THE WRITINGS OF EMIL FÜRTH

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN BY

RICHARD MILLWARD
(HUSBAND OF HIS GREAT GRANDDAUGHTER
PATRICIA MILLWARD nee FÜRTH)

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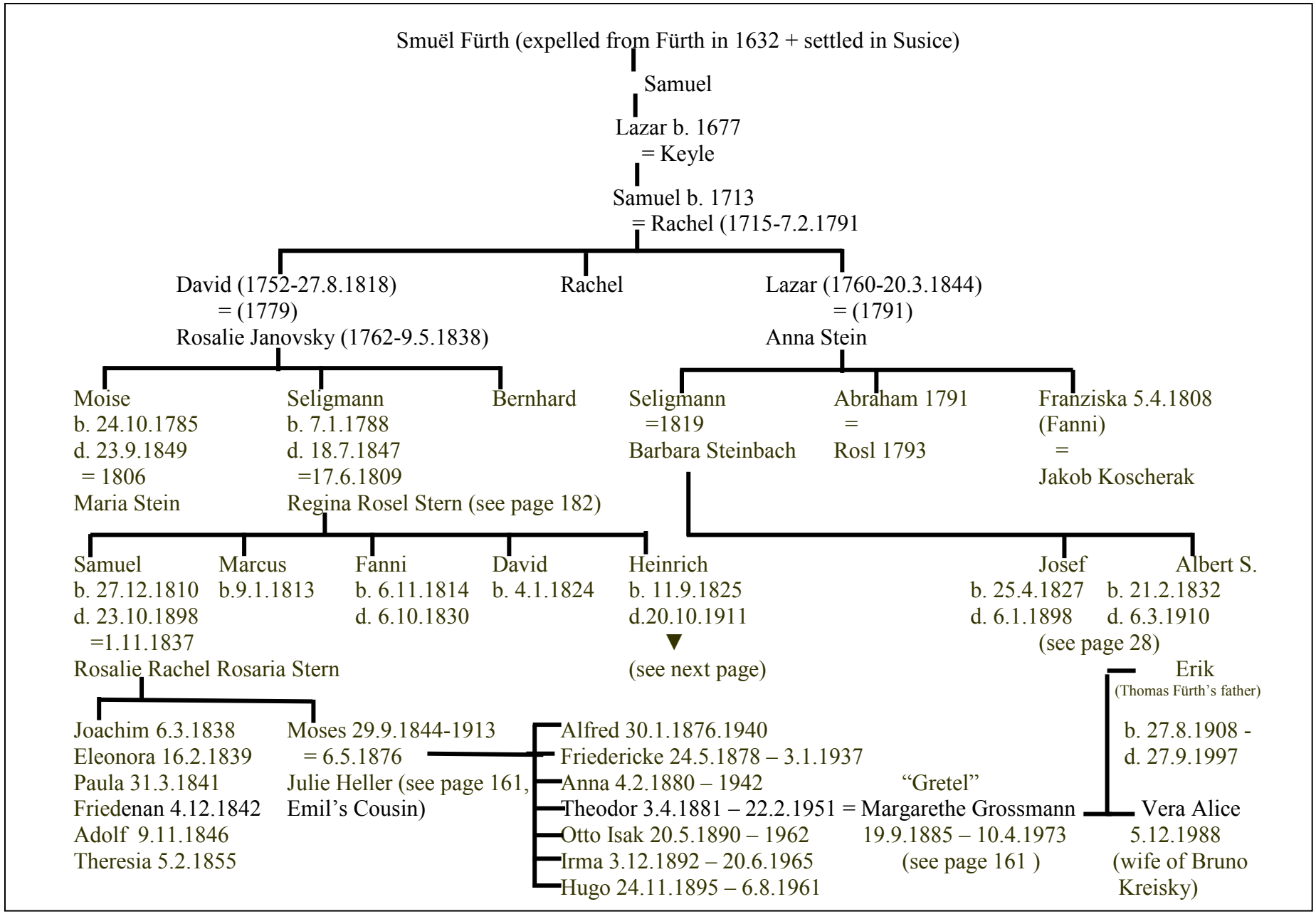
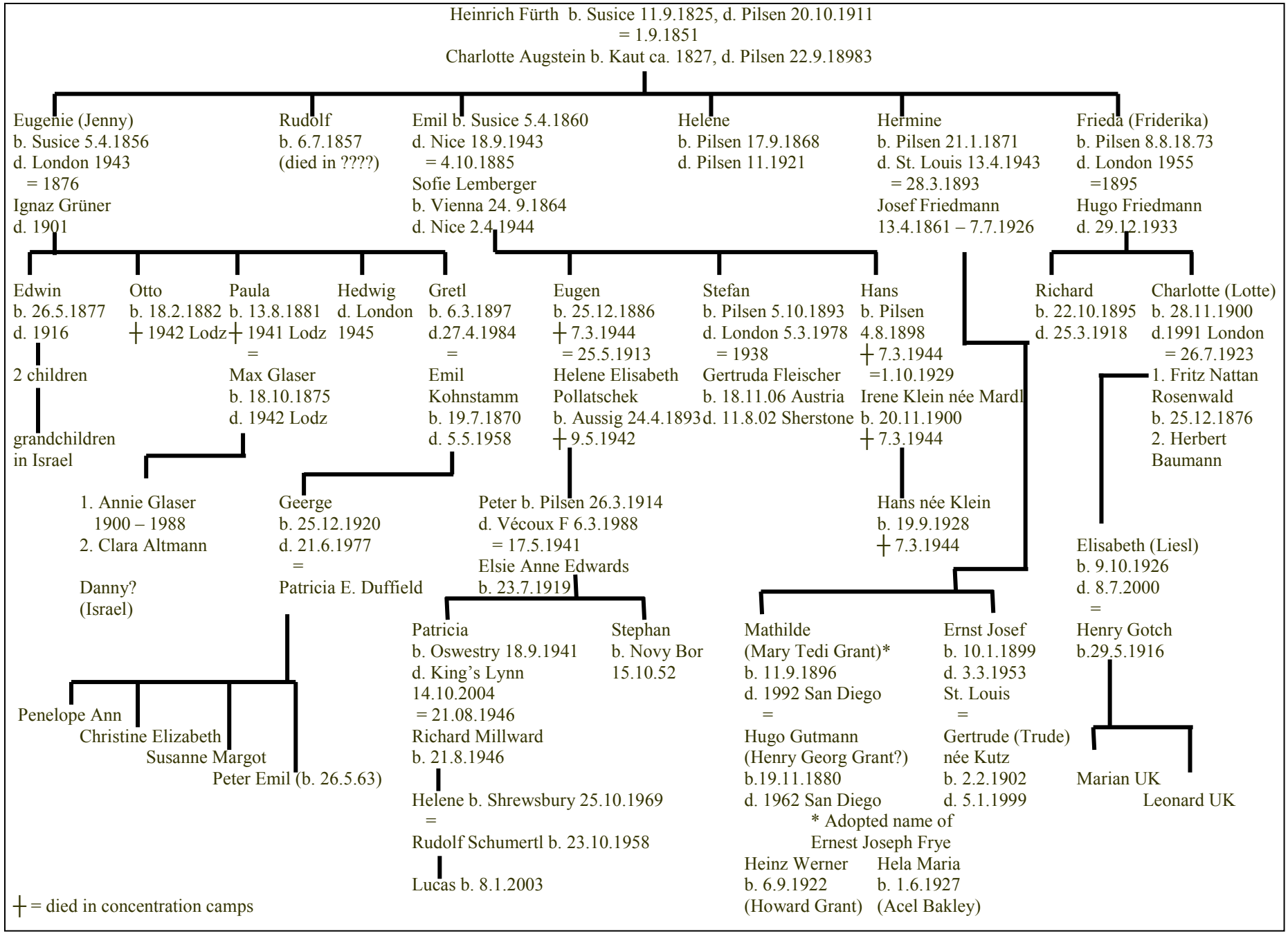

Smuël Fürth (expelled from Fürth in 1632 + settled in Susice)
Samuel
Lazar b. 1677
= Keyle
Samuel b. 1713
= Rachel (1715-7.2.1791
David (1752-27.8.1818)
= (1779)
Rosalie Janovsky (1762-9.5.1838)
Rachel
Lazar (1760-20.3.1844)
= (1791)
Anna Stein
Moise
b. 24.10.1785
d. 23.9.1849
= 1806
Maria Stein
Seligmann
b. 7.1.1788
d. 18.7.1847
=17.6.1809
Regina Rosel Stern (see page 182)
Bernhard
Seligmann
=1819
Barbara Steinbach
Abraham 1791
=
Rosl 1793
Franziska 5.4.1808
(Fanni)
=
Jakob Koscherak
Samuel
b. 27.12.1810
d. 23.10.1898
=1.11.1837
Rosalie Rachel Rosaria Stern
Marcus
b.9.1.1813
Fanni
b. 6.11.1814
d. 6.10.1830
David
b. 4.1.1824
Heinrich
b. 11.9.1825
d.20.10.1911
(see next page)
Josef
b. 25.4.1827
d. 6.1.1898
(see page 28)
Albert S.
b. 21.2.1832
d. 6.3.1910
Joachim 6.3.1838
Eleonora 16.2.1839
Paula 31.3.1841
Friedenan 4.12.1842
Adolf 9.11.1846
Theresia 5.2.1855
Moses 29.9.1844-1913
= 6.5.1876
Julie Heller (see page 161, Emil's Cousin)
Alfred 30.1.1876.1940
Friedericke 24.5.1878 – 3.1.1937
Anna 4.2.1880 – 1942
Theodor 3.4.1881 – 22.2.1951
Otto Isak 20.5.1890 – 1962
Irma 3.12.1892 – 20.6.1965
Hugo 24.11.1895 – 6.8.1961
"Gretel"
= Margarethe Grossmann
19.9.1885 – 10.4.1973
(see page 161)
Erik
(Thomas Fürth's father)
b. 27.8.1908 -
d. 27.9.1997
Vera Alice
5.12.1988
(wife of Bruno Kreisky)


Heinrich Fürth b. Susice 11.9.1825, d. Pilsen 20.10.1911
= 1.9.1851
Charlotte Augstein b. Kaut ca. 1827, d. Pilsen 22.9.18983
Eugenie (Jenny)
b. Susice 5.4.1856
d. London 1943
= 1876
Ignaz Grüner
d. 1901
Rudolf
b. 6.7.1857
(died in ????)
Emil b. Susice 5.4.1860
d. Nice 18.9.1943
= 4.10.1885
Sofie Lemberger
b. Vienna 24. 9.1864
d. Nice 2.4.1944
Helene
b. Pilsen 17.9.1868
d. Pilsen 11.1921
Hermine
b. Pilsen 21.1.1871
d. St. Louis 13.4.1943
= 28.3.1893
Josef Friedmann
13.4.1861 – 7.7.1926
Frieda (Friderika)
b. Pilsen 8.8.18.73
d. London 1955
=1895
Hugo Friedmann
d. 29.12.1933
Edwin
b. 26.5.1877
d. 1916
2 children
grandchildren
in Israel
Otto
b. 18.2.1882
┼ 1942 Lodz
Paula
b. 13.8.1881
┼ 1941 Lodz
=
Max Glaser
b. 18.10.1875
d. 1942 Lodz
Hedwig
d. London
1945
Gretl
b. 6.3.1897
d.27.4.1984
=
Emil
Kohnstamm
b. 19.7.1870
d. 5.5.1958
Eugen
b. 25.12.1886
┼ 7.3.1944
= 25.5.1913
Helene Elisabeth
Pollatschek
b. Aussig 24.4.1893
┼ 9.5.1942
Stefan
b. Pilsen 5.10.1893
d. London 5.3.1978
= 1938
Gertruda Fleischer
b. 18.11.06 Austria
d. 11.8.02 Sherstone
Hans
b. Pilsen
4.8.1898
┼ 7.3.1944
=1.10.1929
Irene Klein née Mardl
b. 20.11.1900
┼ 7.3.1944
Richard
b. 22.10.1895
d. 25.3.1918
Charlotte (Lotte)
b. 28.11.1900
d.1991 London
= 26.7.1923
1. Fritz Nattan
Rosenwald
b. 25.12.1876
2. Herbert
Baumann
1. Annie Glaser
1900 – 1988
2. Clara Altmann
Danny?
(Israel)
Geerge
b. 25.12.1920
d. 21.6.1977
=
Patricia E. Duffield
Peter b. Pilsen 26.3.1914
d. Vécoux F 6.3.1988
= 17.5.1941
Elsie Anne Edwards
b. 23.7.1919
Hans née Klein
b. 19.9.1928
┼ 7.3.1944
Elisabeth (Liesl)
b. 9.10.1926
d. 8.7.2000
=
Henry Gotch
b.29.5.1916
Penelope Ann
Christine Elizabeth
Susanne Margot
Peter Emil (b. 26.5.63)
Patricia
b. Oswestry 18.9.1941
d. King's Lynn
14.10.2004
= 21.08.1946
Richard Millward
b. 21.8.1946
Stephan
b. Novy Bor
15.10.52
Helene b. Shrewsbury 25.10.1969
=
Rudolf Schumertl b. 23.10.1958
Lucas b. 8.1.2003
Mathilde
(Mary Tedi Grant)*
b. 11.9.1896
d. 1992 San Diego
=
Hugo Gutmann
(Henry Georg Grant?)
b.19.11.1880
d. 1962 San Diego
Ernst Josef
b. 10.1.1899
d. 3.3.1953
St. Louis
=
Gertrude (Trude)
née Kutz
b. 2.2.1902
d. 5.1.1999
* Adopted name of
Ernest Joseph Frye
Heinz Werner
b. 6.9.1922
(Howard Grant)
Hela Maria
b. 1.6.1927
(Acel Bakley)
Marian UK
Leonard UK
┼ = died in concentration camps

German-Contolled Area of Central Europe

A REVIEW OF MY LIFE

Dedicated to my sons and my grandson Peter.

Motto: "If it is well composed and to the point, that is just what I wanted.
"If it is worthless and mediocre, that is all that I could manage."

II Maccabees, Chapter 15, Verse 39.

My keen sense of humour, which, as far as I am able to judge correctly for myself, is a prominent feature of my character, never permitted amusing events in my life to pass unheeded, but rather game me the gift to often find the funny side of even quite serious matters. And so it has been that many events became a source of amusement, shared by my family, to whom I faithfully narrated them. And I have often been asked by my family to collect and record these amusing events, so as to preserve them for future generations of my family.

I have so far failed to do this – not just because there has been a dearth of such material in my collection in these recent years of very sad events on the world stage, but principally because I am no doubt conscious of the fact that the significance of old family tradition is lost on the generation of our times, and therefore did not intend increasing the mountains of worthless trash by adding my writings, devoid of interest for future generations of my family.

If I am now being inconsistent, what principally prompts me is the consideration, that it might be pleasing to my sons to be able to revisit certain episodes of my life, after I shall have departed from the stage, on which I played a modest role, and to learn for the first time others, that I did not have occasion to narrate or that I had forgotten. I am also prompted by the consideration that my grandson will perhaps find some interest in what I have to write.

I am also strengthened in my resolve to put pen to paper by the feeling derived from the immediate present that, in accordance with the old saying, "The world is round and has to rotate", it does seem that there is a welcome reaction in the offing in relation to the world of feelings and emotion as well, despite all the brutalisation of our times, and that I may thus be permitted to hope that my putting pen to paper will be spared the fate of being laughed at.

However, I should expressly like to make it clear to start with, that it is not my intention to give my memories of the past, which of course it is not intended to confine to amusing events, the form and importance of pretentious memoirs. They will have served their purpose, if they give my loved ones, in whom, as a laudable exception, the sense for family is still keenly developed, an hour of quiet enjoyment. If the following pages are in the main preoccupied with my own person, I nonetheless believe that I am immune to the charge of arrogance, as those who know me are fully aware of the fact that, whilst I have never sought to conceal my light under a bushel, I have throughout my life taken pains to show due modesty. My cradle – it really still was a cradle back in those days – stood in the small town of Schuttenhofen – now called Susice – in the Bohemian Forest, where I was born on the 5th April, 1860 into what was then still a beautiful world. My father Heinrich ran a colonial stores and ironmonger's business. He himself was born there on the 11th September 1825 and was the youngest of four brothers. Both his parents had died at a comparatively early age. Destined to become a businessman, he only attended the first four classes of Elementary School, but he was so well equipped intellectually, that he surpassed

the successes of his brothers at an early age already and soon enjoyed a reputation that grew and grew. It is not the blind love of a child that gives rise to the assertion that I have met few men, who have surpassed him in intelligence and astuteness.

My mother, the daughter of a tenant farmer on an estate in Kaut, one Augstein, was a pretty woman with a zest for life, who knew how to present the image of an accomplished lady within the four modest, but a the same time good middle-class walls of her home. I have to thank her for my love of nature and my appreciation of the fine arts.

My memories of our stay in the delightfully situated little town are limited to my childhood years up to the time of my attending Primary School. At the beginning of 1866 there were severe riots in the Czech parts of Bohemia directed against the rural Jewish population, which had their origin in the silver mining town of Pribram. The government was too weak to take sufficiently effective and swift action against the rioters. On the evening of the 12th March the riots broke out in Schuttenhofen too. Only the scum of the population took part in the riots, but during that night they plundered all the shops that were owned by Jews and also wreaked havoc in their homes. I can still see it clearly in my mind's eye, how my father sought to secure important documents, when the sound of axes could already be heard striking against the heavy shop doors, and I can clearly recall, how I, a six year old boy, stood in his way and implored him to save my picture book too. Half an hour later we had to flee to the house of our neighbours, the baker, Mr. Nechutny, climbing a ladder over a wall, so escaping a confrontation with the mob that broke into our house. Peace was restored the next morning after the police had arrested the ringleaders and imposed severe custodial sentences on them. The devastation they had caused was terrible however! Papers and remnants and shreds from the devastated fixtures and fittings of the house were strewn foot-high over the whole shop and the adjacent living room and the down from the torn duvets flew all around. The sole thing that remained untouched was the piano. Unharmed rather than untouched: a musically talented chimney-sweep had sat down at the piano and played merry tunes, while his fellows wreaked their havoc, thus saving the instrument from harm.

The mayor and the whole of the Town Council came to express their deepest regret and sense of outrage at what had happened to my father, but he was not able to overcome the atrocities that had been committed against him and no amount of persuasion could deter him from turning his back on his home town. He immediately made plans to move home to Pilsen, where my maternal grandparents were spending their retirement.

By this time the Civil War had broken out between Austria and Prussia. I can recall with vivid detail the arrival of the Saxon cavalry, a few of whom took up quarters in our house, including an officer and a trumpet major, who became particularly attached to me and insisted on having his photograph taken with me.

And so the month of August 1866 arrived and with it came our moving home to Pilsen. At that time one still drove to Pilsen by horse and coach. Father had set off before us, and mother took us – my sister Eugenie, who was exactly four years older than I, and myself – via Klattau, where we spent the night with relatives, to our new home in the house, which was later to become the "Crown Prince Rudolf" Restaurant, the restaurant most frequented by the German population of the town, which has now long since ceased to function as such. Soon afterwards we exchanged this flat for one in an adjacent house, moving however once again two years later to a flat in the old "Guild House" at Ringplatz, where we lived until 1884. This was a very old building that had apparently once served as a nunnery and whose meter thick walls, deep window recesses and

vaulted ceilings contributed greatly to the cosy atmosphere of the rooms. The front door with its beautiful, rich wood-carving had such artistic value that, when the old building had to make way for a new building at the turn of the century, it was moved to the old Grammar School, a former monastery of the Tepler Premonstratensian monks, where it has since embellished the entry to the building.

Moving home to Pilsen proved a blessing for the family. At that time Pilsen had about 30,000 residents, most of whom were Czechs. Property belonged, however, mainly to the German section of the population, and even in the Town Council the official language had been German up until a few years before our arrival and the mayor last to have terminated office, Mr. Matzenauer, was a German. German plays still alternated with Czech plays at the Municipal Theatre and I myself attended such a German performance – it was my first visit to the theatre. The delightful way the middle classes spoke still lives on in my memory: there was hardly a sentence where both languages were not blended into a comical mixture.

But this condition did not last for much longer. The Czechs' sense of national awareness grew rapidly and, given the craving for education of these intelligent, ambitious and thoroughly nationally minded people, it was inevitable that, in their majority, they acquired prestige and power in all fields. Pilsen was already a definitely Czech town by the 1870's and, due to its growth, it was the second largest town in Bohemia.

And with this process the national struggle also commenced, which did not cease until the Austrian state fell apart and which, when there were elections and similar events, frequently erupted into threatening demonstrations nurtured by this warm seedbed with the windows in the homes of the leaders of the German section of the population being smashed. How often we heard the frightening sound of windowpanes being smashed in darkened rooms and the shouts of the fanatical mob. But I anticipate and in fact want to report, how my father commenced constructing his new life. In the same building that was later to be our home for so long he opened a bureau de change, which soon became very popular. But this work did not satisfy his creative urge, and he soon conceived the idea of starting up an industry that at the time was new for the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but that had been flourishing for a long time already in Germany, namely the mechanical production of straw-based paper.

He intended setting up the factory on his own and on his own account, but he was persuaded by his mother-in-law, an extremely clever and circumspect woman, to have as a partner her other son-in-law, Leopold Gellert, the husband of her eldest daughter. And so it was that the firm of Fürth & Gellert came into being, to which was appended the above-mentioned banking business.

The foundation stone for the paper mill was laid on a spring day in 1867, and this simple but impressive ceremony, to which father took his little son, remains firmly in my mind's eye still today. When the shell of the building was completed and the paper machines from Carl Thyl & Co. in Cothen were underway, Freidrich Wieland, a machine operator my father had taken on when on a study trip in Rosslau, started work as works manager and set about assembling the machinery with two other machine operators, Messrs. Gorges and Hartmann, who were also Prussian. The roughly 60-horse power steam engine was supplied by the Pilsen engineering firm, Belani Bros.

Right from the start the fledgling enterprise blossomed and made good profits, which increased the prosperity of both families handsomely.

As was customary at the time I attended a private school, whose head teacher was Mr. Klein. Mr Klein's father-in-law, Mr. Kohn, something of a rough diamond and a former country teacher, gave instruction in Religion. He still presided over the class with the cane, close acquaintance of which I did not seek despite the little sympathy I had with the subject matter of the lesson. Nonetheless my heart couldn't open to this old fossil of a teacher, particularly as he bestowed on me, as a substitute for the cane, other acts of kindness. I was a rather delicate child and was thus spoilt to a certain extent by my good mother. And so it was that she sent me a mid-morning meal every day to be consumed with a fork, for the 10 o'clock break, brought to me by my former nanny, an elderly chambermaid. This meal, designed to fatten me up, often consisted of a bowl of Chaudeau and I was permitted to eat it in the kitchen of the head teacher's wife. To the delight of my fellow pupils this resulted in the saintly teacher of religion nicknaming me the wine soup glutton. That was all part and parcel of the teaching methods of the day. Once when I had forgotten some written homework at home, I also had to stand outside the classroom door with a ruler on my shoulders, until such time that "I could produce the homework", on the orders of Mr. Reiss, a teacher who, God forbid it, also taught my eldest son. All my life I have not been able to forget this stupidity inflicted on a child by a teacher.

When mother's eldest sister, Auntie Rosa, who lived in Vienna, came to visit us with her daughter Sofie, her only child, I was about eight years old. They had taken rooms at Hotel Adler, quite near to the flat where my grandparents lived. I, a curious young boy, ran straight from school to the hotel to observe the arrival of the guests from Vienna, hidden incognito behind the staircase of the hotel. What initially made the greatest impression on me was a gigantic doll, which my dainty little cousin was scarcely able to drag along behind her. When we later officially became acquainted at home, it was with the living little doll, my cousin that I fell in love. In a flight of youthful recklessness, without first enquiring about dowries and other necessities, I declared to the delightful child that I would marry her. Oh, the unsuspected angel! She didn't blush, but rather ran crying to her mother and didn't want to know anything about the bonds of marriage, which will have bound her to me soon for 49 years already at the time I write these lines.

The remaining time up until completing Elementary School was fairly free of such world-shaking events. All that I should still mention is the first time I got drunk, when I attended a wedding reception my parents had taken me along to, who failed to supervise me. My thoughts still dwell upon how, on the way home, held in father's arms, the old venerable houses on the town square, famous by association with Wallenstein, danced merrily around me.

When I was still not quite 10, I became a Secondary School pupil. At that time the school was Czech, but up until Class VII it had parallel German classes. I was not what you call ambitious, not a star pupil. In drawing I was mostly awarded, "Good", in writing sometimes even, "Excellent", which at the time was the highest mark. In German too I managed, "Commendable" and "Good". These were subjects I was able to master without effort. However, it was always not until the last moment that I mastered the other subjects, which required diligence, as I was lacking in particular in attentiveness, with the result that I just about managed to get by the dangerous cliffs and escape accident and failure. On the other hand, I would certainly have merited a very good mark for "Smoking". Today I may betray the crime, which is long since statute-barred: my father at the time purchased his cigars from nearby Bavaria, a custom he had acquired in Schuttenhofen. Moreover, at the time it was a custom practised generally in middle class circles. Some smuggler or other would usually bring 5-6 boxes of cigars, each containing 100 cigars and they would be stored away in an unlocked drawer in the drawing room. My father apparently believed that the quality of the cigar protected him from being robbed, and I for my part today also don't believe that I would be able to make myself culpable of a crime for the sake of such a

product. However, at the time I was only 12 years old, wasn't yet a connoisseur and therefore didn't recoil from putting my hand in the drawer. Cunningly I directed my attentions to the bottom box. On Saturday afternoons, when there was no school, I went off on excursions into the woods and fields with my friends, taking along 2-3 cigars with me. After fairly long excursions and attempts at smoking, which in the main didn't have any repercussions, we discovered that the field behind father's factory wall, which was as if made for the need to have something to lean against, which became ever more necessary, was the most suitable place for our smoking orgies.

This choice, however, proved my downfall. As I was later to learn, Mr. Wieland, the works manager, observed our goings-on and, when my father struck a match of the day – Swedish matches had not yet been invented at that time – against the factory wall in his customary manner the following Monday to light his cigar and failed in the effort, Wieland smiled and observed, "The boy can do it better!" and imitated, how I was adept at striking my matches against the flexed curvature of my posterior. He then went on to narrate to father the observations that caused him such amusement.

When I returned from a walk unsuspecting in the afternoon, father examined my jacket pockets with an ominous countenance. Nothing was to be found and I breathed a sigh of relief. Suddenly, however, he no doubt recalled his own childhood and thrust his left hand down my trouser pocket. Where else does such a boy conceal his cigars? Of course, there were remnants of tobacco in the pocket, and now the inquisition commenced. After an advance had been given on my later sentence in the form of a slap on the face, my father enquired about the origin of my cigars. I was still innocent enough to confess the truth straight away. My poor father's lips turned pale on hearing of this wickedness on the part of his son and heir, but he soon composed himself, refrained from further attempts at administering justice, took his hat and walking stick and, in response to mother's anxious question as to where he was going, he replied shortly and to the point, "To the Police!" And so he left the flat.

Lamenting this family disgrace, my sister Jenny now produced a small suitcase and packed underwear in it for me, "so that you can change your underwear, when the constable comes to take you off to prison". However wretched I may have felt, this attempt at putting the fear of the Lord into me didn't cut ice, and I didn't hold back my opinion that father would be cautious of disclosing the source of the smuggled cigars. I never found out, but I am pretty sure, that this attitude on my part must have caused even my father the greatest amusement.

I practised my schoolboy pranks in many other fields of activity (see page 163). I spent my happiest holidays in my old home town, Schuttenhofen, where I lived in the house of my father's oldest brother, a kind, fine old man, who welcomed me with open arms. As a town boy from Pilsen I was allowed to let off steam there and, later on, I was told laughingly of many a prank I got up to there. All that my good old little aunt had to complain about was my poor appetite, when lunch arrived on the table. Not that there was any shortage of tasty meals. However, every morning I indulged in my passion for sour gherkins, which a salesman offered for sale, fishing them out of a barrel on the street inclined against the wall with his fingers. Hiding behind the next available door I surrendered to the satisfaction of devouring the gherkins slowly, regretting the loss of the fine juice, that inevitably dripped from my mouth unsavoured. As a result of this, of course, I lost my appetite for lunch.

I was soon, however, able to eat normally again, the reason being as follows: when I was once again approaching the tempting barrel, a huge butcher's dog got there before me, cocked his

rear leg against the barrel and added copiously to the tasty gherkin juice. I immediately withdrew my custom from the salesman, and from that moment on aunt had no further reason to complain.

Arriving at a sad chapter in the family history, I must now go back in time and report the birth of my poor sister Helene on the 17th September 1868. Hardly a year old, the beautiful and well-developed child fell ill with seizures and a condition, which is today described as poliomyelitis. Her legs were paralysed, her head was abnormally large and her intelligence developed more slowly than is the case with other children. Her worry stricken parents consulted top rank doctors from Prague, went with the child to a miracle healer in Wunsiedel in Bavaria, but were forced to return home without hope. There was no hope for poor Helene, but a cruel fate condemned her to carry on living, a cause of grief and burden to herself and of sorrow and gnawing anxiety to her parents, sorrow and anxiety that were to accompany them to their graves. Because it was the case that poor Helene, who couldn't walk, couldn't stand on her own, was always confined to her wheelchair and was fully conscious of her sad fate in an often heart-rending manner, survived our mother, who shed countless tears for this wretched child, by 23 years and our father, who was always movingly concerned for her, by 10 years. It wasn't until November 1921 that an end was put to her suffering. My sister Jenny, who had looked after her from the time of father's death, and I, who had rushed to her bedside from Vienna, closed the eyes of this pitiable girl.

The death of my poor sister, of itself a release from a martyrdom that had lasted for decades, occurred as if the Good Lord had intended that the full tragedy of her existence should expire on a note of reconciliation: in the hours, when our poor Helene was fading away, we were movingly permitted to listen to the delicate, fine and beautiful song of her canary, which had not uttered a note for years, and now quite suddenly voiced its lamenting song of farewell.

Is this miraculous event attributable to the little bird's instinct? This question will remain just as unanswered, as the other question that we should ask fate: what did God intend with this martyrdom that lasted 53 years?

The stork brought two other sisters into our family: Hermine, born on the 21st January 1871 and Frieda, born on the 8th August 1873. A few days after Hermine's birth I went off shooting birds to "Bockswiese" with a fellow pupil, the nephew of a gunsmith. One of the birds we shot fell on the ice of the R.Radbuza and, when I went to collect it, the ice broke and I fell in the water. I was rescued, however, and, with clothes soaked through and through and teeth chattering with the cold, I was taken home to mother, who was still confined to her bed. Father punished me for this further prank in an appropriate manner. In the following summer a cousin of my mother paid us a short visit. His parents lived a quite meagre existence in the nearby small town of Blowitz, and my father helped their son, Dr. Schwarzkopf, to complete his studies in Prague. The latter requested permission to be allowed to take me to his parents' home for a week's visit. To my great joy permission was granted. For a town boy such a stay in the country, free of constraints, always implies the greatest joy imaginable. And so it was that the unaccustomed meagreness of the accommodation and the poor quality meals didn't in the least upset the pleasure I had getting up to mischief with the street children of Blowitz, with whom I committed misdemeanours in the surrounding fields by picking beans – until the man, whose job it was to keep an eye on the fields, confiscated my new straw hat. The worthy man was not accessible to my pleading and I had to pay 10 Kreuzers in cash to redeem it.

Opposite the welcoming home of my great-uncle there was a one storey hut, inhabited by a glassmaker and his wife and countless children. Up until the late evening, the husband was always employed doing repair jobs in the surrounding villages, walking across country from village to village with his rucksack on his back. One day his wife called across the street, that it would be a joy and great honour to her, if Doctor Schwarzkopf and the young gentleman from Pilsen would come over and have supper with her – they were having pea soup. We gratefully accepted, particularly as evening dress was not required and, in consequence, no great preparations had to be made. We were told to come at 6.30pm and supper was served punctually. Soup was the first course and a thick slice of bread was the second and last course – I enjoyed both greatly.

The poor gentleman of the house was still, however, out on his rounds and so his concerned wife placed a large earthenware bowl containing the delicious meal on the open stove to keep it warm. It wasn't until it was already getting quite dark that the suffering husband arrived home dragging his tired feet and dead hungry. His wife quickly fetched a bucket of cold water from the well, so as to place the bowl on it with the soup, which by this time had become far too hot, and so cool it down. But oh, the short-sighted glazier mistook the bucket for a stool in the room, which by this time was quite dark, and sat wearily down in it. A terrible cry and the cracking of broken pieces of earthenware caused us all to jolt to attention. After having had his clothes removed, the poor man was treated and dressed by the young doctor, who was fortunately present, whilst the lady of the house summarised the sad consequences of this regrettable error on the part of her husband with the following memorable words: "I cook the pea soup for seven hours, he sits himself down in it, breaks the bowl, the soup's had it and he burns his a…."

I often had to narrate this episode to my parents to their great amusement.

In those happy days of my childhood I was once witness to an event that was just as happy as it was exciting.

Father divided his work between the mill and the banking business. When there was no school, I was allowed to spend a quarter of an hour now and again with father in the bank, which consisted of a moderately large business office. On the occasion of such a visit to the bank an elderly man offered to sell my father one of the cavalier's lottery tickets that were common at the time, I believe it was a Salm lottery ticket. Father quoted him a price, with which the gentleman was in agreement, and was on the point of paying him the agreed sum, when he paused and said that he would first check, whether the lottery ticket had possibly been drawn already. With a smile of resignation the gentleman said that this was not the case.

In such matters, and other matters, my father however always relied on his own judgement and started to turn over the pages of the lottery draw lists. Suddenly I saw him become uneasy in a strange sort of way. However, in the very next moment already he turned his attention to the gentleman and asked him to take a seat, saying that he had something pleasant to report to him: "Dear Sir, you have won 25,000.—guilders and did so two years ago already."

Instead of replying, the gentleman passed out, and we brought him around with cold water, that I hastily brought from the pump in the house.

Then, when he came round, there was, of course, no end to the expressions of thanks on the part of the happy man, who was a retired civil servant and only wanted to sell the lottery ticket out of necessity.

During the time that I studied at Middle School in Pilsen there was an era characterised by an unexpected economic boom, the consequence of which was that new joint stock companies and banks kept growing out of the ground like mushrooms. Brochures about the possibilities of making the most fantastic profits were fraudulently distributed to the public, turning their heads. Wild speculation on the stock market commenced and everyone down to the smallest shopkeeper, cook and apprentice took part in it.

The banking and exchange business of Fürth & Gellert also prospered. One of its main clients was the Pilsen lawyer, Dr. Jonak, who bought and sold new investments every day on the basis of his own suppositions and information he obtained. However, only small payments on account were made, as the investment certificates themselves served as security. The bank itself had the transactions carried out by the Vienna Exchange Office, a joint stock company, whose manager was the talented 26-year-old Theodor Taussig, who later on as governor of the Land Credit Institution enjoyed the highest reputation as one of the leading figures in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and grew into a man of great financial power.

Everyone was happy during this witches' dance in paradise garden, even the living standard of the lower middle classes grew and no-one imagined that they would be driven out of the Elysian Gardens. The Vienna World Fair of 1873 was supposed to serve as the crowning act of this outbreak of prosperity. The Fair's attraction and much-admired focal point was the rotunda. However, the Fair was hardly opened, when heavy clouds clouded the economic skies and proceeded to empty themselves on the Vienna Stock Market on the infamous Black Friday of the month of May with frightening suddenness in the form of an almighty storm. With one single blow all the castles in the sky collapsed, everything was cast to the ground and fantastic fortunes and thousands and hundreds of thousands of lives were destroyed. It was what is known today as the legendary Vienna Crash, which spread to almost the whole of Europe, and whose wounds oozed blood for many years to follow.

In the Witches' Sabbath that now followed my father could have held his head high like a white raven, as he was one of the few, who showed restraint in the bustle of those times that, in every sense of the word, made heads dizzy. He hadn't participated in the wild speculation on his own account or for the family company. This solidity which couldn't be admired enough, was, however, not able to protect his banking business from sever damage. As a matter of course, the Vienna Exchange Office demanded funds to cover the customers' investment certificates that had become virtually worthless and, equally understandably, the family bank demanded funds from Dr. Jonak. The main debtor, however, flatly declared that he was unable to pay.

The funds that were lacking, amounting to at least 300,000 guilders, couldn't be taken from the paper mill, whose good profits were being mainly used to expand the company, and so it was that my father was beset by great worries, under which he believed he would collapse. Well-meaning friends advised him to get rid of his worries, as others did, namely to seek a settlement. However, it was precisely this way out that my father did not want, and I shall forever remain thankful to him for the firmness of his resolution, and he sought to avoid it at all costs, casting it right aside. "It is my intention to preserve my good name for me and for my children."

He went to Vienna, where he was met by cold politeness. He stayed with his brother-in-law Lemberger, who later often told me, how my poor father cried all night long due to worry and anxiety that ate away at him. However, by mustering all the partners' moveable assets, they succeeded in discharging the greater part of their obligations, whilst the remaining liabilities were very soon covered by the mill's future profits. And so it was that the company emerged

from the general debacle bleeding but with an untarnished image, and my father's reputation grew and grew.

When I completed Class IV at Secondary School, the parallel German classes at the Czech School were abandoned. The new German Secondary School was still, however, in the course of construction. I therefore had to go to school in another town to attend the upper classes. My father took me to the nearest such school, which was in Budweis. That was at the beginning of September 1875. My mother and aunts gave me 12 guilders as pocket money and I kept this in a nice, new purse. At that time I didn't yet know anything about the precautionary measures that it behoves a capitalist to observe.

On the journey to Budweis I conversed with a very nice, talkative young man who, to my regret, already left the train in Strakonitz. When I shortly afterwards noticed that my purse was missing along with my pocket money, my regret grew into tears.

In Budweis I found lodgings at the home of the head Rabi and professor of religion there, Dr. Wunder. Four other pupils of the Middle School lived there with me, including the son of a rich farm tenant on an estate by the name of Podzahradsky. For me he was the most interesting of my fellow pupils as, every week, he was sent mountains of the finest food, which he distributed amongst us, not so much out of generosity as because he didn't have a good enough appetite. However, this comfort did not help me to overcome the unpleasant aspects of these new surroundings, to which I was so unaccustomed. Right from the beginning I found the owner of the house, a tall man with a sluggish gait and sharp penetrating eyes, unsympathetic. His wife, a small corpulent woman, behaved with maternal kindness towards me that was certainly not feigned. There was also a daughter there, named Ottilie, who was about 20 and behaved in a very arrogant way towards us boys. And finally there was an old cook with dripping eyes and, unfortunately, shedding hair, that now and again reappeared in soup or mashed potatoes.

I was also not able to get used to the ways of the school and, in consequence, all the good intentions I had had withered away. I should like to narrate the following as an example of the mentality and quickness of wit of certain members of staff: the pupil who sat next to me, Löffler, whose father had been transferred to Budweis after serving for 4 years in Croatia, was a diligent and well behaved pupil; it was just that he had an inadequate command of the German language as, up until then, he had only been taught in Croatian schools, Professor Ott taught German and natural history. When I was once tested in natural history and didn't find the teacher's approval, I was given the mark of "Unsatisfactory". Shortly afterwards we had to write an essay in German on some rather unusual subject. Löffler, sitting next to me, sucked at his quill for a long time prior to whispering the request to me, whether he could crib from me. I consented most willingly.

The marks were read out five days later. Results; Löffler, "Commendable", Fürth, "Unsatisfactory", as cribbed from Löffler."

When I quietly defended myself against the accusation made, without of course telling of Löffler, our good judge of character, Professor Ott, gave me two hours detention on the grounds of my cheek, which I had to stay in for the same afternoon. He came to see me during detention, and I can still hear his sonorous voice lamenting the fact that such respectable parents could have such a depraved only son.

It seems that the Professor must have had the right intuition, because his opinion was curiously shared by my Religious Studies teacher and mild-mannered landlord. On my return home from my place of detention the latter greeted me with such a flood of malicious scorn and abuse, that I too must have emanated quiet anger in the face of such unjustly deserved shame. As if he felt frightened by this, my tormentor suddenly retreated one step backwards from me and shouted at me, "For God's sake, don't devour me with your wild eyes! You will go to the gallows with eyes like that – I'll give you that in writing if you want."

To date my landlord has not proved to be a good prophet despite his priestly sacraments. It is rather the case, as will emerge in a later part of my review, that he partially, and doubtless only subject to reservations, corrected his opinion of me.

If up until that point in time homesickness had devoured me, then these judgements of my qualities from worthy members of the teaching profession increased considerably my feelings of inferiority and stripped me of all my high spirits. From this painful feeling grew the awful resolve to announce to my parents in writing that, if they didn't agree to my returning home immediately, they would get me back in a coffin.

By the time I had put this letter in the post box, I had already regretted it, but it was too late. Already on the afternoon of the next day my poor father arrived. There were kind words of encouragement and tears as well, with my dear landlord shedding one too like a fake pearl. And I did stay until the end of the school year, even though I still found many a fly in the ointment, both in my presence at the school and in the soup – in the form of hair! Father carried the heartless letter on his person for the rest of his life. After his death I found it in his wallet.

But this time at the school came to an end too and, as I didn't want to end my secondary school education in this way, and as on the other hand I exhibited definite technical talents, it was decided to let me attend a school with a corresponding bias. Mitweida Technical College in Saxony was famed as such an institution at the time, and I was sent there too. The college was attended by more that 500 students, many whom were quite old. For example the foreman, whose ambition it was to acquire technical knowledge. Really quite excellent teaching staff provided the opportunity to acquire a thorough education, and this opportunity was also exploited with diligence. I too set about my studies with honest application, despite the fact that, particularly in the boarding house, where I was lodged with about 30 fellow students, I soon couldn't help but notice, that many perceived the purpose of their presence there to be indulging in student life. Initially I only joined the Shorthand Association, where I was able to shine with my skills that had already been acquired earlier on. About two or three months after I had commenced my studies, Emil Ritter von Skoda, the owner of the famous engineering works and the later cannon king, who met my father every evening at Pilsen Casino, learnt of my being at Mitweida. Quite shocked, he exclaimed, "For God's sake, dear friend, what has got into your head? My youngest brother went there and came back in a fine state!" This Cassandra cry sufficed to put my profoundly shocked and concerned father on the road to Mitweida the very next day. He arrived at 9pm and didn't find me at home. The caretaker accompanied him to the Beer Cellar, where "the young gentlemen mainly spend their evenings." But I wasn't to be found there either. But one student there, who noticed what was going on, gave the advice of enquiring at another pub, "Schillerhof", which I frequented now and then. At last the fearful elderly gentleman received the news that I was there, but that I was in the closed session of an association. Father asked them to call me out. My shock was, of course, not slight at seeing my father so suddenly right in front of me. He stated that he had business in nearby Chemnitz. He enquired about the nature of the association, of which I was a member. And when I replied, that

it was the Shorthand Association and that I had just been called away from the blackboard, at which I was explaining new ciphers, He was unable to express his scepticism, and asked, if I would take him in. This was something of an embarrassment for me, as it was after all an association that was only accessible to members. However, I overcame my timidity and introduced my father to the Association President, a senior, municipal official, who welcomed him very warmly and praised my skill in shorthand, of which I had just provided evidence.

Father was beside himself with delight, but stayed on for another day to convince himself, that the body of students was made up of predominantly solid elements, and he departed from the small, allegedly so utterly depraved nest much calmer that when he had arrived.

Mention of the "Schillerhof" pub awakes in me the memory of an historical technical event that I should like to record here. At about the end of 1877 technical magazines published sensational reports about the invention of a hearing device, called the "telephone". On the basis of the description given in the magazine, we – that is to say a small group of fellow students – constructed a naturally extremely primitive device, and put up cables between what else, two pubs, of which one was the "Schillerhof". Who can describe the shouts of joy that went up when we heard each other from the two ends of the line, even though we didn't always understand one another very clearly? Our trial aroused the interest of the rector and the college professors and was greatly praised. However, from that time many years were still to pass until the invention was introduced in practice to Europe, an invention without which one can scarcely imagine the world today.

I continued to study the technical subjects with lively interest and with some diligence, but I soon relinquished my reticence towards student life by joining the Union of Austrians, the flag-waving association that went under the name, "Austria". Its principal activity extended to the omnipresent pubs, to which a funny, amusingly illustrated pub magazine was delivered, the contents of which were not always respectable. I contributed to the magazine both as an author and an illustrator. Where will the wind by now have dispersed all those happy pages? What will have become of all the jovial colleagues of yesteryear? "Perished, died, everything dispersed," as the text of a lovely song has it, that we so often sung together. I was baptised with the name Silenius, that I was not a great credit to, on the one hand because I wasn't yet a big drinker, and on the other hand because the Saxon brew on offer did not constitute a great temptation for a child of Pilsen. However, it was all the easier for me to get quite respectably tipsy, and so it was inevitable that I was twice seized by the arm of the law after the usual pranks and excesses that were customary following leaving the pub, taken off to prison and discharged the next day with a 5 mark fine. One shouldn't forget either the huge pot of "Bliemchens" tea that was handed to us for breakfast along with a roll, for which there was a separate charge of 50 pfennigs. However, on the second occasion I didn't get off quite so lightly, as I had to pay Constable Polte, who arrested me and shook me more than my poor stomach could stand, for the cost of having his uniform and trousers cleaned.

Setting a good example himself, my good father brought us up to be sensible and thrifty, and thus insisted on my providing him with a monthly statement of my disbursements, without actually keeping me too short of funds. If I had truthfully detailed some of my disbursements, it would have been beyond the bounds of dear pater's comprehension, or at least would have led to disagreeable protests on his part, with the consequence that I sought and found more plausible grounds for such discreet disbursements, than for instance visits to the pub.

For instance, I therefore had the famous Berlin professor, Dr. Releaux, who, certainly not without considerable application, managed to write two substantial volumes of his work "Mechanical Technology", by the time he died, publish a third volume and, half a year later, a fourth volume. And as at that time there were as yet no electric lights, and in my student hostel no gas either, I made a virtue of my shortage of cash and put down on my statement, as evidence of my eager studies, disproportionate amounts of paraffin, which was the only form of lighting in the hostel.

Recalling his own youth, that may well have brought no small smile to father's brow as, on receipt of such a statement of my disbursements, he once wrote to me as follows, "It makes me almost concerned for you, my dear son, that you are using so much paraffin. Either you are studying all night long or, if that is not the case, you must be drinking it. I consider both possibilities to be very harmful."

I spent the summer holidays in Pilsen and, on the return journey to Mitweida, was permitted to visit mother for two days at Marienbad. She was passing her time there in the company of our Viennese relatives. I promptly fell in love again with my little cousin, who by now had blossomed into a particularly delightful young girl. But this time I did not speak of marriage. Saying farewell after those two most blissful days, made the more poignant today by the golden veil of memory, was bitterly hard for me, as I was no more to lose the image of the beloved girl from my heart, not even when others at times tugged at its strings.

King Albert of Saxony visited Mitweida during my second year of studies there, putting the whole town into motion. Drawings were exhibited in the Technical College, including the picture of "The Savoyard Boy", which I painted, copying the painting by Richter that hangs in Sepia and was very famous at the time. In my view King Albert was the best of rulers, because he had me summoned to him, commended my art and forecast a good future for me as a painter. At that time I did in fact play very strongly with the notion; but reason triumphed, making me realise that, as only son, I was destined to continue in father's footsteps. I gave the above painting later on as a present to another pretty cousin of mine, Anna, during the time that I had a short fling with her. It reverted to me on her death about ten years ago.

During the King's visit it came to pass that the students from the Technical College felt themselves in some way snubbed. When the official party was returning from the station, to where they had accompanied the King, the order from the College Committee passed from mouth to mouth to honour the Mayor with a solemn round of caterwauling, and to make some work for the glazier trade. There was no member of the assembled crowd who did not take part, but only about one fifth of the five hundred present, mainly members of the student unions, were summoned for breach of the peace, unlawful assembly and other crimes. Two of the ringleaders were sent down, and after serving their sentences ordered to leave the town. The others were given custodial sentences of up to 6 weeks. I myself got off lightly with 14 days. Everyone appealed. I shall revert later to the outcome of the appeal. Such appeals were not actually dealt with expeditiously at the time, and ours hadn't been completed by the time I turned my back on Mitweida at the end of my studies.

I should like to rescue one of the student pranks from oblivion, in which I took part as the principal figure. When I once returned to Mitweida from my holidays, mother had given me a roast chicken to take on the journey. I had it well packed in my small case. During the journey I cut a couple of slices off the bird, but forgot the rest and matters were made worse by my being so negligent as to leave the case unpacked. After a few days my smell nerves were

offended by a penetrating odour and, after having searched for some time, I discovered the cause in the form of the chicken's corpse.

Now opposite us there lived a doctor whom none of us students liked and on whom we had long since wished to play a trick. There was now a marvellous opportunity to do this. Getting on for midnight two of us tied the chicken to the handle of the bell-pull that went up to the doctor's flat. We then retreated, let our house dog, a large Great Dane, out, ran up the two flights of stairs to my room and delighted in looking out of the windows of my darkened room at the hungry dog tugging at the chicken and observing the fury of the doctor awakened by the bell who, in reply to his calls of, "Who's there?" from his window, always just received a growl as reply. The official investigation initiated the next day revealed nothing that could have pointed the finger of suspicion in our direction.

During my stay in "Zschopau-Athens", as the nest was somewhat pretentiously called, we went on an excursion to the Saxon mining town of Freiberg, which still today enjoys world fame for its silver mines. The mine we went down was, I believe, called "Abraham's Shaft". We didn't travel down the pit as much as go down it, as at that time there wasn't yet a lift, with which you could be taken down and, more importantly brought up again. And so we had to descend ladder upon ladder step-by-step 200m down the pit. Then we went through endless tunnels, that we often had to crawl through on all fours and finally, after laboriously walking for hours, we arrived at another shaft that we had to ascend. It was a mystery to me, how my tired legs were to cope with the task of clambering up the ladders. My dear fellow student, Rudolf Schratt, the brother of the famous actress of the same name, was climbing up the ladder behind me, gasping and despondent. When, after climbing for a long time, we were standing on one of the countless platforms for a short breather, and there were still many, many ladders ahead of us to climb, Rudolf vowed to say the Lord's Prayer twenty times over, if only we could be once more out in God's fresh air. We carried on climbing, and suddenly I uttered a cry of joy: I could see a snippet of the sky, albeit ever so small, above us! However, it still lasted an insupportably long time before it became certain to us that we had arrived at the end of our torments. Youth, however, triumphs over everything, and we emerged at long last into the light of day, and after changing and taking refreshments, we staggered off to the station. We got back to Mitweida in the evening, slept solidly for 36 hours and had by then overcome what was for us such unaccustomed exertion. And as for the 20 Lord's Prayers that my friend had vowed to say, I fear he cheated the Good Lord of his dues.

Another memory from that era of my life comes forcibly to my mind. During an excursion to the nearby industrial town of Chemnitz we visited the famous machine tool factory named Zimmermann, which was the largest of its type in the world. There were many thousand workers! Amongst the latter I was, however, struck by the large number of intelligent looking young Japanese. I was told that they were technicians, who were studying at German universities and were now extending their knowledge by practical experience. I was told there were over thirty of them. I could scarcely conceal my surprise that, in this way, they were breeding competition for themselves in the Far East. "No need to fear!" was the laughing reply of the all too self-assured Germans. They clearly had no notion of the eminent erudition of the Japanese, even less of their ambition and their iron will. Not even in my dreams did even I imagine that they could ever one day threaten the economic life of Europe and America.

I should now like to mention that my eldest sister Eugenie, always know as Jenny, had married the Vienna lawyer, Dr. Ignaz Grüner, in the spring of 1876. A year later on the 26th May a telegram announced to me the birth of my first nephew, Edwin. It went without saying that this

happy event had to be drunk to as befits such an occasion. To the delight of the gutter-snipes, we thus intended to roll a 50 litre barrel of beer on our own from the brewery to our flat, where one almighty bout of drinking commenced. Speeches were made and the merriment grew as the contents of the barrel diminished. As the evening's entertainment became ever wilder, a fellow student chased me around the room; I fled to the staircase, which I ran down negotiating several stairs at a time, missing the bottom stair – I fell and couldn't get up any more. The grimaces that the terrible pain brought to my face were at first a source of amusement to my friends, who rushed down the stairs after me, buy they soon saw how my foot rapidly swelled up, and with one stroke they were sober. I was carried up to my room, the elastic in my boots, typical of the time, was cut open, and a doctor was sent for. He diagnosed a dislocated foot and a fracture of my calf-bone and, assisted by my very alarmed drinking companions, he immediately proceeded to put the ball back into the joint as a start. That was hard work! Several men had to pull with all their strength. I, however, suffered unmentionable pain, in comparison to which the pain caused by the fracture was child's play. My teeth were still chattering many hours afterwards.

I was now confined to my bed for many weeks, my injured foot in plaster and cradled in a sort of sling secured by a frame positioned over the bed. There was no lack of nursing and visits, but the test my patience was put to was all the harder, when the holidays approached and I had been successful in keeping the accident a secret from my parents. At that time today's quick healing methods were not yet known and it lasted a very, very long time, before I was able to venture a few steps, limping on two walking sticks. One dear colleague, a former seaman and a giant of a man, carried me outside every day and placed me in front of the house, from which position I watched the other students starting their journeys home.

At last I too was allowed to travel. I wrote to my parents that I had sustained a small injury to my foot, and that they shouldn't be alarmed therefore, if they should see me getting out of the carriage with the aid of a walking stick. However, when I had to be carried out of the carriage, everything came to the light of day. I had to rest for a lot at home too.

However, when my right foot had again become just about usable, insupportable pain developed in my left hip, provoked apparently by my having lain for long periods on that side. Sciatica was diagnosed and I was sent to Teplitz, where I spent four weeks and recovered finally.

A pleasant memory is connected to my stay there. A Dresden lady with her 15-year-old daughter was living in the same sanatorium. It was unavoidable that we soon became acquainted and befriended. I grew fond of the kind and pretty girl, but there was no cause for falling in love. She was not my type. But I was apparently her type because, when it came to saying our farewells, which took the form of embracing and exchanging a kiss with her mother's permission – it was a different world then than it is today – hot tears ran down her face. The friendship that had been established was continued by corresponding with the mother and her daughter and, after a period of two years, I was invited by the parents to visit them in Karlsbad. The husband was a respected lawyer in Dresden, where he was a member of the Town Council and owner of many houses. I found that Jenny had blossomed into a beautiful young woman and she was profoundly happy at my arrival. She did not conceal from me that she had not ceased to have fond thoughts of me, and I found it awfully difficult to honestly confess to her, that I could only entertain feelings of friendship towards her, as my heart was engaged elsewhere. The ensuing farewell was now really burdened by the grief that rejected love causes. Afterwards I never heard of the dear girl again.

Father didn't want to hear anything more about a return to Mitweida, and it was rather the case that, on the advice of friend with experience, he had decided that I should do practical training in paper-making, initially at father's mill and then at a mill abroad, with a view to then studying a few subjects at the Technical University as a guest listener.

Fitted out in blue overalls, I started my work as an apprentice with a view to learning practically all the stages of manufacturing paper. It is my quick powers of comprehension that I had to thank for my soon being placed at the controls of a paper machine, and even the strick works manager, Mr. Wieland, acknowledged my enthusiasm and, towards the end of my time as an apprentice, even entrusted to me the task of running a paper machine myself. At the time it was, however, only a one-cylinder straw paper machine of the so-called Ochelhauser variety. If I myself had the ambition to acquire as much practical knowledge as possible, my father saw to it with steely resolve, that I didn't get out of any of the duties that were imposed on the other workers. For instance, on the day before Christmas the water tanks up on the top floor, into which was pumped the water required by the paper machine, had to be cleaned. Three of us stood in Wellington boots in the sediment at the bottom of the tanks and shovelled; a keen snow wind whistled around our ears proceeding from the open attic windows; our fingers seized up with the cold. At 4 p.m. I was told that my afternoon tea was waiting for me down in the machine room. I was just starting to cheer myself up on the warmth given out by the coffee, when my father arrived and enquired, whether the other workers had also left their work. With my head hung in shame, I made my way up to the attic again and breathed a sigh of relief, when work ended at 6 p.m. and I was allowed to return home dog tired. At that time we still worked a 12-hour day. The next morning I lay in bed with a high temperature. The doctor, our dear, much respected Dr. Bloch, was summoned and diagnosed that I had a very bad cold. My concerned father reproached himself greatly, and the good doctor told him off with the following words: "My dear friend, if you confront your boy with the challenges expected of a worker, then you should have brought him up as a worker from the time he was small. But, even then, he wouldn't have been equal to such exertion, as his forebears never did heavy physical work."

After a few anxious days my youthful constitution triumphed over the illness and, when I was allowed to resume my duties, my father was concerned far more than I that I should be spared any over-exertion.

I can no longer recall, why the above mentioned training programme was altered and I was first sent off to Vienna, where I perfected my knowledge of mechanical technology, mechanical engineering and other subjects at the Technical University, and also studied commerce, taking individual lessons. My brother-in-law, Dr. Grüner, insisted on giving me instruction in the principles of exchange banking law during the time I lived at his home. I used my time diligently, didn't miss one tutorial or other lesson or lecture and absorbed the material to be learnt in a very short time with great interest.

One day a fellow student at the Technical University told me, that an apparently official letter for me was deposited at the porter's lodge. Curious to where such a letter could have come from, I set off intending to collect it only to be informed that the letter had been collected the previous day by a Mr. Emil Fürth, a third year student. I then went to visit this person who shared my name and of whom I had up until then no knowledge whatsoever, not even knowing of his existence. He for his part was most eager to meet the individual of such bad repute, who shared his name. With a strange smile he handed me a document, in which the Royal Court of Justice of Saxony informed me that my appeal had been dismissed, whilst the Public Prosecutor's appeal to the effect that my sentence had been too lenient was allowed, with the

result that my sentence was increased to 4 weeks custodial detention. Being so far from the range of fire I, in youthful rashness, did not take the Court's decision seriously, and didn't reflect on the possibility of any danger, when I revisited the scene of my adolescent crime in the company of my wife and eldest son more than 40 years later. In the person of my namesake, who was soon persuaded of my otherwise blameless character, I met a very likeable young man, who was the son of the Notary Public of Steyer. He told me, that he had researched his family tree and discovered, that his family, who had been members of the Roman Catholic faith for two generations, originated from Fürth in Bavaria. The Jews of the town were expelled in the reign of Maximilian I and settled in various localities in the Bohemian Forest, taking the surname Fürth in memory of their hometown. I was able to reply to him, that I myself came from the Bohemian Forest, and possessed the same information about our origins obtained from my father. Unfortunately I later lost all contact with the sympathetic young man, with whom I spent many an agreeable hour in conversation.

At that time the splendid development of the Vienna Ring Road was nearing its completion with the erection of a circle of much admired monumental buildings. This development, financed from generous funds provided by the Municipal Development Fund, took the place of the old "Glacis". I witnessed the simultaneous erection of the Town Hall, whose architect was the cathedral architect, Dr. Schmidt, the Parliament, the new Burgtheater and both museums. When I was still living in Vienna, the Town Hall was opened to the public, whilst the miraculously graceful Votiv Church, erected in memory of the assassination attempt on Emperor Franz Josef and located beyond the Ring Road, was nearing completion. When I requested permission to be permitted to view the interior of the glorious building, its architect was, by chance, present. The latter, Baron Ferstel, guided me personally around the splendid, inspiring building for half an hour, explaining everything to me in a very obliging manner.

I also saw the mythological giant figures, that crown the domes of the Art and Natural History Museums, at an exhibition, prior to their being taken to their "elevated" destinations.

However, my happiest memories of Vienna are linked to the blissful hours I was in the company of my cousin Sofie, the heartthrob of my childhood days. The love in my heart flared up ever more strongly. I was never what you call a womaniser, but I was also never a shy boy. However, whenever I was alone with this girl, whom I looked up to in admiration, even though I surpassed her in physical length by a long margin, my lips remained silent and all that could be heard was the excited beat of my poor heart. And the more hopeless my intention to reach out with my hand to clasp such a star seemed, the more tempestuous the resolve within me became to bring that star down from the heaven of my love for Sofie to me on earth. Nevertheless I never got further than pining away in silence, which however communicated my feelings to the wise girl clearly enough. It was certainly the case that the stupid youth's clumsiness frequently drew a concealed smile from the object of its affection. However, there developed between us a deep friendship that brought me nearer to the great goal I had set myself than I myself had ventured to hope.

I should have remained in Vienna until the middle of May and been a spectator at the festival procession, which Makart arranged in honour of the silver wedding anniversary of the Emperor and Empress with a pomp and ceremony previously never countenanced and which was to become world famous. However, by this time my cousin, Rudolf Gellert, my later partner, had started a holiday trip to Italy, and father summoned me home to partly take his place at the mill. This was just a few days prior to the fabulous spectacle that countless thousands were struggling to get to Vienna to witness. My sister and brother-in-law, my aunt and uncle and, in particular, my

beloved girl friend lodged a protest, to which father would certainly have conceded. However, I thought that I should follow my sense of duty. Even though at that time I had no contractual obligations towards the family business whatsoever, I did not at all experience father's order to be harsh. All that weighed on my heart was having to say farewell to Sofie.

A month later father took me to Aschaffenburg, where he had found a place for me at the town's paper mill, a joint stock company, as an unpaid assistant. I took lodgings at the home of an official's widow, who had three daughters gradually growing into young women. However, I have to disappoint any expectations that might be linked to this domestic situation by stating straight away, that I didn't have anything to do with any of the daughters whatsoever. They were indeed all pretty, but there wasn't the slightest room vacant in my heart.

What was at the time the first pulp mill in Germany was appended to the paper mill, that was located a long way out of town. My permit as an apprentice did not, however, extend to the premises of the pulp mill. The "God Almighty" of the enterprise was Commercial Counsellor Philipp Dessauer, who was also General Director of the world renowned Aschaffenburg Coloured Paper Mill. An Austrian with a truly Bavarian beer belly acted as works manager of the paper mill. His name was Wiesnet and I got into his good books mainly by taking a late afternoon beer with him at "Poison Hut", a restaurant located between the mill and the brewery, and paying for both of us. Later on the manager of the pulp mill, Mr. Hennefeld, also took part in these brief interludes and as he too had no objection whatsoever to my generosity, I was quite frequently permitted to suck at his bosom of knowledge about the manufacture of pulp, particularly when we were both working night shifts. My popularity with my two patrons reached its height, however, when father sent me a barrel of beer from Pilsen. Mrs. Wiesnet herself tapped the barrel. She was a native Bavarian and, as such, rivalled her husband both as regards the size of her beer belly and her ability to consume alcohol, in the main not without success. When in the course of that merry evening there was a sudden interruption in the beer jugs appearing on the table, we researched into the reasons for this criminal neglect of our need and discovered the voluminous Mrs. Wiesnet directly beneath the beer barrel, where she had blissfully fallen asleep. She was evidently not sufficiently acquainted with the unaccustomed lager beer.

It was also thanks to my enthusiasm and diligence in other fields, that my work did not go unheeded by the mill's management and I was quite proud, when I, a very young boy, was chosen to take the place of the manager of the night shift for a few weeks when he was taken ill, and was otherwise also allowed to wield power as one who, so to speak, had the executive powers of a works manager.

A second unpaid assistant by the name of Bruckner, the son of a Saxon manufacturer of wood based cardboard, worked alongside me. He did not do any great credit to the reputation his fellow countrymen have for being "smart". As the first, and no doubt only mill we were at that time manufacturing toilet paper, that we cut to size ourselves at the mill and sold in packets of 50 sheets mainly to hotels. The strips of paper surrounding these packets bore the following description, "Plant fibre healthy toilet paper soaked in salicylic acid." (I can swear an oath that I never saw salicylic acid in the mill.) And as at that time one didn't manufacture paper of that sort on open machines below 30 – 40 grammes per square meter and as, in consequence, the paper was not pliant enough for the intended purpose by reason of its volume, it was thought necessary to add the following advice at the bottom of the strip of paper holding the packets together as well: "Rub between the hands before use."

One day I received an order from the office to convey to the paper machine room an order from a Berlin hotel, "Kaiserhof", for 500 packets to be prepared. At the time Bruckner was assigned to the foreman in charge of the paper machine room, and I gave him the order that, prior to handing out the 500 strips for binding the packets together, he should alter them by crossing out the word, "before" in ink and place above it the word, "after". I could scarcely believe my eyes when, an hour later, I saw, how dear Bruckner had in fact with great diligence executed his work along the lines suggested by my bad joke. I ran off laughing, as I was sure that the paper machine room foreman would ensure that the matter was remedied, and I in consequence soon forgot the incident, that caused me such amusement.

On my walk to the mill in the morning the general director's car caught up with me every day at 5.45 a.m. and, almost always, the general director who, without being donated beer, had come to like me and had proffered me many a proof of paternal good will, had the chauffeur stop the car, and invited me to drive with him to the factory, saying, "Come on young Fürth, get in". And then, by asking various questions, he sought to find out whether I was making progress or even if I was not intent on taking too much knowledge with me back to Pilsen.

On this occasion that I drove with him it was about 4 weeks after the silly joke I had played on Bruckner. Scarcely had I unsuspectingly sat down next to the Commercial Counsellor, than he took a letter out of his pocket, and invited me to read it. It was from "Kaiserhof" Hotel and its contents were roughly as follows: "You will see from the enclosed strip used to bind the toilet paper you delivered to us and the correction that was made to it along with the other 499 strips binding the other packets together, that your staff is apparently not sufficiently occupied. We leave it to you to remedy matters, at least as far as future deliveries to our hotel are concerned."

"Now, young Fürth, help me catch the wrongdoer. Or do you perhaps know something about this fine affair?" Wisely getting out of the last question, I said that, going by the writing, I was minded to conclude that it was my colleague Bruckner. "No," said the General Director, "he is too stupid for that." I shrugged my shoulders pensively and to convey regret, and intended running off after having expressed my thanks for the lift, as by now the car had reached the mill yard. But he held me back and had them fetch Bruckner. When the latter stood in position in front of the General Director, the latter enquired, whether the correction originated from him. With beaming eyes and proud of his work, the good fellow replied, "Yes, Sir!" "You wretched fellow, have you gone mad? What for God's sake do you think you're up to?" With greatly diminished energy the poor fellow replied, "Fürth gave me the order to do it." The old gentleman now turned his attention to me and, biting on his lips to suppress with difficulty and not wholly with success his laughter, he gave me a smack across the cheek. That was the first and, as doubtless I may hope by reason of my advanced age, the last slap across the face I have received in my life.

And on the following day I was again permitted to drive with Commercial Counsellor Dessauer in his car. He only gave me a slight tug on the lobe of my ear and a small nudge in the ribs with a smile, succeeding in not audibly voicing the word, "Rascal."

Although my time at Aschaffenburg was taken up by work to a large extent – at that time a 12 hour working day was still strictly observed – there were opportunities for my humour to assert itself in areas other than the work place too. My parents informed me that they were having a new overcoat made for me and that it would be sent to me. At father's bidding it was to be made of black material, as he was a supporter of austere solidity, and the cloth was measured to "allow

for growth" although, already at that time, I was as tall as a hop pole. And so it was that the new overcoat almost extended down to my ankles. At that time I was on night shifts and, after having a good sleep, I generally went for a refreshing walk between 3.30 p.m. and 5.30 p.m. Proudly wearing my new overcoat and whether with intent or by chance, I am today no longer able to say, I walked past the window of a beautiful young lady I had met a few days previously and, in reply to my wave, she returned a very obliging smile. At that very moment a nearby church tower struck 4 o'clock, and the small girls from the adjacent Primary School came running out into the open, and great numbers of them pressed around me to kiss my hand. Aschaffenburg was very clerically minded, on holidays 90% of the flags bore the papal colours and it was, therefore, no surprise that the children thought that the ascetically thin young man wearing a long black cassock was "a priest". I thus became conscious of the fact, that my new article of clothing didn't actually mark me out as a "gigolo", to which I of course didn't aspire to either.

I had arranged with friends to go on a trip to Spessart on a free Sunday – at that time the notion of Sunday being a day of rest had not yet been introduced. It was intended that we should take a train run by Hesse Ludwig Rail departing at 7 a.m., and the return journey was planned for the late evening. Arriving at the railway station a few minutes prior to the departure of the train, I noticed that I had forgotten to take my front door key with me. On the advice of an experienced friend from the town I asked the driver of the Duke of Hesse's train, if he wouldn't care to drink a litre of beer to my good health and, in return for doing so, delay the departure of the train for 15 mins. as I wanted to go and get my front door key. The good fellow agreed and only asked that I should keep to the 15 mins. because he might otherwise get a telling-off. Oh, what a beautiful, blissful time that was!

It is the kindness of my parents I have to thank for being given the permission to undertake a journey on the Rhine from nearby Mainz down river to Cologne, for which I was granted a week's leave. The impression created by this bewitchingly beautiful journey with all the wonderful pictures of towns and landscapes it presented was all the more enduring, because I undertook it without an escort and was thus forced to contain my delight within myself. I committed my feelings to a sketchbook, which I have unfortunately since lost and in which I sought to capture many a fine aspect of the scenery, to the extent that my modest artistry permitted. I can still see myself boarding the boat long before its departure in Koblenz and sketching the fortification of Ehrenbreitstein, picturesquely located on the other side of the river. For this purpose a table standing on an elevated platform appeared particularly suited to me. When I was engrossed in my drawings, the captain arrived with a party of about 6 guests and ordered me to remove myself in a rather gruff manner, asking, whether I hadn't noticed that the table had been reserved. However, the elder statesman of the party, a tall, thin figure, ordered that the young gentleman shouldn't be disturbed, and he invited me to stay in their company in a friendly manner, which I accepted with thanks. Underway the gentleman explained all the remarkable features of the interesting area to the party, including my good-self in his audience, and an animated discourse developed, in the course of which one of his daughters was so charmed by my sketches, that I ventured to ask her to bestow on me the honour of accepting one of my sketches. Shortly after the ladies and gentlemen had left the boat, I learnt that I had conversed with Prince George of Saxony, King Albert's brother, and that the young lady was Princess Marie Josefa, the later wife of Archduke Otto and mother of Karl, the luckless, last Emperor of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. And so it was that my modest talent as a draughtsman earned the praise of the Royal Family of Saxony for a second time.

I was a thrifty lad and had divided up my travel money, that wasn't exactly princely in its proportions, with great precision to ensure that it would suffice to meet the needs of the trip.

And yet I was to suffer a similar fate to that of the unfortunate man, who just missed the goal that he strove to attain with great longing by a metre. It was namely the case that, when I stood at the ticket office on Mainz Station on the evening of the last day of my holiday, I learnt to my alarm that no further slow trains were departing that day, and that I was 50 pfennigs short for the fare for the fast train. I must have pulled a very dismayed face on realising this, as the very next moment an elegant gentleman, who was on the point of leaving the ticket office before me, pressed a thaler into my hand with the words, "There you are, young man", and disappeared before I was able to thank him. I then searched the whole train to return the 2.50 marks change I was given to my benefactor, but I didn't find him. And so it was that my little trip ended with a small, profitable adventure.

I had another opportunity in good old Aschaffenburg to earn money. The school for the daughters of the gentry visited the mill once to give the schoolgirls an insight into paper manufacturing. I was instructed to act as guide for a group of these "upper class girls" and to explain to them the manufacturing process. My blue work overalls created the impression that I didn't understand foreign languages, and thus I had the opportunity of taking note of various criticisms that were directed at my own person and that the nice teenage girls whispered to one another in French. When the guided tour of the mill was over, the teacher asked me to wait for a moment, made a collection from her pupils and handed me the fruits of her collection, a sum of 1 Thaler and 10 Groschen. Blushing, I accepted the money, expressing my thanks, assuring them in a polite manner that I would give it to the workers in my department as a tip. Now all the blushing was on the side of the ladies.

It was thanks to my stay in Aschaffenburg that made few social demands on me, that I had the leisure to indulge my preference for great literature. I invested every penny I saved in books, and I brought home from Aschaffenburg what can be described as the nucleus of my modest library. Amongst other works, I acquired the complete works of Fritz Reuter, which I was very soon able to read swiftly and with great enjoyment despite the fact that up until that time Low German had been entirely alien to me. The deep knowledge of human character and the earthy humour that emerge from these works, which are neglected by today's youth, robbed me of the strength to tear myself away from them. And so it was that I was once reading a work entitled, "Festungstid", long past midnight and, without thinking that I was not alone in the flat, I burst out laughing loudly at a particularly drastic point of the narrative and was unable to control myself. I suddenly heard a quiet knock at my door, observed how the door opened quietly and saw three white figures holding lamps and burning candles in their hands staring at me in a shocked manner. It was the lady of the house and two of her daughters in their nightdresses. The poor dears no doubt mistook my outburst of merriment for the beginnings of delirium tremens or some other attack of madness and were no less frightened by it, than I was by their spooky appearance.

Another experience was less amusing. Together with two other men from the paper machine team I was occupied adjusting the lower hinge-pin; in doing so, we were all squatting down. Outside a wild thunderstorm was raging. Suddenly there was a terrible bang and I lay unconscious on the floor; next to me lay a second man. Quite near to us on the other side of the wall was the tall factory chimney, into whose lightning conductor the lightning had struck. The lightning had passed down the conductor to the earth and had cast us, who were working at the open window, to the ground and made us unconscious. Fortunately no other harm was done to us and, after partaking of small refreshment, we had overcome the shock and were able to resume our work.

It had been my wish to have a look round England or France for a further year after completing my apprenticeship in Aschaffenburg, so that I could also learn how they made paper there. My father's intentions also lay along these lines. But things turned out differently. Father had fallen ill and it was only with difficulty that he recovered. A strange melancholy took hold of what was otherwise a very tough man, of a nature that often tends to befall men between the age of 50 and 60, and father was of the opinion that his days were numbered. It was from this sense of helplessness, that no medical or other counsel could conquer, that developed the wish that I should be initiated into the rituals of the family firm intended for me as soon as possible, and I was thus summoned home.

After a few days of holiday I started my job on the 15th August 1879. The job was very varied. On the one hand I was supposed to put to good use the technical knowledge I had acquired, i.e. be active in the mill and, on the other hand, poor father, who felt so wretched, wanted to make a businessman of me after his own mould as quickly as was possible. It was my honest endeavour to fulfil both his wishes.

However, as for the technical side, I initially encountered the opposition of the works manager, Wieland, whom his boss, father, allowed to reign with unquestioned authority and who, a practical man without prior technical training, greeted the arrival of Fürth junior with jealousy and suspicious looks. And when I suggested an improvement to a machine on the basis of my up-to-date insights, he said that he had long forgotten that, to which I replied, to father's quiet amusement, that it was for that reason that I just wanted to remind him. However, with this reply, the irony of which Wieland either didn't understand or didn't want to understand, the ice was broken regards any future lack of harmony in our relationship and, up until the end of the time we worked together, my relationship with him was all the better for the fact that I always acknowledged his ability and unmatchable diligence without reservation. It wasn't until decades later that he retired from the firm as a wealthy man.

My father's brother-in-law and partner, Leopold Gellert, a sickly man, who for this reason was no doubt moody and not so easy to get on with, welcomed me to the family firm with affection. He found pleasure in initiating me, in particular, into the art of commercial correspondence, of whose undoubted mastery he was not a little proud and, as I instinctively understood how to approach him in the right manner and to overlook his weaknesses, he soon took a liking to me. He, for his part, was so pleased with the quick progress I made that, on New Year's Day 1881, i.e. after just about $1\frac{1}{4}$ years of my being with the firm, he presented me with a valuable gold watch in the name of the firm, which was accompanied by an altogether flattering letter. I still keep it in safekeeping today in a sense of gratitude, and the watch, after 53 years, also tells me the hour of the day with absolute reliability and precision of function, a symbol of the good old days.

Uncle's son Rudolf had started work in the firm many years before me, being 7 years older than I. He didn't welcome me in an exactly unfriendly manner but that was in a way understandable in view of the difference in our ages; he looked down on me a lot and sought to force me into the position of an apprentice. However, my feeling of honour that was still conditioned by my student days, resisted this, and so friction soon developed between us which made it clear to me that, in the long term, there could be no question of our working together in a fruitful manner. What additionally developed was fierce jealousy, when he observed that, despite my youth, I performed many a task, which earned the particular recognition of both "elderly gentlemen".

At this point I must mention Rudolf's mother, my Aunt Gellert. She was a woman, who was just as unhappy as she was clever. Her eldest son, who studied law, messed around for years without

being able to form the resolve to sit his exams, and her only daughter, who suffered from asthma already as a child, lacked the charm, which otherwise makes young girls so attractive. And now her son Rudolf was surpassed in success and popularity by his much younger cousin, who had hardly began to stand on his own two feet. At times directly and at times behind my back, she gave vent to the maternal jealousy that this aroused in the form of many pointed comments. I felt far too sorry for her to still today bear her a grudge for the small and sometimes quite large jabs she made at me, and I therefore intend to record just one of her pronouncements here, because it has become a remark often quoted in our family due to the merriment it provoked. Once in the company of the family I told a funny joke that I had made up myself, which caused everyone to laugh a lot. Suddenly Aunt's unintentionally overloud voice resonated into the general merriment, as she said with her head inclined towards the person sitting next to her, "For things like that he has got a good head!"

Unconnected to the above, I should like to dwell for a moment on my brother-in-law, Dr. Grüner, the husband of my sister Jenny, before continuing with my narrative. He had amalgamated his Vienna law practice with the practice of his former boss, Dr. Josef Kopp, a highly distinguished politician and member of Parliament, but soon came to the realisation, that he couldn't remain in the practice, as the profits it made were hardly such as to maintain his accustomed standard of living and as there were no prospects for the future either. Acting on the suggestion of my father, he therefore decided to move his professional practice to the old mining town of Mies located near to Pilsen. Within a short time he not only acquired a valuable set of clients there but also, thanks to his astute, clear and straight way of thinking and his total reliability, great prestige and the confidence of his new fellow citizens. My Sunday excursions often took me in the direction of Mies to my siblings. I say siblings, because my brother-in-law, a man, who externally could often seem gruff and abrupt but who always only let his kind heart of gold dictate his actions, had become a true brother to me, whose all too early departure from this earth I have never ceased to lament.

I was hardly a year in the family firm, when a terrible experience was to arouse the greatest emotion in me. On a winter's morning getting on for 5 a.m. I was awoken from my slumbers by knocking on the door; a messenger came with the request that I should report to the mill straight away where, as he excitedly told me, a 16-year-old boy had had a fatal accident. I ran quickly to the mill, saw the poor boy stretched out dead on the floor of the boiler room, his hands, face and clothes pitch black, and had to listen to the account of the terrible manner, in which his young life had been lost.

Supervised by a master builder foreman, repair works had been carried out over a period of several days by our bricklayers on the walls and chimney of one of our steam boilers and it was in that night that they were supposed to have been completed. When the work was in fact on the point of completion towards the early hours of the morning, the apprentice was given the task of getting a couple of buckets of warm water ready for the bricklayers to wash in half an hour's time. The latter just had the last task of bricking up the flue and the foreman told the stoker, when the job had been done, that he could slowly start to light the boiler fire. When the bricklayers then went to clean themselves down, the warm water they had ordered wasn't there, and the apprentice wasn't however there either. All the calls and searching throughout the mill and in the yard were in vain and all the good people couldn't explain the absence of the otherwise reliable apprentice.

Struck by a terrible premonition, the stoker suddenly asked, "You won't have gone and bricked the boy in for God's sake, will you?" And he straightaway tore the burning fire out of the boiler

and the bricklayers broke into the chimney wall in desperate haste. One of them crawled immediately into the flue and, after about a metre, he came across the poor boy, whom he was only able to rescue as a corpse.

The only explanation for the terrible accident was that the unfortunate boy, doubtless over-tired, withdrew into the rear part of the flue for a short rest, fell asleep there and then, awakened by the sudden arrival of the smoke, crawled forwards to save himself and suffocated.

Deeply moved, I stood by the side of the young boy's corpse and only awakened from my painful thoughts, when the dead boy's father arrived. The latter dwelt quite distraught at his dead child's side for a short time, then however removed the shoes from his feet and withdrew with them without saying a further word. He had other children at home to look after.

A commission appointed by the Court turned up a few hours later, and a Public Prosecutor put into motion an official enquiry, which established the innocence of the mill's management, but concluded by sentencing the foreman to several weeks' imprisonment on the grounds of negligence.

In the spring of 1881 I had to go to Schuttenhofen a second time for a medical in connection with possible military service and, apparently due to my being so thin, I was again found to be unfit for active duty. (It wasn't until a year later that I registered as a draft reservist, but I was never called up for service.) When I attended this medical I took the opportunity of visiting a friend and second cousin of my father, one Albert Fürth who, back in 1866, had taken over father's house and business. In the snug rooms of the house where I was born, the place where I spent my tender childhood days, I felt quite unspeakably at home.

It was here that I now heard that "Prince's Mill," a tenanted paper mill belonged to the paper dealer, Mr. Trojan, located on the banks of the River Moldau in Budweis (Czech: Česka Budèjovice), was supposed to be coming up for sale. A brother of Albert by the name of Josef, but known throughout the town as "little slipper" (pantoflicek) due to an incident in his adolescence, was of the opinion that this would be a good acquisition for us: due to the wealth of straw in the area it would be admirably suited for a straw paper mill. He said that we should purchase it to beat others who might come upon the same idea. These arguments made very good sense to me and, when I was back at home, I commended the idea to father and my uncle. The former listened to the idea in silence but thoughtfully, whilst uncle was all for the project. At that time the Pilsen mill was, after all, enjoying a period of great prosperity, and the capital for such an expansion was abundantly to hand. After a few days of casual discussions there was a serious conference in father's living room, and the image still lives on lively in my mind's eye, how the two men paced up and down the room in excitement, discussing every pro and contra. When my father, whose heart had been half won for the project with his reason however still opposing it, enquired of my uncle, who should go to Budweis to take over the management of the mill and promptly received the reply, "One of the boys," he said, "Okay, but my boy stays here with me." Uncle Gellert immediately declared that he was willing to second his son Rudolf to Budweis, if the project was to be realised. This decision made it easier for father to take his decision. A heavy burden fell from my heart personally, as this for me meant being liberated from being constantly together with my cousin.

Within a short time the family firm had purchased "Prince's Mill" for the sum of fl 55,000.- and Wieland drew up plans for the construction of a new mill. At this time we received an offer from a Mr. Abadie from Paris, who commended to us his modern technique for producing paper from

macerated straw. The technique differed from the old method of manufacturing straw paper, in that the straw wasn't boiled, but was exposed to a process of rotting for several weeks, chopped up in cement walled pits, moistened by a milky mixture of lime and water, the exposure lasting until the straw became soft and was able to dissolve into individual fibres. This technique had already been tried several times in France and produced a far more handsome and also better-finished product. As the resin component parts peculiar to straw were not destroyed by the boiling process and remained intact in the product, the paper received a natural liming.

We came to an agreement with the inventor, and then proceeded to construct the new mill based on his plans. The turbines were ordered from the Mechanical and Wagon Construction Joint Stock Company in Pilsen, our own people assembled the four straw paper machines, and the construction of the building itself was entrusted to a master builder from Budweis, who also held the post of Deputy Mayor of the town. Wise caution dictated this decision, because lively opposition to the award of the licence made itself felt in the petty bourgeois section of the Budweis population that was stirred up by the Angling Association, that apparently felt its interests threatened. However, in this battle the friendly attitude of the city fathers toward industry finally triumphed, and so it was that in summer 1881 construction of the mill was commenced.

To this end the mill-race had to be drained, as the bank wall of the main building was being constructed on the side of the mill-race opposite the mill. To drain the mill-race a large centrifugal pump was sent to Budweis together with a traction engine and one of our machinists.

After about a week the machinist returned to report that the pump was no good: every time the engine was started up, it drained about 20 cm of water from the mill-race and then stalled. Every attempt at remedying this poor state of affairs had failed miserably.

At the time my father was attending a cure in Gleichenberg. Uncle Gellert knew no better counsel than to address the following words to me, "Now Emil, you just go to Budweis and show us all what you can do." I set off already with the evening train, went the next morning to the mill and found that a crowd of people, that kept growing, was already present, standing around the construction site and eagerly listening to the dispirited discussions of the master builder with the foreman, the machinist, who had by now returned and the owner of the only small engineering works of the town, named Mr. Fürst, who had been called in too. I had reported to me that the suction basket for the pump moved position after a short time because of the gravel that was sucked by the pump too. I thereupon gave orders that the suction basket should be shielded by a wicker basket. They smiled sceptically, but they did my bidding. In tensed mood all the assembled public watched the commencement of the renewed attempt. And in fact after an hour we paused when 30 cm of water had already been drained off. I triumphed inwardly. But unfortunately I did so too early! Suddenly the pump stalled again. The suction basket was hauled up again and, despite the shield provided by the wicker basket, the same cause for the stalling of the pump was discovered. After reflecting for quite some time, I asked Mr. Fürst to increase the size of the holes in the suction basket to a diameter of 20 mm in his workshop, as the existing ones seemed to be too small to me. In reply to his objection, that this would do no good and that he declined all responsibility for the consequences, I silenced him by stating that I myself would bear the responsibility of things going wrong. In the late afternoon they returned with the cast-iron suction basket that had been altered in accordance with my instructions and, when it had been fitted, they immediately started pumping again. My heart beat madly, and I avoided the contemptuous, gloating faces of the many spectators. But lo and behold, what had thus so far taken an hour to do, now took just 20 mins. And after 2 hours almost half the depth

of water had been drained from the mill-race, and the good old pump kept drawing water madly. Nevertheless I did not venture to feel pleased at this point. However, after 5 hours, by which time it was long since dark, the mill-race was drained dry, and the young boy, who had scarcely started shaving properly, was acclaimed rousingly by the crowd who had not left the site.

Now the work proceeded apace. My father, who had returned home, came to inspect the building work after about 14 days. On this occasion he by chance met my former landlord and teacher of religion, who joyfully addressed the following words to him, "I congratulate you on your son, of whose dashing deeds I have heard and whose name is in the mouths of everyone in Budweis. Didn't I always say that he would turn into a good man?"

The worthy man had apparently forgotten about the gallows!

In spring production commenced at the new mill. Rudolf Gellert and Wieland too moved to live in Budweis. How often over the years did I have to go down there and act as mediator to settle the incessant arguments the two of them had at least for a short time. They would work alongside one another for months on end, without exchanging more than a few words connected with the business that were absolutely necessary!

As regards the quality of the product, the new mill completely satisfied the hoped for expectations. The paper was generally everyone's preferred choice. On the other hand the mill's financial success didn't seen to want to materialise: the Budweis branch of the firm always ended the year with poor profits, whilst the Pilsen mill always maintained the level of its accustomed profitability, often even surpassing the latter.

After Wieland's departure for Budweis, a Prussian by the name of Karl Hahn, was again taken on as the works manager on Wieland's recommendation. He was a good man and a run of the mill papermaker, who however showed understanding for my search for possibilities of introducing innovations, and gladly offered me his assistance in that search. My endeavour was to discover a boiling process that would give the product greater suppleness, spare the fibres and remove the unpleasant yellow colour from it. Many experiments failed, but we were not refused permission to carry out further, such experiments, as my father, despite being sceptical towards new ideas, was in industrial matters a man of progress par excellence, and was amenable to all interesting suggestions, even though he tested them cautiously.

Building, in particular, became a passion for him, although in this specific instance this was something that initially didn't come into consideration. I thus groped my way forward and one day added ammonium carbonate (ammonium soda) to the boiled straw. And lo and behold, the result was a soft, supple product with a delicate chamois colouring! Overjoyed by this unexpected good outcome, we processed the product into about a 20 gramme paper that should have been ideally suited for development purposes. But unfortunately it was strewn all over with little holes and didn't seen to us to be something that could be sold. We didn't either venture to offer it for sale. And I was too dispirited to continue with my experiments.

Six months had possibly elapsed when, one fine day, the large porcelain factory in Altrohlau, called "Victoria" enquired about a thin, supple type of paper. Attached to the enquiry was a sample from a foreign source. Although it only bore a very distant resemblance to my failed sample product, I was bold enough to offer the latter for sale, naturally not without pointing out the sieve-like quality of the paper. The request for delivery came by return together with the request to give consideration to manufacturing larger quantities, if the paper should meet their

requirements. Again some time later we were invited to go to Altrohlau. There I was received by the general director, Mr. Rosenthal, and also however by the main shareholder from London, who was by chance present and also showed a lively interest in our freak paper for the works in England. However, initially I was given an order for two full wagon loads for Altrohlau itself – I thought I was dreaming – with the request that, where possible, we should try to get rid of the holes. It followed that the paper machine that produced just small quantities for this thin paper, had work for weeks ahead. And the price was tip-top!

In the intervening period we had realised the cause of the holes; this was that the small lumps that are peculiar to straw were boiled down, but in the course of the further manufacturing process were not sufficiently crushed, and the crushing process didn't take place until the product passed through the press. When the paper passed through he press the small lumps fell from the paper, leaving behind holes. This drawback was overcome by grinding the material and this way we happily obtained a perfect finished product.

All our fellow papermakers wracked their brains, as to what this paper was made from. At that time the various aids were not yet known, by which the chemical analysis of any material can be so easily determined today. To confuse the competitors who were on our trail, we called the paper "Alpha" to create the impression that it was manufactured from the esparto grass from Africa that was widely used in England to produce paper with the same name.

Soon after delivering the first wagon load to the "Victoria" works, we received enquiries from various sources about the new paper, that were equally quickly followed by orders. This surprisingly increasing interest caused father to send me off to London.

I shall never forget how hard-pressed I was, when I was seated opposite three gentlemen in the reception room of the important firm of James Spicer & Sons, who bombarded me with questions, which I was only able to answer with great effort after having calculated centimetres into English inches, kilogrammes into pounds and Austrian currency into pounds sterling. After we had agreed the price – I wasn't able to get the full price current in the Austro-Hungarian Empire – I was able to book large orders, both from Spicer Bros. and other companies. And after three days work I discovered with astonishment that I had over gone the mark! I had taken on work for a whole year, and not just for one but for two machines! But carefree youth doesn't bother its head about such considerations, and so it was that I returned home as a small conqueror, where they soon found a solution for my excess of zeal by quickly setting up a second machine for the profitable production of the Alpha paper. At this point I should add, that the profits for 1883 and 1884 were by far the best that our company ever made, both before and afterwards.

We had also aroused interest in the new product on the home market, and so it was that Pilsen wholesalers purchased samples of 10 or 20 bales.

One day we were visited by Mr. Julius Piette, the eldest brother of my later friend, Ludwig, managing director of the fine paper mill, P. Piette, and asked for a quote for Alpha paper by the wagon load. Although we were rather suspicious we quoted him a somewhat lower price than we quoted dealers, and he actually gave us an order for one wagon on the spot. A few weeks later I paid a visit to a paper dealer, Ludwig Stein and used the opportunity to enquire why he hadn't placed another order for Alpha paper, and whether he wasn't possibly dissatisfied. He dodged the issue with some embarrassment, but then finally confessed, that he was buying a similar type of paper from Piette. He said that he was paying about 15% more, but that the product had a

quite different appearance. That was, of course, understandable, as Piette was a manufacturer of fine paper, whilst we specialised exclusively in packing paper. However, I asked him to show me the paper, which he produced to me, stroking it softly with his hand, and I found that my suspicion was confirmed: it was our paper, neatly repacked into Piette's wrappers. I, of course, praised the quality, and was all the richer for this amusing lesson. It was only after some years had elapsed that I endeavoured to enlighten Mr. Stein about his prejudice – but he would not believe me.

In due course Mr. Hahn, the Works Manager, added a device to one of the two Alpha machines, by which he was able to paint coloured stripes on the paper during its manufacture. He had already produced such paper when working for another employer in Taubenheim in Saxony. The paper was a novelty in Austria, and this product caught on too, producing very good profits, even though the quantities manufactured were far less, as the demand was limited.

These golden times didn't last all that long. Towards the end of 1884 Scandinavia, where the pulp industry had developed at a very fast pace in the intervening period, brought a thin paper on to the market that was also smooth on one side, and which, manufactured from pulp, was far more handsome and white and also firmer, whilst at the same time not being more expensive than our product. And with one blow we were done for!

However, not much later, when pulp was also being produced in Austria, we also converted to manufacturing pulp-based tissue paper and, to this end, installed over the years two modern paper machines with a working width of 220 cm.

However, prior to doing this, we found a partial replacement for the lost market for Alpha paper, which provided work for one of the straw paper machines. In what is still today the most circulated specialist magazine for paper manufacturers, and the one that is read by all the latter, the Biberach Specialist Magazine, a mill manager had on offer a formula for colouring straw paper for a comparatively small amount of money. Up until that time this had not been possible, as the lime contained in the boiled straw destroyed all colours. My father turned down my suggestion to accept the offer – not on account of the cost. Quite the contrary, the sum demanded seemed to him to be far too small for such an eminently interesting proposition and, in his opinion; the whole thing bore the stamp of fraud on its brow. I had to agree with him, as there were many such promised new ideas around, which in the main didn't turn out to be practicable. However, the possibility of mastering the difficulties that had hitherto existed was too much of a temptation for me to just file the offer away without further ado. I therefore decided to finance the offer myself and thus made the suggestion to the man, that he should initially accept a payment on account with payment of the rest being made immediately once his formula had proved itself. If the formula had not worked, all that I would thus have stood to lose would have been the payment on account. My offer was accepted straight away. The formula proved to be thoroughly suitable and was well worth the money paid for it.

At that time the manufacture of Swedish matches took off in a manner that had previously not been thought possible. For the purposes of packaging 6 or 10 boxes of matches the match making industry used a dark green paper, for which straw paper of that colour was immediately used. We were the first Austrian mill to make deliveries of the paper both to local match factories and to ones in Hungary, and soon also in Japan, in untold wagon loads. Japan, as is a known fact, commenced its industrial rise with the manufacture of matches. Moreover, in the match industry the use of our paper was advanced to a not insignificant degree by a Vienna New

Town machine manufacturer's having invented a paper box for ordinary matches. Boxes made from wood chips had been used for the purpose up until that time.

I now go back in time to the beginning of the 1880's to remember my first business trip. Up until that time the mill had not had to resort to seeking out its customers. A stagnating economy prompted my father, however, to "put me on the road in search of custom". Initially I was only supposed to travel around Bohemia, and the choice of localities was left to me. I decided upon the following route: Saaz – Teplitz – Aussig – Tetschen – Reichenberg – Eger. The first leg of my trip to Saaz led me to the Telatko Wire-Tack Factory. The manager, who conversed with me for a long time, let me go to his office door without obtaining an order from him and, only when I had already opened the door, did he call me back smilingly, and gave me an order for two wagons of paper. Mr. Telatko, my first customer, remained loyal to us until the end of his life.

I continued my trip in happy mood, going to Ludersdorf Cardboard Box Factory. The elderly proprietor there, a jovial Saxon, also seemed to take to me; I also received a very substantial order from him and his company was won as a permanent customer.

Pursued by fortune in this way, I was able to obtain a whole string of orders in the small town of Saaz, which I proudly reported home on the very same evening.

Father's reply awaited me in Aussig. However tenderly he loved his children, he was always very reticent in his praise of them. I am convinced that he was at least as equally as happy as I was with this first success of mine, but he noted my report without any undue exuberance and just with a few words of recognition, to which he added the following Czech saying to prevent my hopes growing too much and to shield me from disappointments, "A man's first winnings soon disappear." It is strange, but father was always right, when he prophesied disaster! I left all the other towns without the slightest success, and it wasn't until I got to Eger that the customers were somewhat more inclined towards me. Unforgettable my call on the firm, Peter Hana & Co. there, which had failed to place any orders for quite some time. The proprietor was mayor of the town, and in consequence did not show his face at the factory. His wife managed the company from her desk in the accounts department, and I expressed to her my regret at their having neglected our mill in the manner of orders. The very corpulent lady, who spoke in an unusually slow way and through her nose, replied, expressing regret herself, "You see, we now purchase from the Jew." "Ah, you mean from Fuchs in Prague?" – "No, no." – "Then from Stein or Humpoletz?" "No, not them either. Wait a second, I have it now! From Schröter." Schröter was in truth the only Christian paper dealer in Pilsen. And so it was that, after all, I concluded my business trip in a happy mood. I went to Budweis several times a year (mainly as an arbiter in the eternal arguments between Rudolf and Wieland, who requested me on his knees to recall him to Pilsen), and once a quarter to stand in for the former when he was on holiday. My relationship with Rudolf had undergone a significant improvement thanks to the distance between us and our not being together every day. However, with such a man, who was so wholly dependent on his moods and who was often moody to the point of being intolerable, it was not possible to achieve a wholly unclouded and smooth way of working together. When in such moods, I knew how to deal effectively with his father without uttering an unpleasant word, as his moroseness was attributable to his poor state of health. However, I was not able to get the measure of Rudolf. Indicative of the way his behaviour changed was the fact that, on one day, he would send me letters with effusive expressions of friendship, calling me in poetic, dithyrambic terms his "only true friend", only on the next day to feel offended for some trivial reason, and to give expression to his ever uncontrollable anger and blind rage in a flood of written reproaches.

Certainly the above report might well lead one to conclude, that I too may have contributed to Rudolf's moods. True to my intention to be unswervingly objective in this review of my life, I would openly admit it, if it were the case. But I was and am not aware of any guilt on my part; I never myself provoked an argument. My cousin was severely at loggerheads with the whole world – with his own family, his near and extended family, his subordinates, his doctor, his architect and last but not least his lawyer too. I was repeatedly telephoned with the request that I should go to Budweis as a matter of urgency to intervene in personal, legal matters with a view to bringing about a turn of events that would save him from the worst.

I cannot deny myself the opportunity to narrate here a typical example of his nature. It was shortly prior to his commencing his holiday and he was once again in a bad mood. I didn't arrive in Budweis until the day after his departure so as to avoid having to meet him personally. On the following evening I had it in mind to go for a walk in the mill garden, where Rudolf had had a rose garden planted. It was made up of over a hundred fine specimens, and, it being the end of June, I was expecting to be able to admire them in full bloom. However I saw nothing of the sort, I couldn't see a single rose. When I, however, had a closer look, I couldn't see any buds either! I suddenly cast my eye to the ground and discovered there many, many hundreds of buds and tiny buds that had been cut off. Thinking that some hostile worker or intruder had committed this unheard of outrage, this scarcely believable act of vandalism, I summoned the gardener in a sense of deep outrage. In reply to my question, who had committed the deed the latter stammered with very visible embarrassment, that Mr. Gellert had had all the roses cut and brought to his house prior to his departure, and had, however, given him, the gardener, the strictest orders to cut off all of the buds, even the very little ones, and to leave them lying on the floor. The old man had tears in his eyes when reporting this to me.

The company I kept in Pilsen consisted in part of friends from my time at secondary school, mainly future lawyers and doctors, but for the main part of intellectuals, who were already established in life, young doctors, professors, draughtsmen or even the occasional barrister. This society often awakened feelings of inferiority in me, and I often regretted the fact that I hadn't studied the Humanities. It was thus all the more that I sought to catch up as much as I could by reading good books, and I am doubtless indebted to this fact, that I was accepted into this circle of friends as an equal, even though I was one of the youngest. Literature was discussed a lot, and my friend, Friedl Sabat, the later solicitor, was a particularly keen companion of mine in this pursuit. I was one of the keenest customers of the Maas Bookshop, and I was thus soon considered as a great bibliophile. As such I was appointed to the literary committee of the German Casino. When the latter decided to invite Peter Rosegger, whose fame at the time was increasing rapidly, to read from his works in Pilsen, and Peter agreed, discussions were held as to where the poet should be housed, as the hotel situation in Pilsen was one of desolation at the time. The suggestion was made that he should stay with me and my parents. I thought that I should decline this unexpected honour but, after some persuasion, I agreed with a quiet inner sense of enthusiasm. I, of course, immediately bought the collected works of Rosegger and dedicated myself to their study with passion.

That was about in the year 1884, when Rosegger would have been about 40. He arrived in the morning and was welcomed at the station by a small group of his admirers. And already in the afternoon – where did one take visitors to in Pilsen at that time? – I took him in the company of other committee members to a famous old beer hall, "Zum Salzmann", which no visitor to Pilsen ever failed to visit and which, impossibly primitive, attributed its reputation solely to the divine wet stuff that was exquisitely poured out there and to the divine coarseness of its publican, old Salzmann. The beer, however, also found the enthusiastic approval of our poet, who, surrounded

by his admirers, joined by a few teachers who had hastened to Pilsen from the surrounding German towns and villages, narrated divine, amusing stories from his adolescence. My guest was, however, suddenly taken ill on a subsequent walk around the town; he suffered a severe attack of asthma; I had to take him home by carriage and put him to bed. Apart from the sorrow I felt for the poor sick patient, I was also tormented by worries about the German Theatre that had been completely sold out for the coming evening. It was there that Rosegger was supposed to read from his works. I already feared that the evening would have to be cancelled.

Wheezing emanated from the tormented chest of the patient, as if it were a locomotive. However, Rosegger wouldn't hear of a cancellation and, by gesticulations and pointing to his watch, he gave me to understand that he would be fully mobile again by the appointed hour. And in fact he awoke from a refreshing sleep at 3 p.m., partook of the lunch he had missed with a most welcome appetite and – it seemed like a miracle – read in the evening from his works with such a powerful voice and with such mastery to the jubilant applause of his audience, as if he had never been ill.

The master poet left us the following day. A whole host of his admirers had assembled at the station to say farewell and to these, expressing his thanks, he gave a small lecture on the subject, that it doesn't suffice to read a poet's works, one should also purchase them, as he must have the wherewithal to live, and he cited me as an admirable example. And when I returned home, I found the first volume of his works on my writing desk, and was able to read on the title page of the opened book a dedication from my esteemed guest, in which he wrote of the "unforgettable, beautiful hours spent at the home of his young friend Fürth."

An example of Rosegger's roguishness is a blunder I fell prey to because of him. At that time Robert Hamerling, who also lived in Graz and whose works I read with enthusiasm, was considered to be the greatest of the living German epic writers. Encouraged by the great success of the Rosegger lecture, I enquired whether Hamerling would also be willing to heed our call and come to Pilsen. Rosegger replied with a smile, "Write him, he will certainly be very pleased to her from you." I therefore wrote to the feared poet, what a great joy it would bring to the "Pilsen Hamerling Society" (with the exception of me it surely consisted of only a few members) to be allowed to welcome him at the same lecture table, at which his friend Rosegger had only just recently stood. The reply written in his own hand arrived already after just a few days. Hamerling wrote, that he was delighted to possess friends of his works on the fiercely contested ground of Pilsen, but that he was regrettably unable to accept our invitation, as he had been paralysed for many, many years, was confined to his bed and wheel-chair and had as yet never set foot in a railway carriage. He concluded by stating that he had not bothered his doctors with his questions for a long time.

The rogue Rosegger had concealed his friend's illness from me, apparently just for the purpose of not denying his friend the joy of the intended homage.

At this point I should like to recall another interesting encounter. In response to the invitation of the aforementioned literary committee, named the "Resource", the famous Alfred Brehm came to Pilsen. He was the founder and old master of animal research, and his works still today enjoy high esteem throughout the world. Shortly beforehand he had undertaken a fairly long research expedition with his friend, Crown Prince Rudolf.

The portly gentleman held his lecture in the German Theatre to a packed audience, in whom he engendered increasing tension and enthusiasm with his account of his most varied observations

and experiences. I very well recall that, in the course of his lecture, he made a few roguish remarks, whose not wholly socially acceptable humour encountered a knowing smile on the part of the knowledgeable section of his public.

After the lecture we sat together in a small circle with the famous man, who was just as interesting as he was hard-drinking, and who praised our divine Pilsen beer beyond all measure, long past the time laid down in section 11 and were again allowed to listen to his riveting tales.

It seemed remarkable to me that he, who himself stood at the zenith of his world fame, was a t pains to prepare the way for his son, also working in the field of research into the natural world, and his future career by repeatedly stressing that the son already today surpassed him in terms of knowledge and ideas. This self-denial on the part of a father doesn't, however, seem to have paid off because, if I am not mistaken, the prodigy has remained relatively unknown.

My aesthetical inclinations also brought me into quite close contact with a young grammar school teacher, Bachmann, who taught German. I kept his company in particular, and I soon came under the influence of his strongly nationalistic views. At that time, however, German national awareness in Austria was not without danger.

My father seemed to be more aware of this than I myself, and he therefore made no secret of the fact that he didn't agree with this company I was keeping, even though he didn't actually call upon me to give it up.

On a Whitsuntide day there was a German festival of singing in Lochotin, the well-known Pilsen Park. All the German population took part in the festival. Suddenly a couple of boys brought several bouquets of cornflowers, which were handed to us at the bidding of my friend Bachmann for the purpose of selling them individually for the benefit of the German School Association, in whose founding I had played an active part the previous year. Apart from myself about five other young people were involved in transacting this business, and soon all the assembled were adorned with this dangerous flower. I was aware of the fact that the cornflower was the symbol of the Greater Germany Movement, but I was not also aware of the fact that it was frowned on in Austria as the favourite flower of old Emperor Wilhelm I.

The consequence of our rash action was not long in coming. A few days later already all the officers and state civil servants belonging to the German Casino, who represented at least one third of the membership, gave an ultimatum to that one third: Either the young members, who had acted with such high treason, should be excluded from the Casino, or otherwise all the members who belonged to the state civil service would resign on mass. This resignation did in fact occur, as the Board of the Casino was of the opinion, that we had not intended a treasonable act, and that there was therefore no grounds for excluding us.

However, with this decision the matter was not closed, it was rather the case that it was taken up by the Public Prosecutor's office, and a very embarrassing investigation took place that lasted for a whole month, from which my poor parents suffered more than their unthinking son. It was only with great difficulty that the proceedings were finally dropped due to the intervention of influential figures.

Professor Bachmann, who incidentally married my cousin Anna, of whom mention has already been made, was not involved in the investigation, as we had not betrayed him. However, soon afterwards he had to resign his teaching post due to nationalistic activities, and he became

editor of the "Pilsen Daily News", a paper with a very small circulation. It was possibly in the year 1889 that he received a custodial sentence of three months due to a speech he held in Germany. By that time he had accepted an invitation to join the "German News" in Vienna and not long afterwards a similar invitation to join the Munich General Daily News (Münchner Allgemeine) in Munich. And a few years after that Bachmann became the editor in chief of "Voss News" in Berlin, i.e. he had climbed one of the highest peaks in German journalism. Unfortunately this fine man died of a terrible disease, after it had been his fate to experience, how his beloved Germany was brought to its knees. His Germany, that he would today have had to have left because of his liberal views – not out of racial considerations, as he was undoubtedly of Aryan origin.

In those days, to which I now return once more, the whole of the German population in Bohemia was, as already mentioned, gripped by a strong wave of nationalism, and Pilsen, even though its population was predominantly Czech, had become a hotly contested battle-ground. The principal aim was to exclude the German Bohemian Forest area from the efforts to impose Czech culture and institutions. To this end German citizens of Pilsen frequently went on excursions to certain towns and villages in the Bohemian Forest to awaken and strengthen the national consciousness of their inhabitants.

And so it is that I recall a trip to Neuern undertaken by singers. In the afternoon all the participants made the pilgrimage to the romantically located ruin of the castle of Baireck. A Leipzig opera singer, who was by chance present, sang a few songs in what had been the Hall of Knights, and everyone happily paid the small entry fee that was charged for the benefit of the School Association. Before everyone started to stream out of the hall, I told the artist that I now wanted to sing and trusted that I would achieve the same material success, if not the artistic success that she had done. Having said this, I then took her place and called out into the crowd, "I shall now take the liberty of also singing a few songs. Anyone who wishes to leave must also pay 20 kreuzers." Amid great cheer and paying their dues, everyone rushed to the door in laughter and I was able to pride myself on having earned exactly the same amount for The School Association by my threat, as the beautiful opera singer with the power of her song.

I shouldn't narrate everything from that period, all the more because what I write is intended mainly for my children and, according to the old way of thinking, children shouldn't know everything. As I however set out not to withhold anything that was of significance for my life and as, after this introduction, it may be suspected that I have God knows what misdeeds to keep secret, the small love affair should also be recorded here which, at the time, grew into an affair as a result of exaggerating what had harmlessly begun as a flirt and which caused the whole family great excitement.

It was on the evening of the 9th May 1881, as a large military tattoo took place on Pilsen Ringplatz together with a concert in honour of the marriage of Crown Prince Rudolf to the Belgian Princess Stefanie. I took part in it in the company of a few friends, one of whom introduced me to a 16-year-old girl, who was an orphan and was being brought up at the home of her uncle, a German Patrician, in the midst of a host of his own children. Gusti C. was no beauty but she was what you call pretty. However, she conversed in a delightful manner, and a pair of beautiful, large, black eyes smiled roguishly at me from her child's face. When we took leave of one another, we arranged to meet again soon. Without prejudice to my correspondence with my cousin Sofie, we regularly met and, on such occasions, kisses were occasionally exchanged willingly, but this little flirt did not go beyond the bounds of being harmless.

But Pilsen was, of course, a small town and soon obliging friends informed my parents, that their son was about to do something foolish. My resistance was aroused by my being forbidden to continue meeting Gusti and, as she also had to suffer rebukes and punishment from her guardian, the affair was given an importance, that it didn't in fact possess, and everyone thought it necessary to break up with force, what would have simmered down without any danger all the more surely, as my feelings were, in truth, engaged elsewhere. To cut a long story short, the young girl was sent to a boarding school in Dresden in the Spring of the following year, and about a year later Gusti wrote me a clearly forced farewell letter dictated by others and full of tears, as she had been told that my father was lying on his death bed consumed with worry. From Dresden she went to relatives in Tirol and she later became the wife of a parliamentary agent in Vienna. As such I saw her once or twice in Pilsen but that wasn't until many years later; when she herself had a 16 year old daughter, I suddenly found myself sitting next to her in a horse-drawn tram, when I was on a visit to Vienna. After overcoming our initial astonishment, we talked quite excitedly to one another, but since that time I haven't heard anything any more from the girl I was half in love with as a youth.

Shortly after the young lady had been sent away, my parents sent me on a tour to Italy to help me forget the excitement of those days. I undertook this tour with a young man named Schweizer. It is not the task of this review of my life to add to the countless descriptions of that fairy tale land my own account. I only wish to record, that I absorbed all the miraculous beauty that presented itself to me in such fullness so deeply into my being with a scarcely quenchable thirst, that I still preserve in me today all the impressions that were made on me after 52 years, during which much has happened to me, and that every building and every work of art lives on in my memory down to the smallest detail.

We went as far as Capri. And from there we started our journey home. Only Venice had been held back as a last place to visit. In shame I must, however, confess, that I was already too saturated by what I had seen to properly absorb all the glory of Venice too, of whose uniqueness I was in awe and fully conscious of, and that a second tour was required for me to be really able to derive full enjoyment from the fairy tale city that is Venice.

Many other things have also remained stuck in my memory from my Pilsen years at that time. When our old housekeeper died, we exchanged our flat on the second floor for one, one floor lower down in the house, which was somewhat larger and whose fine rooms bore the hall-mark of a former monastery in a more marked way. The old lady was outlived by her son, who was aged about 50. He was a morose bachelor who, for a long time, had not been allowed to share the same flat as his mother, as he suffered from delirium tremens, and he was accommodated on his own in two separate rooms between the first and second floors, the access to which was from the main staircase. If one wanted to get to the other apartments in the building, one had to go past his door. Our very spacious anteroom, actually more a hall, was partitioned off from the staircase by a glass construction. The latter once fell victim to an attack of delirium tremens the sick man had, when his mother was still alive; the whole staircase was strewn with pieces of broken glass.

I was once returning home from a gymnastics class getting on for 9 p.m. and, hearing a lot of banging going on in Guldener's room, I wanted to go and listen to what was going on. I was creeping very quietly towards his door, when an almighty blow was suddenly struck against the door from inside. I descended the fairly high staircase in one bound, and I am amazed still today, that I didn't kill myself. Instead of going up the stairs again, I went to the Casino, that

father frequented every evening, so as to be able to retrace the eerie route in his company. This time we arrived home unharmed, and not long after the poor alcoholic succumbed to his illness.

One of the happy little experiences I had was a visit I paid one evening to Salzmann's pub that I have already mentioned, in the company of a guest. There they only had long tables and one sat down, where one found a place, not bothering about your seating companions. And so it was that, on that evening, I came to sit next to an old man I did not know and of whom I took no further notice after having initially greeted him. I conversed all the more agreeably with my companion, who couldn't praise the admirably served, divine beer enough. We had probably sat there for two hours already, when the old man pulled at my jacket sleeve and asked me laughingly, but also rather crossly, if I didn't like my beer. "Why?" I retorted rather non-plussed. "Because you are now already drinking my third jug of beer," was the old man's wounded reply. Youth too, you can see, can also be culpably absent-minded!

I should add at this point that, at my insistence, we gave up the banking business shortly after the construction of the mill in Budweis, permitting us to devote our undivided attentions to industrial matters. Also there were hardly any more serious differences of opinion, because, already at that time, poor old uncle Gellert was mainly confined to his room, as he was to be for many years afterwards up until his death, due to a head condition, which no operation was able to permanently alleviate. However, to maintain the fiction of his still being a working partner, we had the early morning post delivered to him, where he would read it together with father and, at mid-day, we were together with him, day in, day out, to report on progress and to distract him. Summer and Winter I commenced work at the mill at 6 a.m. already.

This diligence on my part earned me a marriage proposal. On my way to the mill I went past the residence of Mr. Kohn, a leather manufacturer and the wealthiest man in Pilsen, every day and, already at that time of the morning, it was his custom to be seated at the window. He very often visited us at our office to pass the time of day. Apart from his legendary wealth and his eminent astuteness, he enjoyed the possession of six daughters who, by that time, were all married with the exception of the youngest one, Marie. On the occasion of such a visit to our office, he praised my diligence, and complained that it was impossible to get his two sons to his factory before 8 a.m. And he then turned to me, saying, "If you will continue to be so diligent, Mr. Emil, I shall give you my Marinka." Inwardly amused, I pretended to be flattered at being able to come into possession of his daughter, who had turned out to be extraordinarily small, but I modestly replied, that she wouldn't want to take me as a husband, and replied to his nonplussed question as to why I thought that, "I would be rather too tall for her." "I understand," said the wise old man, "what you actually mean is that she is too short for you! But that doesn't mind – if I put a few packets of thousand guilder notes beneath her feet, she will immediately be a lot taller."

I wasn't enough of a businessman, and made no use of the offer, even though the currency we were still dealing in at the time was guilders.

Two innovations occurred in 1884, the mention of which may sound strange today, as they have long since become common property. At that time, however, they were considered to be world-shattering achievements – the telephone and the electric light.

The mill was lighted in part by gas lamps and in part by paraffin lamps. Father, who was amenable to all acquisitions that seemed appropriate to him, agreed to my planned instalment of an electric light plant without further to do. In the course of numerous conversations I was able to wrest permission from Uncle Gellert by suggesting to him that the idea had come from him.

Getting a telephone line installed proved a simpler task. As there was as yet no question of nationalising the telephone system, of whose world encompassing significance no-one as yet had a clue, there existed in Pilsen at that time a telephone exchange belonging to the English company, Kraus & Co., with just a few subscribers. We connected up to the exchange with telephone number 43 for the mill and 44 for my parent's flat.

Our neighbour too, the aforementioned Mr. Kohn was under siege from his family to become a subscriber. As much as his sons would have liked to be connected, they couldn't wrest permission from the old man. When the latter, as so often and unfortunately always just at the time mail had to be posted, once again dropped in for an afternoon visit, the telephone rang. I went to the phone – it was mother leaving a message for Father that he should bring her some money. I however replied, "Yes, Mr. Grünfeld, with pleasure. 50 bales 15 x 18" and 20 bales 16 x 20". Thank you for the order, it will be delivered tomorrow." The phone rang again – it was mother asking what all that was supposed to be about! And I spoke into the telephone as follows, "No, Mr. Schröter, unfortunately quite impossible this week. Pardon, what did you say? Understood, I have noted that down, thank you. Okay, then, at the beginning of next week." Mother kept interrupting me in desperation, but I calmly hung up the earpiece of the phone again, and I simply ignored a further angry protest from poor Mother about the shocking management at the telephone exchange. And then I reported the two "orders" to my father. By my innocent deception I had, however, so clearly demonstrated the value of the telephone to the ears of the old man, that his sons no longer encountered any difficulties on his part. And mother too got the money she wanted in the evening.

An old floor manager, Mr. Krause from Hanover, whom Wieland had also brought to Pilsen, had worked at the Pilsen mill from the time it opened. He was such a unique character, that I should like to erect a small monument to his memory in the following lines. It was very credibly said of the sly little man, that he only washed himself once a year and, although he was in charge of the girls and womenfolk in the paper machine room and should thus have paid particular attention to such matters, it was all too often the case that one noticed an absence of personal hygiene in his case, which one tended to point out only discreetly and in a whispered voice. He encountered one such request to put matters right by uninhibitedly doing so, shrugging his shoulders and saying, "That's the way things are when there is a corpse in the house – you keep the window open."

Krause was accustomed to lighting his pipe in the middle of the reject paper department and he couldn't forgive me, when I introduced a ban on smoking, according to which there was a threat of immediate dismissal without exception for infringements of the ban.

Although he fully recognised the justification of the ban, it was a source of torment to my father, a notorious chain-smoker, as well, but he observed it, and from that time onwards he cut his cigars in two, so as not to have to put them out and relight them too often, as he, of course, often went on to the factory floor. However, when he once forgot and went into the paper machine room with a lighted cigar, old Krause rushed up to him with knitted brow and said, "Mr. Fürth, you are dismissed on the spot!" He was a widower, and, despite his advanced age, married a third time. When I congratulated him, I pretended not to be in possession of the full facts and enquired, whether the lady in question was his fourth wife. "Good God, no, " he said, "she will have to wait her turn, until the present one dies." However, our hero didn't experience the death of his third wife. He was denied a fourth one.

At this point I should like to make room for a less happy occurrence that is still alive in my memory, if for nothing else, because I attributed to it a certain instructive value.

As all our business transactions were, almost without exception, dealt with smoothly, our office staff consisted of just a few people at the time: a book-keeper, a correspondence clerk, a secretary and an apprentice. Although the amount of business was by no means significant and the office, as head office, had to manage most of the account books of the Budweis mill, we managed to cope with the above few people without having to do overtime. Naturally at that time there was no question of the time-consuming work, caused today by social welfare, sales tax and many another regulation laid down by the authorities.

The work was dealt with at the eternally same pace that was hardly ever interrupted by any incidents. There was no emotion. The company paid all the staff's wages and bills immediately they were due without taking advantage of periods of grace, and there was in force an indisputable, almost holy principle that one never entered into acceptance obligations. The company, of course, always disposed of abundant credit balances at the bank.

This idyllic state of affairs was suddenly disturbed! We observed punctual office closing hours, but had the evening post collected and taken home. One unpleasant evening the latter brought us two reminder letters in one go: one was from the Josefihütte Pulp Mill about our apparently having overlooked payment for a wagon of pulp that had been delivered months ago and the other from the Worker's Health Insurance Office, protesting about the monthly contributions being in arrears for one month.

These two unexpected letters made me, of course, so suspicious and shocked me so much, that I rushed to the mill's office at the late hour of 9 p.m. to find out what was going on, and I also asked the correspondence clerk, Mr. Reich, our later company secretary, to meet me there. After searching for two hours we had obtained the certitude that something fraudulent was going on, but we were unable to establish who the guilty party might be. The next morning we questioned the doorkeeper, who repeatedly took post office remittances and letters containing money to the post office, as to whether he could recall having posted a registered letter containing money, for which we had no receipt, on a particular date. The man replied in the negative, but all the blood had drained from his face. His fright was so visible to the eye that we all hardly had any doubts that we had found in him the guilty party. Nevertheless I let him leave the room without having uttered a word of suspicion, because our suspicion seemed negated by the fact that immediately struck me, that payments made to the Health Insurance Office were never made via the door-keeper, but, without exception, by our trainee Poldi, the son of modest but very respectable parents. When we questioned Poldi, he referred us with self-assurance to the receipt stamp on the apparently unpaid bill. We were confronted by a mystery. However, in the afternoon Poldi didn't turn up at the office. We became suspicious, had the Health Insurance Office carry out researches and discovered that both the receipt stamps and the signatures had been forged. Further investigations revealed that a whole string of bills had remained unpaid, or rather the sums invoiced by the bills had been embezzled by him and that even a blank cheque from the Post Office Savings Bank had been stolen and a considerable sum of money had been taken from our account by forging our signatures. The total loss was getting on for 6000 guilders, which the otherwise diligent lad had spent in the loose company he kept. He served a custodial sentence of one month for his rashness.

Our having suspected the doorkeeper, who was so frightened, however once again convinced me of the necessity of extreme caution before pronouncing such a potentially devastating sentence.

In 1883 Father decided to build a house, to which a garden was to be appended, so that our poor Helene could spend time outdoors without being disturbed, at least when the weather was fine. A piece of land in Jungmann Street, on which was erected an extended barn with quite a large garden at the rear, was sought out for this purpose. It was the property of one Efraim Popper, who had a reputation of being well off, but also of being unscrupulous to a far greater degree. He was thus considered to be not quite a gentleman. Leopold Weinberger, who was indispensable in such matters, negotiated the purchase. Popper's asking price for the property was fl13,500.—, and father offered fl13,000.—, and as they couldn't agree, Popper requested that father should think it over and let him know on Friday, up until which time his offer remained open. That was the situation on Monday. Father went to Reichenhall on Wednesday, however, and instructed me to close the deal with the man. I thus put fl1000.— in my pocket as a deposit and asked an acquaintance to accompany me to the vendor. When I informed the latter that Father was in agreement with the price, the man told me brazenly, that he had thought things over in the intervening period, and now wanted fl14,000.—, i.e. fl1500 more. I indignantly pointed out, that it was only Thursday and that he had said that he would keep the offer open until Friday and that he was thus going back on his word, but he just met this observation with the cold smile of a cunning man. I saw no possibility of getting the honourable man to change his mind and rather had to be wary of not being presented with a further increase in the asking price. I therefore quickly took the decision to give him my deposit, and went with him and my witness to the notary public. When the contract had been signed by both parties there I told the benefactor, "Thank you most kindly, Mr. Popper! My father, who has set his heart on acquiring the property, gave me strict orders to buy come what may, even if you were to ask double the price." That was my coldly relished vengeance for the fl1500.— extorted from us. I feasted my eyes on the good fellow's nonplussed face and, when I told father of this on his return home, it seemed to me, as if, for him, the joke had been worth the extra fl1500.— he had to pay.

When we reached the point that building work could commence, two young professors from the German State Commercial College offered their services as architects, Tschepper and Stubchen-Kirchner, the latter of whom was the more talented, and they produced plans to us of their own free will. In the event of building a house, my father had always had the intention of ensuring that there would be a fine staircase and high rooms. The plans that were produced to us only corresponded with father's notion to a slight extent, and the architects called in Mr. Kaba, a master builder, as adviser. I was given the task of dealing with the gentlemen and sought to reconcile father's wishes with the impressions I had brought home with me from Italy and endeavoured to show the two men, how I saw the house in my own head. After I had had little difficulty in getting them to understand correctly what I had in mind, we went together to Prague, where we inspected the staircases of several old palaces, by reference to whose example we arrived at the draft of the desired plan, maintaining an appropriate distance from the sumptuous execution of the originals. As father was in agreement with the overall plan, we proceeded to the construction stage under the supervision of the two above named professors.

It was already the middle of August by the time the barn had been taken down and the building work commenced. I spent every free moment on site. Already at the end of November the walls of the shell of the building were completed, and I still have a lively recollection of how the roofers had to struggle against heavy snow showers a month later when doing the roof. At father's wish the building was to be allowed to dry out over winter, and work on the interior was correspondently suspended and wasn't taken up again until the spring of 1884. In summer we were able to move into our new house, which caused real excitement in Pilsen because of its design and execution. The staircase that was built in the style of the Renaissance was

particularly admired, and every year students from the two building trade colleges were taken along to view it.

As my parents' apartment, which took up a whole floor, turned out to be too spacious, I was made a bachelor's flat in one of the floor's side wings, consisting of a bedroom and private living room. I was allowed to furnish this very nicely according to my taste, using my savings.

A succession of visitors came to congratulate us on the new house. The main intention of the visits was, however, no doubt the wish to satisfy the curiosity that had been awoken by the exaggerated descriptions given of the house. And so it was that an elderly couple came, with whom my parents had never had anything to do, and shed tears of emotion because of my parents' good fortune. There was no end to the admiration they displayed. When the two worthy people were leaving, I was standing by chance at the foot of the staircase unnoticed by them and heard the following conversation between them to my great amusement: Husband: "What do you say to all this luxury?" – Wife: "What outrages me most of all is that such a rascal of a boy has to have three rooms." – It would appear that they had already overcome their emotion.

My correspondence with my little cousin from Vienna had by now become every more frequent. It seemed that our relationship had developed into a friendship of like minds. My true feelings were, however, different, my longing aspired to higher things and, as my love grew, so did my courage. And so it was that I took upon myself the risk of being rejected and, pouring out my feelings to her, asked Sofie to entrust her fate to me for the rest of her life.

Her reply was not a rejection, but was also not an acceptance, and it wasn't until some time had passed that, she, to my delight, arrived at the decision of asking her parents. With an overflowing heart I now confided in my parents too and found them to be enthusiastic in their agreement. However, in the case of my father there were rather a lot of provisos. At this point I should cast light on two of his qualities, which I have repeatedly observed in other intelligent men as well, so as to complete the picture of him. Whether he liked or disliked someone was influenced so strongly by whether that person was intellectually gifted or not that, overlooking many a flaw they had, clever people found acceptance from him right from the start, whereas he couldn't summon up any well intentioned understanding for stupidity, despite the strong sense of justice he had.

His second quality manifested itself in the fact that he could never dwell exclusively on the sunny side of things and events, without also searching for the shady side. However tempting a matter might be, he always thought it necessary to point out prejudicial eventualities as a counter-argument, even if in his heart he was already in favour of it, and he would torment himself and all those around him with his reservations.

The explanation for Sofie's being his favourite niece can be found in the first quality above described; however, he was also captivated by her charm and was certainly deeply happy as a result of my plans. Nevertheless father thought it necessary to draw my attention to a whole host of impediments: to my youth, eloping with an only child and many other impediments. And when all of this did not bend my firm resolve, he came out with his trump card, "She is a red head!" I laughed and replied that that was precisely my favourite colour of hair, and that I wasn't afraid of the "dangers" constituted by red hair. He then smiled broadly and laid his right hand upon my head to bless me. And so it was that everything was in perfect order. A few days later, however, the object of my love communicated to me that her parents, despite all the affection they had for me, couldn't make up their minds to part from their only child, and that

she stood helpless in the face of this dilemma. When I was reading this bad news a second time, mother came in to find me in a desperate mood. Father came in to join us too. When he had read the letter, which I passed him without uttering a word, he started to comfort me, saying, "Haven't you noticed what the dear girl writes at the end? "Build your hopes on heaven – only heaven ordains what the end shall be." Now my dear Emil, I like that fine girl twice as much. Let her be an example to you! Keep fighting and place your trust in the Lord!"

That fortified my resolve, and I carried on fighting. Apparently, as Sofie maintains, my letters carried the day. But there was still a lot of resistance to overcome.

One fine day Sofie summoned me to Vienna to discuss matters, and informed me that she would expect me at the corner of the Molke Bastion at a particular time. I arrived and awaited the moment of our meeting with an anxious heart, as the mysterious way the meeting had been arranged made me think the worst.

A cab pulled up with remarkable punctuality, from which a girl alighted to make room for me and I greeted her with the words, "I kiss your hand" with some embarrassment. It was the chambermaid, in whom Sofie had confided. When I had got into the cab, I heard to my horror, that a family friend had informed Sofie that she had a young suitor from a very distinguished Vienna family, and had strongly urged her to think about this serious proposition instead of contemplating leaving her parents for the sake of her young cousin. (Only later did I hear, that the worthy friend had added instructively, that it would be a lot wiser and nicer to win the said cousin – as a family friend.)

In reply to my anxious question as to what reply she had given, Sofie said that she had declared that she was as good as promised to me and that she therefore had to reject any other liaison. However, she wanted to know from me, what I thought about it all. I will certainly have assured her with tears in my heart, that I would not stand in the way of her happiness, if she thought that she could find it elsewhere, but that I implored her that, even if she only loved me just a little, she should remain strong and stay loyal to me. And as she promised this to me, our meeting ended on a happy chord.

An amusing recollection is, however, also linked to the meeting: It didn't become clear to my little siren, who had enticed me to the mysterious rendezvous, until the next day, that she had been very thoughtless in choosing the house of the lady in question as our meeting place.

Then, however, I insisted on having a discussion with Aunt Rosa, my future mother-in-law. I sat opposite her in the salon. This very jolly lady looked me, the tall thin boy, up and down from top to bottom, as if she had seen me for the first time, and said in a strict voice, "So you definitely want to marry my Sofie. Despite your youth! Are you quite sure that you are healthy?" I understood too well the cruel allusion to my thinness, smiled and countered the attack by boldly replying, "You may put your mind at rest entirely, dear Aunt. Our house doctor, who gave me a thorough check-up, maintains that I could marry three girls at the same time, I shall, however, content myself with just one."

That took the wind out of poor Aunt's sails and, as she knew that her beloved child would be safe with me, she extended her hand in silence to me.

Our dear Viennese friends came to Pilsen for Rudolf Gellert's marriage in spring 1885, and it was agreed that, on this occasion, I should formally ask Uncle for Sofie's hand in marriage. I walked

up to him trembling, as I was conscious of the sacrifice I was asking of him. But the kind man did not make the business in hand difficult for me and, even if involuntarily, he even brought a little humour into the serious situation by attaching a condition to his consent to the effect that the first child born to the marriage would have to see the light of day in Vienna. As with many of his fellow Viennese, the poor man was of the opinion, that they were still too far backward in Bohemia and that, in consequence, one couldn't have any confidence in the doctors there. However, with great joy I made him the requested promise, and I was thus engaged, or at least unofficially to start with.

Those spring days were unforgettable! The trees in our garden were in full bloom and looked down on the young happy couple, who walked there tenderly, arm in arm.

We all gathered in Vienna for a proper engagement ceremony on the 24th May, Whit-Sunday. I can honestly say, that my parents-in-law took me to their hearts right from the start, and that our harmonious relationship never – and I really mean never – experienced the slightest cloud. My father-in-law, in particular, a thoroughly intelligent, educated and really fine man, of whom I shall write later on, loved me as if I were his own son, in the same way that I too revered in him a second father.

On the 4th October the long awaited and longed for day arrived, on which my dream was to be fulfilled and on which I was allowed to embrace the girl of my choice in my arms as my own.

It was a glorious autumn day bathed in sun. As I was not allowed to pay my bride a visit prior to the wedding, I walked through the streets of Vienna, filled with impatient longing, and by chance met our sales representative Hofmann and later we were also joined by an uncle from Pilsen. The latter suggested lunch together and I gladly invited the two gentlemen to the nearby Stefan Cellar for such a lunch. We drank two bottles of excellent wine together, with the result that my anxiety soon gave way to a happy and rather enduring mood. I then drove to the hotel to change. At 1.30 p.m. we proceeded to the Seitenstetter Synagogue for the wedding.

The wine I had consumed did not actually have the effect of making me drunk, my good mood was, however, so enduring, that there was no occasion for expressing the sentiments in relation to my person customary on such occasions. Rarely can a bridegroom have listened to the sermon of the priest with such a cheerful countenance, as I did listening to the unctuous words of the famous pulpit preacher, Dr. Jelinek.

I am all the less able to narrate anything about the reception at the bride's home, as we soon got up and left to go on our honeymoon. We had an overnight stay in Brno and travelled the next morning to Dresden, where my sister, Hermine, a dainty teenager, was attending a boarding school. Our visit made up for the fact that she had not been allowed to attend our wedding. Berlin and Hamburg were our next ports of call. We were always handed English newspapers in the Berlin cafes, but we also apparently drew attention to ourselves in other ways. Due to our youthful appearance, people, looking at us, thought they were in the presence of a couple of runaways rather than a worthy married couple. One of the two little sons of a family we visited in Hamburg was, however, of the contrary persuasion, in that he caused my wife some embarrassment when he asked her, "Do you also have two little boys at home, Aunt?"

We arrived in Pilsen on the 19th October and were – it was "as if the heavens themselves wanted to welcome us with the glory of their sun" – collected from the station by my joyful parents and

led to our splendid new home that was located next to the apartment, in which they themselves lived.

I will not write of our happiness as a young married couple, even though I look back on that golden time today full of longing. However, I should like to weave in here, that I had become a junior partner in the family firm prior to my marriage at the same time as my cousin Rudolf, not without Aunt Gellert having, admittedly without success, endeavoured to protest against our having been placed on the same footing on the grounds of my youth.

We had "already" been married for four months and our happiness would have been complete but for the fact that we were down-heartened that there were no signs pointing to our soon enjoying the joys of parenthood. We soon perceived ourselves as assuming the role of a childless couple. To take my little wife's mind off things, I brought her a funny little dog, which was however greeted with odd looks by my mother-in-law who was paying us a visit and who was apparently not yet so resigned as we were in relation to our offspring.

Never had an investment paid off better or more quickly than this purchase of a substitute child, because my dear wife confided a sweet secret to me already just one month later. When we shortly afterwards paid a visit to Vienna, I had to undertake the task of breaking the good news to Mama. That's the way young women were in those days. I undertook the task with all due caution, and can still see the wide-open eyes, with which mother-in-law Rosa greeted the news. Some time passed, before she found her speech again, but then the tension was broken, when she spoke the words, "Has the dog left the house?" (This related to the fear, widespread at the time that a woman looking forward to the joys of motherhood can sometimes be mistaken in what she sees.)

The good lady never behaved towards me as the traditional mother-in-law, but nevertheless it did cause me malicious glee, when I once caused her some embarrassment.

She was obsessed by cleanliness and, for instance, didn't shrink from enquiring of friends who paid a visit, whether they had wiped their shoes properly, when it was muddy outdoors. She was even more concerned about her tablecloths. And as she perceived in me the country bumpkin capable of committing all manner of acts of clumsiness, she was very mindful to place all bottles and full glasses at a safe distance from me, although I had never actually been guilty of any offence. And I had, of course, not without amusement but with some annoyance, noticed this.

But the goddess of justice, who restores the balance, provided for retribution. It was on the occasion of the first visit our Viennese parents paid to our home and the table had been laid as befitted a ceremony. I raised my glass to their good health. Mama Rosa reached for her glass rather too temperamentally and, in doing so, got rather too close to a full bottle of Voslau wine, and the very next moment a flood of red liquid poured over the precious tablecloth. What a picture! A whole salt mine wouldn't have sufficed to remove that stain.

We, of course, sought laughingly to placate the dismayed lady. I must confess, however, that it was on that occasion that I came to understand a turn of phrase Sofie had coined on the occasion of another comical incident, that did not warrant an outbreak of hilarity: My insides rolled round and round."

I was reminded of my promise that our first-born should see the light of day in Vienna at the end of September already. Although we didn't expect the child to be delivered until December,

my wife had to set out on the journey to Vienna at the beginning of October already in response to the request of her anxious parents. But my dear Sofie didn't let herself be rushed, still ate the traditional meal of fish and cake on Christmas Eve and it wasn't until night time that we had cause for alarm. I went to fetch Professor Felsenreich at 3 a.m.

My poor wife suffered the agonies of labour for many long and anxious hours. My good mother, who had come from Pilsen, aided her, whilst Mama Rosa remained in the adjoining room addressing fervent prayers to the heavens. I sat there too, my head bent forward and supported on both my arms. Suddenly Mama Rosa stood in front of me, her eyes flashing, and said, "Now you are concerned!" Even if the quiet cry of a child had not been audible the very next moment and Mother had not called to us from the bedroom door that she quietly opened, "Congratulations, a boy!" this divine remark of the spirited lady would at least have saved the situation for a moment.

It was thus on Christmas Day 1886, that the ladies laid my son Eugen in his cradle for me.

After two or three weeks, by which time I had been home and returned again, a friend of Sofie, who was a young bride, was permitted to pay her a visit. Mama Rosa accompanied her to the bed of the convalescing patient, whilst I worked at a desk in the adjoining room. To my amusement I overheard the following conversation, "Well, how did it go, Sofie?" the friend asked. "There was nothing to it, it all went very well!" replied my brave little Sofie, with apparent consideration for the young friend's joining her in future as a mother.

However, the very next moment Mama Rosa's angry rebuke rang out – it was supposed to be a whisper, but rose indignantly to become loud – "You silly thing, how can you say something like that, when he is sitting next door? In a few months' time you can expect to have another child!"

She didn't turn out to be a good prophet. However, since the time of that amusing episode, I have not been able to rid myself of the suspicion, that all the terrible things and dangers we men are told about the birth of children are, in good part, constructed like a sort of Free Mason style secret pact by the section of our nation with long hair.

At the end of February of the following year we took our baby home to Pilsen, where there was no end to the rejoicing, where Aunt Frieda, my youngest sister, made such a fuss, that she once almost broke a chandelier over the poor child.

In the late summer of the same year, when I was in Budweis with my wife to stand in for Rudolf, I suddenly developed a headache, that tormented me for days on end and that no remedy could cure. When I was overcome by such a headache, I had the feeling as if the one half of my face would drop off my head. The doctors recommended a stay at a North Sea sanatorium to take the waters.

It was thus decided that I should seek a cure in Ostend and, as my wife didn't want to be separated from our baby child for so long, my father-in-law accompanied me there. Already when we started the journey in Pilsen we had agreeable travelling companions, two Czech couples; the owner of a large estate, the husband an elegant, portly gentleman, the wife a Brunhilde of a woman, and a Prague university professor, an elderly gentleman with a very beautiful, much younger wife and a five year old girl.

The train had hardly set in motion, when the elder of the two ladies asked me, whether the graceful, little figure, from whom I had just taken leave in such a moving manner, was possibly "my young bride". That sufficed to establish contact and this resulted in our getting on well together for the whole of our joint stay in Ostend.

Their company almost cost me my life. However, prior to reporting about that, I should like to disappoint the curiosity that might possibly be directed towards the development of my relationship with the beautiful woman with her elderly husband. Not that I was blind to her charm which, in accordance with the morals of the day, were concealed up to her neck, even when we went swimming together. However, I was a husband, who was so in love with his wife that I was immune to all Circes, however seductive they may have been. The truth of this assertion is supported by a question directed to my charming father-in-law by an acquaintance, "Have you come along to keep an eye on your son-in-law, or is it the other way round?"

We had probably been in Ostend for hardly a week, when we stood in our bathing costumes on the beach not knowing what to do because there was a storm and the waves were so high, that hardly anyone ventured to step into the sea without a lifeguard present. However, neither a male nor a female lifeguard could be found. With the exception of my father-in-law, who remained behind, we nonetheless decided to defy the raging elements, and walked out into the sea, holding one another firmly by the hand and forming a chain. On the right there was the lady with a Brunhilde-like figure weighing 100kg and on my left side was the professor. It really was the professor. The surf was breathtakingly divine but, after 5 mins. we had had enough of the roaring surge and our struggle against the waves that hit against us, and we shouted to one another, that we would go out. The very next moment the lady on my side was torn out of my hand by a particularly powerful wave and disappeared. I tore away from the professor, dived down to the lady who was struggling at my feet and pulled her up to her feet. She had already swallowed some water and was semi-unconsciously gasping for air. In her fear at this situation she gripped me by the shoulders and once again fell over, burying me beneath her. It can only have been a matter of seconds before I was able to free myself from the heavy burden by deploying all my strength and so rise to the surface again. However, up until the end of my days it will remain stuck in my memory, how the thoughts chased through my brain during those fleeting moments, during which I believed that all was lost. Since then I have come to understand the speed of the movement of light. All that I have remembered is the sorrow for my parents and my wife and child that filled me in those dreadful moments.

Immediately I surfaced, the other bathers had their attention drawn to the situation and dragged the semi-unconscious giantess to her bathing cabin. My teeth, however, continued chattering for hours.

Right at the beginning of our stay in Ostend I had some most unpleasant correspondence to deal with. A German businessman, who lived in Manchester, by the name of Graefinghoff, had purchased significant quantities of paper from us. The information we obtained about him sounded favourable. Suddenly however, just at that time, he announced that he wasn't able to pay immediately and demanded a moratorium for the outstanding 18,000.—marks lasting a year. This was the subject matter of the correspondence that occupied almost all my evenings and which was conducted, on the one hand, with Graefinghoff and, on the other hand, with the family firm. My father-in-law loyally assisted me in making copies of my letters.

Despite the work this involved, my headaches had disappeared, never to recur any more.

Two days prior to our intended journey home, I received instructions from Pilsen to go to Manchester immediately to sort out the Graefinghoff case. Moved by the pain of being separated from me, my father-in-law watched the departure of the ship that took me from him.

I arrived in London in the evening, had breakfast the next morning at my hotel and, a few hours later, intended travelling on to Manchester by train. Suddenly someone behind me placed their hand over my eyes, and a remotely familiar voice asked, "Who am I? "Difficult that one in a city with a population of 5 million," I replied. The hand then let go and, to my great joy, I saw in front of me good, old Commercial Counsellor Dessauer from Aschaffenburg, of whom I forgot to report, that he had visited me the previous year in Pilsen. He informed me, that Mr. Edward Lloyds was coming to see him in an hour, and that the latter was going to take him to see his paper mill at Sittingbourn near Dover. He asked, if I would like to go along and said, that he certainly wouldn't have any difficulty in getting permission for this. I regretted greatly not being able to accept the invitation, even though it was so tempting, as I had to depart for Manchester in an hour. Reprovingly the old gentleman said that one day here or there wouldn't mind, and that my father would justifiably be cross with me, if I missed the rare chance to view England's largest and most interesting paper mill. That made sense to me and, as Mr. Lloyds himself also very cordially invited me to go along, I didn't hesitate any longer. I am thankful to my father-like friend for this to this very day.

What I saw in Sittingbourn was not only interesting because of the unaccustomed dimensions but also in many other respects. What I was particularly struck by was the new 4-metre wide paper machine (we were in the year 1887!) that Dessauer had undertaken the journey to inspect. We were not the only ones, who admired this monster of a machine, as machines with a working width in excess of 2.4 metres were considered utter nonsense on the continent at that time. In fact the extremely obliging Mr. Lloyds told me that, when a colleague had heard of the intention to install this wide paper machine, the latter had scornfully patted him on the shoulder and said, "Very clever, Mr. Edward, the machine will be a failure, but you can have it cut in two and then you will have two machines with a working width of 2 metres each." But the man didn't turn out to be right; the machine worked perfectly and, on top of that, at the speed of 100 metres a minute, which was unheard of at the time.

After having been given a very good meal, we returned and, as the train I was taking to Manchester didn't depart until midnight, I also accepted Mr. Lloyd's invitation to a performance of Buffalo Bill that took place in an outsized circus.

I arrived in Manchester getting on towards 3 a.m. In next to no time, all the cabs were taken and I had to drag my suitcase to the Queen's Hotel, where I had booked a room by telegram. However, I was informed regrettably that they were "quite full". I received the same reply in three other hotels. An agricultural show was the reason for everything being full. I thus returned to the station and, on my way there, was once again solicited by the riffraff, who spurn the light of day. I was happy to find a hard bench in a rather primitive waiting room and to be able to rest on it for a few hours.

I went to see Graefinghoff at 8 a.m. already. I was told in his office, that he was in his flat. The peculiar name of "End House" given to his home gives a sufficiently good idea of how far away it was. But he was apparently not there either. And so I took myself off to a solicitor, whose name had already been given to me, and placed the whole matter in the latter's hands, although he viewed it with great scepticism and inclined to describe Graefinghoff's behaviour as fraud.

After lunch I tried my luck again, and did in fact meet him in his office. However, neither threats nor requests could achieve more than his assurance, that we would not suffer any damage, if we would just be patient for a while. And so I had to set out on my journey home without having achieved anything.

But the man had predicted correctly, whether knowingly or unknowingly, I am unable to judge. Our lawyer informed us namely about 4 weeks later that Graefinghoff's warehouse, which was insured for a large sum, had burnt to the ground, and that there would be a pro rata sum that would cover our claim. In fact we escaped with quite minimal damage.

I had already been in England two years previously. On that occasion I travelled from Hamburg to London and, on the advice of a friend of my father who lived there, a brother of Fürth, the match manufacturer from Schuttenhofen, I elected to travel by sea. This offered me the advantage of being on the high seas for two days. It was quite a small German steamship that I boarded. Apart from me there were two other first class passengers, an elderly gentleman and a young man who, up until we passed Cuxhaven, complained about the sluggishness of the sea but fell sacrifice to Neptune an hour later and didn't re-emerge until the steamship entered the Thames estuary. There were, thus, only three of us at table, the elderly gentleman, the proprietor of the Hamburg export company, P. Schmitz, the captain and myself. When I mentioned in the evening that it was my birthday on that day, the captain had champagne served, with the consequence that we were still sitting at table at midnight in a happy, cosy mood, when suddenly thick fog was reported. The ship had to stop. The constant signal of our siren and the almost uninterrupted sounding of the bell of a sailing ship near to us remain indelibly printed on my memory, as does the concern reflected on the faces of the passengers and crew about the possibility of a collision with another ship.

Getting on for 3 a.m. the fog lifted and we again had free passage.

During the course of this two-day journey I had become friends with Mr. Schmitz and, at his request, showed him some samples of our products. When I drew his attention to the green Swedish style paper and told him of our exports to Japan, he ordered one wagon of the product without further ado and without previously having had anything to do with it. Within a short period of time, however, a very significant business relationship developed from this trial order. Orders were always placed for deliveries of 10 wagons and our dealings with the company were always very agreeable, until comparatively abruptly the payments started arriving rather faltingly. When we again made enquiries, we were not given a clearance certificate. At that time just the last acceptance of 10,000.— was due for payment. We asked the Director of the Pilsen Discount Bank, which was charged with obtaining payment of the acceptance note to telegraph Hamburg, so that we could find out about the fate of the payment as soon as possible.

I for my part promised father, who at that time had gone off on holiday to Gastein, to inform him immediately of the awaited news. When the latter had not arrived on the afternoon of the day of maturity, I took it upon me, despite my scepticism, to report to father that the payment had been received, so as not to spoil his stay at the sanatorium. He would certainly have forgiven me the well-intentioned deception.

Hardly had my telegram been dispatched than the Bank Director phoned me to say, "Received, Mr. Fürth." – With the German for "receive" also having the meaning "gone under", I enquired in the feeling of happiness that this news brought me, "Who? We or the acceptance note?"

although I had understood his meaning correctly. And so it was that the friendship I had made aboard ship ended without any damage to the firm.

On another occasion I had been summoned to London by the House of Rosedale for the conclusion of an important contract. The proprietor, whose features suggested that his previous name had been Rosenthal, although his brother held the office of a bishop of the Church of England, came to see me straight away at my hotel after my arrival, and made the request that I shouldn't pay any business visits in London, until our contract was signed and sealed and delivered. And so it was that I had to wander around London for three days without anything to do, during which time only short conferences took place and answers to cables sent to South America had to be awaited. I spent most of the three days in London's rich museums and galleries.

I was once invited to Rosedale's home, a one and a half hour train journey from London, for supper, the only course of which has remained stuck in my memory is the gooseberry tart, which …… the others liked so well.

My waiting was rewarded by being handed an order for 40 wagons of straw paper, all the same size and to be delivered within a period of a year. Those were the days!

Our domestic life proceeded in a context that tends to surround a happily married young couple. I had given up my visits to the Casino every evening, and my father too, who had never been absent there for a single evening, in the main remained at home from that time on and took pleasure in our being together, in the same way as mother did. Up until now I have not spoken much of the latter, because almost everything I have narrated has concerned matters that, in the main, have been common to father and myself.

She was a very determined woman, who behaved strictly towards us children, was generous and had no other thought than to bring down the sun from the heavens to us children on earth. She was proud of every one of her children, she found qualities in each of us to praise and she pinched and scraped a lot to be able – behind the back of father, who was restrained in that respect – to give us some little pleasure or other – nice clothes for my sisters or a valuable book for myself.

What inhibited her zest for life, her love of travel and her lively interest in all that is beautiful was a severe asthmatic condition that she had had for many years and that often confined her to her room for weeks on end and in winter without interruption. The anguish we experienced witnessing our poor mother gasping for breath and having to see her the victim of the most terrible attacks of suffocation, without being able to help, remains indelibly printed on my memory.

Every year she sought alleviation for her suffering, initially in Gleichenberg and later on in Reichenhall, she spent the late winter and early spring in Meran in the company of father. All this care couldn't prevent that the pretty woman, upon whom the great grief about our poor Helene also weighed, aged prematurely.

Jumping a small gap in my memory, I now arrive in the year 1890. After paying the obligatory visit to my parents, we used to spend our evenings chatting intimately. I often used to read aloud from some good book or other. In the course of such an evening my wife raised the question as to whether I had ever shown any interest in freemasonry. She said that, after all she had heard

about it in Vienna, she thought that the movement would suit me particularly. I had never had anything to do with it, but the idea started to interest me and wouldn't leave me be any more. I procured myself some relevant reading material on the subject and made inquiries as to the members of the Pilsen Lodge. The head of the Lodge was the paper manufacturer, Ludwig Piette, whom I only fleetingly knew.

Piette not only had the reputation of an excellent papermaker, - it was he who was first to rationally put into practice the dip-dying of tissue paper that had been perfected around that time – but, although at the time scarcely 39 years old, he also attained fame, when, together with the Pilsen railway official, Franz Krizik, he had invented the arc-lamp. I should like to weave in at this point that, on the occasion of my last stay in London, I found that many of the great bridges over the Thames were lighted with large arc lamps, all bearing the inscription, "The Pilsen Light". This invention earned the two of them a large fortune, as well as a very substantial annuity that ran for many years. They also had high imperial awards conferred upon them on the occasion of the 1888 Electricity Exhibition in Vienna.

It was in summer 1890 when I asked Piette if I could have a talk with him. The handsome, thin, tall man with the appearance of an aristocrat received me in his bachelor flat with great civility. When I made known to him my intention to join his Lodge, he seemed rather surprised and, after some hesitation, said, "You will forgive me, if I speak frankly. You have the reputation of being an adherent of the Great Germany cause, whilst my association, which encompasses all nations, is remote from such ideas – indeed we condemn them. You couldn't feel well in our ranks." I replied that I certainly wouldn't cease to be a good German, even if I was a member of their association, but that I had long since overcome my youthful exuberance. I also told him that I was instructed about the bent and nature of freemasonry, and that there was nothing in me that would impede the practice of all encompassing love for my fellow human beings. Piette noted this declaration with great applause, but also drew to my attention that the association made material demands of its well-off members, i.e. demanded that its members were generous. I was very slightly hurt by this and asked him to let me know, whether he had heard anything about me, that made me seen stingy or hard-hearted to him. He replied very decisively in the negative and assured me moreover that he would gladly put my name down for consideration and would let me know the outcome. He said I would have to be patient, as many months could elapse prior to a decision being taken.

When I took leave of him, I had no idea, that I had gained in Piette a friend for life, my best and most loved fellow traveller.

However, the "many months" had elapsed and I didn't hear anything. And further months passed under the bridge and still total silence reigned. I was hurt because I had no doubt that my application had been turned down, and that I was found to be not worthy and I tormented my brain thinking what the reason was for this rejection.

Finally in April 1891 Piette phoned me and enquired whether I wouldn't like to meet him in the evening at "Beim Salzmann." He said that he wanted to bring a friend along with him to introduce the latter to me. I agreed and found that the person accompanying Piette was a Mr. Zdenko Dlouhy, a gentleman I had hitherto not personally known and a distinguished Czech citizen.

It became clear to me from the whole discussion that I was to be closely scrutinised albeit as tactfully and inconspicuously as possible. If the gentlemen had believed that they could make me

talkative in relation to the suspicions they harboured about me by getting me to raise my glass diligently, they had under-estimated my ability to hold liquor. (Many years later I did in fact find a minute, in which I read that the Czech side had blocked my admission because they feared that, in my person, they would be admitting a notorious adherent to the German cause, i.e. a destructive element to their ranks. Thus the need for the examination.)

I seemed to have passed the examination, as Mr. Piette visited me in the middle of May, and asked me not to take on any commitments around the beginning of June so that we could undertake a journey to Vienna together. My solemn admission to the ranks of the freemasons took place in Pressburg on the 9th June 1891. At that time freemasonry was not permitted in Austria, although it was tolerated, and for this reason the Vienna Lodges were registered with the authorities as "unpolitical associations" and, as such, involved themselves in humanitarian works, but their festive occasions were held in Pressburg under the patronage of the Grand Lodge there.

In Pilsen there was a small union of all the members of the association who lived there, who belonged to the Austrian, German and American Lodges. This union fulfilled the functions of a lodge on a reduced scale, with the consequence that, to belong to the "harmony", one had to submit to a further ballot, at which one single black ball meant rejection. My admission now proceeded smoothly but I should like to stress, that members were vetted strictly and, with one single exception, the circle was thus really made up of fine, selected, high-minded men. Accepted into their ranks with warm sincerity, I soon felt very well and secure in the circle of members. Leaving my domestic happiness on one side, I am indebted to the latter for the happiest years of my life.

I very soon became close friends with, in particular, brothers Piette, Guttenstein and Willy Arnstein, and this friendship was in no way prejudiced by the significant difference in our ages. But it was my relationship to the youngest of them, Ludwig Piette that was to deepen most of all. The enlightened outlook Piette enjoyed despite his young years from now on served as an example to me, and he remained a loyal friend to me up until the moment when his last word passed his lips. It follows that mention will often be made of him in these pages.

There was just one of the circle, to whom I was unable to open my heart, and I soon noticed that the others perceived in him the "black sheep". He was an elderly gentleman, a doctor, who was notoriously wealthy. His pathological meanness didn't fit into the context of the circle of which he had only become a member as a result of an incomprehensible, fateful blunder. I probably instinctively felt this to be the case because I crossed swords with him already just a few weeks after joining. As so often, my youthful temperament got the better of me on this occasion too, and so it was that I didn't hold back with my views, which were shared by the others. Still an embarrassing mood arose, which soon subsided, however, due to the tactful efforts on the part of the chairman, Piette.

When we were, however, returning home, the latter took me by the arm and casually delivered the following sermon to me, "You must learn to check your temperament, dear brother, otherwise you will disappoint us all. We believe that we can see in you the future master of our lodge. What you are, however, lacking for that role is self-control! You were certainly right, but in such instances do as I do: "Things will settle down of themselves". You must promise me to work on yourself along those lines." I promised this and steadfastly kept my word.

I have recorded what is of itself a quite harmless incident here, because it had an educating influence on me. My friend's words had such a profound influence that, from that day onwards, there was a transformation in my character with my becoming calmer and more level-headed. And so it was that my friend also became my teacher.

I now revert to my business affairs. The use of straw paper was forced more and more into the background by the constant market penetration of brown reed and pulp based paper and by the greater demands made of packaging paper. Whereas in earlier days throughout the whole of the Austro-Hungarian Empire hundreds of wagons of straw paper were made into paper bags, straw paper had now disappeared from shops in favour of the paper bags made from the aforementioned materials. Only the Balkans and the overseas countries kept faith with the primitive old type of packaging. And the only substantial customer base that remained for us was the match industry. We therefore had to look around carefully for other areas where straw paper could be used.

Several years previously a friend from my youth, Julius Gutmann, who had gone overseas, sent me a new form of protective packaging from America that consisted of two thick layers of straw paper, the one of which was wavy and was glued to the other layer, which was smooth. I thought that this had a future, took the matter up immediately and constructed with Wieland a machine to produce this product, which was as yet wholly unknown in Europe and was called corrugated cardboard. The quality of our product was a total success and we introduced it to the market. As we were as yet unable to conceive of any other form of use for it, we merely thought of packaging for bottles and thus only got in touch with the relevant interested parties.

In the whole of Austria we however only found a single fan, a manufacturer of liqueurs in Troppau, who attached great worth to presenting his wares in an exclusive manner, and we found another customer in Berlin. All efforts at promoting the idea were to no avail; at that time modern advertisement was not yet known; we also didn't like the idea. We thus filed away our plans for corrugated paper. We were very wrong to have done so! A few years later a lively interest in the product developed, and a new branch of industry flourished by producing it, particularly in Germany. Its import to Austria grew rapidly.

When the manager of a mill in Julich then offered to set up such a mill for us in return for a share of the profits, I set out to the industrial town in question, located between Cologne and Düsseldorf, had a look at the set-up there and came to an agreement with the gentleman, subject of course to the proviso that my fellow partners would agree.

Only Rudolf Gellert found a lot to object about in the agreement and, in particular, found fault with the share of the profits I had conceded the manager in Julich. It wouldn't have been difficult for me to overcome this resistance. However, the consideration that, under such circumstances, it would have been ruled out that the manager would apply himself in a fruitful manner and also the annoyance about the petty niggling prompted father and me to withdraw from realising the project. That was around 1891. It wasn't until a few years later that we returned to the idea again and secured a substantial new outlet for the straw paper manufactured in Budweis by commencing production of the product. Again it was a German expert I took on to introduce the new product, which I was the first to produce in Europe, but regrettably ceased producing too quickly. Already two years later the good man escaped exposure to the moods of his immediate superior, my cousin Rudolf, by leaving his post.

The fall-off in the sales of straw paper I have already several times mentioned and the ousting from the market of the Alpha paper that had once been so profitable forced us to make radical alterations at the Pilsen mill.

And so it was that in about 1891 a new, highly modern paper machine 2200 mm in width was installed for the production of white and coloured pulp-based tissue paper. I concluded the contract of purchase with Füllner & Co. in Warmbrunn, after having inspected a similar machine that was in the course of production there. At that time I spent an interesting couple of days at the home of Privy Councillor Füllner. We purchased the semi-finished raw materials from the pulp mills that were being set up in Austria at that time.

As the power of the old steam engine no longer sufficed and, moreover, didn't even meet the requirements in terms of heat management, which at that time were still very modest, a new 400 HP condensation steam engine from Skoda & Co. was installed in such a way that all possibilities were left open for later adding to its power. The new paper machine started production half a year later on a Friday, as my father, who was nothing if not superstitious, looked upon that day in particular, contrary to the generally held views of the day, as being one that brought good luck on the basis of the experiences he had made himself. This time too he was confirmed in his belief, and I must confess, that I have inherited this weakness on the part of my father, hitherto without mishap.

The machine found a lot of its market in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but a considerable part of its production was exported to countries in the South as packaging for oranges, whose import was at the time constantly increasing.

One fine day my "young boy" reported to me that there was a man outside, who wanted to speak to the proprietor in person. He said that he created the impression of being a better class petitioner. I went outside and discovered a small, stocky man, who wasn't actually dressed in accordance with the latest fashion. I asked him how I could be of service, to which he replied that he wanted to buy paper. "Fine," I replied, "But we only sell in bulk." With a roguish twinkle of the eye he replied, that he of course only bought in bulk. "And what do you call in bulk," I enquired with curiosity, to which he calmly replied, "well, what about say 10, 20 or even 30 wagons. I need it for China." I didn't actually fall on the floor, but I did open the door wide into my private office and asked him to enter with great civility. My father received him there too, and the man now introduced himself as Alois Schweiger. He narrated that he had lived in India for many years, had established lively ties with China from there and now worked as an exporter in Vienna. He produced a letter from the Creditanstalt bank containing the best imaginable reference. What Schweiger demanded of us was a trial delivery of a 28 gramme pulp-based paper that was wholly capable of absorption, a paper that he termed "absorbing paper" and which was used by the Chinese for writing on with a brush. In the event of the trial delivery being a success, he held out the prospect of very significant orders.

And in fact his prediction proved true; as the first delivery was much to his customers' satisfaction, we remained well employed for years producing this quality of paper, which so ideally suited us, for Schweiger, and the way the business was transacted couldn't be faulted. This business connection had only one snag. In his relations with us as well, dear Schweiger also sought to keep the price low despite the friendship he professed. Within a short time he had risen to be the first and most successful exporter in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and also in other fields had a great role to play as an economist and even as a confidant of the Government. His sharp, far-sighted and sure judgement in matters to do with the world economy was the

benchmark everywhere. Looking ahead, he found a way, much later, at the time of the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire of not only preserving his considerable fortune, but also further increasing it. Neither Schweiger's increasing deafness, nor his neglect of his external appearance – his fingernails were permanently black as if in state mourning – were able to impair his success.

We once spent a few weeks together in Karlsbad, where the not very elegant bachelor revealed himself to be a great friend of the ladies. This observation was the occasion of my sending him a humorous poem anonymously, in which inter alia the following turn of words appeared: "It was hitherto not known to me that the ladies turn your head. I had always thought that it was only the manufacturers' prices that you kept down."

On assembling for dinner in the evening, Schweiger told us with beaming eyes that he had received a marvellous poem, and started to read it aloud in a less than perfect way. I ventured the observation that he didn't have the right delivery and took over reading aloud from him. When I had finished, I said, screwing up my nose in disapproval, that I didn't find anything particularly special, by God, about the poem. Schweiger countered indignantly, "My dear friend Fürth, you could congratulate yourself if you could just compose one such stanza on your very best day!" I swallowed the insult.

It was only towards the end of our stay together in Karlsbad that Schweiger learnt of my being the author, and he paid me the not very flattering compliment, that he didn't think me capable of "something like that".

Shortly before New Year's Eve in the same year, the mail brought me a basket of the most marvellous pineapples. It was the poet's fee from Schweiger.

Several years later Schweiger's company had moved from Ferstel Street in Vienna and I had forgotten this when I intended paying him a visit on the occasion of a stay in the city. On my arrival there, I first noted that I had made a mistake, and then I set off to the new offices in Berg Street. The offices were in the same building as the Court Theatre Printing Office, one floor higher up.

Schweiger received me with his accustomed cordiality and enquired whether I had had any problems finding my way. Making a word play on "printing" and "holding prices down" sharing the same word in German, I said that I had overlooked his company brass-plate but, having observed a sign on the staircase saying, "Printing office upstairs", I knew that I must be at Schweiger's. He responded to the joke with great amusement and was highly flattered.

Another memory from those days enters my head. One fine day to my great surprise a fellow student from Mitweida paid me a visit and asked, whether I still knew him. Of course I did; it was Wilhelm von Brunnerberg, a Saxon from Transylvania, whom I got on with famously, but of whom I had lost sight since our days together in Mitweida. He told me after a short time the reason for his seeking me out.

He was a technologist at the pulp mill in Hallein, that was under the direction of the well-known research scientist, Dr. Kellner, after whom the pulp boiling method is named, that was taken up in many mills. There Brunnerberg had become friends with the mill manager, Mr. Türck, with whom he had worked out a method of spinning paper, that was supposed to be extraordinarily promising and that they now intended exploiting. They however lacked the necessary capital to

do this, although a machine engineering factory had made the offer of delivering the necessary machinery in exchange for long term loans. He enquired, whether I was not prepared to put up the necessary amount, that wasn't too much, in return for a corresponding share of future profits. He showed me samples that were woven from such spun paper and found my approval and admiration.

I didn't hesitate to promise him assistance, but took him to see my friend Piette, who had experience in such matters and, what matters even more, luck. He too considered that the method, which he, like me, admired as an interesting novelty, had a very favourable outlook. However, as the sum of money that was being asked for appeared to be too small, I refrained from asking Piette to chip in, and assisted the inventors from my own capital.

After some time I heard that the matter was well on the way to becoming a success. But shortly afterwards came the news, that Dr. Kellner had beaten them to it by patenting the method after spying on them. There was a court case, the first consequence of which was that the two of them lost their jobs. This patent dispute lasted for years, up until one fine day when Brunnerberg reported to me, that a settlement had been achieved, that put him in the position of being able to reimburse the sum I had advanced to him soon. He kept his word.

However, the method, which was based on spinning the wet paper inflow that was divided into thin strips, didn't prove to be a success, and it wasn't until a lot later that it was perfected by other, more fortunate inventors, who knew how to spin the paper in a dry condition, to the point that it found great practical application. I shall report on this in detail later on. If not actively, I did however, stand at the cradle of paper spinning.

A remarkable memory is linked to the installation of the new steam engine. It had been working satisfactorily for half a year, when I was called urgently to leave my office and go on to the factory floor. It was summer and father was away on holiday. The machine was standing still and the works manager and the workers were standing helpless at the entry to the steam engine house that was completely flooded. What had happened? A large section had broken out of one part of the twin condensation pump, which of course we weren't able to discover until later on. As the pump was below ground level and the undamaged part initially continued carrying on working, the disaster wasn't noticed until the water rose above ground level. While the men drained off and bailed out the water, I telephoned the Skoda Works and a short time later the designer of the machine, Senior Engineer König, came rushing along. The pump was taken apart and it was revealed that the bolt, whose function was to secure one of the iron valves, had been pinned negligently, as the pin was found lying on the floor inside the pump, and that in consequence the valve had broken free from its anchor, jarred against the wall of the pump and penetrated the latter, causing the water to break out. I then made another telephone call to Skoda to discuss matters with the Director, Mr. Turetzky, and received the following laconical reply from him, "That's quite simple. You order a new pump from us, we'll do all we can to deliver it in 6 – 8 weeks and, in the meantime, you'll just have to work without condensation."

The simplicity of this decision made sense to me, but not its correctness. I therefore had to have a personal discussion with Turetzky. He was the director of the engineering works, one of the old school and out of touch. His engineers by far surpassed him in ability and laughed at him behind his back. Nevertheless he was allowed to stay in his office as an old friend of Mr. Skoda from the time they had been boys. His work was confined in the main to screaming abuse and directing some very fruity rude words at his subordinates.

In my dealings with this fiend I took the view that the pump should indeed be manufactured as swiftly as possible, but that this should in no way be done at our expense as, when fitting the pump, a fateful act of negligence had been committed, as had been found beyond question by the senior engineer, Mr. König, and moreover the one year's guarantee had not yet expired. He immediately flared up with the objection, that the pump had certainly been opened without authorisation by my staff and, in the process, they had done something to the valve. When I vouched for the fact that the pump had never been opened, he made the reproach in the same breath, that we should have done so on grounds of caution, and that the damage had occurred as a result of this omission, the consequences of which we now had to bear.

I gave expression to my disgust at this form of argumentation in the form of just one ostentatious laugh. I added that, in my opinion, it should be possible to carry on working with the part of that pump that had remained intact, if the hole was thoroughly sealed off with a flange. Turetzky for his part then poured scorn on my wild idea and, amidst tears of amusement, went on to pay me the following compliment, "You have one fault, dear Mr. Fürth, and that is that you are too young. And, as we know, youth knows best." I replied calmly, "That is a fault, that undergoes a correction with every day that passes. One day I will reach the point, where the process goes into reverse and, with every day that passes, I will deteriorate." Moreover I broke off all further discussion by declaring, that I would await Mr. von Skoda's return in relation to the cost of the new pump and would then fall in with his decision unquestioningly.

On the following day, on my instructions, the undamaged part of the twin pump was sealed off from the broken part by means of a flange, and the pump was put to work again quite normally in accordance with my "wild idea" and carried on working without impediment until the new pump arrived. A double pump was, you see, not needed, we had only purchased it for the planned later enlargement of the steam engine. I of course saw to it that Director Turetzky had this brought to his attention.

When Mr. von Skoda returned home from a trip, that had taken him to India, he had me called to his office and asked me to report the affair to him as objectively as possible. I proceeded to do so and, after Senior Engineer König had also submitted his report, repeated that my company would submit without condition to his judgement, however the latter might be formulated. After some reflection, he decided as follows, "Well then, I believe that each party should bear one half of the cost of the damage." Even though I was inwardly dissatisfied me, I accepted this ruling with great composure, and intended taking my leave. But Mr. von Skoda held me back saying, "I should like to hear from you, dear Mr. Emil, what you think about my decision." Surprised by this request, I replied, "Mr. von Skoda I agreed to your decision before it was taken. I have no grievance to nurse either." But he wouldn't let up, and definitely wanted to hear, how I would have ruled in his place. And so without hesitation I said, "Well, having persuaded myself of my fitter's negligence, I would have delivered the new pump at my expense without hesitation." He slapped me on the shoulder and said in his hard-toned German, "You are quite right, Emilku, I only wanted to put you to the test. Of course I shall meet the bill for the damage."

The fact of this objective and correct way of thinking and the further triumph over the rude Mr. Turetzky gave me greater happiness than being let off paying what was in fact a considerable sum of money.

At this point I should like to record two further reminiscences of the great man. He was a young engineer with the Count Waldstein Engineering Works in Pilsen at the time when the latter was

to be sold due to a lack of profitability. I believe that that was in 1868. Skoda himself was given the task of carrying out the valuation. After having secured the means to purchase the Works from his rich uncle, the famous Vienna physician, Dr. Skoda, he undertook the valuation in a manner not to his disadvantage. And so began his rise to become a world known industrialist.

Just as Mr. von Skoda knew how to play the grand seigneur in response to some trivial occasion or other, so did he show little interest in his external appearance. I was once sitting with one of my sales representatives on the terrace of a well-known café in Trieste, on the point of embarking on my home journey a few hours later, when a group of splendidly dressed gentlemen walked past us. One of then was Mr. von Skoda. I bid him good day and he recognised me, calling out, "Where have you come from Mr. Emil?" He was wearing a black salon jacket that hung limply at his sides and he resembled an honest tradesman dressed up in his Sunday clothes. I went up to him, and he invited me to attend the launch of a new steamer belonging to the Lloyd line, of which he was vice-president. Unfortunately I had to turn down the kind invitation on the grounds of my imminent departure. When I however returned to my representative, he met me with the question as to what manner of tradesman I had just been conversing with!

There was once one occasion when I was in conversation with Mr. von Skoda and we turned our attention to tax matters. This prompted Mr. von Skoda, who was renowned for always producing balance sheets showing losses to the tax authorities despite the gigantic rise in the fortunes of his company and the increase in his wealth, to make the following observation, "In Pilsen there are two Professors for writing off taxes, your father and Julius Piette." I replied in response, "And you, Mr. von Skoda, are the rector magnificus at the same university," which he responded to with a broad grin.

The stork came to our home again on the 5th October 1893, and brought us a second son, Stefan. When we showed Eugen, who at the time was six, his little brother, he was very happy, but he didn't trust what he saw, and ran straight to our neighbours and friends, the Gutenstein family, where a little boy had also been born a few weeks previously, in order to convince himself, whether we hadn't simply borrowed the latter. The young man didn't appear to possess much confidence in the credibility and reproductive powers of his father.

In 1893 my sister Hermine married Mr. Josef Friedmann from Nuremberg. Apparently on the basis of an observation the former had made, he asked me rather anxiously, whether my sister wasn't just a little dogmatic. I said that he was a great judge of character, and I advised him that, if he didn't feel capable of keeping a firm hand on the reins, he should better withdraw gracefully now. This brutality on my part aroused mother to great indignation, when I harmlessly told her the advice I had given to Josef. But the latter was a hero, and it turned out to be a perfect match.

Two years later his brother Hugo came to ask for the hand of the baby of the family, my youngest sister Frieda, and their marriage too was exemplary in its happiness.

Every year my parents spent the early spring months in Meran, where uncle Gellert had moved home to some time previously with his bachelor son Theodor, who had retired at an early age after a career as a court official, and an orphaned grandchild. At the beginning of April 1896 a stroke brought his life and suffering to an end. His remains were brought back to Pilsen to be interred at the side of his widow, who had preceded him into the after-life in 1890.

My father left Meran in order to attend the burial that, by chance, coincided with the first Jewish holy day.

Already prior to father's arrival the rabbi of the day, Dr. Posnansky, sent his clerk to me to draw my attention to the fact that the funeral procession couldn't be as usual accompanied by a procession of carriages as, according to the articles of the Jewish faith it was forbidden to drive on a holy day. I sent the reply, that the deceased's Christian siblings and relatives wanted to take part in the funeral ceremony, and that my father, who was returning from the South and wanted to accompany his brother-in-law and partner on his last journey, was also not able to undertake the tiring walk on foot, and that I would, therefore, in any event see to it that carriages were made available. I requested of Dr. Posnansky, that he should confine his activities to just the performance of his ceremonial duties.

But the fanatic dispatched his clerk to me a second time, bearing the strict order that I should refrain under all circumstances from making carriages available. This time I brought more powerful weapons to bear and had the clerk inform him that he should not interfere with things that lay outside his sphere of responsibility, that I wouldn't have him forbid me anything and that I left it to his discretion to stay away from the funeral, which we were perfectly able to perform without his support.

Two days later the funeral guests were assembled at my parents' home. The coffin was laid out in the hall at the foot of the fine staircase. At the appointed hour the rabbi and his entourage arrived despite what I had said, and joined the assembled mourners. I thought to myself that everything must be all right now.

But hardly had he arrived than the zelot turned to me and said in a loud voice, "Even though you have had your procession of carriages take up position in a side street, I have nonetheless noted that you have contravened my ban. In the name of our holy religion I forbid my fellow believers to use the carriages."

I replied briefly and to the point, "My father, whose true religious feelings are certainly in no way lesser than your own, Dr. Posnansky, <u>will</u> use his carriage, and so will others."

To this the worthy man of God said to my father, "Are you ill, Mr. Fürth?"

At this point our doctor stepped forward, saying sharply, "Be so kind as to let me form a judgement about that, and put an end to this embarrassing situation."

The effect of this intervention was that all 30 of the carriages were used by the funeral guests on the return journey, including those of a religious disposition, and the furious zelot stood and watched them drive past him. Moreover he didn't keep his job for much longer afterwards either.

I have recorded the above nasty scene here to illustrate, that the conclusions Heine drew in his famous poem, "The Disputation", sometimes apply, at least as regards the one party to the argument. However, this embarrassing incident, together with many another experience he had that made him question the value of priestly interventions, led father to make a testamentary disposition, to the effect that all that should be said at his grave-side was a short prayer and, under no circumstances, a speech.

Now once more to other matters: It was in the autumn of 1896, when my friend Piette told me, that the owner of the Bristol Hotel in Vienna, Carl Wolf, the brother of the brewery director in Pilzenec, had approached the Länderbank with a project to build a new brewery in Pilsen. For this purpose, he told me, the bank was looking for two influential Pilsen industrialists to oversee the transactions, and it believed that it had found in us the right two men. He said that he agreed subject to the proviso that I would join him. I consented after some reflection and after consulting with father.

There now followed several trips to Vienna for joint discussions, over which the all-powerful man at the bank at that time, Privy Councillor Hahn, presided. This man was considered to be one of the greatest wielders of power in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but he was also renowned and feared as an unscrupulous speculator ("faiseur"). However, we had no cause to complain about the manner in which he presided over the negotiations and, in matters relating to substantial acquisitions of land and other delegated tasks, he gave us the greatest possible powers to act and his complete confidence. However, after only a year he took his leave, because – as malicious tongues maintained – "there was nothing left to take from the bank's coffers." On the occasion of Hahn's resignation, the editor of the "Fackel" magazine, the wicked satirist Karl Kraus, whose magazine was much read at the time, wrote that, when Hahn will one fine day take his departure from this earth, they will erect a gravestone in his memory with the inscription, "He was a man of stone and steel."

In Pilsen the intended creation of a new brewery caused an unimaginable stir. The existing breweries with the powerful "Burgerliche Brauhaus" at their head, whose shareholders were also the rulers of the town, mobilised all the powers at their disposal against us and, in the choice of their means, they weren't too particular. The Czech press outdid each other in their inflammatory articles aimed at Piette and myself, portrayed us as blood-sucking exploiters who "now intended to use their wealth, that had been extorted from the population by their extortionate paper prices, against the interests of the town" and incited the authorities with a variety of other nasty slanderous accusations to take action against our own companies, whose damaging influence on the general well-being of the town they suddenly discovered.

We continued calmly along our path paying no attention to this abuse, and were pressed from all sides to issue them with shares in the new company, without being able to comply with such wishes at this stage of the development.

In the meantime the opposition to us far surpassed the boundaries of the town, as the corruption mustered against us was no longer confined to the leading figures of the town, but was rather championed by members of Parliament won for the cause and as far up as high offices of Government. By means of parliamentary questions from representatives of the people, whom our opponents had brought to heel, the latter sought to make the public believe, that global state interests couldn't help but sustain severe damage as a result of the construction of a new Pilsen brewery, and I well remember still the stir that the answer given to such a question by the Prime Minister, Count Badeni created when, in a tortuous declaration of a delaying nature, he stated that the Government had to submit the matter to a detailed investigation and was not in a position to give an opinion about the award of a concession. In plain German it was a rejection of our application, which was only pronounced in such an obscure way, because it constituted a contravention of the statutory regulations. To leave things be and to spin them out was a frequently deployed, easy method of dealing with unpleasant matters. It is moreover interesting, that in this instance an extremely political motive was a co-determining factor: at

the time Badeni needed the Czech votes for his highly controversial election reform and therefore had to be obliging to the Czech Members of Parliament in such matters.

We didn't give in despite this and the bank also exerted its wide-ranging influence. Count Badeni would certainly have finished the job off and announced the rejection of our application in unambiguous terms, whether this was lawful or not, if a friend of his, Count Stadnicky, who was a member of the board of administration of Länderbank and a Polish Member of Parliament, had not persuaded him not to do so.

Neither Piette nor I let ourselves be bullied by the threats; we calmly carried on working at the realisation of the project.

In doing so we played a nasty trick on the shareholder-owned brewery by acquiring a mill upriver from their premises, which had granted them the right to draw water, and we now had it in our power to decide on the extension of the water supply, which was absolutely necessary for their brewery, by refusing them the right to draw greater quantities of water or even by limiting their current supply. The shareholder-owned brewery had turned down the preferential right to purchase the mull that had been offered to it, as it hadn't conceived of the possibility that we might acquire it and didn't at all believe in the seriousness of our endeavours.

By this skilful move further opposition from the shareholder owned brewery that had become dependant on us, was removed and, in addition, our prestige had been powerfully consolidated. The struggle however continued.

Following Hahn's resignation Mr. Palmer became general director of the Länderbank. He was a short, old gentleman, who was extremely well groomed and had the exquisite manners of a man of the world. When he entered the conference room, he always held a box of giant Havana cigars in one hand, whilst extending his other hand in greeting with an engaging civility. It was said of Palmer, that he was the constant Tarock partner of Emperor Franz Josef and Mrs. Katharina Schratt, with whom he was befriended.

The new man was a very energetic supporter of the brewery project, but he did not deploy his personal connections that reached so far in its favour, as this would not have been in keeping with his honourable nature. He remained at the helm until the end of 1907. And it was for about as long as that that the question of the concession was spun out by the authorities as well. And in the end there were signs that made us realise that Länderbank had become tired of the struggle. We considered it all too easily possible, that they were doing deals with our opponents behind our backs, and we for our part then withdrew from the matter.

We also had to negotiate with Palmer's successor, General Director Lohnstein, to bring our business connection with the bank to an end, and thus it was that a 12-year episode came to an end, from which we had gained no other reward than that of a wealth of experience. (See annexe).

At the beginning of the 1890's I suffered for months with a stubborn cough in the area of my larynx. I was prescribed a change of air, as all other remedies had failed. At the beginning of May I decided on Munich as the place to go to, as I had so far not got to know the city. A factor contributing towards my decision was that I had connections there in the form of my cousin, Hermann Bachmann (the very man who had become acquainted with the walls of an Austrian

prison due to his radical views and who was now working for the Munich General News) and his wife, my cousin Anna. The latter gladly offered to show me the sites of the beautiful city which is renowned for its beer and museums, and she took me first of all, of course, to the Hofbräuhaus, where the first Bock beer of the year was being served for the first time and there was, in consequence, a full house. She herself was not yet acquainted with the customs in force in the institution and therefore dispatched me into the fray.

I was quick to understand that, if one wanted to avoid having to wait too long for the very busy waitresses, one had to go and get one's own beer. I thus stood in a queue, and had to listen to the following question, that wasn't delivered in an actually delicate manner, when I finally arrived in front of one of the fat bartenders, "Am I supposed to pour the beer in your pocket for you? You haven't got a beer mug!"

I stalked off in shame, looked around, got hold of two litre mugs where I happened to find them and stood in the queue again. And when I happily came face to face with the bar-tender again, who had been observing me, his beer bass voice resounded well intentionally as follows, "You're a pig, aren't you! You haven't even washed out your mugs!"

The good man was right, and so I withdrew again, wiser for this new knowledge, did what I had omitted to do at a running spout of water and soon patiently rejoined the queue, feeling this time that "nothing more could happen to me".

Shortly before reaching the goal of my desire the man behind me, an experienced old trooper, tapped me on the shoulder and enquired full of honest compassion, why I wasn't holding the mugs with the apertures facing the floor, as one is supposed to. Was I of the opinion perhaps, that there wasn't enough water in the beer already? I perceived the justification for his well-meant protest, thanked him and them stood for a third time in front of my friend with my mugs held bottom up. With a broad smile, the latter with no further to-do allowed me to become owner of two mugs of the frothy beer.

By this time my cousin thought that I had drowned. Meanwhile she had in vain been looking for somewhere to sit in the beer-hall, where she was supposed to wait for me. We thus stood quite close to one of the tables, so as to be able to quickly seize a possible opportunity of one of the seats becoming vacant. And sure enough, a short time later, a giant of a man rose from his seat. I beckoned to Anna to take his place. The man however turned round to me, protesting, "Hang on! That's my place! I am just off to be excused." After drawing breath, he however said in a benigner voice, "Sit yourself down for a while. When I return, you can vacate the place again." And, to cut a log story short, that is how it happened.

When I saw the good man approaching our table again after quite some time, I told Anna to vacate his place immediately for God's sake. But he good citizen of Munich was a gallant fellow, and said with a discreet burp, "Remain seated, dear." My cousin thanked him kindly but intended remaining standing and, after he had said a second time, "Remain seated, I said," and she had again declined his offer with thanks, the gentle hand of her benefactor pressed on her shoulder, forcing her to take her seat again, he uttering the following categorical imperative, "Remain seated, I said, for God's sake!" And so it was that she took her seat again. She almost fell to her knees in fright.

Soon after this I was also able to take a seat at her side. Her neighbour on our other side was a real old beer drinker, who explained to her the unique merits of the Hofbräuhaus. When she sought to give him pleasure by stating that I had come to Munich to cure myself of a cough by taking the healthy waters, he said, "I gladly believe you, Madam. But what you won't know is how good a laxative this beer at the Hofbräuhaus is!"

And so we partook eagerly of the all-powerful beverage and, when we left the premises, we discovered that the cabby, who drove us home, had also been very diligent in his consumption, and I could have wagered a bet, that he was aided by the good horse in getting us home.

The following years passed with the monotony of a period where little happened; no events worthy of particular mention have remained in my memory. Apparently fate intended reserving an increased incidence of experiences of importance for me for later periods in my life.

Our youngest son, Hans, entered this world on the 4th August 1898, without his brother having harboured doubts as to whether he was genuine. However, he was greeted by his mother, who this time had hoped for a girl, with just a little more slightly subdued joy than had been the case with his predecessors. I myself was very proud of my third boy. But my happiness was greatly impaired by the fact that my good mother lay in bed hopelessly ill. In addition to her old asthmatic condition she had developed a serious kidney condition, and all the loving care, shared by her daughters who rushed to her side and no amount of medical prescriptions were able to alleviate her suffering, let alone save her. Towards the end the poor woman also complained of disturbed vision and, on the basis of the findings recorded by the doctor, we were faced, to our deep horror, with the possibility of her going blind. However, a kind fate spared her this most terrible of fates and she died on the 22nd September, precisely seven weeks after the birth of our youngest child, when the merciful Lord chose to close her beautiful trusting eyes. That was the first great pain of my life.

To underline the character of our good mother, I cannot forego the opportunity of recording here the great surprise we were given following her death. She had always complained that the housekeeping money father gave her was not enough. In fact what she had been doing over the years was to save a small fortune, as it was her wish to be able to bequeath her children an inheritance as well. Only my eldest sister Jenny had shared with mother this her secret, which moved us unspeakably.

Three years later already my brother-in-law, Dr. Grüner, whom I held in high esteem, succumbed to the same condition. In him I lost both a friend and a brother.

And a few months afterwards an end was put to the martyrdom of my poor mother-in-law, who had suffered from poor health for years. It was on the 25th January 1902 and I was staying in Vienna on business. I was supposed to spend the evening in question with colleagues from the papermaking branch, who were taking part in a conference with me. However, a vague, anxious premonition impelled me to go to the home of my parents-in-law, where I was staying, as I always used to. I discovered concerned faces, and I was told that the doctor had been there and, for precaution's sake, had had an oxygen device sent. Papa, the cook and the chambermaid stood concerned around the sofa, which served as the patient's bed. One look sufficed me to realise, what the others didn't want to believe. All that was now left for her was to breathe her last. At 10 p.m. we closed the eyes of my mother-in-law, who had been delivered from her suffering.

And so it was that my wife, whom I had informed that very night via a telephone conversation with my father, didn't arrive until the following evening to join her grief with that of the old man, whose self-sacrificing willingness to help and never tiring, movingly loving care of many years standing couldn't possibly have been surpassed.

I must go back in time again a little. On a February evening of 1900 I received a telegram from a friend in Vienna, containing the following message, "Congratulations, Commercial Counsellor!" He had read of this appointment in the official Vienna Gazette, and cannot possibly have been more surprised than myself, who was inclined to interpret his message as a bad joke.

This title, which has today so lost its value, really was an award in those days, and it was all the more so for me, as I hadn't yet reached the age of 40, and I was the only holder of the title in Pilsen. Linked to the award was the holder's appointment to the Permanent Commission for the Determination of Trading Values, and the award itself was only conferred on very rare occasions.

And so I shall not conceal that I felt myself flattered by this completely unexpected honour.

At the time my wife was staying with her parents in Vienna. Our eldest son, to whom I passed the telegram in silence, jumped in the air, embraced me vigorously, and called his brother into the room, saying, "Papa has been made a Commercial Counsellor!" The latter congratulated me rather self-consciously and, when Eugen asked him rather taken-aback, whether he wasn't happy for me at all, he said bashfully, "Oh, yes, very much so, but I would have preferred your being made Herr von Fürth."

The same year I was delegated by the association of large-scale industry to the Pilsen Chamber of Commerce and Trade. I don't intend reporting about my work as a Chamber of Commerce Councillor, in which capacity I of course joined the German minority, but I should like to record a few episodes at this point but, in doing so, will have to interrupt the chronological sequence of my narrative.

Around the year 1900 a particularly nasty miners' strike had broken out in the Brux coal basin and the army had to be deployed to suppress it. In the course of this many lives were lost. After the strike was over, Petschek and Weinmann, two companies from Aussig, hastened to increase their prices. Above and beyond this action, however, they also hastened to annul the contracts covering the current deliveries of coal by harsh interpretation of the texts of the said contracts. The consequence of this method of procedure was strong protests from industry that were taken up, in particular, by the Chambers of Commerce in Reichenberg and Pilsen. In the full session of the former on the subject, which preceded the session in Pilsen, the principal speaker tossed phrases around such as "coal barons", "coal usurers" and similar such compliments.

In the Pilsen session the subject was entrusted to the chairman of the German Club, who certainly wouldn't have played second fiddle to his Reichenberg colleague in terms of the force of his thoughtless arguments. But he was taken ill and I was thus designated speaker in the very last minute. It was only with reluctance that I took up the invitation, wholly unprepared as I was, even though I was only too familiar with the subject. However, I can still remember today how I resolved in the very moment that I rose from my seat, that I would represent the point of view of the industrial sector unreservedly and with all due energy, but would nevertheless avoid all demagogic turns of phrase and reproaches likely to cause offence. I had always been of the opinion that every speech given to a well-educated audience profits from being calm and objective, but is detracted from by bluster and banging on the table.

Subsequently, the protest was also given a unanimous vote by the delegates, with the exception of the vote of the mining industry and, within a short period of time, achieved the result that the cancellation of the old contracts was withdrawn.

I myself, however, didn't get off so easily. To start with, a spirited reader's letter was sent to the Pilsen Daily News by the well known large industrialist, Mr. Hopfengärtner, accusing me of having been demagogic, to have been speaking to the crowd outside the window and similar reproaches. These attacks created an even greater sensation than they normally would have done, because Hopfengärtner signed his pamphlet as "industrialist" and as "member of the board of management of the Enamel Tableware Joint Stock Company".

The explanation was to be found in the fact that he himself was not a large consumer of coal, but was a very well paid member of the board of management of the West Bohemian Mining Share Company, of which the Weinmann Group was a member.

In my reply I therefore did not omit to point out with grim humour, that Mr. Hopfengärtner had overlooked to add to his signature the confirmation that he was also a member of the circle of interested persons in question. That put an end to the discussion.

A more regrettable effect of my intervention came, however, when I had to learn from my nephew, Dr. Edwin Grüner, who, as a young lawyer in Teplitz, did legal work for J. Weinmann Bros. in Aussig, that his representation of the company had been withdrawn on the grounds of his uncle's venomous attack.

With the very next train I set off for Aussig and initially visited the company secretary of Commercial Counsellor Weinmann, a man I knew by the name of Imperial Councillor Lederer, and afterwards Weinmann himself. Up until that time I had not made the personal acquaintance of Mr. Weinmann.

I soon succeeded without great difficulty in persuading him, by reference to the original texts of the aforementioned Reichenberg speech and my speech, that I had brought along with me, of the tameness of the latter and of the fact, that not a single trace of any spitefulness or aggression could be found in my speech, and that my duty bound defence of the interests of the industrial sector didn't in any way go beyond permitted and just criticism in its formulation.

Mr. Weinmann did not hesitate to assure me, that he was completely able to put himself in my position, and had no thoughts of bearing me a grudge on account of my behaviour, let alone of letting others suffer because of it. The calm and even-keeled manner of this excellent man made a great impression on me, and I was now very well able to comprehend his mercurial rise to power and influence. At the time I could not imagine that I would come into contact with him and his company many years later.

The second incident I wish to recall is of a significantly more amusing nature. The Trade Minister, Dr. Forst, a Czech, came to Pilsen to open the new Pilsen Chamber of Commerce Palace. The Chamber's councillors were positioned in a semi-circle to welcome him. To my left stood the glass manufacturer, Baron Spaun, and next to him stood the match manufacturer from Schuttenhofen, Dr. Ernst Fürth.

Shortly before the beginning of the welcoming ceremony the master shoe-maker, Mr. Stach, who had arrived late and who had been elected to the Chamber by the association of small traders, stepped between Spaun and myself, and asked if he was allowed to remain in that position, to which we, of course, readily gave our consent. A few minutes later the President of the Chamber, Mr. Houdek, had already started introducing the Councillors to the Minister. The latter addressed the usual questions about how business was going, first to Dr. Fürth and then to Baron Spaun together with questions about the countries where they had their markets and how many workers they employed. He then arrived at Mr. Stach, my colleague and the man to be questioned before myself, and the following conversation ensued: "Do you have a large business, Mr. Stach" - The latter replied very modestly, "Not in a way of speaking, just medium-sized." – And how many workers do you employ?" – Stach stuck his tongue out visibly between his lips, looked upwards thoughtfully and finally replied, "Just two, your Excellence." – The Minister took one leap to reach me and shook me by the hand for a long time, until he had regained his speech, having first to fight against the compulsion to laugh.

Once again jumping ahead in time, I recall an interesting occurrence from the days when I sat on the Chamber of Commerce.

The political waves that had been whipped up by the annexation of Bosnia had not yet calmed down. The Turkish boycott against the import of Austrian goods had commenced, ships taking such goods to Turkish ports were not unloaded and had to depart without having achieved their mission. We were impotent against this violent measure, under which the Pilsen Chamber of Commerce suffered more than other areas of the Austro- Hungarian Empire, as it was in our area that industries geared up to exporting to the Orient were located: fez factories, match, paper and enamel tableware factories.

When this state of paralysis had already lasted for several moths and the affected industries had already been forced to introduce shifts where no work was undertaken, the Chamber of Commerce decided to send a deputation to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Aehrenthal, to which, apart from the President, Dr. Ernst Fürth and myself, a few other representatives of the companies particularly affected belonged.

As President Houdek's command of German wasn't equal to effectively putting our case, he confined himself to introducing the members of the deputation, and then gave me the task of explaining our case. The Minister, who was rather hard of hearing, came closer to me and listened very attentively to what I had to say, although he had been informed of the contents already beforehand. He replied that he admired the patriotic understanding and patience of industry, and requested that we should hold out just a little longer, as the boycott would be forced to collapse of its own accord within a short period. When we declared that we couldn't take any more and couldn't employ our workers any more, Count Aerenthal enquired what on earth he was supposed to do about it. "Am I supposed to bribe the scoundrels?" – "Why not?" we cried back in one voice – "My dear Sirs, I can assure you that I have been trying to do it for a long time, but those patriots would rather starve; they are incorruptible. And a demonstration of force by our couple of ships would certainly not have the desired effect."

We appreciated the sense in that. And after a pause the Minister continued, saying, "Well, gentlemen, will you please then tell me what I could conceivably do at the present moment?"

Prompted by a sudden idea, I had the boldness to say, "I might have an idea, your Excellency."

With a single push the Count pushed his armchair up to mine and said, "I am all ears!"

And when I replied, that what one should do was to open the state purse wide open and retrospectively pay the Turks for Bosnia with a fine sum of money, the Minister was taken aback for a few moments, and then said slowly and thoughtfully, "That is easier said than done."

Was it the case that something similar was already happening or planned? Or could it be that the idea of a so unpolitical member of the Pilsen Chamber of Commerce provided the impetus for such negotiations? – I don't know. However, it is a fact that, after the elapse of scarcely 14 days, the boycott was over. It hadn't at all collapsed of its own accord, but it was rather the case, that the Austro-Hungarian Empire had laid 2½ million Turkish pounds on the table for the Turks.

At that time I was also a member of the Income Tax Commission, and my relationship with the senior officials of the Government Department in question had assumed an agreeably friendly form, with the consequence that my tax declarations were never questioned. However, on one occasion an official, who was dealing with my personal file, and whose zeal by far surpassed his intelligence, once considered it necessary to give particular emphasis to his impartiality.

A year previously I had received a windfall gain of about K 20,000.—. which I honestly declared to the tax authorities, as behoves a good citizen. Unfortunately in the following year I was no longer in a position to present the tax authorities with evidence of similar earnings, with the consequence that the corresponding space on my tax declaration form revealed a gaping blank. This prompted the tax official, Mr. Vyslichal, to send me an official query to be replied to within 14 days, which contained only the following words, "We note the absence of the windfall gain." I didn't observe the deadline set for the reply, but answered immediately, "I do too!"

I now revert to business matters. It was probably around the turn of the century when I suddenly had to set off for Stuttgart. We had a business friend there by the name of Theodor Ruoff, who purchased significant quantities of coloured tissue paper for Argentina, and who always punctually honoured the bills of exchange that fell due every three months. Of late there had been a sharp fall-off in this business, and his obligations to us now only extended to a final bill of exchange for 12,000.— Marks. Two days after it was due for payment we received the news to our embarrassing astonishment, that it had not been honoured. To put matters right, I set off by train the very same evening, and went to see Ruoff the following morning. His office and home was located in a suburb of the city. I didn't find him at home, introduced myself, however, to his wife, and asked her to let him know that I would come again around 11 a.m.

I then carried on to see the Austrian Consul, a banker, to obtain advice from him. He didn't hold out much promise to me. He said that Ruoff's mother was a very wealthy woman, but had had to intervene all too often to help her son, and now no longer intended taking action; the Consul himself said that he knew this from his own experience, as he also had a claim against Ruoff, the payment of which he was currently unable to obtain. He moreover recommended me to entrust the Consulate's lawyer, Dr. Stein, with the matter. The latter advised me to try and obtain a payment on account, however small it might be and to allow instalments for the payment for the rest. He said that he would await my report following my meeting with Ruoff, and would then take a further decision on the basis of that report.

I arrived at Ruoff's home punctually at 11 a.m. having previously not met him. He received me with great kindness and enquired what had caused me to come to Stuttgart so suddenly. I

expressed surprise that he was unable to answer that himself. I said that it was, of course, the worry about the credit note that had not been honoured that was the occasion for my coming. "Oh, my God!" he replied, "I am sorry. You shouldn't have put yourself to all this trouble on account of this short delay." Producing the re-exchange bill from his wallet, he continued, "I have of course honoured the exchange bill." As he held the document under my very nose, I could have no doubts, and had difficulty in concealing my joyful surprise, my being so taken-aback beneath an obliging smile. I thus gave expression to my satisfaction, and went on to assure him that, actually, the principal purpose of my visit was aimed at revitalising the fall-off in our business relationship. He welcomed this assurance in a very cordial manner and asked me to be his guest for lunch. I declined with thanks on the pretext that I had an appointment with an acquaintance. In return, however, I asked him to take lunch with me at 2 p.m. at Hotel Marquart, a restaurant that is well known throughout Germany, and he gladly accepted my invitation.

Delighted at this unexpected turn of events I could, nonetheless, not suppress a very small doubt and thus drove to the Württemberg Union Bank, where they confirmed to me that Mr. Ruoff had honoured the bill of exchange that morning at 10.30 a.m.

My next call took me to the Telegraph Office, and then I took the glad tidings to Dr. Stein, who offered me his congratulations. Despite my urging him to accept a fee, he refused to quote one to me on the grounds that he had, after all, not been able to do anything for me. I would have liked very much to take a photograph of this rare creature amongst lawyers!

I had lunch served punctually for my guest at 2 p.m. and, given the circumstances plus the lawyer's fees I had been spared, the meal fitted the occasion and was washed down with such a fine bottle of wine, that I set our on my return journey in a most animated mood.

Around 1904 we installed our second largest machine for producing thin paper with a smooth surface on one side at our Pilsen mill, taking the place of a "long sieve cardboard machine". This new machine was constructed by Füllner as well, but the large engineering factory at Heidenheim, trading under the name of Voith was also called in to provide competition. In response to an invitation from them I went to their factory in Heidenheim in the company of my friend Piette to have a look at a few of the machines that were in the course of construction there. Following the business discussions we were invited for lunch by the head of the company, the elderly Privy Councillor, Dr. Voith. His marvellous house, which was worthy of a grand seigneur, had been built by the famous Munich architect, Gabriel Seidl.

We dined in an extremely magnificent hall in the company of the family and a few other guests. The food was excellent, quite the opposite of the experiences otherwise made by us spoilt Austrians when in German countries, and bore witness to the distinguished and cultivated manner in which the household was managed.

After the meal the gentlemen withdrew to take black coffee, which was served in a glorious palm garden. But oh, we did not sit with impunity beneath the palm trees. Listen ye Gods, the black coffee was served in giant cups fit for taking soup from! It tasted accordingly too!

Like myself, my friend, who was accustomed come what may to ignore such matters by overcoming his own tastes, put the cup to his lips, and drank the brew with mortal contempt. I did too. I couldn't however avoid whispering to him, "Dishwater." He replied with bulging eyes in a somewhat louder voice, however, "Dishwater? No, chcanda!", at which we were both forced to laugh.

Privy Councillor Voith, who had been observing us, asked whether we had been speaking in Czech and whether we didn't wish to let him share in our amusement. "Gladly," I replied, "I just had to laugh, because my friend Piette told me, that he would so much like to have a second cup of coffee."

"But gladly, my dear Mr. von Piette," declared the Privy Councillor. Ludwig, however, declined energetically, rewarding me at the same time with a good kick under the table, saying, "Thank you. Privy Councillor; I would indeed very much like to drink another cup, if only the coffee were not too strong for me."

"Good Lord, that can soon be remedied, we shall simply add a little water," the old gentleman said. But Piette pointed to his heart which, he said, definitely needed to take it easy.

A few years after the new machine had been installed and was working, we were visited by a man, who introduced himself as Emil Claviez, a carpet manufacturer from Adorf in Voigtland. The extraordinarily nimble and cosmopolitan man, whose exterior appearance betrayed his French origins in spite of his genuine Saxon accent, wanted to see our products that he claimed to have a lively interest in. From the samples produced to him he chose a 40 gramme pulp based paper, and he immediately ordered a few rolls that we by chance had in store. He left us with the assurance that we didn't take too seriously that, if the paper met up to his expectations, he might well order it to cover a quite significant amount of his paper needs.

Fourteen days had scarcely elapsed when we received a telephone call from Claviez asking us to pay him a visit, where possible immediately. I arrived in Adorf already the next day and soon found myself in the extremely elegant private office of a huge factory building that was fitted out with great comfort. Claviez was just out on the factory floor, and I was asked to wait for a short while, during which I was at leisure to have a look around.

At this point I must, however, digress from the subject a little.

The previous year I had been with my family in Ostende, and went on a visit to London from there with my wife to visit my eldest son, who was working as a trainee in a large paper business. In a London shop window we saw some quite novel, mat-like carpets that we particularly liked.

And now in Adorf on the floor of the office I saw the same, tasteful carpets.
After welcoming me very kindly, Mr. Claviez then disclosed to me, that our paper suited him perfectly and, after agreeing on the price, he gave me an order for ten wagons. At the same time we discussed the possibility of also producing wagon loads of non-fading paper, in addition to the order for the standard product. Emil's brother was to be seconded to us for several weeks to work on the production of the new product – Alfred Claviez.

Initially my curiosity as to why a carpet factory could have a need for such huge amounts of paper was not satisfied, as I didn't want to be indiscreet. In the course of further negotiations I however said, that I admired carpets of the type that lay beneath our feet a year ago in London, and enquired whether they weren't an English product. The plump gentleman shook with mirth and shouted out in his broad dialect, "Goodness me, didn't I tell you that your paper is intended for these carpets!" These are paper carpets, which I alone manufacture!"

The yarn was obtained by cutting the paper roll into narrow strips (bobbins) and rolling them up again. The strips were then woven into yarn on spinning machines. It was thus a significant perfection of the Brunnerberg-Turk invention I have already mentioned. Soon afterwards the yarn produced in this manner was used in large quantities for manufacturing sacks and played such an important role in the production of clothes in the World War, that countless spinning mills converted to processing this substitute material in the absence of other fibres.

The business connection with Claviez took on even greater proportions and, in partnership with the large North Bohemian carpet factory, Ginzkey & Co, he built a new paper-spinning mill in Fleissen, quite near to Adorf, but located on the Bohemian side of the border already. The yearly sales of our paper for this market rose to in excess of 100 wagons and our personal relationship with Claviez also became even friendlier as a result of repeated mutual visits.

One fine day Claviez came up with a new idea. He brought along with him a very narrow roll of very thin material and asked me to help him unroll it and lay it on to the paper flowing into the machine, so that the flow into the machine consisted of two layers (the paper and the material) and was introduced to the dry cylinder in this format. After we had succeeded with this experiment, as well as it was possible to do so manually, narrow strips were again cut from the product thereby produced and turned to form threads. And lo and behold these threads took on the character of a textile thread as a result of the layer of material on the paper produced from cotton waste, the small fibres of which emerged from the turned thread. Claviez had high hopes of this new development.

We immediately proceeded to install a card above the paper machine, whose purpose it was to produce the material intended for placing on the paper, and to feed it to the paper line on a Venetian blind like device with adjusted speed. It was, however, only with reluctance that I conceded to this wish of Claviez, stating that this unreasonable demand being made of the paper machine was a "crime against nature", as I couldn't conceive that the presses would be capable of working properly when dealing with this mixture of materials. However, the ingenious man's optimism overcame my resistance.

The product produced in this manner was, in fact, not satisfactory because, as I had feared, the creases so feared by papermakers developed behind the "couch" press. Claviez therefore then resolved to purchase the paper in its natural state, as he had hitherto done, and not to unite it with the material until he had it in the Fleissen factory, using a light glue substance in dry conditions.

This product, at whose birth I had acted as mid-wife, and whose appearance on the market caused great excitement, was called "Textilose" (without textile), and was used greatly for years as an imitation for jute. It was not until after the end of the War when paper spinning went out of fashion, because textiles once again appeared in the market in sufficient quantities and the jute prices normalised again too, that Textilose no longer encountered any further interest and disappeared from the scene.

Closely connected with the large amounts of paper being purchased by Claviez and our consequent increased demand for pulp, is a suggestion that I made to Mr. von Skoda, who was the sole proprietor of the Josefihütte pulp mill. At that time the pulp prices were virtually always stable and, as a result of the Scandinavian competition that was making itself felt on the market, were so reasonable, that we were able to keep up quite well in terms of price with those mills that produced pulp themselves. However, this sate of affairs could change suddenly, with

the consequence that we could have lost out to such companies that produced both pulp and paper, if there were a rise in pulp prices. To counter such a danger over as long a period as possible, I suggested a three-year contract to Josefihütte. Mr. von Skoda was willing in principle, but wanted to know, how he for his part could protect himself from a rise in timber prices. After some reflection I made the suggestion that we would share this risk and limit it by fixing and maintaining the price of pulp if, calculated on the basis of the average for the last year, the price of timber rose or fell by K1.—per cubic metre. One half of any addition increase or fall in the price of timber should then be attributed to the price of pulp, either increasing or lowering it - half, because in general one counts on extracting 200 kg of pulp from 1 m^3 of timber. The Director of the Pilsen branch of the Escompte (Discount) Bank, who was a friend of both parties to the agreement, was to be appointed as an independent arbiter to establish the timber price.

This suggestion so met Mr. von Skoda's approval, that he accepted it immediately and authorised me to draw up and conclude the contract with the director of Josefihütte, Dr. Brüngger. To this end I set off for the mill and we soon reached agreement. But I still had one more condition to make: to be protected against unforeseen eventualities for at least a short time, Josefihütte was to undertake to keep in store for us at least 25 wagons of pulp in a warehouse separated from the mill.

Highly surprised at this unusual request Brungger asked me, what prompted me to make it. I replied, "Because your mill might burn to the ground and I would suddenly be left without any semi-manufactured raw materials." He laughed at my excess of caution but agreed and I returned home with my contract in my pocket.

That was on the 23rd December. On Christmas Day I learnt that the pulp boiler in Josefihutte had gone up in flames on Christmas Eve.

My caution had, thus, proved to be justified, but it wasn't to be of any use to me, as in the short time available they had not got around to establishing the reserve stipulated in the contract. The pulp mill didn't start working again until after half a year, and then the terms of the contract came into force again and, viewed overall, the latter fairly evened out any advantages and disadvantages for both parties in spite of the price movements that occurred.

Reverting to an earlier period in my life on 1900, I recall an illness that condemned me to months of inactivity. I thought that I was suffering from an attack of lumbago and so took a hot bath. When I was getting out of the bath, I experienced such terrible pain, that I only made it to our bedroom and my bed, shouting in agony, thanks to a super-human effort on my part. The doctor, who was quickly called in, diagnosed severe sciatica. It was only possible to alleviate the pain for a short time by administering injections of morphium. I was confined to my bed for more than five weeks, totally unable to sleep and racked by awful nerve pains, and several weeks elapsed, before, on one fine day in May, I was able to undertake the journey to Karlsbad in the company of my wife and two youngest boys to seek a cure there in their peat baths.

We drove there in two cabs in about three hours, and alighted at the sanatorium. Exhausted from the journey, I had probably been lying on a sofa for about two hours, when I took a look at my watch and thought that it must have stopped – such was the paralysing effect of the house on me, whose only other occupants apart from us were two ladies and a young girl. An uncanny sense of boredom lay upon the house and its surroundings like a nightmare, and I enquired anxiously of my wife, who was doubtless beset by similar feelings, whether the cabs were still

there, because I would have preferred to return home. They were no longer there. And that was fortunate, because already after just a few peat baths a significant improvement in my sense of well-being occurred, and I was able to get around a little using a walking stick and, after four weeks, go for quite long walks with no problems and without pain. And as we soon became acquainted with the other visitors, Mrs. Czeike, the wife of a senior medical officer, her elderly mother and her 16 year old daughter, and enjoyed one another's company, there was no longer any talk of boredom. We also soon became conscious of the healing powers of the tranquillity that now seemed divine to us. The latter was, however, disturbed twice a day by a sanatorium band consisting of, in all, four men.

I don't wish to speak badly of them, but I cannot, however, conceal that, what their music lacked in quality, was compensated for by the great intelligence of the bandmaster. When I discovered one day that Mrs. Czeike had her birthday the following day, I requested the bandmaster, after approving the very modest fee he demanded, to play a morning serenade to the good lady on the day in question. He undertook the task with commendable punctuality. When we were later all gathered for our communal breakfast and had congratulated Mrs. Czeike, the latter complained of the strange custom of being aroused from one's morning slumber by a serenade one had not ordered and, on top of that, having to pay 10 guilders for it. What a picture to be caught in camera!

The good man had gone to collect the agreed fee from Mrs. Czeike herself, and I had quite some bother in sorting out this embarrassing amusing episode.

Over the next few years I repeatedly visited Karlsbad to continue my peat bath cure there under more mundane circumstances, and on account of another medical condition that occurred in the interim, of which I shall have to write later on, the aim of the visits being to drink from the springs there.

Some of my merriest memories are linked to these stays in Karlsbad, and I should like to rescue some of them from oblivion, whilst keeping quite about others that are not quite fit for repetition in the salon, although quiet harmless, as befits the politeness incumbent upon the bard.

It was in the main my fortune to discover fellow cure guests, who shared my jovial mood, with the consequence that our four-week holiday developed into one constant laugh that freed us of everyday cares. And I am quite willing to confess that I was mainly the initiator, when it was a question of some horse-play or another.
My doctor, Dr. Jacques Hofmann, was a contemporary of mine, who had studied at Pilsen Grammar School. My consultations generally consisted of my first attendance at his surgery, the visits he paid me on his rounds and my final attendance at his surgery to bid him farewell. One evening he bumped into me and asked me in passing how I was feeling. I replied truthfully that I had quite severe sciatica and tired quickly. He accordingly held out to me the prospect of a visit the following day at midday. When he arrived, my friends had already turned up to collect me for lunch, as was their wont.

Dr. Hofmann instructed me to lie down on the sofa, undid the laces of my right shoe, took the shoe off and examined me very thoroughly and slowly from my big toe up to my hip, pressing, pinching, percussing, feeling and testing. In response to his continual questions as to whether this or that hurt, I was obliged to reply in the negative. He stood with his chin resting on his hands and said thoughtfully, "You present me with a puzzle! You complain of pain but are at the

same time insensitive to my pressing and percussing you so strongly. Can you explain this contradiction to me?" "Oh, yes," I said harmlessly, "you are examining my right leg but it is the left one that hurts." "That cannot be true!" he cried indignantly. As I, as the patient, had to know better, he in the end had no choice other that to join in with my friends' rousing laughter. But inside I am sure that he didn't forgive me the bad joke.

Another time my old friend, Willi Arnstein, came to collect me for our joint lunch. He was quite a lot older than I but was always willing to get up to pranks right up until he was a very old man. It was my intention to post my letter in a post-box that was a short distance from the path we took to lunch. He, however, wanted to save me the pain of the short distance to the letterbox and took the letters off me. When he was on the point of entrusting my mail to the letterbox, I saw a Post Office official in his uniform pompously walking towards the box, and called out to my friend, "Hang on, Willi! What are you doing? That's the side for letters to Vienna. You have to post mine on the other side!"

Willi, who had also noticed the good man, understood me immediately and replied, "You're wrong, this is the Prague side." I replied indignantly, "No that cannot be the case; I have been coming to Karlsbad for 10 years and am more likely to know."

At this moment the official presence interceded and said gently, but not without suppressing a contemptuous sneer, "Good sirs, kindly do not argue! There is neither a Vienna side nor a Prague side." Making a corresponding gesture with his hands, he went on to say, "All the letters are jumbled up together and aren't sorted until they reach the Post Office."

We pretended to be very surprised at this news, and thanked the good official for his interesting words of instruction. We then withdrew from the scene with dead serious expressions on our faces.

The incident had a sequel, however, too. When we were returning home towards evening from our customary walk, the amiable imparter of wisdom approached us in the company of a lady and, when he noticed us, we saw how he drew the latter's attention to us and half heard him say to her, "Those are the two old fools from the letter box."

The result of my aches and pains, which have already been mentioned on several occasions, was that I parted company with my friends after we had drunk our various potions, as they took the long route to Emperor Park via the woods, whilst I pretended to take the lower, shorter route. However, in truth I sat down on a bench after a while, read my paper, got on the omnibus, from which I alighted at the penultimate stop, and arrived at the park showing all the signs of fatigue, when my friends had already taken their seats.

When they once boasted that they walked at least three times further than I did, and I contested this assertion, I was handed a pedometer, I had, however, to swear a solemn oath that I wouldn't shake it or in some other artificial way induce it to register a faster speed. I didn't break my oath. However, immediately on arriving at Emperor Park and prior to taking my place at our table, I sought out Emilie, the waitress who served me breakfast, and handed her my pedometer, which she discreetly dropped down the front of her blouse, and then proceeded to go the long way to and fro from the kitchen to the breakfast tables a hundred times over. And in the afternoon the same procedure was repeated. When I produced the pedometer in the evening, it registered undreamt of record figures. Everyone was speechless with astonishment, but did not give voice to the doubts they harboured about my credibility. It wasn't until four

days had passed that I was caught red-handed, when Emilie, on leaving the Emperor Park, pressed the pedometer into my hand with a smile on her face.

I could recall many a similar prank, but do not intend prolonging this account too much, and will thus only mention one other scene, in which I played the role of the passive observer.

I was standing at the mineral water spring drinking my glass of water. Next to me the Governor of the Bodencreditanstalt Bank, Theodor Ritter von Taussig, was sipping his glass of water. (He was the man with whom my father had conducted the difficult negotiations in 1873 and who since then had scaled the highest peak in the Austrian financial hierarchy).

At this point a very portly, elderly gentleman with a beard and two very flat feet approached my proud companion, took his hat off politely and extended his hand in greeting. Rather taken-aback Mr. von Taussig raised his hat too and took hold of the proffered hand with visible hesitation.

"You don't recognise me, Mr. von Taussig?" the jovial gentleman enquired beaming with laughter all over his face.

"I cannot recall," was the cool reply. "Archduke Friedrich," I heard the jovial gentleman say, still laughing. Now, however, Taussig's hat fell to the floor in greeting and a thousand apologies were delivered in the direction of the amused Archduke.

The condition that I had developed and which I have already mentioned, manifested itself in attacks of cramp, that now and again suddenly befell me with murderous severity and the cause of which could not be discovered despite my having consulted numerous medical capacities. One of the Professors in question referred me to Dapper Sanatorium in Kissingen, and I set off in that direction in the middle of September 1907. Initially I remained a lonely figure in what was an exclusively managed sanatorium that was frequented in the main by citizens of the German Empire. On the third day of my stay I was approached by a well-groomed elderly gentleman, who introduced himself to me as Privy Councillor Vischer, and said that, on the basis of my greatly resembling old Mr. Fürth, whom he met every year in Gastein, he thought that I was the latter's son. On replying that I was pleased to say that I was, I learnt that I was dealing with the General Director of the Baden Aniline Works, Germany's most powerful company. Despite the significant difference in our ages – he was 63 – we immediately struck up a relationship, the depth of which can be measured by the fact that we scarcely parted company from early in the morning until it was time to go to bed at night. It was friendship at first sight. When we had first met already, I had also noticed a similarity, namely that my friend resembled the portrait I knew of the aesthete Vischer, the so-called "Vaufischer", whose book "Auch Einer" I had frequently read with great enjoyment. He had been the uncle and teacher of my new friend.

On one of our walks we were accosted by a fellow inmate of the establishment with the words, "I see, gentlemen, that you always enjoy yourselves and are in the main of good cheer. Allow me from time to time to make up the third in your company. My name is Becker, I am the Mayor of Cologne."

Even if we hadn't known what an important man stood before us – he was known throughout Germany as "red Becker" on account of his liberal views, although he was in no way a socialist – we would have accepted with great joy.

And so the three of us set off every day in good spirits and I am indebted to those walks for a wealth of information and new knowledge about interesting things.

Now and then we were joined by a Mrs. Frederichs, the wife of Commercial Counsellor Frederichs from Luneburg and a very talented lady, whose daughter was married to a nephew of Bismarck. I still recall vividly that, when we were taking a carriage trip and were talking about Wilhelm II, she pathetically exclaimed, "What a great Emperor we have in Wilhelm II!" and assumed a rather injured expression when the only reply she received was icy silence.

After we had been together for about 14 days, Privy Councillor Vischer announced to me that he had to set off for an important meeting at Ludwigshafen for two days. I collected him from the station on his return. In the evening he took me off to a secluded corner and made the following disclosure tome, "You have become such a dear friend to me that it is a duty of the heart to me to disclose something to you of which others will only learn through the papers in a few days. We have acquired a 30,000-horse power hydro-electric plant in Norway to exploit the Frank patent for producing saltpetre from atmospheric air there that we have also acquired! It is a very big thing."

I thanked him for the confidence he had placed in me and, after some thought, enquired whether he had given me this information for the purpose of my buying shares. The way he smiled and shrugged his shoulders was a sufficient reply for me. But the only effect it produced in me was a sleepless night. As I myself never "speculated", and telegraphic instructions to Pilsen to purchase a large amount of Aniline shares would at the very least have been met by my father's shaking his head in refusal, the chance I was offered was not taken up. In a few days the value of the shares shot up by more than 25%. That was one of the many wasted opportunities in my life!

Towards the end of my stay in Kissingen – it was already October and everywhere they were beating furniture already – I was visited, to my great joy, by my wife and, to my great surprise, my son Eugen came too. After having completed his apprenticeship in London, he was now working in an export establishment in Hamburg.

Not all too long after the brewery project had been brought to a close, I was informed by Ludwig Piette, that he had been invited to join the board of management of the Pilsen joint Stock Brewery. He wanted to know what I thought about the idea. It was the case that such a post was highly sought after and fought over in Pilsen, as it was endowed after all with management bonuses of up to K 18,000.— per annum. As the post, however, also involved a lot of work, I replied to my friend that, even given the handsome remuneration, he shouldn't put himself in the position of imposing a further burden on himself together with the disagreeable tasks that the latter certainly involved, when he was already overburdened with work. I said that, in his position, I would refuse. Rather embarrassed, Piette however said, that he had already been semi-coerced into accepting but that he would seek to get out of it.

A few days later the general assembly of the joint stock brewery company took place, when the elections to the board of management also took place. Many small shareholders made a point of attending these yearly assemblies, partly to vent their need to hold speeches aimed at submitting often absurd and scurrilous petitions and proposals and partly to benefit from the pleasures on offer in the form of free beer and sausages. I had never taken part in these staged events.

I was thus all the more surprised when, on the day preceding the commencement of the general assembly, I received an urgent telephone call to attend the assembly from vice President Hopfengärtner, the very man with whom I had crossed swords on the occasion of the miners' strike. He said that he was sending a carriage to pick me up. I declined, saying that I was engaged elsewhere, but he wouldn't take no for an answer and he placed great weight on the fact that Mr. von Piette attached great value to my being present.

And so it was that I drove off to the assembly, and just arrived as the voting papers were being handed out for the elections. Without paying heed to the other names on the list, I just quickly sought confirmation that my friend's name was actually on the list of candidates, and handed in my ballot paper. I wasn't happy with the fact that he had cast my well-intentioned warnings to the wind.

I was all the more alarmed when, after scrutiny of the ballot papers, the President announced, that Messrs. Ludwig von Piette and Emil Fürth had been unanimously voted as members of the board of management. While I accepted the congratulations that poured in upon me from all sides with a bemused expression on my face, such was my extreme bewilderment, Ludwig grinned at me, delighted by the successful trick he had played on me, and pretended that he did not dare venture into my presence.

An hour later we were already sitting around the table, as the board of management was constituted. And when I returned home in the evening, I asked my father to guess where I had come from. When I told him my secret, he could not suppress the concern that I had taken too much new work on my shoulders by accepting the office, despite his joy at the honour that had been bestowed on me. He had the same reservations as I had voiced to Piette on the occasion of our meeting.

In truth this job was no sinecure as, in contrast to the work involved in being a member of most boards of management, the bonuses at the brewery had to be earned by hard work. The four board members, who lived in Pilsen, alternated weekly in their duties to attend meetings, which lasted for several hours in the afternoon every day, and every week there was a full session, lasting from 2 p.m. sometimes even commencing in the forenoon until late in the evening. Much arduous and responsible work was undertaken. For us newcomers the nature of the work was wholly unaccustomed, as its content matter was in the main deliberations about often very substantial loans made to publicans. It was, therefore, more a question of technical banking matters than actual industrial questions, which only became the subject matter of the decisions that had to be taken later on during our period of office. We were so taken aback by it all that, when we were returning home from the first session, we just looked at one another in silence, with each of us clearly able to read on the other's face, "We have let ourselves in for a fine job here."

Nevertheless, I soon enjoyed the new job, it interested me greatly and I had many an opportunity to gather valuable new experiences as, in truth, the job was also about important matters other than the tiresome loan transactions, that we had to acquaint ourselves with. Amongst other things, I was very soon able to go about the business of purchasing hops to the point, that the gentlemen from Saaz, who sought to obtain a guaranteed uniform price for their hops every year, proved very amenable in their negotiations with me and forgot the agreements they had made between themselves. However, I cannot claim that I made myself particularly popular with them.

What was, however, more interesting for me was solving the question of how to convert the unliquidated debts of the brewery, which amounted to 4 million Crowns at the time, if I am not mistaken. The most obvious way would have been to discharge them by increasing the share capital, which was small by reference to the size of the company and its assets. However, this most natural solution initially encountered the resistance of the leading shareholders. And so it was that another path was taken. In the course of the discussions on the matter, the president of the board, Dr. Karl Urban, the later Austrian Minister of Commerce, was convinced that he saw in me the right personality to initiate and manage the action in question, and I now had confided in me the task of commencing the negotiations. I initially conducted the latter with the managers of the Bohemian Savings Bank, one of the wealthiest banking institutions in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and then with the President of the Anglo-Bank in Vienna, Dr. Morawitz, who at the time was considered to be one of the most outstanding men of finance. Both of these interventions were extremely instructive for me, although they didn't result in a positive outcome.

The next most obvious, and seemingly cheapest way would have been to convert the bank debt into a mortgage debt secured on the property, to which end the Bohemian Savings Bank would certainly have gladly extended its hand in help by offering us a low rate of interest. However, this path could not be taken, as the interest payable on the debt would only have served to increase the debt despite the low interest rate, because the tax authorities did not consider mortgage interest as something that could be set against tax liabilities.

In this connection I well recall an episode that served to illustrate sufficiently glaringly the manner in which our Members of Parliament at the time thought economically.

It was about May 1910, when the main Convention of the German School Association took place in Pilsen. In honour of the festival guests who descended on Pilsen from all over Austria, the joint stock brewery company invited everyone to a breakfast, at which I had to perform the honours in the absence of the President of the Board. It was thus that I came to be seated next to the chairman of the School Association, Dr. Karl Gross, who was at the time the Speaker of the Austrian Houses of Parliament. In the course of our conversation I asked, whether the endeavours to abolish the legislature's nonsense of not allowing mortgage interest to count as an item that can be set against tax currently before Parliament could count on being successful soon. The great politician stroked his enormous "diehard" full beard a few times, and then said, "No question of that happening! The state needs money and, on the other hand, an industrial company has never gone under yet because of such tax payments."

In all due devotion I ventured to object, that the state doesn't in fact receive the tax, as it is made impossible for industry to take out mortgages, and I went on to express the view, that one shouldn't just look after the needs of industry to the extent that it doesn't go under, but should be rather mindful of furthering its prosperity, from which the state coffers could then really be replenished.

The so-called liberal politician, however, then brought this discussion, which apparently didn't agree with him, to an end by shrugging his shoulders. The debt question itself was subsequently resolved by the Hungarian Bank and Commerce Joint Stock Company in Vienna initially taking on the loan at a low rate of interest. It was only after a further two years had elapsed that, under the guidance of the Lower Austrian Discount Corporation Bank in Vienna, which sent its Director, Wilhelm Kux, to sit on the board of management as an advocate of its views, the board proceeded to increase the share capital and thus discharge the debts.

My ties to the joint stock brewery company only came to an end when I felt obliged to give up my position as member of the board of management when I moved to Vienna.

I now turn my attention again to my professional activity which, thanks to the overall economic stability of the time, moved along a normal path. Although my early training was mainly of a technical nature, I had to apply myself ever more intensively to commercial matters, as circumstances dictated, in particular looking after relationships with our large buyers. I successfully built up my work around these personal contacts, and was able to ensure a constant market for the products of the family firm through friendly relationships with the important customers in question.

At this point I shall only quote one example, which is, however, somewhat further back in the past.

I acquired the Raab Match Factory as an important customer at the beginning of the 1890's. Yearly contracts were concluded for large amounts of paper, but this couldn't be done in writing, as the proprietor of the company, Mr. Neubauer, insisted every year on my coming to see him personally. And every year the visits were enacted in the same way by his wife, whom I knew from earlier on, coming to collect me from the station and taking me to their home. (Let it be said in brackets to allay any possible suspicions that Mr. Neubauer was certainly fully aware of the fact that his better half, who was in no way a beauty, posed no danger.) The gentleman of the house would arrive soon afterwards and a quite excellent, if rather excessive dinner was served. It was only when we got to the black coffee that we got round to discussing the point of my visit and the new contract was signed, sealed and delivered within a very short space of time.

On one occasion, however, this stereotype procedure experienced an interruption. Already when tackling the roast, my friend Neubauer disclosed to me with furrowed brow that, on this occasion, severe impediments stood in the way of concluding the deal. He said that he had received a letter from the Hungarian Minister of Commerce, Mr. Baros, who, as was known, intervened personally in a very temperamental manner to promote industry in his home country, written in his own hand, appealing to Neubauer's patriotism and calling upon him to exclusively use Hungarian paper. "Well, dear friend, what shall I do now?" he asked.

"Reply of course that you will comply with his wishes," I said.
"What do you mean? But then I won't be able to buy any more paper from you, will I?"

"Not at all! You are only supposed to write that. You should carry on buying from me. And besides, now and again you can actually buy a wagon or two of Hungarian paper in between times."

"Yes, that's a fine way out!" my friend exclaimed and he continued to be a loyal customer. At that time the language and terminology of self-sufficiency were as yet unknown. Many years later the poor man died a terrible death. During Communist rule in Hungary he, who had certainly never been one to exploit his workers, was forced by the bloodthirsty mob to dig his own grave and was then slain in a most bestial manner and buried.

At the end of March 1909, at the time when a conflict between the Austro-Hungarian Empire and Serbia was threatening to develop into a catastrophe, which was averted by the steadfastness of our Government at the very last moment, I was supposed to have a look at a new machine for processing waste paper at Biberist Paper Mill near Solothurn. At the time I was

much in need of convalescence due to the condition that has already been mentioned on numerous occasions and that had not yet been properly diagnosed. Doubtless as pre-arranged with my caring wife, my friend Ludwig therefore suggested that he would accompany me, as he said that he too was interested in the new machine. However, he attached one condition to his offer, namely that, on conclusion of the trip, we should undertake a 10 day sightseeing tour around Switzerland, a country whose acquaintance I had up until then not made. A trip in the company of Piette was always a treat for me. And so it was that I agreed with great joy, and I can well say that, from the very first day until the last day, this excursion developed into a source of great joy and conscious pleasure. Everything interacted: the glorious early Spring weather, the overpoweringly divine natural world, the movingly fraternal concern for my well-being on the part of my friend, from whose eyes the happiness shone of being able to reveal to me all these miracles of divine creation, and, born of all this, our often high-spirited cheerful mood!

Our tour led us from Solothurn to Montreux and its surroundings, and then over the marvellous snow-covered landscape of the Bern Highland Railway, that was bathed in sunshine, to Interlaken, and from there to Lucerne, the beautiful final goal of our stay in Switzerland.

It was on a Sunday morning bathed in sunshine, that we boarded the ship that was supposed to take us to Vitznau, where we were to take the cable railway to the summit of Rigi. I was captivated by the overwhelming beauty of this corner of God's world and, when we steamed past "Burgerstock", I was filled with the desire to show all this glory to my wife as well as soon as possible, and I vowed to make this possible in the very same year.

When we arrived in Vitznau we heard that the train for Rigi did not depart until 12 a.m. We thus had more than 2 hours to spare and we decided to use the time to take a walk along the banks of the lake.

What unforgettable hours they were! We walked arm in arm along the completely deserted road, singing at times, listening at times to the evocative peeling of bells from distant village church spires and suffused with a feeling of happiness inspired by the indescribable divine peace and tranquillity on this day of Sunday. On the one side of the road was the wonderful lake and on the other side were the woodland meadows with their lush green colour of early spring, placed at the foot of the mighty mountains. All of a sudden I tore away from Ludwig, ran towards the meadows in question and, full of high spirits and the joy of life, I executed a forward roll in a manner that I would no longer thought myself capable of a the ripe old age of 49. I can still see the image of my friend in my mind's eye, as he sat squatting watching my antics, laughing from the depths of his throat.

We turned up at the point of departure of the cable railway already half an hour prior to its departure. I got in straight away and asked Ludwig to sit opposite me, so that we could have seats next to the window. He made fun of me and assured me that, in all, ten passengers would be on the journey. In view of the glorious weather I was more optimistic and so we had a bet, whether there would be at least 10 passengers or less who would undertake the journey up the mountain. We remained on our own in the carriage for a long time; five minutes prior to the departure of the train, there were six of us in total. Shortly before the whistle blew for the second time, three others joined us. But then the train driver blew his whistle for a third time, and my opponent smiled in triumph, already savouring his cheap bottle of champagne. And already the train had jolted into movement when suddenly a cry called out, "Stop! Stop!" The train did in fact stop and waited for an honest God-fearing Swiss citizen, who arrived panting and boarded

the carriage as the tenth passenger, whose arrival I had so longed for but had no longer expected. Piette vowed never to lay a wager with me again, as he said that I was in league with the Devil.

We departed from glorious Lucerne in the evening and, after a short journey, were soon afterwards seated in the Grill Room of Baur au Loc Hotel in Zurich taking supper. Ludwig naturally had the bottle of champagne served. In the very moment that we clinked our glasses, we heard a voice behind us saying, "Just look what good times the Pilsen papermakers are having!" It was our colleague Emanuel Spiro from Krummau accompanied by his wife, and they were of course warmly invited to take a seat at our table and join in our celebration. We then proceeded to spend a very agreeable last evening in Switzerland in their company.

On the following day our journey took us on to Munich, where we spent the night. Weary of the opulent Swiss suppers, we intended having our evening meal in one of the well-known pubs, and ended up at Spatenbrau. A band was playing there and the room was packed full. When we were looking for somewhere to sit, a gentleman seated at a table for regular guests recognised us to be Austrians, apparently because of my Emperor Joseph style beard, and called out, "The gentlemen are certainly Austrians, we'll make room for them won't we?" And his friends immediately moved to make room for us, and soon pure friendship united us; everyone diligently raised their mugs to Austria. But suddenly one of the brethren lost his royal Bavarian sense of calm. He was greatly irritated by the fact that the band started to play "Tunes of Vienna" instead of "Chinese March" that was clearly announced on the programme in black and white as being item number 6. In an agitated state he cried out, "By the devil that is not a Chinese march, not for the life of me!" And now a small argument broke out amongst the music connoisseurs, which one in the know brought to an end with the words, "We'll soon settle this one. Resi!" he called out to the waitress, "Be so kind and ask the musicians what they are playing – that really can't be a Chinese march."

The sweet wench replied, "I don't need to ask, I'll just have a look at their music scores," which said comment the good fellow praised, saying, "That's because you are a bright girl!"

And soon afterwards Resi returned beaming all over her face and said, I know now what they are playing – they are playing moderato."

And when all the thanks she got was an impolite outburst of devilish laughter, she complained, saying, "And now I am being laughed at as well, because I don't know how to pronounce that in French."

That was the final amusing episode of our unforgettably beautiful tour.

I very soon honoured the vow I had made that I would also reveal the glories of Switzerland to my wife. In the middle of July already I bought two special travel tickets that were so cheap at the time, and with which one could travel backwards and forwards across Switzerland in all directions as often as one wanted to for a period of 30 days. We put them to very good use and revelled in the incomparable glories of that natural world that is so favoured by the Lord. Rather fatigued by the excess of pleasure, we agreed to stay at the more tranquil Brunner for a few days at the end of our tour, and to seek lodgings in the peaceful "Vierwaldstatter Hof" family hotel in the town instead of the Grand Hotels that we had thus far frequented. It was a famous, very good establishment, but didn't have the noise and bustle of the large establishments designed for caravan-style tourism.

We arrived in the evening and had no intention of getting into full evening dress, i.e. were not intending sitting at the table d'hôtes and therefore entered the part of the Dining Room known in Switzerland as the "Restaurant", where they served meals à la carte. You will soon understand why it is that I have remembered that we ordered plain schnitzels with spinach.

We spent the time waiting for the meal to arrive observing the very fine fellow guests, who were mainly English, and the waitresses who, supervised by the head waiter, served the guests with remarkable skill and exemplary calm. My wife in particular was struck by this and I explained to her that this was readily understandable, as Switzerland was, after all, the country where waiting at table was refined to a fine art.

At last our waitress arrived with the food that we had ordered, carrying it elegantly to our table on a large tray held at head height. The delicious smell of the schnitzels was already flattering my hunger, when another girl waiting at table bumped into our waitress by mistake, causing the tray to slip from her grip and go crashing to the floor, whilst the contents of the plates on the tray poured over the light green dress of my startled wife on to the floor. The resounding crash prompted the head waiter to rush to our table and, as he arrived, he slipped on a pool of sauce that had formed on the floor and landed on his bottom in the middle of it. An experienced film producer couldn't have arranged the scene with greater skill.

Whilst the waitress who was deeply shocked by all this stammered out a hundred apologies to us, my wife, who had quickly regained her composure, calmed her by saying that she was totally innocent in relation to the incident. She won the admiration of all the guests in the Dining Room for her calm and tact. Prior to going up to change, however, she gave me further cause for quiet amusement. When namely the head waiter assured us that he would ensure that we would be served our meal very soon, my cautious wife declined and said that she would rather that we were brought a cold selection of meats. I am unable to say, whether her fear was justified that they might place before us the schnitzels that they had picked up from the floor; the fear was certainly an obvious one. It is just that it would certainly never have occurred to me or any other man.

At the end of our stay in Switzerland we stopped off in Lindau too, where we were able to attend an unforgettable spectacle the following day, which tens of thousands flocked to see. Graf Zeppelin cruised over Lake Constance with his air-ship and took Members of the German Parliament for short flights in rotation. The whole length and breadth of the lake was surrounded by spectators who cheered with enthusiasm. We ourselves were able to observe the politicians boarding and alighting from the air-ship in comfort from the close proximity of our hotel terrace.

Switzerland had, however, so beguiled us, that we visited it again the following year, this time in the company of our two youngest boys, Stefan and Hans. Our four-week holiday was spent in the marvelous high mountain valley of Engelberg, where we spent an unforgettably beautiful time in the exemplarily managed Grand Hotel Cattani. Already on the second day of our stay our boys were addressed by an elderly lady who had taken a fancy to them. And so it was that my wife and I also became acquainted with her. She was Princess Odescalchi, by birth Countess Zichy, who had been living in Paris for many years. She was a lady who possessed intelligence and humour but who, to our amusement, was possessed of a meanness that was almost pathological. She attached herself to us in such a way, that she didn't leave our sides until the day of our departure. The tearful farewell at the small railway station presented us with a wholly valid

token of her affection, in that she succeeded in overcoming her exaggerated thrift and handed each of us a souvenir to remember her by. Even though the latter were not valuable, it must have been very difficult for her to part company with them. The friendship was continued in the form of an intermittent exchange of letters but, in the end, it suffered the fate of all acquaintances made at spas.

My father, who had resigned from the family firm in 1905 after having sold his share to me, continued working with total dedication and remained my best and most loyal colleague and counsellor up until the end of his days. I may say that our relationship mirrored that of an ideal friendship, and that I didn't take any decisions without having first assured myself of his approval. This was all the easier for me, because his great age was incapable of depriving him of his initiative, his great creative joy and his generosity, with the consequence that in matters of progress we were of one mind. What feeling of happiness emanated from him when, temporarily parted from one another, we exchanged letters, from which, down to the last detail, there emerged a harmony in our views about some matter of other. It should not, however, be concealed, that our views also sometimes differed. However, I can calmly claim, that what are now so frequently cited as "contrasts between the generations" did not dominate our small relationship.

And so it was that my father also felt himself affected by the constant niggling and hair-splitting of my partner, Rudolf Gellert, and seriously counselled me to put an end to this unpleasant situation that was gnawing at my substance.

Fortunately Rudolf lived in Budweis and thus had no influence over the part of the management of the business that was in Pilsen. However, he never allowed any, however trivial occasion to pass without provoking an argument by sneering remarks, thereby embittering my life. The feeling of being so poorly rewarded for all the work that was actually done by us and for all the success that was in fact achieved by us, did in fact lead me to the realisation that I would have to follow father's advice if I didn't want to seriously jeopardize my health.

And so it was that in 1908 I gave notice to terminate the partnership, as dangerous as the terms of the partnership contract were for both parties in the event of dissolution. I didn't let myself be put off by the said terms and preferred to shoulder the burden of all the risks, rather than to continue to be exposed to such emotional torments.

Now however the storm broke. All of Rudolf's relatives implored me not to dissolve the partnership and, when I had withstood all the promises that were made, Rudolf sent his lawyer, Dr. Taussik, to me, who initially endeavoured to get me to change my mind by kind persuasion but then went on to threaten, that Gellert would contest the contract and thereby drag out the decision ad infinitum. When he sought to extract concessions from me come what may, I said, "If you, dear Dr. Taussik, are able to name a single person, including his next of kin, with whom Gellert has had dealings without falling our with him, I will in God's name endeavour to adjourn the matter for a further year."

"I can name myself to you as such a person," was his swift response. "On your conscience, dear Dr. Taussik, have you never, really never been in dispute with him?"

"Well, dispute. Who cannot get on with him without one? However, it is simply a matter of knowing him."

Following this, his own confession, the lawyer had, of course, to return home without having achieved anything. (It remains, however, to be mentioned as something particularly grotesque that, scarcely two years later, I was urgently summoned to Budweis by telephone to intervene – note well: successfully – in a sensational libel case, that Dr. Taussik had filed against him and in which the former had succeeded in having a harsh judgement pronounced against Gellert.)

After imploring letters from Rudolf's brother Theodor had also failed, the former sent me his brother-in-law and close friend, Bernhard Fürth, as a final mediator. In hour long negotiations, in which he assured me that he found my actions were only too understandable, this thoroughly intelligent and clear thinking man brought me to the point, where I promised to consider his proposal of founding a family joint stock company, in which I would be given 51% of the share capital and whose management would be placed in my hands.

This path was now truly embarked upon. The presidency of the board of management, which had been reserved to myself, was conferred upon my friend, Ludwig von Piette Rivage at my insistence, and Gellert's brother-in-law, Bernhard Fürth, was made vice-president as an advocate of the former's interests. The majority of the board of management was of course in my hands. I myself became central director of the new company.

However, all too soon I was to regret having given in to the pressure placed on me, I had, it is true, been given full power of authority for my management of the business, and all of the board o f management, with Gellert's confidant at their head, were on my side, with the result that, when Bernhard said that I was in the right, Gellert would leave the meeting without saying a word. But nothwithstanding this, the vexation continued to gnaw away at me and, as will be revealed later on, constituted a serious threat to my life by undermining my health.

I was entrusted with an interesting mission in 1909. Hopfengärtner, the owner of a very important iron works, who has often been mentioned in these pages, approached me on his own account and on behalf of a rolling mill, Schwartz & Beck, with whom I enjoyed friendly relations, with the request that I should act as a mediator in a dispute with the powerful companies, Prague Iron Industry and Alpine Montan Joint Stock Company. I objected that I was a complete layman with regard to the matter under dispute, but the gentlemen assured me that, in the course of the next few months, I would find time to acquaint myself with the subject matter and form a clear judgement. I therefore had to do them the service they requested, and I immersed myself in the subject matter, in part theoretically and in part by visiting their works, and I soon came to the realisation that, to form a judgement about the matter, what was needed was not so much specialist knowledge, as clear, unclouded common sense and objectivity.

What it was all about was that my two clients who, like the aforementioned large companies, were also signatories to the Austrian cartel agreement, wanted to jointly erect a blast furnace so as to liberate themselves from their dependency on the two companies in relation to their supplies of semi-manufactured raw materials. To prevent the loss of this market, the latter contested my clients' right to erect the blast furnace by reference to the terms of the cartel agreement.

Without being a lawyer myself, I was easily able to determine that there was no mention of such a ban in the cartel agreement, and that only legal niceties were capable of reading such a ban into the agreement. I had no doubt that my clients would prevail.

The opposing side nominated as mediator the director of the Creditanstalt bank, Mr. Neurath, who had a reputation as a capacity in industrial matters (and who, 33 years later, was to be so rudely torn down from his pedestal, when the bank collapsed). As chairman he strangely suggested to me the president of Skoda Works, Carl Ritter von Skoda. I say "strangely" because the latter was a member of the board of management of Prague Iron Industry, i.e. of one of the opposing parties to the dispute, and was also in other ways associated with the clique of heavy industrial potentates.

We were unable to agree and therefore, as envisaged in such instances, the General Secretary of the Vienna Chamber of Commerce, at the time Dr. von Thayenthal, was appointed as chairman of the arbitration tribunal. The latter only sat on one single occasion in a session lasting a quarter of an hour. I defended the position of my clients as well as my knowledge permitted and with all due energy, whereas Neurath remained completely silent. He didn't even need to take up his parties' cause either, as that was done for him by the chairman. Based on the principle that where one party is weaker, always be on the side of the stronger, he found a loophole in the cartel agreement that a wily lawyer can only exploit too well, and declared as if he were the counsel for the other party, that unfortunately the opposing parties' formal view of the law had the advantage over my justifiable reference to moral law, and that the agreement did not permit the erection of a blast furnace. This statement of course meant that we had lost the case. This brutal violation of the smaller members of the cartel agreement was so flagrant, that Mr. Neurath took me on one side at the end of the session, and spontaneously promised me, that he would use his good offices with his clients to ensure that some other form of compensation would be paid.

The sole compensation that I, however, derived from the case was having my knowledge of business morality enriched in this way.

Shortly after the family firm had been transformed into a joint stock company, a bladder condition that my now 84-year-old father had, which had already threatened his life several years previously, assumed dangerous dimensions once again. He experienced a sudden, severe loss of blood and this weakened his already frail body to such an extent, that the two attending physicians advised us not to leave his sick room any more, as what was now just a flicker of life from our beloved sick father could expire at any moment. On hearing this my good wife ran to the kitchen and returned a few minutes later with a bowl of very hot water, into which she immersed napkins, which she then placed on the hands of father, who was scarcely breathing any more, in an endeavour to revive his pulse. At the same time I put an English peppermint tablet into his mouth.

A few minutes later father miraculously looked up and quite audibly whispered the words, "That was good."

Sofie and my sisters continually kept changing the hot compresses and with unspeakable joy we observed how the patient rapidly and progressively revived. And then, after a specialist had been summoned from Prague, who prescribed father a more appropriate form of treatment, he was granted 2½ further years of life, that were relatively free from complaints. I attribute this fortune even today to the wise circumspection of my wife, whose medical instinct not only we in the family, but also on repeated occasions her "medical colleagues" had occasion to admire.

However, the time that a kind Providence had granted us, passed all too quickly. Father started to ail in the summer of 1911. It was no longer his old bladder condition but was rather the case

that he complained of general weakness and missing pulse beats. Notwithstanding he insisted on my taking a holiday to convalesce, which I spent with my family in nearby Marienbad, so that I could be quickly at father's side if his condition were to deteriorate.

I was only granted a few days of rest. However, it was from an unsuspected direction that this was disturbed: I myself was suddenly taken ill. When I was taking a walk in the woods, I was insidiously overcome by cramp again, the real cause of which the doctors I had been consulting for the last 7 years had been unable to fathom. I had to take to my bed and the doctor on duty in the sanatorium administered an injection of morphium to alleviate my intolerable pain. When the sanatorium doctor examined me in more detail, however, he discovered what the various professors had, up until then, not seen, namely severe inflammation of the gall bladder. And our G.P., Dr. Hofmann, who was then summoned to Marienbad, confirmed the diagnosis.

I was able to return home after 14 days but, without my failing father's knowing it – he assumed that I was in the mill – I just lay around at home repeatedly overcome by further attacks of gall bladder cramp. Poor father held it against me, his otherwise so affectionate son, that I didn't spend enough time with him during the day. "If one's father is ill, one should spend more time with him and less in the mill," he complained to my sisters. And at the same time I writhed in unimaginable pain!

In addition to all this my wife had been summoned to her old father who, also already over 85, had to undergo a cataract operation.

On the evening of the 19th October father felt very wretched. Summoning up all his strength, he spoke the following words to me and my sisters that will forever resonate in my ears, "Children, the Lord granted me a ripe old age and one that was blessed, you have always brought me only joy and I have enjoyed great fortune. But now I am tired and look forward to eternal rest. For this reason you should not lament me and you should grant me peace. I shall leave poor Helene behind for you. Now let me pray." He sank into deep prayer, - and we had heard his last words.

It wasn't until the early hours of the morning that he, who had been a wise man up until the very last moment of his life, breathed his last breath and departed from this life.

And when we carried him to his grave, his only son walked behind his coffin looking so retched and so very ill, that he himself sensed the shocked compassion of the mourners, who had no doubt, that he would soon be resting at his father's side. I myself didn't think any differently.

As father had so filled my life, his passing left a gap in my life that was so great that, even today when I myself have become an old man, my presence is filled by almost daily dreams that I have of him. However, I have thanked the Heavens a thousand times for having called our good father to his Maker in good time and for having spared him the most terrible of all wars, the pain of losing two beloved grand-children and many, many other things.

Two months after father's death Julius von Piette-Rivage, the elder brother of my friend Ludwig, died of a gall bladder condition. At his funeral I vowed to have myself liberated of my pain by an operation, whether the latter turned out to be successful or not.

I travelled to Berlin on brewery business on the 11th January 1912 and, without letting anyone know about it, intended consulting there Privy Councillor Kehr, the famous doctor who had

discovered the method to remove the gall bladder, and having myself operated on by him straight away, if possible. But my wife was on her guard and insisted on accompanying me.

On the day of our arrival we went to see Professor Kehr, who said straight out that only a swift intervention could help restore energy to me. I was ready to undergo the operation immediately but my wife remonstrated that I should first let our children know and that, first and foremost, I should first convalesce.

"Dear lady," said the Professor, "your husband won't be able to convalesce until after the operation. Be fortunate that he is being so brave in the way he is facing up to things; don't seek to dissuade him." My wife could see the sense in the Professor's objection and, as I too asked her not to put me off, she gave up her resistance.

The following day I dealt with the brewery business and then went to the sanatorium as instructed by Professor Kehr, and had myself thoroughly examined. The operation was scheduled for the 17th January. I was permitted to dispose of my time freely up until the evening of the preceding day but, although we sought to distract ourselves, these were terrible hours to live through and, as much as I tried to put on a cheerful face for my wife, my thoughts were wholly occupied with the large question mark that hung over the following days.

(On the day preceding the operation I received a very humorous letter from Mr. Bayer, the manager on the board of the joint stock brewery company, who congratulated me on the favourable manner in which I had dealt with the task assigned to me, and bestowed on me his "Order of the House, 1st Class." In defiance of all the anxiety I was experiencing, I regained my humour and replied by writing some amusing verses, the last of which was however composed with rather grim humour as follows: "Of what use are orders and titles to me? Tomorrow I shall be lying in hospital cut to pieces! My gall bladder will be a thing of the past, but I hope to recover and have a future.")

The evening arrived at last. I was given a bath and put in bed, and was fearful of the long night ahead. But they were merciful and helped me to get through the dreaded hours of the night by administering me an injection of morphium-scopolamin, which put me into a deep sleep. And when I was awoken in the morning and had had a wash, I was given a further injection, with the result that I was spared all the embarrassing preparations, and was taken down to the operating theatre at 8 a.m. already anaesthetised. They told my wife, who initially had to continue staying at the hotel, that the operation wouldn't commence until after 9 a.m.

As I was later to learn, the operation wasn't completed until 11.30 a.m.; adhesions had been found too, which had to be removed at the same time.

It wasn't until 5 p.m. that I awoke from the anaesthesia and, still in a dazed state asked the nurse at my bedside when the operation would be beginning. When I heard that it was over a long time ago and had been a success, the next question I posed was about my wife. It was only now that my poor wife, who had been denied access to me by the gruff matron, a female version of a Prussian sergeant, was led to my bedside. I thought that I greeted her with a smile designed to make her happy, but later heard from her it was more of a mortifying grimace, so had the large loss of blood changed my face.

I continued to remain in a semi-conscious state but from the next day onwards, by which time I had fully regained consciousness, I was already filled with such an exultant feeling of liberation that I do not exaggerate when I say that I have never felt happier in my life, than I did in those days. Despite all the intervening incidents and despite my helplessness I was suffused with an incomparable sense of bliss. It was the quiet rejoicing of a man, who had been saved from the greatest mortal danger; it was if I had been reborn into a world where pain did not exist. With what warm gratitude the tender care given to me by my wife and the angelic Nurse Imgard filled me! As did the letters from my children, who were frightened and happy at the same time and from my sisters and friends – letters that breathed their love for me! The many proofs of tender sympathy helped me through the long time I still had to remain in hospital, where my wife had also been found a bed, albeit a sort of prison cell, since the time of the operation. My room, number 14 (there wasn't a number 13), also wasn't friendly and the whole hospital in fact exhibited the style of a strict, Royal Prussian barracks. However, it would be gross ingratitude on my part, if I were not to emphasize that the treatment I received there from everyone – from the doctors and nursing staff – did not leave anything to be desired in terms of goodness and tenderness.

Privy Councillor Kehr, a seemingly gruff, elderly gentleman of stocky build, whose hunter's shirt was covered up by a Plastron tie set secured by buttons, which could be worn on all four sides to increase its life span fourfold, came to visit me every day. On the third day, when I was able to speak again for the first time, quietly and with some effort, he brought me a box containing the 378 stones that had made up the wealth of my gall bladder – quite large ones, smaller ones and tiny ones. They looked like irregularly shaped brown pearls. The Privy Councillor let them slide from one hand into the other above my bed, saying, "I would have preferred pearls!" to which I responded in a whisper with a little laugh, "They wouldn't be much more expensive either, Privy Councillor." I don't know whether it was the humour that manifested itself in my reply or the satisfaction of a doctor to find his patient in such a jovial state of mind already after just a few days, but the fact is that Professor Kehr was delighted and, from that time on, the busy man spent half an hour a day at my bedside, chatting happily to me. Once he arrived with an urgent invitation for my wife to attend a fancy dress ball at his home and would not accept no for an answer. He said that he had arranged to have a sailor's outfit prepared for my wife, and that he was also looking around for an original idea for himself. As he performed three to four operations a day, I advised him to turn up as Jack the Ripper, a notorious figure of the time.

At the beginning I didn't get anything to eat at the sanatorium apart from fluids. As we were in Berlin, I was, however, under no illusions about the nature of the food on offer. The first dish of a more solid nature handed to me was in fact a so-called "floppy pudding", which was very pompously called a "Mondanin dish" in Germany, and was characterised at home with the words, "Don't shake with fear, I am not going to eat you." I cautiously put a small amount of it in my mouth and then enquired of the male nurse, Jonas was the good man's name, whether it was made at the sanatorium. Visibly proud of the culinary standards set by his native Prussia, he replied, "Of course! You meant, I suppose, whether it was made at the cake shop?" – "No," I said, "I was thinking more of the book binder."

That was a blow and insult to his patriotism.

I felt ever more liberated and ever happier and was progressing relatively swiftly along the path of recovery and, when my son Eugen visited me after not quite three weeks, I was able to accompany him to the staircase to bid him farewell. The joy of seeing him again even succeeded in stimulating my old zest for eating once again. I ordered myself a jam omelette for my evening

meal, which I ate with great relish to the great joy of my wife. However, I had scarcely eaten the last mouthful when I was suddenly overcome by intense pain in my rib region. The pain became ever more aggressive, as if I was being stabbed with a dagger every breath I drew. At the same time I developed a high temperature. Even before the arrival of the doctors, who were to diagnose pleurisy, I had realised the danger I was in and complained of the fact that "I had had to break down so close to having reached my goal."

It was precisely on that evening that my sisters, Hermine and Frieda, arrived for a visit from Nuremberg, that I had been so looking forward to. My poor, deeply alarmed wife went to meet them at their hotel, where she broke down in tears. When they were permitted to come to my bedside the following day, I lay there half asleep and in a fever, and was unable to derive any pleasure from their visit, that I had been longing for. By the time my precarious condition had improved a little, they had to return home again.

After having been in hospital for more than five weeks, I was able at last to set out on the journey home in the company of my dear wife.

Indescribable the feeling of elation at being at home again, unforgettable the love with which I, the reborn one, was received! All the moving joy and tenderness that surrounded me and transformed our home into a garden of flowers were not able to conceal from me the shock that was painted on everyone's face on account of my appearance. I only began to fully appreciate this shock when I learnt, that I still didn't weigh more than 48 kg with my clothes and shoes on, when I was put on the scales after having been at home for about 14 days. I was thus still 30 kg less than my normal weight!

The joy of seeing everyone again was slightly spoilt by the news that our youngest son had been taken down with scarlet fever during our absence. However, our shock was very much eased by the fact that he greeted us looking perfectly happy and fully recovered.

Emil's mother Charlotte (see page 172)

Charlotte Fürth with Jenny in ca. 1858

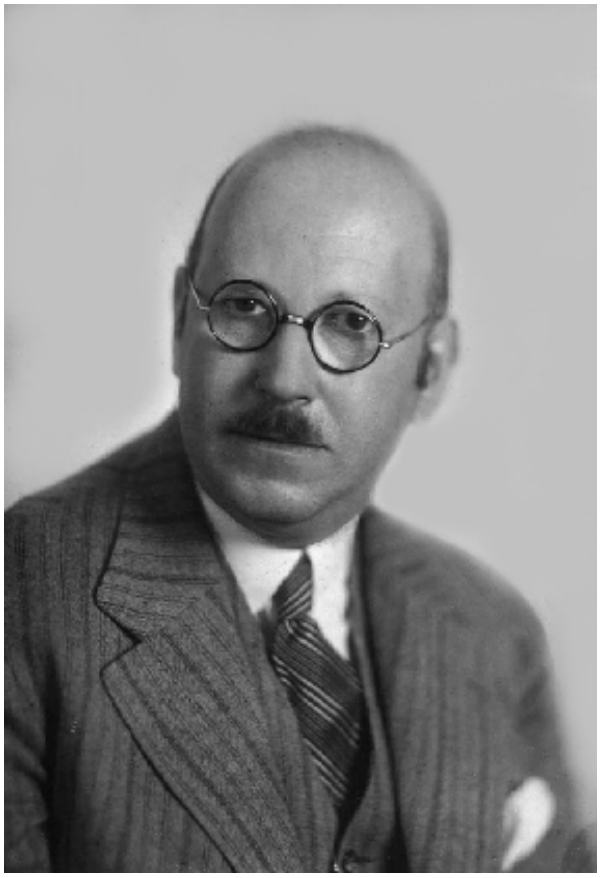
Emil ca. 1885

Sofie ca. 1885

Eugen ca. 1906

Stefan ca. 1930

Hans + Irene ca. 1930



Eugen ca. 1930

Lene ca. 1930

Lene with Peter 1914

Nestersitz - 1930

Obereggendorf

Emil’s and Sofie’s grave in Nice

Towards the end of March we set out on our planned holiday to Lugano aimed at speeding my recovery. Up until then I had not been able to walk upright due to the tension in the area of the wound, and was also hardly able to walk 20 paces without becoming breathless. However, only a few days of our stay at beautiful Lake Lugano, surrounded by its mountains, sufficed to fortify me to the point that I was already able to undertake quite extensive walks. And as my youngest sister Frieda soon joined us with her husband Hugo, our thoroughly happy stay there all together stimulated my convalescence so strongly that we were already able to return home by the middle of April, and I was then allowed to resume my accustomed work, that I had missed for oh so long, with renewed vigour.

I would not want to conclude this chapter of my life without saying a word of thanks and praise to my valiant wife and partner in life.

I was already aware at the time that she had had a heavy burden to bear during all that anxious time, more heavy than mine, and that her emotional suffering, which could not be alleviated by any narcotics, abundantly made up for the physical agonies I had had to endure. In the days following my operation I sought to give expression to my feeling of gratitude by strongly urging her to select an item of beautiful jewellery at a jeweller's shop, whose proprietor was a friend of ours. She didn't want to hear anything of this proposal and so I resolved to remind myself of it at an opportune time.

I was awoken from the delirious state of joy I found myself in after having been liberated from years of torment and after having taken up my work again by news I received from Ludwig Piette. He disclosed to me that his company had sold its Pilsen mill to Neusiedler & Co. Ltd., to whose board of management he had been appointed as chief executive and that, to this end, he had to move home to Vienna. I experienced this impending spatial separation from my friend as a severe blow.

As a result of his leaving Pilsen he resigned from all his honorary offices, including that of President of the Pilsen and West Bohemian Section of the Association of Manufacturers. I was nominated unanimously as his successor on the board, i.e. with the support of all the Czech votes too. The Czechs had received instructions to support my candidature from their senior party management in Prague. Amidst great acclamation I was thus voted unanimously to the office of President with the support of the General Assembly as well. I do not want to conceal that this distinction brought more pleasure to me than all other honours that have been bestowed on me, because the fact that the Czech national lobby, the national opponents of the German lobby, also gave me their votes without exception, when I was known to be a supporter of the German cause, was interpreted by me as a sign of recognition of my conciliatory stance, which I adopted assiduously towards everyone and the fact that an association, to which such huge and powerful global companies such as the Skoda Works and the famous Pilsen breweries belonged, selected me, a far smaller industrialist, as its leader, was accepted by me as a token of particular confidence and esteem on the association's part, which I would never have dreamed to be possible despite my keen ambition.

Following my election I gave my speech setting out my programme, delivering the middle part in the most modern Czech. I had my draft speech translated by a Czech and, when I had delivered it perfectly and by heart, I was rewarded by the solemn assembly which had not thought me capable of such select Czech terminology, with almost rapturous applause.

The contents of my speech which served as the leading article in the next day's edition of the Pilsen Daily News, rose to the accusation that our Government let itself be far too greatly influenced by Hungary's farming interests, as a result of which it on the one hand increased the cost of living of our population and in consequence industry's production costs, as it deprived the Balkan countries of the possibility of exporting their grain and, on the other hand, further deepened the enmity of the Serbs, whom we were allowing to drown in their own fat, so to speak. I was greatly celebrated at the banquet which took place in the evening in honour of my election and, when the excellent champagne had whipped up the waves of enthusiasm to a frenzy, Czech gentlemen carried me three times round the banqueting hall on their shoulders. In the year 1912!

Following this I recall a general assembly that took place half a year later in Vienna. A young German Member of Parliament, a supporter of the Saxon textile industry, held a speech, that inspired the assembly members to truly thunderous applause. The brilliant speaker was Alfred Stresemann, whose speech was printed and published in response to my application to that effect. In the evening I had the opportunity to converse with him for quite some time, and he accepted an invitation to repeat his speech to the Pilsen Section of the Association of Manufacturers with great joy. The date for his visit to Pilsen was fixed immediately. The whole of the West Bohemian manufacturing sector had accepted invitations to attend the meeting. Shortly before it took place it had to be cancelled as Dr. Stresemann was suddenly taken ill with a bad sore throat.

Following Dr. Stresemann's speech, which was a great event for me, I said prophetically to my family and friends that this young man had a vocation to play a great role in Germany's political life. Naturally I could not have imagined that he would grow up into a statesman of the first order whose all too early departure from this life has been mourned by the whole world. How differently and how more favourably events on the world stage night have turned out, if a gruesome fate had not cut the thread of his life in two so abruptly!

Our eldest son, Eugen, married Miss Lene Pollatschek from Aussig, whom he had met a few months previously at the home of a family with whom we were friends, on the 25th May 1913. Like his grandfather and father before him he took up the burden of the marital yoke at the age of 25. The marriage, which started with an eve-of-wedding party that went on into the early hours of the morning, was perfectly arranged by the loving hand of the bride's mother and vested with extraordinary splendour.

Prior to arriving at the scene of the festive occasion, we however had to overcome a whole labyrinth of obstacles – a grotesque litany of events, which deserves being retained for the family's memory.

We arrived in Aussig towards midday accompanied by my sister Jenny and her children, Otto and Gretl. Hardly had we arrived at the hotel when our boy Hans complained of nausea, to which his grass-green complexion attested. It was the precursor of appendicitis that was to occur several years later. However, the medical skills of our house physician, my wife, which have already been mentioned, were able to remedy the situation quickly, with the result that we just had something of a shock and nothing else. We had scarcely overcome this when my sister came rushing into our room with a look of horror on her face: Gretl's bridesmaid's dress had been damaged by a bottle of perfume that had opened in the case and couldn't be used. A dressmaker was quickly called in and she assured us that the damage would be repaired by the next day – everyone breathed a sigh of relief!

Prior to accepting an invitation to a large afternoon tea party at the home of the bride's parents, my wife wanted to make sure that everything was unpacked and prepared for the forthcoming celebrations: dinner jackets and evening dress for the men and black suits for the boys. She counted the heads of her assembled family, but oh dear, my evening dress wasn't there! Pure desperation ensued. Such a suit couldn't have been found anywhere in Aussig. Intensive reflection produced the solution: we put a call through to Pilsen and told the chambermaid that she should bring the forgotten item of clothing to Aussig on the train that left Pilsen at 6 p.m. and in that way it would be in my possession by midnight.

Having by this time become cautious, I wanted to open my leather hat box to convince myself in good time of the state of my top hat. However, the key couldn't be found. The page was asked to have the box opened by a locksmith during our absence. We were thus at last able to take our leave with a calm mind.

But then my sisters from Nuremberg came rushing in, in great desperation with their husbands and little daughters, stating that their luggage had gone missing on the journey. I intervened personally with the stationmaster straight away and received the comforting assurance that, according to a telegram that had been received, we could rely on the luggage arriving with the evening train.

With that the excitement of the day was happily brought to an end and we were able to set off for the eve-of-wedding party, with the Nuremberg side of the family, however, only being able to do so on receipt of their luggage, there to delight in the fullness of the physical and mental pleasures on offer.

The following morning everyone was busy preparing for the marriage ceremony; we were supposed to be assembled at the home of the bride's parents at 1 p.m. I was already dressed in full gala uniform by 11 a.m. and all that I still wanted to do was to inspect my top hat to see whether it didn't need ironing. I opened the hat box, which by this time had been broken open, only to find it empty! The worthy chambermaid back in Pilsen had forgotten to put the hat in it. They had a solution to this as well, however, I was told that there was a gentleman's fashion shop on the town square, where I would be sure to find a top hat that would fit. So off I went in search of salvation. But oh dear, the town square was packed full with a crowd that was attending the Corpus Christi celebrations – there was no conceivable way one could get through the crowd. I thus dashed off to the goal of my desires with someone who knew his way around the town through side streets, and fortunately arrived just as the shop shutters were rattling down. Nevertheless kind persuasion resulted in the proprietor of the shop opening again and so it was that I acquired a hat, which would certainly have been cheaper at Habig's in Vienna but would definitely not have had the same antique value. I placed all my hopes on the wedding guests devoting more attention to the bride and groom and the bridesmaids than to the antediluvian shape of my hat.

The string of incidents was now, however, really at an end. The celebrations could commence and they passed off dazzlingly. Today the memory of the splendour of that occasion which was arranged with such love and taste seems like a fairytale from days long past.

A few weeks later I purchased a Peugeot car in Vienna, the bodywork of which had to be finished according to my instructions. In consequence the car wouldn't reach Pilsen until around the beginning of July. I kept the purchase a strict secret as I wanted to surprise my family, particularly my wife, as the car was intended as compensation for the jewellery she had declined.

When the car arrived, I had it placed in the garage of a well-known coachbuilder, Mr. Brozik, in whom I confided my secret. It was on a Saturday that I suggested to my wife that she should pick me up from the mill in the afternoon with the boys so that we could go for a walk in the park near Brozik's workshops. We drove by electric tram in a crammed carriage to our destination and I was reproached by my wife for having exposed us to such a crowd instead of taking a cab.

When we alighted just opposite Brozik's workshop, I said that there was a coach there from the joint stock brewery company in the course of being repaired, that I wanted to have a look at, and I invited my wife and children to go along with me. Mr. Brozik, who had been put in the picture by me, showed me some carriage or other that was supposed to be the one I had come along to inspect and he said quite en passant that I should have a look at a very beautiful car that had just arrived for one of his customers.

It was really a splendid vehicle and my family was so fascinated by it that they overlooked the initials E.F. on the car door. When I drew their attention to them myself and said they could also equally apply to my name, my wife knew immediately and the next moment the whole family was flinging their arms around me rejoicing. But it wasn't until the next day that the car went on its maiden voyage and on the same day it was placed at the disposal of Employment Minister Trnka, who was staying in Pilsen.

As will be reported later on, we weren't to enjoy the possession of this beautiful car for much longer than a year.

At the beginning of 1914 my cousin and partner picked a new quarrel, and when I categorically put an end to the latter, fully conscious of my rights, he got in contact with my wife by letter, requesting her to have me purchase his shares. As I had long since done so, I also perceived my sole salvation in a clean split, but I had to decline the offer, as I was unable to foresee a good fortune for either mill. However, I said that I was willing to sell my shares to Gellert.

It was only after a long inner struggle that I reached this decision. After all it would mean abandoning a mill that my father had created and built up and that I had invested with new prestige and new prosperity by applying all my energies. However, the consideration that sooner or later a dissolution would be unavoidable, as both my partner and myself each had three sons who were growing up into adulthood and I wanted to spare my boys the bitter experiences that gnawed away at my substance, strengthened me all the more in my resolve to put an end to the nervously exhausting quarrels at all costs, in that I was conscious of the fact that it was to those quarrels alone that I owed my gall bladder condition. However, above all I wanted to spare my sons a similar fate all the more so as I had already observed at an early stage clear indications of an over self-confident and despotic nature in Gellert's eldest son.

As Gellert didn't seem disinclined to seriously consider my offer, the negotiations commenced straight away that were to lead after quite some time to a conclusion of the dissolution.

My work at Fürth & Gellert Ltd. thus came to an end on the 31st March 1914, and my son Eugen, who had also worked there, left the company's employ at the same time. Despite everything, saying farewell to this our original mill was a bitter pill to swallow! Even though I was torn by sentimental feelings, I have, however, never been able to regret the step I took.

And so it was that I found myself without an occupation although I had plenty to occupy myself with. The various offices I held – at the joint stock brewery company, the Association of Manufacturers, the Chamber of Commerce and others – provided ample opportunity for me to work. Despite this my creative urge afforded me no peace of mind and I examined all of the many proposals made to me in relation to starting up a new business. I visited a whole string of companies operating in various branches of industry, inter alia a firebrick factory located near to Pilsen and then the modern plate-glass factory in Czakowa on the Russian frontier that was part of the assets of Kupfer & Glaser Ltd in receivership. I was also offered a majority holding in Prague Tissue Paper Mill by its director, Mr. Kux. And also when I paid a visit to Freiheit, I had a look at Petersdorf Paper Mill in the mountain district of Prussia (Riesengebirge). But I could not make up my mind about acquiring any of these factories.

One day when I was on a visit with my wife in Vienna, I bumped into a colleague and friend of mine, Robert von Fuchs-Robetin, the proprietor of the Ceska Kamenice Paper Mill, who greeted me beaming with joy – and congratulated me. Quite taken aback I enquired why he was congratulating me, in response to which he pretended to be offended on account of my alleged mystery-mongering. It was only when I had sworn all manners of oaths that I hadn't a clue what he was getting at, that I learnt that I had been selected to be appointed to the head of the largest Austrian paper-making organisation. He was speechless at my ignorance, as was I at his news. It was only when I re-found my speech, that I said it was a case of someone having pulled his leg, and pointed out that I lacked the special knowledge and experience to manage mills producing fine papers, such as those run by Leykam Josefstal Ltd., the organisation in question. Mr. von Fuchs insisted, however, that what he told me was correct and he did not withhold the compliment that, with my intelligence, I would soon succeed in getting used to even more difficult situations. In addition, he said, it was in the vital interests of the whole paper making branch that the position in question should be occupied by a man of my conciliatory nature, as one could then expect a speedy resolution of the disputes currently existing between the feuding larger companies.

I parted company from him shaking my head and, in a laughing mood, I told my wife and father-in-law of the strange encounter. My friend Piette could have obtained some kind of certain information for me about the matter but he had departed on business just the day previously, without having given me any hints of the affair. And understandably I didn't want to ask other colleagues.

And then on the very same evening getting on for 7 p.m. I received a telegram from the gentleman who had congratulated me the previous day that had been sent from Gmund, containing the following text, "Fellow traveller, Director Mendel from the Bankverein bank, requests me on behalf of President Popper to arrange for you to call on the latter as soon as possible."

I now began to take the matter seriously but was completely at a loss.

The telephone rang at 10.30 p.m. It was Fuchs enquiring whether I had received the dispatch and when I intended going to see Popper. I thanked him for his endeavours on my behalf but, despite all the words of encouragement, I didn't want to hear any more of the matter for the reasons that I had communicated to him. Nevertheless our conversation ended with the promise on my part that "I would sleep on it."

The following day I went to see Dr. Kux, the director of the lower Austrian Escompte Society bank, told him of how the matter had come to pass and requested his advice, as to whether I should comply with such an indirect invitation. "Your question is justified, dear friend," he said. "The saying that you should value your pride as a citizen before the promise of a king's crown is nowhere more applicable than in dealings with the all-powerful Baron Popper. However, I shall immediately obtain a direct invitation for you." He phoned and learnt that Mr. von Popper-Artberg was away on business but that he would be returning in the evening. And so he had himself put through to Popper's assistant, Baron von Lippe and said to the latter that his friend Fürth had told him of the invitation which seemed, however, to be too indirect for him. In response to this he immediately expressed his willingness to invite me to attend the interview in the name of Baron Popper and noted down my address. The letter of invitation arrived already at midday.

When I called at Mr. von Popper's office the following day I was received immediately but to my immense surprise, I was asked in what way he could be of service to me.

I immediately however recalled the tip I had been given by Dr. Kux and sought to take my leave saying that an invitation I had received from Mr. von der Lippe in the name of the President must obviously have been based on a misunderstanding. The tide immediately turned, the powerful man knew immediately of the purpose of my visit, and declared with great cordiality that he was looking for a leading personality with specialist knowledge for Leykam, that he had heard of my qualities and wanted to hear from me, whether I was minded to follow such a calling. I thanked him for the confidence placed in me and countered that I would first have to examine the situation and convince myself whether I was equal to such a difficult task. I also drew his express attention to the fact that I had been an independent businessman all my life and would, therefore, not be able to accept a subordinate position, to which he immediately objected that, as head of the board of management, I would only be accountable to the board of management and would thus be able to occupy a position that was definitely independent. The concession was also made to me, that I would be able to review the whole situation of the organisation, and to submit the various factories to a precise inspection, as I saw fit. However, in the course of these preliminary negotiations it emerged that Felix Seyfert, the central director, who had been managing the overall organisation for about the last $1\frac{1}{2}$ years, would be working in coordination with me.

Now it was well known not only to me but generally that this very impressive gentleman was just as haughty as he was unsuited to manage a large organisation, and right from the beginning it couldn't be anything other than clear to me, that he would look upon me as an intruder, if I were equated in status with him and would seek to block all my proposals. I therefore declared resolutely that I would have to break off all further negotiations if they couldn't decide on conferring full prerogatives in me and installing me as sole leading executive of the organisation, to whom all other organs would have to be subordinate without exception. I said that an organisation that was supposed to be reorganised ought only to be made subordinated to the will of one man!

As they couldn't make this promise to me immediately "for internal reasons" and would first have to seek ways and means of making that promise possible, it was decided to postpone the negotiations until my return from my holidays. I promised that I would then return to Vienna and would get in touch with them.

At this point I should like to briefly interject that, at the time, Leykam really was in need of reorganisation and needed a strong hand. Up until 1½ years previously the organisation had been managed by a man from the textile branch, who sought its salvation in draconian, mostly inappropriate and damaging economizing measures, an unyielding attitude towards customers, scurrilous harassing of suppliers and similar behaviour and, in consequence, became embroiled in arguments with not only the above factions but also with his workers and officials, placed the organisation on a downhill track and almost brought it into disrepute. The sales of its goods declined despite the fact that they enjoyed a world-wide reputation on account of their high quality, the productivity fell and the bank debts rose.

The coming new man was supposed to put all that right. Shortly after the negotiations were broken off, I set off on a trip to South Tirol with my wife by car. It was a beautiful Easter Monday and Stefan and Hans accompanied us as far as Deggendorf. We arrived in Munich around 5 p.m. but our car stopped 50 m before the hotel – it had run out of petrol.

An hour later we were able to welcome my sister Frieda and her husband, who had come from Nuremberg and the next morning we continued our unforgettably beautiful trip with them, which took us via Innsbruck to Bozen and Meran and from there to Riva and Torbole, where we spent quite some time, and from where we undertook excursions, some short and some quite long, to the Italian towns and villages on Lake Gardasee. What principally remains embedded lively in my memory about this trip is the journey from Bozen up the Mendel. Our car was particularly long in its construction and, when we reached a short bend in the road that was located at the well-known rock face that descends so vertically and the chauffeur had to struggle with the steering wheel, I, who was seated next to him, must have cried out, "For God's sake" slightly in fear and rather louder than I had intended. As a result of this and as the chauffeur's struggling with the wheel had to be repeated quite frequently my travelling companions became so nervous that we firmly resolved to alight from the car on the return journey prior to the commencement of this unpleasant section of the road and to walk the short distance on foot.

When we reached the peak of Mendel, I however heard that there was a second road that descended more slowly and less steeply to Bozen and was thus, by comparison totally tame. However, it was 60 km further, passing as it did via the famous Ginstina gorge. We immediately decided to put up with this detour. It initially took us to Mezzocorona, a genuine Italian little village with an outpost Austrian garrison. We had afternoon tea there at a café, from which a group of officers had emerged just prior to our arrival and, going by the fact that the waitresses of this establishment, which solely existed from Austrians and their custom, pretended that they didn't understand German and also on the basis of other observations we made, we were able to conclude that we were in a hot-bed of the infamous Irredenta movement. Moreover the landscape and the population of the region exhibited such a decidedly Italian character that I expressed the view to my family, "This isn't Austria! If I were Emperor, I would without further ado draw a line at Neumarkt, and give the land beyond that line to the Italians, to whom it actually belongs. With one stroke at least this source of enmity would be removed." That was in April 1914, a quarter of a year before the commencement of the mass slaughter.

This beautiful trip was a source of the most serene bliss to us; without our having been able to know it, it constituted the concluding notes of a happy period in history.

On the return company I parted company with my wife and relations in Innsbruck. They travelled home by car via Garmisch, whilst I boarded the train to Vienna where I was to be informed of Baron Popper's decision.

He was only able to inform me, that Seyfert had friends in the bosom of the board of management who would oppose his being made subordinate to me, and that there would in consequence be a palace revolution. Under the circumstances he said that he could unfortunately not endorse my demands. On the other hand, he said that he did not doubt that, as he as President would support me with all due energy, I would assert myself against all opposition by virtue of the authority vested in me and would fight such opposition to ensure that I had free hand, where necessary taking matters to their ultimate conclusion.

I replied that, in order to cope with the huge task envisaged for me, I could not allow myself to first of all become embroiled in struggles that would by definition inhibit my ability to work effectively and destroy my joy in the task in hand, and that I therefore, did not intend even letting myself in for such an experience that was doomed from the outset.

Both President Popper and Baron Lippe beseeched me not to let myself become dispirited by such feelings of anxiety but I remained firm in my refusal. Then the well-known leading sugar manufacturer, Ferdinand Bloch, a member of the board of management who was present at the discussions entered the conversation by proposing that an executive committee should be elected, whose chairman should be Baron Popper von Artberg and whose vice-chairman should be myself, thereby sufficiently underlining my seniority in relation to Seyfert. I was unable to perceive a healthy solution to the problem in this proposal, as the intended coordination of our offices would after all have remained the same. As they however became ever more lively in their insistence and I didn't want to be impolite, I requested 24 hours to reflect to enable me to seek advice from my friends and so as not to make a definitive refusal straight away.

President Popper countered this suggestion by saying, "But dear Mr. Fürth, we have already negotiated for so long now that, if we are not exactly yet married, we are so to speak already engaged; under such circumstances you surely don't need to go running to your friends first to seek their advice?"

I replied with a laugh, "I am sure that you will not disagree with me, Mr. President, if I relinquish my suit on seeing that my bride had another suitor besides myself." Greatly amused by this Baron Popper asked me to let him have my decision in due course, even though my refusal had been sufficiently resolute. Then Baron Lippe asked me to go with him into his office and, assuring me of his unconditional support, he eagerly urged me not to be put off.

The following day I definitively informed the gentlemen of my refusal of their offer and returned to Pilsen.

I informed Mr. Cux in writing of the negative course of the negotiations, and he replied that I couldn't have acted more properly but that, in my mind, I could call out to Mr. von Popper, "The King will see me again!" He proved to be a good prophet.

On the 23rd March a son was born to our Eugen, our first and unfortunately so far our only grandchild, who was given the name of Peter. He was an unusually beautiful child and, already in the first weeks of his life, the rascal smiled from his light blue eyes.

I continued searching for a new field of activity but, despite all the offers that were made, I could find nothing that I would have liked to take up. I didn't yet feel that I was old enough to remain inactive for too long, but I found the lack of occupation of my eldest son, the young married man, even more regrettable. In the end I became impatient even though I was all too conscious of the fact that a hasty or forced decision could cause irreparable damage.

At that point a coincidence came to my rescue. Eugen was visiting his parents-in-law in Aussig with his wife and child. One evening he phoned to say that an acquaintance of his father-in-law, Hermann Pollatschek, had quite officially enquired whether I would be interested in acquiring the pulp and paper mill at Nestersitz. He had instructions to offer it to us, as its owner, Mr. August Brune, was ill and found himself in financial difficulties.

Strangely once, when I had driven past this mill, I had in secret wished that I could own it, without of course for the life of me having dreamt that it would one day be for sale.

Mindful of this past wish, I declared my willingness to have a look at the mill. My friend, Ludwig Piette, accompanied me and Eugen was also there. We discovered a mill that was just as splendidly designed as it was neglected, and that couldn't in any way be exploited to its full capacity due to the condition of the machines. It was clear to us that, once the mill had been thoroughly restored, a well functioning manufacturing base could be achieved and that provided the purchase price was reasonable, a good financial return could be made from it. But the price being asked, 1 million crowns (at the time Austrian gold crowns) seemed far too high to me, with the result that I had to write stating that I wouldn't be making an offer.

Scarcely 14 days later I received a long telegram from the agent, in which I was requested to make an offer. I replied that my idea of a price was so much lower that I considered that it was appropriate for a lower limit to be set. In response to this the agent asked me through the mediation of my son, who was at the time still staying in Aussig, to state such a limit without feeling awkward. I therefore replied, again via Eugen, that I would be inclined to offer K 350,000.—, or at most K 400,000.—. In fact I did not want to bid any higher but, on the other hand, did not believe that the transaction would go through, as my offer was so far below the asking price. However, already after only two days, I was informed that a meeting of creditors was arranged for Saturday, the 27th June, to which I was asked to submit and justify my offer, and which would take an immediate decision on the same.

On the morning of the day in question, the 27th June 1914, Mr. Fritz Wolfrum, Brune's brother-in-law, who was in charge of the sale came to see me at my hotel and put it to me that I should improve my offer so as to silence the opposition which found that the offer was far too low. After reflecting for some time I added K 20,000.- to my offer, as I wanted to avoid having the affair dragged out, although I was conscious of the fact that there was no second interested party.

At the assembly itself, at which I was very hard pressed and was threatened with having the negotiations broken off, I remained by my final offer and secured the decision taken by the overwhelming majority of the creditors, that the mill should be knocked down to me. And on the very same afternoon the contract of purchase was concluded at the office of the lawyer, Dr. Osthof. In the evening there was a festival on the waters of the R. Elbe, that we took part in thanks to the invitation of the Pollatscheks, Eugen's parents-in-law, and so it was that I was able to show my wife and children the family's new property for the first time as we glided past on the steamer.

The following day we all went on an excursion to nearby Salesel, also by steamer. Shortly before the steamer was to leave, another passenger boarded, went up to Mr. Pollatschek looking very excited and whispered something in his ear. I heard the latter say in shock, "That cannot be true!" and saw how Harry (Hermann Pollatschek) looked at us all disturbed and white as a sheet, and scarcely found the strength to inform us that the heir to the throne, Franz Ferdinand, and his wife had been murdered in Sarajevo!

The terrible news went through the country like a bush fire. Everyone had premonitions that something terrible would happen, it was considered that war was unavoidable, but no-one thought that there would be a world conflagration of the most monstrous proportions, and nobody could know, that a happy period of history had come to an end with the deaths of the two victims.

In the weeks and months that followed I was occupied in the process of taking control of the mill, in which said task Eugen was a diligent assistant. It soon became clear to us that any delay in carrying out the necessary restoration work would not only serve to hinder the rational functioning of the mill, but would expose the firm and the workers to undue danger. For instance, although it was big enough, the boiler plant did not meet the mill's requirements, as it was in a most desolate state of repair, and the valuable machines had been neglected and had lost a lot of their performance efficiency in consequence. The explanation for the run-down state of the mill lay in the intermittent alcoholism of the previous owner, who was otherwise a very hard-working and honourable man but who had often not gone to the mill for months on end and had handed its management over to an unscrupulous manager. At the time we took over management of the mill, the latter was on holiday, with the result that I didn't even get to see him, as I dispensed with his services immediately.

Without a moment's hesitation I suspended production at the mill for several months to be able to undertake general repairs. First and foremost the boiler house occupied our attention. The boilers stood alarmingly lop-sided and had to be straightened and newly walled in. The heating plant, that was totally irrational and neglected, required renovation.

Disastrously an uncle by marriage of Eugen, Fritz Heller, the General Director of the Montan and Industrial Works in Kasniau, was at the time exploiting a patent for generators, with which he had verifiably achieved good results, albeit in glass factories. By accepting to meet all guarantee obligations he persuaded me to introduce this generator heating system, and promised me that I would be able to measure the coal thereby saved in terms of heaps of gold. As I had always been an enthusiastic friend of innovations – a passion I had inherited from father – I agreed to his offer. I would imagine that the joke cost us around k 100,000.—, but it wasn't a joke, it was a bitter disappointment! Not only did we fail to achieve the promised economies in terms of coal and in addition found that the steam produced didn't suffice, but also the manipulation of the apparatus was so impossible as a result of the dust generated and the mess caused by the tar that dripped down from everywhere, that one couldn't even think of retaining it. I wasn't for a minute in any doubt about the fact, that a radical approach was indicated. Without a moment's hesitation we stopped production again, had the generators removed and installed Seybotte furnaces. Heller did take the apparatus back, but it was we who sustained by far the greater losses – and by far the greater loss was that that arose from having to close down production again for a long time. As great as my annoyance was at this greatest blunder in my life so far, I all the more blessed the swiftness of our decision to make a clean sweep, as I still do today. Because, as soon as the new furnaces were installed, we started to produce

smoothly and were able to proceed to achieve a far better exploitation of the mill's capacity, even though we were hindered by the War that had by then broken out.

In my search for a competent Works Director Ludwig Piette recommended to me an engineer by the name of Schilde, who came to see me straight away, but wasn't able to start service until half a year later, as he was tied down contractually elsewhere for that period. A Mr. Dittrich then turned up out of the blue in the very first days following our take-over of the mill, and introduced himself as the Works Director of the large Wodslawek pulp mill in the Russian part of Poland, which he had had to leave, as it had been occupied and closed down by the Germans. He said that he had heard that we had a vacancy. We liked the man so much, that we took him on for a trial straight away without first obtaining any information about him. It was no mistake on our part. Mr. Dittrich proved himself to be an eminent specialist in his field, who applied all his knowledge and untiring energies to get production at our mill going properly – no mean feat at that time.

We were all the more upset when he approached us after hardly a year had elapsed with the disclosure that production was to restart at Wodslawek and that he had been summoned to return. He said that he was not in a position to refuse the call of duty. He however recommended us with all good conscience his brother, Engineer Raimund Dittrich, who was fifteen years his younger, to whom he had given practical training himself and whose diligence, zeal and application he would personally guarantee. We had built up such a relationship of unconditional confidence with our Works Director, whom we were very unhappy to see depart, that we unreservedly agreed to take on his brother, albeit it again on a trial basis. We have also had no cause to regret this decision, and "young" Dittrich is still a valued member of our staff today after 19 years of service.

I return to the beginning of our work at Nestersitz; it was a question of hard work in the fierce heat of high summer. I lived with Eugen at the home of his parents-in-law. We drove down to Nestersitz early in the morning and at lunchtime we were ferried across the R. Elbe for our midday meal at Grosspriesen, where the fat lady publican of the inn sang for us the praises of her "Pischkewit" gateau with beautiful regularity. In the evening we returned home tired.

That lasted for about four weeks when suddenly the alarm bells loudly rang: War!!

My wife and Stefan were sojourning in Blankenberghe in the company of my sister Hermine and her family. I of course sent a telegram ordering them home and set out on the way home on the 27th July, the day on which I hoped that they too would be returning home. Already at that time my car wasn't able to go along at its usual speed, as the roads were already strewn with consignments of horses and animals required for the mobilisation. When we finally arrived at Pilsen, our dear ones from Blankenberghe had also just arrived. They had had the good fortune to catch the last train running according to the timetable.

At home I found a letter awaiting me, requesting me to take my car the following day to a military commission. It was requisitioned as one of the very first, with incidentally full compensation being paid. The last journey I was permitted to take in it was when it took me home.

It is not the task of this review of my life to narrate the terrible emotional upheavals and anxiety of the years that now followed. I shall, therefore, confine myself to recording that the first member of my family to enlist was my nephew, Richard Friedmann from Nuremberg with all

the patriotic enthusiasm of an eighteen year old, and that our son Stefan, who was training at the Pilsen branch of Länderbank, was called up for military service in October. He was initially assigned to the Pilsen Artillery Corps for training.

I commuted backwards and forwards from Pilsen to Nestersitz, and had again found work in the profession that filled my life with meaning. By this time Eugen had moved with his small family to live at Nestersitz where he found a new beautiful home in the idyllically situated villa that formed part of the factory property.

During one of my longer stays at Nestersitz in April 1915, I received a telegram from the very respected banker, Robert Wortmann, whom I knew well, containing the message that President Popper wanted to take up our discussions where they had broken off, and asked if I could go and see him as soon as possible. I phoned Mr. Wortmann and told him that I wouldn't dream of accepting this strange invitation as Mr. von Popper could have approached me in a more direct manner. Moreover, I said, my interest in the matter had long since waned. Wortmann's horrified objection that I was ruining everything with my intransigent behaviour in no way altered my decision.

However, already on the afternoon of the same day, I held a particularly cordial invitation from Popper in my hand. I reflected intently and wanted to refuse the invitation. However, in the end the consideration prevailed, that my son Eugen would not have to enlist, if I were to be removed from my position in my own company by having to assume the management of the essential industries that made up the Leykam group. I therefore replied that I would call by in the course of the next few days.

This time I was welcomed by President von Popper and Baron Lippe with special kindness. I was told that the way was now clear, (Leykam had by this time got into a far greater mess), that Mr. Seyfert was, however, to remain at his post, but that I would be given absolute authority, in that he would be made subordinate to me, if I would only take over the management of the group. I replied that this decision was late in reaching me, as I had by this time, as was probably known to the gentlemen, acquired a company of my own again, which was occupying my time. The clever Mr. von Popper wouldn't however let that stand and countered with the words, "If we had come to an agreement last year, you would have had 21 companies to worry about. Well now there would be just 22! One cannot make all that difference to you, can it?" I allowed myself to be influenced by this amusingly deft argumentation and agreed to a provisional half year appointment as executive member of the board of management of all four of the companies belonging to the Leykam group: Leykam-Josefstal PLC, Heinrichsthaler PLC, Pittener PLC and Fialkowsky Bros. PLC.

All that still required dealing with was the question of my remuneration. When asked, I ventured to quote a sum on the advice of my friend Piette, which I wouldn't have ventured to demand of my own initiative. When however Mr. von Popper found the sum quoted too much as well (he certainly wouldn't have refrained from making the objection as well if my demand had been moderate), I replied, that my service to the group would either correspond to the remuneration in question or would fall far short. If the latter were the instance, I said, he could be assured that I would show sufficient insight and resign prior to the expiry of the six-month trial period that I requested. He allowed that to stand and so the last cliff was circumnavigated. I thus signified my willingness to commence my post as "delegate administrator" on the 1st May. Shortly afterwards, however, I had to accept the title of General Director for tax reasons of a technical nature.

My work commenced by travelling around the countless factories that were spread over the whole of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Mr. Meissner, who had been taken on as technical central director following my refusal of the office the previous year, acted as my guide. Already on this occasion I was able to convince myself of his total lack of initiative and his less than striking capabilities. (I soon also saw occasion to dispense with his services.)

On the 19th May I inspected the large pulp and paper mill plant at Pogora am Isonzo near to Görz. Already on the second day of my visit we were alarmed by the news of Italy's pending declaration of war, and were urgently counselled to leave the district without delay, as the commencement of hostilities was to be expected at any minute. In fact the greatest haste was the order of the day.

On my return to Vienna, I started to acquaint myself with my administrative and commercial duties. It was an almost frightening and gigantic task for a man, who was accustomed to manage two medium sized companies that were not in need of reorganization. Even the necessity of trying to retain in my memory all the names of the directors, the works managers and the office executives of all the separate companies and those of the host of senior officials at the company's headquarters, was no small task for me. At the beginning the daily task of reading through all the day's post which was produced to me in a large number of separate files which mounted up into large stacks and checking all the letters that were sent out, occupied me for many hours. The task of discussing this mail with the individual heads of department, the daily management conferences, the constant visits, requiring incessant switching from one subject matter to another and a hundred other matters for which I was responsible, didn't allow me to catch breath, and I was scarcely left any time to devote myself to my most important task, that of reform, even though I worked from 8 a.m. until well into the evening.

On top of all that there were the constraints, which the war placed in the way of any reconstruction of the various companies, which I found to be virtually all closed down on assuming office. To gradually get them working again, I had to personally visit the various factories that were located at every corner of Austria every month, a task that was not made easy by the difficult travel conditions prevailing at the time. This was necessary, if for nothing else, to enable me to seek out all the possibilities of making economies by taking a look at the situation myself.

On the occasion of such a visit to the factory at Gratwein, by far the largest, most efficient and most valuable of all the factories in the group, I couldn't help feeling an embarrassing sensation of mistrust towards the office executive manager there, although the man behaved in a very assured manner, and in consequence appeared to have apparently gained the upper hand over even the very competent and circumspect technical director. Following up this impression I appointed the office manager of our wood chipping plant at Thörl-Maglern, Hermann Stockinger, of whom I had gained the impression of a powerful intellect and focussed energy, and whose capabilities had gone to waste unused in the position he had thus far held, as deputy to the office executive at Gratwein, and specifically instructed him to monitor certain aspects of the work.

Very soon this step proved to be a direct hit. Stockinger was scarcely 4 weeks in his new position, when he reported to me personally by letter that, when checking the acceptance of a few wagons of cut timber, of which the factory used about 60 wagons a year for packing purposes, he had discovered that there was less timber than claimed, to the extent that the

timber expert from the company making delivery charged with the hand-over of the timber had certified that there was up to 20% more timber than was actually delivered. I was in Gratwein already by the evening of the day on which I had received the letter and the next morning, after having convinced myself personally of the correctness of this sad discovery, I paid a visit to our lawyer in Graz, Dr. von Kaan, to arrange for him to report an offence to the police. As we were, however, dealing with a timber company which, clearly wrongly, enjoyed the very highest reputation throughout the country and it was considered that an unholy scandal should be avoided, the lawyer strongly advised that we should first summon the proprietor of the company to discuss the matter. The latter appeared soon and pretended to be outraged at our suspecting there to be dubious and even fraudulent manipulations. When we had got him in a corner, he lay all the blame at the door of his officials, and then, after negotiations that didn't last too long, offered to pay voluntary compensation for the loss, the level of which was fixed at no less a sum than K 50,000.- (at that time still almost full value gold crowns!) and paid immediately, as it was of course not possible to prove how far these machinations extended back into the past.

The expert who had manipulated the timber data had by this time sensed imminent disaster, and had disappeared from the scene of his inglorious activity the very same day. It emerged, however, that the office executive was also in some way involved in this fraud on the grand scale – I was never able to find out exactly, whether he had profited materially or whether he had merely neglected the duty of care that was incumbent on him. My judgement of human character had not deceived me. The man was dismissed on the spot and replaced by Stockinger, who continued to prove his worth.

But the strict regime that he introduced didn't bring him benefit personally. The officials, who had grown accustomed to the laisser-faire attitude of their previous superior, and now were supposed to comply with the more strict regime, did not like him. They placed themselves under the leadership of an engineer with Communist sympathies, whose adherents also included the younger members of the work force, and they placed all manner of obstacles in the path of the man who enjoyed my confidence but the latter continued to tread that path unerringly with back up from myself. I shall have occasion to report about that later on.

Once every year, mainly in the early summer months, Mr. Popper von Artberg participated in such a tour and allowed me to give him the benefit of my knowledge. However keen his understanding was for all matters, it was impossible to expect that he, a man who was a member of so many boards of the most varied branches of industry, could dispose of the corresponding specialist knowledge, and it is a proof of his eminent intelligence, that he didn't seek to create the impression of a know-all either. And so it was on one occasion, when we were walking across the spacious courtyard of a factory we had just inspected, that he took me under the arm after I had explained various things to him, and said with a laugh, "You know how I feel? Just like Serenissimus!"

I also perceived one of my tasks to establish a dialogue with the large companies making up the group, whose rivalry up until then had had the effect of damaging the whole group in a sufficiently bad manner. In this connection my friendly relationship with the head of the second conglomerate in the paper industry, Mr. Tennenbaum, the general director of Neusiedler PLC, stood me in good stead. As already mentioned, my friend Piette also belonged to the latter company as co-executive director of the board of management. I also enjoyed good relationships with other prominent gentlemen from several other companies, with the consequence that some kind of consensus, albeit not of the nature of a cartel, was all the more easier to achieve, in that the whole branch was delighted to see a conciliatory and reliable man at the helm of Leykam, and

was permitted to hope, that it would no longer be exposed to the brutal behaviour it had been accustomed to from that source.

The greatest promoter in the action to create a consensus – which shouldn't be concealed – was, however, the war. As a result of the closing down of entire mills, very often of necessity due to the lack of qualified workers, there soon occurred an appreciable shortage of certain types of paper, with the consequence that not only did the tiresome undercutting of prices cease, but it was rather the case that prices rose as a result of pressure from the customers themselves, who were starved of paper. As a result of this trend, of course – and this also applied to other branches – the appetite of a few industrial leaders to achieve excessive profits was stimulated. In this connection the stomach of colleague Tennenbaum proved to be particularly capable of absorbing great amounts, until there was something of an "upset", when another leading man in the industrial sector was held to account under the provisions of the new draconian law to check the forcing up of prices. It was then that General Director Tennenbaum, who was the president of the association of paper-makers, started to get worried, and called a meeting that was supposed to discuss, how one could counter the danger of being prosecuted for forcing up prices. At that time I had been appointed by the Government as a member of the Central Price Control Commission created to check excessive price increases, and offered my good offices to have confided to me the task of protecting our industrial interests, but I requested and strongly advised that, when working out our prices, we should impose upon ourselves the wise restraints that were the order of the day. Given the apparent fears of our chairman, who was struggling with a bad conscience, I could however also not deny myself the joke of assuring him that, if one of us were to be put behind bars, he could rely on me to visit him in prison. However, things never got that far.

Prior to reporting further about my professional activity, I should like to write about the beginning of my stay in Vienna on a purely personal level. As my family wasn't to move home to Vienna until August, I lived at the Grand Hotel up until that time. Shortly after my departure my wife had to go to Karlsbad on account of a gall bladder condition that had unfortunately also developed in her case and, at the time, Piette was also staying there. Already from her first letters I was persuaded, reading between the lines, that her condition had deteriorated. My uneasiness did not deceive me because, when I tore myself away from my work for a few days and rushed off to Karlsbad, I found my poor wife just beginning to convalesce after a severe episode of jaundice.

On the second evening of my stay we were sitting together having dinner – Piette and a friend of his, the wife of the captain of a battle-ship, were also in our company. It was the 24th May, the day we became engaged, and I raised my glass to my wife with a meaningful look. Ludwig noticed this and wanted to know, what the solemn gesture meant. As it was already evening and it was no longer possible to present a bouquet of flowers, I kept the truth to myself.

The head waiter brought a bottle of champagne after half an hour and my friend rose from his seat to make a toast which, delivered with a sincerity that was his unique hall-mark, brought forth the following confession, "Every day of my life I thank the dear Lord, that he allowed me to become acquainted with my friend Emil and his good wife." Not only he had tears in his eyes.

I have narrated this small episode that goes to the depth of my heart as, even today, I perceive in this declaration of Piette, who was otherwise sparing in the bestowal of such sentiments, the most valuable decoration that has been conferred on me in the whole of my life.

During my "bachelor" days in Vienna I was visited by my son Stefan, who was at the time garrisoned at Stuhlweissenburg as a deputy officer. On the first evening of our stay together I hadn't returned home to the hotel from work until after 10 p.m. and was correspondingly tired, but Stefan didn't want to go to bed yet. I found this to be quite understandable, but I did obtain from him the promise that he would return by 12 p.m. at the latest, as he was supposed to be sleeping in my room, that I would have to leave unlocked. However, when 1 a.m. and then 2 a.m. passed and Stefan had still not returned, my unease grew from minute to minute. I imagined the worst! I got dressed and besieged the night porter, asking him to advise me what steps I could take. He was of the opinion, that there was absolutely no point in reporting a person missing at that time, and said that I would have to wait. In deep despair I returned to my room, and wracked my brain as to a way out of the situation, all the time subject to the wildest premonitions.

At 5 a.m. the door opened and Stefan crept into the room. I pretended to be asleep but quietly shed tears of relief into my pillow. I don't know whether the majority of my tears were shed at the joy of seeing him again or in anger at such a lack of consideration.

When he was getting washed and dressed in the morning, Stefan told me, that he and a few friends had been stopped by a lieutenant, and handed over to a patrol, that marched them off to a military prison, from which they weren't released until getting on for 4 a.m. I shall leave it to Stefan to confirm the above version after reading these lines, or – it's a long time ago now! – to correct it. He will readily be able to believe me however, when I say, that the worry and fright of that night remained in my bones for a very long time afterwards.

When we had moved into our flat on Schwarzenberg Square at the end of August, it was Hans, our youngest son, who caused us some concern. The home-sickness for his home town of Pilsen, that initially befell him, was soon overcome, but not his burning desire to volunteer for military service and go off to the war-front. All mention of the fact that he didn't enjoy a particularly robust constitution and that he had only just reached 17 was useless in the face of the notion that he had fixed in his mind, that it was a disgrace to stand aside and not place oneself at the disposal of the fatherland. And when all the powers of kind persuasion and logical argument had failed and we rejected his pleading with a categorical "No", it was almost our fear that he would become melancholic.

At this point my friend, Ludwig Piette, intervened – he took the boy to task and delivered an exemplary lecture to him, that ended with the question as to how he could reconcile his childish affection for his parents, that he always exhibited in public, with his burdening the latter, who were already concerned for one of their sons, with yet another source of worry. That got through to the boy, and at last brought him to his senses. How he came to be a soldier not all that much later on, will be narrated in due course.

Towards the end of 1915, when we had scarcely moved into our flat, I was paid a visit by my friend, Otto Weissberger, the proprietor of the well-known Kosoluper printing ink factory in Auerbach, Weissberger & Co. I had met him at the Pilsen Association of Manufacturers about six years previously and had come to appreciate his merits. Although we were clear antagonists both politically and nationally - he is a leading Czech and had strong red affinities, at least at that time – our mutual sympathies soon consolidated to form a well-founded friendship.

From the very first day of our acquaintance I recognised in Weissberger not only an upright man but also a man of quite special acumen and well-balanced determination. Future events confirmed

this judgement of him that I had formed so quickly in that, as later successor to my office as head of the Pilsen Association of Manufacturers, he developed the latter into a powerful institution and, as President of the Pilsen Chamber of Commerce, is today one of the prominent figures in the fledging state of Czechoslovakia.

At the time that he visited me in Vienna, Weissberger was a member of the circle that had formed around Professor Massaryk, which had also been joined by the representative poet of the Czech nation, Machar, who at the time was still a senior official with the Vienna Bodencreditanstalt bank.
It was this interesting man that Otto Weissberger now brought along with him to a rendezvous at Café Vindobona, where we – Ludwig Piette was also there – spent several hours of such animation, that we decided to continue the acquaintanceship, which apparently was pleasing to all parties. We were thus looking forward to meeting together a few days later at my new home for an evening meal.

But things turned out differently! Two days prior to the planned supper Machar, who was certainly one of the secret architects of the future state of Czechoslovakia, was arrested at the same time as Dr. Kramar, and charged with high treason.

After his liberation following the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Machar played an outstanding role in the new young Republic.

Following military training, my nephew, Dr. Edwin Grüner, a lawyer in Teplitz, of whom I have already spoken, went off to the front in 1916. He set off with truly childish patriotic enthusiasm. When I was passing through Pilsen shortly afterwards on a trip, and his mother came to welcome me at the station, she informed me excitedly, that Edwin had become a Russian prisoner of war in the very first days of his presence at the front. I congratulated her as, in that way, he was at least safe, even though the lot of a prisoner of war is not an enviable one.

But oh, the news was incorrect! Soldiers on leave from the front reported that the poor boy had been struck by an enemy bullet already on the first day of action, had collapsed severely wounded in a field and had not been seen any more. And so it was that in this dear young man with a heart of gold and great character, who left behind him a young wife and two very young children, we, above all his poor mother, had the first war victim from the ranks of our near relatives to lament.

It must have been in September 1916, when Mr. Prosper von Piette-Rivage visited Ludwig in Vienna with his wife. We spent one Saturday afternoon together having 5 o'clock tea in the hall of the Grand Hotel. In the course of conversation I mentioned, that I intended travelling to Pilsen the following week and Ludwig replied that he would join me. But scarcely had he spoken the last word of his sentence than I saw him turn pale and, in response to my alarmed question, as to whether he didn't feel well, I heard him whisper a scarcely audible "No". The very next moment he collapsed unconscious in his armchair.

Paralysed with fear, I dragged him into an empty side room helped by a waiter, causing a great stir amongst the many guests present. My wife called for vinegar and, once the latter had been applied, our friend soon regained consciousness, with the result that we were then able to take him to his apartment. Mrs. von Piette arranged for a telephone call to be put through to her mother's G.P., Dr. Ferdinand Steiner, asking him to attend at the apartment.

As Ludwig had soon fully recovered and as the doctor, who had by then arrived had calmed him down, he insisted that we should all stay for supper. In making this invitation, his spirits were considerably higher than mine were as, when I asked the doctor outside the door to the apartment in the presence of Prosper to reveal my friend's true diagnosis to me, he did not withhold the information that the patient was suffering from advanced arteriosclerosis and needed to take it easy. When I thereupon enjoined Prosper not to expect his brother to do so much work in the future, and urged him to provide him an assistant and even with a cab for the many journeys he had to undertake, which he at that time had to undertake in crammed trams, he didn't give me a reply, which I took to mean that I shouldn't involve myself in matters that didn't concern me. This heartless behaviour and the fact that he didn't even suggest the things that I had requested to make Ludwig's life easier despite his knowing of his condition, led me to appreciate for the first time the nature of this head of the family, whose self-interest was to be manifested to me at a later occasion in an even more crass manner.

In the winter of 1916/1917 I once again developed an excruciating laryngeal cough, which did not cause me to give up my professional duties, but did however impair my energy and affect my appearance. My wife, therefore, insisted on consulting the doctor – the doctor in question was Dr. Steiner, whom we had met at Piette's. He came to our home on Sunday morning, the 14th January and, after he had checked me over, he also examined our son Hans at the request of my wife, as the former complained of lower abdominal pain and had a green grass complexion. The next day he was supposed to go for his army medical.

When the boy lay down on the couch to be examined, he himself said that he thought that it was something to do with his appendix, with which Dr. Steiner jokingly agreed and pulled out his pocket knife to make the incision straight away. However, after feeling the boy's abdomen for a short time, he became serious and whispered to me, "The boy's right. I strongly urge you to allow me to call in a specialist as I consider that a swift operation is indicated."

Professor Lotheisen was, thus, fetched – he confirmed the diagnosis and insisted on commencing the intervention immediately. An hour later we were all sitting in an ambulance, with poor Hans lying on a stretcher, and at 7 p.m. already he was operated on. It was high time for it to be done.

We suffered a second shock about ten days later when Hans, still in hospital, was suddenly only able to speak in a panting and incomprehensible voice. It was feared, that it could be a case of his powers of speech being permanently disturbed. Fortunately we were, however, also able to avert this disaster by having electro-therapy carried out on his vocal chords.

At this point I should like to mention that Hans, who already as a child was a dreamer and inclined to an idealised view of the world, was active on the literary front. The fruits of his talent, which were described by impartial connoisseurs as extending far beyond the average, were now and again published in magazines and also recited in public. His dramatic works were also very favourably received. His innate modesty held him back from having his works appear in print and I too did not advise this because whilst being convinced of the strength of his talent, I was not, however, convinced of its endurance, and initially wanted to have my son learn a proper profession and leave it to the future, whether the talent that he undoubtedly had would assert itself or not.

Hans was called up for his military medical examination with his operation wound still dressed. He was initially held back for four weeks, but was then called up for training, when he was only

just patched up after his operation. His old dreams had now been fulfilled but by now the keen enthusiasm of old had given way to a more sombre mood.

Our recruit had hardly served for eight weeks when he was taken ill with pulmonary apicitis. Normally this would have been no small cause for concern but I have to confess that we joyfully welcomed the news, because after all it meant his being marched off to the front being delayed, and there was perhaps a possibility of his case being put before the military review board. At the time people were no longer sufficiently enthusiastic about the war to the point of wanting to deliver up their sons to the God of War.

After several weeks in hospital our son was in fact discharged from active duty for an indefinite period of time, without my having in any way "assisted" in the outcome, and was no longer called upon to serve.

So as not to interrupt the chronological sequence of my narrative, I shall now record an episode which must count amongst the most horrific experiences of my life.

General Director Tennenbaum phoned me in my office in the summer of 1917 and wanted to know whether I had already received news on that day about the well-being of Ludwig Piette. As I had not been in touch with him for the last three days due to a particularly heavy work load, I didn't know about his illness at all, and now had to hear the news that he had a high fever. I let everything drop, took a cab and drove to Jacquin Street. There I found my poor Ludwig sitting exhausted in an armchair. His head was crab-red and bathed in cold sweat. Next to him, holding his hand, sat the 17-year-old son of his nephew, Admiral Holub.

Ludwig complained of weakness and severe drowsiness, and one could see that he had a very high temperature. I enquired after the doctor in attendance and was informed that Dr. Steiner was absent and that my friend wasn't satisfied with the doctor standing in for him.

At the beginning of my stay in Vienna I had been taken ill with an extremely upset stomach due to the terrible situation with provisions at the time, in particular the inedible made from maize bread, and I had received very good medical treatment from a doctor recommended by my friend Frank. I therefore had the latter summoned to attend Piette, gave instructions to the latter's man-servant to have me informed immediately by telephone of the doctor's findings, and then took myself off to my office, not without having first soothingly stroked my hand over the glowing cheeks of my dear sick friend.

On returning home for lunch, I sat my three-year-old grandson, who was paying us a visit with his mother, on my knee and fed him his food. At that point the doctor telephoned to inform me, that Mr. von Piette was unfortunately very gravely ill. He went on to say that initially an exact diagnosis couldn't be made, but that he believed, without one's having to take it as being a fact, that it was a case of typhoid fever.

With a cry of shock I let the ear piece of the telephone fall to the ground, and it wasn't until quite some time had passed, that I found the strength to listen to the doctor again, and to approve the latter's suggestion that we should call in the well known Professor Ortner for a consultation.

My wife saw my shock and dismay and gradually got me to repeat the terrible diagnosis. We were all paralysed with shock! Even though I had washed my hands on returning home, as was my

custom, it was with the very hand that I had caressed my grand-child, that I had a short time previously stroked the cheeks of the gravely ill patient, and had also extended in greeting to my wife and children. I could already envisage us all in the isolation barracks and, even worse, succumbing to the dreaded plague without hope of salvation.

In the middle of this torment and despair the telephone rang out again. Admiral Holub's wife had by now heard the dreaded news from the manservant Albert, and was phoning to ask what she should in God's name do. In my mind's eye I could literally see her wringing her hands in despair, as her only child had too sat hand in hand with the patient who had been struck down with this horrible illness.

My wife, who in such situations was always the level-headed one, gave the Admiral's wife suggestions what to do, and arranged with her to wait for Professor Ortner outside Ludwig's house that afternoon.

When he saw the worried ladies approaching him on emerging from the house, he said that Mr. von Piette was indeed seriously ill, but that there was no sign of typhoid fever and that it was rather a case of measles, which at an advanced age is always a reason for concern.

I have never lived through such desperate hours in my life, neither beforehand nor afterwards, but also I have never experienced such a liberating feeling of joy as I did on receiving this news.

It is not in my nature to bear a grudge but even today I am unable to forgive the doctor, who exposed us to such a terrible shock with such an irresponsible absence of conscience and consideration to such an act of inhumanity. It is, however, interesting that my wife doubted the doctor's findings when I described Ludwig's condition to her and expressed the opinion that it would be a case of measles.

After weeks of anxiety my friend had at last recovered and I was allowed to go and see him again for the first time at the botanical gardens that were adjacent to his apartment. However, he didn't seem to have completely overcome the illness as more than ever he exhibited the symptoms of arteriosclerosis.

Prior to reverting to business matters again, I should like to report on the rest of 1917 and the following year 1918, which was a fateful year in many respects.

Our nephew Richard visited us in October with his mother. He came in the uniform of a Bavarian lieutenant; a great number of medals decorated his chest, and the Iron Cross 1st Class contrasted with his childish face. When I crossed the road with him, people turned their heads. In his youthful person Richard, who was my father's definite favourite grandson, united all the good qualities, which a kind fate could bestow upon one of God's children: he was exceptionally clever, he was very handsome and eloquent and, coupled with all those qualities, he was the essence of modesty. Twice wounded, he was richly decorated with military medals, and could pride himself on possessing a letter written in the hand of his general, in which the latter thanked the young officer for having led his unit with exemplary courage right through the middle of hostile enemy fire.

However glowing his patriotism was – oh, if he could only have imagined, how it was to be rewarded by the grateful Fatherland 15 years later! – he was nonetheless only too conscious at that time already, that the war definitively lost for us. With bitter despondency he told me of

the weariness and hopelessness of the German troops, of the poor quality of the reinforcements and of how destructive elements were mingled in amongst the men.

Precisely in view of this dismal situation, I lectured him, how very much it had to be his sacred duty toward his parents, who were consumed by worry, to now apply for a somewhat more secure position, as he had in truth sufficiently given proof of his bravery and repeatedly shed his blood for his Fatherland. My wife also implored him to reflect, that he was the only son and the pride and hope of his parents, and appealed to his filial love for his parents. Richard promised to do all that was possible – but he was young and, for all the affection he had for his parents, his Germany stood on a higher pedestal than anything else for him.

On the 23rd March 1918 my father-in-law closed his dear good eyes for the last time, after having been physically fit up until quite recently, and having remained mentally remarkably fresh up until the very last moment of his life. He died at the grand old age of 91½, and notwithstanding all too early for us all, on whom he had bestowed infinite quantities of the most tender love and affection. I believe that it wasn't until after his death that my two youngest sons learnt that he was their mother's stepfather, i.e. not their real grandfather. However, that only served to deepen even more their love and respect for him, as we all hold the memory of this true patriarch sacred and preserve it faithfully.

When we returned home from the grave of our dearly departed relative, I said that our boys out on the front had now lost a loyal intercessor, advocating their interests in heaven. That was on the 25th March.

On the 4th April I was staying in Nestersitz visiting my children. In the evening Eugen spoke a few kind words on the occasion of my birthday the following day and toasted my health with a glass of Rhine wine. The very same moment I received a telephone call from Nuremberg and heard the dreadful, incomprehensible news: Richard had fallen in action on the 25th March as a result of a head wound! Perhaps in the very same moment that we bore his "intercessor" to his grave.

Precisely at this moment in time I do not intend to describe what oceans of tears were shed for this treasured, young life.

My wife, who altogether tends to have an occult view of life, is a firm believer in the law that bad luck comes in threes. And unfortunately the facts were to prove that she was only too right. The dreadful year of 1918 was to inflict a third severe wound on my heart.

At the end of July Ludwig Piette set off for Freiheit for four weeks. He didn't like going there, as the raw air of the Reisengebirge Mountains didn't do him any good, as he used to tell me. All my persuasion that he should refrain from going collapsed in the face of his objection that his brother Prosper was ill.

On his journey to Freiheit he spent a day in Prague, met my sons Eugen and Hans there by chance, with whom he took lunch and also told them that he didn't feel at all well and that he was fearful of the impending stay in Freiheit.

A few days later I learnt that Ludwig had been taken severely ill there with a fever and was confined to his bed. I phoned every day, full of concern for him. In reply to my ever more

insistent questions as to whether I might not visit my friend, I always received the reply from Prosper that my visit might harm the patient.

On the evening of the 14th I received the news of the departure from life of that most noble of men. In the same way that this friendship, that had lasted 27 years and had never clouded, was glorious, so was its abrupt end a bitter blow to me.

When I arrived in Freiheit two days later in the company of His Excellency Admiral Holub, Prosper put his arm around me and kissed me, and asked me to now transfer the friendship I had had for his dearly departed brother to himself. In this painful moment I had forgotten his behaviour from the previous year. Had I however known, what I wasn't to learn until my return home, I would have truly refused both his kiss and his embrace!

Ludwig Piette's mortal remains lie buried in the small forest cemetery opposite the place where he was an actor on the stage of life. He lives on within me, and not until I draw my last breath will the feeling of gratitude expire for the divine gift of a friendship as is bestowed upon few men.

When I set out on the journey home in the evening in the company of my son Eugen and a few friends from Pilsen, and was forced to spend the night at Trautenau, I sat down for a while to talk to the nurse, who had looked after Ludwig, in order to ask her about the last hours of the dearly departed. She then proceeded to narrate, how the sick man had often asked for his friend Emil, but how Prosper had declined his wish and had just held out false hopes to him. And the good nurse, who did not know who I was, carried on to say, "An hour prior to his death the patient wanted to get up and dress, saying that he had to go home. I said to him, "But you are at home, Mr. von Piette," as I didn't realise that he was only a guest there. He replied, "No, my home is Vienna." And when I then said to calm him, "You cannot go on a journey now, Mr. von Piette, you must first regain your strength", he lay back patiently on his bed and, after a while, quite clearly said, "In that case then, I shall wait for Emil." That was his last word, and then the dear man closed his eyes forever."

And so it was that, profoundly shocked and moved, I had to learn that my friend had breathed the last breath of his noble life with my name upon his lips.

But the pain of my loss and of this knowledge could not restrain the storm of outrage that raged within me as a result of this odious behaviour on the part of Prosper. I can only speculate, why he opposed the wish of his dying brother and refused mine. Apparently this hard-baked egoist had feared, that the ill man would express certain wishes to me with regard to changing his last will and testament, and perhaps even, that I myself might try to influence him in favour of some other third party or institution. And so it was that the judgement, which I had in the past formed about Prosper Piette's character, was once and for all sealed.

I feel duty bound to point out that my friend wanted to talk to me about his last will on repeated occasions but that I equally as often declined to do so. A certain jealousy his family had about our friendship made me cautious. In the event of my outliving Ludwig, I wanted to be immune to the accusation, that I had influenced him in favour of or against one or other member of his family. Perhaps it wasn't right of me; perhaps I ought to have advised in the one or other point.

The disastrous year of 1818! Shortly after the death of my friend the great debacle commenced. The old Austria we had known collapsed.

My son Stefan, who was at home on leave during those fateful days, was on the point of rejoining his regiment, when the process of the disintegration of the Army was in full flow. I of course opposed his departure, which at this critical moment I had to describe as pure madness. Stefan cited his duty and the consequences of his neglecting it, and it wasn't until his colonel, who was by chance also staying in Vienna at the time, drew to his attention to the senselessness of such a journey into chaos, that he complied with my wishes.

I tried to secure him employment at the Bankverein bank so that he would not be without occupation. As the manager of the Pilsen branch of Länderbank, Dr. Kress, had assured me at the time that Stefan was predestined for a career in banking, it had been my intention in any event to let him take that path in life. Self-evidently I got in touch with the top man at the Bankverein bank, Mr. von Popper-Artberg. The latter explained to me that he would certainly not reject my request, if that was what I really wanted, and that he would moreover endeavour to secure a position for Stefan in spite of all the difficulties that existed at that time. (It was the period at that time when officials were calling for rights of self-determination and would not suffer new appointments). He however strongly advised me in a cordial manner not to have my son take up this career and certainly not in Vienna, where he said that many of the existing banks would be forced to close their doors to business in view of the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

I must confess that this attitude on the part of Popper, who was always at pains to behave towards me as a friend, annoyed me, as I looked upon it as a clear refusal. And I had to remain all the more vexed when soon afterwards ever new banks came into existence, and it would have been easy for me to secure employment for Stefan in one of them with good pay and preferential conditions of service, if he had not in the meantime made himself at home in Nestersitz.

It only gradually emerged, how correct, the wise and far-sighted man's prophecy had been, even though he certainly couldn't have anticipated the catastrophic collapse of some of the largest banks, that had enjoyed the very best of reputations world-wide.

In the same way that I passed over the horrors and terrors of the four years of butchery that was the First World War, and refrained from narrating the effects they produced, as it is not intended to be the aim of this review of my life to add to it my reflections on the events on the world stage, so it is my intention to confine myself in the so-called years of peace that followed to simply listing the events that I found remarkable.

After the conclusion of peace there was certainly no reduction in the work-load that had borne down on me during the previous years, as it was now a question of disentangling and bringing order to the situation that had become particularly complicated for precisely the companies for which I was responsible as a result of the break up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Symptomatic of the sense of helplessness that generally prevailed at the time, it should not be forgotten how even the great powers were frightened by the chaos they had created by tearing apart the old economic zone that had been the Austro-Hungarian Empire. And so it was that they dispatched a Commission made up of first-rate American, English and French politicians skilled in economic matters to Vienna in spring 1919, which was supposed to throw Austrian industry a so-called lifeline.

This Commission summoned six experts from the ranks of Austrian industry for interrogation, which took place at a session convened at the old Hofburg castle. That I was one of the select few, earned me the envy of many a captain of industry. As to the effect of this gathering of expert information, that was certainly undertaken at the expense of old Austria, I have to state, that it justified in full my expectations that had been set at zero. Who in the world could have been so strong and so capable as to find a way out of the confusion that had been created by the ignorance of the politicians? Even today the saviour is still not in sight.

When the wave of Bolshevism, that came with the disintegration of the state, threatened to flood the whole system of social order, the folk from Gratwein, of whose resistance against the superior they disliked I have already narrated, also believed that their time had come, and they used the latter, Stockinger, as an object of attack.

Following my having dismissed several denunciations, of whose total lack of foundation I had been able to convince myself, I received a telephone call from Stockinger one morning, reporting to me, that the officials, supported by a large number of workers, had blocked his access to his office and the factory and had threatened his life.

I instructed him to come to Vienna by the next train to provide me with a more detailed report. This order saved him from certain death, because the very same evening a hundred-strong, fanatical mob set out for his villa, mounted ladders against its walls, climbed through the windows and searched through the house for Stockinger from the cellars up to the attic, not knowing of his departure and crying out wildly, "In the river with him!" As so often happened at the time, there can be no doubt that the fiendish mob wanted to drown him in the raging waters of the River Mur that passed close to his villa.

When this was reported to me the following morning, I ordered the immediate closure of the whole factory. The workers were locked out.

Negotiations, that commenced very quickly between the organisations representing the parties to the dispute, resulted in a commission being convened at Gratwein for about a week after the above mentioned incident, on which all parties were equally represented, and whose task was to deliberate in open session on the violent way in which the office executive had been obstructed from carrying out his duties and on the lock-out that I had imposed.

Despite repeated urgent warnings, particularly on the part of the concerned factory management, that I shouldn't personally go to Gratwein, that was solely populated by the excited workers, or at least that I shouldn't spend the night in my usual lodgings there, as was my wont, I set off to Gratwein on the evening prior to the hearing that had been arranged with the Central Director, Mr. Schilde and took up lodgings in a flat in the proximity of the factory. Although we arrived towards midnight and drove in an open car, we arrived at our goal unharmed.

The hearing itself, however, passed off with far greater excitement. The Commission was in possession of a file of charges and accusations from the "Workers' Council" occupying 38 pages and listing in length Stockinger's alleged transgressions.

It was a work dictated by such malice and hypocrisy, and also however childish naivety, that its contents couldn't even have been defended by the workers' representatives, who were Social Democrat Members of Parliament.

The staging of what was for me an unforgettable comedy of a hearing was, however, worthy of a playwright like Reinhardt!

At the beginning of the hearing, at about 2 p.m., roughly 50 people were present, men, women and youths. The large room which was normally used for festive occasions seemed virtually empty. The number of spectators had grown to more than 100 by 4 p.m., by 6 p.m. the crowd had swollen to at least 500 and an hour later there were certainly twice as many.

This mass of humanity seemed to be controlled by some sort of master producer. Every catchword deployed by the workers' secretary, who delivered his opening statement with an incredible degree of pathos, was accompanied by a storm of outrage and, if the ashen, pale Stockinger rose to speak a word in his defence, it was lost in howls of rage and frenzied protests and a hundred fists were raised threateningly in his direction. The situation became ever more critical, until finally the chairmen invited the members of the Commission to withdraw for consultations, in which I was also invited to take part.

I had long come to the realisation that Stockinger, surrounded by such venom, could impossibly remain at his post in the long term, but on the other hand it was clear to me, that under no circumstances could I capitulate for reasons of prestige. I therefore made a compromise proposal to the effect that the Commission should find, that there was no evidence whatsoever of any wrong-doing on the part of the office executive, but that the antipathy towards him was such that it hardly seemed possible that he and the work-force could work together in a fruitful manner in the long term, and that the Commission should thus accept the proposal of the general management, that Mr. Stockinger would be transferred to another location after a quarter of a year at the latest, provided that up until that time the officials and workers would guarantee that he would be allowed to carry out his office unmolested.

This solution was particularly warmly welcomed by all members of the Commission and was then announced to the assembled spectators by the workers' secretary, who had by then been informed too, with an emphatic recommendation that it should be accepted. As if commanded, all of them put their hands up, and the chairman noted that in consequence all the impediments to a resumption of work had now been removed.

With that it seemed that the nasty conflict, which had been rich in dramatic moments, was at an end. I now went on to announce, to the applause of the spectators, that work would resume on the day after next, but that Stockinger wouldn't resume his duties until a week had elapsed, which he should dedicate to recovering his mental and emotional equilibrium.

The resumption of work at the factory passed off in an orderly manner, and total peace reigned. However, contrary to all expectation, I received a telephone call from Stockinger on the morning that he was to resume his duties to the effect that, in contravention of the agreement that had been concluded, the works council was once again denying him access to the factory and his office.

I caught the next train to Gratwein, where I had the works council immediately report to me so that I could give expression to my outrage at what had happened in no uncertain terms. After I had spent quite some time probing for the reasons behind this flagrant breach of promise, I learnt that the works council had distrusted my binding undertaking to recall Stockinger after a quarter of a year at the latest, and had rather considered it to be a manoeuvre to lull the workers into a false sense of triumph.

But now my patience was at an end, and I didn't conceal my indignation at the fact that persons, who could break their word in this way, should dare to doubt that I would stand by a guarantee that I had given. Contrary to my accustomed calm, I banged my fist in anger on the table, and added that, under no circumstances, was I prepared to continue negotiations with the works council and would close production down again if I wasn't in possession of a declaration from the works council within the hour to the effect that it saw the wrong of its ways and was willing to put matters right without further delay. I emphatically announced my firm intention of dismissing the entire workforce, both officials and workers, if there was any further opposition to the office executive, however slight.

I was in possession of the declaration I had demanded after only half an hour had elapsed and, on the following morning, was personally able to install Stockinger in his office again. I recalled him prior to the expiry of the deadline that had been set and sent him to our factory in Pitten.

Not long after these dramatic events my personal intervention was required at the Yugoslavian Josefstal (now Vevce) factory, where exaggerated wage demands were being made.

I set off to Laibach, the location for the wage negotiations that had been planned. And found a grotesque situation there. The workers were divided into two camps, which were decidedly hostile to one another, the one led by the social democrats and the other by the church. Each side wanted to outdo the other in terms of its achievements, and neither side was prepared to allow the other an advantage that had been gained. Each side aimed at gaining more supporters by extracting concessions from us. This went so far, that the socialist trades-union leader took me on one side, and whispered to me, that I didn't need to give in to the demands of the "others" which went too far. In fact the representative of the other group in question, which had a Christian Socialist bias, was by far the more radical of the two. I can still see him clearly in my mind's eye – he was a young priest with the disposition of a zealot, whose ardent gaze stared out from an ascetically pale face. Totally inaccessible to all rational argument, he went so far as to threateningly shout in my direction that, if I didn't comply with his demands, Bolshevism could very easily ensue based on the Russian model, and put an end to my regime in a manner that would be as swift as it would be thorough. To the amusement of those present, I replied, "Reverent Sir, pray to God that that doesn't happen, because, if it does, there can be no doubt, that you would have to precede me along the involuntary path to your destruction."

This observation seemed to bring the young fanatic to his senses, as we immediately came to a sensible agreement. (See annexe.)

Following the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire there was also a need to proceed to a corresponding re-organisation of the group.

Above all the question of the Josefstal (now Vevce) and Zwischenwassern (now Mezimosti) factories near to Laibach, which were now located on sovereign Yugoslavian territory, had to be solved. We were already given to understand by the new young state shortly after the collapse, that they would have to insist on "nationalising" the two factories. As at the same time interested parties there had reported their interest in acquiring the factories, it was clear to us, that the official sounds coming from the new state had to be interpreted as a clear hint to come to some kind of deal with these interested parties. The advocates of the interested group

in question were two prominent politicians, the Mayor of Laibach and Dr. Triller, the President of Laibach Credit Bank.

The negotiations were conducted at the Bankverein bank and were based on the idea of surrendering 51% of the new share capital to the purchasers, whilst 49% was to remain in our possession. We were to be placed under an obligation to provide the enterprise with technical and commercial assistance over the next five years.

When President Popper summoned me to attend the preliminary negotiations that had already progressed a long way and informed me of the take-over price that was being held out as a possibility, I clasped my hands above my head in horror and declared that I didn't intent accepting responsibility for such a deal under any circumstances. I demanded a purchase price at least 50% higher, and gave expression to my view, that even such a price was actually only being extorted from us. Mr. von Popper said that "I never got enough" but, when the gentlemen from Slovenia very soon agreed to my price, it became clear to him, that I had not at all over-shot the mark. He was highly delighted about this success of mine, without of course thinking of offering me some kind of recognition for it. In return I was very soon able to pocket a moral reward. When, namely, the preparations for the constitution of the new joint stock company and its board of management tool place in Laibach, Dr. Triller was nominated as President and I as deputy president. When I submitted my report to Mr. von Popper about this, he did not shrink from demanding the cancellation of the decision in question, as he was of the opinion that he should lay claim to the position of deputy president for reasons of prestige. I replied coolly that he should get in touch with the relevant office about his concerns. He did so too but, without my having raised as much as a finger, the gentlemen did not take note of his wishes, and elected me unanimously. This brutal demonstration on Mr. von Popper's part of his unbounded ambition, coupled with a downright tactless ingratitude, left me with a sharp thorn in my skin to nurse.

Soon, however, I was to collect even more bitter experiences.

At that time it was a question of obtaining compensation from somewhere or other for the Podgora factory that had been destroyed by the War.

Already during the War, when Görz was "still in our possession" and then later on again "in our possession", I very often had to undertake trips to Podgora, as I was a member of the "Committee for the Reconstruction of the Town of Görz" that had been set up by the Government. When I arrived there the first time after the town had been re-occupied by our troops, the hoards of thousand upon thousand rats, of which our soldiers recounted shuddering tales, had deserted the unfortunate town again. But there was not one single house that had not been damaged by shell-fire. I found lodgings in one of the few rooms of the Hotel Post that was reasonably inhabitable. But there were no sheets on the mattresses and, when I asked the chambermaid for a towel, she nearly laughed at me for my pretentious airs and graces.

On the other hand I was most agreeably surprised, when we found a most excellent, opulent lunch prepared for us on a beautifully laid table in that self same looted hotel, that we enjoyed with particular relish after our strenuous work session, long deprived as we were of such culinary delights. But oh, the meal was not intended for us! When we had paid our bill, it emerged that the dinner had been ordered for another committee that was meeting in Görz at the same time and was still about its work. Although we were completely innocent of this mistake, we departed from that place of despair forthwith, leaving the publican and waiters behind at a total loss, and

imagining in our minds the long faces of the poor hungry committee members, whose tasty bits we had eaten away from under their noses.

The point of our committee all too soon came to an end: Görz once again fell into Italian hands. And then, when the war was over, the purpose of my trips to the town were mainly to take part in discussions with the official receiver appointed by the Italian authorities and to discuss protective measures for the machines that had sustained no damage.

The access to the factory located on the left bank of the River Isonzo was via a chain-supported footbridge suspended high over the river. I use the term "suspended" advisedly as a good half of the bridge had been blown up and lay in the gorge that gaped beneath the bridge. The engineers had replaced it by a lightweight hanging scaffold without any hand-rails, that at every step swayed to such an extent, that only one person at a time could venture the approximately 100 paces that made up the daring crossing, thus avoiding having the bridge sway in too alarming a manner. This torso of a bridge with the unpleasant crossing it provided was not the sole inconvenience involved in visiting the factory premises. Hundred upon hundred of shells about 70 cm in height and still of Austrian origin were neatly stored row upon row in the factory's large, deep and extensive warehouses, that still had roofs and from which the significant stores of paper had long since been taken as welcome booty. When I was once in these warehouses with the Central Director, Mr. Schilde – the same man, whom I had once sought to engage for Nestersitz and whom I had then taken on at Leykam – a terrible storm brew up in the skies above us, which forced us to take flight immediately. If lightning had struck the warehouse, our flight as such would, of course, not have saved us from certain death, as in that case the whole of the surrounding area together with Gorz itself would have gone up in the air. The next time I went there, Italian soldiers were occupied removing the shells one at a time in wheelbarrows to dispose of them at sea.

At the heart of the group's administration the question was now being aired as to whether we should now reconstruct the factory located on Italian territory and start up production there. I spoke out decisively against the idea, as it could easily be predicted, that the reconstruction of the ruins in question and the restoration of the machines, that for the most part had corroded – the antiquated, irrational steam plant would have to be completely replaced – would not have cost a lot less than a new, modern factory, and that a company in Austria ownership would have had to fight against a thousand difficulties placed in its path by the Government, and also against the national aversion on the part of the Italian customers.

To convince the President how insane it would be to realise the project that had been put on the table, I arranged for him to visit the pile of ruins with me. We spent the first night of the journey in Trieste, and then drove to Podgora in a car that was placed at our disposal by the well-known ship owner, Mr. Cosulich. When Mr. von Popper made his first step on the planks of the swaying substitute bridge, that had no hand-rail, he withdrew his foot, and having seen the gorge of the River Isonzo below him, called out to me, who had already gone ahead, that he had no intention whatsoever of venturing across this insanely dangerous construction. I thus rejoined him, and we then crossed the river by car to the other bank using a bridge several kilometres away and, from there, proceeded to the factory, whose condition fully convinced the President of the correctness of my views.

On the return journey to Trieste we were received by Mr. Cosulich in Monfalcone, where he showed us around his company's gigantic shipyard.

We had only been back in Vienna a few days, when I was informed by Baron Lippe, that an Italian major had been in touch with him, stating that he could name a buyer for the Podgora factory, who was prepared to offer 500,000.– lire for it lock stock and barrel. The commission demanded by the major for introducing the buyer was 10%. Lippe carried on to inform me that, on the basis of the personal impression he had gained, President Popper was not disinclined to accept this offer.

I couldn't believe my ears as, leaving aside the question of the value of the land, the offer was derisory to the point of virtually being offensive, as the factory still had an intact hydro-electric plant capable of producing 1000 HP, one paper machine that was similarly undamaged and other machines. I thus declined to take part in negotiations on the offer as I didn't want to be implicated in such squandering of the group's assets. And that was an end to the matter.

Shortly afterwards I had to travel down to Trieste for another meeting, the fourth one in a space of five weeks. These journeys in winter, in unheated and unlighted railway carriages, whose windows were in the main smashed, placed no inconsiderable demands on my powers of endurance, given that the journey lasted for 30 hours and more.

Dr. Armin Brunner, the well-known Trieste textile manufacturer, was also taking part in the meeting, as it was all about the common interests of owners of property that had been damaged by the war. He was a leading figure at the time, and his largest Italian factory, which was of course equally damaged by shell fire as ours, was situated on the other side of the River Isonzo right opposite our factory.

I was sitting next to him at table at the lunch we all had together. In the course of our conversation I asked him in passing, whether he might possibly be interested in acquiring our factory, as his was to be reconstructed and he would be able to transfer the substantial hydro-electric power we owned across the river without any significant loss of power and at a small cost. The fact that he was rather taken aback clearly enough betrayed his lively interest in the proposition, and, after recovering his composure he enquired after the price. I replied that, after we had removed all our machines and other apparatus, excluding of course the turbine, the price we would demand would be $1\frac{1}{4}$ million lire. He found the price too high, but he wanted to enter further negotiations.

The said negotiations were commenced shortly afterwards in Vienna, and then continued in Trieste, terminating in Dr. Brunner purchasing the factory along the lines of my offer for 1 million lire. The solemnity of the hospitality offered to us first by Brunner's father, and then by his father-in-law, the latter in a feudal, glorious villa, located high above the sea, led me to fear almost, that I had been too low in the price I had asked.

When I then went on to sell the paper machine to the General Director of Cartiera Massilianico, Mr. Zerboni, and too old pulp boilers to Polser paper mill, which was also owned by the Italians, for a total of around 500,000.— lire, and in addition had other valuable machines delivered to our own factories, I felt that I could be really proud of my success, and I also earned warm words of praise from the President. Words are, of course, as cheap as blackberries! But the President's words encouraged me to approach Baron Lippe, Popper's secretary, with whom I had a good relationship despite many a difference of opinion, with the question, whether my prestige would in any way be impaired by submitting a request to the group's administration to award me commission of 5% for my part in implementing the sale. I asked him to express his opinion to me frankly and that I would act in accordance with that opinion.

Mr. von der Lippe declared emphatically that he considered such a claim all the more justified, as I had saved the group from squandering its assets and as Popper intended paying the Italian major 10% commission on one third of the sale proceeds. And he offered his good office to acquaint Mr. von Popper with my request.

The latter requested my attendance the very next day. He received me great civility, which in his relationship with me he incidentally never ignored in contrast to his otherwise arrogant behaviour, and said, "Lippe has informed me of your request. However, as I know you to be a gentleman and a man of the finest sensibilities, I am unable to believe that you are being serious. It wouldn't be at all consistent with your position as General Director to have yourself paid separately for this transaction, even though it was carried out so advantageously to the group."

I replied that, prior to making my request, I had sought calming reassurance from prominent individuals, that I was not damaging my reputation by doing so. I went on to point out as well that, in other situations, he had left to me myself the task of upholding my prestige. On the other hand, however, I permitted myself to put to him the question of conscience, whether during the time he acted as a director he had always stood firm in the face of such or similar "temptations" and whether, in my position, he would have been more modest in his claims.

Mr. von Popper replied to this with just a smile, which passed into a moment of short reflection, and then said, patting me jovially on the hands, "Well then, dear friend, let's say 2%."

I thought that I had been given a blow on the head, but I composed myself quickly, and dismissed the tactful offer with the words, "The very fact of your having stressed my sensitivity should have kept you from "bargaining" with me. I also do not believe that the damage you feel is being done to my honour depends on the level of the percentage rate. Be that as it may, I ask you to take note that I waive the right to any commission." Having said which, I left the bemused potentate of the banking world, having added to my list of bitter experiences.

The cup of exasperation that was mine to hold was full to the brim. However, I wouldn't have yet given thought to drawing the final conclusion, as I had done once before, if it hadn't been for the fact that several other events, which made my work, which was already difficult enough, more difficult, had not made me all too tired.

Here seems the right place to record a few of the difficulties that were put in my way. In doing so, however, I do not want to conceal that now and again Popper rose to make a friendly gesture in the form of a small gift.

One fine day he phoned me to enquire whether I considered the share value of K 350.— (we are still speaking in terms of old Austrian crowns) for the Heinrichsthaler shares to be tempting enough to unload a small part of the share portfolio that we possessed. I considered the share value quoted to be too low, and requested him under no circumstances to reduce our holding, which was in any way small, even if a better share value were to be quoted in future. By way of a joke I added that, if he was bent on making a profit, he should off-load 200 of the shares in question to me. "At what rate?" he enquired. I replied with a laugh, "I thought the one you quoted me." After a very short pause he said, "Unfortunately that is not possible, I can only bill you K300.—a piece for them." I thanked him for his concession with great surprise, in reply to which Popper rose to uttering the particularly valuable words of praise, "You deserve it!" coming as they did from a mouth which was very mean in that respect.

Although the sale never took place, the intention behind it wouldn't, however, leave me in peace any more, and I thus urged the President to use a relatively small part of our cash funds (the group's large debts had been paid off a long time previously) to acquire further Heinrichsthaler shares up until such time that we had obtained a clear majority. I was preaching to deaf ears. When I pointed out that people might find out with what a small share holding we controlled the company, and that some other large paper trader or some other person or institution would be able to seize control from us by acquiring a quite large block of shares, he replied that I was worrying unnecessarily.

Let me mention one of the above-mentioned incidents that paralysed my joy for work – one that caused me great annoyance, but which ended in satisfaction for me.

When I took up office in 1915 all insurance policies on the factories were submitted to a thorough review for reasons of economy, and we did in fact achieve a substantial reduction in the yearly premiums we had to pay. In 1919, however, when the currency, the crown, had suffered an appreciable devaluation both here in Austria and also in Czechoslovakia, it seemed to me to be the order of the day to increase insurance cover accordingly. Instead of ordering this myself without further ado, I first made my views known to Baron Lippe. That was a mistake in the same way as I altogether have to reproach myself the fact that I all too often consulted the President's "liaison officer", apparently in part to shift part of the responsibility that weighed so heavily on my shoulders, although I had long since realised that, although a brilliant administrator and accountant, he was lacking in the generosity required of an industrialist.

Lippe really did resist my plans to revalue the insurance policies too and was deaf to all arguments. I wanted to avoid causing annoyance by confronting him with a fait accompli and therefore enquired again of him, whether he had converted to my views, as I had to come to a decision. When he again replied in the negative, I wrote to the President, that I didn't consider it consistent with the dignity and prerogative of a General Director and executive board member to be inhibited in his ability to issue orders by objections of the nature in question on the part of another board member, and that I was obliged to request that a change in thinking be brought about.

Baron Lippe appeared in my office the following morning at 9 a.m. already complaining about my brusque approach in the matter, assured me of his being friendly disposed towards me and requested that I should issue orders in the matter of the insurance policies, as I saw fit. I for my part explained to him the impossibility of being inhibited in my work in such a way and the rest of our discussion served to bring about a genuine reconciliation. When he was still present, however, I called in our insurance expert, Nicolai, and gave the latter instructions to increase all our insurance policies by 150% in value. I expressed the particular wish that this revaluation should be carried out without delay for the Heinrichsthal factory, as it appeared to me that this factory, which was constructed like a rabbit warren, was particularly at risk. And when Nicolai promised that the necessary letter would be submitted to me for signature that afternoon, I replied in a very definite voice, "Not this afternoon! It is my wish that the letter to the insurance company be laid before me for signature immediately, so that it is in their possession prior to 12 a.m.

When Nicolai had left us, Baron Lippe asked me with a laugh, why I was in such a hurry. I replied, "Because I have no faith in the devil, and there could be a fire at Heinrichsthal today." He shook his head at my hyper-caution.

The following morning I discovered a telegram on my office table that had arrived that very moment from Heinrichsthal, containing the following text, "Pulp mill burnt to the ground last night."
It was fortunate that at that time not even the idea of ignition from a distance was known about, as otherwise I would hardly have been able to dismiss the suspicion that I had helped the flames a little in order to draw attention to the justification for my caution, albeit in a rather too glaring manner.

Following the incidents narrated earlier on I did not make use of the favourable opportunity to rid myself of my burden, as already pointed out, despite my embitterment. I still wanted to stay at my post, even though my wife and children strongly urged me not to expose my health to such heavy pressure any longer on the one hand, and on the other hand to rather apply my energies and experience to our own business. But I simply had the feeling that I shouldn't yet leave Leykam PLC, even though it had already overcome all its difficulties and, since having done so, once again stood its ground as a healthy organisation.

Suddenly, however, in May 1920 alarming symptoms of fatigue made themselves noticeable, which necessitated my being taken out of the harness for a longer period of time at as early a date as possible. Privy Councillor Steiner, the doctor who was brought in for advice, even insisted on my giving up work immediately and, when I explained that it was my intention to commence my holidays in a month's time at the latest, he said in his drastic manner, "Okay, but by that time we may have a fine corpse."

On hearing this however, I handed in my notice with all due calm, and didn't retract it, even when Director Popper offered me a quite extraordinary remuneration, the level of which by far exceeded the commission I had claimed in that past incident. I asked to be allowed to retire at the end of July, but commenced my holidays in the middle of May already. The latter led me in the direction of the tranquil spa of Franzensbad in the company of my wife, where the famous steel baths soon restored my nerves.

From there we went to spend a few days with our children in Nestersitz, where the joy afforded me by the intellectual progress my grandson Peter, who was at the time six, had made, contributed in no small measure to my revived enjoyment of life. I would not like an amusing episode from that time and its sequel, which didn't occur until later on, to be missed from this "family chronicle", and I therefore intend to narrate it at this point prior to continuing my report.

Towards evening little Peter came to fetch me and his father from the office. As was my custom I made my way home through the various buildings of the factory and it may have been that, in passing, I issued some little order or other or found something to criticise. When we had arrived in the garden and were walking towards the villa, the cheeky boy enquired, "Grandfather, how is it that you give the commands? The mill belongs to my father!"

My son explained things to him instead of me, stating that half belonged to Grandfather, and that it was only thanks to Grandfather that the other half belonged to him.

By that time we had arrived at the house and Peter accompanied me to my bedroom. The whole thing was occupying his mind; his thirst for knowledge had not yet been sated, and he went on to enquire, "Grandfather, does half the villa belong to you too?" – "Of course," I replied, "and you

are standing in my half at the moment, so out with you!" – The child understood the joke and remained laughing at my side. But the matter occupied his thoughts for a long time to come. About three years later I was again staying in Nestersitz during the period of Fasching. It was Saturday evening, my children had been invited to a ball and Peter was given permission to keep me company until 10 p.m. As he had shown interest in technical matters from a very early age, he used the time very thoroughly to pick my knowledge about all manner of machines. Suddenly, however, he diverted from the subject, pointed at a young Alsatian dog his father had bought him a few weeks previously, and asked jokingly, "Does half of Axel belong to you as well, Grandfather?" – "But, of course," I replied emphatically. – "And what half do you have in mind actually, the front or the rear?"

Needless to say, I was even less prepared for this question than for the previous one, but replied after some quick thinking, "The rear," so as to be able to point out, in the event of being asked why, that ham could be made from the rear.

But Peter had no further questions to ask, but said with a laugh and his index finger raised in the air towards me, "You're a clever one, Grandfather. You want the rear half, because the front half eats. Two kilos of rice a week!"

But now I shall return to those days in July 1920. As I was still in need of rest, we went, on leaving Nestersitz, to a small hotel in an isolated location of the idyllic high forest area of Bohemian Switzerland near to Herrenskretschen, where we spent a restful time and could be frequently visited by our family in Nestersitz. The hotel was called Reinwiese.

It was the marvellous walks in the extensive forests that finally brought about my real recovery. On these walks I was very often accompanied by Mr. Fritz Weinmann, the second son of the coal baron I have already mentioned, who had been trained in economics. On our arrival at the hotel he had just settled in there with his young wife, whom he had recently married. In him I got to know and appreciate an extraordinarily intelligent young man, with the consequence that there was never an absence of stimulating conversation on our walks and excursions together.

There was of course a lot of talk about my executive position at Leykam. I had noticed his lively interest in the group, and the reasons for this were soon to become apparent. Following his return from Aussig after a one day interruption of his holiday, he enquired of me, apparently after having consulted his father, whether I considered the acquisition of a fairly large block of Leykam shares at the current share value to be a promising prospect and how many shares one would have to acquire in order to gain some influence on the management of the group.

On the basis of my precise knowledge of the situation at Leykam, I was able to reply with a good conscience, that I considered the shares to be under-valued and that ownership of one third of the overall shares would suffice normally to obtain clear authority over the group as it was only too well known to me that the Vienna Bankverein bank, which currently controlled it and gave the orders, never disposed of more than at most one quarter of the overall capital.

Mr. Fritz Weinmann seemed very satisfied with the information I had given him and went on to ask a second question, which concerned me myself, namely whether in the event of his deciding to go ahead with the acquisition, I would be willing to place myself at the head of the group again as the man in whom he could place his trust. I rejected this offer on the grounds that I now wanted to devote my energies to my own mill and would not want to impose such a burden on myself again. However, to provide him with proof that the information I had given him was done

so in all good conscience, I expressed my willingness to become involved in the transaction to an extent that he would find desirable, if that suited him, and to place myself at the disposal of his company as a specialist advisor. Mr. Weinmann assured me, that he wasn't dreaming of expecting me to take on a position such as that of General Director, that would drain me of all my strength, but would rather consider it to be a pre-condition for his taking the decision, that, in the capacity of leading man in the administration, I would devote a few hours a day to monitoring how business was proceeding.

On our subsequent walks the matter took on ever more tangible form and, following a discussion with Mr. Weinmann senior, the renowned banking house, Rosenfeld & Co. was instructed to start acquiring Leykam shares quite slowly and discreetly. This was done so skilfully and tactfully that 8000 of the existing 60,000 shares were already in our possession without the quoted share value having experienced any significant change. It was only towards the end of September that a sudden movement upwards became noticeable. As I was assured, that this couldn't possibly have been caused by the cautious acquisitions of our agent, and that it was rather the case that some other interested party had to be at work, I looked into the matter and soon learnt that the banking house, Kola Brothers, had appeared on the scene as a buyer.

I reported this to my Aussig friends and, soon afterwards, Mr. Fritz Weinmann paid me a visit and, confirming my information to be correct, provided the additional news, that the great faiseur (speculator) Camillo Castiglioni was the man behind Kola.

There could be no doubt, that these two speculators, who were endeavouring to penetrate all large industrial enterprises, were also making these acquisitions for the same purpose. To prevent this second group of interested parties needlessly forcing the share value up, consideration was given to joining them.

The two gentlemen in question had indeed seized control of many large companies and banks as well, but they did not enjoy a good reputation in serious financial circles, and it was rather the case that they were generally feared and viewed disapprovingly. It therefore had to be considered whether joining them was at all advisable. Mr. Weinmann, who had the reputation of his first class company to protect, believed that he could ignore these reservations however, and so I too dropped my reservations and undertook the task of negotiating with Mr. Richard Kola, a person personally not known to Mr. Weinmann up until that point in time. I myself had made his acquaintanceship about a year previously when, together with the well-known Dr. Kunwald, he offered to sell me the paper mills of Elbemühl Ltd for Leykam. (In the case of that deal the stable had not yet been built for the donkey (= fool), who was supposed to buy the mills!)

I acquainted Mr. Kola with the fact that I had come to learn of his share acquisitions, that a group I was friend with and was also a member of myself was also in possession of a quite large holding of the shares, and that I thus considered it to be in the interests of both parties to arrange for further acquisitions to be made in our joint account. He showed great interest in this proposal and wanted to know who my friends were. All that I disclosed to him was that it was one of the very top companies, one of the very big capitalists, whom I would only name, if we established a firm base for further negotiations. Kola became even more interested, and promised to let me have his decision that afternoon.

The decision was a definite "Yes" and so it was that I invited the two gentlemen for talks that were to take place at my apartment the following day.

When Kola arrived and saw that he was dealing with Weinmann & Co., he really became enthusiastic about the project. Outwardly the association with a company with such a reputation meant both for him and his more powerful and successful partner, Castiglioni, a great gain in prestige.

Agreement was, therefore, very quickly achieved and, within a few weeks, both groups were in possession in equal shares, of the effective majority holding in Leykam, without the public's having acquired the slightest knowledge of the fact.

What was interesting and to a certain extent piquant was the fact that, in the final stages of the transaction, when the share value had risen by a mere 10%, Director Popper unknowingly disposed of quite a large holding of Leykam shares that had been in the possession of the Bankverein bank, in the belief that he would soon be able to repurchase them for a smaller sum.

For the purpose of setting up the syndicate and deliberating on the future composition of the board of management, a conference was held in Aussig over which Mr. Weinmann senior presided and in which, in addition to the latter's son, Mr. Richard Kola, who was staying at Nestersitz, and I together with my sons, Eugen and Stefan, participated.

Old Mr. Weinmann proposed me as President of the new board of management and, when Kola stated that Castiglioni should be entrusted with the office, insisted however on appointing me as managing vice-president in response to his application to that effect. When we withdrew for personal discussions, and I made it clear that I wasn't so keen on such an honorary position as Castiglioni, and therefore went along with Kola's proposal for the sake of keeping the peace, Mr. Weinmann wouldn't hear anything of giving ground in such a way, and my sons also reproached me for being all too modest, when the situation demanded otherwise. Conscious of the difficulties that would be awaiting me if the ambitious Castiglioni felt himself thwarted by my election as President, I however remained constant in my refusal of the offer, and so it was that a decision was taken along those lines.

Mr. Kola was assigned the pleasant task of acquainting Mr. von Popper-Artberg of the change in ownership of the group's shares that had taken place and of submitting the request to him that the current members of the board of management should resign. Totally surprised, Popper didn't want to lend any credence to the report, until Kola produced to him the certificate of ca. 30,000 shares being deposited at the Giro and Savings Bank Association.

I myself had the almost equally embarrassing task of arranging the resignation of the General Director, Mr. Prinzhorn, who had only taken up his office a few months previously and with whom I did not want to work, as he was a man whose marked Prussian rigidity and insolence competed with a remarkable absence of any specialist knowledge. He cited the terms of his contract but this was overcome by offering a settlement payment payable within a year, which was virtually wiped out by the time the payment was due as a result of the devaluation of the Austrian crown.

And so it was that I resumed work at Leykam PLC – work that was no longer so intense but, to make up for that, was all the more stimulating. So as to be informed of everything that was going on without myself having to be in office the whole day, I appointed my son Stefan, who had up until then worked at Nestersitz, as Management Secretary at the suggestion of Fritz Weinmann.

The lively dealings with the two aforementioned famed speculators, that now commenced, were to prove highly enlightening for me. I gained an insight into a wholly new world for me and became acquainted with a mentality that was diametrically opposed to my own. I soon clearly recognised that forces were at work, that by definition were bound to lead the company to its downfall, if they were not resisted.

At the time Castiglioni's star stood at its zenith. His unequalled rise to power held the whole world spellbound, everything lay at his feet. Although he was passionately opposed by the legitimate potentates of the banking world of the day, he had become a power in his own name, a man who controlled powerful industrial enterprises, not only in Austria but also in Germany, Czechoslovakia and Italy. His great ability to fascinate even the most level-thinking of heads is illustrated by the fact that he was even received by and invited to dine with the head of state, who morally and intellectually outshone all over heads of state, President Massaryk, at his country retreat.

However, the self-conceit and the illusions of this individual, who no doubt had a genial disposition, was sly but underhand and had risen from the humblest of origins, grew accordingly. He spent considerable amounts of the fantastic wealth he acquired so quickly on artistically decorating and furnishing his palace and his glorious country residences and, with quickly acquired knowledge in the field and by calling in capacities of the first order, he transformed them into veritable museums. And by making generous donations to public art institutions – the Josefstädter Theatre in Vienna that was reanimated by Reinhardt, was his creation – he acquired the title and reputation of a great patron of the arts.

Kola was carved from quite different timber. Equally sly, possessed of an almost grovelling civility and courtesy and only on occasion revealing his otherwise suppressed self-confidence, he nonetheless understood how to bring his successes, which with amazing speed, as if from nowhere, clung to his heels too, to the full attention of the public in such a clever way, that a halo descended upon his noble head as well, and he was soon held to be the great man of banking, who brought good luck and in whose direction money just flowed from quite important people down to the very humble members of the population, for all his new projects which encompassed all conceivable branches of activity.

Despite this decided position of power that was his, he always played the role of a vassal in his relations with Castiglioni. On the occasion of a discussion the three of us had together, I witnessed a scene, where the violent-tempered despot poured compliments such as "unheard of stupidity" and others upon Kola's head without the latter having found as much as a single word to oppose the attack.

The reason I thought it necessary to describe the character of these men in such detail was because they played such a significant, albeit equally fateful role in the economic life of the time, and also, however, to make it clear what courage I had to demonstrate in the context of my field of activity to counter the destructive influence of the two Dioscuri (Castor and Pollux!). Already during the period when we first worked together, Castiglioni, who hardly knew me and probably imagined that he had divined in me a willing instrument in the furtherance of his self-glorification as well, attacked me impolitely, when we once spoke on the telephone. I did not stand for his tone of voice and replaced the receiver. Castiglioni, who was subsequently informed by Mr. Weinmann that he shouldn't play around with me like that, sent a letter of apology the following day, in which he gave expression to the confidence, that we would work together in future in a smooth and friendly manner. This confidence on his part was deceptive. I soon came

to realise, that the two gentlemen were not concerned with the promotion of industrial interests, but that their sole concern, apart from satisfying their boundless ambition, lay in making the companies at their mercy objects for exploiting their speculative desires. Although I held an interest both in the syndicate and in its profits, I couldn't stand by idly witnessing such goings-on, but rather considered it to be my duty as an honest businessman to act as a protective shield for the interests of my threatened company, which in its turn of course was the source of ever new friction between us.

How little the President was interested in his industrial companies as such, is illustrated by the fact that, despite my repeatedly asking him to do so, he could never be persuaded to inspect one of the group's factories, not even once and not even one of the factories close to Vienna, which would only have taken up a few hours of his time.

The new group of large shareholders hadn't been at the helm for a year, when Fritz Weinmann informed me, that Privy Councillor Hartmann from Berlin had approached him about acquiring half of our share-holding. He said that this presented us with the opportunity of making a very handsome profit by realising this half of our holding. I didn't hold back with my view, that Hartmann, whose pathological pushiness was well-known to me, would soon want to get rid of us altogether, to which Weinmann replied that, on the contrary, Hartmann had listed as his first condition for acquiring the block of shares, that I would have to remain at the head of the group as the man in charge.

At this point it should be mentioned that Hartmann, a man of about 47 was also a parvenu. He came to Vienna from a provincial town in Hungary as quite a young man and rose to the position of a clerk in a well known wholesale paper business, then set himself up in business, soon foundered, had to swear an oath disclosing his assets to the bankruptcy courts and then, "sensing the morning breeze in his nostrils", set off for the Eldorado of the profiteering class, Berlin. There he took on the representation of the pulp and paper mills of the Fürst Henkel-Donnersmark family, seized the right moment at the beginning of the war, when there was great demand for spun paper (the paper that I had been the first to produce in Pilsen), and made such dazzling profits from its sale that, within a short time, he was in a position to purchase the said mill, and also, however, other important German mills from that branch of manufacturing, generously furthering his operations with bank loans that were all too easy to obtain at the time. In contrast to other speculators of his time, he confined his activity to one single branch of industrial activity, paper manufacturing.

He was able to acquire the title of a Hungarian Privy Councillor to clothe his sensational rise to good fortune in a decorative cloak.

And so it was that Hartmann became a much-regarded figure in German papermaking, although he was not seen as embodying the genuine papermaker. This however did not satisfy his ambition. It was precisely on the scene of his former humiliation that he wanted to play a dominant role and, to this end, Leykam PLC was to serve as a bridge for him.

Mr. Fritz Weinmann, in whom the man of finance always triumphed over the industrialist, closed his eyes to the damage. All that he could see was the fine profit to be made and urged me to agree. I do not intend omitting at this point, that my son Stefan also strongly warned against this transaction, as he was also of the opinion, that our need of "serious" shareholders of this nature was already amply provided for.

My young friend wasn't, however, in the mood to learn and so it was that Privy Councillor Hartmann became owner of half of our share-holding and became a member of the board of management together with two gentlemen from his Berlin office and the well-known potentate from Dresdner Bank, Herbert Gutmann. He invited me to become a member of the administration of Krauss & Baumann, a company that he controlled. His sense of urgency in extending this invitation was only equalled by the speed, with which he forgot it and when, one fine day, he voted me on to the board of management of Krappitzer Paper Industries PLC, also a German company – apparently to compensate me for not having kept his former promise – without having asked me beforehand, I thanked him but declined.

Despite this Hartmann was at great pains to get me to accept the post. He invited me and Stefan to inspect the mills of Krause & Baumann that were well worth a visit, and where we were solemnly received and hosted by his son who was dispatched there to welcome us. We had to go from there to his home in Berlin, where he collected us from the station. At his very fine home there in the Zoological Gardens he put on a grand supper for us, which it would actually be well worth describing both on account of the select dishes on offer and on account of a few amusing episodes.

However, it wasn't long before a deadly frost descended on this friendship as well.

After a very short time already Hartmann sought to exploit the company in favour of his Berlin commercial company, intervening in a sharp manner right from the start. Two of the bold manoeuvres he had intended have remained firmly in my memory.

Leykam's export organisation, the product of decades of experience, was known far and wide as being a model to follow, Leykam's manufactured products were literally famous throughout the world, and there were very few countries where the group didn't have competent, trained agents. In addition to the latter there were also travelling salesmen, old hands at the game, constantly on the road. Cold-heartedly Hartmann intended destroying this edifice that had withstood the test of time by transferring all the export business on a commission basis to his Berlin Central Office, which he had built up "in the grand style", as he used to say. What he was aiming at in this was not only pocketing the huge sums of commission at stake but also, without doubt to a greater extent, grabbing all the other business that branched off from the paper side – for all time to come.

When he bumped into my stubborn opposition to this barefaced robbery on his part, and naturally did not find a willing helper in me, he turned up with other requests.

At that time we couldn't keep up with the orders that were coming in; everyone fought to get hold of our products, as this was the period when the Austrian crown was being devalued rapidly. Everyone wanted to get rid of their money in return for goods and, of course, the prices rose as the value of the currency fell. And precisely at this point in time Hartmann wanted to conclude a contract with us for 50 wagons of highly valuable paper to be delivered successively, but at a fixed price, that was even below the normal price of the time.

Quite apart from the fact that our machines were occupied with other work for a long time to come, I gave strict orders to refuse the offer in a manner that was as polite as it was definite, as the speculative nature of what Hartmann had in mind was apparent and we would have had to deliver the huge amount of paper in question for money that would have lost all its value.

Hartmann's cousin, Mr. Forgacs, a board member, immediately turned up from Berlin and put it to me that I shouldn't oppose the wishes of a large shareholder in such a blunt manner, and so upset the good understanding that existed between us. I replied that as long as the group's interests were entrusted tome, I would never surrender them to a so clearly destructive assault, wherever the latter may come from. Forgacs tried in vain to get me to give up my point of view by poorly disguised threats, but he was biting on granite.

I was conscious of the fact that I was being forced into a sort of Michael Kohlhass role (novel by Kleist!), but was incapable of incurring blame myself as well by closing one eye to such blatant base behaviour. And so it was that battle commenced with the last member of the triumvirate that had been unleashed against the very substance of this unfortunate group of companies.

Privy Councillor Hartmann didn't remain silent for long. He approached me personally using all his powers of kind persuasion and requested me to place myself at the head of his Vienna Hartmann Commercial Trading Company Ltd., that he had just set up "in the grand style", a position that he would endow so richly, that I couldn't refuse it in the interest of my family, it for no other reason, as he very tactfully added. In return he requested that I should then give up my post as Vice-President of Leykam PLC.

This request on Hartmann's part didn't need to be so transparent for me to realise, that Hartmann wanted to distance me from Leykam, so that he could run riot there without any inhibitions.

I thus thanked him for his kind interest in the material welfare of my family, but felt compelled to add, that I had worked all my life in industry and only industry and didn't feel suited to the commercial position he had so kindly offered me. With regard to my position as Vice-President of Leykam I assured him that I would certainly not cling to it, when my term in office expired on the occasion of the next general assembly, and would gladly vacate it in his favour, if the majority were so to decide at that assembly.

As by now it was all too clear to me that, surrounded by persistent pirates of this nature, it was impossible for me to work in a constructive manner in the long term, I handed in my notice. It was refused by reference to my being a member of the syndicate.

And so it was that I continued to work in defiance of all manner of conceivable obstacles put in my path and all the niggling, and proceeded to extend the Gratwein pulp mill, whose capacity was thereby increased by 50%.

In 1923 Hartmann went to great efforts to secure a foothold in the paper industry of Czechoslovakia as well, using Leykam PLC as his vehicle of penetration of course. I therefore had to inspect Neudek paper mill and then the extensive mills of Eichmann & Co. Ltd. I flatly refused to acquire the former and the negotiations with Eichmann ended negatively, as he wisely did not want to merge with such clear speculators. Hartmann's efforts to get friendly with Neusiedler PLC also went wrong. The crowning dream of his life to become King of the Papermakers did not want to become reality.

And so it was that the creative urge and the pathological greed of this good man had to find another outlet.

There was an as yet unexploited hydro-electric power facility of about 4,000 HP at Gratwein, the group's largest factory. About 2,000 HP was being exploited together with about 1,000 HP of caloric power. And a further 1,000 HP was supplied by the electric power station in Peggau.

It was at this point that Hartmann approached the group's administration with a grand project to harness the 4,000 HP that was going unused, thereby making us independent of outside sources of energy and, to a large extent, rendering the expensive caloric power superfluous. Our technicians worked together with persons who enjoyed Hartmann's confidence, at his request, in preparing the project. Technicians are always keen on building projects, and so it was that they dedicated themselves whole-heartedly to their task, leaving the question of productivity to the commercial staff.

The grand project was finally submitted to a meeting of the board of management, which was supposed to take an on-the-spot decision on it. I attended the meeting with an anxious heart. No less than seven gentlemen from the banking sector had the task of voting too. In addition to Castiglioni and Kola, there was the Director of the Creditanstalt (from which Hartmann had by this time borrowed money against the security of his shares), a gentleman from the Deposit Bank, of which Castiglioni was the President, Director Weiner from the Union Bank, representing the grand racketeer Bosel, whose star was in the ascendancy, a delegate from the Bankverein bank and finally Herbert Gutmann from Dresdner Bank.

The project was explained along the lines that, of the 4,000 HP that was to be harnessed, half would be used for our own purposes, and half would be sold at a very favourable price, to the extent that we had no need for it. From the proceeds of the sale of superfluous power and the money that it was calculated would be saved in bills for coal, not only was the loan of 1 million dollars (that was the amount of the preliminary estimate of the costs of construction) with interest charged at the rate of 10% to be financed but it was also to be paid off. With no self-interested thoughts in his head whatsoever, of course, Privy Councillor Hartmann had already gone to the trouble of arranging the loan.

The explanatory statement made about the project was so skilled in painting its advantages in glowing colours that those present at the meeting were enthusiastic in their support for seeing it realised. Only I had held my tongue.

President Castiglioni then addressed me with the words; "We have heard everyone's opinion now. Unfortunately only the opinion of our specialist has been withheld from us. I attach particular significance to hearing the latter's views."

And so it was that I took the floor, stating, "I did indeed intend maintaining my silence in the face of such overwhelming enthusiasm. As I am, however, invited to speak and am currently still a member of the administration and of the presiding board, I feel that it is my duty to comply with the invitation, although I am conscious of the fact that what I have to say will not be pleasing to you."

"I consider the project to hand to be a bold venture and, even more, a crime against the group."

"The question of whether it is exactly advisable in the times we live to take out such a large loan in a foreign currency is one, about which I am all the less prepared to venture a judgement, given the host of prominent specialists from the banking world seated around this table, who are more

competent to provide a reply. I therefore intend leaving questions of a financial nature on one side, when giving my views about the project."

"On the basis of the experience that I have gathered over the decades, I should above all like to point out that, without exception, every preliminary costing of a large construction project turns out to be too low and, despite your protestations that large safe-guard coefficients have been included in the calculation, I venture to advise you to preferably borrow 1½ million dollars, or better still 2 million, as I can prophesy to you when taking into account not only the costs of construction that are constantly rising at the present time, that the project will devour double your estimate by the time it is completed."

Despite the sceptical smiles on the faces of a few of the gentlemen present, I didn't let myself be deterred from continuing, as follows:

"I however also consider it to be irresponsible to construct such an extraordinarily expensive hydroelectric plant at a time, when the science of heat management has brought us such great and remarkable progress, in preference to creating for at most one quarter of the outlay a modern steam plant, note well for a pulp and paper mill, which can harness all the steam produced for boiling and heating purposes. Therein would lie the source of vast economies, as this steam for boiling and heating, the production of which consumes vast sums of money today, would be delivered to us, so to speak, gratis. The mill would also, however, be immune to all the fluctuations in the water provision situation and there would, in consequence, be the guarantee that production would run regularly and in a stable manner. I am certain of the fact that the capital cost of such a steam plant would be paid for from the economies made within a period of 3 to 4 years, and that its construction could be completed within a year at the latest, whereas your work on the hydroelectric plant will last several times longer."

"However, I also contest your profitability calculation! You take as a calculation basis for the economies to be made in coal, the level of which I moreover also have to describe as being far too optimistic, today's coal prices. However, it doesn't require all that much foresight to assert that, given the sharp competition existing between Czech, German, Polish and Hungarian coal mines and as a consequence of the intense development of new sources of coal at home, coal prices will be constantly falling."

"However, your calculation is characterised by a further basic flaw: on the credit side of the balance sheet you have noted a vast sum from the sale of the 2000 HP to be made to outside factories. I advise you to delete this figure entirely, at least for the next few years! I believe that I am reliable, if not an agreeable prophet, when I say, that you will not find a single buyer for this superfluous power, because not even the large power companies recently established, such as Styrian Electricity Company, are able to sell their electricity and it is not to be expected in the foreseeable future that new industrial enterprises will be set up in Austria."

"For all these reasons, Gentlemen, I urge you to beware of succumbing to the temptations of the explanatory statement you have just heard. I also request that what I have said should be noted in the minutes of this meeting."

There ensued an icy silence. Then there were a few words of thanks on the part of the President for the "interesting observations" made, from which he however drew only one conclusion, namely that he made the suggestion that if the meeting's decision was to turn out to be positive, one should limit the planned foreign loan to one half of the sum envisaged, and procure the other

half by a further increase in the group's share capital. In making this suggestion, the cunning President sought, on the one hand, to somewhat reduce the profit that his like-minded colleague Hartmann without doubt would make from procuring the American loan and, on the other hand, to make syndicate profits, a very popular thing at the time, out of his new idea. A decision on the financial question wasn't yet taken at that meeting – it wasn't until later that the worthy gentlemen sorted it out amongst themselves. The fateful, murderous decision to go ahead with the proposed project was, however, taken.

The decline of the once so powerful group dates from that very day, because it was the case that my predictions proved to be correct in all respects. The estimate of costs was exceeded almost twofold, the debts, and with them the interest burden, grew to an unsustainable level and up until the time of writing not a single penny has been earned from the surplus power, as none of it could be sold. On the other hand, despite the existence of the hydroelectric plant facility, the modern steam plant I had proposed had to be built, as the old one worked in a far too irrational manner.

As I had no intention of making myself culpable of this crime, not even by my being a part of the group's administration, I left towards the end of 1923.

Prior to this, however, a tense and interesting struggle was played out between the two main shareholders last above mentioned.

Within a very short space of time the two of them realised that they were keen rivals, they watched each other's every move and fought each other, at times quite openly and at times behind their backs. It was all a question of the absolute position of power, which the boundlessly ambitious Castiglioni did not intend having wrested from his grasp under any circumstances. He therefore negotiated with Weinmann & Co. for the latter to transfer to him the share-holding that belonged to our group.

One fine morning I received a phone call from Mr. Fritz Weinmann in Aussig at a very early hour, and he informed me that through the mediation of Cavalry Captain von Lustig, he had sold his share of the shares for K 260,000.— per share (we are talking about devalued inflation crowns), i.e. at a share price that was 15% above the level at which the shares were officially noted. Castiglioni's aim in this was to obtain the majority in the syndicate, I was informed. He informed me that he had, of course, ensured that he had obtained the same preferential rate for my share of the share-holding. He said that Mr. von Lustig would be coming to visit me that very morning at 9.30 a.m., and gave expression to his hope, that we would be rid of all our worries by effecting this quick sale. I replied that I would think on the matter.

Lustig arrived punctually, and put the deal to me, not without stressing to what great personal lengths he had been to secure the preferential rate for me as well. I thanked him for his concern for my welfare – he had been well known to me for years already in his capacity as the Frankfurt agent of Pilsen Civic Brewery – but regretted that I was unable to put his offer to good use, as I was not inclined to part with my share of the share-holding at that rate. I added that I would only be able to make my mind up to part with my shares, if the rate offered was at least K 320,000.— .

I had the impression that the good man would fall off his chair in surprise the very next moment. In reply to his taken-aback question as to my motives in making a demand that so

exceeded the one made to Mr. Weinmann, who was well known for his competence in such matters, I replied with the following little lecture:

"You see, Mr. von Lustig, I am only too conscious of the fact that your principal and all the rest of them consider me to be a bad businessman, as I have opposed many of their transactions, from which I made profits along with them as a member of the syndicate. I know, however, that it is the case that without my block of shares the acquisition of the Weinmann block of shares does not secure for Mr. Castiglioni the majority that he is striving for, and that my holding is thus, so to speak, what is required to tip the scales. I must thus use this rare occasion to prove to the President that my commercial skills are not beyond redemption; he should see by my actions, that I, as a quick-witted disciple of his, have profited from his soundness in matters financial. I must, however, confess, that I also feel myself motivated to adopt this attitude because I perceive in it a small recompense for many an injustice I have had inflicted on me during the time we have worked together, for which I am happy to accept this satisfaction in the form of hard cash, as there will in any event be no question of any other form of recompense."

Mr. von Lustig, who appreciates humour a lot, was highly delighted by my honesty, apparently because he enjoyed being able to pass my snide remarks on to his friend Camillo. Afterwards he did his best to talk me out of the intransigent position I had adopted. I however then became serious and left him in no doubt that I would not deviate from my demand one iota. He then asked me to keep my offer open for him until 8 p.m. and I readily gave him this promise.

It was shortly before 8 p.m. – I had gone off to my Wednesday evening get-together with friends and had confided to Stefan the task of accepting any messages – when it was reported to me that Lustig was waiting outside on the street for me. He was accompanied by Stefan and endeavoured once more to get me to change my mind, in vain. In the end he therefore requested me to accompany him to Castiglioni's palace and, as I declined, we set off to the hotel where Lustig was staying, the Imperial Hotel, from where he reported to his principal. At the latter's request I went to the telephone and heard the great man say, "You are a bad one! But, you shall see that I am a better boy than you think. I agree with your terms and shall have the sum remitted to you immediately."

The agreement was for payment to be made in English currency and it was also made promptly.

And so it was that I can pride myself on having forced my will on the feared Mr. Castiglioni, whom no one ventured to oppose. Mr. Fritz Weinmann didn't want to believe it at all and also was, as I later heard, not particularly enthusiastic about my one-off success.

His brother-in-law Stiassny who, like me, also had a 15% interest in the Weinmann group, thought it in order to write me a letter of congratulation and to request me to remit 85% of the excess I had gained on the sale of my shareholding, due to the group, to Weinmann & Co.

I recommend my children to read my reply, a duplicate copy of which is preserved in my correspondence file for 1923. I have seldom so enjoyed myself, as when I composed my reply. If Mr. Stiassny was possessed of only an ounce of humour in addition to his bloated self-interest, he must have joined in my amusement in spite of my dismissal of his naive demand.

However, the sale of our shares to Castiglioni did not remain without significant repercussions. Hartmann, above all, kicked up a great fuss and even threatened to sue us for a large amount of

damages. However, the hopelessness of such a step must soon have become apparent to him, and he sought his salvation in the acquisition of shares on the open market. And when his opponent noticed this, he also entered the fray as a buyer.

And so it was that a merry war commenced of the nature that the Vienna Stock Market wasn't permitted to witness all too often. The quoted share value of the Leykam shares rose rapidly from day to day and, in wild bounds, reached the level of K 1,200,000.— within just a few weeks!

At the time I was staying in Bad Gastein and successively sold my private holding of the shares at ever increasing rates, down to the last few hundred, when suddenly the share value which had been soaring up into the heavens, collapsed just as quickly, or in fact more quickly than it had risen.

At that time, also in Gastein, negotiations on a settlement took place between a representative of Castiglioni and Hartmann, which ended in the latter acquiring from the former all his shares with the assistance of a loan from the Creditanstalt bank, and Hartmann's at last becoming sole ruler.

As if nothing had happened, Hartmann invited me for a walk on the Wilhelm Promenade in his company, and asked me to take on the presidency of Heinrichsthal Paper Mill PLC. I thanked him but refused, as I had no doubt that, in making this request he was guided by motives of self-interest.

And so it was that in this fashion a significant section of my life came to an end. However, prior to concluding this chapter, I should like to say a few things to permit a better understanding of my account.

One could all too easily conclude from my character description of some personalities, which are often not very flattering, in particular those of personalities, with whom I had dealings during the last part of my work at Leykam, and all the more so from the disputes that I have reported, that I was lacking in forebearance and good will; one could go one further and consider that I had the nature of a ruffian.

However objectively an individual may believe that he thinks, no person is able to judge himself absolutely correctly, and it is for this reason that I do not intend making the strict claim that I do not possess flaws of the above nature or similar ones. But I do attach value to pointing out the fact that, in those men, I really was confronted by so-called financial hyenas of the type that caused trouble throughout the world in the post-war period. And I am sure that no serious, conscientious businessman would have acted differently than I did. It is at least possible that, in looking after the interests confided in me, I was sometimes too strict and too abrupt and also that, without exceeding the bounds of what is correct, I might sometimes have served my own personal advantage somewhat better. Even though very tenderly voiced to me, I repeatedly had to listen to this reproach from my dear partner in life, my wife. She was of the opinion that it would have hurt nobody, if I had got on better with these so successful gentlemen with a view to partaking of the fruits of their richly laid table. I always replied that I am incapable of fighting against my own conscience, and that I always avoid walking along the edge of dangerous paths. I said equally as often, that I had no trust in such stormy successes and such quick economic growth, and pointed out the fact, that trees that grow quickly towards the heavens are always felled and uprooted by the first major storm.

I am today proud of the fact that I remained firm, and proved to be right in my judgement: in the end both Castiglioni and Hartmann foundered. It may be the case that the former succeeded in rescuing something, taking it to the retreat he now inhabits, but his collections were dispersed to the four winds, and his name is no longer uttered in financial circles. He is now only remembered, as one remembers a bad dream. And the Kola Banking House sank totally into the void, from which it had risen like a meteor.

Only Hartmann's paper group survives. However, the situation with his German mills is probably not all that much different from the situation at Leykam, which today is entirely subject to the rule of the Creditanstalt bank. Hartmann himself, who also sought to enjoy his life too fast in other respects, succumbed very soon afterwards at a relatively young age to an agonizing illness.

Albeit it "only in passing" I was to become acquainted with two other speculators (faiseurs), who were much talked of and highly sought after at the time.

The first, the "legendary" Bosel, surpassed Castiglioni, the man he modelled himself on, in the lightning-like rapidity of his rise to notoriety, even though he didn't even nearly possess Castiglioni's modus operandi, and also didn't match his successes. He was a clerk in a drapery business located opposite the Ministry of War, observed the coming and going of countless speculators and thought, not without some justification, that he had it in him to match their skills. At that time textiles, and particularly material for making uniforms, were much sought after articles. The authorities were at the mercy of the speculators, who had got hold of all the materials in question themselves. It was then that the young Bosel had the ingenious idea of offering Vienna Police Headquarters a large consignment of uniform material that he had acquired cheaply without making any profit himself. That proved to be his springboard to notoriety. The offer was gladly taken up. Bosel acquired the reputation of being a white raven, and was recommended and furthered by the Police Headquarters. With one single stroke the thirty-year-old Bosel was the persona gratissima (golden boy!), the man who was given preference and was sought after everywhere, whom even those "on top" did not grudge his fantastic successes. The latter grew with the force of an avalanche, and with them his legendary fortune grew. He of course didn't confine his activities to the textile business; the young man soon owned his own banking house as well with a staff of directors. But even with this his ambition was not sated.

As Castiglioni, the shining model he sought to emulate, had seized control of the Vienna Deposit Bank, Bosel had to outdo him. He did not shrink from launching an attack on the Bodencreditanstalt, which at the time enjoyed the greatest solidity. When this was fought off by the skin of the bank's teeth, Bosel contented himself with seizing control of the very respected Vienna Union Bank.

The servile civility he paraded in public did not restrain him from dismissing the bank's president, Dr. Minkus, a highly esteemed figure in the world of Central European banking, who was still acknowledged to be an outstanding specialist in his field despite his 80 years, and usurping his place. Following the patriarch the thirty-year-old young man, unencumbered by any specialist knowledge whatsoever!

However, this brutality revealed the true character of the upstart, and suddenly deprived him of any sympathy he had ever had. It was also the beginning of his end that was not long coming.

When he was still in the zenith of his rise to fame, he made enquiries of Fritz Weinmann about a specialist able to provide him with an assessment of a paper mill he had been offered. Mr. Weinmann quoted him my name and Bosel asked, "to have me sent to him". My friend Fritz, who knew me like a book, replied laughingly, "If you intend getting something from Fürth, you must put on your frock-coat and kid gloves, pay him a visit, and ask him to be so kind as to perform the service you desire." The following day Bosel called at my flat without finding me at home. And so it was that I paid him a visit and was received with devotion by the young man with his cultivated modesty, and by his second in command, Dr. Solvis.

Mr. Bosel told me that he had been offered Neubruck paper mill, in whose proximity there was supposed to be a castle. He said that he would be extremely obliged to me, if I would give an expert opinion about the property. I soon noted that it was more a question for him of acquiring the castle than the paper mill, but nevertheless went to look at both the mill and the castle in the company of my son Stefan.

Neubruck paper mill had been founded at the time by the then president of the Association of Paper Manufacturers, Dr. Musil and had earlier on produced rich returns. Its main speciality had been the production of paper for stamps. After Musil's death the mill passed into the ownership of Mr. Fritz Hamburger, the president of the Umbrella Association of Industrial Manufacturers, who put on very expensive receptions at the castle that was furnished and decorated in great luxury and whose life style soon forced him to sell the property to Mr. Neufeld-Schöller. The latter wanted to sell the property again, as the mill had been making considerable losses for quite some time.

I was not able to recommend the acquisition to Mr. Bosel, and thereby also spared him the ridicule that he would have incurred assuming the role of owner of a castle.

I became acquainted with the second of the two above-mentioned speculators through the banker, Robert Wortmann, whom I have already mentioned, and who was to play a fateful role in my life later on. He asked me one day with great urgency to be allowed to introduce me to Mr. von Körner, the large saw-mill industrialist, who dominated the Austrian timber market. The latter intended setting up a pulp mill and, to avoid a disaster, I accepted Wortmann's invitation.

Mr. von Korner who, judging by his appearance, also looked the speculator type, told me that he owned such vast forests in the district of Pochlarn, where his large saw-mills were located, that he could no doubt supply a quite large pulp mill with timber and off-cuts for many years to come. He asked me, whether I would be his adviser and place myself at the head of such a new enterprise. He added that it wouldn't be necessary for me to involve myself financially. With not a clue about the matter at all, he enquired how much pulp one gets from a cubic meter of timber and what pulp costs. When I had enlightened him, he leapt with joy, as he calculated a vast profit from the information I had given. I had to burst out laughing at such amazing naivety, although I was horrified at the characteristic recklessness, with which such people approach setting up new industrial enterprises. I then, however, checked his enthusiasm by telling him that, when manufacturing pulp, a few other small things had to be included in the calculation apart from the timber, such as coal, chemicals, wages, salaries, loan repayments, interest and countless other not in significant items, with the consequence that one would have to form a somewhat less optimistic judgement about the likely profitability. And adopting a more serious tone, I drew his attention to the enormous construction costs, which would make it decidedly difficult to compete with existing mills, which had in the main paid off their loans by the profits

they had made in the war. As for the rest I placed myself at his disposal in the event of his requiring further information.

My remarks, which were wholly consistent with the facts, appear to have made the desired impression, as I didn't hear about the project again. Mr. von Körner himself collapsed financially as one of the last of his breed and put an end to his life by simultaneously discharging two revolvers that he placed to his head.

If I have now written in sufficient detail of the unpleasant personalities, who entered my life in the final years of this my account, and narrated the unfortunate events and experiences, which set their sad seal on that time, which is not even all that remote from our own, it is my intention now to once again interrupt the chronological sequence of this life's confession and commemorate in words a few, dear, valued friends, to whom I owe an abundance of intellectual stimulation and much refreshing joviality and whose affection and reliable, loyal friendship fill me with melancholic satisfaction, even today as well, as almost all of them are no longer in our company.

Above all should be mentioned the Pilsen friend of my youth, Dr. Siegfried Sabat, who still practises as a lawyer today and who, from about the age of 20, shared my literary interests and remained a loyal fellow traveller on this earth until my departure from Pilsen. With what enjoyment and with what youthful enthusiasm we steeped ourselves in works of German literature, both old and new! As he had been educated in the humanities, I often expressed to him at the time the feelings of inferiority I felt in relation to him. He wouldn't let them stand, and I still today possess one of his literary letters, in which he wrote to me as follows, "You often served as a leader to me; and so it is that I shall never forget that it was you, who opened up the world of Fritz Reutter to me." I have often pondered, whether I did right in that oh dear, Fritz Reutter, whom we both so loved, was an intermittent alcoholic and, in his later years, my dear friend Friedl fell prey to similar impulses. We spent many a happy evening together drinking and, when I took him home, supported on my shoulders, it was the front door of his house, instead of Reutter that I "opened up" for him. If that old, loyal friend should come to read these lines, I trust that he will accept this reminiscence as a greeting from a more beautiful and long passed age.

There was another person I didn't become friends with until I was about 30, although we had known one another very well as boys already. His name was Isidor Gutwillig; he was a young businessman, had a good head on his shoulders, was an upright character and was a great worshipper of the Lord. It was just unfortunate that the female form had the effect of drawing him down back to Earth all too much. He was blindly loyal to me, and he was pleased at all my successes in life in an unenvious and selfless manner. I had genuinely grown to like him.

Despite Gutwillig's untiring diligence, his father's business fared ever less well, with the consequence that he had to look around for other work. One fine day he told me of his intention of starting up a navy blue paint factory, for which said purpose he was, however, short of a quite large sum. Together with my friend Piette I signalled my willingness to assist him, and possibly to become partners with him and Ludwig. However, soon after the project became known, a veritable witch-hunt against the project started, fanned and fed, of course, by the existing navy blue paint factories. With corresponding pressure the authorities were incited to take action against the setting-up of an enterprise that would be so terribly damaging to health, with the result that the battle was decided to the disadvantage of the applicant for the concession before it was hardly begun.

In other ways fortune also didn't smile on my poor friend on this Earth. His wife, an otherwise dear and good soul, was anything other than a housewife, with the result that throughout the decades they were married together he never had a real home. His first child died at the age of 12. And then his wife gave birth to a little daughter, who fell ill with adolescent dementia as a teenager, when the child's unfortunate mother was still alive. The latter was, however, soon afterwards delivered from all her earthly suffering. But my friend went through a real martyrdom, repeatedly had to have his daughter confined to an institution for the insane and then, out of the pity of his heart, had her back home again to care for her, only to be forced to re-admit the poor girl, as she constituted a danger to the public.
About four years ago a severe heart condition brought his life to an end, following his having set himself up in business again. His problem child still languishes in Dobran Mental Hospital. My son Eugen has been appointed as the unfortunate girl's guardian, a role he fulfils with loyal concern.

I didn't become closer acquainted with my friend, Willy Arnstein, until I had become a member of the circle of friends already alluded to. He was more than 15 years older than I and was a bachelor with a zest for life – the beloved "uncle" of my youth. He had a refreshing sense of humour that he kept until the end of his days, a quality that often made him the focal point of our jovial exuberance. I have already mentioned him in connection with the incident at the post-box in Karslbad. Good "Uncle Will", who presented me with many a proof of his staunch loyalty, lives on in the memory of all my family.

A whole string of other dear, tested friends stood at my side in Pilsen; I do not intend listing them all by name – my children after all know who they all are – so as not to increase the girth of this account of my life even more. But all of them, of whom many have already departed from the suffering of this life, took part in the happiness that I was permitted to live through in that beautiful past age, and they remain attached to my heart beyond the realm of time and space.

When I moved home to Vienna, there was another dear friend waiting for me there apart from Ludwig Piette, namely Bela Frank. He had turned up in our circle of friends as a yearly visitor to Pilsen 10 years previously already and we recognised very quickly in him an upright man of extraordinary intellectuality that was blended with the most divine humour. The particularly warm welcome he received from us gradually rendered his regular visits such a need of the heart that he in all seriousness considered moving home to Pilsen. In Vienna our mutual liking for one another developed into a serious, warm friendship. It was fine to be both conscious that we could rely on one another. The humour, a quality we both possessed, did not go short in the process. My wife has collected a whole small volume of high-spirited, jovial poems that we dedicated to one another during the 16 years that we were together in Vienna. In particular, the Christmas greetings he sent me every year in verse bubble with exuberant, brilliant wit.

It is strange that, in his relations with me, this friend, whose character generally used to manifest itself in the form of genuine Viennese fault-finding, adopted a jovial note, almost without exception. And so it was that the many, and yet too meagrely measured hours that we spent together always turned out to be a source of divine enjoyment, and I shall never cease to mourn the loss that I suffered as a result of his all too early departure from this life.

I owe two interesting acquaintanceships to my friend Bela. First of all I met through him his intimate friend, Robert Wortmann, of whom I have repeatedly spoken in these pages. Wortmann was a Vienna banker, who enjoyed the very best reputation, upon whom were heaped all the honorary posts, amongst others that of the Vice-President of the Stock Market, whose counsel

was sought by everyone and to whom the confidence of his fellow citizens was entrusted unreservedly due to his much praised objectivity and conscientiousness. His kindness was captivating, his charm and his somewhat accentuated modesty won him the hearts of everyone. My father-in-law, who was an extremely cautious man and seldom placed his confidence in anyone, chose him to be one of the executors of his will, and said to me on one occasion, "Robert Wortmann, he's a man you can trust." It was only my son Hans, who didn't do so; he said that there was something in the bearing and look of the man that seemed suspicious to him. I perceived in that the voicing of an unfounded antipathy of the nature that one sometimes senses, and I gladly allowed myself to be advised by the renowned banker.

Many years elapsed in my so thinking. When I picked up my evening newspaper one day in 1928, the headlines on the first page stared at me in over-large letters, "Suicide of Robert Wortmann!" After I had recovered a little after an hour, I rushed to the bank as if stirred by thunder and found my friend Frank there as pale as death, excitedly in conversation with sobbing officials from the bank. Wortmann had been found hung to death in his private office. Without exception he had shamefully deceived all his officials, even the senior ones personally attached to him, and he left his banking house behind in a state of total insolvency. Worse still, safe custody accounts that had been entrusted to him had been fraudulently drawn upon, and moneys from humanitarian institutions, which he managed, had disappeared. My son Eugen and I were also amongst those who suffered losses.

As painfully as I was affected by the loss that was by any standards considerable, what hit me even harder was the bitter disappointment and the awareness of my lack of judgement of human character and the fact that I was only one amongst the countless individuals who had squandered their confidence on such a clearly bad man, but nonetheless good play actor, afforded me no consolation. I felt even more pity for poor Frank who had, it is true, only sustained a small amount of damage, but who was never able to overcome this blow.

The second acquaintanceship, in which Frank acted as the mediator, was all the more pleasurable. One day, soon after I had arrived in Vienna, he took me along to see the famous painter of battle scenes, Master Ludwig Koch, who was related to his wife, to show me his atelier. I admired it a great deal and even more the works of art. But what I admired most of all was the delightful artist man and wife, whom I was soon to get to know more closely as friends. Even the envy, which tends to otherwise overcome me when confronted by artistic work of such a high standard, was silenced in my relations with these two charming people. I am all the more happy with this friendship now that it has since been transferred to my youngest son Hans with his artistic interest and his wife, Irene.

If I thus subtract one of the above-mentioned acquaintanceships from the other, I am still left with an almighty plus, for which I gratefully thank the man who made it possible. At this point I should like to record the memory of a number of unforgettably beautiful days.

I believe it was in the summer of 1921 that I undertook a trip to Thuringia with my wife and our eldest son, starting from Nestersitz, a trip that was mainly to take us to Eisenach and Weimar.

Goethe's town had already been the goal of my longing in my youth. On arrival we booked into the famous old hotel, "Zum Erbprinzen", where we moved into an apartment whose old-fashioned furniture and décor and whose whole atmosphere were suited to transplant us to the age that became the hall-mark of our stay in the Athens of Germany. Our visits to the consecrated places became the source of a deeply internal experience for me and, I am sure, for my family too. In

view of the many thousand descriptions there are of these places that have become to the world a Mecca, I shall refrain from any attempt at describing the hallowed rooms and parks, which we were permitted to view in quiet devotion. I just wish to record that, since the tour of Italy I made in my youth, no tour has made so deep and enduring impression on me as that journey of homage to the genius of the Germany that was.

I intend, however, to recall two episodes from this excursion into the land of German poetry, one of which strikes me still today as being supernatural in character, and the other bearing witness to the fact that my natural cheerfulness did not desert me on this trip either, despite all the impressions that bore down on me.

On leaving the vault, where the poet Prince is entombed, we went in search of the grave of Frau von Stein, and paused by it, sunk in thoughts of that time she spent down here in Earth, that has been described so often and with such contradiction.

When we were on the point of leaving, a very old gentleman approached the bench located next to the famous grave, and sat down upon it. We all stood there transfixed, as we were of the opinion that we saw our dear old Papa Lemberger in person before our very eyes – the same build, the same face, the same pale blue eyes beneath a sharply outlined pair of spectacles, the same gait and even the old fashioned cavalry officer's tie was consistent with the overall image of this double. And when he took the newspaper out of his pocket and began to read, it was our old Papa Lemberger again, whom we believed we saw before us. We were scarcely able to separate ourselves from the miracle of this fantastic similarity.

However, the incident is made all the more remarkable by the fact that our youngest son Hans saw the same old man sitting on the same bench in Weimar Cemetery two years before our visit there, and was taken aback by the phenomenon in the same way that we were. Indeed Hans was even able to recount that the old man marked a few places in the newspaper with a pencil in precisely the manner that his grandfather was wont to do.

And now to the more cheerful reminiscence. My friend Frank, to whom I often addressed cheerful greetings cards in verse from our trips, sent me a postcard to Nestersitz, requesting that, when in Weimar, I should ensure that the two Dioscuri (Goethe + Schiller), to whom the famous monument is erected on front of the town's theatre, should be taken down from their pedestal – to make room for the two of us.

Writing from the town of the Muses I rebuked him his truly appalling lack of modesty in a string of doggerel verse, the form and content of which is in no way intended to compete with the correspondence of the two princes of Poetry. I wrote the poem on a postcard whose rear was embellished by a portrait of Goethe, under which I wrote the following words, tormented by qualms of conscience:

Noble countenance, look only into the distance
And not upon the other side!
Should you do so, God of Weimar,
Be not angry and forgive me.

But oh, I fear he will neither have appreciated nor forgiven this "poetic licence".

I also intend dedicating a few lines to the memory of another friendship that I valued. It developed all too late in my life and was terminated at all too early a date by the cruel Almighty.

Ludwig Piette had introduced me to his nephew, Admiral Holub. I had, however, met him many years previously already. At the time I was travelling from Vienna to Pilsen. A very handsome, blond-haired sea cadet was sitting in my compartment. A striking resemblance caused me to enquire, whether he was a member of the Piette family. He laughingly replied in the negative, but revealed himself to be the nephew of my friend Ludwig, as his mother was a Piette by birth. And then I didn't see him again until he was a young newly wed husband and we had that supper together at the French restaurant, Noel and Patard, of which I have already written. It was only when I had taken up residence in Vienna and he was already a senior officer in the Navy, that we met more often and, after Ludwig's death, His Excellency Admiral Holub, who at the time was personally attached to Emperor Karl as Head of the Navy Department and held the post of Minister of State, looked upon me, in a way of speaking, as the heir of his beloved uncle, and became warm friends with me. Unfortunately this friendship didn't last long as already after just a few years a painful condition befell this splendid man, who was built like a proud oak tree. It was initially spoken of as being rheumatism, but shortly afterwards it was recognised to be a severe, treacherous condition that threatened this precious life.

For more than a year the unfortunate man was confined to bed in a variety of hospitals, where I visited him as often as possible. I shall never forget the grief that each of these visits caused me, having as I did, to witness this marvellous man wasting away without hope of salvation and to see those features, which just a short time previously had been so strong and beautiful, wilting as each visit passed. And yet, with a bleeding heart, I had to tell jokes to brighten the poor patient up, who often entreated me with clasped hands to remain a while longer and to come again soon, very soon. I was moved to learn that he always asked for my visits but did not want to receive others and I saw in that a proof of his affection for me.

And so it was that I went to visit him as often as my time allowed until I found him one day apparently asleep following an operation that had been carried out on him the previous day. The reflected splendour of Eternal Peace already rested upon his countenance.

My son Stefan had left Leykam when I did. Shortly beforehand we had introduced an electrolytic procedure at Nestersitz for preventing the build-up of scale in the boilers, which had proved itself very well and the exploitation of which seemed to me to be just as interesting as it was promising. To create a new field of activity for Stefan, I joined up with the inventor, Mr. Schnetzer, the director of the Schicht Works in Aussig and his partner, Mr. Weiner, to form a limited company, that opened an engineer's office in Vienna trading under the name of "Stromlos" (without electricity) and took over the control of sales. The office was managed by Stefan.

A very considerable sum of money, years of hard toil and extensive business trips were expended on this venture, until we were forced to the bitter realisation, not least as we were worn down by a string of bitter patent disputes, that we had wasted our work and money on an idea that had not yet been thought through. We therefore withdrew from the venture.

A second very expensive failure was the acquisition of the picture post-card publishing house belonging to Elbemühl Ltd., which had once enjoyed a brilliant reputation under the trade name of Munk. We purchased the publishing house together with the former director of this department of the company as the specialist we needed, and continued trading under the name

of Fürth & Rosenbaum. What prompted me to this step was the intention of introducing my son Hans, who was similarly without employment, to an occupation that would provide him with fulfilment. But, in this instance too, all the hopes attached to the young company proved misleading. The sales of the product fell, there was a sharp downwards trend on the export side in particular, and there was an absence of the necessary initiative and groundbreaking new ideas, above all, on the part of our specialist in whose hands the management of the business lay in the nature of things. The returns were so slim and the prospects for a thriving future were so slight that I was forced to take the decision of putting a radical end to this eternal source of worry as well. After a few years I therefore resigned from the company with my son.

A small stroke of luck served to off-set the loss that I had sustained by taking this side path. For the purposes of providing appropriate accommodation for the publishing house I purchased a house at 18 Kirchengasse (Church Street!), located in the middle of the busy Mariahilf trading quarter, for a sum of money that would probably otherwise have been invested in some securities or other which would have later become worthless.

Even though these two serious, if not fateful mistakes were wound up in such a way that I got off reasonably lightly, the self-reproach at not having exercised the caution that was due gnawed away at me for a long time to come and I swore to myself that I would submit any new temptations that came my way to a rigorous examination twice and three times over. There was no absence of such temptations, as I was still in search of work for my two younger sons. Hans had by now, however, gone off to Nestersitz, but he longed to return to Vienna.

It was at this point in 1925 that Mr. Hermann Salzer turned up on my doorstep, wanting to obtain advice from me which, as he said, I would easily be able to give him on the basis of my own experiences in business.

I had been pleasantly acquainted with Mr. Salzer, the co-owner of the reputable paper making company, Salzer & Hetzer in Obereggendorf, for many years, during which time we had met together at various meetings and I had recognised in him a correct man with a conciliatory nature. He also appeared to have full confidence in myself as he did not withhold from me information of the most discreet nature. He told me that he couldn't get on with his partner, Mr. Hetzer, an engineer – these things do occur – and that the two of them would no doubt have to take a decision to transform the company into a joint stock company so as to avoid a difficult dissolution of their partnership. The Anglobank would be involved as the institution providing patronage or protection. He went on to say that as he knew that I had been involved in a similar transaction in the past in Pilsen, he would be pleased to receive my advice. I replied that in the case of Fürth and Gellert, it had been a question of a purely family joint stock company and that the bank had only been brought in to provide financial services of a technical nature, as outside money was not required and no debts existed. I said to him that if it were the case that decisive influence over the new joint stock company would have to be conceded to the bank, I could only most strongly advice him to seek to get on with his partner for heaven's sake, even indeed to swallow his frustration every day in preference to abandoning himself to the rule of the bank which, however well-intentioned and polite it may appear to be, would place its interests before the needs of industry, as experience had taught us, and would only show the necessary understanding for those needs in the rarest of cases. I concluded what I had to tell him with the following words, "Dear Mr. Salzer, rather place a rope around your neck than make yourself dependent on the whims of a bank manager and expose yourself to his lack of consideration!" And even today I look back wistfully on my wisdom at that time.

Mr. Salzer's mind wasn't at all closed to the correctness of my arguments and it was rather the case that he agreed with them whole-heartedly. However, he was obliged to point out that the company was already at that time in a relationship of dependency to the bank as a result of its floating debts, the bank in question being the Anglobank. In connection with this disclosure he put the question to me whether, now that I had no commitments, I might not be interested in joining together with him and Mr. Hetzer to set up a family joint stock company with each party holding one third of the shares, that would be confided to my leadership and that would remain independent of any influence from banks as a result of my paying my share of the capital to form the company and would thus be able to function without being influenced.
This proposal, that Mr. Salzer no doubt had in his mind from the onset, came as too much of a surprise for me to be able to respond immediately but it did enjoy my sympathy as I was convinced of the honourable and correct nature of the two gentlemen and could very well imagine that we could work together in a mutually beneficial way particularly with myself acting as a mediator.

I therefore requested time to reflect for a few days and in the intervening period requested the two partners to submit to me the conditions for my taking on the one-third interest offered to me. I also visited the factory and the chipping department, the latter of which was in poor condition and required modernising. I recall strongly dissuading the gentlemen, even in the event of my not becoming involved, from going through with the modernisation and recommended that they should rather content themselves with the poor yield of the chipping department, which had secondary significance for the overall works, and should rather invest the money to be spent in the main mill which, as a mill that produced fine papers, was anyway only secondarily reliant on wood pulp.

As the proposals made to me seemed solid and appropriate, the matter became the subject of mature deliberations and discussions between me and my sons, who supported the realisation of the project with great fervour. Nonetheless I couldn't make up my mind to agree. I should have had to take the sum needed for the investment from my Czech funds and, in doing so, would have had to convert Czech crowns into Austrian crowns. At the time the relationship of the Czech to the Austrian crown was 1 to 1.50 and my fears – described by my sons as "Father's black pessimism" – that this relationship should change 1 to 100 or could get worse, and that in consequence my investment would be lost to me and of no use to the company, made me in the end definitively decide to reject the proposal. In passing, let it be said that within a few weeks my pessimism proved to be too rosy by far: the value of the Czech crown rose to up to 2700 Austrian crowns and for a short time even higher!

Mr. Salzer showed full understanding for the reasons for my negative response, and then proceeded to set up the Obereggendorf Paper Mill Joint Stock Company, apparently in response to pressure from the bank.

It was midday when he took leave of me after receiving my negative decision and my sons mourned the project's having been dropped. I comforted them with the prospect that we might perhaps soon find a more promising opportunity for them to prove their metal.

A few hours later the well known Vienna lawyer, Dr. Schopp, got in touch with me. He said that he wanted to acquaint me with a request that he bravely hoped that I would not refuse. He said that he came on behalf of several partners in the company P. Piette from Freiheit to enquire whether I was inclined to join the company assuming a one-quarter or third share. My role in the company would be as trustee for the group making this application and, in other respects, I

would also have a decisive role to play, as Mr. Prosper von Piette was already 76 and a tired man. My work for the company would be supported by the implicit confidence of all the partners.

I am unable to describe the impression this request made on me. I interpreted it as a supernatural message from my friend Ludwig and was all the more moved as the prophecy I had made a few hours before that there might soon be a possibility for proving one's metal elsewhere had soon quickly turned into reality. I felt as if I must follow this sign of fate and say, "Yes" straight away.

But at the same time I was confronted by the spectre of the despotic attitude of old Prosper von Piette and admonished myself to be cautious on recalling the man's boundless selfishness.

I thus replied to Dr. Schopp that the confidence shown to me did me great honour and that I experienced the call as if it had come from my friend himself for which reason I was very sympathetically inclined towards the request but that I of course wouldn't be able to take a definitive decision until I had been advised of the exact conditions for my joining the company and had gained a more precise insight into the situation of the same.

In fact, shortly afterwards a discussion with Prosper's son, Engineer Ludwig von Piette, did take place at Dr. Schopp's office. Nothing particularly important was discussed but I did get the impression, I thought, that both he and his father would not be averse to my becoming a partner in the company. It was only agreed that the old gentleman should come to see me at Nestersitz where it was my intention to spend a few weeks some days later. After I had been in Nestersitz for a few days he did in fact arrive there, without its being possible to discern the slightest indication in the bearing of the 76 year old gentleman of the strains of a 4 hour car drive on poor roads, and he stayed for 2½ days.

He inspected the whole mill for hours on end with a remarkable freshness of spirit, climbed up and down the steepest steps with the elasticity of youth, gave advice, which extended to the cultivation of the vegetable garden and, quite contrary to his otherwise cold and brusque manner, he was really charming, even at table and in the whole way he behaved. However he steadfastly remained silent about the purpose of his visit. Apparently by this excess of cunning on his part, it was his intention for me to commence discussions. I for my part considered that that would have been misguided and thus refrained from doing so too.

It wasn't until he had taken leave of my family and I accompanied him to his car that he stopped in his tracks and asked straight out, "Dear friend, what are your thoughts actually on how you would be involved in my company?"
"I beg your pardon," I said, "there appears to be a great misunderstanding here. I have had no thoughts whatsoever, it was rather the case that I was approached and it was thus I who should have expected to hear your proposals, as had moreover been discussed. But I will be frank with you and confess, that I have had such bitter experiences in my life already with partnerships that, as much as I pay tribute to all the personalities involved, I do not wish to expose myself to similar dangers again and, to me, this also appears to be in the interest of all of you." He took note of this shaking his head and recompensed me with three kisses of farewell. And so it was that this short dream came to an end as well.

I have never regretted the attitude I adopted. Prosper Piette carried on living for about another 6 years and, although he no longer personally worked in the company, he never relinquished his influence on its management, which was dictated by the most blatant self-

interest. That in its own would of necessity have led to disagreement, and in addition it came to pass that the number of partners further increased as a result of partition of succession, the consequence of which was that a calm working climate would have been made even more difficult and the danger of partnerships, that I so feared, would have been increased even further.

A further temptation soon came my way. I was with my wife in Karlsbad on a cure, probably in the summer of 1924, when I was, one fine day, addressed on the promenade by his Excellency Dr. Karl Urban, the former Minister of Trade of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire (my former colleague on the board of management of the Pilsen Joint Stock Brewery Company). He handed me an invitation from his Excellency Baron Sztereny, the former Hungarian Minister of Trade, requesting me to attend joint discussions at Hotel Pupp. I was informed that the latter wished to submit an interesting project to me, and asked me to go and see him, as he was taken ill with sciatica.

When I was ushered into Baron Sztereny's room in the company of Dr. Urban in the afternoon, the former pointed out to me the well known fact that following the partition of the Slovakian parts if its territory, Hungary was left without a paper industry and that, in consequence, the setting-up of a paper mill was a promising venture. I was told that the funds were in place and that I only had to agree to assume command as manager of the venture and there would be nothing more in the way of its being realised.

I didn't conceal that, worn down by the events of the preceding years, I felt little joy at the prospect of taking upon my shoulders a too heavy load of work and responsibility and also did not withhold from him my opinion, that Hungary was not a country richly stocked with timber, where the setting-up of a pulp mill was indicated, and that the new paper mill would thus be reliant on importing pulp from abroad, which would very much affect its ability to compete with mills in neighbouring countries that had discharged all their debts. Baron Sztereny replied with great animation, "Let me assure you, on the day that the project starts to take shape, you will be made a member of the Hungarian Customs Advisory Committee and be in a position to fix paper tariffs at a rate that would provide the new mill with adequate protection and ensure its prosperity. Moreover, as I would also have you nominated on to the supervisory boards of other enterprises, you would also find the opportunity in other ways to make use of your experiences gained there."

Although tempted in this promising way, I couldn't forgo replying, that I was only too conscious of the fact that my commercial political knowledge was dwarfed by that of a man, who enjoyed a European reputation in such matters, but that I was nevertheless obliged to pose the question whether Hungary, as things stood at that time, would be able to summon up the power to dictate prohibitive industrial tariffs against the interests of its own strong agricultural lobby. He was visibly unpleasantly upset by this objection, but was unable to counter its logic.

The discussions ended by my saying that I would definitely offer my services and provide the Baron with advice and action, initially without obligation. Probably as a result of my sceptical attitude, he however appeared to lose heart as, after a brief correspondence following the above discussions, I didn't hear any more of the matter that had thus been put on hold. To my knowledge Baron Sztereny was not involved in the paper mill that was set up in Hungary several years later.

I must confess that I underestimated the protection the Hungarian Government was prepared to give to new industrial ventures, as, when it came to it, it afforded protection to paper mills set up by others to such an extent, that the latter are prospering splendidly at a time when the

companies in the same branch of activity over here are fighting for their survival. It is, of course, true that in Hungary today signs of incipient over-production are making themselves felt and, as I predicted, the Government has had to apply the brakes to further expansionist desires in the interests of the agricultural lobby, with the result that the future of the Hungarian paper mills no longer looks quite so rosy, as it did a short time ago. But nevertheless, the brave pioneers have by now got their lambs into the shelter of the barn, and I missed the opportunity of being one of the lucky ones.

I now intend once again dedicating myself for a while to memories, that are far remote from my professional or business activity and, in this connection, would like to remember my yearly visits to glorious Gastein, which my father before me had so loved. During our first years there we spent our holiday in the company of very dear friends. Principal amongst the latter was my wife's cousin, Hermann Lemberger, the favourite nephew of my father-in-law. Soon after our move to Vienna we became intimate friends with Hermann, an excellent man with a great character, and his sisters, whose joint household is suffused by a genuine, old patrician atmosphere, that is today only very rarely encountered. I shall refrain from listing and describing individually all these dear people, as they are only too well known to those, for whom these lines are intended. But I do want to record that we count the above siblings, without exception, amongst our most reliable friends.

Then there was a couple from Pilsen, Lieutenant Colonel Kornmüller and his wife Mimi, who had once been the ward of Ludwig Piette, to whom we owe the pleasure of being acquainted with these people, who have become so dear to us. Mimi is a woman, in whom an extraordinary intelligence competes with a warm heart that scarcely knows its equal. It is understandably rare that someone possessed of sufficient acumen to see through her fellow human beings nonetheless retained a great willingness to help them in their need. A third fine quality that is a feature of her character is a marvellous sense of humour.

The Lieutenant Colonel, an Austrian Italian by birth despite his German name, was a placid man, who was absolutely reliable, had an uncompromising sense of justice, and was incapable of a false action, even if it cost him his life.

This dear couple, whose exemplarily happy marriage was cruelly brought to an end a few years ago by the fine husband's death, became our true friends already when we lived in Pilsen.

Another intimate friend of the Lieutenant Colonel joined our little circle of friends in Gastein, Count Heinrich Stürghk, a brother of the murdered Austrian Minister President, a man of high intellectual qualities and a heart of gold, despite his grim, biting wit.

I believe it was in the summer of 1923, when the Austrian crown had dropped in value to unheard of depths, whilst the Czech crown remained stable after a short fall. It was at that time that Count Stürghk, walking at my side on the way home from a joint excursion, jokingly started to speak German with a Bohemian accent, a device he often used to tease our friend Mimi in other situations as well. Although only to happy to go along with any joke immediately, the latter possibly felt that her patriotism was slightly hurt by this, and suddenly approached us, hissing, "What, you're imitating our accent, are you? You'd be better trying to imitate our currency!" That was unfortunately not within our power.

A far more serious episode took place at the lunch we took together. An acquaintance of our friends, the Prussian Countess Matuschka, also sat down at our table, as was her wont. Suddenly

someone brought us the news of the assassination of Rathenau, the German Minister. I can still see in my mind's eye the way Count Stürghk turned pale, apparently in memory of his brother, who had also been assassinated. At the very same moment, however, the shrill sound of Countess Matuschka's voice reached my ear with the words, "Thank God, that swine has been killed!"

Speechless at the hard-heartedness on the part of a woman, that was only met by icy silence, I did however manage to retain sufficient presence of mind to avoid a vociferous scene by rising from my chair and leaving the room with my wife.

A year later we were all again assembled in beautiful Gastein for a happy time together, of course with the exception of that dehumanised lady who shared our table. One evening, getting on for 10 p.m. we promenaded a little with Kornmüllers on Straubing Square. Hardly had we taken leave of them and taken a few steps in the direction of our hotel, than my wife sank to the floor. I enquired with alarm, as I endeavoured to pick her up from the floor, whether she had hurt herself, and received the reply, "I believe that I have fractured my hand."

To my horror I immediately realised that my poor wife had made the right diagnosis. On reaching the nearby hotel where we were staying, Hotel Austria, we encountered our cousin, Hermann, who quickly fetched a doctor friend of mine, Dr. Altmann. He diagnosed a fracture of her left forearm just above the wrist joint and made the recommendation that we should first recover from our shock for two days and then return to Vienna to have the treatment measures he had carried out checked there.

During those two days my poor wife was the object of the most moving concern on the part of all. Without exception our friends competed in tokens of tender affection and the hotel's staff also showed the tenderest consideration. And when we had to take our leave from Gastein again after having scarcely been there for nine days, all our friends and acquaintances were assembled at the station to bid us farewell.

Fortunately the fracture healed very quickly, and in August my wife mustered the courage to set off for Gastein again, the place where she had experienced such discomfort only a short time previously.

I must again return to Mr. and Mrs. Kornmüller. The Lieutenant Colonel was an enthusiastic spiritualist, without however having any fellow disciples amongst us or talking of his mysterious knowledge. Without personally involving herself in his experiments, his wife Mimi's attitude to them was one of genuine faith. And so it was that she once wrote the following lines in one of her letters to my wife, "You will be interested to learn that my husband recently had the pleasure of being allowed to converse with some of our dear friends from the beyond, in particular with Uncle Ludwig (she meant her guardian, Ludwig Piette, whom she had called uncle). When my husband asked Ludwig in the end, whether he could pass on any messages from him, Ludwig replied, "Indeed you can, tell my friend Emil Fürth that there is a God. Only fools doubt his existence."

I would have flatly and calmly ignored this strange message, as I would any of the many products of the lively fantasy of a person enmeshed in spiritualistic ideas, if certain circumstances had not forced me to reflect more deeply, albeit without reaching any results.

It was namely the case that I had frequently enough discussed the theme of God with Piette and, in doing so, learnt that although I myself was never of a religious frame of mind, he of the

two of us was by far the stauncher free-spirit. However, I knew with equal certainty that he had never spoken to the couple, who had strong religious views, of our discussions, and that this "call from another world" could impossibly have been born from knowledge of our philosophical views. And on the other hand I am absolutely convinced of the total honesty of our friend Kornmüller and of the clarity of his mind. As I still ask myself today, what is to be made of the matter?

I do not believe in supernatural things along the lines of spiritualism, but I intend confiding to these pages the confession, that I am incapable of ceasing to brood over the above narrated incident. As long as I have got no nearer to solving this puzzle, I shall abide by the words of the great poet and philosopher, when he wrote of "the things between heaven and earth, of which our wisdom acquired at school does not permit us to dream."

Not long after the setting up of the Obereggendorf Paper Mill Joint Stock Company, I was requested by the Anglo-Bank to submit an assessment to it of how the company was faring, as the mill, which had formerly made good profits, was constantly operating at a considerable loss.

An end had been put to the unhappy relationship existing between the former partners, who had both been appointed to the company's management, by the resignation of one of them, Mr. Hetzer, the graduate engineer. As he however sold his shareholding to one of those obscure banks, that caused trouble everywhere at the time, turbulent times once again beset the company's administration.

After a short look at the books I ascertained that the bank – the solid Anglo-Bank was still in charge – was charging the company no less than 30% interest for its loans and added on to this various forms of commission and did not hesitate to explain to the leading figures at the bank that there could hardly be an industrial company, from whatever branch of industry, that could withstand such naked and senseless exploitation, which would be classified as criminal and prosecuted accordingly, if committed by a private individual. I declined to take up the invitation to place myself at the head of the company's management, but did recommend that Mr. Willy Hamburger should be appointed to the company's administration, as he was known to me to be a competent specialist in the field and that, fist and foremost, the interest rates on the loans should be reduced to a reasonable level. Mr. Hamburger was appointed but, as far as I am aware, the gentlemen from the bank couldn't make up their minds to significantly relax the extortionate rate of interest. It casts a poor light on not only the mentality but also the capabilities of the bank potentates of the day, who not only at Anglo-Bank paid homage to such tendencies, that they were blinded by their short-sightedness, which scarcely seems believable today, and by their arrogance and greed and were inaccessible to the most primitive of logic that, by adopting the measure that I urged upon them, they would not only render the company's existence more easy but would save the shares of the company that were in the bank's possession from plunging in value. But almost without exception the banks pursued the phantom of highly inflated returns from interest receipts, without even having as much as a presentiment that the latter could one day dry up together with the capital.

Further time elapsed and then the Governor and Executive Director of Anglo-Bank, Mr. Komer, who was at the time in Gastein at the same time as myself, invited me for discussions, disclosing to me that, in view of the continuing losses on the balance sheets of the Obereggendorf Paper Mill, the bank was resolved to close down production at the mill. He asked me to give my opinion about this. Prior to pronouncing my judgement, I wanted to hear the views of the two specialists, Salzer and Hamburger, and they were thus summoned to Bad Gastein for a conference. On the basis of our joint discussions, I gave expression to my opinion that the closing down of

production would result in the asset constituted by the mill losing almost all its value, and that I therefore had to warn against such a draconian measure. I went on to say that I was of the belief that I could foresee a recovery in the company's fortunes in the near future, if the company were rationalised and if, in particular, the production of cigarette paper that had only just been commenced, were dropped. At the time it was just as impossible for me as for others to believe in the possibility that the crisis, which had already then befallen the paper industry, was to reach unimaginable depths and that the competition for customers could take on the senselessly destructive forms it did. In any event, at the time I saved the company from the saddest fate that could have happened to it.

It was in this period that the symptoms of depression occurred, that began to make themselves felt on the Czechoslovak pulp market. The price cutting that went on amongst suppliers upset prices on the home market so disastrously, that I decided to propagate the idea of a pulp cartel, initially just for Czechoslovakia. Already my first visit to Neusiedler PLC, the largest producer of pulp in the country, achieved success. Mr. Tennenbaum, the General Director, whose eminent intelligence was allways sweetened by virgin honey, declared that, even at that time, he was still obtaining significantly higher prices for his products, with the consequence that a cartel could scarcely offer him any greater advantages, but that he didn't want to upset my laudable scheme, and rather would go along with it out of a sense of friendship and admiration for me. I was fortunately able to suppress the tears of emotion I felt in the face of such selflessness and, armed with this acceptance, I was easily able to coax the other interested parties, in particular the representatives of the three large Slovakian mills that were feuding with one another, to take part in a joint meeting.

My idea was generally received with enthusiasm and, in the turn of a hand, an association was brought into being that really did bring blessings to everyone, and enabled us to increase prices again without in any way taking advantage of the situation in an extortionate manner, in such a way, that the mills were guaranteed a reasonable level of prosperity. Even the paper industry welcomed the agreement we had come to, as it made the setting-up of a central sales office it was striving to achieve significantly easier for it.

At the constituting assembly for the new association that now followed I was, to my surprise, voted unanimously – with the exception, of course, of my own vote – as chairman. The honest resistance I put up to this nomination was of just as little use to me as was my expressly pointing out to the assembly that the leadership of the association was the prerogative of one of the representatives of the large groups, and that I only represented a medium-sized company. I therefore had to accept the nomination. In the depth of my own heart I was conscious of the fact that this honorary post was not given to me because I was the initiator of the idea, but rather because the "big boys" didn't trust one another and saw in me "an honest broker". That is a position that I have often held in my life; whether it has been merited or not, is not permitted to me to judge and I am equally as uncertain, whether I should place these honours bestowed on me on the credit or debit side of the balance sheet.

The cartel, which was initially only constructed around freely negotiated sales subject to intermittent checks, was soon extended to become a central sales office in Prague that was given the name, "Sulphide Ltd." By creating a solid association of this nature, an appropriate institution now existed to initially conclude price agreements with the German pulp producers for the German market, which was of decisive importance for us. I went to the first discussions in Berlin in the company of my colleague, Raoul Eichmann and there we did in fact succeed in preparing the ground for the convention we were hoping for so well, that the latter was soon

able to start operating. It is based on an import contingent that is awarded to us, and still continues to exercise its beneficial influence, even though several incidents have since repeatedly threatened its existence and despite the obstacles existing at the present time.

A thoroughly sad memory is, however, also linked to the above-mentioned first discussions we had in Berlin. Following the conclusion of the discussions Eichmann invited me to go to a theatre with him and afterwards to a wine bar. I had to decline as I was tired from the discussions and wanted to travel home early the following morning. As I knew that he didn't enjoy the best of health, I laughingly gave him the fatherly advice that he shouldn't surrender too much to the night life on offer in Berlin, particularly as he also had to set off early the next morning on the next stage of his journey to Amsterdam. And so it was that we parted company, neither of us imagining that it was to be forever. It was namely the case that a few days later I received the dreadful news, that Eichmann, who was scarcely 50, had suddenly collapsed on the street in Amsterdam and had breathed his last breath in the arms of the man escorting him. Shattered by this news, I thanked Providence for having spared me having to witness this dreadful incident, which could all too easily have been my fate, if we had both gone "in search of Berlin's night life together."

Two years after the German and Czechoslovak pulp mills had joined together in the association, we proceeded to further extend it by creating the international price agreement, to which the pulp mills of Austria, Sweden, Norway, Finland and Memelland (part of Poland) signed up, and whose headquarters was moved to Stockholm. If this institution hasn't so far quite lived up to our expectations, we did bring about a regulation of the world market and put an end to the excessive under-cutting of prices as a result of decisively reducing the production of pulp under the terms of the convention that had grown in a senseless manner in the past. At the present time the price regulations also now extend to the American market which is of great importance for European producers.

And so it is that a mighty international organisation has grown out of the small Czechoslovak association and that I may take the credit for being the father of the former.

A highly important decision for our mill at Nestersitz coincided with the year 1925. Although all operating, the four boilers we had there with a combined heating surface of 800 m^2 no longer met the production requirements that had slightly increased. There was a constant lack of steam which resulted in interrupting production. Forcing the boilers which were being subjected to too great pressure any way, implied that the coal wasn't being burnt properly which naturally inflated the price of our steam requirement. As we had no reserves of steam at all, we were faced with significant stoppages of production when one or the other boiler was being cleaned, and there was in consequence no question of production being further increased.

We were thus confronted with the need to carry out a fundamental reconstruction of our steam plant. To this end I got in touch with my old adviser in such matters, the Prague Privy Councillor, Professor Doerfel, whose brilliant reputation as a specialist can justifiably be called a European one. We were united in the desire to install one of those modern plants that I had already advocated in a so lively manner on the occasion of that memorable meeting of the Leykam board for the Gratwein mill. Both my son and the Works Director, Mr. Dittrich enthusiastically agreed, and it was decided to initially order a high performance boiler from the Skoda Works with a heating surface of 300 m^3 for 30 Atu, and to keep the existing boilers as a reserve but, after putting the new one into service, to successively re-wall them in a rational manner.

To avoid too much construction work being done at the same time, we also delayed the installation of the steam turbine that was also planned, until the new boiler had been put into service.
As we had to avoid production being interrupted, the task of reconstructing the boiler room and the whole plant was extraordinarily difficult and constituted a particularly delicate piece of work.

However, all the effort and care that was expended on this difficult task of reconstruction paid rich dividends as the new boiler far exceeded all the hopes that had been placed in it. With a heating surface of just 300 m^2, in contrast to the 800 m^2 of the old plant, it supplied the whole mill with ease and brought about very significant economies in coal.

We were then able to proceed to the aforementioned reconstruction of the old boilers. One of them had already been re-installed and was just waiting for the surrounding wall to be erected, when it burst, when a water pressure test was being carried out! In response to a report I was given about this over the telephone to Vienna, I immediately set off for Prague to arrange a conference with Privy Councillor Dr. Doerfel, to which I summoned both my son Eugen and the Works Director, Mr. Dittrich. The subject of debate was whether as a replacement for the corroded Cornwall boiler, we should order a new one the same size or not hesitate and order a second modern high performance boiler. Although the cost of the latter would be at least four times that of the former, the consideration that, instead of creating something provisional, we ought rather without further ado create something definitive, that would not only secure production at the mill against all eventualities but would also permit a significant extension of production, led us to take up the more generous solution to the problem without further hesitation. We immediately set off to the Skoda Works, where a second vertical pipe boiler, based precisely on the design of the first one, was ordered within the space of half an hour. At the same time we made virtue of a necessity by deciding to re-install the best preserved of the old boilers for burning wood shavings, whilst redeveloping the other three, after successfully repairing the burst one, to make a steam storage plant.

In 1926 we then proceeded to order the steam turbine. At the time the First Brno Mechanical Engineering Co. Ltd. was the company, which normally had to appear at the top of everyone's list when considering the installation of such a piece of plant. It however exploited its good reputation to an extent that seemed unreasonable and made its offers in such a way as to create the impression that it was bestowing a favour. And on top of that its prices were unacceptably high. The price it quoted to us for the turbine at the factory gate and without the costs of installation was Kc 1,400,000.— . A counter-offer from Brown-Boveri Ltd. in Baden (Switzerland) whose product was in no way inferior to that of Brno, was for just half that amount, despite the fact that customs duty f Kc 90,000.— and high freight charges had to be overcome.

Brown-Boveri was, of course, given the order, but it merits being recorded that, at the very point in time, when we were negotiating with Brown-Boveri's engineers in Nestersitz, the sales representatives of the Brno factory turned up, stating that they had instructions to under-cut any offer from their competitors, however low it may be, by 10%. I turned the offer down giving as my reason that I could no longer have any confidence in a company that hiked the price of its products by more than 100%.

The new steam turbine had its trial run on New Year's Day 1927. I can still see myself in my mind's eye standing there full of expectation with my son Eugen at my side and also his son Peter, in whose memory this memorable moment for the factory will endure.

The trail run passed without fault to such an extent that, on the following day already, it was put into full working service and, since that time, it has worked without any interruptions whatsoever.

The new plant, which Privy Councillor Professor Doerfel commends as being a model to follow in his lectures still today, paid for itself in three years already as a result of the economies achieved, and it has reduced production costs so substantially as a result of the greater amount of steam being produced, that we have been able to remain competitive, which would not have been the case in today's situation had we been less generous in the decisions we took at that time.

Many years previously I had developed a purulent wound on the lateral side of the palm of my left hand as a result of having been bitten by a fly. Since that time I had been intermittently afflicted with abscesses on various parts of my body, mainly my neck. In July 1926 I had to contend with such an unpleasant experience yet again; on this occasion I consulted a specialist so as to rid myself of the condition as quickly and thoroughly as possible. However, already in the night following the first course of treatment, agonizing pain occurred, and my neck swelled up critically. The specialist was away from home on a Sunday outing and couldn't be reached. And so it was that our G.P. Dr. Steiner was called in. He recognised the great danger and stated that an operation was an urgent necessity. The abscess had developed into a carbuncle. After I had been taken to Auersperg Hospital, Professor Lotheisen opened up the growth, from which he removed tissue in the shape of a large apple. It was high time that this was done – a short delay would have resulted in my agonizing death.

A few days later – I was still confined to my bed in hospital, greatly weakened by the intervention and with a dressing obscuring the whole of my head – the sad news reached us of the death of my brother-in-law Joseph, in Nuremberg, the husband of my sister Hermine. The news didn't come unexpected as, on the occasion of my last visit, it had been my great sorrow to be confronted by a lost man worn down by his severe medical condition. From the very first day of our acquaintanceship I genuinely grew fond of Joseph, whose unfailingly jovial nature won everyone's heart, and his all too early departure from this life thus affected me all the more painfully.

The awareness of not having sufficiently exploited the possibility of becoming even closer to one another during his life time – a feeling that the death of a loved one often triggers in us – was the occasion of my becoming even more intimate with Joseph's brother, my youngest brother-in-law, and I believe that he increasingly saw in me a friend and a brother, as I did in him. But oh, he too departed from our midst forever shortly before I made my mind up to write this review of my life, leaving behind a gap in all our lives that cannot be filled and deeply mourned by myself. I am increasingly surrounded by loneliness……

In 1926 the beginning of the period that saw many banks go to the wall saw the Anglo-Bank, which had up until then been considered a safe haven in the storm, fall its victim, and it unloaded all the industrial enterprises that it had patronised on to other banks. And so it was that Obereggendorf Paper Mill Ltd. fell into the hands of the Credinanstalt bank, following the company's shares having already previously become the play thing of some obscure bank and having finally been mortgaged to the Anglo-Bank. The Creditanstalt bank, whose resources at that time had apparently already been exhausted by offering all too high loans in the past, similarly sought to rid itself of companies such as the Obereggendorf mill. The bank also

approached me to see if I was interested in acquiring the block of shares, but the negotiations didn't produce an outcome. It wasn't until 1927 that my son Stefan wrote to me in Karlsbad, where I was in a cure with my wife, that Mr. Willy Hamburger was in a position to procure the above-mentioned shareholding from the Creditanstallt bank, representing 65% of the company's capital, for a minimal sum. Linked to this, of course, was assuming responsibility for the company's bank debts, that were about s 800,000.— at the time.

I had no desire to get involved with the offer; at the very least, however, I wanted to postpone the decision until my return home. However, Stefan lay siege to me with letters, in which he implored me by all that was sacred to me not to deprive him of this opportunity to prove his metal, and he asked me so forcefully that I finally overcame my reluctance about this transaction and entered into negotiations, after I had ensured through Stefan's intervention and thanks to my friendly relationship with the General Director of Länderbank, that the loan could be transferred to Länderbank at an advantageous rate of interest.

I didn't heed Stefan's anxious pleading that I should suppress any attempt to get the bank to lower the offer it made me and I was in fact able to obtain a price reduction.

I wish the negotiations had failed because this acquisition proved to be the third and largest disappointment of my life.

We by and large got on top of the internal difficulties compensating for inadequacies by making sufficiently generous investments. But we could no longer undo fundamental errors that had been committed prior to our having a say in the running of the mill. For instance they had a short time previously modernised the chipping department at a considerable expense that couldn't be reconciled with the finished article, after I had counselled against its reconstruction many years previously. They had also acquired a paper machine from the Austrian Publicly Owned Tobacco Company, admittedly at a comparatively low price, and proceeded to install it at great expense at the time I started work there. As I didn't intervene to stop this, I must, however, share the responsibility for the fact that they didn't refrain from this latter step.

But principally luck was against us because we were entering a period of crisis that affected the Austrian paper industry more than any other branch of industrial activity and hammered it into the ground. The fact that virtually all the companies in our branch of industry are forced to suffer from this catastrophic situation, and that outstanding mills have had to be permanently closed down implies a deterioration of the situation rather than a source of comfort that I can draw from this indication that there as so many papermakers, who are fellow sufferers.

Although I am conscious of the fact that even if I were possessed of the intellectual powers of a Titan, I would not be able to successfully fight against this economic collapse that the world has hardly ever seen before, I nevertheless feel myself to be more burdened by this excessive level of responsibility weighing down on my shoulders, than I have ever been in the course of my turbulent life.

For the near future I am unable to perceive any promising or simply satisfying prospects through the all too gloomy clouds, that hang menacingly over the economic landscape but, as far as possible, I should like to distance myself from an all too black and unhealthy pessimistic attitude and prefer to build my hopes on the possibility that the world will draw back from the abyss at which it currently stands, in the last moment and seek rescue in a world where the power of reason prevails.

And as far as the above-mentioned company entrusted to my management is concerned, it is my hope that it will recover as a result of the creation of the Association of Austrian Paper Manufacturers, which I have been advocating for years and that has now at long last been perfected. I therefore intend to reserve the right to only continue my report of the events and experiences of a business nature that have occurred since I acquired the majority of the company's share, if I should be granted the good fortune to be permitted to conclude this less happy chapter of the account of my life on a more conciliatory note.

However, on the other hand, prior to placing a provisional full stop at the foot of my account, I should like to record at this point a few more memories of a non-professional nature.

It is thus, above all, a duty of the heart to mention the dear circle made up of a few men, to whom I felt particularly attracted and of whom I shall only mention Dr. Wachtel, Judicial Councillor Dr. Mintz, Dr. Saloschin and Ministerial Councillor Sylvester, graduate engineer, by name.

I must however precede this by the confession that I didn't initially find an equivalent of the circle of friends I had had in Pilsen, even though I looked for one in the same circles. In the first years of my stay in Vienna my heavy work load did, however, restrain me from actively cultivating the acquaintanceship of my peers. Given the large associations I later came into contact with that were not vetted with the called-for rigour, I was later, however, always forced to make the comparison with the small group of carefully selected friends, in whose midst I had formerly felt so happy and at home in Pilsen.

Not that there was an absence of a kindly willingness to oblige; it was rather the case that I was heaped with honours that I certainly hadn't deserved. However, the invincible antipathy towards those, whose characters were all too opposed to my own, and who unfortunately constituted the majority, stood in the way of the good intentions I had of permanently blending in with the whole. All my attempts along those lines failed; I could not warm to the company of those in question.

However, to a few of the many I did become attracted and all the more so because they were a few, and quite quietly and with no agreement at all there arose a friendship born of mutual sympathy, which found its friendly and mainly jovial expression in afternoon meetings that occurred twice a week. The gain of becoming linked to this small number of intellectually high-ranking people with strong characters and hearts of gold richly compensates all the disappointments I have mentioned.

One of them, however, departed prematurely from our intimate circle, and in so doing plunged us all, particularly myself, into deep mourning. I had briefly met Ministerial Counsellor Sylvester 6 years previously and then lost sight of him. When I encountered him by chance four years ago, it was "friendship at first sight", that united us from that moment onwards. The difference in our ages – he was probably 20 years younger than I – could not detract from the intimacy of our relationship. Every meeting I had with this fine thinking man turned out to be pure enjoyment. The unusual spirituality that was his hall-mark enabled him to assert his universal education in an unimposing manner; his warmth of heart and his never-flagging, divine, breathtaking and refreshing humour won him everyone's affection.

In August 1932 my friend Sylvester complied with my request to spend his holiday with us in Gastein. Never parting company, we spent a few unforgettable weeks full of refreshing cheerfulness in that unique and wonderful place called Gastein, so beloved by me and blessed by God. And all along we had no premonition of the disaster that awaited us.

A few months later Sylvester, a man who was seemingly bursting with health and had the build of a Hun, was confined to his bed lost beyond salvation, and in February this precious human life drew its last breath. I had lost another friend, whom I had scarcely acquired as such.

However great I feel the urge to give expression to what occupies and dominates the thoughts and feelings of the whole of humanity today, I do not intend to make any observations about the terrible political, economic and spiritual crisis, from which the world has suffered during all these years at a fever pitch that ever increases, and which marks the age in which we live so terribly. Because it is the case that these pages are supposed to be dedicated to exclusively personal memories and, moreover, those who at some time in the future come to read them for the first time, will have been instructed by thousands of reports of the events of the world stage of our time; because it is undoubtedly the case that we stand on the threshold of a new epoch, which as such will be recorded in sufficient detail in the history of future times.

On the 1st October 1929 it wasn't the stork but our youngest son, who brought a little daughter into our home. On that day he married Irene Mandel, a girlfriend from his youth. She found a place in all our hearts immediately.

The happy young couple shared our apartment with us for a year and, when they moved to my house (Kirchengasse 18) to make their own nest, they left a great void behind, that we still experience as such today, however tenderly the two of them make efforts to visit us as often as is possible.

At this point I cannot refrain from mentioning a phenomenon, which is a constant source of reflection for me, as is everything inexplicable. One fine day Hans, the young husband, who as a very young boy indulged his literary talents, which extended far beyond the skills of a dilettante and then never again "wrote", surprised us with a marvellous relief, that he had modelled on an engraving by Albrecht Dürer, without ever beforehand having had any instruction whatsoever in this respect. Urged on by this work that was wildly admired, even by connoisseurs, Hans, the rank layman, who had once been threatened by his art master with a "fail" mark, tried his hand at more difficult works with great success and perfected himself to the point of being a veritable artist, after having sought further instruction from that time onwards from a young master artist. His young wife admires him greatly and I too am proud of his works. I believe that I may have passed on to him my modest drawing talent, and am sure, however, that I awakened a love of art in him.

With all my close family assembled around me I celebrated my 70th birthday in 1930. My sisters were there too with the unfortunate exception of Hermine, who didn't arrive at our home until the autumn for her customary long stay. We had kept the date a strict secret but, notwithstanding, our reception room was transformed into a flower garden. I was deeply moved by all the love that surrounded me but I will confess that I couldn't get used to the role of an old gentleman which it seems is compulsorily prescribed when one enters the time of one's life when one is defined as a patriarch. And even today still when the three quarter centuries of my time on this earth will soon have been completed, the awareness of my now really being expected

to "shake" and being classified as an ancient seems quite strange and unreal to me. And I reflect on how, when I was still young myself, people aged 60 seemed to be already as old as the hills.

The word "shake" refers to what my Grandson Peter once said. I was on a visit to Nestersitz and was occupied shaving in my bedroom on the first floor. Peter, who was then 5, was keeping me company and, when I had finished, he wanted to take the shaving mirror I had borrowed from his father back downstairs. As I refused this on the grounds that he might drop the mirror, causing it to shatter, Peter said "Grandfather, it is you who might break it because you are so old and shaky." Pretending to be very outraged, I held one of my arms out in front of me, conscious of my youthfulness of 59 years standing, and enquired, "Just you look! Am I shaking?" After observing keenly, Peter replied spiritedly, "No, not yet, Grandfather. But you will be shaking before too long."

My office as chairman of the Association of Czechoslovak Pulp Manufacturers and as such as confidential counsellor of the International Pulp Association, ahs brought me in recent years into contact with the greatest industrial leaders in this field, and these contacts have led to friendly relationships being developed with some of them. What has contributed towards the promotion of those relationships has been not only the deliberations that go on for days but also the banquets which served to enhance the mood at the many meetings whose location rotated between the headquarters of the various national associations. If our German colleagues at such symposia proved themselves capable of holding their liquor, they were far surpassed by the competition from Norway and Sweden, which however in its turn fell far short of the performance of the Fins.

I have a particularly fond memory of such a meeting in that wonderful city of Stockholm where we had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the charming hospitality of the Swedes and the highly cultivated life they lead there.

It was in Stockholm in the late summer of 1932 that I was also given a most warm welcome by the son of a cousin of mine, who died a long time ago, and by his beautiful wife Gretl. I had not seen this relation since the time he was a very young child and it wasn't until about 5 to 6 years ago that I encountered him again by chance in Gastein.

Theodor Fürth, whose fine and selfless father had not succeeded in piling up any great riches on this earth, but instead had to provide for a whole host of children, went to Sweden as quite a young travelling salesman about 26 years ago and, led on by a very correct instinct, but principally by his perspicacity, he believed that he would be able to find a promising field of activity for himself there. Without a moment's hesitation, he established himself in Stockholm as the representative of first class American and German companies. The thoroughly competent and hard-working man, who was charged with great energy, was not mistaken in his foresight; he had created a very reputable position for himself in the business world there and has achieved splendid financial successes.

I became acquainted with beautiful Copenhagen on the occasion of the last international pulp conference. One of the reasons why it will remain a pleasant memory for me is because I flew part of the way home. It was the 13th September this year when I first entrusted my welfare to this vehicle of the skies. This flight to Berlin, way below me the green sea and the beautiful landscape, developed into an unforgettable experience for me. I flew through the skies suffused by a real sense of happiness, and was very down-cast when we had to land again after not quite two hours. It seems remarkable to me that neither prior to the start of the flight nor during it

was I able to detect the slightest feeling of excitement inside myself, let alone the fear, which puts off so many otherwise brave people from undertaking such a venture. They will have to cast off this reluctance as, with every day that passes, it becomes increasingly clear that the future belongs to the time conquering aeroplane. In my person the latter has found an enthusiastic admirer.

A further reminiscence to conclude: it was in the summer of 1916, when I was officially informed from a very serious quarter, that they wanted to raise two leaders of industry to the rank of peer for their services to the Fatherland's economy. I was told that I had been selected as the first of the two. In return, it was said, it was expected that a not excessively large sum of money should be donated for a scientific purpose that would be expressly made known to me.

Prior to consulting my wife, I neither intended accepting nor declining and openly confess that it was only a small amount of vanity on my part that prevented me declining the offer straight away on my own initiative.

My wise wife hit the nail on the head by pointing out to me that, given my attitude to life, I wouldn't derive unmitigated joy from this distinction because I wouldn't be able to liberate myself from the feeling that, in spite of everything, it had merely been purchased. And so it was that I thanked the gentlemen and declined the offer.

Why, you ask, is it that I place this episode at the conclusion of this review of my life? When I had finished turning down the offer, my wife said to me that it was actually rather a shame to have missed this opportunity as she would have been able to work out an appropriate aristocratic title for me: in future they would have had to call me, "Fürth, the impatient" on account of my tendency to attend to all my business all too expeditiously!

By gathering together these memories and committing them in writing to paper, I do now believe that I have thoroughly discharged my duty towards my beloved partner in this life. But I hereby hand the victor's palm to those of my dear readers, who have conscientiously read through these pages page by page, for the patience required to do so.

Vienna, in the late autumn of 1934 – Emil Fürth

Annexe 1: Additions made by Emil to his text

Page 10:

When I was scarcely nine years old, there was a sensational trial in Pilsen against the infamous Janacek band of robbers, whose "head man" had a whole string of murders and robberies on his conscience. Amongst his victims was a travelling salesman by the name of Travnicek, whom the villain had murdered in a particularly gruesome manner.

It was the holiday period and the proceedings were held in the venerable old town hall in the grand hall of the same that at the time was still ornated by old armaments and bits of armour, and in which Wallenstein had held his famous banquets. I was, of course, not allowed access. However, from the kitchen window of the home of my friend Gustav Auer's parents, that looks on to the prison yard, I was able to witness the long procession of the accused on the morning of the proceedings at 8 a.m., with both men and women bound in chains. The gang-leader himself even dragged heavy chains attached to his feet. The proceedings of course ended with his being sentenced to death by hanging. Eight days later the sentence was executed, at that time still in public, on a military exercise site located a long way out of town.

Wild rumours circulated around the town, according to which the latter was supposed to be set fire to at all corners and attacked by bands of gypsies, that were allegedly marching on the town and of which the condemned Janacek family were also members. The comprehensive precautionary measures that were taken for the execution led one to believe that the alarming news had not gone unheeded by the authorities either. I would have liked to be a witness of the terrible event but this was strictly forbidden. To make up for that I was permitted to watch the procession that took the almost legendary bandit, in whose memory songs had already been composed, on his last path in this life, with my father from a window that friends of our family had placed at our disposal.

I can remember the whole exciting scene as if it hadn't been all that long ago. At the head of the procession was a cavalcade of dragoons, in the middle of which there was an open carriage, in which three men were seated, one of whom was dressed in black and wore a top hat. That was the executioner. The other two were his assistants.

Then in another carriage came the officials of the court, followed by the dignitaries of the town. And to bring up the rear there was another cavalcade of dragoons, led by a large detachment of infantry and with a type of rack-wagon in its middle. Surrounded by police with their guns pointed in his direction, the heavily chained delinquent sat ashen-faced on the rack-wagon. A man of the church standing next to him uttered prayers.

Although it was only 7 a.m., the whole town was in motion, and many thousands hurried on their way to the place of execution.

My good father, who only knew his young son too well, kept me in the house all morning. However, in the afternoon, when all the danger was past, I of course made use of my first moment of freedom and ran to the place of execution. There I still found the gallows with the hanged man, who wasn't buried until the evening. The terrible distorted face, from whose mouth the dark-blue tongue protruded all swollen and which was framed by long hair and a thick beard, provoked

my horror all the more, as the prevailing wind moved the dangling body backwards and forwards. Nevertheless I stood there for quite some time and imprinted the spectacle of horror all too vividly in my mind.

In the evening my parents found that I didn't have much to say for myself and, when I hardly touched my evening meal, my good mother reproached my poor father for not having spared his child the sight of the grim procession.

At that time I shared a bedroom with my sister Jenny. I couldn't fall asleep, just kept seeing in my mind's eye the face on which rigor mortis had descended and was frightened out of my wits. I couldn't wake my sister. In the end father came and asked if I wasn't feeling well. I asked him to take me into his bed as I claimed that a flea was pestering me in my bed! After searching in vain, father told me to calm down and to go to sleep but, after a further anxious period had passed, I called out for water and, when this was brought and I still couldn't settle down, I rushed off into my parent's bedroom and confessed to them in tears the reason for my anxiety.

After receiving from father the price to be paid for my misdeeds on the part of my body, that was the obligatory place for the settling of such scores at that time, I was placed between my parents in their bed and was finally able to sleep peacefully.

Several years later, when I had reached the "more mature age" of 14, I was given the job one evening of accompanying my sister Jenny on her way to a seamstress, who lived in a remote suburb of the town. As it had been a long time since access to father's smuggled cigars had been made impossible for me, I made use of this good opportunity to buy a large cigar in a shop we passed. Despite Jenny's lively protest and the threat that she would betray me to father, I lit it and proceeded to walk down the street showing off.

I hadn't walked many paces when a worker approached me, raised his hat politely and said, "Can you give me a light, young Sir?"

With a triumphant look in the direction of my sister, I manoeuvred my cigar in the direction of the fag end in the man's mouth. But the latter would not ignite, to which the man said, "That's not the way to do it. Allow me." And throwing his fag-end away, he took my cigar, put it in his mouth, and strode off proudly conscious of having prevented my mischief, uttering the outraged words, "Off you go, a rascal like you is not supposed to smoke!"

Unfortunately there wasn't a photographer there to capture the look of amazement on my face. This incident made me learn the meaning of the saying that losers are always wrong because even today after more than 60 years, the memory of this episode makes my sister laugh heartily.

Page 63:

We had to travel very often to Vienna on this brewery business and we took the so-called Sanatoria Lightning Express on one such journey, which was also called the luxury train because it only had first class carriages, and covered the distance in a time of 6 hours, which was up until then unheard of. As the spa trade had fallen right back at the time, we were the only passengers on the train.

We had been underway for about an hour when we met the train coming from the opposite direction at a station. Piette wanted to show me a special device on the highly modern locomotive of the train in question and, to this end, intended leaning out of the window. He thought that the window was open but it unfortunately wasn't with the result that my poor friend's head went crashing through the large pane of glass. Bleeding from a hundred wounds, some quite large, some small, he fell back in his seat. Unspeakably shocked by this, I dragged him into the washroom where I cleaned his wounds, which fortunately didn't prove to be serious, with help from the guard, and succeeded in closing them with several layers of English plaster, and where this did not suffice, with cigarette paper.

When we arrived, Piette did, it is true, look quite dappled and not very decorative, but we were already able to trivialise a threatening incident by taking the decision shortly after arrival at our hotel to spend the evening at "Venice in Vienna", a place of refuge for the pleasure seeking population of Vienna located in Prater, that was very popular.

I was about to have a cab called when Piette, who was otherwise extraordinarily generous when spending money, reproached me my intention, saying that it was unheard of extravagance. Pretending to be outraged, I pointed out the absurd discrepancy between our journey with the luxury train and his planned use of the horse-drawn tram used by the plebs, which he dismissed with the argument that the additional charge for using the first class on the Lightning Express instead of the second class on the normal express train was 50%, whereas the 2 guilders that we would have to pay for the cab compared with the 12 kreuzers for the two tram tickets constituted an additional charge of many hundred percent. I thus did his bidding and, although I of course took Ludwig's order with the same humour with which it was intended, I pretended outwardly to be very indignant at such a transition from noblesse to such miserliness and I vowed vengeance on my friend.

We had scarcely arrived when we were greeted by a loud Hello by Ludwig's nephew, who was at the time a ship's lieutenant in the Austrian Navy, and his niece, Elly Piette, who had married the day before and were thus newly-weds on their honeymoon. After they had praised my bandaging skills as was fitting, it was arranged that we would dine together and, in the course of discussing the choice of restaurant, I suggested quite harmlessly that we should go to the French restaurant, Noel and Patard, a grill-room, where there were no prices noted on the menu. I left unheeded a secret nudge my delighted friend, who had immediately understood my meaning, gave me in the ribs and rather accepted the enthusiastic agreement of the young couple, who knew exactly that Uncle would pay.

In the fine rooms of the elegant restaurant I proceeded to warmly enjoy the vengeance I had vowed along with many other fine things.

Page 121:

Thinking back to that time awakes a hundred memories in me, of which I only intend to record one here in order to characterise the mentality of those circles, which set out at that time to give the world a new face by their seizure of power.

I shall pass over the events that horrified the whole of Vienna in the first weeks of the revolution, and intend citing as an example of the fear in question the fact that we used to leave our apartment, that was in a particularly exposed location on Schwarzenberg Square, early in the

morning on Sundays, which were particularly dangerous as a result of the constant revolutionary processions held on that day of the week, and we did so anxiously conscious of the fact that we might perhaps return in the evening to find it demolished and plundered by the fanatical mob.

Fortunately nothing of that nature happened; the people in power proved to be strong enough to control the most radical elements but they in return endeavoured all the more eagerly to deprive the middle classes of their rights in a cold-blooded manner. One of their ways of achieving this consisted of forcibly accommodating whole working class families in so-called luxury apartments, where the size of the accommodation in relation to the number of inhabitants exceeded the normal needs of the latter, regardless of whether it was possible to divide up the apartment. With the clear intention of causing annoyance, selected communist people were placed in such apartments, who well understood how to inspire fear and anxiety in the latter's owners by the rebellious way they behaved.

At the same time the Government planned to nationalise the country's companies and, to this end, nationalisation commissars were appointed following the German model, who were supposed to work out the implementation regulations. One of these commissars was Dr. Emil Lederer, a native of Pilsen and a young university professor from Heidelberg, whose guardian I had been. Soon after his arrival in Vienna Professor Lederer paid us a visit with his wife and told us that his job would be tying him down in Vienna for many months and that he was thus endeavouring to find permanent private accommodation befitting his station. I immediately placed at his disposal a beautiful, spacious room in our apartment, but refused to accept any payment for it or for the first breakfast that we offered the couple. Not wholly out of a sense of altruism and hospitality, I am gladly prepared to confess, but rather by the consideration that, in this way, my apartment would be spared the imposition of less welcome guests and other forms of unpleasantness. It was an assumption that proved to be correct, particularly as the sojourn of the learned man in Vienna, which was just as well remunerated as it was, in the final analysis, worthless, extended to a period of nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ years.

The interesting couple repeatedly spent evenings with us in the most animated conversation, during the course of which we avoided broaching political matters, although I made no secret of my opinion about the utopia of nationalisation. One of the reasons why we avoided such matters was because the Professor's wife, who had also enjoyed an academic education, proved to be a communist of the purest variety, or at least the sort who, for example, when making her repeated journeys to Budapest, avoided the trains that were quite uncomfortable at the time and preferred to have herself taken there and back by car that was made available to her by the state. (Her brother was the well-known Dr. Seidler, who served as Minister of Finance under the notorious Bela Kun and who, after the overthrow of communist rule in Hungary, was condemned to death in his absence and has since lived in Russia.)

One evening, however, our conversation turned to the above-mentioned drastic housing measures, which had just affected a family we were friends with. I described the measures in question as an ugly interference with old established rights. Dr. Lederer pointed out that homeless families equally had such a right to be accommodated in a humane manner.

As I was about to reply to him in an appropriate manner, my wife interrupted me contrary to her usual manner, asking, "Tell me, dear Professor, how do you manage your fine villa in Heidelberg, which as far as space is concerned far exceeds the needs of two persons, and which you have now not inhabited for a year and a day?"

The Nationalisation Commissar replied with a malicious smile, "The villa, in which we hope to receive you quite soon, dear Sir and dear Madam, has a small front garden which is separated from the street by a fine set of railings. And you see, dear Madam, everything ceases at that railing."

This disarming cynicism thoroughly enlightened me about the real way in which such academic socialists thought.
It was also typical that, when our tenants, at whose disposal we also placed our salon for the purposes of receiving occasional visits, entertained the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Otto Bauer and the Secretary of State for Finances, who was renowned for his disastrous currency policies, into the early hours of the morning several times a week at times, they lit all the 12 lights of the chandelier, whilst we lit the whole of the rest of the flat in accordance with the regulations that were draconically enforced, making do with just one light for the permitted number of hours.
It is not at all in my nature to speak badly of our former guests, with whom we lived on the best of terms despite our diametrically opposed views of the world. It is solely my intention that the few, for whom these pages are written, should not be deprived of this characteristic picture of how life was in that tumultuous period.

Annexe 2: Letters written by Emil from Nice in 1943.

Letter written to Lotte Baumann nee Friedmann, Emil's niece, the daughter of his sister Frieda, dated March 1943.

My dearest Lottele!

You must not believe that these lines are suppose to constitute a farewell, although I daily and at every hour now pray for the Lord to be merciful and liberate me from the burden of this world. Worn down in body and spirit, I was often on the point of liberating myself, but have repeatedly been influenced by consideration for others to continue bearing the martyrdom of this existence; and what now still gives me the strength to endure is the curiosity to see, whether evil will not now after all succumb in the struggle, as we now all fervently hope.

After the above long drawn out introduction, I want to tell you that what I have in mind to record in this letter is something that I wish to place in your hands as an unbiased person, so to speak, with the request that, in accordance with my wish and wholly as your feelings dictate to you, you bring the contents of this letter to the knowledge of the interested parties to defend me and my memory against my dear nephew Otto, but that you do not do so for as long as Aunt Jenny is alive, whom I do not want to hurt at any price. Having written which, I now arrive at the subject matter of this letter. Otto himself wouldn't be worth the ink that I waste in writing this letter, but it is my wish that his family should have a better opinion of me than must be the case following all the well known slander that I have been subjected to for so long on his part. His hostility towards me commenced on the day after the death of my dear father, whose mortal remains still lay in the room nearby. Father's Will was read out in the presence of his uncles, who had just arrived from Nuremberg and, on hearing his grandfather's testamentary disposition, that his mother was to assume the responsibility for the care and supervision of our unfortunate Helene, he attacked me in the most brutal and unheard of insolent manner, asking, why this task had not been given to me as "the person who profited most from the Will". He received his reply but continued to brood on the matter. When I returned home from Berlin about five months later after my major operation and losing about half my body weight and even less close members of my family and friends embraced me with joy and full of pity for me, I wanted to place my arm around him, as he came up to greet me, but he deflected my arm and held my hand with gently applied strength at a fitting distance from him, and restricted himself to saying in a tone of virtual regret, "Got back all right then." There was thus clear hostility on his part.
And now we come to my "act of vengeance." Six years later the Great War was over, the Austrian Army was disbanded and Otto as a captain was without a job. He wanted to work in an industrial company and I procured him a good initial post at the large company, Neusiedel Paper Co. Ltd., where he soon got on. However, after two years he didn't feel happy there and I persuaded Eugen to take him on at Nestersitz. When I put this proposal to him, he wept with joy and expressly said that I couldn't have made him a happier man. He became company secretary and was able to build up a small fortune for himself, and through my children he made a place for himself in society. Now and again he crossed swords with Lene, the very best natured of people, and succeeded in only being allowed to enter their house, when I paid them a visit, for two whole long years. But he kept in favour with Eugen and knew how to influence him in his sly way. But envy gnawed visibly away at him and it was his greatest joy, that he didn't even try to conceal, that Obereggendorf was a source of worry to us for many years as a result of the general crisis in the paper industry. He said of me, if I am not mistaken to Hermine, "He has the luck of the devil to such an extent that he will surmount that problem too." His principal act of gratitude

had, however, yet to come. When we saw what we were all in for, we had a large consignment of pulp shipped to the USA and wanted to have the proceeds of its sale invested there. It would have sufficed for many years to keep us all, even if neither Eugen, Stefan nor Hans had found work. But then Otto put the fear of the Lord into Eugen as to the possible consequences to the point that he succeeded in having the large sum of money recalled to Nestersitz, with the exception of a very small fraction if it, directly into the gullet of the bandits. And when the latter wanted to force me to "sell" Nestersitz at a time when I was taken ill with a high fever in Pilsen, he eagerly persuaded me to comply out of fear of the consequences, if I didn't, fortunately unsuccessfully, with the consequence that at least this ray of hope remains intact for my children. And so you see what a viper I have nurtured in the form of worthy Otto, who by the way finds himself in good company with Paula with regards to hostility towards my family. What is the reason for this attitude on his part? I believe it was envy, one of the many characteristics of the pair, whose current fate I nonetheless honestly regret, if for no other reason than because of my sister.

Well, that is what I wanted to get off my chest, so that you and your good mother are informed and are, in consequence, able if necessary to reply to spiteful reproaches, however little I am otherwise interested in the latter.

Receive my warm embrace, my beloved Lottele

Your old Uncle Emil.

After reading through the above rather confused report, I realise that a thorough explanation is now needed, so that people's memory of me is not seen in a false light, when I depart this world. Above all there is the matter of my dear father's Will, in which, as I am certain, some of the Grüner children were angry about the absence of a testamentary disposition to the effect that they would have a share in the ownership of the mill. Father had, however, already sold me the mill a lot earlier on, to the extent that it still belonged to him and, in doing this, he was influenced and advised by Otto's father, that upright, just and clear thinking man who, moreover, was the initiator and author of father's last Will. For you to be able to understand my brother-in-law's attitude at the time, I must, however, write of myself, I trust without being admonished for singing my own praises. I had scarcely been working at the mill for a couple of years, when straw based paper, whose production father had introduced, thus creating the foundation for the creation of a quite large fortune, started to disappear from the market. It was at that point in time that I had the great fortune to create an entirely new product as a result of my chemical experiments, that created such a stir in the branch and was specifically so liked in England, that I, 23 years old at the time, brought home from a business trip to London orders for two years and we made such splendid profits, as we had scarcely dreamt possible. Even uncle Gellert made mention of what I had done in his Will. The reconstruction and extension of the mill, that had become necessary and was carried out under father's benign management, also only came about thanks to my initiative. And so, quite apart from the fact that I had properly acquired father's share in the mill prior to his death, I had thus earned myself the right that was bestowed on me by the dispositions in his Will, but I should like to emphasize, that I never – and I really mean never – sought to influence him in relation to his Will even with as much as a word or a hint. Why is it that I speak of these things? I have never heard a word from Joseph or your father, let alone from my sisters, that would have led me to suppose that they agreed with good Otto's views or, in ignorance of the true situation, felt themselves prejudiced in some way or other. I am, however, glad to take this opportunity of putting the facts in their true light for you and thus for your mother, my beloved Fritzel, so that both you and Hermine, who are closest to my

heart, can counter the spiteful words uttered by the two Grüner children, who are always hateful towards everyone, with which they still seek to disparage my memory.

And so I have got this off my chest too and you will see it in a further proof, that your uncle Emil's attachment to you was not only characterised by the most intimate paternal love but also by a quite special confidence.

Today, on the 25th March, it is 25 years since our beloved Richard sacrificed his young life for his Fatherland that he so passionately loved.

Your Uncle Emil

A post-script added by Eugen following Emil's death on the 18.9.1943

I didn't read my good father's above letter until after his death. So as to be just and fair, I feel obliged to correct a mistake the old gentleman made. My all too early departed father is mistaken, where he writes of Otto's principal act of ingratitude. However, it would take up too much space to explain here the reasons that made it impossible to leave the large sum of money in the USA. In any event, father's assumption that I or Otto had the sum returned, contrary to the agreement, is a mistaken one. When I was in London in the spring of 1938, I was only able to issue orders from there to New York to have a very small amount credited to us or retained there. I can call my dearest Helene as a witness to the fact that I was able to see through Otto precisely and knew how to judge his character, and also the fact that I would have only been too happy to get rid of him on more than one occasion. If I unfortunately kept silent in this respect, I did so out of concern for Aunt Jenny's feelings and for my father's feelings, as I knew that he was, so to speak, in loco parentis in his relations with Otto. Of course – and there is not the slightest doubt about this anywhere – Otto was incorruptible as a buyer and was completely honest down to the very last penny, a fact that I expressly should like to underline. However, when we got into great difficulties as a result of Obereggendorf, he didn't remain loyal to us at all, and he went as far as claiming, that not even the chair I sat on belonged to me any more. In saying that, he ought, however, to have known that he in no way had a full insight into our financial situation! Also, when Stefan had our agent Cox in London transfer £50 to Paris – of course without previously seeking his permission as company secretary – he gave expression to his views about this in a wholly unacceptable manner* and directly refused to have the situation explained to him by me. Stefan has, however, not been informed about this at all, as I once again held my tongue.

Notwithstanding we three brothers decided a long time ago already that, if Nestersitz should ever belong to us again or if we receive the corresponding proceeds of its sale, Otto, whom we all wish a long life, shall be paid the pension he is entitled to under the law, but shall never work for us again. And, after reading father's letter, I am now confirmed in that opinion more than ever.

I wanted to add the above to the letter of my dear and unforgettable father.

Nice, the 2nd October, 1943.

Eugen.

* Loan to an outside uninterested party!

Letter addressed by Emil to his children on the 23.3.1943

My beloved children!

I feel the need to leave behind for you in what is written below a "pro memoria."
As soon as there will be a possibility to do so, I implore you to settle the debts I have incurred over the last bitter years, so as to prevent people thinking badly of me in that respect.

1.) General Director Weinberger in Agram is owed Dinar 10,000.— that he loaned you, dear Hans, in 1938, and for which I gave him a guarantee. Up until now I haven't had an opportunity to settle the debt.

2.) President Emil Freund (Friend) is owed ffs. 20,000.— . The facts of the case are as follows: when he left France, he had to leave about ffs. 150,000.— here, as he was forbidden to take it with him. As the devaluation of the French franc was progressing rapidly at that time, I, wanting to cover the eventuality of our US dollars failing to arrive for the immediate future, believed that I was acting in our mutual interests, when I made the suggestion to Freund's attorney, General Director Reuttur, that ffs 50,000.— of the said sum should be given to me, which I intended to pay to Freund in New York from my credit balance in dollars over there, as soon as I would be able to freely dispose of the latter. Reutter found this to be an excellent idea but, knowing Freund's mentality better than I did, suggested that he would initially only pay me ffs 20,000.— , to which I of course agreed. We didn't fix an exchange rate but agreed that, when it came to repayments, we should fix a rate that would be significantly lower than the one applying on the "black market" at the time. But then the reply came from Freund that greatly surprised me (a man's name is not always a good omen!). He said that he intended overlooking what had already been done, i.e. intended putting a line through it, so to speak, but didn't want to know anything about handing further funds to me. I wrote to him immediately that I regretted what we had done, of course remained in debt to him and would settle my debt to him in dollars, as soon as it was permitted to me to dispose of my dollar holding. I would, therefore, request you, as soon as you are able to do so, to pay Freund in dollars from our credit holding over there in the same measure that the ffs 20,000.— was distributed amongst us over there, and to write to him along the following lines, if I myself should no longer be alive:

> "Our father owes you ffs. 20,000.— , which it was agreed at the time should be repaid in dollars at a rate that should be quite a bit lower than the rate applying on the black market at any given time. As the latter is currently ffs …… = 1dollar, the rate reduced by one third is ffs …… = 1 dollar, which means that ffs. 20,000.— equals …… dollars, which we arranged to have paid to you with our very best thanks plus 4% interest for a period of …….. In the name of our late father we again apologise for the fact that, ignoring your attitude towards him, he of his own volition had the sum in question paid to him, even though this was done with the agreement of your attorney."

In the event of there being a possibility to obtain redress, I would also ask you to bear in mind, that mother has bonds and share certificates deposited at Länderbank in Vienna, of which I currently do not, however, have a list. She, or I in the event of her no longer living, can freely dispose of these. I myself have bond and share certificates and money deposited at the Dresden branch of Dresdner Bank. If Länderbank or its successor has disposed of the same, Dr. Gutmann will have to file a law-suit against them with all due energy, as they had absolutely no right to do

so. It will also be his task to investigate, whether Länderbank or its successor had the right to seize my accounts and the bond and share certificates I had deposited there and to use the same to pay Obereggendorf Paper Mill Ltd., whose President I was and of whose share capital – deposited at Länderbank – I owned 98½%, to close production down at the mill, that was already a going concern and to place the company into receivership. Assuming always that the situation will change to permit this, this will be one of the most important things Dr. Gutmann has to do, to the extent that he would be willing to take the matter up for us, in which case an agreement would have to be reached with him about his fees.

My Vienna furniture – and also I believe the Eggendorf furniture – was placed in storage with Schenker & Co. by Mrs. Koch, the friend of our dear Irene, and the storage charges were agreed at M 150.— a month. If the furniture still exists together with the furnishings and fittings and the luxury items, such as pictures, it should be redeemed wherever possible and put up for auction (at the Dorotheum), as there are many very valuable items amongst the aforementioned possessions. 2 pictures should, however, definitely be excluded: 1.) The portrait of my dear father, painted when he was a youth and 2.) A life-size full-length portrait of your dear grandmother Charlotte (see picture page 90). Neither portrait is signed by the painter, but I advise you, if possible, to have them sent to England identified as your property, possibly to Emil Kohnstamn as a trusted person. With regard to Charlotte's portrait, our friend, the wife of Professor Karell, is in possession of two letters, containing estimates from the management of the Munich Pynakothek Gallery and the Municipal Museum, providing information, from which the value of the portrait can be deduced. Both letters constitute replies to enquiries I addressed to the gentlemen there enclosing a photograph of the portrait. Once in England only an absolutely solid first-class auction house should be entrusted with the task of possibly selling the portrait. However, I scarcely have any hope, that all the contents of the houses haven't been long since sold or stolen. In the former instance, you would need to find out who pocketed the proceeds.

I draw your attention to the fact that Rudi Fleischer still owes me money. I wrote to him in August 1938 as follows, "According to the statement you gave me at the time I am still owed ffs 8,400.— and kc 5,271.— (Unific Bond issue) by you and, now that this matter had been dragged out for 5 months already and I have, as you know, very high disbursements as a result of my illness, I would request you to send me this outstanding sum you owe me without further delay. In addition will you please place at my disposal the 5 Prague Neusiedler Paper Mill PLC shares, which you were unable to sell for me." I received no reply to this reminder and you should recover the outstanding sum owed to me as it is cash that he owes me.

Reverting to the portrait painted of Charlotte as a child, I strongly urge you to search out its current owner with all the means at your disposal, in the event of the portrait's having been sold or stolen, and to buy it back as it constitutes a dear souvenir for you, whilst for its current owner it is merely a portrait of an unknown person.

A Mr. Flurschein or Flurschütz in league with Mrs. Hedwig Kohnitz took all my bond and share certificates from my safe deposit box in Vienna – perhaps you, dear Stefan, entrusted the keys to him? The certificates were supposed to be brought to Paris, but never arrived with the consequence that I have been robbed of an asset of great value. You, dear Stefan, intended to see to this matter and sort it out, but I never heard anything more about it. If and when there is a possibility of doing something about this, i.e. when Dr. Gutmann will be able to take up office in Vienna again, I recommend that you pursue this gentleman with all the vigour of the law so as to wrest from him this brazen theft, as far as it is possible to do so.

With that I bring this Pro memoria to an end, requesting that you to not let it go unheeded, in your own interests, and I reserve myself the right to add to it, if other aspects should occur to me. It would be a great comfort to me to know, that the financial provision, with which I had wanted to secure your material futures, might after all be able to influence those futures in a benign manner.

Blessing you repeatedly, I remain

Your Father

It has just occurred to me that, prior to leaving our home country, we gave mother's jewellery and a part of Aunt Hermine's jewellery to our dear, beloved friend Mimi for safekeeping. She will look after it to the best of her ability and will also take appropriate precautionary measures in the event of her dying earlier. In the latter instance Dr. Krofta, her lawyer and a friend of the family, will be able to provide you with reliable information.

I would also request you to note that the ffs. 20,000.— given to us by General Director Reutter from President Emil Freund, was taken on by us as a loan in the following proportions: Emil 10,000.— , Hans 6,000.— and Eugen 4,000.— and that the confirmation about this is in Eugen's possession.

I already see the need to continue this letter to you which, although written in the interests of you all, is not intended as an instruction to act but more as a string of suggestions, so that, when the time shall have come, you will be able to bring order into the chaos, into which all our property holding has descended, as far as possible. Assuming your consent, you know that I have selected our friend, Dr. Hans G. to represent us, without of course having already yet made any agreements about this. I remain true to my intention and continue to believe that I am acting correctly in doing so, but I am now of the opinion that I should make an alteration to the intended agreement, when things have progressed that far, and do not restrain myself from laying before you today already my suggestion in this connection. You, dear Hans, met Dr. Noa W. in the camp and became his friend over the course of the years, which also brought him closer to us. I have been able to observe him very well and believe that I have arrived at the realisation that he is one of those men who, originating from East Galicia or Bukowina, are minded to create and maintain for themselves an unimpeachable reputation as, however great their diligence, they are incapable of pronouncing the German language without a certain strongly accentuated sing-song dialect and, precisely for that reason, make all the more effort to avoid being identified with their very often suspect countrymen. If Dr. W. could bring about a favourable change in his pronunciation of the German language, I would have considered him to be a phenomenon of intelligence, cool powers of observation, clear judgement and, if I am not mistaken, a manner of doing business that knows its goal and is tough and energetic. Now I do have to stress that I haven't mentioned as much as a word to him about our intentions of proceeding as soon as possible to the above-mentioned rescue action. It may, however, be that he had the feeling, that I might be opening up to him, with such an action, a field of lively activity that would be to our mutual advantage: He said to me that, when the time came, he intended returning to Vienna and opening a lawyer's office there on the basis of his possessing an old concession and he knocked on my door with the question of whether we could conceive of the possibility that he might use all his energy and diligence to act for us. This suggestion came as a great surprise to me, but it appeared to me to be an equally welcome one – for the rescue action that will be needed in due course I could imagine no more suitable personality and his working together with Dr. Hans G. also seemed to be an advantageous factor too. I therefore replied that I did not know of any

more suitable attorney that I could find, but that I had already promised to place the whole matter in the hands of Dr. G. Nonetheless, as I went on to say, I did not rule the possibility out of entrusting both gentlemen jointly with the case and that I could imagine this all the more to be a good idea, since Dr. W would probably in that case occupy himself far less with other work and would be able to devote himself to our case with all the more urgent application. I should be happy, if this possibility could materialise, as I have very great respect for the intellectual qualities of Dr. W. I also do not think that I have any doubts about his moral qualities but, despite all the judgement of human character I have, I should have insisted on obtaining exact information about the man's good character in good time. And so it is that the definitive reply has been placed on hold and we can let it "simmer" – oh for how long yet to come?

Your Father.

I, Eugen, have the following to say about what father had written above: According to his letter of the 7th April, 1943 Dr. Hans G. is in principle in agreement with our suggestion that he should represent our interests in due course; Dr. G. doesn't yet know of the idea to call in Dr. Wield as well, which didn't occur to father until later.

In father's safe deposit box in Vienna there was also a parcel of bond and share certificates that belong to me, Eugen and they were thus also taken by Flurschein and Hedi Kohnitz respectively. As was father's practice every year, I received a statement about the certificates from father in his own hand at the end of 1937 or 1936. I have handed the said statement together with other things to Peter or to someone for the latter's safe-keeping, who will in due course give them to Peter or Eky at a later date, unless I have to make use of them myself.

In the place, where the above-mentioned statement is to be found, there are also original letters from Hedwig's mother, Dora Fleischer, from which it emerges that Hedi had all the luggage that remained behind in Stefan's cellar in Paris at her home. An original letter from Hedi, that is to be found in the same place, also makes this clear – she writes in the letter that she claims that she has had all the luggage and furniture sealed and stored somewhere. For that reason she wrote that it was not accessible at the time, but she promised in the letter to send it to me here, as soon as she finds time. This never happened, and she has thus not kept her promise either. At the present time, in spring 1943, she had, according to what Mrs Wold tells me, disappeared: "Addressee gone away leaving no forwarding address" is what was written on a letter I wrote to Hedi that was returned to me from Montluçon. It will, therefore, be up to you to search for this valuable luggage that belongs to me and my parents respectively. Hedi should be made liable for it.

In response to our request, our old agents in Paris, Messrs. N.M. & Co. (Marcel Macé & Co), forwarded us ffs. 10,000.— in December 1942. According to the original confirmation that is in the possession of me, Eugen, Hans has received 3,000.— of this and father only 2,000 ffs so far. The rest, ffs 5,000.— is still in my possession in safekeeping.

Eugene.

Translator: Emil Kohnstamn = the husband of Jenny's daughter Gretl.
Hedwig Kohnitz (Konitz) and Rudolf Fleischer = the sister and brother of Stefan's wife, Getruda Fleisher, who married Stefan some time after 7/1938.

Letter written to Emil's grandson, Peter, in June 1943.

My Dear Peter!

Your good father bears the burden of looking after his very ancient parents with such unspeakably moving concern, that I for my part shall endeavour to tow the line and, as he maintains that I am seldom able to be kind to someone without first handling him rather roughly, and I thus do not want to prove him wrong, I am starting this letter that will be handed to you after my death, in the sense indicated by your father. I cannot get over the fact that you haven't found ways and means of interrupting the silence towards your parents, and specifically your mother, that has lasted for many years now, and also your silence towards us. You could cheer us up with the longed for lines via your dear Eky, as you after all find the leisure to write to others.

Having got the above off my chest, I have, however, exhausted the roughness I had in store for you and I may resume the role of the good old loving grandfather and, as such, above all welcome with all my heart our only granddaughter into our family, who, as we are assured from all quarters, is very good and nice and in particular, clever. Although we are able to formulate a provisional picture of your dear Eky in our mind's eye from the various descriptions we have from aunts and cousins, a photograph would have been a welcome addition for us. And now we even have little Pat as well with her large feet that she has inherited from me, her ungallant great-grandfather, and her trustworthy smile, with which she will have to live for the rest of her life! God's blessing be upon you all.

And now I should like to say a few things to you that might be of use to you in your future life although I only too well know that you would prefer most of all to construct that life standing on your own two feet. I am prompted to do this by the effusive praise that you heaped on my "Review of my life", that gave me great pleasure at the time and it is to my book that you will no doubt have long since forgotten in the course of the horrific events of the world stage that have since transpired, that I should like to revert. I haven't created anything grandiose in my life but I have been able to shape it into a happy life and I can claim that I myself was its architect after my dear father had laid the foundations. What aids did I have in the construction? That is what I want to tell you now. Apart from diligence and conscientiousness, it was daring inhibited solely by reason and the generosity I inherited from father that was an enemy of all pettiness. The difficult situation that Eggendorf got into didn't have anything to do with recklessness or frivolity, but was the consequence of the longstanding crisis in the paper branch and, moreover, I was well on the way to placing even that old mill, whose power requirements I had had technically modernised, on a sound healthy footing.

It was my great aspiration to bequeath this joint asset to my children as an undivided and healthy whole. But then we were struck by the great disaster, under which we still today suffer so much but, assuming that the course of events will soon take a favourable turn, it must remain the focus of all our attention to deliver ourselves from that disaster. And so I now come to name my second aid. All my life I was a man of compromise and I have often, and in the main with luck on my side, been skilled in overcoming the most difficult differences of opinion by exercising my powers of kind persuasion, always to the advantage of both sides. You will perhaps remember from the "Review of my Life" how I as a young lad at Fürth & Gellert stood between my father and his partner and brother-in-law Gellert, a grumpy, sick and generally unpopular man, who didn't even get on well with his own son but who was correct in his thinking, and daily had to

resolve the disputes between them. It often happened on such occasions that, when the arguments got very heated, I would stand behind my uncle and, by folding my arms and making similar gestures, would request father to give in, particularly as things would be done according to the rigid way he thought. And almost always he fell in with his son's wishes, and both old men were conscious of the fact that only by working together in this way did the company achieve such prosperity and success that brought blessings to us all.

You will probably be able to guess, why at this point I revert to that particular part of my reminiscences: the ardent wish to preserve for our family my life's work that is small, but has been constructed on the foundation of the wealth of experience I have gathered in my life, prompts me to allot to you the role of youthful go-between and mediator, if the possibility of this coming to pass arises and assuming, of course, that all the other parties are so willed. If such a role should not be welcome to you, then that can certainly only be, because you believe that you can find a more promising future for yourself than the career of a paper-maker that you commenced with such promise. And I would be on my guard in seeking to force you or coerce you or in tempting Providence. If things were possibly, however, to turn out that way, it might be possible that, although my three sons have so far always to my joy been of one mind, differences of opinion might arise between them, whether as a result of everyday circumstances or as a result of some influence or another, that could be resolved without too much difficulty. In such a case you as the youngest should then assume the role intended for you by your grandfather with the courage of youth that ventures everything, and add to that the lesson that you have additionally acquired in recent years: Make the best of it!

Once again, may God's blessing be with you!

Your Grandfather, Emil.

Letter to Eugen and Lene dated June, 1943

My beloved children!

In these terrible times you, my first born son, have taken upon your shoulders, that are already weighed down by cares of your own, far more than the duties of such a son towards his parents and, in this situation, you see clearly how the longed for end of my existence draws nigh. Let me now address a few more words to you. It should be said above all to you, my good Lene, for whom, together with Peter and Lene, my ardent wishes for your safe homecoming apply, that I love you in a way that your own father would not be able to with greater tenderness, and I think that I know, that you also have the affection of a child towards mother and myself. And so it is, that I have particularly suffered from the awareness, that your life together did not always proceed harmoniously. But today that is mainly the case and I therefore implore you with these last words: allow the terrible times that we are now living through to have a purifying effect on you and your future life together – if for nothing else, then for Peter's sake.

And permit me also to address a further great request to you: reflect upon the fact, that all my thoughts and endeavours are directed to keeping my children together and upholding their interests and, for your part, do your best to contribute towards that goal, even if you sometimes believe that your own advantage is not being fully promoted.

I bless you both from the depth and fullness of my heart.

Your Father.

Nice, in the month of June 1943.

My last farewells also to your mother, Jettla, whom I have always sincerely admired.

Translator: At the time of writing this letter Lene had already been deported from Prague to Majdanek via Theresienstadt on the 7.5.1942, Jettla from Prague to Treblinka via Theresienstadt on the 13.7.42 and 19.10.42 and Irene from Drancy to Auschwitz on the 2.9.1942. Of those present in Nice at the time of Emil's death on the 18.9.1943, all were to perish by the following April: his son's Eugen and Hans, and Han's son Heinz were handed over to the Gestapo by the Commander-in-Chief of the French Security Police in February 1944 and deported from Drancy to Auschwitz on the 7.3.1944. Only Emil's wife Sofie remained behind in Nice, presumably too ill to be moved, where she died on the 2.4.1944, presumably the last of the Fürth family to die in Nazi controlled Europe. Henri Brovia, who reported Sofie's death to the authorities, knew nothing of her other than that she was the widow of one Fürth…….

The only person mentioned in the letter to survive was Peter, who had joined the Czechoslovak Army in France in 1939, was evacuated to Liverpool after the fall of France and married Elsie Annie Edwards (Eky) on the 17.5.1941.

Letter to Steffl and Gerty dated June 1943.

Beloved Children!

The terrible times we live in have struck a profound breach in the correspondence we exchange, to which you in particular have applied scanty attention and now at the moment, where it seems that we may soon be able to exchange views again freely, I feel myself becoming daily more weaker and have to mightily strain my poor heart, that flutters more and more, to say a few words of farewell to you, which you will then read when the party is over. Be assured above all, however, that I take my leave of this world, that for so long was "so kindly disposed to me", but that over the last five years has all the more become a source of torment to me, with a prayer of thanks to the Lord, that he gave me the strength to wait for a natural end to my days.

And so I now lay my hands upon your heads in spirit if not in body, imploring that God's blessing should descend upon you in ample measure; may it in particular be granted to you, dear Stefan, to construct a prosperous new life for yourself on the basis of your experiences, although you will probably show less understanding for the great request, or rather the ardent wish that I also want to append to this farewell greeting…….

Dear Steffl,

Father unfortunately did not conclude his letter to you. However, he certainly wished to urge upon you the same as he did in his letter to me, and it is for this reason that I am herewith sending you a transcript and the original of the letter he addressed to Lene and me for your safe-keeping. We three brothers will stick together, come what may. I know exactly that you are of one mind with me.

My warmest regards,

Your Eugen.

Nice, the 4th October 1943.

My last Will and Testament

As my will, that was deposited at my Vienna safe deposit box, has doubtless been lost, but has also forfeited much of its meaning in relation to the current situation by reason of the tragic events of our time, the lines that I now write in my own hand in a clearly lucid state of mind and uninfluenced by any person whatsoever, are intended to constitute my last Will and Testament.

I currently dispose of no tangible assets apart from my share of the sum of money deposited in New York which, in the event of my predeceasing her, is to be left to my wife, Sofie. This is because the factory at Nestersitz that belongs jointly to me and my sons and the shares in the factory at Obereggendorf, 99% of which belong to me, have illegally been removed from our control, and the credit balances and bonds that I have deposited at the Dresden branch of Dresdner Bank and at Länderbank in Vienna have also been illegally frozen.

In the event of the above property and assets once more being placed at our disposal, I direct as follows:

1.) My share in the company, Emil Fürth & Son, shall pass to my sons, Stefan and Hans in equal shares. In all fairness, my son Eugen will not consider this disposition to in any way relegate or be hurtful to him, but will rather take into account that, at the time of his marriage, I transferred a large sum to him from my assets in what were then gold crowns, enabling him to acquire a full one half share in Nestersitz when it was acquired without having to use his wife's dowry, whereas the sums I later paid to his brothers were paid in devalued currency.

2.) If the Obereggendorf mill should be restored to me or my heirs by virtue of the 99% of its shares that I hold which are deposited at Länderbank in Vienna, either as a result of an amicable agreement or as a result of a court action, the said assets or the proceeds from its sale shall be divided between my sons, Stefan, Eugen and Hans, in equal shares.

3.) The cash credits and bond and share certificates I have deposited at Länderbank in Vienna and at the Dresden branch of Dresdner Bank should be handed to my wife Sofie, together with any other assets there may be, in particular all the fixtures and fittings in our flat in Vienna including objects of art, that have been deposited at Schenker & Co. for safe keeping. The greater part of these fixtures and fittings are her property anyway, as they were hers prior to our marriage. My children know that their incomparably dear mother will look after this furniture and these objects of art or the proceeds of their sale and will leave the same together with the assets deposited at Länderbank and Dresdner Bank above referred to in the event of her death to them intact and no doubt in equal shares (this she will stipulate herself), provided that it should not have proved necessary prior to her death to use the same to provide herself with the means to live. If for whatever reasons any difficulties should be placed in the way of the transfer of the aforementioned assets, I am sure that my children, who are tenderly devoted to their mother, will do everything in their power to make the rest of her life as comfortable as it will be possible to do so in this world that has been destroyed so terribly.

I thank my children from the depths of my heart for the affection that they have always shown to me as children. I strove throughout my life to create for them and their families a secure future. The great flood that has enveloped the whole of humanity has destroyed this intention and washed away all that I had constructed and all my plans. Not only were my family's possessions a great source of happiness to me, but also the knowledge of the great affection my sons had for one another. With these final farewell words to them I implore them to continue

remaining loyal to one another as brothers irrespective of external influences of whatever nature, to promote each other's welfare and to help one another where necessary and possible. This is my final wish.

From the depth of my heart I thank my wife, Sofie, to whom I am deeply attached after what are now almost 56 years of marriage, for the many happy years we have spent together. She was the great prize of my life and in the days and years of the misfortune that has befallen us she was my comfort and support.

If, contrary to expectation, it should after all be permitted to me to end my days in my home country, please inter my ashes, if possible, in one of the graves of my parents. If, however, I should finally close my eyes on this world in exile, then my mortal remains should be cremated or buried without ceremony or fuss. The loyal memory in which all my family, my dear sisters and my friends will hold me will be a more than adequate substitute for any gravestone.

When my father departed from us, he spoke the following words of farewell, "I have a long and happy life behind me and it was my joy to have had good children. Grant me peace and do not mourn my passing." I repeat these same words: Do not mourn me.

Nice, the 1st March 1941. Emil Fürth

I confirm that the above transcript corresponds word for word with the handwritten original.

Nice, the 1st October, 1943. Signed by Sofie Fürth.

EPILOGUE (WRITTEN BY THE TRANSLATOR)

Having written a detailed account of the family history and tragedy and sought to explain how everything that Emil built up was swept away by the combined forces of National Socialism, Communist and fraud in the post-War period to the point that his great-grandson, Stephane, the last of the family to bear the family name in his own right, is supported in a nursing home out of the public purse, this epilogue is not intended to replicate that account, but rather to briefly outline the information we have gathered about the family's origin in Schuttenhofen (Czech: Susice) and about the period between Emil's completing his review of his life in the late autumn of 1934 and his death in Nice on the 18.9.1943.

We – that is Peter's family, consisting of his widow Eky, his children, Patricia and Stephane, his grandchild, Helene (named after Peter's murdered mother) and myself, Patricia's husband – were presented with Emil's account of his life in 1993 by the widow of Stefan Fürth, the other member of Emil's family to have survived the Holocaust. The widow, Gertruda nee Fleischer, the sister of Hedwig Konitz and Rudolf Fleischer, who defrauded the family in France during the war, unforgivably did not hand the book to Peter on his uncle's death on the 5.3.1978 in London. It is true that he had read it as a young man, as evidenced by Emil's farewell letter to him, but I am sure that its possession would have meant a lot to him in his final years, when he wrote his own memoirs – Peter died in France on the 6.3.1988.

In 2000 we established contact with a grandson of the Theodor Fürth that Emil mentioned in the final pages of his book and were surprised to learn that this grandson, Thomas Fürth, also held a copy of Emil's book, which Emil had sent to Theodor in February 1935 with the dedication, "To my great-nephew Theodor from your old uncle Emil." Thomas's aunt was interestingly one Vera Fürth, who had met and married Bruno Kreisky, the later post-war Chancellor of Austria, during the latter's exile from Sweden during the war years. Thomas, whose great-great-grandfather, Samuel, was the elder brother of Heinrich Fürth, with whom Emil spent his summer holidays in Susice, following the family's move to Pilsen in 1866, was and still is a mine if information about the family history pre-dating Heinrich and Samuel's generation of the Fürth family.

The name Fürth first appeared in the archives of Bohemia in the year 1616. The first record of the name in Susice was in 1630, when Smuël Fürth and his wife Gürtel were living in the town. In 1690 a Lazar Fürth with his wife Anna were living there and in 1696 it is recorded that Samuel Fürth and his wife Jettla and Isak and Hennele Fürth were living there. However, the first Fürth from Susice to be clearly related to Heinrich and Samuel was one David Fürth, who was born in 1752 and died in 1818 of gangrene in Susice. It is believed that he was probably born in Susice, but he was not living there at the time of the 1783 census. When the 1793 census was carried out, he was living in the town in his own house with his wife Rosalie née Janovsky, their children and a widow, Rachel Lederer née Fürth (presumably a sister of David) and a house tutor, Natan Bamberger, this latter fact indicating that the family was presumably well off. Whether David was descended from the earlier Fürths known to have inhabited Susice or, as suggested by Emil, came to live in Susice from Fürth near Nürmberg, from which the family took their surname, is not clear. If the latter were the case, Emil was certainly wrong in his book, when he wrote that this happened in the reign of Maximilian I of Bavaria. The latter ruled from 1799 – 1825, from 1799 – 1806 as Elector and thereafter as King. There was, however, also a Maximilian I Elector of Bavaria, who ruled from 1597 – 1651! (see footnote page 185).

An interesting fact is that the family of David's wife can be traced back to her grandmother Chaile Duschenes née Popper and the latter's father, Wolf Popper (1680 or 1690 – 1767). Chaile's brother was one Joachim Edler von Popper (1731 – 1795), who was raised to the rank of the nobility and became the founder of the Popper dynasty. This raises the fascinating possibility that in his dealings with Baron Popper von Artberg at Leykam from 1915 onwards, Emil was in fact dealing with a distant relative! There may, of course, have been more than one Popper dynasty.

David and Rosalie Fürth had three sons, Moises b. 1785, Seligmann b. 1788 and Bernhard. There may have been daughters as well. However, it was not customary to record their births prior to 1850, when the laws controlling the freedoms of the Jewish population were relaxed, as the method of controlling the level of the Jewish population of a town was to only permit the first born son of the family to remain in the town of his birth. Heinrich Fürth was in fact the youngest son of Seligmann Fürth – there was also Samuel b. 27.12.1810, Marcus b. 8.1.1813, Fanni b. 6.11.1814 and David L. b. 8.1.1824. When Seligmann came to marry he was thus obliged to move from Susice and purchase the right of a couple without sons in another town that it theoretically had for a son to marry. This Seligmann did in 1807 when he moved to the town of Schlüsselburg (Czech: Lnare) some 20 – 30 kms distance from Susice, and married Elisabeth Roth. She presumably died in childbirth, as Seligmann married a second time in 1809 to one Regina Rebecka Rosel Stern, who bore him all his five children. The first three children were all born in Lnare. In 1819 Seligmann transferred his residence permit back to Susice – one is persuaded to see this move in the context of his father's death the previous year. It was thus that David and Heinrich were born in Susice. Seligmann lived in a house in Judengasse (Jew's street) as tenant of one Schwartzkopf.

Seligmann died on the 18.7.1847 at the age of 59. When Emil wrote in his "memoirs" that both his grandparents had died at an early age, he wasn't actually quite correct as, at that time, 59 was quite a respectable age! Emil was, it is true, born almost 13 years after his grandfather's death, but the fact that he never knew him is a combination of the fact that his father Heinrich was the last child and was born when Seligmann was already aged 37, and that Heinrich, whilst marrying already in 1850/51, when he was 25 (like Emil and Eugen after him), did not have any children until 6 years later with Jenny's birth with Emil following along in 1860, when Heinrich was almost 35. The fact that Heinrich and David were born some considerable time after their brothers and sisters may possibly have had something to do with the family's return to Susice, although family planning did not, of course, exist at the time! Similarly one wonders why Heinrich and his wife waited 6 years before starting a family – was it just fate or could their financial circumstances have been an impediment?

The conclusion that one can reasonably draw, I believe, is that Heinrich certainly wasn't born into a particularly well-off family, that it was he who was the architect of the family's later prosperity and that the ability to create that prosperity had something to do with the liberalising of the status of Jews in the Austro-Hungarian Empire following the revolution of 1848 and the beginnings of industrialisation around the middle of the 19th Century.

I now move on to the period following Emil's completion of the review of his life in the late autumn of 1934. This was clearly a period of increasing anxiety in the face of what was going on over the frontier in Nazi Germany! Nevertheless it does seem that Emil was successful in this time in reversing the fortunes of the Obereggendorf Paper Mill, in that it emerges in his letter to his children and to Peter that it was already a going concern. What is amazing is that it was never returned to the family after the war, after Nestersitz had discharged all its debts during

the war period – however, that is the subject matter of my above mentioned account of the family history!

The family's situation naturally became acute, when Austria was annexed in March 1938. Quite whether Emil fled with his family – Sofie, Hans, Irene and child Heinz and Stefan – immediately is not clear. Stefan signed the notifications of the family's Austrian property on behalf of his parents on the 15.7.1938. The family fled to Pilsen and probably took up residence at the old family home at 43, Jungmannova Street, where Emil's sister Jenny had been living since his move to Vienna in 1915. Emil was pursued there by Dr. Dyskant from Länderbank in Vienna, who fraudulently persuaded both Emil and Eugen to sign powers of attorney in his favour, which were subsequently used to liquidate all the family's Austrian property and extort moneys from Nestersitz. The powers of attorney were signed on the 17.11.1938. By that time, of course, the Sudetenland had been ceded to Germany as a result of the Munich Agreement and the family in Nestersitz – Eugen, Lene, Peter and Jettla (Lene's mother) – fled to Prague. Nestersitz was placed under the control of a trustee of Jewish property answerable to the German authorities in Dresden and eventually confiscated in 1943, when the question of Länderbank's claims had been resolved. Production at the mill was doubled during the war years, with the profits flowing through the German banks that took over the Czechoslovak banks in the Sudetenland in October 1938, in the direction of the German exchequer and Länderbank in Vienna.

Peter fled to France in 1939 already, where he joined the Czechoslovak Army on the outbreak of War and escaped with them to England following the fall of France. Eugen followed him to Paris in April 1939, when he accompanied his parents and Hans and family to their place of exile following or before the German occupation of Bohemia and Moravia. Jettla refused to go because she didn't want to be a burden on her family in exile (her other child, Friedrich, had fled to Switzerland and on to Cuba and the USA with his young family in September 1938). Lene stayed with her mother – I have recorded the fate of the two ladies at the foot of Emil's letter to Eugen and Lene. The German occupation of Prague meant that it was not possible for Eugen to rejoin his wife – "It is from that date that our misfortune dates," he was to write in one of his letters from Nice.

Emil's sisters from Nuremberg, Hermine and Frieda, emigrated to London at the end of June 1939, as did his sister Jenny from Pilsen. As far as I am aware, they all died there during or after the war, although Hermine may have moved to Ohio in the USA, as Eugen wrote in one of his letters of "Cousin Grant in Ohio, the son-in-law of my aunt, Hermine Frye". Grandchildren of Frieda's daughter Lotte, to whom Emil addressed his letter, still live in the UK – they are the only members of Emil's immediate family we have been able to contact. There may be descendants of Jenny in Israel (grandchildren of Edwin Grüner, who fell in the First World War), England and the USA. What astounds me is that Emil, with all his foresight and sound judgement, decided on France as a place of exile in preference to England, where so many of his family were already in exile. Maybe that was the final major mistake of his life?

When Paris fell, the family fled to Nice. By this time Stefan had become involved with Gertruda Fleischer, a woman 15 years his junior – they were not married in July 1938 at the time he notified the family's Austrian assets, as he described himself on the form as a bachelor. When they fled from Paris, they managed to get to Marseilles and from there to London, where they presumably married. According to Eugen's letter dated the 26.8.1942, probably more likely in Paris after his arrival in 4/1939, as he presented them with a Persian carpet as a wedding present. On the basis of our knowledge of the letters written by Emil and Eugen and in the knowledge of the way Gertruda's family behaved to Peter, when he emigrated from behind the

Iron Curtain and settled in France in 1967, the Fleischers/Konitzs were a bunch of crooks of the very first order! The family's bond and share certificates they took from Emil's safe deposit box in Vienna were never handed over in France – assets with a value of ca. RM 115,000.— we were to discover in 2001, when Austria opened its archives! To compound the family's difficulties, the proceeds of the sale of pulp in the USA never turned up – in fact the bulk of the consignment was returned to Nestersitz unsold "into the gullets of the bandits", whilst a crooked USA lawyer seems to have pocketed the ca. USD 15,000.— that was sold, possibly acting on behalf of the German authorities?

So the situation of the family in Nice was precarious. The one ray of sunshine must have come with the news that Peter's wife, Eky, had given birth to a daughter, Pat, on the 18.9.1941 – Sofie had always regretted not having a daughter! It is probably more than a coincidence that Emil was to die exactly two years later on the 18.9.1943 – Thomas Fürth's researches recently revealed that Heinrich had been circumcised on the 18.9.1825! With Emil's death the family tragedy accelerated, as I have indicated in my footnote to Emil's letter to Eugen and Lene. The deaths of Emil and Sofie in Nice were documented at the end of the war, but the other members of the family in exile down there – Eugen, Hans, Irene and their boy Heinz – were simply classified as missing persons. It wasn't until 1996 that we learnt from the French Government of the deportations from Drancy to Auschwitz, following an enquiry submitted in 1994. The truly staggering coincidence is that Stefan died on the 5.3.1978 and Peter on the 6.3.1988, when Eugen, Hans and Heinz were all deported from Drancy to Auschwitz on the 7.3.1944……

However terrible the last five years of Emil's life were – strangely mirroring to a certain extent the first five years of his life in Susice that culminated in the ransacking of the family house in the pogrom of 1886 – one cannot help but feel that the Lord was merciful in letting Emil die when he did. He did so in the hope that Irene, Lene and Jettla would return from wherever they had disappeared to, that the combined efforts of Dr. Gutmann and Dr. Wield would sort matters our in Vienna, that his three boys would be able to enjoy the fruits of the little commercial empire that was his life's work with his grandson Peter assuming what had once been his own role as mediator and that they would all rally around his beloved wife Sofie, "the prize of my life", after his death. Emil, it is true, was not a stranger to tragedy – one only has to think of the circumstances of his mother's death and the tragedy of his sister Helene's life – and he possessed the laudable quality of seeing the amusing side of even quite serious matters, but I nonetheless feel sure that the knowledge of the fate of his family – nobody was to return home, his life's work was swept aside by the combined forces of National Socialism, Communism and plain fraud in the West to the point where his great-grandchildren are today supported in nursing homes out of the public purse, there would be no family or business where Peter could take on the role of mediator intended for him by Emil and the "prize of his life" was to die totally on her own less than six months after his own death with no-one even knowing who she was – would have destroyed him, as it was to blight the life of his grandson Peter, who shared many of his grandfather's fine qualities.

The remarkable decision that the German authorities issued to Peter in 1978 over ten years after he had submitted an application for some kind of compensation for the crimes committed against his family during the Nazi era on his arrival in the West in 1967, to my mind sums up the hypocrisy that has surrounded the process of coming to terms with the horrific acts of that period of history. They informed him that his grandfather Emil had died in Nice on the 18.9.1943 prior to damage occurring…… I only wish to God that Emil could have been around to draft an appropriate response!

Subsequent to writing the above information has came into my possession about the political situation in Nice around the time of Emil's death and about the manner in which Emil's and Sofie's remains were disposed of:

The area of Nice in the department of Alpes-Maritimes fell under the control of Italy, when the unoccupied zone of France, so-called Vichy France, was invaded by Germany and Italy on 11.11.1942 to secure the Mediterranean coast from, a possible Allied invasion. There had been an agreement between Vichy France and Germany in July/August 1942, when the former undertook to hand over foreign Jews resident on its soil to the latter. This policy was implemented by the head of the French National Police, René Bosquet, the later protégé of Francois Mitterand, also a Vichy official and later President of France. It was during this period that Irene was seized. On its assumption of power in 11/42 Italy refused to comply with German demands to hand over the Jewish population of its zone, and accordingly restrained the French authorities in their zeal to comply with Germany's demands. With Italy's withdrawal from the war in 1943 its zone however fell under German control on the 9.9.43. Emil died nine days later and his body was buried in the common ground of Nice's Caucade cemetery - Sofie was to join him there on the 2.4.1944. The manner of their burials was no doubt politically motivated, as the Nazis and their French allies would not countenance Jewish remains in the main part of the cemetery. The family did in fact pay the costs of the burials, leading one to conclude that it cannot have been financial considerations that dictated the manner of the burials. Bosquet was dismissed as head of the French National Police in December 1943 and was succeeded by the infamous head of the French Militia, Joseph Darnand, who ruthlessly complied with German demands to round up the Jewish population of Alpes-Maritimes in the so-called "rafles des juifs". It is during this period that Eugen, Hans and Heinz will have been handed over to the Gestapo in February 1944, and subsequently deported from Drancy to Auschwitz on the 7.3.1944.
On the 29.6.1948 Stefan took out a 100 year lease on a plot in Nice's East Cemetery, plot No. 296 in the Allée Centrale. On the 1.7.1948 he had his parents ' remains exhumed from the common ground of Caucade Cemetery and buried in the new plot. On the top of the box-shaped grave a book-shaped plaque is placed, on which is inscribed, "Emil Fürth, 1860 - 1943, Sofie Fürth, 1864 - 1944".

Footnote: Page 181.

Information received from the Archives of the town of Fürth has in fact confirmed that it was during the reign of Maximilian I Elector of Bavaria that the family was expelled from Fürth. However, Bavaria did not at that time rule over Fürth, so Emil's assertion that the family had been expelled during Maximilian's reign has to be understood as merely pin-pointing the event in time. Up until the outbreak of the Thirty Years War (1618-1648) Fürth had been ruled over by the Principality of Ansbach with its seat in Bamberg that had traditionally offered the Jewish population living on its territory protection, a protection that it doubtless had to pay for. During the Thirty Years War sovereignty was shared by the Imperial Town of Nuremberg, the Principality of Ansbach and the Diocese of Bamberg. The Imperial Town of Nuremberg had not tolerated Jews on its territory since 1499, possibly following the expulsion of Jews from Spain in 1496. During the time that the Swedish general, Gustavus Adolfus was encamped in Nuremberg with his troops, the Imperial Town of Nuremberg succeeded for a while in gaining sole sovereignty over the town of Fürth and set the Jews of the town a deadline of Autumn 1632 to leave Fürth and the whole of the territory of the Imperial Town of Nuremberg. It is in this period that Emil's ancestors will have left Fürth and settled in Susice in Bohemia. I don't suppose we will ever know whether that ancestor was Smuël Fürth and bis wife Gürtel. According

to the 1734 Census of the population of Susice one Jewish family came to the town in 1630, one in 1632 and one in 1635. Smuël arrived in 1630. Based on the information from the Fürth Archives it may well have been that Emil's ancestor arrived in 1632. What does, however, now seem clear is that David was the grandson of Lazar b. 1677 (the Lazar who was recorded as living in the town in 1690), as David had a brother Lazar b. 1760.

In memory of
their daughter Sofie 24.9.1864 – 2.4.1944
her husband Emil Fürth 5.4.1860 – 18.9.1943
their children
Eugen 25.12.1886 – 7.3.1944 Stefan 5.10.1893 – 5.7.1978
Hans 4.8.1898 – 7.3.1944
their grandchildren
Peter 26.3.1914 – 6.3.1988 Heinz 19.9.1928 – 7.3.1944
their daughters in law
Helene Elisabeth née Pollatschek
24.4.1893 – 9.5.1942
Irene geb. Mardl 20.11.1900 – 2.9.1942

Emil's Fürth parents
Heinrich Fürth 1825 – 1911 and his wife
Charlotte, née Augstein, d. 22.9.1898

Grave of Sofie Fürth´s parents in Vienna with the memorial inscription to the family engraved in summer 2002