

1936 Scrapbook, image 103

Thursday, July 23, 1936

C.H. Muselman, who sailed from New York for Germany early last Thursday morning, is to arrive at Hamburg some time tonight, if the ocean voyage was made as per schedule. The S.S. Deutschland on which Mr. Muselman sailed is due in Hamburg some time tonight, or early Friday morning. Hamburg is in northern Germany, about 300 miles from Wuertzburg, where Mr. Muselman will visit his brothers.

Monday, August 3, 1936

C.H. MUSELMAN MEETS GRANDSON OF FORMER KAISER ON S.S. DEUTSCHLAND

Local Publisher Tells About Trip Across Atlantic in German Vessel; "Little Brown Bucket" Comes in Handy First Morning on Board

C.H. Muselman, publisher of the Berne Review, who left here three weeks ago today for his former home in Germany, arrived there safely, according to a letter received here today. The letter was written on the ship and mailed at Cherbourg, France, Thursday, July 23. A ship leaving Cherbourg for the United States on that day brought the letter.

Mr. Muselman was able to see the coast of England when he sealed his letter. A card, written a day later and mailed from Cuxhaven, Germany, just a short distance away from Hamburg, was also received today.

Mr. Muselman sent the following travelog about his ocean voyage:

Wednesday, July 15, 1936

Early in the morning I looked after money matters at the office of the Hamburg American Line, Way down at the bottom of Manhattan. Took the subway south from Times Square. Got there without incident. Found that the German Travel Checks had advanced in price as compared with quotations of \$23.50 received at Chicago, May 20th and at Fort Wayne, June 5th of \$24.60. Today I had to pay \$26.50; but this still is a saving of considerable over the straight exchange from dollars into marks.

After that I hurried to attend the funeral of Dr. S. Parkes Cadman at Brooklyn. The idea struck me to attend that service and send a report to Simon for the paper as my last report from America, and because of the interest with which it would be read by the readers back in Adams County. Got the report written back in the Hotel Langwell, where I stayed and which is located on 44th street. Mailed said report at about two o'clock. Then I took a walk down to the pier, and there I found the ship that was to take me across the ocean, the "Deutschland." Sat on the stone wall of the pier a while and my thoughts went out to various places. Soon, soon we shall see again the heimatland.

Nach etlichen Einkaeufen (see here I go into German, a proof of how we converse here on the ship and how the thoughts run practically all in the German language), I looked for a good place to eat. Found it and took my evening meal. After that while strolling along, I passed a jewelry store. A large sign indicated that there was an auction going on. Thinking I might find a few presents, I stopped. It was a real New York Jew store. I placed a bid quite low on a 7-jewel Elgin watch and a

ring, and I got it. The Jews wanted me to buy a new watch for considerable more money. That seems to be their game. A weaker one than I might have been persuaded and possibly been cheated out of considerable money. Fundamentally selfish, bound to get the best of Gentiles they come in contact with, it is no wonder that in many places they have invited restrictions and prohibitions upon themselves. This particular Jew in the jewelry store sensed that I was German and going to Germany. He said with determination in his eyes, "There is one man in Germany I like to get into my hands. Do you know who he is?" I said, "I should say I know. It is my friend Adolph Hitler." He seemed not to like Hitler.

At about nine o'clock I checked out of Hotel Langwell, called a taxi and was driven to the pier of the Hamburg American Line, Pier 84. My ticket and passport I kept handy, for it was examined about four times. Took \$100.00 worth of insurance on all my packages for the price of \$2.50. I found my cabin alone. It was number 658 on E. deck. That was way down at the bottom of the ship. Deeper down they have no passengers nor anyone else, I believe. It did not look so (?) to me. I was the first of the (?) of my many friends. A tear drop forced itself from the eyes down the cheeks while thinking of them.

Soon a middle-aged man appeared with grips, the first sharer with me of cabin 658. He came from Chicago, named Iguatius Britcher. Thereafter a young man, accompanied by parents and grandmother and sister, came. He had just graduated from a small college and was given a graduation trip abroad. His name is H.E. Bastedo. After another while a young couple came and brought their father, a farmer and widower, who was bound to take another trip to the home country. He is a fine gentleman, very simple. He is going to Ausbach in Bayern. We soon made out that we could travel together to Wuerzburg, which was quite a consolation to his daughter. His name is Fritz Beck.

That was about ten or ten-thirty. Time until twelve o'clock went by rather slowly for me. There was some singing on board and some yodling. Deck was crowded with visitors who could come on the boat that evening for the payment of ten cents. At 11:30 was the first call for visitors to depart. They began to go. At that time the band began to play and all the ship employees as well as the German officials who had checked us in at the pier (off the ship) gave the Nazi salute. It looked impressive. I suppose it was the pledge of loyalty. Finally, finally the gang plank is removed, after a final warning to visitors. I watched the loosening of the steel cable. Without noticing any movement of the ship, it eased away from the pier. It slowly moved out. The shouting of good-byes, the waving of handkerchiefs and the singing of farewell songs were in order. The throng followed the ship to the end of the pier, from where the final good-by had to be given. Then it was just a few minutes after midnight. The ship S.S. "Deutschland" moved slowly out into the night.

Thursday, July 16, 1936

As the distance widened between the pier of the Hapag (Hamburg American Line Paketpost Action Gesellschaft) and the "Deutschland," we sailed down the Hudson River. In the clear night the New York sky line appeared beautiful. The lighted tower of the one hundred and two floor Empire State Building was clearly visible. Soon the immense sky-scrapers which house the great financial institutions located at the extreme southern end of Manhattan were passed by us. Then we floated past the Governor's Island, after which we had pointed out to us the clearly visible form of the world-famed Statue of Liberty. It's electrically lighted torch shown brighter than any of the variously

surrounding lights. Unconsciously the words of our national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner" came to my mind, and I was seized by a real appreciation of what this "land of the free and home of the brave" had meant to me during the last twenty-six years.

On we sailed into the night. I did not remain on deck until the lights everywhere had disappeared. But just before going inside, I saw a small ship with red and green lights on its mast come real close to us. A passenger leaning over the ship's railing loudly exclaimed, "Ah, das ist das Lotsenschiff." ("This is the ship of the harbor pilot.") Undoubtedly it was. The harbor pilot now the dining room (?) few of the groups of people with whom I was to travel for the next eight days.

It came quickly very forcibly to me that I was traveling on a German boat. Conservatively speaking, eighty percent of the people conversed regularly in the German language. Even before I retired that evening I addressed a young steward in the English before I noticed his embarrassment at my speech. I changed to the German. Light came into his eyes. Very politely he spoke to me. He used words and phrases which I hadn't heard for many years. They brought memories of long forgotten days once more pleasantly to my mind. Were they only a foretaste of what was in store for me-here and there and yonder?

At about two o'clock I found my cabin bed. Thanking God for His care and keeping, I soon was off to slumberland. But my sleep was not so sound as I am used to at home. The unusual, the excitement, plus unaccustomed noises prevented it to be so. I arose and looked at my watch. It was just about seven. I dressed, but I didn't feel like shaving. Things began to go around in a circle. With a certain measure of determination I tried to go to the dining room, two flights of stairs up on B deck. But it was no use. One of the nicely brown painted buckets which are stationed in the hall ways became of wonderful value to me. Not only once, but the second time after a short period, and the third time-I might just as well finish. That I was feeling miserable doesn't sufficiently describe it. Holding on with both hands to banisters and whatever I could find, I made my way down to the cabin and flopped into a lower bunk, although mine was an upper, there to stay the greater part of the day.

I was assigned to the second table, that is the late serving. It suited me fine, because in the morning it gives one a much better change to get breakfast. They always call by means of blowing a bugle or trumpet. Later in the afternoon I got up and felt quite good. So when the trumpet sounded that first evening, I made my way into the dining room and was able to eat a good supper.

Here on deck they call the noon meal "Gabelfruehstueck" and the evening meal "Hauptmahlzeit." In the forenoon between meals, at 10:30 they serve bullion and bread, and in the afternoon between meals, at 3:00, they serve coffee and cakes.

Went to bed early that evening, but was much disturbed by the many noises. There was the rocking of the boat which made all kinds of squeaks and groanings. Then there was a group of young German boys and girls, who ran around about the whole night. Sleep was much interrupted, until the Chicago man, Mr. Britcher, got up and went out and gave the young people a warning. Then it quieted down some, except for the noises made by the boat.

Friday and Saturday, July 17 & 18

Things began to take on their regular routine. I had bought a steamer chair for the duration of the trip which was comfortable to sit or lie in. It cost together with a blanket \$1.50. I tried to read but

could not stand it because it caused a terrific headache. So I walked about the ship when I got tired sitting around. For further exercise...(cut off).

Monday, August 24, 1936

NOW TOWN'S OLDEST

Chris Gilliom, pictured above, Sunday celebrated his 92nd birthday, and is now the town's oldest person, following the death of John Gerber. Mr. Gilliom was born Aug. 23, 1844. His health is still good, considering his age. Most of his children gathered at his home Sunday and visited with him and sang songs for him. (PHOTO PROVIDED)

Monday, August 31, 1936

Mr. and Mrs. David L. Habegger and family and the Misses Barbara and Agnes Habegger left Sunday on a trip to Michigan. They plan to be gone about three or four days. Mr. Habegger is enjoying a vacation from his duties at the Berne Equity Exchange Company where his is employed.

Adams County Historical Museum

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Transcribed by Deb & Michelle Schevenius