle die, denen das schankele des beliffer nicht bekommt. Tel skige anch einmal in den Kosselrann. Doch ich halbe is Keine Minute in der Kitze ans und Klethere wieder nach oben.

To trolle ich vor hinden mad vorie mud mugketik, da min alles so new und fremd it Am Nadwillag gibt is chwas besonders In sehen Ginige tameraden haben am firmen Horizont im Randwolke intdickt. Ich skige chenfalls auf das Forderscliff. Le Thurn brand riber das Toliff mud mir mil hill, an den Suker Ketten mid lally Remme ich gang voru an die Tpipe And ich sche mm die Ranolfalme. Topp sicht man einen Smith. Las ist in Damples, rater wit. Das Finkholen wird griper und Rommet maler. Wir verfolgen gespanne die Antwicklung. Das Tcliff - Tcliffelen Kommet naker. Jelyd int es bei um. Iviben sand in bedeuthicle Telankelu im MirKiscles Kananenboot vorüber. Das war num ein frendiger Noment firt uns, in der mundlichen Wasnerwinske moch ein Schiff gu selen.

Unendlick weit in das Meer Ningends entdeckt das Ange einen festen Prokle Iber soms hångt den gran-schwarze Himmel nun nor ints Wasser - Wasser - Wasser His poolt das blenen auf vin Pllgewalt, und flört dem beinschen Att forsch ein Ann spähen bachmittag kommt ein Insolden im Isilt. Es int so klein med doch so tropig, sodafo die immer med immer wieder anvollenden Hogen ohmräcktig ihre Graft, am haben Fels gerschlagen. Puf der verderen Ecke der Inne stell hart med skef ein henchterm Jewobuh scheint die Ismel midt zu sein. Aben im havre int leben hielt weit von men schlägt, eine Dephineuscher sommets brochen ihr Rad Die Eine Rennen world die Schiffertslimien, da es da immer

guk strocken gu procen gibt. Mider ist is hall med wieder ground der horgy Land in Tiell! Durch mine Temperhicke Kann ich mach anstrugendem Inchen imm langen fisher Strifen Mennen. June Mlanes held sich der Streifen hervar. Es ist woll die Kirke von Südrussland. Aberall hirself grope bounds, dap wit die Supatoh bald glicklich überstanden Laben Dar mit Simu versench heer Romak gar yn leielt gefaldios werden Ann stigle ich an Deck Sin wie Malt int das Masse. Die maisker Toldaken warden sich überhauft micht melt. Beld verschrinde ich wieder und beo back von miner Genska. lucke das timber bild. Jeff Rommel ein Hast in Sicht. Die Kirste und die Start ricken immer naher. An Nachmittag loben mir in den Kafen von Golessa Unner Scliff hat am Itai por Agemach. Kier Abei Latter wit var Pagen in Cospolir noch roumens lide Surperatures. Die Romen Aragen Selymintyen und dicke häufel Brolverkänger sund Sproarenlandler entwickeler bald in flother Girclaft mit was bingeles Sauller sprechen sogal sinkinely and auf more trage "Rated grounds" falls prompt die Sutural " besch oder In ground je nach dem Preis. Ta wir Kennen die rusmiche Sprache wood midt. Man gall in juglicles Walrung in Piaster, Rubel, Kronen oder hark. Die Maste wird am liebsten in Jellung gensmuce. Janu folgen dem Meste mass Publ, Praster mud Arow. Dort druben gill ukrainisch Toldakeska biderlich auf Nach Es ist in fint somer Disgiplin = begriffe municiplicles Dild. Es ist 7 Ul abends am 11 November 1908.

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Die Vine mind aufgerissen Ein Toldas ahings derein und verliesst land, aufgerigh: Der Wafferro hills band ich

underguichech! In Dentrolland ist die Nevolution and gebrochen - die Dynastie ist gestingt! Wilhelm ? ist nach Holland! In Berlin finden Grapen Kämpfe whath Um die Mai Kafer Konerne wird gekauft word His in Blitz vom heiheren Himmel trifft, mo diese Nachrich hile schreier " hood " Tot and in Pline Tuil der tameraden sind skill. Oh weld in school Sollag, wir Können is micht fassen. Tel werde dien Augus blick mis vergeper. Am nachten Morgen werden wir ain: geladen, minfor aber wieder auf teliff zwick, da Kime Sisenbaluwagen gestellt sind. Ikan merkt mich, das in Dentschland Revolution ist. Dent-04 Toldasen zielen auf Nacht, genan wie prüber Pher am Nachmistag gibt's ein Revolutions freignis Surbele Matrosen bringen einen neben mor liegend Hilfs Krenger gram sinken An Mark, des aufänglich brumenden Schiffs hangt warring die dentsche Kriegoflagge. Mirgends ist eine dentsche Justung aufzubreiben am der man irgund ebwar etabren Ramsh. Die Nerote sind anpersh gereigh. Mis leben in banger Ungewiss heit mu das Schiksal der Heimas du Lieben gu Lame Das Wort Revolution hat siene Wirkning doch wich verfellt Die Sprieu des ressisches Revolution und du Dobslewicki sind deutlich wargunelieu. Memalige Toldasen breiben einen schwinghaften Fraperhandel mit allen misglichen Artikelu. Julumph Frances and Linder betteln som alle möglichen Sachen. In der Skart berocht bistere Armut mud eine Kolossale Tenering. In all deur ist is bitter Mall. Endlich werden Eisenbahmvagen gotelle. Di Shunden werden einem zu Pagen und die Ungeduld wast. Nach inem weikeren Vag erhallen wit auch

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find langer Jul in Waggon. In num Mann Labour wit in Abhil dieses mossischen Wagen Je drei Ramm Liegen ruch num Liegen Abhil dieses mossischen Wagen Je drei Ramm Liegen rechts und links auf den Banken mot Wandbrutten Jovei liegen auf dem Boden med einer im Gang Die luft ich dick, da aber die Wagen megeheigt sind, Kreiselt allemet die gange Gesellschaft weren die Tore gent Plattform auf gelt.

Som 15 November abends gelt er los. Wit

wollen is green garniell glauben, dap mi alfabren sollen. Moen is girl mid gent med wiklied mine Greg rolle. Mach so Minuhu shelt ir wieder. Was ist dein mine los? fo was met eine Kumstpame wegen dem belnaps vom Rajos. Jetzt fahrt miner Jing mie der "Deinel". Dramen liegt dicks Ichne Amer Wagen ist mublenoths wie die hudlen. Ia spinnen die Jedanken himliels läden zm Reined, oh es wird schon nicht so sollimm sein Lam schlafen wit siefe auf miner harhen Lager.

Unner Jung Kall wieder immal Fint minpen selbed du l'ender mit Hotz laden somt winden runs die Ronnen steben lapen. Les Major steigt anser = dem des öfteren auf die Lokomotive mit moune guku Schnaps. Sam sett sich der Zug wieder in Be: wegung. Wir erjählen nur von allen möglichen Dingen und viden um gegenseitig in die Kitze. Las Giguniler, im solliglariger Theder Danes mit Kallem Roff Last spandig Lalbrerskokk since Roser Krang Er gibt Keinen Ansochlag fint die eine oder andere Richtens. Ein andere, ene Harter am Unkerfranken, Manangig mud helllas Kennt Keine andere Torgers als dap sein telumortall soline gestellt blisht. At tragh ihm in der Binde Jun Ubrigue ist er ein fellegmasiker den die freignisse wenig likimm Amt Galaso, Magindrats beauter am Bother, light schon die ganger Page ober oher sid yn regen med yn warden. Ich weif sim, dap sein taker Ballewicker bei der Karine sil Neum das from Kamurk reicht or nimen haff

horneter und ift dann mit Hollbelagen ilber mint light in Mann am Haifa in Lyrien. Er int ein schwer. blirtiger Windhenberger der mit seinen taker in friker Ingurd amgewandert ist. Tetyl lett or mit since Fran und vier Andere in Saifa und betrill im grafe Wagnerii Er ist ein gut evangelischer Abund, dem sich dadwood die Gronge geländ habe, daß sich bei einem Disput irber Grunning von Friche und Staat eingriff und raghe, in arish werde, wie die Whalfurne and Rommen winden, der Avele die brene lalten Som smell is mid good Unkerhalbung in Miller auf Drawn auf du Plattform oder im Jang am Junker ergallt er mit van der Immer lichteit der evangelischen Glanken im Jegunaly gum taklolizinum. Ir ingalls mil van der Deutschen Kolonis in Raifa und Jermalem. Er aprickt über die Tragodie inno verzweeflee Munde, and dem Derge " Karenel" und vieler mile. Toust ist er still and like sich ein Holl zu ragen. Birgula! Es ist in Statt in der Mkraine in der wir die orste gropen Station macleu, um mineren Promant pu ergangen. To pilgien wil dem inmal in stadkelin Es int gerade Maththag In der Sauftache scheint es in Plusch and Woodmak!" gen rein, der da abgelalten wird. La Laugh ein Borsten-Nierchen ruben dem andern Idinken, Speckreiku mid Moral sind in Külle Tille aufgostapelt. Augusiath diesos Reichums Ram man mill begrifer, dap ine Lande Not servell. Aber is ist so, dap diese schower Dinge in Hidengeld Rosku Ein jeder dentet, ween wit von diesen solvien Jacken met etwas Bu Lause lather Ilms liebe Brot dock sid dock got guit alles. Du Here Major skingt mieder auf die bokomotive - danit die Mikerfalth beginnen Ram. to int fit mer ince belintigende tede, dato das Resonal und falt were Telnaps verabrielt wind. To direct = fabren wit weite Arceken Mils im televe Neils dorch

mis im Jid erricht. Vis sind in Jobby, incur machigen finke belutof, bis gin dem, die von der deutschen Teldeisenbale, gelegte Normalsportbake läuft. His siegen mis einen lag. Jas Thermometer geigt 12° Nalt. Die Jegend int gang eingescheit. Aber auch der Vinter hat seine solonen teiten. Eo ist ein äuferst. I stimmungsvolles Bild, die weitgedelt beleerlandschaft – das siefverscheitet Jobby. Die Bänne sind prachvoll mit dicken Pannif geschwickt. Lagn heresch eine siefe thille in der ganzen Runde. Da mod dast laufen deutsche Toldaker, die ingendeine Bescläftigung haben. Les tehne Knirscht und vom blanen kinkelimme scheint die liebe Jonne.

Lie riachte Station ist Rowel . Hier werden wir entwaffiel und beziehen find die halt amalig in einen Kalken, großen, mosisaten Rof. Lie Fameraden Lacken mit Beil & Taken die Langerie mod den Emp booken ab um tenes gu maclin. It grope Pann wird aber doch will warm, sodap die Lenkarung nott simulos wat. Man met Ket petgt hall immermel die Revolution Ingenders lese ich " Sobeiter mid Soldahenral". Unsere Offigiere, Softe med der Veldgeis Hick Laben nur mubemerkt verlafen. Isful hat in Vildweld das Rammando ribernomme, Aber der gange Truppenverband ist and wie aufgelist. In wir keine hofflegning mild laker smolen wil bei dem terflegningsamt Torrel elwar zu erreiden. Ice ersten whather and choos. Til aber bei den letzter gelen less ams. Mir gelen gum Dalukof mm dolt gu ilemacher fin junger Mann mit iner blancer Mitge and weipen Poller weist um aber linans mits den Nother: hier int policische Balulop Kommandant Nic, was? Gibt is dos and Polis"! Las wares doch moure vom tainer sell-As fandig gemache Brudes: genossen. baben eine chumashige And in som Sad einer rulelos

verbrachen Pack Jahren mit mit dem ersku, besten 46
Jung nach Brest Libensk. Tiet wollen meiter nach
Dintscland Aber es wird mm geragt der benistskleicht
Jung sei überfüllt, wirt mußten worken. De nich sum
die Geduld Kin skirmen die Speere und rosend such
jeder einen Flatz aufdem Grittfutt, der Nattform oder
dem Jung Ein peder Lat mmt den einen Gedanken erach
hams.

Sely efabre mit was alles persoil it. Poles ist selles persoil it. Poles ist sellstanding geworden Dentelland wird von Arbeiter und Toldakuräten negrich. Das Reinland wird besetzt. Es wirhelt einem some so durch den Koff, man hirt alles wie im Gramm.

Am i Uht sind wit in Dialystock. Eine policische Bande will den Jug micht dwollafur. Sie werden von einer Erkadron Kersaren im die bluckt godlagen

Srosken, die dentsche Grenze! En Alingt wie eine Edisung. Am int er erreicht, wir sind auf dentschen Poden hir ochen dentsche Givilisten, Tranen, Mådden, Månner Lentsch int der Noth!

Der Eng roll durch Marmen Har ich bier sell ersbaund mich sell dar ist ga garnicht dar wick versnungste, ode Land wie mir er sums deuken.

Min, and hier lacht ine frankliche Mahrt Doml dar Mineuland zelt im Plüsselen Dort geigt sich ein heraliche, blaner det und dann zeigt sich wieder einer Kleiner Häddelen im Kinkegrund. Die paal Zivilishen die einspigen opprolen offen med legtich mit surs und machen einen überzeugh, deutschen Bindruck.

Rorn med Posen pasoneru wir In du Grüle des nacheher Pagos patren wir in Bestier Jellesischer Bahulof " in Plle Bahersteige med breppen sind überfüllt mit boldaben Pote brubinden nud rok Dlumen ziehen die, Atro Revolutionann"

Um Toldaken nird man die Pelal Klappen und Tokarden 47 hermoher Tel trage sie rulig with. Tel drange und eile varbei am Reichstags: gebände und Brandenburger For Im gum, Anlalter Balukof. Sitest site ich im Jug und atme auf. Der Litzte Ichritt ist getan Pittefeld - Halle - Aful - Bebra! Aberall sill man diselben Bilder von leimkebruden Truppen, Makerialginge, who Faluer and Frombinder Prop den Jahuloper winken machige Willkommungrupe. On berild much alles so Rominds - ich weiß mich was ich deuken soll. Die Bilder passen so garnielt in meine Torstelling when die " Heinkels" Bebra 2 Uld nacht ! Aus Belulof int vollgestopf mit Militar In Modozall ist geschwickt mil roter Blumen, Fraupen and Sombinden. The Rommun mme all die roken Dhumme ler? Mit großer Mile willt man sich dord und kannut olu gross lickrichtnature in den Jung mad trankfort. Jet besinne mid! Int a williot so? hief alles so weil links soil mud ich Komme mach Lamo? Ach ich Lake mirt Alles so gang anous amgunals. Um 1/2 3 Uls Romme not willich in Hogy our Goog Selwinn minut mit meine lette Waffe das Teiturgenett. Gleich am Balu Singang stelen einige When Rameraden die schow lange que hame sind Doch ich drange weiter und frem mich über die gringe WillRammengripe Sakelen Rammel am dem Birro von Bilmer leransgestingt Georg - - Klingt es, ich neip nicht mie mit at med schon bin ich smalet mud geKiept. No Rommod Du ler ? " For Remhankinop! Toldaku mandieren vokei! Talnen welen! Am Pommy Rammer Lisbell mod Souther gelarefur mud dame lim ich in dir Krick! - -Carriered Gfülle dricks brämen mich und doch

Rommet Kein Work über die Lippen. Das Glück ist voll. Ich - bin - daheim -! Ich sitze var dom Nasserskin. Alles um mich

int wil some - I a sell die Wasolmarchine, dot die Thille und die Tisch, alles wie früher.

In einer talben Shrede hat man mis opnungen Token ergällt, was ergällt sein muß. Dann ahme ich auf, esse mud trinke med sollafe wieder einmal in einem Bet.

Tron Vage Kann ich im Plycy bleiben, dann nunf ich foll. Die Franzosen Rommen! Am 3 Dezember rückt ich mieder ab gum Regiment I.P. 115. Einen Vag Lath ich mich moch im Darum half auf med bin zur Bernot bei Reimmich in Ebershalf. Jann fahr ich zum neuen Handoch mmens Regiments - Erbach i Odenwald.

Die innert Unrkellering ging redt glatt von Aathen. Sar äufen beben als Heldet mie neuen Staat bat gat Meine Torrieu Die Coffiziert Laben Reine Macht mind die Marmschaffen wollen Reinen Diems. Man sieht micht ein, warum man überhauft mach toldat aum micht eine Triwendung der Heldeten in irgend einem militärischen Diemst. Rann gegenwähig überhauft micht gedacht werden To geht deun aller, wie er geht. Man wird peden Tag einem Tag älter und warkt nicht Ungeduld auf den Tag der berbassung.

Joh sillest mothe mit mein heben so

begnem wie miglios In Erback wolne ich mit I Dann privat am Brill Alam merde ich vereetst nach Kirchbrambach Poll Tage bin ich mit Kind Grübel genammen bei Büngermeisker Friedrich ein: I quartiet Lann komme ich zur Tamilie Plan in Midlelsfahl in Grahen Kin verlebe ich die solomben Tage Ait der Tocker Lama und der gangen Pamilie Junammen unkerlalte ich mich in Kritischer Detrachtung aller Dinge der Lebens Pund geragt Monahu an's Herz gewacken ich En wird mit in den nie 49
Moonahu an's Herz gewacken ich En wird mit gont
liber brinnening, denke ich an schaols mid hickshalt,
oder antier octonen Nandeningen im Schee über "Bramist;
Pollshiner Kole mach Mersan Meld im levelicles Bild, der
Blick van der Billshiner Kill in's gorgnungtel mid limiter
mach den Bergen und der Neukinder Kole. And Meikugesäfe
het wint Suckdohn.

Nachdeur sich überall new soldahische Formationen gebildet Laben, gelt man num an die Sutlass. ung nuveres Talogangs 1899. Infang Spril Kamme ict mit der unken god bullaranng. Bei Garg Rang im Midel: shatt Raufe ill sind meine naturendigen Givilbekleidung. shireke. Mit imme Tisteller und imm Brindel winter dem From gelt es beinwalls. Juent Kelve ich mod immel bei Lumid in Therau ein - Law Rampier ich wine Nach auf einer Bank in Kaupthalulof Frankfont. His dirfen will olu miteus in das besetfe Gebiet invieren. Die Trangosen nelmen um zulerot drei Moden im Generantane mach Griestein Ann bevolkern ca Tooo Munden die prileren Baracken in Gries heim gum Gefallen der Trangosen Asan wird enthanst und geineft und bekommt ein schleches Josen Wir sind geduldig, with als Soldaken ja gelend Dri Woclen lauft man hinter Stackeldrall und Bretter : wanden berne wie ein Gefangener Sin Glück, dap wiele Myeyer Kameraden, das Los mitheilen

Am 28 April 1919 dirfer wit nach laire.

Invel das Toldakulben ist man dool

so ein bischen verwildest. In den ersku Tagen miet sol

mich mit sind angufangen. In das Gescläft micht

sols mich mid somst sind schlick Finsich her Meinen

Beruf Labe ich fast vergepen. Es gelt allen Kameraden

sois min, Reines findet den violtigen Kontakt gruin

Leben.

Flow 15. Mai 1919 Arch ich auf Anfforderung munus gungen blefs, Mern Rak Levi, wieder in das Gischaft eine Gerne erkenne ich jetzt am, daß mil das vergangene Tabe vieles gebrackt hat. Ich labe Großen und Ableddes geselen und gelich. Du Begriff von der MM hat sich verändert Sit den Gedanken, mm beginnt des telen: Ernst "Arche ich meine Berufs arbeit wooder au. Ein neues Leben beginnt! Georg Shinbact.

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MEMORIA. FONTES MINORES AD HISTORIAM IMPERII OTTOMANICI PERTINENTES

Previously published



Klara Volarić (ed.)

The Istanbul Letters of Alka Nestoroff

The Istanbul Letters of Alka Nestoroff, published here for the first time, afford the reader with a rare glimpse into the cosmopolitan world of Istanbul's high society and foreign diplomats during the last years of peace in the Ottoman Empire leading up to the Balkans Wars and World War I. Alka Nestoroff, née Mažuranić, the granddaughter of the Habsburg governor of Croatia and the wife of a Bulgarian diplomat to the Sublime Porte, regularly sent letters from Istanbul to her family in Zagreb. They contain an invaluable trove of information on everyday life and the conviviality among the capital's multiethnic residents, Istanbul's scenery and architecture, its street dogs, and the latent danger posed by the numerous fires in the city. Her letters provide a fascinating eye-witness account of the temporary breakdown of civic order in Istanbul surrounding the Young Turk Revolution in July 1908.

Bonn, Max Weber Stiftung, 2015.

(Memoria, Fontes minores ad Historiam Imperii Ottomanici pertinentes, 1)

148 x 210 mm · 88 pages · 11 pictures in black & white

(Print): ISSN 2364-5989 (Internet): ISSN 2364-5997



and Adventures of My Life* (1760)

Paulina D. Dominik (ed.)

The Istanbul Memories in Salomea Pilsztynowa's Diary »Echo of the Journey and Adventures of My Life« (1760) With an introduction by Stanisław Roszak

The selective English translation of the Polish diary of Salomea Pilsztynowa (1718-after 1763) written in 1760, covers the author's residence in Istanbul and her travels through the Ottoman Balkans. It reads like a picaresque novel full of drama, romance, danger, and intrigue, narrating the ups and downs of the heroine's encounters with various characters populating a cosmopolitan yet tumultuous Ottoman empire. Salomea Pilsztynowa was indeed an exceptional woman. Although not formally educated, Salomea learned the craft of medicine from her husband and others, and soon set up her own medical practice, specializing in ophthalmology and treating both men and women. At the height of her medical career, Salomea served as physician to the harem of Ottoman sultan Mustafa III in 1759. Her diary attests to the extraordinary resourcefulness of an independent woman successfully navigating a man's world in a foreign land.

Bonn, Max Weber Stiftung, 2017.

(Memoria. Fontes minores ad Historiam Imperii Ottomanici pertinentes, 2)

148 x 210 mm · 71 · pages · 6 pictures in black & white

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Georg Steinbach's *War Memoirs* recounts the experiences of a German soldier deployed to Constantinople during the First World War. In the spring of 1918, as a 19-year old conscript, Steinbach volunteered for the German Asia Forces, unofficially known as the »Pasha Army,« thus beginning his adventure in the East. Rather than fighting in the trenches on the eastern front, however, Steinbach was to spend the final months of the war exploring the Ottoman capital. At the end of the war, in November 1918, Steinbach was evacuated on a ship to Odessa. He returned home to Germany after a long and arduous train journey, witnessing the devastation left behind by the war and the political uproar in his own land.

During his travels and residence in Constantinople, Steinbach notes his impressions of unfamiliar people and exotic landscapes, written with an endearing boyish excitement of being in the »mysterious« Orient and discovering the endless treasures of Constantinople. Alongside descriptions of the strange and outlandish (such as the howling dervishes), Muslim festivals, and visits to the city's sites, are the more personal observances and experiences of a young German soldier. The account takes us from the Taksim barracks to swimming in the Bosphorus and a visit to the German cemetary at Tarabya, where Steinbach pays his respects to Von der Goltz Pasha and other German commanders and soldiers buried there. Steinbach's memoirs provide a unique glimpse of life in Istanbul during the First World War, and is all the more important for the dearth of other such personal accounts.

