

VACATIONS
CHAPTER FOUR
as of 9/27/2011

1992 – GERMANY AND AUSTRIA – Isabel and Bill –
September 2-15, 1992

Philadelphia – 4:14 pm, Lufthansa – 5:10 pm Montreal 6:30 pm – Frankfurt 7:15 am.
Frankfurt – 10:15 am – to Montreal – Philadelphia 2:20 pm



Isabel - Avis rental white Opel, 2 door

Wednesday, September 2, 1992

Leaving Wayne, we met Bev at Wallingford, and she took us to the Philly Airport. Our flight with Lufthansa took us to Montreal for a stop for additional passengers and then on Frankfurt.

Thursday, September 3, 1992

After going through customs, we picked up our car at Avis and headed toward Mannheim, a name I remember while serving in the Army in the Quartermaster Company that distributed supplies arriving by ship. They then were assigned to supply depots such as one at Mannheim.

Now I wanted to go to Mannheim in order to look for the “Mainz”, the ship we were on for the Youth For Christ “Rally on the Rhine” in September 1946 when I was in charge and served as the President. Way back then, I had suggested the voyage on Labor Day 1946, a holiday. More of the story is told in this web-page under “Frankfurt Youth For Christ.

. We found “The Mainz” as a ship museum with restaurant, docked on the River Tauber. I showed the ship-staff my photos of the past, which they copied. There I was, a 65 year old man showing them photos of the ship taken forty-six years earlier. It had been reported to us that “The Mainz” was one of the Rhine River yachts owned and used by Hitler. After the War, the US. Army Occupation Troops used it as a vacation tour

boat. That is how we managed to get use of it at that time. Now that we were on it again, the memories of long ago were almost overwhelming for me.

Leaving Mannheim, we then drove on, passing through Heidelberg but not stopping, (We were there and arrived in Rothenburg. We stayed at the Spitzweg Hotel for the second year, this time, however, not in the main hotel but in a very old brewery building built in 1517 and converted to a very nice guest house.



Spitzweg Entrance and Lobby

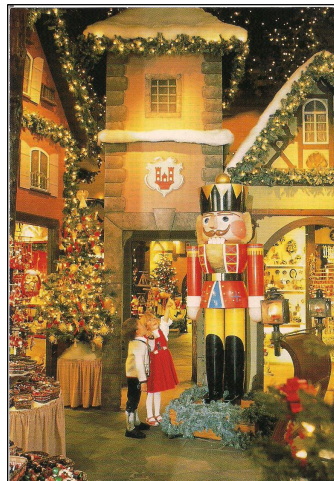
After checking in and walking the town for a while, we had a light supper – brotwurst, of course – and decided to turn in. It had been a very long day – 31 hours – since getting up at 7 am on Wednesday at home.

Friday, September 4, 1992

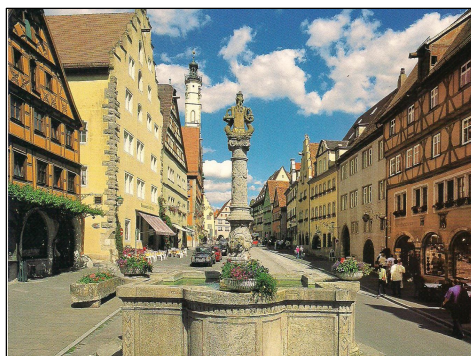
Rising at 8 am, we had a delicious breakfast in the Fruhstuck Raum - real German food – and then toured the city. There was the Old City Hall with its high Tower overlooking the city and the Tauber Valley. We listened to the town clock at noon with its moving figures drinking a toast, and went to the Prison Museum to see some of the horrible methods of torture used in the Medieval Ages. – unbelievable. There were four floors filled with all kinds of torture equipment – stretch machines, torture chairs, chastity belts, etc.

Deciding to stay a second night, we found a Fremdenzimmer owned and operated by Mrs. Schneider, an elderly, friendly widow. The cost was only 55 dm, i/3 of what we paid at the Spitzweg. (We also stayed here one year when Jimmy was with us for his first visit).

Rothenburg is beginning to be one of our favorite places to visit.



Kathe Wohlfart's
Christmas Shop



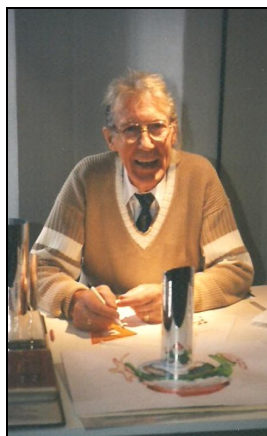
Rothenburg City Hall, Cathedral, Square and Strasse

Saturday, September 5, 1992

Very cold morning, clear however. By 9:30 am we were on our way to Dinkelsbühl to see the 3-D photographic museum. We met Gerhard Steeff, owner and photographer, a fascinating man who at one time was Germany's top-rated commercial photographer.



Gerhard Steeff



Adrian P. Goddijin



My Anamorphosen

We saw some very unusual 3-D exhibits. We also met Adrian P. Goddijin, a Hollander artist, one of a few creators of "anamorphosen", a drawing viewed by looking at a tubular mirror-cylinder. I purchased one and have it in my collection. Very unusual. Then on to Nordlingen, another medieval walled-city like Dinkelsbühl and Rothenburg. Finally we arrived in Munich and stayed at Hotel Huber on the outskirts. Driving on into the city we visited the Hauptbahnhof, walked about, saw one of the cathedrals as well as the center square, the Marienplatz, and the famous clock, the glockenspiel.

Sunday, September 6, 1992

After attending a nearby Protestant church we went to Dachau, the prison camp where many Jewish people and other "dissidents of the Nazis" were imprisoned, tortured, murdered, and cremated. How somber, sacred, and depressing.



Isabel at Dachau Prison Camp



Bill inside bunk buildings for detainees



Cremation Ovens



Bodies found by Allies at Liberation in May 1945

On our way in the Bavarian Alps we came across a German street festival in a little town called Oberau. Wonderful event with festive food booths, games, handcrafts and German music with an Ompa band, young girls in Bavarian dresses, and men in Bavarian shorts with suspenders, boots, and mountain caps.

Nearby we found Ettal, a beautiful little village high in the mountains with a very large Catholic Basilica and Benedictine Monastery. We went inside the Baroque Cathedral, sat for a half hour waiting for the vesper service to begin. The monks processed in and then sang, and sang, and sang. After finding a room in the home of a Germany lady name Frau Neumeier just down the road a bit, we located a restaurant in the Hotel Berghof where we ate supper sitting on the outside patio where it got very, very cold.

Monday, September 7, 1992

Our visit today was to Linderhof, one of the castles of King Ludwig. What a magnificent structure with gold, silver and elegance beyond description. The unsurpassed gardens included a grotto, a man-made cavern built into the mountain side with an underground lake and water-falls run by electricity. The King would sit in his gilded boat, shaped like a swan, and be rowed around the lake listening to an orchestra or other musicians. At the time we visited, the music was piped into the Grotto.



Linderhof Castle

Traveling on to the famous town of Oberammergau, we visited the large building in which the Passion Play is performed every ten years, and not again until 2000.



Typical German house with painting – Oberammergau

We stayed in the small German village of Halblech in a private home (Zimmer), which is quite typical throughout Germany. Their homes are lovely, well-kept and the owners very cordial. This was the Haus Neumeier. We ate supper at Hotel Berghof.

Tuesday, September 8, 1992

This morning, we had breakfast at the guest house and then drove on to Fussen.



Passing through Fussen, we arrived at Neuschwanstein Castle, another castle built by King Ludwig, high in the mountains. On this our first of several visits there through the years, we walked up, up, and up, about 20 minutes. Then waiting in line for forty-five minutes and being told it would be another hour before we could get in, we left and took a horse-buggy ride down to the parking lot.

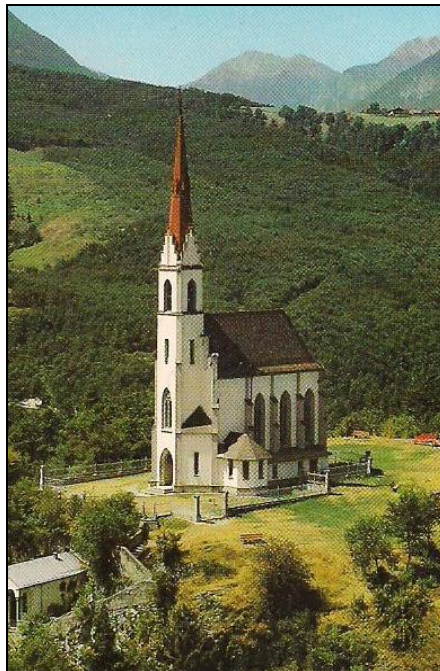
Our next stop was Innsbruck, Austria, crossing the border from Germany with no delay, and without even stopping. In fact, there were no guards on duty at the guard house. Arriving in Innsbruck we walked about and marveled at the old buildings in the center city. It was similar to other places in Germany where no motor traffic is permitted, just pedestrians. We then drove on to Motz, Austria, a little (tiny) village nestled in the mountains. Beautiful! We found a private home with Zimmer. The toilet and shower were across the hall. (In later years, we gave up such frugal accommodations),

Wednesday, September 9, 1992

This morning in Motz, we met a young German man on the street with his three children and learned that he was a teacher of English.



Telling us of a nearby church, Maria Locherboden, just outside the village where a “wonder” – meaning “miracle of healing” occurred in 1875, we decided to visit it. See it in the photo above on the right side halfway up the mountain.



Though it is very small, it was interesting to hear that the Vicar of Innsbruck was scheduled for masses in the following month.

We traveled on to Bludenz, Landeck then drove through the famous 16km mountain tunnel of Arlberg-Strassen in the Austrian Alps. Continuing on into Switzerland to St. Gallen, we stopped for a snack and postcards, then crossed up and over a very high mountain overlooking Altstätten. At the top we stopped at an Inn overlooking the valley and ordered coffee and tea. But then we didn't have Austrian money and the waitress wouldn't take our DM. Sitting at the next table were two young people who understood our dilemma and paid our bill as we continued to talk together. The girl, named Isabella Ferk, was coming to the USA to work as a child-sitter for Sissy Spacek in Cobham Virginia, and gave us her name card.

We crossed the Bodensee by ferry from Konstanz into Germany and were stopped by a man who said we didn't have stoplights. He directed us to a nearby gas station where a young man about twenty years old changed a fuse and charged us only 3 DM. I gave him 15 DM. He directed us to a very nice, classy Hotel Restaurant, the Johanniter Kreuz in Überlingen – Familie Liebich. Lush!

Thursday, September 10, 1992

Traveling North and West, we stopped for a street fair in Stockach, typically German, and delightful. Then taking back roads, we arrived at the top of a really high mountain, found a very nice lodge where we stayed – Hohen Hotel – Rote Lache (Red Latch) – in the Black Forest. Lush! Walked the site of the ski-slope and relaxed. This is really living! 700 meters high. We stayed here in later years as well.



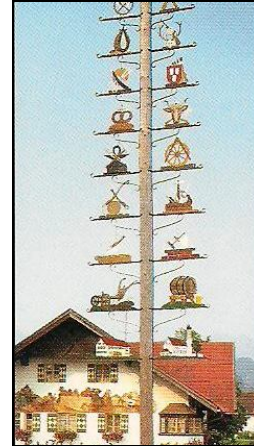
Bill at Rote Lache Inn – Baden Baden



Friday, September 11, 1992

After Frühstück (best ever) in the main building, and a stroll through the woods of the Black Forest, we went down to the valley and Baden Baden (baden means bath).

So many of the places around here are known for their warm mineral waters (baths) which attract tourists from all over the world. John Wanamaker loved it here. Went to an antiques show and then drove on – a long distance to Weisbaden and the Berg Hotel (*2) in Budenheim where we stayed last year. After checking in, we drove to the city of Mainz, parked the car, walked about, had supper and then because of the twisting streets, we got lost and couldn't find the car. Being that it was a rental car and not our own, we had trouble remembering what it looked like. Finally, we found it, went back to the Berg and to bed.



The Berg Gasthaus and a typical sign post at the entrance of a town showing various shops - Jewelers, carpenters, etc

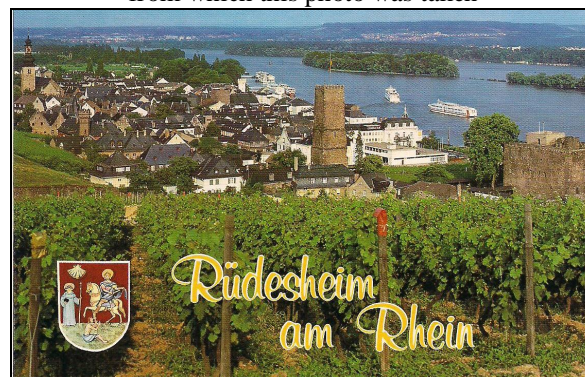
Saturday, September 12, 1992

Our room here at the Berg Hotel is high on a hill overlooking the town below from our balcony room. In the morning we drove for 10 or 15 minutes to the city of Wiesbaden on the other side of the Rhine and walked the streets, visited shops and the Cathedral. Another fair was being held in the plaza in front of the Cathedral where we also attended an organ recital. Then on to Rudesheim, a place we loved to visit again in later years.

Note the Memorial tower at top of hill – Next photo from there down



We arrived at top via cable car and are at the War memorial from which this photo was taken



Headed back to Wiesbaden for the opera “Domenico Gimarosa, Die Heimliche Ehe”. The story of the two daughters and sister of Geronimo and their suitor Paolino. It was in the Staatstheater (*2) foyer, or reception hall, a beautiful hall with marble, gold, mirrors, statuary, paintings of the walls and ceiling, like nothing I’ve ever seen in the USA. Two years ago, Barb and I saw “Fidelio” in the main opera hall, and last year Isabel and I attended “Die Fledermaus.” The main actors mingled during the intermission and I got the autographs of two of them, one of whom was Gabriela Kinzler who also performed last year. What an evening! Stadttheater pictured below.



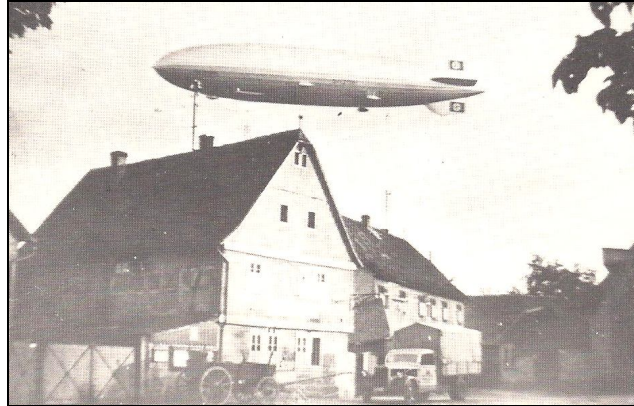
Sunday, September 13, 1992

After a good night’s rest here at the Berg Hotel in Budenheim, we went to the evangelical Kirche right around the corner. The service was in German, of course, but we followed along with the hymnbook. We then drove on toward the Frankfurt Airport and found a reasonable-price room at the Zeltinger Hof in Kelsterbach, just 10 minutes from the airport. A festival celebrating the 40th anniversary of Kelsterbach was being held nearby.



What a wonderful time we had walking the streets which were filled with booths of all kinds, food, trinkets, wood-crafts, ceramics, etc. It was here that we purchased the “Wanamaker Room” sign, burned into wood. After dark, we sat with hundreds of others at the edge of the River Main watching a most wonderful night-time water-ski display. A fireboat from Hochst, on the other side of the river, went back and forth with its water-guns spraying, and the day ended with a huge fire-works display. Never will we forget that event. This became one of our favorite places to visit and stay in several later vacations.

A German man told me that the airship, the Graf Zeppelin, flew over Keltersbach on its maiden flight in 1932. I remember seeing the Graf Zeppelin at the Lakehurst Naval Station in the great hangar still there. when I was a child. Interestingly enough, while we were in Germany, I found the postcard picturing that flight over Keltersbach. Here it is.



Monday, September 14, 1992

After our last Frühstück with German meats, cheeses, soft-boiled eggs and crispy rolls, we headed to the Frankfurt Airport and caught our flight home, passing over Iceland and icebergs below on our way to Montreal, then Philly. Enroute home, the Captain pilot passed through the cockpit and spoke with many of us. Interestingly enough, I was invited to the cockpit, sat in one of the four seats as was told what was happening. Little did I know then, that in 2005 I would begin my successful flying lessons, both in a single-motor fixed-wing plane and in a two-seat helicopter.

THE END OF A VERY MEMORABLE TRIP.

Places visited on this trip –

- Mannheim
- Rothenburg
- Munich
- Dachau
- Ettal
- Halbech
- Motz, Austria
- Überlinger
- Baden-Baden
- Budenheim
- Kelsterbach

END OF CHAPTER FOUR